

icated, on his bosom." The Nymph, having uttered these words, stooped to kiss the Countess's forehead. She then, without waiting for any reply, involved herself in her veil of mist, and was no more seen.

Meanwhile the servants were exerting their utmost efforts to revive the extinguished fire. They thought they could hear the sound of human voices within, whence they concluded that the Countess was still alive. But all their stirring and blowing was ineffectual. The wood would no more take fire than if they had put on a charge of snow-balls. Not long afterwards Conrad rode up full speed, and eagerly enquired how it fared with his lady. The servants informed him, that they had heated the room right hot, but that the fire went suddenly out, and they supposed the Countess was yet alive. This intelligence rejoiced his heart. He dismounted, knocked at the door, and called out through the key-hole, "Art thou alive, Matilda?" The Countess replied, "Yes, my dear lord, I am alive, and my children are also alive." Overjoyed at this answer, the impatient Count bade his servants break open the door; he rushed into the bathing-room, fell down at the feet of his injured lady, bedewed her hands with tears of repentance, led her, and the charming pledge of her innocence and love, out of the dreary place of execution to her own apartment, and heard from her own mouth the true account of these transactions. Enraged at the foul calumny, and shameful sacrifice of his infants, he issued orders to apprehend and shut up the treacherous nurse in the bath. The fire now burned kindly, the flames played aloft in the air, and soon reduced the diabolical woman to ashes.

THE MAGIC LEGACY.

A CERTAIN king had one son, named Alindor, whom he had made an accomplished prince. A few minutes before his death, which took place after a long illness, he addressed him in the following words:—

"Son, the spirits of my ancestors beckon me to them; I am aged, and it is time I should make room for thee. The crown, which I bequeath, has been a burden to my head. Thou, my son, wilt wear it with joy and honour. Know, that I have long possessed a treasure which enchantment has prevented me from enjoying: but

nothing restricts thee from the use of it. Take this key, and open a chest that thou wilt find buried beneath the fountain before the eastern front of thy palace. Possess thyself, as soon as I am in the land of spirits, of this inestimable prize; and let justice and generosity guide thee in the application of it. Once more embrace me, and receive the last breath of thy expiring father in a prayer for thy prosperity."

With these words the old king breathed his last. Alindor, sunk in deep grief, hung long sorrowing over the lifeless corps. His grief was genuine, and flowed from the sensibility of a tender and grateful heart.

He caused his father to be interred with pomp suited to his worth, and fulfilled every duty to his remains. He then set fifty labourers to dig under the fountain, which was constructed of enormous masses of marble, that rendered the work slow of execution. At length, after some weeks labour, a vault was discovered many feet under the earth.

The prince, whom curiosity often led to inspect the industry of his workmen, was present when it was broken. All that it was found to contain was a chest of ebony, which Alindor, to his amazement, found so light, that he could raise it in his arms and carry it without difficulty.

But what a new shock to the expectations of the prince, when opening the chest, he found nothing but an empty leather purse, a horn of metal, and a girdle of coarse hair. His sudden disappointment was so great, that he stood for some time motionless, meditating in silent agony on the insulting mockery of his father.

Alindor examined the chest with more attention, and in one corner discovered a roll of parchment, on which he read these words:—

"When thou hast need of gold, open the purse and thou wilt find whatever thou hast occasion for.

"If soldiers be necessary to thee, blow the horn three times, and an army will stand at thy command, whom thou mayst dismiss with a word.

"Wouldst thou be transported from one place to another, gird thyself with the belt, and it will convey thee instantly to the place where thou wishest.

"These wisely employed may make thee the most powerful of monarchs; but be careful to preserve them, for they will possess the same virtues in the hands of another: and what may conduce to thy prosperity may also be employed for thy destruction."

