

WALLIS'S
JUVENILE TALES.

THE
Faithful Greyhound,
OR
TREACHERY REWARDED.

AN INSTANCE OF
FILIAL AFFECTION.

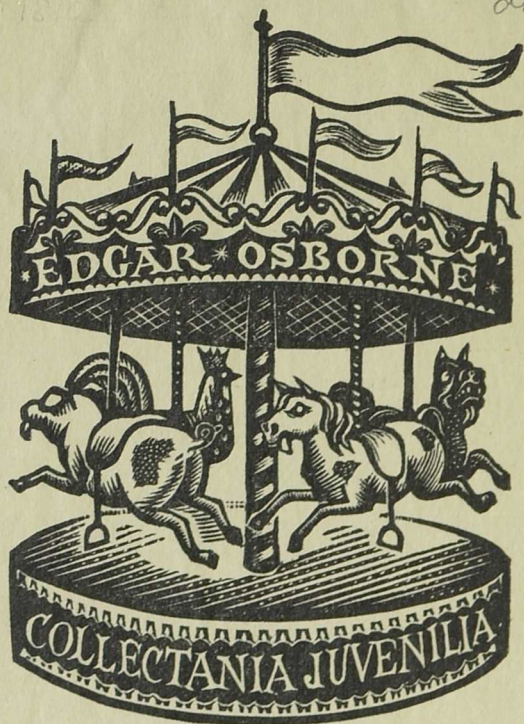
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FAITHFUL GREYHOUND.

ARRADAS was King of Arragon. He was young, active, and brave; he reigned over a numerous and obedient people, and he added to the good fortune of wearing a crown, the more enviable felicity of sharing it with a beautiful, virtuous, and affectionate Queen. But perfect happiness is not the lot of humanity, and even Arradas and Valonia his Queen had their sorrows. A hostile King suddenly made war upon the territories of Arragon, and Arradas, assembling his army, prepared to engage and repulse him.

The moment of separation was bitter indeed. The King blended his tears with those of his beloved Valonia, and having repeated again and again his assurances of love and fidelity, he recommended her to the protection of Heaven; and reiterated his injunctions to his prime minister Bumbastis, whom he left as superintendant of the kingdom, that no pains should be spared to alleviate the sorrow of the Queen, during his perhaps long and necessary absence.

It unfortunately happened, that Bumbastis, to whom this important charge was committed, was the vilest minister that ever abused the confidence of a Sovereign. His assiduity to gratify and even to prevent the wishes of Valonia was indeed unremitting; but it soon appeared that his attentions, instead of being dictated by zeal for the happiness of his master, were the result of a criminal passion he himself entertained for the Queen. Having exhausted all

those indirect means of seduction, which his unlimited power in the state enabled him to employ, he had the audacity to make a direct avowal of his wishes, and repeated his solicitations so frequently, that the Queen, after trying in vain to recal him to a sense of his duty, was obliged to threaten him with the instant disclosure of his treason.—Bubastis now changed his plan. He fell on his knees, entreated her to forgive, and to conceal from the King, the apparent insolence of a conduct which, as he pretended, had been intended only as a trial of her constancy; and retired with the determination of ruining, if possible, the victim whom he was unable to seduce.

Arradas, having conquered his enemy, and secured his dominion, eagerly returned to the society of his Queen. His joy knew no bounds; and the fair partner of his throne forgot, in her delight at her lord's return, the misery she had endured from his absence, and

from the insolent addresses of the traitor Bubastis. But malice is more provident; and the artful minister seized the earliest opportunity of carrying into effect his long meditated purpose.

