WALLIS'S
JUVENILE TALES.

Zuliman and Marina.

A FAIRY TALE.

LONDON:
Printed and published by JAMES WALLIS,
No. 77, Berwick Street, Soho.

Price Fourpence.

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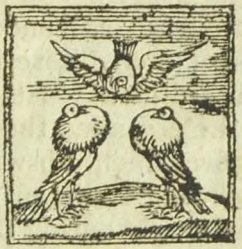

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Zuliman and Marina.

IN the age that fairies concerned themselves with the affairs of men, there reigned at China a king named Zuliman. He was but fifteen years old when he ascended the throne; and the wisdom of his government answered the expectations of his subjects. Zuliman was not yet married, and all the neighbouring princes, jealous of so advantageous an alliance, had sent to his court ambassadors to solicit it. But it happened, as it often happens in affairs of consequence, notwithstanding all the trouble they gave themselves, chance at last brought the affair to a conclusion.

Our young monarch possessed too much virtue, and too many great qualities, not to have a tender heart; so that, without having as yet decided for any particular woman, he, in the midst of the pleasures of a court, found there was

still something wanting to make it completely charming.

One day, as he was hunting in a large forest which bordered upon his metropolis, he strayed from the company, lost the chace, and saw night coming on, without knowing what road to take; he followed the first he saw, persuaded that it would take him to some habitation, where he might inquire his way. About an hour after he had thus rode on, he heard the most piercing

cries; he cast his eyes on that side the noise seemed to proceed from, and saw a small hut

about ten yards in the wood; he went to it: but what was his surprise on seeing an old mandarine, who passed for the most virtuous man of his kingdom, all covered with blood, occasioned by scratches he had just received: he was employed in dressing his ridiculous wounds, while a countryman, who appeared to be a wood-cutter, was almost killing with a stick a creature, beautiful as imagination could suggest. "Wretch as thou art," said the wood-cutter, does it become thee to refuse the honour my lord will do you."

An old woman, who seemed to be the mother, was assisting his lordship in dressing himself, and exhorting him not to be discouraged, by saying that her daughter was but, as yet, a child; and that they would make her listen to reason. The disorder of the young person's clothes, and the discourse of the father and mother, were sufficient to convince Zuliman what violence was intended; but the truth he no longer doubted, when seeing him, she cried out, "Ah, lord, save me, save my honour!" The king, at these words, cast a most terrific look on the mandarine, whose confusion, of itself, was enough to discover his guilt. Already Zuliman lifted up his scymetar to punish this infamy; but the tears of the young person, whom the wood-cutter was still beating, made him fly towards her; with a back-blow he struck off the wretch's head. The mandarine attempted to fly; but the king sprang upon him, and with the broad side of the scymetar killed

him at the door of the hut. He was going to serve the old woman in the same manner, but the young person embracing his knees, "It is my mother," cried she; "do not add to my misfortunes by the grief of seeing her perish." She pronounced these words in too moving a tone to be refused. "She shall live," answered the king, "since you desire it; but to purchase her pardon, inform me by what singular adventure a like miracle of beauty came into a desert forest." The young girl blushed at these flattering expressions, held down her eyes, and was a moment without speaking.

At last she acquainted the prince that she was daughter to that unhappy old woman and that wood-cutter whom he had killed; that her father and mother being poor, were resolved to make use of their daughter's charms to gain them a fortune; that the mandarine, who had seen her at the temple, became enamoured, and had soon agreed with her father and mother, to whom he had given a large sum of money, and had promised a much greater; my mother, continued she, communicated it to me with the most striking symptoms of joy, and greatly exaggerated on the calm life I was going to lead. Notwithstanding the strict obedience I had always paid her, I could not forbear reflecting on the shame and infamous disorder in which she designed to plunge me; therefore could answer but by my tears: my father, who came home at that juncture, loaded me with abuse and blows; my

