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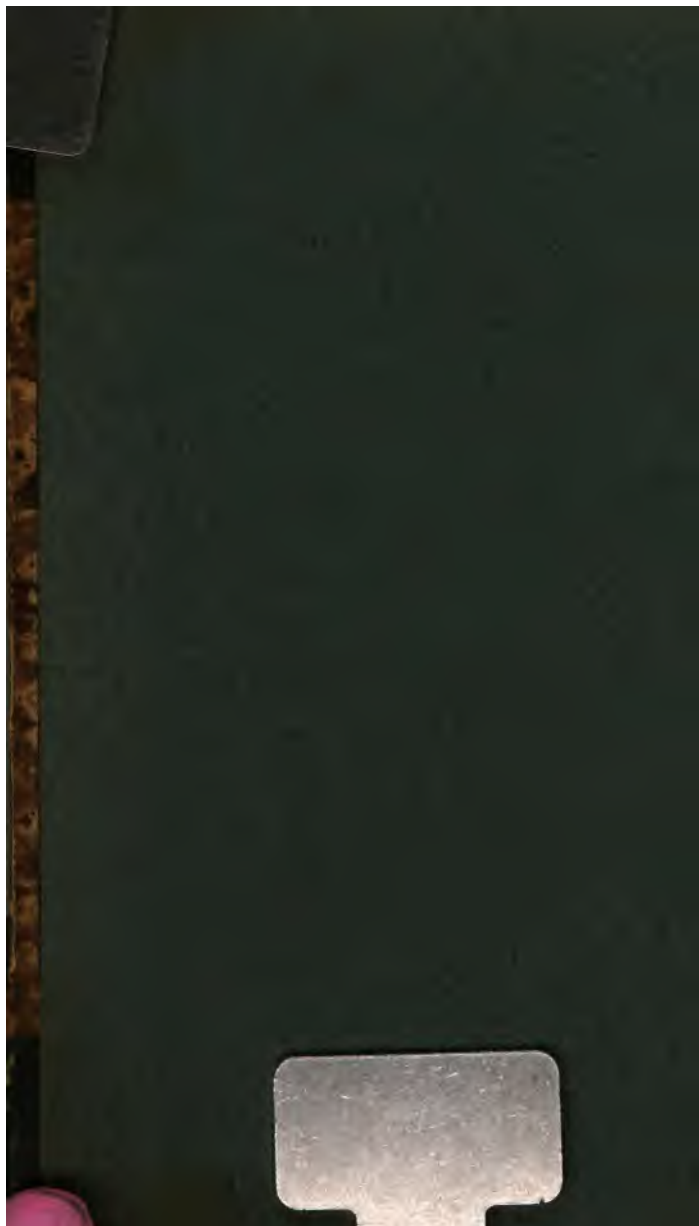
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**THE**  
**EMPIRE OF THE NAIRS;**  
**OR, THE**  
**RIGHTS OF WOMEN.**

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THE  
**EMPIRE OF THE NAIRS:**

OR, THE  
**RIGHTS OF WOMEN.**

AN  
UTOPIAN ROMANCE,  
IN TWELVE BOOKS.

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BY JAMES LAWRENCE,

AUTHOR OF  
"THE BOSOM FRIEND," "LOVE, AN ALLEGORY,"  
ETC.

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Genus huic materna superbum  
Nobilitas dabat, incertum de patre ferebat.  
VIRG. ix. 341.

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THE  
EMPIRE OF THE NAIRS.

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BOOK VII.

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**ARGUMENT.**

**Firnos and Camilla land in Indostan---The death of the Samorina---Camilla's resemblance to Agulva---Camilla's history---She is stolen from her family---Manners of the Gypsies---Her treatment from the Knightley family---Her education at Eaton---European courtship---Her asylum at Margaret Montgomery's.**

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THE  
EMPIRE OF THE NAIRS.

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BOOK VII.

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At length a sailor mounted aloft, and hailed Indostan the Paradise of Love. The whole crew shouted for pleasure, but none felt such delight as the spirited Camilla : she saw the coast of liberty. Even in England she had been free, for there are no shackles for a mind superior to prejudice ; but her conduct there had been rather tolerated than approved. She was too convinced of the justice of her rights to sacrifice them to the caprices of those

10-19-46 N.C.M.

around her, yet Camilla desired the esteem and approbation of her neighbors. The child, which she bore in her arms, would in England have shut every door against her; here it was a recommendation, a passport from the hands of nature. The good will of a damsel is praiseworthy, yet she is only a volunteer for maternity; but a mother is already crowned with laurels in the service of her country. Camilla pressed the child of love to her bosom, and felt in all its purity the joy of a mother.

The vessels in Calicut harbor saluted the Prince and announced his return to his maternal country. Firnos landed amid the acclamations of his countrymen; but both his grandmother and his uncle were at Virnapore.

The high steward waited on the Prince to congratulate him; he could not believe his eyes; the sufferings of his nephew in Britain and his long confinement had so altered him; yet it is he, it is the son of

his sister Rolidá. The old baron falls on his neck; Naldor inquires after his mother, "Is she living?" A tear stood in his uncle's eye; he remained silent, but alas, the tear was an answer.

While the carriage was preparing, Firnos ran to the hotel of his beloved Mitila, whom he once had preferred to all his school-fellows at Romoran, and whose image had so often occurred to him during his long absence and sweetened the ennui of two voyages; but he was disappointed; the day before she had departed for her maternal seat, where a family feast was to be celebrated on the birthday of her great grandmother Medusa.

"But, my dear Prince," said the good old courtier to Firnos as he returned to the palace, "have you heard no account of your illustrious mother? Must the land be clothed in mourning and no beam of hope to dry our tears? The venerable Samorina is on the point of death, if perhaps she has not already ended a life em-

bittered by the loss of so many promising children. The bulletin of last night said that Rofa had but a few hours to live. Heaven knows what public calamity awaits us, and yet nothing can persuade the people of her danger. The high-priest of Calicut died last month. You know how he was respected; almost idolized by the nation; and really he was worthy of its love. The report has spread, though certainly destitute of all foundation, that he on his death-bed prophesied that Rofa should close her eyes in the arms of her successor. The Samorina cannot forbear smiling at the idea, yet nothing would shake the belief of the people.—But, Prince, lose not a moment, drive with full speed, you may still receive her benediction.” Firnos and Camilla mounted the carriage.

On their arrival at Virnapore the citizens were walking in silent groups about the palace-yard. They assembled round the carriage, and saw the hereditary



Prince. "Long life to Prince Firmos!" they cried, and pressed with eagerness to open the carriage door. The Prince gives his hand to Camilla, and helps her to descend. They see his stately companion; "Long life to Agalva!" they cry, "the prophecy is fulfilled, the successor returns." They press around her, kiss her robe, seize her hands, and bathe them with their tears: the Prince cannot persuade them of their error. He must hasten to his dying grandmother.

He found the venerable princess in her last moments: his uncle the emperor was kneeling at the bed side; the paleness of death was overspreading her face, but her eye sparkled at the voice of the Prince, and she was raised to embrace him. "And where is my daughter? where is Agalva?" said she, "have you no account of your mother?" Firmos was desirous with an equivocal answer to sweeten her last moments. "My mother is not longer in England; she left it to return to Calicut."

At that instant the huzzas and acclamations of the people were heard. A lady in waiting hurried to the window. "The Princess Agalva is returned," said she, "I see her among a crowd of people." Firnos explained who it was; the Samorina bad him fetch her; he leads Camilla to her bed-side; the Samorina flings her arms around her. "O my daughter," said she, "Firnos would not kill me with pleasure, he would conceal your return. Heaven forgive my incredulity; the prophecy is fulfilled; I depart in peace, for my eyes have seen my successor." She laid her head upon her pillow, and died.

The Samorin arose, pressed the cold lips of his mother, and let a tear fall on the lifeless corpse. Then turning to Camilla, "My dear sister," said he, "at what a moment are you returned!" The Prince interposed. "What, my uncle, are you also deceived by the resemblance?" The shutters now were opened (for the room had been darkened on account of the sick),

and the Samorin saw his mistake. The stranger was in the bloom of her youth, and about the age of Agalva when she left Indostan ; but her likeness to the Princess was completed by the Nair dress, which she had lately assumed.

The Emperor was inconsolable, when his nephew informed him of the ill success of his voyage. He inquired after De Grey. " How happy is he, he has some hopes of discovering his sister : alas, I have none ; the race of Samora must be extinct from the face of the earth." During many days he ceased not to pore over Agalva's journal.

Meanwhile the gentry hurried to court from all quarters to congratulate the hereditary Prince on his return. They were all struck with Camilla's resemblance to the imperial family, but the people, notwithstanding the difference of age, remained persuaded that it was Agalva herself ; and politicians whispered that she was concealed for reasons of state. The

court chose neither to encourage nor contradict this belief; it feared the despondence of the nation at the deficiency of a Samorina. The loss of the queen-bee was not more irreparable, nor could cause such confusion in a whole hive.

Soon as the honored ashes of his mother were placed in the maternal vault, the Emperor ordered that the amusements in the capital should be redoubled, in order to avert the public attention from this calamity.

At length the first ball at Virnapore was announced. Camilla was already engaged for all the dances; the first cavaliers were desirous of teaching her to valse. While Camilla danced, the fall of a pin might have been heard, and when the ball was over, some Nair probably accompanied her to her chamber; but such unimportant occurrences it would be beneath the dignity of history to record.

This also seemed indifferent to Firmos: If her love had contributed to shorten the

ennui of a long voyage, it was the love of a sister who shared his filial sorrow. Clara de Grey alone could for a while banish Mitila from his thoughts; but, at the sight of the Malabar coast, her image had occurred to his memory, adorned with so many charms, that he felt his antient flame revive. But how mortifying was the thought, that he had been returned so many weeks, and that his schoolfellow had not paid him a visit, and had showed such indifference about him, that, at a time when all persons of rank had hurried to Virnapor to pay him their respects, she alone had remained away. The Prince danced the minuet and country dances, but all the beauties of Malabar would not have engaged him to join in the valse.

He retires solitary to his chamber. From the image of his beloved Mitila, the train of his ideas lead him to the sex in general. The charms of love appear in their most ravishing colors. He reflects with an envious impatience

that his companions, whom he had just before left engaged in the dance, are at this moment locked in the arms of their sprightly partners. He considers an excess of sentimental infatuation the motive which had induced him to decline the valse. Because Mitala is absent, must he pass his nights alone? Can justice authorise him to imagine that she will be equally scrupulous on his account? She may be in the embraces of some favorite. The value of to-day exceeds that of to-morrow; and shall a Nair pass the rosy hours of youth in unavailing abstinence?

In vain he composes himself and courts the favors of sleep. Sleep mocks the invitation; he raises himself on his pillow; he listens, and all is silent.

At last he recollects that Farna had left the assembly unaccompanied, the number of the dames having exceeded that of the cavaliers, and the daughter of Anora had wanted a partner. Firnos rings, a servant appears, and conducts him to her chamber.

The impatient youth knocks, the fair rises and opens the door. "Lovely baroness," said he, "I beg admission." The baroness smiles assent; the servant lights the candles and retires.

Perhaps Firmos may forfeit the good opinion of a sentimental European, for having followed the impulse of a moment. A similar impulse had upon his first landing in England betrayed him into an ambush, laid by a designing husband; and in Europe a youth may be borne away by the tide of his passions into serious difficulties. If an aspiring lover, he may break a limb in scaling the window of a woman of quality; or if a vulgar debauchée, he may sneak to a brothel, be implicated in a drunken fray, and pass the night at a watch-house. Yet these momentary humors are natural, and the Nairs like other men, though the perfection of their system consists in allowing every individual to give way to his inclinations

without bad consequences to himself or to society.

Scarcely had the sun peeped over the eastern mountains, when a courier on a foaming steed dismounted in the palace-yard. He blew his horn, and delivered a letter for Farna; the porter brings it to the door of her chamber; Farnos springs from the couch and receives it. With trembling hands the baroness opens it; she shrieks and lets it fall, and swooning, drops into the arms of her companion.

Through Farnos's assistance she recovers. She puts into his hands the fatal letter. It had come from Calicut; a severe fever threatened the life of her son. The Nairresses are the best of mothers, and Farna was remarkable among her countrywomen for her maternal affection. No time is to be lost, every moment is precious. Farnos orders her carriage; and he, hoping to find Mitila at Calicut, offers to accompany



her. In half an hour they were on the road.

The Samorin had retired to his chamber, as little inclined to rest as his nephew, though other cares than those of love banished sleep from his eyes. The image of Camilla remained impressed on his mind: he had seen her dance, and her resemblance to his sister \* never struck him so forcibly. A hope arose in his bosom that she were the daughter that Agalva had lost in England. Could a female of Europe, accustomed from her birth to a humiliating subjection, — could even Margaret Montgomery, however superior to her countrywomen, produce a daughter of such enlarged understanding, of such an independent spirit, of such bodily endowments? No, she must be daughter of Agalva. She alone deserved such a

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\* The fraternal love that distinguishes the Nairs is remarked by Buchanan in his Account of Malabar, vol. ii. page 412.

mother, and Agalva alone could be the mother of the spirited Camilla.

As soon as he had dispatched the public affairs of the day (for his domestic cares never induced Ornor to neglect the duties of his station), the Samorin hurried into the garden. He was meditating how he should introduce the subject to his guest. He had no absolute foundation for doubting her being Margaret's daughter: he resolved however to hint his doubts to her. A woman of her sense could not be offended at his hoping to find her his sister's child. In silent thought he walked along. His steps led him imperceptibly to a monument which his mother, the late Samorina, had raised to Agalva's memory. Often had she retired to the melancholy stillness of the grove, and bedewed the marble inscription with tears of maternal sorrow. Gracious heaven! what object struck his sight, a female was pensively reclining there: at his approach she turned her head: it was Camilla. A tear stood

in her eye; she seemed the image of Agalva.

“ Yes,” said he, in answer to her inquiries after his health, “ I am not well, and it is perhaps in your power to cure me.”

Camilla was surprised at this preface, and expected some passionate declaration of love. It is true she felt no reciprocal emotion; but her friendship for his nephew, and the high opinion that she had been always taught to cherish of his sister, induced her to compassionate his sufferings. His melancholy indeed exceeded all bounds — his dejection contradicted the national character of his countrymen: why should a Nair despair of success, before he had received a refusal? Beside, Ornor, though he had passed the meridian of his life, possessed a fine person and a noble deportment; and though the bloom of youth glowed not more on his cheek, he was distinguished by the amiability and ease of a man of fashion. She was equally distant from prepossession and

aversion. At last gratitude overcame her indifference. She respected his good qualities, and was prepared with resignation for what might follow.

The respectable prince perceived her error, and smiled. "Sincerity," said he, "not love, is all that I desire of you. Let me consider you my niece, and I will not cease to cherish you with an uncle's affection. Your splendid endowments, your talents have prepossessed me in your favor, and above all, your resemblance to my lost sister. Camilla," said he, with a warmth that augmented her surprise, "read away this mystery that envelops your birth. Camilla, I conjure you, Camilla, by all you hold sacred, to declare—are you the daughter of Margaret Montgomery?"

"Good Heaven!" cried the abashed European, "what has given rise to your suspicions? Who has revealed to you that I am not her daughter?"

"Not her daughter!" cried the Prince,

eagerly interrupting her, and pointing to the bust on the monument of Agalva. "That is your mother. Has not your filial piety conducted you hither to share my solitude, and mix your tears with mine? Fly into my arms, daughter of Agalva, I am your uncle."

He pressed her in his embrace. Camilla had no utterance; she burst into a flood of tears.

She disengaged herself. "You either mock me or deceive yourself; how is it possible?"

"Possible!—it is certain. Agalva lost a child in England, and you are that child."

He presses her still closer in his arms; tears run down their cheeks; he rests his head upon her bosom; a silence succeeds, interrupted only by his sobs.

"Cruel Camilla," said he, "you knew our affliction, and yet could delay this discovery?" He said, and fixed the kiss of forgiveness on her forehead.

“ Heaven grant that this accusation were just! Could my wishes form such a happiness, could my ambition figure such a glory, as that of being your niece and the daughter of Agalva? Alas! I must undeceive you: my life is not destitute of singular events; listen to its history.”

A sudden chill ran through the frame of the emperor at this hope-killing preface. He was all sorrow and all silence. Camilla thus proceeded.

“ The first years of my childhood float in my memory like the unconnected fragments of a dream, and I had already outgrown the nursery before I could penetrate the cloud which hung over my cradle. Scarcely had my tender limbs reposed on the soft down under the silken coverlets of a babe of quality, when chance saved me from all the enervating attentions that I should have received under my paternal roof. Some majestic forest under the canopy of Heaven became my nursery. The

dewy grass was the carpet on which the little infant played ; and on the approach of night I crept under some canvass tent. Providence knows my gratitude for the wisdom and goodness of its decrees. To this hardy manner of life I owe the vigor of my constitution, my bodily strength, and perhaps many of the qualities which your majesty has just been pleased to praise.

“ Over the different provinces of England is dispersed a nation perfectly distinct from the other inhabitants. This peculiar race consists of rude uncultivated hords, different not only in features and complexion, but in a language intelligible to themselves alone ; and since their establishment they have never departed from the wildness of their ancestors. It is undecided at what period they first appeared in our island ; and as they are ignorant of navigation, it is a matter of contention by what means they passed the water. They are called Gypsies, and some antiquaries

derive their origin from the Egyptians. They have no fixed habitation, but, like the wild Arabs, rove in troops from wood to wood. The men get a wretched livelihood by mending the kettles and pots in the neighboring villages; while the women impose on the credulity of the peasant by a pretended skill in magic and fortune-telling. When these arts fail they have recourse to stealing, and the rich farmer curses the approach of these troublesome vagrants. Little, however, suffices to support their existence: enemies to the polish of civilized life, and strangers to its luxuries, the water of the spring is their beverage, and their ravenous appetite disdains not the flesh of those animals which their delicate neighbors abhor. Their midnight depredations often infest the shepherd's fold, and they return loaded with the carcass of the watchful dog, together with the lamb that he had protected. Such is the food of this hardy race. Their habitations are equally wretched.



Born in the open air, or under the scanty shelter of some tottering tent, whose sides swell with every gust of wind, or bend under the weight of the winter's snow, they console themselves with the convenience of their portable mansions; and smile as they pass the magnificent palace of the lord and the neat cottages of his tenants. Inured from their earliest childhood to thirst, hunger, and exercise, none are so patient, so robust, so active; or so healthy. They will march day after day without tiring; they will scale the highest wall, and leap the widest fence; they will plunge into the most rapid stream; and as boys and girls are treated alike, neither sex is invested with an unnatural sway, or endowed with an unnatural superiority.

“ Love among them enjoys its primeval liberty. Unshackled by marriage, their females follow the voice of nature, without being subject to the severe tribunal of European decency; and if the females of

Christendom are freer than the wretched sultanas of a seraglio, so the gypsey women enjoy, in a like degree, a more extensive freedom than the females of Christendom.

“ Such was the people among whom I spent the first years of my childhood. I had reached my ninth year before I changed the scene. Till then I had always considered as the authoress of my being a gypsey woman, who for her personal courage, her skill in fortune-telling, and dexterity in stealing, was esteemed by the whole nation. Fastened in a basket at her back, in order to raise compassion by my infant cries, I had made the tour of the neighboring villages, and shared the alms of the liberal cottager. As my strength had increased she led me to a river, which glided through our forest ; she doffed my clothes, and sprung with me into the stream, and taught me to swim to the opposite shore. Through her instructions no child excelled me in robbing a poultry-yard, and the old maid lamented the loss

of some favorite cat, which I had decoyed to be served up at our next feast.

“ Often had we children invaded the warren of a neighboring squire. Our agility was inconceivable ; we tired the very rabbits in the chace, or arrested their flight with our leaded bludgeons. One day, having returned from this exercise, I saw the old gypsey talking to a servant in a handsome livery. I approached them. “ My dear child,” cried the good gypsey, “ this servant has come to fetch you home : farewell ; we shall perhaps never meet again : but you will be happier there ; you will become a great lady ; you will soon forget us.” “ No,” said I, “ I will not quit you ; I will remain here, and become no lady.” She kissed me, and tore herself from my arms, and running with all her force, was instantly out of sight. I stood petrified with astonishment ; the servant seized me, and placed me before him on his horse. In half an hour we had left the forest behind us.

“ On the public road a carriage waited for us ; the servant placed me in it by the side of a lady, and ordered the postilions to drive home. My sobs only interrupted our silence. “ Ah, my mother,” cried I with a sigh. The lady took my hand ; “ Camilla,” said she, “ for such is your name, be comforted, consider me as your mother, for your real one is long dead.”

“ We arrived in a couple of hours at Northcote Park, the seat of my aunt. Its elegance declared the affluence of its proprietor. She ordered the servants to consider me as her niece, Camilla Harford.

“ Some time afterward I learnt the mystery of my birth. My father, Sir William Harford, a rich West-Indian baronet, had married her younger sister. During my parents’ stay in England, they were paying her a visit at Northcote Park, when a gypsey contrived to steal me away as I was playing near my nurse in the pleasure-ground. Every search after me

proved fruitless. My parents returned to Jamaica, where they had died without other children, and had left me, should I be recovered, to the care of my aunt and her husband.

“ Indeed, sir, you may well tremble for my future prospects. I was about to receive an education from one of the weakest women in Europe. My grandfather Northcote had left these two daughters, Matilda and my mother. Matilda espoused Mr. Knightley. The Knightleys and the Northcotes had long been the leading families in the county, which generally chose its representative from one of them. Rivals in antiquity and splendor, they had long divided the neighboring gentry in two parties, and a contested election had more than once brought them both to the brink of ruin. To end these parliamentary feuds a compromise was settled, to which an alliance was to fix the seal. My aunt Matilda was to give her hand to the heir

of the Knightleys, a youth at the university. He was ordered home, when, to the consternation of every one, he avowed himself already married. Enraged at a mis-alliance, his father disinherited him; but being resolved on his projects, he offered to marry my aunt himself; and what must surprise your majesty, this offer was accepted. A match between a man of fifty and a girl of fifteen!"

"I understand you," said the Samorin, smiling, "and yet you just now would have had the complaisance——"

"To comply with the desires of a man who has received me with such hospitality; to grant a favor, which in fact costs nothing. Excuse my vanity in believing you smitten with me, and forgive the frankness of the declaration in a person who respects you as an uncle, that though gratitude might induce me to listen to a man of your age, nothing would persuade me to grant him the exclusive privileges of a husband. To make a worthy man

happy no goodnatured woman would refuse; her compliance is a trifle: but no threats or persuasions should ever have induced me to sacrifice myself, as many of my countrywomen do, in order to wear a coronet, or to walk at the coronation. But to continue.

“ My aunt’s consent was easily procured. Her attention was too engaged by her bridal clothes, and the preparations for her nuptials; she was too young to consider the consequences: the only preliminaries that she wished to settle with her future lord and master were, that he would allow her to eat as much plum-cake, and drink as much cream as ever she pleased; and that she should not longer be plagued with a governess.

