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John Waldie

*Novels and
Romances.*

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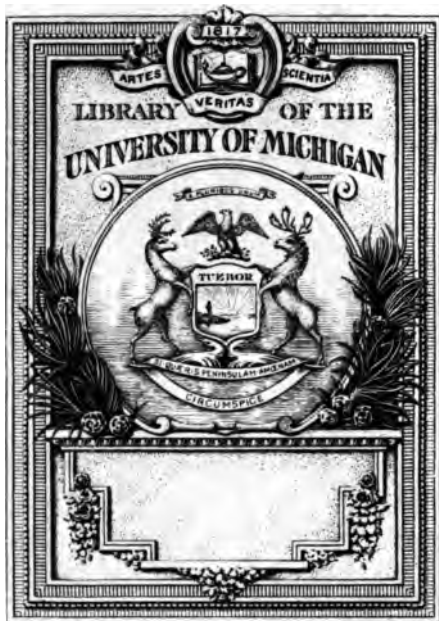
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PRIVATE

H I S T O R Y

OF

PEREGRINUS PROTEUS.

PRIVATE

HISTORY

OF

PEREGRINUS PROTEUS

THE

PHILOSOPHER.

By *Christoph*
arten C. M. WIELAND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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P R E F A C E.

I HAVE already, on another occasion*, mentioned somewhat of a talent that I possess in common with the renowned spirit-seer Swedenborg,—by virtue whereof my soul, at times, transports itself into the company of departed persons; and, according as it is inclined, can either hearken unseen to their conversations with each other, or, if it chuses, can join in conversation with them.

* See Varieties of Literature, vol. i. p. 63. Debbrett, 2 vols. 8vo. 1795.

I confess that this talent sometimes procures me a very agreeable entertainment ; and, as I do not intend to employ it in the founding of a new religion, or in accelerating the millennium, or in the promoting of any other purpose that might bring me in suspicion either with the spiritual or temporal arm ; but, merely to the intellectual recreation of my friends ; or, at most, to the innocent aim of promoting the knowledge and love of mankind ; I am in hopes that this little advantage, if it be one, will be looked upon in a favourable light, and that I shall be suffered to escape the appellation of a conjuror, which in our days has lost greatly of its ancient dignity.

It is not long since I had the pleasure to overhear a discourse between two spirits of no common stamp ; which interested me the more, as, in their former lives, they were not upon the best terms together, and as one of them is a very good friend of mine.

This

This latter (that I may not unnecessarily leave the reader in suspense) was a certain Lucian—not one of the two or three sainted Lucians who parade in the pictures of the martyrologies with a ring of glory about their heads; nor Lucian the monk; nor Lucian the priest of Kapphar-Gamala, who, in the year of salvation 415, was so fortunate as to be informed, in a dream, by St. Gamaliel, where the bones of St. Stephen were to be found; nor Lucian the Marcionite; nor Lucian of Samosata, the Arian, from whom the collateral branch of this unhappy family bears the name of Lucianites;—but (since it must come out) Lucian the dialogue-maker, who formerly made himself so merry, with his friends Momus and Menippus, at the follies of gods and men; but who, with the exception of that one failing, was, and still is to this very hour, as honest and jovial a soul as ever was born of woman.

The other interlocutor was a person no less remarkable; as, during his life-time upon earth, he appeared in all things the most decided contrast to my friend Lucian; and played so ambiguous a part, that he went out of the world with the reputation of a demi-god in the minds of some, while others could not agree whether the fool or the profligate, the impostor or the fanatic, had the ascendant in his character. In the life of this man, all was eccentric and extraordinary, but his death was still more so; for he died voluntarily, and solemnly, on a scaffold or funeral pile, which he set fire to with his own hand, in the presence of a great concourse of spectators from all the ends of the world, in the territory of Olympia.

Lucian, who was an eye-witness, was likewise the historian, of this almost incredible scene; and, as an enlightened antagonist of all kinds of philosophical or religious mummery, thought he had a particular

ticular call to efface the pernicious impression which Peregrine (for so this wonderful man was called, though at that time he rather chose the name of Proteus) had made on the minds of his contemporaries by so extraordinary and heroic a death: and how could he better effect his purpose, than by endeavouring to convince them that the man, whom, for so inhuman an act, they thought themselves bound to admire as the greatest of all philosophers, as an exemplar of the highest human perfection, nay, almost to regard as a god, was neither more nor less than the greatest of all fools; his whole life the life of a crazy enthusiast, governed by his sensuality and his overheated imagination; a fanatic and a charlatan; and his death nothing more than the fittest conclusion and the crown of such a life?

I have in another place * circumstantially produced the reasons which convince

* Lucian's works, vol. iii. p. 93. & seq. of Mr. Wick-
and's translation.

me; that Lucian deserves entire credit, not only in all that he relates as an eye-witness of this Peregrine, but that even, in the relation of those circumstances, which he had from mere hearsay, he went at least fairly and honestly to work, and was very far from intending to impose upon his readers, or to do wrong to the poor fantasist. But how little soever we may doubt of Lucian's sincerity in this affair, yet still, not only the credibility of the reports which were circulated in Syria and other places at Peregrine's expence, and all the anecdotes that were communicated to Lucian of him, remains doubtful and unsettled—but likewise the question, “whether Lucian is so impartial and unbiaffed, in his judgment of him, as might be required from a genuine cosmopolite; and, whether Peregrine was actually such a sad fellow, such a despicable buffoon, and (what will not exactly comport with this character) at the same time, so hot-headed an enthusiast,

and

and so arrant a fanatic, as he cries him down for, or not." These questions, I say, remain indissoluble problems to every reader who examines more closely, than the vulgar for the most part do, into the justice of the sentences passed on culprits who can no longer defend themselves.

Accordingly, it may be easily imagined how great my pleasure was, when, by an accident no less fortunate than unexpected, I had an opportunity of overhearing the first conversation that happened between Lucian and Peregrine in the land of spirits, and of receiving information of the issue of events and other particulars from the mouth of the latter, whereby I am enabled to supply the deficiencies in Lucian's account—to illustrate what is there obscure and inexplicable—and to solve the whole moral ænigma of the life and death of this singular person, in a manner somewhat satisfactory, at least to me.

On recollecting, that almost sixteen hundred years are now past and gone; since the death of both the interlocutors, it will perhaps be thought incredible; that, during so long an interval, they had not sooner an opportunity of meeting together, and of coming to an explanation: But, in the first place, sixteen centuries, according to the standard whereby spirits are wont to measure time, are scarcely so much as a hundred and sixty years by our computation: and then Lucian and Peregrine were in particular circumstances; about which (though they belong to the mysteries of the kingdom of ghosts) we shall, in the sequel, be able to form some conjectures, but which here would not be in their proper place.

After this short preliminary, nothing farther would prevent me from giving immediately the conversation between the two forementioned spirits, if I could suppose that the contents of the Treatise of Lucian

Lucian above alluded to, were known and present to every reader of this publication, (without which the whole conversation would be unintelligible, and the design in imparting it entirely frustrated), either from the original, or some translation.

Since, however, it is but reasonable to pay some regard, likewise, to those who may not have these advantages, I hope it will be no unacceptable service to them, to present them with the following extract from Lucian's tractate concerning the end of Peregrine, previous to their entering on the dialogue itself.

THE public games of Olympia, with which the 236th olympiad commenced, was the point of time; and a plain, lying in the confines of the city, was the stage made choice of by the cynic philosopher Peregrine, called also Proteus, for presenting to the Greeks and foreigners from all parts of the earth, who used to visit these games at Olympia, the most extraordinary and most lamentable of all tragedies—the spectacle of a cynic voluntarily burning himself alive.

Lucian, though he had already three times been present at the olympic games, travelled thither, at this time, probably from Athens; and on his coming to Elis, the capital of the republic of that name, and
not

not far from Olympia, as he passed by the gymnasion of that place, he heard a cynic philosopher, around whom a multitude of folks were gathered, in a roaring voice, which was a part of the costume of these capuchins of the ancient Greeks, holding a panegyric on Peregrine, and magnifying his purpose of burning himself at Olympia, in the popular, and declamatory manner peculiar to his order.——But henceforward let Lucian speak in his own person:—

“And yet some have effrontery enough,” cried the cynic, “to accuse such a man as Proteus of a vain thirst of glory! O ye gods of heaven and earth, of rivers and of seas, and thou, o Father Hercules! What! this Proteus who lay in bonds in Syria; he, who presented the town where he was born with five thousand talents; he, whom the Romans drove out of their city; he who can no more be mistaken than the sun, and might vie with the great Jupiter Olympius himself! him do men accuse of vanity,
B 6 because

because he resolves to pass out of life by fire! — Did not Hercules do the same? Did not Æsculapius and Dionysos die by lightning? and did not Empedocles cast himself headlong into the flaming throat of Etna?"

When Theagenes (for so this bawler was named) had said this, I asked one of the bystanders, what it was he meant with his fire; and what Hercules and Empedocles had to do with Proteus? — He replied, "Thou knowest not, then, that Proteus is to burn himself shortly at Olympia?" — "Burn himself!" cried I, with astonishment; "what is the meaning of that? and why is he resolved to burn himself?" As he was about to answer me, the cynic began again to vociferate so horridly, that I could not understand one word which the other said. Accordingly, I hearkened again to the surprising hyperboles he uttered in a torrent of words to the praise of Proteus. As to the Sinopensian Diogenes, and his master Antisthenes, it would be
doing

doing them too much honour to compare them with him. Even Socrates was not half good enough for this. In short, he summoned Jupiter himself to dispute the palm with his hero; but, upon recollection, found it better to reduce the parties to an equality, and concluded his oration in the following manner:—“In a word, the two greatest wonders of the world are Jupiter Olympius and Proteus: the former was made by the hand of Phidias; the latter by Nature herself; and now this glorious image of Divinity is returning in a fiery car to the gods, and leaves us orphans behind.” The man sweated like a rasher of bacon while he delivered this stupid stuff; but, on pronouncing the last words, he burst into tears in so comical a manner, that it was as much as I could do to refrain from laughing: he put himself in the attitude of tearing up his hair by the roots; at the same time taking great care not to pull at it too hard. At length several cy-nics put an end to the farce, by leading off the
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the orator, sobbing and sighing, notwithstanding all the comfortable speeches they made him.

Scarcely, however, had he descended from the rostrum, but another was already gone up, that the audience might not be suffered to depart before he had poured forth a libation to the still burning sacrifice of his predecessor. The first thing he did was to burst out into a loud fit of laughter; whereby, it was plain, he meant to give a necessary relief to his diaphragm. When he had recovered himself a little, he began in this manner:— “As the mummer Theagenes concluded his delightful oration with the tears of Heraclitus, I, on the contrary, begin mine with the laughter of Democritus;” and now he broke out afresh into such a continued laughter, that the generality of us that were present could not help bearing him company.— At length he recollected himself, composed his features, and proceeded thus: “How
can

can we do otherwise, sirs, when we hear such very ridiculous stuff delivered in such a tone; and see how men, arrived at the age of discretion, for the sake of a little despicable fame, do every thing but absolutely cut capers in public market-places? — But, that you may be somewhat more intimately acquainted with the godlike person who is resolved to burn himself in a day or two, hearken to me, who have for a long time studied his character and observed his life, and have moreover been informed of many things about him by divers of his fellow citizens, and persons who must necessarily have known him thoroughly.

“ This great master-piece and wonder of the world, this canon of Polycletus, then, was caught in adultery in Armenia, when he had scarcely reached the age of manhood, and obliged, in a disgraceful manner, [A particular sort of private revenge then in use is here mentioned.] to
make

make his escape by a leap from the top of the house, to save himself from being flogged to death. However, he soon compensated himself by playing several pranks, which, indeed, cost him three thousand drachmas, to prevent the infamy of being brought before the prorex of Asia. Though Lepas ~~over~~ great numbers of his juvenile tricks, for at that time this godlike man was still an unformed lump of clay, and far from being arrived at that perfection of taste and manners for which he is at present so conspicuous, yet what he did to his father is by no means to be passed over, unless probably you have all heard of it, how he strangled the old man, because, being sixty years old, he thought he had lived too long. As this affair soon became the common talk, he found himself under the necessity of transporting himself from his native city, and roaming about, like a vagabond, from one country to another.

“About

“About this time it came into his head to cause himself to be instructed in the wonderful wisdom of the christians, as he found an opportunity of becoming acquainted with their priests and literary men in Palestine. This he prosecuted with so much success, that, in a short time, his teachers were no more than children to him. He was soon prophet, thiasarch, synagogue-master, and, in one word, all in all with them. He made explanations and commentaries on their writings, and even wrote a great number of books himself: in short, he went so far as to make them regard him as a divine personage; they prevailed upon him to prescribe laws for them, and made him their overseer. At length it happened that Proteus, at the celebration of their mysteries, was apprehended and thrown into prison; a circumstance that contributed not a little to inspire him with a singular pride all the rest of his life, and to kindle in him that affection

make his escape by a leap from the top of the house, to save himself from being flogged to death. However, he soon compensated himself by playing several pranks, which, indeed, cost him three thousand drachmas, to prevent the infamy of being brought before the prorex of Asia. Though I pass over great numbers of his juvenile tricks, for at that time this godlike man was still an unformed lump of clay, and far from being arrived at that perfection of taste and manners for which he is at present so conspicuous, yet what he did to his father is by no means to be passed over, unless probably you have all heard of it, how he strangled the old man, because, being sixty years old, he thought he had lived too long. As this affair soon became the common talk, he found himself under the necessity of transporting himself from his native city, and roaming about, like a vagabond, from one country to another.

“About

tians of those parts, to lend him their assistance, to be his advocates before his judges, and to administer consolation to him: for these people are, in all cases of this nature which concern the whole community, of an inconceivable alacrity, and sparing neither of pains nor expence. Accordingly, Peregrine, on account of his imprisonment for the common cause, had a great quantity of money sent him, by way of presents; and, under this title, he procured himself a very splendid income. :

“ On being brought up to receive the decisive sentence, he was set at liberty by the viceroy of Syria; a man who had an affection for philosophy, and therefore presently seeing what sort of a person he had to deal with, and that he was fool enough to resolve upon dying from the lust of posthumous renown, chose rather to dismiss him, as being unworthy of correction. Peregrine then returned home, where he soon found that the rumour of his parricide.

cide was still burning under the ashes, and that several were concerting the methods of subjecting him to a formal process. The half of his patrimony had been spent on his travels, and the rest consisted of about fifteen talents in landed property; for the whole of what was left by the old man amounted at most to 30,000 crowns, and not to five millions, as Theagenes had ridiculously boasted; a sum which the whole town of Parium, and five others adjoining to it, including the men and cattle, and all other appurtenances, would not have fetched, had they been sold. As has been said, then, the suspicion of his guilt was still warm; and there was all the reason imaginable to believe that an accuser would shortly step forward against him. The commonalty were in a particular manner incensed at him, and complained that so worthy a person as the old man was, according to the testimony of all his acquaintance, should be sent out of the world in so nefarious a manner. Now observe

observe by what a crafty invention the wise Proteus slips his neck out of the halter! All this while he had been letting his beard grow long and thick, and commonly went in a greasy cap of the coarsest cloth, with a wallet across his shoulders, and a staff in his hand. In this tragical figure he now appeared in the public assembly of the Parians, desiring permission to make over the whole substance of his late father, of blessed memory, to the public. This liberality had so good an effect on the common people, that they broke out in loud demonstrations of gratitude and admiration. "This is a philosopher!" cried they; "this is a real patriot; a genuine descendant of Diogenes and Crates!" This effectually stopped the mouth of his enemies; and whoever had attempted to mention the parricide would have been stoned to death upon the spot. After making this donation, he had nothing left but to betake him again to his vagabond life;

life; for he might lay his account in a good viaticum from the christians, under whose banner he every where appeared, and who took care that he should want for nothing. In this manner he went strolling about the world for some time. As, however, at length, he ruined himself with them, by having been seen, as I suspect, to eat something that is forbidden by them, so as that they would no longer endure him among them, he fell into so great distress, that he thought himself justified in reclaiming the property he had formerly transferred to the town of Parium. He applied to the emperor for a mandate to that purpose; but, as the magistrates made formal remonstrances to the contrary, he failed of success, and was commanded to leave to their possession what he had once made over to them of his own free motion.

Upon this, he undertook a third journey to Agathobulus, in Ægypt, where he signalized himself by a quite new and admirable

able kind of virtuous exercise; he caused the half of his head to be smoothly shaved; besmeared his face with slime; acted before a multitude of people (to shew that such doings were to be ranked among the indifferent things) as Diogenes had done before him in public; flogged himself; and had himself flogged by others on the posteriora; to say nothing of many worse tricks, by which he endeavoured to gain the reputation of an extraordinary person.— Having finished this curious preparation, he took ship for Italy, where he had scarcely set his foot on shore, but he began to abuse and vilify all the world, but most the emperor, against whom he broke out in the most scandalous terms, which he did with the greater assurance, as he knew that he was the gentlest and kindest of sovereigns. The emperor, as may easily be imagined, concerned himself but little about his abuse, and held it beneath his dignity to punish a man, who professed philosophy, on account of his words; especially as he made scurrility

fility and abuse his ordinary business. In the mean time, even this circumstance contributed to swell his renown; as there were not wanting silly people enough among the common herd, with whom he got into credit by his senseless behaviour; till, at length, being now too bad to be borne, the præfect of the city saw himself compelled to order him out of his district, because, as he said, such philosophers were not wanted at Rome. But even this too increased his celebrity, as every one talked of the philosopher, who for his bold tongue and too great frankness had been banished the city; and this similarity put him at once on the level with a Musonius, a Dio, an Epictetus, and all the rest of this class who had undergone a similar fate. From whence, being come into Greece, he now vented his obloquy upon the inhabitants of Elis; then endeavoured to persuade the Greeks to take up arms against the Romans; and then again bestowed his abuse upon

upon a man who was equally conspicuous for his learning and his dignities*, who, among other of his services to Greece, had brought an aqueduct to Olympia at his own expence, that the spectators at the games might no longer be obliged to languish and faint from thirst. This benefaction Peregrine turned to his reproach, as if by this means he had rendered the Greeks effeminate. "It behoves," said he, "the spectators of the olympic games to be able to bear thirst; and the harm is not very great, if even several should be carried off by the burning distempers," which had hitherto been very rife, from the aridity of these parts. And all this he said, while he himself was drinking as much as he pleased of this very water: a piece of effrontery, at which the bystanders were so much enraged, that they ran up to him in great numbers in full intention of burying him under a volley of stones; which obliged the hero to take sanctuary with

* Tiberius Claudius Atticus Herodes.

Jupiter*, that he might come off with his life.

At the next following olympiad he appeared again before the Greeks, and pronounced an oration in the composition whereof he had been labouring during the four last years, and wherein, after excusing himself on the subject of his former flight, he extolled the donor of the water up to the skies. But, on perceiving that no one any longer concerned himself about him, and that he might come and go without exciting the least notice—for his tricks were now grown somewhat stale—and he was at his wit's end how to hit upon some new device that might attract the attention and astonishment of the public upon him; as this, from first to last, was his most passionate desire. At length, however, he fell upon this mad conceit of the funeral

* Namely, in the temple of Jupiter at Olympia, which, as all temples were, was a sanctuary, or place of refuge.

pile,

pile, and advertised the Greeks so long ago, as at the last olympic games, that it was his intention to burn himself alive at the next ensuing celebration.

And this is now the wonderful exploit which he is about to perform, employed, as it is said, in digging his own grave, and causing a great heap of wood to be brought together, for the purpose of presenting us with the spectacle of a fortitude of soul, far exceeding that of common mortals*.

Being come to Olympia (continues Lucian) we found the gallery at the back of the temple filled with a multitude of people, who were talking partly ill, and partly in praise of the design of Proteus; and some with such violence that they fell to blows. At length, accompanied by a number of persons, Proteus himself ap-

* As what follows of this declamation contains nothing farther of an historical nature, it is here omitted.

peared, and held a discourse to the assembly, from the place where the public-cryer used to declare the prizes, and the terms of the contest, wherein he gave a circumstantial account of his whole course of life, the various perilous adventures he had met with, and the troubles he had undergone for the love of philosophy. He continued speaking a long time; but as I was at too great a distance on account of the multitude, and their eagerness to press forward, I could understand but little of it; and, at length, for fear of being squeezed to death, (a misfortune that happened to more than one) I thought it the safest way to get aside, and leave the sophist to his fate; who affected to die in great pomp, and to have the pleasure of making his own funeral oration. However, I heard him say thus much: that he would put a golden crown upon a golden life; for it was fitting, that the man who had lived like Hercules, should die like Hercules, and remind
gle

gle with that æther from which he was produced. At the same time, I think, said he, that by this action, I shall be the benefactor of mankind, by shewing them how death should be despised; and accordingly I may reasonably expect that all men will be my Philotetes.

These last words excited great emotion among the people present; those of the sillier sort burst into tears, and cried out: Preserve thyself for the Greeks! Others, who were made of harder stuff, exclaimed: Execute what thou hast resolved! This latter cry seemed to put the old fellow out of temper; as in all probability he expected, that all the bystanders would have held him back, and compelled him, whether he would or no, to live. But this lamentable, "Execute what thou hast resolved!" came so unexpectedly upon him, that he turned still paler than he was before, though he was already of the complexion of a corpse, and it threw him into such

a trepidation, that he was obliged to leave off speaking.

Thou mayst imagine how perfectly ridiculous the whole of this farce appeared to me. For so wretched a lover of Fame as this, is deserving of no compassion; since, of all that have ever been plagued with that fury, there can scarcely have been one who had less real pretensions to her favour. However he was attended down from the stand by a multitude of people, and as he cast his eyes over the throng of his admirers, he seemed ready to burst with vanity; not considering, like a fool, that the wretches who are led to the gallows, are usually followed by a great crowd.

The olympic games were now over, and the finest that ever I saw, though I had been at them four times. As a vast number of strangers went all away at once, and therefore no more carriages were to be had,

had, I was obliged to remain where I was. Peregrine, who was continually putting off his business from one day to another, at length peremptorily fixed the night for giving the grand exhibition of his burning. Accordingly, towards midnight, I set out, in company with a friend, on the road to Harpina, where the pile was erected. Going eastwards from Olympia along the great hippodrome, it is exactly twenty stadia. At our arrival, we found the heap of wood placed in a hollow, about an ell deep. It consisted chiefly of pine and fir, with faggots of dry brushwood, that the whole might the sooner catch into a blaze.

As soon as the moon was risen (for it was but decent that Luna should be a spectatress of the glorious exploit) Peregrine presented himself in his wonted dress, and with him the chief of the dogs*, particularly the noble Theagenes, who bore a

* The cynic philosophers, who usually went under that appellation.

lighted torch in his hand, and played not amiss the second part in this comedy. Proteus himself too was provided with a torch. Both approached the pile, one on either side, and applied their torches to it.—Proteus now put off the tornister, the cynic mantle, and the famous herculian club, and stood stripped to his tunic, which was rather of the dirtiest. Here he took a handful of frankincense from one of the assistants, threw it into the fire, and exclaimed, with his face turned towards the south (for this is a part of the etiquette of the show); O ye maternal and paternal dæmons, propitiouſly receive me in your arms!—With these words, he sprang into the fire, and was immediately ravished from the sight, by the surrounding and aspiring flames.

PERE.

PEREGRINE AND LUCIAN,

▲

DIALOGUE IN ELYSIUM.

PEREGRINE.

DO my eyes deceive me? or is it my old patron, Lucian of Samosata, whom I see after so long a separation?

LUCIAN, *looking at him attentively.*

We are then better acquainted than I knew of.—And yet it seems as if thy features were not altogether strange to me,

They remind me of a person I once saw, though I do not recollect where, or on what occasion.

PEREGRINE.

It is indeed above sixteen hundred years ago, since we last saw one another, on the plain between Harpina and Olympia.

LUCIAN.

How? What an extraordinary occurrence thou recallest to my mind! Can it be that thou art the philosopher Peregrinus Proteus, who took up the singular fancy to burn himself voluntarily at Olympia?

PEREGRINE.

The very same, to whom thou hast erected a monument, not very enviable, in thy works.

LUCIAN.

