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THE  
MAID OF SICILY;

OR,

*The Lady of the Tomb.*

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BY SARAH WILKINSON.

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VALERIUS, the prætor of Syracuse, who conquered the Athenians, had a daughter named Emilia, a beautiful maiden, and the ornament of Sicily. The fame of her peerless charms caused the sons of many Sicilian Princes, as well as private gentlemen, to pay their devoirs to the fair one. Among the rest was a most engaging youth, named Lorenzo, who surpassed all the rest of his sex in personal beauty, as much as Emilia did her's. Ariston, his father, was next in rank at Syracuse to Valerius. An invincible animosity arising from the administration of public affairs, had long subsisted between them, whence they opposed each other on every occasion. The God of Love, who delights in miracles, sought for an opportunity to accomplish one, which he did as follows.

It was the festival of Venus, at which season the young people of both sexes went to the temple. The procession being ended, Emilia came out of the fane; and the people were ready to adore her for a goddess. Now it occurred that Lorenzo and Emilia came to the same part of the temple: they saw each other for the first time, and became enamoured to a violent degree. The youth returned home, and manfully concealed the conquest made over him. But the maiden, prostrating herself at the feet of Venus, respectfully reproached the deity for bringing such a lovely youth into her sight.

With every revolving day their affection increased. Lorenzo at length took the resolution of revealing his passion to his father, declaring that he should die, if Emilia was not given to him for a bride.

Ariston, with a deep sigh, replied, "O, my son, thou art, indeed, undone. It is certain, that Valerius will never bestow his child on thee, when she has so many suitors far superior, both in wealth and power. You must not even attempt such a thing, or you will become the object of public ridicule."

In vain did Ariston use every argument. Lorenzo's malady daily increased: he discontinued his accustomed exercises and amusements. All the youths adored him, and greatly missed their companion. On making a strict inquiry, they discovered the cause of his estrangement, and were moved to pity, on reflecting that he was in danger of dying through a noble passion.

It was on one of those stated days in which the people used to assemble, when, being seated, one of the company, who was chosen for their speaker, arose, and, with an audible voice, addressed Valerius.

"Excellent Valerius! mighty captain! save! O save our Lorenzo. This will be thy most illustrious trophy. The whole city demands these nuptials, worthy of both parties."

Valerius having the most sincere love for his fellow citizens, did not refuse to comply with their petition. The young men hastened to Lorenzo with the joyful intelligence. And the senators, with their chief magistrate, followed Valerius. The Syracusian women came likewise in crowds to lead Emilia to the bridegroom's house.

The city resounded with acclamations. Ointments and wine were poured on the thresholds; and the Syracusians were more joyous on this day, than on that when they triumphed over the Athenians.

Emilia being ignorant of these events, lay on a couch weeping, and her head covered with a veil. Her governante approaching, bid her arise, saying, that the citizens had that day bestowed her in marriage. Not knowing to whom she was to be espoused, she almost died away. But as soon as her waiting maids had adorned her, Valerius presented the bridegroom to his bride. The maiden received him with modest transport; and the company conducting them to the temple, they were immediately united in Hymen's bands.

The rest of the suitors of Emilia being thus supplanted, were fired with rage. Though they had hitherto been enemies to each other, they now joined as friends united in one interest. Envy prompted them to make war on Lorenzo. When they met together, the son of the Prince of Rhegium spoke thus:

“Had any of us obtained the fair one, it would not have raised my indignation. But for us to be supplanted by a youth who never underwent the least fatigue to gain Emilia, and that Lorenzo should be the conqueror at a time that Princes contended for the prize, is an insult I cannot brook: yet he shall not reap any advantage by it; for this marriage shall prove fatal to him.”

The whole party applauded this speech, with the exception of the Prince of Agrigentum. “I differ from you, (said he,) in respect of openly assailing Lorenzo; but will lay before you a safer plan. I will engage to dissolve this marriage. I will inflame Lorenzo’s breast with jealousy, which being enforced by love, will excite him to revenge the supposed injury. Nor will it be difficult to gain access or to speak to him.” The vile party then agreed to leave the whole of the plot to his management, and he put his plan in execution in the following manner.

He had amongst his dependants a parasite, of a lively disposition, and possess of every attractive grace. The Prince ordered him to act the lover, and make his address to Emilia’s first waiting-woman. This plan succeeded,

and, by his passionate intreaties, he at length gained possession of her heart. Matters being thus in train, the Prince fixed on another actor, who was master of the deepest cunning. Having first instructed this person, he sent him to Lorenzo, who was walking in the Palestra, when he thus accosted him:

“I had once a son of your age, who admired and esteemed you. Now he is dead, I regard you as my own offspring. Give me, then, your whole attention; and I will inform you of what is of the utmost importance to your future days.”

His artful speeches excited in Lorenzo a violent curiosity; and he desired him to proceed. The vile sycophant taking him by the hand, led him to a lonely place, and assuming an air of sorrow, said,

“Know, then, your wife is false; and if you will not believe me, I am ready to give you the most convincing proofs.”

