

THE
SORCERER'S PALACE;
OR,
The Princess of Sinadone.
BEING THE
ROMANTIC ADVENTURES
OF A
KNIGHT OF THE ROUND TABLE.

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The Princess of Sinadone.

BY SARAH WILKINSON.

SIR GAWAIN, a famous Knight of King Arthur's court, in the early part of his youth, became enamoured of the fair daughter of a forester, and, under an assumed name, he, by the most insidious arts, seduced the innocent, unsuspecting damsel from the paths of rectitude and virtue. For several months he continued to visit her at her father's cottage, in those hours in which the old man was necessarily absent from his home. Sir Gawain being then ordered to join the crusaders, had the inhumanity to part from his Gertrude, without revealing his name, or even making provision for the babe of which she was then obviously pregnant; but left her, without imparting the dread tidings, that they should meet no more. If any sensations of remorse crowded on his mind, they were banished by the bustle and ardor of his military exploits; and Gertrude was soon as much forgotten, as if she *never had been*.

The wretched maiden soon found, from the long absence of her lover, that all her hopes were fled, and that she was consigned to infamy by him, for whose sake she would have freely died, had such a sacrifice been necessary to have ensured him life or liberty. She had now no other resource, but to confess her fault, and cast herself on the mercy of her father, who, wrought on by her penitence, and in pity to her situation, forgave her lapse from duty, and sheltered her in his humble home.

The unfortunate Gertrude expired a few hours after she had given birth to a lovely boy, whose name she desired might be Lybius; the one which his faithless father had assumed. The child was brought up by his grandsire, with great tenderness and care, but in utter ignorance of his noble descent. The countenance of young Lybius, as he grew up, was singularly expressive and beautiful: the height of his stature was uncommon for his years; and in rustic exercises he excelled both in courage and personal strength. He had just entered into his sixteenth year, when one day being engaged in chasing a wild boar with some of the young foresters, he was attacked by a churlish Knight, who accused him of want of respect to his rank, by not stopping his horse to give him the pass. High words arose: they encountered with their lances; and, after a long and doubtful struggle, Lybius slew the Knight. This circumstance confirmed him in undertaking a plan he had long held in contemplation; but his finances had been too narrow to allow him to properly equip himself for that purpose. He therefore clothed himself in the armour of his deceased enemy; and mounting his fiery courser, he repaired to King Arthur's court, then held at

Winchester, and prostrating himself at the feet of that famous British hero, related his youthful achievement, and solicited the honor of knighthood.

Sir Gawain, besides being a noble and warlike Knight, was the King's nephew, being the son of a beloved sister. He was then present, and at first sight was greatly struck with the features of the youth: but when he heard the artless story which he related to the admiring Monarch, he knew him to be his own son. He secretly deplored the untimely death of Gertrude, and his injustice to her. The noble sentiments of Lybius were grateful to his heart; he was almost ready to snatch him to his bosom; and, before the whole court, proclaim him his own offspring; but pride made him check these parental emotions, and he resolved that his son should perform some heroic action, which should add glory to them both, and bury in oblivion, the disgrace of his being so humbly allied by his mother's side, ere he acknowledged him. He, however, intreated King Arthur to grant the youth's request, and the Sovereign graciously complied, pleased with the valor of Lybius; and he was forthwith knighted, with all the ceremonies used on such occasions; and obtained a promise from the King, of having the first adventure assigned him that should offer; till which time, he remained at court, and received many favors from Sir Gawain, for whom he felt the most unbounded respect and veneration. A few weeks after his arrival, a young damsel, named Ellinor, came to Winchester, attended by a dwarf, to implore King Arthur's assistance, to rescue a beautiful Princess, "The Lady of Sinadone, their mistress, who was detained from her rights, and immured in a dungeon." This enterprise was claimed by Sir Lybius; to which the King, mindful of his word, immediately acquiesced. Ellinor and the dwarf were greatly dissatisfied with the youthfulness of the Knight, whom they considered unequal to the task assigned him; and they fervently implored the Monarch to grant them another champion, on whose prowess they could place more reliance. But King Arthur sternly rebuked them; and they were obliged to accept of the young hero, who accordingly prepared for his departure. The Monarch, to testify the respect he had for the youth, presented him with an elegant suit of armour. Sir Gawain bestowed a lance and shield; and a favorite steed, which had borne him to many a victory. And the famous Sir Lancelot added to their gift a pair of gold spurs. Thus equipped, he took leave of the Monarch and his Knights, and set out on his journey with Ellinor and the dwarf, who were to guide him to the prison where their mistress was held in ignoble bondage. As they travelled together, they took every opportunity of deriding him on account of his youth, and expressed their belief, that he would lose his own life without rendering the fair Princess Almeria any service. Though he did not deign to make any reply to their illiberal taunts, yet he nevertheless felt hurt at their suspicions; and panted for an opportunity to convince his companions that they did him injustice. Nor was it long ere his wish was fully accomplished. When they arrived at the bridge of Peryll, Lybius found that none could pass without first encountering a knight called William de la Braunch, who instantly challenged our hero to just with their spears. Sir William was presently dismounted, to the extreme surprise of Ellinor and the dwarf, who stood by, in trembling expectation of the issue of the combat. Sir Lybius alighted, and the battle was vigorously renewed on foot. After a sharp rencontre, the sword of de la Braunch broke in two, and he yielded to his youthful opponent, who obliged him to take a solemn oath, that he would go and present himself to King Arthur, as the first fruits of his valor. Sir Lybius then proceeded on his journey, after having

accepted the apologies of Ellinor and her attendant. Just at the close of the next day. they entered into a drear and extensive wood, where they had not far proceeded, when Sir Lybius heard himself called by name, and turning round, perceived three Knights posting towards him. At first he imagined that they had brought him some message from King Arthur's court; but they soon undeceived him, by declaring themselves to be the near relations of Sir William de la Baunch, whom they had met on his way to King Arthur's court, and being informed of his disgraceful overthrow, they united themselves on the conqueror, whom they treated with the title of presumptuous boy. The elder of the three first attacked our hero; but was immediately thrown to the ground. The other two, exasperated at this sight, rushed on him, and Sir Lybius received a wound in his arm; yet desperately wounded one of his antagonists; and the other yielded: and the youth obliged them all to follow Sir William de la Braunch, and present themselves to the valiant Arthur. While he was dismissing the vanquished knights, the dwarf, who was very skilful in herbs, had found one that was a sovereign remedy for fresh wounds: he presented it to Sir Lybius; and the fair Ellinor having tore a piece of muslin from her long and snow-white veil, bound it on the youth's arm. On the third evening from this adventure, they arrived at the gates of a stately castle, which, on inquiry, they found to belong to Sir Banier, another of Arthur's noble Knights. Lybius sent the dwarf to intreat that they might be allowed to enter his mansion, and sojourn a day or two, to rest their weary limbs. His request was immediately granted; and Sir Banier, with his fair lady, and a numerous train of attendants came forth to meet and bid them welcome. Sir Lybius and the damsel were ushered into a stately apartment; and the dwarf was committed to the care of the steward, with orders to give him such good cheer as the castle afforded. During supper, our hero, and his fair companion, were regaled by the harps and voices of the minstrels, who sang the warlike deeds of Arthur, and the peerless beauty of Guinever, his Queen. The repast ended, they retired to the chambers prepared for their repose; and, by their mutual request, the dwarf had a bed placed for him in the same room with the Knight.