It was foolish enough in me to take it into my head that thou must necessarily be covered all over with flames, and look as
black

black as a collier. Thou mightest have passed me ten times ere I had known thee, in the splendid figure thou makest at present.

PEREGRINE.

At that time, thou didst not dream that we should see one another again, sixteen hundred years afterwards, in Elysium?

LUCIAN.

To speak honestly, I did not. Fanaticism, you know, was never an affair of mine.

PEREGRINE.

And yet by this time experience has taught thee, that it would not have been fanaticism, if thou hadst then thought of these things as thou dost now.

LUCIAN.

Pardon me! How oft does a man see things to happen, even in common life, which not to have foreseen can never be justly made a matter of reproach to the wisest person alive. Nature had furnished

me with a cool head; I must have had a very severe fit of the fever, for imagining, when I saw thee leap into the flames at Harpina, that I should meet thee again in a place like this, and in such high preservation as thou seemest to be.

PEREGRINE.

And yet thy works shew, that thou wert not deficient in imagination; or rather that scarcely any one can boast of having excelled thee in the vivacity and fertility of this mental faculty.

LUCIAN.

But they likewise shew, I think, that I never employed the imagination otherwise than jocosely. In sport, indeed, by the assistance of that faculty, I made journeys in the moon and in Jupiterburg; but, that I should ever have believed in earnest that I was able to fly with you beyond the limits prescribed by nature to our five senses, and consequently to our reason, in our former life, was a thing as little likely
to

to come into such a head as mine, as the thought of seriously fastening to my arms the wings of an eagle or a vulture for flying with them up to the moon.

PEREGRINE.

All this I readily grant ; as it proves no more than that it was the way with thee to employ thy imagination only in mockery, to invent and delineate extravagant images for the amusement of thy companions or readers. But I do not conceive that this gave thee a right to ridicule those who made a more serious use of their's ; and while they perhaps were so figuring to themselves the destination and the future lot of men, as we in the sequel have actually found it to be, shewed by the very act, that a certain faculty of divination lay dormant in our soul, which, probably, like so many other capacities, is never called forth in the generality of mankind, but gives to them in whom it is roused and brought to a certain degree of vivacity, a present-

presentiment of the invisible and future that must naturally be productive of great effects in an ardent and active soul.

LUCIAN.

Friend Peregrine, if it be allowable to make game of a Therfites, who fancies himself more beautiful than Phaoa and Adonis, or to find it ridiculous in a dwarf who should stoop his head in going through a door of six foot high; for fear of bumping his forehead against the top; I cannot see why it should be taken so much amiss, to laugh at an honest man, who imagines that, by means of some, I know not what sixth sense, he can hear the grass grow, and then, since the grass is actually grown, brings this circumstance as a proof of his having possessed that talent.

PEREGRINE.

And I can just as little see how it could be proved to him that he had not this sense, as I can why his whim, if it was a whim,

whim, might not be allowed to pass unridiculed, especially if otherwise he were a harmless and worthy man.

LUCIAN.

Of all the innumerable follies by which the minds of poor mortals are disordered, there are but few, which, in themselves, are not so insignificant and harmless, or at least appear so, as that they might plead, with equal reason, a right to be allowed to pursue their way, without being exposed to ridicule. And yet, these little, harmless follies, taken together, are the sources of the greatest evils with which the human race is tormented. No folly then can require a charter of exemption from ridicule, which is almost the sole efficacious preservative against its baneful influence.

PEREGRINE.

Good; but you must, at the same time, grant, that this great propensity of mankind to folly, and that almost general illusion,

lusion, with which even they who think the most warily, are unwittingly infected, is the very cause of its being frequently so extremely difficult to guard them always from error in their hasty judgments on what is foolish and what is not. Great caution will ever be necessary, lest we do real harm to mankind, while we think we are doing them good, if the medicine we administer to them, produce far worse effects, than the disease of which we would cure them. What wise and good man would expose himself to cutting remorse for having delivered up, as an idle conceit, to the wanton ridicule of fools and scoffers, an opinion that dignifies mankind, that makes the human species superior to itself, and fills us with an enthusiasm for every thing that is beautiful and great?

LUCIAN.

All that glitters is not gold, my honest friend; and many an opinion which no good man would confute, is ridiculous through

through the foolish use that hot or crazy heads may make of it. In general, my dear Peregrine, a calm and tranquil view of human affairs in that life which we have quitted, made me somewhat mistrustful towards all the high-flying pretensions of certain people whose aims seldom long remained doubtful; and I always suspect a snake in the grass, when I hear of opinions, or mysteries and magical operations, whereby human nature is to be dignified, elevated above itself, and only not quite deified. I have taken notice, that these matters are, for the most part, nothing more than painted flies with which impostors angle, and entice to them easy good-natured folks, that, when once they have gorged the hook, they may make of them something less than men, or, to speak roundly, the dupes and blind tools of their private designs. He that is born to be a man, neither should nor can be any thing nobler, greater, and better than a man—
and

and happy he, if he is content to be neither more nor less!

PEREGRINE.

But, good Lucian, for the very reason that he may not become less than a man, he should be always striving to be more. It is undeniable that there is something dæmoniacal in our nature; we are suspended between heaven and earth; on the father's side, so to speak, we are related to superior spiritual natures; on the side of our mother earth, we are related to the beasts of the field. If the spirit be not ever soaring upwards, the animal part will soon stagnate in the mire of the earth, and the man who does not strive to become a god, will find himself in the end transformed into a beast.

LUCIAN.

In that case, bountiful nature has endowed him as Mercury did Ulysses in Homer, with a moli, by virtue whereof he may bid defiance to all such enchantments.

PERE-

PEREGRINE.

And how dost thou call this wonderful talisman? For, if I have not forgot my Homer, moli is the name given to it only by the gods.

LUCIAN.

I call it understanding, dear Peregrine, sound common sense.

PEREGRINE *looking him full in the face.*

And has this moli always during the whole course of thy life, preserved thee from the magical wand of the beautiful Circe?

LUCIAN.

From its transformations, certainly; it put me in the same situation in regard to her, wherein Ulysses was placed by the efficacy of his moli, towards the daughter of the sun. For, as I am to mine, so was he indebted to his moli alone, for being able to say, with Aristippus: *εχω ην εχομαι**, on which all such things, as thou knowest, depend.

* I have her, not she me.

PEREGRINE.

Thy being here proves much in thy behalf—*(smiling,)* but it may have cost thee many a peeling*?

LUCIAN.

Of that no one can speak more from experience than Proteus.

PEREGRINE.

The air we breathe here, dear Lucian, makes us friends however we may differ in our conceptions of intellectual objects. However, do but honestly confess, thou art surpris'd how such a contemptible and worthless fellow as thou hast described poor Peregrine, could find a passage into Elysium.

LUCIAN.

I described thee then as I saw, or thought I saw thee. A great alteration indeed must

* What is intended under this expression, is rendered plainer in another elysian dialogue, between Lucian and Diocles. See Wieland's small profane writings, part ii. No. 1.

have

have happened either to my eyes or in thy inward man.

PEREGRINE.

Probably to both. But it is a duty I owe to truth, to give thee, if thou hast leisure to hear me, a somewhat better opinion of what I was in my terrestrial life, than that which thou hast transmitted to posterity.

LUCIAN.

I am indeed upon the eve of making a little journey into our old mother country: but my affairs are not so pressing as to demand much haste. Besides, the account that I may receive from thy own mouth, on certain passages in the history of thy life, may perhaps not be void of utility to what is the main object of my embassy.

PEREGRINE.

So much the better. At least thou wilt always profit thus much by it, as thou wilt hear

hear nothing from me but what I firmly hold for truth.

LUCIAN.

Even in Elyſium we are not entirely free from the ſecret influences of vanity: but, as it is impoſſible for us to ſpeak intentionally againſt our feelings and our conſciouſneſs, I am ſure that I ſhall hear nothing but the real truth on all that thou thyſelf art beſt able to know. The ſources from whence I drew my information formerly, it is likely may not always have been the pureſt; however, if I have done thee any injuſtice it was certainly againſt my will.

PEREGRINE.

Who can be better acquainted than thou art, how little dependance is to be made on the accounts and judgments given by mortals of one another? The former are almoſt always falſified, ſo that the latter, either from ignorance or from deſign, being blended with them, it muſt neceſſarily

necessarily follow, that the whole matter should for the most part, receive a false colouring, or a deceitful light. But was the reporter an eyewitness of what he relates? still seldomer is the eyewitness entirely unprejudiced and free from all partiality, preconceived opinions, or personal views, and almost always magnifies or diminishes, embellishes or disfigures whatever he has seen. Thou, for example, hadst no intention to do me wrong: but I was a christian, and thou heldest all christians to be fanatics or scoundrels; I went over to the sect of Diogenes, and thy rancour against the cynics is sufficiently known, as thou omittedst no opportunity of making it as public as possible. How couldst thou avoid then the placing of poor Peregrine, with all thy goodwill to do him no wrong, in an unfavourable light? him, on whom the christians at first, and the cynics afterwards, threw a two-fold shade?

LUCIAN.

As to what concerns the cynics, I must beg leave to observe, that so far from being an enemy, I was an admirer of their sect, of their primitive founder, and of the few genuine members that were an honour to him. My *Demonax*, and my dialogue with a cynic, ought, I think, to be my sufficient justification on that head. Probably, I should have dealt more gently with the christians, if I had ever been so happy as to be acquainted with but one single person of that sect, of a generous and amiable character.

PEREGRINE.

This was by no means impossible; though I must confess, that a genuine christian was at least as rare a sight, as a genuine cynic.—But, setting this aside, for the present, answer me one question, if I may be so bold.

LUCIAN.

With all my heart. Ask what thou wilt.

PEREGRINE.

PEREGRINE.

The honest man without a name, who, according to thy account mounted the rostrum at Elis, and publicly vented so much abuse upon me, was he a real personage? or hast thou only feigned him, for the sake of giving thy composition a greater air of simplicity; and put into the mouth of one man, what thou hadst probably heard from different persons at different times concerning me?

LUCIAN.

In some measure both.

PEREGRINE.

I recollect now, that Theagenes, as soon as he came to Olympia, did tell me something of such a scene at Elis, where his immoderate, and, as I think, not quite worthy zeal for the fame of the cynical order, induced him to mount the rostrum, to deliver the pa-

negyric on me and my intention, which was so offensive to thee.

LUCIAN.

The nameless person, then, was not a creature of my own invention. It appeared, as the report went, that he was a Bithynian or a Paphlagonian by birth, an Epicurean by profession, and moreover a person who had travelled much, and was no novice in the world. The fury with which this man declaimed against thee, would perhaps have made me suspect his veracity: but my natural antipathy against every one who gave himself out for something extraordinary, the disadvantageous opinion I had already formed of thee, and the agreement of the character he drew of thee, with my own preconceived opinion, and with the accounts I had a long time heard from other quarters,—all this together, made me disposed to believe him; and the violence with which he spoke against thee,

thee, made me attribute to him a similar way of thinking to my own. Hence it was, that in the result of his whole narrative, I thought I had found the key that would unlock to my apprehension what was extraordinary in thy life, and particularly the singular manner in which thou wert determined to end it. However, I frankly confess, that I made no scruple to fill up the narrative of the anonymous with various anecdotes I had collected at various times, for rendering it more complete. The oracle too of *Bachis*, that I make him oppose extempore to that of the Sibyl, was an embellishment of my own invention.

PEREGRINE.

We may always, I think, be sure, that authors, who are more for gaining applause than mindful of a strict adherence to truth, for the sake of rendering their composition more entertaining, will not make ~~any~~ matter of conscience of invading

invading the rights of the latter. A particle of falshood and injustice more or less, when a witty conceit, or the rounding of a period is in question, is a very insignificant trifle in their eyes. Whoever has the misfortune to be the object of a philippic, must suffer under this prerogative of a witty author : but, from the same prescriptive right, they who are so fortunate as to be made the subject of their panegyrics, accordingly fare the better, and frequently gain, no less undeservedly, twice and thrice as much as the other has lost. I may, therefore, as thou hast given my portrait varnished and adorned by Theagenes, and dawbed with filth by the nameless orator, set off one against the other : but I have still a small difficulty remaining, on which perhaps thou wilt not find it so easy to assert thy impartiality.

THEOPHRASTUS, *de sensibus*, lib. 1. c. 12. *de sensibus*, lib. 1. c. 12. *de sensibus*, lib. 1. c. 12.

Probably, that I so slightly pass over the oration which thou thyself deliveredst

edst a few days before to the assembly at Olympia?

PEREGRINE.

And wherein, as thou wilt recollect, I explained myself circumstantially enough on all the ambiguous passages of my life. How happened it, that the great friend of truth,—who was so conscientious, as not to let one word fall to the ground of all that the anonymous declaimer said to my disadvantage,—did not vouchsafe to raise one poor syllable from the earth, of all that I said myself in my own vindication, and which merited a peculiar attention as the parting declaration of a dying man? For, that the excuse alledged—“Thou wert too far off, on account of the tumultuous throng, to understand any thing of the matter,”—was not merely an evasion, any unprejudiced reader will hardly be persuaded to believe.

LUCIAN.

To speak sincerely, dear Peregrine, I doubt much, whether, at that time, if

thou hadst been to speak or write of me, thou wouldst have dealt more equitably by me than I did by thee. We were both of us too entirely what we were, I too cold, thou too hot; thou too much an enthusiast, I too determined a stickler for Epicurus, for seeing each other in the most advantageous light. An inveterate sentiment of scorn was too closely connected in me with the idea of a fanatic, under which it was impossible for me to imagine any thing but a fool or a knave, for failing to act upon me, even instinctively on such occasions. I had neither concern nor curiosity enough about what thou then wert delivering to the people, to induce me to force my way nearer to the rostrum, at the risk of being half squeezed to death, by the crowd of people who were pressing to it on one another's heads—or early enough to secure a station by it. What I advanced was then the simple truth, that I could understand nothing, or but little

little, of thy discourse; and not till many, who could no longer endure the stifling throng, had worked their way out of it with their hands and feet, could I find an opportunity of getting near enough to hear the conclusion of it. So much the more wilt thou oblige me, dear Peregrine, by helping me to the knowledge of thy real character, by the promised rectification of thy history. If it be agreeable to thee, we will sit down under the luxuriant foliage of this plantane, which so much resembles that under which Socrates reclined on the banks of the Ilyffus:

PEREGRINE.

With great pleasure. Listen then to what I shall relate to thee, with all that sincerity which is the natural consequence of our present state, of my youth; of my first peregrinations, of my associating with the christians, of my going over to the cynics, of my abode in Alexandria, in Rome and Athens; and, in fine, of the

motives that induced me to put so extraordinary an end to my terrestrial life. With mankind no less than with plants, much, if not all depends, as thou knowest on what soil and under what influences the delicate vessels that feed their growth are unfolded and supplied. Thou wilt therefore permit me, dear Lucian, to begin my story from the egg, like the bard who sings the downfall of the trojan empire.

Parium, where I was born, was a roman colony in the province of Myfia, on the eastern coast of the Hellespont, and by its situation on a small bay of the Propontis which served as a harbour for their ships, as well as by the industry of its inhabitants, was become one of the most flourishing cities of that happy region. My father was a merchant, who, from the nature of his employment, was obliged to make repeated voyages: and, as he had neither leisure nor inclination to undertake my education himself, he held it
best

best to consign me, on my quitting the gynæceum, to the care and inspection of my maternal grandfather, Proteus, who generally resided on his estate, at a small distance from home.

After the death of my mother, whom I lost when I was about the age of fourteen, I was adopted by her father, with the consent of mine, and obtained thereby the surname of Proteus; though, in the course of my travels I afterwards pass one while under one name, and another the other, as I found most convenient. Thou seest, dear Lucian, that at least I came pretty honestly by the appellation, which my unworthiness helped thee to derive from a comparison, not very honourable to me, with the ægyptian sea-god in Homer.

LUCIAN, *smiling.*

So much the better, my dear Peregrinus Proteus, so much the better! I have therefore the greater hopes of hearing that some other still less flattering sur-

motives that induced me to put so extraordinary an end to my terrestrial life. With mankind no less than with plants, much, if not all depends, as thou knowest on what soil and under what influences the delicate vessels that feed their growth are unfolded and supplied. Thou wilt therefore permit me, dear Lucian, to begin my story from the egg, like the bard who sings the downfall of the trojan empire.

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best

My pædagogue, who saw nothing but words, phrases and dialects, grammatical and rhetorical figures, mythology, antient history and geography,—and even all this no otherwise than with the eyes of a dull pedant—in the greatest of poets, contributed nothing to favour or to correct, to strengthen or to weaken, the manner in which it acted upon my mind. As he found in my memory all that answered his proudest expectations, so, on every occasion, he praised me for my docility alone; and applauded himself not a little that I could declaim with any rhapsodist by profession, a variety of long passages from all the books of that bard, repeat the whole catalogue of the ships, the nekyomancy, the death of the suitors, and the like, and could not only name all the Trojans that fell by the hands of Diomed and Achilles, but was able even to describe all the wounds that each of them received with as perfect an accuracy as if I had been army-surgeon to the grecian camp. About all else, and how

or whereby Homer might operate upon me, whether too much or too little, to my good or to my detriment, he took not the least concern, as he never dreamt that I could possibly receive harm from it, any more than he did of the manner of treatment if that were to be the case.

My grandfather had too much influence on the first forming of my mind, to admit of my omission to enter somewhat more circumstantially into his character. He was one of those harmless, but at the same time useless, mortals, who, because they make but few claims on the world, think themselves justified in doing somewhat less for it than they expect from it. In the enjoyment of a patrimony, which, though moderate, yet always exceeded his expences, in the more than fourscore years he had lived, or, to speak more properly, dreamed away, he had never once stirred a finger to improve it, nor ever employed a moment in forming a comparison between himself

himself and his wealthier neighbours, in the least detrimental to the repose of either his body or his mind. Indeed, he was a lover of pleasure, but only in so far as it did not encroach upon his indolence; and because, excepting the hours of repast and the use of the bath, one cannot pass all one's time in slumbering on a couch, or by the side of a purling stream, or in observing the figures and course of the clouds and the dances of the flies in the evening sun; he had made choice, by way of pastime, of a species of philosophy and literature which was most compatible with his love of ease, and stood, with him, instead of what with other men is mental occupation.

Accident, which determines so much in human life, had often brought him, when young, into company with the famous Apollonius of Tyana; and the impressions which this extraordinary man had made upon his mind were so strong as
to

to remain, in an almost equal degree of liveliness to his old age. The only man of whom I ever heard him speak with any kind of admiration, was Apollonius. Apollonius was, with him, the sovereign abstract of human, or rather of superhuman perfection; for it was easy to perceive, from the tone in which he mentioned him, that he held him for some incarnate deity or genius; and in fact this new Pythagoras, in all his actions and sayings was ever intent upon keeping up or awakening this opinion of him. Notwithstanding this, my grandfather felt no inward call to increase the number of the seven disciples, which Apollonius, previous to his voyage into India, had always about him: all the effect the pretended god-man had upon him, was, that the curiosity after extraordinary and wonderful matters, which is an essential characteristic of all slow-witted men, got a stated direction with him, and became a decided partiality

partiality for what in our times was denominated the pythagoric philosophy. Proteus, who was not a man to enter into the spirit of the philosophy of such an one as Pythagoras, made to himself so distant and arbitrary a notion of it, that every thing, genuine or spurious, that has been ascribed by tradition, or interpolated by shallow-brained impostors; to the ægyptian Hermes, the bactrian Zoroaster, the indian Buddas, the hyperborean Abaris, the thracian Orpheus, and to all other miraculous men of this sort, had place in it. He got together, by little and little, a considerable treasure of books of all sizes, theosophical, astrological, of the interpretation of dreams and signs, magical, in one word, on supernatural subjects—wrote on parchment, on ægyptian and indian paper, on palm-leaves and bark of trees—concerning deities and spirits, on the various kinds of their apparitions and inspirations, on their secret names

names and signatures, on the mysteries whereby the good spirits are to be rendered propitious, and the evil ones brought into subjection; on the art of making talismans and necromantic rings, on the philosopher's stone, the language of birds, in short, on all the whimsies, with which scoundrels of all denominations, greek and barbarian, the pretended Chaldeans, the vagrant begging priests of Isis, the great mother of the gods, and other quick-pated knaves of the same stamp, who easily know how to gull and make tributary to them, the credulity of idle and wealthy fools. The more singular, obscure, and ænigmatical these writings seemed, so much the greater was their value to him: and, if composed, from one end to the other, in pure hieroglyphics, he then thought a couple of leaves, especially if they smelt somewhat musty, and had an air of mouldy antiquity, very cheaply

cheaply purchased at the price of a hundred and more drachmas.

It was highly natural withal, that the indolence of the good Proteus should crave a lighter and more digestible nutriment; and hence it was, that all kind of miraculous stories, legends of deities and heroes, tales of ghosts, mælian fictions, and the like, formed no small part of his library; and these were his usual recreation, when he had fatigued himself in making vain attempts to get a clear insight into those mysterious writings. Happily for him, the impressions made on his imagination by this kind of lecture, were so evanescent, that he could read them over in regular succession for the twentieth time, with about as much delight as was necessary to a soul like his, for transporting itself into that middle state between dreaming and waking, wherein he used most willingly to pass his solitary hours. This method
of

of agreeably beguiling his time, did not extend so far, but that, notwithstanding that he had nearly broken off all intercourse with the Parians, few days or weeks in the year elapsed in which he found himself quite alone. For his taste for the occult sciences and arts, which was soon sufficiently known, procured him a great number of visits from strangers, who were desirous of contributing what they could to the gratification of it. Itinerant Chaldæans and magi, travelling pythagoreans, and dealers in that species of manuscripts of which he was so extremely fond, were always coming and going about his house; seldom was he wanting in one or other of these for his commensales; and it would have been easy for any one that should have wrote down their table talk, to have collected, in a very few years, whole cart-loads of such conversations as thou hast immortalized in thy Lover of Lying. In the latter years of his life he suffered himself to be persuaded

suaded by an hermetical adept, to have a private laboratory built in his house; where they were to labour day and night at the great work, which in after times was called the philosopher's stone; but happily he died just in time for defeating the scheme of the adept, who probably intended by a signal feat of dexterity to make himself the old man's heir.

Thou clearly seest, my dear Lucian, what sort of consequences the education of a young lad with such dispositions as mine, in the house of such a grandfather, must naturally have. Besides, I was the darling of the old Proteus, and he took a peculiar delight in initiating me, as far as he was capable, into the mysteries of his philosophy. His musæum was always open to me; I was obliged frequently to read to him as he lay upon his couch; and he pleased himself in auguring from my curiosity in these matters, and from the facility with
which

which I entered into them all, that one day, as he expressed himself, I should be a great man. The only thing he did not observe in me was the tolerably wide difference, with all this apparent sympathy, between his way of thinking and mine. The marvellous to him was no more than a toy with which his soul, that always remained in a state of infancy, was ever at play ; with me it was an object for the whole energy of my frame : what with him passed for dreams and idle tales, filled my soul with tumultuous fancies, and vivid feelings of great realities, the enthusiastical pursuit whereof occupied my thoughts both day and night.—He amused himself with philosophical images, ænigmas, and hieroglyphics, as a child is diverted with gaudy flowers and painted butterflies ; I strove with all my faculties to penetrate their hidden sense. In short, he was fond of the extraordinary, because it interrupted the eternal dulness of
of

of his constitutional sloth by pleasing dreams; and, while yet a lad, was burning with desire to experience and to do extraordinary things.

LUCIAN.

Or, in other words, the difference between you was this: Thy grandfather read the stories of romantic adventures by way of pastime, while thou wert taking all possible measures for becoming an adventurer thyself. Doubtless a very essential difference, and the consequences whereof were severely felt by thee during the whole course of thy life.

PEREGRINE.

Without ever repenting of one of them.

LUCIAN.

Pardon me for interrupting thee. It shall not unnecessarily happen again. Pray proceed; I am all attention.