Lorenzo inquired of him, (still doubting the truth of his assertion,) how he might be made a witness of his own wretchedness.

“Pretend (said he) that you are going into the country. About midnight be on the watch at your own house, and you will see the adulterer enter.”

Lorenzo, unable to bear the sight of his bride, sent her word that he was going out of town. Night being arrived, he repaired to his hiding-place, when the man who had corrupted Emilia’s waiting-woman, placed himself in a narrow passage, and acted as one endeavouring

to conceal himself; though, at the same time, he did all he could to be observed. The ringlets of his hair shone, they being perfumed with fragrant ointments. His garments were gay; and his weighty rings glittered on his fingers. Looking cautiously round, he drew near the door, and gently knocked, and gave the usual signal. The waiting-woman, who was fearful of her lover being discovered, opened the door very softly, and led him into the house.

Lorenzo could no longer restrain his fury, but ran in to stab the adulterer. Emilia was sitting on the bed side, grieving at the absence of her husband; and so deep was her melancholy, that she would not permit her lamp to be lighted. At the welcome sound of his feet, she flew to meet him: but he, overcome with rage, had no voice left to upbraid her: and giving her a violent blow on the stomach, she fell senseless at his feet, and was conveyed to bed by her attendants, where she lay stretched out, and speechless; and was supposed to be dead by all who saw her.

Lorenzo, still fired with anger, shut himself up, and, during the night, had his female servants put to the torture, that he might learn the name of the wretch who had dishonored him. The head waiting-woman was the last who underwent the torture, and by this means, the real truth was discovered, and the fair one's innocence proved.

Lorenzo, struck with horror and remorse, would have instantly slain himself, had he not been prevented by his friend Lubeck. Next

day the chief magistrate arraigned the supposed murderer; being resolved to prosecute Lorenzo out of respect to Valerius.

The people ran in crowds to the court of justice, and were greatly divided in opinion; some crying one thing, and some another. The disappointed suitors inflamed them, especially the Prince of Agrigentum, who felt a secret pride at having accomplished his purpose.

The culprit, to whom a certain time was allowed for making his defence, instead of pleading not guilty, accused himself very strongly; and besought the magistrates to punish him with death.

At these words, the whole assembly burst forth into a lamentation; and, forgetting the deceased, pitied the survivor.

Valerius was the first to plead for him. "I know (said he) that the blow was involuntary. I observe yonder some persons who are laying snares for us; but they shall not be gratified: nor will I heighten the sorrows of my deceased daughter, lest her spirit should still be conscious of them. His life was far more dear to her than her own. Let us give over this needless trial, and prepare the funeral obsequies. Let us not permit the corpse of Emilia to be preyed on by time, as this would lessen her beauty: let us lay her in the sepulchre while yet lovely." The judges thereon acquitted Lorenzo.

Emilia was laid in her bridal robes on a bed of solid gold, in order to be interred. First marched the Syracusian cavalry; then came the magnificent bier, bore by youths in rich

habits; then followed the infantry, bearing the trophies of victory gained by Valerius; then the senators, with Ariston and Valerius; and next the wives of the citizens, in sable vestments: then the sepulchral riches, the first of which was Emilia's dower in gold and silver; then beautiful garments, and other feminine ornaments: and her father had sent hither a number of the enemy's spoils. Here were also the funeral presents made by her husband and relations; all which, according to the custom of ancient Greece, was to be buried with her.

Near the sea-side stood a stately sepulchre belonging to Valerius, and could plainly be seen by those on the ocean at a great distance. Such vast wealth had already been deposited in this mausoleum, that it seemed a treasury: but now the honors which were paid to Emilia, gave rise to an extraordinary incident.

There was a pirate, called Theron, who kept watchful spies about the ports; and being apprised of Emilia's funeral, he resolved to possess himself of some of its riches. For this purpose he selected a band of his bravest followers, and thus addressed them:

"You saw the treasures which belonged to Emilia; but surely we, who are living, have a more just right to them. It will keep us like princes for the rest of our lives; and we need run no more hazards, but rest in peace and security in some remote clime. Return, then, to your rendezvous; and at midnight go on board the vessel, every one taking proper tools, and what else may be necessary." Theron then dismissed them, and the men did as they were ordered.

Emilia, in the mean time, revived from her trance by insensible degrees. On opening her eyes, all was solitude and darkness. Having with difficulty raised herself, and explored the place, she found, to her horror, that she was in a sepulchre.

"Ah, wretched bride! (exclaimed she,) to be thus buried alive, when guilty of no crime! I am in health, and doomed to a lingering death, while my friends are bewailing my loss. Ah! unkind husband, thou shouldst not have buried me so hastily."

While she was thus venting her grief in the most doleful accents, Theron, finding it was midnight, advanced towards the tomb without making the least noise; the oars, for that purpose, lightly skimming the waves.

