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THE

ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.

A NEW EDITION, REVISED, WITH NOTES,

BY THE

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Incumbent of St Michael's, Burleigh Street.

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PREFACE.

THESE famous Tales were first made known to English readers in 1704 A.D., by M. Galland, Professor of Arabic in the Royal College of Paris, and a resident for some time at Constantinople. They at once became exceedingly popular,[1] and have ever since maintained a foremost position in the Juvenile Literature of this country. These stories, on their first introduction into England, laboured under the disadvantage of having passed through the process of a double translation, first from Arabic into French, and then from French into English. Dr Jonathan Scott, Oriental Professor at the then existing East India College, and a friend of Dr White, the learned Professor of Arabic in the University of Oxford, published in 1811 A.D. a new edition, "carefully revised, and occasionally corrected from the Arabic." Of this version Mr Hay Macnaughten, who himself commenced a translation from the Arabic MS., speaks "as the best rendering of these tales." The Rev. Edward Forster published, a few years later, an edition closely correspondent with the first English text from M. Galland's French translation. This has had a very wide circulation in this country. The only other edition which requires to be mentioned is that published in 1839, by Mr Edward Lane, the author of the well-known book, "Modern Egyptians." This edition deserves the highest praise. In the language of the *London and Westminster*

[1] An amusing story is told of M. Galland. He is said to have been frequently roused at night by persons calling loudly for him. On his opening his window to see what was the matter, they cried out, "*O vous, qui savez de si jolies contes, et qui les racontez si bien, racontez nous en un.*" Preface to Joseph Von Hammer's *New Arabian Nights*.

Review, (No lxiii, p 113,) "It is a most valuable, painstaking, and delightful work" Its great merit consists in its being an exact translation from the Arabic, but its terseness, sententiousness, and scrupulous exactness in adhering to the abrupt construction of Arab discourse, its severe retention of Arab words, names, and terminations, (the very qualities which form its value in the eye of the scholar,) place it above the comprehension and grasp of children"

The text of the present edition is mostly founded on the version of Dr Jonathan Scott, which recommends itself for general adoption, as being at once more accurate than that of M Galland, less diffuse and verbose than that of Forster, less elevated, difficult, and abstruse than that of Lane

The exact origin of these Tales is unknown Advocates of equal ability have claimed for them a Persian, Indian, or a purely Arabian source Two things are now generally allowed, that they are to be traced in substance to an older work of a very early origin, and that they are founded upon Mussulmans' customs, and describe Moslem manners, sentiments, religion, and superstitions

These ancient Stories may be divided into two classes "The first contains wonderful and impossible adventures, and extravagant absurdities, in which the invention leaps from fancy to fancy, and has no other aim than to entertain the imagination by the most grotesque, impossible, and strange occurrences" These delight in the wonders of magic, in the intervention of Fairies, Genies, and Peries, and in the stories of popular Mahommedan belief The second consists of genuine Arabian tales and anecdotes, in which adventures of the times of the Caliphs, and particularly of Haroun Alraschid, are related "These lay claim," says a German critic,[1] "to be general histories, and the anecdotes are, for the most part, really historical, at least, as far as the outlines In these the marvellous has no share" These Tales are placed according to this arrangement. The latter series is the most valuable In these we make acquaintance with the more

[1] Preface by Joseph Von Hammer to *New Arabian Nights*.

important characters in the courts of the caliphs, whether at Damascus, Bagdad, or Cairo, and they invite us, as it were, to their divans, parties, hareems, and entertainments.

The more peculiar purposes designed in this present edition are twofold. First, so to purify the text that the most innocently-minded maiden may read them aloud to her brothers and sisters without scruple or compunction; and, second, to add such short notes as may point out to the youthful scholar that what he reads is not merely romance, fable, and invention; but that there is to be found in the larger proportion of the stories an under-current of illustration of Eastern manners, customs, and observances; and that amidst all his sources of amusement, he may gather lessons of permanent information and instruction. It is hoped by the Editor, and by the Publishers, that a large accession of public favour may accrue to these ancient Tales, thus purified and illustrated. The Editor can find no fitter eulogy for these Stories than the words in which Dr Johnson sums up his criticism of Shakespeare's "Tempest:"—"Whatever might have been the intention of their author, these Tales are made instrumental to the production of many characters, diversified with boundless invention, and preserved with profound skill in nature, extensive knowledge of opinions, and accurate observation of life. Here are exhibited princes, courtiers, and sailors, all speaking in their real characters. There is the agency of airy spirits and of earthly goblin, the operations of magic, the tumults of a storm, the adventures of a desert island, the native effusion of untaught affection, the punishment of guilt, and the final happiness of those for whom our passions and reason are equally interested."

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THE

ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.

It is written in the chronicles of the Sassanian monarchs, that there once lived an illustrious prince, beloved by his own subjects for his wisdom and prudence, and feared by his enemies for his courage, and for the hardy and well-disciplined army of which he was the leader. This prince had two sons, the elder called Schah-riar, and the younger Schah-zenan, both equally good and deserving of praise.

The old king died at the end of a long and glorious reign, and Schah-riar, his eldest son, ascended the throne and reigned in his stead. A friendly contest quickly arose between the two brothers as to which could best promote the happiness of the other. The younger, Schah-zenan, did all he could to show his loyalty and affection, while the new sultan loaded his brother with all possible honours, and in order that he might in some degree share his own power and wealth, bestowed on him the kingdom of Great Tartary. Schah-zenan went immediately and took possession of the empire allotted him, and fixed his residence at Samarcand, the chief city.

After a separation of ten years Schah-riar ardently desired to see his brother, and sent his first vizier,[1] with a splendid embassy, to invite him to revisit his court. Schah-zenan being informed of the approach of the vizier, went out to meet him, with all his ministers, most magnificently dressed for the occasion, and urgently inquired after the health of the sultan, his brother. Having replied to these affectionate inquiries, the vizier unfolded the more especial purpose of his coming. Schah-zenan, who was much affected at the kindness and recollection of his brother,

[1] *Vasir*, *Vezir*—literally, a porter, *i.e.*, the minister who bears the principal burden of the state.—D'Herbelot, *Bibliothèque Orientale*.

then addressed the vizier in these words:—"Sage vizier, the sultan, my brother, does me too much honour. It is impossible that his wish to see me can exceed my anxious desire of again beholding him. You have come at an opportune moment. My kingdom is tranquil, and in ten days' time I will be ready to depart with you. In the meanwhile pitch your tents on this spot, I will take care and order every refreshment and accommodation for you and your whole train."

At the end of ten days everything was ready. Schah-zenan took a tender leave of the queen, his consort, and, accompanied by such officers as he had appointed to attend him, left Samarcand in the evening, to be near the tents of his brother's ambassador, with the intention of proceeding on his journey early on the following morning. Wishing, however, once more to see his queen, whom he tenderly loved, and whom he believed to return his love with an equal affection, he returned privately to the palace, and went directly to her apartment, when, to his extreme grief, he found that she loved another man, and he a slave, better than himself. The unfortunate monarch, yielding to the first outburst of his indignation, drew his scimitar, and with one rapid stroke changed their sleep into death. After that he threw their dead bodies into the foss or great ditch that surrounded the palace.

Having thus satisfied his revenge, he went from the city as privately as he entered it, and returned to his pavilion. On his arrival, he did not mention to any one what had happened, but ordered the tents to be struck, and began his journey. It was scarcely daylight when they commenced their march to the sound of drums and other instruments. The whole train was filled with joy, except the king, who could think of nothing but his queen's misconduct, and he became a prey to the deepest grief and melancholy during the whole journey.

When he approached the capital of Persia, he perceived the Sultan Schah-riar and all his court coming out to greet him. What joyful sensations arose in their breasts at this fraternal meeting! They alighted and embraced each other; and after a thousand expressions of regard, they remounted and entered the city amidst the acclamations of the multitude. The sultan conducted the king his brother to a palace which had been prepared for him. It communicated by a garden with his own; and was

even more magnificent, as it was the spot where all the fêtes and splendid entertainments of the court were given.

Schah-riar immediately left the King of Tartary, in order that he might have time to bathe and change his dress; on his return from the bath he went immediately to him again. They seated themselves on a sofa, and conversed with each other at their ease, after so long an absence; and seemed even more united by affection than blood. They ate together at supper, and after their repast they again conversed, till Schah-riar, perceiving the night far advanced, left his brother to repose.

The unfortunate Schah-zenan retired to his couch; but if the presence of the sultan had for a while suspended his grief, it now returned with redoubled force. Every circumstance of the queen's misconduct arose to his mind and kept him awake, and impressed such a look of sorrow on his countenance that the sultan could not fail to remark it. Conscious that he had done all in his power to testify the sincerity of his continued love and affection, he sought diligently to amuse his brother, but the most splendid entertainments and the gayest fêtes only served to increase his melancholy.

Schah-riar having one morning given orders for a grand hunting party, at the distance of two days' journey from the city, Schah-zenan requested permission to remain in his palace, excusing himself on account of a slight indisposition. The sultan wishing to please him, gave him his choice, and went with all his court to partake of the sport.

The King of Tartary was no sooner alone than he shut himself up in his apartment, and gave way to a sorrowful recollection on the calamity which had befallen him. As, however, he sat thus grieving at the open window looking out upon the beautiful garden of the palace, he suddenly saw the sultana, the beloved wife of his brother, meet in the garden and hold secret conversation with another man beside her husband. Upon witnessing this interview, Schah-zenan determined within himself that he would no longer give way to such inconsolable grief for a misfortune which came to other husbands as well as to himself. He ordered supper to be brought, and ate with a better appetite than he had before done since his departure from Samarcand, and even enjoyed the fine concert performed while he sat at table.

Schah-riar, on his return from hunting at the close of the second

day, was delighted at the change which he soon found had taken place in his brother, and urgently pressed him to explain both the cause of his former deep depression, and of its sudden change to his present joy. The King of Tartary being thus pressed, and feeling it his duty to obey his suzerain lord, related to his brother the whole narrative of his wife's misconduct, and of the severe punishment with which he had visited it on the offenders. Schah-riar expressed his full approval of his conduct. "I own," he said, "had I been in your place, I should, perhaps, have been less easily satisfied. I should not have been contented with taking away the life of one woman, but should have sacrificed a thousand to my resentment. Your fate, surely, is most singular, nor can have happened to any one besides. Since, however, it has pleased God to afford you consolation, and as I am sure it is equally well founded as the cause of your grief, inform me, I beg, of that also, and make me acquainted with the whole."

The reluctance of Schah-zenan to relate what he had seen yielded at last to the urgent commands and entreaties of his brother, and he revealed to him the secret of his disgrace in the faithlessness of his own queen. On hearing these dreadful and unexpected tidings, the rage and grief of Schah-riar knew no bounds. He far exceeded his brother in his invectives and indignation. He immediately sentenced to death his unhappy sultana and the unworthy accomplice of her guilt; and not content with this, in all the power of an Eastern despot, he bound himself by a solemn vow that, to prevent the possibility of such misconduct in future, he would marry a new wife every night, and command her to be strangled in the morning. Having imposed this cruel law upon himself, he swore to observe it immediately on the departure of the king his brother, who soon after had a solemn audience of leave, and returned to his own kingdom, laden with the most magnificent presents.

When Schah-zenan was gone, the Sultan began to put into execution his unhappy oath. He married every night the daughter of some one of his subjects, who, the next morning, was ordered out to execution, and thus every day was a maiden married, and every day a wife sacrificed. However repugnant these commands were to the benevolent grand vizier, he was obliged to submit at the peril of the loss of his own head. The report of this un-

exampled inhumanity spread a panic of universal consternation through the city. In one place a wretched father was in tears for the loss of his daughter; in another, the air resounded with the groans of tender mothers, who dreaded lest the same fate should attend their offspring. In this manner, instead of the praises and blessings with which, till now, they loaded their monarch, all his subjects poured out imprecations on his head.

The grand vizier, who, as has been mentioned, was the unwilling agent of this horrid injustice, had two daughters; the elder was called Schehera-zade, and the youngest Dinar-zade. Schehera-zade was possessed of a degree of courage beyond her sex. She had read much, and was possessed of so great a memory, that she never forgot anything once learned; her beauty was only equalled by her virtuous disposition.

The vizier was passionately fond of so deserving a daughter.

As they were conversing together one day, she made a request to her father, to his very great astonishment, that she might have the honour of becoming the Sultan's bride. The grand vizier endeavoured to dissuade his daughter from her intention by pointing out the fearful penalty of an immediate death attached to the favour which she sought. Schehera-zade, however, persisted in her request, intimating to her father that she had in her mind a plan, which she thought might be successful in making a change in the intention of the Sultan, and in putting a stop to the dreadful cruelty exercised towards the inhabitants of the city. "Yes, my father," replied this heroic woman, "I am aware of the danger I run, but it does not deter me from my purpose. If I die, my death will be glorious; and if I succeed, I shall render my country an important service." The vizier was most reluctant to allow his beloved child to enter on so dangerous an enterprise, and endeavoured to dissuade her from her purpose by the relation of the following story:—

The Fable of the Ass, the Ox, and the Labourer.

A very rich merchant had several farm-houses in the country, where he bred every kind of cattle. This merchant understood the language of beasts. He obtained this privilege on the condition of not imparting what he heard to any one, under the penalty of death.

He had put by chance[1] an ox and an ass into the same stall; and being seated near them, he heard the ox say to the ass: "How happy do I think your lot. A servant looks after you with great care, washes you, feeds you with fine sifted barley, and gives you fresh and clean water; your greatest task is to carry the merchant, our master. My condition is as unfortunate as yours is pleasant. They yoke me to a plough the whole day; while the labourer urges me on with his goad. The weight and force of the plough, too, chafes all the skin from my neck. When I have worked from morning till night, they give me unwholesome and uninviting food. Have I not, then, reason to envy your lot?"

When he had finished, the ass replied in these words: "Believe me, they would not treat you thus, if you possessed as much courage as strength. When they come to tie you to the manger, what resistance, pray, do you ever make? Do you ever push them with your horns? Do you ever show your anger by stamping on the ground with your feet? Why don't you terrify them with your bellowing? Nature has given you the means of making yourself respected, and yet you neglect to use them. They bring you bad beans and chaff; well, do not eat them, smell at them only and leave them. Thus, if you follow my plans, you will soon perceive a change, which you will thank me for." The ox took the advice of the ass very kindly, and declared himself much obliged to him.

Early the next morning the labourer came for the ox, and yoked him to the plough, and set him to work as usual. The latter, who had not forgotten the advice he had received, was very unruly the whole day; and at night, when the labourer attempted to fasten him to the stall, he ran bellowing back, and put down his horns to strike him; in short, he did exactly as the ass had advised him. On the next morning when the man came, he found the manger still full of beans and chaff, and the ox lying on the ground with his legs stretched out, and making a strange groaning. The labourer thought him very ill, and

[1] The ass and the ox in the East were subject to very different treatment: the one was strong to labour, and was little cared for—the other was reserved for princes and judges to ride on, and was tended with the utmost attention. Even in these days the Pasha of Egypt sent a white ass as a present to the Prince of Wales. He was named "Vicar," and received a prize at the Donkey Show held in the Agricultural Hall, Islington, in the autumn of 1864.

that it would be useless to take him to work; he, therefore, immediately went and informed the merchant.

The latter perceived that the bad advice of the ass had been followed; and he told the labourer to go and take the ass instead of the ox, and not fail to give him plenty of exercise. The man obeyed; and the ass was obliged to drag the plough the whole day, which tired him the more, because he was unaccustomed to it; besides which, he was so beaten that he could scarcely support himself when he came back, and he fell down in his stall half dead.

Here the grand vizier said to Schehera-zade: "You are, my child, just like this ass, and would expose yourself to destruction." "Sir," replied Schehera-zade, "the example which you have brought does not alter my resolution, and I shall not cease importuning you till I have obtained from you the favour of presenting me to the sultan as his consort." The vizier, finding her persist in her request, said, "Well then, since you will remain thus obstinate, I shall be obliged to treat you as the rich merchant I mentioned did his wife."

Being told in what a miserable state the ass was, he was curious to know what passed between him and the ox. After supper, therefore, he went out by moonlight, accompanied by his wife, and sat down near them; on his arrival, he heard the ass say to the ox, "Tell me, brother, what you mean to do when the labourer brings you food to-morrow?" "Mean to do?" replied the ox, "why, what you taught me, to be sure." "Take care," interrupted the ass, "what you are about, lest you destroy yourself; for in coming home yesterday evening, I heard our master say these sad words: 'Since the ox can neither eat nor support himself, I wish him to be killed to-morrow; do not, therefore, fail to send for the butcher.' This is what I heard; and the interest I take in your safety, and the friendship I have for you, induces me to mention it. When they bring you beans and chaff, get up, and begin eating directly. Our master, by this, will suppose that you have recovered, and will, without doubt, revoke the sentence for your death; in my opinion, if you act otherwise, it is all over with you."

This speech produced the intended effect: the ox was much troubled, and lowed with fear. The merchant, who had listened to everything with great attention, burst into a fit of laughter that

quite surprised his wife. "Tell me," said she, "what you laugh at, that I may join in it. I wish to know the cause." "That satisfaction," replied the husband, "I cannot afford you: I can only tell you that I laughed at what the ass said to the ox; the rest is a secret, which I must not reveal." "And why not?" asked his wife. "Because, if I tell you, it will cost me my life." "You trifle with me," added she; "this can never be true; and if you do not immediately inform me what you laughed at, I swear by Allah that we will live together no longer."

In saying this, she went back to the house in a pet, shut herself up, and cried the whole night. Her husband finding that she continued in the same state all the next day, said,, "How foolish it is to afflict yourself in this way! Do I not seriously tell you, that if I were to yield to your foolish importunities, it would cost me my life?" "Whatever happens rests with Allah," said she; "but I shall not alter my mind." "I see very plainly," answered the merchant, "it is not possible to make you submit to reason, and that your obstinacy will kill you." He then sent for the parents and other relations of his wife; when they were all assembled, he explained to them his motives for calling them together, and requested them to use all their influence with his wife, and endeavour to convince her of the folly of her conduct. She rejected them all, and said she had rather die than give up this point to her husband. When her children saw that nothing could alter her resolution, they began to lament most bitterly—the merchant himself knew not what to do. A little while afterwards he was sitting by chance at the door of his house, considering whether he should not even sacrifice himself in order to save his wife, whom he so tenderly loved, when he saw his favourite dog run up to the cock in the farm-yard, and tell him all the circumstances of the painful situation in which he was placed. Upon which the cock said, "How foolish must our master be. He has but one wife, and cannot gain his point, while I have fifty, and do just as I please. Let him take a good-sized stick, and not scruple to use it, and she will soon know better, and not worry him to reveal what he ought to keep secret." The merchant at once did as he suggested, on which his wife quickly repented of her ill-timed curiosity, and all her family came in heartily glad at finding her more rational and submissive to her husband.

"You deserve, my daughter," added the grand vizier, "to be treated like the merchant's wife."

"Do not, sir," answered Schehera-zade, "think ill of me if I still persist in my sentiments. The history of this woman does not shake my resolution. I could recount, on the other hand, many good reasons which ought to persuade you not to oppose my design. Pardon me, too, if I add, that your opposition will be useless; for if your paternal tenderness should refuse the request I make, I will present myself to the sultan." At length the vizier, overcome by his daughter's firmness, yielded to her entreaties; and although he was very sorry at not being able to conquer her resolution, he immediately went to Schah-riar, and announced to him that Schehera-zade herself would be his bride on the following night.

The sultan was much astonished at the sacrifice of the grand vizier. "Is it possible," said he, "that you can give up your own child?" "Sire," replied the vizier, "she has herself made the offer. The dreadful fate that hangs over her does not alarm her; and she resigns her life for the honour of being the consort of your majesty, though it be but for one night." "Vizier," said the sultan, "do not deceive yourself with any hopes; for be assured that, in delivering Schehera-zade into your charge to-morrow, it will be with an order for her death; and if you disobey, your own head will be the forfeit." "Although," answered the vizier, "I am her father, I will answer for the fidelity of this arm in fulfilling your commands."

When the grand vizier returned to Schehera-zade, she thanked her father; and observing him to be much afflicted, consoled him by saying, that she hoped he would be so far from repenting her marriage with the sultan, that it would become a subject of joy to him for the remainder of his life.

Before Schehera-zade went to the palace, she called her sister, Dinar-zade, aside, and said, "As soon as I shall have presented myself before the sultan, I shall entreat him to suffer you to sleep in the bridal chamber, that I may enjoy for the last time your company. If I obtain this favour, as I expect, remember to awaken me to-morrow morning an hour before daybreak, and say, 'If you are not asleep, my sister, I beg of you, till the morning appears, to recount to me one of those delightful stories you know.' I

will immediately begin to tell one; and I flatter myself that by these means I shall free the kingdom from the consternation in which it is." Dinar-zade promised to do with pleasure what she required.

Within a short time Schehera-zade was conducted by her father to the palace, and was admitted to the presence of the sultan. They were no sooner alone than the sultan ordered her to take off her veil. He was charmed with her beauty; but perceiving her tears, he demanded the cause of them. "Sire," answered Schehera-zade, "I have a sister whom I tenderly love—I earnestly wish that she might be permitted to pass the night in this apartment, that we may again see each other, and once more take a tender farewell. Will you allow me the consolation of giving her this last proof of my affection?" Schah-riar having agreed to it, they sent for Dinar-zade, who came directly. The sultan passed the night with Schehera-zade on an elevated couch, as was the custom among the eastern monarchs, and Dinar-zade slept at the foot of it on a mattress, prepared for the purpose.

Dinar-zade, having awoke about an hour before day, did what her sister had ordered her. "My dear sister," she said, "if you are not asleep, I entreat you, as it will soon be light, to relate to me one of those delightful tales you know. It will, alas, be the last time I shall receive that pleasure."

Instead of returning any answer to her sister, Schehera-zade addressed these words to the sultan:—"Will your majesty permit me to indulge my sister in her request?" "Freely," replied he. Schehera-zade then desired her sister to attend, and, addressing herself to the sultan, began as follows:—

The Story of the Merchant and the Genie.

There was formerly, sire, a merchant, who was possessed of great wealth, in land, merchandise, and ready money. Having one day an affair of great importance to settle at a considerable distance from home, he mounted his horse, and with only a sort of cloak-bag behind him, in which he had put a few biscuits and dates, he began his journey. He arrived without any accident at the place of his destination; and having finished his business, set out on his return.

On the fourth day of his journey, he felt himself so incommoded by the heat of the sun, that he turned out of his road, in order to rest under some trees, by which there was a fountain. He alighted, and tying his horse to a branch of the tree, sat down on its bank to eat some biscuits and dates from his little store. When he had satisfied his hunger, he amused himself with throwing about the stones of the fruit with considerable velocity. When he had finished his frugal repast, he washed his hands, his face, and his feet, and repeated a prayer, like a good Mussulman.[1]

He was still on his knees, when he saw a genie,[2] white with age, and of an enormous stature, advancing towards him, with a scimitar in his hand. As soon as he was close to him, he said in a most terrible tone: "Get up, that I may kill thee with this scimitar, as thou hast caused the death of my son." He accompanied these words with a dreadful yell. The merchant, alarmed by the horrible figure of this giant, as well as the words he heard, replied in trembling accents: "How can I have slain him? I do not know him, nor have I ever seen him?" "Didst thou not," replied the giant, "on thine arrival here, sit down, and take some dates from thy wallet; and after eating them, didst thou not throw the stones about on all sides?" "This is all true," replied the merchant; "I do not deny it." "Well, then," said the other, "I tell thee thou hast killed my son; for while thou wast throwing about the stones, my son passed by; one of them struck him in the eye, and caused his death,[3] and thus hast thou slain my son." "Ah, sire,

[1] *Mussulman* signifies resigned, or "conformed to the divine will." The Arabic word is *Moslemûna*, in the singular, *Moslem;* which the Mahommedans take as a title peculiar to themselves. The Europeans generally write and pronounce it *Mussulman.*—Sale's *Koran*, c. ii. p. 16. 4to, 1734.

[2] These tales are furnished throughout with a certain imaginary machinery. They have, as their foundation, the perpetual intervention of certain fantastic beings, in most cases superior to man, but yet subordinate to the authority of certain favoured individuals. These beings may, for our purpose, be generally divided into *genies*, whose interference is generally for evil; *peris*, whose presence indicates favourable issues to those whom they befriend; and *ghouls*, monsters, which have a less direct control over man's affairs, but represent any monster repugnant or loathsome to mankind.

[3] "Now this, at first sight, seems a singular, if not a ridiculous thing; but even this has its foundation in an Eastern custom. It is in this manner that prisoners are sometimes put to death: a man sits down at a little distance from the object he intends to destroy, and then attacks him by repeatedly shooting

forgive me," cried the merchant. "I have neither forgiveness nor mercy," added the giant; "and is it not just that he who has inflicted death should suffer it?" "I grant this; yet surely I have not done so: and even if I have, I have done so innocently, and therefore I entreat you to pardon me, and suffer me to live." "No, no," cried the genie, still persisting in his resolution, "I must destroy thee, as thou hast done my son." At these words, he took the merchant in his arms, and having thrown him with his face on the ground, he lifted up his sabre, in order to strike off his head.

Schehera-zade, at this instant, perceiving it was day, and knowing that the sultan rose early to his prayers,[1] and then to hold a council, broke off. "What a wonderful story," said Dinar-zade, "have you chosen!" "The conclusion," answered Schehera-zade, "is still more surprising, as you would confess, if the sultan would suffer me to live another day, and in the morning permit me to continue the relation." Schah-riar, who had listened with much pleasure to the narration, determined to wait till to-morrow, intending to order her execution after she had finished her story. He arose, and having prayed, went to the council.

The grand vizier, in the meantime, was in a state of cruel suspense. Unable to sleep, he passed the night in lamenting the approaching fate of his daughter, whose executioner he was compelled to be. Dreading, therefore, in this melancholy situation, to meet the sultan, how great was his surprise in seeing him enter the council-chamber without giving him the horrible order he expected!

The sultan spent the day, as usual, in regulating the affairs of his kingdom, and on the approach of night, retired with Schehera-zade to his apartment.[2]

at him with the stone of the date, thrown from his two forefingers, and in this way puts an end to his life."—*Preface to* Forster's *edition of Arabian Nights.*

[1] "The Mahommedans divide their religion into two parts,—*Imana*, faith; and *Din*, practice. The first is the confession, 'There is no God but the true God, and Mahommed is his prophet.' Under this are comprehended six distinct tenets,—1. Belief in God; 2. In His anger; 3. In His Scriptures; 4. In His prophets; 5. In the resurrection and day of judgment; 6. God's absolute decree and predetermination of all events, good or evil. The points of practice are,—1. Prayer and purification; 2. Alms; 3. Fasting; 4. Pilgrimage to Mecca."—Sale's *Preliminary Discourse*, p. 171.

[2] In the original work, Schehera-zade continually breaks off to ask the sultan

On the next morning, the sultan did not wait for Schehera-zade to ask permission to continue her story, but said, "Finish the tale of the genie and the merchant: I am curious to hear the end of it." Schehera-zade immediately went on as follows:—

When the merchant, sire, perceived that the genie was about to execute his purpose, he cried aloud, "One word more, I entreat you; have the goodness to grant me a little delay; give me only one year to go and take leave of my dear wife and children, and I promise to return to this spot, and submit myself entirely to your pleasure." "Take Allah to witness of the promise thou hast made me," said the other. "Again I swear," replied he, "and you may rely on my oath." On this the genie left him near the fountain, and immediately disappeared.

The merchant, on his reaching home, related faithfully all that had happened to him. On hearing the sad news, his wife uttered the most lamentable groans, tearing her hair, and beating her breast; and his children made the house resound with their grief; while the father, overcome by affection, mingled his tears with theirs. The year quickly passed away. The good merchant having settled his affairs, paid his just debts, given alms to the poor, and made provision to the best of his ability for his wife and family, tore himself away amidst the most frantic expressions of grief; and mindful of his oath, arrived at the destined spot on the very day he had promised. While he was waiting for the arrival of the genie, there suddenly appeared an old man leading a hind, who, after a respectful salutation, inquired what brought him to that desert place. The merchant satisfied the old man's curiosity, and related his adventure, on which he expressed a wish to witness his interview with the genie. He had scarcely finished his speech when another old man, accompanied with two black dogs, came in sight, and having heard the tale of the merchant, determined also to remain to see the event.

Soon they perceived, towards the plain, a thick vapour or smoke, like a column of dust raised by the wind. This vapour approached them, and then suddenly disappearing, they saw the genie, who,

to spare her life for another day, that she may finish the story on which she is engaged, and he as regularly grants her request. These interruptions are omitted as interfering with the continued interest of the numerous stories told by the patriotic Schehera-zade.

without noticing them, went towards the merchant, with his scimitar in his hand; and taking him by the arm, "Get up," said he, "that I may kill thee, as thou hast slain my son." Both the merchant and the two old men, struck with terror, began to weep and fill the air with their lamentations. When the old man who conducted the hind saw the genie lay hold of the merchant, and about to murder him without mercy, he threw himself at the monster's feet, and, kissing them, said, "Lord Genie, I humbly entreat you to suspend your rage, and hear my history, and that of the hind, which you see; and if you find it more wonderful and surprising than the adventure of this merchant, whose life you wish to take, may I not hope that you will at least grant me one half part of the blood of this unfortunate man?" After meditating some time, the genie answered, "Well then, I agree to it."

The History of the First Old Man and the Hind.

The hind, whom you, Lord Genie, see here, is my wife. I married her when she was twelve years old, and we lived together thirty years, without having any children. At the end of that time I adopted into my family a son, whom a slave had born. This act of mine excited against the mother and her child the hatred and jealousy of my wife. She availed herself, during my absence on a journey, of her knowledge of magic, to change the slave and my adopted son into a cow and a calf, and sent them to my farm to be fed and taken care of by the steward.

Immediately, on my return, I inquired after my child and his mother. "Your slave is dead," said she, "and it is now more than two months since I have beheld your son; nor do I know what is become of him." I was sensibly affected at the death of the slave; but as my son had only disappeared, I flattered myself that he would soon be found. Eight months, however, passed, and he did not return; nor could I learn any tidings of him. In order to celebrate the festival of the great Bairam,[1] which was

[1] Bairam, a Turkish word, and signifies a feast-day or holiday. It commences on the close of the Ramadan—or the month's fast of the Mahommedans. At this feast they kill a calf, goat, or sheep; and after giving a part to the poor, eat the rest with their friends. It commences with the new moon, and is supposed to be instituted in memory of the sacrifice of his son by Abraham. The observance of the lesser Bairam is confined to Mecca.

approaching, I ordered my bailiff to bring me the fattest cow I possessed, for a sacrifice. He obeyed my commands. Having bound the cow, I was about to make the sacrifice, when at the very instant she lowed most sorrowfully, and the tears even fell from her eyes. This seemed to me so extraordinary, that I could not but feel compassion for her, and was unable to give the fatal blow. I therefore ordered her to be taken away, and another brought.

My wife, who was present, seemed very angry at my compassion, and opposed my order.

I then said to my steward, "Make the sacrifice yourself; the lamentations and tears of the animal have overcome me."

The steward was less compassionate, and sacrificed her. On taking off the skin we found hardly anything but bones, though she appeared very fat. "Take her away," said I to the steward, truly chagrined, "and if you have another very fat calf, bring it in her place." He returned with a remarkably fine calf, who, as soon as he perceived me, made so great an effort to come to me, that he broke his cord. He lay down at my feet, with his head on the ground, as if he endeavoured to excite my compassion, and to entreat me not to have the cruelty to take away his life.

"Wife," answered I, "I will not sacrifice this calf, I wish to favour him; do not you, therefore, oppose it." She, however, did not agree to my proposal; and continued to demand his sacrifice so obstinately, that I was compelled to yield. I bound the calf, and took the fatal knife to bury it in his throat, when he turned his eyes, filled with tears, so persuasively upon me, that I had no power to execute my intention. The knife fell from my hand, and I told my wife I was determined to have another calf. She tried every means to induce me to alter my mind; I continued firm, however, in my resolution, in spite of all she could say; promising, for the sake of appeasing her, to sacrifice this calf at the feast of Bairam on the following year.

The next morning my steward desired to speak with me in private. He informed me that his daughter, who had some knowledge of magic, wished to speak with me. On being admitted to my presence, she informed me that, during my absence, my wife had turned the slave and my son into a cow and calf; that I had already sacrificed the cow, but that she could restore my son to

life, if I would give him to her for her husband, and allow her to visit my wife with the punishment her cruelty had deserved. To these proposals I gave my consent.

The damsel then took a vessel full of water, and pronouncing over it some words I did not understand, she threw the water over the calf, and he instantly regained his own form.

"My son! my son!" I exclaimed, and embraced him with transport; "this damsel has destroyed the horrible charm with which you were surrounded. I am sure your gratitude will induce you to marry her, as I have already promised for you." He joyfully consented; but before they were united the damsel changed my wife into this hind, which you see here.

Since this, my son has become a widower, and is now travelling. Many years have passed since I have heard anything of him; I have, therefore, now set out with a view to gain some information; and as I did not like to trust my wife to the care of any one during my search, I thought proper to carry her along with me. This is the history of myself and this hind; can anything be more wonful? "I agree with you," said the genie, "and in consequence, I grant to you a half of the blood of this merchant."

As soon as the first old man had finished, the second, who led the two black dogs, made the same request to the genie for a half of the merchant's blood, on the condition that his tale exceeded in interest the one that had been just related. On the genie signifying his assent, the old man began

The History of the Second Old Man and the Two Black Dogs.

Great Prince of the genies, you must know that these two black dogs, which you see here, and myself are three brothers. Our father, when he died, left us one thousand sequins each. With this sum we all embarked in business as merchants. My two brothers determined to travel, that they might trade in foreign parts. They were both unfortunate, and returned at the end of two years in a state of abject poverty, having lost their all. I had in the meanwhile prospered, and I gladly received them, and gave them one thousand sequins each, and again set them up as merchants. My brothers frequently proposed to me that I should make a voyage with them for the purpose of traffic. Knowing

their former want of success, I refused to join them, until at the end of five years I at length yielded to their repeated solicitations. On consulting on the merchandise to be bought for the voyage, I discovered that nothing remained of the thousand sequins I had given to each. I did not reproach them; on the contrary, as my capital was increased to six thousand sequins, I gave them each one thousand sequins, and kept a like sum myself, and concealed the other three thousand in a corner of my house, in order that if our voyage proved unsuccessful, we might be able to console ourselves and begin our former profession. We purchased our goods, embarked in a vessel, which we ourselves freighted, and set sail with a favourable wind. After sailing about a month, we arrived, without any accident, at a port, where we landed, and had a most advantageous sale for our merchandise. I, in particular, sold mine so well, that I gained ten for one.

About the time that we were ready to embark on our return, I accidentally met on the sea-shore a female, of great beauty, but very poorly dressed. She accosted me by kissing my hand, and entreated me most earnestly to permit her to be my wife. I started many difficulties to such a plan; but at length she said so much to persuade me that I ought not to regard her poverty, and that I should be well satisfied with her conduct, I was quite overcome. I directly procured proper dresses for her, and after marrying her in due form, she embarked with me, and we set sail.

During our voyage, I found my wife possessed of so many good qualities, that I loved her every day more and more. In the meantime my two brothers, who had not traded so advantageously as myself, and who were jealous of my prosperity, began to feel exceedingly envious. They even went so far as to conspire against my life; for one night, while my wife and I were asleep, they threw us into the sea. I had hardly, however, fallen into the water, before my wife took me up and transported me into an island. As soon as it was day she thus addressed me: "You must know that I am a fairy, and being upon the shore when you were about to sail, I wished to try the goodness of your heart, and for this purpose I presented myself before you in the disguise you saw. You acted most generously, and I am therefore delighted in finding an occasion of showing my gratitude, and I trust, my husband, that in saving your life, I have not ill rewarded

the good you have done me, but I am enraged against your brothers, nor shall I be satisfied till I have taken their lives."

I listened with astonishment to the discourse of the fairy, and thanked her, as well as I was able, for the great obligation she had conferred on me. "But, madam," said I to her, "I must entreat you to pardon my brothers." I related to her what I had done for each of them, but my account only increased her anger. "I must instantly fly after these ungrateful wretches," cried she, "and bring them to a just punishment; I will sink their vessel, and precipitate them to the bottom of the sea." "No, beautiful lady," replied I; "for heaven's sake, moderate your indignation, and do not execute so dreadful an intention; remember they are still my brothers, and that we are bound to return good for evil."

No sooner had I pronounced these words, than I was transported in an instant from the island, where we were, to the top of my own house. I descended, opened the doors, and dug up the three thousand sequins which I had hidden. I afterwards repaired to my shop, opened it, and received the congratulations of the merchants in the neighbourhood on my arrival. When I returned home, I perceived these two black dogs, which came towards me with a submissive air. I could not imagine what this meant, but the fairy, who soon appeared, satisfied my curiosity. "My dear husband," said she, "be not surprised at seeing these two dogs in your house; they are your brothers." My blood ran cold on hearing this, and I inquired by what power they had been transformed into that state. "It is I," replied the fairy, "who have done it, and I have sunk their ship; for the loss of the merchandise it contained, I shall recompense you. As to your brothers, I have condemned them to remain under this form for ten years, as a punishment for their perfidy." Then informing me where I might hear of her, she disappeared.

The ten years are now completed, and I am travelling in search of her. "This, O lord genie, is my history; does it not appear to you of a most extraordinary nature?" "Yes," replied the genie, "I confess it is most wonderful, and therefore I grant you the other half of this merchant's blood," and having said this, the genie disappeared, to the great joy of the merchant and of the two old men.

The merchant did not omit to bestow many thanks upon his liberators, who, bidding him adieu, proceeded on their travels. He remounted his horse, and returned home to his wife and children, and spent the remainder of his days with them in tranquillity.

The History of the Fisherman.

There was formerly an aged fisherman, so poor that he could barely obtain food for himself, his wife, and his three children. He went out early every morning to his employment; and he had imposed a rule upon himself never to cast his nets above four times a day.

On one occasion he set out before the morn had disappeared. When he reached the sea-shore, he undressed himself, and cast his nets. In drawing them to land three times in succession, he felt sure from their resistance and weight that he had secured an excellent draught of fish. Instead of which, he only found on the first haul the carcase of an ass; on the second, a large pannier filled with sand and mud; and on the third, a large quantity of heavy stones, shells, and filth. It is impossible to describe his disappointment and despair. The day now began to break,[1] and having, like a good Mussulman, finished his prayer, he threw his nets for the fourth time. Again he supposed he had caught a great quantity of fish, as he drew them with as much difficulty as before. He nevertheless found none; but discovered a heavy vase of yellow copper, shut up and fastened with lead, on which there was the impression of a seal. "I will sell this to a founder," said he, with joy, "and with the money I shall get for it I will purchase a measure of corn."

He examined the vase on all sides; he shook it, but could hear nothing; and this, together with the impression of the seal on the lead, made him think it was filled with something valuable. In order to find this out, he took his knife, and got it open. He directly turned the top downwards, and was much surprised to find nothing come out; he then set it down before him, and while

[1] The Koran commands prayers to be repeated five times a day; namely, in the morning before sunrise; when noon is past, and the sun begins to decline from the meridian; in the afternoon, before sunset; in the evening, after sunset and before the day be quite closed; and after dark, before the first watch of the night.—D'Herbelot, *Bibliothèque Orientale.*

he was attentively observing it, there issued from it so thick a smoke that he was obliged to step back a few paces. This smoke, by degrees, rose almost to the clouds, and spread itself over both the water and the shore, appearing like a thick fog. The fisherman, as may easily be imagined, was a good deal surprised at this sight. When the smoke had all come out from the vase, it again collected itself, and became a solid body, and then took the shape of a genie of a gigantic size. The genie looking at the fisherman, exclaimed, "Humble thyself before me, or I will kill thee." "And for what reason, pray, will you kill me?" answered the fisherman; "have you already forgotten that I have set you at liberty?" "I remember it very well," returned he; "but that shall not prevent my destroying thee, and I will only grant thee one favour." "And pray what is that?" said the fisherman. "It is," replied the genie, "to permit thee to choose the manner of thy death. I can treat thee no otherwise," said the genie; "and to convince thee of it, hear my history—

"I am one of those spirits who rebelled against the sovereignty of God.[1] Solomon, the son of David, the prophet of God, commanded me to acknowledge his authority, and submit to his laws. I haughtily refused. In order, therefore, to punish me, he enclosed me in this copper vase; and, to prevent me forcing my way out, he put upon the leaden cover the impression of his seal, on which the great name of God is engraven. This done, he gave the vase to one of those genies who obeyed him, and ordered him to cast me into the sea.

"During the first century of my captivity, I swore that if any one delivered me before the first hundred years were passed, I would make him rich. During the second century, I swore that if any released me, I would discover to him all the treasures of the earth. During the third, I promised to make my deliverer a most powerful monarch, and to grant him every day any three requests he chose. These centuries passed away without any deliverance. Enraged, at last, to be so long a prisoner, I swore that I would,

[1] The Mahommedans have a tradition that the genies tempted Solomon to transgress without success, and they made use of a trick to injure his character by hiding books of magic under his throne, and causing them to be found there. But he continued faithful, and God cleared his character, declaring, by the mouth of their prophet, that Solomon was no idolator.—Sale's *Koran*, p. 13.

without mercy, kill whoever should in future release me, and that the only favour I would grant him should be, to chose what manner of death he pleased. Since, therefore, thou hast come here to-day, and hast delivered me, fix upon whatever kind of death thou wilt."

The fisherman was in great distress at finding him thus resolved on his death, not so much on his own account as for his three children, whose means of subsistence would be greatly reduced by his death. "Alas!" he cried, "have pity on me, remember what I have done for thee."

"Let us lose no time," cried the genie; "your arguments avail not. Make haste, tell me how you wish to die."

Necessity is the mother of invention; and the fisherman thought of a stratagem. "Since, then," said he, "I cannot escape death, I submit to the will of God; but before I choose the sort of death, I conjure you, by the great name of God, which is graven upon the seal of the prophet Solomon,[1] the son of David, answer me truly to a question I am going to put to you." The genie trembled at this adjuration, and said to the fisherman, "Ask what thou wilt, and make haste."

"Dare you, then, to swear by the great name of God that you really were in that vase? This vase cannot contain one of your feet; how, then, can it hold your whole body?" "I swear to thee, notwithstanding," replied he, "that I was there just as thou seest me. Wilt thou not believe me after the solemn oath I have taken?" "No, truly," added the fisherman, "I shall not believe you unless I were to see it."

Immediately, the form of the genie began to change into smoke, and extended itself, as before, over both the shore and the sea; and then, collecting itself, began to enter the vase, and continued to do so, in a slow and equal manner, till nothing remained without. The fisherman immediately took the leaden cover, and put it on the vase. "Genie," he cried, "it is now your turn to ask pardon. I shall throw you again into the sea, and I will build, opposite the very spot where you are cast, a house upon the shore, in

[1] The most famous talisman of the East was the "*Mohur Solimani*," the seal or ring of Soloman Jared, fifth monarch of the world after Adam. The possessor had the entire command, not only of the elements, but also of demons and every created being.—Beckford's *Vathek*, *notes to p.* 232.

which I will live, to warn all fishermen that shall come and throw their nets, not to fish up so evil a genie as thou art, who makest an oath to kill the man who shall set thee at liberty."

The genie tried every argument to move the fisherman's pity, but in vain. "You are too treacherous for me to trust you," returned the fisherman; "I should deserve to lose my life if I put myself in your power a second time. You would most likely treat me as a Greek king treated Douban the physician. Listen, and I will tell you the story."

The History of the Greek King and Douban the Physician.

There once lived a king, who was sorely afflicted with a leprosy, and his physicians had unsuccessfully tried every remedy they were acquainted with, when a very ingenious physician, called Douban, arrived at the court: he was well acquainted with the good and bad properties of all kinds of plants and drugs.

As soon as he was informed of the king's illness, he dressed himself in his robe of ceremony, and obtained permission to be presented to the king. "Sire," said he, "I know that all your physicians have been unable to remove your leprosy; but if you will I will cure you without either internal doses or outward applications."

Douban returned to his house, and made a sort of racket or bat,[1] with a hollow in the handle, to admit the drug he meant to use; that being done, the following day he presented himself before the king, and, prostrating himself at his feet, kissed the ground.

Douban then arose and told the king that he must ride on horseback to the place where he was accustomed to play at rackets. The king did as he was desired; and when he had reached the racket-ground took the bat, and spurred his horse after the ball till he struck it; it was sent back again to him by the officers, who were playing with him, and he struck it again; and thus the game continued for a considerable time, till he found

[1] They have also the equestrian game of *Chougham*, which Dr Scott apprehends is what was in England called Mall, and that the street called now Pall Mall was the place of performing it. The antagonists, so many on each side, carry long wands, the ends of which are similar to maces used at billiards, with which they strike balls to a goal; in this exercise, dexterity of horsemanship, strength, and agility are fully displayed.—Scott's *Introduction to Arabian Nights*, p. 19.

his hand as well as his whole body in a perspiration, which made the remedy in the bat operate as the physician had said; the king then left the game, returned to the palace, bathed,[1] and observed very punctually all the directions that had been given him.

He soon found the good effects of the prescription; for on the next morning, he perceived with equal surprise and joy that his leprosy[2] was cured, and that his body was as clear as if he had never been attacked by that malady. As soon as he was dressed he went into the audience-room, where he mounted his throne and received the congratulations of all his courtiers.

[1] The reader will find this bath referred to more frequently than any other custom in these tales. It was partly enjoined by the Koran, and partly by the personal sense of enjoyment it imparted to the person. Dr Russell gives this account of the Turkish bath. "Hummaum, or hummum, implies the bagnio altogether. Baranee is the outer room of the bath, having round it a stone platform close to the walls for undressing or repose, and is raised four feet from the floor, in the centre of which is a marble basin, and fountain for rinsing the bathing linen. The heat in this room is sixty-four degrees. Wustaunee is the middle chamber of the bagnio, having a mustabee or platform to sit or recline upon, also several round or oblong basins of stone about a foot and a half in diameter, into each of which pipes open by cocks, one conveying hot, the other cold water. These are called jemun. Here are also bowls for pouring the water upon the bathers. Heat, ninety degrees. Jowanee is the sudatory or inner chamber, covered by a cupola, which lights it, and the heat is a hundred degrees. As the person perspires freely, warm water is poured over him, and he is rubbed by the attendant, who has upon his hand a camblet muffle, across which are run threads or bobbins to make it somewhat rough, and more effectually to cleanse the skin, on which also are frequently rubbed perfumed soaps and essences. In the bagnio they wear a wrapper of silk or cotton called foteh, and use the dowa-hummaum, a composition of quick lime and orpiment for clearing the hairs from the body. The refreshment from fatigue of exercise, labour, or lassitude, which the above mode of bathing gives beyond our custom of soaking up to the chin in warm water cannot be fully conceived, nor can I compare the exhilarating sensations it affords with any other than those which are felt by a person on first enjoying the fresh air of a fine spring day after having been long confined to his chamber by severe illness."—*Dr Pocock.*

[2] The leprosy was a fearful disease. It was, indeed, nothing short of a living death, a poisoning of the springs, a corrupting of all the humours of life, a dissolution little by little of the whole body, so that one limb after another actually decayed and fell away. All those who have examined into the matter the closest, are nearly of one consent that the sickness was incommunicable by ordinary contact from one person to another. Among the Jews it was chosen out as a disease typical of sin, and dealt with by especial ordinances appointed for the purpose.—Trench's *Notes on the Miracles.*

Douban entered, and prostrated himself at the foot of the throne. The king made him sit by his side, and afterwards placed him at his own table to dine only with him; and yet further, towards evening, when the courtiers were about to depart, he put on him a rich robe, and gave him two thousand sequins. The following days he did nothing but caress him, and confer on him fresh proofs of his gratitude.

The king had a grand vizier, who was avaricious, envious, and capable of every species of crime. He observed with pain the presents which had been bestowed upon the physician, whose ruin he was determined to accomplish. He went to the king and said, "Sire, in bestowing all this kindness upon Douban, how do you know but that he may be a traitor, who has introduced himself to the court in order to assassinate you."

"No, no, vizier," interrupted the king; "I am sure this man, whom you consider as a traitor, is one of the best of men; there is no one whom I regard so much. You know how he cured me of my leprosy; and if he had sought my life, why did he thus save it. His virtue excites your envy, but I shall not suffer myself to be prejudiced against him unjustly. I will tell you what a vizier said to King Sinbad, his master, to prevent his giving orders for the death of his son."

The History of the Husband and the Parrot.

There lived once a good man, who had a beautiful wife, whom he loved so much that he could scarcely bear to have her out of his sight. One day, when obliged to leave her, he purchased a parrot, which possessed the rare gift of telling everything that was done it its presence. The husband took it home in a cage, and begged his wife to keep it in her chamber, and take great care of it during his absence; after this he set out on his journey.

On his return, he did not fail to interrogate the parrot on what had passed while he was away; and the bird very expertly related a few circumstances which occasioned the husband to reprimand his wife. She supposed that some of her slaves had exposed her, but they all assured her they were faithful, and agreed in charging the parrot with the crime. Desirous of being convinced of the truth of this matter, the wife devised a method of quieting the

suspicions of her husband, and at the same time of revenging herself on the parrot, if he were the culprit. The next time the husband was absent, she ordered one of her slaves, during the night, to turn a handmill under the bird's cage, and another to throw water over it like rain, and a third to wave a looking-glass before the parrot by the light of a candle. The slaves were employed the greatest part of the night in doing as their mistress had ordered them.

The following day, when the husband returned, he again applied to the parrot to say what had taken place. The bird replied, "My dear master, the lightning, the thunder, and the rain have so disturbed me the whole night, that I cannot tell you how much I have suffered." The husband, who knew there had been no storm that night, became convinced that the parrot did not always relate facts; and that having told an untruth in this particular, he had also deceived him with respect to his wife: being, therefore, extremely enraged with it, he took the bird out of the cage, and, dashing it on the floor, killed it. He, however, afterwards learnt from his neighbours that the poor parrot had told no falsehood in reference to his wife's conduct, which made him repent of having destroyed it. "You, vizier, through envy of Douban, who has done you no evil, wish me to order his death, but I will take good care lest, like the hushand who killed his parrot, I should afterwards repent."

"Sire," replied the vizier, "the loss of the parrot was of little importance, nor do I think his master could long have regretted it. But on what account should the dread of oppressing the innocent prevent you from destroying this physician? It is not envy that makes me hostile to him, it is my zeal which induces me to give my advice on so important an occasion. If my information is false, I deserve the same punishment that a certain vizier underwent formerly, of whom I will tell, if you will have the goodness to hear me."

The History of the Vizier who was Punished.

There was a king, whose son was passionately fond of hunting.[1]

[1] It is reported that the hunting equipage of the Sultan Mahmood was so magnificent that he kept 400 greyhounds and bloodhounds, each of which wore

His father indulged him in this diversion, but gave orders to his grand vizier always to accompany him.

One hunting day the huntsmen roused a stag, and the prince, thinking that the vizier was following him, pursued the game so eagerly, and galloped so far, that he at last found himself quite alone. He immediately stopped, and riding about on all sides, without getting into the right track, he met a beautiful lady, who was weeping most bitterly, because, as she told him, she had fallen from her horse, who had run away. The young prince was sorry for her misfortune, and requested her to get up behind him, which she willingly did.

As they passed by an old ruined building, the lady made some excuse to alight; the prince therefore assisted her to get down. He also alighted, and walked towards the building, holding his horse by the bridle. Imagine then what was his astonishment, when he heard these words from within the walls: "*Be glad, my children, I have brought you a young man for your repast.*" And other voices which answered, "*Where is he, for we are very hungry.*"

The young prince trembled with fear, and instantly mounted horse and rode off as fast as possible. He fortunately discovered the right road and arrived safely at home; and related to his father the great danger he had encountered through the neglect of the grand vizier, upon which the king, being incensed against that minister, ordered him to be immediately strangled.

Having finished this story, the vizier again directed the attention of his master to the physician Douban. "He has cured you," he said, "but alas! who can assure you of that? who can tell whether his remedy in the end will not produce the most pernicious effects?"

The king was not able to discover the wicked design of his vizier, nor had he firmness enough to persist in his first opinion.

a collar set with jewels, and a covering edged with gold and pearls.—*Universal History*, vol. iii.

Frederick II., Emperor of Germany, on his return from the Crusades, is related to have brought with him a predilection for Eastern customs, and a large menagerie of wild beasts. "Frederick," says his last biographer, "wishes to show his friends some sport in the Apulian plains. He has hawks of all breeds, each of which has its name. But what most surprises strangers is his way of bringing down deer. The cheetahs, or hunting-leopards of the East, are mounted on horseback, behind their keeper."—Kington's *Frederick II.*, vol. i. p. 472.

This conversation staggered him. "Vizier," said he, "thou art in the right. He may be come on purpose to take my life, which he can easily do by his drugs. Indeed, I ought to prevent his designs." Having said this, he called one of his attendants, and ordered him to go for the physician, who, knowing nothing of the king's change of mind towards him, came to the palace in haste.

"Knowest thou," said the king when he saw him, "why I sent for thee?" "No, sire," answered Douban, "and I wait till you are pleased to inform me." "I sent for thee," replied the king, "to free myself from thy snares, and to take thy life."

It is impossible to express the surprise of the physician when he heard the words of the king. "Sire," said he, "why would your majesty take my life? what crime have I committed?" "I am informed," replied the king, "that you came to my court only to attempt my life; but to prevent that, I will first deprive you of yours. Strike," added he to an officer who was by, "and deliver me from a treacherous stranger, who has introduced himself here only to assassinate me."

When the physician heard this cruel order, he readily judged that the honours and presents he had received had procured him enemies, and that the weak prince was imposed upon. "Is it thus," he cried, "that you reward me for curing you? Ah sire, prolong my life, lest, if you kill me, you also should be treated after the same manner." "No, no," said the king, "I must of necessity cut you off, otherwise you may slay with as much art as you cured me."

The physician being on his knees, his eyes bandaged, and ready to receive the fatal blow, once more addressed the king: "Since your majesty, sire, will not revoke the order for my death, I entreat you at least to give me leave to return home to arrange my funeral, to take a last farewell of my family, bestow some charity, and leave my books to those who will know how to make a good use of them. One of them I would particularly present to your majesty. It is a very precious book, and worthy being kept in your treasury with the greatest care." "What book can there be," replied the king, "so valuable as you mention?" "Sire," answered the physician, "it contains many singular and curious properties, and one of them is, that if you will take the trouble to open the book at the sixth leaf, and read the third line on the left-hand

page, my head, after being cut off, will answer every question you wish to ask." The king was so desirous of seeing such a wonderful thing, that he put off his death till the next day, and sent him home under a strong guard.

The physician then arranged all his affairs, and as the report got abroad that an unheard-of prodigy was to happen after his execution, the viziers, emirs, officers of the guard, in short all the court, flocked the next day to the hall of audience.

The physician Douban was brought in, and advancing to the foot of the throne, with a book in his hand, he called for a bason, and laid upon it the cover of the volume, and then presenting the book to the king: "Take this," said he, "and after my head is cut off, order that it be put upon that cover. As soon as it is there, the blood will cease to flow; then open the book, and my head will answer your questions. But, sire," added Douban, "permit me once more to implore your mercy. Consider, I beg of you, that I am innocent." "Thy prayers," answered the king, "are useless, and were it only to hear thy head speak after thy death, it would be my will that thou shouldst die." In saying this, he took the book from the hands of the physician, and ordered the officer to do his duty.

The head was cut off at one stroke, and it had hardly been placed on the cover an instant before the blood stopped. Then, to the astonishment of the king and all the spectators, it opened its eyes, and said, "Sire, will you now open the book." The king did so, and finding that the first leaf stuck to the second, he put his finger to his mouth, and wetted it, in order to turn it over more easily. He went on doing so till he came to the sixth leaf; and observing nothing written upon the appointed page, "Physician," said he to the head, "there is no writing." "Turn over, then, a few more leaves," replied the head. The king continued turning them over, still putting his finger frequently to his mouth. The prince then felt himself suddenly agitated in a most extraordinary manner; his sight failed him, and he fell at the foot of the throne in the greatest convulsions.

When the physician Douban, or rather his head, saw the king fall back, "Tyrant," he said, "the book is poisoned. Thy death is certain. Now, you see how princes are treated who abuse their power and slay the innocent. Their injustice and their cruelty

are punished sooner or later." Scarcely had the head spoken these words, when the king fell down dead; and the head itself lost what life it had.

As soon as the fisherman had finished the history of the Greek king and the physician Douban, he applied it to the genie. "If," said he, "the king had permitted Douban to live, he would have prolonged his own life. Such is the case with thyself, O genie! Could I have prevailed on thee to grant me my life, I should now take pity on thee; but now I am obliged in my turn to be hardhearted to thee."

"One word more, fisherman," cried the genie; "I will teach you how to become as rich as possible."

The hope of being no longer in want at once disarmed the fisherman. "I could listen to thee," he said, "were there any credit to be given to thy word. Swear to me by the great name of God that you will faithfully perform what you promise, and I will open the vase. I do not believe that you will dare break such an oath." The genie did so; and the fisherman immediately took off the covering. The smoke instantly ascended, and the genie resuming his usual form, kicked the vase into the sea. "Be of good heart, fisherman," cried he, "I have thrown the vase into the sea only to see whether you would be alarmed; but to show you that I intend to keep my word, take your nets and follow me." They passed by the city, and went over the top of a mountain, from whence they descended into a vast plain, which led them to a lake, situated between four small hills.

When they were arrived on the borders of the lake, the genie said to the fisherman, "Throw your nets, and catch fish." The fisherman saw a great quantity in the lake; and was greatly surprised at finding them of four different colours—white, red, blue, and yellow. He threw his nets and caught four, one of each colour. As he had never seen any similar to them, he could hardly cease admiring them; and judging that he could dispose of them for a considerable sum, he expressed great joy. "Carry these fish to the palace," said the genie, "and present them to the sultan, and he will give you more money than you ever handled in all your life. You may come every day and fish in this lake, but beware of casting your nets more than once each day; if you act otherwise you will repent: therefore, take care. This is my

advice, and if you follow it exactly you will do well." Having said this, he struck his foot upon the ground, which opened, and having swallowed him up, closed again.

The further Adventures of the Fisherman.

The fisherman resolved to observe the advice of the genie in every point, and never to throw his nets a second time. He went back to the town, and presented his fish at the sultan's palace.

The sultan was much surprised when he saw the four fish brought him by the fisherman. He took them one by one, and observed them most attentively; and after admiring them a long time, he said to his first vizier, "Take these fish, and carry them to the cook; I think they must be equally good as they are beautiful; and give the fisherman four hundred pieces of gold. The fisherman, who was never before in possession of so large a sum of money at once, could not conceal his joy, and thought it all a dream, until he applied the gold in relieving the wants of his family.

As soon as the cook had cleaned the fish which the vizier had brought, she put them upon the fire in a frying-pan, with some oil; and when she thought them sufficiently done on one side, she turned them. She had hardly done so when, wonderful to relate, the wall of the kitchen opened, and a young lady of wonderful beauty appeared. She was dressed in a satin robe, embroidered with flowers, and adorned with ear-rings and a necklace of large pearls, and gold bracelets set with rubies; and held a rod in her hand. She moved towards the frying-pan, to the great amazement of the cook, who remained motionless at the sight, and striking one of the fish with her rod, she said, "Fish, fish, art thou doing thy duty?" The fish answering not a word, she again repeated it, when the four fish all raised themselves up, and said very distinctly, "Yes, yes, if you reckon, we reckon; if you pay your debts, we pay ours; if you fly, we conquer, and are content." As soon as they had spoken these words, the damsel overturned the frying-pan, and went back through the open wall, which immediately closed up, and was in the same state as before.

The cook, having recovered from her fright, went to take up the fish, which had fallen upon the hot ashes; but found them

blacker than coal, and not fit to send to the sultan. At this she began to cry with all her might. "Alas," said she, "what will become of me? I am sure, when I tell the sultan what I have seen, he will not believe me, but will be enraged with me!"

While she was in this distress, the grand vizier entered, and asked if the fish were ready. The cook then related all that had taken place, at which he was much astonished; but without speaking a word of it to the sultan, he invented an excuse which satisfied him. He then sent directly to the fisherman for four more fish, who promised to bring them the next morning.

The fisherman set out before it was day, and went to the lake. He threw his nets, and drawing them out, found four more fish, like those he had taken the day before, each of a different colour. He returned directly, and brought them to the grand vizier by the time he had promised. The minister took them, and carried them to the kitchen, where he shut himself up with only the cook, who prepared to dress them before him. She put them on the fire as she had done the others the day before, when the grand vizier witnessed an exact repetition of all that had been told him by the cook.

"This is very surprising," he cried, "and too extraordinary to be kept secret from the sultan's ears. I will myself go and inform him of this prodigy."

The sultan being much astonished, sent for the fisherman, and said to him, "Canst thou not bring me four more such fish?" "If your majesty," answered the fisherman, "will grant me till to-morrow, I will do so." He obtained the time he wished, and went again, for the third time, to the lake, and caught four fish of different colours at the first throw of his nets, and took them directly to the sultan, who expressed the greatest pleasure at seeing them, and ordered four hundred more pieces of money to be given to the fisherman.

As soon as the sultan had got the fish, he had them taken into his own cabinet, with all that was necessary for frying them. Here he shut himself up with the grand vizier, who began to cook them, and put them on the fire in the pan. As soon as they were done on one side, he turned them on the other. The wall of the cabinet immediately opened; but, instead of the beautiful lady, there appeared a black, dressed in the habit of a slave,

of a very large and gigantic stature, and holding a large green staff in his hand. He advanced to the frying-pan, and touching one of the fish with his rod, he cried out in a terrible voice, "Fish, fish, art thou doing thy duty?" At these words, the fish lifted up their heads, and answered, "Yes, yes, we are; if you reckon, we reckon; if you pay your debts, we pay ours; if you fly, we conquer, and are content." The fish had scarcely said this, when the black overturned the vessel into the middle of the cabinet, and reduced the fish to a coal; and having done this, he retired fiercely, and entering again into the aperture, it closed, and the wall appeared just as it did before.

The sultan being convinced that these fish signified something very extraordinary, and having learnt from the fisherman that he caught them in the lake situated in the midst of the four small hills, not more than three hours' journey from the palace, commanded all his court to take horse and to set out for the place, with the fisherman as a guide.

The sultan halted on the side of the lake; and, after observing the fish with great admiration, demanded of his courtiers if it were possible that they had never seen this lake, which was within so short a distance of the city. They all said they had never so much as heard of it. "Since you all agree, then," said he, "that you have never heard of it, and since I am not less astonished than you are at this novelty, I am resolved not to return to my palace till I have found how this lake came here, and why all the fish in it are of four colours. Having thus spoken, he ordered his court to encamp; his own pavilion and the tents of his household were pitched on the borders of the lake.

When night came, the sultan retired to his pavilion, and talked with his grand vizier. "My mind," said he, "is much disturbed; this lake, suddenly placed here; this black, who appeared to us in my cabinet; these fish, too, whom we heard speak—all this so much excites my curiosity, that I cannot conquer my impatience to be satisfied. I shall go quite alone from my camp, and order you to keep my departure a profound secret. Remain in my pavilion, and when my emirs and courtiers present themselves at the entrance to-morrow morning, send them away, and say I have a slight indisposition, and wish to be alone; and day by day make the same report till I return."

The grand vizier endeavoured, by many arguments, to divert the sultan from his design. All his eloquence, however, was in vain; the sultan was resolved. He put on a suit fit for walking, and took his scimitar; and as soon as he found that everything in the camp was quiet, went out alone.

He bent his course towards one of the small hills, which he ascended without much difficulty. He then came down into a plain, in which, when the sun rose, he perceived a magnificent palace, built with polished black marble, and covered with fine steel, as bright as crystal. Delighted with having so soon met with something worthy his curiosity, he stopped before the front, and then advanced towards the folding-doors, one of which was open. He waited some time, but finding no one, he was exceedingly surprised. "If there be no one in it," said he to himself, "I have nothing to fear; and if it be inhabited, I have wherewith to defend myself."

At last he entered, and when he was in the porch, he called out as loud as he could; still there was no answer. This silence increased his astonishment. He passed on to a spacious court, and could not discover a living creature. He then entered and passed through some large halls, the carpets of which were of silk, the alcoves and sofas of stuffs of Mecca, and the door-curtains of the richest shawls of India, embroidered with gold and silver. He went on, and came to a superb saloon, in the middle of which was a large fountain, with a lion of massive gold at each corner. Water issued from the mouths of the four lions, and as it fell, appeared to break into a thousand diamonds and pearls.

The castle was surrounded by a garden full of all kinds of flowers and shrubberies, and furnished with a multitude of birds, which filled the air with the sweetest notes—nets being thrown entirely over the trees to prevent their escape.

The sultan walked a long time from room to room, where everything was grand and magnificent. Being tired with walking, he sat down in a verandah, which looked into the garden, when suddenly a plaintive voice, accompanied by the most heart-rending cries, struck his ear. He listened attentively, and heard these melancholy words:—"O Fortune, thou hast not suffered me long to enjoy a happy lot! Cease to persecute me, and by a speedy death put an end to my sufferings."

The sultan immediately rose up, and went towards the spot whence the voice issued, and drawing the door-curtain aside, saw a young man very richly dressed seated upon a sort of throne, raised a little from the ground. Deep sorrow was impressed on his countenance. The sultan approached, and saluted him. The young man bent his head very low, but did not rise. "My lord, I should rise to receive you, but am hindered by sad necessity; you will not therefore, I trust, take it ill." "I feel myself highly honoured, sir," replied the sultan, "by the good opinion you express of me. Whatever may be your motive for not rising, I willingly receive your apologies. I come to offer you my help. But inform me the meaning of the lake near this castle, where the fish are of four different colours; how, also, this castle came here, and why you are thus alone."

Instead of answering these questions, the young man began to weep bitterly. And lifting up his robe, the sultan perceived he was a man only to his waist, and that from thence to his feet he was changed into black marble.

"What you show me," said he to him, "fills me with horror. I am impatient to learn your history, with which I am persuaded that the lake and the fish have some connexion. Pray, therefore, relate it; for the unhappy often experience relief in communicating their sorrows." "I will not refuse your request," replied the young man, and narrated the following story:—

The History of the Young King of the Black Isles.

This is the kingdom of the Black Isles, of which my father, named Mahmoud, was king. It takes its name from the four small mountains which you have seen. Those mountains were formerly isles. The capital where the king my father resided was situated on the spot now occupied by the lake you have seen. On the death of my father, I succeeded him on the throne, and married a lady, my cousin. We lived happily together for five years, when I began to perceive that the queen no longer loved me.

One day, after dinner, while she was at the bath, I lay down to sleep upon a sofa. Two of her ladies, who were then in my chamber, came and sat down, one at my head, and the other at

my feet, with fans[1] in their hands to moderate the heat, and to prevent the flies from disturbing me. They thought I was asleep, and spoke in whispers; but as I only closed my eyes, I heard all their conversation.

One of them said to the other, "Is not the queen wrong, not to love so amiable a prince?" "Certainly," replied the other; "and I cannot conceive why she goes out every night and leaves him; does he not perceive it?" "How should he?" resumed the first; "she mixes in his drink, every night, the juice of a certain herb, which makes him sleep all night so soundly, that she has time to go wherever she likes; and when at break of day she returns to him, she awakes him by the smell of some scent she puts under his nostrils." I pretended to awake without having heard the conversation.

The queen returned from the bath; we supped together, and before we went to bed she presented me the cup of water, which it was usual for me to take; but instead of drinking it, I approached a window that was open, and threw it out without her perceiving me. I then returned the cup into her own hands, that she might believe I had drank the contents. We soon retired to rest, and shortly after, supposing that I was asleep, she got up and said aloud, "Sleep, and mayest thou never wake more." She dressed herself quickly, and left the chamber.

As soon as the queen was gone, I dressed in haste, took my scimitar, and followed her so quickly, that I soon heard the sound of her feet before me, and then walked softly after her, for fear of being heard. She passed through several gates, of which the locks fell off upon her pronouncing some magical words, and the last she opened was that of the garden, which she entered. I stopped at this gate; then looking after her as far as the darkness of the night permitted, I saw her enter a little wood, whose walks were guarded by a thick hedge. I went thither by another way, and concealing myself behind the hedge of one of the paths, I perceived that she was walking with a man, with whom she offered to fly to another land. Enraged at this, I drew my scimitar, and struck him in the neck and he fell. I retired in haste and secrecy to the palace. Although I had inflicted a mortal wound, yet the queen by her enchantments contrived to preserve him

[1] These fans consisted of the tail-feathers of peacocks or ostriches, such, probably, as are still in use in the East.

that trance-like existence which can neither be called death nor life. On her return to her chamber, when the day dawned, she was absorbed in grief, and requested my permission to build a tomb for herself, within the bounds of the palace, where she would continue, she told me, to the end of her days. I consented, and she built a stately edifice, crowned by a cupola,[1] which may be seen from hence, and called it the Palace of Tears. When it was finished, she caused her lover to be conveyed thither, from the place to which he had been carried the night I wounded him: she had hitherto prevented his dying, by potions which she had administered to him; and she continued to convey them to him herself every day after he came to the Palace of Tears. After some time, I went myself to the tomb which the queen had built, and hearing her address the inanimate body in words of passionate affection, I lost all patience, and drew my scimitar and raised my arm to punish her. "Moderate thy rage," said she to me, with a disdainful smile, and at the same instant pronounced some magic words; and added, "By my enchantments, I command thee to become half marble and half man." Immediately, my lord, I became what you see me: a dead man among the living, and a living man among the dead.

As soon as this cruel sorceress, for she is unworthy of the title of queen, had thus transformed me, and by her magic had conveyed me to this apartment, she destroyed my capital; she annihilated the palaces, public places, and markets; and reduced the site of the whole to the lake and desert plain you have seen. The fishes of four colours[2] in the lake are the four kinds of inhabitants of different religions, which the city contained. The white are the Mussulmans; the red, the Persians, who worship fire; the blue, the Christians; and the yellow, the Jews. The four islands that gave a name to this kingdom became four hills. The enchantress, to add to my affliction, related to me these effects of her rage. But this is not all; her revenge not being satisfied with the destruction of my dominions, and the injury to my person, she comes

[1] Usual in Turkish cemeteries.

[2] The colour of the turban was by law made the distinguishing mark of these different religionists. Blue was worn by the Christians; yellow by the Jews; white by the Mussulmans; and red by the Magicians.—Lane's *Edition of Arabian Nights.*

every day, and gives me on my naked back a hundred lashes with a whip until I am covered with blood. When she has finished this part of my punishment, she throws over me a coarse stuff of goat's hair, and over that this robe of brocade, not to honour, but to mock me.

When he came to this part of his narrative, the young king could not restrain his tears, and the sultan was himself greatly affected. "No one, prince," said he, "could have experienced a more extraordinary fate than yourself. One thing only is wanting to complete your history, and that is, for you to be revenged; nor will I leave anything untried to accomplish it." The sultan having informed the prince who he was, and the reason of his entering the castle, consulted with him on the best means of obtaining a just revenge; and a plan occurred to the sultan, which he directly communicated, but the execution of which they deferred till the following day. In the meantime, as the night was far advanced, the sultan took some repose. The young prince, as usual, passed his time in continual watchfulness, for he was unable to sleep since his enchantment; the hopes, however slight, which he cherished of being soon relieved from his sufferings, constantly occupied his thoughts.

Next morning the sultan arose with the dawn, and prepared to execute his design. Hiding his upper garment, which might encumber him, he proceeded to the Palace of Tears. He found it lighted up with an infinite number of flambeaux of white wax, and perfumed by a delicious scent issuing from several censers of fine gold. As soon as he saw the couch on which the inanimate form of the lover was laid, he drew his scimitar, destroyed the little remains of life left, and dragging his body into the outer court, threw it into the well. After this, he went and lay down in the bed, placed his scimitar under the covering, and waited to complete his design.

The queen arrived shortly after in the chamber of her husband, the king of the Black Islands. On her approach, the unfortunate prince filled the palace with his lamentations, and conjured her in the most affecting tone to take pity on him. She, however, ceased not to beat him till she had completed the hundred stripes. As soon as she had finished, she threw the coarse garment made of goat-skin over him, and then the robe of brocade. She next went

to the Palace of Tears; and, on entering, began to renew her lamentations. "Alas!" cried she, addressing herself to the sultan, whom she took for her lover, "wilt thou always, light of my life, preserve this silence? Utter at least one word, I conjure thee."

The sultan then, lowering his voice as if in great weakness, spoke a few words. The sorceress gave a violent scream through excess of joy. "My dear lord," she exclaimed, "is what I hear true? Is it really you who speak?" "Wretched woman," replied the sultan, "art thou worthy of an answer?" "What!" cried the queen, "dost thou reproach me?" "The cries, the tears, the groans of thy husband," answered the supposed lover, "whom you every day beat with so much cruelty, continually prevent my rest; I should have been cured long since, and recovered the use of my tongue, if you had disenchanted him. This, and this only, is the cause of my silence." "Well, then," said she, "I am ready to execute your commands; would you have me restore him?" "Yes," replied the sultan; "make haste to set him at liberty, that I be no longer disturbed by his lamentations."

The queen immediately went out from the Palace of Tears; and taking a vessel of water, proceeded to the apartment where the young king was. "If the Creator of all things," said she, throwing the water over him, "hath formed thee as thou now art, do not change; but if thou art in that state by virtue of my enchantment, re-assume thy natural form, and become the same as before." She had hardly concluded, when the prince, recovering his first shape, rose up, with all possible joy, and returned thanks to God. "Go," said the enchantress, addressing him, "hasten from this castle, and never return on pain of death." The young king, yielding to necessity, without replying a word, retired to a remote place, where he patiently awaited the return of the sultan. Meanwhile the enchantress returned to the Palace of Tears, and supposing that she still spoke to her lover, said, "Dear love, I have done what you required." The sultan, still disguising his voice, answered in a low tone, "What you have yet done is not sufficient for my cure. You have destroyed only a part of the evil, but you must strike at the root." "What do you mean by the root, dear heart?" answered she. "Understand you not that I allude to the town, and its inhabitants, and the four islands, destroyed by thy enchantments? The fish every night at midnight raise their

heads out of the lake, and cry for vengeance against thee and me. This is the true cause of the delay of my cure. Go speedily, restore things to their former state, and at thy return I will give thee my hand, and thou shalt help me to arise."

The enchantress, inspired with hope from these words, cried out in a transport of joy, "My heart, my soul, you shall soon be restored to your health." Accordingly she went that instant, and when she came to the border of the lake, she took a little water in her hand, and scattered it about. She had no sooner done so, and pronounced certain words, than the city instantly appeared. The fish became men, women, and children—Mahommedans, Christians, Persians, and Jews—freemen or slaves; in short, each took his natural form. The houses and shops became filled with inhabitants, who found everything in the same state as it was previous to the change. The officers and attendants of the sultan, who were encamped where the great place or square happened to be, were astonished at finding themselves on a sudden in the midst of a large, well-built, and inhabited city.

But to return to the enchantress: as soon as she had completed this change, she hastened back to the Palace of Tears. "My dear lord," she cried on entering, "I have done all you have required of me; arise, and give me your hand." "Come near, then," said the sultan. She did so. He then rose up, and seizing her by the arm, with a blow of his scimitar cut her in two, so that one-half fell one way, and the other another. This done, he left the Palace of Tears, and returning to the young king of the Black Isles, "Prince," said he, "rejoice; you have now nothing to fear; your cruel enemy is dead. You may henceforward dwell peaceably in your capital, unless you will accompany me to mine, which is near: you shall there be welcome, and have as much honour and respect shown you as if you were in your own kingdom." "Potent monarch, to whom I owe so much," replied the king, "you think, then, that you are near your capital." "Yes," said the sultan, "I know it is not above four or five hours' journey." "It is a whole year's journey," said the prince. "I do, indeed, believe that you came hither from your capital in the time you mention, because mine was enchanted; but since the enchantment is taken off, things are changed. This, however, shall not prevent my following you to the ends of the earth. You are my liberator;

and to show you my gratitude as long as I live, I shall freely accompany you, and resign my kingdom without regret."

The sultan, extremely surprised to understand that he was so far from his dominions, replied, "It is no matter; the long journey to my own country is sufficiently recompensed by acquiring you for a son; for since you will accompany me, as I have no child, I will make you my heir and successor."

At the end of three weeks, the sultan and the young prince began their journey, with a hundred camels laden with inestimable riches from the treasury of the young king, followed by fifty men-at-arms on horseback, perfectly well mounted and dressed. They had a pleasant journey, and when the sultan who had sent couriers to give notice of his coming, and to explain the reason of his delay, drew near to his capital, the principal officers, whom he had left there, came to receive him, and to assure him that his long absence had not occasioned any change in his empire. The inhabitants, also, crowded to meet him, and welcome him with acclamations and every demonstration of joy, which lasted for several days.

The day after his arrival, the sultan assembled his courtiers, and declared to them his intention of adopting the king of the four Black Isles, who had left a large kingdom to accompany and live with him; and at last he bestowed presents on all, according to their rank and station.

The sultan did not forget the fisherman, and made him and his family happy and comfortable for the rest of their days.

The Three Calenders, Sons of Kings, and of Five Ladies of Bagdad.

In the reign of Caliph Haroun al Raschid, there was at Bagdad a porter, who was a fellow of infinite wit and humour. One morning as he was at the place where he usually waited for employment, with a great basket before him, a handsome lady, covered with a great muslin veil, accosted him, and said with a pleasant air, "Hark you, porter, take your basket[1] and follow me." The delighted porter took his basket immediately, set it on his head, and followed the lady, exclaiming, "Oh, happy day, oh, day of good luck!"

[1] Baskets, panniers made of leaves of palm, used in conveying fruits and bread, while heavier articles are carried in bags of leather or skin.

In a short time the lady stopped before a gate and knocked: a Christian, with a venerable long white beard, opened it, and she put money into his hand without speaking; but the Christian, who knew what she wanted, went in, and shortly after brought out a large jar of excellent wine. "Take this jar," said the lady to the porter, "and put it into the basket." This being done, she desired him to follow her, and walked on; the porter still exclaiming, "Oh, day of happiness! Oh, day of agreeable surprise and joy!"

The lady stopped at a fruit shop, where she bought some apples, apricots, peaches, lemons, citrons, oranges, myrtles, sweet basil, lilies, jessamine, and some other plants. She told the porter to put all those things into his basket and follow her. Passing by a butcher's shop, she ordered five and twenty pounds of his finest meat to be weighed, which was also put into the porter's basket.

At another shop she bought capers, small cucumbers, parsley, and other herbs; at another, some pistachios, walnuts, hazelnuts, almonds, kernels of the pine, and other similar fruits; at a third, she purchased all sorts of almond patties. The porter, in putting all these things into his basket, said, "My good lady, you should have told me that you intended buying so many things, and I would have provided a camel to carry them, for if you buy ever so little more, I shall not be able to bear it. The lady laughed at the fellow's pleasant humour, and ordered him still to follow her.

She then went to a druggist's, where she furnished herself with all manner of sweet-scented waters, cloves, musk, pepper, ginger, and a great piece of ambergris, and several other Indian spices; this quite filled the porter's basket, and she ordered him to follow her. They walked till they came to a magnificent house, whose front was adorned with fine columns, and had a gate of ivory. There they stopped and the lady knocked softly. Another lady soon came to open the gate, and all three, after passing through a handsome vestible, crossed a spacious court, surrounded by an open gallery, which communicated with many magnificent apartments all on the same floor. At the end of this court there was a dais richly furnished, with a couch in the middle, supported by four columns of ebony, enriched with diamonds and pearls of an extraordinary size, and covered with red satin, relieved by a

bordering of Indian gold. In the middle of the court there was a large basin lined with white marble, and full of the finest transparent water, which rushed from the mouth of a lion of gilt bronze.

But what principally attracted the attention of the porter, was a third most beautiful lady, and who was seated on the couch before mentioned. This lady was called Zobeide, she who opened the door was called Safie, and the name of the one who had been for the provisions was Amina. Then said Zobeide, accosting the other two, "Sisters, do not you see that this honest man is ready to sink under his burden, why do not you ease him of it? Then Amina and Safie took the basket, the one before and the other behind; Zobeide also assisted, and all three together set it on the ground, then emptied it; and when they had done, the beautiful Amina took out money, and paid the porter liberally.

The porter was well satisfied, but when he ought to have departed, he was chained to the spot by the pleasure of beholding three such beauties, who appeared to him equally charming; for Amina having now laid aside her veil, proved to be as handsome as either of the others. What surprised him most was, that he saw no man about the house, yet most of the provisions he had brought in, as the dry fruits, and the several sorts of cakes and confections, were adapted chiefly for those who could drink and make merry.

"Madam," said he, addressing Zobeide, "I am sensible that I act rudely in staying longer than I ought, but I hope you will have the goodness to pardon me, when I tell you that I am astonished not to see a man with three ladies of such extraordinary beauty; and you know that a company of women without men is as melancholy as a company of men without women." To this he added some pleasantries in proof of what he advanced, and did not forget the Bagdad proverb, "That the table is not completely furnished, except there be four in company;" so concluded, that since they were but three, they wanted another.

The ladies fell a laughing at the porter's reasoning; after which Zobeide gravely addressed him, "Friend, you presume rather too much; and though you do not deserve it, I have no objection to inform you that we are three sisters, who transact our affairs with so much secrecy that no one knows anything of them. A good

author says, 'Keep thy own secret, and do not reveal it to any one. He that makes his secret known is no longer its master. If thy own breast cannot keep thy counsel, how canst thou expect the breast of another to be more faithful?'"

"Permit me, I entreat thee, to say, that I also have read in another a maxim, which I have always happily practised:—'Conceal thy secret,' he says, 'only from such as are known to be indiscreet, and who will abuse thy confidence; but make no difficulty in discovering it to prudent men, because they know how to keep it.' The secret, then, with me, is as safe as if locked up in a cabinet, the key of which is lost, and the door sealed."

The porter, notwithstanding his rhetoric, must, in all probability, have retired in confusion, if Amina had not taken his part, and said to Zobeide and Safie, "My dear sisters, I conjure you to let him remain; he will afford us some diversion. Were I to repeat to you all the amusing things he addressed to me by the way, you would not feel surprised at my taking his part."

At these words of Amina, the porter fell on his knees, kissed the ground at her feet, and raising himself up, said, "Most beautiful lady, you began my good fortune to-day, and now you complete it by this generous conduct; I cannot adequately express my acknowledgments. As to the rest, ladies," said he, addressing himself to all the three sisters, "since you do me so great an honour, I shall always look upon myself as one of your most humble slaves." When he had spoken these words he would have returned the money he had received, but Zobeide ordered him to keep it. "What we have once given," said she, "we never take back. We are willing, too, to allow you to stay on one condition, that you keep secret and do not ask the reason for anything you may see us do. To show you," said Zobeide, with a serious countenance, "that what we demand of you is not a new thing among us, read what is written over our gate on the inside."

The porter read these words, written in large characters of gold: "He who speaks of things that do not concern him, shall hear things that will not please him." "Ladies," said he, "I swear to you that you shall never hear me utter a word respecting what does not relate to me, or wherein you may have any concern."

These preliminaries being settled, Amina brought in supper, and after she had lighted up the room with tapers made of aloe-wood and ambergris, which yield a most agreeable perfume, as well as a delicate light, she sat down with her sisters and the porter. They began again to eat and drink, to sing, and repeat verses. The ladies diverted themselves in intoxicating the porter, under pretext of making him drink their healths, and the repast was enlivened by reciprocal sallies of wit. When they were all as merry as possible, they suddenly heard a knocking at the gate. Safie, whose office it was, went to the porch, and quickly returning, told them thus: "There are three calenders[1] at the door, all blind of the right eye, and have their heads, beards, and eyebrows shaved. They say that they are only just arrived at Bagdad, where they have never been before; and, as it is dark, and they know not where to lodge, they knocked at our door by chance; and pray us to show compassion, and to take them in. They care not where we put them, provided they obtain shelter. They are young and handsome; but I cannot, without laughing, think of their amusing and exact likeness to each other. My dear sisters, pray permit them to come in; they will afford us diversion enough, and put us to little charge, because they desire shelter only for this night, and resolve to leave us as soon as day appears."

"Go then," said Zobeide, "and bring them in, but make them read what is written over the gate." Safie ran out with joy, and in a little time after returned with the three calenders.

At their entrance they made a profound obeisance to the ladies, who rose up to receive them, and told them courteously that they were welcome, that they were glad of the opportunity to oblige them, and to contribute towards relieving the fatigues of their journey, and at last invited them to sit down with them.

The magnificence of the place, and the civility they received, inspired the calenders with high respect for the ladies; but, before they sat down, having by chance cast their eyes upon the porter, whom they saw clad almost like those devotees with whom they have continual disputes respecting several points of discipline, because

[1] Calenders, a sort of privileged beggar or faquir among the Mahommedans, who wore a dress of sheepskin, with a leathern girdle about their loins, and collected alms. Dervish, a poor man, who is not bound by any vow of poverty to abstain from meat, and may relinquish his profession at will.

they never shave their beards nor eyebrows;[1] one of them said, "I believe we have got here one of our revolted Arabian brethren."

The porter having his head warm with wine, took offence at these words, and with a fierce look, without stirring from his place, answered, "Sit you down, and do not meddle with what does not concern you: have you not read the inscription over the gate? Do not pretend to make people live after your fashion, but follow ours."

"Honest man," said the calender, "do not put yourself in a passion; we should be sorry to give you the least occasion; on the contrary, we are ready to receive your commands." Upon which, to put an end to the dispute, the ladies interposed, and pacified them. When the calenders were seated, the ladies served them with meat; and Safie, being highly pleased with them, did not let them want for wine.

When the calenders had finished their repast, they signified to the ladies, that they wished to entertain them with a concert of music, if they had any instruments in the house, and would cause them to be brought: they willingly accepted the proposal, and Safie went to fetch them. Each man took the instrument he liked, and all three together began to play a tune. The ladies, who knew the words of a merry song that suited the air, joined the concert with their voices; but the words of the song made them now and then stop, and fall into excessive laughter. While their amusement was at its height, there was a knock of unwonted loudness at their gate.

Now, it was the custom of the sultan Haroun-al-Raschid, to go sometimes during the night, through the city, in disguise, in order to discover whether everything was quiet. On this evening he set out from his palace, accompanied by Giafar, his grand vizier, and Mesrour, chief of the household, all three disguised as merchants; and he it was, who, in passing through the street, and attracted by the noise of the music and of the peals of loud laughter, had de-

[1] This may probably be an allusion to the two great divisions prevailing among the Mahommedans, viz., the Soonnis and the Shiites. The former upheld the legitimacy of the three first successions of Mahommed; the latter maintained the right of his cousin and son-in-law, Ali, and his descendants, called Fatemites or Ismaelites. They both received the Koran, but the one added to it the Sonna, or certain oral traditions attributed to Mahommed, which the other rejected.

sired his grand vizier to knock at the gate, and to demand shelter and admittance as for three strangers who knew not where to seek shelter for the night. Safie, who had opened the door, came back and obtained permission of her sisters to admit the newly-arrived strangers.

The caliph and his attendants, upon their entrance, most courteously made obeisance to the ladies and to the calenders. The ladies returned their salutations, supposing them to be merchants. Zobeide, as the chief, addressed them with a grave and serious countenance, and said, "You are welcome. But while you are here, you must have eyes, but no tongues; you must not ask the reason of anything you may see, nor speak of anything that does not concern you, lest you hear and see what will by no means please you."

"Madam," replied the vizier, "you shall be obeyed. It is enough for us to attend to our own business, without meddling with what does not concern us." After this, each seated himself, and the conversation became general, and they drank to the health of the new guests.

While the vizier Giafar entertained them, the caliph ceased not from admiring the beauty, elegance, and lively disposition of the ladies; while the appearance of the three calenders, all blind of the right eye, surprised him very much. He anxiously wished to learn the cause of this singularity, but the conditions they had imposed upon him and his companions prevented any inquiry. Besides all this, when he reflected upon the richness of the services and furniture, with the regularity and arrangement everywhere apparent, he could hardly persuade himself it was not the effect of enchantment.

The guests continued their conversation, when, after an interval, Zobeide rose up, and taking Amina by the hand, said to her, "Come, sister, the company shall not prevent us from doing as we have always been accustomed." Amina, who perfectly understood what her sister meant, got up, and took away the dishes, tables, bottles, glasses, and also the instruments on which the calenders had played. Nor did Safie remain idle; she snuffed the candles, and added more aloe-wood and ambergris. Having done this, she requested the three calenders to sit on a sofa on one side, and the caliph and his company on the other. "Get

up," said she then to the porter, looking at him, "and be ready to assist in whatever we want you. A little while after, Amina came in with a sort of seat, which she placed in the middle of the room. She then went to the door of a closet, and having opened it, she made a sign to the porter to approach. "Come and assist me," she cried. He did so, and went in with her, and returned a moment after, followed by two black dogs, each of them secured by a collar and chain; they appeared as if they had been severely whipped with rods, and he brought them into the middle of the apartment.

Zobeide, rising from her seat between the calenders and the caliph, moved very gravely towards the porter. "Come," said she, heaving a deep sigh, "let us perform our duty." She then tucked up her sleeves above her elbows, and receiving a rod from Safie, "Porter," said she, "deliver one of the dogs to my sister Amina, and bring the other to me."

The porter did as he was commanded. Upon this the dog that he held in his hand began to howl, and turning towards Zobeide, held her head up in a supplicating posture; but Zobeide, having no regard to the sad countenance of the animal, which would have moved pity, nor to its cries that resounded through the house, whipped her with the rod till she was out of breath; and having spent her strength, threw down the rod, and taking the chain from the porter, lifted up the dog by her paws, and looking upon her with a sad and pitiful countenance, they both wept; after which, Zobeide, with her handkerchief, wiped the tears from the dog's eye, kissed her, returned the chain to the porter, desired him to carry her to the place whence he took her, and to bring the other.. Then taking the whip, she served this in the same manner; she then wept with it, dried its tears, kissed it, and returned it to the porter.

The three calenders, with the caliph and his companions, were extremely surprised at this exhibition, and could not comprehend why Zobeide, after having so furiously beaten those two dogs, that by the Mussulman religion are reckoned unclean[1] animals,

[1] The dog is in great disrepute among the Mahommedans. Mahommed is reported to have said, "No angel enters where a dog is." Cats, on the contrary, are great favourites, and sometimes accompany their masters when they go to their mosque. The Mahommedans are under certain restrictions in food;

should weep with them, wipe off their tears, and kiss them. They muttered among themselves; and the caliph, who, being more impatient than the rest, longed exceedingly to be informed of the cause of so strange a proceeding, could not forbear making signs to the vizier to ask the question. The vizier turned his head another way; but being pressed by repeated signs, he answered by others, that it was not yet time for the caliph to satisfy his curiosity.