PERE-

In my grandfather's library there was the book of Empedocles concerning nature, Plato's banquet and Phædo, with the dialogues on the republic, and some of the smaller writings of Heraclitus. As they were exactly the only ones which he never used to read, so they might have lain thickly covered with dust, and behind a curtain of cobwebs, for some twenty or thirty years; when, one day having a mind to something new, Plato's banquet accidentally popped into his head as a work that might prove very ingenious and entertaining. I was bid to reach it down from the shelf, and read it to him as he lay on his couch, on his return from the bath, after eating a hearty dinner. While Phædo, Pausanias, Eryximachus, and Aristophanes were speaking their opinions on love, we went on tolerably well; the latter made him even burst into laughter, more than once, with his comical hypothesis on the primitive

primitive nature of man, and the real cause of all the different kinds of love. At the elegant hymn which the beautiful Agatho sings to Cupid, he began to yawn; but at length when Socrates takes up his speech, and, after a disputation in his peculiar manner, which at my age I found to be very tiresome, communicates to the company the intelligence he pretends to have formerly received from the prophets Diotima on love and the art of loving: my grandfather had insensibly fallen so fast asleep, that I had time to read over this part of the symposion, which took up my whole attention, twice or thrice, and to meditate upon it before he awaked. I did not lie down to sleep that night till I had privately transcribed this discourse of Diotima; and the next morning, on returning the book to its place, perceiving its partners in exile lying in the same corner, and judging, from the mere titles and names of the authors, of the importance
of

of the treasure I found, I took them all away, and thenceforward employed not a moment of which I was master, in any thing else but the reading of these works, the reading of them again and again, revolving them in my mind, comparing them together, and, from the ideas they excited in my mind, to form, as far as I was able, a system to myself. The life I had hitherto led appeared to me like the state of a man, on whom the morning-dawn begins to break, after having long been groping his way by the feeble light of the moon in a gloomy over-grown forest. But now it was at once all day and sunshine in my soul. At first I felt the light too dazzling, but my soul imperceptibly recovered strength by the very stream of light in which she seemed to float, and was astonished at finding herself on a summit, from whence, surrounded by the pure breath of heaven, she surveyed an immense world, replete with beauty; and felt herself deified in
in

in the blissful sentiment of her own freedom, power, and grandeur.

LUCIAN.

Thy soul, dear Peregrine, to speak in the style of the venerable prophetess Diotima, must have been endowed with an astonishing fertility, as it needed no more than the mere touch of a Plato, an Empedocles, and Heraclites, for being delivered of a whole world replete with light and beauty.

PEREGRINE.

If this were not said in mockery, Lucian, I would tell thee, that the effects of this philosopher on my inward frame might more aptly be compared to the sparks produced by the collision of flint and steel. For what they kindled in me was in fact only one, but that an extinguishable flame, which from that moment forth was to me the source of light and life; or, to express myself more

accurately, upon the production of this flame within me, it was as if a dark thick film that had hitherto inclosed my whole frame, suddenly fell off; I beheld myself, no longer in a mirror without, but in my very self; knew myself for the first time, and from that moment, was no more in want of any Pythagoras or Plato, to give me instruction on that head, than the sun is in want of any foreign illumination and heat, for being all light and fire.

LUCIAN.

I frankly confess to thee, my good friend Peregrine, that I, for my part, am still in need of the help of some foreign light for comprehending what thou here revealest to me. In all likelihood my being must not yet have broke through its old films and shells.

PEREGRINE.

That may easily be the case, dear Lucian. Yet perhaps I may make myself
more

more intelligible to thee by a single word. Thou probably canst recollect, as thou hast read the Symposium of Plato, what Diotima mentions of love, as a dæmon; that is, according to her explanation, an intermediate being between the mortal and immortal, or the divine nature. Luminous as this theory was to me, which led me to imagine that I was master of nearly all the platonic ideas, yet this dæmon of love seemed still to be without me, only that by a curious kind of illusion, he was ever approximating, ever becoming more visible to me.—The shell or husk, which I mentioned to thee, was ever becoming thinner and thinner, and in the same proportion all was growing brighter within; in short, it became at length so thin, that a single verse of Empedocles that accidentally fell in my way, was sufficient to break through it; I felt as it were, delivered of myself, felt that the dæmon of the sage Diotima was

within me; or rather, that I myself was the dæmon, who had need of no interference of a third, but merely of his own peculiar eternal longing and endeavour after the supremely beautiful and perfect, for participating in the enjoyment of that eudæmon, that is the purest bliss of which a dæmon is susceptible, and for feeling itself deified in the enjoyment of divinity.

LUCIAN.

I begin to be afraid, that for apprehending the sublime affairs of which thou talkest, a particular sense is requisite, with which nature must have forgotten to furnish me.

PEREGRINE, *smiling*.

It is nothing, Lucian, but the rind or shell which thou hast not yet quite broke through.

LUCIAN.

Be that as it may; yet I must intreat thee, as thou pursuest thy history, to
keep

keep as close as thou canst to my mind, and to speak to me in a language that I understand, if thou wishest that it should not be exactly the same as if thou wert talking merely to thyself.

PEREGRINE.

What I have been describing, appeared to me the simplest matter in the world. But make thyself easy, Lucian—as I proceed in my narrative, the scene about me will be constantly clearing up, and I am now coming to some transactions of my youth; which, though thou hast formerly beheld them through a false medium, are yet of such a nature that there is no need of being any thing more than an ordinary man, either for having such adventures, or for comprehending the nature of them.

I was not long beyond my eighteenth year, when my grandfather died; after having, in his last will and testament,

constituted me the sole heir of all he was worth. I saw myself now in possession of a far greater fortune than was necessary for enabling me to live independently; and the first thought that struck me was to leave Parium and take to travelling, less for the sake of seeing the world, as it is called, which at that time did not concern me much, than for the purpose of visiting such persons, as, like myself, were glowing with the divine love of perfection, and would live with me in that intimate fellowship and union of souls, which, by means of a commixture, that I did not myself understand, of the instincts of my time of life with the wants of my heart, I represented to myself as an essential part of the sovereign eudæmony. But the affairs relating to my inheritance, that I had previously to settle, detained me, on account of the absence of my father, under whose tutelage I was, a whole twelvemonth in Parium; and during
this

this period it was that I met with the adventure which thy anonymous orator so maliciously misrepresented in the fine panegyric he made on me at Elea, that I never should have suspected, since my name was not mentioned in it, myself to be the unhappy hero of the tale.

During the first years of my life, which I passed under the care of my mother, there was a young girl at our house; who, as the only child of a deceased sister of my father's, fell under the guardianship of my mother. She was but a year older than myself; and as she filled the place of a daughter of the house, we were insensibly accustomed to consider ourselves as brother and sister. — The childish love that grew up between us, was the more inconsequential as I was transferred to the house of my grandfather at seven years old, and from that time but rarely came to town. Callippe (the name of this niece of

my father) in the mean time gradually grew up to be the handsomest girl in Parium. I saw her, from time to time till my mother's death, but, though I felt something for her that seemed like the preliminary to a future passion, yet I was still far too young for rightly knowing what it was I felt, or that I had any other sentiments towards her than what were perfectly consistent with our proximity of blood. As Callippe had now entered her fifteenth year, she had assumed the manners and air of a girl of that age, and considered me as a boy who might be fondled and caressed, without any danger. My father, not long afterwards, thought he had most happily provided for this only child of a beloved sister, in having married her to one of the wealthiest and most considerable men in Parium, without paying the slightest regard either to the known licentiousness of his way of thinking and acting, or to the great disparity

parity between his age and her's. From this time forth my cousin Callippe was insensibly lost from my view; I had no more opportunities of meeting with her; and, in the firm persuasion that she was satisfied with her lot, I concerned myself no farther about her, till, upon the demise of my grandfather, the affairs of my succession to his estate, compelled me to pass a few months in town.

Here I soon learnt that my father could not easily have failed worse in his design of making Callippe happy. Every one spoke of her as a lady condemned to pine away the prime of her life under the yoke of an insensible, penurious and jealous tyrant; every one pitied her, and all voices were against the man who was capable of ill-treating so elegant a woman. I was too unskilled in the ways of the world, to comprehend much of the matter; I revolved in my mind one thing after another, but as often rejected my plans as improper or unfeasible.

First of all it seemed highly necessary that I should come to the speech of her myself: but the cold politeness and the suspicious circumspection of old Menecrates, always so ordered matters that I could never find an opportunity to my purpose. At length I was informed by a young female slave, the only person in whose fidelity Callippe reposed an unbounded confidence, that her mistress longed for nothing more ardently than to have some discourse with me; as she had matters to disclose which were of the last importance to her. With such a harmony of desire, nothing was left us to do but to contrive the means of its accomplishment; namely a private interview, but which, from Callippe's situation it was necessary to manage so warily, that neither her spouse, nor the neighbours, nor the domestics, could have the slightest suspicion of it. Even in schemes to this effect I did not fail for want of good will; but if Callippe and her maid had not

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ous or bolder than I, we should have staid for ever where we were ; for even the course most commonly taken in similar cases, never once came into my mind. I therefore the more willingly suffered myself to be guided by female prudence ; and thus, after various projects had been rejected as hazardous or impracticable, it was finally resolved, that we should profit by a short absence of Menecrates, for her to introduce me through a little back door of the garden, in the silence of the night, into an arbour, where I should find my cousin.

LUCIAN,

Under all these circumstances, the affair assumes quite another aspect ; and yet, when the chances are against us, neither the law nor the world pays any regard to such circumstances.

PEREGRINE.

But too true. Nevertheless, for me all law was out of the question ; or rather,

since I had my law within myself, I never bestowed a thought on the laws of Parium. And what is the judgment of the world to a man who arrives after the approbation of superior witnesses, who are as present to his internal eyes as though they were visible to the outward? I thought of nothing but doing my duty, and, in the choice of the means, to submit entirely to necessity, to which the gods themselves are subject.

LUCIAN.

Thus far I comprehend you. My only wonder is, whether I have guessed the sequel or not. Thou knowest what the proverb says of opportunity. Have a care, friend Peregrine! I know too well what in such cases is possible or impossible.

PEREGRINE.

The conclusions that people draw from their own experiences of what others have done or would do, are very fallacious; how much must they be so which
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are made of what generally happens from what is simply possible! However, I have not the least doubt, that I might pronounce with a sort of certainty how thou wouldst have settled matters hadst thou been in my place: but that thou couldst pronounce with the same degree of certainty concerning me, of that, with thy permission, I very much doubt.

LUCIAN.

True, Peregrine—I was never any thing more than an ordinary man—and from ordinary men there is indeed no judging of a dæmon. Yet, after all, I should not be surpris'd if even a dæmon (especially one whose very nature it is to love) in the body of a blooming youth of eighteen, who should be shut up in an odoriferous arbour, in the silence of the night, with a beautiful, tender weeping young cousin, should find himself imperceptibly disposed, as a man of the ordinary stamp would be.

PERE-

PERCIVAL.

Neither would it appear very marvelous to me. Attend therefore to what happened. Our interview went on to admiration under the artful auspices of the faithful slave. The first surprise on both sides was not small; mine, on seeing Callippe for the first time in the full maturity of youth and beauty, and her's at sight of the lad of fourteen whom she had not beheld for four years, now shot up into a young man, on whose bloom no canker-worm had preyed, and to whom a singular mixture of gentleness and animation, of cheerfulness and gravity, gave the looks of a far riper age, without being detrimental to the engaging manners of youth. The solitary lamp that burned in the arbour, contributed, with the mysterious circumstances of our meeting, to affect us more with the agitation of an unexpected rencontre, than with the joy of a concerted interview. However, we soon recovered our spirits, and

and Callippe began the conversation with excuses and justifications of the unprecedented steps she had found herself reduced to take. This naturally led to a pretty circumstantial detail of the great hardships she was continually suffering from her tyrant; in which the lovely mourner was sparing neither of metaphors nor tears, for exciting the commiseration of her young friend, whom she wanted to make the judge, or perhaps the avenger of her wrongs. She seemed to have foreseen all the questions I could put to her, by the ease and rapidity of her replies; and at last concluded with giving me some commissions of private concern, relating partly to my absent father, and partly to certain family affairs that nearly concerned her own, which paved the way to a second and third interview, and very unconstrainedly made them necessary.

Could I then have had the knowledge of mankind which an experience of thirty
or

or forty years procures, the behaviour of the beautiful Callippe might have raised in me some suspicion: and had I been so disposed as almost any other at my age would have been, I should have thought it a sin against all the Graces, if I had let so good an opportunity slip out of my hands. But with me neither the one nor the other was possible. How visible soever the nets might be that were laid for my unsuspecting innocence, I saw them not, as I had no more idea of nets and traps than a bird just hatched; and Callippe could not have been safer from any snares on my part, had she been a priestess of Diana or a sister of my own. Every woman, whether matron or virgin, was in my eyes a sacred vessel in the temple of nature, so much the more sacred and inviolable, the more beautiful it was. How very much so then must the spouse of Menecrates have been to me, who, by consanguinity, beauty and misfortune, had

had a threefold claim upon my participation, my reverence and my services!

LUCIAN.

Wonderful man!

PEREGRINE.

With thy permission I see nothing wonderful here at all; it would rather have been a wonder if I had thought otherwise. My education had preserved both my body and mind from all corruption, especially from all premature excitation and voluntary allurements of the animal instinct; my imagination was as un sullied as my senses; and the love of the sovereign beauty, which at this period of my life was the soul of all my thoughts and desires, gave so different a tincture to the impressions made on me by beautiful forms, from what common mortals experience, that the effects must necessarily be as different likewise. Moreover, I beg thee not to forget,

forget, that I have no design to make any merit of it. but relate the matter just as it was. On parting from Callippe, her image indeed pursued me, but without creating me any other uneasiness, than what arose from the care of executing her commissions to the best of my power.

LUCIAN.

All the fire in thy nature must at that time have been attracted to the highest region of thy imagination.

PEREGRINE.

Yet not so entirely; for I do not deny that Callippe appeared to me more beautiful and more amiable every time I saw her; but I did not place the slightest distrust either in myself or in her, as thinking that nothing was more natural than for my satisfaction and my participation in her to become always more lively as she grew more amiable in my sight. Was not the love
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for the beautiful as proper to my dæmoniacal nature as respiration to my breast? That Callippe was always warmer and always more ingenious in finding out new causes and ways to new private interviews, I did indeed perceive; but I regarded it as so natural a consequence of the legitimate attachment to a near relation whom she had been accustomed from infancy to regard as a brother, that it never once occurred to me as possible for malice itself to find any thing blamable in it. And after all, what difficulty is there in supposing, that in so forlorn a condition as her's, it must have cost her much to relinquish the only consolation the giving vent to her griefs procured her?—"Thy presence, thy discourse, are nepenthe to me," said she once at parting, in a voice that vibrated on my soul, like the song of the muses—"in these tranquil moments of friendship, I forget that I am unhappy; canst thou then already be weary of granting me

me at times an hour thou stealest from nought but sleep?"—I should have thought myself a barbarian, Lucian, if I had been capable of it.

LUCIAN.

And truly I should have thought so too. But confess, that thou hadst about this time the invisible arrow sticking in thy liver.

PEREGRINE.

I believe it myself, Lucian; but then I had no knowledge nor even any surmise of the matter. And what necessarily added to my security was, that I expected the night in which we were to see each other again, always with as much tranquillity as I saw it arrived with pleasure. But I must not omit to mention a fresh circumstance which was like to make a no inconsiderable alteration in the complexion of our interviews. As Menecrates did not return for some
time

time from town, the arbour in the garden was found too dangerous for our farther service. After long consideration on what was to be done, the female slave at last said, in the air of a person who had suddenly hit on a project: 'I know of no place in the whole house, where we shall be so perfectly secure from all surprize, as the bed-chamber of my mistress.—Thou art right, replied Callippe smiling; and I wonder how it was that I never thought of it.—But said I, somewhat confused, Menecrates?—Oh, he has not set his foot over that threshold for more than a year—and..... he has his own reasons wherefore,—said the girl. I held my peace, and the next assignation remained fixt for Callippe's bed-chamber.

LUCIAN.

A more elegant and convenient place, no doubt; but, by Jupiter! the most slippery that thy platonic dæmon could have found between heaven and earth!

PEREGRINE.

Thou wilt deem me very simple, Lucian—but, let it suffice, it never once struck me. Had Callippe turned red at the proposal, had she shewn any reluctance, it is more than probable I might have had my doubts on the propriety of the case; but her approving of it so freely, so quickly, and with so much composure, left me in my natural security. I loved, indeed, Callippe, but with such a virgin ignorance, that her bed-chamber was to me no more than any other place. And, in fact, enshrined in the innermost sanctuary of Vesta, she would not have been safer from any-secret designs and attempts on my part, than in her bed-chamber.

LUCIAN.

What a cunning little rogue is your dæmon Cupid, Peregrine! How dexterous he is in alluring your good undefining hearts by his childish playful
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mien! And yet I would wager something that the bed-chamber was the cause of all the mischief.

PEREGRINE.

Do but hear. It had nearly escaped my thoughts to mention a trifling circumstance, which, however, was not quite unimportant, from my not attending to it at the time. The young slave was always present at our interviews; at the first, without once leaving us for a moment; at the second and third, she passed backwards and forwards; in the sequel she remained out sometimes a longer and sometimes a shorter space, frequently half an hour together, and more; but always in so natural and unintentional a way, that I hardly took notice of her absence.

LUCIAN.

The slut!

PEREGRINE.

Several days had passed without my receiving from her the usual intimations.

LUCIAN.

LUCIAN.

And that, perhaps, not without design—But thou never perceivedst it!

PEREGRINE.

Certainly not, excepting that the time appeared to me longer than I had casually reckoned it. I was beginning to be uneasy for Callippe, when the slave gave me the usual signals agreed upon between us. It was a pretty dark night, and all within lay buried in the profoundest sleep, when I was let into the house through a low window, from the garden. I could not myself tell exactly why, but for the first time it seemed to me as if I ought not to be in that house at that hour. This little uneasiness was over in an instant, on the entrance of the beautiful Callippe into her chamber, with eyes that spoke gratitude and love; but it returned from time to time, whatever I could do to suppress it. Callippe at length perceived it. She enquired

quired the cause of an uneasiness which she had never observed in me before; and I immediately confessed, that I could not reckon her and myself in safety, either within these walls or in this chamber. Here doubtless our hearts beat in sympathy too, said she; thou only mistakest the cause. "I too," added she in a tender and plaintive tone that set all my nerves in responsive vibrations, "I too have my misgivings that we now for the last time see each other. Not as though we had aught here in the least to apprehend. I, my dearest Proteus, shudder at the thoughts of a quite different danger; the only one I have to dread.—I dare, I can no longer see thee. Ask me not the cause—for thou, of all mortals, art the last who needst to know it."—This language, so entirely novel to me, threw me into the deepest alarm; but Callippe allowed me no time to recollect my scattered thoughts: she told me, in words that bore the strongest marks

of truth, and at the same time with a gentleness that gave them an inexpressible charm, the tenderest that the first love of a young sentimental female can inspire; and she ended by the repetition, that it was for the last time we had now seen each other. "We must part," said she in a stifled voice, as she threw her fine white arms about my neck, "farewell, my Proteus, and sometimes call to mind—the unhappy creature, who sacrifices to thee her virtue and thy own! —Farewell!"

So unexpected a storm bursting at once on my heart and my senses, was too violent to fail of its effect; but it was attended by a circumstance that inevitably must have completed the beautiful Callippe's triumph over so inexperienced a novice. At all our interviews she had ever been dressed with the utmost decency and modesty; and, to judge from appearances, she was what her dress bespoke

spoke her: and now also; only too airy for the violent emotions of pain and love to which she resigned herself at this moment of separation. It was indeed a very warm summer night; but, for so tender a parting-scene, a tunic which a single silk-worm might have spun, was much too thin; and as the tender Callippe threw her arms about my neck, in a transport of grief at the thoughts of an everlasting farewell, her bosom somewhat too vehemently pressing against mine, this flimsy covering fell naturally into disorder, which in an instant gave her charms too great a superiority over my unguarded sense. What passed in my soul at this moment, it is hard to describe; a universal tremor came upon me, all was cloudy and dim before my eyes, and I do think I should have fallen to the earth, had not Callippe supported me in her arms, and led me to her couch; where in a short time I came again to myself: meanwhile, her right

arm still enfolding my waist, she fixed her eyes upon me, which seemed to dart into my soul all the fire of love. The young slave was not present at this scene, and Callippe must not have thought my accident so dangerous as to need her calling out for assistance.

The gods alone can tell how all this would have ended, if just at the moment a great alarm throughout the house had not roused us at once from our trance, and compelled us to pay attention to what was going forward without us. We are betrayed, exclaimed the affrighted Callippe, as the noise drew nearer; and the thundering voice of Menecrates was distinctly to be heard. I sprang up, and needed not a moment to consider, that except by my sudden escape, there were no means left for rescuing both the lady and myself.

LUCIAN.

In such situations the dæmons without bodies have a very enviable advantage.

PEREGRINE.

I ran to the window that looked to the garden ; but, besides that the height of it was too dangerous for a leap, I saw the garden beset with a number of slaves all armed with clubs and pikes, into whose hands it seemed more dangerous to fall. Another window gave into a little court which served as a repository for wood under a covering of shingles that reached pretty near to Callippe's window ; from whence it was not impossible, by a good spring, to get upon the roof of the low side-buildings of a neighbouring house. What next was to be done must be left to chance. Mene-crates, meantime, kept bawling so loud in a commanding tone of voice, and knocked so hard at the door of the bed-chamber, that Callippe could no longer

refuse to open it without increasing the cause of suspicion. I therefore ventured upon the decisive leap. I happily alighted on the adjacent roof, and from thence got into a little garden, where I found it not difficult to climb over the low dilapidated wall, into a narrow lane which led to the back door of my own house, and in an instant after found myself beginning to breathe again at liberty from a danger the very recollection whereof makes my hair stand on end. At all events, it was by great good luck that I got quit, for my so often repeated imprudence, at the expence of the mere anxiety I underwent; which was doubtless cheap enough: however, the whole transaction was just as I have related it; the cudgelling and the radish were mere embellishments by which thy anonymous orator was probably in hopes of making the story somewhat more interesting to his audience.

LUCIAN.

LUCIAN.

Probably both would have fallen to thy lot if thy good dæmon had not so luckily brought thee through. At any rate, these embellishments, as thou knowest, are too usual in stories of this kind, of which the public hear some, but seldom the true circumstances, to make it a heinous crime in the anonymous orator, for adding, perhaps without historical foundation, these fictions, merely for the honour of probability.—But how fared it with the poor Callippe? For though I confess that she does not appear to me the most innocent actor in all this affair, yet I cannot help wishing that she might not be enjoined too severe a penance for so pardonable a weakness.

PEREGRINE.

It was well for her, that her slave was the sweetheart of a freed-man, who had so far gained the ascendant over old Menecrates that he could do with him

what he would, and rescued her, by being bound for her innocence, from the threatened torture, which would doubtless have forced the whole secret from her. Callippe, who perhaps was not so unprepared for such a scene as I imagined, was so far mistress of herself as to play the novice; and as there was nothing that could be brought as evidence against her, she had a right to demand satisfaction for the affront that had been put upon her by the graceless wretch, whose unseasonable jealousy had disturbed her gentle slumbers, and emboldened him to sully her uncontaminated honour. By good fortune my father was just come home. I disclosed to him the whole of the affair; he took the part of his injured niece: and, as both parties had their reasons for not pushing matters to extremities, and for putting a stop, as soon as possible, to the babble of the Parians: Menecrates left his spouse at full liberty to manage his house

house and her own virtue as she should think proper ; and retired to one of his estates in the country ; while I, in perfect silence, set out that very day on a journey to Athens.

The singular presentiment in which I entered the venerable city of Minerva, —the opinion of its high antiquity, which it deduces from the times of the gods—the awfulness of a place where it is impossible to proceed one step without treading on some monument of a deity or a hero, or an extraordinary person,—the recollection of its former splendour, of all that it once was, and what Greece, and by means of the Greeks, the whole world owes to it,—in contrast with its present stillness and repose, perfectly harmonized with the melancholy cast of my mind, and the solemn reflections to which it was disposed, at my first coming to Athens ; and which formed a strong contrast with the sprightliness

and gayety of the Athenians. Little concerned about them, and all their trifling pursuits, now they had nothing of importance any longer to do, I secluded myself almost from all society, confined my walks to the most solitary places, visited the Ceramicus, the academy, the Pœt-zile, and the Lyceum only soon after day-break, or during the lonely hours of night, when no one else was to be seen abroad. In short, instead of living like other people in actual Athens, I rather, like a departed spirit, roamed about the sepulchre of the great and glorious Athens, which was now no more.

