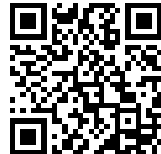
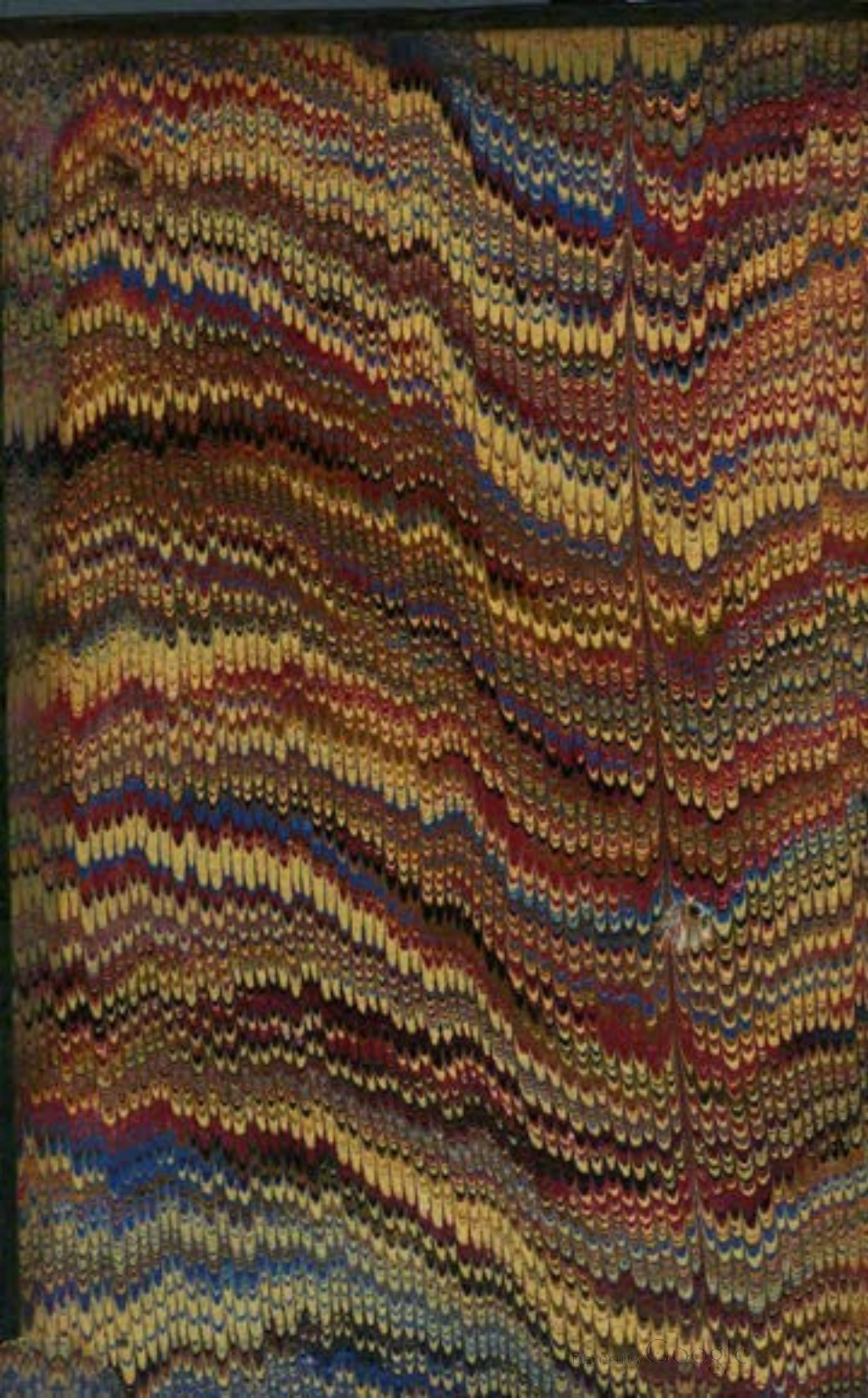

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ASMODEUS.

A S M O D E U S,

THE

DEVIL ON TWO STICKS;

FROM THE FRENCH OF

ALAIN RENÉ LE SAGE:

WITH A

MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

EMBELLISHED WITH TWO HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS.

AFTER DESIGNS BY

TONY JOHANNOT.

LONDON:

WILLOUGHBY AND CO., 86, ALDERSGATE STREET.

MDCCCLII.

London.
Printed by R. Willoughby,
86, Aldersgate Street.



THE
DEVIL ON TWO STICKS.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT SORT OF DEVIL THE DEVIL ON TWO STICKS WAS; AND WHERE AND HOW DON CLEOFAS LEANDRO PEREZ ZAMBULLO BECAME ACQUAINTED WITH HIM.



ONE night in October, when thick darkness had overspread the famous city of Madrid, and the weary inhabitants, being retired to their respective homes, had left the streets free to those restless lovers, whose nightly care it is to sing their pains or pleasures under the balconies of their mistresses; and the busy instruments had already roused the careful fathers, and alarmed the jealous husbands—in short, when it was almost midnight, Don Cleofas Leandro Perez Zambullo, a young student of Alcala, very nimbly bolted out of the garret-window of a house, into which

the indiscreet son of the Cytherean goddess had enticed him. He endeavoured to preserve his life and honour by flying from three or four bullies, who followed close at his heels, threatening to kill or force him to marry a lady, with whom they had just before surprised him.

Though alone, he yet bravely defended himself for some time against such odds, and had still maintained his ground, if they had not wrested his sword from him in the fight. They followed him for some time along the gutters; but, favoured by the night, he at length got clear of them, and, stealing along from one house-top* to another, he made towards a light which he perceived a great distance off, and which, feeble as it was, yet served him for a lantern in that dangerous conjuncture. After more than once running the risk of breaking his neck, he reached the garret whence its rays proceeded, and entered by a window, as much transported with joy as a pilot is when he finds himself and his ship safe in the harbour after a narrow escape at sea, and the terrors of a tempest.

He immediately looked around him, and much wondered he should meet with nobody in an apartment, which seemed so very odd and surprising. He examined it with great attention. There was a copper lamp hanging from the ceiling, books and papers in confusion on the table, spheres and compasses on the one side, phials and quadrants on the other; all which made him conclude, that under this roof lived an astrologer, who usually retired hither to make his observations. He reflected on the dangers he had by good fortune escaped, and was considering what course was the most proper for him to take, when he was interrupted by a deep sigh that broke forth very near him. He at first took it for a nocturnal illusion, or imaginary phantom, proceeding from the disturbed state he was in; yet, as the interruption ceased, he continued his reflections.

But being interrupted a second time in the same manner, he then took it for something real; and, though he saw no one in the room, he could not help crying out, "Who is it that sighs here?"—"It is me, Signor Student," answered a voice, which had somewhat very extraordinary in it. "I have been six months enclosed in one of these glass phials. In this house lives a skilful astrologer and magician, who, by the power of his art, has confined me to this close prison."—"You are then a spirit," said Cleofas, somewhat confused at this uncommon adventure. "I am a demon," replied the voice, "and you are come very opportunely to free me from a slavery where I languish in idleness, though I am the most active and indefatigable devil alive."

Cleofas was somewhat affrighted at these words; but being naturally

* The tops of the houses in Spain are flat.

courageous, he recollected himself, and, in a resolute tone, thus addressed himself to the spirit: "Signor Demon, pray inform me by what character you are distinguished amongst your brethren. Are you a devil of quality, or an ordinary devil?"—"I am," replied the voice, "a very considerable devil, and am more esteemed in this and in the other world than any other."—"Perhaps," replied Cleofas, "you may bet be demon whom we call Lucifer?"—"No," replied the spirit; "he is the mountebank's devil."—"Are you then Uriel?" returned the student. "Fie!" hastily interrupted the voice, "he is the patron of traders, tailors, butchers, bakers, and other third-rate thieves."



"It may be you are Beelzebub?" said Leandro. "You deceive yourself," answered the spirit; "he is the demon of governantes, of gentlemen-ushers, and waiting-men."—"This surprises me," said the student; "I

took Beelzebub for one of the greatest of your number."—"He is one of the least," replied the demon; "you have no true notion of our realm."

"You must then," replied Don Cleofas, "be either Leviathan, Belphegor, or Ashtaroth."—"Oh, as for those three," said the voice, "they are devils of the first rank; they are the court-spirits; they enter into the councils of princes, animate their ministers, form leagues, stir up insurrection in states, and light the torches of war. These are not such boobies as the first you mentioned to me."—"Ah! tell me, I entreat you," said the student, "what post has Fagel?"—"He is the soul of the law, and the life of the bar," replied the devil. "It is he who makes out the attorneys' and bailiffs' writs; he inspires the pleaders, possesses the counsel, and attends the judges."

"But my business lies another way: I make ridiculous matches, an marry old grey-beards to raw girls under age, masters to their maids, ladies of low fortunes to lovers that have none. It is I that have introduced into the world luxury, debauchery, games of chance, and chemistry. I am the inventor of carousals, dancing, music, plays, and all the new French fashions. In a word, I am the celebrated Asmodeus, surnamed the 'Devil on Two Sticks.'"

"Ah!" cried Don Cleofas, "are you then the famous Asmodeus, so gloriously celebrated by Agrippa and the Clavicula Salomonis? Really you have not told me all your amusements; you have forgotten the best of them. I know that you sometimes divert yourself with assuaging the pangs of unfortunate lovers: by the same token, it was by your assistance that a young gentleman, a friend of mine, crept into the good graces of the lady of a doctor of the university of Alcalá."—"It is true," said the spirit; "I reserved that till the last. I am the demon of luxury, or, to express it in more courtly phrase, the god Cupid; for the poets have bestowed that fine name on me, and indeed painted me in very advantageous colours: they describe me with gilded wings, a fillet bound over my eyes, a bow in my hand, a quiver of arrows on my shoulders, and a charmingly beautiful face. What sort of a face it is you shall immediately see, if you will be pleased to set me at liberty."

"Signor Asmodeus," replied Don Cleofas, "you know that I have long been your sincere devotee; of the truth of which, the dangers I just now run are sufficient evidence. I should be very ambitious of an opportunity of serving you; but the vessel in which you are hidden is undoubtedly enchanted, and all my endeavours to unstop or break it will be vain; wherefore I cannot very well tell which way to deliver you out of prison. I am not much used to these sort of deliverances; and, betwixt you and I, if such a subtle devil as you are cannot make your way out, how can a wretched

mortal like me effect it?"—"It is in your power to do it," answered the demon: "the phial in which I am enclosed is merely a plain glass bottle which is very easy to break; you need only throw it on the ground, and I shall immediately appear in human shape."—"If so," said the student, "it is easier than I imagined. Tell me then in which phial you are, for I see no many like one another, that I cannot distinguish them."—"It is the fourth from the window," replied the spirit; "though the cork be sealed with a magical seal, yet the bottle will easily break."

"It is enough, Signor Asmodeus," returned Don Cleofas; "there is now only one small difficulty which deters me. When I have done you this service, will you not make me pay dearly for the broken pots?"—"No accident shall befall you," answered the demon; "but, on the contrary, you shall be pleased with my acquaintance. I will teach you whatever you may be desirous of knowing, inform you of all things which happen in the world, and discover to you all the faults of mankind. I will be your tutelary demon: you shall find me much more intelligent than that of Socrates, and I will make you far surpass that philosopher in wisdom. In a word, I will bestow myself on you, with my good and ill qualities; the latter of which shall not be less advantageous to you than the former."

"These are fine promises," replied the student; "but you gentlemen-devils are accused of not being very religious observers of what you promise to men."—"It is a groundless charge," replied Asmodeus: "some of my brethren, indeed, make no scruple of breaking their word, but I (not to mention the service you are going to do me, which I can never sufficiently repay), am a slave to mine; and I swear by all that renders our oaths inviolable, that I will not deceive you. Depend upon my assurance. I promise you withal, that you shall revenge yourself on Donna Thomasa,—that perfidious lady, who engaged four ruffians to surprise and force you to marry her,—a circumstance that should please you."

Young Zambello, charmed above all with this last promise, to hasten its accomplishment, immediately took the phial, and, without concerning himself what might be the event of it, threw it hard against the ground. It broke into a thousand pieces, and overflowed the floor with a blackish liquor, which by little and little evaporated, and converted itself into a thick smoke; which dissipating all at once, the amazed student beheld the figure of a man in a cloak, about two feet and a half high, resting on two crutches. This diminutive lame monster had goat's legs, a long visage, sharp chin, a yellow and black complexion, and a very flat nose; his eyes, which seemed very small, resembled two lighted coals; his mouth was extremely wide, above which were two wretched red moustaches, edged with a pair of unparalleled lips.

This charming Cupid's head was wrapt up in a sort of turban of red crape, set off with a plume of cocks' and peacocks' feathers. About his neck he wore a yellow linen collar, on which were drawn several patterns of necklaces and ear-rings. He was dressed in a short white satin coat, and girt about with a girdle of white parchment, marked with talismanic characters. On this coat were painted several pair of women's stays, very advantageously adapted for the display of their breasts; scarfs, party-coloured aprons, new-fashioned head-dresses of various sorts, each more extravagant than the other.

But all these were nothing, compared with his cloak, the ground of which was also of white satin. On this, with Indian ink, were drawn an infinite number of figures, with so much freedom, and such masterly strokes, that it was natural enough to think the devil had a hand in it. On one side appeared a Spanish lady covered with her veil, teasing a stranger as they were walking; and on the other, a French coquet, practising new airs in her glass, in order try them on a young patched and painted abbé, who appeared at her chamber-door. Here a parcel of Italian cavaliers were singing and playing on the guitar under their mistresses' balconies; and there a company of Germans, all in confusion and unbuttoned, more intoxicated with wine, and begrimed with snuff, than your conceited French fops, surrounded a table overflowing with the filthy remains of their debauch. In one place was a great Mahometan lord coming out of the bath, encompassed by all the women of his seraglio, officiously crowding to tender him their services: in another, an English gentleman very gallantly presenting a pipe and a pot of beer to his mistress.

There, the gamblers were also wonderfully well represented; some of them animated by a sprightly joy, heaping up pieces of gold and silver in their hats; and others, broken and reduced to play upon honour, casting up their sacrilegious eyes to Heaven, and gnawing their cards in despair. To conclude, there were as many curious things to be seen on it, as on the admirable buckler of the son of Peleus, which exhausted all Vulcan's art; with this difference betwixt the performance of the two cripples, that the figures on the buckler had no relation to the exploits of Achilles, but, on the contrary, those on the cloak were so many lively images of whatever was done in the world by the power and influence of Asmodeus.



CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH THE STORY OF ASMODEUS'S DELIVERANCE IS CONTINUED.



THE demon observing that his appearance did not very agreeably prepossess the student in his favour, smiling, said: "Well, Signor Don Cleofas Leandro Perez Zambullo, you now see the charming god of love, the sovereign ruler of hearts. What do you think of my beauty and air? do you not take the poets for excellent painters?"—"Why really," answered Cleofas, "they do flatter a little. You did not, I suppose, appear in this shape to Psyche?"—"Doubtless, no," replied Asmodeus; "I borrowed the appearance of a little French marquis, to make her dote on me. Vice must always be covered with a fair exterior, without which it will never please. I assume whatever shape I will, and could have shewn myself to you in a finer imaginary body; but designing to lay myself open to you without any disguise, I was willing that you should see me in a shape best suited to the opinion which the world entertains of me and of my functions."

"I am not surprised," said the student, "that you are somewhat ugly; pardon, if you please, the harshness of the term, the conversation which we have had together may admit of some freedom. Your features are

very well proportioned to the idea I have of you ; but pray tell me how you came to be a cripple."

"My lameness," answered the devil, "is owing to a quarrel I once had in France with Pillardoc, the devil of interest, about one Manceau, a man of business, and one of the farmers of the revenues. He being very rich, we warmly contested who should have the possession of him, and fought it out in the middle region of the air, whence Pillardoc (being the stronger of the two) threw me down to the earth, as according to the poets, Jupiter did Vulcan ; and so from the resemblance of our adventures, my comrades called me the 'lame *dévil*,' or 'the devil on two sticks ;' and that nick-name, which they gave me in raillery, has stuck by me ever since. Though a cripple, however, I can yet go pretty nimbly. You shall be a witness of my agility.

"But," added he, "let us end this discourse, and make haste from the garret. It will not be long before the alchemist comes up to labour in securing the immortality of a beautiful sylph, who nightly visits him ; and if he should surprise us, he would not fail to re-commit me to the bottle whence you have just released me, nor to confine you to a similar one. Let us, therefore, in the first place, throw away all the pieces of the broken phial, that the enchanter may not discover my enlargement."

"If he should find it out after our departure," said Cleofas, "what would then be the event ?"—"What would be the event ?" answered the demon, "I find you have not read the treatise concerning Compulsions. Alas ! were I concealed at the extremity of the earth, or hidden in the region where the fiery salamanders dwell ; should I descend to the shades below, or to the bottom of the deepest sea, I should not be secured from his resentment. His invocations are so powerful, that all the devils tremble at them. In short, I cannot resist his arbitrary commands, but shall be forced, much against my will, to appear before him, and submit to whatever pains he pleases to inflict on me."

"If so," replied the student, "I much fear that our friendship will be of no long duration. This dreadful necromancer will soon discover your flight."—"I do not know that," replied the spirit, "for we cannot tell what may happen."—"What !" said Leandro Perez, "are you not acquainted with futurity ?"—"No, indeed," replied the devil, "we know nothing of that matter ; but those who depend upon our assistance are finely bubbled ; and, indeed, to this opinion are to be ascribed all the fooleries which are imposed on women of quality by astrologers and fortune-tellers of both sexes, when they are consulted on future events. We know only the past and the present. I cannot divine, therefore, whether the magician will soon discover my absence, or otherwise, but hope not ; for

here being several phials very like that in which I was enclosed, he may perhaps not miss a single one. I am much in the same condition in his laboratory as a law book in the library of a man of business. He never thinks of me, and when he does, he never does me the honour of conversing with me. He is the most insolent magician that I know; for, during the whole time that I was his prisoner, he did not once vouchsafe to speak to me."

"What sort of fellow is this," replied Don Cleofas; "or what have you done to draw his hatred upon you?"—"I crossed one of his designs," replied Asmodeus: "there was a place in an academy void, which he proposed to obtain for a friend of his, but I was resolved it should be given to another. The sorcerer prepared a talisman composed of the most powerful characters of the Cabala; but I placed my man in the service of a great minister, and his name accordingly carried it from all competitors."

At these words the demon gathered up all the pieces of the broken phial, and after having thrown them out of the window, "Come then," said he to the student, "let us make the best of our way; take hold of the end of my cloak, and fear nothing." However dangerous the offer appeared to Don Cleofas, he chose rather to accept it than expose himself to the resentment of the magician; wherefore, he took as good hold as he could of the devil's garment, and was carried with all expedition out of the window.





CHAPTER III.

WHETHER THE DEVIL CARRIED DON CLEOFAS, AND WHAT HE FIRST
SHEWED HIM.



SMODEUS was not in the wrong when he boasted his agility; he cleft the air with as much rapidity as an arrow from a bow, and in a few minutes was perched on St. Saviour's steeple. When he had gotten on his feet, he said to Don Cleofas: "Well, Signor Leandro, when men are in a very uneasy, rickety coach, and cry out, 'This is a coach for the devil!' do you now think they do us justice?"—"I think nothing can be more unreasonable," answered Cleofas politely; "and am ready to affirm from experience, that the devil's conveyance is not only easier than a chair, but also so expeditious, that nobody can be tired on the road."

"Very well," replied the demon; "but you do not know why I brought you hither. I intend from this high place to shew you whatever is at present doing in Madrid. By the supernatural power I possess I will penetrate the roofs of the houses, and, notwithstanding the darkness of the night, clearly expose to your view whatever is now beneath them." At these words, he merely extended his right hand, and in an instant all the roofs of the houses seemed removed; so that the student saw the insides of them as

plainly as if it had been noon-day; or as Louis Velez de Guevara* says, "as plainly as you see into a pie whose top is taken off."

The view thus afforded was too surprising not to employ all Cleofas's attention. His eyes ran through all parts of the city, and the variety that surrounded him was sufficient to engage his curiosity for a long time. "Signor Student," said the demon, "the confusion of objects you survey with so much pleasure, affords really a very charming prospect; but in order to furnish you with a perfect knowledge of human life, it is necessary to explain to you, what all the people you see are doing. I will disclose to you the springs of their actions, and their most secret thoughts.

"Where shall we begin? Let us observe, first of all, in the house on the right end, that old wretch telling his gold and silver. He is a rich,



covetous citizen. His coach, which he had for almost nothing at the auction of an Alcade of the court, is drawn by two lean mules that are in the

* The author of 'The Devil on two Sticks' in Spanish, which furnished Le Sage with the idea of the present work.

stable, and which he feeds according to the laws of the twelve tables, that is, each with a pound of barley a-day. He uses them as the Romans did their slaves. It is about two years since he returned from the Indies*, laden with a vast quantity of bars of gold, which he turned into ready money. Do but admire with what an air of pleasure the fool surveys his riches. He is never satisfied with looking at them. But at the same time, see what is going forward in the adjoining chamber. Do you not see two young fellows with an old woman?"—"Yes," answered Don Cleofas, "I suppose they are his children."—"No," replied the devil; "they are his nephews and heirs, who being impatient to divide his spoils, are consulting a witch to know when he will die.

"In the next house there are a couple of pleasant pictures enough. One is a superannuated coquet going to bed after leaving her hair, eyebrows, and teeth, on her toilet. The other is an amorous dotard of sixty, just come from making love. He has already laid down his eye, his false whiskers, and the peruke which hid his bald pate, and now waits for his man to take off his wooden arm and leg, to go to bed with the rest."

"If I may trust my eyes," said Zambullo, "in yonder house, I see a beautiful tall young girl that would make a fine picture. What a charming air she has."—"True," replied the cripple; "that beautiful young creature whom you are so charmed with, is elder sister to the gallant that is going to bed. One may say, she is the counter-part of that old coquet who lodges with her. Her shape, which you admire, is a machine, in the adjusting of which all the art of the ablest mechanics has been exhausted: her breasts are artificial, and not long since she dropped her hips at church in the midst of the sermon. Yet, as she gives herself girlish airs, she has two young fellows that strive to be in her good graces! nay, they have even proceeded to blows for her. The fools! methinks I see two dogs fighting for a bone!

"Prithee laugh with me at the concert begun after a family supper in a citizen's house hard by there. They are singing cantatas; an old counsellor composed the music, and the words are a bailiff's, who sets up for making love; a coxcomb that makes verses for his own diversion, but for the punishment of others. The symphony consists of a bagpipe and a spinnet; an old ungainly chorister with a squeaking pipe sings the treble, and a young girl with a very deep voice the bass."—"Very pleasant indeed!" cried Don Cleofas, laughing. "Had they intended to have made a jest of all music, they could not have succeeded better."

"Cast your eyes on that magnificent palace," pursued the devil; "you

* South America is here meant.

will there see a great lord laid in a splendid apartment, with a casket full of billets-doux, which he is reading to lull him asleep more voluptuously. They come from a lady whom he adores, and who puts him to such expense, that he will soon be reduced to solicit a viceroy's appointment to support himself.

"If every body is at rest in that palace, and all be hushed and still there, to make amends, every thing seems to be in motion in the next house, on the left hand. Do you not distinguish a lady in a red damask bed? She is a woman of quality, Donna Fabula, who has just sent for a midwife, and is going to present her old husband Don Torribio, whom you see by her, with an heir. Are you not charmed with the gentleman's good nature? The cries of his dearest moiety pierce his soul; he is penetrated with grief, and suffers as much as she. With what care and earnestness does he strive to help her!"—"Really," said Leandro, "the man is in a great fluster; but I discern another, who seems to sleep very sound in the same house, without being concerned at the success of the affair."—"And yet he should have some concern," replied the cripple, "since that domestic is the first cause of all the pains his lady suffers.

"Carry your eye a little farther," continued he, "and observe that hypocrite, in a low room, rubbing himself with coach grease, in order to go to a meeting of sorcerers to-night between St. Sebastian's and Fontarabia. I would carry you thither this minute, to oblige you with such a pleasant diversion, if I were not afraid of being known by the devil who personates the goat there."

"That devil and you then," said the student, "are not very good friends?"—"No, I think not indeed," answered Asmodeus: "why, it is the very same Pillardoc I was mentioning just now. The rascal would most certainly betray me, and inform our magician of my flight."—"You have besides, perhaps, had some squabble with this same Pillardoc."—"I have so," replied the demon: "about two years ago, we had a fresh dispute about a gentleman's son at Paris, who had some thoughts of settling in the world. We both assumed a right to dispose of him. Pillardoc would have made him a factor, and I would fain have had him a smart fellow, and made his fortune among the women; but our comrades, to end the dispute, made a rascally monk of him. They then reconciled us, we embraced—and from that time became mortal foes."

"Let us have done with this belle assemblée," said Don Cleofas, "for I have no manner of curiosity to be at it; but let us rather pursue our examination of what is before us. Pray tell me what mean the sparks of fire issuing from that cellar?"—"It is," replied the devil, "one of the most foolish amongst all the works of men. The grave personage you see

in that cellar, at the flaming furnace, is an alchemist, whose rich patrimony the fire will consume by degrees, and he will never find what he spends it in search of,—for, between you and I, the philosopher's stone is no better than a fine chimera, I myself forged, to divert myself with human understanding, ever striving as it is to pass the bounds prescribed to it.

"This alchemist's neighbour is an honest apothecary, who is not yet gone to bed. You see him at work in his shop with his decrepit wife and apprentice. Do you know what they are doing? The master is preparing a prolific pill for an old advocate that is to be married to-morrow; the man is making a laxative decoction, and the woman beating astringent drugs in a mortar."



"In the house over-against the apothecary's," said Zambullo, "I see a man getting out of bed and dressing in all haste."—"Right," answered the spirit, "it is a physician rising upon a very pressing occasion. He is sent for to a prelate, who coughed twice or thrice after he was gone to bed.

"Turn your eyes a little farther to the right, and try whether, by the dull lamp in that garret, you can distinguish a man stalking in his shirt."—"Yes, yes, I am right," cried the student, "by the same token that I would venture to draw you up an inventory of the furniture in it. There is nothing but a wretched bed, a sorry stool, a table, and the dirty walls are all over as black as soot."—"That lofty-minded person," replied Asmodeus, "is a poet; and what seems black to you, are tragic verses of his own composition, with which he has adorned his chamber; for the want of paper forces him to write his poems on the walls."

"By the hurried, and busy air of his gait," said Don Cleofas, "I should conclude that he was composing some piece of very great importance."—



"You are not in the wrong to think so," said the cripple; "he yesterday gave the finishing stroke to a tragedy, entitled the 'Universal Deluge.' He cannot be reproached with neglecting the unity of place, since all the scenes are laid in Noah's ark.

"I assure you it is an excellent piece, for all the beasts are there introduced talking as learnedly as so many doctors. He intends to dedicate it, and has already spent six hours in working up the epistle dedicatory, and is at this moment about the last line. It may justly be called a masterpiece: for not one of the moral or political virtues, nor one of the topics of praise that can possibly be bestowed on a man whom ancestry, or his own merit, has rendered illustrious, are spared; never was author so prodigally lavish of his flatteries."—"To whom does he design to address so magnificent an eulogy?" replied the student. "He knows nothing of that yet," answered the devil; "he has left a blank for the name, and is in quest of some rich lord, more generous than the patrons to whom he has dedicated his former pieces. But people that pay for dedications are now-a-days very scarce. Men of quality have amended that fault, and thereby done an acceptable service to the public, which before was continually pestered with wretched

performances; the greater number of books being written for the lucre of their dedications.

"Now we are upon the subject of dedications," added the demon, "I must relate to you a very extraordinary circumstance. A lady at court, having allowed an author to dedicate his works to her, resolved to see the dedication before it was printed; and not thinking it came up to her perfections, took the pains to compose one of her own, which she sent to the author to place before his works."

"I fancy," cried Leandro, "I see thieves breaking into a house over a balcony yonder."—"You are not mistaken," said Asmodeus, "they are house-breakers getting into a banker's. Let us watch them, and see what they will do. They are examining the counting-house, and rummaging every where. But the banker has been beforehand with them; he yesterday made the best of his way to Holland, with all the riches in his coffers."

"Sure," said Zambullo, "there is another thief near the same spot on a silk ladder getting into a balcony."—"No, he is not what you take him to be," answered the cripple. "It is a marquis scaling the chamber of a maiden, who is very willing to be rid of that name. He made her some superficial promises of marriage, and she, not in the least distrusting his oaths, has yielded; and no wonder, for, on love's exchange, your marquises are merchants of very great reputation."

"I should be glad to know," said the student, "what that man in the night-gown and cap is doing. He is writing very hard, and his hand the



while is guided by a little black figure that stands at his elbow."—"The man who is writing," answered the devil, "is clerk or registrar of a court,

who, to oblige a guardian that will return the favour, is altering a decree pronounced in favour of his pupil; and the little black figure that guides his hand is Griffael, the clerk's devil."—"But this Griffael," replied Don Cleofas, "I suppose, supplies this place only as deputy, since the registrars seem directly subject to the direction of Flagel, the spirit of the bar."—"No," replied Asmodeus; "the registrars were thought a body considerable enough to have a devil of their own; and I assure you he has more upon his hands than he can compass."

"In a citizen's house next door to the registrar, observe a young lady on the first floor; she is a widow, and the man you see with her is her uncle, who lives on the second. The bashfulness of that young widow deserves your admiration. She scruples at receiving her chemise before her



uncle, but retires into her closet to put it on in the presence of her gallant, whom she has hidden there.

"With the registrar lives a relation of his, a huge, greasy, lame graduate, who for joking has not his fellow in the world. Voluminus, so cried up by Cicero, for his smart, witty repartees, did not rally more agreeably. This bachelor, called at Madrid the graduate 'Donoso' * by way of excellence, is flattered and invited by all the court and city that give entertainments. Every one strives who shall have him; he has a peculiar knack of making the guests merry, and is the very soul and delight of company; so that he every day dines at some great man's table, and never returns till two in the morning. He is now at the marquis of Alcaniza's, a circumstance which happened purely by chance."—"How by chance?" interrupted Leandro. "I will explain myself," answered the devil. "About noon to-day there were five or six coaches at the graduate's door from different noblemen that all sent for him. He ordered their pages to be sent up to him, and taking a pack of cards, told them, that since he could not oblige all their masters, and was resolved not to give any preference, those cards should decide the matter, and that he would dine with the King of Clubs."

"Let us give a look into that new building divided into two separate wings. In the first lives the owner of it, that old gentleman who sometimes walks about the room, and sometimes sinks into his easy chair."—"Sure," said Zambullo, "his head must be taken up with some project of importance. Who can this man be? To judge by the splendour and riches of his apartments, he must be some grandee of the highest rank."—"He is no more than a Contador†, however," answered the devil; "but is grown old in places of great profit. His estate is worth about four millions‡; but his conscience suggested some uneasy reflections upon the manner of his acquiring it, and finding he must shortly make up his accounts in the other world, he has grown scrupulous, and is thinking of building a monastery, flattering himself, that, after so good a work, his mind will be at rest. He has already obtained permission to found a convent; but being firmly resolved not to place any monks in it, in whom the virtues of chastity, sobriety, and humility, do not eminently shine, he is very much puzzled to choose the objects of his bounty."

"In the second wing lives a fair lady, who, after bathing in milk, has just stepped into bed. This voluptuous creature is widow to a knight of the order of St. Jaques, whose empty title was all the riches he left her. But, by good fortune, two counsellors of the council of Castile are her gallants, who equally contribute to the expenses of her house."

"Alas!" cried the student, "the air resounds with shrieks and lamentations. Some sad accident must have happened."—"It is this," said the

* *Donoso* in the Spanish means facetious. † *Contador*, Steward or Agent.

‡ Livres, or francs of ten-pence each.

spirit. "Two young gentlemen were playing at cards in the gaming-house, where you see so many lamps and candles lighted up; they grew warm upon their game, drew their swords, and mortally wounded each other. The eldest of them is married, the youngest an only son, and they are both expiring. The wife of the one, and the father of the other, informed of the sad disaster, are just come to them, and they fill the neighbourhood with their exclamations. 'Unfortunate child,' said the father, addressing himself to his son, who was past hearing him, 'how often have I advised thee to leave off play? how often have I foretold thee that it would cost thee thy life? if thou diest thus unfortunately, I here call Heaven to witness, it is not my fault.' As for the poor wife, she is running mad: though her husband, by his gaming, has lost all the fortune she brought him, though he had sold all her jewels, and even her very clothes, she is inconsolable for the loss of him. She is cursing cards, which have been the cause of it, she is cursing him that invented them; she is cursing the gaming-house, and all that live in it."

"I extremely pity people that are raving mad for play," said Don Cleofas, "their minds are often in a horrid situation. Thank Heaven, I have nothing to answer for upon account of that vice."—"But you have another, fully as bad," replied the devil. "Think you it is at all more excusable to give yourself up to common prostitutes; and was you not this very night in danger of being killed by bullies? Really I admire the folly of mankind; whose own faults seem trifles to them, while they look at those of others through a microscope."

"Let me present you with some more melancholy images," continued Asmodeus. "Observe the body of that corpulent man stretched upon a bed in a house adjoining the gaming-house. It is that of an unfortunate canon, who was just now attacked by apoplexy: his nephew and niece, far from affording him any assistance, suffered him to die for want of aid, and are seizing his best effects, to convey to a receiver of stolen goods; after which they will be wholly at leisure to mourn and lament."

"A little beyond you see two men, who are about to be buried; they are two brothers, and were both sick of the same disease, but took different measures. One of them relied with entire confidence on his physician; the other let nature take her course, yet they are both dead; the former, from taking all the physic the doctor ordered, and the latter, because he would take nothing."

"This is very perplexing," said Leandro; "alas! what then must a poor sick man do?"—"That is more than I can tell you," replied the devil: "I know very well that there are such things as good remedies, but cannot say whether or not there are any good physicians."

"Let us change the scene," continued he; "I will shew you something more diverting. Do you not hear a frightful din in the street? A widow of sixty has this morning married a young fellow of seventeen, upon which all the merry fellows of that quarter are met together to celebrate the wedding, with a jangling concert of pots, frying-pans, and kettles."—"You told me," interrupted the student, "that the making of ridiculous matches was your province; yet you appear to have had no hand in this."—"No, truly," replied the cripple; "I was far from having any hand in it, for I was confined: but even had I been at liberty, I would not have meddled with this. The widow had a scrupulous conscience, and married only to enjoy her darling pleasures without remorse. I never make such marriages: I have a much greater pleasure in troubling consciences, than in setting them at rest."

"Notwithstanding the din of this burlesque serenade," said Zambullo, "I fancy I hear another noise."—"Yes," answered the cripple, "it comes from a tavern, where a fat, oily, Dutch captain, a French chorister, and a German officer of the guards, are singing a trio. They have been at it ever since eight this morning, and each of them fancies it is for the honour of his country to make the two others drunk."

"Throw your eyes a moment across the way, to that house which stands by itself over-against the canon's; you will see three famous courtesans making a debauch with three great lords of the court."—"Ah! how exceeding pretty they are!" exclaimed Don Cleofas. "I do not wonder that men of quality are so mad after them! see how they embrace! they must certainly be deeply in love with them."—"You are young and inexperienced," said the spirit, "and do not know this sort of ladies; their hearts are more deceptive than their faces. Whatever marks of tenderness they express, they have not the least grain of it for those lords. They caress the one for protection, and the two others for settlements. It is so with all coquets; and though men very fairly ruin themselves for such, they are not the more loved by them, but on the contrary, whoever pays for love, is treated like a husband. This is a law in amorous intrigues, which I myself have established. But let us leave those lords to taste the pleasures they so dearly purchase, whilst their footmen, who wait for them in the street, comfort themselves with the pleasing expectation of enjoying the same favours gratis."

"What can be the design of yon cavalier," said Don Cleofas, "who is sitting at the door on the other side of the way? Does he wait for the chambermaid's letting him in?"—"No, no," answered Asmodeus; "he is a young Castilian practising your sublime love in form. He has a mind, out of a pure spirit of gallantry, in imitation of lovers of former days, to

pass the night at his mistress's door. Every now and then he thrums upon a miserable guitar, accompanying it with ditties of his own composing; but his Dulcinea, who lies on the second floor, whilst she is listening to his music, is all the while bewailing the absence of his rival."

"Pray do me the favour," interrupted Leandro Perez, "to explain another picture that presents itself before me. Every body is still up in that great house on the left. What is the meaning that some are laughing ready to burst, and others dancing? It must be some great festival, sure."—"It is a wedding," answered the cripple, "all the servants are making merry; but within less than three days, that very palace, which you see at present the scene of so much joy, was a house of the utmost mourning. That is a story I must relate to you. It is somewhat long, but I hope you will not think it tedious." Thus premising, Asmodeus began as follows:





CHAPTER IV.

HISTORY OF THE AMOURS OF THE COUNT DE BELFLOR, AND OF LEONORA DE CESPIDES.



THE count de Belflor, one of the most influential noblemen of the court, loved young Leonora de Cespides to distraction, but never intended to marry her. The daughter of a private gentleman did not seem a match of sufficient distinction for him, for which reason he proposed only to make a mistress of her.

It was with this design that he pursued her wherever she went, and lost no opportunity of discovering his love by the extraordinary respect he payed her : but he could neither speak nor write to her, she being perpetually guarded by a severe and vigilant duenna, whose name was Madam Marcella. This drove Belflor to despair ; and feeling his desires increased by the difficulty of gratifying them, he was continually projecting ways to deceive the Argus who guarded this Io. On the other side, Leonora, perceiving the count's regard for her, could not help being touched with tenderness for him, a feeling which insensibly formed itself into a passion in her heart, and at last grew to be extremely violent. I did not augment it by common temptations, because the magician, who kept me prisoner, denied me the use of all my functions ; but Nature, no less

dangerous than myself, engaged in it, and that was enough. Indeed, all the difference there is betwixt Nature and me, is, that she corrupts hearts by slow degrees, whilst I seduce them expeditiously.

Affairs were in this posture, when Leonora, with her perpetual governante, going one morning to church, met an old woman with one of the largest strings of beads that ever hypocrisy yet made. Accosting them with a



pleasant smiling air, she thus addressed herself to the duenna: "The good God preserve you!" said she, "the holy peace be with you! give me leave to ask whether you are not Madam Marcella, the chaste widow of the late Signor Martin Rosetta?" The governante having answered, "Yes;" "You are luckily met then," replied the old woman; "I am to acquaint you, that I have at home an old relation of mine, who is very desirous to speak with you. He is lately arrived from Flanders, was your husband's

most intimate friend, and has some particulars of the utmost importance to communicate to you. He would have waited on you, but has been prevented by a fit of sickness, which has reduced him to the point of death. I live not half a stone's throw from hence. I beseech you to take the trouble of following me."

The governante, who wanted not prudence and good sense, being afraid of a false step, knew not what to resolve on: but the old woman guessing the reason of her uneasiness, said to her: "Dear Madam Marcella, you may securely rely on me; my name is La Chicona; the licentiate Marcos de Figueroa, and the curate Mira of Mesqua, will answer for me as soon as for their grandmothers. I do not desire you to come to my house for any thing but your own good. My relation is willing to restore you a sum of money which he borrowed of your husband." The very thoughts of restitution engaged Marcella on her side. "Come, girl," said she to Leonora, "let us see this good lady's relation; to visit the sick is an act of charity." They soon reached La Chicona's house; and were led into a lower room, where they found a greybearded man in bed, and if he were not really very sick, he at least effectually feigned to be so. "Cousin," said the old woman, presenting to him the governante, "here is the lady you desired to speak with; Madam Marcella, the widow of your friend Signor Martin Rosetta." At these words, the old man, lifting up his head a little, saluted the duenna, and making signs for her to come nearer the bedside, said in a feeble tone: "I thank Heaven, dear Madam Marcella, for prolonging my life to this moment, which was the only thing I desired; I feared I should have died without the satisfaction of seeing you, and putting into your hand a hundred ducats which my intimate friend, your late husband, lent me to help me out of an honourable quarrel I was formerly engaged in at Bruges. Did he never acquaint you with that adventure?"

"Alas, no," answered Madam Marcella, "he never mentioned it. God rest his soul! he was generous enough to forget the services he did his friends; and, very unlike those boasters who brag of what they never did, he never told when he obliged any person."—"He certainly had a very beneficent soul," replied the old man; "a truth which I am more firmly engaged to believe than any man else; and to prove it to you, you must give me leave to relate the affair out of which I was so happily extricated by his assistance; but having something to disclose of the utmost importance with regard to the memory of the deceased, I should be glad of an opportunity of revealing it to his discreet widow alone."

"Very well," said La Chicona, "that you may have the better opportunity of discoursing with her in private, this young lady and I will retire

into my closet." At these words she left the duenna with the sick man, and conducted Leonora into another chamber, where, without any circumlocution, she said: "Fair Leonora, the moments are too precious to be mis-spent. You know the count de Belflor by sight; he has long loved you, and languishes to death for an opportunity to tell you so. The vigilance and severity of your governante have always hitherto hindered him from enjoying that satisfaction. In this despair he had recourse to my industry which I have made use of for him. The old man whom you have just now seen is the count's valet-de-chambre; and all that has been done, is only a trick to deceive your governante, and draw you hither."

These words were no sooner ended, than the count, who was concealed behind the hangings, appeared, and throwing himself at Leonora's feet, "Madam," said he, "pardon the stratagem of a lover, who could no longer live without speaking to you. If this obliging matron had not procured me this private opportunity, I should have abandoned myself to despair." These words expressed with an air of entreaty, by a person not at all disagreeable to her, highly perplexed Leonora; she continued for some time in doubt what answer she ought to make; but at last recovering herself, and looking displeased at the count, said: "Perhaps you believe yourself very much obliged to this officious lady, who has so well served your purpose, but her designs to assist you shall prove ineffectual."

Thus saying, she made several steps to get out of the room; but the count stopped her, saying: "Stay, adorable Leonora, hear me a moment; my passion is so pure that it ought not to alarm you! I own you have some grounds to be offended with the artifice which I have made use of to converse with you; but have I not till this day in vain endeavoured to speak to you? I have followed you these six months to the churches, walks, and all public places. I have long in vain watched for an opportunity of telling you how you have charmed me: Your cruel, your merciless governante has continually frustrated my designs. Alas, then, instead of turning the stratagem, which I have been forced to employ, into a crime, commiserate, fair Leonora, all the tortures of such tedious expectation, and judge, by your charms, the mortal pangs they have occasioned me to suffer."

Belflor did not forget to reinforce his words with all the airs of persuasion which gallant men are used to practice with success, accompanying his words with some tears; with which Leonora began to be touched; and in despite of her resolution, some tender compassionate emotions at length arose in her heart; but far from yielding to them, the more she perceived them to grow, the more she pressed him to be gone. "Count," said she, "all your words are in vain, I will not hear you; do not detain me longer, but let me go out of a house in which my virtue is rudely attacked, or by



my cries I will alarm the neighbourhood, and expose your audacity to the public." This she uttered in such a resolute tone, that La Chicona, who was obliged to stand in awe of the magistracy, begged the count not to push things any farther; upon which he forbore opposing Leonora's intention, who got out of his hands; and, what had never before happened to any one in similar circumstances in the same place, quitted the closet as pure as when she entered it.

She immediately flew to her governante: "Come, good matron," said she, "leave off your foolish dialogue; we are cheated; let us quit this dangerous house."—"What is the matter, child!" answered Madam

Marcella, with amazement, "what is the reason of your so hasty departure?"—"I will inform you," replied Leonora; "but let us fly, for every minute I stay here gives me fresh uneasiness. However earnest the duenna was to know the cause of this hasty departure, she could not then be satisfied, but was obliged to yield to the urgency of Leonora. They both therefore departed in a hurry, leaving La Chicona, the count, and his valet-de-chambre, in as great confusion as a company of players, obliged to act a piece that has already been damned by the critics.

When Leonora got into the street, with a great deal of inward disturbance she began to tell her governante what had passed in La Chicona's closet. Madam Marcella was very attentive; and when they had reached their own house. "I protest, my daughter," said she, "I am extremely mortified at the thought of what you have just informed me. How was it possible for me to be deluded by that old woman? At first I made a difficulty of following her: O that I had continued in the same opinion! I ought to have mistrusted her wheedling flatteries. I have committed a folly not to be forgiven in a person of my experience. Ah, why did not you discover this plot whilst I was at La Chicona's house! I would have scratched out her eyes, called the count de Belflor by all the names I could have thought on, and torn off the beard of the counterfeit old man, who told me so many lies. But I will this minute return with the money which I received, as a real restitution of what I supposed my husband had lent, and if I find them together they shall not lose by staying for me." These words ended, she put on her veil which she had already lain by, flew out, and made the best of her way to La Chicona's house.

The count was still there, and by the ill success of his stratagem, was reduced almost to despair. Another would have quitted the pursuit; but he was not discouraged: for, with a thousand good qualities, he had one very bad one, which was, the suffering himself to be hurried on by his amorous inclinations. Whenever he loved a lady, he was too warm in the pursuit of her favours; and, though naturally an honest man, he made no scruple of violating the most sacred laws to accomplish his desires. Considering, then, that it was impossible for him to gain his end without the assistance of Madam Marcella, he resolved to leave no means unattempted to engage her in his interests. He concluded that this duenna, how severe soever she appeared, was not proof against a considerable present; and indeed his opinion was not unjust; for if there are such things as trusty governantes, the only reason is, that the gallants are not rich enough to make sufficient presents.

Madam Marcella no sooner arrived, than finding those she wished for, she commenced in a very outrageous manner, loading the count and La

Chicona with a million of hard names, and made the restitution-sum fly at the head of the valet-de-chambre. The count patiently attempted to appease the storm, and throwing himself at the duenna's feet to render the



scene more affecting, he pressed her to take the purse again, and offered her a thousand pistoles besides; conjuring her to have pity on him. Her compassion had never before been so powerfully solicited, and she did not prove inexorable. She soon quitted her invectives, and comparing the offered sum with the mean recompense she expected from Don Lewis, she easily found it was more for her interest to draw Leonora from her duty, than to preserve her from infringing it; which engaged her, after a few complimentary refusals, to take up the purse again, accept the offer of the thousand pistoles, promise to be subservient to the count's passion, and immediately prepare for the performance of her promise.

Knowing Leonora to be a virtuous young lady, she very carefully avoided giving her the least suspicion of her correspondence with the count, for fear she should discover it to Don Lewis, her father; and, being resolved on more subtle measures to ruin her, she thus addressed her charge at her return: "Leonora, I have just now satisfied my enraged mind. I found the three villanous deceivers confounded at your courageous retreat. I threatened La Chicona with your father's resentment, and the most rigorous severity of the law. I called the count de Belfor all the ill names which

rage could suggest, and hope that nobleman will be no more guilty of any such attempts, and that his intrigues will no more exercise my vigilance. I thank Heaven, that, by your resolution, you have escaped the net which was spread for you. I weep for joy. I am delighted to think he has not been able to gain any advantage over you by this stratagem; for great lords make it their diversion to seduce young ladies. Most of those who value themselves on preserving the strictest degree of probity are not scrupulous on this head, as though the dishonouring of families were no ill act. I do not absolutely say that the count is a man of this character, nor that he aims at deceiving you; we must not always judge ill of our neighbours; perhaps his designs are honourable: though his rank and fortune entitle him to the best match at court, your beauty may yet have resolved him to marry you. I remember, also, that in the answers he made to the hard words I gave him, he hinted as much to me."

"What is it you say, good governante?" interrupted Leonora: "if he had any such intention, he would before now have asked me of my father, who would never have denied a man of his quality."—"What you say is very just," replied the duenna; "I am of your mind; the course which the count took is suspicious; or rather his intentions were ill. I am almost in the mind to return to him, and scold at him afresh."—"Nay, good madam," replied Leonora, "it is better to forget what is past, and avenge it by contempt."—"True," said Marcella, "I think that is the best way; you are wiser than I. But, on the other side, let us not judge amiss of the count's sentiments. How do we know but that he took the course he did, as the most refined way of discovering his passion? Before obtaining your father's consent, perhaps he was desirous of obtaining your favour, and securing your heart by long services, that your union might thereby be rendered more charming. If so, my daughter, would it be a great crime to hearken to him? Unbosom yourself; you know my tender affection for you. Are you sensible of any alteration in favour of the count? or would you, if it were put to you, refuse to marry him?"

At this malicious question the too sincere Leonora cast down her eyes, and blushing, owned that she had no aversion for the Count but modesty preventing her further discovering herself, the duenna pressed her afresh to hide nothing from her. The lady overpowered by her governante's tender professions, went on. "Good Marcella," said she, "since you would have me talk to you as my confidante, know that I think Belfor deserves to be loved; I like his mien so well, and withal have heard such an advantageous character of him, that I could not help being touched with his addresses. The indefatigable care which you always took to oppose them, has frequently given me great uneasiness; and I own that I have silently deplored, and

in some measure repaid, with my tears, the pains your vigilance has forced me to endure. I will farther own to you that at this very moment instead of hating him after his rash attempt, my heart, against my will, excuses him, and throws the blame on your severity."

"Daughter," replied the governante, "since you give me leave to suppose that his addresses will be agreeable to you, I will manage this lover for you."—"I am very sensible," answered Leonora, in a tenderer tone, "of the service you are willing to render me. If the count were not one of the *grandees* of the first rank at court, were he a mere private gentleman I should prefer him to all men; but let us not flatter ourselves. Belflor is a nobleman of the highest distinction, and, doubtless, is designed for one of the richest heiresses in the kingdom. Do not let us expect that he will ever descend to marry Don Lewis's daughter, who has but a mean fortune to offer him. No, no," added she, "he has no such favourable thought towards me. He does not think me worthy to bear his name, and pursues me only to dishonour me."

"Ah, wherefore," said the duenna, "will you think he does not love you well enough to marry you? Love daily works greater miracles than that. You seem to imagine that Heaven has set an infinite distance betwixt the count and you. Do yourself more justice, Leonora. It would not degrade him to join his fortune to yours; you are of an ancient noble family, and your alliance could never cause him a blush. Since you have some inclinations towards him," continued she, "I must talk with him; I will examine his intentions, and if I find them such as they ought to be, I will encourage them with some hopes."—"Oh, take care how you do that," replied Leonora; "I am of opinion that you ought not to go in search of him; if he should suspect my having any hand in it, he would cease to value me."—"I am a woman of more address than you imagine," replied Marcella. "I will begin with accusing him of a design to seduce you; upon which he will not fail to justify himself; I will hear him, and shall see the event. In short, my daughter, leave it to me: I will guard your honour as cautiously as if it were my own."

The duenna went out soon after dusk in the evening. She found Belflor near Don Lewis's house, and gave him an account of her discourse with her mistress, not forgetting to value herself on her conduct in the discovery of the lady's passion for him. Nothing could gratify the count more than this news; which made him express his thanks to Marcella in the most sensible manner; that is, he promised to give her the thousand pistoles the next day, on assuring himself of the success of his enterprise; well knowing that a woman prepossessed is half seduced. They then parted, very well satisfied with each other, and the duenna returned home.

Leonora, who impatiently expected her, no sooner saw her arrive than she asked what news she had brought. "The best that you could ever hear," answered the governante; "all things succeed agreeably to your utmost wishes. I have seen the count; I can tell you that his intentions are not ill, he has no other design than to marry you. This he swore to me by all that is sacred among men. You may perhaps imagine that I yielded to him upon this, but I assure you I did not. 'If you are thus resolved,' said I, 'why don't you make the usual application to Don Lewis?' 'Ah, dear Marcella,' answered he, without appearing disturbed at this question, 'could you think it proper for me to obtain her father's good-will, before I was assured how she stood inclined towards me! and, considering nothing but the transports of a blind passion, endeavour tyrannically to obtain her of her father! No; her ease is dearer to me than my own desires, and I am too much a man of honour to build my happiness on her misfortunes.'

"During these expressions of his," continued the duenna, "I observed him with the utmost attention, and employed all my experience to discover by his eyes whether his love was as sincere as he represented it. What shall I say? He seemed to be devoured with a real passion, and I with a joy, which, without much difficulty, I could not conceal. Being then satisfied with his sincerity, I thought it not improper to glance at your sentiments with regard to him, in order to secure you such a considerable lover. 'My lord,' said I to him, 'Leonora is not averse to you; and, as far as I can judge, your addresses are not insupportable to her.' 'Great God!' exclaimed he then, enraptured, 'what do I hear! Is it possible that the charming Leonora should entertain favourable thoughts of me? How much am I indebted to you, most obliging Marcella, for having rid me of such a tedious uncertainty; you who, by continual opposition, have loaded me with so many torments. But, dear Marcella, complete my bliss, by obliging me with an opportunity of speaking with the divine Leonora. I solemnly promise and swear before you, that I will never be any other's but her's.'

"To this," pursued the governante, "he added yet more moving asseverations; in short, daughter, he entreated me in such a pressing manner to procure him a private opportunity of speaking to you, that I could not avoid promising to accomplish it." "Ah, why did you promise him that?" replied Leonora, somewhat disturbed. "With how much care have you inculcated this doctrine into me, that a prudent maiden ought industriously to shun all dangerous conversations?" "I agree with what you say," replied the duenna, "and affirm it to be a very good maxim; but you may lawfully dispense with it on this occasion, since you may

look on the count as your husband." "He is not so yet, however," replied Leonora, "and I ought not to see him before my father permits his suit."

Madam Marcella now began to repent of the good education she had bestowed on the young lady, since she found it so difficult to subdue her virtue; she resolved notwithstanding to compass her end, let it cost what it might. "My dear Leonora," said she, "I applaud myself when I see you so reserved. O happy fruit of my cares! you have profited by all the rules I have taught you. I am charmed with my own work. But, my daughter, you exaggerate what I have taught; you strain my morals too severely, and your virtue is indeed a little too harsh. Though I am fond of strict severity, yet I cannot approve of a churlish ill-mannered caution, indistinguishably and indifferently levelled against guilt and innocence. A virgin does not abandon her virtue by affording her ear to a lover, of the purity of whose desires she is satisfied. In that case it is no more criminal to respond to his passion, than it is to be sensible of it. Depend upon me, Leonora; I have too much experience, and am too deeply engaged in your interests, to draw you into any measures prejudicial to you."

"Alas! where would you have me speak with the count?" asked Leonora. "In your own apartment," replied the duenna; "for that is the safest place. I will introduce him to-morrow night." "Good Marcella," replied Leonora, "shall I then admit a man——" "Yes, you must admit him," interrupted the duenna: "it is no such extraordinary thing as you imagine; it is done every day; and I send up my wishes to heaven, that the maidens who receive such visits may be fortified with as good intentions as your's. Besides, what have you to fear? shall not I be with you?" "If my father should surprise us!" replied Leonora. "Never disturb yourself in the least about that," returned Marcella; "your father is perfectly satisfied with your conduct, knows my fidelity, and reposes entire confidence in me." Upon this, Leonora, being so violently pressed by the duenna, and inwardly incited by her love, was no longer able to hold out, but yielded to Marcella's proposal.

The count was immediately informed of the result, and so joyfully received the news, that he instantly presented his female agent with five hundred pistoles, and a ring of the same value; and she accordingly, finding him such a strict observer of his word, resolved not to fail in the performance of her promise. Accordingly, next night, as soon as she imagined the family asleep, she fastened to the balcony a silken ladder which the count had given her, and by that means introduced the impatient lover into his mistress's apartment.

In the mean time, the young lady was wholly engrossed by a series of

melancholy reflections, which very much disturbed her. Notwithstanding her inclination for the count, and whatever her governante could say, she blamed her easy consent to a visit that would violate her duty. The alleged purity of his intentions did not make her easy. To receive a man into her



chamber by night, of whose real sentiments she was ignorant, and without her father's knowledge, seemed to her not only criminal, but also what might render her contemptible in her lover's eyes. It was this last reflection which most tormented her, and she was extremely full of it when the count entered.

He immediately fell on his knees to thank her for the favour she had conferred on him. He appeared thoroughly humbled by love and gratitude, and assured her of his intention to marry her; but not expressing himself so satisfactorily on that head as she desired, "Count," said she, "I am willing to believe that you have no other design than what you have told me of; but whatever assurances you can give me, I shall always suspect

your intentions till they are authorized by my father's consent." "Madam," answered Belflor, "I had long since asked that, if I had not feared to obtain it at the expense of your repose." "I do not blame you for not having yet done it," replied Leonora, "but even approve these more refined punctilios of your love; but nothing at present hinders you, and you must speak to my father as soon as possible, or resolve never to see me more."

"Ah! why never see you more, charming Leonora?" replied the count. "How little sensible are you of the pleasures of love! If you knew as well as I what it was to love, you would be pleased with my disclosing my pains in secret, and at least conceal them for some time from your father's knowledge. O how great are the charms of such a private correspondence betwixt two hearts firmly united!" "They may be so to you," said Leonora, "but they can be no other than torments to me. Such subtle distinctions of tenderness very ill become a virtuous maiden; boast, therefore, no more of the delights of a secret commerce, which, if you valued me, you would not have proposed; and if your intentions are really such as you would persuade me they are, you ought, from the bottom of your soul, to blame my hearing such offers so patiently. But, alas!" added she, letting fall some tears, "it is to my weakness alone that this crime ought to be imputed. I have, indeed, deserved it, by doing what I have done for you."

"Adorable Leonora," cried the count, "you wrong me extremely; your too scrupulous virtue takes false alarms. Why should you fear, that, because I have been so happy as to prevail on you to favour my love, I should cease to value you? How unjust is this! No, madam, I am fully sensible of the value of your favours; they can never deprive you of my esteem: I am, therefore, ready to do what you expect of me, and will speak to signor Don Lewis to-morrow. I will use my utmost endeavours to obtain his consent to my happiness; but I must not omit telling you, that I see but small hopes of it." "How!" replied Leonora, extremely surprised, "can my father possibly refuse his consent to a man of your character and station at court?" "It is my rank and character which makes me fear a denial. You are surprised at what I say; but I will explain it to you."

"Some days past, the king declared he was resolved to bestow me in marriage. He has not yet named the lady he designs for me, but has given me to understand, that she is one of the best matches at court, and that he is firmly bent upon it. Not knowing at that time what sentiments you might have with regard to me, (for you well know that your rigorous severity never before allowed me an opportunity of discovering myself), I did not show any reluctance to obey his will. After this, judge, madam,

whether Don Lewis would run the risk of the king's displeasure, by accepting me for his son-in-law."

"No, doubtless," said Leonora; "I know my father: how great soever the advantages of your alliance might prove, he would choose rather to renounce them, than expose himself to the king's displeasure. But if my father should not oppose our union, we should not be the happier; for, in short, count, how can you give me a hand which the king has engaged elsewhere?" "Madam," answered Belflor, "I own sincerely that I at present labour under great difficulties on that subject; but hope, that, by even and prudent conduct with regard to his majesty, I shall so well manage his favours and friendship for me, as to discover a way to avoid the misfortune with which I am so unexpectedly threatened. You, yourself, beautiful Leonora, may assist me in this, if you think me worth assistance." "Ah! in what manner," said she, "can I contribute to the breaking off the match which the king has proposed to you?" "Madam," replied he in passionate tones, "if you please to receive my troth, which I offer to plight to you, I can preserve myself for you, without incurring the king's displeasure."

"Permit me, adorable Leonora," he added, kneeling, "to espouse you in the presence of Madame Marcella, and let her be witness to the sanctity of our engagement; by this means I shall easily escape that miserable knot which is preparing for me: for after that, whenever the king presses me to accept the lady he designs for me, I have nothing to do but to prostrate myself at the feet of my prince, and inform him that I have long loved, and secretly married you. However desirous he may be to marry me to another, he is yet too gracious to snatch me from her whom I adore, and too just to offer this affront to your family."

"What think you, discreet Marcella?" he continued, turning to the governante; "what is your opinion of this project, with which love has this minute inspired me?" "I am charmed with it," said the duenna; "it must indeed be owned that love is very ingenious." "And you, charming Leonora," resumed the count, "what do you say to it? Can your heart, though armed with distrust, refuse its approbation?" "No," returned Leonora, "provided you will let my father into the secret, who, I doubt not, will subscribe to what you would have him."

"We ought to be very careful how we intrust this affair to him," interrupted the wicked duenna. "You do not know Don Lewis; he is too nice in punctilios of honour to connive at secret amours. The very proposal of a private marriage would offend him. Besides, his prudence would not fail to make him afraid of the consequences of an union, which seems to thwart the king's designs. By this indiscreet step you would fill

him with suspicions, his eyes would continually be upon all your actions, and he would deprive you of all opportunities to meet again."

"Ah! then I shall die with grief," cried the courtier. "But, Madam Marcella," pursued he, affecting a melancholy tone, "do you really believe that Don Lewis would reject the offer of a private marriage?" "I do not doubt it in the least," answered the governante; "but granting that he should accept it, he is so scrupulously religious, that he would never yield to the omission of any of the ceremonies of the church, and if they were all performed in your marriage, it would soon be published."

"Ah! my dear Leonora," then said the count, tenderly locking his mistress's hand in his own, "must we, to satisfy a false notion of decorum, expose ourselves to the terrible danger of being separated for ever, when there is no occasion for any body but you to dispose of yourself to me? The consent of a father would, perhaps, spare you some uneasy thoughts; but since Madame Marcella has shewn us the impossibility of obtaining it, yield yourself to my innocent desires; receive my heart and hand, and when the proper time shall arrive to inform Don Lewis of our engagement, we will acquaint him also why we concealed it." "Well, count," said Leonora, "I consent then that you do not so soon speak to my father, but first sound the king's mind. Before I receive your hand in private, speak to your prince; tell him you have privately married me; let us endeavour by this false confidence——" "Oh, no, madam," replied Belflor; "I am too great a hater of a lie to dare to maintain this feint; I cannot thus dissemble. Besides, I know that the king, if he should once discover I had deceived him, would never pardon me so long as he lived."

I should never have done,—signor Cleofas,—continued the devil, if I were to repeat verbatim all the expressions which Belflor made use of to seduce this young lady. I shall only tell you, therefore, that he employed all the passionate language which I usually suggest to men on the like occasions; but it was in vain. He swore he would as soon as possible publicly confirm the promise which he had made in secret; it was in vain. He called heaven to witness his oaths; but he could not triumph over Leonora's virtue; and day at last being ready to appear, he was forced against his will to depart.

Next day the duenna, believing her honour, or rather her interest, engaged not to abandon her enterprise, said to Don Lewis's daughter, "Leonora, I do not know what to say farther to you; I find you oppose the count's passion, as though it had no other aim than mere gallantry. Have you observed anything in his person that disgusts you?" "No, good Marcella," answered Leonora; "on the contrary, he never appeared

so amiable, and his discourse discovered new charms to me." "If so," replied the governante, "I do not comprehend you: you are prepossessed with a violent inclination for him, and yet refuse to yield to a course, the necessity of which has already been demonstrated to you."

"My good madam," replied the daughter of Don Lewis, "you have had more prudence and experience than I; but have you considered thoroughly the consequences which may result from a marriage contracted without my father's knowledge?" "Yes, yes," answered the duenna, "I have made due reflection on that, and am very sorry to see you so obstinately resist the glorious settlement with which fortune has presented you. Have a care that your obduracy does not weary and disgust your lover, and be cautious lest he should cast his eyes on his interest and fortune, which the violence of his passion has made him neglect. Since he offers to give you his faith, accept it without farther deliberation. His word, than which nothing is more sacred to a man of honour, binds him. Besides, I am witness that he acknowledges you for his wife. Do you not know that such important evidence as mine is sufficient to condemn, in a court of justice, that lover who should dare to perjure himself?"

It was by such language as this that the perfidious Marcella gradually undermined the virtuous intentions of Leonora; who, suffering all reflections of the danger that threatened her to wear off, in a few days, abandoned herself to the count's wicked intentions. The duenna introduced him every night by the balcony into his mistress's apartment, and let him out before day.

One night having warned him somewhat later than ordinary to depart, when Aurora was beginning to break through the darkness, he hastily endeavoured to slide into the street; but, by rois chance, succeeded so ill, that he got a very severe fall.

Don Lewis de Cespides, whose bed-chamber was under that of his daughter, happening that morning to rise very early for the despatch of some pressing affairs, heard the count's fall, and opening his window to see what was the occasion of the noise, perceived a man just rising from the ground with great difficulty, and Marcella in his daughter's balcony, busy in drawing up the silken ladder, which the count had not made so good use of in descending as in his ascent. Don Lewis rubbed his eyes, and at first took this spectacle for an illusion; but after having considered it, he concluded that nothing was more real, and that the daylight, imperfect as it yet was, did but too truly discover his disgrace.

Confused at the fatal sight, and transported by a just rage, he flew in his night-gown to Leonora's apartment, with a sword in one hand, and a taper in the other. He went in quest of his daughter and her governante,



in order to sacrifice them both to his resentment. He knocked at their chamber-door, and commanded them to open it: they knew his voice, and tremblingly obeyed. He entered with a furious air, and discovering his naked sword to their amazed eyes: "I come," said he, "to wash away with her blood the infamous affront that wretched girl has thrown upon her father, and at the same time to punish the villanous governante who has betrayed the trust I reposed in her."

They both fell upon their knees, and the duenna began; "Signor," said she, "before we receive the chastisement which you have threatened, vouchsafe to hear us one moment." "Well, wretch," replied the old gentleman, "I consent to suspend my vengeance for a minute. Speak; inform me of all the circumstances of my misfortune. But why do I talk of the circumstances? I know them all, but one, and that is, the name of the scoundrel who has dishonoured my family." "Signor," replied Madam Marcella, "the count de Belflor is the gentleman who has done it." "The count de Belflor!" exclaimed Don Lewis; "where has he seen my daughter? by what means has he seduced her? conceal nothing from me." "Signor," replied the governante, "I will repeat the whole story to you with all the sincerity of which I am capable."



She then, with an infinite deal of art, recited all the expressions which she had made Leonora believe the count had uttered with regard to her. She painted him in the most lively colours as a tender, scrupulous and sincere lover. But not being able to elude the discovery of the whole truth, she was obliged to tell it; enlarging as she proceeded, on the reasons that induced them to conceal the secret marriage, and gave to the whole adventure, such a specious turn, as appeased Don Lewis's rage. This Marcella was not slow to discern, and in order completely to soften the old man; "Signor," said she, "this is what you desired to know; punish us this minute; plunge your sword into Leonora's breast. But what do I say? Leonora is innocent; she has only followed the counsel of a woman whom you intrusted with her conduct; it is therefore against me alone that your sword should point. It is I that have introduced the count into your

daughter's apartment, and I alone that have tied the knot wherewith she is bound. It is I who have winked at all irregularities in a contract that was not backed by your authority, in order to secure you a son-in-law whose interest you know to be the channel through which all court-favours at present pass. I had no other aim than Leonora's happiness, and the advantage your family may reap by such an important alliance. Indeed nothing less than an excess of zeal to serve your house could have drawn me into measures that carry with them such an appearance of treachery."

While the subtle Marcella was thus cajoling the old gentleman, her mistress shed no tears, but displayed such a sensible grief as he could not resist. He grew tender, his rage turned into compassion, he dropt his sword, and abandoning the air of an angry father; "Ah, my daughter!" said he, with tears in his eyes, "what a fatal passion is love! Alas, you are not sensible of all the reasons you have to afflict yourself. The shame that results alone from the presence of a father, who has surprised you, must unavoidably draw tears from you! but you do not yet foresee all the anxieties your lover may perhaps prepare for you. And you, imprudent Marcella, to what a precipice has your indiscreet zeal for my family brought you? I acknowledge that such an alliance as that of the count might dazzle your eyes, and it is that alone which excuses you in my sight; but unfortunate woman that you are, ought you not to have distrusted a lover of his high quality? The more interest and favour he can pretend to, the more you ought to have guarded yourself against him. Should he make no scruple of breaking his faith with Leonora, what course can I take? If I implore the assistance of the laws, a person of his influence would easily be able to shelter himself from their severity; and I wish that, continuing just to his oaths, he may prove willing to keep his word with my daughter; for if the king, as you say, designs to oblige him to marry another lady, it is much to be feared his majesty will force him to it by virtue of his authority."

"O sir," interrupted Leonora, "that ought not to alarm you; the count has confidently assured us, that the king will not commit such violence towards his passion."—"I am persuaded," said Marcella, "that his majesty is too fond of his favourite to exercise such tyranny over him, and also that he is too generous to plunge into fatal grief Don Lewis de Cespides, who has spent all his best days in the service of the public."

"Pray heaven it prove so," replied the old gentleman, sighing, "and that my fears may be vain! I will go to the count, and desire him to explain this affair. A father's eyes are piercing, and I shall discover the deepest recesses of his soul. If I find him in the disposition which I wish, I will pardon what is past; but," added he, in a more resolute tone, "if by his discourse, I discover a perfidious heart, you shall both with tears

bewail your imprudence in a melancholy retirement for the remainder of your days." At these words he put up his sword, and leaving them to the frightful thoughts he had raised in them, returned to his apartment to dress.

In this part of his narrative Asmodeus was interrupted by the student : " However affecting may be the story you are telling me," said Cleofas, " something which I have my eyes upon prevents me from hearing you so attentively as I could wish. I see a very genteel woman between a young man and an old one ; they are all three, I suppose, drinking exquisite liqueurs, and whilst the fond dotard is embracing her, the baggage slips her hand



behind him, into that of a young cavalier, who is probably her spark."—" Quite the contrary," answered the cripple, " The young man is her husband, and the other her lover. The old man is a person of consequence, a commander of the military order of Calatrava, and is ruining himself for that lady, whose husband has a small post at court ; she caresses her old lover for interest and favours, her husband from inclination."

" It is a fine picture," replied Zambullo : " but is not the husband a Frenchman ?"—" No," answered the devil, " he is a Spaniard."—" Oh then, the good city of Madrid," exclaimed Leandro, " has within its walls

good-natured husbands too? But they do not swarm here as at Paris, which, without dispute, is the most fruitful city of the world in such inhabitants. Pardon me, Signor Asmodeus," continued Don Cleofas, "for breaking in upon the thread of Leonora's story. Proceed with it, I beg of you, for it pleases me infinitely: there is such an artful variety in the account of the seduction of this young lady, that I am transported with it." Asmodeus accordingly continued his narrative.





CHAPTER V.

CONCLUSION OF THE HISTORY OF THE COUNT AND LEONORA.



HE early visit paid by Don Lewis to the Count very much surprised him, as he did not suspect that he had been discovered; he stepped forward to meet him, however, at his entrance, and after having almost stifled him with embraces, "How great is my joy," said he, "to see Don Lewis here! does he come to offer me an opportunity of serving him."—"My lord," answered Don Lewis, "command, if you please, that we be alone."

Belflor did what was requested, and they both sat down, when the old man thus began: "My lord," said he, "my honour and repose require an explanation, which I come to seek of you. I saw you this morning go out of my daughter's apartment; she has confessed all, she has told me—"—"She has told you that I love her," interrupted the count, to avoid a discourse which he did not desire to hear; "yet she has but feebly expressed all that I feel for her. I am enchanted; she is a lady altogether adorable, she has wit, beauty, virtue, no perfection is wanting. I have been told likewise that you have a son at the university of Alcalá. Is he like his sister? If he has her beauty, and resembles you in other excellencies, he

must be a complete gentleman. I die with desire to see him, and offer you all my interest to serve him."

"I am indebted to you for the offer," said Don Lewis gravely, but to come to—"He ought to be entered in the service immediately," interrupted the count again. I charge myself with the care of his fortune. I assure you he shall not wait amongst the crowd of subaltern officers."—"Answer me, count," replied the old gentleman hastily, "and leave off your interruption. Do you design to keep your promise?"—"Yes,



without doubt," interrupted Belflor the third time; "I will keep the word which I have given you, to stand by your son with all my interest; depend upon me, I am a sincere man."—"This is too much," cried Cespides, rising, "after having seduced my daughter, you dare insult me; but know that I am a gentleman, and the injury you have done me shall not remain unpunished." Having uttered these words he turned away, with a heart full of resentment, contriving a hundred projects to compass his revenge. As soon as he came home, he told Leonora and Marcella very angrily that

it was not without good reason that he suspected the count ; " he is a traitor," said he, " on whom I will be avenged ! and as for you two, you shall to-morrow enter a convent. You have nothing to do but prepare yourselves, and thank Heaven my rage contents itself with that chastisement." He then went and locked himself up in his closet, to deliberate what course he should take in such a nice conjuncture.



How great was Leonora's grief when she heard that Belfor was perfidious ! She remained some time without motion ; a mortal paleness covered her face, her spirits fled, and she fell motionless into the arms of her governante, who, fearing that she was dying, used all her endeavours

to recover her. She at last succeeded; and Leonora, resuming the use of her senses, and seeing her governante very officiously helping her, "How barbarous are you!" said she, with a deep sigh; "why did you force me out of the happy state in which I was? I was not then sensible of the misery of my situation. Why did you not let me die? You, who well know all the tormenting griefs which must disturb the repose of my life, wherefore did you keep me alive?"

Marcella endeavoured to comfort her, but her efforts only increased her mistress's affliction. "All your talk is superfluous," cried Don Lewis's daughter; "I will hear nothing. Do not lose your time in attempting to abate my despair, you ought rather to raise it. You, who have plunged me into the abyss of misery in which I now am: it was you who vouched for the count's sincerity; without you I should never have yielded to my inclination for him, which I should by degrees have conquered, or if not he would never have been able to gain the least advantage over me. But I will not," continued she, "charge my misery on you; I accuse nobody but myself. I ought not to have followed your advice in accepting a man's troth, without consulting my father. How dazzling soever the count's address might appear to me, I ought to have despised rather than surrendered to it at the expense of my honour. In short, I ought to have distrusted him, you, and myself. Since I have been so weak as to yield to his perfidious oaths, and seeing the affliction which I have brought upon Don Lewis, and the dishonour I have done my family, I hate myself; and am so far from fearing the retirement with which I am threatened, that I shall be glad to hide my shame in the most dismal retreat in the world."

These passionate words were not only accompanied with abundance of tears, but Leonora rent her clothes, and revenged the injustice of her lover on her beautiful hair. The duenna, to suit herself to her mistress's grief, did not spare grimaces and distorted features. She dropped some of those tears which she had always at command; she imprecated a thousand curses on mankind in general, and the count in particular. "Is it possible," exclaimed she, "that Belflor, who seemed so full of justice and probity, should prove such a villain as to deceive us both! I cannot extricate myself from this surprise; or, rather, I cannot yet persuade myself that we know the truth."

"Really," said Leonora, "when, as in fancy, I see him at my knees, what maiden would not have trusted his tender engaging airs, relied on oaths which he so audaciously invoked Heaven to witness, and believed the genuineness of those transports which he incessantly repeated? Besides, his eyes discovered more love than his mouth expressed, and the very sight of me seemed to charm him. No, he could not intend to deceive me; I cannot think it.

My father must not have talked with him so discreetly as he ought; they both grew warm, and the count answered less like a lover than a grandee; but, alas! perhaps I flatter myself! What shall I do to rid myself of this uncertainty? I will write to Belflor, and tell him that I expect him here to-night. I am resolved he shall either secure my alarmed heart, or confirm his treachery."

Marcella applauded the design, and was not herself without hope that the count, ambitious as he was, yet touched by Leonora's tears, might fall from his resolution in this interview, and determine to marry her.

In the mean time, Belflor, having rid himself of honest Don Lewis, continued in his apartment, reflecting on the consequences which might result from the reception he had just given him. He firmly concluded that the whole family of the Cespides, enraged at the injury done to their house, would study revenge; but that did not much disturb him: the interest of his love much more employed his thoughts. He imagined that Leonora would be put into a convent, or, at least, that she would be kept so strictly watched, that in all probability he should never see her more. This thought afflicted him; and he was contriving how to escape the threatened misfortune, when his valet-de-chambre brought him a letter, which Marcella had just put into his hands. It was a billet from Leonora, the contents of which were as follows:—

"I am to-morrow to quit the world, and in solitary retirement have the horror of seeing myself dishonoured, and of reflecting that my name is odious to my family and myself. This is the deplorable condition to which I am reduced by believing you. I expect you once more, this night. In my despair I hunt after new torments. Come, and confess to me that your heart had no part in any of the oaths which your lips swore to me, or justify their sincerity by a conduct which alone can soften the rigour of my fate. Perhaps this meeting may be attended with some danger after what has passed betwixt you and my father; take care, therefore, that you be accompanied by a friend. Though you have occasioned all the miseries of my life, I yet feel myself concerned for yours.

"LEONORA."

The count read this letter twice or thrice over, and deeming Leonora in the condition which she described, he melted into compassion. He now seriously reflected on what he had done; justice, probity, and honour, all the laws which his passion had hurried him on to violate, began to resume their empire over him. He suddenly found his blindness dissipated, and, like a man just recovered from a violent fever, blushed at the extravagant

words and actions which had escaped him: he was ashamed of all the base artifices he had used to satisfy his desires.

"Wretch that I am," cried he, "what have I done? What demon possessed me? I promised to marry Leonora; I called heaven to witness it: I feigned that the king proposed a match to me; I have made use of lies, perfidy, and sacrilege, to corrupt her innocence; what madness has seized me? How much better had it become me to have suppressed my passion, instead of satisfying it in so criminal a manner? I have seduced an innocent lady, and now abandon her to the resentment of her relations, whom I have equally dishonoured, and so return the happiness she has conferred on me with a load of miseries. How barbarous is such ingratitude! Ought I not rather to repair the disgrace and infamy I have done her? Yes, I ought; and, by marrying her, I will discharge the promise I made her. Who is there can oppose so just an intention? Ought her tenderness to me to prejudice me against her virtue? No; I know how much her resistance cost me to conquer it; and she yielded only to my sworn faith, and not to my amorous transports. But, on the other side, if I confine myself to this choice, I shall be a considerable sufferer. I, who may pretend to the noblest and richest heiress in the kingdom, shall I content myself with the daughter of a private gentleman of moderate fortune? What will the court think of me? They will say I have married ridiculously."

Belflor, thus divided betwixt love and ambition, knew not to which to incline: but though he was not yet resolved whether he would marry Leonora or not, he at least determined to go to her that evening.

Don Lewis, on the other hand, passed the day in contriving the best means of removing the stain from his honour, and of avenging his disgrace. The circumstances were delicate: to have recourse to the laws would be to publish his dishonour; besides, he much feared that justice might be on one side, and the judges on the other. He durst not throw himself at the king's feet; for, believing that prince designed to bestow another lady on the count, he was afraid it would be in vain. No satisfaction was then left besides that of arms, and to this he resolved to have recourse.

In the heat of his resentment he was tempted to send a challenge; but beginning to consider that he was too old and feeble to rely on his own arm, he determined rather to put it into the hands of his son, whose youth and skill might prove more fortunate and successful. Upon this conclusion he sent a footman to Alcalá, with a letter for his son; in which he commanded him to come immediately to Madrid, to revenge an injury done to the family of Cespides.

Don Pedro, the son, was eighteen years of age, perfectly handsome, and

so brave that he passed at Alcala for the most valiant of all the students in that university; but you know him, added the demon, and therefore it is needless for me to enlarge further on his character. "It is true," said Cleofas; "he has all the valour and merit which can possibly centre in a young man."



He was not then at Alcala, as his father supposed, replied Asmodeus; for the desire of seeing a lady whom he loved, had brought him to Madrid. The last time he had been there to see his relations, he made his conquest on the Prado. He did not yet know her name; for she had insisted on his using no means to inform himself thereof, a cruel necessity to which he submitted, though with great difficulty. It was a woman of quality who had conceived a passion for him; and, believing she ought to distrust the discretion and constancy of a student, she thought fit to try him before she discovered herself.

This unknown fair engaged more of his thoughts than Aristotle's philosophy; and Alcala being situate so near to the city, he, as you have done, often played truant; with this only difference, that it was for the sake of an object much more worthy than your Donna Thomasa. To conceal the knowledge of his amorous journeys from Don Lewis, his father, he used to lodge at an inn in the suburbs, where he carefully sheltered himself under a borrowed name. He never went out, but at a certain hour in the morning, when he was obliged to go to a house where the lady, who occasioned this neglect of his studies, was so kind as to come, accompanied by a chambermaid. He then lived locked up in his inn for the rest of the day; but, in requital, at night he walked all over the city.

It happened one night as he crossed a by-street, he heard the sound of several voices and instruments, which seemed worth his attention. He stopped, and found it to be a serenade, given by a gentleman who was drunk, and naturally extremely rude, and who had no sooner discerned Don Pedro than he immediately ran to him, and, without other prelude, "Friend," said he, in a hasty tone, "go about your business; I do not love inquisitive people."—"I might have withdrawn," answered Don Pedro, irritated by these words, "if you had desired me in a civiler manner; but I will now stay to teach you better language."—"We will see, then," said the master of the concert, drawing his sword, "which of us shall yield place to the other."

Don Pedro also drew his sword, and they began to engage. Though the master of the serenade acquitted himself with great dexterity, he could not parry a mortal thrust, upon the receipt of which he fell dead upon the spot. All the actors of the concert, who had by this time quitted their music, and were drawing their swords to assist their leader, now rushed forward to avenge his death. They fell all at once upon Don Pedro, who, on this occasion, showed his utmost skill; for, besides parrying with surprising dexterity all the passes made at him, he himself made very vigorous ones, and kept all his enemies engaged.

But they obstinately persisting, and their number being so great, able fencer as he was, he could not have escaped alive, if the count de Belflor, who happened just then to be passing, had not taken his part. The count, wanting neither courage nor a large share of generosity, could not see so many swords drawn on one man, without immediately engaging on his side. He drew, and joining with Don Pedro, pushed so briskly at the serenaders, that they all fled, some wounded, and others from fear.

After their retreat, the student began to thank the count for his assistance; but Belflor interrupting him: "No more of that," said he, "are you not wounded?"—"No," replied Don Pedro. "Let us get from this



place," said the count, "I see you have killed a man; it is dangerous to stay longer in this street; you may perhaps be seized." Upon which they immediately, making the best of their way, got into another street; and when they were advanced a good distance from the place where they fought, they stopped.

Don Pedro, sensibly influenced by just and grateful sentiments, entreated the count not to conceal from him the name of a gentleman to whom he was so much obliged. Belflor made no scruple of telling it, and also desired to know his. But the student, unwilling to discover himself, said his name was Don Juan de Matos, and assured the count that he would never forget what he had done for him.

"I will frankly and willingly," said the count, "present you with an

opportunity of discharging your obligation to me this very night. I have an appointment not wholly free from danger, and was going in search of a friend to accompany me. I am sensible of your valour, and therefore, Don Juan, desire your friendship."—"Your seeming to doubt it renders me somewhat uneasy," replied the student. I do not know how to employ the life which you have saved better than in exposing it for you. Let us make haste; I am ready to follow you." Belflor then conducted Don Pedro to Don Lewis's house, and by the balcony they both entered Leonora's apartments.

Don Cleofas interrupted the devil here. "Signor Asmodeus," said he, "how was it possible Don Pedro should not know his father's house?"—"He could not have known it," replied the demon; "for Don Lewis had not removed to his house above eight days; which I designed to have told you, had not you interrupted me. You are too hasty, and have got an ill custom of breaking the thread of other people's discourse. Pray correct that fault for the future."

Don Pedro,—continued the devil,—did not so much as suspect that he was at his father's house, nor think that she who introduced him was Madam Marcella, for she received him in the dark, in an antichamber; where Belflor entreated his companion to stay as long as he should remain with the lady: to which the student consented, and sat down with his naked sword in his hand for fear of a surprise. His thoughts were occupied with the favours which he concluded love was showering on Belflor, and he wished himself as happy as his companion; for though he was not ill-treated by his unknown mistress, she had not all the tenderness for him which Leonora had for the count.

While engaged in making what reflections on this adventure were likely to occur to the mind of a passionate lover, he heard a person softly endeavouring to open another door beside that of the lovers, and discerned a glimmering light through the key-hole. He hastily arose, made towards the door that opened, and presented the point of his naked sword to the breast of his father; for it was he who was going to Leonora's apartment, to see whether the count were not there. The good old gentleman did not believe, after what had passed, that his daughter and Marcella would again venture to admit him, which alone prevented his lodging them in another apartment. But still he conceived that, before their entrance into the convent on the morrow, they would be anxious to take their last leave.

"Whoever thou art," said the student, "do not enter this room on peril of your life." At these words Don Lewis looked at Don Pedro, whose eyes were fixed on him with equal attention; so that they soon knew each other. "Ah, my son," said the old gentleman, "with what impatience

have I expected you! why did not you inform me of your arrival? were you afraid of breaking my rest? Alas! I am incapable of any repose in the miserable condition to which I am at present reduced."—Oh, my father," said Don Pedro, in confusion, "is it you that I see? are not my eyes deceived by a false likeness?"—"Whence proceeds this surprise?" replied Don Lewis: "are you not in your father's house? did I not acquaint you by my letter, that eight days since I removed hither?"—"Just heaven," replied the student, "what do I hear? I am then at present on the threshold of my sister's apartment."

At these words, the count, who had heard the noise, and supposed that his guard was attacked, came out of Leonora's chamber with his sword in his hand. The old gentleman, distracted at this sight, and shewing him to his son, cried out, "This is the audacious villain who has robbed me of my rest, and cast a fatal stain upon the honour of our house. Let us then revenge ourselves, let us instantly punish the traitor." These words were no sooner uttered, than he drew the sword he had under his night-gown, and began to attack the count; but Don Pedro restrained him. "Stay, father," said he, "I beg you to moderate the transports of your rage."—"What do you mean, my son?" answered the old man; "why do you hold my arm? You doubtless think it is too weak to avenge us. Well, then, take satisfaction yourself for the affront put upon our family, which is the only reason why I sent for you to Madrid. If you fall, my arm shall do us justice: the count must perish by our hands, or, after having robbed us of our honour, he must deprive us both of life."

"Father," replied Don Pedro, "I cannot yield to what your impatience leads you to desire of me. I am so far from seeking to attempt the count's life, that I came hither to defend it; my word is passed for his safety and my honour demands it. Let us then retire, my lord," continued he, addressing himself to Belflor. "Ha! base wretch," interrupted Don Lewis, looking on Pedro with an angry countenance, "dost thou thyself oppose the execution of a vengeance wherein all thy force ought to have been employed? My son, my own son is leagued with the perfidious wretch who has seduced my daughter: but do not think to escape my resentment; I will call up my domestics, who shall requite him for his treachery and remedy our cowardice."

"Sir," replied Don Pedro, "be more just to your son, and do not call him a coward, for he never deserved that hateful name. The count has saved my life this night. He proposed to me to accompany him, whither I knew not, but on a certain appointment. I offered to share the dangers he might encounter, without ever suspecting that my gratitude would imprudently engage my arm against the honour of my family. My word however obliges



me to defend his life here ; and in so doing I shall discharge it : not that I am less sensibly touched with the injury he has done our family ; and to-morrow you shall see me as eager to shed his blood, as you now see me zealous to preserve his life."

The count, who had hitherto remained silent, being thoroughly struck with the amazing circumstances of this adventure, now spoke. " Perhaps," said he, addressing himself to Don Pedro, " you may meet with but indifferent success in revenging this injury by force of arms ; I will offer you a surer way of re-establishing your honour. I freely own to you, that till this day I never designed to marry Leonora ; but I this morning received a letter from her, with which I was sensibly affected ; her tears have

just completed the work, and the happiness of being her husband is at present the utmost of my desires."—"If the king designs you another wife," said Don Lewis, "how will you dispense with"—"The king never proposed any match to me," interrupted Belflor, blushing. "Pray pardon that fiction in a man whose reason was overpowered by love. It is a crime which the violence of my passion hurried me to commit, and which I desire to expiate by confession and repentance."

"My lord," replied the old gentleman, "after an acknowledgment so characteristic of a great mind, I no longer doubt your sincerity. I see you are resolved effectually to repair the injury we have received, and my anger yields to the assurances you have given me; permit me then to forget my resentment in your arms." At these words he ran toward the count, who flew to meet him. They mutually embraced several times; when Belflor turning to Don Pedro, "And you, the counterfeit Don Juan," said he, "you have gained my esteem by your unparalleled valour and noble



mind; allow me to vow a sincere fraternal friendship to you." He then embraced Don Pedro, who receiving his caresses with a submissive and respectful air, thus answered him: "My lord, in promising me such a

valuable friendship, you engage mine, and I entreat you that you would always conclude me one, who will continue devoted to you to the end of my life."

In the mean time, Leonora, who was listening all the while at the chamber-door, did not lose one word of all they said. She was at first tempted to throw herself between the swords, without knowing why; but Marcella prevented her: and when that dexterous duenna perceived all things likely to end so amicably, she concluded that her presence and that of her mistress would not prejudice the accommodation; whereupon they both appeared with their handkerchiefs in their hands, and, weeping, ran to prostrate themselves at Don Lewis's feet. They feared, and not without reason, after their being surprised last night, that the old gentleman's anger might return; but raising Leonora, he said, "Daughter, dry your tears; I will not blame you any more: since your lover has resolved to keep the faith which he has sworn to you, I consent to forget what is past."

"Yes, Don Lewis," said the count, "I will marry Leonora; and, still more effectually to repair the injury I have done you, to give you entire satisfaction, and your son a pledge of my friendship for him, I offer him my sister Eugenia."—"Ah, my lord," cried Don Lewis in raptures, "how sensible am I of the honour you do my son! what father was ever happier? You now shower as much joy on me, as before you loaded me with sorrow."

Though the old man was charmed with the count's offer, Don Pedro seemed to entertain no such feeling on the occasion; but being wholly occupied with the thought of his unknown lady, he was so disturbed and confused, that he could not say a word. Belflor, however, without regarding his friend's uneasiness, departed, telling the family that he would order all the necessary preparations to be made for this double union, and assuring them that he was impatient till he was united to them by the strictest bonds of alliance.

After his departure, Don Lewis left Leonora in her apartment, and went into his own with Don Pedro, who, with all the frankness of a young student, said, "Sir, I beg you would dispense with my marrying the count's sister; it is enough that he marry Leonora; that will be sufficient to retrieve the honour of our family."—"What, son!" replied the old man, "can you refuse the count's sister?"—"Yes, father," replied Don Pedro; "that union would merely prove a cruel torment to me, the cause of which I will not conceal. It is now six months since I first loved, or rather adored, a charming lady who returns my passion; she alone can render my life happy."

"How miserable is the state of a father!" said Don Lewis; "he scarcely ever finds his children disposed to what he desires. But who, then, is this

lady that has made such a violent impression on you?"—"I do not yet know," answered Don Pedro; "she has promised to inform me her name when she shall be fully satisfied of my discretion and constancy; nor do I doubt but she is of one of the best families in Spain."

"And do you fancy," replied the old man, changing his tone, "that I will be so complaisant as to approve of your romantic love? that I will suffer you to quit the most glorious establishment that fortune can offer you, to keep you constant to a person of whom you do not know so much as the name? Stifle rather these sentiments for an object, who, perhaps, may be unworthy of them, and think of nothing but deserving the honour which the count has offered to confer on you."—"All this discourse is in vain, father," replied the student; "I feel it impossible for me ever to forget my adored unknown. Nothing can disengage me from her. Should the Infanta herself be offered me"——"Hold," cried the father, hastily; "it is too insolent to boast a constancy which raises my anger. Begone, and never let me see you again, until you have resolved to obey my wishes."

Don Pedro durst not reply to these words, for fear of drawing on himself something more severe. He retired to his chamber, where he passed the rest of the night in reflections at once melancholy and agreeable. He considered with grief that he was about to quarrel with his family, in refusing to marry the count's sister; but he was perfectly comforted when he represented to himself how his unknown lady must value him for such a sacrifice. He flattered himself that, after such an exemplary proof of his fidelity, she would not fail to discover her rank, which he imagined little inferior to that of Eugenia's.

With these hopes, as soon as it was day, he went to take a walk on the Prado, expecting at the appointed hour to go to the apartment of Donna Juana, for that was the name of the lady in whose lodgings he used to meet his mistress every morning. He waited for the happy moment with great impatience, and when it came, flew to the place of rendezvous.

He found that his unknown charmer had come thither sooner than ordinary, but touched with such grief, as expressed itself to Donna Juana in showers of tears. This was a cheerless spectacle for her lover! All in confusion, he approached her, and flinging himself at her knees, "Madam," he said, "what must I think of the condition in which I see you?"—"Doubtless," answered she, "you do not expect the fatal blow which I bring you. Cruel fortune is about to separate us for ever. We are never to see each other more."

She accompanied these words with so many sighs, that I do not know whether Don Pedro was more touched with what she said, or with the grief she discovered in uttering it. "Just Heaven!" cried he, with an excess of



rage which he could not restrain, "is it possible for you to suffer the breaking of our union, the innocence of which you know? But, madam," added he, "perhaps you have taken a false alarm. Is it certain that you will be torn from the most faithful lover that ever existed? Must I really be the most miserable of all men?"—"Our evil destiny is but too certain," answered the unknown fair. "My brother, on whom I depend, will marry me this day, as he has but a few minutes since declared to me."—"Ah! who is the happy bridegroom?" very hastily enquired Don Pedro; "name him to me, madam: In my despair"—"I do not yet know his name," interrupted the lady; "my brother would not acquaint me with it. He told me that he desired I should first see the gentleman."

"But madam," said Don Pedro, "will you submit to a brother's will without resistance! Will you suffer yourself to be dragged to the altar, without complaining of the cruelty of the sacrifice? Will you make no attempt in my favour? Alas! I was not afraid of exposing myself to my father's rage, to reserve myself entirely for you. His threats could not shake my fidelity; and with what rigour soever he may treat me, I would not marry the lady he proposes, were the match even more advantageous than it is." "And who is the lady, with whom it was sought to unite you," asked the unknown beauty. "It is the count de Belflor's sister," replied the student. "Ah, Don Pedro," replied she, discovering extreme surprise, "you doubtlessly mistake; it cannot be as you say. Is it really Eugenia de Belflor who is proposed to you?"

"Yes, madam," replied Don Pedro; "the count himself made me the offer."—"How!" cried she, "is it possible that you should be the cavalier for whom my brother designs me?"—"What do I hear?" cried Don Pedro in his turn; "is my unknown angel then Eugenia de Belflor?"—"Yes, Don Pedro," replied she; "but I can scarcely believe myself at this moment to be any longer so; so hard is it for me to persuade myself of the reality of the happiness of which you assure me."

At these words, Don Pedro fell on his knees, seized one of her hands with all the raptures that a lover, suddenly removed from the extreme of pain to excess of joy, could possibly feel. Whilst he thus abandoned himself to the emotions of his love, Eugenia, on her part, gave him a thousand proofs of her affection, which she accompanied with the most tender and engaging expressions. "What racking pains," said she, "would my brother have spared me, had he but named the husband for whom he designed me! What an aversion had I already conceived for my spouse! Ah, my dear Don Pedro, how much did I hate you!"—"Bright Eugenia, answered the now happy lover, "how charming is that hatred to me! I will deserve it by adoring you all my life."

After each had given the other the most convincing testimonies of their mutual tenderness, Eugenia desired to know how the student could have gained her brother's friendship. Don Pedro did not conceal from her the amours of the count and his sister, but related to her all that had passed during the last night. She was infinitely pleased to hear that her brother was to marry her lover's sister; and Donna Juana had too great a stake in her friend's welfare not to be moved at the happy result. She testified her joy to the young lady as well as to Don Pedro, who at last left Eugenia, after they had mutually resolved not to seem to know one another when they appeared before the count.

Don Pedro returned to his father, who, finding him perfectly disposed to

obedience, was the better pleased, because he ascribed it to his absolute manner of deporting himself towards his son at their last meeting. They received at that moment a letter from the count, which advised them that he had just obtained the king's consent to his marriage, and to that also of his sister, with the addition of a considerable post for Don Pedro; and that on the morrow both nuptials might be celebrated, his orders having been so diligently executed, that all the preparations were already far advanced. He came in the afternoon to confirm what he had written, and to present to them Eugenia.

Don Lewis showed that lady all imaginable civility, and Leonora did not neglect tenderly to embrace her. As for Don Pedro, by whatsoever



emotions of love and joy he was agitated, he yet sufficiently restrained himself, to avoid the count's having any suspicion of their former correspondence.

Belflor, particularly applying himself to the observation of his sister, thought he could discover, notwithstanding the constraint she imposed upon herself, that she did not dislike Don Pedro. But the better to assure

himself of the truth of his conjecture, he took her aside for a moment, and made her own that she was extremely well pleased with her cavalier. He then told her his name and family, which he had before concealed, lest the inequality of their conditions should have prejudiced her against him; all which she pretended to hear as though previously utterly ignorant of it.

At last, after the exchange of a multitude of civilities on both sides, it was resolved that the wedding should be kept at Don Lewis's house. The nuptial festivities are this night acting, but are not finished; and that is the reason of the great rejoicing in yonder house, in which all the company unanimously join, except Marcella, who has no share in it. She cries whilst the rest laugh; for the count de Belflor, after his marriage, confessed the whole story to Don Lewis, who has ordered her to be sent to the *Monasterio de los Arrepentidas*,* where the thousand pistoles which she received to seduce Leonora will serve to support her while doing penance for the remainder of her life."



* A penitentiary convent for females of ill-fame.



CHAPTER VI.

OTHER PARTICULARS WHICH THE STUDENT SAW, AND THE MANNER OF HIS BEING REVENGED ON DONNA THOMASA.



“He will just turn to the other side,” continued Asmodeus, “and glance at some new objects. Cast your eyes on the house directly beneath us, where you will see something extraordinary. It is a man who, notwithstanding an accumulation of heavy debts, is in a profound sleep.”—“He must then be a person of quality,” said Leandro. “You have guessed rightly,” answered the demon. “It is a marquis whose rents amount to a hundred thousand ducats a-year, and yet his expenses exceed his revenue. His table and his mistresses oblige him to run considerably in debt, but that does not break his rest. On the contrary, when he has a mind to patronize a tradesman, he fancies that he is conferring an obligation. ‘It is with you,’ said he the other day to a draper, ‘it is with you that for the future I intend to deal upon credit, and I give you the preference.’”

“Whilst the marquis is tranquilly enjoying that repose of which he is robbing his creditors, observe the man yonder who”——“Stay, Signor Asmodeus,” hastily interrupted Don Cleofas, “I perceive a coach in the street, which I cannot suffer to pass without asking who is in it.”——“Hush !”

said the cripple, lowering his voice as if he were afraid of being overheard, "you must know there is in that coach one of the gravest persons of the realm in disguise. He is a president going to make merry with an old Asturian lady, who is subservient to his pleasures. That he may not be known, he has taken Caligula's precaution, who, on a similar occasion, put on a peruke to disguise himself.

"Let us return to the scene I was about to disclose to you, when you interrupted me. Observe, in the uppermost part of the marquis's palace, a man busily employed in a cabinet, which is full of books and manuscripts."



—"Perhaps," said Zambullo, "it is the marquis's steward, engaged in contriving means to pay his master's debts."—"Good," replied the demon; "as though that must needs be what stewards of such families amuse themselves with! Their business is rather to take advantage of the derangement of their masters' affairs, than to extricate them from confusion. It is not

a steward you see there, but an author. The marquis has lodged him in his palace, to obtain a reputation for patronising men of letters."—"This author, then," replied Don Cleofas, "is a man of some note."—"You shall judge of that yourself," answered the demon; "he is surrounded by a thousand volumes, and is compiling one, in which there will not be a line of his own. He pilfers from all the books and manuscripts which you see, and, though he only methodises and connects his thefts, yet he has a larger share of vanity than a genuine author.

"You do not know," continued Asmodeus, "who lives within three doors of that palace. It is la Chicona, of whom I have already made such honourable mention in the story of Count de Belflor."—"Ah, how I am enraptured at the sight of her!" exclaimed the student. "The good



woman so serviceable to young people, is doubtless one of those two old women whom I see in that room. The one is leaning with her elbows on

the table, earnestly watching the other, who is counting money. Which of the two is la Chicona?"—"She," said the demon, "who is leaning on her elbows. The other is called la Pebrada, who is an honourable lady of the same profession; they are partners, and at this moment are dividing the profits of an adventure which they have just now brought to an end.

"La Pebrada has the best trade, and deals with several rich widows, to whom she carries her list to read every day."—"What do you mean by her list?" interrupted the student. "It is," replied Asmodeus, "a catalogue of all the handsome foreigners who come to Madrid, especially French. As soon as la Pebrada hears that any fresh ones are arrived, she runs to their inns, and adroitly obtains information of their birth, figure, air, and age. She then makes her report to the widows, who, after consulting their inclinations, either obtain speech of the strangers, through the agency of la Pebrada, or wait till they find others more to their taste.

"This is not only very convenient," replied Zambullo, "but in a manner lawful; for without these good ladies and their agents, young strangers, who have no acquaintance here, would be compelled to lose much time in making some. But pray tell me, are there any of this sort of widows and *procurasas* in other countries?"—"A pretty question, indeed, whether there are?" answered the cripple. "Do you doubt it? I should very ill acquit myself of my office, if I neglected to supply all great cities with them.

"Give your attention a little to a neighbour of la Chicona, to that printer working alone in his printing-house. His servants have been in bed these three hours, and he is about to spend the night in printing a book secretly."—"How! what is the work, then?" asked Leandro. "It is a libel," answered the demon; "written to prove that religion is preferable to points of honour; and that it is better to forgive than revenge an affront."—"What a rascal," cried the student; "he does well to print his infamous book in secret; nor would I advise the author to own it, for I should be one of the first to cane him. What! does religion forbid the preservation of our honour?"

"Do not let us enter upon that dispute," interrupted Asmodeus, with a satirical smile. It seems you have profited greatly by the lessons of morality you have received at Alcalá. I congratulate you on your improvement."—"You may say what you please," interrupted Don Cleofas in his turn, "but if in that ridiculous work the author's arguments should be the most clear and convincing that could be invented, I should laugh at them. I am a Spaniard, and nothing to me seems so sweet as revenge. And since you have promised me to punish my perfidious mistress, I now call on you to keep your word."

"I yield with pleasure to the transports which agitate you," said the

demon. "I love those bold spirits who pursue their impulsive passions without scruple ! I will this moment satisfy you ; the time of your vengeance is at hand. But I would first show you something that will divert you exceedingly. Carry your eye beyond the printing-house, and observe well what is passing in an apartment tapestried with crimson cloth."—" I see five or six women," answered Leandro, " crowding on each other to thrust glass bottles into the hands of a sort of valet, and they all appear to be violently agitated."

" These," replied the cripple, " are devout ladies, who have great reason for their uneasiness ; for in the adjoining apartment is a sick inquisitor.



This venerable person, who is about five-and-thirty, is attended in his chamber by two of his favourite penitents. One is employed in making him broths, and the other at his pillow is keeping his head warm, and covering his chest with a stomacher made of fifty lambs' skins."—" What is his malady, then ?" enquired Zambullo. " A little cold in his head," replied the demon ; " and it is to be feared the rheum may descend to his chest.

“The other devotees whom you see in his anti-chamber are ladies, who, on the first news of his indisposition, ran hither in all haste with medicines. One has brought, for his cough, syrups of jujubes, marshmallows, coral, and colts-foot; another, to preserve his reverence’s lungs, is laden with nostrums, syrup of long-life, of veronica, of immortality, and elixir-proprietatis; another, to fortify his brain and stomach, has brought balm, cinnamon, and treacle-water, besides divine water, and the essences of nutmegs and ambergris; this comes to offer him anacardine, and bezoardic confections; and that, tincture of clove-gillyflowers, of coral milleflorum, of the sun, and of emeralds. All these penitents are boasting the efficacy of their several medicines to the inquisitor’s valet. They take him aside one after another, and each clapping a ducat in his hand, thus whispers in his ear: ‘Laurence, dear Laurence, I entreat you not to fail in giving my medicine preference to all the rest.’”—“Bless me!” cried Don Cleofas, “what happy mortals are these inquisitors!”—“Indeed they are,” replied Asmodeus; “I myself almost envy their happiness; and as Alexander once said, ‘That, were he not Alexander, he could wish to be Diogenes;’ so I might well say, ‘That, were I not a devil, I would be an inquisitor.’”

“Come, signor student,” added he, “now let us go and punish that perfidious woman who so ill returned your tenderness.” Zambullo then seized the end of Asmodeus’s mantle, and the demon cleaving the air with him a second time, sat him down on Donna Thomasa’s house.

The wanton was at table with the four assassins who had pursued the student over the tiles. He trembled with excessive resentment to see them eat a brace of partridges and a rabbit, and empty several bottles of wine, for which he had paid, and which he had sent thither. To crown his vexation, he saw that nothing but joy reigned during the repast; and by the demonstrations made by Donna Thomasa, he found that the company of these wretches was more agreeable to that abandoned creature than his own. “Ah, scoundrels,” cried he, inflamed with rage, “how deliciously they fare at my expense! What mortification for me!”

“I confess,” said the demon, “that the spectacle is not very pleasant for you: but they who will make love to such light ladies, must expect adventures of this kind. They happen every day in France to abbés, to gentlemen of the long robe, and rich farmers of the revenue.”—“Had I a sword,” replied Don Cleofas, “I would break in upon the villains, and disturb their entertainment.”—“You would be over-matched,” replied the cripple, “were you to attack them singly; leave your revenge to me, I will compass it better than you. I will this moment set them together by the ears, by inspiring them with a lascivious passion, and they shall draw their swords upon each other. You will see a fine uproar presently.”

At these words he blew, and from his mouth there issued a violet coloured vapour, which descended in serpentine coils, like a squib, spreading itself over Donna Thomasa's table. One of the guests, immediately feeling the effect of the blast, approached the lady, and passionately embraced her; but the others, inspired by the fumes of the same vapour, endeavoured to tear her from his arms. Each claimed the preference; a dispute commenced, and jealous rage possessed all their minds. Eventually they came to blows, drew their swords, and began a sharp and rough engage-



ment. Meanwhile Donna Thomasa uttered the most horrible cries, and the neighbourhood being alarmed, immediately called for the officers of justice, who, speedily arriving, broke open the courtesan's doors, found two of the ruffians dead on the floor, seized the others, and conveyed them with Donna Thomasa to prison. The now unhappy beauty wept, tore her hair, and gave way to despair; but her conductors were not more affected than Zambullo, who with Asmodeus, laughed very heartily at the sight.

"Well," said the demon to the student, "are you satisfied?"—"No," replied Don Cleofas; "if you would give me entire satisfaction, show me the prison, and let me have the exquisite pleasure of seeing that wretch, who

made a jest of my passion, shut up in her cell! I find that I now hate her more than I before loved her."—"With all my heart," replied Asmodeus, "you shall always find me ready to oblige you, even though it were against my inclination and interest, so it were for your good or gratification."

In a moment they reached the prison, where, soon after, the two assassins were brought, and immediately lodged in a dark dungeon. For



Thomasa, she was put into a cell littered with straw, with three or four other women of ill-fame who had been taken up on the same day, and who, on the morrow, were to be transferred to the place appointed for such creatures.

"Now I am satisfied," said Zambullo; "I have had the pleasure of a full revenge. My friend Thomasa will not pass the night so agreeably as she expected. I am ready to accompany you for the purpose of continuing our observations wherever you please."—"This is a very proper place for them," answered the spirit: "there are in this prison a great number of guilty and innocent people. It is an abode wherein commences the punishment of the one, and the purification of the virtues of the others. I will show you some prisoners of each kind, and tell you why they are kept in fetters."



CHAPTER VII.

OF THE PRISONERS.



wish you to observe, before I enter into detail, the gaolers at the entrance of these horrid places. The poets of antiquity represented but one Cerberus at the gates of hell, but here you see is a far greater number. These gaolers are villains who have lost all feelings of humanity. The wickedest of my brethren could hardly supply the place of one. But I find," added he, "that you look with horror on these rooms, in which all the furniture is a wretched bed; and those frightful dungeons appear to you like so many graves. It is not without reason that you are astonished at the misery you observe, and pity the condition of the unhappy wretches whom the law detains here. Yet they do not all deserve the same compassion; their merits therefore shall be the subject of our examination.

"First, then, in that large chamber on the right, are four men lying on the two miserable mattresses which you see. One is a vintner accused of poisoning a stranger, who the other day dropped down dead in his tavern. It is pretended that the quality of the wine killed the deceased; but the

vintner alleges it was the quantity, and will be believed at his trial, for the stranger was a German."—"And which of them is in the right, the vintner or his prosecutors?" asked Cleofas. "The affair is problematical," answered the devil. "It is true, the wine was adulterated; but, on my conscience, the German had drank so largely, that the judges might safely set the tavern-keeper at liberty.

"The second prisoner is an assassin by profession, one of those cut-throats called Valientes,* who, for four or five pistoles, are ever ready to oblige with the use of their arms, those who will be at sufficient expense, to be privately rid of an enemy. The third is a foppish dancing-master, who scandalized his vocation by teaching one of his female pupils a false step. The fourth is a gallant, caught by the watch, as he was scaling the balcony of a woman of his acquaintance, whose husband was absent. It is his own fault that he is not liberated, which he could be by declaring that his design was purely amorous; but he had rather pass for a thief, and run the risk of his life, than compromise his mistress's honour."

"A very discreet lover indeed," said the student; "it must be admitted that our nation outvies all others in point of gallantry. I dare venture a wager, that there is not a Frenchman, for example, in the world, who would suffer himself to be hanged for his discretion."—"No, I assure you," said Asmodeus; "a Frenchman would sooner clamber over a balcony to dishonour a woman that should show him any favour.

"In the closet next to those four men," continued he, "is a famous witch, who has the reputation of being able to do impossibilities. By her art, it is reported, that old dowagers find young gallants that return them love for love; husbands are rendered true to their wives, and coquettes really become enamoured of the rich gallants that keep them. But nothing is more false: she is mistress of no other secret, than that of persuading the world that she is so, and of living handsomely on that opinion. This poor creature is claimed by the inquisition, and she will very probably be burnt at the first auto-de-fe.

"Under the closet there is a dark dungeon, that serves for a lodging to a young tavern-keeper."—"What, mine host again?" cried Leandro; "sure these people have a mind to poison all the world."—"This man's is not the same case," replied Asmodeus: "he was seized yesterday, and is likewise claimed by the inquisition. I will in a few words relate to you the cause of his detention.

"An old soldier, by his courage, or rather by his patience, having attained the post of a sergeant in his company, came to raise recruits in

* Valientes, in Spanish, signifies bravos or ruffians.

this city. He enquired for a lodging at an inn, where he was answered, that they had indeed empty rooms, but that they could not recommend any of them to him, because the house was haunted every night by a spirit, which treated all strangers very ill, that were rash enough to lodge there. This did not at all baulk our serjeant. 'Put me in what chamber you please,' said he, 'so you give me a candle, some wine, pipes, and tobacco; and as for the spirit, never trouble yourself about it; ghosts have a respect for soldiers, who have grown grey in the service.'

"As he seemed so resolute, he was shown into a chamber, where all that he desired was brought to him. He fell to drinking and smoking till midnight, and as no spirit had then disturbed the profound silence that reigned in the house, one would have imagined that it feared this new guest; but, betwixt one and two, the serjeant, on a sudden, heard a terrible noise, like the rattling of old iron, and looking steadfastly, saw an apparition entering his chamber, clothed in black, and heavily laden all round with fetters. Our smoker, not in the least affrighted at what he saw, drew his sword, advanced towards the spirit, and with the flat side of his weapon gave it a very severe blow on the head.

"The phantom, not much accustomed to meet with such bold guests, cried out, and, perceiving the soldier about to renew his blow, most humbly prostrated itself at his feet: 'Mr. Serjeant,' said the figure, 'for God's sake do not give me any more; but have mercy on a poor devil that casts himself at your feet to implore your clemency. I conjure you by St. James, who, like you, was a great swordsman.'—'If you are willing to save your life,' answered the soldier, 'you must tell me, without the least prevarication, who you are, or this moment I will cleave you in two, as your knights of old were used to serve the giants they encountered.' At these words, the ghost, finding what sort of person he had to deal with, resolved to acknowledge the whole affair.

'I am,' said the pretended spirit, 'the principal servant of this tavern: my name is William; I am in love with my master's only daughter, Juanilla, and she does not dislike me; but, as the father and mother have a better match in view, in order to compel them to make me their son-in-law, the damsel and I have agreed, that I should every night enact the part in which you have detected me. I wrap myself up in a long black mantle, and hang the jack-chain about my neck; thus equipped, I run up and down the house, from the cellar to the garret, and make the noise which you have heard. When I am at my master and mistress's chamber-door, I stop and cry out, 'Do not hope that I will ever permit you to rest until you marry Juanilla to your principal tapster.'

"After having pronounced these words with a hoarse broken voice, I



continue my noise, and enter the window of the closet where Juanilla lies alone, to give her an account of what I have done. Mr. Serjeant,' continued William, 'that is the whole truth; I know that after this confession you may ruin me by discovering it to my master; but if you please to serve instead of injuring me, I swear that my acknowledgements'—— 'Alas, what service can I do thee?' interrupted the soldier. 'You need do no more,' returned William, 'than to say to-morrow, that you have seen the spirit, that it so terribly affrighted you'——'How! terribly affrighted!' interrupted the soldier: 'would you have Serjeant Annibal Antonio Quebrantador own that he has been subjected to fear? I had rather a hundred

thousand devils should' — 'That is not absolutely necessary,' interrupted the tapster; 'and after all it is not much matter what you say, provided you second my design. When I have married Juanilla, and am settled, I promise to regale every day, for nothing, you and all your friends.' — 'You are a very tempting personage, Master William,' said the soldier. 'You propose to me to support a trick: it is a serious affair, which requires mature deliberation; but the humour of the thing hurries me on. Go, continue your noise, give your account to Juanilla, and I will take care of the rest.'

"Accordingly, next morning, he said to his landlord and landlady, 'I have seen and talked to the spirit. It is a very reasonable phantom. 'I am,' said he, 'the great-grandfather of the master of this house. I had a daughter whom I promised to the father of the grandfather of this tapster. However, neglecting the word I had given him, I married her to another, and soon afterwards died; ever since which I am tormented in punishment of my perjury, and shall never be at rest till one of my family marries one of William's. It is for this reason that I walk here every night. Yet it is to no purpose that I bid them marry Juanilla to their head-tapster. The son of my grandson and his wife turn deaf ears to all I can say. But tell them, if you please, Mr. Serjeant, that unless they immediately comply with my desires, I shall proceed to action, and will torment them both in an extraordinary manner.'

"The host, being somewhat of a simpleton, was terrified at this discourse; but the hostess, yet more silly than her husband, fancying that the spirit was always at her heels, consented to the match, and William married Juanilla the next day, and set up in another part of the town. Serjeant Quebrantador did not fail to visit him often; and he, in acknowledgement of the service he had done him, gave him as much wine as he chose, which so pleased the soldier, that he brought thither not only all his friends, but listed his men there, and made all his recruits drunk.