Sir Lybius having besought heaven to protect and crown him with success, soon dropt into a profound slumber, and was dreaming of nought but martial exploits, when he was suddenly awakened by the faithful dwarf, who had discovered a large fire burning in an adjacent wood. This phenomenon greatly excited the curiosity of the Knight; and forgetting all his fatigue, he hastily accoutred himself, while the dwarf descended and prepared their horses. All this was effected with the utmost silence, and they departed without alarming Sir Banier and his family; for, if there was any adventure to be achieved, he was willing to have all the trouble and all the merit of the action himself. They rode till they came to the midst of the wood, and there, through an opening of the trees, Sir Lybius espied two grim and sturdy giants roasting a wild boar, over a fire they had made on the ground; at some distance from which sat a young and beauteous lady, tied by the arms and legs to a stake these frightful tyrants had drove into the earth. Tears streamed from her azure eyes. She was making the most piteous moans, and beseeching heaven to deliver her from her dire captivity. The dwarf, dismayed at the sight of these two Goliaths, would fain have persuaded Sir Lybius to return to the castle, but the dauntless youth disdained such cowardice, and rushing forward with impetuosity, he mortally wounded one of the giants with his lance; and sustained a fierce attack from the other, who had been so busily employed in preparing their supper, that, till the moment

his huge companion was slain, he had not witnessed the Knight's approach. But in the very instant that the giant raised his club, in order to dash out our hero's brains, Sir Lybius with one stroke severed his ponderous arm from his body. The monster gave a hideous yell, and with the acute pain fell prostrate on the ground. The youth lost not a moment so favorable, but seizing a hatchet, with which the giant had been hewing down wood to make the fire, he instantly deprived him of his head, which he gave to the dwarf to carry back to the castle, as a trophy of victory. He then liberated the fair captive, who was almost overpowered with joy at her unexpected deliverance, and willingly consented to accompany the brave Knight to Sir Banier's hospitable mansion. On the road, the lady acquainted him, that she was the only child of Earl Poyntz, a famous warrior, and had long been promised in marriage to Alphonso, the eldest son of a neighbouring Baron, who was now gone to the continent with a mission to the Emperor of the Gauls; and that they had only awaited his return from the continent, to seal their nuptial vows. That on the preceding evening, as she was walking in the park that surrounded her father's castle, she suddenly perceived two tremendous giants approaching towards her. In vain was her attempt to fly to a place of safety; they presently overtook, and threatened her with instant death, if she did not desist from screaming for aid. She was, however loath, forced to comply with their commands, and maintain an excruciating silence. They carried her by turns, and travelled all the next night without halting, or even giving her the smallest refreshment, though her thirst obliged her frequently to complain. Just at break of day, they entered a large cavern, and was welcomed by one of their huge brethren, who in that remote place had taken up his residence. They conversed together in some language that was wholly unintelligible to the apprehensive Bertha; and, after some time spent in discourse, the giant belonging to the cave presented the fair one with some fruit and cream. They then showed her some clean straw, placed behind a skreen, where he made signs for her to repose. She laid down; but her fears prevented her from sleeping, and she gave way to an agony of grief, and lamented her hapless, and, indeed, hopeless state. The giants soon after left the cavern; nor did they return till night had thrown her sable mantle o'er the earth. She then left the cave, accompanied by the two who had torn her from her beloved home. They kept journeying on till they arrived at the wood in which Sir Lybius had so valiantly slain the giants.

Sir Lybius and the lady were received at the castle with loud greetings of joy; and the former received the praises for his courage he so well deserved. Sir Banier undertook to conduct the lady in safety to the arms of her noble father; and our youthful hero took leave of the fair Bertha, who, on parting, presented him with a ring of inestimable value. He then proceeded on his journey with Ellinor and the dwarf. After continuing their perigrination for several days, across the most dreary moors and mountains, they arrived in sight of a castle, whose towering turrets seemed to vie with the Alpine heights; and, to the terror of all beholders, the battlements were all struck round with human heads. Such a terrible and uncommon sight, could not fail to impress our adventurers with the utmost astonishment. On inquiry, they found it belonged to a fierce Knight, called Gefferon, who, in honor of his beauteous mistress Palmira, challenged all comers. He that could produce a fairer lady, was to be honored with a milk white falcon: but if he was overcome, he was to forfeit his head, which was to be added to the number of those already exalted on Sir Gefferon's Castle.

Our travellers spent the night in an adjoining village; and early the next morning Sir Lybius arose, and repairing to the castle, challenged the Knight, and declared his companion Ellinor to be fairer than the Lady Palmira. After a few minutes spent in debate, the Knights exchanged their gloves, and agreed to just with their lances in the public market-place. The first day of the ensuing week was appointed for the one in which they were to contend for conquest, and the intervening time was employed in preparing a magnificent dress for Ellinor to appear in, suitable to her rank, she being the first lady and confidant of the Princess of Sinadone. A ring was formed for the spectators, two chairs were placed for Gefferon's lady, and the fair Ellinor. The former was habited in a silver tissue, adorned with various colored foils and knots of pearl: her hair was fancifully decorated, and a rich plume of white feathers completed her elegant appearance. Ellinor had a train of crimson velvet, embroidered with gold: the rest of her dress was of white satin, with draperies to correspond; and her head was adorned with jewels, that cast a radiant lustre around. Ellinor, though she certainly had pretensions to be styled handsome, was far the inferior in point of beauty to Palmira. She was devoid of that majestic air and deportment which so eminently distinguished her rival. Sir Lybius saw and acknowledged in his own breast, the superiority of Gefferon's mistress, yet he was Ellinor's protector; and his wish to humble the proud and cruel Knight, made him forward in challenging him to the combat. The ladies were seated, and the spectators assembled, at an early hour of the day. At a given signal, previously agreed on, the Knights entered the lists. The trumpets flourished a charge, and the opponents began to just with their lances. For a long time the conflict was supported on each side with equal dexterity and ardor. At length Gefferon was thrown from his horse; and Sir Lybius alighted; but the noble youth scorned to take advantage of a fallen enemy, rendered so by an unfortunate chance, which might equally have happened to himself; he therefore assisted the Knight to arise from the earth, and proposed to decide their difference by the sword. This was accepted, and their horses were led from the field. Sir Gefferon, far from being affected by the generous behaviour he had experienced from his antagonist, endeavoured to take every unfair advantage to deprive Sir Lybius of existence. The youth perceived his aim; and having received two or three dangerous wounds, he no longer hesitated to save his own life by the death of his opponent; and Gefferon fell at his feet, having a desperate gash in his head, and another in his side. Sir Lybius was declared victor; and the falcon adjudged his lawful prize, and was immediately invited to take up his abode at the house of a neighbouring Baron (who greatly admired his early valor) till he should be recovered from the wounds he had received in the rencontre. Sir Gefferon was borne back to his castle on a shield, and expired just as he entered within the marble hall, which was adorned with the warlike accoutrements of the Knights he had slain. His mistress, who had slowly followed, made the air resound with her lamentations. She kept herself closely confined to a chamber hung with black, and only illumined by the effect of a solitary taper, till Sir Gefferon's funeral took place. The fair Palmira then retired to a distant convent, and renounced the world for ever.