The son of a poor king, debarred from the magnificence of his rank, will ever desire gold: and gold was accordingly the first wish of Alindor. The purse was required to do its office, and scarcely had the young king opened it with the wish, than it swelled in his hands to such a bulk and weight, that he was constrained to let it fall to the floor, which was covered with gold of every species.

The prince then blowing the enchanted horn inconsiderately, he found himself surrounded with soldiers, who disappeared at his

order. These proofs satisfied him that his girdle would not fail when brought to trial, and he soon found occasion to employ it. He had long languished with a secret passion for Zenomia, the daughter of a califf. Zenomia was selfish, vain, haughty, and ambitious, but at the same time, an admirable creature; since in beauty and accomplishments she was unrivalled among her sex.

Zenomias beauty, which was the more seductive as she knew how to vary it with every form of sentiment, held a croud of young princes in her chains. Alindor sighed in solitude for her, while his richer rivals, by magnificent offerings, openly contended for her favour. That he had never declared his love proceeded from his inability to support an expence equal to his rivals, and he felt that in courage, address, and personal accomplishments he was inferior to none. This made him confide on his power to attract the attention of Zenomia, if he were enabled to present himself with suitable splendour.

The treasure which he possessed in the magic purse, now furnished him with means of surpassing every competitor in expence. As soon as he entered the realms of the califf, he spared no cost to extend the fame of his wealth and liberality. His entrance into the capital excited the amazement of the people, and his appearance at court awakened the jealousy of all the rival princes, who dreaded in him a formidable antagonist.

The califf and his consort encouraged the addresses of so rich a monarch to their daughter, and Zenomia gradually displayed a marked preference for him over his rivals. Alindor was benignant, sincere, and consequently, unsuspecting and credulous; he thought himself master of the princess's heart, when, in fact, he had but excited her avarice and vanity.

The violence of his passion at length drew from him a formal declaration, when his efforts to please her had seemed to render her peculiarly favourable to him.

"How canst thou expect acceptance of thy love?" said the princess, "when it is too plain thou hast reposed no confidence in me. The title thou hast assumed is an imposition; since the petty kingdom, of which thou callest thyself the ruler, could never suffice to thy profusion. In short, prince, there is somewhat mysterious in your appearance, which must be explained before I can make any answer to your offers."

Alindor protested, that his name and title were what he professed them, and as Zenomia was still incredulous, and persisted to maintain the contrary, to remove from himself the unjust suspicion, the too ingenuous prince revealed to his beloved fair the secret source of his riches.

Zenomias was not content with his assurance; she would see the purse, and make experiment of its virtues.

Alindor long refused to part, for a moment, with so inestimable a treasure, the care of which had been so solemnly enjoined on him by his father; but Zenomias reproaches and insinuating intreaties, at

length triumphed over his constancy, and he gave the purse reluctantly into her hands.

No sooner was it in her power, than she flew out of the apartment, and shut the door on the prince, who, considering her only in a jest, expected her return with impatience, but without uneasiness.

After some time, a slave came in the name of the princess, to thank him for his present, and announce to him, that Zenomia, in company of the califf, and her mother, was about to set off for one of their country palaces.

The plot now stood revealed to the prince, and he saw, that the father, mother and daughter, had been engaged in a conspiracy to plunder him. He had no resource, but to return to his kingdom for the most potent of his father's gifts, to revenge the injury, and to obtain restitution of what had been so treacherously won from him. In two months he appeared before the capital of the califf, provided with his horn and girdle. No sooner had he given three blasts, than an army of fifty thousand men stood at each of the four gates of the city, while a large body of horsemen scoured the country. Amazement and fear seized the inhabitants; none thought of attack, or were prepared for resistance; they threw themselves at the mercy of the victor, and the califf sought to save himself and his family by flight.

The fugitives were intercepted by the prince's cavalry, and brought captives into the tent of Alindor.

Zenomias wiped away the tears that dimmed her eyes, and recognized Alindor, whom his helmet and arms had at first concealed from the knowledge of the califf and herself.