"At last, however, William, grown weary of satiating such a crew of drunkards, told the soldier his mind; who, without thinking that he had exceeded the agreement, was so unjust as to call William a little ungrateful rascal. The host answered; the serjeant replied; and the dialogue ended with the soldier's giving William several strokes with the flat side of his sword. Some persons who were passing by took the vintner's part; the serjeant wounded three or four, but was suddenly pounced upon by a crowd of Alguazils, who seized him as a disturber of the public peace, and carried him to prison. He there declared all that I have told you, and, upon his deposition, the officers have also seized William. The father-in-law now requires the annulling of the marriage; and the holy inquisition, having



been informed that William is rich, it has thought proper to take cognizance of the affair."

"As I hope to be saved," said Don Cleofas, "this same holy inquisition is very alert. The moment it sees the least glimpse of available profit"—
 "Softly," interrupted the cripple, "have a care what freedom you take with this tribunal, for it has its spies every where, and makes discoveries even of things that were never spoken. I myself can scarcely speak of it without trembling."

"Above the dungeon of the unfortunate William, in the first room on the left, are two men that deserve your pity. One of them is a young valet-de-chambre, regarded by his master's wife as her lover. One day the husband surprised them together; the woman immediately cried out for help, and accused the valet-de-chambre of an assault. The unfortunate fellow was seized, and will in all probability become a sacrifice to his mistress's reputation."

"The companion of the valet-de-chambre, still less guilty, is on the point of losing his life. He is squire to a duchess, who, being robbed of a large diamond, has accused him of the theft. He will to-morrow be put to the torture, till he confess a crime, which was in truth committed by an old waiting-woman, whom no one dare suspect."

"Ah, signor Asmodeus," said Leandro, "let me entreat you to help this young gentleman; I feel interested in behalf of his innocence; shield him, by your power, from the cruel tortures that threaten him: his virtue deserves"—"You do not consider what it is you ask, Sir Student," interrupted the devil. "Can you desire me to oppose an unjust action, and hinder the destruction of an innocent man? You might as well beg of an attorney not to ruin a widow or orphan."

"Pray, if you please, do not ask any thing of me contrary to my interest, unless it be of greater advantage to yourself. Besides, if I were inclined to deliver that honest man out of prison, do you think it is in my power?"—"How!" replied Zambullo, "have you not power to fetch a man out of prison?"—"No, really," replied the cripple; "if you had read the *Enchiridion*, or *Albertus Magnus*, you would know that I cannot, any more than my brethren, set a prisoner at liberty. Should I myself have the misfortune to fall into the clutches of justice, I could not extricate myself by any other means than money."

"In the next room is a surgeon, convicted of having, from jealousy, sent his wife out of the world, the same way that *Seneca* went. He was this day tortured, and, after confessing the crime with which he was charged, owned besides, that he had for ten years made use of a new way to create practice; he was in the habit of wounding passengers in the street at night with a bayonet, and nimbly made his escape, by running into his own house at a back door. The wounded person, meanwhile, having by his groans drawn the neighbours to his assistance, the surgeon came among the crowd, and, finding a wounded man deluged in his blood, he caused him to be carried into his shop, where he dressed him with the same hand which had given the wound."

"Though the barbarous surgeon has made this confession, and deserves a thousand deaths, yet he flatters himself with a pardon, and may possibly obtain it, for he is related to one of the princess's dressers; and besides, I must tell you, that he makes a wonderful medicinal water, for which he only has the receipt. This incomparable water has power to whiten the skin, and make an old wrinkled face as smooth and soft as that of an infant; so that three ladies of the court, who make use of it as their 'fountain of youth,' have united their influence to save him. And he reckons so much upon their interest, or rather, if you please, upon the virtues of his water,

that he is gone quietly to sleep, expecting, when he awakes, to receive the agreeable news of his intended liberation."

"In the same chamber," said the student, "I think I perceive another man also fast asleep upon an old bed. Surely the offence for which he has been committed cannot be a very bad one."—"It is an extremely delicate affair," answered the demon. "He is a Biscayan gentleman, grown rich by the discharge of a gun, the particulars of which are as follows:—As he was shooting about a fortnight ago, with his elder brother, who possessed a very considerable estate, he unfortunately killed the latter by a shot aimed at some young partridges."—"A lucky mistake that for a younger brother," cried Don Cleofas, smiling. "True," said Asmodeus; "but those next to him in succession, being greedy of the deceased's estate, are prosecuting the young gentleman, whom they accuse of committing this crime in order to be sole heir of the family. He has voluntarily surrendered himself, however, and seems so afflicted at his brother's death, that it is impossible to imagine he killed him designedly."—"And has he really nothing to reproach himself with, but his awkwardness at shooting?" replied Leandro. "No," answered the cripple, "he had no ill design; but whenever an elder brother is master of all the estate of a family, I would not advise him to go shooting with the younger brother, who is to succeed him.

"Pray take especial notice of those two youths in the next room to the Biscayan, who are entertaining themselves as merrily as if they were at liberty. They are two staunch villains; one of whom may some time or other present the public with an account of his rogueries; for he may pass for a second Guzman d'Alfarache. I mean him in the brown velvet waist-coat, with a plume of feathers in his hat.

"It is hardly three months since he was one of the count d'Onate's pages at Madrid; and would still have been in the service of the same master but for a piece of roguery which has brought him hither, the particulars of which I will tell you.

"This youth, whose name is Domingo, happened one day to receive a sound whipping from the squire of the hall, or governor of the count's pages, for some unlucky prank he had committed, which deserved such chastisement. He said nothing for a long while, but resolved to be revenged. He had more than once observed that signor Don Cosmo (for that was the squire's name) washed his hands in orange-flower water, and afterwards rubbed them with a paste made of pinks and jessamin; that he took more care of his person than an old coquette; in short, that he was one of those infatuated fops, who imagine that a woman cannot look upon them without falling instantly in love. This observation furnished him with an idea for revenging himself, which he communicated to a young

girl who was a chambermaid in the neighbourhood, whose assistance he wanted to enable him to put his designs in execution, and with whom he was on such terms of intimacy, that he could not possibly have a greater advantage.

“The wench, whose name was Florella, in order to converse with him with the greater freedom, made him pass for her cousin at the house of her mistress, Donna Luziana, whose father was then absent. The malicious Domingo, having instructed his pretended cousin in what she was to do, went one morning into the chamber of Don Cosmo, whilst he was trying on a new suit of clothes, and complacently regarding himself in the mirror, charmed with the figure he saw there. The page pretending to admire this Narcissus, said to him with an affectation of transport, ‘Really, signor Don Cosmo, you have the air of a prince. Though I every day see grandees superbly dressed, yet, notwithstanding all the magnificence of their habits they want your mien. I know not, whether, being your humble servant so much as I am, I look on you with eyes too much prejudiced in your favour; but in my opinion there is not a cavalier at court who can expect to be taken notice of when you are by.’

“The squire smiled at this wheedling, which so agreeably tickled his vanity, and assuming a languishing air, ‘You flatter me, friend,’ answered he, ‘or you must really love me, and your friendship induces you to array me with the graces which nature has denied me.’—‘I do not think so,’ replied the page, still cajoling him, ‘for there is nobody but speaks of you in the same manner as I do. I wish you had heard what a cousin of mine, who is maid to a lady of fashion, said of you yesterday.’

“Don Cosmo did not fail to ask what this attendant had said: ‘Said!’ replied the page; ‘she enlarged upon the beauty of your distinguishable shape, and the charms of your whole person; and, what is still better, she told me in confidence, that Luziana, her mistress, took pleasure in gazing upon you every time you passed their house.’

“Who can that be,’ said the squire, ‘or where does she live?’—‘What!’ answered Domingo, ‘do you not know that she is the only daughter of General Don Ferdinand, our neighbour?’—‘Ah now I recollect,’ replied Don Cosmo; ‘I remember having heard the wealth and beauty of this Luziana much talked of. She has a large fortune. Is it possible that I can be so happy as to have induced her to take notice of me?’—‘Most certainly,’ said the page; ‘my cousin told me so: and though a lady’s woman, she is no liar, and I would answer for her as soon as for myself.’—‘If it be indeed so,’ said the squire, ‘I would have a little private discourse with thy cousin, and bring her over to my interest, by a present or two, according to custom; and if she advise me to make my court to her mistress, I will



try my fortune. And indeed why should I not? I admit that there is some distance between me and Don Ferdinand; but still I am a gentleman, and have five hundred good ducats a year. Matches more extraordinary than this happen every day.'

"The page backed Don Cosmo in his resolution, and procured him a meeting with his cousin, who, finding the squire ready to swallow any bait, assured him, that her mistress had an inclination for him. 'She has often enquired of me concerning you,' said she, 'and my answers have not been to your disadvantage. In short, sir, you may reasonably presume, that

Donna Luziana secretly loves you. Boldly declare your honourable designs therefore ; shew her you are one of the most gallant cavaliers in Madrid, as you are one of the handsomest and best-made of Spanish gentlemen ; but above all things give her a serenade, which is what she is passionately fond of. For me, I will take care to extol your gallantry, and I hope my good offices will not be in vain.' Don Cosmo, transported with joy to see the maid take his part with such warmth, almost stifled her with embraces, and putting a diamond ring upon her finger, which he had purposely bought to present her with, 'Dear Florella,' said he, 'I give you this trifle only for the sake of your acquaintance. I design to acknowledge the services you intend me, by something more solid and considerable.'

"It was impossible to be more pleased than he was with this conversation with the chambermaid. He not only thanked Domingo, therefore, for procuring him the gratification, but rewarded him with a pair of silk stockings, and some lace shirts, promising that he would let slip no opportunity of serving him. Then consulting him upon the measures he should take, 'My friend,' said he, 'dost thou advise me to break the ice by a sublimely passionate letter to Donna Luziana?'—'Indeed I do,' answered the page; 'send her a declaration of love in the most eloquent style; for something tells me it will not be ill received.'—'I fancy so too,' replied the squire; 'however, at all events, that shall be the mode of commencing. He then immediately put pen to paper; and after having torn about twenty spoiled copies of billet-doux, which he had made, he at last hit upon one which he resolved should go. This he read over to Domingo, who, having testified strong signs of admiration while he heard it, undertook to carry it immediately to his cousin. The following are the florid, and magniloquent terms in which it was couched:—

'It is now long since, my adorable Luziana, that attracted by fame, which every where publishes your manifold perfections, I have been irresistibly inflamed with an ardent love for you. But, notwithstanding the fires that consume me, I have not hitherto dared to venture upon any disclosure of my passion. As I am informed, however, that you vouchsafe to turn the brightness of your eyes upon me as I pass by your window—your window, which deprives mankind of the light of your celestial beauty—and that, by the influence of your stars,—an influence most fortunate for me—you are inclined to pity him who languishes for your presence, I take the liberty of imploring your permission to consecrate myself to your service. If I am fortunate enough to obtain this favour, I will bid adieu to all other ladies, past, present, and to come.

'DON COSMO DE LA HIGUERA.'

“The page and his sham cousin did not fail to make themselves exceedingly merry at Don Cosmo’s expense, and to divert themselves with his letter. But that was not all; they drew up between them a kind letter, which the chambermaid transcribed, and Domingo carried next day to the squire, as Donna Luziana’s answer. It ran thus:—

‘I know not who it is that can so truly have informed you of my secret sentiments; somebody must certainly have betrayed me: but I pardon it, since it has been the means of convincing me that you love me. Of all the cavaliers that pass through our street, you are the person I take most pleasure in beholding; and I would fain have you become my lover. Perhaps I ought not to wish this, much less to say it; but if it be a crime, it is one which your great merit must find an excuse for.

‘DONNA LUZIANA.’

“Though this answer was a little too explicit for a general’s daughter, (for the writers had not been perfectly consistent as to that) the vain Don Cosmo did not at all doubt that it was genuine. He had a sufficiently good opinion of himself to imagine that a lady might lay aside the severity of decorum a little for his sake. ‘Ah! Domingo,’ cried he, with an air of triumph, after reading aloud the pretended letter, ‘thou seest, my friend, that our neighbour has been caught. I shall be Don Ferdinand’s son-in-law, as sure as I am Don Cosmo de la Higuera.’

“‘There is no doubt of that,’ said his roguish confidant; ‘you have made a terrible impression upon his daughter. But it has just occurred to me,’ he continued, ‘to remember that my cousin charged me to tell you, it was absolutely necessary for you, to-morrow at farthest, to give your mistress a serenade, in order to make her run quite distracted for you.’— ‘With all my heart,’ said the squire; ‘and thou mayest assure thy cousin that I will follow her advice. To-morrow about midnight, Luziana shall, without fail, hear in her street, one of the finest concerts that was ever heard in Madrid.’ And to keep his word in this respect he forthwith went to an excellent music-master, and having engaged him in his design, entrusted to him the execution of it.

“Whilst he was busied about his serenade, Florella, whom the page had instructed to that end, seeing her mistress in good humour, said to her, ‘Madam, I am preparing you a very agreeable diversion. Luziana asked her what it was. ‘O really,’ replied the maid, laughing boisterously all the while, ‘I have a budget full of news for you. An original, whose name is

Don Cosmo, governor to the count de Oniate's pages, has taken it into his head to choose you for the sovereign lady of his affections; and, that you may not be ignorant of it, is to-morrow night to regale you with a fine concert of vocal and instrumental music.' Donna Luziana, who was naturally gay, and thought the squire's gallantries could be productive of no ill consequences, with regard to herself, far from assuming a serious air, pleased herself beforehand with the thought of hearing the concert; so that, without being aware, she helped to confirm Don Cosmo in an error, which, had she known, she would have been very angry at.

"In short, on the night of the following day, there appeared before Luziana's balcony two coaches, out of which alighted the gallant squire and his confidant, accompanied by six men, some of whom sung, and others played and began the concert. The entertainment lasted a considerable time. The musicians played a great number of new airs, and sang several songs, all of which had reference to the power of love in uniting hearts of unequal condition; and at the end of every song, which the general's daughter applied to herself, she laughed in the most violent manner.

"When the serenade was over, Don Cosmo sent back the music in the same coaches in which they had come, and staid in the street with Domingo, till such curious people as his music had brought about them were gone. He then drew near the balcony, from whence the maid, by her mistress's permission, said to him through a small window, 'Is it you, signor Don Cosmo?'—'Who is it that asks me such a question?' answered he, in a languishing tone. 'It is Donna Luziana,' replied the maid, 'who wishes to be informed whether this concert be the effect of your gallantry?'—'It is no more than a slight shadow of the entertainments my love is preparing for this wonder of our age,' replied he, 'if she will vouchsafe to receive them from a lover who is being consumed upon the altar of her beauty.'

"At this metaphor, the lady had a strong inclination to laugh; she smothered it, however, and placing herself at another window, 'Signor Don Cosmo,' said she, as gravely as she possibly could, to the squire, 'it is very plain you are no novice in gallantry. Lovers who would please their mistresses, must be taught by you; I am delighted with your serenade, and thank you for it. But I would have you now retire,' added she, 'for we may be heard. Another time we will have a longer conversation.' At these words she shut the window, leaving the squire in extravagant raptures at the favour she had just done him, and the page as greatly astonished to see her take a part in the extraordinary comedy.

"This little entertainment, reckoning the charge of the coaches, and of the vast quantity of wine drank by the performers, cost Don Cosmo not less than a hundred ducats; yet two days afterwards his confidant had the skill

to engage him in a fresh expense. Having learned that Florella was, on the eve of St. John, (an eve so celebrated in this city), to go with some other damsels of the same class to the Fiesto del sotillo,* he undertook to give them a magnificent breakfast at the squire's cost.

"'Signor Don Cosmo,' said he, 'do you know that to-morrow is the festival of St. John? allow me to acquaint you beforehand, that Donna Luziana purposes to be by day-break on the banks of the Mansanarez, to see the sotillo. I suppose I need say no more to the flower of all gallant cavaliers; nor are you a man that will disregard so fair an opportunity. I am persuaded that your mistress and her company will be handsomely treated to-morrow.' 'You may depend on me,' said his governor, 'and you shall see that I know how to embrace the occasion.' Accordingly, very early the next morning, four of his master's footmen, conducted by Domingo, and loaded with all sorts of cold meat dressed in every variety of way, a number of small loaves, and some bottles of the best wine, arrived on the banks of the Mansanarez, where Florella and her companions were dancing like so many nymphs at the rising of Aurora.

"They were not a little pleased at the page's coming to interrupt their dancing, with the offer of a magnificent breakfast from Signor Don Cosmo. They sat down on the grass, and soon began to do honour to the feast, laughing immoderately the while at the fool who gave it; for the charitable cousin of Domingo had taken care to let them into the secret.

"As they were at the height of their mirth, they saw the squire approach richly dressed, and mounted on a pad from the count's stables. He went direct to his confidant, and then saluted the company, who got up to receive him with the greatest politeness, and to thank him for his generosity. He looked with all the eyes he possessed among these damsels for Donna Luziana, designing to make his addresses to her in a fine compliment which he had studied by the way; but Florella, taking him aside, told him that sudden indisposition had prevented her lady's appearing at the entertainment. Don Cosmo showed himself greatly concerned at this news, and asked what his dear Luziana's illness was. 'She has caught a sad cold,' said the maid, 'by passing the night on which you gave the serenade in the balcony without her veil, talking to you.' The squire, flattered by the thought of an accident proceeding from such a cause, begged her to continue towards him her good offices with her mistress, and returned home applauding himself more and more, and rejoicing in his good fortune.

* Sort of dance peculiar to the Spaniards.



“About this time Don Cosmo had a bill of exchange sent him, and received a thousand crowns in gold from Andalusia, as his share of an estate left him by an uncle at Seville. He counted over the sum, and put it into a chest, before Domingo, who eyed it covetously, and being tempted to get such a handsome sum into his possession, he resolved to run away with them to Portugal. He informed Florella of his purpose, and went so far as to propose to her to accompany him. Though the proposal deserved mature consideration, the wench, as wicked as the page, accepted it without hesitation. One night therefore, whilst the squire was shut up in his closet, busied in inditing a passionate letter to his mistress, Domingo found means to open the chest where the money lay, and to carry it off. He immediately made the best of his way into the street, with his booty, and having got under Luziana's balcony, began to imitate the noise of a cat. The chambermaid at this signal, which they had agreed upon, did not make

him wait long, but being ready to follow him to any part of the world, departed from Madrid with him at once.

"They had calculated upon having time enough to reach Portugal, before they should be overtaken; but unluckily, Don Cosmo, perceiving that very night that he was robbed, and that his confidant had run away, had immediate recourse to a magistrate, who instantly dispatched his officers in pursuit of the thief, and took him and his nymph near Zebreros; they were both therefore brought back, and the maid sent to los Arrepentidas, and Domingo hither."

"Doubtless, then," said the student, "the squire will not lose his money, but it will be returned him."—"Not so, neither," answered the demon: "those gold pieces are proofs of the robbery, and the officers of justice will not part with them. Hence Don Cosmo, whose story is spread all over the city, remains not only plundered, but laughed at by every body.

"Domingo, and that other prisoner at play with him," continued the cripple, "have a young Castilian for their neighbour, who has been brought hither for having given his father a blow in the presence of credible witnesses."—"Good heaven!" cried Leandro, "what do you tell me? however wicked a son be, yet surely he cannot lift up his hand against his father?"—"Nay," said the demon, "this is not without a parallel: I will give you a very remarkable one. In the reign of Peter the First, surnamed the Just and the Cruel, the eighth King of Portugal, a young fellow of about twenty, was put into the hands of justice for the same offence. Don Pedro, like you, surprised at the novelty of the case, resolved to examine the criminal's mother, and did it with so much art, as to make her confess that she had that child by a right reverend prelate. In the same manner, were the judges of this Castilian to examine his mother as artfully, they might probably force the same confession from her.

"Carry your eye to that large dungeon under the three prisoners I have just showed you, and let us consider what is passing there. Those are highwaymen. See they are breaking out, by the help of a smooth file, brought them in a loaf; they have already filed through the large bar of a window, whence they may slip into a court that communicates with the street. They have been here more than ten months, and should have received the public reward due to their exploits above eight months ago: but, thanks to the tedious proceedings of the law, they are going again to their old vocation of murdering travellers.

"Follow me into that low hall, where you will see twenty or thirty prisoners lying upon straw; they are all pick-pockets, shoplifters, and the very lowest sort of felons. Do you observe five or six of them worrying a kind of handicraft tradesman brought in to-day for wounding an alguazil with a

stone?"—"But why do they beat the poor fellow?" said Zambullo. "It is," answered Asmodeus, "because he has not paid his garnish. But," added he, "let us leave those rogues, and get as far as we can from this wretched place, that we may employ our time upon objects that are more agreeable."





CHAPTER VIII.

ASMODEUS SHOWS DON CLEOFAS SEVERAL PERSONS, AND DISCLOSES TO HIM WHAT THEY HAVE BEEN DOING THAT DAY.



GOING from the roof of the prison they flew towards another quarter, and lighted upon a large house, where the demon thus addressed the student: "I have a great mind to tell you what all the people living round this mansion have this day been doing, and possibly it may divert you,"—"I make no doubt of it," answered Leandro, "and I wish you would begin with that captain who is drawing on his boots."—"He is about to quit Madrid," said Asmodeus; "his horses wait for him at the gate; he is commanded to Portugal to join his regiment.

"Having no money to make the campaign, he yesterday applied to an usurer: 'Signor Sanguisuela,' said he, 'cannot you lend me a thousand pieces of eight?'—"Captain,' answered the money lender, in very courteous terms, 'I have not so much by me, but I will do my best to find you a man that shall lend you the sum; that is, who shall give you four hundred down, provided you give your note for a thousand; and out of that four hundred please to take notice that I expect sixty for procuration. Money is so very scarce at this time'—"What hellish extortion is this?" interrupted the

officer hastily, 'to ask six hundred and sixty patacoons for the use of three hundred and forty! What horrid cheat is this! such unconscionable rascals deserve hanging.'

" 'Do not be in a passion, captain,' replied the usurer with great coolness; 'try at another place. Of what do you complain? Do I force you to take the three hundred and forty patacoons? You are at liberty to take them or let them alone.' The captain went away without returning any answer; but, after considering that he must go to his regiment, that his time was short, and that he could do nothing without money, he returned



the next morning to the usurer, whom he met at his door in a black cloak, collar-band, his hair short, and with beads in his hand. 'Signor Sangu-

suela,' said he, 'I am content to accept your three hundred and forty patacoons; my extreme want of money has forced me to it.'—'I am going to mass,' answered the usurer, very gravely, 'at my return, come again, and you shall have the sum.'—'No, no,' replied the captain, 'go in again; this affair will not take you up two minutes: pray despatch me immediately, for I am in the utmost haste.'—'I really cannot,' replied the usurer; 'I every day hear mass before doing any manner of business; it is my constant rule, which I am resolved to observe most religiously for the remainder of my life.'

"However impatient the captain was to receive his money, he was forced to submit to pious Sanguisuela's strict rules; and, as if he had been afraid he should miss the patacoons, he followed the usurer to church, and staid till the mass was concluded with him; after which he prepared to leave the church, when Sanguisuela whispered in his ear, that one of the ablest preachers in Madrid was going to mount the pulpit; 'and I will not, on any account,' said he, 'lose the sermon.'

"The officer, who thought the mass insupportably tedious, was almost distracted at this further delay, yet he was compelled to wait the sermon out. The preacher appeared, and preached against usury, at which the captain was infinitely pleased; and, observing Sanguisuela's looks, he said to himself, 'If this Jew should be touched with this discourse! should he now give me six hundred patacoons, how happy it would be!' After the sermon, the usurer went out of the church. 'Well, signor Sanguisuela,' said the captain, joining him, 'what do you think of this preacher? was not the sermon very pathetic? for my part, I own it sensibly moved me.'—'I am entirely of your opinion,' answered the extortioner; 'he has handled his subject perfectly well; he is a learned man, and has discharged the duty of his calling admirably; let us go and do the same in our's.'"

"Pray who are those two ladies a-bed together, who laugh so loudly?" cried Don Cleofas; "they seem to be very merry."—"They," answered Aasmodeus, "are a couple of young ladies that have this day buried their father, who was a whimsical humourist, and had such an aversion for matrimony, or rather such a reluctance to give portions to his daughters, that he would never permit them to marry, how advantageous soever the matches might be that were offered. The character of their deceased father is the perpetual subject of their discourse. 'He is dead at last,' says the eldest, 'our unnatural father, who took a barbarous pleasure in preventing our marriage. He will now no more cross our desires.'—'For my part,' returns the youngest, 'I am for a rich husband, though a fool, and the fat Don Blanco shall be my man.'—'Hold, sister,' replies the eldest, 'do not let us be too hasty in the choice of husbands; let us marry those the powers above may have destined for us, for our marriages are registered



in Heaven's book.'—'So much the worse, dear sister,' says the youngest, 'for I am afraid my father will tear out the leaf.' At this the eldest can refrain no longer from an extravagant fit of laughter, in which the youngest, equally tickled, as heartily joins.

"In the house next to that of these two sisters, lives, in a ready-furnished chamber, a young Arragonian lady, who is upon the look out to catch some rich bubble. I see she is consulting her glass, instead of going to bed, and complimenting her charms on the important conquest they have made this day. She is likewise contriving new airs, and has already hit on two which to-morrow are to be employed in gaining her a new lover, who is such a promising spark, that she cannot be too sedulous in the conquest of him. One of her creditors coming not long since to dun her, 'Honest friend,' said she, 'come again in a few days, and you shall be paid; I am just upon terms of agreement with one of the chief officers of the treasury.'"

"I need not," said Don Cleofas, "ask you what that gentleman, whom I see, has been doing this whole day; he must of necessity have spent it in writing letters. What a prodigious quantity do I see on his table!"—"What is most comical," answered the demon, "is, that all these letters are precisely alike. This cavalier has written to all his absent friends the relation of an adventure which happened to him to-day after dinner, and

which is as follows:—He loved a beautiful discreet widow of thirty; he paid his addresses to her; she did not slight him; he proposed to marry her; and she accepted the offer. While the nuptial preparations were making, he had free leave to visit her at her own house, which he accordingly did daily. He had been there to-day, and happening to meet with none of the family to ask where she was, he entered the lady's apartment, where he surprised her asleep on a couch in wanton *déshabille*, or, to speak



more correctly, almost undressed. He approached her softly, and stole a kiss: at which she awoke, and, sighing, said, 'Ah, pray, Ambrosio, let me sleep!' The cavalier, like a well-bred man, very civilly took his leave at that instant, and quitted her apartment. He met Ambrosio at the door: 'Ambrosio,' said he, 'your mistress begs that you would not wake her.'

"Two doors beyond this cavalier, I discover a small house, where lives an original of a husband, who snores while his wife is reproaching him for having staid out the whole day; and she would be much more exasperated, if she knew how he had been employing himself."—"In some intrigue, I warrant you," said Zambullo. "You are right," replied Asmodeus, "and I will tell you the particulars.

"This man is a citizen, whose name is Patricio, one of those loose husbands, who live without thinking, as if they had neither wives nor children. Yet he has a beautiful, modest wife, two daughters, and a son, all very young. He went out this morning without asking whether there was bread for his family, who frequently want it. He passed by the great square, drawn thither by the preparations for the bull-feasts which are to take place to-day.—There were platforms built all round, and such as were the most eager to satisfy their curiosity had already begun to take their places.

"Whilst he was gazing at them, he happened to cast an eye upon a lady of good figure, and neatly dressed, who, in coming down from one of the galleries, showed a fine well-turned leg, with a pink-coloured silk stocking and silver garter. There needed no more to set our tindery citizen in a flame, who, advancing up to the lady, with whom was another of her sex, that plainly enough discovered by her air that they were both seeking whom they might ensnare, 'Ladies,' said he to them, 'if I can be of service to you in any way, pray command me, for I am quite at your disposal.'—'Sir,' answered the nymph with the pink-coloured stockings, 'your offer is too obliging to be rejected. We had already taken our places, but have just left them to go to breakfast, for we have been so silly as to come out this morning without drinking our chocolate; since you however, are so gallant as to offer us your service, we will trouble you to accompany us to some place where we may procure a breakfast. But let it be where we may not be seen; for you know young ladies cannot be too careful of their reputation.'

"At these words, Patricio, becoming much more polite and well-bred than the occasion required, carried his princesses to a tavern in the suburbs, where he called for breakfast. 'Sir,' said the man of the house, 'what would you please to have? I have still by me the remains of a great entertainment, made at my house yesterday; crammed chickens, partridges of Leon, pigeons of Old Castile, and more than half a ham of Estramadura.'—'That is more than we shall want,' said the gentleman-usher of the vestals. 'Ladies, you need only choose; which do you prefer?'—'Whatever you please,' answered they; 'your taste shall be our's.' Whereupon our citizen ordered a brace of young partridges, two cold chickens, and a private room; seeing that he was with ladies who stood so much upon their modesty.

“They showed him and his company into a small closet-like apartment, whither in a moment was brought what he had bespoke, with bread and wine. Our Lucretias, like ladies somewhat sharp-set, fell voraciously upon the meat, while the dupe who was to pay the reckoning amused himself with contemplating the beauty of his Luisita, for so was the lady of his affections called. He admired the whiteness of her hands, on which sparkled a large ring which she had gained by her practice; he called her a star, a sun, and a thousand such fine names, and was unable to eat for thinking on his good luck in meeting with her. He asked his goddess if she were married. To which she answered no, but that she was under a brother's care:—if she had added, on Adam's side, she would have spoken the truth.

“Meanwhile, the two harpies not only devoured each her chicken, but drank proportionably too. The wine was soon out, and our gallant himself ran to fetch more, that they might have it the sooner; but he was hardly out of the room, when Jacintha, Luisita's companion, laid violent hands upon the partridges that remained in the dish, and crammed them into a



linen pocket she wore under her petticoat. Presently their Adonis returned with more wine; and, observing that the victuals was gone, asked his Venus whether she would not eat something more. 'Let us have,' said she, 'some of those pigeons our host was mentioning, provided they be exceedingly fine; if not, a piece of the ham will do.' She had scarcely

spoken, when Patricio went back to the larder, and ordered three pigeons and a large slice of the ham. The two birds of prey began to peck again ; and whilst their purveyor was obliged a third time to disappear for bread, they sent a brace of the pigeons to keep company with the prisoners in their pocket.

“After the repast, which concluded with fruits proper to the season, the amorous Patricio pressed Luisita to make him those returns which he expected from her gratitude, but which the lady refused to grant, giving him some hopes, however, at the same time, by telling him there was a season for every thing, and that she thought a tavern a very unfit place to testify her gratitude for the obligation she felt under to him. Upon this, hearing it strike one, she put on an air of uneasiness, saying to her companion, ‘Dear Jacintha, we are very unfortunate ; we shall meet with no place to see the bull-fight.’—‘Pardon me,’ answered Jacintha, ‘this gentleman has no more to do than to accompany us back to the place where he first accosted us with so much politeness : we need have no apprehension for the rest.

“Before they quitted the tavern, there was a necessity for paying the vintner, whose bill amounted to fifty reals. The citizen put his hand into his pocket, where finding but thirty reals, he was forced to pawn his beads garnished with silver medals for the rest. He then waited on his adventurers to the place where he met them, and placed them in a very convenient seat in one of the galleries, for which the proprietor, a friend of his, gave him credit.

“They were hardly seated, ere they asked for something to drink. I am fainting with thirst,’ cried one, ‘the ham has terribly parched my throat.’—‘And I too,’ cried the other, ‘could drink a glass of lemonade with pleasure.’ Patricio, who understood but too well what all this meant, immediately left them in order to go for refreshments ; but, stopping short, said he to himself, ‘Where art thou going, madman ? methinks thou shouldst have a hundred pistoles either in thy pocket or at home, and yet thou hast not a cross. What shall I do ?’ continued he : ‘shall I return to the lady without what she desires ? no, that will never do. On the other hand, shall I stop short in an affair that is so far advanced ? I can never think of that.’

“In this perplexity, he perceived one of his friends in the crowd, who had often made him offers of friendship, which out of pride he had always refused. Laying aside all shame at this moment, he made up to his friend in all haste, and borrowed a double pistole of him ; then, taking heart at this fortunate accident, flew to a chocolate house, and there bought so many liquors cooled in ice, so many biscuits and dried sweetmeats, that the doubloon would scarcely cover the expense.

"In short, the feast concluded with the day, and our gallant waited on his ladies home, hoping there to be repaid for his entertainment. But when they were before a house, where she said she lived, a sort of maid came out to Luisita, and, speaking with some concern, 'Madam,' said she, 'where have you been so late? Your brother, signor Don Jasper Herridor, has been at home these two hours, storming and swearing like a madman.' Upon which the sister, pretending to be in a fright, turned to our gallant, and squeezing his hand, said in a low voice, 'My brother is terribly passionate, but it is soon over; stay a little in the street, and do not be impatient; we will go in and quiet him: but as he every night sups in the city, the moment he goes out, Jacintha shall come and inform you, and let you in.'



"The gallant, comforted by this promise, kissed with transport the hand of Luisita, who bestowed on him a few caresses to keep him in hopes; and then went in with Jacintha and the maid. Patricio very contentedly sat himself down on a stone that was near the door, and waited a good while, without thinking they could possibly have any design to trick him. Nothing surprised him but that he did not see Don Jasper come out, which made him fear that this cursed brother would not sup in the city.

"In the mean time, he heard it strike ten, eleven, twelve. Then his confidence began to abate, and he was at first disposed to suspect his lady's sincerity. He went up to the door, and groped his way in through a dark alley, in the midst of which he found a staircase. However, he dared not venture to go up, but listened attentively, and his ear was saluted with the disagreeable concert of a dog barking, a cat mewling, and a child crying. At last he began to believe he had been imposed upon; and what fully convinced him, was, that endeavouring to get to the end of the alley, he found himself in a different street to that where he had so long waited.

"Then he regretted the loss of his money, and returned home cursing the pink-coloured stockings; he knocked, and his wife opened the door with her beads in her hand, and tears in her eyes, saying, with a moving air, 'Ah! Patricio, can you thus abandon your home, and take so little care of your wife and children?' What have you been doing ever since six o'clock this morning, when you went out?' The husband, not knowing



what answer to make, and ashamed besides of being fooled by a couple of jilting baggages, undressed, and went to bed without speaking a word.

The wife, in a humour for moralising, is now giving him a lecture, which however, being accustomed to, has some time since lulled him to sleep.

"Cast your eye," pursued Asmodeus, "on the great house, beyond that of the gentleman who is writing to his friends the account of breaking off his marriage with his mistress. Do you see that young lady in the rose-coloured satin bed embroidered with gold?"—"Yes," answered Don Cleofas, "I discern a fine woman in a profound sleep, and I think also there is a book on her bolster."—"You are right," replied Asmodeus, "that lady is a gay, witty young countess, who being indisposed, and not having been able to sleep for a week, she this day resolved to send for one of the greatest physicians in Madrid. He came, she consulted him, and he ordered her a remedy mentioned in Hippocrates. The lady began to jest at his prescription; but the physician, being a peevish animal, was disgusted at her humour, and replied with his doctorial gravity, 'Hippocrates, madam, is not a proper man to be ridiculed.'—'God forbid, doctor,' answered the countess with the most serious air that it was possible for her to put on; 'God forbid that I should laugh at such a famous and learned author! I have such a high value for him, that I am fully persuaded the reading of some of his tracts only would cure my waking distemper. I have his works translated by the learned Azero, which is the best translation extant.' She accordingly tried the experiment, and at the third page fell asleep.

"In the countess's stables there is a poor one-armed soldier, whom the grooms, out of charity, allow to lie every night on the straw. He begs in the day-time, and has just now had a pleasant conversation with another beggar, that lives near Buenretiro, in a passage leading to the court. This last has made a good hand of it, is a warm old fellow, and has a daughter marriageable, who passes among these people for a rich heiress. The soldier accosting the old gentleman, said to him, 'Signor Mendigo, you see I have lost my right arm, I can no longer serve his majesty, and am reduced, as you are, to depend on the civility of passengers for a subsistence. But of all trades, I know very well this is one that best maintains those that follow it, and that all it wants is to be a little more honourable.'—'If it were honourable,' answered the other, 'it would be worth next to nothing, for then so many would take it up.'

"'You say right,' replied the soldier; 'well then, I am one of your brethren, and would fain be related to you. You shall give me your daughter.'—'You are quite mistaken,' answered the rich old fellow, 'she must have a better match. You are not half lame enough for my son-in-law. I would have a man in a condition to draw compassion from an usurer.'—'Good God!' said the soldier, 'is not my condition deplorable enough?'—'Fie,' answered the other hastily, 'you have only lost an arm,



and yet you pretend to my daughter. Do you know, sir, that I have already refused her to a fellow so lame, that he goes with the nether end of his gally-gaskins in a bowl ?'

" But we must not pass by the house next to the countess's, where lives a drunken painter and a poet. The painter went out at seven this morning, with intent to fetch a confessor to his wife, who is at the point of death ; but meeting with a friend that dragged him to the tavern, he never returned till ten at night. The poet, who, if he be not belied, has sometimes met with a melancholy reward for his satires, said just now in a coffee-house, with a swaggering air, speaking of a man who was absent, ' That is a rascal to whom I must give a good drubbing ; ' an arch fellow present replied, ' That you may very easily do ; for you have a good stock by you.'

“ I must not forget a scene worth your hearing, that has passed to-day at a banker's in this street, who has lately set up in the city. It is not two months since he returned from Peru, laden with riches : his father is an honest cobbler, in a small village about twelve leagues from hence, where he lived thoroughly contented with his condition and his wife, who is much about the same age with himself, that is, sixty.

“ It is a long time since this banker left his parents to go to the Indies in quest of a better fortune than they could expect to leave him ; so that within the compass of twenty rolling years they had not seen him. They frequently talked of him, and continually prayed that heaven would please not to forsake him ; and the curate being their friend, they never failed to obtain the public prayers of the congregation for him. As for the banker, he had not forgotten them ; but as soon as he was settled, he resolved to inform himself of their condition. For this purpose, after having ordered his domestics not to expect him, he mounted on horseback, and went alone to the village.

“ It was ten at night before he arrived, and the honest cobbler was a-bed with his wife, in a sound sleep, when their son knocked at the door : they then awoke, and asked who was there ? ‘ Open the door,’ said the banker, ‘ it is your son Francillo.’—‘ Make others believe that, if you can,’ cried the old man ; ‘ you thieving rogue, go about your business, for here is nothing for you ; Francillo, if not dead, is now in the Indies.’—‘ He is no longer there, he has returned home from Peru,’ replied the banker, ‘ and it is he that now speaks to you ; open your door, and receive him.’—‘ Jacobo, let us rise then,’ said the woman, ‘ for I really believe it is Francillo ; I think I know his voice.’

“ They both rose immediately ; the father lighted a candle, and the mother, after putting on her clothes with the utmost haste, opened the door. She earnestly looked on Francillo, and could no longer doubt his being her son ; she flung her arms about his neck, and clasped him close to her. Jacobo, also touched by the same sentiments as his wife, did not fail to embrace his son in his turn ; and all three, transported with the sight of each other after so long an absence, could not satisfy themselves with expressing the utmost tenderness.

“ After these pleasing transports, the banker unsaddled and unbridled his horse, and put him into the stable, where he found an old milch cow, the ancient nurse of the whole family. He then gave the old folks an account of his voyage, and of all the riches that he had brought from Peru. The particulars were long, and would tire any disinterested auditors ; but a son that unbosomed himself in the relation of his adventures, could not tire the attention of a father and mother. They eagerly listened to him, and the



very least circumstance that he related made in them a sensible impression either of grief or joy.

“As soon as he had ended the story of his fortunes, he told them that he came to offer them part of his wealth, and begged of his father not to work any longer. ‘No, my son,’ said Jacobo, ‘I love my trade, and will not quit it.’—‘Why,’ enquired the banker, ‘is it not now high time for you to give it over, and take your ease? I do not propose for you to come and live with me at Madrid; I know very well that a city life would not please you. I would not disturb your quiet way of living; but at least give over your hard labour, and pass your days as easily as you can.’

“The mother seconded her son; and Jacobo yielded. ‘Very well, Francillo,’ said he, ‘to please you, I will not work any more for the public, but will only mend my own shoes, and those of my good friend the curate of the parish.’ After this agreement, the banker, fatigued with his day’s journey, ate a couple of poached eggs, and lay down to sleep beside his

father, with a pleasure which only the most dutiful and best natured children to their parents can imagine.

“ Next morning, the banker, leaving them a purse of three hundred ducats, returned to Madrid ; but yesterday he was very much surprised to see his father Jacobo unexpectedly arrive at his house ; ‘ My dear father,’ said he, ‘ what brought you hither ? ’— ‘ Francillo,’ answered the honest man, ‘ I have brought your purse, take your money again, I desire to live



by my trade, I have been ready to die with uneasiness ever since I left off working.’— ‘ Well then, father,’ replied the banker, ‘ since you prefer it, return to your village, work at your trade sufficiently to divert yourself, but no more ; carry back the purse with you, and pray do not spare it.’— ‘ Alas, what would you have me do with so much money ? ’ replied Jacobo. ‘ Comfort the poor with it,’ returned Francillo, ‘ bestow it as your curate shall advise you.’ The cobbler, satisfied with this answer, returned that same day to his village.”

Don Cleofas could not hear Francillo's story without much pleasure, and was ready to burst forth into praises of the honest-hearted banker, when just at that moment a very shrill cry called off his attention. "Signor Asmodeus," cried he, "what is that I hear? what confused noise strikes my ear?"—"Those are madmen," answered Asmodeus, "who are tearing their throats with roaring out songs; we are not far from the place where they are shut up."—"Indeed," said Don Cleofas, "then pray do me the favour to shew me them, and give me an account wherefore they went mad."—"I will immediately do so, as it will afford you diversion," answered the devil. These words were scarcely spoken, ere the student was transported to the top of the Casa de los Locos.*



* The madhouse, or bedlam.



CHAPTER IX.

OF THE CONFINED MAD PEOPLE.



THESE, you see, are lunatics of both sexes, merry and melancholy, old and young," said Asmodeus, when Zambullo had concluded a brief scrutiny of the apartments, and observed the mad men and women that were in them, "but I must now tell you what has turned their brains. We will take them in due succession, beginning with the men.

"He that is raving in the first room is a newsmonger of Castile, born in the heart of Madrid, a haughty citizen, and more jealous of the honour of his country than an old Roman. This man is melancholy mad, in consequence of reading in the gazette that twenty Spaniards had suffered themselves to be beaten by a party of fifty Portuguese.

"His neighbour is a licenciate, who has played the hypocrite at court for these ten years, merely in order to obtain a benefice; and seeing himself continually forgotten in the list of promotions, despair has at last turned his head. But a lucky circumstance for him is, that he fancies himself archbishop of Toledo, and if he really be not so, he has the pleasure of believing the illusion. He is happy therefore, and the more so that his

madness gives him golden dreams in which he is likely to continue during his life; without the misfortune of having to account in the next world for the manner in which he has employed the revenues of his bishopric in this.

“The next is an orphan, whom his guardian has made to pass for distracted, that he might seize his estate; and the poor youth is really become so at last, out of pure grief at finding himself shut up here. Next to him is a schoolmaster, who lost his wits in search of the ‘*paulo post futurum*’ of a Greek verb: and the other is a merchant, whose reason could not support the news of a shipwreck, after having had the courage to bear up against the misfortune of two bankruptcies.

“He whom you see beyond him is old captain Zanubio, a Neapolitan gentleman, who came to settle at Madrid, and ran mad with jealousy. His story runs thus:—

“He had a young wife, whose name was Aurora, and whom he kept out of sight. His house was inaccessible to all men. Aurora never went out but to mass, and was then always accompanied by her old Tithon, who sometimes took her to an estate which he had near Alcantara. Notwithstanding all his vigilant care, however, a certain gentleman, whose name was Don Garcia Pucheco, having seen her at church, conceived a violent passion for her. He was a bold young gallant, and worthy the regard of a handsome woman ill married.

“The difficulty of introducing himself to Zanubio did not remove his hopes; but his beard being not yet grown, and being a fine handsome youth, he dressed himself in girl’s clothes, took a purse of a hundred pistoles, and went to Zanubio’s estate, where he had been informed on good authority, that the captain and his wife would very soon arrive. He addressed himself to the gardener’s wife, and, in a romantic heroic strain, said to her, ‘I come to throw myself under your protection, take pity on me; I am of Toledo, born of a good family, and to a good fortune; my parents resolve to marry me to a man I hate, and I have this night escaped their tyranny, and at present want a shelter from their rage. They will never come to look for me here; permit me to stay with you, therefore, till my relations exhibit more kindly sentiments with regard to me. Here is my purse,’ added he, giving it to her, ‘take it; it is all I can at present offer you. But I hope that I shall one day be able more suitably to acknowledge any service you may do me.’

“The gardener’s wife, touched with his appeal, more especially with its conclusion, answered: ‘My daughter, I will serve you; I know several young women who are sacrificed to old men, and know also that they are not contented with their fortune. Alas, I feel so much for them, that their griefs seem partly my own. You could not have addressed a more proper



person than myself ; I will place you in a small private chamber, where you shall be secure.'

" Don Garcia passed several days here very impatiently, expecting the arrival of Aurora, who at last came, accompanied by her husband. According to his custom, the jealous old man searched all the apartments, closets, cellars, and garrets, to see if he could discover any man concealed there. The gardener's wife, knowing him thoroughly, prevented his searching Don Garcia's chamber, by telling him in what manner the pretended lady had desired a refuge.

" Zanubio, though extremely distrustful, had not the least suspicion of the deceit. He was desirous of seeing the unknown lady, who, to be excused from the discovery of her name, pretended that she owed that concealment to her family, which she had somewhat disgraced by her sudden flight. She then told her romantic tale so artlessly, that the captain was charmed with it, and began to feel a growing inclination for the fair unknown. He offered her his services, and, flattering himself that this might prove a lucky adventure, placed her with his wife.

" As soon as Aurora saw Don Garcia, she blushed, and, without knowing why, grew disturbed. He perceived it, and believing that she had observed him in the church where he had seen her, wished to satisfy himself. He

watched an opportunity, therefore, to speak to her alone, and said, 'Madam, I have a brother who has often mentioned you to me. He saw you for a moment at church; ever since which time he has called upon your name a thousand times a-day, and is in a condition which indeed deserves your pity.'

"At these words Aurora looked on Don Garcia more intently than she had previously done, and answered, 'You too much resemble that brother for me to be any longer deluded by your artifice; I see clearly enough that you are a cavalier in disguise. I remember that one day, when I was hearing mass, my veil suddenly flew open, and you saw me. I observed you from curiosity, and found your eyes always fixed upon me. When I went away, I believe you did not fail to follow me, to discover in what street I lived, and who I was. I believe, I say, because I durst not turn my head to observe you, fearful that my husband, who was with me, would have been alarmed, and construed it into a great crime. The next and the following days, I went to the same church, where I saw you again, and took so much notice of your face, that, notwithstanding your disguise, I know it again.'

"'Madam,' replied Don Garcia, 'I must unmask then. I confess that I am a man, ensnared by your charms. It is Don Garcia Pucheco, whom love has introduced to you thus disguised.'—'And you hope, without doubt,' said she, 'that, approving your passion, I should favour this stratagem, and contribute to keep my husband in the error under which he now lies; but you are deceived. I will immediately discover the whole to him. I am glad of such a handsome opportunity of convincing him, that his vigilance is less secure than my virtue, and that, jealous and distrustful as he is, it is more difficult to surprise me than him.'

"She had scarcely ended these words before the captain appeared: 'What are you talking of, ladies?' said he. To which Aurora immediately answered: 'We are speaking of those young cavaliers that attempt to win the affections of young women who have old husbands; and I was saying, that if any such presumptuous persons should venture to introduce themselves to you under any disguise, I would severely punish their impudence.'

"'And you, Madam,' said Zanubio, turning towards Don Garcia, 'how would you treat a young cavalier on the same occasion?' Don Garcia was so agitated and confused, that he was utterly at a loss what answer to make to the captain, who would have perceived the perplexity he was in, if a footman had not at that moment entered to tell him that a person was come from Madrid to speak with him.

"He immediately went to see what the messenger's business was, when Don Garcia threw himself at Aurora's feet: 'Ah, Madam,' said he, 'what pleasure do you take in tormenting me! will you really be so barbarous as



ZANUBIO AND AURORA AT THEIR DEVOTIONS.

"He saw you for a moment at church: ever since which time he has called upon your name a thousand times a day...."

to deliver me to the resentment of an enraged husband?'—'No, Pucheco,' answered she smiling; 'young women, who have old jealous husbands, are not so cruel. Resume your courage; I was willing to divert myself by putting you into a little fright, but that shall be all; it is not making you pay too dearly for my complaisance in suffering you to stay here.' At these comforting words Don Garcia's fears vanished, and he conceived hopes, which Aurora was not long ere she converted into realities.

"One day, when the lovers were mutually exchanging marks of their



good understanding in Zanubio's apartment, the captain surprised them. Even had he not been the most jealous man in the world, he saw enough to induce him to believe, with good reason, that his fair unknown was a cavalier disguised. Enraged to the highest degree at what he had witnessed, he ran to his closet to fetch his pistols; but meanwhile Don Garcia and Aurora escaped, double-locking all the doors after them, and carrying off the keys.

They reached a neighbouring village, where Garcia had left his valet-de-chambre and two horses. There he abandoned his feminine attire, took Aurora behind him, and, conducting her to a convent, desired her to enter, assuring her of shelter, the abbess being his aunt. This done, he returned to Madrid, to await the issue of his adventure.

“ In the interim, Zanubio, finding himself locked in, loudly called on the several members of his household. A footman, hearing his voice, ran towards him, but the doors being locked, he was unable to gain access. The captain endeavoured to break them open, but not being able to get out quickly enough that way, yielding to his rage, he hastily flung himself out of



a window with the pistols in his hands : he fell upon his back, hurt his head, and remained senseless on the ground. His domestics came and carried

him into the hall on a couch: they threw water into his face, and, after greatly tormenting him, aroused him from his fainting fit; but, with his senses, his rage returned. He called for his wife. The servants informed him that they had seen her and the strange lady go out at the little garden door. He commanded them to give him his pistols immediately, and they reluctantly obeyed him. He caused a horse to be saddled, and mounted it, without thinking of his wounds; but happening to take a different road from that which the lovers went, he passed the whole day in a vain chase, and at night, stopping at an inn in a village to repose himself, his fatigue, and the blood which he had lost, threw him into a fever and delirium which had almost carried him off.

"To tell you the rest in few words: he lay fifteen days sick in that village, after which he returned to his estate, where, continually harrassed with the thought of his misfortunes, he by degrees lost his wits. Aurora's friends were no sooner informed of this, than they brought him to Madrid, and shut him up in the madhouse; and his wife is yet in a nunnery, where they have resolved she shall stay some years, as a punishment for her indiscretion, though in reality it is a fault for which they deserve most blame.

"Next to Zanubio is signor Don Blaz Desdichado, a gentleman of great merit. His wife's death has occasioned his being in the sad condition in which you see him."—"Indeed, that surprises me," said Don Cleofas. "What! a husband run mad for the death of a wife? I did not think conjugal love had sufficient strength to produce such an effect."—"Not so fast," interrupted Asmodeus; "Don Blaz did not run mad with grief for the loss of his wife, but for being forced to restore fifty thousand ducats to his wife's relations, according to the marriage articles, which contained that stipulation in case they had no children. This has caused that poor gentleman's misfortune."

"Oh, that alters the affair," said Leandro, "I am now no longer surprised at it. But pray tell me, who is that young man in the next room, capering about like a playful kid, and, stopping now and then, bursting into a laugh, and holding his sides the while."—"He is indeed a merry madman," replied the cripple, "and his madness was caused by excess of joy. He was porter to a person of quality; but, hearing one day of the death of a rich contador, whose only heir he was, he was not proof against so joyful a piece of news, and accordingly his head turned.

"Behold now that tall youth who plays upon the guitar, and sings to himself. He is a melancholy madman, a lover, whom the severities of his mistress have reduced to that condition."

"Ah, how I pity him," cried the student; "allow me to deplore his misfortune; it may be every honest gentleman's case. If I should be

smitten by a cruel beauty, I do not myself know whether I should not lose my wits."—"By this sentiment you prove yourself to be a true Castilian; one must be born in the very centre of Castile to be capable of running melancholy-mad at being unable to please. The French are not so tender; and if you will know the difference betwixt a Frenchman and a Spaniard on this head, I need only repeat the song which that madman sings, and which he has but this minute composed:—

"Ardo y lloro sin sosiego:
Llorando y ardiendo tanto,
Que ni el llanto apaga el fuego;
Ni el fuego consumo el llanto."

[I burn and weep incessantly, yet my tears do not quench the flames within me, nor do my flames dry up my tears.]

"Thus sings the Spanish cavalier, when his mistress has treated him with disdain. On a similar occasion, a Frenchman, a few days since, thus expressed himself:—

"The ungrateful object of my love
Is deaf to all my prayers:
Her cruel heart no sighs can move,
Nor is she touched by tears.
Was ever man so cursed as I?
The light and ever-glorious sun
Henceforth abandoned will I shun,
And in the grave with Payen lie."

"Payen is probably a vintner," said Don Cleofas. "You have guessed rightly," replied Asmodeus. "But let us go on, and examine the rest."—"No," said Leandro, "let us rather proceed to the women, for I am impatient to see them."—"I will comply with your impatience presently," replied the spirit; "but there are two or three unfortunate people that I shall be glad to show you first; perhaps you may be edified by their misfortunes.

"In the next room to that in which the man is playing on the guitar, you may perceive a pale meagre-faced person, grinding his teeth, and looking as if he intended to swallow the iron bars at his window? That is an honest fellow, born under so unlucky a planet, that with all the merit in the world, and after twenty years' endeavours, he had not been able to secure himself bread. He ran mad at seeing a little insignificant drudge of his acquaintance mount in a single day to the top of fortune's wheel, by no other qualification than his knowledge of arithmetic.

“ His next neighbour is an old secretary, whose cranium is cracked through the ingratitude of a courtier, whom he had served for sixty years. He was a servant whose zeal and fidelity can never be sufficiently commended. He never asked any thing, but was satisfied with letting his attention and services speak for him. Yet his master, a very different kind of person from Archelaus king of Macedon, who denied favours when asked, and bestowed them unasked, is dead without having made him any recompense, and left him just enough to pass his days in misery, and among madmen.

“ One more, and I have done. Look at him who is leaning with his elbows on the window, buried in profound meditation. He is the Signor Hidalgo of Tafalla, a small town in Navarre: he removed to Madrid, and employed his money to a strange purpose; for he was mad enough to form an acquaintance with all the wits and diners-out about town, and to treat them constantly with luxuries. Every day was a day of entertainment at his house; and though the authors, an ungrateful and churlish tribe, laughed at whilst they were consuming him, yet he would never rest till he had spent all his little fortune upon them.”—“ No doubt,” said Zambullo, “ he has gone mad with vexation at having ruined himself so foolishly.”—“ On the contrary,” replied Asmodeus, “ it is to find that he is no longer in a condition to continue the same prodigality.

“ Let us now go to the women.”—“ How happens it,” said the student, “ that I see but seven or eight? there are fewer mad women than I thought.”—“ All of them are not here,” replied the demon, smiling; “ but in another part of the city, there is a great house quite full of them. I will carry you thither this minute, if you please.”—“ That is needless,” answered Don Clcofas, “ I will content myself with those before us.”—“ You are in the right,” replied the cripple, “ for they are almost all ladies of distinction. You may judge by the neatness of their apartments indeed, that they cannot be ordinary women. But let me inform you of the causes of their distraction.

“ The first is a corregidor's lady, whose head was turned by the outrageous passion she fell into at being called a citizen's wife by a court signora. The second is wife to the Treasurer-general of the Council of the Indies, and she went mad with vexation at being obliged to turn her coach in a narrow street, to make way for that of the duchess of Medina Cœli. The third is a merchant's widow, out of her senses from spite at losing a magnifico, whom she hoped to marry: and the fourth is a damsel of quality, named Donna Beatrice, whose misfortune I must recount to you at greater length.

“ This lady had a friend called Donna Mencia, whom she saw every day. A knight of the order of St. Jago, a handsome, gallant young fellow, became

acquainted with them, and soon made them rivals ; for they both vigorously disputed possession of his heart, but he preferred Donna Mencia, who was accordingly in a short time married to him.

“ Donna Beatrice, jealous of the power of her charms, conceived a mortal enmity against her faithless lover when she found that he had chosen her rival ; and, like a true Spaniard, entertained a violent desire to be revenged. She received a letter from Don Jacintho de Romarate, another lover of Donna Mencia’s, wherein he told her, that being as much mortified at his mistress’s wedding as she herself was, he had resolved to fight the cavalier who had robbed him of her charms.

“ This was very agreeable intelligence for Donna Beatrice, who, desiring only the death of the offender, wished for nothing more than that Don Jacintho should take away his rival’s life ; but whilst she was impatiently waiting for so Christian-like a satisfaction, it happened that her brother having accidentally quarrelled with Don Jacintho, they fought, and her relative received two wounds, of which he died. It was Donna Beatrice’s duty to bring the murderer to justice, which however she neglected, in order to give him an opportunity of attacking the knight of St. Jago ; thus affording proof that a woman holds no consideration so dear as that of her beauty. It was in this manner that Pallas behaved to Ajax, after the abduction of Cassandra ; for the goddess did not immediately punish the sacrilegious Greek, who had just been profaning her temple, but resolved that he should become an instrument in revenging her for the judgment of Paris. But alas ! Donna Beatrice, less fortunate than Minerva, did not taste the pleasure of being revenged ; for Romarate perished in his encounter with the knight, and the lady’s chagrin, that an affront which had been offered to her should go unpunished, has turned her brain.

“ The two mad women in the next cell are an attorney’s grandmother, and an old marchioness. The first having sufficiently plagued her grandson by her ill-nature, has been at last shut up here, as the only means of getting rid of her. The other is a lady who has all her lifetime been worshipping her own beauty. Instead of growing old with a good grace, she was perpetually bemoaning the decay of her charms, and recently, happening to look into a glass that did not flatter, she lost her senses.”

“ As for the old marchioness,” said Leandro, “ I think it a lucky accident that her mind is disordered, as perhaps she is no longer conscious that time has made any alteration in her person.”—“ No, certainly,” replied the demon ; “ far from seeing any thing like age in her face, her complexion seems to her a mixture of lilies and roses ; the loves and graces appear at her side ; and, in short, she fancies herself as captivating as the goddess Venus.”—“ Well then,” replied the student, “ is she not happier in her madness, than

if she could see herself as she really is?"—"Doubtless she is," said Asmodeus—"But hold; we have one more lady; she is in the farthest room, and has just fallen into a deep sleep after three days and nights of incessant raving. It is Donna Emerenciana. Observe her well! what say



you to her?"—"I think her perfectly handsome," answered Zambullo; "how grievous it is that so charming a creature should be mad! By what accident has she been reduced to so deplorable a condition?"—"Listen attentively," replied the cripple, "and you shall hear the story of her misfortune."

HISTORY
OF
D O N N A E M E R E N C I A N A.

DONNA Emerenciana was the only daughter of Don Guillem Stephani, and lived in a state which might have been accounted perfectly happy, at her father's house in Siguença, till Don Ximenes de Lizana disturbed the quiet of her spirit, by the gallantries he put in practice to please her. She was not only sensible of the cavalier's assiduities, but was weak enough to forward the stratagems he employed to obtain an interview with her, and soon received his troth in exchange for her own.

The lovers were of equal rank ; but the lady might have passed for one of the best fortunes in Spain, whereas Don Ximenes was no more than a younger brother. There was still another obstacle to their union. Don Guillem hated the family of Lizana ; which he showed but too plainly by his discourse, whenever that family was the subject of conversation. He seemed even to have a greater aversion for Don Ximenes than for the rest of his race. Emerenciana, extremely afflicted to find that such was her father's disposition, took it as an ill omen to her love. However, she did not scruple to indulge her inclinations, and to converse privately with Lizana, who was introduced to her from time to time at night by the assistance of her attendant.

On one of those nights it happened, that Don Guillem, who by chance awoke just as the lover was being introduced, thought he heard something in his daughter's apartment, which was not far from his own. There needed no more to make so distrustful a parent uneasy. However, suspicious as he was, Emerenciana's conduct had been so artful, that he had never suspected her correspondence with Don Ximenes. But not being one of that sort of men who carry their confidence too far, he got up as noiselessly as possible, went and opened a window that overlooked the road, and had patience to stay there, till he saw Lizana, whom he knew by the light of the moon, go down by a rope-ladder from the window of his daughter's apartment.

What a sight was this for Stephani, one of the most revengeful and severe men that Sicily, the place of his birth, ever produced ! He did not immediately yield to the dictates of his passion, but carefully avoided making any noise, which might have deprived him of the principal victim of his resentment. He put a constraint upon himself, and waited till his daughter was up next morning, before he went into her apartment. There,

finding himself alone with her, and looking at her with eyes sparkling with rage: "Wretch," said he, "who, notwithstanding thy noble blood, art not ashamed to be guilty of the most infamous actions, prepare to suffer the punishment thou hast deserved. 'This steel,'" he added, drawing a poniard



from his bosom, "this steel shall rob thee of life, if thou dost not confess the truth. Tell me the name of the audacious villain who came hither last night to dishonour my house."

Emerenciana remained quite speechless, and was so confounded at her

father's threats, that she could not utter a word. "Ah! wretch," continued her father, "thy silence and confusion are but too certain evidences of thy guilt. And dost thou imagine, unworthy girl, that I have yet to learn what has passed? Last night I saw the audacious villain: it is Don Ximenes. It was not enough to admit a cavalier into thy apartment at night, but he must be my mortal enemy too. But come, inform me how far I am injured. Speak without disguise; for it is by sincerity alone that thou canst preserve thy life."

The lady at these words, entertaining hopes of escape from the dismal fate that threatened her, recovered in some measure from her fright, and answered Don Guillem thus: "My lord, I could not help hearing Lizana, but Heaven is witness of the purity of his sentiments. As he knows that you hate his family, he has not yet dared to ask your consent; and it was only to confer together about the means of obtaining it, that I sometimes granted him admission."—"And of whom did you both make use as messengers," replied Stephani, "to convey your letters to each other?"—"One of your pages," answered the lady, "did us that service."—"That is all I desire to know," replied the father: "now for my design." Having said these words, with the dagger still in his hand, he made her take pen and ink, and write her lover the following letter, which he dictated himself:

"My betrothed, only joy of my life, I hasten to tell you that my father has just gone into the country, whence he will not return till to-morrow. Make use of the opportunity. I flatter myself that you will wait for night with as much impatience as I shall.

EMERENCIANA."

When Emerenciana had written and sealed this perfidious billet, Don Guillem bade her call the page who had so well acquitted himself of the previous missions he had been charged with, and order him to carry that letter to Don Ximenes. "But do not hope to deceive me," added he, "for I will lie concealed hereabouts, and observe thee narrowly when thou givest it to him; and if thou sayest a word, or givest him the least sign, that may make him suspect the message, I will immediately plunge this dagger in thy heart." Emerenciana knew her father's temper too well to dare venture an attempt at disobedience. She therefore gave the billet into the page's hands as usual.

Stephani then put up his poniard, but did not leave his daughter a moment during the day; he would not suffer her to speak to any body out of his sight, and managed so well, that Lizana could receive no information of the snare that was laid for him. The young gentleman was punctual to the appointment. Scarcely, however, had he got within the house, when he



found himself immediately laid hold of by three lusty fellows, who, without giving him an opportunity of defending himself, disarmed and gagged him, for fear of his crying out, and tied his hands behind him. The moment they had accomplished this, they put him into a coach, that had been prepared for the purpose; and all three, to make sure of the cavalier, accompanied him, and carried him to Stephani's country-seat, situated at the village of Miedes, about four short leagues from Siguença. Shortly afterwards, Don Guillem set out in another coach with his daughter, two maids, and an old ill-natured duenna, whom he had hired that afternoon. He also took with him the rest of his household, except an old domestic, who knew nothing of the forcible restraint put upon Don Lizana.

Before day-break they all arrived at Miedes. Stephani's first care was to see that Don Ximenes was secured in a dungeon, which let in a small glimmering of light by a hole too narrow for a man to get through. He then ordered Julio, a servant acquainted with his designs, to give him no other nourishment than bread and water, nor any other bed than straw, and to say to him every time he carried him his allowance: "Here, base seducer, it is thus Don Guillem treats those who dare to injure him." The cruel Sicilian used his daughter with no less severity; he shut her up in a room that had no external window, removed her woman, and gave her the duenna whom he had chosen for her gaoler—a duenna that could not be paralleled in the world for tormenting the young ladies committed to her charge.

In this manner he disposed of the two lovers ; but his intention was not to stop there. He had resolved to rid himself of Don Ximenes ; but still he fain would have committed that crime with impunity, which it, however, seemed somewhat difficult to effect. As he had made use of his own servants to carry off the cavalier, he could not hope that a fact, known to so many, would perpetually remain a secret. What, then, was to be done to escape the pursuit of justice ? He determined upon an expedient, which exhibited him as a complete villain. He called together his accomplices into a small house apart from the castle ; he told them how pleased he was with their zeal, and, in acknowledgment, promised them a large reward, after he had entertained them. He made them sit down to table, and, in the midst of the entertainment, Julio, by his order, poisoned them. Then the master and the man set fire to the house ; and, before the flames could bring the inhabitants of the village about him, they assassinated Emerenciana's two maids, and the little page, whom I before mentioned, and then threw their bodies among the rest. In a short time the house was burnt to the ground, notwithstanding all that the neighbouring peasants could do to extinguish it. During this time the Sicilian was to be seen showing signs of most immoderate grief. He appeared, indeed, inconsolable at the loss of his servants.

Having in this manner made sure of the discretion of those in whose power it was to have betrayed him, he thus addressed himself to his confidant : " Dear Julio, now I am at rest, and may take away Don Ximene's life whenever I please. But before I sacrifice him to my honour, I will enjoy the delicious pleasure of seeing him suffer. The misery and horror of a long imprisonment will be more cruel to him than death." And, indeed, Lizana was continually bewailing his ill fortune, and, being persuaded that he should never escape from his dungeon, he wished to be freed from his sufferings by a sudden death.

But it was in vain that Stephani hoped his mind would be at rest after such an exploit. In three days a fresh uneasiness came upon him. He was apprehensive that Julio, when he carried the prisoner his food, might be gained over by promises to become his partizan ; and that fear made him determine to hasten the death of the one, and afterwards to destroy the other. Julio, too, on his side, was not without his fears ; and judging that his master, after ridding himself of Don Ximenes, might very probably sacrifice him to his own safety, formed the design of making his escape on the first opportunity, with every thing in the house that could be conveniently carried off.

These were the separate contrivances of those two good men, the scheme of each being unknown to the other, when they were both surprised one



day, about a hundred paces from the castle, by fifteen or twenty archers of the holy brotherhood, who surrounded them, crying out as they did so, "By order of the king, and of justice." At this adventure, Don Guillem turned pale, and was confounded; but, putting a good face upon the matter, he asked the commandant what and with whom was his business. "With yourself," answered the officer. "You are charged with carrying away Don Ximenes de Lizana. I am ordered to make a strict search for that gentleman throughout your castle, and to secure your person." Stephani being convinced by this answer that he was undone, fell into a violent rage. He drew from his belt a pair of pistols, swore that he would not suffer his house to be searched, and threatened to shoot the commandant if he did not immediately draw off with his men. The captain, despising

his threats, advanced upon the Sicilian, who instantly discharged a pistol at him, and wounded him in the face. But that wound cost the rash man that gave it his life; for two or three archers fired upon him that instant, and, to revenge their officer, laid him dead upon the spot. As for Julio, he surrendered himself without attempting resistance, and did not give them the trouble of asking whether Don Ximenes was in the castle, but confessed every thing; and, availing himself of his wretched master's death, he naturally enough threw all the villany on him.

This done, he took the commandant and his archers to the dungeon, where



they found Lizana fast bound, lying upon straw.—The poor gentleman, who had long lived in continual expectation of death, thought that so many men in arms were not come thither for any other purpose than to kill him; but was agreeably surprised to find that they, whom he took for his executioners, were his deliverers. When they had unbound and brought him out of the dungeon, he thanked them for his deliverance, and asked them how they came to know he was a prisoner there? "That is," said the commandant, "what, in a few words, I am about to tell you:—

"On the night that you were carried off, one of the persons concerned in it, who had a mistress that lived a few doors from Stephani, going to take leave of her before he set out, was so indiscreet as to discover to her Stephani's project. The woman kept the affair secret for two or three days; but as the report of the fire at Miedes began to spread over Siguença, and as it seemed strange to every body that the Sicilian's servants should all perish in it, she bethought herself that it might be the handy-work of Don Guillem. So, to revenge her lover, she went to Don Felix, your father, and told him all she knew. Don Felix, frightened to learn that you were at the mercy of a man capable of any thing, carried the woman before the corregidor, who, having examined her, did not doubt but Stephani intended that you should suffer the longest and most cruel torments, nor that he was the horrid contriver of the fire; and, resolving to go to the bottom of the affair, he sent me an order to Retortillo, where I live, to mount and hasten hither with my brigade, in order to search for you, and bring back Don Guillem alive or dead. I have performed my commission, in what relates to you, with success; but I am exceedingly sorry to say that it is out of my power to carry the criminal to Siguença alive, for, by the resistance he made, he put us to the necessity of killing him."

The officer, having ended his story, said further to Don Ximenes, "Signor Cavalier, I am going to draw up a report of all that has happened here; after which we will set out, in order to relieve you from the anxiety you must feel to ease your family of the agitation they are in on your account."—"Sir," cried Julio, "I will furnish you with fresh matter to enlarge your information. You have yet another prisoner to set at liberty. Donna Emerenciana is shut up in a dark room, where a merciless duenna is continually mortifying her, never allowing her a moment's rest."—"O heaven!" cried Lizana, "the cruel Stephani then was not satisfied with exercising his barbarity upon me alone! Pray let us go this moment, and deliver that unhappy lady from the tyranny of her governante."

Thereupon Julio conducted the commandant, and Don Ximenes, with five or six archers, to the chamber in which Don Guillem's daughter was imprisoned. They knocked at the door, and the duenna opened it. You may easily guess the pleasure that Lizana experienced at the sight of his mistress, after he had despaired of ever seeing her again. He felt his hopes revive, or rather he could not doubt of his happiness, since the only person that had authority to oppose it was dead. As soon as he saw Emerenciana, he ran and threw himself at her feet; but who can express his grief, when, instead of meeting with a mistress ready to receive his transports, he found only a lady bereft of understanding? In short, she had been so tormented by the duenna, that she had gone mad. She continued for some

time in deep thought, then, on a sudden, imagining she was the fair Angelica, besieged by the Tartars in the fortress of Albraca, she fancied all the men that were in her room to be so many Paladins come to her assistance. She took the captain of the holy brotherhood for Orlando, Lizana for Brandiamart, Julio for Hubert of the Lion, and the archers for Antifort, Clarion, Adrian, and the two sons of the marquis Oliver. She received them with great politeness, saying, "Brave knights, I no longer fear the



Emperor Agrican, nor Queen Marquisa: your valour is able to defend me against all the force of the universe."

At this extravagant discourse, the officer and archers could not help laughing. But it was far otherwise with Don Ximenes, who, sensibly afflicted to see his mistress in so sad a condition for his sake, was, in turn, near losing his senses. However, he still flattered himself that she might be brought to reason; and in this hope, "My dear Emerenciana," said he, with a tender air, "behold your Lizana. Re-collect your wandering thoughts. Know that our misfortunes are at an end. Heaven would not permit two hearts which it had united to be separated: and the inhuman parent who has used us both so ill, can now no longer thwart our wishes."

The self-constituted daughter of King Galafron's answer to this, was a discourse addressed to the valiant defenders of Albraca, who for once forbore laughing. The commandant himself, though naturally far from being tender-hearted, felt some touches of compassion, and said to Don Ximenes,

whom he saw borne down by his grief. "Signor Cavalier, do not despair of your mistress's recovery. You have physicians at Sigença, who by their skill may accomplish it. But do not let us stay here any longer. You, Lord Hubert of the Lion," added he, speaking to Julio, "you know where the stables of the castle are, take with you Antifort, and the two sons of the marquês Oliver. Choose the best steeds there, and put them into the princess's chariot. In the mean time I will draw up my documents."

Upon this, he took from his pocket an inkhorn and paper, and, having written what he thought proper, presented his hand to Angelica to assist her in getting down to the court-yard; where, by the care of the Paladins, they found a coach with four mules ready to set out. He put the lady and Don Ximenes into it, and then went in himself; he took the duenna with him too, whose deposition he thought the corregidor would be glad of; nor was that all. By the captain of the brigade's order, Julio was loaded with irons, and put into another coach with Don Guillem's corpse. The archers then remounted their horses, and they all set out for Sigença.

During their journey, Stephani's daughter said a thousand extravagant things, which were so many daggers to her lover. He could not look on the duenna without falling into a passion. "It is you, cruel old hag!" said he, "it is you that have harassed Emerenciana by your cruel treatment, and turned her brain." The governante excused herself with an hypocritical air, and threw all the blame on the deceased. "It is to Don Guillem alone," answered she, "that this misfortune is owing. That too severe parent came every day, and terrified his daughter with his menaces,



which at last drove her distracted." As soon as the commandant arrived at Sigença, he went and gave an account of his commission to the corregidor, who, upon the spot, interrogated Julio and the duenna, and sent

them to prisons in the city, where they still remain. He also examined Lizana, who then took his leave, and went home to his father's, where his presence converted the sorrow and uneasiness of his family into joy. As for Donna Emerenciana, the corregidor took care to send her to Madrid, where she had an uncle by her mother's side. This good relation, who only wanted to have the administration of his niece's estate, could not handsomely avoid appearing to desire her recovery, and applied to the most celebrated physicians: nor had he any occasion to repent it; for, after considerable pains had been thrown away, they pronounced her incurable. Upon this decision, the guardian immediately shut up his charge here, where, according to all probability, she will spend the rest of her days."

"Cruel destiny!" cried Don Cleofas; "I am sincerely grieved for her. Donna Emerenciana deserved a better fate; but what is become of Don Ximenes?" enquired he; "I should be glad to know what resolution he has taken."—"A very reasonable one," replied Asmodeus. "When he saw that the evil was without remedy, he set out for New Spain; and he hopes that his American travels will by degrees erase from his mind the remembrance of a lady, whom his reason and repose require him to forget. But," pursued the demon, "having shown you the mad folks who are confined, I must let you see those who deserve to be so."





CHAPTER X.

CONTAINING MATTER WHICH IS INEXHAUSTIBLE.



TURN your eyes towards the city, and as I discover any subjects worthy to be placed amongst those that are here, I will give you their respective characters. I already see one which I will not suffer to escape. It is a newly-married man, who eight days since was told of the coquetries of a jilt whom he loved. Enraged, he went to her, broke part of her furniture, threw the rest out of the window, and the next day married her.”—

“Such a man,” said Don Cleofas, “certainly deserves the first vacancy in this asylum.”—“He has a neighbour not much wiser than himself,” replied Asmodeus: “a bachelor of forty-five, who has sufficient to live on, and yet would enter a nobleman’s service. I see a lawyer’s widow; a good woman, who is above sixty; her husband is just dead, and she is going to retire to a convent in order to preserve her reputation, as she says, from scandal.

“I discern also a couple of maidens, or at least two damsels, of above fifty, each offering their prayers to heaven to take their father, who keeps them as closely locked up as though they were under age. They hope, after

the old gentleman's death, to find handsome men who will marry them for love."—"And why not?" said the student; "there are men in the world of a taste sufficiently whimsical for that."—"I grant," replied the devil, "that it is not impossible for them to find husbands, but they ought not to flatter themselves with such hopes; it is in this that their folly consists.

"There is no country in the world where the women tell their age truly. About a month since, a maid of forty-eight, and a wife of sixty-nine, went before a commissary to testify for a widow of their acquaintance, whose virtue was questioned. The commissary first interrogated the married woman as to her age, and though it was as plainly expressed in her forehead as in the church register, yet she boldly ventured to say she was but forty. He next interrogated the maiden. 'And you, madam,' said he, 'how old are you?'—'Let us pass on to the other questions, sir,' answered she, 'for these are improper ones to be put to us.'—'You do not consider what you say, madam,' replied the commissary; 'do you not know that in judicial cases the truth ought always to be told.'—'No law obliges us to do so,' answered the maiden hastily. 'But I cannot take your deposition,' said he, 'if your age be not to it, for that is a material circumstance.'—'If it be absolutely necessary,' replied she, 'look upon me intently, and put my age down according to your conscience.'

"The commissary looked in her face, and was polite enough to set her down as twenty-eight. He then asked whether she had long known the widow? 'I knew her before her marriage,' said she. 'Then I have mistaken your age,' replied he, 'in setting you down at but twenty-eight, for it is twenty-nine years since the widow was married.'—'Well, sir,' returned the maiden, 'write me down thirty, then; I might at a year old know the widow.'—'That will scarcely be regular,' replied he, 'let us add a dozen.'—'No, indeed,' interrupted she; 'all that I can possibly afford is to add one year more, and I would not put an additional month if it were to save my reputation.'

"When these two ladies were gone from the commissary's, the married woman said to the other, 'I wonder that impertinent fellow should take us for such fools as to tell our ages truly. Is it not enough indeed that they are registered in the parish books, but the rude fellow would have them upon his papers, that all the world may be informed of the matter. Would it not be admirable to hear it bawled out in court, Mrs. Richards, aged so many years, and Mrs. Perinelle, aged forty-five, depose so and so?' Well, I bantered him sufficiently; I sunk a good round twenty years upon him; and you have done very well in suppressing so many.'—'Pray what do you call so many?' answered the maiden rather tartly; 'you rally me who am at most but five-and-thirty.'—'Ha!' replied the other, with an angry air,



'whom do you tell that to? Was I not present at your birth? It is a long time since, indeed. I remember also to have seen your father, who, when he died was not young, and that is now above forty years since.'—
 'Oh, my father, my father,' hastily interrupted the virgin, enraged at the other's freedom; 'betwixt you and I, when my father married my mother, he was too old to be the father of a family.'

"I observe in the same house," continued the spirit, "two men who are not over wise. One is the only son of the family, who can neither keep any money, nor be happy without it. When he has cash, he buys books; and when his purse begins to be empty, he sells them for half what they cost him. The other is a foreign painter, who draws ladies' portraits; he is a great artist; he paints well, draws correctly, and hits a likeness extraordinary well, but does not flatter; and yet is so weak as to think he ought to be crowded with business. 'Inter stultos referatur.'"

"How," said the student, "you speak Latin to a miracle!"—"Ought you to wonder at that?" said the devil; "I speak all languages in perfection, even not excepting that of Athens, which I speak a hundred times better than a certain set of men who at present value themselves on speaking well, and yet I am neither the greater fool, nor the vainer for it.

"Cast your eye into that great house on the left, wherein is a sick lady, surrounded by several women who watch with her. It is the widow of a famous rich architect, who is consumed with an affectation of nobility: she has this day made her will, by which she bequeaths her immense riches wholly to persons of the highest rank; not that she so much as knows any one of them, but only for the sake of their great titles. She was asked whether she would not leave something to a certain person who had done her considerable services? 'Alas, no,' answered she, 'and yet I am concerned for him: I am not so ungrateful as not to own that I have obligations to him; but he is only a yeoman, and his name would disgrace my will.'"

"Signor Asmodeus," interrupted Don Cleofas, "I beg you would inform me whether that old man, whom I see reading so intently in a closet, may not perhaps merit to be placed here?"—"He deserves it beyond dispute," answered the demon. "He is an old licentiate in divinity, and is reading a proof-sheet of a book he has in the press."—"The subject must certainly be moral or divine," said the student. "No," replied the demon, "it is a miscellany of lewd poems which he has written; instead of burning them, or at least suffering them to die with their author, he prints them in his life-time, for fear his heirs should not be inclined to publish them after his death, or, out of regard to his character, should deprive them of their peculiar gust and spirit.

"I should do wrong to pass over a little woman who lives with the licentiate. She sets so high a value on her very limited powers of attraction, that she is drawing up a list of her lovers, in which she inserts almost all men who ever spoke to her.

"But let us come to a rich canon that I discern about two paces farther, tainted with a very objectionable folly. He lives frugally, though it is neither from mortification, nor sobriety; but to amass riches. For what? To distribute in alms? No: he buys pictures, rich furniture, jewels, china, and baubles; not to enjoy the use of them during his life, but merely that they may figure in the inventory of his effects."

"What you tell me is unnatural and forced," interrupted Don Cleofas. "Is there really a man in the world of this character?"—"Yes, there is indeed," replied the demon, "he is one of that kind of madmen. If, for instance, he buys a very fine cabinet, he causes it to be packed up neatly, and locked

in his garret, that it may appear perfectly new to the brokers who are likely to buy it after his death. In short, he pleases himself with the thought that the catalogue of his goods will be admired.

"Let us proceed to one of his neighbours, whom you will think quite as mad; he is a bachelor, lately arrived at Madrid from the Philippine islands, and is owner of a vast estate, left him by his father, who was auditor of the court of Manilla. His conduct is very extraordinary; for he is to be seen passing the whole day in the anti-chamber of the king, or of the chief minister. Not that he has the ambition to solicit any great post; no, he neither desires nor asks any. How then! say you, does he go thither purely to make his court? You are farther off still: he never speaks to the minister, neither is he known to him, nor does he desire to be so. What then can his motive be? Why this; he wishes to make the world believe that he has an interest there."

"A very diverting original," cried the student, bursting into a laugh; "but this is giving oneself a great deal of trouble to very little purpose; and I think you are right to rank him amongst the mad people that ought to be confined."—"Oh! as to that," replied Aemodæus, "I can show you a great many more, whom it would be a great error to think a whit more in their senses. For example, do but look into that great house where you see so many wax tapers lighted up, and three men and two ladies round a table. Now these people have just supped, and are at present sitting down to cards, in order to spend the rest of the night, after which they will part; they meet regularly every night, and part at day-break to go to sleep, till darkness has banished the sight of the sun, and of the beauties of nature; and this is the life these gentlemen and ladies lead. Would you not say, to see them in the midst of so many candles, that they are so many dead people waiting for the last office to be done them?"—"Well then," said Don Cleofas, "there is no occasion for shutting up these fools, they are shut up already."

"I see in the arms of sleep," replied the cripple, "a man whom I love, and who has a particular affection for me; a man moulded according to my heart's desire. He is an old graduate, who idolizes the fair sex. You cannot mention a pretty girl to him, but you find he listens to you with extraordinary pleasure. If you tell him she has a small mouth, red lips, ivory teeth, or a complexion of alabaster; in a word, if you are the least particular in your description, he sighs at every feature, turns up his eyes, and dissolves in raptures. It is but two days since, that, passing by a shoemaker's shop in the street of Alcalá, he stopped short to admire a very small slipper which he saw there; and having surveyed it with much more attention than it deserved, he said, with a languishing air, to a gentleman

who was with him, 'Ah, my dear friend, there is a slipper that enchants me ! What a pretty charming foot it must be that it was made for ! But let us



begone, for I am so much pleased with it, that it is dangerous to me to pass through, much less remain in this street.'

"We must mark this graduate with black," said Leandro Perez. "Right," replied the devil, "we must so; nor must his neighbour be marked with white; an original of an auditor, who, because he has an equipage, blushes with shame whenever he is obliged to make use of a hackney-coach. And I think we may place in the same rank one of his relations, a licentiate, who, though he is a dignitary, and has a vast revenue in a church at Madrid, yet almost perpetually goes in a hackney-coach to save two very neat carriages, and four fine mules of his own that he has in the stable.

"In the neighbourhood of the worthy graduate and auditor, I perceive a man who must not be denied the justice of being placed amongst the mad folks; a cavalier of sixty making love to a young girl. He sees her every day, and thinks to make himself agreeable by entertaining her with a narrative of all the conquests he made in his younger days, and would have her esteem him for his having formerly been handsome.



"In the same category with this gentleman, let us place another who is asleep about ten paces from us, a French count, who is come to Madrid to see the Spanish court. This old nobleman is upwards of seventy, and in his youth made a figure at the court of his own king. All the world at that time admired his shape and gallant air; and his taste and manner of dress charmed all who saw him.

"Now this gentleman has preserved all his clothes, and worn them these fifty years in spite of the mode, which in his country changes every day. But the most amusing circumstance is, that he imagines he has the same graces at this day which were admired in him in his youth."

"We need not reflect long upon this matter," said Don Cleofas; "let this French lord go into the number of those that ought to be boarders at the Casa de los Locos."—"I keep a room there," replied the demon, "for a lady that lives in a garret on one side of the count's palace. She is an elderly widow, who, out of a mistaken tenderness for her children, has made over all her estate to them, excepting a very small allowance to subsist on, which her children have engaged to make her, and which, from the excess of their gratitude, they take great care not to pay.

"I must likewise send thither an old bachelor of a good family, who no sooner has a ducat in his pocket, than it is gone; and yet, not being able to support the want of money, he will do any thing to acquire it. About a fortnight ago his laundress, to whom he owed thirty pistoles, came and desired him to pay her, telling him she wanted it in order to be married to a valet-de-chambre who courted her. 'You must have other money then,' said he; 'for what poor devil of a valet-de-chambre would have you with only thirty pistoles?'—'Oh dear! yes sir,' said she, 'I have two hundred ducats besides.'—'Two hundred ducats!' said he, eagerly; 'gadso! then you have nothing to do but to give them to me, and I will marry you; so we shall be even.' His laundress took him at his word, and is now his wife.

"Let us keep three places for those three men just come from supper in the city, who are now stepping into that house on the right, where they live. One of them is a count, who sets up for a lover of polite learning. The other is his brother, a licentiate; and the third is a wit that depends on them. They are inseparable and never visit except together. The count's sole business is to praise himself; that of the licentiate to praise his elder brother and himself; and the wit's business is of still greater extent; he praises both of the brothers, intermixing his own commendations with theirs.

"Two more places must be reserved; one for an old citizen, a great florist, who, having scarcely enough to subsist on, is for keeping a gardener and his wife to look after a dozen of flowers in his garden. The other is an actor, who, complaining of the disadvantages incident to his mode of life, said the other day to some of his companions, 'Indeed, gentlemen, I am so tired of this profession, that I would even rather be an insignificant country gentleman of a thousand ducats a-year.'

"Let me turn on which side I will," continued the spirit, "I meet with nothing but people disordered in their senses. There is a knight of Calatrava, so proud and vain of private conversations with the daughter of a grandee, that he thinks himself upon an equality with the highest personages at court. He is like Villius, who fancied himself Sylla's son-in-law, because he was esteemed a friend by the dictator's daughter. The comparison is the more pat, as this knight, like the Roman, has a Longarenus, a good-for-

nothing fellow of a rival, who stands higher in her good graces than himself.

“One would be apt to say that the same men from time to time spring up again, only with different features. For in that minister’s secretary one may discover Bolanus, who kept no measures with any body, and affronted every man whose countenance did not please him. In that old president one sees Fufidius over again, who used to lend his money at five per cent. per month. And Marsæus, who gave his family-seat to the comedian Origo, lives again in that heir of the family, who is wasting in debauchery with an actress the money he received for a country-house he has near the Escorial.”

Asmodeus was going on, when on a sudden he heard the tuning of instruments, upon which he broke off, and said to Don Cleofas: “At the corner of this street there are some musicians going to serenade the daughter of an alcalde of the court; and if you have a mind to be nearer the diversion, you need only speak.”—“I love these concerts mightily,” answered Zambullo; “let us go nearer to the musicians, perhaps there may be some good voices amongst them.” He had scarcely spoken, when he found himself upon the house adjoining that of the alcalde.

The instruments began the concert with several Italian airs, after which the following couplets were sung, by two voices, alternately:—

I.

“Si de tu hermosura quieres
Una copia con mil gracias;
Escucha, porque pretendo
El pintar la.

II.

Es tu frente toda nieve
Y el alabastro, batallas
Offreció al amor, haziendo
En ella vaya.

III.

Amor labró de tus cejas
Dos arcos para su aljava;
Y debaxo ha descubierto
Quien le mata.

IV.

Eres duena de el lugar
Vandolera de las almas,
Iman de los alvedrios,
Linda alhaja.

V.

Un raago de tu hermosura
Quisiera yo retratarla,
Que es estrella, es cielo, es sol;
No es sino el alva.”

Which being translated would read thus :—

I.

If you would hear a description of your charms, and of your beauty, listen to me, for I am going to depict them.

II.

Your face, pure as snow, and clear as alabaster, has bidden Love, who made it, defiance.

III.

Love has made of your eye-brows two bows for his quiver ; but he has discovered that death lurks beneath them.

IV.

You are the sovereign of my home, the stealer of hearts, the fanner of desires, a pleasant bijou.

V.

I would fain, with one stroke, describe your beauty. It is a star, a heaven, a sun : no, it is the dawn of a delicious morning.

“ These couplets are gallant and delicate,” said the student. “ That is because you are a Spaniard,” replied the demon ; “ translated into French, they would not be much admired. Readers of that nation would not approve of the figurative expressions, but would discover in them signs of a too ardent imagination which would set them laughing. Every nation is prepossessed in favour of its own taste and genius. But to have done with those couplets,” continued he, “ you shall hear another kind of music.

“ Turn your eyes upon those four men who have suddenly appeared in the street ; see, they fall upon the serenaders, who make use of their instruments to defend themselves ; but not being able to withstand the force of the blows, the instruments fly into a thousand splinters. Behold two gentlemen come to their assistance, one of whom is the patron of the serenade. See with what fury they charge the aggressors, who, being of equal courage and address, receive them with good grace. What fire flashes from their swords ! One of the defenders of the concert falls ! It is he who gave it. He is mortally wounded. His companion, who perceives his mischance, takes to his heels ; the aggressors also make off, and the musicians disappear. The poor unfortunate cavalier alone, whose serenade has cost him his life, remains on the spot. Observe at the same time the daughter of the alcalde, whom vanity has brought to her window to observe all that is passing ; and, though a plain ordinary creature, she is so mistakenly proud of her beauty, that instead of deploring the sad effect of her charms, the cruel wretch is delighted with the mischief she has occasioned, and thinks herself upon that account the more amiable.

“ Yet that is not all,” added Asmodeus ; “ behold another gentleman, who, coming up to him that lies drowned in his own blood, endeavours as

far as possible to help him ; but while he is employed in that charitable office, you see that he is seized by the watch, who pounce upon him, and drag him to prison, where he is doomed to remain a long time, nor will he suffer less than if he had been really the murderer."



"Heavens!" exclaimed Zambullo, "how many misfortunes have happened this night!"—"Yet," replied the demon, "those you have witnessed will not be the last. At this moment, if you could present yourself at the Gate of the sun, you would be startled at a sight already prepared there. By the carelessness of a servant, a fire has arisen in a large house, and already reduced a great many valuable things to ashes. But whatever precious effects it may consume, Don Pedro de Escolano, whose magnificent residence it was, will not regret the loss of them if he can save his only daughter, Seraphina, who is in danger of being burnt."

Don Cleofas instantly desired to be an eye-witness of the fire, and the cripple flew that instant with him to a large house directly opposite that in which the fire had broken out.



CHAPTER XI.

OF THE FIRE, AND WHAT ASMODEUS DID ON THAT OCCASION FROM FRIENDSHIP TO DON CLEOFAS.



HEY immediately heard a confused noise of people, some crying out "fire," and others calling for water; and presently saw the grand stair-case leading to the principal apartments of Don Pedro's house, in flames; after which, in a minute, volumes of fire and smoke burst from the windows.

"The fire rages," said the demon; "it has already mounted to the roof, and begins to make a passage there, and to fill the air with sparks; it has reached such a height, indeed, that although people flock from all parts to extinguish it, they can do no more than stand by as spectators. You may distinguish amongst the crowd an old gentleman in a *robe de chambre*; he is Signor de Escolano. Listen to his cries and lamentations! He is addressing himself to the people that are about him, and conjuring them to rescue his daughter; but it is to no purpose that he promises a large reward, for nobody will expose his own life to save the lady, though she is but sixteen years of age, and of incomparable beauty. Seeing his prayers and entreaties for assistance are in vain, he tears his hair and moustachios, beats his breast, and, from excess of grief, behaves like a mad-man. In the mean time, Seraphina, abandoned by her women, has swooned with fright in her apartment, and will in a short time be stifled with the thick smoke, for no mortal man has power to help her."

"Ah, Signor Asmodeus," cried Leandro Perez, moved by generous compassion, "yield, I pray you, to the emotions of pity which I feel, and reject not my entreaties to save that lady from impending death. It is the only recompense I ask for the service I have rendered you. Do not oppose my desire as you did just now, for if you refuse me I shall die with grief."

The demon smiled to hear the student talk thus. "Signor Zambullo," he said, "you have all the qualifications of a true knight-errant; you have bravery, compassion for the sufferings of others, and zealous promptitude for the service of young and distressed ladies; have you not a mind to throw yourself into the midst of those flames, like an Amadis, in order to deliver Seraphina, and restore her safe and sound to her father?"—"Would to heaven the thing were possible," answered Don Cleofas, "I would undertake it without a moment's hesitation."—"Aye," replied the cripple, "though death should be the reward of your fine exploit. I have already told you, that human valour can avail nothing, and if the matter be meddled with at all it must be by myself. I will undertake it to content you; see how I go about it; observe all my operations."

He had hardly uttered these words, when assuming the likeness of Leandro Perez, to the student's great amazement, he glided in among the crowd, pressed through, and darted into the midst of the flames, as into his proper element, in the sight of the spectators, who were terror-stricken by the action, and expressed their feelings by a loud shriek. "What madman is this!" exclaimed one, "can avarice have so far blinded him? Were he not a perfect idiot, the promised reward could have been no temptation to him."—"This rash young fellow," said another, "must certainly be a lover of Don Pedro's daughter, who, urged by excess of grief, has resolved to rescue his mistress, or perish with her."

In short, they anticipated nothing less than that he would experience the fate of Empedocles,* when, in a moment, they saw him emerge from the flames with Seraphina in his arms. The air rang with the acclamations of the multitude, who could not sufficiently praise the bold cavalier who had performed so brave an act; for, when rashness is crowned with success, it finds none to blame it, and though it was in reality a prodigy, it appeared merely as the natural consequence of Spanish courage.

As the lady was still in a swoon, her father dared not give himself up to joy, being afraid, that after she had been so happily snatched from the flames, she might die in his sight, by the terrible impression which the danger she had encountered must have left on her brain. But he was soon relieved of his fears, for, by the care that was taken of her, she soon came

* A poet and philosopher of Sicily, who threw himself into the flames of Mount *Ætna*.



to herself; and, casting her eyes on the old gentleman with an air of tenderness, said, "Sir, I should be more afflicted than rejoiced to find my life preserved, if yours were not also saved."—"Ah! my dear child," answered he, embracing her, "since you are safe, I am indifferent to any thing else. Let us return our thanks," continued he, at the same time presenting the counterfeit Don Cleofas to her; "let us both return our thanks to this young gentleman, your deliverer. It is to him you owe your life. We cannot be sufficiently grateful to him; nor is the promised reward sufficient to release us from the debt due to him."

Here the demon took up the discourse, and with a polite air said to Don Pedro, "My lord, the reward you proposed had no temptation to induce the service which I have had the happiness to render you. I am of noble birth, and a Castilian. The pleasure of drying your tears, and of preserving from

the flames the charming object they were about to consume, is a recompense more than sufficient for me."



The disinterestedness and generosity of their deliverer inspired Signor de Escolavo with great esteem for him: he invited him to his house, and desired his friendship in return for his own. After many compliments on both sides, the old gentleman and his daughter retired to a small apartment at the end of the garden; upon which the demon went back to the student, who, seeing him return in his original form, said, "Sir demon, either my eyes deceived me, or you were just now in my likeness."—"Pardon me," said the cripple, "and I will acquaint you with the reasons for that metamorphosis. I have formed a great design, for I intend that you shall marry Seraphina, and, under your form, I have inspired her with a violent passion for your lordship. Don Pedro too is well pleased with you, because I told him that my only view in rescuing his daughter, was the pleasure of obliging him and her; and that the honour of bringing so perilous an adventure to a happy issue, was sufficient recompense for a gentleman and a Spaniard. The good man, who has a noble mind, will not be outdone in generosity, and, I must tell you, he is at this moment considering whether he shall not make you his son-in-law, in order that his gratitude may keep pace with the obligation which he thinks he has incurred to you.

"Whilst he is determining, I will carry you to a more favourable place for continuing your observations."



CHAPTER XII.

THE LOVERS.



must confess," said Cleofas, "that the observations you have already made are very instructive, but they tend to things for which a man of my age and complexion can have but little relish. You must remember that it was a love adventure which brought me the honour of your acquaintance; and, dear Cupid, since you preside over amours, confine your discourse to what you are master of. Show me, then, the joys and anxieties, the policy and follies of lovers, if you would impart to me useful knowledge."—"I should be loth," said the demon, "to give you that information, for fear of losing a votary, did I not know that it is inseparable from lovers to see, and yet indulge their misery and weakness; for which reason I am under no apprehension of your growing wiser from the folly of others."—"But prithee," quoth the student, "before you proceed farther, let me know that gentleman who is striking fire at his tinder-box. Do you observe, how he appears and vanishes as the sparks fly about him?"—"That vigilant person," replied Asmodeus, "is a lover, who has been this evening in his mistress's company. She, in her discourse on different things, prefaced two

or three remarks with a customary phrase. 'There are some people in the world.' This he took no notice of at the time she uttered it; but on second thoughts, in his own lodgings, he wisely discovered that she must have meant him by that ambiguous expression. After taking several turns in his chamber, he called for pen, ink, and paper, kicked his footman down stairs, and resolved to tell his mistress plainly, that he knew whom she aimed at in her late reflections. He had scarcely written the first line of his letter, however, before he paused to consider attentively the whole circumstances of the case. A sudden thought set all right again; and convinced him that not only were his suspicions groundless, but that he was still in her good graces. He immediately became one of the most satisfied men in the world, went to bed in the height of good humour, gave his servant a crown, and bade him good night."

"What disaster," asked Cleofas, "can have befallen him since? he seems now to blow his tinder in an unusual hurry. See how his cheeks swell and his eyes glare! It is the most dreadful night-piece I ever saw." "You must know," said the demon, "that he had composed himself with great tranquillity for half an hour, and was just falling asleep, when he started, and bethought himself, 'if she did not mean me, who could she mean?' This threw him into so great a ferment, that he jumped out of bed, with a resolution to do something, which as yet, neither he nor I can divine."—"I heartily pity the poor fellow," said Cleofas, "for I find he loves in earnest."—"Had he not," replied the demon, "she had been his own before now; but it is the frailty of the sex to prefer an affected to a real passion."—"That is a frailty," answered the student, "into which they may naturally fall. A personated lover can assume all the graces, and avoid all the imperfections of the passion. Disquietudes, jealousies, and expostulations, always accompany, but very ill recommend a heart thoroughly enamoured. But look, the man has lighted his candle, and blown it out again."—"Ay," said the demon, "he was quieted the very moment he had lighted it, by calling to mind that he had one day heard his mistress say, nothing was so graceful in a man as a high forehead, which you may observe he has, to the apparent detriment of his chin, cheeks, and eyes."—"On how alight a foundation depends the happiness and misery of lovers!" cried Cleofas. "Perhaps she who creates all this disorder is in perfect tranquillity."—"That you shall see immediately," said Asmodeus. "Cast your eyes on the great house at the corner of the same street; a watch-light will discover to you a lady lying half out of bed, talking to her servant, who sits by her side. You must understand, by the way, that the waiting-woman of a lady in love never goes to bed till four in the morning. As soon as she has undressed and lain her mistress on her pillow, the business of

putting the latter to rest is but begun ; for then the poor lady's-maid must sit down by her, hear her thoughts concerning the loved one, and confute all her suspicions of his infidelity or want of love ; and, by the time the good lady is ten times thoroughly convinced, and her maid as often perjured, in hopes to be dismissed, the story has to begin again. The present anguish of our wakeful vestal is occasioned by a merry tale that the gentleman in his shirt told her in their last conversation, which diverted her so much, that she is afraid he who could talk with so much humour is not sufficiently sentimental. This gives her a thousand fears that he has broken his fetters ; but she now receives comfort, her maid having almost persuaded her that the person for whom her ladyship has so much tenderness, left the house with a sigh, and, in all probability, is at this moment upon the rack."

"I know by experience," said the student, "that there is nothing so disagreeable to one in her ladyship's condition as a state of indifference ; your true lover must be always giving either pleasure or pain. But who is that pretty creature yonder, sighing before her glass at this time of night ? Why does she bite her lips, glance around, and examine her face on so many different points ?"—"You know," said Asmodeus, "the custom among you young fellows, of publishing a list every winter of the beauties who are to be the tyrants of the year, and to have their healths drank by crowds of second-hand lovers, who never saw them, but are to be enamoured by hearsay, and die for them because it is the fashion. The lady before us, after a reign of three years, was left out in yesterday's nomination, which is the reason of her present contemplation. She appeals to her glass against the injustice of the electors. To be revenged on the town, she now resolves to marry a faithful lover she has long laughed at, and spend the remainder of her life in devotion ; but, upon surveying herself more narrowly, she fancies that things are not come to such an extremity, and intends to dress, and try the fortune of her features in all public places for another year, in order to revive her pretensions against the next election. But we must not dwell so long on particulars.

"Yonder is a young lady getting out of a window, to run away with her father's footman ; and, at that corner, is a lord with a coach and six, waiting to steal a mantua-maker's journeywoman. The gentleman you see in the porch has made an assignation to meet his mistress in that place at seven o'clock in the morning ; and, in order to be in time, took his station at ten last night."—"Excuse interruption," said the student ; "but pray tell me the circumstances of the person yonder who lies on his back with uplifted hands, and head erect, like a figure on a tomb ; he seems falling asleep in an act of devotion. It is the only person I have seen piously employed ; he is taken

up much better than in the vanities which occupy his neighbours."—"Perhaps not," answered the demon; "he lies motionless, as you see, that a plate of lead on his forehead may have its due effect in preserving its smoothness. His hands are tied up, that they may be white in the morning; and his waist braced up with an iron bodice, to preserve his shape. In this extraordinary posture he is calling upon cruel Belinda; and, amidst a thousand cutting reflections on the ill success of his passion, it is no small mortification to him, that, by the itching on the left side of his nose, he feels that he shall have a pimple there before morning."

"Pray tell me," said Cleofas, "the history of the studious gentleman who stands in his night-gown, rapt in thought, and gazing upon his candle. He rubs his head as if it teemed with some extraordinary project."—"Hah! my friend Leandro," said the demon, "are you there? This gentleman about fifteen years ago fell in love with a young widow, who did not discourage his addresses. He is a good-natured, sensible fellow, and excessively fond of his fair idol; but at the same time so remarkably modest, that he cannot find courage to reveal his passion, and ask the widow's consent. She has given him a thousand opportunities of breaking the matter to her, and he has made as many resolutions of doing it the next time he sees her; but they are no sooner left together, than he falls into confusions and palpitations, looks like an ass, and wishes somebody would come into the room to disembarraas him, and spoil an opportunity that, perhaps, he has been longing for for several months before. She took him yesterday into the fields. The lover, who would have given half his estate for so favourable an occasion, began praising the prospect, and after a great many efforts to enter on the grand affair, finally resolved to put it off till another time.

"His passion began in the year 1692, and in 1695 was in a fair way for success, had he pressed it: ever since that time he has been endeavouring to communicate his feelings, but his heart fails him, and it is very probable his fire may consume itself to cinders, before he has courage to kindle it into a blaze."—"This would have been a rare fellow to have made love before the deluge," said Cleofas; "a man might then have languished a hundred years for a girl, and afterwards, upon her disdain, have had two or three centuries of youth for other courtships; but, at present, love, marriage, and repentance are drawn into a span. We must settle our amours as soon as possible, if we intend to taste the sweets of them."—"But," replied Asmodeus, "commend me to that busy gentleman whom you see in a pensive posture, writing. He is a passionate, that is an angry lover; an honest soul, who shows his sincerity to his mistress by never disguising his resentments. This morning he took the innocent freedom of shaking her by the shoulder, and calling her an unworthy baggage; upon which, after having

deliberated whether he ought to hang himself or beg her pardon, he has just written to her a penitential letter, wherein he subscribes himself the vilest of men, and most miserable of lovers."

"Unhappy wretch! let him go to sleep if he can," said the student: "but I grow sick with looking upon fools so like myself. Show me now the weakness of the enemy, and let me see whether, with all these disadvantages, we are not equal to the sex we have to deal with."—"There is hardly one of them," said the demon, "who does not destroy, by her insolence, the passion she raises by her beauty."

"If you had as good ears as I, you would hear that lady, who frisks to and fro in her apartment with so much uneasiness, cry coxcomb! fop! clown! novice! at every little stop she makes in her walk. The cause of her misery is, that, according to form, she told a homely fellow with a good estate, who proposed to her, that she wondered he could make her such an offer, and solemnly protested she could never like him. The swain believed her, and is gone to his country-seat; upon which she is now deliberating on the best means of explaining to the rustic the nature of fashionable gallantry, and making him understand, that a man's profession of love, and a woman's refusal, in this refined age, are equally mere words."

"But I observe a lady, who, of all that I have yet seen," said Cleofas, "inspires me with the greatest compassion; her streaming eyes and dishevelled hair bespeak her a perfect Magdalen: what can be her distress? Who could have caused affliction to a creature made up of so much gentleness?"—"That disconsolate lady," answered Asmodeus, "was three hours ago one of the greatest coquettes in Madrid, and is breaking her heart now for want of knowing the truth time enough. She had loved a gentleman of merit, but played with his passion and her own till he grew tired of the chase, and yesterday disposed of himself to another. It is for this reason that she this night abandons herself to prayer and hartshorn, and intends to-morrow to shut herself up in a nunnery for ever. But it would be an endless task to show you the vanities of the sex; all their thoughts, words, and actions, tend to display and ostentation, for which they sacrifice their liberty, their pleasures, and even their lives. Look at the sumptuous apartment in yon palace, and the wrought bed that reaches to its roof. Do you not see in it an old man who has just fallen asleep, and by his side a beautiful young lady admiring a picture in miniature? The avarice of her mother tore her from the gallant whose figure she is contemplating, to bury her in the embraces of one she loathes. All the hopes she has now left are, to lay her shrivelled adorer in a winding-sheet, and one day or other to resign herself to the arms of her first lover. At the next house is a more diverting sight. The brute who staggers into the chamber is reeling to the bed of that delicate

creature, whom her prudent parent prostituted to his embraces. The sot was rival to a man of excellent character; their fortunes were equal; but I dare say you will laugh at the merit which occasioned the preference of this worthy by the provident mother. He had a pigeon-house upon his estate, which the other wanted; this turned the balance in his favour, and determined the fate of that unfortunate lady."

"If you can show only unhappy effects of this passion," said Cleofas, "I had rather be entertained with another set of objects."—"Do not be discouraged," answered the demon, "at the pictures I have placed before you. There are in life some pleasing amours and happy marriages, though these are not to be found in Madrid. To give you a sight of conjugal happiness, I should transport you to solitude and retirement, where love is a stranger to gallantry, and lives amidst its own genial sweets, complacency, mutual esteem, and eternal constancy; without being diverted by false appearances, which, under pretence of advancing its enjoyments, vitiate the true relish for them. It is when spirits like me behold mortals in this condition, that we suffer our greatest pangs of envy, and wish for flesh and blood, to taste the gratification bestowed upon them."

Having thus spoken, Asmodeus conveyed the student to the roof of a high church, filled with magnificent monuments, erected in honour of the illustrious dead.





CHAPTER XIII.

OF TOMBS, SPECTRES, AND DEATH.



"HOLD your reflections on the living," said the demon, "and let us for a few minutes disturb the repose of the dead buried within this church. Let us examine these tombs, lay open what they conceal, and see wherefore they were erected.

"The first of those which you see on the right hand, contains the remains of a general officer, who, like another Agamemnon, at his return from the army, found an Ægisthus in his house. In the second is a young cavalier of noble family, who, being desirous of displaying his address and vigour before his mistress at a bull-fight, was cruelly torn to pieces by one of the beasts which he encountered. And in the third lies an old prelate, too soon hurried out of the world, in consequence of making his will in perfect health, and reading it to his domestics, to whom, like a good master, he had bequeathed legacies. His cook was unable to wait.

"In the fourth mausoleum rests the body of a courtier, who never gave himself any trouble but to make his court. For sixty years he was daily seen at the levée, dinner, and supper of the king, who loaded him with

favours as the reward of his assiduity."—"But, really," said Don Cleofas, "was this man good for any thing else?"—"For no kind of thing," answered the demon. "He was lavish of his offers of service, but never in his lifetime kept his word."—"The wretch!" replied Leandro. "Were superfluous members to be cut off from civilized society, this sort of courtiers ought to be the first."

"The fifth tomb," pursued Asmodeus, "contains the mortal remains of a nobleman, whose zeal for his country's service, and his sovereign's glory, was ever uppermost in his heart. His whole life was spent in embassies to Rome, France, England, and Portugal; and he so fairly ruined himself by them, that, when he died, he had not enough to bury him; the king, therefore, was at that expense, in gratitude for his services.

"Let us go to the monuments on the other side. The first is the sepulchre of a rich trader, who left his children an immense fortune; but fearing that their wealth might make them forget their origin, he had his name and profession engraven upon his tomb, which his present descendants are not very well pleased with.

"The next mausoleum, which surpasses all the rest in magnificence, as a work of art, is looked upon with admiration by all travellers."—"Why, really," said Zambullo, "I think it deserves to be so looked on. But I am, above all, charmed with those two figures kneeling, they seem so admirably finished. The sculptor that wrought them must have been an able workman. But pray tell me what the persons they represent might have been in their lifetime."

"You see," replied the cripple, "a duke and his consort; he was grand butler to the king, and filled his post with great reputation, while his wife lived in strict devotion. I must acquaint you with a circumstance of this good duchess's life, which I fancy you will think whimsical enough, in one who professed so much devotion. It was this:—

"The lady had long retained as her confessor a monk of the order of Mercy, named Don Jerome d'Aguilar, a good man, and famous for his preaching, with whom she was very well pleased, till a Dominican appeared at Madrid, who preached in such a manner as to enchant all who heard him. This new orator was called father Placide. People flocked to hear him as much as to hear the sermons of Cardinal Ximenes. And the court, having been pleased, upon his great reputation, to go to hear him, was even more pleased with him than the city had been.

"Our duchess at first made it a point of honour to hold out against the preacher's renown, and to resist the curiosity that inclined her to go and judge for herself of father Placide's eloquence. She behaved in this manner in order to show her spiritual director, that, like a delicate and sensible

penitent, she partook of those feelings of anger and jealousy which this new comer might have given him. Yet there was no possibility of her always holding out against him. The Dominican made so much noise in the city, that she at last yielded to the temptation of seeing him; and not only saw him, heard him preach, liked him, and followed him, but at last the little inconstant creature formed a design to make him her confessor.

"Her first step was to get rid of the monk of la Mercy, not a very easy task; for a spiritual guide is not to be cast off like a lover. A devotee would not willingly pass for fickle, nor lose the esteem of the confessor she is abandoning. What then did our duchess, think you? She went to Don Jerome, and said to him with as melancholy an air as if she had been really afflicted: 'Father, I am in despair; you have amazed, grieved, and inconceivably perplexed my mind.'—'In what manner, madam?' answered d'Aguilar. 'Would you believe it,' replied she; 'my husband, who always reposed entire confidence in my virtues, after having seen me so long under your direction, without showing the least disquietude at my conduct, has suddenly become suspicious and jealous, and will not suffer you longer to be my confessor. Did you ever hear of such caprice? I told him that he not only insulted me, but a man of profound piety, and one who was free from the tyranny of passion; but my arguments were vainly urged, I only increased his mistrust by defending you.'

"Don Jerome, notwithstanding all his good sense, believed this story, though, indeed, she had told it with an air that would have deceived all the world; he was vexed to lose a penitent of such importance, yet nevertheless exhorted her to obey her husband's will: but his reverence's eyes were opened, and he discovered the whole trick, upon hearing that the lady had chosen father Placide for her future confessor.

"Next to this grand butler and his cunning spouse," continued the demon, "a plainer tomb conceals the ridiculous conjunction of an aged dean of the council of the Indies with a young wife. This old fellow, in his grand climacteric, married a girl of twenty. He had two children by a former wife, and was just on the point of disinheriting them, when apoplexy carried him off; and his young wife died four-and-twenty hours after, with vexation that he did not live three days longer.

"We now come to the most sacred monument in this church. The Spaniards have as much veneration for it, as the Romans had for that of Romulus."—"Of what great man does it contain the ashes?" asked Leandro Perez. "Of a first minister of the court of Spain," answered Asmodeus. "Never will the kingdom, perhaps, behold his equal. The king threw all the cares of government on this great man, who so well discharged his trust, that both the king and his subjects were very well pleased with

him. The state, under his administration, was always flourishing, and the people happy : in short, this able minister was a man of great religion and humanity ; yet, notwithstanding that he had nothing to reproach himself with on his death-bed, he could not help trembling to think of the delicacy of the position he had occupied.

A little beyond this minister, whose loss deserves to be for ever regretted, you may distinguish, in a corner, a black marble tablet fixed to one of the pillars. Shall I open you the sepulchre beneath it, and show you the remains of a citizen's daughter, that died in the flower of her age, and whose beauty charmed all eyes ? Now she is nothing but dust, though, whilst living, she was so lovely, that her father was under continual uneasiness lest some lover should run away with her, and, had she lived a little longer, such a thing might have happened. Three cavaliers, who idolized her, were inconsolable at the loss of her, and all killed themselves to signalize their despair. Their tragical story is written in letters of gold on that marble tablet, where three small figures represent the three despairing gallants, who are going to make an end of themselves. One of them is swallowing a glass of poison, the second falls upon his sword, and the third is putting a cord about his neck, in order to hang himself."

The demon seeing the student at this moment laugh very heartily, and please himself at the sight of the maiden's epitaph, adorned with those three figures, said to him, " Since this fancy so delights you, I can hardly forbear transporting you this instant to the banks of the Tagus, in order to show you the monument which a dramatic author caused to be built in the church of a village near Almaraz, whither he retired, after leading a long and joyous life at Madrid. This author had given to the theatre a great number of comedies full of witty obscenities ; but having repented before his death, and being resolved to atone for the scandal his pieces had caused, he ordered a sort of funeral pyre to be engraven upon his tomb, made of books, representing some of the pieces he had written, with Modesty setting fire to them with a lighted torch.

" Besides the dead interred in the tombs I have shown you, there are a vast number of others buried in a plainer manner. I see all their spectres wandering about, continually passing and re-passing each other in their walk, without disturbing the profound silence that reigns in that holy place. They do not indeed discourse together ; but, though they are silent, I can read all their thoughts."—" What a mortification it is to me," cried Don Cleofas, " not to be able to enjoy the pleasure of seeing them as you do ! "—" I can give you that satisfaction," said Asmodeus, " with the greatest ease." At the same time the demon laid his hands on his eyes, and, by an illusion, made him see a great number of phantoms clothed in white.