As soon as Sir Lybius was perfectly recovered from his wounds, he dispatched a messenger to the court of Arthur, his gracious sovereign, to present that King with the White Falcon he had won from the proud Sir Gefferon. He received, in return, the praises

he so justly merited; and a quantity of florins to defray the expences of his expeditions; and what conveyed a real pleasure to his grateful heart, Sir Gawain sent him a ring as a token of approbation and esteem. The youth felt for this noble Knight, what he then thought an unaccountable veneration and regard, but which he afterwards discovered to be a sympathy between parent and child. He then, by the desire of the neighbouring nobles, accompanied them to demolish the castle of the late Sir Gefferon, who was generally detested for his abominable and tyrannic cruelties. In one of the cellars they found the bodies of those unfortunate victims whose heads were, as before related, on the walls of the dreary and terrific mansion. As it was impossible to match the heads to the corpses which they originally belonged to, they ordered a large grave to be made in the burial vault of an adjacent monastery, and there interred with honorable rites, as becoming the funeral of martial heroes. Sir Lybius remained with the nobles forty days, and attended several tournaments. He then, at the request of Ellinor and the dwarf, pursued his journey towards Sinadone.

They had travelled but two days, when they came to a spacious forest, in the midst of which they met with a most beautiful dog, of a singular small size and make. Ellinor much admired the animal, and intreated Sir Lybius, who had taken him up in his arms, to let the little favorite be hers. To this proposal he willingly consented; and with a gallant air, he presented the dog to his fair guide. About a mile further they met a Knight hunting. Sir Lybius passed him with a courteous salutation: but Sir Otes de Lisle (for so he announced himself) approaching Ellinor, demanded from her the little dog, who lay asleep on her lap, as she sat on the palfrey. This the damsel refused; and the Knight offered to take it from her with a degree of unpardonable rudeness, which Sir Lybius properly resented; and the Knight being unarmed, set spurs to his horse, and rode off with amazing celerity. This action surprised our hero, who knew not what motive to impute it to, whether treachery or cowardice. He was soon convinced it was the former, when he saw Sir Otes de Lisle returning with a train of armed attendants. Ellinor, and the dwarf, urged the number of his assailants, and persuaded him to seek safety in flight. This he positively refused; and staying his prancing steed, awaited the approach of his enemies. He placed his back against a sturdy oak, and with his trusty weapon soon caused his foes to flee from his powerful arm. Sir Otes was the last who thus endeavoured to escape from the valiant youth: but he pursued, and forced him to stay. "Think not, (said Lybius,) thou vile caitif, thou miscreant Knight, that, after such an insult, you shall thus escape. Defend yourself, or yield to my power." A combat instantly ensued; for Sir Otes could by no means avoid encountering one whom he now dreaded; and not many minutes had elapsed, ere Sir Lybius was again a complete conqueror; and bound the vanquished Knight by an oath, to follow those whom he had already sent to King Arthur's royal court.

Sir Lybius, Ellinor, and the dwarf, then came to a pleasant city, and by the river side, they beheld a strong tower or fortress, encompassed round with tents. On inquiry, he was informed, that the fortress belonged to Allicia, a most beautiful lady, whose husband was slain before the walls of Jerusalem. His widow, who was very young, was then besieged by Margos, a terrific giant, who kept possession of the bridge, and would let none pass without paying both homage and tribute. This arbitrary and lawless demand our Knight

very properly refused to comply with, and challenged the giant to mortal combat. Uttering the most horrid execrations, the huge monster came forth from his tent, and presented to the view of the heroic youth, a figure full ten feet high; his bulk more than in proportion to his height; his eyes large, and sparkling with more than human fire, and expressive of the most vengeful passions. His stiff black hair stood erect on his head; and his beard, of the same hue and texture, hung down to the leathern girdle which bound his waist. His great and prominent teeth added to the fierceness of his aspect, and so greatly affrighted Bernardo, the dwarf, that he crept nimbly up a walnut-tree, which was near the spot, and besought Ellinor to follow his example; but the hapless damsel fainted, and fell from her horse. A humane peasant happened to be passing at the time, and he conveyed her to his cottage till the issue of the combat should be known; though the good man scarce doubted but that the youthful stranger (as he termed Sir Lybius) would add one to the many whom the stern giant had numbered with the dead.

The giant having surveyed his challenger accurately from head to foot, he tauntingly demanded if he was the stripling who had audaciously ventured to dispute his power. "I am a sworn enemy to all tyrannic oppressors, (replied Sir Lybius;) and as you evidently belong to that class, behold in me your foe." The gigantic Margos then remarked, that if he was a true Knight, he would combat with him; but if, as he strongly suspected, he was some presuming upstart, he would put him to instant death. On hearing this menace, which he not in the least regarded, Sir Lybius shewed his credentials, signed by the noble Arthur. But Margos still pretended to disbelieve; and though in general, he was the boldest of the bold, he was, on this occasion, unusually depressed; and for a long time appeared unwilling to engage with the youth. Perhaps he had some omen of his approaching fate, or had heard some prediction that was in the favor of Lybius. At length the young Knight, enraged at the delay, drew forth his sword, and wounded the giant in his left arm. All the fury of the monster seemed aroused at this unexpected attack; and darting forward, he aimed a blow at the head of the Knight, which, had not his helmet been uncommonly strong, and resisted the stroke, would doubtless have effected the purpose of his foe. Sir Lybius soon recovered from the stupor this incident had occasioned, and renewed his attack on Margos with redoubled vigor. The battle lasted from eight in the morning till six in the evening, without either of the combatants having tasted the smallest refreshment, not even water to allay their raging thirst. At length Margos being covered with wounds, and faint with fatigue and loss of blood, betook himself to flight. But Sir Lybius pursued with such speed, that he soon overtook his unwieldy antagonist, and forced him to renew the combat. Full two hours more did they oppose each other, till the spear of the Knight entering the left side of the giant, pierced through his heart; and with an hideous roar the monster fell to the earth. In an instant Margos's head was severed from his body, and exalted on the trusty weapon of Sir Lybius. The dwarf Bernardo, at this welcome sight, gave a shout for joy, and hastily descended from the tree, that he might render an essential service to the Knight, of which he now stood in great need. He had a small wallet on his back, out of which he took a bottle, containing an exhilarating cordial; and to this he added some choice provisions. As soon as Sir Lybius had recruited his almost famished stomach, and the dwarf had bound up the wounds the youthful adventurer had received from the giant Margos, they took the still bleeding head, and proceeded towards the fortress, from which they was

now about half a league distant. They had not proceeded far, when they were met by the people who inhabited the city, who had placed spies on the top of the highest tower, to watch the progress of the battle. They had, to their great satisfaction, perceived the fall of the monster; and having apprised the citizens, they came forth in a body, to meet and welcome their brave deliverer, whom they loaded with praises. The people under the command of the giant, whom he kept in pay to exercise his tyrannies, and gather in the tributes he arbitrarily exacted, hearing that he was slain, came, and surrendered themselves to his conqueror, who ordered them to be confined in some place of strength, and attended by a guard, till a vessel could be procured to convey them to a remote country beyond the seas, from whence Margos had come to demand the fair Allicia in marriage, and trample on their ancient rights and privileges.