He affected in the King's presence to be opprest with some secret grief, while Valonia supposing it to be repentance, resolved not to expose him to the anger of his Sovereign, and by particular attention and many secret signs endeavoured to reassure him. But no sooner did he obtain a private audience of his master, than he fell on his knees, and accused the Queen of incontinence; saying, that though he had, at first, been duped by the dissimulation of Valonia, he at length discovered, that she admitted through the gardens to her apartment at midnight, a lover, whom in the first transports of his indignation he had stabbed with his own hand. He added, that the Queen, after this discovery, had spared no pains to seduce him into a participation

of her guilt, for the purpose of insuring his secrecy ; but that his sense of duty to his master was paramount to every other consideration.

Arradas, always subject to be carried away by the first impressions, and blinded by his implicit confidence in the integrity of Bubastis, whose story seemed to be confirmed by his unusual attention shewn him by Valonia (which the King had noticed), did not stop to enquire into the truth of the charge, but almost frantic with rage, was proceeding to condemn his Queen to the flames, and to order her instant execution, notwithstanding she was then in a state of pregnancy. When Bubastis, whose further views would have been infallibly prevented by such a sentence, interfered, and induced the King to change the punishment into disgrace and banishment. He advised, that Valonia should be stript of her regal garments, and clothed in mean attire ; that she should be placed on a sorry

steed, and conducted into the neighbouring forest, where it should be proclaimed to her, that if she were found at the expiration of ten days within the King's dominions, she should be condemned to death. The King, distracted with grief, left every thing to the management of Bubastis, and shut himself up in his own apartment to give vent to his sorrow and lamentations.

The innocent Queen was thunderstruck at the sentence of banishment, nor could she imagine how she had incurred the displeasure of the King, to whom she was denied all access by the inhuman and inexorable Bubastis. Compelled to submit to her hard fate, she proudly disdained to remonstrate with him, and hid the agonies with which her heart was almost breaking. By the order of Bubastis, she was divested of her ornaments, and ignominiously driven from the palace. Scarcely however had the guards, who reluctantly executed this cruel office,

left her in the forest, when she was surprised by the sudden appearance of Roberto, whose aged heart seemed ready to break at the sight of her calamitous condition, and who declared he would, let the hazard be what it might, accompany his beloved and injured mistress through the wide world.

Roberto had been the foster-father of the Queen; and since her marriage was maintained by her at the court of Arragon. He was now old, and though a proclamation had been issued forbidding any one on pain of death to aid or assist the Queen, he was ready to brave every danger for the service of his mistress. He had therefore followed the Queen, and had brought with him a favorite GREYHOUND, who was remarkable for his uncommon size and fierceness, and for his unexampled fidelity to his master.

While the lovely Valonia was bewailing her unmerited misfortunes, and the good Roberto was employed in useless endeavours to console her;

while the whole court of Arragon was plunged in sorrow and consternation from the loss of its brightest ornament, the wicked Bubastis was occupied in preparing to seize the long expected reward of his successful villany.

He did not imagine that the poor exile could travel with much expedition, and knew he should speedily overtake her ; when with the aid of a chosen ruffian-associate he should be able to carry off the defenceless Valonia to a place he had secretly prepared for her reception. Speedily indeed he did overtake her, but was utterly amazed to find her accompanied by Roberto. An old man, however, he did not consider as a formidable antagonist, and was going to seize the lady. But Roberto, though unprovided with defensive armour, wielded his sword with such skill and activity, and was so powerfully assisted by his dog, that he occupied the whole attention of his assailants. At length Bubastis, suddenly

wheeling round, attacked the brave old man from behind, passed his spear through his body, and extended him lifeless on the ground. The Queen at the same moment springing from her horse concealed herself so effectually in a neighbouring thicket, that Bubastis and his associate, after a long and fruitless search, faint with their wounds and harassed by the continual attacks of the dog, were compelled to abandon their prey; and left the forest, having previously vented their malice by mangling with a thousand stabs the lifeless author of their disappointment.