“ From the nature of these conditions your majesty may judge what a mere child she was; and may be surprised, that one, so little capable of judging of its importance, should be allowed to form a contract for life. Had my aunt first seen the light in these happy regions, love

would have blessed her youth ; her riper age would have been devoted to the education of her children, and now, surrounded by a numerous offspring, she would look forward to the day of her dissolution, with the confidence of having fulfilled the purpose of her being. Instead of which, her youth was buried in the arms of frigid impotence, and her fidelity consisted in want of resolution to enjoy those pleasures which she would censure unmercifully in others. She is now an insignificant woman, who trembles at the appearance of every wrinkle, though she never made use of her beauty. She is without children and without occupation ; will scream at the sight of a spider ; has strength enough to carve a chicken, and capacity enough to do the honors of an assembly.

“ Such was my aunt, who undertook my education. She began by unteaching me all the unmannerly practices that I had learnt among the gypsies. Not even the



use of my limbs. was allowed me. My waist was screwed up in stays, till lace after lace broke. High-heeled shoes pinched my feet, and rendered my walk unsteady. I know not which I hated most, my mantua-maker or my governess; (for my aunt had forgot how she, before her marriage, had been tormented by her own.) I might not venture on the grass, lest I should wet my feet; nor run, nor use any exercise, lest I should spoil my clothes. I however was strong and active as a gypsey. My aunt was delighted with the encomiums of my dancing-master, who protested that he had never had so ready a scholar. I surpassed all children of my age in strength and activity, as far as I was inferior to them in any mental acquirement. I had not emerged from the rude ignorance of nature; even a mixture of the gypsey jargon rendered my language unintelligible. But the perseverance of my masters overcame every difficulty; I soon spoke with purity, and

wrote and read with ease. "But be sure," said my aunt, "that you stuff not the young lady's head; teach her to knit and net, and embroider, and say her catechism, and what should a woman know more?"

"The history of my discovery had been spread through the whole province, and curiosity attracted the whole neighborhood to Northcote Park. I was exhibited to every guest like some outlandish animal, and every family in the county, that received the visits of its London acquaintances, brought them to stare at this singular phenomenon.

"Though many mothers brought their daughters, and I had an opportunity of seeing several girls of my own age, I had very little relish for their company, and never could have contracted a friendship for any of them; and they (to say the truth) showed little inclination to cultivate my acquaintance. Their conversation was so insipid, their manners so unnatural; and, without doubt, they found mine

equally insupportable. I could not expatiate with them on any new fashion ; I was ignorant of many technical terms of dress ; I detested all needle-works. One day my garter dropt before a large company, and I very innocently tied it ; luckily for me my governess was out of the room. But few mothers would trust their daughters with the little Savage, as they called me, lest they should catch in her company some unmannerly or ungracious habit.

“ It was no wonder that I should feel little inclined toward my own sex. I however soon conceived a more favorable opinion of the other ; its activity, its spirit of independence were so dear to my soul. A school-boy used to spend his holidays at my guardian's. We were soon sworn friends. My governess at first would not suffer him to approach me. This probably made me delight in his society. He soon perceived her foible. She loved a dram, and he, by frequently

presenting her with a bottle of cherry-brandy, was permitted to come into our room whenever he pleased. "He is a mere child," said she, "only let your aunt know nothing about it." When she had taken of her favorite cordial, we two used to be rambling over the park together, while my careful aunt imagined me at my embroidery; and at the time when that delicate lady would have been shocked, had I crossed a stile before him, I have frequently rode astride behind him on his poney.

"Under my governess I had made at first little progress in French: such serious or insipid books had been put into my hands. At length I caught her asleep; she probably had had recourse to her dram-bottle. A volume had fallen on the floor before her; it was the life of the celebrated Ninon: I almost devoured it. My aunt used regularly to come into the room, while I was at my lesson. I was prepared for her visit, and sat with

my neck in the collar and my feet in the stocks, and with a book written for young ladies by a certain Madame de Beaumont; but my aunt had scarcely turned her back when the good Madame de Beaumont was without ceremony flung aside, and the spirited Ninon de l'Enclos took her place. There was a large library in the house, and as I was allowed to read very few of the books, I was dying with impatience to read the rest. The young Etonian directed my choice; and while my good aunt permitted me to peruse the *Polite Miscellany* for instruction, and the *Fairy Tales* for amusement, I had read *Voltaire* and *Rousseau*, *Hume* and *Gibbon*, and other authors, whose names perhaps are unknown in *Indostan*.

“ As I was told that *Latin* was only a proper study for boys, I supposed that it must contain some hidden treasures. My young friend had a private tutor. I contrived to be working at my needle in the

same room, when he was at his task; and, with the help of a grammar and dictionary, I really acquired a tolerable knowledge of the language.

“ About this time a book appeared in vindication of the rights of women; it was written by an Englishwoman, who was an ornament to her sex: it made the greatest noise; its merits were canvassed in every company. I was not permitted to read it, and consequently was prepossessed in its favor. At length the young Etonian, upon his return to school, sent it me by stealth. “ What authorized man to command? What obliged woman to obey? Why were not the two sexes educated together?” These questions were constantly in my thoughts. My young friend had expatiated with such pleasure on all his boyish pranks; he had drawn such a delicious picture of Eton, of the freedom of the scholars, of their amusements, and of their studies, that I

accused nature for having made me a girl, and would have given the world to be an Etonian.

“ A river ran through our park. One day as I was passing over a Chinese bridge, my watch-chain caught by a hook, and my watch fell into the water. I doffed my clothes, sprang into the stream, and recovered it. I had often bathed unknown to the family; but the dinner-bell rang; I hurried into the hall: the company were surprised at the wetness of my hair. I related what had happened. My aunt burst into a violent passion, railed at the indecency of a young lady's undressing and going into the water, and, before all the visitors, ordered me to bed as a punishment. I already had the sentiments of a Spartan woman; I retired indignantly to my chamber. My young friend had left a suit of clothes behind him; I dressed myself in them, took a casket of jewels, which had belonged to my mother, and at midnight ran away from my guardian's.

“ Behold me now on the wide world, left to my own guidance, disguised in boy’s clothes, and full of the most romantic project that could ever enter a head fourteen years old. I was resolved to finish my education at a boy’s school.”

“ And yet, Camilla,” cried the Samorin, “ you still deny that you are my niece. The cygnet, though hatched by a hen, ventures immediately on the water, and the eaglet bursts his shell and soars aloft toward the sun. You are the daughter of no European mother: you acted by instinct. The blood of Samora flows in your veins.”

Camilla smiled, and continued. “ The merest chance enabled me to accomplish my wishes. Though aware of the difficulties, no consideration could deter me. In travelling to London I found only one passenger in the diligence. I wore one of my rings, which attracted his notice, and he paid me every attention as to a young gentleman of fortune. I confided to him,



that, my guardians being determined to place me at a private school, I had run away from them in the intention of entering myself at Eton.

“ My fellow-traveller was, as it happened, one of the greatest scoundrels that England ever produced. He had studied the law in order to violate it with impunity. He lived by lending money to heirs, and selling heiresses to fortune-hunters. At his house was one of the most fashionable gaming-tables in London. In short I made a bargain with this hoary villain, who indeed never suspected my sex, that for some of my mother's jewels he should place me at Eton as a youth entrusted to his care, and that I should spend the holidays at his house.

“ How much am I indebted to this fellow's want of principle! The honesty of no other man could have served me so well. We arrived at Eton, and I, under a borrowed name, was entered as a scholar.

“ I ventured among a crowd of boys

with confidence. Luckily my young friend had suddenly left the school, so I ran less risk of a discovery. What pleasure, what raptures I felt in my new situation. I now reaped the advantage of my gypsey life, for I was as strong and hardy as any boy of my age. None excelled me in exercises that required activity; and the diligence with which I performed my lessons gained me the approbation of the masters, and the respect of the whole class.

“ I had passed a year at this seminary, and my sex remained undiscovered. It was the month of June; the sun burnt with uncommon fervor, and so hot a summer was seldom remembered in our temperate climate. I had been rambling in the fields which surround the college: fatigued by the intolerable heat, I reclined on the banks of the Thames; my thoughts revolved on the scenes of my childhood, and the river before me brought the river at Northcote Park to my recollection. I

longed to plunge into the refreshing stream; I forgot the injunctions of prudence; I looked round and could see no witness. But unfortunately one of the scholars was angling behind a willow-bush. He came forward to request me to bathe farther off, lest I should ruffle the stream and spoil his hopes of success. I had pulled off my coat and unbuttoned my shirt-collar; he discovered my sex. My secret was now in the power of a selfish and unamiable youth. Possessing a gigantic strength, his figure was devoid of all grace, his mind of all cultivation, and his heart of every delicate sentiment. He had often addressed the girls of the neighboring town, but the frightfulness of his person had always opposed his suit, and his self-love had been perpetually mortified at a repulse. He now saw a female at his mercy, and he determined not to let slip the opportunity. I stood covered with shame and confusion. He considered me a proper object for his clumsy jests and

vulgar merriment, and proceeded without further ceremony to demand a compliance with his desires as the reward of his secrecy and discretion. I was indeed free from all prejudices; I considered love the birthright of every living creature; but my heart was silent in favor of this satyr. He inspired me with disgust; and had an Adonis assumed this dictatorial language, my pride would have forbid me to comply. Though I was at his mercy, I scorned to shed a tear to move his pity, or with one flattering word to conciliate his favor. I refused his proposal with disdain, and pushed him back with abhorrence. Irritated at this repulse he tried his strength; and I was obliged to repel violence with violence. I cannot suppress a smile, when I think upon what I was defending with the courage of an amazon; and had I died in the contest, the pupil of Ninon de l'Enclos would have merited the crown of martyrdom.

“ But fortune favored me. Another

Etonian of a very different character was crossing the next field. He saw our strife, and sprang over the hedge to separate us. How great was his astonishment to find one of his school-fellows, and one of the best cricket-players—a girl.

“ If Singleton possessed not the colossal size of the other, he was of known courage, and his want of bulk was amply compensated by his superior agility. He declared himself my champion; and having exacted from my persecutor a promise to respect my secret, accompanied him back to college.

“ I shall never forget the flurry in which I spent the following night, nor my confusion the next day, as I passed through a range of young men to take my seat in church. No one by chance cast his eyes toward me, but I imagined him master of my secret; no one smiled, but I conceived myself the object of his merriment. I knew not to which side to turn. During the divine service

my eyes were nailed to the ground, and blushes dyed my countenance.

“ A few days restored my tranquillity. I perceived that I was not betrayed, and that I had tortured myself with vain fears; but, together with my confidence, increased my gratitude to that generous youth, whose spirited conduct had saved me.

“ One thing, however, mortified my vanity. He, to whom I was so indebted, used every means to avoid me; and I never could find an opportunity to express to him my obligation, or beg his friendship.

“ It is true I often caught his eyes fixed on me, but when mine met them he seemed as confused as myself. I knew not whether I should give to this a favorable interpretation, but every thing conspired to increase my prepossession;—his graceful figure; his excellence in every manly exercise; his reputation as a scholar; and above all, and for me not

his least recommendation, his discretion, so fully showed in my late affair.

“ Indeed, my lord, (as I in this country may be sincere on this point,) my life had been for some time before exposed to no small mortifications. My trying situation may be easily conceived. A girl, old enough in this country to have received from your imperial hands the green gurdle, was surrounded by a number of youths, some adorned with every charm, and graced with every accomplishment. These were my friends, the companions of my leisure hours. Their age was the dawn of love; love employed all their thoughts; love animated all their conversations. Should any female pass the bounds of our college, she was the object of their curiosity. Should any lady step into her carriage; should any milkmaid cross a stile, the chance of discovering a taper ankle drew a crowd together; and in their convivial meetings every bumper was consecrated to some neigh-

boring beauty ; every song resounded in her praise.

“ Your majesty would be puzzled to guess what were these females, who first initiate the young gentry of England in the mysteries of love ; (for in Europe the most natural of all affairs is treated as a mystery.) Beauty and merit and talents belong exclusively to no particular rank ; and, in Malabar, should any of these recommendations distinguish the lowest-born woman, the first prince might, without blushing, prefer her society to that of the most exalted lady in the empire. But you would think a gentleman infatuated, who, blind to such charms and accomplishments as shine every night in your maternal hall, should fly the society of his equals to associate with some illiterate kitchen-wench, or to sneak into the garret of a street-walker.

“ Conceive not the taste of my young countrymen so perverted ; it was not their fault. Forbid to think of any other con-



nection than marriage with women of rank, they must offer the first tender sentiments of their hearts to the very refuse of the other sex; and the number of these votaries of love is, in the neighborhood of our public schools, so confined by the police, that even beauty is not always requisite; the most disgusting creatures are successful, and even at that time a one-eyed charmer was the *Aspasia* that captivated many a young *Alcibiades*.

“ Upon their return from these expeditions they frequently related to me their adventures. These histories avaked new emotions in me. A young girl yields, for the first time, as much out of curiosity as from any other motive; and I burnt to inspire a passion which, if so charming when the object is the vilest of her sex, what must it be when she is the friend, companion and equal of her lover. Love may be called a blind god, but sure it can distinguish the bloom of health and youth from the varnished cheek of a courtesan,

and prefer the company of a well-educated girl to the coarse jargon of a scullion. I had already resolved to discover my sex to one of my friends, and I was only deliberating which was the most worthy of my confidence, when the late affair placed my deliverer in so bright a view.

“ Many weeks passed before I had an opportunity of meeting him alone. Were I composing a novel, I should expatiate on my sleepless nights, the loss of my appetite, the neglect of my studies, and the usual symptoms of a first love : but I will not wantonly detain your majesty. In short, I felt as every girl would have felt in my situation.

“ It was customary for our schoolmaster to appoint a subject, on which the scholars should compose an essay in prose or verse. Once we were appointed to discuss the rights and abilities of women, a fashionable argument at that time ; though, in conformity to the prejudices of Europe, it was rather expected that we should

launch a few common-place invectives against those women who, feeling their dignity, had burst the shackles of custom and vindicated their natural freedom, than that we should coolly and impartially consider the merits of their cause.

“ Conscious that from such prejudices proceeded my distressing situation, that they alone inflicted on me the pangs of a hopeless love, which they forbid me to reveal; that they were perhaps the only obstacle in the way of my happiness, I determined to seize this opportunity of venting my indignation, and had retired to a neighboring wood to point my satire against the males, whether Pagans, Jews, Mahometans, or Christians, our oppressors in every part of the globe. (For at that time I never dreamt of the asylum which the generous Nairs offer to our sex.) I was in a poetic frenzy, when the sky became overcast, the thunders rolled, and a violent storm ensued. I sought a shelter in a farmer’s barn.

“ In a few moments whom should I see approach but my beloved Singleton. My flurry can never be described; a tremor seized my whole frame; my voice faltered; he also was embarrassed, but his embarrassment gave me force to proceed. I reproached him with having afforded me no opportunity of expressing my gratitude. “ Barry,” said he, (such was the name that I had assumed at Eton,) “ you must see the propriety of a conduct, which delicacy rather than inclination pointed out to me. You might in time have granted me your friendship; but would friendship have satisfied me? and, I being master of your secret, would not every declaration of a more tender nature have had the appearance of a threat?”

“ This apology augmented my high opinion of his noble character. I could even consider it a declaration of the most delicate love. Our conversation grew more animated. The theme gave him an opportunity of making me some hand-

some compliments on my abilities, (for in Europe even a well-bred man is not ashamed of praising a woman before her face,) and enabled me to assure him that I was determined to enjoy all the rights, and free from all the scruples of my sex. The tempest whistled in our ears, the lightning flashed in our eyes, the thunder rolled above our heads: but amid this elementary war, amid the horrors of rebellious nature, I listened to the music of his voice.

“ This connection lasted with unabated charms during the short time I remained after at school. We followed the same studies; we partook the same sports. Before our fellow-scholars we were Barry and Singleton, the most unanimous friends; in private Edward and Camilla, the most affectionate lovers. But I have already trespassed too far on your majesty's patience; I have engrossed so much of your time; and yet the half of my history remains untold.

“ My family had ever since my elopement been endeavoring to discover my retreat. Every advertisement had proved fruitless; when the old villain, who had put me to school, being condemned to the pillory, for having forged a promise of marriage from a young heir to a woman of low birth and infamous character, wrote to Mr. Knightley, offering to deliver up his nephew, on condition that he would exert his influence to procure him a pardon.

“ Mr. Knightley was as ignorant of my assumed, as the other of my real sex; but upon consulting together, they concluded that I was the nephew in question. The old caitif sent for me to London, where he pretended to have something of importance to communicate to me. I arrived unsuspecting: Mr. Knightley seized me, forced me to re-assume my petticoats, and return with him into the country.

“ I was again subjected to my aunt's ~~.....~~ and was treated with greater

severity than ever. How my situation was changed ! All books were denied me, and I was placed at the tambour-frame to finish her birth-day robe. I once received a severe reprimand for having slept without my gloves, which were designed to restore the whiteness of my arms ; and was confined a whole week to my chamber, as a punishment for reading a treatise on anatomy. When in company any serious topic of politics or history was discussed, should I attempt to join in the conversation, a frown from my aunt silenced me. Francis the First of France used to say, that an assembly without ladies was a spring without roses ; but my countrymen have less gallantry than their neighbors ; so when after dinner the women, according to the absurd custom of England, left the room, I felt the greatest mortification at leaving the men engaged in some interesting argument, to hear my own sex patiating on taffeta and lustring.

“ I soon, however, had a prospect of

bettering my situation, for I was so completely miserable that I was sure of gaining by every change. Young Knightley, or rather Knightley the son, for he was no longer young, whom I mentioned as disinherited, was about this time freed from his engagement by the death of his wife. This poor woman was deserving of a better fate. Her mother, an artful widow, with no good quality but her maternal affection, had, upon the death of her husband, a London citizen, settled at Oxford, with the hopes of finding husbands for her two daughters among the students of that university. One of these girls was the victim of her mother's projects; for the gownsman, whom she had pitched upon as a wealthy dupe, proved to have not less art than fortune; he debauched her, and left her to support a miserable existence by all the horrors of prostitution. The other sister conquered every difficulty, though she had little cause to triumph in her success. Knightley was flattered into



a marriage with her. She had some good qualities, but her birth authorised her not to aspire to such an alliance. None of his family would acknowledge her, and he was little made to live upon love in a cottage. His passion cooled, and hate succeeded to indifference : they parted, but he scrupulously shared with her the scanty allowance that he still received from his family. He retired to the continent, where he led a vagabond kind of life, till her death ended her vexations, and restored him to his father's favor.

“ Matilda having no children, her husband was afraid of being obliged at her death to restore all the Northcote property to our family ; this would have destroyed the political fabric that he had built upon their union. I was her nearest relative, and his son was now at liberty. After a few consultations between him and my aunt, it was agreed to join our hands together. It is true the same inequality in

years would have been found in our marriage as in their own; perhaps it would have rendered me miserable for life, (and how much misery in Europe proceeds not from this source). But this were a trifle to this politician, if it augmented his parliamentary interest. His son soon agreed to the proposal, and as to me they never condescended to ask my consent at all.

“ I, however, had no objection; the bridegroom was not destitute of abilities, was entertaining, and good-tempered. He had seen the greatest part of Europe; and though decried as a libertine and a free-thinker, he, with the knowledge that he had acquired during his exile, was likely to make a figure in our natal country. This flattered my vanity; beside, though in age a more suitable husband for my aunt, for whom he was once designed, his mien, without the bloom of youth, was interesting; he presented himself with ease, and when he appeared in

company the women were happy in attracting his notice, and the men listened to him with attention.

“ Marriage was, in the opinion of my aunt, for us women a state of passive obedience; and she came one morning and gave me a lecture on my future behavior.

“ If your bridegroom,” said she, “ were, as might be expected from his age, of a more steady character; I should congratulate you. O how happy the wife, when a man marries, whose youthful passions have ceased with his youth: he has tasted every pleasure, and then only needs rest in her arms.” (A delightful introduction in the ears of a girl of seventeen!) “ But I am afraid,” continued she, “ that your future husband has not yet arrived at years of discretion. Let me advise you, therefore, to maintain a charm in your whole person, that when he has roved into other arms, he may always return with fresh desire into yours. With a laudable coquetry

study his whims and fancies. To give new life to his love, procure him new amusements, and let him consider you as the authoress of them. Nevertheless, I repeat to you, he will not be faithful to you. But let neither your looks nor words betray your suspicions; let love and obedience breathe in all your actions toward him. Contribute in every moment of your life to his happiness, to his satisfaction: this must render you dear to his heart. When love has taken root there, you without fear may see him in the arms of another, where his passions only would conduct him. If he presses the object of his desires with greater raptures to his bosom, he will embrace you with more cordiality.

“Should he in your presence be carried away by the beauty and charms of any other woman, or should his behavior discover the impression that she may make on him, pretend not to remark it. Let your manner and humor remain the

same ; and without appearing to do so, strive in charms with your rival ; and should you lose his heart, neither in company nor in private treat him with indifference. He is your lord and master, and must command your respect \*.”

“ I bit my lips with rage, and my indignation would have burst out, had not my bridegroom been announced to make a formal declaration of love. Soon as we were left alone, “ Camilla,” said he, “ my visit in the character of a suitor must astonish you ; I who used to decry marriage upon every occasion ; and if you expect to see me kneeling at your feet, racking my brains for vows and protestations, you will be disappointed. I sincerely own I neither love nor dislike you. Were my love for you ever so violent, I should not on that account be less un-

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\* See “ Das Weil wie sic seyn sollte,” or “ The Model of Women.” A German publication on education.

willing to marry you. As I have loved fifty times in my life without marriage, why may I not marry at last without love? As a woman of sense you have my esteem; as a proof of which, I venture to avow to you, that it is in compliance with the will of my family, not of my own inclination, that I offer you my hand. Should you feel for me the same sentiments of indifference, (and indifference is without doubt the surest foundation for matrimonial comfort,) you will not reject it. In my amours I never was the slave of my mistress; in marriage I will never be the tyrant of my wife. I have long observed your impatience at your present restraint. By marrying any one else you will only change your prison, and pass from hand to hand like a letter of exchange, which your bridegroom accepts and your guardian indorses; but your heart may remain your own in giving me your hand."

"Here it is," said I, presenting him my hand.

“ The wedding-day was fixed; the whole county was to be present. Every distant cousin of either family was invited, and the ceremony was to be performed with a magnificence worthy of the united splendor of both.

“ The time allotted for our preparations had nearly expired; but Miss Priscilla Knightley, the aunt of my intended spouse, was the only guest arrived. This good lady never possessed many charms, nor till lately fortune enough to supply their deficiency; and what woman without riches or beauty can expect a husband? In Malabar a female, if too plain to inspire a tender passion, will, however it may wound her delicacy, be reduced to owe to the avarice of her beloved, what she ought to owe to his inclinations. She must make it worth his while to love her. She, however, without sacrificing her liberty to a despicable character, may become a mother, and in the affections of her children, find some recompense for

the want of sympathy in her mercenary adorer. She may not be happy; but she is much less to be pitied than the wife in Europe, who has put herself in the power of a wretch, and is too fortunate if only neglected, and not ill-treated afterward; and, by the way, there is so much contradiction in the opinions of Europe, that the poor creature, who on the point of starving, should *let* herself out for the moment, is considered infamous; though a man of honor will make no scruple to marry for money, and thus *sell* himself for life. For my part, I should have more respect for the poor negro, who sells himself for a portion of brandy, than for the man of quality, who in this manner would not blush to eat his bread in the sweat of his brow. But excuse this digression.