"Scarcely can I trust my eyes," said she, "when I behold in thee, prince, the disturber of our peace, and the ravager of our city and empire. Alas! I see, that thy vows of love and esteem were words devoid of sentiment! Shame," proceeded she, scornfully, "who, to avenge a woman's frolic, wastes kingdoms, and, sword in hand, assails his mistress! Blush, prince, this conduct disgraces you."

Zenomias concluded her address with a voice of such tenderness, that Alindor, wholly subdued, cast himself at her feet, and swore with the most solemn imprecations to disband his troops, and think no more of vengeance, as soon as his purse was restored to him.

"Here is the unhappy cause of all this mischief," said she, throwing a leathern purse to him; "receive the fatal treasure, of the possession of which thou art so jealous. Take it, and know that I feel no more pain in parting with it, than I do in flying a lover whose humours are so impetuous and fatal!"

Alindor lost all government of himself: he mistook the reproaches of Zenomia for offended love, and fancying he had really possessed the princess's heart, the fear of having lost her esteem drove him almost to desperation. He would willingly, to excuse himself rather by actions than words, have made a voluntary offering of the purse to

Zenonia, had she deigned to wait his answer; but with the last words she had retired hastily from his presence.

Alindor now turned to the califf, and conjured him to reconcile him with the prince. He dismissed his army, which, during this time, had collected about his tent, and which he annihilated by a word. The califf thanked the prince for his generosity, and besought him to accompany him to the city, where a banquet should solemnize the peace, and consign all enmity to oblivion.

He now renewed with more fervour his vows of love, and his wish to possess the heart of his prince.

"Willingly," said she, "would I obey a voice that speaks too eloquently for thee in my heart, were not thy power too tremendous. I shudder at the thought of belonging to a man, who stands in such close relation to supernatural beings. Disclose to me the means by which thou hast brought so innumerable a host before our gates ere we knew of thy arrival. Explain to me the possibility of such a surprise, which is not less miraculous than the sudden disappearance of so many, whom I myself saw vanish into air in an instant. Speak, prove thyself of a mortal nature like myself, that I may not be weighed down with thy superiority, and from that moment I will chase awe and terror from my soul, and all within me shall be Love's and Alindor's."

Zenonia uttered these words with so true a tone of affection and tenderness, that the prince consented to gratify her curiosity. He produced his magic horn, and informed Zenonia of the manner and effect of its operation. The artful beauty soon found means to gain this precious instrument; and as soon as it was in her hands, she gave three blasts, and in an instant an army, that filled the palace, attended her orders. Alindor's confidence in his beloved was so entire, and his shame of his former distrust was so great, that he had not the least suspicion of any insidious design, and he only regretted the alarm and confusion which her inconsiderate experiment might cause in the city. He requested her to dismiss the magic host into air, when, to his amazement and horror, the prince, instead of listening to his words, turned to the nearest soldiers, and bade them seize the prince, and convey him to her father.

Fortunately Alindor had girded himself beneath his robe with the magic belt; and this with his fist with transported him instantaneously to his own kingdom. His indignation were so incensed at this second deceit of his perfidious mistress, that he vowed eternal hatred, and menaced the most severe vengeance on her head. But what words can speak his phrenzy, when recurring to his purse to replenish his exhausted coffers, he found it remain empty. When, on closer inspection, he found it totally different from his own, and he perceived the black fraud and perfidy of Zenonia.

Stung by repentment, he was not long inventing the plan of his revenge, and the means of executing it were found in the magic girdle, the sole remaining and apparently most worthless legacy of his father. On this he reposed all his hopes of restitution and vengeance; and

waiting only for midnight, he bound the girdle about his waist, and wished himself in the princess's apartment.

The belt fulfilled its office in an instant, and placed him beside the couch of his false mistress, who, sunk in sound sleep, apprehended nothing from her enraged lover.