Valonia, being at length convinced of their retreat, issued from her hiding place, and found the mangled body of the murdered Roberto, her only friend. At this aggravation of her calamity she tore her hair, and bitterly reproached herself with having occasioned the death of her generous protector. At length awakening to the sense of her present danger, she ran to seize her horse, which had fortunately remained where

she had left him, and then endeavoured to secure the company of the dog as a guide through the forest by which she was encompassed ; but the faithful animal was inattentive to her caresses, and incessantly pawing the ground seemed to refuse to abandon the body of his master till she assisted in scraping a pit for it ; and the Queen having consigned Roberto to this rude grave, which she covered with moss and leaves, the affectionate greyhound licked her hand, and appeared to testify at once his thanks, and his willingness to be her guide.

Valonia continued her march during several days, through dreary paths and unfrequented ways, till quite exhausted with fatigue and want, she arrived at the foot of a mountain, where having alighted from her horse near the entrance of a wood, she was seized with sudden pangs, and was shortly delivered of a beautiful boy. This event appeared to be the reward of all her

sufferings. The first sound of her infant's voice, the first view of it's features, at once erased all remembrance of the King's cruel injustice, of her late misery, and of her present unprotected situation. She folded her child to her bosom, lay down under a tree, and with full reliance upon the protection of heaven, whose providence had hitherto guarded her, quietly resigned herself to sleep.



In this state she was discovered by a herdsman, who had descended the mountain in search of a stray lamb from his flock. Bernard was astonished at beholding a woman and a newly-born infant sleeping on the ground, in so desolate and unfrequented a spot, and stood still to contemplate them, while the greyhound, as if he had known the heart of the good herdsman, sprung forward, bounded round and round him, licked his hands and his feet, and then ran gently barking towards the lady, as if to apprize her of the approach of a friend. Valonia, roused by the dog, perceived the stranger, and implored his aid and pity. She spoke of having suffered the extreme of misfortune, and described her defenceless situation; but she did not communicate her rank, as she was now desirous even to forget that she had ever been the Queen of Arragon.

Bernard the herdsman was honest and kindhearted. He had little to be

stow, but that little he gave with good will. He placed Valonia with her child on the horse, and taking the bridle in his own hand, led her by the easiest paths over the mountain to his humble cottage, and being arrived there recommended her to the care of Josselin his wife. Josselin was equally good and compassionate with Bernard; and Valonia soon experienced in their cottage, a purer tranquillity than she had ever enjoyed in the possession of the throne of Arragon.

Conscious that she had never merited the King's displeasure, she could not but consider him as barbarous and unjust in the extreme. She had no doubt, but that if they were discovered, both she and her child would become the victims of the King's aversion and the cruelty of Bubastis, and therefore she determined to bring up her son to the occupations of a humble life, and for ever conceal from him the knowledge that he was the son of a King,

and heir to the throne of Arragon. She christened him by the name of *Triamour*, and the little orphan grew in stature and loveliness, and was the darling of the cottage; while Valonia, fully occupied with the care of him, and occasionally assisting Josselin in her dairy, had little leisure for painful retrospection. Daily, indeed, she wished to ascertain the fate of the greyhound, who had no sooner beheld her safe in the house of Bernard and Josselin, than he had instantly disappeared, and returned thither no more.

We must now revisit the grave of Roberto, for whose murder the hand of Heaven was preparing to wreak its vengeance on the head of the wicked Bubastis.

The faithful greyhound, when he quitted the herdsman's cottage, re-trod his steps back to the grave of his master, and continued for seven long years to watch it night and day, never quitting his post but for the purpose of

seeking his daily subsistence. As his prey diminished within the forest, the length of his chase gradually increased, and at the close of the seventh year, at the festival of Christmas, he suddenly appeared, gaunt with hunger, an unexpected guest in the hall of the King of Arragon.

Such an apparition excited general surprise, and particularly attracted attention from Arradas; but the animal, with a gentleness of demeanour which belied his savage appearance, made the round of the tables, accepted what was offered him, and, having satisfied his hunger, disappeared. He returned on the second day; again surveyed the company, received his pittance, and retreated.