When the Knight and his numerous escort arrived at the gates of the fortress, the lady, attended by several maidens in green and silver robes, strewing odoriferous flowers, hailed their approach, and sung the praises of Arthur and his heroic Knight; every verse ending with a pretty turned compliment to Sir Lybius, who, deeply blushing, intreated them to desist from over-rating the service he had done them. The citizens were dismissed; and the lady conducted him and Bernando into a spacious hall, hung with curious tapestry, worked by the hands of herself and damsels: on these were represented the sad story of Philomela, the Death of Adonis, Paris's Choice, and several other passages of heathen history. The faint gleams of twilight were now excluded by curtains of pink taffety drawn before the casements; lights of the utmost brilliancy were suspended to the gothic roof; and the tables groaned under the luxuries with which they were spread. The lady invited the Knight to partake of the feast she had provided: he complied; but expressed his wishes that Ellinor might be present; and Allicia sent some of her attendants to bring the maiden to the fortress. The evening, and a great part of the night, was spent with the utmost festivity; and ere they retired to repose, the lovely Allicia (who, to her uncommon charms of person, added the most alluring and artful blandishments of dress) invited him to sojourn at her mansion for a few days. To this proposal the young Knight consented without hesitation: indeed, the late combat in which he had been engaged, rendered such a stay absolutely necessary, before he could proceed on his journey towards Sinadone. Not a day passed in the week ensuing, but Allicia invented some species of amusement to entertain her guests. Balls, tournaments, and masks, succeeded each other; and the mornings were usually passed in splendid regattas, or the pleasures of the chace. Lybius entered into all these varied diversions with avidity: it was the first time that the virtuous energy of his mind had sunk under the dominion of pleasure; but it now bore down like a torrent all the noble qualities of his soul: above a month elapsed, and Lybius felt no inclination to depart from the fortress, and the seductive charms of its mistress. In vain Ellinor and the dwarf urged him to remember the purpose for which he left King Arthur's court, and the long sufferings of the Princess of Sinadone. The charms of Allicia so blinded his reason, that he listened to their repeated arguments with the most perfect indifference; at which conduct the companions of his journey were so much offended, that they abruptly left the fortress, and all its fascinations. Sir Lybius felt much hurt when informed of their departure, and began to prepare his armour, that he might follow them, and remove the prejudices that they had doubtless conceived against him, and which they might communicate to his Sovereign

and Sir Gawain: but from this laudable design he was prevented by the tears and intreaties of Allicia, who represented the tender attachment she had conceived for him in the most ardent terms; threatening to commit some act of violence on her own person, if he persisted in leaving her, after the confession of her love, which despair had induced her to make.

Sir Lybius assured her, that the passion with which she had been pleased to honor him, was returned with equal ardor on his own side; though he had not ventured to disclose it, for fear of encountering a refusal, that would have doomed him to excruciating anguish of mind. He then tenderly urged the necessity he was under to release the Princess of Sinadone from the power of her enemies, and then present himself at King Arthur's court; after which he promised to return to the fortress, and renouncing war, dedicate to her the remainder of his days.

This proposal was by no means pleasing to the lady of the fortress; and she assured the Knight, that if he now left her mansion, from any false and romantic notions of honor, he should never be admitted to her presence more. She represented Almeria of Sinadone to be a base enchantress, whose natural deformities were loathsome and hideous; but at stated seasons she could, by horrid incantations, and the aid of infernal agents, with whom she dealt, make herself the most perfect and beautiful of human beings. She added, that the sorceress employed emissaries to spread groundless reports of her ill usage and captivity, on purpose to enthrall young and unwary adventurers into her snare, and make them pine whole years in dungeons, where the light of heaven never entered, till they signed a paper with their own blood, that gave her, and the demons with whom she was in league, full power over them.

Reports obviously untrue to others, when uttered to them whose senses are enslaved by love, seems confirmation strong as holy writ; and Lybius implicitly believed the fabricated tale of Allicia. That lady having now succeeded in detaining the Knight at the fortress, and pleased with the absence of Ellinor and the dwarf, whose presence she believed to be inimical to her interest, exerted all her blandishments to seduce him to her embraces; and too soon succeeded: honor was now conquered by lawless love, and the brave and warlike talents of the youth buried in slothful indolence: thought was banished by the dissipation in which he was constantly immersed; gaiety succeeding gaiety, gave no time for unpleasing reflections to obtrude. 'Tis true, a pang would sometimes unbidden pass through the heart of Lybius, at the inglorious manner in which days, weeks, and months, now passed away: but the caresses of his enamored never failed to banish these ideas, and reconcile him to the mode of living he had so unhappily adopted. Besides the fortress, Allicia possessed several seats in different parts of the country, in every one of which nature and art seemed united to lavish their bounty. The Knight and the lady seldom spent above a month at a time in any of these splendid mansions, but rioted in more than regal magnificence. In short, this fair sorceress, like another Aleina, intoxicated him with all kind of sensual delights; and he remained with her above a twelvemonth, detained from the pursuit of glory and honor. One morning, as he was hunting a stag in the forest adjacent to the fortress, he got separated from Allicia, and her company. As he was endeavouring to discover the track they had taken, he heard himself

addressed by the name of Sir Lybius, which much surprised him, as, since his abode with the fair enslaver, he had assumed that of Horatio, that he might not so easily be known to any of King Arthur's Knights, whom chance or duty might bring that way. He turned hastily round, and perceived a youth, whose form was excessive delicate, and by no means suiting to the profession of arms, clad in a slight armour, and sitting on a horse gaily caparisoned: the nodding plumes of his helmet waved in the wind, and his posture was menacing.

Sir Lybius quickly advanced, and inquired of the stranger, if he had called him by name: the youth replied in the affirmative. The Knight thought he had somewhere heard the voice before; probably at the court of his Sovereign, and a blush overspread his face at that idea. Recovering from his confusion, he hastily demanded what was the stranger's business. The youth replied not, but heaved a profound sigh; and, after a short pause, (during which Sir Lybius was lost in wondering at what point this mute scene would end,) raised his beaver, and discovered to the astonished and at once repentant Knight, the well-known features of Ellinor. In faltering accents he demanded to what fortunate chance he was indebted for this interview.