The schools of the philosophers had at that time no one to produce, who had remarkably raised himself above the common level of mankind. Even among those who paraded in the garb of the pythagoreans and platonists, I found none to whom I felt myself in the smallest degree attracted. As the city, notwithstanding

standing its magnitude, was but moderately peopled, as thou knowest, and the Athenians had all possible leisure for meddling with every thing that did not concern them : so, for some time, I furnished employment for their attention and their wit, and they were by no means sparing of their raillery and their epigrams, especially as they thought my mode of life very ridiculously unsuitable to my youth and figure. However, I took no notice of their remarks, but still followed my own humour, and, some weeks afterwards having hired a country house in a spot bordering on the town ; I soon ceased to be any thing novel or strange to them : I slipped, as it were out of their sight, and nobody troubled himself any more about me, till a little adventure, which did not escape the notice of thy anonymous orator at Elea, but which he just as much distorted as he did the amour with Callippe, brought me,

me, though in a very disagreeable manner, back to their observation.

Walking once in a wood at the foot of Pentelicus, by chance I met with a lad of about fourteen or fifteen years of age, who had picked up a bundle of dry sticks and was binding them into a faggot, the simplicity of whose appearance attracted my attention. I entered into a little conversation with him, during which I could not but admire the ingenuousness and vivacity of his answers. All at once I was struck with the anecdote of the first acquaintance of Socrates with just such another lad in one of the narrow streets of Athens, and who, under the guidance of the philosopher and his genius, became, from this boy, the celebrated Xenophon. My young forester seemed to me to give tokens of a no less happy disposition; I determined to do by him as Socrates had acted with the youthful Xenophon; but unhappily forgot

got that Socrates was at that time a man of at least fifty years, and I could scarcely reckon twenty. The purity of my soul and the innocence of my design made me not advert to this difference; and it as little struck me,—me, who never took into consideration the judgments of others—that they could find the smallest particle of any thing blameable in my good-will towards this poor boy, any more than if I had brought home a bird from the forest for the sake of teaching him to sing. I was still firmly attached, though my little experiment with the beautiful Callippe might have made me a little more circumspect on this article, to the platonic belief, that the outward beauty was only a reverberation of that within; and my vigorous imagination foresaw in my young Xenophon perhaps a future Pythagoras the second, or another Apollonius, without once dreaming of its being possible that he might also prove an Alcibiades or a Nicias. But, besides
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the service I hoped to do mankind, by the cultivation of so fine a plant, I had likewise the particular view of bringing him up to be my future assistant in the mysteries of the sublime science of magic, which was then the great object of my thoughts and wishes, and to which I regarded the pythagorean and platonic philosophy, to which I had for some time sedulously applied, as a main preparative. The figure and the presumed innocence of the young Gabrias, were very material qualities to my purpose, as his ignorance was no impediment to it. For, the purer I found his mind from artificial ideas and false knowledge, the more susceptible was it of the ideas to which I hoped by degrees to raise it.

The attachment which the lad seemed to have for me almost from the very first, grew up by insensible degrees to such a pitch, that he begged of me to treat him like a person spontaneously and entirely

entirely devoted to me. After this he continued with me several weeks at my villa above mentioned. In the mean time I found every day more and more reason to doubt whether my expectations from the natural talents of the young Gabrias had not been too hastily formed. His vivacity was connected with a levity and a disposition to self-confidence and to sensuality, which rendered him, of all men, the most unfit for being initiated into the mysteries of a philosophy, the first degree whereof is the purifying of the soul from all animal propensities. As soon as I was thoroughly convinced of this, all desire of farther intercourse with him immediately vanished. Had I formed no other design than to fit him for being a worthy citizen of Athens, my aim even then would have been entirely defeated; he might indeed have become what his countrymen call a very companionable man; for he was the most agreeable ratter

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ler in the world, had wit and abounded in droll conceits, could make whatever was ridiculous in a person or subject apparent and striking to the most careless observer, and possessed the talent of mimicking the voice, the gait, the mien, and the several particularities of others to an unusual degree: but for my purposes he was utterly unimproveable, and I made it my endeavour to rid myself of him, as soon as I could. However by two or three officious and obliging turns, and by renewed instances of affection, the semblances whereof he knew how to put on to admiration, I was induced to continue him yet a while at my house: till at length his behaviour (which to any one less unexperienced than myself must have been suspicious long ere this) left me no manner of doubt that he had been as much deceived in me as I was in him. He was turned out of doors that very day; but likewise on that very day came an old shabbily dressed, ill-favoured

voured man, and announcing himself to be the father of the young Gabrias, with heavy complaints against me as the corrupter of his son, the most harmless child in the world, till he fell into my hands, demanded satisfaction of me; or in case I refused it him, he threatened to prefer his complaints to the Areopagus that same evening. I quickly perceived that the man was come, not to accept of protestations of the innocency and generosity of my views in regard to the lad, but to get the fingering of my money; and all the firmness I opposed to his idle talk was rendered of no avail by his telling me that Gabrias was ready to swear to his charge of violence against me. Infamous as these people were, yet I was a stranger destitute of friends, and might lay my account in having against me all Athens, and especially the whole tribe of philosophers, who had imbibed false notions of me. But, independently of
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all these regards, I would have freely relinquished my whole fortune rather than be brought before the judges on such a scandalous affair. Accordingly I submitted to pay the old scoundrel the sum he demanded, and which in fact was no trifle, as I would have submitted to ransom my life or my liberty from the hands of a ruffian. This disaster, which burst upon me like a flash of lightning in a clear sky, interrupted the darling pursuit of my soul in a manner that was highly disagreeable and painful; the reflection on what sort of people had now my good name in their power, made a longer residence at Athens impossible; I could neither retire speedily nor far enough from men who were so little capable of promoting my design, and amongst whom an honest man was exposed to such villainous contrivances. In short, I packed up all my things, and on the third day after this detested transac-

transaction, I put myself on board of a ship that was ready to sail for Smyrna.

LUCIAN.

What thou didst for ridding thyself of this horrid crew, is what I, and probably any other man in thy place, would have done; yet perhaps few would so simply have been drawn into such a scrape as thou wert. The author of the God of Love, to which I must as innocently submit to be the father, would have said, that thou deservedst thy punishment by thy innocence: but in my opinion, thou deservedst it by the imprudence of entering into a sudden intimacy with a raw athenian lad, though handsomer than Ganymede or Adonis, of whom, and of whose connections thou hadst no previous information; which must naturally have raised much curiosity about thee; especially as thou wert under the imputation of affecting singularity, and despising the best company that was to be met with perhaps in the whole

whole world; for the Athenians of
time, were held in this estimation
I think not without reason. Beside
is very possible, that the old man
not be altogether in the wrong in
plainly that thou hadst seduced his

PEREGRINE.

How so?

LUCIAN.

The lad, when thou first foundest
in the wood, might really have been
innocent and simple as he appears
to be; and, but for the familiarity
which he was accosted by thee,
long have continued so. It is probable
that, on his returning home, he received
what kind of encouragements he had
received from a fine foreign gentleman
whom he had met in the forest. His father
a needy man, of a gross way of thinking
and, where money was in view,
delicate conscience about the means
of gaining it, made his own commerce

on what he heard. It is natural to imagine that he had not the least notion of so sentimental and disinterested an affection for a handsome boy or girl, as thine; he probably made enquiries concerning thee, learnt that something might be made of this foreign gentleman, laid his little plot accordingly, as this or the other accident should favour it, and tutored the lad in what manner he ought to behave. The hope of any lucrative advantage is an irresistible temptation to people of this stamp; and therefore, with all thy innocence, thou wouldest be considered and treated as the seducer of the young Gabrias.

PEREGRINE.

In this sense, certainly; and if the inspiring him with more generous and noble sentiments than he had been brought up to understand, was seduction, then doubtless I was so far to blame. But the wise Socrates himself,
accord-

according to the indubitable testimony of the beautiful Alcibiades, which he delivered in the presence of a large company, was not more pure from any just imputation concerning him, than I was concerning the young Gabrias; though I may confidently affirm that the famous favourite of Hadrian could scarcely have disputed with him the advantage of personal form. Had it not been for the general opinion on the singularity of my manners, and had I more conformed to the ways of the world, every thing would have gone on in the usual train; and thy Anonymus at Elea would probably have had one piece of slander less to produce against me. However, I paid for my virtue three thousand drachmas, and got a wound in my honour, of which I retained the scar to the day of my death.

LUCIAN.

Thy virtue, and—thy want of prudence, I beg thee to add. He who,
without

without submitting himself to the laws of the latter, which is the grand virtue of social life, is guided in his conduct towards others merely by the dictates of his heart, and a wild imagination, is ever in danger of making simular experiments.

PEREGRINE.

This prudence was never indeed my virtue ; by her alone my whole life would have borne another aspect, all the strange adventures that have been interwoven in it, would never have happened, and Peregrine—

LUCIAN.

—In one word, would not have been Peregrine ; which, according to the eternal decree of the great Pepromene, or, if thou rather chuse to say so, by means of the nature of things, was as little possible, as that Lucian should have accidentally been reduced to the necessity of jumping out of the window of
the

the old senator Menecrates, or of paying three thousand drachmas to an Athenian cut-purse for providing his son with a decent home.

PEREGRINE.

I should now proceed in my apology if it can be called by that name, till the death of my father, and my connection with the christians. But a number of years had elapsed between these events and my abode at Athens. Shall I pass them over? or hast thou patience enough left to hear me relate some stories that filled up this interval, and perhaps are not indifferent to the better survey of my whole life, though thy Anonymus was not sufficiently informed to say anything about them.

LUCIAN.

Without designing to pay thee a compliment, thou hast rendered thy narrative so interesting to me by what thou hast already related that I can think no circumstances

cumstance indifferent that throws a stronger light on thy character, or shews it on another side, and tends to make more comprehensible to my mind, what I found ambiguous, mysterious and ill-connected in thy life.

PEREGRINE.

Then prepare thyself for a very extraordinary history! But ere I enter on it, it will be necessary to say a word or two more on the inward frame wherein I was when I took the resolution of passing over into Asia.

Since the dæmon of love, whom the augurers Diotima revealed to Socrates, had brought me to the discovery, that I myself was an embodied dæmon of this kind, nothing seemed more natural to me than the desire of getting as complete a knowledge as possible of my-

self and the beings of my species, as we as of the higher orders to which my nature was related; the only knowledge I held to be worthy of my understanding, as led me directly to the eudæmony, that exalted spiritual bliss, which nothing earthly can bestow or take away, and to strive after which was my inherent prerogative. And what else could this eudæmony be, but to live the life of a dæmon, to have intercourse with dæmons and deities, and to attain from one degree of the beautiful to another quite up to the vision and enjoyment of that supreme original beauty, the celestial Venus, which is the source and centre of all beauty and perfection?

In the mean time, the grand question always was: how, by what means, and in what way, this was to be effected and, as there might be more ways than one, which was the nearest and the shortest

shortest? As it now appeared to me an established fact, that Pythagoras, among the antients, and Apollonius among the moderns, had actually arrived at this sublime eudæmony, and perhaps to the supreme degree of it: my first care then was to make myself as well acquainted with these as possible by my own research into the writings they had left, and by familiar converse with persons, who were actually initiated into the mysteries of their wisdom. The hope of finding at least one of this class at Athens, was entirely frustrated; the few pythagoreans there, whom I saw and heard, appeared to be people who contented themselves with the outward forms of their order, and with pretensions which they neither knew how nor cared to realise. Accordingly I was necessitated to adopt the solitary mode of life which appeared so ridiculous to the dissipated Athenians, and confine myself to my own researches,

and to the purifications and exercises of the soul which were the natural preparative to the higher degrees I was so ardently desirous to attain.

LUCIAN.

And, in all Athens, good Peregrine, was there no honest Glycerion to be found, who could do thee the kindness to free thee radically and at once from all this nonsense? For, as far as I can perceive, thou wast only in want of this remedy.

PEREGRINE.

For calling in the aid of a physician, we must first be convinced that we are sick, and from this opinion I was as far as one side of the horizon is from the other. On the way of temperance that I pursued, one meets with no Glycerion,
and

and if I had, I should have fled from her
as it had been an empuse.

LUCIAN.

Tell me but this one thing: as thou wert concentrating thy whole existence in an eudæmony which was to bring thee into fellowship with dæmons and deities, did no doubt ever enter thy mind about the reality of these wonderful beings? Didst thou never ask thyself: How know I that there be dæmons and deities?

PEREGRINE.

Never in all my life; no more than it ever occurred to me, to ask myself whether there be a sun in the universe?

LUCIAN.

But that there is a sun thou sawest—

PEREGRINE.

With my bodily eyes; but not more assuredly than the god of the sun with the eyes of my mind.

LUCIAN, *shaking his head a little.*

Then proceed, friend Peregrine.

PEREGRINE.

It seems, dear Lucian, that a man must know from his own experience what it is to have his soul replenished with pure abstract ideas of beauty and perfection; what inward repose, what freedom and dignity it gives, to look down with contempt on all the objects of the wishes and passions of mankind, to feel one's own superior nature, in the midst of all the hurry and bustle of these grovelling beings; and, while they are striving to
affuage

affuage an insatiable hunger with animal and unsubstantial gratifications, to pasture on the pure ambrosia of the gods, on beauty, harmony and perfection; in short, while in the shell of the gross sensible world, to live in a luminous and boundless world of spirits and ideas,—apparently, I say, one must know from experience what sort of an existence this is, or thou wouldst not find me so pitiable in this condition, as thou seemest to do. But shouldst thou not at least have experienced this, that there are dreams which make us happier than we ever are awake, and which, even after we are awake, we always recollect with pleasure?

LUCIAN.

Dreams?—By all means! And how went on the voyage to Smyrna? You had fair winds and good weather?

PEREGRINE, *smiling.*

Very good. We arrived happily at Smyrna, and my genius so much befriended me, that, in a few days time I made the acquaintance of a hoary headed old man of the name of Menippus, who was none of the most inconsiderable men of the city, and in his youth had been in habits of intimacy with the philosopher of whom I was so curious to have a more accurate knowledge, that is, with the great Apollonius.

LUCIAN.

How? Surely not the Menippus, of whom the crazy Damis, in his travels of Apollonius, relates the most insipid of all gossiping stories, the story of the empuse or lamia, which, for making this Menippus fall in love with it, assumed the form of a beautiful woman of Phœnicia,

nicia, built a magnificent house, and pushed the matter between her and her hoodwinked lover so far, as to make a wedding of it; when, on the entrance of the dear wonder-worker Apollonius, who came quite unexpected to the nuptial feast, he caused the whole enchanted banquet, with all the gold and silver vessels, and all the servants, to vanish away, and compelled the poor bride, in tears and trembling and chattering of teeth, to confess, that she was one of those spectres with which nurses used to threaten their froward children, and that had attracted the good-natured Menippus to her only for the sake of making him fine and fat, and then eating him up alive, as she, and the other lamias, her sisters, were great lovers of young well-fed men, because they had such pure blood? Was it the same?

PEREGRINE.

The very fame, Lucian; though he related the story with the lamia, as thou mayst well suppose, somewhat differently. The pretended spectre was neither more nor less than an outlandish Hetæreè, who, for many years that she had lived at Corinth under the name of a phœnician lady, had drawn young people to her, and in one way or another, or probably both at once, had so well drained them, that no bodily empuse could have done it better. Menippus, who then dwelt at Corinth, and was a stout, well set, athletic young man, had thus been taken in the nets of this beautiful man-eater; and Apollonius, who had seen him but a few weeks before in the full bloom of health and vigour, needed neither to be a prophet nor a demigod, for observing at first sight the havoc the Phœnician had made in
the

roses of his cheeks. He, without
 any trouble, brought the young man,
 who was strongly attached to him, to
 confession; and obtained the promise
 from Menippus that he would immedi-
 ately renounce so dangerous a connec-
 tion. But the Phœnician was not will-
 ing to be deprived of a lover, of whose
 consequence no one was better able to
 judge than herself. She had really con-
 ceded a violent passion for him; and as
 she was already far advanced beyond her
 prime, and was forced to borrow a great
 part of her charms from art, she deter-
 mined, since no other means were left,
 to bind Menippus to her by the surren-
 der of her hand and of the wealth she
 acquired at the expence of her lo-

He fell in with the proposal in a
 moment of weakness. The Phœnician
 prepared a magnificent wedding, and on
 that occasion made a display of all her gold
 and silver beakers and goblets, some of

which were fet with precious stones, f
the fake of kindling a more lively gra
tude in the breast of her favourite,
the greatness of his good fortune. .
went on according to her wishes: w
Apollonius, who was instructed of
whole affair, suddenly appeared, and
an end to the nuptial festivity. W
enabled this extraordinary man to p
form the most of his miracles, said M
nippus, was the majestic height :
beauty of his figure, and the magic
his eloquence, which by the importa
he had acquired, and the tone of
voice, possessed a captivating force ;
short, an exterior which he had the ar
managing so as even to command a cert
reverence from kings and from the em
peror Domitian himself. Where is the w
der, that a creature conscious of so m
guilt, should be struck to the earth
the unexpected presence and the sud
address of so celebrated a man, who c

led her a lamia, and said he was come for the purpose of delivering his friend from her claws? The banquet, the gold and silver and the servants, vanished indeed; but of their own accord. The amazed Phœnician fell at the feet of Apollonius: but what impression could she make by her prayers and tears on a person like him? He carried on the comparison of her character and the life she had hitherto led with what is fabled of the lamias, or empuses, without the least abatement, and in terms of such energy, that the poor woman became almost doubtful whether she was not in reality a lamia,—and concluded by taking the terrified and ashamed Menippus by the arm, with all the authority he had gained over his young friend, and leading him away; at the same time laying his orders on the allegorical lamia immediately to vanish out of Corinth, adding many very emphatical menaces if
ever

ever she should again by her stratagems impose upon his friend.

LUCIAN.

This is the way in which I have always thought of the story; and the case is the same with all the rest of the tales of the babylonian Damis; where it is very easy to distinguish what is natural and true from the marvellous on which he strove to support them, according to the genius of his country.

PEREGRINE.

The old Menippus related to me a multitude of similar anecdotes, whereon the shield-bearer Damis and others of his cast, grounded their faith that Apollonius was at least a demigod, if not a complete incarnate deity; but which, according to his opinion, proved nothing farther than

than that he was a man of a genius and character uncommonly great,—and thereby proved a great deal. It is natural, said he, that ordinary people should hold such an one for more than a man, who is the utmost that a man can be, and therefore so far exalted above them, as to make them giddy when they look up to him. We had frequent disputes on this subject; for I could not give up the agreeable illusion of holding Apollonius, for one of the most shining instances of an embodied dæmon, without a general renunciation of my whole ideal system; and Menippus, either because he had made this observation, or because he was not strongly wedded to his opinions, was content in our controversies on these matters, to retreat, with an incredulous *perhaps*, into the Socratical ignorance.

I asked him once, how it happened, that a philosopher of so extraordinary a
stamp

stamp as Apollonius, had left behind him no disciples worthy of him, and that this Pythagoras, returned for the second, or perhaps for the third time into the world, had operated so little on the pythagoreans of our days? Menippus seemed to consider this as a confirmation and natural consequence of his notion of the person of Apollonius. An uncommonly great man, said he, has on that account a number of stupid admirers, superstitious adorers, childish imitators, and mechanical repeaters of his words; but has no sons and inheritors of his intellect, his natural endowments and his venerable character. However, if we may give credit to a report that has been current for some time, there was in the region of Halicarnassus, a sort of prophets or female magian, who formed an exception to this. People speak diversly of what she is, or really pretend.

Some

e affirm her to be an ægyptian or a priestess; according to others is nothing less than the erythræan, who after having disappeared for thousand years, makes her entrance to light; but the generality hold to be a daughter of Apollonius, in she is said greatly to resemble: for paying greater honour to her than, assign her I know not what god or nymph for her mother, on whom he begot her, after his vanishing from the sight of mortals, in one of fortunate islands to which he had fled without dying. In short, this Protea, as she calls herself, is a very serious person: but all reports agree nothing either past or future is known to her, that she converses with the gods, has performed many marvellous cures, and, to sum up all, the capacity of performing things wholly incomprehensible. If my advanced

vanced age, continued he, had not fixed me to Smyrna, I myself would have made the journey to Halicarnassus, for getting acquainted with this wonderful person, and for seeing whether she be really so like to Apollonius, whose image no time will ever efface from my memory, as is generally reported. Hast thou no statue or bust of him? interrogated I. More than one, answered he; and he led me directly into a musæum, where he shewed me, among other busts of great personages, several that were made to represent Apollonius, on each of which, however, he had a great deal to say. That which he declared to be the most like, I imprinted deeply on my mind, and resolved within myself (though without giving him the least hint of it); that the moon should not twice complete her change, ere I would be convinced by my own eyes of the truth of the matter.

I made

made the journey from Smyrna to Icar-nassus by land ; and, with such success, that I did not stop long enough at Icar-nassus to see the temple of Diana, which at any other time I would have taken a great journey on purpose. The nearer I drew to the end of my expedition, the more frequently I heard mention of the wife Theoclea, or Apollonia, as many chose to call her. They related extraordinary, and, according to common opinion, extravagant things of her oracles and miracles, of her solitary recess in a grove sacred to Venus Urania, of her dwelling cut out of a rock, in which no man was allowed to set his foot, and where she was attended by invisible spirits, and how ill it fared with careless and daring persons, who from curiosity or some criminal design, would presume without permission, to penetrate into her mysterious abode. All I had only served to increase my avidity,

dity, to become as much acquainted as possible with this daughter of Apollonius, as I was inclined to suppose her, unknown and unseen. I was particularly delighted with the idea of the sacred grove of Venus Urania, wherein she dwelt: as I thence concluded that she must stand in immediate connexion with that divinity, to attain to whose blessed vision had already so long been the ultimate aim of all my endeavours. The only difficulty was, how I should gain admittance to her; as my being a stranger, my sex, and my youth, were no small obstacles to my wishes. After revolving the matter over and over in my mind, the most eligible method, that appeared to me, was to present my request in writing. Concealing my name, I made her, in few, but strong lines, a picture of myself; intimated to her that I had an unbounded and unconquerable desire of being initiated in the mysteries

ric of the most sublime and sacred
 magism, inasmuch as I believed I had
 brought myself into a state of preparation
 for it ; and, the more probably to gain
 her consent, I added (as I might in
 simple truth) that I had already many
 years ago made a solemn vow to the ce-
 estial Venus, as the eternal source and
 fullness of the sovereign and immar-
 issible beauty, to keep myself pure
 from all earthly love and every sensual
 gratification, and to preserve my soul
 as well as my body in un sullied inno-
 cence for her sake, to whom I had de-
 voted myself without reserve. All this
 being previously transmitted, I proposed
 to her these two questions : Whether my
 request was agreeable to the goddess?
 and, in that case, what I had farther to
 do ?

At a distance of some forty or fifty
 paces from the rocky recess where The-
 oclea

oclea had fixed her abode, it rounded by a high and thick wild myrtles, through which but one opening, the gate which always locked. Before this large sphinx of white marble open mouth of which the prophet wont to put a paper containing had to deliver, touching matters she was interrogated or consulted but briefly expressed. But answers or her counsels were given fee or reward, the permission plying to her by this means was to one single hour of a certain every week, and the audience solely on the will of the goddess and her priests. Neither might conscious of any misdeed or by which he was likely to incur pleasure of the goddess, presuming over the moat which separated the inclosure from the rest of the fo

therefore it was customary to employ a lad of ten or eleven years old, to put the letter or the billet, into the mouth of the sphinx.

