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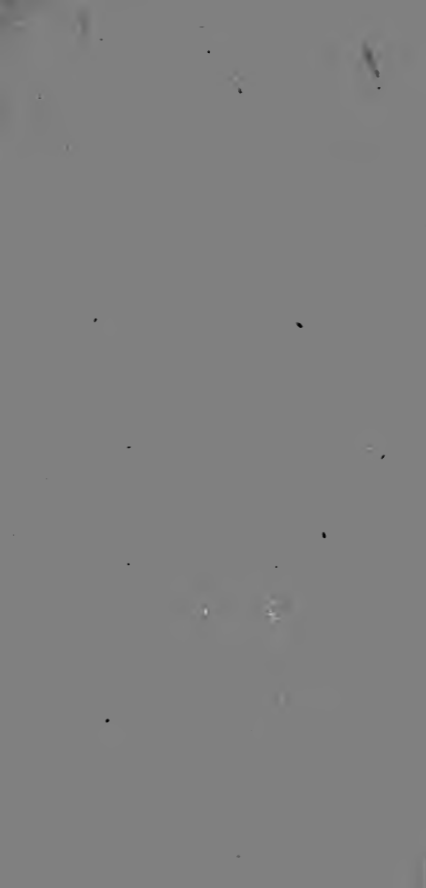
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1817

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3 books in one, all  
translated from French  
& German, early.







It was the signal for Atala's funeral procession.

*Page 60.*

ATALA.  
Indian Cottage.

IDYLS & FIRST NAVIGATOR.



*What lovely voice mixes itself with mine,  
it repeats every note of my song.* Lyl 26.

LONDON.

*Published by Walker & Edwards, & the other Proprietors.*

1817.





# ATALA:

BY M. DE CHATEAUBRIANT.

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# INDIAN COTTAGE:

BY J. H. B. SAINT-PIERRE.

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# IDYLS;

AND

# FIRST NAVIGATOR:

BY SOLOMON GESSNER.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for Walker and Edwards;

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

1817.

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THE GREAT

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THE GREAT

THE GREAT

# ATALA:

BY

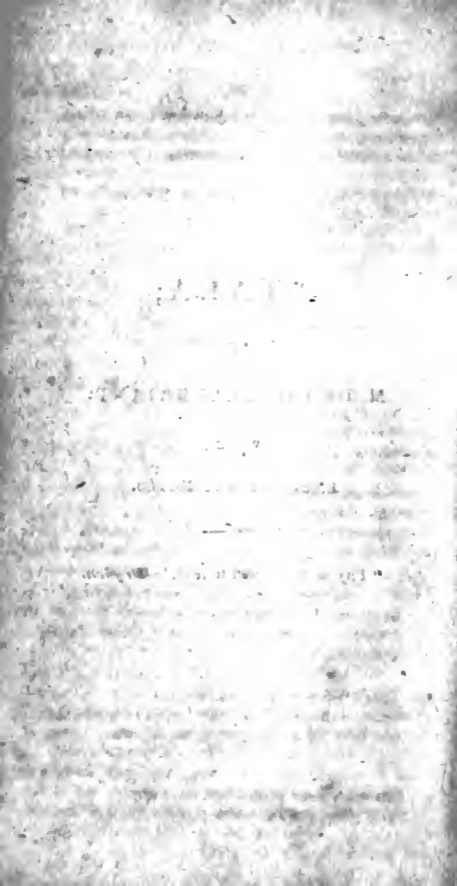
M. DE CHATEAUBRIANT:

WITH


EXPLANATORY NOTES.

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“Pity melts the soul to love.”—*Dryden.*



PREFACE  
OF THE  
TRANSLATOR.



MONSIEUR DE CHATEAUBRIANT, the ingenious author of *Atala*, was led by a curiosity, natural to youth, to visit Louisiana, a country so very new, and so entirely different from any he had seen in Europe. In 1789 he went to North America. "In the midst of deserts, under the huts of savages," says he, "was *Atala* written. I do not know whether the public will like this story, which differs so much from all others, and describes manners and customs quite foreign to our own. To give this work the most antique form, I have divided it into *Prologue*, *Recitation*, and *Epilogue*. The principal parts of the narration I have denominated *The Huntsmen*, *The Husbandmen*, &c. in imitation of the rhapsodists, who, in the time of primitive Greece, sung fragments of Homer, under different titles.

"Every one knows what has been the sad fate of France for these many years. Covered with the blood of an only brother, of his wife's, and that illustrious old man's, their father;\*

\* Monsieur de Malesherbes. While my family was thus massacred, imprisoned, or banished, one of my sisters, who owed her liberty to the death of her hus-

having seen my mother, and my most accomplished sister, perish, in consequence of the sufferings they underwent in a dungeon, I wandered in a foreign land, where the only friend I had preserved stabbed himself in my presence.\*

“Of all my manuscripts on America, I have only saved a few fragments; *Atala* in particular. The subject is not entirely my own invention: it is true that a savage became a galley-slave, and was brought afterwards to the court of Louis XIV. it is true that a French missionary did all I have related; it is certain also that I have seen savages carrying the bones of their fathers, and a young mother drying the body of her infant child on the branches of a tree. Some few more circumstances are equally true; but, as they are of no material importance, I shall not mention them here.”

The uncommon success this book has met

band, was at Fongeres, a small town in Brittany. When the Vendean army arrived there with eight hundred republican prisoners, whom they had condemned to be shot, my sister threw herself at the feet of La Roche Jaquelin, and obtained the prisoners' pardon. She hastened to the Revolutionary Tribunal at Rennes, where she shewed the certificate of her having saved the lives of eight hundred men, and only asked, as a reward, the liberty of her sisters. The president of the tribunal answered, “Thou must be a D. B. of a royalist, whom I have a great mind to send to the guillotine; since the brigands have so readily listened to thy interference. The republic is not at all obliged to thee for what thou hast done. She has but too many defenders; she wants bread.”

*(Note of the author.)*

\* We had been five days without food.—(*Id.*)

with in Paris, the great noise it has made amongst the French literati, and the severe criticisms that have been levelled at it, sufficiently prove the merit of *Atala*. A fictitious story must be very interesting indeed, that can attract the attention of a people, whose mind has been so long agitated by the most melancholy and dreadful realities.

The moral tendency of *Atala* will, I am sure, equally please and surprise the reader, when he considers that it was published in a country, which had then laid aside every kind of religious principle; but some just still remained in that modern Niniveh; their prayers were heard, and the hand of persecution, which was lifted up against the worship of their forefathers, will, I hope, no longer disturb them in their sacred rites.

If, like the apple of discord, this little book has kindled a war between the modern philosophers, who spit their malicious venom against every thing that bears the stamp of Christian virtue; several honest and moral writers have taken up its defence. Even one, who acknowledging his past errors, courageously retracted them in a preliminary discourse to his translation of the *Psalter*. La Harpe himself has not disdained to wield his pen against the scurrilous attacks of atheists.

The simplicity of this affecting story, and the lively interest kept up throughout, have induced me to think that a translation of it might be acceptable to the English reader. I do not flatter myself in having attained the originality and elegance of style of my author; yet I have endeavoured to preserve the spirit of this poetical writer.

Some passages will, I imagine, appear rather bold; and some sentiments overstrained; but we must recollect that the scene lies in the deserts of North America, that the two principal actors are savages, who think and feel very different from us, and whose unbridled passions have not been curbed by civilization.—Let those, who constantly declaim against the evils attending social life, peruse these few sheets, and draw a comparison between the barbarous customs of savages, and the humane and refined manners of men governed by just and equitable laws. Let them look round on this prosperous island, whose shores, secure in the valour of their loyal inhabitants, will prove, I sincerely hope, the immoveable rock which Gallic rash and frantic ambition shall ever split upon.

I have spared no trouble to render this little story pleasing to an English reader. I have thought it necessary to alter, suppress, or soften, some parts, which no doubt escaped the author in the warmth of composition. Wishing to join the useful to the entertaining, I have added notes to describe the various natural productions, to elucidate several passages, which might not be easily understood, and to give an account of the customs of the savages in North America.

O you, my fair countrywomen, whose social and religious virtues are the admiration of our neighbours, and the pride and ornament of our isle, it is under your auspices I shall venture to offer *Atala* to the public. If this affecting story move your hearts to pity, one sympathetic tear will amply repay all the pains I have taken for your amusement.



## BIOGRAPHICAL PREFACE.

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OF the Authors whose works compose the present volume, one only as yet is the subject of biographical notice—GESSNER, usually styled *The GERMAN THEOCRITUS*.

SOLOMON GESSNER was born at Zurich in 1730. His father was a printer and bookseller, and gave him such a liberal education, as well fitted him to succeed in the same trades. The firm of his father's house was that of *Orell, Gessner, and Company*, well known over all Europe, and distinguished for the accuracy and elegance of its typographical productions. Young Gessner, like all born to display genius, shewed an early taste and predilection for study, and his masters, knowing that his pursuits might eventually be serviceable to their interest, encouraged them with proper liberality, and afforded him every facility to continue his studies.

In 1752, when he had reached the twenty-second year of his age, he travelled through a considerable part of Germany on business belonging to the house, but took, at the same time, every opportunity to cultivate his ta-

lents, and become acquainted with men of eminence in the literary world. Nor was it long before he put in his claim to be considered as one of that number. In 1753, after his return to Zurich, he published a small poem, entitled "Night," and the favourable reception this met with, encouraged him to produce, soon afterwards, his more celebrated pastoral romance, entitled "Daphnis," in three cantos. In these publications there is somewhat of the irregularity and extravagance which mark the age of the author, but they are not deficient in that luxuriance of imagery and amenity of sentiment, which distinguished his more mature works. He appears to have at this time studied Ovid, and was not unsuccessful in adopting the manner of that poet.

His taste seemed to be decidedly in favour of pastoral poetry, and he now produced, what is before the reader, his "Idyls," in which he was a professed imitator of Theocritus. They were the principal and favourite objects of his attention, and he seems to have considered them as laying the foundation of his fame, nor in this respect did he rate them too high, for they procured him the highest reputation throughout Switzerland and Germany. For elegant and tender fancy and expression, he was allowed to stand unrivalled. It has indeed been objected that his is an *ideal world*. His pastoral is not that of any age or country: but yet he conveys the reader to a

delightful region, and peoples it with human beings worthy of such beautiful scenes; and when we resign the imagination to these fictions, all becomes exquisite, and beauty and variety are every where profusely scattered.

The "Death of Abel," well known to the English reader by Mrs. Collyer's translation, Gessner published in 1758, and the subject being familiar, and interesting, and pious, this work speedily attained an uncommon degree of popularity, and was translated into all the European languages, and in all has been repeatedly printed. It was followed by many lesser pieces, among which is "The First Navigator," included also in the present volume, and although short, reckoned one of his most beautiful works.

The whole of Gessner's poems were published before he had completed his thirtieth year, after which his genius took a different direction. The poet became a painter. He married about this time the daughter of Mr. Heidegger. This gentleman happening to have a fine collection of pictures of the Flemish school, the frequent contemplation of them revived in the mind of Gessner a taste of which he had shewn some symptoms in very early life, and had indeed at that time received a few lessons in drawing. He now determined to resume his pencil, but at first confined his efforts to decorations for books printed at his office. In 1765, however, he published ten

landscapes, etched and engraven by himself, to which, four years after, he added twelve more, and his admirers are said to have doubted, whether the beauties of his pen or his pencil were most meritorious; but the fame of the latter is necessarily local and confined.

The private life of Gessner was in a high degree amiable and exemplary. As a husband, a father, and a friend, his virtues were equally conspicuous. His cast of mind was pensive and even melancholy; his manners gentle. In conversation he was mild and affable, and, where the subject admitted of it, often highly animated, rising into great elevation of sentiment, and beauty of expression. In every part of his deportment there was that unaffected sincerity, that simplicity and modesty, by which true genius is so generally distinguished. With such qualities, he united the talents requisite for active life, and was therefore raised to the first offices of Zurich, and filled each with scrupulous integrity and universal approbation. He died, of a stroke of the palsy, March 2, 1788, in the fifty-eighth year of his age.

# ATALA.



## PROLOGUE.

**F**RANCE formerly possessed a vast empire, in North America, which extended from Labrador to the Floridas; and from the Atlantic to the remotest lakes of Upper Canada.

Four great rivers, taking their source in the same mountains, divide these immense regions: the river St. Lawrence, on the east, loses itself in the gulph of that name; the river of the west carries its waves to unknown seas; the river Bourbon flows from south to north into Hudson's Bay; and the Meschacébé,\* that runs from north to south, rushes into the Gulph of Mexico.

This river, in a space of more than three thousand miles, waters a delightful country, called by the inhabitants of the United States, New Eden; and to which the French still give the soft name of Louisiana. Numberless small rivers, tributary to the Meschacébé, such as the Missouri, the Illinois, the Akanza, the Ohio, the Wabash, and the Tennesse beautify and fertilize its banks. After all those rivers are swelled by the winter torrents, when the storms have torn whole skirts of forests, time collects on their various sources the unrooted trees, with rope weeds it entwines them, slime is the cement on which shrubs

\* The true name of the Mississippi or Meschassippi.

implanted form floating bowers, carried by the foaming cataracts to the Meschacébé. The old river seizes them, and to divide itself into a new branch, shoves them towards its mouth. Sometimes the roaring billows, of that Nile of the desert, rushing under lofty mountains, disturb the awful silence of the scene; or spread themselves around the massy trees of the forest, and the mournful piles of Indian tombs. To the magnificent scenery of nature the graceful ever unites. While the middle current hurls the sapless trunks of pines and oaks towards the sea,\* along the lateral currents are seen floating islands of Pistia,† and Nenuphar,‡ whose yellow roses arise like pavilions; green serpents, blue herons, crimson flamingos,§ and young crocodiles, are the passengers on board these flowery barks; and the colony, unfurling its golden sails to the winds, is landed, yet asleep, on some remote creek of the river.

From the mouth of the Meschacébé to its junction with the Ohio, the eye is greeted by the most romantic views: on the western side the savannas¶ unfold their green mantles, which seem at a distance to ascend and blend their verdure with the azure of the skies; on those boundless fields wander flocks of buffaloes, sometimes an old bison,¶ breaking the stubborn flood with his aged breast, swims to the opposite side, and rests his wearied limbs on the grassy

\* Logs of wood floating down the Mississippi are seen for above 200 miles at sea, and serve as guides to the entrance of the river, which is rendered very difficult on account of the rocks and shoals in its neighbourhood.

† The water house-leek of Egypt.

‡ The water lily.

§ This bird is about the size of a goose: his neck and legs are enormously long; the feet palmated; the general colour is roseate, crimson, or scarlet.

¶ Vast meadows so called in the West-Indies.

¶ A species of wild ox common in those northern countries.

beds of some isle in the Meschacébé; with his venerable head bent under the weight of his crooked horns, his oozy beard, he seems the lowing god of the river, who casts a proud look on the magnitude of his waves, and the wild luxuriance of his banks. But how enchanting is the contrast on the southern side, suspended on the floods, grouped on rocks and mountains, dispersed in vallies, trees of every odour, every shape, every hue, entwine their variegated heads, and ascend to an immensurable height; bigonias,\* vines, colocinthis,† wind their slender roots around their trunks, creep to the summit of their branches, and, passing from the maple to the tulip tree,‡ and alcea,|| form a thousand bowers and verdant arcades; stretching from tree to tree, often do they throw their fibrous arms across rivers, and erect on them arches of foliage and flowers: amidst these fragrant clusters, the proud magnolia§ raises its immoveable cone, adorned with snowy roses, and commanding over the whole forest, meets with no other rival than the palm tree, whose green leaves are softly fanned by the refreshing gales.

A multitude of animals are placed in these enchanting retreats, by the hand of their Creator, to

\* This plant, so named by Tournefort in compliment to Abbé Bignon, librarian to Lewis XIV. is the trumpet flower, or scarlet jessamine.

† A medical plant, which bears a fruit of the bigness of an apple, and of a very bitter taste.

‡ An exceeding bushy tree, that bears a white flower like a tulip. The Indians call it the tree of peace.

|| The hollyhock, or rose-mallow; this hardy plant is perennial; and its stem raises its lofty head, adorned with numerous large and elegant rose-like flowers.

§ This plant raises its branches upwards into a regular head, seventy or eighty feet high, covered with ever-green leaves, and large pure white flowers of remarkable fragrance.

enliven the scene ; here the bear, inebriated by the juice of wild grapes, totters on the branches of elms, flocks of cariboux \* bathe in the lake, black squirrels sport in their leafy abodes, mocking birds, † Virginia doves, not larger than sparrows, descend on the grass reddened by strawberries, green parrots, with yellow heads, purple wood-peckers, and scarlet cardinals ‡ flutter on the tops of the cypress ; the diapered wings of humming birds § sparkle on Florida jessamines, and the serpent bird-catcher ¶ hisses, swinging from

\* Rein deer.

† This bird is nearly the size of the thrush, but of a more delicate shape : its colour is a pale cinerous brown ; the bill and legs are black. Exclusive of its own enchanting notes, it possesses the power of imitating those of most other birds. Nay, the voices of animals, as well as different kinds of domestic sounds. Like the red-breast it is very familiar, and fond of man.

‡ This bird is quite red. The throat black, and a crest of feathers on its head ; the bill is strong and red. Its size is about that of a lark. It whistles during summer like a blackbird.

§ This beautiful American bird is so small, that its leg and foot together measure but half an inch, and the whole trunk not an inch. The body weighs only the tenth of an ounce, about a silver sixpence. Its nest made of cotton is much of the size and figure of the thumb of a man's glove. Its egg about the bigness of a pea. Some Indians wear them in their ears for pendants.

¶ This is the great American black snake. Kalm says in his travels into North America, he was told by a planter that he saw a black snake seize a little bird in the following manner : " This bird flew from one branch to another, screeching most dolefully ; at the bottom of the tree, about a fathom's distance from the stem, lay the snake, with its head continually upright, pointing towards the bird, which by degrees fluttered from branch to branch, and hopped to the



those verdant domes. If all is silent in the savannas, on the opposite side of the river, here all is noise and motion; the pecking of birds against the trees, animals bruising the kernels of fruits, the purling of the streams, the howling of wild beasts, the soft cooing of doves, form a tender, though savage harmony. But when a breeze animates these solitary wilds, waves all these airy beings, blends the white, the green, the red, the purple; unites every murmur; such awful sounds issue from the forests, such scenes are displayed to the sight, as I should vainly attempt to describe to those who have never visited these primeval fields of nature.

After the discovery of the Meschacébé by father Hennepin and the unfortunate La Salle,\* the French who first settled at the Biloxis, and at New Orleans, had made treaties of alliance with the Natchez, an Indian nation, whose power was formidable in those countries. Injustice, revenge, unbridled love, and all the baneful passions, soon stained with blood the land of hospitality. Among the savages lived a man, Chactas † his name; age, wisdom, and a great knowledge of human nature, had made him the patriarch and idol of those deserts. Like the rest of men, his virtues were acquired by adversity: forests alone had not witnessed his misfortunes, they pursued him even to Europe. Loaded with degrading fetters, he had un-

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place where the snake lay, which immediately caught the bird and swallowed it.

\* Mr. Robert Cavalier de La Salle left France to found a new settlement on the banks of the Mississippi in 1684, with a squadron of four ships, commanded by Capt. Beaujeu. Having by a haughty, tyrannical disposition, and unheard of cruelty, exasperated some of those under his command, they formed a plot against his life, and before he could accomplish his plan he was shot near the Ceniz mountain in 1687.

† The harmonious voice.

deservedly shared the unhappy fate of the galley slaves at Marseilles : restored to liberty, he was presented to Lewis XIV. had conversed with the most eminent characters of that illustrious age ; assisted at the magnificent entertainments of Versailles, the tragedies of Racine, and the funeral orations of Bossuet. There it was, that a savage had contemplated society in the meridian of its splendour.

Long returned to his native soil, Chactas for many years enjoyed tranquillity amongst his countrymen. Nevertheless, that comfort had been dearly granted to him by Providence, the old man was blind, a young maiden guided his steps in the wilderness, as Antigona conducted Œdipus on Mount Cythero, or as Malvina led Ossian to the tomb of his forefathers.

Notwithstanding the harsh treatment he had received from the French, Chactas loved them ; he had been the friend of Fenelon, and he longed to serve all those that were born in the same country with that virtuous man : at last he found a favourable opportunity to gratify his generous heart : in 1725, a Frenchman, called René, assailed by misery, was carried by distress to Louisiana ; he ascended the Meschacébé till he reached the habitations of the Natchez, he begged to be admitted amongst the warriors\* of that nation : Chactas having attempted in vain to dissuade him, adopted him for his son, and married him to a young Indian, named Celuta. Soon after their nuptials, the savages prepared for the great hunt of beavers.

Chactas, though blind, was chosen by the council of the Sachems† to command the expedition, so great

\* To admit a youth amongst the warriors, the Indians place him on a tiger's skin ; having burnt some straw, with the ashes diluted in water, they trace the figure of a roe-buck on his thigh, pricking it with great needles till the blood comes out and mixing with the ashes makes an impression which can never be effaced. He then smokes the calumet, and walks on white skins spread on purpose under his feet.

† The elders.

was their admiration of his virtues. Fasts and prayers began, the jugglers explained the various dreams, the Manitons\* were consulted, tobacco was burnt on the altars, fillets of originals' tongues† were thrown into the flames; and, to penetrate the will of the genii they watched if these mystic offerings crackled in the fire: they sat off at last, after having eaten the sacred dog.‡ René was one of the sportsmen. By the help of counter currents, the pirogues ascended the Meschacébé, and entered the bed of the Ohio. It was then the middle of autumn, and the vast deserts of Kentucky|| displayed their magnificence to the wondering eyes of the French youth.

One night, while the moon cast a glimmering light, and the savages were asleep in the bottom of their canoes; as the Indian fleet sailed before the fresh breeze, Chactas and René still awake, he asked the old man a detail of his adventures: seated on the stern of their boat, Chactas, willing to gratify his curiosity, began his narration in the midst of the wilderness, whose silence had never before been disturbed, save by the foaming flood.

\* A false Indian deity; sometimes a dried raven, a snake, or any other animal. The Indians never go to war without consulting their Maniton, to whom they attribute all their good or bad luck; if it has not been favourable they instantly forsake it for another.

† Elks.

‡ The Indians eat the flesh of a dog; saying, "That since this animal would die in defending its master, it must be brave, and therefore give them valour." He that brings the scalp of an enemy's dog receives the same honours as if he carried that of a man.

|| Kentucky belongs to the states of Virginia. The first white man who discovered this province was one James M'Bride, who, in company with some others, in the year 1754, passing down the Ohio in canoes, landed at the mouth of Kentucky river, and there marked a tree with the first letters of his name and the date, which remains to this day.

## RECITATION.

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### THE HUNTSMEN.

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BY what strange fate do we meet in these deserts, my dear son? In thee I behold the civilized man become a savage; in me thou seest the savage, whom the great spirit, for some hidden purpose, no doubt, has chosen to civilize; having both entered the career of life by two opposite sides—thou art come to rest in my place, and I sat in thine; therefore have we seen things in a very different light. Which of us has gained or lost most by the change of situation, is only known to the genii; the least of whom has more wisdom than all the human race.

On the next moon of the flowers;\* seven times ten snows† and three snows more, will have elapsed since my mother gave me birth on the banks of the Meschacébé. The Spaniards had lately settled in the Bay of Pensacola; but no white man had yet inhabited Louisiana. I could hardly reckon seventeen falls of the leaf, when I went along with my father, the warrior Ontalissi, against the Muscogulges, a powerful nation of the Floridas. We joined the Spaniards, our allies, and the battle was fought on the banks of the river Mobilé. Areskou‡ and the Manitous did not prove favourable, we were defeated: my father lost his life in the action, and I was twice wounded in defending him. Alas! why did I not follow him to the land of souls? I should have then avoided all the misfortunes that awaited me in this world; but

\* The month of May.

† Snows, for years, 73 years.

‡ God of war.

the spirits ordered it otherwise : I was carried by those that fled to Saint Augustin.

In that town, newly inhabited by Spaniards, I was in danger of being sent to the mines of Mexico ; when, an old Castilian, named Lopez, moved by my youth and simplicity, offered me an asylum, and introduced me to his sister, with whom he lived, having no wife. They soon felt for me the sincerest affection, educated me with the utmost care, and provided me with masters of every kind. But, after spending thirty moons at Saint Augustin, I took a sudden aversion to social life, and fell into a rapid decline. Sometimes I stood motionless for hours, contemplating the tops of distant woods ; or I sat by a stream, sadly watching its course, thinking of the delightful forests through which it flowed ; and my soul panted after the desert.

Overcome by the desire of seeing once more my native country, one morning I entered the room of Lopez, dressed in the garb of a savage : my bow and arrows in one hand, in the other my European garments, which I returned to my generous protector, bathing his feet with my tears. I exclaimed against my own ingratitude ; but, after upbraiding myself, I said, " O father ! I must die—you see it—if I do not follow the wandering life of the Indians." Lopez, thunder-struck, endeavoured to persuade me against my imprudent resolution. He expatiated on the dangers I was to run, if again taken by the Muscogulges. Finding me determined, he burst into tears, and pressing me to his bosom, he said, " Go, magnanimous child of nature ! Go, and again enjoy that precious, manly independence, Lopez would never bereave thee of. Was I younger, I would follow thee to thy deserts, where, alas ! I have left some tender remembrances, and restore thee to thy disconsolate mother. When in thy forests, do not forget the old Spaniard, who received thee under his hospitable roof : impress it on thy mind, to excite thee to the love of thy fellow creatures, that the first trial thou hast made of the human heart, has proved in its fa-

your." Lopez ended by a fervent prayer to the God of Christians, whose worship I had obstinately refused to embrace—and we parted in deep affliction.

My ingratitude soon met with due punishment. Inexperience misled me into the woods. I was seized by a party of Muscogulges and Siminoles, as Lopez had foretold. Seeing my dress and the feathers in my head, they knew me to be a Natchez. They bound me, though slightly, on account of my youth. Simaghan, their chief, asked my name—I answered, "I am called Chactas, the son of Outalissi, son of Miscou, who has scalped the heads of more than a hundred heroes, Muscogulges." Simaghan replied, "Chactas, the son of Outalissi, son of Miscou, rejoice! thou shalt be burnt in the great village."—"Be it so," I exclaimed, and began the death song. Although I was their prisoner, I could not help admiring my enemies; the Muscogulge, or rather the Siminole, his ally, is all mirth, content, and love; free and elegant in his deportment; his countenance cheerful and open; he talks much and rapidly; his language is flowing and harmonious; even age does not deprive him of his joyful vivacity. Like the old birds, in the desert, he joins his ancient songs to the sprightly airs of youth.

The women, who followed the tribe, expressed a curious sensibility, and the most anxious pity for my tender years. They asked about my mother, and the details of my infancy; they wished to know if my mossy cradle had been suspended to the bloomy bowers of the maples? If the refreshing gale, rocked me along with the callow birds in their nests? They sometimes questioned me on the state of my heart, inquired if ever I had seen a white hind in my dreams? If the trees, in the secret valley, had whispered me to love? I answered with candour to the matrons, the virgins, and the consorts of men—"You have the beauty of a prosperous dawn. Night loves you, as the parched earth cherishes the evening dew. Man, as soon as he receives life, hangs on your breast, and on your lips; you know magic words that dispel

every pain. So was I told by my mother. Virgins are mysterious flowers, found in solitary groves, said she, who will never more behold me." Pleased with my praise, they brought me presents of every sort. They gave me cream of walnut, sugar of maple, *sagamité*,\* bear's hams; beaver's skins, shells to adorn my garments, and green moss for my couch: they sung, they laughed with me, and then shed tears, thinking that I should be burnt.

One night, as I sat near the forest pile, with the warrior that guarded me, I suddenly heard the rustling of a mantle on the grass, and a woman, half veiled, came and sat by my side. Tears rolled in her eyes, the flames of the pile made me perceive a golden crucifix shining on her bosom: she was regularly handsome, her countenance expressed a mixture of modesty and love, which was irresistible; she possessed still more seducing graces; her looks spoke exquisite sensibility and tender melancholy: celestial was her smile!

I took her for the *virgin of the last love*, that virgin, who is sent to the devoted prisoner, to charm the horrors of his impending doom. I addressed her, trembling, but not from the fear of my tremendous fate, and hesitating, whispered, "Virgin, you are worthy of the first love, and not made for the last. The throbbings of a heart, soon to become lifeless, would ill repay the soft palpitations of yours. Why should death be blended with life? Too much would you make me regret existence. Go! let another be more fortunate, and may long embraces unite the wooing liane to the majestic oak." She replied, "I am not the virgin of the last love. Art thou a Christian?" I told her "I had not forsaken the genii of my hut." The beauteous maid startled. "I pity thee for being a wretched idolater. My mother made me a Christian. My name is Atala, daughter of Simaghan with golden bracelets, and chief of these warriors: we are

\* A sort of gruel made with maze flower, sweetened with syrup of the maple tree.

journeying to Apalachucla, where thou art to be burnt." Uttering these words, she arose and went away.

Here Chactas was forced to interrupt his narration. Sorrowful remembrances crowded on his wounded mind; floods of tears, gushing from his sightless eyes, trickled down his furrowed cheeks, as two fountains hid in the dark bosom of earth are disclosed by the few drops that filter between rocks.

O, my son! he resumed, thou seest how weak is Chactas, notwithstanding his renown for wisdom. Alas, dear boy! men although deprived of sight can find tears in their eyes. Many days elapsed, and the daughter of the Sachem used to come every night, and converse with me near the pile. Sleep had fled from my eyes, and Atala was in my heart like the remembrance of my infantine sports. On the seventeenth day of our march, about that time when the ephemera\* emerges from the water, we entered the great savanna of Alachua. It is surrounded with hills, whose summits, overtopping each other, crowned with copal, lemon trees, magnolias, and holm oaks, lift their heads to the skies. The chief set up the cry of arrival; and the troop encamped at the foot of the hills; placed at a distance, near one of those natural wells so common in the Floridas: I was tied to the trunk of a tree, and a warrior impatiently watched by me. I had not been there long, when Atala appeared under the liquid ambers† of the fountain.

"Huntsman!" said she to the young Muscogulge, "if thou art willing to pursue the roe-bucks‡ on the

\* The day fly. This little insect lives but one day, and takes its name from the shortness of its existence. A thing very remarkable is, that although it lives but a few hours, it remains for two or three years in the state of a chrysalis.

† The sweet gum tree. It grows near fountains and springs.

‡ The Indians have a curious method of killing the roe-bucks. The huntsman takes the head and skin of a roe-back, carries it into the woods, covers his back



clifts, I will guard the prisoner." The warrior sprung joyfully from his seat, entrusted me to the daughter of his chief, and rushed down upon the plain.

How strange are the inconsistencies of the human heart! I who had so much longed to whisper, to her I loved, the words of mystery; confused and perplexed, felt as if I should have rather been thrown to the crocodiles, in the fountain, than find myself alone with Atala: the guardian of the innocent savage was as much agitated as her captive. Silence closed our lips; the genius of love had stolen our speech. At last, the daughter of Simiaghan, hesitating, said,—“Prisoner, weak are your fetters, you may easily escape.” These words restored my courage. “Weak,” exclaimed I, “O woman!—” I could say no more. Atala stopped a few moments, then resumed: “Fly! save yourself!” and loosened my bonds. I seized the cord, and put it into the hands of my fair stranger, pressing her lovely fingers on my chains. “Take it back! take it back!” I said. “Has then reason forsaken you?” exclaimed Atala, with great emotion: “hapless youth! Do you forget you are to perish in the flames? What do you propose to do? Do you not consider that I am the daughter of a mighty Sachem?”—“There was a time,” said I, with bitter tears, “there was a time when I, also, was carried in beaver’s skins, clinging to the shoulders of a mother. My father, too, possessed a fine hut, and his goats drank the waters of many torrents; but now I wander homeless. Soon shall I be no more, and no friend will collect my ashes to secure them from the scattering winds! For who regards the relics of a wretched stranger?” These last words moved Atala, her tears dropped into the brook.—“Alas!” resumed I, eagerly, “if thy heart would

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with the skin, thrusts his hand into the neck, kneels down, and imitating the voice of these animals, they come so very near him, that he can easily kill them.

speak like mine—is not the desert free? Is there not in the verdant robes of forests, one single fold to hide us? Are so many things requisite for the felicity of the children of huts? O! thou more bright than the first dreams of love! O my adored! dare to follow my steps in the wilderness!" Atala replied, with a tremulous voice, "My young friend, you have learnt the language of white men. It is easy to deceive an Indian."—"What! you call me your young friend," said I, with rapture. "Alas! if a poor slave"—"Well," replied she, bending her beauteous form towards me.—"A poor slave! wouldst thou, my Atala, grant one sweet kiss, as a pledge of our mutual love?" She listened to my prayer. Like the fawn who looks as if suspended to the flowers of the rosy liane, he nips on the cliffs of mountains—so did I hang on the lips of my beloved.

Ah, my dear son! why should sorrow go hand in hand with joy? Who could ever have supposed, that the moment Atala gave me the first pledge of love, was the very time she chose to plunge a dagger in my breast? What was the surprise of thy torn heart, old Chactas! When the virgin of the desert uttered these words: "Amiable youth! I have heedlessly granted thy request—where shall this growing passion lead us? My religion is an insuperable bar—O mother! what hast thou done!" She suddenly stopped, and the fatal secret died, half-told, on her lips. Her words threw me into despair, my sorrow was exquisite in proportion to the vivacity of my hopes. "Well," exclaimed I, "thou shalt find me as cruel as thyself: thou shalt behold me in the burying frame; \* thou shalt witness the tortures of my flesh, and rejoice at my groans." "Alas! unfortunate idolater," said Atala, seizing my hand, "I sincerely pity thee. Must then my whole heart melt into tears? Why cannot I fly with thee? Happless was the womb of thy

\* The Indians put their prisoners of war into a kind of frame made with two posts and a pole laid across, and burn them alive.

mother, Atala! Why not throw myself to the crocodiles, in the fountain?" As she spoke, the sun was setting, and we heard the roaring of crocodiles. Atala said, "Let us fly from this dark cave;" and I hurried away the daughter of Simaghan to the foot of the hills, which formed a gulph of verdure, advancing their promontories in the savannas. All was serene, sublime, and melancholy in the desert. The stork shrieked on her nest, the wood echoed the monotonous song of the quail, the whistling of paroquets, the lowing of buffaloes, and the neighing of Siminole mares.

Our walk was almost silent. I went by the side of Atala, she held the cord, I had forced her to take. Sometimes we shed tears, sometimes we sought a smile, a look now directed towards heaven, then fixed on the ground; our ears we bent on the warbling of birds, or we pointed to the setting sun, or pressed one another's hands; alternately agitated and calm we softly whispered the names of Atala and Chactas. O first walk of love, taken in the desert with Atala! How deep must be the impression you have made! since after so many years of misfortune are elapsed, you can still penetrate the blighted heart of Chactas.

How unaccountable is the mind of man, when tortured by passion! I had forsaken the generous Lopez, and faced every danger to recover my liberty. In a moment the looks of a woman had overturned my plans, altered my resolution, changed my thoughts. Forgetting country, mother, hut, even the horrid death that was preparing for me, I felt indifferent to all that was not Atala. Destitute of the means to recover my lost reason, I was suddenly fallen into a state of childhood, and far from being able to act for myself, I should have, almost, wanted some one to take care that I slept, and that I fed.

Therefore was it in vain, that after our rambling through the savanna, Atala throwing herself at my feet, conjured me to fly. I swore I would return alone to the camp, if she refused to bind me again to the trunk of my tree. She was forced to consent, in hopes of convincing me another time. The next,

after that day which determined the fate of my life, our tribe stopped in a valley, near Cuscovilla, chief town of the Siminoles. These Indians, with the Muscogulges, their allies, compose the confederacy of the Creeks. The maiden of the land of palms came to meet me in the middle of the night. She led me to a vast forest of pines, and renewed her entreaties, to persuade me to fly. Without answering a word, I prevailed on her to wander with me in the wood. The night was serene; the genius of the skies shook his blue locks, embalmed with the perfume of pines; the air was scented with the sweet odour of amber,\* exhaled from the crocodile resting under the tamarind in the rivers, the moon shining on the spotless azure of the firmament, spread her silver light on the confused tops of forests; no other sounds were heard than a distant harmony issuing from the thickest of the groves. It seemed as if the spirit of solitude gently sighed in these extensive wilds.

We descried amongst the trees a youth with a torch in his hand; he looked like the genius of spring, gliding along the woodland, to reanimate nature. It was a young lover going to learn his fate, at the hut of his fair. If the virgin quenched the torch, she accepted him for her spouse; if she veiled herself without putting it out, she rejected his vows. The swain, ranging along the dark shade, sung these words:

“ I will outstep the morn o'er the mountain to surprise my solitary dove on a branch in the grove.

“ Like an ermine's are Mila's eyes; her tresses wave as a field of rice; her mouth is a pink shell, set

\* The crocodile in the Mississippi has follicles with musk, which smell stronger than the East-India musk. The Indians, holding in their hand an iron sharpened at both ends, swim with their arm extended. The crocodile advances to devour it, but piercing both his jaws he can neither open nor shut them, and is easily brought on shore.

with pearls ; her breast are like two speckless kids, born the same day, from the same mother.

“ I tied on her neck a string of porcelains,\* there are three red grains, to express my love ; three purple for my fears ; three blue for my hopes.

“ May Mila quench this torch, may her lips throw a voluptuous shade upon it. I will fertilize her bosom : the hopes of our nation shall cling to her breast, and I will smoke the calumet † of peace on the cradle of my son.

“ O let me outstep the morn o'er the mountain to surprise my solitary dove on a branch in the grove.”

Thus sung the youth. His words brought tumult in my heart, and a blush on Atala's cheek—our hands trembled. But our meditations were soon disturbed by a scene more dangerous than the first. We passed by an infant's tomb which served as a boundary to two nations in the wilderness. It was placed on the side of a public road, according to custom, that the young maidens going to the fountain might breathe and receive in their bosom the soul of the innocent babe, and restore it to the nation. Amongst them were young brides, who, desirous of the joys of maternity, opening their lips, endeavoured to cull the child's soul, which they thought was hovering about the surrounding flowers. At last the mother came, and placed on the grave a bunch of maize and white lilies. She sprinkled the ground with her milk, and

\* *Choncha venerea*. These little shells, turned into short cylindrical beads, serve the Indians for money and ornament.

† A long pipe with a red, white, or black marble head, adorned with feathers of the white eagle ; it is the symbol of Peace. Nothing is held more sacred amongst the savages.

sitting herself on the wet grass, weeping, she thus spoke to her deceased child :

“ Why should I weep on thy earthy cradle, O my first born ! When the young bird tries his new-fledged wings to seek for food in the desert, he finds many a bitter grain. At least thou never knewest the tears of sorrow, the poisonous breath of men never corrupted thy heart. The rose that is nipped in the bud dies inclosed with all its perfumes, like thee, my boy, with all thy innocence ! Happy the infant that dies in his cradle ! He only knew the smiles and cares of a mother’s love.”

Our hearts, already too much oppressed, were overcome by those scenes of maternal affection, and of youthful love, which seemed to haunt us in the dark night. I led Atala to the thickest of the wood, and told her things, my cold lips in vain would attempt to relate. Southerly winds, dear son ! lose their intense heat, after passing through frozen regions ; and the remembrance of an old man’s love, is like the rays of the sun, when, after it is set, the glimmering orb of night reflects their faint light, and that silence and melancholy spread over the huts of savages.

Nothing but a miracle could save Atala from the fascinating solicitations of love, and the persuasive voice of nature : and that miracle was wrought. The daughter of Simaghan invoked the God of Christians ; her matchless form, prostrate on the ground, in the humble posture of supplication, she offered a pious prayer to Heaven. What a sublime idea I then formed, O René ! of a religion, which in the midst of deserts, amid the wants of life, pours innumerable comforts on a wretched being ; of a religion, which can, at will, curb the most impetuous passion, when the secrecy of woods, the absence of men, the mystery of the shade, all seem to favour it. How heavenly she looked, the ingenuous savage, the innocent Atala, when on her kness before a fallen pine, which seemed as a victim at the foot of the altar ; she offered to the Lord of life through the tufted trees, the most fervent prayers for the conversion of her idolatrous lover.

Her eyes turned towards the refulgent lamp of night, her cheeks bedewed with tears of love and piety, she appeared like an immortal spirit. Often did I think I saw her take her flight to heaven; often methought I saw descending from the azure skies, and that I heard whispering among the branches, those ærial beings the great Spirit sends to the holy hermits of the rocks, when he chooses to recal them to his bosom. I trembled, as I feared Atala had but a short time to spend on this mortal earth.

She sobbed, she wept so bitterly, she looked so distressed, that I felt almost tempted to obey and leave her, when the cries of death resounded through the forest, and I was seized by four armed warriors. Our flight had been discovered, and their chief had sent them in our pursuit.

Atala, who seemed divine, so dignified were her mien and her steps, cast a scornful look on them; and, without uttering a word, she hastened to her father.

He was deaf to all her supplications, he increased the number of my guards, he doubled my fetters, and refused to let my beloved come near me. Five days elapsed, and we perceived Apalachucla lying near the river Chatautché. I was immediately crowned with flowers, my face was painted with blue and vermilion, pearls were tied to my nose and ears, and a Chechikoué\* was put into my hands.

Thus adorned for the sacrifice, I entered Apalachucla, followed by the shouts of an immense crowd. I gave myself up for lost, when the sound of a conch was heard, and the Mico, chief of the whole tribe, ordered the council to assemble. You know, my boy, what horrid tortures the savages inflict upon their prisoners of war. Christian missionaries, at the peril of their lives, with an indefatigable zeal, had prevailed on several nations to replace, by a mild slavery, the torments of death. The Muscogulges had not yet

\* A musical instrument. It is a gourd in which they put little beads, and with it mark the time and cadence.

adopted that humane custom ; but a numerous party had declared for it ; and it was to determine on that important question the Mico had assembled the Sachems. I was brought to the hall of debate, situate on an insulated spot near Apalachucla. Three circles of columns composed the elegant, and simple architecture of the building : they were made of cypress, well carved and polished ; the columns augmented in height and size, and decreased in number as they drew near the centre, which was supported by a single pillar, from whose top long strips of bark, bending over the other columns, covered the rotunda like a transparent fan.

The council met. Fifty old men, clad in magnificent beaver cloaks, sat upon steps opposite the entrance of the pavillion, the great chief stood in the midst of them, holding in his hand the calumet of peace, half-painted for war. On the right of the elders were placed fifty matrons, dressed in flowing garments, made of the down of swans. The chiefs of the warriors, a tomahawk in their hands, feathers on their heads, their wrists and breasts stained with blood, sat on the left. At the foot of the central column, burnt the fire of council. The first juggler\* followed by eight attendants in long robes, a stuffed owl on his head, threw some copal in the flame, and offered a sacrifice to the sun. The triple range of elders, matrons, and warriors, the clouds of frankincense, the sacrifice, all gave to the savage council an awful and pompous appearance.

I stood in the centre loaded with chains. The sacrifice over, the Mico simply exposed the reasons for which he had convened them, and threw a blue collar in the room as a token of what he had said. Then arose a Sachem, of the tribe of the eagle, who spoke thus :

“ Father and venerable Mico, Sachems, matrons,

\* They perform the functions of priests, physicians, and fortune-tellers ; and chiefly pretend to pass for sorcerers.



and you warriors of the tribes of the eagle, the beaver, the serpent, and the tortoise ; do not alter any of the customs of our ancestors : burn the prisoner. Let no reason whatever abate our courage. The plan was suggested by white men, and therefore must be pernicious : here is a red collar as a pledge of my words." And he threw it in the hall.

A matron rose and said :

" Father of the tribe of the eagle, you possess the shrewd penetration of the fox, and the slow prudence of the tortoise. I will strengthen the ties of friendship between us, and we shall both plant the tree of peace. But let us remove from the customs of our forefathers all that shocks humanity and reason. Let us have slaves to cultivate our fields, and suffer the groans of prisoners no longer to disturb infants in their mothers' womb."

As when the stormy sea dashes her tumultuous billows ; or when the faded leaves in autumn are whirled by the winds ; or when the reeds in the Meschacébé bend and suddenly rise under the emerging floods ; or when a herd of amorous stags roar in the solitary woods—such was the murmur of the council. Sachems, warriors, matrons, all spoke together. The opinions varied, no one could agree ; the council was on the point of breaking up. At last the ancient custom prevailed, and it was resolved that I should be burnt with the usual tortures. A circumstance protracted my fate. The feast of the dead, or the banquet of souls \* drew near, and it was forbidden to put any prisoner to death during the days allotted to that holy rite. I was entrusted to the care of a vigilant guard, and the Sachems, no doubt, kept

\* When an Indian dies, his body is exposed upon a bier of cypress bark ; when the flesh is entirely consumed, the whole family assembles and dismembers the skeleton : they deposit the bones in a chest, after colouring the head with vermilion. In the beginning of November, they celebrate a feast which they call the Banquet of Souls.

away the daughter of Simaghan, for I saw her no more.

Meantime, nations came in crowds from more than a thousand miles, to attend the banquet of souls. A long hut was erected in a solitary part of the desert. On the day appointed, the inhabitants of each hut took out of their tombs the remains of their fathers: those sacred relics were classed in families, and then suspended to the walls of the common hail of ancestors. They had chosen a stormy day, when the hollow murmur of the winds, rushing through the forest, and the tumultuous roaring of cataracts, added to the awful horror of the dismal ceremony. The old men trembled, swore peace and amity on the bones of their deceased parents, and on them concluded treaties of alliance and commerce.

They begin the funeral games, ball,\* races, and cockal. Two young maidens endeavoured to pull an osier from each others hands. The rosy buds on their snowy bosoms met; their lips united; their fingers glided along the twig they raised over their heads; their beauteous feet entwined; they stopped and blended their flowing locks; blushing,† they cast a timid look on their mothers, and were led to their seats amid peals of applause. The juggler invoked Michabou, genius of the waters: he spoke of the bloody war between the great hare and Kitchimaniton,‡

\* After having agreed upon a mark or aim about sixty yards off, and distinguished by two poles, between which the ball is to pass; forty people on each side join with battledoors in their hands, about two feet long: an old man standing in the middle of the place where they play, throws up a ball of roe-skin; the players run, endeavouring to strike it with their battledoors; he that is expert enough to get the ball, sends it to his party, while those of the adverse side run to oppose him. They generally reckon sixteen before the game is up.