Zobeide sat still some time in the middle of the room, where she had whipped the two dogs, to recover herself of her fatigue; and Safie called to her, "Dear sister, will you not be pleased to return to your place, that I may also act my part?" "Yes, sister," replied Zobeide; and then went and sat down upon the sofa, having the caliph, Giafar, and Mesrour, on her right hand, and the three calenders, with the porter, on her left.

The whole company remained silent for some time. At last, Safie, sitting on a chair in the middle of the room, spoke to her sister Amina: "Dear sister, I conjure you to rise; you know what I would say." Amina rose, and went into another closet, near to that where the dogs were, and brought out a case covered with yellow satin, richly embroidered with gold and green silk. She went towards Safie and opened the case, from whence she took a lute, and presented it to her; and after some time spent in tuning it, Safie began to play, and accompanying the instrument with her voice, sang a song about the torments that absence creates to lovers. Having sung with much passion and action, she said to Amina, "Pray take it, sister, for my voice fails me; oblige the company with a tune and a song in my stead." "Very willingly," replied Amina, who, taking the lute from her sister Safie, sat down in her place. Having sung most delightfully, the caliph expressed his admiration. While he was doing so, Amina fainted away; and on opening her robe to give her air, they discovered that her breast had been covered with fearful scars.

Whilst Zobeide and Safie ran to assist their sister, the caliph inquired of the calender, "Cannot you inform me about these two black dogs, and this lady, who appears to have been so ill-treated?" "Sir," said the calender, "we never were in this

they are forbidden to eat the hare, wolf, the cat, and all animals forbidden by the law of Mosea. The shrimp is forbidden among fish.—Bernard Picard.

house before now, and entered it only a few minutes sooner than you did." This increased the astonishment of the caliph. "Perhaps," said he, "the man who is with you can give you some information?" The calender made signs to the porter to draw near, and asked him if he knew why the black dogs had been beaten, and why the bosom of Amina was so scarred. "Sir," replied the porter, "if you know nothing of the matter, I know as little as you do. I never was in the house until now; and if you are surprised to see me here, I am as much so to find myself in your company."

The caliph, more and more perplexed at all he heard, determined that he would have the information he required for the explaining these mysterious proceedings. But the question was, who should first make the inquiry? The caliph endeavoured to persuade the calenders to speak first, but they excused themselves. At last they all agreed that the porter should be the man. While they were consulting how to put the question, Zobeide herself, as Amina had recovered from her fainting, approached them, and inquired, "What are you talking of?—what is your contest about?"

The porter then addressed her as follows:—"These gentlemen, madam, entreat you to explain why you wept with those dogs, after having treated them so ill, and how it has happened that the lady who fainted has her bosom covered with scars?"

At these words Zobeide put on a stern look, and turning towards the caliph and the rest of the company: "Is it true, gentlemen," said she, "that you desired him to ask me these questions?" All of them, except the vizier Giafar, who spoke not a word, answered "Yes." On which she exclaimed, in a tone of resentment, "Before we granted you the favour of receiving you into our house, and to prevent all occasion of inquiry from you, we imposed the condition that you should not speak of anything that did not concern you, lest you might hear that which would not please you; and yet, after having received our entertainment, you make no scruple to break your promise. Our easy compliance with your wishes may have occasioned this, but that shall not excuse your rudeness. As she spoke these words, she gave three stamps with her foot, and clapping[1] her hands as often together,

[1] This is the ordinary mode in the East of calling the attendants in waiting.

cried, "Come quickly!" Upon this a door flew open, and seven black slaves[1] rushed in; each one seized a man, threw him on the ground, and dragged him into the middle of the room, brandishing a scimitar over his head.

We may easily conceive the alarm of the caliph. He repented, but too late, that he had not taken the advice of his vizier, who, with Mesrour, the calenders, and porter, were, from his ill-timed curiosity, on the point of forfeiting their lives. Before they gave the fatal stroke, one of the slaves said to Zobeide and her sisters, "Would it not be right to interrogate them first?" On which Zobeide, with a grave voice, said, "Answer me, and say who you are, otherwise you shall not live one moment longer. I cannot believe you to be honest men, or persons of authority or distinction in your own countries; for, if you were, you would have been more modest and more respectful to us."

The caliph, naturally warm, was infinitely more indignant than the rest, to find his life depending upon the command of a woman: but he began to conceive some hopes, when he found she wished to know who they all were; for he imagined that she would by no means take away his life, when she should be informed of his rank. He whispered to his vizier, who was near him, instantly to declare who he was. But this wise vizier, being more prudent, resolved to save his master's honour, and not let the world know the affront he had brought upon himself by his own imprudence; and therefore answered, "We have what we deserve." But if he had interded to speak as the caliph commanded him, Zobeide would not have allowed him time: for having turned to the calenders, and seeing them all blind with one eye, she asked if they were brothers. One of them answered, "No, madam, no otherwise than as we are calenders; that is to say, as we observe the same rules." Were you born blind of the right eye?" continued she. "No, madam," answered he; "I lost my eye in such a surprising adventure, that it would be instructive to every one to hear it." Zobeide put the same question to the others in their turn, when the last she addressed replied, "Pray, madam, show some pity on us, for we are all the sons of kings. Although we have never seen each other before this evening, we have had sufficient

[1] In this manner the apartments of ladies were constantly guarded.—Beckford's *Vathik, Notes to* p. 204.

time to become acquainted with this circumstance; and I can assure you that the kings who have given us birth have made some noise in the world!"

During this speech Zobeide became less angry, and said to the slaves, "Give them their liberty a while, but remain where you are. Those who tell us their history, and the occasion of their coming, do them not hurt, let them go where they please; but do not spare those who refuse to give us that satisfaction."

The three calenders, the caliph, the grand vizier Giafar, the captain of his guards, and the porter were all in the middle of the hall, seated upon a carpet in the presence of the three ladies, who reclined upon a sofa, and the slaves stood ready to do whatever their mistresses should command.

The porter spoke first, and briefly related the adventures of the morning with Amine, and the kind favours to him of herself and her fair sisters in the evening, which he declared to be the whole of his history.

When the porter had concluded, Zobeide said, "Save thyself and begone, nor ever let us see thee again." "I beg of you, madam," replied he, "to let me remain a little longer. It would be unfair that I should not hear their histories, after they have had the pleasure of hearing mine." In saying this he took his place at the end of the sofa, truly delighted at finding himself free from the danger which so much alarmed him. One of the calenders, addressing himself to Zobeide, next spoke.

The History of the First Calender.

Madam, I am the son of a sultan. My father had a brother who reigned over a neighbouring kingdom. His son, my cousin, and I were nearly of the same age. I went regularly every year to see my uncle, at whose court I amused myself for a month or two, and then returned home. On one occasion I arrived at my father's capital, where, contrary to custom, I found a numerous guard at the gate of the palace. They surrounded me as I entered. The commanding officer said, "Prince, the army has proclaimed the grand vizier sultan, instead of your father, who is dead, and I take you prisoner in the name of the new sultan."

This rebel vizier had long entertained a mortal hatred against

me. When I was a boy I loved to shoot with a cross-bow; and being one day upon the terrace of the palace, a bird happening to come by, I shot but missed him, and the ball by misfortune hit the vizier, who was taking the air upon the terrace of his own house, and put out one of his eyes. He never forgave me, and, as opportunity offered, made me sensible of his resentment. But now that he had me in his power, he came to me like a madman, and thrusting his finger into my right eye, pulled it out, and thus I became blind of one eye.

His cruelty did not stop here; he commanded the executioner to cut off my head, and leave me to be devoured by birds of prey. The executioner conveyed me to the place of execution to complete this barbarous sentence; but by my prayers and tears, I moved the man's compassion: "Go," said he to me, "get you speedily out of the kingdom, and never return, or you will destroy yourself and me." I thanked him, and as soon as I was left alone, comforted myself for the loss of my eye, by considering that I had very narrowly escaped a much greater evil.

Being thus surrounded with sorrows, and persecuted by fortune, I had recourse to a stratagem, which was the only means left me to save my life: I caused my beard and eye-brows to be shaved, and putting on a calender's habit, I passed, unknown by any, out of the city. I avoided the towns till I arrived in the empire of the commander of the faithful, the renowned caliph Haroun Alraschid, when I ceased to fear. I resolved to come to Bagdad and throw myself at the feet of this great monarch. I shall move him to compassion, said I to myself, by the relation of my uncommon misfortunes, and without doubt he will take pity on a persecuted prince, and not suffer me to implore his assistance in vain.

In short, after a journey of several months, I arrived yesterday at the gate of this city, into which I entered at dusk: and as I entered, another calender came up; he saluted me, and I him. "You appear," said I, "to be a stranger, as I am." "You are not mistaken," replied he. He had no sooner returned this answer, than a third calender overtook us. He saluted us, and told us he was a stranger newly come to Bagdad; so that as brethren we joined together, resolving not to separate from one another.

It was now late, and we knew not where to seek a lodging in

the city, where we had never been before. But good fortune having brought us to your gate, we made bold to knock, when you received us with so much kindness, that we are incapable of rendering suitable thanks. This, madam, said he, is in obedience to your commands, the account I was to give how I lost my right eye, wherefore my beard and eye-brows are shaved, and how I came to be with you at this time.

"It is enough," said Zobeide; "you may retire to what place you think fit." The calender begged the ladies' permission to stay till he had heard the relations of his two comrades, "whom I cannot," said he, "leave with honour;" and that he might also hear those of the three other persons in company.

The history of the first calender appeared very surprising to the whole company, and particularly to the caliph. The presence of the slaves, armed with their scimitars, did not prevent him from saying in a whisper to the vizier, "As long as I can remember, I never heard anything to compare with this history of the calender, though I have been all my life in the habit of hearing similar narratives." He had no sooner finished than the second calender began, and addressing himself to Zobeide, spoke as follows:—

The History of the Second Calender.

Madam, said he, to obey your commands, and to show you by what strange accident I became blind of the right eye, I must give you the account of my life. I was yet a youth, when the sultan, my father, (for you must know I am a prince by birth,) perceived that I was endowed with good natural ability, and spared nothing proper for improving it. No sooner was I able to read and write, but I learned the Koran from beginning to end by heart, all the traditions collected from the mouth of our prophet, and the works of poets. I applied myself to geography, chronology, and to speak the Arabian language in its purity; not forgetting in the meantime all such exercises as were proper for a prince to understand. But one thing which I was fond of, and succeeded in, was penmanship; wherein I surpassed all the celebrated scribes of our kingdom.

The fame of my learning reached the Emperor of Hindostan,

who sent an embassy with rich presents to my father and invited me to his court. I returned with the ambassador.

We had been about a month on our journey, when we saw in the distance an immense cloud of dust, and soon after we discovered fifty fierce horsemen, sons of the desert, well armed.

Not being able to repel force by force, we told them we were the ambassadors of the sultan of India; but the sons of the desert insolently answered, "Why do you wish us to respect the sultan, your master? We are not his subjects, nor even within his realm." They attacked us on all sides. I defended myself as long as I could, but finding that I was wounded, and that the ambassador and all our attendants were overthrown, I took advantage of the remaining strength of my horse, and escaped. My horse was wounded and suddenly fell dead under me. Alone, wounded, and a stranger, I bound up my own wound and walked on the rest of the day, and arrived at the foot of a mountain, where I perceived, as the sun set, a cave; I went in, and stayed there that night, after I had eaten some fruits that I gathered by the way. I continued my journey for several successive days without finding any place of abode; but after a month's time, I came to a large town, well inhabited—it was surrounded by several streams, so that it seemed to enjoy perpetual spring.

My face, hands, and feet were black and sunburnt; and, by my long journey, my boots were quite worn out, so that I was forced to walk barefooted; and my clothes were all in rags. I entered the town to inform myself where I was, and addressed myself to a tailor that was at work in his shop; who made me sit down by him, and asked me who I was, from whence I came, and what had brought me thither. I did not conceal anything that had befallen me, nor made I any scruple to reveal to him my rank. The tailor listened to me with attention; and brought me something to eat, and offered me an apartment at his house, which I accepted.

Some days after my arrival, the tailor asked me if I knew anything by which I could acquire a livelihood. I told him that I was well versed in the science of laws, both human and divine, that I was a grammarian, a poet, and, above all, that I wrote remarkably well. "None of these things will avail you here. If you will follow my advice," he added, "you will procure a

short jacket, and as you are strong and in good health, you may go into the neighbouring forest, and cut wood for fuel. You may then go and expose it for sale in the market. By these means, you will be enabled to wait till the cloud which hangs over you, and obliges you to conceal your birth, shall have blown over. I will furnish you with a cord and hatchet."

The next day the tailor brought me a rope, a hatchet, and a short jacket, and recommended me to some poor people who gained their bread after the same manner, that they might take me into their company. They conducted me to the wood, and the first day I brought in as much upon my head as procured me half a piece of gold of the money of that country; for though the wood was not far distant from the town, yet it was very scarce, by reason that few would be at the trouble of fetching it for themselves. I gained a good sum of money in a short time, and repaid my tailor what he had lent me.

I continued this way of living for a whole year. One day, having by chance penetrated farther into the wood than usual, I happened to light on a pleasant spot, where I began to cut; and in pulling up the root of a tree I espied an iron ring, fastened to a trap door of the same metal. I took away the earth that covered it, and having lifted it up, discovered a flight of stairs, which I descended with my axe in my hand.

When I had reached the bottom, I found myself in a palace, which was as well lighted as if it had been above ground in the open air. I went forward along a gallery, supported by pillars of jasper, the base and capitals being of massy gold: when I saw a lady of a noble and graceful air, and extremely beautiful, coming towards me. I hastened to meet her; and as I was making a low obeisance, she asked me, "Are you a man, or a genie?" "A man, madam," said I. "By what adventure," said she, (fetching a deep sigh,) "are you come hither? I have lived here twenty-five years, and you are the first man I have beheld in that time."

Her great beauty, and the sweetness and civility wherewith she received me, emboldened me to say, "Madam, before I satisfy your curiosity, give me leave to say, that I am infinitely gratified with this unexpected meeting, which offers me an occasion of consolation in the midst of my affliction; and perhaps it may give me an opportunity of making you also more happy than you are." I

then related my story to her from beginning to end. "Alas! prince," she replied, sighing, "the most enchanting spots cannot afford delight when we are there against our wills. But hear now my history. I am a princess, the daughter of a sultan, the king of the Ebony Island, to which the precious wood found in it has given its name.

"The king, my father, had chosen for my husband a prince, who was my cousin; but on the very night of the bridal festivities, in the midst of the rejoicings of the court, a genie took me away. I fainted with alarm, and when I recovered I found myself in this place. I was long inconsolable; but time and necessity have reconciled me to see the genie. Twenty-five years I have passed in this place, in which I have everything necessary for life and splendour.

"Every ten days," continued the princess, "the genie visits me. In the meantime, if I have any occasion for him, I have only to touch a talisman, and he appears. It is now four days since he was here, and I have therefore to wait six days more before he again makes his appearance. You, therefore, may remain five with me, if it be agreeable to you, in order to keep me company; and I will endeavour to regale and entertain you equal to your merit and dignity."

The princess then conducted me to a bath, the most commodious, and the most sumptuous imaginable; and when I came forth, instead of my own clothes I found another costly robe, which I did not esteem so much for its richness, as because it made me appear worthy to be in her company. We sat down on a sofa covered with rich tapestry, with cushions of the rarest Indian brocade; and some time after she covered a table with several dishes of delicate meats. We ate, and passed the remaining part of the day, as also the evening, together very pleasantly.

The next day I said to her, "Fair princess, you have been too long buried alive in this subterranean palace; pray rise—follow me, and enjoy the light of day, of which you have been deprived so many years." "Prince," replied she, with a smile, "if you out of ten days will grant me nine, and resign the tenth to the genie, the light of day would be nothing to me." "Princess," said I, "the fear of the genie makes you speak thus; for my part I regard him so little, that I will break in pieces his talisman, with the spell

that is written about it. Let him come; and how brave or powerful he be, I will defy him." On saying this I gave the talisman a kick with my foot, and broke it in pieces.

The talisman was no sooner broke than the whole palace shook as if ready to fall to atoms, and the walls opened to afford a passage to the genie. I had no sooner felt the shock than, at the earnest request of the princess, I took to flight. Having hastily put on my own robe, I ascended the stairs leading to the forest, and reached the town in safety. My landlord, the tailor, was very glad to see me. I had, however, in my haste, left my hatchet and cord in the princess's chamber. Shortly after my return, while brooding over this loss, and lamenting the cruel treatment to which the princess would be exposed, the tailor came in and said, "An old man, whom I do not know, brings your hatchet and cords, and wishes to speak to you, for he will deliver them to none but yourself."

At these words I changed colour, and fell a-trembling. While the tailor was asking me the reason, my chamber-door opened, and the old man, having no patience to stay, appeared with my hatchet and cords. "I am a genie," said he, speaking to me, "a grandson of Eblis,[1] prince of genies. Is not this your hatchet? and are not these your cords?"

After the genie had put these questions to me he gave me no time to answer. He grasped me by the middle, dragged me out of the chamber, and mounting into the air, carried me up to the skies with extraordinary swiftness. He descended again in like manner to the earth, which on a sudden he caused to open with a stroke of his foot, when I found myself in the enchanted palace, before the fair princess of the Isle of Ebony. But, alas! what a spectacle was there! I saw what pierced me to the heart; this poor princess was weltering in her blood, and laid upon the ground, more like one dead than alive, with her cheeks bathed in tears.

The genie having loaded us both with many insults and reproaches, drew his scimitar and declared that he would give life and liberty to either of us who would with his scimitar cut off the head of the other. We both resolutely declined to purchase freedom at such a price, and asserted our choice to be to die rather

[1] Eblis, or Degial, the evil spirit, who, according to the Koran, betrayed Adam to transgression, and yet seeks to inflict injury on his race.

in the presence of each other. "I see," said the genie, "that you both outbrave me, but both of you shall know by my treatment of you of what I am capable." At these words the monster took up the scimitar and cut off one of her hands, which left her only so much life as to give me a token with the other that she bade me for ever adieu; and then she died. I fainted at the sight. When I was come to myself again, I cried, "Strike, for I am ready to die, and await death as the greatest favour you can show me." But instead of killing me, he said, "Behold how genies revenge themselves on those who offend them. Thou art the least to blame, and I will content myself with transforming thee into a dog, ape, lion, or bird; take thy choice of any of these, I will leave it to thyself."

These words gave me some hopes of being able to appease him. "O genie," said I, "restrain your rage, and since you will not take away my life, pardon me freely, as a good dervish pardoned one who envied him." "And how was that?" said he. I answered as follows:—

The History of the Envious Man and of Him who was Envied.

In a certain town there were two men, neighbours, who lived next door to each other. One of them was so excessively envious of the other that the latter resolved to change his abode, and go and reside at some distance from him. He therefore sold his house, and went to another city at no great distance, and bought a convenient house. It had a good garden and a moderate court, in which there was a deep well, that was not now used.

The good man having made this purchase, put on the habit of a dervise, and in a short time he established a numerous society of dervises.[1] He soon came to be known by his virtue, through

[1] Sir Paul Ricaut gives this account of the dress of the dervise:—"Their shirts are of coarse linen, with a white plaid or mantle about their shoulders. Their caps are like the crown of a hat of the largest size. Their legs are always bare, and their breasts open, which some of them burn or scar in token of greater devotion. They wear a leathern girdle, with some shining stone upon the buckle before. They always carry a string of beads, which they call Tesbe, and oftener run them over than our friars do their rosary, at every bead repeating the name of God."—*History of Ottoman Empire*, p. 263.

"Their order has few rules, except of performing their fantastic rites every Tuesday and Friday. They meet in a large hall, where they all stand with their

which he acquired the esteem of many people, as well of the commonalty as of the chief of the city. In short, he was much honoured and courted by all ranks. People came from afar to recommend themselves to his prayers; and all who visited him, published what blessings they received through his means.

The great reputation of this honest man having spread to the town from whence he had come, it touched the envious man so much to the quick, that he left his own house and affairs with a resolution to ruin him. With this intent he went to the new convent of dervises, of which his former neighbour was the head, who received him with all imaginable tokens of friendship. The envious man told him that he was come to communicate a business of importance, which he could not do but in private; "and that nobody may hear us," he said, "let us take a walk in your court; and seeing night begins to draw on, command your dervises to retire to their cells." The chief of the dervises did as he was requested.

When the envious man saw that he was alone with this good man, he began to tell him his errand, walking side by side in the court, till he saw his opportunity; and getting the good man near the brink of the well, he gave him a thrust, and pushed him into it.

This old well was inhabited by peris[1] and genies, which happened luckily for the relief of the head of the convent; for they received and supported him, and carried him to the bottom, so that he got no hurt. He perceived that there was something extraordinary in his fall, which must otherwise have cost him his

eyes fixed on the ground, and their arms crossed, while the imaun or preacher reads part of the Koran from a pulpit, and after a short exposition on what he has read, they stand around their superior, and tying their robe, which is very wide, round their waist, begin to turn round with an amazing swiftness, moving fast or slow as the music is played. This lasts above an hour, without any of them showing the least appearance of giddiness, which is not to be wondered at when it is considered they are used to it from their infancy. There were amongst them some little dervises, of six or seven years old, who seemed no more disordered by that exercise than the others. At the end of the ceremony they shout out, 'There is no other god but God, and Mahommed is his prophet;' after which they kiss the superior's hand and retire. The whole is performed with the most solemn gravity."—Lady M. W. Montague's *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 43.

[1] The word peri, in the Persian language, signifies that beautiful race of creatures which constitutes the link between angels and men.

life; but he neither saw nor felt anything. He soon heard a voice, however, which said, "Do you know what honest man this is, to whom we have done this piece of service?" Another voice answered, "No." To which the first replied, "Then I will tell you. This man out of charity left the town he lived in, and has established himself in this place, in hopes to cure one of his neighbours of the envy he had conceived against him; he had acquired such a general esteem, that the envious man, not able to endure it, came hither on purpose to ruin him; and he would have accomplished his design, had it not been for the assistance we have given this honest man, whose reputation is so great, that the sultan, who keeps his residence in the neighbouring city, was to pay him a visit to-morrow, to recommend the princess his daughter to his prayers."

Another voice asked, "What need had the princess of the dervise's prayers?" To which the first answered, "You do not know, it seems, that she is possessed by a genie. But I well know how this good dervise may cure her. He has a black cat in his convent, with a white spot at the end of her tail, about the bigness of a small piece of Arabian money; let him only pull seven hairs out of the white spot, burn them, and smoke the princess's head with the fume, she will not only be immediately cured, but be so safely delivered from the genie, that he will never dare to approach her again."

The head of the dervises remembered every word of the conversation between the fairies and the genies, who remained silent the remainder of the night. The next morning, as soon as daylight appeared, and he could discern the nature of his situation, the well being broken down in several places, he saw a hole, by which he crept out with ease.

The other dervises, who had been seeking for him, were rejoiced to see him; he gave them a brief account of the wickedness of the man to whom he had given so kind a reception the day before, and retired into his cell. Shortly after, the black cat, which the fairies and genies had mentioned the night before, came to fawn upon her master, as she was accustomed to do; he took her up, and pulled seven hairs from the white spot that was upon her tail, and laid them aside for his use when occasion should serve.

Soon after sunrise, the sultan, who would leave no means untried that he thought likely to restore the princess to perfect health, arrived at the gate of the convent. He commanded his guards to halt, whilst he with his principal officers went in. The dervises received him with profound respect.

The sultan called their chief aside, and said, "Good Sheik,[1] you may probably be already acquainted with the cause of my visit." "Yes, sir," replied he gravely, "if I do not mistake, it is the disease of the princess which procures me this unmerited honour." "That is the real case," replied the sultan. "You will give me new life if your prayers, as I hope they may, restore my daughter's health." "Sir," said the good man, "if your majesty will be pleased to let her come hither, I am in hopes, through God's assistance and favour, that she will be effectually cured."

The prince, transported with joy, sent immediately for his daughter, who soon appeared with a numerous train of ladies and attendants, veiled, so that her face was not seen. The chief of the dervises caused a carpet to be held over her head, and he had no sooner thrown the seven hairs upon the burning coals, than the genie uttered a great cry, and, without being seen, left the princess at liberty; upon which, she took the veil from her face, and rose up to see where she was, saying, "Where am I, and who brought me hither?" At these words, the sultan, overcome with excess of joy, embraced his daughter, and kissed her eyes; he also kissed the sheik's hands, and said to his officers, "What reward does he deserve that has thus cured my daughter?" They all cried, "He deserves her in marriage." "That is what I had in my thoughts," said the sultan; "and I make him my son-in-law from this moment. Some time after, the prime vizier died, and the sultan conferred the place on the dervise. The sultan himself also died without heirs male; upon which the religious orders and the army consulted together, and the good man was declared and acknowledged sultan by general consent.

The honest dervise having ascended the throne of his father-in-law, as he was one day in the midst of his courtiers on a march,

[1] Sheiks are the chiefs of the societies of dervises; cadis, the magistrates of a town or city.—*Notes on Vathek*, p. 322.

espied the envious man among the crowd that stood as he passed along; and calling one of the viziers that attended him, whispered in his ear, "Go, bring me that man you see there; but take care you do not frighten him." The vizier obeyed, and when the envious man was brought into his presence, the sultan said, "Friend, I am extremely glad to see you." Upon which he called an officer; "Go immediately," said he, "and cause to be paid to this man out of my treasury,[1] one hundred pieces of gold; let him have also twenty loads of the richest merchandise in my storehouses, and a sufficient guard to conduct him to his house." After he had given this charge to the officer, he bade the envious man farewell, and proceeded on his march.

When I had finished the recital of this story to the genie, I employed all my eloquence to persuade him to imitate so good an example, and to grant me pardon; but it was impossible to move his compassion.

"All that I can do for thee," said he, "is to grant thee thy life; but I must place thee under enchantments." So saying, he seized me violently, and carried me through the arched roof of the subterraneous palace, which opened to give him passage. He ascended with me into the air to such a height, that the earth appeared like a little white cloud. He then descended again like lightning, and alighted upon the summit of a mountain.

Here he took up a handful of earth, and muttering some words which I did not understand, threw it upon me. "Quit," said he, "the form of a man, and take that of an ape." He instantly disappeared, and left me alone, transformed into an ape, and overwhelmed with sorrow, in a strange country, not knowing whether I was near or far from my father's dominions.

I descended the mountain, and entered a plain level country, which took me a month to travel over, and then I came to the

[1] A favourite story is related of the benevolence of one of the sons of Ali. In serving at table, a slave had inadvertently dropt a dish of scalding broth on his master. The heedless wretch fell prostrate, to deprecate his punishment, and repeated a verse of the Koran:—"Paradise is for those who command their anger." "I am not angry." "And for those who pardon offences." "I pardon your offence." "And for those who return good for evil." "I give you your liberty, and four hundred pieces of silver."—Gibbon's *Decline and*

sea-side. It happened at the time to be perfectly calm, and I espied a vessel about half a league from the shore. Unwilling to lose so good an opportunity, I broke off a large branch from a tree, carried it into the sea, and placed myself astride upon it, with a stick in each hand, to serve me for oars.

I launched out on this frail bark, and rowed towards the ship. When I had approached sufficiently near to be seen, the seamen and passengers on the deck regarded me with astonishment. In the meantime I got on board, and laying hold of a rope, jumped upon the deck, but having lost my speech, I found myself in great perplexity; and indeed the risk I ran was not less than when I was at the mercy of the genie.

The merchants, being both superstitious and scrupulous, thought if they received me on board I should be the occasion of some misfortune to them during their voyage. On this account they said, "Let us throw him into the sea." Some one of them would not have failed to carry this threat into execution, had I not gone to the captain, thrown myself at his feet, and taken hold of his skirt in a supplicating posture. This action, together with the tears which he saw gush from my eyes, moved his compassion. He took me under his protection, and loaded me with a thousand caresses. On my part, though I had not power to speak, I showed by my gestures every mark of gratitude in my power.

The wind that succeeded the calm continued to blow in the same direction for fifty days, and brought us safe to the port of a city, well peopled, and of great trade, where we cast anchor.

Our vessel was instantly surrounded with multitudes of boats full of people. Amongst the rest, some officers of the sultan came on board, and said, "Our master rejoices in your safe arrival, and he beseeches each of you to write a few lines upon this roll. The prime vizier, who, besides possessing great abilities for the management of public affairs, could write in the highest perfection, died a few days since, and the sultan has made a solemn vow not to give the place to any one who cannot write equally well. No one in the empire has been judged worthy to supply the vizier's place."

Those of the merchants who thought they could write well enough to aspire to this high dignity wrote one after another what they thought fit. After they had done, I advanced, and took the

roll, but all the people cried out that I would tear it, or throw it into the sea, till they saw how properly I held the roll, and made a sign that I would write in my turn. Their apprehensions then changed into wonder. However, as they had never seen an ape that could write, and could not be persuaded that I was more ingenious than others of my kind, they wished to take the roll out of my hand; but the captain took my part once more. "Let him alone," said he; "allow him to write." Perceiving that no one opposed my design, I took the pen, and wrote six sorts of hands used among the Arabians, and each specimen contained an extemporary distich or quatrain (a stanza of four lines) in praise of the sultan. When I had done, the officers took the roll, and carried it to the sultan.

The sultan took little notice of any of the writings except mine, which pleased him so much that he said to the officers, "Take the finest horse in my stable, with the richest trappings, and a robe of the most sumptuous brocade to put on the person who wrote the six hands, and bring him hither." At this command the officers could not forbear laughing. The sultan was incensed at their rudeness, and would have punished them, had they not explained. "Sir," said they, "we humbly beg your majesty's pardon. These hands were not written by a man, but by an ape." "What do you say?" exclaimed the sultan. "Those admirable characters, are they not written by the hands of a man?" "No, sir," replied the officers; "we assure your majesty that it was an ape, who wrote them in our presence." The sultan was too much surprised at this account not to desire a sight of me, and therefore said, "Do what I command you, and bring me speedily that wonderful ape."

The officers returned to the vessel, and showed the captain their order, who answered, "The sultan's command must be obeyed." Whereupon they clothed me with the rich brocade robe, and carried me ashore, where they set me on horseback, whilst the sultan waited for me at his palace with a great number of courtiers.

The procession commenced; the harbour, the streets, the public places, windows, terraces, palaces, and houses, were filled with an infinite number of people of all ranks, who flocked from every part of the city to see me; for the rumour was spread in a moment

that the sultan had chosen an ape to be his grand vizier; and after having served for a spectacle to the people, who could not forbear to express their surprise by redoubling their shouts and cries, I arrived at the sultan's palace.

I found the prince on his throne in the midst of the grandees; I made my obeisance three times very low, and at last kneeled and kissed the ground before him, and afterwards took my seat in the posture of an ape. The whole assembly viewed me with admiration, and could not comprehend how it was possible that an ape should so well understand how to pay the sultan his due respect; and he himself was more astonished than any. In short, the usual ceremony of the audience would have been complete, could I have added speech to my behaviour.

The sultan dismissed his courtiers, and none remained by him but the chief of the attendants of the palace, a little young slave, and myself. He went from his chamber of audience into his own apartment, where he ordered dinner to be brought. As he sat at table, he made me a sign to approach and eat with them: to show my obedience, I kissed the ground, arose, and placed myself at the table, and ate.

Before the table was cleared, I espied a standish, which I made a sign to have brought me; having got it, I wrote upon a large peach some verses expressive of my acknowledgment to the sultan; who, having read them, after I had presented the peach to him, was still more astonished. When the things were removed, they brought him a particular liquor, of which he caused them to give me a glass. I drank, and wrote upon the glass some new verses, which explained the state of happiness I was now in, after many sufferings. The sultan read these likewise, and said, "A man that was capable of composing such poetry would rank among the greatest of men."

The sultan caused to be brought to him a chess-board,[1] and asked me by a sign if I understood that game, and would play with him. I kissed the ground; and laying my hand upon my head, signified that I was ready to receive that honour. He won the first game; but I won the second and third; and perceiving he was somewhat displeased at my success, I made a stanza to pacify

[1] Chess is said to have had its origin in the East, and to have been introduced into Europe after the Crusades.

him; in which I told him that two potent armies had been fighting furiously all day, but that they concluded a peace towards the evening, and passed the remaining part of the night very amicably together upon the field of battle.

So many circumstances appearing to the sultan beyond what had ever either been seen or known of apes, he determined not to be the only witness of these prodigies himself, but having a daughter, called the Lady of Beauty, sent for her, that she should share his pleasure.

The princess, who had her face unveiled, no sooner came into the room than she put on her veil, and said to the sultan, "Sir, I am surprised that you have sent for me to appear before men. That seeming ape is a young prince, son of a powerful sultan, and has been metamorphosed into an ape by enchantment. When I was just out of the nursery, an old lady who waited on me was a most expert magician, and taught me seventy rules of magic. By this science I know all enchanted persons at first sight: I know who they are, and by whom they have been enchanted; therefore do not be surprised if I should forthwith restore this prince, in spite of the enchantments, to his own form." "Do so, then," interrupted the sultan, "for you cannot give me greater pleasure, as I wish to have him for my grand vizier, and bestow you upon him for a wife." "I am ready, sire," answered the princess, "to obey you in all things you please to command."

The princess, the Lady of Beauty, went into her apartment, and brought thence a knife, which had some Hebrew words engraven on the blade: she made the sultan, the little slave, and myself, descend into a private court of the palace, and there left us under a gallery that went round it. She placed herself in the middle of the court, where she made a great circle, and within it she wrote several words in ancient Arabian characters.

When she had finished and prepared the circle, she placed herself in the centre of it, where she began incantations, and repeated verses of the Koran. The air grew insensibly dark, as if it had been night; we found ourselves struck with consternation, and our fear increased when we saw the genie appear suddenly in the shape of a lion[1] of a gigantic size.

[1] This same power of changing the form has found a place in ancient and

"Thou shalt pay dearly," said the lion, "for the trouble thou hast given me in coming here." In saying this, he opened his horrible jaws, and advanced forward to devour her; but she, being on her guard, jumped back, and had just time to pluck out a hair; and pronouncing two or three words, she changed it into a sharp scythe, with which she immediately cut the lion in two pieces, through the middle.

The two parts of the lion directly disappeared, and the head changed into a large scorpion. The princess then took the form of a serpent, and fought the scorpion, which, finding itself defeated, changed into an eagle, and flew away. But the serpent then became another eagle, black, and very large, and went in pursuit of it. We now lost sight of them for some time.

Shortly after they had disappeared, the earth opened before us, and a black and white cat appeared, the hairs of which stood quite on end, and which made a most horrible mewing. A black wolf directly followed after her, and gave her no time to rest. The cat, being thus hard pressed, changed into a worm, and hid itself in a pomegranate which lay by accident on the ground; but the pomegranate swelled immediately, and became as big as a gourd, which, lifting itself up to the roof of the gallery, rolled there for

modern story. The Proteus of heathen mythology ever found means of safety and protection by his sudden assumption of some new form and shape.

"Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?"

One of Walter Scott's happiest delineations is the "Goblin Page," described in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," who in every new freak of mischief escaped alike retribution and discovery by his power of change and transmutation:—

"For, at a word, be it understood,
He was always for ill, and never for good:
Seem'd to the boy some comrade gay,
Led him forth to the woods to play;
On the drawbridge the warders stout
Saw a terrier and lurcher passing out."

Milton attributes the same power to Comus:—

"Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,
The express resemblance of the gods, is changed
Into some brutish form of wolf or bear,
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat—
All other parts remaining as they were;
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before,
And all their friends and native home forget."

some time backward and forward; it then fell down again into the court, and broke into several pieces.

The wolf had in the meanwhile transformed itself into a cock, and now fell to picking up the seeds of the pomegranate one after another; but finding no more, he came towards us with his wings spread, making a great noise, as if he would ask us whether there were any more seed. There was one lying on the brink of the canal, which the cock perceiving as he went back, ran speedily thither; but just as he was going to pick it up, the seed rolled into a fountain and turned into a little fish.

The cock flying towards the fountain, turned into a pike, and pursued the small fish; they continued both under water above two hours, and we knew not what was become of them; but suddenly we heard terrible cries, which made us tremble, and a little while after we saw the genie and princess all in flames. They threw flashes of fire out of their mouths at each other, till they came to close combat; then the two fires increased, with a thick, burning smoke which mounted so high that we had reason to apprehend it would set the palace on fire. But we very soon had a more pressing occasion of fear, for the genie having got loose from the princess, came to the gallery where we stood, and blew flames of fire upon us. We must all have perished had not the princess, running to our assistance, forced him to retire, and defend himself against her; yet, notwithstanding all her exertions, she could not hinder the sultan's beard from being burned, and his face scorched, and a spark from entering my right eye, and making it blind. The sultan and I expected nothing but death, when we heard a cry of "Victory, Victory!" and instantly the princess appeared in her natural shape; but the genie was reduced to a heap of ashes.

The princess approached us, and hastily called for a cupful of water, which the young slave, who had received no hurt, brought her. She took it, and after pronouncing some words over it, threw it upon me, saying, "If thou art become an ape by enchantment, change thy shape, and take that of a man, which thou hadst before." These words were hardly uttered, when I again became a man, in every respect as I was before my transformation, excepting the loss of my eye.

I was preparing to return the princess my thanks, but she pre-

vented me by addressing herself to her father: "Sir, I have gained the victory over the genie; but it is a victory that costs me dear. I have but a few minutes to live; the fire has pierced me during the terrible combat, and I find it is gradually consuming me. This would not have happened, had I perceived the last of the pomegranate seeds, and swallowed it, as I did the others when I was changed into a cock; the genie had fled thither as to his last intrenchment, and upon that the success of the combat depended. This oversight obliged me to have recourse to fire, and to fight with those mighty arms as I did, between heaven and earth, in your presence; for, in spite of all, I made the genie know that I understood more than he; I have conquered and reduced him to ashes, but I cannot escape death, which is approaching."

Suddenly the princess exclaimed, "I burn, I burn!" She found that the fire had at last seized upon her vital parts, which made her still cry, "I burn;" until death had put an end to her intolerable pains. The effect of that fire was so extraordinary, that in a few moments she was wholly reduced to ashes, as the genie had been.

I cannot tell you, madam, how much I was grieved at so dismal a spectacle; I had rather all my life have continued an ape or a dog, than to have seen my benefactress thus miserably perish. The sûltan cried piteously, and beat himself on his head and breast, until being quite overcome with grief, he fainted away. In the meantime, the attendants and officers came running at the sultan's lamentations, and with much difficulty brought him to himself.

When the knowledge of the death of the princess had spread through the palace and the city, all the people greatly bewailed. Public mourning was observed for seven days, and many ceremonies were performed. The ashes of the genie were thrown into the air; but those of the princess were collected into a precious urn, to be preserved; and the urn was deposited in a superb mausoleum,[1] constructed for that purpose on the spot where the princess had been consumed.

[1] The erection of these tombs over the supposed effigy, or the real remains of the deceased, is often mentioned in these tales. The same type of tomb, with its dome or cupola, prevails throughout. A structure of a similar fashion is celebrated in history as the Tai Mahal at Agra, erected by the Shah Jehar, in

The grief of the sultan for the loss of his daughter confined him to his chamber for a whole month. Before he had fully recovered his strength, he sent for me and said, "You are the cause of all these misfortunes; depart hence therefore in peace, without further delay, and take care never to appear again in my dominions on penalty of thy life."

I was obliged to quit the palace, again cast down to a low estate, and an outcast from the world. Before I left the city, I went into a bagnio, where I caused my beard and eyebrows to be shaved, and put on a calender's robe. I passed through many countries without making myself known; at last I resolved to visit Bagdad, in hopes of meeting with the Commander of the Faithful, to move his compassion by relating to him my unfortunate adventures. I arrived this evening; and the first man I met was this calender, our brother, who spoke before me. You know the remaining part, madam, and the cause of my having the honour to be here.

When the second calender had concluded his story, Zobeide, to whom he had addressed his speech, said, "It is well; you are at liberty:" but instead of departing he also petitioned the lady to show him the same favour vouchsafed to the first calender, and went and sat down by him.

Then the third calender, knowing it was his turn to speak, addressed himself like the others to Zobeide, and began his history as follows:—

The History of the Third Calender.

My story, O honourable lady, differs from those you have

memory of his queen, Mumtaz Mahal. It stands on a marble terrace over the Jamna, and is surrounded by extensive gardens. The building itself on the outside is of white marble, with a high cupola and four minarets. In the centre of the inside is a lofty hall of a circular form under a dome, in the middle of which is the tomb, enclosed within an open screen of elaborate tracery formed of marble and mosaics. The materials are lapis lazuli, jasper, bloodstone, a sort of golden stone, (not well understood,) agates, cornelian, jade, and various other stones. A single flower in the screen contains a hundred stones; "and yet," says Bishop Heber, "though everything is finished like an ornament for a drawing-room chimney-piece, the general effect is rather solemn and impressive than gaudy."—Elphinstone's *India*, p. 528; and *Asiatic Researches*, vol. v. p. 434.

already heard. The two princes who have spoken before me have each lost an eye by events beyond their own control; but I lost mine through my own fault.

My name is Agib. I am the son of a sultan. After his death I took possession of his dominions, and continued in the city where he had resided. My kingdom is composed of several fine provinces upon the mainland, besides a number of valuable islands. My first object was to visit the provinces: I afterwards caused my whole fleet to be fitted out, and went to my islands to gain the hearts of my subjects by my presence, and to confirm them in their loyalty. These voyages gave me some taste for navigation, in which I took so much pleasure, that I resolved to make some discoveries beyond my own territories; to which end I caused ten ships to be fitted out, embarked, and set sail.

Our voyage was very pleasant for forty days successively; but on the forty-first night the wind became contrary, and so boisterous that we were nearly lost. I gave orders to steer back to my own coast; but I perceived at the same time that my pilot knew not where we were. Upon the tenth day, a seaman being sent to look out for land from the mast head, gave notice that he could see nothing but sky and sea, but that right ahead he perceived a great blackness.

The pilot changed colour at this account, and throwing his turban on the deck with one hand, and beating his breast with the other, cried, "O sir, we are all lost; not one of us can escape; and with all my skill it is not in my power to effect our deliverance." I asked him what reason he had thus to despair. He exclaimed, "The tempest has brought us so far out of our course, that to-morrow about noon we shall be near the black mountain, or mine of adamant, which at this very minute draws all your fleet towards it by virtue of the iron in your ships; and when we approach within a certain distance, the attraction of the adamant will have such force, that all the nails will be drawn out of the sides and bottoms of the ships, and fasten to the mountain, so that your vessels will fall to pieces and sink. This mountain," continued the pilot, "is inaccessible. On the summit there is a dome of fine brass, supported by pillars of the same metal, and on the top of that dome stands a horse, likewise of brass, with a rider on his back, who has a plate of lead fixed to his breast,

upon which some talismanic characters are engraven. Sir, the tradition is, that this statue is the chief cause why so many ships and men have been lost and sunk in this place, and that it will ever continue to be fatal to all those who have the misfortune to approach, until it shall be thrown down."

The pilot having finished his discourse, began to weep afresh, and all the rest of the ship's company did the same, and they took farewell of each other.

The next morning we distinctly perceived the black mountain. About noon we were so near, that we found what the pilot had foretold to be true; for all the nails and iron in the ships flew towards the mountain, where they fixed, by the violence of the attraction, with a horrible noise; the ships split asunder, and their cargoes sunk into the sea. All my people were drowned, but God had mercy on me, and permitted me to save myself by means of a plank, which the wind drove ashore just at the foot of the mountain. I did not receive the least hurt; and my good fortune brought me to a landing-place, where there were steps that led up to the summit of the mountain.

At last, I reached the top, without accident. I went into the dome, and kneeling on the ground, gave God thanks for His mercies.

I passed the night under the dome. In my sleep an old grave man appeared to me, and said, "Hearken, Agib; as soon as thou art awake dig up the ground under thy feet: thou wilt find a bow of brass, and three arrows of lead. Shoot the three arrows at the statue, and the rider and his horse will fall into the sea; this being done, the sea will swell and rise to the foot of the dome. When it has come so high, thou wilt perceive a boat with one man holding an oar in each hand; this man is also of metal, but different from that thou hast thrown down; step on board, but without mentioning the name of God, and let him conduct thee. He will in ten days' time bring thee into another sea, where thou shalt find an opportunity to return to thy country, provided, as I have told thee, thou dost not mention the name of God during the whole voyage."

When I awoke I felt much comforted by the vision, and did not fail to observe everything that the old man had commanded me. I took the bow and arrows out of the ground, shot at the horse

man, and with the third arrow I overthrew him and the horse. In the meantime, the sea swelled and rose up by degrees. When it came as high as the foot of the dome upon the top of the mountain, I saw, afar off, a boat rowing towards me, and I returned God thanks.

When the boat made land, I stepped aboard, and took great heed not to pronounce the name of God, neither spoke I one word. I sat down, and the man of metal began to row off from the mountain. He rowed without ceasing till the ninth day, when I saw some islands, which gave me hopes that I should escape all the danger that I feared. The excess of my joy made me forget what I was forbidden: "God is great, God be praised!" said I.

I had no sooner spoken than the boat and man sunk, casting me upon the sea. I swam until night, when, as my strength began to fail, a wave vast as a mountain threw me on the land. The first thing I did was to strip, and to dry my clothes.

On the next morning, I went forward to discover what sort of country I was in. I had not walked far before I found I was upon a desert, though a very pleasant island, abounding with trees and wild shrubs bearing fruit. I recommended myself to God, and prayed Him to dispose of me according to His will. Immediately after, I saw a vessel coming from the main-land, before the wind, directly towards the island. I got up into a very thick tree, from whence, though unseen, I might safely view them. The vessel came into a little creek, where ten slaves landed, carrying a spade and other instruments for digging up the ground. They went towards the middle of the island, where they dug for a considerable time, after which they lifted up a trap-door. They returned again to the vessel, and unloaded several sorts of provisions and furniture, which they carried to the place where they had been digging; they then descended into a subterraneous dwelling.

I saw them once more go to the ship, and return soon after with an old man, who led in his hand a handsome lad of about fifteen years of age. They all descended when the trap-door had been opened. After they had again come up, they let down the trap-door, covered it over with earth, and returned to the creek where the ship lay; but I saw not the young man in their company. This made me believe that he had stayed behind in the subterraneous cavern.

The old man and the slaves went on board, and steered their course towards the main-land. When I perceived they had proceeded to such a distance that I could not be seen by them, I came down from the tree, and went directly to the place where I had seen the ground broken. I removed the earth by degrees, till I came to a stone, two or three feet square. I lifted it up, and found that it covered the head of a flight of stairs, also of stone. I descended, and at the bottom found myself in a large room, brilliantly lighted, and furnished with a carpet, a couch covered with tapestry, and cushions of rich stuff, upon which the young man sat. The young man, when he perceived me, was considerably alarmed; but I made a low obeisance, and said to him, "Sir, do not fear. I am a king, and I will do you no harm. On the contrary, it is probable that your good destiny may have brought me hither to deliver you out of this tomb, where it seems you have been buried alive. But what surprises me (for you must know that I have seen all that hath passed since your coming into this island) is, that you suffered yourself to be entombed in this place without any resistance."

The young man, much assured at these words, with a smiling countenance requested me to seat myself by him. As soon as I was seated, he said, "Prince, my story will surprise you. My father is a jeweller. He has many slaves, and also agents at the several courts, which he furnishes with precious stones. He had been long married without having issue, when he dreamt that he should have a son, though his life would be but short. Some time after, I was born, which occasioned great joy in the family. My father, who had observed the very moment of my birth, consulted astrologers about my nativity, and was answered, 'Your son shall live happily till the age of fifteen, when his life will be exposed to a danger which he will hardly be able to escape. But if his good destiny preserve him beyond that time, he will live to a great age. It will be,' said they, 'when the statue of brass, that stands upon the summit of the mountain of adamant, shall be thrown into the sea by Prince Agib, and, as the stars prognosticate, your son will be killed fifty days afterwards by that prince.'

"My father took all imaginable care of my education until this year, which is the fifteenth of my age. He had notice given him yesterday that the statue of brass had been thrown into the sea

about ten days ago. This news alarmed him much; and, in consequence of the prediction of the astrologers, he took the precaution to form this subterranean habitation to hide me in during the fifty days after the throwing down of the statue; and therefore, as it is ten days since this happened, he came hastily hither to conceal me, and promised at the end of forty days to return and fetch me away. For my own part, I am sanguine in my hopes, and cannot believe that prince Agib will seek for me in a place under ground, in the midst of a desert island."

He had scarcely done speaking, when I told him, with great joy, "Dear sir, trust in the goodness of God, and fear nothing. I will not leave you till the forty days have expired, of which the foolish astrologers have made you apprehensive; and in the meanwhile I will do you all the service in my power; after which, with leave of your father and yourself, I shall have the benefit of getting to the main-land in your vessel; and when I am returned into my kingdom, I will remember the obligations I owe you, and endeavour to demonstrate my gratitude by suitable acknowledgments."

This discourse encouraged the jeweller's son, and inspired him with confidence. I took care not to inform him I was the very Agib whom he dreaded, lest I should alarm his fears. I found the young man of ready wit, and partook with him of his provisions, of which he had enough to have lasted beyond the forty days, though he had had more guests than myself. In short, madam, we spent thirty-nine days in the pleasantest manner possible in this subterraneous abode.

The fortieth day appeared; and in the morning, when the young man awoke, he said to me, with a transport of joy that he could not restrain, "Prince, this is the fortieth day, and I am not dead, thanks to God and your good company. My father will not fail to make you, very shortly, every acknowledgment of his gratitude for your attentions, and will furnish you with every necessary for your return to your kingdom. But," continued he, "while we are waiting his arrival, dear prince, pray do me the favour to fetch me a melon and some sugar,[1] that I may eat some to refresh me."

Out of several melons that remained I took the best, and laid it

[1] Sugar has been traced to the Arabic "succar," which is the Persian "shachar." The sugar-cane is a jointed reed, crowned with leaves or blades; it contains a soft, pithy substance, full of sweet juice. The people of Egypt

on a plate; and as I could not find a knife to cut it with, I asked the young man if he knew where there was one? "There is one," said he, "upon this cornice over my head." I accordingly saw it there, and made so much haste to reach it, that, while I had it in my hand, my foot being entangled in the carpet, I fell most unhappily upon the young man, and the knife pierced his heart.

At this spectacle I cried out with agony. I beat my head, my face, and breast; I tore my clothes; I threw myself on the ground with unspeakable sorrow and grief. I would have embraced death without any reluctance, had it presented itself to me. "But what we wish, whether it be good or evil, will not always happen according to our desire." Nevertheless, considering that all my tears and sorrows would not restore the young man to life, and the forty days being expired, I might be surprised by his father, I quitted the subterranean dwelling, laid down the great stone upon the entrance, and covered it with earth. I again ascended into the tree which had previously sheltered me, when I saw the expected vessel approaching the shore.

The old man with his slaves landed immediately, and advanced towards the subterranean dwelling, with a countenance that showed some hope; but when they saw the earth had been newly removed, they changed colour, particularly the old man. They lifted up the stone, and descended the stairs. They called the young man by his name, but no answer was returned. Their fears redoubled. They searched about, and at last found him stretched on his couch, with the knife through his heart, for I had not had the courage to draw it out. On seeing this, they uttered such lamentable cries, that my tears flowed afresh. The unfortunate father continued a long while insensible, and made them more than once despair of his life; but at last he came to himself. The slaves then brought up his son's body, dressed in his best apparel, and when they had made a grave they buried it. The old man, supported by two slaves, and his face covered with tears, threw the first earth upon the body, after which the slaves filled up the grave.

This being done, all the furniture was brought up, and, with the

eat a great quantity of the green sugar-canes, and make a coarse loaf-sugar, and also sugar-candy, and some very fine sugar, sent to Constantinople to the Grand Signor, which is very dear, being made only for that purpose.—Dr Richard Pocock, *Travels*, vol. i., p. 204.

remaining provisions, put on board the vessel. The old man, overcome with sorrow, was carried upon a litter to the ship, which stood out to sea, and in a short time was out of sight.

After the old man and his slaves were gone, I was left alone upon the island. I lay that night in the subterranean dwelling, which they had shut up, and when the day came, I walked round the island.

I led this wearisome life for a whole month. At the expiration of this time I perceived that the sea sunk so low, that there remained between me and the continent but a small stream, which I crossed, and the water did not reach above the middle of my leg. At last I got upon more firm ground; and when I had proceeded some distance from the sea, I saw a good way before me something that resembled a great fire, which afforded me some comfort; for I said to myself, I shall here find some persons, it not being possible that this fire should kindle of itself. As I drew nearer, however, I found my error, and discovered that what I had taken for a fire was a castle of red copper, which the beams of the sun made to appear at a distance like flames. As I wondered at this magnificent building, I saw ten handsome young men coming along; but what surprised me was that they were all blind of the right eye. They were accompanied by an old man, very tall, and of a venerable aspect.

As I was conjecturing by what adventure these men could come together, they approached, and seemed glad to see me. After we had made our salutations, they inquired what had brought me thither. I told them my story, which filled them with great astonishment.

After I had concluded my account, the young men prayed me to accompany them into the palace, and brought me into a spacious hall, where there were ten small blue sofas set round, separate from one another. In the middle of this circle stood an eleventh sofa, not so high as the rest, but of the same colour, upon which the old man before mentioned sat down, and the young men occupied the other ten. But as each sofa could only contain one man, one of the young men said to me, sit down, friend, upon that carpet in the middle of the room, and do not inquire into anything that concerns us, nor the reason why we are all blind of the right eye.

The old man having sat a short time, arose, and went out; but

he returned in a minute or two, brought in supper, distributed to each man separately his proportion, and likewise brought me mine, which I ate apart, as the rest did; and when supper was almost ended, he presented to each of us a cup of wine.

One of the young men observing that it was late, said to the old man, "You do not bring us that with which we may acquit ourselves of our duty." At these words the old man arose, and went into a closet, and brought out thence upon his head ten basons, one after another, all covered with black stuff; he placed one before every gentleman, together with a light.

They uncovered their basons, which contained ashes and powdered charcoal; they mixed all together, and rubbed and bedaubed their faces with it; and having thus blackened themselves, they wept and lamented, beating their heads and breasts, and crying continually, "This is the fruit of our idleness and curiosity."

They continued this strange employment nearly the whole of the night. I wished a thousand times to break the silence which had been imposed upon me, and to ask the reason of their strange proceedings. The next day, soon after we had arisen, we went out to walk, and then I said to them, "I cannot forbear asking why you bedaubed your faces with black—how it has happened that each of you has but one eye. I conjure you to satisfy my curiosity."

One of the young men answered on behalf of the rest, "Once more we advise you to restrain your curiosity; it will cost you the loss of your right eye." "No matter," I replied; "be assured that if such a misfortune befall me, I will not impute it to you, but to myself."

He further represented to me, that when I had lost an eye, I must not hope to remain with them, if I were so disposed, because their number was complete, and no addition could be made to it. I begged them, let it cost what it would, to grant my request.

The ten young men, perceiving that I was so fixed in my resolution, took a sheep, killed it, and after they had taken off the skin, presented me with a knife, telling me it would be useful to me on an occasion, which they would soon explain. "We must sew you in this skin," said they, "and then leave you; upon

which a bird of a monstrous size, called a roc, will appear in the air, and taking you for a sheep, will pounce upon you, and soar with you to the sky. But let not that alarm you; he will descend with you again, and lay you on the top of a mountain. When you find yourself on the ground, cut the skin with your knife, and throw it off. As soon as the roc sees you, he will fly away for fear, and leave you at liberty. Do not stay, but walk on till you come to a spacious palace, covered with plates of gold, large emeralds, and other precious stones. Go up to the gate, which always stands open, and walk in. We have each of us been in that castle, but will tell you nothing of what we saw, or what befell us there; you will learn by your own experience. All that we can inform you is, that it has cost each of us our right eye; and the penance which you have been witness to, is what we are obliged to observe in consequence of having been there; but we cannot explain ourselves further."

When the young man had thus spoken, I wrapt myself in the sheep's skin, held fast the knife which was given me; and after the young men had been at the trouble to sew the skin about me, they retired into the hall, and left me alone. The roc they spoke of soon arrived; he pounced upon me, took me in his talons like a sheep, and carried me up to the summit of the mountain.

When I found myself on the ground, I cut the skin with the knife, and throwing it off, the roc at the sight of me flew away. This roc is a white bird, of a monstrous size; his strength is such, that he can lift up elephants from the plains, and carry them to the tops of mountains, where he feeds upon them.

Being impatient to reach the palace, I lost no time, but made so much haste, that I got thither in half a day's journey; and I must say that I found it surpassed the description they had given me of its magnificence.

The gate being open, I entered a square court, so large that there were round it ninety-nine gates of wood of sanders and aloes, and one of gold, without reckoning those of several superb staircases, that led to apartments above, besides many more which I could not see.

I saw a door standing open just before me, through which I entered into a large hall. Here I found forty young women, of such perfect beauty as imagination could not surpass; they were

all most sumptuously apparelled. As soon as they saw me they arose, and without waiting my salutations, said to me, with tones of joy, "Welcome! welcome! We have long expected you. You are at present our lord, master, and judge, and we are your slaves, ready to obey your commands."

After these words were spoken, these ladies vied with each other in their eager solicitude to do me all possible service. One brought hot water to wash my feet; a second poured sweet-scented water on my hands; others brought me all kinds of necessaries, and change of apparel; others again brought in a magnificent collation; and the rest came with glasses in their hands, to fill me delicious wines, all in good order, and in the most charming manner possible. Some of the ladies brought in musical instruments, and sang most delightful songs; while others danced before me, two and two, with admirable grace. In short, honoured madam, I must tell you that I passed a whole year of most pleasurable life with these forty ladies. At the end of that time, I was greatly surprised to see these ladies with great sorrow impressed upon their countenances, and to hear them all say, "Adieu, dear prince, adieu! for we must leave you." After they had spoken these words, they began to weep bitterly. "My dear ladies," said I, "have the kindness not to keep me any longer in suspense; tell me the cause of your sorrow." "Well," said one of them, "to satisfy you, we must acquaint you that we are all princesses, daughters of kings. We live here together in the manner you have seen; but at the end of every year we are obliged to be absent forty days, for reasons we are not permitted to reveal; and afterwards we return again to this palace. Before we depart we will leave you the keys of everything, especially those of the hundred doors, where you will find enough to satisfy your curiosity, and to relieve your solitude during our absence. But we entreat you to forbear opening the golden door; for if you do, we shall never see you again; and the apprehension of this augments our grief." We separated with much tenderness; and after I had embraced them all, they departed, and I remained alone in the castle.

I determined not to forget the important advice they had given me, not to open the golden door; but as I was permitted to satisfy my curiosity in everything else, I took the first of the keys of the other doors, which were hung in regular order.

I opened the first door, and entered an orchard, which I believe the universe could not equal. I could not imagine anything to surpass it. The symmetry, the neatness, the admirable order of the trees, the abundance and diversity of unknown fruits, their freshness and beauty, delighted me. Nor must I neglect to inform you that this delightful garden was watered in a most singular manner; small channels, cut out with great art and regularity, and of different lengths, carried water in considerable quantities to the roots of such trees as required much moisture. Others conveyed it in smaller quantities to those whose fruits were already formed; some carried still less to those whose fruits were swelling; and others carried only so much as was just requisite to water those which had their fruits come to perfection, and only wanted to be ripened. They far exceeded in size the ordinary fruits in our gardens. I shut the door, and opened the next.

Instead of an orchard, I found here a flower-garden, which was no less extraordinary in its kind. The roses, jessamines, violets, daffodils, hyacinths, anemonies, tulips, pinks, lilies, and an infinite number of flowers, which do not grow in other places but at certain times, were there flourishing all at once; and nothing could be more delicious than the fragrant smell which they emitted.

I opened the third door, and found a large aviary, paved with marble of several fine and uncommon colours. The trellis-work was made of sandal-wood and wood of aloes. It contained a vast number of nightingales, goldfinches, canary-birds, larks, and other rare singing birds, and the vessels that held their seed were of the most sparkling jasper or agate. The sun went down, and I retired, charmed with the chirping notes of the multitude of birds, who then began to perch upon such places as suited them for repose during the night. I went to my chamber, resolving on the following days to open all the rest of the doors, excepting that of gold.

The next day I opened the fourth door. I entered a large court, surrounded with forty gates, all open, and through each of them was an entrance into a treasury. The first was stored with heaps of pearls; and, what is almost incredible, the number of those stones which are most precious, and as large as pigeon's eggs, exceeded the number of those of the ordinary size. In the second treasury,[1] there were diamonds, carbuncles, and rubies; in the

[1] These tales were written shortly after the conquest of Persia, the riches

third, emeralds; in the fourth, ingots of gold; in the fifth, money; in the sixth, ingots of silver; and in the two following, money. The rest contained amethysts, chrysolites, topazes, opals, turquoises, agate, jasper, cornelian, and coral, of which there was a storehouse filled, not only with branches, but whole trees.

Thus I went through, day by day, these various wonders. Thirty-nine days afforded me but just as much time as was necessary to open ninety-nine doors, and to admire all that presented itself to my view, so that there was only the hundredth door left, which I was forbidden to open.

The fortieth day after the departure of those charming princesses arrived, and had I but retained so much self-command as I ought to have had, I should have been this day the happiest of all mankind, whereas now I am the most unfortunate. But through my weakness, which I shall ever repent, and the temptations of an evil spirit, I opened that fatal door! But before I had moved my foot to enter, a smell pleasant enough, but too powerful for my senses, made me faint away. However, I soon recovered; but instead of taking warning from this incident to close the door and restrain my curiosity, I entered, and found myself in a spacious vaulted apartment, illuminated by several large tapers placed in candlesticks of solid gold.

Among the many objects that attracted my attention was a black horse, of the most perfect symmetry and beauty. I approached in order the better to observe him, and found he had on a saddle and bridle of massive gold, curiously wrought. One part of his manger was filled with clean barley, and the other with rose water. I laid hold of his bridle, and led him out to view him by daylight. I mounted, and endeavoured to make him move; but finding he did not stir, I struck him with a switch I had taken up in his magnificent stable. He had no sooner felt the whip, than he began to neigh in a most horrible manner, and extending wings,

of which country may be reflected in these narratives. "The naked robbers of the desert were suddenly enriched, beyond the measure of their hope and knowledge. Each chamber revealed a new treasure secreted with art, or ostentatiously displayed; the gold and silver, the various wardrobes and precious furniture, surpassed (says Abulfeda) the estimate of fancy or numbers, and another historian defines the untold and almost infinite mass by the fabulous computation of thousands of thousands of pieces of gold."—Gibbon's *Decline and Fall.*

which I had not before perceived, flew up with me into the air. My thoughts were fully occupied in keeping my seat; and, considering the fear that had seized me, I sat well. At length he directed his course towards the earth, and lighting upon the terrace of a palace, and, without giving me time to dismount, shook me out of the saddle with such force, as to throw me behind him, and with the end of his tail he struck out my eye.

Thus it was I became blind of one eye. I then recollected the predictions of the ten young gentlemen. The horse again took wing, and soon disappeared. I got up, much vexed at the misfortune I had brought upon myself. I walked upon the terrace, covering my eye with one of my hands, for it pained me exceedingly, and then descended, and entered into a hall. I soon discovered by the ten sofas in a circle and the eleventh in the middle, lower than the rest, that I was in the castle whence I had been carried by the roc.

The ten young men seemed not at all surprised to see me, nor at the loss of my eye; but said, "We are sorry that we cannot congratulate you on your return, as we could wish; but we are not the cause of your misfortune." "I should do you wrong," I replied, "to lay it to your charge; I have only myself to accuse." "If," said they, "it be a subject of consolation to the afflicted to know that others share their sufferings, you have in us this alleviation of your misfortune. All that has happened to you we have also endured; we each of us tasted the same pleasures during a year; and we had still continued to enjoy them, had we not opened the golden door, when the princesses were absent. You have been no wiser than we, and have incurred the same punishment. We would gladly receive you into our company, to join with us in the penance to which we are bound, and the duration of which we know not. But we have already stated to you the reasons that render this impossible; depart, therefore, and proceed to the court of Bagdad,[1] where you will meet with the person who is to decide your destiny." After they had explained to me the road I was to travel, I departed.

[1] Bagdad was founded in the 145th year of the Hejira or flight of Mahommed to Medina, 767. It was destroyed by Hulakoo, grandson of Gengis Khan, in the 656th of the Hejira, A.D. 1277, when the dynasty of the Ambassides was terminated.

On the road I caused my beard and eyebrows to be shaven, and assumed a calender's habit. I have had a long journey, but at last I arrived this evening, and met these my brother calenders at the gate, being strangers as well as myself. We were mutually surprised at one another, to see that we were all blind of the same eye; but we had not leisure to converse long on the subject of our misfortunes. We have only had time enough to bring us hither, to implore those favours which you have been generously pleased to grant us.

The third calender having finished this relation of his adventures, Zobeide addressed him and his fellow-calenders thus: "Go wherever you think proper; you are at liberty." But one of them answered, "Madam, we beg you to pardon our curiosity, and permit us to hear the stories of your other guests who have not yet spoken." Then the lady turned to the caliph, the vizier Giafar, and Mesrour, and said to them, "It is now your turn to relate your adventures, therefore speak."

The grand vizier, who had all along been the spokesman, answered Zobeide: "Madam, in order to obey you, we need only repeat what we have already said to the fair lady who opened for us the door. We are merchants come to Bagdad to sell our merchandise, which lies in the khan[1] where we lodge. We dined to-day with several other persons of our condition, at a merchant's house of this city; who, after he had treated us with choice dainties and excellent wines, sent for men and women dancers and musicians. The great noise we made brought in the watch, who arrested some of the company, and we had the good fortune to escape; but it being already late, and the door of our khan shut up, we knew not whither to retire. We chanced, as we passed along this street, to hear music at your house, which made us determine to knock at your gate. This is all the account that we can give you, in obedience to your commands."

[1] "Khan, or caravansery, a large building of a quadrangular form, being one story in height. The ground floor serves for warehouses and stables, while the upper is used for lodgings. They always contain a fountain, and have cook-shops and other conveniences attached to them in town. The erection of them is considered meritorious both among Hindoos and Mussulmans. They are erected on the sides of public highways, and are then only a set of bare rooms and out-houses."—*Popular Cyclopædia*, vol. ii. p. 108.

"Well, then," said Zobeide, "you shall all be equally obliged to me: I pardon you all, provided you immediately depart."

Zobeide having given this command, the caliph, the vizier, Mesrour, the three calenders, and the porter, departed; for the presence of the seven slaves with their weapons awed them into silence. As soon as they had quitted the house, and the gate was closed after them, the caliph said to the calenders, without making himself known, "You, gentlemen, who are newly come to town, which way do you design to go, since it is not yet day?" "It is this," they replied, "that perplexes us." "Follow us," resumed the caliph, "and we will convey you out of danger." He then whispered to the vizier, "Take them along with you, and to-morrow morning bring them to me."

The vizier Giafar took the three calenders along with him; the porter went to his quarters, and the caliph and Mesrour returned to the palace.

On the following morning, as the day dawned, the sultan Haroun al Raschid arose, and went to his council-chamber, and sat upon his throne. The grand vizier entered soon after, and made his obeisance. "Vizier," said the caliph, "go, bring those ladies and the calenders at the same time; make haste, and remember that I impatiently expect your return."

The vizier, who knew his master's quick and fiery temper, hastened to obey, and conducted them to the palace with so much expedition, that the caliph was much pleased.

When the ladies were arrived, the caliph turned towards them, and said, "I was last night in your house, disguised in a merchant's habit; but I am at present Haroun al Raschid, the fifth caliph of the glorious house of Abbas, and hold the place of our great prophet. I have only sent for you to know who you are, and to ask for what reason one of you, after severely whipping the two black dogs, wept with them. And I am no less curious to know why another of you has her bosom so full of scars."

Upon hearing these words, Zobeide thus related her story:—

The Story of Zobeide.

Commander of the Faithful, my story is truly wonderful. The two black dogs and myself are sisters by the same father and

mother. The two ladies who are now here are also my sisters, but by another mother. After our father's death, the property that he left was equally divided among us. My two half-sisters left me, that they might live with their mother. My two sisters and myself resided with our own mother. At her death she left us three thousand sequins each. Shortly after my sisters had received their portions, they married; but their husbands having spent all their fortunes, found some pretext for divorcing them, and put them away. I received them into my house, and gave them[1] a share of all my goods. At the end of a twelvemonth, my sisters again resolved to marry, and did so. After some months were passed, they returned again in the same sad condition; and as they accused themselves a thousand times, I again forgave them, and admitted them to live with me as before, and we dwelt together for the space of a year. After this I determined to engage in a commercial speculation. For this purpose I went with my two sisters to Bussorah,[2] where I bought a ship ready fitted for sea, and laded her with such merchandise[3] as I had carried with me from Bagdad. We set sail with a fair wind, and

[1] "The giving of alms is commanded in the Koran. Hasan, the son of Ali, grandson of Mahommed, is related to have thrice in his life divided his substance equally between himself and the poor."—Sale's *Preliminary Dissertation*, p. 110.

[2] "At the distance of fourscore miles from the Persian Gulf, the Euphrates and Tigris unite in a broad and direct current. In the midway, between the junction and the mouth of these famous streams, the new settlement of Bussorah was planted on the western bank: the first colony was composed of eight hundred Moslems; but the influence of the situation soon reared a flourishing and populous capital. The air, though excessively hot, is pure and healthy; the meadows are filled with palm-trees and cattle; and one of the adjacent valleys has been celebrated among the four paradises or gardens of Asia. Under the first caliphs, the jurisdiction of this Arab colony extended over the southern provinces of Persia; the city has been sanctified by the tombs of the companions and martyrs, and the vessels of Europe still frequent the port of Bussorah, as a convenient station and passage of the Indian trade."—Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, 41, C.

[3] Bussorah was built by the caliph Omar. The city has four kinds of inhabitants—Jews, Persians, Mahommedans, and Christians. It is looked upon by the Arabs as one of the most delightful spots in Asia. The commerce of Bussorah consisted in the interchange of rice, sugar, spices from Ceylon, coarse white and blue cottons from Coromandel, cardamom, pepper, sandalwood from Malabar, gold and silver stuffs, brocades, turbans, shawls, indigo from Surat, pearls from Bahara, coffee from Mocha, iron, lead, woollen cloths, &c.

soon cleared the Persian Gulf; when we had reached the open sea, we steered our course to the Indies; and the twentieth day saw land. It was a very high mountain, at the bottom of which we perceived a great town; having a fresh gale, we soon reached the harbour, and cast anchor.

I had not patience to wait till my sisters were dressed to go along with me, but went ashore alone in the boat. Making directly to the gate of the town, I saw there a great number of men upon guard, some sitting, and others standing with weapons in their hands; and they had all such dreadful countenances that I was greatly alarmed; but perceiving they remained stationary, and did not so much as move their eyes, I took courage, and went nearer, when I found they were all turned into stones. I entered the town and passed through several streets, where at different intervals stood men in various attitudes, but all motionless and petrified. In the quarter inhabited by the merchants I found most of the shops open; I likewise found the people petrified.

Having reached a vast square, in the heart of the city, I perceived a large folding gate, covered with plates of gold, which stood open; a curtain of silk stuff seemed to be drawn before it: a lamp hung over the entrance. After I had surveyed the building, I made no doubt but it was the palace of the prince who reigned over that country: and being much astonished that I had not met with one living creature, I approached in hopes to find some. I lifted up the curtain, and was surprised at beholding no one but the guards in the vestibule all petrified.[1]

I came to a large court. I went from thence into a room richly furnished, where I perceived a lady turned into a statue of stone. The crown of gold on her head, and a necklace of pearls about her neck, each of them as large as a nut, proclaimed her to be the queen. I quitted the chamber where the petrified queen was,

[1] "There is a city in Upper Egypt (Ishmonie) called the petrified city, on account of a great number of statues of men, women, and children, and other animals, which are said to be seen there at this day: all which, as it is believed by the inhabitants, were once animated beings, but were miraculously changed into stone in all the various positions of falling, standing, eating, sitting, which they acted at the instant of their supposed transubstantiation. We did not fail to inquire after these things, and desired to have a sight of them; but they told us they were in a certain part, pointing westward, but were too sacred to be seen by any except believers."—Perry's *View of the Levant.*

and passed through several other apartments richly furnished, and at last came into a large room, where there was a throne of massy gold, raised several steps above the floor, and enriched with large inchased emeralds, and upon the throne there was a bed of rich stuff embroidered with pearls. What surprised me most was a sparkling light which came from above the bed. Being curious to know whence it proceeded, I ascended the steps, and lifting up my head, saw a diamond as large as the egg of an ostrich, lying upon a low stool; it was so pure, that I could not find the least blemish in it, and it sparkled with so much brilliancy, that when I saw it by daylight I could not endure its lustre.

At the head of the bed there stood on each side a lighted flambeau, but for what use I could not comprehend; however, it made me imagine that there must be some one living in the place; for I could not believe that the torches continued thus burning of themselves.

The doors being all open, I surveyed some other apartments, that were as beautiful as those I had already seen. In short, the wonders that everywhere appeared so wholly engrossed my attention, that I forgot my ship and my sisters, and thought of nothing but gratifying my curiosity. In the meantime night came on, and I tried to return by the way I had entered, but I could not find it; I lost myself among the apartments; and perceiving I was come back again to the large room, where the throne, the couch, the large diamond, and the torches stood, I resolved to take my night's lodging there, and to depart the next morning early, to get aboard my ship. I laid myself down upon a costly couch, not without some dread to be alone in a desolate place; and this fear hindered my sleep.

About midnight I heard a man reading the Koran,[1] in the same tone as it is read in our mosques. I immediately arose, and

[1] Koran (derived from the word Karaa, to read) signifies "the Reading—that which ought to be read." It is the collection of revelations supposed to be given from heaven to Mahommed during a period of twenty-three years. Some were given at Mecca, and some at Medina. Each were regarded by some as a mystery full of divine meaning. It is divided into thirty parts; and as each mosque has thirty readers, it is read through once a day. These readers chant it in long lines with a rythmical ending, and in the absence of definite vowels they alone know the right pronunciation of the Koran.—Sale's *Preliminary Dissertation*, p. 56.

taking a torch in my hand passed from one chamber to another, on that side from whence the voice proceeded, until looking through a window, I found it to be an oratory. It had, as we have in our mosques, a niche,[1] to direct us whither we are to turn to say our prayers: there were also lamps hung up, and two candlesticks with large tapers of white wax burning.

I saw a little carpet laid down like those we have to kneel upon when we say our prayers, and a comely young man sat on this carpet reading with great devotion the Koran, which lay before him on a desk. At this sight I was transported with admiration. I wondered how it came to pass that he should be the only living creature in a town where all the people were turned into stones, and I do not doubt but there was something in the circumstance very extraordinary.

The door being only half shut I opened it, went in, and standing upright before the niche, I exclaimed, "Bismillah![2] Praise be to God." The young man turned towards me, and having saluted me, inquired what had brought me to this desolate city. I told him in a few words my history, and I prayed him to tell me why he alone was left alive in the midst of such terrible desolation. At these words he shut the Koran, put it into a rich case, and laid it

[1] This is the kaaba or kebla, a sacred stone in the centre of the temple at Mecca, over which is a lofty building, from which the name is by some said to be derived—Caaba, high. Mr Ferguson, in his lately published account of "The Holy Sepulchre," thus describes it:—"The precept of the Koran is, that all men, when they pray, shall turn towards the kaaba, or holy house at Mecca; and consequently throughout the Moslem world, indicators have been put up to enable the Faithful to fulfil this condition. In India they face west, in Barbary east, in Syria south. It is true that when rich men, or kings, built mosques, they frequently covered the face of this wall with arcades, to shelter the worshipper from the sun or rain. They enclosed it in a court that his meditations might not be disturbed by the noises of the outside world. They provided it with fountains, that he might perform the required ablutions before prayer. But still the essential part of the mosques is the mihrab or niche, which points towards Mecca, and towards which when he bows, the worshipper knows that the kaaba also is before him." The holy house erected over the kaaba was decorated annually with rich tapestries and a deep golden band, at the cost of the caliphs.

[2] Bismillah. All the chapters of the Koran, except nine, begin with this word. Its meaning is, "In the name of the merciful God." It is said to be frequently used in conversation by the Arabs.—Sale's *Preliminary Dissertation*, p. 153.

in the niche, and thus addressed me:—"Know that this city was the metropolis of a mighty kingdom, over which the sultan, who was my father, reigned. That prince, his whole court, the inhabitants of the city, and all his other subjects, were magi, worshippers of fire instead of God.

"But though I was born of an idolatrous father and mother, I had the good fortune in my youth to have a nurse who was a good Mussulman, believing in God, and in His prophet. 'Dear prince,' would she oftentimes say, 'there is but one true God; take heed that you do not acknowledge and adore any other.' She taught me to read Arabic, and the book she gave me to study was the Koran. As soon as I was capable of understanding it, she explained to me all the passages of this excellent book, unknown to my father or any other person. She died, but not before she had perfectly instructed me in the Mussulman religion. After her death, I persisted in worshipping according to its directions; and I abhor the adoration of fire.

"About three years and some months ago, a thundering voice was suddenly sounded so distinctly through the whole city, that nobody could miss hearing it. The words were these: 'Inhabitants, abandon the worship of fire, and worship the only God who shows mercy.' This voice was heard three years successively, but no one was converted. On the last day of that year, at the break of day, all the inhabitants were changed in an instant into stone, every one in the condition and posture they happened to be in. The sultan, my father, and the queen, my mother, shared the same fate.

"I am the only person who did not suffer under that heavy judgment, and ever since I have continued to serve God with more fervency than before. I am persuaded, dear lady, that He has sent you hither for my comfort, for which I render Him infinite thanks, for I must own that I have become weary of this solitary life."

On hearing these words, I said, "Prince, who can doubt that Providence has brought me into your port, to afford you an opportunity of withdrawing from this dismal place. I am a lady of Bagdad, where I have considerable property; and I dare engage to promise you sanctuary there, until the mighty Commander of the Faithful, caliph of our prophet, whom you acknowledge, show you the honour that is due to your merit. This renowned prince

lives at Bagdad, and as soon as he is informed of your arrival in his capital, you will find it not in vain to implore his assistance. Stay no longer in a city where you can only renew your grief; my vessel is at your service, where you may absolutely command as you shall think fit." He accepted the offer, and as soon as it was day we left the palace, and went aboard my ship, where we found my sisters, the captain, and the slaves, all much troubled at my absence. After I had presented my sisters to the prince, I told them what had hindered my return the day before, how I had met with the young prince, his story, and the cause of the desolation of so fine a city.

The seamen were taken up several days in unlading the merchandise I brought with me, and embarking in its stead many of the precious things in the palace, especially jewels, gold, and money. We left the furniture and goods, which consisted of an infinite quantity of silver vessels, because our vessel could not carry it, for it would have required several vessels more to convey to Bagdad all the riches that we might have taken with us.

After we had laden the vessel with what we thought most desirable, we took such provisions and water aboard as were necessary for our voyage; at last we set sail with a favourable wind.

The young prince, my sisters, and myself passed our time very agreeably. But, alas! this good understanding did not last long, for my sisters grew jealous of the friendship between the prince and myself, and maliciously asked me one day, what we should do with him when we came to Bagdad. Resolving to put this question off with a joke, I answered, "I will take him for my husband;" and upon that, turning myself to the prince, said, "Sir, I humbly beg of you to give your consent, for as soon as we come to Bagdad I design to offer you my person to be your slave, to do you all the service that is in my power, and to resign myself wholly to your commands."

The prince replied, "I know not, madam, whether you be in jest or no; but for my part, I seriously declare before these ladies, your sisters, that from this moment I heartily accept your offer, not with any intention to have you as a slave, but as my lady and wife." At these words my sisters changed colour, and I could perceive afterwards that they did not love me as before.

We entered the Persian Gulf, and had come within a short

distance of Bussorah, (where I hoped, considering the fair wind, we might have arrived the day following,) when, in the night while I was asleep, my sisters watched their opportunity and threw me overboard. They did the same to the prince, who was drowned. I floated some minutes on the water, and by good fortune, or rather miracle, I felt ground. I went towards a dark spot, that, by what I could discern, seemed to be land, and which, when day appeared, I found to be a desert island, lying about twenty miles from Bussorah. I soon dried my clothes in the sun, and as I walked along I found several kinds of fruit, and likewise fresh water, which gave me some hopes of preserving my life.

I had just laid myself down to rest in a shade, when I perceived a very large winged serpent coming towards me, with an irregular waving movement, and hanging out its tongue, which induced me to conclude it had received some injury. I instantly arose, and perceived that it was pursued by a larger serpent which had hold of its tail, and was endeavouring to devour it. This perilous situation of the first serpent excited my pity; and instead of retreating, I took up a stone that lay near me, and threw it with all my strength at its pursuer, whom I hit upon the head and killed. The other, finding itself at liberty, took wing and flew away. I looked after it for some time till it disappeared. I then sought another shady spot for repose, and fell asleep.

Judge what was my surprise when I awoke, to see standing by me a black woman of lively and agreeable features, who held in her hand two dogs of the same colour, fastened together. I sat up, and asked her who she was. "I am," said she, "the serpent whom you lately delivered from my mortal enemy, and I wish to requite the important services you have rendered me. These two black dogs are your sisters, whom I have transformed into this shape. But this punishment will not suffice; and my will is that you treat them thereafter in the way I shall direct."

As soon as she had thus spoken the fairy took me under one of her arms, and the two black dogs under the other, and conveyed us to my house in Bagdad; where I found in my storehouses all the riches with which my vessel had been laden. Before she left me, she delivered to me the two dogs, and said, "If you would not be changed into a similar form, I command you to give each of your sisters every night one hundred lashes with a rod, as the

punishment of the crime they have committed against yourself and the young prince, whom they have drowned." I was forced to promise obedience. Since that time I have whipped them every night, though with regret, whereof your majesty has been a witness. My tears testify with how much sorrow and reluctance I perform this painful duty. If there be anything else relating to myself that you desire to know, my sister Amina will give you full information in the relation of her story.

After the caliph had heard Zobeide with much astonishment, he desired his grand vizier to request Amina to acquaint him wherefore her breast was disfigured with so many scars.

The History of Amina.

Commander of the Faithful, that I may not repeat those things which your majesty has already been informed of by my sister, I will only mention, that my mother, having taken a house to pass her widowhood in private, first bestowed me in marriage on the heir of one of the richest men in this city.

I had not been married quite a year before my husband died. I thus became a widow, and was in possession of all his property, which amounted to above ninety thousand sequins. When the first six months of my mourning was over, I caused to be made for me ten different dresses, of such magnificence that each came to a thousand sequins; and at the end of the year I began to wear them.

One day, while I was alone, a lady[1] desired to speak to me. I gave orders that she should be admitted. She was a very old woman. She saluted me by kissing the ground, and said to me, kneeling, "Dear lady, the confidence I have in your charity makes me thus bold. I have an orphan daughter, whose wedding is on this night. She and I are both strangers, and have no acquaintance in this town, which much perplexes me. Therefore, most beautiful lady, if you would vouchsafe to honour the wedding with your presence, we shall be infinitely obliged, be-

[1] For the choice of a wife a man generally relies on his mother, or some other near relation, or a professional female betrother, (who is called "khatebeh,") for there are women who perform this office for hire.—Lane's *Notes to the Arabian Nights*, vol. i. c. iv. p. 285.

cause the family with whom we shall be allied will then know that we are not regarded here as unworthy and despised persons. But, alas, madam, if you refuse this request, how great will be our mortification!—we know not where else to apply."

This poor woman's address, which she spoke with tears, moved my compassion. "Good woman," said I, "do not afflict yourself; I will grant you the favour you desire. Tell me whither I must go, and I will meet you as soon as I am dressed." The old woman was so transported with joy at my answer, that she kissed my feet before I had time to prevent her. "Compassionate lady," said she, rising, "God will reward the kindness you have showed to your servants, and make your heart as joyful as you have made theirs. You need not at present trouble yourself; I will call for you in the evening."

As soon as she was gone, I took the suit I liked best, with a necklace of large pearls, bracelets, pendants for my ears, and rings set with the finest and most sparkling diamonds, and prepared to attend the ceremony.

When the night closed in, the old woman called upon me, with a countenance full of joy, and said, "Dear lady, the relations of my son-in-law, who are the principal ladies of the city, are now met together. You may come when you please; I am ready to conduct you." We immediately set out; she walked before me, and I was followed by a number of my women and slaves, richly robed for the occasion. We stopped in a wide street, newly swept and watered, at a spacious gate with a lamp, by the light of which I read this inscription, in golden letters, over the entrance:—"This is the continual abode of pleasure and joy." The old woman knocked, and the gate was opened immediately.

I was conducted towards the lower end of the court, into a large hall, where I was received by a young lady of exceeding beauty. She drew near, and after having embraced me, made me sit down by her upon a sofa, on which was raised a throne of precious wood set with diamonds. "Madam," said she, "you are brought hither to assist at a wedding; but I hope it will be a different wedding from what you expected. I have a brother, one of the handsomest men in the world; his fate depends wholly upon you, and he will be the unhappiest of men if you do not

take pity on him. If my prayers, madam, can prevail, I shall join them with his, and humbly beg you will not refuse the proposal of being his wife."

After the death of my husband, I had not thought of marrying again; but I had no power to refuse the solicitation of so charming a lady. As soon as I had given consent by my silence, accompanied with a blush, the young lady clapped her hands, and immediately a curtain was withdrawn, from which came a young man of so majestic an air, and so graceful a countenance, that I thought myself happy to have made such a choice. He sat down by me, and I found from his conversation that his merits far exceeded the account of him given by his sister.

When she perceived that we were satisfied with one another, she clapped her hands a second time, and a cadi,[1] with four witnesses, entered, who wrote and signed our contract of marriage. There was only one condition that my new husband imposed upon me, that I should not be seen by nor speak to any other man but himself; and he vowed to me that, if I complied in this respect, I should have no reason to complain of him. Our marriage was concluded and finished after this manner; so I became the principal actress in a wedding to which I had only been invited as a guest.

About a month after our marriage, having occasion for some stuffs, I asked my husband's permission to go out to buy them, which he granted; and I took with me the old woman of whom I spoke before, she being one of the family, and two of my own female slaves.

When we came to the street where the merchants reside, the old woman said, "Dear mistress, since you want silk stuffs, I must take you to a young merchant of my acquaintance, who has a great variety; and that you may not fatigue yourself by running from shop to shop, I can assure you that you will find in his what no other can furnish." I was easily persuaded, and we entered a shop belonging to a young merchant. I sat down, and bade the old woman desire him to show me the finest silk stuffs he had. The woman desired me to speak myself; but I told her it was

[1] Marriage among the Mahommedans is an exclusively civil ceremony; and therefore the cadi, a civil judge, and not an imaum, or minister of religion, was summoned.

one of the articles of my marriage-contract not to speak to any man but my husband, which I ought to keep.

The merchant showed me several stuffs, of which one pleased me better than the rest; and I bade her ask the price. He answered the old woman: "I will not sell it for gold or money; but I will make her a present of it, if she will give me leave to kiss her cheek." I ordered the old woman to tell him that he was very rude to propose such a freedom. But instead of obeying me, she said, "What the merchant desires of you is no such great matter; you need not speak, but only present him your cheek." The stuff pleased me so much, that I was foolish enough to take her advice. The old woman and my slaves stood up, that nobody might see, and I put up my veil;[1] but instead of kissing me, the merchant bit me so violently as to draw blood.

The pain and my surprise were so great, that I fell down in a swoon, and continued insensible so long, that the merchant had time to escape. When I came to myself, I found my cheek covered with blood. The old woman and my slaves took care to cover it with my veil, that the people who came about us could not perceive it, but supposed I had only had a fainting fit.

The old woman who accompanied me being extremely troubled at this accident, endeavoured to comfort me. "My dear mistress," said she, "I beg your pardon, for I am the cause of this misfortune, having brought you to this merchant, because he is my countryman; but I never thought he would be guilty of such a villainous action. But do not grieve; let us hasten home, I will apply a remedy that shall in three days so perfectly cure you, that not the least mark shall be visible."

The fit had made me so weak, that I was scarcely able to walk. But at last I got home, where I again fainted, as I went into my chamber. Meanwhile, the old woman applied her remedy. I came to myself, and went to bed.

[1] "No woman, of what rank soever, is permitted to go into the streets without two *muslins;* one that covers her face all but her eyes, and another that hides the whole dress of her head, and hangs half-way down her back. Their shapes are also wholly concealed by a thing they call a *ferigee*, which no woman appears without. This has straight sleeves, that reach to their finger ends, and it laps all round them, not unlike a riding-hood. In winter it is of cloth, and in summer, of plain stuff or silk."—Lady M. W. Montague's *Letters*, vol. vii. p. 373.

My husband came to me at night, and seeing my head bound up, asked me the reason. I told him I had the headache, which I hoped would have satisfied him; but he took a candle, and saw my cheek was hurt. "How comes this wound?" he said. Though I did not consider myself as guilty of any great offence, yet I could not think of owning the truth. Besides, to make such an avowal to a husband, I considered as somewhat indecorous. I therefore said, "That as I was going, under his permission, to purchase a silk stuff, a camel,[1] carrying a load of wood, came so near to me in a narrow street, that one of the sticks grazed my cheek, but had not done me much hurt." "If that is the case," said my husband, "to-morrow morning, before sunrise, the grand vizier Giafar shall be informed of this insolence, and cause all the camel-drivers to be put to death." "Pray, sir," said I, "let me beg of you to pardon them, for they are not guilty." "How, madam," he demanded, "what, then, am I to believe? Speak; for I am resolved to know the truth from your own mouth." "Sir," I replied, "I was taken with a giddiness, and fell down, and that is the whole matter."

At these words my husband lost all patience. "I have," said he, "too long listened to your tales." As he spoke, he clapped his hands, and in came three slaves. "Strike," said he; "cut her in two, and then throw her into the Tigris. This is the punishment I inflict on those to whom I have given my heart, when they falsify their promise."

I had recourse to entreaties and prayers; but I supplicated in vain, when the old woman, who had been his nurse, coming in just at that moment, fell down upon her knees, and endeavoured to appease his wrath. "My son," said she, "since I have been your nurse, and brought you up, let me beg you to consider, 'he who kills shall be killed,' and that you will stain your reputation, and forfeit the esteem of mankind." She spoke these words in such an affecting manner, accompanied with tears, that she prevailed upon him at last to abandon his purpose.