I had caused a tent to be pitched for me on the outside of the moat, to which an old servant who travelled with me was to bring me such necessaries as I wanted. But from the moment I had conveyed my letter to Theoclea, I past the whole day within the grove, the awful gloom and silence of which was completely adapted to promote the abstraction from the world, or the pythagorean death, by which I must pass into the dæmonic life, and expand my mind to the heavenly light, wherein I was assured of the immediate vision of divine objects. An innumerable quantity of snow-white doves seemed the only inhabitants of this sacred grove; their colour the symbol of purity, as their gentle cooing

cooing (the only sound that disturbs the awful silence of the place) was to me a type of the longing desire of the soul to unite with the sovereign beauty. The season of the year, for it was the beginning of summer, the serene sky of this delightful country, to which few in the world can be compared, the heat tempered by the most agreeable breeze impregnated with odours, all conspired to cast a youth of twenty, so curiously framed as I was, into the kind of reverie, when during the slumber of the senses, which the fluttering of a butterfly can rouse, the magic sports of the rapid imagination become real vision, and the slightest presentiment of the soul is actual sensation; when, in the transient glances of every succeeding moment we see and hear what no tongue can describe, no Apelles can paint, no numbering of the muses put into numbers, - and what we experience in these incomprehensible

prehensible moments, makes it impossible for us, perhaps, during the whole of our life, to find room for the thought, that all this may have been illusion.

LUCIAN.

The divine Theoclea, or Apollonia (if thou rather chuse) could not certainly have wished for a happier disposition in her future scholar.

PEREGRINE.

After having in this manner dreamed through the greater part of the day and night, I at length fell into a delicious languor under a cluster of laurels in the midst of the grove; on awaking from which, I found the answer of the daughter of Apollonius lying on my breast. Not having named myself in my letter, and being scarcely known to one person

in all Caria, how great was my astonishment at perceiving the superscription: To Peregrinus Proteus of Parium! It could only be exceeded by the transport into which I was thrown by the contents. " My request was acceptable to " the goddess; and before the next day, " in the first hour after midnight, I " should not fail to be within the gate " which led to the innermost recess of " the sacred grove."

To thee, dear Lucian, I leave the description of what now passed within me till the solemn first hour after midnight came. Thou already knowest thy man, as well as a spirit of thy class is capable of knowing him. And moreover, I have still so many and such curious matters to relate, till the moment of my being blown up, as thy Anonymus thought fit to call it, that I must study brevity as much as possible, whenever it
can

can be used without detriment to the subject.

LUCIAN.

At least thou mayst lay thy account in having a willing and grateful auditor Peregrine. So long as thou shalt entertain and insensibly raise my attention, as thou hast hitherto done, I shall never find thy narrative too circumstantial.

PEREGRINE.

After having thrice bathed in the sacred fount, that trickled from the bosom of a rock in the grove, and put on a snow white robe that never had been worn before, I repaired to the appointed place; and, with palpitating heart, stood waiting till the gate should open. At length it opened, and immediately shut again behind me; I found myself be-

tween two myrtle hedges, higher than myself, in a very long walk that led to a thicket of rose trees, where most beautiful roses I had ever beheld stood in infinite multitude and end variety of forms upon the finely interwoven shrubs, which shot upwards high branches, all in full bloom ; ; in the brightness of the moon, which was near the full, by the most pleasing mixture of light and shade, and blending of strong rays with deep shadows, wrought upon my mind an almost fascinating effect. I seemed caught into the sphere assigned to the deity of beauty and love as her peculiar abode. The brilliancy of the scene around me to me the reflection of her smiles ; and the air I inhaled, the rosy breath of her celestial mouth. The blissful sentiment that was transfused through all my frame excluded every thought of fear ; I seem to have put off this mortal shell ; to

no longer encumbered with a body; I felt myself pure spirit; and never till now, had I been conscious in so lively and intimate a manner of my dæmonical nature. In this state I was roaming or rather gliding about amongst these enchanting rose-bushes, when, with slow and solemn step, a reverend form drew towards me, in which, as it approached (whether by illusion or reality) I ever more and more discovered the most striking likeness to the picture of Apollonius, and the accurate delineation made to me of him by the aged Menippus. It was a female, of tall and slender make, and of a delicate form; to appearance about midway between thirty and forty; of a beautiful countenance, which shewed just so much of the feminine, as was requisite for making agreeable the gravity of her noble, but almost manly features. She wore a long white flowing tunic, fastened below her bosom by a

broad sparkling girdle, over a vest celestial blue, bespangled with silver fil the white sleeves whereof reached way down her arms. Her black t bound about the forehead with a w sacerdotal fillet, flowed in long tr on her shoulders, and down her back stood fixt, as she slowly approached with grace and dignity; and, on her f ping short at the distance of three four paces, I accosted her with reve tial awe, and said, that I could ha be mistaken, if I thought I reverer her, the daughter of the great Apo nius, and the inheretrix of his exa wisdom; who I myself was, there no necessity for declaring to one who already known me while yet unseen, an utter stranger in the country. returned: "I should not be more a "nished, if you told me that in the "night of my arrival at Halicarnat "Apollonius had appeared to you "dre

“ dream, had made you acquainted with
“ the purport of my voyage, and di-
“ rected you to lend your aid to the ac-
“ complishment of my wishes.”—I own
that my vanity was not a little flattered
by this opening; as it certified me of
the truth of my opinion of myself and
of all my darling ideas, and I seemed
now, with my loftiest pretensions, to be
striving after nothing but what I was au-
thorised, as it were, to claim as my birth-
right.

Theoclea hereupon conducted me out
of the thicket of roses into a walk that
was planted on each side with a row of
lofty orange trees, and up a gently ris-
ing hill, which led to a marble temple.
We sat down upon a bench in the outer
colonnade; and though she spake but lit-
tle, she had the address to lead me to
relate circumstantially the whole history
of my life. Immediately as I had finish-

the hand, led me down the hill
the hill, along a winding path
through the bushes; and, while,
gentle pressure of the hand, she
me that I should soon hear from
again, I unexpectedly found myself
the very gate through which I had
tered. It opened, as before, of
Theoclea was vanished; the gate, as
as I had stepped over the threshold
behind me of its own accord;
found myself, in the condition of
that awakes from a delightful dream
the outside of the inclosure of the

LUCIAN.

PEREGRINE.

Thou wilt not find thyself deceived, if, from such a beginning, thou expectest to hear of no ordinary matters. The sun had completed half his course, when, after taking a slight repast, amid the agreeable confusion of reflections, surmises and visionary prospects which the adventure of the preceding night had either left or excited in my mind, I fell into a gentle kind of slumber, from which I did not awake till he was already set. On opening my eyes, I beheld a naked boy before me, of nine or ten years old, whose beauty appeared to me more than human. He was crowned with a wreath of roses, held a stalk of lilies in his hand (which reminded me of Anacreon's Cupid), and, with the charming smile of innocence, gave me a silent wink to follow him. He went before, and conducted me along a winding way, amidst

luxuriant shrubs and plants to which was a perfect stranger, till we came an artificial path, ascending, in a serpentine form, to the foot of a rock. At once we stood at the entrance of a high vaulted grotto, which was lightened only by one solitary lamp; as we advanced in its caverns, grew low and narrower at every step. My li- guide now opened a door; and I found myself in a vestibule finely adorned with marble, through the inner aperture whereof I saw a little table covered, a spacious apartment illuminated with great magnificence.

While I was looking round for my- nished conductor, I beheld the daughter of Apollonius advancing towards me. Thou art too well recommended to Proteus, (said she, with a gentle smile that agreeably brightened her countenance, and gave an inviting grace to her serious)

seriousness of her aspect), to admit of my regarding thee otherwise than as a guest provided me by Apollonius. And then taking me by the hand, she led me to a gilded chair of state, where she seated me opposite to her at the little table. Her dress was more simple and airy than the day before, but put on with a noble and becoming ease; and, with the priestly fillet about her brows, she had the appearance of a vestal in her domestic habit. The little table was set out with taste, the refreshments of which the rural banquet was composed were exquisite; and a young nymph, with the modest beauty of an unexpanded rose-bud, was the only attendant. While I was doing honour to the delicious repast of my bountiful hostess, with all the eagerness of appetite to be expected of a person of my age, who had made but very slender meals for several days, she talked to me of my journey, of the beauties of the city of Smyrna,

and of the temple of Diana at Ephesus; and it seemed to meet her approbation, that, from the pure avidity of being speedily at Halicarnassus, I had allowed myself no time for surveying this wonder of the world. When the table was removed, she poured a sort of wine into a golden goblet, made a libation to the goddess; and, having again replenished the cup, we drank to each other the common convivial and friendly salutations, in a wine that could only yield to the nectar of the gods. At length we rose up; and, while the young nymph was serving us with water, for washing our hands, in a golden ewer, the table vanished from my sight without my perceiving whither it went. One reflection, which I did not make till a long while afterwards, was, that Theoclea, at this and the like marvellous events, which distinguished her dwelling from the habitation of ordinary mortals, looked

Ed exactly as if nothing could be more usual than these things, and that she seemed as little to observe the slight surprise they occasioned in me. Soon after we had arisen from table, she opened a door that led to a small terrace, which gave a view over a part of the extensive wilderness; and farther, through an opening in the forest, a prospect to the sea as it were into the immensity of space. Here we sat upon the fragrant sod; and the young nymph brought her a lute. Theoclea played some soft melodious airs, and ended with a hymn to Venus Urania that dissolved my soul in sacred transports; I thought I heard the lofty strains of Theano, or her daughter Myia, singing heavenly repose to the silently listening Pythagoras and his friends. After this pythagoric preparative to the slumbers of the gods, she returned the lute, conducted me into a small bed-chamber, but faintly enlightened

lightened by the rays of the moon, had been prepared on purpose for, wished me, with great solemnity and respect, a sound and salutary repose; then retired.

What will perhaps appear to thee surprizing than all this fairy tale, is I regarded it, as I said before, with astonishment or surprize, as some that did not exceed my expectation short, as the most natural and regular of occurrences that could be. An effect it had upon me, was, to make certain, under the sanction, as it were, of all my senses, that I was actually the daughter of Apollonius, the instructor of his wisdom and his transcendental mysteries. This presupposed, that every thing have happened still more extraordinarily, yet I should not, for a moment, have been astonished at it. My imagination had been familiar with the species of the marvellous from my

liest youth ; and, what in the common course of things is called wonderful, was in my mind, perfectly natural in the superior sphere to which Theoclea belonged. Accordingly, I resigned myself with the most serene complacency to the joy I felt at a reception that went beyond what I had reason to expect, and lulled myself in hopes, which the god of dreams himself, with all his boundless power, could never have exceeded.

On my waking with the dawn of day, the first object that struck my eyes, was a remarkably fine picture, which in a magnificent frame of gilt carving, entirely filled one side of my apartment. It represented Venus and Adonis ; the former, in that instant, when surrounded by a rosy-coloured cloud, she was stepping from her swan-yoked car, upon a mount in the idalian forest ; while one of the graces held the reins, the two others, who,
with

with the goddess, formed the loveliest group imaginable, assisted her in descending from the car : the latter, as lying at her feet, looking up to her with the warmest expression of adoring love, in an attitude as though he would extend his arms towards her ; but, in the midst of his emotion, was restrained by a sacred awe.

I attempt not to describe the emotions produced through my whole frame by this unexpected scene ; a picture which placed before my eyes the state of my soul in so lively a manner. Let it suffice, that this picture employed me for several hours, so much the more agreeably, as I considered it as a pledge, that I was now approximating the ultimate scope of my wishes. Yet, great and captivating as the beauty of the goddess at first appeared, it insensibly faded by such frequent and repeated contemplation, till
at

at last it seemed to fall far short of the abstract idea I bore in my soul: not as though I could really image to myself more beautiful forms, or, on the whole, a more perfect picture; but because it was deficient in that glory wherein I conceived her to be enshrined; that ineffable, divine, and celestial radiance, so far beyond the art of colours to express,—or because the painted image had not the entire effect upon me, which I expected from a revelation of the deity herself. I at length then turned away in dissatisfaction from the picture which at first I could not frequently and steadily enough contemplate, but returned to it from time to time, by way of feeding the reflections on what Adonis must have felt while gazing on the present deity, since the mere coloured lineaments of the figure, that a painter was able to represent of her, contained such numberless attractions, and breathed such resistless love.

LUCIAN.

How much, good Peregrine, does thy example tend to establish that great truth, that it is not the things themselves, but our individually determined conceptions of them, which produce on us the effect that we ascribe to the things themselves, from the incessant interchanges we make of them with our mental representations.

PEREGRINE.

I was this morning to be surpris'd in more than one way. For, while examining a variety of fine pieces of workmanship wherewith this apartment was furnished, I descried, on a little corner-table of carved ebony, an ivory casket ornamented with gold, with the key of the same metal remaining in the lock. Regarding this as a permission to open it, I resolv'd to do so; and, o what joy! I found

found it to contain a roll of purple-coloured parchment, written throughout in letters of gold, and upon it this inscription: Apollonius the Tyanæan on Theophanies.* Thou wilt easily imagine, with what transports, and at the same time, with how much reverence and faith I seized the precious treasure; and with what avidity I began to read it. I had not, however, made much progress, when Theoclea sent to acquaint me, by the young nymph, that she was prevented from seeing me that morning; but that I might perhaps have found something that would sufficiently employ my leisure, concluding with the desire, that in all things, I would act just as if I were in my own house. Accordingly I clapped the parchment-roll into my bosom, and went with it to an arbour in the thicket of roses, which stood quite near to Theoclea's habitation in the rock. Here I had not long been seated before the
beautiful

* Apparitions of the Deities:

beautiful boy, who had been my conductor the preceding day, appeared, and set down a gold-wire basket, containing a delicious breakfast of fruits and bread, upon a marble table, and immediately disappeared from my sight, without uttering a word. I passed the whole morning in reading over and over again the manuscript I had found; which indeed in the metaphorical mystical language in which it was couched, did not add much to my stock of knowledge; but, on that very account, my desire to gain more light from it, was so much the keener. The noontide heats imperceptibly slipt away, during this delightful employment; and I resigned myself to a gentle slumber in which my fancy was indulged with extraordinary visions.

The violent heat of the day being over, my mute attendant presented himself again, to conduct me to a marble bath of admirable elegance; where, in
the

profoundest silence, he served me
 h every thing that can be wanted in
 h ; for with Theoclea all arrangements
 re marked with perfection. The day
 engh declining, she let me know that
 - expected me in the grot, where in a
 fultry season she customarily passed
 evenings. She received me with an
 pression of benevolence, that gradu-
 r brightened the sedateness of her
 ige. The book of Apollonius on
 eophanies soon became the subject of
 discourse ; and, on my answering her
 uestion, “ whether I had understood all
 hat it contained ? ” with a lengthened
 , she thence took occasion to throw as
 ch light, on what, as she said, must
 essarily be obscure to me, as I at that
 e was able to bear. She distinguished
 ophanies into two distinct species.
 e deities said she, have always become
 ble to persons, particularly favoured
 them : sometimes without any con-
 currence

currence on the part of the latter, from the mere impulse of their own free-bounty ; sometimes, however, at the instance of the man, and moved thereto by means within the reach of the theurgic magism. Not as though it did not at all times depend on the gods to communicate themselves more or less, or even not at all : but because it is possible for them to act upon the very propensions of their wills, and by the almighty force of love to compell them to a mutual return of love. In either case, however, it is impossible to attain to this communication otherwise than gradually, and by means whereby they themselves, in the very same proportion as we elevate ourselves to them, let themselves down to us. The most supreme and bountiful of the gods have therefore always shewn themselves in a human form, and solely hereon is the adoration grounded which we pay to their images, as the monuments of former
theo-

theophanies, and inasmuch as the gods in some degree made this figure their own. Not unfrequently have these images been made the channels of the extraordinary graces of the gods, according to the proportion of strength with which the soul by her stedfast contemplation, is able to abstract herself from all other images and reflections, and to render the invisible deity itself present and apprehensible, in one pure thought of the heart alone; and it has always been well to make use of these means whatever the consequences may be; which indeed ever depend on the sovereign will of the deity, but certainly very much on the frame and temper of the subject, and the energy of the sentiments whereby we mount up to them, and draw them down to us.

This theory, of which I here only give thee a hasty sketch, was so much the
more

more luminous to me, as it very well agreed with my own ideas, and served me as an authentic confirmation of them. Theoclea added many things besides, that gave me a high notion of her perceptions into the divine magism; and, among the rest spoke with contempt of certain methods by which numbers of pretended theurgi gave out that they could necessitate the deities to appear. Indeed it is not to be denied, said she, that there are, for example, certain choice odours that are agreeable to them; for they love the purest and most perfect in every kind: but to think of attracting them by the fumes of incense, or charms and incantations is a childish folly; and there will never be any other method of attracting them to us, than that whereby we ascend to them, namely, the most ardent aspirations of a soul purged from every other appetite and passion. Perhaps those pretended theurgi had heard that
the

the gods were wont to announce their presence at times by celestial odours or choral harmonies, or a superterrestrial light, and had thence without foundation, drawn the conclusion that they might be allured to descend by fumigations and epodes: it is always certain that the poetical magism, made use of such helps to the effecting of illusory theophanies and apparitions of spirits, and therefore the real theurgi abstained altogether from these equivocal means.

When she had left off speaking I intreated her very earnestly, no longer to exclude me, if she thought me not unworthy of entering it, from the sanctuary of the goddess; to the threshold whereof she had probably led me, at our first interview. She answered: that this temple was inaccessible to the profane; but to me, as was reasonable, it should be open that very night. Upon

this, she ordered our evening repast to be brought ; which, perfectly in the pythagorean style, consisted merely of some light meats, and selected fruits : neither drank we any thing with it but water, out of crystal beakers : but the purest, the lightest and freshest I had ever tasted. Supper being over, we heard at some distance, an extremely soft and cheering music from instruments and voices, without seeing whence it came. We seated ourselves on a bank in the thicket of roses, and hearkened a considerable time to the harmonious choir. At length it became weaker and weaker, till it seemed entirely to die away and be lost in air. Hearing it no longer, Theoclea rose up : It is now time, said she, to gratify the longings of thy soul !—Thou wilt see the sacred image of the goddesses ; and on her alone it depends, how much or how little, through this medium, she will permit thee to perceive of herself. From
this

this moment till the rising of the sun;
let holy silence seal our lips!

I bowed my head in testimony of gratitude and obedience, and we proceeded to the temple, along the walk of orange-trees, with slow and solemn steps. On our approach, we saw between the columns of the portal, on the right hand, three young nymphs in long white robes, and on the left three boys of twelve years old, dressed also in white, who waited our arrival. Theoclea shut the outer gate, and we found ourselves in a hall, facing the entrance to which was a golden door that led directly into the temple. On each side was an apartment appropriated to the attiring of the persons who were to enter the sacred fane. Theoclea retired, with the three nymphs, into one of these, and made signs to me to follow the boys into the other. Whatever was here transacted passed in silence. Before all

things I washed my face and hands. This done, they stripped off my upper garment, cloathed me in a flowing gown of glossy white silk, and girded me with a broad cincture of smooth golden tissue beset with the finest pearls. Being thus arrayed, they conducted me thence, made their obeissance before me with their arms folded over their breasts, and instantly disappeared. Presently also Theoclea came forth. Over a rose-coloured vest that reached only to her ankles, she had on a violet-purple robe, with long white sleeves; her fine thick hair flowed in elegant disorder upon her shoulders, and in the front of the sacerdotal fillet about her temples shone a star of citron-coloured jewels. In this attire she had herself almost the look of a goddess, and never yet had she appeared to me so beautiful and dazzling. The three nymphs presented themselves in a kind of ample tunics of white silk, with

with broad rose-coloured girdles; and their hair was tied up in golden bands, the ends of which on each side hung down to the knees. All four passed by me with their eyes bent downwards to the earth. Theoclea opened the inner gate of the temple with a golden key, entered it with her females, and fastened it after them. It was not long ere the gate opened again; when they all came forth, and slowly advanced towards me, each holding somewhat in her hand they had brought with them out of the temple. Theoclea placed on my brows a fillet similar to their own; one of the nymphs set a wreath of myrtle on my head, the second put a stalk of lilies in my right hand, and the third a branch of roses in my left. Hereupon, the priestesses touched each of my eyes with the three latter fingers of her right hand, made a sign to me to enter the temple, and closed the door behind me.

LUCIAN.

Truly, a great deal of ceremony; and more than sufficient for bringing these mysterious rites into suspicion! I am impatient to hear how it is all to end.

PEREGRINE.

Whatever was the purport of these solemnities, thus much is certain, that my heart beat evidently with redoubled throbs as I entered the temple. I made a pause near the door, and collected myself as well as I was able, while I looked round and admired the noble taste displayed in the internal architecture and decorations of the place, as far as I could perceive of it by the column of light that issued from the semi-circular recess where stood the goddess in a lofty and highly burnished shrine. Before her, somewhat inclining to the right side,
knelt

kneelt a marble Cupid, with a golden censor, shaped like the horn of Amalthea, whence issued the most delicious fragrance, with a lambent flame of uncommon brightness about the size of a pistachio nut, which darted a dazzling light upon the marble image of the goddess. The figure was considerably larger than any of the statues of Venus I had ever beheld, and united in my view the majesty of a goddess, with a beauty, that at the first glance effaced every thing that could be brought into comparison with it, and left nothing more perfect to be desired. An involuntary impulse threw me on the ground before it ; I adored in it the visible reverberation of the supreme intellectual beauty : and while I surveyed it, I felt my whole frame dissolve into the purest love. But I will not attempt to describe ineffable feelings, or illusions if thou wilt ; for, in fact, it even was illusion when at length,

though only for one moment, I thought I saw before me the goddess herself in the full blaze of her celestial glory.

LUCIAN, *smiling*.

That I could have well-nigh guessed. But what came of it all at last?

PEREGRINE.

In fine, I observed that the torch of Cupid, which was indispensably necessary to these mysteries, was extinguished in a few moments, and I withdrew just in time to find the door without the necessity of feeling about for it, after having laid aside my myrtle wreath, with the rose-branch and the stalk of lilies. I found before the door one of the boys, who took off my ceremonial habit; and I returned, with a new image in my soul, which, in a manner filled up its whole capacity;

capacity ; but, instead of being cold marble, was animated throughout with love ; which—

LUCIAN.

—kindled the cold marble in thee!

PEREGRINE, *after a short pause.*

My situation this night, was, whether waking or sleeping, one continued dream of my adorable goddess. One while I lay again in the temple prostrate at her feet ; now I was walking by her side through groves of amaranth ; then I found myself transported with her into the celestial sphere of undecaying beauty and immortal love ; and saw and heard unutterable things. This state of mind would, perhaps, with any other pass for complete decided frenzy : but with me it was so well prepared for by all that passed, was

so beautifully combined with my predominant ideas, and was so conformable to my whole mode of existence; that, in all my life I had never felt myself so chearful, so well, and so happy. In short, my condition, with all the extraordinary stretch of my fancy, was similar enough to that rapture in which every sentimental and yet uneneruated youth feels himself during the golden days of his first love, for being, in reality the most natural case in the world.

I spent a part of the ensuing morning with Theoclea in the little forest of roses. She told me, that henceforward I was at liberty to visit the temple as often as I would, without needing her presence or any particular ceremonies; to this end she would consign to me a peculiar key, that I might make free use of it; only with this restriction, that the temple must never be unlocked before the setting

setting of the sun, and must be locked again by the time of his rising. The goddess, added she, is well-pleas'd with the elevated purity of thy sentiments, which among mortals is next to a miracle; and I am much deceived, or thou art doomed to a lot, that but seldom is the portion of even the most fortunate among the sons of the fages, though it is not permitted me to say more to thee of it.

LUCIAN.

Aha! I see it coming—I thought how it would be from the very first!

PEREGRINE.

I guess thy thoughts: but not too hasty, Lucian! Thou mayst find thyself mistaken. It is no such easy matter to see the drift of the people into whose company I have brought thee. Have

patience! The tragedy is hastening to its peripetia.

My yesterday's first visit to the temple, and what past within me on that occasion, was naturally the principal topic of discourse between Theoclea and me. She asked me if I had ever been at Gnidos? and, on my answering in the negative, Then the famous Venus of Praxiteles, said she, is only known to thee by name; but probably thou hast seen the Venus of Alcamenes at Athens?— Frequently, I replied: but oh how little is she comparable with this! or rather how infinite is the difference between what I experienced on the sight of the one and the other! The former, said Theoclea, inspired thee with only cold and calm surprize; but this:—“ A sentiment that seemed to burst my bosom; that my whole soul was scarce able to bear. In the former I beheld but the
symbol

symbol of the sovereign beauty ; in this I confessed and felt the goddess really present." I must however, returned she, caution thee to be on thy guard against thy fancy : it often works unseasonably in opposition to the loftier inspirations, and pays us with shadows, when, but for its obtrusive officiousness, we might possess the substance. While thinking thou felt the presence of the goddess, perhaps it was only illusion. The surest means of preserving thee from the fascinating power of the imagination, is to lay a restraint on its activity, that thou mayst resign thyself entirely to the feelings of thy heart. By this alone canst thou hope to render the goddess propitious to thee. The heart, and not the imagination, is the organ susceptible of her communications. On pronouncing these words, she left me, that I might have an opportunity of realizing her lecture by my own reflections.