† Blushes are very perceptible in young savages.

‡ It appears that here the author mistakes, as I

God of Evil. He told of the first man and the fair Atahensic, the first woman, expelled from heaven for

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read in Picart's Religious Ceremonies, that Kitchimaniton, is the spirit of good, and Matchimanitou the evil genius of the savages of North America.

They believe (says father Henneppin) that the world was created by a woman, who made the heavens, the earth, and men.—She presides with her son over the universe. Masson hunting one day, lost his dogs in a great lake, which overflowing, soon covered the whole earth, but by the help of some animals he restored the world.

The inhabitants of the banks of the Mississippi and river St. Lawrence, believe also that a woman fell from the heavens and rested on the back of a tortoise, that the slime from the sea gathered about the animal and formed the globe. One day as she was asleep, a spirit descended from above, and she was delivered of two sons, who came out of her side. When they grew up they became very fond of hunting; but the less skilful of the two, being jealous of his brother, used him so ill as to oblige him to forsake the earth, and fly to heaven. The spirit returned a second time, and the woman gave birth to a daughter, who is the grand parent of the North Americans.

La Potterie relates, that the savages are of opinion that they originate from animals. Michapous created them at the time of the flood, and they lived on floating groves with which he made a caieu or bridge, and requested Michinisi, god of the waters, to lend him some land; but being refused, he sent the beaver, the otter, and a kind of rat to seek for earth at the bottom of the sea. They all returned, the rat alone bringing a few grains of sand; this Michapous swelled into a mountain, and desired the fox to walk round it to form the globe; a quarrel ensued among the beasts, he was obliged to destroy them, and from their putrified bodies sprung men, and of whom found out the hut of Michapous who gave him a wife.

their disobedience. Related how the earth was diled with fraternal blood; how the impious Jouskeka bereaved of life Tahonitsaron the good. Described the deluge, bursting forth at the voice of the great spirit: Massou saved alone in his barky canoe, the raven sent to discover the earth, and how fair Endaé was by the sweet strains of her husband brought from the country of souls.

The games and hymns over, they prepared to raise the eternal tomb for their forefathers. On the margin of the river Chata-Utché stood an old figure consecrated by the worship of nations. Virgins used to wash their garments of bark in the flood, and suspend them to the breeze on the boughs of the aged tree: there a spacious grave was dug. They sat off from the pavillion singing the funeral dirge, each family carrying some sacred relic, even children followed, bending under the lifeless remains of their parents: the solemn procession reached the tomb where the precious burthens were deposited, and those inanimate families were separated from each other by beavers' and bears' skins. The funeral mount arose on the tomb, bearing implanted, the tree of tears and sleep.

How much are men to be pitied, dear boy! those very Indians, whose customs are so affecting, those very women, who had expressed so much compassion for my misfortunes, now called aloud for my death; nay, whole nations delayed their journey to behold the tortures of a harmless youth.

In the middle of a valley, towards the north, and at some distance from the village, was a dark wood of cypress and pines, called the grove of blood. A narrow path led to it amid the mouldering ruins of old monuments, that had belonged to a tribe, now un-

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Others believe, that God planted a certain number of arrows in the earth, and from thence drew man and woman. They divide the Divine Essence into four persons, God the Father, the Son, the Mother, original of evil, and the Planet of the Sun.

known in the desert; there was a wide lawn in the centre of the wood, on which they sacrificed their prisoners of war: thither was I conducted in triumph. All was prepared for my death. The fatal stake of Areskoui planted, ancient pines, cypress, and elms felled to the ground, the pile erected, and amphitheatres constructed for the spectators. Each inventing new tortures; one wanted to tear the skin off my forehead, another to burn my eyes with red-hot hatchets. I thus began my death song:

“ I am a true man, I fear neither fire nor death, O Muscogulges! I defy you, and think you less than women. My father, the warlike Outalissi, son of Miscou, has drunk in the skulls of your most renowned heroes. You shall not draw one single sigh from my heart.”

Provoked at my song, one of the warriors pierced my arm with an arrow. I said, “ Brother, I thank thee.”

Expeditions as were my tormentors, they could not get every thing ready for my execution, before the setting sun. They consulted the juggler, who forbade to disturb the genii of the night, and my death was therefore postponed until the next day. But impatient to behold the horrid sight, and to be ready against the morrow's dawn, they remained in the wood, kindled the evening fire, and began their dances.

I was stretched on my back, and cords entwined around my neck, my arms and my feet were tied to spears stuck deep in the ground: guards sat on the ropes, and I could not move unfelt by them. Night darkened on the skies, the songs and dances ended, the half-consumed piles threw but a glimmering light, which reflected the shadows of a few wandering savages. At last all was asleep, and as the busy hum of men decreased, the roaring of the storm augmented, and succeeded to the confused din of voices.

It was at that hour when the newly-delivered Indian awakes from her slumbers, and thinking she hears the cries of her first-born, starts from her couch to press her milky breast on his coral lips. My eyes

turned towards the murky heavens, I sadly reflected on my dismal fate; Atala seemed a monster of ingratitude to me, who had preferred the most horrid death rather than forsake her: she left me forlorn in the most awful moment, yet I felt I loved her, and that I gladly died for her.

In exquisite pleasure, a secret impulse leads us to profit of each precious instant. In extreme pain, on the contrary, our soul, blighted and torn by excessive sorrow, slumbers almost senseless; our eyes oppressed with tears naturally close, and thus Providence administers his balmy comfort to the unfortunate. I felt, in spite of myself, that momentary sleep, which suspends for a time the sufferings of the wretched. I dreamt that a generous hand tore away my bonds, and I experienced that sweet sensation so delicious to the freed prisoner, whose limbs were bruised by galling fetters.

The sensation became so powerful, that I opened my eyes. By the light of the moon, whose propitious rays darted through the fleecy clouds, I perceived a tall figure dressed in white, and silently occupied in nutying my chains. I was going to call aloud, when a well-known hand ~~stop~~pt my mouth. One single cord remained, which it seemed impossible to break without waking the guard that lay stretched upon it. Atala pulled it, the warrior, half awake, started; Atala stood motionless; he stared, took her for the genius of the ruins, and fell aghast on the ground, shutting his eyes, and invoking his manitou.

The cord is broke. I rise and follow my deliverer, But how many perils surround us! now we are ready to stumble against some savage sleeping in the shade; sometimes called by a guard, Atala answers, altering her voice; children shriek, dogs bark, we had scarcely passed the fatal enclosure, when the most terrific yells resounded through the forest, the whole camp awaked, the savages light their torches to pursue us, and we hasten our steps: when the first dawn of morn appeared we were already far in the desert. Great Spirit! thou knowest how exquisite was my felicity,

when I found myself once more in the wilderness with Atala, with my deliverer, my beloved Atala, who gave herself to me for ever! throwing myself at her feet, I said with a faltering voice, "Men are poor beings, O daughter of Simaghan! but when they are visited by the genii, they are mere atoms. Thou art my genius, thou hast visited me; gratitude cannot find utterance." Atala offered her hand with a melancholy smile; "I must follow you, since you will not fly without me. Last night I bribed the juggler, intoxicated your guards with the essence of fire,\* and cheerfully hazarded my life for you, who gave yours for me. Yes, young idolater!" exclaimed she, with an accent that terrified me, "Yes, the sacrifice shall be reciprocal."

Atala gave me weapons she had carried with her, dressed my wound with the leaves of papaia,† and bathed it with her tears. "It is a salutary balm you pour on my wound," said I. "Alas! I fear it is poison," she replied, "which flows from a blighted heart." She tore a veil from her bosom, and tied my arm with her hair.

Intoxication, which amongst savages lasts long, and is a kind of malady, prevented our enemies, no doubt, from pursuing us far the first day. If they sought for us afterwards, they probably went towards the western side, thinking we were gone down the Meschacébé. But we had bent our course towards the fixed star,‡ guiding our steps by the moss on the oaks.

We soon perceived how little we had gained by my deliverance. The desert now displayed its boundless solitudes before us; inexperienced in a lonely

\* Brandy. Bossu relates as an example of the great predilection the savages have for this liquor, that his huntsman, a savage, offered him his wife, and consented to sell him his son for a bottle of it.

† Skull cap.

‡ North.

life, in the midst of forests, wandering from the right path, we strayed helpless and forlorn. While I gazed on Atala, I often thought of the history of Hagar in the desert of Beersheba, which Lopez had made me read, and which happened in those remote times, when men lived three ages of oaks.

Atala worked me a cloak with the second bark of ash, for I was almost naked; with porcupine's hair\* she embroidered mocassinest made of the skins of musked rats.† I, in my turn, took care of her attire; for her I wove in wreaths those purple mallows we found on the desolated graves of Indians; or I adorned her snowy bosom with the red grains of azalea,‡ and then smiled, contemplating her heavenly beauty.

If we came to a river, we passed it on rafts, or swam across, Atala leaning her hand on my shoulder, we seemed two loving swans riding over the lakes. Often, during the intense heat, did we seek a shelter under mossy cedars. Almost all the trees in the Floridas, especially the cedars and holm-oaks, are covered with a white moss, which from the uppermost branches reaches down to the ground. If by moonlight you discover on the barren savanna, a lonely oak, enrobed with that white drapery, you would fancy a spectre enveloped in his shroud. The

\* The Canada porcupine differs much from the common species. It is a short bodied animal, approaching the form of the beaver, and is remarkable for the length and fulness of its hair, which is soft, of a dusky brown colour, intermixed with longer and coarser hair with a whitish top. The spines are nearly hid in the fur, and only visible on a close inspection.

† A kind of Indian boots.

‡ They are a diminutive kind of beaver, and resemble it in every thing but the tail. They afford a strong musk.

§ The American upright honeysuckle. The flowers sit in a circle round the stem's extremity, and have either a dark red, or a lively scarlet colour.



scenery is still more picturesque by day; when crowds of flies, shining insects, and of colibries,\* green parrots, and azure jays, hovering about these woolly mosses, give them the appearance of rich embroideries wrought with the most brilliant colours on a snowy ground, by the skilful hand of Europeans.

It was under those shady bowers, prepared in the wilderness by the Great Spirit, that we refreshed our wearied limbs at noon. Never did the seven wonders of the ancient world equal those lofty cedars, when waved by the breeze, they rock to sleep the feathered inhabitants in their airy abodes, and from their foliage issue melancholy sounds.

At night we lit a great fire, and with the bark of palm trees, tied to four stakes, we constructed the travelling hut. If I shot a wild turkey, a ring dove, or a specked pheasant; suspended by a twig before the flaming oak, the hunter's prey was turned by the gale. We eat those mosses called rock tripes, the sweet bark of birch, and the heads of maize which taste like peaches and raspberries; black walnut trees, sumacht and maples supplied us with wine. Sometimes I plucked amongst the reeds one of those plants, whose flower shaped like a horn† contained a draught

\* A bird so named in the language of the Caribbees. This species is similar to the humming bird, and equally remarkable for the beauty of its plumage. It is rather of a larger size.

† A shrub, whose flowers grow in clusters and are red like our roses. Its fruit is a kind of grape, of a very astringent quality. The ancients used it instead of salt to season their meat; its leaves are employed to dye in green, as also in the preparation of black leathers.

‡ It is very like, or rather as I am inclined to believe, the same as the lotus, a kind of a nennphar. This plant has several stalks, full of leaves, which before they develop themselves are folded in the shape of a horn. They are soon after crowned by a beauti-

of the purest dew; and we thanked Providence for having, on a tender stalk, placed a flower containing such a limpid drink, amid putrid marshes, as he has placed hope in a heart wrung with sorrow, and as he makes virtue flow from the miseries of life.

Alas! I soon perceived how much Atala's seeming serenity had deceived me: as we went farther into the desert, she grew more melancholy. Sometimes she suddenly shuddered, and quickly turned her head, or I surprised her casting on me the most impassioned looks, and then she would raise her eyes to heaven in deep affliction. What terrified me most, was a secret painful thought she kept concealed from me, but which her agitated countenance partly discovered. Constantly encouraging and repelling my solicitations, reviving or destroying my hopes; when I thought I had made some progress in her heart, she always disappointed my expectations. Often did she say, "I cherish thee, O my beloved! as the shady groves in the sultry heat; thou art as beauteous as the verdant landskip, embalmed with the flowers of spring; when I approach thee I tremble; if my hand meets with thine I think myself dying: the other day as thou wert slumbering on my bosom, the wind scattered thy locks on my face, methought I felt the touch of some spirit. Yes, I have seen the young kids sport on the sloping mountain of Occona; I have listened to the language of men advanced in years. But the meekness of playful kids, the wisdom of elders, are neither so sweet nor so persuasive as thy words. Well, Chactas, I can never be thy wife!"

The perpetual contradictions of love and religion, her excessive tenderness, her chaste purity, her noble mind, her exquisite sensibility, the elevation of her soul on great occasions, and her susceptibility in trifles, shewed me in Atala, the most incomprehensible

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ful white flower, which during the night bends its head into the water, and raises it by degrees at the returning sun.

being. She could not obtain a momentary empire of the heart; her exalted love and her rigid virtue forced man to worship, or to hate her.

After a rapid march of fifteen nights, we reached the mountains of Allegany, and came to the banks of the Tennesse, a river that empties itself in the Ohio. By the advice of Atala, I built a canoe, which I caulked with the gum of plumb-trees, seaming the barks with roots of pines, and embarking on the frail pirogue, we were carried along by the stream.

The village of Stico, with its deserted huts, and pyramidal Indian tombs, displayed itself on our left, as we were turning a promontory, and on the right we saw the valley of Keow, crowned by a view of the huts of Jore, appending on the brow of the mountain of that name. Behind the lofty weeds of the steep shore, we could perceive the setting sun. No man disturbed the tranquillity of the deep solitudes. We only discovered, after sailing many miles, an Indian hunter motionless on the peak of a rock, leaning upon his bow. He looked like a statue erected on the cliff to the spirit of those wilds.

Atala and I united our silence to the stillness of the solemn scene in the primeval world, when the daughter of exile, with a tremulous voice, sung the following words:—

“Happy are those that never beheld the smoke of strangers feasts, and only sat down at their fathers banquets.

“Was the blue jay of the Meschacébé to ask the Florida nonpareille,\* why sadly complain? have you not here, as in your forests, fine shades, limpid streams, and delicious fruits? Yes, would answer the nonpareille, but my nest I left in the jessamins, who will fetch it to me? Have you the bright sun that blazed on my savanna?

“Happy are those that never beheld the smoke of

\* A small bird of the parrot kind.

strangers feasts, and only sat down at their fathers' banquets.

“ After a toilsome march, the exhausted traveller mournfully seats himself down. He looks around at the smoking tops of huts; the traveller has no place to rest himself. He knocks at the door, hangs his bow behind it, claiming hospitality.—The owner makes a dismal sign with a refusing hand, the traveller takes back his bow, and bends his wearied steps towards the wilderness.

“ Happy are those that never beheld the smoke of strangers feasts, and only sat down at their fathers' banquets.

“ Marvellous stories, told around the parental hearth, sweet flowings of the soul, tender bliss of mutual love, you charm the days of those that never forsook their own country. Bathed at eve by the religious tears of friendship, their tombs arise in their native land.

“ Happy are those that never beheld the smoke of strangers feasts, and only sat down at their fathers' banquets.”

Thus sung Atala: nothing interrupted her doleful complaint, but the noise of our canoe, breaking through the flood. It was now and then repeated by the faint echo, which told it to a second dying away in the windings of the beech; it seemed as if the souls of two lovers, unhappy like ourselves, attracted by the tender melody, were pleased to breathe its last notes in the mountain.

Solitude, the constant presence of the beloved object, our misfortunes all increased our love. Atala's resolution began to forsake her, and her passion in weakening her delicate frame, was triumphing over her virtue. She constantly prayed to her mother, whose angry ghost she seemed endeavouring to ap-

peace. Sometimes she asked me if I did not hear the groans of an invisible spirit; or if I did not see flames darting from the ground. Worn by fatigue, consumed by desire, and thinking that we were for ever lost in these vast forests: Often, clasping my beloved in my arms, did I propose to her to build a hut, and spend the remainder of our days in those deserts; she obstinately refused, saying, "Remember my dear friend, what a warrior owes to his country. What is a poor weak woman, in comparison of the many duties thou hast to fulfil? Take courage, son of Outalassi, do not murmur against thy destiny. The heart of man is like the sponge in the river; in fair weather it imbibes the purest water, and when the storms have disturbed the waves, it is swelled by the slimy flood. Has the sponge a right to say, I thought there never should have been a storm, nor that I should have been dried by the scorching sun?"

O René! if you fear the aching of the heart, avoid lonely retreats; great passions are solitary, bringing them to a desert is leading them to their own empire. Distracted with grief and fears, exposed every moment to fall into the hands of Indian foes, or to be swallowed by the waves, to be stung by serpents, or devoured by wild beasts, scarce able to procure our miserable pittance, knowing not where to bend our steps; we thought our misfortunes could never be greater, when the most fatal accident filled up the measure of our woes.—It was on the twenty-seventh sun, since our flight from the grove of blood. The moon of fire had begun her course, and all foreboded a storm. About the hour when the Indian matrons suspended their rakes to the branches of savin trees,\* when the parrots shelter themselves from the heat of the day in the hollow cypresses, the sky began to darken. All was still in the wilderness. Soon distant peals of thunder were repeated by the echoes of

\* A species of juniper, a native of the southern parts of Europe, and raised with us in gardens. It is a medicinal plant.

woods as ancient as the world, dreading to perish in the flood, we hurried on shore to seek shelter in the forest.

Walking on a marshy ground, we could hardly proceed under arches of smilax,\* amongst clumps of vines, indigos, and creeping liannes that entangled our feet like nets; the earth sinking under us, we feared to be buried in the mire. Numberless insects, enormous bats almost blinded us; we heard the fatal rattle of the poisonous snake;† wolves, bears, buffaloes, carcajoux,‡ and tigers, flocked in crowds to save themselves in the forest. They rent the air with their terrific yells.

Total darkness overspread the atmosphere, the lowering clouds covered the tops of trees, lurid lightnings tore the blazing skies, the tempestuous wind whirled cloud upon cloud, the firmament rent asunder, unveiled through its crevices a new heaven on fire; the whole mass of the forest bowed in awful reverence. What a sublime and tremendous sight! the thunder poured conflagration on the woods; the flames spread in oceans of fire, columns of smoke as-

\* The rough bind-weed. It climbs up along trees and shrubs, fastening itself every where by its tendrils, and even on people; so that it is with the utmost difficulty one must force a passage in the swamps and woods, where it is plentiful. The stalk towards the bottom is full of long spines like those of a rose-bush.

† They have four or five round bones at the end of their tail, which when rubbing against each other, make a noise similar to that of a child's rattle. The polygala senega, or rattle snake root, is a certain antidote against the venom of that serpent.

‡ A carnivorous animal of the cat species, with a tail so long, that Charlevoix says, he twisted it several times round his body. It is said, that this animal winding himself about a tree, will dart from thence upon an elk, twist its strong tail round his body, and tear his throat open in a moment.

sailed the heavens, disgorging their bolts in the vast combustion; the rolling thunder, the crash of shattered trees, the groaning of phantoms, the howling of wild beasts, the roaring of torrents, the hissing of lightning extinguished in the waves. All seemed the wreck of matter ringing through the desert.

The Great Spirit knows, that during the seeming dissolution of nature, I saw or feared for none but Atala. Leaning against the tree which served us as a refuge, my body bent over her lovely form, I endeavoured to shelter her from the rain that fell from the dripping foliage: seated on the wet ground, I held her on my knees, warming her cold feet in my hands. Listening attentively to the storm, I felt Atala's tears hot like the milk pouring from the luxuriant udder, drop on my burning cheek. "O, Atala!" exclaimed I, "open thy heart to me, tell the painful secret thou hast obstinately concealed: thou knowest how sweet it is to unfold our most private thoughts to a friend. Yes, I see it, thou weepest for thy native hut!"—"Child of nature," she replied, "why should I weep for my native hut, since my father was not born in the land of palms?"—"What," said I with amazement, "your father was not born in the land of palms! who then was he that placed you in this world of sorrow?" She resumed, "Before my mother brought to Simaghan, as her marriage portion, thirty mares, twenty oxen, one hundred tubs of acorn oil, fifty beavers' skins, and many more treasures, she had known a white man. But the mother of my mother, throwing water on her face, obliged her to espouse magnanimous Simaghan, our chief, revered by the nation as one of the genii. My mother told her bridegroom, "My womb has conceived, O slay me!" "No," replied generous Simaghan, "may the Great Spirit spare me the horrid deed. I will not mangle you, I shall not cut your nose nor your ears, because you have spoken truth, and have not deceived the bridal couch. The fruit of your womb shall be mine, and I will not approach you till the rice

bird\* is flown, and that the thirteenth moon hath illumined the sky." About that time she gave me birth: and as I grew, I soon displayed the haughtiness of a Spaniard, blended with the pride of a savage. She made me a Christian like my father and herself: shortly after the sorrows of love assailed her, and she now rests in the narrow hut hung with skins, from which no one ever returns." So Atala ended her narrative. I asked, "Who then was thy father, poor orphan of the wilderness? What name did he bear among men? How was he called among the genii?" "I never bathed my father's feet," replied Atala, "I only know that he resided with his sister at St. Augustin, and that he has ever been faithful to my mother. Philip was his name among the angels, and men called him Lopez."

Hearing these last words, I exclaimed with rapture, clasping my beloved to my throbbing breast, "O sister! O daughter of Lopez! O the child of my benefactor!" Atala alarmed, inquired the cause of my emotion. But when she learned Lopez was that generous protector who had adopted me at St. Augustin, and whom I had forsaken to wander in the desert, she shared my frantic joy. Already overwhelmed by our passion, fraternal love was too much. The fainting Atala vainly tried to escape me, with a convulsive motion, she raised her hands to her face, and then reclined her beauteous head on my bosom. Already had I tasted on her quivering lips the intoxicating draught of love; my eyes directed towards heaven, in those dreary wilds, and in presence of the eternal Spirit, I held my adored entwined in my arms,—nuptial pomp, fit to grace our exquisite love, and worthy of our misfortunes! Superb forests, that bent your lofty heads in verdant domes over us like the canopy of the bridal couch,—burning pines

\* The Louisiana rice bunting, is a little more than six inches long; of an olive brown, striped with yellow towards the tail. It is a bird of passage.



that served as Hymeneal torches,—roaring torrents, groaning mountains, horrid and sublime nature, could you not one instant conceal in your terrific mysteries the felicity of one man?

Atala opposing but a weak resistance, I was going to taste extatic bliss, when a thunderbolt, darting through the dark space, felled a pine close by us. The forest filled with sulphurous smoke, aghast we fly; O surprise! When silence suspended the tremendous crushing of nature, we heard the sound of a bell. We listened, and shortly distinguished the barking of a dog: the sound draws near, the dog appears, runs and skips, licking our feet with joy. A venerable hermit followed along the shade, with a lanthorn in his hand. "Blessed be Providence!" exclaimed he, when he saw us; "I have been long looking for you,—we usually ring our bell at night during a storm, to call the straying traveller. Like our brethren on mount Libanum, and on the Alps, we teach our dogs to track the wandering stranger in these deserts. Mine scented you as soon as the storm began, and led me hither. Good God, how young they are! Poor children, how they must have suffered in these wilds! Come, I have brought a bear's skin, it will serve for you, young maid; here is some wine in my gourd that will strengthen you. The Almighty be praised in all his works! great is his mercy, his goodness is infinite."

Atala throwing herself at his feet, said, "Chief of prayer! I am a Christian, and Heaven sends you here to save me." To me the old man was incomprehensible: His charity appeared so much above human, that I thought myself in a dream. By the light of his lanthorn, I saw the hermit's hoary locks and beard dripping with rain; his face, his hands, his feet were mangled by thorns. "Old man," said I, "what a heart is thine, since thou hast not feared to be crushed by the thunderbolt?"—"Feared!" replied he, warmly, "feared! when I knew my fellow-creatures in peril, and that I could assist them? Alas! I should prove a wretched servant of Christ!"—"But do you

know that I am no Christian?"—"Young man," resumed he, "have I asked thy religion? Christ never said, my blood shall wash this and not that man. He died for the Jew as well as the Gentile, and in us poor mortals he beheld none but brethren. What I now do for you is a trifle; in other climes you would meet with greater assistance. But glory be to God, and not to priests. What are we but weak men, and the humble tools the Omnipotent employs to accomplish his works? Who then is the cowardly soldier that would basely forsake his leader, when, the cross in his hand, his forehead crowned with thorns, he hastens to the help of the unfortunate."

The old man's words penetrated my heart, and tears of admiration and gratitude gushed from my eyes. "My dear Neophytes," said the missionary, "I am the pastor of some of your savage brethren in these deserts: my cell is near, on the mountain. Come, follow me, there you may rest; and although you will not find the luxuries of life, it will prove a refuge against the storm, and you must return thanks to the Most High; for, alas! there are many who now want an asylum."

### THE HUSBANDMEN.

SO great is the serenity of the pious man's conscience, that we never approach him without partaking of the balmy peace that exhales from his heart and mind, as the good hermit spoke his words, assuaged the contending passions in my breast; nay, the tempestuous elements seemed appeased by his voice. The storm dispelled, we soon were able to leave our retreat. Quitting the forest, we began to climb over a steep craggy mountain; the dog skipping before us, carried on a stick the extinguished lanthorn; Atala leaned on my arm, and we followed the missionary, who from time to time cast a compassionate look on our youth and piteous situation. A book hung from his neck, and in his right hand he held a white staff;

tall was his stature, his pale cheeks were furrowed by care and abstinence, his physiognomy open and sincere; he had not the inanimate countenance of a man born without feelings, and his deep-wrinkled forehead shewed the traces of strong passions subdued by virtue, and by the love of God and man. As he stood motionless before us, his eyes fixed on the ground, his aquiline nose, his hoary beard, his venerable form, bent as if hastening to the grave, made him appear like the genius of time: Whoever, like me, has seen father Aubry traversing the desert with his staff and his breviary, may form a true idea of a Christian journeying on his earthly course.

After half an hour's perilous march through the rugged paths over the mountain, we reached the old man's cell, the entrance was almost choaked up with ivy and humid giranmonds\* which the rain had swept down the rocks. There was nothing in the cave but a mat made with the leaves of papaya, a gourd to draw water, a few wooden vases, and a tame serpent, and upon a stone which served for a table, I saw the book of Christians and a crucifix.

The charitable hermit hastened to light a fire with a few dry liannes, he ground some maize between two stones, made a cake, baked it over the cinders, and as soon as the paste was browned by the fire, he presented it to us with cream of walnuts in a maple vase. As the night became serene, the servant of the great Spirit asked us to sit on a cliff opposite to his cell: we followed him to the spot, which commanded the most extensive view. The clouds were scattered towards the east; the burning forest blazed at a distance; a wood of pines torn up by the storm, lay at the foot of the rock, and the overflowing rivers, rolled in their oozy waves, trunks of trees, carcasses of wild beasts, and dead fishes, whose silver scales glittered on the surface.

It was in the midst of this awful scene, Atala re-

\* A kind of gourd to which the French have given that name. It tastes like a citron.

lated our sad adventures to the saint of the mountain ; his benevolent heart was grieved, and the tears of Christian charity trickled down his hollow cheeks. " Dear child," said he to Atala, " you must offer up your sufferings to that God of glory, for whose sake you have already borne so many misfortunes. He will restore tranquillity to your afflicted soul. Behold the forests smoking, these torrents drying, the clouds scattering, do you think that he who could dispel the raging tempests, is not able to heal the deepest wounds of the heart of man ? If you should not find a better asylum, I shall provide you with a hut amongst the pious flock I am so fortunate as to lead into the paths of Christ. I will instruct Chactas, and shall bestow you on him in marriage when he is worthy of you."

I kissed his feet with rapture ; but Atala turned as pale as death. The old man lifted me up, and I observed both his hands had been cruelly mangled. Atala, who instantly guessed the cause, exclaimed, " Oh the barbarous savages !" He interrupted her with a smile of benignity, " Daughter, what are my sufferings to compare with those of my divine Master ? If the idolatrous Indians have tortured me thus, their eyes were shut, and God will open them ; I cheerfully and sincerely forgive my blinded persecutors. Unable to remain in my native country, where an illustrious queen vouchsafed to look at these slight marks of my apostleship ; could I receive a greater recompense than the permission I obtained from the chief of our religion, to offer up the divine sacrifice with these mangled hands ? After such a signal favour, nothing remained to me but to endeavour to become more worthy of it ; therefore I came back to these deserts to spend the remainder of my life in the service of the Omnipotent. I have been almost thirty years in these wilds, and lived nearly twenty-two years in that cell. On my arrival here, I only met a few wandering tribes, whose life was miserable, and whose customs were ferocious. I made them understand the word of God, and their manners have gradually softened into civilization. They now reside

together as one Christian family, at the foot of this mountain. While I shewed them the road to salvation, I have endeavoured to instruct them in those arts most necessary to life, always taking care to keep them in that primeval simplicity which constitutes true happiness. Fearing that my presence should constrain them, I retired to that cave, where they come to consult me. Here it is, that absent from men, I contemplate the infinite greatness of the Almighty in these boundless solitudes, and here I patiently await my approaching death."

Having ended his narration, the holy anchoret knelt upon the ground; we followed his example: he prayed aloud, and was answered by Atala. Faint lightnings darted from the east, three bright suns\* blazed in the west, some straggling wild beasts were seen prowling on the edge of the precipices, and the plants raising their heads, weighed down by the storm, opened their humid cups to the bracing breeze of evening. We entered the cell, where father Aubry spread a bed of cypress moss for Atala. Her languid eyes expressed the agitation of her mind; she looked at the pious man, as if wishing to impart a secret, which my presence, inward shame, or the inutility of the avowal stifled untold on her quivering lips. Alas! full of hopes, I imputed her faintness to excessive fatigue. After I had retired to rest, I heard her rise to seek the hermit; but as he had given her his bed, he was gone to contemplate the magnificence of the night, and adore his God, on the top of the mountain. He told me next day how he often used to spend whole nights, even in winter, in admiring the forest trees waving their leafless tops, the dark clouds flitting along the skies wafted by tempestuous winds, and the

\* A parhelia is a mock sun, or meteor, appearing as a very bright light by the side of the sun, being formed by the reflection of his beams in a cloud properly situated. It is said, that in North America they continue several days, and are visible from sun rise to sun set.

foaming torrent roaring through the desert. Having vainly sought him, Atala returned to her couch, where she fell into a slumber.

Next morning, awakened by the warbling of cardinals and mocking birds perched on the acacias and laurels that surrounded the cell, I plucked a rose from a magnolia, and placed it, still moist in the dew, on the head of the sleeping Atala, in hopes, that, according to our belief, the soul of some infant dead on the breast might have fixed in one of the crystal drops, and that a prosperous dream should convey it to the bosom of my beloved. Afterwards I went in search of my host; I found him, his gown tucked up, his breviary in his hand, seated on the trunk of an old pine; he proposed to bring me to the Christian colony, while Atala still reposed; I accepted, and we set off.

As we descended the mountain, I remarked a number of oaks on which the genii seemed to have traced some mysterious characters. The hermit had engraved them himself; they were lines from an ancient poet, named Homer, and sentences from another much more ancient, named Solomon: there was a sort of mysterious accord between the wisdom of ages—those lines, inlaid with moss, the saint that carved them, and the old oaks which in the midst of these wilds had served him for a book.

His name, his age, the date of his mission were inscribed also on a reed at the foot of the trees: as I wondered at the fragility of this monument, "It will last longer than me," said the father of prayer; "and will always be of more value than the little good I have done."

We soon came to a deep glen, where I beheld the most wonderful sight; it was a natural bridge\* simi-

\* The most sublime of nature's works, is on the ascent of a hill, which seems to have been cloven through its length by some great convulsion. The fissure is 270 feet deep, about 40 wide at the bottom, and 90 at the top; this of course determines the

lar to that you may have heard of in Virginia. Men, dear boy, especially Europeans, imitate nature; but how poor, how deficient is their attempt! Far, very far below her, when even she seems to copy their works. Then she throws bridges across lofty mountains, hangs roads over clouds, carves rocks into columns, scoops seas into basins, and bursts gulphs into canals.

We passed under the stupendous arch, and I discovered a new and enchanting scene; for we were roving from wonder to wonder, it was the burying ground of the Christian savages, or, as they called it, the groves of death. Having allowed them to inter their dead according to their ancient custom, the hermit had erected a cross to sanctify the place;\* the ground was like the common harvest field, divided into as many lots as there were families. Each spot was shaded with a bower, varied as their taste or feelings had guided those that planted them; a brook meandered around the groves, and it was called the rivulet of peace. This romantic asylum of souls was closed on the east by the natural bridge under which we had passed, a range of hills surrounded it from north to south, it was only opened towards the west, sheltered by a wood of old pines; their rugged trunks

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length of the bridge, and its height from the water. Its breadth in the middle is about 60 feet, and thickness at the summit 40 feet. Many trees grow upon it; though the sides of the bridge are provided in some parts with a parapet of fixed rock, yet men involuntarily fall on their hands and knees, creep to the parapet, and peep over. If the view from above is painful, that below is delightful: so elevated, so light an arch, and springing as it were to heaven; the rapture of the spectator cannot be described.

\* Father Aubry had followed the example of the Jesuits in China, who allowed their converted followers to bury their dead in gardens, as it is customary among them.

streaked with green, looked like massy columns, that served as a majestic porch to that magnificent temple of death. An awful murmur, similiar to the distant notes of organs in Christian churches, resounded through the wood; but when you approached the sanctuary, you only heard the mournful songs of birds, who seemed to warble solemn dirges to the dead.

Coming out of the groves we soon perceived the Christian village seated on the banks of a lake in the midst of a flowery savanna: an avenue of live oaks and magnolia led to it. As soon as the Indians descried their old pastor, they abandoned their work, hastening to meet him. Some respectfully kissed his garments, others helped his feeble steps, mothers lifted up their children in their arms to shew them the man of Christ, whose eyes were moist with paternal tears; he inquired as he went along about all that concerned the colony: to some he gave advice, others he gently reprov'd, talked of harvests to reap, of children to instruct, of the helpless to comfort; always reminding them of God's mercy and infinite goodness.

Followed by the pious train, we soon reached a high cross planted on the road. It was there the servant of the Eternal used to perform the mysteries of his religion. "Dear Neophites," said he to the surrounding crowd, "a brother and a sister are just arrived, and, as an addition to your happiness, I see that Providence yesterday saved your fields from the storm; these are two powerful reasons for you to thank him. Let us then offer up the divine sacrifice, and let every one attend it with a religious mind, zealous faith, boundless gratitude, and an humble heart."

The priest then put on a white tunic made with the bark of a mulberry tree, he took out the sacred vases from the tabernacle at the foot of the cross: a rude stone served as an altar, water was drawn from a neighbouring stream, and a wild grape supplied the mystic wine. We all knelt down amid the high



grass, and the sublime ceremony began in the desert.

The blushing morn peeping over the mountains, unrolled her gold and purple zone along the eastern sky. The sun refulgent, emerging from torrents of light, darted his first beams on the consecrated host, the priest elevated towards heaven. How great are the blessings! How magnificent the worship of the the Christian religion! An old hermit was her sainted minister, a mossy rock her altar, the wilderness her temple, and innocent savages her congregation. Yes, I sincerely believe that when we fell prostrate on the ground, the solemn mystery was accomplished, and that God vouchsafed to descend on the forest, for I felt him descend into my heart.

The service over, where I only missed the daughter of Lopez, we sat off for the village: there again I admired the wonders of thy religion in beholding the happy mixture of social with uncivilized life.

Near an ancient cypress grove, I descried a rising harvest, the corn waved its golden ears, where formerly stood a venerable oak, and one summer sheaf replaced the tree of ten ages, burning forests were seen around making way for the plough, which rolled slowly amid their torn roots. Surveyors, with long chains, measured the wilderness, and umpires settled the first property of each family. The bird removed his nest, and the wild beasts' den was changed into a cottage. The anvil resounded in the blazing forge, and the dying echo, as she repeated the strokes of the cleaving axe, expired along with the woods that had been her asylum.

I wandered with rapture amid those rural scenes, enlivened by the thoughts of Atala, and the enchanting dreams that lulled my loving heart. I admired the triumph of the Christian faith over a savage life; I saw man civilized by religion; I assisted at his nuptials with the earth, by the mutual contract man gave her the sweat of his brow, and she promised to bring him rich crops, and to shelter his cold remains, when he should be no more.

An infant was carried to the missionary, who baptized it in the adjoining brook, amid the perfumed jessamins; while on the other side, a son mourning on the pale corpse of a beloved father, went to deposit the sacred relics in the groves of death. A young couple received the nuptial benediction under a shady oak; we went to instal them in their new abode: the holy pastor walked before us, blessing a tree, a field, a stream, as God formerly blessed the uncultivated earth he gave to Adam for his inheritance. The procession, which promiscuously with the flocks ranged from hill to hill, reminded me of the primitive families of men, that guided by Shem, journeyed across the desert, following the sun as he pursued his course.

On my inquiring how the pious hermit governed his colony, he obligingly said, "I gave them no laws, I only taught them to love one another as brothers, to pray to the Almighty, and to hope for a better world; all laws are included in these short precepts. You see in the centre of the village a cottage larger than the rest; it is there that in the rainy season we meet, morning and evening, to praise the Lord: when I am absent, one of the elders repeats the prayers, for old age is like paternity, a sort of priesthood of nature; afterwards they go to work in their fields, and although the grounds are divided to teach them social economy; yet the harvest is deposited in public granaries to preserve fraternal charity amongst them. Our religious ceremonies, the hymns we constantly sing to the Omnipotent, the cross where I performed the sacred rite, the elm under which I preach the word of God, our tombs near our corn-fields, the brook, where like St. John in the wilderness I plunge the new-born infants, will all give you an exact idea of this earthly kingdom of Christ."

The words of the holy man filled me with rapture, and I immediately felt the immense advantage of a moral, social, and laborious life, over the wandering, useless, and idle life of savages.

O René! I never murmur against Providence; yet

when I recollect the happiness of that evangelical tribe, I own I always feel the bitterest regret. How fortunate if with my Atala I could have spent my days among them: there would have ended all my woes; there, with a wife adored, unknown to men, concealing my felicity in the remotest solitude, my existence would have glided away like the nameless rivers of the desert. Instead of that peace I expected, how great have been my miseries! the constant sport of fortune, wrecked on various shores, long exiled from my native land, and there finding on my return, nothing but a ruined hut, and the tombs of departed friends. Alas! such has been the sad fate of old Chactas.

### THE DRAMA.

IF my dreams of happiness were brilliant, alas! they were as short—cruel reality awaited me in the anchorite's cell. I was surprised as we arrived there at mid-day, not to see Atala run to meet us: a foreboding terror seized my palpitating heart; methought I heard the laurels mournfully murmur on the tops of the mountains: as we reached the cave, I feared to call the daughter of Lopez, equally dreading the sounds or the silence that might have succeeded my cries: still more chilled with horror at the darkness that spread around the opening of the rock; I said to the hermit, "Oh! you that Heaven assists, and ever strengthens, O! penetrate into the shades and restore my Atala."

How weak is he that is ruled by his passions! How strong he that rests his hopes in the Eternal! There was more fortitude in the pious heart of an aged man, of seventy-six, than in my young breast. The man of peace entered the cell, and I waited, a prey to all the tortures of expectation. Faint groans seemed to issue from the cave. I screamed—and, recovering my lost strength, rushed into the cavern. Spirits of my forefathers! you witnessed the woeful spectacle that struck my bewildered sight.

By the light of a piny torch, the Cenobite held over the couch of Atala, I perceived my beauteous love, pale and dishevelled, supporting on her elbow her emaciated form; drops of cold sweat trickled down her faded cheeks; her eyes, obscured by the films of approaching death, still endeavoured to express her tenderness, and her quivering lips attempted a smile.

Thunder-struck at the heart rending sight, my eyes, fixed, my arms extended, I stood motionless. We kept a sorrowful silence for a few moments; when father Aubry said—"She has got a slight fever in consequence of her great fatigue, and if we resign ourselves to the mercy of God, he will take compassion on us." His words restored circulation to my frozen blood, and with the rapidity of a savage, I quickly passed from excessive grief to the most lively hope; but, alas! too soon was it baffled by Atala, who having beckoned to us to draw near her couch, spoke with a faltering voice. "O father!" said she to the chief of prayer, "I feel the cold hand of death. O Chactas! listen with resignation to the woeful secret I concealed from thee; unwilling to increase thy misery, and in obedience to my mother.—Do not interrupt me by the bursting of despair, which would hurry the fatal hour; I have many things to impart, and the slow heavings of my chilled heart forebode my approaching end." After a short pause she resumed,—“My misfortunes began almost before my existence: my mother conceived me in affliction; she gave me birth almost at the expense of her life, and mine was despaired of. To save me, she promised that if I escaped death, I should consecrate myself to the queen of virgins. O fatal vow! that hurries me to an untimely grave. I had entered my sixteenth year when I lost my mother: a few hours previous to her dissolution, she called me to her bedside, ‘ Daughter,’ said she, before the holy father that assisted her last moments, ‘ thou knowest the vow I have made for thee, wouldst thou break thy mother’s solemn promise? O my Atala! I leave thee in a

world unfit for a Christian, amid idolatrous persecutors of thy father's God and mine; that God, who bestowing existence on thee, has vouchsafed to preserve it by a second miracle. Dear child, in accepting the veil of virgins, thou freest thyself from the cares of huts, and those cruel passions which have rent my heart. Come, my beloved, come and swear upon this image of our Saviour's mother, before the pious minister and thy expiring mother, that thou wilt never dissolve her sacred contract with Heaven: remember I made it to save thy life, and that if thou refusest to fulfil the engagement, thou wilt devote my soul to eternal tortures.' O mother! why did you utter these threatening words! O religion! that has proved my torment and my felicity, that destroys and comforts me! O beloved and disconsolate object of a passion that consumes me even in the arms of death. O Chactas! thou knowest now the true cause of all our griefs. Bursting into tears, I embraced my expiring mother, and swore every thing she desired. The missionary pronounced the awful words, and gave me the scapulary that binds me for ever. My mother threatened me with her malediction if ever I broke my promise, commanded me to keep it a profound secret from all the Pagan persecutors of our religion, and breathed out her soul in her last embrace. Insensible at first of the consequence of my imprudent oath; full of the fervour of a zealous Christian; proud of the Spanish blood that flowed in my veins; in those that surrounded me, I only beheld men unworthy of my hand, and I rejoiced to be the spouse of the God of my mother. I saw thee, young and beautiful prisoner; I wept over thy misfortunes; and then I felt for the first time all the horror of a rash vow."

As Atala ended these words, clinching my fists, and casting a frantic look at the hermit, I exclaimed, "Such then is that religion you praised so much to me? Confusion to the oath which bereaves me of Atala! Confusion to your God, so inimical to nature! Man! Priest! what art thou come for in these

wilds?"—"To save thee," replied the saint, in a terrific tone, "to curb thy passions, and to avert the wrath of Heaven from thee, impious blasphemer! What right hast thou, senseless youth! to repine against Providence? What are thy merits? What injustice hast thou borne? Where are the marks of thy sufferings? What are thy virtues? What good hast thou done? Where are the helpless thou hast succoured? Wretched man! thou canst only offer raging passions, and thou darest to accuse Heaven. When thou hast, like father Aubry, spent thirty years in exile on the mountains, thou wilt not so quickly arraign the designs of Providence; then wilt thou learn that thou knowest nothing, that thou art nothing, and that there are no torments, be they ever so great, which corrupt flesh does not deserve to suffer."

The fire that darted from his incensed eyes, his venerable beard beating against his breast, his thundering voice, made him appear like the great Spirit. Annihilated by his majestic looks, I fell prostrate at his feet, asking forgiveness for my imprecations. He answered with a tone of meekness that forced my torn heart to repentance. "It was not on my own account I reproved you, O my son! Alas! you are very right, I came here to do but little good, and the Omnipotent has not a more unworthy servant than myself; but Heaven, my son, Providence we must never accuse. Forgive me if I offended you; but let us hear your sister; there may be some resources left; why abandon yourself to despair? O Chactas, that is a very sublime religion which has made a virtue of hope."

"My dearest friend," resumed Atala, "thou hast witnessed my combats and my tortures, yet thou hast only seen a small portion of my sufferings. Alas! the negro slave that bedews with his sweat the burning sands of Florida, is less miserable than wretched Atala: intreating thee to fly, although I knew I should perish hadst thou forsaken me; dreading to follow thee in the wilderness, yet, panting after the shady forest, and seeking for the deepest solitude;

may, had I been only obliged to abandon my parents, my friends, my country; if even (horrid to say!) I had only feared the loss of my soul; but thy spirit, O my mother! constantly pursued me, always reproaching me with thy torments; I heard thy groans, I saw the flames of hell devouring thee. My nights were sleepless, ghastly phantoms haunted me in my dreams, the returning day renewed my despair, the evening dew dried on my parched skin, and my burning breath fired the refreshing breeze. What was my desolation, when with thee far from the rest of men, in the most solitary deserts, I always saw an insuperable bar to our happiness—to spend my life at thy feet, to serve thee like an humble slave, to prepare thy meals and thy hammock in some unknown corner of the universe, would have proved supreme felicity. I touched the goal of that happiness, yet could not enjoy it. What dreams, what horrid thoughts distracted my frantic brain; sometimes casting my enamoured eyes on thee, I formed the most criminal desires; sometimes I wished to be the only animated being on the earth; at other times, when the voice of the great Spirit reprobated my wild transports, I wished nature herself had been annihilated, provided, that claspt in thy arms I had rolled from abyss to abyss along with the wrecks of the world: now, even now, that I am going to appear before the inexorable Judge, now that eternity opens her engulfing maze before me, and that I die a martyr to filial obedience—shall I say it? I carry to the grave the regret of having not been thine.”