“ Priscilla was still a virgin; though in her forty-fifth year she had met an offer, not that she was more lovely then than in her twentieth; but her portion,



at first small, in five-and-twenty years had accumulated, and captivated an Irish fortune-hunter : but this hero having kicked her favorite lap-dog (for the human heart must always have some object for its affections), she broke off the match, and determined to live single. She now divided her time between the care of her animals and the duties of a religion unaccountably tainted with heathen superstition. She always pared her nails at the full-moon, and carefully buried the parings ; she would not for the world go out of the room with her left leg first, nor open a letter on a Friday.

“ Our family were assembled at breakfast, when the letter-box was brought from the market-town. My bridegroom, his father, and his aunt, were all surprised to receive a letter seemingly in the same hand-writing, which was equally strange to them all. Their astonishment at the direction increased at the contents. An anonymous writer acquainted them with

my stay at Eton, and my amour with Singleton. I have no doubt they came from the malice of my persecutor there."

"It is likely enough," said the Samorin, "but why accuse him of malice? Sure your bridegroom rejoiced to hear of your education at so distinguished a seminary. For my part I never could love an ignorant woman, but the idea of marrying one would be intolerable. But he must have had a sad itch of writing to hint at such a trifle as the amours of a school-girl."

"Every Nair," answered Camilla, "would have thought so too, but unluckily I was in Europe. What despot would wish to see his subjects too enlightened? and a wife is a sort of slave, who may be too wise for her lord and master. But advantageous or not, no one thought on my education, and their attention was ingrossed by my loss."

"What loss?" cried the Prince.

"Of my innocence, as they call it in

Europe. Miss Priscilla began a long sermon on the corruption of modern times. Mr. Knightley walked up and down the room, wavering between the honor of his family and the next general election; and Matilda recommended that I should be confined to my chamber for a month on water-gruel."

"I congratulate you," said the Samorin; "I have read somewhere that the delicate frame of the European mother requires a particular diet."

"You are wide of the mark," answered Camilla, smiling, "the good lady designed her receipt not as a medicine but as a punishment for my frolics; and so accustomed was she to treat me as a child, that I should not have been surprised had she put me in the corner for the same offences."

"What would I give," said the Samorin; with a sigh, "for a niece equally criminal!"

"My destined husband," continued

Camilla, "was the only one disposed to treat the affair as a trifle. He took up a favorite author which lay on the table, and read the following sonnet with so serious an air, that a stranger to his sentiments would not have perceived that he was only quizzing the company.

"When lovely woman stoops to folly,  
And finds too late that men betray,  
What charm can sooth her melancholy?  
What art can wash her guilt away?  
The only art her guilt to cover,  
To hide her shame from every eye,  
To give repentance to her lover,  
And wring his bosom,---is to die."

"What," cried Priscilla, "would you marry her still?"

"Why not," said he, "who will pay my debts? I must go to prison or to church."

"I now discovered that he had only consented to marry me on condition that his father would pay his debts; but his aunt promising to pay them, he determined to remain single, and the next

morning departed for Bath, where he had an assignation with the wife of a foreign minister.

“ The family now agreed to marry me to the first suitor who should present himself. Were he old, ugly, and disagreeable; were he blind or lame; were he subject to all the infirmities with which vice can punish the frame; were his character equivocal, his heart perverse, and his head contemptible, provided he were a gentleman, and a man of fortune, he ~~was not to~~ be rejected; and such a union of every thing vile and disgusting I was to promise to love, to honor, and to obey.

“ Excuses having been sent to all the guests invited to the wedding, we were surprised a few evenings after to hear the sound of a carriage, and soon after a voice on the staircase; “ Put it in a tub, it will live three days longer;” and a little round figure entered so much out of breath, that he could scarcely return the compliments of the company. It was Sir

Humphrey Carbonkel, the greatest eater in the three kingdoms, and who would travel from one end of the island to the other to be present at a good dinner. "Hope I am not too late," said he, "could not come sooner; was yesterday at a mayor's feast; heard of the wedding; was not invited, but knew I should be welcome; have brought a turtle with me."

"I left the room to give the family an opportunity to explain my affair as they thought proper. Upon my return he fixed his eyes on me, and during supper his attention seemed divided between me and a pigeon-pie, and he was pleased to express his satisfaction with both. I ascribed his attention to the singularity of my situation.

"Camilla," said Mr. Knightley next day, "I have found a husband for you." "I hope you have not been looking out for one, every evil comes unsought." "It is Sir Humphrey."—"What, marry Sir Humphrey?"—"Yes, and as soon as pos-

sible, before this impertinent letter-writer can mar our projects; before your shame becomes public, the honor of our family requires that you should marry.”—“What a perfect stranger? whom I know not?”—“So much the better, thank your fortune that he is a stranger to your pranks, or he would never marry you. Why should you know him? I know him; we were school-fellows, I have known him these fifty years.”—A charming recommendation to a girl of seventeen!

“Sir Humphrey, the most disagreeable of all men, both in body and soul, was ushered in to pay me his respects and devotion, for the European female not only exercises a kind of despotism, but is puffed up to a goddess during the short-lived period of courtship.”

“Courtship,” cried the Samorin, “what, the Europeans are all as absurd as your countryman Lacy described them: they treat and consider women as slaves, and yet condescend to pay them court? Our

women are free, and yet no Nair would demean himself with such an expression ; and this Sir Humphrey, was he not a gentleman ? was he not your equal ? We in affairs of state humble ourselves before our political superiors, but in love before no one. How then are they slaves ?”

“ Slaves indeed,” answered Camilla, “ but the days of courtship (as it is observed in the memoirs of the Princess Agalva) are their saturnalia, during which they are permitted to insult their masters ; and this man, had I married him, would have treated me worse than a slave. A hoarse laugh, which was perpetually shaking his fat sides, had long gained him the reputation of good temper ; but the death of his late wife had opened the eyes of the public, when her waiting-woman disclosed the fate of that suffering martyr. Though polite and obliging in company, though the best bottle-companion, ever provided with a joke to set the table in a roar, he was at home a sullen irascible



tyrant. Dining once alone with his wife, she overturned his favorite sauce; in a fury he struck her; she was pregnant; it hastened a miscarriage, and she died. He had often courted (if your majesty will allow the expression) other women; but as their situation and the honor of their families were less importunate, they had been suffered to reject him. My destiny, after having snatched me from a suicide with Knightley, (for what is a voluntary marriage on the part of the woman but a kind of suicide?) threatened to sacrifice me to this monster, this figure of Punchinello, with the character of Bluebeard.

“ This unwieldy machine marched into the room, and falling methodically upon his knees, began a panegyric on my beauty, as if beauty was the only essential quality of a companion for life, and declared that my love was necessary to his existence, though he had never seen me till the evening before. In short his de-

claration was as usual a tissue of absurdities. I rejected his suit in the politest and least offensive manner.

“ I know,” said he, “ that it is the etiquette of courtship to torture your humble servant, and at first to reject, however determined to accept him in the end. Let me hope that a particular circumstance will induce you to shorten my purgatory.” I answered, that no woman, though insensible to love for him, could bear ill-will to the man prepossessed in her favor. Nothing could be more barbarous than to feed him with false hopes, or so presumptuous and impolitic as to keep him in suspense; for the husband can amply retaliate for all the sufferings of the lover; but supposing that I was so extravagantly disposed, what particular circumstance would aggravate my offence?

“ My dear Miss Harford,” answered he, “ we can only keep the turtle a week

longer ; I brought it to figure at Knightley's wedding ; but it would not be unwelcome at our own."

" He then, perhaps conceiving me a mere boarding-school miss, relapsed into the old strain of bombast flattery. My face was the mien of Venus, my air had the dignity of Juno, and the wit of Minerva embellished my conversation ; as to the heroines and demi-goddesses, they were not worthy to support my train. I lost all patience ; I led him before the looking-glass, and begged him to recollect the fate of Vulcan who had married Venus.

" He next expatiated on his estates, and of the improvement of which they were capable ; of his town residence, which I might furnish to my own taste ; of his establishment, equipages, and other topics, often the principal articles in a marriage settlement. I told him, if he were arranging a union between Northcote Park and Carbonkel Hall, such improve-

ments would be much to the purpose ; but before a marriage should unite Miss Harford and Sir Humphrey Carbonkel, the chief improvements that I would propose to him were those of his heart, of his head, of his manners, and of his character ; and that, to induce me to inhabit it, his town-house had less need of new furniture than of a new master : but to my cost I found that the man who would scarcely suffer his wife to look in his face, would endure tamely the most premeditated insult from his mistress. He resumed the posture of a supplicant. " Love," said he, probably from some comedy, " has ordered me to kneel at your feet ; hope only shall make me rise ;" when the dinner-bell ringing, he arose and led me into the dining-parlor.

" Notwithstanding my refusal the family were determined to give him my hand, and my sentence was to be executed on the third day ; but so intent was Sir

Humphrey on a turtle feast, that he almost broke off the match, rather than consent to a private wedding.

“ My aunt endeavored to console me, by assuring me that many other girls of my acquaintance had been forced to marry against their inclinations ; for who would think of consulting a young creature on matters of such importance ? And Priscilla declared that such a hussey rather deserved to marry a Turk than a Christian ; though, in spite of her religion, this pious lady made no scruple to conceal my indiscretions from her brother communicant.

“ Any other girl in my situation would have spent the first day in tears, the second in preparing her wedding-clothes, and on the third she would have devoted herself to a life of misery to herself and of privation to society. I acted like a gypsey and an Etonian ; I followed a different plan, and have become a mother. (Here Camilla pressed the infant Marina to her bosom.)

“ On the second night, after having scattered some clothes on the banks of the river, to persuade the family that I had drowned myself, I escaped a second time to London. I took up my abode at the lodgings of an old housekeeper, who lived on an annuity from my mother. I intended to stay with her till I had settled my plans. That evening a young woman called upon her; she was pregnant. “Aunt,” said she, “the hour of my delivery is approaching, have you found any one to fill my place?” The old woman informed me that her niece was a servant at Mrs. Montgomery’s. I shall forbear from giving you a description of that excellent woman, as the Prince your nephew has certainly made you acquainted with her character. Among her other good qualities she was the best of mistresses; she was the idol of her servants. As your sister Agalva had always appeared to her an instrument of providence to save her and her infant from destruction, her gratitude never

allowed her to turn out of her service the female who had followed the voice of nature. If the whisper of love was heard more freely in the courts and galleries of her abode, infanticide never defiled its vaults or cellars. Far from considering maternity a crime which merited expulsion, when any of her women was likely to become a mother, she permitted her to retire for a while, and to provide some substitute during her absence. I was afraid that the Knightleys might search for me where I was, and desirous of Mrs. Montgomery's acquaintance, I determined to take the young woman's place; I dressed myself in a suit of her clothes, and was introduced to her fellow-servants.

“ The first fortnight had passed, and I remained undistinguished in the kitchen. I was afraid that the second would expire without presenting me to my mistress's attention; when an accident favored my projects. Her children caught the hoop-cough; for change of air they were

removed to a lodging just out of London, and I was among the servants ordered to attend them. One night we were awakened by the cry of fire; half of the house was in a blaze; we hurried down, children and nurses, into the court-yard. The house stood solitary; no engines near. We saw the house becoming the prey of the flames, when one of the children cried out that his little sister was forgot. The nursery-maid had been too intent on saving her own finery to think on her. A new lamentation arose: the yard was full of women, frantically running about or petrified with fear; here shrieks of horror, there stupid silence. The men-servants had passed the evening at an alehouse, and were not yet returned. The child seemed inevitably lost; the flames had seized the stairs. There was a pond in the garden, where gold-fish were kept; I dashed into it to wet my clothes; I darted up the stairs just as they threatened to fall; I flung the child into a blanket



which the others held out to receive her, and saved myself by jumping on a haystack.

“ We now heard the cause of our misfortunes; the woman of the house had forbid her daughter to read novels, and this prohibition inspired her with the greatest relish for them. Being too strictly watched during the day, she used to indulge her favorite passion at night. She fell asleep; the fire caught her bed-clothes, and set fire to the house.

“ The next morning I received the thanks of Mrs. Montgomery. So good a mother would never have absented herself from her children, but the fear that her youngest, which she sucked, might catch the cough, kept her away. She offered me a handsome present, which I refused; this conduct, so far above my assumed character, and perhaps something in my manner, discovered to her that I was not what I seemed. I related to her my

history: she offered me her house and purse during my minority.

“ I accepted her offer and generally have passed as her daughter. Only her most intimate friends knew the contrary.

“ Being the eldest daughter, Mrs. Montgomery had inherited the family seat in Scotland, and among its delightful groves she invoked the muses, and cultivated every branch of science. She walked every path of literature with success, and the public admired the profound productions of her fertile pen. Full of the sentiments of your sublime sister Agalva, it was she (as I discovered afterward) who had written in defence of the rights of her sex. But not only formed to instruct a select party by her conversation, she could shine in the most brilliant circles of fashionable life. The rake was as proud of being admitted to her toilet, as the philosopher to her library; and a troop of beaux fluttered in her train on

the public walks. The scholar begged leave to dedicate to her his midnight lucubrations; the actor courted her protection for his approaching benefit; the patriot consulted her on some political question; and the peer figured with her at the birth-night ball.

“How advantageous to me was the education that she gave to her own children! Though her daughters in a case of necessity could mend a stocking or a gown, they were neither taught to knit, net, nor embroider. “There is no more reason,” said she, “why a gentlewoman should be her own mantua-maker or milliner, than that a gentleman should be his own taylor or hatter. Let both sexes have a sufficient knowledge in dress not to be cheated by their tradespeople; and though the domestic economy belong to the department of the woman, she can superintend the concerns of her household, and regulate the expences of her kitchen,

without stooping to darn a table-cloth, or boil a pudding. Let ignoble hands perform servile occupations; but let the cultivation of the mind be the employment of the well-born female as well as of the man of rank."

"Not only our studies, but our diversions and exercises differed from the usual ones of our sex. Mrs. Montgomery was an excellent horsewoman, and in her rides we always accompanied her. When we followed the hounds, I was often present at the death, and the country squires were frequently mortified at seeing the fox's brush in the hands of a girl. But how great was her satisfaction at hearing that I could swim. She forbid any one approach the river. The next day she was a witness of my skill, and begged me to instruct her daughters in this exercise. The prejudices of Europe obliged us to conceal this art; but Agalya had opened her eyes, and informed her that swimming

was a fashionable accomplishment at your majesty's court\*.

“ Mrs. Montgomery passed the winters in London, and our time there was not less usefully employed. A petticoat in Europe is the livery of slavery, and we rejoiced to lay it aside, like galley-slaves who had burst their chains. She had ordered us some boys' clothes; and thus accoutred we accompanied her to the houses of parliament and to the courts of justice. She bade us observe the wisdom of our laws, and remark the advantages of the British Constitution. “ Seeing every thing,” said she, “ prevents us from admiring any thing; and though the female be not designed for the camp, the senate, or the bar, she should receive such an education as will enable her to superintend the first instruction of the future legislator, general, and politician.”

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\* Smellie's Philosophy of Natural History; quarto; vol. ii. page 187.

“ Thus Mrs. Montgomery was the very contrast of Mrs. Knightley. Her opinions had long been my own ; but none of my sex had sympathised with me. Nothing could have altered my line of conduct, but none had approved it. I had acted at first I know not why : when I had read the “ Rights of Woman,” I acted from principle ; but Mrs Montgomery’s example first taught me to glory in these principles ; and when I found realized in her all the perfections of which I only had dreamt before ; when I found her an Aspasia, a Ninon de l’Enclos, I could not suppress my involuntary admiration.

“ I merit not these praises,” answered my protectress ; “ they are all due to Agalva. But for her I should have remained one of those weak women whom you so justly despise. She made me what I am ; she not only saved me from an ignominious death, but freed my mind from prejudice and superstition.” And then Mrs. Montgomery gave me a description

of this country. At first I considered it a kind of Utopia, a land existing only in a poet's brain; but when convinced of its real existence, I used to listen with double pleasure to her accounts of your noble sister and of the customs of this empire. Judge then how we were afflicted at Agalva's loss, and how solicitous Mrs. Montgomery was to repay to Prince Firnos all her obligations to his unfortunate mother. I was so prepossessed in favor of Malabar, that I should have felt an inclination for any Nair, though less amiable than your nephew. My attachment and curiosity were at the highest pitch. He offered me an asylum in his country: I determined to spend there at least the remainder of my minority. With a heavy heart I bade my noble patroness farewell, to seek a protection, which I hope your majesty will not refuse me."

Here Camilla finished her history. The son of Rofa thanked her for her

confidence and promised her his friendship ; but mortified at not finding a niece, who might carry on the name and honors of his dynasty, in a woman of her merit, he relapsed into his former melancholy for the loss of Agalva.



**BOOK VIII.**

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**ARGUMENT.**

**A DRAMA, written by the baron of Naldor, acted on the Malabar theatre---Fitz-Allan mobbed by the fruit-women of Calicut---Fitz-Allan's history---Marriage of a country squire to a maid of honor---Fitz-Allan's birth---His connection with Mrs. Warren---His marriage---The tragical end of his wife and children---His flight from England---His arrival at Calicut---A family feast in Malabar.**

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## BOOK VIII.

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**M**EANWHILE the hereditary Prince and the daughter of Anora had proceeded in their route. Nothing could exceed the impatience of the afflicted mother; though four of the fleetest horses seemed to fly with the lightest carriage, she was discontented with their speed. Her promises and intreaties excited the drivers. Firmos endeavored in vain to console her: her maternal affliction awakened all the sorrows of the Prince, and reminded him of his own unfortunate mother. Scarcely a beam of pleasure, at the idea of rejoining his beloved Mitila, could penetrate the cloud which overcast his mind. At length they arrived at Calicut.

Firnos hastened to Mitila's abode; how his heart beat as he touched the threshold; the door was open, no servant in the hall; on the wings of love he mounted the stairs. After so long an absence, his imagination transported him already into her arms, her kisses upon his lips; but his imagination deceived him, for as he approached her apartment, he found that she was engaged.

In antient times, one of their martial fore-uncles, when he visited his beloved, would have left his shield of arms in the porch of her habitation, that his rivals, beholding it, might defer their visits; but when armor was disused among the Nairs, the practice was introduced of the favored lover's hanging his hat over the door of the lady's apartment: the sandals of a capuchin could not be more respected by the catholic husbands of Italy and Portugal. The Prince saw a hat hanging over Mitila's boudoir, and returned in obedience to the sign.

He descended the stairs perhaps less quickly than he had mounted them; disappointed, but without anger; for what Nair could dream of controlling the actions of his beloved, or would have the selfishness to glory in her continence during his absence? At last he found a servant, and inquired politely after her health.

In the intention of lodging at his fellow-traveller's, he was passing the theatre. Though many hours before the piece was to begin, he found all the avenues already crowded. Naldor, who always had a taste for the drama, had amused himself during his last voyage in preparing a piece, portraying the customs of Europe. On his arrival at Calicut, he had sent it to the manager, and the whole troop had been set to work night and day to satisfy the public curiosity with an early representation.

The Prince was surprised to find Farna, whom he had left in tears, at her toilet

preparing for a place of amusement. Farna had dried her tears, and was making every effort to smother her grief. Her son was no more, and sorrow could not recall him from the dead. Had she been a credulous Papist or Mahometan, the best of mothers might have undertaken a pilgrimage to Loretto or Mecca; had they afforded her the least glimpse of hope, barefooted she would have executed both; she would have had recourse to rosaries and amulets; she would have outfasted a mussulman, and worn out more beads than a carmelite; she would have squandered her whole property on lazy dervises and franciscans; but her son was no more, and hope expired with him. She was a Nairress, and consequently too wise to waste a moment in premeditated sorrow. Her conscience accused her of no omission of her duties toward him while he lived; he was dead, and she hurried to her toilet. Like an April day, a tear started in her eye while

she forced her lips into a smile ; a piteous sigh ended in a lively tune ; and when the image of her son rose in her mind, she flew into the Prince's arms to procure him a successor.

But the hour of the play approached : as the Prince stepped into the carriage to accompany the baroness there, he received a note from his antient flame.

“ The daughter of Lora cannot receive the son of Agalva as a lover, but requests the continuance of his friendship. Her inconstancy originated in an excess of love toward him. This may seem a strange paradox, but she will pay him a visit to-morrow and explain thé enigma. But his highness cannot fail to be at the theatre this evening, where Mitila will rejoice to meet her friend.

“ MITILA LORINA,  
“ COUNTESS OF SERINGAL.”

Firnos saw her in an opposite box, but the crowd was so great he could not effect

his way to her; the house was never so full; many carriages had been broken in their way. At last the curtain arose.

The drama was styled "The European Father;" and the prologue having explained the signification of the word, begged the indulgence of the audience for a piece wherein all the unities were violated, and whose only merit consisted in a true picture of the manners of Christendom. A father, mother, and six children were the chief characters, and a terrible catastrophe awaited each. The eldest daughter falls in love against her father's consent; he obliges her to take the veil, where, having murdered the fruit of a secret attachment, she is buried alive for breaking her vows. The eldest son is killed in a duel with her lover. The father next disinherits his second son for marrying a woman without fortune: he is arrested for her debts, and is left by his syren wife to languish in a prison; in attempting to escape out of a window he breaks his neck. The



third son marries a rich heiress to please his father, and is poisoned by his wife. Of the two remaining daughters, the father obliges one to marry an old husband, who like Bluebeard cuts off her head in a fit of jealousy; and the youngest is stabbed by her own father to save her from the amorous attempts of his sovereign. The father is executed on the scaffold for this murder; and their mother, who through the whole piece had ever foreseen and endeavored to hinder the ruin of her children, dies in a mad-house; but declares, while light-headed, that her husband, who had caused all their calamities, was not their father, but as complete a dupe as any European could be.

To interest the sympathy of the gallery, a footman is put into the stocks, and the chambermaid, his paramour, dipped in a horsepond.

Firnos descended to look for the baroness's carriage. A mob had assembled before the play-house, with the cry, "Away

with him ; to the horse-pond ; duck him, duck him." He hastened and found a number of fruit-women dragging away, as he conceived, some pick-pocket ; but he discovered, as they passed the lamp, that it was a European. He stopped them and inquired his crime. " Crime," answered they, " he is a European, and is not that crime enough ? one of those tyrants who would bury us alive, who would murder our lovers, who would forbid us to love. In short he is a European ; to the horse-pond—away with him."

Firnos expostulated with them, and represented to them, that though born in the West, he was perhaps rather an object of pity than of abhorrence ; that though a European, he might be generous ; and that his love of justice and of the rights of women might have induced him to quit the society of slaves and their oppressors, to enjoy love in its natural freedom at Calicut.