mother, more mild and humane, endeavoured to persuade me by her caresses. They brought me, from my pretended lover, some silks and jewels; my mother, notwithstanding my reluctance, adorned me in these rich clothings; but I said within myself, if these clothes make me more agreeable in other people's eyes, vice renders me more hateful in my own. But what made me the most uneasy was their extreme poverty; which they incessantly reproached me with, as being in my power to prevent. For some days past, they have brought to me a man, who has endeavoured to prove to me, that I might, that I even ought to yield to their entreaties: he told me, that the greatest vice was poverty; that I was led astray by the false notions of youth, which were long since banished the court, and at last were received in town. But I have so often heard to the contrary, and I know it so well, that the proofs he attempted to bring, although I did not comprehend them, were not capable to shake me; at last, finding it was difficult to persuade me, they determined to employ force. I saw, to-night, the mandarine enter our hut, and my father told me, in a terrible tone, that if I did not please my lord he would kill me: I threw myself at his feet, and implored him to pity me; but their intent was fixed. After the mandarine had endeavoured to caress me, which I repelled, my father and mother seized me; at which period I found myself mistress of more strength

and courage than I expected. You saw what condition the wretch was in, who strove to dishonour me; but I believe that, soon or late, I should have been the victim of their scheme, if Heaven had not sent you to succour me: you are my deliverer, it is to you I owe my honour, which is dearer to me than life, and I feel my acknowledgment will never cease."

While the young person was speaking, Zuliman, with eyes fixed upon her, found his heart in the most trying situation; he complained of his lot, and admired her virtue; but the conclusion of the recital most alarmed him: he had suffered in hearing the attempt of the mandarine; but when he found his endeavours had proved abortive, he found himself as much eased as a man freed from a considerable burden. He took, without knowing why, the hands of the young person, who let him do it without perceiving it; she met the prince's eyes, and immediately held down her own, blushing and withdrawing her hands. Zuliman blushed also, and began to gaze on her with less assurance. A thousand confused thoughts agitated the souls of both. In short, Zuliman informed the young girl, that he was king of China, and that he would take her to his court, where he would provide a station worthy of herself. She sighed when she heard her deliverer was a great king; and Zuliman, to whom she appeared equally amiable, was assuring her, in the most solemn manner, of his sincere respect, when the courtiers, looking

for him, arrived. He related this adventure to them: the young girl was conducted to court, and the mother remained in the hut.

The prince entrusted her person to the care of his aunt, a princess of the highest virtue: the maid was called Marina. This adventure made a great deal of noise; in the metropolis it was currently reported, that the king was in love with the girl he had saved; and, indeed, his visiting his aunt more punctually than usual, gave great room for the suspicion.

Marina had lived for some time with the princess, when the intendant of her house, a man of great property, required her in marriage; the princess promised her to him without hesitation, and mentioned it at night to the king, as an affair settled. Zuliman grew pale at hearing it, and replied, Marina was not made for such a man. It was easy to answer him, that if the marriage was unequal, it was quite in Marina's favour. That reflection was a dawn of light which convinced him of the state of his heart: he saw, with grief, how far it was engaged; in vain did he essay to conquer himself; his resolutions only served to persuade him his love was insurmountable. There was, nevertheless, no such thing as his marrying a wood-cutter's daughter; another thought also tormented him greatly, and that was, how to be sure that he was really beloved by Marina. A very singular occasion left him no room to doubt.

Marina appeared, for some days, so melancholy,

that the prince, uneasy at any thing that concerned her, asked her with eagerness the cause; but she would not speak till he had promised to grant her whatever she should ask; emboldened by this promise, she thus began: "We are not always master over our passions; they spring up in us in spite of ourselves, oftentimes to our ruin: it is but a few days ago since I have known the condition of your heart and my own. You love me, prince; although you have not told me so, I cannot doubt it. It is not long since I have discovered I love you too, and it is with dread that I perceive our loves; there is the cause of my sadness. I have now but one part to take; which is, to fly you, and go and mourn in some solitude an unhappy passion; that is the favour I require from you; you have sworn to grant it me, therefore have it not in your power to refuse me."