“ Daughter!” interrupted the holy priest, “ your affliction disturbs your bewildered mind. Your excessive passion is not in nature, therefore is it I hope less criminal in the sight of God. No, it proceeds more from a delirious mind than a corrupt heart. You ought to have suppressed transports so unworthy of your innocence. I find also, dear daughter! that your impetuous imagination has made your vow too terrific. Religion never expects sacrifices more than human; her pious sentiments, her tempered virtues,

are far above the exalted feelings and the over-stretched refinements of pretended heroism: had you fallen; alas! poor strayed sheep, the pastor would have sought to reclaim and to restore you to his flock, the treasures of repentance were opened: if torrents of blood must flow to assuage the wrath of men, one single tear satisfies the God of mercy. Take courage, my dear daughter! cheer up your spirits, and let us apply to the Almighty, who heals all the wounds of his servants. If it is his will that you should recover, as I sincerely hope, I will write to the Bishop of Quebec, who has the necessary powers to absolve you from your vow, which is but a simple promise, and you will spend your life near me, with your spouse Chactas."

Atala was seized with long convulsions, and recovering from her swoon, her groans indicated her most exquisite pains. "What!" exclaimed she with despair, "every hope then was not lost, and I could have been absolved from my vow!"—"Yes, daughter," said the missionary. "Alas! it is too late—O! must I perish at the very time I learn I could have been happy. Why did not I know you sooner, reverend father! what would have been my felicity with Chactas, become a Christian—consoled, cheered up by this venerable priest in the desert—ever with thee—O bliss too great for——."—"Comfort thyself," said I, taking her trembling hand, "comfort thyself, we shall soon enjoy that supreme felicity."—"O never, never."—"Why not?"—"You do not know all," said she, with a shriek; yesterday, during the storm—reclined on thy bosom—it was thy fault—ready to break my vow, to plunge my mother's soul into the abyss of hell—her malediction fell upon me—I was going to betray the God that saved my life—Oh Chactas, when thou didst clasp me in thine arms, thou didst not know—thou didst not know thou wast embracing death."—"O heavens!" exclaimed the missionary, with horror, "what have you done?" "A crime!" answered Atala; her haggard looks fixed on the old man, "a dreadful murder!—bat, alas!



"I only lost myself, and saved my mother."—"Proceed, proceed," said I, full of terror. "I foresaw my weakness, and, as we left the huts, I took with me"—"What, poison?" asked the priest, weeping. "Yes: it tears my tortured breast." The torch dropt from the hermit's hand: I fell senseless by the side of the wretched virgin's couch, the discousolate old man took us both in his paternal arms, and we three mixed the sobs of sorrow on the funeral bed, in the midst of mournful darkness.

"Rouse, rouse your drooping spirits," said the courageous hermit, lighting his lamp, "we lose the most precious moments: let us, like intrepid Christians, face the storms of fate; let us prostrate ourselves before the Most High; let us implore his mercy, or submit to his decrees; perhaps it is not yet too late. O daughter! why not speak last night?"—"Alas! holy father, I sought you all last night; but Heaven, to punish the horrid deed, no doubt, hid you from me. Assistance is of no use; the Indians themselves, though so well acquainted with every sort of poison, do not know a remedy for the kind I have swallowed. O Chactas! judge of my despair, when I found the draught was not so subtle as I expected. Love has redoubled my strength—my soul could not so soon forsake thee."

My sobs, and that frantic rage known but to savages, could alone interrupt the narration. Distracted I rolled upon the ground, tearing my arms and gnawing my hands. The aged saint, with celestial tenderness, ran from the brother to the sister, and administered every assistance. The serenity of his heart, and the sublimity of his religion, dictated to him sentiments more tender, more ardent than our passion. The venerable anchoret, who had for more than forty years sacrificed his labours to the service of God and man, to me seemed like an holocaust perpetually burning before the Lord on the top of the mountains. Alas! he tried in vain to relieve Atala; fatigue, sorrow, poison, and a passion more powerful than any poison, were robbing the desert of its fairest

flower. The most alarming symptoms appeared towards evening: a total numbness seized her. "Touch my fingers," said she to me, "are they not stiff with cold?" My hair stood an end, I could not utter a word. She resumed, "Yesterday, when my beloved touched me, my whole frame trembled; now I can no longer feel thy hand—I scarcely hear thy voice—every object in the cell disappears from my obscured sight—do you not hear the warbling of birds? The sun is setting now—Chactas, how bright will it shine on my tomb in the wilderness!" Perceiving that her words pierced our distracted hearts: "Forgive me, my good friends, I feel very weak; perhaps I shall soon get stronger. Alas! to die so young, when my heart was so full of love. Chief of prayer! take compassion on me, support me; do you believe my mother is satisfied, and that the Almighty will pardon my crime?"

"Daughter!" said the pious missionary, wiping with his mangled hands the tears that trickled down his cheeks, "daughter! all your misfortunes arise from your ignorance; your savage education—the want of proper instruction has caused your ruin. You did not know that a Christian has no right to dispose of his life: take comfort, my dear child, God will forgive you on account of the simplicity of your heart. Your mother, and the imprudent missionary that directed her, were more guilty than you; in enforcing your involuntary vow, they over-passed their power; but the Lord and his peace rest with them. You three stand a dreadful example of the dangers of enthusiasm and ignorance in religious matters. Do not be alarmed; he that probes the loins and the heart of man, will judge you by your intention that was pure, and not your deeds that are criminal. As to life, my dear daughter, if your time is come to sleep in the bosom of the Lord, how little you lose in leaving this world. Alas! you have only known the sorrows of solitude; what are they compared with those of society? He that lives under the thatched cabin, and he that inhabits the palace, are equally born to suffer. Queens have been seen

weeping like other women, and wonderful are the number of tears that flow from the eyes of kings.

“Do you regret your love? O, my child, you might as well regret a dream: do you know the heart of man? Could you reckon the inconstancies of his passion? You could sooner number the waves the sea rolls in a storm. Atala! sacrifices, kindness, are not everlasting ties: disgust perhaps might have followed satiety; and all your past services been forgotten. The purest love, my child, was that, no doubt, which glowed in the bosoms of the first man and woman; their Creator had formed a paradise for them; they were innocent and immortal; all perfection of soul and body. Adam had been created for Eve, and Eve for him; if they could not preserve that everlasting bliss, who is he after them that can aspire to it? I will not mention those primitive marriages when brothers betrothed their sisters, when love and fraternal affection made but one in the virtuous hearts of men, and by their purity increased their happiness. Alas! their felicity was soon disturbed; jealousy crept to the grassy altar, where the kid bled in praise of the Lord: it reigned in the tent of Abraham, and in the innocent bed of sainted patriarchs. Did you hope, then, dear daughter, to be more deserving, and more fortunate than those holy families, from which Christ vouchsafed to descend? I will not talk of all the broils, the cares, the secret sorrows that awake on the connubial pillow. Woman renews her suffering every time she becomes a mother; she sheds tears when wedded: how great her grief for a new-born infant if it die on her breast. The mountain echoed the lamentations of Rachael, when nothing could console her for the loss of her sons: so bitter are the pangs inherent to human attachments, that great women, adored by monarchs, have retired from courts into cloisters, to mortify in penance their corrupt flesh.

“Perhaps you will say, that these last examples cannot apply to you; that all your ambition should have been to live in an obscure hut with the man of

your choice; seeking less for the blessings of Hymen than for the delights of that folly youth calls love: illusion! chimera! vanity! the mere dreams of a deluded mind. I too have known the storms of the heart: this head has not been always bald, nor this bosom so tranquil as it seems at present. Believe in my experience. If man, constant in his affections, could always entertain the same sentiments for one object, love would, no doubt, equal him to angels themselves—for such is their eternal bliss: but the soul of man grows soon weary of the same object, and cannot love it long with equal ardour; there are always some points where two hearts disagree, and those disagreements gradually lessen their felicity.

“ In short, daughter, the great mistake of man in all his dreams of bliss, is to forget the infirmity of death attached to human nature. We must all die, and our dearest ties must be broken asunder. Your beauty must have faded away, and changed into that repulsive uniformity the grave gives to the children of Adam; and even Chactas's eyes could not have distinguished you from the rest of your sisters in the tomb. Love cannot extend his empire over the mouldering dust. What do I say? Vanity of vanity! What are the affections of this mortal world? If a man was restored to life a few years after his death, I doubt whether he would be welcome even to those that shed most tears when he expired: So prone are we to form new attachments, so great is the inconsistency of man, so flitting is our existence, even in the memory of our friends. Thank therefore divine Providence, O my child! that takes you so soon from this world of trouble. The white robe and the celestial crown of virgins are already prepared for you in heaven. Methinks I hear the queen of angels tell you, Come, my worthy servant; come, my seraph; come and sit on a throne of glory, amid the pious maidens who have sacrificed their beauty and their youth to the service of humanity, to the education of children, and to penance: come, mystic rose, and unite thyself to Christ; the bier thou hast chosen for

a nuptial bed shall never be forsaken by thy divine spouse, and his love will be everlasting."

As the last beams of light dispel the winds, and spread serenity over the purple sky, so did the soothing words of the old man appease the tempestuous passions in the breast of my beloved. Occupied in alleviating my grief, she tried every means to help me to bear her loss with fortitude—sometimes she said how happy would be her death, if I would dry up my tears—sometimes she talked to me of my mother, and endeavoured to dissipate my present sorrow by awaking other remembrances in my distracted mind, or exhorted me to resignation and virtue.—“Thou wilt not be always so unfortunate,” said she: “if Heaven sends thee this severe trial, it is to make thee more compassionate to the misfortunes of others. O Chactas! the heart is similar to those trees, that yield a balm to heal the wounds of man, only when wounded by the knife.”

When she ceased to speak, she turned to the missionary for that comfort she tried to administer to me, and alternately consoling or consoled, she offered or received the word of life on the couch of death.

The hermit's zeal seemed to grow warmer by the fire of charity, and, constantly preparing the drugs or attending by her bed-side, he entertained Atala with the mercy of God, and the bliss of the just; the torch of religion in his hand “alined to brighter worlds, and shewed the way;” the humble cell was filled with the splendour of her Christian death; and the celestial spirits, no doubt, attended the edifying scene, where religion alone struggled with love, youth, and death.

Divine faith triumphed, and the pious melancholy that succeeded in our hearts to the transports of impetuous passions, was the trophy of her victory. About midnight, Atala seemed as if reviving to repeat the prayers the hallowed priest offered by her bed-side. A short time after, she stretched her hand to me, and said in so faint a voice that I could scarcely hear her, “Son of Outalissi, dost thou remember

that night when thou didst take me for the virgin of the last love? O wonderful omen of our dismal fate!"

—She stopt; then resumed: "When I consider I must leave thee for ever, my heart makes such efforts to revive, that methinks love could render me immortal; but, may thy will be done, O Lord!"—After a short pause, "I must request thy forgiveness for all the trouble I gave thee, Chactas—a little earth will soon put a world between us—and a few moments free thee from all my misfortunes."

"Forgive thee!" exclaimed I, bathed in tears, "forgive thee! is it not I that have caused all thy misfortunes."—"Sweet friend," said she, interrupting me, "thou hast made me happy. Was I to begin life anew, I should prefer the felicity of our short love in the desert, in a dismal exile, to a long and tranquil existence in my native land." Here Atala's voice faltering, the films of death covered her glassy eyes, and a livid hue replaced the coral of her lips; her wandering hands seemed to seek for the shroud, and she whispered to the invisible spirits. She then vainly attempted to untie the golden crucifix that hung from her neck; she begged of me to take it off, and said in a low voice, "When first I spoke to thee near thy funeral pile, thou didst remark this cross shining on my bosom—it is the only property of wretched Atala:—Lopez, thy father and mine, sent it to my mother at the time of my birth—receive it from me as thy inheritance:—O, my brother! keep it in remembrance of my misfortunes: thou wilt no doubt implore the merciful God in the course of thy life—and give a tear to thy unfortunate Atala. O, Chactas! I have still one more request to make—Our union on this earth could have been but short. O, my dearest friend!—but after this life comes another, everlasting—how dreadful, was I to be eternally separated from thee. I only precede, and am going to wait for thee in the kingdom of heaven:—if thou didst love me, young idolator! embrace that Christian faith which will unite us in never-ending bliss. That divine religion performs a great miracle, since it en-

ables me to quit thee without despair—I only ask a simple promise; I know too well the dreadful consequence of a rash vow—perhaps the fatal oath might deprive thee of some other woman more fortunate than myself—could any one love thee like Atala?—O mother! forgive thy distracted child—queen of virgins! take pity on me—I fall again into my former weakness—I avert from thee my thoughts, O Lord! when they should all be applied in imploring thy mercy.”

Overwhelmed with grief, sobbing as if my bosom was ready to burst, I promised Atala to embrace the Christian religion; the venerable priest rising, as if inspired, and extending his trembling arms towards the vault of the cell; “It is time,” he exclaimed, “to call here the presence of the Omnipotent.” As he uttered these words, methought an invisible hand forced me to prostrate myself by the side of Atala’s couch. The hermit opened a secret recess, where he kept a golden urn covered with a silk veil: he fell on his knees in devout adoration: the cave appeared as if illumed by its splendour. I thought I heard the sounds of celestial harps and the concerts of angels. When the hallowed hermit took the sacred urn from the tabernacle, to me it seemed as if I saw the great Spirit emerging from the rock.

The priest uncovered the chalice, took a wafer as white as snow between his fingers, and approached Atala’s bed, pronouncing mysterious words. The dying saint, her eyes raised towards heaven, was in rapture, all her sufferings suspended, departing life seemed as if collecting on her faded lips, and her mouth, half opened, respectfully received the God concealed under the mystic bread. The pious minister dipped a little cotton in some consecrated oil, rubbed her temples, and, after looking a few minutes on Atala, he suddenly uttered these solemn words: “Go, Christian soul, and unite thyself to thy Maker.”

Raising my drooping head, I asked, “O, father! will this balmy oil restore my Atala to life?”—“Yes,” said the aged saint, falling in my arms, “to life

everlasting."—Atala had just expired!—Here Chactas was again obliged to stop, bathed in tears; sobs stifled his utterance; opening his bosom, the blind Sachem took the crucifix of Atala:—Behold, O René! this pledge of love and misery. O, my boy! thou canst see it—but I, no more: tell me, after so many years, have not my tears left some traces on the golden relic? Couldst thou perceive the place a saint has pressed on her lips? Why is not old Chactas a Christian? What frivolous reasons of policy could make me persist in the idolatry of my forefathers? No, I will defer it no longer—the earth cries to me aloud,—“When wilt thou descend to thy grave? Why shouldst thou delay to embrace the divine faith?” O, earth, thou wilt not wait for me long. As soon as a priest shall have renovated, by the baptismal flood, a head grown white with age and sorrow; I hope to be joined for ever to my Atala: but let me resume the dismal narration.

### THE FUNERAL.

I SHALL not attempt, O René, to paint the frantic despair that seized my distracted soul, when I found Atala was no more: such a description would require more warmth than remains to my grief-worn spirits. No, the moon shall ever cease to spread her silver light over the desert of Kentucky; the Ohio, that now rolls our pirogue, shall stop its course before my tears cease to flow for Atala. I was insensible for two days to all the good hermit could say; in endeavouring to soothe my affliction, the pious man did not use vain and worldly consolation; he only said, “It is the will of the Almighty,” and clasped me to his bosom. Had I not experienced it, I never should have thought there could have been so much comfort in those few words of a resigned Christian.

The tenderness, the pious zeal, the unalterable patience of the servant of the great Spirit at last conquered my raving despair: ashamed of the tears he



shed on my account, I said, "O, father, the passion of a miserable youth shall no longer disturb thy peace: let me take with me the sad remains of my beloved; I will bury them in some remote corner of the solitude; and, if I am condemned to live, I shall endeavour to make myself worthy of those eternal nuptials promised by Atala."

Enraptured with my returning fortitude, the hermit exclaimed with enthusiasm, "O Lord, whose divine blood was shed in compassion for our miseries, this is one of thy miracles. Thou wilt save the wretched youth. Vouchsafe to restore peace to his tortured mind, and only leave in it an useful and humble recollection of his misfortunes."

The hallowed priest refused to grant me the corpse of my beloved, but he offered to assemble the whole colony, and to inter the daughter of Lopez with all the solemnity of Christian pomp. I objected, saying, "The virtues and misfortunes of Atala were unknown to the rest of men: let a solitary grave, dug by our hands, share their obscurity." We agreed to set off next morn by the rising dawn, and to bury the virgin under the natural bridge, close to the groves of death, and we resolved to spend the night in prayer by the side of her cold relics.

Towards evening we carried the lifeless saint to the opening of the cell on the north side; the hermit had wrapped her in a piece of linen cloth spun by his mother in Europe. It was the only thing he had preserved from his country, and he long intended it for his own shroud. Atala lay stretched on a bed of sensitive plants; her feet, her head, her shoulders, and part of her bosom was uncovered; a faded magnolia adorned her hair—it was the same flower I had placed on her head to make the maiden fruitful. Her lips, that were like a withered rose-bud, seemed languishingly to smile; a few purple veins were still perceptible on her cheeks, more white than alabaster; her beauteous lids were closed, her modest feet were joined, and her ivory hands held next to her motionless heart a cross of ebony, the fatal scapulary

hung on her bosom; she looked as if enchanted by the spirit of melancholy, and resting in the double sleep of innocence and death. Never did I behold so heavenly an object; and whoever could have seen her, ignorant that she had been animated, might have taken her for the statue of virginity asleep.

The hermit prayed the whole night; I sat myself in mournful silence at the top of Atala's funeral couch. How often had I, during her slumbers, supported her lovely head on my knees. How often, reclined over her beauteous form, had I listened and breathed her perfumed breath: but then, alas! no soft murmur issued from her faded lips: in vain should I have waited for the rising of my beloved.

The moon supplied her pale light to the dismal wake. She rose like a fair virgin that comes to weep on the bier of a companion, and displayed over the scene a melancholy gloom. From time to time the missionary plunged a bunch of flowers into consecrated water, and bathed the couch of death with the heavenly dew, then sung to an ancient tune the following verses from an old poet, named Job:

“ He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.”

“ Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery? And life unto the bitter in soul?”

So sung the aged saint. His solemn trembling voice was echoed by the neighbouring forest: and the torrents and surrounding mountains repeated the names of God and the grave; the sad warbling of the Virginia dove, the roaring waves, the sound of the bell that called the travellers, blended with the funeral dirge; and methought I heard in the groves of death the departed spirits join the hermit's voice in mournful chorus.

The eastern horizon was now fringed with gold, the sparrow-hawks shrieked on the cliffs, and the sables hastened into the crevices of old elms; it was

the time appointed for Atala's funeral: I took her senseless corpse on my shoulders, the hermit walked before me, carrying a spade; we descended from rock to rock; old age and death equally retarded our steps. At the sight of the dog that had discovered us in the woods, and that now, skipping before us, shewed the dismal road, I could not refrain from shedding floods of tears. Often did the long tresses of Atala, fanned by the morning gale, obscure my eyes; often, bending under the precious load was I obliged to deposit my beloved on the grass, to recover my strength. At last we reached the sad spot; we stopped under the arch. O, dear boy! what a melancholy scene! a young savage and a venerable priest were kneeling opposite each other mournfully busy in digging a grave for a lovely maiden, whose inanimate form lay stretched in a dried ravine.

As soon as the dismal work was completed, we placed the beautiful virgin in her earthy bed. Alas! I had hoped to prepare another couch for her. Taking some dust in my hand, I silently cast, for the last time, my haggard looks on Atala; then I spread the ancient earth on a face of eighteen springs. I saw her lovely features, and her celestial form gradually vanish behind the curtain of eternity: her snowy bosom appeared rising under the black clay as a lily that lifts its fair head from the dark mould. "Lopez!" exclaimed I with a deep groan; "Lopez! behold thy son burying his sister!" and I entirely covered Atala with the earth of sleep.

We returned to the cell, and I imparted to the chief of prayer my intention to settle near him. The saint, who was thoroughly acquainted with the heart of man, soon guessed the scheme had been suggested to me by sorrow. He said, "Chactas, the son of Outalissi, while Atala lived I pressed you to remain in these deserts; but now your destiny is altered, you owe yourself to your native land. Believe me, dear son, grief is not eternal; it must at last forsake the heart of man; and, such is the ineffable goodness of the Most High, that we cannot be for ever

miserable, and that his benevolent hand pours the balm of oblivion into our wounded soul. Go to the banks of the Meschacébé; go, and comfort a mother who daily mourns your loss—she wants you to support her old age. Get yourself instructed in the religion of your dear Atala, and never forget the promise you made her, always to follow the paths of virtue, and to embrace the Christian faith. I shall stay and watch on the grave of your wretched sister. Go, my son; the Almighty, the spirit of your beloved, and the wishes of your old friend will follow you into the desert.”—Such were the words of the saint of the mountain: his authority was too great, his wisdom too profound for me to disobey him. Next day, I left my venerable host, who, clasping me in his arms, gave me his last advice and his last tears. I went to the grave of my Atala: I was surprised to see upon it a little cross that looked like the top-mast of a wrecked ship, seen at a distance. I guessed the holy man had come that night to pray on the tomb. That mark of his piety and of his friendship filled my eyes with tears. I was tempted to open the grave to gaze once more on my beloved: but a religious dread prevented me. I sat on the sod newly turned, and my elbows resting on my knees, my head supported by my hands, I remained buried in deep and sorrowful meditation. O René! there I made the most serious reflections on the vanity of man, and the still greater vanity of human wishes. Alas! dear boy, who is he that has not made such reflections? I am like an old stag in the forest: nay, my days have been as long as the raven’s; during a painful and tedious existence, I never met with a man whose hopes of felicity had not been deceived; with a heart that did not secretly bleed. Alas! the most serene in appearance is like the natural well in the savanna Alachua, its surface is limpid and tranquil; but if you look to the bottom you discover the monstrous crocodile that feeds in its water.

Having seen the sun rise and set on the land of sorrow, next day, by the first shriek of the pelican,

I hastened to quit the sacred sepulchre : I left it as the bourn from which I should enter the road of virtue. Thrice I cried farewell to Atala ; thrice the arch re-echoed the mournful sounds. I bowed to the rising morn, while I descried afar on the rugged paths of the mountain, the old hermit bending his steps to the assistance of some helpless brother.

Prostrating myself on the grave, I kissed it, exclaiming—" Rest in peace in this strange earth, too wretched maid : as a reward for thy love, thy exile, and thy untimely death, thou must be forsaken even by Chactas." Floods of tears gushed from my eyes, as I took my last leave of Atala : I tore myself away from the dismal solitude, leaving at the foot of the pompous monument of nature, a monument still more august—the humble tomb of virtue !

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## EPILOGUE.

CHACTAS, son of Outilassi, the Natchez, related this story to René, the European. Fathers have told it to their children, and I, a traveller in those foreign climes, have faithfully narrated all I heard of it from the Indians.

I found many interesting circumstances in this recital ; a picture of the huntsmen, and the cultivator ; religion, the first legislator of savages ; the dangers of ignorance and blind enthusiasm contrasted with enlightened piety, toleration, and the true spirit of the Gospel ; the various struggles between the passions and virtue in an ingenuous heart ; and, at last, the triumph of the Christian faith over the most impetuous sentiments and the most tremendous fear, love, and death.

When I heard a Siminole relate this story to me, it proved most affecting ; for he possessed that savage eloquence, and moving simplicity, which I do not

presume to have attained ; but one more circumstance remained untold : I asked what was become of father Aubry ; no one could inform me, and I should still be ignorant of it, if Providence, who rules every thing, had not accidentally put me in the way of hearing of his fate.

I had wandered along the banks of the Meschacébé as far as those southern parts, which serve as the magnificent boundaries to New France, curious to behold the cataract of Niagara, that wonder of the north. I arrived near that immense water-fall, in the country which formerly belonged to the Agonnon-sioni.\* One morning, as I crossed a savanna, I perceived a young woman seated under a tree, and holding in her lap the body of a dead child ; moved by the dismal sight, I drew near and listened : she said, " Hadst thou remained with us, dear boy, how gracefully thy hand would have stretched the bow ; thy brawny arms would have seized the roaring bear ; thou wouldst have out-stept the fleetest elk of the mountain. White ermine of the rock, why so young go to the land of souls ! How canst thou live there ? Thou wilt not have thy father to feed thee with game, thou shalt feel cold, and no compassionate spirit will give thee furs to clad thyself. O ! I must hasten to meet thee, that I may suckle thee, and sing to thee the sleeping lullaby."

After that funeral oration, in the savage style, the young mother sung with a faltering voice, rocked the corpse on her knees, moistened its livid lips with her milk, and lavished on the dead all the care due to the living. She wished to dry the body on a tree, according to Indian custom, and then bring it to the tomb of its forefathers. She thus began the pious and affecting ceremony : Stripping her child, and breathing on its mouth, she said—" Soul of my child ! sweet soul ! a tender kiss from thy father created thee once on my lips. Alas ! my kisses cannot give thee now a new life." She then pressed against her bosom the

\* Iroquois.

sad remains, which must have revived by the warmth of a mother's heart, had not God alone kept to himself the power of imparting the vital breath.

She arose, and in the desert, impurpled by the morn, she looked for a tree where she could expose her son : she chose a red-flowered maple, festooned with garlands of apios,\* which exhaled the most delicious odour ; with one hand she bent down the inferior branches, and with the other placed on them the lifeless infant : then, letting them go, they carried away the relics of innocence under their scented foliage. How affecting is that Indian custom ! In their airy sepulchres, imbibing the ethereal substance, buried under heaps of flowers and verdure, refreshed by the morning dew, embalmed and waved by the breeze on the same branch where, in its nest, the warbling nightingale sings its melancholy notes, the bodies lose all the deformity of the grave. How much greater the charm, if it is the remains of his fair a mourning lover has suspended to the bowers of death, or the relics of a beloved child a sorrowful mother has placed next to the habitation of birds. American trees that, in removing those inanimate bodies from the dwellings of men, bring them nearer the abodes of the Omnipotent, how often did I rest under your sacred shades ! You shewed me the most sublime allegory : in you I beheld the tree of virtue ; her roots grow in the worldly dast, her lofty head reaches the firmament, and her branches are the steps on which man, travelling on this globe, can ascend from earth to heaven.—After the disconsolate savage had placed her child on the tree, she tore one of her ringlets, and suspended it to the branch, while the morning gale balanced in its last sleep the infant a tender mother had rocked in its mossy cradle. I went up to her, put both my hands upon her head, and uttered the three shrieks of grief : we

\* Glycine, an herbaceous plant with twining stems and violet flowers. The Indians eat the roots, which resemble potatoes.

afterwards took some twigs, and silently drove off the flies that swarmed and buzzed around the corpse: but we took care not to frighten a turtle dove, that now and then flying from her nest plucked a hair from the child to make a softer bed for her little ones: the Indian told her, "If thou art not the soul of my boy, thou art, no doubt, a mother that seeks for materials to build thy nest: take that hair I shall no longer wash in elder water; take it for thy young birds, and may the great Spirit preserve them to thee!"

The afflicted savage thanked me for my kindness; when a young Indian came and told her, "Daughter of Celuta, take thy child with thee, we shall stay here no longer, and are to set off again to-morrow's dawn." I said, "Brother, I wish thee a blue sky, many roe-deers, a beaver cloak, and hope; thou art not then from this desert?"—"No," answered he, "we are unhappy exiles, seeking a country where to settle." He sorrowfully fixed his eyes on the ground, and with his bow knocked off the tops of flowers. I remained silent. The mother took her child, and her husband carried it on his shoulders. The young couple gazed on it, and smiled with all the bitterness of grief. "Will you permit me," said I, "to light your fire to-night?"—"We have no huts," he replied; "but, if you choose to follow us, we shall encamp near the great fall." I agreed, and we sat off.

The roaring of the cataract soon announced that we were drawing near it; it is formed by the river Niagara, that flows from the lake Erié, and falls into the lake Ontario; its perpendicular height is one hundred and forty-four feet. From the lake Erié to the fall, the river runs in a rapid declivity, and, when it reaches it, looks like a gulf, whose foaming billows impetuously plunge into the yawning abyss. The cataract divides itself into two semicircular branches, like a horse-shoe; between the two falls an island, scooped under, hangs its trees on the chaos of the waves. The mass of water, that rushes from the south, unrolls its enormous cylinder into a sheet of



snow, reflecting the rays of the sun in a thousand vivid colours. The other, that falls on the east, precipitates its torrent into horrid darkness, and looks like a watery column of the deluge. Rain-bows throw their prismatic curves across the abyss; the billows, beating against the rocks, dash their foam far over the tops of forests, and seem like the smoke of total conflagration. Pines, walnut trees, and cliffs shaped like phantoms, adorn the awful scene. Eagles, hurled by the current of air, whirl into the vast gulf, and carcagoux, hanging by their long tails from the bending branches, endeavour to seize the carcasses of elks and bears at the bottom of the precipice.

After I had contemplated with awful admiration the terrific and sublime spectacle, I went along the river in quest of the two Indians, and found them in a remote spot well adapted to their melancholy state; they were lying on the grass with some old men, near a heap of human bones wrapt up in the skins of wild beasts. Astonished at the sight, I sat down by the young mother, and asked her, "What are these bones, sister?" She answered, "Brother, these are the remains of our ancestors, we carry along with us in our exile."—"What could oblige you to forsake your native land?"—"We are the few Natchez that have escaped from the general massacre, when the French put all our brothers to the sword to revenge the death of their brothers. We sought a refuge amongst the Chikassas, our neighbours, where we lived happy; but, about seven moons ago, numbers of white men from Virginia have taken possession of our land, saying that an European chief had granted it to them. Driven out of our peaceable huts, loaded with the sacred relics of our forefathers, we bent our desponding steps towards the desert. I was delivered during the journey: but, as my milk was soured by affliction, it has poisoned my child." Saying this, she wiped her tears with her flowing hair: I wept along with her, and said, "Sister, let us submit to the great Spirit; every thing is ruled by his will; the unfortunate will not be always so; and

there is a place where we shall weep no more. Did I not fear you would accuse me of having the indiscreet tongue of a white man, I should ask if you never heard of Chactas, the Natché?" The young Indian stared, "Who has spoken to you of Chactas the Natché?" I answered, "Wisdom."—"I will tell you all I know," resumed she, "since you have assisted me in driving the flies from my child's body, and that you have spoken well of the great Spirit. I am daughter to the daughter of René, the European Chactas had adopted. Chactas, who had been baptized, perished with René in the general slaughter."—"Man is led from misery to misery," said I, bowing down. "Could you inform me of the fate of father Aubry?"—"He has not been more fortunate than Chactas," answered she. "We heard that the Cherokees, enemies to the French, attracted by the sound of the bell, which called the straying traveller, penetrated into the Christian village. Father Aubry might have made his escape; but he never would forsake his flock in danger; he remained to encourage them by his example to suffer death with fortitude. He was burnt with great tortures; but they never could draw a word from him against his God or his country; and, in the midst of torments, he constantly prayed for his persecutors and for the innocent victims that surrounded him. Wishing to extract some signs of fear from the celestial warrior, the Cherokees brought before him a Christian savage they had cruelly mangled; the youth prostrated himself at the feet of the aged hermit, kissing his wounds, and the saint serenely said, 'O, my son! we have been made a show to men and angels:' the furious barbarians plunged a red-hot iron down his throat, and, no longer able to comfort his wretched companions, he expired.

"They say that the Cherokees, used as they are to the undaunted courage of the savages, could not help admiring the humble and more than manly fortitude of father Aubry; and that many amongst them, struck by his pious death, are become Christians.

" A few years after his return from the land of white men, Chactas, having heard of the fatal end of the chief of prayer, went to collect his ashes along with the remains of Atala. He crossed the desert, reached the Christian village, and could hardly know it again: the lake was overflowed, the inundated savanna was become an impenetrable marsh; the natural bridge, falling down, had buried Atala's tomb and the groves of death under its ruins. Chactas wandered for some time in the desolate place; he visited the hermit's cell, which was full of shrubs and brambles; he discovered in the center of it a hind suckling her fawn; he sat down on the rock of mourning, where he only found a few feathers dropt from the birds of passage in their flight; as he wept on the sad ruins, the tame serpent, coming from the neighbouring bush, entwined around his legs; he caressed and warmed in his bosom that old friend escaped alone from the general destruction. The son of Outalissi said, that he saw, doring the night, the spirits of Atala and father Aubry wandering in the solitnde, and the sight filled him with a religious terror: he searched in vain for the hermit's tomb, and, having fruitlessly tried to find Atala's grave, he was going to abandon the place in despair, when the hind, starting from the cave, skipped before him, and stopt at the foot of the great cross, where in happier times the divine mysteries had been performed. The cross was then surrounded with water; the mouldering wood was inlaid with moss, and the bird of the desert perched on its decayed branches. Chactas, conjecturing that the tomb of his benefactor might be near the sanctified spot, dug under the cross where the rude altar formerly stood, and found the remains of a man and a woman; he supposed they were the relics of the hallowed priest and the wretched virgin; he took them from the wet ground, wrapped them in bear skins, and set off with the precious burthen. At night he rested his wearied limbs on the pillow of death, and he had dreams of virtue and of love. He arrived at last at the country of the Natchez. O stranger! you

may behold the sacred relics with the bones of Chactas himself." As the young Indian ended her narration, I hastened to prostrate myself before the cold remains of virtue; and I exclaimed, "So has vanished from the earth all that was most good, wise, and compassionate. Man, thou art but a sorrowful dream, a transient vision. Thy brightest days are often clouded by grief, and misfortunes constantly assail thee."

I spent the whole night in deep meditation, contemplating by moon-light the roaring cataract. Next morn, by the first dawn, the Indians left me to continue their march in the desert. The young warriors opened the train, and their consorts followed in the rear; the former were loaded with the inanimate relics, and the latter carried their new-born infants: the old men went on slowly between their forefathers and their posterity; between those that were no more, and those that were to be; between remembrance and hope; between their lost country and a country to come. Alas! how many tears bedew the solitude, when we are driven from our native land; when from the summit of the mountain of exile we cast a farewell look on the paternal roof, and on the brook that seems mournfully to flow around the desolate cabin, and across the deserted fields of our forsaken country.—Wretched Indians, whom I beheld straying along the wilds of the new continent, carrying the remains of your forefathers: alas! you received me with an hospitality I could not return to you: for, like you, I wander pursued by the cruelties of men; and, less fortunate than you, I have not carried with me, in a painful exile, the ashes of my ancestors!

END OF ATALA,

THE  
**INDIAN COTTAGE:**

*Translated from the French of*

**JAMES HENRY BERNARDIN**

DE

**SAINT-PIERRE.**



*Miseris succurrere disco. — Virgil.*

THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON

AND OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH

IN THE

SEVENTEENTH

CENTURY

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THE  
INDIAN COTTAGE.



ABOUT thirty years ago, several men of literature, in London, engaged to travel through various parts of the world, for the promotion of science, the instruction of mankind, and the increase of its happiness. Their expenses were defrayed by various persons of fortune: by the royal family, noblemen, bishops, the universities, merchants; and also by various sovereigns of Northern Europe.

To each of these learned men, twenty in number, the Royal Society presented a book; containing a collection of queries, and to obtain their solutions they were to use their utmost industry. The queries consisted of three thousand five hundred: and though every traveller had different subjects of inquiry, adapted to the particular route which he was to take; yet they were so connected with each other, that, any light thrown upon one would necessarily extend to all the rest. The president, who, with the assistance of the fellows of the society, had proposed them, well knew that the elucidation of one difficulty frequently depends upon the solution of another; and that, again, upon a preceding one: so that, in the pursuit of truth, we are led much further than we expected. In short, to use the very words of the president, in his instructions, the plan adopted was the most sublime edifice which any nation had ever constructed for the progress of human knowledge: "It evinces," added he, "the utility of academic bodies, for the purpose of

collecting together all the truths scattered over the earth."

Each of the travellers received, (besides his volume of questions) a commission to purchase, on his way, the most antient editions of the Bible, and the most rare manuscripts of every description: or, at all events, to endeavour to procure good copies. For this purpose, the subscribers furnished them with letters of recommendation, addressed to the consuls, ministers, and ambassadors of Great Britain, whose stations they might visit: and, what was still of greater consequence, provided them with good bills of exchange, indorsed by the most eminent bankers of London.

A doctor, the most learned of these travellers, who understood the Hebrew, the Arabic, and Hindoo languages, was sent, over land, to India; that cradle of all the arts and sciences! In his way thither, he arrived in Holland: where he visited both the synagogue at Amsterdam and the synod of Dordrecht. Passing through France, he conversed with the doctors of the Sorbonne, and saw the Academy of Sciences, at Paris. In Italy, he was introduced to a great number of academies, musea, and libraries: among others to the museum at Florence, the library of St. Mark at Venice, and that of the Vatican at Rome. When at the latter place, he hesitated whether he should not go into Spain, and consult the famous university of Salamanca: but, dreading the Inquisition, he preferred immediate embarkation for Turkey.

On his arrival at Constantinople, with the assistance of his money, he obtained the permission of an effendi to examine all the books at the mosque of St. Sophia: thence he went into Egypt, among the Cophts: leaving these, he joined the Maronites of Mount Libanon, and the monks of Mount Cassin: and afterward passed to Sana, in Arabia; then to Ispahan, to Kandahar, to Delhi, and to Agra. After travelling during three years, he at length reached the banks of the Ganges, and at Bénares, the Athens of India, he conversed with Bramins.



His collection of original books, of rare manuscripts, of copies and extracts, together with his own observations, had, by this time, become the most considerable ever procured by any individual. To give some idea of this grand treasury of science, it may suffice to say, that it formed ninety bales, and weighed no less than nine thousand five hundred and forty pounds, troy weight!

The traveller was about commencing his return to London, with this immense mass of information, delighting himself with the thoughts of having surpassed even the hopes of the Royal Society, when, suddenly, a very obvious idea rushed upon his mind, and filled him with regret.

He reflected, that, after having consulted Jewish rabbis, Protestant clergy, and the superintendants of the Lutheran churches; the doctors of the Catholics; the academicians of Paris; of La Crusca; of the Arcades; and of four-and-twenty other establishments in Italy; Grecian Papas, Turkish Molhas, Armenian Verbiests, Persian Sédres and Casys, Arabian Scheics, ancient Parsees, Indian Pandits; after having, in short, ransacked the literary stores of Europe and of Asia, without being able to procure a conclusive answer to any one of the three thousand five hundred questions of the Royal Society: on the contrary, he had only contributed to multiply doubts! Now, as all the questions were connected with each other, it consequently followed, that, reversing the words of the illustrious president, the obscurity of one solution rendered doubtful the evidence of another: that the clearest truths were become problematical; and that it was utterly impossible to unravel one thread of this vast labyrinth of contradictory replies and authorities.

The learned traveller considered the subject in a very clear point of view: among the questions which he had attempted to solve, there were no less than two hundred on Hebrew theology; four hundred and eighty concerning the various communions of the Greek and Roman churches; three hundred and twelve on the ancient religion of the Bramins; five

hundred and eight upon the Sancreeet, or sacred, language; three upon the present condition of the Indian people; two hundred and eleven respecting the English commerce with the Indians; seven hundred and twenty-nine upon the ancient monuments in the islands of Elephanta and Salsetta, in the neighbourhood of the Island of Bombay; five upon the antiquity of the world; six hundred and seventy-three upon the origin of ambergris, and upon the properties of the different species of bezoar stones; one on the cause, which has never yet been examined, of the course of the Indian Ocean, which flows towards the east during one six months, and towards the west during the other; and three hundred and seventy-eight upon the sources and periodical inundations of the Ganges. The doctor had also been requested to make a point of gathering, in the course of his journey, every possible information respecting the source and inundations of the Nile; a topic which has engaged the learned of Europe during so many ages: but he considered this matter as already sufficiently discussed; and, beside, irrelevant to the object of his mission.

Now, having obtained, upon an average, five answers to each of the questions of the Royal Society; the number of his solutions of the three thousand five hundred questions amounted to seventeen thousand five hundred: and supposing each of the other nineteen travellers to have procured a like collection, it follows that the Royal Society received three hundred and fifty thousand difficulties to be unravelled, before it could establish one truth upon a solid basis. Thus, all their information, instead of making each proposition to converge to its centre, according to the words of the instructions, made all to diverge, without the possibility of approximation.

Another consideration gave yet greater uneasiness to the doctor: notwithstanding he had, in his laborious researches, employed all the temper of his national character, together with a politeness of manners peculiar to himself, he still had made implacable enemies of the greater part of the learned men with whom he had

argued. "What then will become," cried he, "of the quiet of my countrymen, when, instead of truth, I shall carry them, in my ninety bales, only new subjects for doubt and disputation!"

Thus, full of chagrin, he was upon the point of embarking for England, when he was informed by the Bramins of Benares, that the superior Bramin of the celebrated pagoda of Jagernaut, situate upon the coast of Orixa, near one of the mouths of the Ganges, was the only person capable of solving all the questions of the Royal Society. In reality he was the most famous pandit ever heard of; being consulted by persons from all parts of India, and from several of the kingdoms of Asia.

The doctor immediately set out for Calcutta, where he informed the superintendant of the East-India Company of his design to visit the Bramin at Jagernaut. The superintendant, for the honour of his nation, and the glory of the sciences, completely equipped the doctor for his journey. He gave him a palanquin, with curtains of crimson silk, wrought with gold; and two relays, of four each, of stout *coulis*, or bearers; two common porters, a water-bearer, a juglet bearer, for his refreshment; a pipe bearer; an umbrella-bearer, to shade him from the sun; a misolgee, or torch-bearer, for the night; a wood-cutter; two cooks; two camels, and their leaders, to carry his provisions and baggage; two pioneers, or runners, to announce his approach; four sea-poys, or rajah-pouts, mounted upon Persian horses, to escort him; and a standard-bearer, bearing upon his standard the arms of England.

Thus equipaged, the traveller might have been mistaken for some commissary of the India-Company; but there was this dissimilarity: the man of science, instead of seeking presents, was about to bestow them. As it is not customary in India ever to appear before persons of distinction with empty hands, the superintendant had, at the expense of his nation, supplied him with a fine telescope and a Persian foot carpet, for the chief of the Bramins; elegant chintzes for his

wife; and three pieces of Chinese taffeta, red, white, and yellow, to make scarfs for his disciples. These being laid upon the camels, the Englishman, with his book of the questions of the Royal Society, began his journey.

Upon his journey, he debated within himself which question he should propose to the Chief of the Bramins of Jagernaut? Whether, with one of the three hundred and seventy-eight respecting the sources and inundations of the Ganges; or, with that touching the regularly varying courses of the Indian Sea, which might be the means of discovering the sources and alternate movements of the ocean in every part of the globe! But, as the latter question, though infinitely more interesting to natural philosophy than any that for so many ages have been agitated respecting the sources, or even the risings of the Nile, had not yet attracted the attention of the learned of Europe, he determined rather to question the Bramin on the universality of the deluge; that theme of endless dispute; or, going still higher, to ask whether it be true, that the sun, according to the tradition of the Egyptian priests, recorded by Herodotus, has several times changed his course? or, higher yet, to speak of the antiquity of the world, to which the Indians assign so many millions of years. Sometimes it occurred to him, to consult the aged Bramin on the best form of government for a nation? or, on the rights of man, of which the code is no where to be found. But these questions were not in his book!

“First of all, however,” said the doctor, “it seems to me, that I should ask the Indian pandit, Through what medium truth may be discovered? for, if it be by that of reason, which I have hitherto employed, the reason of one man differs from that of another: I ought, likewise, to ask him, Where is it proper to search for truth? for if it be in books—books contradict one another: and, lastly, I should say, Ought truth to be communicated to mankind? for those who do so are always hated. Here are three primary questions, which our illustrious president has forgot.

If the Bramin of Jagernaut can solve these, I shall become possessed of the key of all knowledge; and, what will be still better, I shall live in peace with all the world!" It was thus that he reasoned with himself.

After ten days journey, he arrived upon the coast of the Bay of Bengal. On his way he was met continually by pilgrims, returning from Jagernaut, who were filled with admiration at the wisdom of the chief of the pandits. On the eleventh day he beheld the red and lofty walls, the galleries, the domes, and the white marble turrets of Jagernaut's pagoda, seated on the beach, and seeming to assume the dominion of the sea. It rose from the centre of nine avenues, bordered with evergreen trees, and pointing toward nine kingdoms: that of palms to Ceylon; of teeks, to Golconda; of cocoas, to Arabia; of mangoes, to Persia; of fan-palms, to Thibet; of bamboos, to China; of almonds, to the kingdom of Ava; of sandals, to that of Siam, and the islands of the Indian Sea.

The doctor arrived at the pagoda through the avenue of bamboos, bordering the Ganges and the Enchanted Isles at the mouth of that river. The pagoda was so lofty, that it might be perceived at the distance of a day's journey; so that, though he could discern it at sun-rise, he did not reach it before evening. On approaching, he was astonished at its vastness and magnificence. Its brazen doors reflected the splendour of the setting sun; and eagles hovered round its top, which faded into the clouds. It was encompassed by large basons of white marble, whose pellucid waters reflected its domes, its galleries, and its porches: surrounding these were spacious courts and gardens, on every side of which were spacious buildings, inhabited by the Bramins who ministered in the pagoda.

As soon as the pioneers had announced the doctor's arrival, a band of young dancing girls, with garlands of sweet flowers around their necks and waists, came out of one of the gardens, singing and dancing to the

music of tabors. Amid their perfumes, their dances, and their music, the doctor advanced to the door of the pagoda. Far within he beheld, by the light of many lamps of gold and of silver, the statue of Jagernaut, or the seventeenth incarnation of Brama, in the form of a pyramid, without hands or feet: for, according to tradition, he had lost these in an attempt to carry the world, in order to effect its salvation. At the foot of the statue, penitents lay prostrate with their faces to the ground, who, with loud voices, promised to hang themselves by their shoulders to his chariot upon the day of his festival; and there were others, who, on the same occasion, promised to lie down, and suffer themselves to be crushed beneath the wheels.

Though the sight of these fanatics, who deeply groaned while pronouncing their horrible vows, filled the doctor with a sort of terror, he was on the point of entering the pagoda, when an old Bramin, who attended at the door, stopped him to inquire what had brought him thither? When he had learnt the occasion, he acquainted the doctor, that, being an impure person, he could by no means be presented before Jagernaut, nor before his high-priest, until he had been purified three times in one of the baths of the temple; nor until he had put off every thing made of any part of an animal; more especially of the hair of a cow, because that animal is adored by the Bramins; nor of the hair of a pig, for swine are their aversion.