He stationed four men on the shore, to watch if any one came towards the tomb: sixteen more he stationed on board the vessel, to hold their oars in readiness, in case of a sudden surprise, that they might bear the rest from the shore.

Theron, and the others, went to work on the mausoleum. The lady, hearing the ponderous strokes, was seized with the various passions of fear, joy, and grief. From whence (thought she) can this noise proceed? Has some good angel inspired my parents to revisit my tomb, or are some robbers seeking the riches so uselessly buried here?

At length, one of the pirates thrust himself through an aperture they had made in the tomb.

Emilia falling on her knees, would have besought his compassion; but the robber rushed back, and, with trembling accents, said to his companions, "Let us flee from this place; for some genius guards the treasures here entombed."

Theron ordered another of his men to enter; but they all refused: and the pirate, ridiculing their fears, entered the tomb himself, with a torch in one hand, and a drawn sword in the other. This sight inspired Emilia with a dread that she should be instantly put to death.

In a low voice she conjured him to save her, and shew that pity to her, which she had not received from her husband or parents. Theron, who possesseth great sagacity, immediately comprehended the whole affair, and, taking her by the hand, led the fair one forth to his companions. "Behold (said he) the genius who guards this place. Do one of you take her in charge, while the rest carry off the several articles here deposited, they being no longer guarded by a dead woman."

When they had laden the vessel with their spoils, Theron ordered the man who had the care of Emilia, to retire with her to some distance. They then held a council, and were greatly divided in opinion. The first that spoke, advised that they might replace every thing as they found it in the mausoleum, and restore the lady to her friends. They might then declare they were fishermen, and had run their vessel on shore near the sepulchre, and having heard a moaning voice within, humanity prompted them

to break it open: and we may compel the woman to bear testimony of the truth of what we advance, which she will readily do, out of gratitude to those who delivered her out of the jaws of death: then shall we act with justice both to the gods and men, and shall be made honestly rich through the generosity of her friends."

Not one of his confederates would agree to this proposal; but the greatest part of them was for putting her to the sword, that she might not betray them.

Theron, their commander, testified his disapprobation of both their schemes. "I will sooner (said he) dispose of the woman, than kill her; because, while she is selling, she will be fearful of telling her quality; but when sold, let her, if she pleases, accuse us, as we shall be far removed from her. Away, then, on board: let us sail; for day-light is at hand."

Theron they weighed anchor; and the weather being fine, they soon got into the main sea. Theron used every deceitful argument to sooth his fair captive. At the same time, she guessed the evil he was meditating, and did not doubt but that he intended to sell her for a slave. She, however, disguised her sentiments, lest, should she appear discontented or suspicious, he should murder her.

While Emilia was silently grieving at her hard fate, the pirates agreed to sell her at Ionia. Having got provisions from some trading vessels in the river, they sailed for Miletus. The third day they came to a bay about eighty

furlongs from the city, a place formed by nature as a secure shelter for ships. Here Theron commanded them to erect the most commodious tent they could for Emilia: he resolving to set her off in a magnificent style, in order to enhance the price of his victim.

In a few days after his landing, he disposed of her, for a large sum, to Leonas, the steward of Theodore, who was one of the richest men in Ionia.

Theodore had just buried his wife, who had left him an infant daughter; to bring up which with care, Leonas purchased Emilia.

When Leonas had received the weeping prize, from the hands of Theron, he was astonished at her beauty; and immediately conjectured, that, by presenting this treasure to his master, he should gain great riches and esteem.

Leonas finding a proper opportunity, presented her to Theodore, who was instantly smitten with her beauty; but being a man of the strictest honor and morality, he resolved not to seduce, but to marry her. He therefore desired Emilia to repeat the former events of her life; but this she refused, alledging, that the past appeared but as a dream, and intreated to be considered only as a slave and an exile. At length, by the most earnest intreaties, Theodore gained from her the real truth; but refused her request of being sent back to her own country. Emilia was, however, treated with the utmost respect, being placed in a magnificent chamber, and slaves to attend her, be-

ing excused from doing any thing herself; another attendant being provided for the daughter of Theodore: but this could not sooth the mind of Emilia. To add to her distress, she now discovered that she was about two months advanced in her pregnancy by Lorenzo; and this matter being revealed to Theodore, he gave her her choice, either to espouse him immediately, as he could easily pass the child to the populace as his own born at the end of seven months, or, in case of her refusal, to suffer the infant to be destroyed the moment that it was born. The feelings of a mother at length prevailed, and she became the reluctant bride of Theodore; the marriage ceremony being conducted with the utmost pomp.

In the mean time, the following events took place at Syracuse. The pirates having closed the tomb very carelessly, in their haste to get away, Lorenzo coming to it in the morning, with the secret intent of killing himself, being unable to live without Emilia, discovered the stones had been moved. Greatly terrified, he effected an entrance; but could find no traces of his bride, and finding the funeral treasures gone, he gave an immediate alarm; and various were the conjectures made on the mysterious occurrence.