The king fell at her feet; "You love me," said he, "yet want to quit me! You pronounce my dead-warrant in teaching me happiness." Marina wept as well as her lover, but persisted in leaving him. In vain did the prince pour forth the most tender expressions. "If you love me," said Marina, "you ought yourself to applaud my resolution; let us put an end to so tragical a scene, and do not increase the horror of my situation by making me a witness of your tears; they melt me; they cannot seduce me." "No, you shall not go," answered the prince, and raising his voice; "your virtue is worthy of a

throne, and you shall ascend one with me. Come, come, inform my subjects of their happiness as well as mine." Marina did not hesitate to reply. "I never," said she, "was sorry for the meanness of my birth, till since I have loved you; and my greatest happiness would be to see myself your wife. But do not imagine that this desire, ardent as it is, can mislead me from my duty: we are not made for each other; and if love, for a moment, veils your eyes, I ought not to take the advantage of your blindness." While Marina spake, Zuliman was stupidly silent, and he had not quite recovered himself when the princess his aunt entered. "I come," said she, "to acquaint you with a piece of news which concerns Marina." At that name the king started, as from a dream. The princess then acquainted him, that the old woman he took for Marina's mother was dead; that she had declared, on her death-bed, that Marina was not her daughter; that she had found her in a wood, in a cradle, the richness of which made her believe she belonged to some people of condition; that a ring on her finger confirmed this suspicion, and seemed ordained to bring to light the authors of her birth: they had not taken notice of this ring, which was only a silver one, but upon which was engraved several words. Zuliman asked hastily for it; he examined, for some time, the characters, without being able to understand them, yet, nevertheless, concluded she was daughter to some great prince. He redoubled

his suit: it is very difficult to resist what we love; and it is very seldom we resist kings. Marina, therefore, conquered at last by her lover's tenderness, determined to marry him. The preparations for the nuptials were immediately ordered, and the day fixed for the solemnisation. At last it arrived, and appeared to Zuliman the finest he had ever seen. The people participated in the joy of the king; the streets were strewed with flowers, and the walls of the houses hung with the most superb tapestry; everywhere the most exquisite perfumes spread around their delicious scents. The prince, leading Marina by the hand, came out of the palace to conduct her to the temple; all his court, most superbly dressed, made a procession for the young couple, and an hundred young children dressed like loves, and as charming as they are supposed to be, sang before them hymeneal hymns, the beauties of Marina, and the happiness of her lover. All seemed to wear in the city the face of voluptuousness; love and joy glistened in the prince's eyes; a calm steadiness presided over the face of Marina; she looked modestly downwards, lest she should discover too much tenderness; which amiable confusion rendered her still more beautiful.

The youthful pair arrived at the temple, and kneeled down before the altar, and never had the gods received more sincere vows; the high priest made them pronounce the oath of affection: already did the temple echo with the

sound of instruments, intermixed with the acclamations of the people, when, all on a sudden, a noise like thunder was heard, a thick and heavy night obscured the day, the dome of the temple opened, and six winged dragons were seen throwing fire, and drawing along a silver car; within the car was a magician of a gigantic size, and of a terrible aspect: the car came down upon the earth, and the magician, addressing himself to the king, "Audacious prince," said he, "who will marry the object of my indignation? understand my power:" with these words he stretched forth his wand, and the two lovers found themselves drawn into the carriage to him, which immediately mounted into the air, and descended with the rapidity of lightning, at a thousand leagues distant, on the sea-shore. "Know," said the magician, "that I am the genii Mondalgo; as long as my power subsists, Marina can never be happy; and you, unhappy husband, who share her lot, share also the effects of my vengeance." The two lovers, at these words, were separately conducted to different boats; and scarcely had they entered, but the two boats made sail from each other, while Mondalgo's dragons transported him back to his castle.

Zuliman and Marina were tossed to and fro on a stormy sea, in light skiffs, without rigging or helm, drove along by an impetuous wind, which seemed every moment near oversetting them; but each solely occupied concerning the object beloved, they forgot their own danger.

Marina landed without any accident; but her anxiety did not end when she found herself in safety: the tempest still continued, and she remained on shore, viewing with attentive uneasiness the irritated waters, when she espied a vessel, drove by the tempest, bury itself all of a sudden in the sea; at this sad spectacle she no longer doubted of Zuliman's fate. "He is gone," cried she, "swallowed up, and I am to follow him;" so saying, she prepared to fling herself into the sea: but a white dove appeared in the instant over her head. "Why do you yield to despair,"

said he, "beautiful princess? be at ease, Zuliman is still living, and you shall see him again."