“What can I do, then?” said the doctor. “I have brought with me a Persian carpet, made of the hair of the goat of Angora, and taffetas of China, made from the silk of the worm, as a present for the chief of the Bramins!”

“Every thing,” answered the Bramin, “presented to the temple of Jagernaut, or to his high-priest, is purified by the very act of giving; but the case differs with regard to your clothes.”

In consequence of this decision, the doctor was obliged to take off his great coat of English broad-cloth, his shoes of goat-skin, and his beaver hat. After having been washed three times, and covered with

calico of the colour of sandal-wood, he was conducted by the old Bramin to the entrance of the apartment of the high priest.

The doctor was advancing, with his book of questions under his arm, when his guide asked him, With what material the book was covered? "It is bound in calf-skin," replied the doctor. "What!" cried the angry Bramin, "did I not before tell you that the cow is adored by the Bramins: dare you appear before the chief with a book in your hand that is covered with the skin of a calf?" The doctor must inevitably have suffered purification in the Ganges, if he had not removed the difficulty by presenting a few pagodas; and by leaving his book of questions in his palanquin. He, however, consoled himself upon this privation, by saying, "As I have only three questions to ask of the learned Indian, I shall be satisfied if he teach me, Through what medium truth is to be sought, Where it is to be found, and Whether it is proper to communicate it to mankind."

Clothed in a garment of cotton, his head uncovered, and his feet bare, he was at length led into the presence-chamber of the chief Bramin of Jagernaut. This was a large saloon, supported by columns of sandal-wood; its green walls, made of stucco, mixed with cow-dung, were so bright and highly polished, that they seemed one vast mirror, reflecting from every side the persons who were present; and the floor was covered with exceedingly fine mats, each six feet square. At the further end of the saloon, in an alcove surrounded by a balustrade of ebony-wood, the doctor discerned, through a trellis of red varnished canes, the venerable priest, the chief of the pandits. His beard was white, and round his head three fillets of cotton were passed, according to the costume of the Bramins. He was seated on a yellow carpet, his legs being crossed; and his whole figure so entirely motionless, that even his eyes could not be seen to move. Some of his disciples bare fans of peacocks' feathers, with which they drove away the flies; others burned the perfume of aloe-wood, in silver censers; whilst

others, with dulcimers, produced sweet and soft music. The rest, who were very numerous, and among whom were faquirs, joguis, and santons, were ranged in several rows along the sides of the hall, in profound silence, their eyes being fixed upon the ground, and their arms crossed upon their breasts.

The doctor was desirous of advancing immediately toward the chief pandit, to pay his respects; but his guide kept him at the distance of nine mats, assuring him that the omrahs, or great lords of India, were never permitted to approach nearer; that the rajahs, or sovereigns, went only to six mats; the princes, sons of the Mogul, to three; and that only the Mogul himself was allowed the honour of approaching sufficiently near to kiss the feet of the venerable chief.

In the mean time, the telescope, the chintzes, the pieces of silk, and the carpet, which the doctor's attendants had brought to the entrance of the saloon, were carried by several Bramins to the foot of the alcove. The chief Bramin having transiently viewed them, but without expressing the smallest mark of approbation, they were carried to the inner apartment. The doctor was intent on beginning a fine speech in the Hindoo tongue, when he was instructed by his guide to wait for the questions of the high-priest. Being made to sit down, with his legs crossed, according to the eastern manner, he murmured within himself in being compelled to submit to so many formalities; but what would not such a man do for the acquisition of truth, especially after having travelled to India in its pursuit?

When thus seated, the music ceased; and, after some moments of profound silence, the chief of the pandits inquired of him, why he had come to Jagerant.

Notwithstanding these words were spoken by the high-priest in the Indian language, and distinctly enough to be understood by every person in the assembly, the doctor was not permitted to reply until they were repeated by one faquir to another, and by the second to a third, who recited them to him. In the



same language he replied, that he came to Jagernaut to consult the chief of the Bramins, whose reputation was so great, upon this question: "Through what medium may truth be found?" His reply was transmitted to the chief of the pandits by the same means, and in the same alternate manner as that in which the inquiry had been brought; the same form being observed during the whole audience.

The old pandit, putting on a solemn air, replied: "Truth can be discovered only through the medium of the Bramins." Immediately the whole assembly bowed in admiration of the reply of their chief.

"Where," cried the doctor, with earnestness, "where must we search for truth?"—"All truth," replied the Indian sage, "is concentrated within the four BETHS, which were written in the Sanscreeet language an hundred and twenty thousand years ago, and which only the Bramins understand."

At these words the whole saloon was filled with plandits.

The doctor, checking his temper, said to the high priest of Jagernaut: "Since God has inclosed all knowledge in books, which only the Bramins understand, it follows that He has interdicted the greater part of mankind from the acquirement of knowledge: for the greater number of the inhabitants of the world are even ignorant of the existence of the Bramins. Now, if this were really the case, God would be unjust!"

"Brama wills it thus," replied the high priest: "it is impossible to argue against the will of Brama." The applauses of the assembly were louder than ever. When these had ceased, the doctor proposed his third question:

"Ought truth to be communicated to mankind?"

"It is sometimes proper," said the old pandit, "to conceal truth from the world in general; but to reveal it to the Bramins is always an indispensable duty."

"How!" cried the doctor, in a rage, "must truth

be told to the Bramins, who never reveal it to any one! in this case the Bramins are very unjust."

At this exclamation a violent tumult arose in the assembly. It had patiently heard God taxed with injustice; but it could not with equal calmness bear itself reproached. The pandits, the faquirs, the santons, the Bramins, and their disciples, were all desirous of arguing at once with the doctor; but the high-priest of Jagernaut caused them to be silent, by clapping his hands, and saying these words very distinctly:

"The Bramins never dispute, like the doctors of Europe."

After this, he arose, and retired amid the acclamations of the assembly, which was greatly incensed against the doctor, and would probably have proceeded to extremes, had they not been restrained by their fear of the English, whose power upon the banks of the Ganges is almost unlimited.

The doctor having been conducted out of the saloon, was told by his guide, that the holy father would have presented him with sherbet, with betel, and with perfumes, had he not been offended. "It is I who have reason to be angry," replied the doctor, "after having taken so much trouble to no purpose: but what have I done to give offence to your chief?"

"Can you," cried the Bramin, "ask what you have done? Did you not dispute with him? You surely are not ignorant that he is the oracle of the Indies: and that each of his words is a ray of wisdom?"

"I never should have doubted it," said the doctor, putting on his coat, his shoes, and his hat.

The weather being stormy, and night coming on, he asked leave to sleep in one of the apartments of the pagoda; but this indulgence could not be granted, because he was a *frangui*, or impure person. Being fatigued by the ceremony, he begged some refreshment; on which they brought him water, and on returning the cup, they broke it, because by using it he had defiled it.

Offended at this insult, he called his people, who were prostrate upon the steps of the pagoda; and, having seated himself in his palanquin, began his return through the avenue of bamboos, beneath a cloudy sky, and while darkness was fast advancing.

On his way he said within himself: "The Indian proverb, which says, that every European coming to India learns patience if he had it not, and loses it if he had, is indubitably true. For my part, I have lost mine. It seems that I cannot be informed, Through what medium truth is to be found, where it is to be sought, nor whether it be right to communicate it to mankind. Man, then, is condemned, in all parts of the world, to ceaseless errors and disputes!—so much for the trouble of coming to India to consult the Bramins."

While he thus travelled, busied with his own thoughts, one of those hurricanes arose, which, in India, are called typhons. The wind came from the sea, and forcing the water of the Ganges to flow backward, drove it against the islands at the mouth of that river, dashing its foamy waves upon the banks. It lifted up columns of sand from the shores, and clouds of leaves from the forests, and whirling them high into the air, carried them furiously over the river and the fields. Sometimes it rushed along the avenues of bamboo; and though these Indian reeds are as lofty as the largest trees, it shook them like little herbs of the field. Through the whirling dust and leaves, one part of the long avenue of waving reeds was seen bent down to the ground, upon the right hand and upon the left, while another was rising again from the power of the storm with loud groaning noises.

The retinue, fearful of being crushed to death, or drowned by the waves of the Ganges, which already overflowed its shores, went across the fields, and travelled at hazard toward the neighbouring heights. Meantime night came on; and, during three hours, they proceeded in perfect darkness, without the least knowledge of their way: at length a flash of lightning breaking through the clouds, and illumining all the

horizon, they beheld, far away on the right, the pagoda of Jagernaut, the isles of the Ganges, and the raging ocean; and directly before them a little valley and a wood, between two hills. Thither they hastened for shelter, and approached the entrance of the valley, terrified by incessantly-pealing thunders. The valley was walled in, as it were, with rocks; and filled with aged trees of an amazing size, whose trunks remained immoveable as the rocks themselves, while the tempest bent their topmost branches at pleasure, and mingled their noises with its horrors.

This antique forest seemed the asylum of peace; but it was scarcely penetrable. Rattan-reeds lay in every direction at its entrance, and grew luxuriantly at the feet of the trees; and *liannes*, which interlaced one trunk with another, presented upon every side a strong rampart of foliage, with here and there a few, but impracticable, breaches of verdure. The rajah-pouts, however, cut their way with their sabres, and all the people of the suite followed them with the palanquin. Here they had expected a refuge from the storm: but the deluging rain fell upon them from the trees in torrents. At this cheerless moment they perceived, through the branches, a light in a little hut, situated in the narrowest part of the valley.

Thither ran the misol-gee, to light the torch, which the winds and rain had long extinguished; but he presently returned, panting for breath, and earnestly crying out, "Keep away! keep away! there is a Paria!" In an instant the whole troop betrayed excessive alarm, and reiterated, "A Paria! a Paria!"

Imagining that some ferocious beast was approaching, the doctor caught up his pistols, and eagerly asked, "What is a Paria?"—"A Paria," replied the Indian, "is a man without either faith or law!"

"It is an Indian," added the chief of the rajah-pouts, "whose cast is infamous; whom any one may kill, if he chance but to be touched by him. If we were to go into his hovel, nine moons must pass away before we should dare to enter any pagoda; and, besides, to purify ourselves, we must bathe nine times

in the Ganges, and be washed as often by a Bramin in the urine of a cow."—All the Indians cried out, "We will never enter the hovel of a Paria!"

"By what means," said the doctor to his torch-bearer, "did you know your countryman to be a Paria? or, how did you know him to be a man without either faith or law?"

"I knew it," replied the torch-bearer, "because, on opening the door of his hut, I saw him lying upon the same mat with his dog and his wife, to whom I saw him giving drink in the horn of a cow!" All the Indians again cried out, "We will never enter the dwelling of a Paria!"

"You may stay here, if you please," said the doctor; "for my part, all casts of Indians are the same to me, when I am in need of shelter from the rain."

So saying, he left his palanquin; and taking under his arm his book of questions and his night dress, and in his hand his pistols and his pipe, he went alone to the door of the cottage. Scarcely had he knocked, when a man of a very pleasing countenance opened the door; and, retreating respectfully, said, "Master, I am only a poor Paria, and not worthy to receive you; but if, notwithstanding, you will condescend to take shelter in my hut, I shall feel greatly honoured."

"My brother," returned the Englishman, "I accept your hospitality with thanks!"

When he had entered, the Paria went out with a torch in his hand, carrying a bundle of wood upon his back, and a basket full of cocoa-nuts and bananas under his arm; and going to the people of the doctor's retinue, who remained under a tree at some distance, he said,—

"As you will not do me the honour to enter my hut, here are fruits, inclosed in their own rinds, which you may eat without defiling yourselves; and here is fire to dry you, and to keep the tigers from you; and may God preserve you!"

Re-entering his cottage, he said to the doctor, "Master, I tell you again, that I am only an unfortu-

nate Paria; but as, from your dress and colour, I perceive you are not an Indian, I hope you will have no dislike to the food which your poor servant has to offer to you." He then spread upon a mat, which was laid upon the ground, mangos, cream-apples, bananas, potatoes baked in the cinders, broiled bananas, and a pot of rice mixed with sugar and the milk of the cocoa-nut. Having done this, he retired to his own mat, near his wife, by whose side their infant was sleeping in a cradle.

"Good man," said the Englishman, "why do you talk of unworthiness? You are much better than me; for you do good to those who despise you! If you will not honour me so far as to sit upon the same mat, I shall think you do not think well of me; and I will immediately quit your cottage, though I may be drowned by the rain, or devoured by the tigers."

Hereupon the Paria came and sat down on the same mat, and both ate heartily. In the meantime the doctor enjoyed inexpressible pleasure at being thus secure and comfortable in the midst of the tempest. The cottage was immoveable, because, besides being built in the narrowest and most sheltered part of the valley, it was also under a *war*, or banian fig-tree: whose branches, by taking root at their extremities, formed as many arches for the support of the principal trunk. A single drop of water could not pass through the thick foliage of the tree; and although the terrible howlings of the tempest were distinctly heard, yet neither the smoke of the fire, which passed through the middle of the roof, nor the flame of the lamp, were in the least degree agitated. The doctor admired still more the serenity of his companion: the Indian, his wife, and their child, which, black and polished like ebony, lay sleeping in the cradle, while its mother rocked it with her foot, and at the same time amused herself by making a little necklace for it, of black and red angola-peas: the father alternately cast looks full of tenderness upon the one and the other; even the dog enjoyed the common happiness: lying

before the fire, with a cat for his companion, he opened his eyes every now and then, and sighed, looking at his master.

When the doctor had eaten as much as he chose, the Paria presented a live coal to light his pipe; and having lit his own, he made a sign to his wife, who brought, upon a mat, two dishes of cocoa, and a large calabash full of punch, which she had prepared during supper with arrack, lemon juice, and the juice of the sugar-cane.

While they thus sociably drank and smoked together, the doctor said to the Indian; "You seem to me to be one of the happiest men I ever met with; and, consequently, the wisest; allow me to ask you a few questions. How does it happen that your dwelling is so quiet in the midst of this dreadful storm? since a tree is your only shelter, and trees attract thunder!"

"Never," replied the Paria: "the thunder never falls upon a banian fig-tree."

"That is indeed very curious!" cried the Englishman: "certainly then it is because this tree possesses a negative electricity, like the laurel."

"I do not understand you," replied the Paria; "my wife believes that it is because the god Brama found shelter one day under its branches: for my part, I think that God, in these stormy climates, having given to the fig-tree of the banians a very thick foliage, and its branches the property of forming arches, under which men may seek refuge, will not suffer it to be struck by thunder."

"Your reply bespeaks a religious mind," replied the doctor. "Your tranquillity then results from your confidence in God! and indeed conscience is a better safeguard than science!—Tell me, I beg, to what sect you belong; for you are not of any of those of India, since no Indian will hold intercourse with you. In the list of learned *casts* which I was instructed to consult in the course of my travels, I never found that of the Parias. In what province of India is your pagoda?"

"In each," answered the Paria: "my pagoda is nature: at the rising of the sun I adore its Maker, and praise him at its setting. Taught by misfortune, I never refuse succour to those that are more unhappy than myself. I try to make my wife and my child happy, and even my dog and my cat. I wait for death to end my life, as for a pleasant slumber at the close of day."

"In what book," cried the doctor, "have you discovered these principles?"

"In that of nature," replied the Indian, "I know no other."

"Truly, it is a grand book!" exclaimed the doctor; "but who instructed you in reading it?"

"Misfortune," answered the Paria; "being born of a cast which in my country is reputed infamous, and therefore incapable of being an Indian, I became a man: driven from society, I have found shelter in the bosom of nature."

"But in your recluse situation you have at least a few books?"

"Not one," replied the Paria: "I can neither write nor read."

"You are exempt from many perplexities," said the doctor, rubbing his forehead: "for my part, I have been sent from England, my native country, to seek truth through many nations, for the sake of enlightening mankind, and increasing its happiness; but, after many hitherto useless researches and unpleasant disputes, I am compelled to conclude, that the search after truth is downright folly: because, if it should be found, it cannot be communicated to the world without creating innumerable enemies. Tell me sincerely, are you not of my opinion?"

"Though but an ignorant man," answered the Paria, "yet, since you ask my opinion, I think that every individual should seek truth for the sake of his own benefit: otherwise he may become avaricious, envious, superstitious, wicked, nay even a cannibal, following merely the prejudices or interests of those under whom he may happen to be educated."



The doctor, who had never forgotten the three questions which he proposed to the chief pandit, felt delighted with the Paria's reply : " Since you think it incumbent on every man," said he, " to seek truth ; tell me, I beg, through what medium it may be found ? for, not only our senses mislead us, but even our reason makes us wander further from the point. The variations of reason are as numerous as those by whom it is possessed ; and being, as I conceive, founded only upon their particular interests, is the reason why it differs in every part of the world. It is difficult to find two religions, two nations, two tribes, two families, or even two men, who have the same way of thinking. With which perception, then, ought we to seek truth, if the understanding be useless ?"

" I believe," replied the Paria, " that it should be with a pure and simple heart. The senses and the judgment may err ; but a simple heart, though it may be deceived, never, intentional of itself, deceives."

" Your reply is profound," said the doctor : " Man must then seek truth, not with his judgment, but with his heart. Most men feel in the same manner, but they reason differently : because the principles of truth are engrafted in nature, while the inferences which they draw from them are, in fact, biassed by their own interests. It is then only with a pure and simple heart that we should seek truth : for the heart never pretends to understand that which it does not comprehend, nor to believe that which it does not credit. It cannot be induced first to aid its own deception, and afterwards that of others. Thus a simple heart, far from being weak, like those of the greater part of mankind, which are seduced by partial interests, is strong, and thoroughly capable of seeking truth, and of preserving it."

" You have expressed my idea only much better than I could have done myself," said the Paria : " truth is like the dew of heaven, which to be preserved pure must be received in a pure cistern."

" This is well conceived, my honest friend," ex-

claimed the doctor : but the principal difficulty still remains : where must we search for truth ? Simplicity of heart depends upon ourselves, but truth upon others. Where shall we find truth, when those by whom we are surrounded are led astray by their prejudices, or corrupted by their interests, as they too often are ? I have travelled among various nations, I have carefully consulted their books, I have conversed with their learned ; but have every where found nothing but contradictions, doubts, and doctrines a thousand times more discordant than their languages. If, then, truth cannot be found in the most famed resorts of human knowledge, where is it to be sought ? Of what use is a simple heart among those whose judgments are erroneous, and whose hearts are corrupt ?

“ Truth itself would to me wear a suspicious appearance,” said the Paria, “ when received only through the medium of man ; truth should be sought, not in mankind, but in the lap of nature. Nature is the source of every thing existing ; her language is not unintelligible, or variable, like that of men and their books. Men make books ; but nature makes things. To found truth upon a book, would be as if we were to found it upon a picture, or a statue, which can interest only one country, and which time soon may alter. Books are the work of man ; but nature is the work of God.”

“ You are perfectly right,” rejoined the doctor : “ nature is the source of natural truths ; but where, for example, is the source of historic truths, if not in books ? How can we at this moment ascertain the truth of a fact which occurred two thousand years ago ? Were those who have transmitted it to us exempt from prejudices ? Were they not biassed by party spirit ? Had they simple hearts ? Besides, do not even the books which have been transmitted to us need copyists, printers, commentators, translators ? and has not the truth been at all warped by any of these ? As you very rightly observe, a book is only the work of

man; and we must not place implicit confidence in all historical truths, since they come to us only through the medium of men, who are liable to error."

"Of what import to our happiness," said the Paria, "is the history of things past? The history of the present moment nearly assimilates with that which is past, and with that which will be."

"You must, however," said the doctor, "allow that moral truths are necessary to the happiness of the human race. Can we find these in nature? Animals make war among themselves, killing and devouring each other: the very elements battle against elements: should man and man do the same?"

"By no means!" replied the Paria: "every man will find the law of his conduct in his own heart, if his heart is simple. Nature has written there this law—*Do that to others which you would wish they should do to you.*"

"Very true," answered the doctor: "nature has founded the general interests of the world upon the particular interests of each individual: but in what manner shall we discover religious truths, obscured among the traditions and rituals which divide nations?"

"In nature herself," replied the Paria: "if we contemplate her with a simple heart, we shall see God in his power, in his wisdom, in his mercy, and in his bounty; and as we are weak, ignorant, and miserable, what more can we need to induce us to worship him, to adore him, and to love him all our lives, without disputing with each other?"

"Admirable!" cried the doctor: "but tell me, now, whether, if, after having discovered a truth, we ought to communicate it to the world. Should you publish truth, you will be persecuted by innumerable people who live by contrary errors; who assert that their error is the truth, and call every doctrine erroneous which has a tendency to destroy their favourite falsehood."

"We should communicate truth," said the Paria, "only to men of simple hearts: that is, to good men,

who seek it: not to the wicked, who repel it. Truth is as a fine pearl, and the bad man as a crocodile, who cannot put the pearl in his ears, because he has none. If you throw a pearl to a crocodile, instead of adorning himself, he will try to devour it; he will break his teeth in the attempt; and then rush upon you, his benefactor."

"I have only one objection remaining," said the doctor: "it follows, from what you have said, that men are doomed to error, though truth be necessary to their happiness: for, since they persecute those who tell them the truth, where is the teacher that shall dare instruct them?"

"He," replied the Paria, "that himself persecutes men for the sake of their improvement—Misfortune."—"Oh for once," cried the doctor, "man of nature, I believe that you are in an error. Misfortune plunges men into superstition: it debases the heart and the mind: the more miserable men are, the more are they worthless, credulous, and ferocious."

"This happens, only because they are not sufficiently unfortunate," replied the Paria: "misfortune is like the black mountain of Bember, at the extremity of the sultry kingdom of Lahore: while you are ascending it, you see before you nothing but barren rocks: but, on gaining the summit, heaven expands over your head, and at your feet is the kingdom of Cashmere!"

"Charming and just comparison!" replied the doctor: "in fact, every one has in this life his mountain to climb. Yours, virtuous solitary, has been very steep and rugged, for you are elevated above all the men I ever knew. You have then, I fear, been very unhappy: but pray tell me why your cast is so despised in India, whilst that of the Bramins is so highly honoured? I have just returned from visiting the superior of the pagoda of Jagernaut, who is not possessed of more mind than his idol, and who causes himself to be worshipped as a god."

"The Bramins," said the Paria, "have a tradition that, in the beginning, themselves came from the head of the god Brama; and that the Parias are descended

from his feet: they likewise add, that Brama being travelling one day, asked a Paria for something to eat, who presented him with human flesh: on account of these traditions, their cast is honoured, and ours execrated, throughout all India. We are not allowed to enter the cities, and every *nair*, or rajah-pout may kill us, if we but approach him within the distance of our breath."

"By heaven!" cried the Englishman, "that is both absurd and unjust! but how can the Bramins persuade the rest of the people into this foolery?"

"By teaching it to them in their infancy," said the Paria: "and, by incessant repetition, men are instructed like parrots."

"Unfortunate man!" cried the Englishman, "what have you done to raise yourself from the abyss of infamy into which you have been plunged, by the Bramins, at your very birth? I know nothing that is so miserable to a man, as to be debased in his own eyes: this robs him of his best consolation; for the truest of all is, that which we find within our own bosoms."

"In the first place," said the Paria, "I said to myself, can this history of the God Brama be indisputably true? The Bramins only, who have an interest in giving themselves a celestial origin, are the relaters of the story: they invented, I make no doubt, the tradition of a Paria's having attempted to make Brama a cannibal, for the sake of revenging themselves of the Parias, for refusing to believe a doctrine which clothes them with sanctity. After this, I continued to reason thus: Let us suppose the story true: still, God is just: he will not implicate a whole cast for the crime of one of its members, when the cast itself, generally, had no share in the action: but, even supposing the whole cast to have taken part in the offence, their descendants could not be their accomplices. God no more punishes, in the children, the faults of their forefathers, whom they have never seen, than he punishes in the forefathers the faults of their little children yet unborn: yet, suppose again, that I do

suffer at this day part of the punishment of a Paria who offended his God millions of years ago, though I had no share in the offence—Can any thing—is it possible that—any thing hated by the Almighty can live?—If God had cursed me, nothing planted by me would flourish! To conclude, I said to myself, I will suppose myself hated by my Creator, who, nevertheless, bestows so many blessings upon me: I will endeavour to reconcile him to me by following his example; by doing good to those whom I have reason to hate.”

“But how did you contrive to subsist,” asked the doctor, “when thus driven away from all the world?”

“At first,” answered the Paria, “I said to myself, If all the world is thine enemy, be thou thine own friend. Thy misfortune does not exceed thy means of bearing it. However heavily the rains may descend, still a little bird receives only a little drop at a time.—I rambled into the woods, and along the sea shores, in quest of food; but I most frequently collected only wild fruits, and was hourly in dread of fierce beasts; from this I learned, that Nature has made almost nothing capable of being enjoyed by man alone; and that she had connected my existence with society, though it had thus cast me from its bosom. I then traversed the deserted fields, which are very numerous in India, and I always met with some eatable plant, which had survived the wreck of its cultivators. In this manner I travelled from province to province, sure of finding subsistence every where, among the superfluities of agriculture. Whenever I found the seeds of any useful plant, I used to put them into the earth, saying, If not for me, it will be for others’ benefit. I found myself less miserable when I saw that I could do some service to my fellow-creatures.

“There was one thing that I passionately wished for—this was to enter the cities. I admired, at a distance, their ramparts, their towers, the prodigious concourse of vessels upon their rivers, and of caravans upon their roads, laden with merchandise from all parts of the horizon; troops of soldiers, coming from

remote provinces to do duty there ; and processions of ambassadors, with their numerous retinues, who came from foreign kingdoms to notify fortunate events, or to form alliances.

“ I approached the avenues as near as was permitted, contemplating with astonishment the vast columns of dust which so many travellers raised ; and I panted with desire, at the confused noise issuing from large cities, and which, in the neighbouring fields, resembles the murmurings of the waves breaking upon the shores of the sea. I said to myself, an assemblage of men, of so many different conditions, who unite together their industry, their wealth, and their pleasures, must make a city a delightful abode ! and though I may not approach it by day, what should prevent my entering it during the night ? A feeble mouse, which has so many enemies, goes and returns when she will, under favour of darkness : she passes from the cottage of the peasant to the palaces of kings. The light of the stars is sufficient for the enjoyment of her life, then why should I need that of the sun.

“ In the environs of Delhi I first made these reflections ; and became so emboldened by them, that, when night came on, I entered that city by the gate of Lahore. I passed through a long solitary street, formed on each side by houses with terraces supported by arches, having under them the shops of tradesmen. At distances from each other I saw large well-secured caravanseras, and spacious bazars, or market-places, where now reigned the profoundest silence. In approaching the interior of the city, I crossed the magnificent quarter of the omrahs, full of palaces and gardens, seated upon the bank of the Jemnah. All around me I heard the sounds of instruments, and the songs of bayadres, dancing by torch light on the banks of the river. I remained at the door of a garden, for the sake of enjoying this novel sight ; but I was presently repulsed by slaves, who were placed there to drive away the miserable with canes. Leaving, then, the residence of the great, I passed near several pa-

godas of my religion, where many wretches lay prostrate, giving themselves up to tears: I withdrew from the sight of these monuments of superstition and terror. Further on, the shrill voices of the molhas, who, from above, called the hour of night, I perceived that I was passing under the minarets of a mosque.

“Near this were the European factories, with their pavilions, and their watchmen, who cried out incessantly, ‘Take care of yourself!’ I next approached a large building, which, by the noise of chains and of groans issuing from it, I knew to be a prison. Soon after, I heard the moans of sickness from a vast hospital, from whence carriages came out, loaden with dead.

“Advancing, I met robbers who fled from justice; patrols who pursued them; groups of mendicants, who, notwithstanding blows, begged at the doors of palaces for some of the refuse of the feasts; and in every street I saw women who publicly prostituted themselves, in order to procure something to eat. At length, after a long walk through the same street, I arrived at an immense square, surrounding the fortress which is the residence of the Great Mogul. It was covered with the tents of the rajahs, or nabobs, of his guard, and with the tents of their squadrons, which were distinguished from each other by flambeaus, standards, and long canes, crowned with the tails of the cows of Thibet. A large foss, filled with water, and flanked with artillery, encompassed the fortress. By the light of the fires of the guards, I beheld the height of the towers, almost elevated into the clouds, and the length of the ramparts, which seemed to lose themselves in the horizon. I ardently wished to enter it; but the great korahs, or whips, which were hung upon the posts, took away all my inclination. I went, therefore, to one of the extremities, near some negro slaves, who gave me leave to sit down among them by their fire. Thence I contemplated the imperial palace with admiration: I said, This then is the abode of the happiest of men! To procure obedience to him it is that so many religions are propagated; for his



glory so many ambassadors arrive; for his treasury so many provinces are exhausted; for his gratification so many caravans travel; and for his safety so many armed men watch in silence.

“ While these reflections were passing in my mind, loud cries of joy echoed through the square, and I beheld eight camels passing along, decorated with garlands. I heard that they were loaden with heads of rebels, sent to the Mogul by his generals, from the province of Decan; where one of his sons, whom he had appointed governor, had, during three years, waged war against him. Shortly after this came a courier in great haste, mounted upon a dromedary, who was sent to announce the loss of a frontier town of India, which had been treacherously given up by its commandant to the King of Persia. This courier had scarcely passed, when another, sent by the Governor of Bengal, brought intelligence that the Europeans, to whom the emperor, for the advantage of commerce, had accorded a factory at the mouth of the Ganges, had built a fortress there, and had made themselves masters of the navigation of the river. Some moments after the arrival of these two couriers, an officer, at the head of a detachment of guards, came out of the castle. The mogul had given him orders to go into the quarter of the omrahs, and to bring thence three of the principal, loaden with chains: they were accused of holding correspondence with the enemies of the state. The day before, he had arrested a molha for having, in one of his sermons, uttered an eulogy on the King of Persia; and having asserted that the Emperor of India was an infidel, because, contrary to the law of Mahomet, he drank wine. This officer had now orders also to cause one of the wives of the mogul, and two of the captains of his guard, to be strangled and thrown into the Jemnah; being convicted of assisting the rebellion of his son.

“ While I was meditating upon these unfortunatè events, a large column of fire rose suddenly from one of the kitchens of the seraglio. Its clouds of smoke mingled with the night, and its red flames illumined

the towers of the fortress, the fosses, the square, the minarets of the city, and even coloured the horizon. Immediately the kettle drums and the karnas, or great oboes, of the guard sounded an alarm, making a most horrible noise: squadrons of cavalry galloped through the city, breaking open the doors of the houses in the neighbourhood, and with their korahs compelling the inhabitants to run to assist in quenching the fire. Even I experienced how dangerous to the little was the neighbourhood of the great. The great are like fire, which consumes even those who throw incense upon it, should they approach too near.

“ I wished to fly, but every avenue of the place was shut. It would have been impossible for me to escape, if I had not providentially happened to be on the same side with the seraglio. The eunuchs, in carrying away the women upon elephants, assisted my flight; for, while the guards were every where driving the people to the fire with their whips, these forced the elephants to keep from it with the blasts of the trumpet.

“ Thus, pursued by one party and driven back by another, I left this frightful chaos; and, by the light of the fire, gained the other extremity of the suburbs, where, under little huts, far from the great, the people rest in peace from their labours. Here I began to breathe again: I said to myself, I have at length seen a city! I have seen the residence of the rulers of nations! but, alas! of how many masters are not these themselves the slaves! Even in the hours of rest, pleasures, ambition, superstition, avarice, have dominion over them! Whilst asleep, even they must dread the miserable and turbulent wretches by whom they are surrounded: robbers, beggars, courtezans, incendiaries—even their soldiers, their nobles, their priests! What must a city be by day, if it is thus disturbed in the night?

“ The enjoyments of man cause an increase of his miseries. Must not the emperor, then, in the midst of all his gratifications, suffer the torments of innumerable troubles? He must fear civil and foreign

wars; even the objects of his consolation and defence: his generals, his guards, his molhas, his wives, and his children! The fosses of his fortress cannot drive away the phantoms of superstition; nor his gorgeously-caparisoned elephants free him from corroding cares. For myself, I have none of all this to dread: no tyrant has obtained dominion either over my body or my soul. I can serve God according to my conscience; and I fear no man, if I do not torment myself: indeed, a Paria is far more happy than an emperor. In uttering these words, the tears came into my eyes: I fell upon my knees, and thanked Heaven, who, in teaching me to support my evils, had shewn me others more intolerable.

“ Since that night I have never penetrated further into Delhi than its suburbs. Thence I have observed the stars illumine the habitations of men, blending themselves with their lights, as if heaven and the city had been only one domain. When the moon enlightened the landscape, I could perceive other colours besides those of day. I admired the towers, the houses, and the trees, silvered over and covered as it were with crape, which were reflected from afar in the waters of the Jemnah. I freely traversed the large and solitary quarters; and it seemed to me as if all the city were mine: meantime, being rendered so odious by their religion, its inhabitants would have refused me a small handful of rice!

“ Unable to find subsistence among the living, I sought it with the dead. I betook myself to cemeteries, to eat the meats offered there by the piety of surviving relations. In these places I loved to meditate. I used to say, This is really the city of peace: here power and pride are no more: here innocence and virtue are safe: here all the fears of life vanish—even that of dying! This is the inn where the traveller rests from his journey, and where the Paria reposes! Full of these thoughts, I found death had no longer any sting; and I learned to think lightly of the fancied pleasures of the world. I gazed upon the east, whence hosts of stars rose up, momentarily; and, though

ignorant of their destiny, I felt that it was connected with that of man: I felt that Providence, who has created so many invisible objects for our use, has at least connected us with those which she has placed before our eyes. My soul sprang in ecstasy; and joined the stars in the firmament: and when the morning mingled her rosy tints with their now soft but everlasting lights, I fancied myself at the gate of heaven! but, when her fires gilded the summits of the pagodas, I vanished as a shadow; and went, far from man, to repose myself in the fields, at the foot of a tree, where I slept amid the warblings of birds."

"Unfortunate man, and full of sensibility," said the Englishman, "your story is very moving! the greater part of cities, believe me, should only be seen during night. After all, the nocturnal beauties of nature are not her least interesting ones: a celebrated poet of my country has made these his only theme. But tell me how you at last contrived to make yourself happy in the day-time?"

"It was no easy matter to be happy in the night," replied the Indian: "Nature resembles a fine woman, who during the day shews to common eyes only the beauties of her face: but in the night reveals to her lover her more sacred charms. If solitude, however, have its pleasures, it is also attended with its privations. To the unhappy it seems a tranquil haven, whence he may behold the passions of other men rolling on, without moving himself: but, even while congratulating himself on his own immobility, time drags him also along. We cannot cast anchor in the stream of life: it carries with it both him who struggles against its course and him who swims with it; the sage as well as the libertine—each arrives at the end of his days; the one after having misused, the other without having enjoyed them.

"I had no desire to be more wise than nature; nor to find my happiness by any other means than by the laws by which mankind are bound. Above all things, I ardently wished for a friend, who could participate in my joys and my sorrows. I long sought

for such a one among my equals; but I could not find any who were not envious. Nevertheless, I found one, sensible, faithful, grateful, and inaccessible to prejudices: it was not, indeed, one of mine own species, but an animal—it was the dog lying before you. It was then very young, and had been left in the corner of a street, where it was almost dead with famine. I was touched with compassion, I reared it; in return, it became fond of me, and I made it my inseparable companion.

“ Still this was not enough: I needed a friend more unhappy than a dog; one who had experienced all the evils of human society, and could help me to support mine: one who would be content with only the riches of nature, and with whom I could share their enjoyment. It is only by interlacing themselves that feeble shrubs resist the storm.

“ Providence filled up the measure of my wishes in giving me a good wife: at the height of my sorrows I found my happiness. One night, being in the cemetery of the Bramins, I perceived by the light of the moon a young Bramin, half covered with her yellow veil. I started back with horror at the sight of a woman of the blood of my oppressors: but compassion led me toward her, when I saw the task in which she was employed. She was placing food upon the tomb which covered the ashes of her mother, who but a short time before had been burned alive with the dead body of her husband, and she now burned incense to invoke her departed shade. Tears came into mine eyes, in seeing one more unfortunate than myself. I said, ‘ Alas! I am bound with the bonds of infamy, thou with those of glory. I am, at least, at the bottom of my precipice; but thou art always trembling on the brink of thine! The same destiny which doomed thy mother’s death threatens one day to take away thy life! Thou hast received but one life, and thou must die two deaths! If thine own death do not inclose thee in the grave, that of thine husband will drag thee thither alive!’

“ We both wept;—our eyes, suffused with tears,

met each other, and talked to each other as to the unfortunate. She turned away her eyes, covered herself with her veil, and retired.

“ The following night I returned to the same place. This time she had left a larger portion of food upon her mother’s tomb. She thought that I needed it; and as the Bramins frequently empoison their funeral offerings, to prevent their being eaten by the Parias, she had brought only fruits.

“ I felt this token of humanity: but, instead of taking the fruit, I laid flowers upon it, as an expression of my respect for her filial offering. The flowers were poppies, which told the share that I took in her affliction.

“ On the following night, I saw with joy that she had approved my homage: the poppies were watered, and she had placed another basket of fruit at some distance from the tomb. Her pity and attention emboldened me; but afraid to speak to her as a Paria, for fear of offending, I undertook to express as a man all the feelings which she had created within my soul. To obtain a hearing, I borrowed the language of flowers, according to the custom of India, by adding marigolds to my poppies. The night after, I perceived that my poppies and my marigolds had been watered. The night following I became more venturous: I joined with the poppies and the marigolds a flower of the *fulsapat* (from which a black dye for leather is made), as an expression of humble and unfortunate affection. The next day, at dawn, I ran to the tomb, but found my *fulsapat* withered, because it had not been watered. At night, with trembling expectation, I placed a tulip (whose red leaves and black heart were expressive of my passion); the next day my tulip was in the same state as my *fulsapat*. This overwhelmed me with grief: on the morrow, however, I carried a rose-bud with its thorns, as a symbol of my hopes surrounded by many fears! But what was my anguish, when the break of day discovered to me my rose-bud far from the tomb! My reason seemed tottering on its throne!

Yet, let the event be what it might, I resolved to speak.

“ The night following I threw myself at her feet, presenting to her my rose; but was unable to speak. She addressed me first, thus: ‘ Unfortunate wretch that I am, thou talkest to me of love; and soon, very soon, I shall be no more. Following the destiny of my mother, I shall accompany to the pile the body of my husband, who is just dead. He was old, and I was an infant when we were married.—Adieu! Go, and forget me—in three days I shall be only a little heap of ashes.’

“ She sighed whilst uttering these words. Overcome with affliction, I replied, ‘ Unfortunate Bramin! nature has dissolved the bonds with which society bound thee: break those of superstition thyself!—Thou canst do this by taking me for thy husband.’

“ ‘ What!’ said she, weeping, ‘ shall I escape death by living with thee in infamy? Ah! if thou lovest me, leave me to die?’

“ ‘ God forbid,’ cried I, ‘ that I should extricate thee from thine own evils only to plunge thee into mine! Lovely Bramin! let us fly together into the depths of forests: it is better to trust to tigers than to men! But Heaven, which has hitherto protected me, will not abandon us. Let us fly, love! the night, thy wretchedness, thy innocence, all favour us! Let us haste, unfortunate widow! Already is thy pile prepared, and thy dead husband calling thee! Poor, broken *lianne*, lean upon me: I will be thy palm-tree!’

“ Sobbing, she cast her eyes upon the tomb of her mother, and then lifted them towards heaven: one of her hands fell into mine, and with the other she took my rose. Immediately I caught her in my arms, and we began our flight; first having cast her yellow veil into the Ganges, that her relations might believe her to be drowned.

“ For several nights we traversed the border of the river, concealing ourselves by day among the rice.

At length we came to this part of the country, whose inhabitants have been exterminated by ancient wars; and penetrating into the middle of this wood, I built a little cottage, and planted a little garden: and here we live most happily. I venerate my wife as the sun, and I adore her as the moon! In this solitude we are each other's solace; it is true we are despised by the world; but, as we esteem each other, the praises which we give and receive are sweeter to us than the applauses of a people." Saying these words, the Paria looked on his infant, in its cradle, and on his wife, who shed tears of joy.

The doctor, drying up his own, said to his host: "Truly, that which is honoured most among mankind, too frequently merits their contempt; and that which they despise, as often deserves to be honoured. But God is just: you, in your obscurity, are a thousand times happier than the chief of the Bramins of Jagernaut, in all his glory! In common with his cast, he is exposed to all the revolutions of fortune: upon the Bramins the greater part of those evils fall, with which domestic and foreign wars have, for so many ages, desolated your delightful country: from the Bramins forced contributions are exacted, on account of the influence which they possess over the minds of the people. Moreover, what is still harder upon them, they themselves are the first victims of their inhuman religion. By continually preaching error, they have so infected themselves, that they have lost the feelings of truth, justice, humanity, and piety: they are bound with those chains of superstition with which they would enslave their countrymen: they are obliged to wash and purify themselves every instant, and to abstain from a multitude of innocent enjoyments: in fine, what cannot be mentioned without horror, they, in consequence of their own barbarous dogmas, see their relations, their mothers, their sisters, and even their own daughters, burned alive. Such are the punishments inflicted by nature, whose laws they have transgressed! whilst you are



permitted to be sincere, good, just, hospitable, pious; and you escape the evils of fortune, and the miseries of opinion, by your humiliation itself."

Immediately the Paria took leave of his guest for the night, retiring, with his wife and the child's cradle, into a little inner apartment.

The ensuing morning, by day-break, the doctor was awakened by the singing of birds, whose nests were in the Indian fig-tree, and by the voices of the Paria and his wife, who were repeating their morning prayer together. He rose, and was exceedingly mortified to find, when the Paria and his wife opened the door to wish him good day, that there was but a single bed in the cottage, and that they sat up all night to give it to him.

After their salem, or salutation, they employed themselves in preparing breakfast for him. While they were doing this, the doctor took a turn in the garden; which he found surrounded, like the cottage, with the arches of the Indian fig-tree, which were so interlaced, that they formed a hedge impervious even to the sight. It was only above their foliage that he could see the red rocks, which flanked every part of the valley around him, and out of which issued a little spring, which watered the garden.

The garden was planted without regularity; containing, promiscuously, mangostans, oranges, cocoas, batan, mangos, jaca, bananas, all laden with flowers or with fruits. Even their stems were covered: the betel twined round the areca palm-tree, and round the sugar-cane the pepper-plant. The air was sweetened with their perfumes. The greater part of the trees were in the shade, the first rays of morning shone upon their tops; and discovered, vaulting from branch to branch, little snakes, shining like rubies and topazes: while bengalis, and *sensasools*, or *birds-of-five-hundred-notes*, concealed under the dewy leaves, warbled from their nests the sweetest concerts.

The doctor was enjoying these charming shades, relieved from every learned and ambitious thought, when the Paria came to invite him to breakfast. "Your

garden is delightful," said the doctor: "and with me it has no other fault than that it is too small: if I were in your place, I would add a bowling-green, and would extend it into the forest."

"Master," replied the Paria, "the less the space we occupy, the more easily are we sheltered: a leaf is sufficient for the nest of the fly-bird." Saying these words, they entered into the cottage, where they found breakfast prepared; while, in a corner, the Paria's wife was suckling her child. After a silent repast, on the doctor's expressing an inclination to depart, the Paria said, "My guest, the plains are still covered by the rains of last night; the roads are impassable: prolong your stay with us this day."—"I cannot, indeed," answered the doctor, "I have so many people with me."

"I see," replied the Paria, "that you are in haste to quit the country of the Bramins, and to return to that of the Christians, whose religion invites them to live as brethren!" The doctor sighed as he rose.

The Paria now made a sign to his wife, who, with downcast eyes, presented a basket to the doctor, which was filled with flowers and fruits. The Paria, speaking for his wife, said, "Master, excuse our poverty: we have neither ambergris nor aloe wood wherewith to perfume our guests, according to the custom of India: we have only flowers and fruits: but I trust you will not despise this little basket, which my wife has filled with her own hands. In it are neither poppies nor marigolds; but jasmynes, *mougrees*, and bergamot flowers; these are symbols, for their perfume is lasting, of our esteem, the remembrance of which will remain with us, even when we shall see you no more."

The doctor took the basket, and said, "I cannot sufficiently acknowledge your hospitality, nor testify all the esteem that I feel for you: accept this gold watch, which was made by Graham, the most famed watch-maker in London. It needs to be set only once in a year.

"Master," replied the Paria, "we need no watch;

we have one that goes always, and is never out of order; it is the sun."

"My watch strikes the hours," added the doctor.

"Our birds sing them," replied the Paria.

"Receive these coral beads, at least," said the doctor: "they will make necklaces for your wife and your child."

"My wife and my child," replied the Indian, "will never want necklaces while our garden produces angola peas."

"Accept then these pistols," said the doctor; "they will defend you in your solitude from robbers."

"Poverty," answered the Paria, "is a rampart which keeps thieves far from us. The silver with which your pistols are mounted would be sufficient to attract them. In the name of God, who protects us, and from whom we await our recompense, do not deprive us of the value of our hospitality."

"I must beg, however," said the Englishman, "that you will at least receive something in remembrance of me."

"Well, my guest, since you will have it so," replied the Paria, "I will venture to propose an exchange: give me your pipe, and do you accept mine: when I smoke with yours, I shall recollect that a pandit of Europe did not disdain to accept the hospitality of a poor Paria."

Immediately the doctor presented him with his pipe, made of English leather, having a mouth-piece of yellow amber, and received in return that of the Paria, with a tube of bamboo and an earthen bowl.

After this, calling his people, who were very uncomfortable, owing to the wretched night which they had passed, and having embraced the Paria, he seated himself in his palanquin.

Whilst the wife of the Paria stood weeping at the door of the cottage with her infant in her arms, her husband accompanied the doctor to the outside of the wood, heaping benedictions upon him: "May the Almighty reward you," said he, "for your goodness to the unhappy! May he take me as a sacrifice for

you! May he guide you prosperously to England, that country of learned and friendly men, who search for truth through all the world for the sake of the happiness of mankind."

The doctor replied, "I have nearly traversed half the globe, and have every where seen only error and discord; and never found truth and happiness but in your cottage."