"Well, then," said he to his nurse, "for your sake I will spare her life; but she shall bear about her person some marks to make

[1] The streets of eastern cities are often so narrow as to be blocked up with a wide camel load, or to prevent two horsemen riding abreast. This is the cause of those footmen who run before great men to prepare the way for them.

her remember her offence." When he had thus spoken, one of the slaves, by his order, gave me upon my sides and breast so many blows with a little cane, that he tore away[1] both skin and flesh, which threw me into a swoon. In this state he caused the same slaves, the executioners of his will, to carry me into the house, where the old woman took care of me. I kept my bed four months. At last I recovered. The scars which, contrary to my wish, you saw yesterday, have remained ever since.

As soon as I was able to walk and go abroad, I resolved to retire to the house which was left me by my first husband, but I could not find the site whereon it stood, as my second husband had caused it to be levelled with the ground.

Being thus left destitute and helpless, I had recourse to my dear sister Zobeide. She received me with her accustomed goodness, and advised me to bear with patience my affliction, from which, she said, none are free. In confirmation of her remark, she gave me an account of the loss of the young prince her husband, occasioned by the jealousy of her two sisters. She told me also by what accident they were transformed into dogs; and in the last place, after a thousand testimonials of her love towards me, she introduced me to my youngest sister, who had likewise taken sanctuary with her after the death of her mother; and we have continued to live together in the house in which we received the guests whom your highness found assembled on your visit last night.

The caliph publicly expressed his admiration of what he had heard, and inquired of Zobeide. "Madam, did not this fairy whom you delivered, and who imposed such a rigorous command upon you, tell you where her place of abode was? or that she would restore you sisters to their natural shape?"

"Commander of the Faithful," answered Zobeide, "the fairy did leave with me a bundle of hair, saying, that her presence would one day be of use to me; and then, if I only burned two tufts of

[1] The Mussulmans are allowed by the Koran to beat their wives, so long as they do not make a bruise. The husband on this occasion must have broken the law.

Some such permission was given by an English judge, Sir John Buller, who declared the stick used must not be thicker than his thumb, from whence he obtained the soubriquet of "Thumb Buller."

this hair, she would be with me in a moment." "Madam," demanded the caliph, "where is the bundle of hair?" She answered, "Ever since that time I have been so careful of it, that I always carry it about me." Upon which she pulled it out of the case which contained it, and showed it to him. "Well then," said the caliph, "let us bring the fairy hither; you could not call her in a better time, for I long to see her."

Zobeide having consented, fire was brought in, and she threw the whole bundle of hair into it. The palace at that instant began to shake, and the fairy appeared before the caliph in the form of a lady very richly dressed.

"Commander of the Faithful," said she to the prince, "you see I am ready to receive your commands. At your wish I will not only restore these two sisters to their former shape, but I will also cure this lady of her scars, and tell you who it was that abused her."

The caliph sent for the two dogs from Zobeide's house, and when they came, a glass of water was brought to the fairy by her desire. She pronounced over it some words, which nobody understood; then throwing some part of it upon Amina, and the rest upon the dogs, the latter became two ladies of surprising beauty, and the scars that were upon Amina disappeared. After which the fairy said to the caliph, "Commander of the Faithful, I must now discover to you the unknown husband you inquire after. He is Prince Amin, your eldest son, who by stratagem brought this lady to his house, where he married her. As to the blows he caused to be given her, he is in some measure excusable; for this lady, his spouse, by the excuses she made, led him to believe she was more faulty than she really was." At these words she saluted the caliph, and vanished.

The caliph, much satisfied with the changes that had happened through his means, acted in such a manner as will perpetuate his memory to all ages. First, he sent for his son Amin, told him that he was informed of his secret marriage, and how he had ill treated Amina upon a very slight cause. Upon this, the prince, upon his father's commands, received her again immediately.

After which Haroun al Raschid declared that he would give his own heart and hand to Zobeide, and offered the other three sisters to the calenders, sons of sultans, who accepted them for their brides with much joy. The caliph assigned each of them a magnificent

palace in the city of Bagdad, promoted them to the highest dignities of his empire, and admitted them to his councils.

The chief cadi of Bagdad being called, with witnesses, wrote the contracts of marriage; and the caliph, in promoting by his patronage the happiness of many persons who had suffered such incredible calamities, drew a thousand blessings upon himself.

Story of Prince Beder and the Princess Jehaun-ara.

Persia was an empire of such vast extent that its ancient monarchs had some reason to assume their haughty title of king of kings. They had kings and princes in subjection to them, even as in other nations private citizens are under the authority of their sovereign. One of these kings had alike distinguished himself in peace and war, and thought himself the happiest of men. He had only one cause of complaint—he had no son to be the heir of his greatness. He gave much alms, and performed many acts of devotion, in hopes of obtaining what he so earnestly desired.

One day a merchant brought him a slave of more than ordinary beauty, for whom he gave ten thousand pieces of gold. The king loved her at first sight; and out of his affection for her, dismissed all his other slaves with rich presents, and free leave to marry whomever they thought fit. However, for a whole year together, the beautiful slave, though the king's affection for her increased more and more, was never seen to laugh, and never spoke one single word to him, or to any of her attendants.

At last, one day near the end of the year, while the king was expressing to her, in endearing terms, his love and admiration, she suddenly smiled, and then commenced to speak. "Sire," she said, "my name is Gulnare[1] of the Sea. My father, who is dead, was one of the most powerful monarchs of the ocean. At his death, he left his kingdom to my brother, named Saleh, and to the Queen Fareshah, my mother, who is also a princess, the daughter of another puissant monarch of the sea. A neighbouring prince, without any provocation, invaded our kingdom, and took our capital. We were driven to take refuge in an inaccessible fastness. My brother, for my greater protection, wished me to marry. 'In the present

[1] Gulnare signifies "pomegranate;" Saleh, "just or virtuous;" Fareshah, "moth or butterfly;" Joharah, "a jewel."—Lane's *Notes*, vol. iii. p. 280–4.

condition of our affairs,' said he, 'I see no probability of matching you to any of the princes of the sea; and, therefore, I should be glad if you would concur in my opinion, and think of marrying some of the princes of the earth. Believe me, there are kings of the earth who are in no way inferior to those of the sea.' At this discourse of my brother's, I was much grieved. 'Brother,' said I, 'you know that I am descended, as well as you, from the kings and queens of the sea, without any mixture of alliance with those of the earth; therefore I do not design to marry below myself, and I have taken an oath to that effect.' He left me as much dissatisfied with myself as he could possibly be. With my mind in this peevish mood, I gave a spring from the bottom of the sea to the Island of the Moon. Here a powerful emir seized me, and carried me to his home. On my refusing his hand, he resolved to sell me to the merchant by whom I was presented to you. As for you, sire," continued the Princess Gulnare, "if you had not shown me all the respect you have hitherto done, (for which I am extremely obliged to your goodness,) and given me such undeniable marks of your affection, I should not have remained with you. I would have thrown myself into the sea out of this window, and would have gone in search of my mother, my brother, and the rest of my relations. But as it is, I have the expectation of presenting you with an heir to your throne; and this will be a pledge to engage me never more to leave you. I hope, therefore, you will no longer regard me as a slave, but as a princess worthy your alliance."

"My dearest princess," cried he, "what wonders have I heard! You are henceforth my queen, the Queen of Persia; and by that title you shall be proclaimed throughout the whole kingdom. To-morrow the ceremony shall be performed in my capital with the utmost pomp and magnificence, for you are my queen and my lawful wife. But I beseech you, madam, to inform me more particularly of the kingdom and people of the sea. I cannot comprehend how it is possible for you to live or move in water without being drowned."

"Sire," replied the Queen Gulnare, "we can walk at the bottom of the sea with as much ease as you can upon land; and we can breathe in the water as you do in the air. What is yet more remarkable, it never wets our clothes; so that when we

wish to visit the earth, we have no occasion to dry them. Our language is the same with that of the writing engraved upon the seal[1] of the great prophet Solomon the son of David.

"I must not forget to inform you further, that the water does not in the least hinder us from seeing, for we can open our eyes without any inconvenience; and as we have quick, piercing sight, we can discern any object as clearly in the deepest part of the sea as upon land.

"The palaces of the kings and princes are magnificent. Some of them are constructed of marble of various colours; others of rock-crystal, with which the sea abounds, mother-of-pearl, coral, and of other materials more valuable; gold, silver, and all sorts of precious stones are more plentiful there than on earth. I say nothing of the pearls, since the largest that ever were seen upon earth would not be valued amongst us.

"As we have a marvellous and incredible agility to transport ourselves whither we please in the twinkling of an eye, we have no occasion for carriages or horses; not but the king has his stables, and his stud of sea-horses; but they are seldom used, except upon public feasts or rejoicing days. The horses are trained to draw by themselves, so that there is no occasion for a charioteer to guide them, and are yoked to chariots of mother-of-pearl, adorned with an infinite number of shells of all sorts, of the liveliest colours. These chariots are open; and in the middle is a throne on which the king sits, and shows himself to the public view of his subjects. I pass over a thousand other curious particulars relating to these submarine countries, to speak of something of much greater consequence. I wish to ask you, sire, to grant me leave to send for my mother and cousins, and for the king my brother, to whom I have a great desire to be reconciled. They will be right glad to see me the wife of the mighty King of Persia, and I think you would be pleased to see them."

"Madam," replied the King of Persia, "you are queen, do whatever you please; I will endeavour to receive them with all the honours they deserve. But I would fain know how you will acquaint them with what you desire, and when they will arrive,

[1] "Various legends are told of the signet of Solomon. The evil spirit Sakkar one day got possession of it, and assumed Solomon's shape, and altered the laws for forty days, at the expiration of which time his power left him."—*Sale's Koran, note*, p. 374.

that I may give orders to make preparation for their reception, and go myself in person to meet them." "Sire," replied the Queen Gulnare, "there is no need of these ceremonies; they will be here in a moment; and if your majesty will but step into the closet, and look through the lattice towards the sea, you shall see the manner of their arrival."

As soon as the King of Persia was in the closet, Queen Gulnare ordered one of her women to bring her a fire-pan with a little fire. After that she bade her retire, and shut the door. When she was alone, she took a piece of aloes-wood out of a box, and put it into the fire-pan. As soon as she saw the smoke rise, she repeated some mysterious words known only to herself. She had no sooner ended, than the sea began to be rough, and opened in the distance; and presently there arose out of it a tall, handsome young man, with whiskers of a sea-green colour; a little behind him, a lady, advanced in years, but of a majestic air, attended by five young ladies, nothing inferior in beauty to the Queen Gulnare.

They all seemed to be borne, as it were, upon the surface of the waves. When they came to the shore, they nimbly, one after another, sprung in at the window. King Saleh, the queen her mother, and the rest of her relations, embraced her tenderly on their first entrance, shedding tears of joy.

The King of Persia treated his illustrous guests with continual feasts, in which he omitted nothing that might show his grandeur and magnificence, and insensibly prevailed with them to prolong their visit for some months.

In the meanwhile Queen Gulnare gave birth to a son, which caused the King of Persia greater joy than can be expressed.

The young prince being of a beautiful countenance, he thought no name so proper for him as that of Beder, which in the Arabian language signifies the *Full Moon*. In token of gratitude to heaven, he was very liberal in his alms to the poor, caused the prison doors to be set open, and gave all his slaves of both sexes their liberty. He distributed vast sums among the ministers and holy men of his religion. He also gave large donations to his courtiers, besides a considerable sum that was thrown amongst the people; and by proclamation, ordered rejoicings to be kept for several days through the whole city.

One day after the queen's recovery, as the King of Persia, Gul-

nare, the queen her mother, King Saleh her brother, and the princesses their relations, were discoursing together in her majesty's bed-chamber, the nurse came in with the young Prince Beder in her arms. King Saleh, as soon as he saw him, ran to embrace him, and taking him in his arms, kissed and caressed him with the greatest tenderness. He took several turns with him about the room, dancing and tossing him about, when all of a sudden, through a transport of joy, the window being open, he sprung out, and plunged with him into the sea.

The King of Persia, believing he should see the prince his son no more, was overwhelmed in affliction. "Sire," said Queen Gulnare, (with a quiet and undisturbed countenance, the better to comfort him,) "let your majesty fear nothing; the young prince is my son as well as yours, and he will have the advantage his uncle and I possess, of living equally in the sea, and upon the land." The queen his mother and the princesses his relations affirmed the same thing; yet all they said had no effect on the king, who could not recover from his alarm till he again saw Prince Beder.

The sea at length became very rough, when immediately King Saleh arose with the young prince in his arms, and holding him up in the air, re-entered at the window from which he had leaped. The King of Persia being overjoyed to see Prince Beder again, and astonished that he was as dry as before, said to him "Prince, you now restore life to me by bringing my son to me again." "You had not the least reason," replied King Saleh, "to apprehend danger; for before I plunged into the sea, I pronounced over him certain mysterious words, which were engraven on the seal of the great Solomon the son of David; and now your son, as long as he lives, and as often as he pleases, will be at liberty to plunge into the sea, and traverse the vast empires it contains in its bosom."

Having so spoken, King Saleh, who had restored Prince Beder to his nurse's arms, opened a box he had fetched from his palace. It was fitted with three hundred diamonds, as large as pigeons' eggs; with a like number of rubies and emeralds of extraordinary size; and with thirty necklaces, consisting each of ten rows of the finest pearls. "Sire," said he to the King of Persia, presenting him with this box, "I beg you to accept this small token of gratitude in acknowledgment of the many favours you have been pleased to confer on the queen my sister, for which, with her, we owe you

the most profound obligations." Having said this, he gave the Prince of Persia to understand that the queen his mother, the princesses his relations, and himself, could have no greater pleasure than to spend their whole lives at his court; but that having been so long absent from their own kingdom, they begged to take leave of him and Queen Gulnare. The King of Persia assured them he was sorry it was not in his power to return their visit in their own dominions; but added, "As I am persuaded you will not forget Gulnare, I hope I shall see you again more than once."

Many tears were shed on both sides upon their separation. This royal company were no sooner out of sight, than the King of Persia said to Gulnare, "O queen, if any person had pretended to pass upon me for true wonders what I myself have been an eye-witness to, while your illustrious family was at my court, I should have refused my credence to their tale. But I cannot refuse to believe my senses; and shall remember your relations while I live, and shall never cease to bless heaven for directing you to me, in preference to any other prince."

Prince Beder was brought up and educated with the utmost care in the palace under the King and Queen of Persia. As he advanced in years, his continual sprightliness, agreeable manners, quick discernment, and ready wit, gave the liveliest pleasure to his parents; and this pleasure was increased because King Saleh his uncle, the queen his grandmother, and the princesses his relations, came from time to time to partake of it.

He was taught to read and write, and, at the age of fifteen, was perfect master of all the sciences that became a prince of his rank. He was withal wise and prudent; so that the king, who began to perceive the infirmities of old age coming upon himself, purposed to resign to him the possession of his throne. He had no great difficulty to make either his council or his people consent to this arrangement. In a word, as the king had for a long time abstained from appearing in public, they had the opportunity of observing the young prince, and of seeing that he possessed all the attributes of justice, mercy, and affability, which became a good and great monarch.

The day for his coronation was appointed, when, in the midst of the whole assembly, the King of Persia came down from his throne, took the crown from his head, put it on that of Prince

Beder, and having seated him in his place, prostrated himself before him as a token that he resigned his authority to him. After which he took his place among the crowd of viziers and emirs below the throne.

Hereupon the viziers, emirs, and other principal officers, came immediately and threw themselves at the new king's feet, taking each the oath of fidelity according to their rank. Then the grand vizier made a report of divers important matters, on which the young king gave judgment with that admirable prudence and sagacity that surprised all the council. He at length left the council, accompanied by his father, and went to wait on his mother, Queen Gulnare, at her apartment. The queen no sooner saw him coming with his crown upon his head, than she ran to him and embraced him with tenderness, wishing him a long and prosperous reign.

The first year of King Beder's reign passed off most happily. He addressed himself to the reformation of abuses, and to the promotion of the happiness of his people. At its close, the old king his father fell so dangerously ill, that he knew at once he should never recover. His only care was to recommend to the viziers, emirs, and other lords, to persevere in the fidelity they had sworn to his son. He died at length, to the great grief of King Beder and Queen Gulnare, and his body was borne with all regal honour to a stately mausoleum.

The funeral obsequies ended, King Beder, in accordance with ancient custom, mourned a whole month, and was not seen by anybody during that time. When the month was expired, the king, at the earnest request of the grand vizier and the other lords of his court, laid aside his mourning, and resumed his royal habit, and began to provide for the necessities of his kingdom and subjects with the same assiduity as before his father's death. At the end of the year in which the old king died, his uncle, King Saleh, came to visit him; and King Beder and Queen Gulnare were overjoyed to see him. One evening, talking of various matters, King Saleh proceeded to paint in such glowing terms the graces and beauties of the fairest of the sea-princesses, the lovely Jehaun-ara, that King Beder, from the description alone, desired to obtain her as his wife. In vain, his mother, Queen Gulnare, and his uncle placed before him the difficulties in the way of the fulfilment of

his wish through the pride of her father, the King of Samandal, who would refuse the hand of his daughter to any earth-born prince, however illustrious and powerful he might be. King Beder having set his mind on obtaining the hand of this fair maiden, never ceased to weary his uncle with his complaints, till he exacted a promise from him to set out and take him, without his mother Queen Gulnare's consent, to his own dominions, that he might endeavour to obtain the object of his wishes. King Saleh, unable to resist his nephew's importunities, one day drew from his finger a ring, on which were engraven the same mysterious names of God that were upon Solomon's seal, which had wrought so many wonders by their virtue. "Here, take this ring," said he, "put it on your finger, and fear neither the waters of the sea, nor their depth." The King of Persia took the ring, and when he had put it on his finger, King Saleh said to him, "Do as I do." At the same time they both mounted lightly up into the air, and made towards the sea, which was not far distant, and plunged into it.

The sea-king was not long in arriving at his palace, with the King of Persia, whom he immediately carried to the queen's apartment, and presented to her. The queen then presented him to the princesses; and while he was in conversation with them, she left him, and went with King Saleh into another chamber, who told her how the King of Persia was fallen in love with the princess Jehaun-ara, upon the bare description of her beauty; that he had, against his own wishes, or the knowledge of Queen Gulnare, brought him along with him, and that he was going to concert measures to procure the princess for him in marriage.

"It were to have been wished," replied the queen, "that we had not been under a necessity of making this demand, since the success of our attempt is not so certain as we could desire: but since my grandson's peace and content depend upon it, I freely give my consent. But, above all, I charge you, since you well know the humour of the King of Samandal, that you take care to propitiate him with rich gifts worthy a king to give and a king to receive."

The queen prepared the present herself. It consisted of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls, all which she put into a rich box. Next morning, King Saleh departed with a chosen troop of officers and attendants. He soon arrived at the kingdom and the palace of the King of Samandal, who delayed not to give him

audience. He rose from his throne as soon as he perceived him; and King Saleh, foregoing the dignity of his own royal state to propitiate him with whom he had to deal, prostrated himself at his feet, and having received the box of jewels from one of his servants, opened it and presented it to the king, imploring him to accept of it for his sake.

"Prince," replied the King of Samandal, "you would not make me such a present unless you had a request proportionable to it to propose. If there be anything in my power to grant, you may freely command me, and I shall feel the greatest pleasure in complying with your wishes. Speak, and tell me frankly wherein I can serve you."

"I must own," replied King Saleh, "I have a boon to ask of your majesty; and I shall take care to ask nothing but what is in your power to bestow. I came to beg of you to honour our house with your alliance by the marriage of your daughter, and to strengthen the good understanding that has so long subsisted between our two crowns."

At these words the King of Samandal burst into a loud laugh, falling back in his throne against a cushion that supported him, and with an imperious air, said, "King Saleh, I have always thought you a prince of great wisdom and prudence; but what you say convinces me I was mistaken. Tell me, I beseech you, where was your wit or discretion, when you formed to yourself such a chimera as you have proposed to me. Could you conceive a thought of aspiring in marriage to a princess, the daughter of so powerful a monarch as myself? You ought to have considered the great distance between us, and not run the risk of losing in a moment the esteem I always had for you."

King Saleh was hurt at this affronting answer, and could scarcely restrain his resentment; however, he replied with all possible self-control, "O king, may your life be preserved! I do not demand your daughter for myself, but for the young King of Persia, my nephew, whose power and grandeur cannot be unknown to you. Everybody acknowledges the Princess Jehaun-ara to be the most beautiful maiden of the sea; but it is no less true that the King of Persia is the handsomest and most accomplished prince on earth. The princess is worthy of the King of Persia, and the King of Persia is no less worthy of her."

The King of Samandal on hearing this speech broke out into outrageous and insulting expressions, unworthy of a great king. "Dog," cried he, "dare you talk to me after this manner, and so much as mention my daughter's name in my presence! Can you think the son of your sister Gulnare worthy to come in competition with my daughter! Who are you? Who was your father? Who is your sister? And who your nephew? Was not his father a dog, and the son of a dog, like you? Guards, seize the insolent wretch, and strike off his head."

The King of Samandal's officers were about at once to obey his commands, when King Saleh, who was in the flower of his age, nimble and vigorous, escaped from them, before they could draw their scimitars, and having reached the palace-gate, found there a thousand men of his own guards, who were just arrived, well armed and equipped, and whom the queen his mother, foreseeing the reception he would probably meet from the King of Samandal, had sent to protect and defend him in case of danger, ordering them to make haste. "Sire," cried his friends, the moment he joined them, "who has insulted you? We are ready to avenge you; you need only command us."

King Saleh told them in few words how matters stood, and putting himself at their head, seized the gates and re-entered the palace. The few officers and guards who had pursued him being soon dispersed, he secured the person of the King of Samandal, and then went from apartment to apartment, to search after the Princess Jehaun-ara. But she, on the first alarm, had, together with her women, sprung up to the surface of the sea, and escaped to a desert island.

While these events passed in the palace of the King of Samandal, some of King Saleh's attendants fled to the queen-mother and related the danger of her son. King Beder, who was present at the time, was the more concerned, as he looked upon himself as the principal author of her calamity; therefore, not caring to remain in the queen's court any longer, he left the palace, and darted up from the bottom of the sea; and not knowing how to find his way to his own kingdom, landed on the island where the Princess Jehaun-ara had escaped.

The prince, greatly disturbed in mind, seated himself under the shade of a pleasant grove. He soon heard sounds of the human

voice, but was too far off to understand what was said. He arose, and advanced softly towards the place whence the sound proceeded, where, among the branches, he perceived a fair maiden, whose beauty dazzled him. "Doubtless," said he within himself, stopping and considering her with great attention, "this must be the Princess Jehaun-ara, whom fear has obliged to abandon her father's palace; or if it be not, she is some princess no less deserving my love." This said, he came forward, and discovering himself, approached the princess with profound reverence. "Princess," said he, "a greater happiness could not have befallen me than this opportunity to offer you my services. I beseech you, therefore, fair lady, to accept them, it being impossible that a lady in this solitude should not want assistance."

"True, sir," replied Jehaun-ara, sorrowfully; "I am a princess, daughter of the King of Samandal, and my name is Jehaun-ara. I was happy in my father's palace, in my own apartment, when suddenly I heard a dreadful noise: tidings were immediately brought me, that King Saleh, I know not for what reason, had forced the palace-gates, seized the king my father, and slain all the guards who made any resistance. I had only time to save myself and escape hither from his attack."

At these words King Beder was sorry that he had left his grandmother the queen in such haste, without staying for further explanation of the news that had been brought. But on the other hand, he was overjoyed to find that the king his uncle had rendered himself master of the King of Samandal's person, not doubting but he would consent to give up the princess for his liberty. "Fair princess," continued he, "your anxiety is most natural, but it is easy to put an end both to it and to your father's captivity. Give me leave to speak. I am Beder, King of Persia. King Saleh is my uncle. I assure you, princess, he has no design to seize the king your father's dominions; his only wish is to obtain your father's consent to my asking your hand in marriage. I had already given my heart to you, upon the bare relation of your beauty; and now I beg you to be assured that I will love you as long as I live."

This explanation of King Beder did not produce the effect he expected. When she heard that he had been the occasion of all the ill-treatment of her father—of the grief and fright she had

endured—she looked upon him as an enemy with whom she ought to have no communication.

At this moment, however, she resolved not to let King Beder know her resentment; but to seek an occasion to deliver herself dexterously out of his hands. Seeming in the meantime to have a great kindness for him, she said, "Are you, then, son of the Queen Gulnare, so famous for her wit and beauty? I rejoice that you are the son of so worthy a mother. The king my father was much in the wrong to oppose our union; had he but seen you, he must have consented to make us happy." Saying so, she reached forth her hand to him as a token of friendship.

King Beder, believing himself arrived at the very pinnacle of happiness, held forth his hand, and taking that of the princess, stooped down to kiss it, when she, pushing him back, said, "Prince, quit the form of a man, and take that of a white bird, with a red bill and red claws." Upon her pronouncing these words, King Beder was immediately changed into such a bird as she described, to his great surprise and mortification. "Take him," said she to one of her women, "and carry him to the Dry Island." Now Dry Island was only one frightful rock, where not a drop of water was to be had.

The attendant took the bird, but in executing the princess's orders, had compassion on King Beder's misfortune. "It would be a great pity," said she to herself, "to let a prince so worthy to live, die of hunger and thirst. The princess, who is good and gentle, will, it may be, repent of this cruel order; it were better that I carried him to a place where he may die a natural death." She accordingly carried him to a well-frequented island, and left him in a charming plain, planted with all sorts of fruit-trees, and watered by divers streams.

In the meanwhile, King Saleh, after he had sought everywhere in vain for the Princess Jehaun-ara, caused the King of Samandal to be shut up in his own palace, under a strong guard; and having given the necessary orders for governing the kingdom in his absence, returned to give the queen his mother an account of what he had done. The first question he asked on his arrival was, where was the king his nephew; and he learned with great surprise and vexation that he could not be found. "News being brought me," said the queen, "of the danger you were in at the

palace of the King of Samandal, whilst I was giving orders to send you other troops to avenge you, he disappeared. He must have been alarmed at hearing of your being in such great danger, and did not think himself in sufficient security with us."

This news exceedingly afflicted King Saleh, who now repented that he had carried Beder away with him without his mother Queen Gulnare's consent. He sent everywhere to seek for him, but in vain. Whilst he was under this suspense about his nephew, he left his kingdom under the administration of his mother, and went to govern that of the King of Samandal, whom he continued to keep his prisoner with great vigilance, though with all due respect to his kingly character.

The same day that King Saleh left for the kingdom of Samandal, Queen Gulnare arrived at the court of the queen her mother, to satisfy herself as to the suspicion she had at once entertained that her brother King Saleh must have carried his nephew with him.

The queen her mother, on first seeing her, guessed the occasion of her coming. "Daughter," said she, "I plainly perceive you are come to inquire after the king your son." Then she related to her with what zeal King Saleh went to demand the Princess Jehaun-ara in marriage for King Beder, and what had happened, till her son disappeared. "I have sought diligently after him," added she, "and the king my son, who is but just gone to govern the kingdom of Samandal, has done all that lay in his power. All our endeavours have hitherto proved unsuccessful, but we must hope nevertheless to see him again, perhaps when we least expect it."

Queen Gulnare was not satisfied with this hope; she looked upon the king her son as lost, and lamented him bitterly, laying all the blame on the king his uncle. The queen her mother made her consider the necessity of not yielding too much to grief. "Since it is not certain," she said, "that the King of Persia is absolutely lost, you ought to neglect nothing to preserve his kingdom for him: lose then no more time, but return to your capital and preserve the public peace."

Queen Gulnare, on this, took leave of the queen her mother, and returned to the palace of the capital of Persia, and governed in concert with the prime minister and council, with the same tranquillity as if the king had been present.

Poor King Beder was not a little surprised when he found himself alone, and under the form of a bird. He esteemed himself yet more unhappy, in that he knew not where he was, or in which direction the kingdom of Persia lay. But if he had known, and had tried the force of his wings, to traverse so many vast seas, and had reached even to his own dominions, what could he have gained, but the mortification to continue still in the same form, and not to be accounted even a man, much less acknowledged King of Persia. He was forced to remain where he was, live upon such food as birds were wont to eat, and to pass the night on a tree.

A few days afterwards, a peasant, skilled in taking birds with nets, chanced to come to the place where he was; when perceiving so fine a bird, the like of which he had never seen, though he was an old falconer, he began greatly to rejoice. He employed all his art, and at length succeeded in taking him. Overjoyed at so great a prize, which he looked upon to be of more worth than all the other birds he commonly took, he shut it up in a cage, carried it to the city, and went directly to the palace and placed himself exactly before the king's apartment. His majesty, being at a window where he could see all that passed in the court, no sooner cast his eyes on this beautiful bird, than he sent an officer of his household to buy it for him. The officer going to the peasant, demanded of him how much he would have for the bird. "If it be for his majesty," answered the peasant, "I humbly beg of him to accept it of me as a present, and I desire you to carry it to him." The officer took the bird to the king, who found it so great a rarity, that he ordered the same officer to take ten pieces of gold and carry them to the peasant, who departed very well satisfied. The king ordered the bird to be put into a magnificent cage, and gave it corn and water in rich vessels.

The officer brought the cage into the royal chamber, and the king, that he might the better view the bird, took it out himself, and perched it upon his hand. Looking earnestly upon it, he demanded of the officer if he had seen it eat. "Sire," replied the officer, "the vessel with his food is still full, and I have not observed that he has touched any of it." Then the king ordered him meat of divers sorts, that he might take what he liked best.

The table being spread and dinner served up just as the king

had given these orders, as soon as the dishes were placed, the bird, clapping his wings, leaped off the king's hand and flew upon the table, where he began to peck the bread and victuals, sometimes on one plate and sometimes on another. The king was so surprised that he immediately sent the captain of the guards to desire the queen to come and see this wonder. The officer related it to her majesty, and she came forthwith; but she no sooner saw the bird, than she covered her face with her veil, and would have retired. The king, surprised at her proceeding, as there was none present in the chamber but himself and the women who attended her, asked the reason of her conduct.

"Sire," answered the queen, "this is not, as you suppose, a bird, but a man, the King of Persia, named Beder, son of the celebrated Gulnare, nephew of Saleh, and grandson of Queen Fareshah; and it was the Princess Jehaun-ara, daughter of the King of Samandal, who metamorphosed him into a bird, and thus revenged herself for the ill treatment which King Saleh had used towards the King of Samandal her father."

The king knew his queen to be a skilful magician, and earnestly besought her to break the enchantment, that King Beder might return to his own form.

"Sire," said she to the king, "be pleased to take the bird into your closet, and I will present to you a king worthy of your royal consideration." The bird, which had ceased eating, and had understood what the king and queen said, hopped into the closet before them; and the queen came in soon after, with a vessel full of water in her hand. She pronounced over the vessel some unknown words, till the water began to boil; when she took some of it in her hand, and sprinkling a little upon the bird, said, "By virtue of those mysterious words I have just pronounced, quit the form of a bird, and re-assume that received from thy Creator."

The words were scarcely out of the queen's mouth, when, in stead of a bird, the king saw before him a young prince of right royal demeanour. King Beder immediately fell on his knees, and thanked God for the favour that had been bestowed upon him. He then prostrated himself before the king, who helped him up, and embraced him with great joy. He would then have made his acknowledgments to the queen, but she was already retired

to her apartment. The king made him sit at the table with him, and having heard from his own mouth the wonders of his history, said, "Tell me, I beseech you, in what I can further serve you."

"Sire," answered King Beder, "I entreat you to grant me one of your ships to transport me to Persia, where I fear my absence may have occasioned some disorder, and where the queen my mother, from whom I concealed my departure, may be distracted under the uncertainty whether I am alive or dead."

The king readily granted what he desired, and as soon as the wind became fair, King Beder embarked, after having taken leave of the king, and thanked him for all his favours.

The ship sailed before the wind for ten days together, but on the eleventh there arose a furious tempest. The ship was not only driven out of its course, but so violently tossed that all its masts were brought by the board; and driving along at the pleasure of the wind, it at length struck against a rock and sunk.

The greatest part of the people were instantly drowned. Some few were saved by swimming, and others by getting on pieces of the wreck. King Beder was among the latter, when, after having been tossed about for some time by the waves and torrents, under great uncertainty of his fate, he at length perceived himself near the shore, and not far from a large city. He exerted his remaining strength, and was at length so fortunate as to reach the land. He had scarcely done so, when to his great surprise he saw horses, camels, mules, asses, oxen, cows, bulls, and other animals crowding to the shore, and putting themselves in a posture to oppose his landing. He had the utmost difficulty to conquer their obstinacy and force his way, but at length he succeeded, and sheltered himself among the rocks, till he had recovered his strength and dried his clothes in the sun.

When the prince advanced to enter the city, he met with the same opposition from these animals, who seemed to intend to make him forego his design, and give him to understand it was dangerous to proceed.

King Beder entered the city, and saw many fair and spacious streets, but was surprised to find no human beings. This made him think it was not without cause that so many animals had opposed his passage. Going forward, nevertheless, he observed

divers shops open, which gave him reason to believe the place was not so destitute of inhabitants as he imagined. He approached one of these shops, where several sorts of fruits were exposed to sale, and saluted very courteously an old man who was sitting within.

The old man lifted up his head, and seeing a youth who had an appearance of dignity in his air, started, asked him whence he came, and what business had brought him there. King Beder satisfied him in a few words; and the old man further asked him if he had met anybody on the road. "You are the first person I have seen," answered the king, "and I cannot comprehend how so fine and large a city comes to be without inhabitants." "Come in, sir; stay no longer upon the threshold," replied the old man, "or peradventure some misfortune may happen to you. I will satisfy your curiosity at leisure, and give you a reason why it is necessary you should take this precaution."

King Beder entered the shop, and sat down by the old man. Now, although King Beder was very earnest to hear what he had to tell, the old man could not be prevailed upon to say anything till he had done eating. When he found he ate no longer, he said to him, "You have great reason to thank God that you got hither without any accident." "Alas! why?" demanded King Beder, much surprised and alarmed.

"Because," answered he, "this city is the City of Enchantments,[1] and is governed by a queen, who is not only a most beautiful woman, but also a most dangerous sorceress. These horses, mules, and other animals which you have seen, are so many men, like ourselves, whom she has transformed by her magic art. She receives all strangers like yourself who enter the city in the most obliging manner, caresses, regales, lodges them magnificently, and gives them so many reasons to believe that she loves them, that she never fails of success. But she does not suffer them long to enjoy[2]

[1] The worshippers of fire, or followers of Zoroaster, prevailed in Persia, which had been conquered by the caliphs shortly before the probable date of these tales. Hence the allusions in terms of reprobation to their manners and customs.

[2] The schoolboy will recall the classic stories of Circe and of the Syrens. The moral to be drawn from all these tales is the same.

"Sparse voluptatem: nocet empta dolore voluptas."
Vain pleasures fly: such pleasure 's bought with pain.

this happiness. There is not one of them but she has transformed into some animal or bird at the end of forty days. These animals who opposed your landing, and hindered your entering the city, did all they could to make you comprehend the danger you were exposing yourself to."

This account exceedingly afflicted the young King of Persia. "Alas!" cried he, "to what extremities has my ill-fortune reduced me! I am hardly freed from one enchantment, which I look back upon with horror, but I find myself exposed to another much more terrible." This gave him occasion to relate his story to the old man more at length, and to acquaint him of his birth, his love for the Princess of Samandal, and her cruelty in changing him into a bird the very moment he had seen her and declared his love to her.

When the prince came to speak of his good fortune, in finding a queen who broke the enchantment, the old man to encourage him said, "Notwithstanding all I have told you of the magic queen is true, that ought not to give you the least disquiet, since I am generally beloved throughout the city, and am not unknown to the queen herself, who has much respect for me; therefore, it was your peculiar good fortune which led you to address yourself to me rather than to any one else. You are secure in my house, where I advise you to continue, if you think fit; and, provided you do not stray from hence, I dare assure you, you will have no just cause to complain of my insincerity."

King Beder thanked the old man for the kind protection he was pleased so readily to afford him. He sat down at the entrance of the shop, where he no sooner appeared, but his youth attracted the eyes of all who passed.

The old man was exceedingly glad to hear the commendations they bestowed on the young King of Persia. He was as much affected with them as if he had been his own son, and he conceived a kindness for him, which augmented every day during the stay he made with him.

They had lived about a month together, when, as King Beder was sitting at the shop-door, Queen Labe[1] (so was this magic queen named) passed by with great pomp. The queen's guards, a

[1] Labe means the "Sun;" Abdallah, "Servant of God."—Lane's *Notes*, vol. iii. p. 230.

thousand in number, four files deep, clothed in purple uniform, and well armed and mounted, marched first with their scimitars drawn, each officer as he passed by the shop saluting the old man. Then followed a like number of servants of the household, habited in brocaded silk, and better mounted, whose officers did the old man the like honour. Next came as many young ladies on foot, equally beautiful, richly dressed, and ornamented with precious stones. They marched gravely, with short rods in their hands; and in the midst of them appeared Queen Labe, on a horse glittering with diamonds, with a golden saddle, and a housing of inestimable value. All the young ladies saluted the old man as they passed him; and the queen, struck with the good looks of King Beder, stopped as soon as she came before the shop. "Abdallah," (so was the old man named,) said she to him, "tell me, I beseech thee, does that beautiful and charming slave belong to thee? and hast thou long been in possession of him?"

Abdallah, before he answered the queen, prostrated himself on the ground, and rising again, said, "Madam, having no children, I look upon him as my son, and sent for him to come and comfort me."

"Father," said Queen Labe, "will you not oblige me so far as to make me a present of this young man? Do not refuse me, I conjure you; and I will make him so great and powerful, that no individual in the world ever arrived at such good fortune. Although my purpose be to do evil to all mankind, he shall be an exception. I promise you shall never have any occasion to repent having obliged me in this manner."

Old Abdallah was exceedingly grieved, both on his own account and King Beder's, at being in a manner forced to obey the queen. "Madam," replied he, "I put entire confidence in your royal word, and I do not in the least doubt you will keep it. I only beg of you to delay this great honour to my nephew till you shall again pass this way." "That shall be to-morrow," said the queen, who inclined her head, as a token of being pleased, and so went forward towards her palace.

The queen did not fail to pass by the old man's shop the next day, with the same pomp as on the preceding. Abdallah waited for her with great respect. "Father," cried she, "you may judge of my impatience to have your adopted son with me, by my punc-

fually coming to remind you of your promise. I know you are a man of your word, and I cannot think you will break it with me."

Abdallah, who fell on his face as soon as he saw the queen approaching, rose up when she had done speaking; and as he would have no one hear what he had to say to her, he advanced with great respect as far as her horse's head, and then said softly, "Puissant queen! I am persuaded you will not be offended at my seeming unwillingness to trust my adopted son with you yesterday. You well know the reasons I had for it; and you would reduce me to despair, if you should deal with him as you have done with others."

"I promise you I will not," replied the queen; "and I once more repeat the oath I made yesterday." Upon this the old man turned towards King Beder, and taking him by the arm, presented him to the queen. "Madam," said he, "I beg of you to let him come and see me sometimes." The queen promised he should; and to give a further mark of her gratitude, she caused a purse of a thousand pieces of gold to be given him. She had caused a horse to be brought, as richly caparisoned as her own, for the King of Persia. Whilst he was mounting, "I forgot," said the queen to Abdallah, "to ask you your son's name. Pray, how is he called?" He answering his name was Beder, (the Full Moon,) her majesty replied, "Surely your ancestors were mistaken. They ought to have given you the name of Shems," (the Sun.)

When King Beder was mounted, the queen made him ride on her left hand. She looked at Abdallah, and after having made him an inclination with her head, departed.

The magic queen having arrived at her palace, immediately alighted, and giving her hand to King Beder, entered with him, accompanied by her women and chief officers. She herself showed him all her palace, where there was nothing to be seen but massy gold, precious stones, and furniture of wonderful magnificence.

After a short time, a banquet was served on a gold service, and at which was every luxury of food or wine that could be prepared for a royal table. In the evening there was a concert, and other amusements, to add to the gratification of the guest whom they desired to honour. Queen Labe treated King Beder after this manner for forty days, as she had been accustomed to do all her lovers. The fortieth night, believing him to be asleep, she entered

his chamber without making any noise; but he was awake, and, perceiving she had some design upon him, watched all her motions. She opened a chest, from whence she took a little box full of a yellow powder; taking some of the powder, she laid a train of it across the chamber, and it immediately changed into a rivulet of water, to the great astonishment of King Beder. He trembled with fear, but still pretended to sleep.

Queen Labe next took up some of the water in a vessel, poured it into a basin that contained some flour, with which she made a paste, and kneaded it for a long time; then she mixed with it certain drugs which she took from different boxes, and made a cake, which she put into a covered baking-pan, and placed upon the coals; and while the cake was baking, she put up the vessels and boxes in their places again; and on her pronouncing certain words, the rivulet disappeared. When the cake was baked, she took it off the coals, carried it into her closet, and left the chamber.

King Beder, whom the pleasures and amusements of a court had made to forget his good host, as soon as he was up, expressed a great desire to go and see Abdallah, and begged of the queen permission to do so. "Go," said the queen, "you have my consent; but be not long before you return, as I cannot possibly live without you." This said, she commanded a horse richly caparisoned to be brought, which he mounted and departed.

Old Abdallah was overjoyed to see King Beder. He embraced him tenderly, and King Beder returned his embrace, that nobody might doubt but that he was his nephew. As soon as they were sat down, "Well," said Abdallah to the king, "and how have you passed your time with that abominable sorceress?"

"Hitherto," answered King Beder, "I must needs own she has been extraordinarily kind to me; but I observed something last night, which gives me just reason to suspect that all her kindness was but dissimulation." He then related to Abdallah in what manner he had seen her make the cake; and then added, "This last act made me think that she intended to observe none of her promises and solemn oaths to you, so I resolved to come to you immediately, and I esteem myself happy that I have obtained permission to do so."

"You are not mistaken," replied old Abdallah, with a smile. "But fear nothing. I know how to make the mischief she intends

you fall upon herself. It is now high time she should be treated as she deserves."

So saying, Abdallah put two cakes into King Beder's hands, and gave him at the same time some minute directions as to their use.

King Beder expressed to Abdallah, in the warmest terms, his great obligations to him, for his endeavours to defend him from the power of a pestilent sorceress; and after some further conversation, took his leave of him, and returned to the palace. Upon his arrival, he understood that the queen waited for him with great impatience in the garden. He went to her, and she no sooner perceived him, than she came in great haste to meet him. "My dear Beder!" exclaimed she, "it seems ages since I have been separated from you. If you had stayed ever so little longer, I was preparing to come and fetch you."

"Madam," replied King Beder, "I can assure you I was no less impatient to rejoin you; but I could not refuse to stay with an uncle who loves me, and had not seen me for so long a time. Of all the collations he prepared for me, I have only brought away this cake, which I desire your majesty to accept." King Beder, having wrapped up one of the two cakes in a handkerchief, took it out, and presented it to the queen, saying, "I beg your highness to accept of it."

"I do accept it with all my heart," replied the queen; "but before I taste of it, I desire you will first eat a piece of this, which I have made for you during your absence." "Fair queen," answered King Beder, receiving it with great respect, "I cannot sufficiently acknowledge the favour you do me."

King Beder then dexterously substituted in the place of the queen's cake the other which old Abdallah had given him; and having broken off a piece, he put it in his mouth, and cried, while he was eating, "Ah! queen, I never tasted anything so excellent in my life." They being near a cascade, the sorceress, seeing him swallow one bit of the cake and ready to eat another, took a little water in the palm of her hand, and throwing it in the king's face, said, "Slave, quit that form of a man, and take that of a vile horse, blind and lame."

These words not having the desired effect, the sorceress was strangely surprised to find King Beder still in the same form, and that he only started for fear. Her cheeks reddened; and as she

saw that she had missed her aim, "Dear Beder," cried she, "this is nothing; recover yourself. I did not intend you any harm; I only did it to see what you would say. I should be the worst of women should I attempt so black a deed, after all the oaths I have sworn for your safety."

"Puissant queen," replied King Beder, "persuaded as I am, that what you did was only to divert yourself, what could hinder me from being a little moved at the pronouncing of so strange a transformation? But, madam," continued he, "let us drop this discourse; and since I have eaten of your cake, would you do me the favour to taste mine?"

Queen Labe broke off a piece of the cake and ate it. She had no sooner done so than she appeared much troubled, and remained as it were motionless. King Beder lost no time, but took water out of the fountain, and throwing it in her face, cried, "Abominable queen! quit the form of a woman, and be turned instantly into a mare."

The same moment Queen Labe was transformed into a very beautiful mare; and her confusion was so great to find herself in that condition, that she shed tears in great abundance. She bowed her head to the feet of King Beder, thinking to move him to compassion; but whatever had been his pity, it was absolutely out of his power to repair the mischief he had done. He led her into the stable belonging to the palace, and put her into the hands of a groom, to bridle and saddle; but of all the bridles which the groom tried upon her, not one would fit. This made him cause two horses to be saddled, one for the groom, and the other for himself; and the groom led the mare after him to old Abdallah's.

King Beder alighted at Abdallah's door, and entered with him into the shop, embracing and thanking him for all the signal services he had done him. He related to him the whole matter, with all its circumstances, and, moreover, told him he could find no bridle fit for the mare. Abdallah bridled the mare himself, and as soon as King Beder had sent back the groom with the two horses, he said to him, "Prince, you have no reason to stay any longer in this city; mount the mare, and return to your kingdom. I have but one thing more to recommend to you; and that is, if you should ever happen to part with the mare, be sure not to give up

the bridle." King Beder promised to remember this; and having taken leave of the good old man, he departed.

The young King of Persia had no sooner got out of the city, than he began to reflect with joy on his deliverance, and that he had the sorceress in his power, who had given him so much cause to tremble. Three days after, he arrived at a great city, where, entering the suburbs, he met a venerable old man. "Sir," said the old man, stopping him, "may I ask from what part of the world you come?" The king halted to satisfy him; and as they were conversing together, an old woman came up, who, stopping likewise, wept and sighed heavily at the sight of the mare.

King Beder and the old man left off discoursing to look at the old woman, whom the king asked what cause she had to be so much afflicted. "Alas! sir," she replied, "it is because your mare resembles so perfectly one my son had, and which I still mourn the loss of on his account. Sell her to me, I beseech you; I will give you more than she is worth, and thank you too."

"Good woman," replied King Beder, "I cannot comply with your request: my mare is not to be sold; but if it were, I believe you would hardly give a thousand pieces of gold for her, and I could not sell her for less." "Why should I not give so much?" replied the old woman: "if that be the lowest price, you need only say you will take it, and I will fetch you the money."

King Beder, seeing the old woman so poorly dressed, could not imagine she could find such a sum; and said, to try her, "Go, fetch me the money, and the mare is yours." The old woman immediately unloosed a purse she carried fastened to her girdle; and desiring him to alight, bade him tell over the money; and in case he found it came short of the sum demanded, she said her house was not far off, and she could quickly fetch the rest.

The surprise of King Beder, at the sight of the purse, was not small. "Good woman," said he, "do you not perceive I have bantered you all this while? I assure you my mare is not to be sold."

The old man, who had been witness to all that had passed, now began to speak. "Son," said he to King Beder, "it is necessary you should know one thing, that in this city it is not permitted to any one, on any account whatsoever,[1] to deceive another, on

[1] Gibbon relates the following story in proof of the Mahommedan regard of

pain of death. You cannot refuse taking this good woman's money, and delivering your mare, when she gives you the sum according to the agreement; and this you had better do without any noise, than expose yourself to what may ensue."

King Beder, mortified to find himself thus entrapped by his rash offer, alighted with great regret. The old woman, who was really the mother of Queen Labe, and the person from whom she had learnt all her magic art, seized the reins, unbridled the mare, and taking some water in her hand from a stream that ran in the middle of the street, threw it in the mare's face, uttering these words, "Daughter, re-assume thine own form."

The old woman embraced her daughter, and in an instant summoned a genie of gigantic form and stature. This genie immediately took King Beder on one shoulder, and the old woman, with the magic queen, on the other, and transported them in a few minutes to the palace of Queen Labe in the City of Enchantments.

The magic queen began at once to reproach King Beder. "Is it thus," said she, "that thy unworthy uncle and thou repay all the kindnesses I have done you? I shall soon make you both feel what you deserve." She said no more; but taking water in her hand, threw it in his face, with these words, "Quit the form of a man, and take that of an owl." These words effected their purpose; and she commanded one of her women to shut up the owl in a cage, and give him neither meat nor drink.

The woman took the cage; but without regarding what the queen had ordered, gave him both meat and drink; and being old Abdallah's friend, sent him word privately how the queen had treated his nephew, and apprised him of her design to destroy both him and King Beder, that he might take measures to prevent her intentions and secure himself.

Abdallah knew no common means would do with Queen Labe;

the sanctity of an oath:—"The Persian complained of intolerable thirst, but discovered some apprehensions lest he should be killed while drinking a cup of water. 'Be of good courage,' said the caliph; 'your life is safe till you have drunk this water.' The crafty satrap accepted the assurance, and instantly dashed the vase against the ground. Omar would have avenged the deceit, but his companions represented the sanctity of an oath; and the speedy conversion of Harmozan entitled him not only to a free pardon, but even to a stipend of two thousand pieces of gold."

he therefore whistled in a peculiar manner, and there immediately arose a giant with four wings, who, presenting himself before him, asked what he would have. "Genie," said Abdallah, "I command you to preserve the life of King Beder, son of Queen Gulnare. Go to the palace of the magic queen, and transport immediately to the capital of Persia the compassionate attendant who has the care of the cage, to the end she may inform Queen Gulnare of the danger the king her son is in, and the occasion he has for her assistance."

The genie immediately disappeared, and in an instant reached the palace of the magic queen. Having told the woman why and by whom he was sent, he lifted her up into the air, and transported her to the capital of Persia, where he placed her on the terrace of Gulnare's palace. She descended into her apartment, and there found Queen Gulnare and Queen Fareshah, her mother, lamenting their mutual misfortunes. She made them a profound reverence, and told them the great need King Beder had of their assistance.

Queen Gulnare was so overjoyed at hearing of her son, that she went and embraced the good woman, telling her how much she was obliged to her for the service she had done her.

Then going immediately out, she commanded the trumpets to sound, and the drums to beat, to acquaint the city that the King of Persia would soon return safe to his kingdom. She then went and found King Saleh her brother, whom Fareshah had caused to come speedily thither by a certain fumigation. "Brother," said she to him, "the king your nephew, my dear son, is in the City of Enchantments, under the power of Queen Labe. Both you and I must go to deliver him, for there is no time to be lost."

King Saleh forthwith assembled a puissant body of his marine troops, who soon rose out of the sea. He also called to his assistance the genies his allies, who appeared with an army that outnumbered his own. As soon as the two armies were joined, he put himself at the head of them, with Queen Fareshah, Queen Gulnare, and the princesses, who would all have their share in this enterprise. They then ascended into the air, and soon poured down on the palace and City of Enchantments, where the magic queen, her mother, and all the worshippers of fire, were destroyed in an instant.

Queen Gulnare had brought Queen Labe's attendant with her,

and now bade her fetch the cage in which her son was imprisoned. Queen Gulnare was no sooner in possession of the cage than she opened it, and took out the owl, saying, as she sprinkled a little water upon him, "My dear son, quit that strange form, and resume thy natural one of a man."

In a moment Queen Gulnare, instead of the hideous owl, beheld King Beder her son. She embraced him with an excess of joy, her tears supplying the place of words. After that he was embraced by the king his uncle and his relations.

Queen Gulnare's next care was to look out for old Abdallah, and on his being brought to her, she said, "My obligations to you have been so great, that there is nothing within my power but I would freely do for you, as a token of my acknowledgment. Do but inform me in what I can serve you." "Great queen," replied Abdallah, "if the lady whom I sent to you will but consent to the marriage I offer her, and the King of Persia will give me leave to reside at his court, I will spend the remainder of my days in his service." The queen then turned to the lady, who was present, and finding by her blushes that she was not averse to the match proposed, she caused them to join hands, and the King of Persia advanced them to places in his court.

This marriage occasioned the King of Persia to speak thus to the queen: "Madam," said he, "I am heartily glad of this match which your majesty has just made. There remains one more, which I desire you to think of." Queen Gulnare did not at first comprehend what marriage he meant; but, after a little considering, she said, "Of yours, you mean, son? I consent to it with all my heart." Then turning and looking at her brother's sea-attendants, and the genies who were still present, "Go," said she, "and traverse both sea and land, to seek the most lovely and amiable princess, worthy of the king my son, and when you have found her, come and tell us."

"Madam," replied King Beder, "it is to no purpose for them to take all that trouble. You have no doubt heard that I have already given my heart to the Princess of Samandal. Neither earth nor sea, in my opinion, can furnish a princess like her. It is true, upon my declaring my love, she treated me in a way that would have daunted any admirer less devoted than myself. But I hold her excused; she could not treat me with less rigour, after my

uncle imprisoning the king her father, of which I was the innocent cause. But the King of Samandal may be restored to his kingdom, and may consent to my union with the princess his daughter, if she will declare her love to me."

"Son," replied Queen Gulnare, "if only the Princess Jehaun-ara can make you happy, I will not oppose you. The king your uncle need only have the King of Samandal brought, and we shall see whether his mind be changed."

King Saleh caused a chafing-dish of coals to be brought, into which he threw a certain composition, uttering at the same time some mysterious words. As soon as the smoke began to rise, the palace shook, and immediately the King of Samandal, with King Saleh's officers, appeared. The King of Persia cast himself at the King of Samandal's feet, and, kneeling, said: "It is no longer King Saleh that demands the honour of your alliance for the King of Persia; it is the King of Persia himself that humbly begs that boon; and I persuade myself you will not persist in being the cause of the death of a king, who can no longer live if he does not share life with the amiable Princess Jehaun-ara."

The King of Samandal did not long suffer the King of Persia to remain at his feet. He embraced him, and obliged him to rise, said, "Live, sir; she is yours. She has always been obedient to my will, and I cannot think she will now oppose it." Speaking these words, he ordered one of his officers, whom King Saleh had permitted to attend him, to go for the princess, and bring her to him immediately.

On her arrival, the King of Samandal embraced her and said, "Daughter, I have provided a husband for you; it is the King of Persia, the most accomplished monarch at present in the universe. The preference he has given you over all other princesses obliges us both to express our gratitude."

"Sir," replied the Princess Jehaun-ara, "you well know that I am always ready to obey you. I hope the King of Persia will forget my ill-treatment of him, and consider it was duty, not inclination, that forced me to it."

The nuptials were celebrated in the palace of the City of Enchantments, with the greatest solemnity, and were attended by all the princes and princesses whom the magic queen had changed into animals, and who now, on the cessation of her enchantments

at her death, had resumed their human form. They expressed, in moving terms, their thanks to the King of Persia, Queen Gulnare, and King Saleh.

King Saleh conducted the King of Samandal to his dominions, and put him again in possession of his throne. The King of Persia, at the height of his wishes, returned to his capital with Queen Gulnare, Queen Fareshah, and the princesses; and Queen Fareshah and the princesses continued there till King Saleh came to reconduct them to his kingdom under the waves of the sea.

Story of the Three Sisters.

There was an emperor of Persia named Khoonoo-shaw. He often walked in disguise through the city, attended by a trusty minister, when he met with many adventures. On one of these occasions, as he was passing through a street in that part of the town inhabited only by the meaner sort, he heard some people talking very loud; and going close to the house whence the noise proceeded, perceived a light, and three sisters sitting on a sofa, conversing together after supper. By what the eldest said, he presently understood the subject of their conversation was wishes: "For," said she, "since we have got upon wishes, mine shall be to have the sultan's baker for my husband, for then I shall eat my fill of that bread which by way of excellence is called the sultan's: let us see if your tastes are as good as mine." "For my part," replied the second sister, "I wish I was wife to the sultan's chief cook, for then I should eat of the most excellent dishes; and, as I am persuaded that the sultan's bread is common in the palace, I should not want any of that; therefore you see," addressing herself to her eldest sister, "that I have a better taste than you."

The youngest sister, who was very beautiful, and had more charms and wit than the two elder, spoke in her turn: "For my part, sisters," said she, "I shall not limit my desires to such trifles, but take a higher flight; and since we are upon wishing, I wish to be the emperor's queen consort. I would make him father of a prince, whose hair should be gold on one side of his head, and silver on the other; when he cried, the tears from his eyes should be pearl; and when he smiled, his vermilion lips should look like a rose-bud fresh blown."

The three sisters' wishes, particularly that of the youngest, seemed so singular to the sultan, that he resolved to gratify them in their desires; but without communicating his design to his grand vizier, he charged him only to take notice of the house, and bring the three sisters before him the following day.

The grand vizier, in executing the emperor's orders, would but just give the sisters time to dress themselves to appear before him, without telling them the reason. He brought them to the palace and presented them to the emperor, who said to them, "Do you remember the wishes you expressed last night, when you were all in so pleasant a mood. Speak the truth; I must know what they were?"

At these unexpected words of the emperor, the three sisters were much confounded. They cast down their eyes and blushed. Modesty, and fear lest they might have offended the emperor by their conversation, kept them silent. The emperor perceiving their confusion, said, to encourage them, "Fear nothing, I did not send for you to distress you; and since I see that is the effect of the question I asked without my intending it, as I know the wish of each, I will relieve you from your fears. You," added he, "who wished to be my wife shall have your desire this day; and you," continued he, addressing himself to the two elder sisters, "shall also be married to my chief baker and cook."

The nuptials were all celebrated that day, as the emperor had resolved, but in a different manner. The youngest sister's were solemnised with all the rejoicings usual at the marriages of the emperors of Persia; and those of the other two sisters according to the quality and distinction of their husbands; the one as the sultan's chief baker, and the other as head cook.

The two elder felt strongly the disproportion of their marriages to that of their younger sister. This consideration made them far from being content, though they were arrived at the utmost height of their late wishes, and much beyond their hopes. They gave themselves up to an excess of jealousy, and frequently met together to consult how they might revenge themselves on the queen. They proposed a great many ways, which they could not accomplish, but dissimulated all the time to flatter the queen with every demonstration of affection and respect.

Some months after her marriage, the queen gave birth to a

young prince, as bright as the day; but her sisters, to whom the child was given at his birth, wrapped him up in a basket and floated it away on a canal that ran near the palace, and declared that the queen had given birth to a little dog. This made the emperor very angry.

In the meantime, the basket in which the little prince was exposed was carried by the stream towards the garden of the palace. By chance the intendant of the emperor's gardens, one of the principal and most considerable officers of the kingdom, was walking by the side of this canal, and perceiving a basket floating, called to a gardener who was not far off, to bring it to shore that he might see what it contained. The gardener, with a rake which he had in his hand, drew the basket to the side of the canal, took it up, and gave it to him.

The intendant of the gardens was extremely surprised to see in the basket a child, which, though he knew it could be but just born, had very fine features. This officer had been married several years, but though he had always been desirous of having children, Heaven had never blessed him with any. He made the gardener follow him with the child; and when he came to his own house, which was situated at the entrance into the gardens of the palace, went into his wife's apartment. "Wife," said he, "as we have no children of our own, God hath sent us one. I recommend him to you; provide him a nurse, and take as much care of him as if he were our own son; for, from this moment, I acknowledge him as such." The intendant's wife received the child with great joy.

The following year the queen consort was brought to bed of another prince, on whom the unnatural sisters had no more compassion than on his brother; but exposed him likewise in a basket, and set him adrift in the canal, pretending this time that the sultaness was delivered of a cat. It was happy also for this child that the intendant of the gardens was walking by the canal side, who had it carried to his wife, and charged her to take as much care of it as of the former; which was as agreeable to her inclination as it was to that of the intendant.

The Emperor of Persia was more enraged this time against the queen than before, and she had felt the effects of his anger, if the grand vizier's remonstrances had not prevailed.

The next year the queen gave birth to a princess, which innocent babe underwent the same fate as the princes her brothers; for the two sisters being determined not to desist from their detestable schemes till they had seen the queen their younger sister at least cast off, turned out, and humbled, exposed this infant also on the canal. But the princess, as well as the two princes her brothers, was preserved from death by the compassion and charity of the intendant of the gardens.

To this inhumanity the two sisters added a lie and deceit, as before. They produced a piece of wood, of which they said the queen had been delivered.

Khoonoo-shah could no longer contain himself at this third disappointment. He ordered a small shed to be built near the chief mosque, and the queen to be confined in it, so that she might be subject to the scorn of those who passed by; which usage, as she did not deserve it, she bore with a patient resignation that excited the admiration as well as compassion of those who judged of things better than the vulgar.

The two princes and the princess were, in the meantime, nursed and brought up by the intendant of the gardens and his wife with all the tenderness of a father and mother; and as they advanced in age, they all showed marks of superior dignity, by a certain air which could only belong to exalted birth. All this increased the affections of the intendant and his wife, who called the eldest prince Bahman, and the second Perviz, both of them names of the most ancient emperors of Persia, and the princess Perie-zadeh, which name also had been borne by several queens and princesses of the kingdom.[1]

As soon as the two princes were old enough, the intendant provided proper masters to teach them to read and write; and the princess their sister, who was often with them, showing a great desire to learn, the intendant, pleased with her quickness, employed the same master to teach her also. Her emulation, vivacity, and wit made her in a little time as great a proficient as her brothers. At the hours of recreation, the princess learned to sing and play upon all sorts of instruments; and when the princes were learning to ride, she would not permit them to have that advantage over her, but went through all the exercises with them, learn-

[1] *Perizadeh*, the *Pariadis* of the Greeks, signifies *born of a fairy*.—D'Herbelot.

ing to ride also, to bend the bow, and dart, the reed or javelin, and oftentimes outdid them in the race, and other contests of agility.

The intendant of the gardens was so overjoyed to find his adopted children so well requited the expense he had been at in their education, that he resolved to be at a still greater; for as he had till then been content only with his lodge at the entrance of the garden, and kept no country house, he purchased a country seat at a short distance from the city, surrounded by a large tract of arable land, meadows, and woods, and furnished it in the richest manner, and added gardens, according to a plan drawn by himself, and a large park, stocked with fallow deer, that the princes and princess might divert themselves with hunting when they chose.

When this country seat was finished, the intendant of the gardens went and cast himself at the emperor's feet, and after representing his long service and the infirmities of age, which he found growing upon him, begged permission to resign his charge and retire. The emperor gave him leave, and asked what he should do to recompense him. "Sire," replied the intendant of the gardens, "I have received so many obligations from your majesty and the late emperor your father, of happy memory, that I desire no more than the honour of being assured of your continued favour."

He took his leave of the emperor, and retired with the two princes and the princess to the country retreat he had built. His wife had been dead some years, and he himself had not lived in his new abode above six months, when he was surprised by so sudden a death that he had not time to give them the least account of the manner in which he had saved them from destruction.

The Princes Bahman and Perviz, and the Princess Perie-zadeh, who knew no other father than the intendant of the emperor's gardens, regretted and bewailed him as such, and paid all the honours in his funeral obsequies which love and filial gratitude required of them. Satisfied with the plentiful fortune he had left them, they lived together in perfect union, free from the ambition of distinguishing themselves at court, or aspiring to places of honour and dignity, which they might easily have obtained.

One day when the two princes were hunting, and the princess

had remained at home, an old woman, a devotee, came to the gate, and desired leave to go in to say her prayers, it being then the hour. The servants asked the princess's permission, who ordered them to show her into the oratory, which the intendant of the emperor's gardens had taken care to fit up in his house, for want of a mosque in the neighbourhood. After the good woman had finished her prayers, she was brought before the princess, in the great hall, which in beauty and richness exceeded all the other apartments.

As soon as the princess saw the devout woman, she asked her many questions upon the exercise of devotion which she practised, and how she lived: all which she answered with great modesty. Talking of several things, at last she asked her what she thought of the house, and how she liked it?

"Madam," answered the devout woman, "if you will give me leave to speak my mind freely, I will take the liberty to tell you, that this house would be incomparable if it had three things which are wanting to complete it. The first of these three things is the speaking-bird, so singular a creature, that it draws round it all the singing-birds of the neighbourhood, which come to accompany his song. The second is the singing-tree, the leaves of which are so many mouths, which form an harmonious concert of different voices, and never cease. The third is the yellow-water of a gold colour, a single drop of which being poured into a vessel properly prepared, it increases so as to fill it immediately, and rises up in the middle like a fountain, which continually plays, and yet the basin never overflows."

"Ah! my good mother," cried the princess, "how much am I obliged to you for the knowledge of these curiosities! They are surprising, and I never before heard there were such wonderful rarities in the world; but as I am persuaded that you know, I expect that you should do me the favour to inform me where they are to be found."

"Madam," replied the good woman, "I am glad to tell you, that these curiosities are all to be met with in the same spot on the confines of this kingdom, towards India. The road lies before your house, and whoever you send needs but follow it for twenty days, and on the twentieth let him only ask the first person he

s where the speaking-bird, singing-tree, and yellow-water are,

and he will be informed." After saying this she rose from her seat, took her leave, and went her way.

The Princess Perie-zadeh's thoughts were so absorbed in her desire to obtain possession of these three wonders, that her brothers on their return from hunting, instead of finding her lively and gay, as she used to be, were amazed to see her pensive and melancholy, and weighed down by some trouble.

"Sister," said Prince Bahman, "what has become of all your mirth and gaiety? Are you not well? or has some misfortune befallen you? Tell us that we may give you some relief."

The princess at first returned no answer to these inquiries; but on being pressed by her brothers, thus replied, "I always believed that this house, which our father built us, was so complete that nothing was wanting. But this day I have learned that it wants three rarities, the speaking-bird, the singing-tree, and the yellow-water, so that if it had these no country seat in the world could be compared with it." Then she informed them wherein consisted the excellency of these rarities, and requested her brothers to send some trustworthy person in search of these three curiosities.

"Sister," replied Prince Bahman, "it is enough that you have an earnest desire for the things you mention to oblige us to try and obtain them. I will take that charge upon myself; only tell me the place, and the way to it, and I will set out to-morrow. You, brother, shall stay at home with our sister, and I commend her to your care."

Prince Bahman spent the remainder of the day in making preparations for his journey, and informing himself from the princess of the directions which the devout woman had left her. The next morning he mounted his horse, and Perviz and the princess embraced him, and wished him a good journey. But in the midst of their adieus, the princess recollected what she had not thought of before. "Brother," said she, "I had quite forgotten the perils to which you may be exposed. Who knows whether I shall ever see you again! Alight, I beseech you, and give up this journey. I would rather be deprived of the sight and possession of the speaking-bird, singing-tree, and yellow-water, than run the risk of never seeing you more."

"Sister," replied Bahman, smiling at the sudden fears of the princess, "my resolution is fixed, and you must allow me to execute

it. However, as events are uncertain, and I may fail in this undertaking, all I can do is to leave you this knife. It has a peculiar property. If when you pull it out of the sheath it is clean as it is now, it will be a sign that I am alive; but if you find it stained with blood, then you may believe me to be dead."

The princess could prevail nothing more with Bahman. He bade adieu to her and Prince Perviz for the last time, and rode away. When he got into the road, he never turned to the right hand nor to the left, but went directly forward towards India. The twentieth day he perceived on the road side a very singular old man, who sat under a tree some small distance from a thatched house, which was his retreat from the weather.

His eyebrows were as white as snow, as was also his beard, which was so long as to cover his mouth, while it reached down to his feet. The nails of his hands and feet were grown to an immense length; a flat broad umbrella covered his head. He wore no clothes, but only a mat thrown round his body.

This old man was a dervise, for many years retired from the world, and devoted to contemplation, so that at last he became what we have described.

Prince Bahman, who had been all that morning expecting to meet some one who could give him information of the place he was in search of, stopped when he came near the dervise, alighted, in conformity to the directions which the devout woman had given the Princess Perie-zadeh, and leading his horse by the bridle, advanced towards him, and saluting him, said, "God prolong your days, good father, and grant you the accomplishment of your desires."

The dervise returned the prince's salutation, but spoke so unintelligibly that he could not understand one word he said: Prince Bahman perceiving that this difficulty proceeded from the dervise's hair hanging over his mouth, and unwilling to go any farther without the instructions he wanted, pulled out a pair of scissors he had about him, and having tied his horse to a branch of the tree, said, "Good dervise, I want to have some talk with you: but your hair prevents my understanding what you say: and if you will consent, I will cut off some part of it, and of your eyebrows, which disfigure you so much that you look more like a bear than a man."

The dervise did not oppose the offer; and when the prince had cut off as much hair as he thought fit, he perceived that the dervise had a good complexion, and that he did not seem so very old.

"Good dervise," said he, "if I had a glass I would show you how young you look: you are now a man, but before nobody could tell what you were."

The kind behaviour of Prince Bahman made the dervise smile, and return his compliment. "Sir," said he, "whoever you are, I am obliged by the good office you have performed, and am ready to show my gratitude by doing anything in my power for you. Tell me wherein I may serve you."

"Good dervise," replied Prince Bahman, "I am in search of the speaking-bird, the singing-tree, and the yellow-water. I know these three rarities are not far from hence, but cannot tell exactly the place where they are to be found; if you know, I conjure you to show me the way, that I may not lose my labour after so long a journey."

The prince, while he spoke, observed that the dervise changed countenance, held down his eyes, looked very serious, and instead of making any reply, remained silent: which obliged him to say to him again, "Good father, tell me whether you know what I ask you, that I may not lose my time, but inform myself somewhere else."

At last the dervise broke silence. "Sir," said he, to Prince Bahman, "I know the way you ask of me; but the danger you are going to expose yourself to is greater than you may suppose. A number of gentlemen of as much bravery and courage as yourself have passed this way, and asked me the same question. I can assure you they have all perished, for I have not seen one come back. Therefore, if you have any regard for your life, take my advice, go no farther, but return home."

"Nothing," replied Prince Bahman to the dervise, "shall make me change my intention: whoever attacks me, I am brave and well armed." "But they who will attack you are not to be seen," said the dervise; "how will you defend yourself against invisible persons?" "It is no matter," answered the prince, "all you can say shall not persuade me to forego my purpose. Since you know the way, I once more conjure you to inform me."

When the dervise found he could not prevail upon Prince Bahman to relinquish his journey, he put his hand into a bag that lay by him and pulled out a bowl, which he presented to him. "Since you will not be led by my advice," said he, "take this bowl; when you have mounted your horse, throw it before you, and follow it to the foot of a mountain. There, as soon as the bowl stops, alight, leave your horse with the bridle over his neck, and he will stand in the same place till you return. As you ascend you will see on your right and left a great number of large black stones, and will hear on all sides a confusion of voices, which will utter a thousand injurious threats to discourage you, and prevent your reaching the summit of the mountain. Be not afraid; but above all things, do not turn your head to look behind you; for in that instant you will be changed into such a black stone as those you see, which are all youths who have failed in this enterprise. If you escape the danger of which I give you but a faint idea, and get to the top of the mountain, you will see a cage, and in that cage is the bird you seek; ask him which are the singing-tree and the yellow-water, and he will tell you. I have nothing more to say, except to beg you again not to expose your life, for the difficulty is almost insuperable."

After these words, the prince mounted his horse, took his leave of the dervise with a respectful salute, and threw the bowl before him.

The bowl rolled away unceasingly, with as much swiftness as when Prince Bahman first hurled it from his hand, which obliged him to put his horse to the gallop to avoid losing sight of it, and when it had reached the foot of the mountain it stopped. The prince alighted from his horse, laid the bridle on his neck, and, having first surveyed the mountain, and seen the black stones, began to ascend. He had not gone four steps, before he heard the voices mentioned by the dervise, though he could see nobody. Some said, "Where is he going?" "What would he have?" "Do not let him pass;" others, "Stop him," "Catch him," "Kill him;" and others with a voice like thunder, "Thief!" "Assassin!" "Murderer!" while some, in a gibing tone, cried, "No, no, do not hurt him; let the pretty fellow pass, the cage and bird are kept for him."

Notwithstanding all these troublesome voices, Prince Bahman ascended with courage and resolution for some time, but the voices

redoubled with so loud a din near him, both behind, before, and on all sides, that at last he was seized with dread, his legs trembled under him, he staggered, and finding that his strength failed him, he forgot the dervise's advice, turned about to run down the hill, and was that instant changed into a black stone. His horse likewise, at the same moment, underwent the same change.

From the time of Prince Bahman's departure, the Princess Periezadeh always wore the knife and sheath in her girdle, and pulled it out several times a day, to know whether her brother was yet alive. She had the consolation to find he was in perfect health, and to talk of him frequently with Prince Perviz.

On the fatal day that Prince Bahman was transformed into a stone, as Prince Perviz and the princess were talking together in the evening, as usual, the prince desired his sister to pull out the knife to know how their brother did. The princess readily complied, and seeing the blood run down the point, was seized with so much horror that she threw it down. "Ah! my dear brother," cried she, "woe's me! I have been the cause of your death, and shall never see you more! Why did I tell you of the speaking-bird, the singing-tree, and yellow-water! or why did I allow my peace to be disturbed by the idle tales of a silly old woman!"

Prince Perviz was as much afflicted at the death of Prince Bahman as the princess; but as he knew that she still passionately desired possession of the speaking-bird, the singing-tree, and the golden-water, he interrupted her, saying, "Sister, our regret for our brother is vain and useless; our grief and lamentations cannot restore him to life; it is the will of God, we must submit to it, and adore the decrees of the Almighty without searching into them. Why should you now doubt of the truth of what the holy woman told you? Our brother's death is probably owing to some error on his part. I am determined to know the truth, and am resolved myself to undertake this search; to-morrow I shall set out."

The princess did all she could to dissuade Prince Perviz, conjuring him not to expose her to the danger of losing two brothers but all the remonstrances she could urge had no effect upon him. Before he went, that she might know what success he had, he left her a string of a hundred pearls, telling her, that if they would not run when she should count them upon the string, but remain fixed, that would be a certain sign he had undergone the same fate as

his brother; but at the same time told her he hoped it would never happen, but that he should have the happiness to see her again to their mutual satisfaction.

Prince Perviz, on the twentieth day after his departure, met the same dervise in the same place as his brother Bahman had done before him, and asked of him the same question. The dervise urged the same difficulties and remonstrances as he had done to Prince Bahman, telling him that a young gentleman, who very much resembled him, was with him a short time before, and had not yet returned.

"Good dervise," answered Prince Perviz, "I know whom you speak of; he was my elder brother, and I am informed of the certainty of his death, but know not the cause." "I can tell you," replied the dervise, "he was changed into a black stone, as all I speak of have been; and you must expect the same fate, unless you observe more exactly than he has done the advice I gave him; but I once more entreat you to renounce your resolution."

"Dervise," said Prince Perviz, "I cannot sufficiently express how much I am obliged to you for your kind caution; but I cannot now relinquish this enterprise; therefore I beg of you to do me the same favour you have done my brother."

On this the dervise gave the prince a bowl with the same instructions he had delivered to his brother, and so let him depart.

Prince Perviz thanked the dervise, and when he had remounted, and taken leave, threw the bowl before his horse, and spurring him at the same time, followed it. When the bowl came to the bottom of the hill it stopped, the prince alighted and stood some time to recollect the dervise's directions. He encouraged himself, and then began to walk up with a determination to reach the summit; but before he had gone above six steps, he heard a voice, which seemed to be near, as of a man behind him, say in an insulting tone, "Stay, rash youth, that I may punish you for your presumption."

Upon this affront, the prince, forgetting the dervise's advice, clapped his hand upon his sword, drew it, and turned about to revenge himself; but had scarcely time to see that nobody followed him before he and his horse were changed into black stones.

In the meantime, the Princess Perie-zadeh, several times a day

after her brother's departure, counted her chaplet. She did not omit it at night, but when she went to bed put it about her neck; and in the morning when she awoke counted over the pearls again to see if they would slide.

The day that Prince Perviz was transformed into a stone she was counting over the pearls as she used to do, when all at once they became immoveably fixed, a certain token that the prince her brother was dead. As she had determined what to do in case it should so happen, she lost no time in outward demonstrations of grief, but proceeded at once to put her plan into execution. She disguised herself in her brother's robes, and having procured arms and equipment, she mounted her horse the next morning, and having told her servants she should return in two or three days, took the same road as her brothers.

On the twentieth day, she also met the dervise as her brothers had done, and asked him the same question and received from him the same answer, with a caution against the folly of sacrificing her life in such a search.

When the dervise had done, the princess replied, "By what I comprehend from your discourse, the difficulties of succeeding in this affair are, first, the getting up to the cage without being frightened at the terrible din of voices I shall hear; and, secondly, not to look behind me. For this last direction, I hope I shall be mistress enough of myself to observe it. As to the first, I desire to know of you if I may use a stratagem against those voices which you describe, and which are so well calculated to excite terror." "And what stratagem is it you would employ?" said the dervise. "To stop my ears with cotton," answered the princess, "that the voices, however loud and terrible, may make the less impression upon my imagination, and my mind remain free from that disturbance which might cause me to lose the use of my reason."

"Princess," replied the dervise, "if you persist in your design, you may make the experiment. You will be fortunate if it succeeds; but I would advise you not to expose yourself to the danger."

After the princess had thanked the dervise, and taken her leave of him, she mounted her horse, threw down the bowl which he had given her, and followed it till it stopped at the foot of the mountain.

The princess alighted, stopped her ears with cotton; and after she had well examined the path leading to the summit, began with a moderate pace, and walked up with intrepidity. She heard the voices, and perceived the great service the cotton was to her. The higher she went, the louder and more numerous the voices seemed; but they were not capable of making any impression upon her. She heard a great many affronting speeches and insulting accusations, which she only laughed at. At last she saw the cage and the bird, while at the same moment the clamour and thunders of the invisible voices greatly increased.

The princess, encouraged by the sight of the object of which she was in search, redoubled her speed, and soon gained the summit of the mountain, where the ground was level; then running directly to the cage, and clapping her hand upon it, cried, "Bird, I have you, and you shall not escape me." At the same moment the voices ceased.

While Perie-zadeh was pulling the cotton out of her ears, the bird said to her, "Heroic princess, since I am destined to be a slave, I would rather be yours than any other person's, since you have obtained me so courageously. From this instant I pay an entire submission to all your commands. I know who you are, for you are not what you seem, and I will one day tell you more. In the meantime, say what you desire, and I am ready to obey you."

"Bird," said Perie-zadeh, "I have been told that there is not far off a golden-water, the property of which is very wonderful; before all things, I ask you to tell me where it is." The bird showed her the place, which was just by, and she went and filled a little silver flagon which she had brought with her. She returned to the bird, and said, "Bird, this is not enough; I want also the singing-tree. Tell me where it is." "Turn about," said the bird, "and you will see behind you a wood, where you will find this tree. Break off a branch, and carry it to plant in your garden; it will take root as soon as it is put into the earth, and in a little time will grow to a fine tree." The princess went into the wood, and by the harmonious concert she heard, soon discovered the singing-tree.

When the princess had obtained possession of the branch of the singing-tree, she returned again to the bird, and said, "Bird,

what you have yet done for me is not sufficient. My two brothers, in their search for thee, have been transformed into black stones on the side of the mountain. Tell me how I may obtain their disenchantment."

The bird seemed most reluctant to inform the princess on this point; but on her threatening to take his life, he bade her sprinkle every stone on her way down the mountain with a little of the water from the golden fountain. She did so, and every stone she thus touched resumed the shape of a man or of a horse, ready caparisoned. Among these were her two brothers, Bahman and Perviz, who exchanged with her the most affectionate embraces. Having explained to her brothers and the band of noble youths, who had been enchanted in their search after these three wonders, the means of their recovery, Perie-zadeh placed herself at their head, and bade them follow her to the old dervise, to thank him for his reception and wholesome advice, which they had all found to be sincere. But he was dead, whether of old age, or because he was no longer necessary to show the way to the obtaining the three rarities which the Princess Perie-zadeh had secured, did not appear. The procession, headed by Perie-zadeh pursued its route, but lessened in its numbers every day. The youths, who had come from different countries, took leave of the princess and her brothers one after another, as they approached the various roads by which they had come.

As soon as the princess reached home, she placed the cage in the garden; and the bird no sooner began to warble than he was surrounded by nightingales, chaffinches, larks, linnets, goldfinches, and every species of birds of the country. And the branch of the singing-tree was no sooner set in the midst of the parterre, a little distance from the house, than it took root, and in a short time became a large tree, the leaves of which gave as harmonious a concert as those of the tree from which it was gathered. A large basin of beautiful marble was placed in the garden; and when it was finished the princess poured into it all the yellow-water from the flagon, which instantly increased and swelled so much that it soon reached up to the edges of the basin, and afterwards formed in the middle a fountain twenty feet high, which fell again into the basin perpetually without running over.

The report of these wonders was presently spread abroad, and

as the gates of the house and those of the gardens were shut to nobody, a great number of people came to admire them.

Some days after, when the Princes Bahman and Perviz had recovered from the fatigue of their journey, they resumed their former way of living; and as their usual diversion was hunting, they mounted their horses and went for the first time since their return, not to their own demesne, but two or three leagues from their house. As they pursued their sport, the Emperor of Persia came in pursuit of game upon the same ground. When they perceived by the number of horsemen in different places that he would soon be up, they resolved to discontinue their chase, and retire to avoid encountering him; but in the very road they took they chanced to meet him in so narrow a way that they could not retreat without being seen. In their surprise they had only time to alight, and prostrate themselves before the emperor. He stopped, and commanded them to rise. The princes rose up, and stood before him with an easy and graceful air. The emperor, after he had admired their good air and mien, asked them who they were, and where they lived.

"Sire," said Prince Bahman, "we are the sons of the late intendant of your majesty's gardens: and live in a house which he built a little before he died, till it should please you to give us some employment."

"By what I perceive," replied the emperor, "you love hunting." "Sire," replied Prince Bahman, "it is our common exercise, and what none of your majesty's subjects who intend to bear arms in your armies ought, according to the ancient custom of the kingdom, to neglect." The emperor, charmed with so prudent an answer, said, "It is so, and I should be glad to see your expertness in the chase; choose your own game."

The princes mounted their horses again, and followed the emperor; but had not gone far before they saw many wild beasts together. Prince Bahman chose a lion, and Prince Perviz a bear; and pursued them with so much intrepidity, that the emperor was surprised. They came up with their game nearly at the same time, and darted their javelins with so much skill and address, that they pierced, the one the lion, and the other the bear, so effectually, that the emperor saw them fall one after the other. Immediately afterwards Prince Bahman pursued another bear, and

and Prince Perviz another lion, and killed them in a short time, and would have beaten out for fresh game, but the emperor would not let them, and sent to them to come to him. When they approached he said, "If I would have given you leave, you would soon have destroyed all my game: but it is not that which I would preserve, but your persons; for I am so well assured your bravery may one time or other be serviceable to me, that from this moment your lives will be always dear to me."

The emperor, in short, conceived so great a kindness for the two princes, that he invited them immediately to make him a visit: to which Prince Bahman replied, "Your majesty does us an honour we do not deserve; and we beg you will excuse us."

The emperor, who could not comprehend what reason the princes could have to refuse this token of his favour, pressed them to tell him why they excused themselves. "Sire," said Prince Bahman, "we have a sister younger than ourselves, with whom we live in such perfect union, that we undertake nothing before we consult her, nor she anything without asking our advice." "I commend your brotherly affection," answered the emperor. "Consult your sister—meet me here to-morrow, and give me an answer."

The princes went home, but neglected to speak of their adventure in meeting the emperor, and hunting with him, and also of the honour he had done them, by asking them to go home with him; yet did not the next morning fail to meet him at the place appointed. "Well," "said the emperor, "have you spoken to your sister? And has she consented to the pleasure I expect of seeing you?" The two princes looked at each other and blushed. "Sire," said Prince Bahman, "we beg your majesty to excuse us; for both my brother and I forgot." "Then remember to-day," replied the emperor, "and be sure to bring me an answer to-morrow."

The princes were guilty of the same fault a second time, and the emperor was so good-natured as to forgive their negligence; but to prevent their forgetfulness the third time, he pulled three little golden balls out of a purse, and put them into Prince Bahman's bosom. "These balls," said he, "smiling, will prevent your forgetting a third time what I wish you to do for my sake; since the noise they will make by falling on the floor, when you

undress, will remind you, if you do not recollect it before. The event happened just as the emperor foresaw; and without these balls the princes had not thought of speaking to their sister of this affair. For as Prince Bahman unloosed his girdle to go to bed the balls dropped on the floor, upon which he ran into Prince Perviz's chamber, when both went into the Princess Perie-zadeh's apartment, and after they had asked her pardon for coming at so unseasonable a time, they told her all the circumstances of their meeting the emperor.

The princess was somewhat surprised at this intelligence. "It was on my account, I know," she said, "you refused the emperor, and I am infinitely obliged to you for doing so. For, my dear brothers, I know by this your affection for me is equal to my own. But you know monarchs will be obeyed in their desires, and it may be dangerous to oppose them; therefore, if to follow my inclination I should dissuade you from showing the complaisance the emperor expects from you, it may expose you to his resentment, and may render myself and you miserable. These are my sentiments: but before we conclude upon anything let us consult the speaking-bird, and hear what he says; he is wise, and has promised his assistance in all difficulties."

The princess sent for the cage, and after she had related the circumstances to the bird in the presence of her brothers, asked him what they should do in this perplexity. The bird answered,[1] "The princes, your brothers, must conform to the emperor's pleasure, and in their turn invite him to come and see your house."

[1] To understand the language of birds was peculiarly one of the boasted sciences of the Arabians, who pretend that many of their countrymen have been skilled in the knowledge of the language of birds ever since the time of King Solomon. Their writers relate that Balkis, the Queen of Sheba, had a bird called *Hudhud, i.e.*, lapwing, which was her trusty messenger to King Solomon. D'Herbelot tells this story of Athejaj, a famous Arabian commander:—While he and a camel driver were talking together, a bird flew over their heads, making, at the same time, an unusual sort of noise, which the camel-driver hearing, looked steadfastly on Athejaj, and demanded who he was. Athejaj not choosing to answer, desired to know the reason of that question. "Because," replied the camel-driver, "this bird assured me that a company of people is coming this way, and that you are the chief of them." While he was speaking Athejaj's attendants arrived.—Warton's *History of Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 182. Ed. 1840.

Next morning the princes met the emperor again, who called and asked them while they were yet afar off, if they had remembered to speak to their sister? Prince Bahman approached, and answered, "Sire, your majesty may dispose of us as you please; we are ready to obey you; for we have not only obtained our sister's consent with great ease, but she took it amiss that we should pay her that deference in a matter wherein our duty to your majesty was concerned. But if we have offended, we hope you will pardon us." "Do not be uneasy on that account," replied the emperor; "so far from taking amiss what you have done, I highly approve of your conduct, and hope you will have the same deference and attachment to my person, if I have ever so little share in your friendship." The princes, confounded at the emperor's goodness, returned no other answer but a low obeisance, to show the great respect with which they received it.

The emperor gave orders to return at once to his palace. He made the Princes Bahman and Perviz ride on each side of him, an honour which grieved the grand vizier, who was much mortified to see them preferred before him.

When the emperor entered his capital, the eyes of the people, who stood in crowds in the streets, were fixed upon the two Princes Bahman and Perviz; and they were earnest to know who they might be, whether foreigners or natives, and many wished that the emperor had been blessed with two such handsome princes.

The first thing that the emperor did when he arrived at his palace was to conduct the princes into the principal apartments; who praised with due discrimination, like persons conversant in such matters, the beauty and symmetry of the rooms, and the richness of the furniture and ornaments. Afterwards, a magnificent repast was served up, and the emperor made them sit with him, and was so much pleased with the wit, judgment, and discernment shown by the two princes, that he said, "Were these my own children, and I had improved their talents by suitable education, they could not have been more accomplished or better informed."

When night approached, the two princes prostrated themselves at the emperor's feet; and having thanked him for the

favours he had heaped upon them, asked his permission to retire, which was granted by the emperor.

Before they went out of the emperor's presence, Prince Bahman said, "Sire, may we presume to request that you will do us and our sister the honour to visit us the first time you take the diversion of hunting in that neighbourhood? Our house is not worthy your presence; but monarchs sometimes have vouchsafed to take shelter in a cottage."

"My children," replied the emperor, "your house cannot be otherwise than beautiful, and worthy of its owners. I will call and see it with pleasure, which will be the greater for having for my hosts you and your sister, who is already dear to me from the account you give me of the rare qualities with which she is endowed; and this satisfaction I will defer no longer than to-morrow. Early in the morning I will be at the place where I shall never forget that I first saw you. Meet me, and you shall be my guides."

When the Princes Bahman and Perviz had returned home, they gave the princess an account of the distinguished reception the emperor had accorded them; and told her that he would call at their house the next day.

"If it be so," replied the princess, "we must think of preparing a repast fit for his majesty; and for that purpose I think it would be proper we should consult the speaking-bird; he will tell us perhaps what meats the emperor likes best." The princes approved of her plan, and after they had retired, she consulted the bird alone. "Bird," said she, "the emperor will to-morrow come and see our house, and we are to entertain him; tell us what we shall do to acquit ourselves to his satisfaction."

"Good mistress," replied the bird, "you have excellent cooks, let them do the best they can; but above all things, let them prepare a dish of cucumbers stuffed full of pearls, which must be set before the emperor in the first course before all the other dishes."

"Cucumbers stuffed full of pearls!" cried Princess Perie-zadeh with amazement; "surely, bird, you do not know what you say; it is an unheard-of dish; besides, all the pearls I possess are not enough for such a dish."

"Mistress," said the bird, "do what I say, and as for the pearls, go early to-morrow morning to the foot of the first tree on your

right hand in the park, dig under it, and you will find more than you want."

The princess immediately ordered a gardener to be ready to attend her in the morning, and led him at daybreak to the tree which the bird had told her of, and bade him dig at its foot. When the gardener came to a certain depth, he found some resistance to the spade, and presently discovered a gold box about a foot square, which he gave into the princess's hands, who, as it was only fastened with neat little hasps, soon opened it, and found it full of pearls. Very well satisfied with having found this treasure, after she had shut the box again, she put it under her arm, and went back to the house; while the gardener threw the earth into the hole at the foot of the tree as it had been before.

The princess, as she returned to the house, met her two brothers, and gave them an account of her having consulted the bird, and the answer he had given her to prepare a dish of cucumbers stuffed full of pearls, and how he had told her where to find this box. The princes and princess, though they could not by any means guess at the reason of the bird ordering them to prepare such a dish, yet agreed to follow his advice exactly.

As soon as the princess entered the house, she called for the head cook; and after she had given him directions about the entertainment for the emperor, said to him, "Besides all this, you must dress an extraordinary dish to set before the emperor himself. This dish must be of cucumbers stuffed with these pearls;" and at the same time she opened him the box and showed him the pearls.

The chief cook, who had never heard of such a dish, started back, and could make no reply, but took the box and retired; and afterwards the princess gave directions to all the domestics to have everything in order, both in house and gardens, to receive the emperor.