Alindor's design had been to surprise Zenomia during her sleep, to extort from her, by menaces of instant death, his magic purse and horn, and by means of the latter to collect a numerous army, and carry away the califf, with his perfidious family, captives. But the poor prince soon felt that the execution of this splendid scheme was impossible, and he renounced a triumph for which his too weak and susceptible heart incapacitated him. The charms of his false, but fair, Zenomia, whom he saw by the light of a lamp reclined before him, more encharming and irresistible than ever, and whom he contemplated too long to remain constant to his design, raised his passion in full force, made him forget his wrongs, and left him no care but to excuse his temerity. A deep sigh, which stole from his lips, disturbed her, she leaped terrified from the sofa, and cried aloud for help. Alindor embraced her, and besought her to be tranquil.

"Who art thou, rash man?" exclaimed Zenomia, struggling to extricate herself, "what means thy insolence? unhand me!"

"Forgive my temerity, Zenomia," said the prince, "as I forgive thee greater offences. I conjure thee to banish every fear, and give me a patient audience."

Zenomina now recollected the voice and features of her injured lover, foreboded his design, and prevented his declarations by thus addressing him. "I am culpable, prince, I own. I urged too far the proud design of robbing you of every thing, that from my hand you might receive all. You have mistaken my sentiments, and must have argued meanly of me. I will not inquire by what new charm you have penetrated through the numerous guards of my palace: I revere the mysterious powers that obey you, and search not into their ways. Yet you need not their assistance to recover your treasures, ere morning they shall be restored. But, prince," continued she, with a tone of insinuating tenderness, "there is a reparation owing me, which, if thou hast ever loved me, thou wilt not scruple to acquit thyself of. Thou hast endangered my honour, and exposed my name to calumny, by this intrusion into my apartment: from this hour thou art my husband, and to-morrow must solemnize our nuptials."

"Is it possible," cried Alindor, "that thou canst return my rashness with such generosity? Yes, beloved Zenomia, I am thine, and nothing henceforth shall disturb our harmony."

Zenomina, meanwhile observed his girdle, whose shaggy texture rendered it sufficiently perceptible on the silken robe which the prince wore beneath, and her penetration suggested to her that some new magic was concerned with this uncouth ornament. Hoping to win the secret from her lover, she loosed the belt gradually from his waist; and when she had so far effected her purpose, that another touch would detach it, she drew back, in the midst of a tender address of

the prince, pretending to have been hurt by some part of his apparel. She now feigned to perceive the magic girdle, and ridiculing it for its ungraceful appearance, begged him to divest himself of so odious an ornament.

"Do not despise this belt," replied Alindor, "of all the wonders I possess it is the most precious. To this girdle I owe all the happiness of my future life."

To support his words, Alindor related how he had made a journey of many weeks, by means of this girdle, in an instant, and, unsuspectingly informed her, it had the virtue of transporting him whithersoever he would.

No sooner was the artful Zenomia acquainted with the precious secret, than she approached the amorous prince, threw him off his guard by her caresses, and loosed from his body the girdle, which now scarcely hung to his side. Instantly binding it round her waist, she wished herself conveyed to the califf's apartment, and vanished in the moment from the arms of her deluded lover.

Alindor's astonishment at this treachery was so great, that he lost all consciousness, and was near falling into the hands of the guards, whom she had dispatched to seize him. Fortunately the rattle of the gates awaked him from the stupefaction in which the base perfidy of the princess had left him, and he had time to save himself by a staircase that led into the gardens.

Death was his sole wish: and to rid himself of life, which had become insupportable to him, he sought the haunts of lions and tigers, to find in their fangs refuge from the thoughts of a mistress more inhuman than all the savages of the wild.