The stranger assured them that he was

a perfect convert to their principles, and repeated a few stanzas of a national ballad sung in their wars against the Mahometans. The tide turned in his favor; he was praised to the skies; he might have chosen the prettiest of them, but he was already engaged. He wished to return; they were going to chair him home. At length Firnos prevailed upon them to retire, which they did, repeating their favorite song celebrating the rights of their sex.

The stranger, after some compliments on both sides, informed the Prince that he was looking for the servants of a woman of quality, whom he had accompanied to the theatre, when these women, worked by the drama into a fury against every European, had seized him, and were about to execute summary justice on him. Firnos returned with him to the box, where the lady was waiting his return. Firnos started, and smiled to find it was Mitila herself. "My dear Firnos," said she, "I

believe the enigma requires no further explanation; hearing that an Englishman had arrived at Calicut, I paid him a visit in hopes of hearing some news of you."

"And he pleased you so much," interrupted the Prince, "that you never thought of me since."

"Nevertheless we will remain friends, shall we not?" said she, giving him her hand, and turning to the stranger; "this is the Prince Firnos, whom you have so often heard me mention."

"You need not tell me who he is," said Firnos: "What! Fitz-Allan, have you forgot the family Roverbella?"

"The Marchese Roverbella!" cried the astonished Englishman, "the Marchese in this country! in this dress!—it is so indeed!"

Yes, it was Fitz-Allan, the antient friend of Agalva, he who had received Firnos so coolly, and who had vanished so suddenly from England, to deprive him of his beloved at Calicut: and though he had

passed the meridian of his life, a distant lover could not have had a more dangerous rival than Fitz-Allan, the pupil of Chesterfield. His success, however, was less rapid than that of the amiable Cæsar, nor could he boast with the vanity of the dictator, that he came, he saw, and conquered.

Mitila, indeed, was far from making a merit of her constancy. During a whole year she had lamented the absence of her friend and school-fellow, but in this she had only followed the dictates of her heart without any idea of duty. She had avoided every crowded assembly; she refused every invitation; she rejected every amorous suit. Fitz-Allan arrived at Calicut, she ran to him to enquire after Firnos; she visited him day after day, and for hours together they did nothing but talk of the Prince. But Fitz-Allan was too amiable to play a secondary part; at every visit the consolations that he gave her grew more tender; a sympathy imper-

ceptibly united them. At first the thoughts of Mitila spontaneously rolled on Fornos ; at last some accident must remind her of him.

The Baroness joined them from her box, where she had waited for Fornos in vain ; and all four, Fornos and Farna, Fitz-Allan and Mitila, adjourn to supper at Mitila's hotel.

Those who have frequented the little suppers of Paris or Vienna can conceive the gaiety and good humour of this company. Fornos felt himself again in a land of liberty, Fitz-Allan thought himself in a fairy-land, and the ladies, who seldom recollected that any country differed from their own, contributed with their usual flow of spirits to enliven the hours.

No idle visitors intruded their superfluous company, and no one proposed cards, the invention of ennui. A delicate supper was served up in a well-lighted hall: how happily they were placed, each cavalier at the side of his dame; the number of

tapers embellished the splendor of their beauty. The conversation was full of sallies and of innocent merriment, which can entertain without the help of scandal, for scandal cannot subsist in a country of personal liberty like Malabar.

“ How happy I am at your return, my dear Firnos,” said Mitila, “ I burn with impatience to hear your account of Fitz-Allan’s whimsical country-folks: I still hope that he has been trifling with our credulity. I wish not, like our good fruit-women, to plunge any one in our horse-ponds, as I cannot ascribe to them the property of the waters of Lethe to cure a stranger of his absurd notions on our sex, on love and on marriage, and of his other extravagant tenets.”

“ Fortunate,” said Firnos, “ would it be, were these tenets only extravagant and absurd, and not tyrannical and pernicious. Were their treatment of women known at Calicut, our nurses would substitute the name of Englishman instead of Black

Eunuch and Bloody Ogre to terrify the Nair children into good behavior :—but more of this at another time.—I am so happy in meeting an old acquaintance in my maternal country.”

Here fresh expressions of surprise, of satisfaction, of friendship, and of curiosity, took place. What event might have caused Fitz-Allan's sudden departure from England? what chain of circumstances might have led him to Calicut, to the unknown country of a woman whom he had always taken for an Italian? At the game he had been playing chance shuffled them not, but some superior power seemed to have dealt the cards.

The company adjourned to the boudoir of the Countess, where, his audience having renewed their intreaties to Fitz-Allan, he, after some apologies, thus began his history.

“ Roger Fitz-Allan was a country squire, of one of the most antient families in his province. From his ancestors he had in-



herited a passion for the sports of the field, and an inveterate hatred to the court. His thoughts dwelt with pleasure on those times when every gentleman was a petty sovereign on his own estate. The walls of his seat were adorned with escutcheons and stags' horns, and he could repeat his own pedigree and that of his favorite hunter with equal facility.

*Firnos.*

“God forbid that it ever should be the case!—but, till your women are kept under lock and key, as your mares are, your pedigrees in the Herald's Office will be less certain than at Newmarket.”

*Fitz-Allan.*

“The squire had reached his fortieth year, and was still unmarried. At this time the court, by some violent measure, had raised a general discontent. Petitions against it were sent from every quarter, and our county appointed the Squire to present a spirited remonstrance. He sallied up to London, was with difficulty

persuaded to dress according to the court etiquette, and his hair was cropped too short to admit of a bag; but nothing could induce him to exchange for a more modern one, a sword which Oliver Cromwell had presented to his ancestor after the battle at Worcester.

“Such an uncouth figure had not long appeared at St. James’s; a titter and whisper went round the room. As he marched forward the hilt of his sword carried away the point ruffle of a maid of honor; the titter grew a laugh, and the whole circle was in a roar: as he stammered an awkward excuse she only had the politeness to keep her countenance. She began a conversation with him; she seemed to relish the rude sallies of his wit, and accompanied his hoarse laugh with a smile.

“This condescension wrought a perfect change in the Squire; the rough huntsman put on the smirk of a courtier: the next time that he appeared at the levee

he scarcely knew himself as he passed the glass.

Then say plain Roger, not for half the world,---  
'Tis sweet Sir Roger,---and his hair was curl'd.

“ Lady Louisa complimented him on his metamorphosis : “ You are growing a courtier.”—“ God forbid,” said he, “ no Fitz-Allan has been a courtier for these three hundred years.” “ I must confess,” answered she, “ I am no advocate for a court life ; and my ancestor, who some centuries ago was obliged to emigrate from Italy for having given the Pope a box on the ear, little thought that one of his descendants would pin up the tail of any queen upon earth.”

“ The Squire could not withstand the temptation ; this box on the ear of the Holy Father was too precious an incident for the pedigree of a whig : many marriages in Europe arise from more absurd causes ; for, in short, whether he or she made the first advances, it is immaterial.

But the whole county was surprised to see the honest Squire return with a maid of honor ; nor ceased the astonishment of the courtiers at her choice till six months afterwards, when she, having fallen from her horse, presented her husband with a son and heir, and my name was inscribed in the pedigree of the Fitz-Allans.

“ Lady Louisa was the most obliging wife imaginable ; she seemed to have no wishes but her husband’s ; she thought, talked and dressed as he would have her. She nursed his sick pointer ; she accompanied him to the dog-kennel ; she learnt hunting songs, and could cry the view-nollow.

“ In the presence of the Squire she never ventured to show herself in a natural light, but in his absence she threw off the rude manners of a hoyden, and was again the polished lady of the court. He never saw her without a mask ; nor was this the only mortification that she had to support. She could find no consolation in the bois-

terous squires who drank his wine, and made his table a scene of rude debauchery. She grew melancholy, and when she retired to rest how often was her midnight dream, in which some amiable gallant was sighing for her love, interrupted by the rough caresses of her reeling husband.

“ Solitude and the company that she found at his castle were equally insupportable to her. Solitude is the mirror of the soul, in which, when happy, one can contemplate one’s happiness ; but, if unhappy, it reflects one’s misery in its true colors. At length a complaisant physician recommended to her ladyship the natal air of London. She, knowing no motive upon earth would induce the Squire to quit the country during the hunting season, affected every regret at separating from him. But he insisted, and used to read to his bottle-companion her letters, which complained of the necessity of living pent up in the smoke of the capital. Ladies, despise not my mother ; wherever womer

are treated like slaves, they act like slaves with artifice and hypocrisy. From this time she spent every winter with her relatives in town.

“ The house of the Earl her father, who in a diplomatic character had resided at several courts on the continent, was the rendezvous of all the gay, gallant, and amiable company of the capital, and the chief resource of all foreigners of distinction. Among these, the superior qualities of the Chevalier de Brisac shone with unrivalled lustre. Nature and art had united in forming a graceful person, and Versailles had given to his manners the last polish.

“ In Europe, it would be the height of impropriety for a son to hint that his mother was not insensible to the merits of a distinguished stranger ; but my audience at Calicut,” continued Fitz-Allan, bowing to the two lovers opposite to him, and squeezing Mitila’s hand, “ would find it natural, should lady Louisa have done all to render London agreeable to the Cheva-

lier, that you, my dear Mitila, have done to recommend Calicut to me, and he showed as little desire to return to France; as I show to return to England.

“ But when the winter was over, and the returning summer called her away from London, where she had really lived, to a state of vegetation in the country, how affecting was the idea of separating from the Chevalier. Ye women of Indostan cannot conceive such pangs of parting; when, torn away from the objects of your affections, it is in compliance with the voice of patriotism, which raises you into heroines, not in obedience to a husband's caprice, which degrades you into slaves.

“ The hour approached, but it passed with few protestations of constancy on either side, for neither doubted of the affection of the other: their tongues were silent, but their hearts understood this silence: he squeezed her hand as she stepped into the carriage; she let down the blinds, and burst into a flood of tears.

“ Figure to yourselves a woman who doated on the splendor of the court, forced to tear herself from every thing dear to her, and to bury herself for six months in the country. I will not dispute which is the most rational, a town or a country life, but surely you will pity the woman, who may not choose the manner of life that pleases her. Beside, an agreeable companion is an essential in the country, and how unfit was the honest Squire to compensate the absence of the Chevalier.

“ Three tedious summers passed away in this manner without a friend who had delicacy of soul enough to pity her; nor, even if any feeling soul had been lodged in her husband's rude companions, would a poor woman in England ever have ventured to confide secrets of this nature. Her eyes were red with tears: I was her constant and only society; though a mere infant, she never confided me out of her sight; she took a pleasure in satisfying my childish curiosity. Once I asked her, if a



dormouse really slept half of the year. She burst into tears; it struck me at the time; and in a collection of letters, which lately fell into my hands, and have acquainted me with many incidents in the life of that incomparable woman, she mentioned my improvements with the fondness of a mother. "I always encourage him," wrote she, "to ask questions; no one but an ignorant nurse, who is incapable of answering them, can reprimand the inquisitiveness of a child." She then related my question. "Ah, Chevalier," added she, "I who am thus torn from your arms, why can I also not pass the half of my existence in insensibility; I, who am thus doomed to this cruel separation?" The Chevalier answered in an elegant sonnet, and compared her to Ceres, who is buried one half the year, and returns to be, during the other, the delight of mankind.

"But when nature had long worn the dreary garb of autumn, and the returning

winter spread a gloom over the country, every leaf, which fell from the tree, seemed to beckon her to scenes of happiness and joy.

“The following summer, upon her return into the country, she had the satisfaction to perceive her husband’s attentions to the housekeeper. Instead of railing and pouting at him, and turning his accomplice out of doors, she took her into favor, and as Nanny Perkins gained an ascendancy over the Squire, lady Louisa, through her means, governed him, who fondly imagined that he governed every thing.

“When she conceived that her empire was established, the Chevalier arrived on the wings of love: he had received a commission from a prince of the blood in France to purchase some horses and hounds. With whom could he consult so properly as with the Squire: he produced a letter of recommendation from the Earl to his son-in-law. The Squire, out of patriotism, seemed at first to despise him;

he was a Papist and a foreigner ; but as he was a passionate sportsman, and alone had the courage to follow him over a five-barred gate, this gained his heart, and he swore that it was a pity such a fine fellow should be a Frenchman.

“ The appearance of the Chevalier was to lady Louisa the return of the sun. On a gloomy day how dismal and dreary is the same landscape, which on a fine one discovers some new beauty from every point of view. When she leaned on his arm, how romantic was the grove ; how inviting the velvet turf ; what melody in every little chorister ; what enchantment in every babbling brook ; what grandeur in the distant ocean ! She now relished the country ; she would have relished the deserts of Arabia in his society. When the day was concluded, she would willingly have lived it over again ; and her return to London was almost a matter of indifference.

“ His guest having presented to the Squire a wolf-dog from the Pyrenees, he was so

delighted with the gift, that he prevailed upon his dutiful wife to teach the Chevalier English, which, to his great exultation, the Frenchman used to proclaim the first language in the universe, and the only fit one for a sportsman. In short, the picture of domestic felicity was perfect at Allan's castle. The Squire congratulated himself on the blindness of lady Louisa, who, far from perceiving his attachment to Nanny Perkins, loaded her with presents, while he himself was grateful to the Chevalier for improving the breed in his dog-kennel."

*Mitila.*

And never suspected him of any improvements in the nursery.

*Fitz-Allan.*

If any dispute took place between man and wife, they were mere thunder-storms, violent, but momentary; and the Chevalier acted as mediator between them. You may wonder that he had not espoused lady Louisa himself. Alas! he was already married, he had been sacrificed to

the ambition of his uncle, a bishop in France. The mistress of his most Christian majesty wished an honorable birth for her children: some gentleman of quality was to give her his name, and sign an agreement never to approach within a crow's flight of Versailles. The prelate proposed his nephew: the protestations of the young Chevalier were vain; he depended on his uncle's bounty; the priest was inexorable, and left him to choose between the bastille and a pension from the court. The nephew became a husband and French envoy at London; the uncle a cardinal and premier minister of France.

“The embassy was a kind of honorable banishment; and how happy was the Chevalier to meet lady Louisa, who possessed all the grace and elegance of his own countrywomen. He danced with her, for the first time, at a birth-night ball; no minuet ever made greater sensation. The king of England rose from

BOOK VIII.

... to look at them; and the  
... who had known the Car-  
... and was charmed with the  
... arrangements of his nephew,  
... the most pressing invitation to

... the source of their connection.  
... discovered itself; and  
... were designed each  
... mother and the  
... He was her first, her  
... and his attainment proved her  
... the last moments of her  
... out between  
... who did  
... in  
... to remain  
... England.

... was I less  
... nature; the  
... was equally  
... sent to Eton  
... as I was sauntering  
... a lady of quality drove

by in her phaëton : I shall never forget her ; her graceful attitude, her significant air, the dexterity with which she managed her fiery steeds.—O, I think I see her now. She was my first love : perhaps the only woman that I ever really loved.”

*Mitila.*

A pretty compliment to all her successors—to me among the rest !

*Firnos.*

And to my poor mother, your beloved Marchesa !

*Fitz-Allan—(correcting himself.)*

My dear Countess—Your imperial Highness—

*Mitila.*

No apology : continue your history.

*Fitz-Allan.*

As she passed me, the lash of her whip became entangled in the wheel, and fell into the dust. I sprang over the railing where I stood, picked it up, and presented it to her ; she received it with the most gracious smile, and passed on.

“Some days after, I was walking in Windsor Park; her phaëton passed, and I had a second opportunity of exercising my politeness, for, this time, her handkerchief fell into the road. She thanked me, and begged to know the name of a man of such gallantry. “I am passing through Eton,” said she, “permit me to conduct you home.” I mounted into her phaëton. She proved to me that her great-grandmother was related to my great-grandmother, and invited me as her cousin to dine with her the following Sunday. She lodged me at the door of my boarding-house; I descended as from a triumphal car, to the astonishment of my school-fellows. I stammered some awkward compliment, and was so out of myself, when the lady drove on, that I even forgot to pull off my hat.

“I cannot describe my sensations till Sunday came; my restlessness, my desires, my inward tumult, my transitions from heat to cold; such were the symptoms of



a first love. Though nothing beyond common politeness had passed between us, I, though a novice in love, perceived that Mrs. Warren was more than commonly well disposed toward me. The fall of her handkerchief could never be accidental. I retired to a wood in the neighborhood of our college, and for hours together did nothing but reflect on her advances and dream of my approaching felicity. At night I tossed about my bed; I heard the clock strike every quarter; I scarcely closed an eye, but my thoughts were so soothing, that I rose refreshed as from the soundest sleep.

“The desire of seeing her increased with every day; I was all impatience; my arms extended involuntarily to embrace her. I ransacked the novels of a circulating library for compliments, which would better have suited a knight of the round-table, and which, had my *mauvaise honte* allowed me to use them, would have rendered me ridiculous in every

fashionable circle. I ran up and down the park, and, without meaning it, found myself perpetually on the spot where her handkerchief had dropped. Sometimes, indeed, the criminality of such an attachment occurred to me, for my beloved was a married woman; but then her form, her look, her smile, her features occurred to me; and, ladies, if the devil would fish for a poor soul, he must bait his hook with a pretty woman."

The finesse of this remark was unintelligible to the two ladies, who could conceive no connection between the favors of a pretty woman and the loss of a soul. Fitz-Allan proceeded.

"It was scarcely day-light on the Sunday, when I woke the whole house to commence my toilet. But when I saw at a distance her grey horses, a tremor ran through my whole frame: I never was so awkward as in mounting the steps of her phaëton.

"A squeeze of her hand welcomed me;

my compliment was drowned in the noise of the wheels : we arrived at her villa ; and behold me in all my glory, dining, tête-à-tête, with the goddess of my heart.

“ Nor, in all probability, were her sensations less agreeable ; she was a woman of high ton and practised in the routine of fashionable gallantry. Libertines had sighed at her feet, and fops fluttered in her train. But these were the attachments of vanity and ennui. She had been flattered by the conquest of him whom she despised, or had yielded to protestations that she could never believe. Now, for the first time, she felt herself beloved, she saw herself adored, though the word love never passed my lips ; but my timidity was incense to her charms, and the embarrassment of my looks and words was more flattering than the most finished compliments.

“ I determined to be bolder after dinner ; but in retiring to the drawing-room, I had scarcely the courage to offer to hand her

up stairs. The tea-table was removed, and I was as little advanced as ever. She proposed a walk in the garden, when a carriage drove up to the house, and some visitors were announced. I had the satisfaction to remark the mortification of the lady at this intrusion.

“ The moon was already high in the heavens, when the visitors departed. “ We will not be deprived of our walk,” said Mrs. Warren, and gave me her hand ; how mine trembled in hers !

“ We had arrived at an alcove, and neither of us had broke the silence. “ Are you fond of nightingales ?” said she. “ Are there any in this neighborhood ?” asked I. “ My dear Fitz-Allan,” said she, “ where are your thoughts ? how absent you are ! I fancied that you were listening to them, and would not disturb you. I must apologize for detaining you from Eton ; without doubt some fair damsel interests you there.” A young Frenchman would have kissed her hand, and have made her

a gallant compliment ; I was an Englishman, and could only assure her “ it was no such thing.”

“ No,” said she, “ I will not make my sex or your heart so bad a compliment as to suppose you without some *penchant*. I pretend to decypher characters, and shall be mortified if I err in yours. I conceive that your modesty is an impediment to your merit, and that you may have made no small impression on the object of your affections, without having the courage to make a declaration. Believe me, this is *mauvaise honte*.”

“ This indeed was throwing the gauntlet ; yet even this was not explicit enough. She feared all her advances were in vain ; my timidity was an insurmountable object to our mutual wishes. At last she hit on an expedient : “ Suppose we act a comedy together ; you shall be a passionate lover, and I the object of your vows. Come, Sir Knight, how would you besiege the castle ?”

“ I cast myself at her feet.

“ Bravo,” cried she, “ that is the days of chivalry to a hair; but as we are in the eighteenth century, you may begin with kissing my hand.”

“ I did as I was bid ; I felt so emboldened, that I might have proceeded further, when my preceptress arose. “ Very well for a beginner,” said she, “ I must reward your docility.” It was the first time my lips touched those of a woman : this kiss electrified my whole frame.

“ It is late,” said she ; we returned to the house, and I passed this night ten times more unquietly than the night before.

“ When we met the next morning at breakfast, “ Let me see,” said Mrs. Warren, “ whether you remember your lesson;” I kissed her hand, and would not have stopped there ; “ No,” said she, “ no lessons out of school.”

“ How impatiently I longed for the return of night ; I counted every hour,

and was perpetually looking at my watch, and the sooner the sun was to set, the longer every moment appeared that it tarried above the horizon.

“ At length, “ Have you no desire to hear the nightingales ?” she said : I handed her into the garden.

“ We re-commenced our theatricals ; and this time, as I led her back from the alcove, “ My dear friend,” cried the lady, “ if you can act the part of a lover with so much spirit, happy the woman whom you really love. Your *debut* has my entire approbation.”

“ Thus commenced a connection, which I consider the most fortunate event in my life. It saved me from all the vulgar debaucheries of my school-fellows, at an age when every excess is pernicious. It polished my manners, and gave me a delicacy of sentiment. I avoided every drinking party. When my acquaintances sneaked into some alley, and slept away the fumes of wine in the arms of some

common prostitute, their conduct raised my disgust. I retired to Mrs. Warren. Her love to me induced her, instead of returning to pass the winter in London, to take a house at Windsor: with her I passed all my leisure hours. This amiable woman had chosen me out of caprice, but when she saw how I loved, how I adored her, she began to love me with an equal tenderness. She took care of my youth; she suffered me to sip, but never to empty the cup of delight. She contrived to give to her caresses the charm of novelty. I was not longer the bashful novice, but she now took a pride in my air of gallantry, for she considered it her own work: her only fear was to lose me. "It is easier," said she, "to command a whole regiment of admirers, than to keep alive the affection of the man one loves."

"But this lady had no reason to accuse my inconstancy; necessity separated us. My mother, by what means I know not, but what can escape the vigilance of a



mother? had discovered my amour, and trembled for the consequences. My charmer's husband, whom I have not mentioned, and indeed we seldom thought of him, was the captain of a ship of war, and was expected home from the West-Indies. To remove me from the vengeance of his jealousy, it was resolved to send me to a German university. You may conceive my opposition to this project, nor will I describe my pangs at parting from my beloved.

“ I had studied at Leipsic a whole year, during which I visited some of the German courts; and, would you believe it? I existed without love. Like a true knight, I gloried in my constancy. I had tied about my neck a ribbon, which Mrs. Warren had given me, and often retired to cover one of her gloves with my kisses. I neglected every opportunity of a *bonne fortune*, and treated with disdain the advances of a most charming woman, who was perpetually throwing herself in my

way ; and, what is more honorable to my constancy, I was enthusiast enough to delight in this state of abstinence ; it was no self-denial.