The King now recollected the dog; and gave orders to his attendants, that if he should again return, they should follow him without loss of time, in the full confidence that he would lead them to the place where Roberto and the Queen were concealed.

On the third day of the festival, Bubastis, who had been absent a short time, returned to the Court, and took his usual seat among the guests. The greyhound too did not fail to repeat his visit, and no sooner beheld Bubastis, than with the rapidity of lightning, he instantly sprang upon the murderer of his master, and brought him to the ground! All assistance was useless; the dog could not be torn from the throat of Bubastis, till he had given him his death wound.—But sufficient life remained in the unhappy man for him to feel the justice of his punishment, and before he expired, he confessed to the King his base treachery against Valonia, and his inhuman slaughter of Roberto.—The attendants, who, by the King's order, followed the greyhound to the forest, digging in the spot to which his moanings directed them, found the body of Roberto, which was yet in such a state of perfection as to be easily recognised!—

And thus was the dreadful tale Bubastis had related, fully confirmed.

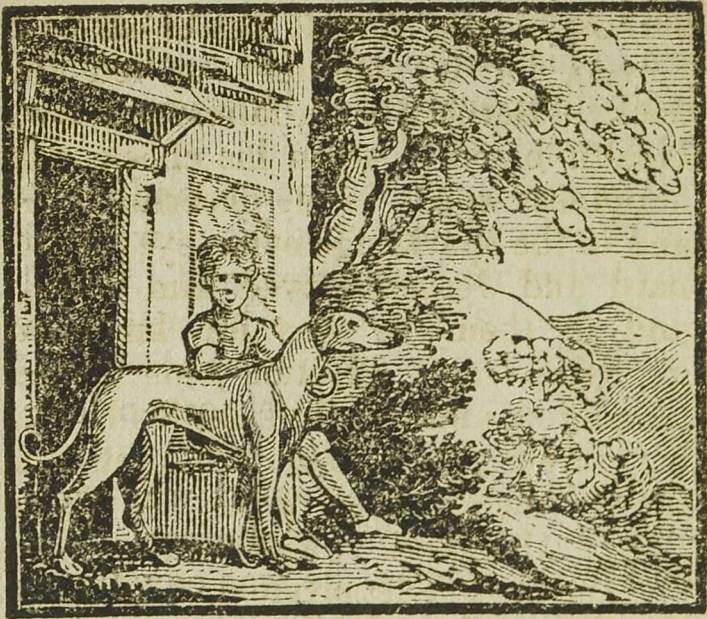
The sufferings of the King were now past description : no traces were left, no tidings could be heard of the ill-treated Valonia. Proclamations were issued, large rewards offered, messengers dispatched to every quarter, but the retreat of the Queen was still undiscovered; and the unfortunate Arradas was doomed to expiate, by many years of contrition and remorse, the fatal and precipitate decision by which he had thrown away the means of happiness.

The body of Roberto, by the King's command had been brought from the forest to the city, and interred beneath a superb monument.—The dog followed the funeral train, saw his master consigned to this splendid tomb, while the corpse of Bubastis was exposed upon a gibbet; then, as if conscious that he had fulfilled his duty, and regardless of the caresses lavished on

him by the King, who wished to attach him to his own person, he again suddenly disappeared, and no one knew what was become of him.

The grateful, affectionate, and intelligent animal, now sped his unwearied way to Bernard's cottage, and crawled to the feet of Valonia, who uttered a shriek of surprise and joy at his unexpected appearance, after seven long years of absence.

If the faithful greyhound was welcome to Valonia from past associations and remembrances, he was equally so to the youthful Triamour from novelty, and in a very short time the most entire confidence and affection subsisted between them. Out of doors, the greyhound was the companion of Triamour's sports; and when, wearied with play, the boy would stretch himself on the grass or on the cottage-floor to sleep, the faithful and gentle greyhound was either his pillow or his guard.