Not

Not to put thy patience to too severe a trial, by relating the gradual progress of my exalted, and probably unexampled passion, I will pass over the visit I made to the temple the following night; and only observe, that the manner, in which the sight of the goddess operated upon my senses at this time, when I was determined by the advice of the daughter of Apollonius, to surrender myself entirely to the feelings she inspired,—was at last so lively that it filled me with dismay, and made me distrustful of myself. In great uneasiness I hastened away from the temple, and resolved not again to approach the goddess, till I had undergone the most exact purification, and purged my soul from every particle of sensuality in my love, which must be perfectly spiritual and pure for being capable of the real theophany which was the only aim of my wishes. I could not bring myself to speak to Theoclea concerning
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ing this resolution, aware that I should find no words so tenderly and ambiguously to express what had occasioned it, as I must do for not exciting in her breast any low or unseemly idea. In the mean time she could easily perceive that all was not right with me : I was restless, pensive, distracted, and ever seeking solitude in order to hide from her the condition of my mind ; not considering that by those very means I betrayed it. However, she made as though she perceived nothing of the matter ; and, after the example I set her, sedulously avoided every thing that might have led to an explanation. Thus passed the day ; and, in the following night, I had actually so much self-command, as to deny myself the sight of my darling goddess ; though I had more than ten times set out for that purpose, and had even once proceeded quite up to the outer gate.

These

These cruel mortifications cost me a sleepless night; my uneasiness was rather heightened than diminished, and the next day I looked so wan and hollow-eyed, that Theoclea could no longer refrain from taking notice of it. What has happened to thee Proteus? said she; Whither are thy wonted cheerfulness and serenity fled? Whence this pallor on thy countenance? this troubled fire in thine eyes? And why didst thou yesterday omit to attend the temple, and pass the whole night in roving through the walks and coverts of the grove? It was some time before I could find an answer to these questions. At length I made an effort, not without great trouble and much hesitation, in as cautious expressions as I could select, at the hazard of being a little unintelligible, to open to her the considerations that had made me adopt it as a duty to banish myself voluntarily from the eyes of the goddesses.

She

seemed to regard me with looks of surprise; though in fact she had understood me but too well. She kept silence some time. At length taking me by the hand, and, smiling, she said: Thou art a little fanciful, Proteus; and the goddess is only too gracious to thee. Is not always in her free will to chuse by what particular mode of inward operation she will evince her power over thee? And how should thy senses alone remain sensible to the ravishing influences of her presence, when she even causes every part of inanimate nature to vibrate with blissful feelings? How canst thou believe that the goddess would require any thing possible or unnatural of thee?—Is not the love with which she has inspired thee, her peculiar work? Can love be without desire, and desire without excession? The purest love—and Venus herself can excite no other—ennobles and refines the senses, elevates and transports, but never annihilates them.

Theoclea,

Theoclea, while she said this, was animated in her manner than I had yet seen her: she perhaps observed my looks that I took notice of, and checked herself all at once.—
—tell thee, continued she, after a long pause, in a sedate tone of voice and with a scarcely perceptible smile, shall I tell thee what I think of thy love? It beguiles thee! O thou beguilest thyself with a fantastical love, which thou wouldst implant upon thy heart, as it were, by a magical and theurgic means, because thou art apt to mount by it to a pitch of enthusiasm that flatters thy proud self. True love is too strongly attached to its object, too profoundly absorbed in it, for paying so great attention to trifles, and for being so cautious and so scrupulous about insignificant matters. Thou art perhaps not capable of a love so thoughtful, disinterested and pure: but, bel

the deities will not be content with less; and, though it be possible, by their particular favour, to attain to that participation in their power which seems to be the sole aim of thy wishes, yet there are no means of compelling them to grant this grace against their will.

Theoclea, in this last speech had touched me in a very sensible part; for, to say the truth, I was very conscious of having come to her in the design she imputed to me: but, on the other hand, I was still more feelingly conscious that the image of the goddess had breathed into me a love which I had never before experienced, a love that occupied my whole soul, and of which that I had formerly felt for Callippe could scarcely be called a gentle foretaste. Now, as her reproof did not hit me on this side, I answered her with a boldness that probably did not displease her: for this once, if I might

might venture to say so, she herself was the person that lay under a mistake, if she accused me of cherishing a love that was merely self-deceit, or a hypocritical mask to interested views. I explained myself with so much warmth and vivacity on this point, that Theoclea was reduced to the necessity of giving her words a gentler meaning, or rather of declaring that I had not rightly apprehended them. This little altercation, the first and the last we ever had, ended as it ought, in a reconciliation which made us better friends than ever, and introduced an hilarity into this day's conversation which gave a desirable relief to the uniformity of our mode of life.

My own impatience to see the goddess again, added so much weight to the remonstrances which Theoclea opposed to my perhaps too delicate hesitations, that it was with difficulty I could wait then
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of a promenade to which she had led me after our evening's repast, though she seemed so intent upon entering me agreeably with her conversation, that she had no reason to apprehend that I should find it tedious. The night was now pretty far advanced, when she took leave of me ; and I flew with rapid speed to the temple. Never had I seen nightingales, which frequented in great multitudes the wood on the left hand of the temple, strive in such rivalry to attract my attention to their delightful warblings, as at this time ; but never before their efforts attended with less success. My whole soul was pre-engaged. I redoubled my steps, eagerly opened the doors of the temple, and stopped at once as if petrified, on finding the torch of wisdom deprived of flame, and the edifice dark, that even the light that entered through the open door, was not sufficient

ent

ent for discerning the statue of the
deities.

Amidst a thousand anxieties and doubts that pressed upon my spirit at this unexpected event, at length the thought uppermost in my mind that the goddess might perhaps be disposed to put me to the test, whether or no I was capable even without the assistance of a meeting one of my senses, of coming her to be as much present, as though she stood before my eyes in this image of marble. Yet, if such had been the design, at least she did not leave me time enough for making the trial. For suddenly the whole temple was filled with a radiant brightness, and a gentle breeze perfumed with roseate odours. In the midst of the image, I now beheld in a luminous cloud, which filled the awful vault of the temple where it had stood, the goddess herself in living animated be-

and a glory not to be expressed, attended her graces, blooming in eternal youth, while they sported round her, hand in hand, as if lightly tripping in a maze, in alternate moments veiled their heavenly charms, and displayed them before my ravished sight. I stood lost in ecstasy and adoration, when the deity with a smile that added still fresh lustre to the sacred fane, darted on me a glance of celestial majesty and grace, and suddenly vanished from my sight.

LUCIAN.

Friend Peregrine!—what wouldst thou have me to believe?

PEREGRINE.

That I tell thee nothing but what I saw.

LUCIAN.

LUCIAN.

Saw, sayest thou? Dreamt, thou wouldst say.

PEREGRINE.

I assure thee, that, at this instant, no more dream than I did at that time.

LUCIAN.

At least then it was one of those waking dreams, of which thou saidst before, that in them one sees or hears in transient moments, what never any sensible person, whose reason and imagination are in proper equipoise, with sound eyes and ears, ever saw or heard?

PEREGRINE.

Think of it what thou canst, Lucian.

LUCIAN

LUCIAN.

er all, however, the bitterest foe to
visions that ever lived, even Demo-
s and Epicurus themselves, must
, that thou wast furnished with an
ble imagination, during thy ter-
d life!—But how long did this
nly vision last?

PEREGRINE.

at question, dear Lucian, is more
ilt to answer, than thou wouldst
. Apparitions of this kind are not
measured by any ordinary periods
ne; and who that is blessed with
a vision, could ever think of mea-
g its duration, even if it were prac-
e? All that I can tell thee of it, is,
fter it had vanished away, it seem-
me to have lasted only a few mo-
; but that, according to my feel-
.. I. K ings,

ings, these moments to the twenty years I had already lived, were an eternity to a moment.

LUCIAN.

I observe from all the circumstances, that thou hast still something in reserve, that some way or other is to help me out of the miracle; for, all that befell thee in the enchanted grove of the wonderful daughter of Apollonius, I can easily imagine thee to have dreamt.

PEREGRINE.

At least, I should not have been so unmannerly as to have detained thee with the relation of so long a dream. But I feel, myself, that it is time to help thee out of the miracle, as thou termest it, even though it could be done no otherwise

otherwise than by plunging thee into another far greater still.

LUCIAN.

Thou wilt oblige me much : for I must confess, that I cannot long endure the state of mind into which thou hast conjured me.

PEREGRINE.

Thou wilt believe me, without an oath, when I tell thee, that after this apparition, Venus Urania had not a more zealous worshipper nor a more ardent admirer than myself in the whole wide world. The entire system of my theurgic enthusiasm had gained additional support by this manifest theophany, and in these few moments was so divested of fiction, and placed beyond all doubt, that I was surely now in a capacity for

K 2

bearing

bearing whatever was most wonderful and incredible. When the beatific vision was over, the temple now again become one continued gloom, was too contracted for me. I ran into the open air, to give vent to my breast which was bursting with transport. This night I was as much a stranger to sleep as the former; but the rising sun came upon me by surprize, as I thought it still far off. Theoclea perceived me, as I passed by her dwelling. She was already full dressed, came down to me, and said, she was up thus early, on account of some business she had to transact in town: but, added she, with visible marks of surprize, how comes it that I see thee so brisk at this time of day? I related to her with all the openness and sincerity of a man, who wants nothing more earnestly than to procure some relief to his swollen heart, all that had happened to me in the temple, during the preceding

ing

ing night. She made me relate it to her more than once, with all its circumstances; till I saw that she was freed from the doubt that my fancy might have been the creator of this beautiful vision. The force of my own conviction, at length compelled her into a firm belief; she rejoiced at my good fortune, and parted from me now, as she said, for some days, with so much the lighter heart, as she might be assured that I should scarcely be sensible of her absence. That, in the mean time, I should consider every thing in the whole inclosure of the sacred grove, as under my unlimited command; all her dependants had received her orders to observe my will with the same obedience they shewed to her's; she had likewise provided that there might be no deficiency of any thing I might want or desire, without any trouble on my part. Saying these words, she embraced me with

the familiarity of an old friend, mounted with one of her nymphs and an attendant into a light car, drawn by two snow-white horses, and was shortly beyond the reach of my pursuing eyes.

The disappearance of the daughter of Apollonius could never have been less unpleasing to me than in my then temper of mind. The extatical, or if thou wilt, the nympholeptical state, in which the apparition of the preceding night had thrown me, made it necessary for me to be lost to myself and my own sensations. Yet, why do I say myself? since my whole self was transported into that celestial vision, and was left in the contemplation of that sublime theophany, which ever continued to glide before me in æthereal splendor.—Nothing around me; nothing—but Theoclea's presence could have disturbed me in this delightful rapture;

rapture: for she would have imperceptibly led me to converse of the ineffable feelings that entirely possessed my frame, and how little would that have been which I could have communicated to her, in comparison of the bliss into which myself was totally dissolved! I repaired to the stillest and gloomiest part of the grove, and there past several hours ere the vision, still fixt in my imagination, had lost so much of its first vivacity, by an almost imperceptible decline of light and colours, as to allow me to return to myself, to perceive once more where I was, to ask myself, in a sort of sweet surprise, whether it was me, whose eyes had been blessed with the immediate vision of the goddess? and to answer this question myself with the certainty of the most intimate sensations. The reflections, that now sprung up within me, with uncommon readiness and perspicuity, were no longer the reflections of a mortal—with my

love for Venus Urania, my dæmonising was already commenced. Could I still doubt whether this love was agreeable to the goddess? She had given me the strongest proof of it—had deigned to make herself visible to me in the only way of apparition that my senses could bear, in the form of sovereign female beauty.—Would she stop short at this first emanation of her favour?—This vision was infallibly no more than a pledge of communications yet more complete; while, at each successive degree, I hoped my own dæmonic nature would more and more unveil—till at last I should step by step proceed to the pure immediate contemplation of her nature, and the full enjoyment of all the prerogatives of my own.—What hopes! What prospects! What a totally different use I promised myself to make of the love of the goddess, than the Adonis and the Endymion of the poetic fable! I already
was

was flying with her in thought through the immense regions of space, had penetrated all the mysteries of the pythagoric numbers, heard the harmony of the spheres, and comprehended the occult significations of all the hieroglyphics of nature.—Nothing that a dæmon can know was hidden from me, nothing that he can do was impossible to me.—What bliss! what an anticipation of new powers, of new far reaching activity, was contained in these deified reflections! All the energies of my heart rushed into them at once. A second Prometheus, I already conceived the design in my capacious fancy, of renovating the human race and converting them into happy beings; all misery vanished from the earth; I recalled Astræa from the skies, restored the innocence and equality of the golden age, and blessed it with all that the arts, the muses and the graces could contribute to the embellishment and dignity of human life.

LUCIAN.

Poor Icarus! how high thou soarest
 on thy waxen wings, and how painful
 must have been the fall from so towering
 a height!

PEREGRINE.

Dost thou already, Lucian, anticipate
 my fall?—Quite different prospects
 that time swelled my breast! Not even
 the smallest doubt, not the gentlest sound
 of ill-boding solicitude, not the slightest
 preface of misfortune, disturbed the
 bliss of my enchanted soul—and, if it
 were true, that no actual enjoyment com-
 pletely answers to what the imagination
 promised, then was this single day un-
 doubtedly the happiest of my life.

Meantime, without taking notice of it,
 I had changed my situation more than
 once,

ice, and found myself in a bower of
 e rose-copfe, where I had inadver-
 ntly been slumbering during the hot-
 t hours of the day. Here, on rous-
 y myself, I saw before me a table spread
 th various dainties, and a crystal flag-
 n of wine placed in a vase with ice,
 hout being able to guess by what
 arts it had been brought. Wouldst
 u believe it? in spite of all his lofty
 moniacal enthusiasm, the enchanted
 niner of Venus Urania fell upon the
 ractive savoury viands with all the
 ediness of an epicure; and, though
 re was more than sufficient for three
 derate eaters, left not so much re-
 ining as would fill the belly of a lap-
 5.

LUCIAN.

This is what the least surprises me of
 the symptoms of thy raging fever.

K 6

Though

Though it is generally thought that enchanted persons want neither meat nor drink, I am nevertheless convinced, that in the amorous kind of enchantment, the case is exactly the reverse; and that of all kinds of love, none causes a greater expence of animal spirits, and therefore necessarily requires a more frequent supply, than the platonic. Perhaps, as the source of presages this day flowed so copiously with thee, this extraordinary voracity was also a secret premonition, that thou mightest be under a peculiar necessity of such a preparation for the new communications of the goddesses that were probably near at hand.

PEREGRINE, *smiling.*

However that may be, I doubt not that Hippocrates or Galen would have found this transaction extremely natural. What, moreover, I can tell thee for certain,

tain, is, that the dishes were empty before I knew a word of the matter; and that the splendid dreams of my fancy were very little interrupted by this animal employment. Indeed, I have frequently since had occasion to remark, that soul and body, among the class of men, of whom at that time I was none of the least, carry on a quite peculiar intercourse of hospitality together. One while the former pursues its own affairs, without taking the smallest notice of the other; at another they imperceptibly change characters; then they live in open enmity with each other; and then, before one is aware of it, they are such cordial friends again, that there is nothing in the world which they are not ready to do or to suffer for each other.—But pardon me for detaining thee with observations of which thou hast no need, as I have promised thee my history, and in fact am approaching very fast to a curious solution of the ænigma about which
I have

I have been obliged for some time to raise and keep up thy curiosity.

Whether it was merely an effect of the natural versatility of the human soul, which cannot keep itself long in one and the same tone, or whether the considerable invigoration which the flow of my animal spirits had lately received, contributed to it,—certain it is, that the halcyon repose, which during the former part of the day had shone upon my mind, like a bright cloudless sky over the earth beneath, had imperceptibly withdrawn during the other half. A secret impulse, a restless longing, that got new accessions of force every hour of the declining day, drove me hither and thither, and would let me remain nowhere long. The picture of the apparition that I had had the foregoing night arose to my mind with new vivacity, and blessed my sight with fresh unutterable charms.

charms. But the æthereal radiance in which it glided before me this morning, was gone; I saw the goddess in a lustre which seemed more to embody her beauty, and to add a fascination to her charms, the force whereof I had never as yet so powerfully felt. The longing to see her again grew always more ardent, always more impatient—oft did my arms involuntarily extend themselves to embrace her; I spoke with her; told her all that the most rapturous enthusiasm of a first love could inspire into the heart of the admirer of a goddess; I rambled over all the grove, and ever undesignedly found myself before the gate of the temple; and the nearer the sun was to his going down, so much the longer was every minute it tarried above the horizon. A secret presentiment, which in reality was nothing else than the instinctive dwelling on what we ardently long for, called me from the visit I intended again
this

this night to pay the goddess in her temple, in hopes of some new and still greater favour. In the first revelation of herself she had only made the experiment how much of her presence our senses could endure; perhaps, though I, she will this time let me behold her for a longer space and in a milder glory: perhaps she will approach me, vouchsafe me some discourse, and let me hear from her own ambrosial lips, what I must do for being worthy of more immediate and more perfect communications. True it is, that of these communications, I could only form to myself very obscure, or speak more properly, no ideas at all; but the effect of this obscure presentment was so much the more powerful on my mind, and my whole being languishing, as it were, under the ineffable bliss arising from the thought—of being beloved by Venus Urania:—so that indeed language begins to fail me when I attempt to describe, with any degree of accuracy

accuracy, what passed in my heart while I remained in this singular state.

LUCIAN.

It is, I confess, extremely difficult to speak of ineffable matters, and to give an idea of extraordinary feelings to one who, his whole life long, has never felt any thing extraordinary. I absolve thee then from the vain attempt; and so much the rather, as already thou hast told me enough for giving me very plainly to see, that with all the efforts thou canst make, thou wilt not be able to impart any perspicuous idea of the colours of the invisible objects thou art describing, to the poor blind creature thou hast before thee.

PEREGRINE.

I understand the hint; and in the description of what is to follow, I will be,
if

if not as perspicuous, at least as brief as possible.

The sun had not long been set, when after the usual preliminaries, I directed my steps to the temple: but though I had sighed with such impatience for this moment, yet, on entering the portal, and in the very act of putting the key into the lock, such a sudden tremor came upon me, that I turned back and was obliged to pace over two or three times the whole length of the walk of orange trees, before I could summon up courage enough to open the door and let myself in. I found the recesses of the temple but feebly enlightened, without perceiving from whence the light proceeded; the Cupid with the torch was no longer there, and the deep semi-circular fane, where the image of the deity used to stand, was covered by a purple curtain. With a throbbing heart
I stood

od at an awful distance being set
 upon the curtains. When the curtain
 is undrawn by the ladies, she is
 only vanished as one who had been
 once; and she gazes down upon
 her usual attitude before the
 old eyes. The old difference was
 she did not stand in the same
 place, but on a small elevation, and
 descended by the side of the
 a carpet of the same material
 le I was contemplating the
 of foreign lands with a
 longing, as if I was longing
 to see my soul through the
 statue faces gradually to be
 ated to my view, and the last
 an effluence of the soul.

at this appearance—be it illusion or be it reality—confound all the powers of description. Overcome by an irresistible impulse, I ventured at length to approach it with trembling awe; a glance of unutterable sweetness seemed to invite my steps; and in that very instant when I could no longer command my arms, involuntarily opening, she extended hers towards me. I flew into their embrace, flung my eager arms about her person, felt her elastic bosom swelling responsively to mine; that celestial fire, which animates and cheers all nature, darting from her roseate form into my whole being, with a voluptuousness that I could not support, staggered all my senses, dissolved all the ligaments of my frame, extinguished the light of my eyes, and I lost all sentiment of myself.

LUCIAN.

LUCIAN.

singular history!—yet in fact the
 common in the world. How much
 se matters depends on previous and
 mitant circumstances, and espec-
 n the disposition and turn of the
 t!—I must confess, Peregrine,
 hou wast a most happy mortal ; and
 he burning of thyself at Harpina
 le condition, on which fate al-
 thee to have such experiences,
 thou didst not purchase them at
 o dear ! If mortals are susceptible
 h an enjoyment as gives them the
 ion of being deified, it is that
 thou didst feel in those happy
 ents.

PEREGRINE.

e deification, my dear Lucian, took
 ; not till the dead man, without
 knowing

knowing how it happened, came to life again all at once on an extremely soft and elastic couch—in the arms of the goddesses.—But, on these mysteries (to adopt the phrase of the high priestess Theoclea) sacred silence seals my lips. All that I owe thee is, I think, not to keep thee any longer in suspense concerning who this terrestrial Venus Urania was, that at so great an expence of wonderful contrivances, and theurgic preparations, condescended to make an Adonis of the insignificant son of a citizen of Parium. Thou must, doubtless have already discovered, that thy suspicion fell wide of the mark in lighting on the reverend daughter of Apollonius. Had the priestess and the goddess been one and the same person, the imposture must have been detected as well at the first theophany, when she appeared with her graces in the cloud, as now when her statue became unexpectedly

pectedly animated to me, and therefore she could not have employed this artifice to my fascination. For, notwithstanding that Theoclea, allowing for the want of youth, might be termed a fine woman, yet she was not at all like the statue: whereas the similitude between the image and the goddess that I saw in the cloud, and embraced in the fane of the temple, was so complete throughout, in every part, the very shape and features, that life alone made all the difference between them.

Know then, that the sacred grove, Theoclea's abode in the rock, the gardens about it, and the temple of Venus Urania, — composed a part of a large estate, which, together with several considerable lands in Ionia, Caria, Lycia, and on the island of Rhodes, was the property of a Roman lady who had here determined to enjoy, in the centre of her possessions, and
in

in the most perfect independency, the remains of her youth, and the wealth which a crazy old fellow, her husband, had left her, according to her own romantic, but as thou wilt agree, not ill imagined plan. Her name was Mamilia Quintilla; and, in the days of a Caligula, Claudius or Nero, would have found it as easy to raise herself, by her extraordinary beauty, to the rank of the Poppæas and the Messalinas, as she did under the reign of Hadrian to make herself in a few years, by the sacrifice of her blooming beauty, the heiress of an old roman patrician, who, by traffic, good fortune, and farming of the public revenue of whole provinces in Asia, got together an immense estate.

If the dame Mamilia Quintilla resembled the forementioned empress besides in beauty, in still another quality which rendered their fame with pe

rity more than equivocal; at least, it cannot be denied, that she discovered as exquisite a taste in the manner she chose to gratify her darling passion, and as much delicacy in the choice of the objects she wanted to that purpose, that it would not be doing her justice to place her in the same line with the notorious Augustas and other roman ladies of that numerous class. Her imagination, like mine, had in her early infancy taken a turn to poetic flights; and, as she was probably often compared, by the parasites of her old Tithon, to the cyprian goddess, it might very naturally come into her head, while yet in her twentieth year, in the fullness of life and beauty, seeing herself free and wealthy enough for giving the reins to her appetites and fancies, to arrogate to herself some of the prerogatives of that deity, and to bring those joys which she was alike fitted and disposed to give and to

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receive, as near to a certain ideal perfection as it is possible for a mortal to do. In this view, she had laid out her villa in such a profusion of magnificence as to change it really into an enchanted palace, and the ample inclosure round it into a second Daphne, and new paphian groves. The superb structures whereof the villa consisted, were filled with a multitude of boys from eight to twelve years old, of surprizing beauty, and of charming girls, from twelve to sixteen years of age, whom she had caused to be purchased and brought hither from all the provinces of the roman empire, with the most exquisite selection. No prince could boast of having in his service finer instruments and voices, more perfect dancers, better cooks, and more skilful artists of every species that could contribute to luxury and pleasure, than the fair Mamilia; and she knew so well how to make use
of

of the latter, that her palace and her gardens were like so many artificial scenes in which all was adapted and prepared for every dramatical representation, every pantomimical change that could be necessary to her purpose. And, as we see from time to time, some favourites of Fortune, to whose benefit all events seem happening in concert: so it must be allowed that this roman lady, whose imagination was turned to such a romantic plan of enjoying life, had happened to light on the only grecian female who was framed and fitted to be an assistant to her in the execution of her delicate and singular ideas.