“ But what little dependance can be placed on so variable a creature as man ! My conduct had already procured me the name ‘ woman-hater ’ among the students, when, returning one night from a banquet given by an acquaintance on receiving the doctor’s degree, I met a street-walker on the promenade ; I was not accustomed to wine ; the charm was dissolved in what I had drunk too freely. ‘ The image of my beloved occurred not in that unlucky moment to save me ; her form, her look, her smile, her features, all the excellence that I had attributed to my goddess, all were washed out of my memory ; I thought as little on Mrs. Warren, as if she never had existed.

“ The next morning, when I awoke, I recollected nothing of this unfortunate rencounter.

“ The memory, however, of this miserable creature was better ; she came some weeks after and threatened to attribute to me the fruit of her promiscuous amours. I never was so ashamed in my life ; such a disgusting wretch, speaking the coarsest *patois*, I had scarcely ever beheld. I could not contain my indignation ; I disavowed the idea of such a connection ; I threatened to prosecute her for defamation, when she produced a ribbon which, as she said, had fallen from my bosom. It was a trophy which the sentimental lover had snatched from Mrs. Warren. I could not longer deny the fact ; I was convinced, though I could not conceive my weakness, and paid her forty louis, enjoining her to conceal the adventure.

“ Nothing costs so much as to break a resolution, but when once broken, we indemnify ourselves for having kept it so long. Being not longer able to pique itself on constancy, my vanity ran into a contrary extreme ; I was the humble ser-

vant of all the merchants' wives who, in this trading town, could pretend to any *bon-ton*; I narrowly escaped an ambush which was laid to force me to marry a professor's daughter; and had not fingers enough for all the rings that I had received from my different charmers. I however was ashamed of this humble theatre for my conquests, and had written to England for permission to visit the principal courts of Europe."

*Mitila.*

Conquests indeed! *Bonne fortune* is not amiss—but conquest, what an expression! So the same amour, that covers a poor female with shame, crowns her lover with laurels. Who but a European could glory in inconstancy? Know ye not, that though constancy is no merit, it is a source of happiness; and that, though inconstancy is no crime, it is no blessing, much less a boast? O ye Europeans! ye children of vanity and prejudice!

*Fitz-Allan.*

“ However changed my ideas on constancy, I always professed a certain delicacy in my amours ; when one day, dining at the table of a banker, whose better half was one of my flames, the whole company were bantering two students, each of whom my abominable street-walker had accused of being father to her child, and who, each unknown to the other, paid her a sum of money. I remained silent, and bit my lip ; when a rascally attorney, who was probably in the wench’s plot, and who now sat half-muddled on the corner of the table, exposed my credulity and the depravity of my taste, to the ridicule and contempt of all present. The idea of such an illiberal connection wounded my vanity ; I could not hold up my head for some days after ; I feigned an indisposition ; I kept my house, and before I had the courage to venture abroad, I received a letter from my mother : an unexpected event in

the family required my immediate return to England.

“The Squire had been appointed steward of the county races. On these occasions, the English gentry display a magnificence in their equipages and liveries, which the eyes of foreigners would seek only at the court. Fitz-Allan’s coach and six, followed by a train of servants on the finest blood-horses, had been the admiration of the course; and in the evening he entered the ball-room with as much self-satisfaction, as if he himself had given the Pope a box on the ear.

“It is the office of the steward to do the honors of the place. A German prince, then on a tour through England, was placed at his right hand at supper; and afterward, at the faro-table, his highness staked a large sum. I have already mentioned the haughtiness of Fitz-Allan’s temper. As steward, he was the first person there. “The king,” as he was perpetu-

ally saying, "is only the first gentleman in the land, and an English gentleman is as good as a German prince any day in the week." In short, he, merely not to be outdone, though without any passion for gambling, staked double the sum, and lost it. His obstinacy and his ill luck continued, nor would he desist, till at the end of the play he owed an immense sum to a neighboring baronet who kept the bank.

"Next day the Baronet required payment, the Squire declared his present inability; many messages passed on the occasion, till at last they determined, in order to settle the affair like good neighbors, that I should marry the Baronet's daughter.

"Upon seeing the young lady, I had the greatest difficulty to conceal my disgust, and absolutely refused to marry her. The Squire insisted, my mother took my part. "Zounds, madam," cried he, "what you are teaching your son rebel-

lion too, you who have been so dutiful, and obedient as you ought to be : but I have always had my own way yet, and I warrant I will have it now also." This put an end to my mother's remonstrances ; she had only tears to offer in my favor ; I, however, resolutely refused.

All thoughts on the marriage being laid aside, the Squire was obliged to think seriously on paying the debt. He bid farewell to Allan's castle, and retired with his family to a cottage on one of his estates : a single footboy was their only attendant. The Squire grew surly and morose, and grumbled from morning till night : in the days of his prosperity his dog-kennel and bottle divided his time ; now his cellar being empty, and his hounds and horses being sold, his friends thought not more about him, and his only delight was in teasing his wife.

“ My mother would have smarted with cheerfulness for a man that she loved. Women of a less generous character



would have done so: even the housekeeper refused to quit the Squire, and as her mistress was unable to pay her wages, she offered and absolutely remained with the family for nothing.

“ Meanwhile, grief preyed upon my mother’s spirits: the Squire, instead of consoling, only aggravated her mortification. She was too high-spirited to accept any pecuniary assistance from the Cavalier, and the last guinea of her own fortune was expended on my brother’s education. I had been recalled from my beloved continent, and was languishing in the country. My mother was infinitely dear to me, and even the Squire, till the late occasion, had never treated me harshly. I hated a country life, which seemed to me a punishment for my disobedience: my school-fellows were travelling about Europe, and every letter contained an account of their presentation at some foreign court. At length one of my Eton friends wrote to me, that he had danced with an

arch-duchess : I went and offered to marry the Baronet's daughter ; our family assumed its antient splendor at the castle, and the young lady was fetched home from the boarding school.

“ My bride was allowed to be a fine girl, had a pair of rosy cheeks and white teeth ; was ready to dance at the sound of the first fiddle ; would weep at any sentimental novel, and laugh at nothing at all. She was a wag at cross-purposes, at snap-dragon and at hunt-the-slipper, and made a most capital blind-man. Whether she thought herself in duty bound to love her husband, or whether the person of a young man of twenty really pleased her, she did me the honor to fall most violently in love with me ; I would willingly have dispensed with her duty, and had the ingratitude to feel very little flattered by the honor.

“ The priest had just tied us together, and was playing his part at the wedding dinner, and the country squires were bantering the bride on the mysteries of mar-

riage, when I slipt out of the room, jumped into my travelling chaise, and departed for the continent. The Baronet had consented to my making a tour for three years, but the time when it should take place had not been fixed ; the disappointment threw the bride into hysterics.

“ These three years were the most agreeable that I ever lived. They passed like a dream : the bare remembrance of their felicity has gilded many an hour : I thought it never to be equalled : but Calicut, under your auspices, my dear Mitila, has, in the autumn of my life, renewed the enchantment with which Paris blessed its vernal day. When I returned, the history of my amours surpassed the belief of my home-bred countrymen ; they had no idea of the delightful variety of gallantry, and knew not to hit the medium between domestic dulness and vulgar debauchery.

“ But the relation of my adventures could afford you, ladies, little entertainment ; you would imagine that I were

relating the ordinary amours of this capital; and Paris may be considered the Calicut of Europe. Marriage, indeed, exists there; but, as a French author says, "a husband, who would wish to keep his wife to himself, would be considered a disturber of the public happiness, and as a madman, who would monopolise the light of the sun. He who loves his own wife, is one who is not agreeable enough to gain the affections of any other man's wife; who takes advantage of a law to make amends for his own want of amiability; who sacrifices to his own interest the comfort of a whole society; and who contributes, as far as lies in his power, to overturn a tacit convention, that is conducive to the happiness of both sexes.\*"

*Mitila.*

Is this author still living? He deserves to be a member of the Calicut Academy:

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\* Montesquieu's Persian Letters; Letter 55.

your imperial highness must procure him a diploma.

*Farna.*

If I were banished to Europe, I would fix my residence at Paris.

*Fitz-Allan.*

“ I am perfectly of your opinion, even though the bastille were to be rebuilt ; for political is less valuable than personal liberty. But to continue my history.

“ On my return to England, I found my wife very little improved. At our marriage, she was so young, that her character was unformed ; like wax, it would have assumed any impression whatever, or she might be said to have no character at all. Having lived among country squires, she was grown a complete tomboy, and in short, was in reality the same country caricature, which her policy induced my mother to appear. “ Here’s a wench,” cried the Squire, “ worth all the maids of honor at St. James’s, that is, since Lady Louisa is not longer among

them." She gave me a rude buss, and ran up stairs to fetch a fox's tail, assuring me, with an air of triumph, that herself had been present at the death. O, *Madame la Baronne! Madame la Marquise! Madame la Presidente!* beauties whom I had known at Nanci, how I at this moment regretted your *petits-soupers*, your *boudoirs*, and your *parties fines!*

"Imagine not, ladies, that I objected to my wife's taste for horsemanship; far from it, my disgust proceeded from her want of every other taste. A woman, whose thoughts were always in the stable, was a very unfit companion for the drawing-room. Believe me, I never was so enchanted in my life, as the first time I saw the Samorina on horseback; with what strength she bestrode the noble animal, with what skill she curbed its motions, what dignity, what grace in her attitude! The Persian Ambassador met her; the haughty Mahometan, proud of his sexual superiority, was obliged to dis-

mount and hold her stirrup; and then her ladies of honor, each claiming her share in the admiration, which we had already paid to her mistress, each worthy of attending Dido to the chace. Was I awake, or dreaming? saw I Penthesilea at the head of her amazons? or Katharine of Russia commanding her Chevalier-guard?

“ How happy would the Squire have been with such a wife as mine, and how pleasantly would my life have passed with such a companion as my mother: (observe, I say companion, for the very name of wife would have rendered her indifferent to me.) Love is represented by our poets as a blind god, but might not Hymen be so with more justice; Hymen, who joined a rude country squire to the idol of the Chevalier, and me, the *élève* of Mrs. Warren, to an awkward hoyden of the country? Fortunate, thrice fortunate Malabar, where Cupid may play a few childish pranks, but Hymen drives none to

madness; and surely the situation of my wife was cruel enough to turn the brain of a girl of nineteen. Though without any ambition of canonisation, a mere caprice induced me to treat her as our King Edward the Confessor had treated his Queen. Though four years her husband, I had neglected her charms; she was too proud to complain of this insult; she sought solitude, where, with her hand covering her forehead, and her elbow resting on her knee, she would sit hour after hour like patience on a monument, the picture of disappointment and grief.

“ Soon after my return to England, the death of the good Squire put me in possession of all the property of the Fitz-Alans. He died in the arms of his wife, and perfectly confident in her fidelity; but, alas! my beloved mother survived him but a few months:

“ This best of mothers had always treated her children rather with the kindness of a friend, than with the authority



of a parent, and in return enjoyed their confidence and attachment. Perceiving her end approaching, she summoned us to her bedside to receive her benediction ; I shall never forget the scene: she alone remained unmoved ; she died, without a groan, without a struggle, in my arms. The ornament of a court died with the calm of a philosopher.

“ I was equally edified and affected at her death ; I reflected that no criminal could die with such tranquillity : though her conduct might be arraigned at the bar of the world, her conscience must acquit her ; and if she were a bad wife, she was a good mother. The duties of a wife depend upon the accidental customs of time and place ; those of a mother are the dictates of nature. Among her papers, I found her correspondence with the Chevalier ; how tenderly she loved him, and how worthy he was of her love : her happiness was in the power of her husband ; if she betrayed his confidence, the secret expired

with her; but in her letters she mentioned Fitz-Allan with so much regard, she seemed so thankful for the good-natured husband that had fallen to her lot, that I began to blush at my own barbarity, and resolved to show the same indulgence to the poor woman, whose happiness or misery depended upon me.

“ To enable her to choose for herself afterward, I would have been content, with the dignity of a Sultan, to fling the handkerchief to my wife, and would have suffered her, trembling like a Circassian slave, to ascend our nuptial bed; but my pride forbad, I had made a vow of neglecting her. In the first circles at Paris, I had met the Duke de Richelieu, then the mirror of fashion and flower of gallantry. The most amiable cavaliers copied even his foibles, and billets-doux showered on him from all sides. I beheld him with admiration, and was flattered with the idea of resembling him in something. His parents also had married him to a woman

without consulting him; and, piqued at this, the young Duke was determined that she should only enjoy the public honors of his wife. Their threats and exhortations were vain; they applied for a *lettre de cachet*, he was confined in the bastille, and for several months separated from the sex that he adored. Here his wife was induced to visit him, and you must allow that the idea of converting a dungeon into a temple of hymen was not auspicious; he received her with politeness, but was blind to her youth and beauty, and she retired with shame and disappointment. This anecdote passed from boudoir to boudoir; the women were so happy in relating any thing of their favorite, and they were enchanted at a bonmot which he made on surprising a lover at his wife's toilette. I had returned to England full of his praises, and resolved to follow his examples; like him I had been a bridegroom; like him I was a husband; and had an opportunity offered, his bonmot

would not have been lost upon me. I found my wife perpetually in tears, but my vanity mistook their source: I imagined that they flowed from wounded pride at my indifference, while they only proceeded from a fear of discovery. My image had long ceased to cause any emotion but terror in her breast; I believed her in a state of purity, (but, perhaps, ye ladies of Malabar understand not the expression,) while she trembled at the danger of becoming a mother. While I was sighing at the toilettes of so many court beauties on the continent, Tom and Dick, and Will and Harry, grooms, coachmen, and postillions, had consoled her for my absence; her low intrigues had long been the scandal of the whole county, but I, her *bon'homme*, was, as usual, informed of them the last.

“ I mention not the baseness of these lovers to criminate my wife, but merely to show the grossness of her sentiments and taste. Should a woman dispose of

her affections unworthily, that is her own affair, no one has a right to control them; but you may conceive the rigor of my destiny, which joined me to a woman of such base inclinations."

*Farna.*

"Such base inclinations are not unknown in Calicut; though we must do our country-women the justice to declare, that they are uncommon. Though a lady here would not scruple to own her inclination to her footman, yet habit, education, and opportunity, generally bring together lovers of an equal rank. Should the hat of an upstart hang in the antichamber of a woman of quality, he is probably recommended by some distinguishing endowment, by some superiority of talents, he is one of those whom nature has ennobled. Her imperial highness, the late Samorina, the Prince's august grandmother, was particularly attached to a professor; and though his mother was a washer-woman, and his uncles served as

common soldiers in the last Persian war, yet the whole court approved her choice. He is a man of the most brilliant wit; I will introduce you to him; I was never half an hour in his company without profiting by his conversation."

*Fitz-Allan.*

"At length my wife became acquainted with a Cavaliere Pellerini; I saw that she was prepossessed in his favor, and hoping that the society of an amiable foreigner would improve her, I invited him to the house: yet I never found them together, but the poor woman trembled like an aspin leaf. I called on him once to return his visit, and met at his lodgings a foreign lady: need I say how I was struck with her appearance? This lady, who was travelling in England with the Cavaliere, whom I took for his wife, but was afterward informed that she was his sister; this lady, I have to-night discovered, was Agalva, the lost Princess of Indostan."

Fitz-Allan here related the circumstances of his rendezvous with Agalva, and the trick which the Princess played on him, to tranquillize his wife, and insure the legitimacy of her child. These incidents were already known to Firmos, who had read them in the memoirs of his mother; but the two ladies were highly delighted with Agalva's manœuvre: it was a triumph for their sex.

“ Ladies,” continued he, “ I know not which was the greatest, the unfeeling cruelty of my first behavior to my wife, or the puerile vanity which dictated my subsequent tolerance. Beside, my conduct was always unjust,—to her, while I neglected to fulfil the obligations of a contract, and to my next heirs, when I connived at her spurious offspring. If other married folks were to confess their matrimonial misdemeanors, what things would come to light? Few, however, will have the advantage of visiting a land like this; where, marriage being unknown,

they might discuss their faults and inconsistencies with the same impartiality with which an inhabitant of the Elysian fields may relate his actions on earth."

After lamenting the loss of the little Osva, at Allan's castle, Fitz-Allan continued.

" My wife had borne six children, two of which had died in the nursery. Though I never felt the least affection for her, justice obliges me to declare that she always fulfilled the duties of a mother: one would have thought her incapable of such tenderness, but the most savage animals have maternal affection, and however rude her manners, her heart was tender and affectionate. A fine little girl, an interesting child of ten years, fell ill; her complaint puzzled all the faculty, who, mistaking it, prescribed the most contrary medicines. My wife never quitted her pillow, her anxiety and watching had worn her away to a skeleton: the child died, but nothing could convince the mother of her death.



Night and day she hung over the body, and watched for the symptoms of returning life; deaf to the remonstrances of her friends, nothing but the illness of another child could induce her to quit it. Her second son had caught the measles from his sister; such was her complaint, though discovered too late to save her life. Their mother let fall a tear on the lifeless corse, and flew to the boy's assistance.

“ The child in danger is always the favorite child; the loss of the other, and the attentions due to her own health, were equally forgot by a tender mother. Her whole existence seemed to depend upon the boy's recovery: she prepared his medicines, which he would take only out of her hand; and while the nurse was snoring in an elbow-chair, sleep never closed her eyes; she watched at his side, and repeated to the physician in the morning every symptom of the preceding night. During the four-and-twenty, she would scarcely give a couple of hours to repose;

she procured him every little play-thing; she told him every children's story; she devised every method to amuse him.

“ Country air was recommended; we hired a villa. One summer morning, it had just struck four, we were alarmed by the report of a pistol. None of the neighbors were yet stirring; our servants, who had watched all night, hurried out, thinking to rescue some passenger from robbers. Having fetched a mattress, they returned a second time with a young gentleman wounded in a duel: he was still in a swoon; the room being darkened, and his face covered with blood, I could not distinguish his features.

“ I retired on the arrival of the surgeon, who soon restored his senses, but, having examined his wound, declared that he had not many hours to live. I had retired to the next apartment, where my wife was watching her child; the wounded youth, being alone with his second, thus addressed him. The walls be-

ing very thin, we, notwithstanding his low and faltering voice, overheard every syllable.

“ My dear friend, too well you know the cause of our unhappy quarrel ; whatever may have been the conduct of a mother, a son is in duty bound to defend her honor ; my adversary had the insolence to attack it, to repeat her name with disrespect ; to accuse her of—— but you know the whole. I have sent to my parents, I hope they will arrive to give me their blessing ; but one thing I must earnestly entreat of you,—you must promise me solemnly never to mention the real cause of our dispute, it would only set my parents at variance, and the consequences might fall heavy on my mother. Invent any tale, however frivolous, say that we quarrelled at cards or billiards ; they may think me less deserving of their regret ; this report may lessen their opinion of me, but will insure their own domestic comfort.”

“ I was interested by the stranger’s magnanimity ; curiosity, astonishment, and despair, had been successively expressed on my wife’s countenance ; she had trembled and frequently changed color. “ Good heavens ! ’tis Allan,” cried she : she sprang up, she darted into the next room,—it was her eldest son.

“ This victim, whom filial affection had sacrificed on the altar of prejudice, had left the university to punish a fellow student, who perhaps thoughtlessly had hinted at his mother’s amours. Ignorant that our family had changed its habitation, the field adjoining to our villa had been chosen for the combat, and he had no notion at whose house he was.

“ The scene that follows, beggars all description ; painting could not pourtray the horror in every countenance. Worn out by long watching, the poor woman just reaches her son’s bed, her strength fails her, and, with a shriek that pierces every soul, she falls a lifeless body at his

**feet.** The son starts up, and with such violence, that his wounds burst out afresh. Nothing can keep him in bed; he hangs over her, he kisses her cold lips, his blood trickles on her pale face. Meanwhile, the sick child awakes and misses his mother; he creeps into the next room, and finds her, as he believes, a corpse, and bathing in his brother's blood. The poor artless infant! how great was his terror! what language equals the expressions of nature? The sight of death terrifies him—he flies; the impulse of love prevails—he returns, and trembles at the touch of her cold hand.

“ Her waiting-women are successful, but their care is as unmerciful as the officiousness that detains the departing spirit of a culprit, to undergo a painful execution. She opens her eyes with a look to her son, a look so full of tenderness of pity, gratitude and approbation; with such sorrowful approbation as an angel might reward a suffering martyr: I shall

never forget it. But his wounds had not ceased to bleed. "Every thing begins to float before my eyes," cries he, and catches my arm to support himself. Recovered from a second swoon, we saw by the motion of his lips that he was meditating a prayer, which he had not strength to pronounce; we kneeled at the side of his bed; he took our hands, which he kissed, and joining them, expired without a groan."

The Baroness Farna had hitherto been all attention, but the death of this gallant youth revived her son in her memory: her bosom heaved with an involuntary sigh, and a tear trickled down her cheek. The daughter of Anora was proud of a philosophy superior to the frowns of fortune, but she could not stifle the feelings of nature: she was near discovering her weakness by a loud sob; she seized Firnos's arm, danced with him a few tunes round the hall, and then with a tranquil mien reassumed her seat. Fitz-Allan continued.

“ Prepare now for a recital, which will raise your hair, and chill your blood in your veins ; the measure of horrors is not yet full : inexorable prejudice, not appeased by this victim, calls suicide to complete its triumph. The early education of my wife had been very religious, and our religion places adultery among its crimes. Perhaps, ladies, you cannot appreciate her criminality : in this favored country, where a child inherits the rank and property of his mother, she may dispose of her favors as she thinks proper ; but an adulteress deprives the next heir of his dignities, and picks her husband’s pockets : thus, a poor wife must sacrifice the most delicate sentiments of her heart, and cannot enjoy her own rights without infringing the rights of others.

“ In the hour of dissipation, she had forgot her principles, but the moment of retribution seemed to approach ; two children were snatched from her, of whom her favorite, suffering for her crimes,

seemed to have perished by the judgment of heaven. But the Supreme Searcher of all hearts alone knows whether the horror at her crime, or the dread of its punishment, turned her brain. During three days she was delirious: in her raving fits four men could scarcely hold her; at one moment she called me her tyrant, and detailed my conduct toward her, from our first marriage, to all the footmen who watched over her, and, by her own confession, bastardised our children. Whenever I entered the room she fell on her knees, imagined my drawn sword at her throat, and alarmed the whole neighborhood with her screams of murder. At night, spent by her violent fits, she sunk into sleep; but when the clock struck four, she awoke, she ran into the next room, and knelt at the side of the bed, where her son had expired: "My son! my son!" she cries, and tears her handkerchief to stop his wounds: "Ah, he dies! he is no more!—my intercessor is



gone—my husband will murder me!—  
And why tear me from his body?—my  
husband would feel some pity at the sight.”  
And then she would kiss her hands and  
clothes where she imagined that his blood  
had fallen.