Triamour was the most amiable, as well as the loveliest of children. His mother, though she could not give him the education of a Prince, adorned his mind with good principles, and fortified it with the love of virtue. He was docile and affectionate, yet courageous and enterprising. He bounded like a young fawn along the precipices of the mountain at morning's

earliest dawn, to cull posies of wild flowers for his mother; or led the flocks of Bernard to the fairest pastures. Health bloomed upon his cheek, and happiness spoke in his cheerful smile and in the sparklings of his eye. Bernard and Josselin loved him dearly, and to them he was all kindness, gentleness, and affection; his mother he adored, and caught from his love of her, rather than by study or imitation, the polished graces of her manner, so that in the garb of a peasant he had still the air and deportment of a Prince. To his mother's unfortunate history and his own royal birth, he was a stranger; for at Valonia's request, Bernard and Josselin never adverted to the manner in which she first took refuge in their cottage. Every thing had prospered with Bernard since the banished Queen and her son had become inmates of his humble dwelling; his flocks had greatly increased, his lands had become more fertile; the

bounties of Heaven seemed to be showered upon him ; and when he rejoiced in his gains, it was because he intended to bestow them all on Triamour. There was no injustice in this disposition of his property, for he had neither children, relations, nor friends.

But though the herdsman had become wealthy, he had not learned to be luxurious or idle. He still followed his daily occupations, and still rested satisfied with his straw-roofed cottage, and its perfect retirement. Thus Valonia, Bernard, Josselin, and the Greyhound, were the whole world to Triamour. In them centered his duties, his pleasures, his hopes, his enjoyments, his prospects, and his wishes.

Arradas meanwhile, a prey to the deepest affliction, during three years caused unceasing researches to be made through every town, city, and village in his dominions, and in those

of neighbouring Princes, for his injured Queen; and almost began to fear that death must have robbed him of the chance of making atonement. But hope clings perseveringly to the heart of man, and Arradas, restless in his palace, deaf to the allurements of pomp and pleasure, and wearied of state cares, resolved to quit them all, and in a humble disguise, traverse his kingdom, trusting that greater vigilance on his part than on that of hired messengers, would restore to him the blessing so long and vainly sought. This project seemed in its contemplation to bring back to him a portion of happiness, and he hastened the preparations for his journey. The government he entrusted to a body of counsellors; and selecting two attendants, he clothed himself in the garb of a humble traveller, and set out on his enterprise; visiting the obscurest hamlets, and even the meanest hut, in hopes they

might for a moment have given shelter to his abused Valonia.

The King and his attendants had pursued their route above a month, when one day they became completely entangled in the mazes of a vast forest that spread for many miles along the foot of a stupendous chain of mountains. Bewildered in the intricate mazes of this forest, they wandered during a whole day without finding any outlet, or any means of subsistence, and were compelled to rest under the trees when night surprised them.

As soon as the dawn appeared, the King was again on horseback, but found to his great mortification, that both his attendants were so exhausted with fatigue and fasting, as to be unable to rise from the ground. In this critical dilemma the King perceived that he had no chance for saving their lives, and perhaps his own, but in exploring the boundaries of the forest, and finding

some peasant's hut from which he could procure aid and succour. Quickly therefore, away he rode, and after many turnings and windings, luckily fell into a path that led to the out-skirts of the forest. He had not proceeded far in this path, when he heard the cheerful bark of a dog, and concluded he was not far distant from some habitation.

Increasing his speed, he also called out loudly, and presently was answered by the repeated bark of a dog, who seemed to be approaching towards him. Great was his astonishment a moment afterwards to see the greyhound of old Roberto, the avenger of the guilt of Bubastis; and who, recognizing the King's voice and person, sprang up to the side of his horse, and showed every caressing token of fondness and joy. The King, overcome with surprise, and a thousand vague surmises, checked his horse and stood still; but while the greyhound, gamboling in the path before him, seemed to invite him to proceed, a clear and melodious voice call-

ed upon the dog, who darted forward at the sound. Arradas followed, and turning a certain angle of the path, beheld the youthful Triamour, blooming as the summer morn.