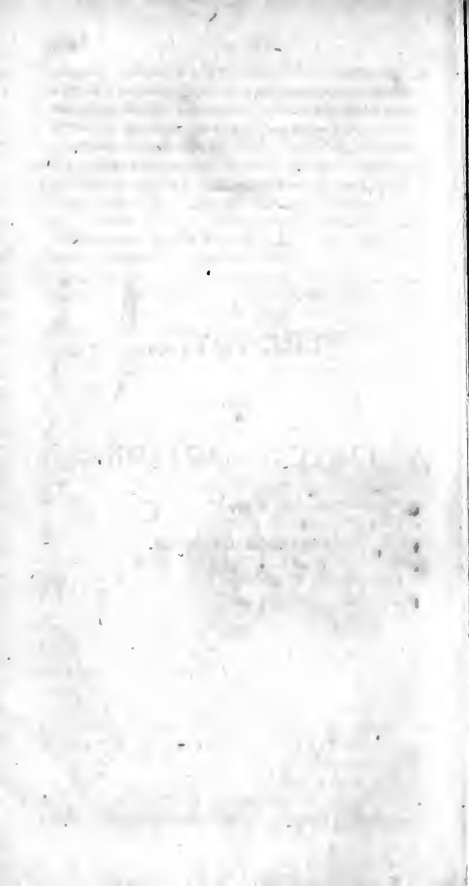
Saying these words, the doctor and the Paria separated from each other, shedding tears. The doctor had travelled a considerable distance, when looking round, he saw the good Paria at the foot of a tree, who made signs with his hands to bid him adieu.

On his return to Calcutta, the doctor embarked for Chandernagore, from whence he sailed for England. Arrived in London, he sent his ninety bales of manuscripts to the Royal Society, who deposited them in the British Museum. There, at this very day, the literati and the journalists are employed in making extracts from them.

The doctor keeps the Paria's three replies upon truth to himself. He frequently smokes with the pipe; and when asked, What he had learned during his travels which was most useful, replies, "Truth must be sought with a pure and simple heart; it is only to be found in nature; and it should be communicated only to good men:" to which he adds, "No one can be completely happy without a good wife."

END OF THE INDIAN COTTAGE.

THE IDYLS,  
AND  
FIRST NAVIGATOR;  
BY  
SOLOMON GESSNER.



## INTRODUCTION.



### TO DAPHNE.

**N**OT the bold deeds of the blood-besprinkled hero; not the wild din of the battle invite the gay muse; mild and timid she flies from the tumult, the light pastoral flute in her hand.

Charmed by the soft murmur of the cool rivulet, by the deep shadows of the solemn forest, she loves to rove on the sedgy shore, to pursue her flowery path through green overarching groves, or rest on the soft grass, and weave for thee the artless song: for thee alone, fairest Daphne! for thy mind is calm and serene as the first bright mornings of spring: soft smiles and frolic pleasures dwell on thy rosy lips, and mild gladness beams from thy blue sparkling eye. Since thou hast called me thy friend, bright and gay has appeared every scene of the future to me: joy and pleasure wing away every hour of the present day.

Oh! pleasing to thee be the simple songs my muse has learned among the shepherds; the strains she has listened to in the thick groves where the dryads resort, where wander the wood-gods, and the sedge-crowned nymphs of the stream. Oft has she visited the mossy cot, where the peasant reposes under the peaceful shade his hand has planted; from thence she brings these tales of simplicity and virtue, and ever frolic innocence. And oft too has she watched the god of love, whilst he reclined amidst the green bower's interwoven branches, and amongst the willows which bend over the little stream, he listened to her strains, and crowned her flowing hair with dewy roses, while she sung of love and frolic joy.

Let thy love, oh Daphne! be my only praise : thy soft, thy speaking smiles, the sole reward of my song. May fame crown the poet who, unblessed by such happiness as mine, is inspired by the thought of the praise that shall survive him : on his grave may the bards of succeeding ages strew unfading flowers, and plant with green shade the turf that covers his mouldering bones.



# IDYLS.

## LYCAS,

### *Or the Invention of Gardening.*

**N**OW, while the stormy winter confines us to the narrow chamber, and the wild winds drive the silvery flakes of snow; now shall imagination unlock the store of images that she collected in the blooming spring, in the fervid summer, and the variegated autumn. From these will I chuse the fairest, lovely Daphne! and arrange them for thee in a song; as the shepherd who twines a garland for his beloved one, selects only the most beautiful of the flowers.

Pleasing to thee be the simple strain in which my muse describes, how in the infancy of the world the art of Gardening was discovered by a shepherd.

Oh! this is the place, said Lycas, the handsomest of the swains; it was here under this elm that I received the first kiss from the lips of my lovely Chloe! It was here she stood, and sighed, as my trembling arms enfolded her, and my hesitating voice, my beating heart, and tearful eyes, told her I loved her. It was here, oh! loveliest Chloe, that thy crook escaped from thy trembling hand. Lycas! thou whisperedst, Lycas! I love thee. Ye who have heard my complaints, ye still trees, ye lonely streams, witness my happiness! and you, ye flowers! who have drank my tears as dew!

Oh Chloe! what unspeakable happiness is love! To love be this spot consecrated! I will plant roses round this elm, and the slender anemones shall creep

up its stem, and mix their white and purple striped flowers with the crimson buds. I will collect all the beauties of spring here: I will plant the glowing-poppies among the lilies; I will traverse every meadow and hill, and rob them of their sweets to deck this spot; the violet, the carnation, the blue drooping hyacinth, and the dusky scabious, all, all shall bloom here, and perfume the still air with their sweets. I will cut channels round the borders, and lead here the pure waters of the neighbouring rill, and form little islands of flowers. And I will plant a hedge of hawthorn and wild roses round the place, that the goats and straggling sheep may not lay waste my flowers. Oh! come then ye turtle doves, ye who live only for love, come and mourn from the summit of this elm; ye sparrows! chase each other through the rose-bushes, and chirp from every bending spray. Ye variegated butterflies sport among the flowers, and bow the lily's tall head as ye settle on its snowy leaves!

Then shall the lonely shepherd say as he passes, and zephyr wafts the soft perfume to meet him—To what divinity is this place sacred? Is it the resort of Venus? or has Diana adorned it so fair, to slumber in peace here when she returns weary from the chase?

### MIRTILLO.

MIRTILLO returned late at evening from the banks of the lake, whose placid waters sparkled in the moon-light; the calm beauty of the landscape, and the song of the nightingale, had detained him entranced in silent rapture. When he approached the vine-covered arbour before his lonely hut, he perceived his old father slumbering in the moon-beams; he had sunk down, with one arm supporting his grey head. Mirtillo stood long contemplating him, and his eyes rested fixedly on the old man, except when he raised them towards heaven, through the glistening leaves of the vine, and tears of filial love and joy bedewed his cheeks.

Oh thou he said, whom next to the gods I must honor, father! how soft are thy slumbers; how sweet is the sleep of the just! With trembling step at sunset thou camest out of the hut, to hallow with still prayers the peaceful hour of evening; and, while thou prayedst, sleep stole soft upon thee. For me also have thy prayers arisen. Father! how blessed am I: the gods listen to thy supplications, or wherefore dwell we thus secure under the shade of these fruit-laden trees; wherefore do blessings descend upon our flocks and herds, and on the fruit of our fields? Often when my weak care of thy feeble age draws tears of joy from thy languid eyes, when thou lookest up to heaven, and blessest me, father! how sweet are my sensations; how my heart swells, and tears of rapture trickle over my cheeks. This morning, when to refresh thyself in the warm sun-shine, thou camest out of the hut, leaning on my arm, while the flock gambled around thee, when thou sawest the trees heavy with fruit, and the rich golden harvest waving in the neighbouring plain, My hairs are grown grey in joy, didst thou say: be blessed, ye fields! not long shall my dim eyes wander over ye! soon shall I exchange you for happier plains! Ah father! best of friends, soon shall I lose thee; oh! thought full of sorrow. Then will I raise an altar by thy tomb; and as often as the blessed day arrives in which I can do good to a fellow-creature, I will strew flowers and pour milk on thy grave, oh! my father.

He was silent, and looked with tearful eyes on the old man: How he smiles in his slumbers; the images of his good deeds arise before him; the moon-light gilds his pale face, and glistens on his silver hair and snowy beard! Oh! soft blow the cool gales of evening upon thee, and harmless descend around thee its chill unwholesome dews!

He kissed the old man's forehead to awake him gently, and lead him into the cottage to slumber on the warm skins.

## THE INVOCATION.

CHLOE.

YE gentle nymphs, who dwell in this still cave, who have planted the tangling brush-wood that overhangs its entrance, to refresh you with cool shade, and to protect your soft repose!—listen to my voice, if now ye sport not with the wood gods among the shadowy thickets and mountains, if now ye slumber not, reclined on your mossy urns. May no plant of mine disturb your rest; but listen to me, gentle nymphs! if ye wake. I love—oh! I love Lycas with the yellow hair. Have you not seen the young shepherd, when he leads his speckled cows and bounding calves by this stream, and calls the echoes as he passes to repeat the soft tones of his flute? Have you not seen his blue eyes? Oh! have you not marked his soft smile? Have you not listened to his song, when he describes the delights of the cheerful spring, the merry harvest, or the variegated autumn?

Oh! I love the handsomest shepherd, and he knows not that I love him! How long hast thou lingered, thou stern unfriendly winter! and driven us from the plains. How long it is since I saw him for the last time in autumn! he lay slumbering in the thicket: Oh! how lovely he looked; while the wind played with his fair hair, and the dancing leaves strewed a checkered shadow over him. I see him still, as the shade swept over his fair face, and he smiled, as if in a pleasing dream. I hastily gathered flowers, and entwined a garland round the temples of the sleeper, and decked his flute with a wreath. I concealed myself among the trees: I will wait, said I, till he awakes; how will he smile and wonder when he perceives his temples and his flute are wreathed with flowers. Here will I wait his awaking; he must certainly perceive me in this place, and if he does not, I will laugh that he may find me out. Just as I had

placed myself among the trees, my companions called me: I was obliged to follow them. Oh! how was I disappointed that I did not see him awake! that I did not witness his pleasure and astonishment, when he perceived his temples and his flute were wreathed with flowers. How joyful am I that spring is returning; I shall now meet him again in the meadows. Ye nymphs! I will hang these garlands on the trees that bend over your cave; they are formed of the first flowers of the spring; early violets, and snow-drops, crimson-tipped daisies, and yellow primroses, and the first blossoms of the hawthorn. Oh! be propitious to my love, ye nymphs! and when the shepherd slumbers by your stream, tell him in dreams that it is Chloe loves him; tell him, it was she who wreathed his temples and his flute with flowers.—

She was silent; and hung her early garlands on the leafless boughs; and soft murmur rang through the cave, as when echo repeats the sweet tones of a distant flute.

## THE BROKEN GOBLET.

A CLOVEN-FOOTED faun was discovered by the shepherds, as sunk in deep sleep he lay stretched under an oak. "We will bind him fast to the tree," said they, as they surrounded him; "when he awakes, he shall purchase his liberty with a song." They bound him to the trunk of the oak, and pelted him with its fallen acorns till he awoke. "Where am I?" said the faun, as he yawned, and stretched out his sinewy arms and cloven feet: "Where is my flute? Where is my cup? Ah! there lie the fragments of my beautiful goblet; I broke it yesterday, as I sunk down overpowered with sleep and wine. But who has bound me?" said he, as he looked around, and heard the tittering laughter of the swains. "Unbind me, boys!" he cried.—"We will not set thee free," answered they, "till thou hast sung us a song."—"What shall I sing you, shepherds?" said the faun;—"I will sing

of my broken cup:—Sit down by me on the grass." The shepherds seated themselves on the turf around him, and he began:—

"It is broken! it is broken; my beautiful goblet the fragments lie scattered around.

"My goblet was beautiful; the fairest ornament of my cave; and when a wood god passed, I called to him: 'Come, drink from this cup. Jove himself, at his ambrosial banquets, does not quaff nectar from a fairer bowl.'

"It is broken! oh it is broken; my beautiful goblet! the fragments lie scattered around.

"When my brothers of the wood assembled in my cave, we sate carousing around the goblet, and every one who drank sung the exploit engraven on the part which his lips had touched. Now, we shall drink no more from the goblet, my brothers of the wood! Now we shall sing no more the exploits engraven on its sides.

"And Pan was engraven on my goblet, as struck with horror he stood on the shore, and saw his beautiful nymph, even in his clasping arms, transformed into soft-whispering reeds, he cut the rushes of unequal length, and cementing them with wax, blew on the pipe a melancholy strain. Echo listened delighted to the new music, and repeated it to the astonished woods and mountains around.

"But it is broken! it is broken, my beautiful goblet! the fragments lie scattered around.

"Even Jove himself was engraven on my goblet, as when, in the form of a milk-white bull, he bore the fair Europa on his broad back through the waters. Enraptured he looked back on her, and licked with flattering tongue her snowy feet. She clasped her white arms above her head, lamenting, while the wanton zephyrs played with her unbound tresses, and the little loves sported on dolphins before her.

"But it is broken! it is broken; my beautiful goblet! the fragments lie scattered around.

"And Bacchus too was there in all his youthful beauty; he sate in a vine-covered bower; a nymph

reclined by his side. His left hand encircled her waist; with her right she held back the goblet, for which his smiling lips seemed to long. She looked on him with languishing eyes, which appeared to ask for kisses. His spotted tigers frolicked beside him, or devoured the purple clusters from the hands of the little cupids around.

“But it is broken! it is broken; my beautiful goblet! the fragments lie scattered around.

“Lament it, O echo! in thy woods; deplore it, ye fauns! in your caves. It is broken! it is broken; my beautiful goblet! the fragments lie scattered around.”

So sang the faun; and the young swains unbound him, and gazed with admiration on the fragments scattered on the grass.

## LYCIDAS, AND ÆSCHINES

### THE HUNTSMAN.

THE young shepherd, Lycidas, tended his flock upon the high hills, and had wandered among their deepest thickets, to seek a lamb that had strayed from its mother. There amid the thick interwoven trees he found a man stretched on the ground, pale and exhausted. “Ah! young shepherd,” exclaimed the stranger; “I came yesterday to these dark thickets, to hunt the wild boar and the deer; and I have lost my way, and can find no hospitable hut, no stream to quench my thirst, no fruits to appease my hunger.” The young Lycidas gave him immediately bread and new cheese from his scrip, and unloosed the flaggon that hung from a belt across his shoulder. “Refresh thyself,” said he, “here is new milk, and then follow me; I will lead thee from these hills.” The stranger drank, and was refreshed, and followed the shepherd.

Æschines, the Huntsman, now said:—“Thou fair shepherd, how shall I reward thee? thou hast preserved my life: come with me to the town: there,

instead of straw-roofed huts, thou shalt see palaces of marble, and lofty pillars that appear to ascend the skies; thou shalt dwell with me, and drink from a goblet of gold; and eat the costliest dainties from dishes of silver."

*Lycidas* answered, "What should I do in the town? I dwell secure in my lowly hut; it protects me from rains and rude winds, and if no pillars surround it, yet the fruit-trees bend their loaded branches over it, and the vine creeps up it with her gadding tendrils. I fetch clear water from the neighbouring spring in my earthen jug. I have sweet mead; my flocks supply me with milk, and my trees with fruits; and, instead of silver and gold, I strew perfumed flowers over my table."

*Æschines*. Come with me, shepherd; there are trees and flowers also in the town: there, the hand of art has arranged them in straight lines, and disposed them in beautiful beds: and fountains sparkle there too, poured into basins of marble, by marble nymphs.

*Lycidas*. Oh! fairer is the artless shadowy dell, with its winding paths; fairer the meadow, bright with a thousand blossoms. I have planted flowers too round my hut, marjoram, and lilies, and roses. Oh! how much fairer are our fountains, when they sparkle over the cliffs, or, bursting from the thick wood, rush down the hills, and wind their mazy way through flowery meadows. No! I will not go with thee to the town.

*Æschines*. There thou wouldst see maidens in silken robes, whose complexions, fair as snow, the sun has never injured, decked with gold and costly pearls; and there the sweet songs of skilful musicians would delight thine ear.

*Lycidas*. And my love is fair too, though the sun has tanned her rosy cheek; thou shouldst see her when she is crowned with a fresh garland, and new-gathered roses deck her bosom; how joyful are we, when we sit by a rushing stream, among the thick trees; and she sings—Oh! how sweet is her voice,



while I accompany it with my flute. The woods and wilds around us repeat our songs, and Echo answers from her secret cave. Or we listen to the music of the little birds, who sing from the summit of the tall trees, or among the low bushes. Do your musicians sing sweeter than the nightingale, or more gaily than the grasshopper. No, no, I will not go with thee to the town.

*Æschines.* How shall I reward thee, shepherd? take this handful of gold, and this golden bugle horn.

*Lycidas.* Of what value is gold to me? I have plenty of every thing; shall I buy fruit from the trees, or flowers from the meadows, or purchase milk from my flocks.

*Æschines.* What shall I give thee, happy shepherd? how shall I reward thy benevolent deed?

*Lycidas.* Give me the flask made of a gourd that hangs from thy shoulder: I think 'tis the image of young Bacchus that is engraven on it, and cupids gathering the ripe clusters into little baskets.—

The Huntsman smiled upon him, and gave him the flask; and Lycidas leaped for joy, like a young lamb among the morning dews.

## THE FALLING OAK.

AT the dawn of morning, the poor Amyntas returned from the thick forest with his hatchet in his hand: he had been cutting stakes to form a fence, and his shoulders were bowed beneath their heavy burden. As he passed, he perceived a young oak, bending over a rapid stream: its roots had been laid bare by the rushing waters; it stood feeble and trembling in every blast, and appeared ready to sink into the torrent. " 'Twere pity," said he, " thou fair tree, that thou shouldst perish in the wild waters; no, thy proud summit shall not be the sport of the waves." He took the heavy burden from his shoulders. " I can fetch other stakes for my fence," said he; and began to build a dam round the tree. The dam was soon finish-

ed, and the bare roots soon covered with fresh earth : Amyntas smiled, contented with his work, as he rested under the delightful shade of the tree he had preserved, and, taking up his hatchet, he prepared to return to the wood in search of fresh stakes : when a soft voice that issued from the tree arrested his steps : 'twas the dryad of the oak who spoke to him. " Shall my preserver pass unrewarded ? Benevolent shepherd, speak thy wishes, that I may gratify them. I know thou art poor, that thou leadst but five sheep to the pasture."—" O nymph !" said the shepherd, " if I am permitted to make a request to thee, grant that my neighbour Palemon may be restored to health ; he has languished in sickness since autumn ; let health be restored to him."

So prayed the virtuous Amyntas, and Palemon was healed. But a blessing descended on the flocks and herds of Amyntas ; on his fields, and on his fruits ; he became a rich shepherd : for the gods will not suffer the virtuous to pass unrewarded.

## THE ZEPHYRS.

### FIRST ZEPHYR.

AH! cease, amid that rosy bower  
To bathe thy shadowy wings in dew,  
But bend with me thy airy flight,  
And pleasures sweet as mine pursue.

In yonder cool sequestered valley,  
The nymphs now bathe in crystal streams ;  
While fairer thro' the sparkling waters,  
Each sweet, each softened beauty gleams.

### SECOND ZEPHYR.

Swift spread thy light, thy shadowy pinions,  
And swift thy wanton sports pursue ;  
While here amid these rosy bowers,  
I cool my wings in perfum'd dew.

O'er thy fair nymphs in noon-tide hour,  
Thy fanning pinions light display,  
Steal fragrance from each opening flower,  
And to their breasts the sweets convey.

But know amid thy frolic raptures,  
'Mid transports to thy thought so dear,  
A purer joy, a softer pleasure,  
A sweeter office waits me here.

Here, past this thick o'erarching bower,  
Soon shall a maiden bend her way ;  
Fair as the morn's first radiant hour,  
And mild as eve's last lingering ray.

Scest thou yon lowly moss roofed cottage,  
On which e'en now the sun-beams gleam ?  
To aid its sick and feeble tenant  
She hasten'd there at morn's first beam.

'Tis her's with sweet and soothing power,  
To still the throbbing pulse of care,  
To wing diseases lingering hour,  
And whisper peace to pale despair.

At her approach two beauteous infants,  
To meet their loved protectress fly ;  
And, at her sight, a ray of pleasure  
Lights their sad mother's languid eye.

Soon shall I see her thence returning,  
With modest air, and aspect meek ;  
While the soft glow of virtuous pleasure,  
With livelier crimson tints her cheek.

On her warm cheek the bright tear glitter  
And trembles in her radiant eye ;—  
Oh! think what joy, when, swift to meet her,  
Veil'd in a balmy cloud, I fly ;

Kiss from her eyes their pearly treasures,  
 O'er her my dewy wings display ;  
 Cool her soft cheek, and fan her bosom,  
 And with her amber tresses play.

## FIRST ZEPHYR.

Oh happy zephyr! with such pleasures,  
 My truant sports can ill compare,  
 I'll wait with thee the nymph's returning,  
 And sweets for her with thee prepare.

But see! thro' yonder willowy bower,  
 She comes, and by the winding stream ;  
 While, glittering thro' their pearly shower,  
 Her eyes with mildest radiance beam.

Oh beauteous nymph ! I fly to meet thee,  
 O'er thee these balmy dews I fling ;  
 Thou'rt bright as summer's glowing hour,  
 And milder than the new-born spring.

Ne'er has my sportive wandering pinion,  
 A brighter, sweeter nymph carest ;  
 Ne'er kiss'd a cheek of richer crimson,  
 Or wanton'd on a fairer breast.

## MIRTILLO &amp; THYRSIS,

*Or the Song of Daphnis and Chloe.*

MIRTILLO watched his flocks at the cool midnight hour on the brow of a hill. The dry wood he had collected burnt in clear flames beside him, while his eyes, as he lay stretched along the grass, now contemplated the blue vault of heaven thick sown with stars, and now rested on the soft landscape beneath him, which appeared to repose in the moon light. Suddenly he was startled by a rustling in the thicket behind him: it was Thyrsis. "Oh welcome, friend," said Mirtillo, "how camest thou hither so unexpectedly, while the whole hamlet is buried in sleep?"

*Thyrsis.* Welcome, Mirtillo! if I had expected to find thee here, I had not delayed so long to approach the light which appeared so bright, as I wandered in the valley below. But hear me, Mirtillo: now while the moon's soft lustre and the silence of the lonely night invite the pensive strain, do not refuse my request; I will give thee this beautiful little lamp that my industrious father modelled of pure clay; see! 'tis in the shape of a serpent, with wings and feet: the mouth is opened wide, and a little light is fixed in it; the tail is coiled up behind, and forms a convenient handle. This will I give thee, Mirtillo! if thou wilt sing me the song of Daphnis and Chloe.

*Mirtillo.* I will sing thee the song of Daphnis and Chloe, now while the moon's soft lustre and the silence of the lonely night invite the plaintive strain. Here are dry sticks; do thou in the mean time tend our cheering fire.

O mourn with me, ye echoes of the rocks; in soft, in plaintive notes, repeat my strains.

Soft shone the moon upon the trembling waves, as Chloe stood upon the lonely shore, and watched with anxious eyes the boat's approach, that was to bring her Daphnis over the stream. Wherefore does my beloved delay? exclaimed she, (the nightingale was silent, and listened to her accents.) Ah! wherefore does he delay? but hark! did I not hear the dash of waves against a vessel? tis he! art thou come, my beloved? Ah no!—How often will ye deceive me, ye ever-rolling waves?—Sport not with the anxiety of a tender maid! Where art thou now, my Daphnis? does impatience like mine wing thy flight as thou hastenest through the wood to the shore? may no thorn pierce thy foot, no stealing snake wound thy heel! Thou, chaste Diana, with the unerring bow, spread thy soft beam in his path, guide my anxious lover on his way. How will I fold thee to my heart, my Daphnis, as thou descendest from the boat. But now, now, surely ye do not deceive me, ye waves. Oh strike soft against his vessel!—gently, softly bear it to the shore. And you, ye nymphs, if ye have

ever loved, if ye have ever felt such tender, such breathless, anxiety as mine—I see his boat. Welcome! thrice welcome, my love!—he answers not! Oh Gods!—Chloe sunk senseless on the shore.

Oh mourn with me, ye echoes of the woods; in soft, in plaintive tones repeat my strains.

Borne on the surging waves an inverted boat was dashed against the shore. Solemn silence reigned around. The moon's pale beams fell on the unhappy Chloe, as she lay senseless on the turf. But life returned, and she awoke to fresh horror: she looked wildly on the troubled waters, while the moon disappeared behind the thick clouds. Her bosom trembled with sobs and sighs: her wild shrieks now resounded from the surrounding mountains, and now soft echoes, whispering through the wood and shades, repeated her plaintive moan: she beat her snowy breast, and strewed her flaxen tresses on the winds. Ah Daphnis! Daphnis! Oh ye faithless waves! Oh, cruel nymphs! Wretch that I am, why, why do I delay to seek death in those waves which have robbed my life of all its joy?—She said, and plunged into the troubled waters.

Mourn with me, ye echoes of the rocks; in soft, in plaintive notes repeat my strains.

But the waves were obedient to the commands of their nymphs: they bore her gently and safely along. Oh, cruel nymphs! she cried, wherefore do ye prolong my sufferings: close over me, ye waves, and give me peace. But the waves obeyed not the voice of her anguish, they bore her in safety to the shore of a little island: Daphnis had saved himself by swimming, and had taken refuge there. With what tears of joy and rapture she greeted him, how tenderly she sunk into his arms. This, Oh! this, can I *not* sing to thee: more tender than the nightingale, who escaping from her cage, flies to the summit of the tree on which her mate poured forth all night his mournful plaints; she joins her beak to his, she spreads her wings, and songs of joy and rapture enliven the still night.

Mourn no more, ye echoes of the rocks, in gay, in joyful notes repeat my strain. And thou, Thyrsis, yield to me the lamp: I have sung thee the history of Daphnis and Chloe.

### THE WINTER'S MORNING.

ON a clear winter's morning Alexis sate in his cottage; the cheering blaze of dry burning wood spread a pleasant warmth round the hut, while the rough winter had covered its straw roof with snow. He looked contented through its narrow window upon the wintry landscape. Thou art yet lovely, thou stern winter, he said: lovely smiles the sun through the thin clouds upon the snow-clad hill: the light flakes of snow flit around, thick and innumerable as the summer flies that dance at noon-day on the surface of the lake. It is pleasing to see the dark oak's naked and twisted branches rising above the snow; or the black hedge of leafless hawthorn crossing the white plain: the brown hut is pleasing with its snow-clad roof: and lovely are the first tender blades of the early corn piercing through the snow, and mixing the white with a soft green. The plains and fields are indeed forsaken: the cattle repose shut up among the warm straw, and no tracks are seen in the snow, save of the patient animal that slowly brings home to the hut the fuel which his master has been felling in the neighbouring thicket. The birds have deserted the leafless boughs: only the lonely tit-mouse sings: the little hedge-sparrow hops familiarly round the huts, and the friendly robin comes to the cottage window to pick up the grains the shepherds have strewed for him.

Yonder, where the blue smoke curls above the trees, yonder dwells my Phillis. Perhaps thou art sitting now, my love, by the cheering fire; thy fair face supported by thy hand: thou art musing on me, and wishing for the return of spring. Ah, Phillis! how lovely art thou: But it was not thy beauty alone that won my heart; I have loved thee ever since the

day when the two goats belonging to young Daphnis fell over the precipice, and were killed. The youth wept: "I am poor," said he, "and have lost two goats, one was with young. Alas! I dare not return to my old father, to afflict him with this news." Phillis saw him weep, and wiped the tears of pity from her eyes: she selected two of the finest goats from her little flock: "Here," said she, "take these goats, Daphnis, and be comforted; one is with young." And he wept for joy; and she mixed her tears with his because she had made him happy.

Oh! frown on, stern Winter! my lute shall not hang silent in my hut; I will still sing a cheerful song for my Phillis. Thou hast indeed laid waste the trees, and swept the flowers from the meadow, but thou shalt not prevent me from weaving a garland for her. I will twine the pliant ivy with the holly; its scarlet berries shall mix with the blue blossoms of the periwinkle to deck her brow: and this tit mouse, which I caught yesterday, shall sing in her hut. I will carry thee to her to-day, with this garland: sing then, thy sweetest song: she will smile kindly on thee, and speak to thee, and feed thee with her little hand: Oh, how will she love thee, and cherish thee, because thou camest from me.

## THE BASKET.

### PHILLIS. CHLOE.

*Phillis.* Dearest Chloe! thou art ever carrying that little basket on thy arm.

*Chloe.* Yes, Phillis; I always carry this basket on my arm; I would not part with it for a whole flock; no, that I would not.—She said, and pressed the basket to her bosom.

*Phillis.* But why, why Chloe, is this basket so dear to thee! shall I guess? see, how she blushes: shall I guess?

*Chloe.* Blush



*Phillis.* Yes, as if the evening sun shone full on thy face.

*Chloe.* Ah, Phillis! I will tell thee: it was young Amyntas gave it me: thou knowest him: he is the loveliest shepherd! he wove it himself for me. Ah! see how neatly it is made; how prettily the green leaves and pink flowers entwine round the white basket; I love it, and value it; and, wherever I go, I carry it on my arm. The flowers I gather appear to me more fragrant and more beautiful, when I place them in it; and the fruits are sweetest which I eat from this basket. Phillis, shall I tell thee all? I have often kissed it. He is the best, the loveliest shepherd!

*Phillis.* I saw him weave it myself; dost thou know what he said then to the little basket? But, Alexis, my shepherd is handsome too; shall I repeat to thee the song he made me yesterday?

*Chloe.* Ah! but Phillis, what did Amyntas say to the basket?

*Phillis.* Oh! I will tell thee; but let me sing thee the song first.

*Chloe.* Is it long?

*Phillis.* Thou shalt hear: I rejoice when the evening sun reddens the hill, but I am more happy, Phillis! when I see thee smile. Not more joyful the reaper returns, who bears the last sheaf of the harvest to his pleuteous stores; then I go home to my hut, enraptured by a kiss from thee.

*Chloe.* A pretty song indeed! But, Phillis, what did Amyntas say to the basket?

*Phillis.* I cannot help laughing; he sate by the side of the stream among the willows; and while his fingers entwined the white and green twigs, he said—

*Chloe.* Well! why dost thou stop?

While he interwove the twigs, (continued Phillis, laughing) he said, Thou pretty basket, I will present thee to Chloe, the beautiful Chloe, who smiles so sweetly; as she passed me yesterday with her flock, Welcome! said she, Amyntas, and smiled so mildly, so kindly, that my heart fluttered. Oh! bend obedient to my finger, ye variegated twigs, and break

not under its pressure; ye shall then rest on my lovely Chloe's arm. Oh! may she deem you worthy her acceptance; may she bear you often by her side. While he spoke, the basket was finished, and he sprang up and leapt for joy that he had succeeded so well.

*Chloe.* Ah! I will go; yonder, behind that little hill he tends his flock. I will pass by him, and say, See, Amyntas! see, I carry thy basket on my arm.

## FILIAL AFFECTION.

### MIRTIL & DAPHNE.

*Mirtil.* Whither so early, my dear sister? The sun has not yet risen from behind the hill; the swallow has scarcely yet begun her song, or the early cock yet greeted the morning's dawn, and thou art already wandering among the dews. What festival art thou preparing to celebrate, that thou hast so early collected thy basket full of flowers?

*Daphne.* Welcome, my beloved brother! whither wanderest thou in the damp morning? whither in the still twilight? I have been gathering violets, and may-flowers, and roses; and now, while our father and mother are still asleep, I am going to scatter them over their bed: they will awake among the sweet perfumes, and rejoice to find their couch bestrewed with flowers.

*Mirtil.* Oh, my beloved sister, never did I love thee so well as at this moment! And I have been—thou knowest, sister, that yesterday, at sun-set, as my father was looking on the little hill on which he so often loves to rest, he said, how pleasant would it be, if there was a little bower on that spot, to protect us with its cool shade from the sun-beams. I heard him, but appeared not to remark his words; and this morning before day-light I arose, and erected the bower, and bound the straggling hazel bushes to its sides. Oh, sister! look, the work is completed: do not betray me; let him discover it himself. This will be a day of joy to us!

*Daphne.* Brother! how pleasing will be his surprise, when he perceives the bower at a distance. Now I will steal softly to their bed, and strew these flowers over them.

*Mirtil.* When they awake amid the sweet perfumes, they will smile on each other, and say, It is Daphne who has done this: that best of children! where is she? she has provided a pleasure for us, on our first awaking.

*Daphne.* And, brother, when he perceives the bower from the window—Do my eyes deceive me, he will say, I see a bower on the brow of our little hill. It is my son who has raised it; blessings be upon him! he has sacrificed his night's rest to procure us a pleasure in our age.

Then, brother, then the whole day will be full of joy; for to those who do good in the morning, every hour of the day brings pleasure; and for them peace and joy spring from every object around.

### TO CUPID.

OH, love! sweet love! in May's first fragrant hour  
Did I not rear this shrine with studious care;  
And kneeling, weeping, own thy sovereign power,  
And breathe to thee my warmest, fondest prayer?

Did not each rosy dawn's first beams behold me,  
With new-culled fragrant garlands deck thy shrine?  
With musky pinks, sweet thyme, and glowing roses,  
Bathed in the morning's dewy tears, and mine.

Did I not teach the myrtle's glossy foliage  
Gently to bend, and arch into a bower?  
Bade here the rose diffuse its softest perfumes,  
And plant around each sweetest, fairest flower?

Alas! in vain—already wild winds raving,  
Strip the pale leaves, and sweep the flowers away,  
And Phillis coldly still beholds my passion;  
Cold and unmoved as on the first of May.

## M I L O N.

O thou who art lovelier than the dewy morning, thou with the dark sparkling eyes, thy brown locks escape from the garland that confines them, and wanton in the winds! Thou art lovely, when thy rosy lips open with a smile; lovelier still, when they breathe the soft notes of the song. I listened to thee, Chloe, one morning as thou saugest by the stream which the two oaks overshadow; I was angry that the birds would not break off their songs; I chid the stream that would not cease its murmuring. I have scarce seen nineteen summers, and bright is the rose that glows on my dark brown cheek. Oft have I remarked, that the shepherds cease their singing to listen to my voice, when the distant echoes of the valley prolong its soft tones; and whose flute, so well as mine, could accompany thy song? Oh, fairest Chloe, love me! Behold how pleasant it is to dwell in my cave in this rock: see how the creeping ivy has spread its green net-work over the walls; how the blooming hawthorn o'ershadows its head. The floor of my cave is spread with soft skins, I have planted a gourd at its entrance, and its high-climbing tendrils cover the arched roof. See how lovely the rivulet rushes from my rocky cave, and, sparkling through the water-cresses, pours over the high grass and fresh flowers. Behind the hill it forms itself into a little lake shadowed with rushes and willows; where, by still moonlight, the nymphs often dance to my flute, while the wood-gods beat time with their sounding hoofs. See how the hazle-bushes on the hill have wound themselves into a bower, how the raspberry creeps around it with its crimson fruit, how the eglantine rears its red berries on high, and the apple-tree stands laden with golden fruit and entwined with the purple clusters of the gadding vine! Chloe! all this is mine, and what more can the heart desire? But, alas! if thou lovest me not, a thick gloom over-

shadows the scene. Oh, Chloe, love me! here will we recline on the soft grass, while the goats climb up the rocky steep, while the sheep graze the rich herbage, and the cattle stand midway in the little stream. Then will we look down into the wide-spread valley, upon the sparkling sea where the tritons play. We will sing, and the echoes of the rock shall answer; while the nymphs and the cloven-footed gods of the wood stand still and listen.

So sang Milon, the shepherd of the rock; and Chloe listened to him, hid among the branches: smiling she sprung from her concealment, and offered the swain her hand. "Milon, thou shepherd of the rock," she said, "thou art dearer to me than the fragrant clover to the sheep: lead me to thy cave: thy kisses are sweeter than honey; so lovely murmurs not the rushing brook."

### THE TWO APPLES.

IN vain, ye gentle nymphs, said Thyrsis, sighing, in vain ye shed a soft and cooling freshness over this shade, through which your stream pours, hid by o'erarching foliage: I burn, I languish as in the blaze of summer. I sate beneath the little hill on which Aminta's cottage stands, and played to its echoes one of my sweetest songs. The hill above is overshadowed by the orchard which Aminta's hand waters and cultivates; the stream descended murmuring beside me, which wanders through her garden, on whose flowery border she sometimes slumbers, or cools her glowing cheeks and fair hands in its pure waters. Suddenly I heard the little latch raised, which closes the garden gate, and Aminta came forth. A soft zephyr wantoned in her flaxen hair, and played with her light robe. Oh! how beautiful she looked. She bore a basket of rosy fruit in one hand, and with the other (modest even when she believed no witness near) she confined the folds of her robe across her youthful bosom, which the

zephyrs, in their wanton play, strove to unveil. The light folds of her dress clinging to her slender figure, displayed the soft outline of her beauteous form, or fluttered in loose and graceful waves behind her. As thus she passed along the hill, two apples fell from her basket, and rolled (by Love himself directed) to my feet. I took them up, and pressing them to my lips, I ran up the hill to restore them to the maiden; my hand trembled; I would have spoken; but I sighed; and Aminta stood with her eyes fixed on the ground, while a soft blush overspread her cheek. With a timid smile, and while her cheek was tinged by a still deeper crimson, she presented me the apples. Oh! what were my sensations at that moment; we stood confused and hesitating; till Aminta recovering herself, with soft step returned to her cottage. My fixed gaze pursued her till she entered the door; I saw her pause, and hesitate, and look back once kindly upon me; and when at last she disappeared, my eyes remained gazing uncsciously on the threshold. At length I departed; my whole frame trembled as I descended the hill: Oh! be propitious to me, gentle love! the sensations I felt that moment will never be effaced from my heart!

### THE VOW.

O! mild and healing be the waters of your stream, ye nymphs, as with them I wash the blood from my wounded side: no jealous enmity has caused this purple tide to flow; the innocent child of Amyntas, seized by a wolf in the thicket, shrieked loudly for assistance; and, thanks to the gods! I sprang in time to save him. While the fierce beast still struggled under my blows, he tore my side with his sharp fangs. Forgive me, gentle nymphs, if thus I pollute your crystal stream with blood: to-morrow will I atone for it, and sacrifice upon this bank to you a young kid, white as the new-fallen snow.

## THE SACRIFICE TO PAN.

AT the dawn of the morning Alexis came forth from the hut, and found Chloe, his younger sister, employed in weaving garlands of flowers; dew glittered upon their leaves, and with the pearly drops were mingled the tears of the little Chloe.

*Alexis.* Dearest Chloe! for whom are these garlands; wherefore dost thou weep, my sweet sister?

*Chloe.* The tears tremble in thine eyes, too, beloved Alexis! have we not cause to weep? Didst thou not see in what sorrow my mother quitted us last night? how anxiously she folded us to her breast, and sobbed, and hid her streaming eyes, as she forced herself from us?

*Alexis.* Oh! I marked it all; my father, my poor father must be worse than ever.

*Chloe.* Oh brother! brother! if he should die! How he loves us; how tenderly he presses us to his heart when we do what he bids us, and what is pleasing to the gods.

*Alexis.* Dear sister, how melancholy is every thing around us. My little favorite-lamb caresses me in vain: alas! I almost forget to feed him. In vain my dove flutters upon my shoulder, and pecks my lips and cheeks with his little beak: nothing, nothing can give me pleasure; Oh my dear father! if thou diest, I will die with thee.

*Chloe.* My poor father! Dost thou remember, Alexis? it is only five days since we were both sitting on his lap.

*Alexis.* Yes, and suddenly he grew pale, and set us down: I can hold you no longer, my beloved children, said he, I am ill, very ill. And then he walked feebly to his bed, and sunk upon it, and from that time he has been growing worse every day.

*Chloe.* Hear, brother, what I intend. I rose early, and went out to gather fresh flowers to make these garlands, and I am going to offer them before

the image of Pan; for thou knowest my mother has told us, that the gods are merciful, and listen with pleasure to the prayers of innocence. I will go, and lay these garlands at his feet: and see! here in this cage what I love dearest in the world, my little bird—this will I sacrifice to him.

*Alcis.* My dear sister! I will go with thee: wait only a moment for me: I will take a basket full of our finest fruit, and my dove. I will carry it too as a sacrifice.

He ran and soon returned: hand in hand they approached the image of Pan, which stood on a hill at a little distance, under the thick shade of some fig-trees. They knelt before it, and thus addressed the god.—

*Alexis.* Pan! thou benevolent protector of our flocks, hear, hear our supplications! we are the children of the sick Menalca: oh! listen to our prayer.

*Chloe.* Hear! oh hear! our supplications, benevolent Pan; accept graciously our little sacrifice, all that children like us can offer. I lay these fragrant garlands at thy feet; if I could reach, I would entwine them round thy shoulders and temples. Save, oh! save our father, merciful Pan, restore him to his weeping children.

*Alexis.* I offer this fruit to thee, the fairest that I have; accept it graciously: I would have sacrificed the best goat of my flock, but that he is too strong for my weak hand. When I am bigger, I will sacrifice two every year to thee, if thou wilt but restore our good dear father to health.

*Chloe.* This bird will I sacrifice to thee; I love it best of every thing I possess; see! it feeds out of my hand; but I will sacrifice it to thee, merciful Pan.

*Alexis.* And I will lay this dove upon thy altar; see, it flies around me, and caresses me; yet I will sacrifice it to thee, oh Pan! If thou wilt restore our father to us; hear! oh! hear our supplications.

The children now with trembling hands and averted eyes seized their victims; but a soft voice exclaimed—"Destroy not your pleasures, sweet chil-



dren! the gods listen graciously to the prayers of innocence; your father is restored."

And Menalcas was healed: enraptured by the affection of his children, he went that day to offer sacrifices to Pan; and, full of years and of blessings, he survived to behold his children's children.

### THE THUNDER STORM.

"THE dark storm is passed, my Cleora; the awful voice of the thunder is silent. Tremble not, my love! the lightnings wander no more among the black clouds. Let us leave this grot: the sheep that pressed trembling together, under the leafy bower, shake the glittering rain drops from their fleeces, and disperse again over the meadow, which appears of a brighter green after the refreshing shower. Let us go out, and observe how beautifully the landscape is brightened by the returning sun beams."

Hand in hand they now quitted the sheltering grotto: "How beautiful," said Cleora, as she pressed her lover's hand, "how beautiful is the landscape. How bright, how clear appears the deep blue of heaven through the broken clouds! They fly, they pass away! these tottering clouds, but strew a shadow as they pass over the sunny landscape. See, Damon! now the little hill with its cottages and its flocks is in the shade; now the cloud passes over it, and succeeding sun-beams brighten it. See, how the dark shade sweeps along the valley, and over the blooming meadow."

"How bright, how brilliant, Cleora!" exclaimed Damon, "shines the bow of Iris stretched from one beaming hill to another; while behind it the gentle goddess, veiled in a misty cloud, promises returning peace and sun-shine to the landscape, and smiles upon the uninjured valley."

Cleora answered him, as she threw her snowy arms around him, "See! the zephyrs return and frolic

again with the flowers, which bend under the weight of the bright sparkling rain-drops: the variegated butterflies and little winged insects sport again in the sun-shine: and the little stream, see how its dripping willows sparkle as they wave in the gale, and its clear surface reflects once more undisturbed the image of the bright heavens, and of the trees that bend over it!"

"Embrace me, Cleora! Oh! what joy overwhelms my soul: how beautiful, how excellent is all around! what an inexhaustible source of rapture! From the enlivening sun, down to the little plant that his mild influence nourishes, all is wonderful. What rapture overpowers me when I stand on the high hill, and look down on the wide-spread landscape beneath me; when I lay stretched along the grass, and examine the various flowers and herbs, and their little inhabitants; when at the midnight hour I contemplate the starry heavens; when I mark the changing seasons, or the growth of fruits and seeds innumerable. When I consider these wonders, my bosom swells with ecstasy: my thoughts press on each other till I can no longer arrange them: tears of pleasure start into my eyes, and in broken accents I breathe forth my praises of the Power who created all this. Oh! Cleora, nothing can equal the rapture of such moments, except the delight of being beloved by thee."

*Cleora.* These wonders delight me too, oh Damon! wrapt in each other's arms, let us contemplate the approach of morning, the bright glow of sun-set, or the soft beams of moon light; and, as I press thee to my trembling breast, let us breathe out in broken accents our praises and thanksgivings. Oh! what inexpressible joy, when with such raptures are blended the transports of the tenderest love.

## PALEMON'S OAK.

## IDAS &amp; MYCON.

*Idas.* Oh welcome, Mycon! thou sweet singer: I have not seen thee since that day when thou satest on the stone by the brook, and sungest me the song in praise of spring.

*Mycon.* Welcome, thou who excellest on the flute. Let us seek a cool spot, and seat ourselves in the shade.

*Idas.* We will ascend that little hill where Palemon's oak stands; it casts a delightful shadow all around, and the cool zephyrs ever frolic there. In the mean time, my goats may climb those steep heights, and bronze among the shrubs. See how the large oak spreads its branching arms, and dispenses shade and freshness all around. Let us seat ourselves here amid these wild roses: the soft winds shall wave our hair. Mycon! this place is sacred to me. Oh Palemon, this oak remains a holy memorial of thy virtues.

Palemon had but a scanty flock, yet he sacrificed many sheep of it to Pan. Oh Pan! he prayed, let my flock encrease, that I may divide it with my poor neighbour. His prayer was granted; his flock was multiplied by one half in the course of a year, and Palemon gave that half to his poor neighbour. Then he sacrificed to Pan on this hill, and planting this oak, he said, "Oh Pan! may this day be ever sacred to me, on which my wishes were fulfilled; protect this oak which I dedicate to thee: may it be a holy memorial of my gratitude; every year will I sacrifice to thee under its shade." Mycon! shall I sing thee the song that I always sing under this oak?

*Mycon.* If thou wilt, I will give thee this nine-jointed pipe; I chose and cut the reeds that form it most carefully on the shore; and I have cemented them together with perfumed wax.