"At the apparition of so many spectres, Zambullo shuddered. "How!" said the devil, "do you tremble? are you afraid of these shadows? do not let their dress scare you; accustom yourself to it betimes, for it is what you in your turn must wear, and is the livery of the departed. Re-assure yourself, therefore, and fear nothing. Can you, who could bear the sight of me, want courage now? These people are not half so mischievous as I."

The student, at these words, recalling all his firmness, looked boldly upon the phantoms. "Observe these shadows attentively," said the demon; "those who have superb mausoleums are, without distinction, confounded with those whose monuments are no more than a pitiful coffin. The adventitious circumstances which distinguished them one from the other, are now at an end. The grand butler, and the first minister, are now no more valued than the meanest citizen buried in this church. The grandeur of those noble manes finished with their lives, as that of stage-heroes concludes with the play."

"I observe one thing," said Leandro; "a melancholy spectre walking by himself, and seeming to shun the company of his brethren."—"Say, rather, that the rest shun him," answered the demon, "and you will be right. Know you whose that shadow is? It is that of an old notary, who had the vanity to be buried in a leaden coffin; which has so shocked all his plebeian companions, whose bodies were more modestly laid in the ground, that, to mortify him, they will not suffer his shade to mix among them."

"I have just observed another circumstance," replied Don Cleofas; "two of the phantoms, as they passed, stopped a moment to look at each other, and then retired."—"They are," answered the devil, "those of two intimate friends, one of whom was a painter, and the other a music-master, both a little given to drinking, else very honest fellows. They died in the same year; and when they met just now, struck with the remembrance of their old pleasures, they failed not to say, though each preserved a melancholy silence, 'Ah, friend, our drinking days are over.'"



"Bless me!" cried the student, "what is that which has just caught my sight? At the end of the church there are two spectres walking together,

but how ill they are matched ! Their shape and gait are very different. One is unreasonably tall, and walks with all imaginable gravity ; and the other is very short, and seems to be flying into the air."—"The tall one," replied the cripple, "is a German, who lost his life in a debauch, by drinking three healths with tobacco in his glass ; and the short one, a Frenchman, who, following the gallant spirit of his nation, took it into his head to present a young lady with holy water at her entrance into the church, and as he was going home on the same day was stretched on the earth by a blunderbuss, as the reward of his politeness.

"I, in my turn," said Asmodeus, "am observing three remarkable phantoms whom I distinguish from amongst the crowd, and I must tell you in what manner they were separated from their corporeal dust. They once animated the gay and pretty bodies of three actresses, who, in their time, made as much noise at Madrid as Origo, Cytheris, and Arbuscula made at Rome in theirs ; and who, as well as they, possessed, in the greatest perfection, the art of diverting men in public, and ruining them in private. But mark the end of these three celebrated Spanish actresses. One died suddenly of envy, on hearing the plaudits of the pit on the evening when a young actress came on the stage. The other found, in excess of good eating and drinking, the death that is its infallible consequence ; and the third, over-heating herself in playing the part of a vestal, died of a premature labour behind the scenes.

"But let us leave all these shadows at peace," continued the demon ; "we have seen enough of them. I intend to present to your view an object that ought to make a stronger impression upon you, and will, by the help of the same power that enabled you to perceive the phantoms, make Death visible to you. You shall contemplate this cruel enemy of mankind, who is incessantly hovering unperceived over man, and who, in the twinkling of an eye, flies from the uttermost parts of the earth, and, in the same moment, makes all the nations that inhabit it, feel the vast extent of his power.

"Look towards the east ; behold, he there offers himself to your view ! A numerous troop of birds of ill omen fly before him with terror, and proclaim his approach by dismal cries. His indefatigable hand is armed with a terrible scythe, under which fall successively all generations. On one of his wings are painted war, pestilence, famine, shipwreck, and conflagration, with the other sad accidents which every instant furnish him with a new prey. On his other wing are to be seen young physicians taking their doctor's degree in the presence of Death, who invests them with the cap, after they have sworn never to dispense medicine otherwise than according to the present practice."

Though Don Cleofas was persuaded that there was nothing real in all

that he saw, and that it was merely to amuse him that the demon exhibited to him Death under that form, yet he could not look on it without shuddering. Becoming re-assured, however, he said to the demon, "Will this frightful figure be content to pass over Madrid; without doubt he will leave some signs of his passage?"—"Certainly," replied the cripple; "he does not come hither for nothing. And if you have any inclination to do so, you may be witness of his operations."—"I take you at your word," replied the student; "let us follow him, and see upon what unhappy families his fury will fall. Alas! how many tears are to be shed!"—"Doubtless," answered Asmodeus, "and a great many among them counterfeit ones; for Death, notwithstanding the horror that accompanies him, causes as much of joy as of sorrow."

Our two spectators took their flight, in order to follow and observe Death. The first place he entered was a citizen's house, where the master



was in the last extremity. Death touched him with his scythe, and the good man expired in the midst of his family, which was immediately dis-

solved in tears. "Here," said the demon, "is no counterfeiting: the wife and children of this citizen loved him tenderly, and, independently of their affection, they required his services, for he was their sole means of support. Hence, in their tears, there is no dissimulation."

"It is the reverse, however, in the scene passing in the next house, where you see Death striking an old man in bed. He is a counsellor, who has lived miserably, and continued a bachelor in order to amass vast riches for three nephews, who flew to his house the moment they heard he was drawing near his end. They have played their parts extremely well, by counterfeiting deep sorrow. But see, they are throwing off the mask, preparing to behave as heirs, after playing the grimace of relatives, they are going to rifle every where. What heaps of gold and silver will they find! 'Oh the pleasure!' said one of his heirs just now to the others; 'oh the delight reserved for nephews who have stingy old uncles, that renounce all the pleasures of life merely that their successors may enjoy them!'"—"A fine funeral oration, truly," said Leandro Perez. "On my word," replied the demon, "there are few long-lived rich fathers that ought to expect better, even from their own children."

"Whilst these young heirs, swimming in joy, are in search of the treasures of the deceased, Death is stealing towards a sumptuous palace, where lies a young grandee, sick of the small-pox. This nobleman, one of the most amiable of the court, is about to be cut off in his prime, notwithstanding the celebrated physician who has him under his care; or, perhaps, rather, because he has him under his care."

"Observe with what rapidity Death performs his operations. He has already determined the period of that young magnate's life, and is ready for another expedition. He stops over a convent, descends into one of the cells, falls upon an honest friar, and cuts the thread of a penitent and mortified life which he has led for forty years. Death, all terrible as he is, has not alarmed this last victim; but, in return, he is entering a palace which he will fill with alarm: for he is making his approaches to a licentiate of quality, lately nominated to the bishopric of Albarazin. That prelate thinks of nothing but the preparations in progress for his going down to his diocese with all the pomp and splendour which now-a-days are inseparable from dignitaries of the church; and death is, of all things, the farthest from his thoughts. Yet he is this moment beginning his journey to the other world, where he will arrive with as thin a train as the poor friar, and I question whether he will be so favourably received."

"Good heaven!" cried Zambullo, "See, Death is about to pass over the king's palace, and I am afraid the barbarian, with one stroke of his scythe, will put all Spain in consternation."—"You have reason to trem-



ble," said the cripple, "for he has no more respect for kings than for footmen: but," added he, a moment after, "take courage; he has nothing to say at present to the monarch, but is busy with one of the courtiers, one of that sort of creatures whose only employment is to follow and make their court to him. They are easily spared, their places are so soon filled up."

"But, methinks," replied the student, "Death is not content with taking off that courtier; look! he makes another pause on the queen's apartment."—"He does so," answered the devil, "and to do her a very good turn too: he is determined to slit the windpipe of a wicked old woman, whose pleasure consists in sowing dissensions in the queen's court, and who fell sick with vexation at seeing two ladies, whom she had set together by the ears, sincerely reconciled.

"Listen, you will hear some very piercing cries," continued the demon. "Death has just entered that splendid house to the left, where one of the

most melaucholy scenes that ever was represented on the theatre of the world, is going to be acted. Fix your eyes on that deplorable spectacle."—"I see," said Don Cleofas, "a lady who tears her hair, and struggles in her female attendant's arms. Why does she appear so afflicted?"—"Look into the opposite apartment," answered the demon, "and you will see the cause. Observe the man who lays on that stately bed; it is her husband, expiring, and she is, therefore, inconsolable. Their story is affecting, and deserves to be written. I have a great mind to tell it you."



"You will oblige me," replied Leandro: "I am not less sensible to objects of compassion, than diverted by those of ridicule."—"It is somewhat long," answered Asmodeus, "but too full of incident to be tiresome. Besides, to tell you the truth, devil as I am, I am tired with running after Death! so let us leave him in search of fresh victims."—"With all my heart," said Zambullo. "I should be better pleased to hear this history, with which you have promised to entertain me, than to see the whole race of man perishing one after another." Thus enjoined, the devil having set the student upon one of the highest houses in Alcala Street, began the relation in the following terms:—



CHAPTER XIV.

THE POWER OF FRIENDSHIP.



YOUNG cavalier of Toledo, accompanied by his valet-de-chambre, travelled by long journeys from his native country, to avoid the consequences of a tragical adventure. He was scarcely two leagues from Valencia, when, at the entrance of a wood, he saw a lady hastily descending from her coach. No veil covered her face, wherein the most perfect beauty shone. This charming lady seemed so greatly agitated, that the cavalier, conceiving she wanted assistance, did not fail to tender his devoir as became a good knight.

“Generous unknown,” said the lady, “I embrace your offer; Heaven seems to have sent you to my assistance, and to avert the misfortune which I dread. Two cavaliers are met by hostile appointment in this wood; scarcely a minute ago I saw them enter; I can tell you no more; but, if you please to follow me, you shall know the whole.” Having uttered these words, she hastened into the wood, and the Toledan, leaving the care of his horse to his man, made after her as fast as he could.

They had hardly advanced a hundred paces ere they heard the clashing

of swords, and soon discovered two men furiously engaged. The Toledan hastened to separate them, which having done, partly by force, and partly



by entreaty, he enquired the cause of their quarrel. "Brave unknown," said one of the cavaliers, "my name is Don Fadrique de Mendocça, and my adversary is Don Alvaro Ponce; we both love Donna Theodora, the lady whom you accompany. She has always slighted our attentions, and, notwithstanding all the gallantry that love could suggest for her pleasure, the obdurate fair one would never treat us with more kindness. As for me, I designed to continue her slave, in spite of her indifference; but my rival, instead of taking the same resolution, has thought proper to send me a challenge."

"It is true," interrupted Don Alvaro: "I concluded that, if I had no rival, Donna Theodora might look on me, and, therefore, I sought to take the life of Don Fadrique, in order to rid myself of a man that stood in the way of my happiness."

"Gentlemen," said the Toledan, "I do not approve of your combat; it is an insult to Donna Theodora. It will soon be known throughout Valencia that you have fought on her account; and your mistress's honour ought to be dearer to you than either your repose or your lives. Besides, what could the vanquisher gain even from victory? After making light of his mistress's reputation, could he expect that she would look on him with a more favourable eye? What blindness! Take my advice; make a noble effort to control your passions; prove more worthy of the names which you bear; repress these furious transports, and, by an inviolable oath, engage yourselves to subscribe the articles of accommodation which I shall propose to you; then your quarrel shall end without bloodshed."

"Ha! how?" asked Don Alvaro. "This lady must declare," replied the Toledan, "whether she prefers Don Fadrique or you; and the unfortunate lover, instead of arming against his rival, must leave to him an open field."—"I consent," said Don Alvaro, "and swear by all that is most sacred to acquiesce in her choice, whether she determine in favour of me or of my rival; for even that preference will be more supportable than the miserable uncertainty under which I now labour."—"And," said Don Fadrique in his turn, "I call Heaven to witness, that if the divine object which I adore does not pronounce in my favour, I will remove myself far from the sight of her charms; and if I cannot forget her, at least I will see her no more."

The Toledan then turning towards Theodora, said, "Madam, it is in your power, with a word, to disarm these two rivals; you need only declare whose constancy you will reward."—"Sir," answered the lady, "seek some other expedient to reconcile them. Why should I be the victim of their misunderstandings or agreements? I have a high esteem both for Don Fadrique and Don Alvaro, but I do not love either of them; and it is unjust, that, to avoid the shame their duelling might cast upon my honour, I should be obliged to give hopes which my heart will never permit me to realize."

"It is too late to dissemble, Madam," replied the Toledan; "you must declare your decision. Both these cavaliers are equally handsome, and I am certain you have more inclination for one than the other. Remember the mortal agony in which I first saw you."

"You misinterpret my fears," replied Donna Theodora: "the loss of either of these gentlemen would sensibly affect me, and I should never cease to blame myself on their account, even though only the innocent cause; but if you saw me alarmed, it was for my own reputation, which I knew must unavoidably suffer through their rashness."

Don Alvaro Ponce, who was naturally ferocious, at these words lost all patience. "It is enough," said he, warmly; "since the lady refuses to end this dispute amicably, the sword shall immediately decide it." Saying

which, he made a pass at Don Fadrique, who was prepared to receive it.

The lady, rather affrighted by this action, than determined by inclination, cried out in amazement, "Hold, gentlemen, I will satisfy you; if there be no other way to end an engagement in which my honour is concerned, I declare that I give the preference to Don Fadrique de Mendoça."

She had no sooner ended these words, than the discarded Ponce, without uttering a syllable, hastened to loosen his horse, which was fastened to a tree, and retiring, cast a look of fury on both his rival and his mistress. The happy Mendoça, on the contrary, was overwhelmed with joy; at one moment falling on his knees before Donna Theodora, at another embracing



the Toledan, utterly unable to find expressions of sufficient force adequately to convey the sentiments of gratitude which affected him.

In the meantime, the lady becoming more tranquil after the departure of Alvaro, began to reflect what anxiety she had incurred by accepting the addresses of a lover, whose merit though she esteemed, yet in whose favour her heart had never been prepossessed.

"Signor Don Fadrique," said she, "I hope you will not abuse the preference which I have given you. You are indebted solely to the necessity to

which I was reduced, to decide betwixt you and Don Alvaro ; not but that I value you more than him, and know that he has not all the good qualities which you have ; and at the same time I shall but do you justice in saying, that you are the most perfect cavalier in Valencia. I will even farther own to you, that the addresses of one like yourself might flatter any woman's vanity ; but how enviable soever it may be for me, I must tell you, that I look upon them with so little pleasure, that you are really to be pitied for loving me so sincerely as you appear to do. I will not yet deprive you of all hopes of touching my heart. My indifference, perhaps, may be only the effect of the yet remaining grief which seized me a year since, for the loss of Don Andrea de Cifuentes, my husband. Though we did not live long together, and he was of an advanced age, when my parents, dazzled with his riches, obliged me to marry him, yet was I greatly afflicted at his death, and shall continue to regret it all my life.

“ And, indeed, did he not deserve my sorrow ? He was not one of those jealous, ill-natured old men, who, never being able to persuade themselves that a woman can be discreet enough to forget their decaying health and manhood, continually watch all her motions, or entrust that charge to a duenna devoted to their tyranny. Alas ! he had such entire confidence in my virtue, as even a young husband, though adored, is scarcely capable of. Besides, his compliances were endless. I dare venture to say, that his sole care was to prevent my having a single desire ungratified. Such was Don Andrea de Cifuentes. You may easily judge, then, *Mendoça*, that it is not easy to forget a man of so amiable a character. He is always present in my thoughts, which does not a little contribute, doubtless, to divert my attention from whatever is done to please me.”

Don Fadrique could not help here interrupting Donna Theodora. “ Ah, madam,” cried he, “ how happy am I to learn from your own mouth, that it was not aversion to my person that induced you to despise my addresses ! I hope you will one day yield to my constancy.”—“ It will not be my fault if that day does not arrive,” replied the lady, “ since I allow you to visit me, and sometimes even to speak of your love. Inspire me with a taste for your gallantries ; use all your efforts to make me love you. I will never conceal from you any favourable sentiments which I may entertain for you ; but, if, after all your endeavours, you cannot gain my heart, remember, *Mendoça*, that you will have no reason to reproach me.”

Don Fadrique would have replied, but had not time, for the lady took the Toledan by the hand, and hastily turned towards her carriage. He loosened his horse, which was tied to a tree, and, leading him by the bridle, followed Donna Theodora, who entered her carriage with as much precipitation as she had before left it, though the occasion was utterly different. The Toledan

and Don Fadrique accompanied her on horseback to the gates of Valencia, where they parted—she going to her own house, and Don Fadrique with the Toledan to his.

Fadrique made his companion sit down, and, after having well entertained him, he asked what circumstances brought him to Valencia, and whether he thought of making a long stay there. "I shall continue here as short a time as possible," answered the Toledan: "I came this way only to go towards the sea side, to embark in the first vessel which sails from the coast of Spain; for I care not much in what part of the world I finish the course of an unfortunate life, provided it be far distant from these fatal shores."

"What is it can have set you thus against your country," replied Don Fadrique, surprised at the Toledan's discourse, "and make you hate what all men naturally love?"—"After what has happened," returned the Toledan, "my country is odious to me, and I desire nothing in the world but the means of quitting it for ever."—"Ah! sir," said Mendoza, touched with compassionate anxiety, "how impatient am I to know your misfortunes! If I cannot relieve, I will share your pains with you. Your air and countenance have prepossessed me in your favour; your deportment charms me, and I feel deeply interested in your fortune."

"It is the greatest consolation I am capable of receiving, Don Fadrique," answered the Toledan; "and, in some measure to acknowledge the kindness you have manifested towards me, I must also tell you, that, when I saw you with Don Alvaro Ponce, my inclinations declared on your side. A spontaneous emotion, of which I was never before sensible at first sight of any person, made me fear lest Donna Theodora should prefer your rival, and I was much delighted when she determined in your favour. You have since strengthened that first impression so much, that, instead of hiding the cause of my uneasiness, I earnestly desire to reveal it to you, and shall find a secret pleasure in unbosoming myself to you. Attend, then, to the relation of my misfortunes:—

"Toledo is my native city, and Don Juan de Zarate my name. Almost in my infancy I lost those who gave me life, so that I began betimes to enjoy an annual estate of four thousand ducats, which they left me. My heart and hand being at my own disposal, and believing myself rich enough not to consult any thing but my inclination in the choice of a wife, I married a young lady perfectly beautiful, without reflecting on the small fortune she possessed, or the inequality of our conditions. I was charmed with my happiness; and, to give the greater zest to the pleasure of possessing her I loved, a few days after my marriage I carried her to an estate which I have some leagues from Toledo.

"We lived there in most agreeable union, when the duke of Naxera,

whose seat adjoins my estate, came one day, when he was hunting, to refresh himself at my house. He saw my wife, and was enamoured of her. At least I suspected so; and what fully convinced me of the fact was, that he immediately became extremely urgent to obtain my friendship, upon which he never before set any value. He introduced me to his hunting friends, forced me to accept several presents, and made me many pressing offers of his service.

“Being very much alarmed by his passion, I determined to return to Toledo with my wife; and doubtless that thought was inspired by Heaven: for had I wholly deprived the duke of all opportunities of seeing her, I should have avoided those misfortunes which have befallen me; but my confident reliance on her virtue deceived me. I thought it impossible for a woman whom I had married without fortune, and raised from humble condition, to be so ungrateful as to forget my favours. Alas! into what an error of judgment did I fall! Ambition and vanity, those two vices natural to the sex, were her great faults.

“As soon as the duke had gained an opportunity to discover his sentiments, she was secretly pleased at such an important conquest. The passion of a man, adorned with the title of ‘Excellency,’ tickled her pride, and filled her mind with extravagant chimeras; whence she began to value him more, and me less; and all that I had done for her, instead of exciting her gratitude, served but to render me more contemptible in her eyes. She looked on me as a husband unworthy of her beauty, and fancied that if this grandee, who was now conquered by her charms, had seen her before she became a wife, he would certainly have married her. Intoxicated by these vain imaginations, and seduced by some valuable presents, she yielded to the duke’s secret and urgent importunities.

“They frequently wrote to each other, without my even suspecting their correspondence; but at last I was unhappy enough to be cured of my blindness. One day, returning from hunting sooner than usual, I went into the apartment of my wife, who did not expect me so early. She had just received a billet from the duke, which she was preparing to answer. She could not conceal from me her confusion. I trembled, and, finding pen, ink, and paper, ready on a table, I concluded that she had betrayed me. I pressed her to show me what she was writing; which she so resolutely refused, that I was obliged to use violence to satisfy my jealous anxiety; and, notwithstanding all her resistance, I tore from her bosom a letter containing these words:—

“ ‘Shall I for ever languish in expectation of a second interview? How cruel are you, to give me the most enchanting hopes, yet so long delay

their fulfilment ! Don Juan goes every day hunting, or to Toledo. Should we not make use of these opportunities ? Have more regard to the ardent fires which consume me. Pity me, madam ; consider, that if it be a pleasure to obtain the fulfilment of our desires, it is deep torment to wait long for their enjoyment.'



"I could not read through this letter without the utmost transports of rage. I clasped my dagger, and at first was tempted to take the life of that faithless wife, who had deprived me of my honour ; but, considering that this would only be to revenge myself by halves, and that my resentment required yet another victim, I conquered my rage, dissembled, and said to my wife, with as little disturbance as possible, 'Madam, you were to blame to hearken to the duke ; the lustre of his high birth and rank ought not to have dazzled your eyes ; but young women are fond of pompous titles. I am willing to believe that this is all that has yet passed between you ; and

that you have not yet done me the last injury. I will excuse your indiscretion, provided you return to your duty, and, becoming truly sensible of my tenderness, promise to think of nothing more than to deserve it.'

"After these words I retired to my apartment, as well to leave her to regain her tranquillity, as because I wanted to recover from and cool my rage, which had sufficiently inflamed me. If I could not regain my temper, I at least put on an easy air for two days; and on the third, pretending to have business of the greatest consequence at Toledo, I told my wife that I was obliged to leave her for some time, and entreated her to guard and preserve her honour during my absence.

"I left her; but, instead of going to Toledo, I privately returned home at the beginning of the night, and concealed myself in the chamber of a faithful domestic, where I could see whoever entered my house. I did not doubt of the duke's being informed of my departure, and concluded he would not neglect the opportunity. I hoped to surprise them together, and promised to gratify myself with entire vengeance.

"But I was deceived in my expectations; for, instead of finding my house preparing for the reception of a lover, I saw, on the contrary, the doors closely shut at their time; and three days passing without the appearance of the duke, or even any of his servants, I persuaded myself that my spouse had repented of her fault, and broken off all manner of communication with the duke.

"Possessed with this opinion, I discarded all desire of revenge; and yielding to the emotions of a love which angry resentment had suspended, I flew to my wife's apartment, embraced her with transporting raptures, and said, 'Madam, I restore you all my esteem and tenderness. I have not been to Toledo; I pretended that journey only to try you. You ought to pardon a snare laid by a husband, whose jealousy was not groundless. I feared that your mind, seduced by splendid illusions, was not capable of undeceiving itself; but, thanks to Heaven! you are sensible of your error, and I hope nothing for the future will ever disturb our mutual felicity.'

"My wife seemed touched by these words; and, letting fall some tears, 'How unhappy am I,' said she, 'to have given you reason to suspect my virtue! Though I have to the last degree abhorred that fault which so justly irritated you against me, my eyes have in vain kept from closing these two days to make way for my tears; yet, for all my grief and remorse, I shall never regain your entire confidence in me.'—'I restore it to you, madam,' said I, perfectly softened by the sorrow which she expressed; 'I will no more remember what is past, since you so sincerely repent.'

"Accordingly, from that moment, I had the same regard for her as before, and began again to relish those pleasures which had been so cruelly

interrupted. The zest of them, indeed, was heightened; for my wife, as though she had resolved to efface from my mind all marks of the injury she had done me, was much more solicitous to please me than ever. I found her caresses more tender, and almost rejoiced at the discontent which had occasioned this happy change.

“ I then fell ill, and, though my disease was not dangerous, it is not to be imagined what fears my wife discovered. She staid all day with me; and during the night, I being in a separate apartment, she constantly came two or three times to satisfy herself how I was. She seemed extremely solicitous to anticipate all my wants, and her life seemed to have become dependent on mine. On my side, I was so sensible of all the marks of tenderness which she shewed me, that I could never sufficiently testify my acknowledgments to her; and yet, Mendoça, they were not so sincere as I believed.



“ One night, when I began to recover, my valet-de-chambre awoke me: ‘ My lord,’ said he, in great confusion, ‘ I am obliged to disturb your repose, as I am too faithful to conceal what is now acting in your house. The duke of Naxera is with my lady.’

"I was so stupified at this news, that for some time I looked on the fellow, without being able to speak. The more I thought of what he told me, the less I believed it. 'No, Fabio,' cried I, 'it is impossible that my wife should be guilty of such perfidy. You cannot have ascertained the truth of what you say.'—'My lord,' replied Fabio, 'would to Heaven it were possible for me to doubt it! but I have not been deceived by false appearances. Ever since your indisposition, I have suspected the duke of being nightly introduced into my lady's apartment. To-night I hid myself to remove my suspicions, and am now but too well convinced that they are just.'

"At these words I arose, distracted with rage, took my night-gown and sword, and went straight to my wife's apartment, accompanied by Fabio, who lighted me. At the noise of our entrance, the duke, who sat on the bed, arose, and, snatching a pistol from his girdle, fired at me, but with such confusion and precipitation, that he missed me. I then rushed violently



upon him, and ran my sword through his heart. I next addressed myself to my wife, who was more dead than alive: 'And thou,' said I, 'infamous

woman ! receive the reward of thy treachery and crimes !' At these words, I plunged my sword, yet reeking in her lover's blood, into her breast.

" I condemn my passion, Don Fadrique, and own that I might have sufficiently punished a perfidious wife, without taking away her life ; but what man could retain the control of his reason under such circumstances ? Picture to yourself the demonstrations of concern this false woman exhibited at my illness ; the thousand nameless attentions to deceive me, the enormity of the treason, and judge whether a husband, fired with just rage, ought not to be pardoned for her death.

" To conclude so tragical a story in few words. After having fully satiated my vengeance, I dressed with the utmost haste, concluding that I had no time to lose, that the duke's relations would seek for me throughout Spain, and that the interest of my family not being sufficient to balance theirs, I should never be safe till I had reached a foreign country. I therefore selected two of my best horses, and, with all the money and jewels I had, left my house before day, followed by the servant who had so well proved his fidelity. I chose the road to Valencia, designing to put myself on board the first vessel bound for Italy ; and this day, passing near the wood where you were, I met Donna Theodora, who entreated me to follow her, and endeavour to part you."

When the Toledan had ended, Don Fadrique said, " Don Juan, your revenge on the duke of Naxera was just ; do not, therefore, disturb yourself at the pursuit his relations may make. You shall, if you please, stay with me, until an occasion offers to embark for Italy. My uncle is governor of Valencia, and you will be safer here than any where else, and will, besides, be with a man who desires for the future to be engaged to you by the strictest ties of friendship."

Zarate answered Mendoça in terms full of acknowledgment, and accepted the offered refuge. " The power of sympathy is very surprising, Don Cleofas," pursued Asmodeus : " these two young cavaliers were touched with such mutual affection, that in a few days it created a friendship between them, as perfect as that of Orestes and Pylades. Besides the equality of their merit, there was such harmony in their humours, that whatever pleased Don Fadrique, the other could not dislike. The two made up but one character, and they learnt to love one another. Don Fadrique, who, above all, was enchanted with the deportment of his friend, could not forbear boasting of it every moment to Theodora.

They frequently visited that lady, who continued to look on Mendoça's addresses with indifference ; at which he was extremely mortified, and complained of it to his friend, who told him, to comfort him, that the most insensible women suffer themselves to be touched at last ; that nothing

was wanting to lovers but patience to wait the favourable time; that he should not be discouraged; and that his lady, sooner or later, would favourably regard his services. This advice, though founded on experience, did not encourage the faint-hearted *Mendoça*, who greatly feared that he should never be able to please the widow *Cifuentes*; and this fear threw him into such a languishing condition as excited pity in *Don Juan*, who, however, was soon after in a more deplorable state himself.

What reason soever the *Toledan* had to be disgusted with wives, after the horrible falsehood of his own, yet he could not help loving *Donna Theodora*; though he was so far from abandoning himself to a passion which would have injured his friend, that he thought of nothing but struggling against it; and fully persuaded that he could not conquer it better than by keeping at a distance from those eyes which occasioned it, he resolved never to see the widow *Cifuentes* again. Accordingly, whenever *Mendoça* would have taken him with him, he always found some pretext to excuse it.

But *Don Fadrique* never made one visit to the lady, that she did not ask why *Don Juan* had ceased to accompany him. One day, when she put that question, he answered smilingly, that his friend had his reasons. "Ha! what reasons can he have to avoid me?" asked *Donna Theodora* eagerly. "Madam," returned *Mendoça*, "when I desired him to come with me to-day, and expressed some surprise at his refusal, he told me in confidence, what I am obliged to reveal to you to excuse him; it was, that he had gained a mistress, and that not having long to stay in this city, his moments were precious."

"I cannot be satisfied with this excuse," replied the widow *Cifuentes*, blushing; "lovers are not allowed to abandon their friends." *Don Fadrique* could not fail to observe the flush on *Donna Theodora's* cheek and brow, but attributed it solely to her vanity, and believed that vexation to see herself neglected for another, was the cause. But his conjecture was wrong: a more violent impulse than that of vanity occasioned the emotions which she betrayed; but, in order to avoid discovering her sentiments, she turned the discourse, and affected a gaiety during the rest of their conversation, which would have thrown much blame on his discernment, if he had not soon perceived the alteration.

As soon as the widow *Cifuentes* was alone, she fell into a profound reverie. She then felt the full force of her passion for *Don Juan*; and imagining herself worse recompensed than she really was, "How cruel and unjust," said she, sighing, "is that power which delights to inflame discordant hearts! I do not love *Don Fadrique*, and he adores me; while I burn for *Don Juan*, whose thoughts are occupied by another! Ah! *Mendoça*, no more reproach my indifference; thy friend has sufficiently avenged it."

At these words, struck with a quick sense of grief and jealousy, she dropped several tears; but hope, which usually administers balm to the pangs of lovers, soon presented various flattering images to her mind. It suggested to her, that perhaps her rival might not be dangerous: that Don Juan was, perhaps, less engaged by her charms, than amused by her favours, and that it would be no difficult matter to snap such feeble ties. But to enable her to judge for herself what she ought to believe of the Toledan, she was resolved to speak with him in private. She therefore sent for him; he came; and when they were alone, Donna Theodora thus addressed him:—

“I should never have thought that love could make a man of gallantry forget his complaisance to the ladies; and yet, Don Juan, since you have been in love, you avoid my house, for which I think I have reason to complain. But I am willing to believe that it is not of your own accord that you shun me; perhaps your lady may have forbidden your seeing me. Confess to me, Don Juan, and I will absolve you. I know lovers’ actions are not free; they dare not disobey their mistresses.”

“Madam,” answered the Toledan, “I grant that my conduct is such as ought to surprise you; but let me beg of you not to compel me to justify it. Satisfy yourself with knowing that I have reason to avoid you.”—“Whatever that reason may be,” replied Donna Theodora, with the utmost emotion, “I insist upon your telling me.”—“Well, madam,” replied Don Juan, “you must be obeyed; but I shall not pity you if you hear more than you desire to know.

“Don Fadrique,” added he, “has related to you the adventure which obliged me to quit Castile. In travelling to Toledo, with a heart full of resentment against women, I defied the whole sex ever again to surprise me. With this settled disposition I approached Valencia; I met you, and, what perhaps no other man has been able to do, I sustained the first sight of you without being moved; I even looked on you again afterwards with impunity; but, alas, I have dearly paid for a few days of resolution! You have, in short, conquered my resistance. Your beauty, your wit, your charms, have been exercised on a rebel; and now I entertain for you all the love which you are capable of inspiring.

“This, madam, is what has kept me from your presence. The lady, who you were told engrossed my thoughts, is but an imaginary mistress; and I only feigned to make Mendocça my confidant, to prevent raising in him any suspicions by my refusing to continue with him my visits to your house.”

This discourse, which Donna Theodora had little expected, filled her with such extraordinary joy, that she could not conceal her feelings. It is true, perhaps, that she took no extraordinary pains to conceal them; but instead of feigning severity, and looking on the Toledan as one who had offended, she

regarded him with the tenderness of one confident in her love being returned, and said, "Having told me your secret, Don Juan, I will now also discover mine to you. Listen to me.

"Insensible to the sighs of Don Alvaro Ponce, little moved by the attachment of Mendoza, I led an easy undisturbed life, till chance brought you near the wood where we first met. Notwithstanding the agitation I was then in, I yet observed that you offered me your assistance with the utmost grace; and the manner in which you separated the furious rivals who had quarrelled for what neither possessed, gave me an advantageous opinion of your valour and address. But the means you proposed to reconcile them displeased me. I could not, without difficulty, resolve on the choice of either. In short, not to conceal any thing from you, I believe it was yourself who had then the least share of my repugnance; for at the very moment that my mouth, forced by necessity, named Don Fadrique, I felt my heart declare for the unknown cavalier. From that day, which I may call happy, since you have confessed your passion, your merit has augmented my esteem for you.

"To you," continued she, "I will make no mystery of my sentiments, but impart them with the same frankness that I told Mendoza I did not love him. A woman who has the misfortune to conceive a passion for one who can never love her, has a right to restrain herself, and at least avenge her weakness by eternal silence; but I think that I may, without scruple, discover an innocent affection for a man, whose views and intentions are honourable. Yes, I am enraptured to find that you love me, and for that blessing I render thanks to Heaven, which doubtless destined us for each other."

Having said this with a tone of mingled energy and deep emotion, the lady remained silent, in order to afford Don Juan an opportunity to pour out in sparkling eloquence, the transports of joy and gratitude with which she believed she had inspired him; but instead of appearing enchanted with what he had heard, Zarate stood before her silent and dejected, with thoughtful brow and melancholy demeanour.

"What means this, Don Juan?" resumed Theodora, with earnest accents. "The fortune I voluntarily offer to you another might envy; and I forego the pride of my sex, and disclose to you the secrets of a soul over which you have triumphed, can you repress the joy which my declaration was meant to inspire? You preserve a frigid silence. Nay, I even observe that grief is in your eyes. Ah! Don Juan, what strange feelings and remembrances have my words awakened?"

"Alas! what other feelings, madam," said the Toledan, interrupting her with a sigh, "could they have produced in a heart like mine? The greater

the passion you discover for me, so much the more miserable must I be. You are not ignorant what *Mendoça* has done for me, and you know also the sacred bonds of friendship by which we are united. Can I then base my happiness on the ruin of his best and dearest hopes?"—"You regard this too seriously," said *Donna Theodora*; "I never promised *Don Fadrique* any thing which should hinder me from plighting my faith to you, without censure or reproach from him, or calling forth self-condemnation in you. I admit that the pangs of an unhappy friend may reasonably give you some uneasiness; but, *Don Juan*, can that, ought it, to obstruct the happiness which awaits us?"

"Madam," replied he, with fervour, "such a friend as *Mendoça* has more power over me than you can conceive. If you could imagine the full extent and fidelity of our friendship, you would pity me. Can, ought I thus to treat *Don Fadrique*, who has hidden nothing from me? My interests have become his, and the least matter that interests or concerns me has never escaped his vigilant care. In a word, I share his soul even with you.

"Alas! had I been destined for the good fortune to which you have opened the prospect, I should have known them before I had entered into such strict bonds of friendship. Then, charmed with the happiness of pleasing you, I should have looked on *Mendoça* with no other eyes than those of a rival; my heart, guarded against the affection he might have expressed for me, would not have returned it, and I should not have incurred the obligations which at present bind me to him. But, madam, it is now too late. I have received all the services he could render me; I have followed the attachment I had for him; and gratitude and affection restrain me so closely, that I am reduced to the cruel necessity of renouncing the glorious fortune which you place within my reach."

At these words, *Donna Theodora*, whose eyes were filled with tears, dried them with her handkerchief. This disturbed the resolution of the *Toledan*, and his firmness was beginning to give way. In short, he saw that if he continued to listen to her allurements, the consequences would soon be beyond his control. He, therefore, mustering all his self-command, exclaimed, "Adieu, madam! I must fly in order to preserve my friendship for *Don Fadrique*. Your tears have rendered you too irresistible. I tear myself away from you for ever, and go to deplore at a distance the loss of charms which other ties compel me to relinquish." Having uttered these words, he hastily retired, while yet he could retain any remnant of constancy and fidelity.

On the departure of *Zarate*, *Donna Theodora* was agitated by a thousand conflicting emotions. She was humiliated at the thought of having declared her passion to a man whom she had no power to find. Yet unable to doubt

that his love equalled hers, and that the interest of his friend alone induced him to refuse the hand she tendered, she was sufficiently reasonable to admire so rare an instance of friendship, instead of being offended at it. But notwithstanding this, as we cannot avoid being afflicted when things do not succeed as we would have them, she resolved to retire into the country on the following day, in order to divert, or rather to augment her melancholy; for solitude tends to strengthen much more than to weaken love.

Don Juan, on his part, not finding Mendoça at his return, in his apartment, locked himself up in his own, abandoning himself wholly to grief; for after what he had sacrificed for his friend, he thought he might be allowed at least to indulge a sigh. But Don Fadrique soon came to interrupt his reflections; and, concluding by his pallid countenance that he was indisposed, he discovered so much concern, that Don Juan, to remove it, was compelled to assure him he wanted nothing but rest. Mendoça instantly left him to his repose, but with such an air of affliction, as rendered the Toledan more sensible of his misfortune. "O heaven," he exclaimed to himself, "why must the most tender friendship in the world be the cause of embittering my existence?"

On the following day, before Don Fadrique had risen, word was brought him that Donna Theodora and her whole family were gone to her seat at Villa Real, from whence it was not probable they would soon return. This news disturbed him less on account of the anxiety he knew he should suffer from a protracted separation from the object of his devotion, than because her departure was made a secret to him. Without knowing precisely what to think on the subject, he registered it in his mind for an ill presage.

He speedily arose to visit his friend, as well to talk with him concerning what had just transpired, as to inquire after his health. But he was scarcely dressed, before Don Juan entered his chamber, saying, "I come myself to remove the uneasiness I gave you; I am well to-day."—"That good news," answered Mendoça, "a little consoles me, after the less welcome intelligence I have received." The Toledan asked what that was; and Don Fadrique, after sending away his servants, said, "Donna Theodora is this morning gone into the country, where it is believed she intends to make a long stay. I am much surprized at this sudden absence, and more so to guess why she should hide the cause from me? What think you of it, Don Juan? Have not I reason to be alarmed at it?"

Zarate carefully avoided telling him his real sentiments, and endeavoured to persuade him that Donna Theodora might go out of town, without his having cause for alarm. But Mendoça, very little satisfied with the reasons which his friend gave to console him, interrupted him thus: "All this discourse cannot remove the jealousy I have conceived. Perhaps I have impru-

dently done something which may have displeased Donna Theodora, and to punish it, she leaves me without condescending even to let me know my offence.

"However it is, I cannot live in this uncertain condition; Don Juan, let us follow her, my horse shall be ready instantly."—"I advise you," said the Toledan, "to take no one with you. This explanation of her conduct ought to be without witnesses."—"Don Juan will not be accounted an intruder," replied Don Fadrique; "Donna Theodora is not ignorant that you know all that passes in my heart. She esteems you; and far from being an obstacle, you will assist in restoring me to her favour."

"No, Don Fadrique," replied Juan, "my presence cannot be serviceable to you; I therefore conjure you to go alone."—"No, no, dear Don Juan," returned Mendoça, "we will go together; I expect this complaisance from your friendship."—"That is tyrannical!" cried the Toledan, with an air of grief; "do not exact from my friendship what it ought not to grant you."

These words, which Don Fadrique did not comprehend, and the warmth with which they were uttered, strangely surprised him. He looked intently on his friend. "Don Juan," said he, "what is the meaning of the words I have just heard? What fearful suspicion overclouds my mind! Ah, you afflict me too greatly by your too great constraint! Speak; what is the cause of that unwillingness to go with me, which you have just expressed?"

"I would willingly conceal it from you," answered the Toledan; "but since you yourself force me to reveal it, I must no longer be silent. Let us never more, Don Fadrique, applaud the sympathy of our affections; it is but too perfect. The beauty which has wounded you, has not spared your friend. Donna Theodora——"—"You then will be my rival!" interrupted Mendoça, turning pale. "Nay, ever since I discerned my love," returned Don Juan, "I have struggled to repress it. I have constantly avoided the sight of the widow Cifuentes; to this you can yourself bear testimony, for you have blamed my reserve. I triumphed at least over my passion, though I could not destroy it.

"Yesterday, however, Donna Theodora sent to desire my presence at her house. I went; she asked why I seemed to avoid her? I invented excuses; she rejected them, and at last I was compelled to discover the true cause, believing that after that declaration she would approve my intention of shunning the sight of her for the future. But by some fantastic turn of my ill stars——shall I tell you?"—"Yes, Zarate."—"Well, I found that Donna Theodora entertained as strong a passion for me as I for her."

Though Don Fadrique was one of the best natured and most reasonable men on earth, he could not refrain from being in a passion at these words; so interrupting his friend, he said, "Hold, Don Juan; rather pierce my

breast than pursue this fatal recital. Not content with avowing yourself my rival, you also inform me that she loves you in return. Just heaven! what is it that you venture to impart to me! You put our friendship to too severe a test. But wherefore do I say our friendship? you have long since violated it, by encouraging the perfidious sentiments you have now declared to me.

“How much was I mistaken! I believed you to be generous and magnanimous, but I find you faithless, since you are capable of entertaining a passion which outrages my friendship. I shall sink under this unexpected blow, which I feel the heavier for being given by a hand——” —“In the name of heaven do me more justice, Mendoza,” interrupted the Toledan in his turn, “and allow yourself a moment’s patience; I am not a false friend: hear me, and you will regret having used towards me that odious name.”

He then related what had passed between the widow Cifuentes and him: the frank avowal of her passion, and the blandishments by which she had nearly won him to yield without scruple to the dictates of his affection. He repeated his answer; and, as he advanced in the relation, and discovered with what disinterested friendship he had acted, Don Fadrique’s anger gradually gave way. “At last,” added Don Juan, “friendship conquered love, and I refused to pledge my faith to Donna Theodora. She wept with anger and mortification; but, great God! what bitter feelings did her tears call forth in me! I can never remember them without trembling anew at the danger I ran. I began to believe that I was indeed barbarous; and for some moments, Mendoza, my heart became unfaithful to you. I did not, however, yield to my weakness, but escaped from the tears of the enchantress by a hasty flight. It is not enough, however, to have avoided this danger; a repetition of it ought to be guarded against for the future. I must hasten my departure: I will no longer expose myself to the dangerous influence of Theodora’s eyes. After all this, will Don Fadrique still accuse me of ingratitude and perfidiousness?”

“No,” replied Mendoza, embracing him, “I will do justice to your disinterestedness. I perceive the truth; pardon my unjust reproaches, and impute them to the first transports of a lover, whose hopes were just snatched from him. Alas, I ought not to have thought that Donna Theodora could see you long without loving you; or without rendering to your good qualities the tribute of admiration which I have been myself compelled to yield. You are a true friend; I will no longer impute my misery to any thing but fortune; and far from hating you, I feel my regard for you increased. Shall I then ask you to renounce the possession of Donna Theodora? to offer up to friendship such a sacrifice! Shall you be required to conquer your love, and I not make an effort to restrain mine? I will at least equal

you in generosity. Don Juan, pursue the passion which draws you; marry the widow Cifuentes; for my heart, if it will, let it break. Mendoça entreats this."

"Nay, you urge me in vain," replied Zarate; "I confess that I have a violent passion for her; but your repose is dearer to me than my own happiness."—"But the repose of Donna Theodora," answered Don Fadrique; "can that be indifferent to you? Let us not flatter ourselves; the preference she gives to you has decided my fate. Though you should banish yourself from her sight; though, to yield her to me, you should spend a life of anguish in far distant countries, I could never be the better for it; since, as I never yet could win her affections, I am convinced that my case is hopeless. Heaven has reserved her for you alone. She loved you from the first moment she saw you; she was attracted towards you by the mysterious sympathy of nature; in a word, she cannot be happy without you. Accept, then, the hand which she offers you, accomplish your own and her desires; leave me to all my ill-fortune; and do not make three miserable, when one may exhaust all the rigour of destiny."

Asmodeus was here interrupted in his discourse by the student, who said, "What you tell me is very surprising; are there really any people in the world of such extraordinary character? I have met with no friends who do not quarrel,—I do not say for such mistresses as Theodora, but even for arrant coquettes. Can a lover renounce the object he adores, and by whom he is beloved in return, for the sake of a friend? I never believed that possible, except in a romance; the nature of which is to exhibit men as they ought to be, not as they are."—"I agree with you," answered the devil, "it is very uncommon; but it is not only to be found in romances, but in the better nature of man. Since the deluge, I have known two instances similar to this. But to return to our story.

"The two friends continued to sacrifice their passion; and as the one resolved not to yield in point of generosity to the other, they remained suspended, as to any ulterior proceedings, for some days. They ceased to speak of Donna Theodora; they did not even venture to mention her name. But whilst friendship thus triumphed over love in the city of Valencia, love, as if to revenge himself, reigned elsewhere with tyrannic sway, and insisted on the most slavish obedience.

Donna Theodora, at her mansion of Villa Real, situate near the sea, abandoned herself to the mingled feelings of love, hope, and despair, which had so long tortured her. She incessantly thought of Don Juan, and could not but hope to be his, though she had so little reason to expect such a happy result, after the sentiments of friendship which he had discovered for Don Fadrique.

One day, after sun-set, as she walked by the sea-side with one of her attendants, she perceived a small shallop which had just gained the shore. At first sight, there seemed to be on board seven or eight ill-looking fellows ; but after having observed them more nearly, and with greater attention, she found that she had mistaken masks for faces. They were indeed really masked, and armed with swords and bayonets.

She trembled at their aspect, and thence fearing that the descent they were evidently preparing to make boded her no good, she returned hastily towards her house. She looked back from time to time to observe them, and perceiving that they had landed, and were pursuing her, she ran as fast as she could ; but not being so nimble-footed as Atalanta, and the masked men being strong and swift, they overtook her at her own door, and there seized her.



The lady and her maiden shrieked so loudly, that they drew some of the domestics thither, who speedily alarmed the whole house, and hastened to

rescue Donna Theodora, armed with forks and clubs. Meanwhile, two of the lustiest of the masked gang, after having seized in their arms the mistress and the maid, carried them to the shallop, notwithstanding all their resistance; while the remainder made head against the family, who began to press hard upon them. The fight was long; but at last the maskers succeeded in their enterprise, and regained their shallop, fighting as they retreated. It was time that they retired; for they were not embarked ere they saw coming from the Valencia road four or five cavaliers, who rode full speed that way, and seemed to fly to the relief of Donna Theodora. At this sight they made so much haste to get out to sea, that all the cavaliers' endeavours were in vain.

These cavaliers were Don Fadrique and Don Juan. The first had received a letter, informing him that it was reported by good hands, that Don Alvaro Ponce was at the isle of Majorca; that he had equipped a small coasting vessel, and, assisted by twenty men of desperate fortunes, had designed to seize and carry off the widow Cifuentes the first time she should be at her country-seat. On this news, the Toledan and he, with their valet-de-chambre, instantly set out to acquaint Donna Theodora with her danger. At a considerable distance they observed a great number of people on the sea-shore, who seemed engaged in fighting against one another; and not doubting but that it was as they feared, they spurred their horses full speed to oppose Don Alvaro's project. But whatever haste they could make, they only arrived soon enough to be witnesses of the outrage, which they designed to have prevented.



During this time Alvaro Ponce, trusting to the success of his audacious attempt, made from the coast with his prey; and his shallop reached a

small armed vessel, which awaited him out at sea. It would be impossible to feel a greater sorrow than which Mendoza and Don Juan felt. They poured forth a thousand imprecations against Alvaro, and filled the air with complaints as lamentable as they were vain. The domestics of Donna Theodora, animated by such excellent examples, did not spare their tears. The shore resounded with mournful cries; rage, despair, and desolation reigned on the melancholy strand; nor did the rape of Helen occasion greater consternation in the Spartan court, than that of Donna Theodora in the bosoms of Don Fadrique and of Juan de Zarate.





CHAPTER XV.

CONCERNING A QUARREL BETWEEN A TRAGIC AND A COMIC POET.



HE student here, interrupting the demon, said, "Signor Asmodeus, though the story you are telling is extremely affecting, yet I am not able to resist an earnest desire to know the meaning of what I see yonder. I discern two men in their shirts in a chamber, pulling each other by the throat, and tearing one another's hair, while several men in their night-gowns are endeavouring to part them. Pray tell me what all that

bustle means. Asmodeus, who endeavoured to oblige him in every thing, instantly satisfied his request by the following relation.

The persons whom you perceive fighting in their shirts, are two French authors; and those who are parting them are two Germans, a Dutchman, and an Italian, lodgers in the same inn, which is frequented by none but foreigners. One of these authors is a writer of tragedies, the other of comedies. The first, having met with some disgust in France, thrust himself into the French ambassador's retinue; and the other, discontented with his circumstances at Paris, came to Madrid in quest of a better fortune.

The tragic writer is a vain presumptuous fellow, who, in spite of the more

sensible part of the public, has gained great reputation in his own country. To keep his muse in breath, he writes every day. To-night, not being able to sleep, he began a play, the plot of which is derived from Homer's Iliad. He had finished but one scene; and his least fault being that of other poets, —an impertinent inclination to pester other people with their performances, —he jumped out of bed, and went in his shirt and knocked rudely at the chamber-door of the comic author, who, making a better use of his time, had sunk into a sound sleep.



Awaking at the noise, the slumberer opened the door to the other, who with the air of one possessed, said as he entered the room, " Fall down, my friend, fall at my feet, and adore a genius which Melpomene has honoured.

I have just brought forth some verses—but why do I say I have done it? It was Apollo himself who dictated them to me. If I were at Paris, I would this day read them from house to house, and I wait only for day-light to charm Monsieur the ambassador, and all the French at Madrid with them. But before I show them to any other, I will repeat them to you.”

“I thank you for the preference,” answered the comic author, with an involuntary yawn; “but the worst of it is, that you have chosen an unseasonable time, for I went to bed so late, that I am overpowered by sleep, and cannot promise to hear all the verses you have to repeat without nodding.” —“Oh, I will answer for that,” replied the tragic author; “though you were dying, the scene which I have just now written would revive you. My versification is not a rhapsody of stale common thoughts and trivial expressions, sustained by rhyme alone; it is a noble masculine poem, which moves the heart and astonishes the intellect. I am none of those poetasters, whose wretched modern compositions pass over the stage like so many ghosts, and then go to Utica, to divert the Africans. All my pieces are worthy to be consecrated with my statue in the library of Apollo Palatinus, and the theatres are crowded down to the thirtieth night. But let us,” added our modest poet, “come to the verses of which I intend to give you a sample.

“My Tragedy is ‘The Death of Patroclus.’ Scene the first: Briseis, and others of Achilles’ captives appear tearing their hair and beating their breasts, to express their grief for the death of Patroclus. Wholly unable to support themselves, utterly dispirited by despair, they fall down on the stage. This you will say is a bold stroke; but it is what I intended to strike. Let your small wits and little geniuses keep within the bounds of imitation, without daring to go an inch out of the common road. With all my heart: their fearfulness is prudence. But for me, I love novelty, and, in my opinion, in order to move and transport spectators, one must not only present them with new but with utterly unexpected incidents.

“Well, the captives are upon the ground. Phœnix, Achilles’ governor, is with them, to help them one after another to rise, and having done so, he opens the drama with these lines:—

‘ Priam will lose his Hector and his Troy;
The Greeks have sworn to avenge Achilles’ friend.
Fierce Agamemnon, the divine Camachus,
The god-like Nestor, and the brave Eumelus,
Leontes, who the whirring javelin throws,
Smooth-tongued Ulysses, valiant Diomedes,
Achilles’ self prepares! Behold the hero,
Urging towards Ilium his immortal steeds,

Which, swifter than the light'ning, cleave the air,
 And the strained eye toils after them in vain ;
 Hark to his shout,—“ Brave Xanthus, Balus, on !
 And when with carnage we are satiate,
 And vanquished Trojans seek their walls for safety,
 Regain our camp, but not without Achilles.”
 Arching his neck, fleet Xanthus thus replies :
 “ Your faithful horses, prince, your will obey,
 Your chariot wheels shall plough the plain in triumph ;
 But know—your fatal moment is approaching : ”
 So Juno had ordained that he should speak.
 And now the heavenly coursers seem to fly ;
 The exulting Greeks behold, and cries of joy
 Shake Troy's proud towers, and fright the neighbouring sea.
 The prince arrayed in arms by Vulcan forged,
 Arose as bright as does the morning star,
 Or as the sun emerging from the east,
 To fill the heavens with light, and earth with joy ;
 He blazed and shone afar, like festal fires
 Kindled on mountain tops by village swains.'

“ I pause here,” continued the tragic author, “ to give you a moment's breathing space ; for if I should repeat the whole scene at once, the too great multiplicity of shining passages and sublime thoughts would overcome you. Observe the beauty and the truth of that comparison :

“ He blazed and shone afar, like festal fires
 Kindled on mountain tops by village swains.”

Every body will not discern it ; but you, who have wit and sense—you, I say, who have thought and judgment, ought to be charmed with it.”—“ I am so, doubtless,” answered the comic poet, with a malicious smile ; “ nothing can be finer, and I hope you will not forget, in your tragedy, the care which Thetis took to drive away the flies from Patroclus' body.”—“ Do not think to make a jest of it,” replied the tragic poet. “ A skilful writer may venture on any thing. The passage to which you allude is, perhaps, of the whole piece, that which is capable of affording the finest verses, and I assure you I shall not omit it.

“ All my words,” added he, “ are, as you see, stamped with the image of venerable antiquity ; and when I read them, think how they will be applauded ! I shall stop at every verse to receive due praise. I remember one day reading a tragedy in a house at Paris, where the *beaus-esprits* go to dine, when they can afford a dinner, and where, if I may say so without

vanity, I do not pass for a Pradon. The old Countess of Vieille-Brune was there, who has an admirable and a critical taste. I am her favourite poet : she wept heartily at the first scene ; called for a fresh handkerchief for the second act ; did nothing but sob at the third ; grew ill at the fourth ; and at the catastrophe it was thought she would have expired with the hero of the piece."

At these words the merry comic author, however desirous of preserving his gravity, could not refrain from bursting into a laugh. "Ay," said he, "I well remember that countess's humour; she is a woman who cannot bear comedy; she has such an utter aversion for it, that she runs out of the box as soon as the music has done, to vent all her grief. Tragedy is her favourite passion; let the play be good or bad, provided there be unhappy lovers in it, you are sure of that lady's company; and to tell you the truth, therefore, if I wrote serious poems, I should be glad of other applauders than her ladyship."

"Oh, I have others also," answered the tragic poet: "I have the approbation of a thousand persons of rank and fashion of both sexes."—"I should greatly distrust the applause of such people," interrupted the comic writer. "I should be cautious of relying much upon their judgments; and I will tell you wherefore: such sort of spectators are generally absent while a piece is reading, and are taken merely by the beauty of a verse or a fine sentiment. This is enough to procure their commendation of a whole work, otherwise very imperfect. On the other hand, a few tame dull verses shock them, and there needs no more than that to make them pass condemnation upon an excellent piece."

"Well then," resumed the grave author, "since you would have me distrust such judges, you will at least allow me to trust to the applause of the pit."—"Pray, if you please," replied the other, "do not talk to me of your pit; it is too fantastical in its decisions: it is sometimes so grossly mistaken at the playing of new pieces, that its visitors will continue for two whole months together enchained with a bad play. Indeed, so palpably and egregiously are they sometimes prejudiced, that not unfrequently, when the scales are removed from their eyes by the publication of the piece, they arise in a body and, notwithstanding the most flattering original applause, agree to damn the author who has cajoled them."

"That is a misfortune I am in no danger of encountering," said the tragic writer; "my works pass through as many editions as representations. I own, indeed, it is not so with respect to comedies; they being but trifles, wretched feeble productions of wit—"—"Not so fast, good Sir," interrupted the other author, "stop a little, if you please; you do not perceive that you grow warm. I beseech you to speak of comedy with a little less

contempt. Do you believe a comic piece less difficult to write than a tragedy ? or that it is easier to make well bred people laugh than cry ? Undeceive yourself at once, and be assured that an ingenious subject, which turns on the manners of men, does not cost less pains than the finest heroic poem."

"Egad," said the tragic poet, with an air of raillery, "I am surprised to hear you express yourself thus : but Monsieur Calidas, to avoid all dispute, I will for the future esteem your works, though I have hitherto despised them."—"I do not value your contempt, Monsieur Giblet," hastily returned the comic author ; "and to answer your insolent airs, I will now tell you, in my turn, what I think of the verses you have just recited. They are ridiculous, and the thoughts, though stolen from Homer, are nevertheless overstrained. Achilles talks to his horses, and his horses answer him ; that is a mean low image, as well as the comparison of the fire which the peasants made on a mountain. To pillage the ancients in this manner, is not to do them honour. They indeed abound with beauties ; but it requires more sense, and a better taste than you have, to make a happy selection from them for the stage."

"Since your genius is not sufficiently elevated," replied Giblet, "to discern the beauties of my poem, and to punish your rashness in presuming to criticise my scene, you shall not hear a line more of it."—"I have been too severely punished," returned Calidas, "in being compelled to hear the beginning. It becomes you indeed to despise my comedies ! Know, that the worst I could ever write, will always be far superior to your best pieces, and assure yourself that it is much easier to take a flight, and soar on lofty subjects, than to hit upon a delicate piece of raillery."

"Thanks to my stars," cried the serious writer, disdainfully, "if I have the misfortune not to be approved by you, I need not be uneasy under it. The court thinks more favourably of me than of you ; and the pension it vouchsafed——"—"Do not think to dazzle me with your court-pensions," interrupted Calidas ; "I know too well how they are obtained, to value your works the more for that ; and to prove that I am convinced of its being easier to write tragedies, when I return to France, if I do not succeed in comedies, I will descend to the writing of tragedy."

"For a farce-scribbler," interrupted the grave author, "you have indeed a great deal of vanity."—"For a most wretched versifier," said the comic author, "you have really an extravagant opinion of yourself."—"You are an insolent fellow," replied the other ; "I tell you, diminutive Monsieur Calidas, if I were not in your chamber, the catastrophe of this adventure should teach you how to respect the buskin."—"Oh, let not that consideration withhold you, great Monsieur Giblet," answered Calidas ; "if you have a mind to fight I will engage you here as readily as anywhere else."

At these words they seized each other by the throat and hair, and both boxed very warmly, without sparing each other. An Italian, who lay in the next room, having heard the whole dialogue, concluded from the

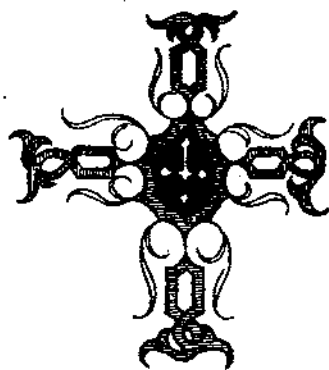


noise of the blows that they were fighting, arose, and out of compassion for them, alarmed the house. The Dutchman and two Germans whom you see in morning gowns, have come with the Italian to part the combatants.

"This is a very pleasant fray," said Don Cleofas; "but, by what I see, it is plain that the French tragic authors think themselves much greater men than those who write comedy."—"Undoubtedly," answered Asmodeus; "the former imagine themselves as much above the latter, as the heroes of their tragedies are above the footmen in the comic plays."—"Upon what pretence can they found their arrogance?" enquired the student; "is it that it is really more difficult to write a tragedy than a comedy?"—"Your question," answered the devil, "has been a hundred times debated, and is still discussed every day. My decision, without offence to such as

are of a different opinion, is this : that to form an excellent plot for a comedy does not require a less effort of genius than to lay the finest plan in the world for a tragedy ; for if the latter were the more difficult, we must then conclude, that a writer of tragedies would be more capable of making a comedy than the best comic author, which would not agree with experience. These two kinds of poems require a different genius, but equal skill.

“ Let us conclude this digression,” continued the demon, “ and I will resume the thread of my story, which you interrupted.”





CHAPTER XVI.

CONCLUSION OF THE STORY OF THE POWER OF FRIENDSHIP.



THOUGH Donna Theodora's servants could not prevent her being forced away, they nevertheless courageously opposed it, and their resistance was fatal to some of Alvaro's men; amongst whom they wounded one so dangerously, that, unable to follow his comrades, he remained almost dead upon the sand.

This unfortunate wretch was known to be one of Don Alvaro's footmen; and Donna Theodora's servants, perceiving that he yet breathed, carried him to her house, where they spared nothing that could contribute to the recovery of his senses, in which after many efforts they succeeded, though the great quantity of blood which he had lost rendered him extremely feeble. To induce him to speak, they promised to grant him his life, and not to deliver him up to justice, provided he would tell where his master had designed to carry Donna Theodora.

Influenced by this promise, though in his condition there appeared but small hopes of his ever deriving any benefit from it, he collected his remaining strength, and, in a feeble tone, confirmed the intelligence which



Don Fadrique had before received; adding, that Don Alvaro's design was to carry the widow Cifuentes to Sassari, in the island of Sardinia, where he had a relation possessing great interest and authority, who he knew would certainly protect him.

This confession somewhat abated the despair of Mendocça and of the Toledan. They left the wounded man in the house, where he died some hours afterwards; and, returning to Valencia, consulted what measures were best to be pursued. They finally resolved to follow their common enemy to the place of his retreat; and accordingly, they both embarked almost immediately at Denis, for port Mahon, not doubting that they should meet with an opportunity there of obtaining a passage to Sardinia. Their hopes proved correct; for they were no sooner arrived at Mahon, than they were informed that a vessel, freighted for Cagliari, was just ready to sail, and they both embraced the chance with alacrity.

The ship put off with the most favourable wind that could be desired; but in the course of five or six hours they were perfectly becalmed, and at night, the wind veering directly contrary, they were obliged to steer from one side to the other, without hope of its changing. They steered thus for three days; and on the fourth, at two o'clock in the afternoon, they discovered a vessel making all possible sail towards them. They at first took it for a merchantman, but observing that it came within cannon shot of them without shewing any colours, they did not doubt but that it was a pirate.

They were not deceived ; it was a ship from Tunis, the commander of which believed that the Christians would yield without fighting ; but when they perceived the object of the enemy, they cleared their ship, and preparing their guns, got ready in earnest for an engagement. The pirates then slackened sail, and they also prepared for battle.

The two ships began to fire, and the Christians seemed to have some advantage ; but an Algerine, larger, and provided with more guns than both the others, coming up in the midst of the action, and taking the part of the Tunis ship, made full sail to the Spaniard, and obliged him to sustain the fire of both vessels.

At this sight the Christians began to despair, and resolving not to continue an engagement which was now become too unequal, gave over firing, when there appeared on the poop of the Algerine a slave, who cried out to them in Spanish, that if they expected quarter, they must surrender to the Algerine. At these words a Turk displayed the Algerine green taffety flag, with silver crescents. The Christians, considering that all resistance would be vain, no longer thought of defending themselves, but yielded with all the grief which the horrible idea of slavery could occasion to freemen ; and the master of the vessel, fearing that a longer delay might irritate the barbarous conquerors, struck the colours from the poop, threw himself into the pinnace with some of the sailors, and went on board the Algerine.

That pirate sent a number of soldiers to plunder the Spanish ship, and he of Tunis likewise gave the same order to some of his crew, so that all the passengers were in an instant disarmed and searched : and sent on board the Algerine, where the two pirates divided their prey by lot.

It had been at least a consolation for Mendoc̃a and his friend, to have both fallen into the hands of the same pirate. Their chains would have been lighter, if they could have joined in bearing them ; but fortune having resolved that they should experience all her severity, subjected Don Fadrique to the Tunis robber, and Don Juan to the Algerine. Imagine the despair that seized these friends, when they found themselves about to be parted. They threw themselves at the pirate's feet, and conjured him not to separate them. But these savage villains, whose barbarity is proof against any consideration, could not be moved ; but on the contrary, concluding their captives to be men of wealth and consequence, who could pay a large ransom, they resolved to keep them as they were, divided.

Mendoc̃a and Zarate, seeing that they could not soften these merciless wretches, cast their eyes on each other, and by their looks expressed the excess of their affliction. But when the whole booty was divided, and the Tunis pirate was going to return on board his own ship with his slaves, the two friends were ready to expire with grief. Mendoc̃a ran to the Toledan,



and clasping him in his arms, said, "We must separate then; oh, terrible necessity! Is it not enough that the audacious villany of a ravisher remains unpunished, but must we be rendered incapable of uniting our complaints and sorrows? Ah! Don Juan, in what have we offended Heaven, that we must, in such a cruel manner, experience its displeasure?"—"It is to me," answered Don Juan, "that our misfortunes ought only to be imputed; the death of the two persons whom I sacrificed, though excusable in men's eyes, must undoubtedly have irritated Heaven, which punishes you for having engaged in friendship with a miserable wretch, whom justice pursues."

At these words they both showered down tears in abundance, and sighed with such violence, that the other slaves were not less touched with their grief than with their own misfortunes. The Tunisian soldiers, yet more barbarous than their master, observing that Mendoça did not hasten to the vessel, brutally dragged him from the Toledan's arms, and forced him with them, loading him with blows. "Adieu, dear friend," cried he, "I shall

never see you more! Donna Theodora is not yet avenged; the ills which I expect from these cruel men will therefore be easier to be borne than the sufferings of my slavery."

Don Juan could not reply to these words; the treatment which he saw his friend receive, threw him into a state that rendered him speechless.

The order of the story requires us to follow the Toledan; we will, therefore, leave Don Fadrique on board the Tunisian ship.

The Algerine returned to his country, where, being arrived, he carried the new slaves to the Pacha, and thence to the public slave market. An officer belonging to the Dey, Mezzomorto, bought Don Juan for his master, and set him to work in the garden attached to Mezzomorto's Harem.* Though this employment must needs prove painful to a gentleman, yet the solitude with which it was accompanied rendered it agreeable; for, in his present circumstances, nothing could more divert his mind than reflecting on his misfortunes, on which his thoughts ran incessantly; and he was so far from endeavouring to dispel these afflicting images, that he seemed to take pleasure only in the remembrance of them.

One day, not perceiving the Dey, who was walking in the garden, he sang a melancholy song as he was working. Mezzomorto stopped to listen to it, and, being well pleased with the voice, came up to him, and asked him his name. The Toledan told him it was Alvaro; for when he was sold to the Dey, he thought fit, according to the usual practice of slaves, to change his name, and hit upon that first, from the circumstance that the abduction of Theodora by Alvaro Ponce was continually in his mind. Mezzomorto, who understood Spanish tolerably well, put several questions to him concerning the customs of Spain, and particularly concerning the manners the men adopted to render themselves agreeable to the women; to all of which Don Juan returned such answers as satisfied the Dey.

"Alvaro," said the latter to his slave, "you seem not to want sense, and indeed I do not consider you a common man; but whatever you are, you have the good fortune to please me, and I will honour you so far as to make you my confidant." Don Juan at these words prostrated himself at the Dey's feet, and, taking up the lowest border of his robe, touched with it his eyes, mouth, and head.

"To begin with giving you some marks of my esteem," resumed Mezzomorto, "I will tell you that I have in my seraglio some of the most beautiful women in Europe, and among them one, who is beyond comparison. I do not believe that the Grand Signior himself, is possessor of a more perfect

* Harem is the name given to all private persons' seraglios; none but that of the Grand Signior being properly called the seraglio.



beauty, though his ships continually bring him women from all parts of the world. Her countenance seems to be the reflected sun, and her form is as graceful and well proportioned as that of the rose-tree in the garden of Eram : you may see that I am enchanted.

“But this miracle of nature, though enriched with such rare beauty, resigns herself wholly to a fatal grief, which neither time nor my love can dissipate ; and though fortune has subjected her to my desires, I have not yet gratified them. I have constantly refrained ; and, contrary to the common custom of men in my circumstances, who aim at nothing but sensual pleasures, I have endeavoured to gain her heart by such concessions and profound respect as the meanest Mussulman would be ashamed of yielding to a Christian slave.

"Yet my tenderness only increases her melancholy, and her obstinacy begins at last to tire me. The horror of slavery is not graven so deeply in others, and all the despair I ever witnessed was soon effaced by favourable treatment. This tedious grief fatigues my patience; but before I yield to the transports of love which agitate me, I must make one effort more, in which I would use your assistance; the slave, being a Christian, and of your nation, may make you her confidant, and you may better persuade her to my purpose than another. Speak to her of my rank



and riches; tell her that I will distinguish her from all my slaves; engage her to consider, if necessary, that she may one day aspire to the honour of becoming the wife of Mezzomorto; and assure her that I shall always entertain for her a greater regard than for a sultana, whose hand his highness himself might tender me."

Don Juan a second time prostrated himself before the Dey, and though not very well pleased with his commission, assured him that he would do his best satisfactorily to acquit himself in the performance. "It is enough," replied Mezzomorto; "leave your work, and follow me. I will give orders for you to speak with this beautiful slave alone; but have a care that you abuse not

he trust which I confide in you, otherwise your rashness shall be punished by tortures unknown even to the Turks themselves. Endeavour to overcome your melancholy, and know that your liberty depends on the end of my sufferings." Don Juan, ceasing his labour, followed the Dey, who went before to dispose his afflicted captive to receive his agent.

She was in company with two old slaves, who retired at the approach of Mezzomorto. The charming slave saluted her master with respect; but could not help trembling at every visit he made, apprehensive of what might happen. The Dey perceived it; and to dissipate her fears, said, "Fair captive I am come at present for no other reason than to tell you that I have a Spaniard among my slaves, with whose conversation you may probably not be displeased; if you desire to see him, I will leave you to speak with him, and that without witnesses."

The beautiful slave answered, that she most earnestly desired it. "I will immediately send him to you," replied Mezzomorto, "hoping that his discourse will assuage your grief." These words ended, he ordered the two old slaves, whom he had appointed to serve her, to quit the apartment, and then retiring, whispered to the Toledan, "You may enter, and after you have talked with the fair slave, come to my apartment, and give me an account of your success."

Don Juan entered the chamber, and saluted the slave, but without fixing his eyes upon her. She received his salutation, without looking very intently upon him. Beginning, however, to regard each other more earnestly, they mutually burst into tears of surprise and joy. "O God," cried the Toledan, approaching her, "am I not deluded by a phantom? Is it really Donna Theodora whom I see?"—"Ah, Don Juan," cried the fair slave, "is it you who speak to me?"—"Yes, madam," answered he, tenderly kissing one of her hands, "it is Don Juan himself. You may know me by the tears which my eyes, charmed with the happiness of seeing you again, cannot restrain: at the transports of joy which your presence only is capable of exciting, I have done murmuring at fortune, since she has restored you to my wishes. But whither does my immoderate joy hurry me? Alas! I had forgotten that you are a captive! What strange caprice of fortune brought you hither? How did you escape Don Alvaro's lawless passion? Ah, what alarm does that thought give me! and how much do I fear that heaven has not sufficiently protected you.

"Heaven," said Donna Theodora, "has avenged me of Alvaro Ponce. If I had time to tell you——"—"You have enough," interrupted Don Juan. "The Dey has permitted me to be with you, and, what may surprise you, to talk with you alone. Let us make the best use of these happy moments; and pray acquaint me with all that has happened to you, from the time of

your seizure, to this instant."—"Ah, who told you that it was Don Alvaro that seized me?"—"I know it but too well," returned Don Juan. Then he succinctly related how he had been informed of it, and how Mendoça and he had embarked in search of the ravisher, and were taken by pirates. After which Donna Theodora immediately began the recital of her adventures, in these words :—

"It is needless to tell you that I was surprised at finding myself seized by a troop of masked men. I swooned in the arms of him who carried me off, and when I recovered, which doubtless was not till some time after, I found myself alone with Inez, one of my women, at sea, in the cabin of a vessel under sail.

"Inez exhorted me to patience, and by her discourse excited my suspicions that she had a correspondence with my ravisher, who then presumed to show himself; and, throwing himself at my feet, said, 'Madam, pardon the way in which Don Alvaro has possessed himself of you. You know what tender addresses I formerly made, and with what constancy I disputed your heart with Don Fadrique, to the time that you gave him the preference. If my passion for you had been only a common one, I should have conquered it, and comforted myself under the misfortune; but I am destined to adore your charms; and, scorned though I am, I cannot free myself from their power. Do not fear, however, that my love will lead me to offer you violence. I did not make this attempt on your liberty to overcome you by base means; all I pretend to seek in the retirement whither I am conveying you is, that an eternal and sacred knot may bind our destinies.'

"He said several other things which I cannot well remember, but tending to hint that he thought, in forcing me to marry him, he did not tyrannise; and that I ought rather to look upon him as a passionate lover, than an insolent ravisher. Whilst he spake, I did nothing but weep and despair. Without losing time in endeavours to persuade me, therefore, he left me; but, at his retiring, he made a sign to Inez, which I discerned was his order to her to reinforce with address the arguments with which he designed to dazzle my reason.

"She acted her part to the full; she suggested to me that, after the noise of an abduction, I must of necessity be forced to accept Don Alvaro's offer, how great soever might be my aversion for him. That my reputation demanded this sacrifice of my inclinations. But seeking to lay on me the necessity for such a hideous marriage was not the best way to dry up my tears, and I remained inconsolable. Inez knew not what further to say to me, when on a sudden we heard a great noise on the deck, which engaged our entire attention.

"This was occasioned by the alarm of Don Alvaro's men, at the sight

of a large vessel crowding all sail towards us. Our ship not being so good a sailer as the strange one, it was impossible for us to escape. It soon came up with us, and immediately afterwards we heard a cry, 'To windward, to windward.'

"But Alvaro Ponce and his men, choosing rather to die than yield, ventured to dispute their liberty with the enemy. The action was sharp; I cannot enter into particulars, but will merely acquaint you that Don Alvaro and all his men were killed, after having fought with the utmost desperation. As for us, we were conducted into the great ship, which belonged to Mezzomorto, and was commanded by Abn Ali Osman, one of his officers.

"Abn Ali earnestly looked at me for a long time, and knowing by my dress that I was a Spaniard, he said to me in the Castilian tongue, 'Moderate your grief at having fallen into slavery; it is a misfortune which was inevitable: but why do I call it a misfortune? it is an advantage, for which you ought to applaud your happy stars. You are too charming to have been intended to receive only the homage of Christians; Heaven never formed you for those miserable creatures. You deserve the adoration of the masters of the world, and none but Mussulmen are worthy to enjoy you. I will,' added he, 'return to Algiers. Though I have taken no other prize, I am persuaded that the Dey, my master, will be pleased with this expedition; nor can I fear his blaming my impatience to put into his hands a beauty that will afford him such delicious pleasure, and be the best ornament of his harem.'

"At these words, which revealed to me what I had to expect, my tears redoubled. Abn Ali, who looked on the cause of my fright with a different eye to mine, only laughed, and made all the sail he could towards Algiers. I meanwhile afflicted myself beyond all bounds; sometimes directing my sighs to heaven, and imploring its assistance; at others wishing that some Christian ship would attack us, or that the waves would swallow us; and finally, I prayed that my grief and tears might render me so hideous, that the very sight of me might strike the Dey with horror. Vain desires, alas, resulting from the fears with which I had been impressed! We arrived at the port; I was conducted to the palace, and shown to Mezzomorto.

"I do not know what Abn Ali said when he presented me to his master, nor what were his answers, because they spoke in Turkish; but I fancied I could discover, by the gestures and looks of the Dey, that I had the misfortune to please him; and what he afterwards said to me in Spanish perfected my despair, by confirming me in that opinion.

"I in vain threw myself at his feet, and promised a large sum for my ransom. I sought to tempt his avarice by the offer of all my estate, but he told me that he valued me above all the riches in the world. He



caused this apartment, the most magnificent in his palace, to be prepared for me ; and has left no means untried to dispel the grief which overwhelms me ; he brought before me all his slaves of both sexes, that could either sing or play on any instrument ; he removed from me Inez, my maid, believing that she only fed my melancholy, and I am waited on by old slaves, who incessantly entreat me to favour their master's love, and accept the pleasures reserved for me.

“ But all that has been done to divert me serves only to augment my sorrows ; nothing can comfort me. Captive as I am, in this detestable place, which every day resounds with the cries of oppressed innocence, I suffer less from the loss of my liberty, than from the terror with which the Dey's odious passion inspires me : for though I have hitherto been treated by him rather with the gallantry of a complaisant lover, than as the slave of a Moslem, I am not the less afraid, that, abandoning the respect which has hitherto restrained him, he will not long hesitate to resort to the violence his power allows. I am continually afflicted by this dreadful reflection, and every moment of my life is one of fresh torment.”

Donna Theodora concluded with a shower of tears, which sunk deeply into Don Juan's heart. "It is not without reason, madam," he said, "that you form such a terrible idea of what may happen to you; I am as much grieved at it as you. The Dey's respect is nearer its declension than you imagine. This submissive lover has already resolved to throw off his feigned complaisance; I know it but too well, and know all the danger that encompasses you.

"But," continued he, changing his tone, "I will not tamely witness what I would relinquish the mastery of the world to prevent. Slave as I am, my despair shall be fearful. Before Mezzomorto shall compel you to yield to his embraces, I will plunge into his breast———" "Ah, Don Juan," interrupted Donna Theodora, "what dangerous project would you venture on! Let it not, I entreat you, be put in execution. What unheard of cruelties, great God, would be the consequences of his death? Would the Turks, think you, leave it unavenged? The most dreadful torments—the most remorseless barbarities: I cannot think of them without trembling. Believe me it would but expose you to unnecessary danger! can you, by killing the Dey, restore me to liberty? alas, perhaps I may be sold to some villanous wretch, who may have even less regard for me than Mezzomorto has. Oh Heaven! I implore thee for justice: the Dey's brutal desires are known to thee; why then are the use of poison and the sword forbidden? Does it not belong to Thee to prevent what thou hast named as a crime?"

"Yes, madam," replied Don Juan, "Heaven will prevent it; I perceive that it inspires me; what at present occurs to my mind is, doubtless, suggested to me from thence. The Dey gave me permission to see you for no other reason than to incline you to yield to his passion; I am charged to give him an account of our conversation. I must deceive him. I will tell him that you are not inconsolable; that his generous conduct with regard to you begins to assuage your griefs; and that, if he continues to pursue the same course, he ought to hope for the fulfilment of his wishes. When he comes to see you again, therefore, let him find you less melancholy than ordinary; and do you feign to be in some measure pleased with his discourse."

"Oh, horrible constraint!" interrupted Donna Theodora; "how can a frank and sincere mind betray itself to that extent? and what advantage will result from such painful dissimulation?"—"The Dey," answered Juan, "will please himself with this alteration, and resolve to gain you wholly by complaisance. In the interim I will endeavour to obtain your liberty. The task, I admit, is difficult; but I am acquainted with a slave, whose superior address and great industry may not be unserviceable to us.

"I leave you," continued he; "the affair requires diligence and circumspection, and we shall see each other again. I go now to the Dey, whose

impetuous flame I will endeavour to feed by false intelligence; and you, madam, must prepare to receive him. Dissemble; constrain your gentle nature. Though his presence offend your eyes, yet disarm them of severity and hatred. Prevail on those beautiful lips, which so eloquently bewail your misfortunes, to assume a flattering tone; and do not fear showing too much favour. You must promise every thing, in order to grant nothing."—"It is enough," replied Donna Theodora; "I will follow your directions, since the fatality which threatens me imposes on me this cruel necessity. Go, Don Juan, employ all your talent in putting an end to my slavery. It will be a great addition to the pleasure of regaining my liberty, to owe it to you."

The Toledan, agreeably to his orders, waited on Mezzomorto, who, with the utmost concern, said, "Well, Alvaro, what news do you bring me from the fair slave? Have you induced her to hearken to me? If you tell me that I ought not to flatter myself with the hopes of ever subduing her cruel grief, I swear by the head of the Grand Signior, my master, that I will this day seize by force what she has hitherto refused to yield to my supplications."—"Sir," answered Don Juan, "that inviolable oath is needless; you will not be forced to use violence to satisfy your love. The slave is a young lady who never yet loved; she is so proud, that she has rejected the addresses of the greatest men in Spain. She lived like a sovereign princess in her own country, and is a captive here. A haughty mind long resents the great difference between these conditions; yet, sir, this proud Spanish lady will by degrees grow familiar with slavery; and I dare venture to tell you that already her chains begin to appear lighter. The great deference you have always shown to her, and your respectful cares, which she did not expect, have somewhat abated her sorrow, and by little and little you will not fail to conquer her pride. Soothe this favourable disposition, and complete the conquest of this fair slave by fresh marks of respect. You will soon find her yield to your wishes, and lose the love of liberty in loving you."

"Your words enchant me," replied the Dey. "The hopes which you have given me are sufficient to engage me to undertake any thing. Yes, I will restrain my impatient desires, in order the better to satisfy them. But do not deceive me; else thou art thyself deceived! I will instantly go talk with her, and see whether I can discover in her eyes those flattering appearances which you have observed." Thus saying, he went to Donna Theodora; and Don Juan returned to the garden, where he met the gardener, the dexterous slave through whose genius he flattered himself he should be able to set the widow Cifuentes at liberty.

The gardener, whose name was Francisco, was a native of Navarre. He knew Algiers perfectly, having served several owners before he had been



purchased by the Dey. "Friend Francisco," said Don Juan, approaching him, "I am extremely afflicted at what I have seen. There is in this palace a young lady of the highest rank, from Valencia. She has entreated Mezzomorto to set his own price on her ransom; but, because he loves her, he will not part with her."—"Alas, why does that trouble you so much?" asked Francisco. "Because I am of the same city," replied the Toledan. "Her relations and mine are intimate friends, and there is nothing I would not undertake to contribute to her deliverance."

"Though it is no very easy thing," replied Francisco, "I dare engage to accomplish it, if this lady's relations will be pleased to pay well for such a piece of service."—"Do not doubt it in the least," returned Don Juan; "I will be responsible for their acknowledgments; but more especially for her gratitude. Her name is Donna Theodora; she is the widow of a man who left her a large estate, and she is as generous as rich. I am a Spanish gentleman, and my word ought to satisfy you."

"Well," replied the gardener, "I will depend on your promises, and go

look for a renegade Catalonian of my acquaintance, and propose it to him."—"What say you," interrupted the Toledan, quickly, in some astonishment; "Can you think of relying on a wretch who has not been ashamed to abandon his religion for——"—"Though a renegade," interrupted Francisco in turn, "he is yet an honest man, who deserves rather to be pitied than hated; and if his crime can admit of any excuse, I should indeed be willing to think him excusable: I will in a few words tell you his story.

"He is a native of Barcelona, and an apothecary by profession. Perceiving that his practice was unsuccessful in his native place, he resolved to settle at Carthagena, hoping that he might thrive better by removing. He embarked therefore with his mother for Carthagena; but they met an Algerine pirate, who took and brought them hither. They were sold, his mother to a Moor, and he to a Turk, who used him so ill, that he turned Mahometan, in order to end his cruel slavery, as well as to procure the liberty of his mother, who was rigorously treated by the Moor, her master. Then entering himself in the pay of the Pacha, as a rover, he made several voyages, and got four hundred patacoons, part of which he employed in the ransom of his mother; and, to improve it, he intended to rob on the sea on his own account.

"He became a captain, and bought a small vessel without deck, and with this and a crew of Turks, who willingly joined him, he went to cruise between Carthagena and Alicant, and returned laden with booty. He went out again, and his voyage succeeded so well, that at last he fitted out a larger vessel, with which he took several considerable prizes: but one day, on venturing to attack an English frigate, his good fortune failed him, and his ship was so shattered, that he could scarcely regain the port of Algiers. As the people of this country judge of the merit of pirates by the success of their enterprises, the renegade now began to be despised by the Turks; and growing uneasy and melancholy, he sold his ship, retired to a house out of town, and has ever since lived, with his mother and several slaves, on the estate he had left at the conclusion of his adventures.

"I frequently visit him, for we lived together with the same owner, and are familiar friends. He has disclosed to me his most secret thoughts, and within these three days he told me, with tears in his eyes, that his mind has never been at rest since he renounced his faith; and that, to appease the remorse which incessantly racked his mind, he was sometimes inclined to quit the turban, and hazard being burnt alive, in order to repair, by a public acknowledgment of his penitence, the scandal he had cast on the Christians.

"This is the renegade to whom I design to address myself," continued Francisco; "such a man as this you ought not to suspect. Under pretence

of going to the bagnio,* I will proceed to his house, and suggest to him, that instead of consuming himself with grief for withdrawing from the bosom of the church, he ought to think of means of returning to it: that to execute this design, he need only equip a ship, on pretence that, weary of an idle life, he intends to return to his old trade of cruising; and with this ship we may gain the coast of Valencia, where Donna Theodora should give him enough to pass the rest of his days agreeably at Barcelona."

"Yes, dear Francisco," cried Don Juan, transported with the hopes which the Navarrese slave had given him, "you may promise the renegade every thing; you and he shall be sure to be rewarded. But do you believe this project really practicable, according to the manner in which you have formed it?"—"It may meet with some difficulties which I do not foresee," replied Francisco, "but the renegade and I will endeavour to remove them. Alvaro," added he, as he was leaving Zarate, "I have a good opinion of our enterprise, and hope at my return to bring you pleasant news."

It was not without anxiety that Don Juan waited for Francisco, who returned in three or four hours. "I have spoken with the renegade," said he, "and proposed our design to him: and, after mature deliberation, we have agreed that he shall buy a small ship ready fitted to go out; and, being allowed to make use of slaves for sailors, he will man the vessel with his own; but, to prevent suspicion, he will engage twelve Turkish soldiers, as though he really intended to go out to cruise: two days, however, before that assigned for his departure, he will embark in the night with his slaves, weigh anchor without noise, and come to fetch us on board with his skiff, from a little door of this garden, near the sea. This is the plan of our enterprise, of which you may inform the captive lady, and assure her that, within fifteen days at farthest, she shall be freed from her slavery."

How inexpressible was Zarate's joy, that he had such an assurance to carry to Donna Theodora! To obtain permission to see her, he next day sought for Mezzomorto, and having found him, said, "Pardon me, my lord, if I presume to ask how you found the beautiful slave? Are you better satisfied?"—"I am charmed, interrupted the Dey; "her eyes did not turn away from my tenderest addresses; her discourse, which always before consisted only of endless reflections on her condition, was not intermixed with complaints; but she even seemed to listen to the recital of my passion with obliging attention."

"It is to your efforts, Alvaro, that I owe this change. I see you know your own country-women; I will have you talk with her again. Finish what you have so happily begun; exhaust your wit and address to hasten

* Baths, where the slaves usually meet.

my felicity, and I will then break your chains. I swear by the soul of our great prophet, that I will send you home to your own country so richly laden with presents, that the Christians, when they see you, will not believe that you have returned from slavery."

The Toledan did not fail to flatter Mezzomorto's error; he feigned to be extremely grateful for his promises; and, under pretence of hastening the accomplishment of the Dey's joys, he repaired to the apartment of the fair slave, whom he found alone in her chamber, the old women who attended her being accidentally or by design employed elsewhere. He told her what the Navarrese slave and the renegade had contrived, on the credit of the promises which he had made to them.

It was no small consolation to Donna Theodora to hear that such excellent measures had been taken for her deliverance. "Is it possible," said she, in the excess of her joy, "that I may yet hope to see Valencia, my dear country, again? How transporting will be the bliss, after so many perils and alarms, to be permitted to enjoy a life of tranquillity with you! Ah, Don Juan, how charming is that thought! Do you partake the pleasure with me? Have you ever dreamed, that, she whom you seek to deliver from the Dey, is your own, your beloved, your wife? Tell me, Juan!"

"Alas!" answered Zarate, with a profound sigh, "those endearing words would charm me, if the remembrance of an unhappy friend did not throw into the intoxicating cup a bitter drug that overpowers its sweetness! Pardon me, madam, this delicacy; and confess also that Mendoça deserves your pity. It was for your sake that he went from Valencia, and lost his liberty; and, I doubt not, that at Tunis he is less oppressed by the weight of his fetters, than by despair at being unable to avenge your sufferings."

"He doubtless deserved a better fate," interrupted Donna Theodora; "and I call Heaven to witness that I am thoroughly sensible of what he has done for me. I share with him the sufferings which I have caused; but, by the cruel malignity of the stars, my heart can never be yielded to him as the reward of his services."

The conversation was here interrupted by the arrival of the two old women who usually waited on Donna Theodora; when Don Juan adroitly turned the discourse, and acting as the Dey's confidant, "Yes, charming slave," said he, "you have deprived him of liberty who holds you in his chains. Mezzomorto, your master and mine, the most engaging and most amiable of all the Turks, is well pleased with you; continue to treat him favourably, and you will soon see an end of your griefs." Having uttered these words he left Donna Theodora, who did not comprehend their true sense.

Affairs remained during eight days in this posture at the Dey's palace, while the renegade Catalonian bought a small vessel almost wholly fitted for

sailing, and prepared for his departure. Six days before he was ready to put to sea, however, Don Juan experienced the greatest alarm for his own and the widow Cifuentes's safety.

Mezzomorto sent for him, and when Zarate had entered his closet, "Alvaro," said he, "you are free; you may return to Spain whenever you please. The presents which I promised you are ready. I saw the fair slave to-day; and, oh! how vastly different does she appear from the same person, whose griefs have given me so much pain! The sense of her captivity every day wears off. I found her so charming, that I have this moment resolved to marry her. She shall be my wife within the space of two days."

At these words the Toledan changed colour; and, notwithstanding all the restraint he had laid on himself, he could not hide his disturbance and surprise from the Dey, who asked him the cause of his sudden indisposition.

"My lord," answered Don Juan, in great confusion, "I am, doubtless, much amazed, to think that one of the greatest lords of the Ottoman empire should so debase himself as to marry a slave. I well know that it is not unprecedented among you; but for the illustrious Mezzomorto, who may pretend to the daughter of one of the principal officers of the Porte——"—"I admit what you say," interrupted the Dey; "with my rank, I might aspire to the grand vizier's daughter, and flatter myself with the hopes of succeeding my father-in-law; but I have an immense estate, and am not very ambitious. I prefer the repose and pleasure which I enjoy here in my Pachaick, to that dangerous honour; to which we are no sooner raised, than the fears of the sultan, and the jealousy of those near him, who envy us, precipitate us into the lowest abyss of misery. Besides, I love my slave, and her beauty renders her worthy of the dignity to which my affection invites her.

"But," added he, "in order to deserve the honours I design for her, she must this day change her religion. Do you believe that any ridiculous prejudices will prevail on her to despise my offers?"—"No, Signor," returned the Toledan, "I am persuaded that she will sacrifice all to obtain so high a rank. But permit me to say, that you ought not to marry her so hastily. Do nothing rashly. It is not to be doubted but that the thoughts of abandoning the religion imbibed with her mother's milk will startle her at first. Give her then time to consider of it: when she represents to herself that, instead of dishonouring, and afterwards suffering her to grow old and neglected amongst the rest of your captives, you join her to yourself by such a glorious marriage, her gratitude and vanity will conspire to remove her scruples. Defer, therefore, the execution of your design for eight days only."

The Dey continued for some time in a reverie. He did not at all like the

delay proposed by his confidant, whose advice, however, finally appeared too reasonable to be rejected. "I yield to your suggestion," interrupted the Dey; "though so impatient to wed my beauteous slave, I will yet wait eight days. Go immediately to her, and engage her to comply with my desires at the expiration of that time; and I request that the same Alvaro who has so faithfully discharged his duty with regard to her, may have the honour of offering her my matrimonial pledge."

Don Juan flew to the apartment of Donna Theodora, and informed her of what had passed betwixt Mezzomorto and him, that she might regulate her conduct accordingly. He also told her that the renegade's ship would be ready in six days; but she informing him that she was in great pain to know how she should get out of her apartment, since all the doors of the chambers through which she was obliged to pass to reach the stairs were kept closely shut, "You need not give yourself much trouble on that account, madam," said Don Juan; "one of your closet-windows opens into the garden, and from thence you may descend by a ladder, which I will provide for you."



At length, the six days being expired, Francisco informed the Toledan, that the renegade was preparing to depart on the next night, which was expected with great impatience. The time came at last, and what

time came at last, and what rendered it yet more lucky was, that it grew very dark. When the moment destined for the execution of their enterprise arrived, Don Juan raised the ladder to Donna Theodora's closet-window, and no sooner did she see it, than she descended with the utmost haste and intrepidity, and leaning on the pretended Alvaro, she was conducted to the little garden-door which opened towards the sea.

They used all possible expedition, and seemed to taste in anticipation the pleasures of being freed from slavery: but fortune, who was by no means reconciled to the lovers, threw in their way a more cruel adventure than any they had hitherto encountered, and which they could not have foreseen.



They had passed beyond the garden-gate, and were hastening to the seaside to reach the boat, which waited for them, when a man, whom they took for one of their crew, and whom they did not at all mistrust, came directly to Don Juan with a naked sword, and, running it into his breast, "Perfidious Alvaro Ponce," he cried, "it is thus that Don Fadrique de Mendoça is obliged to punish a villanous ravisher. You are unworthy that I should attack you like a man of honour."

Don Juan could not withstand the force of the thrust, which threw him down; and at the same moment Donna Theodora, whom he was supporting, being seized at once with amazement, grief, and fright, swooned away beside him. "Ah! Mendoça," said the Toledan, "what have you done? It is Don Juan that you have wounded!"—"Just Heaven!" replied Don Fadrique, "is it possible that I should assassinate—"—"I forgive you my death," returned Zarate; "fate alone is to be blamed, or rather it was designed thus to put an end to our miseries. Yes, my dear Mendoça, I die con-

tented, since I place in your hands the beautiful Theodora, who can assure you that my friendship for you has never swerved."

"Too generous friend," exclaimed Don Fadrique, seized with violent despair, "you shall not die alone; the same sword which was thus cruelly plunged into your breast shall punish your murderer. Though my mistake may excuse my crime, it cannot comfort me." At these words he turned the point of his sword to his own breast, run it up to the hilt, and fell upon Don Juan, who fainted, less enfeebled by his own wound, than with the desperate act committed by his friend.



Francisco and the renegade, who were not above ten paces off, and who had reasons which detained them from running to the assistance of the slave Alvaro, were extremely astonished to hear Don Fadrique's words, and to see his last action. They then found their mistake, and that the wounded men were two friends, and not mortal enemies, as they had thought. They ran to their assistance; but finding them, as well as Donna Theodora, who yet remained in her swoon, senseless, they were at some loss what measures to adopt. Francisco was of opinion that they ought to content themselves with carrying off the lady, and leave the gentlemen on the shore, where,

according to all appearance, they would immediately die, if they were not yet dead. But the renegade was not of that opinion. He decided they ought not to be left; that their wounds might perhaps not be mortal; and that he could dress them on board, where he had all the instruments of his former trade, which he had not yet forgotten. Francisco, when he had heard this opinion, instantly fell in with it.

As he was not ignorant of what importance it was to be expeditious, the renegade and he, by the assistance of some slaves, carried into their skiff



the unhappy widow Cifuentes, and her two lovers, both of them much more unfortunate than her; and in a few minutes they all reached the ship. As soon as they were gotten on board, some of the sailors spread the sails, whilst others on their knees on the deck implored the assistance of Heaven, by the most fervent petitions which the fear of being pursued by Mezzomorto's ships could inspire.

The renegade, after having charged with the management of the ship a French slave who perfectly understood it, applied himself first to Donna Theodora, whom he speedily recovered from her swoon, and then took such successful care of Don Fadrique and the Toledan, that they also recovered their senses. The widow Cifuentes, who fainted at the sight of Don Juan's wound, was greatly surprised to find Mendoça there; and though from his appearance she really believed that he had fallen on his own sword for

grief at having wounded his friend, yet she could not look on him otherwise than as the murderer of the man she loved.

It was certainly the most affecting scene ever witnessed, to see these three persons restored to their senses; and the condition from which they had been recovered, though resembling death, did not more deserve pity. Donna Theodora earnestly looked on Don Juan, with eyes in which were painted, in lively colours, all the emotions of a soul overwhelmed with grief and despair; and the two friends fixed on her their dying eyes, feebly uttering the most profound sighs.

After having for some time kept a silence equally tender and afflicting, Don Fadrique thus broke it, by addressing himself to the widow Cifuentes: "Madam," said he, "before I die, I have yet the satisfaction to see you delivered from slavery; would to Heaven that you had been indebted to me for your liberty! but it has been ordained that you should owe that obligation to the man you love. I love that rival too well to murmur at it, and wish that the wound, which I have been so unhappy as to inflict, may not prevent his receiving the full enjoyment of your grateful acknowledgments." The lady made no answer to these words, but, far from being then sensible of the melancholy fate of Don Fadrique, she was only influenced by the increased aversion to him, which the present condition of the Toledan had inspired.

In the mean time, the surgeon prepared to examine and probe the wounds. He began with that of Don Juan, and did not find it dangerous, as the sword had only glanced below the left breast, and had not touched any vital part. This report considerably abated Donna Theodora's affliction, and equally rejoiced Don Fadrique; who, turning towards that lady, said, "I am satisfied: I leave this life without regret, since my friend is out of danger; I shall not now die burthened with your hate."

These words were uttered in such a moving tone and manner, that Theodora was touched by them; and as her fears for Don Juan became less, her hatred for Don Fadrique diminished, and she no longer looked on him otherwise than as a man who deserved her pity. "Ah, Mendoça," cried she, influenced by a generous transport, "let your wound be dressed; it is not, perhaps, more dangerous than that of your friend. Oh! yield to our care for your life; and if I cannot make you happy, at least I will not bestow that felicity on another; but from compassion and tenderness towards you, I will withhold the hand which I designed to give Don Juan, and offer you on my part the same sacrifice which he has made."

Don Fadrique was about to reply, but the surgeon afraid that speaking might injure him, obliged him to keep silence, and searching his wound, judged it to be mortal, the sword having pierced the upper part of his lungs,

as he concluded from his excessive flux of blood, the consequence of which was much to be feared. As soon as he had dressed the gentlemen, he caused them to be carried to his own cabin, that they might repose on two beds, one next the other; and he conducted thither Donna Theodora also, whose presence he thought would not be prejudicial to either of them.

Notwithstanding all this care, Mendoça soon fell into a fever, and towards night the effusion of blood augmented. The surgeon then told him he was incurable; and informed him, that if he had any thing to say to his friend, or to Donna Theodora, he had no time to lose. This news strangely afflicted the Toledan, but Don Fadrique received it with indifference. He sent for the widow Cifuentes, who came to him in a condition much easier to be imagined than described.



Her face was covered with tears, and she sobbed with so much violence, that she disturbed Mendoça. "Madam," said he, "I am unworthy of the precious tears which you shed; restrain them, I entreat, for a moment; I ask the same of you, dear Zarate," added he, observing the insupportable grief which his friend exhibited. "I know that this separation will greatly afflict you. I am too well acquainted with your friendship to doubt it; but

I beseech you to reserve these tears nor honour my death with so many marks of tenderness and pity. Suspend your grief till I am no more, since that afflicts me more than the approaching loss of life. I must acquaint you through what meanders of fate I was conducted to this fatal shore, where I have tainted myself with my friend's blood and with my own. You must be anxious to know how I could mistake Don Juan for Don Alvaro, but I will immediately inform you, if my short remainder of life will allow me to make that melancholy recital.

"Some hours after the ship, into which I was put on our capture, had quitted that wherein I left Don Juan, we met a French privateer, which attacked and took the Tunisian ship, and set us on shore at Alicant. I was no sooner at liberty, than I thought of ransoming Don Juan, to which end I went to Valencia and raised money; and on receiving information that at Barcelona there were several monks belonging to an order, instituted for the redemption of slaves, ready to set out for Algiers, I resolved not to lose the opportunity, but to accompany them. Before I left Valencia, however, I entreated Don Francisco de Mendoça, my uncle, to use all his interest at the court of Spain to obtain a pardon for my friend, because my design was to bring him back with me, and to re-establish him in his estate, which had been confiscated after the death of the duke of Naxera.

"As soon as we arrived at Algiers, I went to the places frequented by slaves; but having gone through all of them, I did not find him I searched for. I met the Catalonian renegade, to whom this vessel belongs, and who I remembered formerly to have been in my uncle's service. I told him the occasion of my voyage, and desired him to make a strict search for my friend. 'I am sorry, sir,' said he, 'I cannot serve you. I am to leave Algiers to-night with a lady of Valencia, who is a slave to the Dey.'—'Pray what is the lady's name?' said I. 'Her name,' replied he, 'is Theodora.'

"My surprise at hearing this was sufficient to let the renegade see that I was concerned for that lady. He discovered to me the design he had laid to release her from her chains; and as he mentioned one Alvaro in his story, I did not doubt but that it was Alvaro Ponce himself. 'Assist my resentment,' cried I, transported, to the renegade; 'help me to avenge myself on my enemy.'—'You shall soon be satisfied,' answered he; 'but first let me know your cause of complaint against Alvaro.' Upon this I told him our whole story; and he having heard it, 'It is enough,' cried he; 'you need only accompany me on the night chosen for our departure, where you will see your enemy; and after you have punished him, you shall take his place, and join with us in conducting Donna Theodora to Valencia.'

"Yet this impatience did not retard my search after Don Juan; but, unsuccessful, and despairing to hear any news of him, I left money for his ransom in

the hands of an Italian merchant, named Francisco Capati, who resided at Algiers, and undertook to effect his ransom if he could ever find him.

"At last, the night appointed for our departure and my revenge came, when I went to the renegade, who led me to that part of the sea-shore upon which the back of Mezzomorto's gardens project. We stopped at a little door that was soon opened, whence came forth a man, who made directly up to us, pointing with his finger to a man and woman who were coming after him: 'Those who follow me,' said he, 'are Alvaro and Donna Theodora.'

"At this sight, enraged in the highest degree, I drew my sword, ran to the unfortunate Alvaro, and, persuaded that it was my hateful rival whom I was approaching, I wounded that faithful friend, whose uncertain destiny was the cause of all my disturbance. But, thank Heaven!" continued he, in a softer tone, "my mistake will neither cost him his life, nor cause the eternal tears of Donna Theodora."

"Ah, *Mendoça*," interrupted the lady, "you injure my affliction; I shall never comfort myself for the loss of you; for though I should even marry your friend, it would be only uniting our griefs: your love, your friendship, and your misfortunes would be constantly the subject of our discourse."—"It is too much, madam," replied Don Fadrique; "I am not worthy of being long mourned for. Allow, I conjure you, Zarate to marry you, after he shall have avenged you of Alvaro Ponce."—"Don Alvaro is no more," replied the widow Cifuentes; "the same day that he seized me, he was killed by the pirate who captured his vessel, and who thus obtained possession of me."

"Madam," said *Mendoça*, "this news gives me pleasure; my friend will the sooner be happy; follow without restraint the guidance of your mutual love. I see with joy the moment approaching which will remove the obstacle your compassion and his generosity have raised to prevent your happiness. May all your days be spent in a repose and union, which the jealousy of fortune may not dare to disturb! Adieu, madam! adieu, Don Juan! vouchsafe both of you sometimes to remember a man who never loved any so well as you."

The lady and the Toledan, instead of answering, redoubled their tears. Don Fadrique, who perceived it, and who felt that his end was approaching, thus continued: "I grow too weak; death has already surrounded me, and I neglect to supplicate the divine goodness to pardon my having shortened a life which it alone ought to have disposed of." At these words he lifted up his eyes to heaven with all the signs of sincere repentance; and the flow of blood immediately occasioned a suffocation, which carried him off.

Then Don Juan, excited by despair, tore off his bandages, and would have rendered his wound incurable, but that Francisco and the renegade

threw themselves upon him, and opposed his distraction; and Donna Theodora, affrighted at this furious transport, assisted them in diverting Don Juan from his design. She besought him with such winning grace and gentle affection, that, returning to himself, he suffered his wound to be again bound up; and at last the interest of a lover, by slow degrees, abated the rage of a friend. But if he recovered his reason, it served only to prevent the distracted effects of his grief, and not to diminish his sense of it.

The renegade, who, amongst the other things he had brought with him from Spain, had some excellent Arabian balsam, and precious perfumes, embalmed Mendoça's body, at the request of the lady and Don Juan, who resolved on their arrival at Valencia that they would perform all the honours of his sepulture. The two lovers passionately indulged their grief during the whole time they were on board; but the rest were more cheerful, and the wind being favourable, they were not long before they discerned the coast of Spain.

At that sight, all the slaves yielded themselves up to excess of joy; and when the vessel happily arrived at the port of Denia, every one took a different course. The widow Cifuentes and the Toledan sent a courier to Valencia with letters for the governor, and for Donna Theodora's



family. The news of that lady's return was received with all possible expressions of joy by her relations; but Don Francisco de Mendoça was

extremely afflicted at the loss of his nephew. He discovered this unreservedly when he accompanied the widow Cifuentes' relations to Denia, where he had desired to see the body of the unfortunate Don Fadrique. The good old man then melted into tears, and uttered such melancholy complaints, as sensibly touched all the spectators. He enquired by what adventure his nephew fell.

"I will tell you, my lord," said the Toledan; "far from desiring to blot it from my memory, I take a melancholy pleasure in continually calling him to mind, and feeding my sorrows." He then related to the uncle the whole of the circumstances which had preceded and led to the sad accident; and the recital of his story drawing fresh tears from him, redoubled those of Don Francisco. As for Donna Theodora, her relations expressed their great joy at seeing her again, and felicitated her on the miraculous manner of her delivery from the tyranny of Mezzomorto.

After a full relation of all particulars, Don Fadrique's corpse was put into a coach, and carried to Valencia, but not buried there; because Don Francisco de Mendoça, preparing to live at Madrid, resolved to have his nephew's body carried to that city.

While every preparation was making for their journey, the widow Cifuentes loaded Francisco and the renegade with presents equal to their wishes. Francisco went to Navarre, and the renegade immediately returned with his mother to Barcelona; where, having renounced his errors, and reconciled himself to the church, he lives in a reputable manner at this present time.

In the mean time, also, Don Francisco received a packet from the court, wherein was Don Juan's pardon; which the king, notwithstanding the great esteem he had for the house of Naxera, could not refuse the Mendoças, who all joined in soliciting it. This news was the more agreeable to the Toledan, because it procured him the liberty of accompanying the remains of his friend, which he durst not have done without it.

At last they all set forward, accompanied by a great number of persons of rank; and as soon as they arrived at Madrid, they buried the corpse of Don Fadrique in a church, where Zarate and Donna Theodora raised a noble monument over his grave. They did not stop here, but wore deep mourning for their friend for the space of a whole year, to testify at once their grief and friendship.

After having given such signal marks of their tenderness for Mendoça, they married; but, by an inconceivable effect of the power of friendship, Don Juan long retained his melancholy for his friend, which nothing was able to remove. His dear friend Fadrique was ever present to his thoughts; he saw him every night in his dreams, and generally just as he had seen him

while breathing his last. But by degrees his reason began to dispel these melancholy phantoms; and Donna Theodora's charms, with which he was captivated, could not fail, with time, to triumph over the sad remembrance of *Mendoça*. At length, having apparently surmounted the long train of griefs and afflictions with which his life had been chequered, a brighter day seemed to have dawned for Don Juan, and he calculated upon passing the remainder of his life happily. A few days since, however, he fell from his



horse as he was hunting, and fractured part of his skull, inflicting such a wound as defied the art of surgery to cure. He is just dead; and Theodora, the lady whom you see in the arms of two women, who are watching her distraction, will, in all probability, soon follow him.



CHAPTER XVII.

OF DREAMS.



WHEN Asmodeus had finished the recital of that story, Don Cleofas said to him, "This is a fine picture of friendship, but it is rare to find two men who love one another like Don Juan and Don Fadrique; and I believe it would be still more difficult to meet with two ladies preserving for each other similar attachment, and reciprocally disposed to make as generous a sacrifice of their lovers to each other."

"Without doubt," answered the devil, "what you speak of is what has not been yet, and perhaps never will be seen in this world; women are not so indulgent to one another. Suppose two ladies loved each other in an unusual degree, their friendship might be tender and sincere, and they might even forbear to speak ill of each other in absence. Such good friends as this they might be, and that, I assure you, is a great deal; yet if you meet with them, and incline more to the one than the other, rage presently seizes the fair one who is slighted; not that she loves you, but that she is desirous, for the gratification of her vanity, to be preferred before all others. This is the nature of all women; they are too jealous one of another to be capable of feeling, or even estimating disinterested friendship."

"The story of these unparalleled friends," remarked Leandro Perez, "is a little romantic, and has occupied us too long. The night is already far advanced, and we shall presently see the first rays of the day spring; nevertheless I expect further entertainment from you. I see abundance of people asleep, and should be glad to know what they are dreaming about."—"With all my heart," answered the demon; "I see you love variety, and as I have power to do so, I will oblige you."

"I fancy," said Zambullo, "I shall hear a great many very ridiculous dreams."—"Why so?" answered the cripple. "You, who are master of Ovid, must know what the poet says, that it is towards day-break that dreams are truest, because at that time the soul is disengaged from the vapours arising from digestion."—"For my part," replied the student, "whatever Ovid may have been pleased to say on this matter, I have no faith in dreams."—"You are in the wrong, then," answered Asmodeus; "one should neither believe them all, nor treat them all as chimerical, for they are a sort of liars that sometimes speak truth. The emperor Augustus, whose head was surely as good as a student's, despised no dreams in which he found himself personally concerned. At the battle of Philippi he was very near leaving his tent upon the recital of a dream relating to him. I could give a thousand instances to convince you of your rashness if it were worth while, but I shall pass them over, in order at once to oblige you in this new inclination you so much desire to have satisfied."

"Let us begin with that fine house on the right. The master of it, whom you see sleeping in that splendidly furnished apartment, is a gay and wealthy count, who makes pleasure, or rather excitement the sole business of his life. He is dreaming that he is at the theatre, that he is listening to the singing of a young actress, and is captivated by the voice of the Syren."

"In the next apartment lies the countess his wife, who loves play to madness. She is dreaming that she has no money, and is pawning her diamonds to a jeweller, who lends her three hundred pistoles on them at common interest."

"In the next house, on the same side of the street, lives a marquis, who is in love with a famous coquette. He dreams that he has borrowed a considerable sum of money to make her a present: and his steward, who lies in the little attic, a story higher, fancies that he is growing rich as his master grows poor. What think you, Signor, of these two dreams: do they appear extravagant?"—"No, really," replied Don Cleofas; "I think Ovid was in the right: but I would fain know what spark that is who is asleep with his moustaches *en papillotes*, like a school girl, and who in his sleep has an air of gravity, which persuades me he is no vulgar cavalier."—"That is a country gentleman," replied Asmodeus, "a viscount of Arragon,

proud and vain, whose soul is at this moment swimming in joy, for he dreams that he is with a grandee of the court, who gives him precedence at a public ceremony.

"But in the same house I see two brothers, physicians, whose thoughts are occupied in very mortifying dreams. One thinks that there is a law made forbidding any one to give a physician a fee, unless the patient be cured; and his brother, that there is an order published, requiring all doctors to go into mourning for every patient that dies under their hands."—"Would to God," quoth the student, "that this last order were made, and that every doctor was obliged to attend the funerals of his patients, as the criminal-lieutenant in France is bound to be present at the execution of the malefactors he has condemned."—"The comparison is just," replied the devil; "all the difference is, that the latter may be said to see his sentence put into execution, whereas the other has already executed his."

Here Don Cleofas interrupted the demon, crying, "See, see, who is that gentleman yonder, that rubs his eyes, and gets up so hastily?"—"He is a courtier," replied the demon, "who is soliciting for a government in New



Spain; a terrible dream has awoke him. He fancied that the first minister had looked coldly on him. I see too a young creature that seems also just

awaked, and not very well pleased with her dream. She is a young lady of good family, one as prudent as she is beautiful; but she is besieged by two lovers. She had great tenderness for the one, and a rooted aversion for the other. She saw just now, in her dream, the gallant she detests at her feet; and he evinced so much love, was so passionate, and so pressing, that had she not waked, she was going to show him more kindness than she had ever exhibited for the other, whom she loves: for during sleep, nature throws off the restraints of reason and virtue.

"Turn your eyes to that house at the corner of the street, where lives an attorney; see, he is a-bed with his wife, in a chamber hung with old tapestry hangings, ornamented with antique figures. He dreams that he is about to pay a visit to one of his clients in the alms-house, and gives him charity out of his own pocket; while his wife is alarmed with the notion, her husband has turned a young clerk, of whom he was jealous, out of doors."

"I hear somebody snore," said the student, "and believe it is the fat fellow who is in the little room, on the left hand of us."—"The very same," replied Asmodeus; "he is a prebend, dreaming that he is uttering a *Benedicite*."

"Next to him is a mercer, who sells very dear bargains to people of quality, but all upon credit; he has above ten thousand crowns owing him. He dreams that his debtors are bringing him his money; and his creditors are dreaming that he is on the point of breaking."—"These two dreams," said the student, "did not come out of the temple of sleep by the same gate."—"No, I assure you," replied the demon; "the first, for certain, came out of the ivory gate, and the second at that of horn."

"In the house next to that of the mercer lives a famous bookseller; a short time since he published a book that had great success. When he bought it, he promised to give the author fifty pistoles on a second edition; and he dreams now of actually reprinting the work without giving the writer the slightest notice."

"Ah! does he so?" said Cleofas; "I need not ask out of which gate this dream came, and I do not doubt but it will prove one of the truest that ever he had in his life. I am acquainted with those worthy gentlemen, the booksellers; they make not the slightest scruple or hesitation at cheating their authors." The demon answered, "Very true; but you should speak what you know of those worthy gentlemen, the authors, too. Upon my word they have no more conscience than the booksellers. A little adventure that happened not a hundred years ago at Madrid will convince you of the fact."

"Three booksellers were supping together at a tavern; the conversation turned upon the scarcity of good modern books; upon which one of them

said, 'As you are my friends, I will tell you in confidence what a bargain I had some days ago. I bought a copy-right—it was a little dear, indeed; but written by such a hand! it is as valuable as old gold!' Another of them then took up the discourse, telling them what a bargain he had the day before. 'And I too, gentlemen,' cried the third, in his turn, 'will be as communicative as either of you: I have a jewel of a manuscript to show you, and it was but this very day I had the luck to obtain it.' At the same time each drew out of his pocket the valuable copy he had been talking of; when, lo! it appeared to be a new piece for the stage, called the 'Wandering Jew,' and they were in amazement, to see that the same work had been sold separately to all three.

"In another house," continued Asmodeus, "I see a timorous respectful lover, who is just awake. He is in love with a handsome and lively young widow, and dreamed that he had her in the middle of a wood, where he was



saying abundance of tender things to her, and she to him; as, for instance, 'Ah! there's no resisting you, you are so seductive; you would certainly persuade me to yield to you, if I were not on my guard against all mankind; they are so false, I dare not trust them upon their words; I desire actions.'