However, I will not anticipate myself any longer by too particular an explanation, which will come early enough in its proper place. In the moments where the narrative of my adventure has been standing still, I was infinitely re-

mote from the slightest suspicion, that in all the extraordinary situations and circumstances I had been in, I was only the play-thing of a fantastical voluptuous young roman lady, and an elderly greek actress. Any other, not quite so inexperienced in the affairs of the goddesses of Cytherea, would have been fully enlightened at once by this catastrophe of the amorous farce: whereas, the very circumstance that would have opened the eyes of any other, lifted me to the summit of illusion. To be so happy as I had been in the arms of the beautiful Mamilia, could according to my perceptions proceed only from the goddesses of love; and any one but a demigod must have sunk and perished in such a torrent of bliss. Indeed the artful roman dame had recourse to every thing that could prevent me from coming to myself for a single instant, out of this fascination of my senses; and the facility with which she saw all her schemes succeed, appeared to her
some-

Something so new, that at length (without any artifices on my side) she was tempted herself to hold me for somewhat more than a mortal.

Meantime, as even the gods find it necessary to feed the inextinguishable flame of their immortal youth, from time to time, with fresh supplies of nectar and ambrosia, there suddenly appeared, probably on some secret sign being given, the same three lovely girls who had represented the graces in the first theophany, offering us refreshments on golden salvers, and in elegant vases of polished crystal, such as might keep alive in the imagination of a citizen of Parium, who had been brought up in great frugality, the conceit that he was transported into the abode of the goddesses of love. The graces, having performed this office, left us together once more alone, and—in short, friend Lucian, on awaking from a

gentle sleep, the day appeared, the goddess was vanished, and I found myself, without knowing how, encompassed by a swarm of little Cupids, in a pellucid bath, which probably had acquired its ambrosial fragrance by the communication of a few drops of oil of roses, of which there was here no scarcity; that in this scene likewise nothing might be wanting for joining with so many other circumstances to keep my senses in a state of uninterrupted intoxication.

LUCIAN.

Truly the Circe, into whose clutches thou hadst fallen, seems to have had an eye to every particular.

PEREGRINE.

After I had quitted the bath, and had dressed myself in a small adjoining apartment, from head to foot in a very splendid

did garment, a door presently opened, and I found myself in a spacious parterre, where Flora had assembled her most beautiful offspring for augmenting the pleasures of the goddesses of love. A number of little female loves, roving in clusters among the flowers, ran up to me with wreaths and nosegays, and tripping before me, in a thousand lovely groups, led me through a little wood of ever-blooming citrons, to a gently rising hill, where a pavilion of phrygian marble formed the centre of a magnificent double colonnade, surrounding a spacious circular court, in the midst whereof a noble fountain, adorned with statues of shining minerals, devolved its limpid stream into a capacious basin of jasper. I followed my little guides in a state of transport, which it will be more easy for thee to imagine than for me to describe. Never in my life did I feel myself so light and alert; it seemed to me as if I saw with sharper eyes, and heard with

nicer ears ; or rather as if I now first began to live, and as if at every moment a new sense, a new source of spiritual perception was opened within me.

LUCIAN.

A very natural consequence of the immediate communications of the goddess of love with a novice in her mysteries, of twenty years of age ; who all his life long, and chiefly by the good offices of a daughter of Apollonius, had been preparing to be deceived in so agreeable a manner with the reality itself.

PEREGRINE.

In the front of the edifice, between the two grand arches which formed the colonnade on both sides, rose a pavilion of phrygian marble ; from the wide open gate of which two choirs of young nymphs came singing and dancing to meet me,
who

who bade me welcome to this palace, as my future abode, and extolled the happiness of the new Adonis. They withdrew again from my sight, and whole swarms of new loves and zephyrs came tripping by me on every side, to conduct me about the splendid marble halls and elegant apartments of my new abode; which I found filled with a profusion of whatever the arts in the train of voluptuousness could invent to the gratification of the most delicate taste, the most luxurious fancy, and the most capricious sensuality. But neither all this, nor the numbers of beautiful paintings, statues, and busts with which the gallery was decorated, could obtain from me any more than a transient regard: my eyes were solely employed in looking every where for the goddess; and they sought for her in vain. The most solitary thicket, the gloomiest cavern, where I might unmolestedly resign myself to

the contemplation of her form that was ever presenting itself to my soul, and to the sweet recollections, which gave room to no other sentiments, had a thousand times more charms for me than all these gorgeous decorations. I ran therefore again into the garden, threw myself upon the brink of a fountain which played from the urn of a marble nymph, under a thick embowering arch of lofty trees and odoriferous shrubs, where I became absorbed in the sentiment of my felicity ; and fell into a sort of extasy, in which perhaps all other wants would have been forgotten, had not the smiling female loves, who were appointed to attend on me, brought me to myself at the usual time, and led me to a table, provided for me under an arched bower. While, by the sovereign art of Comus, I satisfied my raging appetite, the softest notes of music cheered my spirits, nor could my ear discover whence they came ;
always

always imperceptibly retiring to farther distances, and continuing long after the table and the loves had vanished away. At length a voluptuous languor came upon me; and I slumbered out the hottest period of the day amidst the most sprightly dreams that probably any lover coming from the first embraces of his goddess, ever dreamt. I waked again about the time when the sun had nearly completed the sixth part of his diurnal course, and hastened on the wings of speed and impatience, the prerogative of uncorrupted youth, to seek my adored goddess till she would allow herself to be found. A pleasant mæandering walk led me unexpectedly by a gentle declivity into a charming vale surrounded by rocks overgrown with bushes,—

LUCIAN.

—the description of which I shall readily dispense with, however romantic doubtless it would be.

PERIGINE.

In this thou dost me a great pleasure, Lucian; for, in fact, of all its romantic beauties I beheld just so much as amounts to nothing; as quite another object had possession of my eyes, and had I been master of as many as Argus, that alone would at once have attracted and employed them all. In a wall of the rock that rendered this delightful valley inaccessible on every side excepting that by which I entered, the same art which had produced so many wonders in this place, had practised a high and spacious grotto, and excavated in this grotto a bath as beautiful, private, and inviting, as any goddess could desire for her recreation in the glowing heats of summer. Wandering in a thicket of roses and myrtles that surrounded the grotto, I was come near enough to hear a slight splashing in the water, which raised my curiosity

riosity to pry into the cause of it ; and — who but my goddess? in the very same state in which another goddess, on being surpris'd, so cruelly treated a mortal less favoured, the unhappy Actæon. Though, according to all appearance, I had no such misfortune to dread, yet reverence and transport kept me so in-chained at this unexpected rencounter, that I scarcely dared venture to breathe— but fortunately, the hedge was so thick as to admit of my seeing without being seen.

LUCIAN.

One would think, that, from the statue which had so great a resemblance with the goddess, thine eyes must have been already well acquainted with her form.—

PEREGRINE.

Acquainted? Yes, but oh what quite other eyes had the last night given me!
What

What a difference! Not less than as if a man should peruse a book with the characters whereof he was unacquainted, or if he understood the language and marks in which it was written.

LUCIAN.

Thou art in the right, Peregrine! I had not thought of that; and yet in reality it makes a great difference even to such cold spectators of beauty as myself, and others of my stamp.

PEREGRINE.

Besides, a great many little circumstances concurred to set the beauty of the goddess in a light wherein I had never yet beheld it. The graces, whom I had always seen employed about her in alternate groups, were dressed; in a very airy and nymphical manner indeed, but
suf-

iently for making with all their
ns, a kind of shade for elevating the
unveiled beauties of the goddess;
moreover, the time of this new
shany was so artfully chosen, that a
cattered sun-beams fell between the
of the rocks exactly into the oppo-
rotto, and thus cast a glory on the
ng goddess, which must have com-
d my infatuation, if any thing far-
had been requisite to its comple-

LUCIAN.

ou thinkest then that this bathing-
: likewise was contrived on purpose?

PEREGRINE.

ithout doubt; for I had always
gh I did not attend to it at the time)
or another of the visible or invis-
ble

ble loves with me, or over me, or behind me, performing the office of a spy upon all my motions; and, by means of this precaution, Quintilla could exactly tell about what time, in the walk pointed out to me by one of them, I should be arrived at no great distance from the grotto.

The goddess was sooner weary of her part, than her spectator was of his. She left the bath, by my reckoning very soon; and, after she was dressed by her nymphs, all the little forest, upon a sign being given, was suddenly filled with animation, and an innumerable troop of young nymphs and female loves hastened thither to attend her on her return. I retired as quickly as I could, and, on my going back some time after, from another side, towards the pavilion, a little temple in the midst of an umbrageous myrtle thicket, met my eyes, before the half-open

open door whereof a Cupid stood with his fore finger upon his lips. He winked to me, pushed open the door, locked it after me ; and I found myself in a moment at the feet of the goddesses ; who, in a reclining attitude on a sofa, in the form of a throne, seemed to await my coming. Voluptuousness herself had furnished this apartment as the scene of her triumph, and lighted it with a fascinating ruddy light, the source whereof was utterly concealed ; and it would have cost a Pausanias several leaves in describing all the miracles of art with which it was adorned. But be not afraid, Lucian ; though the whole must have had a surprising effect, even on a hasty view, yet I did not take so much notice of the several parts as to enable me to render this effect comprehensible to thee ; for here also I only beheld the goddesses.

The

The initiation into her mysteries that was begun the preceding night, was completed in this; but as the constraint put upon her by the character she had assumed, became at length too troublesome for her to sustain, the Venus Urania imperceptibly changed into the gay Mamilia Quintilla: and though, in the delicious trance wherein she had been able to keep her Adonis, the very abundance of her tokens of favour made it necessary to prolong the deception; yet the moment at last arrived, when the presence of the graces was no less desirable than necessary. They made their entrance as yesterday; but, on their appearance, alas, the charm was dissolved which had so long and so singularly captivated my reason. A certain sneering smile that betrayed itself in the eyes and lips of her who presented me with the goblet of nectar gave me the first alarm; I considered her with a distrustful

trustful attention, then with consternation turned my eyes towards the goddesses, and I thought—o heaven, what a transformation!—I thought I discovered only a Cypassis in the Grace, and in the pretended Venus Urania nothing but a very earthly Lais or Phryne.—The sudden revolution that passed within me on making this reflection, was too striking to remain unnoticed by such an adept as Mamilia; but without exhibiting the least intimation of dislike at it, she said to me with a smile of ineffable sweetness: Thou art in want of repose, my love!—and, darting a look at her female attendants, she covered herself in a large flowing veil that lay near her, and disappeared, with them, from my sight.

Much as I might be in want of rest, (according to the judgment of the beautiful Mamilia), yet, in the condition wherein my sudden, though in fact very
natural,

natural, disenchantment, had thrown me, rest, for this night, was not to be thought of. The fall of a Phaeton, in whatever colours a poet might please to display it, would give but a faint idea of the fall of my giddy intellect, from the towering heights of its celestial hopes and prospects, when the magical cloud was at once dispelled from my eyes. No description can come up to the shame and disgrace of the deluded dæmon, and the abhorrence in which he held himself, on being made the hero of a ludicrous tale, and the toy of a couple of wantons who had leagued together to make their sport of his innocence and sincerity.

As, from my inexperience, I was still to this moment ignorant, how much share the vivacity of my spirits some days ago had had in my enchantment, and now what part the evaporation of them had in dissolving the charm: so it

was

was hardly possible but that a man of my strong imagination should run from one extreme into the other. I now at once vilified beyond all bounds both myself and the objects to which my fancy and my heart had ignorantly attributed an ideal perfection. I ran over in my mind all that had been passing with me for eight days before, with every the smallest circumstance relating to it, and I found myself unable to comprehend how it was possible that I had not been sooner aware of the artifice, made use of by Theoclea and the pretended goddesses, for entangling me in their snares. The depression of mind into which these reflections cast me, rendered the scene of my undeification insupportable to me. I flew to the remotest part of the forest which surrounded the garden, threw myself down at the foot of a tree, and had already past some
hours

hours in this state of mind so very different from my former bliss, when an appearance which I least expected, put a stop to the course of my sad meditations.

It was the daughter of Apollonius herself; who, with the ease and unconcern of a person who had no reproaches to fear because she had merited none, came up and accosted me. How? said she, with a look of feigned astonishment, how is it, Proteus, that I find thee here?—Would thou hadst never found me! answered I, turning away my face from her, and deeply sighing.—Is it possible, returned she with a smile of raillery, that Proteus, after all that has past with him since our parting, can be capable of so ungrateful a wish!—“Ungrateful!—“and canst thou, after the base deceit thou hast put upon me, expect gratitude at my hands?”—Surprising man! If thou callest that deceit, where is the king who would not esteem himself happy

py to be so deceived? Thou art utterly incomprehensible to me, Proteus—
“And thou, Theoclea, or however else thou mayest be called—for why may not even thy name, like every thing else of thee, be false?—canst thou be shameless enough to deny, that the Venus into whose arms thou ensnarest me, is an arrant—” Theoclea did not allow me to finish what I myself was unable to utter: Thou art in a mood, interrupted she, which seems not to let thee feel what becomes thee to say or me to hear;—and, with these words, she marched away in her usual majestic gait, leaving me in a state of confusion and dissatisfaction with my own feelings, which I could not account for to myself. Let it suffice, it soon appeared that my displeasure could not long hold out against this mysterious woman. The assurance with which she presented herself to me, her very looks, the dignity with which she checked

checked the sallies of my spleen, every thing in her awed me into an involuntary reverence,—and, on her retiring, all the marvellous and captivating impressions which she had made upon me from our first acquaintance, resumed their wonted force. In short, she imperceptibly regained her former empire; and scarcely had my eyes lost sight of her, than, moved by a sudden impulse of remorse at my unseemly behaviour, I started up, and set off to follow her; indeed not without some inward struggles, but as if impelled by a superior energy.

It was a considerable while before I came again in sight of her. She was seated with a piece of needle-work on her lap, in an arbour of the myrtle grove; and seemed not to observe that I was advancing towards her. After walking for some time backwards and forwards, in great perplexity of thought,
about

about the arbour where she was sitting, during which she deigned not once to cast a look upon me, I could no longer refrain from entering the arbour, and silently to seat myself over against her. She still appeared to take no notice of my being there; and this dumb scene lasted till I gave an involuntary sigh. Was not that a sigh, Proteus? said she in a tone of raillery: thou art indeed very much to be pitied for being so unfortunate as to meet with people who take the pains to change, against thy will, thy chimerical happiness into a real one, that far exceeds any thou hast ever been able to imagine!—I believe indeed, said I, that I should find myself very happy, if I could, but think as thou seemest desirous that I should.—Dost thou think so? returned she, with a little wrinkling up of her nose. But, continued Theoclea in the serious air to which I was accustomed, at the same time rising

up and going towards the pavilion, we are not now disposed to discourse on so tender a subject. The lady of this place, of whose condition and means thou mayst form a just idea from all that thou seest, is called to Miletum on some unforeseen business, and has committed to me, during her absence, the care of providing for thy amusement as well as I can. If thou hast no objection we will pass the time till the table is prepared in seeing the most remarkable objects in the villa. Having said this, she took me by the hand, led me into the gallery, which I had before only transiently surveyed, and pointed out to me the various works of art, which opulence and taste had here accumulated; in doing which she displayed so much judgment in this department, and shewed on every occasion that offered so much knowledge of the world and such an extensive acquaintance with all the persons of note, during the reigns
of

Trajan and Hadrian, that the admiration with which she inspired me rose every minute higher, so as totally to obviate all the complaints I had to bring against her. In short, Theoclea was so fertile in the invention of agreeable dissipation, so inexhaustible in conversation whenever we were alone, and so attentive to fill up every vacant interval, with music, dancing, pantomimes, or the other entertainments which were here provided for Mamilia's pleasure, that the three days in which the lady of the house was absent; were no longer to me than so many hours. The clouds that obscured my mind were now dispelled; my imagination brightened; the thousands of variously enchanting impressions, which nature and art on all sides made upon my senses, imperceptibly gained the ascendant; and ere the second day was fully past, I found myself as brisk and lively as before: with this sole difference, that

the celestial night I passed with the Venus Mamilia, had called into activity a sense, the private demands whereof had been so long unintelligible to me, that was not easily satisfied, and now got the influence and superiority which had heretofore been possessed by my fancy.— Why should I not avow to thee, now that I am once at confession, all my aberrations and all my follies? Two days absence, the repose of a solitary night, and the luxurious profusion of a roman table, had restored to the lovely Mamilia her entire divinity in my imagination; I longed for her return: but she was absent, and the daughter of Apollonius was present. Her former sacerdotal solemnity was dismissed with the fillet about her brows; she had now resumed her natural vivacity; and, as she had unfolded all the charms of her mind before me, she seemed no longer intent upon making any secret of the charms of her person. Never perhaps

haps had the graces been more bountiful to a female than to her; and scarcely ever was any one equal to her in the art of setting the gifts of nature with propriety in the most advantageous light, and what the teeth of time had somewhat impaired, in the most advantageous shade. In short, though she must have subtracted, at least, the half of her years for personating the goddesses of youth, yet she had still what was more than necessary for compensating a neophyte like me for the absence of the goddesses Mamilia, either in the dim light of the rosy bower, or in the little temple of silence.

LUCIAN.

And probably she made no more difficulty than the neophyte in committing this infidelity to his goddesses?

PEREGRINE.

He thought no fidelity due from him to Mamilia. — But the experienced Theoclea was too well acquainted with man to make the conquest he gained over her wisdom more difficult than necessary, for giving a tenfold value in his eyes to what she did in his favour. Need I tell thee any more? Ridiculous as it may be in our present condition to speak with a certain complacency of the toys and pastimes of our former childhood, yet I cannot call to mind the daughter of Apollonius without that pleasure which naturally attends the recollection of something beautiful or good we have enjoyed in its highest perfection. How far inferior, even in this particular, was the roman Mamilia to the finely organised, the sentimental, the ingenious grecian dame! One, who, amply endowed with all that the muses and the graces could bestow,

bestow, had been the delight and the idolised favourite, for several years, under other names, of half the world!

LUCIAN.

Thou mayst now, Peregrine, burn thyself as soon as thou wilt! Thou hast lived; and, in one single week, at the villa Mamilia at Halicarnassus, hast enjoyed more of life than millions of mankind in the whole period of their existence.

PEREGRINE.

Good! But ere we come to that last and sovereign enjoyment of life, to my combustion, thou must yet, Lucian, hear a few more scenes of my pantomime-life, as Cæsar Augustus once called it, as the necessary preparative to this concluding act.

LUCIAN.

For the present I am only curious to see how thou wilt free thyself from the artifices of two such dangerous persons as thy Venus Mamilia and her priests seem to be.

PEREGRINE.

Though Theoclea put off the sacerdotal mask with the same indifference as an actress changes her dress, yet she was much too cunning directly to combat my enthusiasm, by the magical effects whereof she had gained that advantage over me that appeared not to be indifferent to her: she endeavoured only to give it another direction, and unobservedly to raise in my mind the sentiment that there are no other goddesses than amiable women, and no sublimer magic, than the fascination of their charms,
and

and the instinct that impells us to them; and in pursuance of this plan, she thought fit to give me, in an hour of confidence, the key to the whole necromantic performance of which I had unwittingly been the hero.

Having discovered to me as much of the person and character of Mamilia, and of her own connection with that noble roman female, as was in her opinion necessary for me to know, she told me, that this lady was so well served by certain accomplices whom she kept at Halicarnassus and in various places more remote, that even on the first days of my arrival, she was in possession of a pretty full description of my person. That, as her curiosity was not a little excited by it, she had not only caused all my steps and actions to be nicely observed, but even soon found means, through my old servant, an unsuspecting

and slow-witted Phrygian, to fish out as much of my circumstances, as shewed that the project of getting hold of me one way or another, was a matter already settled before the reception of my curious letter to the divine Theoclea. This letter, said Theoclea, by making the beautiful Roman acquainted with a character that had every possible charm of novelty and singularity, raised her ideas of the importance of the conquest, which chance had so unexpectedly offered her, to the highest pitch, and at the same time pointed out the only possible way in which it could be made. How many thanks were paid to the unknown proprietor who some hundred years before had consecrated to Venus Urania a part of the woodlands belonging to Mamilia's halicarnassian estate! and what a fortunate circumstance was it esteemed, that the thought had occurred of converting into a splendid marble temple her old dilapidated

dilapidated and ruinous chapel, and of bringing it into immediate contiguity with the main structure of the villa, particularly with that part of it which was devoted to theatrical representations! The plan and the execution now offered of themselves; and the few days which thou passedst in the sacred grove and with me in my dwelling in the rock, were amply sufficient for getting all the machinery in readiness which were needful to our enchanted exhibition.

Thou comprehendest now, continued Theoclea, how naturally it came to pass that thou foundest on 'thy breast an answer to thy anonymous epistle with the superscription, To Peregrinus Proteus of Parium, on thy awaking from sleep in the grove; which, unknown to thee, was very exactly noticed. Mamilia, who burnt with impatience to get a sight of the wonderful youth of whose reality she could

screw them higher; all be unusual and marvellous in thy eyes, all be in concert completely to beguile thy reason, and to fill thy enchanted soul with uncertain expectations, with new sentiments of transport, and an obscure anticipation of the lofty mysteries that were the object of thy wishes. With so unsuspecting, so inexperienced, so fanciful a youth, little care was necessary to prevent him from making a discovery of the springs and machinery by which he was to be caught: but thou wilt now, upon a retrospect call to mind how carefully every particular was contrived to render such a detection impossible to thee. Our nymphs and amorettes, the most pliable creatures in the world, were severally trained to the part assigned to each. The disposition of the place, and the manner wherein the gardens of the villa are separated from the sacred grove, and the hedge that surrounds the abode
of

that the bare transportation into so romantic a place, replete with beautiful objects alone, in union with the miraculous air which the scene must of itself throw over the mind of the young novice, falling so defenceless into our hands, whose own enthusiasm, and the magic of the natural impulse acting still the more forcibly upon him for his being unconscious of it, would already do a great deal to the furtherance of our project. But our chief dependance was on the first impression which the daughter of Apollonius should make on thy mind at the first interview; and to this end all circumstances (as thou wilt recollect) were so selected and combined, that they must produce the desired effect, and that none of them could fail without depriving the latter of somewhat of its force. All must be made consonant with thy enthusiastical ideas, all must appear to substantiate them, and ever

screw

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of the rock, prevented it from entering thy mind, that such a villa was near; and though the back part of the temple, which to appearance rests against a rock, is immediately contiguous to it, yet this connection was so well concealed by the thick bushes and umbrageous trees, which surround the temple, that it is hardly to be discovered without a very close research; and, as well that thou mightest have no opportunity for this, as for promoting the good effect of the theophany with which we intended to bless thee, thou wert informed, from the very first, that the temple must not be visited till after the going down of the sun. The statue of the goddess, made after the model of the beautiful Mamilia, had already long been there; and any other, had it even been that from Gnidus, would not have suited our design. Doubtless this design would not have been effected if it had been shewn thee

thee by day light and in another place as the statue of some handsome roma female. But when once the idea of the goddess was blended in thy fancy with this statue, and Mamilia, even in marble, had already at the second visit vehemently agitated thy mind : we might venture to let her appear to thee, attended by her graces, in a more animate form, though in clouds and in a light apparently supernatural, and might be so much the more sure that the wished-for illusion would take place with thee, and that thou thyself wouldst hold the intoxication of thy senses for a natural effect of the pretended theophany, and thou in all abundance, by the previous conversations between us (which thou mayst still perhaps remember) wast excellently prepared for this scene. For thou wilt now easily conceive, why, at the very time when I assured thee of the good-pleasure of the goddess in the purit

purity of thy sentiments, I made it of such consequence to convince thee, that it lay in her choice, by what mode of inspiration she would impart herself to thee.—Artful impostor! cried I, though with an embrace which I could not refuse to her charming roguish mien, I still recollect thy very words: “Is not
 “ the love with which she hath inspired
 “ thee, her own work? Can love be
 “ without desire, desire without expres-
 “ sion? The purest love—and Venus
 “ Urania can excite no other—ennobles
 “ and refines the senses, elevates and
 “ transports them, but does not destroy
 “ them.”—Thou hast an excellent
 memory, returned she, smiling; probably thou mayst now, since we have given thee the key not only to what had been determined about thee, but also to what passed within thee, understand what I meant when I seemed to doubt, “ whether thou wert capable
 “ of

“ of so pure and entirely submissive a love
“ as the goddesses required?”—And, af-
ter all, with all these deceptions, didst
thou not think when Mamilia appeared
to thee, with her three attendants, in the
chiaro-oscuro clouds of painted canvas,
thou sawest the goddess of love herself
with her ever-blooming graces; and did
not this pretended theophany render thee
inexpressibly happy?—Because I held it
for theophany, interrupted I: o that you
had left me for ever in this fond con-
ceit!—Be assured, replied Theoclea, that
would have been the case, if it were not
impossible in the very nature of things, to
be any longer deceived, after experienc-
ing the highest degree of enjoyment of
which the senses are susceptible. But
who that is become as happy as a mortal
can be, would still complain, that he has
not been totally transformed into a god?
And, besides, in those hours when the
goddess was changed into Mamilia
hadst

hadst thou not moments when thou felt thyself really deified?—“ Oh! then Mamilia was always to me the goddess “ herself.”—And should she not be so again, in spite of all the solutions thou hast since obtained? said Theoclea.