*Idas.* Ye lofty branches that arch over me, a holy rapture descends with your shade upon me! ye cooling gales that fan around, an invisible divinity seems to speak in your whispers! Ye goats! ye sheep! Oh spare the young ivy that creeps up the slender bark and winds its green garlands over the white stems. May no lightnings blast thee, oh oak! no wild winds lay thy lofty summit low! High, and still higher may it rise; may the shepherd descry it at a distance and point out to his son; may the tender mother see it, and relate Palemon's story to the listening infant on her breast! Oh plant so many memorials of virtue like this, ye shepherds! that filled with benign emotions, we may walk under them, as in a holy shade.—

So sung *Idas*, and, long after he had ceased, *Mycon* sat listening, wrapped in silent attention. “Ah *Idas*! the dewy morning and the approaching spring delight me, but still more transporting is the recital of generous deeds.” So spoke *Mycon*; and gave to *Idas* the nine-jointed reed.

### THE NOSEGAY.

I HAVE seen *Daphne*; perhaps, oh! perhaps I had been happier if I had not seen her; never, never did she look so lovely. Sheltered from the blaze of the noon-day sun, I lay under the dark shadow of the willows by the little stream, yonder where it flows soft murmuring among the polished pebbles. The willows arched over me, and dipped their silvery foliage in the water, while I lay reclined in soft tranquillity: but, ah! since then, never have I tasted peace or rest. Suddenly I heard a rustling in the thicket at a little distance from me; and *Daphne*—*Daphne*, opening her way through the thick embowering foliage, advanced to the edge of the rivalet. Timidly she drew up the blue robe which covered her small and delicate feet, and stepped into the limpid stream. She stooped, and with her right hand

poured the sparkling water over her lovely face, while her left held up her robe, that it might not be wet by the stream : now pausing, she waited till not a drop more fell from her hand, and not a circle ruffled the water. Its surface was smooth and calm, and reflected the genuine image of her beauty. She smiled, delighted on her own loveliness, and pressing together the luxuriant tresses of her flaxen hair, she arranged them in beautiful knots. For whom, I sighed, for whom is all this care ? who, oh ! who does she seek to charm ? Who is the happy being, for whose sake she sees with such a delighted smile that she is so lovely ?

While thus she stood, bending over the water, her nosegay fell from her bosom into the stream, and was borne by the current to the place where I lay : I seized it, I kissed it ; I would not have parted with it for a whole flock : but, ah ! the nosegay fades, alas ! it withers ; and two days only have passed, since I caught it from the stream. How I cherished it ; I placed it in the goblet that I won last spring as the prize of song. Cupid is represented on that cup, sitting in a bower of sweet briar ; smiling he tries the sharpness of his arrows with the points of his rosy fingers, and two doves are fluttering before him. Three times each day I poured fresh water to my flowers, and placed them each night at my window to imbibe the cold refreshing dews. I bent over them, and exhaled their soft fragrance ; sweeter were their perfumes, more glowing their colours, than those of all the flowers of the spring ; for, oh ! they bloomed on her breast.—I stood musing before the goblet. Yes, Love ! I said, thy arrows are sharp : how deeply do I feel their wounds. Oh ! inspire Daphne's bosom but with one half my passion ; then I will consecrate this cup to thee. It shall stand on a little altar, and every morning will I entwine it with a fresh garland, and in winter, a wreath of evergreen myrtle shall surround it. Oh gentle doves ! may ye be an emblem of my future happiness. But the nosegay withers ; in vain is all my care ; the

flowers already droop mournfully their pale heads over the rim of the cup; no longer they exhale sweet perfumes; their yellow leaves fall and die. Oh Love! sweet Love! let not their withering bloom be the sad presage of my hope's decay.

### THE OFFERING TO CUPID.

*Thyrsis.* I offered a sacrifice to Cupid in the little marble temple; and suspended among the myrtles that surround it, a new and neatly-woven basket, my best flute, and garlands of the freshest and sweetest flowers. Oh gentle Love! I said, be propitious to my vows. Yesterday passing by the little temple, I entered the myrtle wood to look for my basket, and guess, guess, Menalcas! what I saw there. A little bird sate on the edge of the basket and sung; as I approached, he flew away; and, looking into the basket, I saw a well-built nest with little eggs in it, and the hen bird sat cowering over them, and looking at me with anxious supplicating eyes, as if she would have said, Gentle shepherd! disturb not, oh! disturb not the little family. The other bird in the mean time flew in circles round my head. I retired, and immediately he returned to the edge of the nest, and breathed out his joy and pleasure in the sweetest strains. Now, tell me, dearest Menalcas, thou who knowest how to explain all presages, tell me, what does this foretel?

*Menalcas.* That thou wilt dwell in domestic peace and happiness with thy beloved maiden, and that Juno Lucina will bless your union.

*Thyrsis.* By the gods! I thought so, dear Menalcas! but I wished the sweet supposition confirmed by thy wisdom. See! this young kid do I give to thee, and this flask of honey, pure as the clear air, and sweet as my Delia's lips.

He said, and departing leapt for joy like a young kid among the dews of May.

## THE FAUN.

“NO! no happy hours shall ever return for me,” said the faun, as at break of day he staggered forth from his cave; “since I have lost that fairest of nymphs, I hate the light of the sun: till I find her again, no ivy crown shall entwine my horns, no flowers shall bloom round my cave: my feet shall crush them in their bud; I will throw away my flute, and break my goblet in pieces.” He was trampling wildly on the flowers, and on the fragments of the cup, when another faun passed, carrying a skin of wine upon his shoulders. “Art thou mad?” said he laughing, “on this day, this joyful day, the feast of Bacchus! wind quickly an ivy wreath round thy horns, and come with me to the feast, on this best, this happiest day of the year.”

“No! no happy days shall ever return for me,” said the faun. I swear, till I find her again, no ivy wreath shall entwine my horns. Oh! fatal day! on which the nymph fled from me: she fled to a stream whose waves opposed her course, she stood hesitating on its brink: I trembled with joy, and thought already I clasped the struggling maid in my strong arms; when the Tritons (oh! the hateful robbers!) rose from their watery beds, and supporting the nymph in their arms, and sounding their conches, they bore her in safety to the opposite shore. I swear by Styx, till I find her again, no ivy wreath shall entwine my horns.”

“And 'tis for the sake of a coy nymph alone,” said the other faun, laughing, “that thou art suffering all this uneasiness: as to me, love shall never cause me an hour's anxiety; no, not an hour's: if one nymph denies me a kiss, I fly to another; and I swear to thee, faun, I had rather never kiss a nymph again, than that any one of them should have power to detain me an hour to-day from this joyful feast. Be not mortified, faun, thou art young and comely;

thy dark brown face is handsome, and bright are thy large black eyes; thy hair curls fairly round thy crooked horns, which stand up amidst thy locks like two young oaks among the low bushes. Let me crown thee, faun; here is a beautiful spray of ivy: let me crown thee. I hear already at a distance the wild uproar of thyrsis' striking against each other, and goblets clashing, and flutes sounding. Bend thy head. Every moment the tumult approaches nearer: thou mayest see them now coming out from behind the hill. Let me crown thee. See! how proudly the majestic tigers draw the chariot; oh, Bacchus!—Look at the fauns and nymphs, how they dance around him: what a joyful tumult. Oh, Evan Evoe! Thou art crowned: haste, lift the wine-skin again on my shoulders: Oh, Evan Evoe!

## THE TWO LOVERS.

### DAPHNIS & CHLOE.

IT was evening, when Chloe, leaning on her Daphnis's arm, sought the lonely stream that murmurs among the willows: as they approached its woody banks, they perceived Alexis already seated there; a fair youth, in whose bosom love had never yet been awakened. "Welcome, thou who hast never felt the influence of love," said Daphnis; "but perhaps some maiden has now ensnared thy heart, since thou seekest this lonely shade; for ever dear to lovers is solitude and silence. I come here with my Chloe to enjoy the calm hours of evening, and sing the pleasures of our love amid these sequestered shades." He said, and pressed her hand to his bosom: wilt thou listen, Alexis?"

*Alexis.* No maiden has ensnared my heart: I came hither only to observe how bright the sun blushes on those hills: but I will attend with pleasure to thy song: it is sweet at sun-set to listen to soft music.



*Daphnis.* Come, Chloe; we will seat ourselves by him on the grass: I will play on my flute while thou singest: thou excellest on the flute, Alexis; do thou accompany my song.

They seated themselves on the border of the stream, and Daphnis began:—

*Daphnis.* Thou lonely valley, and ye shadowy hills, attend my song: no shepherd is so blest as I, for Chloe loves me. She is lovely and mild as the early morning, when the sun gently ascends the hill, when every flower rejoices, and the birds spring singing to meet him, and shake, as they pass, the sparkling dew-drops from the slender sprays.

*Chloe.* The little swallow is joyful, when after her long winter's slumber she awakes by the stream, and sees the bright spring returned: she plumes her little wings as she frolics among the willow-sprays, and sings her rapture to the woods and vallies round. Companions, she cries, awake! the spring is returned. But still happier am I, since Daphnis loves me; and hear me, my companions; and believe, that sweeter, far sweeter than returning spring, is the affections of a virtuous youth.

*Daphnis.* It is pleasing to mark upon the distant hills, the white flocks wandering among the dark thickets; but lovelier, lovelier still, oh Chloe! to see a fresh garland entwined in thy dark flowing hair. Bright is the clear azure of heaven, but brighter still thy blue sparkling eye, when it sheds its soft, its speaking beams on me. Yes, dearest Chloe, I love thee more than the nimble fish loves the clear stream; more than the lark loves the fresh morning air.

*Chloe.* Once, as I stood by the little lake, and gazed at myself, reflected by its clear surface, Ah! said I, sighing, could I but hope to please Daphnis, that best of shepherds. In the mean time thou stoodest unseen behind me, and threwest flowers over my head, till my image disappeared in the increasing circles that ruffled the lake. Startled I looked back and saw thee: thou pressedst me to thy heart and saidest, The gods be witness, I love thee: trembling

and confused, I whispered, I love thee more than the trees love the blossoms: more than the flowers love the fresh dews of morn.

*Daphnis.* Oh Chloe, when with tears trembling in thine eyes thou embracest me, and exclaimest, Daphnis, I love thee! I look up to heaven through the high trees that overshadow us;—Ye gods! I cry, how can I thank you for my happiness; ye have given me Chloe.

*Chloe.* The tender grass of early spring delights the flock; and sweet and refreshing to them is the cool shade at noon tide: but sweeter, and more reviving to me, is it, oh Daphnis! when thy soft, thy rosy lips repeat—Chloe, I love thee.

So sang Daphnis and Chloe. “Happy children,” said Alexis, sighing: “alas! I feel that love is happiness: your songs, your eyes, your raptures, have convinced me of it.”

## THE TRIAL OF SONG.

### LYCAS & MILON.

THE young singer Milon, (for the golden down was scarce yet visible on his cheeks, and appeared like the tender grass in early spring, when it peers through the late fallen snow,) and Lycas, with the curled hair, yellow as the ripe wheat, met together with their lowing herds behind the pine wood. “Welcome, Lycas,” said Milon, and offered him his hand; “let us go into the wood, while our herds wander in the luxuriant grass by the lake: my watchful dog will take care they do not stray.”

*Lycas.* No, Milon; we will seat ourselves here under this arch of the rock, upon some of these mondering fragments that are scattered around, and covered with soft moss. Here it is pleasant and cool. See how the clear stream rushes among the trembling shrubs; it passes on, murmuring under their shade, and hastens to pour itself into the lake. Let us sit

upon these mossy stones, while the dark boughs of the pine trees overshadow us.

They seated themselves on the stones under the rock, and Milon said, " Lycas, I have often heard thy singing praised; let us now have a trial of skill, for to me also the muses are favourable: I will stake that young heifer as the prize; it is beautifully variegated with black and white."

*Lycas.* And I will stake the best goat of my flock, and her young ones; yonder she is, browsing the ivy from the willow by the lake; her young kid is frolicking beside her. But, Milon, who shall decide between us? shall I call the old Menalcas? he is yonder, employed in leading the stream to water the meadow by the pine wood.

The young swains called Menalcas. He seated himself beside them, on a mossy stone, and Milon thus began:—

Oh! happy is he whom the muses vouchsafe to favour. How sweet it is to express every soft emotion that inspires one, and, when the heart beats with joy, to breathe out its transports to the woods and echoes round. When the soft moon-light soothes me, when the bright glow of morning delights me, the muses never fail to inspire me with a song; and many a dark and troubled hour has their mild influence cheered. For this, I bend with gratitude at their shrine, and yonder snow-white kid is doomed a sacrifice to them. Soon, with its horns entwined with flowers, will I lead it to their altar, and sing new songs of praise.

*Lycos.* When I sat upon my father's knee a lisping infant, while he played me a song on his flute, I listened attentively, and sought in imperfect accents to imitate its strains; or, sailing, I took it from his hand, and blowing into it, produced imperfect notes. But Pan soon appeared to me in a dream: " Youth," said he, " go into the wood, and fetch the flute which the singer Hylas consecrated to me, and hung upon the oak: thou art worthy to inherit it from him." Yesterday I sacrificed to him the young suckers of

my newly grafted tree, and poured a vase of oil, and a picher of milk, upon his altar.

*Milon.* But love inspires the song more than the bright rays of morning, more than the soft beams of moon-light. Oh! when our songs praise a virtuous maiden, when they are repaid by a sweet smile, or a garland from her we love.—Since Delia has called me her shepherd, my heart has been as light, as cheerful, as the landscape around us, when the beams of the spring sun rest upon it; since then, my songs have improved. Delia, who smiles sweetly, like the mild Ceres, and who is wise as the muses.

*Lycas.* My heart long remained insensible to love; I sung peacefully the praises of the gods, the cares of the flock, or the culture of the orchard, or the vine. But since I saw Amarillis, care and melancholy have been blended with all my pleasures. I imagined I had conquered my love; I drove the recollection of it from my heart. But, ah! never shall I triumph over it, since I saw her, and heard her song, as she sat under the white blooming sloe. The wanton zephyrs sported round the bush, and showered its silvery blossoms on the maid, and mocked the all-conquering winter with his snowy flakes.

*Milon.* Yonder, under the shade of those dark pines, a little streamlet rushes through the bushes, and thither Delia frequently leads her flock. Lately, at the dawn of morning, I decked the whole place with garlands; they hung suspended from every bough, and entwined the stem of every tree; the place appeared like the temple of the spring, or of the mild gentle Venus. I will cut our names on the bark of this fig-tree, said I, and then I hide myself among the shrubs, to enjoy her pleasure and her surprise, when she arrives. So saying, I began to engrave on the bark, when suddenly a garland was placed on my head: I started, and looked round, and Delia stood beside me. I have listened to thee, said she, as she impressed a tender kiss upon my cheek.

*Lycas.* Yonder, by the side of the hill, stands my cottage, overshadowed by trees; there, by the stream

where the wild thyme blossoms, my bee-hives are placed in two rows; they dwell secure under the cool shade of the olive trees; no young swarm has yet wandered from my hive; they hum among the fragrant flowers, and return to lay up their rich treasures of honey and wax for me. Look at my cows, whose full udders swell with milk; see how their speckled calves are frolicking around them. My numerous goats and sheep browse down the shrubs, and eat bare the turf. These, oh! Amarillis, all these have the gods given me, and they love me, because I am virtuous. Wilt thou not, Amarillis! wilt thou not also love me as the gods do, because I am virtuous?—

So sung the shepherds; and Menalcas said, “To whom shall I adjudge the prize? Ye have both excelled. Your songs are sweeter than honey; they flow more smoothly than this brook; not kisses from rosy lips are more delightful. Take thou, oh Lycas, the black-speckled heifer, and yield to Milon the goat and her young.”

## THE ORIGIN OF SONG,

AND

### THE INVENTION OF THE LYRE.

IN the infancy of the world, when the moderate wants of nature and of innocence produced the young arts among the yet uncorrupted sons of men, there lived a maiden, who far excelled all her companions in loveliness, and whose delicate and pure mind seemed framed to perceive and enjoy all the beauties of nature. With tears of pleasure she greeted the morning's dawn, or gazed on the boundless majesty of the setting sun. She arose as soon as the return of morn was proclaimed by the early cock before her cottage, (for her kindness in feeding them had assembled the domestic animals around her dwelling) and left its protecting roof, which was formed of woven reeds and branches of the fir, and fastened to the trunk

of a tree which grew beside it. Thus she dwelt, embosomed in the shade, and, above her head, among the thick over-arching boughs, the nightingale built its nest. She passed on to contemplate the beauty of the landscape glittering with dew, and to listen to the early birds, who warbled in the neighbouring thicket. Enraptured she sat, and listened, and attempted to imitate their song: harmonious sounds now flowed from her lips, more melodious than any maiden had before that time uttered: every note her soft and flexible voice could imitate, she combined to form her new music: "Ye little joyful warblers!" she sung, "how lovely sound your notes from the tall tree's summit, and from the lowly spray. Oh! that I could, like you, welcome the return of morn: Oh! teach me your varying notes, teach me to express the soft rapture, with which I greet the first mild beams of day." Thus she sung, and imperceptibly her words arranged themselves in harmonious measure to her song: full of delight, she perceived the new melody, and enraptured she continued. "The wide thicket echoes with music; the bright landscape sparkles with dew. Oh thou! who hast created all these, how grateful am I, that I can now, with sweeter sounds than my companions, praise thee." Thus she sung, while the wild scene around her was hushed in attention, and the little birds listened, and ceased their songs.

She now repaired every morning to the thicket, to practise her new art: but a youth had long listened to her, hid among its recesses: enraptured, he stood concealed by the luxuriant foliage; or sighing, he wandered amidst its deepest glooms, and attempted to imitate her song. He sat one day musing before his cottage, leaning on his bow, (for he had discovered the art of using it against the birds of prey who destroyed the doves, for whom he had erected a cote of willow twigs in a neighbouring tree);—"What new emotion is it," he said, "that sighs from my bosom, that sits heavy at my heart? It is indeed exchanged for pleasure and rapture when I see the maiden in the thicket, and listen to her song; but,

when she is absent, melancholy and grief oppress me. Oh! what is this new emotion that sighs from my bosom, that sits so heavy at my heart?" While thus he mused, his careless hand struck the out-stretched cord of the bow, and a sweet and soothing sound murmured over the string. The youth started, astonished, and repeated the experiment; deeply meditating, he endeavoured to pursue the discovery, and struck again the string, which was made of the entrails of birds of prey. Suddenly he started up, and selecting two long and two shorter pieces of wood, he fastened the two shorter firmly above and below to the longer, and stretched strings tightly across from the shortest, between the two longest. His hand now essayed to play, and he remarked the lovely variety of tones in the weaker and stronger strings; unbinding them once more, he arranged them in harmonious order, and began again to sound them, enraptured with his discovery.

The youth went now, as constantly as the morning returned, to practise his new art in the most solitary recesses of the thicket, and sought to imitate in harmonious tones, the songs he had heard from the maiden. But, it is said, he was long unsuccessful, and the tones of the instrument were long discordant to his ear, till a god appeared to him, and attuned and arranged the strings of the lyre. At every morning's dawn, the youth now sought, unperceived, the maiden in the thicket, and having learnt from her new songs, he returned to practise them by the stream. One beautiful morning, the maiden sat in the grove, crowned with flowers; she sat and sung—"Oh welcome, lovely sun! from behind the dark mountains: thy soft beams gild already the tall tree's summit, and the lofty hills, and the pinions of the little lark, that sings high poised in air. The birds of the thicket warble to greet thee."—Here she broke off, and, looking attentively round, she exclaimed with astonishment, "What lovely voice mixes itself with mine? It repeats every note of my song. Where art thou? wherefore art thou silent? Sing again, lovely voice.

Art thou some feathered dweller of this thicket? Oh! bend hither thy airy flight, and perch upon this fig-tree, that I may see thee, and listen to thy song." She looked earnestly around her, and examined the summit of every tree. "Art thou timid, and hast thou flown away? or—I never heard this voice in the thicket before; perhaps I was deceived—surely, it was not a dream—I will sing again. Welcome, ye lovely flowers! yesterday ye were but buds; now ye unfold your silken leaves to the pure morning air, to the humming bees and variegated butterflies that flutter around you, and drink your dew." Thus she sung, often pausing to listen, and to look around, for the sweet sounds again accompanied her song. She stood confused, and at a loss. "No, I was not deceived, the voice accompanied every note." As she spoke, the youth came forward from the thicket, crowned with flowers, and with the lyre on his arm; smiling, he pressed the timid maiden's hand: "Oh, fairest maid!" he said, "no feathered songster of the grove has imitated thy song; it was I, who accompanied it on this instrument. Every morning I came into this thicket to listen to thy voice, and then withdrawing into its deepest recesses, I sought to imitate it on these strings. It was a god, sweet maiden, who instructed me." The timid eyes of the maiden glanced hastily over the youth, and rested on the cords of the lyre. "Oh, fairest maiden!" he continued, while his eyes sparkled, and his cheeks glowed, "how enraptured should I be, would'st thou permit me to meet thee in the thicket, to sit by thy side, and to accompany thy voice with my lyre. "Youth," said the maiden, as she raised her timid eyes, "happy shall I be when thy lyre accompanies my voice; its tones are sweeter than soft echoes. But come with me to my shady cot; the noon day sun already scorches, under the shade of the trees that bend over my dwelling, thou shalt sit and partake with me of fresh gathered fruits and new milk."

The youth accompanied the maiden to the cottage; they taught the art of singing, and the invention of



the lyre, to the nymphs and swains around. A long time elapsed before the flute's soft melody was added to these sounds; Marsyas brought that flute to the gods of wood, which the inventress, Minerva, enraged at the laughter of the other goddesses, had thrown disdainfully on the sand.

Two trees were planted on a high hill, to the memory of the youth and the maid; and under their shade succeeding generations related to their children the invention of the Lyre, and the origin of Song.

## THE GARDEN.

### DAPHNE & CHLOE.

*Daphne.* See, Chloe, the moon has already risen from behind the dark hills; already it gleams on the highest trees that crown their summits. How sweet, how delightful is all around us; let us linger here a little while: my brother will guide our flocks to the fold.

*Chloe.* Lovely is all around; soft and refreshing the cool breeze of evening; we will rest here a while.

*Daphne.* See, Chloe! yonder, by the side of the rock, is the garden of young Alexis; let us look over the hedge of sweet brier that surrounds it. In the whole country no garden is more beautiful than this, none is more neatly arranged, none is more carefully cultivated.

*Chloe.* Let us go to it.

*Daphne.* No shepherd understands so well as he the culture of plants; does any one, Chloë?

*Chloe.* Oh! no one.

*Daphne.* See, how fresh, how blooming, is every plant around; whatever grows on the low earth, or supports itself by entwining the slender poles. Look at the water that trickles from the rock; yonder it collects itself into a little stream, and pours through the shade of the garden. Look on that rock, whence

the stream rushes, Alexis has planted a bower of sweet briar: what a wide and lovely prospect must that spot command.

*Chloe.* Daphne, thou praisest with enthusiasm: more lovely is the garden of the young Alexis than any other garden; more beauteous are his flowers; more soft and refreshing this stream than any other fountain; no water is so cool, so sweet as this.

*Daphne.* But why dost thou smile, Chloe?

*Chloe.* Smile! oh no. Look at this rose, which I have just plucked from its stem; tell me, is its perfume not sweeter than that of all other roses? delicious, as if Love himself had planted it?

*Daphne.* Chloe! Oh, spare me.

*Chloe.* Suppress not the sighs that heave thy bosom.

*Daphne.* Oh, thou art malicious: come, let us begone.

*Chloe.* So suddenly? This spot is delicious; I am so happy here. But, hush! I hear a rustling: there, behind the elder-bush; we shall not be perceived. Ah! see, it is he himself. Softly, tell me, in a whisper, is he not lovelier also than all other shepherds?

*Daphne.* I will go.

*Chloe.* Thou shalt not. See, he pauses, he sighs. Surely some shepherdess has ensnared his heart: Chloe, thy hand trembles; fear not, here is no wolf.

*Daphne.* Let me—oh, let me go.

*Chloe.* Hush! listen.

The shepherdesses concealed themselves under the shade of the elder-bush, while Alexis, unconscious that he was overheard, in soft notes began the following song.

“Thou pale, silent moon, be witness to my sighs; and ye, ye peaceful shades, that have so often repeated Daphne’s name. Ye flowers, that spread your fragrance around me, the dew-drops sparkle on your leaves, like the tears of love upon my cheeks. O could I—might I, tell her that I love her, more than the bee loves the spring. I met her lately by the stream, where she had been filling a pitcher with

water. Let me carry that burden, too heavy for thy strength, said I. How kind art thou, she answered. Trembling, I took the pitcher, and blushing, sighing, with my eyes fixt on the ground, I walked by Daphne's side, and could not, dared not, tell her that I loved her. How mournfully thou droopest on my breast, thou little narcissus: this morning saw thee fresh and blooming; now thou art withered and dead. Alas! such will be my lot, and so shall I fade in my youth, if Daphne rejects my love. Ah! if she disdains me, adieu, ye plants, ye flowers, till now my greatest joy, my sweetest care; unheeded may ye wither—for me no joy will ever blossom more: the wild reeds may then choak you, and the rank thorn bushes spread their unwholesome shade over ye. Ye trees, that my hand has planted, and that have recompensed my cares with sweet fruit, despoiled of your leaves, ye will then spread your dead branches amid the melancholy waste; and here, in this scene of desolation, will I consume the rest of my days in sighs and tears. Oh, when my ashes rest beneath these shades, mayst thou enjoy every bliss that love can bestow, in the arms of a more deserving lover:—But wherefore do ye thus torment me, ye images of despair? my hopes still bloom; she smiles ever mildly on me, when lingering I pass by her; and lately, as seated on the hill, I played on my pipe, and she passed through a neighbouring meadow, she stopped to listen to its strain. Scarce had I perceived her, when my lips, my fingers, trembled; every note became confused, every sound indistinct; yet still she paused, still she listened. Oh! if I should ever lead her as my bride to your bowers, glow then ye flowers with brighter, with livelier tints, and diffuse around her your richest, sweetest perfumes. Ye trees, bow your loaded branches to meet her, and offer her your fairest, ripest fruit."

So sung Alexis, while Daphne sighed, and her hand trembled as her friend held it. But Chloe called to the youth, "Alexis, she loves thee! here she lies, concealed by the shade of the elder-bush; come, and

kiss the sparkling tears from her glowing cheeks, that Love has made her shed." Timidly he hastened to her, but I cannot describe to thee his rapture, when Daphne, hiding her face in Chloe's bosom, confessed her love.

## THE TEMPEST.

UPON the promontory, from whose side the sedgy Tifernus precipitates itself into the sea, the swains Lacon and Battus sat: dark and heavy clouds hung over the ocean; solemn silence reigned around: the summits of the mountain oaks were motionless: the swallows and sea-gulls flew in circles around. The swains had already protected their cattle from the storm, but lingered themselves on the mountain, to behold its awful approach, and to contemplate the tempestuous ocean.

"How fearful is this silence," said Lacon; "see, the setting sun conceals itself amid those dark clouds, that rise like towering mountains over the surface of the water."

*Battus.* How dark and motionless lies the extended ocean! as yet tranquil; but hushed in a solemn stillness, soon to be exchanged for the loud roar of the tempest. A hollow murmur echoes around, like the distant cry of terror and dismay, when some sudden calamity surprises an unhappy people.

*Lacon.* See how slowly the dark mountains of clouds ascend; blacker and more horrible they rise above each other, and rest upon the bosom of the deep.

*Battus.* Louder, and more tremendous, sounds the mingled murmur of winds and water: darkness lies on the ocean; the Diomedan islands are already hidden in the gloom; the flame of the watch-tower on yon promontory's brow still gleams through the awful darkness. Now the wild uproar of the winds begins;—see! they rend the clouds—they drive them raging before them—they rush upon the waves—the ocean foams.

*Lacon.* The storm approaches in all its horror; yet I delight in beholding its rage; my bosom swells with pleasure, mixed with anxiety; let us remain here, we are not far from our sheltering huts.

*Battus.* Willing'y. Already the tempest raves in all its fury; the waves break against the shore beneath us, and the winds howl through the bent summits of the trees.

*Lacon.* Behold how the waves dash their foam to the skies! they rise like rocky heights in dreadful succession above one another, and then plunge into the abyss below. The lightnings flame beyond them, and illuminate the awful scene.

*Battus.* O immortal gods! I see a vessel, like a bird on a promontory's brow, it sits on the edge of that moustrous wave:—Oh, heavens! it sinks.—Where is it now?—what is become of the wretched mariners?—Buried for ever in the dark abyss.

*Lacon.* If my eyes do not deceive me, it rises again upon that swelling wave. Gods! save them! oh, save them! Alas! alas! a mountain-wave has broken over them. O hapless men! wherefore did ye quit your paternal shores, and tempt the dangers of this boundless ocean? Could not the place of your birth afford you subsistence? Alas! ye sought for riches, and have found an untimely grave.

*Battus.* In vain for you, on your native shores, your widows and orphan children shall weep; in vain will they offer up vows and sacrifices for your safe return. Your tombs shall remain empty: the birds of prey, or the monsters of the deep, shall devour you. Ye gods! grant that I may ever live peaceably in my humble hut; all my wishes satisfied, all my wants supplied, by my herds, my little fiend, and my flock.

*Lacon.* Great gods! may I be punished like these men, if ever discontent arise in my bosom; if ever I desire more than I now enjoy, sufficiency and peace.

*Battus.* Let us go down: perhaps the waves have cast some of these unfortunate men on the shore; if they still live, we shall have the comfort of pro-

erving them; and if that hope is lost, we may at least give peace to their departed spirits, by entombing them in a quiet grave.

They went down to the shore, and found the body of a beautiful youth stretched on the sand. With tears they dug his grave on the strand, which was strewn with the fragments of the wreck; among these they found a little casket full of gold.

“What shall we do with this?” said Battus.

*Lacon.* We will preserve it; not to enrich ourselves (from wealth may the gods preserve me!) but to restore it to the owner, if we should ever meet with him, or to bestow it on some one who needs it more than we do.

The treasure remained long useless and unknown in the hands of the shepherds; at last they employed it in erecting a little temple on the shore. Six pillars of white marble supported its dome, and in the centre was placed the image of Pan.

To contentment, and to thee, benevolent Pan, this temple was consecrated.

## THE CURE FOR LOVE.

AT the rosy dawn of morning a satyr lay entangled in a net, among the reeds of a marsh. One of his cloven feet was sticking up through the net, while he lay exhausted and unable to disengage a single limb. The birds that fluttered among the reeds flew startled from the place, and the croaking frogs leapt fearfully around, astonished at the strange prisoner. “I will howl,” said he, “I will howl as loud as my throat has power, till some one comes to my relief;” and he howled, till hill to hill, and vale to vale repeated the discordant sounds.

At length a faun came from the thicket.—“From whence proceeds that horrid sound?” he said. “Let me hear thy frightful voice once more, that I may discover where thou art.” The satyr howled again, and the faun ran to the marsh, and found the prisoner.

“In the name of all the gods,” said the satyr, “deliver me from this cursed net: I have been laying in this marsh since the first beams of moonlight.” But the faun, disregarding his prayer, stood laughing and holding his shaking sides, as he looked at the ridiculous figure entangled in the net, with one leg stretched up immoveable, and half his body sunk in the mud. At length he began to untwist the net, and placed the captive on his feet. “Is it sweet sleeping there?” said he: “In the name of the gods, tell me by what strange chance thou hast found out this resting-place for thyself?”—“Ye gods,” said the newly-delivered prisoner, “is this the reward of the most ardent passion.—Oh! cursed be the hour in which I first saw her. But let us seat ourselves yonder, under those drooping willows, for my leg pains me still.”

They seated themselves under the willows, and the satyr thus related his melancholy story:—

“A whole year already have I loved the nymph of that stream, which rushes through the tangling brush-wood; there, where the pine-tree waves above the rock. Unheard, unpitied, during the course of a whole year, have I stood half the night through before her cave, complained to her of my anguish, and sighed and wept;—but ever, ever in vain. Or I played on my syrinx to please her, or sung her a song of my love, that might have moved the very rocks to pity; but still she heard me not; still she pitied me not.”

“I should like much to hear that song,” said the faun.

“I’ll sing it to thee,” said the satyr; “’tis the best I ever made in my life.” And he began thus:—

“Oh, thou fairest goddess! in comparison to whom Venus is but a homely woman; wilt thou never listen to my love? wilt thou be ever deaf to the voice of my complaining?—deaf as is this stone on which I sit. Oh, wretch that I am; shall I ever pipe in vain before thy cave, and sing, and weep, and lament in the sultry hours of noon, and amid the cold shadows of night. Thou knowest not how

sweet it is to have a young lover; ask yon still owl, who dwells in the hollow tree behind thy grot, and who every night whoops for joy, as I used to do in my happier days, when I returned drunk to my cave. Oh! if thou knewest, thou wouldst spring from thy grot, throw thy snowy arms around my brown neck, and lead me kindly into thy dwelling; then should I leap for joy like a young calf. Oh! thou cruel one; how often have I decked thy cave with branches of oak and pine, and hung the aromatic fir-apple round its walls, that when thou hast returned from dancing and sporting, (alas! with others) thou hast been struck with surprise and admiration of its beautiful ornaments; how often, thou insensible one, have I collected the earliest strawberries of the spring, and placed them in large baskets before thy cave. Have I not offered thee of the best that every varying season yields? hazle-nuts, and fresh roots, and goat's cheese.—Have I not brought thee in autumn my largest vessel full of the purple clusters, mashed, and swimming in their foaming must? I have long been employed in rearing a young goat for thee, and teaching him every art that can amuse thee:—when I call him, he comes and kisses me; and when I play on my pipe to him, he stands on his hind-legs, (oh! thou shouldst see him then!) and dances, as I dance. Oh! thou cruel one; since my love for thee has so afflicted me, I have no longer any appetite for my food, and my wineskin often remains a whole hour unopened. Formerly, my face was round and full like a gourd; but now I am meagre, and changed, and sweet sleep has flown from my eyes. How sweet was once my rest, when I slept soundly in my cave, till the hot mid-day sun scorched me, or thirst awakened me: oh! cruel nymph, afflict me no more. I would rather be rolled in a bed of nettles, and rather lay a whole hour without wine on the hot sand, and beneath the burning sun, than endure any longer thy disdain. Come, thou milk-white nymph, forsake thy solitary grot, and come with me to my cave: it is the fairest



in the whole thicket. I have spread soft goat-skins on its floor, for thee and I to rest on: I have hung my drinking vessels against its walls, great and small, in perfect order; and a sweet smell of must, and of wine, diffuses itself round the whole place. Oh! think, think how sweet it will be, when our sprightly children chace each other round the wine-vats, and laugh and prattle as they sit on the full skins.

“And under the shade of the two oaks that grow before my cave, stands an image of Pan. I carved it myself most artfully of ebony. He is weeping over the nymph who was changed into whispering sedge: his mouth is wide open, thou mightest lay a whole apple in it, so strongly have I expressed his anguish; yes, even his tears, his very tears, have I carved in the wood. But, ah! thou comest not, thou comest not to me; I must bear my despair back to my solitary cave.”

Here the satyr was silent, and beheld with astonishment the scornful laughter of his deliverer. “But tell me,” said the faun, “how camest thou into the net?”

“Yesterday night, as usual,” said the lover, “I stood before her cave, and sung my song full three times over, in the most moving accents, interrupted by piteous sighs; and when at length I was returning home, melancholy and desponding, I stuck one of my feet into a net that was suddenly thrown over me: I sunk to the ground, and all my efforts to free myself only entangled me still more; while I was thus struggling, I heard loud bursts of laughter on all sides: ’twas the nymph and her companions who surrounded me, and dragged me to the marsh. Here am I, said the cruel creature, as she stood laughing with her sister-nymphs, and thou comest not, that I may throw my snowy arms round thy brown neck; and thou leapest not for joy like a young calf, thou cruel one. Sleep then there, and I will bear my despair back to my solitary cave.” So saying, she and her companions left me; but long after, I heard their

bursts of laughter and rejoicings.—May the wild beasts devour me, if ever I go to her cave again.”

“Go,” said the faun; “I think I should have punished thee sooner for thy troublesome affection: dance with thy kid, or carve thy adventures in ebony.”

## LYCIDAS AND CELIA;

OR,

### DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

THE early morning sun flamed already from behind the high hills, and ushered in one of the most beautiful days of autumn, when Lycidas approached the window of his hut; fair gleamed the sun through the purple-striped and green and yellow-mixed leaves of the vine, that, waved by the fresh morning gale, arched over the window. Clear and bright were the heavens; a sea of clouds filled the valley, from whence the tops of the highest hills were seen projecting like little islands, decked with all their autumnal charms, and brightened by the sun-beams, that appeared to repose upon them. The trees were laden with ripe fruit; the bright yellow and purple of autumn tinged their foliage, and had left but little of the soft verdure of spring.

In joyful rapture Lycidas contemplated the wide-extended prospect, and listened to the lowing of herds, the flutes of shepherds, and the songs of the gay birds that now chased each other through the clear air, and now were lost amid the clouds of the valley. Enraptured he stood, and gazed; at length, wrapt in holy inspiration, he seized his lyre, and thus sung:—

“Grant me, ye gods, grant me the power of expressing my rapture, my gratitude to you: all, all around me blooms in ripe beauty, and blessings overflow the happy land; joy and loveliness reign around, and from the trees, and from the creeping

vine, smile the ripe blessings of the purple year. Already the whole landscape has assumed the rich, the variegated garb of autumn.

“ Happy is he whose pure mind is undisturbed by remorse; who enjoys contentedly the blessings dispensed around him, and, where he is able, does good to his fellow-creatures. The bright morning awakes him to pleasure; the whole day to him is full of joy, and the tranquil shades of night enshroud him in peaceful slumbers. His lively spirit is awake to every impression of pleasure; he feels every blessing of nature; every beauty of the changing year.

“ But happier, still happier the man who shares his pleasures with a wife, adorned with every beauty and virtue; a wife like thee, my beloved Celia. Since Hymen united our hands, every pleasure is doubly sweet to me; our lives are like two well-accommodated flutes, that in soft tones repeat the same air; no jarring discord disturbs the sweet harmony, and every one that hears it, is filled with joy. Have my eyes ever betrayed a wish that thou hast not accomplished? Have I ever enjoyed a pleasure that has not been increased by thy participation? Has ever an anxiety pursued me into thy arms, that thy sweet smiles have not dispersed, as the bright sun dispels the mists of spring? Yes, when I led thee as my bride into my cot, cheerfulness, comfort, and all the social virtues accompanied thee; they united themselves to our friendly household divinities, and took possession of our dwelling, to depart no more.

“ From that hour, a blessing has descended on my hut, and every object around it has had tenfold charms for me. Fruitful are my fields and my flocks, and prosperous all I plant, and all I sow. Cheerful is my daily labour, and soothing and delightful to me, thy sweet assiduity to refresh me, when I return weary at evening to my peaceful dwelling. The spring is sweeter to me in thy society; and fairer the summer and the autumn: when the storms of winter rave round our dwelling, I sit beside thee at our cheerful fire; and while industry, and thy sweet con-

versation beguile the long evenings, I taste all the inestimable blessings of domestic tranquillity. The pelting rain may confine me to the hut, and the driving snows enshroud all the beauties of nature in a mournful veil; but, amid these privations, I more strongly feel, my Celia! that thou, thou alone, art all the world to me,

“ My lovely infants, ye have completed my happiness; sweet inheritors of all your mother’s charms; what blessings bloom for us in you: the first syllables that she taught your little lips to pronounce, were, that you loved me. You are the delight of our youth, and your virtues, your happiness, will be the solace of our age: the roses of health and pleasure glow on your cheeks, and mirth and joy lighten in your sparkling eyes; mildness and benevolence mark themselves already in your infantine sports. Oh! how delightful to me is your innocent rapture, when I return from the field or the flock, and you fly with shouts of joy from the threshold to meet me, and receive with infantine delight the presents I bring you of ripe fruits, or little gardening tools which I have made for you while I tended the sheep, to accustom your little hands to labour, as yet too weak to cultivate the field. With rapture I hasten then into thy open arms, my Celia; and with sweet smiles, thou kissest away the tears of pleasure that bedew my cheeks.”

“ At this moment Celia appeared, with one of her beautiful infants on each arm. She was fairer than the dewy morning, as the tears of joy glittered on her rosy cheek. “ Oh, my beloved!” she exclaimed, “ how blessed am I: we come to thank thee for all thy love to us.”

Lycidas clasped his wife and children in his arms; they spoke not; they only felt their happiness: and, whoever had seen them at that moment, deep touched to the very heart, must have confessed, that the virtuous alone are truly happy.

## THE BIRD.

THE young Milon caught a bird one day in the pine wood. Its feathers were beautiful, but still more beautiful was its song. He made a cage for it in the hollow of his hands, and full of delight he ran with it to the place where his flock were reposing in the shade. Throwing his straw-hat on the ground, he imprisoned his little captive under it, and hastened to a neighbouring lake, to collect the slenderest willow-twigs and rushes to form it a cage. "When I have made thee a pretty cage," said the shepherd, "I will carry thee, little flutterer, to my Chloe: as a reward for such a gift, I may reasonably ask one sweet kiss; she is not ill-natured, she will grant me one, and if she gives me that, I can easily steal three or four more. Oh! how I wish the cage was finished."

Thus he spoke, as he ran back with the rushes under his arm to the place where he had left his treasure: but how was he struck with astonishment and grief—a malicious zephyr, overturning the straw-hat, had released the little bird, and on its silken wings his kisses flew away.

## JEALOUSY.

THE most tormenting of all passions is jealousy: the most poisonous of the serpents that the furies nourish in our bosoms. Alexis had felt its stings. He loved Daphne, and was beloved by her. Both might boast of beauty; his dark complexion and majestic form were marked by manly grace; she was fair and innocent, and spotless as the lily which opens to the first mild beams of morn. They had sworn eternal truth to each other; and Venus and the loves conspired to bless their union.

The father of Alexis had just recovered from a

dangerous illness: "My son," said he, to the youth, "I have made a vow to sacrifice six sheep to the god of health: go, and lead them to his altar." The temple of the god was two long days journey distant. Alexis with tears in his eyes bade farewell to his beloved maiden; dejected as if he were about to traverse a wide ocean. Pensive and melancholy he drove the sheep before him, and sighed like the turtle-dove as he pursued his solitary way. He passed through flowery plains without even perceiving them; in vain the lovely landscape smiled around him; he felt not its beauties, he felt only his love; he saw only his Daphne as she sat in her lonely cottage, or on the shady banks of the stream. He heard her repeat his name, and sighed.

Thus he passed on with his sheep, regretting that they had not the swiftness of deer, and at length arrived at the temple. The sacrifice completed, he hastened on the wings of love back to his home; but as he passed through a thicket, a thorn pierced his foot so deeply, that the pain scarcely allowed him to drag himself to a neighbouring cottage, where he was hospitably received by a shepherd, who applied healing plants to his wound. "Gods, how unfortunate am I!" cried Alexis continually; starting, and restlessly counting the slow-passing minutes; every hour appeared a long winter's night to his impatience.

At length some evil genius instilled into his bosom the poison of jealousy. "Gods, what an idea!" murmured he, wildly casting his eyes around: "Daphne untrue to me? hateful thought!—Yet women are women; and Daphne is beautiful:—Who could ever see her without loving her? And has not Daphnis long languished for her? He is handsome: who is not moved by his soft songs; and who can produce such sweet tones as he pours from his flute? His cottage is next to Daphne's; a woodbine thicket alone divides them. Oh fly me! fly me, hateful thought! already hast thou sunk deep in my heart, and day and night thy horrid form torments me."

His sickly imagination often pourtrayed the maid timidly stealing through the shade, while Daphnis, by the stream, in softest notes, poured forth to her and echo the effusions of his love. He saw her languishing eye; he marked her bosom heave with tender sighs. Or sometimes he fancied he beheld her asleep in a woodbine bower, while Daphnis, stealing gently through the yielding foliage, approached her, and fixed undisturbed his ardent glances on her charms; he bends over her, he presses her hand, and she awakes not. He kisses her glowing cheek—he approaches her lips—oh heavens, and she awakes not! Wretch that I am, wherefore do I torment myself with these horrid images. Why! Oh why was I endowed with feelings that thus agonize my whole frame?—Ungrateful!—How can I harbour a thought injurious to her innocence?

The sixth tormenting day had already arrived, and his wound was scarce yet healed, when Alexis embraced and bade farewell to his benefactor; who employed every entreaty that benevolent hospitality could urge, to detain him. But in vain; pursued by the furies he hastened away.

It was night, and the full moon shed its beams on Daphne's peaceful cottage, as he reached his native village. Oh! henceforth begone, tormenting thoughts, yonder is the abode of my love; this night, this very night I shall shed tears of rapture on her bosom. Thus he spoke, as he bounded along; but as he approached the vine-covered porch before the cottage, he saw his Daphne come out from it. "Oh, it is she! Daphne! my love! thy slender form, thy soft step, thy snow-white robe.—It is she, ye gods!—But whither is she hastening at this untimely hour? It is dangerous for a feeble maid to venture thus alone at midnight into the open fields. Perhaps full of tender impatience she flies to meet me." Scarce had he spoke, when a youth, advancing from the porch, placed himself by Daphne's side. He affectionately pressed her hand in his, and offered her a basket of flowers, which with gentle action she accepted, and

placed on her arm. Thus they passed on through the moon light, while Alexis, filled with despair, stood at a distance, and trembled in every limb. "Ye gods! what do I see?—Too true, alas! too true were my forebodings; they were whispered to me by some pitying divinity. Wretch that I am:—Where, oh! where art thou, benevolent power, that hast thus forewarned me; avenge me, before my eyes—avenge me of this perfidy, and let me then die in peace."

Leaning on each other's arm, in soft tranquillity, the youth and maid pursued their moon-light way to the little myrtle wood which surrounds the temple of Venus.

"Do they seek the myrtle-shade?" said Alexis, raving: "that shade, in which she has so often vowed eternal truth to me? They have entered the wood: gods! I see them no longer:—concealed by the tufted foliage, they will seat themselves under the shade:—yet no; I see them again: her white robe glistens in the moon-light, as she passes between the dark rows of the trees. They stop; there is a delightful opening and soft turf: faithless pair! there will ye seat yourselves, and while the moon's soft light descends upon you, swear by its beams the eternal duration of your guilty passion. May the furies pursue you!—but no;—hark! the nightingales pour their tenderest strains around them, and the turtle-doves sigh from the bending boughs. But soft; even there they stop not: they approach the temple of the goddess:—Ha! I will follow them; I will listen to them, and witness their perfidy."