Next day the two princes went to the place appointed; and as soon as the Emperor of Persia arrived, the chase began, which lasted till the heat of the sun obliged him to leave off. While Prince Bahman stayed to conduct the emperor to their house, Prince Perviz rode before to show the way, and when he came in sight of the house, spurred his horse, to inform the Princess Perie-zadeh that the emperor was approaching; but she had been told

by some attendants whom she had placed to give notice, and the prince found her waiting ready to receive him.

When the emperor had entered the court-yard, and alighted at the portico, the princess came and threw herself at his feet.

The emperor stooped to raise her, and after he had gazed some time on her beauty, said, "The brothers are worthy of the sister, and she worthy of them. I am not amazed that the brothers would do nothing without their sister's consent; but," added he, "I hope to be better acquainted with you, my daughter, after I have seen the house."

The princess led the emperor through all the rooms except the hall; and after he had considered them very attentively and admired their variety, "My daughter," said he to the princess, "do you call this a country-house? The finest and largest cities would soon be deserted if all country-houses were like yours. I am no longer surprised that you take so much delight in it, and despise the town. Now let me see the garden, which I doubt not is answerable to the house."

The princess opened a door which led into the garden; and conducted him to the spot where the harmonious-tree was planted, and there the emperor heard a concert, different from all he had ever heard before; and stopping to see where the musicians were, he could discern nobody far or near, but still distinctly heard the music, which ravished his senses. "My daughter," said he to the princess, "where are the musicians whom I hear? Are they underground, or invisible in the air? Such excellent performers will lose nothing by being seen; on the contrary, they would please the more."

"Sire," answered the princess, smiling, "they are not musicians, but the leaves of the tree your majesty sees before you, which form this concert; and if you will give yourself the trouble to go a little nearer, you will be convinced, for the voices will be the more distinct."

The emperor went nearer, and was so charmed with the sweet harmony, that he could never have been tired with hearing it. "Daughter," said he, "tell me, I pray you, whether this wonderful tree was found in your garden by chance, or was a present made to you, or have you procured it from some foreign country? It must certainly have come from a great distance, otherwise,

curious as I am after natural rarities, I should have heard of it. What name do you call it by?"

"Sire," replied the princess, "this tree has no other name than that of the singing-tree, and is not a native of this country. Its history is connected with the yellow-water and the speaking-bird, which came to me at the same time, and which your majesty may see after you have rested yourself, and if it please you, I will relate to you the history of these rarities."

"My daughter," replied the emperor, "my fatigue is so well recompensed by the wonderful things you have shown me, that I do not feel it the least. I am impatient to see the yellow-water and to admire the speaking-bird."

When the emperor came to the yellow-water, his eyes were fixed so steadfastly upon the fountain, that he could not take them off. At last, addressing himself to the princess, he said, "Whence is this wonderful water? where its source? by what art is it made to play so high that nothing in the world can be compared to it? I conclude that it is foreign, as well as the singing-tree."

"Sire," replied the princess, "it is as your majesty conjectures; and to let you know that this water has no communication with any spring, I must inform you that the basin is one entire stone, so that the water cannot come in at the sides or underneath. But what your majesty will think most wonderful is, that all this water proceeded but from one small flagon, emptied into this basin, which increased to the quantity you see, by a property peculiar to itself, and formed this fountain." "Well," said the emperor, going from the fountain, "this is enough for one time. I promise myself the pleasure to come and visit it often; but now let us go and see the speaking-bird."

As he went towards the hall, the emperor perceived a prodigious number of singing-birds in the trees around, filling the air with their songs and warblings, and asked why there were so many there, and none on the other trees in the garden. "The reason, sire," answered the princess, "is, because they come from all parts to accompany the song of the speaking-bird, which your majesty may see in a cage in one of the windows of the hall we are approaching; and if you attend, you will perceive that his notes are sweeter than those of any of the other birds, even the nightingale's."

The emperor went into the hall; and as the bird continued singing, the princess raised her voice, and said, "My slave, here is the emperor, pay your compliments to him." The bird left off singing that instant, when all the other birds ceased also, and it said, "God save the emperor. May he long live!" As the entertainment was served at the sofa near the window where the bird was placed, the sultan replied, as he was taking his seat, "Bird, I thank you, and am overjoyed to find in you the sultan and king of birds."

As soon as the emperor saw the dish of cucumbers set before him, thinking it was stuffed in the best manner, he reached out his hand and took one; but when he cut it, was in extreme surprise to find it stuffed with pearls. "What novelty is this?" said he; "and with what design were these cucumbers stuffed thus with pearls, since pearls are not to be eaten?" He looked at the two princes and princess to ask them the meaning; when the bird interrupting him, said, "Can your majesty be in such great astonishment at cucumbers stuffed with pearls, which you see with your own eyes, and yet so easily believe that the queen your wife was the mother of a dog, a cat, and of a piece of wood?" "I believed these things," replied the emperor, "because the nurses assured me of the facts." "Those nurses, sire," replied the bird, "were the queen's two sisters, who, envious of her happiness in being preferred by your majesty before them, to satisfy their envy and revenge, have abused your majesty's credulity. If you interrogate them, they will confess their crime. The two brothers and the sister whom you see before you are your own children, whom they exposed, and who were saved by the intendant of your gardens, who adopted and brought them up as his own children."

"Bird," cried the emperor, "I believe the truth which you discover to me. The inclination which drew me to them told me plainly they must be my own kin. Come then, my sons, come, my daughter, let me embrace you, and give you the first marks of a father's love and tenderness." The emperor then rose, and after having embraced the two princes and the princess, and mingled his tears with theirs, said, "It is not enough, my children; you must embrace each other, not as the children of the intendant of my gardens, to whom I have been so much obliged for preserving

your lives, but as my own children, of the royal blood of the monarchs of Persia, whose glory, I am persuaded, you will maintain."

After the two princes and princess had embraced mutually with new satisfaction, the emperor sat down again with them, and finished his meal in haste; and when he had done, said, "My children, you see in me your father; to-morrow I will bring the queen your mother, therefore prepare to receive her."

The emperor afterwards mounted his horse, and returned with expedition to his capital. The first thing he did, as soon as he had alighted and entered his palace, was to command the grand vizier to seize the queen's two sisters. They were taken from their houses separately, convicted and condemned, and the fatal sentence was put in execution within an hour.

In the meantime, the Emperor Khoonoo-shah, followed by all the lords of his court who were then present, went on foot to the door of the great mosque; and after he had taken the queen out of the strict confinement she had languished under for so many years, embracing her in the miserable condition to which she was then reduced, said to her with tears in his eyes, "I come to entreat your pardon for the injustice I have done you, and to make you the reparation I ought; I have punished your cruel sisters who put the abominable cheat upon me; and I hope soon to present to you two accomplished princes and a lovely princess, our children. Come and resume your former rank, with all the honours which are your due." All this was done and said before great crowds of people, who flocked from all parts at the first news of what was passing, and immediately spread the joyful intelligence through the city.

Next morning early the emperor and queen, whose mournful humiliating dress was changed for magnificent robes, went with all their court to the house built by the intendant of the gardens, where the emperor presented the Princes Bahman and Perviz and the Princess Perie-zadeh to their enraptured mother. "These, much injured wife," said he, "are the two princes your sons, and this princess your daughter; embrace them with the same tenderness I have done, since they are worthy both of me and you." The tears flowed plentifully down the cheeks of all, but especially of the queen, from her exceeding joy of having two such princes

for her sons, and such a princess for her daughter, on whose account she had so long endured the severest afflictions.

The two princes and the princess had prepared a magnificent repast for the emperor and queen and their court. As soon as that was over, the emperor led the queen into the garden, and showed her the harmonious-tree and the beautiful yellow-fountain. She had already seen and heard the speaking-bird in his cage, and the emperor had spared no panegyric in his praise during the repast.

When there was nothing to detain the emperor any longer, he took horse, and with the Princes Bahman and Perviz on his right hand, and the queen and the princess at his left, preceded and followed by all the officers of his court according to their rank, returned to his capital. Crowds of people came out to meet them, and with acclamations of joy ushered them into the city, where all eyes were fixed not only upon the queen, the two princes, and the princess, but also upon the bird, which the princess carried before her in his cage, admiring his sweet notes, which had drawn all the other birds about him, which followed him, flying from tree to tree in the country, and from one house-top to another in the city.

The Princes Bahman and Perviz and the Princess Perie-zadeh were at length brought to the palace with this pomp, and nothing was to be seen or heard all that night but illuminations and rejoicings both in the palace and in the utmost parts of the city, which lasted of many days, and extended throughout the empire of Persia.

The Story of the Enchanted Horse.

The Nooroze,[1] or the new day, which is the first of the year and spring, is observed as a solemn festival throughout all Persia.

On one of these festival days, just as the Sultan of Shiraz was concluding his public audience, which had been conducted with unusual splendour, a Hindu appeared at the foot of the throne, with an artificial horse richly caparisoned, and so spiritedly modelled, that at first sight he was taken for a living animal.

[1] The name which the ancient Persians gave to the first day of their year, which was solar. Jumsheed, a king of the first dynasty, instituted the solemnity of the Nooroze, which is still celebrated by the Persians, though Mahommedans, and consequently obliged to use the Arabian year, which is lunar.—D'Herbelot.

The Hindu prostrated himself before the throne, and pointing to the horse, said to the sultan, "This horse is a great wonder: whenever I mount him, be it where it may, if I wish to transport myself through the air to the most distant part of the world, I can do it in a very short time. This is a wonder which nobody ever heard speak of, and which I offer to show your majesty if you command me."

The Emperor of Persia, who was fond of everything that was curious,[1] and who, notwithstanding the many prodigies of art he had seen, had never beheld or heard of anything that came up to this, told the Hindu that he was ready to see him perform what he had promised.

The Hindu instantly put his foot into the stirrup, mounted his horse with admirable agility, and when he had fixed himself in the saddle, asked the emperor whither he pleased to command him.

"Do you see that mountain?" said the emperor, pointing to it, "ride your horse there, and bring me a branch of a palm-tree that grows at the bottom of the hill."

The Emperor of Persia had no sooner declared his will than the Hindu turned a peg, which was in the hollow of the horse's neck,

[1] The learned Mr Thomas Warton, in his great work on the "History of English Poetry," endeavours to show that Arabian literature contributed a considerable element to the tales and romances which accompanied the revival of learning in the West. He traces in the founder of English poetry, Chaucer, frequent allusions to the incidents, customs, traditions, and even to the arts of chemistry, magic, and metallurgy, as practised by the Arabians. This tale of the "Enchanted Horse" finds its counterpart in Chaucer's "Squire's Tale," where the Knight thus addresses the King Cambuscan:—

"He sayd, 'The king of Arabye and of Inde,
My liege lord, on this solempne day
Saluteth you as he best can and may,
And sendeth you, in honour of your feste,
By me, that am alredy at your heste,
This stede of bras, that esily and wel,
Can, in the space of a day naturel,
This is to sayn, in four and twentie houres,
Where so you list, in drought or elles shoures,
Beren your bodie into every place
To which your herte willeth for to pace,
Withouten wemme of you, through foule or faire;
Or, if you list to fleen as high in the aire
As doth an egle, whan him list to sore,
This same stede shall bere you evermore
Withouten harme, till ye be ther you lest,
(Though that ye sleepen on his back, or rest,)
And turne again with writhing of a pin.'"

just by the pummel of the saddle; and in an instant the horse rose off the ground and carried his rider into the air with the rapidity of lightning to a great height, to the admiration of the emperor and all the spectators. Within less than a quarter of an hour they saw him returning with the palm-branch in his hand; but before he descended, he took two or three turns in the air over the spot, amid the acclamations of all the people, then alighted on the spot whence he had set off. He dismounted, and going up to the throne, prostrated himself, and laid the branch of the palm-tree at the feet of the emperor.

The emperor, who had viewed with no less admiration than astonishment this unheard-of sight which the Hindu had exhibited, conceived a great desire to have the horse, and said to the Hindu, "I will purchase him of you, if he is to be sold."

"Sire," replied the Hindu, "there is only one condition on which I can part with my horse, and that is the gift of the hand of the princess your daughter as my wife; this is the only bargain I can make."

The courtiers about the Emperor of Persia could not forbear laughing aloud at this extravagant proposal of the Hindu; but the Prince Feroze-shah, the eldest son of the emperor and presumptive-heir to the crown, could not hear it without indignation. "Sire," he said, "I hope you will not hesitate to refuse so insolent a demand, or allow this insignificant juggler to flatter himself for a moment with the idea of being allied to one of the most powerful monarchs in the world. I beg of you to consider what you owe to yourself, to your own blood, and the high rank of your ancestors."

"Son," replied the Emperor of Persia, "I will not grant him what he asked—and perhaps he does not seriously make the proposal; and, putting my daughter the princess out of the question, I may make another agreement with him. But before I bargain with him, I should be glad that you would examine the horse, try him yourself, and give me your opinion." On hearing this, the Hindu expressed much joy, and ran before the prince, to help him to mount, and showed him how to guide and manage the horse.

The prince mounted without the Hindu's assisting him; and, as soon as he had got his feet in the stirrups, without staying for

the artist's advice, he turned the peg he had seen him use, when instantly the horse darted into the air, quick as an arrow shot out of a bow by the most adroit archer; and in a few moments neither horse nor prince were to be seen. The Hindu, alarmed at what had happened, prostrated himself before the throne, and deprecated the anger of the sultan. The sultan replied to him, and asked, in a passion, why he did not call him the moment he ascended.

"Sire," answered the Hindu, "your majesty saw as well as I with what rapidity the horse flew away. The surprise I was then and still am in deprived me of the use of my speech; but if I could have spoken, he was got too far to hear me. If he had heard me, he knew not the secret to bring him back, which, through his impatience, he would not stay to learn. But, sire," added he, "there is room to hope that the prince, when he finds himself at a loss, will perceive another peg, and as soon as he turns that the horse will cease to rise, and descend to the ground, when he may turn him to what place he pleases by guiding him with the bridle."

Notwithstanding all these arguments of the Hindu, which carried great appearance of probability, the Emperor of Persia was much alarmed at the evident danger of his son. "I suppose," replied he, "it is very uncertain whether my son may perceive the other peg, and make a right use of it. May not the horse, instead of lighting on the ground, fall upon some rock, or tumble into the sea with him?"

"Sire," replied the Hindu, "I can deliver you from this apprehension, by assuring you that the horse crosses seas without ever falling into them, and always carries his rider wherever he may wish to go. And your majesty may assure yourself that if the prince does but find out the other peg I mentioned, the horse will carry him where he pleases. It is not to be supposed that he will stop anywhere but where he can find assistance, and make himself known."

"Your head shall answer for my son's life, if he does not return safe in three days' time, or I should hear that he is alive." He then ordered his officers to secure the Hindu, and keep him close prisoner; after which he retired to his palace, in affliction that the festival of Nooroze should have proved so inauspicious.

In the meantime the prince was carried through the air with

prodigious velocity. In less than an hour's time he ascended so high, that he could not distinguish anything on the earth, but mountains and plains seemed confounded together. It was then he began to think of returning, and conceived he might do this by turning the same peg the contrary way, and pulling the bridle at the same time. But when he found that the horse still continued to ascend, his alarm was great. He turned the peg several times in different ways, but all in vain. It was then he saw his fault, and apprehended the great danger he was in, from not having learnt the necessary precautions to guide the horse before he mounted. He examined the horse's head and neck with attention, and perceived behind the right ear another peg, smaller than the other. He turned that peg and presently perceived that he descended in the same oblique manner as he had mounted, but not so swiftly.

Night had overshadowed that part of the earth over which the prince was when he found out and turned the small peg; and as the horse descended, he by degrees lost sight of the sun, till it grew quite dark; insomuch that, instead of choosing what place he would go to, he was forced to let the bridle lie upon the horse's neck, and wait patiently till he alighted, though not without the dread lest it should be in the desert, a river, or the sea.

At last the horse stopped upon some solid substance about midnight, and the prince dismounted very faint and hungry, having eaten nothing since the morning, when he came out of the palace with his father to assist at the festival. He found himself to be on the terrace of a magnificent palace, surrounded with a balustrade of white marble, breast high; and groping about reached a staircase, which led down into an apartment, the door of which was half open.

The prince stopped at the door, and listening, heard no other noise than the breathing of some people who were fast asleep. He advanced a little into the room, and by the light of a lamp saw that those persons were black mutes, with naked sabres laid by them; which was enough to inform him that this was the guard-chamber of some sultan or princess. Prince Feroze-shah advanced on tiptoe, without waking the attendants. He drew aside the curtain, went in, and saw a magnificent chamber containing many beds, one alone being on a raised dais, and the others on

the floor. The princess slept in the first and her women in the others. He crept softly towards the dais without waking either the princess or her women, and beheld a beauty so extraordinary that he was charmed at the first sight. He fell on his knees, and twitching gently the princess's sleeve, kneeling beside her, pulled it towards him. The princess opened her eyes, and seeing a handsome young man, was in great surprise, yet showed no sign of fear.

The prince availed himself of this favourable moment, bowed his head to the ground, and rising, said, "Beautiful princess, by the most extraordinary and wonderful adventure, you see at your feet a suppliant prince, son of the Emperor of Persia; pray afford him your assistance and protection."

The personage to whom Prince Feroze-shah so happily addressed himself was the Princess of Bengal, eldest daughter of the rajah of that kingdom, who had built this palace at a small distance from his capital, for the sake of the country air. She thus replied: "Prince, you are not in a barbarous country—take courage; hospitality, humanity, and politeness are to be met with in the kingdom of Bengal, as well as in that of Persia. I grant you the protection you ask—you may depend on what I say."

The Prince of Persia would have thanked the princess, but she would not give him leave to speak. "Notwithstanding I desire," said she, "to know by what miracle you have come hither from the capital of Persia in so short a time, and by what enchantment you have evaded the vigilance of my guards, yet as you must want some refreshment, I will postpone my curiosity, and give orders to my attendants to show you an apartment, that you may rest yourself after your fatigue, and be better able to answer my inquiries." The princess's attendants were much surprised to see the prince in the princess's chamber, but they at once prepared to obey her commands. They each took a wax candle, of which there were great numbers lighted up in the room; and after the prince had respectfully taken leave, went before and conducted him into a handsome hall; where, while some were preparing the bed, others went into the kitchen and prepared a supper; and when he had eaten as much as he chose, they removed the trays, and left him to taste the sweets of repose.

The next day the princess prepared to give the prince another

interview, and in expectation of seeing him, she took more pains in dressing and adjusting herself at the glass than she had ever done before. She tired her women's patience, and made them do and undo the same thing several times. She adorned her head, neck, arms, and waist, with the finest and largest diamonds she possessed. The habit she put on was one of the richest stuffs of the Indies, of a most beautiful colour, and made only for kings, princes, and princesses. After she had consulted her glass, and asked her women, one after another, if anything was wanting to her attire, she sent to tell the Prince of Persia that she would make him a visit.

The Prince of Persia, who by the night's rest had recovered the fatigue he had undergone the day before, had just dressed himself when he received notice of the intention of the princess, and expressed himself to be fully sensible of the honour conferred on him. As soon as the princess understood that the Prince of Persia waited for her, she immediately went to pay him a visit. After mutual compliments, the prince related to her the wonders of the magic horse, of his journey through the air, and of the means by which he had found an entrance into her chamber; and then having thanked her for her kind reception, expressed a wish to return and relieve the anxiety of the sultan his father. When the prince had finished, the princess replied, "I cannot approve, prince, of your going so soon; grant me at least the favour I ask of a little longer acquaintance; and since I have had the happiness to have you alight in the kingdom of Bengal, I desire you will stay long enough to enable you to give a better account of what you may see here at the court of Persia." The Prince of Persia could not well refuse the princess this favour, after the kindness she had shown him, and therefore politely complied with her request; and the princess's thoughts were directed to render his stay agreeable by all the amusements she could devise.

Nothing went forward for several days but concerts of music, accompanied with magnificent feasts and collations in the gardens, or hunting parties in the vicinity of the palace, which abounded with all sorts of game, stags, hinds, and fallow deer, and other beasts peculiar to the kingdom of Bengal, which the princess could pursue without danger. After the chase, the prince and princess met in some beautiful spot, where a carpet was spread,

and cushions laid for their accommodation. There resting themselves, they conversed on various subjects.

Two whole months the Prince of Persia abandoned himself entirely to the will of the Princess of Bengal, yielding to all the amusements she contrived for him, for she neglected nothing to divert him, as if she thought he had nothing else to do but to pass his whole life with her in this manner. But he now declared seriously he could not stay longer, and begged of her to give him leave to return to his father.

"And, princess," observed the Prince of Persia, "that you may not doubt the truth of my affection, I would presume, were I not afraid you would be offended at my request, to ask the favour of taking you along with me."

The princess returned no answer to this address of the Prince of Persia; but her silence, and eyes cast down, were sufficient to inform him that she had no reluctance to accompany him into Persia. The only difficulty she felt was, that the prince knew not well enough how to govern the horse, and she was apprehensive of being involved with him in the same difficulty as when he first made the experiment. But the prince soon removed her fear, by assuring her she might trust herself with him, for that after the experience he had acquired, he defied the Hindu himself to manage him better. She thought, therefore, only of concerting measures to get off with him so secretly, that nobody belonging to the palace should have the least suspicion of their design.

The next morning, a little before daybreak, when all the attendants were asleep, they went upon the terrace of the palace. The prince turned the horse towards Persia, and placed him where the princess could easily get up behind him, which she had no sooner done, and was well settled with her arms about his waist, for her better security, than he turned the peg, when the horse mounted into the air, and making his usual haste, under the guidance of the prince, in two hours' time the prince discovered the capital of Persia.

The prince would not alight in the palace of his father, but directed his course towards a kiosk at a little distance from the capital. He led the princess into a handsome apartment, where he told her, that to do her all the honour that was due to her, he would go and inform his father of their arrival, and return to her

immediately. He ordered the attendants of the palace, whom he summoned, to provide the princess with whatever she had occasion for.

After the prince had taken his leave of the princess, he ordered a horse to be brought, which he mounted, and set out for the palace. As he passed through the streets he was received with acclamations by the people, who were overjoyed to see him again. The emperor his father was holding his divan when he appeared before him in the midst of his council. He received him with tears of joy and tenderness, and asked him what was become of the Hindu's horse.

This question gave the prince an opportunity of describing the embarrassment and danger he was in when the horse ascended into the air, and how he had arrived at last at the Princess of Bengal's palace, the kind reception he had met with there, and that the motive which had induced him to stay so long with her was the mutual affection they entertained for each other; also, that after promising to marry her, he had persuaded her to accompany him into Persia. "But, sire," added the prince, "I felt assured that you would not refuse your consent, and have brought her with me on the enchanted horse to your summer-palace; and have left her there, till I could return and assure her that my promise was not in vain."

After these words, the prince prostrated himself before the emperor to obtain his consent, when his father raised him up, embraced him a second time, and said to him, "Son, I not only consent to your marriage with the Princess of Bengal, but will go myself and bring her to my palace, and celebrate your nuptials this day."

The emperor now ordered that the Hindu should be fetched out of prison and brought before him. When the Hindu was admitted to his presence, he said to him, "I secured thy person, that thy life might answer for that of the prince my son. Thanks be to God, he is returned again: go, take your horse, and never let me see your face more."

As the Hindu had learned of those who brought him out of prison that Prince Feroze-shah was returned with a princess, and was also informed of the place where he had alighted and left her, and that the emperor was making preparations to go and bring

her to his palace, as soon as he got out of the presence, he bethought himself of being revenged upon the emperor and the prince. He mounted his horse, and without losing any time, went directly to the palace, and addressing himself to the captain of the guard, told him he came from the Prince of Persia for the Princess of Bengal, and to conduct her behind him through the air to the emperor, who waited in the great square of his palace to gratify the whole court and city of Shiraz with that wonderful sight.

The captain of the guard, who knew the Hindu, and that the emperor had imprisoned him, gave the more credit to what he said, because he saw that he was at liberty. He presented him to the Princess of Bengal; who no sooner understood that he came from the Prince of Persia than she consented to what the prince, as she thought, had desired of her.

The Hindu, overjoyed at his success and the ease with which he had accomplished his villainy, mounted his horse, took the princess behind him, with the assistance of the captain of the guard, turned the peg, and instantly the horse mounted into the air.

At the same time the Emperor of Persia, attended by his court, was on the road to the palace where the Princess of Bengal had been left, and the Prince of Persia was advanced before, to prepare the princess to receive his father; when the Hindu, to brave them both, and revenge himself for the ill-treatment he had received, appeared over their heads with his prize.

When the Emperor of Persia saw the Hindu, he stopped. His surprise and affliction were the more sensible, because it was not in his power to punish so high an affront. He loaded him with a thousand imprecations, as did also all the courtiers, who were witnesses of so signal a piece of insolence and unparalleled artifice and treachery.

The Hindu, little moved with their imprecations, which just reached his ears, continued his way, while the emperor, extremely mortified at so great an insult, but more so that he could not punish the author, returned to his palace in rage and vexation.

But what was Prince Feroze-shah's grief at beholding the Hindu hurrying away with the Princess of Bengal, whom he loved so passionately! He returned to the summer-palace, where he had last seen the princess, melancholy and broken-hearted.

When he arrived, the captain of the guard, who had learnt his fatal credulity in believing the artful Hindu, threw himself at his feet with tears in his eyes, accused himself of the crime which unintentionally he had committed, and condemned himself to die by his hand. "Rise," said the prince to him, "I do not impute the loss of my princess to thee, but to my own want of precaution. But not to lose time, fetch me a dervise's habit, and take care you do not give the least hint that it is for me."

Not far from this palace there stood a convent of dervises, the superior of which was the captain of the guard's particular friend. From him he readily obtained a complete dervise's habit, and carried it to Prince Feroze-shah. The prince immediately pulled off his own dress, put it on, and being so disguised, and provided with a box of jewels which he had brought as a present to the princess, left the palace, uncertain which way to go, but resolved not to return till he had found out his princess, and brought her back again, or perished in the attempt.

In the meanwhile, the Hindu, mounted on his enchanted horse, with the princess behind him, arrived early next morning at the capital of the kingdom of Cashmere. He did not enter the city, but alighted in a wood, and left the princess on a grassy spot, close to a rivulet of fresh water, while he went to seek for food. On his return, and after he and the princess had partaken of refreshment, he began to maltreat the princess, because she refused to become his wife. As the princess cried out for help, the Sultan of Cashmere and his court passed through the wood on their return from hunting, and hearing a woman's voice calling for help, went to her rescue.

The sultan, addressing himself to the Hindu, demanded who he was, and wherefore he ill-treated the lady. The Hindu, with great impudence, replied that she was his wife, and what had any one to do with his quarrel with her?

The princess, who neither knew the rank nor quality of the person who came so seasonably to her relief, exclaimed, "My lord, whoever you are whom Heaven has sent to my assistance, have compassion on me. I am a princess. This Hindu is a wicked magician, who has forced me away from the Prince of Persia, to whom I was going to be married, and has brought me hither on the enchanted horse you behold there."

The Princess of Bengal had no occasion to say more. Her beauty, majestic air, and tears, declared that she spoke the truth. Justly enraged at the insolence of the Hindu, the sultan ordered his guards to surround him, and strike off his head, which sentence was immediately executed.

The sultan then conducted the princess to his palace, where he lodged her in the most magnificent apartment, next his own, and commanded a great number of women slaves to attend her.

The Princess of Bengal's joy was inexpressible at finding herself delivered from the Hindu, of whom she could not think without horror. She flattered herself that the Sultan of Cashmere would complete his generosity by sending her back to the Prince of Persia when she would have told him her story, and asked that favour of him; but she was much deceived in these hopes; for her deliverer had resolved to marry her himself the next day; and for that end had issued a proclamation, commanding the general rejoicing of the inhabitants of the capital. At the break of day the drums were beaten, the trumpets sounded, and sounds of joy echoed throughout the whole palace.

The Princess of Bengal was awakened by these tumultuous concerts, but attributed them to a very different cause from the true one. When the Sultan of Cashmere came to wait upon her, after he had inquired after her health, he acquainted her that all those rejoicings were to render her nuptials the more solemn, and at the same time desired her assent to the union. This declaration put her into such a state of agitation that she fainted away.

The women slaves who were present ran to her assistance, though it was a long time before they succeeded in bringing her to herself. But when she recovered, rather than break the promise she had made to Prince Feroze-shah, by consenting to marry the Sultan of Cashmere, who had proclaimed their nuptials before he had asked her consent, she resolved to feign madness. She began to utter the most extravagant expressions before the sultan, and even rose off her seat as if to attack him, insomuch that he was greatly alarmed and afflicted, that he had made such a proposal so unseasonably.

When he found that her frenzy rather increased than abated, he left her with her women, charging them never to leave her alone, but to take great care of her. He sent often that day to

inquire how she did, but received no other answer than that she was rather worse than better.

The Princess of Bengal continued to talk wildly, and showed other marks of a disordered mind next day and the following, so that the sultan was induced to send for all the physicians belonging to his court, to consult them upon her disease, and to ask if they could cure her.

When the Sultan of Cashmere saw that his court physicians could not cure her, he called in the most celebrated and experienced of the city, who had no better success. He then sent for the most famous in the kingdom, who prescribed without effect. Afterwards he despatched to the courts of neighbouring sultans, with promises of munificent rewards to any who should devise a cure for her malady.

Various physicians arrived from all parts, and tried their skill; but none could boast of success.

During this interval, Feroze-shah, disguised in the habit of a dervise, travelled through many provinces and towns, involved in grief, and making diligent inquiry after his lost princess at every place he came to. At last, passing through a city of Hindustan, he heard the people talk much of a Princess of Bengal, who had become mad on the day of the intended celebration of her nuptials with the Sultan of Cashmere. At the name of the Princess of Bengal, and supposing that there could exist no other Princess of Bengal than her upon whose account he had undertaken his travels, he hastened towards the kingdom of Cashmere, and, upon his arrival at the capital, took up his lodging at a khan, where, the same day, he was informed of the story of the princess and the fate of the Hindu magician. The prince was convinced that he had at last found the beloved object he had sought so long.

Being informed of all these particulars, he provided himself with a physician's habit, and his beard having grown long during his travels, he passed the more easily for the character he assumed. He went boldly to the palace, and announced his wish to be allowed to undertake the cure of the princess to the chief of the officers.

Some time had elapsed since any physician had offered himself; and the Sultan of Cashmere with great grief had begun to lose all hope of ever seeing the princess restored to health, though he still

wished to marry her. He at once ordered the officer to introduce the physician he had announced. The Prince of Persia being admitted to an audience, the sultan told him the Princess of Bengal could not bear the sight of a physician without falling into most violent transports, which increased her malady; and conducted him into a closet, from whence, through a lattice, he might see her without being observed. There Feroze-shah beheld his lovely princess sitting melancholily, with tears in her eyes, and singing an air in which she deplored her unhappy fate, which had deprived her, perhaps for ever, of the object she loved so tenderly: and the sight made him more resolute in his hope of effecting her cure. On his leaving the closet, he told the sultan that he had discovered the nature of the princess's complaint, and that she was not incurable; but added withal, that he must speak with her in private and alone, as, notwithstanding her violent agitation at the sight of physicians, he hoped she would hear and receive him favourably.

The sultan ordered the princess's chamber door to be opened, and Feroze-shah went in. As soon as the princess saw him, (taking him by his habit to be a physician,) she resorted to her old practice of meeting her physicians, with threats and indications of attacking them. He made directly towards her, and when he was nigh enough for her to hear him, and no one else, said to her, in a low voice, "Princess, I am not a physician, but the Prince of Persia, and am come to procure you your liberty."

The princess, who knew the sound of the voice, and recognised his face, notwithstanding he had let his beard grow so long, grew calm at once, and felt a secret joy in seeing so unexpectedly the prince she loved. Feroze-shah told her as briefly as possible his own travels and adventures, and his determination to find her at all risks. He then desired the princess to inform him of all that happened to her, from the time she was taken away till that happy moment, telling her that it was of the greatest importance to know this, that he might take the most proper measures to deliver her from the tyranny of the Sultan of Cashmere. The princess informed him of all that had happened, and that she had feigned to be mad that she might so preserve herself for a prince to whom she had given her heart and faith, and not marry the sultan, whom she neither loved nor could ever love.

The Prince of Persia then asked her if she knew what became of the horse, after the death of the Hindu magician. To which she answered, that she knew not what orders the sultan had given; but supposed, after the account she had given him of it, he would take care of it as a curiosity. As Feroze-shah never doubted but that the sultan had the horse, he communicated to the princess his design of making use of it to convey them both into Persia; and after they had consulted together on the measures they should take, they agreed that the princess should next day receive the sultan. The Sultan of Cashmere was overjoyed when the Prince of Persia stated to him what effect his first visit had had towards the cure of the princess. On the following day, when the princess received him in such a manner as persuaded him her cure was far advanced, he regarded the prince as the greatest physician in the world, and exhorted the princess carefully to follow the directions of so skilful a physician, and then retired. The Prince of Persia, who attended the Sultan of Cashmere on his visit to the princess, inquired of him how the Princess of Bengal came into the dominions of Cashmere thus alone, since her own country was far distant.

The sultan at once informed him of what the princess had related, when he had delivered her from the Hindu magician: adding, that he had ordered the enchanted horse to be kept safe in his treasury as a great curiosity, though he knew not the use of it.

"Sire," replied the pretended physician, "the information which your majesty has given your devoted slave affords me a means of curing the princess. As she was brought hither on this horse, and the horse is enchanted, she hath contracted something of the enchantment, which can be dissipated only by a certain incense which I am acquainted with. If your majesty would entertain yourself, your court, and the people of your capital, with the most surprising sight that ever was beheld, let the horse be brought to-morrow into the great square before the palace, and leave the rest to me. I promise to show you, and all that assembly, in a few moments' time, the Princess of Bengal completely restored in body and mind. But the better to effect what I propose, it will be requisite that the princess should be dressed as magnificently as possible, and adorned with the most

valuable jewels in your treasury." The sultan would have undertaken much more difficult things to have secured his marriage with the princess, which he expected soon to accomplish.

The next day, the enchanted horse was, by his order, taken out of the treasury, and placed early in the great square before the palace. A report was spread through the town that there was something extraordinary to be seen, and crowds of people flocked thither from all parts, insomuch that the sultan's guards were placed to prevent disorder, and to keep space enough round the horse.

The Sultan of Cashmere, surrounded by all his nobles and ministers of state, was placed in a gallery erected on purpose. The Princess of Bengal, attended by a number of ladies whom the sultan had assigned her, went up to the enchanted horse, and the women helped her to mount. When she was fixed in the saddle, and had the bridle in her hand, the pretended physician placed round the horse at a proper distance many vessels full of lighted charcoal, which he had ordered to be brought, and going round them with a solemn pace, cast in handfuls of incense, then, with downcast eyes, and his hands upon his breast, he ran three times about the horse, making as if he pronounced some mystical words. The moment the pots sent forth a dark cloud of smoke—accompanied with a pleasant smell, which so surrounded the princess that neither she nor the horse could be discerned—watching his opportunity, the prince jumped nimbly up behind her, and reaching his hand to the peg, turned it; and just as the horse rose with them into the air, he pronounced these words, which the sultan heard distinctly, "Sultan of Cashmere, when you would marry princesses who implore your protection, learn first to obtain their consent."

Thus the prince delivered the Princess of Bengal, and carried her the same day to the capital of Persia, where he alighted in the square of the palace, before the emperor his father's apartment, who deferred the solemnisation of the marriage no longer than till he could make the preparations necessary to render the ceremony pompous and magnificent, and evince the interest he took in it.

After the days appointed for the rejoicings were over, the Emperor of Persia's first care was to name and appoint an am-

bassador to go to the Rajah of Bengal with an account of what had passed, and to demand his approbation and ratification of the alliance contracted by this marriage; which the Rajah of Bengal took as an honour, and granted with great pleasure and satisfaction.

The Story of Prince Ahmed, and the Fairy Perie Banou.

There was a sultan of India, who, after a long reign, had reached a good old age. He had three sons and one niece, the chief ornaments of his court. The eldest son was called Houssain, the second Ali, the youngest Ahmed. The name of his niece, their cousin, was Nouronnihar. This niece, the daughter of a favourite brother who had died young, had been brought up in the palace from her childhood, and was remarkable for her wit and for her beauty. The sultan, on her arriving at the proper age, was consulting about a neighbouring prince with whom she might contract an alliance, when he found that all the three princes, his sons, loved their cousin and wished to marry her. This discovery caused him great grief—not from any disappointment of his own plans for his niece, but from the trouble and discord which this mutual passion for their cousin would cause to his sons.

He spoke to each of them apart; and remonstrated on the impossibility of one princess being the wife of three brothers, and the troubles they would create if they persisted in their attachment. He did all he could to persuade them to abide by a declaration of the princess in favour of one of them; or that all should agree to resign their pretensions to her hand, that she might marry a stranger. But as he found them equally obstinate, he sent for them all together, and said, "My sons, since I have not been able to persuade you in this matter, and as I have no inclination to use my authority, to give the princess, your cousin, to one in preference of another, I have thought of an expedient which will please you all, and preserve harmony among you, if you will but hear me and follow my advice. I think it would not be amiss if you were to travel separately into different countries, so that you might not meet each other: and I promise my niece in marriage to him who shall bring me the most extraordinary rarity. I will give each of you a sum suited to your rank, and for the purchase of the rarity you shall search after."

The three princes cheerfully consented to this proposal, as each flattered himself fortune might prove favourable to him, and give him possession of the Princess Nouronnihar. The sultan gave them the money he promised, and issued orders for the preparations for their travels. Early next morning, they all went out at the same gate of the city, each dressed like a merchant, attended by a trusty officer habited as a slave, and all well mounted and equipped. They proceeded the first day's journey together; and at night when they were at supper, they agreed to travel for a twelvemonth, and that day year to meet again at the khan where they were stopping; and that the first who came should wait for the rest; so that as they had all three taken leave together of the sultan, they might return in company. The next morning by break of day, after they had embraced and wished each other reciprocally good success, they mounted their horses, and took each a different road.

Prince Houssain, the eldest brother, who had heard of the extent, power, riches, and splendour of the kingdom of Bisnagar, bent his course towards the Indian coast; and after three months' travelling, with different caravans, sometimes over deserts and barren mountains, and sometimes through populous and fertile countries, arrived at Bisnagar, the capital of the kingdom of that name, and the residence of its maharajah. He lodged at a khan appointed for foreign merchants, and soon learned that there were four principal bezetzeins where merchants of all sorts kept their shops, on a large extent of ground, in the centre of the city, in the middle of which stood the maharajah's palace, surrounded by three courts, the gates of which were distant two leagues from the other.

Prince Houssain went to one of these bezetzeins on the next day. It was large, divided into several vaulted avenues, and shaded from the sun, but yet very light. The shops were of the same size and proportion; and all who dealt in the same sort of goods, as well as all the artists of the same profession, lived in one avenue.

The number of shops stocked with all kinds of merchandise—as the finest linens from several parts of India, painted in the most lively colours, and representing men, landscapes, trees, and flowers; silks and brocades from Persia, China, and other places; porcelain from Japan and China; foot carpets of all sizes—surprised him very much: but when he came to the shops of the

goldsmiths and jewellers, (for those two trades were exercised by the same merchants,) he was in a kind of ecstasy at beholding such prodigious quantities of wrought gold and silver, and was dazzled by the lustre of the pearls, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones exposed for sale. But if he was amazed at seeing so many treasures in one place, he was much more surprised when he came to judge of the wealth of the whole kingdom, by considering, that except the brahmins and priests attached to the temples, who profess a retired life, there was not a man or woman through the extent of the kingdom but wore necklaces, bracelets, and ornaments about their legs and feet, made of pearls and precious stones. They were all of a dark colour, which admirably set off the brilliancy of these jewels.

Another object which Prince Houssain particularly admired, was the great number of flower-sellers who crowded the streets; for the Indians are such great lovers of flowers that not one will stir without a nosegay of them in his hand, or a garland of them on his head; and the merchants keep them in pots in their shops, so that the air of the whole bezetzein, however extensive, is perfectly perfumed.

After Prince Houssain had passed through that quarter, street by street, a merchant perceiving him go by much fatigued, invited him to sit down in front of his shop. He had not been seated long before a crier appeared, with a piece of carpeting on his arm, about six feet square, and crying it at forty purses. The prince called to the crier, and when he had examined the carpet, told him that he could not comprehend how so small a piece of carpeting, and of so indifferent an appearance, could be set at so high a price, unless it had something very extraordinary in it, which he knew nothing of. "You have guessed right, sir," replied the crier; "whoever sits on this piece of carpeting may be transported in an instant wherever he desires to be." "If the carpeting," said he to the crier, "has the virtue you attribute to it, I shall not think forty purses too much." "Sir," replied the crier, "I have told you the truth, and with the leave of the master of this shop we will go into the back warehouse, where I will spread the carpet, and when we have both sat down, and you have formed the wish to be transported into your apartment at the khan, if we are not conveyed thither, it shall be no bargain."

On this proposal, they went into the merchant's back-shop, where they both sat down on the carpeting; and as soon as the prince had formed his wish to be transported into his apartment at the khan, he in an instant found himself and the crier there. After this convincing proof of the virtue of the carpet, he counted to the crier forty purses of gold, and gave him twenty pieces for himself.

In this manner Prince Houssain became the possessor of the carpet, and was overjoyed that at his arrival at Bisnagar he had found so rare a curiosity, which he never doubted must of course gain him the possession of Nouronnihar, as his younger brothers could not meet with anything to be compared with it. It was in his power, by sitting on this carpeting, to be at the place of rendezvous that very day; but as he would be obliged to wait there for his brothers, as they had agreed, he chose to make a longer abode in this capital.

It was the custom of the Maharajah of Bisnagar to give all foreign merchants access to his person once a week; so that in his assumed character, Prince Houssain saw him often, and was much honoured by his asking him of the Sultan of the Indies, and of the government, strength, and riches of his dominions.

The prince employed the rest of his time in viewing the wonders of the city. Among the objects which were most worthy of admiration, he visited a temple built entirely of brass. It was ten cubits square and fifteen high; but its greatest ornament was an idol of the height of a man, of massy gold; its eyes were two rubies, set so artificially that it seemed to look at those who viewed it, on which side soever they turned. Besides this, there was another idol temple not less curious, in the environs of the city, in the midst of a garden of about ten acres, full of roses and the choicest flowers, surrounded by a wall, breast high, to keep out the cattle. In the midst of this garden on a raised terrace, with a beautifully polished pavement, was the josh-house, built of red marble, and having a spire rising about fifty cubits high from the building, which might be seen for several leagues round. The inside of the spire was adorned with three compartments of fine paintings: and there was not a part in the whole edifice but what was embellished with pictures, or relievos, and gaudy idols from top to bottom.

Every night and morning superstitious ceremonies were per-

formed in this temple, which were always succeeded by music, dancing, singing, and feasts. The brahmins and attendants of the temple had nothing to subsist on but the offerings of pilgrims, who came in crowds from the most distant parts of the kingdom to perform their vows at the shrine of the idol.

Prince Houssain was also spectator of a solemn festival, which was celebrated every year at the court of Bisnagar, at which all the governors of provinces, commanders of garrisons, magistrates of towns, and the brahmins most celebrated for their learning were usually present; some of whom occupied four months in coming. This assembly, composed of such innumerable multitudes of Hindus, and encamped in variously-coloured tents, on a plain of vast extent, as far as the eye could reach, was a splendid sight. In the centre of this plain was a square of great length and breadth, closed on all sides by large scaffoldings, some of which were painted on the outside, and covered with rich carpets for the maharajah and his court.

On each side of this square, at some little distance from each other, were ranged a thousand elephants, sumptuously caparisoned, each having upon his back a square wooden stage, finely gilt, upon which were musicians and buffoons. The trunks, ears, and bodies of these elephants were painted with cinnabar and other colours, representing grotesque figures.

But what Prince Houssain most of all admired, as a proof of the industry, address, and inventive genius of the Hindus, was to see one of the largest of these elephants stand with his four feet on a post raised two feet from the ground, playing and beating time to the music with his trunk. Besides this, he admired another large elephant placed upon a plank, laid across a strong beam about ten feet from the ground, with a sufficiently heavy weight at the other end, which balanced him, while he kept time, by the motions of his body and trunk, with the music. This beam was so constructed that one end could be let down for the elephant to get on and off it.

When Prince Houssain had seen all the wonders of the capital, he wished to be nearer his dear Princess Nouronnihar, and having paid all the charges, and returned the key of his apartment to the owner of the khan, he took and spread the carpet, and as soon as he had formed his wish, he and his officer whom he had

brought with him were transported to the caravansery at which he and his brothers were to meet, and where he passed for a merchant till their arrival.

Prince Ali, the second brother, who had designed to travel into Persia, after he had parted with his brothers, joined a caravan, and in four months arrived at Shiraz, the capital of that empire.

On the next morning after his arrival, while the merchants opened their bales of merchandise, Prince Ali, who travelled only for his pleasure, and had brought nothing but necessaries with him, after he had dressed himself, took a walk into that quarter of the town where is the bezetzein of the jewellers, in which they sold precious stones, gold and silver works, brocades, silks, fine linens, and other choice and valuable articles, for which Shiraz was celebrated.

But among the criers who passed backwards and forwards with samples of several sorts of goods, he was not a little surprised to see one who held in his hand an ivory tube, of about a foot in length, and about an inch thick, which he cried at forty purses. At first he thought the crier mad, and asked him what he meant by crying for forty purses that tube which seemed to be a thing of no value. The crier replied, "Sir, you are not the only person that takes me for a madman on account of this tube; you shall judge yourself whether I am or no, when I have told you its property. By looking through this tube, you will see whatever object you wish to behold." The crier presented him the tube, and he looked through, wishing at the same time to see the sultan his father, whom he immediately beheld in perfect health, sitting on his throne, in the midst of his council. Next, as there was nothing in the world so dear to him, after the sultan, as the Princess Nouronnihar, he wished to see her; and instantly beheld her laughing, and in a gay humour, with her women about her.[1]

[1] Cornelius Agrippa, a learned physician of Cologne, A.D. 1520, is said to have shown to the poetical Earl of Surrey the image of Geraldine, sick, and reposing on a couch.

> "And as that wealthy Germany I pass'd,
> Coming unto the emperor's court at last,
> Great learn'd Agrippa, so profound in art,
> Who the infernal secrets doth impart,
> When of thy health I did desire to know,
> Me in a glass my Geraldine did show!

Prince Ali wanted no other proof to persuade him that this tube was the most valuable article, not only in the city of Shiraz, but in all the world; and believed, that if he should neglect to purchase it, he should never meet with an equally wonderful curiosity. He said to the crier, "I am very sorry that I have entertained so erroneous an opinion of you, but I hope to make amends by buying the tube, and I will give you the price you ask." On this, the prince took the crier to the khan where he lodged, told him out the money, and received the tube.

Prince Ali was overjoyed at his purchase; he persuaded himself, that as his brothers would not be able to meet with anything so rare and admirable, the Princess Nouronnihar must be the recompense of his fatigue and travels. He thought now of only visiting the court of Persia, and of seeing whatever was curious in Shiraz, and when the caravan took its departure, he joined the party of merchants with whom he had travelled, and arrived happily without any accident or trouble at the place appointed, where he found Prince Houssain, and both waited for Prince Ahmed.

Prince Ahmed took the road to Samarcand, and the day after his arrival, went, as his brothers had done, into the bezetzein; where he had not walked long before he heard a crier, who had an artificial apple in his hand, cry it at five-and-thirty purses. He stopped the crier, and said to him, "Let me see that apple, and tell me what virtue or extraordinary property it possesses, to be valued at so high a rate." "Sir," replied the crier, giving it into his hand, "if you look at the mere outside of this apple, it is not very remarkable; but if you consider its properties, you will say it is invaluable, and that he who possesses it is master of a great treasure. It cures all sick persons of every disease, and even if the patient is dying, it will recover him immediately, and restore him to perfect health; and this merely by the patient's smelling it."

"If one may believe you," replied Prince Ahmed, "the virtues of this apple are wonderful, and it is indeed invaluable; but how

> Sick in thy bed, and for thou couldst not sleep,
> By a wax taper set the light to keep.
> I do remember thou didst read that ode,
> Sent back whilst I in Thanet did abide."

—Warton's *History of English Poets*, vol. ii. p. 179; Drayton's *Historical Epistles*; Chalmers' *English Poets*, vol. x. p. 96.

am I to know that there is no exaggeration in the high praises you bestow on it?" "Sir," replied the crier, "the truth is known by the whole city of Samarcand; ask all these merchants you see here, and hear what they say; you will find several of them will tell you they had not been alive this day had they not made use of this excellent remedy."

While the crier was detailing to Prince Ahmed the virtues of the artificial apple, many persons gathered round them, and confirmed what he declared; and one amongst the rest said he had a friend dangerously ill, whose life was despaired of; which was a favourable opportunity to show the experiment. Upon which Prince Ahmed told the crier he would give him forty purses for the apple if it cured the sick person by smelling it.

"Come, sir," said the crier to Prince Ahmed, "let us go and make the experiment, and the apple shall be yours." The experiment succeeded; and the prince, after he had counted out to the crier forty purses, received the apple. He then spent his time in seeing all that was curious at and about Samarcand, and principally the valley of Sogd, which is reckoned by the Arabians one of the four paradises of the world, for the beauty of its fields, gardens, and palaces, and for its fertility in fruit of all sorts, and all the other pleasures enjoyed there in the fine season; and having joined himself to the first caravan that set out for the Indies, he arrived in perfect health at the caravansery, where the princes Houssain and Ali waited for him.

When Prince Ahmed joined his brothers, they embraced with tenderness, and complimented each other on the happiness of meeting together in safety at the same place they had set out from. Houssain, as the eldest brother, then said, "Brothers, we shall have time enough hereafter to describe our travels. Let us come to that which is of the greatest importance for us to know, and not conceal from each other the curiosities we have brought, but show them, that we may ourselves judge to which of us the sultan our father may give the preference. I will tell you that the rarity which I have brought from the kingdom of Bisnagar is the carpeting on which I sit. It looks but ordinary, and makes no show, but its virtues are wonderful. Whoever sits on it, and desires to be transported to any place, be it ever so far distant, is immediately carried thither. On my return here I made use of

no other conveyance than this wonderful carpet, for which I paid forty purses. I expect now that you should tell me whether what you have brought is to be compared with this carpet."

Prince Ali next spoke. "I must own, brother," said he, "that your carpet is a most surprising curiosity. But you must allow that there may be other rarities at least as wonderful. Here is an ivory tube, which appears to the eye no more a prodigy than your carpet. It cost me forty purses, and I am as well satisfied with my purchase as you can be with yours; for on looking at one end of this tube you can see whatever object you wish to behold. I would not have you take my word," added Prince Ali, presenting the tube to him. "Take it, make trial of it yourself."

Houssain took the ivory tube from Prince Ali, to see the Princess Nouronnihar, when Ali and Prince Ahmed, who kept their eyes fixed upon him, were extremely surprised to see his countenance suddenly express extraordinary alarm and affliction. Prince Houssain did not give them time to ask what was the matter, but cried out, "Alas! princes, to what purpose have we undertaken such long and fatiguing journeys, with the hopes of being recompensed by the hand of the charming Nouronnihar, when in a few moments that lovely princess will breathe her last! I saw her in bed, surrounded by her women, all in tears, who seem to expect her death. Take the tube, behold yourselves the miserable state she is in, and mingle your tears with mine."

Prince Ali took the tube out of Houssain's hand, and after he had seen the same object with sensible grief presented it to Ahmed, who took it to behold the melancholy sight which so much concerned them all.

When Prince Ahmed had taken the tube out of Ali's hands, and saw that the Princess Nouronnihar's end was so near, he addressed himself to his two brothers, and said, "Princes, the Princess Nouronnihar, whom we all equally loved, is indeed just at death's door; but provided we make haste and lose no time, we may preserve her life. This apple which you see, cost the same sum as the carpet and the tube; but it has this wonderful property,—its smell will restore to life a sick person, whatever be the malady. I have made the experiment, and can show you its wonderful effect on the person of the Princess Nouronnihar, if we hasten to assist her."

"If that be all," replied Prince Houssain, "we cannot make more despatch than by transporting ourselves instantly into her chamber by means of my carpet. Come, lose no time, sit down, it is large enough to hold us all."

As soon as the order was given, the Princes Ali and Ahmed sat down by Houssain, and as their interest was the same, they all framed the same wish, and were transported instantaneously into the Princess Nouronnihar's chamber.

The presence of the three princes, who were so little expected, alarmed the princess's women and guards, who could not comprehend by what enchantment three men should be among them; for they did not know them at first; and the guards were ready to fall upon them, as people who had got into a part of the palace where they were not allowed to come; but they presently found their mistake.

Prince Ahmed no sooner saw himself in Nouronnihar's chamber, than he rose off the carpet, and went to the bedside, and put the apple to her nostrils. The princess instantly opened her eyes, and sitting up, asked to be dressed, with the same freedom and recollection as if she had awakened out of a sound sleep. Her women presently informed her that she was obliged to the three princes her cousins, and particularly to Prince Ahmed, for the sudden recovery of her health. She immediately expressed her joy at seeing them, and thanked them all together, but afterwards Prince Ahmed in particular. As she desired to dress, the princes contented themselves with telling her how great a pleasure it was to them to have come soon enough to contribute each in any degree towards relieving her from the imminent danger she was in, and what ardent prayers they had offered for the continuance of her life; after which they retired.

While the princess was dressing, the princes went to throw themselves at the sultan their father's feet; but when they came to him, they found he had been previously informed of their unexpected arrival by the chief of the princess's guards, and by what means the princess had been so suddenly cured. The sultan received and embraced them with the greatest joy, both for their return and the wonderful recovery of the princess his niece, whom he loved as if she had been his own daughter. After the usual compliments, the princes presented each the rarity which he had

brought: Prince Houssain his carpet, Prince Ali his ivory tube, and Prince Ahmed the artificial apple; and after each had commended his present, as he put it into the sultan's hands, they begged of him to pronounce their fate, and declare to which of them he would give the Princess Nouronnihar, according to his promise.

The Sultan of the Indies having heard all that the princes had to say in favour of their rarities remained some time silent, considering what answer he should make. At last he broke silence, and said to them in terms full of wisdom, "I would declare for one of you, my sons, if I could do it with justice. It is true, Ahmed, the princess, my niece, is obliged to your artificial apple for her cure: but let me ask you, whether you could have contrived to cure her if you had not known by Ali's tube the danger she was in, and if Houssain's carpet had not brought you to her so soon? Your tube, Ali, revealed to you and your brothers the illness of your cousin; but you must grant, that the knowledge of her illness would have been of no service without the artificial apple and the carpet. And as for you, Houssain, your carpet was an essential instrument in effecting her cure. But consider, it would have been of little use, if you had not been acquainted with her illness by Ali's tube, or if Ahmed had not applied his artificial apple. Therefore, as the carpet, the ivory tube, and the artificial apple have no preference over each other; but on the contrary, as each had an equal share in her cure, I cannot grant the princess to any one of you; and the only fruit you have reaped from your travels is the happiness of having equally contributed to restore her to health.

"As this is the case," added the sultan, "I must resort to other means to determine the choice I ought to make; and as there is time enough between this and night, I will do it to-day. Go and procure each of you a bow and arrow, and repair to the plain where the horses are exercised; I will soon join you, and will give the Princess Nouronnihar to him who shoots the farthest."

The three princes had nothing to object to the decision of the sultan. When they were dismissed his presence, they each provided themselves with a bow and arrow, and went to the plain appointed, followed by a great concourse of people.

As soon as the sultan arrived, Prince Houssain, as the eldest,

took his bow and arrow, and shot first. Prince Ali shot next, and much beyond him, and Prince Ahmed last of all; but it so happened that nobody could see where his arrow fell; and notwithstanding all the search made by himself and all the spectators, it was not to be found. It was evident that he had shot the farthest, but as his arrow could not be found, the sultan, in spite of his remonstrances, determined in favour of Prince Ali, and gave orders for preparations to be made for the solemnisation of the nuptials of him and Nouronnihar, which were celebrated a few days after with great magnificence.

Prince Houssain would not honour the feast with his presence. His love for the princess was so sincere and ardent that he could scarcely support with patience the mortification of seeing her marry Prince Ali, who, he said, did not deserve her better nor love her more than himself. In short, his grief was so great that he left the court, and renounced all right of succession to the crown, to turn dervise, and put himself under the discipline of a famous sheikh, who had gained great reputation for his exemplary life.

Prince Ahmed, from the same motive, did not assist at Prince Ali and the Princess Nouronnihar's nuptials, any more than his brother Houssain, yet did not renounce the world as he had done. But as he could not imagine what could have become of his arrow, he resolved to search for it, that he might not have anything to reproach himself with. With this intent he went to the place where the Princes Houssain's and Ali's were gathered up, and proceeding straightforwards from thence, looked carefully on both sides as he advanced. He went so far that at last he began to think his labour was in vain; yet he felt compelled to proceed, till he came to some steep craggy rocks, which completely prevented any further progress.

At the very foot of these rocks, he perceived an arrow, which, to his great astonishment, he found to be the same he had shot. "Certainly," said he to himself, "neither I, nor any man living, could shoot an arrow so far. There must be some mystery in this; and perhaps fortune, to make amends for depriving me of what I thought the greatest happiness of my life, may have reserved a greater blessing for my comfort."

On looking about, the prince beheld an iron door, which seemed

to be locked; but on his pushing against it, it opened, and discovered a staircase, which he walked down with his arrow in his hand. At first he thought he was going into a dark place, but presently he was surrounded by light, and beheld a magnificent palace, the admirable structure of which he had not time to look at: for at the same instant, a lady of majestic air, and of a beauty heightened by the richness of the jewels which adorned her person, advanced, attended by a troop of ladies, of whom it was difficult to distinguish which was the mistress, as all were so magnificently dressed.

As soon as Ahmed perceived the lady, he hastened to pay his respects; but the lady, addressing him first, said, "Enter, Prince Ahmed, you are welcome."

After these words, the lady led Prince Ahmed into a noble hall. She then sat down on a sofa; and when the prince, at her entreaty, had seated himself by her, she continued, "You know, as the Koran states, that the world is inhabited by genies as well as men: I am Perie Banou, the daughter of one of the most powerful of these genies. I am no stranger to your loves or your travels. The artificial apple, which you bought at Samarcand; the carpet which Prince Houssain purchased at Bisnagar, and the tube which Prince Ali brought from Shiraz, were of my contrivance. You seemed to me worthy of a happier fate than to marry the Princess Nouronnihar; and that you might attain to it, I also caused your arrow to fly out of sight, and to strike against the rocks near which you found it. It is in your power to avail yourself of the favourable opportunity which presents itself to make you happy."

As the fairy Perie Banou pronounced the last words with a different tone, and looked at the same time tenderly at the prince, with downcast eyes and a modest blush upon her cheeks, it was not difficult for him to comprehend what happiness she meant; and he replied, "Should I have the happiness of making you the partner of my life, I should think myself the happiest of men." "Then," answered the fairy, "you shall be my husband, and I will be your wife. Our fairy marriages are contracted with no other ceremonies than a mutual consent. I will give orders for the preparation of our nuptial feast this evening; and in the meanwhile I will show you the apartments of my palace."

The fairy led Ahmed through the apartments of the palace,

where he saw diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and all sorts of fine jewels, intermixed with pearls, agate, jasper, porphyry, and the most precious marbles; together with the richest furniture, disposed in the most elegant profusion. At last he entered the hall where the cloth was laid for the feast. It was adorned with an infinite number of wax candles perfumed with amber. A large beaufet was set out with all sorts of gold plate, so finely wrought, that the workmanship was much more valuable than the weight of the gold. A concert accompanied the feast, formed of the most harmonious instruments that were ever heard. The fairy helped Prince Ahmed to the most delicious meats and wines which the prince had never before tasted of, but found so exquisite, that he commended them in the highest terms, saying that the entertainment which she gave him far surpassed those among men. After the dessert, which consisted of the choicest fruits and sweatmeats, the fairy Perie Banou and Prince Ahmed rose and repaired to a dais, provided with cushions of fine silk, curiously embroidered. Presently a great number of genies and fairies danced before them; and at last divided themselves into two rows, through which they passed to their chambers, after which they made obeisance and retired.

Every day spent with the fairy Perie was a continued feast, for every day she provided new delicacies, new concerts, new dances, new shows, and new diversions; which were all so gratifying to the senses, that Ahmed, if he had lived a thousand years among men, could not have experienced equal enjoyment.

The fairy's intention was not only to give the prince convincing proofs of her love, but to let him see that he could meet with nothing at his father's court comparable to the happiness he enjoyed with her. She hoped by those means to attach Prince Ahmed entirely to herself.

At the end of six months, Prince Ahmed felt a great desire to visit the sultan his father, and know how he was. He mentioned his wish to Perie Banou, who was much alarmed, lest this was only an excuse to leave her, and entreated him to forego his intention.

"My queen," replied the prince, "I did not make the request with any intention of displeasing you, but from a motive of respect towards my father, who, as I have reason to presume, believes that

I am dead. But since you do not consent that I should go and comfort him by the assurance of my life, I will deny myself the pleasure, as there is nothing to which I would not submit to please you." The fairy heard the prince say this with extreme satisfaction.

In the meanwhile, the Sultan of the Indies, in the midst of the rejoicings on account of the nuptials of Prince Ali and the Princess Nouronnihar, was deeply afflicted at the absence of the other two princes his sons. He was soon informed of the resolution Prince Houssain had taken to forsake the world, and as he knew that he was alive and well, he supported his absence more patiently. He made the most diligent search after Ahmed, and despatched couriers to all the provinces of his dominions, with orders to the governors to stop him, and oblige him to return to court; but all the pains he took had not the desired success, and his affliction, instead of diminishing, increased. "Vizier," he one day said, "thou knowest I always loved Ahmed the most of all my sons. My grief is so heavy at his strange absence that I shall sink under it. If thou hast any regard for my life, I conjure thee to assist me, and find out where he is." The grand vizier, anxious to give his sovereign some ease, proposed to send for and consult a sorceress, of whom he had heard many wonders. The sultan consented, and the grand vizier, upon her arrival, introduced her into the presence.

The sultan said to the sorceress, "Canst thou tell me by thy art and skill what is become of Prince Ahmed, my son? If he be alive, where is he? What is he doing? May I hope ever to see him again?" "Sire," replied the sorceress, "if you will allow me till to-morrow, I will endeavour to satisfy you." The sultan granted her the time, and promised to recompense her munificently.

The sorceress returned the next day, and said to the sultan, "Sire, I have not been able to discover anything more than that Prince Ahmed is alive, but as to where he is I cannot discover."

The Sultan of the Indies was obliged to remain satisfied with this answer; which in a small degree relieved his anxiety about the prince.

Prince Ahmed still adhered to his resolution, not again to ask permission to leave the fairy Perie Banou, but she perceiving by his frequent talking about his father that he retained

his wish to see him, and convinced of the sincerity of his affection for herself, resolved to grant him the permission which she knew he so ardently desired. One day she said to him, "Prince, as I am now fully convinced that I can depend on the fidelity of your love, I grant you leave to visit the sultan your father, on condition that your absence shall not be long; you can go when you please; but first let me give you some advice how you shall conduct yourself. First, do not inform your father of our marriage, neither of my quality, nor the place of our residence. Beg of him to be satisfied with knowing that you are happy, and that the sole end of your visit is to make him easy respecting your fate." After Prince Ahmed had expressed to Perie Banou his sincere gratitude, the fairy summoned twenty horsemen, well mounted and equipped, to attend him. When all was ready, Prince Ahmed took his leave of the fairy, embraced her, and assured her that he would return soon. A charger, which was most richly caparisoned, and as beautiful a creature as any in the sultan's stables, was brought to him, which he mounted with extraordinary grace, which gave great pleasure to the fairy; and after he had bidden her a last adieu, set forward on his journey.

As it was no great distance, Prince Ahmed soon arrived at his father's capital. The people received him with acclamations, and followed him in crowds to the palace. The sultan embraced him with great joy; complaining at the same time, with a fatherly tenderness, of the affliction his long absence had occasioned.

"Sire," replied Prince Ahmed, "I could not bear to resign the Princess Nouronnihar to my brother Ali, and I felt that my arrow, though it could not be found, had gone beyond his. The loss of my arrow dwelt continually on my mind, and I resolved to find it. I therefore left my attendant, and returned alone to look for my arrow. I sought all about the plain where Houssain's and Ali's arrows were found, and where I imagined mine must have fallen, but all my labour was in vain. I had gone in the same direction about a league, a distance that the strongest archers could not reach with their arrows. I was about to abandon my search and return home, when I found myself drawn forward against my will; and after having gone four leagues, to the end of the plain, where it is bounded by rocks, I perceived an arrow. I ran, took it up, and knew it to be the same which I had shot. Far from blaming your

majesty for declaring in favour of my brother Ali, I never doubted but there was a mystery in what had happened to my advantage. But as to the revealing of this mystery, I beg you will not be offended if I remain silent, and that you will be satisfied to know from my own mouth that I am happy, and content with my fate. To tell you this, and to relieve your anxiety, was the only motive which brought me hither. I must now return, and the only favour I ask is your leave to come occasionally to pay you my duty, and to inquire after your health."

"Son," answered the Sultan of the Indies, "I wish to penetrate no further into your secrets. I can only tell you that your presence has restored to me the joy I have not felt for a long time. You shall always be welcome when you can come and visit me."

Prince Ahmed stayed but three days at his father's court, and on the fourth returned to the fairy Perie Banou, who received him with the greater joy, as she did not expect him so soon. At the end of a month after the prince's return, the fairy no longer doubting of his love for her, proposed herself that he should pay his respects to the sultan. "It is a month," she said, "since you have seen the sultan your father. I think you should not be longer in renewing your visits. Go to him to-morrow, and after that, visit him once a month, without speaking to me, or waiting for my permission. I readily consent to such an arrangement."

Prince Ahmed went the next morning with the same attendants as before, but much more magnificently mounted, equipped, and dressed, and was received by the sultan with the same joy and satisfaction. For several months he constantly paid him visits, and always in a richer and more brilliant equipage.

At last the sultan's counsellors, who judged of Prince Ahmed's power by the splendour of his appearance, sought to make the sultan jealous of his son. They represented that it was but common prudence to discover where the prince had retired, and how he could afford to live so magnificently, since he had no revenue assigned for his expenses; that he seemed to come to court only to insult him, by affecting a more splendid display than himself; and that it was to be feared he might court the people's favour and dethrone him. They represented the danger to be greater, as the prince could not reside far from the capital, as on every visit he paid his attendants were different, their habits new,

and their arms clean and bright, as if just come from the maker's hands; and their horses looked as if they had only been walked out. "These are sufficient proofs," they said, "that Prince Ahmed does not travel far, so that we should think ourselves wanting in our duty did we not make our humble remonstrances, in order that, for your own preservation and the good of your people, your majesty may take such measures as you shall think advisable."

When the courtiers had concluded these insinuations, the sultan said, "I do not believe my son Ahmed would act as you would persuade me; however, I am obliged to you for your advice, and do not doubt that it proceeds from your loyalty to my person."

The Sultan of the Indies said this that his courtiers might not know the impressions their observations had made on his mind. He was, however, so much alarmed by them, that he resolved to have Prince Ahmed watched. For this end he sent privately for the sorceress, who was introduced by a secret door into his closet. "You told me the truth," said he, "when you assured me my son Ahmed was alive; he now comes to my court every month, but I cannot learn from him where he resides. I believe you are capable of discovering his secret. He is at this time with me, and will depart in the morning, without taking leave of me or any of my court. I require you to watch him so as to find out where he retires, and bring me information." The sorceress left the sultan, and learning by her art the place where Prince Ahmed had found his arrow, went immediately thither, and concealed herself near the rocks so as not to be seen.

The next morning Prince Ahmed set out by daybreak, without taking leave either of the sultan or any of his court, according to custom. The sorceress saw him coming, and watched him and his attendants till she suddenly lost sight of them in the rocks. The steepness of the rocks formed an insurmountable barrier to men, whether on horseback or on foot, so that the sorceress judged that the prince and his retinue had suddenly retired either into some cavern or some subterraneous place, the abode of genies or fairies. When she thought the prince and his attendants must have far advanced into whatever concealment they inhabited, she came out of the place where she had hidden herself, and explored the spot where she had lost sight of them, but could perceive nothing. The sorceress was obliged to be satisfied with the insuffi-

cient discovery she had made, and returned to communicate it to the sultan; but at the same time informed him that she did not despair of obtaining the information he wished.

The sultan was much pleased, and to encourage her presented her with a diamond of great value, telling her it was only an earnest of the ample recompense she should receive when she should have performed the important service which he left to her management. The sorceress, knowing the time when Prince Ahmed would again visit his father, went a day or two before to the foot of the rock where she had lost sight of him and his attendants, and waited there to execute the project she had formed.

The next morning as Prince Ahmed went out as usual at the iron gate, with his attendants, on his journey to the capital, he saw a woman lying with her head on the rock, and complaining as if she was in great pain. He pitied her, turned his horse, and said, "Good woman, I will assist you, and convey you where you shall not only have all possible care taken of you, but where you will find a speedy cure; rise, and let one of my people take you behind him."

At these words the sorceress made many feigned efforts to rise, pretending that the violence of her illness prevented her. At the same time two of the prince's attendants alighting, helped her up, and placed her behind one of their companions. They mounted their horses again, and followed the prince, who turned back to the iron gate, which was opened by one of his retinue. When he came into the outward court of the fairy's palace, without dismounting himself, he sent to tell her he wanted to speak with her. The fairy came with all imaginable haste, when Prince Ahmed, not giving her time to ask, said, "My princess, I desire you would have compassion on this good woman. I recommend her to your care, and am persuaded that you, from inclination, as well as my request, will not abandon her."

The fairy, who had her eyes fixed on the pretended sick woman all the time the prince was speaking, ordered two of her women to take her from the men who supported her, conduct her into an apartment of the palace, and take as much care of her as they would of herself.

Whilst the two women were executing the fairy's commands, she went up to Prince Ahmed, and whispering him in the ear, said,

"Prince, I commend your compassion, which is worthy of you and your birth; but believe me, this woman is not so sick as she pretends to be. I am much mistaken if she is not sent hither on purpose to occasion you great trouble. But do not be concerned, I will deliver you out of all the snares that shall be laid for you. Go and pursue your journey."

This address of the fairy's did not in the least alarm Prince Ahmed. "My princess," said he, "as I do not remember I ever did, or designed to do, anybody an injury, I cannot believe any one can have a thought of injuring me; but if they have, I shall not forbear doing good whenever I have an opportunity." So saying, he took leave of the fairy, and set forward again for his father's capital, where he soon arrived, and was received as usual by the sultan, who constrained himself as much as possible, to disguise the anxiety arising from the suspicions suggested by his favourites.

In the meantime the two women, to whom Perie Banou had given her orders, conveyed the sorceress into an elegant apartment, richly furnished. When they had put her into bed, the quilt of which was embroidered brocade, and the coverlet cloth of gold, one of the women went out, and returned soon with a china cup in her hand, full of a certain liquor, which she presented to the sorceress, while the other helped her to sit up. "Drink this," said the attendant; "it is the water of the fountain of lions, and a sovereign remedy. You will find the effect of it in less than an hour's time."

The two attendants returned in an hour's time, and found the sorceress seated on the sofa; who, when she saw them open the door of the apartment, cried out, "Oh, the admirable potion! it has wrought its cure; and being thus cured as by a miracle, I would not lose time, but prosecute my journey."

The two attendants, after they had told the sorceress how glad they were that she was cured so soon, walked before her, and conducted her through several apartments, all more superb than that wherein she had lain, into a large hall, the most richly and magnificently furnished of all the palace.

Perie Banou was seated in this hall, upon a throne of massy gold, enriched with diamonds, rubies, and pearls of an extraordinary size, and attended on each hand by a great number of beautiful fairies, all richly dressed. At the sight of so much

splendour, the sorceress was not only dazzled, but so struck, that after she had prostrated herself before the throne, she could not open her lips to thank the fairy, as she had proposed. However, Perie Banou saved her the trouble, and said, "Good woman, I am glad I had an opportunity to oblige you, and that you are able to pursue your journey. I will not detain you; but perhaps you may not be displeased to see my palace: follow my women, and they will show it you."

The old sorceress, who had not power nor courage to say a word, prostrated herself a second time, with her head on the carpet that covered the foot of the throne, took her leave, and was conducted by the two fairies through the same apartments which were shown to Prince Ahmed at his first arrival. They at last led her to the iron gate at which Prince Ahmed had brought her in; and after she had taken her leave of them, and thanked them for their trouble, they opened it, and wished her a good journey.

After the sorceress had gone a little way, she turned to observe the door, that she might know it again, but all in vain; for it was invisible to her and all other women. Except in this circumstance, she was very well satisfied with her success, and posted away to the sultan. The sultan being informed of her arrival, sent for her into his apartment.

The sorceress at once related to the sultan the stratagem by which she excited the compassion of Prince Ahmed, her introduction to the Princess Perie Banou, and all the wonders of her fairy abode. Having finished her narrative, she said, "What does your majesty think of these unheard-of riches of the fairy? Perhaps you will rejoice at the good fortune of Prince Ahmed, your son. For my part, I shudder when I consider the misfortunes which may happen to you, as the fairy, by her attractions and caresses, may inspire your son with the unnatural design of dethroning his father, and of seizing the crown of the Indies."

As the sultan was consulting with his courtiers when he was told of the sorceress's arrival, he ordered her to follow him into the council chamber. After having informed his councillors of all he had learnt, and of his fears of the influence of the fairy over his son, one of the councillors said, "The author of this mischief is in your majesty's power. You ought to put him under arrest;

I will not say take away his life, but make him a close prisoner." This advice all the other councillors unanimously applauded.

The sorceress asked the sultan leave to speak, which being granted, she said, "If you arrest the prince, you must also detain his retinue. But they are all genies. Will they not at once disappear, by the property they possess of rendering themselves invisible, and transport themselves instantly to the fairy, and give her an account of the insult offered her husband? And can it be supposed she will let it go unrevenged? Would it not be better to turn the prince's alliance to your advantage, by imposing on him some hard task, which, if he performs, will benefit you, and which, if he cannot perform, may give you an honourable pretext for your accusations against him? Request the prince to procure you a tent, which can be carried in a man's hand, and yet be large enough to shelter your whole army."

When the sorceress had finished her speech, the sultan asked his councillors if they had anything better to propose; and finding them all silent, determined to follow her advice.

The next day when the prince came into his father's presence, the sultan thus addressed him: "My son, I congratulate you on your marriage with a fairy, whom I hear is worthy of your love. I would make one request, that you would use your influence with your wife to obtain her assistance to do me a great service. You know to what a great expense I am put, every time I take the field, to provide mules, camels, and other beasts of burden, to carry the tents of myself and of my army. Now, I am persuaded you could easily procure from the fairy your wife, a pavilion that might be carried in a man's hand, and which would protect my whole army. Pray oblige me in this matter."

Prince Ahmed, hearing this request, was in the greatest embarrassment what answer to make. At last he replied, "Though, sir, I know not how this mystery has been revealed to you, I cannot deny but your information is correct. I have married the fairy you speak of. But I can say nothing as to the influence I have over her. However, the demand of a father is a command upon a child. And I will not fail, though it be with great reluctance, to ask my wife the favour you desire. If I should not come again to pay you my respects, it will be the sign that I have not been able to succeed in my request; but beforehand, I desire you

to forgive me, and consider that you yourself have reduced me to this extremity."

"Son," replied the Sultan of the Indies, "your wife would show that her love to you was very slight, if, with the power she possesses as a fairy, she should refuse so trifling a request as that I have begged you to make. Go; only ask her. If she loves you, she will not deny your request."

All these representations of the Sultan of the Indies could not satisfy Prince Ahmed; and so great was his vexation, that he left the court two days sooner than he used to do.

When he returned, the fairy, to whom he always before had appeared with a gay countenance, at once observed his melancholy, and asked the cause of the change she perceived in him. After much pressing, Ahmed confessed that the sultan had discovered his abode and his marriage with the fairy, though he could not tell by what means. The fairy reminded him of the old woman on whom he had compassion, and said that she was the spy of the sultan, and had told him all she had seen and heard. "But," she said, "the mere knowledge of my abode by the sultan would not so trouble you, there is something else which is the cause of your grief and vexation." "Perie Banou," said Prince Ahmed at last, "it is even so. My father doubts my allegiance to him, unless I can provide a pavilion large enough to shelter him, his court, and army, when he takes the field, and small enough for a man to carry in his hand."

"Prince," replied the fairy, smiling, "what the sultan your father requests is a trifle. Upon occasion I can do him more important service. Therefore, be persuaded that far from thinking myself importuned by you, I shall always take real pleasure in performing whatever you can desire." Perie Banou then sent for her treasurer, to whom, when she came, she said, "Noor-Jehaun," (which was her name,) "bring me the largest pavilion in my treasury." Noor-Jehaun returned presently with a small case concealed in the palm of the hand, and presented it to her mistress, who gave it to Prince Ahmed to look at.

When Prince Ahmed saw the small case, which the fairy called the largest tent in her treasury, he fancied she had a mind to banter him, and on perceiving which, Perie Banou exclaimed, "What, prince! do you think I jest with you? You will see that

I am in earnest. Noor-Jehaun," said she to her treasurer, taking the tent out of Prince Ahmed's hands, "go and set it up, that he may judge whether the sultan his father will think it large enough."

The treasurer went out immediately with it from the palace, and carried it to a great distance, and then set it up. The prince found it large enough to shelter two armies as numerous as that of the sultan his father. "You see," said the fairy, "that the pavilion is larger than your father may have occasion for; but you are to observe that it has one property, that it becomes larger or smaller, according to the extent of the army it is to cover, without applying any hands to it."

The treasurer took down the tent again, reduced it to its first size, brought it and put it into the prince's hands. He took it, and without staying longer than till the next day, mounted his horse, and went with the usual attendants to the sultan his father.

The sultan, persuaded that the tent he had asked for was beyond all possibility, was in great surprise at the prince's speedy return. He took the tent, but after he had admired its smallness, his amazement was so great that he could not recover himself, when he had set it up in the great plain before mentioned, and found it large enough to cover with ease his whole army.

The sultan expressed great obligation to the prince for so noble a present, desiring him to return his thanks to the fairy; and to show what a value he set upon it, ordered it to be carefully laid up in his treasury. But in his secret bosom, he felt greater jealousy than ever of his son; considering, that by the fairy's assistance he might effect his dethronement; therefore, yet more intent upon his ruin, he went to consult the sorceress again, who advised him to engage the prince to bring him some of the water of the fountain of lions.

In the evening, when the sultan was surrounded as usual by all his court, and the prince came to pay his respects among the rest, he addressed himself to him in these words: "Son, I have already expressed to you how much I am obliged for the present of the tent you have procured me, which I esteem the most valuable article in my treasury; but you must do one thing more, which will be no less agreeable to me. I am informed that the fairy your spouse makes use of a certain water called the water of the fountain of lions, which cures all sorts of diseases, even the most

dangerous; and as I am perfectly well persuaded my health is dear to you, I do not doubt but you will ask her for a bottle of that water, and bring it me as a sovereign remedy, which I may use when I have occasion. Do me this important service, and complete the duty of a good son towards a tender father."

Prince Ahmed, who believed that the sultan his father would have been satisfied with so singular and useful a tent as that which he had brought, and that he would not have imposed any new task upon him which might hazard the fairy's displeasure, was thunderstruck at this new request. After a long silence, he said, "I beg of your majesty to be assured, that there is nothing I would not undertake to procure which may contribute to the prolonging of your life, but I could wish it might not be by the means of my wife. For this reason I dare not promise to bring the water. All I can do is, to assure you I will request it of her; but it will be with as great reluctance as I asked for the tent."

The next morning Prince Ahmed returned to the fairy Perie Banou, and related to her sincerely and faithfully all that had passed at his father's court from the giving of the tent, which he told her he received with the utmost gratitude, to the new request he had charged him to make. He added:—"But, my princess, I only tell you this as a plain account of what passed between me and my father. I leave you to your own pleasure, whether you will gratify or reject this his new desire. It shall be as you please."

"No, no," replied the fairy, "I will satisfy the sultan, and whatever advice the sorceress may give him, (for I see that he hearkens to her counsel,) he shall find no fault with you or me. There is much wickedness in this demand, as you will understand by what I am going to tell you. The fountain of lions is situated in the middle of a court of a great castle, the entrance into which is guarded by four fierce lions, two of which sleep alternately, while the other two are awake. But let not that frighten you. I will supply you with means to pass by them without danger."

The fairy Perie Banou was at that time at work with her needle; and as she had by her several clues of thread, she took up one, and presenting it to Prince Ahmed, said, "First take this clue of thread, I will tell you presently the use of it. In the second place,

you must have two horses; one you must ride yourself, and the other you must lead, which must be loaded with a sheep cut into four quarters, that must be killed to-day. In the third place, you must be provided with a bottle, which I will give you, to bring the water in. Set out early to-morrow morning, and when you have passed the iron gate throw before you the clue of thread, which will roll till it reaches the gates of the castle. Follow it, and when it stops, as the gates will be open, you will see the four lions. The two that are awake will, by their roaring, wake the other two. Be not alarmed, but throw each of them a quarter of the sheep, and then clap spurs to your horse, and ride to the fountain. Fill your bottle without alighting, and return with the same expedition. The lions will be so busy eating they will let you pass unmolested."

Prince Ahmed set out the next morning at the time appointed him by the fairy, and followed her directions punctually. When he arrived at the gates of the castle, he distributed the quarters of the sheep among the four lions, and passing through the midst of them with intrepidity, got to the fountain, filled his bottle, and returned safe. When he had got a little distance from the castle gates, he turned about; and perceiving two of the lions coming after him, drew his sabre, and prepared himself for defence. But as he went forwards, he saw one of them turn out of the road at some distance, and showed by his head and tail that he did not come to do him any harm, but only to go before him, and that the other stayed behind to follow. He therefore put his sword again into its scabbard. Guarded in this manner he arrived at the capital of the Indies; but the lions never left him till they had conducted him to the gates of the sultan's palace; after which they returned the way they had come, though not without alarming the populace, who fled or hid themselves to avoid them, notwithstanding they walked gently and showed no signs of fierceness.

A number of officers came to attend the prince while he dismounted, and conduct him to the sultan's apartment, who was at that time conversing with his councillors. He approached the throne, laid the bottle at the sultan's feet, kissed the rich carpet which covered the footstool, and rising, said, "I have brought you, sire, the salutary water which your majesty so much wished for;

but at the same time I wish you such health as never to have occasion to make use of it."

After the prince had concluded his compliment, the sultan placed him on his right hand, and said, "Son, I am much obliged to you for this valuable present; as also for the great danger you have exposed yourself to on my account; and I have one thing yet to ask of you, after which I shall expect nothing more from your obedience, nor from your interest with your fairy wife. This request is, to bring me a man not above a foot and a half high, whose beard is thirty feet long, who carries upon his shoulders a bar of iron of five hundredweight, which he uses as a quarter-staff, and who can speak."

Next day the prince returned to Perie Banou, to whom he related his father's new demand, "which," he said, "he looked upon to be a thing more difficult than the two first, for," added he, "I cannot imagine there is or can be such a man in the world; without doubt he seeks my ruin, but if there are any means, I beg you will tell me how I may come off with honour this time also."

"Do not alarm yourself, prince," replied the fairy; "you ran a risk in fetching the water of the fountain of lions for your father, but there is no danger of finding this man. He is my brother Schaibar. Though we both had the same father, he is of so violent a nature that his resentment kindles at the slightest offence; yet, on the other hand, he is so liberal as to oblige any one who shows him a kindness. I will send for him, but prepare yourself not to be alarmed at his extraordinary figure." "What! my queen," replied Prince Ahmed, "do you say Schaibar is your brother? Let him be ever so ugly or deformed, I shall love and honour him as your nearest relation."

The fairy ordered a gold chafing-dish to be lighted under the porch of her palace. She took some incense, and threw it into the fire, when there arose a thick cloud of smoke.

Some moments after, the fairy said to Prince Ahmed, "Prince, there comes my brother, do you see him?" The prince immediately perceived Schaibar, who, as he came forwards, looked at the prince with an eye that would have chilled his soul in his body, and asked Perie Banou, when he first accosted her, who that man was. To which she replied, "His name is Ahmed;

he is a son of the Sultan of the Indies, and my husband, brother. I did not invite you to my wedding, because you were engaged in a distant expedition, from which I heard with pleasure you returned victorious; but on my husband's account I have taken the liberty now to call for you."

At these words, Schaibar, looking at Prince Ahmed with a favourable eye, which, however, diminished neither his fierceness nor savage look, said, "It is enough for me that he is your husband, to engage me to do for him whatever he desires." "The sultan his father," replied Perie Banou, "has a curiosity to see you, and I desire he may be your guide to the sultan's court." "He needs but lead the way; I will follow him," replied Schaibar.

The next morning, Schaibar set out with Prince Ahmed to visit the sultan. When they arrived at the gates of the capital, the people, as soon as they saw Schaibar, ran and hid themselves in their shops and houses, shutting their doors, while others taking to their heels, communicated their fear to all they met, who stayed not to look behind them; insomuch, that Schaibar and Prince Ahmed, as they went along, found all the streets and squares desolate, till they came to the palace, where the guards instead of preventing Schaibar from entering, ran away too; so that the prince and he advanced without any obstacle to the council-hall, where the sultan was seated on his throne surrounded by his vizier and councillors.

Schaibar haughtily approached the throne, and without waiting for Prince Ahmed to present him, thus addressed the sultan:—"Thou hast sent for me. What dost thou wish?"

The sultan, instead of answering, put his hands before his eyes to exclude so dreadful a sight. Schaibar, enraged at this reception, lifted up his bar of iron, and exclaiming, "Wilt thou not speak, then?" let it fall directly on his head, and crushed him to the earth. He did this before Prince Ahmed had the power to interfere. He then destroyed all the other councillors who were the enemies of Prince Ahmed, and only spared the grand vizier at his earnest entreaty. Having completed this dreadful execution, Schaibar left the hall of audience, and went into the middle of the court with the bar of iron on his shoulder. "I know there is," he cried, looking at the grand vizier, who accompanied Prince Ahmed,

to whom he owed his life, "a certain sorceress who stirred up the sultan to demand my presence here. Let her be brought before me." The grand vizier immediately sent for her, when Schaibar, as he crushed her with his bar of iron, said, "Learn the consequence of giving wicked advice, and of pretending sickness."

"This is not sufficient," exclaimed Schaibar. "Prince Ahmed, my brother-in-law, must be instantly acknowledged as Sultan of India." All those who were present cheerfully assented, and made the air resound with cries of "Long live Sultan Ahmed," and in a short time the whole city echoed with the same shouts. Schaibar next made the prince be clothed in the robes of the sultan, and had him instantly installed. And after having paid him homage, and taken an oath of fidelity and allegiance, he went for his sister, Perie Banou, conducted her to the city in great pomp, and caused her to be acknowledged as Sultana of India.

Prince Ahmed gave to Prince Ali and the Princess Nouronnihar a very considerable province, with its capital, for their establishment. Afterwards he sent an officer to Houssain, to acquaint him with the change, and make him an offer of any province he might choose; but that prince thought himself so happy in his solitude, that he desired the officer to return his brother thanks for the kindness he designed him, assuring him of his submission; but that the only favour he desired was, to be indulged with leave to live retired in the place he had chosen for his retreat.

The Story of Aladdin; or, the Wonderful Lamp.

In one of the large and rich cities of China, there once lived a tailor, named Mustapha. He was very poor. He could hardly, by his daily labour, maintain himself and his family, which consisted only of his wife and a son.

His son, who was called Aladdin,[1] was a very careless and idle fellow. He was disobedient to his father and mother, and would go out early in the morning, and stay out all day, playing in the streets and public places with idle children of his own age.

[1] Aladdin signifies "The Nobility of the Religion."—Lane, vol. ii. p. 285.

When he was old enough to learn a trade, his father took him into his own shop, and taught him how to use his needle; but all his father's endeavours to keep him to his work were vain, for no sooner was his back turned, than he was gone for that day. Mustapha chastised him, but Aladdin was incorrigible, and his father, to his great grief, was forced to abandon him to his idleness: and was so much troubled about him, that he fell sick and died in a few months.

Aladdin, who was now no longer restrained by the fear of a father, gave himself entirely over to his idle habits, and was never out of the streets from his companions. This course he followed till he was fifteen years old, without giving his mind to any useful pursuit, or the least reflection on what would become of him. As he was one day playing, according to custom, in the street, with his evil associates, a stranger passing by stood to observe him.

This stranger was a sorcerer, known as the African magician, as he had been but two days arrived from Africa, his native country.

The African magician, observing in Aladdin's countenance something which assured him that he was a fit boy for his purpose, inquired his name and history of some of his companions, and when he had learnt all he desired to know, went up to him, and taking him aside from his comrades, said, "Child, was not your father called Mustapha the tailor?" "Yes, sir," answered the boy, "but he has been dead a long time."

At these words the African magician threw his arms about Aladdin's neck, and kissed him several times, with tears in his eyes, and said, "I am your uncle. Your worthy father was my own brother. I knew you at first sight, you are so like him." Then he gave Aladdin a handful of small money, saying, "Go, my son, to your mother, give my love to her, and tell her that I will visit her to-morrow, that I may see where my good brother lived so long, and ended his days."

Aladdin ran to his mother, overjoyed at the money his uncle had given him. "Mother," said he, "have I an uncle?" "No, child," replied his mother, "you have no uncle by your father's side or mine." "I am just now come," said Aladdin, "from a man who says he is my uncle and my father's brother. He cried and kissed me when I told him my father was dead, and gave me

money, sending his love to you, and promising to come and pay you a visit, that he may see the house my father lived and died in." "Indeed, child," replied the mother, "your father had no brother, nor have you an uncle."

The next day the magician found Aladdin playing in another part of the town, and embracing him as before, put two pieces of gold into his hand, and said to him, "Carry this, child, to your mother; tell her that I will come and see her to-night, and bid her get us something for supper; but first show me the house where you live."

Aladdin showed the African magician the house, and carried the two pieces of gold to his mother, who went out and bought provisions; and considering she wanted various utensils, borrowed them of her neighbours. She spent the whole day in preparing the supper; and at night, when it was ready, said to her son, "Perhaps the stranger knows not how to find our house; go and bring him, if you meet with him."

Aladdin was just ready to go, when the magician knocked at the door, and came in loaded with wine and all sorts of fruits, which he brought for a dessert. After he had given what he brought into Aladdin's hands, he saluted his mother, and desired her to show him the place where his brother Mustapha used to sit on the sofa; and when she had so done, he fell down and kissed it several times, crying out, with tears in his eyes, "My poor brother! how unhappy am I, not to have come soon enough to give you one last embrace." Aladdin's mother desired him to sit down in the same place, but he declined. "No," said he, "I shall not do that; but give me leave to sit opposite to it, that although I see not the master of a family so dear to me, I may at least behold the place where he used to sit."