Vessels were immediately sent out to sea, with orders to steer different courses, to search for the sacrilegious plunderers.

The pirates having sold Emilia, sailed towards Crete; but a furious wind arising, drove them from their intended course into the



Ionian Sea. Dreadful storms of thunder and lightning, and a long darkness succeeded, and they were tost to and fro on a relentless ocean, till the whole crew, except Theron, died of thirst.

The ship that Lorenzo was on board, came up with Theron's vessel, and hailed her; but no answer being returned, one of the crew leapt on board, and found her full of dead bodies and gold. This being made known to Lorenzo, he went to view the riches, and immediately discovered them to be the sepulchral ornaments of his deceased bride. Just at this moment Theron, who lay extended among his dead companions, in a faint voice, implored for drink, which being given him, he raised up; and, evidently at the point of death, he confessed the whole transaction of the tomb, and Emilia. He mentioned the country at which he had sold her; but just as he was going to pronounce the name of the person by whom she was purchased, he expired.

Lorenzo then returned to Syracuse, and relating the adventure, an embassy, of which her husband was to take the command, was appointed to fetch home Emilia at the public expense. Lubeck, his friend, would accompany him; and they swore to bring back the fair one, or die in the attempt.

The elements proved favorable to their ship, and they soon arrived at Ionia, where, having pitched tents for the crew, Lorenzo and his friend wandered about the extensive island, in hopes to find Emilia.

Leonas, the steward of Theodore, espying a ship of force, was alarmed on that account; and bribing one of the common sailors, he learnt who the persons on board were, and their errand. Bearing a great love to his master, he was desirous of warding off the impending evil. For this purpose he rode with the swiftest speed to a fortress garrisoned by some barbarians; by his fallacious arguments, he persuaded them to accompany him in the dead of night, and throwing fire into the vessel, they burnt her. Then binding in chains such of the persons as they saved alive, they imprisoned them in the fortress.

A partition being made of the slaves, Lorenzo and Lubeck earnestly besought the victors, that they might be sold to the same master. In compliance of this request, they were disposed of at Caria, where dragging heavy fetters, these ill-fated men tilled the lands of Marius, though under feigned names. Lorenzo, and his friend, being supposed to have perished in the ship.

At the end of seven months, Emilia was delivered of a lovely boy; and the child being supposed first born son of Theodore, great rejoicings took place at Ionia.

The great resemblance that the infant bore to Lorenzo, made his mother often weep in private at the remembrance of her beloved husband; and her imagination was so full of his idea, that she often, in her dreams, pronounced his name aloud; at which circumstance Theodore, being fired with jealousy,

was determined to acquaint her with the death of his rival, as he had heard it from Leonas, only suppressing their knowledge of the actors in this tragedy; affirming, that they were a band of strange barbarians, who came down from the mountains to plunder and destroy.

At this dire news, Emilia was almost distracted: she tore her garments, and scattered her beautiful tresses on the ground, being overwhelmed with despair.

At length she resolved to mitigate the appearance of her anguish, for the sake of the infant, and listen to the tender soothing of Theodore, who indulged her in the request she made him, of erecting, near the fatal spot in which he perished, a magnificent monument to the memory of Lorenzo: and she buried his image with every funeral pomp. During the procession, Marius, the governor of Caria, being at Miletus on business of importance, beheld Emilia, and became enamoured of her to so violent a degree, that he returned to his own province quite miserable through a hopeless passion.

While Emilia was thus burying Lorenzo in Miletus, he, loaded with irons, was tilling the ground in Caria. Soon after the return of Marius, some of the slaves who were confined with Lorenzo, having got off their irons in the night, and slain their keeper, were attempting their escape; but, through the barking of a dog, were caught in the fact.

This caused the examination of all the slaves, who were confined together, the innocent as

well as the guilty; and Marius by that means discovered the rank of Lorenzo and his friend, which would otherwise have been buried in oblivion: and the wretched youth now heard, for the first time, that Emilia was the wife of Theodore, and the intelligence of her infidelity greatly afflicted him.

Marius had the two friends properly clothed, and attended, according to their birth. And Lorenzo was impatient to set off instantly for Miletus, fondly hoping that Emilia would leave Theodore the moment she saw him. But the governor divested him from this project, by representing the power of Theodore, and the improbability of his gaining the fair one by his single arms; but that he would either be thrown into prison, or put to death as an impostor. He advised him to write to Emilia, stating every particular that had transpired since their separation, and learn her sentiments. "I will take care (said he) that the letter shall be safely delivered; and I will also write to her, and offer to march an army, if required, to Miletus, that you may be re-united."