The return of the fair Roman, which put an end to this curious dialogue, did not fail of the effect which the daughter of Apollonius always expected from her charms, and my strong disposition to visionary extravagances of one sort or other, and to be for ever the dupe of some imposture. My seductresses thought it no longer necessary to employ the extraordinary means, as they were no longer of use to their purpose. They had transferred the spell that before was put upon my imagination, to my senses; and doubted not, in the uninterrupted intoxication, wherein they had art enough to keep me, by the ever varying enjoyment of the
most

most exquisite pleasures, to bring me insensibly to that pitch, that my former way of thinking should at length be as ridiculous to myself, as it was to them. In short, they hoped to metamorphose me from a most zealous votary and imitator of Pythagoras and Apollonius, into a downright Epicurean. In the arts also that are requisite to such an operation, Theoclea was a complete mistress, and if Mamilia had shewn more docility to her lessons, she might have succeeded in keeping me, if not for a very long time, yet certainly much longer than she did, in the voluptuous intoxication, which in the first days after her return seemed to have absorbed my whole existence in one continued moment of blissful enjoyment. But that studied moderation which is so necessary in every species of animal gratification, that art of preventing satiety while yet a great way off, of keeping competency alive, of cheating it in a thousand

sand ways for enhancing its pleasure, of leaving it, in every enjoyment a still more perfect anticipation, and to effectuate all this in so unconstrained a manner and with so much grace, that it shall seem to be nature—all these delicate arts, wherein Theoclea was consummate, did not comport with the impetuous temper of the sanguine Roman; the constraint that she must have laid herself under, for treating her Adonis as a lover that might be lost, was in her eyes the death of all pleasure,—in short, she conducted herself as if she had been actually the goddess whose part she was playing; and her favourite must have been nothing inferior to the ever youthful Apollo or the inexhaustible Son of Alcmena, for not being, much sooner perhaps than she expected, satiated, wearied, —and brought to himself.

How disagreeable the feelings and considerations must have been, that followed

lowed on this second awakening, the knowledge thou hast already acquired of the peculiar construction of my soul, and the extraordinary mode of representation that was natural to it, will render more intelligible to thee than any description I could make of it. This construction, this mode of representation, was too essential to me for any accidental revolution to alter. The stupefaction into which the enchanted cup of this Circe had cast me for some days, could not be very lasting under any circumstances; Mamilia's extravagant manner of loving, only accelerated the moment of awaking. My first sentiment in that painful instant was the height from whence I had fallen, and the abyss wherein I lay. But happily it was not the fall of an Icarus, whose wings, fixed on with wax, were melted off by the sun; but the fall of a platonic dæmon from the supercelestial spaces into the mire of
the.

the grosser elements. Great as my confusion was, yet I still felt that this fall had only degraded and defiled, but not crushed me to atoms. The springs of my soul were not broken; I could again set them in play, mount again into the regions of pure æther to which I was accustomed; and the very occurrences that now humiliated me, might serve me in future, as cautions against similar mistakes, and enable me the more infallibly to attain to the ultimate aim of my most devout aspirations.

This sentiment alone, or rather the apprehension of these reflections, and the obscure consciousness of the powers and resources within me, were what preserved me in these moments from despair. But these reflections were very far from having the ascendant at first, and acting upon me with all their force. On the contrary, I was dull, dejected,
and

and sullen ; every thing around lost its charms and its lustre, and took the colour of my benighted soul ; I despised myself, and was bitterly incensed against those who had brought me to this condition. However this intellectual fever was intermittent ; and I now began to understand what Xenophon's Araspes meant by the conflict of his two souls ; for I experienced it in myself. Like another Ixion, drunk with nectar, I was ashamed at having taken a theatrical goddess for Venus Urania ; and yet recollected with ravishment, the moments wherein this delusion made me the happiest of mortals. In my hours of ill-humour I considered the luxurious Mamilia as a fascinating lamia ; who had seduced and fondled me, only for sucking my blood ; and shortly after, when a goblet of unadulterated wine of Thafos, presented me by the beautiful hands of this lamia, and previously tasted by her voluptuous

luptuous lips, had set my animal spirits again in vibration, I was again weak enough to see in her a terrestrial Venus, and to fetch from her ever willing arms, fresh matter for pungent remorse, which poisoned all my solitary hours.

Notwithstanding the pains I took for a long time to hide this tormenting state of my mind from Mamilia and her sharp-sighted friend, yet, as thou mayst easily suppose, it was as much labour in vain, as all that these ladies could say and do for restoring the fascination once dissolved, of the former blissful days. The Roman was in hopes of effecting it by redoubling what she termed her tenderness, but she only thus accelerated the contrary effect. The daughter of Apollonius attempted it in another way. She left my senses unattacked; merely took up the character of the friend and the counsellor; seemed to have nothing more

me, Mamilia whose passions were as soon burnt out as they were lighted up, had found a new object for her capricious fancy. She was almost always absent, and had appeared for a long time totally unconcerned about me. Doubtless the quiet she left us contributed much to the impairing of the charms which that intelligence with Theoclea, that at bottom was neither love nor friendship, had originally had for me. The vacant hours were ever increasing in which the duels of the two souls were renewed; and victory at length was inclining to the side of the better, had not Theoclea, who never was wanting in abetting the other side by a variety of military stratagems, found means to throw several obstacles in the way of its total defeat. I looked upon myself with vexation and self-abhorrence, as shut up in the stable of a second Circe; I rose every morning from my soft but generally sleepless couch,

couch, in the fixt resolution of making my escape: and laid myself down every night in indignation at myself for not having had courage enough to put it in execution.

Once when I had arisen with the first blushes of the morning, and was roving spiritless and forlorn about the remotest region of the grove that bordered on Mamilia's gardens, a charming female figure appeared in view from between the trees, and seemed as if she was looking for me. I soon recognized in her one of the pretended nymphs who had waited upon us in Theoclea's abode in the rock. This slave, named Myrto, was one of those beings who carry written in their countenance, a general recommendation to the whole world; and she accosted me with so much pleasantness and apparent timidity, that I had not resolution enough to commit the

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incivility of turning my back upon her, as I had at first intended on perceiving who she was. She said she had long been seeking an opportunity to find me alone, for imparting to me various matters which could not be indifferent to me; and after having seated ourselves in a thicket where we had no need to fear being broke in upon by surprise, she began by communicating in the closest confidence a multitude of anecdotes concerning Mamilia, not very well calculated to mitigate the dislike I had already conceived in so high a degree, for this new Venus Pandemos. But what the kind nymph had particularly at heart, was to lower the too favourable opinion which I seemed to entertain of her mistress Theoclea. The circumstantial history she related to me of her, would carry us to too great a distance from mine; I will therefore only just touch on the most memorable particulars.

The

The lady under the assumed name of Theoclea, had been for twenty years past one of the best known persons of her class in Greece, Italy, and Gaul, under the various appellatives of Chelidonian, Dorcas, Philinna, Anagallis and a number of others of the same kind, ere she made her appearance in Halicarnassus as a prophetess, and took on her the name of Theoclea. A young Thesalian had bought her, while yet almost a child, of a man who dealt in handsome girls, and kept a fine assortment of this slippery commodity. A couple of years after this an old epicurean at Athens took a fancy to her, on her coming before his gate, with a small troop of itinerant dancers, and vaulters, in the figure of a player on the flute; he took her home, and found a great pleasure in cultivating the various talents he perceived shooting up in the maid, and inculcating on her mind the maxims of prudence

and politeness, by the observance of which she raised herself afterwards to so great a superiority over the generality of the people of her class. After having passed through a variety of other hands, and gone through all sorts of adventures, she appeared at Antioch and Alexandria, under the name of Anagallis, as the handsomest and most accomplished mime-dancer that had ever been seen in Syria and Ægypt. She produced herself in this quality at several times in the different provinces of the roman empire, and at length in Rome itself; where she saw some of the first senators and courtiers among her adorers. She now no longer appeared publicly on the theatre; but lived on the income she drew from her charms and accomplishments, with the prodigality of a person, who thought it in her power, wherever she went, to lay the mightiest and the wealthiest under tribute. In the mean time the novelty of
of

of her figure and her youth imperceptibly left her to ether, the sources of her expence flowed daily more sparingly, and she found herself at length obliged to have recourse to her former profession, which she again took up in Gallia, Sicily and Greece. But, no longer producing the same effect, as she had done in the brilliant period of her youth, she once more abandoned this mode of life, changed her name, and associated herself to a band of priests of Isis, vagrants in Pontus, Cappadocia, and Syria; which trade she soon, by her inventive imagination and the diversity of her talents, rendered very productive. During this epocha of her life it was, continued the nymph, that she made herself familiar with all the poetical, magical, and theurgical mysteries and arts, whereby she was enabled, some time afterwards, on the dispersion of the aforesaid troop, by an unlucky disaster that befell them, to play the mysterious

part of a pretended daughter of the divine Apollonius, and under the protection of the roman lady Mamilia Quintilla, a professed admirer of every thing strange and uncommon, to establish a kind of oracular shrine in the sacred grove of Venus Urania, which is an appurtenance to her Halicarnassian estate. The name of inheretrix of the various knowledge possessed by the great Apollonius; the mysterious veil she wrapped around her; her singular mode of life; and the many reports she found means to propagate among the people, of her prophetic talent; her secret intercourse with the gods; and the wonderful works she had wrought, soon began to operate in Caria and the neighbouring territories, and gave the prophets good hopes of finding in the superstition of wealthy fools, a fresh and fertile source of lucre: when the determination of dame Mamilia to make this villa her usual abode, gave a dif-

different turn to the whole affair. Theoclea now grew more intimate with the noble roman lady, and soon insinuated herself so far into her good graces, that they became the most familiar friends: and, as the prophetess had now no longer any secret in reservation from her new friend, it was resolved that she should continue to act the part she had begun; though with several alterations which seemed necessary to Mamilia's designs. The mysteries of Venus Urania, to the office of whose priestess she raised herself, seemed to the voluptuous Roman to promise a number of entertaining scenes, by which she hoped to diversify the otherwise too great uniformity of a country life, and procure food to her propensity to romantic conceits and curious intrigues of gallantry. Theoclea took care of all the needful arrangements, which were found necessary to this end, in the buildings and gardens of the villa.

All went on according to their wish; and already several thoughtless persons had fallen into the snares which were here every where spread for simple or rakish youths, ere my destiny, or—to give it its proper name, my folly, though in my own way, made me their disciple. It was concerted between the two syrens, continued the tattling nymph, that Mamilia should transfer the wretches who fell into their claws, to her officious friend, as soon as her fancy to them was at an end. This terrible fate, if I had not already experienced it, was accordingly to be mine. Hereupon she depicted to me the dame with the long list of names, as a real forcerefs; for that else it was not possible, without the use of undue magical means to captivate the most wary men in so strange a manner, as that they thought they were embracing the loveliest of her sex, while they held in their arms a creature who had belonged

belonged to half the world, and who, without the assistance of paint, varnish and all imaginable secrets of ornament, was as ugly as the Cumæan Sybil. However thus much was certain, that it was in vain for me to flatter myself with the hope of ever being able to leave this place, while Theoclea was bent upon detaining me in it; and I might be assured, that she would be so disposed, till by her destructive caresses she had reduced me to a shadow, and transformed me into a real spectre.

The liveliness with which the beautiful Myrto delivered this exaggerated story, had already made me suspicious of her drift in all this confidence; when, after a short pause, in a tone of the tenderest compassion, and with all the attraction she could throw into her large black eyes, she continued: The very thought that so amiable a young man
was

was to be melted away like a waxen image before the necromantic fire of such an infamous empuse, was insupportable to her; she had, from the first moment she saw me, in the cave of the rock, taken an interest in me, which had made her a strict observer of all that passed; she found me worthy of a better lot, and—in short, if I would reward her disinterested friendship with reciprocal kindness, she felt herself resolute enough to sacrifice to me all the agreeableness of her situation in that house, to favour my escape, and to follow me into any part of the world I pleased.

LUCIAN, *laughing*.

The disinterested young nymph then would generously take up with what the two empuses had left of thee.

PERE-

PEREGRINE.

She was more disinterested than thou imaginest; for it appeared in the sequel, that as she would not have succeeded in the design of having all, she was modest enough to share me with the empuses. I got away from her in as decent a manner as I could, after vowing to her an inviolable silence, on the secrets she had entrusted to me. The flight which I had now been meditating for some days, was attended with so few difficulties, that I stood in no need of the assistance of this slave. But her account of the course of life that Theoclea had hitherto led, and the dread with which she wished to fill me, at her pretended witchcraft, instead of encreasing my eagerness to run away, had a contrary effect; and I found myself after this conversation less disposed to it than ever. In fine, I could not resolve on leaving the villa Mamilia, before

fore Theoclea had shewn me a proof of her skill in the pantomimical dancing for which she was so highly renowned. I seized the first opportunity that offered to try whether I could not bring her to do so of herself, without letting her perceive that I knew more of her excellency in that art, than she herself had thought fit to discover to me. It fell out that one of the boys and one of the little girls with which the house was so richly peopled, danced the fable of Cupid and Psyche, as we were sitting at table, admirably well for children of their age. How delighted should I be, said I after we had gazed at them for a while, if I had seen so fine a subject danced by the famed Anagallis! My intention was, while I said this to look so perfectly composed that Theoclea should believe I meant neither more nor less by it, than if I had wished to have seen the Glycera of Menander or the Corinna of Ovid. But
I blushed,

I blushed, to my great distress, so suddenly and strikingly, at the naming of Anagallis, that she could easily perceive I must have known more of her than I chose to discover. Without betraying the least embarrassment in her countenance, she replied: Thou hast heard then of that Anagallis? And, on my wondering how she could make it a question, she retorted to me, smiling: I am a mightier forcerefs than thou thinkest: thou shalt see her dance, though she has been long retired from the world.

A couple of days after, she invited me to a little dramatic entertainment that she had ordered on purpose to do me honour. The stage was occupied by two choirs of cupids, zephyrs, and young nymphs, who with music accompanying a dance, began to sing a hymn in praise of Cupid and Psyche. This done, they fell back to the two sides, and
a female

a female dancer came on, who, at the first sight appeared to be the same Psyche that I had often contemplated in Mamilia's gallery; where, painted by the masterly hand of Aetion, it was reckoned one of the principal ornaments of the place. Her dress, of a very slight, almost transparent, indian texture, put on with decency and grace, suited to an elegant youthful figure, and copious tresses of fine golden hair, flowed in large ringlets, over her handsome shoulders down to her waist. But for this yellow hair, she might have passed at first glance, for Theoclea; though the dancer was more slender and delicately shaped. I considered her with an awful kind of surprise, uncertain for whom I should take her, and nearly doubtful whether what I saw might not be in reality a miracle of the necromantic arts of which the slave Myrto had accused her mistress. But the rapidly successive movements of
her

her arms and hands,—or rather the admirable music of all the members and muscles of her whole body, which accorded, with inexpressible dexterity, truth and elegance, with a picturesque and representative expression of the fable, the various scenes of which she was performing—so much absorbed my whole attention as to leave no room for any other thoughts. This pantomimical dance,—which, without the aids of verbal language, merely supported by a constantly melodious and expressive music, in a universally intelligible tongue that spoke immediately to the feelings and the imagination, delineated the finest strokes and shades, not only of the more boisterous passions, but even of the tenderest emotions of the soul; or, if I may so express myself, poeticised them to the eyes with the greatest precision,—furnished me with a pleasure, which gradually arose to a transport I had never felt before,

fore, and was almost insupportable. But what was my situation, when, at once, the amorettes and nymphs disappeared, and the charming Psyche flew into my arms, to convince me, that she had kept her word, and,—to make me take as deep a draught as possible of the ambrosial cup of voluptuousness,—was again become Anagallis!—Oh, Theoclea! for certain thou wert an enchantress; though in a different sense from what the disinterested Myrto deemed, in the only sense wherein probably there ever was an enchantress:—for all that nature and art possess to charm, seduce, and melt the soul was lavished upon thee! Who, with a sensibility like mine, could have been proof against thy incantations?—This one hour, Lucian, threw me back at once into the delicious intoxication of the first days of my deviations; and, as the delights occasioned me by Anagallis, now risen again from the dead, were as
inex-

inexhaustible as the source of this new species of entertainment, to which, to her great satisfaction, I had so unexpectedly given her an opportunity: so this new and last relapse lasted longer than I dare confess to thee without confusion of face.

LUCIAN.

I think thou wilt not be grieved that the deities of pleasure shewed themselves so profuse of their bounties towards thee? Illusion or not! what king, (might I say with Anagallis Theoclea), nay, what philosopher in the world would not readily allow himself to be cheated for such a prize!

PEREGRINE.

For seeing the matter in its true light, dear Lucian, thou must imagine thyself
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in my peculiar person, and compare the state wherein thou seemest to think me so enviable, with that wherein I grew up from my infancy, and which is in fact, to be regarded as a mere development of my individual self. Had my former frame of mind, and the whole intellectual constitution from whence it rose, been merely the work of an involuntary privation of agreeable, entertaining objects, and therefore of an absolute want—for supplying the defect of a real by a chimerical enjoyment; in short, had the high self-sentiment, the inward repose, the contentedness with myself, the surmise of an exalted destination, and the endeavour after ideal perfection, which composed my former happiness, been mere illusion: then nothing would indeed be more conceivable, than why they could not hold out against a series of the liveliest and most exquisite pleasures of sense and taste, which are
no

no illusions. But those ideas and dispositions, how much or how little they might have been mixed and confounded with the vain conceits in my head, were natural and essential to my temper; the moral Venus which was present to my mind, was no fantom, but eternal, immutable reality; it was not this ideal form, but my fancy surpris'd by awakening instinct, that decoyed me into those artificial nets which were laid for my inexperienced youth by voluptuousness and sensual love. This, I think makes a great difference; and in this alteration of the case, nothing is more natural than that I should find no lasting satisfaction in a condition, wherein a thousand others would perhaps, for whole years together, have esteem'd themselves equal to the gods.

Yet I do not say this by way of explaining or justifying my way of thinking

ing and acting, but barely for giving a genuine account of what I was and what I did. The last relapse into the golden net of the enchantress Theoclea, lasted so long as to give me the pleasure of seeing my darling forest of roses a second time in full bloom. During this interval Mamilia had more than once had the thought to revive her dormant claims, and found means but too easily to effect her purpose: however, as with her light disposition, she looked no farther than to the satisfying of a momentary humour, and neither was capable of loving, nor desirous to be beloved, she appeared to surrender me to her friend with as little concern, as she indulged her in the use of whatever she had besides; which she did with so little precaution that it might long remain doubtful to a stranger to which of the two ladies the house belonged. Moreover, she passed a great portion of the time I still spent here,
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she while at Miletum and then on her late at Rhodes, and seemed to amuse herself well enough without us, and without minding our proceedings. The-alea made use of this liberty with so in-vious a moderation, had so great a variety of captivating forms and disguises at command, knew how to please in such a diversity of ways, and to prevent irksome-ness by so great a variation and so delicate a mixture of the pleasures of sense, of imagination and taste; that she might justly flatter herself with keeping a pretty long while in her bonds a man less remarkable for sensibility than I was. However, with all her arts, she could not prevent its coming to pass, that the reception requisite for turning herself into a Psyche, a Danae, or a Leda even in the eyes of a spectator very much captivated with her, should grow more difficult from day to day, the oftener he had seen her in those characters; and,

as nothing sublunary can be perfect, it was highly natural, that after the force of the first impression was weakened by frequent repetition, she should be ever seeming farther short of the ideal to which she strove to approach as near as possible. The time when even this talisman was to lose all its magical power on me was daily drawing nigher, when the beautiful Mamilia took it into her head to celebrate the dionysian festivals by a sumptuous bacchanal, in which Theoclea was to personate the Ariadne and I the Bacchus.

Thou wilt willingly spare me, I think, the description of this festivity, which I very reluctantly call to mind, though it was worthy to have been given by a Sardanapalus or an Elagabalus. The luxurious Roman, who plumed herself much on having invented and directed the whole disposition of this entertainment, together

ther with all the scenery of which it was to consist, proposed to carry the representation of a genuine bacchanal as far as possible according to the description given of it by poets and painters; and to this end a considerable number of fresh and well-limbed youths had been got together from her extensive estates, who were to represent the fauns and satyrs, while she contented herself with the humble character of a common bacchant. But, in her opinion, the finest stroke of imagination in the whole feast, and by which she hoped very agreeably to surprise me, was: that she had concerted with her ever compliant friend, that when the latter should have played the part of Ariadne to the last act, she should secretly, under favour of the darkness, put her in her place, to finish the performance in her name. The poor Bacchus, overheated by a twofold intoxication, found the trick, as he at last discovered

vered it to be, so agreeable, that in the confusion wherein the concurrence of so many stupefying circumstances had cast his senses, was more of the Bacchus than was becoming for a mortal. Mamilia omitted nothing for her encouragement that could do honour to the character of a female bacchanalian; and, to crown this genuine sport of satyrs with a right jovial termination, Ariadne must at last unexpectedly appear at the head of a numerous troop of fauns, satyrs, mænades, amorettes, and nymphs, all with torches in their hands, and amid the immoderate shouts of laughter of the whole thyasos, catch her faithless lover napping. This last stroke gave such a shock to the counterfeit Bacchus as perfectly restored him at once to sobriety, and the spell under which he had lain so long was irrevocably dissolved. A man, who in a ravishing dream had seen himself at Jupiter's table in company with the blissful gods,
and

and on waking found himself dealt by hobgoblins, furies, gorgons and harpies, can form no idea of any more horrid amazement than what I felt at that opprobrious moment, at seeing myself in such a situation, a prey to the insolent licentiousness of such a shameless crew. However, I kept so much command over myself as to restrain the emotions, which if I had allowed them to break forth, would only have increased my humiliation, and would probably have rendered the resolution I that moment made, entirely impracticable. But as soon as these scenes of intemperate riot were over, from inability to continue them, and the collective inhabitants of the villa, who had had their share in it, were sunk in profound sleep: I started up, put on the simplest dress I could find, and, without taking leave of Mamilla or her friend, with a plentiful stock of new ideas and experiences, and with the loss

of my innocence and peace of mind, I left this detested spot, without once casting a look behind me on all the wonders of nature and art with which it was decked.

LUCIAN.

Probably this was just what the noble roman lady had in view. For, I must confess, this bacchanal, and this plot with the venerable Anagallis, the priestess of Venus, looks to me exactly like a scheme to get rid of a person, by fair means or foul, who begins to be troublesome. The sharp-sighted Theoclea knew thee too well, not to foresee the effect that such an excess of lewdness and debauchery must have upon thee; and, as far as I am acquainted with these two ladies, from the whole of thy narrative, to take pleasure in such an insult was not in their character.

PERE-