—'What actions, madam,' replied the lover, 'do you require of me? Must I undertake the twelve labours of Hercules to show my love?'—'No, no, Don Nicasio,' exclaimed the lady, 'I do not demand of you any such thing. I only——' and thereupon he awoke."

"Pray," cried the student, "tell me why the man who is asleep in yonder bed, with brown coloured hangings, talks to himself as if he were possessed." Asmodeus answered, "Oh! that is a notable licenciado, who is in a dream that puts him in terrible agitation; it is no less than this, that he is in dispute, and maintaining the immortality of the soul against a little doctor of physic, who is about as good a catholic as a physician. On the second floor with the licenciado lives a gentleman of Estramadura, named Baltazor Fanfarronico, who is come post to court, to demand a reward for having killed a Portuguese with a blunderbuss; would you guess what he is dreaming of? why, that they have given him the government of Antequera, and yet he is not satisfied; he thinks he deserves a viceroyalty."

"I see two persons of consequence yonder, in furnished lodgings, dreaming very disagreeably. One of them, the governor of a fort, dreams that he is besieged in it, and, after a weak resistance, he is obliged to surrender himself and his garrison prisoners of war. The other is the bishop of Murcia; this eloquent prelate has orders to preach a sermon at the funeral of a princess, which is to take place in two days' time. He dreams that he is in the pulpit, and that he breaks down at the very commencement of his discourse."—"It is not impossible," said Don Cleofas, "for such an unlucky accident really to happen."—"No, indeed," replied Asmodeus, "and it is not long since it did happen in good earnest to his lordship on just such an occasion."

"Would you desire that I should exhibit to you a somnambulist? Look into the stables belonging to this house, and tell me what you see there."—"I discern," said Leandro Perez, "a man in his shirt with a curry-comb in his hand."—"Right," replied Asmodeus; "it is a groom sleeping, who every night rises from his bed and curries his horses in his sleep, and then goes to bed again. The people of the house, unable otherwise to account for this nightly labour, think that it is performed by some whimsical spirit, and the groom himself is of their mind."

"In the great house, over the way, lives an old knight of the Golden Fleece, who was formerly viceroy of Mexico. He is fallen sick, and as he apprehends he shall die, his viceroyalty begins to make him uneasy. Indeed his conduct in it has been enough to make him so. The records of New Spain will never make honourable mention of him. He has just had a dream, the horror of which is not yet quite over, and probably it may speed his journey into the other world."

"This dream, then," said Zambullo, "must be very extraordinary."—"You shall hear it," replied Asmodeus; "it has at least something odd in it. This lord just now dreamed, that he was in the regions of the dead, where all the Mexicans, who have been the victims of his injustice and cruelty, came around him, loading him with injurious and reproachful language, and would even have torn him to pieces, but that he took to flight, and thus escaped their fury. He afterwards found himself in a great hall hung with black cloth, where were his father and grandfather sitting at a table with three covers on it. These two mournful guests made signs to him to come near them; and his father said, with the gravity natural to the deceased, 'We have long expected you; come, and take your place amongst us.'"

"The villain is mad," cried the student; "we must pardon a sick man if he be light-headed."—"In contrast," said the cripple, "his niece, who lies in the apartment over him, is passing the night most deliciously. Her slumbers furnish her with the most agreeable ideas. She is between twenty and thirty, ugly, and ill-made. She is dreaming that her uncle, whose sole heiress she is, is dead, and that a crowd of young and gallant noblemen are flocking about her, and contending who shall have the glory of basking most complacently in the sunshine of her smiles."

"If I am not mistaken," said Don Cleofas, "I hear somebody laugh behind us."—"You are not mistaken," replied Asmodeus; "it is a woman hard by, laughing in her sleep. She is a widow, who sets herself up for a prude, and whose darling pleasure is scandal. She dreams that she is talking with a devout old lady, whose conversation delights her infinitely.

"I must laugh in my turn, too," continued the devil, "at that honest citizen in the room under the window, who can scarce live tolerably on what he has. He dreams of picking up pieces of gold and silver, and that the more he picks up, the more remains on the ground. He has already filled a great chest with them."—"Poor soul!" said Leandro, "he will not long enjoy his treasure."—"No," replied the cripple; "when he wakes, he will be in the same condition as a rich man on his death-bed,—he will behold all his wealth disappear.

"If you have any curiosity to know the dreams of those two actresses, I will let you into them. One is dreaming that she is catching birds with a bird-call, and that still as she takes them, she strips off their feathers, and throws them to be devoured by a fine large tom-cat she is fond of, and who is the only gainer by them. The other fancies she is turning a pack of greyhounds and Danish dogs, which she used to admire, out of her house, and that she intends to keep only one fine sleek lap-dog, which she has taken into favour."—"Two very odd dreams!" cried the student. "I



fancy if we had interpreters of dreams at Madrid, as they formerly had at Rome, the learned would be horribly perplexed to explain them."—"Not so much so as you think," answered the devil. "A very little insight as to what passes among those gentry of the stage, would give one a very plain interpretation of them."

"For my part," observed Don Cleofas, "I neither understand nor trouble my head about them. I had much rather know who that lady is, asleep in the rich bed of yellow velvet, fringed with silver, beside whom there is a stand with a candle and book on it?"—"She is a lady of title," replied the demon, "who has a very excellent equipage and suite of servants, all of whom she is resolved shall consist of tall smart fellows. One of her customs is to read in bed, without which she is unable to close her



eyelids during the night. Yester-even she took Ovid's *Metamorphoses* to bed with her, and her reading that, is the occasion of the extravagant dream with which she is occupied at present. She is fancying that Jupiter has fallen in love with her, and that he is proffering to her his services in the form of a tall, well-formed page.

" Now we are upon *metamorphoses*, here is another more pleasant one. I discern a player, who is in his sleep, enjoying the pleasure of a dream that flatters him very agreeably. This actor is so old, that there is not a soul in Madrid who can say they saw the first of him. He has been upon the stage so long, that one may say he is theatrified. He has genius, but is so proud and vain of it, that he imagines he is something above the ordinary run of mankind. Would you know what this mock hero is dreaming of? That he is dying, and sees all the deities of Olympus met together to decide what they shall do with a mortal of his importance. He hears Mercury telling the council of the gods, that so celebrated a comedian, after acting

the part of Jupiter, and the rest of the chief divinities so often, ought not to undergo the common fate of mortals, but that he ought to be received amongst themselves. Momus applauds Mercury's opinion; but some of the other gods and goddesses being opposed to so new an apotheosis, Jupiter, to avoid disputes, turned the old comedian into a decorative figure, such as we see in theatrical prosceniums—"



The demon was going on, when Zambullo interrupted him: "Hold," said he, "signor Asmodeus; you do not perceive that it is day. I am afraid we may be discovered on this house. If the rabble should once have a view of your lordship's figure, they will never have done shouting."

"I will warrant they shall never see us," answered the demon. "I have the same power as those fabulous divinities we have been talking of; and

as the amorous son of Saturn hid himself in a cloud on Mount Ida, that they might not see him caress his dear consort Juno, so will I, raise a mist that the sight of man shall not be able to penetrate, and which shall not hinder your seeing whatever I intend to show you." No sooner was this said than done; a thick vapour immediately encompassed them, yet, dark as it was, it veiled nothing from the student's eyes.

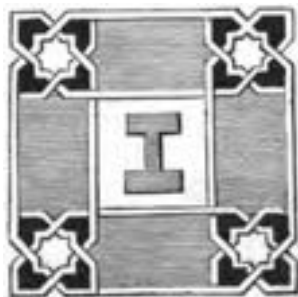
"Let us return to our dreams," continued the cripple. "But I neglect to consider," added he, "that the manner in which I have made you pass the night must have tired you. I think I must carry you home, and let you sleep for two or three hours. Meanwhile, I will take a turn over the four quarters of the world, and play some of my pranks; after which I will come and take you up, and we will divert ourselves afresh."—"I am neither sleepy nor tired," answered Don Cleofas; "instead of leaving me, I pray you to oblige me by revealing to me the various designs of the people that I see up, and going out. What business calls them forth so early?"—"What you would know," replied the demon, "is worth your observation. I am about to exhibit to you a picture of the cares, emotions, and pains with which poor mortals trouble themselves in this life, in order to fill up the brief space between their cradles and their graves as agreeably as they can."





CHAPTER XVIII.

IN WHICH MAY BE SEEN SEVERAL ORIGINALS, WHICH ARE NOT WITHOUT THEIR SIMILITUDE.



In the first place, observe that group of beggars already in the street. They are so many debauchees, most of them of good family, that live in a community like monks, and pass almost every night in debauchery in their own house, where there is always ample provision of bread, meat, and wine. See, they are now parting, in order to proceed to their several churches, to enact the different parts which have been assigned to them, and at night they will meet, and drink the health of those well-disposed Christians who piously contribute towards their expenses. Do but watch the ingenious contrivances of those rogues to disguise themselves, and to move people's pity. No coquette better knows how to dress herself in order to ensnare a coxcomb.

“Examine narrowly the three that are together on the same side of the way. He, on crutches, who trembles all over, and seems to walk with such difficulty, that you would think he would be upon his nose at every step he takes, though he has on a long grey beard, and looks so decrepid, is a young hale fellow, so nimble and light, that he would outrun a stag. The other, who has assumed the appearance of a wounded head, is as handsome a youth

as you would desire to see. His crown is covered with a skin that hides a head of hair worthy of a court-page. And the other, sliding along in a bowl, is a comical dog, who has the art of fetching such lamentable sounds from the bottom of his chest, that, at his dismal accents, there is not an old woman but will come down four pair of stairs to give him a maravédi.

"Whilst these lazy rogues, under pretence of poverty, are picking the pockets of the public, I observe a crowd of artisans, who, though Spaniards, are industrious, and are preparing to get their daily bread by the sweat of their brow. On all sides you may perceive men rising and dressing themselves, in order to go to their several employments. How many designs formed this night, will, before the next, be executed, or dispersed, like morning mist, into air! What various projects are interest, love, and ambition racking men's minds upon!"

"What is that I see in the street?" interrupted Don Cleofas. "Who is that woman loaded with medals, and being led in so much haste by a footman? Her business must surely be pressing."—"Yes, certainly," answered Asmodeus; "she is a venerable matron, trotting to a house where they desire her services. She is going to an actress, who has been suddenly seized with the pangs of maternity, and has two cavaliers with her that seem to be overwhelmed with troubles. One is her husband, and the other a man of rank, both concerned in what is going forward; for an actress's children are like Alcmena's, owing filial duty and affection at once to a Jupiter and an Amphitryon.

"Would not one say, to see that gentleman on horseback, with his gun, that he was going to make war upon all the hares and partridges about Madrid? And yet that diversion is the farthest from his thoughts; he is occupied with another design. He is going to a little village, where he will disguise himself like a peasant, and in that dress be introduced to a farmer's, where his mistress lives, under the care of a severe and vigilant mother.

"That young graduate you see taking such hasty strides, goes every morning to make court to an old uncle of his, whose prebendal stall he has an eye upon. Fix your eyes on that house opposite to us; you see a man putting on his cloak, and preparing to go out. He is an honest rich citizen, whose rest is disturbed by very weighty business. He has an only daughter to dispose of: he does not know whether he shall bestow her upon a young attorney that sues for her, or a haughty Hidalgo who demands her. He is going to consult his friends about it, and really it is a very perplexing business. He is afraid if he should choose the gentleman, that he may have a son-in-law to despise him; while on the other hand, if he should take the attorney, he is apprehensive that he might take a worm into his family, to eat up all their goods.

"Pray observe a neighbour of this perplexed father, a man in a night-gown of red brocade, flowered with gold, in yonder house, so magnificently furnished. He is a wit, who sets up for a man of quality in spite of his mean birth. It is not ten years since he was not worth a groat, and at present he has ten thousand ducats a-year. He has a very pretty equipage, but he maintains it by keeping a scantily supplied table, the frugality of which is so great, that he generally eats his tit-bit by himself. Not but that, out of ostentation, he sometimes entertains people of rank, and has to-day invited several counsellors of state to dine with him. To this end he has just now sent for a cook, and is going to haggle with him for an odd farthing in his hire; after which he will write down on cards the several courses and dishes they may agree upon."—"The fellow you are talking of must be a confounded miser," said Zambullo. "Why," answered Asmodeus, "all beggars that vault into estates turn misers or prodigals. It is the rule."

"Pray tell me," said the student, "who is that fair lady I see at her toilet, entertaining a very handsome young fellow."—"Oh, really," replied the cripple, "what you see there well deserves your observation. The lady is a German widow, who lives upon her jointure at Madrid, and keeps very good company; and the gentleman with her is a young nobleman, whose name is Don Antonio de Monsalva.

"Though of one of the best families in Spain, yet he has promised the widow to marry her, and has to that end given her a promissory note for three thousand pistoles. But he is crossed in this affair by his relations, who have threatened to confine him, if he does not break off all correspondence with the lady, whom they look upon as a designing creature. The gallant, mortified to see them all oppose his inclination, came last night to pay his mistress a visit, who, seeing him uneasy, asked him the reason. He told her the facts; at the same time assuring her, that all the opposition he could suffer from his family should never shake his constancy. The lady appeared charmed with his resolution, and they parted about midnight, well pleased with each other.

"Monsalva came again this morning, and finding his widow at her toilet, began to entertain her again upon the subject of his passion. While they were chatting, the lady took off the papers from her hair, and the cavalier, without reflection, took up one of them that was unpinned, when, seeing his own hand-writing, "How, madam," said he, smiling, "is this the use to which you put your billet-doux?"—"Yes, Monsalva," answered she, "you see to what use I put the promises that young gentlemen make, who would have me against the consent of their families; I convert them into *pillotes*." When Monsalva found that it was really his note of hand



the lady had torn, he could not help admiring her disinterestedness, and again swore to her eternal constancy.

"Cast your eye," pursued the devil, "upon that tall lean fellow, walking just below us, with a large common-place book under his arm, an inkhorn at his button, and a guitar upon his back."—"The man," said the student, "makes but a ridiculous figure, and I warrant is an original."—"Assuredly," replied Asmodeus, "he is an odd mortal; but there are Cynic philosophers in Spain, and he is one. He is going to a meadow near Buen Retiro, where there is a clear spring, whose limpid water forms a stream, that meanders among the flowers. He will stay there the whole day contemplating the rich beauties of nature, playing upon the guitar, and writing his reflections in his common-place book. He has the food he generally lives on in his pocket, that is, a few onions and a slice of bread. This is the sober and abstemious life he has lived for these ten years; and if any Aris-

tippus was to tell him, as he did Diogenes, 'If thou knewest how to make thy court to the great, thou wouldst not eat onions;' our modern philosopher would answer, 'I could make my court to the great as well as thou, if I would debase one man so low as to make him cringe to another.'

"And, indeed, this philosopher was formerly very assiduous in his addresses to great men, who, in effect, made his fortune; but finding that their service was nothing more than honourable slavery, he broke off all correspondence with them. He kept a coach, which he relinquished, because he saw the bespattered men that were better than himself. Nay, he has gone so far as to give away almost all his estate amongst his friends who wanted it, and has only reserved a subsistence in the way he lives; for he thinks it as dishonourable for a philosopher to beg of the common people as of the grandees.



"Pity the cavalier, who is walking after the philosopher with a dog; he may boast of being descended from one of the best families in Castile. He

was rich, but ruined himself, like Lucian's Timon, by treating his friends every day, especially by making grand entertainments upon the birth-days or marriages of princes and princesses; in a word, on every occasion when Spain has had to make rejoicings: but the moment his parasitical friends saw his reverse of fortune, they disappeared and abandoned him. None but his dog continued faithful to him."

"Tell me, Signor Demon," cried Leandro Perez, "what means all that noise?"—"It is," answered the cripple, "one of the ladies you lately saw round a table at cards, affrighted at the disagreeable sight of day; she is come home, and it is her footman who is thundering at her door. You see she has alighted from her coach, got within doors, and has sat down; she has just lost five hundred livres, and cannot go to bed till her maid has brought her a pack of cards. She is going to wake her husband, to show him how she lost the game; she will then fall into a passion, go raving to bed, and rail at the good man for not getting a place at court, to enable him to support her extravagance."

"By what you inform me," interrupted the student, "the good man must have a pleasant time of it, to be tied to a baggage, who, not content with running through his fortune, must arraign his conduct, and rob him of his rest besides."—"Oh!" replied the cripple, "you do not know the artifices of women. She has merely begun first, for fear of having the tables turned upon her."

"Very ingenious, upon my word," answered the student, laughing: "but methinks I see another equipage in the same street."—"Yes," replied the demon, "it belongs to a rich contador, who every morning comes to a house hard by, where resides, under the care of this sinner of Moorish race, a bona-roba, whom he loves to distraction. Last night he heard that she had been playing him a trick, upon the news of which he fell into a rage, and wrote her a letter full of threats and reproaches. You will hardly guess the stratagem which our coquette resolved upon; instead of having the assurance to deny the fact, she has this morning sent him word that his provocations are just, that he ought for the future to look on her with contempt, since she could have the baseness to wrong so gallant a man; that she acknowledges and detests her fault, and that to punish herself for it, she has already cut off her fine hair, which he knows she dotes on; in short, that she is determined to go to expiate her crime in a monastery, and there pass the rest of her days in repentance and prayer.

"But the old dotard is not able to endure the separation with which he is threatened, in consequence of his mistress's pretended remorse, and he has got up thus early to pay her a visit. He has found her in tears; and the comedian has played her part so well, that he has just pardoned her for

what is past, and to comfort her for the loss of her hair, he is this moment promising to make her lady of a manor, by buying her a beautiful and large estate, which is actually to be sold in the country, near the Escorial.

"I do not know what recompense he can make her for the next trick she plays him," interrupted the student, "unless he marries her. But pray who is that pretty woman yonder, so earnestly talking to her maid? some good housewife, surely, by her being up so early."—"You are mistaken," answered Asmodeus; "she has not yet been a-bed, but she is going, and is giving her maid orders not to let in her husband till she has called her up to rate him for making her sit up so late."—"Rather early," said the student; "True," answered the demon. "But pray look into that tavern, there is the good fellow calling for another bottle, because he is afraid of going home at this time of day, and is therefore bottling up all the courage he can, to stand his wife's thunder."

"All the shops are open," said the student, "and I discern a cavalier going into a cook's."—"He is," replied the demon, "a young fellow of good family, who is infected with *cacoethes scribendi*, and is absolutely resolved to set up for an author. Not that he wants wit; nay, he has sufficient to criticise such pieces as appear upon the stage; but not enough to write a tolerable one himself. He is going into the cook's to order a great dinner, for on this very day he treats four players, whom he would fain engage to support a scurvy piece of his, which he is going to bring into their house.

"Now we are upon the subject of authors," continued he, "there are two who are met in the street. Observe with what a sneer they salute; they despise each other, and very justly. The one writes as easily as the poet Crispinus, whom Horace compares to a smith's bellows; and the other ruins a vast deal of time in cool insipid compositions."

"Who is that little man coming out of his coach at that church-porch?" asked Zambullo. "He," answered the cripple, "is a person well worth your observation. It is not ten years since he quitted the office of a notary, in which he was head clerk, to go bury himself in a monastery of Carthusians at Saragossa: he had not passed six months of his novitiate, before he bade adieu to his convent, and appeared again at Madrid. His acquaintance were surprised to see him all at once jump into the place of one of the principal members of the council of the Indies, and his sudden rise is still the subject of conversation. Some say he has sold himself to the devil; others, that he is in the good graces of some rich dowager; and others, in short, that he has found a treasure."—"But you know the truth of it," interrupted Don Cleofas. "Oh, as to that, certainly I do," replied the demon, "and will unravel the mystery to you.

“During our monk's noviciate, it happened one day, whilst he was digging a deep hole in his garden, to plant a tree there, that he cast his eye



upon a brass casket, which he opened, and within it found a gold box, which had in it about thirty exceedingly fine diamonds. Though he had no judgment in jewels, he could not help thinking that he had met with a good booty; and immediately coming to the same resolution as judge Gripus, in one of Plautus's comedies, who, having found a treasure, gave over the trade of a fisherman, he threw off the gown, and through the agency of a jeweller, who was his friend, converted his precious stones into pieces of gold, and his pieces of gold into a post, which has enabled him to make a figure in civil society.



CHAPTER XIX.

FURTHER OBSERVATIONS MADE BY ASMODEUS AND DON CLEOPAS.



MUST," pursued Asmodeus, "divert you with a passage concerning that man going into a chocolate-house. He is a physician of Biscay, and is going to drink a dish of chocolate, after which he will pass the whole day at chess.

"Be not in fear for his patients the while; he has none; and if he had, the moments he spends at his beloved game would not be the most unhappy for them. He never fails tightly to visit a rich and handsome widow, whom he would fain marry, and towards whom he pretends a vast passion. Whilst he is with her, a rogue of a footman, who is the only servant he has, and is let into the affair, brings him a pretended list of names of several people of rank, who have sent for him. The widow takes all this for gospel, and our chess-player is upon the point of winning his game.

"But let us stop a moment at that fine house over against us. I must not go on without showing you the people that live there. Examine the apartments. What do you see in them?"—"I see some ladies there," answered the student, "and am dazzled with their beauty. Some of them



I see rising, and others already up. What charms they discover to my eyes! I fancy I see so many of Diana's nymphs, as they are described to us by the poets."

"If the women you so much admire," replied the cripple, "have the charms of Diana's nymphs, it is too certain that they have not their chastity. They are four or five ladies of pleasure, who live together upon a general stock. Their dangerous charms draw heedless young fellows in to their ruin, like those fair damsels, who by their allurements caused such knights as passed by the castles they inhabited in the days of chivalry, to stop. Woe to such as suffer themselves to be wheedled by them! To let passengers know the danger they are in, there should be a mark set upon such houses, in the same manner as posts are placed along a river, to show passengers what places are and what are not fordable."

"I do not ask you," said Leandro Perez, "where those noblemen are going in their coaches: it is sufficiently certain they are going to the king's levee."—"You are right," answered Asmodeus; "and if you have a mind to go thither too, I will carry you. We shall meet with something diverting there."—"You could have proposed nothing more agreeable,"

replied Zambullo; "it is so great a pleasure, that I seem to taste it beforehand.

Upon this, the demon, ready to obey all Don Cleofas's notions, flew with him towards the king's palace; but before they got thither, the student, perceiving some men at work upon a very lofty gate, asked the devil if it were not the gate of a church they were building. "No," answered Asmodeus, "it is the gate of a new market, and is very grand, as you see. Yet, were they to carry it up to the clouds, it will never come up to the two excellent Latin verses that are designed for an inscription to it."

"What is that you tell me?" cried Leandro; "or what idea would you give me of those verses? I long to hear them."—"They are these," replied the demon. "Prepare yourself to admire them:—

*'Quam bene Mercurius nunc merces vendit opimas,
Mornus ubi fatuos vendidit ante sales!'*

"There is one of the prettiest puns in the world in these two verses."—"I cannot find out all the beauty of them," said the student. "I do not well understand what 'fatuos sales' means."—"You do not know, then," answered the demon "that on the ground where this market is building, stood a college of monks that devoted their time to teaching. The masters used to make their scholars act plays! but such insipid pieces, so strangely larded with interludes, that even the preterperfect tenses and supines of verbs were not excused dancing."—"Oh! pray, no more of them," interrupted Zambullo, "I know but too well what stuff those college performances are! the inscription is admirable."

"Scarcely were Asmodeus and the student got upon the stair-case leading to the king's apartment, when they saw several courtiers going up, and still, as any of those noblemen passed them, the devil played the part of a nomenclator: "See there," said he to Leandro Perez, pointing to them with his finger one after another, "that is Count Villafonso, of the family of Puebla d'Ellerena; this is the Marquis of Castro Fuestes; that is Don Lopez de los Rios, first lord of the treasury; this is the Count de Villa Hombrosa." Nor did he tell their names only, but described also their characters, always maliciously adding some stroke of satire, by which every one was duly honoured.

"This lord," said he of one of them, "is affable and obliging; he listens to you with an air of condescension. If you want his protection, he grants it you generously, and besides, offers you his interest. It is a pity a man who so much loves to oblige, has so short a memory, that in a quarter of an hour after you have been talking with him, he forgets all that you have been saying.

"That duke," speaking of another, "is one of the most agreeable characters that are to be met with at court. He is not changing every quarter of an hour, like the rest of his brethren; he has no caprice, no inequality in his humour. Nor is he ungrateful to such as show affection for his person, or do him any service; but, unluckily, he is a little too tardy in acknowledging them: he lets people wait so long for any favour they expect, that when they have obtained it, they think they have paid very dearly for it."

The demon having acquainted the student with the good and ill qualities of a great number of those noblemen, carried him into a hall, where were people of all kinds and degrees, and amongst them so many knights, that Don Cleofas cried out, "Bless me, what a number of knights are here! surely there must be a great many in Spain!"—"That there are, indeed," replied the cripple; "nor ought it to be thought surprising, since to be a knight of St. Jago, or of Calatrava, it is not necessary, as it formerly was at Rome, to have five-and-twenty thousand crowns inheritance; and indeed you see they are a very sophisticated kind of a commodity.

"Observe that mean-looking man behind you."—"Speak lower," interrupted Zambullo, "the man hears you."—"No, no," answered Asmodeus, "the same charm that makes us invisible prevents our being heard. Look upon him; he is a Catalonian, just come from the Philippine Islands, where he has been privateering. To look at him, would you imagine him to be such a thunderbolt of war? Yet he has performed prodigious actions by his bravery. He is going this morning to present a petition to the king, wherein he asks a particular post as the reward of his services; but I much doubt whether he will obtain it, because he did not first apply to the prime minister."

"At his right hand," said Leandro Perez, "there is a tall, bulky man, who seems to be giving himself airs of consequence. Were one to judge of him by his haughty air, he would be set down as some rich nobleman."—"Far from it," replied Asmodeus; "he is merely an Hidalgo, and wretchedly poor too, his subsistence being derived from a gaming-house, which he keeps, under the protection of a grandee.

"But there is a licenciado who richly deserves to be pointed out to you: he at the first window, in deep discourse with a cavalier in light grey velvet. They are talking of an affair that was yesterday decided by the king. I will give you the particulars of it.

"About two months since, this licenciado, who is a member of the academy of Toledo, published a book of morality, which shocked all the old Castilian authors. They found it full of bold expressions, and new-coined words. Presently they entered into a confederacy against this very sin-

gular production : they met and drew up a petition, which they presented to the king, soliciting him to condemn the book, as, contrary to the purity and perspicuity of the Spanish tongue.



“The petition was thought worthy of his majesty’s consideration, who named a committee of three to examine the work. They reported, that the style was really faulty, and so much the more dangerous, as it was brilliant ; and thus the king decreed upon that report, ‘That, under pain of his displeasure, two members of the same university, who write in the licentiate’s manner, and in a style conformable to his, shall not compose any books for the future ; and, likewise, for the better preserving of the Castilian tongue, that the places of those academicians, upon their demise, shall be filled with persons of the best families only.’”

“A wonderful decision !” cried Zambullo, laughing. “The partisans of the vulgar Castilian have now nothing to fear.”—“Pardon me,” replied the demon ; “writers, who are enemies to the noble simplicity which charms sensible readers, are not all of the academy of Toledo.”

Don Cleofas was next desirous to know who the cavalier in light grey

velvet was, whom he saw engaged in conversation with the licenciado. "He," said the cripple, "is a Castilian, a younger brother, and an officer of the Spanish guard; and I assure you, a man of infinite wit. But to make you a judge of that, I will tell you a repartee he made yesterday to a lady in very good company. For the better understanding it, you must know he has a brother, whose name is Don André de Prada, who was for some years an officer in the same corps he is now in.

"A rich farmer of the king's revenues one day came up to Don André, and accosting him, said, 'Signor Don Prada, I bear the same name as you, but our families are different. I know you are of one of the best in Catalonia, and at the same time that you are not rich; for me, I am rich, but of obscure birth. Could there be no way of sharing between us the advantage which each of us enjoys separately? Can you get at your patent of nobility?'—'Yes,' said Don André. 'Well, then,' replied the farmer, 'if you will give me a share in it, I will put it into the hands of an able genealogist, who shall set to work upon it, and make us cousins in spite of our ancestors; on which consideration I will, by way of acknowledgment, present you with thirty thousand pistoles. Is it a bargain?' Don André was tempted by the sum, accepted the proposal, put his musty records into the farmer's hands, and, with the money he received, bought a considerable estate in Catalonia, where he has ever since lived.

"Now the younger brother of that gentleman, who had no advantage by the bargain, was yesterday at dinner, where by chance this Signor de Prada, the farmer of the king's revenues, happened to be talked of; and thereupon a lady in the company, addressing herself to this young officer, asked him if he was not a relation of his. 'No, really, madam,' answered he, 'I have not the honour of relationship with him; though my brother has.'"

The student, vastly pleased with so diverting a repartee, burst into a loud laugh; but suddenly, seeing a little man running after a courtier, he cried out, "Good God! how many bows that little man, following the nobleman, is making to him! certainly he has some favour to ask."—"What you are remarking upon there," said the demon, "well deserves the trouble of telling you the occasion of so many civilities. That little man is an honest citizen, who has a pretty neat box near Madrid, at a place where there are mineral waters in some esteem. This house he lent, without any expectations, to that lord for three months, who went thither to drink the waters. The citizen is at this instant most heartily entreating him to serve him on an occasion that offers, and the nobleman is very politely refusing him.

"I must not let that cavalier of plebeian race escape me, who is pressing through the crowd, and giving himself the airs of a noble. He has lately

grown excessively rich in a short time, by the science of numbers. He keeps as many domestics as a grandee, and his table, for delicacy and abundance, exceeds that of the prime minister. He has one equipage for himself, one for his wife, and another for his children. The finest horses and mules in the world are to be seen in his stables. And the other day he bought, and paid ready money for, a rich set of harness, which the prince of Spain cheapened, and thought too dear."—"Insolence!" said Leandro: "were a Turk to see this merry fellow sauntering it thus, he would be apt to think that his good fortune was just going to give him the slip."—"As for what may happen, I know not," said Asmodeus; "but I cannot help thinking like a Turk."

"Bless me! what do I see?" continued the demon, with astonishment. "I can hardly believe my eyes. I see in the hall a poet, who certainly should not be here. How dare he venture hither, after having lampooned several of the chief of the Spanish nobility? Surely he can only expect to be despised by them."

"Consider attentively that honourable person who comes in, leaning upon a squire; see how everybody falls back to make way for him. It is Signor Don Jose de Reynaste, and Ayala, recorder of the city. He is come to give an account of what happened last night in Madrid. Pray do but watch the old gentleman."

"Really," said Zambullo, "he has the look of an honest good man."—"It were to be wished," replied the cripple, "that every corregidor would choose him for their pattern. He is not one of those turbulent spirits that do every thing from mere humour or passion. He will not commit a man upon the single evidence of a bailiff or clerk. He knows too well, that such people generally are mercenary, and capable of committing the basest actions under his name and authority. Therefore, when a man is to be committed, he sifts the affair till he has found out the truth; and, indeed, he never sends an innocent man to jail; the guilty only are committed by him. Nor does he leave even them to the barbarity that is exercised in such places. He visits those unfortunate people himself, and takes care that no inhumanity shall be added to the just severities of the law."

"What a charming character is this," cried Leandro, "and what an amiable man must he be! I should be glad to hear him talk to the king."—"I am extremely sorry," answered the devil, "that I am obliged to tell you, I cannot comply with your desire without laying myself open to be insulted. I am not allowed access to crowned heads; that would be encroaching on the rights of Leviathan, Belphegor, and Ashtaroth. I have already told you that those three spirits are in possession of the privilege of engrossing the undivided attention of all sovereigns. Other demons are

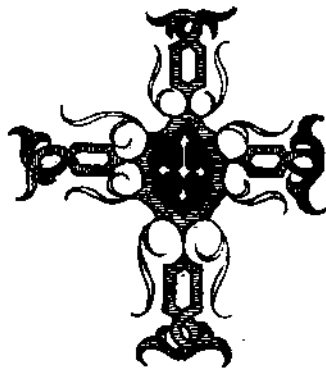


forbidden to appear in courts; and I do not know what I was thinking about when it came into my head to bring you hither. I own it was taking a very rash step. If those three devils should perceive me, they would fall upon me most furiously; and, between you and I, I should have much the worst of it."

"Since we are in such ticklish circumstances," replied the student, "our best way will be to make off as soon as we can. I should be mortally grieved to see you ill-used by your brethren, without being able to assist you; for were I to take your part, I fancy you would be little the better for me."—"No, without doubt," replied Asmodeus, "they would not feel your blows, and you would sink under theirs."



"But," added he, "to make up for not being able to introduce you into your monarch's closet, I will give you a satisfaction which is well worth that which you must lose." At these words he took Don Cleofas by the hand, and darted through the air with him towards the Monastery de la Merci.





CHAPTER XX.

THE CAPTIVES.



THEY both alighted upon a horse near the monastery, at the gate of which was a vast concourse of persons of both sexes. "What a world of people are here!" said Leandro Perez; "what ceremony has brought all these folks together?"—"It is," answered the demon, "a ceremony you have never seen, though it is what happens every now and then at Madrid. Three hundred slaves,

all of them subjects to the king of Spain, will be here in a moment. They have come back from Algiers, whence the fathers of the redemption have ransomed them. All the streets they are to pass through will immediately be crowded with spectators."

"Indeed," replied Zambullo, "it is a sight I have never yet been very fond of seeing; and if that be what your lordship reserves for me, I must tell you plainly you should not have cried it up so highly."—"I know you too well," answered the demon, "to believe that the sight of the unfortunate will be an agreeable amusement to you: but when I tell you, at the same time that I show them to you, I design to acquaint you with such remark-

able incidents as occur in the captivity of some of them, and the perplexity in which others will find themselves at their return home, I am persuaded you will not be sorry that I have given you this diversion."—"Oh no! if the matter be as you represent it," cried the student, "what you tell me alters the case, and you will oblige me by keeping your promise."

While they were thus talking, they heard a great shout, which came from the mob at the sight of the captives, who advanced in this order; they marched two and two in their slave's habits, with their chains about their necks. A great many monks de la Merci, who had been to meet them, went before, mounted upon mules, with housings of black serge, as if they were heading a funeral procession, and one of these good fathers carried the standard of the redemption. Then came the captives, the youngest



first, the most aged followed, and behind them, brought up the rear a monk, of the same order as the first, mounted upon a small horse; and this reverend friar had altogether the air of a prophet. Indeed he was the head of the mission, and attracted the eyes of the spectators by his gravity, as well as by a long grey beard, which helped to give him the venerable look that he bore. On the countenance of this Spanish Moses was to be read the inexpressible joy he felt at bringing back so many Christians to their own country.

"These captives," continued the cripple, "are not all equally delighted at recovering their liberty; and if there are some amongst them who are rejoiced at being so near seeing their relations again, there are others who are afraid lest, during their absence, something may have happened in their families, more afflicting to them than slavery itself.

"The two, for example, that walk foremost, are in the latter case. One of them, a native of the little village of Velilla, in the kingdom of Arragon, after having been ten years a slave amongst the Turks, without hearing any thing of his wife, will find her married to a second husband, and mother of five children which are none of his. The other, the son of a clothier of Segovia, was carried off by a corsair nearly sixteen years ago. He is afraid, after so many years, that the affairs of his family may be very much altered; and his fears are not without foundation, for his father and mother are dead, and his brothers, who have divided the estate, have, by their ill-conduct since, spent it."

"I am examining the face of a slave," said the student, "who by his air seems charmed at being no longer exposed to the bastinado."—"The captive you are looking at," answered the demon, "has great reason to be rejoiced at his deliverance; for he knows that an old aunt, whose sole heir he is, is just dead, and that he is going to enjoy a splendid fortune. This is the circumstance which so agreeably occupies his thoughts, and gives him the air of satisfaction which you observe in him."

"But it is not so with the unfortunate cavalier next to him. A cruel uneasiness incessantly torments him, and this is the cause of it. At the time he was taken by a pirate of Algiers, in passing from Spain to Italy, he loved, and was beloved by a fair lady, whose fidelity he suspects was not proof against the impatience and uncertainty of his return."—"And has he been long a slave?" asked Zambullo. "Eighteen months," replied Asmodens. "Why, then," said Leandro, "I fancy this lover gives way too much to unnecessary and unjust fear. He has not put his lady's constancy to sufficient proof, to be excusable for thus alarming himself."—"Nay, you are mistaken," replied the cripple; "for his princess had no sooner heard that he was a slave in Barbary, than she provided herself with another gallant."

"Would you think," continued the demon, "that the man walking next the two we have been talking of, and whose thick red beard renders him frightful to look at, would you, I say, suppose that man to have ever been a fine handsome fellow? Yet nothing is more certain, nor that under that hideous figure you see a hero, whose story is so uncommon that I will give it you."

"That tall youth's name is Fabricio; scarcely was he fifteen, when his father, a rich husbandman of Cinquello, a great market-town in the kingdom of Leon, died, and shortly afterwards was followed by his mother; so that, being the only son, he remained master of a considerable estate, which was entrusted to the administration of an uncle, a man of probity. Fabricio finished his studies, which he had then already begun, at Salamanca, and

afterwards learned riding, fencing, and, in short, neglected nothing that could contribute to make him appear amiable in the eyes of Donna Hippolita, the sister of a pretty gentleman, whose cottage was about two musket-shots from Cinquello.



“The lady was perfectly handsome, and much about the same age as Fabricio, who, being used to see her from his infancy, had as it were, sucked in his love for her with his milk. Hippolita too had eyes to see that he was not ugly: but knowing him to be the son of a husbandman, she disdained to look on him with much attention. She was insufferably proud, as well as her brother Don Thomaso de Xaral, who, perhaps, had not his equal in all Spain for poverty, and the pride with which he was puffed up on account of his nobility.

“This haughty country gentleman dwelt in a house which he called his castle, but which, to give it its due, was no more than a heap of rubbish, it was, in fact, nearly falling upon his head. Yet, though his estate would not

allow him to repair it, and though it was as much as he could possibly do to make both ends meet, still he must have a valet to wait on him, and his sister a negro woman besides.

“It was a diverting circumstance to see Don Thomaso make his appearance at the town, on Sundays and holidays, dressed in a suit of crimson velvet, the pile of which was quite worn off, and a little hat with a rusty yellow plume of feathers in it, which he kept by him during the rest of the week as carefully as relics. Tricked up in these tatters, which he looked upon as so many proofs of his nobility, he strutted like a lord, and thought he sufficiently repaid the low bows that were made him, by a look or a nod. His sister was not less conceited and vain of the antiquity of her family, to which folly she added that of being so unconscionably proud of her beauty, as to live in continual expectation of being demanded for a wife by some grandee.

“These were the characters of Don Thomaso and Donna Hippolita. Fabricio was well acquainted with it; and in order to insinuate himself into the good graces of such vain-glorious persons, resolved to flatter their vanity by a show of respect, which he did with so much art, that the brother and sister at last condescended to allow him, from time to time, to come and pay his obeisance. Being as well acquainted with their poverty as with their arrogance, he often longed to make Thomaso an offer of his purse; but this he was deterred from, by the fear of shocking the family's pride, and thereby making both brother and sister his enemies. However, his ingenious generosity founds means to assist them, without making them blush. ‘Signor,’ said he one day to our gentleman, ‘I have two thousand ducats, which I would deposit in some friend's hands; be so good as to keep them for me, and you will oblige me vastly.’

“You need not ask whether Xaral consented. Besides that his own purse was but scantily stocked, he had the right conscience for a trustee. He readily took the sum, and as soon as he got it into his hands, without ceremony employed great part of it in repairing his cottage, and providing himself with all manner of necessaries. A new suit of very fine blue velvet was taken up and made at Salamanca; and a green feather was bought there likewise, which robbed the old yellow plume of the glory which it had enjoyed from time immemorial, of decorating the *os frontis* of the noble Don Thomaso. The fair Hippolita had her gew-gaws too, and was entirely new clothed from top to toe. It was thus Xaral ran out the sum he was entrusted with, without once considering that it was not his, and that he should never be able to repay it. That was a scruple that never disturbed him: nay, he even thought it but reasonable that a plebeian should pay for the honour of a gentleman's acquaintance.

“ But Fabricio had foreseen and expected all this. He imagined indeed that this ready money might soften Don Thomaso into greater familiarity, and that Hippolita, by degrees accustoming herself to bear his assiduities, might at last pardon him the boldness of lifting his thoughts so high as to her alliance. It must be added, that his generosity obtained him freer access than before, and that Thomaso and his sister showed him more civility than they used to do: but a man who is rich is always well received by the great, whenever he will make himself their milch cow. Xaral and his sister, who before had never known any thing more of riches than its name, no sooner found how useful it was, than they were of opinion that such a man as Fabricio deserved a little complaisance. They treated him with a respect and attention which charmed him. He thought his person was now not disagreeable to them, and that they had assuredly reflected, that gentlemen, to keep up their nobility, were every day obliged to have recourse to alliances with mean families. This thought, which flattered his passion, made him determine to ask Hippolita in marriage.

“ The first favourable moment he could find for speaking to Don Thomaso, he told him how passionately he desired to be his brother-in-law, and that in order to enjoy this honour, he would not only relinquish his right to the deposit, but would besides make him a present of a thousand pistoles. The haughty Xaral reddened at this proposal, which awakened his pride; and in his first impulse of passion he could hardly forbear discovering all the contempt he entertained for the son of a husbandman. Yet how much soever he resented the rash attempt of Fabricio, he smothered it; and, without any signs of scorn, answered, that he could not immediately determine such an affair upon the spot; that it was proper Hippolita should be consulted upon it; and that there should be a meeting of relations.

“ He sent the lover home with this answer, and in fact called a diet, composed of a few *Hidalgoes* of his neighbourhood, who were related to him, and whose brains, like his, were turned with their fondness for the *Hidalguia*. He held a council with them, not to ask their opinions whether he should grant his sister to Fabricio, but to contrive how they should punish this young insolent fellow, who, notwithstanding his mean birth, had dared to aspire to the possession of a young lady of Hippolita's quality.

“ When he had laid before the assembly the circumstances of this daring action, at the bare name of Fabricio, of a husbandman's son, you might have seen the eyes of all these nobles sparkle with rage. Each man vomited fire and flame at the audacious mortal. They were all unanimously of opinion that he ought to breathe his last under the *bastinado*, to expiate the affront he had done their family by the proposal of so shameful a match. However, upon mature deliberation, the result of this important diet was,

that the criminal should be suffered to live; but to teach him not to forget himself for the future, they should play him a trick which he might have cause to remember while he lived.

"Several mean rascally expedients were proposed, and at last this obtained the sanction of the majority: that Hippolita should pretend to favour Fabricio's addresses, and that under colour of softening the lover's pain for Don Thomaso's refusal, she should make him an appointment to come one night to the castle, where, at the moment of his being let in by



the negro woman, people posted there on purpose should surprise him with that wench, and force him to marry her.

The sister of Xaral at first gave into this villanous contrivance without reluctance. She thought her pride was concerned to look upon the suit of a man so vastly inferior to her in birth, as an outrage done to her rank and beauty. But this haughty disposition soon gave way to emotions of pity;

indeed I ought to say that love at one blow made himself master of the proud Hippolita.

"From that moment she considered things with another eye. She looked upon the obscurity of Fabricio's birth as amply made up by the shining qualities he possessed; and saw in him a cavalier who deserved her tenderest affections. Observe and admire," continued the demon, "the prodigious alteration that love is able to produce. This same young creature, who imagined that a prince scarcely deserved her, in an instant grew fond of this son of a husbandman, and thinks herself blessed in being the object of his devotion, after having deemed herself dishonoured by it.

"She gave herself up to the inclination that hurried her away; and, far from submitting to become an instrument of her brother's resentment, she carried on a secret correspondence with Fabricio by means of the negro woman, who sometimes introduced him into the cottage. But Don Thomaso had some suspicion of what was passing; he began to suspect his sister, he watched her, and was convinced by his own eyes, that instead of complying with the intentions of the family, she betrayed them. He immediately informed two of his cousins of it, who, taking fire at the news, began to cry out, 'Vengeance! Don Thomaso, vengeance!' Xaral, who wanted no prompting to demand satisfaction for an offence of this kind, answered them with Spanish modesty, that they should see the use he could make of his sword, when his honour was to be avenged. He then desired them to be at his house on a night which he appointed to receive them.

"They were faithful to their appointment. He conducted them in, and concealed them in a small room, without being perceived by any of the family; he then left them, saying he would come and let them know so soon as the gallant should have set his foot within the castle, provided he should think fit to come that night; which did not fail to happen; the unlucky planet of our lovers decreeing that they should choose this very night for an interview.

"Already was Fabricio with his dear Hippolita; and they had begun to converse upon a topic which they had gone through a hundred times, and yet though repeated without intermission, had still always the charms of novelty, when they were disagreeably interrupted by those cavaliers that were upon the watch in order to surprise them. Don Thomaso and his two cousins came all three courageously upon Fabricio, who had but just time to draw, and who, judging by this action of theirs, that they intended to murder him, fought like one in despair. He wounded them all three; and still presenting the point of his sword, was so lucky as to gain the door and get off.

"Upon this, Xaral, finding his enemy had escaped him, after, as he



represented it, dishonouring his family unrevenged, turned his fury against the unfortunate Hippolita, and plunged his sword into her heart: his two relations, mortified to the last degree with the ill success of their designs, each of them went home to dress their wounds, and cherish their desire for vengeance.

"Let us break off here," continued Asmodeus: "when we have seen all the captives go by, I will make an end of my story, and inform you how, after the law had seized upon all his estate on account of this melancholy accident, Fabricio had the misfortune, in a voyage, to be made a slave."

"While you were in your story," said Don Cleofas, "I could not help taking notice of one of these unfortunate people, a young fellow, who looks so dejected, so languishing, that it was as much as I could do to forbear interrupting you to inquire into the cause of it."—"Nor will you lose your labour," answered the demon, "for I can satisfy your curiosity. That slave, whose melancholy struck you, is the only heir of a good family at Valladolid. He has been two years in captivity with a patron, who has an exceedingly pretty wife; and his wife was violently in love with her slave, who returned her love with a very tender passion. The patron, suspecting

something, made haste to sell the Christian, for fear his residence at his house might end in the increase of Turkish subjects. The tender-hearted Castilian has ever since, without ceasing, bewailed the loss of his mistress, and his liberty is not deemed by him a sufficient compensation for the sacrifice."

"An old gentlemen with a very good aspect attracts my eyes towards him," said Leandro Perez; "pray who may he be?"—"It is a barber of Guipuscoa," answered the cripple, "who is returning to Biscay, after a forty years' captivity. At the time he fell into a corsair's hands in a voyage from Valencia to the island of Sardinia, he had a wife, two sons, and a daughter, of whom he has now only one son left, who, more fortunate than his father, has been to Peru, and is returned with immense riches to his own country, where he has bought two fine estates."—"What satisfaction!" exclaimed the student; "what transport it must be to that son to behold his father again, and to be in a condition to make his last days happy and easy!"

"You talk like a tender affectionate child," replied the demon; "but the Biscayan barber's son is of tougher constitution. The unexpected arrival of his father will give him more uneasiness than pleasure; and instead of taking him home into his house at Guipuscoa, and sparing nothing to shew how overjoyed he is at recovering him, he may perhaps make him one of his game-keepers.

"Behind the barber is a little Arragonian physician, as like an ape as one drop of water to another. He has not been a fortnight at Algiers; for as soon as the Turks learned his profession, they refused to let him stay amongst them, and chose rather to give him up, without any ransom, to the fathers of the redemption, who were far from intending to redeem him, and have, sore against their will, brought him back to Spain."

"For goodness' sake tell me," said the student, "who that very odd, sour looking man is, who walks by himself, with a shambling gait, and has his hat slouched over his eyes?"—"He," answered Asmodeus, "is a very singular fellow indeed, and the ill-nature of his countenance proceeds from his having nobody to talk to. He is one of those disagreeable people whom Horace has distinguished by the name of question-askers, or *praters*. Not content with the produce of his own brains, he is eternally upon the scent after the affairs of other people, as it is in the power of novelty alone, to administer ease to that restless inquisitive humour which is so shocking to the rest of mankind. And this fellow is so signally unfortunate, that, an eighteen months' slavery of his own, together with that of the whole ship's crew, is owing to his very silly habit of asking impertinent questions. While he was inquiring of the pilot the longitude and latitude of several

places, the knowledge of which could never be of the least use to him, the pilot, diverted from his observations by the young man's impertinence, suffered the ship to run upon a bank of sand, which gave an Algerine rover time to come up with, and make a seizure of her crew, passengers, and cargo. While you live," continued he, "avoid such company; trifling at best, they are good for nothing but to disturb the pleasure and repose of society; and if they happen, for the plague of mankind, to have ill-nature joined with their curiosity, there is no mischief they are not capable of doing."

"You need not fear but that I shall profit by this piece of advice," replied the student, "for my own sake at least."—"It is well," said the demon; "let us resume the thread of our observations, which that good-for-nothing creature has interrupted. Observe that slave, the one with a little brown cap upon his bald pate. You that have such tender feeling for others' misfortunes, alas! how much would you pity him, did you know the sufferings he has undergone during a twelve years' slavery at Algiers, under an English renegade to whose lot he fell."—"And who is that poor captive?" asked Zumbullo. "He is a cordelier of Navarre," answered the demon. "I must confess that I am not at all sorry he has suffered like a wretch as he is, since, by his discourses of morality he hindered above a hundred Christian slaves from taking the turban."

"And I with the same freedom, must tell you," replied Don Cleofas, "that I am sorry the good father has been so long at the mercy of a barbarian."—"You are as much in the wrong to be afflicted, as I to rejoice at it," answered Asmodeus. "For this friar has so greatly improved by his twelve years' sufferings, that it is much better for him to have passed that time in torments, than in his cell to combat temptations of which he would not always have got the better."

"The captive that comes immediately after the cordelier," said Leandro Perez, "looks very composed and cool, for a man just redeemed from slavery. My curiosity is excited to know who he is."—"You are beforehand with me," replied the cripple, "I was going to point him out to you. In him you see a citizen of Salamanca, an unhappy father, a poor mortal grown insensible to misfortunes, in consequence of having experienced so many. I am going to relate to you his sad story, and there leave the rest of the captives: and, indeed, after him, there are few whose adventures deserve reciting."

"The student, already tired with seeing so many sad figures, answered that he desired nothing better. The demon thereupon immediately began the story contained in the following chapter.



CHAPTER XXI.

THE LAST STORY TOLD BY ABMODEUS, WHO, AS HE WAS MAKING AN END OF IT, WAS SUDDENLY INTERRUPTED; WITH THE DISAGREEABLE MODE IN WHICH HE AND DON CLEOFAS WERE PARTED.



HE son of an Alcalde of a small town in Old Castile, Pablos de Bahabon, after having divided between himself, one brother and a sister, a small inheritance, which their father, though a covetous man, had left them, set out for Salamanca, with design to increase the great number of students who then crowded the halls of that university. He was of good figure, had wit, and was then in the twenty-third year of his age.

“With a good thousand of ducats, and a strong predisposition to spend them in good cheer, he did not long fail to be talked of in the city. All the young people strove for a share of the friendship and entertainments which Don Pablos every day gave. I say Don, for he had assumed that title in order to support his pretensions to familiarity with students, whose nobility might otherwise have rendered it necessary for him to behave with greater reserve. But so much did he love diversion and good company, and so little did he exercise proper management over his purse, that at fifteen months' end his money failed him. However he still made a shift to rub on, as well by the means of credit which was freely given him, as of

a few pistoles that he borrowed ; but these resources could not last long, and he soon found himself separated from his last penny.

“ Upon this, his friends finding him unable to live as he had done, forbore their visits, and his creditors began to annoy him ; and though he assured the latter that in a few days he expected bills of exchange from his own country, yet some of them grew impatient, and pursued him so closely with bailiffs, that he narrowly escaped being arrested, when, as he was walking by the side of the river de Tormes, he met an acquaintance who accosted him thus : ‘ Signor Don Pablos, take care of yourself ; for I must tell you, there are several bailiffs in pursuit of you, and they intend to lay hold of you the moment you set your feet within the town.’

“ Bahabon, terrified with this intelligence, which but too well agreed with the state of his affairs, immediately made off towards Corita ; but was cautious enough to leave the high road to enter a wood that was within view, in which he soon contrived to shelter himself, resolving to lie concealed there, till night should befriend him with her darkness and enable him to pursue his journey with more security. It was a season when the forests were adorned with all their foliage ; Pablos chose the most umbrageous cork tree, and climbing into it, sat there upon its branches, the leaves of which entirely hid him from sight.

“ Thinking himself safe here, the fear of bailiffs soon vanished : and as men acquire the capacity of making the finest reflections in the world when their faults have been committed, so he recalled all his ill conduct, and resolved, if ever he should see himself rich again, to make a better use of his money ; but above all, he inwardly swore never more to be the bubble of those false friends who draw young fellows into debauchery, and whose friendship expires with the fumes of their wine.

“ While he was thus entertaining himself with thoughts of divers kinds that crowded into his mind, one after another, night came on. Then, disengaging himself from the branches and leaves that covered him, he was preparing to get down, when, by the feeble light of the then new moon, he thought he discerned, lurking near the spot, the form of a man. At sight of this, his former fear returned, and he fancied it was a bailiff, who, having traced him, was looking for him in this wood ; and his fear increased upon seeing the man sit down at the foot of the tree where he was, after going two or three times round it.”

The devil upon two sticks stopped short in his story here ; “ Signor Zambullo,” said he to Don Cleofas, “ give me leave for a few moments, to divert myself with the perplexity which I perceive I have put you into. You are in much pain to know who the mortal could be that came so unluckily thither, and what could have brought him. That is what I am going this moment to inform you. I will not abuse your patience.

"The man, after sitting down at the foot of the tree, whose thick foliage had hidden Don Pablos from him, rested himself for a few minutes. He



then began to dig the earth with a poniard, and made a large hole, wherein he buried a leathern bag; he next filled up the hole, covered it carefully with moss, and went away. Bahabon, who had observed all this with the greatest attention, and whose fears were changed into transports of joy, waited for the man's being at a distance, that he might come down from his tree, and dig up the bag, in which he did not doubt but he should find either gold or silver. To this end he made use of his knife; but had he had none, he was so eager for the work, that with his hands alone he would have penetrated to the very centre of the earth.

"The moment he had the bag in his hands, he began to sound it, and

being persuaded there was money in it, he hastened out of the wood with his booty, not so much then fearing to meet a bailiff, as the man who owned the bag. Transported as our student was with so lucky an occurrence, he walked nimbly all night long, without keeping to any road, and without feeling any fatigue or inconvenience from the burthen with which he was loaded. But as soon as day glimmered, he stopped under some trees, at no great distance from the town of Molorido, not so much indeed to rest himself, as at last to satisfy the curiosity he had to examine the contents of his bag. He untied it with that agreeable trembling which most men feel upon the approach of any great anticipated pleasure. He found a parcel of good double pistoles, and to crown his joy, counted to the tune of two hundred and fifty.

“ Having contemplated his treasure with excessive satisfaction, he began to bethink him very seriously what course he should take; and when he had formed his resolution, he fastened up his doubloons in his pocket, threw away the bag, and went to Molorido. He enquired for an inn, where, while his breakfast was preparing, he hired a mule, and that very day returned to Salamanca.

“ He perceived plainly, by the surprise every body showed at seeing him again, that the reason of his disappearing was no secret; but he had his story ready. He told them, that having occasion for money, and receiving none from his own country, though he had written for it twenty times, he had resolved to take a turn thither himself; and that the day before, just as he got into Molorido, he had met his steward with money. So that he now found it was in his power to undeceive those who thought him a man who had no fortune. He added, that he intended to show his creditors they were in the wrong to drive an honest man to extremities, who would long ago have paid them, had his steward been more punctual in remitting him his rents.

“ In reality the next day he sent for all his creditors, and paid them to the last farthing. The same friends who had deserted him in his want, no sooner knew he had a fresh supply of money, than they came again flocking around him, and once more began to flatter him, hoping yet to divert themselves at his expense. But he in his turn laughed at them, and religiously observing the oath he had sworn in the wood, sent them abruptly away. Instead of following his former course of life, he turned his thoughts towards making a progress in the science of the laws, and study became his sole employment.

“ You will say, however, that he was all this while very conscientiously spending double pistoles which did not belong to him. I agree with you; but must add, moreover, that he was doing only what four parts in five of

mankind would do in the like case. Yet he intended some time or other to restore them, if by chance he should discover who owned them. But relying upon his good intentions, he spent them without scruple, and patiently waited till he should find their loser, which he did about a year afterwards.

"The report soon spread about Salamanca, that a man of that town, called Ambrosio Piquillo, going to a wood to fetch a bag full of pieces of gold which he had buried, had found nothing but the hole, where he had taken it into his head to bury them, and that the poor man was thereby reduced to beggary.

"I must say, in praise of Bahabon, that the secret reproaches of his conscience at hearing this were not thrown away. He enquired where Ambrosio lived, and made him a visit in a little mean habitation, where all the furniture was one chair and a wretched bed. 'Friend,' said he, with an hypocritical air, 'I have heard from common fame of the sad accident which has befallen you; and charity obliging us all to help one another as far as we can, I am come to bring you some small assistance. But I should be glad to hear your unfortunate adventure from your own mouth.'

"'Sir,' answered Piquillo, 'I will tell you in few words. I had a son who used to rob me. I perceived it, and fearing he might lay his hands upon a leathern bag, in which I had two hundred and fifty good doubloons, I thought I could not do better than bury them in this same wood, whither I accordingly had the folly to carry them. Since that unlucky day my son took all that I had, and ran away with a woman whom he had seduced. Finding myself in a deplorable condition, by the debaucheries of this wicked young man, or rather by my foolish tenderness for him, I had recourse to my leathern bag. But, alas! the only hopes of subsistence which were left me, were cruelly torn from me.'

"The poor man could not utter these words without finding his affliction renewed, and shedding abundance of tears. Don Pablos relented at so moving a scene, and said to him: 'My dear Ambrosio, we must not take the crosses we meet with too much to heart; your tears are of no avail, they will not fetch back your money, which if it be fallen into the hands of any rascal, is really lost to you. But who knows? your double pistoles may have happened to get into an honest man's hands, who will be sure to restore them as soon as he knows they belong to you. Come, perhaps you may get them again, at all events do not despair; and meanwhile,' added he, at the same time giving him ten of those very doubloons that came out of the leathern bag, 'take these, and come to me in eight days.' Having spoken thus to him, he told him his name, and where he lived, and went out of the room, quite confounded at the blessings and acknowledgments

Ambrosio bestowed upon him. Such are for the most part all generous actions; which we should not so frequently admire, could we see into their true motives.

"At the eight day's end, Piquillo, who had not forgotten Don Pablos's commands, went and made him a visit. Bahabon treated him with great kindness, and said to him very affectionately, 'Friend, after the good character I have had of you, I am resolved to contribute my utmost towards your re-establishment. I will employ for you both my credit and my purse.

"'As a beginning,' continued he, 'do you know what I have done? I am acquainted with some persons of distinction, who are extremely charitable; I have been with them, and have moved them to pity you so much, that I have procured of them two hundred crowns for you.' At the same time he went into his closet, whence he came out again in a moment, bringing with him the sum named in silver, and not in doubloons, lest the man might suspect the truth of the matter, by receiving so many double pistoles. By this artifice he obtained his end with more security, which was to make restitution in such a manner, as might reconcile his conscience with his reputation.

"And indeed poor Ambrosio was far from thinking those crowns a restitution. He sincerely took them for a contribution made for him, and having again humbly thanked Don Pablos, returned to his little cottage, blessing heaven all the way for finding a gentleman so good as to take all this trouble to serve him.

"The next day he met a friend in the street, whose affairs were not at all in a better posture than his own, and who said to him, 'In two days I am going to Cadiz, in order to embark on board a ship that is shortly to sail for New Spain. I do not like the life I have lately led here, and my mind tells me that I shall succeed better at Mexico; I would advise you to go with me, if you can raise only a hundred crowns.'

"'I can raise two hundred,' answered Piquillo, 'without any trouble, and would willingly undertake this voyage, were I sure of a livelihood in the Indies. Upon this his friend boasted of the fertility of New Spain, and laid before him so many ways of growing rich, that Ambrosio acceded to his friend's views, and thought of nothing but of preparing to set out for Cadiz. But before he left Salamanca, he took care to have a letter left with Bahabon, wherein he told him, that having met with a very good opportunity of going to the Indies, he had a mind to make use of it, in order to try whether fortune would be kinder to him in a new country than she had been in his own; that he took the liberty of informing him of it, and of assuring him he would never forget his great favours.

“Ambrosio's departure a little vexed Don Pablos, who thereby saw the scheme he had laid, by little and little to discharge his conscience, quite disconcerted. But considering that in a few years the good old man might return to Salamanca, he insensibly grew easy, and applied himself more than ever to the civil and canon laws, and made so prodigious a progress, as well by his application, as the quickness of his parts, that he became the most shining member of the university, and was at last chosen rector of it. He was not contented with supporting that honour by his profound learning, but took such infinite pains with himself, as to acquire all the qualities of a man of honour and integrity.

“While he was rector, he heard that a young fellow of Salamanca had been committed to prison upon an accusation for abduction, and was upon the point of being executed. Bahabon, upon this, remembering that Piquillo's son had carried off a woman, inquired who the prisoner was, and being informed it was this very son of Piquillo, undertook his defence. One admirable circumstance in the science of law is, that it furnishes arguments on both sides; and as our rector was a complete master of it, he made an excellent use of it in defence of the criminal. It is true, he joined to it the credit of his friends, and the strongest solicitation: and these, to tell you a truth, did more than all the rest.

“The criminal, through the influence exercised in his behalf, came off whiter than snow. He went to thank his deliverer, who said thus to him: ‘I have served you, but it was from regard to your father, whom I love; and to give you a fresh instance of it, if you have any thoughts of continuing here, and living honestly, I will undertake to make a man of you; if on the contrary, you, like your father, have a mind to take a trip to the Indies, you may be sure of fifty pistoles; I engage my word for them.’ Young Piquillo made him this answer: ‘Since I have the honour of your lordship's protection, I should act very wrong to leave a place where I enjoy so great an advantage. No, my lord, I will remain at Salamanca, and henceforth, protest to you, that my conduct shall be such as shall please you.’ Upon these assurances, the rector put twenty pistoles into his hands, saying, ‘Here, friend, take these, attach yourself to some honest profession, employ your time well, and rest assured that I will not desert you.’

“About two months afterwards, it happened that Piquillo, who from time to time used to make his court to Don Pablos, one day appeared before him in tears. ‘What is the matter with you?’ asked Bahabon. ‘Sir,’ answered the son of Ambrosio, ‘I have just heard a piece of news that goes nigh to break my heart. My father has been taken by an Algerine rover, and is actually in chains. An old man of this town, who is returned from Algiers after ten years of slavery, whom the Fathers of

Mercy have lately redeemed, just now told me he left him there a captive. Alas,' added he, beating his breast, and tearing his hair, 'Wretch that I



am! it was my debaucheries that forced my father to hide his money, and banish himself from his country! It is I who have delivered him up to a barbarian who is loading him with fetters! Ah! Signor Don Pablos, why did you rescue me from the hands of justice? Since you loved my father, you should have been his avenger, and suffered me, by my death, to have expiated the horrible crime, of having caused all his calamities.'

"At this discourse, which exhibited the true repentance of the prodigal son, the rector was moved with the grief which the young Piquillo testified. 'My child,' said he, 'it is with pleasure I see that you repent of your faults; but dry up your tears. It is sufficient that I know what is become of Ambrosio, to assure you that you shall see him again. His liberty is to be purchased with a ransom, and that I take upon myself. Whatever he may have suffered, I am persuaded, that finding in you a discreet, affectionate son at his return, he will no more complain of his ill-fortune.'

“Don Pablos eased the mind of Ambrosio’s son by this promise, and three or four days afterwards set out for Madrid, where upon his arrival he put into the hands of the Fathers of Mercy a purse of one hundred pistoles, with a little label containing these words:—‘This sum is given to the Brotherhood of the Redemption, for the ransom of a poor citizen of Salamanca, named Ambrosio Piquillo, a captive at Algiers.’ Those good fathers, in their last voyage to Algiers, have punctually fulfilled the rector’s intention. They have redeemed Ambrosio, who is the slave whose composed air attracted so much of your attention.”



“But methinks,” said Don Cleofas, “Bahabon is now not at all in the citizen’s debt.”—“Don Pablos is not of your opinion,” answered Asmodeus. “He intends to return both principal and interest. His nice conscience is even scrupulous of enjoying the wealth he has acquired during his rectorship. And when he sees Piquillo, he intends to say thus to him: ‘My dear friend Ambrosio, no longer look on me as a benefactor; in me you only see a rascal who dug up the money you hid in the wood. It is not sufficient for me to restore you your two hundred and fifty doubloons, since I made use of it to attain the rank I hold in life; whatever I have is yours. I will keep no more than you shall judge necessary, to—’” Here the Devil upon Two Sticks stopped short. He was suddenly seized with an aguish shivering, and changed colour.

“What is the matter?” enquired the student; “what extraordinary emotion makes you tremble, and pause?”—“Ah, Signor Leandro,” cried the demon, with a terrified voice, “how unfortunate am I! The conjuror, who kept me in the bottle in his laboratory, has discovered my flight. He is going to recal me by such forcible conjurations as I cannot resist.”—



"What a mortification is this to me!" said Don Cleofas, quite softened with compassion; "and what a loss am I going to suffer! Alas, are we going to part for ever?"—"I do not think so," answered Asmodeus. "The magician may want my assistance, and if I have the good fortune to render him any service, perhaps out of gratitude he may give me my liberty. If that should happen, as I hope, depend upon it I will soon be with you, upon condition that you reveal to no soul living what has this night passed between us; for should you be so indiscreet as to impart it to any body, I tell you beforehand, that you will never see me more.

"What makes my leaving you a little easier to me," pursued he, "is

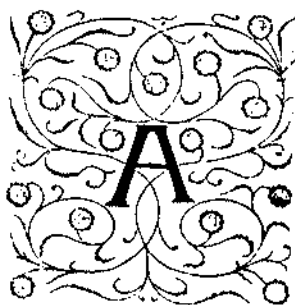
that, at the worst, I have made your fortune. You will marry the fair Seraphina, whom I have made doatingly fond of you. Signor Don Pedro de Escolano, her father, is resolved to marry her to you. Do not let slip so fine an opportunity to obtain a settlement. But, bless me!" added he, "I already hear the magician call me; the whole of the lower domain of spirits rings with the terrible words pronounced by this formidable cabalist. I cannot stay longer with you, Signor. Adieu, dear Zambullo, till I see you again." At these words, he embraced Don Cleofas, and having conveyed him safely to his apartment, disappeared.





CHAPTER XXII.

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF WHAT DON CLEOFAS DID AFTER THE DEVIL HAD LEFT HIM; AND HOW THE AUTHOR OF THIS WORK THOUGHT FIT TO END IT.



SMOKEUS had no sooner departed, than the student, finding himself fatigued with having been all night on his legs, bestirring himself, undressed, and went to bed to take a little rest. His spirits were so agitated, that he could hardly get to sleep; but at last, paying Morpheus that tribute which all mortals owe, without usury, he fell into a profound slumber, in which he continued during the whole of

that day and the following night, dreaming of the adventures through which he had so recently passed.

In this condition he had remained four and twenty hours, when Don Luis de Lujana, a young gentleman of his acquaintance, came into his chamber, crying as loud as he could, "So ho! Signor Don Cleofas, up, up." At this noise Zambullo awoke. "Do you know," said Don Luis, "that you have been a-bed ever since yesterday morning?"—"That is impossible," answered Leandro. "Nothing is more true," replied his friend: "you have slept the clock twice round. Every body in the house has assured me it is a fact."

The student, astonished at having had so long a nap, was at first afraid that this adventure with the Devil upon Two Sticks was no more than a



dream. Yet he could not think so either; and when he recalled some particular circumstances, he no longer doubted but what he had seen was real. However, to ease his doubts, he got up, dressed with all haste, and went out with Don Luis, whom he carried towards the gate of the sun, without telling him wherefore. When they were there, and Don Cleofas had found that Don Pedro's house was really almost burnt to the ground, he pretended to be surprised. "What is this I see?" he exclaimed. "What sad work the fire has made here! Whose was this unfortunate house? Is it long since it was burnt?"

Don Luis de Lujana answered his two questions, and thus pursued his discourse: "The vast damage of this fire makes less noise in the city, than a circumstance I am going to tell you of. Signor Don Pedro de Escolano has an only daughter, beautiful as the day. They say she was in a room filled with fire and smoke, where she must inevitably have perished, and that she was rescued, notwithstanding, by a young gentleman whose name I have not yet learned. It is the common topic of every conversation at Madrid. The cavalier's bravery is cried up to the skies; and it is believed, that though he be nothing more than a private gentleman, he may very well obtain the daughter of Don Pedro, as the reward of so glorious an achievement.

Leandro Perez listened to Don Luis without showing that he was in the least concerned in what he was talking of; and disengaging himself upon a feigned excuse, he went to the Prado, and sitting down under some trees,

fell into a deep reverie. Immediately the Devil upon Two Sticks came into his mind. "I cannot," said he, "too much regret my dear Asmodeus. He would, in a short time, have carried me all over the world, and I should have made that tour without any of the inconveniencies that travelling subjects one to. Doubtless I have sustained a great loss; but," presently subjoined he, "perhaps it is not irreparable. Why should I despair of seeing him again? It may happen, as he himself said, that the conjuror may immediately give him his liberty." Then, thinking of Don Pedro and his daughter, he resolved to make the grandee a visit, urged on solely by the curiosity of seeing the fair Seraphina.

The moment he appeared before Don Pedro, that nobleman ran and embraced him with open arms, crying, "Welcome, generous cavalier! I began to be angry with you. 'How,' said I, 'after the pressing invitations I gave Don Cleofas to come and see me, is he still absent from my eyes? How ill does he return the impatience I feel to testify the esteem and friendship I have for him!'"

Zambullo hung down his head, out of respect, at so flattering a reproach, and excused himself to the old gentleman by telling him he feared he should have been troublesome in the confusion in which he judged he must have been the day before. "That excuse will not satisfy me," replied Don Pedro; "you could never be troublesome in a house, where, had it not been for you, a greater sadness would have reigned. But," added he, "be pleased to follow me; you have other thanks to receive than mine." At these words, he took him by the hand, and led him into Seraphina's apartment.

That lady had just returned from prayers: "Daughter," said her father, "I am come to present the gentleman to you, who so bravely saved your life. Show him how sensible you are of the great favour he did you, since the condition you were in the day before yesterday would not permit you to do it then." Hereupon Signora Seraphina, opening a mouth of roses, addressed herself to him in a compliment that would charm all my readers, could I repeat it word for word; but as it has not been handed down to me exactly, I choose rather to pass it over in silence, than spoil it.

I shall only say, that Don Cleofas imagined it was a divinity he saw and heard, and that he was at once captivated through the eyes and the ears. He immediately felt a violent passion for her. But far from considering her as one he was sure of marrying, he doubted, notwithstanding all that the demon had said, whether so glorious a reward was to be the recompense of a service they imagined he had done them. The more charming she appeared to him, the less did he dare to flatter himself with the happiness of gaining her.

What confirmed him in his uncertainty of obtaining so great a blessing, was, that Don Pedro, during the long conversation he had with him, never once touched upon that string, and had only loaded him with civilities, without hinting the least desire to be his father-in-law. Seraphina too, on



her side, as polite as her father, turned the discourse wholly upon gratitude, without making use of any expression that could give Zambullo room to think that she loved him; so that he took his leave of Signor Escolano with a great deal of love, and very little hope.

"Friend Asmodeus," said he in his way home, as if he had still been with the devil, "when you assured me that Don Pedro was inclined to make me

his son-in-law, and that Seraphina indulged a lively passion with which you had inspired her for me, you must have intended to divert yourself at my expense, or else you must own that you know as little of the present as of the future."

Our student was now sorry that he had visited the lady, and, looking upon his passion for her as an ill-fated love which he ought to conquer, he resolved to spare no pains to accomplish it. He went farther; he reproached himself with his eagerness in pushing his design, supposing he had found the father inclined to grant him his daughter, and he looked upon it as shameful to owe his happiness to an artifice.

He was still full of these reflections, when Don Pedro, having sent for him the next day, began thus: "Signor Leandro Perez, it is time for me to prove, by my actions, that when you obliged me, you did not do a good office to one of those courtiers, who, were he in my place, would content himself with returning it with a little court holy water. But I intend that Seraphina herself shall be the reward of the danger you ran upon her account. I must tell you too, that I have found her to be my own daughter, in the proposal I made to her of marrying her deliverer. She showed her joy, by a transport which has convinced me that her gratitude equals my own. It is, then, resolved on, that you shall have my daughter."

At these words, the good Signor de Escolano, who expected Don Cleofas would have returned his most humble thanks for so great a favour, was surprised to see him stand speechless and confounded. "Speak, Zambullo," said he. "What am I to think of the disorder into which my proposal has thrown you? What can have set you against her? Ought a private gentleman to refuse an alliance by which a grandee would think himself honoured? Has the nobility of my family any blemish that I am a stranger to?"

"My lord," answered Leandro, "I am but too sensible of the distance which heaven has placed between us."—"Wherefore, then," replied Don Pedro, "do you seem so little pleased at a marriage that does you so much honour? Come, be ingenuous, Don Cleofas; you are in love with some other lady, to whom you have given your faith; and it is she whose interest, at this time, stands as a bar to your advancement."—"Had I a mistress, to whom I might have engaged myself by any oath," answered the student, "without doubt no reason should induce me to be false to her. But it is not that which prevents my accepting your favours. The nice notion I entertain of honour commands me to forego the glorious establishment you have designed for me, and far from intending to make an ill use of the error you labour under, I am going to undeceive you. I am not Seraphina's deliverer."

"What do I hear!" cried the old gentleman, in amazement: "Was it not you who rescued her from the flames that were about to devour her? Was it not you who performed so gallant an action?"—"No, my lord," answered Zambullo. "Vain had been that attempt to any mortal man, and I will plainly tell you, it was a demon that saved your daughter."

These words increased Don Pedro's surprise, who, thinking he ought not to understand them in a literal sense, desired the student to speak plainer. Upon this, Leandro, without giving himself any pain for Asmodeus's friendship, told him all that had passed between the cripple and him. The old gentleman then resumed the discourse, and said to Don Cleofas, "The confidence you have now reposed in me, confirms me in my design of giving you my daughter. You are originally her deliverer; had not you interceded with the Devil upon Two Sticks to snatch her from impending death, he had infallibly suffered her to perish. It is you, therefore, who have preserved Seraphina's days. In a word, you have deserved her, and I offer her to you, with half my estate."

Leandro Perez, at these words, which removed all scruple, threw himself at the feet of Don Pedro, to thank him for his great goodness. The wedding of Cleofas and Seraphina was shortly afterwards celebrated with a magnificence suitable to the rank and wealth of the heiress of Signor Escolano, and to the great satisfaction of the friends of our student; Leandro being thus well rewarded for the few hours of liberty which he had procured for THE DEVIL ON TWO STICKS.



ASMODEUS,
THE
DEVIL ON TWO STICKS.



MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.



or only the place, but the period of the birth of Alain René Le Sage, has been hotly disputed. M. Titon du Tillet, in the second Supplement to the 'Parnasse Français,' states that he was born at Ruis, in Britany, in the year 1677. This date and locality were adopted by Louis Moreri, in his 'Grand Dictionnaire Historique,' published at Paris, in 1759. More recent writers, however, with what greater degree of accuracy does not appear, have removed the birth to

Vannes, and the date to 1668. The latter date is now generally accepted by French writers as the true one. To the reader the question is not likely to be of further importance than as shewing the developement of the author's mind and faculties, and affording a means of reference to the age at which his works were produced. At the same time the dispute incontestibly establishes one point; namely, that the family of Le Sage must have been an obscure one, otherwise the local registries, and the then existing manorial documents, and tax and feu lists, would have set the question at rest at once and for ever.

M. Jules Janin seems to have taken more trouble than the biographers preceding him, to ascertain the history of one who may be considered the model of French novelists. He assigns the birth of his favourite to the Morbihan, on the 8th of May, 1668, the same year in which Racine gave his 'Plaideurs' to the theatre, and Molière his 'Avaro.' "The father of Le Sage," he says, "was a man of sufficient learning to be a

respectable advocate of the Province, who lived from hand to mouth, in considerable style, without troubling himself with the prospects of his only son. The father died when Alain was not more than fourteen years of age; and was shortly afterwards followed by his widow:—our young author being left to the care of an uncle, who bestowed upon him the usual education of the period." The Jesuits almost monopolized the direction of youth during the seventeenth century, and had for pupils, among others, almost equally celebrated, Le Sage, Voltaire, Molière, Racine and La Fontaine. It has been plausibly suggested, that to the severe critical studies imposed by those rigid instructors, to their reverence for the classics, and to the care taken by them to cultivate the understanding as well as the style, we are indebted for so many almost contemporaneous authors, who, in their several countries, have since become classics themselves.

His first introduction completed, Le Sage found greater obstacles at entering life than he had probably anticipated. France, at that period, required more than mere talent or merit as a passport to fame and fortune. Money was powerful, but the more potent ruler at college, in the army, at the bar and at court, was pedigree; or, in the absence of that, the patronage of a mistress of the king, or of the favourite minister. Le Sage was without fortune, without rank, and without patronage, when at twenty years of age he went forth to seek his fortune; and it was under these circumstances that he had the courage to take a wife. "Blessings," exclaims Janin, "on the honest and devoted maiden who consented, with heartsome gaiety, to run all hazards, and endure all hardships, in order to share with her lover the joys of a poetic life."

It was now, in all probability, that Le Sage sat down in earnest to the life of labour for which his previous studies had fitted him. His first work was a species of translation from the Greek, of the 'Letters of Calisthenes;' but it fell still born from the press. It seems, however, to have procured him a pension of six hundred livres from the Abbé de Lyonne, and, what was even of greater value in the sequel, the patronage and friendship of that prelate; who suggested to him the path which he subsequently pursued with such brilliant and enduring success. It was he, in fact, who pointed out the almost unassayed and inexhaustible mines of the Spanish language, literature and manners—the source of the greatness of Cervantes and of Corneille. The first fruit of this happy hint was the production of a volume of comedies, translated from Lope de Vega, Calderon and others, but, as they had little merit, they had indifferent success. Still our author was not dismayed by failure. He had taken up his pen, and seemed determined to wear it to a stump.

In 1702, he presented to the Théâtre Français a five act comedy, entitled 'The Point of Honour.' This also was little better than a translation from the Spanish, and was but coldly received. Le Sage, nevertheless, was not even yet convinced that translation was not his forte. He went on therefore as he had begun, and reproduced the 'New adventures of Don Quixote,' from the miserable original of the felonious Avellaneda. This was received, as it deserved to be, in silence. Shortly afterwards, 'Don César Ursin,' a Spanish comedy, imitated from Calderon, was offered to the players, and having been performed before the court at

Versailles, and received there with enthusiastic applause, it was presented to the public at the Théâtre Français, and condemned without mercy. It was a rude, but a certain means of correcting the mistakes of the poor author, who, if he could have enjoyed a moderate share of approbation as a plagiarist, would never, in all probability, have done anything better. But although slow to be convinced, Le Sage, when once satisfied of his error, was not obstinate enough to repeat it. He forthwith invented an original plot, and wrote a comedy of manners. In this, with original ideas, he struck at once into a new style; and found what he does not appear previously to have suspected, that when required, he had wit of his own at will; and that, in delineation of character, elegant dialogue, satire and poetic imagination, he was little inferior to Molière. This comedy was 'Crispin, rival of his master.' Like 'Don César Ursin', it was played at Versailles, before being exhibited at Paris; but unlike that comedy, it met with a cool reception from the court. Nothing daunted, however, Le Sage appealed, as to its merits, to the higher tribunal of the public; and as if to mark the growing contempt between the princes and people of France, it was welcomed by the audience with the loudest plaudits. "Paris," says a recent critic, "found in that new play all the qualities of true comedy: wit, grace, easy irony, inexhaustible pleasantry, great freedom, something of malice, and a little love."

It was a turn of the wheel of Fortune, and with new hopes to the author, it brought new energies, and a renewed stock of humour and feeling. It was the crowning of the labours of one who had toiled long in the dark, and at last had found the true road to fame and honour. He only who has experienced the bitterness of broken hopes, and of profitless struggles, can rightly estimate the altered state of mind in which René Le Sage sat down to labour afresh, after his name and his work had been honoured by his countrymen. He now engaged on a new piece with ardour; and the result exhibited the beneficial influence which had been imparted to his spirit by success. In 1709, 'Turcaret' made its appearance. This, of all Le Sage's dramatic effusions, is admitted by French critics to be the best. It was a picture from the life of the class which then had even greater sway than at present—the Capitalists. Money was universally felt to be all-powerful; to stand in the place of valour to the soldier, instead of justice to the judge, of intelligence to the minister, and of honesty and uprightness to the clergy. It was known to preside over the councils of the king himself, and to bring forth from the palace unblushing wrong. In 'Turcaret' this odious influence was held up to unmitigated scorn and ridicule. The financier was portrayed in his origin and progress. The valet, from riding behind his master's carriage, by abject servility and chicanery, was shewn first acquiring the management of his master's wealth, and subsequently, becoming its owner, and riding in the carriage the steps of which he was accustomed to attend. It was a true and fearful drawing, but still comic; or if otherwise, it was like the homely, honest tragedies of Hogarth. At its representation, bursts of indignation, and roars of laughter succeeded each other. The financiers of the day were panic-stricken. The 'Tartufe' of Molière had not created greater consternation among the "Righteous over much," than did Turcaret among the *good men* on 'change. Money—a fortune—was

offered to suppress the play; but in vain. The author had caught a glimpse of posterity, and his fair fame was dearer to him than the dirty ore whose baneful influence he had denounced. Intrigue was attempted; but though the request of the Lenders of Gold was supported with all the influence of the numerous and powerful tribe of Borrowers, the Dauphin so generously threw his shield over the comedy and its author, that no ordonnance could be obtained for smothering the one, nor *lettre de cachet* for imprisoning the other. 'Turcaret' had immense success, and Le Sage's name was placed among the immortals of his country.

But though he had quitted the acknowledged business of translating romances for the composition of plays, the author of 'Crispin' was not the less attached to his old occupation; or perhaps it ought rather to be said, he was not rich enough to devote all his time to original writing. He had a wife and a growing family, and his success was not yet of a nature to secure him against daily accruing necessities. Two years before the appearance of 'Turcaret,' he produced 'Le Diable Boiteux,' confessedly imitated from a Spanish work of the same title, by Velez de Guevara: but the original, it must be added, as compared with the imitation, was but a flimsy and time-serving pamphlet, extending to not more than a hundred and thirty-five pages, and utterly destitute of the wit and humour of 'Asmodeus.' Of the merits of this work there cannot, at this time, be a question. It has been called the only perfect epic romance in any language, from its strictly preserving all the unities of time and place, and its connecting the principal characters with all the episodes woven into the main story. Its success on publication, and the character it bears among French critics, will be spoken of hereafter.

Our author, as we have shewn, had grown familiar with disappointment; and the acquaintance was not yet to end. The Théâtre Français, notwithstanding the profits derived from the continued run of 'Turcaret,' refused to continue its patronage of Le Sage; but deserted legitimate comedy for the frivolities of vaudeville and farce. The man who had given fair promise of becoming a rival of Molière, was required to descend from his throne, and become a competitor of the *scribes* of his day. Le Sage, fortunately for himself and for the literature of his country, rejected the humiliation with contempt, and after giving three comedies, 'La jeune veillard,' 'La force de l'amour,' and 'L'arbitre des differends,' to the Théâtre Italien, and several smaller pieces to the provincial theatres, and some even, it is said, to barn-strollers and mountebanks, he conceived and carried into execution the project of blending all the dramatic plots which had floated through his mind—and the composition of which must have occupied his life-time—into one great work, which should prove to his countrymen that he had not quitted the arena of the Theatre from poverty of imagination, or want of power to render his conceptions interesting. This work was 'Gil Blas de Santillane,' the first part of which appeared in 1715, when, according to the generally received account, its author was forty-seven years of age.

"This work," says M. Charles Nodier, "was regarded by Le Sage as it would have been by Molière, if he had been treated with the same disparagement by the players at the outset of his successful career. It is not only a romance, but a drama, of a hundred varied acts, and a thousand

characters; not a piece of frivolous wit, fit only for the boudoir of a lady, but a comedy of real life and manners—a picture of mankind under all phases of fortune, with all the vices and virtues, the greatness and littleness, inherent in humanity, grouped around a central and connecting figure. Gil Blas himself is the universal man of Terence. Molière, in his ‘*Misanthrope*,’ had already exhibited high life on the stage. Gil Blas passes through and describes every grade of society, from the bandit who extorts toll by virtue of a loaded carbine, to the courtier, and even the prince, who plunders the people of the fruits of their labour at the sovereign command of the king, ‘by the grace of God.’ Not only are all the most prominent characters, which belong naturally to the human race, to be found in ‘*Gil Blas* ;’ but all are shown as affected by the circumstances amid which they are cast. The work therefore is more than a romance. It is an anatomical portrait of the human mind and heart.

“It would, however, have been a subject of regret, if a writer so intimate with the resources of the French language, and so well skilled to handle its difficulties, had not made the monument of his genius and of his profound knowledge of social life, a monument also of the capabilities and graces of the language in which his thoughts were embodied. The more thoroughly to appreciate the value of *Le Sage*’s legacy, we must remember what, in his time, was considered a romance. The ‘*Gargantua*’ of Rabelais, was held to have emanated merely from the caprice of a sportive imagination, delighting in satire; while the ‘*Télémaque*’ of Fenelon was the only existing French epic. Between these extremes, nothing [except the drama] was thought to be worth remembrance. *Le Sage*, by his creation, boldly resolved to open a new source of entertainment and instruction, and, in effecting his object, to tax the full powers, and bring into play the whole riches, of the French language. This, it is almost needless to add, he accomplished triumphantly; inasmuch that there remains scarcely a form of speech, a turn of expression, a pure French idiomatic phrase, or even an aphorism, worth quotation and acceptance in good society, which is not to be found in ‘*Gil Blas*.’ This,” adds M. Nodier, “is a singular fact, which, we believe, has never been noticed before; but that is no reason why it should be withheld; and if critics have hitherto failed to appreciate so high a merit, it can only be imputed to mental blindness, or a dogged deference to the opinion of one, who, though admitted to be the most acute, was at the same time the most prejudiced, critic of France—*Voltaire*.”

Speaking of ‘*Gil Blas*,’ Mr. Chalmers has recorded the following opinion:—“It is by far the most popular, and deservedly ranks very high among the productions of historical fancy. It has been translated into every European language, and received in all nations as a faithful portrait of human nature. Few books have been so frequently quoted, as affording happy illustrations of general manners, and of the common caprices and infirmities incident to man.” Dr. Moore, the author of ‘*Zeluco*,’ says: “*Le Sage* proves himself to have been intimately acquainted with human nature:” and as the moral tendency of ‘*Gil Blas*’ has been sometimes questioned, the same author remarks, “that he never intended that character as a model of imitation.”—“His object,” Mr. Chalmers subjoins, “was to exhibit men as they are, not as they ought to be. For this pur-

pose he chooses a youth, of no extraordinary talents, and without steady principles; open to be duped by knavery, and perverted by example. He sends him, like a spaniel, through the open fields, the covert, the giddy heights, and latent tracks of life, to raise the game at which he wishes to shoot; and few moral huntsmen ever afforded more entertaining sport." To these eulogies one has been added by a recent critic in the 'Quarterly Review,' in an article on the novelists of France. "Gil Blas," says that writer, "is the cleverest picture, we incline to think, of life and manners that ever has been drawn."

But, while 'Gil Blas' is thus, on all hands, admitted to be the masterpiece of Le Sage, and, indeed, of French novels, to 'Le Diable Boiteux,' is assigned only the second place in the same rank, not only of the productions of the author of 'Turcaret,' but of French literature. M. Jules Janin, whose name is deservedly popular throughout Europe, as a writer of exquisite imagination, of refined wit, and of sound judgment, has thus apostrophised Asmodeus: "The Devil is let loose on the city—a demon entirely French, with all the wit, the grace, and the vivacity of 'Gil Blas.' Look, then, to yourselves, ye vicious and ridiculous—ye who have escaped sarcasm in the author's previous works; for by a touch of that all-powerful wand, not your houses alone, but your bosoms will be disclosed as through a glass. Beware! for Asmodeus, that terrible railler, will dart his remorseless eye into sanctuaries which you believe to be impenetrable, and will recount to each of you his secret history. He will strike with that ivory crutch, and all doors, all hearts will fly open before him. None shall escape that vigilant observer, who, mounted on his staff, glides over roofs the most close and secure, and reveals to his companion the ambition, the jealousy, the disquietude, the cause of sleeplessness in all. Considered with regard to its wit without rancour, and to its all-embracing, all-deriding satire, as well as with respect to its excellent style, 'The Devil on Two Sticks' is, perhaps, the most truly French book in the language; and is the only work which, after 'Gil Blas,' might have borne the name of Moliere."

To these publicly expressed opinions of the distinguished countrymen of Le Sage, no additional eulogies are necessary. If indeed they were, it is certain that neither 'Gil Blas,' nor 'The Devil on Two Sticks,' would at this date be re-appearing with the splendid and costly illustrations with which they have here been embellished. No one has ever risen from the perusal of either 'Gil Blas,' or 'Asmodeus,' without feeling that he has gained an accession of knowledge as well as of delight: that he has been introduced to the company of living men and women, and not to mere creatures of the imagination. Even Asmodeus—the Demon—the Devil on Two Sticks—is a piece of flesh and blood, caustic in humour, endowed with superhuman powers, and subject to superhuman agencies; but still in his sympathies, and even in his likings and prejudices, belonging to this lower world, and entertaining no more of misanthropy or spleen than extensive intercourse with the world gives to people whose reason governs their affections. He is a veritable Cupid, though a cripple; and if he occasionally delights to be a tormentor of hearts, he is not unfrequently the healer of wounds unjustly inflicted. It is for this we acquire, as we peruse his one night's adventures, a partiality for his company; and when we find him

again consigned to his bottle, we pity him, and are fain, notwithstanding the broken faith of Cleofas, to indulge a hope that he will even yet be released by some friendly hand—or that the magician who holds him in thrall will speedily die. We are not certain that Le Sage himself did not originally contemplate a continuation of the work. That he was pleased with the character of Asmodeus is certain, from his reviving it many years after the publication of ‘*Le Diable Boiteux*,’ by putting his name to what he calls a “critique,” prefixed to an edition of his comedy of ‘*Turcaret*,’ issued in 1739. But whether he intended to extend the adventures or not, it is certain, from the failure of repeated experiments to do so, by others, that the meddling of a meaner mind with the subject could not be tolerated. As Don Quixote disclaimed all the new sallies attributed to him by unworthy disciples of Cervantes, the *Lame Devil* of Le Sage has rejected all the coaxing of mere imitators to accompany them in search of new scenes, characters, and incidents. The pretended historians have gone forth with the peacock-plumes, the purple vapour, and, perhaps, the crutches of the cripple; but not one of the herd has succeeded in achieving a single miracle. Asmodeus himself, and his magic mantle, have remained to this day in the sealed bottle of the astrologer.

Besides the works we have enumerated, René Le Sage was the translator, or rather the adapter from the Spanish, of the ‘*History of Estevanille*,’ a romance, in two volumes: of ‘*Guzman d’Alfarache*,’ also in two volumes; of the ‘*Bachelor of Salamanca*,’ in one volume; of a volume entitled ‘*Mélangé Amusant de Sailliés d’esprit, et de traits historiques de plus frapans* ;’ and of the comedies of ‘*Don Felix de Mendoza*, and ‘*The Tontine*.’ These, it is said, would have been sufficient of themselves to have obtained for the writer no inconsiderable reputation; had they not been totally eclipsed by the inimitable ‘*Crispin*,’ ‘*Turcaret*,’ ‘*The Devil on Two Sticks*,’ and ‘*Gil Blas*.’ The consequence of the surpassing excellence of the last named works, however, has been that the others are comparatively unknown—especially to English readers.

We have endeavoured to show that while Le Sage had high merits exclusively his own, he was, to a great extent—a greater, perhaps, than any man who has attained a similar reputation throughout the world—dependent upon the resources of strangers for the ideas and outlines of his stories. We do not, nevertheless, join in the clamour of those who condemn his use of Spanish authors for his plots, and magnify it into a charge of gross and dishonest plagiarism. M. Charles Nodier has entered into this question at some length, and has defended his client with hearty zeal, if not with complete success. “*Le Sage*,” he says, “has been accused of plagiarism, which, when it is remembered that his fame rests more upon the perfection of his style, his delightful combinations and grouping, and the propriety of his language, than upon the mere complication of detailed occurrences, seems almost incredible. He will not, we should conceive, be arraigned for having feloniously appropriated his happy artifice of speech, his beautifully constructed periods, his brilliant and ingenious phrases, his simple, elegant, and harmonious style. If he stole these, it could have been from Molière alone; and no one ever dreamed of his obtaining possession—supposing he had been base enough for the perpetration of such an act—of any unpublished work of Molière. No one has yet supposed

that there was any book of Molière's that he could have so appropriated. But it is not of so decided a *crime* that Le Sage is held culpable. We are almost ashamed to tell the nature of the charge against him; for nothing can be more irksome than the repetition of a piece of solemn nonsense. Le Sage, say his accusers, has not only stolen, but wantonly garbled—*names!* Doctor Sangrado, in 'Gil Blas,' for instance, has, with unparalleled effrontery, been coined from Sagredo; as if Le Sage could not by possibility have hit upon Sangrado, if Sagredo had not previously have existed in Espinel's book. The plagiarism, in this case, it must be confessed, is wonderfully glaring and monstrously dishonest!" But, although M. Nodier is eminently successful in the exposure and destruction of such pettifogging pleas, adduced against our author by his adversaries, we are not quite so sure that the whole question of Le Sage's dealings with the property of other persons, is reducible to limits so narrow, or to such childishly harmless trespasses as his advocate, in this, and similar passages, wishes to make appear. We are admirers of Le Sage, and worshippers of Shakspeare; but as we care nothing for the admitted fact, that many of the plots of the greatest dramatist and poet the world has yet produced, were borrowed from obscure plays, which had prior existence, so we think it perfectly immaterial to his fame and his talents, to be told, and to believe, that Le Sage was indebted to his predecessors for more than the mere names of his characters.

"But this," continues M. Nodier, "is not all. Le Sage is said to have interwoven in 'Gil Blas' certain wretched novels,* which, until so honoured, no one had considered worth reading—thus treating his readers to mere stale dishes, re-warmed and garnished. Brémont, Préchac, and Gatien de Courtitz, supplied what imagination was required for these *réchauffés*, and Le Sage, finding them ready to his hand, though somewhat crude and shapeless, had nothing to do but to knead them into form, and embellish and render them acceptable to his readers. Nor was it solely from unread and forgotten tomes of obsolete French fiction that the author of 'Asmodeus' obtained his pearls of price—even as Molière despoiled Cyrano de Bergerac, and Virgil pilfered from Ennius. He might have found abundance of materials in D'Ouville and Audiguier; but, in order the better to conceal his theft, he sought the musty, worn-eaten pages of an antiquated Spanish romance, of which Spanish scholars themselves knew nothing beyond the title:—a legitimate plagiarism consecrated and sanctioned by the practice of all nations, even when exercised on a classic; the undeniable evidence of which, as to the origin of 'The Cid' and the 'Heraclius' of Corneille, has never injured the reputation of either of those works. This identical comparison would be in favour of Le Sage; for Corneille has even borrowed poetical expressions as well as magnificent traits of thought from Calderon and Guilain de Castro—and it must not be overlooked that, in dialogue, form and expression are everything.

"With 'Gil Blas' it is widely different. There is nothing in the old works, to the incidents of which one or two of the chapters of 'Gil Blas'

* The name of novels, in the time of Le Sage, as well as of Cervantes, was applied only to short tales, such as the episodes in 'Don Quixote,' 'Gil Blas,' and 'Asmodeus.' The stories of Boccaccio, in the Decameron, were also called Novels. Longer pieces were designated Romances or Histories.

bear a faint resemblance, that can be compared for a moment with the *chef-d'œuvres* of Le Sage. A simple comparison will serve to elucidate what we mean, as well as a long dissertation. He who engrafts a golden pippin on a crab, is more a plagiarist than the author of 'Asmodeus,' as relates to his adventures of 'Gil Blas of Santillane,' if indeed that author were not in ignorance of the very existence of the *crab*.

"If, however, we are to believe certain snarling, mischief-making critics, it is notorious that 'Gil Blas' is little better than the reproduction of a work printed in Madrid, in 1618, entitled, 'Vidad de lo Escudero Don Marco D'Obrego,' written by one Vincent Espinel, of which a French translation was published in 1619, at Paris: but," adds Nodier, "we have no record that either translation or original was ever read." This last observation seems to us to go somewhat too far. It is highly improbable that if the original had not been popular in Spain, there would have been an idea of translating it into any other language. The enthusiasm of the advocate seems occasionally to run away with him; but, though we may excuse his warmth in defence of his countrymen, we must not entirely overlook his inconsistencies.

"Vincent Espinel," resumes the critic, "who, had he possessed merit, would not have failed to be appreciated in a country which, in three years, assigned to Cervantes the rank of a classic, owes what small share of reputation he now possesses, solely to the pretended plagiarism of Le Sage, from his 'Vidad de lo Escudero Don Marco D'Obrego,' which [though this supercilious remark proves nothing] no biographer has informed us that Le Sage had ever read or even heard of. That would have been an honour, such as Vincent Espinel never dreamed of.

"What makes the imputation of literary theft on Le Sage the more extraordinary, is the undoubted fact, that no author was ever less inclined to deck himself in borrowed plumes. No writer ever avoided implication in plagiarism by a more modest avowal of imitation than Le Sage. We would even assert, that he was *too honest* in some of his unnecessary humiliations. He has acknowledged himself the imitator of Matthew Aleman, in 'Guzman D'Alfarache' of Vincent Espinel, [with whose works, therefore, Le Sage was undoubtedly acquainted, notwithstanding the previously expressed doubts, insinuations, and sneers of M. Nodier, and 'the honour Espinel never dreamed of,'] in 'Estevanille Gonzalez;' and of Velez de Guevara in 'The Devil on Two Sticks:' but the author has not told us that the 'Life of Don Marco D'Obrego' was the original of 'Gil Blas.' He could not indeed have conceived that the least similarity would ever be discovered between the one and the other.

"Why then, entertaining these opinions, it will naturally be asked, do we dwell with such emphasis on an absurd question, which is barely worth mentioning. We answer, because the question has been sanctioned by the doubts of no less a critic than Voltaire—who, indeed, was the first to impute larceny to Le Sage; who, moreover, though unreprieved for it, was indebted for the best half of his 'Zadig,' to the English poet, Parnell; and who, not willing to bear the full weight of responsibility incurred by the accusation he advanced, transferred it to an old and forgotten compiler, the dull Bruzen de la Martiniere." To this it may be added that the question of Le Sage's originality, has been echoed throughout Europe and

warmly discussed in America; and it is as much due to Spanish literature as to the fair fame of Le Sage, that the point should, if possible, be cleared.

M. Nodier further says, "It is worthy of remark that this strange discovery of plagiarism in Le Sage, has not been taken up in the country meant to be enriched at the expence of France;" adding that "there is no pedant foolish enough, or no fool pedantic enough, to trace the 'Adventures of Gil Blas' in the romance of Vincent Espinel; and that it was reserved for a few of Le Sage's enemies, ignorant of Spanish, and unacquainted with the French translation of the 'Life of Don Marco d'Obregó,' published in Paris, as before mentioned, in 1619, to do so. This, if true literally, is not so in substance, or to the extent to which the inference is sought to be carried. There have been Spaniards—men of the highest character for probity, intelligence, and critical acumen—who have not hesitated to accuse Le Sage of not merely adapting the stories and incidents of their countrymen, but of having derived his characters, and drawn some of his best thoughts from Spanish romances. Among these "foolish pedants" was the late Don Telesforo de Trueba; and of those who, though not Spaniards, had an intimate acquaintance with the Spanish character, language and literature, was—alas! also the late—Mr. H. D. Inglis. We would by no means assume to ourselves the office of guardian of the literary honour of Spain, or of France; but from the real evidence, no less than from the hot assertions on both sides, we should be inclined to decide that those who avouch, and those who deny, the originality of our author, are both partly right, and partly wrong. Le Sage might have been indebted for many, or even most, of the materials of his beautiful monuments of genius, to others; but the design, the sculpture, the moulding, the "fine roman-band of the inscription," are altogether his own. The case appears to be precisely a parallel one to that of our own Shakspeare, whom nobody thinks of decrying as a plagiarist:—if any one, indeed, should venture to resort to such a method of acquiring notoriety, we should forthwith prepare for him or her a strait-waistcoat.

Having quoted at such great length the remarks of M. Nodier, we shall give the remainder of his interesting criticism, which has not previously appeared in English, without further comment. In reference to what we have extracted concerning those whom he stigmatises as "pedantic fools," the critic continues:—"It was necessary to invent a new falsehood, to back the old and absurd one;—a consequence frequently entailed by bungling forgers. On this occasion, one Father Isla was accused of cloaking the one clumsy untruth, by a more infamous lie.

"In order that Father Isla might be enabled to give his fabrication the degree of credibility which has been attached to it, it was necessary for him to base it on three suppositions, First, the existence of a Spanish author of whose very name Father Isla himself was ignorant. Secondly, the existence of an unique MS., from which Father Isla has not deigned to leave us even an extract. And Thirdly, the existence of a copy of this MS., made by the notorious plagiarist, Le Sage, who, during his life, was never in Spain.* Such is the true and authentic history of 'Gil Blas

* This appears to be an established fact, though all preceding English, and several French biographers, have, on the mere ground of our author's knowledge of Spanish scenery, manners, and customs, authoritatively asserted the contrary.

restored to his native country, by a Spaniard, unwilling to permit his nation to be turned into ridicule,'—an ingenious title, in which Father Isla has given us the true measure of his mind. Surely no one in France [or England] would dream of ridiculing the country of Cervantes, of Calderon, and of Lope de Vega; but we question whether, in all the five great divisions of the globe, any body would consider himself bound to refrain from laughing at Father Isla.

"This farrago of nonsense has, in France, been recently diluted by a dozen pamphleteers; among the rest by one M. Llorente, a Spanish refugee, who has taken this method of shewing his grateful sense of French hospitality;* by certain journalists, over zealous, as it appears, for the honour of France; by an anonymous writer, doubtless a Spaniard, who has been allowed the use of two ponderous columns in the 'Biographie Universelle,' for an article which would not perhaps be greatly out of place in a 'Biographie Espagnole;' especially if we could believe that true criticism and common honesty were extinct in Spain.

"Finally this extraordinary question has appeared important enough to M. François de Neufchâteau to serve for text to a long dissertation, the substance of which,—if the commentator had not complaisantly treated a piece of frippery, unworthy of legitimate criticism, as an important literary sophism,—might have been comprised in a brief paragraph.

"It will be readily believed that Voltaire had good reasons for aspersing Le Sage; and to confess the truth, Le Sage had ventured to ridicule the philosopher in the 'Temple of Memory,' one of the numerous dramatic productions, which after His Majesty's servants had, by their ill treatment, disgusted the author of 'Turcaret,' and 'Crispin, his Master's Rival,' he dispersed among strollers. Voltaire's chief grievance, was the personation of a certain poet called Triaquero, in whom every body recognized Voltaire, not excepting the ill-advised wit himself. *Triaquero* * is a Spanish noun, not meaning exactly "a thief," as Voltaire's biographers pretend; but a juggler, a quack, a vender of orvietan, or theriaca. The allusion was pointed, and the reverse of flattering, and the story of the play vulgar:—but, for that reason, is Le Sage a plagiarist?

"It would be difficult, in France, to publish a work of imagination, true to life and manners, without its being supposed to have personal application, and a key to it consequently being sought. This is exactly what happened in the case of 'Gil Blas.' It would be in vain to tell the public that what the author undertook was simply a picture of general life, and not a collection of individual portraits; that the poet was utterly ignorant of the art of individualizing a type, created 'for all time,' and existing in all countries; that the paltry artifice at issue is never adopted but by malignant and envious mediocrity, basely avenging on the present its misfortune of having no future. It would be equally vain to add, that

* It was scarcely to be expected that a man who had become an exile for the sake of opinion, should cease to be a patriot for the sake of hospitality. It is pitiable to see such an observation, in an Essay purporting to consist of dispassionate and enlightened criticism. Would M. Nodier require his guests to abjure their faith, because they had "drank of his cup and eaten of his pottage?"

* It appears also to be capable of another construction, having still more distinct reference to Voltaire—*Doublet*, or *questioner of the Trinity*.

sound criticism attaches but little weight to such forced interpretations, and that single-minded readers will admit none of them. The contemporary public resembles Sedain's 'Marquis De Clairville,' and Perrault's 'Blue Beard'; it loudly demands, it insists on having 'the key.' What would Rabelais be without 'a key?' Immortal as immitable, we admit; but not what scandal-mongers love, a libel:—a little libel, reduced to the level of the meanest capacity.

"Le Sage was not the man to gratify the malicious cravings of pampered and phlethoric society; he wrote for futurity, for immortality; and whoever can entertain an idea that he wrote merely for momentary effect, is unable rightly to appreciate 'Gil Blas' or 'Asinodocus.' It would, however, be going too far to assert that he never indulged himself with a satirical sally, in a work which afforded so fair a scope for personality, or that the caustic Muse to whom he owed his biting satire, attached no secret string to the lyre, whose melodious cadences filled every period of his vast epic. But, on the other hand, the instances in 'Gil Blas' are rare, and the answer is always placed so near to the enigma, that there is no merit in solving it. The task too, or rather the pleasure, is so delightful, that it is better left to the reader.

"What end would be answered, for instance, should we set about explaining that the story of the young man in love with his mother may be founded on a well known anecdote of Ninon L'Enclos, not over-well authenticated, be it said, in passing, but which was at least popular enough in the days of Le Sage? One Dr. Procope Couteaux may be meant by Doctor Cuchillo; and the famous Doctor Sangrado is far less like Vincent Espinel's Sagredo, than like one Dr. Hecquet, the author of 'A Treatise on Blood-letting,' and the latter is still more clearly designated by his dispute with Dr. Andry, in the quarrel between Andros and Ocquetos. We moreover consent to see the intemperate philosopher Dagoumer, in the anagrammatized name of the philosophical Guyomar, who is picked up dead drunk in the street. But is all this worth mentioning, now that upwards of a century has elapsed since 'Gil Blas' first appeared, now that the names of Andry, Hecquet and Procope, are scarcely remembered; and now that Dagoumer is quite forgotten? Would M. de Tressan, who flattered himself that he possessed a complete key to 'Gil Blas,' have added to the never-failing pleasures of a re-perusal of that work, by publishing the coffee-house rhapsody, which Le Sage denied to his last hour? We think not. All the heroes of these scattered chronicles have been dead upwards of a century, and their names have long been forgotten: yet are Le Sage's admirable pictures no less living on that account; for they depict society as it still exists, and as it will ever continue to exist in spite of changing manners, and the revolutions of ages."

Few anecdotes of the life of Le Sage, after he had acquired literary celebrity, have been preserved. An instance of the independence of his spirit, if indeed it should not have a harsher name, is related by his biographers. It was his custom to read his pieces before they were played or published to the fashionable circles with which Paris teemed. One day, when engaged to read a work at the house of the Duchess of Bouillon, he was detained by some unforeseen event beyond the appointed hour. On his entrance, the Duchess gently reproached him for having kept the

company waiting for two hours. "If," said Le Sage, "I have occasioned that loss of time, nothing can be easier than to recover it. I will not read my play." He accordingly quitted the saloon on the instant, and could never afterwards be prevailed on to visit the Duchess.

As age advanced, he grew so deaf as to be compelled to use an ear-trumpet. This defect, however, was converted into a source of humour. When he had reason to think that the company around him consisted of men of genius, he was accustomed to place the instrument to his ear; but the moment the conversation became dull or frivolous, he gravely replaced it in his pocket.

He had three sons, two of whom, to the grief of their father, became actors; and the eldest, under the name of Montmenil, acquired some distinction in his profession. This young man died suddenly on the 8th of September, 1743, and shortly afterwards, Le Sage bade a final adieu to Paris, and retired, with his faithful wife, to spend the remainder of his days at the house of the third son, a canon of the cathedral church of Boulogne-sur-Mer, in which town he died, on the 17th of November, 1747.

An idea of the popularity of 'THE DEVIL ON TWO STICKS,' on its first appearance, may be formed from the fact, that the two first editions were disposed of in eight days; on the last of which, two gentlemen entering a Bookseller's shop, demanded copies of the new Romance. A single book remained; and this being claimed by each, as first demandant, both at last drew; and, had not the Bookseller interposed, the question of right would have been settled by the sword.





DIALOGUES
BETWEEN TWO CHIMNIES OF MADRID.

DIALOGUE I.

Chimney A. and Chimney B.



—It is all over with me, my dear neighbour, I am quite ruined; the Lares, my protecting gods, now freeze by my hearth, and chillness seizes me from head to foot.—B. I am startled at what you tell me. How has this terrible disease been produced? And how comes it you are so suddenly changed from hot to cold; for I have constantly seen you all in a fire.—A. Alas! I must of necessity follow the destiny of my friend the scholar, and the poor man.—B. What has happened to him?

A. Oh! the greatest of misfortunes. His income, that is to say, the profits of his pen, are quite stopped.—B. I cannot say, neighbour, that I yet understand you.—A. Why then I will explain myself. I talk of an author. His finances depended on the sale of small pamphlets, calculated for amusement, which he composed, and they have forbidden all writings of this kind.—B. What, did these pamphlets support him?—A. Yes; and at his ease too; for he did not take up his time in correcting and publishing a volume; he entertained the public with these flying numbers, at least seven or eight in the year.—B. What a pity it is to deprive the world of so good a hand; and how comes it they forbid writings of amusement, the very best things in the world? The public loves to be entertained, and why are they not at their liberty to buy what diverts them?—A. You are certainly in the right; and this prevailing taste answers well both for authors and booksellers. But then this is the ground of the clamour against that kind of writings; they say that nothing is written now-a-days, but low nonsense and mere *bagatelle*; and that posterity will distinguish this age as the age of romances, and of all sorts of futility. They say, moreover, that there is a general depravity of taste; that these broken

numbers are a real tax upon the public; that by this means a romance is swelled to an intolerable size; and that an author is now actually proposing a scheme to divide one of them into three hundred and sixty-five parcels, that he may be able to supply his customers every day in the year.—B. Why, after the ‘Thousand and one nights,’ the ‘Thousand and one days,’ the ‘Thousand and one quarters of an hour,’ and so many other thousand and one things, I think they may very well put up with a romance split into no more than three hundred and sixty-five divisions.—A. Judge, then, if they ought to find fault with my author, who, in no work, has ever divided beyond number eight.—B. Indeed, my dear friend I pity you, as I do the chimneys of all authors and booksellers, which will soon become as cold as yours.—A. It is but cold comfort for the afflicted to have others as miserable as themselves.—B. You are to be pitied: and I do pity you; what else is it in my power to do? Besides, I must tell you freely, that a long time since I have heard many people say, it was high time to check that prevailing taste for low trifling amusements, and to put a stop to romance writing.—A. What is that you say?—B. Yes, it is true. And men of discernment, who are unprejudiced, say now, that this inhibition is of great service to polite writing. That people ought to have some useful end in view, or not to write at all. This is their judgment upon the affair, and all the world accord with their sentiments.—A. But is not that which pleases, at the same time useful?—B. Yes, what gives pleasure is so far useful. But besides the utility arising only from pleasure, readers of taste want something solid and instructive, something that has its foundation laid in the real truth of manners. For example, ‘The devil on two sticks’ is so far a romance, but at the same time more instructive than a treatise of morality. There the fable is both pleasant and useful; that is, useful by joining pleasure with instruction. Let your author write such another, and I’ll answer for his having permission to print it, provided, though, he don’t publish it in eight numbers; for that, you know, is robbing the public to enrich the bookseller.—A. Come, let us put an end to this conversation. One may easily perceive that you are a chimney, belonging to a change broker. You are a tasteless, insipid creature, and ignorant, in the superlative degree, of every thing concerning literature; your narrow genius does not reach beyond a sum in addition; and I am ready to hang myself for having been so free with you as I have been.—B. What, do you insult me in return for my shewing such concern for your misfortunes?—A. Is that shewing concern for one’s misfortunes, to commend those who are the cause of them? Go, once more, I tell you; you are as great a dunce as him you belong to.—B. For one that complains of being almost frozen to death, methinks you shew a good deal of warmth. But, in the mean time, I desire you will let my brother alone; one dash of his pen is worth all the volumes of Parnassus. Every thing he writes is sensible, agreeable, and universally approved. And so long as his writings are but legible, I fear not the cold; my hearth will be kept as warm as if it had held the eternal fire of the vestals, and your poor chilled author will bless himself to be allowed to sit down by it. As for you, notwithstanding your ill usage of me, all the harm I wish you, is such another brother as mine, to put you into heat again.

DIALOGUE II.

Chimney C. and Chimney D.