The damsel, with an air that had much in it of the ironical, demanded of Sir Lybius, if he truly thought it a fortunate interview. The Knight made an assertion in reply, that left her no room to doubt that his protestations was sincere.

Ellinor, in answer to the variety of questions asked by Sir Lybius, informed him, that when she and Bernando departed from the fortress, which they did in scorn and disapprobation of his proceedings with the lady Allicia, they journeyed on in the utmost despondency and affliction to Sinadone. When there arrived, they found it impossible to gain a sight of the Princess, their royal mistress; but understood, from report, that her confinement was still rendered more dreadful, from the increased cruelty and persecutions of the Sorcerers that tyrannized over her fair and fragile form: that finding it unsafe for her and the dwarf to remain in Sinadone, from their known attachment to their mistress, they determined to remove to some leagues distant from that scene of oppression. In their progress, they met with three Knights in the search for adventures that might immortalize their fame. Ellinor informed them of the captivity of the fair lady of Sinadone; and they repaired thither to exert their courage and their skill: but not one returned alive from the combat. Ellinor, in despair at their overthrow, began to doubt that her mistress's liberty would ever be regained by mortal means. She passed the day in sighs, and the still lone hours of the night in tears, till she was almost wasted to the shadow of her former self. By the advice of the dwarf, whose grief almost equalled hers, she repaired to the cave of Mirvan, a wise and aged magician, who had long forsook the tenements of man, and dwelt in a remote part of the forest, to ask him concerning the future fate of the Princess Almeria of Sinadone. She took with her some dried fruits, some wheaten cakes, and a robe of grey cloth; for the old man would neither accept of gold or silver. Mirvan accepted her presents very graciously, and then demanded the cause that had led so young a maiden to his solitary cave. Ellinor briefly informed him of the confinement of her beloved mistress, and her wish to know what he would predict concerning her future fate. Mirvan gave an assenting smile; and desiring her to be seated

on a block of wood, he retired from the cave. It was above two hours ere he returned, and informed the maiden, that he had passed that interval of time in studying different oracles; the result of which was, that he had discovered Almeria, Princess of Sinadone, would be delivered from her captivity by a young Knight, not yet attained to years of maturity, whose eyes should be black and sparkling, and his height like the mountain pine: he should be of noble blood, and unequalled bravery. Moreover, the magician bade her to cast her eye into a kind of mirror that he held in his left hand. She instantly complied, her curiosity being greatly excited by this proceeding; and beheld a minature figure of a Knight in complete armour. Though very small, she still was certain that it was a perfect resemblance of Sir Lybius. She demanded of the magician, if that was the Knight ordained by the fates to rescue the lady of Sinadone from the sorcerers. Mirvan answered in the affirmative; and Ellinor, well pleased with the success of her journey, left the cave. After consulting with the dwarf, she determined to repair to Sir Lybius, and endeavor to recall him to the paths of honor, from which he had so unfortunately deviated. When she arrived at the fortress, she understood from the attendants, that the Knight and the lady Allicia were absent at a distant seat, but were soon expected to return. But when that event happened, Ellinor found it impossible to gain admittance to the presence of the Knight; for the mistress of the mansion guessing her purpose, strictly forbade her being admitted inside her gates. The damsel, therefore, disguised her person in habiliments contrary to her sex, and which her just notions of female modesty made her think very unfit, and only to be justified by the necessity of the action. In the accoutrements of a Knight, Ellinor, therefore, laid wait for Sir Lybius, and having sent the dwarf to a distant village, as there was no method of disguising his person, she was not suspected, and her design happily succeeded to her wish.

When Ellinor had finished her narrative, she could not avoid reproaching Sir Lybius with deserting the cause in which he engaged at his own express desire, and wasting his time in the arms of a Cyprian votary, who cared for neither wealth or fame, any further than to ensure her the gratification of her libidinous desires.

The Knight humbly confessed his fault, occasioned by the thoughtlessness of youth, in yielding to seductive flattery; and promised to take the first opportunity of escaping from the castle, and renewing his progress towards Sinadone. For this purpose, Ellinor directed him to the cottage where he would find her, and obtain shelter till all was ready for their departure. The Knight and the damsel having exchanged rings in token of their reconciliation, separated with many adieus: and Sir Lybius hastened to join, if possible, the party from which he had been separated. But, after some hours vain search, he resolved to return to the fortress. So wayward at times is the heart of man, that on the road hither, the Knight could hardly resolve, in spite of his fervent promises to Ellinor, to leave his fair enchantress, who had gained more ground on his heart and senses, than he was willing to acknowledge even to himself. All that Allicia had told him concerning the lady of Sinadone recurred to his memory. She might, indeed, be what that fair one had represented, a vile sorceress; and Ellinor, and the dwarf, her emissaries. He acquitted Allicia of all blame, but what had been occasioned by her love for him: nor would he believe her to be so lost to virtue, as the damsel, by her discourse, had insinuated. In this frame of mind he entered the gates of the fortress, and inquiring for Allicia, understood

that she was gone to visit a sick peasant. Sir Lybius bestowing a benediction on her charity, was hastening to his own chamber, in order to await her arrival, and half resolved never to leave her, when, passing the door of an apartment in which Allicia kept some foreign birds, he thought he heard her voice; and listening a moment, that he might not err, and obtrude on any other person, he was too well convinced that it was indeed her, and in earnest conversation with some favored lover, who seemed apprehensive of the Knight (Sir Lybius) surprising them: but the lady was obviating his fears, by the assurance, that if Sir Lybius returned from the chace ere they separated, and hearing she was absent, he would certainly retire to his own chamber till she should bless him with her presence. She then implored the youth no longer to doubt her love, or suppose that she had a preference for Sir Lybius; her passion for him having, in reality, long since subsided. Her lover did not appear satisfied with this assertion, and insisted that she should lay her positive commands on Sir Lybius to quit the fortress. To this she objected, on the plea, that it was putting it in the power of the Knight to accuse her of caprice, and defame her character to the world, with whom she still wished to keep measures. After some debate, and the rejecting of various proposals, they agreed to deprive Sir Lybius of existence, by administering to him a slow poison.

Our hero staid to hear no more; but hastening from the spot, gave way to the most excruciating reflections; bitterly reproaching himself for his own folly and infatuation, in listening to the blandishments and alluring falsehoods of Allicia. Retiring to his chamber, he feigned indisposition, and gave orders that no one might disturb him. His mistress, however, repaired to his apartment, and expressed a sorrow she was far from feeling.