Lorenzo, with great gratitude, conformed to this plan; and the letters were prepared accordingly. Marius did not act thus from disinterested but secret motives: he hoped, during the contest between the two husbands, to be able to carry off the fair prize himself. He delivered the letters to Eugenius, his confidential servant, who alone knew for whom they were intended; and the epistles were accompanied by a rich casket of jewels.

The three domestics of Eugenius were told, to prevent them suspecting, or being suspected, that the governor had sent these presents to Theodore.

Eugenius was ordered, on his arrival at Priene, a maritime town in Ionia, to leave his attendants there, and proceed, under the disguise of an Ionian, to Miletus, and discover how he could best conduct the mission with which he was entrusted. He did as he was commanded; but, during his absence, the riotous living of his servants, and the quantity of gold they expended, aroused the suspicions of the Greeks, who considered them as robbers, and gave notice to the governor of Priene, who went with proper officers to their inn, and making a search, found all the jewels. He threatening them with the torture, they declared that Marius had sent them to Theodore; and shewed him the letters to corroborate their assertions. They being sealed, the governor did not break them open; but delivered them to his serjeants, with the casket, and the men, to convey them all to Theodore. They found him just setting down to a splendid banquet, to which he had invited the most noble of the citizens. He surveyed the presents with great joy, they being, indeed, worthy the acceptance of a monarch, and shewed them to his friends. He then broke open the letters, which were without superscription, not doubting but that they were for himself from Marius. But, on opening the first, he read these words: "Lorenzo to Emilia. I live,—" Surprise for a moment sus-

ended his faculties; but when he had read both the letters, his rage become so ungovernable, that the banquet was interrupted, and his friends retired in confusion, thinking that some great evil had befallen him. On mature reflection, he did not believe in the existence of Lorenzo, but thought it an artifice of Marius to seduce Emilia. He now ordered her to be strictly watched, and that no messenger from Caria should be suffered to approach her.

The hatred to Marius now prompted him to take a revenge that, in the end, proved fatal to him. He accused Marius to King Artaxerxes, of a base attempt to seduce his wife, after being hospitably entertained at the house of Theodore during his visit at Miletus.

The King, who had never seen Emilia, though he had long desired it in his own breast, the fame of her peerless beauty having reached the court soon after her nuptials with Theodore, thought this a fit opportunity of gratifying his wishes; therefore, expressing great indignation against Marius, he ordered all the parties to repair to Babylon, that he might judge their cause. Theodore now saw his error; but it was too late to retract, and he ordered his wife to prepare for the journey, without telling her the cause of it.

Marius was also surprised and afflicted at the summons; but resolving to obey the royal mandate, he set out for Babylon, taking with him Lorenzo, and his friend, completely disguised.

When Emilia arrived in Babylon, and was informed of the reason of her being brought

hither, she was greatly troubled, thinking her afflictions never would end: nor was she pleased at the duplicity of Theodore.

At length the day appointed for the trial arrived. In the morning all the avenues to the palace were crowded with people, anxious to hear the result; but more so to see Emilia: nor was they disappointed, her beauty far exceeding the reports made thereof.

The accusation of Theodore went very hard against Marius, no one believing that Lorenzo was living; when a very unexpected turn was given to the whole affair, by the appearance of that unfortunate man in the public court. He had now resumed his proper attire; and, though his whole appearance was greatly altered by the woes he had undergone, he was immediately recognised by several persons present, who had formerly seen him at Syracuse.

Marius was now honorably acquitted: and the dispute now in question was, to which husband Emilia belonged; each of them strenuously insisting on their superior right. But what words can describe the emotion of Emilia, when she beheld her beloved Lorenzo alive! She would have sprang forward to embrace him, but was restrained by Theodore.

Artaxerxes then dismissed Marius to his own government with rich presents; and ordered the two husbands to appear before him in five days from that time, that he might settle their respective claims. He commanded that Emilia should not be permitted to see either of her

husbands during that period, but remain under the care of his queen Statira.

As the day of judgment drew near, the King became agitated: he was now deeply in love with Emilia, and reproached himself for having fixed such an early time for decision, and resolved to defer it, in hopes that he might make an interest in the heart of Emilia. In case of success, he meant to declare, that, by the double marriage, she was not the lawful wife of either of the competitors, and to keep her for himself. By all his assiduities, the King could not gain one smile from Emilia. Yet the day was postponed from time to time, to the great grief of the three persons most concerned, they suffering under the most torturing suspense. But fortune soon gave another turn to their affairs. Expresses were brought to the King, that the Egyptians had revolted, and murdering their governor, had elected a King from amongst their own people.