The sound of the voice that spoke was so tender, and so insinuating, that it penetrated the heart of Marina. "Lovely bird," said she, "what you promise would appear incredible, if any other but yourself had told me so; I know not by what charms you persuade me; complete my happiness, and inform me of my lover's lot as well as my own; are our misfortunes near at an end?" "How painful it is to me," replies the dove, "not to have it in my power to satisfy you; the good we do to a generous heart is that which flatters most, because they are the most capable of feeling. I can do but one thing to serve you; I'll go immediately and inform your lover of you, and I will bring you news from him." Marina was so transported, that she could not find expressions strong enough to utter her acknowledgment; she wished to write to Zuliman; she had, as she thought, so many essential things to impart to him, so many important counsels to give him, on the precautionary measures to secure him from danger, but unfortunately she had neither pen nor ink, and the bird could not procure her any. "Come to our city," said the bird; "I will take with me my companion, without whom it will be difficult for me to go; you will tell us all you want to be said to your lover; and as I foresee it will be all very tender, I will take care not to forget one word." The princess followed the dove, and having related to him her adventures on the road, "What I can see by your recital, beautiful princess," said the dove, "is, that you are beloved as

much as you deserve to be, and that you equally love; every moment I listen to you, the interest I take in your situation becomes more ardent; I love as you do, and I would have all tender hearts as happy as myself." The princess and the dove then perceived the city of doves; she beheld there, instead of houses, myrtle leaves crowned with roses, which served as a habitation for every little family; the dove conducted the princess to a covert much larger than the rest; "That is your habitation," said he, "while I go and find out your lover; I will go look for my companion, and we will come together to take your orders." The bird set out, and Marina, considering her new lodging, peeled off the bark of a myrtle, and with a needle endeavoured to write upon it; the needle engraved upon the bark with as much ease as a pen upon paper, and she had the pleasure of writing to her lover a long letter, which appeared to her a hundred times too short; the two doves returned just as she had finished it; she detained them a long time, and desired them to tell Zuliman a thousand things, which were the same over and over again: "You never can," said she, "inform him how dearly I love him; it is impossible for you to be as tender as I." At this discourse the two birds looked tenderly at each other, and seemed to say in a smile, the princess did not know them: however, they flew into the air, although Marina, who thought she had something to say to them, desired them to stop.

The voyage of the doves was not long; they soon brought back Zuliman's answer: this prince tenderly complained in his letter that Marina had neglected to inform him of her situation and adventures: in fact, the princess had filled her letter with such tender and passionate sentiments, expressions so lively and natural at the uneasiness her lover's situation had given her, that she omitted acquainting him where she was, and what had happened to her. Through a like inadvertency the prince was guilty of the same error; for he informed her of nothing in his letter, but that he always thought on Marina, and that he adored her, though his letter was very long. The doves, however, made up that deficiency in the prince; they had heard his story from the inhabitants where he resided; they were shepherds, they saw his boat much in the same danger as Marina's; and Zuliman was so handsome, had so majestic a deportment, that they elected him for their king, their former monarch being dead a few days before his arrival. He passed in this abode, where Nature was prodigal in her gifts, as happy days as he could have enjoyed without seeing Marina; he always thought on her, he engraved her name on every tree, all the sheep of the country were marked with a cipher of Marina and himself, the shepherds and shepherdesses intermixed his name always in their songs; mothers wished their daughters to be as beautiful as Marina; in short, in this little corner of the world every one

talked of Marina; and her lover, although so unfortunately separated from her, had the consolation that every thing recalled to his remembrance the object of his love. Such was the recital the birds made the princess: she sent them with a fresh letter; they returned as quick as the first time; there was no end to their messages; and Marina would, had it been possible, have sent out the whole colony of doves with letters for her lover. This intercourse lasted for a great while, till one day the little messengers did not return at their usual hour; night came on, and redoubled the uneasiness of the princess, which was already excessive; many days elapsed without hearing any thing of them; she would not have waited so long without going to seek for Zuliman herself, but they lived in an isle, and not finding any boat on shore, she was not able to get out of it.