When the magician had made choice of a place, and sat down, he began to enter into discourse with Aladdin's mother. "My good sister," said he, "do not be surprised at your never having seen me all the time you have been married to my brother Mustapha of happy memory. I have been forty years absent from this country, which is my native place, as well as my late brother's; and during that time have travelled into the Indies, Persia, Arabia, Syria, and Egypt, and afterwards crossed over into Africa, where I took up my abode. At last, as it is natural for a man, I was

desirous to see my native country again, and to embrace my dear brother; and finding I had strength enough to undertake so long a journey, I made the necessary preparations, and set out. Nothing ever afflicted me so much as hearing of my brother's death. But God be praised for all things! It is a comfort for me to find, as it were, my brother in a son, who has his most remarkable features."

The African magician perceiving that the widow wept at the remembrance of her husband, changed the conversation, and turning towards her son, asked him, "What business do you follow? Are you of any trade?"

At this question the youth hung down his head, and was not a little abashed when his mother answered, "Aladdin is an idle fellow. His father, when alive, strove all he could to teach him his trade, but could not succeed; and since his death, notwithstanding all I can say to him, he does nothing but idle away his time in the streets, as you saw him, without considering he is no longer a child; and if you do not make him ashamed of it, I despair of his ever coming to any good. For my part, I am resolved, one of these days, to turn him out of doors, and let him provide for himself."

After these words, Aladdin's mother burst into tears; and the magician said, "This is not well, nephew; you must think of helping yourself, and getting your livelihood. There are many sorts of trades; perhaps you do not like your father's, and would prefer another; I will endeavour to help you. If you have no mind to learn any handicraft, I will take a shop for you, furnish it with all sorts of fine stuffs and linens; and then with the money you make of them you can lay in fresh goods, and live in an honourable way. Tell me freely what you think of my proposal: you shall always find me ready to keep my word."

This plan just suited Aladdin, who hated work. He told the magician he had a greater inclination to that business than to any other, and that he should be much obliged to him for his kindness. "Well, then," said the African magician, "I will carry you with me to-morrow, clothe you as handsomely as the best merchants in the city, and afterwards we will open a shop as I mentioned."

The widow, after his promises of kindness to her son, no longer doubted that the magician was her husband's brother. She thanked him for his good intentions; and after having exhorted

Aladdin to render himself worthy of his uncle's favour, served up supper, at which they talked of several indifferent matters; and then the magician took his leave and retired.

He came again the next day, as he had promised, and took Aladdin with him to a merchant, who sold all sorts of clothes for different ages and ranks ready made, and a variety of fine stuffs, and bade Aladdin choose those he preferred, which he paid for.

When Aladdin found himself so handsomely equipped, he returned his uncle thanks, who thus addressed him:—"As you are soon to be a merchant, it is proper you should frequent these shops, and be acquainted with them." He then showed him the largest and finest mosques, carried him to the khans or inns where the merchants and travellers lodged, and afterwards to the sultan's palace, where he had free access; and at last brought him to his own khan, where, meeting with some merchants he had become acquainted with since his arrival, he gave them a treat, to bring them and his pretended nephew acquainted.

This entertainment lasted till night, when Aladdin would have taken leave of his uncle to go home; the magician would not let him go by himself, but conducted him to his mother, who, as soon as she saw him so well dressed, was transported with joy, and bestowed a thousand blessings upon the magician.

Early the next morning, the magician called again for Aladdin, and said he would take him to spend that day in the country, and on the next he would purchase the shop. He then led him out at one of the gates of the city, to some magnificent palaces, to each of which belonged beautiful gardens, into which anybody might enter. At every building he came to, he asked Aladdin if he did not think it fine; and the youth was ready to answer when any one presented itself, crying out, "Here is a finer house, uncle, than any we have yet seen." By this artifice, the cunning magician led Aladdin some way into the country; and as he meant to carry him farther, to execute his design, he took an opportunity to sit down in one of the gardens, on the brink of a fountain of clear water, which discharged itself by a lion's mouth of bronze into a basin, pretending to be tired: "Come, nephew," said he, "you must be weary as well as I; let us rest ourselves, and we shall be better able to pursue our walk."

The magician next pulled from his girdle a handkerchief with

cakes and fruit, and during this short repast he exhorted his nephew to leave off bad company, and to seek that of wise and prudent men, to improve by their conversation; "for," said he, "you will soon be at man's estate, and you cannot too early begin to imitate their example." When they had eaten as much as they liked, they got up, and pursued their walk through gardens separated from one another only by small ditches, which marked out the limits without interrupting the communication; so great was the confidence the inhabitants reposed in each other. By this means the African magician drew Aladdin insensibly beyond the gardens, and crossed the country, till they nearly reached the mountains.

At last they arrived between two mountains of moderate height, and equal size, divided by a narrow valley, which was the place where the magician intended to execute the design that had brought him from Africa to China. "We will go no farther now," said he to Aladdin; "I will show you here some extraordinary things, which, when you have seen, you will thank me for: but while I strike a light, gather up all the loose dry sticks you can see, to kindle a fire with."

Aladdin found so many dried sticks, that he soon collected a great heap. The magician presently set them on fire; and when they were in a blaze, threw in some incense, pronouncing several magical words which Aladdin did not understand.

He had scarcely done so when the earth opened just before the magician, and discovered a stone with a brass ring fixed in it. Aladdin was so frightened that he would have run away, but the magician caught hold of him, and gave him such a box on the ear that he knocked him down. Aladdin got up trembling, and with tears in his eyes, said to the magician, "What have I done, uncle, to be treated in this severe manner?" "I am your uncle," answered the magician; "I supply the place of your father, and you ought to make no reply. But child," added he, softening, "do not be afraid; for I shall not ask anything of you, but that you obey me punctually, if you would reap the advantages which I intend you. Know, then, that under this stone there is hidden a treasure, destined to be yours, and which will make you richer than the greatest monarch in the world. No person but yourself is permitted to lift this stone, or enter the cave; so you must

punctually execute what I may command, for it is a matter of great consequence both to you and me."

Aladdin amazed at all he saw and heard, forgot what was past, and rising, said, "Well, uncle, what is to be done? Command me, I am ready to obey." "I am overjoyed, child," said the African magician, embracing him. "Take hold of the ring, and lift up that stone." "Indeed, uncle," replied Aladdin, "I am not strong enough; you must help me." "You have no occasion for my assistance," answered the magician; "if I help you, we shall be able to do nothing. Take hold of the ring, and lift it up; you will find it will come easily." Aladdin did as the magician bade him, raised the stone with ease, and laid it on one side.

When the stone was pulled up, there appeared a staircase about three or four feet deep, leading to a door. "Descend, my son," said the African magician, "those steps, and open that door. It will lead you into a palace, divided into three great halls. In each of these you will see four large brass cisterns placed on each side, full of gold and silver; but take care you do not meddle with them. Before you enter the first hall, be sure to tuck up your robe, wrap it about you, and then pass through the second into the third without stopping. Above all things, have a care that you do not touch the walls, so much as with your clothes; for if you do, you will die instantly. At the end of the third hall, you will find a door which opens into a garden, planted with fine trees loaded with fruit. Walk directly across the garden to a terrace, where you will see a niche before you, and in that niche a lighted lamp. Take the lamp down, and put it out. When you have thrown away the wick and poured out the liquor, put it in your waistband and bring it to me. Do not be afraid that the liquor will spoil your clothes, for it is not oil, and the lamp will be dry as soon as it is thrown out."

After these words the magician drew a ring off his finger, and put it on one of Aladdin's, saying, "It is a talisman against all evil, so long as you obey me. Go, therefore, boldly, and we shall both be rich all our lives."

Aladdin descended the steps, and, opening the door, found the three halls just as the African magician had described. He went through them with all the precaution the fear of death could inspire, crossed the garden without stopping, took down the lamp

from the niche, threw out the wick and the liquor, and, as the magician had desired, put it in his waistband. But as he came down from the terrace, seeing it was perfectly dry, he stopped in the garden to observe the trees, which were loaded with extraordinary fruit, of different colours on each tree. Some bore fruit entirely white, and some clear and transparent as crystal; some pale red, and others deeper; some green, blue, and purple, and others yellow; in short, there was fruit of all colours. The white were pearls; the clear and transparent, diamonds; the deep red, rubies; the paler, ballas rubies;[1] the green, emeralds; the blue, turquoises; the purple, amethysts; and the yellow, sapphires. Aladdin, ignorant of their value, would have preferred figs, or grapes, or pomegranates; but as he had his uncle's permission, he resolved to gather some of every sort. Having filled the two new purses his uncle had bought for him with his clothes, he wrapped some up in the skirts of his vest, and crammed his bosom as full as it could hold.

Aladdin, having thus loaded himself with riches of which he knew not the value, returned through the three halls with the utmost precaution, and soon arrived at the mouth of the cave, where the African magician awaited him with the utmost impatience. As soon as Aladdin saw him, he cried out, "Pray, uncle, lend me your hand, to help me out." "Give me the lamp first," replied the magician; "it will be troublesome to you." "Indeed, uncle," answered Aladdin, "I cannot now, but I will as soon as I am up." The African magician was determined that he would have the lamp before he would help him up; and Aladdin, who had encumbered himself so much with his fruit that he could not well get at it, refused to give it to him till he was out of the cave. The African magician, provoked at this obstinate refusal, flew into a passion, threw a little of his incense into the fire, and pronounced two magical words, when the stone which had closed the mouth of the staircase moved into its place, with the earth over it in the same manner as it lay at the arrival of the magician and Aladdin.

This action of the magician plainly revealed to Aladdin that he was no uncle of his, but one who designed him evil. The truth was that he had learnt from his magic books the secret and the

[1] Ballas rubies are rubies of the brightest colour.

value of this wonderful lamp, the owner of which would be made richer than any earthly ruler, and hence his journey to China. His art had also told him that he was not permitted to take it himself, but must receive it as a voluntary gift from the hands of another person. Hence he employed young Aladdin, and hoped by a mixture of kindness and authority to make him obedient to his word and will. When he found that his attempt had failed, he set out to return to Africa, but avoided the town, lest any person who had seen him leave in company with Aladdin should make inquiries after the youth. Aladdin being suddenly enveloped in darkness, cried, and called out to his uncle to tell him he was ready to give him the lamp; but in vain, since his cries could not be heard. He descended to the bottom of the steps, with a design to get into the palace, but the door, which was opened before by enchantment, was now shut by the same means. He then redoubled his cries and tears, sat down on the steps without any hopes of ever seeing light again, and in an expectation of passing from the present darkness to a speedy death. In this great emergency he said, "There is no strength or power but in the great and high God;" and in joining his hands to pray he rubbed the ring which the magician had put on his finger. Immediately a genie of frightful aspect appeared, and said, "What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee. I serve him who possesses the ring on thy finger; I, and the other slaves of that ring."

At another time Aladdin would have been frightened at the sight of so extraordinary a figure, but the danger he was in made him answer without hesitation, "Whoever thou art, deliver me from this place." He had no sooner spoken these words, than he found himself on the very spot where the magician had last left him, and no sign of cave or opening, nor disturbance of the earth. Returning God thanks to find himself once more in the world, he made the best of his way home. When he got within his mother's door, the joy to see her and his weakness for want of sustenance made him so faint, that he remained for a long time as dead. As soon as he recovered, he related to his mother all that had happened to him, and they were both very vehement in their complaints of the cruel magician. Aladdin slept very soundly till late the next morning, when the first thing he said to his mother was, that he wanted something to eat, and wished she would give him his

breakfast. "Alas! child," said she, "I have not a bit of bread to give you; you ate up all the provisions I had in the house yesterday: but I have a little cotton, which I have spun; I will go and sell it, and buy bread, and something for our dinner." "Mother," replied Aladdin, "keep your cotton for another time, and give me the lamp I brought home with me yesterday; I will go and sell it, and the money I shall get for it will serve both for breakfast and dinner, and perhaps supper too."

Aladdin's mother took the lamp, and said to her son, "Here it is, but it is very dirty; if it was a little cleaner I believe it would bring something more." She took some fine sand and water to clean it; but had no sooner begun to rub it, than in an instant a hideous genie of gigantic size appeared before her, and said to her in a voice of thunder, "What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, and the slave of all those who have that lamp in their hands; I and the other slaves of the lamp."

Aladdin's mother, terrified at the sight of the genie, fainted; when Aladdin, who had seen such a phantom in the cavern, snatched the lamp out of his mother's hand, and said to the genie boldly, "I am hungry, bring me something to eat." The genie disappeared immediately, and in an instant returned with a large silver tray, holding twelve covered dishes of the same metal, which contained the most delicious viands; six large white bread cakes on two plates, two flagons of wine, and two silver cups. All these he placed upon a carpet, and disappeared; this was done before Aladdin's mother recovered from her swoon.

Aladdin had fetched some water, and sprinkled it in her face to recover her. Whether that or the smell of the meat effected her cure, it was not long before she came to herself. "Mother," said Aladdin, "be not afraid: get up and eat; here is what will put you in heart, and at the same time satisfy my extreme hunger."

His mother was much surprised to see the great tray, twelve dishes, six loaves, the two flagons and cups, and to smell the savoury odour which exhaled from the dishes. "Child," said she, "to whom are we obliged for this great plenty and liberality? Has the sultan been made acquainted with our poverty, and had compassion on us?" "It is no matter, mother," said Aladdin, "let us sit down and eat; for you have almost as much need of a

good breakfast as myself; when we have done, I will tell you." Accordingly, both mother and son sat done, and ate with the better relish as the table was so well furnished. But all the time Aladdin's mother could not forbear looking at and admiring the tray and dishes, though she could not judge whether they were silver or any other metal, and the novelty more than the value attracted her attention.

The mother and son sat at breakfast till it was dinner-time, and then they thought it would be best to put the two meals together; yet, after this they found they should have enough left for supper, and two meals for the next day.

When Aladdin's mother had taken away and set by what was left, she went and sat down by her son on the sofa, saying, "I expect now that you should satisfy my impatience, and tell me exactly what passed between the genie and you while I was in a swoon;" which he readily complied with.

She was in as great amazement at what her son told her, as at the appearance of the genie; and said to him, "But, son, what have we to do with genies? I never heard that any of my acquaintance had ever seen one. How came that vile genie to address himself to me, and not to you, to whom he had appeared before in the cave?" "Mother," answered Aladdin, "the genie you saw is not the one who appeared to me. If you remember, he that I first saw called himself the slave of the ring on my finger; and this you saw, called himself the slave of the lamp you had in your hand; but I believe you did not hear him, for I think you fainted as soon as he began to speak."

"What!" cried the mother, "was your lamp then the occasion of that cursed genie's addressing himself rather to me than to you? Ah! my son, take it out of my sight, and put it where you please. I had rather you would sell it, than run the hazard of being frightened to death again by touching it: and if you would take my advice, you would part also with the ring, and not have anything to do with genies, who, as our prophet has told us, are only devils."

"With your leave, mother," replied Aladdin, "I shall now take care how I sell a lamp which may be so serviceable both to you and me. That false and wicked magician would not have undertaken so long a journey to secure this wonderful lamp if he had

not known its value to exceed that of gold and silver. And since we have honestly come by it, let us make a profitable use of it, without making any great show, and exciting the envy and jealousy of our neighbours. However, since the genies frighten you so much, I will take it out of your sight, and put it where I may find it when I want it. The ring I cannot resolve to part with; for without that you had never seen me again; and though I am alive now, perhaps, if it was gone, I might not be so some moments hence; therefore, I hope you will give me leave to keep it, and to wear it always on my finger." Aladdin's mother replied that he might do what he pleased; for her part, she would have nothing to do with genies, and never say anything more about them.

By the next night they had eaten all the provisions the genie had brought: and the next day Aladdin, who could not bear the thoughts of hunger, putting one of the silver dishes under his vest, went out early to sell it, and addressing himself to a Jew whom he met in the streets, took him aside, and pulling out the plate, asked him if he would buy it. The cunning Jew took the dish, examined it, and as soon as he found that it was good silver, asked Aladdin at how much he valued it. Aladdin, who had never been used to such traffic, told him he would trust to his judgment and honour. The Jew was somewhat confounded at this plain dealing; and doubting whether Aladdin understood the material or the full value of what he offered to sell, took a piece of gold out of his purse and gave it him, though it was but the sixtieth part of the worth of the plate. Aladdin, taking the money very eagerly, retired with so much haste, that the Jew, not content with the exorbitancy of his profit, was vexed he had not penetrated into his ignorance, and was going to run after him, to endeavour to get some change out of the piece of gold; but he ran so fast, and had got so far, that it would have been impossible for him to overtake him.

Before Aladdin went home, he called at a baker's, bought some cakes of bread, changed his money, and on his return gave the rest to his mother, who went and purchased provisions enough to last them some time. After this manner they lived, till Aladdin had sold the twelve dishes singly, as necessity pressed, to the Jew, for the same money; who, after the first time, durst not offer him

less, for fear of losing so good a bargain. When he had sold the last dish, he had recourse to the tray, which weighed ten times as much as the dishes, and would have carried it to his old purchaser, but that it was too large and cumbersome; therefore he was obliged to bring him home with him to his mother's, where, after the Jew had examined the weight of the tray, he laid down ten pieces of gold, with which Aladdin was very well satisfied.

When all the money was spent, Aladdin had recourse again to the lamp. He took it in his hand, looked for the part where his mother had rubbed it with the sand, rubbed it also, when the genie immediately appeared, and said, "What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, and the slave of all those who have that lamp in their hands; I, and the other slaves of the lamp." "I am hungry," said Aladdin, "bring me something to eat." The genie disappeared, and presently returned with a tray, the same number of covered dishes as before, set them down, and vanished.

As soon as Aladdin found that their provisions were again expended, he took one of the dishes, and went to look for his Jew chapman; but passing by a goldsmith's shop, the goldsmith perceiving him, called to him, and said, "My lad, I imagine that you have something to sell to the Jew, whom I often see you visit; but perhaps you do not know that he is the greatest rogue even among the Jews. I will give you the full worth of what you have to sell, or I will direct you to other merchants who will not cheat you."

This offer induced Aladdin to pull his plate from under his vest and show it to the goldsmith; who at first sight saw that it was made of the finest silver, and asked him if he had sold such as that to the Jew; when Aladdin told him that he had sold him twelve such, for a piece of gold each. "What a villain!" cried the goldsmith. "But," added he, "my son, what is past cannot be recalled. By showing you the value of this plate, which is of the finest silver we use in our shops, I will let you see how much the Jew has cheated you."

The goldsmith took a pair of scales, weighed the dish, and assured him that his plate would fetch by weight sixty pieces of gold, which he offered to pay down immediately.

Aladdin thanked him for his fair dealing, and never after went to any other person.

Though Aladdin and his mother had an inexhaustible treasure in their lamp, and might have had whatever they wished for, yet they lived with the same frugality as before, and it may easily be supposed that the money for which Aladdin had sold the dishes and tray was sufficient to maintain them some time.

During this interval, Aladdin frequented the shops of the principal merchants, where they sold cloth of gold and silver, linens, silk stuffs, and jewellery, and oftentimes joining in their conversation, acquired a knowledge of the world, and a desire to improve himself. By his acquaintance among the jewellers, he came to know that the fruits which he had gathered when he took the lamp were, instead of coloured glass, stones of inestimable value; but he had the prudence not to mention this to any one, not even to his mother.

One day as Aladdin was walking about the town, he heard an order proclaimed, commanding the people to shut up their shops and houses, and keep within doors, while the Princess Buddir al Buddoor, the sultan's daughter, went to the bath and returned.

This proclamation inspired Aladdin with eager desire to see the princess's face, which he determined to gratify, by placing himself behind the door of the bath, so that he could not fail to see her face.

Aladdin had not long concealed himself before the princess came. She was attended by a great crowd of ladies, slaves, and mutes, who walked on each side and behind her. When she came within three or four paces of the door of the bath, she took off her veil, and gave Aladdin an opportunity of a full view of her face.

The princess was a noted beauty: her eyes were large, lively, and sparkling; her smile bewitching; her nose faultless; her mouth small; her lips vermilion. It is not therefore surprising that Aladdin, who had never before seen such a blaze of charms, was dazzled and enchanted.

After the princess had passed by, and entered the bath, Aladdin quitted his hiding-place and went home. His mother perceived him to be more thoughtful and melancholy than usual; and asked what had happened to make him so, or if he was ill. He then told his mother all his adventure, and concluded by declaring, "I love the princess more than I can express, and am resolved that I will ask her in marriage of the sultan."

Aladdin's mother listened with surprise to what her son told her; but when he talked of asking the princess in marriage she laughed aloud. "Alas! child," said she, "what are you thinking of? You must be mad to talk thus."

"I assure you, mother," replied Aladdin, "that I am not mad, but in my right senses. I foresaw that you would reproach me with folly and extravagance; but I must tell you once more, that I am resolved to demand the princess of the sultan in marriage; nor do I despair of success. I have the slaves of the Lamp and of the Ring to help me, and you know how powerful their aid is. And I have another secret to tell you: those pieces of glass, which I got from the trees in the garden of the subterranean palace, are jewels of inestimable value, and fit for the greatest monarchs. All the precious stones the jewellers have in Bagdad are not to be compared to mine for size or beauty; and I am sure that the offer of them will secure the favour of the sultan. You have a large porcelain dish fit to hold them; fetch it, and let us see how they will look, when we have arranged them according to their different colours."

Aladdin's mother brought the china dish, when he took the jewels out of the two purses in which he had kept them, and placed them in order, according to his fancy. But the brightness and lustre they emitted in the daytime, and the variety of the colours, so dazzled the eyes both of mother and son, that they were astonished beyond measure. Aladdin's mother, emboldened by the sight of these rich jewels, and fearful lest her son should be guilty of greater extravagance, complied with his request, and promised to go early in the next morning to the palace of the sultan. Aladdin rose before daybreak, awakened his mother, pressing her to go to the sultan's palace, and to get admittance, if possible, before the grand vizier, the other viziers, and the great officers of state went in to take their seats in the divan, where the sultan always attended in person.

Aladdin's mother took the china dish, in which they had put the jewels the day before, wrapped it in two fine napkins, and set forward for the sultan's palace. When she came to the gates the grand vizier, the other viziers, and most distinguished lords of the court were just gone in; but notwithstanding the crowd of people was great, she got into the divan, a spacious hall, the

trance into which was very magnificent. She placed herself just before the sultan, grand vizier, and the great lords, who sat in council, on his right and left hand. Several causes were called, according to their order, pleaded and adjudged, until the time the divan generally broke up, when the sultan, rising, returned to his apartment, attended by the grand vizier; the other viziers and ministers of state then retired, as also did all those whose business had called them thither.

Aladdin's mother, seeing the sultan retire, and all the people depart, judged rightly that he would not sit again that day, and resolved to go home; and on her arrival said, with much simplicity, "Son, I have seen the sultan, and am very well persuaded he has seen me too, for I placed myself just before him; but he was so much taken up with those who attended on all sides of him that I pitied him, and wondered at his patience. At last I believe he was heartily tired, for he rose up suddenly, and would not hear a great many who were ready prepared to speak to him, but went away, at which I was well pleased, for indeed I began to lose all patience, and was extremely fatigued with staying so long. But there is no harm done: I will go again to-morrow; perhaps the sultan may not be so busy.

The next morning she repaired to the sultan's palace with the present, as early as the day before; but when she came there, she found the gates of the divan shut.[1] She went six times afterwards on the days appointed, placed herself always directly before the sultan, but with as little success as the first morning.

On the sixth day, however, after the divan was broken up, when the sultan returned to his own apartment, he said to his grand vizier, "I have for some time observed a certain woman, who attends constantly every day that I give audience, with something wrapped up in a napkin; she always stands up from the beginning to the breaking up of the audience, and affects to place herself just before me. If this woman comes to our next audience, do not fail to call her, that I may hear what she has to say." The grand vizier made answer by lowering his hand, and then lifting it up above his head, signifying his willingness to lose it if he failed.

On the next audience day, when Aladdin's mother went to the

[1] Sir Paul Ricaut says that the divan is not held on two successive days.

divan, and placed herself in front of the sultan as usual, the grand vizier immediately called the chief of the mace-bearers, and pointing to her, bade him bring her before the sultan. The old woman at once followed the mace-bearer, and when she reached the sultan, bowed her head down to the carpet which covered the platform of the throne, and remained in that posture till he bade her rise, which she had no sooner done, than he said to her, "Good woman, I have observed you to stand many days, from the beginning to the rising of the divan; what business brings you here?"

After these words, Aladdin's mother prostrated herself a second time; and when she arose, said, "Monarch of monarchs, I beg of you to pardon the boldness of my petition, and to assure me of your pardon and forgiveness." "Well," replied the sultan, "I will forgive you, be it what it may, and no hurt shall come to you: speak boldly."

When Aladdin's mother had taken all these precautions, for fear of the sultan's anger, she told him faithfully the errand on which her son had sent her, and the event which led to his making so bold a request in spite of all her remonstrances.

The sultan hearkened to this discourse without showing the least anger; but before he gave her any answer, asked her what she had brought tied up in the napkin. She took the china dish which she had set down at the foot of the throne, untied it, and presented it to the sultan.

The sultan's amazement and surprise were inexpressible, when he saw so many large, beautiful, and valuable jewels collected in the dish. He remained for some time lost in admiration. At last, when he had recovered himself, he received the present from Aladdin's mother's hand; saying, "How rich, how beautiful!" After he had admired and handled all the jewels one after another, he turned to his grand vizier, and showing him the dish, said, "Behold, admire, wonder! and confess that your eyes never beheld jewels so rich and beautiful before." The vizier was charmed. "Well," continued the sultan, "what sayest thou to such a present? Is it not worthy of the princess my daughter? And ought I not to bestow her on one who values her at so great a price?" "I cannot but own," replied the grand vizier, "that the present is worthy of the princess; but I beg of your majesty to grant me

three months before you come to a final resolution. I hope, before that time, my son, whom you have regarded with your favour, will be able to make a nobler present than this Aladdin, who is an entire stranger to your majesty."

The sultan granted his request, and he said to the old woman, "Good woman, go home, and tell your son that I agree to the proposal you have made me: but I cannot marry the princess my daughter for three months; at the expiration of that time come again."

Aladdin's mother returned home much more gratified than she had expected, and told her son with much joy the condescending answer she had received from the sultan's own mouth; and that she was to come to the divan again that day three months.

Aladdin thought himself the most happy of all men at hearing this news, and thanked his mother for the pains she had taken in the affair, the good success of which was of so great importance to his peace, that he counted every day, week, and even hour as it passed. When two of the three months were passed, his mother one evening having no oil in the house, went out to buy some, and found a general rejoicing—the houses dressed with foliage, silks, and carpeting, and every one striving to show their joy according to their ability. The streets were crowded with officers in habits of ceremony, mounted on horses richly caparisoned, each attended by a great many footmen. Aladdin's mother asked the oil merchant what was the meaning of all this preparation of public festivity. "Whence came you, good woman," said he, "that you don't know that the grand vizier's son is to marry the princess Buddir al Buddoor, the sultan's daughter, to-night? She will presently return from the bath; and these officers whom you see are to assist at the cavalcade to the palace, where the ceremony is to be solemnised."

Aladdin's mother, on hearing these news, ran home very quickly. "Child," cried she, "you are undone! the sultan's fine promises will come to nought. This night the grand vizier's son is to marry the Princess Buddir al Buddoor."

At this account, Aladdin was thunderstruck, and he bethought himself of the lamp, and of the genie who had promised to obey him; and without indulging in idle words against the sultan, the vizier, or his son, he determined, if possible, to prevent the marriage.

When Aladdin had got into his chamber, he took the lamp, rubbed it in the same place as before, when immediately the genie appeared, and said to him, "What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave; I, and the other slaves of the lamp." "Hear me," said Aladdin; "thou hast hitherto obeyed me, but now I am about to impose on thee a harder task. The sultan's daughter, who was promised me as my bride, is this night married to the son of the grand vizier. Bring them both hither to me immediately they retire to their bedchamber."

"Master," replied the genie, "I obey you."

Aladdin supped with his mother as was their wont, and then went to his own apartment, and sat up to await the return of the genie, according to his commands.

In the meantime, the festivities in honour of the princess's marriage were conducted in the sultan's palace with great magnificence. The ceremonies were at last brought to a conclusion, and the princess and the son of the vizier retired to the bedchamber prepared for them. No sooner had they entered it, and dismissed their attendants, than the genie, the faithful slave of the lamp, to the great amazement and alarm of the bride and bridegroom, took up the bed, and by an agency invisible to them, transported it in an instant into Aladdin's chamber, where he set it down. "Remove the bridegroom," said Aladdin to the genie, "and keep him a prisoner till to-morrow dawn, and then return with him here." On Aladdin being left alone with the princess, he endeavoured to assuage her fears, and explained to her the treachery practised upon him by the sultan her father. He then laid himself down beside her, putting a drawn scimitar between them, to show that he was determined to secure her safety, and to treat her with the utmost possible respect. At break of day, the genie appeared at the appointed hour, bringing back the bridegroom, whom by breathing upon he had left motionless and entranced at the door of Aladdin's chamber during the night, and at Aladdin's command transported the couch with the bride and bridegroom on it, by the same invisible agency, into the palace of the sultan.

At the instant that the genie had set down the couch with the bride and bridegroom in their own chamber, the sultan came to the door, to offer his good wishes to his daughter. The grand

vizier's son, who was almost perished with cold, by standing in his thin under-garment all night, no sooner heard the knocking at the door than he got out of bed, and ran into the robing-chamber, where he had undressed himself the night before.

The sultan having opened the door, went to the bedside, kissed the princess on the forehead, but was extremely surprised to see her look so melancholy. She only cast at him a sorrowful look, expressive of great affliction. He suspected there was something extraordinary in this silence, and thereupon went immediately to the sultaness's apartment, told her in what a state he found the princess, and how she had received him. "Sire," said the sultaness, "I will go and see her; she will not receive me in the same manner."

The princess received her mother with sighs and tears, and signs of deep dejection. At last, upon her pressing on her the duty of telling her all her thoughts, she gave to the sultaness a precise description of all that happened to her during the night; on which the sultaness enjoined on her the necessity of silence and discretion, as no one would give credence to so strange a tale. The grand vizier's son, elated with the honour of being the sultan's son-in-law, kept silence on his part, and the events of the night were not allowed to cast the least gloom on the festivities on the following day, in continued celebration of the royal marriage.

When night came, the bride and bridegroom were again attended to their chamber with the same ceremonies as on the preceding evening. Aladdin, knowing that this would be so, had already given his commands to the genie of the lamp; and no sooner were they alone than their bed was removed in the same mysterious manner as on the preceding evening; and having passed the night in the same unpleasant way, they were in the morning conveyed to the palace of the sultan. Scarcely had they been replaced in their apartment, when the sultan came to make his compliments to his daughter, when the princess could no longer conceal from him the unhappy treatment she had been subject to, and told him all that had happened, as she had already related it to her mother. The sultan, on hearing these strange tidings, consulted with the grand vizier; and finding from him that his son had been subjected to even worse treatment by an

invisible agency, he determined to declare the marriage to be cancelled, and all the festivities, which were yet to last for several days, to be countermanded and terminated.

This sudden change in the mind of the sultan gave rise to various speculations and reports. Nobody but Aladdin knew the secret, and he kept it with the most scrupulous silence; and neither the sultan nor the grand vizier, who had forgotten Aladdin and his request, had the least thought that he had any hand in the strange adventures that befell the bride and bridegroom.

On the very day that the three months contained in the sultan's promise expired, the mother of Aladdin again went to the palace, and stood in the same place in the divan. The sultan knew her again, and directed his vizier to have her brought before him.

After having prostrated herself, she made answer, in reply to the sultan: "Sire, I come at the end of three months to ask of you the fulfilment of the promise you made to my son." The sultan little thought the request of Aladdin's mother was made to him in earnest, or that he would hear any more of the matter. He therefore took counsel with his vizier, who suggested that the sultan should attach such conditions to the marriage that no one in the humble condition of Aladdin could possibly fulfil. In accordance with this suggestion of the vizier, the sultan replied to the mother of Aladdin: "Good woman, it is true sultans ought to abide by their word, and I am ready to keep mine, by making your son happy in marriage with the princess my daughter. But as I cannot marry her without some further proof of your son being able to support her in royal state, you may tell him, I will fulfil my promise as soon as he shall send me forty trays of massy gold, full of the same sort of jewels you have already made me a present of, and carried by the like number of black slaves, who shall be led by as many young and handsome white slaves, all dressed magnificently. On these conditions I am ready to bestow the princess my daughter upon him; therefore, good woman, go and tell him so, and I will wait till you bring me his answer."

Aladdin's mother prostrated herself a second time before the sultan's throne, and retired. In her way home, she laughed within herself at her son's foolish imagination. "Where," said she, "can he get so many large gold trays, and such precious stones to fill them? He is altogether out of his power, and I believe he will

not be much pleased with my embassy this time." When she came home, full of these thoughts, she told Aladdin all the circumstances of her interview with the sultan, and the conditions on which he consented to the marriage. "The sultan expects your answer immediately," said she; and then added, laughing, "I believe he may wait long enough!"

"Not so long, mother, as you imagine," replied Aladdin. "This demand is a mere trifle, and will prove no bar to my marriage with the princess. I will prepare at once to satisfy his request."

Aladdin retired to his own apartment and summoned the genie of the lamp, and required him to immediately prepare and present the gift, before the sultan closed his morning audience, according to the terms in which it had been prescribed. The genie professed his obedience to the owner of the lamp, and disappeared. Within a very short time, a train of forty black slaves, led by the same number of white slaves, appeared opposite the house in which Aladdin lived. Each black slave carried on his head a basin of massy gold, full of pearls, diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. Aladdin then addressed his mother: "Madam, pray lose no time; before the sultan and the divan rise, I would have you return to the palace with this present as the dowry demanded for the princess, that he may judge by my diligence and exactness of the ardent and sincere desire I have to procure myself the honour of this alliance."

As soon as this magnificent procession, with Aladdin's mother at its head, had begun to march from Aladdin's house, the whole city was filled with the crowds of people desirous to see so grand a sight. The graceful bearing, elegant form, and wonderful likeness of each slave; their grave walk at an equal distance from each other, the lustre of their jewelled girdles, and the brilliancy of the aigrettes of precious stones in their turbans, excited the greatest admiration in the spectators. As they had to pass through several streets to the palace, the whole length of the way was lined with files of spectators. Nothing, indeed, was ever seen so beautiful and brilliant in the sultan's palace, and the richest robes of the emirs of his court were not to be compared to the costly dresses of these slaves, whom they supposed to be kings.

As the sultan, who had been informed of their approach, had given orders for them to be admitted, they met with no obstacle,

but went into the divan in regular order, one part turning to the right, and the other to the left. After they were all entered, and had formed a semicircle before the sultan's throne, the black slaves laid the golden trays on the carpet, prostrated themselves, touching the carpet with their foreheads, and at the same time the white slaves did the same. When they rose, the black slaves uncovered the trays, and then all stood with their arms crossed over their breasts.

In the meantime, Aladdin's mother advanced to the foot of the throne, and having prostrated herself, said to the sultan, "Sire, my son knows this present is much below the notice of Princess Buddir al Buddoor; but hopes, nevertheless, that your majesty will accept of it, and make it agreeable to the princess, and with the greater confidence since he has endeavoured to conform to the conditions you were pleased to impose."

The sultan, overpowered at the sight of such more than royal magnificence, replied without hesitation to the words of Aladdin's mother: "Go and tell your son, that I wait with open arms to embrace him; and the more haste he makes to come and receive the princess my daughter from my hands, the greater pleasure he will do me." As soon as Aladdin's mother had retired, the sultan put an end to the audience; and rising from his throne, ordered that the princess's attendants should come and carry the trays into their mistress's apartment, whither he went himself to examine them with her at his leisure. The fourscore slaves were conducted into the palace; and the sultan, telling the princess of their magnificent apparel, ordered them to be brought before her apartment, that she might see through the lattices he had not exaggerated in his account of them.

In the meantime Aladdin's mother reached home, and showed in her air and countenance the good news she brought her son. "My son," said she, "you may rejoice you are arrived at the height of your desires. The sultan has declared that you shall marry the Princess Buddir al Buddoor. He waits for you with impatience."

Aladdin, enraptured with this news, made his mother very little reply, but retired to his chamber. There he rubbed his lamp, and the obedient genie appeared. "Genie," said Aladdin, "convey me at once to a bath, and supply me with the richest and

most magnificent robe ever worn by a monarch." No sooner were the words out of his mouth than the genie rendered him, as well as himself, invisible, and transported him into a hummum[1] of the finest marble of all sorts of colours; where he was undressed, without seeing by whom, in a magnificent and spacious hall. He was then well rubbed and washed with various scented waters. After he had passed through several degrees of heat, he came out quite a different man from what he was before. His skin was clear as that of a child, his body lightsome and free; and when he returned into the hall, he found, instead of his own poor raiment, a robe, the magnificence of which astonished him. The genie helped him to dress, and when he had done, transported him back to his own chamber, where he asked him if he had any other commands. "Yes," answered Aladdin, "bring me a charger that surpasses in beauty and goodness the best in the sultan's stables; with a saddle, bridle, and other caparisons to correspond with his value. Furnish also twenty slaves, as richly clothed as those who carried the present to the sultan, to walk by my side and follow me, and twenty more to go before me in two ranks. Besides these, bring my mother six women slaves to attend her, as richly dressed at least as any of the Princess Buddir al Buddoor's, each carrying a complete dress fit for any sultaness. I want also ten thousand pieces of gold in ten purses; go, and make haste."

As soon as Aladdin had given these orders, the genie disappeared, but presently returned with the horse, the forty slaves, ten of whom carried each a purse containing ten thousand pieces of gold, and six women slaves, each carrying on her head a different dress for Aladdin's mother, wrapt up in a piece of silver tissue, and presented them all to Aladdin.

He presented the six women slaves to his mother, telling her they were her slaves, and that the dresses they had brought were for her use. Of the ten purses Aladdin took four, which he gave to his mother, telling her, those were to supply her with necessaries; the other six he left in the hands of the slaves who brought them, with an order to throw them by handfuls among the people as they went to the sultan's palace. The six slaves

[1] A Turkish word for a bath. Hence the names of the hotels, the old and new Hummums, situated in Covent Garden; as baths, a new fashion about a hundred years ago, were to be had at these hotels.

who carried the purses he ordered likewise to march before him, three on the right hand and three on the left.

When Aladdin had thus prepared himself for his first interview with the sultan, he dismissed the genie, and immediately mounting his charger, began his march, and though he never was on horseback before, appeared with a grace the most experienced horseman might envy. The innumerable concourse of people through whom he passed made the air echo with their acclamations, especially every time the six slaves who carried the purses threw handfuls of gold among the populace.

On Aladdin's arrival at the palace, the sultan was surprised to find him more richly and magnificently robed than he had ever been himself, and was impressed with his good looks and dignity of manner, which were so different from what he expected in the son of one so humble as Aladdin's mother. He embraced him with all the demonstrations of joy, and when he would have fallen at his feet, held him by the hand, and made him sit near his throne. He shortly after led him, amidst the sounds of trumpets, hautboys, and all kinds of music, to a magnificent entertainment, at which the sultan and Aladdin ate by themselves, and the great lords of the court, according to their rank and dignity, sat at different tables. After the feast, the sultan sent for the chief cadi, and commanded him to draw up a contract of marriage between the Princess Buddir al Buddoor and Aladdin. When the contract had been drawn, the sultan asked Aladdin if he would stay in the palace and complete the ceremonies of the marriage that day. "Sire," said Aladdin, "though great is my impatience to enter on the honour granted me by your majesty, yet I beg you to permit me first to build a palace worthy to receive the princess your daughter. I pray you to grant me sufficient ground near your palace, and I will have it completed with the utmost expedition." The sultan granted Aladdin his request, and again embraced him. After which, he took his leave with as much politeness as if he had been bred up and had always lived at court.

Aladdin returned home in the order he had come, amidst the acclamations of the people, who wished him all happiness and prosperity. As soon as he dismounted, he retired to his own chamber, took the lamp, and summoned the genie as usual, who professed his allegiance. "Genie," said Aladdin, "build me a

palace fit to receive the Princess Buddir al Buddoor. Let its materials be made of nothing less than porpyhry, jasper, agate, lapis lazula, and the finest marble. Let its walls be massive gold and silver bricks laid alternately. Let each front contain six windows, and let the lattices of these (except one, which must be left unfinished) be enriched with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, so that they shall exceed everything of the kind ever seen in the world. Let there be an inner and outer court in front of the palace, and a spacious garden; but above all things, provide a safe treasure-house, and fill it with gold and silver. Let there be also kitchens and storehouses, stables full of the the finest horses, with their equerries and grooms, and hunting equipage, officers, attendants, and slaves, both men and women, to form a retinue for the princess and myself. Go and execute my wishes."

When Aladdin gave these commands to the genie, the sun was set. The next morning at daybreak the genie presented himself, and having obtained Aladdin's consent, transported him in a moment to the palace he had made. The genie led him through all the apartments, where he found officers and slaves, habited according to their rank and the services to which they were appointed. The genie then showed him the treasury, which was opened by a treasurer, where Aladdin saw large vases of different sizes, piled up to the top with money, ranged all round the chamber. The genie thence led him to the stables, where were some of the finest horses in the world, and the grooms busy in dressing them; from thence they went to the storehouses, which were filled with all things necessary, both for food and ornament.

When Aladdin had examined every portion of the palace, and particularly the hall with the four-and-twenty windows, and found it far to exceed his fondest expectations, he said, "Genie, there is one thing wanting, a fine carpet for the princess to walk upon from the sultan's palace to mine. Lay one down immediately." The genie disappeared, and Aladdin saw what he desired executed in an instant. The genie then returned, and carried him to his own home.

When the sultan's porters came to open the gates, they were amazed to find what had been an unoccupied garden filled up with a magnificent palace, and a splendid carpet extending to it all the way from the sultan's palace. They told the strange t

to the grand vizier, who informed the sultan, who exclaimed, "It must be Aladdin's palace, which I gave him leave to build for my daughter. He has wished to surprise us, and let us see what wonders can be done in only one night."

Aladdin, on his being conveyed by the genie to his own home, requested his mother to go to the Princess Buddir al Buddoor, and tell her that the palace would be ready for her reception in the evening. She went, attended by her women slaves, in the same order as on the preceding day. Shortly after her arrival at the princess's apartment, the sultan himself came in, and was surprised to find her, whom he knew as his suppliant at his divan in such humble guise, to be now more richly and sumptuously attired than his own daughter. This gave him a higher opinion of Aladdin, who took such care of his mother, and made her share his wealth and honours. Shortly after her departure, Aladdin, mounting his horse, and attended by his retinue of magnificent attendants, left his paternal home for ever, and went to the palace in the same pomp as on the day before. Nor did he forget to take with him the Wonderful Lamp, to which he owed all his good fortune, nor to wear the Ring which was given him as a talisman. The sultan entertained Aladdin with the utmost magnificence, and at night, on the conclusion of the marriage ceremonies, the princess took leave of the sultan her father. Bands of music led the procession, followed by a hundred state ushers, and the like number of black mutes, in two files, with their officers at their head. Four hundred of the sultan's young pages carried flambeaux on each side, which, together with the illuminations of the sultan's and Aladdin's palaces, made it as light as day. In this order the princess, conveyed in her litter, and accompanied also by Aladdin's mother, carried in a superb litter and attended by her women slaves, proceeded on the carpet which was spread from the sultan's palace to that of Aladdin. On her arrival Aladdin was ready to receive her at the entrance, and led her into a large hall, illuminated with an infinite number of wax candles, where a noble feast was served up. The dishes were of massy gold, and contained the most delicate viands. The vases, basins, and goblets were gold also, and of exquisite workmanship, and all the other ornaments and embellishments of the hall were answerable to this display. The princess, dazzled to see so much riches col-

lected in one place, said to Aladdin, "I thought, prince, that nothing in the world was so beautiful as the sultan my father's palace, but the sight of this hall alone is sufficient to show I was deceived."

When the supper was ended, there entered a company of female dancers,[1] who performed, according to the custom of the country, singing at the same time verses in praise of the bride and bridegroom. About midnight Aladdin's mother conducted the bride to the nuptial apartment, and he soon after retired.

The next morning the attendants of Aladdin presented themselves to dress him, and brought him another habit, as rich and magnificent as that worn the day before. He then ordered one of the horses to be got ready, mounted him, and went in the midst of a large troop of slaves to the sultan's palace, to entreat him to take a repast in the princess's palace, attended by his grand vizier and all the lords of his court. The sultan consented with pleasure, rose up immediately, and, preceded by the principal officers of his palace, and followed by all the great lords of his court, accompanied Aladdin.

The nearer the sultan approached Aladdin's palace, the more he was struck with its beauty; but when he entered it, came into the hall, and saw the windows, enriched with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, all large perfect stones, he was completely surprised, and said to his son-in-law, "This palace is one of the wonders of the world; for where in all the world besides shall we find walls built of massy gold and silver, and diamonds, rubies, and emeralds composing the windows? But what most surprises me is, that a hall of this magnificence should be left with one of its windows incomplete and unfinished." "Sire," answered Aladdin, "the omission was by design, since I wished that you should have the glory of finishing this hall." "I take your intention kindly," said the sultan, "and will give orders about it immediately."

After the sultan had finished this magnificent entertainment provided for him and for his court by Aladdin, he was informed that the jewellers and goldsmiths attended; upon which he returned to the hall, and showed them the window which was unfinished. "I sent for you," said he, "to fit up this window in as great perfection as the rest. Examine them well, and make all the despatch you can."

[1] These were the "Nautch girls," attached to this day to all Eastern courts.

The jewellers and goldsmiths examined the three-and-twenty windows with great attention, and after they had consulted together, to know what each could furnish, they returned, and presented themselves before the sultan, whose principal jeweller, undertaking to speak for the rest, said, "Sire, we are all willing to exert our utmost care and industry to obey you; but among us all we cannot furnish jewels enough for so great a work." "I have more than are necessary," said the sultan; "come to my palace, and you shall choose what may answer your purpose."

When the sultan returned to his palace, he ordered his jewels to be brought out, and the jewellers took a great quantity, particularly those Alaïdin had made him a present of, which they soon used, without making any great advance in their work. They came again several times for more, and in a month's time had not finished half their work. In short, they used all the jewels the sultan had, and borrowed of the vizier, but yet the work was not half done.

Aladdin, who knew that all the sultan's endeavours to make this window like the rest were in vain, sent for the jewellers and goldsmiths, and not only commanded them to desist from their work, but ordered them to undo what they had begun, and to carry all their jewels back to the sultan and to the vizier. They undid in a few hours what they had been six weeks about, and retired, leaving Aladdin alone in the hall. He took the lamp, which he carried about him, rubbed it, and presently the genie appeared. "Genie," said Aladdin, "I ordered thee to leave one of the four-and-twenty windows of this hall imperfect, and thou hast executed my commands punctually; now I would have thee make it like the rest." The genie immediately disappeared. Aladdin went out of the hall, and returning soon after, found the window, as he wished it to be, like the others.

In the meantime, the jewellers and goldsmiths repaired to the palace, and were introduced into the sultan's presence; where the chief jeweller presented the precious stones which he had brought back. The sultan asked them if Aladdin had given them any reason for so doing, and they answering that he had given them none, he ordered a horse to be brought, which he mounted, and rode to his son-in-law's palace, with some few attendants on

foot, to inquire why he had ordered the completion of the window to be stopped. Aladdin met him at the gate, and without giving any reply to his inquiries conducted him to the grand saloon, where the sultan, to his great surprise, found the window which was left imperfect to correspond exactly with the others. He fancied at first that he was mistaken, and examined the two windows on each side, and afterwards all the four-and-twenty; but when he was convinced that the window which several workmen had been so long about was finished in so short a time, he embraced Aladdin and kissed him between his eyes. "My son," said he, "what a man you are to do such surprising things always in the twinkling of an eye! there is not your fellow in the world; the more I know, the more I admire you."

The sultan returned to the palace, and after this went frequently to the window to contemplate and admire the wonderful palace of his son-in-law.

Aladdin did not confine himself in his palace, but went with much state, sometimes to one mosque, and sometimes to another, to prayers, or to visit the grand vizier, or the principal lords of the court. Every time he went out, he caused two slaves, who walked by the side of his horse, to throw handfuls of money among the people as he passed through the streets and squares. This generosity gained him the love and blessings of the people, and it was common for them to swear by his head.[1] Thus Aladdin, while he paid all respect to the sultan, won by his affable behaviour and liberality the affections of the people.

Aladdin had conducted himself in this manner several years, when the African magician, who had for some years dismissed him from his recollection, determined to inform himself with certainty whether he perished, as he supposed, in the subterranean cave or not. After he had resorted to a long course of magic ceremonies, and had formed a horoscope by which to ascertain Aladdin's fate, what was his surprise to find the appearances to declare that Aladdin, instead of dying in the cave, had made his escape, and was living in royal splendour, by the aid of the genie of the wonderful lamp!

On the very next day, the magician set out and travelled with

[1] There is a trace of this custom in Joseph swearing to his brethren, "By the life of Pharaoh, ye are spies."

the utmost haste to the capital of China, where, on his arrival, he took up his lodging in a khan.

He then quickly learnt about the wealth, charities, happiness, and splendid palace of Prince Aladdin. Directly he saw the wonderful fabric, he knew that none but the genies, the slaves of the lamp, could have performed such wonders; and piqued to the quick at Aladdin's high estate, he returned to the khan.

On his return he had recourse to an operation of geomancy to find out where the lamp was—whether Aladdin carried it about with him, or where he left it. The result of his consultation informed him, to his great joy, that the lamp was in the palace. "Well," said he, rubbing his hands in glee, "I shall have the lamp, and I shall make Aladdin return to his original mean condition."

The next day the magician learnt, from the chief superintendent of the khan where he lodged, that Aladdin had gone on a hunting expedition,[1] which was to last for eight days, of which only three

[1] "But even in the East, where the qualities of the chetah appear to be best appreciated, and his faculties to be turned to most account, it would seem that he is not employed in hunting by all classes of the people indiscriminately; but, on the contrary, that he is reserved for the especial amusement of the nobles and princes of the land, rather than used for purposes of real and general advantage. In this respect, and, indeed, in many others, as will be seen by the following brief account of the mode in which the chase with the hunting leopard is conducted, it bears a close resemblance to the ancient sport of hawking, so prevalent throughout Europe in the days of feudal tyranny, but scarcely practised at the present day, except by the more splendid slaves of Asiatic despotism. The animal or animals—for occasionally several of them are employed at the same time—are carried to the field in low chariots, on which they are kept chained and hooded, in order to deprive them of the power and temptation to leap forth before the appointed time. When they are thus brought within view of a herd of antelopes, which generally consists of five or six females and a male, they are unchained and their hoods removed, their keepers directing their attention to the prey, which, as they do not hunt by smell, it is necessary that they should have constantly in sight. When this is done, the animal does not at once start towards the object of his pursuit, but, seemingly aware that he would have no chance of overtaking an antelope, winds cautiously along the ground, concealing himself as much as possible; and when he has nearly reached the unsuspecting herd, breaks forth upon them unawares, and after five or six tremendous bounds, which he executes with almost incredible velocity, darts at once upon his terrified victim, strangles him in an instant, and takes his fill of blood. In the meanwhile the keeper quietly approaches the scene of slaughter caresses the successful animal and throws to

had expired. The magician wanted to know no more. He resolved at once on his plans. He went to a coppersmith, and asked for a dozen copper lamps: the master of the shop told him he had not so many by him, but if he would have patience till the next day, he would have them ready. The magician appointed his time, and desired him to take care that they should be handsome and well polished.

The next day the magician called for the twelve lamps, paid the man his full price, put them into a basket hanging on his arm, and went directly to Aladdin's palace. As he approached, he began crying, "Who will change old lamps for new ones?" As he went along, a crowd of children collected, who hooted, and thought him, as did all who chanced to be passing by, a madman or a fool, to offer to change new lamps for old ones.

The African magician regarded not their scoffs, hootings, or all they could say to him, but still continued crying, "Who will change old lamps for new ones?" He repeated this so often, walking backwards and forwards in front of the palace, that the princess, who was then in the hall with the four-and-twenty windows, hearing a man cry something, and seeing a great mob crowding about him, sent one of her women slaves to know what he cried.

The slave returned laughing so heartily that the princess rebuked her. "Madam," answered the slave, laughing still, "who can forbear laughing, to see an old man with a basket on his arm, full of fine new lamps, asking to change them for old ones? the children and mob crowding about him so that he can hardly stir, make all the noise they can in derision of him."

Another female slave hearing this, said, "Now you speak of lamps, I know not whether the princess may have observed it, but there is an old one upon a shelf of the Prince Aladdin's robing-room, and whoever owns it will not be sorry to find a new one in its stead. If the princess chooses, she may have the plea-

him pieces of meat to amuse him and keep him quiet, while he blinds him with the hood, and replaces him on the chariot, to which he is again attached by his chain. But if, as is not unfrequently the case, the herd should have taken the alarm, and the chetah should prove unsuccessful, he never attempts to pursue them, but returns to his master with mortified and dejected air, to be again let slip at a fresh quarry whenever a fit opportunity occurs."—*Tower Menagerie*, pp. 66, 67.

sure of trying if this old man is so silly as to give a new lamp for an old one, without taking anything for the exchange."

The princess, who knew not the value of this lamp, and the interest that Aladdin had to keep it safe, entered into the pleasantry, and commanded a slave to take it and make the exchange. The slave obeyed, went out of the hall, and no sooner got to the palace gates than he saw the African magician, called to him, and showing him the old lamp, said, "Give me a new lamp for this."

The magician never doubted but this was the lamp he wanted. There could be no other such in this palace, where every utensil was gold or silver. He snatched it eagerly out of the slave's hand, and thrusting it as far as he could into his breast, offered him his basket, and bade him choose which he liked best. The slave picked out one, and carried it to the princess; but the change was no sooner made than the place rung with the shouts of the children, deriding the magician's folly.

The African magician stayed no longer near the palace, nor cried any more, "New lamps for old ones," but made the best of his way to his khan. His end was answered, and by his silence he got rid of the children and the mob.

As soon as he was out of sight of the two palaces, he hastened down the least-frequented streets; and having no more occasion for his lamps or basket, set all down in a spot where nobody saw him; then going down another street or two, he walked till he came to one of the city gates, and pursuing his way through the suburbs, which were very extensive, at length reached a lonely spot, where he stopped till the darkness of the night, as the most suitable time for the design he had in contemplation. When it became quite dark, he pulled the lamp out of his breast, and rubbed it. At that summons the genie appeared, and said, "What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, and the slave of all those who have that lamp in their hands; both I and the other slaves of the lamp." "I command thee," replied the magician, "to transport me immediately, and the palace which thou and the other slaves of the lamp have built in this city, with all the people in it, to Africa." The genie made no reply, but with the assistance of the other genies, the slaves of the lamp, immediately transported him and the palace entire, to the spot whither he had been desired to convey it.

Early the next morning, when the sultan, according to custom, went to contemplate and admire Aladdin's palace, his amazement was unbounded to find that it could nowhere be seen. He could not comprehend how so large a palace which he had seen plainly every day for some years, should vanish so soon, and not leave the least remains behind. In his perplexity he ordered the grand vizier to be sent for with expedition.

The grand vizier, who, in secret, bore no good will to Aladdin, intimated his suspicion that the palace was built by magic, and that Aladdin had made his hunting excursion an excuse for the removal of his palace with the same suddenness with which it had been erected. He induced the sultan to send a detachment of his guards, and to have Aladdin seized as a prisoner of State. On his son-in-law being brought before him, he would not hear a word from him, but ordered him to be put to death. The decree caused so much discontent among the people, whose affection Aladdin had secured by his largesses and charities, that the sultan, fearful of an insurrection, was obliged to grant him his life. When Aladdin found himself at liberty, he again addressed the sultan: "Sire, I pray you to let me know the crime by which I have thus lost the favour of thy countenance." "Your crime!" answered the sultan, "wretched man! do you not know it? Follow me, and I will show you." The sultan then took Aladdin into the apartment from whence he was wont to look at and admire his palace, and said, "You ought to know where your palace stood; look, mind, and tell me what has become of it." Aladdin did so, and being utterly amazed at the loss of his palace, was speechless. At last recovering himself, he said, "It is true, I do not see the palace. It is vanished; but I had no concern in its removal. I beg you to give me forty days, and if in that time I cannot restore it, I will offer my head to be disposed of at your pleasure." "I give you the time you ask, but at the end of the forty days, forget not to present yourself before me."

Aladdin went out of the sultan's palace in a condition of exceeding humiliation. The lords who had courted him in the days of his splendour, now declined to have any communication with him. For three days he wandered about the city, exciting the wonder and compassion of the multitude by asking everybody he met if they had seen his palace, or could tell him anything of it. On

the third day he wandered into the country, and as he was approaching a river, he fell down the bank with so much violence, that he rubbed the ring which the magician had given him so hard by holding on the rock to save himself, that immediately the same genie appeared whom he had seen in the cave where the magician had left him. "What wouldst thou have?" said the genie. "I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, and the slave of all those that have that ring on their finger; both I and the other slaves of the ring."

Aladdin, agreeably surprised at an offer of help so little expected, replied, "Genie, show me where the palace I caused to be built now stands, or transport it back where it first stood." "Your command," answered the genie, "is not wholly in my power; I am only the slave of the ring, and not of the lamp." "I command thee, then," replied Aladdin, "by the power of the ring, to transport me to the spot where my palace stands, in what part of the world soever it may be." These words were no sooner out of his mouth, than the genie transported him into Africa, to the midst of a large plain, where his palace stood, at no great distance from a city, and placing him exactly under the window of the princess's apartment, left him.

Now it so happened that shortly after Aladdin had been transported by the slave of the ring to the neighbourhood of his palace, that one of the attendants of the Princess Buddir al Buddoor looking through the window, perceived him and instantly told her mistress. The princess, who could not believe the joyful tidings, hastened herself to the window, and seeing Aladdin, immediately opened it. The noise of opening the window made Aladdin turn his head that way, and perceiving the princess, he saluted her with an air that expressed his joy. "To lose no time," said she to him, "I have sent to have the private door opened for you; enter, and come up."

The private door, which was just under the princess's apartment, was soon opened, and Aladdin conducted up into the chamber. It is impossible to express the joy of both at seeing each other, after so cruel a separation. After embracing and shedding tears of joy, they sat down, and Aladdin said, "I beg of you, princess, to tell me what is become of an old lamp which stood upon a shelf in my robing-chamber."

"Alas!" answered the princess, "I was afraid our misfortune

might be owing to that lamp: and what grieves me most is, that I have been the cause of it. I was foolish enough to change the old lamp for a new one, and the next morning I found myself in this unknown country, which I am told is Africa."

"Princess," said Aladdin, interrupting her, "you have explained all by telling me we are in Africa. I desire you only to tell me if you know where the old lamp now is." "The African magician carries it carefully wrapt up in his bosom," said the princess; "and this I can assure you, because he pulled it out before me, and showed it to me in triumph."

"Princess," said Aladdin, "I think I have found the means to deliver you and to regain possession of the lamp, on which all my prosperity depends; to execute this design, it is necessary for me to go to the town. I shall return by noon, and will then tell you what must be done by you to ensure success. In the meantime, I shall disguise myself, and I beg that the private door may be opened at the first knock."

When Aladdin was out of the palace, he looked round him on all sides, and perceiving a peasant going into the country, hastened after him; and when he had overtaken him, made a proposal to him to change clothes, which the man agreed to. When they had made the exchange, the countryman went about his business, and Aladdin entered the neighbouring city. After traversing several streets, he came to that part of the town where the merchants and artizans had their particular streets according to their trades.[1] He went into that of the druggists; and entering one of the largest and best furnished shops, asked the druggist if he had a certain powder which he named.

The druggist, judging Aladdin by his habit to be very poor, told him he had it, but that it was very dear; upon which Aladdin penetrating his thoughts, pulled out his purse, and showing him some gold, asked for half a dram of the powder; which the druggist weighed and gave him, telling him the price was a piece of gold. Aladdin put the money into his hand, and hastened to the palace, which he entered at once by the private door. When he came

[1] This location of persons of one trade in one part of a town was once common in England. Hence the "Draper's Lane" and "Butcher's Row," found in many of our large towns; and the "Old Jewry," "Lombard Street," and "Cheapside," of London.

into the princess's apartment, he said to her, "Princess, you must take your part in the scheme which I propose for our deliverance. You must overcome your aversion to the magician, and assume a most friendly manner towards him, and ask him to oblige you by partaking of an entertainment in your apartments. Before he leaves, ask him to exchange cups with you, which he, gratified at the honour you do him, will gladly do, when you must give him the cup containing this powder. On drinking it he will instantly fall asleep, and we will obtain the lamp, whose slaves will do all our bidding, and restore us and the palace to the capital of China."

The princess obeyed to the utmost her husband's instructions. She assumed a look of pleasure on the next visit of the magician, and asked him to an entertainment, which he most willingly accepted. At the close of the evening, during which the princess had tried all she could to please him, she asked him to exchange cups with her, and giving the signal, had the drugged cup brought to her, which she gave to the magician. He drank it out of compliment to the princess to the very last drop, when he fell backwards lifeless on the sofa.

The princess, in anticipation of the success of her scheme, had so placed her women from the great hall to the foot of the staircase, that the word was no sooner given that the African magician was fallen backwards, than the door was opened, and Aladdin admitted to the hall. The princess rose from her seat, and ran overjoyed to embrace him; but he stopped her, and said, "Princess, retire to your apartment; and let me be left alone, while I endeavour to transport you back to China as speedily as you were brought from thence."

When the princess, her women, and slaves were gone out of the hall, Aladdin shut the door, and going directly to the dead body of the magician, opened his vest, took out the lamp which was carefully wrapped up, and rubbing it, the genie immediately appeared. "Genie," said Aladdin, "I command thee to transport this palace instantly to the place from whence it was brought hither." The genie bowed his head in token of obedience, and disappeared. Immediately the palace was transported into China, and its removal was only felt by two little shocks, the one when it was lifted up, the other when it was set down, and both in a very short interval of time.

On the morning after the restoration of Aladdin's palace, the sultan was looking out of his window, and mourning over the fate of his daughter, when he thought that he saw the vacancy created by the disappearance of the palace to be again filled up. On looking more attentively, he was convinced beyond the power of doubt that it was his son-in-law's palace. Joy and gladness succeeded to sorrow and grief. He at once ordered a horse to be saddled, which he mounted that instant, thinking he could not make haste enough to the place.

Aladdin rose that morning by daybreak, put on one of the most magnificent habits his wardrobe afforded, and went up into the hall of twenty-four windows, from whence he perceived the sultan approaching, and received him at the foot of the great staircase, helping him to dismount.

He led the sultan into the princess's apartment. The happy father embraced her with tears of joy; and the princess, on her side, afforded similar testimonies of her extreme pleasure. After a short interval devoted to mutual explanations of all that had happened, the sultan restored Aladdin to his favour, and expressed his regret for the apparent harshness with which he had treated him. "My son," said he, "be not displeased at my proceedings against you; they arose from my paternal love, and therefore you ought to forgive the excesses to which it hurried me." "Sire," replied Aladdin, "I have not the least reason to complain of your conduct, since you did nothing but what your duty required. This infamous magician, the basest of men, was the sole cause of my misfortune."

The African magician, who was thus twice foiled in his endeavour to ruin Aladdin, had a younger brother, who was as skilful a magician as himself, and exceeded him in wickedness and hatred of mankind. By mutual agreement they communicated with each other once a year, however widely separate might be their place of residence from each other. The younger brother not having received as usual his annual communication, prepared to take a horoscope and ascertain his brother's proceedings. He, as well as his brother, always carried a geomantic square instrument about him; he prepared the sand,[1] cast the points, and drew the figures.

[1] *Reml* or *Raml* signifies "sand prepared," or a preparation of sand on which are marked certain figures serving for a kind of divination, which we

On examining the planetary crystal, he found that his brother was no longer living, but had been poisoned; and by another observation, that he was in the capital of the kingdom of China; also that the person who had poisoned him was of mean birth, though married to a princess, a sultan's daughter.

When the magician had informed himself of his brother's fate, he resolved immediately to revenge his death, and at once departed for China; where, after crossing plains, rivers, mountains, deserts, and a long tract of country without delay, he arrived after incredible fatigues. When he came to the capital of China, he took a lodging at a khan. His magic art soon revealed to him that Aladdin was the person who had been the cause of the death of his brother. He had heard, too, all the persons of repute in the city talking of a woman called Fatima, who was retired from the world, and of the miracles she wrought. As he fancied that this woman might be serviceable to him in the project he had conceived, he made more minute inquiries, and requested to be informed more particularly who that holy woman was, and what sort of miracles she performed.

"What!" said the person whom he addressed, "have you never seen or heard of her? She is the admiration of the whole town, for her fasting, her austerities, and her exemplary life. Except Mondays and Fridays, she never stirs out of her little cell; and on those days on which she comes into the town she does an infinite deal of good; for there is not a person who is diseased but she puts her hand on them and cures them."

Having ascertained the place where the hermitage of this holy woman was, the magician went at night, and plunged a poignard into her heart—killed this good woman. In the morning he dyed his face of the same hue as hers, and arraying himself in her garb, taking her veil, the large necklace she wore round her waist, and her stick, went straight to the palace of Aladdin.

As soon as the people saw the holy woman, as they imagined him to be, they presently gathered about him in a great crowd. Some begged his blessing, others kissed his hand, and others,

call *Geomancy;* and the Arabs and Turks *Kikmut al Reml.* These disposed in a certain number on many unequal lines, are described also with a pen on paper; and the person who practises divination by this art is called *Rammal.* —D'Herbelot, art. *Raml.*

more reserved, only the hem of his garment; while others, suffering from disease, stooped for him to lay his hands upon them; which he did, muttering some words in form of prayer, and, in short, counterfeiting so well, that everybody took him for the holy woman. He came at last to the square before Aladdin's palace. The crowd and the noise were so great that the princess, who was in the hall of four-and-twenty windows, heard it, and asked what was the matter. One of her women told her it was a great crowd of people collected about the holy woman to be cured of diseases by the imposition of her hands.

The princess, who had long heard of this holy woman, but had never seen her, was very desirous to have some conversation with her; which the chief officer perceiving, told her it was an easy matter to bring her to her, if she desired and commanded it; and the princess expressing her wishes, he immediately sent four slaves for the pretended holy woman.

As soon as the crowd saw the attendants from the palace, they made way; and the magician, perceiving also that they were coming for him, advanced to meet them, overjoyed to find his plot succeed so well. "Holy woman," said one of the slaves, "the princess wants to see you, and has sent us for you." "The princess does me too great an honour," replied the false Fatima; "I am ready to obey her command," and at the same time followed the slaves to the palace.

When the pretended Fatima had made her obeisance, the princess said, "My good mother, I have one thing to request, which you must not refuse me; it is, to stay with me, that you may edify me with your way of living, and that I may learn from your good example." "Princess," said the counterfeit Fatima, "I beg of you not to ask what I cannot consent to without neglecting my prayers and devotion." "That shall be no hindrance to you," answered the princess; "I have a great many apartments unoccupied; you shall choose which you like best, and have as much liberty to perform your devotions as if you were in your own cell."

The magician, who really desired nothing more than to introduce himself into the palace, where it would be a much easier matter for him to execute his designs, did not long excuse himself from accepting the obliging offer which the princess made

him. "Princess," said he, "whatever resolution a poor wretched woman as I am may have made to renounce the pomp and grandeur of this world, I dare not presume to oppose the will and commands of so pious and charitable a princess."

Upon this the princess, rising up, said, "Come with me; I will show you what vacant apartments I have, that you may make choice of that you like best." The magician followed the princess, and of all the apartments she showed him, made choice of that which was the worst, saying that it was too good for him, and that he only accepted it to please her.

Afterwards the princess would have brought him back again into the great hall to make him dine with her; but he, considering that he should then be obliged to show his face, which he had always taken care to conceal with Fatima's veil, and fearing that the princess should find out that he was not Fatima, begged of her earnestly to excuse him, telling her that he never ate anything but bread and dried fruits, and desiring to eat that slight repast in his own apartment. The princess granted his request, saying, "You may be as free here, good mother, as if you were in your own cell: I will order you a dinner, but remember I expect you as soon as you have finished your repast."

After the princess had dined, and the false Fatima had been sent for by one of the attendants, he again waited upon her. "My good mother," said the princess, "I am overjoyed to see so holy a woman as yourself, who will confer a blessing upon this palace. But now I am speaking of the palace, pray how do you like it? And before I show it all to you, tell me first what you think of this hall."

Upon this question, the counterfeit Fatima, surveyed the hall from one end to the other. When he had examined it well, he said to the princess, "As far as such a solitary being as I am, who am unacquainted with what the world calls beautiful, can judge, this hall is truly admirable; there wants but one thing." "What is that, good mother?" demanded the princess; "tell me, I conjure you. For my part, I always believed, and have heard say, it wanted nothing; but if it does, it shall be supplied."

"Princess," said the false Fatima, with great dissimulation, "forgive me the liberty I have taken; but my opinion is, if it can be of any importance, that if a roc's egg were hung up in the middle

of the dome, this hall would have no parallel in the four quarters of the world, and your palace would be the wonder of the universe."

"My good mother," said the princess, "what is a roc, and where may one get an egg?" "Princess," replied the pretended Fatima, "it is a bird of prodigious size, which inhabits the summit of Mount Caucasus; the architect who built your palace can get you one."

After the princess had thanked the false Fatima for what she believed her good advice, she conversed with her upon other matters; but could not forget the roc's egg, which she resolved to request of Aladdin when next he should visit his apartments. He did so in the course of that evening, and shortly after he entered, the princess thus addressed him: "I always believed that our palace was the most superb, magnificent, and complete in the world: but I will tell you now what it wants, and that is a roc's egg hung up in the midst of the dome." "Princess," replied Alladin, "it is enough that you think it wants such an ornament; you shall see by the diligence which I use in obtaining it, that there is nothing which I would not do for your sake."

Aladdin left the Princess Buddir al Buddoor that moment, and went up into the hall of four-and-twenty windows, where, pulling out of his bosom the lamp, which after the danger he had been exposed to he alway carried about him, he rubbed it; upon which the genie immediately appeared. "Genie," said Aladdin, "I command thee in the name of this lamp, bring a roc's egg to be hung up in the middle of the dome of the hall of the palace." Aladdin had no sooner pronounced these words, than the hall shook as if ready to fall; and the genie said in a loud and terrible voice, "Is it not enough that I and the other slaves of the lamp have done everything for you, but you, by an unheard-of ingratitude, must command me to bring my master, and hang him up in the midst of this dome? This attempt deserves that you, the princess, and the palace, should be immediately reduced to ashes; but you are spared because this request does not come from yourself. Its true author is the brother of the African magician, your enemy, whom you have destroyed. He is now in your palace, disguised in the habit of the holy woman Fatima, whom he has murdered; at his suggestion your wife makes this pernicious de-

mand. His design is to kill you, therefore take care of yourself." After these words the genie disappeared.

Aladdin resolved at once what to do. He returned to the princess's apartment, and without mentioning a word of what had happened, sat down, and complained of a great pain which had suddenly seized his head. On hearing this, the princess told him how she had invited the holy Fatima to stay with her, and that she was now in the palace; and at the request of the prince, ordered her to be summoned to her at once.

When the pretended Fatima came, Aladdin said, "Come hither, good mother; I am glad to see you here at so fortunate a time. I am tormented with a violent pain in my head, and request your assistance, and hope you will not refuse me that cure which you impart to afflicted persons." So saying, he arose, but held down his head. The counterfeit Fatima advanced towards him, with his hand all the time on a dagger concealed in his girdle under his gown; which Aladdin observing, he snatched the weapon from his hand, pierced him to the heart with his own dagger, and then pushed him down on the floor.

"My dear prince, what have you done?" cried the princess, in surprise. "You have killed the holy woman!" "No, my princess," answered Aladdin, with emotion, "I have not killed Fatima, but a villain, who would have assassinated me, if I had not prevented him. This wicked man," added he, uncovering his face, "is the brother of the magician who attempted our ruin. He has strangled the true Fatima, and disguised himself in her clothes with intent to murder me." Aladdin then informed her how the genie had told him these facts, and how narrowly she and the palace had escaped destruction through his treacherous suggestion which had led to her request.

Thus was Aladdin delivered from the persecution of the two brothers, who were magicians. Within a few years afterwards, the sultan died in a good old age, and as he left no male children, the Princess Buddir al Buddoor succeeded him, and she and Aladdin reigned together many years, and left a numerous and illustrious posterity.

The Adventures of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid.

The Caliph[1] Haroun Alraschid[2] was accustomed to visit the city of Bagdad in disguise, that he might see himself into the condition of the people, and hear their reports of his court and government. On one occasion, he and his grand vizier Giafar disguised themselves as foreign merchants, and went their way through the different parts of the city. As they entered on a bridge which connected together the two parts of the city of Bagdad, divided by the River Euphrates, they met an old blind man, who asked alms. The caliph put a piece of gold into his hand, on which the blind man caught hold of his hand, and stopped him, saying, "Sir, pray forgive me; I desire you would either give me a box on the ear, or take your alms back again, for I cannot receive it but on that condition, without breaking a solemn oath which I have sworn to God; and if you knew the reason, you would agree with me that the punishment is very slight."

The caliph, unwilling to be detained any longer, yielded to the importunity of the blind man, and gave him a very slight blow: whereupon he immediately let him go, thanked and blessed him.

When they came into the town, they found in a square a great crowd of spectators, looking at a young man who was mounted on a mare, which he drove and urged full speed round the place, spurring and whipping the poor creature so barbarously, that she was all over sweat and blood.

The caliph, amazed at the inhumanity of the rider, stopped to

[1] The meaning of the word caliph is "successor or vicar," indicating the claims of the sultan to be successor of Mahomet, and hence, in a more exalted sense, the vicar of God. The caliph was the head of the religion, as well as the supreme governor.—Lane's *Edition of Arabian Nights*, vol. i. p. 205.

[2] Alraschid the Just was the third sultan of the line of the Ambassides. He was a contemporary of Charlemagne, to whom he sent an embassy, with the present of a famous clock, which, when put in motion by means of a clepsy drum, pointed out the hours, struck them by dropping little balls on a bell or drum, and caused little doors to open and a number of knights on horseback to come out as corresponded with the hours. He was the last of the caliphs who made a pilgrimage to Mecca, and he visited the prophet's shrine eight different times. He made Bagdad his capital, and the tomb of Zobeide is still shown there. He reigned A.D. 780 to 805. Gibbon gives a graphic account of the riches and splendour of Haroun Alraschid.

: the people if they knew why he used the mare so ill, but could
ı nothing, except that for some time past he had every day,
the same hour, treated her in the same manner.

: caliph, on his way to his palace, observed in a street, which had not passed through for a long time, an edifice newly built, ı seemed to him to be the palace of some one of the great : of the court. He asked the grand vizier if he knew to ı it belonged; who answered he did not, but would inquire; and thereupon asked a neighbour, who told him that the house ged to one Cogia Hassan, surnamed Alhabbal, on account of his original trade of rope-making, which he had seen him work at himself, when poor; that without knowing how fortune had favoured him, he supposed he must have acquired great wealth, as he defrayed honourably and splendidly the expenses he had been at in building.

The grand vizier rejoined the caliph, and gave him a full account of what he had heard. "I must see this fortunate rope-maker," said the caliph, "and also this blind beggar, and the young man who treated the mare so cruelly; therefore go and tell them to come to my palace." Accordingly the vizier obeyed.

The next day, after afternoon prayers, the grand vizier introduced the three persons we have been speaking of, and presented them to the caliph.

They all three prostrated themselves before the throne, and when they rose up, the caliph asked the blind man his name, who answered, it was Baba Abdalla.

"Baba Abdalla," replied the caliph, "I ordered you to come hither, to know from yourself why you made the indiscreet oath you told me of. Tell me freely, for I will know the truth."

Baba Abdalla cast himself a second time at the foot of the caliph's throne, with his face to the ground, and when he rose up, said, "Commander of the Faithful, I most humbly ask your pardon for my presumption in requiring you to box my ear. As to the extravagance of my action, I own that it must seem strange to mankind; but in the eye of God it is a slight penance for an enormous crime of which I have been guilty, and for which, if all the people in the world were each to give me a box on the ear, it would not be a sufficient atonement."

The Story of Baba Abdalla.

Commander of the Faithful, continued Baba Abdalla, I was born at Bagdad. My father and mother died while I was yet a youth, and I inherited from them an ample estate. Although so young, I neglected no opportunity to increase it by my industry. I soon became rich enough to purchase fourscore camels, which I let out to merchants, who hired them at a considerable profit to me, to carry their merchandise from one country to another.

As I was returning one day with my unloaded camels from Bussorah, whither I had carried some bales that were to be embarked for the Indies, I met a dervise, who was walking to Bussorah. I asked him whence he came, and where he was going: he put the same questions to me; and when we had satisfied each other's curiosity, we produced our provisions and ate together.

During our repast, the dervise told me of a spot not far from where we sat, in which such immense riches were collected that if all my fourscore camels were loaded with the gold and jewels that might be taken from it, they would not be missed.

I was overjoyed at this intelligence.

"You say," continued the dervise, "that you have fourscore camels: I am ready to conduct you to the place where the treasure lies, and we will load them with as much jewels and gold as they can carry, on condition that when they are so loaded, you will let me have one half, and you be contented with the other; after which we will separate, and take our camels where we may think fit. You see there is nothing but what is strictly equitable in this division; for if you give me forty camels, you will procure by my means wherewithal to purchase thousands."

I assented, though with some reluctance, to his proposal. I at once collected all my camels, and set out with the dervise. After we had travelled some time, we came to a pass, which was so narrow that two camels could not go abreast. The two mountains which bounded this valley were so high and steep that there was no fear of our being seen by anybody.

When we came into the valley between these two mountains, the dervise bade me stop the camels. He proceeded to gather some sticks, and to light a fire: he then cast some incense into it, pronouncing certain words which I did not understand, when pre-

sently a thick cloud arose. This soon dispersed, when the rock forming the side of the valley opened, and exposed to view a magnificent palace in the hollow of the mountain.

So eager was I for the treasures which displayed themselves to my view, that, like an eagle seizing her prey, I fell upon the first heap of golden coin that was near me. My sacks were all large, and I would have filled them all, but I was obliged to proportion my burden to the strength of my camels. The dervise paid more attention to the jewels than the gold, and I soon followed his example, so that we took away much more jewels than gold. When we had filled our sacks, and loaded our camels, the dervise used the same incantations to shut the treasury as he had done to open it, when the doors closed, and the rock seemed as solid and entire as it was before. I observed, however, that the dervise, before he went away, took a small vessel out of the cave and put it into his breast, first showing me that it contained only a glutinous sort of ointment.

We now divided our camels. I put myself at the head of the forty which I had reserved for myself, and the dervise placed himself at the head of those which I had given him. We came out of the valley by the way we had entered, and travelled together till we came to the great road, where we were to part; the dervise to go to Bussorah, and I to Bagdad. To thank him for so great a kindness, I made use of the most expressive terms, testifying my gratitude for the preference he had given me before all other men in letting me have a share of such riches. We embraced each other with great joy, and, taking our leave, pursued our different routes.

I had not gone far, following my camels, which paced quietly on in the track I had put them into, before the demon of ingratitude and envy took possesion of my heart, and I deploreu the loss of my other forty, but much more the riches wherewith they were loaded. "The dervise," said I to myself, "has no occasion for all this wealth, since he is master of the treasure, and may have as much as he pleases;" so I determined immediately to take the camels with their loading from him.

To execute this design, I first stopped my own camels, then ran after the dervise, and called to him as loud as I could, and made a sign to him to stop, which he accordingly did.

When I came up to him, I said, "Brother, I had no sooner parted from you, but a thought came into my head, which neither of us had reflected on before. You are a recluse dervise, used to live in tranquillity, disengaged from all the cares of the world, and intent only upon serving God. You know not, perhaps, what trouble you have taken upon yourself to take care of so many camels. If you would take my advice, you would keep but thirty; you will find them sufficiently troublesome to manage. Take my word; I have had experience."

"I believe you are right," replied the dervise; "choose which ten you please, and take them, and go on in God's keeping."

I set ten apart, and after I had driven them off, I put them in the road to follow my others. I could not have imagined that the dervise would be so easily persuaded to part with his camels, which increased my covetousness, and made me think that it would be no hard matter to get ten more: wherefore, instead of thanking him, I said to him again, "Brother, I cannot part from you without desiring you to consider once more how difficult a thing it is to govern thirty loaded camels, especially for you who are not used to such work; you will find it much better to return me as many more back as you have done already."

The dervise gave me, without any hesitation, the other ten camels; so that he had but twenty left, and I was master of sixty, and might boast of greater riches than any sovereign prince. Any one would have thought I should now have been content; but the more we have, the more we want; and I became, from my success, more greedy and desirous of the other twenty camels.

I redoubled my solicitations and importunities to make the dervise grant me ten of the twenty, which he did with a good grace: and as to the other ten he had left, I embraced him, kissed his feet, caressed and entreated him, so that he gave me these also. "Make a good use of them, brother," said the dervise, "and remember that God can take away riches as well as give them, if we do not assist the poor, whom He suffers to be in want on purpose that the rich may do them good."

I was not yet content, though I had my forty camels again, and knew they were loaded with an inestimable treasure. A thought came into my head, that the little box of ointment which the dervise showed me contained some treasure of inestimable value,

and I determined to obtain it. I had just embraced him and bade him adieu; when I again returned, and said, "That little box of ointment seems such a trifle, it is not worth your carrying away. I entreat you to make me a present of it. What occasion has a dervise, who has renounced the vanities of the world, for perfumes, or scented unguents?"

The dervise pulled it out of his bosom, and presenting it to me, said, "Here, take it, brother, and be content; if I could do more for you, you needed but to have asked me—I should have been ready to satisfy you."

When I had the box in my hand, I opened it, and looking at the unguent, said, "Since you are so good, I am sure you will not refuse to tell me the use of this ointment."

"The use is very surprising and wonderful," replied the dervise. "If you apply a little of it upon the lid of the left eye, you will see all the treasures contained in the bosom of the earth; but if you apply it to the right eyelid, it will make you blind."

"Take the box," said I to the dervise, "and apply some to my left eyelid; you understand how to do it better than I." The dervise had no sooner done so, than I saw immense treasures, and such prodigious riches, that it is impossible for me to give an account of them; but as I was obliged to keep my right eye shut with my hand, I desired the dervise to apply some of the pomatum to that eye.

"I am ready to do it," said the dervise; "but you must remember what I told you, that if you put any of it upon your right eye, you would immediately be blind; such is the virtue of the ointment."

Far from being persuaded of the truth of what the dervise said, I imagined, on the contrary, that there was some new mystery, which he meant to hide from me. "Brother," replied I, smiling, "I see plainly you wish to mislead me; it is not natural that this ointment should have two such contrary effects."

"The matter is as I tell you," replied the dervise. "You ought to believe me, for I cannot disguise the truth."

The dervise made all the resistance possible; but seeing that I would take no refusal, he took a little of the ointment, and applied it to my right eyelid. But, alas! I ceased at once to distinguish anything with either eye, and became blind as you see

"Ah, dervise!" I exclaimed, in agony, "what you forewarned me of has proved but too true. I am now sensible what a misfortune I have brought upon myself by my fatal curiosity and insatiable desire of riches; but you, dear brother," cried I, addressing myself to the dervise, "who are so charitable and good, among the many wonderful secrets you are acquainted with, have you not one to restore to me my sight again?"

"Miserable man!" answered the dervise, "you might have avoided this misfortune, but you have your deserts. The blindness of your mind was the cause of the loss of your eyes. I have no power to restore to you your sight. Pray to God, therefore; it is He alone that can restore it to you. He gave you riches, of which you were unworthy; and on that account He takes them from you again, and will by my hands give them to a man not so ungrateful as yourself."

The dervise said no more, but left me to myself, overwhelmed with confusion and grief. He then collected my camels, and drove them away to Bussorah.

I cried out loudly as he was departing, and entreated him not to leave me in that miserable condition, but to conduct me at least to the first caravanserai; but he was deaf to my prayers and entreaties. Thus deprived of sight and of all I had in the world, I should have died with affliction and hunger, if the next day a caravan returning from Bussorah had not received me charitably, and brought me back to Bagdad.

After this manner was I reduced, without remedy, from a condition of great wealth to a state of poverty. I had no other way to subsist but by asking charity, which I have done till now. But to expiate my offence against God, I enjoined on myself, by way of penance, a box on the ear from every charitable person who shall commiserate my condition and give me alms.

This, Commander of the Faithful, is the motive which caused me to make so strange a request to you. I ask your pardon once more as your slave, and submit to receive the chastisement I deserve.

"Baba Abdalla," the caliph said, "your sin has been great; but, God be praised, your self-inflicted penance proves your sorrow. But that you may forego your daily asking of alms, I give you henceforth four silver dirhems a day, which my grand vizier

shall give you daily with the penance you have imposed on yourself."

At these words, Baba Abdalla prostrated himself before the caliph's throne, returned him thanks, and wished him all happiness and prosperity.

The Story of Sidi Nouman.

The caliph next addressed himself to the young man who used his mare so ill, and demanded of him the reason of his cruel conduct.

Commander of the Faithful, he replied, my name is Sidi Nouman, and I inherited a fair estate from my parents. Having the means to support a wife, I married when quite young a woman named Amine. The first time I saw my wife without her veil was, according to our custom, after our marriage, and I was rejoiced to find that I had not been deceived in the account which I had heard of her beauty. I was, on the contrary, very much pleased with her. The day after our marriage we had a dinner of several dishes, but of none would she partake, save of a little rice, which she ate grain by grain, conveying them to her mouth with a silver bodkin. The same thing happened again at supper. The next day, and every time we ate together, she behaved after the same fashion. I saw clearly that no woman could live on the little she ate, and that there must be some mystery about her. One night, when my wife thought me fast asleep, she got up very quietly, and dressed herself, and left the chamber without the least noise. The instant she closed the door I dressed in the utmost haste, and followed her. Favoured by the light of the moon, I caught sight of her, and traced her to a burial ground near our house, where I perceived that she was joined by a female ghoul, and supposed that she would join her in her dreadful orgies. I immediately returned to my house, without having attracted her observation, and lay down again. After a short interval she came back as noiselessly as she had gone out. On the next day, as she still persisted at dinner to eat her rice grain by grain, "Amine," said I, "I have often complained to you of your eating your rice grain by grain. Tell me, are not the dishes served at my table as delicate as the dreadful repast of a ghoul?" I had scarcely said these words, when Amine, who

thoroughly understood what I meant, fell into a fearful fit of passion, and taking a glass of water, threw it in my face, and said, "Foolish man! take the form of a dog."

I had not, previously to this, known that Amine was a sorceress. But no sooner was her incantation said than I lost the human form, and found myself a dog. I was so surprised that I did not bark, nor bite, nor run away. I did not know what to do. She then took up a stick and beat me, and half opened the door, with the intention, I believe, of crushing me against the door-post as I ran out. I fortunately escaped without further injury than the loss of a part of my tail. The pain I felt made me cry and howl, as I ran along the street. This occasioned other dogs to run after and worry me. To avoid their pursuit, I ran into the shop of a man who dressed and sold sheeps' heads, tongues, and feet; and there I got shelter. I soon saw a great many dogs of the neighbourhood, drawn thither by the smell of the meat, collected round the shop of my host, waiting till he threw them something; these I joined, and so got something to eat. The next day I found shelter with a baker, who treated me kindly. Here I stayed some months. One day, as a woman was buying some bread, she gave some bad money to my master. He asked her to change it for another piece. The woman refused, and maintained it was good money. The baker asserted the contrary, and said, "The piece of money is so bad, that I am sure my dog would distinguish it. Come here," said he, calling me, and throwing down the pieces of money. "See if there is a bad piece of money among these." I looked over all the pieces, and putting my foot upon the bad one, I separated it from the rest, looking in my master's face, as if to show it him.

The baker was extremely surprised, and when the woman was gone told his neighbours what had happened. They quickly came to test my talent, and I never failed to pick out from the silver or gold pieces those which were bad, and to separate them with my foot. The report of me procured my master so much custom, he could scarcely get through it. One day a woman came to buy bread, and to test my knowledge put down six pieces of good and six pieces of bad money, and told me to separate them; I did so with my foot. On her leaving the shop she made me a sign to follow her, which I understood and obeyed.

I followed her at a distance, and reached her as she stopped at her house. I entered with her, and she presented me to her daughter. "Daughter," she said, "I have brought you the baker's famous dog, who so well knows how to distinguish false money from good. On the first report that was spread about him, you know I told you my idea of his being a man, changed into a dog by some wicked enchantment. What say you, am I deceived in my conjecture?" "You are not deceived, mother," replied the daughter, "as I shall soon convince you."

The young lady rose from her seat, took a vessel full of water, into which she dipped her hand, and throwing some of the water on me, she said, "If you were born a dog, remain a dog; but if you were born a man, resume the figure of a man, by virtue of this water." At that moment, the enchantment was broken; I lost the form of a dog, and saw myself once more a man. I immediately expressed my deep gratitude to this fair lady, and told her by what means I lost my human shape. "Sidi Nouman," said the young woman, "I try to do all the good I can with the knowledge of magic which I possess—I will yet further help you. Return to your home; and when you see Amine, your wife, in the first moment of her astonishment at the sight of you, throw over her some of this water which I now give you, pronouncing these words,—'Receive the just reward of thy cruelty.'" I did exactly according to the direction given me; and on my saying the appointed words, my wife was turned into the mare on which I rode yesterday. I punish her very often in the way you saw, to make her sensible of the cruelty of which she was guilty. I have thus, according to your command, related my history.

"Your wife's conduct deserves punishment, but I would have you henceforth forego the chastisement which I have witnessed. The degradation to her present state is a sufficient retribution. I would even wish you to seek the disenchantment of Amine, if you could be sure that she would forego her cruelties, and cease to use magical arts."

The caliph then turned to Cogia Hassan, and demanded of him a narrative of his good fortune.

History of Cogia Hassan Alhabbal.

Commander of the Faithful, my name is Hassan, but from my trade I am commonly known by the name of Hassan Alhabbal. I owe the good fortune I now enjoy to two dear friends, whose names are Saad and Saadi. Saadi is very rich. He ever maintained the opinion that wealth was essential to happiness, as without it no one could be independent. He declared further his belief that poverty is in most cases owing to a want of sufficient money to commence with; and if a man once had enough to start with, and made a right use of it, he would, in time, infallibly grow rich. Saad disputed the truth of these sentiments. He maintained that a poor man may become rich by other means as well as money, and that some have become rich by mere chance, as others have done by the possession of sufficient money to commence with.