The King gazed on him intently. The glossy curls of his dark brown hair, shaded the snowy whiteness of his temples, but his cheeks, his neck, his hands were deeply sun-burnt; his attire was wholly rustic, but his mien and his address were graceful, dignified, and courteous in the extreme. Arradas enquired his history. It was soon and simply told.—He belonged, he said, to his mother, to Bernard the herdsman, and to Josselin; that it was the flocks of Bernard which now covered the mountain, and that their cottage was in a pleasant valley on the other side, to which he smilingly invited the stranger. Arradas willingly consented to go there, and away bounded Triamour and the greyhound up the steep ascent of the mountain with almost equal speed and agility. The

King followed with admiring eyes, and throbbing heart. The discovery of the greyhound of Roberto in this remote spot, seemed to announce to him that his injured Queen was not far off. He dared not promise himself indeed, that the rustic boy was his own offspring; yet in his manly features he could not help endeavouring to trace a resemblance of the softer graces of Valonia.

The mystery could not now be long ere it was unravelled. An hour's march brought them to the herdsman's cottage, at the door of which stood Bernard, who having heard Triamour's story, welcomed the unknown but wandering Arradas with the warmest hospitality; and promised to send immediate aid to his companions in the forest.

Valonia was spinning with her back to the entrance of the cottage, when turning round to greet her Triamour with a mother's smile, she beheld him grasping the hand of his father, the cruel King of Arragon, whom she in-



stantly knew, though remorse had effected more change in his appearance than banishment and a peasant's attire had wrought in her's! A shriek of terror escaped her, and she would have fallen to the ground had not Arradas caught and sustained her. On his knees, and with unfeigned repentance and earnest solicitation, Arradas now besought her forgiveness, and related the treachery of Bubastis, with the

almost miraculous means of his detection and punishment ; together with his own various and unceasing efforts to discover her retreat, and restore her to her rights.

Valonia could not refuse her pardon to the repentant monarch ; nor any longer deny herself the inexpressible delight of giving her son to his father, and his father to his son !

The purest joy gladdened every breast within the cottage ; under whose lowly roof king Arradas tasted of more exquisite happiness, in the forgiveness of his wife, and the restoration of his son, than conquest, grandeur, or dominion, had ever bestowed on him.

In quitting the herdsman's cottage for the throne of Arragon, Valonia would fain have taken with her Bernard and his wife Josselin, but Bernard could not be prevailed upon to quit his native valley. — “ I love you, madam,” he said, “ and heaven has rewarded me for doing my duty towards you ; but I am not fit for palaces,

nor palaces for me. Let me sometimes hear of your welfare, and if I do but know that Triamour is as good a prince as he was a peasant, I and Josselin will die contented."

Triamour, no longer a herdsman, but the son of a King, and heir to a throne, was not at first quite happy in a change of situation, which imposed laws and restraints on him to which he had been unaccustomed. His affection for his parents soon, however, reconciled him to the performance of his duties. He applied himself with diligent ardour to profit by the instructions of the masters provided for him; and as his mind became more enlightened, he perceived that the more elevated his rank, the greater were his opportunities of doing good, and of enjoying happiness from conferring it on others. Lively and accomplished, courteous and affectionate, he was the darling of his parents, and the idol of the nation. As long as the herdsman and his wife lived, the King, Queen, and Prince Tria-

mour made annual visits to the cottage. Bernard died first, and Josselin, left alone, and becoming old and infirm, consented to be removed to the palace, where, in apartments adjoining to the Queen's, she received every attention that could solace the helplessness of age.