C. WHAT a prodigy! what a miracle is this! Do you know, my friend, what has happened to me?—D. Is it long since?—C. About an hour ago.—D. No, my dear neighbour, I know not; for I was obliged to assist at a marriage which was celebrated in the apartment I belong to.—C. A marriage!—D. Yes, and a couple the best matched that could be. Lysander and Celimene have made me the witness to their vows. The penates, my household gods, are the only guarantees of their mutual engagements, and the faith they have plighted to one another. No mortal was present at this ceremony, excepting Lizetta, the faithful servant of Celimene. They are now enjoying the pleasures of this mysterious union.—C. This marriage, to be sure, is very solemnly ratified.—D. Why, yes, I know as well as you, there are some little formalities wanting, but what then? Love will supply the place of all. They love each other, and I am convinced, let their parents do what pleases them, they will continue so to do; and pray, do you find that common in marriages solemnized according to the rites of the church?—C. No, really. Marriages, for the most part, are only so many civil contracts, that bind two persons eternally together, who are so far from loving, that they generally hate one another, during the whole course of their lives.—D. Well, I can answer for it, the bonds which unite Lysander and Celimene are more sacred and solemn, for they are the bonds of love.—C. I wish you joy, my dear neighbour; and I like you all the better for interesting yourself so much in the happiness of lovers. It is what we owe them as confidants of their secrets; and I myself would do all in my power to serve them, which you will easily believe, when I tell you what has happened to me, which is pretty much such another affair as your's. You know that the apartment I belong to is a real cell.—D. Ay, and the cell of the charming little Julia.—C. Julia was beloved by a very handsome fellow of an officer, named Trason, and Trason did not bestow his love on one who was ungrateful.—D. I did not know that.—C. There was nothing wanting to complete their mutual happiness, but a favourable opportunity; and Julia's mother had more eyes than Argus. The cell where this unhappy young creature lay, was more inaccessible than the tower of Danaë.—D. Bless me, how learned you are! you understand the ancient fables. I fancy, before you had Julia, some poet had studied by your fire-side. But since you mention the tower of Danaë, you remember it could not keep out a shower of gold.—C. True, and you remember likewise, that Danaë was courted by Jupiter; and you know that a god can change water and stones into gold; but Trason's pockets had been pretty well drained by three campaigns, so that it did not suit him at all to have recourse to that expedient.—D. What other expedient then did he fall upon?—The most simple and obvious one that could be. He lives but just by; and without the help of any other magic than pure love, up he gets through his chimney to the roof of the houses, comes to the head of my chimney, which he easily removed, for I had no mind to hinder him; and then slides down through the funnel into the chamber of Julia, supporting himself by his hands and his knees.—D. Did she expect his com-

ing?—C. No, she only wished it; and far from running with open arms to receive her lover, she was in a mortal fright at seeing him come down.—D. She swooned away, I warrant you.—C. If she did not at first, she would have done so very soon. But come, none of your joking. This gallant of a chimney-sweeper cast himself at the feet of Julia, and she soon knew him to be her dear Trason. You never saw any thing more affecting than the situation of the pair at that time. This is an advantage we chimneys enjoy; we are witnesses to a thousand sights that men would pay any price for seeing. At present Julia's fears are over; and she feels emotions of quite a different kind.—D. There, now, my good neighbour, in one night we have witnessed two marriages pretty much alike.—C. Why, very nearly so indeed. Though my couple not only exchange the solemn vow; but the consequences will, very probably, oblige the mother of Julia to acknowledge Trason for her son-in-law; and I rejoice beforehand in the thoughts of what perplexity this good woman will be reduced to.—D. And I in the pleasures her dear child is at this moment enjoying.

DIALOGUE III.

Chimney E. and Chimney F.

E. PRAY tell me, if you please, good neighbour F, how you can, without being tired, put up with having nobody for companion but your two old maids: for, from morning till night, no one comes near your fire-side; you have always the same people, and always the same subject of conversation: indeed, I should imagine that by this time your patience was worn out.—F. I must, indeed, own to you, that I often wish they would change their quarters; though, perhaps, in that case, I should be hard put to it how to breathe, as, in all probability, I should not have so good a fire; for they are extremely devout, so of consequence take no less care of their bodies than of their souls; especially when a certain abbot, whom I could name, comes to visit them; then they spare no costs; their kitchen then may vie with that of a lord, and the smoke I breathe is an absolute perfume.—E. As far as I perceive, you love nothing but smoke. Well, every one to his own taste; I love variety. New faces and new adventures are my delight. I am, as I suppose you know, the chimney of a furnished lodgings.—F. And as such it is very happy for you that you have a turn for variety.—E. I have so great a turn that way, that I should be extremely sorry to see the same lodgers for six months together; and have reason to be thankful that it is a thing such as never happened to me since the first moment of my existence.—F. Perhaps, then, you are not the oldest of your neighbourhood.—E. No, not by a great deal; but, for all that, I believe I have the most experience.—F. Impart to me, then, some of your adventures. I beg you to do it, as you would oblige a neighbour.—E. With all my heart, if it don't tire you; and I will begin from the time I commenced service as a chimney. He who first sat down by my fire was the younger son of a good family, but of a country where the portion of younger sons consists only of their swords, joined to a happy impudence in boring every one with their being born gentlemen. This

talent my gentleman possessed in an eminent degree; but he had another at the same time much more profitable; for he played with constant good luck, and his good luck was the effect of the most assiduous study; every day he was busy in calculating the various chances upon the cards, and at night he put his theory in practice.—F. He must, at that rate, have had always plenty of money.—E. No, you are mistaken; for he squandered it away as fast as he got it; so that he was always needy. Indeed, sometimes he cut a great figure; that is a disease peculiar to his nation, but then it never lasted long. His good fortune exasperated the students, who frequented the same nurseries of education, against him, and they brought him into several scrapes, so that at the end of four months I lost him. He was, however, an excellent lodger, and I regret the loss of him to this day.—F. Who came in his room?—E. A man the most singular, perhaps, that ever yet lived. A husband faithful and affectionate, even beyond the grave, that could not be comforted for the loss of his dear rib; in short, a phoenix of a husband. The moment he came, he ordered his room to be hung with black, shut up his windows against the rays of the sun, and had no light in his chamber, but the dim glimmerings of a lamp. Inclosed in this frightful gloom, his constant employment was to sob and shed tears without ceasing. Very often, as if he had been possessed, he would speak aloud to an urn that stood upon a table covered with black cloth, and which he seemed to adore. He would converse with that precious relic, and speak to it as if it answered his passionate expostulations.—F. It is a chance but some spirit was inclosed in that same urn.—E. A spirit! what a simpleton you are. No, it was the heart of his wife; that was the object of his vows and adoration.—F. This was tenderness of grief to excess. I can scarcely believe what you tell me.—E. Nor should I, if I had not seen it. I remember, some time or other, to have heard one of my lodgers reading a book which mentioned a story of the same sort of fidelity, or madness, in an English philosopher, which however, I do not believe to this day, notwithstanding what I have told you; for an example of this kind ought to stand alone.—F. But how long did your lodger continue in this fit?—E. Full three months. True it is, his eyes, the fountains of his tears, began to dry up, and refused to furnish him with fresh supplies of continued grief, and, by degrees, his devotions to the urn seemed to relish of form and ceremony. Happily for him, his friends found him out, and, consequently, relieved him. I believe he yielded to the violence they made use of with only seeming reluctance. However, away they took him, and I was freed from the colour of this mournful guest.—F. And, I suppose, you did not much lament the loss of him.—E. Not in the least, I assure you. The room was afterwards let to a woman, at which I greatly rejoiced, as I had hitherto been acquainted only with men. A kind of quaker's dress, and a certificate of forty years marked upon her forehead, gave her a matronly air, which struck me at first sight; and, by what I have heard of devotees, I immediately judged her to be one.—F. Now, perhaps you might be mistaken.—E. I was very soon convinced of my error; for the woman was a woman of sense and prudence; she loved pleasure, yet regarded her reputation, and came from the country, a great way off, to Madrid, that she might be sheltered from the malice of slander; and a very short time

after, the gentleman, on whose account she had undertaken the journey, followed her. Bless me! how surprised I was at the first visit she received from her lover; she flew with transport into his arms; her demureness was changed into a wanton sprightliness, and the glow upon her cheeks effaced all traits of her age.—F. A pretty lady for a devotee, truly.—E. As she loved her Adonis with all the violence of passion, she made use of every method to preserve her conquest. She was very well apprised that, at her age, it is allowed women to embellish the charms of nature by art, and accordingly she used every thing she could think of for that purpose.—F. And what arts, pray, might she use for that purpose?—E. I will tell you. Besides black and white, which painted her complexion to what height of colour she pleased, she called in every thing else to her assistance, dress, baths, and perfumes. She was at her toilet always till her gallant came, and repaired to it again immediately after he was gone away. She was perpetually at her glass, practising the different airs, either sprightly or languishing, which she imagined might do execution. As for the artillery of endearments and caresses, that she was perfectly mistress of.—F. With all that, methinks, it was hardly possible she could miss making herself beloved.—E. But then she had other charms, infinitely more powerful over the heart of a young lover. She was liberal and rich, and one must have a heart of flint not to love a generous mistress. But the appointed days of man are numbered: when these two lovers were in the height of mutual felicity, the gallant fell sick, and died a few days afterwards, in spite of all the assistance that could be administered by the most able physicians.—F. The lady, no doubt took on mightily.—E. Yes, she wept, resumed her former demure air, and went back into her own country, to edify her neighbours by her example. My chamber was not long empty, it was taken by another woman, who was, by profession, a match-maker.—F. A rare kind of occupation, truly.—E. It is an occupation that is very common. Negotiators of this sort require a deal of address, and this good lady did not want for that. She carried proposals, procured interviews, and very often brought the matter to a final conclusion. How many of her contracts have been ratified in my apartment! She would make a younger brother, not worth a shilling, pass for a gentleman of fortune, and set off a demirep for a pattern of illustrious virtue.—F. What an admirable woman this was!—E. All this she could do with the greatest ease, and could deceive the most cautious and wary; so that by her dexterity she had acquired a pretty fortune; but at last she began to have scruples, and her remorse carried her so far, that she retired into a convent, there to repent of her former scandalous life. Thus a fit of devotion deprived me of this experienced brokeress.—F. Well, but happily for you, the natural indifference of your temper prevented your regretting the loss of her.—E. That is true; however, after her I had a great many people of common characters in life; men and women, for example, who were concerned in law-suits, a very troublesome sort of lodgers; or people who came from the country to see what o'clock it was at Madrid, and returned home, for the most part, as wise as they were before. But as it begins to grow late neighbour, I wish you a good night; another time when I've leisure, I will give you an account of some other original characters whom I have at my fire-side.—F. Adieu, good neighbour; I will not fail to put you in mind of your promise.

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H E A T H E N
M Y T H O L O G Y,

I L L U S T R A T E D

BY EXTRACTS FROM THE MOST CELEBRATED WRITERS, BOTH ANCIENT
AND MODERN, ON THE

GODS OF GREECE, ROME, INDIA, SCANDINAVIA, ETC. ETC.



AND ENRICHED WITH
NEAR TWO HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS
AFTER DESIGNS BY M. BARON.

LONDON:

WILLOUGHBY AND CO., 86, ALDERSGATE STREET.

MDCCLXXXI.

London:
Printed by R. Willoughby,
86, Aldersgate Street,



P R E F A C E.

Upon a subject which has occupied the thoughts, and employed the pens of our most profound thinkers, and our ablest writers, it is perhaps difficult to say much that is likely to interest the reader, without the chance of being irksome from its proving a thrice told tale: and yet the subject is in itself so interesting, and so intimately connected with all that is most fascinating to our remembrances, and so blended with all that reminds us of departed greatness, that it is scarcely possible to pass it coldly by, or to speak in the language of others, those ideas which excite our own imaginations.

There was something very pleasing and very poetical, in the thought, that each river had its nymph, and every wood its god: that a visible power watched over even the domestic duties of the people, ready to punish or reward; and that, too, in a manner so strange and immediate, that it must have greatly affected their minds, in stimulating to good, or deterring from evil. They were, indeed, the days of "visible poetry;" the "young hunter," in the pursuit of his favourite sport, might image to his mind the form and figure of Diana, accompanying him in the chase, not perhaps without a holy fear lest she should become visible to him, and the fate of Acteon should prove to be his.

The lover, as he sought the presence of his mistress, might, in his enamoured idea of her beauty, fancy that his idolatry was a real one, and that he wooed Venus in the form of a mortal ; or, in the tremor which then as now, pervaded the lover's bosom, he might fear that Jove himself would prove a rival, and swan-like, or in some other as picturesque a form, win her he sought for his own : and thus, every class of society, from the patrician to the peasant, must have been imbued with feelings which, while they believed them to be religious, we regard but as poetical.

Leigh Hunt, who has said many things upon Mythology, quite as beautiful as his subject, remarks :—

“From having a different creed of our own, and always encountering the Heathen Mythology in a poetical and fabulous shape, we are apt to have a false idea of the religious feeling of the ancients. We are in the habit of supposing, that they regarded their fables in the same poetical light as ourselves ; that they could not possibly put faith in Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto ; in the sacrifice of innocent turtle doves, the libation of wine, and the notions about Tartarus and Ixion.

“The greatest pleasure arising to a modern imagination from the ancient Mythology, is in a mingled sense of the old popular belief, and of the philosophical refinements upon it. We take Apollo, and Mercury and Venus, as shapes that existed in popular credulity, as the greater fairies of the ancient world : and we regard them, at the same time, as personifications of all that is beautiful and genial in the forms and tendencies of creation. But the result, coming as it does too through avenues of beautiful poetry, both ancient and modern, is so entirely cheerful, that we are apt to think it must have wanted gravity to more believing eyes. Every forest, to the mind's eye of a Greek, was haunted with superior intelligences. Every stream had its presiding nymph, who was thanked for her draught of water. Every house had its protecting gods which had blessed the inmate's ancestors ; and which would bless him

also, if he cultivated the social affections: for the same word which expressed piety towards the Gods, expressed love towards relations and friends. If in all this there was nothing but the worship of a more graceful humanity, there may be worships much worse as well as better.

“Imagine the feelings with which an ancient believer must have gone by the oracular oaks of Dodona, or the calm groves of the Eumenides, or the fountain where Proserpine vanished under ground with Pluto; or the laurelled mountain Parnassus, on the side of which was the temple of Delphi, where Apollo was supposed to be present in person. Imagine Plutarch, a devout and yet a liberal believer, when he went to study theology and philosophy at Delphi: with what feelings must he not have passed along the woody paths of the hill, approaching nearer every instant to the presence of the divinity, and not sure that a glance of light through the trees was not the lustre of the god himself going by. This is mere poetry to us, and very fine it is; but to him it was poetry, and religion, and beauty, and gravity and hushing awe, and a path as from one world to another.”

G. Moir Bussey, has also observed, with much elegance and feeling:—
 “The Mythology of the Ancients is one long romance in itself, full of poetry and passion—a mysterious compound of supernatural wonders and of human thoughts and feelings. It entrances us by its marvels, in childhood; and, in manhood, we ponder over it, if not with the same rapturous delight as formerly, yet at least with such a sense of pleasure as that inspired by the perusal of a magnificent poem—the product of immortal mind—refreshing, invigorating, exalting. Beauty and strength—the might of man, and the majesty and sublimity of the misunderstood intelligences of the godhead, not only constituted the worship of the Greeks of old, but governed their lives, their actions, their laws, and the very aspirations of their hearts. They aimed at excellence in the highest, in order that their statues might be installed in their national temples as

those of demi-gods, and the struggle brought them sufficient knowledge and energy to win deathless renown among men. All that they achieved, all that they meditated, bespeaks the soaring of a race bent upon conquering every obstacle—natural or artificial—which stood between them and absolute perfection, whether in legislation, in philosophy, in art, in science, in literature, in poetry, in war, or in dominion.”

The reality of an every day world has now set its seal upon all that delighted the days of our youth; and would even arouse us from our reveries on this most charming of subjects: we will conclude with the words of Barry Cornwall.

“ Oh ! ye delicious fables, where the wave,
And wood, were peopled ; and the air, with things
So lovely—why, ah ! why has science grave
Scattered afar your secret-imaginings ?
Why seared the delicate flowers that genius gave,
And dash the diamond drops from fancy’s wings ?
Alas ! the spirit languishes, and lies
At mercy of life’s dull realities.

“ No more by well, or bubbling fountain clear,
The Naiad dries her tresses in the sun,
Nor longer may we in the branches hear
The Dryad talk, nor see the Oread run
Along the mountains, nor the Nereid steer
Her way among the waves when day is done,
Shadows nor shape remain—”



HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY.

INTRODUCTION.

In the earlier part of the history of nations, Mythology has always been found to exist; imaginary beings have been adored, and a system of worship established, which, though imperfect in itself, was satisfactory to those, who, looking beyond the abstract circumstance of its idolatry, discovered the grand truth, that however rude, and however barbarous the people, there was a principle evidently acknowledged in their actions, of the necessity of a supreme being; and a feeling, of which they could not dispossess themselves, that a divine being watched over, and was the rewarder of their good, or the punisher of their evil deeds.

The priests of Phœnicia and Egypt were the origin of the elements of this profane faith, and through their means, its transmission may be traced to the Greeks, who after adopting, purified, or at least assisted in greatly refining it, before its reception by the Romans, who multiplied their Gods in about the same degree that their vices increased; while their armies, which overran the

world, doubtless gave to the Scandinavians and the Gauls, their ideas of the faith of Odin; and the fables of the Hindoos and those of the American people, must be ascribed to the same source.

It has been with many an endeavour to trace in the mythologies of various nations, a resemblance to the more holy histories of our own faith; and they assert, that in many of the fables, with which we are familiar, are to be traced the types or symbols of part of that revelation which is the ground work of our own belief, but this is, at best, so vague and shadowy, that its inculcators get lost in their own inventions, and their followers scarcely comprehend the assertions they are called on implicitly to believe. With this we have nothing to do, the object of the present work being the endeavour to offer a brief and succinct history of those Gods whose adventures have created most interest, and by means of them to give an additional zest to the perusal of the great poets and writers of antiquity, whose works are either founded on these actual adventures, or abound with allusions to them, and without the knowledge of which, it may be asserted, that the mind is scarcely able to do justice to them any more than to modern writers, since the works of the latter teem with images drawn from classical subjects. Nor indeed is this to be wondered at, when we consider the various subjects connected with fable; and in this view of our subject we are borne out by a distinguished writer in the following elegant remarks:

“Men of a phlegmatic disposition,” observes Dr. Turner, “or of a censorious temper, never cease to rail against the delightful fictions with which Homer and Hesiod, and their poetical imitators have enriched and embellished their works; but although these fictions did not contain many useful instructions, and important truths, would there be any reason to attack and destroy a system, which peoples and animates nature, and which makes a solemn temple of the vast universe? These flowers, whose varied and shining beauty you so much admire, are the tears of Aurora. It is the breath of Zephyrus which gently agitates the leaves. The soft murmurings of the waters are the sighs of the Naiades. A god impels the wind; a god pours out the rivers; grapes are the gift of Bacchus; Ceres presides over the harvest; orchards are the care of Pomona. Does a shepherd sound his reed on the summit of a mountain, it is Pan, who with his pastoral pipe returns the amorous lay.

“ When the sportsman’s horn rouses the attentive ear, it is Diana, armed with her bow and quiver, and more nimble than the stag that she pursues, who takes the diversion of the chase. The sun is a god, who, riding in a car of fire, diffuses his light through the world; the stars are so many divinities, who measure with their golden beams, the regular progress of time; the moon presides over the silence of night and consoles the world for the absence of her brother. Neptune reigns in the sea, surrounded by the Naiades, who dance to the joyous shells of the Tritons. In the highest heaven is seated Jupiter, master and father of men and gods. Under his feet roll the thunders, in the caverns of Etna, forged by the Cyclops; his smile rejoices nature; and his nod shakes the foundation of Olympus. Surrounding the throne of their sovereign, the other divinities quaff nectar, from a cup presented them by the young and beautiful Hebe. In the middle of the great circle shines, with distinguished lustre, the unrivalled beauty of Venus, alone adorned with a splendid girdle in which the Graces for ever play, and in her hand is a smiling boy whose power is universally acknowledged by heaven and earth. Sweet illusions of the fancy! pleasing errors of the mind; what objects of pity are those cold and insensible hearts who have never felt your charms! and what objects of pity and indignation those fierce and savage spirits, who would destroy a world that has so long been the treasury of the arts! a world, imaginary indeed, but delightful, and whose ideal pleasures are so well fitted to compensate for the real troubles and miseries of the world in which we live.”

If we turn to a still higher authority (and we acknowledge that the subject has been treated of so often and in so masterly a style by men of whom, the world was scarcely worthy, that we are willing rather to present their matured opinions, than to obtrude our own) we shall find that Lord Bacon treats of the subject in a manner which maintains his high character as a profound thinker. “ I am not ignorant,” he says, “ how uncertain fiction is, and how liable to be wrested to this or that sense, nor how prevalent wit and discourse are, so as ingeniously to apply such meanings as were not thought of originally; but let not the follies and license of a few lessen the esteem due to parables; for that would be profane and bold, since religion delights in such veils and shadows: but, reflecting on human wisdom I ingenuously confess my real opinion is, that

mystery and allegory were from the original intended in many fables of the ancient poets, this appears apt and conspicuous to me; whether ravished with a veneration for antiquity, or because I find such coherence in the similitude with the things signified, in the very texture of the fable, and in the propriety of the names which are given to the persons or actors in the fables; and no man can positively deny that this was the sense proposed from the beginning, and industriously veiled in this manner. . . No one should be moved, if he sometimes finds any addition for the sake of history, or by way of embellishment; or if chronology should happen to be confounded, or if part of one fable should be transferred to another, and a new allegory introduced: for these were all necessary, and to be expected, seeing they are the inventions of men of different ages, and who writ to different ends; some with a view to the nature of things and others to civil affairs. We have another sign, and that no small one, of this hidden sense which we have been speaking of, which is, that some of these fables are in the narration so foolish and absurd, that they seem to proclaim a parable at a distance. Such as are probable may be feigned for amusement, and in imitation of history; but where no such designs appear, but they seem to be what none would imagine or relate, they must be calculated for other uses. What has a great weight with me, is, that many of these fables seem not to be invented by those who have related them, Homer, Hesiod, and other writers; for were they the fictions of that age, and of those who delivered them down to us, nothing great and exalted, according to my opinion, could be expected from such an origin; but if any one will deliberate on this subject attentively, these will appear to be delivered and related as what were before believed and received, and not as tales then first invented and communicated; besides, as they are told in different manners, by authors of almost the same times, they are easily perceived to be common, and derived from old tradition, and are various only from the additional embellishments diverse writers have bestowed on them. . . The wisdom of the ancients was either great or happy, great if these figures were the fruits of their industry; and happy if they looked no further, that they have afforded matter and occasion so worthy of contemplation."

THE DIVINITIES OF FABLE.

The stars were the first recipients of the homage of mankind; and thus Heaven is the most ancient of the Gods. As the world increased, they deified heroes.

The Gods of the ancients were divided into many classes. The principal, or Gods of the first order, amounted to twenty, viz:—Jupiter, Juno, Neptune, Ceres, Mercury, Minerva, Vesta, Apollo, Diana, Venus, Mars, Vulcan, Destiny, Saturn, Genius, Pluto, Bacchus, Love, Cybele, and Proserpine. Besides these more important ones, they had others, such as Chaos; which did not belong to any particular class, and which were not the object of any faith.

“ Before the seas, and this terrestrial ball,
And Heaven’s high canopy, that covers all,
One was the face of nature—if a face;
Rather a rude and indigested mass;
A lifeless lump, unfashioned and unframed,
Of jarring seeds; and justly CHAOS named.
No sun was lighted up, the world to view;
No moon did yet her blunted horns renew;
Nor yet was earth suspended in the sky;
Nor poised, did on her own foundations lie:
Nor seas about their shores the arms had thrown;
But earth, and air, and water were in one.
Thus air was void of light, and earth unstable,
And waters dark abyss unnavigable.
No certain form on any was imprest;
All were confused, and each disturbed the rest.
For hot and cold were in one body fix’d;
And soft with hard, and light with heavy mix’d.
But God, or Nature, while they thus contend,
To these intestine discords put an end:
Then earth from air, and seas from earth were driven,
And grosser air sunk from ethereal Heaven.
The force of fire ascended first on high,
And took its dwelling in the vaulted sky:
Then air succeeds, in lightness next to fire;
Whose atoms from unactive earth retire.
Earth sinks beneath, and draws a numerous throng
Of ponderous, thick, unwieldy seeds along.
About her coasts unruly waters roar,
And, rising on a ridge, insult the shore.
Thus when the God, whatever God was he,
Had formed the whole, and made the parts agree,
That no unequal portions might be found,
He moulded earth into a spacious round:
Then, with a breath, he gave the winds to blow;
And bade the congregated waters flow:

He adds the running springs, and standing lakes:
 And bounding banks for winding rivers makes.
 Some part in earth are swallowed up; the most
 In ample oceans disembogued, are lost:
 He shades the woods, the valleys he restrains
 With rocky mountains, and extends the plains.
 And as five zones the ethereal regions bind,
 Five, correspondent, are to earth assigned:
 The sun with rays, directly darting down,
 Fires all beneath, and fries the middle zone:
 The two beneath the distant poles, complain
 Of endless winter, and perpetual rain."

OVID.

CHAOS is often mentioned in the history of the Gods, but seems only to have had a momentary reign. He is the most ancient of all, for he presided over the elements that composed the universe. He is usually represented at the moment that he assigned



to each element its place. To create the light of day, he repelled all the dark and thick clouds, and then formed the zodiac, glittering with stars above his head.

The poetic idea of Chaos is found in sacred history, in the creation, as well as in all mythology where we see the names of Bramah, Vishnu and Sivá.

URANUS, OR HEAVEN.

URANUS, or Heaven, was the son of Day. Espousing his sister Titæa; from their union sprang the Titans, those giants of antiquity who occupy so important a position in the annals of Fable. Of these children of the earth the principal were Titan, Saturn, and Hyperion, of the males; whilst among the females were comprised Thea, Rhea, Themis, and Mnemosyne. After this Titæa bore the Cyclops, three of whom became servants to Vulcan, forging, under his direction, the thunderbolts of the great Jove; while the remainder wandered around the coast, leading the lives of shepherds.

“ Three sons are sprung from Heaven and Earth's embrace,
The Cyclops bold, in heart a haughty race,
Brontes and Steropes, and Arges brave,
Who to the hands of Jove the thunder gave:
They for almighty power did lightning frame,
All equal to the gods themselves in fame;
One eye was placed (a large round orb, and bright)
Amidst their forehead to receive the light;
Hence were they Cyclops called.”

HESIOD.

Uranus, however, as time passed, began to fear lest the offspring, which rose to such gigantic strength, should dethrone him; and by his power he threw them down an abyss, into which the light of day could never penetrate. This tyranny, however, only ripened



the spirit of rebellion which he feared, and their frightful confinement but urged them to greater efforts to escape. They all arose against him, but were compelled to yield after a desperate struggle

for supremacy; while rebellion brought its accustomed curse, in heavier chains and more rigorous captivity, to all save Saturn, who, led by ambition and vengeance, and assisted by his mother in his schemes, dethroned his sire, usurped his empire, and delivered his brethren.

The defeated monarch fell beneath his son's parricidal hand, and from the blood thus shed sprang the Giants and the Furies, rendering fruitful also the foam of the sea, of which was born Venus Aphrodite.



S A T U R N .

By right of succession the sceptre of Uranus belonged to Titan, the eldest of the sons of the murdered monarch.

————— "Titan, heaven's first born,
With his enormous brood, and birthright seized
By younger SATURN; he from mightier Jove
His own and Rhea's son like measure found.

* * * *

————— Or who with SATURN old
Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields,
And o'er the Celtic roamed the utmost Isles."

MILTON.

Compelled to renounce his claim in favour of Saturn, who delivered them all from their confinement; but with the condition that whatever

children might be born to him, should be destroyed. Saturn, faithful to his promise, swallowed, at their birth, all the male children



brought to him by his wife Cybele. But a mother's yearning for her offspring, appears to have filled even the breast of a goddess; and when delivered of Jupiter and Juno, she placed a stone instead of the newly-born, in the arms of the god, habited in an infant's dress.

— "Jealous of the infant's future power,
A stone the mother gave him to devour;
Greedy he seized the imaginary child,
And swallowed heedless, by the dress beguiled;
Nor thought the wretched god of aught to fear,
Nor knew the day of his disgrace was near;
Invincible remains his Jove alive,
His throne to shake, and from his kingdom drive
The cruel parent; for to him 'tis given
To rule the gods, and mount the throne of heaven."

HEATON.

Saturn devoured this, as he had the previous offerings; and emboldened by her success, Cybele delivered in the same manner Pluto and Neptune, and afterwards, by administering a potion, compelled him to yield up those he had already swallowed. Jupiter, the first whom the Goddess had saved by her artifice, was brought up secretly in the Isle of Crete, by the Corybantes, or warrior priests, who, making a deafening noise with their drums and cymbals, prevented for a period the cries of the infant from reaching the ears of Titan: when, however, the latter discovered, as he eventually did, that his hopes had been deceived, and his

agreement broken, he assembled an army, marched against Saturn, (who by this time was made aware of the deception, but refused to destroy his children), took him prisoner, and threw him into Tartarus, from whence he was delivered by Jupiter, and replaced upon his throne. But the fears of Saturn rendered him ungrateful to his deliverer, for Destiny having prophesied that Saturn should be dethroned by his son, the God attacked Jupiter in ambush, and finished, by declaring open war against him. Jupiter, however, again proved conqueror, chasing from heaven his father and his king, who took refuge in that part of Italy known as Latium; Janus, monarch of this city of refuge, succoured and received him, and Saturn, to recompense his hospitality, granted to him the gift of memory, and of looking into the future. From this cause, Janus is represented with a double face. The time which Saturn passed on earth is known as the age of gold.

“ Ere Saturn’s rebel son usurped the skies ;
 When beasts were only slain in sacrifice ;
 While peaceful Crete enjoyed her ancient lord ;
 Ere sounding hammers forged the inhuman sword ;
 Ere hollow drums were beat ; before the breath
 Of brazen trumpets rung the peals of death,
 The good old God his hunger did assuage
 With roots and herbs, and gave the *golden age*.”

VIRGIL.

“ The Golden age was first ; when man yet new,
 No rule but uncorrupted reason knew,
 And with a native bent did good pursue !
 Unforced by punishment, unawed by fear,
 His words were simple, and his soul sincere.
 Needless was written law, when none oppressed,
 The law of man was written in his breast ;
 No suppliant crowds before the judge appeared,
 No court erected yet, nor cause was heard ;
 But all was safe, for conscience was their guard :
 The mountain trees in distant prospects please,
 Ere yet the pine descended to the seas ;
 Ere sails were spread new oceans to explore,
 And happy mortals unconcerned for more,
 Confined their wishes to their native shore :
 No walls were yet, nor fence, nor moat, nor mound,
 Nor drum was heard, nor trumpets’ angry sound ;
 Nor swords were forged, but void of care or crime,
 The soft creation slept away their time ;
 The teeming earth, yet guiltless of the plough,
 And unprovoked did fruitful stores allow ;

Content with food, which nature freely bred,
 On wildings and on strawberries they fed :
 The flowers unsown in fields and meadows reigned,
 And western winds immortal spring maintained ;
 In following years the bearded corn ensued,
 From earth unasked, nor was that earth renewed ;
 From veins of valleys, milk and nectar broke,
 And honey sweating thro' the pores of oak."

OVID.

From the gaities and fêtes which then took place arose the name of Saturnalia, or fêtes of Saturn, which lasted three, four, and five days, and took place in December. All work was stayed, friend interchanged gifts with friend, the preparations for war and the execution of criminals were alike suspended, while masters waited on their slaves at table, in remembrance of the ideas of liberty and equality, which existed in ancient days.

Janus was represented supported by a staff, with a key in his hand, as he was believed to be the inventor of doors and of locks. From his name came the month of January. He worshipped at twelve altars, to represent the twelve months; and wore occasionally four faces, as tokens of the four seasons of the year. At Rome, in which his temple was placed, it was open in the time of war, and shut during that of peace.

Saturn, or Time, is represented sometimes on a flying chariot, and sometimes on a throne, under the figure of an old and bearded man, severe in aspect, thin and yet robust, his eyes marked by a stern light; a veil on his head, and a serpent round his waist; while in his hand he carries a harp. In later times he is represented with a scythe.

" Unfathomable sea ! whose waves are years ;
 Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe
 Are brackish with the salt of human tears ;
 Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and flow
 Claspest the limits of mortality !
 And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,
 Vomitest wrecks on its inhospitable shore.
 Treacherous in calm and terrible in storm,
 Who shall put forth on thee,
 Unfathomable sea ?"

SHELLEY.

With his scythe and with his wings, our eyes are familiar, as, to the present day, he is never drawn without these accompaniments.

" To one that marks the quick and certain round
 Of year on year, and finds that every day
 Brings its grey hair, or bears a leaf away
 From the full glory with which life is crowned,
 Ere youth becomes a shade, and fame a sound :
 Surely to one that feels his foot on sand
 Unsure, the bright and ever visible hand
 Of Time, points far above the lowly bound
 Of pride that perishes : and leads the eye
 To loftier objects and diviner ends ;
 A tranquil strength, sublime humility,
 A knowledge of ourselves, a faith in friends,
 A sympathy for all things born to die,
 With cheerful love for those whom truth attends."

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

This fable is easy of explanation. Time is the child of heaven and earth; he has wings because he flies rapidly, a scythe because



he destroys all, an hour-glass to measure his course equally; and the serpent is the symbol of eternity, which has neither a beginning nor an end. He slew his father, because, the world and time once created, he could exist no longer; he devoured his infants because time destroys all, and he threw them from his stomach because time returns with the years and days; and this part of the fable is also an image of the operations which nature accomplishes under the influence of time. He did not devour Jupiter, as he represents the celestial regions, nor Juno, she being the prototype of the air: Time, mighty and all-destroying as he is, having no influence over the elements.

CYBELE, VESTA.

This goddess was the daughter of Uranus, being the sister and wife of Saturn. As soon as she was born, she was exposed on a mountain, but being preserved and suckled by some of the wild beasts of the forest, she received the name of Cybele from the mountain where her life had been preserved. She is called also the ancient Vesta, to distinguish her from her daughter Vesta, who, with her mother, is also called Cybele. But the Deity of whom we now write is the earth, and is easy to distinguish from her daughter. In several temples of the ancients, the statues of Cybele were only a piece of stone, meant to represent the stability of the earth.

This great Goddess saw and became enamoured of a shepherd, who repulsed her affection, being in love with a mortal nymph; and rather than submit to the tyrannical passion of Cybele, he is said to have destroyed himself, and the goddess metamorphosed him into a pine-tree.



In the mythology of every country, this Deity is found, though under various names. She is represented with keys in her hand, her head crowned with rising turrets, and sometimes with the leaves

of an oak. She is also seen with many breasts, to intimate that the earth gives aliment to all living creatures.

To her daughter, who presided over the fiery element, Numa Pompilius consecrated an altar, where virgins, named Vestals, maintained perpetual fire. At Delphi and at Athens the priestesses were not virgins, as at the other temples, but widows who were past the time of marriage.

It was the employment of the Vestals to take care that the



sacred fire of Vesta was not extinguished, for if it ever happened, it was deemed the prognostic of great calamities to the state: the offender was punished for negligence, and severely scourged by the high priest. The privileges of the Vestals were great: they had the most honourable seats at the public games and festivals, a lictor preceded them when they walked in public; they were carried in chariots when they pleased, and had the power of pardoning criminals if they encountered them on the way to execution, and the meeting was declared to be purely accidental.

Such of them as forgot their vow, were placed in a large hole under the earth, where a bed was placed, with a little bread, wine,

oil, and a lighted lamp: the guilty Vestal was stripped of the habit of her order, and compelled to descend into the subterranean cavity, which was immediately shut, and she was left to die of hunger.

Vestal. Spare me! oh spare!

Priest. Speak not, polluted one.

Vestal. Yet spare me!

Priest. Thou pleadst in vain—thy destiny is fixed.

Vestal. Mercy—oh! mercy; tho' my sin be great,
Life is so beautiful I cannot die;
And earth seems smiling with intenser light,
And flowers give forth an odour ever new,
The stars look brighter still than when of old
I watched them fading from the mountain top:
Earth, sky and air, are all so beautiful,
I cannot, dare not, will not, think of death!

Priest. It is thy doom! thy living grave is near.
Thou hast despoiled the Goddess of her due,
The vow thou gavest to her thou hast broken,
And thou must pay the awful penalty!

Vestal. The grave—a living grave—thou meantst it not—
To ope my eyes in th' ever during dark,
To breathe a thick and frightful atmosphere,
Drawn from my sighs and dampened with my tears!

Priest. The Gods demand their victim!

Vestal. 'Tis blasphemy to think it;
Oh! if thou ever knew'st a father's love,
A mother's sigh, a sister's soft caress,
If but one human sympathy be left,
Pardon, oh! pardon!

Priest. Cling not around me, girl, touch, touch me not;
The power to pardon lieth not in man.
Thy hour hath come.

Vestal, (clasping him). I will not quit thee;
Thou art a man with human sympathies;
Madness will touch my brain; I cannot, will not yield.
Grant me some other death: poison or steel,
Or aught that sends me suddenly from earth;
But to be wrapt in clay, and yet not of it,
To feel the earth crumbling around my brow,
To scent its foul and noisome atmosphere,
Is more than frail mortality can bear.

ANON.



JUPITER.

The nymphs of mount Ida, to whom Cybele had confided her son, educated him with great care; but his cries being likely to call the attention of Saturn and Titan, the priests invented a dance accompanied with noise, called the Dactyl, in which they interchanged blows on steel bucklers. His nourishment was received from a goat, who was afterwards placed among the heavenly constellations, having given his skin to form a shield, and one of his horns, which was presented to the nymphs, and named the Horn of Plenty. As Jupiter emerged from infancy, we have seen he had to strive with the Titans, who disputed with him the right to reign in Heaven.

The first of their feats was to heap mountain on mountain in order to scale the walls of Heaven; they then threw fragments of rocks and burning trees against "high Olympus."

"But vainly came Typhæus on,
And vainly huge Porphyriou,
Fierce Rhoetus of the vengeful stroke,
And Minias strong as mountain oak,
With bold Encelædas, to heaven who strove
To dart the trees, uprooted, from the grove:

For weak their might against the shield
Which Pallas' matchless arm did wield;
While quick against the giant foes
Juno, and ardent Vulcan, rose;
And to the fight the young Apollo sped,
Glittering afar with bows and arrows dread,

Who bathing in Castalian dew,
His tresses loose of golden hue,
Rejoicing in his youth is seen
Amid the Lyeian valleys green,
Or in the Delian groves will sport awhile
Amid the flowers that deck his native isle."

HORACE.

The Gods at first defended themselves with great courage, but at the appearance of the hundred-headed Typhon, all, save Bacchus, sought safety in flight, and hid themselves in Egypt, where they obtained refuge under various forms: from the different disguises they then assumed, may be traced the worship rendered by the Egyptians to both animals and vegetables.

Typhon, who thus, by his mere appearance, seemed to turn the tide of war, is thus described :

----- "Typhon, whose hands
Of strength are fitted to tremendous deeds ;
And indefatigable are the feet
Of the strong God : and from his shoulders rise
A hundred snaky heads of dragon growth."

HESIOD.

Notwithstanding the dire appearance of this monster, Bacchus fought bravely against the foes of Heaven, and took the form of a Lion, while animated by the cries of Jupiter, who shouted "Courage, courage!" his bravery turned the tide of war.

"And now the murmur of incitement flies,
All ranged in martial order, through the skies ;
Here Jove above the rest conspicuous shined,
In valour equal to his strength his mind ;
Erect and dauntless see the thunderer stand,
The bolts red hissing from his vengeful hand ;
He walks majestic round the starry frame ;
And now the lightnings from Olympus flame.
The earth wide blazes with the fires of Jove,
Nor the flash spares the verdure of the grove."

HESIOD.

The invaders, at length, were overthrown, and crushed beneath the mountains which they themselves had prepared to execute their vengeance on Jupiter. Many times, though vainly, the Titans sought to avenge their defeat ; and Olympus, from this time, was only troubled by internal dissensions,

----- "The bruised Titans mourned
Within a den where no insulting light
Could glimmer on their tears ; where their own groans
They felt, but heard not ; hard flint they sat upon,
Couches of rugged stone and slaty ridge,
Stubborn with iron.
Cœus and Gyges and Briareus,
With many more, the brawniest in assault,
Were pent in regions of laborious breath ;
Dungeoned in opaque element to keep
Their clenched teeth still clenched, and all their limbs
Locked up like veins of metal cramped and screwed :
Without a motion save of their big hearts,
Heaving in pain."

KEATS' HYPERION.

After his victory, Jupiter, who had driven Saturn from Heaven, and was in consequence its undisputed king, espoused Juno his sister.

The commencement of their union was a happy one, and was called the age of silver, being an era of virtue, less pure, however, than that of the age of gold.

“ But when good Saturn banished from above
Was driven to hell, the world was under Jove.
Succeeding times a silver age behold,
Excelling brass, but more excelled by gold ;
Then summer, autumn, winter did appear,
And spring was but a season of the year.
The sun his annual course obliquely made,
Good days contracted and enlarged the bad.
Then air with sultry heat began to glow ;
The wings of winds were clogged with ice and snow ;
And shivering mortals into houses driven,
Sought shelter from the inelemeocy of heaven.
Those houses then were caves or homely sheds,
With twining osiers fenced, and moss their beds :
Then ploughs for seed the fruitful furrows broke,
And oxen laboured first beneath the yoke.”

OVID.

Nor was crime long in making its appearance. Hyacon, King of Arcadia, violated all the laws of hospitality by the massacre of his guests. He had the cruelty to offer up to Jupiter, in one of the high festivals, the members of a slave, as an offering to the God. But his punishment was as swift as his conduct had been atrocious : his palace was reduced to ashes, and his form was changed into that of a wolf. From this Jupiter took the name which denotes him an avenger of the laws of hospitality.

Jupiter is also distinguished by the name of Ammon from the following circumstance :

Bacchus being in the midst of the sands of Arabia, was seized with a thirst so burning, that he was reduced to long even for a drop of water. Jupiter presented himself to him under the form of a battering-ram, and striking the earth, caused the grateful liquid to spring forth in abundance. Bacchus, to commemorate the deed, erected a temple to his benefactor in the deserts of Lybia, under the name of Jupiter Ammon, i. e.—sandy.

By this time mankind had owed their creation to the King of the Gods. Prometheus, grand-son of Uranus, having deceived Jupiter, he was punished by being withheld from the element of fire ; and to enrage his sovereign, he formed a being of clay, of workmanship so exquisite, that it scarcely seemed to need life to add to its beauty, and to complete his performance, assisted

by Minerva, he stole fire from the chariot of the sun, wherewith to animate his image.

Enraged at this daring, Jupiter had him conveyed to Mount Caucasus, where being chained to the rock, a vulture preyed upon



his entrails, which grew as fast as they were devoured, thus subjecting him to a never dying torture.

————— "Awful sufferer!
 To thee unwilling, most unwillingly
 I come, by the great Father's will driven down,
 To execute a doom of new revenge.
 Alas! I pity thee, and hate myself,
 That I can do no more: aye from thy sight
 Returning, for a season, heaven seems hell,
 So thy worn form pursues me night and day,
 Smiling reproach. Wise art thou, firm and good,
 But vainly wouldst stand forth alone in strife
 Against the Omnipotent: as you clear lamps,
 That measure and divide the weary years
 From which there is no refuge, long have taught
 And long must teach. Even now the Torturer arms
 With the strange might of unimagined pains
 The powers who scheme slow agonies in hell;
 And my commission is to lead them here,
 Or what more subtle, foul, or savage fiends
 People the abyss, and leave them to their task.
 Oh that we might be spared: I to inflict,
 And thou to suffer! once more answer me:
 Thou knowest not the period of Jove's power?

Prometheus. I know but this, that it must come.

First Fury. Prometheus!

Second Fury. Immortal Titan!

Third Fury. Champion of Heaven's slaves!

Pro. He whom some dreadful voice invokes is here,
 Prometheus, the chained Titan. Horrible forms,
 Whence and what are ye? Never yet there came

Phantasms so foul thro' monster-teeming hell,
From the all miscreative brain of Jove ;
Whilst I behold such execrable shapes,
Metinks I grow like what I contemplate,
And laugh and stare in loathsome sympathy.

First Fury. We are ministers of pain, and fear,
And disappointment, and mistrust, and hate,
And clinging crime; and, as lean dogs pursue
Thro' wood and lake some struck and sobbing fawn,
We track all things that weep, and bleed, and live,
When the great king betrays them to our will.

Pro. Oh! many fearful natures in one name,
I know ye; and these lakes and echoes know
The darkness and the clangour of your wings.
But why more hideous than your loathed selves
Gather ye up in legions from the deep!

Second Fury. We knew not that: Sisters, rejoice! rejoice!

Pro. Can aught exult in its deformity?

Second Fury. The beauty of delight makes lovers glad,
Gazing on one another: so are we,
As from the rose which the pale priestess kneels
To gather for a festal crown of flowers,
The aerial crimson falls, flushing her cheek,
So from our victim's destined agony,
The shade which is our form invests us round;
Else we are shapeless as our mother night.

Pro. I laugh your power, and his who sent you here,
To lowest scorn. Pour forth the cup of pain.

First Fury. Thou thinkest we will rend thee bone from bone,
And nerve from nerve, working like fire within!

Pro. Pain is my element, as hate is thine;
Ye rend me now; I care not.

Second Fury. Dost imagine
We will but laugh into thy lidless eyes?

Pro. I weigh not what ye do, but what ye suffer,
Being evil. Cruel is the power which called
You, or aught else so wretched into light!

Third Fury. Thou think'st we will live through thee one by one,
Like animal life, and though we can obscure not
The soul which burns within, that we will dwell
Beside it, like a vain, loud multitude,
Vexing the self-content of wisest men:
That we will be dread thought beneath thy brain,
And foul desire round thine astonished heart,
And blood within thy labyrinthine veins,
Crawling like agony.

Pro. Why use me thus now,
Yet am I king over my self's rule,
The torturing and conflicting throes within,
As Jove rules you when hell grows mutinous."

SHELLEY.

This provoked the vengeance of Jupiter, and he ordered Vulcan to create a female, whom they called Pandora. All the Gods vied in making presents. Venus gave her beauty, and the art of pleasing;

Apollo taught her to sing; Mercury instructed her in eloquence; Minerva gave her the most rich and splendid ornaments. From these valuable presents which she received from the Gods, the woman was called Pandora, which intimates that she had received every necessary gift. Jupiter, after this, gave her a beautiful box, which she was ordered to present to the man who married her; and by the command of the god, Mercury conducted her to Prometheus. The artful mortal was sensible of the deceit; and as he had always distrusted Jupiter, he sent away Pandora without suffering himself to be captivated by her charms.

“He spoke, and told to Mulciber his will,
 And smiling bade him his command fulfil;
 To use his greatest art, his nicest care,
 To frame a creature exquisitely fair;
 To temper well the clay with water, then
 To add the vigour and the voice of men;
 To let her first in virgin lustre shine,
 In form a goddess, with a bloom divine;
 And next the sire demands Minerva's aid,
 In all her various skill to train the maid—
 Bids her the secrets of the loom impart,
 To cast a curious thread with happy heart;
 And golden Venus was to teach the fair
 The wiles of love, and to improve her air;
 And then in awful majesty to shed
 A thousand graceful charms around her head.
 Next Hermes, artful god, must form her mind,
 One day to torture, and the next be kind:
 With manners all deceitful, and her tongue
 Fraught with abuse, and with detraction hung;
 Jove gave the mandate, and the gods obeyed:
 First Vulcan formed of earth the blushing maid;
 Minerva next performed the task assigned,
 With every female art adorned her mind;
 To her the Beauties and the Graces join,
 Around her person, lo! the diamonds shine.
 To deck her brows the fair tressed seasons bring,
 A garland breathing all the sweets of spring:
 Each present Pallas gives its proper place,
 And adds to every ornament a grace!
 Next Hermes taught the fair the heart to move
 With all the false alluring arts of love,
 Her manners all deceitful, and her tongue
 With falsehoods fruitful, and detraction hung;
 The finished maid the gods Pandora call,
 Because a tribute she received from all;
 And thus 'twas Jove's command the sex began
 A lovely mischief to the soul of man?
 Within her hand the nymph a casket bears,
 Full of diseases and corroding cares:

Which opened, they to taint the world begin
 And Hope alone remained entire within !
 Such was the fatal present from above,
 And such the will of cloud compelling Jove ;
 And now unnumbered woes o'er mortals reign
 Alike infected is the land and main ;
 O'er human race distempers silent stray,
 And multiply their strength by night and day !
 'Twas Jove's decree they should in silence rove,
 For who is able to contend with Jove ?"

HÆSIOD.

When the box was opened, there issued from it a multitude of evils and distempers, which dispersed themselves over the world, and which from that fatal moment have never ceased to afflict the human race. Hope alone remained at the bottom, and that only has the power of easing the labours of man, and rendering his troubles less painful.

" But thou, oh ! Hope, with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure ?
 Still it whispered promised pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !
 Still would her touch the strain prolong,
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She called on Echo still throughout the song ;
 And where her sweetest theme she chose
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
 And Hope, enchanted, smiled and waved her golden hair !"

COLLINS.

" Hope sets the stamp of vanity on all,
 That men have deemed substantial since the fall,
 Yet has the wondrous virtue to educe,
 From emptiness itself, a real use ;
 And while she takes, as at a father's hand,
 What health and sober appetite demand,
 From fading good derives with chemic art
 That lasting happiness, a thankful heart.
 Hope with uplifted foot set free from earth
 Pants for the place of her ethereal birth ;
 Hope, as an anchor firm and sure, holds fast
 The Christian vessel, and defies the blast.
 Hope ! nothing else can nourish and secure
 His new born virtue, and preserve him pure.
 Hope ! let the wretch once conscious of the joy,
 Whom now despairing agonies destroy,
 Speak, for he can, and uone so well as he,
 What treasures centre, what delights in thee.
 Had he the gems, the spices, and the land
 That boasts the treasure, all at his command,
 The fragrant grove, th' inestimable mine,
 Were light when weighed against one smile of thine."

COWPER.

After this commenced the age of steel, when even Jupiter abandoned himself to the fiery passions of love, jealousy, and vengeance.

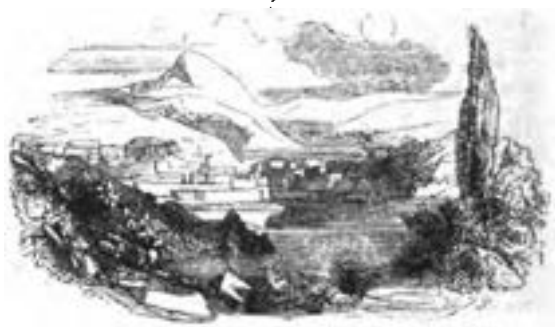
----- "Hard steel succeeded then :
 And stubborn as the metal were the men.
 Truth, modesty, and shame the world forsook ;
 Fraud, avarice, and force, their places took.
 Then sails were spread to every wind that blew,
 Raw were the sailors, and the depths were new :
 Trees, rudely hollowed, did the waves sustain,
 Ere slips in triumph, ploughed the watery plain.
 Then landmarks limited to each his right ;
 For all before was common as the light :
 Nor was the ground alone required to bear
 Her annual income to the crooked share,
 But greedy mortals rummaging her store,
 Dug from her entrails first the precious ore,
 Which next to hell the prudent Gods had laid,
 And that alluring ill to sight displayed.
 Thus cursed steel, and more accursed gold,
 Gave mischief birth, and made the mischief bold,
 And double did wretched man invade,
 By steel assaulted, and by gold betrayed.
 Now (brandished weapons glittering in their hands)
 Mankind is broken loose from moral bands :
 No right of hospitality remain ;
 The guest, by him who harboured him, is slain.
 The son-in-law pursues the father's life,
 The wife her husband murders, be the wife ;
 The step-dame poison for the son prepares ;
 The son inquires into his father's years.
 Faith flies, and piety in exile mourns ;
 And justice, here opprest, to heaven returns."
 OVID.

He was enamoured of Antiope, Alcmena, Danae, Leda, Semele, Europa, Calista, and a crowd of other goddesses and mortals.

The principal names given to Jupiter are the Thunderer, the Avenger, the God of Day, the God of the Worlds, and lastly of Olympus, in which he dwelt, and on which poets and painters have exercised their imaginations.

The figures of Jupiter have varied according to the circumstances and the times in which they have appeared. He has been represented as a swan, a bull, a shower of gold, and as a cuckoo : but Homer appears to have inspired ideas of the most noble kinds to the sculptors of antiquity. The divine poet represents the King of Gods seated on a golden throne, at the feet of which are two cups, containing the principle of good and evil. His brow laden with

dark clouds; his eyes darting lightning from beneath their lids; and his chin covered with a majestic beard. In one hand the sceptre, in the other a thunderbolt. The virtues are at his side: at his feet the eagle who bears the thunderbolt. One frown from his eyes makes the whole earth tremble.



The Olympian games in Greece were instituted in honour of this God, from those celebrated at Olympus. The following, perhaps the finest description we have of Jupiter, while granting the prayer of Achilles, is from Homer's *Iliad*.

“ Twelve days were passed, and now the dawning light,
 The Gods had summoned to the Olympian height.
 Jove first ascending from the watery bowers,
 Leads the long order of ethereal powers.
 When like the morning mist in early days,
 Rose from the flood the daughter of the seas;
 And to the seats divine her flight addressed.
 There far apart, and high above the rest
 The Thunderer sat; where old Olympus shrouds
 His hundred heads in heaven, and props the clouds.
 Suppliant the Goddess stood: one hand she placed
 Beneath his beard, and one his knees embraced:
 ‘ If e’er, O father of the Gods!’ she said,
 My words could please thee, or my actions aid;
 Some marks of honour on my son bestow,
 And pay in glory what in life you owe.
 Fame is at least by heavenly promise due,
 To life so short, and now dishonoured too.
 Avenge this wrong, oh ever just and wise;
 Let Greece be humbled, and the Trojans rise;
 Till the proud king, and all the Achaian race,
 Shall heap with honours him they now disgrace.”

HOMER.



OLYMPUS.

Jupiter is often described by the ancients as visiting the earth in disguise, and distributing to its inhabitants his punishments or rewards. Ovid relates one in connexion with the luxury of Rome, and in which the hospitality of Baucis and Philemon saved them from the fate of their friends. He is represented as the guardian of man, and dispenser of good and evil.

“ While we to Jove select the holy victim,
Whom after shall we sing than Jove himself?
The God for ever great, for ever king,
Who slew the earth-born race, and measures right
To heaven's great habitants,
Swift growth and wondrous grace, oh! heavenly Jove,
Waited thy blooming years: inventive wit,
And perfect judgment crowned thy youthful act.
Thou to the lesser gods hast well assigned
Their proper shares of power; thy own, great Jove,
Boundless and universal. Each monarch rules
His different realm, accountable to thee,
Great ruler of the world; these only have
To speak and be obeyed; to those are given
Assistant days to ripen the desigu;
To some whole months; revolving years to some;
Others, ill-fated, are condemned to toil
Their tedious life, and mourn their purpose blasted,
With fruitless act and impotence of counsel.
Hail! greatest son of Saturn, wise disposer
Of every good; thy praise what man yet born
Has sung? or who that may be born shall sing?
Again, and often, hail! indulge our prayer,
Great Father! grant us virtue, grant us wealth,
For without virtue, wealth to man avails not,
And virtue without wealth exerts less power,
And less diffuses good. Then grant us, Gracious,
Virtue and wealth, for both are of thy gift!”

PRIOR.

JUNO.

Juno, who was the daughter of Saturn and Cybele, was also sister and wife to Jupiter. Her pride protected her beauty: for when the God, to seduce her, took the form of a cuckoo, she recognised him in his disguise, and refused to submit to his wishes, unless he would consent to marry her. At their nuptials, invitations were sent to all the Gods, and beings of even a lower order were not forgotten. But one nymph, by the insolence of her refusal, merited

the punishment she received of being changed into a tortoise, and became the symbol of silence.

As might be expected, the marriage of Jupiter and Juno, was not productive of much happiness, the jealousy of the latter being a never-failing source of misery; it was this which caused the celebrated Trojan war; and this that caused Jupiter to suspend her from Heaven by a golden cord, in the attempt to rescue her from which, Vulcan achieved the wrath of his sire, the Thunderer.

The intrigue of Jupiter with Io, is also celebrated in the history of his amours. Juno became jealous as usual, discovered the object



of his affections, and surprised him in the company of Io; a change soon took place in the appearance of the latter, when, through the

influence of the God, she assumed the form of a white heifer. Juno instantly discovered the fraud, and requested Jupiter to give her possession of an animal she so much admired.

The request was too reasonable to be refused, and Io became the property of Juno, who placed her under the control of the hundred-eyed Argus: but Jupiter, anxious for the situation of Io, sent Mercury, who destroyed Argus, and restored her to liberty.

“Down from the rock fell the dis severed head,
Opening its eyes in death, and falling bled,
And marked the passage with a crimson trail;
Thus Argus lies in pieces, cold and pale,
And all his hundred eyes with all their light
Are closed at once in one perpetual night;
These Juno takes, that they no more may fail,
And spreads them in her peacock's gaudy tail.”
OVID.

After undergoing the vengeance of Juno, who unrelentingly pursued her, she gave birth to an infant on the banks of the Nile, and was restored by Jupiter to her natural shape.

All who seemed to be favoured by, or who favoured Jupiter, she persecuted with the utmost rigour: but when it is remembered what cause Juno had for her jealousy, and that her husband metamorphosed himself into a swan for Leda, into a shepherd for Mnemosyne, into a shower of gold for Danae, and into a bull for Europa, she may easily be pardoned her restless spirit.

When Jupiter had assumed the form of a bull, he mingled with the herds belonging to Agenor, father of Europa, while the latter, with her female attendants, was gathering flowers in the surrounding meadows.

Europa caressed the beautiful animal, and at last had the courage to sit upon his back. Jupiter took advantage of her situation, and with precipitate steps retired towards the shore, crossed the sea with Europa on him, and arrived safe in Crete. Here he adopted his original shape, and declared his love. The nymph consented, though she had previously taken the vows of perpetual celibacy; and became the mother of Minos, Sarpedon, and Rhadamanthus.

“The ruler of the skies, the thundering God,
Who shakes the world's foundation with a nod,
Among a herd of lowing heifers ran,
Frisked in a bull, and galloped o'er the plain;

His skin was whiter than the snow that lies
 Unsullied by the breath of southern skies,
 His every look was peaceful, and expressed
 The softness of the lover in the beast.
 Agenor's royal daughter, as she played
 Among the fields, the milk white bull surveyed,
 And viewed his spotless body with delight,
 And at a distance kept him still in sight;
 At length she plucked the rising flowers, that fed
 The gentle beast, and fondly stroked his head.
 She placed herself upon his back, and rode
 O'er fields and meadows, seated on the God.
 He gently marched along, and by degrees,
 Left the dry meadows and approached the seas,
 Where now he dips his hoofs and wets his thighs,
 Now plunges in, and carries off the prize."

OVID.

At length Juno, unable to bear the many injuries her love had sustained, left Jupiter, and retired to the Isle of Samos, announcing, at the same time, that she should return no more to the court of the King of Heaven. The latter, not disheartened, dressed a statue as Queen of Olympus, placed it in his chariot, and declared it should be the future wife of the ruler of the Gods. This induced Juno to quit her hiding place; for, unable to restrain her jealousy, she rushed back with all speed, destroyed the statue, laughingly acknowledged her error, and was reconciled to her husband.

The wife of Jupiter is always represented as superbly arrayed, in a chariot drawn by two peacocks, where she sat with a sceptre in her hand, having always a peacock beside her. She was adored above all at Argos, where her feasts were celebrated by the sacrifice of a hundred bulls. At Rome, hers were the Lupercalian feasts. She was believed to preside over the birth-pangs of the Roman women, and the priests, to render the time fruitful, struck these grave matrons with a portion of the skin of a kid, which they asserted had formed one of the vestments of the Goddess.

In the spirit of a high mythology, Juno may be considered as representing the sublunary atmosphere; and, as opposed to Jupiter, the active origin and organizer of all, she is of a passive nature. These ideas are allied with those of Hymen, who is called Juno, the virtuous wife.

A statue of Juno recently discovered, is thus described:—

"The countenance expresses a stern unquestioned severity of

dominion, with a certain sadness. The lips are beautiful, susceptible of expressing scorn, but not without sweetness. With fine lips a person is never wholly bad, and they never belong to the expression of emotions purely selfish, lips being the seat of imagination. The drapery is finely conceived; and the manner in which the act of throwing back one leg is expressed in the diverging folds of the drapery of the left breast, fading in bold, yet graduated lines, into a skirt, as it descends from the left shoulder, is admirably imagined."

SHELLEY.



C E R E S .

Ceres, daughter of Saturn and Cybele, was goddess of the productions of the earth. She taught man the art of agriculture, and is represented crowned with wheat, holding a torch in one hand, and in the other an ear of corn; sometimes she carries a sceptre, and sometimes a sickle, and her chariot is drawn by lions or by serpents.

————— "As tempered suns arise
Sweet beamed, and shedding through the lucid clouds
A pleasing calm: while broad and brown, below
Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
Rich, silent, deep, they stand: for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:
A calm of plenty; till the ruffled air
Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.

Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky,
 And back by fits the shadows sweep along.
 A gaily chequered, heart-expanding view,
 Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
 Unbounded, tossing in a flood of corn."

THOMSON.

Loved by Jupiter, she had by the God a daughter called Proserpine, whom Pluto, God of Hell, seized near the beautiful vale of Enna, in Sicily, and carried with him to his dismal kingdom. Ceres, whose love for her child, almost surpassed even the usual love of mothers, placed on Mount Etna two torches, and sought her "from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve," throughout the world. At last, when she deemed her search well nigh hopeless, she was informed by the nymph Arethusa of the dwelling place of her child, and of the name of him who had torn her beloved one from her paternal care.

Ceres implored Jupiter to interfere, and withdraw her from the infernal regions, which he agreed to do, but found it would be beyond his power, as, by a decree of Destiny, she would not be able to quit her place of concealment, should she have partaken of any nourishment while there; and it was discovered that though she had refused all ordinary food, she had been tempted while in the gardens of Pluto, to pluck a pomegranate, and to eat a few of its seeds. This was sufficient; and the utmost Ceres could obtain, was that she should pass six months of the year with her mother and six months with Pluto, when she became his wife.

"Near Enna's walls a spacious lake is spread,
 Famed for the sweetly singing swans it bred;
 Pergusa is its name: and never more
 Were heard, or sweeter sounds than on Cayster's shore.
 Woods crown the lake, and Phœbus ne'er invades
 The tufted fences or offends the shades:
 Fresh fragrant breezes fan the verdant bowers,
 And the moist ground smiles with enamelled flowers,
 The cheerful birds their airy carols sing,
 And the whole year is one eternal spring.

Here while young Proserpine, among the maids,
 Diverts herself in these delicious shades;
 While like a child with hasty speed and care,
 She gathers lilies here, and violets there;
 While first to fill her little lap she strives,
 Hell's grizzly monarch at the shades arrives;
 Sees her thus sporting on the flowery green,
 And loves the blooming maid as soon as seen.

The frightened Goddess to her mother cries :
 But all in vain, for now far off she flies ;
 His urgent flame impatient of delay,
 Swift as his thought he seized the beauteous prey,
 And bore her in his sooty car away.
 Far she behind her leaves her virgin train ;
 To them too cries, and cries to them in vain.
 And while with passion she repeats her call,
 The violets from her lap and lilies fall :
 She misses them, poor heart ! and makes new moan :
 Her lilies, oh ! are lost, her violets gone.
 O'er hills the ravisher, and valleys speeds,
 By name encouraging his foamy steeds ;
 He rattles o'er their necks the rusty reins,
 And ruffles with the stroke their shaggy manes
 Throws to his dreadful steeds the slackened rein,
 And strikes his iron sceptre through the main ;
 The depths profound thro' yielding waves he cleaves,
 And to hell's centre a free passage leaves ;
 Down sinks his chariot, and his realms of night
 The God soon reaches with a rapid flight.”

OVID.

The attempts of Ceres to encourage the art of agriculture were not always favourably received: the King of the Scythians, who loved the sword more than the ploughshare, and the spear more than the reaping hook, having attempted to smother the art taught by Ceres in its infancy, was metamorphosed into a lynx. Nor was this the only instance of the vengeance of the Goddess, who was irritable, and prompt to punish. A young child, whose chief crime was having laughed to see her eat with avidity, was changed into a lizard: while a Thessalian, who had desecrated and attempted to destroy a sacred forest, was doomed to an hunger so cruel, that he devoured his own limbs, and died in the midst of fearful torments.



DESTINY.

We have already seen that the decrees of Destiny, or Fate, were superior even to the will of Jupiter, as the King of the Gods could not restore Proserpine to her mother, Destiny having decreed otherwise. But of this being, as possessing a place among the heroes of mythology, we are left in considerable ignorance. Scarcely knowing even if he were a God, or only the name or symbol whereby to represent an immutable and unchangeable law. In the antique bas-reliefs he is often to be seen, with a bandage over his eyes, and near him an open book which the gods alone might consult: and in which are written those events which must inevitably come to pass, and which all are so anxious to discover.

“Thou power which all men strive to look into!
Thou power which dost elude all human search!
To thee alone is given the right to gaze
Into the fate prepared for all who live.
Oh! wilt thou ne'er unlock thine iron bars,
Oh! wilt thou ne'er enable us to look
Into the volume clasped at thy right hand?
The past is known to us, and doth contain
So much of evil and so little good,
So much of wrong, and oh! so little right,
So much of suffering, and so little peace,
That we would fain turn o'er the leaves which speak
Of future things to our sore troubled souls.
Yet no! perchance the burden is too much,
And is in mercy hidden from our eyes.
Earth is made up of so much care and woe,
The past, the present, and the future known,
Would sink us into deep and desperate sorrow.”



A P O L L O.

This Deity, whose name still lives with us, as the presiding divinity of the art of song, was the son of Jupiter, by the beautiful Latona, daughter of the Titan, Cœus. Asteria, her sister, disdain- ing the embraces of the God, threw herself into the sea, and was changed into the isle which bears the name of Delos; where Latona afterwards sought refuge from the fury of Juno, when about to overwhelm her, for her frailty with her husband. The irritated Goddess, to punish Latona for her crime, excited against her the serpent Python, who pursued her wheresoever she went; until at last, in the Isle of Delos, alone and unfriended, bearing in her bosom the fruit of her weakness, she gave birth to Apollo and Diana. Weary of her confinement, and wishing to return to her father Cœus, she arrived near his dominions, where, fatigued with



her journey, she begged a drop of water from the peasants, whose cruel refusal to aid her she punished by changing them into frogs.

“The Goddess came, and kneeling on the brink,
 Stooped at the fresh repast, prepared to drink :
 Then thus, being hindered by the rabble race,
 In accents mild expostulates the case :
 ‘Water I only ask, and sure ’tis hard
 From Nature’s common rights to be debarred :
 This, as the genial sun, and vital air,
 Should flow alike to every creature’s share ;
 One draught, as dear as life I should esteem,
 And water, now I thirst, would nectar seem :
 Oh ! let my little babes your pity move,
 And melt your hearts to charitable love :
 They (as by chance they did) extend to you
 Their little hands, and my request pursue !’
 Yet they the goddess’s request refuse,
 And, with rude words, reproachfully abuse.
 Her thirst by indignation was suppressed ;
 Bent on revenge, the Goddess stood confessed !
 ‘And may you live,’ she passionately cried,
 ‘Doomed in that pool for ever to abide !’
 The Goddess has her wish——”

OVID.

During her residence at her father’s court, Niobe, daughter of Tantalus, had the insolence to prefer herself to Latona, who had but two children, while Niobe possessed seven sons and seven daughters. She even ridiculed the worship which was paid to Latona, observing, that she had a better claim to altars and sacrifices than the mother of Apollo. This insolence provoked Latona, and she



entreated her children to punish the arrogant Niobe. Her prayers were granted, and immediately all the sons of Niobe expired by the

darts of Apollo, and all the daughters, except one, who was married, were equally destroyed by Diana; while Niobe, stricken by the greatness of the misfortune which had overwhelmed her, was changed into stone.

The bodies of Niobe's children were left unburied in the plains for nine successive days, because Jupiter changed into stones all such as attempted to inter them. On the tenth, they were honoured with a funeral by the Gods.

While Apollo resided at the court of Jupiter, he retained the title of the God of Light; and though many writers consider Phœbus and Apollo to be different deities, there can be no doubt that the worship which is offered to Phœbus, as the sun, is due also to Apollo; and indeed, under both titles is he addressed by ancients, as well as moderns.

“ Giver of glowing light !
 Though but a God of other days,
 The kings and sages,
 Of wiser ages,
 Still live and gladden in thy genial rays !

“ King of the tuneful lyre !
 Still poets hymns to thee belong,
 Though lips are cold,
 Whereon of old,
 Thy beams all turned to worshipping and song !

“ Lord of the dreadful bow !
 None triumph now for Python's death -
 But thou dost save
 From hungry grave,
 The life that hangs upon a summer's breath !

“ Father of rosy day !
 No more thy clouds of incense rise ;
 But waking flowers,
 At morning hours,
 Give out their sweets to meet thee in the skies

“ God of the Delphic fane !
 No more thou listenest to hymns sublime ;
 But they will leave,
 On winds at eve,
 A solemn echo to the end of time !”

HOON.

By the invention of Phœbus, medicine became known to the world, as he granted to Æsculapius the secrets of this miraculous art, who afterwards sought to raise the dead, and while in the act of bringing

to life Hippolitus, son of Theseus, Jupiter enraged with his impiety, smote him with a thunderbolt. Indignant at the punishment which had been awarded Æsculapius, Apollo sought the isle of Lemnos, to immolate the Cyclops to his indignation, who had forged the thunderbolt.

But so insolent an act could not remain unpunished, and Jupiter exiled him from Heaven. While on earth, he loved the nymph Daphne, and Mercury who had invented the lyre, gave it to him that he might the more effectually give vent to his passion. This lyre, was formed of the shell of a tortoise, and composed of seven cords, while to its harmonious tones were raised the walls of Troy. In vain, however, were the sweet sounds of the lyre tuned, to soften Daphne whose affection rested with another, and was insensible to that of Apollo, though he pursued her with fervour for a year.



Daphne, still inexorable, was compelled to yield to the fatigue which oppressed her, when the Gods, at her entreaty, changed her into a laurel. Apollo took a branch and formed it into a crown, and to this day the laurel remains one of the attributes of the God. The leaves of this tree are believed to possess the property of preserving from thunder, and of making dreams an image of reality to those who place it beneath their pillow.

————— " Her feet she found
 Benumbed with cold, and fastened to the ground,
 A filmy rind about her body grows,
 Her hair to leaves, her arms extend to boughs,"

"The nymph is all into a laurel gone,
 The smoothness of her skin remains alone;
 To whom the God: "Because thou canst not be
 My mistress, I espouse thee for my tree;
 Be thou the prize of honour and renown,
 The deathless poet and the poem crown!
 Thou shalt the Roman festivals adorn,
 And after poets, be by victors worn!
 Thon shalt returning Cæsar's triumph grace,
 When pomp shall in a long procession pass;
 Wreathed on the posts before his palace wait,
 And be the sacred guardian of the gate;
 Secure from thunder and unharmed by Jove,
 Unfading as the immortal powers above;
 And as the locks of Phœbus are unshorn
 So shall perpetual green thy boughs adorn."

OVID.

However earnest Apollo might have been in his pursuit of Daphne, he did not long remain inconsolable, but formed a tender attachment for Leucothoe, daughter of king Orchamus, and to introduce himself with greater facility, he assumed the shape and features of her mother. Their happiness was complete, when Clytie, her sister, who was enamoured of the God, and was jealous of his amours with Leucothoe, discovered the whole intrigue to her father, who ordered his daughter to be buried alive. Apollo passing by accident over the tomb which contained her, heard her last melancholy cries, but unable to save her from death, he sprinkled nectar and ambrosia over her tomb, which penetrating as far as the body, changed it into the beautiful tree that bears the frankincense; while the unhappy Clytie, tormented by remorse, and disdained by the God, was changed into a sunflower, the plant which turns itself without ceasing, towards its deity, the sun.

"On the bare earth she lies, her bosom bare,
 Loose her attire, dishevelled is her hair;
 Nine times the morn unbarred the gates of light,
 As oft were spread the alternate shades of night,
 So long no sustenance the mourner knew,
 Unless she drank her tears, or sucked the dew,
 She turned about, but rose not from the ground,
 Turned to the sun still as he rolled his round;
 On his bright face hung her desiring eyes,
 Till fixed to earth, she strove in vain to rise,
 Her looks their paleness in a flower retained,
 But here and there, some purple streaks they gained,
 Still the loved object the fond leaves pursue,
 Still move their root, the moving sun to view
 And in the Heliotrope the nymph is true."

OVID.

These unhappy endeavours of Apollo, determined him to take refuge in friendship, and he attached himself to the young Hyacinth ;

———“ Hyacinth, long since a fair youth seen,
Whose tuneful voice turned fragrance in his breath,
Kissed by sad Zephyr, guilty of his death.”

Hood.

But misfortune appeared to cling to all who were favoured by Apollo, for as they played at quoits with Zephyr, the latter fired by jealousy, blew the quoit of Apollo on the forehead of the unhappy mortal, who fell dead upon the green turf on which they were playing ; while his blood sinking into the ground, produced the flower which still bears his name.



“ Flower ! with a curious eye we scan
Thy leaf, and there discover
How passion triumphed—pain began—
Or in the immortal, or the man,
The hero, or the lover.

“ The disk is hurled :—ah ! fatal flight !
Low droops that beautiful brow :
But oh ! the Delian’s pang ! his light
Of joy lies quenched in sorrow’s night :
The deathless record show.

“ Or, do they tell, these mystic signs,
The self destroyer’s madness ?
Phrensy, ensanguined wreaths entwines :
The sun of chivalry declines ;—
The wreck of glory’s gladness !”

Apollo was so disconsolate at the death of Hyacinth, that, as we have seen, he changed his blood into a flower which bore his name, and placed his body among the constellations.

The Spartans established yearly festivals in his honour, which continued for three days; they did not adorn their hair with garlands during their festivals, nor eat bread, but fed only upon sweetmeats. They did not even sing Pæans in honour of Apollo, or observe any of the solemnities usual at other sacrifices.

—————"Pitying the sad death
Of Hyacinthus when the cruel breath
Of Zephyr slew him, Zephyr, penitent,
Who now, ere Phœbus mounts the firmament,
Fondles the flower amid the sobbing rain."

KEATS.

Saddened by his efforts to form an endearing friendship, Apollo once more sighed for the nymph Perseis, daughter of Ocean, and had by her the celebrated Circe, remarkable for her knowledge of magic and venomous herbs.

Bolina, another nymph to whom he was attached, wishing to escape from his pursuit, threw herself into the waves, and was received by the nymphs of Amphitruon.

"I staid awhile to see her throw
Her tresses back, that all beset
The fair horizon of her brow,
With clouds of jet.

"I staid a little while to view
Her cheek, that wore in place of red,
The bloom of water, tender blue,
Daintily spread.

"I staid to watch a little space
Her parted lips, if she would sing;
The waters closed above her face,
With many a ring.

'And still I stayed a little more,—
Alas! she never comes again,
I throw my flowers from the shore
And watch in vain."

HOOD.

After this, Apollo lost the young Cyparissus, who had replaced Hyacinth in his favour, and guarded his flocks; this young shepherd having slain by accident a stag of which Apollo was fond, expired of grief, and was changed into the tree which bears his name.

Apollo now attached himself to the sybil of Cumæ, and granted to her the boon of prolonging her life as many years as there were grains in a handful of sand which she held. But she lived to repent of this frightful gift.

Alone in the world, her friends departed, and none to remind

her of the days of the past, she implored the Gods to release her from the misery which overwhelmed her. Cassandra, daughter of Priam, consented to her prayer, if Apollo would grant to her the



power of divination. Apollo agreed, and swore to the truth of his promise by the river Styx. Scarcely had he uttered the oath, than the gods, who could not absolve him from it, rallied him on his folly. Irritated at the ridicule they poured upon him, he added to this gift, the restriction, that she should never believe her own prophecies. After this he again yielded to the power of love, and sought to please Clymene, who was the mother of Phaëton. To this nymph succeeded the chaste Castalia, whom he pursued to the very foot of Parnassus, where the Gods metamorphosed her into a fountain. As Apollo was lamenting his loss on the bank of that river, he heard an exquisite melody escaping from the depth of the wood. He approached the place from whence the sound seemed to issue, and recognized the nine muses, children of Jupiter and Mnemosyne.

"Mnemosyne, in the Pierian grove,
The scene of her intrigue with mighty Jove,
The empress of Eleuther, fertile earth,
Brought to Olympian Jove the Muses forth;
Blessed offsprings, happy maids, whose powerful art
Can banish cares, and ease the painful heart.

Clio begins the lovely tuneful race,
Which Melpomene and Euterpe grace;
Terpsichore, all joyful in the choir,
And Erato, to love whose lays inspire;
To these Thalia and Polymnia join,
Urania and Calliope divine."

HEROD.

The taste and feelings of Apollo responded to those of these noble sisters: they received him in their palace, and assembled together with him to converse on the arts and sciences.

Among their possessions, the Muses and Apollo had a winged horse, named Pegasus. This courser, born of the blood of Medusa, fixed his residence on Mount Helicon, and, by striking the earth with his foot, caused the spring of Hippocrene to gush from the ground. While the courser was thus occupied, Apollo mounted his back, placed the Muses with him, and Pegasus, lifting his wings, carried them to the court of Bacchus.

Envious of the fame of Apollo at this court, Marsyas, the Phrygian, declared that, with his flute, he could surpass the melody of the God's divine lyre, and challenged Apollo to a trial of his skill as a musician; the God accepted the challenge, and it was mutually agreed, that he who was defeated should be flayed alive. The Muses were appointed umpires. Each exerted his utmost skill,



and the victory was adjudged to Apollo. The God, upon this, tied his opponent to a tree, and punished him as had been agreed. The

death of Marsyas was universally lamented; the fauns, satyrs and dryads, wept at his fate, and from their abundant tears flowed a river of Phrygia, well known by the name of Marsyas.

Undeterred by this example, Pan, favourite of Midas, King of Lydia, wished also to compete with Apollo in the art of which the latter was master. Pan began the struggle, and Midas repeated his songs with enthusiasm, without paying the least attention to his celestial rival. Pan again sang, and Midas repeated; when, to his surprise, the latter felt, pressing through his hair, a pair of ears, long and shaggy. Alarmed at this phenomenon, Pan took to flight, and the prince, desolate at the loss of his favourite, made one of his attendants, some say his wife, the confidant of his misfortune, begging her not to betray his trust. The secret was too great for the bosom of its holder; she longed to tell it, but dared not, for



fear of punishment; and as the only way of consoling herself, sought a retired and lonely spot, where she threw herself on the earth, whispering "King Midas has the ears of an ass, King Midas has the ears of an ass." Not long after her visit, some reeds arose in this place; and as the wind passed through them, they repeated, "King Midas has the ears of an ass." Enraged, no less than terrified, at this extraordinary occurrence, Midas sacrificed to Bacchus, who, to console, granted him the special favour of turning all that he touched into fine gold.

"Midas the king, as in the book appears,
By Phœbus was endowed with ass's ears,
Which under his long locks he well concealed;
As monarch's vices must not be revealed:
For fear the people have them in the wind,
Who long ago were neither dumb nor blind:

Nor apt to think from heaven their title springs,
 Since Jove and Mars left off begetting kings.
 This Midas knew, and durst communicate,
 To none but to his wife his ears of state :
 One must be trusted, and he thought her fit,
 As passing prudent, and a parlous wit.
 To this sagacious confessor he went,
 And told her what a gift the Gods had sent :
 But told it under matrimonial seal,
 With strict injunction never to reveal.
 The secret heard, she plighted him her troth,
 (And secret sure is every woman's oath,)
 The royal malady should rest unknown,
 Both for her husband's honour and her own.
 But ne'ertheless she pined with discontent,
 The counsel rumbled till it found a vent.
 The thing she knew she was obliged to hide :
 By interest and by oath the wife was tied :
 But if she told it not the woman died.
 Loth to betray her husband and a prince,
 But she must burst or blab, and no pretence
 Of honour tied her tongue in self defence.
 The marshy ground commodiously was near,
 Thither she ran, and held her breath for fear,
 Lest, if a word she spoke of any thing,
 That word might be the secret of the king.
 Thus full of council to the fen she went,
 Full all the way, and longing for a vent.
 Arrived, by pure necessity compelled,
 On her majestic marrow-bones she kneeled,
 Then to the water's brink she laid her head,
 And, as a bittern sounds within a reed,
 'To thee alone, oh ! lake,' she said, 'I tell,
 And as thy queen, command thee to conceal,
 Beneath his locks, the king my husband wears
 A goodly, royal pair of ass's ears.
 Now I have eased my bosom of the pain,
 'Till the next longing fit returns again !'"

OVID.

The story of Phaeton, (son of Apollo under the name of Phœbus) is as follows : Venus becoming enamoured of Phaeton, entrusted him with the care of one of her temples. This distinguished favour of the Goddess rendered him vain and aspiring ; and when told, to check his pride, that he was not the son of Phœbus, Phaeton resolved to know his true origin ; and at the instigation of his mother, he visited the palace of the sun, to beg that Phœbus, if he really were his father, would give him proofs of his paternal tenderness, and convince the world of his legitimacy. Phœbus swore by the Styx that he would grant him whatever he required ; and Phaeton demanded of him to drive his chariot (that of the sun) for one day. In vain Phœbus represented the impropriety of his request, and

the dangers to which it would expose him; the oath must be complied with. When Phaeton received the reins from his father, he immediately betrayed his ignorance and incapacity. The flying horses took advantage of his confusion, and departed from their accustomed track. Phaeton repented too late of his rashness, for heaven and earth seemed threatened with an universal conflagration, when Jupiter struck the rider with a thunderbolt, and hurled him headlong into the river Po. His body, consumed by fire, was found by the nymphs of the place, and honoured with a decent burial.

The Heliades, his sisters wept for four months, without ceasing, until the Gods changed them into poplars, and their tears into grains of amber; while the young king of the Ligurians, a chosen friend of Phaeton, was turned into a swan at the very moment he was yielding to his deep regrets. Aurora is also the daughter of Apollo. She granted the gift of immortality to Tithonus, her husband, son of the king of Troy; but soon perceiving that the gift was valueless, unless the power of remaining ever young was joined with it, she changed him into a grasshopper. From their union sprang Memnon, who was killed by Achilles at the siege of Troy. The tears of his mother were the origin of the early dew, and the Egyptians formed, in honour of him, the celebrated statue which possessed the wonderful property of uttering a melodious sound every morning at sunrise, as if in welcome of the divine luminary, like that which is heard at the breaking of the string of a harp when it is wound up. This was effected by the rays of the sun when they fell on it. At its setting, the form appeared to mourn the departure of the God, and uttered sounds most musical and melancholy; this celebrated statue was dismantled by the order of Cambyses, when he conquered Egypt, and its ruins still astonish modern travellers by their grandeur and beauty.

"Unto the sacred sun in Memnon's fane,
Spontaneous concords quitted the matin strain;
Touched by his orient beam, responsive rings
The living lyre, and vibrates all its strings;
Accordant aisles the tender tones prolong,
And holy echoes swell the adoring song."

DARWIN.

Apollo having slain with his arrows, Python, a monstrous serpent which desolated the beautiful country around Parnassus, his victory was celebrated in all Greece by the young Pythians; where crowns,

formed at first of the branches of oak, but afterwards of laurel, were distributed to the conquerors, and where they contended for the prize of dancing, music and poetry.

It is from his encounter with this serpent, that in the statues which remain of him, our eyes are familiar with the bow placed in his grasp.

—————"The lord of the unerring bow,
The god of life, and poesy, and light,
The sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow,
All radiant from his triumph in the fight:
The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow, bright
With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye
And nostril, beautiful disdain, and might,
And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the Deity.

"But in his delicate form, a dream of love,
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
Longed for a deathless lover from above,
And maddened in that vision, are express
All that ideal beauty ever blest
The mind with, in its most unearthly mood,
When each conception was a heavenly guest,
A ray of immortality, and stoud
Star like, around, until they gathered to a God!

"And if it be Prometheus stole from Heaven
The fire which we endure, it was repaid
By him to whom the energy was given,
Which this poetic marble hath arrayed
With an eternal glory, which if made
By human hands, is not of human thought,
And Time himself hath hallowed it, nor laid
One ringlet in the dust, nor hath it caught
A tinge of years, but breathes the flame with which 'twas wrought."
BYRON.

But the gods grew jealous of the homage shewn to Apollo, and recalling him from earth, replaced him in his seat at Olympus.

The fable of Apollo is, perhaps, that which is most spread over the faith of antiquity. Pæans were the hymns chanted in his honour, and this was the war cry he shouted in his onset against the serpent Python. On his altars are immolated a bull or a white lamb—to him is offered the crow, supposed to read the future, the eagle who can gaze on the sun, the cock whose cry welcomes his return, and the grasshopper, who sings during his empire.

This God is represented in the figure of a young man without beard, with curling locks of hair, his brow wreathed with laurels, and his head surrounded with beams of light. In his right hand

he holds a bow and arrows; in the left, a lyre with seven chords, emblem of the seven planets to which he grants his celestial harmony. Sometimes he carries a buckler, and is accompanied by the three Graces, who are the animating deities of genius and the fine arts, and at his feet is placed a swan.

He had temples and statues in every country, particularly in Egypt, Greece, and Italy; the most famous was that of Delos, where they celebrated the Pythian games, that of Soractes, where the priests worshipped by treading with their naked feet on burning coals, though without feeling pain, and that of Delphi, in which the youth of the place offered to the gods their locks of hair, possibly because this offering was most difficult to the vanity of youth. Apollo made known his oracles through the medium of a sibyl. This was a female, named also a Pythoness, on account of her seat being formed of massive gold resembling the skin of the serpent Python. The history of the tripod will be found to afford much interest. The fishermen who had found it in their nets, sought the oracle to consult its responses. This was to offer it to the wisest man in Greece. They presented it to Thales, who had told them that the most difficult of all human knowledge was the art of knowing ourselves. Thales offered the tripod to Bias. When the



enemy was reducing his native city to ashes, he withdrew, leaving behind him his wealth, saying, "I carry all that is worthy within myself." After frequent adventures, and passing into the possession of many, the tripod finally returned to Thales, and was deposited in the temple; where, as we have seen, it served the sibyl for a seat.

This story shows us at a glance, the principles and the conduct of the greatest philosophers of Greece. These sages who considered philosophy to consist in the science of practising virtue, and living happily, endeavoured to show by the adventures of the tripod that, though the way was sometimes different, the end was the same.

The sibyl delivered the answer of the god to such as came to consult the oracle, and while the divine inspiration was on her, her eyes sparkled, her hair stood on end, and a shivering ran through her body. In this convulsive state, she spoke the oracles of the deity, often with loud howlings and cries, and her articulations were taken down by the priest, and set in order. Sometimes the spirit of inspiration was more gentle, and not always violent, yet Plutarch mentions one of the priestesses who was thrown into such excessive fury, that not only those who consulted the oracle, but also the priests who conducted her to the sacred tripod, and attended her during her inspiration, were terrified and forsook the temple; and so violent was the fit, that she continued for some days in the most agonizing situation, and at last died.

It was always required that those who consulted this oracle should make presents to Apollo, and from thence arose the opulence, splendour, and magnificence, of the temple of Delphi.

There were other temples of Apollo more celebrated, such as that at Palmyra, which was constructed of the most gigantic proportions; and for which nothing was spared to give it a magnificence hitherto unknown. Augustus, who pretended to be the son of Apollo, built a temple to him on Mount Palatine. Delian feasts were those which the Athenian, and the other Greek states celebrated every four years at Delos.

The history of the Muses is so closely allied to that of Apollo that we shall present some of their adventures in this part of our work.

The first is the struggle which the Muses maintained against the nine daughters of Pierus, King of Macedon, who dared to dispute with them the palm of singing: being overcome, they were turned into magpies, and since their transformation, they have preserved the talent so dear to beauty, of being able in many words to express very little.

One day when the Muses were distant from their place of abode, a storm surprised them, and they took shelter in the palace of Pyrenæus: but scarcely had they entered, when the tyrant shut the



gates, and sought to offer them insult. They immediately spread their wings and flew away. The king wishing to fly after them, essayed the daring adventure, and throwing himself from the top of the tower as if he had wings, was killed in the attempt. Notwithstanding the high reputation of the Muses, it is pretended by some, that Rheseus was the son of Terpsichore, Linus of Clio, and Orpheus of Calliope. Arion and Pindar were also stated to be the children of the Muses, to whom the Romans built a temple and consecrated a fountain.



D I A N A .

The goddess Diana was daughter of Jupiter and Latona, and twin sister to Apollo. In heaven she bore another name, and conducted the chariot of the Moon, while on earth she presided over the chase, was the peculiar deity of hunters, and called Diana. In Hell she is named Hecate and revered by magicians.

—————" Hecate, loved by Jove,
And honour'd by the inhabitants above,
Profusely gifted from the almighty hand,
With power extensive o'er the sea and land ;
And great the honour, she, by Jove's high leave,
Does from the starry vault of heaven receive.
When to the gods the sacred flames aspire,
From human offerings, as the laws require,
To Hecate the vows are first prefer'd ;
Happy of men whose prayers are kindly heard,
Success attends his every act below,
Honour, wealth, power, to him abundant flow "

HÆSIOD.

She was also the Goddess of chastity, and it was in this character



that her vengeance fell so heavily on Actæon, who following the chase one day with all the ardour of his profession, unhappily came

suddenly on the retired spot, in which the pure Diana, with her nymphs, was enjoying, in the heat of the summer's day, the luxury of bathing. Horrified by this violation, though unintentional, of her privacy, she changed him into a stag, and inspiring with madness the dogs that accompanied him to the chase, they turned upon their metamorphosed master, who, in horrible dread of the fate he had himself so often inflicted, fled rapidly from them. True to their breed, however, the dogs succeeded in running him down and devouring him.

Calista, nymph of Diana was seduced by Jupiter, who taking one of the innumerable shapes, which he is described as assuming when his passions were inflamed towards any particular nymph, introduced himself to her in the form of her mistress, and in this shape, what wonder that the nymph lost her virtue, or that the God was successful! Diana herself, however, took a very different view, and though Calista concealed the effects of her divine intrigue from her mistress for a long time, the latter noticed the alteration in her person when bathing in

"Such streams as Dian loves,
And Naiads of old frequented; when she tripped
Amidst her frolic nymphs, laughing, or when
Just risen from the bath, she fled in sport,
Round oaks and sparkling fountains,
Chased by the wanton Orcaes."

BARRY CORNWALL.

To evince her detestation of the crime, her divine mistress changed her into a bear. This however was before

"The veiled Dian lost her lonely sphere,
And her proud name of chaste, for him whose sleep
Drank in Elysium on the Latmos steep."

BULWER.

In great horror at this transformation, Calista fled to the forests and brought forth a son, with whom she dwelt, until one day she was induced to enter a temple at Lycaen (where, with her son Arcas, she had been brought), and which it was not lawful to enter. The dwellers in the city, among whom was Arcas, enraged at the desecration, attacked her, and in all probability, she would have perished by the hands of her son, had not Jupiter snatched both to the sky, and placed them among the constellations, Calista being called "the Great Bear," and Arcas, "the Little Bear."

Æneas, king of Calydon, neglecting the worship of Diana, the Goddess revenged it by sending into his kingdom a monstrous wild boar; and to rid their country of its ravages, he caused the Greek princes to assemble to the chase. Atalanta, daughter of the king of Arcadia, wounded him first, but she would have fallen beneath the fury of its revenge, had it not been for Meleager, son of Æneas, who slew the boar. A quarrel having arisen for the possession of the head of this monster, Meleager killed his brothers. Indignant at this crime, the wife of Æneas threw into the flames a brand which bore with it the life of Meleager; a fire immediately spread itself through the vitals of the prince, and he expired in the midst of torments, the most cruel and excruciating, and his mother, stricken with despair at the sight of them, destroyed herself, and the sisters of the unhappy victim were changed into fowls.

Diana is usually represented in the costume of a huntress, with a quiver on her shoulder, and a bow in her hand; her dress is lifted, and her dog is always by her side ready for his prey. Her hair is banded over her brow, while sometimes a crescent is painted on her head, of which the points are turned towards Heaven. Sometimes she is seen in a chariot trained by stags, and in her hand is a torch which serves to frighten away the wild beasts.

The affection of this Goddess for Endymion—

—————“Whom she,
The moonlit Dian on the Latmian hill,
When all the woods, and all the winds were still,
Kissed with the kiss of immortality”

BARRY CORNWALL.

has been the cause of many an ode, and many a touching story, and is perhaps, one of the most chaste, or at least most chastely told in Mythology:

“He was a poet, sure a lover too
Who stood on Latmos top, what time there blew
Soft breezes from the Myrtle vale below
And brought in faintness, solemn, sweet, and slow
A hymn from Dian's Temple; while up-swelling
The incense went to her own starry dwelling.
But though her face was clear as infant's eyes,
Though she stood smiling o'er the sacrifice,
The poet wept at her so piteous fate,
Wept that such beauty should be desolate:
So in fine wrath some golden sounds he won,
And gave meek Cynthia her Endymion.”

KRATZ

The beautiful Endymion, grandchild of Jupiter, having dared to offer his guilty love to Juno, he was condemned to live for ever in the infernal regions. However, smitten with his charms, as Diana saw him sleeping on the mountain of Latmos, she snatched him from



the power of Pluto, and placed him in a grotto, where she came down from Heaven every night to enjoy his society.

—————"Crescented Dian, who
 'Tis said once wandered from the wastes of blue,
 And all for love; filling a shepherd's dreams
 With beauty and delight. He slept, he slept,
 And on his eyelids white, the huntress wept
 Till morning, and looked thro', on nights like this
 His lashes dark, and left her dewy kiss;
 But never more upon the Latmos bill
 May she descend to kiss that forest boy,
 And give—receive, gentle and innocent joy
 When clouds are distant far and winds are still:
 Her bound is circumscribed, and curbed her will.
 Those were immortal stories: are they gone?
 The pale queen is dethroned—Endymion
 Hath vanished—; and the worship of this earth
 Is vowed to golden gods of vulgar birth!"

BARRY CORNWALL.

The fable of Endymion's amours with Diana, or the Moon, arises from his knowledge of astronomy: and as he passed the night

on some high mountain, to observe the heavenly bodies, it has been reported that he was courted by the Moon.

—————"Oh! woodland Queen,
 What smoothest air, thy smoother forehead woos?
 Where dost thou listen to the wide halloos
 Of thy departed nymphs? Through what dark tree
 Glimmers thy crescent? Whatsoe'er it be
 'Tis in the breath of Heaven: thou dost taste
 Freedom, as none can taste it, nor dost waste
 Thy loveliness in dismal elements.
 But finding in our green earth sweet contents,
 There livest blissfully."

KEATS.

The mode of worship to Diana, differs in different nations. The most celebrated of her temples was that at Ephesus, which from its grandeur and magnificence has been placed among the seven wonders of the world, but was burned by Erostratus, the same day



that Alexander the Great was born. This madman had no other end, than to render his name for ever notorious, and he succeeded, notwithstanding the Ephesians having decreed that his name should never be mentioned.

In one of the temples where Diana was worshipped, the presiding priest was always a slave who had slain his predecessor in office, and warned by the fate he had inflicted on others, he never went without a dagger, to protect himself from those who might be ambitious of his office, and reckless of his crime.

In another, she had an altar, whereon they immolated all those whom shipwreck had thrown on their inhospitable shores.



“ Mother of light ! how fairly dost thou go
Over those hoary crests, divinely led !
Art thou that huntress of the silver bow
Fabled of old ? —————

What art thou like ? sometimes I see thee ride
A far bound galley on its perilous way,
Whilst breezy waves toss up their silvery spray—
Sometimes I watch thee on from steep to steep,
Timidly lighted by thy vestal torch,
Till in some Latmian cave I see thee creep
To catch the young Eudymion asleep,
Leaving thy splendour at the jagged porch !

“ Oh ! thou art beautiful, however it be,
Huntress, or Dian, or whatever named,
And he the veriest Pagan, that first framed
A silver idol, and ne'er worshipped thee !
It is too late, or thou shouldst have my knee ;
Too late now for the old Ephesian vows,
And not divine the crescent on thy brows :
Yet call thee nothing but the mere, mild moon,
Behind those chestnut boughs
Casting their dappled shadows at my feet ;
I will be grateful for that simple boon
In many a thoughtful verse, and anthem sweet,
And bless thy dainty face whene'er we meet.

“ So let it be : before I lived to sigh,
Thou wert in Avon, and a thousand rills,
Beautiful Dian ! and so whene'er I lie
Trodden, thou wilt be gazing from thy hills.
Blest be thy loving light, where'er it spills,
And blessed thy fair face, O mother mild !
Still shine, the soul of rivers as they run,
Still lend thy lonely lamp, to lovers fond,
And blend their plighted shadows into one :
Still smile at even on the bedded child,
And close his eyelids with thy silver wand.”

HOOP.

BACCHUS.



Semele, daughter of Cadmus, king of Thebes, had yielded to the licentious Jupiter, and felt within her the effect of her indiscretion. Jealous at the object who had again taken her lord's affections, Juno sought for some mode in which to punish her, and taking the form of a nurse, suggested the desire of beholding the king of the Gods, arrayed in all his celestial glory. In vain did Jupiter, when pressed by Semele, implore her not to ask him to assume that form, which was too much for mortal eye to bear. Woman's wit and woman's fondness prevailed, and, in a moment of weakness, the God swore by the Styx, he would perform her request, and by this oath he was forced to abide. Armed with thunder, as a proof of his divinity, and in all the glory and majesty of his god-head, he presented himself to the presumptuous mortal, who, unable to bear his presence, fell scorched by his thunderbolt.

Jupiter, however, took the infant which Semele bore him, and confided it to the guardianship of the nymphs of the mountain of Nysa, who, for their care of the son of Jupiter, in process of time, were translated into heaven. When Bacchus, for thus was he

named, had grown out of their guidance, Silenus became his preceptor and foster-father. This god, who is generally represented as fat and jolly, riding on an ass, crowned with flowers, and always intoxicated, could scarcely be considered as a tutor from whom Bacchus was likely to derive much good. In spite of the education he received through the medium of this being, however, the love of glory shone forth conspicuously in Bacchus.

After having valiantly combatted for Jupiter against the Giants when they invaded Olympus, he undertook his celebrated expedition into the East, to which he marched at the head of an army, composed of men as well as of women, all inspired with divine fury, armed with thyrsuses, and bearing cymbals, and other musical instruments. The leader was drawn in a chariot by a lion and a tiger, and was accompanied by Pan, Silenus, and all the satyrs. His conquests were easy and without bloodshed; the people easily submitted, and gratefully elevated to the rank of a god, the hero who taught them the use of the Vine, the cultivation of the earth, and the manner of making honey; amidst his benevolence to mankind, he was relentless in punishing all want of respect to his divinity. The refusal of Pentheus to acknowledge the godhead of Bacchus was fatal. He forbid his subjects to pay adoration to this new God, and when the Theban women had gone out of the city to celebrate his orgies, he ordered the God himself who conducted the religious multitude, to be seized. His orders were obeyed, but the doors of the prison in which Bacchus was confined, opened of their own accord. Pentheus became more irritated, and commanded his soldiers to destroy the band of Bacchanals. Bacchus, however, inspired the monarch himself with an ardent desire of witnessing the orgies.

Accordingly he hid himself in a wood on Mount Cithæron, from whence he hoped to view all the ceremonies unperceived. But his curiosity proved fatal; he was descried by the Bacchanals, who rushed upon him. His mother was the first to attack him, her example was instantly followed by his two sisters, and his body was torn to pieces.

As Bacchus was returning triumphantly in his ship, from the conquest we have recorded, crowned with vine leaves, and flushed with victory, in passing near a beautiful island, he heard a plaintive

voice and beheld a female, who implored him to yield her his support.



“ Oh! think of Ariadne’s utter trance,
Crazed by the flight of that disloyal traitor,
Who left her gazing on the green expanse,
That swallowed up his track; oh! what could mate her
Even in the cloudy summit of her woe,
When o’er the far sea-brine she saw him go!

“ For even now she bows and bends her gaze,
O’er the eternal waste, as if to sun
Its waves by weary thousands; all her days,
Dismally doom’d! meanwhile the billows come,
And coldly dabble with her quiet feet,
Like any bleaching stones they wont to greet.

And thence into her lap have boldly sprung,
Washing her weedy tresses to and fro,
That round her crouching knees have darkly hung,
But she sits careless of waves’ ebb and flow:
Like a lone beacon on a desert coast
Showing where all her hope was wracked and lost.”

Hoop.

It was Ariadne who addressed him, daughter of Menmos, whom Theseus, conqueror of the minotaur had abandoned after having seduced her. The God was so smitten with the candour and beauty of his youthful petitioner, that he married her, and offered to her acceptance a crown of seven stars, which after her death, was formed into a constellation.

" Where the rude waves in Dian's harbour play,
 The fair forsaken Ariadne lay;
 Here first the wretched maid was taught to prove,
 The bitter pangs of ill-rewarded love,
 Here saw just freed from a fallacious sleep,
 Her Theseus flying o'er the distant deep;
 Wistful she looked, nor what she saw, believed,
 Hoped some mistake, and wished to be deceived:
 While the false youth his way securely made,
 His faith forgotten, and his vows unpaid;
 Then sick with grief, and frantic with despair,
 Her dress she rent, and tore her golden hair.
 The gay tiara on her temples placed,
 The fine wrought cincture that her bosom graced,
 The fillets, which her heaving breasts confined,
 Are rent, and scattered in the lawless wind.
 Such trivial cares, alas! no room can find,
 Her dear, deceitful Theseus fills her mind;
 For him alone she grieves the live-long day,
 Sickeneth in thought, and pines herself away.

* * * * *
 To her relief the blooming Bacchus ran,
 And with him brought his ever jovial train:
 Satyrs and Fauns, in wanton chaces strove,
 While the God sought his Ariadne's love.
 Around in wild distorted airs they fly,
 And make the mountains echo to their cry:
 Some brandish high an ivy woven spear,
 The limbs, some scatter, of a victim steer:
 Others in slippery folds of serpents shine,
 Others apart, perform the rites divine.
 To wicked men denied. These, tubors take,
 These in their hands, the twinkling cymbals shake;
 While many swell the horn in hoarser strain,
 And make the shrill, discordant pipe complain,
 While Bacchus, now enamoured of his prize,
 Resolved to make her partner of the skies:
 She, sweetly blushing, yielded to the God,
 His car he mounted and sublimely rode:
 And while with eager arms he grasped the fair,
 Lashed his fleet tigers through the buxom air."

Dryden.

It was not long before Bacchus formed an attachment to Erigone, the daughter of Icarus, and to accomplish his purpose took the form of a bunch of grapes; scarcely was it pressed upon her lips, than she felt thrilling through her frame, the effects of the sweet intoxication.

The shepherds residing in the neighbourhood of Athens, having come into the vine-yard of Icarus, drank to such excess of the juice which was so temptingly presented to their sight, that, in the fury of their intoxication, they slew their host, and threw him into a deep well.

To expiate his crime, the Icarian games were instituted, and Mera the trusty dog of Icarus, having conducted Erigone to the fatal well, she hung herself in the first madness of her grief; while Mera, the faithful animal, overwhelmed with consternation at the loss of all he loved, died in sorrow. Icarus was changed into the star Bootes, Erigone took the sign of the Virgin, and Mera that of the Dog-star.

To console himself for his loss, the God of the Grape paid a visit to Proserpine, and the beautiful wife of Pluto, was by no means insensible to his merits; but after an absence of three years, Bacchus returned to Ariadne, whose truth and sweetness of disposition, were untouched by his forgetfulness; and from this time it is pleasing to relate that her wisdom and her faithfulness were rewarded by a constancy, which never afterwards deceived her.

One of the most pleasant stories in the whole range of Mythology, is related of the youth Bacchus.

When dwelling in the Isle of Naxos, where he had been for some years, becoming oppressed with the heat of the sun, he threw himself on the sea-shore, and fell fast asleep; some pirates who called there for water, struck with his extreme beauty, seized the dreaming boy with the determination of selling him for a slave: and so sound was the sleep of the God, that they had proceeded for a long space on their journey before he awoke.

Fully aware of his divine origin, the deity determined to make a sport of these bold robbers; and pretending the utmost terror, he implored them to say how he came there, and what they were going to do with him.

"You have nothing to fear," was the reply, "only tell us what you wish is, and it shall be complied with."

"I live at Naxos," said the boy, "and there I would fain find myself."

Perceiving that they continued to steer the wrong course for Naxos, Bacchus threw himself at their feet, as they made for shore.

"Those are not the trees of Naxos," he exclaimed, "I do not see the hills and valleys of my native land."

A speech like this, only drew forth the laughter of his captors, while they continued to row merrily to the shore with their prize.

"The beauteous youth now found himself betrayed,
 And from the deck the rising waves surveyed,
 And seemed to weep, and as he wept he said,
 'And do you thus my easy faith beguile?
 Thus, do you bear me to my native isle?
 Will such a multitude of men employ
 Their strength against a weak defenceless boy?'"

But behold! the vessel becomes motionless; in vain they plied their oars, their bark moved not: and suddenly vine trees seemed to spring from the planks of the ship, mingling with the cordage and the sails, and twining round the oars, which also became immoveable.

Much as the sailors were astonished at this phenomenon, it was equalled by their horror, when Bacchus waved a spear he held in his hand, in answer to which, tigers and panthers, with others of the most savage beasts of the desert, seemed to swim round the vessel and wanton with the waters.

"The God we now behold with opened eyes,
 An herd of spotted panthers round him lies,
 In glaring forms: the grapy clusters spread,
 On his fair brows and dangle on his head."

Unable to bear the horror of the sight, the robbers threw themselves into the sea, and Bacchus turned them into Dolphins, then seizing the helm steered the ship towards Naxos, attended by his train of Dolphins and wild beasts!



On the altar of Bacchus the goat was immolated, because he destroyed the bark and leaves of the vine, and the magpie, because wine makes the tongue of man to chatter like that of the bird. The ivy was consecrated to him, on account of its coolness, which dissipated the fumes of wine, and he carried in his hand a dart

called the thyrsis, twined round with leaves of ivy, and of vine. The Bacchantes, his ordinary priestesses, bore also in their hands the thyrsis. His feasts were celebrated every three years, and were called orgies, from a word which signifies fury and impetuosity.



The Bacchantes went into the mountains with torches in their hands, covered with the skins of tigers and panthers.

“ And as I sat over the light blue hills,
There came a noise of revellers ; the rills
Into the wide stream came of purple hue,

’Twas Bacchus and his crew.
The earnest trumpet spake, and silver thrills
From kissing cymbals made a merry din—

’Twas Bacchus and his kin.
“ Like to a moving vintage down they came,
Crowned with green leaves, and faces all on flame ;
All madly dancing through the pleasant valley,
To scare thee, melaucholy !

O then, o then, thou wast a simple name !
And I forgot thee as the berried holly
By shepherds is forgotten, when in June,
Tall chesnuts keep away the sun and moon,
I rushed into the folly !

“ Within his car aloft, young Bacchus stood,
Trifling his ivy dart, in dancing mood,
With sidelong laughing,
And little rills of crimson wine embued
His plump white arms and shoulders, enough white,
For Venus pearly bite ;
And near him rode Silenus on his ass,
Pelted with flowers as he on did pass,
Tipsily quaffing.

" Whence came ye merry damsels ! whence came ye,
So many, and so many, and such glee ?

" Why have ye left your bowers desolate,
Your lutes and gentler nature ?

We follow Bacchus ! Bacchus on the wing,
A conquering !

Bacchus, young Bacchus ! good or ill betide,
We dance before him through kingdoms wide :
Come hither, lady fair, and joined be,
To our wild minstrelsy !

" Whence came ye, jolly Satyrs ! whence came ye,
So many, and so many, and such glee ?

Why have ye left your forest haunts, why left
Your nuts in oak tree cleft ?

For wine, for wine we left our kernel tree ;
For wine we left our heath and yellow brooms,
And cold mushrooms ;

For wine we follow Bacchus through the earth ;
Great God of breathless cups and chirping mirth,
Come hither lady fair, and joined be,
To our mad minstrelsy.

" Over wide streams and mountains great we went,
And save when Bacchus kept his ivy tent,
Onward the tiger and the leopard pants,

With Asian elephants :

Ouward these myriads—with song and dance,
With zebras striped, and sleek Arabians prance,
Web-footed alligators, crocodiles,
Bearing upon their scaly backs, in files,
Plump infant laughers, mimicking the coil
Of seamen, and stout galley-rowers' toil :
With toying onrs and silken sails they glide,
Nor care for wind or tide.

" Mounted on panthers' furs, and lions' manes,
From rear to van they scour about the plains ;
A three days' journey in a moment done,
And always at the rising of the sun,
About the wilds they hunt, with spear and horn,
On spleenful unicorn.

" I saw Osirian Egypt kneel adown,

Before the vine-wreathed crown ;

I saw parched Abyssinia rouse and sing,

To the silver cymbal's ring !

I saw the whelming vintage hotly pierce

Old Tartary the fierce,

The kings of eld their jewel sceptres veil,

And from their treasures scatter pearly bail ;

Great Brahma from his mystic heaven groans,

And all his priesthood moans,

Before young Bacchus' eye-wink, turning pale ! "

KEATS.

However, Bacchus was often found to be inspired by sentiments of a profoundly tender nature. Coressus, one of his favourite priests,

having unhappily formed a violent attachment to a maiden named Callirhoe, found his love returned with hatred, and the more he sought to impress her with his affection, the more hateful did he become. Unable to gain her, the priest sought the aid of his God, who, to avenge his sufferings, struck the Calydonians with a continual drunkenness, many of them dying of it as of a disease. In the height of their misery they sought the oracle, which declared that their calamity would not cease, until Callirhoe was sacrificed, unless some one could be found to pay the penalty for her.

The oracle must be obeyed: but who would be the substitute? Parents wept, and kindred mourned, but none would offer in her stead: and the hour arrived when the unhappy maiden, guilty only of not loving, was crowned and led to the altar, where he who had once been her lover, stood ready to be her slayer. At sight of her,



his passion, which had slumbered for a while, burst forth anew, and in an agony of transport, rather than strike one so loved, he deter-

mined to be her substitute, and on the instant slew himself in her stead.

“Great father Bacchus, to my song repair,
For clustering grapes are thy peculiar care;
For thee large bunches load the bending vine,
And the last blessings of the year are thine;
To thee his joys the jolly autumn owes,
While the fermenting juice the vat o'erflows,
Come steep with me, my god; come drench all o'er
Thy limbs in wine, and drink at every pore!”

Thus Roman youth, derived from ruined Troy,
In rude Saturnian rhymes express their joy;
With taunts and laughter loud their audience please,
Deformed with vizards cut from bark of trees:
In jolly hymns they praise the god of wine,
Whose earthen images adorn the pine;
And there are hung on high, in honour of the vine!
A madness so devout the vineyard fills,
In hollow valleys, and on rising hills,
On whate'er side he turns his honest face,
And dances in the wind, those fields are in his grace.
To Bacchus, therefore, let us tune our lays,
And in our mother tongue resound his praise.”

VIRGIL.

As Bacchus was the god of vintage, of wine and of drinkers, he is generally represented crowned with vine and ivy leaves, with a thyrsus in his hand. His figure is that of an effeminate young man, to denote the joys which commonly prevail at feasts; and sometimes an old man, to teach us that wine taken immoderately, will enervate us, consume our health, render us loquacious and childish, like old men, and unable to keep secrets.

Bacchus is sometimes represented like an infant, holding a thyrsus and clusters of grapes, with a horn.

His beauty is compared to that of Apollo, and like him, he is represented with fine hair, flowing loosely down his shoulders; the roundness of his limbs and visage, evidence the generous life he leads; while his smiling countenance and laughing eye, are meant to indicate the merry thoughts that are inspired by the juice of the grape. All writers agree in their delineation of the wild madness which distinguished his festivals: witness the following description of a pedestal, on which was an imitation of an altar to Bacchus.

“Under the festoons of fruits and flowers that grace the pedestal, the corners of which are ornamented by the skulls of goats, are sculptured some figures of mœnads, under the inspiration of the

God. Nothing can be conceived more wild and terrible than their gestures, touching, as they do, the verge of distortion, into which their fine limbs and lovely forms are thrown. There is nothing, however, which exceeds the possibility of nature, though it borders on its utmost line.

“The tremendous spirit of superstition, aided by drunkenness, producing something beyond insanity, seems to have caught them in its whirlwinds, and to bear them over the earth, as the rapid volutions of a tempest have the everchanging trunk of a waterspout; or as the torrent of a mountain river whirls the autumnal leaves resistlessly along, in its full eddies.

“The hair, loose and floating, seems caught in the tempest of their own tumultuous motion; their heads are thrown back, leaning with a kind of delirium upon their necks, and looking up to heaven, whilst they totter and stumble, even in the energy of their tempestuous dance.

“One represents a faun, with the head of Pentheus in one hand, and in the other a great knife. Another has a spear with its pine cane, which was the thyrsus; another dances with mad voluptuousness; the fourth is beating a kind of tambourine.

“This was indeed a monstrous superstition, even in Greece, where it was alone capable of combining ideal beauty, and poetical and abstract enthusiasm, with the wild errors from which it sprung. In Rome it had a more familiar, wicked, and dry appearance; it was not suited to the severe and exact apprehensions of the Romans, and their strict morals were violated by it, and sustained a deep injury, little analagous to its effect upon the Greeks, who turned all things—superstition, prejudice, murder, madness—to beauty.”

SHELLEY.



VENUS.

Venus, one of the most celebrated deities of the ancients, was the goddess of beauty, the mother of love, the queen of laughter, the mistress of the graces, and the patroness of pleasure. Some mythologists speak of more than one. Of these, however, the Venus sprung from the froth of the sea

“Where the moist Zephyrs to the favoured shore,
From Ocean’s foam the lovely goddess bore,”

after the mutilated body of Uranus had been thrown there by Saturn, is the most known, and of her in particular, ancient mythologists, as well as painters, make mention. She arose from the sea near the island of Cyprus,

“Cytherea! whom the favoured earth
Of Cyprus claims, exulting in thy birth
Bright queen! adorned with every winning grace,
The smile enchanting, and the blooming face.
Goddess! o’er Cyprus fragrant groves who reigns,
And Salamis high cultivated plains.”

HORACE.

Hither she was wafted by Zephyr in a sea-shell, which served as a chariot, and received on the shore by the Seasons, daughters of Jupiter and Themis.



She was soon after carried to heaven, where all the gods admired her beauty, and all the goddesses became jealous of her personal charms. Jupiter even attempted to gain her affections, but Venus refused, and the god, to fulfil her destiny, gave her in marriage to Vulcan, the most ugly and deformed of the Gods. This

marriage did not prevent the goddess of love from gratifying her inclinations, and her conduct frequently tended to cast dishonour on her husband. Her love for Mars is perhaps the most notorious on account of the disgrace which accompanied it, while her great partiality for Adonis, induced her to abandon her seat in Olympus. This mortal, who was fond of the chase, was often cautioned by his mistress not to hunt wild beasts, fearful of his being killed in the attempt; this advice he however slighted, and at last received a mortal wound from a wild boar which he had speared; and great was the misery evinced by Venus at his loss.

“Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth,
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead;
Her voice is stopped, her joints forget to bow,
Her eyes are mad, that they have wept till now.

* * * * *
“She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, that is cold;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woeful words she told:
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies.”

SHAKESPEARE.

Venus, after shedding many tears at his death, changed him into a flower.

“And in his blood, that on the ground lay spilled,
A purple flower sprung up, checkered with white;
Resembling well his pale cheeks and the blood,
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.”