“ One day, after having acted this  
affecting scene, she contrived to escape  
from her keepers, and slip out of the  
house. For a whole week we searched  
and inquired after her in vain: at length  
my steward informed me that she had  
arrived at our country-seat, probably on  
foot, for her shoes were worn to rags. It  
is true she never was so ridiculously deli-  
cate as her countrywomen in general; but  
I suppose she had never walked ten miles  
together in her life, and upon this occa-  
sion, in five days, she had walked a hun-  
dred and fifty, poor woman! to visit the  
family vault, where her son's body reposed.  
I departed immediately: she saw my car-  
riage advancing along the park: “ He

comes, my husband comes to murder me," she cries, tears open a window, and springs into the moat of the castle. I will not describe her body crushed by a fall from a height of a hundred feet—her hair clotted with her brains—her clothes floating in blood! Such was the tragical end of my wife, a woman I never loved; but her fate might have melted into tears an unconcerned audience at the theatre, and, far from deserving for my barbarity to be dipped by your fruit-women, I would have sacrificed the half of my fortune to have restored her to life.

“ Meanwhile I had lost the little boy, my only remaining son. His mother had been his nurse, and who so proper a nurse as a tender mother?—but he had been neglected during the late confusion. One night he heard her screams: he was remarkably fond of her; he crept out of bed and listened at her door. His health was not yet re-established, he caught a cold,

and his death reduced my family to a single daughter, whom one of my aunts had adopted.

“ This good old maid was starchness personified; she had pointed out to the child all the faults of her mother, and made her fall into an opposite extreme. She became as squeamish and delicate as her mother was rude and boisterous; she had been taught to sit with her hands before her, to turn out her toes, and hold up her head; her answers seldom exceeded monosyllables; she would scarcely venture to look any one in the face, and the most innocent freedom in conversation would bring blushes into her cheek.

“ I departed for the country town, where my aunt resided, to fetch my daughter to London. We returned in a post-chaise without stopping on the road. I had lived so much on the continent, that I forgot the extravagant delicacy of my countrywomen, and during the whole journey gave the poor girl no opportunity

to retire. The consequences were fatal: during several days she hung her head and seemed dejected; I asked her what ailed her, but received no answer. I imagined her melancholy at being separated from some companion, and ceased to question her: her false modesty would not allow her to reveal the cause, not even to a father. The first medical people in London were consulted in vain; her tortures were extreme; and when she at length admitted surgical assistance, her case was already hopeless: in vain I took the poor girl to one of the mineral springs—she died with the resignation of a saint, the last victim of prejudice in my family.

“ I was now without children, neither of my brothers was living, and two very distant cousins, whom I had never seen, and about whom I had never troubled myself, were my heirs; but they were Fitz-Allans of the same family and arms, that was all I required. I resolved to steer clear of matrimony myself; I wrote

to the eldest, inviting him to Allan's castle; but, alas, my pride, not my tenderness, now offered him its protection too late. I had left him in a state of poverty; the night before the receipt of my letter he had sacrificed himself at the altar of Hymen: in the flower of youth he had espoused a rich dowager older than his own mother. But I always wished to act like a gentleman, and my cousin had done nothing derogatory to that character. I wrote to felicitate him on his marriage; but no children could be expected from so monstrous a union, which you may be surprised an enlightened nation could tolerate—her advanced age could promise no heirs to the Fitz-Allans. I turned my thoughts on the second brother: the young man came, with tears in his eyes, and owned a secret marriage with a tradesman's daughter. His wife came, with a child in her arms, and cast herself at my feet: her appearance was interesting; but I boiled with indignation at such a misalli-

ance, and ordered them out of my sight. As they were starving I sent them now and then a trifle, but always as from an unknown hand; I resolved that their mongrel brood should never inherit the estates of the Fitz-Allans.

“ The worthy Squire, as you recollect, married my mother out of vanity; I married my first wife from pecuniary motives, and behold me now about to marry out of hatred:—three valid reasons for uniting two souls and bodies for life.

“ From my earliest youth I had preferred the women of the continent to those of our own island; perhaps the works of Chesterfield had inspired me with this taste; and at this time the horrors of the French revolution had filled England with the chief noblesse of France. Among these unhappy sufferers was the Marquise de Beaumanoir. The account of her husband's condemnation to the guillotine had just arrived, and the tears that copiously flowed on the occasion inspired me with a

high opinion of her conjugal affection : I offered her my hand. My friends had assembled to celebrate our nuptials, when a bustle was heard at my door, and her husband, who had escaped out of prison the night before his execution, appeared with a constable, and seized her for having decamped out of France with his jewels, in the company of her lover.

“ Her husband’s appearance saved me from falling into the power of this syren, whom I afterwards found capable of the blackest perfidy and ingratitude. How wretched that country, where no divorce can end the wrongs of matrimony ! In England, had I once been linked to this crocodile, death only could have delivered me. Unable to marry me, she accepted me as her *attentif*. One of my visits was interrupted by her husband, who rushed in with another witness. I returned home, when my valet entered the room breathless ; the Marquise’s waiting-woman, who was his sweetheart, had discovered to him

the most infamous plot, of which, I must do the French nation the justice to avow, this worthy pair could never have conceived the idea at home, and for the contrivance of which the law no where but in England holds out a temptation. It had been settled between man and wife, that he was to surprise me in her arms, and then prosecute me in order to receive the exorbitant damages decreed by a brow-beaten jury.

“ This caused my sudden disappearance in England on the very day that I had engaged your highness to dinner. Resolved that they should not reap the fruit of their baseness, I departed for the sea-port where a friend, who had been appointed ambassador to the emperor of China, was ready to set sail. I arrived at the Cape of Good-Hope, where a fever detained me at the Ambassador's departure. After my recovery I embarked in an Indian vessel for Calicut, in hopes of finding here some opportunity of following my friend to



China ; but really, since my arrival in your capital, the idea of continuing my voyage has never entered my head.

“ How often, since I first embarked, had I repented of the romantic idea of visiting such a country as China. No balls, no operas there, no amiable intercourse between the sexes. I, who doated upon Paris, who preferred the French to every other nation ; though indeed, the conduct of the Marquise had rather cooled my prepossession ; who lived, even in London, among foreigners ; what should I have done in China ? I might have been smoking a pipe with our factory at Canton, while a parcel of insipid dancing girls were jingling their bells, or, instead of being in your boudoir, my dear Mitila, I might have felt the bastinado for approaching the haram of Kien Long.

“ But can I describe my raptures on discovering a place like Calicut ; I knew not whether I should believe my senses ;

it resembled the El Dorado of some poet. I was afraid of awaking from the delicious dream: the evening of my arrival was fine, I walked about the town till I was tired, and then sat by a fountain in one of the public squares. Meanwhile, the moon arose and danced in the liquid mirror: I was lost in thought, till a serenade, given by some happy lover, ended my reverie. It was past midnight when I returned to the inn.

“ I was still asleep, when my servant came into the room to announce the Countess of Seringal: “ The Countess of Seringal?” said I, “ there is some mistake, she must mean some other lodger.” “ No, no, she said the English mother’s son, who arrived here yesterday;” and, before he could explain himself, my dear Mitila entered: she came to enquire whether I had seen your imperial highness in England; but who could have dreamt that she meant the Marchese di Roverbella? I had, often in France attended the levee

of a pretty woman, but I never could have aspired to the honor of being attended by an amiable Countess at mine."

"My dear Fitz-Allan," said Mitila, "were I inclined to follow your practice of making compliments, I might extol your politeness in burying yourself with me in the country; you who are so enamoured of the capital, and have such an aversion to green fields and all the sameness of rurality."

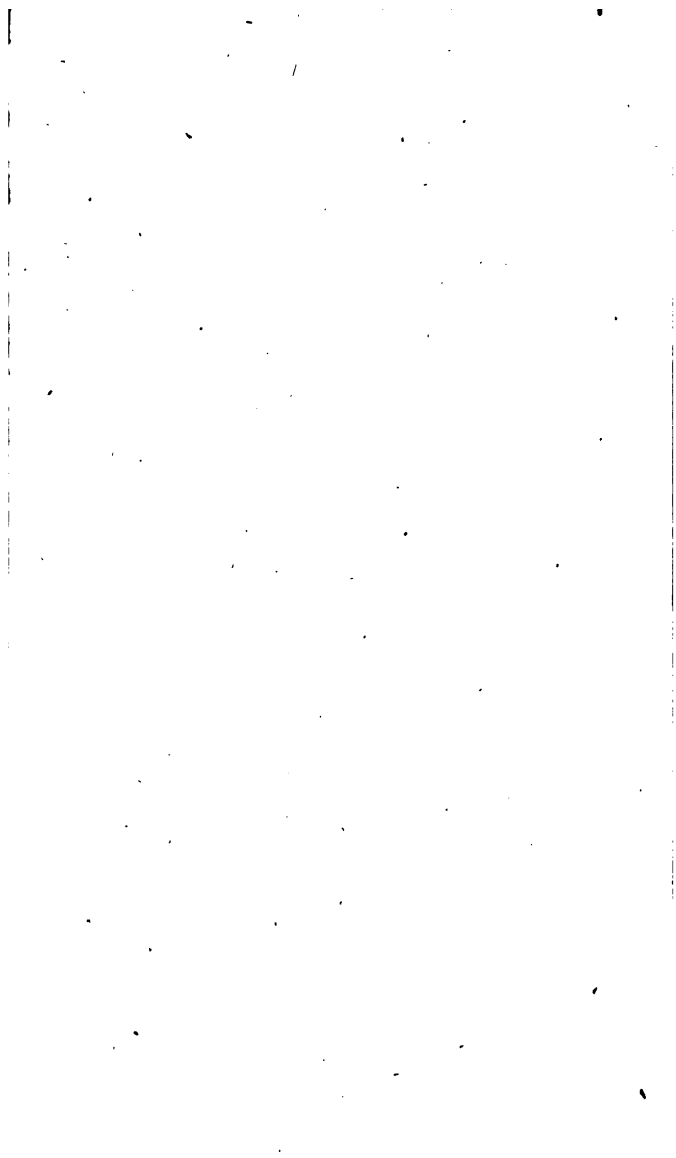
"To be present at such a festival," answered Fitz-Allan, "I would have accompanied you to the banks of the Indus, or to the mountains of Thibet. Your imperial highness must know that the Countess had the politeness to invite me to Seringal, to the anniversary of her great grandmother's birthday. I never beheld so affecting a scene;—I who had in England beheld a hopeful offspring, not of my children, but of my representatives, cut off successively before my eyes,—judge how I felt at seeing a venerable great

great grandmother at the head of her descendants ; to see her supported by her three sons, while her daughters successively presented to her their respective sons and daughters : these granddaughters also produced their children, and some of the great granddaughters appeared with their babes at the breast. One only appeared without an infant ; she had some years before received the green-girdle, but was still unblessed with a child. She alone appeared sorrowful and dejected, and like a barren stock among the fruitful vines. With what triumph the antient matriarch beheld her numerous posterity ; more than fifty sat down to table, all the issue of her body. At her right sat her son, a hoary chief, decorated with the phoenix, and recounted to his grand nephews the events of the Persian war ; while one of his sister's sons, already disabled in his youth, and returned with honorable scars to his maternal hall, pointed with a sigh to his crutch, and

promised to his young nephew his superfluous sword."

"Enough, my dear Fitz-Allan," cried the Prince, "your description only awakes my sorrows. Our family might have presented you a sight as interesting. Ah! had your long-lost friend, my mother, returned! were my sister Osva discovered! to what a happy family I might have introduced you! I shall return to Virnapor in a few days; you will not refuse my invitation. With what pleasure the Samorin will receive the friend of his sister in his maternal hall. And you, my dear Mitila, though I am grown so indifferent to you that you were not inclined to visit Virnapor on my account, you will not refuse to accompany my happier rival."

The two lovers accept the invitation.



**BOOK IX.**

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### ARGUMENT.

**THE Princess Osva discovered by Fitz-Allan---Public rejoicings to celebrate the event---Expedition of the Nairs against the Mahometans---Abas, prince of Kandahar, and Ibrahim, the black eunuch, rescued from death by the Baron of Naldor---The English woman confined in the Sultan's harem---The Malabar song.**

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## BOOK IX.

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MEANWHILE Camilla had confirmed herself in the high opinion with which every one at Virnapor was prepossessed in her favor. The miraculous death of the Samorina had rendered her the topic of conversation over all Malabar; she could not stir without being followed by a shouting multitude; and every eye was directed toward her at the Emperor's levees. She was the adoration of the court and the idol of the people: when she spoke, all were surprised at the judgment and sagacity of one so young—all were charmed at the modesty of one so sagacious; for modesty is a virtue known to the Nairs—real modesty, not the counterfeit that

passes in its stead—not the child of prejudice, ashamed of the human form—but the sister of charity and benevolence, unwilling to wound the feelings of another by an ostentatious display of her own superiority.

How often the tone of her voice had waked the Samorin from a reverie, in which he thought on his sister: the melancholy Prince fixed his eyes on Camilla, and then turned them, with a sigh, to the portrait of Agalva.

At length Firnos and the two ladies arrive at Virnapor. He presents to his uncle, Fitz-Allan, the friend of Agalva: Ornor can scarcely believe his ears; surprise chains his tongue, nor permits him to welcome his guest to his maternal hall. How unexpected, how unaccountable the appearance of Fitz-Allan at Virnapor—that Fitz-Allan at whose house the infant Osva had been lost. “And Osva,” said he, seizing his hand, “is Osva discovered? have you brought her with you?” Fitz-

Allan hesitated ; he knew not what to answer, a blush dyed his cheek, and he seemed equally agitated with the Emperor.

At last Ornor assured the European that the praises bestowed upon him by the unfortunate Agalva, in her memoirs, had procured him a number of friends in Malabar, though he, among the rest, had never flattered himself with being able to return the civilities shown to his sister at Allan's castle. " Alas, I shall never reflect on her visit there without a sigh :— but you are not chargeable with the loss of Osva ; you could not hinder that dismal catastrophe."

Fitz-Allan was about to praise the justice of the Prince ; the polite Fitz-Allan never let slip an opportunity to place a compliment ; when the acclamations of a shouting crowd called the company to the window : Camilla, accompanied by the young people of the court, was returning

from the chace. Fitz-Allan had just cast his eyes on his countrywoman, when his color changed, his knees trembled, and he fell, without sense or motion, on the floor.

The Emperor, who was standing by him, could not hinder his fall; the courtiers ran to his assistance, and carried him to a bed. His indisposition was imputed to the heat of the weather; but when he had recovered his senses, he seemed melancholy and thoughtful.

The Emperor and his nephew visited him in his chamber, but he spoke little, and something seemed to prey upon his mind. They could not persuade him to quit his room all the day, and the following night he was heard walking up and down, and frequently talking to himself. It was very late the next morning before he composed himself to sleep, so that when the Prince came to inquire after his health, he was not yet awake.

“ Camilla had desired to attend him in

this morning visit to her countryman, and both sat patiently waiting till his eyes should open.

Fitz-Allan seems in a dream of terror; his whole frame is agitated; he tosses from side to side, and, springing out of bed, cries, "Help! help! save her, she sinks!" he jumps out of bed, and, seizing Camilla round the waist, carries her to the farthest end of the room. "I faint! I faint!" he lets her go, and, falling himself, awakes from his dream.

Firnos replaces him on the bed, he opens his eyes, and sees Camilla, "The ghost! the ghost!" he cries, and swoons away.

Camilla ran to fetch assistance; meanwhile he recovered, and, begging to be left alone with the young Prince, he thus addressed him.

"Though I am almost afraid of inspiring you with a mean opinion of my heart, or of my head, a repeated warning from above induces me to disclose a secret of

the greatest importance to your family. Since yesterday, I have been in such a state of mind, I cannot describe what I have suffered.

“ My opinions were ever inclining rather to scepticism than to credulity, though it was my desire to steer clear of both rocks. The existence of a ghost I always treated as a nursery chimera, but an apparition, which I have seen twice since my arrival here, has overturned the whole fabric of my principles : alas, I am reduced to consent that you should suspect my intellects, but your justice will acquit me of all premeditated baseness ; and you will confess that I am perfectly innocent of the fatal consequences, which your mother’s want of confidence has had for your family.

“ The memoirs of the Princess have informed you of the confusion into which we were thrown \* at Allan’s castle, by

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\* See vol. ii. page 165.

the loss of your infant sister; you have heard our vain conjectures and fruitless inquiries: thirteen years after, I received this letter from an old servant of our family.”

*To his Honor Allan Fitz-Allan, esquire,  
at Allan's Castle.*

‘ May it please your honor

‘ To excuse the free style of this letter; but you know Old Crusty, as your honor, while a boy, used to call me, was never a flatterer, and now that he is grown older, perhaps he is grown crustier; beside, he has less cause to flatter you now than ever.

‘ I never enjoyed your honor's favor, and, to speak plainly, I did very little to deserve it. I used to sit for hours together in the long gallery, and look at the family pictures. When I saw my young master playing there, I used to think, this boy has neither the nose nor eyes of his family: to whom is he like, this brat, who has popped into the world two months before

the time? I know who has a better right to be a Fitz-Allan than he! Well, but to the purpose: I have no interest to compliment your honor, but, though I never could abide you, I have no desire to affront you.

‘ This person, who had so good a claim to all you possess, alas! he is not more; he ended a life of wretchedness by a death of infamy. I will not call him your brother, though he was the son of my late master, and like to him as one pea to an other. You recollect the foundling, who, while a child, used to play with the young gentlemen in the nursery. Your honor was indeed too old, but he was a long time the humble companion of your brothers; the humble companion of a spurious brood, and an intruder into the house of his fathers.

‘ At my master’s death, he was turned upon the wide world, without a friend, without a shilling, without a roof to cover his head. You hired a new steward, and



I entered Lord B——'s service: from my scanty means, I supported the forsaken youth; I would have endeavored to procure him a clerkship in some office; I would have been happy to see him secretary to some gentleman; but his education had been neglected; he could scarcely write. I recommended him, in vain, as a valet-de-chambre, but at last was obliged to place him as a mere footman. The noble blood of the Fitz-Allans flowed in his veins, yet he was reduced to wear a livery.

‘ His mistress was inclined to play the part of Potifar’s wife; unluckily, she was handsomer, or the youth had not the cold constitution of Joseph. He was caught in a criminal conversation, tried for adultery, and fined four thousand pounds: this sentence was equal to perpetual imprisonment.’

“ What,” cried Firmos, as he read this, “ a livery servant fined four thousand pounds in England, the land of liberty !”

‘ Being unable to pay the fine, he was cast into prison: his mother, my poor sister, (your honor must recollect Nanny Perkins, who lived so many years as housekeeper in your family, and who even consented to serve there without wages \*,) died of a broken heart. On her death-bed, I promised her, that though the father had left his son a beggar, I would not desert my nephew.

‘ I determined to risk every thing to procure his freedom: I had doated on my sister, I loved her child. The Lord, my master, had trusted a large sum of money into my hands; I betrayed the trust: heaven forgive me! it was the first act of dishonesty I ever committed. I employed this sum to pay the fine, and released my nephew. The money was missed; I was tried for my life: but my master was merciful. Having discovered the motive of the theft, he interceded for me with

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\* See vol. iii. page 135.

the judge, and I was only condemned to the hulks.

‘ My nephew had remained long enough in prison to destroy his moral principles, but his heart remained good, and ingratitude was not among his vices. Our situations were changed, I in confinement—he at liberty; but he never quitted the neighborhood; he worked day and night to procure me any comfort: he, not I, might be said to labor like a galley-slave.

‘ He came once in the dusk of the evening, took out a key, unlocked my fetters, and cried, “ Ask no questions, we must not lose an instant, away! away!” You may suppose I needed no second invitation to flight.

‘ Soon after, I heard that your honor had discharged a footman; I revealed the name of his father to my nephew, and recommended to him to apply for the place. “ Revenge,” cried I, “ thou true and real Fitz-Allan, the intruder is as great a dupe as my late master. His wife

will not overlook thy good qualities, though under worsted lace ; go and gain her good graces, go and replace the eggs in their proper nest." " No," answered he, " if I really am a Fitz-Allan, I will show myself worthy of my ancestors. What, shall I wear those arms on my button, or my sleeve, which ought to flame on my chariot, or grace my sideboard? Not cunning, but audacity, was the character of our house, and I have generous blood, not milk nor water, in these veins ; I always fancied myself of illustrious birth, for I could never bend to a superior. In prison, I became acquainted with a brave set of fellows, and I am now captain of a gang of housebreakers."

' He then informed me that he had procured my liberty, by bribing the keeper of the hulks with a diamond ring, which, in one of their expeditions, had fallen to his share of the booty.

' I will not repeat my remonstrances, nor his arguments to persuade me to join

**the** gang. I am not writing to regain your honor's favor; there was a time when I would have rejoiced in doing you all the mischief in my power, and I even now bear you no good will. My nephew was a Fitz-Allan, and you are — God knows who. Have I not sufficient cause to hate you?—In short, I joined the gang, and one of our first enterprises was against Allan's castle.

‘ We had posted our fellows in the park; at a fixed signal they were to be ready at the gate. My nephew and myself, who knew every corner in the castle, sneaked in the dusk, unperceived by the porter: as we passed through one of the galleries, my nephew fell on his knees before the portrait of my late master, invoked his spirit, and begged his blessing and approbation; when, suddenly, your honor's portrait caught his eye: he started up in a frenzy, and I could scarcely hinder him from tearing it from the wall. We heard some one advancing and feared a

discovery : at last we arrived, as we imagined, in your lady's bedchamber ; my nephew crept under the bed, and I concealed myself behind a huge old-fashioned screen.

‘ Now you perceive, and, if you have any feeling, it must touch you to the heart, that the young man, who was found in the lady's chamber, was the son, not of your father (for who was your father ?) but of your benefactor, of him to whom you owe your name, your rank, your fortune, your all, but your existence. I acquit you of knowing this, of such unnatural barbarity I believe you incapable. Had you known the mystery of his birth, you certainly would have procured his pardon. But he despaired of entering his proper sphere, and could not brook his present obscurity : life was a burthen to him ; the same spirit, which raised the old barons, his ancestors, to heroes, was considered obstinacy in a housebreaker ; he refused to answer to the charge, frowned con-

temptuously on the court, and heard his sentence without emotion. Strange vicissitude of fortune—convicted of entering the mansion of his forefathers, he suffered death, where he received his life, on the spot which, for so many centuries, had been the seat of their power and magnificence, and, I may add, of their goodness and hospitality.

‘ But to return to myself. Soon as the lady, in whose chamber we were concealed, had decoyed and secured my nephew in her closet, she ran out to alarm the family ; I came out and endeavored to release him, but the door was doubly locked.—Poor youth ! I was obliged to abandon thee to thy fate : but this woman, who will cause thy death, has left her sleeping infant in the bed. Revenge ! I imagined this lady to be your honor’s wife—this infant your honor’s child : double vengeance ! vengeance for my nephew’s devoted life—vengeance for his patrimony ! I seized the child, sprang with it out of

window, luckily received no hurt from the height, gave notice of the discovery to the gang in the park, the robbers dispersed, and I fled with the child to Boulogne in France.

‘ At Boulogne the idea struck me that this child might serve as a hostage for my nephew’s life. I wrote to your honor three letters, offering to restore the child, on condition that he were pardoned. But I received no answer: perhaps your honor never received them; there might have been some mistake in the direction, as I was ignorant of the French language. Anxious to learn my nephew’s fate, I returned to England; I soon heard his miserable end, and vowed never to restore your child.