In the evening, a grand entertainment was given at the fortress, on account of the lady's birth-day; and Allicia, with her domestics, were too busied in attending to the numerous guests, to watch the motions of Sir Lybius. Having, therefore, conveyed to him what provisions he ordered, they left him to his own meditations: at least they thought so: but he spent his time far different. His long-neglected armour was now resumed, his warlike weapons buckled on; and sallying forth at midnight, he with his own hands caparisoned his horse; and lightly vaulting on his back, he departed from the scene of his dishonor; happily passing through the gates unnoticed, they having been flung wide open for the reception of the company, and the usual questions of the warder omitted.

Sir Lybius rode to the cottage where Ellinor had taken up her temporary abode, and tapping at the casement, was precisely answered from within by the owner of the humble dwelling, who demanded who was there at so unseasonable an hour. The Knight, in a few words, gave him to understand who it was that craved admittance. The poor man's heart bounded with joy, when he heard that it was the noble Sir Lybius, whose coming he had been taught to expect by the damsel Ellinor. He immediately unbolted the door, and conducted the Knight to a very small but neat apartment, that had been made ready for his reception. The agitation of his mind hindered the youth from sleeping for some hours. Among other subjects of reflection that crowded on his mind, was the predictions of Mirvan, the magician of the cave. The damsel avowed that the figure in the enchanted mirror was certainly the resemblance of Sir Lybius, and was fated to be the victorious champion that should deliver the lady of Sinadone from her captive state. But then he had

said that the Knight who was to perform this valorous deed, was to be of noble descent. Our hero had always been told, that he was the son of a young forester, who was accidentally slain by a random arrow soon after Lybius was born. He had no reason to dispute the truth of this assertion; for the poverty of his maternal grandsire, who reared him from his infancy, was to him a convincing proof of his humble origin; and he was led to conclude that there was some mystery in the magician's words, or that Ellinor had mistook the miniature of some other Knight to be him. At all events, he resolved to proceed to Sinadone, and conquer or die.

It was late in the morning ere Sir Lybius arose from his couch, and received the welcome greetings of fair Ellinor, who presented him with a scarf, curiously wrought in gold with various devices. In the course of the day, the cottager went twice towards the fortress, to observe their proceedings. He saw several horsemen riding various ways in full speed; and one of them stopt to demand of him, if he had by chance seen a Knight riding in any part of the forest, and exactly described the armour of Sir Lybius. To all his interrogatories, the rustic friend of our hero replied in the negative, and was suffered to pass on unmolested.

Sir Lybius and Ellinor staid at the cottage a week, by which time the lady of the fortress had given up her search after the fugitive Knight, who postponed the vengeance he intended to take to a further opportunity. By the advice of her companion, Ellinor continued to wear her armour till they were several leagues from the cottage, and arrived at the place where she had appointed to meet the dwarf. She then, to her great joy, resumed her female dress, being heartily tired of her disguise, which she left hanging on a tree in the remote part of a wood, with a label affixed to it, purporting it to be the property of those who should chance to find it.

Bernando having joined Ellinor at the appointed place of rendezvous, saw, to his extreme pleasure, that they had once more Sir Lybius for their protector, and the champion of the Lady Almeria. After a long and tedious journey, interspersed with a variety of adventures, Sir Lybius and his two guides arrived at the vicinity of Sinadone. They stopt a few days to recover their fatigue; and then the Knight proceeded to the castle where the Princess used to reside. At the gates he was given to understand by one of the warders, that he could not be admitted as a guest, till he had challenged the constable of the castle to single combat. This he immediately performed; and they justed on a spacious plain, about a mile distant from the castle; and the constable was worsted, after a long struggle for superiority. He then invited his conqueror to a feast prepared in the great hall of the castle, where he was splendidly entertained. In the course of the evening, the constable inquired what event had brought the young adventurer into those parts. Lybius informed him of his intention to liberate the Princess of Sinadone, and requested to know the particulars of the event that had brought the fair lady into that painful predicament in which she was then involved.

The constable informed him, that Almarizor, their late Prince, was left a widower when Almeria, the only child with which heaven had blest him, was about fourteen years old. He did not long survive his faithful partner, but fell into a decline, which carried him

off at the end of two years. Almeria having just entered into her seventeenth year, was declared his successor; and her coronation was conducted with the utmost magnificence. She had reigned about four months, when Calzim, a potent sorcerer, who was universally dreaded and detested, arrived at her court, to offer proposals of marriage to the lovely Princess. These were of course rejected with horror by the lady; for, added to his being very ugly, and a sorcerer, he had already been united to four different wives, of whose beauty and virtues fame had spoken highly; but, shocking to relate, they had all met with cruel deaths by his own hand. When Calzim found that he had no chance of gaining Almeria for his bride by intreaties, he began to exert all his vile arts and incantations to render her life miserable, and called to his assistance, Besmont, another potent magician. By their united efforts, they confined the Princess in a dungeon, and so wrought upon the minds of her ministers and attendants, that they had not strength left to make a resistance, or deliver her from her captivity: Ellinor, and the dwarf, were the only persons that escaped from their spell; and none of the people of Sinadone knew till now whither they had fled.

Sir Lybius interrupted the constable, by hastily asking, if the Princess was still a captive in the same dungeon that Ellinor had described to him. The constable replied in the negative; and proceeded to inform the Knight, that the two necromancers had, by sorcery, built a fine palace about three miles from the city and castle of Sinadone, to which they had removed the fair, but unfortunate, Almeria, and there kept her in continual enchantment, till she would either surrender her duchy to them, or give her hand to Calzim in marriage, which base proposals she utterly rejected, and determined to brave every torture they could inflict, rather than submit to the lawless dominion they wished to exact. Sir Lybius praised her heroism and fortitude in the highest terms, and gave round her name as a toast, and another chalice to her happy deliverance from the power of the sorcerers. The constable then asked Sir Lybius if he seriously meant to engage in the cause of Almeria of Sinadone. He answered in the affirmative with great energy; and expressed his eagerness to meet the sorcerers, and rescue suffering beauty and merit from their rude grasp. The constable complimented his youthful ardor, and inquired of him, if he was related by the ties of blood to the brave Sir Gawain, the most noble and courageous Knight of King Arthur's court. Lybius assured him that he was not in any degree related to that famous warrior; and modestly intreated to know the reason of that question being asked. The constable heaved a deep sigh, and informed the youth, that an oracle, which had been never known to fail in its predictions, had given out, that Almeria could never be freed from the power of Calzim, but by the Knight Gawain, or one of his blood. "Therefore, my valiant youth, (said the constable,) take the advice of one that has already conceived a sincere esteem for you, and abandon this enterprise; as you are assuredly only seeking your own destruction." Sir Lybius, though grieved and staggered by what he had just heard, resolved to persevere in the undertaking in which he had engaged: to abandon it, would, in his opinion, be to forfeit his honor. A glorious death was to him far more preferable than life, without that honor which constituted his whole felicity: and no arguments could persuade him to prove false to the promises he had made to Ellinor, whom he at once respected and admired for her steady attachment to the Princess Almeria; to serve whom, she had repaired to King Arthur's court; to her an hazardous and difficult journey; and since endured many perils for her sake. "And shall I

(said the Knight) shrink from difficulties more than a delicate female, reared in a court, and nursed in the lap of luxury? Forbid it, heaven. The oracle may err. Though not of Gawain's race, yet I may conquer. And yet if I am doomed to fall, it is not death can daunt me." The constable finding the youth determined, dropt all dissuasions; and on the morning that Sir Lybius resolved to sally forth, and make his first attempt on the sorcerers, he helped Ellinor and the dwarf to array him in his warlike accoutrements, and presented him with a beautiful charger.