He stole into the myrtle thicket; the youth and maiden approached the temple, whose snow-white marble pillars glistened in the moon light. "Will they venture to tread that hallowed floor?" said Alexis; "will the goddess of love sanction the blackest perfidy?"

Daphne, ascending the steps of the temple, with the basket of flowers in her hand, passed through the long range of pillars, while the youth waited her return at the entrance of the portico.



Concealed by the myrtle thicket, Alexis ventured to approach. Shuddering with anguish and despair, he at length stole to one of the pillars, and, shrouded by its deep shadow, he watched in breathless attention, while Daphne approached the image of the goddess. Formed of the purest white marble, and resplendent in the moon-beams, the goddess appeared to retire with dignified modesty from the admiring glance of mortals; while she beheld, with a gracious smile, the sacrifices that were offered at her feet. Daphne sunk on her knees before the altar, and in the most tender accents, and while her eyes streamed with tears, she thus spoke:—

“Hear, oh! hear me, sweet goddess, protectress of faithful love, listen to my supplication, and accept graciously the garlands I offer at thy shrine. The dews of evening, and my tears, glitter upon these flowers: alas! this is the sixth day since Alexis left me. Restore him in safety, sweet goddess, to my bosom: return him, faithful and tender, as when he left me, to my longing arms.”

Alexis heard, and turned his eyes on the youth who stood near him, and on whose countenance the moon-beams now fell: it was the brother of Daphne. The timid maiden ventured not alone to visit at midnight the temple of the goddess.

Alexis advanced from behind the pillar: Daphne beheld him with mingled rapture and surprise. Overpowered by joy and shame, he threw himself into her arms: clasped in each other's embrace they sunk at the feet of the goddess.

## AMINTA.

AMINTA was beautiful and poor: she had been brought up in virtue and innocence by a mother, of whose tender care death too early deprived her. She now tended the flocks of Mycon, who tenanted the lands of Nicias, a rich citizen of Mitylene. She went one day, with tears in her eyes, to the silent grave

of her mother ; she poured a vase of water on the spot, and hung garlands on the slender osiers she had planted over it ; she seated herself by the grave, and, while her cheeks were bathed in tears, she thus spoke : “ Oh ! how dear is the remembrance of thy virtue and goodness to my heart. Beloved mother ! thou hast preserved my innocence. Can I ever forget thy last injunctions, when with a tranquil smile thou gazedst upon me, and, sinking upon my bosom, expiredst. Can I ever forget thy virtues ? Oh ! when I do, may the gods forget me, may I die in misery, and may thy gentle shade refuse to receive me. Beloved mother, thou hast preserved my innocence. I will tell all to thy dear shade ; forlorn and forsaken as I am ; alas ! I have no one else to whom I dare confide the thoughts of my heart. Nicias, the lord of Mycon, whose flocks I tend, came down hither to enjoy the pleasures of autumn. He saw me, and treated me with peculiar kindness ; he praised my flocks, and commended my care of them ; he told me I was handsome, and made me presents. Simple maiden that I was ; but, alas ! how little do we know who live in the country—how kind, thought I, is our master ; may the gods reward him for his goodness ; I will pray for him, that is all which is in my power. How happy are the rich, how favoured by the gods : yet they deserve it, if they are all as benevolent as he is. Thus I thought, and withdrew not my hand when he clasped it ; and only blushed, and dared not look up, when he placed a ring of gold upon my finger. See the little winged boy engraved on this stone ; it is he who will make thee happy, said he, and touched my glowing cheek with his hand. He feels the affection of a father for me, said I to myself ; how have I deserved such kindness from so powerful a lord ? Simple child that I was, oh ! how was I deceived. This morning he found me in the garden, and, gently caressing me, he said, Bring me some new-blown flowers ; I will refresh myself with their perfumes in yonder myrtle-bower. Delighted to be employed by him, I collected the freshest flowers,

and ran with eager haste to the bower. Thou art light as a zephyr, said he, and fairer than the goddess of flowers, and—Oh, heavens! I tremble still—he drew me on his knee, he pressed me to his bosom, and every thing seductive and enchanting, that passion and love can urge, flowed from his lips. I wept; I trembled; in one moment I had been too weak to resist his arts; I had been no longer thy virtuous, thy innocent child; but the remembrance of thee preserved me. Oh! if thy virtuous mother had seen thee suffer these disgraceful caresses—the thought gave me new strength: I started—I flew. Now am I come, my beloved mother, to weep on thy grave: Alas! unhappy child that I was, so early to lose thee; deprived of thy care, I droop like the tender flower that has lost the prop that supported it: I pour this vase of water to thy virtuous shade: accept this garland, accept my tears, and hear me, hear me, my beloved mother. Ah! to thy ashes, which rest beneath these flowers, bedewed with my tears, to thy holy shade, I repeat my vow. Virtue, innocence, and the fear of the gods, shall form the happiness of my life; though I am poor, I will be contented and virtuous; I will do nothing that thou, with a tender smile, mightest not have approved: then shall I be, like thee, beloved by the gods and men: then shall I, like thee, meet death with tranquil smiles and tears of joy.”

She left the sacred spot: emotions of virtue and of pleasure ennobled her whole form, and beamed in her tear-bedewed eyes. She was fair, as a mild April day, when the sun pours a broken gleam through the soft-falling shower. She was returning cheerfully to her work, when Nicias met her.—“Maiden,” he said, while a tear stole over his cheek, “I have listened to thee, as thou satest by thy mother’s grave: fear not, virtuous girl; thanks to the gods, thanks to thy virtue, that has preserved me from the guilt of having seduced thy innocence. Forgive me, chaste maiden, forgive me; and fear no new insult from me: thy virtue has awakened every good feeling of

my heart. Be chaste, be virtuous; but deign also to be happy. The shady meadow by thy mother's grave, and half the flock thou tendest, be thine: may a lover, virtuous and deserving as thyself, complete the happiness of thy life. Weep not, sweet maid; accept the gifts I offer thee with a pure heart, and suffer me henceforth to watch over thy happiness. If thou deny me this request, remorse, for having injured thy virtue, will embitter my future days. Forget, oh! forget my crime: thou, like a good divinity, hast preserved me from destruction."

### BATHING.

*Rosa.* It is sultry, though the sun is already setting amid the rosy clouds; the plants still languish beneath his scorching ray. Let us go down to the edge of the rivulet, where the little waves break against the bank; it is cool and delightful under the hanging foliage.

*Sylvia.* Go, Rosa! I will follow thee; but walk farther before me, the parting boughs beat in my face.

*Rosa.* How crystal clear is this stream; thou mayest see every pebble at the bottom of it. By the nymphs! I am strongly inclined to throw my garments on the shore, and plunge up to the bosom in its delightful waters.

*Sylvia.* If any one should come—if any one should see us.

*Rosa.* No foot-path leads to this bank; we are quite surrounded by the tufted thicket. This apple tree, which hangs down over the water, conceals us under its arching foliage, and encloses us in a green cave. We are hidden from every eye; see, the foliage only opens here and there, to give entrance to a little sun-beam, and the fanning zephyrs soon close it again.

*Sylvia.* Well, Rosa, if thou wilt venture, I will. The shepherdesses threw their robes upon the bank, and, softly shuddering, entered the cool stream. The dancing waves embraced their slender waists, and

played over their snowy bosoms, as they seated themselves on some stoues that lay in the water near the shore.

*Rosa.* I feel so refreshed, so revived!—What shall we do? shall we sing?

*Sylvia.* Simple child! Sing! that they may hear us from the shore?

*Rosa.* We will only whisper then: Oh! now I think of it, let us tell stories. Tell me one first.

*Sylvia.* A story?

*Rosa.* Yes; some nice little secret now; you shall tell one first, and then I will.

*Sylvia.* I know a very pretty one, but—

*Rosa.* Oh! I will be as silent as these bushes.

*Sylvia.* Well then: a day or two ago, as I was driving my flock down the hill to the meadow in the valley, whose shores are washed by the sea:—thou knowest the large cherry-tree that stands by the side of the hill;—as I—yet am I not foolish thus to disclose to thee my greatest secret?

*Rosa.* I will confide mine to thee in my turn.

*Sylvia.* Well, as I was going slowly down the path-way, I heard all at once a lovely voice, that sung one of the sweetest songs. Timidly I paused, and listened, and looked round, but no one, no one could I see: I walked on, and the voice sounded every moment nearer to me; I continued my way, and then it appeared behind me; for I had passed the cherry-tree, from whose leafy summit the sweet voice sung. But what it sung—Oh, that I dare not tell thee, Rosa! though I remember exactly every syllable.

*Rosa.* Thou must tell me:—under these silent shades we feel no reserve; and maidens, when they bathe, always tell their secrets to each other.

*Sylvia.* I will then: yet I must needs blush to repeat my own praises: but young shepherds, thou knowest, always exaggerate when they speak of us. As I walked slowly down the path-way—I feel the colour mount into my cheek—“Who is she, whose slender graceful form descends the hill? (thus the song

began) tell me, ye light zephyrs that sport with her tresses, and with her waving robe? Is it one of the graces? if so, it must be the youngest, and the most beautiful of them. See how the purple blossomed thyme, and the white fragrant flowers of the clover, bow beneath the soft pressure of her steps: how the azure harebell, the fragile poppy, and sky-tinted cyanus, that border the path-way, bend to kiss her lovely feet. I will collect the flowers that thy foot-steps have pressed; I will weave them into two garlands; the one shall entwine my hair; the other will I consecrate to love.

“Mark how timidly her mild dark eyes glance around! fear not, my love, I am no bird of prey, no sad prophet of evil. Oh, that my voice could breathe such soft tones as might detain thee! Oh, that I could sing more gaily than the grasshopper, and sweeter than Philomel in the clear mild evenings of May; for not so delightful is spring to the nightingale, as the sight of thy beauty to me.

“Ah! hasten not so timidly away. Ye sharp thorns, wound not the tender feet of my fair, but catch her flowing robe as she passes, and detain her a little longer in my sight. But she hastens, she hastens away! The soft western breezes, propitious to my love, in vain oppose her way; she passes on, and now I only see her fluttering robe; thyself, oh! timid maiden, thyself they could not detain.

“I will fill a little basket with the fairest fruit from this tree, and suspend it by moon-light at thy window. If thou deignest to accept my humble offering, then shall I be the happiest shepherd of the hamlet. Thou art hastening away; I see still the last fold of thy robe; now it disappears; and now—now even the last glimpse of thy shadow is lost to my view.”

Thus sung the shepherd, as I passed on with my eyes fixed on the ground: one stolen glance I directed to the summit of the cherry-tree, but no one could I perceive through the thick clustering foliage. When night came, thou may'st believe, I could not sleep; and, as I lay musing, I saw—the moon-beams fell

full upon him—I saw a young shepherd suspend a basket at my window. The moon shone bright, and reflected his shadow on my bed; I blushed, and, as soon—as soon as he had stolen away, only to convince myself that it was not a dream, I went to the window and untied the basket. It was filled with the most beautiful crimson cherries; they were the sweetest that I ever eat; and he had mixed rose-buds and myrtle leaves among them. But who that shepherd was, curious as thou art, Rosa! who that shepherd was, would I not tell thee for all the world.

*Rosa.* I do not ask thee to tell me; mysterious as thou art, thou canst not deny that it was my brother. The basket he fixed at thy window was my gift to him. I see a blush redder than rose-buds rise over thy form, from where the waves play over thy bosom, even to thy forehead, half hid by thy flowing hair; thou fixest thy timid eyes upon the water; embrace me, dearest Sylvia! love me, and love my brother for my sake.

*Sylvia.* If I did not love thee as myself, should I have confided to thee my greatest secret?

*Rosa.* That thou mayest not repent thy confidence, I will be equally sincere; and tell thee also the secret of my heart. The last new moon, when my father sacrificed to Pan, he invited his friend Menalcas to the feast, who came, accompanied by Corin, his son. The youth played on the flute during the sacrifice, and no one, thou knowest, can produce from it more melodious tones. His golden hair flowed loosely over his snow-white garment, and, thus adorned, he looked beautiful as the youthful Apollo: after the sacrifice we went—But hark! a rustling noise in the thicket, some one approaches—Oh, nymphs! protect us!—quick, let us seize our garments and fly.

The timid maidens flew swift as doves, who perceive the falcon towering in the air: yet the cause of their alarm was only a young doe, who sought the stream to quench its thirst.

## MENALCAS AND ALEXIS;

OR,

## THE PLEASURE OF DOING GOOD.

MENALCAS was an old man: eighty years had already passed over his head; his tresses and his beard were silver-white, and a staff supported his feeble steps. As the labourer, who has toiled through the long summer's day, sits contented in the cool of the evening, and, after having offered up his prayers to heaven, peacefully awaits the calm hours of sleep;—so Menalcas, resigned to rest, and the service of the gods, the remainder of his days, and happy in the recollection of a life well-spent, he tranquilly and cheerfully expected the quiet slumber of the tomb.

He saw his children happy; he had resigned to them his rich herds and fertile meadows; they vied with each other who should most love the old man, who should best repay the tender care he had taken of their infancy, and the gods rewarded their filial piety. He sat often at his cottage door, or in the inclosure before it, from whence he could overlook his well-planted garden, or contemplate at a pleasing distance the labours and the riches of the fields. Or he conversed with the passenger with friendly garrulity, and listened to the news of the village, or learnt from the traveller the manners and customs of distant lands. His grand-children, his sweetest amusement, sported around him: it was he who adjusted their little quarrels, who instilled into their tender minds the duties of benevolence and compassion to men and animals; and in every amusement he pointed out to them, inculcated some simple and affecting truth. He made playthings for them: they came incessantly running to him with their requests—Make us this, and make us that—and, when he had complied, they kissed him, and bounded away with shouts of pleasure. He taught them how to form pipes and



flutes of the reeds that overshadow the lake, and instructed them in the tones which recall the wandering sheep and goats from the pasture. He taught them many songs, which the younger children sung, while the elder accompanied them on the flute. Or he related to them instructive stories, while they sat in mute attention on the threshold, or on the ground around him.

One morning he was sitting in the little sunny inclosure before his hut, alone with his grand-child, Alexis, a beautiful boy, who had scarce seen thirteen summers; the roses of youth and health glowed on his polished cheeks, and his hair waved in ringlets of gold. The old man was describing to him the pleasure that results from doing good; the delight of relieving the helpless and distressed. The mild splendor of the rising sun, the ruddy, glowing tints of evening, the moon's calm radiance in a serene night—all these swell our bosoms with pleasure; but sweeter, still sweeter, my son! is the recollection of a benevolent deed.

Tears rolled down the lovely cheeks of Alexis; he looked with rapture on the old man. "Thou weep-est, my child!" said Menalcas, and fixed his eyes full of affectionate solicitude upon him; "surely my words alone could not have moved thee thus: something in thine own bosom has given weight and force to them." Alexis wiped the tears from his eyes, but succeeding ones rolled over his cheeks. "Yes," said he, "I feel it, I feel it entirely; nothing is so sweet as the recollection of a benevolent action."

Menalcas pressed the youth's hand in his, and said, "I read on thy brow, and in thine eyes, that something more than my words affects thee."

Alexis, confused and hesitating, fixed his eyes on the ground; "and are not thy words sufficient," he said, "to make tears, like drops of dew, flow down my cheeks?"

"I see, my son," said Menalcas, "that for the first time thou concealedst thy thoughts from me; though

even now they swell in thy bosom, and tremble on thy tongue."

Alexis wept, and said, "Oh! I will tell thee all: thou hast taught us, that he is but half virtuous, who boasts of the little he has done; and it was for that reason that I sought to conceal the sensations that swell my bosom, and make me experience, that to do good is the sweetest pleasure of our lives. One of our sheep had wandered from the flock, and as I sought it among the hills, I heard the voice of lamentation; I stole through the thicket, to the place from whence it came, and saw a man who had just taken a heavy burden from his shoulders, and laid it on the parched ground. 'My weary feet will carry me no farther,' said he; 'how wretched is my life! a miserable subsistence is all I can earn. Already have I wandered for hours, oppressed with this heavy burden in the mid-day sun, and I can find no stream to quench my burning thirst; no tree, whose fruit might cool my parched lips. Alas! I see nothing but a wilderness around me; no foot-path to direct my weary steps: my trembling limbs can no longer support me. Yet I will not murmur, ye gods! ye have ever heard me, and assisted me!' So saying, he sunk down, faint and breathless, on his burden.

"Unperceived by him, I ran as fast as I could to our hut; I hastily collected a basket full of dried and fresh fruits; I filled my largest flaggon with milk, and, running back over the hills, I found the man sunk into a sweet refreshing sleep. Softly, softly I stole behind him, and placed the basket and the flaggon of milk beside him, and softly I crept back to my hiding place among the bushes.

"He soon awakened, and exclaimed, 'How sweet and refreshing is sleep! Thou hast served me as a soft pillow,' continued he, looking at his burden, 'I will now try to drag thee a little farther: perhaps I may soon hear the murmuring of a spring, or find a hut, whose benevolent owner will allow me to rest beneath his roof.' So saying, he attempted to raise

the burden on his shoulders, when suddenly he perceived the flaggon and the basket: the burden dropped from his hands. 'Gods!' he cried, 'what do I see? Ah, hungry wretch! I am dreaming of food, and when I awake it will vanish. But, no! I am awake; and he touched the fruit with his hand. What benevolent deity has wrought this wonder? the first drops from this flask, and these, the fairest of the fruits, I consecrate to thee: accept, oh! accept graciously, this proof of the gratitude that animates my whole soul.'

"So saying, he seated himself, and with tears of pleasure enjoyed his meal. He arose, refreshed and cheerful, and once more returned thanks to the gods, who had thus bountifully provided for him. 'Or perhaps,' said he, 'the gods have sent hither some benevolent mortal. Why, oh! why can I not see him and embrace him? where art thou, that I may thank thee, that I may bless thee! Bless, ye gods! bless this virtuous being; bless all that are dear to him, all that depend upon him. My hunger is appeased; I will take this fruit with me; my wife and children shall eat of it, and shall bless their unknown benefactor with tears of gratitude.' He went away; oh! I wept with joy. I ran before him through the thicket, and seated myself on a bank that he was to pass; he soon came up to me, and said, 'Tell me, my son, hast thou seen any one upon these hills, bearing a flaggon and a basket of fruit?'—'No,' said I, 'I have seen no one among these thickets, carrying a flaggon and a basket of fruit. But tell me, how camest thou in this wilderness? thou hast surely lost thy way, no path leads to this place.'—'I have indeed lost my way,' answered he, 'and had not some good divinity relieved me, or some mortal, whose goodness the gods will reward, I had perished of hunger and thirst among these mountains.'

"'Let me then shew thee the way,' said I, 'and give me thy burden to carry, thou wilt follow me the lighter.' After many denials, he gave me the burden, and I conducted him to the beaten path. It is the

remembrance of this that even now fills my eyes with tears of joy. Common and trifling is all I have been able to do, and yet the recollection is sweet and refreshing to me, as the mild sun-beams. Oh! what happiness must he feel, who has done a great deed of good!"

The old man embraced the lovely boy with tears of pleasure. "Peacefully and happily shall I descend into the grave," said he: "virtue and benevolence will remain the inhabitants of my hut."

## INFANTINE SPORTS.

### SYLVIA & COLIN.

*Sylvia.* Tell me, my beloved Colin, to what divinity is this spot sacred? to whose worship does this little altar rise?

*Colin.* To love, my Sylvia, to love is this altar consecrated. Ah! how sweet is it to rest by this stream, where we, thou must remember, when we were little children, scarce higher than this columbine, spent so many happy hours in harmless sports. With my own hands I have erected this altar to love; for in this place (sweet remembrance!) love sprung first within our bosoms.

*Sylvia.* Oh, my beloved Colin! I will plant roses and myrtles round this altar, which, if Pan protects them, will flourish and arch themselves into a little temple over it. For to me also, my beloved, is this remembrance sweet and precious.

*Colin.* Dost thou recollect how often we scooped the gourds, and, filling their hollow shells with cherries and strawberries, floated them like little boats on this stream?

*Sylvia.* Oh yes! and hazle nut-shells, and acorn-cups, and the empty seed heads of the poppies were our play things; we filled them with drops of milk, and eat little crumbs of bread and currants out of

them. And thou calledst me thy little wife, as we played together there.

*Colin.* Seest thou this thicket? its branches are still arched, though now it is grown wild and tangled: this was our house; we arched it as high as we could reach, yet a young goat might have torn with its horns the tallest branches of the roof. We interwove rushes and willow-twigs, to form its walls, and closed it with a little wicket in front. Ah! how sweet was every hour that we could steal to spend together in this place.

*Sylvia.* Dost thou not remember, I planted a garden before the house? a hedge of rushes surrounded it; a sheep might have browsed the whole of it in an instant.

*Colin.* Oh! I remember! you planted all the tiniest flowers in it that you could find in the meadows and vales.

*Sylvia.* You were ever ingenious, my beloved: you contrived to lead a little rill from the neighbouring stream into our garden. It passed through hollow reeds over the flowers, and in one place it fell into a bason which you had hollowed of wood, and which, when it was full, might have afforded one good draught to a thirsty person;—see, yonder it lies in the stream.

*Colin.* Unblessed is the house in which there are no children: thou found'st a little broken image of Cupid, and nursed'st it, and attended'st it, as if thou had'st been really its mother. A nut-shell was its bed, and thou sang'st to it, while it slept upon rose leaves and flowers.

*Sylvia.* Ah! now he will reward us for all the care we took of him.

*Colin.* One day I made a little cage of rushes, and confined a grasshoper in it, and gave it you for a present. You took him out to play with him, and as he struggled to get free from you, he left one of his slender legs between your fingers. Trembling with pain, he sat on a blade of grass. "See! oh see!" said you, "the poor insect! how it trembles! what

agony it is in ! and I have given it all this pain." You wept with pity and tenderness, and I was enraptured to see you so good and so benevolent.

*Sylvia.* But still more benevolent and kind were you one day, my beloved, when my brother stole two young birds from their nest: " Give me the poor birds," said you, but he refused. " I will give thee this crook for them," said you ; " see how carefully I have peeled off the brown rind, and left only a wreath of leaves to entwine round the white stick." The exchange was soon made, and the birds your own ; you placed them carefully in your scrip, and climbed hastily up the tree to return them to their nest. Tears of joy, my beloved, bedewed my cheeks. If I had never loved thee before, yet from that moment I should have loved thee.

*Colin.* So sweetly passed the happy hours of infancy, when in our childish sports I was thy husband, and thou my wife.

*Sylvia.* I shall remember those hours as long as I live.

*Colin.* How blessed, my beloved, will all our days be, when in the next moon (so thy good mother has promised) Hymen shall make that happiness real, which in our sweet infantine sports we could only feign.

*Sylvia.* Oh ! may the good gods bless us, my beloved ; never were youthful lovers happier than we shall be !

## DAPHNIS,

### OR THE SERENADE.

IN the stillness of night, Daphnis had stolen to the hut of his beloved maid ; for the cares and anxieties of love rendered him sleepless : the glittering stars were thickly strewed in the blue arch of heaven ; soft shone the moon through the dark shade of the trees ; all breathed serenity and peace ; every labour

had ceased, and every light was extinguished : bright scattered gleams of moon-light only danced upon the trembling waves, or now and then a glow-worm sparkled through the darkness. Daphnis seated himself opposite the hut with melancholy pleasure, and fixed his eyes on the window of the little chamber in which this maiden slept. It was half open to the cool breeze of night and to the moon's mild beam : with soft voice he began the following song :—

Sweet be thy slumbers, oh! my beloved one : refreshing is the morning dew. Soft and peaceful mayest thou rest, as a pearl of dew in the bosom of the lily, when no zephyr bows the flower's trembling head. For ought not the tranquil slumbers of innocence to belong to such purity as thine? May none but sweet and soothing dreams visit thy pillow : descend, ye pleasing dreams! upon the beams of the moon, descend around her. Let her see fields of flowers, where snow-white flocks are wandering; let her hear the soft tones of the flute, sweet as when Apollo plays, echo through the lonely valley. Or let her fancy she bathes in a pure stream, while myrtles and roses entwine around, unseen save by the little bird that sings on the spray beside her. Let her imagine she is sporting among the graces, who own her for their sister, and cover her with a shower of flowers : let the garland she weaves belong to the graces, and that which they have entwined adorn her brow. Or let her wander through thick o'erarching trees, among the sweetest flowers, while little cupids, in clusters like bees, wauton around her, pursuing and catching each other : ten of them support between them a perfumed apple, and another group offer her the purple clusters of the vine ; some hover over the new-opened flowers, and fan the rich perfumes around her with their little wings. Then, veiled in a cloud of fragrance, may love himself approach her, his bow and arrows concealed, for these might alarm the timid maiden, but adorned with all his charms, with all his graces. And, oh ! may my image appear to her ; timid, and with downcast eyes,

may it stand before her, and blushing, confess that I live only in her smiles. Never yet have I dared to disclose my love to her. At this dream may a soft sigh heave her bosom; may a smile and a warm blush pass over her cheek as she sleeps. Oh! would that I were fairer than Apollo, when he tended his flocks! would that my songs were sweeter than the complaint of the nightingale! would that every virtue adorned me, that I were worthy to be beloved by her!—

So sung the shepherd, and returned through the moon-light to his hut: soft dreams of love and hope sweetened his slumbers. Early in the morning he led his flocks over the hill near which stood the hut of his beloved. His sheep passed slowly along, and loitered to crop the grass on each side of the path.—Grazed on, ye sheep, ye lambs, never will ye find sweeter pasture: wherever she casts her eyes the grass grows sweeter and fresher. Wherever she walks, flowers spring under her feet.—Thus spoke the shepherd, as he perceived his beloved at her window: the first soft beams of the sun shone on her fair face; he saw plainly that she smiled as she looked on him, and that a deeper rose-colour mounted into her cheeks. Slowly, and with beating heart, he passed by her. Mildly and kindly she greeted him, and with eyes full of affection she pursued him as he retired, for she had listened to his nightly song.

### MYCON'S GRAVE.

MILON and I were travelling from Miletus, to offer sacrifices to Apollo. Already we discerned at a distance, the hill on which the lofty temple stands; which, supported by marble pillars, and towering above the grove of laurel that surrounded it, ascended high into the clear blue air. Beyond it, the sea glittered on our sight, unbounded by any object our eyes could reach,



It was noon ; the burning sand scorched our feet ; and the sun darted his rays so directly over our heads, that the shadow of the locks, that hung over our foreheads, extended over the whole face. The panting lizard dragged his slow length among the ferns that bordered the path-way, and the cricket and grasshopper chirped under the shadow of the withered grass : clouds of dust arose at every step, that inflamed our eyes, and settled on our parched lips. We passed along, languid and fatigued, till the sight of a forest, at a short distance, encouraged us to quicken our steps. The tall trees cast a shade as dark as night : struck with holy awe, we entered under their delightful shadow, which spread immediate coolness and refreshment over us. The trees inclosed a little spot, through which flowed a cold and crystal stream : their branches, laden with rosy fruit, hung over the waters, while beneath them the raspberry and gooseberry entwined their woody sprays, and the strawberry overspread the whole ground with its matted tendrils. But the stream rose from the foot of a monument, overshadowed by sweet-briar and honeysuckle, and entwined by the clasping ivy.

“ Oh, Heavens !” I exclaimed, “ how lovely and refreshing is this spot. Blessed is he who planted this shade. Perhaps his ashes rest here.”

“ There,” said Milon, “ in the front of the monument, between the thick branches of the sweet-briar and honeysuckle, I think I see some characters engraved. They will perhaps inform us who it was, who thus provided for the wants of the weary traveller.”

And separating the thick boughs with his staff, he read the following inscription :—

“ Here rest the ashes of Mycon, whose life was a series of benevolent deeds : desirous even after his death, to relieve the wants of his fellow creatures, he led hither this stream, and planted these trees.”

Blessed be thy ashes, and sweet thy rest, thou virtuous man, and blessed be the children that succeed thee !—While thus I spoke, a woman appeared among

the trees; she was young and beautiful, and her tall and slender figure was marked by dignity and grace. She bore a vase of water on her arm, and, advancing to the fountain, she addressed us in mild and gentle accents.

“Blessed be the shade under which you repose,” she said; “you are perhaps travellers, and weary with the length of the way, and the scorching heat of the sun: tell me, do you need any refreshment you have not found here?”

“We thank you, benevolent stranger,” I answered: “we require no other refreshment: sweetly has this stream, this fruit, and this delightful shade relieved our wants. We are filled with veneration of the virtuous man whose ashes rest beneath: thou art of this country, and perhaps hast known him. Tell us, while thus we repose beneath the cooling shade, tell us, who he was?”

The woman now placed the vase of water at the foot of the monument, and, as she reclined against it, she said,—

“His name was Mycon:—Mycon who honoured the gods; whose sweetest pleasure it was, to do good to others. In the whole country there is not a shepherd who does not love and revere his memory, who does not relate with tears of affection, some instance of his generosity and virtue. For myself, I owe to him that I am the happiest of women, the wife of his son; tears started into her eyes as she spoke. My father died, and left his helpless widow and her child, a prey to indigence and sorrow. We lived in the deepest retirement, supported by the labour of our own hands; industry and virtue were our only possessions. Two goats afforded us milk, and a little orchard supplied us with fruit. But not long did we enjoy this state of tranquillity; my mother died, and I was left comfortless and alone. But Mycon took me home to his cottage; he entrusted me with the care of his whole household, and was to me, more a father than a master. His son, the best and loveliest shepherd of the whole country, saw with partiality

my attentive industry, and earnest desire to deserve all the goodness his father lavished on me. He saw it, and loved me, and soon he disclosed to me his affection. The delight I felt at that moment, I dared not confess, even to my own heart. Oh, Damon! I said, forget thy love; I am poor and destitute; and happy, oh how happy, to be but a handmaid in thine house. Thus I urged him continually, but he forgot not his love.

“One morning while I was employed in the little inclosure before the cottage, in carding the wool of our flocks, Mycon came out to me, and placed himself beside me in the sunshine. He looked at me steadfastly, a long time, with a benevolent smile; at length he said, “Child, thy virtue, thy industry, thy whole conduct delights me: thou art the best of children, and if the gods will permit me, I will make thee happy.”—“Can I, my best of masters, can I be happier than when I deserve thy praise?” I replied, while tears of gratitude and affection bedewed my cheeks. “Child,” said he, “I wish to honour the memory of thy father and mother; and to see, in my old age, my son and thee happy. He loves thee; tell me, tell me sincerely, can his love make thee happy?” My work fell from my hands; trembling and blushing, I stood before him. He took my hand; “Tell me,” said he, “can my son’s love make thee happy?” I fell at his feet, and pressed in silent rapture his hand to my lips and cheek: from that hour I have been the happiest of women:” she paused, and wiped her eyes. “Such was the man whose ashes rests here,” she continued; “you will perhaps desire to know on what occasion he planted these trees, and led hither this stream: I will inform you.

“Towards the conclusion of his life, he often seated himself here by the pathway, and greeted kindly the passing traveller, and offered food and refreshment to the poor and weary. If I were to plant fruit-trees here, and lead under their shade a cool and chrysal stream, here where there is neither shade nor fountain near, they might, when I am no more, refresh the

weary traveller who faints under the heat of the sun. He said, and conducted hither one of his purest streams, and planted trees around it, whose fruits ripen at different seasons of the year. When the work was completed, he repaired to the temple of Apollo, and, offering sacrifices, he thus prayed—  
'Grant that the trees I have planted may flourish, god of Delos! so may the virtuous man, as he passes to thy temple, refresh himself under their shade.'

"Apollo listened graciously to his prayer. The following morning he awoke early, and looked from his window towards the path-way; he saw with amazement in the place, where he had planted the young suckers, a forest of full-grown trees. 'What do I see, ye gods,' cried he, 'my children, tell me, do I not dream? instead of the saplings I planted but yesterday, I see a forest of lofty trees. Transported with holy admiration we hastened to the place. We beheld the trees in full-grown beauty; their strong arms spread around, or were bowed down to the flowery turf by the rich weight of ripe fruits. "Oh, wonderful!" exclaimed the grey-haired Mycon, "shall I, even in the winter of my days walk under this shade?" And he rendered thanks and sacrifices to the god, who had thus bounteously granted even more than he petitioned.

"But, alas! not long did Mycon enjoy these shades: he died, and we entombed him here; that those, who rest beneath these trees, may bless with gratitude the ashes of their benefactor."

She was silent: touched with veneration and gratitude, we blessed the ashes of the virtuous man.

"Sweetly," said I, "has this stream, and sweetly this shade refreshed us: but still more pleasing to us is the tale thou hast so kindly related."

"Farewell! may the gods preserve thee."

We said, and full of pleasing and virtuous emotions, we pursued our way to the temple of Apollo.

## ERYTHIA.

## TITYRUS, AMYNTAS.

*Tityrus.* Let us go into the stream; the water will cool our feet, and the slender aspens and willows, arching, spread a shadow over us.

*Amyntas.* Willingly; subdued by this scorching heat, every thing languishes for coolness and repose.

*Tityrus.* Let us go to the place where the stream rushes headlong over the rock; it is shady and cool there; refreshing and delightful as bathing by moonlight in the cold waters.

*Amyntas.* Hark! I hear already the rushing of the falling stream: every creature appears to seek for happiness and refreshment in this shade. What a murmur! what a buzzing! what a chirping! what a various and delightful tumult whispers through this foliage, thou little swallow: wilt thou shew us the way? See how blithe it hops before us from stone to stone. Ah! see, what a bright sun-beam pours through the hollow trunk of that old willow, whose boughs are entwined by the clasping ivy and the honeysuckle. Dost thou mark that young kid asleep in the cavity? How slyly he has chosen out that delightful retreat for himself.

*Tityrus.* Thou remarkest every thing, except that we are arrived at the spot we intended to rest in.

*Amyntas.* Oh Pan! what a delightful place is this.

*Tityrus.* The rushing sheet of water, like a silvery tapestry, gently waved by the winds, covers the arched entrance of the cave, and the tangling briars and shrubs crown it with their clustering foliage. Come, let us pass behind the water-fall, and enter the grotto.

*Amyntas.* Ah! I shudder as the delightful chillness steals over me. See how the stream dashes

foaming at our feet, while, as it glitters in the sunbeams, every falling drop appears a spark of fire.

*Tityrus.* Let us seat ourselves on that mossy rock; our feet may then rest unwet on the stones that stand out of the water; here let us sit, while the stream, rushing over the entrance, encloses us in this delightful grot.

*Amyntas.* Never did I see so beautiful a place.

*Tityrus.* Beautiful indeed: it is consecrated to Pan; the shepherds avoid it at noon, for then they believe he delights to rest here. There is a tradition belonging to this stream; if thou wilt, I will sing it to thee.

*Amyntas.* Oh! sing it; we repose so comfortably here: reclined on this pillow of moss, and leaning against this rocky wall, I can listen with pleasure to thy song.

*Tityrus.* Fair, thou daughter of Eridanus! fairer than any of Diana's train, wert thou, oh! Erythia. Thy opening beauty was its earliest bloom; thy slender graceful form, scarce yet matured from infancy: pure innocence and virtue glowed on thy fair face, and modesty beamed from thy blue sparkling eye. Thy youthful bosom, as yet but gently swelling, gave promise of all the beauty of thy maturer age.

Erythia had chased the mountain-deer with her sister nymphs during the noon-tide heat, and, languid and faint with fatigue, she sought the neighbouring streamlet to quench her thirst. She poured the sparkling drops over her fair face and hands, and sipped with rosy lips the refreshing draught. As thus employed she bent over the stream, Pan watched her, hidden in a neighbouring thicket, and sudden love inflamed his breast. Unmarked he stole towards her, till the rustling of the shrubs behind her betrayed him: startled and alarmed, she sprang forward, and escaped his nervous arms that trembled with desire: already she felt their warmth as they were extended to clasp her; a rose leaf would have filled up the space between them and her waist. She bounded over the stream; she was light as the mountain-roe,

and fear made her as swift. He pursued her as she fled over the plain, like a swift wind that scarce bends the tops of the tender grass. But suddenly she paused, transfixed with horror; she stood upon the utmost verge of a precipice; she started and hesitated—and pale, and trembling, she contemplated the deep abyss below. “Oh Diana!” she exclaimed, in accents of despair, “protectress of chastity, save thy votary; let not an unchaste arm press this bosom devoted to thy law; save, oh, save me!” But the god was already close behind her; already she felt his fanning breath divide her hair; already his nervous arms encircled her waist. But the chaste goddess, foe to lawless love, had listened to Erythia’s ardent prayer, and, as he clasped her to his panting breast, changed to a crystal stream, she eluded his embrace; the limpid current rolled over his rugged form, as the spring-snow distils from the dark mountain’s brow; now trickling over his bosom and his arms, it meandered amid the flowery grass, and at length precipitating itself over the rocky height, it wandered murmuring through the vale below.

And such was the origin of Erythia, the pure stream.

### PALEMON.

HOW lovely shine the beams of morning through the hazle-bushes and wild-roses that overshadow my window. How gaily sings the swallow on the eaves of my cot, and the little lark, lost in the high air. All is gay and joyful, and every plant appears refreshed, renewed by the dew. Even I feel refreshed: my staff shall support my aged limbs to the threshold of my cot: there will I place myself to meet the rising sun, and overlook the green meadows.

How beautiful is all around! Every sound I hear breathes gratitude and joy. The birds in the pure air, and the shepherds in the pasture, sing their rapture: the lowing herds express their joy from the

grassy hills and dewy vales. How much longer, ye gods! shall I live to witness your goodness? Ninety times already have I seen the changing seasons; and when I look back from the present to the hour of my birth—a wide and lovely prospect, that towards the end loses itself insensibly, and mixes with the pure air—oh, how my heart expands with gratitude!

This rapture, this sensation, that my tongue cannot give utterance to, these tears of joy, ye gods! are they not too faint expressions of my gratitude to you? Ah! flow ye tears of rapture, flow down my cheeks. When I look back on my past days, it appears as if I had lived a long spring: my transient hours of trouble were like summer storms, that refresh the fields and plants: no fatal distemper ever thinned our fold; no blight destroyed our fruits, nor sorrow or sickness ever lingered long beneath our roof.

With rapture I looked forward to the future, while my children played around my knees, or my hand supported the lisping infant in its first attempts to walk: with tears of joy I looked forward to the future, when I saw them shoot up like young plants around me:—I will watch over them with the tenderest anxiety, I will guard them from all harm, said I, and the gods will reward my cares: they will grow up and prosper, and be as young trees, whose protecting shade shall be the solace of my age. The apple and pear trees, and the high walnut trees, that I planted round my hut, grew with my children, and now their lofty branches spread a refreshing shade over the little dwelling.

My first, my greatest sorrow, oh Mirta! was to lose thee; to see thee expire in my trembling arms: twelve times already has returning spring decked thy grave with flowers: but the day approaches, a joyful day, when my ashes shall rest by thine: the approaching night may perhaps unite me to thee for ever. Oh! I look with pleasure on my grey beard, as snowy white it descends on my breast. Yes—sport with my silver locks, thou little zephyr that frolickest around me; they are as worthy of thy caresses as the



golden hair of the gay youth, or the silken tresses that wave round the neck of the blooming maid.

This day shall be a day of joy to me; I will collect my children, and my children's children, in this place, and offer sacrifice to the gods. I will crown my furrowed temples with flowers; my weak hand shall strike the lyre, and I and my children will sing praises before the altar of our gods. I will deck our table with flowers, and with joy and gratitude we will eat of the sacrificed offering.—

So spake Palemon; and trembling he arose, supported by his staff, to call his children to the joyful festival.

### THE CARNATION.

A PLAT of carnations grows near the sweet-briar hedge in Daphne's garden; as she was walking there, she perceived one of its beautiful crimson-striped blossoms newly blown: she approached it, and, bending her fair face over the flower, inhaled its sweet perfume, while the flower waved itself as if to kiss her rosy lips.

Warm blushes mounted to my cheeks. Oh! thought I, might I but touch those sweet lips. Daphne left the spot, and I approached the flower.—Shall I, said I, shall I pluck the carnation which her lips have touched? its perfume would be more refreshing to me than dew to the flowers. I eagerly stretched out my hand to seize it: but no, said I, recollecting myself, I will not deprive her of the flower she loves: Daphne will place it on her bosom, and its fragrance will exhale around her, sweet as the perfumes which ascend Olympus, when sacrifices are offered to the goddess of beauty.

## THE MONUMENTS.

## DAPHNIS &amp; MYCON.

*Daphnis.* See, the goat is wading yonder into the marsh, and the sheep follow him: unwholesome weeds grow there among the slime, and reptiles swarm in the stagnant water. Let us drive them away.

*Mycon.* Simple animals! Trefoil and rosemary, and thyme, grow on this bank, and every bough is entwined with ivy; yet they have quitted it, and prefer that infectious marsh: but we ourselves act sometimes as they do; we pass by what is good, and fix upon what is hurtful for us.

*Daphnis.* See! the frogs leap about them, as they wade among the rushes: away, simpletons! away to the grassy bank. How they have sullied their white fleeces.

*Mycon.* So; now ye are in the right place: here ye may feed at liberty. But, tell me, Daphnis, do I not see marble columns lying amid the marsh? The noxious weeds, and rank sedge, wave over them. Yonder is a mouldering arch, completely overgrown with ivy; and thorns, and brambles, shoot from the crevices that time has made in it.

*Daphnis.* It was a monument.

*Mycon.* Oh yes; now I perceive the urn lying among the sedge: the figures engraven on it seem to rise from its sides. I see upon it fierce warriors, and furious steeds, who trample on the bodies of wounded men, stretched in the dust beneath. He never can have been a shepherd, whose ashes are enclosed amid such horrid images: nor can he have been beloved by the neighbourhood around, whose monument is suffered thus to decay. Posterity has paid but little honour to his memory, and few flowers have been strewed on the place of his rest.

*Daphnis.* He was a monster: he laid waste fertile fields, and made slaves of freemen. The horses of his warriors trampled down the springing corn: he strewed the desolate fields with the dead bodies of our forefathers. As a raging wolf attacks a defenceless flock, so he with his armed troops fell upon the innocent, who had never offended him. He gloried in his monstrous wickedness; he revelled in marble palaces, and himself erected this splendid memorial of his iniquity.

*Mycon.* Gods! he was indeed a monster: and what wretched folly, to erect a monument, that must to the latest ages perpetuate the remembrance of his crimes, and remind every one as they pass over this spot to curse his memory. His monument is now in ruins: his ashes are now blended with the filth of the marsh, and reptiles and toads breed now in the empty urn. It is ridiculous to see a frog sitting on the helmet of the mighty hero, or a snail crawling over his threatening sword.

*Daphnis.* What remains now of his guilty greatness? nothing, but the painful remembrance of his crimes, while the furies torment his wretched shade.

*Mycon.* And no one, no one breathes a prayer for him. Gods! how wretched is he who has thus stained himself with guilt. Even after his death his memory is held in abhorrence. No! if I could with one crime purchase the dominion of the whole earth, I would refuse it, and prefer rather to possess only two goats, with the blessed consciousness of innocence. One of them I would sacrifice to the gods, as an offering of gratitude to them, for having made me happy. He who has committed a crime, could not enjoy peace, though he possessed the whole world.

*Daphnis.* Let us leave this place, which presents only the most gloomy images. Come with me; I will shew thee a more pleasing monument, that of a virtuous man—of my father. Do thou, Alexis, in the mean time, tend our flocks.

*Mycon.* I will go with thee with pleasure, to pay a tribute to the memory of thy father, whose virtues

are beloved and revered by the whole neighbourhood.

*Daphnis.* Here, friend; the foot-path through this meadow will lead us to the spot; we are to pass by that hop-crowned image of the god Terminus.

They pursued their way; to the left of the narrow path-way lay a meadow, whose luxuriant grass rose up as high as the waist; and on the right was a corn field, whose ripe and yellow ears waved above their heads. The path led to a peaceful spot, shaded by beautiful fruit trees, which surrounded a neat and convenient cottage. Beneath this delightful shade Daphnis placed a little table, and set upon it a basket of fresh fruits, and a flaggon of the coolest wine.

*Mycon.* Tell me, Daphnis, where is the monument of thy father, that I may pour the first cup of this wine, as a libation to his virtuous spirit?

*Daphnis.* Here, friend! pour it beneath this peaceful shade. All that thou seest around thee is the monument of his virtues. This ground was desolate and uncultivated; his industry tilled these fields, and his hand planted the fruit trees, whose branches overshadow us. We, his children, and our latest posterity, shall bless his memory;—and the blessings of those, who are relieved by our affluence, shall descend on his ashes. For prosperity rests on these fields and these meadows, and peace descends with this sacred shade upon us.

*Mycon.* Benevolent man! I pour this libation to thy memory. That is indeed a monument worthy of thy virtues, which affords subsistence and comfort to thy deserving posterity, and continues even after thy death, thy power of relieving and assisting thy fellow-creatures.

## THE AUTUMNAL LANDSCAPE.

## TITYRUS &amp; MELIBŒUS.

THE silver-haired Melibœus reclined on the brow of a little hill, in the mild sun-beams, lost in pleasing yet pensive musing, as he gazed upon the autumnal prospect beneath him. His youngest son, Tityrus, had stood some time unremarked beside him; he had listened to the old man's sighs of pleasure, and hung over him with affectionate delight. "Father," at last he said, in gentle accents, "how sweet must be thy reflections! I have long been considering thee, while thy eyes wandered over the autumnal landscape; I have heard thy sighs of pleasure: father, grant me one request!"

*Melibœus.* Name thy request, my beloved child; and seat thyself beside me, that I may kiss thee.

Tityrus placed himself by his father, and the old man kissed tenderly his son's cheek. "Father," continued the youth, "my eldest brother has told me—(for often while we sit by our flocks in the shade, we talk of thee, till the tears, tears of joy, bedew our cheeks)—he has told me, that once the whole hamlet acknowledged thee as the best singer belonging to it, and that thou hast won many prizes in the trials of song. Oh! wouldst thou now sing me a song? now, when the landscape beneath us appears to have delighted thee so much. Grant me, father, grant me this request."