Saadi replied, "Well, we will not dispute any more, but test our different theories by an experiment. I will give a sufficient sum of money to some honest but poor artisan, and see if he does not obtain with it wealth and ease. If I fail, then you shall try if you can succeed better by the means you may employ."

Some few days after this dispute, Saad and Saadi passed by my house as I was engaged in my trade of ropemaking. They expressed their surprise that, with all my industry, I could not contrive to extend my trade and gradually to save money. I told them that, work as hard as I would, I could with difficulty keep my wife and five children, (none of whom could render me the least help,) with rice and pulse, and that I could not find money for the first outlay of hemp and materials. After some further conversation, Saadi pulled a purse out of his bosom, and putting it into my hands, said, "Here, take this purse; it contains two hundred pieces of gold: God bless you and give you grace to make the good use of them I desire; and, believe me, my friend Saad and I shall both have great pleasure if they contribute towards making you more prosperous than you now are."

Commander of the Faithful, continued Hassan, when I had got the purse my joy was so great that my speech failed me, and I could only thank my benefactor by laying hold of the hem of

his garment and kissing it; but he drew it from me hastily, and he and his friend pursued their walk.

As soon as they were gone, I returned to my work, and my first thought was, what I should do with my purse to keep it safe. I had in my poor house neither box nor cupboard to lock it up, nor any other place where I could be sure it would not be discovered if I concealed it.

In this perplexity, I laid aside ten pieces of gold for present necessaries, and wrapt the rest up in the folds of the linen which went about my cap. Out of my ten pieces I bought a good stock of hemp, and afterwards, as my family had eaten no meat a long time, I purchased some for supper.

As I was carrying the meat home, a famished vulture flew upon me, and would have taken it away, if I had not held it very fast; but the faster I held my meat, the more the bird struggled to get it, till unfortunately in my efforts my turban fell on the ground.

The vulture immediately let go his hold of the meat, but seizing my turban, flew away with it. I cried out so loud, that I alarmed all the men, women, and children in the neighbourhood, who joined their shouts and cries to make the vulture quit his hold; but our cries did not avail, he carried off my turban, and we soon lost sight of him.

I went home very melancholy at the loss of my money. I was obliged to buy a new turban, which diminished the small remainder of the ten pieces. The little that was left was not sufficient to give me any hope of improving my condition, but I most regretted the disappointment I should occasion my benefactor.

While the remainder of the ten pieces lasted, my little family and I lived better than usual; but I soon relapsed into the same poverty, and the same inability to extricate myself from wretchedness. However, I never murmured nor repined; "God," said I, "was pleased to give me riches when I least expected them; He has thought fit to take them from me again almost at the same time, because it so pleased Him, and they were at His disposal; yet I will praise His name for all the benefits I have received, as it was His good pleasure, and submit myself, as I have ever done hitherto, to His will."

These were my sentiments, while my wife, from whom I could

not keep secret the loss I had sustained, was inconsolable. In my trouble I had told my neighbours, that when I lost my turban I lost a hundred and ninety pieces of gold; but as they knew my poverty, and could not comprehend how I should have got so great a sum by my work, they only laughed at me.

About six months after this misfortune, the two friends walking through that part of the town where I lived, called to inquire after me. "Well," said Saad, "we do not ask you how affairs go since we saw you last; without doubt they are in a better train."

"Gentlemen," replied I, "I deeply grieve to tell you, that your good wishes, and my hopes, have not had the success you had reason to expect, and I had promised myself. You will scarcely believe the extraordinary adventure that has befallen me when I tell you, on the word of an honest man, that a vulture flew away with my turban, in which for safety I had wrapped my money."

Saadi rejected my assertion, and said, "Hassan, you joke, and would deceive me. What have vultures to do with turbans, they only search for something to satisfy their hunger?" "Sir," I replied, "the thing is so publicly known in this part of the town, that there is nobody but can satisfy you of the truth of my assertions." Saad took my part, and told Saadi a great many as surprising stories of vultures, some of which he affirmed he knew to be true; who, after bidding me be more careful, at last pulled his purse out of his vestband, and counted out two hundred pieces of gold into my hand, which I put into my bosom for want of a purse. I told him that the obligation of this his second kindness was much greater than I deserved, after what had happened, and that I should be sure to make good use of his advice. I would have said a great deal more, but he did not give me time, for he went away, and continued his walk with his friend.

As soon as they were gone, I left off work, and went home, but finding neither my wife nor children within, I pulled out my money, put ten pieces on one side for present use, and wrapt up the rest in a clean linen cloth, tying it fast with a knot, and placing it for safety in an earthen vessel full of bran, which stood in a corner, which I imagined neither my wife nor children would look into. My wife came home soon after, and as I had but little hemp in the house I told her I should go out to buy some, without saying anything to her about the second present from Saadi.

While I was absent, a sandman, who sells washing-balls, which women use in the baths, passed through our street. My wife, who had no money, asked him if he would exchange his washing-balls for some bran. The sandman consented to do so, and the bargain was made.

Not long after, I came home with as much hemp as I could carry, and followed by five porters loaded also with hemp. After I had satisfied them for their trouble, I looked about me, and could not see the pot of bran. I asked my wife, in great trepidation, what was become of it; when she told me the bargain she had made with the sandman.

"Ah, unfortunate woman!" cried I, you know not what you have done. You thought you only sold the bran, but with the bran you have given the sandman a hundred and ninety pieces of gold, which Saadi this day made me a second present of.

My wife was like one distracted when she knew what she had done. She cried, beat her breast, and tore her hair and clothes. "Unhappy woman that I am," cried she, "where shall I find this sandman? I know him not, I never saw him before. O husband," added she, "you were much to blame in not communicating the secret to me."

"Wife," said I, "moderate your grief; by your cries you will alarm the neighbours, and they will only laugh at, instead of pitying us. We had best bear our loss patiently, and submit ourselves to the will of God. It is true we live but poorly; but what have the rich which we have not? Do not we breathe the same air, enjoy the same light, and the same warmth of the sun? Therefore what conveniences have they more than we, that we should envy their happiness? They die as well as we. In short, while we live in the fear of God, as we should always do, the advantage they have over us is so very inconsiderable, that we ought not to covet it."

My wife and I comforted ourselves with these reflections, and I pursued my trade with as much alacrity as before these two mortifying losses which followed one another so quickly. The only thing that troubled me sometimes was, how I should look Saadi in the face when he should come and ask me how I had improved his two hundred pieces of gold.

After some time, Saad and Saadi again called to inquire of my

progress. Each still entertained their former differing opinions as to the result of Saadi's repeated liberality. I saw them at a distance, but made as if I had not seen them. I applied very earnestly to my work, and never lifted up my eyes till they were close to me and had saluted me. I told them at once my last misfortune, and that I was as poor as when they first saw me. After that, I said, "Could I guess that a sandman would come by that very day, and my wife give him in exchange a pot of bran which had stood there for many years?" You may indeed allege that I ought to have told my wife of it; but I will never believe that such prudent persons, as I am persuaded you are, would have given me that advice; and if I had put my money anywhere else, what certainty could I have had that it would be more secure?

"I see, sir," said I, addressing myself to Saadi, "that it has pleased God, whose ways are secret and impenetrable, that I should not be enriched by your liberality, but that I must remain poor; however, the obligation is the same as if it had wrought the desired effect."

After these words I was silent; and Saadi replied, "I do not regret the four hundred pieces of gold I gave you to raise you in the world. I did it in duty to God, without expecting any recompense but the pleasure of doing good, and for the sake of an experiment I wished to make." Then turning about to his friend, "Saad," continued he, "you may now make your experiment, and let me see, that there are ways, besides giving money, to make a poor man's fortune. Let Hassan be the man. I dare say, whatever you may give him he will not be richer than he was with four hundred pieces of gold." Saad had a piece of lead in his hand, which he showed Saadi. "You saw me," said he, "take up this piece of lead, which I found on the ground; I will give it Hassan, and you shall see what it comes to be worth."

Saadi burst out a laughing at Saad. "What is that bit of lead worth?" said he, "a farthing! What can Hassan do with that?" Saad presented it to me, and said, "Take it, Hassan: let Saadi laugh, you will tell us some news of the good luck it has brought you one time or another." I thought Saad was in jest, and had a mind to divert himself; however, I took the lead, and thanked him. The two friends pursued their walk, and I fell to work again.

At night when I pulled off my clothes to go to bed, the piece

of lead, which I had never thought of from the time he gave it me, tumbled out of my pocket. I took it up, and laid it on the place that was nearest me. The same night it happened that a fisherman, a neighbour, mending his nets, found a piece of lead wanting; and it being too late to buy any, as the shops were shut, and he must either fish that night, or his family go without bread the next day, he called to his wife and bade her inquire among the neighbours for a piece. She went from door to door on both sides of the street, but could not get any, and returned to tell her husband her ill success. He asked her if she had been to several of their neighbours, naming them, and among the rest, my house. "No, indeed," said the wife, "I have not been there; I know by experience they never have anything when one wants it." "No matter," said the fisherman, "you must go there; for though you have been there a hundred times before without getting anything, you may chance to obtain what we want now."

The fisherman's wife came and knocked at my door. I asked her what she wanted? "Hassan," said she, "my husband wants a bit of lead to load his nets with; and if you have a piece, desires you to give it him."

The piece of lead which Saad had given me was so fresh in my memory, that I could not forget it. I told my neighbour I had some; and if she would stay a moment my wife should give it to her. Accordingly, my wife, who was wakened by the noise as well as myself, got up, and groping about where I directed her, found the lead, opened the door, and gave it to the fisherman's wife, who was so overjoyed that she promised my wife, that in return for the kindness she did her and her husband, she would answer for him we should have the first cast of the nets.

The fisherman was so much rejoiced to see the lead, which he so little expected, that he much approved his wife's promise. He finished mending his nets, and went a fishing two hours before day, according to custom. At the first throw he caught but one fish, about a yard long, and proportionable in thickness; but afterwards had a great many successful casts.

When the fisherman had done fishing, he went home, where his first care was to think of me. I was extremely surprised, when at my work, to see him come to me with a large fish in his hand. "Neighbour," said he, "my wife promised you last night, in re-

turn for your kindness, whatever fish I should catch at my first throw; and I approved her promise. It pleased God to send me no more than this one for you, which, such as it is, I desire you to accept. Had He sent me my net full, they should all have been yours."

"Neighbour," said I, "the bit of lead which I sent you was such a trifle, that it ought not to be valued at so high a rate: neighbours should assist each other in their little wants. I have done no more for you than I should have expected from you had I been in your situation; therefore, I would refuse your present, if I were not persuaded you gave it me freely, and that I should offend you; and since you will have it so, I take it, and return you my hearty thanks."

After these civilities, I took the fish, and carried it home to my wife. My wife was much startled to see so large a fish. "What would you have me do with it?" said she. "Our gridiron is only fit to broil small fish; and we have not a pot big enough to boil it." "That is your business," answered I. "Dress it as you will, I shall like it either way." I then went to my work again.

In gutting the fish, my wife found a hard clear substance which she took for a piece of glass. She gave it to the youngest of our children for a plaything, and his brothers and sisters handed it about from one to another, to admire its brightness and beauty.

At night when the lamp was lighted, and the children were still playing with the clear substance taken from the fish, they perceived that it gave a light when my wife, who was getting them their supper, stood between them and the lamp, upon which they snatched it from one another to try it; and the younger children fell a-crying, that the elder would not let them have it long enough in the dark.

I then called to the eldest to know what was the matter, who told me it was about a piece of glass, which gave a light. Upon hearing this, I bade my wife put out the lamp, and we found that the piece of glass gave so great a light, that we might see to go to bed without the lamp. I placed the bit of glass upon the chimney to light us. "Look," said I, "this is a great advantage that Saad's piece of lead procures us: it will spare us the expense of oil."

When the children saw the lamp was put out, and the bit of glass supplied the place, they cried out so loud, and made so

great a noise from astonishment, that it alarmed the neighbourhood.

Now, there was but a very slight partition-wall between my house and my next neighbour's, who was a very rich Jew, and a jeweller; and the chamber that he and his wife lay in joined to ours. They were both in bed, and the noise my children made awakened them.

The next morning the jeweller's wife came to mine to complain of being disturbed out of their first sleep. "Good neighbour Rachel," (which was the Jew's wife's name,) said my wife, "I am very sorry for what happened, and hope you will excuse it: you know the children will laugh and cry for a trifle. See here; it was this piece of 'glass which I took out of the fish that caused all the noise."

"Indeed, Ayesha," (which was my wife's name,) said the jeweller's wife, "I believe as you do it is a piece of glass; but as it is more beautiful than common glass, and I have just such another piece at home, I will buy it, if you will sell it."

The children, who heard them talking of selling their plaything, presently interrupted their conversation, crying and begging their mother not to part with it, who, to quiet them, promised she would not.

The Jewess being thus prevented from obtaining the supposed piece of glass by my children, went away; but first whispered to my wife, who followed her to the door, if she had a mind to sell it, not to show it to anybody without acquainting her. Rachel could not rest satisfied till she had made her husband acquainted with what she had seen in my house, and immediately went to his stall in the bezetzein to acquaint the Jew with her discovery. On her return home, she came again privately, and asked her if she would take twenty pieces of gold for the piece of glass she had shown her.

My wife, thinking the sum too considerable for a mere piece of glass as she had thought it, would not make any bargain; but told her, she could not part with it till she had spoken to me. In the meantime, I came from my work to dinner. As they were talking at the door, my wife stopped me, and asked if I would sell the piece of glass she had found in the fish's belly for twenty pieces of gold, which our neighbour offered her. I returned no answer;

but called to mind the confidence with which Saad, in giving me the piece of lead, told me it would make my fortune. The Jewess, fancying that the low price she had offered was the reason I made no reply, said, "I will give you fifty, neighbour, if that will do."

As soon as I found that she rose so suddenly from twenty to fifty, I told her that I expected a great deal more. "Well, neighbour," said she, "I will give you a hundred, and that is so much, I know not whether my husband will approve my offering it." At this new advance, I told her I would have a hundred thousand pieces of gold for it; that I saw plainly that the diamond, for such I now guessed it must be, was worth a great deal more, but to oblige her and her husband, as they were neighbours, I would limit myself to that price, which I was determined to have; and if they refused to give it, other jewellers should have it, who would give a great deal more.

The Jewess confirmed me in this resolution, by her eagerness to conclude a bargain, and by coming up at several biddings to fifty thousand pieces of gold, which I refused. "I can offer you no more," said she, "without my husband's consent. He will be at home at night, and I would beg the favour of you to let him see it;" which I promised.

At night the Jew himself came home. "Neighbour Hassan," said he, "I desire you would show me the diamond your wife showed to mine." I brought him in, and showed it to him. He looked at and admired it a long time. "Well, neighbour," said he, "my wife tells me she offered you fifty thousand pieces of gold; I will give you twenty thousand more."

"Neighbour," said I, "your wife can tell you that I value my diamond at a hundred thousand pieces, and I will take nothing less." He haggled a long time with me, in hopes that I would make some abatement; but finding that I was positive, and for fear that I should show it to other jewellers, he at last concluded the bargain on my own terms, and fetched two bags of a thousand pieces each, as an earnest. The next day he brought me the sum we had agreed for at the time appointed, and I delivered to him the diamond.

Having thus sold my diamond, and being rich infinitely beyond my hopes, I thanked God for His bounty; and would have gone and thrown myself at Saad's feet to express my gratitude, if I had

known where he lived; as also at Saadi's, to whom I was first obliged, though his good intention had not the same success.

Afterwards I thought of the use I ought to make of so considerable a sum. My wife proposed immediately to buy rich clothes for herself and children; to purchase a house and furnish it handsomely. I told her we ought not to begin with such expenses; "for," said I, "money should only be spent so that it may produce a fund from which we may draw without its failing. This I intend, and shall begin to-morrow."

I spent all that day and the next in going to the people of my own trade, who worked as hard every day for their bread as I had done; and giving them money beforehand, engaged them to work for me in different sorts of ropemaking, according to their skill and ability, with a promise not to make them wait for their money, but to pay them as soon as their work was done.

By this means I engrossed almost all the business of Bagdad, and everybody was pleased with my exactness and punctual payment.

As so great a number of workmen produced a large quantity of work, I hired warehouses in several parts of the town to hold my goods, and appointed over each a clerk, to sell both wholesale and retail, and by this economy received considerable profit and income. Afterwards, to concentrate my business, I bought ground, and built the house you saw yesterday, which, though it makes so great an appearance, consists, for the most part, of warehouses for my business, with apartments for myself and family.

Some time after I had removed to this house, Saad and Saadi, who had scarcely thought of me from the last time they had been with me, called on me in my former habitation, and learnt, to their great surprise, that I was become a great manufacturer, and was no longer called plain Hassan, but Cogia Hassan Alhabbal.

They immediately set out to visit me in my new abode. I saw my two friends as they approached my gate. I rose from my seat, ran to them, and would have kissed the hem of their garments; but they would not suffer it, and embraced me. I assured them I had not forgotten that I was poor Hassan the ropemaker, nor the obligations I had to them; but were this not the case, I knew the respect due to them, and begged them to sit down in the place of honour, and I seated myself opposite to them.

Then Saadi, addressing himself to me, said, "Cogia Hassan, I cannot express my joy to see you. I am persuaded that those four hundred pieces I gave you have made this wonderful change in your fortune."

Saad did not at all agree with this speech of Saadi's. When he had done, he said to him, "Saadi, I am vexed that you still persist in not believing the statements Hassan has already made you. I believe those two accidents which befell him are true: but let him speak himself, and say to which of us he most owes his present good fortune."

After this discourse of the two friends, I said, addressing myself to them both, "Gentlemen, I will declare to you the whole truth with the same sincerity as before." I then told them every circumstance of the history which I have now related to you, Commander of the Faithful.

All my protestations had no effect on Saadi. "Cogia Hassan," replied he, "the adventure of the fish and of the diamond found in his stomach, appears to me as incredible as the vulture's flying away with your turban, and the exchange made by your wife with the sandman. Be it as it may, I am equally convinced that you are no longer poor, but rich, as I intended you should be by my means; and I rejoice sincerely."

As it grew late, they arose to depart; when I stopped them, and said, "There is one favour I have to ask. I beg of you to stay with me to-night, and to-morrow I will carry you by water to a small country house, which I have bought, and we will return in the evening.

"If Saad has no business that calls him elsewhere," said Saadi, "I consent." Saad told him that nothing should prevent him enjoying his company.

While supper was being prepared, I showed my benefactors my house and all my offices. I call them both benefactors, without distinction; because without Saadi, Saad would never have given me the piece of lead; and without Saad, Saadi would not have given me the four hundred pieces of gold. Then I brought them back again into the hall, where they asked me several questions about my concerns; and I gave them such answers as satisfied them.

During this conversation, my servants came to tell me that

supper was served up. I led them into another hall, where they admired the manner in which it was lighted, the furniture, and the entertainment I had provided. I regaled them also with a concert of vocal and instrumental music during the repast, and afterwards with a company of dancers, and other entertainments, endeavouring as much as possible to show them my gratitude.

The next morning, as we had agreed to set out early to enjoy the fresh air, we repaired to the river side by sunrise, and went on board a pleasure-boat, well carpeted, that waited for us; and in less than an hour and a half, with six good rowers and the stream, we arrived at my country house.

Afterwards we walked in the gardens, where was a grove of orange and lemon trees, loaded with fruit and flowers, which were planted at equal distances, and watered by channels cut from a neighbouring stream. The pleasant shade, the fragrant smell which perfumed the air, the soft murmurings of the water, the harmonious notes of an infinite number of birds, were so delightful, that they frequently stopped to express how much they were obliged to me for bringing them to so exquisite a place, and to offer me their congratulations. I led them to the end of the grove, which was very long and broad, where I showed them a wood of large trees, which terminated my garden.

Two of my boys, whom I had sent into the country, with a tutor, for the air, had gone just then into the wood; and seeing a nest, which was built in the branches of a lofty tree, they bade a slave climb the tree for it. The slave, when he came to it, was much surprised to find it composed of a turban. He took it, brought it down, and as he thought that I might like to see a nest that was so uncommon, he gave it to the eldest boy to bring to me.

The two friends and I were very much surprised at the novelty; but I much more, when I recognised the turban to be that which the vulture had flown away with. After I had examined it well, and turned it about, I said to my guests, "Gentlemen, can you remember the turban I had on the day you did me the honour first to speak to me?" "I do not think," said Saad, "that either my friend or I gave any attention to it; but if the hundred and ninety pieces of gold are in it, we cannot doubt of it."

"Sir," replied I, "there is no doubt but it is the same turban;

for, besides that I know it perfectly well, I feel by the weight it is too heavy to be any other, and you will perceive this if you give yourself the trouble to take it in your hand." Then, after taking out the young birds, I put it into his hands, and he gave it to Saadi.

"Now, sir," added I, taking the turban again, "observe well before I unwrap it, that it is of no very fresh date in the tree; and the state in which you see it, and the nest so neatly made in it, are sufficient proofs that the vulture dropped or laid it in the tree upon the day it was seized."

While I was speaking, I pulled off the linen cloth which was wrapped about the cap of the turban, and took out the purse, which Saadi knew to be the same he had given me. I emptied it before them, and said, "There, gentlemen, there is the money, count it, and see if it be right;" which Saad did, and found it to be one hundred and ninety pieces of gold. Then Saadi, who could not deny so manifest a truth, addressing himself to me, said, "I agree, Cogia Hassan, that this money could not serve to enrich you, but the other hundred and ninety pieces, which you would make me believe you hid in a pot of bran, might." "Sir," answered I, "I have told you the truth in regard to both sums, and I shall hope yet to prove it to your satisfaction."

After this we returned, and entered the house, just as dinner was being served. After dinner, I left my guests to take their siesta during the heat of the day, while I went to give orders to my gardener. Afterwards I returned to them again, and we talked of indifferent matters till it grew a little cooler; when we returned into the garden for fresh air, and stayed till sunset. We then mounted our horses, and after a ride of two hours reached Bagdad by moonlight.

It happened, by some negligence of my grooms, that we were then out of grain for the horses, and the storehouses were all shut up; when one of my slaves, seeking about the neighbourhood, met with a pot of bran in a shop; bought the bran, and brought the pot along with him, promising to carry it back again the next day. The slave emptied the bran, and dividing it among the horses, felt a linen cloth tied up, and very heavy; he brought the cloth to me in the condition that he found it, and presented it to me. I at once knew what it was, and said to my two benefactors, "Gentlemen,

it has pleased God that you should not part from me without being fully convinced of the truth of what I have assured you. There are the other hundred and ninety pieces of gold which you gave me," continued I, addressing myself to Saadi, "I know it well by the cloth, which I tied up with my own hands;" and then I told out the money before them. I ordered the pot to be brought to me, knew it to be the same; and sent to my wife to ask if she recognised it. She sent me word that it was the same pot she had exchanged full of bran for the scouring-earth.

Saadi readily submitted, renounced his incredulity, and said to Saad, "I yield to you, and acknowledge that money is not always the means of becoming rich."

When Saadi had spoken, I said to him, "I dare not propose to return you the three hundred and eighty pieces of gold which it hath pleased God should be found, to undeceive you as to the opinion of my honesty. I am persuaded that you did not give them to me with an intention that I should return them; and if you approve of my proposal, to-morrow I will give them to the poor, that God may bless us both."

The two friends lay at my house that night also; and next day, after embracing me, returned home. I thanked them both, and regarded the permission they gave me to cultivate their friendship, and to visit them, as a great honour.

The caliph, at the conclusion of this story, said, "Cogia Hassan, I have not for a long time heard anything that has given me so much pleasure, as having been informed of the wonderful ways by which God gave thee thy riches. Thou oughtest to continue to return Him thanks, and to use well His blessings. That same diamond which made thy fortune is now in my treasury; and I am happy to learn how it came there: but because there may remain in Saadi some doubts on the singularity of this diamond, which I esteem the most precious and valuable jewel I possess, I would have you carry him and Saad to my treasurer, who will show it them."

After these words, the caliph signified to Cogia Hassan, Sidi Nouman, and Baba Abdalla, by a bow of his head, that he was satisfied with them; they all prostrated themselves at the throne, and retired.

History of the Lady who was Murdered by her Husband.

The Caliph Haroun Alraschid, with his vizier Giafar, disguised themselves on another occasion, and left the palace at nightfall. After passing through several of the larger squares and markets at Bagdad, they entered a small street, and perceived by the light of the moon a tall man, with a white beard, who carried nets on his head, and a staff in his hand. At the request of the caliph the vizier addressed the old man, who replied, "Sir, I am a fisherman, and very poor. I went from my house about noon a fishing, and from that time to this I have not been able to catch one fish; at the same time I have a wife and small children, and nothing to maintain them."

The caliph, moved with compassion, said to the fisherman, "Hast thou the heart to go back and cast thy net once more? We will give thee a hundred sequins for what thou shalt bring up." At this proposal, the fisherman, forgetting all his day's toil, returned to the Tigris, accompanied by the caliph, Giafar, and Mesrour.

They came to the bank of the river, and the fisherman having thrown in his net, when he drew it again, brought up a trunk close shut, and very heavy. The caliph made the grand vizier pay him one hundred sequins immediately, and sent him away. Mesrour, by his master's order, carried the trunk on his shoulder, and the caliph, eager to know what it contained, returned to the palace with all speed. When the trunk was opened, they found in it a large basket made of palm-leaves, shut up, and the covering of it sewed with red thread. To satisfy the caliph's impatience, they cut the thread with a knife, and took out of the basket a package wrapt up in a sorry piece of hanging, and bound about with a rope; which being untied, they found, to their great amazement, the dead body of a young lady, cut in small pieces.

The caliph, when he saw this dreadful spectacle, was moved beyond measure. His astonishment was succeeded by a severe displeasure, and turning away in anger, "O Vizier," he said, "is this your government of my people? Do they commit with impunity such impious murders under thy ministry in my capital? If thou dost not within three days find for me the murderer of this woman, I will cause thee and forty more of thy kindred to be put to death."

The vizier Giafar went home in great perplexity. "Alas!" said he, "how is it possible that in such a vast and populous city as Bagdad I should be able in three days to detect the doer of this deed of guilt? Any other vizier would take some wretched person out of prison, and cause him to be put to death to satisfy the caliph; but I will rather die than preserve my life by the sacrifice of another innocent person."

The officers of the police and justice sought everywhere for the criminal, but all their endeavours were to no purpose; they could not discover the murderer, so that the vizier concluded his life to be lost. On the third day, while the stakes were being prepared, and orders were sent to seize forty Bermecides in their houses, a public crier was sent about the city by the caliph's order, to make this proclamation:—"Those who have a desire to see the grand vizier Giafar impaled, with forty of his kindred, let them come to the square before the palace."

When all things were ready, the cadi and the officers belonging to the palace brought out the grand vizier with the forty Bermecides, and set each by the stake designed for him. The multitude of people that filled the square could not without grief and tears behold this tragical sight;[1] for the grand vizier and the Bermecides were loved and honoured on account of their probity, bounty, and impartiality, not only in Bagdad, but through all the dominions of the caliph.

While they were thus prepared, and waiting for the signal of the execution, a young man of prepossessing appearance, pressed through the crowd till he came up to the grand vizier, and after he had saluted him, said, "Most excellent vizier, chief of the emirs of this court, and comforter of the poor, you are not guilty of the crime for which you stand here. Withdraw, and let me expiate the death of the lady whose body was thrown into the Tigris. I am the murderer, and I deserve to be punished for my offence."

Scarcely had he spoken these words, when an old man, forcing

[1] The caliph did put to death his celebrated prime minister, and his kinsmen. Gibbon writes:—"His title to the name of Alraschid the Just is sullied by the extirpation of the generous, perhaps the innocent, Bermecides; yet he could listen to the complaint of a poor widow who had been pillaged by his troops, who dared in a passage from the Koran to threaten the inattentive despot with the judgment of God and of posterity."—*Decline and Fall*, c. lii.

his way through the crowd, called out aloud, "Do not believe what this young man tells you; I killed that lady who was found in the chest, and I conjure you not to punish the innocent for the guilty."

The controversy between the old and the young man induced the grand vizier to carry them both before the caliph. When he came before the prince, he kissed the ground seven times, and spake after this manner:—"Commander of the Faithful, I have brought here before your majesty this old and this young man, each of whom declares himself to be the sole murderer of this lady." "Go," said the caliph to the grand vizer, "and cause them both to be impaled." "But, sir," said the vizier, "if only one of them be guilty, it would be unjust to take the lives of both." At these words the young man spoke again, I swear by Him who raised the heavens, that I am the man who killed the lady, cut her in pieces, and about four days ago threw her into the Tigris. I am he that ought to suffer." The caliph being surprised at this oath, believed him, especially since the old man made no answer; and turning to the young man, he said, "What made thee do this deed, and what is it that moves thee to confess it? I command thee to relate to me all the circumstances of thy history."

Commander of the Faithful, this murdered lady was my wife, daughter of this old man, who is my uncle. She was not above twelve years old when he gave her to me to wife. I have three children by her, all boys, yet alive; and she never offended me, but made it her whole business to serve and please me. And on my part, I ardently loved her, and in everything rather acceded to than opposed her wishes.

About two months ago, she fell sick; I took all imaginable care of her, and spared nothing that could promote her speedy recovery. "I long for some apples," she said one day; "I have longed for them a great while, and I must own that if I be not satisfied very soon, I fear some misfortune will befall me."

I went immediately round all the markets and shops in the town to seek for apples, but I could not get one, though I offered to pay a sequin apiece. I happened at last to meet an old gardener, who told me that all my pains would signify nothing, for I could not expect to find apples anywhere but in your majesty's garden at Bussorah. As I loved my wife passionately, and would not

neglect to satisfy her, I dressed myself in a traveller's habit, and after I had told her my design, went to Bussorah, and made my journey with such speed, that I returned at the end of fifteen days with three apples, which cost me a sequin apiece, for as there were no more left, the gardener would not let me have them for less. As soon as I came home, I presented them to my wife, but her longing had ceased. She satisfied herself with receiving them, and laid them down by her. In the meantime, she continued sickly, and I knew not what remedy to procure for her relief.

Some few days after I returned from my journey, sitting in my shop in the public place where all sorts of fine stuffs are sold, I saw an ugly tall black slave pass by with an apple in his hand, which I knew to be one of those I had brought from Bussorah. I called to him, and said, "Good slave, prithee tell me where thou hadst this apple?" "It is a present," said he, smiling, "from my mistress. I went to see her to-day. I saw three apples lying by her, and asked her where she had them. She told me the good man, her husband, had made a fortnight's journey on purpose, and brought them to her. And when I took my leave of her, I brought away this apple." On hearing this account, which seemed too true, I rose, shut up my shop, ran home with all speed, and going to my wife's chamber, looked immediately for the apples, and seeing only two, asked what was become of the third. My wife, turning her head to the place where the apples lay, and perceiving there were but two, answered me coldly, "Cousin, I know not what has become of it." At this reply I was convinced what the slave had told me was true; and giving myself up to madness and jealousy, drew my knife from my girdle, and killed my wife. I afterwards put her body in the trunk, and when night came, carried it on my shoulder down to the Tigris, and sunk it.

On my return, I found my eldest child sitting by my gate, weeping. I asked him the reason. "Father," said he, "I took this morning from my mother, without her knowledge, one of those three apples you brought her; but as I was playing some time ago with my little brother in the street, a tall slave passing by snatched it out of my hands, and carried it away. I ran after him, demanding it back, and besides told him that it belonged to my mother, who was sick, and that you had made a fortnight's journey to procure it; but all to no purpose—he would not restore it. And as

I still followed him, crying out, he turned and beat me, and then ran away as fast as he could, till I lost sight of him. I have since been waiting for your return, to pray you, dear father, not to tell my mother of it, lest it should make her worse." When he had thus spoken, he fell a-weeping again more bitterly than before.

My son's account afflicted me beyond measure. I then found myself guilty of an enormous crime, and repented too late of having so easily believed the calumnies of a wretched slave, who, from what he had learnt of my son, had invented that fatal falsehood.

You have now heard all the circumstances of my crime, and I must humbly beg of you to order the punishment due for it. How severe soever it may be, I shall not in the least complain, but esteem it too easy and light.

The caliph was astonished at the young man's story, and said, "The wicked slave is the sole cause of this murder; he alone must be punished: wherefore," continued he, looking upon the grand vizier, "I give you three days time to find him out; if you do not bring him within that space, you shall die in his stead." The unfortunate Giafar, who had thought himself out of danger, was perplexed at this order of the caliph; he departed very melancholy to his house, convinced that he had but three days to live. "Is it possible," said he, "that in such a city as Bagdad, where there is an infinite number of black slaves, I should be able to find him out that is guilty? Unless God be pleased to interpose, as He hath already done, to detect the murderer, nothing can save my life."

On the third day, as the afflicted vizier was being led out to the presence of the caliph previous to his execution, they brought him his youngest daughter, about five or six years of age, to receive his last blessing. He prayed the messenger to give him leave to stop a moment, and taking his daughter in his arms, kissed her several times: as he kissed her, he perceived she had something in her bosom that looked bulky, and had a sweet scent. "My dear little one," said he, "what hast thou in thy bosom?" "My dear father," she replied, "it is an apple which our slave Rihan sold me for two sequins."

At these words, "apple" and "slave," the grand vizier uttered an exclamation of surprise, intermixed with joy, and putting his hand into the child's bosom, pulled out the apple. He caused the slave,

who was not far off, to be brought immediately, and when he came, "Rascal," said he, "where hadst thou this apple?" "My lord," replied the slave, "I swear to you that I neither stole it in your house, nor out of the Commander of the Faithful's garden; but the other day, as I was passing through a street where three or four children were at play, one of them having it in his hand, I snatched it from him, and carried it away. The child ran after me, telling me it was not his own, but belonged to his mother, who was sick; and that his father, to satisfy her longing, had made a long journey, and brought home three apples, whereof this was one, which he had taken from his mother without her knowledge. He said all he could to prevail upon me to give it him back, but I refused, and so brought it home, and sold it for two sequins to the little lady your daughter."

Giafar could not reflect without astonishment that the evil conduct of a slave had been the cause of an innocent woman's death, and nearly of his own. He carried the slave along with him, and when he came before the caliph, gave the prince an exact account of what the slave had told him.

The caliph was greatly astonished, and said, "The slave ought to die, as he has been the occasion of an innocent death." "I must own it," said the vizier; "but I remember the wonderful history of a vizier of Cairo, and am ready to relate it, upon condition that if your majesty finds it more astonishing than that which gives me occasion to tell it, you will pardon my slave." "I consent," said the caliph. Upon this, Giafar began his story thus:—

The Story of Noureddin Ali and his Son.

Commander of the Faithful, there was formerly a famous sultan of Egypt, just, merciful, and brave. This sultan had a vizier, who was prudent, wise, sagacious, and well versed in all sciences. This minister had two sons, who in everything followed him as closely as his own shadow. The eldest was named Schemseddin Mahommed, and the youngest Noureddin Ali.

The vizier their father being dead, the sultan caused them both to put on the robes of a vizier. "I am sorry," said he, "for the loss of your father; and I will bestow his dignity upon you conjointly; go, and imitate your father's example.

The two new viziers humbly thanked the sultan, and from that time the elder or the younger of the brothers ever accompanied him, and this honour they had by turns. Not long after their elevation to the viziership, as they were conversing together in private after their evening repast, the next day being the elder brother's turn to hunt with the sultan, he said to his younger brother, "Since neither of us is yet married, and we live so affectionately together, let us both wed the same day sisters out of some noble family. What do you think of this plan?" "Brother," answered the other vizier, "there cannot be a better thought; I will agree to anything you approve." "But this is not all," said the elder. "Suppose we both have families, you a son and I a daughter, we will give them to each other in marriage." "Yea," said Noureddin aloud, "such a marriage will perfect our union, and I willingly consent to it. But then, brother," said he, further, "if this marriage should happen, would you expect that my son should settle a jointure on your daughter?" "There is no difficulty in that," replied the other; "for I am persuaded, that besides the usual articles of the marriage-contract, you will not fail to promise in his name at least three thousand sequins, three landed estates, and three slaves." "No," said the younger, "I will not consent to that. Are we not brethren, and joint viziers? Do not you and I know what is just? The boy being nobler than the girl, it is your part to give a large dowry with your daughter. By what I perceive, you are a man that would have your business done at another's charge."

Although Noureddin spoke these words in jest, his brother was offended, and said, "A plague upon your son, since you prefer him before my daughter; you must needs have lost your judgment to think you are my equal because we are colleagues. I would have you to know, that since you are so vain, I would not marry my daughter to your son though you would give him more than you are worth. It does not become a younger brother to speak so insolently to his elder as you have done to me." Upon this he retired to his apartment in anger.

Schemseddin rising early next morning, attended the sultan, who went to hunt near the pyramids. As for Noureddin, he, supposing it would not be possible to live longer with a brother who had spoken so roughly to him, provided a stout mule, furnished himself with money and jewels, and having told his people that he

was going on a private journey for two or three days, departed from the city.

When out of Cairo, he rode by way of the desert towards Arabia; but on his mule becoming lame, he was forced to continue his journey on foot. A courier who was going to Bussorah, by good fortune overtaking him, took him up behind him. As soon as the courier reached that city, Noureddin alighted, and returned him thanks for his kindness. As he went about to seek for a lodging, he saw an officer of high rank with a numerous retinue, to whom all the people showed the greatest respect, and stood still till he had passed. This was the grand vizier to the Sultan of Bussorah, who was going through the city to see that the inhabitants kept good order and discipline.

This minister, casting his eyes by chance on Noureddin Ali, looked very attentively upon him; and as he saw him in a traveller's habit, stopped his train, asked him who he was, and from whence he came. "Sir," said Noureddin, "I am from Cairo, and have left my country because of the unkindness of a near relation; I am resolved to travel through the world, and rather to die than return home." The grand vizier, who was a good-natured man, after hearing these words, said to him, "Son, beware; do not pursue your design; you are not sensible of the hardships you must endure. Follow me; I may perhaps make you forget the misfortunes which have forced you to leave your own country."

Noureddin followed the grand vizier, who soon discovered his good qualities, and conceived for him so great an affection, that one day he said to him in private, "My son, I am, as you see, old and so far gone in years that it is not probable I shall live much longer. I have one only daughter; and as I prefer you before all those who have demanded her, I am ready to accept you for my son-in-law. If you like the proposal, I will acquaint the sultan my master that I have adopted you by this marriage, and entreat him to grant you the reversion of my dignity as grand vizier in the kingdom of Bussorah."

Noureddin fell down at the vizier's feet, and expressed his joy and gratitude. Upon this the vizier sent for his chief domestics, ordered them to adorn the great hall of his palace, and prepare a splendid feast. He afterwards sent to invite the nobility of the t and city to honour him with their company; and when they

were all met, he informed them of the reasons for which he desired to make Noureddin his son-in-law. They witnessed the marriage, which was celebrated with splendid entertainments and unusual rejoicings, and wished him length of days to see his children's children.

Schemseddin, on his return from hunting with the sultan, was much surprised to learn of his brother's departure from Cairo. He was grieved the more, because he did not doubt but the harsh words he had used had occasioned his flight. He sent a messenger in search of him, who went to Damascus, and as far as Aleppo, but Noureddin was then at Bussorah. When the courier returned and brought no news of him, Schemseddin intended to make further inquiry after him in other parts; but, in the meantime, matched with the daughter of one of the greatest lords in Cairo, upon the same day on which his brother married the daughter of the grand vizier of Bussorah. And it so happened, by a strange coincidence, that Schemseddin had a daughter born to him at Cairo on the very same day that Noureddin had a son born at Bussorah. The latter called the name of his son Bedreddin Hassan.

The grand vizier of Bussorah testified his joy for the birth of his grandson by gifts and public entertainments. And to show his son-in-law the great esteem he had for him, he went to the palace, and most humbly besought the sultan to grant Noureddin Ali his office, and to make him grand vizier in his stead.

The sultan readily granted his father-in-law's request, and caused Noureddin immediately to be invested with the robe and insignia of the viziership, such as state drums, standards, and writing apparatus of gold, richly enamelled and set with jewels.

The next day, when the father saw his son-in-law preside in council, as he himself had done, and perform all the offices of grand vizier, his joy was complete. Noureddin Ali conducted himself with that dignity and propriety which showed him to have been used to state affairs, and gained the approbation of the sultan, and the reverence and affection of the people.

The old vizier of Bussorah died about four years afterwards, and was laid with his fathers with every token of respect and grief. Noureddin Ali, having performed his last duty to his father-in-law, devoted himself to the education of his son, who

showed a ready wit and an aptitude for instruction. At the age of seven[1] he had learnt to read the Koran, and before he was twelve years old had perfected himself, under masters and tutors, in a variety of exercises, and of knowledge which became his high station. He was also remarkable for his personal beauty. At the end of his twelfth year he was introduced to the sultan, who received him graciously, and the people who saw him in the streets gave him a thousand blessings.

His father, proposing to render him capable of supplying his place, accustomed him to business of the greatest moment. In short, he omitted nothing to advance a son he loved so well. But as he began to enjoy the fruits of his labour, he was suddenly seized by a violent fit of sickness, and finding himself very ill, and likely to die, he sent for his son, and gave him a book, saying, "Take and read it at your leisure. You will find, among other things, an account of your father, of the country he came from, of your own relations, of the day of your birth. These are circumstances which perhaps you may hereafter have occasion to know, therefore you must keep it very carefully."

Bedreddin Hassan being sincerely afflicted to see his father in this condition, and sensibly touched with his discourse, could not but weep when he received the memorandum-book, and promised at the same time never to part with it.

That very moment Noureddin fainted, so that it was thought he would have expired; but he came to himself again, and spoke as follows:—

"My son, the first instruction I give you is, Do not make yourself too familiar with all sorts of people. The way to live happy is to keep your mind to yourself, and not to tell your thoughts too easily.

"Secondly, Do violence to no one, for in that case you will escape many enemies.

[1] In a curious history of an English boy rescued on the field of battle, and brought up among the Affghans, there is a curious confirmation of this proficiency of education attributed to Bedreddin:—"I had now had enough of reading and writing, and was advanced to the higher branches of Affghan education, which consisted of riding, shooting, and sword exercise. I was seven years old when I was sent to a military school. I had four men to teach me. They beat me if I was afraid of riding or shooting. I was a very quick pupil at these things."—*Lost Among the Affghans*, p. 7.

"Thirdly, Speak not when you are angry; for, as the proverb says, 'He that keeps silence is out of danger.' You also know what one of our poets says upon this subject, 'That silence is the ornament and safeguard of life; that our speech ought not to be like a storm of hail that spoils all.' Never did any man yet repent of having spoken too little, whereas many have been sorry that they spoke so much.

"Fourthly, Drink no wine, for that is the source of all vices.

"Fifthly, Be frugal in your way of living. I do not mean you should be either profuse or niggardly; for though you have little, if you husband it well, and lay it out on proper occasions, you will have many friends; but if, on the contrary, you have great riches, and make but a bad use of them, all the world will forsake you, and leave you to yourself."

In short, the virtuous Noureddin continued till the expiration of his breath to give good advice to his son; and when he was dead there was a sore mourning for him.

Noureddin Ali was buried with all the honours due to his rank. Bedreddin Hassan of Bussorah, for so he was called, because born in that city, was so overwhelmed with grief for the death of his father, that instead of a month's time to mourn, according to custom, he kept himself shut up in tears and solitude for more than two months, without seeing anybody, or so much as going abroad to pay his duty to his sovereign. The sultan being displeased at his neglect, called for the new grand vizier, (for he had created another on the death of Noureddin,) and commanded him to go to the house of the deceased, and seize upon it, with all his other houses, lands, and effects, without leaving anything for Bedreddin Hassan, and to confine his person.

The new grand vizier accompanied by his officers went immediately to execute his commission. But one of Bedreddin Hassan's slaves happening accidentally to come into the crowd, no sooner understood the vizier's errand than he ran before to give his master warning. He found him sitting in the vestibule of his house, as melancholy as if his father had been but newly dead. He fell down at his feet, out of breath, and after he had kissed the hem of his garment, cried out, "My lord, save yourself immediately." The unfortunate youth, lifting up his head, exclaimed, "What news dost thou bring?" "My lord," said he, "there is no

time to be lost; the sultan is incensed against you, and has sent to confiscate your estates, and to seize your person."

The words of this faithful and affectionate slave occasioned Bedreddin Hassan great alarm. The unhappy youth rose hastily from his sofa, put his feet in his slippers,[1] and after he had covered his head with the skirt of his vest, that his face might not be known, fled, without knowing what way to go, to avoid the impending danger.

He went on till he came to the public burying-ground,[2] and as it was growing dark, resolved to pass that night in his father's tomb. It was a large edifice, covered by a dome, which Noureddin Ali, as is common with the Mussulmans, had erected for his sepulture. On the way he met a Jew, who was a banker and merchant, and was returning from a place where his affairs had called him to the city. The Jew, knowing him, stopped and saluted him very courteously.

"My lord," said the Jew, (who did not know the true reason why Bedreddin had left the town,) "your father of happy memory, and my good lord, had store of merchandise in several vessels, which are yet at sea, and belong to you; I beg you to grant me the permission to purchase it before any other merchant. I am able to pay down ready money for all the goods that are in your ships: and to begin, if you will give me those that happen to come in the first that arrives in safety, I will pay you down a thousand sequins in part payment," and drawing

[1] "In these countries people are very much distinguished by the dress of their head and of their feet. They are fined if they do not follow this custom."—Pocock's *Travels in Egypt*, p. 19. Green is a colour worn by none but by relations of Mahommed. The dress of the women is not unlike that of the men.

[2] We often read in these tales of persons resorting to the burial ground for safety. The following remark may explain the cause of this, and show that persons might find a temporary shelter in "the square chambers" referred to in this extract:—

"In Eastern cities a great extent of ground is allotted for this purpose. Each family has a particular portion of it walled in like a garden, where the bodies of their friends are placed. The graves of the principal citizens are further distinguished by some square chambers or cupolas built over them."—Burder's *Oriental Customs*, p. 282.

M. Bernard Picart describes the cemeteries of the Mahommedans as being outside their cities, and of great extent.

out a bag from under his vest, he showed it him sealed up with a seal.

Bedreddin Hassan being banished from home, and dispossessed of all that he had in the world, looked on this proposal of the Jew as a favour from heaven, and therefore accepted it with joy. "Since it is so, my lord," said he, "be pleased to favour me with a small note of the bargain we have made." As he spoke, he pulled the inkhorn from his girdle, and taking a small reed out of it neatly cut for writing, presented it to him with a piece of paper. Bedreddin Hassan wrote these words:—

"This writing is to testify, that Bedreddin Hassan of Bussorah has sold to Isaac the Jew, for the sum of one thousand sequins, received in hand, the lading of the first of his ships that shall arrive in this port."

This note he delivered to the Jew, after having stamped it with his seal, and then took his leave of him.

While Isaac pursued his journey to the city, Bedreddin made the best of his way to his father's tomb. When he came to it, he prostrated himself to the ground, and, with his eyes full of tears, deplored his miserable fate. "Alas!" said he, "unfortunate Bedreddin, what will become of thee? Whither canst thou fly for refuge against the unjust prince who persecutes thee? Was it not enough to be afflicted by the death of so dear a father?" He continued a long time in this posture, but at last rose up, and leaning his head upon his father's tombstone, his sorrows returned more violently than before; so that he sighed and mourned, till, overcome with heaviness, he sunk upon the floor, and dropped asleep.

He had not slept long, when a genie, who had retired to the cemetery during the day, and was intending, according to his custom, to range about the world at night, entered the sepulchre, and finding Bedreddin lying on his back, was surprised at his beauty.

At last, after he had satisfied himself with looking at him, he took a flight into the air, where meeting with a peri, they saluted one another; after which he said to her, "Pray descend with me into the cemetery, where I dwell, and I will show you a beauty worthy your admiration." The peri consented, and both descended in an instant at the tomb. "Look," said the genie, show-

ing her Bedreddin Hassan, "did you ever see a youth more beautiful?"

The peri having attentively observed the youth, replied, "I must confess that he is very handsome, but I am just come from seeing an object at Cairo, more beautiful than this; and if you will hear me, I will relate her unhappy fate." "You will very much oblige me," answered the genie. "You must know, then," said the peri, "that the Sultan of Egypt has a vizier, Schemseddin Mahommed, who has a daughter most beautiful and accomplished. The sultan having heard of this young lady's beauty, sent the other day for her father, and said, 'I would have your daughter for my bride: will not you consent?' The vizier, who did not expect this proposal, was troubled, and instead of accepting it joyfully, which another in his place would certainly have done, answered the sultan: 'May it please your majesty, I am not worthy of the favour you would confer upon me. You know that I had a brother, who had the honour, as well as myself, to be one of your viziers: we had some difference together, which was the cause of his leaving me suddenly. Since that time I have had no account of him till within these four days, that I heard he died at Bussorah, being grand vizier to the sultan of that kingdom. He has left a son, and there having being an agreement between us to match our children together, I am persuaded he intended that match when he died; and being desirous to fulfil the promise on my part, I conjure your majesty to grant me permission.' The sultan of Egypt, incensed at this denial of his vizier, said to him, in anger which he could not restrain:—'Is this the way in which you requite my condescension in stooping so low as to desire your alliance? I know how to revenge your presumption in daring to prefer another to me, and I swear that your daughter shall be married to the basest of my slaves.' Having thus spoken, he angrily commanded the vizier to quit his presence. The vizier retired to his palace full of confusion and overwhelmed in despair. The very same day the sultan sent for one of his slaves, an ugly, crook-legged fellow; and caused the contract of marriage between him and the grand vizier's beautiful daughter to be made and signed by witnesses in his own presence. The preparations for this fantastical wedding are all ready, and this very moment all the slaves

belonging to the lords of the court of Egypt are waiting, each with a flambeau in his hand, for the crookbacked bridegroom, who is at the bath, to accompany him, in mock procession, to his bride; and when I departed from Cairo, the ladies of the court were assembled to conduct the bride, in her nuptial attire, to the hall, where she is to receive her humpbacked husband. I have seen her, and do assure you that no person can behold her without admiration."

When the peri left off speaking, the genie said to her, "Whatever you think or say, I cannot be persuaded that the girl's beauty exceeds that of this young man." "I will not dispute it with you," answered the peri; "for I must confess he deserves to be married to that charming creature; and I think it were a worthy deed in us to obstruct the Sultan of Egypt's injustice, and put this young gentleman in the room of the slave." "You are in the right," answered the genie; "I am extremely obliged to you for so good a thought; let us deceive the Sultan of Egypt, and let us comfort a distressed father, and make his daughter as happy as she thinks herself miserable. I will carry him to Cairo before he awakes, and afterwards leave it to your care to accomplish our design."

The peri and the genie having thus concerted what they had to do, the genie lifted up Bedreddin Hassan gently, and with an inconceivable swiftness, conveyed him through the air, and set him down at the door of the bath, where the train of slaves waited. Bedreddin awoke, and was alarmed at finding himself in the middle of a city he knew not. He was about to cry out, but the genie touched him gently on the shoulder, and forbade him to speak. He then put a torch in his hand, saying, "Go and mix with the crowd at the door of the bath; follow them till you come into a hall, where they are going to celebrate a marriage. The bridegroom is a humpbacked fellow, and by that you will easily know him. Put yourself at the right hand as you go in, open the purse of sequins you have in your bosom, distribute them among the musicians and dancers as they go along; and when you are got into the hall, give money also to the female slaves you see about the bride; but every time you put your hand in your purse, be sure to take out a whole handful, and do not spare them. Observe to do everything exactly as I have desired you; be not

afraid of any person, and leave the rest to a superior power, who will order matters as he thinks fit."

Bedreddin being well instructed in all that he was to do, advanced towards the door of the bath. The first thing he did was to light his torch at that of a slave; and then mixing among them as if he belonged to some nobleman of Cairo, he marched along as they did, and followed humpback, who came out of the bath, and mounted a horse out of the sultan's own stable.

Coming near to the musicians and men and women dancers, who went just before the bridegroom, he pulled out, time after time, whole handfuls of sequins, which he distributed among them; and as he thus gave his money with an unparalleled grace and dignity, all who received it fixed their eyes upon him, and were so fascinated that they could not withdraw their attention from him.

At last they came to the gates of Schemseddin's palace, who little thought his nephew was so near. The door-keepers, to prevent any disorder, kept back all the slaves that carried torches, and would not admit them. Bedreddin was likewise refused; but the musicians, who had free entrance, stood still, and protested they would not go in, if they hindered him from accompanying them. "He is not one of the slaves," said they; "look upon him, and you will soon be satisfied." And saying thus, they put him in the midst of them, and carried him with them in spite of the porters. They took his torch out of his hand, gave it to the first they met, and having brought him into the hall, placed him at the right hand of the humpbacked bridegroom, who sat near the vizier's daughter on a couch[1] most richly adorned.

She appeared very lovely, but in her face there was nothing to be seen but vexation and grief. The nuptial seat was on a raised dais. The ladies of the emirs, viziers, those of the sultan's bedchamber, and several other ladies of the court and city, were placed on each side, a little lower, every one according to her rank, and richly dressed, holding a large wax taper in her hands.

When they saw Bedreddin Hassan, so admirable was his form, modesty, dignity, and beauty of countenance, that they all fixed their eyes upon him, and came near to have a full view of his face, and all found themselves moved with love and admiration.

The striking disparity between Bedreddin and the humpbacked

[1] The musnud, a cushioned seat reserved for persons of distinction.

bridegroom occasioned great murmuring among the company; insomuch that the ladies cried out, "This handsome young man should be the bridegroom."

They also mocked the bridegroom, so as to put him out of countenance, to the great satisfaction of the spectators, whose shouts for some time put a stop to the concert of music in the hall. At last the musicians began again, and the women who had dressed the bride surrounded her.

Each time the bride changed her dress,[1] which it was the custom to do seven different times, she arose, and followed by her women, passed before the bridegroom without deigning to look at him, and went to present herself to Bedreddin Hassan, to show herself to him in her new ornaments. Bedreddin then, according to the instructions he had received from the genie, put his hand into the purse and pulled out handfuls of sequins, which he distributed among the women that followed the bride. Nor did he forget the players and dancers, but also threw money to them. It was pleasant to see how they pushed one another to gather it up.

When the ceremony of changing the dresses was passed, the music ceased and the company retired. The bride repaired to the nuptial-chamber, whither her attendants followed to undress her, and none remained in the hall but the slave bridegroom, Bedreddin, and some of the attendants. Bedreddin having no excuse for staying any longer, now withdrew. Before, however, he reached the end of the hall, the genie and peri met him and commanded him to return, and assured him that he should yet be the husband of the vizier's beautiful daughter.

While the peri thus encouraged Bedreddin, and instructed him how he should behave himself, the slave bridegroom went out of the room to an adjoining chamber. Here the genie appeared to him in the shape of a monstrous cat, mewing at a most fearful rate. The slave clapped his hands to drive her away, but instead of retreating, she stood upon her hinder feet, staring with her eyes like fire, looking fiercely at him, mewing louder than she did at

[1] "A wedding," says Dr Russell, "is one of the principal opportunities which the women have of displaying their wardrobes, and for this reason they bring a variety of apparel with them, and change their dress two or three times. In Hindostan they do it more frequently, often nine times, during the nuptial assembly, especially the bride, whose last suit is always the richest, over which she wears a veil of red gauze stripped with gold or silver."

first, and assumed the form of an ass. At this sight he would have cried out for help, but his fear was so great, that he stood gaping and could not utter one word. That he might have no time to recover, the genie changed himself immediately into a large buffalo. At this sight the affrighted bridegroom cast himself upon the ground, and covering his face with his vest, that he might not see this dreadful beast, "Sovereign prince of buffaloes," said he, "what is it you want of me?" "Woe be to thee," replied the genie, "hast thou the presumption to venture to marry my mistress?" "O my lord," said the bridegroom, "I pray you to pardon me; command me in anything you please, I am ready to obey you." "If thou goest out from hence," replied the genie, "or speakest a word till the sun rises, it shall cost thee thy life." When the genie had done speaking, he transformed himself into the shape of a man, and after having set the slave against the wall with his head downwards, "If thou stir," said he, "before the sun rise, as I have told thee already, I will take thy life."

Prompted by the genie and the presence of the peri, Bedreddin returned to the hall, from whence he slipped into the bride-chamber, where he sat down, expecting the success of his adventure. After a while the bride arrived, conducted by an old matron, who came no farther than the door, without looking in to see whether it were the slave or another that was there, and then retired.

The beautiful bride was agreeably surprised to find instead of the slave a handsome youth, who gracefully addressed her. "It is time, fair lady, that I should explain to you to what I owe the happiness of being admitted to your presence. The sultan had a mind to make himself merry, by putting this trick upon the vizier your father, but I am the favoured man chosen to be your real husband. You might have observed how the ladies, the musicians, the dancers, your women, and all the servants of your family, were pleased with this comedy. The slave is already sent to his stable again."

At this discourse the vizier's daughter (who was more like one dead than alive when she came into the bride-chamber) put on a gay air, which made her so handsome, that Bedreddin was charmed with her graces.

Towards morning, while the two lovers were asleep, the genie, who had met again with the peri, went into the bedchamber where the two lovers were fast asleep, took up Bedreddin in his under vest and drawers, and with wonderful swiftness flew away with him to the gates of Damascus in Syria, and laid him softly on the ground close by the gate, just at the time when the officers of the mosques were calling the people to prayers at break of day. The gate of the city being opened, and many people assembled, they were surprised to see a youth lying in his shirt and drawers[1] upon the ground. His surprise was as great as theirs, when he awoke and found himself at the gate of a city, and encompassed by a crowd of people gazing at him. "Inform me," said he, "where I am, and what you would have?" One of the crowd spoke to him, saying, "Young man, do not you know that you are at one of the gates of Damascus?" "At one of the gates of Damascus!" answered Bedreddin; "surely you mock me. When I lay down to sleep last night I was at Cairo." "My son," said an old man to him, "you know not what you say. How is it possible that you being this morning at Damascus, could be last night at Cairo?" "It is true," said Bedreddin, "and I swear to you, that I was all day yesterday at Bussorah." He had no sooner said this than all the people fell into a fit of laughter. One among the company said to him, "My son, you must certainly be crazed —you do not consider what you say. Is it possible that a man could yesterday be at Bussorah, the same night at Cairo, and this morning at Damascus? Surely you are asleep still; come, rouse up your spirits." "What I say," answered Bedreddin Hassan, "is so true, that last night I was married in the city of Cairo. My bride was seven times brought before me, each time dressed in a different habit, and I rescued her from an ugly humpbacked fellow, to whom they intended to give her. Besides, I want to

[1] "The dress of men in the East consists of a pair of drawers next to the skin, and over them a shirt, and a doliman made of satin, tafiety, or other neat stuff, which reaches down to their feet, like a close-bodied cassock. It is quilted in winter. This they gird about with a sash or leathern belt, which is sometimes adorned, and in which they carry two daggers ornamented with precious stones. Their heads are covered with a crimson velvet cap, about which they wrap a red or white turban, which is a scarf of linen many ells long."—Thevenot's *Travels*.

know what is become of my vest, my turban, and the bag of sequins I had at Cairo?"

After Bedreddin Hassan had confidently affirmed all that he said to be true, he rose up to go into the town, and they who followed him called out, "A madman!" "A fool!" Upon this, some looked out at their windows, some came to their doors, and others joined with those that were about him, calling out as they did, "A madman!"[1] but not knowing for what. In this perplexity the affrighted young man happened to come before a pastry-cook's shop, and went into it to avoid the rabble.

The pastry-cook asked him who he was, and what brought him thither. Bedreddin told him all he knew of his own history, and of the amazement he was in when he found himself at Damascus, without being able to penetrate into all the wonderful adventures of the preceding night.

"Your history is one of the most surprising," said the pastry-cook; "but if you will follow my advice, you will let no man know those matters you have revealed to me, but patiently wait till Heaven thinks fit to put an end to your misfortunes. You shall be welcome to stay with me till then; and as I have no children, I will own you for my son, if you consent. After you are so adopted, you may freely walk the city, without being exposed any more to the insults of the rabble."

Bedreddin was glad to accept of the pastry-cook's proposal, judging it the best thing he could do, considering his circumstances. The cook clothed him, called for witnesses, and went before a notary, where he acknowledged him for his son. After this, Bedreddin lived with him under the name of Hassan, and learned his trade.

While this passed at Damascus, the daughter of Schemseddin awoke, and finding Bedreddin gone, supposed he had risen softly for fear of disturbing her, but would soon return. As she was in expectation of him, her father the vizier (who was vexed at the affront put upon him by the sultan) came and knocked at her chamber-door, to bewail her sad destiny. He called her by her name, and she knowing him by his voice, immediately got up and

[1] "I was in a most wretched condition. Every one was my enemy. The boys tormented me in the streets, and I was pointed at and derided on all sides."—*Lost Among the Affghans*, p. 339.

opened the door. She kissed his hand, and received him with so much pleasure in her countenance, that she surprised the vizier, who expected to find her drowned in tears, and as much grieved as himself.

When the bride perceived her father's displeasure at the joy which brightened her features, she said, "My lord, I entreat you not to reproach me so unjustly. It is not the vile slave I have married. Everybody laughed him to scorn, and put him so out of countenance, that he was forced to run away and hide himself, to make room for a noble youth, who is my real husband." "What fable do you tell me?" said Schemseddin, roughly, and went out to seek the youth of whom his daughter gave him so pleasing a description; but instead of finding him, stumbled upon the slave, with his head on the ground, and his heels uppermost, as the genie had set him against the wall. "What is the meaning of this?" said he; "who placed you thus?" "I will take care how I stir," said the slave, "unless the sun be risen. Know, sir, that when I came last night to your palace, suddenly a black cat appeared to me, and in an instant grew as big as a buffalo. I have not forgotten what he enjoined me, therefore you may depart, and leave me here." The vizier, instead of going away, took him by the heels, and made him stand up, when hump-back ran off, without looking behind him, and coming to the palace presented himself to the sultan, who laughed heartily when informed how the genie had served him.

Schemseddin returned to his daughter's chamber more astonished than before. "My daughter," said he, "can you give me no further light in this miraculous affair?" "Sir," replied she, "I can give you no other account than I have done already. Here are my husband's clothes, which he put off last night; perhaps you may find something among them that may solve your doubt." She then showed him Bedreddin's turban, which he examined narrowly on all sides, saying, "I should take this to be a vizier's turban, if it were not made after the Bussorah fashion." But perceiving something to be sewed between the stuff and the lining, he called for scissors, and having ripped it, he found the paper which Noureddin Ali had given to his son upon his deathbed, and which Bedreddin had sewn in his turban for security.

Schemseddin having opened the paper, knew his brother's hand,

and found this superscription, "For my son, Bedreddin Hassan." Before he could make any reflections upon it, his daughter delivered him the bag that lay under the garments, which he likewise opened, and found it full of sequins; for, notwithstanding all the liberality of Bedreddin, it was still kept full by the genie and peri. He read the following words upon a note in the bag:—"A thousand sequins, belonging to Isaac the Jew." And these lines underneath, which the Jew had written—"Delivered to my lord, Bedreddin Hassan, for the cargo of the first of those ships that formerly belonged to the noble vizier his father, of blessed memory, sold to me upon its arrival in this place." He had scarcely read these words, when he groaned heavily, and fainted away.

The vizier Schemseddin being recovered from his fit, by the aid of his daughter and the women she called to her assistance; "Daughter," said he, "your bridegroom is your cousin, the son of my beloved and deceased brother. The thousand sequins in the bag reminds me of a quarrel I had with him, and is without doubt the dowry he gives you. Bismillah! Praise be to God for all things, and particularly for this miraculous adventure, which demonstrates His almighty power!" Then looking again upon his brother's writing, he kissed it several times, shedding tears.

He looked over the book, from beginning to end. In it he found the date of his brother's arrival at Bussorah, of his marriage, and of the birth of his son; and when he compared them with the day of his own marriage, and the birth of his daughter at Cairo, he wondered at the exact coincidence which appeared in every circumstance.

The happy discovery put him into such a transport of joy, that he took the book, with the ticket of the bag, and showed them to the sultan, who pardoned what was past; and was so much pleased with the relation of this adventure, that he caused it, with all its circumstances, to be put in writing for the information of posterity.

Meanwhile, the vizier Schemseddin could not comprehend the reason why his nephew did not appear; he expected him every moment, and was impatient to receive him to his arms. After he had waited seven days in vain, he searched through all Cairo, but could procure no intelligence of him, which threw him into great perplexity. "This is the strangest occurrence," said he, "that

ever happened." In order to certify it, he thought proper to draw up in writing, with his own hand, an account of the story, as given by his daughter—how the hall and bed-chamber were furnished, with the other circumstances. He likewise made the turban, the bag, and the rest of Bedreddin's raiment into a bundle, and locked them up.

In the course of time, the vizier's daughter gave birth to a son. A nurse was provided for the child, besides other women and slaves to wait upon him; and his grandfather called him Agib.[1]

When young Agib had attained the age of seven, the vizier put him to school with a master who was in great esteem, and two slaves were ordered to wait upon him. Agib used to play with his schoolfellows; and as they were all inferiôr to him in rank, they showed him great respect, according to the example of their master, who many times would pass by faults in him that he would correct in his other pupils. This indulgence spoiled Agib: he became proud and insolent, would have his playfellows bear all from him, and would submit to nothing from them, but be master everywhere; and if any took the liberty to thwart him, he would call them a thousand names, and many times beat them.

In short, all the scholars grew weary of his insolence, and complained of him to their master. He answered, that they must have patience. But when he saw that Agib grew still more and more overbearing, and occasioned him much trouble, "Children," said he to his scholars, "I find Agib is a little insolent gentleman; I will show you how to mortify him, so that he shall never torment you any more."

Next day when they were gathered together, they failed not to follow their master's instructions. They placed themselves round Agib, and one of them called out, "Let us begin a play, but on condition, that he who cannot tell his own name, and that of his father and mother, shall not play at all." They all cried out, and so did Agib, "We consent." Then he that spoke first asked every one the question, and all fulfilled the condition except Agib, who answered, "My name is Agib, my mother is called the lady of beauty, and my father Schemseddin Mahommed, vizier to the sultan."

At these words all the children cried out, "Agib, what do you

[1] This word in Arabic signifies "wonderful."

say? That is not the name of your father, but your grandfather." "What!" said he in a passion, "dare you say that the vizier is not my father?" "No, no," cried they, with great laughter, "he is your grandfather, and you shall not play with us." Having spoken thus, they all left him, scoffing him, and laughing among themselves, which mortified Agib that much that he wept.

The schoolmaster, who was near and heard all that passed, came up, and speaking to Agib, said, "Agib, do not you know that the vizier is not your father, but your grandfather, and the father of your mother the lady of beauty? We know not the name of your father any more than you do. We only know that the sultan was going to marry your mother to one of his slaves, a humpbacked fellow, when somebody else married her and disappeared the next morning, nobody knows how. This is hard upon you, but ought to teach you to treat your schoolfellows with less haughtiness."

Agib being greatly aggrieved, ran hastily out of the school, and went sobbing to his mother's chamber, who being alarmed to see him thus grieved, asked the reason. He could not answer for tears.

When he came to himself, "Mother," said he, "do tell me who is my father? Whose son am I?" At this question, the lady of beauty calling to mind her wedding, which had been succeeded by a long widowhood, began to shed tears.

Whilst the lady of beauty and Agib were both weeping, the vizier entered, who demanded the reason of their sorrow. The lady told him the shame Agib had undergone at school, which so much affected the vizier that he joined his tears with theirs.

Being thus afflicted, he went to the sultan's palace, and falling prostrate at his feet, most humbly entreated permission to make a journey in search of his nephew Bedreddin.

The sultan was much concerned at the vizier's affliction, approved his resolution, and gave him leave to travel. He caused a passport also to be written for him, requesting in the strongest terms all kings and princes in whose dominions Bedreddin might sojourn, to grant that the vizier might conduct him to Cairo.

At last, having wished the sultan all manner of prosperity, he took his leave and returned to his house, where he disposed everything for his journey. In four days after he left the city, accom-

panied by his daughter, the lady of beauty, and his grandson, Agib.

They travelled nineteen days without intermission; but on the twentieth, arriving at a pleasant mead, pitched their tents upon the banks of a river at a short distance from the gate of Damascus,[1] one of the pleasantest towns in Syria, once the capital of the caliphs; and celebrated for its elegant buildings, the politeness of its inhabitants, and the abundance of its conveniences.

The vizier declared he would stay in that pleasant place two days, and pursue his journey on the third. In the meantime he gave his retinue leave to go into the city, and almost all of them made use of it: some influenced by curiosity to see a city they had heard so much of, and others by the opportunity of vending the Egyptian goods they had brought with them, or buying stuffs, and the rarities of the country. The beautiful lady desiring her son Agib might share in the satisfaction of viewing that celebrated city, ordered the black attendant who acted as his governor, whose name was Shaban, to conduct him thither.

Agib, in magnificent apparel, went with Shaban, who had a large cane in his hand. They had no sooner entered the city, than

[1] "Damascus is one of the most ancient and famous cities in the world. It still contains a population of nearly 200,000 persons. It lies on the Barrada. Nothing can exceed the beauty of its position. For many miles the city is girded by fertile gardens, which, being abundantly watered, abound with olive trees. It contains about five hundred houses, which are entitled to the name of palaces. All their splendour is confined to the interior, which contains a number of gorgeous apartments, courts, terraces, and galleries, adorned with marble pavement, mosaics, friezes, painted and gilded, and with ceilings canopied in gold and brilliant colours. These houses are sumptuously furnished with rich sofas, Persian carpets, mirrors, and fountains. The city is well supplied with ice and snow brought down from the neighbouring mountains, and iced water mixed with the juice of figs or currants is sold in profusion at the numerous sherbet shops on the banks of the river skirting the city. Rich saddles and bridles are made here, and to this city we are indebted for the damask rose, damask napkin, and damascene or damson tree. The following account of a place of resort at Damascus at this day will be interesting: 'Here are to be seen parties by the roadside, some smoking, others engaged in loud and merry conversation, and others amusing themselves and their children. The women enveloped in snow-white muslin robes, with one of a dark gauze, their usual dress. The men of the city mounted on horses, or on fine mules, or asses richly caparisoned, others sauntering on foot, or reposing on the banks either smoking, playing at chess, or touching the Arnaout guitar to their songs.'" —*Encyclopædia Britannica*, eighth edition, vol. vii., p. 640.

Agib, fair and glorious as the day, attracted the eyes of the people. Some got out of their houses to gain a nearer and narrower view of him; others put their heads out of the windows, and those who passed along the street were not satisfied in stopping to look upon him, but kept pace with him, to prolong the pleasure of the agreeable sight: in fine, there was not a person that did not admire him, and bestow a thousand benedictions on the father and mother of so fine a child. When he and Shaban passed by the shop of Bedreddin Hassan, the crowd was so great, that they were forced to halt.

The pastry-cook who had adopted Bedreddin Hassan had died some years before, and left him his shop and all his property, and he conducted the trade so dexterously, that he had gained great reputation in Damascus. Bedreddin seeing so great a crowd before his door, who were gazing so attentively upon Agib and the black attendant, stepped out to see them himself.

Bedreddin having cast his eyes upon Agib, found himself moved, he knew not how, nor for what reason. He laid aside his business, and with an engaging air said to him: "My little lord, thou delight of my soul, be so kind as to come into my shop, and taste such dainties as I have, that I may have the pleasure of admiring you at my ease." These words he pronounced with such tenderness that tears trickled from his eyes. Little Agib was moved when he saw his tears, and said, "This honest man speaks in such a kind way, let us step into his house and taste his pastry." "It would be a fine thing truly," replied the slave, "to see the son of a vizier go into a pastry-cook's shop to eat; do not imagine that I will suffer any such thing!" "My good friend," continued Bedreddin, addressing himself to the attendant, "pray do not hinder your young master from granting me the favour I ask; do not put such mortification upon me: rather do me the honour to walk in along with him. Do you know," continued he, "that I am master of the secret to make you white, instead of being black as you are?" This set Shaban a-laughing, and without further hesitation he suffered Agib to go into the shop, and went in with him himself.

Bedreddin was overjoyed at having obtained what he had so passionately desired, and falling again to the work he had discontinued, "I was making," said he, "cream-tarts; and you must,

with submission, eat of them. I am persuaded you will find them good; for my own mother, who made them incomparably well, taught me, and the people send to buy them of me from all quarters of the town." This said, he took a cream-tart out of the oven, and after strewing upon it some pomegranate kernels and sugar, set it before Agib, who found it very delicious.

Another was served up to Shaban, who gave the same judgment.

While they were both eating, Bedreddin viewed Agib very attentively; and after looking upon him again and again, it came into his mind that possibly he might have had such a son by his charming wife, from whom he had been so soon and so cruelly separated; and the very thought drew tears from his eyes. He intended to have put some questions to little Agib about his journey to Damascus; but the child had no time to gratify his curiosity, for the attendant, pressing him to return to his grandfather's tent, took him away as soon as he had done eating. Schemseddin started from Damascus according as he promised on the third day after his arrival. He went by way of Emaus, Hanah, and Halep; then crossed the Euphrates, and after passing through Mardin, Moussoul, Singier, Diarbeker, and several other towns, arrived at last at Bussorah. The sultan admitted him to his presence, received him very favourably, and inquired the occasion of his journey to Bussorah. "Sire," replied the vizier, "I come to know what is become of the son of my brother, Noureddin Ali, who has had the honour to serve your majesty." "He has been long dead," said the sultan, "his son disappeared suddenly, about two months after his father's death, and nobody has seen him since, notwithstanding all the inquiry I ordered to be made. But his mother, who is the daughter of one of my viziers, is still alive, and resides still in the same place where her husband Noureddin lived." Schemseddin desired leave of the sultan to take her to Egypt; and having obtained permission, without waiting till the next day, inquired after her place of abode, and that very hour went to her house, accompanied with his daughter and his grandson. At his entry he kissed the gate, and the piece of marble upon which his brother's name was written in letters of gold. He asked to speak with his sister-in-law, and was told by her servants that she was in a small building covered by a dome, to which they directed him, in the middle of a very spacious court. This tender mother

used to spend the greatest part of the day and night in that room, which she had built as a representation of the tomb of her son Bedreddin Hassan, whom she supposed to be dead after so long an absence. She was pouring tears over his memorial when Schemseddin entering found her buried in the deepest affliction. He made his compliment, and after beseeching her to suspend her tears and sighs, informed her he had the honour to be her brother-in-law, and that he had reason to believe that his nephew, her son, was still alive, and that to search for him was the purpose of his visit to Bussorah. The widow of Noureddin heard these tidings with much pleasure, and assenting to accompany him, ordered preparations to be made for her departure. While they were making, Schemseddin desired a second audience, and after taking leave of the sultan, who dismissed him with ample marks of respect, and gave him a considerable present for himself, and another of great value for the Sultan of Egypt, he set out from Bussorah once more for the city of Damascus.

When he arrived in the neighbourhood of Damascus, he ordered his tents to be pitched without the gate at which he designed to enter the city; and gave out he would tarry, as before, three days, to give his suit rest, and buy up curiosities to present to the Sultan of Egypt.

While he was employed in selecting the finest stuffs which the principal merchants had brought to his tents, Agib begged Shaban to carry him through the city, in order to see what he had not had leisure to view before; and to inquire what was become of the pastry-cook who had treated them so well. The attendant, complying with his request, went along with him towards the city, after leave obtained of the beautiful lady his mother.

They entered Damascus by the Paradise Gate, which lay next to the tents of the vizier. They walked through the great squares and the public places where the richest goods were sold, and knelt in the superb mosque at the hour of prayer, between noon and sunset. When they passed by the shop of Bedreddin Hassan, "I salute you, sir," said Agib. "Do you know me?" Bedreddin hearing these words, fixed his eyes upon him, and recognising him, felt (such was the surprising effect of paternal love) the same emotion as when he saw him first. "My lord," said he, "be so kind as to come once more with your governor into my house,

and taste a cream-tart." Agib and the attendant again entered into his shop.

Bedreddin immediately presented them with a cream-tart, as delicate and good as that they had tasted the first time. He did not eat, but made it his business to serve his guests. When they had done, he brought them water to wash, and a very white napkin to wipe their hands. Then he filled a large china[1] cup with sherbet, and put snow into it, and offering it to Agib, "This," said he, "is sherbet of roses; and I am sure you never tasted better." Agib having drunk of it with pleasure, Bedreddin took the cup from him, and presented it to the attendant, who drank it all off at once.

In fine, Agib and his governor having fared well, returned thanks to the pastry-cook for their good entertainment, and moved homewards, it being then late. When they arrived at the tents of Schemseddin Mahommed, Agib's grandmother received him with transports of joy: her son ran always in her mind, and in embracing Agib, the remembrance of him drew tears from her eyes. "Ah, my child!" said she, "my joy would be perfect, if I had the pleasure of embracing your father, as I now embrace you." She made Agib sit by her, and put several questions to him, relating to the walk he had been taking with his attendant; and when he complained of being hungry, she gave him a piece of cream-tart, which she had made herself, and which was indeed very good.

The widow of Noureddin Ali observed with regret that her grandson did not like the tart. "What!" said she, "does my child thus despise the work of my hands? Be it known to you, no one in the world can make such besides myself and your father, whom I taught." "My good mother," replied Agib, "give me leave to tell you, if you do not know how to make better, there is a pastry-cook in this town that outdoes you. We were at his shop, and ate one much better than yours."

[1] We shall find many references in these tales to chinaware. "The Chinese have always been remarkable for their earthenware, more especially since the reign of the Tang dynasty, 906 A.D. Their porcelain is made from two kinds of earth, the one called Kas-ling, a kind of soapstone mixed with mica; the other, Pe-tun-tse, from pih-tun, white clay, is a granite, in which quartz predominates. For many centuries before the art was practised in Europe, the Chinese had brought it to a high degree of excellence."—*Ancient and Modern China*, p. 35.

The widow of Noureddin thought it was with a design to mortify her that her grandson commended the pastry-cook's tart, and accordingly said, "I cannot believe the cook's tarts are better than mine: I am resolved to satisfy myself upon that head. Where does he live? Go immediately and buy me one of his tarts" Shaban repaired to Bedreddin's shop, chose one of the best, and returning speedily to the tents, gave the tart to Noureddin's widow. She at once broke a piece off; but no sooner put it to her mouth, than she cried out and swooned away. "Bismillah!" she exclaimed, "it must needs be my son, my dear Bedreddin, who made this tart."

When the vizier Schemseddin heard his sister-in-law[1] say that the maker of the tart brought by the attendant must needs be her son, he was overjoyed; but reflecting that the conjecture of Noureddin's widow might prove false, "Madam," said he, "do you think there may not be a pastry-cook in the world who knows how to make cream-tarts as well as your son?" "I own," replied she, "there may be pastry-cooks that can make as good tarts as he; but as I make them in a peculiar manner, and only my son was let into the secret, it must absolutely be he that made this. Come, my brother," added she in a transport, "let us call up mirth and joy; we have at last found what we have been so long looking for." "Madam," said the vizier, in answer, "I entreat you to moderate your impatience, for we shall quickly know the truth. All we have to do is to bring the pastry-cook hither; and then you and my daughter will readily distinguish whether he be your son or not. But you must both be concealed, so as to have a view of Bedreddin while he cannot see you; for I would not have our interview and mutual discovery happen at Damascus. My design is to delay the discovery till we return to Cairo."

This said, he left the ladies in their tent, and retired to his own, where he called for fifty of his men, and said to them: "Take each of you a stick in your hand, and follow Shaban, who will conduct you to a pastry-cook in this city. When you arrive there, break and dash in pieces all you find in the shop: if he demand the

[1] "Herodotus mentions a lady of equal rank, performing a similar office. ἡ δε γυνη τοῦ βασιληος αυτη τα σιτια σφι επεσσε.—Bk. viii., p. 685. The cakes which Tamar made for Amnon are well known."—Beckford's *Notes on Vathek*, p. 378.

reason of your outrage, only ask him in return if it was not he that made the cream-tart that was brought from his house. If he answer in the affirmative, seize his person, fetter him, and bring him along with you; but take care you do not beat him, nor do him the least harm. Go, and lose no time."

The vizier's orders were immediately executed. The detachment, conducted by Shaban, went with expedition to Bedreddin's house, broke in pieces the plates, kettles, copper pans, and all the other movables and utensils they met with, and inundated the sherbet shop with cream and comfits. Bedreddin, astonished at the sight, said, with a pitiful tone, "Pray, good people, why do you serve me so? What have I done?" "Was it not you," said they, "that sold to Shaban the cream-tart?" "Yes," replied he, "I am the man; and who says anything against it. I defy any one to make a better." Instead of giving him an answer, they continued to break all round them, and the oven itself was not spared.

In the meantime, the mob gathering, from compassion to Bedreddin, took his part; but officers from the governor of the city dispersed the people, and favoured the carrying off of Bedreddin; for Schemseddin Mahommed had gone to the governor's house to demand soldiers to favour the execution of his plan, in the name of his master, the Sultan of Egypt.

Upon the vizier's return from his visit to the governor of Damascus, the pretended culprit was brought before him. "My lord," said Bedreddin, with tears in his eyes, pray do me the favour to let me know wherein I have displeased you." "Why," exclaimed the vizier, "was it not you that made the cream-tart you sent me?" "I own I am the man," replied Bedreddin, "but pray what crime is that?" "I will punish you according to your deserts," said Schemseddin, "it shall cost you your life for sending me such a tart." "Ah!" exclaimed Bedreddin, is it a capital crime to make a bad cream-tart?" "Yes," said the vizier, "and you are to expect no other usage from me."

While this interview lasted, the ladies, who were concealed behind curtains, saw Bedreddin, and recognised him, notwithstanding he had been so long absent. They were so transported with joy that they swooned away; and when they recovered, would fain have run up and fallen upon his neck but the promise they

had made to the vizier of not discovering themselves, restrained the tender emotions of love and of nature.

Schemseddin having resolved to set out that night, ordered the tents to be struck, and the necessary preparations to be made for his journey. He ordered Bedreddin to be secured in a sort of cage,[1] and laid on a camel. The vizier and his retinue began their march, and travelled the rest of that night and all the next day without stopping. In the evening they halted, and Bedreddin was taken out of his cage, in order to be served with the necessary refreshments, but still carefully kept at a distance from his mother and his wife; and during the whole expedition, which lasted twenty days, was served in the same manner.

When they arrived at Cairo, they encamped in the neighbourhood of the city; Schemseddin called for Bedreddin, and gave orders, in his presence, to prepare a stake. "Alas!" said Bedreddin, "what do you mean to do with a stake?" "Why, to impale you," replied Schemseddin, "and then to have you carried through all the quarters of the town, that the people may have the spectacle of a worthless pastry-cook, who makes cream-tarts without pepper." "How," said Bedreddin, "must I be spoiled of my goods, imprisoned in a chest, and at last impaled, and all for not putting pepper in a cream-tart? Cursed be all cream-tarts, as well as the hour in which I was born! Would to God I had died that minute!"

Night being then pretty far advanced, the vizier ordered Bedreddin to be conveyed again to his cage, saying to him, "Stay there till to-morrow; it shall be the last day of thy life." The chest or cage was then laid upon the camel that had brought it from Damascus, and was carried through the city to Schemseddin's palace, where he ordered it to be taken down, and placed in the grand hall, and not opened till further orders. The grand vizier with his daughter and sister-in-law having reached the palace, (while a part of the slaves were unlading the camels,) he directed other

[1] The Chinese to this day have a kind of cage in which they carry about their prisoners to exhibit them from one town to another, and so constructed that the unfortunate inmate can neither sit nor stand. In "Mason's Costumes of China," (plate xv.,) a picture is given of one with this description, "The prisoner is secured by a chain from his neck to his ankle, from whence another chain proceeds round one of the corner posts of the cage, to where it is fastened by a heavy padlock."

slaves to place all the things in the hall in the same way as they were when Bedreddin Hassan was there with the hunchback groom of the Sultan of Egypt. The throne was placed on the dais, the flambeau lighted, while the dress, turban, pocket-book, and purse of a thousand sequins were placed in the bridal-chamber, whither in the meanwhile he had desired his daughter to retire, and to await the restoration of her husband. Having made these preparations, Schemseddin Mahommed ordered all his domestics to depart the hall, excepting two or three, whom he desired to remain. These he commanded to go and take Bedreddin out of the cage, to strip him to his under-vest and drawers, to conduct him in that condition to the hall, to leave him there alone, and shut the door upon him.

Bedreddin, though overwhelmed with grief, was asleep so soundly, that the vizier's domestics had taken him out of the chest and stripped him before he awoke; and they carried him so suddenly into the hall, that they did not give him time to see where he was. When he found himself alone in the hall, he looked round him, and the objects he beheld recalling to his memory the circumstances of his marriage, he perceived with astonishment, that it was the place where he had seen the sultan's groom of the stables. His surprise was still greater, when approaching softly the door of a chamber which he found open, he spied his own raiments where he remembered to have left them on his wedding night. "Bismillah!" said he, rubbing his eyes, "am I asleep, or awake?"

The beautiful lady, who in the meantime was diverting herself with his astonishment, opened the curtains of her bed suddenly, and bending her head forward, "My dear lord," said she, with a soft, tender voice—"my lord, what are you doing at the door? Come and lie down again. You have been out of the room a long time: I was much surprised, when I awoke, not to find you by my side." Bedreddin's countenance changed when he was thus addressed. He went into the chamber and approached the chair on which his clothes, turban, and purse of sequins were placed, and after examining them carefully, exclaimed, "These are mysteries I can by no means comprehend!" His wife was much amused at his confusion, and said once more, "My lord, what do you wait for?" At these words, he advanced

towards the couch, and said, "I entreat you, madam, to acquaint me if it is long since I was with you." "The question surprises me," replied she; "did you not just now rise from my side?" "Madam," resumed Bedreddin, "I remember to have been with you, it is true; but I also remember to have lived ten years at Damascus, and to have been adopted by a man who was a pastry-cook, to have been spoiled of my goods, and shaken in a vile chest on a camel's back. My story and yours are plainly inconsistent. Pray tell me what I am to think; whether my marriage with you is an illusion, or whether my absence from you is only a dream." While he was yet pondering over the wonders which perplexed him the daylight appeared, and the vizier Schemseddin Mahommed knocked at the door, and entering at the same moment embraced him with the greatest tenderness. "Pardon me, my dear nephew," he said, "for all I have made you suffer since I have discovered you. I wished to reconduct you here before I acquainted you with your good fortune." He then acquainted him how the original wishes of himself and his brother respecting their children were fulfilled by the interference of a genie; and how he discovered him to be his nephew by the writing of his brother sewn in his turban, and how carefully he had sought for him, both as his brother's son, and as the husband of his daughter. "Console yourself now," he continued—"console yourself for all your afflictions with the joy you must experience at being again with persons who are the most dear to you. Whilst you dress yourself, I will go and acquaint the lady, your mother, who is all impatience to embrace you; and I will bring you your son, whom you saw at Damascus, and towards whom you felt so much affection without knowing him."

No words are sufficiently expressive to give any idea of the joy of Bedreddin, when he saw his mother and his son Agib. The mother said the most affecting things to Bedreddin: she related to him the sorrow which so long an absence had created, and the tears she had shed on his account. The little Agib, instead of avoiding the embraces of his father, as he had done at Damascus, flew to receive them; and Bedreddin Hassan, divided between two objects so worthy of his love, thought he could not lavish on them sufficient proofs of his affection.

Whilst these things were passing in the house of Schemseddin

Mahommed, the vizier himself was gone to the palace, to give the sultan an account of the happy success of his journey. As soon as he returned home, as he had prepared a superb entertainment, he sat down to table with all his family, and his whole household passed the day in great festivity and rejoicings.

It is related that the Caliph Haroun Alraschid was so pleased with the wonderful story told by his grand vizier, that he granted him the life of his slave Rihan, and married the young man who had so unhappily deprived himself of the wife he tenderly loved, to one of the ladies of his court, and loaded him with benefits.

The History of Ali Baba, and of the Forty Robbers Killed by one Slave.

There once lived in a town of Persia two brothers, one named Cassim, and the other Ali Baba. Their father divided a small inheritance equally between them. Cassim married a very rich wife, and became a wealthy merchant. Ali Baba married a woman as poor as himself, and lived by cutting wood, and bringing it upon three asses into the town to sell.

One day, when Ali Baba was in the forest, and had just cut wood enough to load his asses, he saw at a distance a great cloud of dust, which seemed to approach him. He observed it with attention, and distinguished soon after a body of horsemen, whom he suspected might be robbers. He determined to leave his asses to save himself. He climbed up a large tree, planted on a high rock, whose branches were thick enough to conceal him, and yet enabled him to see all that passed without being discovered.

The troop, who were to the number of forty, all well mounted and armed, came to the foot of the rock on which the tree stood, and there dismounted. Every man unbridled his horse, tied him to some shrub, and hung about his neck a bag of corn which they brought behind them. Then each of them took off his saddle-bag, which seemed to Ali Baba to be full of gold and silver from its weight. One, whom he took to be their captain, came under the tree in which Ali Baba was concealed; and making his way through some shrubs, pronounced these words—"Open, Sesame!"[1] As

[1] "Sesame" is a small grain.

soon as the captain of the robbers had thus spoken, a door opened in the rock; and after he had made all his troop enter before him, he followed them, when the door shut again of itself.

The robbers stayed some time within the rock, during which Ali Baba, fearful of being caught, remained in the tree.

At last the door opened again, and as the captain went in last, so he came out first, and stood to see them all pass by him; when Ali Baba heard him make the door close by pronouncing these words, "Shut, Sesame!" Every man at once went and bridled his horse, fastened his wallet, and mounted again. When the captain saw them all ready, he put himself at their head, and they returned the way they had come.

Ali Baba followed them with his eyes as far as he could see them; and afterwards stayed a considerable time before he descended. Remembering the words the captain of the robbers used to cause the door to open and shut, he had the curiosity to try if his pronouncing them would have the same effect. Accordingly, he went among the shrubs, and perceiving the door concealed behind them, stood before it, and said, "Open, Sesame!" The door instantly flew wide open.

Ali Baba, who expected a dark, dismal cavern, was surprised to see a well-lighted and spacious chamber, which received the light from an opening at the top of the rock, and in which were all sorts of provisions, rich bales of silk, stuff, brocade, and valuable carpeting, piled upon one another, gold and silver ingots in great heaps, and money in bags. The sight of all these riches made him suppose that this cave must have been occupied for ages by robbers, who had succeeded one another.

Ali Baba went boldly into the cave, and collected as much of the gold coin, which was in bags, as he thought his three asses could carry. When he had loaded them with the bags, he laid wood over them in such a manner that they could not be seen. When he had passed in and out as often as he wished, he stood before the door, and pronouncing the words, "Shut, Sesame!" the door closed of itself. He then made the best of his way to town.