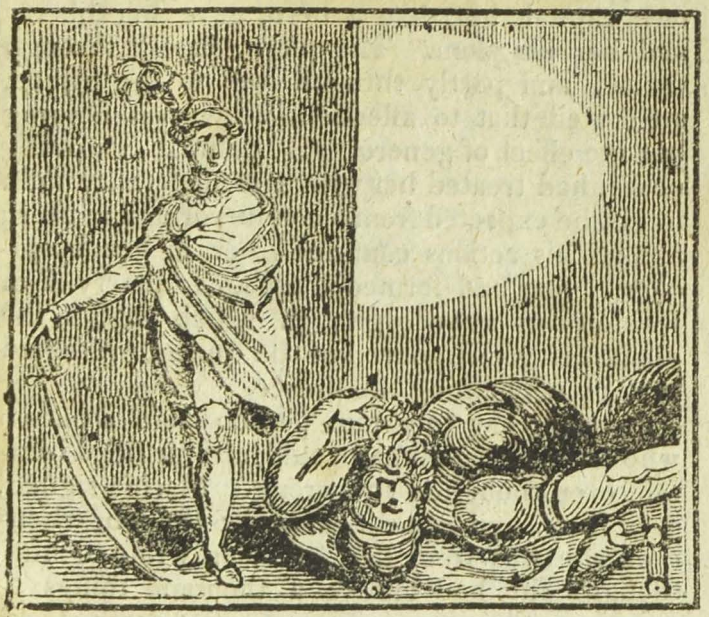
After having been a whole month without hearing from her doves, the most fatal ideas seized her mind; she doubted not but the gigantic magician had at last sacrificed the life of her lover. However, after a month's absence, the doves arrived; Marina flew towards them, full of impatience, hope, and fear: but perceiving they seemed afflicted, she no longer doubted her misfortune. "Unfortunate princess," said they, "we have vainly sought to find your amiable lord." At these fatal words Marina fainted; and for many hours she gave very little signs of life, when

they perceived a boat with blue sails land on the shore, and immediately a silver light glittered on the poop, and was a signal to awaken the princess. She opened her eyes, and perceiving the vessel, hastily made into it. She saw at the bottom of the mast a lance, a scymetar, and a golden shield, with this inscription nigh the arms: "If love yields the greatest happiness, it cannot be purchased too dear; if it exposes us to great perils, it makes us surmount them all: travel, seek, fight, and triumph." "No," cried the princess, "nothing can daunt me." She then clad herself in the arms, bid adieu to the kind doves; and, striking the shore with the lance, she pushed the boat off; which sailing with rapidity, landed, at the end of two days, at a very distant shore.

Alone in a desert place, armed, Marina would have fallen a prey to her own terrors, if the oracle she had read upon the arms, the despair of having lost all, and the impossibility of being more wretched, had not supported her: absorbed in grief, and reflecting on her losses, she saw nothing, heard nothing. "Sad solitude, shocking desert," said she, "is it here I am to meet the object I love? would to heaven we were both condemned to pass our days in this wild retreat; we should be too happy." She had already travelled some days, busied with these sad thoughts, without meeting with any adventure: the confidence she had placed in the oracle began to change into despair. Such was the

condition of poor Marina, when, in the midst of a dark forest into which she had entered, she perceived a castle. A woman in tears came out, and running towards the princess, whom by her arms she took for a knight, "Generous stranger," said she, "be pleased to stop a moment to succour the most beautiful princess in the universe." Marina suffered herself to be conducted by the woman; she crossed several rooms hung with black, and at last came to that where her guide said the princess was. She saw, in reality, a woman, tolerably handsome, who seemed worn out with grief; she was nigh an urn of black marble, and continually watered it with her tears. "Invincible knight," said she, embracing the knees of Marina, who immediately lifted her up, "can you be insensible to the tears of an unfortunate person, whom a barbarian has loaded with the most cruel misfortunes! That urn which you see contains all my riches; my lover is enchanted in it; and what lover! the most amiable and most accomplished prince upon earth. He conquered my armies, became master of my kingdoms, had returned them to me, and I was going, as an acknowledgment for all favours, to marry him; when a cruel enchanter, enraged that I should prefer a rival to him, has enclosed him in this magical urn. "But what do I see?" said the queen, "the urn, which was before black marble, is all on a sudden become shining white. What do I see? This alteration is a sign that

