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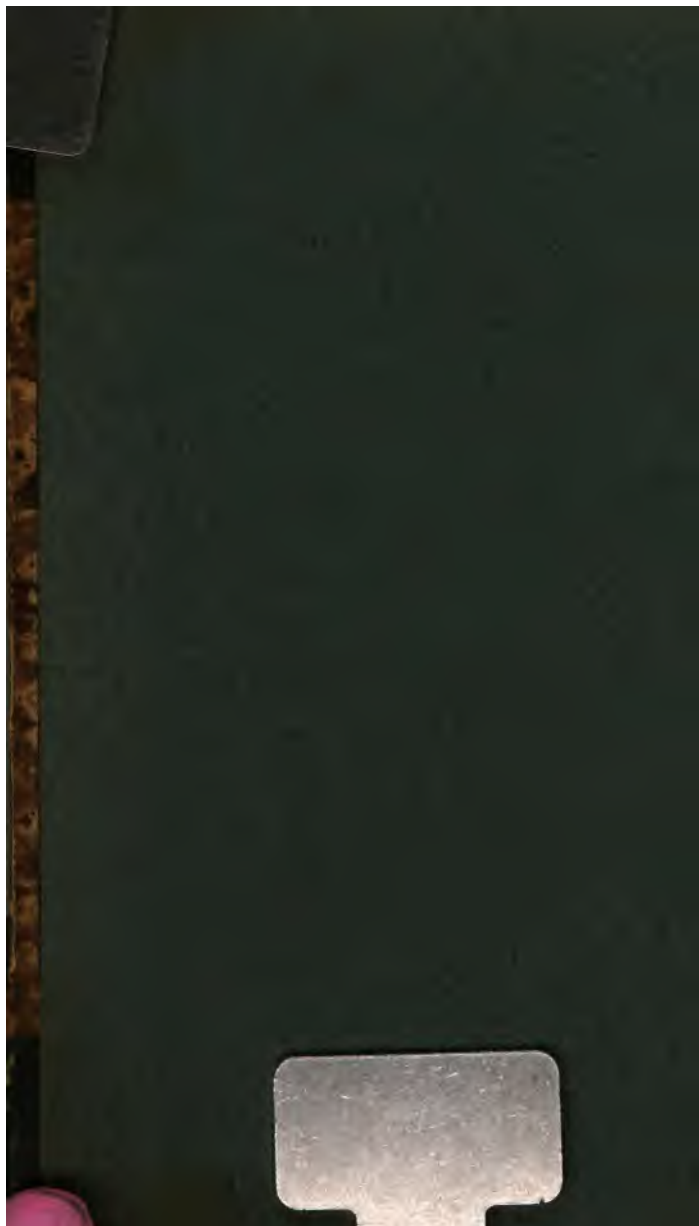
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THE
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OR, THE
RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

AN
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IN TWELVE BOOKS.

BY JAMES LAWRENCE,

AUTHOR OF
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BOOK VII.

ARGUMENT.

Firnos and Camilla land in Indostan---The death of the Samorina---Camilla's resemblance to Agulva---Camilla's history---She is stolen from her family---Manners of the Gypsies---Her treatment from the Knightley family---Her education at Eaton---European courtship---Her asylum at Margaret Montgomery's.

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THE
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BOOK VII.

At length a sailor mounted aloft, and hailed Indostan the Paradise of Love. The whole crew shouted for pleasure, but none felt such delight as the spirited Camilla : she saw the coast of liberty. Even in England she had been free, for there are no shackles for a mind superior to prejudice ; but her conduct there had been rather tolerated than approved. She was too convinced of the justice of her rights to sacrifice them to the caprices of those

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around her, yet Camilla desired the esteem and approbation of her neighbors. The child, which she bore in her arms, would in England have shut every door against her; here it was a recommendation, a passport from the hands of nature. The good will of a damsel is praiseworthy, yet she is only a volunteer for maternity; but a mother is already crowned with laurels in the service of her country. Camilla pressed the child of love to her bosom, and felt in all its purity the joy of a mother.

The vessels in Calicut harbor saluted the Prince and announced his return to his maternal country. Firnos landed amid the acclamations of his countrymen; but both his grandmother and his uncle were at Virnapore.

The high steward waited on the Prince to congratulate him; he could not believe his eyes; the sufferings of his nephew in Britain and his long confinement had so altered him; yet it is he, it is the son of

his sister Rolidá. The old baron falls on his neck ; Naldor inquires after his mother, " Is she living ?" A tear stood in his uncle's eye ; he remained silent, but alas, the tear was an answer.

While the carriage was preparing, Firnos ran to the hotel of his beloved Mitila, whom he once had preferred to all his school-fellows at Romoran, and whose image had so often occurred to him during his long absence and sweetened the ennui of two voyages ; but he was disappointed ; the day before she had departed for her maternal seat, where a family feast was to be celebrated on the birthday of her great grandmother Medusa.

" But, my dear Prince," said the good old courtier to Firnos as he returned to the palace, " have you heard no account of your illustrious mother ? Must the land be clothed in mourning and no beam of hope to dry our tears ? The venerable Samorina is on the point of death, if perhaps she has not already ended a life em-

bittered by the loss of so many promising children. The bulletin of last night said that Rofa had but a few hours to live. Heaven knows what public calamity awaits us, and yet nothing can persuade the people of her danger. The high-priest of Calicut died last month. You know how he was respected; almost idolized by the nation; and really he was worthy of its love. The report has spread, though certainly destitute of all foundation, that he on his death-bed prophecied that Rofa should close her eyes in the arms of her successor. The Samorina cannot forbear smiling at the idea, yet nothing would shake the belief of the people.— But, Prince, lose not a moment, drive with full speed, you may still receive her benediction." Firnos and Camilla mounted the carriage.

On their arrival at Virnapore the citizens were walking in silent groups about the palace-yard. They assembled round the carriage, and saw the hereditary

Prince. "Long life to Prince Firmos!" they cried, and pressed with eagerness to open the carriage door. The Prince gives his hand to Camilla, and helps her to descend. They see his stately companion; "Long life to Agalva!" they cry, "the prophecy is fulfilled, the successor returns." They press around her, kiss her robe, seize her hands, and bathe them with their tears: the Prince cannot persuade them of their error. He must hasten to his dying grandmother.

He found the venerable princess in her last moments: his uncle the emperor was kneeling at the bed side; the paleness of death was overspreading her face, but her eye sparkled at the voice of the Prince, and she was raised to embrace him. "And where is my daughter? where is Agalva?" said she, "have you no account of your mother?" Firmos was desirous with an equivocal answer to sweeten her last moments. "My mother is not longer in England; she left it to return to Calicut."

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