For two days he wandered about the rough cliffs of a horrid wilderness, to meet that death which he could never find. Fatigued beyond sufferance, and tormented by the most raging thirst and hunger, he resolved to terminate all his miseries, and accordingly, mounting to the summit of the steepest precipice, he threw himself headlong down. The fall must have proved immediate death to him, had not his robe caught in the projecting branch of a fig tree. This broke the force of his fall, and let him down gently on a bed of thick moss, that preserved him free from any fracture; but he had lost his breath and sense during the fall, and he lay some time motionless on the ground.

When his reason returned, he found himself tormented by such a burning thirst, that he cursed the destiny which had protracted his anguish by preserving his existence, and seeing no way to escape from the place into which he had thrown himself, he had the prospect of dying in the most deplorable and lingering manner.

Urged by his scorching thirst, he strove to raise himself from the earth, that he might search for some spring water; but all his struggles were ineffectual, and he seemed held to the ground by some vast weight. Looking for the impediment that restrained him, he perceived that a vast branch, which he had by the violence of his fall detached from the tree, lay under him, and was entangled with his

garment. With joy he saw the branch covered with ripe figs of extraordinary size and beauty. He gathered some, and devoured them with avidity.

Scarcely had the prince appeased his thirst with the delicious fruit, than he was disturbed in his enjoyment by a frightful prodigy.

With every fig he had eaten, his nose extended itself the length of a thumb; but occupied with the cravings of hunger and thirst, he did not remark the deformity, till the disproportion of feature was become monstrous. He observed it with amazement, but without terror, and almost with indifference. "Perhaps," said he, "it is a brand of ignominy for my folly and credulity, in losing the precious donations of my father."

During these reflections, the prince wandered about the valley, into which he had precipitated himself, in search of an outlet. Noontide advanced, the sun shot more burning rays, and Alindor's thirst returned on him with new fury. Happily he heard the gushing of water, and perceiving a spring, he reclined beside it, to drink with more facility the clear liquid. He swallowed the cool water out of his palms for want of a better cup, and observed, that with every draught the monstrous exuberance of his nose diminished. He profited by the discovery, and continued his draughts till his deformed feature had recovered its natural dimensions.

This unexpected good fortune inspired him with a transient joy; which nothing can extinguish in the human breast, was again resumed in him. Meditating on the possibility of regaining all his treasures, the ludicrous accident that had befallen his countenance, suggested to him a stratagem which promised to restore his losses, and revenge him on his false mistress.

Alindor delayed not an instant the execution of his plan. He broke off a branch of the finest figs, and returning to the spring with an earthen vessel which he procured from a forester, he filled it with the miraculous water. Exchanging his rich vestments for a dress of inferior stuff, he entered the city in the disguise of a peasant, bearing his figs neatly disposed in a basket, and proceeded with them to the palace of the califf.

As the fruit was of uncommon beauty, they were immediately purchased for the table of the sultans and her daughter.

Alindor retired hastily from the palace, when the bargain was concluded, and disguising himself anew in a long beard and a black mantle, he hired a house in one of the suburbs, and assumed the character of an Egyptian physician. The mother and daughter, allured by the delicious flavour of the fruit, devoured it with an eagerness that did not suffer them to perceive its consequences, till the noses of both had enlarged to an enormous bulk of deformity. Each perceived the alteration in herself and the other at the same moment, and both burst into exclamations of surprise and horror.

Mother and daughter ran affrighted to a mirror, and, seeing their faces thus hideously disfigured, brought all their attendants about them with their lamentations. The rumour of this miraculous event spread through the whole palace, and the califf came to satisfy himself of this extraordinary incident.

The califf summoned all the most celebrated physicians of his capital, and promised a kingly recompence to him, who should relieve his wife and daughter from their odious incumbrances. After long consultations, it was unanimously agreed, that the misfortune was not to be removed by medicine, and that, as its cause was not in natural circumstances, neither was its remedy in nature.

Neither would submit implicitly to this judgment, and they flattered their hopes by a thousand experiments, which had no other effect, than to fill their minds with expectations that were constantly disappointed.