SHAKESPEARE.

Proserpine is said to have restored him to life, on condition of his spending six months of the year with her, and six with Venus, but this is a fable meant to apply to the alternate return of summer and winter.

“There is a flower, Anemone,
The mourner's path it cheers:
Lo! Venus, bowed with agony,
By the slain huntman bends the knee:—
It springs, a child of tears.

“Then hither, meekest flower!—here blow
With Hyacinth:—whate'er
The legend, 'tis of ruth, of woe:
Companions meet, together grow,
Twin nurslings of Despair.”

ANON.

The affection also which Venus entertained for Anchises, a youth distinguished by the most exquisite beauty, again drew her

from heaven, and induced her often to visit, in all her glory, the woods and solitary retreats of Mount Ida.

“She comes! the Goddess; through the whispering air,
Bright as the morn, descends her blushing car,
Each circling wheel a wreath of flowers entwines,
And gemmed with flowers, the silken harness shines;
The golden bits with flowery studs are decked,
And knots of flowers the crimson reins connect.
And now on earth the silver axle rings,
And the shell sinks upon its slender springs;
Light from her airy seat the Goddess bounds,
And steps celestial, press the panted grounds.”

DARWIN.

Anchises, however, though warned by her not to speak of their intimacy, boasted of it one day at a feast, and was struck by thunder as a punishment for his disobedience. The power of Venus over the heart, was supported and assisted by a celebrated girdle, called *zone* by the Greeks, and *cestus* by the Latins. This mysterious girdle which gave beauty, grace, and elegance when worn even by the most deformed, was irresistible when around beauty: it excited love, and kindled even extinguished flames. Juno herself was indebted to this powerful ornament in gaining the favours of Jupiter; and Venus, though possessed of every charm, no sooner put on her cestus, than Vulcan, unable to resist the influence of love, forgot all the intrigues and infidelities of his wife, and fabricated arms even for her illegitimate children.

“In this was every art and every charm,
To win the wisest, and the coldest warm,
Kind love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,
The kind deceit, the still reviving fire,
Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
Silence that spoke and eloquence of eyes.”

HOMER.

The contest of Venus for the golden apple is well known. The Goddess of Discord, not having been invited to the marriage of Peleus and Thetis, evinced her disappointment, by throwing among the assembly of the gods, who were celebrating the nuptials, a golden apple, on which was inscribed, *Detur pulchriori*. All the goddesses claimed it as their own, and the contention at first became general; however, Juno, Venus, and Minerva, were left at last to decide between them, their respective right to beauty. Neither of the gods was willing, by deciding in favour of one, to draw on him

the enmity of the remaining two, they therefore appointed Paris to the unenviable task.



The goddesses appeared before their judge, and endeavoured, by profuse offers, to influence his decision. Juno promised a kingdom, Minerva glory, and Venus the fairest woman in the world for a wife. When Paris had heard their several claims, he adjudged the prize to Venus, and gave her the apple, to which she seems entitled from her beauty.

The worship of Venus was universally established; statues and temples were erected to her in every kingdom; and the ancients were fond of paying homage to a divinity who presided over love, and by whose influence alone, mankind existed. In her sacrifices, and at the festivals celebrated in her honour, too much licentiousness prevailed: victims, however, were seldom offered to her, or her altars stained with blood. The rose, the myrtle, and the apple, were sacred to Venus; among birds, the dove, the swan, and the sparrow, were her favourites. The goddess of beauty was represented among the ancients in different forms. Among the most highly valued, was that in the temple of Jupiter Olympus, where she was represented by Phidias, as rising from the sea, and crowned by the goddess of Persuasion.

————— “Phidias his keen chisel swayed
To carve the marble of the matchless maid,
That all the youth of Athens, in amaze,
At that cold beauty, with sad tears did gaze.”

THURLOW.

She is generally imaged with her son Cupid, in a chariot drawn by doves, or at other times by swans or sparrows. The surnames of the goddess are numerous, and serve to show how well established her worship was all over the earth. She was called Cypria,

because particularly worshipped in the island of Cyprus; and received the name of Paphia, because at Paphos, she had a temple with an altar, on which it was asserted rain never fell, though exposed in the open air.

“ O queen of love! whose smile all bright
Glad Paphos and the Cyprian isle,
Forsake those loved retreats awhile,
And to the temple bend thy flight,
Where Glycera, the young, the fair,
Invokes thy presence high,
While clouds of incense fill the air,
And waft her suppliant sigh.

“ Bring in thy train the vengeful boy,
And Graces (while their robes loose flow
Gives glances of a breast of snow ;)
Wantoning in their thoughtless joy.
Let Hermes grace the jocund scene,
And youth so gay and free ;
For what is youth, though fair, oh ! queen,
If destitute of thee ? ”

HORACE.

The Cnidians worshipped her under the name of Venus Acræa, of Doris, and of Euploca. In her temple of Euploca, at Cnidus, was the most admired of her statues, being the most perfect piece of Praxiteles. It was formed of white marble, and appeared so much like life, that, according to some historians, a youth of the place secretly introduced himself into her temple, to offer his vows of adoration before the lifeless image.

Hero, in pursuit of whom, Leander braved the Hellespont, and whose touching story will be more minutely given hereafter, was one of the priestesses of Venus, and it was in this occupation that Leander first saw and loved her : a love which led to results so disastrous.

“ Come hither, all sweet maidens, soberly,
Down looking, aye, and with a chastened light,
Hid in the fringes of your eye-lids white,
And meekly let your fair hands joined be,
As if so gentle that ye could not see
Untouched, a victim of your beauty bright,
Sinking away to his young spirit's night,
Sinking bewildered mid the dreary sea :
’Tis young Leander toiling to his death ;
Nigh swooping, he doth purse his weary lips
For Hero's cheek, and smiles against her smile.
O horrid dream ! see how his body dips,
Dead—heavy ; arms and shoulders gleam awhile :
He's gone—up bubbles all his amorous breath.”

KEATS.

Venus was also surnamed Cytheræa, because she was the chief deity of Cythera; Phillonmeis, as the queen of laughter; Tellesigama, because she presided over marriage; Verticordia, because she could turn the hearts of women to cultivate chastity; Basilea, as the queen of love; Myrtea, from the myrtle being sacred to her; Mechanitis, in allusion to the many artifices practised in love; and also goddess of the sea, because born in the bosom of the waters;

“ Behold a nymph arise, divinely fair,
Whom to Cythera first the surges bear;
Hence is she borne, safe o'er the deeps profound,
To Cyprus, watered by the waves around:
And here she walks, endowed with every grace
To charm, the goddess blooming in her face;
Her looks demand respect, and where she goes
Beneath her tender feet the herbage blows;
And Aphrodite, from the foam, her name,
Among the race of gods and men the same;
And Cytheræa from Cythera came;
Whence, beauteous crown'd, she safely cross'd the sea,
And call'd, O Cyprus, Cypria from thee;
Nor less by Philomeda known on earth,
A name derived immediate from her birth:
Her first attendants to the immortal choir
Were Love, the oldest god, and fair Desire;
The virgin whisper, and the tempting smile,
The sweet allurements that can hearts beguile,
Soft blandishments which never fail to move,
Friendship, and all the fond deceits in love,
Constant her steps pursue, or will she go
Among the gods above, or men below.”

HESIOD.

As rising from the sea, the name of Anadyomine is applied to her, and rendered immortal by the celebrated painting of Apelles, which represented her issuing from the bosom of the waves, and wringing her tresses on her shoulder.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ANADYOMINE VENUS.

“ She has just issued from the bath, and yet is animated with the enjoyment of it. She seems all soft and mild enjoyment, and the curved lines of her fine limbs, flow into each other with a never ending sinuosity of sweetness. Her face expresses a breathless yet passive and innocent voluptuousness, free from affectation. Her lips, without the sublimity of lofty and impetuous passion, the grandeur of enthusiastic imagination of the Apollo of the capital, or the union of both like the Apollo Belvidere, have the tenderness of arch, yet pure and affectionate desire; and the mode in which the ends

of the mouth are drawn in, yet lifted or half opened, with the smile that for ever circles round them, and the tremulous curve into which they are wrought, by inextinguishable desire, and the tongue lying against the lower lip, as in the listlessness of passive joy, express love, still love!

"Her eyes seem heavy and swimming with pleasure, and her small forehead fades on both sides into that sweet swelling, and then declension of the bone over the eye, in the mode which expresses simple and tender feelings.

"The neck is full and panting, as with the aspiration of delight, and flows with gentle curves into her perfect form.

"Her form is indeed perfect. She is half sitting and half rising from a shell, and the fullness of her limbs, and their complete roundness and perfection, do not diminish the vital energy with which they seem to be animated: The position of the arms, which are lovely beyond imagination, is natural, unaffected and easy. This perhaps is the finest personification of Venus, the deity of superficial desire, in all antique statuary. Her pointed and pear-like person, ever virgin, and her attitude modesty itself."

SHELLEY.

—————"Breathe softly, flutes;
Be tender of your strings, ye soothing lutes;
Nor be the trumpet heard! O vain, O vain!
Nor flowers budding in an April rain,
Nor breath of sleeping dove, nor river's flow—
No, nor the Æolian twang of Love's own bow,
Can mingle music fit for the soft ear
Of goddess Cytheræa!
Yet deign, white queen of beauty, thy fair eyes
On our souls' sacrifice."

KEATS.



VULCAN.



Vulcan, the son of Jupiter and Juno, was thrown from heaven by the former, for attempting to assist the queen of Olympus when under her husband's displeasure. The whirlwind employed by Jove, precipitated him into the island of Lemnos.

—————" I felt his matchless might,
Hurl'd headlong downward from the ethereal height ;
Toss'd all the day in rapid circles round ;
Nor till the sun descended, touch'd the ground ;
Breathless I fell in giddy motion lost ;
The Sinthians rais'd me on the Lemnian coast."

HOMER.

He fell with sufficient velocity to break his thigh, an accident, which, as it made him lame, did not at all tend to render his appearance less ugly than it is usually described.

—————" His hand was known
In heaven, by many a tower'd structure high,
Where sceptred angels held their residence,
And sat as princes ;
Nor was his name unheard, or unador'd,
In ancient Greece ; and in Ausonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber ; and how he fell
From heaven they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the chrystal battlements : from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day ; and with the setting sun,
Dropp'd from the zenith like a falling star,
On Lemnos, the Ægean isle."

MILTON.

He was educated by the nymphs of the sea, and trained in his

youth in the art of working metals, and was able to cultivate those mechanical abilities which he is represented to possess.

—————"He taught
 Man's earth-born race, that, like the bestial brood,
 Haunted the rugged cave, or sheltering wood,
 Th' inventive powers of dædal art to know,
 And all the joys from social life that flow ;
 In search no more of casual seats to roam,
 But rear with skilful hand the lasting dome."

HOMER.

In his labours he was assisted by the Cyclops, who are said by some, to have possessed but one eye, placed in the middle of the forehead. They inhabited the western part of the island of Sicily ; but the tradition of their only having one eye originated, in all probability, from their custom of wearing small bucklers of steel which covered their faces, with a small aperture in the middle, corresponding exactly to the eye. They were sometimes reckoned among the Gods, and had a temple at Corinth, where worship and sacrifices were solemnly offered.

"The Cyclops brethren, arrogant of heart,
 Who forged the lightning shaft, and gave to Jove
 His thunder ; they were like unto the gods,
 Save that a single ball of sight was fixed
 In their mid forehead. Cyclops was their name,
 From that round eye-ball in their brow infix'd ;
 And strength, and force, and manual craft were theirs."

HESIOD.

—————
 "Thou trusty pine !
 "Prop of my God-like steps, I lay thee by—
 Bring me a hundred reeds of decent growth
 To make a pipe for my capacious mouth—"

GAY.



The first fruit of the mechanical skill of Vulcan, was invented as a punishment for Juno, to whom, as it was through her he fell from heaven, he attributed his deformity. This was a throne of gold, with secret springs, on which the goddess no sooner sate, than she

found herself unable to move. In vain the Gods attempted to deliver her ; with Vulcan, only rested the secret and the power to disenthral her ; and as the price of her freedom, Juno promised to procure him a wife from amongst the heavenly conclave. Vulcan fixed his desires on Minerva ; the Goddess of Wisdom, however, laughed his suit to scorn, and Vulcan is represented as having been very violent at his rejection.

Juno then pressed the suit of her son on Venus, whose power was already established at the celestial court. The beautiful Goddess rejected him with horror, and Juno overwhelmed her with supplications ; but as these could not subdue the ugliness of the suitor, she implored Jupiter to exercise his power ; and with all the determination of a Goddess, poured so many entreaties, accompanied with tears, that the king of heaven must have complied, had it not been for the more touching and feminine attributes of Venus, the soft eyes of whom filled with tears, and whose downy cheek grew pale, at the idea of the union.

But Destiny, the irrevocable, interposed, and pronounced the decree by which the most beautiful of the Goddesses, was united to the most unsightly of the Gods. During the festival which followed their union, the altar of Hymen was that which received all the offerings.



A marriage thus assorted, however, was not likely to prove a happy one, and ere long it was followed by a discovery which

created an ecstasy among the scandal-mongers of Olympus. This was no less than an improper liason between Mars, God of War, and the charming Venus. Vulcan, suspecting the infidelity of his wife, formed an invisible net around them, and drew upon the lovers the laughter of the remaining divinities. Mars, betwixt rage and confusion, retired for a time to Thrace, and Venus took refuge in the isle of Cyprus, where she gave birth to Cupid.

Vulcan, as we have recorded, was celebrated for the ingenious works and automatical figures which he made, and many speak of two golden statues, which not only seemed animated, but which walked by his side, and assisted him in working metals.

“ Then from the anvil the lame artist rose,
Wide with distorted leg, oblique he goes ;
And stills the bellows, and in order laid,
Locks in their chests his instruments of trade :
With his huge sceptre graced, and red attire,
Came halting forth the sovereign of the fire :
The monarch's steps two female forms uphold,
That moved and breathed in animated gold.
To whom was voice, and sense, and science given
Of works divine, such wonders are in heaven ?”

VIRGIL.

The most known of the works of Vulcan, which were presented to mortals, are the arms of Achilles, those of Æneas, and the shield of Hercules described by Hesiod. The chariot of the sun was also by this deity.

“ A golden axte did the work uphold,
Gold was the beam, the wheels were orb'd with gold :
The spokes in rows of silver pleased the sight,
The seat with parti-coloured gems was bright.”

OVID.

The worship of Vulcan was well established, particularly in Egypt, at Athens, and at Rome. It was customary to burn the whole victim to him and not reserve part of it, as in the immolations to the remainder of the Gods. He was represented as blowing with his nervous arm the fires of his forges. His vast breast hairy, and his forehead blackened with smoke; while his enormous shoulders seemed borrowed from the Cyclops. Some represent him lame and deformed, holding a hammer in his hand, ready to strike; while with the other, he turns a thunderbolt on his anvil, for which an eagle waits by his side to carry it to Jupiter.

He appears on some monuments with a long beard, dishevelled hair, half naked, and a small round cap on his head, while he holds a hammer and pincers in his hand.

“———The Vulcanean dome, eternal frame,
High, eminent, amidst the works divine,
Where Heavens far beaming insuasions shine,
There the lame architect the goddess found
Obscure in smoke, his forges flaming round;
While bathed in sweat, from fire to fire he flew,
And puffing loud, the roaring bellows blew.”

HOMER.

It is stated that Bacchus made him intoxicated after he had been expelled from Olympus, and then prevailed on him to return, where he was reconciled to his parents. He seems, however, to have been retained there more for ridicule than any other purpose; and was indeed the great butt of Olympus, even his wife laughing at his deformities, and mimicking his lameness to gain the smiles of her lovers.

“Vulcan with awkward grace, his office plies,
And unextinguished laughter shakes the skies.”

HOMER.

In the month of August, the Vulcanalia took place at Rome, streets were illuminated, fires kindled, and animals thrown into the flames as a sacrifice. Romulus caused a temple to be erected in his honour, and Tarquin presented to him the arms and spoils of the conquered; and to him also, was dedicated the lion.



CUPID.

This Deity, "the boy-god," as poets love to call him, was the offspring of Venus and Mars; when Venus had given birth to him, Jupiter foresaw the mischief he would create in the world, as well as in his more immediate kingdom; he therefore banished him from his court, and menaced him with his wrath, should he return. The Goddess conveyed him to the isle of Cyprus, where he was suckled by the wild beasts of the forest.

No sooner had strength come with years, than Cupid, forming a bow of the ash tree, and arrows of the cypress, ungratefully turned against the animals who had supported him.

"His quiver, sparkling bright with gems and gold,
From his fair plumed shoulder graceful hung,
And from its top in brilliant chords enrolled,
Each little vase resplendently was slung,
Still as he flew, around him sportive clung
His frolic train of winged Zephyrs light,
Wafting the fragrance which his tresses flung:
While odours dropped from every ringlet bright,
And from his blue eyes beamed ineffable delight."

MRS. TIGHE.

Experience gave confidence to the youthful deity, and when an opportunity offered, he sent his arrows to the hearts of men, so bold did he even become, that he ventured to dart one, dipped in the subtle poison against his mother.

"Love! oh! he breathes and rambles round the world
An idol and idolator: he flies
Touching, with passing beauty, ringlets curled,
Ripe lips, and bosoms white, and starry eyes,
And wheresoe'er his colours are unfurled,
Full many a young and panting spirit lies."

BARRY CORNWALL.

The nymph Perestere felt his vengeance in a different manner. Cupid was wandering with his mother over a meadow, beautifully enamelled with flowers "all fragrance and of various hues," when, in a playful mood, the youthful deity challenged Venus to see which could gather the greatest number in the least time. Cupid would have been triumphant, had not Perestere, who accompanied them, attempted to win the favour of the goddess, by assisting to fill her basket. In revenge, Cupid changed her into a dove.

The beautiful fable of the winged deity's love for Psyche, is the most pleasing of those related of him.

The nymph Psyche was one of those exquisite beings, so seldom met with in the present degenerate days; and even then, so rare was her beauty, that the people of earth looked on her almost as a divinity, and in some instances would have worshipped her in the belief that she was Venus, visiting the earth.

"In her bower she lay, like a snow-wreath flung,
Mid flowers of brightest hue:

Pouting roses about her hung,
Violets 'neath her mantle sprung,
Shedding their light of blue.

"Pillowed on one fair arm she lay,
Beneath her silver veil;
Her golden locks in wanton play,
As sunbeams through the mist make way,
Stole round her bosom pale!

"Falling waters afar were heard,
'To lull the slumb'ring fair:
Yet ever and aye, her soul seemed stirred,
In dove-like murmurs, as if the bird
Of dreams sat brooding there.

"All rude winds were hushed to rest;
Only the enamoured south,
Wantoning round her swan-like breast—
The silken folds of her azure vest
Kissed with its fragrant mouth."

ANON.

To one so jealous as Venus, this homage paid to Psyche was an enormous crime, and she determined to take vengeance for the offence, by punishing her in the tenderest part of a woman's nature; for she commanded Cupid to make her fall deeply in love, with the ugliest being he could find.

With the intention of fulfilling this commission, Cupid visited Psyche, but so beautiful was the being he came to see, that he found himself compelled to pay the same homage to her which others had done; and finished by becoming deeply enamoured himself, as he saw

"Upon her purple couch sweet Psyche laid,
Her radiant lips a downy slumber sealed,
In light transparent veil alone arrayed,
Her bosom's opening charms were half revealed,
And scarce the lucid folds her polished limbs concealed.

"He half relenting on her beauties gazed,
Just then awaking with a sudden start,
Her opening eye in humid lustre blazed,
Unseen he still remained, enchanted and amazed."

MRS. TIGHE.

Fearful, however, of his mother's displeasure, he carried on the

affair with great secrecy, and by his divine power, conveyed her to a palace he had formed in a region full of beauty: here, when the



shadows of night had visited the earth, Cupid sought the presence of his love.

“ ——— Who first told how Psyche went
On the smooth wind to realms of wonderment?
What Psyche felt, and Love, when their full lips
First touched;
* * * * * With all their sighs
And how they kist each other's tremulous eyes:
The silver lamp—the ravishment—the wonder—
The darkness—loneliness, and fearful thunder.”

KEATS.

But the happiness which had fallen to the lot of the beautiful Psyche, was too delightful and too pure, not to meet with something which should realize the after thought of the poet, that “the course of true love never did run smooth.” The restless nature of the nymph would not allow her to remain quietly in possession of her beautiful lot, or in the enchanted place which the power of the God had raised for her, though few could be so delightful, when,

“ In broad pinions from the realms above,
Descending Cupid seeks the Cyprian grove;
To his wide arms enamoured Psyche springs
And clasps her lover with Aurelian wings,
A purple sash across his shoulder bends,
And fringed with gold the quivered shafts suspends;
The bending bow obeys the silken string,
And, as he steps, the silver arrows ring.
Thin folds of gauze, with dim transparence flow,
O'er her fair forehead and her neck of snow;
The winding woof her graceful limbs surrounds
Swells in the breeze, and sweeps the velvet grounds;

As hand in hand along the flowery meads,
 His blushing bride the quivered hero leads;
 Charmed round their heads pursuing Zephyrs throng,
 And scatter roses as they move along;
 Bright beams of spring in soft effusion play,
 And halcyon hours invite them on their way.
 Delighted Hymen hears their whispered vows,
 And binds his chaplets round their polished brows,
 Guides to his altar, ties the flowery bands,
 And as they kneel unites their willing hands.'

DARWIN.

The love which had fallen upon Psyche, and the affection which dropped in honied words from Cupid's lips, was so endearing, that the nymph longed to communicate the delightful story of her good fortune to her less gifted, but envious sisters.

She therefore told them of the glories of her marriage; though her bridegroom had never made himself visible to her, and though to her he had no name save that fond one of husband, yet still she could talk of the beauties of her magic palace, of the musical voice of her invisible lover, and of the heart-touching and passionate endearments he bestowed on her.

But all this was no pleasant intelligence to them, for with the malice of ill-nature, they determined to be revenged on her for a happiness which was no fault. They affected to believe that her husband had wicked designs in his concealment, and that he would desert his Psyche if he became visible to her—or they asserted that they had no doubt though the lips and skin of this mysterious being seemed so soft to their sister, it was by the power of enchantment, and that the light would reveal a monster whose presence would astonish no less than it would frighten: and succeeded in persuading her, by their next meeting, to provide herself with the means of procuring a light, and a dagger to stab him, should he prove the monstrous being they averred.

The next night came, and Psyche, when she heard the thrilling tones of her husband's voice, could scarcely keep her secret. Dreading the anger of her sisters, however, she waited until Cupid was locked in slumber, and from its hiding place procured the light and the dagger.

—————" She softly rose,
 And seized the lamp—where it obscurely lay,
 With hand too rashly daring to disclose
 The sacred veil which hung mysterious o'er her woes."

TIGHE.

For a time the nymph scarcely dared to cast a glance on the being she was so anxious to view; and stood half shrinking from the desired sight.

—“In her spiritual divinity,
Young Psyche stood the sleeping Eros by,
What time she to the couch had, daring, trod;
And, by the glad light, saw her bridegroom God!
O'er him she knelt enamoured, and her sigh
Breathed near and nearer to his silent mouth,
Rich with the hoarded odours of the south!”

BULWER.

But who can conceive her rapturous delight, when, instead of the fearful being she dreaded, she beheld one whose every limb, and every feature, shone with a radiant and celestial beauty.

“All imperceptibly to human touch,
His wings display celestial essence light;
The clear effulgence of the blaze is such,
The brilliant plumage shines so heavenly bright,
That mortal eyes turn dazzled from the sight;
A youth he seems in manhood's freshest years;
Round his fair neck, as changing with delight,
Each golden curl resplendently appears,
Or shades his darker brow, which grace majestic wears.”

TYLER.

Her eyes were rivetted on his exquisite form, until they forgot all else; even her love, her kindness, and her passionate endearments, all vanished in that long, earnest, and delighted gaze.

“Speechless with awe; in transport strangely lost,
Long Psyche stood, with fixed, adoring eye;
Her limbs immovable, her senses tossed
Between amazement, fear, and ecstasy,
She hangs enamoured o'er the deity.”

TYLER.

In the trembling transport which pervaded her, however, there fell a drop of burning wax from the light which she held, on the marble-like shoulder of Cupid, and he awoke.

“From her trembling hand extinguished falls
The fatal lamp. He starts—and suddenly
Tremendous thunders echo through the halls,
While ruins hideous crash bursts o'er the affrighted walls.”

TYLER.

The spell was broken—the palace vanished—the God disappeared, and Psyche, mourning in bitter tears for her foolish curiosity, found herself standing on a desolate rock.

" Dread horror seizes on her sinking heart,
 A mortal chillness shudders at her breast,
 Her soul shrinks, fainting, from death's icy dart,
 The groan scarce uttered, dies, but half expressed,
 And down she sinks in deadly swoon oppressed :
 But when at length, awaking from her trance,
 The terrors of her fate stood all confessed,
 In vain she casts around her timid glance,
 The rudely frowning scenes, her former joys enhance.

" No traces of those joys, alas ! remain ;
 A desert solitude alone appears.
 No verdant shade relieves the sandy plain,
 The wide spread waste, no gentle fountain cheers ;
 One barren face the dreary prospect wears ;
 Nought thro' the vast horizon meets her eye
 To calm the dismal tumult of her fears,
 No trace of human habitation nigh,
 A sandy wild beneath, above a threatening sky."

TIGHE.

The abandoned Psyche attempted to drown herself in the neighbouring waters. The stream, fearing the power of the God, returned her to earth upon a bank of flowers.

She then went through the world in search of her lost love, persecuted, and subjected to numerous trials by Venus; who, determined on destroying, sent her to Proserpine with a box to request some of her beauty. The mission was accomplished in safety, but Psyche nearly fell a victim to curiosity and avarice; for she opened the box to look at its contents, and endeavoured to take a portion of it to herself, that she might appear more beautiful in the eyes of her lost husband. On opening it, a deep slumber fell on the unwary mortal, and she lay upon the earth, until Cupid, luckily escaping from the confinement to which his mother had subjected him, found his lost love, and reproached her for her curiosity.

In addition to this, Venus imposed upon Psyche the most difficult tasks; she poured upon the nymph torments the most excruciating, and took delight in rendering her miserable, who, not content with being taken for the goddess of beauty, had concluded by seducing from her the duty of her son.

Jupiter, however, was moved to pity by this relentless rigour, and by the touching nature of the story; he took her up to heaven, restored Cupid to his place, and making Psyche immortal, gave her in marriage to the God of love, in the presence of the celestial inhabitants. To use the elegant language of Mr. Keightley,

“The hours shed roses through the sky, the Graces sprinkled the halls of heaven with fragrant odours, Apollo plays on his lyre, the Arcadian God on his reeds, the Muses sing in chorus, while Venus dances with grace and elegance, to celebrate the nuptials of her son.”

“So pure, so soft, with sweet attraction shone
 Fair Psyche, kneeling at the ethereal throne;
 Won with coy smiles the admiring court of Jove,
 And warmed the bosom of unconquered love.
 Beneath a moving shade of fruits and flowers,
 Onward they march to Hymen's sacred bowers;
 With lifted torch he lights the festive strain,
 Sublime, and leads them in his golden chain;
 Joins the fond pair, indulgent to their vows,
 And hides with mystic veil their blushing brows.
 Round their fair forms their mingling arms they fling,
 Meet with warm lip, and clasp with nestling wing.
 Hence plastic nature, as oblivion whelms
 Her fading forms, re-peoples all her realms;
 Soft joys disport on purple plumes unfurled,
 And love and beauty rule the willing world.”

DARWIN.

Thus Cupid was at length re-united to his beloved Psyche, and their loves were speedily crowned by the birth of a child, whom his parents named Pleasure.

PSYCHE.

“Oh! Goddess, hear these tuneless numbers, wrung
 By sweet enforcement and remembrance dear,
 And pardon that thy secrets should be sung,
 Even into thine own soft-couch'd ear:
 Surely I dreamt to day, or did I see
 The winged Psyche with awakened eyes?
 I wandered in a forest thoughtlessly,
 And, on the sudden, fainting with surprise,
 Saw two fair creatures, couched side by side,
 In deepest grass, beneath the whispering roof
 Of leaves and trembled blossoms, where there ran
 A brooklet, scarce espied:
 'Mid hush'd, cool rooted flowers, fragrant-eyed,
 Blue, silver white, and budded Tyrian,
 They lay calm breathing on the bedded grass;
 Their arms embraced, and their pinions too;
 Their lips touch'd not, but had not bade adieu,
 As if disjointed by soft handed slumber,
 And ready still, past kisses to outnumber,
 At tender eye-dawn of aureorean love:
 The winged boy I knew;
 But who wast thou, O happy, happy dove?
 His Psyche true!

"O latest born and loveliest vision far
 Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy !
 Fairer than Phœbus sapphire-regioned star
 Or Vesper, amorous glow-worm of the sky ;
 Fairer than these, tho' temple thou hast none,
 Nor altar heaped with flowers ;
 Nor virgin-choir to make delicious moan
 Upon the midnight hours ;
 No voice, no lute, no pipe, no incense sweet,
 From chain swung censer teeming ;
 No shrine, no grove, no oracle, no heat
 Of pale-mouthed prophet dreaming.
 O brightest ! though too late for antique vows
 Too, too late for the fond, believing lyre
 When holy were the haunted forest boughs,
 Holy the air, the water and the fire."

KEATS.

Of this deity, poets have written until the God, become identified with the passion, which is addressed by many as immortal.

"They sin who tell us Love can die ;
 With life all other passions fly,
 All others are but vanity ;
 In heaven ambition cannot dwell
 Nor avarice in the vaults of hell :
 Earthly these passions of the earth
 They perish where they have their birth ;
 But Love is indestructible :
 Its holy flame for ever burneth,
 From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.
 Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
 At times deceived, at times oppress,
 It here is tried and purified,
 Then bath in heaven its perfect rest :
 It soweth here with toil and care,
 But the harvest time of Love is there."

SOUTHEY.

Cupid is usually represented as a winged infant, naked, armed with a bow and quiver full of arrows. On gems and all other pieces of antiquity, he is represented as amusing himself with childish diversions. Sometimes, like a conqueror, he marches triumphantly with a helmet on his head, a spear on his shoulder, and a buckler on his arm, intimating that even Mars himself owns the superiority of love.

"To Love, the soft and blooming child,
 I touch the harp in descant wild ;
 To Love, the babe of Cyprian bowers,
 The boy who breathes and blushes flowers,
 To Love, for heaven and earth adore him,
 And gods and mortals bow before him !"

ANACREON.

Among the ancients, he was worshipped with the same solemnity

as his mother Venus; and as his influence was extended over the heavens, the sea and the earth, and even the empire of the dead, his divinity was universally acknowledged, and vows, prayers and sacrifices, were daily offered to him.

—————"Bright-winged child!
 Who has another care when thou hast smiled?
 Unfortunates on earth, we see at last
 All death-shadows, and glooms that overcast
 Our spirits, fanned away by thy light pinions.
 O sweetest essence! sweetest of all minions!
 God of warm pulses, and dishevelled hair;
 Dear unseen light in darkness! eclipser
 Of light in light! delicious poisoner!
 Thy venomed goblet will we quaff, until
 We fill—we fill!"

KEATS.

One of the most beautiful of his temples was built within a myrtle grove, the God being extended in the attitude of a sleeping child, under the title of L'Amore Dominatore.

"They built a temple for the God,
 'Twas in a myrtle grove,
 Where the sweet bee and butterfly,
 Vied for each blossom's love.

"I looked upon the altar,—there
 The pictured semblance lay,
 Of him the temple's lord, it shone
 More beautiful than day.

"It was a sleeping child, as fair
 As the first-born of spring:
 Like Indian gold waved the bright curls,
 In many a sunny ring.

"I heard them hymn his name, his power,
 I heard them, and I smiled:
 How could they say the earth was ruled,
 By but a sleeping child?

"I went then forth into the world,
 To see what might be there;
 And there I heard a voice of woe,
 Of weeping, and despair.

"I saw a youthful warrior stand
 In his first light of fame,
 His native city, filled the air
 With her deliverer's name:

"I saw him hurry from the crowd,
 And fling his laurel crown,
 In weariness, in hopelessness,
 In utter misery down.

"And what the sorrow, then I asked,
 Can thus the warrior move,
 To scorn his meed of victory?
 They told me it was Love!

" I sought the Forum, there was one,
 With dark and haughty brow,
 His voice was as the trumpet's tone,
 Mine ear rings with it now.

" They quailed before his flashing eye,
 They watched his lightest word :
 When suddenly that eye was dim,
 That voice no longer heard.

" I looked upon his lonely hour,
 The weary solitude :
 When over dark, and bitter thoughts,
 The sick hearts' left to brood.

" I marked the haughty spirit's strife,
 To rend its bonds in vain :
 Again I heard the cause of ill,
 And heard loves name again.

" I saw an Urn, and round it hung,
 An April diadem
 Of flowers, telling they mourned one,
 Faded and fair like them.

" I turned to tales of other days,
 They spoke of breath and bloom :
 And proud hearts that were bowed by love,
 Into an early tomb.

" I heard of every suffering,
 That on this earth can be :
 How can they call a sleeping child,
 A likeness, love, of thee ?

" They cannot paint thee, let them dream
 A dark and nameless thing :
 Why give the likeness of the dove,
 Where is the serpent's sting ?

L. E. L.

We cannot better conclude our account of this important Deity,
 than by the following epigram, written under one of his statues.

"Who'er thou art, thy master see,
 Who was, or is,—or is to be."

VOLTAIRE.



MINERVA.

Minerva, the Goddess of wisdom, war, and all the liberal arts, came forth, armed and grown up, from her father's brain, and was immediately admitted into the association of the Gods, becoming one of the most faithful counsellors of her father. She was indeed the only one of all the divinities whose authority, and consequence, were equal to those of Jupiter.

"From Jove's awful head sprung forth to light,
In golden panoply superbly dight;
And while the glittering spear thy hands essayed,
Olympus trembled at the martial maid.
Affrighted earth sounds from her deepest caves,
And swell of Ocean tides the sable waves;
The turgid billows sink; in heaven's high plains
His steeds the son of Hyperion reins,
Till Pallas lays her arms divine aside,
While Jove his daughter views with conscious pride."

HOMER.

The strife of this Goddess with Neptune is worthy attention: each of them claimed the right of giving a name to the capital of Cecropia, and the assembly of the Gods decided the dispute by promising preference to whichever could produce the most useful and necessary present to the inhabitants of the earth.

Neptune, upon hearing this, struck the ground with his trident, and immediately a horse issued therefrom. Minerva produced the olive, and obtained the victory by the unanimous voice of the gods, who considered the olive, as the emblem of peace, to be far preferable to the horse, the symbol of war and bloodshed. The victorious deity called the capital Athenœ, and became the tutelar divinity of the place.

—————"The sandals of celestial mould,
Fledged with ambrosial plumes and rich with gold
Surround her feet: with these sublime she sails
Th' aerial space, and mounts the winged gales;
O'er earth and ocean wide, prepared to soar,
Her dreaded arm a beaming javelin bore,
Ponderous and vast: which, when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns."

HOMER.

Arachne, a woman of Colophon, having acquired great perfection in working with her needle, became impressed with a belief that her powers were superior to those of Minerva, goddess of the art.

This wounded Minerva's jealous pride, which was increased by Arachnes challenging her to a trial of skill.

"From famed Pactolus' golden stream,
 Drawn by her art the curious Naiads came
 Nor would the work, when finished, please so much
 As, while she wrought, to view each graceful touch:
 Whether the shapeless wool in balls she wound,
 Or with quick motion turned the spindle round,
 Or with her pencil drew the neat design,
 Pallas, her mistress, shone in every line.
 This the proud maid, with scornful air denies,
 And e'en the goddess at her work defies,
 Disowns her heavenly mistress every hour,
 Nor asks her aid, nor deprecates her power."

OVID.

Beautiful as the production of Arachne was, which recorded the intrigues of Jove, yet it could not compete with that of Minerva, who by her divine skill, surpassed all her rival's efforts.

"Pallas in figures wrought the heavenly powers,
 And Mars's skill among the Athenean bowers,
 Each god, by proper features was express;
 Jove with majestic mien, excelled the rest,
 His nine forked mace the dewy sea-god shook,
 And, looking sternly, smote the ragged rock;
 When, from the stone, leaped forth the sprightly steed
 And Neptune claims the city for the deed.
 Herself she blazons with a glittering spear,
 And crested helm that veiled her braided hair,
 With shield, and scaly breast-plate, implements of war.
 Struck with her pointed lance, the teeming earth
 Seemed to produce a new surprising birth,
 When from the glebe, the pledge of conquest sprung,
 A tree, pale green with fairest olives hung."

OVID.

Although her work was perfect and masterly, the Goddess was so vexed at the subjects Arachne had chosen, that she struck her two or three times on the forehead.

"The bright goddess, passionately moved,
 With envy saw, yet inwardly approved,
 The scene of heavenly guilt, with haste she tore,
 Nor longer the affront with patience bore;
 A boxen shuttle in her hand she took,
 And more than once, Arachne's forehead struck."

The high spirited mortal, indignant at the blows, and in despair at her defeat, hung herself, and was changed into a spider by Minerva.

—————"She sprinkled her with juice,
 Which leaves of baleful aconite produce.
 Touched with the poisonous drug, her flowing hair
 Fell to the ground, and left her temples bare."

Her usual features vanished from their place,
 Her body lessened—but the most, her face,
 Her slender fingers, banging on each side,
 With many joints the use of legs supplied,
 A spider's bag, the rest, from which she gives
 A thread, and still, by constant spinning lives."

OVID.

Minerva when amusing herself by playing upon her favourite flute before Juno and Venus, was ridiculed by the goddesses for the distortion of her face while blowing the instrument; Minerva convinced of the truth of their remarks, by looking at herself in a fountain near Mount Ida, threw the flute away, and denounced a melancholy death to him who should find it. Marsyas was the unfortunate being, and in the history of Apollo may be found the fate he experienced through the veracity of her decree.

Minerva was called Athena Pallas, either from her killing the giant Pallas, or because the spear which she seems to brandish in her hands is called "*pallein*."

According to the different characters in which she has appeared, has the goddess been represented. Usually with a helmet on her head, and a large plume nodding in the air. In one hand she holds a spear, and in the other, a shield, with the dying head of Medusa upon it.

"With bright wreaths of serpent tresses crowned,
 Severe in beauty, young Medusa frowned;
 Erewhile subdued, round Wisdom's Egis rolled,
 Hissed the dread snakes, and flamed in burnished gold
 Flashed on her brandished arm the immortal shield,
 And terror lightened o'er the dazzled field."

DARWIN.

Sometimes the Gorgon's head was on her breast-plate, with living serpents writhing round it, as well as on her shield and helmet.

It was in one of her temples that the following occurrence took place, from which she adopted this device.

Medusa was the only one of the Gorgons who was subject to mortality, and was celebrated for her personal charms; particularly for the beauty of her hair. Neptune became enamoured of her

Medusa once had charms, to gain her love
 A rival crowd of envious lovers strove.
 They who have seen her, own they ne'er did trace,
 More moving features, in a sweeter face:
 Yet above all, her length of hair they own,
 In golden ringlets waved, and graceful shone.

Her, Neptune saw: and with such beauties fired,
 Resolved to compass what his soul desired.
 The bashful goddess turned her eyes away,
 Nor durst such bold impurity survey."

This violation of the sanctity of her temple provoked Minerva, and she changed the beautiful locks of Medusa, which had inspired



the love of Neptune, into ghastly and living serpents, as a punishment for the desecration of that sanctuary, where only worship and incense should have been offered.

"It lieth, gazing on the midnight sky,
 Upon the cloudy mountain peak supine;
 Below, the far lands are seen tremblingly:
 Its horror and its beauty are divine.
 Upon its lips and eyelids seems to lie,
 Loveliness like a shadow, from which shine,
 Fiery and lurid, struggling underneath,
 The agonies of anguish and of death.

"Yet it is less the horror than the grace,
 Which turns the gazer's spirit into stone:
 Whereon the lineaments of that dead face
 Are graven, till the characters be grown
 Into itself, and thought no more can trace;
 'Tis the melodious hue of beauty thrown
 Athwart the darkness and the glare of pain,
 Which humanize and harmonize the strain.

"And from its head as from one body grow,
 As grass out of a watery rock,
 Hairs which are vipers, and they curl and flow,
 And their long tangles in each other lock:
 And with unending involutions slow,
 Their matted radiance as it were to mock,
 The torture and the death within, and saw
 The solid air with many a ragged jaw.

" 'Tis the tempestuous loveliness of terror ;
 For from the serpents gleam a brazen glare,
 Kindled by that inextricable error,
 Which makes a thrilling vapour of the air
 Become a strange, and ever shifting mirror
 Of all the beauty, and the terror there—
 A woman's countenance, with serpent locks,
 Gazing in death on heaven, from those evil rocks."

SHRELLY.

Some of the statues of Minerva represented her helmet with a sphinx in the middle, supported on either side by griffins. In some medals, a chariot drawn by four horses, appears at the top of her helmet.

But it was at the Panathenæa, instituted in her behalf, that she received the greatest honour. On the evening of the first day, there was a race with torches, in which men on foot, and afterwards on horseback, contended.

To celebrate these festivals, also, the maidens divided into troops, and armed with sticks and stones, attacked each other with fury. Those who were overcome in this combat, were devoted to infamy, while they who conquered, and had received no wounds, were honoured with triumphant rejoicings.

These fêtes, established in Lybia, were transferred to Athens, the city to which Minerva had granted the olive tree, and which she had taken under her protection.

She was adored at Troy by the title of Pallas, and her statue guarded the city under the name of Palladium. Some authors maintain that this was made with the bones of Pelops—while Apollodorus asserts, it was no more than a piece of clock-work which moved of itself. To its possession, was attached the safety of the city; and during the Trojan war, Ulysses and Diomedes were commissioned to steal it away.

DESCRIPTION OF MINERVA IN THE FLORENCE GALLERY.

"The head is of the highest beauty. It has a close helmet from which the hair, delicately parted on the forehead, half escapes. The attitude gives entire effect to the perfect form of the neck, and to that full and beautiful moulding of the lower part of the face and mouth, which is in living beings the seat of the expression of a simplicity and integrity of nature. Her face, upraised to heaven, is animated with a profound, sweet, and impassioned melancholy, with an earnest, and fervid and disinterested pleading against some vast and inevitable wrong. It is the joy and poetry of sorrow making

grief beautiful, and giving it that nameless feeling, which, from the imperfection of language, we call pain, but which is not all pain, though a feeling which makes not only its possessor, but the spectator of it, prefer it to what is called pleasure, in which all is not pleasure. It is difficult to think that this head, though of the highest ideal beauty is the head of Minerva, although the attributes and attitude of the lower part of the statue certainly suggest that idea.

“The Greeks rarely in their representations of the characters of their Gods—unless we call the poetic enthusiasm of Apollo a mortal passion—expressed the disturbance of human feeling; and here is deep and impassioned grief animating a divine countenance. It is indeed divine. The drapery of the statue, the gentle beauty of the feet, and the grace of the attitude, are what may be seen in many other statues belonging to that astonishing era which produced it: such a countenance is seen in few.”

SHELLEY.

We have already seen that Minerva, not satisfied with being goddess of Wisdom, claimed also pre-eminence in beauty, although Paris by his judgment, gave the palm of loveliness to Venus.



M A R S.

Mars, the God of War, was the son of Juno, who jealous of the birth of Minerva, consulted Flora, and on the plains near Olenus, was shown by her a flower, through the very touch of which she might become a mother. The goddess tried, and from her touch sprang Mars. His education was entrusted by Juno to the god Priapus, who instructed him in dancing, and in every manly exercise. His trial before the celebrated court of Areopagus, for the murder of Hallirhotius, who insulted a daughter of Mars because she slighted his addresses, forms an important epoch in his history. The fiery blood of Mars, which would submit to no insult, was immediately in arms at so tender a point, and he slew the insulter. Neptune, father of the slain, cited Mars to appear before the tribunal of justice, to answer for the murder of his son. The cause was tried at Athens, in a place which has been called from thence Areopagus, and Mars was acquitted.

"Mars! God of Armies! mid the ranks of war,
Known by thy golden helm, and rushing car,
Before whose lance, with sound terrific, fall
The massy fortress and embattled wall.

"Father of victory! whose mighty powers,
And brazen spears, protect Olympus' towers;
By whom the brave to high renown are led,
Whom justice honours, and whom tyrants dread.
Hail! friend to man! whose cares to youth, impart
The arm unwearied, and the undaunted heart!"

HORACE.

During the Trojan war, Mars interested himself on the side of the Trojans; but while he defended these favourites of Venus with great activity, he was wounded by Diomedes, and hastily retreated to Heaven, complaining to Jupiter that Minerva had directed the unerring weapon of his antagonist.

"Wild with his pain, he sought the bright abodes,
There, sullen, sate beneath the sire of gods,
Shewed the celestial blood, and with a groan,
Thus poured his plaints before the immortal throne.
Can Jove, supine, flagitious acts survey
And brook the furies of the daring day?
For mortal men, celestial powers engage,
And gods on gods exert eternal rage.
From thee, O father! all these ills we bear,
And thy fell daughter with the shield and spear.

"Thou gavest that fury to the realms of light,
 Pernicious, wild, regardless of the right;
 All Heaven besides, reveres thy sovereign sway,
 Thy voice we hear, and thy behests obey:
 'Tis hers to offend, and e'en offending, share
 Thy breast, thy counsels, thy distinguished care:
 So boundless she, and thou so partial grown,
 Well may we deem, the wondrous birth thine own;
 Now frantic Diomed, at her command,
 Against the immortals lifts his raging hand;
 The heavenly Venus first his fury found:
 Me next encountering, me he dared to wound:
 Vanquished I fled; e'en I, the god of fight,
 From mortal madness, scarce was saved by flight,
 Else hadst thou seen me sink on yonder plain,
 Heaped round, and heaving under loads of slain,
 Or pierced with Grecian darts, for ages lie
 Condemned to pain, though fated not to die."

HOMER.

The Thunderer treated with disregard the complaint of Mars against his favourite daughter, and thus upbraided him:

"To me, perfidious! this lamenting strain,
 Of lawless force, shall lawless Mars complain?
 Of all the gods who tread the spangled skies,
 Thou most unjust, most odious in our eyes!
 Inhuman discord is thy dire delight,
 The waste of slaughter, and the rage of fight.
 No bound, no law, thy fiery temper quells,
 And all thy mother in thy soul rebels.
 In vain our threats, in vain our power, we use,
 She gives the example, and her son pursues.
 Yet long the inflicted pangs thou shalt not mourn,
 Sprung since thou art from Jove, and heavenly born:
 Else singed with lightning, hadst thou hence been thrown,
 Where, chained on burning rocks, the Titans groan."

HOMER.

Under the direction of Jupiter, the God of War soon recovered.

"Thus he, who shakes Olympus with his nod,
 Then gave to Pœon's care the bleeding god.
 With gentle hand, the balm he poured around,
 And healed th' immortal flesh, and closed the wound.
 Cleansed from the dust and gore, fair Hebe dressed
 His mighty limbs in an immortal vest,
 Glorious he sat, in majesty restored,
 Fast by the throne of Heaven's superior lord."

HOMER.

The worship of Mars, was not very universal among the ancients, nor were his temples very numerous in Greece, but among the warlike Romans he received great homage, as they were proud of sacrificing to a deity, whom they considered the patron of their city, and the father of the first of their monarchs; a faith to which

they loved to give credit. Among this people, it was customary for the consul, before he went on an expedition, to visit the temple of Mars, where he offered his prayers, and shook in a solemn manner, the spear which was in the hand of the statue of the God, exclaiming "*Mars vigila! God of War, watch over the safety of this city.*"

The influence of Cupid, as God of love, was felt even by Mars, who was compelled to acknowledge his power, and the sharpness of his arrows.

"As in the Lemnian caves of fire,
The mate of her who nursed desire,
Moulded the glowing steel, to form
Arrows for Cupid, melting, warm;
Once to this Lemnian cave of flame,
The crested lord of battles came;
'Twas from the ranks of war he rushed,
His spear with many a life-drop blushed;
He saw the mystic darts, and smiled
Derision on the archer child.
'And dost thou smile?' said little Love;
'Take this dart, and thou mayest prove
That tho' they pass the breeze's flight,
My bolts are not so feathery light.'
He took the shaft—and oh! thy look,
Sweet Venus! when the shaft he took,
He sighed, and felt the urchin's art,
He sighed in agony of heart;
'It is not light, I die with pain!
Take, take thine arrow back again.'
'No,' said the child 'it must not be,
That little dart was made for thee.'"

MOORE.

The result of his amour with Venus has been related in another part of this work.

He is usually represented in a chariot of steel, conducted by Bellona, goddess of War: on his cuirass are painted several monsters; the figures of Fury and Anger ornament his helmet, while Renown precedes him.

His priests, named Salii, carried small bucklers, supposed to be sacred, and to have fallen from the skies. To him was consecrated the cock, because it was vigilant and courageous, but they preferred offering the wolf; they sacrificed however, to him, all kinds of animals, and even human victims.

The statues and portraits of Mars, as the God of War, and consequently the winner of victory, have been very numerous.

His most celebrated temple at Rome, was built by Augustus, after the battle of Phillippi, and was dedicated to "Mars the avenger."



Rivers. And this is he, the fabled God of War.

Eradne. Aye, Mars the conqueror, see how he stands;
The lordly port, the eye of fierce command,
The threatening brow, and look that seems to dare
A thousand foes to battle.

—It was a beautiful faith that gave these gods
A name and office! Is he not glorious?

Rivers. To my poor thought, there's that within his glance
So fierce, I scarce dare meet it.

Eradne. It is your studious nature, yet methinks
To gaze upon that proud and haughty form,
To think upon the glorious deeds of war,
The pomp and pride and circumstance of battle,
The neighing of the steed, the clash of arms,
The banner waving in the glowing breeze,
The trumpet sound, the shout.

Oh! there is nought so beautiful as this.

Rivers. Aye, but to see the living and the dead,
Lying in mortal agony, side by side,
Their bright hair dabbled in unrighteous blood,
Their vestures tinctured with its gory red,
The quivering limb, the eye that's glazed in death,
The groan—

Eradne. 'Tis lost boy, in the drum and trumpet's voice,
'Tis lost in shouts of glorious victory,
'Tis lost in high, triumphal tones of gladness.

Rivers. But then to think upon the hearts that grieve,
For those who peril thus their lives in war,
The misery that sweeps along the brain,
The widows' moan, the orphans' tears of woe,
The love that watcheth at the midnight hour,
And hopeth on, but hopeth on in vain.

Evadne. And that is lost too in their country's shouts
The voice of gratitude for those that fell,
Drowns every thought in those who live to mourn ;
The hand of charity for those who are left
Fills every heart and dries up every fear ;
The record of a nation's loud applause,
Writes on their tombs in characters of brass,
And graves within our very souls, the words,
' Here lies his country's saviour.'

Rivers. But these can never pay the wrung in heart :
Pride is a poor exchange for those adored :
And even a nation with its giant strength,
Cannot supply the vacant place of love !

Evadne. Shame on such craven thoughts,
The image of the God frowns on your words—
All glorious Mars ! be thou my god and guide,
Be thou the image to fill up my heart,
Be thou the spirit leading me to glory,
And be my latest hour still cheered by thee,
While round me dwells the shout of victory !"

FLETCHER.

Mars was the presider over gladiators, and was the god of all exercises, which have in them a manly or spirited character.



NEPTUNE,

—————" The God whose potent hand
Shakes the tumultuous sea, and solid land:
The Ocean Lord, o'er Helicon who reigns,
O'er spacious *Ægæ's* wide extended plains;
To whom the gods, with equal skill concede,
To guide the bark and tame the fiery steed,"

HORACE.

was the son of Saturn, and brother to Jupiter, Pluto, and Juno; being restored to life by the draught administered to Saturn, the portion of the kingdom allotted to him was that of the sea. This, however, did not seem equivalent to the empire of heaven and earth, which Jupiter had claimed; he therefore conspired with the other gods to dethrone his brother. The conspiracy was discovered, and Jupiter condemned Neptune to assist in building the walls of Troy, and to be subservient to his sceptre for a year. When the work was completed, Laomedon refused to reward the labours of the god, and in retribution, his territories were soon afterwards laid waste by the god of the sea, and his subjects visited with a pestilence sent by Apollo.

Besides the dispute this deity had with Minerva, related in her history, he claimed the isthmus of Corinth from Apollo; and Briareus, the Cyclops, who was mutually chosen umpire, gave the isthmus to Neptune, and the promontory to Apollo.

Neptune, as god of the sea, was entitled to more power than any of the other deities, except Jupiter. Not only the oceans, rivers, and fountains, were subjected to him, but he could also cause earthquakes at pleasure, and raise islands from the sea by a blow of his trident.

—————" King of the stormy sea!
Brother of Jove, and co-inheritor
Of elements Eternally before
Thee, the waves awful bow. Fast, stubborn rock;
At thy feared trident, shrinking, doth unlock
Its deep foundations, hissing into foam.
All mountain-rivers, lost, in the wide home
Of thy capacious bosom, ever flow.
Thou frownest, and old *Æolus*, thy foe,
Skulks to his cavern, mid the gruff complaint
Of all his rebel tempests. Dark clouds faint
When, from thy diadem, a silver gleam
Slants over blue dominion. Thy bright team
Gulfs in the morning light, and scuds along
To bring thee nearer to that golden song

" Apollo singeth, while his chariot
 Waits at the door of heaven. Thou art not
 For scenes like this; an empire stern hast thou;
 And it hath furrowed that large front: yet now,
 As newly come of heaven, dost thou sit,
 To blend and inter-knit
 Sudued majesty with this glad time.
 O shell born king sublime!
 We lay our hearts before thee evermore—
 We sing and we adore!"

KEATS.

He obtained Amphitrite, daughter of Ocean, in marriage, through the skill of a dolphin, although she had made to herself



a vow of perpetual celibacy; and had by him, Triton, one of the sea deities. To the story of Neptune, may be attached the beautiful fable of Arion, the illustrious rival of Amphion and Orpheus.

This famous lyric poet and musician, having gone into Italy, with Periander, tyrant of Corinth, he obtained immense treasures through his profession. On his return to his native country with his riches, the sailors of the vessel in which he had embarked, resolved to murder him, that they might obtain possession of his wealth; when the poet discovered their intention, he endeavoured to outwit them.

"Allow me," said Arion, with all the earnestness of an enthusiast. "Ere I leave this world, oh! allow me to touch once more, and for the last time, the strings of the lyre which has so often cheered me: let the last moments of my life, be soothed by its gentle influence."

The boon was granted, and the divine strains of the master, issued in solemn beauty over the deep. At the sound, the traitors were struck silent, and hesitated in their course, but they had gone too far: it was too late to recede, and the poet was thrown into the deep. When lo! the dolphins, attracted by the sweet tones which they had heard, gathered round him; and Arion,



mounted on the back of one, and accompanied by the remainder, arrived safely at the end of his voyage. It is added, as an instance of the ingratitude of mortals, that the dolphin, having proceeded too far upon the sand, was unable to get back to the water, and the ungrateful Arion allowed his liberator to perish.

The worship of Neptune was established in almost every part of the earth, and the Libyans in particular, venerated him above all other Gods.

———"Great Neptune! I would be
Advanced to the freedom of the main,
And stand before your vast creation's plain,
And roam your waiery kingdom thro' and thro'

“ And see your branching woods and palace blue,
 Spar-built and domed with crystal: aye and view
 The bedded wonders of the lonely deep;
 And see on coral banks, the sea-maids sleep,
 Children of ancient Nereus, and behold
 Their streaming dance about their father old,
 Beneath the blue Egean; where he sate,
 Wedded to prophecy, and full of fate!
 Or rather, as Arion harped, indeed,
 Would I go floating on my billow-steed,
 Over the billows, and triumphing there,
 Call the white syren from her cave to share
 My joy, and kiss her willing forehead fair.”

ΚΗΑΤΑ.

To him was consecrated the horse, and in his honour were celebrated the Isthmian games. His throne was a chariot drawn by four fiery steeds; his stature is grand, and his appearance imposing; he wears the look of an old man, his long beard and hair, wet with the vapour of the water.

In his hand he holds the trident, which bids the waves of ocean to rise, and causes the thunder of its tempests. With this trident also, he shakes the world, and bids the earth to tremble.

During the *Consualia* of the Romans, horses were led through the streets, finely equipped, and crowned with garlands, as the God in whose honour the festivals were instituted, had produced the horse, an animal so beneficial for the use of mankind.

As monarch of the sea, he is supposed to have had possession of the deep, and all the treasures which the stormy winds sent to his domain.

“ What hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells?

Thou hollow-sounding, and mysterious main!

Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-coloured shells,

Bright things which gleam unrecked of, and in vain;

Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea.

We ask not such from thee!

“ Yet more, the depths have more! what wealth untold,

Far down, and shining thro' their stillness lies;

Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,

Won from ten thousand royal argosies;

Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main;

Earth claims not these again!

“ Yet more, the depths have more! thy waves have rolled,

Above the cities of a world gone by!

Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,

Sea-weed o'er-grown the halls of revelry.

Dash o'er them, ocean! in thy scornful play!

Man yields them to decay

Yet more! the billows and the depths have more!
 High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!
 They hear not now the booming waters roar,
 The battle thunders will not break their rest;
 Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave,
 Give back the true and brave!

"Give back the lost and lovely! those for whom
 The place was kept at board and hearth so long;
 The prayer went up thro' midnight's breathless gloom,
 And the vain yearning woke midst festal song!
 Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown,
 But all is not thine own!

"To thee the love of woman hath gone down,
 Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
 O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown,
 Yet must thou bear a voice—restore the dead!
 Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee!
 Restore the dead thou *SEE!*"
 HEMANS.

PLUTO.

The name of Pluto, as god of the kingdom of hell, and whatever is under the earth, where

—————"Cerberus, the cruel worm of death,
 Keeps watchful guard, and with his iron throat,
 Affrights the spirits in their pale sojourn,"
 TURLLOW.

is as well known to the readers of Mythology as that of his brother Jupiter.

The place of his residence being gloomy, and consequently unbearable to those goddesses whose hand he sought in marriage, and who looked for a gayer life than he could offer them, they all refused to become the sharer of his possessions. Pluto, however, was by no means willing to sit quietly down in single blessedness, thinking, perhaps, that the very reason which they assigned for their refusal, was an additional one in his favour for wishing a soother of his lot.

It was in his visit to the island of Sicily, that the God saw and became enamoured of Proserpine, as she gathered flowers in the plains of Enna.

———²⁰ He comes to us
 From the depths of Tartarus.
 For what of evil doth he roam
 From his red and gloomy home,
 In the centre of the world
 Where the sinful dead are hurled?
 Mark him as he moves along,
 Drawn by horses black and strong,
 Such as may belong to night,
 Ere she takes her morning flight,
 Now the chariot stops: the God
 On our grassy world hath trod,
 Like a Titan steppeth he,
 Yet full of his divinity.
 On his mighty shoulders lie
 Raven locks, and in his eye
 A cruel beauty, such as none
 Of us may wisely look upon."²¹

BARRY CORNWALL.

In vain she called upon her attendants for help, the God bore her off to his dominions, and she became his bride.



²⁰ So in Sicilia's ever blooming shade,
 The playful Proserpine from Ceres strayed,
 Led with unwary step her virgin trains
 O'er Etna's steeps, and Enna's golden plains;
 Plucked with fair hand the silver blossomed bowers,
 And purpled mead,—herself a fairer flower;

"Sudden, unseen amid the twilight glade,
 Rushed gloomy Dis, and seized the trembling maid.
 Her startling damsels sprung from mossy seats,
 Dropped from their gauzy laps the gathered sweets,
 Clung round the struggling nymph, with piercing cries
 Pursued the chariot, and invoked the skies;—
 Pleased as he grasps her in his iron arms,
 Frights with soft sighs, with tender words alarms;
 The wheels descending, rolled in smoky rings,
 Infernal Cupids flapped their demon wings;
 Earth with deep yawn received the fair amazed,
 And far in night, celestial beauty blazed."

DARWIN.

At the entrance of the place of torments was an enormous vestibule, tenanted by black Anxieties, Regrets, Groans, Remorse, pale Malady, Decay, Fright, Hunger, Poverty, Death, Sleep, fierce Joy, Rage, and the Eumenides, or Furies, who were seated on a couch of iron, and crowned with blood-stained serpents. A deep and dark cavern led towards Tartarus, which was surrounded by the river Acheron; Charon conducted over this water the souls of those sent to him by Death, while any to whom the rites of sepulchre had not been granted, were for a hundred years allowed to solicit their passage in vain. If any living person presented himself to cross the lake, he could not be admitted before he showed Charon a golden bough; and Charon was once imprisoned for a year, because he had ferried Hercules over without this passport.

Cerberus, a dog with three heads, watched at the entrance to Tartarus.

"A horrid dog and grim, couched on the floor,
 Guards, with malicious art, the sounding door;
 On each, who in the entrance first appears,
 He fawning wags his tail, and cocks his ears:
 If any strive to measure back the way,
 Their steps he watches, and devours his prey."

HESIOD.

Surrounded by an outer wall of iron, this terrible place was enclosed within a wall of adamant.

Pluto is generally represented as holding a trident with three prongs, and has a key in his hand, to intimate that whoever enters can never return. He is considered as a hard-hearted and inexorable deity, with a grim and dismal countenance, for which reason, temples were not raised to his honour, as to the remainder of the gods; though the story of Orpheus shews that he could be occasionally less severe.

"When ill-fated Orpheus tuned to woe
 His potent lyre, and sought the realms below;
 Charmed into life unreal forms respired,
 And list'ning shades the dulcet note admired.
 Love led the sage through Death's tremendous porch,
 Cheered with his smile, and lighted with his torch;
 Hell's triple dog his playful jaws expands,
 Fawns round the god, and licks his baby hands;
 In wondering groups the shadowy nations throng,
 And sigh or simper, as he steps along;
 Sad swains, and nymphs forlorn, on Lethe's brink,
 Hug their past sorrows, and refuse to drink;
 Night's dazzled empress feels the golden flame
 Play round her breast, and melt her frozen frame;
 Charms with soft words, and soothes with amorous wiles,
 Her iron-hearted lord, and Pluto smiles.
 His trembling bride the bard triumphant led
 From the pale mansions of the astonished dead;
 Gave the fair phantom to admiring light,
 Ah! soon again to tread irrevocable night!"

DARWIN.

Black victims, and particularly the bull, were the only sacrifices which were offered to him, and their blood was not sprinkled on the altars, but permitted to run down into the earth to penetrate the realms of the God.

The Syracusans paid yearly homage to him near the fountain of Cyane, into which one of the attendant maidens of Proserpine had been metamorphosed, and where he had, according to the received traditions, disappeared with the goddess.

——"On the ground,
 She sinks without a single sound,
 And all her garments float around;
 Again, again she rises light,
 Her head is like a fountain bright,
 And her glossy ringlets fall
 With a murmur musical,
 O'er her shoulders, like a river
 That rushes and escapes for ever.
 Is the fair Cyane gone?
 Is this fountain left alone
 For a sad remembrance, where
 We may in after times repair,
 With heavy heart and weeping eye,
 To sing songs to her memory?"

BARRY CORNWALL.

From the functions, and the place he inhabited, he received different names, and became the god of the infernal regions, of death, and of funerals.

That he might govern with order and regularity, the spirits who

were inhabitants of his vast dominions, he committed part of his power to three judges of the infernal regions, of whom Minos and



Rhadamanthus were the most important. He sate in the middle, holding a sceptre in his hand. The dead pleaded their different causes before him, and the impartial judge shakes the fatal urn which is filled with the destinies of mankind. Rhadamanthus was employed in compelling the dead to confess their crimes, and in punishing them for their offences.

“ Awful Rhadamanthus rules the state,
He hears and judges each committed crime,
Inquires into the manner, place, and time:
The conscious wretch must all his acts reveal,
Loth to confess, unable to conceal,
From the first moment of his vital breath,
To his last year of unrepenting death.”

Amongst the most notorious criminals plunged in Tartarus, were the Titans; Sisyphus, a celebrated robber, condemned to roll an enormous stone to the summit of a high mountain, from which it fell again without ceasing, that he might be eternally employed in this punishment; Ixion who had dared to offer impure vows to Juno, and was affixed to a wheel which went constantly round, rendering his punishment also eternal; with Tantalus, condemned to a burning thirst, and surrounded by the grateful liquid which always vanished before his touch.

-----“Tantalus condemned to hear
The precious stream still purling in his ear;
Lip-deep in what he longs for, and yet curst
With prohibition and perpetual thirst.”

COWPER.

The Danaides, daughters of Danaus, king of Argos, were also there, who, in obedience to the cruel advice of their parent, had



caused their husbands to perish; with Tityus, who having had the audacity to attempt the honour of Latona, was doomed to feel a vulture constantly gnawing his entrails.

Ulysses sought the realm of Pluto, among his many adventures.

“When lo! appeared along the dusky coasts,
Thin, airy shoals of visionary ghosts:
Fair, pensive youths, and young enamoured maids;
And withered elders, pale and wrinkled shades;
Ghastly with wounds the forms of warriors slain,
Stalked with majestic port, a martial train;
These and a thousand more, swarmed o’er the ground,
And all the dire assembly shrieked around.
Astonished at the sight, aghast I stood,
And a cold fear ran shivering through my blood.”

While here he saw the ghosts of all those famed in story, who had descended to the infernal regions for punishment.

“High on a throne, tremendous to behold,
Stern Minos waves a mace of burnished gold;
Around, ten thousand, thousand spectres stand,
Thro’ the wide dome of Dis, a trembling band.
Still as they plead, the fatal lot he rolls,
Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty souls.

There huge Orion, of portentous size,
Swift thro’ the gloom, a giant hunter flies;
A ponderous mace of brass with direful sway
Aloft he whirls to crush the savage prey!
Stern beasts in trains that by his truncheon fell,
Now grisly forms, shoot o’er the lawns of hell.

There Tityus, large and long, in fetters bound,
O’erspreads nine acres of infernal ground;

Two ravenous vultures, furious for their food,
Scream o'er the fiend, and riot in his blood,
Incessant gore the liver in his breast,
Th' immortal liver grows, and gives the immortal feast.

There Tantalus along the Stygian bounds
Pours out deep groans (with groans all hell resounds);
Ev'n in the circling floods refreshment craves,
And pines with thirst amidst a sea of waves;
When to the water he his lip applies,
Back from his lip the treacherous water flies,
Above, beneath, around his hapless head,
Trees of all kinds delicious fruitage spread;
There figs sky-dy'd, a purple hue disclose,
Green looks the olive, the pomegranate grows,
There dangling pears exalting scents unfold,
And yellow apples ripen into gold:
The fruit he strives to seize, but blasts arise,
Toss it on high, and whirl it to the skies.

I turned my eye, and, as I turned, surveyed
A mournful vision! the Sisyphean shade;
With many a weary step, and many a groan,
Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone;
The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,
Thunders impetuous down and smokes along the ground,
Again the restless orb his toil renews,
Dust mounts in clouds, and sweat descends in dews."



M E R C U R Y.

Though according to Cicero, there were no less than five gods of this name; yet to the son of Jupiter and Maia, the actions of all the others have been probably attributed, as he is the most famous and the best known.

Mercury was the messenger of the gods and the patron of travellers and shepherds; he conducted the souls of the dead into the infernal regions, and not only presided over orators and merchants, but was also the god of thieves, pickpockets, and all dishonest persons.

—————“A babe, all babes excelling,
A schemer subtle beyond all belief,
A shepherd of thin dreams, a cow stealing,
A night watching and door waylaying thief.”

SHELLEY.

The day following his birth he offered an early proof of his dishonest propensities, by stealing away the oxen of Admetus which Apollo tended.

“The babe was born at the first peep of day,
He began playing on the lyre at noon,
And the same evening did he steal away
Apollo’s herds.”

SHELLEY.

He gave another proof of this propensity, by throwing himself upon the timid Cupid, and wrestling from him his quivers; and



increased his notoriety by robbing Venus of her girdle, Mars of his sword, Jupiter of his sceptre, and Vulcan of his mechanical instruments.

“Hermes with gods and men, even from that day
Mingled and wrought the latter much annoy,
And little profit, going far astray,
Through the dun night.”

SHELLEY.

As the messenger of Jupiter, he was entrusted with all his secrets and permitted to make himself invisible whenever he pleased, or to assume any shape he chose.

The invention of the lyre and seven strings is ascribed to him, which he gave to Apollo, and received in exchange the celebrated caduceus, with which the God of poetry used to drive the flocks of King Admetus. This celebrated instrument was a rod entwined at one end by two serpents.

"Come take
The lyre—be mine the glory of giving it—
Strike the sweet chords, and sing aloud and wake
The joyous pleasure out of many a fit
Of tranced sound—and with fleet fingers make
Thy liquid voiced comrade talk with thee;
It can talk measured music eloquently.
Then bear it boldly to the revel loud,
Love wakening dance, or feast of solemn state,
A joy by night or day, for those endowed
With art and wisdom, who interrogate!
It teaches, bubbling in delightful mood
All things which make the spirit most elate,
Soothing the mind with sweet familiar play,
Chasing the heavy shadows of dismay."

SHELLEY.

"O Hermes, thou who couldst of yore
Amphion's bosom warm,
And breathe into his strains the power,
The rugged rocks to charm;
Breathe, breathe into my lyre's soft string,
And bid its music sweet notes fling,
For what O lyre, can thee withstand?
Touched by an Orpheus' magic hand,
Thou calm'st the tiger's wrath:
The listening woods thou draw'st along,
The rivers stay to hear thy song,
And listen still as death.
Tityos with pleasure heard thy strain,
And Ixion smiled amid his pain."

HORACE.

Numerous were the modes of sacrifice to Mercury, and the places in which they were offered; among others, the Roman merchants yearly celebrated a festival in his honour. After the votaries had sprinkled themselves with water, they offered prayers to the divinity, and entreated him to be favourable to them, and to forgive any artful measures, perjuries, or falsehoods they had used in the pursuit of gain; and this may be considered to have been particularly necessary when it is remembered that the merchants, who had promised him all the incense in the world to obtain his

protection, proved that they had profited by his principles, by offering him only a hundredth part, when they had secured his good offices.

Jupiter soon missed the services of his intelligent messenger, and recalled him to Olympus. Here, Mercury rendering some kindness to Venus, the goddess fell in love with him, and bore to him Hermaphrodite, a child which united the talents of his father with the graces of his mother; at the age of fifteen, he began to travel, and bathing one day in a fountain in Cana, excited the passion of Salmaeis, the nymph who presided over it.

“ From both the illustrious authors of his race
The child was named; nor was it hard to trace
Both the bright parents through the infant’s face.
When fifteen years, in Ida’s cool retreat,
The boy had told, he left his native seat,
And sought fresh fountains in a foreign soil:
The pleasure lessened the attending toil.
With eager steps the Lycian fields he crossed,
And fields that border on the Lycian coast;
A river here he viewed so lovely bright,
It showed the bottom in a fairer light,
Nor kept a sand concealed from human sight.
The fruitful banks with cheerful verdure crowned,
And kept the spring eternal on the ground.
A nymph presides, nor practised in the chase,
Nor skilful at the bow, nor at the race;
Of all the blue-eyed daughters of the main,
The only stranger to Diana’s train;
Her sisters often, as ’tis said, would cry
‘ Fye, Salmaeis, what always idle! fye;
Or take the quiver, or the arrows seize
And mix the toils of hunting with thy ease.’
Nor quivers she, nor arrows e’er would seize,
Nor mix the toils of hunting with her ease;
But oft would bathe her in the crystal tide,
Oft with a comb her dewy locks divide;
Now in the limped streams she views her face,
And dressed her image in the floating glass:
On beds of leaves she now reposed her limbs,
Now gathered flowers that grew about her streams,
And there by chance was gathering as she stood
To view the boy—”

OVID.

Hermaphroditus continued deaf to all entreaties and offers; and Salmaeis, throwing her arms around him, entreated the Gods to render her inseparable from him whom she adored. The Gods heard her prayer, and formed of the two, a being of perfect beauty, preserving the characteristics of both sexes.

Offerings were made to him of milk and honey, because he was the God of eloquence, whose powers were sweet and persuasive. Sometimes his statues represent him without arms, because the power of speech can prevail over everything.

The Greeks and Romans celebrated his festivals, principally in the month of May. They frequently placed on his back the statue of Minerva, and offered to him the tongues of the victims whom they immolated to the goddess.

"Who beareth the world on his shoulders so broad;
Hear me, thou power, who, of yore, by thy words
Couldst soften the hearts of the barbarous hordes,
And by the Palæstia taught him of the wild
To be gentle, and graceful, and meek as a child.
Thou messenger fleet of the cloud-throned sire,
'Twas thou who inventedst the golden-stringed lyre;
I hail thee the patron of craft and of guile,
To laugh while you grieve, to deceive while you smile,
When you chafed into wrath bright Apollo of old,
His dun-coloured steers having stol'n from the fold,
He laughed; for, while talking all fiercely he found
That his quiver, alack! from his back was unbound.
'Twas thou, who old Priam didst guide on his way,
When he passed unperceived thro' the hostile array,
Of the proud sons of Atreus, who sought to destroy
The towers of high Ilium, the city of Troy.
O Hermes, 'tis thou who conductest the blest
To the seats where their souls shall for ever exist,
Who governest their shades by the power of thy spell,
The favourite of Heaven, the favourite of Hell."

HORACE.



NEREIDS.

These divinities were children of Nereus and Dorus. As the Dryads and Hamadryads presided over forests—as the Naiads watched over fountains and the sources of rivers—as the Oreads were the peculiar guardians of the hills, so the Nereids guided and commanded the waves of the ocean, and were implored as its deities. They had altars chiefly on the coast of the sea, where the piety of mankind made offerings of milk, oil, and honey, and often of the flesh of goats. When they were on the sea shore, they generally resided in grottos and caves, adorned with shells.

There were fifty of them, all children of Nereus, who is represented as an old man with a long flowing beard, and hair of an azure colour. The chief place of his residence was in the Egean



Sea, where he was attended by his daughters, who often danced in chorus round him. He had the gift of prophecy, and informed those who consulted him, of the fate which awaited them, though such was the god's aversion to his task, that he often evaded the importunities of the inquirers, by assuming different shapes, and totally escaping from their grasp.

DIVINITIES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

The gods of the first order, were endowed by the writers of antiquity, with natures partly real, and partly imaginary. By their power, the government of the universe was carried on; but mortals in attributing to these gods their own passions and weaknesses, began to blend with them divinities of a secondary class, to preside over those less important affairs, which might be supposed unworthy the notice of the superior intelligences.

For the most part, therefore, these Immortals have no origin in history; but, as allusions are constantly made to them in the eloquent language of the orator, or in the beautiful metaphor of the poet, it is necessary to introduce those who are considered to be the most celebrated.

And for the future, the poetry offered will principally be that which relates rather to the attributes they were supposed to possess, than to the gods themselves. Thus, with such deities as Æolus and Mors, we shall introduce poems addressed to the Wind and Death, over which they presided, as suited to the modern character of our Mythology, and more generally appreciated by the readers of the nineteenth century.

DIVINITIES OF THE EARTH.

P A N.

Pan was the god of shepherds, and of all inhabitants of the country; he was the son of Mercury by Driope, and is usually described as possessing two small horns on his head, his complexion ruddy, his nose flat, and his legs, thighs, tail and feet hairy, like those of a goat. When he was brought into the world, the nurse, terrified at sight of him, ran away in horror, and his father wrapping him up in the skins of beasts, carried him to Heaven, where Jupiter and the other Gods, entertained themselves with the oddity of his appearance; Bacchus was delighted with him, and gave him the name of Pan.

—————"Sprang the rude God to light;
Of dreadful form, and horrible to sight;
Goat-footed, horned, yet full of sport and joy,
The nurse, astonished, fled the wondrous boy:

His shaggy limbs, the trembling matron feared,
 His face distorted, and his rugged beard:
 But Hermes from her hands received the child,
 And on the infant god auspicious smiled.
 In the thick fur wrapped of a mountain hare,
 His arms the boy to steep Olympus bear;
 Proudly he shows him to imperial Jove,
 High seated 'mid the immortal powers above.
 With friendly joy and love, the race divine,
 But chiefly Bacchus, god of mirth and wine,
 Received the dauntless god, whom Pan they call,
 Pan, for his song delights the breast of all."

HORACE.

This god of the shepherds chiefly resided in Arcadia, where the woods and the mountains were his habitation.

—————" His mighty palace roof doth hang
 From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth
 Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death,
 Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness.
 Who loves to see the hamadryads dress
 Their ruffled locks, where meeting hazels darken,
 And through whole solemn hours, dost sit and harken
 The dreary melody of bedded reeds."

KEATS.

The flute was invented by Pan, and formed of seven reeds, which he called Syrinx, in honour of a beautiful nymph of the same name, who, refusing his addresses, was changed into a reed.

—————" A nymph of late there was,
 Whose heavenly form her fellows did surpass,
 The pride and joy of fair Arcadia's plains,
 Beloved by deities, adored by swains.
 Like Phœbe clad, e'en Phœbe's self she seems,
 So tall, so straight, such well proportioned limbs,
 The nicest eye did no distinction know
 But that the goddess bore a golden bow,
 Descending from Lycæus, Pan admires
 The matchless nymph, and burns with new desires.
 A crown of pine upon his head he wore,
 And then began her pity to implore.
 But ere he thus began, she took her flight,
 So swift she was already out of sight,
 Nor staid to hear the courtship of the god:
 But bent her course to Ladon's gentle flood:
 There by the river stopped, and tired before
 Relief from water-nymphs her prayers implore,
 Now while the rural god with speedy pace,
 Just thought to strain her in his strict embrace,
 He filled his arms with reeds, new rising in the place:
 And while he sighs his ill success to find,
 The tender canes were shaken by the wind,
 And breathed a mournful air unheard before,
 That much surprizing Pan, yet pleased him more,

Admiring this new music, 'Thou' he said,
 'Who cans't not be the partner of my bed,
 At least shall be the consort of my mind,
 And often, often to my lips be joined.'
 He formed the reeds, proportioned as they are,
 Unequal in their length and waxed with care,
 They still retain the name of his ungrateful fair."

OVID.

He was continually employed in deceiving the neighbouring nymphs, and often with success. Though deformed in shape and features, he had the good fortune to captivate Diana in the appearance of a beautiful white goat.



His adventure with Omphale is amusing; while the latter was travelling with Hercules, a sacrifice which was to take place on the following day, caused Omphale and the hero to seek separate apartments. In the night, Pan introduced himself, and went to the bed

of the queen; but there seeing the lion's skin of Hercules, he fancied he had made a mistake, and repaired to that of the hero; where the female dress which the latter had adopted, deceived the rural God, and he laid himself down by his side. The hero awoke, and kicked the intruder into the middle of the room. The noise aroused Omphale, and Pan was discovered lying on the ground, greatly discomfited and ashamed.

The worship of Pan was well established, particularly in Arcadia, and his statue was usually placed under the shadow of a pine-tree.



Upon his altars were laid both honey and milk, fit offerings for a rural divinity.

“With cloven feet and horsed front who roves
With choirs of nymphs, amid the echoing groves;
He joins in active dance the virgin throng,
To Pan, the pastoral god, they raise the song.

“To Pan, with tangled locks, whose footsteps tread
Each snow-crowned hill, and mountain's lofty head;
Or wander careless through the lowly brake,
Or by the borders of the lucid lake.”

HORACE.

He loved the nymph Echo, but in this instance was unsuccessful in his passion, for the latter adored the beautiful Narcissus, and

wandered over hill and dale in search of the youth on whom she had lavished all her affections, but who unfortunately returned them not.

To whom is not the tale of the self-slain Narcissus known, though perhaps the exquisite story of Echo's love for him may be less familiar to the mind.

After Echo had been dismissed by Jupiter, for her loquacity in proclaiming his numerous amours, she fell in love with the beautiful Narcissus.

"And at the sight of the fair youth she glows,
And follows silently where'er he goes."

Unable, however, to address him first, she waited the sound of his beloved voice.

"Now several ways his young companions gone,
And for some time Narcissus left alone,
'Where are you all?' at last she hears him call,
And she straight answers him, '*where are you all?*'"

"'Speak yet again,' he cries, 'is any nigh?'
Again the mournful Echo answers, '*I,*'
'Why come not you,' he said, 'appear in view,'
She hastily returns, '*why come not you?*'"

"'Then let us join,' at last Narcissus said,
'*Then let us join,*' replied the ravished maid."

In vain had the wondering youth up to this moment looked for the frolic companions, whom he imagined had hid themselves in play. But Echo, charmed with his last exclamation, hastily appeared, and threw herself on the bosom of the astonished youth, who, far from submitting with pleasure to the intrusion,

"With all his strength unlocks her fold,
And breaks unkindly from her feeble hold;
Then proudly cries, 'life shall this breast forsake,
Ere you, loose nymph, on me your pleasure take;
'*On me your pleasure take,*' the nymph replies
While from her the disdainful hunter flies."

As the youth wandered on, anxious only to escape from the society of Echo, he suddenly came upon a fountain, in which, as he reclined on the ground, he fancied he saw the figure of a beautiful nymph.

"Deep through the spring, his eye-balls dart their beams,
Like midnight stars that twinkle in the streams,
His ivory neck the crystal mirror shows,
His waving hair, above the surface flows,
His own perfections all his passions moved,
He loves himself, who for himself was loved."

Half maddened by the appearance of a beauty, of which hitherto he had been unconscious, he made every possible effort to grasp what appeared to be the guardian spirit of the water.

“ Oft with his down-thrust arms he thought to fold,
About that neck that still deludes his hold,
He gets no kisses from those cozening lips,
His arms grasp nothing, from himself he slips;
He knows not what he views, and yet pursues
His desperate love, and burns for what he views.”

Nothing could win the self-enamoured boy from his devoted passion; but bending over the lucid spring, he fed his eyes with the delusive shade which seemed to gaze on him from the depths. At last

“ Streaming tears from his full eye-lids fell,
And drop by drop, raised circles in the well,
The several rings larger and larger spread,
And by degrees dispersed the fleeting shade.”

Narcissus fancied that the nymph upon whom he supposed he had been gazing, was deserting him, and unable to bear the misery which the thought occasioned, he wounded himself in his agony,



deeming that life without her would be insupportable. Echo, however resentful she had felt for the scorn with which he had treated her, hovered near his footsteps and witnessed this last infatuation with redoubled sorrow.

" Now hanging o'er the spring his drooping head,
 With a sad sigh these dying words he said,
 ' Ah! boy beloved in vain,' thro' all the plain
 Echo resounds, ' Ah! boy beloved in vain!'
 ' Farewell,' he cries, and with that word he died,
 ' Farewell,' the miserable nymph replied.
 Now pale and breathless on the grass he lies,
 For death had shut his miserable eyes."

The Gods, however, taking pity upon his melancholy fate, changed him into the flower Narcissus.

Many morals have been attempted to be deduced from this beautiful fable, but in none of them have their authors been very successful, unless we may gather a warning of the fatal effects of self-love.

" What first inspired a bard of old to sing
 Narcissus pining o'er the mountain spring?
 In some delicious ramble, he had found
 A little space, with boughs all woven round,
 And in the midst of all a clearer pool
 Than ere reflected in its pleasant cool
 The blue sky, here and there divinely peeping
 Through tendril wreaths, fantastically creeping;
 And on the bank a lonely flower he spied,
 A meek and forlorn flower with nought of pride,
 Drooping its beauty o'er the watery clearness
 To woo its own sweet image unto nearness;
 Deaf to light Zephyrus, it would not move,
 But still would seem to droop, to pine, to love;
 So while the poet stood in this sweet spot;
 Some fainted dreamings o'er his fancy shot;
 Nor was it long ere he had told the tale
 Of young Narcissus, and sad Echo's vale."

KEATS.

Poor Pan, undeterred by the zealous passion of Echo for Narcissus, still continued to love her, and pleased himself by wandering in the woods and deserts, there calling upon her, for the pleasure of hearing her voice in reply.

" In thy cavern-hall,
 Echo! art thou sleeping?
 By the fountain's fall
 Dreamy silence keeping?
 Yet one soft note borne
 From the shepherd's horn,
 Wakes thee, Echo! into music leaping,
 Strange sweet Echo! into music leaping.
 " Then the woods rejoice,
 Then glad sounds are swelling,
 From each sister voice
 Round thy rocky dwelling;
 And their sweetness fills
 All the hollow hills,

With a thousand notes of *one* life telling!
Softly mingled notes, of *one* life telling.

"Echo! in my heart
Thus deep thoughts are lying,
Silent and apart,
Buried, yet undying,
Till some gentle tone
Wakening haply *one*,
Calls a thousand forth, like thee replying!
Strange sweet Echo, even like thee replying."

HEMANS.

This god, so adored and loved in the country, had the power of spreading terror and confusion when he pleased. The Gauls, who under Brennus, invaded Greece, when on the point of pillaging the Temple at Delphi, were seized with a sudden panic and took to flight. This terror was attributed to Pan, and they believed all panics, the cause of which was unknown, were produced by him.

It was by the counsel of Pan, that the Gods at the moment of the assault of Typhon, took the figures of various animals, changing himself into a goat, the skin of which was transported to Heaven, and formed the sign of Capricorn.

"From the forests and highlands,
We come, we come!
From the river-girt islands,
Where the loud waves are dumb,
Listening to my sweet piping.
The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
The bees in the bells of the lime,
The birds in the myrtle bushes,
The cicale above in the thyme,
And the lizard below in the grass,
Were as silent as ever old Timolus was,
Listening to my sweet piping.
Liquid Peneus was flowing,
And all dark Tempe lay
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
The light of the dying day,
Speeded by my sweet piping.
The Sileni, and Sylvans, and Fauns,
And the nymphs of woods, and waves,
To the edge of the moist river lawns,
And the brink of the dewy caves,
And all that did there attendant follow,
Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,
With envy of my sweet piping.
"I sang of the dancing stars,
I sang of the dædal earth,
And of heaven, and giant wars,
And love, and death, and birth,—
And then I changed my piping.

Singing how down the vale of Menalus,
 I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed ;
 Gods and men were all deluded thus,
 It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed :
 All wept, as I think both ye now would,
 If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
 At the sorrow of my sweet pipings."

FAUNS, SYLVANS, AND SATYRS.

The Fauns were descended from Faunus, son of Picus King of Italy, who was changed by Circe into a woodpecker.

" Faunus who lov'st, thro' woodland glade,
 To pursue the Sylvan maid,
 Pass propitious now, I pray,
 Where my tender lambkins stray :
 Let each field and mountain high,
 Own thy genial presence nigh.
 Since with each returning year,
 In thy presence, I appear,
 With the victim's votive blood,
 Mighty monarch of the wood,
 And upon thy sacred shrine,
 Place the love inspiring wine,
 And, o'er all that hallowed ground,
 Make the incense breathe around,
 Hear O Faunus, bear my prayer,
 My lands to bless, my flocks to spare.
 When December's nones return
 Labour's yoke no more is borne,
 Sport the cattle in the meads,
 The blythesome dance the peasant leads,
 Even, 'mid that time of peace,
 Beasts of prey their fury cease,
 The lambkin roams all free and bold,
 Tho' feeds the wolf beside the fold,
 Knowing well thy potent arm
 Then protects from every harm.
 Lo, to hail the Sylvan king,
 Woods their leafy honours bring,
 Strewing in profusion gay,
 Verdant foliage all the way.
 Freed from toil, the labourer blythe
 Flings aside the spade and scythe,
 Glad to trip in nimble jig,
 The earth which he dislikes to dig."

HORACE.

They were the divinities of the woods and fields, and were represented as having the legs, feet, and ears of goats; the remainder of the body being human; the lamb and kid were offered to them by the peasants with great solemnity.

The Sylvans were the children of the foster father of God Bacchus, who accompanied the latter in all his travels. Bacchus having been well received and entertained at the court of Midas, King of Phrygia, he obtained from him the choice of whatever recompense he should name. Midas demanded the power of turning all that he touched into gold.

“ Give me,” says he, (nor thought he asked too much,)
 ‘ That with my body whatsoever I touch,
 Changed from the nature which it held of old,
 May be converted into yellow gold :’
 He had his wish : but yet the god repined,
 To think the fool no better wish could find.
 But the brave king departed from the place,
 With smiles of gladness, sparkling in his face :
 Nor could contain, but, as he took his way,
 Impatient longs to make the first essay ;
 Down from a lowly branch a twig he drew,
 The twig strait glittered with a sparkling hue :
 He takes a stone, the stone was turned to gold,
 A clod he touches, and the crumbling mould
 Acknowledged soon the great transforming power,
 In weight and substance like a mass of ore.
 He plucked the corn, and straight his grasp appears,
 Filled with a bending tuft of golden ears.
 An apple next he takes, and seems to hold
 The bright, Hesperian, vegetable gold.
 His hand he careless on a pillar lays,
 With shining gold, the fluted pillars blaze.
 And while he wishes, as the servants pour,
 His touch converts the stream to Danae’s shower.”

OVID.

He was quickly brought however to repent his avarice, when the very meat which he attempted to eat, turned to gold in his mouth, and the wine to the same metal, as it passed down his throat. He was now as anxious to be delivered from this fatal gift, as he was before to receive it, and implored the god to revoke a present so fatal to the recipient.

“ The ready slaves prepare a sumptuous board,
 Spread with rich dainties for their happy lord,
 Whose powerful hands the bread no sooner hold,
 But its whole substance is transformed to gold :
 Up to his mouth he lifts the savoury meat,
 Which turns to gold as he attempts to eat :
 His patron’s noble juice, of purple hue,
 Touched by his lips a gilded cordial grew :
 Unfit for drink, and wondrous to behold,
 It trickles from his jaws a fluid gold.
 The rich, poor fool confounded with surprize,
 Staring on all his various plenty lies :

Sick of his wish, he now detests the power
 For which he asked so earnestly before :
 Amidst his gold with pinching famine curst,
 And justly tortured with an equal thirst.
 At last his shining arms to heaven he rears
 And, in distress, for refuge flies to prayers.
 ' O father Bacchus, I have sinned,' he cried,
 ' And foolishly thy gracious gift applied,
 Thy pity now, repenting, I implore ;
 Oh ! may I feel the golden plague no more !''

OVID.

He was told to wash himself in the river Pactolus; he performed the necessary ablution, and the very sands were turned into gold by the touch of Midas. Divine honours were given to Silenus in Arcadia, and from him the Fauns and Satyrs are often called Sileni.

The Satyrs, also gods of the Country, were considered as mischievous, and inspired by their appearance, great fright in the shepherds—although they bore with them a flute or tambourine, to make the nymphs dance, when they inflamed their senses by the



burning nature of their harmony, and the rapid measure with which they trod to the music of these demi-gods.

To them were offered the first fruits of everything, and they attended chiefly upon Bacchus, rendering themselves conspicuous in his orgies, by their riot and lasciviousness. It is said, that a Satyr was brought to Sylla, as that general returned from Thessaly; the monster had been surprised asleep in a cave; his voice was inarticulate, when brought into the presence of the Roman

general, and Sylla was so disgusted with the sight, that he ordered it instantly to be removed. The creature is said to have answered the description which poets and painters have given of the Satyrs.

Priapus was the most celebrated among them, as the son of Venus, who meeting Bacchus on his return from his Indian expedition, was enamoured of him, and with the assistance of Juno, became the mother of Priapus. Juno having vowed vengeance against the goddess of beauty, took that opportunity to deform her son in all his limbs; notwithstanding which, as he grew up, his inclinations and habits became so vicious, that he was known as the god of lewdness. His festivals took place principally at Lampsacus, where they consecrated the ass to him; and the people naturally indolent, gave themselves up to every impurity during the celebration. When however his worship was introduced into Rome, he became more the God of Orchards and Gardens, than the patron of licentiousness. He was there crowned with the leaves of the vine, and sometimes with laurel or rocket, the last of these plants, which is said to raise the passions and excite love, being sacred to him.

The Sylvans, were, like the Fauns and Satyrs, the guardian deities of the woods and wild places of the earth.

Terminus was a somewhat curious divinity, presiding over bounds and limits, and punishing all usurpation. His worship was first introduced by Numa Pompilius, who persuaded his subjects that the limits of their lands and states, were under the immediate inspection of heaven. His temple was on the Tarpeian rock, and he was represented with a human head, though without feet or arms, to intimate that he never moved, wherever he might be placed.

The people of the country assembled once a year with their families, and crowned with garlands and flowers, the stones which divided their different possessions. It is said that when Tarquin the proud, wished to build a temple on the Tarpeian rock to Jupiter, the God Terminus refused to give place, though the other gods resigned theirs with cheerfulness, and the oracles declared from this, that the extent of the Empire should never be lessened.

H E B E

was the daughter of Jupiter and Juno; though by many she is said to be the daughter of Juno only, who conceived her after eating lettuces.

Being fair, and always possessed of the bloom of beauty and youth, she was termed the Goddess of youth, and made by her mother the cup-bearer to all the Gods.

She was dismissed from her office by Jupiter, however, because she fell down as she was pouring nectar to the Gods, at a grand festival, and Ganymedes, a favourite of Jupiter, succeeded to her office.

“ ’Twas on a day
When the immortals at their banquet lay,
The bowl
Sparkled with starry dew,
The weeping of those myriad urns of light,
Within whose orbs, the almighty Power
At nature's dawning hour
Stored the rich fluid of ethereal soul.

* But oh!

Bright Hebe, what a tear,
And what a blush were thine,
When, as the breath of every Grace
Wafted thy feet along the studded sphere
With a bright cup, for Jove himself to drink,
Some star, that shone beneath thy tread,
Raising its amorous head
To kiss those matchless feet,
And all heaven's host of eyes.
Checked thy career so fleet:
Entranced, but fearful all,
Saw thee, sweet Hebe, prostrate fall.

But the bright cup? the nectared draught
Which Jove himself was to have quaffed!
Alas, alas, upturned it lay
By the fallen Hebe's side;
While in slow lingering drops, th' ethereal tide,
As conscious of its own rich essence, ebb'd away.”

MOORE.

Her mother employed her to prepare her chariot, and to harness her peacocks, when required. To her was granted the power of restoring to age the vigour of youth; and after Hercules was elevated to the rank of a God, he became reconciled to Juno by marrying her daughter Hebe.

THE CENTAURS.

After the creation of the Fauns and Sylvans by the poets, the imagination of the latter invented the Centaur, a monster, of which the superior part was that of a man, and the remainder that of the horse.



Lycus, a mortal, being detained by Circe in her magical dominion, was beloved by a water-nymph who desired to render him immortal; she had recourse to the sorceress, and Circe gave her an incantation to pronounce.

As Lycus walked sorrowfully in the enchanted place, astonished at the many wondrous things which met his eye, he beheld

—————“ The realized nymph of the stream,
Rising up from the wave, with the bend and the gleam
Of a fountain, and o'er her white arms she kept throwing
Bright torrents of hair, that went flowing and flowing
In falls to her feet, and the blue waters rolled
Down her limbs like a garment, in many a fold.”

Hood.

Struck with each other's charms they loved, but unhappily the nymph, in her anxiety for her lover's immortality, and while calling upon her mistress to assist her, saw

—————“ The Witch Queen of that place,
Even Circe the Cruel, that came like a death
Which I feared, and yet fled not, for want of my breath,
There was thought in her face, and her eyes were not raised
From the grass at her foot, but I saw, as I gazed
Her hate—”

This hate Lycus soon experienced; as the spell desired by the nymph, was in the act of being pronounced,

“ I felt with a start,
The life blood rush back in one throb to my heart,
And saw the pale lips where the rest of that spell
Had perished in terror, and heard the farewell
Of that voice that was drowned in the dash of the stream!
How fain had I followed, and plunged with that scream
Into death, but my being indignantly lagged
Thro' the brutalized flesh that I painfully dragged
Behind me—”

Hoon.

From this time his existence become a torture to him. Though there were none of his former beings to consort with, yet still he loved to haunt the places of his humanity, and with a beating heart and bursting frame, behold the various occupations and pleasures in which he had formerly joined.

“ I once had a haunt near a cot, where a mother
Daily sat in the shade with her child, and would smother
Its eye-lids in kisses, and then in its sleep
Sang dreams in its ears, of its manhood, while deep
In a thicket of willows I gazed o'er the brooks
That murmured between us, and kissed them with looks;
But the willows unbosomed their secret, and never
I returned to a spot I had startled for ever;
Tho' I oft longed to know, but could ask it of none,
Was the mother still fair, and how big was her son?”

Hoon.

Time brought no remedy, for still he was troubled by the absence of sympathy, and the repression of that human feeling which yet clung like a curse to him.

“ For the hauntings of fields, they all shunned me by flight,
The men in their horror, the women in fright:
None ever remained, save a child once that sported
Among the wild blue bells, and playfully courted
The breeze; and beside him a speckled snake lay
Tight strangled, because it had hissed him away
From the flower at his finger; he rose and drew near
Like a son of immortals, one born to no fear,
But with strength of black locks, and with eyes azure bright,
To grow to large manhood of merciful might,
He came, with his face of bold wonder, to feel
The hair of my side and to lift up my heel,
And questioned his face with wide eyes, but when under
My lids he saw tears,—for I wept at his wonder,
He stroked me, and uttered such kindness then,
That the once love of women, the friendship of men
In past sorrow, no kindness, e'er came like a kiss
On my heart in its desolate day, such as this

And I yearned at his cheeks in my love, and down bent
 And lifted him up in my arms with intent
 To kiss him—but he cruel—kindly alas!
 Held out to my lips a plucked handful of grass!
 Then I dropped him in horror, but felt as I fled,
 The stone he indignantly hurled at my head,
 That dissevered my ear, but I felt not, whose fate,
 Was to meet more distress in his love his hate!"

HOOB.

The only mitigation of his sorrow, was that when in Thessaly

“He met with the same as himself,”

and obtained with them, if not sympathy, at least companionship.

Chiron was the wisest of the Centaurs. Music, divination, astronomy, and medicine, were equally familiar to him, and his name is blended with those of the principal sages of Greece, whom he instructed in the use of plants and medicinal herbs.

The battle of the Centaurs with the Lapithæ at the bridal of Perithous is famous in history, and was the cause of their destruction.

The Centaurs inflamed with wine, behaved with rudeness and even offered violence to the bride, and to the women that were present.

“Now brave Perithous, bold Ixion’s son,
 The love of fair Hippodamé had won.
 The cloud begotten race, half men, half beast,
 Invited came to grace the nuptial feast:
 In a cool cave’s recess the treat was made,
 Whose entrance, trees, with spreading boughs o’ershade,
 They sat; and summoned by the bridegroom, came,
 To mix with those, the Lapythæan name:

—————The roofs with joy resound,
 And Hymen, Iô Hymen, rung around.
 Raised altars shone with holy fires: the bride
 Lovely herself, (and lovely by her side
 A bevy of bright nymphs, with sober grace,
 Came glittering like a star, and took her place.
 Her heavenly form beheld, all wished her joy;
 And little wanted, but in vain their wishes all employ.
 For one, most brutal of the brutal brood,
 Or whether wine or beauty fired his blood,
 Or both at once, beheld with lustful eyes
 The bride: at once resolved to make his prize.
 Down went the board, and fastening on her hair,
 He seized with sudden force the frightened fair.
 ’Twas Eurytus began; his bestial kind
 His crime pursued, and each as pleased his mind
 On her, whom chance presented, took. The feast
 An image of a taken town expressed.”

OVID.

FLORA, POMONA, VERTUMNUS, THE SEASONS.



Flora was unknown among the Greeks, having her birth with the Romans. She was the Goddess of Flowers,

.....“ which unveil
Their breasts of beauty, and each delicate bud
O' the Season, comes in turn to bloom and perish.
But first of all the Violet, with an eye
Blue as the midnight heavens, the frail snow-drop,
Born of the breath of winter, and on his brow,
Fixed like a pale and solitary star,
The languid hyacinth, and wild primrose,
And daisy, trodden down like modesty,
The fox-glove, in whose drooping bells the bee
Makes her sweet music: the Narcissus, named
From him who died for love, the tangled woodbine,
Lilacs and flowering limes, and scented thorns,
And some from whom the voluptuous winds of June
Catch their perfumery.”

BARRY CORNWALL.

She married Zephyrus, and received from him the privilege of presiding over flowers, and enjoying perpetual youth.

Pomona was the Goddess of Fruits and Fruit Trees, and supposed to be the Deity of Gardens.

“ Her name Pomona, from her woodland race,
In garden culture none could her excel,
Or form the pliant souls of plants so well;
Or to the fruit more generous flavours lend,
Or teach the trees with nobler loads to bend.”

Pleased with her office, and unwilling to take upon herself the troubles of marriage, she vowed perpetual celibacy. Numerous were the suitors who attempted to win her from her rash determination, but to all of them the answer was alike in the negative: tho' Vertumnus, one of the most zealous, pursued her with unchanging ardour.

"Long had she laboured to continue free
From chains of love and nuptial tyranny;
And in her orchard's small extent immured,
Her vow'd virginity she still secured.
Oft would loose Pan, and all the lustful train
Of satyrs, tempt her innocence in vain.
Vertumnus too pursued the maid no less,
But with his rivals, shared a like success."

OVID.

Miserable, but not cast down, by the many refusals he met with, Vertumnus took a thousand shapes to influence the success of his suit.

"To gain access, a thousand ways he tries
Oft in the hind, the lover would disguise,
The heedless lout comes shambling on, and seems
Just sweating from the labour of his teams.
Then from the harvest, oft the mimic swain
Seems bending with a load of bearded grain.
Sometimes a dresser of the vine he feigns,
And lawless tendrils to their boughs restrains.
Sometimes his sword a soldier shews; his rod
An angler; still so various is the God.
Now, in a forehead cloth some crone he seems,
A staff supplying the defect of limbs:
Admittance thus he gains; admires the store
Of fairest fruit; the fair possessor more;
Then greets her with a kiss; th' unpractised dame
Admired, a grandame kissed with such a flame.
Now seated by her, he beholds a vine,
Around an elm in amorous foldings twine,
"If that fair elm," he cried, "alone should stand,
No grapes would glow with gold, and tempt the hand;
Or if that vine without her elm should grow,
'Twould creep a poor neglected shrub below.
Be then, fair nymph, by these examples led,
Nor shun for fancied fears, the nuptial bed."

OVID.

In this disguise, Vertumnus recommended himself and his virtues to Pomona.

"On my assurance well you may repose,
Vertumnus scarce Vertumnus better knows.
True to his choice all looser flames he flies,
Nor for new faces fashionably dies.
The charms of youth, and every smiling grace,
Bloom in his features, and the god confess."

OVID.

The pertinacious wooing of the metamorphosed deity, had, at last its effect, in preparing Pomona for Vertumnus, when he should assume his natural shape.

“ The story oft Vertumnus urged in vain,
But then assumed his heavenly form again ;
Such looks and lustre the bright youth adorn,
As when with rays glad Phœbus paints the morn.
The sight so warms the fair admiring maid,
Like snow she melts, so soon can youth persuade ;
Consent on eager wings succeeds desire,
And both the lovers glow with mutual fire.”

OVID.

Pomona had a temple at Rome, and a regular priest, who offered sacrifices to her divinity for the preservation of fruit: she is generally represented sitting on a basket, full of flowers and fruit, holding a bough in one hand, and apples in the other.

Vertumnus is represented under the figure of a young man, crowned with various plants, bearing in his left hand fruits, and in his right a horn of abundance.

The Goddess Pomona is often confounded with Autumn, Ceres with Summer, and Flora with Spring.

The four seasons have also been described with great distinctness, by poets, both ancient and modern, all of whom were delighted to pour forth tributes of praise in their honour; Spring is usually drawn as a nymph, with her head crowned by a wreath of flowers: and many are the strains attributed to her.

“ I come, I come! ye have called me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed in the south, and the chesnut flowers,
By thousands have burst from the forest bowers,
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains:
But it is not for me in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb.

I have looked o'er the hills of the stormy north,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out in the stormy sea,
And the rein-deer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the fence has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.

I have sent thro' the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky;
From the night bird's lay thro' the starry time,

In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain,
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves!

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose-lip and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep to meet me fly!
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen!
Away from the chamber and sullen hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth!
Their light stems thrill to the wild wood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

But ye! ye are changed since ye met me last!
There is something bright from your features past!
There is something come over brow and eye,
Which speaks of a world where the flowers must die!
Ye smile!—but your smile hath a dimness yet—
Oh! what have ye looked on since last we met?

Ye are changed, ye are changed! and I see not here
All whom I saw in the vanished year!
There were graceful heads with their ringlets bright,
Which tossed in the breeze with a play of light,
There were eyes, in whose glistening laughter lay
No faint remembrance of dull decay!

There were steps that flew o'er the cowslip's head,
As if for a banquet all earth were spread;
There were voices that rung thro' the sapphire sky,
And had not a sound of mortality!
Are they gone? is their mirth from the mountains passed?
Ye have looked on death since ye met me last!

I know whence the shadow comes o'er you now,
Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow!
Ye have given the lovely to earth's embrace,
She hath taken the fairest of beauty's race,
With their laughing eyes and their festal crown,
They are gone from amongst you in silence down!

The Summer is coming, on soft winds borne,
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn!
For me I depart to a brighter shore,
Ye are marked by care, ye are mine no more,
I go where the loved, who have left you, dwell,
And the flowers are not death's—farewell, farewell!

HERMAN.

Summer is drawn naked, bearing an ear of corn, just arriving at its fulness, to denote the harvest yielded by its light and heat; with a scythe in her hand, to intimate that it is the season of harvest.

A welcome to the summer's pleasant song,
 A welcome to the summer's golden hour,
 A welcome to the myriad joys that throng,
 With a deep loveliness, o'er tree and flower.
 The earth is glad with beauty, the sky
 Smiles in calm grandeur over vale and hill,
 And the breeze murmurs forth a gentle sigh,
 And the fish leap from out the smiling rill.
 The town's pale denizens come forth to breathe,
 The free, fresh air, and lave their fevered brows;
 And beauty loves young fairy flowers to wreath
 Beneath some stately forest's antique boughs.
 Oh! art hath nought like this, the very air
 Breatheth of beauty, banishing despair."

FRANCIS.

At other times, she is represented surrounded by the flowers which blossom latest, mingled with the delicious fruits which are the offspring of the summer season.

"Come away! the sunny hours
 Woo thee far to founts and bowers!
 O'er the very waters now,
 In their play,
 Flowers are shedding beauty's glow—
 Come away!
 Where the lily's tender gleam
 Quivers on the glancing stream—
 Come away!
 All the air is filled with sound,
 Soft, and sultry, and profound;
 Murmurs through the shadowy grass
 Lightly stray;
 Faint winds whisper as they pass—
 Come away;
 Where the bee's deep music swells
 From the trembling fox-glove bells—
 Come away!
 In the skies the sapphire blue
 Now hath won its richest hue;
 In the woods the breath of song
 Night and day
 Floats with leafy scents along—
 Where the boughs with dewy gloom
 Come away!
 Darken each thick bed of bloom
 Come away!
 In the deep heart of the rose
 Now the crimson love-hue glows;
 Now the glow-worm's lamp by night
 Sheds a ray.

Dreamy, stary, freely bright—
 Come away!
 Where the fairy cup-moss lies,
 With the wild-wood strawberries,
 Come away!

Now each tree by summer crowned,
 Sheds its own night twilight round;
 Glancing there from sun to shade,
 Bright wings play;
 Here the deer its couch hath made—
 Come away!
 Where the smooth leaves of the lime
 Glisten in the honey time,
 Come away—away!

HEMANS.

Autumn appears clad in a robe red with the juice of the vintage, which he yields to gladden the heart of man: while a dog is placed at his feet to denote it as the season of the chase.

“ I saw old Autumn in the misty morn,
 Stand shadowless like silence, listening
 To silence, for no lonely bird would sing
 Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn,
 Nor lowly hedge nor solitary thorn;
 Shaking his tangled locks all dewy bright
 With spangled gossamer that fell by night,
 Pearling his coronet of golden corn.
 Where are the songs of summer? with the sun,
 Opening the dusky eyelids of the south,
 Till shade and silence waken up alone,
 And morning sings with a warm odorous mouth.
 Where are the merry birds? Away, away
 On panting wings through the inclement skies,
 Lest owls should prey
 Undazzled at noon-day,
 And tear with horny beak their lustrous eyes.

Where are the blooms of Summer? in the west,
 Blushing their last to the last sunny hours,
 When the mild eve by sudden night is prest
 Like tearful Proserpine, snatched from her flowers
 To a most gloomy breast.

Where is the pride of Summer,—the green prime—
 The many, many leaves all twinkling?—There
 On the moss'd elm; three on the naked lime
 Trembling,—and one upon the old oak tree!
 Where is the Dryad's immortality?
 Gone into mournful cypress and dark yew,
 Or wearing the long, gloomy winter through
 In the smooth holly's green eternity.

The squirrel gloats on his accomplished hoard,
 The Ants have trimm'd their garner with ripe grain,
 And honey bees have stored
 The sweets of summer in their luscious cells;

"The swallows all have winged across the main;
 But here the Autumn melancholy dwells,
 And sighs her tearful spells,
 Amongst the sunless shadows of the plain.
 Alone, alone,
 Upon a mossy stone,
 She sits and reckons up the dead and gone,
 With the last leaves for a love-rosary,
 Whilst all the withered world looks drearily,
 Like a dim picture of the drowned past
 In the hushed mind's mysterious far away,
 Doubtful what ghostly thing will steal the last
 Into that distance, grey upon the grey.
 O go and sit with her, and be o'er-shaded
 Under the languid downfall of her hair;
 She wears a coronal of flowers faded,
 Upon her forehead, and a face of care;—
 There is enough of withered every where
 To make her bower,—and enough of gloom;
 There is enough of sadness to invite,
 If only for the rose that died—whose doom
 Is beauty's,—she that with the living bloom
 Of conscious cheeks, most beautifies the light;
 There is enough of sorrowing, and quite
 Enough of bitter fruits the earth doth bear,
 Enough of chibilly droppings for her bowl,
 Enough of fear and shadowy despair,
 To frame her cloudy prison for the soul."

HOOD.

Winter, as the oldest season, is drawn with shrivelled limbs, and white and hoary locks, to represent the appearance of old age.

When first the fiery mantled sun
 His heavenly race began to run;
 Round the earth, in ocean blue
 His children four the Seasons flew;—
 First, in the green apparel dancing,
 The young Spring smiled with angel grace;
 Rosy Summer next advancing,
 Rushed into her sire's embrace:—
 Her bright haired sire, who bade her keep
 For ever nearest to his smiles,
 On Calpe's olive shaded steep,
 On India's citron covered isles:
 Now remote and buxom brown,
 The queen of vintage bowed before his throne;
 A rich pomegranate gemmed her crown,
 A ripe sheaf bound her zone.
 But howling Winter fled afar,
 To hills that prop the polar star,
 And loves on deer-borne car to ride
 With barren Darkness by his side,
 Round the shore where loud Lofoden
 Whirls to death the roaring whale,
 Round the hall where Runic Oden
 Howls his war song to the gale;"

" Save when a-down the ravaged globe
 He travels on his native storm,
 Deflowering Nature's grassy robe,
 And trampling on her faded form :
 Till light's returning lord assume
 The shaft that drives him to his polar field,
 Of power to pierce his raven plume,
 And chrystal covered shield.
 Oh, sire of storms, whose savage ear
 The Lapland drum delights to hear,
 When frenzy with her bloodshot eye
 Implores thy dreadful deity,
 Archangel ! power of desolation !
 Fast descending as thou art,
 Say, hath mortal invocation
 Spells to touch thy stony heart ?
 Then, sullen Winter, hear my prayer,
 And gently rule the ruined year ;
 Nor chill the wanderer's bosom bare,
 Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear.
 To shuddering want's unmantled bed,
 Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lead,
 And gently on the orphan head
 Of innocence descend.
 But chiefly spare, O King of clouds,
 The sailor on his airy shrouds ;
 When wrecks and beacons strew the steep,
 And spectres walk along the deep.
 Milder yet thy snowy breezes
 Pour on yonder tented shores,
 Where the Rhine's broad billow freezes,
 Or the dark brown Danube roars.
 Oh, winds of Winter ! list ye there
 To many a deep and dying groan ;
 Or start, ye demons of the midnight air,
 At shrieks and thunders louder than your own.
 Alas ! e'en your unhallowed breath,
 May spare the victim fallen low ;
 But man will ask no truce to death,
 No bounds to human woe."

CAMPBELL.

DIVINITIES OF THE SEA.

OCEANUS AND THETIS.

Oceanus, one of the most powerful deities of the sea, was, according to Homer, the parent of all the gods, and on that account received frequent visits from the remainder of the deities. He is represented as an old man, with a long, flowing beard, and sitting upon the waves of the sea. He often holds a pike in his hand, whilst ships under sail appear at a distance, or a sea monster stands near him.

Oceanus presided over every part of the sea, and even the rivers were subjected to his power. The ancients were very reverential in their homage to Oceanus, and worshipped with great solemnity a deity, to whose care they entrusted themselves when going on any voyage.

He was the father of the Oceanides to the number of three thousand.

“ Three thousand graceful Oceanides
 Long-stepping, tread the earth, or far and wide
 Dispersed, they haunt the glassy depth of lakes,
 A glorious sisterhood of goddess birth.”

HÆSID.

Thetis, one of the sea deities, was daughter of Nereus and Doris and is often confounded with Tethys, her grandmother. She was loved by Neptune and Jupiter; but when the gods were informed that her son would become greater than his father, they ceased their addresses, and Peleus, the son of Æacus, was permitted to solicit her hand. Thetis refused him, but the lover had the artifice to catch her when asleep, and by binding her strongly, prevented her escaping from his grasp. When Thetis found she could not elude the vigilance of Peleus, she consented to marry him, though much against her inclination. Their nuptials were celebrated on Mount Peleon with great pomp, at which all the deities attended.

“ Proteus thus to virgin Thetis said,
 ‘ Fair goddess of the waves, consent to wed,
 A son you’ll have, the terror of the field,
 To whom, in fame and power, his sire shall yield.’
 Jove, who adored the nymph with boundless love,
 Did, from his breast, the dangerous flame remove;
 He knew the fates, nor cared to raise up one,
 Whose fame and greatness, should eclipse his own.
 On happy Peleus he bestowed her charms,
 And blessed his grandson in the goddess’ arms:
 —A silent creek Thessalia’s coast can show,
 Two arms project, and shape it like a bow;
 ’Twould make a bay, but the transparent tide
 Does scarce the yellow, gravel bottom hide;
 A grove of fragrant myrtle near it grows,
 Whose boughs, though thick, a beauteous grot disclose,
 The well wrought fabric, to discerning eyes,
 Rather by art than nature seem to rise.
 A bridled dolphin, oft fair Thetis bore
 To this her loved retreat, her favourite shore:
 Here Peleus seized her slumbering where she lay,
 And urged his suit, with all that love could say:
 The nymph o’erpowered, to art for succour flies,
 And various shapes the eager youth surprize.”