When Ali Baba got home, he drove his asses into a little yard, shut the gates very carefully, threw off the wood that covered the panniers, carried the bags into his house, and ranged them in order before his wife. He then emptied the bags, which raised

such a great heap of gold as dazzled his wife's eyes, and then he told her the whole adventure from beginning to end, and, above all, recommended her to keep it secret.

The wife rejoiced greatly at their good fortune, and would count all the gold piece by piece. "Wife," replied Ali Baba, "you do not know what you undertake, when you pretend to count the money; you will never have done. I will dig a hole, and bury it. There is no time to be lost." "You are in the right, husband," replied she, "but let us know, as nigh as possible, how much we have. I will borrow a small measure, and measure it, while you dig the hole."

Away the wife ran to her brother-in-law Cassim, who lived just by, and addressing herself to his wife, desired her to lend her a measure for a little while. Her sister-in-law asked her whether she would have a great or a small one. The other asked for a small one. She bade her stay a little, and she would readily fetch one.

The sister-in-law did so, but as she knew Ali Baba's poverty, she was curious to know what sort of grain his wife wanted to measure, and artfully putting some suet at the bottom of the measure, brought it to her, with an excuse that she was sorry that she had made her stay so long, but that she could not find it sooner.

Ali Baba's wife went home, set the measure upon the heap of gold, filled it, and emptied it often upon the sofa, till she had done, when she was very well satisfied to find the number of measures amounted to so many as they did, and went to tell her husband, who had almost finished digging the hole. While Ali Baba was burying the gold, his wife, to show her exactness and diligence to her sister-in-law, carried the measure back again, but without taking notice that a piece of gold had stuck to the bottom. "Sister," said she, giving it to her again, "you see that I have not kept your measure long. I am obliged to you for it, and return it with thanks."

As soon as Ali Baba's wife was gone, Cassim's looked at the bottom of the measure, and was in inexpressible surprise to find a piece of gold sticking to it. Envy immediately possessed her breast. "What!" said she, "has Ali Baba gold so plentiful as to measure it? Whence has he all this wealth?"

Cassim, her husband, was at his counting-house. When he

came home, his wife said to him, "Cassim, I know you think yourself rich, but Ali Baba is infinitely richer than you. He does not count his money, but measures it." Cassim desired her to explain the riddle, which she did, by telling him the stratagem she had used to make the discovery, and showed him the piece of money, which was so old that they could not tell in what prince's reign it was coined.

Cassim, after he had married the rich widow, had never treated Ali Baba as a brother, but neglected him; and now, instead of being pleased, he conceived a base envy at his brother's prosperity. He could not sleep all that night, and went to him in the morning before sunrise. "Ali Baba," said he, "I am surprised at you; you pretend to be miserably poor, and yet you measure gold. My wife found this at the bottom of the measure you borrowed yesterday."

By this discourse, Ali Baba perceived that Cassim and his wife, through his own wife's folly, knew what they had so much reason to conceal; but what was done, could not be undone. Therefore, without showing the least surprise or trouble, he confessed all, and offered his brother part of his treasure to keep the secret.

"I expect as much," replied Cassim, haughtily; "but I must know exactly where this treasure is, and how I may visit it myself when I choose; otherwise, I will go and inform against you, and then you will not only get no more, but will lose all you have, and I shall have a share for my information."

Ali Baba told him all he desired, even to the very words he was to use to gain admission into the cave.

Cassim rose the next morning long before the sun, and set out for the forest with ten mules bearing great chests, which he designed to fill, and followed the road which Ali Baba had pointed out to him. He was not long before he reached the rock, and found out the place, by the tree and other marks which his brother had given him. When he reached the entrance of the cavern, he pronounced the words, "Open, Sesame!" The door immediately opened, and when he was in, closed upon him. In examining the cave, he was in great admiration to find much more riches than he had expected from Ali Baba's relation. He quickly laid as many bags of gold as he could carry at the door of the cavern; but his thoughts were so full of the great riches he

should possess, that he could not think of the necessary word to make it open, but instead of "Sesame," said, "Open, Barley!" and was much amazed to find that the door remained fast shut. He named several sorts of grain, but still the door would not open.

Cassim had never expected such an incident, and was so alarmed at the danger he was in, that the more he endeavoured to remember the word "Sesame," the more his memory was confounded, and he had as much forgotten it as if he had never heard it mentioned. He threw down the bags he had loaded himself with, and walked distractedly up and down the cave, without having the least regard to the riches that were round him.

About noon the robbers visited their cave. At some distance they saw Cassim's mules straggling about the rock, with great chests on their backs. Alarmed at this, they galloped full speed to the cave. They drove away the mules, who strayed through the forest so far, that they were soon out of sight, and went directly, with their naked sabres in their hands, to the door, which, on their captain pronouncing the proper words, immediately opened.

Cassim, who heard the noise of the horses' feet, at once guessed the arrival of the robbers, and resolved to make one effort for his life. He rushed to the door, and no sooner saw the door open, than he ran out and threw the leader down, but could not escape the other robbers, who with their scimitars soon deprived him of life.

The first care of the robbers after this was to examine the cave. They found all the bags which Cassim had brought to the door, to be ready to load his mules, and carried them again to their places, but they did not miss what Ali Baba had taken away before. Then holding a council, and deliberating upon this occurrence, they guessed that Cassim, when he was in, could not get out again, but could not imagine how he had learned the secret words by which alone he could enter. They could not deny the fact of his being there; and to terrify any person or accomplice who should attempt the same thing, they agreed to cut Cassim's body into four quarters—to hang two on one side, and two on the other, within the door of the cave. They had no sooner taken this resolution than they put it in execution; and when they had nothing more to detain them, left the place of

their hoards well closed. They mounted their horses, went to beat the roads again, and to attack the caravans they might meet.

In the meantime, Cassim's wife was very uneasy when night came, and her husband was not returned. She ran to Ali Baba in great alarm, and said, "I believe, brother-in-law, that you know Cassim is gone to the forest, and upon what account; it is now night, and he has not returned; I am afraid some misfortune has happened to him." Ali Baba told her that she need not frighten herself, for that certainly Cassim would not think it proper to come into the town till the night should be pretty far advanced.

Cassim's wife, considering how much it concerned her husband to keep the business secret, was the more easily persuaded to believe her brother-in-law. She went home again, and waited patiently till midnight. Then her fear redoubled, and her grief was the more sensible because she was forced to keep it to herself. She repented of her foolish curiosity, and cursed her desire of prying into the affairs of her brother and sister-in-law. She spent all the night in weeping; and as soon as it was day, went to them, telling them, by her tears, the cause of her coming.

Ali Baba did not wait for his sister-in-law to desire him to go to see what was become of Cassim, but departed immediately with his three asses, begging of her first to moderate her affliction. He went to the forest, and when he came near the rock, having seen neither his brother nor the mules in his way, was seriously alarmed at finding some blood spilt near the door, which he took for an ill omen; but when he had pronounced the word, and the door had opened, he was struck with horror at the dismal sight of his brother's body. He was not long in determining how he should pay the last dues to his brother; but without adverting to the little fraternal affection he had shown for him, went into the cave, to find something to enshroud his remains; and having loaded one of his asses with them, covered them over with wood. The other two asses he loaded with bags of gold, covering them with wood also as before; and then bidding the door shut, came away; but was so cautious as to stop some time at the end of the forest, that he might not go into the town before night. When he came home, he drove the two asses loaded with gold into his little yard, and left the care of unloading them to his wife, while he led the other to his sister-in-law's house.

Ali Baba knocked at the door, which was opened by Morgiana, a clever intelligent slave, who was fruitful in inventions to meet the most difficult circumstances. When he came into the court, he unloaded the ass, and taking Morgiana aside, said to her, "You must observe an inviolable secrecy. Your master's body is contained in these two panniers. We must bury him as if he had died a natural death. Go now and tell your mistress. I leave the matter to your wit and skilful devices."

Ali Baba helped to place the body in Cassim's house, again recommended to Morgiana to act her part well, and then returned with his ass.

Morgiana went out early the next morning to a druggist, and asked for a sort of lozenge which was considered efficacious in the most dangerous disorders. The apothecary inquired who was ill? She replied, with a sigh, "Her good master Cassim himself: and that he could neither eat nor speak." In the evening Morgiana went to the same druggist's again, and with tears in her eyes, asked for an essence which they used to give to sick people only when at the last extremity. "Alas!" said she, taking it from the apothecary, "I am afraid that this remedy will have no better effect than the lozenges; and that I shall lose my good master."

On the other hand, as Ali Baba and his wife were often seen to go between Cassim's and their own house all that day, and to seem melancholy, nobody was surprised in the evening to hear the lamentable shrieks and cries of Cassim's wife and Morgiana, who gave out everywhere that her master was dead. The next morning at daybreak, Morgiana went to an old cobbler whom she knew to be always early at his stall, and bidding him good morrow, put a piece of gold into his hand, saying, "Baba Mustapha, you must bring with you your sewing tackle, and come with me; but I must tell you, I shall blindfold you when you come to such a place."

Baba Mustapha seemed to hesitate a little at these words. "Oh! oh!" replied he, "you would have me do something against my conscience, or against my honour?" "God forbid," said Morgiana, putting another piece of gold into his hand, "that I should ask anything that is contrary to your honour! only come along with me and fear nothing."

Baba Mustapha went with Morgiana, who, after she had bound his eyes with a handkerchief at the place she had mentioned, con-

veyed him to her deceased master's house, and never unloosed his eyes till he had entered the room where she had put the corpse together. "Baba Mustapha," said she, "you must make haste and sew the parts of this body together; and when you have done, I will give you another piece of gold."

After Baba Mustapha had finished his task, she blindfolded him again, gave him the third piece of gold as she had promised, and recommending secrecy to him, carried him back to the place where she first bound his eyes, pulled off the bandage, and let him go home, but watched him that he returned towards his stall, till he was quite out of sight, for fear he should have the curiosity to return and dodge her; she then went home. Morgiana, on her return, warmed some water to wash the body, and at the same time Ali Baba perfumed it with incense, and wrapped it in the burying clothes with the accustomed ceremonies.[1] Not long after, the proper officer brought the bier, and when the attendants of the mosque, whose business it was to wash the dead, offered to perform their duty, she told them that it was done already. Shortly after this the imaun and the other ministers of the mosque arrived. Four neighbours carried the corpse to the burying-ground, following the imaun, who recited some prayers. Ali Baba came after with some neighbours, who often relieved the others in carrying the bier to the burying-ground. Morgiana, a slave to the deceased, followed in the procession, weeping, beating her breast, and tearing her hair. Cassim's wife stayed at home mourning, uttering lamentable cries with the women of the neighbourhood, who came, according to custom, during the funeral, and joining their lamentations with hers, filled the quarter far and near with sounds of sorrow.

In this manner Cassim's melancholy death was concealed, and hushed up between Ali Baba, his widow, and Morgiana, his slave, with so much contrivance, that nobody in the city had the least knowledge or suspicion of the cause of it. Three or four days after the funeral, Ali Baba removed his few goods openly to his sister-in-law's house, in which it was agreed that he should in future live; but the money he had taken from the robbers he conveyed thither by night. As for Cassim's warehouse, he intrusted it entirely to the management of his eldest son.

[1] These customs exactly correspond with the accounts of the funeral ceremonies of the Mahommedans described by Sir Paul Ricaut and M. B. Picart.

While these things were being done, the forty robbers again visited their retreat in the forest. Great, then, was their surprise to find Cassim's body taken away, with some of their bags of gold. "We are certainly discovered," said the captain. "The removal of the body, and the loss of some of our money, plainly shows that the man whom we killed had an accomplice; and for our own lives' sake we must try and find him. What say you, my lads?"

All the robbers unanimously approved of the captain's proposal.

"Well," said the captain, "one of you, the boldest and most skilful among you, must go into the town, disguised as a traveller and a stranger, to try if he can hear any talk of the man whom we have killed, and endeavour to find out who he was, and where he lived. This is a matter of the first importance, and for fear of any treachery, I propose that whoever undertakes this business without success, even though the failure arises only from an error of judgment, shall suffer death."

Without waiting for the sentiments of his companions, one of the robbers started up, and said, "I submit to this condition, and think it an honour to expose my life to serve the troop."

After this robber had received great commendations from the captain and his comrades, he disguised himself so that nobody would take him for what he was; and taking his leave of the troop that night, went into the town just at daybreak; and walked up and down, till accidentally he came to Baba Mustapha's stall, which was always open before any of the shops.

Baba Mustapha was seated with an awl in his hand, just going to work. The robber saluted him, bidding him good morrow; and perceiving that he was old, said, "Honest man, you begin to work very early: is it possible that one of your age can see so well? I question, even if it were somewhat lighter, whether you could see to stitch."

"You do not know me," replied Baba Mustapha; "for old as I am, I have extraordinary good eyes; and you will not doubt it when I tell you that I sewed the body of a dead man together in a place where I had not so much light as I have now."

"A dead body!" exclaimed the robber, with affected amazement. "Yes, yes," answered Baba Mustapha, "I see you want to have me speak out, but you shall know no more."

The robber felt sure that he had discovered what he sought. He pulled out a piece of gold, and putting it into Baba Mustapha's hand, said to him, "I do not want to learn your secret, though I can assure you, you might safely trust me with it. The only thing I desire of you is to show me the house where you stitched up the dead body.

"If I were disposed to do you that favour," replied Baba Mustapha, "I assure you I cannot. I was taken to a certain place, whence I was led blindfold to the house, and afterwards brought back again in the same manner; you see, therefore, the impossibility of my doing what you desire."

"Well," replied the robber, "you may, however, remember a little of the way that you were led blindfold. Come, let me blind your eyes at the same place. We will walk together; perhaps you may recognise some part; and as everybody ought to be paid for their trouble, there is another piece of gold for you; gratify me in what I ask you." So saying, he put another piece of gold into his hand.

The two pieces of gold were great temptations to Baba Mustapha. He looked at them a long time in his hand, without saying a word, but at last he pulled out his purse and put them in. "I cannot promise," said he to the robber, "that I can remember the way exactly; but since you desire, I will try what I can do." At these words Baba Mustapha rose up, to the great joy of the robber, and led him to the place where Morgiana had bound his eyes. "It was here," said Baba Mustapha, "I was blindfolded; and I turned this way." The robber tied his handkerchief over his eyes, and walked by him till he stopped directly at Cassim's house, where Ali Baba then lived. The thief, before he pulled off the band, marked the door with a piece of chalk, which he had ready in his hand, and then asked him if he knew whose house that was; to which Baba Mustapha replied, that as he did not live in that neighbourhood, he could not tell.

The robber, finding he could discover no more from Baba Mustapha, thanked him for the trouble he had taken, and left him to go back to his stall, while he returned to the forest, persuaded that he should be very well received.

A little after the robber and Baba Mustapha had parted, Morgiana went out of Ali Baba's house upon some errand, and

upon her return, seeing the mark the robber had made, stopped to observe it. "What can be the meaning of this mark?" said she to herself; "somebody intends my master no good: however, with whatever intention it was done, it is advisable to guard against the worst." Accordingly, she fetched a piece of chalk, and marked two or three doors on each side, in the same manner, without saying a word to her master or mistress.

In the meantime, the robber rejoined his troop in the forest, and recounted to them his success; expatiating upon his good fortune, in meeting so soon with the only person who could inform him of what he wanted to know. All the robbers listened to him with the utmost satisfaction; when the captain, after commending his diligence, addressing himself to them all, said, "Comrades, we have no time to lose: let us set off well armed, without its appearing who we are; but that we may not excite any suspicion, let only one or two go into the town together, and join at our rendezvous, which shall be the great square. In the meantime, our comrade who brought us the good news and I will go and find out the house, that we may consult what had best be done."

This speech and plan was approved of by all, and they were soon ready. They filed off in parties of two each, after some interval of time, and got into the town without being in the least suspected. The captain, and he who had visited the town in the morning as spy, came in the last. He led the captain into the street where he had marked Ali Baba's residence; and when they came to the first of the houses which Morgiana had marked, he pointed it out. But the captain observed that the next door was chalked in the same manner, and in the same place; and showing it to his guide, asked him which house it was, that, or the first. The guide was so confounded, that he knew not what answer to make; but still more puzzled, when he and the captain saw five or six houses similarly marked. He assured the captain, with an oath, that he had marked but one, and could not tell who had chalked the rest, so that he could not distinguish the house which the cobbler had stopped at.

The captain finding that their design had proved abortive, went directly to the place of rendezvous, and told his troops that they had lost their labour, and must return to their cave. He himself set them the example, and they all returned as they had come.

When the troop was all got together, the captain told them the reason of their returning; and presently the conductor was declared by all worthy of death. He condemned himself, acknowledging that he ought to have taken better precaution, and prepared to receive the stroke from him who was appointed to cut off his head.

But as the safety of the troop required the discovery of the second intruder into the cave, another of the gang, who promised himself that he should succeed better, presented himself, and his offer being accepted, he went and corrupted Baba Mustapha, as the other had done; and being shown the house, marked it in a place more remote from sight, with red chalk.

Not long after, Morgiana, whose eyes nothing could escape, went out, and seeing the red chalk, and arguing with herself as she had done before, marked the other neighbours' houses in the same place and manner.

The robber, at his return to his company, valued himself much on the precaution he had taken, which he looked upon as an infallible way of distinguishing Ali Baba's house from the others; and the captain and all of them thought it must succeed. They conveyed themselves into the town with the same precaution as before; but when the robber and his captain came to the street, they found the same difficulty; at which the captain was enraged, and the robber in as great confusion as his predecessor.

Thus the captain and his troop were forced to retire a second time, and much more dissatisfied; while the robber, who had been the author of the mistake, underwent the same punishment; which he willingly submitted to.

The captain, having lost two brave fellows of his troop, was afraid of diminishing it too much by pursuing this plan to get information of the residence of their plunderer. He found by their example that their heads were not so good as their hands on such occasions; and therefore resolved to take upon himself the important commission.

Accordingly, he went and addressed himself to Baba Mustapha, who did him the same service he had done to the other robbers. He did not set any particular mark on the house, but examined

and observed it so carefully, by passing often by it, that it was impossible for him to mistake it.

The captain, well satisfied with his attempt, and informed of what he wanted to know, returned to the forest; and when he came into the cave, where the troop waited for him, said, "Now, comrades, nothing can prevent our full revenge, as I am certain of the house; and in my way hither I have thought how to put it into execution, but if any one can form a better expedient, let him communicate it." He then told them his contrivance; and as they approved of it, ordered them to go into the villages about, and buy nineteen mules, with thirty-eight large leather jars, one full of oil, and the others empty.

In two or three days' time the robbers had purchased the mules and jars, and as the mouths of the jars were rather too narrow for his purpose, the captain caused them to be widened; and after having put one of his men into each, with the weapons which he thought fit, leaving open the seam which had been undone to leave them room to breathe, he rubbed the jars on the outside with oil from the full vessel.

Things being thus prepared, when the nineteen mules were loaded with thirty-seven robbers in jars, and the jar of oil, the captain, as their driver, set out with them, and reached the town by the dusk of the evening, as he had intended. He led them through the streets till he came to Ali Baba's, at whose door he designed to have knocked; but was prevented by his sitting there after supper to take a little fresh air. He stopped his mules, addressed himself to him, and said, "I have brought some oil a great way, to sell at to-morrow's market; and it is now so late that I do not know where to lodge. If I should not be troublesome to you, do me the favour to let me pass the night with you, and I shall be very much obliged by your hospitality."

Though Ali Baba had seen the captain of the robbers in the forest, and had heard him speak, it was impossible to know him in the disguise of an oil merchant. He told him he should be welcome, and immediately opened his gates for the mules to go into the yard. At the same time he called to a slave, and ordered him, when the mules were unloaded, to put them into the stable, and to feed them; and then went to Morgiana, to bid her get a

good supper for his guest. After they had finished supper, Ali Baba charging Morgiana afresh to take care of his guest, said to her, "To-morrow morning I design to go to the bath before day; take care my bathing linen be ready, give them to Abdalla, which was the slave's name, and make me some good broth against I return." After this he went to bed.

In the meantime the captain of the robbers went into the yard, and took off the lid of each jar, and gave his people orders what to do. Beginning at the first jar, and so on to the last, he said to each man: "As soon as I throw some stones out of the chamber window where I lie, do not fail to come out, and I will immediately join you." After this he returned into the house, when Morgiana taking up a light, conducted him to his chamber, where she left him; and he, to avoid any suspicion, put the light out soon after, and laid himself down in his clothes, that he might be the more ready to rise.

Morgiana, remembering Ali Baba's orders, got his bathing linen ready, and ordered Abdalla to set on the pot for the broth; but while she was preparing it, the lamp went out, and there was no more oil in the house, nor any candles. What to do she did not know, for the broth must be made. Abdalla seeing her very uneasy, said, "Do not fret and tease yourself, but go into the yard, and take some oil out of one of the jars."

Morgiana thanked Abdalla for his advice, took the oil-pot, and went into the yard; when as she came nigh the first jar, the robber within said softly, "Is it time?"

Though naturally much surprised at finding a man in the jar instead of the oil she wanted, she immediately felt the importance of keeping silence, as Ali Baba, his family, and herself were in great danger; and collecting herself, without showing the least emotion, she answered, "Not yet, but presently." She went quietly in this manner to all the jars, giving the same answer, till she came to the jar of oil.

By this means Morgiana found that her master Ali Baba had admitted thirty-eight robbers into his house, and that this pretended oil merchant was their captain. She made what haste she could to fill her oil-pot, and returned into her kitchen, where, as soon as she had lighted her lamp, she took a great kettle, went again to the oil-jar, filled the kettle, set it on a large wood fire, and as soon

as it boiled, went and poured enough into every jar to stifle and destroy the robber within.

When this action, worthy of the courage of Morgiana, was executed without any noise, as she had projected, she returned into the kitchen with the empty kettle; and having put out the great fire she had made to boil the oil, and leaving just enough to make the broth, put out the lamp also, and remained silent, resolving not to go to rest till she had observed what might follow through a window of the kitchen, which opened into the yard.

She had not waited long before the captain of the robbers got up, opened the window, and finding no light, and hearing no noise, or any one stirring in the house, gave the appointed signal, by throwing little stones, several of which hit the jars, as he doubted not by the sound they gave. He then listened, but not hearing or perceiving anything whereby he could judge that his companions stirred, he began to grow very uneasy, threw stones again a second and also a third time, and could not comprehend the reason that none of them should answer his signal. Much alarmed, he went softly down into the yard, and going to the first jar, whilst asking the robber, whom he thought alive, if he was in readiness, smelt the hot boiled oil, which sent forth a steam out of the jar. Hence he suspected that his plot to murder Ali Baba, and plunder his house, was discovered. Examining all the jars, one after another, he found that all his gang were dead; and, enraged to despair at having failed in his design, he forced the lock of a door that led from the yard to the garden, and climbing over the walls made his escape.

When Morgiana saw him depart, she went to bed, satisfied and pleased to have succeeded so well in saving her master and family.

Ali Baba rose before day, and, followed by his slave, went to the baths, entirely ignorant of the important event which had happened at home.

When he returned from the baths, he was very much surprised to see the oil-jars, and that the merchant was not gone with the mules. He asked Morgiana, who opened the door, the reason of it. "My good master," answered she, "God preserve you and all your family. You will be better informed of what you wish to know when you have seen what I have to show you, if you will follow me."

As soon as Morgiana had shut the door, Ali Baba followed her, when she requested him to look into the first jar, and see if there was any oil. Ali Baba did so, and seeing a man, started back in alarm, and cried out. "Do not be afraid," said Morgiana, "the man you see there can neither do you nor anybody else any harm. He is dead." "Ah, Morgiana," said Ali Baba, "what is it you show me? Explain yourself." "I will," replied Morgiana. "Moderate your astonishment, and do not excite the curiosity of your neighbours; for it is of great importance to keep this affair secret. Look into all the other jars."

Ali Baba examined all the other jars, one after another; and when he came to that which had the oil in, found it prodigiously sunk, and stood for some time motionless, sometimes looking at the jars, and sometimes at Morgiana, without saying a word, so great was his surprise. At last, when he had recovered himself, he said, "And what is become of the merchant?"

"Merchant!" answered she; "he is as much one as I am. I will tell you who he is, and what is become of him; but you had better hear the story in your own chamber; for it is time for your health that you had your broth after your bathing."

Morgiana then told him all she had done, from the first observing the mark upon the house, to the destruction of the robbers, and the flight of their captain.

On hearing of these brave deeds from the lips of Morgiana, Ali Baba said to her—"God, by your means, has delivered me from the snares these robbers laid for my destruction. I owe, therefore, my life to you; and, for the first token of my acknowledgment, give you your liberty from this moment, till I can complete your recompense as I intend."

Ali Baba's garden was very long, and shaded at the farther end by a great number of large trees. Near these he and the slave Abdallah dug a trench, long and wide enough to hold the bodies of the robbers; and as the earth was light, they were not long in doing it. When this was done, Ali Baba hid the jars and weapons; and as he had no occasion for the mules, he sent them at different times to be sold in the market by his slave.

While Ali Baba took these measures, the captain of the forty robbers returned to the forest with inconceivable mortification. He did not stay long: the loneliness of the gloomy cavern be-

came frightful to him. He determined, however, to avenge the fate of his companions, and to accomplish the death of Ali Baba. For this purpose he returned to the town, and took a lodging in a khan, and disguised himself as a merchant in silks. Under this assumed character, he gradually conveyed a great many sorts of rich stuffs and fine linen to his lodging from the cavern, but with all the necessary precautions to conceal the place whence he brought them. In order to dispose of the merchandise, when he had thus amassed them together, he took a warehouse, which happened to be opposite to Cassim's, which Ali Baba's son had occupied since the death of his uncle.

He took the name of Cogia Houssain, and, as a new comer, was, according to custom, extremely civil and complaisant to all the merchants his neighbours. Ali Baba's son was, from his vicinity, one of the first to converse with Cogia Houssain, who strove to cultivate his friendship more particularly. Two or three days after he was settled, Ali Baba came to see his son, and the captain of the robbers recognised him at once, and soon learned from his son who he was. After this he increased his assiduities, caressed him in the most engaging manner, made him some small presents, and often asked him to dine and sup with him, when he treated him very handsomely.

Ali Baba's son did not choose to lie under such obligation to Cogia Houssain; but was so much straitened for want of room in his house, that he could not entertain him. He therefore acquainted his father, Ali Baba, with his wish to invite him in return.

Ali Baba with great pleasure took the treat upon himself. "Son," said he, "to-morrow being Friday, which is a day that the shops of such great merchants as Cogia Houssain and yourself are shut, get him to accompany you, and as you pass by my door, call in. I will go and order Morgiana to provide a supper."

The next day Ali Baba's son and Cogia Houssain met by appointment, took their walk, and as they returned, Ali Baba's son led Cogia Houssain through the street where his father lived, and when they came to the house, stopped and knocked at the door. "This, sir," said he, "is my father's house, who, from the account I have given him of your friendship, charged me to procure him the honour of your acquaintance; and I desire you to

add this pleasure to those for which I am already indebted to you."

Though it was the sole aim of Cogia Houssain to introduce himself into Ali Baba's house, that he might kill him, without hazarding his own life or making any noise, yet he excused himself, and offered to take his leave; but a slave having opened the door, Ali Baba's son took him obligingly by the hand, and, in a manner, forced him in.

Ali Baba received Cogia Houssain with a smiling countenance, and in the most obliging manner he could wish. He thanked him for all the favours he had done his son; adding withal, the obligation was the greater as he was a young man, not much acquainted with the world, and that he might contribute to his information.

Cogia Houssain returned the compliment by assuring Ali Baba, that though his son might not have acquired the experience of older men, he had good sense equal to the experience of many others. After a little more conversation on different subjects, he offered again to take his leave, when Ali Baba, stopping him, said, "Where are you going, sir, in so much haste? I beg you would do me the honour to sup with me, though my entertainment may not be worthy your acceptance; such as it is, I heartily offer it." "Sir," replied Cogia Houssain, "I am thoroughly persuaded of your good-will; but the truth is, I can eat no victuals that have any salt in them; therefore judge how I should feel at your table." "If that is the only reason," said Ali Baba, "it ought not to deprive me of the honour of your company; for, in the first place, there is no salt ever put into my bread, and as to the meat we shall have to-night, I promise you there shall be none in that. Therefore you must do me the favour to stay. I will return immediately."

Ali Baba went into the kitchen, and ordered Morgiana to put no salt to the meat that was to be dressed that night; and to make quickly two or three ragouts besides what he had ordered, but be sure to put no salt in them.

Morgiana, who was always ready to obey her master, could not help being surprised at his strange order. "Who is this strange man," said she, "who eats no salt with his meat? Your supper will be spoiled, if I keep it back so long." "Do not be angry,

Morgiana," replied Ali Baba; "he is an honest man, therefore do as I bid you."

Morgiana obeyed, though with no little reluctance, and had a curiosity to see this man who ate no salt. To this end, when she had finished what she had to do in the kitchen, she helped Abdalla to carry up the dishes; and looking at Cogia Houssain, knew him at first sight, notwithstanding his disguise, to be the captain of the robbers, and examining him very carefully, perceived that he had a dagger under his garment. "I am not in the least amazed," said she to herself, "that this wicked man, who is my master's greatest enemy, would eat no salt with him, since he intends to assassinate him; but I will prevent him."

Morgiana, while they were at supper, determined in her own mind to execute one of the boldest acts ever meditated. When Abdalla came for the dessert of fruit, and had put it with the wine and glasses before Ali Baba, Morgiana retired, dressed herself neatly, with a suitable head-dress like a dancer, girded her waist with a silver-gilt girdle, to which there hung a poniard with a hilt and guard of the same metal, and put a handsome mask on her face. When she had thus disguised herself, she said to Abdalla, "Take your tabor, and let us go and divert our master and his son's friend, as we do sometimes when he is alone."

Abdalla took his tabor and played all the way into the hall before Morgiana, who, when she came to the door, made a low obeisance by way of asking leave to exhibit her skill, while Abdalla left off playing. "Come in, Morgiana," said Ali Baba, "and let Cogia Houssain see what you can do, that he may tell us what he thinks of your performance."

Cogia Houssain, who did not expect this diversion after supper, began to fear he should not be able to take advantage of the opportunity he thought he had found; but hoped, if he now missed his aim, to secure it another time, by keeping up a friendly correspondence with the father and son; therefore, though he could have wished Ali Baba would have declined the dance, he pretended to be obliged to him for it, and had the complaisance to express his satisfaction at what he saw, which pleased his host.

As soon as Abdalla saw that Ali Baba and Cogia Houssain had done talking, he began to play on the tabor, and accompanied it with an air, to which Morgiana, who was an excellent per-

former, danced in such a manner as would have created admiration in any company.

After she had danced several dances with much grace, she drew the poniard, and holding it in her hand, began a dance, in which she outdid herself, by the many different figures, light movements, and the surprising leaps and wonderful exertions with which she accompanied it. Sometimes she presented the poniard to one breast, sometimes to another, and oftentimes seemed to strike her own. At last, she snatched the tabor from Abdalla with her left hand, and holding the dagger in her right, presented the other side of the tabor, after the manner of those who get a livelihood by dancing, and solicit the liberality of the spectators.

Ali Baba put a piece of gold into the tabor, as did also his son; and Cogia Houssain seeing that she was coming to him, had pulled his purse out of his bosom to make her a present; but while he was putting his hand into it, Morgiana, with a courage and resolution worthy of herself, plunged the poniard into his heart.

Ali Baba and his son, shocked at this action, cried out aloud. "Unhappy woman!" exclaimed Ali Baba, what have you done to ruin me and my family?" "It was to preserve, not to ruin you," answered Morgiana; "for see here," continued she, opening the pretended Cogia Houssain's garment, and showing the dagger, "what an enemy you had entertained! Look well at him, and you will find him to be both the fictitious oil merchant, and the captain of the gang of forty robbers. Remember, too, that he would eat no salt with you; and what would you have more to persuade you of his wicked design? Before I saw him, I suspected him as soon as you told me you had such a guest. I knew him, and you now find that my suspicion was not groundless."

Ali Baba, who immediately felt the new obligation he had to Morgiana for saving his life a second time, embraced her: "Morgiana," said he, "I gave you your liberty, and then promised you that my gratitude should not stop there, but that I would soon give you higher proofs of its sincerity, which I now do by making you my daughter-in-law." Then addressing himself to his son, he said, "I believe you, son, to be so dutiful a child, that you will not refuse Morgiana for your wife. You see that Cogia Houssain sought your friendship with a treacherous design to take away my life; and if he had succeeded, there is no doubt but he would

have sacrificed you also to his revenge. Consider, that by marrying Morgiana you marry the preserver of my family and your own."

The son, far from showing any dislike, readily consented to the marriage; not only because he would not disobey his father, but also because it was agreeable to his inclination. After this they thought of burying the captain of the robbers with his comrades, and did it so privately that nobody discovered their bones till many years after, when no one had any concern in the publication of this remarkable history. A few days afterwards, Ali Baba celebrated the nuptials of his son and Morgiana with great solemnity, a sumptuous feast, and the usual dancing and spectacles; and had the satisfaction to see that his friends and neighbours, whom he invited, had no knowledge of the true motives of the marriage; but that those who were not unacquainted with Morgiana's good qualities commended his generosity and goodness of heart. Ali Baba did not visit the robber's cave for a whole year, as he supposed the other two, whom he could get no account of, might be alive.

At the year's end, when he found they had not made any attempt to disturb him, he had the curiosity to make another journey. He mounted his horse, and when he came to the cave he alighted, tied his horse to a tree, then approaching the entrance, and pronouncing the words, "Open, Sesame!" the door opened. He entered the cavern, and by the condition he found things in, judged that nobody had been there since the captain had fetched the goods for his shop. From this time he believed he was the only person in the world who had the secret of opening the cave, and that all the treasure was at his sole disposal. He put as much gold into his saddle-bag as his horse would carry, and returned to town. Some years later he carried his son to the cave and taught him the secret, which he handed down to his posterity, who, using their good fortune with moderation, lived in great honour and splendour.

The History of Codadad and his Brothers, and of the Princess of Bergabar.

In the city of Harran there once reigned a king, who was blessed with every earthly happiness. He was rich powerful, virtuous, and most beloved by his subjects. Now this monarch had fifty sons by his different wives, the joint-heirs and successors in his kingdom. He loved them all with an equal affection, and brought them up in his palace with great care; but he took an exception against one, and entertained such an aversion against him from his birth, that he sent him, with his mother, to live and be brought up in the court of the kingdom of Samaria, a distant but friendly sovereign. The name of this son was Codadad, and his mother's name was Pirouze. The King of Samaria spared nothing that might improve the education of the young prince committed to his care. He taught him to ride, draw the bow, and all other accomplishments becoming the son of a sovereign; so that Codadad, at eighteen years of age, was looked upon as a prodigy. The young prince, being inspired with a courage worthy his high birth, said one day to his mother, "Madam, I feel a passion for glory; give me leave to seek it amidst the perils of war. My father, the Sultan of Harran, has many enemies. I am tempted to offer him my service, as a young stranger: and I will not discover myself till I have performed some glorious actions: I desire to merit his esteem before he knows who I am." Pirouze approved of his generous resolutions, and Codadad departed from Samaria, as if he had been going to the chase, without acquainting Prince Samer, lest he should thwart his design. He was mounted on a white charger, who had a bit and shoes of gold, his housing was of blue satin embroidered with pearls; the hilt of his scimitar was of one single diamond, and the scabbard of sandal-wood, adorned with emeralds and rubies, and on his shoulder he carried his bow and quiver. He soon arrived at the city of Harran, and offered his service to the sultan; who, being charmed with his good looks, and perhaps indeed by natural sympathy, gave him a favourable reception, and asked his name. "Sire," answered Codadad, "I am son to an emir of Grand Cairo; and understanding that you were engaged in war, I am come to your court to offer you my service." The sultan was very glad, and gave him a command in his army.

The young prince soon signalised his bravery. With no less wit than courage, he soon became the favourite of the sultan. All the ministers and other courtiers daily resorted to Codadad, and neglected the sultan's sons. The princes could not but resent this conduct, and conceived an implacable hatred against him. The sultan, however, always retained him near his person; and to show his high opinion of his wisdom and prudence, committed to his care the other princes, so that Codadad was made governor of his brothers.

This only served to heighten their hatred. "Is it come to this," said they, "that the sultan, not satisfied with loving a stranger more than us, will have him to be our governor, and not allow us to act without his leave? This is not to be endured. We must rid ourselves of this foreigner." "Let us go together," said one of them, "and despatch him." "No, no," answered another; "we had better be cautious how we sacrifice ourselves. His death would render us odious to the sultan, who in return would declare us all unworthy to reign. Let us destroy him by some stratagem. We will ask his permission to hunt, and when at a distance from the palace, proceed to some other city, and stay there some time. The sultan will wonder at our absence, and perceiving we do not return, perhaps put the stranger to death, or at least will banish him from court for suffering us to leave the palace."

All the princes agreed to this. They went together to Codadad, and desired leave to hunt, promising to return the same day. Pirouze's son was taken in the snare, and granted the permission his brothers desired. They set out, but never returned. They had been three days absent, when the sultan asked Codadad where the princes were, for it was long since he had seen them. "Sire," answered Codadad, after making a profound reverence, "they have been hunting these three days, but they promised me they would return sooner." The sultan grew uneasy, and his uneasiness increased when he perceived the princes did not return the next day. He could not check his anger: "Indiscreet stranger," said he to Codadad, "why did you let my sons go without bearing them company? Is it thus you discharge the trust I have reposed in you? Go, seek them immediately, and bring them to me, or your life shall be forfeited."

These words chilled with alarm Pirouze's unfortunate son. He

armed himself, departed from the city, and like a shepherd who had lost his flock, searched the country for his brothers, inquiring at every village whether they had been seen: but hearing no news of them, abandoned himself to the most intense grief. "Alas! my brothers," said he, "what is become of you? Am I come to the court of Harran to be the occasion of giving the sultan so much anxiety?" He was inconsolable for having given the princes permission to hunt, or for not having borne them company.

After some days spent in fruitless search, he came to a vast plain, in the midst of which was a palace of black marble. He drew near, and at one of the windows beheld a most beautiful lady, but with her hair dishevelled, and her garments torn, as if involved in great affliction. As soon as she saw Codadad, she lifted up her voice and cried, "Young man, flee away, I pray you. A monster, who feeds only on man's flesh, resides in this palace; he seizes, imprisons, and devours all whose evil fate conducts them hither."

"Madam," answered Codadad, "I have no fear; but tell me who you are, and how I can assist you." "I am a princess of Grand Cairo," replied the lady; "I passed by this plain yesterday, while travelling to Bagdad, when the monster killed my attendants and brought me to this castle, and now he threatens to take my life if I will not consent to become his wife. But once more let me entreat you to escape, before it be too late."

She had scarcely done speaking before the giant appeared. He was of great height, and of a dreadful aspect, mounted on a large Tartar horse, and bore such a heavy scimitar, that none but himself could wield. The prince, seeing him, was amazed at his gigantic stature, and directed his prayers to Heaven to assist him; he then drew his scimitar, and firmly awaited his approach. The monster, despising so inconsiderable an enemy, called to him to submit. Codadad, resolved to defend his life, galloped towards him, and wounded him on the knee. The giant, uttering a dreadful yell, and foaming with rage, raised himself in his stirrups, and rode at Codadad with his dreadful scimitar. The prince avoided the blow by a sudden turn of his horse. The scimitar made a horrible hissing in the air: but before the giant could have time to make a second blow, Codadad struck him on his right arm with such force that he cut it off. The dreadful scimitar fell with

the hand that held it, and the giant, writhing under the violence of the stroke, lost his stirrups, and fell to the earth. The prince alighted, and cut off his head. Upon this, the lady, who had been a spectator of the combat, and was still offering up her earnest prayers to Heaven for the young hero, uttered a shriek of joy, and said to Codadad, "Prince, (for your noble prowess convinces me that you are of no common rank,) finish the work you have begun; the giant has the keys of this castle, take them and deliver me out of prison." The prince searched the clothes of his late enemy as he lay stretched on the ground, and found several keys.

He opened the gate of the castle, and entered a court, where he saw the lady coming to meet him; she would have cast herself at his feet, the better to express her gratitude, but he would not permit her. She commended his valour, and extolled him above all the heroes in the world. He returned her compliments; and she appeared still more lovely to him near, than she had done at a distance. I know not whether she felt more joy at being delivered from the desperate danger she had been in, than he for having done so considerable a service to so beautiful a princess. While they were thus conversing, they were interrupted by dismal cries and groans. "What do I hear?" said Codadad. "Whence come these sad sounds which pierce mine ear?" "Prince," said the lady, "there are many wretched persons whom fate has thrown into the hands of the giant, chained and imprisoned in the dungeons of the castle. You hear their lamentations." "I am glad," answered the young prince, "that my victory will save the lives of these captives. Let us lose no time in giving them their liberty."

The prince immediately proceeded to the dungeon and opened the door. He then went down a very steep staircase into a large and deep vault, which received some feeble light from a little window, and in which there were above a hundred persons, bound to stakes, and their hands tied. "Unfortunate travellers," said he to them, "wretched victims, who only expected a cruel death, give thanks to Heaven, which has this day delivered you by my means. I have slain the giant by whom you were taken captive, and am come to deliver you." The prisoners hearing these words gave a shout of mingled joy and surprise. Codadad and the lady began

to unbind them; and as soon as any of them were loose they helped to take off the fetters from the rest; so that in a short time they were all at liberty.

They then kneeled down, and having returned thanks to Codadad for what he had done for them, went out of the dungeon; but when they were come into the court, how was the prince surprised to see among the prisoners those he was in search of! "Princes," cried he, "am I not deceived? Is it you whom I behold? May I flatter myself that it may be in my power to restore you to the sultan your father, who is inconsolable for the loss of you? Are you all here alive?"

The forty-nine princes all made themselves known to Codadad, who embraced them one after another. They gave their deliverer all the commendations he deserved, as did the other prisoners, who could not find words expressive enough to declare their gratitude. Codadad, with them, searched the whole castle, where was immense wealth, curious silks, gold brocades, Persian carpets, China satins, and an infinite quantity of other goods, which the giant had taken from the caravans he had plundered, a considerable part whereof belonged to the prisoners Codadad had then liberated. Every man knew and claimed his property. The prince restored them their own, and divided the rest of the merchandise among them, Then he said to them, "How will you carry away your goods? We are here in a desert place, and there is no likelihood of your getting horses." "My lord," answered one of the prisoners, "the giant robbed us of our camels, as well as our goods, and perhaps they may be in the stables of this castle." "This is not unlikely," replied Codadad; "let us examine." Accordingly they went to the stables, where they not only found the camels, but also the horses belonging to the Sultan of Harran's sons. The merchants, overjoyed that they had recovered their goods and camels, together with their liberty, thought of nothing but prosecuting their journey; but first repeated their thanks to their deliverer.

When they were gone, Codadad, directing his discourse to the lady, said, "What place, madam, do you desire to go to? I and these princes will attend you to your home. Please to favour us with the recital of your adventures."

The History of the Princess of Deryabar.

In the great city of Deryabar there ruled a powerful and good sultan. He only wanted one thing to make him perfectly happy, and that was—a child. He constantly invoked from Heaven the blessing of a son; but his request was only partially granted, as the queen his wife gave birth to a daughter. I am that daughter. My father was grieved, rather than pleased, at my birth; but he submitted to the will of God, and caused me to be educated with all possible care, that I might prove worthy to succeed him in his dominions.

One day, when he was hunting, he lost his way, and got separated from his court. In his eagerness to join his train, he rode deep into the forest, and was overtaken by the night. He shortly saw a light among the trees, and making his way to it, found a hut, in which, to his amazement, he saw a giant, the colour of a negro, sitting on a carpet. Before him was a great pitcher of wine, and an ox roasting before the fire for his supper. But what most surprised my father was the sight of a beautiful woman in the hut. She was overwhelmed with grief, and at her feet was a little boy about three years old, who wept without ceasing, and rent the air with his cries. My father waited outside the hut, and before long the giant, having emptied the pitcher and eaten about half the ox, took the unhappy lady by the hair, held her up in one hand, and, drawing his scimitar, was about to strike off her head, when my father let fly an arrow which pierced the giant's breast, so that he staggered and fell down dead.

My father entered the hut, unbound the lady's hands, inquired who she was, and how she came thither. "My lord," said she, "there are along the sea-coast some families of Saracens, who live under a prince who is my husband; while we were travelling one day through our dominions, the prince my husband and his attendants were separated from me, and this giant surprised me and my child, and carried us off to this forest. He was going to kill me because I refused to become his wife."

"Madam," answered my father, "your troubles affect me. I will do all in my power to make you happy. To-morrow at daybreak we will quit this wood, and make our way to the great city of Deryabar, of which I am sovereign; and you shall be

lodged in my palace till the prince your husband comes to claim you."

The Saracen lady accepted the offer, and next day followed the sultan my father, who found all his retinue upon the skirts of the wood, they having spent the night in searching for him, and being very uneasy because they could not find him. One of his servants took up the lady behind him, and another carried the child.

Thus they arrived at the palace of my father, who assigned the beautiful Saracen lady an apartment, and caused her child to be carefully educated.

In the meantime the lady's son grew up; he was very handsome, and clever, and the sultan my father conceived a great friendship for him. All the courtiers perceived it, and declared that the young man might in the end be my husband. In this idea, and looking on him already as heir to the crown, he soon grew conceited of himself, and forgetting the distance there was between our conditions, boldly asked my hand of the sultan my father. My father told him he had other thoughts regarding me. The youth was incensed at this refusal, and resolved to be revenged on the sultan, and with unparalleled ingratitude conspired against him. In short, he murdered him, and caused himself to be proclaimed sovereign of Deryabar. After the murder of my father, he came into my apartment, at the head of the conspirators, to take my life, or to oblige me to marry him. The grand vizier, however, who had been always loyal to his master, while the usurper was attacking my father, carried me away from the palace, and secured me in a place of safety, till a vessel he had provided was ready to sail. I then left the island, attended only by a governess and that generous vizier, who chose rather to follow his master's daughter and share her misfortunes, than to submit to a tyrant.

When we had been but a few days at sea, there arose such a furious storm, that, in spite of all the mariners' art, our vessel, carried away by the violence of the winds and waves, was dashed in pieces against a rock. My governess, the grand vizier, and all that attended me, were swallowed up by the sea. The dread I was seized with did not permit me to observe all the horror of our condition. I lost my senses; and whether I was thrown upon the coast upon any part of the wreck, or whether Heaven, which reserved me for other misfortunes, wrought a miracle for my de-

liverance, I know not, but when my senses returned, I found myself on shore.

Misfortunes sometimes make us forget our duty. Instead of returning thanks to God for so singular a favour shown me, I only lifted up my eyes to heaven, to complain because I had been preserved. I resolved to cast myself into the sea; I was on the point of doing so, when I heard behind me a great noise of men and horses. I looked about to see what it might be, and espied several armed horsemen, among whom was one conspicuous above the rest by his dress and demeanour. He was mounted on an Arabian horse, and wore a garment embroidered with silver, a girdle set with precious stones, and a crown of gold on his head. He gazed on me earnestly, and observing that I did not cease weeping and afflicting myself, "Madam," said he, "I conjure you to moderate your excessive affliction. Though Heaven in its dispensations has laid this calamity upon you, it does not behove you to despair. My palace is at your service. You shall live with the queen my mother, who will endeavour by her kindness to ease your affliction. I know not yet who you are; but I find I already take an interest in your welfare."

I thanked the young sultan for his goodness to me, and to convince him that I was not unworthy of it, I told him of my rank and my misfortunes. When I had done speaking, the prince conducted me to his palace, and presented me to the queen his mother, who comforted me in my sorrows, and soon entertained an extreme affection for me. On the other hand, the sultan her son soon offered me his person and his crown, and our marriage was celebrated with all imaginable splendour.

While the people were taken up with the celebration of their sovereign's nuptials, a neighbouring prince, his enemy, made a descent by night on his kingdom with a great number of troops. That formidable enemy was the King of Zanguebar. He was very near taking us both. We escaped, however, and reached the sea-coast, where we set sail in a fishing-boat. On the third day we espied a vessel making towards us under sail. We rejoiced at first, believing it had been a merchant ship which might take us aboard; but what was our consternation, when, as it drew near, we saw ten or twelve armed pirates appear on the deck! Having come alongside, five or six of them

leaped into our boat, seized us, bound the prince and cast him into the sea before mine eyes, and conveyed me into their ship, where they immediately took off my veil, and instead of casting lots, each of them claimed me as his prize. The dispute grew warm, they came to blows, and fought like madmen. The deck was soon covered with dead bodies, and they were all killed but one, who being left sole possessor of me, said, "You are mine. I will carry you to Grand Cairo, to deliver you to a friend of mine, to whom I have promised a beautiful slave."

As soon as he reached the shore, he bought camels, tents, and slaves, and then set out for Grand Cairo, designing, as he still said, to present me to his friend, according to his promise.

We had been several days upon the road, when, as we were crossing this plain yesterday, we descried the giant who inhabited this castle. He attacked and slew the pirate, and took me to his black palaces, from which I owe to you my escape and deliverance.

As soon as the princess had finished the recital of her adventures, "Madam," said Codadad, "it shall be your own fault if you do not live at ease for the future. The Sultan of Harran's sons offer you a safe retreat in the court of their father; be pleased to accept of it; and if you do not disdain the hand of your deliverer, permit me to offer it you, and let all these princes be witnesses to our contract." The princess consented, and the marriage was concluded that very day in the castle, where they found all sorts of provisions, and fruits, excellent in their kinds, and abundance of delicious wine and other liquors.

They all sat down at table, and after having eaten and drunk plentifully, took with them the rest of the provisions, and set out for the Sultan of Harran's court. They travelled several days, encamping in the most shady places they could find, and were within one day's journey of Harran, when, having halted and drunk all their wine, being under no longer concern to make it hold out, Codadad said, "Princes, I have too long concealed from you my history. I am your brother Codadad. The Sultan of Harran is my father, and the Princess Pirouze is my mother."

The Princess Deryabar, and all the princes his brothers, congratulated Codadad on his birth, and expressed much satisfaction

at his tidings. But in reality, instead of rejoicing, their hatred of so amiable a brother was increased. They met together at night, whilst Codadad and the princess his wife lay asleep in their tent, and forgetting that had it not been for the brave son of Pirouze they must have been destroyed by the giant, agreed among themselves to murder him. "We have no other course to choose," said one of them, "for the moment our father shall come to understand that this stranger, of whom he is already so fond, is our brother, and that he alone has been able to destroy a giant, whom we could not, all of us together, conquer, he will declare him his heir, to the prejudice of us all, who will be obliged to obey and fall down before him." He added much more, which made such an impression on their envious and unnatural minds, that they immediately repaired to Codadad, then asleep, stabbed him repeatedly, and leaving him for dead in the arms of the Princess of Deryabar, proceeded on their journey for the city of Harran, where they arrived the next day.

The sultan their father conceived the greater joy at their return, because he had despaired of ever seeing them again. He asked what had been the occasion of their stay. But they took care not to acquaint him with it, making no mention either of the giant or of Codadad; and only said that, being curious to see different countries, they had spent some time in the neighbouring cities.

In the meantime, Codadad lay in his tent weltering in his blood, and little removed from death. The princess his wife rent the air with her dismal shrieks, tore her hair, and bathed her husband's body with her tears. "Alas! Codadad, my dear Codadad," cried she, "is it you whom I behold just departing this life? Can I believe these are your brothers who have treated you so unmercifully, those brothers whom thy valour had saved? O Heaven! which has condemned me to lead a life of calamities, if you will not permit me to have a consort, why did you permit me to find one? Behold, I have now been robbed of two, just as I began to be attached to them."

By these and other moving words did the afflicted Princess of Deryabar express her sorrow. Observing that Codadad still breathed, she left the tent to look for help, and found two travellers, who willingly helped her. On her return, she could nowhere find Codadad, which made her conclude he had been dragged

away by some wild beast. The princess renewed her complaints and lamentations in a most affecting manner.

Having been at last prevailed upon to tell her history to the travellers, they endeavoured to console her. "Madam," said they, "you ought not thus to give way to your sorrow; you ought rather to arm yourself with resolution, and perform what the name and the duty of a wife require of you. If you please, let us go to the Sultan of Harran's court; he is a good and a just prince. You need only represent to him in lively colours how Prince Codadad has been treated by his brothers; he will surely do you justice." "I submit to your reasons," answered the princess. "It is my duty to endeavour to avenge Codadad; and since you are so generous as to offer to attend me, I am ready to set out." No sooner had she fixed this resolution, than the travellers ordered some camels to be made ready, on which the princess and they mounted, and repaired to Harran.

They alighted at the first caravanserai they found, and inquired of the host the news at court. "It is," said he, "in very great perplexity. The sultan had a son who lived long with him as a stranger, and none can tell what is become of the young prince. One of the sultan's wives, named Pirouze, is his mother; she is now in Harran, and has made all possible inquiry, but to no purpose. All are concerned at the loss of this prince, because he had great merit. The sultan has forty-nine other sons, but not one of them can comfort him for the death of Codadad."

The travellers having heard this account from the host, determined that one should remain with the princess, while the other went into the city to try and obtain an audience of Pirouze. This latter traveller while walking towards the palace, as if led only by curiosity to see the court, beheld a lady mounted on a mule richly accoutred. She was followed by several ladies mounted also on mules, with a great number of guards and black slaves. All the people formed a lane to see her pass along, and saluted her by prostrating themselves on the ground. The traveller paid her the same respect, and then asked a calender, who happened to stand by him, whether that lady was one of the sultan's wives. "Yes," answered the calender, "she is, and the most honoured and beloved by the people, because she is the mother of Prince Codadad, of whom you must have heard."

The traveller asked no more questions, but followed Pirouze to a mosque, into which she went to distribute alms, and assist at the public prayers which the sultan had ordered to be offered up for the safe return of Codadad. The people, who were highly concerned for that young prince, ran in crowds to join their vows to the prayers of the priests, so that the mosque was quite full. The traveller broke through the throng, and advanced to Pirouze's guards. He waited till the conclusion of the prayers, and when the princess went out, stepped up to one of her slaves, and whispered him in the ear, "Brother, I have a secret of moment to impart to the Princess Pirouze. It concerns the Prince Codadad. May I by your means be admitted to her private audience?" "If that be so," said the slave, "you need only follow to the palace, and you shall soon have the opportunity."

Accordingly, as soon as Pirouze was returned to her apartment, the slave acquainted her that a person unknown had some important information to communicate to her, relating to the Prince Codadad. No sooner had he uttered these words than Pirouze expressed her impatience to see the stranger. The slave immediately conducted him into the princess's closet, who ordered all her women to withdraw, except two, from whom she concealed nothing. As soon as she saw the traveller, she asked him eagerly what news he had to tell her of Codadad. "Madam," answered the traveller, after having prostrated himself on the ground, "I have a long account to give you, and such as will surprise you." He then related all the particulars of what had passed between Codadad and his brothers, which she listened to with eager attention; but when he came to speak of the murder, the tender mother fainted away on her sofa, as if she had herself been stabbed like her son. Her two women used proper means, and soon brought her to herself. The traveller continued his relation; and when he had concluded, Pirouze said to him, "Go back to the Princess of Deryabar, and assure her from me that the sultan shall soon own her for his daughter-in-law: and as for yourself, be satisfied that your services shall be rewarded as liberally as they deserve."

When the traveller was gone, Pirouze yielded to her tenderness at the recollection of her son. "O Codadad," she said, "my son! my son! Must I then never expect to see you more! Alas! Codadad, why did you leave me?" While she uttered these

words she wept bitterly, and her two attendants, moved by her grief, mingled their tears with hers.

Whilst they were all three in this manner immersed in affliction, the sultan came into the apartment, and seeing them in this sad condition, asked Pirouze the cause of her grief. "Alas! sire," said she, "all is over; my son has lost his life." She then told him all she had heard from the traveller, of the inhuman manner in which Codadad had been murdered by his brothers.

The sultan did not give Pirouze time to finish her relation, but, transported with anger, said to the princess, "These wicked men who cause you to shed these tears, and are the occasion of mortal grief to their father, shall soon feel the punishment due to their guilt." The sultan having spoken these words, with indignation in his countenance, went directly to the presence-chamber, where all his courtiers attended, and such of the people as had petitions to present to him. He ascended the throne, and causing his grand vizier to approach, "Hassan," said he, "go immediately, take a thousand of my guards, and seize all the princes my sons; shut them up in the safest tower, and let this be done in a moment." All who were present trembled at this extraordinary command; and the grand vizier, without uttering a word, laid his hand on his head, to express his obedience, and hastened from the hall to execute his orders. In the meantime the sultan dismissed those who attended for audience, and declared he would not hear of any business for a month to come. He was still in the hall when the vizier returned. "Are all my sons," demanded he, "in the tower?" "They are, sire," answered the vizier; "I have obeyed your orders." "This is not all," replied the sultan, "I have further commands for you. Go to the caravanserai, where lodges the Princess of Deryabar and two travellers, conduct them with all due honours to my palace."

The vizier was not long in performing what he was ordered. He mounted on horseback, and with all the emirs and courtiers repaired to the caravanserai where the Princess of Deryabar was lodged, whom he acquainted with his orders; and presented her, from the sultan, a fine white mule, whose saddle and bridle were adorned with gold, rubies, and diamonds. She mounted, and proceeded to the palace. The travellers attended her, mounted on beautiful Tartar horses which the vizier had provided for them. All the people were at their windows, or in the streets, to see the

cavalcade; and it being given out that the princess, whom they conducted in such state to court, was Codadad's wife, the city resounded with acclamations, the air rung with shouts of joy, which would have been turned into lamentations had that prince's fatal adventure been known; so much was he beloved by all.

The Princess of Deryabar found the sultan at the palace gate, waiting to receive her: he took her by the hand, and led her to Pirouze's apartment. On arriving there, she cast herself at the sultan's feet, and having bathed them with tears, was so overcome with grief, that she was not able to speak. Pirouze was in no better state. And the sultan wept; in fact, all three, mingling their tears and sighs, for some time observed a silence, equally tender and pitiful. At length the Princess of Deryabar, being somewhat recovered, recounted the adventure of the castle, and Codadad's disaster. Then she demanded justice for the treachery of the princes. "Yes, madam," said the sultan, "those ungrateful brothers shall perish; but Codadad's death must be first made public; and though we have not my son's body, we will not omit paying him the last duties." This said, he directed his discourse to the vizier, and ordered him to cause to be erected a dome of white marble, on the plain in the midst of which the city of Harran stands. Then he appointed the Princess of Deryabar a suitable apartment in his palace, acknowledging her for his daughter-in-law.

Hassan caused the work to be carried on with such diligence, and employed so many workmen, that the dome was soon finished. Within it was erected a tomb, which was covered with gold brocade. When all was completed, the sultan ordered prayers to be said, and appointed a day for the celebration of the obsequies of his son.

On that day all the inhabitants of the city went out upon the plain to see the ceremony performed, which was after the following manner:—The sultan, attended by his vizier and the principal lords of the court, proceeded towards the dome; and being come to it, he went in and sat down with them on carpets of black satin, embroidered with gold flowers. A great body of horse-guards, with bowed heads, drew up close about the dome, and marched round it twice, observing a profound silence; but at the third round, they halted before the door, and all of them, with a

loud voice, pronounced these words—"O prince! son to the sultan! could we by dint of sword, and human valour, repair your misfortune, we would bring you back to life; but the King of kings has commanded, and the angel of death has obeyed." Having uttered these words, they drew off, to make way for a hundred old men, all of them mounted on black mules, and having long gray beards. These were anchorites, who had lived all their days in solitude. They never appeared in sight of the world but when they were to assist at the obsequies of the sultans of Harran, and of the princes of their family. Each of these venerable persons carried on his head a book, which he held with one hand. They took three turns round the dome without uttering a word; then stopping before the door, one of them said, "O prince! what can we do for thee? If thou couldst be restored to life by prayer or learning, we would rub our gray beards at thy feet and recite prayers; but the King of the universe has taken thee away for ever."

This said, the old men moved to a distance from the dome, and immediately fifty beautiful young maidens drew near to it, each of them mounted on a little white horse; they wore no veils, and carried gold baskets full of all sorts of precious stones. They also rode thrice round the dome, and halting at the same place as the others had done, the youngest of them spoke in the name of all, as follows:—"O prince! once so beautiful, what relief can you expect from us? If we could restore you to life by our charms, we would become your slaves. But the irrevocable decree is gone forth, and we cannot reverse your fate."

When the young maids were withdrawn, the sultan and his courtiers arose, and having walked thrice round the tomb, the sultan spoke as follows:—"O my dear son, light of my eyes, I have then lost thee for ever!" He accompanied these words with sighs, and watered the tomb with his tears—his courtiers weeping with him. The gate of the dome was then closed, and all the people returned to the city. Next day there were public prayers in all the mosques, and the same was continued for eight days successively. On the ninth the king resolved to cause the princes his sons to be executed. The people, incensed at their cruelty towards Codadad, impatiently expected to see them put to death. The scaffolds were being erected, when the execution

was respited, because, on a sudden, intelligence was brought that the neighbouring princes, who had before made war on the Sultan of Harran, were advancing with more numerous forces than on the first invasion, and were then not far from the city. This news occasioned general consternation, and gave another cause to lament the loss of Codadad, who had signalised himself in the former war against the same enemies. "Alas!" said they, "were the brave Codadad alive, we should little regard those princes who are coming against us." The sultan, nothing dismayed, put himself at the head of his army, and being too brave to await the enemy's attack within his walls, marched out to meet him. He soon discovered the enemy, ranged in order of battle, and attacked them with extraordinary vigour. Much blood was shed on both sides, and the victory remained long dubious; but at length it seemed to incline to the Sultan of Harran's enemies, when a great body of cavalry appeared on the plain, and approached the two armies. The sight of this fresh party caused a cessation of the combat on both sides—neither knowing what to think. But their doubts were soon cleared; for they fell upon the flank of the Sultan of Harran's enemies with such a furious charge, that they soon broke and routed them. Nor did they stop here; they pursued them, and cut most of them in pieces.

The Sultan of Harran, who had attentively observed all that passed, admired the bravery of this strange body of cavalry, whose unexpected arrival had given the victory to his army. But, above all, he was charmed with their chief, whom he had seen fighting with a more than ordinary valour. He longed to know the name of the generous hero. Impatient to see and thank him, he advanced towards him, but perceived he was coming to prevent him. The two princes drew near, and the Sultan of Harran recognised in the brave warrior who had defeated his enemies his lost son Codadad. "O my son!" cried the sultan, "is it possible that you are restored to me. Alas! I despaired of seeing you more." So saying, he stretched out his arms to the young prince, who flew to such a tender embrace. "I know all, my son," said the sultan; "but you shall be revenged to-morrow. Let us now go to the palace where your mother is. What a joy will it be to her to be informed that my victory is your work!" "Sire," said Codadad, "give me leave to ask how you could know I am your son. Have any of

my brothers, repenting, owned it to you?" "No," answered the sultan; "the Princess of Deryabar has given us an account of everything, for she is in my palace, to demand justice against your brothers." Codadad was transported with joy to learn that the princess his wife was at the court. "Let us go, sir," cried he to his father in rapture—"let us go to my mother, who waits for us. I am impatient to dry up her tears, as well as those of the Princess of Deryabar."

The sultan immediately returned to the city with his army, and re-entered his palace victorious, amidst the acclamations of the people, who followed him in crowds, praying Heaven to prolong his life, and extolling Codadad to the skies. They found Pirouze and her daughter-in-law waiting to congratulate the sultan; but words cannot express the transports of joy they felt, when they saw the young prince with him: their embraces were mingled with tears of a very different kind from those they had before shed for him. When they had sufficiently yielded to all the emotions that the ties of blood and love inspired, they asked Codadad by what miracle he came to be still alive. He answered, that a peasant, mounted on a mule, happening accidentally to come into the tent where he lay senseless, and perceiving him alone, and stabbed in several places, had made him fast on his mule, and carried him to his house, where he applied to his wounds certain herbs chewed, which recovered him. "When I found myself well," added he, "I returned thanks to the peasant, and gave him all the diamonds I had. I then made for the city of Harran; but being informed by the way that some neighbouring princes had gathered forces, and were on their march against the sultan's subjects, I made myself known to the inhabitants as I passed, and stirred them up to undertake his defence. I armed a great number of young horsemen, and, heading them, happened to arrive at the time when the two armies were engaged."

When he had done speaking, the sultan said, "Let us return thanks to God for having preserved Codadad; but it is requisite that the traitors who would have destroyed him should perish." "Sire," answered the generous prince, "though my brothers are ungrateful, yet consider they are your sons and my brothers; I forgive their offence, and I pray you to pardon them." This drew tears from the sultan who caused the people to be assembled, and

declared Codadad his heir. He then ordered the princes who were prisoners to be brought out, loaded with irons. Codadad struck off their chains, and embraced them all successively, with as much sincerity and affection as he had done in the court of the black castle. The people were charmed with Codadad's generosity, and loaded him with applause. The travellers were next nobly rewarded in requital of the services they had done the Princess of Deryabar.

The History of Camaralzaman, Prince of the Isle of the Children of Khaledan, and of Badoura, Princess of China.

There was once an island, called the Isle of the Children of Khaledan. It was governed by a king, named Schah-zaman, who esteemed himself the most fortunate of men. One thing only disturbed his happiness; which was, that he was advanced in years and had no children. One day he had complained bitterly of this misfortune to his grand vizier, and asked him if he knew any remedy for it.

That wise minister replied, "If what your majesty requires of me had depended on the ordinary rules of human wisdom, you had soon had an answer to your satisfaction; but my experience and knowledge fall far short of your question. It is to God alone we can apply in cases of this kind. In the midst of our prosperities, which often tempt us to forget Him, He is pleased to mortify us in some instance, that we may address our thoughts to Him, acknowledge His omnipotence, and ask of Him what we ought to expect from Him alone. Your majesty has subjects," proceeded he, "who make a profession of honouring and serving God, and suffering great hardships for His sake; to them I would advise you to have recourse, and engage them, by alms, to join their prayers with yours, for the boon you crave."

Schah-zaman approved this advice, and thanked his vizier. He immediately caused alms to be given to every community of these holy men in his dominions; and having sent for the superiors, declared to them his intention, and desired them to acquaint their devout men with it.

The king obtained of Heaven what he requested, for shortly after he had a son. To express his gratitude to Heaven, he sent fresh

alms to the communities of dervishes, and the prince's birthday was celebrated throughout his dominions. The prince was brought to him as soon as born, and he found him so beautiful that he gave him the name of Camaralzaman, or "Moon of the Age."

He was brought up with all imaginable care; and as he grew up, he learned all that was required of him, and acquitted himself with such grace and wonderful address, as to charm all that saw him, and particularly the sultan his father

When he had attained the age of fifteen, the sultan, who tenderly loved him, proposed to resign his throne to him. "I fear," said he to his grand vizier, "lest my son should lose in the inactivity of youth those advantages which nature and my education have given him: therefore, since I am advanced in age, I propose to resign the government to him."

"Sire," replied the grand vizier, "the prince is yet but young, and it would not, in my humble opinion, be wise to burden him with the weight of a crown so soon. Do not you think it would be proper to marry him first? Your majesty might then admit him to your council, where he would learn by degrees the art of reigning; and so be prepared to receive your authority, whenever you shall think fit to resign your high office."

Schah-zaman approved the advice of his prime minister, and summoned the prince to appear before him.

The prince, who had been accustomed to see his father only at certain times, was a little startled at this summons; when, therefore, he came into his presence, he saluted him with great respect, and stood with his eyes fixed on the ground.

The sultan, perceiving his constraint, addressed him with great mildness. "I sent for you, my son, to inform you that it is my intention to provide a proper marriage for you; what do you think of my design?"

The prince, on hearing this, became greatly agitated, and, with much respect and many apologies, begged the sultan to excuse him for declining to marry on account of his youth.

Schah-zaman felt very sorry at the prince's refusal to accede to his request. He entertained, however, no feelings of anger, but admitted him to his council, and continued to heap on him his royal favours. At the end of another year he again pressed upon

him the same question, and urged upon a compliance with his request. The prince answered with much more readiness than on the first occasion. "Sire, I find myself more and more confirmed in my resolution not to marry. The mischief which women have caused in the world, and which are on record in our histories, and the accounts I daily hear to their disadvantage, are the motives which powerfully influence me; so that it will be in vain to solicit me upon this subject." As soon as he had thus spoken, he quitted the sultan abruptly, without waiting his answer.

Any monarch but Schah-zaman would have been angry at such freedom in a son, and would have made him repent; but he loved him, and preferred gentle methods before he proceeded to compulsion. He communicated this new cause of discontent to his prime minister. "Tell me, I beseech you, how I shall reclaim a disposition so rebellious to my will."

"Sire," answered the grand vizier, "patience cures all. May it please you to give the prince another year to consider your proposal. If in this interval he return to his duty, you will have the greater satisfaction, and if he still continue averse when this is expired, your majesty may in full council observe, that it is highly necessary for the good of the state that he should marry; and it is not likely he will refuse to comply before so grave an assembly, which you honour with your presence."

The sultan, who so anxiously desired to see his son married, thought this long delay an age; however, though with much difficulty, he yielded to his grand vizier.

The sultan went next to the apartment of the mother of the prince, and told her, with much concern, how his son had a second time refused to comply with his wishes. "I know," he said, "that the prince has more confidence in you than he has in me, and will be more likely to attend to your advice. I therefore desire you would take an opportunity to talk to him seriously, and urge upon him, that if he persists in his obstinacy, he will oblige me to have recourse to measures which would give him cause to repent having disobeyed me."

From that time Fatima (this was the name of the prince's mother) had frequent conversations with her son the prince; and she omitted no opportunity nor argument to endeavour to induce in him a compliance with his father's wish; but he eluded all her

reasonings by such arguments as she could not well answer, and continued unaltered.

The year expired, and to the great regret of the sultan, Prince Camaralzaman gave not the least proof of having changed his sentiments. One day, therefore, when there was a great council held, the prime vizier, the other viziers, the principal officers of the crown, and the generals of the army being present, the sultan thus addressed the prince :—"My son, it is now a long while since I expressed to you my earnest desire to see you married; I have thought fit to propose the same thing once more to you in the presence of my council. It is not merely to oblige a parent that you ought to have acceded to my wish; the well-being of my dominions requires your compliance, and this assembly join with me in expecting it. Declare yourself, then, that your answer may regulate my proceedings."

The prince answered with so little reserve, or rather with so much warmth, that the sultan exclaimed, "How, unnatural son! have you the insolence to talk thus to your father and sultan?" He ordered the guards to take him away, and carry him to an old tower that had been long unoccupied; where he was shut up, with only a bed, a little furniture, some books, and one slave to attend him.

Camaralzaman, thus deprived of liberty, was nevertheless pleased that he had the freedom to converse with his books, which made him regard his confinement with indifference. In the evening he bathed and said his prayers; and after having read some chapters in the Koran, with the same tranquillity of mind as if he had been in the sultan's palace, he undressed himself and went to bed, leaving his lamp burning by him while he slept.

In this tower was a well, which served in the daytime for a retreat to a certain fairy, named Maimoune, daughter of Damriat, king or head of a legion of genies. It was about midnight when Maimoune sprung lightly to the mouth of the well, to wander about the world after her wonted custom. She was surprised to see a light in the prince's chamber. She entered, and without stopping at the slave who lay at the door, approached the bed.

She could not forbear admiring the prince, and kissed him gently on both cheeks and in the middle of the forehead without waking him, and took her flight into the air. As she was ascending, she

heard a great flapping of wings, and knew it was a genie whose name was Danhasch who made the noise, one of those genii who resisted the power of the great Solomon, while she acknowledged his rule and authority.

"Tell me, wandering spirit," said Maimoune, "whence thou comest, what thou hast seen, and what thou hast done this night." "Fair spirit," answered Danhasch, "you meet me in a good time to hear someting very wonderful. The country of China, from whence I come, is one of the largest in the world. Giaour, the present king, has an only daughter, the most beautiful creature that ever was seen. Neither you nor I could find sufficient eloquence to convey the most distant idea of her loveliness. Her hair is golden, and reaches below her feet; her forehead is as smooth as the finest polished mirror; her eyes are brilliant as lighted coals; her nose is perfect; her mouth small; her checks vermilion; her teeth surpass the finest pearls in whiteness; her voice agreeable; the most beautiful alabaster is not whiter than her neck. In short, there is not a more perfect beauty in the world.

"The fame of this princess's incomparable beauty has induced many powerful kings to demand her in marriage. But as the king her father has determined that his daughter shall not marry except with her own consent, all the ambassadors returned without success.

"At last one king, most wealthy and powerful, sent a solemn embassy to demand the hand of the princess. The king pressed his acceptance upon his daughter. The princess entreated him to dispense with her compliance, and on his commanding her to obey, she forgot the respect due to the king her father, and angrily replied, 'Sire, speak to me no more of this, nor of any other marriage; if you persist in your importunities, I will plunge a poniard into my heart, and thus free myself from them.'

"The king of China, extremely irritated against the princess, replied, 'My daughter, you are beside yourself, and as such I must treat you.' In fact, he had her confined to an apartment in one of his palaces, and allowed her only ten old women to attend on her, the chief of whom was her nurse. Then he sent ambassadors to the neighbouring kings to inform them of his daughter's refusal to marry—and to make known in every court that if any

physician would cure her distraction, he should obtain her in marriage as his reward. I entreat you, powerful Maimoune, to come and see this wonderful fair one. I am ready to conduct you to her."

Instead of replying to Danhasch, Maimoune burst into a loud fit of laughter, which continued for some time, and which very much astonished Danhasch, who did not know to what cause to attribute it. Having at last, however, composed herself, she said, "You would quickly change your opinion if you had seen the beautiful prince I have this moment left. He is indeed worth looking at, for never was such a gracious creature born." "May I inquire," replied Danhasch, "who this prince can be whom you speak of?" "Know," said the fairy, "that nearly the same thing has happened to him as to the princess thou hast been talking of. The king his father would marry him against his will. For this reason he is at this moment imprisoned in an ancient tower where I take up my abode, and where I have had an opportunity of seeing him."

"I will not contradict you," resumed Danhasch, "but you will give me leave, until I have seen your prince, to think that no mortal, either man or woman, can equal the beauty of my princess. The only means of deciding which surpasses the other in beauty, is to accept the proposal I have made you to come and see my princess, and afterwards to show me your prince." "There is no occasion for me to take so much trouble," said Maimoune; "there is another method by which we can both be satisfied. You know my abode in the ancient tower—there the prince is confined. Go bring thy princess and place her by the side of my prince on his bed. We can then easily compare them with each other, and thus settle our dispute."

Danhasch at once flew to China, and returned with inconceivable swiftness, bearing the beautiful princess on her couch fast asleep. Maimoune received her, and introduced her into the chamber of Prince Camaralzaman, where they placed her on the bed by his side.

When the prince and princess were thus laid close to each other, a grand contest arose between the genie and the fairy, as to which was the handsomest. They stood for some time admiring and comparing them in silence. Danhasch was the first to speak.

"Now are you convinced," said he to Maimoune, "that my princess is more beautiful than your prince?"

"How?" cried Maimoune. "Thou must be blind not to see that my prince is infinitely superior to thy princess. She is beautiful, I confess; but compare them well one with the other, and then thou wilt see that it is as I say."

"Were I to compare them for any length of time," replied Danhasch, "I should think no otherwise than I do. This, however, will not prevent me from giving up my judgment to yours, charming Maimoune, if you wish it." "It shall not be so," interrupted the fairy; "I will never suffer a rebellious genie such as thou art to show me a favour. I will call an umpire: and if thou dost not consent, I win the cause by your refusal."

Danhasch had no sooner consented, than the fairy struck the ground with her foot. The earth opened, and there instantly appeared a most hideous dwarf, lame, blind of one eye, having six horns on his head, and his hands and feet hooked. As soon as the ground had closed again, he perceived Maimoune, and kneeling on one knee, he asked what she desired of him, as he was ready to obey her commands.

"Rise, Caschcasch," said she, "and cast your eye on that bed, and tell us truly which is the most beautiful, this prince, or this princess."

Caschcasch having examined them very attentively for a long time, without being able to make up his mind, "Mistress," said he to Maimoune, "I confess that I cannot tell which is handsomer than the other. The more I examine them, the more each seems to me to have a like perfection of beauty. I propose that you submit them each to this test—that you wake them each in turn, and the one that expresses the strongest affection for the other shall be considered to be the less beautiful."

The proposal of Caschcasch was approved of. Maimoune then changed herself into a flea, and jumped upon the neck of Camaralzaman. She gave him so sharp a bite that he awoke, and put his hand to the place; but he caught nothing, for Maimoune, prepared for this, had jumped away, and taking her original form—invisible, however, like the other two genii, to all but themselves—stood by in order to witness what would happen.

In drawing back his hand, the prince let it fall upon that of the

Princess of China. He opened his eyes, and expressed great surprise at seeing so beautiful a woman by his side. He lifted up his head, and supported it on his elbow, the better to observe her. The great beauty of the princess excited sensations in his breast, to which he had hitherto been a stranger, and he could not help exclaiming, "What beauty! what charms!" and saying this, he kissed her forehead, her cheeks, and her lips so fondly, that he must have broken her slumbers, except for the enchantment of Danhasch.

"There cannot be a doubt," he exclaimed, "but that this is the lady to whom the sultan my father wished to marry me. He has been much to blame not to let me see her sooner; I should not then have offended him by my disobedience. Who knows if he may not have brought her here himself, and may even now be concealed, in order to see how I conduct myself, and make me ashamed of my former decision."

The Princess of China had a very beautiful ring on her finger, and as the prince concluded this speech, he drew it off quietly, and put on one of his own in its place. And it was not long before, through the enchantment of the genie, he fell into as deep a sleep again.

Now Danhasch, in his turn, transformed himself into a flea, and bit the princess directly under her lip. She awoke suddenly, and, starting up, opened her eyes. How great was her astonishment when she saw the young prince.

"What!" she exclaimed, "are you the prince whom the king my father has destined for my husband? Would that I had known this before! I should then never have been imprisoned for a refusal to comply with his request."

Having said this, the princess shook Prince Camaralzaman in so violent a manner, that he must have awoke if Maimoune had not heightened his sleep by means of enchantment. She then took hold of his hand, and tenderly kissing it, perceived her own ring to be on his finger, and that she herself had on a different one. Having tried in vain to wake the prince, she lay down, and in a short time fell asleep.

When Maimoune perceived that she might speak without any danger of waking the Princess of China, she said to Danhasch, "Art thou now convinced that thy princess is less beautiful than

my prince? But do you and Caschcasch take the princess, and carry her to her own bed." Danhasch and Caschcasch executed these orders, while Maimoune retired to her well.

When Prince Camaralzaman awoke the next morning, he looked on each side of him, to see if the lady whom he had seen in the night was still there; but when he perceived she was gone, he said to himself, "It is so: the king my father wished to surprise me; I am, however, happy that I was aware of it." He then called the slave, who was still asleep, and desired him to make haste and dress him.

After he had thus finished his usual occupations, "Tell me truly," said he to the slave, "who brought the lady who slept in my chamber last night."

"Prince," replied the slave, in the greatest astonishment, "I swear to you that I know nothing about the matter. How could any lady possibly get in, as I slept at the door?" "Thou art a rascal," replied the prince, "and art in league with some one to vex and distress me." Saying this, he gave him a blow, and then tied the rope of the well round his body, and let him down several times into the water. "I will drown thee," cried he, "if thou dost not tell me who the lady is, and who brought her."

"Prince," said the slave, trembling, "I cannot tell you in the state I am now in; allow me to change my dress." "I will," replied the prince, "but take care on thy return thou tellest all the truth."

The slave went out, and after having fastened the door on the prince, ran to the palace, wet as he was. The king was engaged in conversation with his grand vizier, and was complaining of the restless night he had passed, in consequence of the disobedience of the prince his son.

The minister endeavoured to console him, and convince him that the prince had justly merited the punishment he endured.

The grand vizier had scarcely spoken, when the slave presented himself before King Schah-zaman, and related everything that Prince Camaralzaman had said, and the excesses he had been guilty of, and expressed his fears that he had lost his reason through his imprisonment.

The king on hearing these sad tidings, exclaimed to the grand

vizier, "This is, indeed, a new and unexpected affliction. Go, lose not a moment, and examine yourself this affair, and come and tell me what you discover." The grand vizier immediately obeyed. When he entered the chamber of the prince, he found him seated with a book in his hand, which he was reading with apparent composure. He saluted him; and then the prince addressed him, "O vizier, as you are here, I am glad to have an opportunity of asking you, who must know something about the matter, where the lady is who was with me in this chamber last night."

"Prince," said the grand vizier, "do not be surprised at the astonishment you see me in at this question. How can it be possible that any lady could have penetrated into this place in the night, to which there is no other entrance but by the door, at which a guard was set? I entreat you to collect your thoughts, and I am persuaded you will find it is only a dream, that has left a strong impression on your mind."

"I shall pay no attention to your arguments," resumed the prince, in a more elevated tone of voice: "I will absolutely know what is become of this lady. I saw her. She played the part allotted her vastly well. You know it all, I dare say; she has not failed giving you an account of the whole transaction." "Prince," resumed the grand vizier, "I swear to you, that all you have been relating was unknown to me, and that neither the king your father nor I sent you the lady you mention; we should never have had such an idea. Allow me once more to say, that this lady could only appear to you in a dream."

Upon this, he took the grand vizier by his beard, and said, "Go, tell my father that I will marry the lady whom he sent me last night." The grand vizier made a profound reverence on quitting him. He presented himself before Schah-zaman with an air of sorrow, and said, "Sire, what the slave related to your majesty is too true." He then related all that had passed.

Upon this, the king went himself to the tower with the grand vizier. Prince Camaralzaman received his father with the greatest respect. The king sat down, and asked him many questions, to which he replied with perfect good sense. At length he said, "My son, I beg you tell me who this lady is who slept last night in your chamber." "Sire," replied Camaralzaman, "I entreat

you to bestow her on me in marriage. I am ready to receive her from your hands, with the deepest sense of my obligation to you."

"You speak to me in a way, my son," said he, "that astonishes me beyond measure. I swear to you that I know nothing of the lady you name, nor of her visit."

"Sire," resumed the prince, "after the solemn assurance you have given me, I request you to hear me, and then judge if what I shall have the honour of relating to you can be a dream."

Prince Camaralzaman then told the king his father all that had passed in the night; and as he concluded, he took the ring from his finger and presented it to the king.

"After what I have now heard, my son," replied King Schah-zaman, "I can no longer doubt that you did see the lady last night in your chamber. But where am I to seek her? Come, my son, let us weep together; you for loving without hope, I for seeing your affliction without the means of relieving it."

Schah-zaman took the prince out of his prison, and conducted him to the palace, where the prince fell quite ill from his despair, and the king shut himself up to weep with his afflicted son.

While these things were passing in the capital of King Schah-zaman, the two genii, Danhasch and Caschcasch, had reconducted the Princess of China to the palace where the king her father had confined her, and placed her in her bed.

The next morning when she awoke, and perceived that Prince Camaralzaman was no longer near her, she called her women in a voice which made them all run quickly to her. Her nurse approached her pillow, and asked her what she desired. "Tell me," replied the princess, "what is become of the young man who slept in my chamber last night, and whom I love so tenderly." "You do this to joke us, my princess," replied the nurse; "will you please to rise now?" "I speak seriously," said the princess, "and I will know where he is." "But, my dear princess," rejoined the nurse, "you were alone when we put you to bed last night, and no one has entered this place that we know of."

The Princess of China seized her nurse's head, and slapped her. "Thou shalt tell me truly," cried she, "or I will murder thee." The nurse getting out of her hands, instantly ran to the Queen of China, the mother of the princess. "Madam," said she, "the

princess is out of her senses. You may judge of it yourself, if you will take the trouble of coming to see her."

The Queen of China immediately went to the princess. "Indeed, my daughter," said she, "a princess of your rank ought never to forget herself, or yield to anger. You well know, my dear child, that you are alone in your chamber, and that no man can possibly enter it."

The princess forgot the respect she owed to her mother, and answered, "Madam, the king my father and you have for some time urged me to marry; the wish to do so has at length taken possession of my breast, and I will absolutely either marry the young prince who slept in my chamber last night, or I shall die for love of him." On her saying this, the queen left her to acquaint the king of this new source of grief. The King of China immediately repaired to the princess. "What is this I hear?" exclaimed he. "Has any young prince slept in your chamber last night?" "That you may not entertain any doubts of my having seen this youth in my chamber last night, look if you please at this ring." She held out her hand, and the King of China knew not what to think when he perceived that it was the ring of a man. But as he had confined her originally because she was supposed to have lost her wits, he supposed that the same calamity had befallen her again. He therefore had her committed again to the tower, and sent ambassadors to intimate his misfortune at the courts of the neighbouring kings, and to give them notice that if any one could effect her cure, he should have her hand in marriage, and be made heir to the kingdom; but if he attempts the cure and does not succeed after his admission to the presence of so beautiful a princess, he must lose his head.

Several of the emirs[1] and astrologers of the court of the King of China and of the neighbouring potentates, animated by the double desire to be the husband of so fair a lady, and the heir of so splendid a kingdom, tried in vain to effect the cure of the princess, and paid with their heads the penalty of their ambition and their rashness.

Now, it so happened that the nurse of the princess had a son, named Marzavan. He had been brought up as the foster-brother,

[1] "Emirs: grand officers of the court—really the title implies 'Children of the prophet.'"—Sales's *Koran*.

and had been nourished by one and the same breast as the Princess of China. They had in their childhood treated each other as brother and sister. Marzavan became a great traveller, and visited many countries. He had also devoted himself to the study of judicial astrology, and other occult sciences. About a year after the princess commenced her captivity, he returned to his own home; and on learning from the princess's nurse, his mother, the wonderful incidents of her illness, and her mysterious tale of the young man who left his ring on her finger, he expressed an earnest desire to be admitted to the presence of the princess, as he thought he might, by his knowledge of magic, explain the marvel of which she had been the subject, and help towards her recovery. He did not wish to run the risk of losing his life, and so he entreated the nurse, his mother, to admit him to a secret interview with his foster-sister. After many consultations with her son, she determined to secure him the favour he desired; and one night, having obtained the favourable ear of the guard at the princess's door, she disguised her son in the dress of a female slave, and thus obtained for him a passage through the palace to the princess's chamber. Before the nurse presented her son to the princess, she went to her, and said, "Madam, this is not a woman whom you see—it is my son Marzavan, who is just arrived from his travels, and whom I have found means to introduce into your chamber, disguised by this dress. I hope you will allow him to pay his respects to you."

At the name of Marzavan, the princess expressed great joy. "Come forward, brother," cried she to Marzavan, "and take off that veil. It is not forbidden to a brother and sister to see each other uncovered." Marzavan saluted her with great respect; but without allowing him time to say anything, she exclaimed, "Surely, brother, you at least are not of the number of those who think me to be mad."

The princess then related to Marzavan all her history, and showed him the ring which had been exchanged for hers. "I have disguised nothing from you," continued she. "In what I have told you, I acknowledge that there is something mysterious, which I cannot comprehend, and this leads them all to suppose that I am not in my right senses; but they pay no attention to the other circumstances, which are exactly as I have related."

When the princess had related her history, Marzavan made a

most respectful obeisance, and expressed his determination to go and visit the cities and countries of the world he had not yet seen, and to try and discover at some of their courts the prince whose ring was on the finger of the princess, that he might thereby promote her happiness and recovery. He set out on the following day.

Marzavan travelled from city to city, from province to province, and from island to island. At the expiration of four months he arrived at Torf, a populous maritime town, where he no longer heard of the Princess Badoura, but every one was talking of Prince Camaralzaman, whose history he found to be nearly similar to that of the Princess of China. Marzavan, with much joy, inquired in what part of the world this prince resided, and he was told the place. There were two ways to it, the longer by land, and the shorter by sea. Marzavan chose the latter, and embarked in a merchant vessel, which had a good voyage till within sight of the capital of the kingdom of Schah-zaman. But as the vessel was entering the harbour, it struck on a rock, went to pieces, and sunk in sight of the castle in which Prince Camaralzaman passed his life, and where his father, King Schah-zaman, was at that moment conversing with his grand vizier.

Marzavan threw himself into the sea, and swam to the castle of King Schah-zaman, where he was well received, and every assistance given him, according to the orders of the grand vizier.

On the next day, after his recovery from his fatigues, he was admitted to the presence of the grand vizier, who soon led the conversation to the afflicted son of his royal master, and related to Marzavan all the wonderful history of Prince Camaralzaman.

Marzavan felt convinced that this young prince was the person who had exchanged rings with the fair Princess of China, and he informed the vizier that he thought he could promise his recovery. He was admitted to the presence of the prince, who was lying on his couch, with his father in much sorrow weeping beside him. Scarcely had Marzavan entered the room than he exclaimed, "What a likeness! What a wonderful likeness!" He spoke of the likeness which he saw at once between the Prince Camaralzaman and the Princess Badoura. These words excited the curiosity of the prince, which was still more increased by some improvised verses which Marzavan repeated, in which he made some

mysterious allusions indicating that he knew all his secret history. The king, perceiving an unwonted look of interest come across the pale countenance of his son, took Marzavan by the hand, and said, "God grant that you may restore me my son;" and then, with the grand vizier, left the chamber.

No sooner was Marzavan left alone with the prince than he approached his couch, and said, in a low and confidential tone, "Prince, the lady whom you love is well known to me. She is a princess, Badoura, daughter of Giaour, King of China. She loves you no less than you do her. You are as necessary to her restoration as she is to your own recovery. Try, therefore, and perfect your health, that you may the sooner regain strength to visit her. I will be your companion."

This discourse of Marzavan instantly produced a wonderful effect. Prince Camaralzaman was so comforted by this new hope, that he got up, and entreated the king his father to permit him to dress himself. His countenance was full of joy.

The king embraced Marzavan, but did not inquire into the means by which so surprising a change was instantaneously effected. He ordered public rejoicings for several days, distributed presents to his officers and the populace, gave alms to the poor, and had all prisoners set at liberty. In short, nothing but joy and mirth reigned in the capital, which very soon spread its influence throughout the dominions of King Schahzaman.

Prince Camaralzaman having in a few days recovered his strength, pressed Marzavan to hasten his plans; and to prevent the King Schah-zaman interfering with their intended departure, they determined to ask leave to form a hunting party, and under that excuse to flee secretly to the court of the King of China. The next day, Prince Camaralzaman told the king his father how much he wished to take an airing, and begged him to allow him to hunt for a day or two with Marzavan. "I do not object to it," replied the king, "provided, however, that you promise me not to remain out longer than one night. Too much exercise at first might injure you, and a longer absence would be painful to me." The king then gave orders for the best horses to be chosen for him, and took care himself that nothing should be wanting for his expedition. When everything was ready, he embraced him,

and having earnestly recommended him to the care of Marzavan, he let him depart.