Melibœus answered him smiling, "I will try if the muses still love me, who have so often assisted me to win the prize; I will sing thee a song." His eyes glanced once more on the scene beneath him, and he began—

Hear me, ye muses! hear my powerless voice: in the spring of my days ye have been ever propitious to

me, by the rushing stream, and in the shadowy thicket. Oh! once more attend my call, and in my feeble age let me succeed in this song.

What a soft rapture flows over my soul, as I contemplate thee, thou autumnal scene! how gaily decked is the expiring year!—Yellow are the poplars and the willows that droop over the stream; yellow are the apple and pear trees that are planted on the russet hills and the green turf.

The autumnal hedge is variegated like the meadow in spring, when it is enamelled with flowers. A red russet hue extends over the hill and the valley, relieved only by the dark evergreen firs and fig-trees. The yellow leaves already rustle under the feet of the traveller; and the cattle wander, earnestly gazing on the withered grass, in which no floweret blooms, save the red daisy, the lonely messenger of winter.

Now comes the repose of winter, ye trees! ye have afforded us ripe fruit, and refreshed the shepherd and the flock with your protecting shade: Oh! may none descend to the quiet slumber of the grave, without having, like you, borne sweet fruit, and afforded a protecting shade to all who needed it. My son, a blessing rests upon the hut of the virtuous man, and upon his fields. When he offers sacrifice, the fragrant incense ascends Olympus, and the gods listen graciously to his prayers and supplications. The owl sings not to him of sorrow and misfortune; nor does the melancholy croaking night-raven disturb his slumbers. He dwells secure beneath his peaceful roof: the friendly household gods observe his benevolent actions, they listen to his mild conversation, and bless him.

Some troubled days, indeed, deform the spring, and some stormy clouds overshadow the bright summer sky: murmur not, therefore, my son, if Jove, in thy span of life, should include some hours of sorrow. Forget not my precepts, my child! I go before thee to the grave.

Oh! spare, ye rude winds, spare the bright ornaments of autumn: let soft gales, gently playing, rob

slowly the dying leaves from the trees; and let me longer gaze on the beauties of the variegated landscape. Perhaps, when thou returnest, fair autumn! — perhaps, I shall see thee no more! Oh! which of these trees shall strew its withering foliage o'er my peaceful grave?—

So sung the old man; and Tityrus, pressing his father's hand to his lips, bedewed it with his tears.

### THE VOYAGE.

SWIFT from my sight retires the less'ning vessel,  
That bears my Delia from these shores away;  
May loves on rosy pinions hover o'er her,  
And mildest, gentlest zephyrs round her play!

Ye waves! break soft against the gliding vessel,  
Beneath her musing eye, oh! gently move;  
Lest aught of noise recall her wandering fancy,  
And chase the thought that dwells on me and love.

Ye birds, that haunt the shore's sequestered bowers,  
For Delia pour your sweetest, tenderest lay!  
Breathe soft, ye dying gales! ye shrubs, ye flowers,  
Oh! bow your fragile heads, and court her stay.

Calm and unruffled be thy surface, ocean!  
Each wave at peace, and hushed each boisterous wind  
Oh! never to thy restless, trembling motion,  
Was nymph so sweet, so wonderful fair, consigned.

Oh! not more pure upon thy crystal mirror,  
The golden sun's bright orb resplendent glows:  
Oh! not more beauteous, thro' thy foam-white billows,  
Thy goddess daughter first transcendant rose.

When with soft grace she steered her pearly chariot,  
While the charmed sea-gods gazed entranced around ;  
Hushed their rude sports, and calmed their dashing  
waters,  
Nor marked their blue-eyed nymphs with sedges  
crowned.

They marked not eyes where jealous passion glistened,  
They saw not lips where played the smiles of scorn :  
Their ardent gaze pursued the beauteous goddess,  
Till the rude shore concealed her lovely form.

## THE WOODEN LEG.

### A SWISS IDYL.

UPON the mountains from whence the Rautisbach rushes headlong into the valley, a young shepherd fed his flocks : his pipe called on the seven-fold echoes of the rocky cliffs to repeat its soft tones, or made the vallies resound with its merry notes. As once he sat upon the mountain's brow, he perceived an old man slowly ascending its side. His tresses were silver white ; he walked feebly, and bent over his staff, for one of his legs were of wood. At length he reached the young shepherd, and seated himself on the cliff beside him. The youth looked on him with astonishment, and gazed on his wooden leg, as it lay stretched before him on the grass.

" Child !" said the old man with a smile, " perhaps thou think'st, that with such a leg as this, I might as well have remained in the valley. Yet I ascend this mountain once every year. This wooden leg, miserable as it appears, is more honourable to me than two sound ones are often to others."

" More honourable it may be, father," said the youth ; " yet I think it can scarce be so useful. But you are fatigued ; shall I bring you a cool draught from the spring that trickles down the rock ?"



*The old man.* Thou art a good youth; a draught of cold water will refresh me. Go, and fetch it, and then I will relate to thee the history of my wooden leg.

The young shepherd ran, and returned with a fresh draught from the stream; and, after the old man had drank it, he said—"Ye may bless the gods, and return thanks to your parents, young man, when you see them marked with scars, or maimed as I am; for to their courage do you owe your present blessings: but for that, you might have hid your heads in shame, instead of thus cheerfully meeting the eye of day, and calling on the mountain echoes to repeat your merry notes. Mirth and joy resounds now through these vallies, and hill to hill repeats your cheerful songs. Liberty, liberty blesses the happy land. Whatever our eyes behold of hill or valley, is our own: with alacrity we raise the hut, or sow the grain, for the plains we inhabit are our own; and in joy we reap the produce of our toil.

*The shepherd.* He does not deserve the blessings of freedom, who can forget with how much blood his forefathers have purchased them.

*The old man.* No, my son! and who would not defend them with the same bravery that they did.

Since\* that bloody day, I once every year ascend this mountain: I feel but too plainly, that this is the last time I shall visit it. From this rock I can discern the whole order of the battle, in which our liberty was won. See, from that side the foe advanced: many thousand spears glittered yonder in the sun, and full two hundred horsemen in warlike pride. Their dark plumes waved over their polished helmets, and the earth trembled under their horses' hoofs. At one time, our little army was nearly scat-

\* The battle of Nafels, in the canton of Glaris, fought in 1388. See a minute and interesting account of it in Planta's History of the Helvetic Confederacy. Vol. I. c. x. p. 310.

tered ; lamentations resounded through the air, and the smoke of Nafels, in flames, filled the valley, and rested in heavy volumes on the mountains: when suddenly our leader, rallying his scattered forces, appeared with a small body of them at the foot of that hill. He placed himself exactly there, where the two silvery pines bend over the rock. I think I see him as he stood in valiant pride, and cheered his scattered soldiers with his voice ; I see him wave his floating banner on high, which rustled through the air like the blast that precedes a hurricane. His soldiers flew from all sides to him. Dost thou see those torrents which rush down the mountain ? stones, rocks, and trees, in vain oppose their course ; they overleap or overturn them, in their headlong way, and at length meet and collect into the lake below. Thus our scattered troops hastened to their leader's standard ; thus they forced their way through the enemy's ranks, and pressing round their hero, they swore a solemn oath, to conquer or to die in the attempt. In embattled order, the enemy now pressed upon us : eleven times had we attacked them, and at length were obliged to retreat to the shelter of the protecting mountain : there we stood ranged in the closest order, firm and impenetrable as the rock behind us. At length reinforced by thirty valiant Swiss, we fell with renewed courage on the enemy : as some huge fragment of a rock or mountain descends upon the forest, and with a tremendous crash breaks down the lofty trees that oppose its way. The enemy fled on all sides ; horse and foot pressed with horrible disorder on each other, as they sought to escape our rage : we followed, in all the fury of pursuit, and trampled over the dying and the dead, to spread destruction further. I was amongst the foremost, when, in the tumult, an enemy struck me to the ground, and his horse trampling on my leg, I remained immovable. A soldier, who fought beside me, looked back, and seeing my situation, took me in his arms, and bore me from amidst the slaughter. A holy father was offering up his orisons for our success, on a rock

at a little distance. Take care of him, said my deliverer, laying me beside him; he has fought like a man. He said, and ran back into the battle. The victory was ours! my child, it was ours!

But many of our friends lay stretched amidst the heaps of the enemy; like weary labourers, who repose on the sheaves their hands have reaped. I was carefully attended, and was cured. But I never knew my deliverer, never was able to thank him for the life he had preserved. In vain have I sought him, in vain made vows and pilgrimages that some saint or angel might discover him to me; alas! now I shall never thank him in this world!—

The young shepherd had listened to him with tears in his eyes: “Alas, father! no, thou wilt never thank him in this world.” The old man exclaimed, with astonishment, “What dost thou say? did'st thou know my benefactor?”

*The shepherd.* I am much deceived, or he was my father. I have often heard him relate the history of that battle, and say—I wonder if that man lives who fought so bravely by my side, and whom I carried from the field.

*The old man.* O, all ye saints! and was that generous man really thy father?

*The shepherd.* He had a scar here (pointing to his left cheek), he had been wounded by a spear; perhaps before he bore thee from the battle.

*The old man.* His cheek was bleeding when he carried me off. O, my child! my son! (embracing him.)

*The shepherd.* He died two years ago; and, as he was poor, I am obliged to earn a scanty subsistence by feeding these flocks.

*The old man.* God be thanked! I can in some slight degree requite his benevolence. Come, my son! leave to another the care of thy flock, and follow me to my dwelling.—


They descended into the valley, and soon reached the cottage of the old man. He was rich in flocks

and herds, and one beautiful daughter was his only heir.

“ Child !” said he to her, “ the man who saved my life was the father of this youth. If thou canst love him, I shall rejoice in your union.” The youth was fair ; his yellow hair curled over his rosy cheeks, and candour and modesty beamed from his dark sparkling eyes. With bashful timidity the maiden required three days to consider her father’s proposal : but the third appeared a very long one to her. She gave the youth her hand. The old man shed tears of joy. “ My blessing rest upon ye, my children,” said he ; “ now, now indeed I am truly happy !”

END OF THE IDYLS.

THE  
FIRST NAVIGATOR.



PART THE FIRST.

**M**ANY years of sorrow had passed away, since the fatal night in which the promontory where Mylon's cottage stood was severed by an earthquake from the main land, and the sea poured its billows over the green meads which had once united them. The solitary dwelling stood thus on a little island, so far from the continent, that even when the winds and waves were hushed, the lonely inhabitants could not distinguish the loud lowing of the cattle that strayed on the blue distant shores. Thus deprived of all the pleasures which social affection and friendship had once afforded her, Semira spent her solitary days: death had some time since robbed her of the partner of her love: a daughter still remained to her; and no society gladdened or cheered their lonely hours, save the birds who flew around them, or the little flock which afforded them subsistence.

Unseen by the admiring eye of man, Melida, her daughter, bloomed in youthful beauty. Amid the gay sports, or in the roundel dances of the nymphs, among the fairest, she might have been considered the most fair. She was lovelier than the young cherry-tree, when for the first time it expands its snowy blossoms.

Semira, anxious to spare her daughter every anxiety that might embitter her solitude, and fearful of awakening a desire for pleasures from which she appeared for ever excluded, had carefully abstained from speaking to her of the social and domestic joys she had tasted on the opposite shore. Yet she nourished the remembrance of them in her breast, and day after day she retired to Mylon's grave, and there poured forth her tears and lamentations: "Oh, thou art gone!" exclaimed she, in a voice interrupted by sobs; "thou art no more, thou comfort of my life! thou protector of our misery! helpless, forsaken, surrounded by the raging ocean, what a dreadful fate awaits us! no friendly eye compassionates our griefs: all human assistance is denied us. Oh, that I could see thee expire, Melida, my beloved daughter! Alas! so extreme is my misery, that this is the most earnest wish of my heart. My feeble years are drawing to a close, and thou in thy blooming youth will be left helpless and alone. Dreadful contemplation! alone, surrounded by the dashing billows, with no companion but thy grief, thy lamentations. No human voice will ever greet thine ear: the sweet sounds of domestic love and affection will never cheer thee: no lisping infant ever bless thee with a mother's name. No sounds of joy will ever echo through these solitary wastes: the voice of thy mourning will alone resound from these rocky cliffs, and amid the gloomy shade of these trees: slow care and sorrow will consume thy youth: thou wilt expire comfortless; the attentions of affection, and the tears of love, will never soothe thy dying hour. Thy corpse will remain unburied, and moulder beneath the scorching sun; or, horrible thought! be a prey to the birds of heaven. O echo not my plaints, ye mountain cliffs! conceal my wretchedness, ye dark solitary shades! that she may still some time longer enjoy her happy ignorance, nor know nor guess the extent of the misery that awaits her."

In the mean time Melida amused herself with sporting among the young lambs: they needed no

protector; the surging billows prevented them from wandering, and enclosed them within their little pasture: or she trained the fragrant shrubs, and arched them into a shady bower. She was the protectress of plants; and not a flower bowed its silken head, oppressed by the wind or the sun, but she refreshed it, and brought a prop to support its fragile stalk. She taught a little rill to wander among her flowers: it ran murmuring over the pebbles, or collected itself into little pools. She had planted a double row of fruit-trees round the little island, beneath whose tender shade she wandered in solitude, fair as the fabled Venus in Idalian bowers. And she had ornamented a cave in a rock on the shore (for solitude is fruitful in expedients to divert its lassitude), and had decked it with crimson sea-weeds, and with the shells which the playful billows had strewed on the sand. Their rosy tints and glowing hues brightened the rocky walls; and one of the largest of them received the sparkling drops which fell with a pleasing murmur from the arched roof. A jasmine stood at the entrance of the cave, and shed a delicious perfume from its snowy flowers. Amid such innocent amusements, the hours flew swiftly and unheeded away, and Melida felt not that she was alone. But now that sixteen summers had passed over her, she began at length to experience that she was in solitude. Musing and dejected she wandered in the grove; or seated beneath her favourite shade, thus gave utterance to her secret thoughts.

“ Wherefore have the gods placed us in the midst of this dreary solitude? More unfortunate than all other beings: wherefore were we created, and why do we continue to exist? Oh, I feel (or wherefore this anxiety, this restlessness, as if something were wanting necessary to my very existence), I feel that I was not formed to live in total solitude! Some peculiar accident must have placed us in this situation: something that my mother conceals from me. I see it; some fatal mystery hangs ever over her brow, and when I attempt to investigate it, tears tremble in

her eyes, which she in vain attempts to repress: she bids me trust to the wisdom of the gods, and tranquilly await my fate from their hands. I will not attempt to unravel this mystery: in silent resignation I will await my fate, however dark and mysterious is the aspect it wears."

Often would she fix her eyes in melancholy contemplation on the wide ocean. "Oh, ye dark rolling waves!" she said, "is this little point, this island—Alas! how small in comparison with your immeasurable extent, is it the only land your waters surround? or do ye not wash some other shore, too far distant for my eyes to distinguish? My mother denies it, but her silent grief contradicts her words. Oh surely! surely some other land diversifies your wide, your boundless plain. Or what is that, which like a low-hung cloud rests in a long line, immovable, on the utmost, farthest verge of your waters? Perhaps my imagination has deceived me, but often, in the stillness of evening, methinks I have heard the sweet sounds of distant voices, faintly echoing over your waves. Oh, it is another land! what else can it be? and though from hence it appears so little, 'tis but the distance from which I view it that deceives my eye. Yes, I have marked it often; the distant waves too appear little: and when I look back on it from the farthest end of the island, our cottage seems much smaller than it is. And if that is a land like this, enriched with flowery meads and fruitful trees, there must be creatures also to enjoy them: but perhaps they are different from those upon this island; perhaps too, I should find there no beings like myself, none that could better serve as society to me than my sheep do here. But if it were—oh, the very thought makes my heart beat! if it were a land inhabited by beings like myself; and if there were many, many of them, as there are many birds and sheep upon this island; and if they could rejoice together as the numerous birds rejoice, or sport and play as my young lambs do with each other!—Oh happy, happy creatures!—Leave me, leave me, too charming



thoughts! Ah! whither will ye lead me, and abandon me at length to regret and disappointment. Oh ye waves! if ye break against that shore, whisper to the fortunate inhabitants, that an unhappy maid weeps and laments on the banks of this lonely island.

“Fly me, fly me, ye sweet, ye seducing thoughts! Alas! ye only render me more comfortless.”

Often did she exclaim to Semira—But tell me, dearest mother, why do we two ever continue alone? all other creatures become more numerous: the plants put forth young shoots, and every year our flock increases. How joyfully the young lambs sport about and rejoice in their new being! and the birds! Ah! it was but lately that I found a beautiful nest which two of them had built, and they had laid four little eggs in it. How carefully one of the birds covered them with their wings, while the other sat upon a neighbouring bough, and cheered her with a song. I went every day to look at the nest, and at length I saw, instead of the eggs, four little unfeathered birds in it. The old ones flew around them with increased pleasure, and brought the nestlings food in their beaks, which they received, and twittered with joy. By degrees they became fledged, and flapped their feeble wings, and crept from the nest, to perch on the bough which hung over it. The old birds flew before them, to instruct them and encourage them: Oh, my mother! how delightful it was to see them. The nestlings waved their wings as if they would have flown, but soon closed them and dared not venture. At length the boldest among them spread his wings, and alighted in safety. He sung for joy that he had succeeded so well, and seemed to call to his timid companions: at length they ventured also; now they fluttered around, and sang with common joy and exultation. Oh, dear mother! a strange thought rose then in my breast—why is such pleasure denied to us?”

Semira, distressed and confused, knew not how to answer her: “I am myself as ignorant as thou art, my child; cease to indulge in these idle thoughts, which

will embitter thy life, and destroy thy repose: seek not to investigate the mystery which the gods conceal from thee. Rely on them, who alone can tell what is to become of us, and who will sooner or later direct our fate as it seems best to their supreme wisdom. Thou wilt make me angry, if thou indulgest any longer this unprofitable idleness. Attend to our flowers, play with thy lambs, and do not harass the gods with conjectures, and me with questions which I cannot answer. Since these strange fancies have taken possession of thee, thou art no longer assiduous in inventing amusements to cheat the slow hours: thou art now only industrious in tormenting thyself and me. Thou hast ceased to decorate thy grotto, and thy flowers droop, deprived of thy care."

Thus Semira lived with her daughter in solitude and anxiety. But the gods listened to her supplications, and resolved at length to reward her sufferings. In the council of the gods, Cupid took the pleasing task upon himself, for who among them knows so well as he to make a maiden happy?

Upon the main land opposite the island, there dwelt a youth, whose graceful and majestic form might have caused him to be mistaken for a god, when he wandered through the meadow, or under the shade of the grove. Often had his father related to him the occurrences of that dreadful night, which filled the whole country with horror. "Thou seest that dark spot yonder in the midst of the waters, said he (pointing to the island, which was just distinguishable from their hut), a long and narrow neck of land once stretched into the sea, and at the farthest extremity of it, there dwelt a virtuous pair, Mylon and Semira. A wide extent of meads and fields lay before it, and joined it to our shore, and numerous flocks and herds grazed upon each shore of the promontory. The greatest blessing and joy of Mylon and Semira, was an infant-daughter, a miracle of beauty and sweetness. The women came from the most distant parts of the country to see this lovely infant; they brought her little presents, and

blessed her happy mother. But I shudder, when I think of the dreadful fate which awaited this hapless pair. At midnight, the whole country was alarmed by a tremendous crash, loud as a thousand peals of thunder. The earth trembled, the sea raged, and rose in horrible tumult above its shores. The voice of horror and lamentation echoed through the darkness of night: none could tell the cause of the destruction which surrounded us: trembling and full of horror we awaited the dawn; twilight came, and disclosed a scene of dreadful devastation; the sea ran mountains high; and the meads, which once united the promontory to our shores, were buried beneath its foaming waters. When the morning's rosy light beamed upon the settling waves, we discovered yonder island; and one among us, whom the gods had endowed with stronger sight than the rest, believed he could distinguish Mylon's hut and the trees that surrounded it.

"Perhaps he still survives there with his wife: perhaps Melida (that was the name of the lovely infant) wanders amid those solitary shades, the fairest maid that ever human eye beheld."

This relation made a deep impression on the mind of the youth; and often did he linger on the shore, and muse on the fate of the inhabitants of the little island. Once, when the soft murmur of the waves had lulled him into slumber, Cupid descended to him, and hovering over him, and fanning him with his dewy wings, that the noon-day heat might not awaken him, he presented to him the following dream:

He thought he stood on the shore of the island, and beheld little love-gods fluttering among the shade with melancholy gestures, or mourning on the bending boughs and drooping flowers. As he gazed intent on the scene before him, he beheld, advancing with slow step through the tufted thicket, a maiden, fair as love and imagination can portray: she seemed wrapped in deep thought; her slender form was bent in meditation, and she passed along in pensive loveli-

ness. A part of her luxuriant light hair flowed over her shoulders, and on the brilliant whitencess of her neck and bosom; and a part was fastened in a knot with negligent simplicity, and confined by a wreath of myrtle: her cheeks were pale, and looked like gathered roses expiring on a maiden's breast. Her large blue eyes swam in tears. She passed on, and heeded not the zephyr which played with her robe, nor the rosy fruit which hung on every side, nor the beauteous flowers which sprang beneath her feet, and offered up their richest perfumes to charm her. She bent her steps towards the shore; she gazed with melancholy eyes on the distant land, just perceptible through the blue mists that hung over the tide: she raised her snowy arms, and appeared to supplicate assistance. The youth imagined he passed over the water, and hastened to her. He thought Cupid received him on the shady shore, and led the fair one to his arms; while little love-gods, sporting around, crowned them with flowers, and fanned them with their perfumed wings. The slumberer's heart beat quick, his cheek glowed with deeper crimson, and his raised arms embraced the yielding air. The effort awakened him—he lay long in delightful ecstasy. "Where am I," at length he cried; "is she gone? is she fled from my embrace? Alas! I lie on the shore; yonder, far distant is the island: a dream has bereaved me of my peace, has deprived me of my comfort for ever."

He now loved more than ever to muse on the shore; he sighed, as he wandered with pensive steps, or reclining on the sand, gazed over the dancing waves at the distant island. Often at midnight, when the moon shed her soft light around, and a hallowed silence reigned uninterrupted, save by the low murmur of the dashing waves, he stood on the farthest verge of the shore, and listened if no faint sounds broke on his ear from the distant island. Often did he think he heard the sounds of lamentation, or the tones of a lovely voice: for of what cannot love and imagination persuade their votaries? Sometimes he called, and imagined

an answering voice reached his ear through the wide distance. And sometimes he believed he perceived a taper's light, or the reflection of a fire on the island; when only some setting star glimmered behind it in the verge of heaven.

"Perhaps," said he, "she sits there pensive, by the solitary flame; and, musing over her desolate fate, consumes her nightly hours in sighs and tears. Ye winds! oh had I but your wings! fly, hasten to that solitary shore; whisper to the sweet sufferer that I sigh, I languish on this distant coast.

"But whither," said he often to himself, "whither is my reason flown? Wretch that I am, what is it that I love? A dream, an idle dream. I sunk in sleep here, and my imagination placed before mine eyes an image fairer indeed, much fairer than any I had till that day seen: I awoke; but, alas! it vanished not like a dream; deep and indelibly is it impressed on my heart: it reigns over my whole soul. A vision, a shade, that perhaps never in this world had existence, is the object of my passion; is the form which pursues me in all my employments; which, when I wander, wanders by my side, which nourishes in my heart a consuming flame, and leads me with an irresistible power to this solitary shore. Oh shame to thee, weak one! seek to recover thy reason. Be again what thou wert formerly: placid and contented in thy sports, industrious and inventive at thy labour. Go, smile at thy folly: forsake this shore, and return thanks to the gods that thou art not already the ridicule of thy countrymen."

But in vain he struggled with his passion; in vain he resolved to avoid the shore: amid his most pleasing sports the beauteous vision still hovered in his sight: some invisible power seemed ever to conduct him to his favourite spot. "Ye gods!" at length he cried, "shall this hopeless passion be the torment of my existence? Shall a phantom, a dream, thus embitter my youthful days, and mark with ceaseless anxiety the fairest hours of my life? This can be no vision, such as the musing fancy sometimes engen-

ders: my imagination never reached such an idea of beauty and perfection, as was that day presented to my sight. Some divinity surely inspired the dream; but with what intention I cannot possibly divine.

“ If the fair creature really exists on that solitary island, wherefore did he, by presenting her form to me in a dream, condemn me to pine with hopeless passion for her? why has he denied me all hopes all assistance, all means of visiting that distant shore! Since it is impossible to gain that land by swimming, what human wisdom can assist me to reach it? The gods have indeed endowed man with courage and invention, and have left him free to employ his noble strength to the best purposes; but what courage can enable me to walk upon the waves of the sea? what invention can assist me to sweep like a sea-gull over the foaming billows?”

Often did he sit deeply musing on the shore, racking his thoughts for some invention which might enable him to accomplish his wishes: for to those days the arts of navigation were totally unknown. What inducements had they to visit a distant shore, who possessed their own food for their cattle, and fruits, flowers, and clear water in an abundance sufficient to supply their every want? Long did the youth meditate in vain, and many a plan did he invent and reject. At length, as one evening he gazed on the waters, he perceived something floating upon them, which the waves gradually brought towards him. Joy and hope flashed in his sparkling eyes as it approached him, and he perceived it was the hollow trunk of a tree, and that a timid rabbit, pursued by some enemy from the shore, had rescued itself by trusting to the floating habitation. It sat secure in the little cavity; a leafy bough bent over it and covered it with its shade, a soft gale wafted the trunk towards the gazing youth: a presentiment of success flashed upon him: he leapt with pleasure and rapture. Then musing, he attempted to pursue more steadily the confused idea, which, like a vision of the

night, now vanished, and now arose again more distinctly in his imagination. He dragged the hollow tree to the dry sand, determined at morning to commence the plan, which lay as yet half-formed in his mind. Hope and anxiety were his companions till the dawn, when he hastened, armed with the few and simple tools, which their happy simplicity had as yet taught men the use of, to commence his undertaking.

"I have often seen," said he, "some hollow leaf of the bower float on the smooth surface of the water, the butterflies which fluttered over the pool have placed themselves upon it, and passed over without wetting their tender feet. I will now try (nature has already done one half of the work for me) to hollow out this tree so far that I may be able to sit in it with ease." Thus he spoke, as joyfully he began his work. "Oh thou!" he exclaimed, "whoever thou art, thou mild divinity, who presented the beauteous vision which floats incessantly before my sight, hear, oh! hear my supplication; prosper my undertaking."

Often pausing from his labour, he gazed on the island, and said, "Oh! thou fairest among mortals, what is there so difficult that love cannot accomplish? what danger so great that love will not brave? what sweet, what delicious hopes float before my fancy; how canst thou, when I arrive on thy shore, how canst thou refuse thy love to me? to me, who have braved for thy sake the abysses of the sea. Did love ever inspire a bolder deed?"

Sometimes he ceased, dispirited from his work: "Fool that I am," he exclaimed, "how vain, how ridiculous is my labour; what if some passer-by should ask of me, 'Friend, what art thou employed in?' how should I tell him in answer, I am hollowing out this tree to place myself in it, and to swim in it over the wide ocean. 'Who is the unfeeling parent,' he would say, 'who thus regardless leaves his wretched son to the dangerous suggestions of his frenzy.'" Thus spoke the youth, and gazed mournfully on his work: "but even," he continued, "if I should

not succeed, I shall at least only have wasted a few idle hours. Shall I not risk these even for my love? some human beings surely inhabit that island; my father's relation rendered this probable; and the dream which a god, a divinity, presented to my imagination, makes it certain. And if she dwells there, Heavens! how helpless, how forsaken must she be; if her parents were dead, or should they die, and she remain alone in the island to pine away her hours in comfortless solitude, and to consume her youth and beauty in grief and despair. Oh! not love alone, compassion urges me to attempt all to rescue her." Thus did he sometimes lose, and always regain his courage.

Ere many days had elapsed, he had hollowed out the trunk, and it had assumed the perfect form of a vessel. He now dragged it to a little bay in the shore, where the rising banks protected it from the winds. Then pushing his vessel into the water, he seated himself in the middle of it; he resigned himself to the guidance of the waves, and anxiously observed the good and evil success of his undertaking. The waves bore him gently back to the shore: he recommenced his work, made many improvements, and many new attempts. "The half of my labour is indeed accomplished," said he, "but what means have I of guiding the vessel as I wish? If it is to float at the mercy of the winds and waves, it were madness to expect ever to gain the island." A hundred expedients rose in his fancy, and were successively rejected. At length he said, "The swan guides her course with broad out-stretched feet: a beast has taught me to trust myself to the cavity of a tree; perhaps a bird may instruct me to direct its course. What if I were to make myself feet of wood, broad as those with which the swan cleaves the water, and if I were to move one with each hand on either side the hollow bark?" Delighted with this idea, he hastened to execute it, and soon he had cut two proper pieces of wood into the form of oars. He then ran to the vessel, and though his first efforts were unsuc-



cessful, yet by carefully observing the manner in which the aquatic birds steered their course, he made every day some advance in the art of navigation.

For some time he confined himself within the little bay : but at length grown bolder and more expert, he launched his vessel into the open sea : he guided it in safety back to the shore, and leaping on the beach, exclaimed with ecstasy, “ Oh joy ! I have succeeded in this bold attempt : to-morrow, with the first beams of the morning, I will embark, and if the winds are favourable, I will trust myself to the wide ocean in my little bark. My undertaking is indeed hazardous, but tormenting and insupportable is the anxiety my passion inflicts on me : and he must be a coward, who hesitates to brave a danger, which may in the end secure to him comfort and help in his misfortunes.”

He now anchored his vessel within the little bay, and returned (for the shades of night had descended) to his hut.

END OF PART I.

THE  
FIRST NAVIGATOR.



PART THE SECOND.

UNSEEN by the youth, Cupid had watched over his labour, and had inspired him with courage to pursue his arduous undertaking. He now flew on swift pinions through the dewy night, and by the soft moon-light he sought the distant island where dwelt Æolus, the god of winds. From afar, the wild raging of the winds, imprisoned within their rocky caverns, burst on his ear, loud as the roar of a cataract: he alighted on a rock which projected far out of the ocean, and found Æolus reclining against a cliff at the entrance of his cave. The winds, on rushing pinions, flew around him; they listened obedient to his commands, whether he bade them rage in the bosom of the deep, or howl among the hills, or burst in tempests over the heads of the guilty. The zephyrs too obeyed him; they fanned the humble cot and the fresh meads, or cooled the weary labourer as he toiled, or sported amidst the thickets and groves. But now he heeded them not: pensively reclining against the dew-dropping cliff, he leant his arm on his knee, and one hand entwined in his hair, supported his head. He sat full of care and anxiety, and gazed on the waves, as they danced sparkling in the moon-light. Love was the cause of his care; love, inspired by one of the fairest nymphs of the ocean. Cupid, as once he passed, and saw him reclining in careless indolence on his rocky couch, had wounded him with

one of his keenest arrows. Cytherea's son heard from a distance the voice of his complaining, and alighted on a neighbouring cliff to listen to his lamentation.

"Oh thou," he said, "who art fairest among all the train of Thetis, loveliest of the nymphs of the ocean, shall my sufferings, my grief, ever pass unrewarded by thy love or compassion? Alas! too long have I languished: in vain the obedient winds bear to thine ear my sighs and my complainings: thou heedest me not, as weeping I recline in my cave, or gaze with wistful eyes upon thee as thou passest, borne by the crystal billows that reflect thy snowy bosom. What transport thrills me, when I behold thee sporting with thy sister-nymphs, while the white waves foam around you, and the sparkling water distils from your crowns of crimson sea-weed. But what raging jealousy inflames my breast, when the sedge-crowned sea gods mix in your wanton sports, when you pursue them with your rods of reeds, while the pursuer often suddenly turning, clasps you in his nervous arms. Soon gliding from his embrace, you hasten from him, and, plunging beneath the waves, laughing evade his eager search: but, gods! what rage transports me, when he pursues thee, and sometimes suddenly seizing thee, amid wild bursts of laughter, raises thy shrinking, thy lovely form upon his dripping shoulders. I rave—I stamp—but thou smilest, thou forgivest his rashness; and forgettest the tortures which consume my bosom: my nervous arm has already seized a huge fragment of the rock to crush the hated wretch: already have I called the raging winds to shroud in tempests the detested scene. But the fear of offending thee unnerves my arm; the rock escapes from my grasp; I chase the winds back to their echoing cells, and abandon myself to grief and despair. My longing eyes for ever seek thee, and when at midnight the dashing of the waves awakens me, I fancy it is thee sporting near the shore; I call thee, alas! in vain; and curse the darkness that conceals thee from me. Oh, that thou wert of mortal birth! the false waves hinder me from following thee where-

ever thou goest; from pursuing thee continually with my prayers and tears. Come, oh! come to this shore: here are delightful caves; my softest gales shall fan thee, and bring thee perfumes from every quarter of the earth; and beneath their enlivening breath, a refreshing shade shall wave around thee. Come, be the queen of the winds; come, lovely as in that hour when I first saw thee on my shores: when thou reclined'st on the verdant turf, while thy snowy limbs glistened in the sun, and the sparkling drops distilled through the grass around thee, as the morning dew flows over the fresh rose. Come, oh! come, never to leave me more; never to fly me as thou didst on that day, when, as I approached thee, thou plunged'st beneath the waves, and abandoned me to all the torments of unrequited love.

Thus mourned the king of winds as Cupid approached him. "I have listened to thy complaints, thou ruler of the storms," said he; "I am the son of the snowy-bosomed Venus; and have power to ease thy torments. I swear to thee by high Olympus, that if thou wilt grant my request, I will pierce with one of my keenest darts the coy lovely daughter of Nereus. She shall come blushing with modest passion to thy shore, and repay with soft caresses, every pang thou hast endured."

Æolus answered with delightful surprise, "Son of the all-powerful Venus, speak thy request; no common service can requite the supreme delight thou hast so sacredly promised me."

"Listen to my petition," answered the god of love; "imprison every one of thy winds till the evening sun sinks beneath those waves, and yield me a thousand zephyrs, who shall, till that time, execute all my commands. With a voice of thunder, Æolus called the wandering winds: they came on sounding pinions from every quarter of the earth, and retired at their king's command, to their rocky caves. A thousand zephyrs fluttered round the god of love.

"Soon shalt thou see thy services rewarded, and thy wishes fulfilled," said Cupid; "I hasten now

where business calls me." He said, and flew, accompanied by the light-winged zephyrs, to the shore, where, by the grey light of the dawn, he already found the bold youth rejoicing in the beauty of the morning, and full of hope and delight, anxious to commence his undertaking. The first rosy beams of the morning glittered upon the trembling waves, and clearer and more distinctly than ever he perceived the distant island. The shore echoed with the warbling of birds, and two wild doves, flying over his head, directed their course towards the island. A gentle gale played among the scarce-moving branches that overshadowed the shore. Such a calm silence reigned over the waves and woods, as when Venus, in dazzling beauty, first rose through the foam-white billows: the earth and skies gazed with delight upon her; the winds lay silent on unmoving pinions: and gentlest zephyrs only fanned the goddess.

Cupid inspired the youth anew with love and courage: he sprang into the boat. "Neptune! thou ruler of the ocean," he said, "and ye powerful divinities of the sea, be propitious to my bold design! No pride or bold ambition fires my bosom: love—love, which a god inspired within my heart, has roused me to this hazardous attempt. Grant, oh grant that I may safely reach the shore: and thou, mysterious power, who hast directed my course, forsake me not."

While he yet spoke, Cupid touched the vessel with his hand, and instantly a tall mast rose in the middle of it, on whose top waved a garland of flowers, that streamed to the wind, and pointed towards the island. Cupid had commanded the zephyrs to flutter round the garland, to waft the little waves against the vessel, to divide the water before it, and smooth the liquid plain for its course: and some of them he had directed to cool the youth as he toiled.

The youth now perceived with delight that a god assisted him; he pushed the little vessel off the shore, while Cupid invisibly still hovered over his head. From their deep recesses, and their farthest shores, the Tritons, and the sedge-crowned daughters of Ne-

reus came: they swam in wide circles, and dashed the sparkling waters around, as they gazed on the bold mortal, who had first ventured to brave, in a narrow vessel, their dangerous element.

“ Oh! safe and prosperous be thy voyage, intrepid youth! (thus they began their song) may love reward thee, who inspired thy ardent bosom with the bold design of trusting to the wild waves of the ocean. Thou pursuest thy course through the yielding billow, fair as the majestic swan on oary feet. Love flies before thee; oh! how blest is he whom love protects—receive him unharmed, ye shores of the island! amid your shades his bold invention shall meet its fairest, sweetest reward.

“ To our eyes it is given to pierce the thick veil of faturity: we see thy bold design, pursued, completed. The ocean is covered with vessels of different forms. Nations, unlike in manners and in language, are no longer separated by the rolling waves: they pass over them, they exchange the treasures of their different countries, and bring back wealth and arts to enrich their native shores. The undaunted mariner pursues his way through the trackless ocean, and passes fearless over the fathomless deep. He braves the threatening storm when the heavens and seas rave, and monstrous billows sport with his fragile bark. Thus, bold and inventive is the race of Prometheus, the fire of the gods glows within their bosoms, and dangers only fan the powerful flame.”

Thus sung the nymphs, while the sea gods danced around the vessel, and blew on their conches in harmonious measure to the song.

The youth pursued his course, and at length arrived in safety on the shores of the island, where cool gales and balmy shades received him. He sprang delighted from the boat, and drawing it to the shore, returned thanks to the gods, who had thus graciously protected and assisted him in his hazardous enterprize. Transported with hope and joy, he wandered through the shades, and at every step he took beheld with delight the traces of human industry and cultivation.

The apple and fig trees were planted in shady rows; the vines were carefully supported, and entwined their curling tendrils and their purple fruit; the jasmynes and myrtles were here and there woven into bowers; a clear stream was conducted through their arching shade, and its mossy banks were decked with the fairest flowers.

While thus he wandered through the shades, Melida sat with her mother in the hut, her head reclined on her bosom; she seemed lost in thought. Semira at length said, "Art thou still musing, my child? what so deeply occupies my beloved Melida?"

Melida answered, while the tears started into her eyes, "I know not why I muse; I know not why I am so sad, and such a heavy weight lies on my heart: why I am unhappy, far more unhappy, than all other creatures."

"How, my daughter," answered her anxious mother, "can thy weak fancies have destroyed thy peace? what is wanting to thy happiness? do not thy plants flourish? has not all that thou hast undertaken succeeded? are not the trees which thou hast planted the fairest in the orchard? thy flock was once thy favourite care: surely every living creature in this island strives all it can to sooth and to amuse thee."

"Yes," answered Melida, weeping, "oh! yes; formerly every object around me gave me pleasure; but, alas! that is long past for ever. The luxuriant shades now only serve to increase my melancholy: the plants and flowers, whose perfumes once delighted me, appear now withered and faded in my sight: and the gambols of the flocks and herds, which once amused me, now only serve to remind me, that all other beings are happier than I am. When I see the birds sport together on the summits of the trees; when I behold my sheep assembled in the shade, rejoicing among themselves, or tranquilly reclining by each other's woolly sides; then can I not check the ardent wish that arises—"

"Discontented maid!" exclaimed Semira, interrupting her; "art thou returning again to thy former

subject of regret and complaint? what idle, what pernicious fancies are these, to which thou art sacrificing the peace of thy life: with as much reason might I murmur because this sea is not land; because I have not the wings of a bird, or because these trees cannot enter into conversation with me. None of these ideas, however ridiculous, would be more strange or more idle than thine. What dost thou regret? am I not always with thee? what more can thy heart require? do I not love thee better than sheep love their young, or birds can love each other?"

"Oh! yes," answered Melida affectionately, "yes, my beloved mother; but I see you drooping in melancholy and solitude; if there were more creatures here they might cheer and amuse you: and though my heart loves you above every thing, yet I feel—I feel, it sighs for some other object on which to bestow its affection."

As she thus spoke, Melida suddenly interrupting herself, exclaimed, "Ye gods! what do I see?" and stood transfixed, the image of astonishment. The youth paused at the threshold of the hut, and started with an emotion equal to her own; "Heavens! it is she!" at length he cried—"it is she whom I saw in my dream."

Semira alarmed, raised her head, and beheld the stranger: "Art thou one of the immortals?" she said, "and hast thou deigned to visit our humble hut? Oh! listen to our prayers—but, no; thou art overcome with surprise and wonder, as we are: whoever thou art, welcome to our solitude."

The youth entered the hut, and thus addressed her. "Oh! deign to receive me within your hospitable dwelling: I am no inhabitant of Olympus, but a mortal like yourselves: I have encountered many dangers and difficulties in my passage to you; I supplicate your kindness and protection."

While he thus spoke, Melida stood motionless: her delighted and inexperienced eyes strayed over the pleasing features of the youth. "The gods have granted my wishes at length," she said; "they have



formed this delightful creature as a companion for me. Come nearer to me, sit by my side, let me touch thy hand, and thy rosy cheek? And tell me, how did the gods create thee? What wert thou formerly? a tree? a stone?" While she thus spoke, she pressed the youth's hand to her heaving bosom. He sighed. "My beloved, if I may call thee by that tender name."—"Oh! call me ever so," interrupted the delighted Melida. "I hear thee with such pleasure; I am so happy: every one of my wishes is fulfilled. Feel, feel how my heart beats with rapture; how my hand trembles in thine."

"Oh! how fortunate, how happy am I;" exclaimed the youth, as he pressed the maiden's hand to his lips: "long have I loved thee above all human beings. How prosperous has been my dangerous voyage; how sweet the reward of my bold enterprise."

"Every word thou utterest," said Melida, "pours a stream of new and unknown pleasure on my heart. But wilt thou—wilt thou never leave me more? wilt thou partake in all my employments, and share all my pleasures with me?"

"How can I leave thee? I who know no delight but in thy presence."

"Oh! beloved mother," said Melida, "how kind are the gods thus to listen to my wishes, and to create this lovely creature on purpose for me. See, mother, this fair creature is just about as tall as I am; not little, as you tell me I was, when first you found me under the rose-bushes."

Semira said, "Let us recover from our surprise: seat yourselves near me, my children; and, good youth, again let me bid thee welcome to our hut: no evil intention can have guided thy steps. Tell us whence thou comest, and by what means thou hast reached this solitary shore."

Hand in hand, Melida and the youth now seated themselves, and he began his narration. He related to them, how a god had presented the beauteous image of Melida to him in a dream; how he had

loved her ; what torments he had hopelessly suffered when he considered the ocean divided them : how at length he had formed a vessel, and, providing it with wooden feet, had ventured alone on the wide ocean : and finally, how by the assistance of the gods he had arrived in safety on this shore.

They listened with astonishment. At length Semira said, " The gods inspired thee with the bold design of braving the winds and waves to reach us : mayest thou be blessed. I will offer up my grateful sacrifices to the gods who have conducted thee hither, to secure our happiness, and to remove the grief and anxiety which preyed upon my bosom."

" Then," said Melida, " there *is* another shore, and other human beings beyond that wide-spreading ocean. I always supposed so, though my mother concealed it from me. But do not thou return in thy hollow bark to that shore : oh ! stay with me ; be mine, and mine alone. I think I could not endure that thou shouldst love another companion as thou lovest me. But tell me ; how is it that thou art not exactly like myself ; thy voice is not so soft, thy cheek so smooth."—" Because I am a man," answered the youth, " and thou art a maiden."—" A man !" said Melida, " that is extraordinary ; and yet I think I could not love thee better if thou wert just like myself. Oh ! how much has my mother concealed from me."

Semira smiled, and desired her daughter to prepare some of the fairest fruit for their evening meal. She rose to obey ; the youth would accompany her and assist her in gathering it.

As they passed on, indulging in gentle caresses and endearing conversation, the purpose of their walk was forgotten, and they wandered at length to the shore where the little vessel lay. " See, my beloved ;" said the youth, " there is the narrow bark in which I passed over the wild waves to thy dear arms." " Oh ! wonderful invention," exclaimed the delighted Melida, running hastily up to it ; oh ! matchless courage, to trust thyself in such a vessel to the wide

ocean; in comparison to which it is a mere nothing—the sport of the waves—light as the leaf of the blossom with which the summer-zephyr wantons. And love for me inspired thee with the thought: Oh, my beloved how can I thank thee? how can I reward thee? But tell me, what are those fastened on each side; can they be feet of wood, with which thou, like a swan, hast directed thy course? Oh, welcome thou hollow bark! welcome thou stranger from a far distant shore: far dearer to me, as thou liest thus despoiled of all thy leafy ornaments, than those which spring has decked with her gayest and richest treasures. Blessed be the spot which thou hast overshadowed; blessed be the ashes of him who planted thee: may spring pour all her treasures on the place of his rest. My beloved,” she cried, turning to the youth and embracing him, while tears of tenderness bedewed her eyes, “I conjure thee, by all the gods! forsake me not. Never, oh! never mayest thou ascend thy bark to quit this shore; if thou dost only attempt it, the angry waves shall bear thee back to my arms; shall listen in pity to the voice of my grief and lamentation.”

“Oh! my beloved,” answered the youth, as he kissed the tears from her glowing cheek, “how unjust are thy suspicions; may the waves bury me within their deepest abyss, if ever the unworthy thought of forsaking thee arise within my bosom. But how could I, most beloved of all human beings, how could I leave thee? thee, in whom dwells all my joy, in whom is all my delight. I will raise two altars on this blessed shore; one to the beautiful Venus, and one to her potent son: for it was he who inspired my ardent passion for thee; who protected and assisted me in my bold enterprize.”

They returned now to the hut, and placed their fruit upon the table in neat baskets. The night came on amid gay and lively conversation, and Love himself conducted them to a fragrant bower of jasmine and roses: a gentle stream murmured beside them; the little cupids sported amid the flowery branches

of the trees; and soft zephyrs fanned the lovers with their perfumed wings.

Their descendents improved the arts of navigation, and erected on the shore a noble city, which was called Cythera: its high towers and temples threw their lofty shadows over the Laconic sea: the fairest of its edifices was consecrated to love, and surrounded by a double circle of polished marble pillars: happiness and prosperity dwelt within its walls; and the rich-laden ships of the ocean assembled within its secure havens.

THE END.