Alindor now thought it time to hasten the progress of his stratagem. He accordingly announced himself as a sage experienced in all the mysteries of medicine, and he boasted of possessing a magical secret, of infallible efficacy, to restore the princesses to their pristine beauty.

He was received with every mark of respect, and an apartment was assigned him in the palace, that he might be nearer his patients.

The water from the fount, of which he had made in his own case the successful experiment, effected on the sultana's all the good with. Her nose was reduced with every draught, and it depended on the prince alone to have at once freed her from the loathsome incumbrance; but he purposely delayed the accomplishments of her cure, to give it greater value from its apparent difficulty.

When the cure was perfected, and he had no longer an excuse for deferring to devote his labour to the princess, Alindor one morning was introduced to her apartment, and addressed her in these words:—

“Your aspect, princess, moves me at once to mirth and compassion. Should you ever appear with this frightful proboscis in the world, will it not be thought you are descended from an elephant? Of what use are your graces, now that this monstrous redundancy counteracts the lustre of your complexion and the splendour of your eyes? The wretches whom you once subjected to your caprice, by the magic of your beauties, now triumph in their turn, and deride your deformity. But compose your anguish; your mother ceases to be an object of horror, and perhaps by the success of my efforts you may soon be so no longer.”

Then after pronouncing many strange words, and using various gestures, he administered to her a cup of common water, which was without any consequence, but to irritate the hopes of the princess. Feigning surprise and disappointment at the failure of his pretended medicine, he prepared another cup of the same potent remedy, into which, to render it still more infallible, he pressed the juice of some flowers and herbs, amidst a multitude of magical ceremonies, and this the princess was directed to drink with her face turned towards the East.

The nose of the princess was not lessened a hair's breadth by this tantalizing process.

Zenobia was in the utmost despair, and the pretended sage confessed himself embarrassed at the failure of his remedies. He retired with the assurance, that he would renew his endeavours the ensuing morn.

Alindor repeated three days successively this pantomime, till the anguish and fears of the princess had become almost insupportable. He then appointed the hour of midnight for a grand and final attempt.

Zenomia waited the instant of his arrival with the most agonizing palpitations. It was now to be decided, whether she should remain a monster, or should be again the most beautiful of creatures. Her whole soul hung to the event; she received the astrologer with tears in her eyes, and conjured him to exhaust all his skill to free her from so hateful a deformity.

"If the magnificent rewards promised by my father be insufficient to excite your diligence and ardour, know," said she, "that I possess treasures of inestimable value, with which, on the instant you effect my cure, I will demonstrate to you my gratitude."

"I am familiar with the promises of the sick," said the false physician with indifference and coldness, "and know how little sure they are of performance."

Zenomia, without answering, slipped into her chamber, and returned to the sage with her magic purse, together with the horn and girdle, that she might excite his avarice and establish his confidence.

"These three insignificant utensils," said she, "possess such miraculous virtues, that it depends only on my use of them to become the richest and most powerful of all mortals. From this instant they are your own, and I will instruct you to employ them, when you have restored me to my proportion of feature."

"I need not thy directions," interrupted Alindor, throwing away his disguise, and seizing the precious prize. "I resume what thou hast robbed me of, and leave thee thy false heart, and thy monstrous nose."

While he spoke these words, he girded himself in his magic belt, and wishing himself in his own kingdom, left the false fair one to deplore the loss of her ill gotten gains and her beauty.

THE ENCHANTED KNIGHT;

OR,

PHEBE.

THERE was a man who was left a widower with one child, a sweet girl, whose name was Phebe. After he had lived two or three years single, he determined to marry again; and he was the more easily induced so to do, because he had met with a woman about his own age, and very much of his own disposition, to whom he had made himself agreeable. This woman was a widow, and, like him, had a daughter called Martha, who was two years older than Phebe; they mutually promised to be exceedingly good and tender to each other's offspring; and at first they kept their promises tolerably well.