you are reserved to unravel this adventure; may Heaven assist your valour!" She then informed the false knight, that if he leaned the end of his scymetar against the urn, those monsters would come out whom he must fight; and that the end of the enchantment depended on the victory. Marina thought to have met with a favourable opportunity for death; she drew her scymetar; but scarcely had she leaned the point against the urn, ere there flew out twelve dragons, who sprang upon her. The princess no longer wished for death when she saw it with so terrible an appearance; and despairing of defending herself with her arms, she remembered the inscription on her ring; so, at all hazards, throwing it among them, these terrible enemies turned immediately their rage one against the other, and fell down dead at the princess's feet. The urn instantly broke to pieces, and revealed the unfortunate queen's lover; which Marina had scarce beheld, before she fell senseless down. It was Zuliman himself; he flew to succour the princess, when immediately he beheld the giant, the cause of all their sorrow; but the enchantment being dissolved, that monster's power was no more; but he was still to be feared, from the enormity of his size and the excess of his strength He ran to be revenged; Zuliman was without arms; he seized Marina's scymetar, flew to the giant, and, after a combat of a quarter of an hour, cut him in half with a blow he gave him on the loins.



Marina, by that time, was recovered from her fit, through the assistance of the queen; but, as soon as she opened her eyes, she repelled her with indignation: "Let me die," said she, "is it your place to succour me?" Zuliman arrived at this period, and knew not what to think of the princess's discourse, and her enraged countenance. It was some time before he could comprehend that the queen had made her uneasy. He had little trouble to justify himself. The truth was, that this ambitious queen had a mind to possess the shepherds' lands; Zuliman had

conquered her, and made her prisoner in her own capital, but, like a hero, gave her liberty and her kingdom. The queen, partly through vanity, and partly through love to the prince, attributed that to affection, which was nothing but the effect of generosity. Zuliman, naturally polite, had treated her with more deference than might be expected from a conqueror and master; and all his actions confirmed her in her suspicions. She had formed the plan to marry him without his knowledge; in which design the giant, being enamoured of the queen, prevented her, by enchanting the prince.

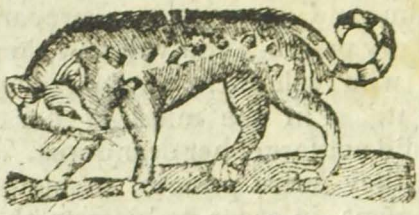
It is so easy to obtain pardon from a person who loves, that Zuliman could have justified himself, even though in the wrong. Marina sighed, shed tears, and could not speak; though, whenever she was from her lover, or wrote to him, thought she had always a thousand things to mention: their reconciliation was a death-stroke to the queen. That princess, loaded with shame, and mad to reflect on her error, stabbed herself with a dagger, and immediately expired. The two lovers then saw a brilliant chariot descend, in which was a respectable old man, who ran with open arms to Marina. "Daughter," said he, "our misfortunes are now at an end; we shall all be happy." The princess, without knowing the old man, or without comprehending why he called her daughter, shared his transports; and by an unknown inclination, had sunk in his arms. The first emotions of the old man's

tenderness being over, he informed the prince and his daughter, that he married a very amiable princess, with whom the giant was enamoured; that the magician, irritated beyond expression to see his rival preferred, swore vengeance; that, in fact, he stole Marina in her cradle, the first fruit of their marriage: that he had exposed her, and would have done much more so, had they not, from her birth, put a device on her finger, which protected her honour and her life from all enchantment; that being too feeble to destroy the magical operations of Mondalgo, he had languished ever since that time in the most acute grief; that it had not been in his power to assist his daughter, till the giant enchanted the prince, when his last, his only resource to oppose him, was giving the golden arms.

"After so many troubles," added he, "the most calm and easy state is prepared for us; come to my palace; you will find there a tender mother, who will increase your happiness by sharing it." In the midst of her transports, Marina did not forget her dear doves. Her father told her they were princes, so metamorphosed by the giant, in order to possess their estates, that, a little jealous of their mistresses, he let them remain in their metamorphosis; but that, since his death, they had resumed their forms, and were all in his palace. Marina and Zuliman mounted to the car with the genii, and were transported to his palace, where Marina's mother was shedding tears of joy on seeing her husband

and the princess. They both staid there two months, more occupied with their love than with the elegant entertainment their parents daily gave. At the end of that time, Zuliman informed them, that indispensable business recalled him to his states. Marina's parents had too much sense to oppose the prince's desire, but granted all, and chose to follow them; and the loving doves returned respectively to their kingdoms.

FINIS.



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