The Knight having taken leave of his three faithful friends, and received their unfeigned good wishes and prayers for his success and safe return, set off for the enchanted palace, which, from its singular architecture, he soon found, and alighted in the court-yard. No one appeared. He made the place resound with his voice. None replied to his call. He fastened his steed to a marble pillar, and then entered a spacious hall, the door of which stood invitingly open. At each of the four corners of this apartment was a small stone altar, on the tops of which were burning some dried herbs and flowers, that emitted a fragrant scent. The walls of the place were hung with curious paintings, that represented sea monsters, beasts of prey, and obnoxious insects; and though it was broad day-light, yet the hall was set round with innumerable tapers; and from the roof hung chandeliers full of burning wax candles. On the ceiling was represented the combat of two giants in curious painting; and the flooring of the hall was apparently of polished steel. Several seats of rough-hewn wood were placed at a distance from each other, and ill accorded with the elegance of the apartment.

In the midst of the hall was a high table with a marble top, loaded with fruit and wine. Sir Lybius approached, and seating himself at the board, took a peach, and began to eat. Scarce had he tasted it, when the lights were all suddenly extinguished by invisible hands: e'en the glorious orb of day was in an instant obscured by a tremendous and awe-inspiring darkness; and the thunder rolled in loud successive claps; while the blue forked lightning, by its constant flashes, added to the horror of the scene. In the midst of these elemental commotions, the palace shook to its foundation; and with a dire crash, the walls fell in pieces around the dismayed and astonished Knight. He was soon aroused from an almost death-like stupor, by hearing horses neigh. He turned round, and perceived the two sorcerers approaching. He rushed from the ruins of the hall, and mounted his steed; then hastened to meet them, and challenged Calzim and Besmont to combat. They quickly obeyed the summons; and couching their lances, rushed on him with impetuous fury, and caused him to fall from his horse; but with surprising agility he recovered the shock, and in an instant was re-seated. After a long struggle, and various turns of fortune, Lybius lost his weapon, which shivered into atoms against the breast-plate of Besmont. With more than mortal boldness, he snatched a sword from the girdle of Calzim, and endeavoured to run his adversary through the heart: but missing his aim, he only inflicted a wound in his left arm. How great then was Lybius's surprise, at hearing both the sorcerers set up a cry of horror and dismay! Besmont presently fell to the ground, and made the place re-echo with his groans; while Calzim bent over him in agony, heaping curses on the caitiff who had deprived him of his friend. The mystery was, however, soon explained, by the few minutes converse the necromancers held with each other previous to the decease of Besmont. The weapon's edge had been stained with a mortal poison,

which, if the wound inflicted was but so deep as just to draw blood, death followed almost instantaneously. This was meant to be employed against the Knight as a last resource, if they could not otherwise conquer him; which their vanity, to be thought skilful in the use of arms, made them wish to do.

As soon as Besmont was dead, Calzim and Lybius again engaged; and with the first stroke of his sabre, (the weapon the sorcerer now employed,) he bared the youth's shoulder of his armour, and other covering; but happily inflicted no wound. On the skin thus exposed to view, was marked an exact carnation flower. The magician had no sooner beheld this singular impression, which the Knight had borne from his birth, than he exclaimed, that all was lost. "Thou, miscreant! (said he, addressing the youth;) you have vilely deceived me. Why did you not declare yourself of Gawain's race? Then would I not have encountered thee, being sure to meet inevitable destruction." Sir Lybius, though surprised at this harangue, did not wait to question him, but aimed at his breast a deadly blow. A sudden flash of fire dazzled his eyes, and unnerved his arm; and in a moment the sorcerer disappeared from his view. Sir Lybius sought him every where amidst the ruins of the palace, and those apartments which still remained. At length he began to despair of finding him, and concluded that some power had interposed, and saved him for one that really was of Gawain's race to conquer, and for whom he himself had been obviously mistook. Just as he was in the height of his despair, about to retire from the ruins, he perceived the sorcerer reclining in an obscure corner of the building; and the youth immediately attacked him, but received a wound in his head. The sight of his own blood, instead of lessening, redoubled his ardor; and, with one blow of the sword which he had before wrested from the sorcerer, he severed Calzim's head from his body. At the same moment the ground shook as with an earthquake, and the peal of thunder was tremendous. As soon as these dread commotions had subsided, he endeavoured to find the place where the Lady Almeria was confined, but could not succeed; and was again lamenting his sad destiny, when a casement flew open just above his head, and a large serpent, with extended wings, but a woman's face, rushed forth, and curling round his neck, saluted him three several times, in spite of the efforts which the Knight made to disengage himself from the embraces of the horrible monster. At length it loosened its grasp; and Sir Lybius was placing himself in a posture of defence, when the serpent was suddenly converted into a most beautiful young lady, with a faultless form, and a countenance expressive of the most benign sweetness. Sir Lybius was entranced with pleasure and astonishment, and in tremulous accents enquired to whom he had the honour of speaking. The fair one replied, that she was the Lady of Sinadone, for whom he had so gallantly interested himself, and so fortunately succeeded. She added, that she was enchanted into that hideous form he had just beheld, and in which she had been doomed to remain until she could salute one of Sir Gawain's race. That he had dissolved that charm; and that herself and dominions should be his reward, if he thought them worthy his acceptance. He replied, that he should esteem himself most happy in her love, but could not think of possessing so inestimable a jewel, by representing himself to be what in reality he was not. He then acquainted her with every particular of his preceding years, and expressed his satisfaction at being so happy in rescuing her from her long endured captivity. The fair Almeria answered, that she was assured that he was of Sir Gawain's race, though the noble birth of her champion was for some politic reasons concealed; but

if, on the contrary, he was of obscure birth, the services he had rendered her and her country, and his being one of King Arthur's noble Knights, fully compensated for that disparity; and she was willing to raise him to a rank, where his merit would be in a more conspicuous point of view. Lybius, who was already deeply enamoured with the Princess of Sinadone, acceded to her generous wishes, and a speedy marriage was agreed on. The Knight placed the Lady on his steed, and led the animal from the ruins of the enchanted Palace to the Castle of Sinadone. The constable, and the great officers of state, came forth to meet them, and testify their joy. The next day the nuptials of Lybius and Almeria took place, and they were declared the lawful Sovereigns of the Duchy of Sinadone.