" A bird she seems, but plies her wings in vain,
 His hand the fleeting substance still detain :
 A branchy tree, high in the air she grew,
 About its bark, his nimble arms he threw :
 A tiger next she glares with flaming eyes,
 The frightened lover quits his hold and flies.
 The sea-gods he with sacred rites adores,
 Then a libation on the ocean pours ;
 While the fat entrails crackle in the fire,
 And sheets of smoke in sweet perfume aspire :
 Till Proteus, rising from his oozy bed,
 Thus to the poor, desponding lover said,
 ' No more in anxious thoughts your mind employ,
 For yet you shall possess the dear, expected joy,
 You must once more the unwary nymph surprize,
 As in her cool grot she slumbering lies :
 Then bind her fast with unrelenting hands,
 And strain her tender limbs with knotted hands ;
 Still hold her under every distant shape,
 Till tired, she tries no longer to escape ?
 Thus he then sunk beneath the glassy flood,
 And broken accents fluttered where he stood.
 Bright Sol had almost now his journey done,
 And down the steepy, western convex run ;
 When the fair Nereid left the briny wave,
 And, as she used, retreated to her cave,
 He scarce had bound her fast, when she arose,
 And into various shapes her body throws ;
 She went to move her arms, then found them tied,
 Then with a sigh ' Some god assists,' she cried,
 And in her proper shape stood blushing by his side."

DAYDEN.

Thetis became mother of several children by Peleus, but all these she destroyed by fire in attempting to see whether they were immortal. Achilles would have shared the same fate, if Peleus had not snatched him from her hand, as she was going to repeat the cruel operation. She afterwards rendered his body invulnerable by plunging him in the waters of the Styx, excepting that part of the heel by which she held him. As Thetis well knew the future fate of her son, she attempted to remove him from the Trojan war, by concealing him in the court of Lycomedes. This, however, was useless, as he went with the rest of the Greeks. The mother, still anxious for his preservation, prevailed upon Vulcan to make him a suit of armour ; but after it was done, she refused to fulfil the promise she had made to the god. When Achilles was killed by Paris, Thetis issued out of the sea with the Nereids to mourn his death, and after she had collected his ashes in a golden urn, raised a monument to his memory, and instituted festivals in his honour.

TRITON, PROTEUS, PORTUMNUS, GLAUCUS, ÆOLUS,
THE SYRENS, CHARYBDIS AND SCYLLA,
CIRCE AND THE HARPIES.

Triton was the son of Neptune and Amphitrite, and was reckoned of much importance among the sea deities, being able to raise or to calm storms at his pleasure. He is generally represented with a shell in his hand.

“ Old Triton blowing his sea horn.”

WORDSWORTH.

His body above the waist, is that of a man, but below, a dolphin's, while by some he is shown with the fore feet of a horse. He usually precedes the chariot of the god of the sea, sounding his shell, and is resembled, in this, by his sons the Tritons.



Proteus, son of Oceanus and Thetis, was guardian of the subjects of Neptune, and had the power of looking into the future, from that God, because he had tended for him the monsters of the sea.

“The shepherd of the seas, a prophet, and a god,
High o'er the main, in watery pomp he rides,
His azure car and finny coursers guides.
With sure foresight, and with unerring doom
He sees what is, and was, and is to come.”

VIRGIL.

From his knowledge of futurity, mankind are said to have received the greatest benefits.

“ Blue Proteus dwells,
Great Neptune's prophet, who the ocean quells ;
He in a glittering chariot courses o'er
The foaming waves, him all the nymphs adore,
Old Nereus too, because he all things knows,
The past, the present, and the future shows ;

So Neptune pleased who Proteus thus inspired,
 And with such wages to his service hired,
 Gave him the rule of all his briny flocks,
 That feed among a thousand ragged rocks."

The changes which this deity was able to make in his appearance, caused the name of Proteus to be synonymous with change. Thus

"The Proteus lover woos his playful bride,
 To win the fair he tries a thousand forms,
 Basks on the sands, or gambols in the storms.
 A dolphin now, his scaly sides he laves;
 And hears the sportive damsel on the waves;
 She strikes the cymbals as he moves along,
 And wondering Ocean listens to the song.
 And now a spotted pard the lover stalks,
 Plays round her steps, and guards her favoured walks;
 As with white teeth he prints her hand, caressed,
 And lays his velvet paw upon her breast,
 O'er his round face her snowy fingers strain
 The silken knots and fit the ribbon-rein.
 And now a swan he spreads his plumy sails,
 And proudly glides before the fanning gales;
 Pleased on the flowery brink with graceful hand
 She waves her floating lover to the land;
 Bright shines his sinuous neck with crimson beak,
 He prints fond kisses on her glowing cheek,
 Spreads his broad wings, elates his ebon crest,
 And clasps the beauty to his downy breast."

DARWIN.

He usually resided on the Carpathian sea, and like the rest of the sea gods, reposed upon the shore, where those resorted who wished to consult him to obtain any revelation; but it was necessary to secure him, lest by taking some unnatural shape, he should elude their vigilance.



PORTUMNUS, the guardian of doors, was at first known as

Melicerta, and was the son of Athamas and Ino. He was saved by his mother from the fury of his father, Athamas, who became inflamed by such a sudden fury, that he took Ino for a Lioness, and her two children for whelps. In this fit of madness, he dashed one of them against a wall; Ino fled with Melicerta in her arms, and threw herself into the sea from a high rock, and was changed into a sea deity, by Neptune, who had compassion on her misfortunes. It is supposed by many, that the Isthmian games were in honour of Portumnus.

GLAUCUS was a fisher of Bœotia, and remarking, on one occasion, that the fish which he threw on the grass, seemed to receive fresh vigour from touching the ground, he attributed it to the grass, and tasting it, was seized with a sudden desire to live in the sea.

Upon this, he leapt into the water, and was made a sea deity by Oceanus, at the request of the marine gods.



ÆOLUS, god of the winds, reigned in the Vulcanean islands, and was under the power of Neptune, who allowed him to give liberty to the winds, or to recall them into their caverns at his pleasure.

“ Oh many a voice is thine thou wind !
 Full many a voice is thine,
 From every scene thy wing o’ersweeps
 Thou bear’st a sound and sign ;
 A minstrel wild and strong thou art,
 With a mastery all thine own,
 And the spirit is thy harp, O wind !
 That gives the answering tone.

“ Thou hast been across red fields of war,
 Where shivered helmets lie,
 And thou bringest thence the thrilling note
 Of a clarion in the sky :”

- "A rustling of proud banner folds,
 A peal of stormy drums,—
 All these are in thy music met,
 As when a leader comes.
- "Thou hast been o'er solitary seas,
 And from their wastes brought back
 Each noise of waters that awoke
 In the mystery of thy track ;
 The chime of low, soft southern waves
 On some green palmy shore,
 The hollow roll of distant surge,
 The gathered billows roar.
- "Thou art come from forests dark and deep,
 Thou mighty, rushing wind !
 And thou bearest all their unisons
 In one, full swell combined ;
 The restless pines, the moaning stream,
 All hidden things and free,
 Of the dim, old sounding wilderness,
 Have lent their soul to thee.
- "Thou art come from cities lighted up
 For the conqueror passing by,
 Thou art wafting from their streets, a sound
 Of haughty revelry :
 The rolling of triumphant wheels,
 The harpings in the hall,
 The far off shout of multitudes,
 Are in thy rise and fall.
- "Thou art come from kingly tombs and shrines,
 From ancient minsters vast,
 Through the dark aisles of a thousand years
 Thy lonely wing hath passed ;
 Thou hast caught the anthem's billowy swell,
 The stately dirge's tone ;
 For a chief, with sword and shield, and helm,
 To his place of slumber's gone.
- "Thou art come from long forsaken homes,
 Wherein our young days flew,
 Thou hast found sweet voices lingering there,
 The loved, the kind, the true !
 Thou callest back those melodies,
 Though now all changed and fled,
 Be still, be still, and haunt us not
 With music from the dead !
- "Are all these notes in thee, wild wind ?
 These many notes in thee ?
 Far in our own unfathomed souls
 Their fount must surely be ;
 Yes ! buried, but unsleeping, there ;
 Thought watches, memory lies,
 From whose deep urn the tones are poured
 Through all earth's harmonies."

HEMANS.

The principal winds are Boreas, Auster, Eurus and Zephyrus. Boreas, God of the North, carried away Orithya, who refused to receive his addresses. By her he had Zetes and Calais, Cleopatra and Cheone. He once changed himself into a horse, to unite himself with the mare of Dardanus, by which he had a female progeny of twelve, so swift, that they ran or rather flew over the sea without wetting a foot. The Athenians dedicated altars to him when Xerxes invaded Europe.

Auster, God of the south wind, appeared generally as an old man with grey hair, a gloomy countenance, a head covered with clouds, a sable vesture and dusky wings: He is the dispenser of rain and of all heavy showers.

Eurus, God of the east, is represented as a young man, flying with great impetuosity, and often appearing in a playful and wanton humour.

Zephyrus, God of the West, the warmest of all the winds, married Flora, and was said to produce flowers and fruits, by the sweetness of his breath. Companion of love, he has the figure of a youth, and the wings of a butterfly.

SONGS OF THE WINDS.

"We are free! we are free! in our home the skies,
When we calmly sleep, or in tumult rise,
When we smile on the vision-like realms below,
Or vengefully utter the chords of woe.
When we dance in the sunbeams, or laughingly play
With the spring clouds that fly from our kisses away,
When we grapple and fight with the bellowing foam,
Or slumber and sleep in our shadowless home."

NORTH WIND.

"I've blastingly wandered
Where nature doth pant;
And gloomily pondered
O'er sadness and want.

An old man was sighing
O'er angel lips gone,
His cherub was dying,
And he was alone.

On his grey locks I clotted
An ice-crown cold,—
His sinews I knotted;
His tale is told."

SOUTH WIND.

"I met two young lovers,
And listed their vows,
Where the woodbine covers
The old oak boughs.

Enhancing their pleasures
I fluttered around,
And joined with glad measures
Their soft sighs' sound.

They blessed me for bringing
Sweet perfumes near,
They blessed me for singing
A cadence so dear."

EAST WIND.

"I've wafted through bowers
Where angels might muse,
And kiss their bright flowers
Of loveliest hues.

And maidens were singing
Of beauty and love,
Their symphonies ringing,
Resounded above.

I parted the tresses,
From fairy-like brows,
Where the lily impresses
Its earliest vows."

WEST WIND.

"I've rolled o'er the regions
Of earth and sea,
And laughed at the legions
That trembled at me.

I've madly gambolled
With clouds and waves;
And closed, as I rambled,
My victim's grave.

I've roared and I've revelled,
With fiend-like glee,
Earth's palaces levelled,
Wrecks dashed o'er the sea."

CHORUS.

"We are free, we are free, in our realms of air,
We list to no sorrow, we own no care;
We hold our carousals aloft with the stars,
Where they glitter along in their golden cars,
We frolic and bound with the playful wave,
Which the prison-like confines of earth doth lave;
We are glad, we are glad, and in breeze or in blast,
We will sport round the world as long as 'twill last."

JENNINGS.

Alcyone, the daughter of Æolus, married Ceyx, who was drowned as he was going to Claros to consult an oracle. Alcyone was apprized in a dream of her husband's fate, and finding on the morrow his body upon the shore, she threw herself into the sea. The Gods, touched by her fidelity, changed her and her husband into the birds of the same name, who keep the waters calm and serene while they build and sit on their nests in the surface of the sea.

"O, poor Alcyone!

What were thy feelings on the stormy strand,
When thou saw'st Ceyx borne a corse to land?

O, I could weep with thee,
And sit whole tides upon the pebbly shore,
And listen to the waves lamenting roar,

O, poor Alcyone!

But now thy stormy passion past,
Thou upon the wave at last,

Buildest, from all tempest free,

Thou and Ceyx, side by side,
Charming the distempered tide,

O, dear Alcyone!"

The Syrens were three in number, and were companions of Proserpine, at the time of her been carried off; they prayed for wings from the Gods, to unite their efforts with those of Ceres.

In despair at the uselessness of their search, they retired to the sea shore, where, in the midst of desolate rocks, they sang songs of



the most enchanting and attractive nature, while those who were drawn by their beauty to listen to them, perished on the spot.

“Who, as they sang, would take the prisoned soul,
And lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause.”

OVID.

Charybdis was an avaricious woman, who, stealing from Hercules, was slain by him, and became one of the divinities of the sea.

Scylla, daughter of Hecate and of Phorcys, was a beautiful nymph, greatly beloved by Glaucus, also one of the deities of the sea. Scylla scorned his addresses, and the God, to render her propitious, sought the aid of Circe, who no sooner saw him than she became enamoured, and, instead of assisting him, tried to win his love to herself tho' in vain. To punish her rival, Circe poured the juice of poisonous herbs into the waters of the fountain where Scylla bathed, and no sooner had the nymph entered, than her body, below the

waist, was changed into frightful monsters, like dogs, which never ceased barking, while the remainder of her form assumed an equally hideous appearance, being supported by twelve feet, with six different heads, each bearing three rows of teeth. This sudden metamorphose so alarmed her, that she threw herself into that part of the sea which separates the coast of Italy and Sicily, where she was changed into rocks which continue to bear her name, and which were deemed as dangerous to sailors, as the whirlpool of Charybdis, on the coast of Sicily, and from which has arisen the proverb, "By avoiding Charybdis we fall upon Scylla!"

"Upon the beech a winding bay there lies,
Sheltered from seas, and shaded from the skies;
This station Scylla chose; a soft retreat
From chilling winds and raging cancer's heat.
The vengeful sorceress visits this recess,
Her charm infuses, and infects the place.
Soon as the nymph wades in, her nether parts
Turn into dogs, then at herself she starts.
A ghastly horror in her eyes appears
But yet she knows not what it is she fears,
In vain she offers from herself to run,
And drags about her what she strives to shun.
"Oppressed with grief the pitying god appears,
And swells the rising surges with his tears;
From the detested sorceress he flies,
Her art reviles, and her address denies,
Whilst hapless Scylla, changed to rocks, decrees
Destruction to those barks that beat the seas."

GARTH.

The Harpies were monsters with the faces of old women, the wings and body of a vulture, the ears of a bear, having claws on their feet and hands, and spreading famine wherever they made their hideous appearance.



DIVINITIES OF THE INFERNAL REGIONS.

The Parcæ or Fates, were three powerful goddesses, who presided over the birth and life of mankind. Clotho, the youngest of the sisters, governed the moment of birth, and held a distaff in her hand: Lachses spun out all the events and actions in the time; and Atropos, the eldest, cut the thread of humanity with her scissors.

—————"The fates, in vengeance pitiless;
Who at the birth of men dispense the lot
Of good and evil. They of men and gods
The crimes pursue, nor ever pause from wrath
Tremendous, till destructive on the head
Of him that sins the retribution falls."

HESIOD.

Their powers were great and extensive, and they are represented by some as sitting at the foot of the throne of the King of Hell; while others make them appear on radiant seats amidst the celestial spheres, clothed in robes spangled with stars, and wearing crowns on their heads.

Their dresses are differently described by some authors.

Clotho has on a variegated robe, and on her head a crown of seven stars. She holds a distaff in her hand, reaching from heaven to earth. The garment which Lachses wore was variegated with a great number of stars, and near her a variety of spindles. Atropos was clothed in black; she held scissors in her hand, with clues of threads of various sizes, according to the length or shortness of the lives whose destinies they were supposed to contain.

"The three Parcæ, Fates fair offspring born,
The world's great spindle as its axle turn;
Round which eight spheres in beauteous order run,
And as they turn, revolving Time is spun,
Whose motions all things upon earth ordain,
Whence revolutions date their fickle reign.
These robed in white, at equal distance throned,
Sit o'er the spheres, and twirl the spindle round,
On each of which a syren loudly sings,
As from the wheel the fatal thread she flings;
The Parcæ answer, in the choir agree
And all those voices make one harmony."

The worship of the Parcæ was well established in some parts of Greece, and though mankind knew they were inexorable, and that

it was impossible to mitigate their decrees, yet they evinced a respect for their divinity, by raising statues to them.



NIGHT.

Nox, one of the most ancient deities among the heathens, was the daughter of Chaos. From her union with her brother Erebus, she gave birth to day and light: she is called by some of the poets, the mother of all things, of gods no less than of men, and was worshipped with great solemnity by the ancients, who erected to her a famous statue in Diana's temple at Ephesus. The cock was offered to her, as the bird which proclaims the coming of the day. She is drawn mounted on a chariot, and covered with a veil bespangled with stars, and the constellations preceded her as her messengers.

Sometimes she is seen holding two children under her arms, one of which is dark like night, and the other light like day.

"Night, when like perfumes that have slept
 All day within the wild flower's heart,
 Steal out the thoughts the soul has kept
 In silence and apart:
 And voices we have pined to hear,
 Through many a long and lonely day,
 Come back upon the dreaming ear,
 From grave lands far away,
 And gleams look forth of spirit eyes
 Like stars along the darkening skies!"

HEAVEN.

She has been described by some of the modern writers, as a woman clothed in mourning, crowned with poppies, and drawn in a chariot by owls and bats.

SONG OF NIGHT.

“ I come to thee, O Earth !
With all my gifts ; for every flower, sweet dew
In bell, and urn, and chalice, to renew
The glory of its birth.

I come with every star ;
Making thy streams, that on their noon-day track,
Give but the moss, the reed, the lily back,
Mirrors of world's afar.

I come with peace ; I shed
Sleep through the wood walks, o'er the honey bee,
The lark's triumphant voice, the fawn's young glee,
The hyacinth's meek head.

On my own heart I lay
The weary babe ; and sealing with a breath
Its eyes of love, send fairy dreams, beneath
The shadowing lids to play.

I come with mightier things !
Who calls me silent ? I have many tones—
The dark skies thrill with low mysterious moans,
Borne on my sweeping wings.

I waft them not alone
From the deep organ of the forest shades,
Or buried streams, unheard amidst their glades
Till the bright day is done.

But in the human breast,
A thousand still, small voices I awake,
Strong in their sweetness, from the soul to shake
The mantle of its rest.

I bring them from the past,
From true hearts broken, gentle spirits torn,
From crushed affections, which, though long o'erborne,
Make their tones heard at last.

I bring them from the tomb !
O'er the sad couch of late repentant love
They pass—though low as murmurs of a dove—
Like trumpets through the gloom.

I come with all my train ;
Who calls me lonely ? Hosts around me tread,
The intensely bright, the beautiful, the dead,
Phantoms of heart and brain.

Looks from departed eyes—
These are my lightnings ! fill'd with anguish vain,
Or tenderness too precious to sustain,
They smite with agonies.

I that with soft control,
Shut the dim violet, hush the woodland song,
I am the avenging one! the arm'd, the strong,
The searcher of the soul.

I that shower dewy light
Through slumbering leaves, bring storms!—the tempest birth
Of memory, thought, remorse:—be holy, Earth!
I am the solemn night!"

HEMANS.

DEATH.

Poets have given to Death a heart of iron, bowels of steel, black wings, and a net with which she envelopes her victims. Statuaries carve her under the form of a large skeleton, armed with a scythe, and bearing wings. Sparta and Elis honoured her, but Phœnicia and Spain paid to her more particularly the homage of a divinity. She inhabits the infernal regions; and though, in more modern times, Death has been always addressed as a divinity of the masculine gender. The Lacedæmonians indeed, regarded her, not as an existing, but as an imaginary being.

"Mysterious power! whose dark and gloomy sway
Extends o'er all creation, what art thou?
They call thee 'King of Terrors!' drear dismay
Followeth thy footsteps, and around thy brow
Hovers a thick impenetrable cloud,
Which, to some hearts, is Hope's sad funeral shroud.
Beside the infant on its cradle bed,
The mother watches thro' the hour of night;
Hope hath not quite her lonely spirit fled,
Tho' o'er her first-born babe hath passed the blight
Of fell disease: wait, wait one moment more,
Thy hand has touched it, Death, and hope is o'er.
Thou turn'st the hall of revelry to gloom,
The wedding garment to a garb of woe;
Thou com'st in silence to the banquet room,
Ceased is the noisy mirth, the red wine's flow,
And men look pale at thee, and gasp for breath,
Thou doest this, thou doest more, oh! Death
Thou twin'st the cypress wreath round victory's brow,
The brave have won the fight, but, fighting, fell;
It was thine arm that laid the victor low,
And toll'd amid the triumph, a lone knell
For his departure: Death—thy gloomy power
Can throw a sadness o'er the happiest hour.
Thou comest to the monarch in his hour
Of pomp, and pride, and royalty's array;
And the next victim of thy reckless power
May be the beggar in his hut of clay:
Thy hand can lay the tattered vagrant down
Beside the head that wore the kingly crown

"Childhood is thine, its unexpanded bloom,
 Shrinks to decay beneath thy chilling breath :
 Gay Youth, thou witherest, with thy touch of doom,
 Stern Manhood shrinks beneath thy grasp, oh, death,
 And fragile Age by worldly cares opprest,
 Sinks, softly sinks, into those arms for rest.
 And then methought death's hollow voice replied,
 'Rash mortal—would'st thou tempt the dangerous gloom,
 Launch thy frail bark upon the awful tide
 That leaves the lonely islands of the tomb ;
 Darest thou, in thy vain impotence of pride
 Demand the knowledge to frail man denied ?
 Call'st thou me reckless, when I place my hand
 Upon the earliest buddings of the spring ?
 Had I allowed those sweet buds to expand,
 What would the skies of gloomy autumn bring ?
 Darkness, dismay : those sweet buds, leaf by leaf,
 Had sadly faded, full of tears and grief.
 What though I slew the victor in his pride,
 'Tis meet the brave on battle field should die,
 His name is echoed thro' the nations wide,
 Reared is the column where his ashes lie ;
 He sought for fame, he won it, bravely won ;
 He died for fame, when his great task was done.
 What tho' I turn the banquet room to grief,
 The wedding garment to a garb of woe,
 Do I not bring to wounded hearts relief ?
 Do I not ease the wretched of his woe ?
 Then taunt me not with wanton cruelty,
 Man knows 'tis written 'thou must surely die !'
 But at what hour, no mortal power may know,
 Whether at morn, at dewy eve, or night,
 When sinks the heart beneath its weight of woe,
 Or throb the pulses with supreme delight,
 Vain mortal ! cease God's sovereign will to scan,
 Be thou prepared to meet the son of man !'"

CLARKE.

S L E E P.

Sleep, the accustomed companion of night, inhabits the lower regions, though Ovid has placed his palace in the cold Scythia.

————— "In his dark abode
 Deep in a cavern dwells the drowsy god,
 Whose gloomy mansion nor the rising sun
 Nor setting, visits, nor the lightsome noon :
 But lazy vapours round the region fly,
 Perpetual twilight and a doubtful sky ;
 No crowing cock does there his wings display
 Nor with his horny bill provoke the day ;
 Nor watchful dogs, nor the more wakeful geese,
 Disturb, with nightly noise, the sacred peace :

"Nor beast of nature nor the laws, are nigh,
 Nor trees with tempests rocked, nor human cry,
 But safe repose, without an air of breath,
 Dwells here, and a dumb quiet next to death,
 An arm of Lethe with a gentle flow,
 Arising upward from the rock below,
 The palace moats, and o'er the pebbles creeps,
 And with soft murmurs calls the coming sleeps.
 Around its entry nodding poppies grew,
 And all cool simples that sweet rest bestow :
 Night from the plants their sleepy virtue drains,
 And passing, sheds it on the silent plains :
 No door there was th' unguarded house to keep,
 On creaking hinges turned to break his sleep.
 But in the gloomy court was raised a bed,
 Stuffed with black plumes, and in an ebon stand ;
 Black was the covering too where lay the god,
 And slept supine, his limbs displayed abroad." OVID.

The principal minister of Sleep is Morpheus, son of Somnus, who was the presider over sleep: the former was the parent of dreams, of whom, by a beautiful idea, imagination was said to be the mother. The palace of Somnus was a dark cave, where the god lies asleep on a bed of feathers. The dreams stand by him, and Morpheus, as his principal minister, watches, to prevent any noise from awaking him.

"Oh lightly, lightly tread,
 A holy thing is sleep ;
 On the worn spirit shed,
 And eyes that wake to weep.
 A holy thing from heaven,
 A gracious, dewy cloud,
 A covering mantle given,
 The weary to enshroud !
 Oh ! lightly, lightly tread ;
 Revere the pale, still brow,
 The meekly drooping head,
 The long hair's willowy flow.
 Ye know not what ye do,
 That call the slumberers back,
 From the world unseen by you
 Unto life's dim faded track.
 Her soul is far away,
 In her childhood's land, perchance,
 Where her young sisters play,
 Where shines her mother's glance.
 Some old sweet native sound
 Her spirit haply weaves ;
 A harmony profound,
 Of woods with all their leaves.

"A murmur of the sea,
 A laughing tone of streams;
 Long may her sojourn be
 In the music land of dreams.
 Each voice of love is there,
 Each gleam of beauty fled,
 Each lost one still more fair—
 Oh! lightly, lightly tread!"

HEMANS.

By the Lacedæmonians, the image of Somnus was always placed near that of death on account of their apparent resemblance.

"How wonderful is death,
 Death and his brother Sleep!
 One, pale as yonder waning moon,
 With lips of lurid blue;
 The other rosy as the morn
 When throned in ocean's wave,
 It blushes o'er the world:
 Yet both so passing wonderful!"

SHELLEY.

-----"The one glides gentle o'er the space
 Of earth, and broad expanse of ocean waves,
 Placid to man. The other has a heart
 Of iron; yea, the heart within his breast
 Is brass, un pitying; whom of men he grasps
 Stern he retains."

HESIOD

MANES.

The Manes was a name applied generally to the soul after it has separated from the body, and were among the infernal deities being supposed to preside over the grave, burial places, and monuments of the dead.

They were worshipped with great great solemnity, particularly by the Romans, and were always invoked by the Augurs before proceeding about their sacerdotal offices.

It was believed that these spirits quitted, during the hours of night, their melancholy dwelling-place, and "revisited the glimpses of the moon," to exercise their benevolence or their fury. They were allowed also to leave their tombs three times during the course of the year while their fêtes, which were the most pompous in Rome, were proceeding in their honour.

NEMESIS.

Nemesis, Goddess of Justice and of Vengeance, was the daughter of Necessity. This divinity had wings, a fillet of serpents round her brow, and a sword to strike the unhappy criminals who merited its blow;—though always ready to punish the impious, she was



equally liberal in rewarding the good and the virtuous. The people of Smyrna were the first who made her statue with wings, to show with what celerity she is prepared to punish the crimes of the wicked,

The Romans were particularly attentive in their adoration of this deity, whom they solemnly invoked, and to whom they offered sacrifices before declaring war, to evince to the world that they were commenced upon equitable grounds.

The Athenians instituted fêtes called *Nemesia*, in memory of deceased persons, as the goddess was supposed to defend the relics and the memory of the dead from insult.

DOMESTIC DIVINITIES.

THE LARES AND THE PENATES.

The *Lares* were the household divinities who presided over the interests of private families. Their worship is supposed to have

arisen from the ancient custom among the Romans and other nations, of burying their dead within their houses, and the belief that the spirits of the departed continually hovered over their former dwellings, for the protection of the inhabitants. Their statues were placed in a niche behind the doors of the houses, or around the hearths; while at their feet was placed a dog barking, to intimate the watchfulness they exhibited. Their festivals were observed at Rome in the month of May, when their statues were crowned with garlands of flowers, and fruit offerings presented to them.

The Penates also closely resembled the Lares, and presided over houses and the domestic affairs of families. It was at the option of every master of a family to choose his Penates, and therefore Jupiter and some of the superior gods, are often invoked as domestic divinities.

They were originally the manes of the dead, but when mankind had been taught by superstition to pay deep reverence to the statues or images of their deceased friends, that reverence was soon changed for a more regular worship, and they were admitted by their votaries to share immortality and power, with the remainder of the Gods.

The statues of the Penates were generally formed of wax, silver, ivory, or earthenware, according to the poverty or riches of the worshipper.

When offerings were made to them, their shrines were crowned with garlands, and besides one day in every month set apart for their homage, their festivals were celebrated during the Saturnalia.

HYMN TO THE PENATES.

“ Yet one song more! one high and solemn strain,
 Ere, Phœbus! on thy temples ruined wall
 I hang the silent harp: one song more!
 Penates! hear me! for to you I hymn
 The votive lay. Venerable powers!
 Harken your hymn of praise. Though from your rites
 Estranged, and exiled from your altars long,
 I have not ceased to love you, Household Gods!
 O ye whom youth has 'wildered on your way,
 Or vice with fair mask'd foulness, or the lure
 Of Fame that calls ye to her crowded path
 With folly's rattle, to your Household Gods
 Return: for not in Vice's gay abodes,

THE GRACES.

Not in the unquiet, unsafe halls of Fame
 Doth Happiness abide!"
 ————"To your Household Gods
 Return, for by their altars, Virtue dwells,
 And Happiness with her; hearken your hymn of praise,
 Penates! to your shrines I come for rest,—
 There only to be found. Household Deities,
 There only shall be Happiness on earth—
 When man shall feel your sacred power, and love
 Your tranquil joys; then shall the city stand
 A huge, void sepulchre, and rising fair
 Amid the ruins of the palace pile,
 The olive grow, there shall the tree of peace
 Strike its roots deep, and flourish."

SOUTHWY.

G E N I U S .

The Genius was a kind of spirit which, as the ancients supposed, presided over the actions of mankind, gave them their private councils, and carefully watched over their most secret intentions. Some of the ancient philosophers maintained, that every man had two of these, the one bad, the other good. They had the power of changing themselves into whatever form they pleased, and of assuming whatever shapes were most subservient to their intentions. At the moment of death, they delivered up to judgment the person with whose care they had been entrusted; and according to the evidence he delivered, sentence was passed upon the body. The Genius of Socrates is famous in history. That great philosopher asserted that the Genius informed him when any of his friends were going to engage in some unfortunate enterprise, and stopped him from the commission of all crimes and impiety. The Genii, though at first reckoned only as the subordinate ministers of the superior deities, received divine honour for a length of time, and we find altars and statues erected to them.

PRINCIPAL DIVINITIES OF THE SECOND ORDER.

THE GRACES.

The Graces, who were daughters of Jupiter and of Venus, presided over the enjoyments of the mind, as well as over those of the heart. Thus the orator received from them the force and brilliancy of his ideas; the artist, his perception of the beautiful; the wise man, that spirit of amiability which appreciates the charms of

virtue; the rich man, a love of beneficence and desire of giving; the poor gaiety and patience; the maiden, candour and modesty; and the warrior, bravery united with moderation.

The worship of the Graces appears to have had birth in Samothracia; then Elis, Perinthia, Delphi, and Rome adopted the three sisters. By some it is asserted, that the beautiful trio remained unwedded; Homer, however, has given Sleep to the youngest as a husband.

During the many sacrifices which were instituted in the various cities, offerings to them were mingled with those to Bacchus, Mercury, the Muses, and Apollo.

The Spartan heroes before going to combat, sacrificed to Love and to the Graces. They were invoked at festivals, and three cups were drunk by those who feasted in honour of Euphrosyne, Aglaia, and Thalia.

Of them, the greatest statuaries have erected the most groups, and Socrates himself, before he joined the philosophy in which he ultimately became so eminent, had taken the chisel in his hand, and represented them of slight figure, pure countenance, smiling faces, small mouths, hair negligently tied over their head, and with their hands placed in a graceful attitude.

They sometimes bear with them a branch of myrtle and of roses, the flowers peculiarly consecrated to them.



COMUS, MOMUS.



Comus, God of the pleasures of the table and of good living, was the presider over feasts and festivals, and was honoured most by the dissipated youth who, to do him reverence, wandered about at night in masks, dancing to the sound of musical instruments, and knocking at the doors of dwelling places. During his festivals, men and women exchanged each others dresses. He is represented as a young and drunken man, with a garland of flowers upon his head, his face lit up by the deity of wine, and with a flambeau in his hand which appears falling.

SONG OF COMUS.

“ Welcome joy, and feast,
Midnight shout and revelry.
Topsy dance and jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine,
Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head:
Strict age and sour severity,
With their grave saws, in slumber lie.
We, that are of purer fire,
Imitate the starry quire,
Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and years.

What hath night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove;
Venus now wakes, and wakens love.

"Come, let us our rites begin;
 'Tis only day-light that makes sin,
 Which these dim shades will ne'er report.
 Come, knot hands, and beat the ground
 In a light fantastic round."

MILTON.

Momus, his companion, is the god of joy and pleasantry, and was the buffoon and satirist of Olympus. He wears as head dress, a cap adorned with small bells, a mask in one hand, and on the other a bauble, the symbol of folly. He was constantly engaged in mocking the Gods, and whatever they did was freely turned into ridicule. He laughed at Minerva, who had made a house, because she had not formed it moveable, that the annoyance of a bad neighbourhood might be avoided. He sneered at Neptune's bull, because the eyes were not placed near enough to the horn, to render his blows surer. He irritated Vulcan, by observing that if he wished to make man perfect, he should have placed a window at his heart; and when he found the beauty of Venus was too perfect to allow of any truth to be mixed with his bitterness, he declared that the noise made by the goddess in walking was far too loud to be agreeable, and detracted from her beauty. At last these illiberal reflections were the cause of his being turned out of Olympus.

Momus has been sung many times by the choice spirits whom he inspired, as well as by the dissipated youth of the city, and occupies in poetry, a rank more elevated than that of Comus. He was greatly honoured during the more dissipated times of Rome, and it was the custom to pour libations to him, before commencing a nocturnal revel.

H Y M E N .

This child of Venus and Bacchus presided over marriages, and has the appearance of a beautiful youth, holding a torch in his hand, and in the other a purple garment, with his head ornamented by a crown of roses.

"Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
 There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!
 In vain the viewless seraph lingered there,
 At starry midnight charmed the silent air;
 In vain the wild bird carolled on the steep
 To hail the sun, slow wheeling from the deep;

In vain, to soothe the solitary shade,
 Aerial notes in mingling pleasure played ;
 The Summer wind that shook the spangled trees,
 The whispering wave, the murmuring of the breeze ;
 Still slowly passed the melancholy day,
 And still the stranger wist not where to stray.
 The world was sad ; the garden was a wild !
 And man, the hermit, sighed,—till woman smiled !”

CAMPBELL.

According to the more received opinions of others, Hymenæus was a young Athenian of extraordinary beauty, but of low origin. Becoming enamoured of one of the richest and noblest of his countrywomen, he worshipped her at a distance, and followed her, though respectfully, wherever she went : and, on one occasion, joined the nations of Athens in a religious procession, disguising his sex by women's clothes. When they reached Eleusis, a great part of the procession were seized by a band of pirates, who suddenly appeared amongst them : Hymenæus shared the captivity of his mistress, and encouraging the captives, they slew their ravishers while they slept. Immediately after this, Hymenæus repaired to Athens, and promised to deliver them if he were allowed to marry the one he might choose from amongst them.

The Athenians consented ; and the lover received so much happiness in the marriage state, that festivals were instituted in his honour, and he was solemnly invoked at their nuptials.

“ Hail, wedded love, mysterious law, true source
 Of human offspring, sole propriety,
 In paradise of all things common else !
 By thee adulterous lust was driven from men
 Among the bestial herds to range ; by thee
 Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
 Relations dear, and all the charities
 Of father, son, and brother, first were known,
 Far be it that I should write thee sin or blame,
 Or think thee unbecom'g holiest place ;
 Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
 Whose bed is undefiled, and chaste pronounced,
 Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs used.
 Here love his golden shafts employs, here lights
 His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
 Reigns here and revels, not in the bought smile
 Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendeared,
 Casual fruition ; nor in court amours,
 Mixed dance or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
 Or serenade, which the starved lover sings
 To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.”

MILTON.

It was supposed that he always attended at nuptials; if not, matrimonial connections were fatal, and ended unhappily, and therefore people ran about calling aloud, Hymen! Hymen!

"God of the torch, whose soul-illuming flame-
Beams brightest radiance o'er the human heart,
Of many a woe the cure,
Of many a joy the source.

Friend to each better feeling of the soul,
I sing to thee, for many a joy is thine,
And many a virtue comes
To join thy happy train.

Parent of every bliss, the busy hand
Of Fancy, oft will paint in brightest hues
How calm, how clear thy torch
Illumes the wintry hour.

We'll paint the well-trimmed fire, the frugal meal,
Prepared with good solicitude to please,
The ruddy children round,
Climbing the father's knee.

And oft will fancy rise above the lot
Of honest poverty, and dream how man
Nor rich, nor poor, enjoys
His best and happiest state.

When toil no longer irksome, and restrained
By hard necessity, but comes to please,
To vary the still hour
Of tranquil happiness,

Lured by the splendour of thy sacred torch,
The beacon light of bliss, young Love draws near,
And leads his willing slaves
To wear thy flowery chain."

SOUTHEY.

"Hymen, late, his love-knots selling,
Called at many a maiden's dwelling;
None could doubt, who saw, or knew them,
Hymen's call was welcome to them.

'Who'll buy my love-knots?
Who'll buy my love knots?'
Soon as that sweet cry resounded,
How his baskets were surrounded!

Maids, who now first dreamt of trying
Those gay knots of Hymen's tying;
Dames, who long had sat to watch him
Passing by, but ne'er could catch him;
'Who'll buy my love-knots?
Who'll buy my love-knots?'
All at that sweet cry assembled;
Some laughed, some blushed, and others trembled.

'Here are knots,' said Hymen, taking
Some loose flowers of Love's own making;
'Here are good ones, you may trust 'em,'
(These, of course, found ready custom.)

'Come buy my love-knots,

Come buy my love-knots!

Some are labelled-knots to tie men,
Love, the maker—Bought of Hymen.'

Scarce their bargains were completed,
When the nymphs all cried, 'We're cheated;

'See these flowers, they're drooping sadly,

This gold-knot, too, ties but badly'—

'Who'll buy my love-knots,

Who'll buy my love-knots!'

Even this tie, with Love's name round it,
All a sham, he never bound it!

Love, who saw the whole proceeding,
Would have laughed, but for good breeding;

While old Hymen, who was used to,

Cries like that these dames gave loose to,

'Take back our love-knots,

Take back our love-knots!'

Coolly said, 'There's no returning

Wares on Hymen's hands—Good morning!'

MOORE.

PLUTUS

—————"All bountiful, who roams
Earth, and the expanded surface of the sea;
And him that meets him on his way, whose hands
He grasps, him gifts he with abundant gold,
And large felicity."

HERSCD.

Plutus is the god of Riches, and as the minister of the deity of the dead, inhabits the court of Pluto, thereby indicating that the precious metals are in the bowels of the earth. He was brought up by the goddess of peace, and the Greeks spoke of him as a fickle divinity, because represented as blind, he spreads by chance in his rapid course, the gold, silver, and precious stones, which escape from a box he holds in his hands; as lame, because he came slow and gradually; and with wings, to intimate that he flew away with greater velocity than he approached mankind.

Fortuna was the goddess of Fortune, and from her hands were derived riches and poverty, pleasures and misfortunes, blessings and pains.

Governed by Destiny, she guides by Occasion; and before her marches Necessity, the inflexible goddess.

In Bœotia she had a statue, represented as holding Plutus in her arms, to intimate that fortune is the source whence wealth and honours flow. She is blind-folded, and her hand rests on a wheel, to intimate her inconstancy.



HARPOCRATES.

Harpocrates, the son of Isis and Osiris, is the god of Silence. He is represented, in his statues as young, but with a countenance calm and severe, and on his brow a mitre, divided into two equal portions. His finger is placed upon his lip, to intimate the silence he maintains, and hence, all modern works of art adopt the same sign, when they wish to represent the quality over which Harpocrates is supposed to preside.

The Romans placed his statue at the entrance of their temples, to intimate that the mysteries of religion should never be revealed to the people.

“ There is a lake that to the North
Of Memphis, stretches grandly forth,
Upon whose silent shore the dead
Have a proud city of their own,
With shrines and pyramids o’erspread—
Where many an ancient, kingly head
Slumbers, immortalized in stone ;
And where, through marble grotts beneath,
The lifeless, ranged like sacred things,
Nor wanting aught of life, but breath,
Lie in their painted loveliness,

And in each new successive race,
 That visit their dim haunts below,
 Look with the same unwithering face,
 They wore three thousand years ago.
 There Silence, thoughtful god, who loves
 The neighbourhood of death, in groves
 Of Asphodel lies hid, and weaves
 His hushing spell among the leaves—
 Nor ever noise disturbs the air,
 Save the low, humming, mournful sound
 Of priests, within their shrines at prayer,
 For the fresh dead, entombed around.”
 MOORE.

 THEMIS, ASTRÆA.

Themis, daughter of heaven and of earth, was the goddess of Justice. She wears a bandage over her eyes, and holds in her hands a sword, scales, and the mirror of truth. Her temple is always open.

Astræa, with Law and Peace, are her children, the former of whom was worshipped as Justice on the earth during the golden age; but the wickedness of mankind drove her from the world, during the succeeding periods of brass and iron, and she was placed among the constellations of the Zodiac, under the name of Virgo. She is represented as a maiden, with a stern but majestic countenance, holding a pair of scales in one hand, and a sword in the other.



DEMI-GODS.

The demi-gods are those, who, sprung from the union of a mortal with a divinity, have taken their place among the Immortals; and "Fabulous History" is the name given to the recital of their deeds.

CASTOR AND POLLUX.

From the love of Jupiter for Leda, wife of Tyndarus, king of Sparta, sprang these twin-brothers. Under the form of a swan, pursued by Venus: in the shape of an eagle, the God sought refuge in Leda's arms, who in due time produced two eggs, from one of which came Pollux and Helena, and from the other, Castor and Clytemnestra.



Scarcely had Pollux emerged from childhood, when, being on an expedition with the Argonauts, they stopped in the domains of Amycus, (famous for his skill in the management of the cestus,) who challenged all strangers seeking his dominions to a trial of strength. Pollux accepted his challenge, and surpassed him in skill, on which Amycus attempting to conquer by fraud, Pollux slew him on the spot; and became the patron of athletic exercises.

Castor was skilful in the art of guiding chariots, and subduing the most fiery coursers. These brothers fought Theseus for outraging their sister Helena; they destroyed the pirates who infested

Hellespont and the neighbouring seas, and from this have always been considered as gods favourable to sailors. During the Argonautic expedition, in which they had accompanied Jason, when a violent storm was raging, a couple of flames were seen playing over their heads, and immediately the tempest was appeased, and the sea became calm.

They were invited to a marriage feast, in which Lynceus and Idas were to be wedded to Phœbe and Talaria the daughters of Leucippus, who was brother to Tyndarus. Becoming enamoured of the two women whose nuptials they had met to celebrate, they resolved to carry them off. This violence provoked the bridegrooms: a combat ensued, in which Castor killed Lynceus, and was slain in return by Idas—Pollux revenged the death of his brother, by slaying Idas, but was unable after this to support life, so devotedly was he attached to his brother: and implored Jupiter either to restore him to life, or that he might be deprived himself of his immortality. His prayers were granted, and the two brothers passed in turn six months in the infernal regions, and six months on earth. This fraternal affection Jupiter rewarded by turning the two brothers into constellations, under the name of Gemini.

Sparta, celebrated in honour of them, a fête called Dioscuria, which was observed with jovial festivity: and in which free use was made of the gifts of Bacchus, accompanied with sports, in which wrestling matches always formed an important part.

J A S O N.

This celebrated hero was the son of Alcemele, by Æson; the education of the youthful Jason, whose right of succession to the throne of Iolchos had been wrested from him by Pelias, was entrusted to the care of the centaur Chiron, and he was removed from the presence of the usurper of the kingdom of Iolchos, because the latter had been informed by an oracle that one of the descendants of Æolus, (from whom Jason had come) would dethrone him. After he had distinguished himself by the most rapid success in every branch of science, Jason left the country, and by the advice of his preceptor, went to consult the oracle. He was ordered to

go to Iolchos, his native country, covered with the spoils of a leopard, and dressed in the garments of a Magnesian. In his



journey he was stopped by the inundation of a river, over which, however, he was carried by Juno, in the character of an old woman. In crossing the stream, he lost one of his sandals, and on his arrival at Iolchos, the singularity of his dress, and the fairness of his complexion, attracted the notice of the people, and drew a crowd round him in the market place. Pelias came to see him with the others, and, as he had been warned by the oracle, to beware of a man who should appear at Iolchos with one foot bare, and the other shod, the appearance of Jason, who as we have seen, had lost one of his sandals, alarmed him, and his terrors were soon after augmented, as Jason, accompanied by his friends repaired to the palace of Pelias, and demanded the kingdom of which he had been unjustly deprived. The boldness of Jason intimidated Pelias; he was unwilling to abdicate the crown, yet he feared the resentment of his adversary.

As Jason was young and desirous of glory, Pelias reminded him that their common relation, Phryxus, had been inhumanly murdered by Æetes, king of Colchis, in order to obtain possession of the golden fleece which belonged to the murdered man; observing, that, the deed merited punishment, and was one which would produce a crown of glory to him who should inflict it; adding, that if Jason, were to undertake it, he would resign his own crown and kingdom to him, immediately on his return. Burning with the desire of

military fame, Jason readily undertook an expedition which seemed to promise so much glory. The expedition was bruited about all Greece, and the young and ardent of the nation were called upon to join him in the glory and the danger.

They set sail in a ship called *Argo* and after a series of adventures arrived at *Colchis*. Alarmed at an invasion which appeared so formidable, *Æetes* promised to restore the golden fleece for the possession of which he had slain *Phryxus*, provided the invaders consented to the conditions he should propose, and which were as follows: Jason was to tame bulls whose breath were fierce flames, with feet and horns of brass, and to plough with them, when subdued, a field sacred to *Mars*. He was then to sow in the ground the teeth of a serpent, from which armed men would spring up, whose rage would be directed against him who should be daring enough to plough the field; and as a conclusion to his arduous tasks, he was to kill a frightful dragon which remained ever on the watch at the tree where the golden fleece was suspended. All were in fear for the fate of the *Argonauts*, but *Juno* watched over their safety, and extricated them from their difficulties. *Medea*, the king's daughter, fell in love with Jason, and in an interview with her lover in the temple of *Hecate*, in which they swore a mutual fidelity, and bound themselves by the most solemn oaths, she pledged herself to deliver her lover from all his dangers. Her knowledge of herbs, enchantments and incantations, was uncommon, and he received from her whatever instruments and herbs could protect him against the coming dangers.

“ She then retires to *Hecate's* shrine, that stood
 Far in the covert of a shady wood:
 She finds the fury of her flames assauged,
 But, seeing Jason there, again they raged.
 Blushes and paleness did by turns invade
 Her tender cheeks, and secret grief betrayed;
 As fire, that sleeping under ashes lies,
 Fresh blown and roused, does up in blazes rise,
 New kindled by her lover's sparkling eyes,
 So flamed the virgin's breast.
 For chance, that day, had with uncommon grace,
 Adorned the lovely youth, and thro' his face
 Displayed an air so pleasing, as might charm
 A goddess, and a vestal's bosom warm.
 Her ravished eyes survey him o'er and o'er,
 As some gay wonder never seen before;
 Transported to the skies she seems to be
 And thinks she gazes on a deity.

But when he spoke and pressed her trembling hand,
 And did with tender words her heart demand,
 With vows and oaths to make her soon his bride,
 She wept a flood of tears, and thus replied.
 'I see my error, yet to ruin move,
 Nor owe my fate to ignorance, but love :
 Your life I'll guard, and only crave of you
 To swear once more—and to your oath be true.'
 He swears by Hecate, he would all fulfil,
 And by her grandfather's prophetic skill
 By everything that doubting love could press,
 His present danger and desired success.
 She credits him, and kindly does produce
 Enchanted herbs, and teaches him their use,
 Their mystic names, and virtues he admires.
 And with his booty joyfully retires."

OVID.

He made his appearance in the field of Mars, he tamed the fury of the oxen, he ploughed the earth, and he sowed the teeth of the dragon. Immediately a band of armed men arose and rushed towards Jason : nothing daunted, the hero threw a stone amongst them, and they fell one upon the other till they were entirely destroyed. He lulled to sleep the watchfulness of the dragon, by the power of herbs, and grasped in triumph the golden fleece which was the object of his expedition.

"Impatient for the wonders of the day,
 Aurora drives the loitering stars away.
 Now Mars's mount the pressing people fill,
 The crowd below, the nobles crown the hill :
 The king himself, high throned above the rest,
 With ivory sceptre, and in purple drest.
 Forthwith the brass hoofed bulls are set at large,
 Whose furious nostrils sulphurous flames discharge,
 The blasted herbage by their breath expires,
 As forges rumble with excessive fires,
 And furnaces with fiercer fury glow,
 When water in the panting mass ye throw,
 With such a noise from their convulsive breast,
 Through bellowing throats the struggling vapour pressed.
 Yet Jason marches up without concern,
 While on the adventurous youth the monsters turn
 Their glaring eyes, and eager to engage,
 Brandish their steel-tipt horns in threatening rage :
 With brazen hoofs they beat the ground, and choke
 The ambient air, with clouds of dust and smoke.
 Each gazing Grecian for his champion shakes,
 While bold advances he securely makes
 Through singeing blasts : such wonders magic art
 Can work, when love conspires and plays his part.
 The passive savages like statues stand,
 While he their dewlap strokes with soothing hand ;

To unknown yokes their brawny necks they yield,
 And like tame oxen, plough the wondering field.
 The Colchians stare, the Grecians shout, and raise
 Their champion's courage with inspiring praise.
 Emboldened now, in fresh attempts he goes,
 With serpent's teeth the fertile furrows sows;
 The glebe, fermenting with enchanted juice,
 Makes the snakes' teeth a human crop produce,
 And from the labouring earth, no single birth
 But a whole troop of lusty youths rush forth,
 And what's more strange, with martial fury warmed,
 And for encounter all completely armed;
 In rank and file, as they were sowed, they stand
 Impatient for the signal of command,
 No foe, but the Æmonian youth appears,
 As thers they level their steep pointed spears.
 Wonders ensue, among his gazing foes
 The fragment of a massy rock he throws,
 This charm in civil war engaged them all,
 By mutual wounds these earth-born brothers fall.
 One labour more remains, and, though the last,
 In danger far surmounting all the past;
 That enterprize by fate in store was kept
 To make the dragon sleep, that never slept,
 Whose crest shoots dreadful lustre; from his jaws
 A triple tier of forked stings he draws,
 With fangs and wings of a prodigious size;
 Such was the guardian of the golden prize.
 Yet him besprinkled with Lethæan dew
 The fair enchantress into slumber threw;
 While the soft guest his drowsy eyelids seals,
 Th' unguarded golden fleece the stranger steals;
 Proud to possess the purchase of his toil,
 Proud of his royal bride, the richer spoil,
 To sea both prize and patroness he bore,
 And lands triumphant on his native shore."

OVID.

All these deeds being performed in the presence of the monarch and his subjects, they were struck with surprise at the boldness and success of the young hero, who immediately embarked for Europe with Medea, the great instrument of his preservation. Enraged at the desertion of his daughter, Cætes sent his son Absyrtus to bring back the fugitives. Absyrtus overtook them, but was slain by Medea, who scattered his limbs upon the path of his father, trusting that Cætes' paternal affection, would make him anxious to render due homage to the remains of his son, and prevent him from following with success.

On the return of the expedition to Thessaly, they were received with unusual festivity; but Cæson, Jason's father was unable to be there, owing to the infirmities of age, and Medea at her husband's desire, restored him to all the power and vigour of youth.

With looks averted backward they advance,
 Who strike and stab, and leave the blows to chance
 Waking in consternation, he essays,
 Weltering in blood, his feeble arms to raise;
 Environed by so many swords; 'From whence
 This barbarous usage? what is my offence?
 What fatal fury, what infernal charm,
 'Gainst a kind father does his daughter arm?'
 Hearing his voice, as thunderstruck they stopped
 Their resolution, and their weapons dropped:
 Medea then the mortal blow bestows."

The subjects of the deceased king, when they were informed of the cause of his death, were anxious to avenge it, and Medea found herself compelled to fly with Jason to Corinth, in which place they resided forty years.

Unhappily their matrimonial happiness was disturbed by Jason's infidelity with Glaucus, the daughter of the King of the Country, for whom Medea was divorced, that he might follow his amour in comfort. This infidelity was severely avenged by Medea, who after destroying the children of Glaucus in her presence, presented to her a poisoned gown, and induced her to put it on; it immediately set her whole body on fire, and she died in the most painful torments.

This deed was followed by one still more revolting to the mind, for Medea slew two of her own children in their father's presence, and when the incensed Jason attempted to avenge their murder on the barbarous mother, she escaped by flying through the air in a chariot drawn by dragons.

"When Medea left her native soil,
 Unawed by danger, unsubdued by toil:
 Her weeping sire, and beckoning friends withstood,
 And launched enamoured in the boiling flood;
 One ruddy boy her gentle lips caressed,
 And one fair girl was pillowed on her breast;
 While high in air the golden treasure burns,
 And Love and Glory guide the prow by turns.
 But when Thessalia's inauspicious plain,
 Received the matron-heroine from the main;
 While hours of triumph sound, and altars burn.
 And shouting nations hail their Queen's return:
 Aghast, she saw new-decked the nuptial bed,
 And proud Creusa to the temple led;
 Saw her in Jason's mercenary arms.
 Deride her virtues and insult her charms:
 Saw her dear babes from fame and empire torn,
 In foreign realms deserted and forlorn:
 Her love rejected, and her vengeance braved
 By him, her beauties won, her virtues saved.

" To the stern King of Ghosts she next applied,
 And gentle Proserpine, his ravished bride,
 That for old Æson with the laws of fate;
 They would dispense, and lengthen his short date.
 Thus with repeated prayers she oft assails,
 The infernal tyrant, and at last prevails;
 Then calls to have decrepid Æson brought,
 And stupifies him with a sleeping draught;
 This done, th' enchantress, with her locks unbound
 About her altar trips a frantic round;
 Piecemeal the consecrated wood she splits,
 And dips the splinters in the gory pits,
 Then hurls them on the piles; the sleeping air
 She lustrates thrice, with sulphur, water, fire.

His feeble frame resumes a youthful air,
 A glossy brown his hoary head of hair,
 The meagre paleness from his aspect fled,
 And in its room sprung up a florid red:
 Through all his limbs a youthful vigour flies,
 His emptied arteries swell with fresh supplies:
 Gazing spectators scarce believe their eyes.
 But Æson is the most surprised to find
 A happy change in body and in mind,
 In sense and constitution the same man,
 As when his fortieth active year began."

OVID.

Pelias the usurper, was desirous of following so pleasant an example, and his daughters persuaded by Medea, who was anxious to avenge her husband's wrongs, destroyed him with their own hands. Their credulity met with a severe punishment, for Medea refused to restore him to life.

Meanwhile Pelias with his guards lay bound
 In magic sleep, scarce that of death so sound:
 The daughters now are by the Sorceress led,
 Into his chamber and surround his bed,
 ' Your fathers health 's concerned and can ye stay?
 Unnatural nymphs, why this unkind delay?
 Unsheath your swords, dismiss his lifeless blood,
 And I'll recruit it with a vital flood:
 Your father's life and health are in your hand,
 And can ye thus, like idle gazers stand?
 Unless you are of common sense bereft,
 If yet one spark of piety is left,
 Dispatch a father's cure, and disengage
 The monarch from his loathsome load of age.
 Thus urged, the poor deluded maids proceed
 Betrayed by zeal to an inhuman deed,
 And in compassion, make a father bleed.
 Yes, she who has the kindest, tenderest heart,
 Is foremost to perform the bloody part.
 Yet, though to act the butchery betrayed,
 They could not bear to see the wounds they made,

With stern regard she eyed the traitor king,
 And felt ingratitude, the keenest sting ;
 "Nor Heaven" she cried, "nor earth, nor Hell can hold
 A heart abandoned to the thirst of gold !
 Stamped with wild foot and shook her torrent brow,
 And called the furies from their dens below !"

OVID.

When in Athens, to which place Medea came after leaving Corinth, she underwent the penance necessary to purify her from the crimes she had committed, after which she became the wife of King Ægeus, to whom she bore a son called Medus.

Before his intimacy with Medea, Ægeus had a son named Theseus, who had been sent to Athens with his father's sword, by the sight of which he was to introduce himself to his father's knowledge when he grew up; as Theseus attempted to make himself known to his father, Medea, who had grown jealous of the glory he had achieved, tried to poison him at an entertainment to which he had been invited. She failed in her purpose. The king, recognized by the sword he bore, his long lost son, and Medea had recourse to her dragons once more, to make her escape through the air, to Colchis, where, by some it is stated, she was re-united to Jason; while according to other authorities, Jason lived a melancholy and unhappy life; and, as he was reposing one day by the side of the ship which had borne him to Colchis, a large beam fell upon and crushed him to death. Medea also died at Colchis, and after her death is said to have been married to Achilles in Elysium.

It is asserted by some writers, that the murder of the two youngest of Jason's children, was not committed by Medea, but by the Corinthians themselves, in the Temple of Juno Acrea; and that to avoid the vengeance of heaven, and to free themselves from a plague which devoured the country after so frightful a massacre, they engaged the poet Euripides to write a tragedy which should tend to clear them of the murder, and throw the crime upon the guilty Medea. Festivals were also appointed, in which the mother was represented as destroying her own offspring, with all the attributes of a fury, and was regarded as a day of solemn mourning.

"O haggard queen! to Athens dost thou guide
 Thy glowing chariot, steeped in kindred gore;
 Or seek to hide thy foul infanticide
 Where peace and mercy dwell for evermore?"

The land where Heaven's own hallowed waters play,
 Where friendship binds the generous and the good,
 Say, shall it hail thee from thy frantic way,
 Unholy woman! with thy hands embrued.

In thine own children's gore? Oh! ere they bleed,
 Let Nature's voice thy ruthless heart appal!
 Pause at the bold, irrevocable deed—
 The mother strikes—the guiltless babes shall fall!

When o'er each babe you look a last adieu,
 And gaze on Innocence that smiles asleep,
 Shall no fond feeling beat to Nature true,
 Charm thee to pensive thought—and bid thee weep?

When the young suppliants clasp their parent dear,
 Heave the deep sob, and pour the artless prayer,
 Ay! thou shalt melt; and many a heart-shed tear
 Gush o'er the hardened features of despair!
 Nature shall throb in every tender string,—
 Thy trembling heart the ruffian's task deny;
 Thy horror smitten hands afar shall fling
 The blade, undrenched in blood's eternal dye.

CHORUS.

Hallowed Earth! with indignation
 Mark, oh mark, the murderous deed!
 Radiant eye of wide creation,
 Watch th' accursed infanticide!

Yet, ere Colchia's rugged daughter
 Perpetrate the dire design,
 And consign to kindred slaughter
 Children of the golden line!

Shall mortal hand, with murder gory,
 Cause immortal blood to flow!
 Sun of Heaven!—array'd in glory
 Rise, forbid, avert the blow!

In the vales of placid gladness
 Let no rueful mauiac range;
 Chase afar the fiend of Madness,
 Wrest the dagger from Revenge!

Say, hast thou, with kind protection,
 Reared thy smiling race in vain;
 Fostering Nature's fond affection,
 Tender cares, and pleasing pain?

Hast thou, on the troubled ocean,
 Braved the tempest loud and stroug,
 Where the waves, in wild commotion,
 Roar Cyanean rocks among?

Didst thou roam the paths of danger,
 Hymenean joys to prove?
 Spare, O sanguinary stranger,
 Pledges of thy sacred love!

Ask not Heaven's commiseration,
 After thou hast done the deed;
 Mercy, pardon, expiation,
 Perish when thy victims bleed."

E. RAPIDRA.

HERCULES.

This celebrated hero was, after his death, as a reward for the many courageous deeds he had performed, placed among the gods, and rewarded with divine honours. It has been asserted that there were many of the same name, some writers extending the number to forty-three; though of these the son of Jupiter and Alcmena is the most celebrated, and as such, doubtless, many of their actions have been attributed to him. In order to gain the affections of Alcmena, Jupiter took the form of her husband, and from this union was born Hercules, who was brought up at Tirynthus; Juno, however, could not look upon him with pleasure, and before he was nine months old, sent two snakes intending them to devour him. Far from fearing these terrible enemies, the child grasped them boldly in both his hands, and strangled them, while his brother Iphielus shrieked aloud in terror.

He was early instructed in those arts in which he afterwards became so famous, for Castor taught him to fight, Eurytus to shoot with the bow and arrows, and Autolycus to drive a chariot; after this, he perfected himself under the tuition of the Centaur, Chiron. When in the eighteenth year of his age, a huge lion devastated the people, and preyed on the flocks of Amphitryon, laying waste also the adjacent country. From this monster Hercules relieved them, and when Erginus, King of Orchomedas, sent for his yearly tribute of one hundred crowns, Hercules mutilated the servants who came to raise it, and on Erginus coming to avenge their death, he slew him, and delivered his country from the inglorious tribute.

These heroic deeds soon became bruited abroad, and Creon, who reigned in Thebes, rewarded his courage by giving him his daughter in marriage, and entrusting him with the government of his people.

As Hercules was by the will of Jupiter, subjected to the power of Eurystheus, the latter, jealous of the fame he was achieving, ordered him to appear before him.

Proud of his strength and of his successes, the hero refused, and Juno to punish him, struck him with a sudden madness, in which he killed his own offspring, imagining them to be those of Eurystheus.

Hercules. "Hast thou beheld the carnage of my sons?"
Theseus. I heard, I saw the ills thou showest me
Hercules. Why hast thou then unveiled me to the Sun?
Theseus. Why not? Can mortal man pollute the Gods?
Hercules. Fly, thou unhappy, my polluting guilt!
Theseus. Friends, from their friends, no stain of guilt contract.
Hercules. This hath my thanks, indeed, I thought thee good.
Theseus. And for that good deed, now I pity thee!
Hercules. I want thy pity, I have slain my sons.
Theseus. Thee, for thy grace, in other ills I mourn!
Hercules. Whom hast thou known involved in ills like these?
Theseus. Thy vast misfortunes reach from earth to heaven.
Hercules. I therefore am prepared, and fixed to die.
Theseus. And deemest thou the gods regard thy threats?
Hercules. The gods regard not me, nor I the gods!
Theseus. Forbear: lest thy proud words provoke worse ill.
Hercules. I now am full, and can contain no more.
Theseus. What dost thou? Whither doth thy rage transport thee?
Hercules. From whence I came, to death's dark realms I go.
Theseus. This is the language of a vulgar spirit.
Hercules. Thou from misfortune free, canst counsel me;
Theseus. Doth the much suffering Hercules say this?
Hercules. He had not suffered this, had ills a mean.
Theseus. The brave protector, the kind friend of men.
Hercules. They nought avail me.
Theseus. Greece will not suffer thee to die thus rashly.
Hercules. Now hear me whilst my arguments refute
 All thy monitions. Whilst I yet
 Hung on the breast, two hideous serpents came,
 Sent by Juno to destroy me, rolled their spires
 Within my cradle. When my age advanced
 To youth's fresh bloom, why should I say what toils
 I then sustained? What lions—what dire forms
 Of Triple Typhons, or what giants, what
 Of monsters banded in the Centaur war,
 Did I not quell? The Hydra, raged around,
 With heads still spouting from the sword I slew.
 These and a thousand other toils endured,
 To the dark regions of the dead I went,
 To drag the triple headed dog to light,
 That guards the gate of Pluto;—the command
 Of stern Eurystheus. This last bloody deed,
 (Wretch that I am!) the murder of my sons
 Have I achieved, to crown my house with ills.
 I am reduced to this unhappiness,
 At my loved Thebes I cannot dwell, for here
 What temple, what assembly of my friends
 Can I approach? Pollutions rank as mine,
 Allow no converse. Should I go to Argos?
 How, since I fly my country, should I seek
 Refuge in other states, malignant eyes
 Would scowl on me when known, and bitter tongues
 Goad me with these reproaches:—Is not this
 The son of Jove, who slew his sons and wife?
 Then bid me thence with curses on my head.

And to the man, whose former days were passed
 In happier fortune, mournful is the change;
 But him, that in distresses hath been trained,
 Naught grieves, as though he were allied to ill.
 And to this misery shall I come, I ween.
 The earth will cry aloud, forbidding me
 To touch her soil, to pass its waves, the sea,
 And every fountain whence the rivers flow.
 Thus like Ixions, on the whirling wheel
 In chains, will be my stake: and this were best,
 That never Grecian might behold me more,
 With whom in better days I have been happy.
 Why therefore should I live? What blessing were it
 To gain a useless and unhallowed life?"

After his recovery he consulted the oracle of Apollo, and was told that he must act in compliance with the will of Jupiter, and be subservient to the commands of Eurystheus for twelve years, and that after he had been successful in the labours to be imposed upon him, he would be admitted amongst the gods. This answer determined him to bear with fortitude whatever gods or men might command, and Eurystheus, seeing so perfect a hero subjected to him, ordered him to perform the most terrible and dangerous deeds he could imagine, which are now generally known as the twelve labours of Hercules.

The favors of the gods had completely armed him when he undertook his labours. He had received a coat of arms and helmet from Minerva, a sword from Mercury, a horse from Apollo, and from Vulcan a golden cuirass and brazen buskin, with a celebrated club of brass, according to the opinion of some writers, but more generally supposed to be of wood, and cut by the hero himself in the forest of Nemæa. The first labour imposed upon Hercules by Eurystheus, was to kill the lion of Nemæa, which ravaged the country near Mycænæ. The hero, unable to destroy him with his arrow, boldly attacked him with his club, pursued him to his den, and after a close and sharp engagement, he choked him to death. He carried the dead beast on his shoulders to Mycænæ, and ever after clothed himself with the skin. Eurystheus was so astonished at the sight of the beast, and at the courage of Hercules, that he ordered him never to enter the gates of the city when he returned from his expeditions, but to wait for his orders without the walls. He even made himself a hiding place into which he retired whenever Hercules returned. The second labour of Hercules was to destroy the Lernæan hydra, which had seven heads. This cele-

brated monster he attacked with his arrows, and soon after he came to a close engagement, and by means of his heavy club, destroyed the heads of his enemy. But this was productive of no advantage, for as soon as one head was beaten to pieces by the club, immediately two sprang up, and the labour of Hercules would have remained unfinished, had he not commanded his friend Iolas, who accompanied him, to burn, with a hot iron, the root of the head which he had crushed to pieces. This succeeded, and Hercules became victorious, opened the belly of the monster, and dipped his arrow in the gall, to render the wounds which he gave, fatal and incurable. He was ordered in his third labour to bring alive and unhurt, into the presence of Eurystheus, a stag, famous for its incredible swiftness, its golden horns, and brazen feet. This celebrated animal frequented the neighbourhood of *Cœnoë*, and Hercules was employed for a whole year in continually pursuing it; at last, he caught it in a trap, or when tired, or according to others by slightly wounding it, and lessening its swiftness. As he returned victorious, Diana snatched the stag from him, and severely reprimanded him for molesting an animal which was sacred to her. Hercules pleaded necessity, and by representing the commands of Eurystheus, he appeased the goddess and obtained the beast. The



fourth labour was to bring alive to Eurystheus a wild boar which ravaged the neighbourhood of Erymanthus. In this expedition he

destroyed the Centaurs, and caught the boar by closely pursuing him through the deep snow. Eurystheus was so frightened at the sight of the boar, that, according to Diodorus, he hid himself in a brazen vessel for some days. In his fifth labour Hercules was ordered to clean the stables of Augias, where three thousand oxen had been confined for many years. For the sixth, he was ordered to kill the carnivorous birds which ravaged the country near the lake Stymphalis, in Arcadia. In his seventh, he brought alive into Peloponnesus a prodigious wild bull, which laid waste the island of Crete. In his eighth, he was employed in obtaining the mares of Diomedes, which fed upon human flesh. He killed Diomedes, and gave him to be eaten by his mares, which he brought to Eurystheus. They were sent to Mount Olympus by the King of Mycenæ, where they were devoured by the wild beasts; or, according to others, consecrated to Jupiter, and their breed still existed in the age of Alexander the Great. For his ninth labour, he was commanded to obtain the girdle of the Queen of the Amazons. In his tenth, he killed the monster Geryon, King of Gades, and brought to Argos his numerous flocks which fed upon human flesh. The eleventh labour was to obtain apples from the garden of Hesperides, three celebrated daughters of Hesperus, who were appointed to guard some golden apples, given by Jupiter to Juno on the day of their marriage.

Ignorant of the precise situation of the beautiful garden containing them, Hercules applied to the nymphs in the neighbourhood of the Po for information, and was told that Nereus, if properly managed, would direct him in his pursuits. The hero seized Nereus while he slept, and the sea god, unable to escape from his grasp, answered all the questions he proposed, which led him to Atlas, in Africa, and of him, he demanded three of the golden apples. Atlas placed the burden of the heavens on the shoulders of Hercules, and went in quest of the apples. At his return, Hercules expressed a wish to ease his load by putting something on his head, and when Atlas assisted him to remove the inconvenience, he artfully left the burden, and seized the apples which Atlas had thrown on the ground. According to other accounts, Hercules gathered them without the assistance of Atlas, after killing a dragon which guarded the tree.

The twelfth and last, and most dangerous of his labours, was to bring upon earth the three-headed dog Cerberus. This was cheerfully undertaken by Hercules, and he descended into hell by a cave on Mount Tænarus. He was permitted by Pluto to carry away his friends Theseus and Pirithous, who were condemned to punishment in hell; and Cerberus also was granted to his prayers, provided he made use of no arms, but only force to drag him away. Hercules, as some report, carried him back to hell, after he had brought him before Eurystheus. Besides these arduous labours, which the jealousy of Eurystheus imposed upon him, he also achieved others of his own accord, equally great and celebrated.

He delivered Hesione, a daughter of Laomedon, King of Troy, from a sea monster, to whom the Trojans yearly presented a marriageable maiden; and when the hero had fulfilled his task, Laomedon refused to give him the tribute of six beautiful horses, which he had promised to him. Hercules, incensed at his treachery, besieged Troy, and put the king and his family to the sword.

"First, two dread snakes, at Juno's vengeful nod,
Climbed round the cradle of the sleeping God;
Waked by the shrilling hiss, and rustling sound,
And shrieks of fair attendants trembling round,
Their gasping throats with clenching hands he holds;
Till death entwists their convoluted folds.
And in red torrents from her seven gold heads
Fell Hydra's blood in Lerna's lake he sheds;
Grasps Achelous with resistless force,
And drags the roaring river to his course:
Binds with loud bellowing and with hideous yell
The monster bull, and three-fold dog of hell."

"Then, where Nemea's howling forests wave,
He drives the Lion to his dusky cave;
Seized by the throat the howling fiend disarms,
And tears his gaping jaws with sinewy arms;
Lifts proud Anteus from his mother-plains,
And with strong grasp, the struggling giant strains;
Back falls his fainting head, and clammy hair,
Writhe his weak limbs, and flits his life in air;—
By steps reverted o'er the blood-dropped fen
He tracks huge Ceacus to his forest den!
Where breathing flames through brazen lips, he fled,
And shakes the rock-roofed cavern o'er his head!
Last, with wide arms the solid earth he tears,
Piles rock on rock, on mountain, mountain rears;
Heaves up huge Abyla in Afric's sand,
Crowns with huge Calpe Europe's salient strand,
Crests with opposing towers the splendid scene,
And pours from urns immense, the sea between.

Loud o'er her whirling flood Charybdis roars
Affrighted Scylla bellows round her shores,
Vesuvius groans through all his echoing caves,
And Etna thunders o'er the insurgent waves."

When these were performed, he became deeply enamoured of Iole, daughter of Eurystheus, but she, being refused to his entreaties, he became insane a second time, and murdered Iphitus, the only one of the sisters of Iole who was willing to assist him in obtaining her.

After some time had passed, he was purified from this murder, and his insanity was at an end. However, the gods were not satisfied, but persecuted him still further, for he was smitten with an indisposition which compelled him once more to consult the oracle of Delphi.

Not being pleased with the manner in which his application was received, he resolved, in the heat of passion, to desecrate the sacred temple by plundering it, and carrying away the holy tripod. Apollo opposed him, and a fierce conflict ensued, to put an end to which, however, Jupiter interfered with his Thunderbolts.

Indignant at the insult offered to the sacred edifice, the oracle declared that it could only be wiped away by the hero becoming a slave, and remaining in the most abject servitude for three years.

In compliance with the decree, Mercury, by the order of Jupiter, sold him to Omphale, Queen of Lydia, as a slave. But his services to this queen so astonished her, that she freed him from his servitude and married him. When the term for which he had been sold expired, Hercules left her, and returned to Peloponnessus, where he re-established Tyndaris on the throne of Sparta.

After this, he became one of the numerous suitors of Dejanira, who had been promised by her father in marriage to that one who should prove the strongest of all his competitors. The most dangerous foe to Hercules was Achelous, a river god, who, finding himself inferior in strength, changed himself into a serpent, and afterwards into an ox. Serpent strangling was, however, nothing new to Hercules, and he had but little trouble with his enemy as an ox, until at last Achelous retired in disgrace to his bed of waters.

After his marriage with Dejanira, he was compelled to leave his father-in-law's kingdom, from having accidentally slain one of the citizens.

On his way to Ceyx, accompanied by Dejanira, he was stopped by a swollen stream, and Nessus, the Centaur, offered to convey her safely on his back to the opposite side of the river. As the hero's only anxiety was for her, he accepted the offer with thanks, and when he saw them through the worst part of the water in safety, prepared to follow, but no sooner had the Centaur landed with Dejanira, than he attempted to offer violence to his beautiful burthen, and to carry her away in the very sight of her husband.

The extraordinary efforts of the enraged Hercules, brought him up in time to let fly a poisoned arrow at the ravisher, which mortally wounded him. In his anguish, and burning for vengeance on his slayer, he gave Dejanira his tunic, which was covered with his blood.



“Take this,” he said, feigning a repentance, “if ever your husband prove unfaithful, it will recall him to your arms;” and with this he expired.

‘For now his bridal charge employed his cares,
The strong limbed Nessus thus officious cried,
For he the shallows of the stream had tried,
‘Swim thou, Alcides, all thy strength prepare,
On yonder bank I’ll lodge thy nuptial care.’
Th’ Aonian chief to Nessus trusts his wife.
All pale, and trembling for her hero’s life:
Clothed as he stood in the fierce lion’s hide,
The laden quiver o’er his shoulder tied.

"Far cross the stream his bow and club were cast,
 Swift he plunged in, 'these billows shall be past,'
 He said, nor sought where smoother waters glide
 But stemmed the rapid dangers of the tide.
 The bank he reached, again the bow he bears,
 When, bark! his bride's known voice alarms his ears,
 'Nessus, to thee I call,' aloud he cries,—
 'Vain is thy trust in flight, be timely wise;
 Thou monster double shaped, my right set free,
 If thou no reverence owe my fame and me,
 Yet kindred should thy lawless lust deny,
 Think not perfidious wretch, from me to fly;
 Tho' winged with horse's speed, wounds shall pursue,'
 Swift as his words the fatal arrow flew,
 The Centaur's back admits the feathered wood,
 And thro' his breast the barbed arrow stood,
 Which when in anguish, thro' the flesh he tore
 From both the wounds gushed forth the spumy gore,
 Mixed with the Lernæan venom, this he took,
 Nor dire revenge his dying breast forsook,
 His garment, in the reeking purple dyed
 To rouse love's passion, he presents the bride."—OVID.

Ceyx received them both with great favour, but Hercules could not forget that he had been refused the hand of Iole, although in possession of the heart of Dejanira, and therefore made war against her father, killing him, with three of his sons, while his former lover, Iole, fell into his hands, and found that she still held no slight possession of his affections.

She accompanied him to Cæta, where he was going to raise an altar, and offer a sacrifice to Jupiter. Dejanira, aware of his purpose, and of the affection he had manifested for her rival, sent to him the tunic given her by the Centaur, Nessus, but no sooner had he put it on, than the poison with which it was saturated, penetrated through his bones, and attaching itself to the flesh, eat into it like fire.

"She now resolves to send the fatal vest,
 Dyed with Lernæan gore, whose power might move
 His soul anew, and rouse declining love,
 Nor knew she what her sudden rage bestows,
 When she to Lychas trusts her future woes;
 With soft endearment she the boy commands,
 To bear the garment to her husband's hands.
 Th' unwilling hero takes the gift in haste,
 And o'er his shoulders Lerna's poison cast,
 At first the fire with frankincense he strews,
 And utters to the gods his holy vows;
 And on the marble altar's polished frame
 Pours forth the grapy stream; the rising flame
 Sudden dissolves the subtle poisoning juice
 Which taints his blood, and all his nerves bedews.

With wonted fortitude he bore the smart,
 And not a groan confessed his burning heart,
 At length his patience was subdued by pain
 O'er wide forests echo with his cries ;
 Now to rip off the deathful robe he tries.
 Where'er he plucks the vest, the skin he tears
 The mangled muscles and huge bones he bares.
 (A ghastly sight !) or raging with his pain,
 To rend the sick'ning plague, he tugs in vain.
 As the red iron hisses in the flood,
 So boils the venom in his curdling blood.
 Now with the greedy flame his entrails glow,
 And livid sweats down all his body flow.
 The cracking nerves, burnt up, are burst in twain,
 The lurking venom melts his swimming brain."

OVID.

When Lychas, by the command of Dejanira, had brought the fatal scarf, and Hercules became aware of its dreadful power, he seized the messenger, and hurled him into the sea with fearful violence.



In vain did he attempt to pull it off, he only tore with it masses of flesh. In the midst of his miserable tortures, his groans of anguish were mixed with imprecations on the credulity of Dejanira, and the jealousy and hatred of Juno, to whom he attributed all his pains.

"Then lifting both his hands aloft, he cries,
 'Glut thy revenge, dread empress of the skies ;
 Sate with my death the rancour of thy heart,
 Look down with pleasure and enjoy my smart ;
 Or, if e'er pity moved a hostile breast
 For here I stand thy enemy protest ;'

“ Meanwhile, whate’er was in the power of flame,
 Was all consumed; his body’s nervous frame
 No more was known; of human form bereft—
 The eternal part of Jove alone was left.
 As an old serpent casts his scaly vest,
 Wreathes in the Sun, in youthful glory drest;
 So, when Alcides’ mortal mould resigned,
 His better part enlarged, and grew refined:
 August his visage shone; almighty Jove,
 In his swift car his honoured offspring drove:
 High o’er the hollow clouds the coursers fly,
 And lodge the hero in the starry sky.”

OVID.

If his fame had been universal, his worship soon became equally so, and Juno, once so inveterate, consented to his receiving her daughter Hebe in marriage.

Hercules is generally represented as gigantically proportioned, sometimes naked, sometimes covered with the skin of the Nemean lion; a thick and knotted club in his hands, on which he is often seen leaning.

Such are the most important parts of the life of Hercules, who is held out by the ancients as a complete pattern of virtue and piety, and is asserted by them to have been employed for the benefit of mankind, and for this was deservedly rewarded with immortality.

“ O worthy end of his laborious life,
 The nectared cup, and Hebe for a wife!
 Her golden youth did with new transports play,
 And crowned his toils in empyrean day.
 Yet did he oft, though in her arms he lay,
 And tasted to the height immortal youth,
 Sigh for young Iole, who, soft as May,
 And rich as Summer, yielded up her truth;
 There by Euripus, ever fickle stream,
 He won a world in her immortal arms,
 And found his prized honour but a dream
 Lost in the Ocean of her gentle charms.”

THURLOW.

He has received many surnames and epithets, either from the place where his worship was established, or from the labours which he had achieved; his temples were numerous and magnificent. The Phœnicians offered Quails on his altars, and as it was supposed that he presided over dreams, the sick and infirm were sent to sleep in his temples, that they might receive in their visions the agreeable presages of their approaching recovery.

The children of Hercules are as numerous as the labours and difficulties which he underwent, and became so powerful after his death, that they alone had the bravery to invade the Peloponnesus.

"Take hence this hateful life, with tortures torn,
 Inured to trouble, and to labours born.
 Death is the gift most welcome to my woe,
 And such a gift a steplame may bestow.
 Was it for this Busiris was subdued,
 Whose barbarous temples reeked with stranger's blood ?
 Pressed in these arms his fate Antæus found,
 Nor gained recruited vigour from the ground.
 Did I not triple-formed Geryon fell ?
 Or, did I fear the triple dog of hell ?
 Did not these hands the bull's armed forehead hold ?
 Are not our mighty toils in Elis told ?
 Did not Stympthalian lakes proclaim my fame ?
 And fair Parthenian woods resound my name ?
 Who seized the golden belt of Thermolon ?
 And who the dragon-guarded apples won ?
 Could the fair Centaur's strength my force withstand ?
 Or the fell boar that spoiled the Arcadian land ?
 Did not these arms the Hydra's rage subdue,
 Who from his wounds to double fury grew.
 What if the Thracian horses, fat with gore,
 Who human bodies in their manger tore,
 I saw, and with their barbarous lord, o'erthrew ?
 What if these hands Nemæa's lion slew ?
 Did not this neck the heavenly globe sustain ?
 The female partner of the Thunderer's reign,
 Fatigued at length, suspends her harsh commands,
 Yet no fatigue has slack'd these valiant bands ;
 But now, new plagues consume me ; neither force,
 Nor arms, nor darts can stop their raging course,
 Devouring flame through my racked entrails strays,
 And on my lungs and shrivelled muscles preys."

OVID.

As, however, the distemper was incurable, and death inevitable, he determined to die the hero he had lived, and giving his bow and arrow to Philoctetes, he erected a funeral pile on Mount Ceta, and spreading upon it his lion's skin, lay down with dignity and composure, his head placed upon his club, to await his death. The pile was lighted, and the flames arose in volumes, but the hero gazed calmly upon them, unalarmed at his impending doom. His mind was resolved to meet his fate, when, suddenly, the burning pile was surrounded with dark smoke, the fire burned like a furnace, and when it had consumed the mortal portion of Hercules, a chariot and horses was seen awaiting, which carried his immortal part to heaven, there to be seated amongst the gods. Loud claps of thunder accompanied his exaltation, and when his friends sought his ashes to grant them burial, unable to find them, they erected an altar to his memory, upon the spot where the burning pile had been.

PERSEUS.

This hero was the son of Jupiter and Danae, the daughter of Acræsius. As the latter had confined his daughter in a brazen tower, to prevent her becoming a mother, because, according to the words of an oracle, he was to perish by the hands of his daughter's son, Perseus was no sooner born, than Acræsius caused him to be thrown into the sea, with his mother, Danae. The hopes of the father were frustrated; for the slight bark which carried Danae and her son, was driven on the island of Seriphos, one of the Cyclades, where they were found by a fisherman named Dictys, and carried by him to Polydectes, the monarch of the place, by whom they were received with much kindness, and the priests of Minerva's temple had the charge of the youthful Perseus entrusted to them.

His rising genius and great courage fell under the displeasure of Polydectes, who feared, lest the love with which he soon became inspired towards Danae, and the intentions which he harboured towards her, should meet with the resentment of her son. The monarch, however, resolved to remove every obstacle out of his way, and made a sumptuous banquet, decreeing that all who came should present him with a beautiful horse. To this feast Perseus was invited, Polydectes being aware that he would not be able to procure the present which the wealth of the remaining guests could enable them to offer.

To a high spirited man this was unbearable, and unable to submit to the position of being the only one who had brought no present, and unwilling to appear inferior to the remainder of the guests in splendour, he told Polydectes, that though he was unable to give him a horse, he would bring him the head of one of the Gorgons, and Medusa being the only one subject to mortality, she must be the victim.

For more than one reason this was very agreeable to Polydectes, in the first place, as it would remove Perseus from the island, and the next that, from its seeming impossibility, the attempt might end in his ruin.

The gods, however, are the protectors of innocence, and that of Perseus was made their peculiar care. Pluto lent him his helmet, possessing the wonderful power of making the bearer invisible. The buckler of Minerva, as resplendent as glass, was given him by

that goddess. Mercury gave him wings and the Calarua, with a short dagger formed of diamonds. With this assistance Perseus boldly commenced his expedition, traversing the air, conducted by Minerva. He went first to the Graces, the sisters of the Gorgons, who possessed but one eye and one tooth among the three; with the assistance of Pluto's helmet, which rendered him invisible, Perseus was able to steal their eye and their tooth while sleeping, and refused to return them until they had informed him where their sisters, the Gorgons resided.

When the necessary information had been received, Perseus sought the habitation of the Gorgons, whom he fortunately found asleep. Knowing that if he fixed his eyes upon them, he would be changed to stone, he used his shield, which was transparent, as a mirror to reflect the object he sought to destroy. Keeping his eyes thus fixed upon them, he approached, Minerva supporting his courage, and with one blow of his sword, cut off Medusa's head.

The noise of the blow awoke the two remaining sisters, who frantic with rage, looked around for the murderer of their sister, but in vain, for he had already put on the invisible helmet of Pluto, and the attempts of the Gorgons to avenge the death of the sister were fruitless.

The conqueror pursued his way through the air, and from the blood which dropped from the head of the slain Gorgon he carried with him, arose the innumerable serpents which have for ages infested the sandy deserts of Lybia.

"Where western waves on furthest Lybia beat,
Dreadful Medusa fixed her horrid seat.
'Twas from this monster, to afflict mankind,
That nature first produced the snaky kind:
On her at first their forky tongues appeared,
From her their dreadful hissings first were heard."

OVLO

Chrysaor, who married Callirhoe, one of the Oceanides, sprung with his golden sword from those drops of blood, as well as the winged Pegasus, which flew directly through the air, and stopping on the Mount bearing the same name, became a favorite with the Muses.

In the meantime young Perseus pursued his flight through the air, across the deserts of Lybia. The approach of night compelled him to seek a brief shelter with Atlas, monarch of Mauritania.

"The victor Perseus, with the Gorgon head,
 O'er Lybian sands his airy journey sped.
 The gory drops distilled as swift he flew,
 And from each drop envenomed serpents grew.
 The mischiefs brooded on the barren plains,
 And still the unhappy fruitfulness remains.
 Thence Perseus, like a cloud, by storms was driv'n,
 Thro' all the expanse beneath the cope of heaven.
 The jarring winds unable to control,
 He saw the southern and the northern pole :
 And eastward thrice, and westward thrice was whirled,
 And from the skies surveyed the nether world.
 But when grey ev'ning showed the verge of night,
 He feared in darkness to pursue his flight.
 He poised his pinions, and forgot to soar,
 And sinking, closed them on th' Hesperian shore :
 Then begged to rest, till Lucifer begun
 To wake the morn, the morn to wake the sun.

Here Atlas reigned of more than human size,
 And in his kingdom the world's limit lies.
 Here Titan bids his wearied coursers sleep,
 And cools the burning axle in the deep.
 The mighty monarch, uncontrolled, alone,
 His sceptre sways ; no neighb'ring states are known.
 A thousand flocks on shady mountains fed,
 A thousand herds o'er grassy plains were spread :
 Her wondrous trees their shining stores unfold,
 Their shining stores too wondrous to be told ;
 Their leaves, their branches, and their apples, gold.

Then Perseus the gigantic prince addressed,
 Humbly implored a hospitable rest :
 If bold exploits thy admiration fire,
 (He said), I fancy, mine thou wilt admire :
 Or if the glory of a race can move,
 Not mean my glory, for I spring from Jove."

OVID.

He went to his palace, expecting to meet with an hospitable reception from Atlas, by announcing himself the son of Jupiter, but he found himself grievously deceived. It occurred to the recollection of Atlas, that an ancient tradition had announced that his gardens were to be plundered of their fruits by one of the sons of the King of Heaven ; and not only did he rudely refuse to shelter him, but offered violence to his person, and attempted to slay him.

Finding himself unable to contend with so powerful a foe, Perseus was obliged to have recourse to the head of Medusa, and Atlas was instantly changed into a large mountain, which bore the same name in the deserts of Africa.

"At this confession Atlas ghastly stared,
 Mindful of what an oracle declared,
 That the dark womb of time concealed a day,
 Which should, disclosed, the gloomy gold betray :

All should at once be ravished from his eyes,
And Jove's own progeny enjoy the prize.

For this, the fruit he loftily inured,
And a fierce dragon the strait pass secured ;
For this, all strangers he forbade to land,
And drove them from the inhospitable strand,
To Perseus then : ' Fly quickly, fly this coast,
Nor falsely dare thy acts and race to boast.'

In vain the hero for one night entreats ;
Threat'ning he storms, and next adds force to threats.

By strength not Perseus could himself defend,
For who in strength with Atlas could contend ?—
' But since short rest to me thou wilt not give,
A gift of endless rest from me receive.—'

He said, and huckward turned, no more concealed
The present, and Medusa's head reveal'd.

Soon the high Atlas a high mountain stood ;
His locks, and beard, became a leafy wood :
His hands and shoulders into ridges went,
The summit head still crowned the deep ascent :
His bones a solid, rocky hardness gained :
He thus immensely grown (as fate ordained),
The stars, the heavens, and all the gods sustained.

As Perseus pursued his journey, after inflicting this just punishment upon his foe, across the territories of Lybia, he discovered on



the coast of Ethiopia, the beautiful Andromeda, exposed to the fury of a sea-monster, which for some time had ravaged the country, and to appease which, the oracle of Jupiter Ammon had declared,

nothing could avail, excepting the exposure of the maiden to its anger. At this moment, when the monster was going to destroy her, Perseus saw, and was captivated with her beauty.

He offered Cepheus, her father, his aid in delivering her from danger, provided he would give the maiden to him in marriage, as a reward for his exertions.



" Chained to a rock she stood ; young Perseus stayed
His rapid flight, to view the beauteous maid.
So sweet her form, so exquisitely fine,
She seemed a statue by a hand divine,
Had not the wind her waving tresses shewed
And down her cheeks the melting sorrows flowed.
Her faultless form the hero's bosom fires,
The more he looks, the more he still admires.
Th' admirer almost had forgot to fly,
And swift descended, fluttering, from on high."

OVID.

This princess had been promised in marriage to Phineus, her uncle, when Neptune sent a sea-monster to ravage the country, because Cassiope, her mother, had boasted herself fairer than Juno and the Nereides.

" In me the son of thundering Jove behold,
Got in a kindly shower of fruitful gold,
Medusa's snaky head is now my prey,
And through the clouds I boldly wing my way.

If such desert be worthy of esteem,
 And, if your daughter I from death redeem,
 Shall she be mine? Shall it not then be thought,
 A bride, so lovely, was too cheaply bought?
 For her, my arms, I willingly employ,
 If I may beauties, which I save, enjoy."

OVID.

Cepheus consented to bestow his daughter upon Perseus, and immediately the hero raised himself in the air, flew towards the monster, as it advanced to devour Andromeda, and plunging his dagger in his right shoulder, destroyed it. This happy event was attended with great rejoicings, and the nuptials of Andromeda with Perseus, soon followed.

The universal joy, was, however, quickly interrupted: for Phineus, dissatisfied with thus losing his promised bride, entered the palace with a number of armed men, and attempted to carry her off. In vain did the father and mother of Andromeda interfere.

"Chief in the riot, Phineus first appeared,
 The rash ringleader of this boisterous herd,
 And brandishing his brazen pointed lance,
 'Behold,' he said, 'an injured man advance,'
 Stung with resentment for his ravished wife,
 Nor shall thy wings O Perseus, save thy life;
 Nor Jove himself, tho' we've been often told
 He got thee in the form of tempting gold.
 His lance was aimed, when Cepheus ran and said;
 'Hold, brother, hold, what brutal rage has made
 Your frantic mind so black a crime conceive?
 Are these the thanks that you to Perseus give?
 This the reward that to his worth you pay,
 Whose timely valour saved Andromeda?
 Nor was it he, if you would reason right,
 That forced her from you, but the jealous spite
 Of envious Nereids, and Jove's high decree,
 And that devouring monster of the sea,
 That, ready with his jaws wide gaping stood,
 To eat my child, the fairest of my blood.
 You lost her then when she seemed past relief,
 And wish'd, perhaps, her death, to ease your grief
 With my afflictions; not content to view
 Andromeda in chains, unhelpt by you,
 Her spouse and uncle, will you grieve that he
 Exposed his life, the dying maid to free?
 And shall you claim his merit? Had you thought
 Her charms so great, you should have bravely sought,
 That blessing on the rocks where fixed she lay;
 But now let Perseus bear his prize away.
 By service gained, by promised faith possessed;
 To him I owe it, that my age is blest
 Still with a child: nor think that I prefer
 Perseus to thee, but to the loss of her."

OVID.

A fierce contest ensued, and Perseus must have fallen a victim to the fury of Phineus, had he not employed the same arms which had proved so successful against Atlas.

"Fierce Phineus now repents the wrongful fight,
 And views his varied friends, a dreadful sight;
 He knows their faces, for their help he sues,
 And thinks, not hearing him, that they refuse,
 By name he begs their succour, one by one,
 Then doubts their life, and feels the friendly stone.
 Struck with remorse, and conscious of his pride,
 Convict of sin he turn'd his eyes aside;
 With suppliant mien to Perseus thus he prays,
 'Hence with the head, as far as winds and seas
 Can bear thee: Hence; oh! quit the Cephon shore
 And never curse it with Medusa more;
 That horrid head which stiffens into stone,
 Those impious men who daring death, look on:
 I warred not with thee out of hate or strife,
 My honest cause was to defend my wife,
 First pledged to me; what crime could I suppose
 To arm my friends, and vindicate my spouse?
 'Twas thine to conquer by Minerva's power,
 Favoured of heaven, thy mercy I implore,
 For life I sue, the rest to thee I yield:
 In pity from my sight remove the shield!
 Phineus turned to shun the shield,
 Full in his face the staring head he held,
 As here and there he strove to turn aside,
 The wonder wrought, the man was petrified,
 All marble was his frame, his burned eyes,
 Dropped tears which hung upon the stone like ice;
 In suppliant posture, with uplifted hands
 And fearful look, the guilty statue stands."

OVID.

He but showed the head of the Gorgon to his adversaries, and they turned to stone in the very attitudes they were when they first beheld it. The friends of Cepheus, however, and those who assisted Perseus, were saved from the same fate by a previous warning of Perseus.

Soon after this memorable adventure, Perseus went to Seriphos, and arrived there at the very moment that his mother Danae sought the altar of Minerva, to save herself from the violence of Polydectes; Dictys, who had preserved her and Perseus from the sea, had attempted to defend her from her enemy, and Perseus therefore sensible of his merit and of his humanity, placed him on the throne of Seriphos, after he had employed Medusa's head to turn the wicked Polydectes

into stone, with those of his court who were accomplices in his guilt.

When these celebrated exploits were finished, Perseus felt a desire to return to his native country, and arrived with his mother and Andromeda on the Peloponnesian coast, as some funeral games were being celebrated in honour of the deceased King of Larissa. Here he sought to signalise himself in throwing the quoit, but in this he was attended by an evil fate, and had the misfortune to kill a man with a quoit which he had thrown in the air: this proved to be Acresius, who thus met the fate the oracle had decreed, and to avoid which, he had been guilty of the barbarous act of throwing his daughter and her son into the sea.

This unfortunate murder preyed upon the spirit of Perseus, and though by the death of Acresius he was entitled to the throne of Argos, he refused to accept it, fearing it would constantly remind him of the parricide he had committed; and exchanged his kingdom for the maritime coast of Argolis.

The time of the death of Perseus is unknown, it is universally agreed however, that he received divine honours like the rest of the ancient heroes.



HEROES.

Heroes are mortals, who, by their glorious achievements, have excited the admiration of their kind, and received the respect due to those immortal spirits, who have distinguished themselves in the service of their country.

Homer represents a hero as a prince of the ancient time, loved and protected by the Gods: while in Hesiod, they are the early order of beings who preceded the frail human race.

THESEUS.

"Aye, this is he,
A proud and mighty spirit: how fine his form,
Gigantic! moulded like the race that strove
To take Jove's heaven by storm, and scare him from
Olympus. There he sits, a demi-god,
Stern as when he of yore forsook the maid
Who, doating saved him from the Cretan toil,
Where he had slain the Minotaur. Alas!
Fond Ariadne, thee did he desert,
And heartless left thee on the Naiad's shore
To languish. This is he who dared to roam
The world infernal, and on Pluto's queen,
Ceres' own lost Prosperina, did lay
His hand: thence was he prisoned in the vaults
Beneath, 'till freed by Hercules. Methinks
(So perfect is the Pbidian stone) his sire,
The sea god Neptune, hath in anger stopped
The current of life, and with his trident touch
Hath struck him into marble."

BARRY CORNWALL.

This hero, one of the most celebrated of antiquity, was the son of Ægeus, by Æthra, daughter of Pitheus, though not publicly acknowledged to be the King of Athens, being educated at Træzene, in the house of Pitheus. When he came to maturity, he was sent



by his mother to Ægeus, and a sword which had been hidden beneath a stone until he became of age, and by which he was to

make himself known to his parent, was shown to him, and ordered to be taken. The usual journey for travellers to his father's court, at Athens, was by sea, but Theseus determined to signalise himself by encountering the dangers which attended the journey on land, and which consisted in robbers and wild beasts, rendering the road almost impassable: however, these obstacles were all met, and destroyed by his courage. He arrived at Athens in safety, where his reception was not so cordial as he hoped, for Medea, who resided with Ægeus, felt that her influence with this monarch would be destroyed, if once Theseus gained his proper footing in his father's house, and she tried to poison him before his return was known to the Athenians. With a refinement of cruelty, she endeavoured to make Ægeus give a cup of poison to him, as an unknown stranger at a feast; but the sword at his side saved Theseus, for his father recognised it, and introduced him to the people of Athens as his son, all of whom gladly hailed the illustrious man, who had cleansed them of robbers and pirates, as the offspring of their monarch.

The Pallantides, however, who expected to succeed their uncle on his throne, were enraged at the reception of Theseus, and attempted to assassinate him; their barbarous intent recoiled upon themselves, for they were all slain by young Theseus.

The bull of Marathon which ravaged the neighbouring country, next engaged his attention, and taking the animal alive, he led it through the streets of Athens, previously to sacrificing it on the altar of Minerva.

At this time, the Minotaur was receiving the annual tribute of seven of the noblest youth of Athens, and Theseus could not fail of being ranked among them, to be devoured by the monster.

—————"The Minotaur was fed,
With human victims for Androgeos dead.
The flower of Athens were compelled to bleed,
For thus the cruel oracle decreed,
Till Theseus; to preserve his country's blood,
Himself devoted for the public good."

OVID.

The wish to deliver his native land from this danger, induced him voluntarily to undertake the expedition; and before his departure, he promised his father, if he should be successful, to hoist a white sail on his return.

Ariadne, the daughter of Minos, became enamoured of him and by

assisting him in the enterprise, he was successful and killed the Minotaur.

On his return from his victory there, he was driven by contrary winds on the Isle of Naxos, where he had the meanness to desert Ariadne, whose conduct had been the means of his glorious triumph, and to whom he was even indebted for his life.

When he came in sight of Athens, he forgot, in the height of his success, to hoist the white sail he had promised his father, who, seeing a black sail upon his son's ship, despairingly threw himself into the sea.

"On a high rock that beetles o'er the flood,
With daily care the pensive father stood;
And when he saw impatient from afar?
The fatal signal floating in the air,
Thinking his Theseus was untimely slain,
He rashly plunged himself beneath the main!"

His ascension to his father's throne was received with much pleasure, the country was governed with mildness, new reputation acquired and new laws enacted.

The renown he gained by his victory and policy, made his alliance courted in general; but Pirithous king of the Lapithæ, sought the more singular mode of gaining it by meeting him in fight.

He invaded the territories of Theseus, and when the latter assembled his forces to meet him, the two foes as they gazed on each other, were seized with a sudden and mutual friendship, and rushed into each others arms: from that time, their affection became proverbial.

Theseus was present at the nuptials of his friend, and when the brutal Centaurs attempted to insult the bride, was one of the most forward to defend: and when Pirithous, after this, had lost Hippodamia, he agreed with Theseus to carry away one of the daughters of the gods.

They first attempted their scheme upon Helen, the beautiful daughter of Leda, and when they had obtained their victim, cast lots for her: Theseus was successful, and she became his prize. Shortly after, he assisted his friend in his attempt to descend into the infernal regions and carry away Proserpine, but Cerberus was too watchful, and Pluto apprised of their intentions, stopped them: Pirithous was placed on Ixion's wheel, and Theseus secured to a large stone on which he had seated himself to rest.

By the assistance of Hercules, however, in his descent into hell, the two heroes were released from their captivity, and when Theseus returned to Athens, he found that Mnestheus had usurped the crown which should have fallen upon his children. In vain did Theseus attempt to eject the usurper, the Athenians remained faithful to their new choice, and Theseus retired in disgust to the court of Lycomedes, King of Scyros.

Here he met with apparent sympathy, but Lycomedes soon showed his true character, for enticing his guest to the top of a high mountain, he took an opportunity of throwing Theseus over a deep precipice.

The children of this hero at the death of the usurper, regained the throne of Athens: and that the memory of their father might not be without honour, sent for his remains from Scyros, and gave them a magnificent burial.

They also raised to him statues and a temple; festivals and games were also instituted in his honour, to commemorate the actions of a hero who had rendered such signal services to the Athenian people.

Leonarde. " 'Tis one of those bright fictions that have made
The name of Greece only another word,
For love and poetry: with a green earth,
Groves of the graceful myrtle, summer skies,
Whose stars are mirrored in ten thousand streams,
With winds that move in perfume and in music,
And more than all, the gift of woman's beauty.
What marvel that the earth, the sky, the sea,
Were filled with all those fine imaginings
That love creates, and that the lyre preserves!

Alvine. But for the history of that pale girl
Who stands so desolate on the sea-shore?

Leonarde. She was the daughter of a Cretan king—
A Tyrant. Hidden in the dark recess
Of a wide labyrinth, a monster dwelt,
And every year was human tribute paid
By the Athenians. They had bowed in war;
And every spring the flowers of all the city,
Young maids in their first beauty, stately youths,
Were sacrificed to the fierce king! They died
In the unfathomable den of want,
Or served the Minotaur for food. At length
There came a royal youth, who vowed to slay
The monster or to perish! Look, Alvine,
That statue is young Theseus!

Alvine. Glorious!

How like a god he stands, one haughty hand
Raised in defiance! I have often looked

Upon the marble, wondering it could give
Such truth to life and majesty.

Leonarde. You will not marvel Ariadne loved.
She gave the secret clue that led him safe
Throughout the labyrinth, and she fled with him.

Alvina. Ah! now I know your tale: he proved untrue—
This ever has been woman's fate, to love,
To know one summer day of happiness,
And then to be most wretched!

Leonarde. She was left
By her so heartless lover while she slept.
She woke from pleasant dreams—she dreamt of him—
Love's power is left in slumber—woke and found
Herself deserted on the lonely shore.
The bark of the false Theseus was a speck
Scarcely seen upon the waters, less and less,
Like hope diminishing, till wholly past.
I will not say, for you can fancy well,
Her desolate feelings as she roamed the beach,
Hurled from the highest heaven of happy love!
But evening crimsoned the blue sea, a sound
Of music and of mirth, came on the wind,
And radiant shapes and laughing nymphs danced by,
And he the Theban god, looked on the maid,
And looked and loved, and was beloved again.
He has just flung her starry crown on high,
And bade it there, a long memorial shine,
How a god loved a mortal—He is springing
From out his golden car, another bound,
Bacchus is by his Ariadne's side."

L. E. L.

Theseus married Phædra, daughter of Minos, sister of the unfortunate Ariadne whom he had left to perish. Phædra, however, unhappily, felt a guilty love for Hippolytus, son of Theseus by



a previous union. Venus, having a dislike to Minos, the father of Phædra, sent Cupid to pierce her with his shafts.

For a long time she struggled with the pangs which raged within her, but they grew too fierce to be endured, and she revealed to him her love.

Phæ. " ' My lord, 'tis said you soon will part from us.

Hip. Madam!

Phæ. I pray you do not leave us!

Hip. My duty, lady!—

Phæ. Would that that duty, were in pleasing me;

Hip. To please you, lady, were my highest wish,
To gain your love, my highest privilege.

Phæ. To gain my love?

Hip. Aye, madam!

Phæ. Hippolytus! the fearful truth will out,
My love is gained!

Hip. I hope, indeed so,—as a mother.

Phæ. *aside*—(How coldly doth *he* speak, while thro' *my* veins
The hot blood bounds in fierce convulsive starts.)
Not as a mother do I love thee,
But—as a woman—now my breast is free
Of the stern secret which so long hath burned
And given a fever to my very looks.

Hip. Madam! I do not understand you;

Phæ. You must! fierce, burning love is mine,
For you, Hippolytus, the son of Theseus!

Hip. And you his wife?

Phæ. Aye, boy, 'tis even so;
Nay, look not so:—I say Hippolytus,
That from the very hour I saw, I loved thee;
That from the very moment that thy voice
Rang in my ears, it entered in my heart,
That from the hour I was Theseus' wife,
Even at the altar, where my plight was vowed,
My thoughts were all of thee. Speak, speak, and say
Thou dost not hate me.

Hip. Some sudden frenzy hath upset thy brain—
Thou knowest not what thou speakest.

Phæ. I am not mad! would to the gods I were—
Think not that I have yielded willingly,
Unto the passion which I now avow,
Daily, and hourly, have I striven against it:
And night by night, when visions and when dreams
Pressed on my brain in many a confused shape,
All bearing one image, and that image thine,
I have striven, wrestled, fought against this love,
But all in vain.

Hip. I scarcely dare believe mine ears, a dream
Seems on me, like a man in sleep,
A mass of dim confusion gathers round me;
Am I indeed Hippolytus, and art thou Phædra?

Phæ. I am thy Phædra! Theseus has my hand,
But thou, Hippolytus, thou hast my heart.

Hip. Theseus—my father—

Phæ. Thy father and my husband, what of that?
Love knows no ties save those he makes himself,

Speak to me—
 Say that I yet may hope to lay my head
 On that dear bosom, say thou wilt not spurn
 The heart that rests its only hope on thee.
 Say, or, but look, a dear return of love,
 And I will fall upon my knees adoring thee!

Hip. Madam, I would not, could not wrong my father;
 And thou, how canst thou meet his face?
 Shame, shame, upon the wanton love that leaves
 The marriage bed, even were it but in thought:
 And thou above thy compeers raised afar,
 In that thy name is mated with my father's,
 Shouldst pray the gods to scourge this passion from thee.



Phæ. Oh! by thine hopes of heaven I pray thee peace!
Hip. Peace, thou! adultress! peace, thou, shameless one,
 Away, lest I should change a husband's love,
 Into a husband's hate.
I hæ. Thou canst not do it!
Hip. What if I did proclaim to him thy guilt?
 What if I said—father! thy wife, my mother,
 Hath offered me the love due but to thee,
 Hath with a shameless love, and wanton's insolence,
 Deemed she could win me to her bed—
 Woman, I tell thee—

Phæ. And I tell thee, that he would not believe thee,
Yet—say it not, Hippolytus! for I
Do love thee as—

Hip. I'll hear no more!

Mother! I leave thee, and I pray the gods
To visit not on thee, this awful crime!

RACINE.

Fearful lest Hippolytus should betray her, when she found he would not return her sinful passion, Phædra accused his son to



Theseus of the very crime of which she had herself been guilty, and excited the father's ire against his son in a terrible degree.

The. “‘ Dost thou dare look upon me boy?

Hip. My father?

The. Dost see this sword?

Hip. Aye!

The. Dost dread it?

Hip. No; the innocent have nought to fear;

The. Now by my crown, this is most base effrontery,
But 'tis in vain, thy mother hath told all,
Hath told how, with an impious love, thy heart
Hath turned to her's; how with an impure lip,
Thy words have pierced her to the soul.

Hip. And dost thou doubt me father?

The. Perfidious wretch! can'st stand before me thus?
Monster too long escaped Jove's fearful thunder,
After a love filled with an awful horror
And transports of affection fiercely urged,
That would pollute thy father's marriage bed,
Thou dar'st present to me thy traitor brow,
And vow thine innocence.
Away from these scenes of thine infamy,
Away and seek beneath a sky unknown,
A land where Theseus' name hath never sounded;
Fly, traitor! brave no longer here, my hate!
Within a court that I shall hold with dread,

For ever will the curse cling to my name,
 And endless infamy my memory,
 That, having given birth to one so shameless,
 I dared not take the life I gave to him!
 Wretch that thou art, dost thou not answer me?

Hip. Sire, I am not the wretch that thou would'st make me.
 Horror—astonishment—have kept me silent—

The. Darest thou add falsehood to thine infamy?

Hip. Thy words are most unjust!

The. And there thou standest with a brow as calm
 As innocence itself.

Hip. In this I am most innocent!—

Nay, interrupt me not, for I will speak—
 Thou hast accused me of an awful crime,
 Thou hast accursed me with a father's curse,
 And I must vindicate myself or die?
 Phædra, my mother, and thy wife, avowed
 In accents shameless as the wish she breathed,
 A most incestuous passion for my person:
 With fierce disdain I spurned her offered love,
 Implored her to remember that I stood
 Before her as thy son, and did entreat her
 To come back to the straight path of her duty.

The. And dost thou think that thou canst thus deceive me?
 Away, away, no more pollute my court;
 Wert thou not called my son, thy time were short.”

RACINE.

Banished thus from the court of his father, the only consolation for a long time that Hippolytus possessed, was the consciousness of innocence. Remorse, however, at last preyed upon the bosom of Phædra; after taking poison she confessed to Theseus the crime of which she had been guilty, and Hippolytus was restored to the affections of his father.

The name of Theseus had been rendered by his bravery so conspicuous and so dreaded by his enemies, that a tradition became popular, to the effect that he appeared at the battle of Marathon to fight for the Greeks, who seemed likely to be overwhelmed by the numbers of their opponents.

“ Know ye not when our dead
 From sleep to battle sprung?
 When the Persian charger's tread
 On their covering greensward rung!
 When the trampling march of foes
 Had crushed our vines and flowers,
 When jewelled crests arose
 Through the holy laurel bowers,
 When banners caught the breeze,
 When helms in sunlight shone,
 When masts were on the seas,
 And spears in Marathon.

" There was onc a leader crowned,
 And armed for Greece that day ;
 But the falchions made no sound
 On his gleaming war array.
 In the battle's front he stood,
 With his tall and shadowy crest ;
 But the arrows drew no blood,
 Though their path was thro' his breast.
 When banners caught the breeze, &c.

" His sword was seen to flash
 Where the boldest deeds were done ;
 But it smote without a clash ;
 The stroke was heard by none !
 His voice was not of those
 That swelled the rolling blast,
 And his steps fell hushed like snows,—
 'Twas the shade of Theseus passed !
 When banners caught the breeze, &c.

" Far sweeping thro' the foe,
 With a furious charge he bore,
 And the Mede left many a bow
 On the sounding ocean shore,
 And the foaming waves grew red,
 And the sails were crowded fast,
 When the sons of Asia fled
 As the shade of Theseus passed !
 When banners caught the breeze,
 When helms in sunlight shone,
 When masts were on the seas,
 And spears in Marathon !"

HEMANS.



ORPHEUS.

The distinguished honour which the ancients rendered to Orpheus, appears to have been an homage paid by the refinement of the age to music and poetry, of which he was so distinguished an ornament. He was the son of *Œager* by the muse *Calliope*, though some assert him to have been the son of *Apollo*, because the god, owing to the genius he showed for music, presented him with a lyre, to the improvement of which Orpheus added two cords,—and upon which he played with so masterly a hand, that the river in its rapid current ceased to flow, the wild beasts of the forest forgot their nature, and gazed on him in mute admiration, while the very rocks moved towards him to express their joy.

“The rocks re-echo shrill, the beasts of forest wild
Stand at the cavern’s mouth, in listening trance beguiled.
The birds surround the den, and, as in weary rest,
They drop their fluttering wings, forgetful of the rest,
Amazed the Centaur saw; his clapping hands he beat,
And stamped in ecstasy the rock with hooped and horny feet.”

But though this beautiful art was his master passion, he did not forget the charms of theology and philosophy, in both of which he was a proficient, and in *Egypt*, to which place he made a voyage, he was admitted to the sacred mysteries of *Isis* and *Osiris*. On his return he was the originator of many changes in the religious ceremonies of his country, and was received as the minister and interpreter of the will of the gods.

Nature itself seemed charmed and animated by his presence, and the nymphs made his company their chief desire. It was not long before the winged deity pierced him with his arrows, and Orpheus loved the nymph *Eurydice*, the only one whose charms touched the melodious musician; with her his happiness was made perfect by an union, at which *Hymen* presided.

This happiness, however, was not destined to last very long, for *Aristæus* became enamoured of the musician’s bride, and with all the violence of an illicit passion, sought to win her from the bridegroom’s affections. *Eurydice* resisted and fled; but as she fled from him, a serpent stung her with so deadly a bite, that she died on the field.

Deep was the despair felt by Orpheus at his unexpected loss, and the daring determination was formed by him to recover her, or perish in the attempt.



“ His own despair the very stones admire
And rolling follow his melodious lyre,
He forced the heart of hardest oak to groan,
And made fierce tigers leave their rage and moan.”

With his resistless lyre in his hands, he crossed the Styx, penetrated into the infernal regions, and gained admission to the presence of Pluto! Here the power of his genius was yet more eminently exhibited; for even the tortures of Hell gave way to it.

“ At his powerful song the very seats
Of Erebus were moved; the retreats
Of all the ghosts were opened, and they swarm
Like bees in clusters, when the sun grows warm!”

Not only was the god of the infernal regions delighted, but the very wheel of Ixion paused; the stone of Sisyphus rested, as they listened to its sounds: the cooling water reached Tantalus' burning mouth, and even the Furies relented.

“ Already had he passed the courts of Death,
And charmed with sacred verse the powers beneath;
While Hell with silent admiration hung,
On the soft music of his harp and tongue;
No longer Tantalus essayed to sip
The springs that fled from his deluded lip;
Their urn the fifty maids no longer fill,
Ixion leant and listened on his wheel,
And Sisyphus' stone for once stood still;
The ravenous vulture had forsook his meal,
And Titius felt his growing liver heal;
Relenting fiends to torture souls forbore,
And Furies wept who never wept before.

All Hell in harmony was heard to move,
 With equal sweetness as the spheres above.
 The wondrous numbers softened all beneath
 Hell, and the inmost flinty seats of death :
 Snakes round the Furies heads did upward rear,
 And seemed to listen to the pleasing air,
 While fiery Styx in milder streams did roll,
 And Cerberus gaped, but yet forbore to howl,
 No longer was the charming prayer denied,
 All Hell consented to release his bride."

OVID.

The sorrow and love of Orpheus penetrated the hearts of Pluto and Proserpine; they consented to restore him to the arms of Eurydice, if he could forbear to look behind him before he reached the borders of hell. Gladly were these conditions accepted by Orpheus, and already was he by the river Styx, eager to be conveyed



across by the infernal boatman, when a touching thought of Eurydice and her love crossed his mind, and he looked back.