‘ A dread of the police-officers induced me to conceal myself; I skulked from wood to wood. I met one day a gypsey in Epping Forest; she was digging a hole to bury a little infant, whose death she much lamented, as its cries served to move



the compassion. and procure the alms of the neighborhood. In short, I offered to give her the little girl, who was a great burthen to me, but was thankfully received by the old hag.

‘ It is but very lately that I heard that this little girl was not your honor’s, but the child of a foreign lady then on a visit at the castle. I had aimed the blow at you, whom I hated mortally. It is true the lady caused my nephew’s death ; but when I consider that she only acted as others would have done in prosecuting him, and when I judge of her suffering at the loss of her child, by my own feeling at the loss of my nephew, I am inclined to put a limit to her sorrows, and repair, if possible, all the ills I caused her.

‘ I hope, therefore, that your honor will not delay to inform her, that the said gypsey, though belonging to a wandering party, never fails to appear, in the hay-making and harvest seasons, at Bexley in Kent ; that she is marked with a scar on

her left temple, and has lost her right eye, and that she is known to the whole neighborhood by the name "the Queen of Egypt:" and I pray, from my heart, that the inquiries of the mother may be successful, and the lost child be restored.

'Time has greatly diminished my hatred to your honor; but look from your castle window to the spot where the gallows of my unhappy nephew stood, and ask your own heart, whether a prayer for your welfare can be expected from

'Your honor's humble servant,  
SAMUEL PERKINS.'

"And Osva—where is my sister?" cried Firnos, not longer containing his impatience.

"Alas," answered Fitz-Allan, "I have seen her ghost. Let me finish her history. I departed for the place mentioned in the letter, and, after many inquiries, discovered the one-eyed gypsey. Neither promises nor threats were spared, and at last

the following facts were brought to light. She had stolen from her parents a little girl, to make use of her, while an infant, in begging; and, afterward, to extort from her family a promise of impunity and a handsome reward for her restitution. This child, to her great disappointment, died a few months afterward, and she was busy in burying her, when she met Perkins in the wood, who was happy to dispose of your infant sister. This child she hoped to be able some years after to palm, instead of their own, upon the family of the first child; and, in this, she had succeeded. A large sum of money had rewarded this iniquitous plan. A lady, upon the receipt of an anonymous letter, had fetched away the little Osva instead of her own niece.

“ Having finished her confession, the old hag fell on her knees, and sued for pardon, which I promised her, provided that she had not deceived me. I sent her well secured and guarded to Allan’s

castle. Meanwhile, I determined to visit a friend, who was a neighbor to this lady, hoping, at his house, to penetrate the mystery before I took any decisive measures.

“ It was a fine October morning, when, at a few miles from his country seat, my carriage was stopped by a hunting cavalcade. As I discovered my friend among the party, I sprang out of the chaise, mounted one of his horses, and followed the chace.

“ The attention of the whole company was engaged by a young lady, who followed, or rather led, the keenest sportsmen over the most difficult leaps. She wore not even a riding-habit, but was dressed in a mere muslin gown, which the brambles, over which she had forced her poney, had torn in many places. Her hardiness surprised me, and, but for her skill, I should at every instant have trembled for her life. A boy nearly of the same age, though a bold rider him-

self, exerted himself in vain to keep up to her. I enquired who she was: I had an opportunity of seeing her face, and was satisfied that the old gypsy had not deceived me: yes, it was Osva. A more perfect family likeness could not be conceived; hair of the same color whistled in the wind, the same features, the same complexion, the same fire in the eye, the same expression in the countenance, which charmed me in your much-regretted mother. My friend introduced me to the young amazon, but, while the chase lasted, nothing could detain her. She was ever at the head of the pack.

“The fox being killed near her guardian’s house, the whole hunt were invited to dine there. But before each visitor was introduced, the same boy whispered in his ear, “Mention not that Miss Harford was hunting with us to-day; her uncle and aunt would be angry with her. They imagine that she was working at home with her governess.”

“ In talking to the aunt at dinner, she confirmed to me the history of the girl's having been stolen, and restored by a gypsy. “ Indeed,” said she, “ she has lived long enough among those vagabonds to be spoiled. She is an arrant tomboy ; not a day passes but she forces me to punish her for some prank ; I can never keep her to her work. She is good tempered, and a favorite with every body, and fond of reading ; but then I always catch her with a book which no young lady should read.”

“ During the evening, I examined the niece. I found the blame, cast upon her by the aunt, her highest praise. Her countrywomen could never forgive her being above the prejudices of their sex. She was not only sensible but learned ; she had read the best authors. Her mental were as superior as her bodily accomplishments. Ah, Firnos, such was your sister, had she not been a Nairress, she would have merited to have been one.”

“ Why torture me with impatience,” cried Firnos, “ what was the fate of such excellence? my sister united all these qualities, and is lost—lost for ever! Speak, man, what was her fate?”

“ Alas, too grievous,” replied Fitz-Allan: “ her guardians determined to marry her to a man whom she detested, a man old enough to be her father. The night before the wedding, she either designedly drowned herself, or accidentally fell into a river, in escaping in the dark from her confinement.”

“ What,” cried Firnos, “ you knew her to be Osva, and winked at the imposture; you suffered strangers to tyrannise over her, while her own family were lamenting her loss. You, positively, both to Naldor and myself, denied any knowledge of her fate. Was that malice or cowardice? You that are ridiculously terrified at ghosts, I know not whether I should despise or detest you most.”

“ Young man,” answered Fitz-Allan,

“ if I am terrified at ghosts, I will defy the living : credulity was never among my failings. First, I will explain my conduct, and then—forgive your unwarrantable language.

“ Yet my heart excuses, nay sometimes approves a conduct, which, as a gentleman, I cannot justify ; for I was not only capable of a falsehood to you, but, as you say, winked at an imposture : but of this, not your family, but the family in England, who educated Osva as their own, they only have a right to complain ; and yet I meant well for both parties.

“ Your mother, from motives best known to herself, chose to pass as an Italian, and let the fatal consequences of this one deception deter every one from a deviation from truth, however excuseable and innocent, however meritorious and noble the motives. After her departure, I visited Italy ; but, to my regret, was prevented from reaching Florence. On my return, I addressed Naldor in Italian ;



he changed color, looked confounded, knew not what to answer, and at last made the awkward excuse that he had taken a vow never to speak Italian. Whenever the conversation turned to Italy, I was surprised to find him perfectly ignorant of Italian affairs. I mentioned the names Roverbella and Pellerini to some Italians of my acquaintance, who informed me that no such families existed at Florence; and whenever I had invited Italians, I observed how carefully Pellerini avoided the house. All this confirmed my opinion that your mother and her companion, though I could not conceive why persons, who seemed so affluent, should conceal their real conditions, were (excuse the harshness of the term) not better than impostors. Your mother was indeed a woman of the most superior qualities; but are not impostors too often the most accomplished of characters? Her affluence might be momentary, and her future destiny uncertain. When, therefore, I

found your sister the heiress of a rich family, I determined not to open their eyes, nor wake them from a dream which gave them pleasure. Perfectly ignorant of your mother's being a princess of Indostan, of which empire we Europeans know as little as of the empires in the moon, I imagined that your mother, my regretted Marchesa, would have been grateful to me for not spoiling the brilliant prospects of her child. Had Agalva thought me worthy of her confidence, I myself would have embarked immediately with Osva for her maternal country.

“ I therefore remained silent, returned home, and released the gypsy. Of the ill treatment which the poor girl received from her family, I was not informed till long after; I was on a tour through the continent, and, on my return, your sister was not more. She had already perished some months when you made me that visit in London, and it would then have been no advantage to you to know the

truth. Beside, as you still persisted in being Italians, though I knew you were not, you had no claims on my confidence.

“ Nor should I ever perhaps have informed you of these circumstances, which could only serve to make your wounds bleed afresh, had I not received two warnings from above. Yesterday I saw her apparition on horseback, accoutred in the Nair dress, and attended by the young nobility of Indostan, who seemed eclipsed by her superiority, while an admiring crowd hailed her with acclamations of joy: and Osva, had Osva ever breathed her maternal air, Osva would have merited these honors. And this morning, as I awoke out of a horrid dream, in which I saw your sister sinking in the river, I saw her upbraiding ghost in this very chamber. O Firmos, I desire you not to believe me, the doctrine of ghosts is so very contrary to my own ideas, that I know not whether to believe it myself.”

He spoke, the door opened, the Samo-

rin and the young Englishwoman entered. Fitz-Allan starts—"Osva! Camilla! the ghost!"

"Strange!" cried the young Prince, "Fitz-Allan takes Camilla for the ghost of my sister, and yet calls her by her name. Poor man," continued he, leading the Emperor aside, "his imagination is bewildered, I pity him from my heart, though he is not entitled to our gratitude. Oh, he has disclosed a tale which will rend your soul; my sister was sold to a gypsy, who imposed her upon an English family instead of their own child. They tyrannised over her, and would force her to marry against her will. The Nair spirit revolted, she sprang into a river, and was drowned."

"No," cried the uncle, "she lives!—Come to my arms, my niece, daughter of Agalva! your resemblance has not deceived me."

Joy scarcely permits him to reach her; he falls upon her neck, their tears of

pleasure mix together. Firmos, who always imagined her the daughter of Mrs. Montgomery, is still lost in wonder and doubt; and Fitz-Allan can scarcely believe his eyes, in seeing Camilla Harford.

The news spread in an instant through the palace. "Long live the daughter of Agalva! long live Osva Agalvina! long live Osva of Indostan!" so cried the exulting crowd in the palace yard; and these acclamations roused Firmos from his stupefaction, and awoke the uncle and niece from their delirium of joy.

Osva ran to fetch the little Marina; how great was her maternal triumph, at finding the nurse surrounded by a loyal crowd. The baby passed from hand to hand; every one vied in caressing her; the mother appeared, they pressed around her, they covered her hands with kisses, they clasped her knees, "Rejoice, O Malabar, thou shalt not pass under a foreign sceptre. Flourish for ever, race of Samora, flourish in the descendants of Osva!"

Osva returned with Marina, the future hope of Indostan ; the Emperor tore the child from her, and pressed it to his bosom.

Firnos then related to his sister how the gypsy had sold her to Mrs. Knightley, instead of her own niece ; and Osva related to her brother, how she had escaped from Northcote Park, and found an asylum at Margaret Montgomery's. The hand of Providence seemed to have linked together the chain of these events : Agalva had saved from destruction the child of Margaret Montgomery ; and now Margaret had proved instrumental to the restoration of the child of Agalva. What pleasure they both received from these discoveries : Firnos had not only found his sister, but had found her in that very Englishwoman, for whom he felt the most esteem ; and the spirited friend of Margaret, not longer a wretched exile, seeking among strangers an asylum from the persecutions of her own family, found herself a

member of a free country, a Princess of imperial birth, the pride of her family, and idol of the people, a descendant of Semiramis, and a daughter of that very Agalva, whom she had ever considered a superior being.

Joy beamed in every countenance, and enlivened every heart, and though the image of his unhappy sister frequently occurred to him, even the good Samorin felt consoled. A proclamation was issued, summoning the princes of the empire to assemble in his maternal hall, to do homage to the mother of their future rulers, and to learn the particulars of all these events.

The day was appointed for this feast, such a one as had never occurred since the the days of feudal hospitality. The oaken tables were to bend under the smoking viands; the foaming tankard pass from mouth to mouth, and the artillery announce to the skies, that the nephews of heroes and descendants of free women

drank to the prosperity of the issue of Qsya.

But not the fat venison, nor the *old* wine, that will invite the high-born guests, nor the whole-roasted ox that will solace the traveller and the peasant, nor the foaming ale that will flow on the village green, are to be only symptoms of national festivity; the gratitude of the Nairs must be expressed in a noble manner, worthy of a magnanimous race, worthy of the Nairs. How often have the chief ornaments of a catholic procession, on some Christian festival, consisted, not in the jaw-bone of Saint Christopher, nor the baby-linen of the lady of Loretto, but in a thankful row of brothers, whom Christian charity has redeemed from Mahometan captivity. So, in Indostan, every public festival must be embellished by the presence of some females, rescued from the horrors of a Persian harem.

On the evening preceding the inauguration, the artillery of the castle had



saluted the cavaleade returning from this expedition, when the palace guard ran to their arms, to do the honors of war to the Baron of Naldor and two other knights, who had preceded the procession; and, now dismounted in the court, they inquired after the Grand Master of the Phoenix, and were ushered into the audience-chamber of the Samorin.

“ The Grand Master was at Calicut: having left the inaccessible rock in the middle of the river Indus, which was the chief seat of the order, he had come to Malabar to congratulate the Samorin on the recovery of his niece.

Having returned the compliments of the knights, the Grand Master enquired after the success of the expedition, which the Baron thus related:

“ Your highness recollects the evening, when, from our rock, we beheld the galleys of the empire crossing the Indus for a Persian expedition. What satisfaction our whole order felt at hearing the

cause; and with what alacrity three-hundred knights embraced your permission to join their loyal countrymen. We landed on the hostile shore; our force, like a torrent from the mountain, swept every thing before it. We were irresistible; our sword mowed down the guards of the seraglios, and we waded through the blood of eunuchs into the recesses of the harem. The dastardly Mussulmans fled every where before us; encouraged by our national character, their females rallied round the phoenix. Though already advanced in the country, we had suffered no loss: far from decreasing, our body was augmented, for the very women, hearing that they were destined to enjoy their natural rights in Indostan, and, having listened to our songs of war, felt their courage rise, and grew so many heroines in the cause. They would not suffer us to retreat, as prudence seemed to dictate, but conjured us to extend our protection to some captive sister or friend.

“ One day, we had stormed the seraglio of a powerful Mirza, and the next morning was appointed for our retreat. The intervening night, the Malabar chiefs and our knights were guarding the beauties who were to adorn their triumph; these two knights and myself, we only had not delivered a single victim from Mahometan tyranny. We were in the garden, reflecting on our mortification; when the women of Indostan should hail our victorious bands, we should be the only warriors not entitled to their praises. “ Death,” cried they, “ were more preferable to this; and, shall Naldor, whom Agalva honored with her friendship, who accompanied her to England, who beheld her despair when the little Osva was stolen, shall Naldor appear, with laurels at a festival to celebrate her recovery?” “ No,” answered I, “ rather a hundred deaths in honor of the daughter of Agalva!” I waked a number of our troops, I prevailed upon their affection to join in an enter-

prise, which their religion inculcated as an act of faith, and in less than three hours we were at Kandahar, in the very capital of the Sultan.

“ As it would have been madness for such a handful of men to rouse the guards of the seraglio, it was our intention only to attack the harems of some private Mussulmans, and to return before daylight to the main body, with the women whom we should deliver.

“ But fortune gave a new turn to our designs. We met, in the suburbs, three slaves of the seraglio; we were ruined, should they give the alarm: we rushed upon them, and poignarded them, when the idea struck me of entering the palace in the habits of these slaves. Instantly we were attired in their spoils; the guards suffered us to enter; we passed through a range of courts and halls; a dead silence reigned every where; no sound was heard, but the echo of our footsteps—no voice, but the watch-word of the black eunuchs,

who, in the galleries of the inner harem, were going their third watch.

We were approaching the door, when we heard it unbolted on the inside : we concealed ourselves behind a pillar. Two mutes issued out of the harem, leading a black eunuch, and having put a cord about his neck, were preparing to draw the fatal noose. We sallied from our concealment, and dispatched the mutes. I loosed the cord of the trembling culprit, "No, Hasan," cried the eunuch, "if thou art willing to remedy thy treachery, save the Prince Abas. If it be the will of the prophet, let me die ; why detain me in a world of woe ?"

"Infatuated visionary," cried I, "art thou sure of being welcome in Paradise ? would thy presence enliven the Houris ?"

"He looked up, and saw himself among strangers : we discovered ourselves and our intentions to him. He fell upon his knees, and told us his case. He,

some years before, had been ordered by the Sultan to strangle one of his brothers; he had saved the young Prince, and concealed him in the suburbs. Our arrival had rescued him from the punishment of his disobedience, and the three slaves, whom we had sacrificed, were sent to snatch the poor youth from his asylum. "I know," continued he, "that no eunuch may hope for mercy from your countrymen; I neither beg nor desire to live, but let me intreat your generosity to save the young Prince from the power of a tyrannic brother."

"We ordered the eunuch to follow us, repassed the guards undiscovered, and having fetched the young Prince from his retreat, joined our anxious comrades in the suburbs, and before daylight were on our march back to the main body.

"And now, my lord, let us request your highness's pardon for having, in two respects, deviated from the statutes of our order; for having saved the life of a mus-

sulman, instead of delivering the females suffering under Mahometan oppression. The advantages of educating a Persian prince in the Nair principles, or the idea that a sultan's brother might, in a country so subject to revolutions, prove at some future time a valuable hostage, for whom we might ransom a number of captives, led us to this neglect of our duty: the young Prince will arrive with the train of captives. Pardon, also, our disobedience to that law, which condemns to instant death every eunuch found in a harem; but the philanthropy of this poor wretch, so uncommon among this despicable race of beings, induced us to grant him a reprieve till your highness should determine his fate."

The Grand Master, with official solemnity, absolved the knights from the penalty of disobedience, without which they would not have ventured at the toilet of any matriotic Nairress; no woman of honor would have greeted them with a smile.

He then, as a friend, gave their courage its merited encomiums, and congratulated them on their safe return, and ordered that the eunuch, who waited trembling in the antichamber, should be conducted into his presence.

A descendant of Abraham could not have discovered more dastardly symptoms of fear in the presence of the grand inquisitor at Lisbon, than the jailor of the sultan's women betrayed before the Grand Master: he shook like an aspin leaf; his knees rather gave way through fear than bent through courtesy; he fell prostrate in the dust; his eyes were nailed on the ground, and it was long ere he dared to raise them, and discovered that the chief of the order was without cloven feet, as represented by the orthodox bonzes of Persia.

The Grand Master received him graciously, but could not prevail upon Ibrahim to rise till he had solemnly pronounced his pardon. "I have seen," said he,



“ so many of your class, wretches whose honor is the height of infamy ; proud of the vilest employment among men ; contemptible for their very fidelity, their only virtue, and that proceeding from a corrupted source, from envy, jealousy, and despair ; who, burning for vengeance on both sexes, of which they are the outcasts, submit to the tyranny of the stronger, provided they may tyrannise over the weaker ; who are indebted to their imperfection and deformity for their pre-eminence in their posts ; esteemed because unworthy of existence ; who, eternal sentinels at the doors of the harem, are harder than the very bolts and hinges ; who vaunt a length of servitude in this degrading office, where, charged with the jealousy of their masters, they are the instruments of all its baseness. Such wretches I, in my frequent invasions of your country, have sacrificed, without regret, to my duty and indignation : but you, whose sentiments have been elevated

as your profession was base; whose conduct has been so noble, and whose heart beat so generously under the garb of servitude;—who are you? Flew not your perfect soul indignant from its defective abode? What inspired you to the disinterested act, which has arrested our uplifted sword, and entitles a eunuch to the admiration of the Nairs? Having lost the rights, how have you still retained the sentiments of a man? Explain—your hereditary enemy invites you to explain the cause of this contradiction.”

After repeated encouragements, the black eunuch recovered his ease, and, as the whole company were loud in his praises, he soon ventured to open his lips, subdued his fears, and at length thus addressed the Grand Master:

“ Alas, these encomiums exceed my merit. A long exercise of my office has not yet hardened my heart; the snows of age are still far off, nor quenched the fires within me. I can still feel the tender

sentiments that I never can inspire; and this idea renders me completely miserable. All my wretched colleagues are below your hatred, most of them merit your compassion, alas! a compassion mingled with contempt.

“ \* Age only qualifies us for tyrants; when the boisterous season of youth has subsided, a dead calm follows; and then perhaps my seniors in office may look upon women with indifference, and may return, with interest, their contempt and all the torments that they have made them feel. They may recollect that man was born to command, and seem to have recovered their manhood, whenever they exert their authority; they may hate women, when they can behold them without emotion and their reason discovers their foibles; though they only guard them for others, they may taste a secret satisfaction in seeing themselves obeyed;

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\* Montesquieu's 9th Persian Letter.

the harem is their little empire, and their importance soothes their ambition, now their only passion ; they may delight in thwarting their most innocent pleasures ; they may be inexorable to their most harmless desires ; they may make a merit of incurring their hatred, for their very hatred is, for us eunuchs, a recommendation in the eyes of our masters. An aged eunuch may hope to attain this insensibility, but not so a young one—ah ! how great have been my sufferings !—but I was doomed to suffer ! my life has been a series of misfortunes. Born in slavery, I marched, without murmuring, toward the western ocean : I hoped to be purchased by some European. My father had been sacrificed at the tomb of an African despot, to accompany his departed shade. What severer fate could await me in the islands beyond the great sea ? We were approaching the coast, when a messenger stopped our caravan. An enthusiast had started up in the council of the Euro-

peans, and forbid them to traffic in slaves. Our merchants burned with rage, and the caravan returned toward the rising sun. At the first city, four hundred slaves were reduced to my present abject state: less happy than several of my comrades, I survived my degradation; but cursed be the visionary, whose fanaticism prevented my embarking—but for his philanthropy I should have remained a man.

“ At the public market, where so many thousand eunuchs are annually exposed for sale, I was purchased by the slave-purveyor of the Sultan of Kandahar. I entered the harem, where every thing wakened my regret: alas! I was not delivered from the desires of love by the inability of satisfying them; only the effect of the passions was deadened in me, not the cause; and, far from being relieved, I was surrounded by objects that never ceased to irritate my sensibility. Every moment my imagination was inflamed; a thousand natural graces seemed presented

to my view only to distress me. I had ever before my eyes a happy man ; I never conducted a woman to the bed of my master, I never undressed her, but I returned to my own cabin, either burning with rage, or sunk in despair.

“ Thus loaded with chagrin and ennui, I had no confidant, into whose friendly bosom I could pour them ; no, I was obliged to conceal my torments with these very women, on whom my eyes turned with so much tenderness ; I was forced to assume a look of severity. I was undone, had they seen through me. What advantage would they not have taken of my weakness ? To conceal the heart of a lover, I affected the gloomy air of a tyrant. In my turn, I have had troubles enough : the revengeful women have retaliated on me ; there has been between us an ebb and flow of empire and submission. They have always made every humiliating employment fall upon me ; they have made me rise ten times in

a night for the merest trifle. I have been teased with orders, commissions and whims without end : they seemed to take turns to exercise me, and deny me a moment's rest. Often would they pretend false confidences ; now I have been told that a young man had appeared near the wall ; now, that a noise had been heard, or a letter delivered. All this must trouble me : and then they have laughed at seeing me torment myself ; at an other time, they have placed me behind the door, and kept me there day and night. They have feigned sicknesses, fits and frights : they have never wanted pretexts to plague me, and, on these occasions, I must pay a blind obedience to their caprices. Should I have hesitated to obey, they were authorised to chastise me.

“ This is not all : I have never been for an instant certain of my master's favor ; I have had so many enemies in his heart, who were contriving my ruin.

These women have had their moments when I was not heard, when nothing was refused to them, when I was always wrong.