A few hours after the ceremony had been performed, Ellinor and the dwarf repaired to the castle, having heard the glad tidings, and were received by the Princess with sincere gratitude and joy for the services they had so eminently rendered her. And the damsel was given in marriage to a young nobleman, who had long entertained a partiality for her; but had withheld the declaring it during the captivity and enchantment of her royal mistress, who presented her with a noble portion.

After a month's stay at the castle of Sinadone, Lybius and his lovely bride set off to King Arthur's court, attended by a sumptuous train. On his way thither, he vanquished three giants, and reduced Allicia's fortress to the ground, after slaying Leontine, her new paramour, and forcing her to flee to a castle she possessed in a distant province by the sea side. At length they arrived in safety at the palace of the famous British King, and were nobly welcomed by him and his brave Knights, who made Lybius recount to them the particulars of his progress, which he did to their entire satisfaction. Sir Gawain then stepped forth, and, in the midst of the splendid assembly, acknowledged the brave Sir Lybius for his own son; and, to prove him such, related the story of the ill-fated Gertrude, the victim of his seduction. The Knight expressed his contrition for the sorrows he had occasioned her and her innocent offspring, but made what reparation was in his power, by bestowing on the youth a fortune adequate the splendor of his own family. Sir Lybius's happiness was now unbounded; heaven had showered on him the choicest blessings of life: a lovely and virtuous Princess was his bride; a noble and valiant Knight, whose fame had reached even the most remote nations of the earth, his acknowledged parent; and himself, for his worth and heroic deeds, held in high estimation by his Sovereign, and the plumed conquerors that surrounded his imperial throne.

Lybius and the Princess of Sinadone passed above a twelvemonth at the castle of Sir Gawain, where their first child was born, and being a male heir, was, in honor of the British Monarch, baptized Arthur; the brave Knights, Gawain and Launcelot, being his sponsors; and the old magician of the cave being again consulted, declared that he should be famous in arms, and make war against the Pagans. Sir Lybius, and the Lady Almeria, then returned to Sinadone, and were welcomed with transport by all ranks of people. To a late period of his life, he continued a brave warrior, but was at length slain before the walls of Jerusalem.

THE
NEGRO OF SENSIBILITY

HONORIA has a house whose windows on one side overlook a church-yard, the common receptacle of the proud rich man and his lowly dependant: the only difference is, that the former is condemned to await the fiat of his Omnipotent Judge enshrined in a marble tomb, with all the pride, pomp and circumstance of splendid woe; whilst his less opulent neighbour is consigned to his parent earth, embalmed only by the tears of genuine sorrow.

From a view of this our last inheritance, Honoria's young friends turned disgusted away with the improvident levity of youth and health, thinking it full soon enough to view such a memento-mori of mortality, when six lustres more were added to those few that were passed; whilst those whom age should have taught wisdom, and disappointment, philosophy, to look on it as the last stage of a receding world, they shrink from the view like the sensitive plant from the touch, and with trembling limbs, and appalled looks, fly from it, as if, by shutting their eyes on a charnel house, they could divest their minds of the tremendous idea that, however unwilling or unprepared, they must one day become an inhabitant of it.

Not so the unhappy Honoria, who chose this for her residence from motives that would have induced most others to have avoided it; because it contained within its relentless walls, an only and beloved daughter, the fairest of flowers, who even in blooming died; recalled to her kindred angels, ere yet her many talents and beauties were arrived at full perfection, and left no hope to her sorrowing mother; but to be laid by her side in the silent tomb, till, at the awful sound of the last trumpet, the graves shall yield up their dead; when through the merits of a blessed Redeemer, she hopes to rejoin her in a joyful eternity. With this aspiring expectation, she each returning morning contemplates the consecrated spot that contains all that once was beauty, once was worth. As she was recently thus employed, lost in a profound reverie on the instability of all human prospects, on the shortness of her joys, on the years she had wasted in unavailing sorrow and deep regret, and on how many more she might yet be doomed to suffer before she should be summoned to rejoin her sainted child, she was roused from the intensity of her own feelings, to share the pangs of a fellow mourner—a poor Negro.

Honoria heard his deep-drawn sigh, saw the silent tears impel each other down his emaciated face as he bent with folded arms over a new-made grave, which had been left in the most rough and indecent disorder, by those shovellers of dirt to dirt, as is their constant method of treatment to the last house of the poor and deserted. He stooped to free it of the rubbish and weeds thrown on it; he viewed it with a shudder of horror, as the habitation of the partner of his slavery, the only solace of his few hours relaxation from toil. She that was all to him, kindred, friends, and country, upbraided him for neglecting the last sad office that had a claim on his affection. Appearing roused from inaction by this idea, he brushed off the fast falling tears, and made an effort to cover the grave with

sod; but finding that, without assistance, he could not accomplish it properly, he retired: but soon returned with a man, to whom he offered money to assist his pious purpose; who with his spade began to cut green turfs, whistling all the time with most stoical indifference to the nature of his employment, or the misery of the poor wretch before him, who, kneeling down, began to cover the grave of his lamented partner with the fruits of his labours; which this genuine child of the sun, with a heart glowing as its beams, consecrated by floods of tears that rolled in torrents down his ebony cheeks.

"Ah!" whispered Honoria, "the milk of human kindness that flows in thy breast—poor unfortunate, make thee appear to my eyes the fairest of the sons of men. Worth is of no religion, no climate, no colour. Besides, like me, thou hast drank the bitter cup of affliction even unto the dregs; thou visitest and mournest over the grave of a beloved wife—I over that of an only, ever-to-be-regretted child. Though in worldly situation we are as distinct as is the colour of our skin, yet the chain of misfortune has bound us in close contact. I will, therefore, mingle my tears with thine; nor in my orisons shalt thou, poor negro, be forgotten, that our sorrows may be accepted by the Almighty as a compensation for our offences; and that he who gave, and has taken away, will give us strength to endure what it has pleased him to inflict.

The task of tenderness being accomplished, he gave his assistant the promised shilling—perhaps his last: who having convinced himself of its sterling worth, by trying it on his spade, he pocketed it with as much apathy as a physician takes his fee, when he has announced to the sorrowing relations, there are no hopes for his patient.

Our dejected mourner lingered behind for a last look at the repository of all his past joys; but no sooner did he find himself alone, than he prostrated himself on the sod, yet wet with his tears; and appeared to be offering up the prayers of sensibility to the throne of the God of Mercy, who despises not the sighing "of a contrite heart, or the desire of such as are sorrowful;" and who, I doubt not, has heard, and will reward his humble spirit.

After a pause, he arose, and appeared renovated, by the conscious pleasure of having performed a duty. He made an effort to tear himself from the spot endeared to him by his sufferings: with slow and lingering steps, he bent his way through the church-yard, and turned at each receding step, his tearful eyes on the clay-cold tenement.

Honoria heard his stifled sobs, his piteous sighs; she saw the convulsive agony that shook his frame from the retrospect of past pleasures now for ever flown; but her own sorrows, brought by this melancholy scene fresh to her remembrance, added to commiseration for his, now obliged her to retire.

[T. Maiden, Sherbourne-Lane]