In all the excursions of the royal party to the cottage, the faithful greyhound made one. In the hours of prince Triamour's application to his studies, he lay at his feet; in those devoted to pleasure and amusement, he was still by his side. The saloon, the banquetting-hall, the council-chamber, the ball-room, or the King's cabinet were alike open for his admission. Correction he never merited, and the wantonness of power was never exercised upon him; an unkind word or an angry reproof never met his ear. His virtues were beloved, and his fidelity rewarded. In this happy state he lived several years, and being found dead one morning on the cushion

where he was accustomed to repose in prince Triamour's antichamber, he was buried at the foot of Roberto's grave. A plain white marble obelisk was erected on the spot ; on one side of which was engraven the remarkable transactions wherein the faithful greyhound had borne so distinguished a part ; and on the other, as a lasting tribute of the affection of prince Triamour the following lines which are thus translated from the Arragorian language :

“ Ah, could I snatch thee from thy bed of death,
And with new floods the fount of life supply,
How joyfully shou'd I prolong thy breath,
Renew each nerve, and cheer thy beamless eye.

But wherefore wish ! — Thy lot is that of all —
Thy friend who mourns must yield to nature's law,
Like thee must sink — and o'er each dark'ning ball
Will Death's cold hand th' eternal curtain draw.

Oft to this spot, as love his footstep draws,
Thy lowly grave shall fix thy master's eye,
Here on thy sleep of death shall friendship pause,
Dwell on past days, and leave thee with a sigh !”

FILIAL AFFECTION.

A VETERAN, worn out in the service of France, was reduced without a pension; by continual labour he procured a scanty pittance, which scarcely kept in motion the pulse of life. He complained not, nor did he repine at the will of Providence; having never deviated from the paths of honour, he knew not shame, whilst the idea of conscious merit heightened the blush of modesty.

With the coarsest food he had been content, and with a mind resigned to heaven, he had eaten the blackest bread with cheerfulness, were it not that a wife and three small children shared his wretchedness. Is this, Honour, thy recompence? Is this the reward for toil, for danger, for service?

Fortune once led him by the hand,—fortune was fickle;—yet she placed his son, a youth, in *L'Ecole Militaire*—himself had solicited a pension, but not having the means to continue the necessary attendance which greatness required, he abandoned his application,

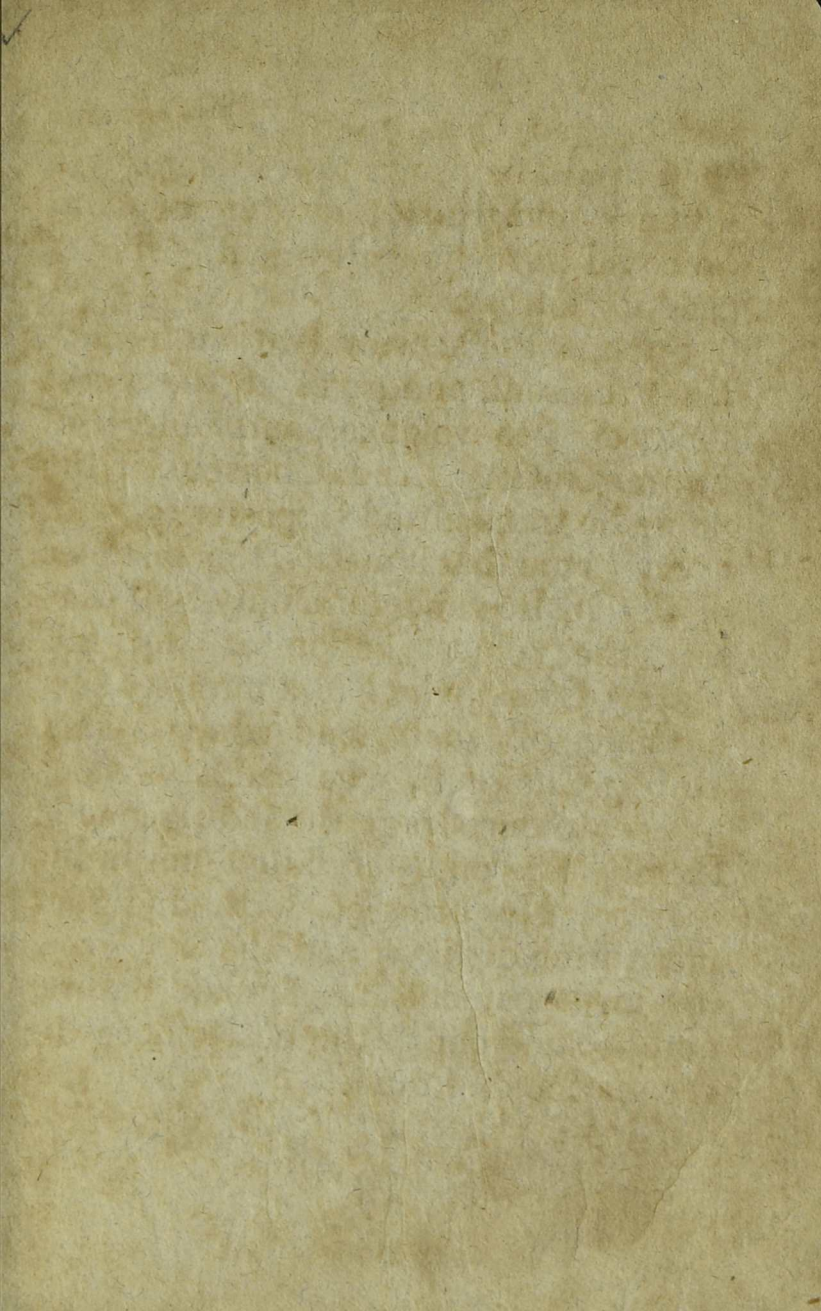
and retired from the world to content and poverty. He knew mankind, therefore he was not surprised that his misery should banish friendship.