On the fifth day from this news, Artaxerxes marched, followed by all the men who were able to bear arms, and amongst them Theodore, he being an Ionian: but Lorenzo, being a Syracusian, was not required to accompany them. Emilia was privately conveyed away, with the rest of the women under the protection of the King, and placed with the Queen, and the retinue of Artaxerxes, at Aradus; while Lorenzo was made to believe, by a stratagem of Theodore, that Emilia had been secretly awarded to him. This he did, in hopes that Lorenzo would destroy himself; and that, at the end of the

war, he should have none to oppose him in the possession of Emilia. But Lorenzo, fired with revenge against Artaxerxes for such unjust dealing, took Lubeck with him, and revolted to the Egyptians; and having made known to them his name, and the injuries he had received, they appointed him their admiral; and while the rest of them conquered by land, he won the empire of the seas: and the last place he seized on, was Aradus. Without seeing the females, he gave orders for Statira, and her attendants, to be sent to Artaxerxes, and the rest of the women to be brought on board. The people who were sent for them, met with a strange resistance from one of the ladies, whom they found laying prostrate in the market-place, from whence she refused to stir, alledging, that she had already suffered enough, and preferred death to slavery among the Egyptians. "Talk not so, thou most lovely of women, (said one of them,) our admiral is an admirer of beauty; and seeing one so charming, he will doubtless marry you." "I would die first by my own hands, (said the lady,) ere I would consent." She then reclined her head, and refused to reply to another syllable.

Lorenzo was repairing to the ships, in order to re-embark, when an Egyptian acquainted him with the strange scene he had witnessed, and besought him not to leave the woman to perish with famine.

The admiral, ever alive to the calls of humanity, repaired to the market-place. The lady had covered herself with a long veil: he

took her hand, and gently intreated her to rise. At these words, Emilia, hearing his well known voice, threw up her veil, and rushed into his arms. "Lorenzo!"—"Emilia!" was all they could utter, and fainted away. As soon as they recovered, they explained the particulars of their absence; and Lorenzo found himself agreeably deceived in respect of Theodore; and was now sorry he had taken such violent measures against Artaxerxes, and resolved to make atonement.

As no time was to be lost, this happy couple went on board. Lorenzo now appointed another commander of the fleet of the Egyptians; and choosing himself twelve large gallies, sailed for Syracuse. Being come within sight of the harbour, the Syracusians, alarmed at the sight, sent out a pinnace, to know what the strangers wanted. One of the Egyptians, by Lorenzo's order, replied, that they were merchants, and were bringing a cargo that would fill Syracuse with joy.

"Do not, then, (said the commander of the pinnace,) come in all together. The ships I see are long gallies, fitted out for war, and not trading vessels." "This shall be done," was the reply. Lorenzo's galley first entered, on the deck whereof stood a pavilion, with Babylonish curtains drawn around it. The instant it got near the harbor, the shore was covered with spectators, drawn thither by curiosity. Valerius attended on the occasion, as chief magistrate, but clad in mourning. As the multitude had their eyes fixed on the vessel in doubt and

suspense, the curtains of the pavilion were suddenly undrawn, and Emilia magnificently drest, was discovered sitting on a gold settee, with Lorenzo by her side, in the habit of chief admiral. The air was rent with shouts at the unexpected sight. Valerius caught them in his arms as they landed, and till then could not believe the evidence of his senses. At the command of Lorenzo, such vast treasures were brought on shore, as surprised the Syracusians.

An assembly was held in the great theatre; in the midst thereof, Lorenzo, Emilia, and Lubeck, related their adventures, and received the congratulations of their friends.

Emilia, before she went home, returned thanks in the temple, for her re-union with Loreno; and then hastened to join in the festivities prepared for their welcome to Syracuse.

Theodore did not long survive the loss of his Emilia. With his last breath, he bequeathed great riches to her son, whom he ordered to be immediately sent to his mother. The happiness of Lorenzo and Emilia was now complete, and their latter days were passed in such happiness, that it appeared as if the gods were willing to make them amends for the miseries they had suffered in their youth.



## THE TWO TRAVELLERS.

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### A FRAGMENT.

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**T**WO friends enter a forest, in quest of trees in which bees had deposited their honey; directed by marks on the trees, as usual in the extensive woods of North America.

We had advanced some way in the wood, when Herman, stopping suddenly, cried out, "And where are our trees? We have wandered from the path, and are lost?" Like a flash of lightning, which discovers to the traveller the precipice to which he had been decoyed by the darkness, these words, by suddenly opening my eyes, made me see the danger into which our carelessness had plunged us. "Let us return, (said I;) and as, in our progress westward, the mossy sides of the trees were to our left, by keeping them on the right, we shall find the ravine, whose direction must be north and south;" but not having, like the natives, the faculty of tracing our own steps by the removal of the leaves, which were in motion, we were deceived in our hopes. Night

surprised us before we had made any discovery which could contribute to our tranquillity. It is in the woods as at sea; one fault draws on another; the farther we advance to find our way, the more distant are we from it: this was our situation.