"Near the confines of ethereal air,
 Unmindful and unable to forbear,
 Mistrusting also lest her steps might stray,
 And gladsome of the glimpse of dawning day,
 He stopped—looked back—(what cannot love persuade?)
 To take one view of the unhappy maid.
 His longing eyes impatient backward cast,
 To catch a lover's look—but looked his last:

Here all his pains were lost, one greedy look,
 Defeats his hopes, and Hell's conditions broke,
 A fatal messenger from Pluto flew,
 And snatched the forfeit from a second view,
 For instant dying, she again descends,
 While he to empty air his arms extends!"

OVID.



The condition being thus broken, he saw her, but at the same moment she was turned into a shadow.

"And fainting cries, 'What fury thee possesst?
 What frenzy, Orpheus, seized upon thy breast?
 Once more my eyes are seized with endless sleep,
 And now farewell, I sink into the deep.'
 Oblivious cells surrounded all with night.
 No longer thine: in vain to stop my flight
 I stretch my arms, in vain thou stretchest thine,
 In vain thou grieveest, I in vain repine.'" "

VIRGIL.

He returned to the upper world, where the only solace which he could find, was to soothe his grief with the tones of his musical instrument, to the sound of which, the mountains and caves of his native land bore a melancholy echo. He secluded himself entirely from the company of mankind; in vain was his society sought by the Thracian women; he rejected their overtures with coldness, until enraged at his behaviour, they attacked him while celebrating the Bacchanalian orgies.

“ Here while the Thracian bard’s enchanting strain,
Sooths beasts and woods, and all the listening plain:
The female Bacchanals devoutly mad,
In shaggy skins, like savage creatures clad,
Warbling in air perceived his lovely lay,
And from a rising ground beheld him play:
When one, the wildest, with dishvelled hair
That loosely streamed, and ruffled in the air:
Soon as her frantic eye the lyrist spied
‘ See, see, the hater of our sex,’ she cried,
Then at his face her missive javelin sent,
Which whizzed along, and brushed him as it went;
But the soft wreaths of Ivy twisted round,
Prevent a deep impression of the wound,
Next their fierce hands the bard himself assail,
Nor can his song against their wrath prevail;
In vain he lifts his suppliant hands, in vain
He tries, before his never failing strain;
And, from those sacred lips, whose thrilling sound
Fierce tigers and insensate rocks could wound,
Ah Gods! how moving was the mournful sight,
To see the fleeting soul now take its flight!”

DRYDEN.

After tearing his body to pieces, they threw his head into the Hebrus, which, as it rolled down the current, ejaculated with touching tenderness, ‘ Eurydice! Eurydice!’ until it reached the Ægean sea.

The inhabitants of Dian asserted that his tomb was in their city, but the people of Mount Libethrus, in Thrace, claimed the same honour, remarking that the nightingales which formed their nests near it, excelled all others in melody and beauty. After his death, he is reported by some to have received divine honours, the muses rendering the rites of sepulture to his remains, and his lycr becoming one of the constellations.

ADMETUS

was the king of Thessaly, whose flocks were tended by Apollo for nine years, when banished from heaven. During his servitude to this monarch he obtained a promise from the Fates, that Admetus should never die if another person would lay down his life for him.

Being one of the Argonauts, he was at the hunt of the Calydonian boar, when Pelias promised his daughter in marriage to him only, who could bring him a chariot drawn by a lion and wild boar. With the aid of Apollo, Admetus effected this, and obtained the hand of Alcestis.

By the fortune of war, he became a prisoner, and was condemned to death; Alcestis, with a beautiful display of conjugal affection, laid down her life to save her husband from the cruel death prepared for him.

DEATH-SONG OF ALCESTIS.

" She came forth in her bridal robes arrayed,
And midst the graceful statues round the hall
Shedding the calm of their celestial mien,
Stood pale, yet proudly beautiful as they :
Flowers in her bosom, and the star-like gleam
Of jewels trembling from her braided hair
And death upon her brow ! but glorious death !
Her own heart's choice, the token of the seal
Of love, o'ermastering love ; which till that hour,
Almost an anguish in the brooding weight
Of its unutterable tenderness,
Had burdened her full soul. But now, oh ! now,
Its time was come—and from the spirit's depths
The passion and the melody
Of its immortal voice, in triumph broke
Like a strong rushing wind !

The soft pure air
Came floating through that hall—the Grecian air,
Laden with music—flute notes from the vales,
Echoes of song—the last sweet sounds of life
And the glad sunshine of the golden clime
Streamed, as a royal mantle, round her form—
The glorified of love ! But she—she look'd
Only on him for whom 'twas joy to die,
Deep—deepest, holiest joy !—or if a thought
Of the warm sunlight, and the scented breeze,
And the sweet Dorian songs, o'erswept the tide
Of her unswerving soul—'twas but a thought
That owned the summer loveliness of life
To him a worthy offering—so she stood
Wrapt in bright silence, as entranced awhile,
Till her eye kindled, and her quivering frame
With the swift breeze of inspiration shook,
As the pale priestess trembles to the breath

Of unborn oracles ! then flushed her cheek,
 And all the triumph, all the agony,
 Born on the battling waves of love and death
 All from her woman's heart, in sudden song
 Burst like a fount of fire,

I go, I go,

Thou sun, thou golden sun, I go
 Far from thy light to dwell :
 Thou shalt not find my place below,
 Dim is that world—bright sun of Greece, farewell !
 The laurel and the glorious rose
 Thy glad beam yet may see,
 But where no purple summer glows
 O'er the dark wave I haste from them and thee.
 Yet doth my spirit faint to part,
 I mourn thee not, O sun !

Joy, solemn joy, o'erflows my heart,
 Sing me triumphant songs ! my crown is won.
 Let not a voice of weeping rise—,
 My heart is girt with power
 Let the green earth and festal skies
 Laugh, as to grace a conqueror's closing hour !
 For thee, for thee, my bosom's lord !
 Thee, my soul's loved ! I die ;
 Thine is the torch of life restored,
 Mine, mine the rapture, mine the victory.
 Now may the boundless love, that lay
 Unfathomed still before
 In one consuming burst find way,
 In one bright flood all, all its riches pour.
 Thou knowest—thou knowest what love is now !
 Its glory and its might—
 Are they not written on my brow ?
 And will that image ever quit thy sight ?
 No ! deathless in thy faithful breast,
 There shall my memory keep
 Its own bright altar place of rest,
 While o'er my grave the cypress branches weep.
 Oh, the glad light ! the light is fair,
 The soft breeze warm and free ;
 And rich notes fill the scented air,
 And all are gifts, my love's last gifts to thee !
 Take me to thy warm heart once more !
 Night falls, my pulse beats low ;
 Seek not to quicken, to restore—
 Joy is in every pang,—I go, I go !
 I feel thy tears, I feel thy breath,
 I meet thy fond look, still
 Keen is the strife of love and death ;
 Faint and yet frantic grows my bosom's thrill.
 Yet swells the tide of rapture strong,
 Though mists o'ershade mine eye !
 Sing Pæans ! sing a Conqueror's song !
 For thee, for thee, my spirit's lord, I die ! ”

HEMANS.

AMPHION AND NIOBE.

Amphion was king of Thebes, the favourite of Apollo and rival of the celebrated Orpheus in the science of music. It is related of him, that in order to build the walls which surrounded his capital, he played upon his lyre, and by its divine power, the stones came and ranged themselves in order.

He married Niobe, by whom he had seven sons and seven daughters; the trials of this princess have been given in the history of Apollo, leaving a touching memorial of the sorrows of maternal love and tenderness.

ŒDIPUS,

KING OF THEBES.

Œdipus was the son of Laius and Jocasta; and being descended from Venus, was compelled to endure all the troubles which Juno might choose to inflict on him, from the hatred she bore to the goddess of beauty.



No sooner had the marriage of Laius taken place with Jocasta, than it was foretold by the oracle, that he would fall by the hands

of his son. Alarmed at so fearful a prediction, he resolved not to approach his wife. Having broken this wise resolution, however, he became the father of Œdipus, but to avert the oracle, he ordered Jocasta to destroy the infant immediately he was born. The mother was unable to obey this cruel command, but gave him in charge to one of her domestics, with directions to leave him on the mountains. Instead of obeying this order, the servant bored a hole in the feet of the child, and hung him on a tree on Mount Cithæron, where he was soon found by one of the shepherds of Polybus, King of Corinth.



The shepherd took him and presented him to Peribæa, the wife of Polybus, who conceived a maternal tenderness for the deserted child, and adopted him as her own.

The accomplishments of the boy, who was named Œdipus, soon became the admiration of the age; he was informed that he was illegitimate, though Peribæa, when he appealed to her, told him,

out of kindness, that his suspicions were unfounded. He remained dissatisfied however, and consulted the Delphian oracle, by which he was told not to return home, or he must inevitably become the murderer of his father, and the husband of his mother.

As he travelled towards Phocis, he met, in a narrow passage, Laius, his father, in a chariot with his arm bearer. Laius insolently ordered the youth to move out of his way, which Œdipus, not knowing him, and irritated at his tone and language, refused. A conflict ensued, and Laius with his companion was slain.



“ His demeanour bold,
 Imperative, and arrogant: from far
 He waved his hand, that I should quit the path.
 Most narrow was the place, and scarce allowed
 To one, free passage. I was incensed
 At his deportment, free myself by birth,
 Hence I advanced with an undaunted step:
 He, with a terrible accent, cried, “ Make way.”
 I, on the other hand, exclaimed with rage,
 Returned his menace, and bade him retire.
 Already had we met: he from his side,
 Unsheathed a dagger, and upon me leap'd.

I had no dagger, but I lacked not courage.
 Me he assailed. I combated his onset,
 Grasp'd him, and in less time than I relate it;
 Flung him upon the earth: in vain he strove;
 When to the contest he perceived himself
 Inadequate, insidiously he feigned
 Terms of submission: I consented to them:
 Quitted my grasp, when treacherously a blow,
 Such as thou sees't here, he aimed at me,
 And pierced my clothes. The weapon grazed my flesh
 The wound is slight, but boundless was my rage.
 Blind with revenge I snatched the dagger from him,
 And weltering in his blood he lay transfixed."

ALFIERI.

Ignorant of the rank of the man he had killed, he continued his way to Thebes, attracted thither by the noise which had been vented about of the Sphynx, a frightful monster then laying waste the country around Thebes, and devouring all who could not expound the enigma it proposed, which was—"What animal in the morning walks upon four legs, in the afternoon upon two, and in the evening upon three legs." The answer of Œdipus was "That in infancy man goes upon his hands and feet; in manhood he walks upright, and in old age with the assistance of a staff." Enraged at this solution, the monster dashed its head against a rock, and delivered Thebes from his unwelcome presence.

The prediction, partly fulfilled, was now entirely brought to pass, for Œdipus mounted the throne, and married Jocasta, his mother, by whom he had two sons, Polydice and Eteocles, and two daughters, Ismene and Antigone.

Some years after, a plague visited his territories, and the oracle was consulted, which stated that it would only cease when the murderer of King Laius was banished from the country. The slayer of this king had never been discovered, and the whole of Thebes was in violent excitement, anxious to discover the murderer, to avert the plague which raged; Œdipus himself instituted all possible inquiry, resolved to overcome every difficulty. What was his sorrow at learning as the result of his unwearied zeal, that he himself was the unhappy parricide, and still more, that he was the husband of his own mother.

Œdipus. "Why speak you not according to my charge?
 Bring forth the rack, since mildness cannot win you
 Torment shall force.

Phorbas. Hold, hold, Oh! dreadful sir,
 You will not rack an innocent man.

- Œd.* Speak, then.
- Phor.* Alas! what would you have me say?
- Œd.* Did this old man take from your arms an infant?
- Phor.* He did, and oh! I wish to all the gods,
Phorbas had perished in that very moment.
- Œd.* Moment! thou shalt be hours, days, years undying,
Here, bind his hands, he dallies with my fury,
But I shall find a way—
- Phor.* By the gods,
I do conjure you to enquire no more.
- Œd.* Furies and Hell! Hæmon bring forth the rack,
Fetch bitter cords and knives, and sulphurous flames.
He shall be bound and gashed, his skin flend off
And burned alive.
- Phor.* O spare my age.
- Œd.* Who gave that infant to thee?
- Phor.* O wretched state! I die, unless I speak;
And if I speak most certain death attends me.
- Œd.* Thou shalt not die; speak then, who was it? Speak,
While I have sense to understand the horror,
For I grow cold.
- Phor.* The Queen, Jocasta told me
It was her son by Laius.
- Œd.* O you gods—break, break not yet my heart,
Though my eyes burst, no matter, wilt thou tell me,
Or must I ask for ever? For what end?
Why gave she thee her child?
- Phor.* To murder it.
- Œd.* O more than savage! murder her own bowels
Without a cause.
- Phor.* There was a dreadful one
Which had foretold that most unhappy son
Should kill his father, and enjoy his mother.
- Œd.* 'Tis well! I thank you gods! 'tis wondrous well!
Dagger and poison—O there is no need
For my dispatch; and you, ye merciless powers,
Hoard up your thunder stones; keep, keep your bolts
For crimes of little note.
- Adrastus.* Help—and bow him gently forward,
Chafe, chafe his temples—He breathes again,
And vigorous nature breaks through opposition.
How fares my royal friend?
- Œd.* The worse for you.
O barbarous men, and oh! the hated light,
What did you force me back to curse the day,
To curse my friends, to blast with this dark breath
The yet untainted earth and circling air?
To raise new plagues and call new vengeance down,
Why did you tempt the gods, and dare to touch me?
Methinks there's not a hand that grasps thy hell,
But should run up like flax, all blazing fire.
Stand from this spot, I wish you as my friends,
And come not near me, lest the gaping earth
Swallow you too."

SOPHOCLES.

In the depth of his anguish he deprived himself of sight, as unworthy ever more to behold the light, and banished himself from Thebes for the good of his country; or as many assert, he was banished from thence by his sons.

He retired towards Attica, led by his daughter Antigone, and came to a place sacred to the Furies. Here the remembrance



flashed across his mind, that he was to die in a place like this, that such had been the decree of the oracle, and that he was to become the great source of prosperity to the country in which his bones should be laid. He sent therefore to Theseus, king of the place, to inform him, that on his arrival he would make known to him the resolution which he had made. Theseus came, and found Œdipus with his face covered by a black veil, a knife in one hand, and a vessel containing the blood of a sacrifice in the other. With a prophetic voice he exclaimed:—

“Lo! the immortal gods have called—the ground on which we stand, shall be my grave!”

As he spoke, he walked without a guide to the appointed spot of earth, which in token of approval, opened, and received the victim to its bosom.

The tomb of Œdipus was near the Areopagus in the age of

Pausanias, and some of the ancient poets have represented him in hell, as the place, which crimes like his, would seem to deserve.



ETEOCLES AND POLYNICE.

From the unhappy union of *Œdipus* with *Jocasta* sprung *Eteocles* and *Polynice*; when they came to manhood an arrangement was made between them, by which it was agreed, that they should exercise the kingly authority for one year alternately. *Eteocles* was the eldest, and took to himself the first period of government; but when his year had past, the throne had proved so agreeable, that he refused to keep his promise of abdicating.

Polynice disgusted at such conduct retired to *Argos*, where *Adrastus*, king of the place, gave him his daughter in marriage, and attempted to persuade *Eteocles* into some feeling of justice; but not only did the latter persist in his conduct, but sought to slay the famous *Tydius*, the ambassador of *Adrastus*, who however escaped this danger with increased renown; and on his return to his king was appointed by him to join a numerous army, selected to trench against the walls of *Thebes*; nor was this an ungrateful task to the warrior who had been so treacherously assaulted.

—“Frowning he speaks, and shakes
 The dark crest, streaming o'er his shaded helm
 In triple wave; whilst dreadful ring around
 The brazen bosses of his shield; he stands
 Close to the river's margin, and with shouts
 Demands the war, like an impatient steed,
 That pants upon the foaming curb.”

Amphiaraus, who was famous for his knowledge of futurity, and a warrior of great renown: knew from his power of divination, that he was sure to perish if he accompanied the expedition, and therefore secreted himself so successfully, that his wife only, knew the place of his concealment; she however consented to betray him, bribed by an offer of a bracelet of great worth from Polynice, who was desirous of gaining so important an auxiliary. Previous to Amphiaraus quitting Argos for Thebes, he told his son Alcmeon to slay his mother, if news of his death should reach him; and when Alcmeon heard that his father's chariot had been swallowed by the earth, which opened to receive its victim, he sacrificed Euriphyle to the vengeance of his dead sire. But so execrable a crime could not pass unpunished, and he was tortured by the Furies until he retired to Arcadia, where he married Alphisibaus. To fill up the measure of his crimes, he repudiated her, and took for his spouse Callirhoe. The brothers of his deserted wife however, assassinated him in revenge; and Callirhoe in the extremity of her anguish,



devoted her two sons in the presence of their dead father, to revenge his death.

Her wishes were fulfilled, they slew the murderers of Alcmeon,

but to appease the gods, the fatal bracelet was sacrificed upon the altar of Apollo.

Meanwhile the war beneath the the walls of Thebes was conducted with fierce and vigorous bravery, by the chiefs who had assembled for its attack, until Eteocles and Polynice perceiving that the combat was unlikely soon to terminate, offered to finish the battle by a single combat, on which the crown should depend.

—————"From the flying troops
Eteocles leaps forth in furious guise,
And with a terrible accent he exclaims,
'To Polynice.' With presumptuous rage,
His steps he traces, and at last he finds him.
'Thebans,' he cried, with a tremendous voice,
'Thebans and Argives, cease your guilty rage!
Ye have descended to the field of battle
In our contention, prodigal of life:
Ours is the strife, be ours the forfeiture.
Let us ourselves, to a conclusion bring
This unjust waste of blood, within your presence,
And on this field of death—And thou, whom I
Should call no more my brother, do thou spare
The blood of Thebes: thy hate, thy rage, thy sword,
All, all, on me let fall, on me alone!
To speak and leap with fury to the charge
Were actions of one instant.

Drunk with blood,
And fury, of his own life quite regardless,
Provided his antagonist he slew,
Eteocles upon his wretched brother
Falls with his sword, and all his strength collects.
For a long time, intent to ward his blows
Stands Polynice. But at length he cries
'I call to witness Heaven and Thebes
Thou wilt'at it!' While to heaven his eyes he raised,
And thus exclaimed, his sword he onward thrust:
The hovering furies guide the reckless blow
To pierce the bosom of Eteocles.
He falls—upon his brother spouts his blood!"

This unnatural combat was brief, though fierce, Eteocles the king was the first who fell, and Polynice regarding him with ill-disguised pleasure; and although the blood was flowing fast and free from his own mortal wounds, exclaimed:

—————"Thou diest, and I am king,
Within these hands, red with a brother's blood,
Shall dwell the sceptre thou didst wrest from me.
Thy brow on which doth rest the same bright drop,
Shall bear the crown thou didst usurp from me.
And that thy soul may fly with more regret
Know traitor that thy last blow comes from me."

RACINE.

He approached the fallen monarch, and striking him once more with his sword, Eteocles expired beneath the blow, while Polynice himself exhausted with his efforts to subdue his pain, and the death struggle which tore his bosom, fell in the very act of striking him.

Their implacable hatred manifested itself even after death, for when their bodies were placed on the bier, their ashes refused to mingle, and the very flames separated as they arose in bright columns from the funeral pile.



TANTALUS, PELOPS, ATREUS, AND THYESTES.

Tantalus, son of Jupiter, reigned in Phrygia. Wishing to test the divinity of the gods who were visiting him, he murdered his son Pelops, and served up to them his limbs, demanding of them to name what the new meat was. The faithless cruelty of Tantalus was discovered, and the Gods refused to touch the horrible repast, with the exception of Ceres, who, thinking only on her lost Proserpine, eat one of his shoulders, with her accustomed appetite. Jupiter enraged at this atrocious conduct of Tantalus, destroyed his palace with a thunderbolt, and ordered Mercury to precipitate him to the bottom of hell. Here he is represented as punished with an insatiable thirst, and placed up to the chin in the midst of a pool of water, that passes around, yet never touches his lips; while, above his head, hangs a bough, laden with delicious fruit, which, when his hand would grasp it, is borne away by a sudden blast of wind.

Pelops was restored to life by Jupiter, and supplied with an ivory shoulder, in place of that which had been devoured by Ceres, and to which was granted the power of healing, by its touch, every complaint. He succeeded to the throne of his father, and maintained the war against the King of Troy for a long time, but was at last forced to leave Phrygia and seek a retreat in Pisa, where he married Hippodamia, the daughter of the king, that monarch having declared that she should only wed the man who would run on foot as fast as he could proceed in his chariot. This difficulty was overcome by Pelops, who bribed the charioteer to give his master an old chariot which broke down in the middle of the course, and killed CEnomaus; and when the charioteer would have claimed the reward of his infamy, he threw him into the sea, under pretext of punishing his negligence.



Thus master of the kingdom of Pisa, and the hand of Hippodamia, he made bold war upon his neighbour, and conquered their land, which he named Peloponnessus, or the isle of Pelops.

In the family of the Pelopides murder and assassination seem never to have ceased their fearful course. Atreus and Thyestes, the sons of Pelops, having been counselled by Hippodamia to kill

Chrysippus, who was an illegitimate son of Pelops, they refused to obey, which so exasperated her, that she stabbed the child with her own hands.



Pelops, suspecting his two sons of the crime, banished them from his court. Atreus sought the kingdom of Eurystheus, King of Argos, and succeeded him on his throne, after marrying his daughter. Here he treated his brother Thyestes, who had followed him to the court, with great kindness, but he was recompensed with ingratitude, for his brother succeeded in winning the affections of his wife.

Irritated at so unlooked for a crime, Atreus took a fearful vengeance. Having been banished from the city for some time, Thyestes was again recalled, and invited to a sumptuous feast, at which was served up the children born to him by the connexion with his brother's wife, all of whom had been sacrificed to his vengeance.

When the repast was over he showed to him the heads of the

children, a sight which struck Thyestes with horror. The deed was so cruel and impious, that the very sun is said to have started back in amazement; and the unhappy Thyestes slew himself with his sword.

There was now one son left, named Egisthus, who, himself the fruit of a great crime, had been brought up by Agamemnon, and to him did the spectre of Thyestes appear, to exhort him to revenge



upon his brother the cruel act he had performed; nor were the fates satisfied until the deed had been accomplished, which revenged upon Atreus the infamous and atrocious conduct at which the very sun itself had started.

“ Asked by his wife to his inhuman feast,
 Tereus, unknowingly, is made a guest :
 While she, her plot the better to disguise
 Styles it some unknown mystic sacrifice :
 And such the nature of the hallowed rite,
 The wife her husband only could invite,
 The slaves must all withdraw, and be debarred the sight
 Tereus on a throne of antique state,
 Loftily raised, before the banquet sate ;
 And, glutton-like, luxuriously pleased
 With his own flesh, his hungry maw appeased.
 Nay, such a blindness o'er his senses falls,
 That he for Itys to the table calls.
 When Procne, now impatient to disclose
 The joy that from her full revenge arose,
 Cries out, in transports of a cruel mind,
 ‘ Within yourself, your Itys you may find.’

Still at this puzzling answer with surprise,
 Around the room he winds his curious eyes;
 And, as he still enquired, and called aloud;
 Fierce Philomela, all besmeared with blood,
 Her hand with murder stained, her spreading hair
 Hanging dishevelled, with a ghastly air,
 Stepped forth, and flung full in the tyrant's face
 The head of Itys, gory as it was:
 Nor ever longed so much to use her tongue,
 And, with a just reproach, to vindicate her wrong.

The Thracian monarch from the table flings,
 While with his cries the vaulted parlour rings;
 His imprecations echo down to hell,
 And rouse the snaky furies from their Stygian cell.
 One while, he labours to disgorge his breast,
 And free his stomach from the cursed feast;
 Then, weeping o'er his lamentable doom,
 He styles himself his son's sepulchral tomb,
 Now, with drawn sabre, and impetuous speed,
 In close pursuit he drives Pandion's breed;
 Whose nimble feet spring with so swift a force
 Across the fields, they seem to wing their course:
 And now, on real wings themselves they raise,
 And steer their airy flight by different ways:
 One to the woodland's shady covert hies,
 Around the smoky roof the other flies;
 Whose feathers yet the marks of murder stain,
 Where, stampt upon her breast, the crimson spots remain.
 Tereus, through grief, and haste to be revenged,
 Shares the like fate, and to a bird is changed:
 Fixed on his head, the crested plumes appear;
 Long is his beak, and sharpened like a spear;
 Thus armed, he looks his inward mind display,
 And, to a lapwing turned, he fans his way."

Ovid.



AGAMEMNON AND MENELAUS.



Agamemnon and Menelaus were educated with Atreus, until banished the kingdom by Thyestes, they went to Calydonia, and they were treated with great kindness, and from thence to Sparta, where, like the remainder of the Greek princes, they sought the hand of Helen. By the advice and artifice of Ulysses, Menelaus became her husband, Agamemnon marrying Clytemnestra; and Tyndarus, their father, monarch of Sparta, assisted in recovering for them their father's kingdom.

Menelaus succeeded to his father in law's throne, and became King of Sparta, and Paris, son of Priam, King of Troy, was one of the numerous visitors at his court. To this prince Venus had promised the possession of the finest woman in Greece. The absence of Menelaus in Crete gave to Paris every opportunity, and he succeeded in corrupting the fidelity of Helen, who abandoned herself to her seducer, and followed him to his palace at Troy. Vainly were ambassadors sent to Priam, to make known to him the infamous conduct of his son. Not only did he refuse all reparation, but he embittered the interview by recalling all the ancient grievances of the two kingdoms.

This unjust conduct gave birth to a terrible war; Agamemnon embraced the cause of his brother with fervour, awoke all Greece

to the wrongs of Menelaus, and was proclaimed the chief of the kings, who united their armies beneath the walls of Argos; and showed his personal zeal by furnishing one hundred ships, and lending sixty more for her assistance.

The Greek army amounted to sixty thousand soldiers, and their fleet to twelve hundred vessels, but at the very moment that they reckoned on starting, a deep calm settled on the waters.

The oracle was consulted, which declared that nothing less than the sacrifice of Iphigenia, the daughter of Agamemnon, could suffice, as the latter had excited the wrath of Diana, by killing a favourite stag. The father heard the decree with the greatest horror and indignation, and, as chief of the forces, ordered his herald to command them all to retire to their separate homes.

Ulysses and the other generals interfered; and at last Agamemnon was persuaded to sacrifice a daughter so tenderly beloved but as she was a great favourite with Clytemnestra, her mother, the Greeks sent for Iphigenia, pretending that they sought her hand in marriage for Achilles.



Clytemnestra gladly gave her consent; but when they came to Aulis, Iphigenia saw the bloody preparation for her sacrifice. In vain did she implore the protection of her father: tears and entreaties were alike unavailing, but as the fatal blow was about to be struck, a goat of great beauty was found in her place for the

sacrifice. The supernatural change animated the Greeks, the wind suddenly became favourable, and the combined fleet set sail.

"Fair Iphigenia, the devoted maid,
Was by the weeping priests in linen robes arrayed,
All mourn her fate; but no relief appeared:
The royal victim bound, the knife already reared
When that offended power who caused their woe,
Relenting, ceased her wrath, and stopped the coming blow.
A mist before the ministers she cast,
And in the virgin's room a hind she placed."

After the fall of Troy the beautiful Cassandra came to the share of Agamemnon, and she foretold that his wife Clytemnestra would put him to death. He, however, returned with Cassandra to Argos, where the sad prediction was fulfilled. One day as he came from the bath, Clytemnestra gave him a tunic, the sleeves of which were sewn together, and as he was embarrassed with the folds, she brought him to the ground with the stroke of a hatchet, while Egisthus, with whom she had dishonoured herself during Agamemnon's absence, gave him the finishing blow.

"*Clytemnestra.* What have I done?—
Where am I?
Egisthus. Hast thou slain the tyrant? Now
At length thou art worthy of me.
Cly. See with blood
The dagger drops:—my hands—my face—my garment,
All, all are blood. Ah! for a deed like this
What vengeance shall be wreaked? I see already,
Already to my breast that very sword
I see hurled back—and by what hand! I freeze,
I faint, I shudder, I dissolve with horror!
My strength, my utterance fail me. Where am I,
What have I done? Alas!
Egis. Tremendous cries
Resound on every side throughout the palace.
Cly. He had no power to escape, or to resist,
Entangled in the gorgeous robe that shone
Fatally rich. I struck him twice, and twice
He groaned, then died. A third time as he lay
I gored him with a wound; a grateful present
To the stern god that in the realms below
Reigns o'er the dead.
There let him take his seat,
He lay, and spouting from his wounds a stream
Of blood, bedewed me with these crimson drops."
ÆSCHYLUS.

The tradition of the meeting of Iphigenia with her father in the lower regions, after his death, when the latter was ignorant of the

infamy of her mother, and the cause of her father's death, is thus beautifully described :—

Iphigenia. Father! I now may lean upon your breast,
And you with unreverted eyes will grasp
Iphigenia's hand.

We are not shades
Surely! for yours throbs yet,
And did my blood
Win Troy for Greece?

Ah! 'twas ill done to shrink;
But the sword gleamed so sharp; and the good priest
Trembled, and Pallas frowned above, severe.

Agamemnon. Daughter!

Iphig. Beloved father! is the blade
Again to pierce a bosom now unfit
For sacrifice? no blood is in its veins,
No God requires it here; here are no wrongs
To vindicate, no realms to overthrow.
You standing as at Aulis in the fane,
With face averted, holding (as before)
My hand; but yours burns not, as then it burned.
This alone shews me we are with the blest,
Nor subject to the sufferings we have borne.
I will win back past kindness.

Tell me then,
Tell how my mother fares who loved me so,
And grieved, as 'twere for you, to see me part.
Frown not, but pardon me for tarrying
Amid too idle words, nor asking how
She praised us both (which most?) for what we did.
Aga. Ye Gods who govern here! do human pangs
Reach the pure soul thus far below? do tears
Spring in these meadows?

Iphig. No, sweet father, no.
I could have answered that; why ask the Gods?

Aga. Iphigenia! O my child! the Earth
Has gendered crimes unheard of heretofore,
And nature may have changed in her last depths,
Together with the Gods and all their laws.

Iphig. Father! we must not let you here condemn;
Not, were the day less joyful: recollect
We have no wicked here; no king to judge.
Poseidon, we have heard, with bitter rage
Lashes his foaming steeds against the skies,
And, laughing with loud yell at winged fire,
Innoxious to his fields and palaces
Affrights the eagle from the sceptred hand;
While Pluto, gentlest brother of the three
And happiest in obedience, views sedate
His tranquil realm, nor envies their's above.
No change have we, not even day for night,
Nor spring for summer,

All things are serene,
Serene too be your spirit! none on earth

Ever was half so kindly in his house,
 And so compliant, even to a child.
 Never was snatched your robe away from me,
 Though going to the council. The blind man
 Knew his good king was leading him in doors,
 Before he heard the voice that marshal'd Greece.
 Therefore all praised you.

Proudest men themselves
 In others praise humility, and most
 Admire it in the sceptre and the sword.
 What then can make you speak thus rapidly
 And briefly? in your step thus hesitate?
 Are you afraid to meet among the good
 Incestuous Helen here?

Aga. Oh! Gods of Hell!

Iphig. She hath not past the river.

We may walk

With our hands linked, nor feel our house's shame.

Aga. Never may'st thou, Iphigenia! feel it!

Aulis had no sharp sword, thou would'st exclaim,
 Greece no avenger—I, her chief so late,
 Through Erebus, through Elysium, writhe beneath it.

Iphig. Come, I have better diadems than those
 Of Argos and Mycenai—come away,
 And I will weave them for you on the bank.

You will not look so pale when you have walked
 A little in the grove, and have told all
 Those sweet fond words the widow sent her child.

Aga. Oh Earth! I suffered less upon thy shores!

(Aside)

The bath that bubbled with my blood, the blows

That spilt it (O worse torture) must she know?

Ah! the first woman coming from Mycenai

Will pine to pour this poison in her ear,

Taunting sad Charon for his slow advance.

Iphigenia!

Iphig. Why thus turn away?

Calling me with such fondness! I am here,

Father! and where you are, will ever be.

Aga. Thou art my child—yes, yes, thou art my child.

All was not once what all now is! Come on,

Idol of love and truth! my child! my child!

(Alone)

Fell woman! ever false! false was thy last

Denunciation, as thy bridal vow;

And yet even that found faith with me! the dirk

Which severed flesh from flesh, where this hand rests,

Severs not, as thou boasted'st in thy scoffs,

Iphigenia's love from Agamemnon:

The wife's a spark may light, a straw consume,

The daughter's not her hearts whole fount bath quenched,

'Tis worthy of the Gods, and lives for ever.

Iphig. What spake my father to the Gods above?

Unworthy am I then to join in prayer?

If, on the last, or any day before,

Of my brief course on earth, I did amiss,
 Say it at once, and let me be unblest;
 But, O my faultless father! why should you?
 And shun so my embraces?

Am I wild

And wandering in my fondness?

We are shades!!

Groan not thus deeply; blight not thus the season
 Of full orb'd gladness! Shades we are indeed,
 But mingled, let us feel it, with the blest.

I knew it, but forgot it suddenly,
 Altho' I felt it all at your approach.

Look on me; smile with me at my illusion—

You are so like what you have ever been

(Except in sorrow!) I might well forget

I could not win you as I used to do.

It was the first embrace since my descent

I ever aimed at: those who love me live,

Save one, who loves me most, and now would chide me.

Aga. We want not O Iphigenia, we

Want not embrace, nor kiss that cools the heart

With purity, nor words that more and more

Teach what we know, from those we know, and sink

Often most deeply where they fall most light.

Time was when for the faintest breath of thine

Kingdom and life were little.

Iphig. Value them

As little now.

Aga. Were life and kingdom all!

Iphig. Ah! by our death many are sad who loved us.

They will be happy too.

Cheer! king of men!

Cheer! there are voices, songs—Cheer! arms advance

Aga. Come to me, soul of peace! these, these alone,

These are not false embraces."

W. S. LANDOR.

THE TROJAN WAR.

The sails were spread, and the vessels destined to the attack of Troy advanced quickly towards its shores. Priam and his brave sons though they received the enemy with vigour, could not prevent them from landing, and the siege commenced by a blockade, which lasted for the space of nine years, and might have lasted much longer, as more than valour was necessary to take the city; for destiny had dictated the conditions to be fulfilled, ere its capture could be accomplished.

An ancient oracle had foretold that among the besiegers must be one of the descendants of Eachus, who had worked on the wall of

of Iliion, and Achilles, son of Thetis, considered Eachus as his ancestor. This young hero had been hidden by his frightened mother in the isle of Cyros. Clothed in female garments, he there lived with the beautiful Deidomia, and enslaved by Love, forgot over the cradle of his offspring, the glory of his country, and the precepts of his tutor, Chiron, the centaur. But it was necessary that he should be discovered; and that he should be animated with higher thoughts and more exalted sentiments.

Ulysses, King of Ithaca, took upon himself the charge of bringing the young Achilles from his inglorious ease to the post which awaited him in the camp. Disguised as a merchant, Ulysses introduced himself into the palace of the future hero, and as he paraded himself before the women with jewels and arms, one of them disdained the gems, and seized a sword!—It was Achilles!—who thus betrayed his manly inclinations.

Thus discovered, the eloquence of Ulysses was exerted, and the youthful hero listened with astonishment to the King of Ithaca, as he told him of the dangers already overcome, and of the future conquests which awaited him. Ulysses departed, but not alone, for the spirit of glory was aroused in Achilles, and one more defender was added to the cause of Menelaus. But the besiegers were also to possess the arrows of Hercules, which this hero in dying had



bequeathed to Philoctetes, who, however, would not give up the terrible arms that no mortal dared take from him. Ulysses presented himself to Philoctetes, who, at the command of the manes of

Hercules, sought the Grecian camp with his terrible weapons to assist them against their enemies.

But this was not enough. It was necessary to take from the Trojans the talismanic protector of their city, the Palladium.

Ulysses was also charged with this mission, and the intrepid Diomedes assisted him to triumph over the obstacles which would have resisted his single efforts, and they went forth to seek the statue of Pallas, in the very city of their intrepid foes.

It was necessary likewise that Rhesus, King of Thrace, should be prevented from allowing his horses to drink of the waters of the Xanthus, an ancient oracle having declared that if they drank of those waters or fed in the Trojan plain, that Troy would never be taken. In this too they succeeded; for Diomedes and Ulysses intercepted him on his journey to the Trojan camp, entered his tent at night and slew him; they then carried off the horses which had been the innocent causes of his melancholy fate.

All the oracles being now fulfilled, the siege was commenced with vigour, when an unforeseen quarrel stopped the operations of the Greeks. Achilles having been deprived by Agamemnon of his favourite mistress, retired into his tent. Reverses of fortune instantly signalled his absence. A general assault, however, was ordered, but directly the army displayed itself before the walls, Paris challenged Menelaus to single combat, and promised to return Helen if he was vanquished. The King of Sparta, protected by his bravery and the justice of his cause, accepted his challenge, and would have sacrificed the coward Trojan to his vengeance, when he took flight, and escaped by the aid of Venus.

—————“ Poised in air, the javelin sent,
Through Paris' shield the fearful weapon went,
His corslet pierces, and his garment rends,
And, glancing downward, near his flank descends.
The wary Trojan, bending from the blow,
Eludes the death, and disappoints his foe:
But fierce Atrides waved his sword, and struck
Full on his casque, the crested helmet shook:
The brittle steel, unfaithful to his hand,
Broke short, the fragments glittered on the sand.
The raging warrior to the spacious skies
Raised his upbraiding voice and angry eyes.
' Then is it vain in Jove himself to trust?
And is it thus the Gods assist the just?
When crimes provoke us, Heaven success denies,
'The dart falls harmless, and the falchion flies.'

Furious he said, and tow'rd the Grecian crew
 Seized by the crest, th' unhappy warrior drew ;
 Struggling he followed, while th' embroidered throng,
 That tied his helmet dragged the chief along.
 Then had his ruin crowned Atrides' joy,
 But Venus trembled for the Prince of Troy ;
 Unseen she came, and burst the golden band,
 And left an empty helmet in his hand."

HOMER.

The Greeks claimed the execution of the promise, and in return a Trojan archer sent an arrow which wounded Agamemnon. A general *melée* ensued, the formidable Diomedes dashed into the midst of the Trojans, wounded Venus, who protected Paris, and struck Mars himself; and Hector, the brave son of Priam was compelled to retire, exhorting the Trojans to supplicate Pallas to withdraw Diomedes from the combat.

After this bloody action, in which the Gods themselves had taken part, the two armies engaged in several skirmishes without much advantage on either side. The siege still continued, and the anger of Achilles remained, until his revenge was aroused by the death of Patroclus, his friend, who was slain in battle by Hector.

" Thus by an arm divine and mortal spear
 Wounded at once, Patroclus yields to fear,
 Retires for succour to his social train,
 And flies the fate which Heaven decreed, in vain.
 Stern Hector as the bleeding chief he views,
 Breaks through the ranks, and his retreat pursues :
 The lance arrests him with a mortal wound ;
 He falls, earth shudders, and his arms resound.
 With him all Greece was sunk, that moment all
 Her yet surviving heroes seemed to fall.
 Patroclus thus, so many chiefs o'erthrown,
 So many lives effused, expires his own."

HOMER.

To avenge the death of his comrade in arms, Achilles conducted the Greeks to the attack. The Gods again mingled in the fight. Hector and Achilles met in fierce combat, and the first fell gloriously. The son of Peleus refused to the Trojans the last and only consolation of thinking that the remains should be given to the aged Priam. He had the cruelty to tie the body to his chariot, and in that way to drag it three times round the city, a sacrifice to the tomb of Patroclus, and the unfortunate Priam was obliged to give a large ransom for the remains of Hector.

"Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred,
 Unworthy of himself and of the dead,
 The nervous ankles bored, his feet he bound
 With thongs inserted through the double wound;
 These fixed up high behind the rolling wain,
 His graceful head was hauled along the plain.
 Proud on his car th' insulting victor stood,
 And bore aloft his arms distilling blood.
 He smites the steeds, the rapid chariot flies;
 The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.
 Now lost is all that formidable air,
 The face divine and long descending hair,
 Purple the ground, and streak the sable sand;
 Deformed, dishonoured, in his native land,
 Given to the rage of an insulting throng,
 And in his parents' sight now dragged along.
 The mother first beheld with sad survey,
 She rent her tresses venerably gray;
 And cast far off the regal veils away.
 With piercing shriek his bitter fate she moans,
 While the sad father answers groans with groans;
 Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,
 And the whole city wears one face of woe."

HOMER.

After this barbarous act, Achilles, led by Destiny, obtained sight of Polyxena, the daughter of Priam, in the temple of Apollo.

Availing himself of treachery, Paris basely slew him by shooting him in the heel, the only part not rendered invulnerable, by being washed in the river Styx. When Achilles died, the Greeks erected a superb tomb to his memory upon the shores of the Hellespont,



and after the taking of Troy, Polyxena was sacrificed to the manes of Achilles. So glorious had been his arms, that Ajax and Ulysses disputed for them, and they were given to the King of Ithaca,

which so enraged Ajax that he slew himself, and the blood which flowed from him was turned into a hyacinth.

Æneas, son of Venus and Anchises, took part in all the battles which preceded the fall of his country, and relates the stratagem by which the Greeks gained possession of the city. Repulsed in many assaults, they constructed an enormous horse of wood, and shut up in it the best and bravest of their soldiers. Then pretending to raise the siege, they left it, and embarked, casting anchor near the isle of Tenedos. The Trojans, happy to see their sails retreating from their shores, left their walls to look at the immense machine which remained behind. Some proposed to destroy it. The most superstitious demanded on the contrary, that it should be conducted to the city, and offered to Minerva. Laocoon, grand priest of Neptune, in the spirit of prophecy, told them to destroy it, and to doubt the gift of an enemy. Vainly he cried, "fear the Greeks and their gifts!" They would not listen to him. At this moment a Greek named Sinon was brought before them. This perfidious man said that his brothers in arms, irritated against him, had abandoned him, and that this horse was an offering made by the Greeks, to moderate the anger of Minerva, and to obtain from her a happy return.

In vain did Laocoon persist in his assertion that danger was near, and in vain was he commissioned by the Trojans to offer a bullock to Neptune, to render him propitious.

During the sacrifice, two enormous serpents issued from the sea,



and attacked Laocoon's two sons, who stood next to the altar. The father immediately attempted to defend them, but the serpents

coiling round him, squeezed him in their complicated wreaths, so that he died in the greatest torture.

———"By Scamander when Laocoon stood,
Where Troy's proud turrets glittered in the flood,
Raised high his arm and with prophetic call
To shrinking realms announced her fated fall;
Whirled his fierce spear with more than mortal force,
And pierced the thick ribs of the echoing horse;
Two serpent forms incumbent on the main
Lashing the white waves with their redundant train,
Arched their blue necks, and shook their towering crests,
And ploughed their foamy way with speckled breasts;
Then, darting fierce amid the affrighted throngs,
Rolled their red eyes, and shot their forked tongues.—
—Two daring youths to guard the hoary sire,
Thwart their dread progress, and provoke their ire,
Round sire and sons the scaly monsters rolled,
Ring above ring in many a tangled fold,
Close and more close their writhing limbs surround,
And fix with foamy teeth the envenomed wound.
With brow upturned to Heaven the holy sage
In silent agony sustains their rage;
While each fond youth, in vain, with piercing cries
Bends on the tortured Sire his dying eyes."

DARWIN.

"Laocoon's torture, dignifying pain—
A father's love and mortal's agony
With an immortal's patience blending :—vain
The struggle; vain, against the coiling strain
And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,
The old man's clench; the long envenomed chain
Rivets the living links,—the enormous asp
Enforces pang on pang and stifles gasp on gasp."

BYRON.

The Trojans following the advice of Sinon, beat down part of the wall to make an entrance for the horse into the city; they then celebrated the deliverance of their country with feasts and festivals.

Aided by the darkness of night the Greek ships left Tenedos and set sail with all haste towards Troy. Their soldiers disembarked, and penetrated through the breach which had been made to admit the horse. At the same time the warriors that were hidden within the colossal structure appeared, spreading slaughter and devastation all over the city. Æneas awoke, put on his arms, and ran to the palace of Priam, in time to see, but not to save, the aged monarch, his daughters, and his sons, from falling beneath the edge of the sword.

He then sought to rally the Trojans, and make head against the

enemy, but when he abandoned himself to feelings of grief and rage at not being able, his mother made known to him the uselessness of his efforts.



Æneas followed the council of Venus. He awoke his father Anchises, placed the old man on his shoulders, took the young Ascanius, his son, by the hand, and led him away from the tumult, giving him in charge to Creusa, his wife, telling her to follow closely, and not to leave him. The unfortunate woman, however, lost sight of him, and was put to death by the Greeks.

After a vain search to find Creusa, the hero joined the Trojans that survived, and all retired to mount Ida, where they constructed a fleet of twenty vessels, in which they set sail, endeavouring to find out a new country.

The conquerors razed Troy to the ground, and divided the plunder. The widows and daughters of the Trojan princes who were left behind, were obliged to remain in the country. Several of them, famed for beauty, inspired their masters with passions which manifested themselves in quarrels, finishing by many a bloody catastrophe. Among this number was Andromache, widow of Hector, and mother of Astyanax. She fell to the share of

Neoptolemus, but though she conceived an aversion for him, the widow of Hector promised her hand to him, on condition that he would save the life of her son, which was menaced by the Greeks: and accompanied into Epirus the ambassadors sent to claim from Pyrrhus the last scion of a foeman's race; Orestes, the ambassador, explained to the king the object of his mission, he was met by a



stern refusal, which so irritated the warrior, that he stabbed Pyrrhus for attempting that which he designated a base treason.

Following the fortunes of Ulysses—scarcely had he quitted the Phrygian shores, than he and his companions became the sport of Neptune and Juno, and a crowd of miseries beset them. At length, after a thousand reverses on the seas, a tempest precipitated his vessel on a rock, he saved himself on a floating wreck, and was driven by the waves towards the shores of the isle of the Phæacians. He saw on the shores the beautiful Nausica, who took him to King Alcinous, her father, from whom he received every hospitality. At the end of the repast to which he had been invited, he related his wonderful adventures.

He told of his arrival in the country of the Lotophagi, people who lived on lotos, and of the frightful dangers he encountered in the isle of Cyclops.

“The land of Cyclops first, a savage kind,
Nor tamed by manner, nor by laws confined:
Untaught to plant, to turn the glebe and sow;
They all their products to free nature owe.
The soil untill'd a ready harvest yields,
With wheat and barley wave the golden fields,

Spontaneous wines from weighty clusters pour,
 And Jove descends in each prolific shower.
 By these no statutes and no rights are known,
 No council held, no monarch fills the throne,
 But high on hills, or airy cliffs, they dwell,
 Or deep in caves whose entrance leads to hell.
 Each rules his race, his neighbour not his care,
 Heedless of others, to his own severe."

HOMER.

Polyphemus, whose one eye expressed a savage ferocity, shut up Ulysses and his companions in a cavern, where he kept his sheep. In the morning Polyphemus came, took two sailors and devoured them; at his repast in the evening he took two more. Ulysses, horrified at his danger, thought how he could avoid it. He amused the Cyclop by his recitals; and by giving him intoxicating drink, the monster slept; then, assisted by his companions, he put out his eye. Ulysses had provided for their escape, for fastening himself under the stomach of a sheep when it was going to the fields, and ordering his companions to follow his example, they escaped the rage of the



Cyclop, who could only indulge his wrath by throwing at random large pieces of rock after their vessel, which was bearing them quickly away from the scene of their danger.

He arrived in the isle of *Æolia*, where reigned *Æolus*, king of the winds. This monarch treated him with much kindness, and to assure him a prosperous voyage, he gave him, enclosed in a leather bottle, all the dangerous winds. The vessels went first to the

borders of Ithaca, when the companions of Ulysses opened the leather bottle, believing that a precious wine was contained in it, all the winds escaped, and a furious tempest convulsed the sea. The vessels were thrown upon the coast of the Lestrigones, who ate human flesh. Two Greeks were devoured by them. In alarm the vessels again put to sea, and they landed in an isle where abode Circe, a famous magician.

When he had anchored, he sent some of his men on shore, to discover what place it was, but Circe gave them drink under pretence of refreshing them, which transformed them into swine. One only tasted not of the enchanted drink, and escaped to acquaint Ulysses with the strange metamorphose. Ulysses was astonished and resolved to seek the witch in person: and, provided with a certain herb, to preserve himself from witchcraft, he went to her with his drawn sword, to compel her to restore his companions to their previous shapes. The fascinations of Circe proved more powerful than the sword of Ulysses, and he staid with her on the island, in the enjoyment of her society, for the space of a year.

After concluding his eventful history, he remained some time with Alcinous, who gave him a ship, which carried him safely to Ithaca.

It was now the twentieth year of the absence of Ulysses from his home, during which time his wife had held him in continual remembrance, and though she had been pressed by her numerous suitors to consider him as dead and make a second choice, yet she retained such faithful love for her husband, with such a full and prophetic assurance that she should once more see him, that all their efforts to influence her were vain.

In order to put them off more effectually, she undertook to make a piece of cloth, promising that when it was finished, she would choose one of her numerous suitors: but the better to deceive them, she undid at night that which she worked in the day, so that when Ulysses arrived, she was no nearer its completion than at first.

Meanwhile Ulysses scarcely knew how to discover himself with safety to his own person, fearing that he might be slain by those who were suitors to his wife. By the advice of Minerva, he disguised himself as a beggar, first making himself known to Telemachus, and one of the old officers of the kingdom.

In the same disguise he introduced himself to Penelope, by whom

he was received with joy; and with the assistance of his friends, who flocked around him, he entered in possession of his throne.



But still his mind was uneasy and disturbed, as Tyresias, the soothsayer, had informed him that he should be killed by one of his sons. To prevent this misery, he determined to forsake the world, and retire into some solitary place, to end his days in peace.

About that time, Telegonus, one of his sons by Circe, came to his city to pay unto him his respects; and, as he was striving to enter the palace, there arose a great tumult, the officers of the place refusing him admission; at this moment Ulysses stepped out, and Telegonus not knowing him, ran him through with his lance, thus fulfilling the prophecy of the soothsayer.

ÆNEAS.

Charged to save himself from the wreck of Troy, and to accomplish the decrees of fate, Æneas embarked with a small band in twenty vessels, which Juno however pursued with her wrath. Æolus obedient to the goddess, dispersed the fleet and menaced them with complete destruction. Neptune appeared, and the winds were silent. Æneas, however, found himself separated from the greater part of his companions, seven only of whom remained with him.

He landed on an unknown shore and Venus informed him, that

the rest of his companions were in safety. Æneas, hidden in a cloud went to the palace of Dido, Queen of Carthage, a new town in which this queen had built the most gorgeous edifices; in one of which, where she gave to him a splendid entertainment, the hero related to her the history of the siege of Troy and his own adventures.

The glowing language and animating gestures of the young prince, together with the high deeds which he announced, won the heart of Dido. Nor was Æneas long in perceiving the love felt for him by the beautiful listener, and yielding himself to her charms, staid with her for a considerable time in the enjoyment of all that renders life desirable.

Jupiter, however, grew dissatisfied with Æneas, despatched Mercury to him to command him to leave Africa, to try the destiny which called him to Italy.

In vain Dido endeavoured to stop him, she saw in Æneas a man resolved to leave her, and she loaded him with the curses and reproaches of an infuriated and forsaken lover.

Unable to bear life in the prospect of a desertion so infamous,



she prepared a funeral pile, determined to immolate herself; mounting with a calm resolution she gave way to her despair.

"What shall I do? what succour can I find?
 Shall I with this ungrateful Trojan go,
 Forsake an empire to attend a foe?
 Himself I refuged and his train relieved,
 'Tis true, but am I sure to be received?
 Can gratitude in Trojan souls have place?
 Laomedon still lives in all his race!
 Then shall I seek alone the flying crew,
 Or with my fleet their flying souls pursue?
 Rather with steel thy guilty breast invade,
 And take the fortune thou thyself hast made!"

DRYDEN.

With one strong blow she smote herself to the heart, and fell dead upon the pile she had erected.



"Then swiftly to the fatal place she passed,
 And mounts the funeral pile with furious haste;
 Unsheathes the sword the Trojan left behind,
 Not for so dire an enterprize designed;
 But when she viewed the garb so loosely spread,
 Which once he wore, and saw the conscious bed,
 She saw and with a sigh the robes embraced,
 Then on the couch her trembling body cast,
 Repressed the ready tears and spoke her last;
 'Dear pledges of my love, while heaven so pleased,
 Receive a soul of mortal anguish eased.
 My fatal course is finished, and I go,
 A glorious name among the ghosts below,'

Then kissed the couch 'and must I die,' she said,
 'And unrevenged, 'tis doubly to be dead;
 Yet even this death with pleasure I receive,
 On any terms 'tis better than to live;
 These flames from far, may the false Trojan view,
 These boding omens, his false fight pursue!
 She said and struck; deep entered in her side,
 The piercing steel, with reeking purple dyed,
 Clogged in the wound, the cruel weapon stands;
 The spouting blood came streaming on her hands;
 Her sad attendants saw the deadly stroke
 And with loud cries, the sounding palace shook.
 Thrice Dido tried to raise her drooping head,
 And, panting, thrice fell grovelling on the bed.
 Thrice ope'd her heavy eyes, and saw the light,
 But having found it, sickened at the sight,
 And closed her lids at last in endless night."

DRYDEN.

ALLEGORICAL DIVINITIES.



The ancients, following the inspirations of an undisciplined imagination, deified alike Virtues, Vices, and Evil principles. These divinities, the number of whom was constantly increasing, had both altars and temples consecrated to them: and from this kind of god, poets, painters, and sculptors have taken ideas, and have blended the deity and the virtue in beautiful unison, giving to them new and delightful charms.

VIRTUE

Daughter of Truth, is represented clothed in white, as an emblem of purity; sometimes holding a sceptre, at others crowned with

laurel ; while she is in many instances drawn with wings, and placed upon a block of marble, to intimate her inmoveable firmness.

TRUTH

Daughter of Jupiter and Saturn, is the parent of Justice and of Virtue. The great Apelles has represented her, in his painting of Calumny, under the appearance of a modest female ; in her hand is placed a round mirror.

Ancient writers say, that she was for a long time hidden from the world at the bottom of a well, but leaving its quiet on one occasion, she was scared at the reception she met with, and returned to her hiding place, which is intended to intimate, according to Democritus, the difficulty with which she is discovered.

HONOUR.

The emblems of this god are, the crown of laurel, the lance, and the horn of plenty ; though he is sometimes represented, instead of arms, with the olive branch of peace, as the reward of bravery.

At Rome he had two temples ; one founded by Marcellus, at the same time with the one to Virtue. An augur having warned Marcellus that these two divinities would not dwell in the circumference of the same temple, he built the two distinct edifices to which we have alluded ; but, to arrive at the temple of Honour, it was necessary to pass through that of Virtue.

PEACE.

This daughter of Jupiter and Themis, wears a crown of laurel ; in her hand is a branch of the olive-tree, and against her side the statue of Plutus, to intimate that peace gives rise to prosperity and opulence.

Venus and the Graces were her companions, and an altar was erected to her at Athens ; but at Rome, the capital in which the God of War was also peculiarly honoured, several altars were dedicated to her, one of the most magnificent of which was raised by Vespasian, after the war of Judea, and contained all the treasures taken from the temple at Jerusalem, consisting of a splendid library, busts, statues and pictures ; with an enormous quantity of natural curiosities.

This temple was however consumed in the reign of Commodus, previous to which it was customary for men of learning to assemble

there, and even to deposit their most valuable writings as a place of peculiar safety; and, consequently the loss which took place when it was consumed, could scarcely be estimated.



FIDELITY

was adored even before Romulus and Numa had given laws to their people; and the oath sworn in her name was regarded by them as inviolable. She is represented clothed in white, with clasped hands. Her priests were dressed in a white cloth during her public ceremonies; but victims were not sacrificed upon her altar, because she was deemed inflexible, and could not yield to prayers, however urgent.

Two hands, joined together, are the emblems of faith, given and received.

FRIENDSHIP

the Greeks represented clothed in a clasped garment, her head bare, her bosom revealed near the heart, holding in the left hand an elm, around which a vine, filled with grapes, is clinging.

At Rome, she was a young maiden with a white robe, her bosom half bare, her head adorned with myrtle and pomegranate flowers intermixed. On the border of her tunic was written "Death and Life,"—on her front "Summer and Winter."—Her side was opened, and the heart visible, bearing these words, "Far and near."

LIBERTY

wears sometimes a cap, with a rod in her hand, both signs of independence, as the latter was used by the magistrates in the manumission of slaves, and the cap was worn by those who were to be soon liberated, while at other times she appears in a chariot.

She is, however, more frequently represented holding the book of the laws, and in her hand a sword with which to defend them.



A temple was raised to her by Gracchus on Mount Aventine, adorned with elegant statues and brazen columns, with a gallery in which were deposited the public acts of the state.

VICTORY.

Styx, daughter of Ocean and Thetis, was the mother of Victory. This deity attended at the conquests of all countries and of all heroes. At Italy and Greece, temples were elevated to her; at Greece she was named Nice, and Sylla instituted festivals in her honour at the former place. In the temple of Jupiter, on the Capitoline hill, a golden statue of the goddess was placed, weighing three hundred and twenty pounds.

A thunderbolt having fallen on the statue and broken its wings, Pompey restored the courage of the people, who were dejected at the accident, by crying,

“Romans! the gods have broken the wings of Victory; henceforth she cannot escape from us.”

Victory, by the commands of her mother, aided Jupiter in his battle with the Titans; and the monarch of Olympus to reward her powerful services, decreed that the Gods should swear by her, and that those who violated the oath, should be exiled ten years from the celestial court, and deprived of the nectar and ambrosia of Olympus.

VOLUPTUOUSNESS

is a female figure, nearly naked, her hair wreathed with roses, and her face and form, full, but exquisitely developed.



In her hand is a cup of gold, from which a serpent is drinking, while around her are supposed to exist all the luxuries which attend her reign.

She was the goddess of sensual pleasures, and had a temple at Rome, where she was worshipped under the title of Volupia.

CALUMNY AND ENVY

are the daughters of Night, and though poets have been peculiarly the victims of these evils, yet they have frequently celebrated them in their verses; nor could more important engines in the mischiefs which arose in the world be well chosen; for, from Calumny, which is the offspring of Falsehood, arises crushed hearts and broken friendships—while of Envy it has well been remarked, "Open your heart once to receive her as a guest, and farewell to joy, peace, and contentment."

FAMINE

is the daughter of Night, and inhabited the infernal regions, though the Lacedemonians dedicated to her an altar in the Temple of Minerva.



She is drawn miserable, pale, wan, meagre, and dejected: her eyes hollow and sunken, her complexion of a leaden hue, her teeth yellow, and her whole appearance worn and melancholy.

DISCORD,

daughter of Night, is the mother of a family of evils, almost too numerous to mention. Having been refused admission to the nuptials of Thetis and Peleus, it is said that it was she, who, to revenge herself, threw on the table among the festal company, the apple, with the inscription, "To the most beautiful."

This apple was the origin of the Trojan war, and of innumerable misfortunes to the Greeks.

The goddess is represented with a pale and ghastly look, her garments torn, her eyes sparkling with fire, holding a dagger concealed in her bosom. Her head is generally enwreathed with serpents, and she is imagined to be the cause of all the miseries, dissensions, and quarrels, which fall upon the inhabitants of the earth.

We have now enumerated the most remarkable of the Allegorical Divinities, the number being too great to mention all. For the same reason we must omit the crowd of Emperors, Kings, and Princes, who, having the folly to believe themselves gods, found mortals sufficiently weak to grant them faith, and to accord them homage.

In concluding the Greek Mythology, however, we must mention several fables, which are so intimately connected therewith, as almost to form part of its history.

PHILEMON AND BAUCIS.

Philemon and Baucis were an aged couple, of Phrygia, who, unblest by the goods of fortune, found in their mutual and deep affection, a happiness, which nothing could overwhelm.

“There
Had lived long married and a happy pair
Now old in love, tho’ little was their store,
Inured to want, their poverty they bore,
Nor aimed at wealth, professing to be poor.”

As they were sitting together, enjoying the sweets of mutual affection, two travellers, with a melancholy and impoverished appearance, after having asked hospitality, and been refused by the inhabitants of the village, sought refuge under their humble roof. Unaccustomed to visitors, they were, however, received by them with kindness, and invited to partake of a modest repast.

As they sate in kind communion, the forms of those whom they entertained suddenly changed, and they beheld Jupiter and Mercury in the place of the miserable beings they had received; the ancient couple throwing themselves on their knees, offered to their guests the deep homage of their hearts.

The Gods were pleased with their entertainment; but could not forget the inhospitality with which they had been received by their countrymen, and let loose the waves, and sent the thunderbolt to consume the town and its inhabitants. Philemon and Baucis, were, however, saved, and a superb temple replaced their lowly dwelling, of which they were made the priests.

They lived long and happily, and having entreated Jupiter that neither might outlive the other, they both died on the same day, and their bodies were changed into trees, and placed before the

door of the Temple which had arisen on the ruins of their lowly cottage.

“ Lost in a lake the floated level lies;
 A watery desert covers all the plains,
 Their cot alone, as on an isle, remains
 Wond’ring with weeping eyes, while they deplore
 Their neighbours’ fate, and country now no more,
 Their little shed, scarce large enough for two,
 Seems, from the ground, in height and bulk to grow
 A stately temple shoots within the skies,
 The crotcheis of their cot in columns rise,
 The pavement polished marble they behold,
 The gates with sculpture graced, the spires and roof of gold !”
 OVID.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.



Pyramus and Thisbe were two young Thebans, who, being greatly enamoured of one another, had their union opposed by their friends, between the families of whom there had been a variance for many years.

“ But to prevent their wandering in the dark,
 They both agree to fix upon a mark ;
 A mark that could not their designs expose :
 The tomb of Venus was the mark they chose ;
 There they might rest secure beneath the shade,
 Which boughs, with snowy fruit encumbered, made.
 A wide spread mulberry tree its rise had took
 Just in the margin of a gurgling brook.”

OVID.

They determined, however, if possible, to elude the vigilance of their persecutors, and agreed to meet outside the walls of the city, under the mulberry tree which grew there, and then to celebrate

their union. Thisbe was the first who arrived at the place appointed, when the sudden arrival of a lioness so frightened her, that she fled away, dropping her veil in her flight. This the lioness smeared with blood, and then disappeared, leaving it under the trysting tree.

In a short time Pyramus arrived, but found that she, for whom he looked, was absent: the bloody veil alone met his anxious gaze, which he instantly recognized, and concluded that she had been torn to pieces by wild beasts. In his despair he drew his sword and killed himself.

When the fears of Thisbe were passed away, she returned to the mulberry tree, but found only the lifeless remains of her lover. In the agony which overcame her, she fell upon the weapon with which Pyramus had destroyed himself, and joined him in his endless rest.

“ But when her view the bleeding love confessed,
 She shrieked, she tore her hair, she beat her breast,
 She raised the body, and embraced it round,
 And bathed with tears unfeigned, the gaping wound,
 Then her warm lips to the cold face applied—
 ‘ And is it thus, ah! thus we meet,’ she cried
 My Pyramus, whence sprang thy cruel fate?
 My Pyramus; ah! speak, ere ’tis too late:
 I, thy own Thisbe; but one word implore,
 One word thy Thisbe never asked before!
 Fate, though it conquers, shall no triumph gain,
 Fate, that divides us, still divides in vain.
 Now, both our cruel parents, hear my prayer,
 My prayer to offer for us both I dare,
 O see our ashes in one urn confined,
 Whom love at first, and fate at last, has joined.
 Thou tree, where now one lifeless lump is laid,
 Ere long o’er two shall cast a friendly shade,
 Still let our loves from thee be understood,
 Still witness, in thy purple fruit our blood—
 She spoke, and in her bosom plunged the sword
 All warm, and reeking from its slaughtered Lord.”
 OVID.

ACIS AND GALATEA.

Polyphemus, the most dreadful and hideous of the Cyclops, loved Galatea, one of the beautiful race of the sea-nymphs. Day by day, did the giant sit by the side of a fountain, neglecting his flocks, and murmuring love songs the most touching and impassioned; while he adorned his person and endeavoured to render himself as agreeable, by these and other means, to his nymph as possible.

Galatea treated all his attentions with disrespect, and bestowed her affections upon Acis; meeting him in secret in a grotto, there enjoying the sweet society of one another, unsuspecting of the danger which threatened them.

—————"Acis knelt
 At Galatea's feet. She gazed awhile,
 One delicate hand was pressed against her cheek,
 That flushed with pleasure, and her dark hair streamed
 Shadowing the brightness of her fixed eye,
 Which on the young Sicilian shepherd's face
 Shone like a star—
 'Twas strange that she, a high sea-nymph should leave,
 Her watery palaces, and coral caves,
 Her home, and all immortal company,
 To dwell with him, a simple shepherd boy."

BARRY CORNWALL.

Polyphemus, however, discovered their retreat, and with it, the cause of all the scorn and indifference, with which he had been treated.

—————"At once he saw
 His rival, and the nymph he loved so well,
 Twined in each other's arms. 'Away,' he cried,
 'Away thou wanton nymph, and thou, my slave,
 Earth born and base, thou—thou whom I could shake
 To atoms, as the tempest scatters abroad
 The sea-sand tow'rd the skies, away, away!'"

Acis came forth from his retreat, and Polyphemus threw an enormous rock upon him, which crushed him beneath its weight.

—————"The shepherd boy,
 He felt the Cyclop's wrath, for on his head
 The mighty weight descended: not a limb,
 Or bone, or fragment, or a glossy hair,
 Remained of all his beauty."

Galatea was in despair, and as she could not restore him to life, she changed him into a river, on the banks of which, she could still sport at even time, and sing to her beautiful, but lost love.

—————"She changed,
 As Grecian fables say, the shepherd boy
 Into a stream, and on its banks would lie,
 And utter her laments in such a tone,
 As might have moved the rocks, and then would call
 Upon the murdered Acis. He the while
 Ran to the sea, but oft on summer nights
 Noises were heard, and plaintive music like,
 The songs you hear in Sicily—shepherd swains
 For many an age would lie by that lone stream,
 And from its watery melodies catch an air,
 And tune it to their simple instruments."

BARRY CORNWALL.

HERO AND LEANDER.



Hero was a priestess of Venus, at Sestos, whom Leander met during one of the festivals held annually at the fane of the goddess, in honour of Adonis.

“As thro' the temple passed the Sestian maid,
Her face a softened dignity displayed;
And as she shone superior to the rest,
In the sweet bloom of youth and beauty dress'd,
Such softness, tempered with majestic mien,
The earthly priestess matched the heavenly queen.”

The appearance of Hero inflamed the bosom of Leander, nor was he long in expressing his love to the beautiful being who had won it. In the very temple of the goddess, whose priestess she was, and while warmed with the rites at which she had been assisting, Leander avowed his passion.

“Her lily band he seized, and gently pressed,
And softly sighed the passion of his breast,
Then to the temple's last recess conveyed
The unreluctant, unresisting maid,
Silent she stood, and wrapt in thought profound,
Her modest eyes were fixed upon the ground,
Her cheeks she hid, in rosy blushes drest,
And veiled her lily shoulders with her vest.”

MUSMUS.

The earnest wooing of Leander was assisted by the boy-god, and Hero, won by his passionate pleading, and by a love as strong as it was sudden, consented to become his bride.

“How more than sweet,
That moment, as he knelt at Hero's feet,
Breathing his passion in each thrilling word,
Only by lovers said, and lovers heard.”

L. E. L.

Before they parted, she told him of her place of abode over the broad Hellespont, which he must cross, ere he could enjoy her society, and pointed out the spot to which he should look at night for a torch to guide his way.

"Dimly and slowly the hours passed by, until
 Leander saw day's bright orb disappear:
 He thought of Hero and the lost delight,
 Her last embracings, and the space between;
 He thought of Hero, and the future night,
 Her speechless rapture, and enamoured wien."

KEATS.

At last the twilight came, followed by the darkness of night, and the bright star of Venus alone looked down on the expectant lover. He saw not the dark rush of Helle's wave, he heard not the fierce sweep of its waters; he thought only of the beautiful bride, who had sat watching, and waiting for the weary sun to go down; when, lo

"Her turret torch was blazing high,
 Though rising gale and breaking foam,
 And shrieking sea birds warned him home;
 And clouds aloft, and tides below,
 With sighs, and sounds, forbade to go;
 He could not see, he would not hear,
 Or sound or sign foreboding fear;
 His eye but saw that light of love,
 The only star it hailed above;
 His ear but rang with Hero's song,
 'Ye waves divide not lovers long!'"

With a strong hand and anxious heart, the husband-lover dashed aside the impetuous waves; and sought and gained in safety the shore which the blazing light had signalled. And, oh! the tenderness of that meeting; the obstacles which intervened added an additional zest, and the waves seemed to have nerved the youth to a higher excitement, as he gazed on Hero. But the sorrowful morning came, and

—————"They parted, but they met again—
 The blue sea roiled between them—but in vain!
 Leander had no fear, he cleft the wave,
 What is the peril fond hearts will not brave!
 Delicious were their moonlight wanderings,
 Delicious were the kind, the gentle things
 Each to the other breathed; a starry sky,
 Music and flowers, this is earth's luxury.
 The measure of its happiness is full,
 When all around, like it, is beautiful.
 There were sweet birds to count the hours, and roses,
 Like those on which a blushing cheek reposes,
 Violets as fresh as violets could be;
 Stars over head, with each a history
 Of love told by its light; and waving trees
 And perfumed breathings upon every breeze."

L. E. L.

But their intercourse was soon stopped, it seemed too beautiful

for earth; Leander, however, thought not of this, but with the enthusiastic ardour of youth, looked forward to a long life of delights. The day to him was a dull blank, and was employed in watching the spot, where at night he saw the beacon which cheered his way, But alas! the change came too soon.

“ One night the sky,
As if with passion, darkened angrily,
And gusts of wind swept o'er the troubled main
Like hasty threats, and then were calm again;
That night, young Hero by her beacon kept
Her silent watch, and blained the night and wept,
And scarcely dared to look upon the sky;
Yet lulling still her fond anxiety.”

L. E. L.

Morning came, and came after a night of such terror, as but rarely is known to mortals; for the first time Leander had not sought her bower, and an indistinct shadow brooded over her mind, of some vague, uncertain dread, as she wandered down to the sea shore.

“ Her heart sick with its terror, and her eye,
Roving in tearful, dim uncertainty,
Not long uncertain,—she marked something glide,
Shadowy and indistinct upon the tide;
On rushed she in that desperate energy,
Which only has to know, and knowing, die—
—It was Leander!”

L. E. L.

The melancholy tale is told; storm nor tempest had power to keep the husband from his wife, and in the wildness of his struggles for life, when hope was gone and despair succeeded, his last glance sought the watch light in Abydos, and his last sigh was given to the fond being who looked in vain from its rocky strand.

P Y G M A L I O N

was a statuary, celebrated in Cyprus for the exquisite skill of his statues. He became disgusted to such a degree with the debauchery of the females of Amathus, that he resolved never to marry, but to devote himself to his art.

In this he became so proficient, that his marble busts seemed almost like life—and one, the figure of a female, was regarded by him with such affection that he grew deeply enamoured of it,

worshipping it with all the devotion which mortals usually pay to woman.

The passion increased, and the gods, pitying his despair, changed the statue into that of a beautiful female, whom he married, and had by her a son called Paphos, who founded the town of the same name in Cyprus.

"There was a statuary, one who loved
And worshipped the white marble that he shaped;
Till, as the story goes, the Cyprus' queen,
Or some such fine, kind hearted deity,
Touched the pale stone with life, and it became
At last Pygmalion's bride."

BARRY CORNWALL.

SAPPHO AND PHAON.

The story of Sappho and of Phaon has become almost, if not quite as well known, as that of Hero and Leander. Sappho was celebrated for her beauty and her poetical talents, all of which she bestowed in love on Phaon.

"A youth so shaped, with such a mien,
A form like that of Jove serene,
With sparkling eyes, and flowing hair,
And wit, that ever charms the fair."

He gave himself up for a time to the pleasure of her society, but man was as fickle then as now, and he grew tired, even conceiving a disdain for her who had so quickly given herself to his arms.

To a mind like Sappho's, finely wrought, as that of poets usually are, this became insupportable; life was a burthen; song, now that the one had gone whose praise she valued more than all beside, became neglected; and in a fit of insupportable madness she threw herself into the sea.

"From Leucadia's promontory
Flung herself headlong for the Lesbian boy,
(Ungrateful he to work her such annoy;
But time hath as in sad requital, given
A branch of laurel to her, and some bard
Swears that a beathen God or Goddess gave
Her swan-like wings wherewith to fly to heaven:
And now, at times, when gloomy tempests roar
Along the Adriatic, in the waves
She dips her plumes, and on the watery shore
Sings as the love-crazed Sappho sung of yore."

BARRY CORNWALL.

Of all her compositions, but two now remain; which, fragments as they are, shew by their uncommon sweetness and beauty, how worthily the praises of the ancients were bestowed upon a poet, whom they even ventured to call the tenth muse.

“ Then came a dark browed spirit, on whose head
 Laurel and withering roses loosely hung :
 She held a harp, amongst whose chords her hand
 Wandered for music—and it came. She sang
 A song despairing, and the whispering winds
 Seemed envious of her melody and streamed
 Amidst the wires to rival her, in vain.
 Short was the strain but sweet : methought it spoke
 Of broken hearts, and still and moonlight seas,
 Of love, and loneliness, and fancy gone,
 And hopes decayed for ever: and my ear
 Caught well remembered names, ‘ Leucadia’s rock,’
 At times, and ‘ faithless Phaon :’ then the form
 Passed not, but seemed to melt in air away :
 This was the Lesbian Sappho ”

BARRY CORNWALL.

The Lesbians were so enraptured with her strains, that they raised her to divine honours, and erected a temple to her, and even stamped their money with her image.

“ Thou! whose impassioned face
 The poet loves to trace,
 Theme of the sculptor’s art, and poet’s story,
 How many a wandering thought
 Thy loveliness hath brought,
 Warming the heart with its imagined glory !
 Yet, was it History’s truth,
 That tale of wasted youth,
 Of endless grief, and love forsaken, pining ?
 What wert thou, thou whose woe
 The old traditions show,
 With Fame’s cold light around thee vainly shining !
 Did’st thou indeed sit there
 In languid lone despair ?
 Thy harp neglected by thee idly lying ?
 Thy soft and earnest gaze,
 Watching the lingering rays,
 In the far west, where Summer-day was dying ?
 Did’st thou, as day by day,
 Rolled heavily away,
 And left thee anxious, nerveless and dejected,
 Wandering thro’ bowers beloved,
 Roving where he had roved,
 Yearn for his presence, as for one expected ?
 Did’st thou, with fond wild eyes
 Fix’d on the starry skies,
 Wait feverishly for each new day to waken ?
 Trusting some glorious morn
 Might witness his return,

Unwilling to believe thyself forsaken ?
 And when contrition came,
 Chilling that heart of flame,
 Did'st thou, O saddest of Earth's grieving daughters,
 From the Lucadian steep,
 Dash, with a desperate leap,
 And hide thyself within the whelming waters ?
 Such is the tale they tell,
 Vain was thy beauty's spell—
 Vain all the praise thy song could still inspire,
 Though many a happy band,
 Rung with less skilful hand,
 The borrowed love notes of thy echoing lyre.
 Fame, to thy breaking heart,
 No comfort could impart,
 In vain thy brow the laurel wreath was wearing ;
 One grief and one alone
 Could bow thy bright head down,
 —Thou wert a woman, and wert left despairing !”

Mrs. NORTON.

NUMA POMPILIUS.

This hero was born on the very day that Romulus laid the foundation of the Roman city: he married Tatia, the daughter of the Sabine king, whom however he had the misfortune to lose; owing to which, he retired into the country that he might devote his time more uninterruptedly to study.

When, upon the death of Romulus, he was chosen by the senators to be their sovereign, it was with great difficulty that he could be persuaded to undertake the onerous task, which, however, he filled to the satisfaction of his subjects, dismissing the body guards who usually attended upon the Roman Emperor, thus showing he had no distrust of his subjects.

His great object was to quell the spirit of war and conquest which he found in the people, and to inculcate the love of peace, with a reverence for the deity, whose worship by images he forbade, and established a priesthood for it, the effect of which was to prevent any graven images or statues from appearing in their sanctuaries for upwards of one hundred and thirty years.

This wise monarch, aware that superstition is one of the greatest engines in governing a people, encouraged a report that he regularly visited the nymph Egeria, who indeed, according to Ovid, became his wife.

In her name he introduced all his laws and regulations into the state, and solemnly declared in the presence of his people, that they were sanctified by the approval of that being, an approval, which gave them them additional favour in the eyes of this superstitious people.

At his death, which took place after a reign of forty-three years, not only the Romans, but the neighbouring nations were anxious to pay their testimony of reverence to a monarch, whom they could not help respecting no less for his abilities, than for his moderation in the application of them.

He forbade the Romans to burn his body, after their usual custom, but ordered them to bury it near Mount Jerusalem, with some of the books which he had written, which being accidentally found four hundred years after his death, were burned by order of the senate.

They are stated merely to have contained the reasons why he had made the innovations into the ceremonies of their religion.

“ Egeria! sweet creation of some heart,
Which found no mortal resting place so fair
As thine ideal breast; what'er thou art
Or wert,—a young Aurora of the air,
The nympholepsy of some fond despair;
Or it might be, a beauty of the earth,
Who found a more than common votary there
Too much adoring; whatso'er thy birth,
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth

Here did'st thou dwell, in this enchanted cover,
Egeria! thy all heavenly bosom beating
For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover;
The purple midnight veiled that mystic meeting
With her most starry canopy, and seating
Thyself by thine adorer, what befel?
This cave was surely shaped out for the greeting
Of an enamoured goddess, and the cell
Haunted by holy love—the earliest oracle!

And did'st thou not, thy breast to his replying,
Blend a celestial with a human heart;
And love, which dies as it was born, in sighing,
Share with immortal transports? could thine art
Make them indeed immortal, and impart
The purity of heaven to earthly joys,
Expel the venom and not blunt the dart—
The dull satiety which all destroys—
And root from out the soul the deadly weed which cloy's?”

BYRON.

C A D M U S .

Cadmus was the son of Agenor, and brother of Europa, who was carried away by Jupiter in the likeness of a bull; this prince being ordered by his father never to return if he was unable to



find and bring back his sister; he at last consulted the oracle of Delphos, to obtain its assistance in accomplishing his mission.

“Look no longer for thy sister,” replied Apollo, “but follow the first cow which presents itself to thy sight, and wherever that shall stop, build a city for thee and thy successors.” Cadmus obeyed, and was guided in this manner towards Bœotia, which he founded.

Previous to this, wishing to thank the gods by a sacrifice, he sent his companions to fetch some water from a neighbouring grove; becoming alarmed at their delay, he went in search of them, and found they had desecrated a fountain sacred to Mars, and that the dragon which presided over it had slain them. He arrived but just in time to witness him finishing the meal, which had followed their destruction.

In fierce despair Cadmus attacked, and by the aid of Minerva overcame the monster, he then sowed the teeth of the dragon in the plain, upon which armed men rose suddenly from the ground.

In his alarm he threw a stone at them, and they instantly attacked one another, leaving only five, who assisted him in building the city.

He soon after married Hermione, the daughter of Venus; and had by her four sons and four daughters, whom Juno, out of hatred to Venus, cruelly persecuted.

Cadmus was the first who introduced the use of letters into Greece, though others maintain that the alphabet brought by him from Phœnicia, was only different from that used by the ancient inhabitants of Greece.

It was composed of seventeen letters, and to these were added some time after, by Palamedes, an additional four, and by Simonides of Melos, also, the same number.

In addition to the alphabet, by which the name of Cadmus has become renowned, he introduced likewise, the worship of many of the Egyptian and Phœnician deities, to the inhabitants of Greece, into which country, he is believed to have come about one thousand four hundred and ninety years before the christian era.

In stories so remote, it is difficult to separate the true from the false, and still more so to give a plausible explanation of apparent incongruities: it has, however, been suggested, that the dragon's fable, arose from some country which Cadmus conquered; that the armed men who are stated to have arisen from the field, were men armed with brass, a crop very likely to arise from the attempted subjection of a free country.

We have now related the most celebrated fables in the Mythology of the Greeks and Romans, without asserting that we have given all of them, some of which would be out of keeping in a work meant to be placed in the hands of youth, while others are not sufficiently authenticated, or do not bear sufficient interest, to induce us to present them to our readers.



BELLEROPHON

was son of Glaucus, King of Corinth, and named at first Hipponous. The murder of Beller, his brother, by him, procured his second name of Bellerophon or the murderer of Beller; after he had committed which, he fled to the court of Proetus, King of Argos, where being of a noble and fine person, he won the affections of the wife of the king; he refused to listen to her passion, and in revenge he was accused by her to her husband, of attempting her virtue.

Proetus, was very unwilling to trespass upon the laws of hospitality by punishing him, but sent him with a letter to Jobates the father of his queen, entreating him to put to death the man who would have insulted the honour of his daughter.

Jobates to satisfy his son-in-law, sent Beller to attack a monster called Chimæra, in the full expectation that he would be destroyed. By the assistance of Minerva, however, who lent him Pegasus the winged horse, he succeeded in conquering the monster, and returned victorious to the court of Jobates.



After this he was sent on various expeditions of great danger, in all of which he was so successful, that Jobates imagined he was

under the protection of the gods, and gave him the hand of his daughter Cassandra in marriage, naming him as his successor to the throne.

It has been asserted by some that he attempted to fly to Olympus upon Pegasus, but that Jupiter sent an insect which stung the horse, who threw his rider headlong to the earth; and that for many years he remained melancholy, languishing, and full of pain and weakness.

MILO

was one of the most celebrated of the Greek wrestlers, who having early accustomed himself to carry great burthens, became so strong, that nothing seemed too much for his vast efforts. It is recorded of him that he carried on his shoulders a young bullock, four years old, for more than forty yards, that he then killed it with a blow of his fist, and to crown the feat, afterwards eat it up.

This man was one of the disciples of Pythagoras, whose life he had saved, by supporting the whole weight of the building on his shoulders, when the roof of the school in which he was teaching gave way.

In his old age a melancholy fate awaited him; for failing in an attempt to pull up a tree by the roots, his hands remained fast



pinched in the tree, when a lion suddenly sprang upon him, which he was unable to escape, and fell beneath the fury of the beast.

THE PRINCIPAL DIVINITIES OF INDIAN MYTHOLOGY.

It is scarcely possible for any religion to possess a more metaphysical and abstract character, than the creeds of the various sects which distinguish India. They present, however, too much interest to enable us to dispense with a few of the leading ones among them, this work not having for its object a deep research into obscure mysteries, but is meant to excite useful and pleasing ideas, without entering into elaborate explanations.



BRAHMA I

This deity, according to the Hindoos, is the Eternal, the Creator ! and is one of the three members of the Indian Trinity.

Previous to his commencing the grand work of creating the world, and all that it contains, he passed thirty six millions of years contemplating the panorama of Chaos, which was spread out before him.

He then produced seven starry spheres, the Earth, and its two luminaries, with seven inferior regions, lit by the sparkling light of eight Carbuncles, placed on the heads of the same number of Serpents. He next proceeded to the creation of the beings who were to people it, in the accomplishment of which, he was aided by the pure spirits who surrounded him.

The earth, being yet uninhabited, he made the first man and the first woman wherewith to people it.

Brahma is the object of the most ancient adoration of the Brahmins; he is considered the intelligence who existed before time, and will continue throughout eternity: he watches over the events of each age and revolution of the universe; he is the power by which everything was created, and everything is sustained; he is the invisible head of the Brahmins, and as such, is worshipped by them with devoted respect.

The Hindoos invoke him regularly morning and evening, and throw water from the palms of their hands upon the ground, and towards the sun, which they adore as the likeness of the Eternal, while at mid-day, they renew their homage by the offer of a flower.

The Hindoo painters always represent Brahma with four heads and four faces, analogous to the four cardinal points, and long beards descending from his four chins. In his four hands he holds the mysterious chain, to which are suspended the worlds, and the book of the law; the pencil to write it, and the fire of sacrifice.



VISHNU,

Vishnu, the second deity of the Indian Trinity, is considered as the preserver of the world, which Brahma has created out of nothingness. He descended on the earth by a sacrifice of which he alone was capable, and to save it from certain ruin, submitted to all the weaknesses of humanity.

He became teacher, warrior, and prophet, that he might leave to

the world on his quitting it, the model of a man. He resided in the centre of the worlds, and all the worlds were in him.

Vishnu is usually represented near his wife, whom he enfolds in his arms. His complexion is blue, his eyes are like the flowers of the lotos, and his visage burns with an eternal youth. He is strong and vigorous in appearance, his four hands are sometimes raised, as if in the act of blessing the human race, while on his head is placed a triple storied crown.

In the middle of his side sparkles the magnificent diamond in which all things are reflected; while garments of a costly price clothe his noble form.

To him are consecrated the eagle, the hawk, and the bee; at his side is placed a fantastic kind of bird, a beautiful mixture of the man and of the eagle.

The faith of Vishnu is spread over all India.

SIVA

is the third person of the Indian Trinity, and is the destroyer, as opposed to Brahma, who creates, and to Vishnu, who preserves.

According to the Hindoos, who believe in the doctrine of metempsychosis, the spirit passes from one form to another. To be born, is to appear under a new shape; to die, is to appear no longer under the same form.

But, as it is impossible to disown destruction, as regards material things, they admit the existence of a god, whose power was of a double nature, and who could destroy and produce at the same time.

Siva is drawn with five heads, four hands, and three eyes in his principal head. He is carried by a bull, and holds in his hands a trident and a dwarf stag.

When they would paint him menacing and terrible, his sharp teeth start from his gums; fire breathes from his lips; and human skulls form his diadem. Serpents are entwining round his waist; the sword and the lance sparkle in his hands, and the tiger has taken the place of the bull; while his body assumes the appearance of a white cinder, a terrible symbol of his implacable rage.

BUDDH,

This is the being from whom the enormous number of followers take their stand, under the title of Bouddhism, and with whom

christianity alone has the power of claiming an equal number of followers.

The books of his priests signalize twelve great epochs in his career, classed and entitled as follows:—

1. The celestial origin of Buddh.
2. His miraculous and divine conception in the bosom of a mortal mother.
3. His birth.
4. His progress in wisdom.
5. His marriage and royal splendour.
6. His retreat from the world.
7. His life as a hermit.
8. His appearance, whereby he is known as a saint.
9. His predictions.
10. His victory over the six chiefs of the earth.
11. The end of his career.
12. His burial.

The doctrine of this deity is founded on the principle that the universe is animated by one spirit, and recommends ten precepts, which are,—

1. Not to kill.
2. Not to steal.
3. To be chaste.
4. Not to bear false testimony.
5. Not to speak untruly.
6. Not to swear.
7. To avoid all impure words.
8. To be disinterested.
9. To forgive injuries.
10. Not to be superstitious.

This religion, all peace and all love, prescribes gentleness and pity, abolishing the brutalizing and tyrannical distinction of castes, and invites the world to peace, life eternal, and to the identification of spirits with the supreme essence.

The grand lama is the Supreme priest of one of the great parties of this church, which has its principal home in Thibet; and the veneration of his votaries for this human representative of their god, is celebrated over Europe.

Below this sovereign pontiff, are patriarchs charged with the spiritual government of the provinces; a council of lamas who

assemble in conclave, and whose insignia answer to those of the cardinals of the Roman church. They admit oral confession, and make prayers for the dead.

The images of Buddh are multiplied in great numbers in all the pagodas of India, of Tartary, of China, and the countries of Asia. He is represented on a mat, his limbs crossed, his bust stiff, and his head elevated in an imposing attitude, announcing both instruction and education.



In ordinary cases he is naked and of a black colour, and with the bosom of a female.

Near him are groups of domestic animals, in allusion to the gentleness of the worship of this deity, which forbids the shedding of blood.

Beside the superior gods whom we have described, the numerous populations of India recognize a crowd of secondary divinities, whose history approaches in many instances to those of the Greek and Roman deities, and if their legends offer an interest by their singularity, they prove at the same time, that the founders of these various faiths have sought to give them a character of obscurity, that they may agree with the general mysticism of the East.

The fables of India, essentially metaphysical and philosophical, are less agreeable than those of the people of the West, who indulge their sensual ideas to a considerable extent.

Below the Supreme being, whose belief is spread among all nations, are placed the embodyings of the principal god: then, (of

an order still less important,) are placed idols of all kinds, and of all forms, adored by these ignorant and credulous people.



Of the many deities of the second category, the most remarkable is Ganga, who is the river Ganges personified, a river sacred alone to the Hindoos.

“ A stream descends in Meru mountain,
 None hath seen its secret fountain ;
 It had its birth, so sages say,
 Upon the memorable day
 When Parvati presumed to lay,
 In wanton play,
 Her hands, too venturous goddess, in her mirth,
 On Seeva's eyes, the light and life of earth.
 Thereat the heart of the Universe stood still ;
 The elements ceased their influences ; the hours
 Stopt in the eternal round ; motion and breath,
 Time, change, and life, and death,
 In sudden trance opprest, forgot their powers.
 A moment and the dread eclipse was ended,
 But, at the thought of nature thus suspended,
 The sweat on Seeva's forehead stood,
 And Ganges thence upon the world descended,
 The holy river, the redeeming flood.
 None hath seen its secret fountain,
 But on the top of Meru mountain
 Which rises o'er the hills of earth,
 In light and clouds, it hath its mortal birth :
 Earth seems that pinnacle to rear,
 Sublime above this worldly sphere,
 Its cradle, and its altar, and its throne :
 And there the new born river lies,
 Outspread beneath its native skies,
 As if it there would love to dwell,
 Alone and unapproachable.”

SOUTHEY.

To perform their ablutions in its waters, to die on its brink, to be thrown after death into its waves, are the supreme happiness of

the disciples of Vishnu and of Brahma. The dying carcasses are generally abandoned to the current of the wave.

The most famous of their places of worship is that point of the peninsula, where the Ganges, suddenly abandoning the mountains, is precipitated down the plains of Hindostan. A temple is elevated in the middle of the waters, and surmounted by two cupolas.

Here are constantly assembled a large crowd of pilgrims, and a willing contribution is paid to the Brahmins. The two sexes bathe



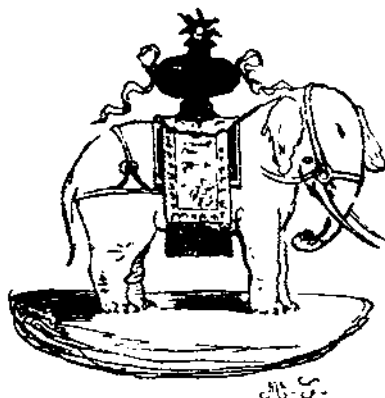
together, while the most rigid of the devotees walk to the bath escorted by two Brahmins.

“ How sweetly Ganga smiles and glides
Luxuriant o'er her broad Autumnal bed!
Her waves perpetual verdure spread,
Whilst health and plenty deck her golden sides :
As when an eagle, child of light,
O'er her eyry proudly reared,
Sits brooding and her plumage vast expands,
Thus Ganga o'er her cherished lands,
To Brahma's grateful race endeared,
Throws wide her fostering arms, and on her banks divine,
Sees temples, groves, and glittering towers, that in her crystal shine.

“ What name, sweet bride, will best allure,
Thy sacred ear, and give the honour due ?
Vishnupedi ? mild Bhismasu ?
Smooth Suranimnaga ? Trisrota pure ?
By that I call ; its power confess :
With growing gifts thy suppliants bless,
Who with full sails in many a light-oared boat,
On thy jasper bosom float ;
Nor frown, dread goddess, on a peerless race,
With liberal heart and martial grace,
Wafted from colder isles remote :
As they preserve our laws and bid our terror cease,
So be their darling laws preserved, in wealth, in joy, in peace !”

STR. W. JONES.

The elephant plays a prominent part in the Hindoo tales. They pretend that the world is sustained by four of these animals, who



are placed at the four cardinal points. In most of their temples one of them is sure to be seen.

His colour is white, his tusks are sometimes four in number, and all his body is covered with carpet, sparkling in the light of diamonds and precious stones.

The Hindoos revere also a large serpent as a god :

“ The god ! the very god ! ” he cried, and howled
 One long, shrill, piercing, modulated cry ;
 Whereat from that dark temple issued forth
 A serpent, huge and hideous. On he came,
 Straight to the sound, and curled around the priest
 His mighty folds innocuous, overtopping
 His human height, and arching down his head,
 Sought in their hands for food.
 Then quitting, reared, and stretched and waved his neck
 And glanced his forky tongue.”

SOUTHEY.

A cow, of whom the gods disputed the possession, is also worshipped by them ; she was obtained by one of them through a stratagem very like that employed by Jupiter with Europa.

They pay homage also to peculiar divinities, such as the goddess of pleasure, and the god of war.

The former was fabled, like Venus, to have arisen from the sea when agitated by the gods.

The poetry of the East frequently alludes to fairies of great and

exquisite beauty, who people the air, the earth, the rivers, and the woods, and are placed by them among the inferior divinities.



Camdeo, the god of love, takes the same standing in the East, as Cupid in the mythology of which we have already treated; though the Indian description of his person and his arms, his family, attendants and attributes, has new and peculiar characteristics.

He is represented as a beautiful youth, sometimes conversing with his mother and consort, in the midst of his gardens and temples.



His bow of sugar-cane or flowers, with a string of bees, and his five

arrows, each pointed with an Indian blossom of a heating quality, are allegories equally new and beautiful.

This deity is adored in India, under a great number of names, Camdeo, however, being the one by which he is best known, and under which he is most worshipped.

“What potent god from Agra’s orient bowers,
Floats through the lucid air while living flowers,
With sunny twine the vocal arbours wreathes,
And gales enamoured, heavenly fragrance breathe?
Hail power unknown! for at thy beck
Vales and groves their bosoms deck,
And every laughing blossom dresses
With gems of dew, his musky tresses.
I feel, I feel thy genial flame divine,
And hallow thee and kiss thy shrine.

“‘Knowest thou not me?’ celestial sounds I hear!
‘Knowest thou not me? Ah! spare a mortal ear!
Behold—’ my swimming eyes entranced I raise,
But oh! they sink before the excessive blaze.
Yes, son of Maya, yes, I know
Thy bloomy shafts and cany bow,
Cheeks with youthful glory beaming,
Locks in braids ethereal streaming,
Thy scaly standards, thy mysterious arms,
And all thy pains, and all thy charms.

‘O thou for ages born, yet ever young,
For ages may thy Brahmins’ lay be sung!
And when thy glory spreads his emerald wings
To waft thee high above the tower of kings,
Whilst o’er thy throne the moon’s pale light
Pours her soft radiance through the night,
And to each floating cloud discovers,
The haunts of blessed or joyless lovers,
Thy mildest influence to thy bard impart,
To warm, but not consume his heart.’”

SIR W. JONES.



SCANDINAVIA.



The Edda, forming the mythological history of the ancient people of the North, is a complete receptacle of poetry no less than of history: and forms of itself a work of great interest.

The most important of the gods of Scandinavia is Odin, who was in all probability one of their kings, and whose amours, as numerous as those of Jupiter, are perpetuated in a thousand legends. Like



Jupiter too, he married his sister Frea, and in the sacred books of the priesthood, he is known by upwards of a hundred names, all of them high sounding and magnificent.

His adventures, which are numberless, are interwoven with the whole of the Scandinavian history.

Frigga or Frea, his wife, was the most powerful of the goddesses, and by many supposed to be identical with Ceres, or the Earth; the future was as familiar to her as to Odin, with whom she is seated upon his throne, and whose government of the remaining deities she shared.

When the warriors of the land seek glory in battle, she sends an inferior goddess to watch over the safety of those whom she favours, while they who fall, are honoured by the mighty mother Frigga, herself mourning over their fate, not indeed for their sake, but for



the sake of the country they would have adorned and the land for which they fought.

One of the children of Frigga and Odin, by name Thor, presided over the works of creation, and over the variations of the atmosphere. The tempests and the apparent strife of nature, is caused by the struggle which Thor constantly has with a famous serpent, whose vast folds embrace the whole circumference of the earth.

Balder, another son of Odin and Frigga, is described as the finest and the best of their race. He was distinguished no less for his

eloquence than for his kindness and wisdom. It was his doom to meet with a premature death. Aware, from her knowledge of the future, of the destiny which awaited him, Frigga yet sought to avert it: and administered an oath to all the objects of nature, not to injure her beautiful and beloved Balder. The stones, the trees, the fish, the very diseases were sworn to respect his life.

No sooner had this been done, than his brothers determined to see, if indeed, he had a charmed life, and essayed successively the various means of death on the unhappy Balder, who fell a victim to their folly; aided by the cunning of Loke, who, through a stratagem which proved successful, showed how impossible it is to avert destiny.*

His body was placed upon a funeral pile, and his wife was burned with him. No sooner was the funeral terminated, than a fellow-god,



leading a fleet steed, went to demand the body of Balder from the

* There is a curious Scandinavian legend extant, relative to this subject. The god Balder dreamt that his life, although made to be immortal, was threatened with an imminent danger. The gods agreed to exercise all the perils which might have the power of injuring Balder. The goddess Frigga, the mother of Balder, undertook this task; and she exacted an oath from fire, from water, from all the metals, from the stones, from land, from the fishes, from all the animals, and from all the vegetables, that they would do no harm to Balder. On the conclusion of this solemn compact, the deities, in one of their grand meetings, amused themselves with throwing at Balder, arrows, stones, lighted torches, and with striking him tremendous blows with the sword, his invulnerability protecting him from injury. Loke, an evil genius, and an enemy of the gods, in the disguise of an old woman, went to Frigga, and claimed her hospitality. The kind goddess related the story of her son to the impostor, who enquired whether everything in nature, without exception, had taken the required oath. Frigga replied, that there was only one small shrub, (the mistletoe,) from which she had exacted no promise, because, it being so feeble, she did not dread its power. Loke then departed, and, cutting the mistletoe, converted it into a sharp pointed arrow. He returned to the assembly of the gods, darted his weapon against Balder, and killed him. Everything in nature wept for Balder, and especially the trees, which were for a long time inconsolable.—*Madame de Genlis.*

dark goddess Hel, who replied that he should be returned if all created beings would shed a tear for him. One only refused, and Balder was doomed, to the great grief of his mother, to rest in the infernal regions.

Among the amusements of Odin, hunting forms a very important and prominent part; when the bows, arrows, and javelins were prepared by one deity; while another gilded the heavens with



stars; a third protected and guided the steps of the hunters in the sacred wood; and the most successful of them received from Odin the gift of immortality.

Each of the three superior deities had their respective priests, who exercised absolute authority over all that was connected with their religion, as well as presided over their sacrifices. Nor was it unusual to blend the priestly and the princely character, as in the case of Odin.

Frigga was attended upon by king's daughters, who were entitled goddesses and prophetesses. They uttered oracles, devoted themselves to a lasting virginity, and like the vestals of the Greek and Roman mythology, kept a perpetual fire in the temple of their goddess.

"The power of inflicting pains and penalties," says Mr. Howitt, "of striking and binding a criminal, was vested in the priests alone;

and men so haughty that they thought themselves dishonoured if they did not revenge the slightest offence, would tremblingly submit to blows, and even death itself, from the hand of a pontiff, whom they took for the instrument of an angry deity."

The councils of the divinities were held beneath the branches of an ancient oak, whose roots spread below over a fountain of water, remarkable for the number of serpents which it harboured.



Teutates, the most celebrated of their minor deities, was the vital and acting principle of the world; to whom was attributed many of the functions which were supposed to belong to Mars, to Hercules, and to Mercury. They worshipped him under the form of a dart, when they sought his aid in battle, and under that of an oak, when they endeavoured to inspire themselves with his advice; and his fêtes were kept at the hour of night, in high places, or in solemn forests, by the rays of the moon, and the flashing of torches. The field where his holy ceremonies had been celebrated, was sown with stones, and from thenceforth doomed to know no more the voice of the sower, the song of the reaper, or the gladness of harvest time.

Under very important circumstances, it was by no means unusual to sacrifice human victims to this god, which were accompanied by flashing eyes, wild cries, and fierce gestures.

"But the general cause which regulated these sacrifices," says Mr. Howitt, (again to quote from his admirable work on priestcraft) "was a superstitious opinion, which made the Northern nations regard the number three as sacred and peculiarly dear to the gods. Thus every ninth month they renewed this bloody ceremony, which was to last nine days, and every day they offered up nine victims,

whether men or animals. But the most solemn sacrifices were those which were offered at Upsal, in Sweden, every ninth year. Then they chose from among the captives, in time of war, and amongst the slaves in time of peace, nine persons to be sacrificed. The choice was partly regulated by the opinion of bystanders, and partly by lot. The wretches upon whom it fell were then treated with such honours by all the assembly; they were so overwhelmed with caresses for the present, and promises for the life to come, that they sometimes congratulated themselves in their destiny. But they did not always sacrifice such mean persons. In great calamities, in oppressive famine, for instance, if the people thought they had a sure pretext to impute the cause of it to the king, they sacrificed him without hesitation, as the highest price they could pay for the divine favour. In this manner the first King of Verinland was burned in honour of Odin, to put away a great dearth. The ancient history of the North abounds in similar examples.

“These abominable sacrifices were accompanied with various ceremonies. When the victim was chosen, they conducted him towards the altar on which the sacred fire was kept burning night and day. It was surrounded by all sorts of iron and brazen vessels. Among them was one distinguished by its superior size; in this they received the blood of their victim.

“When they offered up animals, they speedily killed them at the foot of the altar; then they opened their entrails, and drew auguries from them, as among the Romans: but when they sacrificed men, those they pitched on were laid upon a large stone, and quickly strangled or knocked on the head.”

Irmisul was another, and not the least celebrated of the gods adored by the Germans; he had a magnificent temple, and a statue, which represented him in the figure of a warrior, was placed upon a column of marble. A great number of priests of both sexes served in the temple. Women acted as prophetesses, while the men employed themselves in sacrifices, and the choice of victims. The priests of this God possessed great importance in public affairs. During certain solemnities, armed warriors performed their evolutions around the idol, and in his sanctuary was placed immense treasure, both in arms and in precious stones.

The temple was however destroyed by Charlemagne, who broke

the statue, and with poetical justice, slaughtered the priests on the threshold of the very place which they had so often deluged with human blood.

One column however remained standing, which was to the eyes of the Saxons, holier and dearer in its melancholy reminiscences, than if it had still possessed the statue of the god, which the emperor threw in the depths of the sea.

The sacrifices to these deities were sometimes varied; there was a deep well in the neighbourhood of the temple at Upsal, where the chosen person was thrown in headlong, in honour of the deity representing the earth. If the body fell to the bottom, the goddess was supposed to accept it; if not, she refused it, and it was hung up in a sacred place. Near this place was a forest, named Odin's grove, every leaf of which was regarded as sacred, and was filled with the bodies of those who had been sacrificed.

Occasionally the blood of their children was not spared even by the monarchs of the land—Hacon of Norway, shed the blood of his son on the altar to secure a viceroy; and Aune of Sweden, in an attempt to obtain a continuance of life, sacrificed the lives of nine of his offspring; examples which could not fail to produce an effect upon their people.

But not only did they delight in the sacrifices of human life, they also gave way in their orgies to unbounded licentiousness. While at Uulel, at the feast of Thor, the license was carried to such a pitch as to become merely bacchanalian meetings, where, amidst shouts, dancing, and indecent gestures, so many unseemly actions were committed, as to disgust the wiser part of the community.



A M E R I C A .

The greater part of the American nations were abandoned to Polytheism, and allowed a crowd of divinities: and nearly all adored the Sun, as the best representation of the Eternal.

In Peru, at the time of its discovery by Pizarro, Viracocha was supposed to be the creator of the gods, and below him, they believed in two triads; the first was Chuquilla, Catuilla, and Intyllapa; and the second Apomti, Churunti, and Inti-quaouqui.

The creator of the world, according to the Mexicans, was Mexitli, who was seated on an azure coloured stool, placed on a litter; his hand grasped an azure staff, in the shape of a serpent, and to crown all, he was of an azure complexion. Tlaloc was their second, and Tezcallipuca their third deity. This last was considered the god of repentance: and it was by the direction of the first, that they built the magnificent city of Mexico in the midst of a lake.

They had, besides these, Tangatanga, an idol which was, according to them, three-in-one and one-in three. They possessed also a



Venus, who, with her three sisters, presided over love. It is not unusual to represent her reclining on a couch, while the favoured lover is shewn sitting by her side, hand in hand, as an emblem of mutual affection.

The Mexicans also had a goddess of old age, to whom they rendered honours of the highest character. They immolated on her altar once every year a female, whom they forced to dance in presence of the idol to whom she was to be sacrificed: while in the evening, the priests ran wildly in the streets, striking children and females with small bundles of hay.

When any solemn feast was in preparation, they made choice of a young and beautiful slave, whom, after bathing in the lake dedicated to their Gods, they clothed in the richest costume, offering to him the highest honour for a space of forty days; all that could tend to allure the mind to earth, or render life desirable, was showered upon the victim, his wishes were anticipated, and his desires fulfilled. Nine days, however, before the sacrifice took place, the priest, prostrating himself, uttered this brief sentence.

“ You have yet nine days to live !”

Intoxicating liquors were then given him, to sustain his courage until the day of the solemnity arrived, when he paid the penalty, by death; his heart was torn from his body, which was afterwards precipitated from the platform of the temple, mid the wild cries of the priests, and the yet more savage greetings of the multitude.

The religious orgies of the Mexicans were of a gloomy and frightful character; to enable them to go through which, their priests anointed themselves with a particular ointment, and used various fantastic ceremonies to deprive themselves of timidity. They then would rush forth to celebrate their rites, during which their vestal-virgins, and the priests were wont frantically to cut themselves with knives.

Quetzalocatl was the deity to whom the highest honours were paid in the valley of Cholula.

The air, commerce, war, and divination were under his control; and it was through him that the remarkable prophecy was supposed to originate, which prepared the Mexicans for the coming of the Spaniards into their territory.

The ceremonials attached to his faith were of an inhuman nature, they sacrificed to him an enormous number of human victims. Cholula, was, indeed, the Mecca of this false divinity, and in order to receive the crowd of pilgrims, who day by day assembled, it was found necessary to maintain as many temples as there are days in the year.

The principal one of these was an immense pyramid of thirteen hundred and fifty-five feet round its base, and about one hundred and seventy in height,

Of all the offerings which could be given to their god, human sacrifices were considered most acceptable: a belief, which, with a superstitious and warlike people, necessarily produced an enormous number of victims; as every prisoner taken in war soon came to be considered a fitting subject for the cruelties of the temple, and the worship of their gods.

It has been suggested, that some navigators of Phœnicia might have been thrown upon the then unknown shore of America, from which place they did not return, but gave to their descendants their religion, which in the lapse of ages became lost; because in some things it bears a resemblance that cannot fail to bring that of Egypt to the mind, an idea, which the vestiges of monuments of gigantic proportions, with forms and hieroglyphics, strongly tend to aid.

"Pyramids," says an able writer of the present day, "not inferior to the Egyptian, exist in many parts of the Mexican Territories and of new Spain. Some of these pyramids are of larger base than the Egyptian, and composed of equally durable materials; vestiges of noble architecture are visible at Cholula, Otumba, Oaxica, Mitlan, and Tlascala,

"The ancient town of Palenque, exhibits not only excellent workmanship in the temples, palaces, private houses, and baths, but a boldness of design in the architect, as well as skill in the execution, which will not shrink from a comparison with the works, at least, of the earlier ages of Egyptian power. In the sanctuaries of Palenque, are found sculptured representations of Idols, which resemble the most ancient gods of Egypt and Syria; Planispheres and Zodiacs exist, which exhibit a superior astronomical and chronological system to that which was possessed by the Egyptians.

"Statues, sculptured in a purely classical style, have been found, and vases, agreeing both in shape and ornament with the earliest specimens of Egyptian and Etruscan pottery, have been found in their sepulchral excavations.

"Evidences also exist in Mexico, of two great branches of hieroglyphical language, both having striking affinities with the Egyptians, and yet distinguished from it by characteristics perfectly American."

The same authority says, "The gods of the Tultecans, appear sculptured in bas relief, in the dark inner rooms of extant temples.

We will take one, as an instance of the analogy to which we allude. Pourtrayed on the inner wall of the Adytum of one of the sanctuaries belonging to the great temple of Palenque, appears the chief god of the Tultecan people. Our opinion is, that he is strongly identifiable with the Osiris of Egypt, and the Adonis of Syria; or rather, that he is the ancient god, called Adoni-Siris, a well known classical combination, therefore an identification, of both divinities.

In the first place he is enthroned on a couch, perfectly Egyptian in its model; it is constructed somewhat in the form of a modern couch, a cushioned plinth, resting on the claws, and four limbs of the American lion: we may at once emphatically say that there is no real difference between the above couch, and that peculiarly designated as Egyptian, and which is observable in all the tombs and palaces of Egypt; on his head he wears a conical cap, not differing much from that which the Osiris of Egypt wears. Two additional symbols, the one Egyptian, the other not, but equally intelligible, namely the lotus and the column affixed to the cap, clearly indicate the same tri-une divinity?"

The following description of one of their gods, we think, also affords additional ground for this opinion. "In the midst of an enclosure,



which does not yield in size or grandeur to the proudest monuments of Egypt, and on the top of an immense pyramid stands the image.

It is placed on a throne upheld by an azure globe; and on its

head are plumes of divers colours. His face, severe and frightful, is marked with two blue lines. He has two vast wings formed like a bat, and the feet of a goat; while in his middle is drawn the head of a lion.

As a proof of the bloody nature of the religion of the Mexicans, we may mention, that on solemnizing the building of their principal temple, sixty thousand prisoners were sacrificed. Cortez found in an enormous edifice the skulls of those who had been slain, the number of which amounted to upwards of one hundred and fifty thousand.



AFRICA.

The supreme deity of the Hottentots, is supposed by them to possess a human form, and his residence is believed to be in the moon. When he renders himself visible to mortals, he appears in the shape and form of a Hottentot, and is, according to their ideas, possessed of exquisite beauty; they never worship him, and their reason for this absence of homage is stated by them to be, that the god has uttered a curse upon those who shall attempt to serve him; one thing is certain, that this people hold sorcery in great esteem.

Ovisara is the supreme being of another part of Africa. Invisible, everywhere present, omniscient, and infinitely good, he is never invoked. "The better he is" say the Negroes, "the more useless it is to pray to him," and as a natural consequence, their minds have recourse to, and believe implicitly in demons, in shadows and in divination. A pot pierced through the bottom in three places, is the organ used by the priests to give their oracles to the people; and from the sound which issues from the vessel, is drawn the good or evil augury: this sound is explained by jugglers, who, perfect masters of their trade, never find their address at fault.

The priests take but a small part in the public affairs; and it is forbidden to them, under very severe penalties, to enter the capital. On great occasions, when a sacrifice of prisoners is to be made, recourse however is had to them, to give an additional solemnity to the proceedings.

These ceremonies take place before the greater idols, who, according to the negroes, represent the evil spirits; and the number of victims should be five and twenty: unlike most other lands, who in the same circumstances are too eager for blood, they are allowed to ransom their lives, should it be in their power.

The negroes of Senegal adore a river, trees, and serpents, with a crowd of shapeless idols, the legends of whom neither amuse by their incident, or excite the imagination by the beauty of their poetry.

In parts of Africa, they worship the soul of the dead, and a being named Molongo, upon whom they are most prodigal in bestowing titles; such as sovereign of nature, and of the Sun and Moon, and king of the earth and sea; while on others, they pay deep reverence to monkeys, who are brought up with care, and covered with honours.

Among the nations of Congo, and in the Caffre-land, the people are abandoned to the grossest superstitions. In the middle and to south of Africa, the worship of idols is universal; while in Abyssinia and at the Cape, are some faint gleams of Christianity mingled with impure legends, which have doubtless been derived from the mythologies of Greece and India.



POLYNESIA.

The inhabitants of Polynesia, are, like all those whose faith is primitive and simple, devoted to the worship of the Sun, which they regard as a divinity; and which they imagine at one time to have been a human being: they believe he married his sister, who, when all the rest of her family came upon earth, remained by herself in the skies, and from their union sprang the months.

The Otaheitiens, more advanced in civilization, have also more extended ideas of the divinity. They worship a supreme deity whose wife is material and corporeal, and of a nature therefore entirely different from his own.

They gave birth to a class of supernatural beings, which correspond with the inferior divinities of other Mythologies, from one of whom, sprang the three persons, forming the Trinity peculiar to this people; of these one is the creator, and lord of the starry hemisphere; another is the Neptune of their seas, the next watches over the hurricanes which sweep along the Pacific Ocean, and presides over the winds.

But the mode in which they account for the formation of the numerous islands for which the place is remarkable, is not the least curious of their beliefs

One of their divinities, they say, took his wife, and threw her with so strong an arm into the Sea, that she fell to the bottom, and by the force of the concussion was broken into pieces. As she rebounded, lacerated, and divided into myriads of fragments of all sizes, they turned into the rocks, the shoals, and the numerous isles of Polynesia. An enormous fragment floated to the East, and formed America.

The principal goddess of the Sandwich islands, is remarkable chiefly for her hideous appearance. The face is tattooed, the nostrils are enormous, and her eyes, which are so small they are scarcely to be seen, resemble a leaf of laurel. Along her mouth are spread rows of teeth, which from the sharpness of their appearance, might belong to a wild beast, the neck is of an immense thickness; and the whole appearance is one which may vie in frightfulness with any deity or demon of this idolatrous people.

Our task is now closed; the religions of those who have gone before us, have been given with as much accuracy as the lapse of

ages has permitted. We have sought the hidden beauties of poetry, to aid us in our endeavours, and to render them palatable to our readers; to those who have accompanied us in our wanderings; to those who have been with us among the elegant reminiscences of the Greek mythology, and followed us to the more painful and revolting creed of the American, we can only say, that we hope to them, as to us, the subject has excited interest, and that a perusal of the fables we have been able to lay before them, may induce them to take a greater interest, and place a higher value on that faith, and on those truths which are set before them in the word of the ONE GREAT GOD.

With the following lines of the lamented L. E. L. we shall close our work, not doubting that our readers will perceive and appreciate their beauty.

-----“The days
Of viable poetry have long been past!—
No fear that the young hunter may profane
The haunt of some immortal,—but there still—
For the heart clings to old idolatry,
If not with true belief with tenderness—
Lingers a spirit in the woods and flowers
Which have a Grecian memory,—Some tale
Of olden love, or grief, linked with their bloom,
Seem beautiful beyond all other ones.
The marble pillars are laid in the dust,
The golden shrine and its perfume are gone
But there are natural temples still for those
Eternal, tho’ dethroned deities,
Where from green altars, flowers send up their incense.”

L. E. L.



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