At *L'Ecole Militaire* his son might command every convenience that could improve the comforts of life, and the most sumptuous table was prepared for his repast; yet amidst all this noble provision a visible inquietude appeared on the countenance of the youth, and the strongest persuasion could not prevail on him to taste of any thing, except the coarsest bread and a draught of water. An abstinence of this kind, amidst all the allurements of so many temptations, was regarded by the masters as a very singular circumstance; the Duke de Choiseul was informed of an incident so uncommon, he ordered the youth before him, and asked the reason of his forbearance. The boy, with a manly fortitude, replied, — 'Sir, when I had the honour of being admitted to the protection of this royal foundation, my father conducted me

hither. We came on foot; on our journey, the demands of nature were relieved by bread and water! I was received, my father blessed me, and returned to the protection of a helpless wife and family; as long as I can remember, bread of the blackest kind, with water, has been their daily subsistence, and even that is earned by labour of every kind which honour does not forbid. To this fare, Sir, my father is returned; therefore, whilst he, my mother, and sisters, are compelled to endure such wretchedness, is it possible that I can enjoy the bounteous plenty of my gracious king? The duke felt his tale of nature; gave the boy three louis d'ors for pocket money, and promised that he would order his father a pension. The youth, enraptured at this benevolent assurance, beseeched the duke's permission to go immediately to his father with the joyful tidings. The duke assured him that it should be carried by an express. The boy then took the three louis d'ors,

and begged these might be sent, for they would be useful to his dearest relations ; and whilst they were in want, he could have no enjoyment, even of the king's treasures.

Such is the sensibility that harmonizes the soul, and gives it the nicest tone of benevolence, and universal commiseration. And, Choiseul, if thy name be transmitted to posterity, with every virtue that it merits, this instance of thy justice and humanity will dignify the noblest action of thy life. Happy Louis, who had a minister susceptible of such tender sensations. Happy Choiseul ! who had a virtuous prince to encourage the indulgence of them. The minister failed not in his word. He brought forth indigent merit from distress, and the boy grew up an ornament to human nature, and became one of the best officers in the service of France.



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