“Should I conduct to my master’s bed an exasperated woman, I have had all to fear from her tears and sighs, from her embraces, from her very pleasures. She was in the field of her triumphs, her charms became terrible to me, her caresses might efface the memory of all my past services, and nought could insure my master, who was not more himself.

“How often have I gone to bed in favor, and risen in disgrace! Once that I was about to be flogged so undeservedly, what had I done? The late Sultan then lived, and I leave a beauty in his arms. He had ordered some pearls to be distributed among his women, and this favorite imagined that I had given her the worst. Soon as she saw him inflamed, she shed a flood of tears; she complained, and managed so well her complaints, that they



increased in proportion with his desires. I was on the brink of ruin when I least expected it; I was summoned into his presence.

“ The mischievous favorite was sitting on the couch, the cushions of which were scattered about the chamber. My master would fold her in his arms, but she pushed him back: a deep red colored her cheek; her beauty was heightened by this resistance, and her turban had fallen off in the struggle. “ No, first perform your promise,” said she, and attempted to rise.

“ His love of justice gave way; he made the fatal sign; the slaves flung me on the ground, and heaved my legs in the air: my feet were stripped in an instant, and the cruel bastinado already raised, when Almeida, the mother of the young Prince, entered.

“ Such a woman, my lord, these eyes will never behold again: she had a dignity, something so commanding in her air, that my master trembled before her

like a child, and even the chief eunuch had not the courage to look her in the face. She was so beautiful—beautiful as the wives of the Prophet; but the Prophet (God forgive me) would have been afraid of her too; and so good—only hear how good she was.

“ The old Sultan, who, from his youth, had been taught to consider the women of his harem as the mere automatons of his pleasure, whom he highly honored in admitting them to his couch, was obliged to receive with thanks the least favor from Almeida, and to submit to her refusal with patience. This was a new doctrine in the harem; even this malicious favorite had only learned from her her own force, and copied, for the first time, her resistance. My master had given over the pursuit of my patroness, not because sated with her charms, but because he was too proud to beg for what he considered himself authorised to demand, but found himself too weak to exact. It may surprise

your highness to hear that the place of eunuch is a post of honor: we are a kind of courtiers; and he, who enjoys the favor of his master, is exposed to the hatred of all his associates. It was so with me; I was a favorite, and the news of my disgrace travelled, like lightning, from room to room. Two eunuchs, who hoped to rise by my fall, were complimenting each other on the occasion, when Almeida overheard their mutual felicitations. She was not unthankful for the gentleness with which I had treated her. She determined to save me; she hastened to intercede for me: at the appearance of her transcendant charms her rival shrinks into conscious inferiority; my master rises, kicks her out of the room, and pushes me and my tormentors headlong after her. Thus I escaped a disgraceful flogging, and, for the smile of Almeida, her doating paramour affixed the seal to my pardon.

“ Some time after the old Sultan sent

me to a neighboring market to buy a pair of the fattest slaves from Sunam in Palestine. Their youthful charms had been recommended to him by his Jewish physician: but, before my return, the old man had expired; and I found that the present Sultan had sold all his father's wives and concubines; and I never heard the fate of the young Prince's mother.

“ The present Sultan had not reigned two years before we heard the end of the unfortunate Shah at Isphahan; and one of his sultanas was ever terrifying him with the idea that a like revolution might deprive him of his life, and her children of the succession; nor ceased she to torment him till he had given the fatal order for the execution of all his brothers, and married his sisters to eunuchs and old officers of the court, from whom no progeny could be dreaded.

“ I had never forgot my obligation to my kind protectress; I determined, at the risk of my life, to save her son. How I

trembled when the Sultan desired to see the heads of his two-and-twenty brothers! but, luckily, he was too indolent to count them.

“ But my disobedience could not always remain a secret, though love, a passion of which I might pass unsuspected, was the primary cause of the discovery. O I see a smile on your highness’s lips, aggravate not with your contempt the unrelenting pangs that I so long have suffered.

“ One day, as I was putting a woman into the bath\*, I felt myself so transported that I lost all reason and could not contain myself. I thought, on recovering my senses, that my last day was come; but I escaped, for the fair, instead of frowning on my temerity, encouraged me to further liberties, and, during many months, I was her favored lover.

“ Ah, these short months were the

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\* Montesquieu’s 9th Persian Letter.

happiest period of my life ; I even foolishly believed that the sultana loved me, and, if jealousy is a proof of love, I was not perfectly indifferent to her. She had observed that, at a certain hour of the day, I usually absented myself from the harem : she flung a bracelet to a slave, who worked in an outward garden, and ordered him to watch me. He followed me to the house of a friend, to whose care I had entrusted the young Prince, and returned master of this important secret.

“ The following night, when I hastened to the usual assignation, she assumed a haughty air ; she pushed me back, reproached me with my abject state, and ordered me to bring this slave to her. I was thunderstruck ; what could I do ?—tears stood in my eyes, and my throat was parched with intolerable thirst. But my life and that of the young Prince was in their power ; how I hated and envied this base slave, whom before I had considered below my notice ! how I bit my pillow

with rage, after having led the man that I despised into the arms of the woman that I loved!

“ I had no voice for my complaints; vexation and despair preyed upon my heart, and my tears flowed without ceasing. Oh, who can describe the bitterness of my sensations! Night after night I was obliged to facilitate their amour: at the sight of my rival the fair ran into his arms, and the kisses that she gave him were so many daggers in my heart. I lost my appetite; I paid no attention to my master's orders; my fellow-eunuchs foretold the end of my favor; every day I received some fresh reprimand; repeatedly I lifted my arm to finish my torments, but hope retained it. I retired into the most solitary walks of the garden to frame love-speeches; I fell at her feet, and she enquired after my rival; I fled out of her presence and ran about the seraglio like a maniac. O ye mussulmans! ye true believers! who has authorised you to debase

your fellow-creatures into the mere instruments of your jealousy? O Mahomet! divine prophet! is it thou who hast thus ordained our misery?

“ Meanwhile a storm was collecting over our heads; their amour was discovered by a second beauty, who revealed it to a third, and both demanded, as the price of their secrecy, to share the favors of the slave; and the first, though not without regret, was obliged to comply. Things had proceeded a long time in this current, which carried me along with it. Though my life was in continual danger, they treated me as a mere nothing. When, one night, all my precautions were vain;—their merriment overleaped its usual bounds, and awaked a fourth woman, who lay in a neighboring room, and she insisted that the slave should pay a tribute to her charms; but the wretch had already paid too many to her rivals. She considered his disobedience an affront to her charms, an offence never forgiven in a harem: her



cries aroused the whole seraglio ; the Sultan rushed in with his drawn seymitar, cut off the heads of the fair offenders, and was just about to sacrifice their paramour, when the vile slave stopped his arm, and offered to purchase his life, by discovering what he called a state conspiracy. He then revealed the existence of the young Prince, and was sent, with the other two slaves, to drag him from his asylum.

“ Time, or perhaps an inclination to a new beauty, had poured a balm into my wounds, and I was sunk in a reverie on her charms, when the moon betrayed me in my favorite walk. The mutes seized me in the garden ; the fatal cord was already round my neck, when the three valorous knights, whom I at first mistook for the three slaves sent to fetch the young Prince, rushed from their concealment and delivered me.”

The black eunuch had just finished, when the thunder of the artillery announced the procession, and the martial music

called the company to the balcony. The Grand Master requested one of the knights not to trust Ibrahim out of his sight, till a proclamation, setting forth his merits, should be published, lest he (so great was the national hatred against all eunuchs) should be torn to pieces by the populace.

Preceded by the banners of the city, came the inhabitants of Malabar and of the whole empire of Indostan, who, as volunteers, had shared the glory and danger of this expedition. This brave body were called the *sons of free women*.

Next followed the second body, composed of the gentry of the empire: the points of their swords were adorned with the turbans of the Mahometans sacrificed to their hereditary hatred. This generous body were called the *nephews of heroes*.

Next appeared those Nairs who had received honorable wounds: they reposed on litters, which were spread also with the turbans of the slain. They were not carried by slaves, though slaves were not

wanting to grace this triumph, but were borne by their own countrymen, zealous of giving them this public mark of their approbation.

Then walked the young Prince of Kandahar, in his Persian dress. Two of his gallant deliverers accompanied him, to guard the young mussulman from any popular insult.

Then, borne by a candidate of the order, came the grand standard of the phoenix.

Fifty triumphal cars, drawn by milk-white coursers from the imperial stables, presented to the public view the beauties of the harem ; beauties hitherto concealed from the eyes of their nearest kindred—beauties whom the very sun had never beheld. But their veils were rent asunder, and now composed the scarfs that floated at the side of their illustrious champions, who, mounted on Persian horses, escorted these carriages amid the acclamations of an admiring crowd. Their very steeds seemed to share the triumph

of their riders, and to glory in the delivery of their contrywomen.

Language has no words, painting has no colors to express the marks of astonishment and surprise on the countenances of these released captives: one must have burst the gates of a prison to be able to conceive their feelings; slaves they had been, and now they were free and beyond the power of their tyrants: the heart of the young widow was never so joyful.

Every object around them how new and astonishing! the streets full of men and women, a promiscuous crowd. They see the same woman successively addressing different men; the same man saluting different women, and no dagger drawn by the men, who accompany them, to avenge the insult. And how singular appears Calicut to them, though they had passed through other provincial cities since they crossed the Indus. How unlike the cities of Persia, where jealousy has placed every window toward the interior court; so that

the tyranny of every domestic despot remains concealed from his nearest neighbor, and the weary passenger in the street goes through a dull row of prisons : but here, in Calicut, the houses are full of windows, looking toward the street, and these windows full of men and women, conversing with as little restraint as those below. “ O, ye Houris, we envy you not the joys from which we are excluded. We have found our paradise on earth !”

This is a day of wonders ; every moment their astonishment increases : the sumptuous banquet is spread, and the master of the ceremonies invites them to take their places ; and, how charming the idea, what novelty in their situation, each female is seated next to her heroic deliverer. A familiar unknown in the harem, the two sexes eat together : the weak woman may venture to place herself at the same table with the man, her lord and master ; but away with these unnatural

## BOOK IX.

...! she is under the safeguard of the Nair laws, her rights are guaranteed by the valor of the phoenix. Restraint is banished from the feast, yet she has no appetite, wonder chains her lips, but her eyes devour the pageantry.

The enlivening violin calls them from the table, and the dance begins; but how different from the dances of Persia! Often had these fair captives exercised the delightful art before their superbient masters, who sat lolling in sullen majesty on their cushions, with their pipes resting on the ground. In vain had they endeavored, by their animated gestures, to express the fire that consumed them. One only could catch the handkerchief, and this favor, without completing the happiness of the favorite, aggravated the torments of her rivals; but now it was the dance of freedom, not of slavery. It was not a mark of homage, which the haughty despot condescended to receive from her

sex, and would have considered a practice derogatory to the dignity of his own\* ; here it was the pastime of both sexes, who met on a footing of equality, desirous of pleasing, and easy to be pleased : it was perhaps the prelude of further intimacies.

What pleasure beamed in their eyes ! what vivacity was in their motions ! With what cordiality they accepted every new offer ; with what readiness they returned to their former partners ! Though awkward at first, under such instructors their dancing could not fail to improve, and every round brought them nearer to perfection in the vales, before perfectly unknown to them.

The young Mussulman was surprised that any man could degrade himself so far as to dance, and walked up and down the room with visible marks of contempt. Osva by chance approached him, when one

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\* See Baron de Tott's Travels.

of the knights, who, inspired by curiosity or good nature, had begun a conversation with him, pointed her out to him as an imperial Princess; Abas started, and ran out of the hall with all his force.

A servant overtook him in the courtyard, but could not persuade him to return; at length the eunuch, who had remained in the apartment of the Grand Master, was sent after him, and with difficulty brought him back to the hall.

Ibrahim thus accounted for his flight. “ Last summer we were transporting the women of the Sultan to his country palace, where the court were to pass the hot season. The slaves had made the signal for the people to retire: we had already placed the favorites in their boxes, in which they were to be carried across the river, when Abas, who then lived in disguise at my friend’s house, was discovered on the banks, and almost bastinadoed to death for his carelessness. Since this time he has always trembled at the approach



of a princess, and he forgot that he was in a land of liberty when the Princess Osva passed him ; for if the misfortune of seeing the boxes, containing the royal concubines, merited so severe a chastisement, what tortures might not punish his temerity, whose eyes had beheld a princess without her veil."

The whole assembly smiled at this anecdote, and, before the young Mahometan had entirely recovered his courage, Osva had the malice to augment his perplexity, by kissing him in the middle of the hall ; and, as Abas was a pretty youth, the ladies of honor were pleased to follow her example.

Meanwhile, the dance continued, but was interrupted by an accident proceeding from the same source, the subjection of the Mahometan women. Rahida had long been the useless ornament of a harem, kept for the vanity, not for the happiness of her master. Less useful than the treasures of the miser, for the miser

has a pleasure in reviewing his gold, she, alas, lost among a multitude of rivals, had never been summoned into his presence. She was a flower in a cultivated garden, but the pampered possessor passed by, and its fragrance seemed doomed to expire unnoticed as the rose of the desert. Far from being happy herself, she had not even the satisfaction of contributing to the happiness of an other. How insupportable was her situation! a fire glowed in her veins, and she dreamt not that there were a power in nature to extinguish it. In her simplicity, she fancied herself enchanted, but could find no relief in a variety of amulets, containing the most noted passages in the Koran, which she bound round her arms, and placed near her palpitating heart. She felt herself ill, but her case was hopeless, for she knew not the cause of her malady. Such were her sufferings, when the Nair army approached the seraglio; the bolts sprang back, the bars were burst asunder; a

knight of the phoenix came, he saw, and conquered; he gave her her liberty, nor was she ungrateful for the gift.

This amiable magician had charmed away her complaint, and, now restored to health, she was partaking with him the pleasures of the dance. O the luxury of her sensations! she formerly, when grievously ill, had only been permitted to thrust her tongue and her hand through a hole of a curtain, to the sight and touch of her physician; and now she found herself encircled by the arms of the man of her heart. Her senses were in a delirium. In valseing round, her lover smiles significantly, and her Persian timidity turns aside, her eyes swimming in tears of delight; when the appearance of Ibrahim strikes her: it were as if the black angel of death had arrived to tear her from paradise; her color changes, a mortal cold runs through her frame, and the arms of the knight just hinder her fall. She is

supported to a seat, and receives every assistance: at length she opens her eyes; "The eunuch! the eunuch! help me! save me!" she cries, and clings to the person of her protector. Her lover soon inspired her with confidence, she laughed at her weakness, proceeding from the force of habit, and recommenced the dance. Nevertheless, the murmurs against the eunuch, raised by the spectators in the gallery, were so loud, that he was recommended to retire; and the Princess Osva and the Grand Master, to give him a public mark of their approbation, accompanied him into the adjoining apartment.

*Grand Master.*

My good friend, I wish we could offer you some asylum, where you might pass your life in comfort: a state of happiness nothing could promise you; the vengeance of heaven will overtake them, who thus deface the works of their creator. You are so deserving of our esteem, yet

nothing, I fear, will be able to change the rooted hatred of our countrymen to your miserable class.

*Ibrahim.*

Alas! I might vegetate here or elsewhere, but in England only I could hope to live. There I would buy a wife, and it should be the purport of my life to make her happy. Her harem should have a ceiling of gold, and she should walk on magnificent carpets; the worms of Damascus should spin for her trowsers, the pearls of Arabia should circle her neck, and the jewels of Golconda hang to her nostrils; she should bathe in essences of rose, and fatten on the finest rice; slaves should dance to divert her, or sing to lull her to sleep; my whole property (for I have amassed some treasures) I would consecrate to her amusement. O how happy I could be with an Englishwoman! I would never whip her, I would never shut her up in the dark, nor forbid her to put

on her best clothes, nor send her supperless to bed.

*Osva.*

My countrywoman would be infinitely obliged to you for such good treatment. Perhaps you know not that I was born in England?

*Ibrahim.*

In England—tell me, how far is England? how many days' journey?

*Osva.*

England is an island.

*Ibrahim.*

Well, then, in how many days would a camel arrive there?

*Osva.*

I tell you, England is an island.

*Ibrahim.*

Well, then, how many days' march?

*Osva.*

One must go by water.

*Ibrahim.*

But I hate the water; I would prefer

going by land, even though I went round about.

Osva smiled, and reflected how ignorant a nation must be, the education of whose principal persons is entrusted to eunuchs; and the eunuch muttered between his teeth, "It is strange a woman can never give a direct answer to a simple question."

Osva, however, was struck with the singular preference which the eunuch gave to England, and her curiosity induced her to recommence the conversation.

*Osva.*

As you are inclined to visit England, my recommendation might perhaps be useful to you there. Have you friends there? are you acquainted with any Englishman?

*Ibrahim.*

Friends I have none—I never saw an Englishman in my life, but an Englishwoman I have seen, and, if all her countrywomen resemble her, I shall never

desire to quit England so long as I breathe: but she is not in England, and probably never will be.

*Osva.*

Where is she then?

*Ibrahim.*

At Kandahar, in the seraglio of the Sultan: listen to my melancholy tale. Your look is the look of pity; your voice announces a feeling heart; you are the countrywoman of my beloved, and can compassionate the sufferings of a eunuch.

“Some months have passed, since the slave-purveyor of our harem made the purchase of an Englishwoman; and I was ordered to put her into the bath, and prepare her for my master’s visit. She seemed in a state of stupefaction; her eyes, in a heavy languor, were fixed on the ground, or unmeaningly regarded the surrounding objects. She never opened her lips, but, without expressing either satisfaction or aversion, permitted me to perfume and dress her as I thought pro-



per. If her torpor, thought I, proceeds not from the fatigues of a long journey, which she has made through deserts and over mountains, pent up in a close cage and fixed on a camel's back, she must be the dullest, stupidest, least interesting creature alive.

“ A slave entered, and informed me that the Sultan had finished his repast, and was waiting for the new purchase. I signified to her his supreme orders; she woke from her lethargy; a new expression animated her features; rage burnt in her eye, and heaved her bosom; she burst into a flood of tears, and refused to stir from the spot. At that moment, I found her interesting, and remarked that she was a lovely woman. My master, impatient at this unusual delay, hastened into the room and would fold her in his arms; she pushed him back, began to revile our prophet and his holy laws, and, tearing from her neck a pearl necklace, with which she had just before suffered

me to adorn her, flung the beads into his face. My master ran out of the room as from a maniac.

“ He returned and found her tranquil ; she cast herself at his feet, and, with tears in her eyes, begged him to spare her honor and virtue, meaning her chastity, as I discovered afterward. Perhaps chastity may pass as a virtue in England, though absolutely forbidden by the prophet ; for a woman without children, is like a tree without fruit. But I will neither detail his importunity and violence, nor her sufferings and resistance. During some months, neither threats nor intreaties, neither ill treatment nor presents, no attention that could flatter her vanity, nor the horrors of a dungeon, where she was confined to bread and water, nothing could effect the least alteration in her aversion to my master. Should he try violence, he found her strength increase in proportion to the warmth of his attacks. She exerted, in her defence, those

nails, in her frenzy, so fatal to her own beauty, the source of her persecution; and even the slaves, who, more than once, were called to assist his attempts, were obliged to retire baffled from the undertaking.

“Once that she had been confined to a dark room, as I brought her her daily food, she began a conversation with me. To me she was all gentleness, though a demon in the presence of my master. In short, she promised to marry me, if I could deliver her from the harem; and, though she would not allow me the least freedom, not even to kiss her hand, she is the only woman who ever preferred me to a man.

“How often has my master, disappointed in his attempts on this refractory Englishwoman, retired to bury his chagrin in the arms of some more willing beauty: yet this Englishwoman has promised to marry me.

“ I proposed to exert myself, at the next fair, to procure for my master’s use some slave, whose exquisite beauty and accomplishments might drive the Englishwoman out of his thoughts. He then might repay her aversion with indifference, and, as he had often promised me my freedom and some slave in marriage \*, might bestow her upon me as a reward of my long services. Such were the plans on my love. I was dreaming on these projects the very night when the vile slave sacrificed me to his own safety,”

Here the black eunuch stopped, and, the music in the ball-room ceasing at the same moment, Osra wished him a good night, and retired.

Her attendants had left the Princess ; she cast herself on her couch, and was reflecting on the captivity of the unhappy Englishwoman ; it was the stillness of

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\* Montesquieu’s Persian Letters ; 53d.

midnight; when, suddenly, she heard  
a harp, which one of the ladies of honor,  
who inhabited a neighboring apartment,  
thus accompanied.

MIRVA'S praises I recite ;  
Ye, whose mothers e'er were free,  
And whose uncles shone in fight,  
Cannot hear but with delight  
Lofty songs of liberty.

Mirya, of majestic air,  
Samorina fair above  
All whom Calicut thought fair,  
Trode upon her golden hair  
In the myrtle-bow'r of love.

Mador, when the fight was done,  
Was the lover whom she chose,  
Braver was no mother's son,  
And the laurels he had won  
Deck'd the couch of their repose.

But, who come with martial stride ?  
'Tis the foe from Kandahar,

He has pass'd the Indian tide ;  
 And the Shah's sultanic pride  
 Is in march to Malabar.

Has he then the Indus pass'd ?  
 Every mother's son must arm ;  
 Mussulmans, ye breathe your last,  
 Phœnix \*, blow a bitter blast !  
 Hark ! the trumpet sounds alarm.

Free from each domestic chain,  
 Ready to devote their lives,  
 Nothing can the Nairs detain  
 From the glory-yielding plain,  
 They've no children, they no wives,

They, array'd in order bright,  
 Burn, the onset to begin ;  
 " Who," cries Aigrof, valorous knight,  
 " Who shall lead us to the fight ?  
 " Where is Mador Marsorin ?"

Aigrof to the bower hies  
 From the din of battle far,  
 There the love-sick warrior lies :  
 " Mador, may I trust my eyes ?  
 Thou, the pride of Malabar."

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\* The Herald.

"Thou, a Nair, and canst thou see  
 Foes in our maternal reign?  
 Rona, born a Nair's free,  
 Wilt thou not her champion be?  
 Rona drags a Persian chain."

"See," replied the am'rous Nair,  
 "I am chain'd to this retreat;  
 See the chain I'm doom'd to wear;"  
 And he pointed to the hair,  
 Flowing down to Mirva's feet.

Mirva rose, and, at a blow,  
 Cut her golden locks in twain:  
 "With these tresses string thy bow,  
 "May thy arrow reach the foe,  
 "See, I've cut the hero's chair\*."

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\* When, in April, 1809, Buonaparte was on his march to cross the Inn, all Austria glowed with a military ardor, and the ladies seemed animated with the spirit of the ancient Spartans. The German version of this ballad was then published in the Vienna Spectator, among other songs calculated to fan the sacred fire, and, after a short account of the Nairs, the following was added in a note. "Though our customs and opinions may

differ so widely from those of this remarkable people, our patriots are animated with no less enthusiasm. They also will defend, from any enemy, the river which forms our boundary. They have sworn never to abandon the colors embroidered by the hands of our Empress."

END OF VOL. III.



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