Though seven months have elapsed since this melancholy incident, I still recall its frightful images, as on the day when we escaped from the wood. Time will never efface from my mind the painful remembrance of the moment when I contemplated death through the horrors of despair and famine. On the approach of night, I was collecting some dry wood to light a fire, when M. Herman, who was at a little distance, cried out, "What can we do? What will become of us?" "What has now happened?" (said I,) I have lost the flint with which I was intrusted, probably in the fall which I had in crossing the ravine: cannot we find one in these woods?" "It is not very probable, (replied I :) besides, we could scarcely see it. It has been often said, that one misfortune seldom comes alone. Give me the steel, and I will try it on the first stone that I meet." Our attempts were unsuccessful. "What, (said my companion, in a plaintive tone,) must we be exposed to the fury of the wolves and panthers for want of a flint, when there are so many useless ones on the earth? Of every possible combination of misfortune, this seems the most distressing. On what trifle does human happiness depend! Millions are consumed in the repairs of the highways; one would now console us,

and recall our courage, by the assistance of fire and light."

"Do not let us despair, (said I,) for one night passed without fire at the foot of a tree: we are lost if we despair. Give me your shoes,\* and I will place them with mine at some distance: with this simple rampart we shall pass the night quietly, and to-morrow we will escape from this labyrinth."

Weakened by want and fatigue, overwhelmed with reflections and apprehensions, how long this night seemed! Our eyes were not closed for an instant: the howlings of the wolves, at a greater or less distance; the shrill cries of the owl and night-eagle, eagerly repeated by the echoes of the forests; the sound, even the suspicion, of the slightest motion, and the whisperings of the breeze, raised a thousand apprehensions in the restless mind of my companion; his imagination, exercising all its powers in the creation of the most distressing presages, banished sleep from his weary lids. Whence arises this influence of darkness on the minds of the greater number of mankind?

After endeavouring to recollect the little that I knew of the geography of this part of the mountains, the course of the ravine, as well as the direction of our journey after we had passed it, I resolved, at break of day, to ascend a large tree, to observe at what point the sun rose.

\* Shoes are said to retain the smell of the body longer than the other clothes; and beasts, except when very hungry, will not attack men.

I mentioned this design to M. Herman, who replied, with accents of anger, "You have drawn me into this difficulty, by inducing me to hunt after bees." "Well, (said I,) am not I in equal difficulties? Must bitter animosity supply the place of confidence and friendship?" Such are mankind: circumstances alone influence their mutual relations.

This tedious night at length ended. When day appeared, I executed my design; and, having ascertained the point where the sun rose, convinced that our proper route was to the north-east, we followed that direction. We should probably have found the ravine, if we had not been obliged to pass many considerable valleys, covered with high bushes, among which we again went astray. How could we find our way through a forest where every new object so perfectly resembled that which we had left? On what, then, can be founded those marks, and the knowledge, necessary to conduct a traveller in these solitary and unknown woods? is it the result of study, or inspiration? How do the natives manage? In relating to my companion what I had heard relative to the astonishing sagacity of animals, who never lose their way in the woods; "We should blush, (he observed,) that two men, with their reason and judgment, have less power at this moment to escape from their difficulties, than two cows assisted by their instinct only."

We travelled, or rather wandered, the whole day, without finding the slightest vestige of any plantation, or the ravine; without meeting with

a single fruit, or a single berry, to allay the hunger which preyed on our stomachs. How often, in the long day's journey, did we listen to the slightest noise, without being able to distinguish any thing but the mournful sounds of forest birds, and the vague, indistinct murmur, which, in happier moments, would have appeared like the voice of Nature! How often did we call to each other, heard only by distant echoes, whose reverberations made us leap, thinking them the voices of men! Why does time, which, in the ordinary periods of life, passes like the shadow of the sun, without a sensible progress, shorten the moments of happiness, and prolong those of misery, to make us feel more poignantly all its bitterness? In the midst of the torments of hunger, of irritation and despair, this second, this most painful of nights, passed; and such were the gloomy auspices with which we commenced the third day of our fatal excursion.

We spoke no more: absorbed and plunged in extreme consternation and weakness, we walked slowly to what we concluded was the north-east; when M. Herman suddenly exclaimed, "We are not far from a plantation! We are preserved! See the leaves recently disturbed, which is most probably owing to swine." "Would to God it were! (said I:) but it is only from a flock of wild turkies, with which the forests are filled." Had we brought our guns, one of these beautiful birds would have supplied us for a long time, since nature



has not produced a single fruit on which we can support ourselves.

As if the most gloomy despair, the bitter and inexpressible tortures of hunger, had not been sufficient to fill up the measure of our woes, about the middle of the day madness seized us. If we opened our mouths, it was only to utter the wildest abuse, and the most bitter reproaches, relative to this journey. If our eyes turned towards each other, though sunk and weakened, they sparkled with the fire of anger and indignation. These passions, which till this moment we had never known, were suddenly displayed with the greatest violence, as if some evil genius had at once inspired them: no; the germs which nature had implanted, waited only for the distressing circumstances in which we were placed, for their evolution. Had we, at that moment, arms, or, indeed, strength to have seized each other, mad as we were, we should have become our mutual executioners.

To these tempests, which I recall with dread and shame, succeeded, towards the evening, the calm of extreme debility and sinking. Sitting at the foot of a tree, we were seized with an inflammation of the bowels, which excited a constant thirst. This devouring fever, this insupportable want, to which human nature is subject, was added to the perpetual irritation of extreme inanition. Happily a change of wind brought us the sound of a neighbouring cataract, which we followed, leaning, from time to time, against the trees, and reached at night the banks of a river, which I have since found

to have been one of the branches of the Alleguipy, where we extinguished the burning heat of our thirst.

Herman passed nearly the whole of the third night in the most frightful delirium. He cursed the day of his birth, his passage across the ocean, and, above all, his companion, whose last agonies he was anxious to witness before he died. But though this transport of fever and despair seemed to give him new strength, I feared that he could not survive so violent a paroxysm. The great quantity of water that I had drank produced an opposite effect: it calmed the fever and the acute pain, but excited a copious and a cold sweat. My faculties were more blunted, more weakened, than those of my unfortunate companion: perhaps I suffered less, though equally unhappy. My eyes closed; and the last idea that I can recollect, is the state of resignation which I felt, and the sensation of a rapid decline of life. Yet I regretted that I must die alone, abandoned, at the foot of a tree; and felt extreme horror at the idea of my body being devoured by carnivorous animals.

Nature, however, watched over our preservation; the cessation of thought was the commencement of sleep. We believed we slept some hours; and, in spite of every probability, or our own gloomy presages, we saw the fourth day; but, like the funereal torch, it served only to augment the horror of our situation, in showing us the gates of the tomb at which we were almost arrived. Our eyes, covered with the

clouds of death, instead of real objects, saw only imaginary ones, agitated and trembling like ourselves. Sometimes the shades with which we were surrounded, sometimes the clouds with which we were environed, were suddenly dispersed by trembling and transitory rays; sometimes they presented phantoms, which, after flitting near us, swept the surface of the earth; and, rising above the bushes, perched on the trees over our heads. Sometimes our eyes, though almost closed, saw still a transparent joy, without being able to distinguish any thing. Such were the last images which the imagination of two beings, sinking in the shades of death, had raised.

Sometimes I was still able to say to my companion, while dragging slowly to the banks of the river, "Occasionally, when misfortune is at the height, some soothings, some lights of hope, arise. Have you never observed at sea these consoling intermissions, even during the most frightful tempests? We are come to the highest degree of misery; but let us still hope." "How can you pronounce that word?" (said he, with the accent and gesture of a madman.) Despair and death have dissipated even these last illusions. Since thou art coward enough, hope for thyself; I will immediately throw myself into this river, at the bottom of which, peace and a tranquil sleep await me. Who would longer endure these biting pains, since not twenty paces intervene between the middle of hell, and the haven of repose?"

"Let us live over this day, (said I,) if it be possible; let us drink some more water; and, in the evening, if no favourable sign occurs, we leap into it together." "For a person who suffers like me, (said he,) the evening is a hundred leagues distant. But, well; since you are become my enemy, and will persuade me to live still some hours, kill your dog, and give me a part to appease my hunger. If you are barbarous enough to refuse this gift, be generous enough to let me die this instant." The idea of killing the animal, an idea which necessities so urgent had not yet excited, recalled me at once to hope and life. So far from attending to the voice of affection and remorse in favour of the dog, as much weakened and as languishing as ourselves, I was seized with a feeling still more violent than anger: it was the irritation of madness. I shuddered; my trembling hands sought with eagerness the knife that I had let fall among the leaves; when my companion, re-animated by the prospect of satisfying his hunger, accused me of slowness, and overwhelmed me with fresh abuse. As I approached my resigned victim, a ray, emanating from the invisible power which regulates our destinies, led me to observe a bunch of ground-nuts. "We are preserved! (I exclaimed:) we are preserved! The ground on which we have passed the night, and on which we expected to die, contains what will give us life; since, where one of these plants grows, there are millions; and we were ignorant of it." "Merciful God! (he exclaimed in his turn,)

are you not deceiving me?" At that moment I offered him the first root that I had drawn up: but we were so weak, that it required many efforts, and much labour, to obtain a sufficient quantity to satisfy our most urgent necessities. Could we have lighted a fire, what a sumptuous repast should we have made!

But how can I express the effects which the certainty of procuring a still greater quantity made on our minds? How paint the new and exquisite feeling, the inexpressible ecstacy, which relieved our diminished strength, raised our drooping spirits, and recalled the delicious, the divine consolation of hope? How can I explain what I so poignantly felt? The sudden passage from extreme want to the possession of some aliments, collected by the feeble ray of hope! the transition from a state of despair to one of tranquillity; from the banks of the gloomy Cocytus to the realms of life!

Soon after this, they hear the tinkling of bells suspended to the necks of cattle, and discover a plantation, at which all their wants are relieved.

[T. Maiden, Sherbourne-Lane.