Prince Camaralzaman and Marzavan reached an open country; and to deceive the two grooms that led the relay of horses, they pretended to hunt, and got as distant from the city as possible. At night they stopped at a khan, where they supped, and slept till about midnight. Marzavan, who was the first to wake, called Prince Camaralzaman, without waking the grooms. He begged him to give him his dress, and to put on another, which one of the grooms had brought for him. They mounted the horses of relay, and each leading one of the grooms' horses by the bridle, to hinder their following, set out at a quick pace.

The prince and Marzavan, well supplied with valuable jewels to defray their expenses, continued their travels till they arrived at the capital of China. Marzavan made the prince alight at a public khan for the reception of travellers. They remained there three days, to recover from the fatigue of the journey. When the three days were expired, they went together to the bath, where Marzavan made the prince put on the astrologer's dress he had provided, and afterwards conducted him within sight of the palace of the King of China.

The prince, instructed by Marzavan in what he was to do, and furnished with every implement necessary for his assumed dress and character, approached the gate of the palace; and stopping before it, cried out with a loud voice, in the hearing of the guard and porters, "I am an astrologer, and I come to complete the cure of the illustrious Princess Badoura, daughter of the great and puissant monarch Giaour, King of China, according to the conditions proposed by his majesty, to marry her, if I succeed, or to lose my life, if I fail."

Now, it had been a long time since either physician, astrologer, or magician had presented himself, after so many tragical examples of people who had failed in their enterprise. This address, therefore, soon drew a vast crowd of people around Prince Camaralzaman. On observing his elegant figure, noble air, and extreme youth, every one felt compassion for him. "What are you thinking of, sir?" said those who were nearest to him; "what can be your motive for thus exposing to certain death a life which has only just commenced? Pray abandon this useless and fatal design."

The prince remained firm to his purpose; and calling out a third time the same words, the grand vizier came himself, and conducted him into the presence of the king. The prince no sooner perceived the monarch seated on his throne, than he prostrated himself, and kissed the earth before him. Of all the competitors for the honour of his daughter's hand, the king had not seen one he liked so well, and he felt great compassion for Camaralzaman. "Young man, I can scarcely believe that at your youthful age you can have acquired sufficient experience to cure my daughter. I wish you to succeed; I would bestow her on you in marriage with the greatest joy. But if you fail, neither your youth nor your noble air can save your life."

"Sire," replied Prince Camaralzaman, "I thank you. What would be said of me, if I were now to abandon the cure of so beautiful a princess? I entreat you to lêt me prove the infallibility of the art in which I am a proficient."

The King of China ordered the prince to be conducted to the chamber of the princess. In his anxiety to meet with the long wished-for object of his affections, he so hastened his steps, as to elicit from the officer of the palace expressions of surprise at his eagerness to meet a cruel and certain death. "Friend," said the prince, "the astrologers before me had not the confidence in their art that I entertain. I am certain of effecting the cure I have undertaken; but to convince you of my skill, and of my knowledge of the disease, which is half the cure, I will cure the princess without seeing her." On saying this, the prince drew out his tablets, and wrote these words:—

"*Prince Camaralzaman to the Princess of China.*

"ADORABLE PRINCESS!

"A heart-stricken prince would remind you of the fatal night when he gave you his heart during your sweet sleep. He even had the presumption to place his ring upon your finger, as a token of his love, and to take yours in exchange, which he sends you, enclosed in this note. If you will condescend to return it him as a reciprocal pledge of yours, he will esteem himself the happiest of men. But should you not comply, your refusal will make him submit to the stroke of death with so much the more

resignation, as he will receive it for the love he bears you. He awaits your answer in your antechamber."

The officer of the king's palace went into the princess's chamber and presented the packet. The fair daughter of the king opened it with the utmost indifference; but as soon as she saw the ring, she ran to the door and opened it, and ran into the arms of the prince, and neither of them could scarcely speak for joy at their happy reunion. The nurse, who had run out with the princess, brought them into the chamber, where the princess returned her ring to the prince. "Take it," said she; "I keep yours, which I am resolved not to part with to the end of my life."

The officer of the palace, meanwhile, returned to the king. "Sire," said he, "all the physicians and astrologers who have hitherto undertaken the recovery of the princess, made use either of magic or of conjurations, or of perfumes or other things; he has cured her without even seeing her." The king, most agreeably surprised, went immediately to the apartment of the princess, whom he tenderly embraced; he embraced the prince also, took hold of his hand, and joining it to that of the princess, "Happy stranger," cried he, "whoever you may be, I keep my promise, and give you my daughter in marriage. But it is not possible to persuade me that you are what you appear to be." "I am," said Camaralzaman, "a prince by birth, the son of a king and queen; my father is called Schahzaman, and reigns over the well-known Islands of Khaledan." He then related his adventures, and the miraculous origin of his love for the princess; that their affection for each other was conceived simultaneously, as was fully proved by the exchange of the two rings.

"So extraordinary a history," cried the king, "deserves to be handed down to posterity. I will have it written; I will make it public to the neighbouring nations." The ceremony of the nuptials was performed on that very day; and the most solemn festivities and rejoicings took place throughout the extensive dominions of China. Marzavan was not forgotten: the king granted him free access to the court; bestowed on him an office of honour and importance. In the midst of these nuptial festivities, Prince Camaralzaman had a dream one night, in which he saw King Schahzaman, his father, on the point of death, saying: "This son, whom

I have so tenderly cherished, has abandoned me, and he is the cause of my death." He awoke with a deep sigh, which made the princess inquire what occasioned his unhappiness.

"Alas!" cried the prince, "perhaps at this very moment that I am speaking, the king my father breathes no more." The princess, being persuaded that it would be her husband's wish to revisit his father, on the very next day went to the King of China, and making a respectful obeisance to him, requested the royal permission for the prince and herself to depart on a visit to the court of Schah-zaman. "Go," said the King of China, "I give my consent, on the condition that you both remain no longer than one year." The princess announced this consent to Camaralzaman, who was much rejoiced at it, and thanked her for this new proof of her affection towards him. They set off to return to the prince's native kingdom as soon as preparations could be made for their journey. After a month's travelling they arrived at a vast plain, planted with trees, which formed a very agreeable shade. As the heat was excessive, they halted in this beautiful spot. As soon as their tents were pitched, the princess, who had been resting in the shade, retired within hers. In order to be more at her ease, she took off her girdle, she then fell asleep through fatigue, and her attendants left her.

Prince Camaralzaman shortly afterward entered the tent, and as he perceived that the princess had fallen asleep, he came in and sat down without making any noise. While he was thus sitting, the girdle of the princess caught his eye. He examined the different diamonds and rubies with which it was enriched, one by one; and he perceived a small silk purse, sewn neatly to the girdle. Curious to know what it contained, he opened the purse and took out a cornelian, upon which there were certain unintelligible characters engraven. Now, this cornelian was a talisman, which the Queen of China had given to her daughter to insure her happiness, as long as she wore it about her.

In order the better to examine this curious engraving, Prince Camaralzaman went to the outside of the tent, when, as he was holding it in his hand, a bird made a sudden dart from the air upon it, and carried it away, to his exceeding great grief and astonishment.

The bird having flown away with his prize, alighted on a tree at

a little distance, with the talisman[1] still in his beak. Prince Camaralzaman went towards him in the hope of his dropping it; but as soon as he approached, the bird flew a little way, and then stopped again. The prince continued to pursue him; the bird then swallowed the talisman and took a longer flight. The further the bird got from him, the more was Camaralzaman determined not to lose sight of him, and obtain the talisman.

Over hills and through valleys did the bird lead the prince the whole day, always advancing further from the spot where he had left the Princess Badoura. At the close of day, instead of perching in a bush, in which Camaralzaman might have surprised him during the night, he flew to the top of a high tree, where he was in safety.

The prince, mortified beyond measure, deliberated what he should do. Shall I return? thought he; shall I repass the hills and valleys over which I came? Shall I not lose my way, and will my strength hold out? How could I present myself before the princess without her talisman? Disconsolate, fatigued, hungry, and thirsty, he lay down, and passed the night at the foot of the tree.

The next morning Camaralzaman was awake before the dawn of day. The bird had no sooner quitted the tree than he got up to pursue him, and followed him the whole of that day with as little success as he had done on the preceding one, eating occasionally of the herbs and fruits he met with on his way. He did the same till the tenth day, always keeping his eye on the bird, and sleeping at night at the foot of the tree where it perched on its highest branches.

On the eleventh day, the bird constantly flying on, and Camaralzaman as constantly pursuing, they arrived at a large city. When the bird[2] was near the walls, he rose very high above them,

[1] "Talisman, a corruption of the Arabic word 'talsam.' It is a word applied to anything bearing mystical characters. The purposes for which talsams are contrived are various. They respectively preserve from enchantments, from accidents, from a variety of evils. They protect treasures from discovery, and being touched or rubbed, secure the presence of genii."—Lane's *Notes*, vol. ii., p. 203.

[2] "The huma—a bird which flies always in the air, and never touches the earth. It is looked upon as a bird of happy omen, and that every head it overshadows will in time wear a crown."—*Lalla Rookh*, p. 249.

and bending his flight to the other side, the prince entirely lost sight of him, and with him the hope of recovering the talisman of the Princess Badoura.

Afflicted and hopeless he entered the city, which was built on the sea-shore, with a very fine harbour. Not knowing either where he was or where to go, he walked along the shore, till he came to the gate of a garden, which was open, when he stopped. The gardener, an old man, had scarcely perceived and recognised him as a stranger and a Mussulman, when he invited him to go in quickly and shut the gate. Camaralzaman did as he desired, and asked him why he had made him take this precaution. "It is," replied the gardener, "because I see that you are a stranger and a Mussulman; and this city is inhabited for the most part by idolaters, who have a mortal aversion against Mussulmans, and try to lead them into temptation, if they are off their guard. But you must want food, so come and rest yourself." The gardener took him into his house, and after he had eaten to his satisfaction, asked him to tell his history. Camaralzaman told him all that had happened, and inquired by what means he might get to the dominions of Schah-zaman, for he despaired of ever meeting again his dear princess.

The gardener told him that the city he was then in was a whole year's journey from the territories of Schahzaman, but that by sea he might reach the Isle of Ebony, and thence find a passage to the Islands of Khaledan, and that once every year a merchant ship made the voyage to these ports. "If you had arrived some days sooner," continued he, "you might have embarked in that which sailed this year; but if you will wait till that of next year sails, and live with me, you are welcome to do so."

Prince Camaralzaman accepted the offer, and remained with the gardener. He worked in the garden during the day, and passed the nights in sighs, tears, and lamentations, for the loss of his Badoura. We will return to the Princess Badoura, whom we left sleeping in her tent.

The princess slept for some time, and on waking was surprised not to find her beloved husband. She called her women, and whilst they were assuring her that they had seen him go into the tent, but had not observed him leave it, she perceived that the talisman she valued so much was taken from the purse, and she

could not divest her mind of the idea that the prince's absence was in some way connected with this talisman. When the night fell, and he did not return, she was overwhelmed with affliction. On the morrow she determined to carry out a design, which demanded courage unusual in her sex. She commanded her attendants not to say nor do anything that might excite the slightest suspicion. She then changed her dress for one of Camaralzaman's, whom she resembled so strongly that his people took her for the prince himself, on the following morning when she made her appearance, and commanded them to pack up the baggage, and proceed on their journey. When all was ready, one of her women took her place in the litter, and she herself mounted a horse, and they set off.

After a journey of several months, the princess, disguised as Prince Camaralzaman, arrived at the capital of the Isle of Ebony. The intelligence soon reached the palace of the king.

King Armanos, (for that was his name,) accompanied by his court, received the princess as the son of a king who was his friend and ally, and conducted her to his palace. where he lodged her and her whole suite.

When three days were expired, King Armanos, being quite charmed with the Princess, whom he still supposed to be really Prince Camaralzaman, proposed that he should postpone his return home, and should unite himself in marriage to his only daughter, the sole heiress of his dominion. Badoura was sadly perplexed at this offer; but, having announced herself as Prince Camaralzaman, she determined to continue to act the part of the prince, and, fearful to offend King Armanos, assented to his proposal. She enjoined yet closer secrecy upon her women, and assured the officers of the prince that the Princess Badoura had given her consent to her husband's union with the daughter of Armanos.

The King of the Island of Ebony, overjoyed at having acquired a son-in-law with whom he was so much delighted, assembled his council on the morrow, and declared that he bestowed the princess his daughter in marriage on Prince Camaralzaman; that he resigned his crown to him, and enjoined them to accept him as their king, and to pay him homage. When he had concluded, he descended from the throne, and made the Princess Badoura, dis-

guised as the prince, to ascend and take his place, where she received the oaths of fidelity and allegiance from all who were present.

The new king was solemnly proclaimed throughout the city; rejoicings for several days were ordered, and couriers despatched to all parts of the kingdom, that the same ceremonies and the same demonstrations of joy might be observed.

In the evening the whole palace was in festivity, and the Princess Haiatalnefous, for this was the name of the daughter of the king of the Island of Ebony, was conducted to the Princess Badoura, whom every one supposed to be a man, with a magnificence truly royal. The ceremonies being completed, they retired to rest.

And now the hour was come when Badoura could no longer conceal her true history from the Princess Haiatalnefous. She told her all the events of her life, and entreated her not to betray her secret, and to help her in acting the part of Camaralzaman, till the prince should himself arrive on his return to the dominions of his father.

"Princess," replied Haiatalnefous, "it would indeed be a singular destiny, if a union such as yours, conceived and preserved with so many miraculous adventures, should be of such short duration. I join my wishes to yours, that Heaven may soon reunite you. Be assured, in the meantime, that I will preserve the secret intrusted me. I shall rejoice to be the only person in this great kingdom who really knows you, while you govern it with the wisdom you have displayed at the commencement of your reign, I shall be fully satisfied with your friendship." After this conversation the two princesses tenderly embraced, and with a thousand demonstrations of reciprocal friendship they lay down to rest. From this time the Princess Badoura continued to govern the kingdom in great tranquillity, to the complete satisfaction of the king and all his subjects. While these things were being done in the Isle of Ebony, Prince Camaralzaman was still in the city of idolaters with the gardener who had offered him a retreat.

One day at the end of the year, shortly before the destined vessel was about to sail to the country of King Armanos, when the prince could not work as usual with the gardener, because it

was a holiday on which the public law allowed no labour to be done, he became absorbed in deep melancholy, with the reflection on his sad destiny in the premature loss of his beloved Badoura. As he sat desolate in the garden his attention was attracted by the noise made by two birds perched on a tree near him. Camaralzaman observed that these birds fought desperately for several minutes, when one of them fell dead at the foot of the tree. The conqueror bird resumed his flight, and soon disappeared. At the same moment two other birds of a larger size, who had seen the combat from a distance, arrived from a different quarter, and fell upon the victor in the late combat, who uttered dreadful cries, and made violent efforts to escape, but whom they deprived of life by pecking him with their beaks. They then flew away.

Camaralzaman gazed in silent admiration on this surprising spectacle. He approached the tree, took up the mangled remains of the bird, and found the talisman of the Princess Badoura. "Dearest princess!" he exclaimed, "this fortunate moment, in which I thus redeem what is so valuable to you, is a happy presage that I shall meet you in the same unexpected manner—and perhaps even sooner than I dare to hope." As he finished these words, Camaralzaman kissed the talisman, and, wrapping it up carefully, tied it round his arm. On the next morning, at break of day, the gardener begged him to root up a particular tree, which he pointed out to him, as being old and no longer bearing fruit.

Camaralzaman took an axe and set to work. As he was cutting a part of the root, he struck something which made a loud noise. He removed the earth, and discovered a large plate of brass, under which he found a staircase with ten steps. He immediately descended, and found himself in a vault, about fifteen feet square, in which he counted fifty large bronze jars ranged round it, each with a cover. He uncovered them all, one after the other, and found them filled with gold dust. He then left the vault, quite overjoyed at having discovered so rich a treasure; replaced the plate over the staircase, and continued to root up the tree, while he waited for the gardener's return. The gardener returned with a countenance which proved that he bore good news to Camaralzaman. "My son," said he, "rejoice; the vessel will sail in

three days, and I have arranged about your passage and departure."

"In return," replied Camaralzaman, "I have to tell you news which will give you great pleasure. Take the trouble of following me, and you will see your good fortune." Camaralzaman conducted the gardener to the spot where he rooted up the tree, and made him go down into the vault, and showed him the jars filled with gold dust.

Hereupon a severe though friendly controversy arose as to whom these jars rightfully belonged, the prince and the gardener each being determined that the whole should belong to the other. The dispute was finally decided by their dividing the jars between them, twenty-five to each.

The division being made, "My son," said the gardener, "there are no olives in the Isle of Ebony, and those which are taken from here, are in great request. As I have a good provision of them, gathered from my own garden, you must take fifty jars, and fill them half way with the gold dust, and the other half with olives, up to the top, and take them to the ship when you embark."

Camaralzaman adopted this advice, and employed himself the rest of the day in filling and arranging the fifty jars; and as he feared that he might lose the talisman of the Princess Badoura by wearing it constantly on his arm, he put it in one of these jars, on which he set a mark, to know it again.

Whether from sorrow at the prince's departure, or from the infirmities of age, the gardener was taken very ill, so that when the captain called next morning to say the wind was fair, and he was about to embark, he was obliged to send the fifty jars to the vessel, and to say that he would follow immediately. As soon as the captain and seamen were gone, Camaralzaman went to the gardener to bid him farewell, and to thank him for all the good offices he had rendered him; but he found him at the point of death, and he had scarcely obtained from him the profession of his faith as a good Mussulman, than he expired. The prince having used the utmost diligence in performing the last offices of respect to the deceased, set out for the harbour, when on his arrival he found to his great grief that the ship, after the captain had waited for him three full hours, had set sail, and was already out of sight.

Camaralzaman was pained to the utmost degree to find himself

obliged to wait another year before the opportunity he had lost would again occur. What mortified him still more was, that he had parted with the talisman of the Princess Badoura, which he now gave up for lost. He proceeded to rent the garden of the landlord to whom it belonged, and to hire a boy to assist him; and that he might not lose the other share of the treasure, which came to him by the death of the gardener, he put the gold dust into fifty other jars, and covered them with olives, as he had done before, that he might take them with him next year, when the time came for him to embark.

While Prince Camaralzaman was thus doomed to another year of pain, sorrow, and impatience, the vessel continued its voyage with a favourable wind, and arrived without any misfortune at the capital of the Isle of Ebony.

As the palace was on the sea-shore, the new king, or rather the Princess Badoura, who perceived the vessel while sailing into port, with all its flags flying, inquired what ship it was, and was told that it came every year from the city of idolaters at that season, and that it was in general laden with very rich merchandise.

The princess, who in the midst of all the state and splendour that surrounded her, was constantly occupied with the idea of Camaralzaman, conceived that he might have embarked on board that vessel. Under pretence, therefore, of being the first to see and to choose the most valuable for herself, she ordered a horse to be brought her. She went to the harbour, accompanied by several officers, and arrived at the moment that the captain came on shore. She desired him to be brought to her, and inquired of him from whence he had sailed, if he had amongst his passengers any stranger of distinction, and above all, with what his vessel was laden.

The captain answered all these questions. He assured her there were no passengers besides the merchants, and that they brought very rich stuffs from different countries, linens of the finest texture, painted as well as plain, precious stones, musk, ambergris, camphor, civet, spices, medicinal drugs, olives, and several other articles.

As soon as the Princess Badoura heard of olives, she said to the captain, "I will take all you have on board; order them to be unladen immediately, that I may bargain for them."

"Sire," replied the captain, to the princess, disguised as Camaralzaman, "there are only fifty jars of olives, and they belong to a merchant who remained behind. I had informed him of my departure, and even waited for him some time; but as I found he did not come, and that his delay prevented my profiting by a favourable wind, I set sail." "Let them be put ashore," replied the princess: "this shall not prevent our making the bargain."

"Sire," replied the captain, "the merchant is very poor; your majesty will confer a great obligation on him by giving him a thousand pieces of silver." "That he may be perfectly satisfied," said the princess, "and in consideration of his great poverty, you shall have a thousand pieces of gold counted out to you, which you will take care to give him." She gave orders for the payment of this sum, and desired that the jars be taken to the palace.

As night approached, the Princess Badoura retired to the interior palace, and went to the apartment of the Princess Haiatalnefous, where she had the fifty jars of olives brought to her. She had opened one, to taste them, and to eat of them herself, and poured some into a dish, when to her astonishment she found the olives mixed with gold dust. She immediately ordered the other jars to be opened, and emptied in her presence, by the women of Haiatalnefous; and her surprise increased, as she perceived that the olives in each jar were mixed with the gold dust. But when that was emptied in which Camaralzaman had deposited the talisman, her emotions on seeing it were so strong, that she was quite overcome, and fainted away.

The Princess Haiatalnefous and her women ran to her assistance. When she had recovered her senses, she took up the talisman, and kissed it several times; but as she did not choose to say anything before the princess's women, who were ignorant of her disguise, and as it was time to retire to rest, she dismissed them. "Princess," said she to Haiatalnefous, as soon as they were alone, "after what I have related to you of my adventures, you no doubt have guessed that this talisman is mine, the very one that was the cause of the separation between my beloved prince and myself. I am certain its discovery will be the means of our speedy reunion."

The next morning at break of day, the Princess Badoura sent for the captain of the vessel. "I beg you," she said to him, "to give me a more full account of the merchant to whom the olives

belonged, that I bought yesterday. I think you told me that you left him behind in the city of idolaters; can you inform me what was his occupation there?"

"Sire," replied the captain, "I know it for certain he is a gardener. This made me say to your majesty that he was poor. I went to his garden to seek him, and spoke to him myself."

"You must set sail again to-day," said the princess, "to search for this young gardener, and bring him here, for he is my debtor. If you refuse, I will confiscate, not only all the goods which belong to you, and those of the merchants you have on board, but will also make your life and that of the merchants responsible for it. At this moment, they are going by my command to place the seal on the magazines where they are deposited, and which shall not be taken off until you have delivered into my hands the young man I require. This is what I had to say to you. Go, and obey my orders."

The captain had nothing to reply to this command, and set sail on that very day.

The ship had a very good voyage, and the captain purposely managed to arrive by night at the city of idolaters. When he was as near land as he thought necessary, he did not cast anchor, but while the vessel lay to, he got into his boat and rowed to shore at a spot a little distance from the harbour, from whence he went to the garden of Camaralzaman, accompanied by six of his most resolute seamen.

The prince had not retired to rest. His sorrow prevented sleep. When, therefore, he heard late at night a knocking at the gate of his garden, he went to open it, when the captain and sailors, without speaking a word, seized and conducted him by main force to the boat, and took him to the ship, which set sail again as soon as they had re-embarked.

Camaralzaman, when once on board, asked the captain, whose features he recollected, why he dragged him away with so much violence. "Are you not a debtor to the King of the Island of Ebony?" inquired the captain in his turn. "I, a debtor to the King of the Island of Ebony!" exclaimed Camaralzaman, with amazement. "I do not know him; I never had any dealings with him, nor ever set my foot in his dominions." "You must know that matter better than I can," replied the captain, "but

you will speak to him yourself: however, remain here quietly, and have patience."

The vessel had as successful a voyage in conducting Camaralzaman to the Isle of Ebony as it had experienced in going for him to the city of idolaters. Although night had closed when they got into port, the captain did not delay going on shore to take Prince Camaralzaman to the palace, where he requested to be presented to the king.

The Princess Badoura was no sooner informed of his return, and of the arrival of Camaralzaman, than she went out to speak to him. Had she followed her inclination, she would have run to him, and discovered herself by her tender embraces; but she restrained her emotions, as she thought it for the interest of both that she should continue to sustain the character of king for some time longer before she made herself known. She contented herself with recommending him particularly to the care of an officer who was present, charging him to be attentive, and treat him well until the following day.

When the Princess Badoura had ordered everything that related to Prince Camaralzaman, she turned towards the captain, and restored all his merchandise, and dismissed him with a present of a rich and precious diamond, and bade him keep the thousand pieces of gold which had been paid for the jars of olives.

The next day, the Princess of China, under the disguise and authority of the king of the Isle of Ebony, after taking care to have Prince Camaralzaman conducted to the bath very early in the morning, and dressed in the robe of an emir, introduced him into the council, where he attracted the attention of all the nobles who were present, by his majestic air and princely bearing.

After he had taken his place in the rank of emirs, according to her directions, "My lords," said she, addressing the other emirs, "Camaralzaman, whom I this day present to you as your colleague, is not unworthy of the dignity he occupies amongst you. I have had sufficient experience of his worth in my travels, to be able to answer for him, and I can assure you that he will make himself admired by you, as much for his valour and a thousand other good and amiable qualities, as by the superior greatness of his mind."

Camaralzaman was extremely surprised when he heard the

king of the Isle of Ebony, whom he little suspected to be a woman, and his wife, call him by his name, and assure the assembly that he knew him, when he was himself convinced that he had never met him in any place.

When he left the council, the prince was conducted by an officer to a large mansion, which the Princess Badoura had ordered to be prepared for his reception. He there found officers and servants ready to receive his commands, and a stable filled with very fine horses, the whole suited to the dignity of an emir; and when he went into his closet, his steward presented him with a coffer full of gold for his expenses.

Camaralzaman would have been the happiest of men, but in the midst of all his splendour he never ceased to lament the loss of his princess, and to grieve that he could gain no information respecting her in a country where he concluded she must have passed some time, since he had been separated from her by an accident so unfortunate for both. He might have suspected something if the Princess Badoura had retained the name of Camaralzaman, but when she ascended the throne, she changed it for that of Armanos, in compliment to the former king, her father-in-law; so that she was now known only by the name of King Armanos the younger.

As the Princess Badoura wished Camaralzaman to be indebted to her only for their recognition, she resolved at length to put an end to her own torments, and to those she well knew he suffered. In fact, she had remarked, that he frequently heaved deep sighs, which could only proceed from a recollection of herself. Besides which, the friendship of the nobles, the zeal and affection of the people, everything contributed to persuade her that the crown of the Island of Ebony might be placed on his head without any obstacle.

The Princess Badoura had no sooner formed this resolution, in concert with the Princess Haiatalnefous, than she spoke to Prince Camaralzaman, in private, on the same day. "Camaralzaman," said she, "I wish to converse with you on an affair which will require some discussion, and on which I want your advice. As I think I cannot do it more conveniently than at night, come to me this evening."

Camaralzaman did not fail to repair to the palace at the hour

appointed by the princess. When they were closeted together, the princess suddenly presented the talisman to Camaralzaman. "It is not long since an astrologer gave me this talisman," said she; "and as I know you to be well informed in every science, you perhaps can tell me its peculiar properties." Camaralzaman took the talisman, and approached a light to examine it. He no sooner recognised it, than with a degree of surprise which delighted the princess, he exclaimed, "Ah, sire, you ask me the properties of this talisman? Alas! its properties are such as to make me die with grief and sadness, if I do not shortly find the most loved and amiable wife that was ever beheld under heaven, to whom this talisman belonged, and which was the cause of my losing her. I will tell you the history, if you will have the patience to listen to it."

"You will relate it to me some other time," replied the princess; "but I am very happy," added she, "to tell you that I know something concerning it: wait for me here, I will return in a moment."

Saying this, the princess went into a closet, where she took off the royal turban, and having in a few minutes put on a woman's dress, together with the girdle she wore on the day of their separation, she returned to the chamber where she had left the prince.

Camaralzaman instantly ran to her, and embracing her with the utmost tenderness, "Ah," cried he, "how much I am obliged to the king for having prepared for me so unexpected and so pleasant a surprise."

"Do not expect to see the king again," replied the princess, embracing him in her turn, and with tears in her eyes; in me you behold the king. Sit down, that I may explain to you this enigma." Then the princess related to Camaralzaman all the wonderful things that happened to her in the kingdom of the Ebony Isle, and begged the prince to relate the adventures that had befallen him since the hour of their separation, which he did with much distinctness and satisfaction.

On the next morning, the princess laid aside the royal robe, and resumed her own dress, and requested the presence of King Armanos, her supposed father-in-law in her apartment.

When King Armanos arrived, he was very much surprised to see a lady who was totally unknown to him.

"Sire," replied the princess, "yesterday I was king; to day I am nothing more than the Princess of China, the wife of the true Prince Camaralzaman, who is the true son of King Schah-zaman. If your majesty will have the patience to listen to my adventures, I flatter myself you will not condemn me for imposing on you a temporary deceit for a salutary purpose."

King Armanos listened to her with the utmost astonishment.

When she had concluded, "Sire," added she, "if you will consent to give the Princess Haiatalnefous, your daughter, in marriage to Prince Camaralzaman, I will cheerfully resign the rank and quality of queen, which properly belongs to her, and will myself be content with the second rank. Even if this preference were not her due, I should have insisted on her accepting it, after the obligation I am under to her, for having so generously kept the secret with which I intrusted her. If your majesty's determination depends upon her consent, I have already obtained that, and am certain she will be happy."

Upon this, King Armanos, turning to Prince Camaralzaman, said, "My son, I have only to inquire if you are willing to wed my daughter, and to wear my crown, which Badoura would well deserve to retain for the rest of her life, if she did not prefer resigning it through her love for you." "Sire," replied Camaralzaman, "though I do desire to revisit my father Schahzaman, the obligations under which you have placed the Princess Badoura and myself are so many that I cannot refuse your request."

Camaralzaman was proclaimed king, and was married the same day to Haiatalnefous, with the greatest magnificence.

The two queens continued to live together in friendship and union. They each presented Camaralzaman with a son, and the birth of the two princes was celebrated by public rejoicings. Camaralzaman gave the name of Amgiad, or "the most glorious," to the first, whom the Queen Badoura had borne; and of Assad, or "the most happy," to him whom the Queen Haiatalnefous had brought into the world.

The History of Prince Amgiad and of Prince Assad.

These two sons of Camaralzaman's were the heroes of strange adventures. Brought up together, and of one age, they were united to each other by the strongest ties of affection. At their own urgent request, they occupied the same palace, were taught by the same tutors, were waited on by the same attendants, and shared the same amusements. As they were entering on the duties of their high station, they were falsely accused before the king, their father, of the crime of high treason against his person and throne. He lent too ready an ear to the story related to him, and, in a sudden fit of anger, commanded Giondar, one of the trustiest of his emirs, to take the young princes to a distant forest, and put them to death. Giondar obeyed, and having arrived at the appointed place, he told the princes, with deep sorrow, the commands he had received. "Believe me, princes," said he, "it is a trying duty imposed on me by your father, to execute this cruel order; would to Heaven I could avoid it!"

The princes replied, "Do your duty. We know well you are not the cause of our death, and forgive you with all our hearts."

They then embraced, and bade each other a last adieu with so much tenderness, that it was a long time before they could leave one another's arms. Prince Assad was the first who prepared himself for the fatal stroke. "Begin with me," said he, "that I may not have the affliction to see my dear brother Amgiad die." To this Amgiad objected; and Giondar could not, without weeping, be witness of this dispute between them, which showed how perfect and sincere was their affection.

At last they determined the contest, by desiring Giondar to tie them together, and put them in the most convenient posture for him to give them the fatal stroke at one blow.

Giondar granted their request; he tied them to each other, breast to breast; and when he had placed them so that he might strike the blow with more certainty, asked them if they had any thing to command him before they died.

"We have only one thing to desire of you," replied the princes, "which is, to assure the king, our father, on your return, that we are innocent; but that we do not charge him with our

deaths, knowing he is not well-informed of the truth of the crime of which we are accused."

Giondar drew his scimitar, when his horse, who was tied to a tree just by, started as the scimitar glittered in the sun, broke his bridle, and ran away.

The horse was very valuable, and richly caparisoned, so that the emir, instead of beheading the two princes, threw away his sabre, and ran after him.

The horse ran away into the forest, and by his neighing roused a lion that was asleep. The lion started up, and instead of attacking the horse, made directly towards Giondar, who now only thought how to save his own life.

While Giondar was gone, the two princes unbound themselves. They proceeded at once to a spring, which they saw in the distance, to quench their thirst, and having refreshed themselves, they heard the roaring of the lion, and Giondar's dreadful shrieks.

The two princes ran to the wood and entered it just as the lion was going to spring on Giondar. The beast seeing prince Amgiad advancing towards him with a scimitar in his hand, left his prey, and rushed towards him with great fury. The prince met him intrepidly, and gave him a blow so forcibly and dexterously, that it felled him to the ground.

When Giondar saw that he owed his life to the two princes, he threw himself at their feet, and thanked them in words which sufficiently testified his gratitude. "Princes," said he, "rising up and kissing their hands, with tears in his eyes, God forbid that ever I should attempt anything against your lives, after you have so kindly and bravely saved mine."

"The service we have done you," answered the princes, "ought not to prevent you from executing the orders you have received from the king, our father, let us first catch your horse, and then return to the place where you left us." They soon caught the horse. When they had restored him to Giondar, they begged of him to do as their father had commanded; but all to no purpose. He proposed a plan by which he might, without risk to himself, return to Camaralzaman. He made the two princes promise to travel into other countries, and not go back to their own court; and he took part of their robes, and having dipped them in the

blood of the lion, carried them with him to show to their father, in proof of having executed his commands. After this he gave them all the money he had about him, and took his leave of them.

On his return to Camaralzaman, he inquired if he had done as commanded? Giondar replied, "Behold, sir, the proofs of my obedience; giving him at the same time the princes' clothes."

"How did they bear their punishment?" Giondar answered, "With wonderful constancy and resignation." "We die innocent,' said they; "but we do not murmur: we take our death from the hand of Heaven, and forgive our father; for we know he has not been rightly informed of the truth."

In the meanwhile Camaralzaman had obtained undisputable evidence of the innocence of his sons, and to the rashness of the command he had given in so much haste. Never was grief more profound, nor self-accusation more bitter than his! "Cruel father that thou art," cried he, "what hast thou done? Thou hast murdered thine own sons, thy innocent sons! Did not their wisdom, their modesty, their obedience, their submission to thy will in all things, their virtue, all plead in their behalf? Blind and insensible father! dost thou deserve to live after the execrable crime thou hast committed?"

While Camaralzaman was thus afflicting himself for the loss of his sons, of whose death he thought he had been the author by his too rashly condemning them, the royal youths wandered through deserts, endeavouring to avoid all places that were inhabited, and shunned every human creature. They lived on herbs and wild fruits, and drank only rain-water, which they found in the crevices of the rocks. They slept and watched by turns at night, for fear of wild beasts.

When they had travelled about a month, they came to the foot of a frightful mountain of black stones, and to all appearance inaccessible. They at last espied a kind of path, which they resolved to ascend.

The more they advanced the higher and steeper the mountain appeared, which made them think several times of giving over their enterprise. At last, after surmounting incredible difficulties, they began to descend, and in five days came into a plain, where they discovered in the distance a large city, at which they rejoiced. It was then agreed that Prince Assad should enter the city, and

purchase some provisions, while his brother, Prince Amgiad, waited for his return at the foot of the black mountain. Prince Assad had not proceeded far in the first street before he met with a reverend old man with a cane in his hand, whom the prince accosted thus—"Pray, my lord, which is the way to the market-place?" The old man looked at Prince Assad, smiling—"Child," said he, "it is plain you are a stranger, or you would not have asked that question." "My lord," replied Assad, "it is near two months since my brother and I set out from our own country: we have not ceased travelling, and we arrived here but to-day; my brother, tired with such a long journey, stays at the foot of the mountain, and I am come to buy some provisions for him and myself."

"Son," said the old man, "you could not have come in a better time, and I am glad of it for you and your brother's sake. I made a feast to-day for some friends of mine. Come along with me; you shall eat in my palace as much as you please; and when you have done, I will give you enough to last your brother and yourself several days. It is well for you that you happened to light upon me; for I must tell you, some of our citizens are very wicked. Come, you shall see the difference between a real honest man, as I am, and such as boast of being so, and are not."

"I am infinitely obliged to you," replied Assad. "I put myself entirely into your hands, and am ready to go with you where you please."

The old man, as he walked along by his side, laughed inwardly, to think he had got the prince into his clutches, and said, "It must be confessed you were very fortunate in meeting with me; you will know why when you come to my house."

At length they arrived at the residence of the old man, who introduced Assad into a hall. There were forty old men like himself, who were evidently performing acts of worship around a large flaming fire. The prince was struck with horror at their impiety in worshipping the creature for the Creator, and with fear for his own safety, at finding himself betrayed into so abominable a place.

While the prince stood motionless with astonishment, his old guide, saluting the forty gray-headed men, said, "Devout adorers

of fire, this is a happy day for us. Where is Gazban? Call him."

He spake these words aloud, when a negro who waited at the lower end of the hall immediately came forward, and rushing upon Prince Assad, threw him down, and bound his hands with wonderful activity. When he had done: "Carry him down," said the old man, "and fail not to order my daughters, Bostama and Cavama, to give him every day a severe bastinado, with only a loaf morning and night for his subsistence. This is enough to keep him alive till the next ship departs for the blue sea and the fiery mountain, where he shall be offered up an acceptable sacrifice to our divinity."

Gazban at once seized the prince, and led him through several doors to a subterranean dungeon, where he fastened to his feet chains of prodigious weight and bigness. He had no sooner done this, than Bostama and Cavama entered the dungeon, stripped Assad, and bastinadoed him unmercifully, till the blood issued out of his wounds, and he was almost dead. After this cruel treatment, they put a loaf of bread and a pot of water by him, and retired.

Assad did not come to himself again for a long time. When he revived, he burst out into a flood of tears, deploring his misery. His comfort, however, was, that this misfortune had not happened to his brother.

In the meanwhile, Amgiad was much perplexed at the long delay of his brother. He spent the night in extreme uneasiness, and at daybreak went to the city. Entering the town, he stopped at a tailor's shop, whom he knew to be a Mussulman by his dress. Having saluted him, he sat down, and told him the occasion of the trouble he was in.

When Prince Amgiad had done talking, the tailor replied, "If your brother has fallen into the hands of the fire-worshippers, you will never see him more—he is lost past all recovery. And I advise you to beware of falling into the same misfortune; to which end, if you will take my advice, you shall stay at my house, and I will tell you all the tricks of these fire-worshippers."

For a whole month Prince Amgiad never went out of the tailor's house without being accompanied by his host. At last he ventured to go alone to the bath. As he was returning home, he

met a lady on the way. She lifted up her veil, asked him with a smiling air and bewitching look whither he was going? Amgiad was overpowered by her charms, and replied, "Madam, I am going to my own house, or, if you please, I will go to yours."

The lady said that she would accompany him home. Prince Amgiad replied, that he durst not venture to take her to his landlord's house, lest he should give him offence, and lose his protection; and he knew so little of the town, that he could not tell where to convey her. In this uncertainty he went on, and the lady followed him. Amgiad led her from street to street, from square to square, till they were both weary with walking. At last they entered a street, at the end of which was a closed gateway leading to a handsome mansion. On each side of the gateway was a bench. Amgiad sat down on one of them, as if to take breath, and the lady seated herself on the other.

When she had taken her seat, she asked him, whether that was his house? "You see it, madam," said Amgiad. "Why do you not open the gate then?" demanded the lady; "what do you wait for?" "Fair lady," answered Amgiad, "I have not the key. I left it with my slave, when I sent him on an errand, and he cannot be come back yet."

"This is a most impertinent slave," said the lady, "to make us wait so long. I will chastise him myself as he deserves, if you do not, when he comes back." Saying this, she arose, and took up a stone to break the lock, which was only of wood, and weak;[1] and as soon as the door was open, entered the house, and walked before him.

Amgiad, much against his will, followed her into the house. Passing through a spacious court, neatly paved, they ascended by several steps into a grand vestibule, which led to a large open hall very well furnished, where he and the lady found a table ready spread with all sorts of delicacies, another heaped with fruit, and a sideboard covered with bottles of wine.

They both sat down, and began to regale themselves. After having eaten, the lady poured out some wine, and when she had drunk herself, filled another glass, and gave it to Amgiad, who pledged her. The more the prince reflected on this adventure,

[1] This lock is still in use in Egypt and other Eastern countries. See a description of it in the Introduction to Lane's "Modern Egypt."

the more he was amazed that the master of the house did not appear; and that a mansion, so rich and well provided, should be left without a servant. "It will be fortunate," said he to himself, "if the master of the house do not return till I am got clear of this lady." While he was occupied with these thoughts, and others more troublesome, she ate and drank heartily, and obliged him to do the same. Just as they were proceeding to the dessert, the master of the house arrived. He was Bahader, master of the horse to the king of the fire-worshippers. He commonly resided in another mansion; and seldom came to this, unless to regale himself with two or three chosen friends. He always sent provisions from his other house on such occasions, and had done so this day by some of his servants, who were just gone when the lady and Amgiad entered.

Bahader, on his arrival, was much surprised to find the door broken open. He entered, making no noise, and hearing some persons talking and making merry in the hall, he put his head halfway within the door to see who they were, that he might divert himself with the adventure.

The lady did not see the entrance of the master of the house, but Amgiad perceived him immediately. He changed colour at the sight of Bahader, who made a sign to him not to say a word, but to come and speak to him. Amgiad immediately rose, saying to the lady, "Pray, madam, stay here a little; I shall return directly." Bahader waited for him in the vestibule, and led him into the court to talk to him without being overheard by the lady.

Amgiad at once told Bahader all the circumstances which led to the occupation of his house. "Prince," said he, "I am glad to oblige you. Go back and continue to divert yourself. I will personate your slave, and when I come to you in a slave's dress chide me for staying so long—do not be afraid even to strike me. I will wait upon you while you are at table. I shall afterwards endeavour to do you more important services: go, and lose no time." Amgiad would have given a refusal to this request, but the master of the house would not suffer him, forcing him to return to the lady. He had scarcely done so before Bahader's friends arrived. Bahader excused himself for not entertaining them that day, telling them they would approve of his reason

when they should be informed of it, which they should be in due time. When they were gone, he went and dressed himself in a slave's habit.

Prince Amgiad returned to the lady, and they continued at the table with the more pleasure, as Amgiad was under no apprehensions of the consequence of the lady's indiscretion, in breaking open the door. In a short time Bahader entered, and assumed the position of a slave who feared his master's displeasure. He fell down at his feet and kissed the ground, to implore his clemency; and when he had done, stood behind him with his hands crossed, waiting his commands.

"Sirrah," said Amgiad, with a fierce tone, and angry look, "where have you been? What have you been doing, that you came no sooner?"

"My lord," replied Bahader, "I ask your pardon. I was executing your orders, and did not think you would return home so early."

"You rascal," said Amgiad, "I will teach you to lie, and disappoint me." He then rose up, took a stick, and gave him two or three slight blows; after which he sat down again.

The lady was not satisfied with this chastisement. She also rose, took the stick, and fell upon Bahader so unmercifully, that the tears came into his eyes. Amgiad, offended to the last degree at the freedom she took, and that she should use one of the king's chief officers so ill, called out to her in vain to forbear. "Let me alone," said she, "I will teach him to be absent so long another time." She continued beating him with great fury, till Amgiad rose from the table, and forced the stick out of her hand.

Bahader wiped his eyes, and stood up to fill out wine. When he saw they had done eating and drinking, he took away the cloth, cleared the hall, put everything in its place; and night coming on, lighted up the lamps. Every time he came in or went out, the lady threatened him, to Amgiad's great regret, who would have hindered her, but could not. When it was time for them to retire, the lady, having occasion to go to another part of the house, passing through the vestibule, saw a scimitar hanging up in the hall, and turning back, said to Amgiad, "My lord, as you love me, do one thing for me." "In what can I serve you?" asked the prince. The lady answered, "Oblige me so far as to take

down this scimitar, and cut off your slave's head." Amgiad was astonished at such a proposal. "Madam," said he, "let us suffer him to rest. He is not worthy of your further notice. I have beaten him and you have beaten him, that ought to be sufficient. Besides, I am in other respects well satisfied with him."

"That shall not satisfy me," replied the lady, in a violent passion; "the rascal shall die. If not by your hands, by mine." As she spoke she took down the scimitar from the place where it hung, drew it out of the scabbard, and prepared to execute her wicked design.

Amgiad met her in the vestibule, saying, "You shall be satisfied, madam, since you will have it so; but I should be sorry that any one besides myself should kill my slave." When she had given him the scimitar, "Come, follow me," said he. "Make no noise, lest we should awaken him." They went into Bahader's chamber, where Amgiad, instead of striking him, aimed his blow at the lady, and cut of her head, which fell upon Bahader.

Bahader was awakened by the head of the lady falling upon his couch. He was amazed to see Amgiad standing by him with a bloody scimitar, and the body of the lady lying headless on the ground. The prince told him what had passed, and said, "I had no other way to prevent this furious woman from killing you, but to take away her life." "My lord," replied Bahader, full of gratitude, "you are my deliverer, and I thank you." After having embraced him, to evince the sense he entertained of his obligations to him, he said, "We must dispose of this body before it is day. Leave it to me, I will do it." Amgiad would not consent to this, saying, "He would carry it away himself, since he had struck the blow." Bahader replied, "You are a stranger in this city, and cannot do it so well as one who is acquainted with the place. I must do it, if for no other reason, yet for the safety of both of us, to prevent our being questioned about her death. Remain you here, and if I do not return before day, you may be sure the officers have seized me; and for fear of the worst, I will, by writing, give you this house and furniture."

When he had written, signed, and delivered the paper to Prince Amgiad, he put the lady's body and head into a bag, laid it on his shoulder, and went out with it from one street to another, taking the way to the sea-side. He had not proceeded far before

he met one of the judges of the city, who was going the rounds in person. Bahader was stopped by the judge's followers, who opened the bag. The judge, who knew the master of the horse, notwithstanding his disguise, took him home to his house, and not daring to put him to death without telling the king, on account of his rank, carried him to the divan as soon as it was day. When the king had been informed by the judge of the crime Bahader had, as he believed from the circumstances, committed, he addressed himself to the master of the horse as follows: "It is thus, then, that thou murderest my subjects, and then wouldst secretly convey away their dead bodies to hide thy villany. Let him be immediately imprisoned."

Innocent as Bahader was, he received sentence of death with resignation, and said not a word. The judge carried him to prison, and while the stake was being prepared, sent a crier to proclaim throughout the city, that at noon the master of the horse was to be impaled for a murder.

Prince Amgiad, who had in vain expected Bahader's return, heard the crier publish the approaching execution of the master of the horse, and, struck with consternation, he hastened to the place of execution, whither the people were running from all parts.

When Amgiad saw the judge bringing Bahader to the stake, he went up to him, related all the circumstances, and said, "I am come to assure you that the master of the horse, whom you are leading to execution, is wholly innocent of the lady's death; I alone am guilty of the crime, if it be one, to have killed, in self-defence, a woman who would have murdered Bahader."

The judge ordered execution to be stopped, and conducted Amgiad and the master of the horse to the king.

The king wished to hear the story from Amgiad himself; and the prince, the better to prove his own innocence and that of the master of the horse, embraced the opportunity to discover who he was, and what had driven him and his brother Assad to that city, with all the accidents that had befallen them, from their departure from the Ebony Isle.

The prince having finished his account, the king said to him, "I greatly rejoice; I not only give you your own life, and that of my master of the horse, whom I commend for his kindness to you, but I restore him to his office; and as for you, prince, I declare

you my grand vizier, to make amends for your father's unjust usage; and I permit you to employ all the authority with which I now invest you to find out Prince Assad."

Amgiad having thanked the king, used every possible means to find out the prince his brother. He issued a proclamation, announcing a great reward to any one who should discover him. He sent officers up and down the country to the same purpose; but in vain.

Assad, in the meanwhile, continued in the dungeon in chains; Bostama and Cavama treating him daily with the utmost cruelty and inhumanity.

The solemn festival of the adorers of fire[1] approached; and a ship was fitted out for the fiery mountain as usual: the captain's name was Behram, a great bigot to his religion. He loaded it with proper merchandise; and when it was ready to sail, put Assad in a chest, a few crevices being left between the boards to give him air.

Before the ship sailed, the grand vizier Amgiad, who had been told that the adorers of fire used to sacrifice a Mussulman every year on the fiery mountain, suspecting that Assad might have fallen into their hands, and be designed for a victim, resolved to search the ship in person. He ordered all the passengers and seamen to be brought upon deck, and commanded his men to search all over the ship, which they did, but Assad could not be found, he was so well concealed.

When the grand vizier had done searching the vessel, she sailed. As soon as Behram was got out to sea, he ordered prince Assad to be taken out of the chest, and fettered, to secure him, lest he

[1] "Early in the morning they, the Parsees or Guebres, go in crowds to pay their devotions to the sun, to whom upon all the altars there are spheres consecrated by magic resembling the circles of the sun, and when the sun rises these orbs seem to be inflamed, and turn round with a great ray. They have every one a censer in their hand, and offer incense to the sun."—*Notes to Lalla Rookh*, p. 214.

The fire-worshippers, Magi or Guebres, have prevailed chiefly in Persia. Their chief prophet is Zoroaster. They hold the two coequal and coexistent principles of good and evil. Under the emblem of fire and of the sun, as the source of heat and light, they offer their adoration to the Deity. They have ever been an object of especial dislike to the followers of Mahommed. The fire-worshippers exist to this day in Persia and India. It is not probable that they offered human sacrifices.

should destroy himself in despair, since he knew he was going to be sacrificed.

The wind was very favourable for a few days, after which there arose a furious storm. The vessel was driven out of her course, and Behram perceived that he was being driven into the port and capital of Queen Margiana, a devout professor of the Mahommedan faith, and a mortal enemy to the adorers of fire. She had banished them all out of her dominions, and would not suffer their ships to touch at her ports.

In this extremity, he held a council with his pilot and seamen. "My lads," said he, "we must choose one of two things; either to be swallowed up by the waves, or to put into Queen Margiana's port, whose hatred to all persons of our religion you well know. She will certainly seize our vessel and put us all to death, without mercy. I see but one way to escape her, which is, to take off the fetters from the Mussulman we have aboard, and dress him like a slave. When Queen Margiana commands me to come before her, and asks what trade I follow, I will tell her I deal in slaves; that I have sold all I had but one, whom I keep to be my clerk, because he can read and write. She will by this means see him, and he being handsome, and of her own religion, will have pity on him. She will then ask to buy him of me, and on this account will let us stay in the port till the weather is fair. If any of you have anything else to propose, I am ready to hear it." The pilot and seamen applauded his judgment, and agreed to follow his advice.

Behram commanded Prince Assad's chains to be taken off, and had him neatly habited like a slave, who was to pass for his clerk before the queen of the country. They had scarcely time to do this, before the ship drove into the port, and dropped anchor.

The garden of Queen Margiana's palace extended down to the shore. She saw the ship anchor, and sent to the captain to come to her, and the sooner to satisfy her curiosity waited for him in her garden.

Behram landed with Prince Assad. When he was introduced to the queen, he threw himself at her feet, and informed her of the necessity he was under to put into her port; that he dealt in slaves, and had sold all he had but one, who was Assad, whom he kept for his clerk.

The queen was taken with Assad from the moment she saw him, and was extremely glad to hear that he was a slave; resolving to buy him, cost what he would. She asked Assad his name.

"Great queen," he replied, with tears in his eyes, "do you ask what my name was formerly, or what it is now?" The queen answered, "Have you two names then?" "Alas! I have," said Assad: "I was once called Assad, (most happy;) and now my name is Motar, (devoted to be sacrificed.)"

Margiana not being able to comprehend the meaning of his answer, interpreted it to refer to his condition of a slave. "Since you are clerk to the captain," said she, "no doubt you can write well—let me see your hand." Behram had furnished Assad with pen, ink, and paper, as a token of his office. The prince stepped a little aside, and wrote some proverbs suitable to his wretched circumstances.

The queen admired alike the moral of the sentences and the goodness of the writing. She had no sooner read the lines, than she addressed herself to Behram, saying, "Either sell me this slave, or make me a present of him; perhaps it will turn most to your account to do the latter." Behram answered insolently, "that he could neither give nor sell him; that he wanted his slave, and would keep him." Queen Margiana, provoked at his rudeness, would not talk to him any more on the subject. She took the prince by the arm, and led him to the palace, sending Behram word, that if he stayed the night in her port, she would confiscate his goods, and burn his ship. He was, therefore, forced to put to sea again, notwithstanding the tempest had not yet subsided.

Queen Margiana, on entering her palace, commanded supper, and ordered Assad to be brought into her apartment, where she bade him sit down, and tell her all the events of his life. Supper being now served, the queen made Prince Assad sit down at table with her. "Prince," said she, "we must make you amends for so many fasts and wretched meals, to which the pitiless adorers of fire made you submit; you must want nourishment after such sufferings. With conversation of this kind she helped him at supper; and ordered him to drink a good deal of wine to recover his spirits, by which means he drank more than he could well bear. The cloth being taken away, Assad, when the queen did not observe him, descended into the court, and seeing the garden-door

open, went into it. Being tempted by the pleasantness of the place, he walked there for some time, At last he came to a fountain, where he washed his face and hands to refresh himself, and lying down on the turf by the fountain, fell asleep.

Behram, to prevent the queen from executing her threats, had weighed anchor. As soon as he was towed out of the port by the help of his boat, before it was hoisted up into the ship again, "Stop, my lads," said he to the seamen, "do not come on board yet; I will give you some casks to fill with water, and wait for you. Go and land before the palace-garden; the wall is not above breast-high, you may easily get over; there is a basin in the middle of the garden, where you may fill all your barrels, and hand them aboard without difficulty. The sailors went ashore at the place he directed them to, and laying their casks on their shoulders, easily got over the wall.

As they approached the basin, they perceived Assad sleeping on the grass. They immediately divided themselves; and while some of the crew filled their barrels with as little noise as possible, others surrounded Assad, and watched to seize him if he should awake. He slept on undisturbed, giving them time to fill all their casks; which they afterwards handed over the wall to others of the crew who waited to carry them aboard. They next seized Assad, and conveyed him away, without giving him time to recollect himself. They got him over the wall into their boat with the casks, and rowed to the ship. When they drew near her they cried out for joy, "Captain, sound your trumpets, beat your drums, we have brought you your slave." Behram, who could not imagine how the seamen could find and take him again, could not contain himself for joy. He commanded him to be chained; and having hoisted the boat on board, set sail for the fiery mountain.

In the meanwhile, Queen Margiana was so impatient and alarmed at the absence of Prince Assad, that she went herself to look for him, and finding the garden door open, entered, and walked all over it with her women seeking for him. Passing by the fountain and basin, she espied a slipper, which she took up, and knew it to be Prince Assad's; this circumstance, together with the water being spilt about the edge of the basin, induced her to believe that Behram had carried him off. She immediately sent word to the commander of ten ships of war, which lay always

ready in the harbour, to sail on the shortest notice, that she would embark herself next morning at daybreak. The commander ordered the captains, seamen, and soldiers aboard, and was ready to sail at the time appointed. The queen embarked, and said to the commander, "Make all the sail you can, and chase the merchantman that sailed last night out of this port. If you capture it, I assign it to you as your property; but if you fail, your life shall answer."

The ten ships chased Behram's vessel two whole days without seeing her. The third day in the morning they discovered her, and at noon had so surrounded her, that she could not escape.

As soon as Behram saw the ten ships of war, he made sure it was Queen Margiana's squadron in pursuit of him; and he was much perplexed what to do. To keep Assad, was to declare himself guilty; to kill him was as dangerous, for he feared some marks of the murder might be seen. He therefore commanded him to be unfettered and brought from the bottom of the hold where he lay. When he came before him, "It is thou," said he, "that art the cause of my being pursued;" and so saying, he flung him into the sea.

Prince Assad being an expert swimmer, made such good use of his feet and hands, that he reached the shore in safety. The first thing he did after he had landed, was to thank God who had delivered him from so great a danger, and once more rescued him out of the hands of the fire-worshippers. He then stripped himself, and wringing the water out of his clothes, spread them on a rock, where, by the heat of the sun, and of the rock, they soon dried. After this he lay down to rest himself, deploring his miserable condition, not knowing in what country he was, nor which way to direct his course. He dressed himself again and walked on, keeping as near the sea-side as he could. He travelled on ten days through an uninhabited country, living on herbs, plants, and wild fruits. At last he approached a city, which he recognised to be that of the fire-worshippers, where he had been so ill-used, and where his brother Amgiad was now (though he as yet knew it not) grand vizier. It being late, and knowing the shops were already shut, and few people in the streets, he resolved to remain in a burying-ground near the city, where there were several tombs built in the form of mausoleums. He found the door

of one of them open, which he entered, designing to pass the night there.

We must now return to Behram's ship, which, after he had thrown Prince Assad overboard, was soon surrounded on all sides by Queen Margiana's squadron. The ship in which Queen Margiana was in person first came up with him, and Behram, being in no condition of defence against so many, furled his sales as a mark of his submission.

The queen herself boarded his ship, and demanded where the clerk was, whom he had the boldness to take out of her palace. Behram replied, "O queen! he is not in my ship; you will by searching be convinced of my innocence."

Margiana ordered the ship to be searched as narrowly as possible, but she could not find the man whom she so much wished to recover. She contented herself with seizing the ship and cargo, and allowing Behram and his men to make for the shore in their boat.

Behram and his sailors arrived at the city of the fire-worshippers the same night as Assad, and stopped at the same burying-ground in which he was sleeping. He awoke at the noise of their footsteps, and demanded who they were.

Behram immediately recognised him. "Ha, ha!" said he, "thou art there! thou hast escaped being sacrificed this year, but thou shalt not be so fortunate again." He then flew upon him, clapped his handkerchief into his mouth to prevent his making a noise, and with the assistance of his seamen bound him.

The next morning, as soon as the city gates were open, Behram and his men carried Assad through streets, where no one was yet stirring, to the old man's house, where he was again thrown into the same dungeon, and treated, if possible, more cruelly than before.

His sufferings, however, were approaching their termination, for one day, shortly after his second incarceration, Bostama came to him and said, "Be comforted, your evil days are over. I will endeavour by kind treatment to make amends for all my cruelty. Henceforth regard me as one of your own creed, and trust me, if I have the power I will secure your escape and liberty. This address afforded the prince much comfort. He thanked the Almighty for the change wrought in her heart. He also thanked

her for her favourable disposition towards him, and omitted no arguments which he thought would have any effect in confirming her conversion to the Mussulman religion. He afterwards related to her the whole story of his life.

From that time she prevented her sister coming down into the dungeon, and instead of carrying bread and water to the prince, she now brought him the best wine and the choicest victuals she could procure. She ate with him herself from time to time, and did all in her power to alleviate his misfortunes.

A few days afterwards, Bostama, as she stood at her father's door, observed the grand vizier, Amgiad, accompanied by several officers, and other attendants, who repeated with a loud voice this solemn proclamation: "The most excellent and illustrious grand vizier is come in person to seek for his dear brother, from whom he was separated about a year ago, and whom he has cause to think is confined in some of the dungeons of the worshippers of fire in this city; if any one knows where he is, his excellency commands that they bring him forth, promising a great reward for his discovery. If any one conceal him, and he be hereafter found, his excellency declares he shall be punished with death, together with his wife, children, and all his family, and his house be razed to the ground."

Bostama, as soon as she had heard this, shut the door and ran as fast as she could to Assad in the dungeon. "Prince," said she, with joy, "your troubles are at an end; rise and follow me." The prince followed her into the street, where she cried, "There he is, there he is!"

The grand vizier at once recognized his brother, called him, and embraced him with all possible tenderness, and made him mount one of his officers' horses, who alighted for that purpose, and conducted him in triumph to the palace, where he presented him to the king, by whom he was advanced to the post of a vizier.

Bostama, not wishing to remain with her father, was sent to the queen's apartments.

The old man Behram and all the families of the fire-worshippers were brought before the king, who condemned them to be impaled. They threw themselves at his feet, and implored his mercy. "Expect no mercy," said the king, "unless you renounce the adoration of fire, and profess the Mahommedan religion."

They accepted the condition, and were pardoned at the intercession of Assad, in consideration of Bostama having obtained his liberty.

Behram being informed of Amgiad and his brother Assad's story, proposed to his benefactor to fit out a vessel to convey them to their father's court: "For," said he, "the king must certainly have heard of your innocence, and impatiently desire to see you."

The two brothers accepted the proposal, communicated it to the king, who approved of it, and commanded a ship to be equipped. The two princes, when they understood the ship was ready, waited upon the king to take leave. While they were making their compliments, and thanking the king for his favours, they were interrupted by a great tumult in the city; and presently an officer came to give them notice that a numerous army was advancing against the city; nobody knowing who they were, or whence they had come.

The king being alarmed, Amgiad addressed him thus: "Sire, though I have just resigned into your majesty's hands the dignity of vizier, I am ready to do you all the service in my power. I desire therefore that you would be pleased to let me go and see who this enemy is, that comes to attack you in your capital, without having first declared war.

The king desired him to do so. Amgiad departed immediately, with a very small retinue, to see what enemy approached, and what was the reason of their coming.

It was not long before Prince Amgiad descried the army, which appeared very formidable, and which approached nearer and nearer. The advanced guard received him favourably, and conducted him to a princess, who commanded a halt, while she talked with the prince. Amgiad, making a low prostration, inquired if she came as a friend or an enemy; and if as an enemy, what cause of complaint she had against the king, his master.

"I come as a friend," replied the princess; "I only require a slave named Assad, to be delivered up to me. He was carried away by one Behram, a captain of a ship belonging to this city, the most insolent man in the world. I hope your king will do me justice, when he knows I am Margiana."

The prince answered, "Mighty queen, the slave whom you seek is my brother; I lost him, and have found him again. Come, and

I will deliver him up to you myself. The king, my master, will rejoice to see you."

The queen accompanied Prince Amgiad to the city and palace, where she was received in a manner becoming her dignity. Assad knew her as soon as he saw her, and made his obeisance to her. She appeared greatly rejoiced to see him. While they were thus engaged, tidings came that an army more powerful than the former approached on the other side of the city.

The king was more terrified than before. "Amgiad," cried he, "what shall we do now?" Amgiad mounted on horseback again, and galloped towards the second army. He demanded of the advanced guard to speak with their general, and they conducted him to their king. When he drew near him, he alighted, prostrated himself to the ground, and asked what he required of the king, his master.

The monarch replied, "I am Giaour, King of China; my desire to learn tidings of a daughter, whose name is Badoura, whom I married to Camaralzaman, son of Shah-zaman, King of the Isles of the Children of Khaledan, obliged me to leave my dominions. I suffered that prince to go to see his father, on condition that he came back in a year with my daughter; from that time I have heard nothing of them. Your king will lay an infinite obligation on an afflicted father, by telling him if he knows what is become of them."

Prince Amgiad, perceiving by his discourse that the king was his grandfather, kissed his hand with tenderness, and answered him thus: "I hope your majesty will pardon my freedom, when you know that I only pay my duty to my grandfather. I am the son of Camaralzaman, King of the Isle of Ebene, and of Queen Badoura, for whom you are thus troubled; and I doubt not but they are both in good health in their kingdom."

The King of China, overjoyed to see his grandson, tenderly embraced him. Such a meeting, so happy and unexpected, drew tears from both. The king inquiring by what means he found him in this strange country, and not in his father's kingdom, the prince told him all that had happened to him and his brother Assad. When he had finished his relation, "My son," replied the King of China, "it is not just that such innocent princes as you are should be longer ill used. Comfort yourself, I will carry

you and your brother home, and make your peace. Return, and acquaint your brother with my arrival."

While the King of China encamped in the place where Prince Amgiad met him, the prince returned to inform the king how he had succeeded.

The king was astonished that so mighty a king as that of China should undertake such a long and troublesome journey out of a desire to see his daughter. He gave orders to make preparations for his reception, and went forth to meet him.

While these things were transacting, a great dust was seen on another side of the town; and suddenly news was brought of the arrival of a third army, which obliged the king to stop, and to desire Prince Amgiad once more to see who they were, and on what account they came.

Amgiad went accordingly, and Prince Assad accompanied him. They found it was Camaralzaman their father's army, with whom he was coming to seek for them. He was so grieved for the loss of his sons, that at last Emir Giondar declared that he had saved their lives, which made him resolve to seek for them wherever he was likely to find them.

The afflicted father embraced the two princes, and exchanged the tears of grief which he had a long time shed, for tears of joy. The princes had no sooner told him the King of China, his father-in-law, was arrived, than, accompanied by them, he rode to wait upon him in his camp. They had not gone far before they saw a fourth army advancing in good order, which seemed to come from Persia.

Camaralzaman desired the two princes to go and see what army it was, and he would in the meanwhile wait for them. They departed immediately, and coming up to it, were presented to the king to whom the army belonged; and, after having saluted him with due reverence, they demanded on what design he came. The grand vizier, who was present, answered in the name of the king, his master, "The monarch to whom you speak is Schah-zaman, King of the Isles of the Children of Khaledan, who has a long time travelled, thus attended, to seek his son, who left his dominions many years ago: if you know anything of him, you cannot oblige him more than by communicating to him all the information in your power."

The princes only replied "That they would shortly bring him

an answer, and galloping back as fast as they could, told Camaralzaman that the king, his father, was approaching with his army.

Wonder, surprise, joy, and grief filled the heart of Camaralzaman. He proceeded to his father's tent, and threw himself at his feet.

Never was there a more affecting interview. Schah-zaman gently upbraided his son with unkindness in so cruelly leaving him; and Camaralzaman discovered a hearty sorrow for the fault which love had urged him to commit.

The three kings, and Queen Margiana, stayed three days at the court of the king, who treated them magnificently, during which Prince Assad married Queen Margiana, and Prince Amgiad, Bostama, for the service she had done his brother Assad.

At length the three kings, and Queen Margiana, with her husband Assad, returned to their respective kingdoms. As for Amgiad, the King of the Magicians had such an affection for him, he could not part with him; and being very old, he resigned his crown to him. Amgiad, when he had the supreme authority, did his utmost to exterminate the worship of fire, and to establish the Mahommedan religion throughout his dominions.

The History of Prince Zeyn Alasnam and the Sultan of the Genii.

There was a Sultan of Bussorah, blessed with great prosperity, and happy in the affections of his people. He had only one source of affliction, that he was childless. He therefore gave large alms to the dervises in his dominions, that they might offer their prayers for the birth of a son. Their prayers were effectual, and a son was born to him and to his queen, whom he named Zeyn Alasnam, which signifies "Ornament of the Statues."

The sultan caused all the astrologers in his kingdom to be assembled, and ordered them to calculate the infant's nativity. They found by their observations that he would live long, and be very brave; but that all his courage would be little enough to carry him through the misfortunes that threatened him. The sultan was not daunted at this prediction. "My son," said he, "is not to be pitied, since he will be brave: it is fit that princes should have a taste of misfortunes; for adversity tries virtue, and they are the better qualified to reign."

He rewarded the astrologers and dismissed them; and caused Zeyn to be educated with the greatest care, that he might become a great and accomplished prince. While, however, the prince was yet young, the good sultan fell sick of a disorder, which all the skill of his physicians could not cure. Perceiving his disease was mortal, he sent for his son, and advised him to try to be loved rather than to be feared; to avoid flatterers; and to be as slow in rewarding as in punishing.

As soon as the mourning for his father was passed, Prince Zeyn began to show that he was unfit to govern a kingdom. He gave way to all kinds of dissipation, and conferred on his youthful but evil associates the chief offices in the kingdom. He lost all the respect of his people, and emptied his treasury.

The queen his mother, a discreet, wise princess, tried to correct her son's conduct, assuring him that if he did not soon take another course, he would occasion some revolution, which perhaps might cost him his crown and his life. What she thus predicted had nearly happened: the people began to murmur against the government, and their murmurs had certainly been followed by a general revolt if the sultan had not listened to his mother, and suffered himself to be prevailed upon. He dismissed his youthful advisers, and committed the government to discreet aged men, who knew how to keep the people within the bounds of duty.

Zeyn, seeing all his wealth consumed, repented that he had made no better use of it. He fell into a profound melancholy, and nothing could comfort him. One night he saw in a dream a venerable old man coming towards him, who with a smiling countenance said, "Know, Zeyn, that there is no sorrow but what is followed by mirth; no misfortune but what in the end brings some happiness. If you desire to see the end of your affliction, set out for Grand Cairo, where great prosperity awaits you."

The young sultan was much struck with his dream, and spoke of it very seriously to his mother, who only laughed at it. "My son," said she, "would you leave your kingdom and go into Egypt on the faith of a dream, which may be illusive?" "Why not, madam?" answered Zeyn; "do you imagine all dreams are chimerical? No, no, some of them are divinely inspired.[1] My

[1] Και γαρ τ' ὄναρ εκ Διός ἐστιν.—Iliad, i. 63. Νῦν δ' εμεθεν ξυνες ὠκα Διός δέ τοι ἄγγελος εἰμι.—Ib. ii. 63.

preceptors have told me a thousand incidents, which will not permit me to doubt of it. The old man who appeared to me had something supernatural about his person. In short, he was such a one as our great prophet is represented; and if you will have me tell you what I think, I believe it was he himself, who, pitying my affliction, designs to relieve it. I rely on the promises he has made me, and am resolved to follow his advice." The queen endeavoured to dissuade him, but in vain. The sultan entreated her to undertake the government of the kingdom, and set out one night very privately from his palace, and took the road to Cairo, alone and unattended.

After much trouble and fatigue he arrived at that famous city. He alighted at the gate of a mosque, where, being spent with weariness, he lay down. No sooner was he fallen asleep than he saw the same old man, who said to him, "I am pleased with you, my son, you have believed me. Now, know I have not imposed on you this long journey with any other design than to try you. I find you have courage and resolution. You deserve I should make you the richest and happiest prince in the world. Return to Bussorah, and you shall find immense wealth in your palace. No king ever possessed so rich a treasure."

Prince Zeyn was not pleased with this dream. "Alas!" thought he to himself, when he awoke, "how much was I mistaken! That old man, whom I took for our prophet, is no other than the production of my disturbed imagination. My fancy was so full of him that it is no wonder I have seen him again. I had best return to Bussorah; what should I do here any longer? It is fortunate that I told none but my mother the motive of my journey: I should become a jest to my people, were they to know it."

Accordingly, he set out again for his kingdom, and as soon as he arrived there the queen asked him whether he returned well pleased. He told her all that had happened, and was so much concerned for having been so credulous, that the queen, instead of adding to his vexation by reproving or laughing at him, comforted him. "Forbear afflicting yourself, my son," said she; "if God has appointed you riches, you will have them without any trouble. Be contented; all that I recommend to you is to be virtuous: shun vain pleasures, which have already almost ruined

you; apply yourself to make your subjects happy; by securing their happiness you will establish your own."

Sultan Zeyn vowed that he would for the future follow his mother's advice, and be directed by the wise viziers she had chosen to assist him in the government. But the very night after he returned to his palace he saw the old man the third time in a dream, who said to him, "The time of your prosperity is come, brave Zeyn: to-morrow morning, as soon as you are up, take a little pick-axe, and dig in the late sultan's closet; you will there find a rich treasure."

As soon as the sultan awoke he got up, ran to the queen's apartment, and with much eagerness told her the new dream of that night. "Really, my son," said the queen, smiling, "this is a very capricious old man; but have you a mind to believe him again? at any rate the task now enjoined on you is not so bad as your former long journeys."

"Well, madam," answered the sultan, "I must own that this third dream has restored my confidence. This night he has exactly pointed out to me the place where these treasures are. I would rather search in vain than blame myself as long as I live for having, perhaps, missed great riches, by being unseasonably incredulous."

Having spoken thus he left the queen's apartment, caused a pick-axe to be brought him, and went alone into the late sultan's closet. He immediately began to break up the ground, and took up above half the square stones it was paved with, but yet saw not the least appearance of what he sought. He ceased working to take a little rest, thinking within himself, "I am much afraid my mother had cause enough to laugh at me." However, he took heart, and went on with his labour, when on a sudden he discovered a white slab, which he took up, and under it discovered a staircase of white marble. He immediately lighted a lamp, and went down the stairs into a room, the floor whereof was laid with tiles of chinaware, and the roof and walls were of crystal. The room contained four golden tables, on each of which were ten urns of porphyry. He went up to one of the urns, took off the cover, and, with no less joy than surprise, perceived it was full of pieces of gold. He looked into all the forty, one after another, and found them full of the same coin, and taking out a handful, he carried it to the queen.

The princess, it may be imagined, was amazed, when the sultan gave her an account of what he had discovered. "O my son!" said she, "take heed you do not lavish away all this wealth foolishly, as you have already done the royal treasure. Let not your enemies have so much occasion to rejoice." "No, madam," answered Zeyn, "I will from henceforward live in such a manner as shall be pleasing to you."

The queen desired her son to conduct her to the wonderful subterraneous place, which the late sultan her husband had made with such secrecy that she had never heard of it. Zeyn led her to the closet, down the marble stairs, and into the chamber where the urns were. She observed everything with the eye of curiosity, and in a corner spied a little urn of the same sort of stone as the others. The prince had not before taken notice of it, but, opening, found in it a golden key. "My son," said the queen, "this key certainly belongs to some other treasure: let us search well; perhaps we may discover the use it is designed for."

They examined the chamber with the utmost exactness, and at length found a keyhole in one of the panels of the wall. The sultan immediately tried, and as readily opened the door, which led into a chamber, in the midst of which were nine pedestals of massy gold, on eight of which stood as many statues, each of them made of a single diamond, and from them darted such a brightness, that the whole room was perfectly light.

"O heavens!" cried Zeyn, in astonishment, "where could my father find such rarities?" The ninth pedestal redoubled this amazement, for it was covered with a piece of white satin, on which were written these words, "Dear son, it cost me much toil to procure these eight statues; but though they are extraordinarily beautiful, you must understand that there is a ninth in the world, which surpasses them all: that alone is worth more than a thousand such as these: if you desire to be master of it, go to the city of Cairo in Egypt; one of my old slaves, whose name is Mobarec, lives there, you will easily find him; visit him, and tell him all that has befallen you: he will conduct you to the place where that wonderful statue is, which you will obtain with safety."

The young sultan having read these words, said to the queen, "I will set out for Grand Cairo; nor do I believe, madam, that you will now oppose my design." "No, my son," answered the

queen, "I am not against it: you are certainly under the special protection of our great prophet; he will not suffer you to perish in this journey." The prince made ready his equipage, but would take only a small number of slaves with him.

Nothing remarkable befell him by the way, but arriving at Cairo, he inquired for Mobarec. The people told him he was one of the wealthiest inhabitants of the city; that he lived like a great lord, and that his house was open, especially for strangers. Zeyn was conducted thither, knocked at the gate, which a slave opened, and demanded, "What is it you want, and who are you?" "I am a stranger," answered the prince, "and having heard much of the lord Mobarec's generosity, am come to take up my lodging with him." The slave desired Zeyn to wait while he went to acquaint his master, who ordered him to request the stranger to walk in. The slave returned to the gate, and told the prince he was welcome.

Zeyn went in, crossed a large court, and entered a hall magnificently furnished, where Mobarec received him very courteously, returning thanks for the honour he did him in accepting a lodging in his house. The prince, having answered his compliment, said to Mobarec, "I am the son of the late Sultan of Bussorah, and my name is Zeyn Alasnam." "That sovereign," said Mobarec, "was formerly my master; but, my lord, I never knew of any children he had: what is your age?" "I am twenty years old," answered the sultan. "How long is it since you left my father's court?" "Almost two-and-twenty years," replied Mobarec. "But how can you convince me that you are his son?" "My father," rejoined Zeyn, "had a subterraneous place under his closet, in which I have found forty porphyry urns full of gold." "And what more is there?" said Mobarec. "There are," answered the prince, "nine pedestals of massive gold: on eight whereof are as many diamond statues; and on the ninth a piece of white satin, on which my father has written what I am to do to procure another statue, more valuable than all those together. You know where that statue is; for it is mentioned on the satin, that you will conduct me to it."

As soon as he had spoken these words, Mobarec fell down at his feet, and kissing one of his hands several times, said, "I bless God for having brought you hither; I know you to be the Sultan of Bussorah's son. If you will go to the place where the wonder-

ful statue is, I will conduct you; but you must first rest here a few days. This day I treat the great men of the city. Will you vouchsafe to come and be merry with us?" "I shall be very glad," replied Zeyn, "to be admitted to your feast." Mobarec immediately led him under a dome where the company was, seated him at the table, and served him on the knee. The merchants of Cairo were surprised, and whispered to one another, "Who is this stranger, to whom Mobarec pays so much respect?"

When they had dined, Mobarec, directing his discourse to the company, said, "Know, my friends, that this young stranger is the son of the Sultan of Bussorah, my late master. His father purchased me, and died without making me free; so thas I am still a slave, and consequently all I have of right belongs to this young prince, his sole heir." Here Zeyn interrupted him: "Mobarec," said he, "I declare, before all these guests, that I make you free from this moment, and that I renounce all right to your person, and all you possess. Consider what you would have me do more for you." Mobarec kissed the ground, and returned the prince most hearty thanks.

The next day Zeyn said to Mobarec, "I have taken rest enough. I came not to Cairo to take my pleasure; my design is to obtain the ninth statue; it is time for us to set out in search of it." "Sir," said Mobarec, "I am ready to comply with your desires; but you know not what dangers you must encounter to make this precious acquisition." "Whatsoever the danger may be," answered the prince, "I have resolved to make the attempt; I will either perish or succeed. All that happens in this world is by God's direction. Do you but bear me company, and let your resolution be equal to mine."

Mobarec, finding him determined to set out, called his servants, and ordered them to make ready his equipage. The prince and he then performed the ablution, and the religious rite which is called Farz; and that done, they set out. They travelled many days; at length, being come to a delightful spot, they alighted from their horses. Mobarec then said to the servants that attended them, "Do you remain here till we return." Then he said to Zeyn, "Now, sir, let us advance by ourselves. We are near the dreadful place, where the ninth statue is kept. You will stand in need of all your courage."

They soon came to a vast lake. Mobarec sat down on the brink of it, saying to the prince, "We must cross this sea." "How can we," answered Zeyn, "when we have no boat?" "You will see one appear in a moment," replied Mobarec; "the enchanted boat of the Sultan of the Genii will come for us. But you must observe a profound silence. Do not speak to the boatman, though his figure seem strange to you. Whatever extraordinary circumstance you observe, say nothing; for I tell you beforehand, that if you utter one word when we are embarked, the boat will sink." "I shall take care to be silent," said the prince; "you need only tell me what I am to do, and I will strictly comply."

Whilst they were talking, he spied on a sudden a boat in the lake, made of red sandal-wood. It had a mast of fine amber, and a blue satin flag. There was only one boatman in it, who had the head of an elephant and the body of a tiger. When the boat was come up to the prince and Mobarec, the monstrous boatman took them up one after the other with his trunk, put them into his boat, and carried them over the lake in a moment. He then again took them up with his trunk, set them ashore, and immediately vanished with his boat.

"Now we may talk," said Mobarec; "the island we are in belongs to the King of the Genii. Look around you, prince; can there be a more delightful spot? Behold the fields adorned with all sorts of flowers and plants; admire those beautiful trees, whose branches bend down to the ground; hear those harmonious songs from a thousand birds of as many various sorts, unknown in other countries." Zeyn could not sufficiently admire the beauties with which he was surrounded, and still found something new, as he advanced farther into the island.

At length they came before a palace built of emeralds, encompassed by a wide moat, on the banks whereof, at certain distances, were planted such tall trees that they shaded the whole palace. The gate was of massy gold, and was approached by a bridge formed of one single shell of a fish, at least six fathoms long, and three in breadth. At the head of the bridge stood a company of very tall genii, who guarded the entrance into the castle with great clubs of steel.

"Let us at present proceed no farther," said Mobarec, "these

genii will destroy us; and in order to prevent their coming to us, we must perform a magical ceremony." Then Mobarec laid on the ground two large mats, on the edges whereof he scattered some precious stones, musk, and amber. Afterwards he sat down on one of the mats, and Zeyn on the other, and Mobarec said to the prince, "I shall now, sir, conjure the Sultan of the Genii, who lives in the palace that is before us. If our coming into this island is displeasing to him, he will appear in the shape of a dreadful monster; but if he approves of your design, he will show himself in the shape of a handsome man. As soon as he appears before us, you must rise and salute him, without going off your mat; for you would certainly perish should you stir from it. You must say to him, 'Lord of the Genii, I wish your majesty may protect me, as you always protected my father; and I most humbly beg of you to give me the ninth statue.'"

Mobarec, having thus instructed Prince Zeyn, began his conjuration. Immediately their eyes were dazzled by a long flash of lightning, which was followed by a clap of thunder. The whole island was covered with a thick darkness, a furious storm of wind blew, a dreadful cry was heard, the island felt a shock, as if of an earthquake, and the Sultan of the Genii appeared in the shape of a very handsome man, yet there was something terrific in his air.

As soon as King Zeyn had prostrated himself, and spoken as he had been taught by Mobarec, the Sultan of the Genii, smiling, answered, "My son, I loved your father, and every time he came to pay me his respects, I presented him with a statue, which he carried away with him. I have no less kindness for you. I obliged your father, some days before he died, to write that which you read on the piece of white satin. I promised him to receive you under my protection, and to give you the ninth statue, which in beauty surpasses those you have already. I had begun to perform my promise to him, for it was I whom you saw in a dream in the shape of an old man; I caused you to open the subterraneous place where the urns and the statues are deposited. I have a great share in all that has befallen you, or rather am the occasion of all. I know the motive that brought you hither; you shall obtain what you desire, on certain conditions. You must return with Mobarec, and you must swear to come again to me, and to bring with you a young maiden who has reached her

fifteenth year, and who has never entertained a wish to be married. She must also be perfectly beautiful; and you so much a master of yourself as not even to wish to marry her, as you are conducting her hither. I will give you a looking-glass, which will clearly reflect no other image than that of the young maiden you are in search of. Now, swear to me to observe these conditions, and keep your oath like a man of honour; otherwise, I will take away your life, notwithstanding the kindness I have for you." Zeyn Alasnam swore that he would faithfully keep his word.

The Sultan of the Genii then delivered to him a looking-glass, saying, "My son, you may return when you please; there is the glass you are to use." Zeyn and Mobarec took leave of the Sultan of the Genii, and went towards the lake. The boatman with the elephant's head brought the boat, and ferried them over the lake as he had done before. They joined their servants, and returned with them again to Cairo.

The young sultan rested a few days at Mobarec's house, and then said to him, "Let us go to Bagdad, to seek a maiden for the Sovereign of the Genii." "Why, are we not at Grand Cairo?" said Mobarec. "Shall we not there find beautiful maidens?" "You are in the right," answered the prince; "but how shall we explore where they are?" "Do not trouble yourself about that," answered Mobarec; "I know a very shrewd old woman, whom I will entrust with the affair, and she will acquit herself well."

Accordingly, the old woman found means to show King Zeyn a considerable number of beautiful maidens of fifteen years of age; but when he had viewed them, and came to consult his talisman, the glass always appeared sullied. All the maidens in the court and city who were in their fifteenth year underwent the trial one after another, but the glass never remained bright and clear.

When they saw there were no maidens to be found in Cairo who did not wish to be married, they went to Bagdad, where they hired a magnificent palace, and soon made acquaintance with the chief people of the city.

There lived at Bagdad at this time an imaun of much celebrity, and noted for his charity. His name was Boubekir Muezin. To him Mobarec went and offered a purse of five hundred gold pieces, in the name of Prince Zeyn, to distribute among the poor. On the next day, Boubekir Muezin waited on Prince Zeyn to

return to him his thanks; and on hearing the purpose of his visit to Bagdad, told him of a young maiden, the daughter of a former vizier of the Sultan of Bagdad, whom he was assured would fulfil the terms required by Prince Zeyn, and offered to ask her from her father as the wife of the prince, if he would accompany him to her father's mansion. The prince accompanied the imaun to the vizier's; who, as soon as he was acquainted with the prince's birth and design, called his daughter, and made her take off her veil. Never had the young Sultan of Bussorah beheld such a perfect and striking beauty. He stood amazed; and since he could then try whether the maid was as chaste as fair, he pulled out his glass, which remained bright and unsullied.

When he perceived he had at length found such a person as he desired, he entreated the vizier to grant her to him. Immediately the cauzee was sent for, the contract signed, and the marriage prayer said. After this ceremony, Zeyn conducted the vizier to his house, where he treated him magnificently, and gave him considerable presents. Next day he sent a prodigious quantity of jewels by Mobarec, who conducted the bride home, where the wedding was kept with all the pomp that became Zeyn's rank and dignity. When all the company was dismissed Mobarec said to his master, "Let us begone, sir, let us not stay any longer at Bagdad, but return to Cairo: remember the promise you made the Sultan of the Genii." "Let us go," answered the prince; "I must take care to perform it exactly; yet I must confess, my dear Mobarec, that, if I obey the Sultan of the Genii, it is not without reluctance. The damsel I have married is so charming, that I am tempted to carry her to Bussorah, and place her on the throne." "Alas! sir," answered Mobarec, "take heed how you give way to your inclination: whatever it costs you, be as good as your word to the Sultan of the Genii." "Well, then, Mobarec," said the prince, "do you take care to conceal the lovely maid from me let her never appear in my sight—perhaps I have already seen too much of her."

Mobarec made all ready for their departure; they returned to Cairo, and thence set out for the island of the Sultan of the Genii. When they were arrived, the maid, who had performed the journey in a litter, and whom the prince had never seen since his marriage, said to Mobarec, "Where are we? Shall we be soon in the domin-

ions of the prince my husband?" "Madam," answered Mobarec, "it is time to undeceive you. Prince Zeyn married you only in order to get you from your father; he did not engage his faith to make you Sovereign of Bussorah, but to deliver you to the Sultan of the Genii, who has asked of him a maiden of your loveliness and purity." At these words, she began to weep bitterly, which moved the prince and Mobarec. "Take pity on me," said she; "I am a stranger, you will be accountable to God for your treachery towards me."

Her tears and complaints were of no effect, for she was presented to the Sultan of the Genii, who having gazed on her with attention, said to Zeyn, "Prince, I am satisfied with your behaviour; the virgin you have brought me is beautiful and good, and I am pleased with the restraint you have put upon yourself to fulfil your promise to me. Return to your dominions, and when you shall enter the subterraneous room, where the eight statues are, you shall find the ninth which I promised you. I will make my genii carry it thither." Zeyn thanked the King of the Genii, and returned to Cairo with Mobarec, but did not stay long in Egypt, for his impatience to see the ninth statue made him hasten his departure. However, he could not but often think regretfully of the young virgin he had married; and blaming himself for having deceived her, he looked upon himself as the cause and instrument of her misfortune. "Alas!" said he to himself, "I have taken her from a tender father, to sacrifice her to a genie. Oh, incomparable beauty! you deserve a better fate."

Sultan Zeyn, disturbed with these thoughts, at length reached Bussorah, where his subjects made extraordinary rejoicings for his return. He went directly to give an account of his journey to his mother, who was in a rapture to hear that he had obtained the ninth statue. "Let us go, my son," said she—"let us go and see it, for it is certainly in the subterraneous chamber, since the Sultan of the Genii said you should find it there." The young sultan and his mother being both impatient to see the wonderful statue, went down into the room of the statues; but how great was their surprise, when, instead of a statue of diamonds, they beheld on the ninth pedestal a most beautiful virgin, whom the prince knew to be the same whom he had conducted into the island of the genii! "Prince," said the young maid, "you are surprised to see me

here; you expected to have found something more precious than me, and I question not but that you now repent having taken so much trouble: you expected a better reward." "Madam," answered Zeyn, "Heaven is my witness, that I more than once had nearly broken my word with the Sultan of the Genii to keep you to myself. Whatever be the value of a diamond statue, is it worth the satisfaction of having you mine? I love you above all the diamonds and wealth in the world."

Just as he had done speaking, a clap of thunder was heard, which shook the subterraneous place. Zeyn's mother was alarmed, but the Sultan of the Genii immediately appearing, dispelled her fear. "Madam," said he to her, "I protect and love your son: I had a mind to try, whether, at his age, he could subdue himself. This is the ninth statue I designed for him; it is more rare and precious than the others. Live," said he, directing his discourse to the young prince—"live happy, Zeyn, with this your wife; and if you would have her true and constant to you, love her always, and love her only." Having spoken these words, the Sultan of the Genii vanished, and Zeyn, enchanted with the young lady, the same day caused her to be proclaimed Queen of Bussorah, over which they reigned in mutual happiness to an advanced age.

The Story of Sindbad the Sailor.[1]

In the reign of the same caliph, Haroun Alraschid, of whom we have already heard, there lived at Bagdad a poor porter called Hindbad. One day, when the weather was excessively hot, he was employed to carry a heavy burden from one end of the town to the other. Being much fatigued, he took off his load, and sat upon it, near a large mansion.

[1] These voyages of Sindbad are among the most curious of the tales contained in the Arabian Nights. They deserve a passing word of remark. Mr Richard Hole of Exeter, about a century since, wrote a treatise upon them. He shows that while they must be regarded in many respects as fabulous, yet that they illustrate the early stories prevalent about strange countries. The earlier writers, as Plutarch, Ælian, Diodorus Siculus, Pliny, mention the incidents related in these tales, as also do the earliest modern travellers, the Venetian Marco Polo, and the English Sir John Mandeville. Mr Lane, in his valuable notes on these tales, relates that he finds "these exaggerated reports of a variety of travellers"

He was much pleased that he stopped at this place; for the agreeable smell of wood of aloes, and of pastils that came from the house, mixing with the scent of the rose-water, completely perfumed and embalmed the air. Besides, he heard from within a concert of instrumental music, accompanied with the harmonious notes of nightingales and other birds. This charming melody, and the smell of several sorts of savoury dishes, made the porter conclude there was a feast, with great rejoicings within. His business seldom leading him that way, he knew not to whom the mansion belonged; but he went to some of the servants, whom he saw standing at the gate in magnificent apparel, and asked the name of the proprietor. "How," replied one of them, "do you live in Bagdad, and know not that this is the

in two Arabian works of the thirteenth century. There is an ancient map at Hereford, believed to be of the date of the fourteenth century, which gives a representation of all the strange descriptions contained in these voyages. Underneath the excrescences of popular fiction there is a residuum of truth confirmed by later testimony, as the existence of cannibalism, the incidents of the pearl-fishery, the verification of the locality of Ceylon, and of the products of some of the countries described. Mr Hole proposes to trace Salabat, in Timor; Comari, in Cape Comorin; Segundah, in Ceylon; Suborna, in Borneo; Cala, in Calecot; Sumatra, in the Island of Apes. Our young readers, however, will look to Hughes and Butler for their geography, and to Sindbad for their amusement. They will do well to remember that these tales do often illustrate customs still existing in Mahommedan countries, and thus let their reading be not altogether in vain, according to the Horatian rule, "*Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.*" In this spirit we give these two extracts from Hole's "Treatise on Sindbad's Voyages:"—

"It is my purpose to trace these stories to a classic origin, and likewise to retrace some of the classic fictions to their primitive Eastern derivation. In the middle ages, the Arabians borrowed largely from the Greeks, and they, in much earlier times, derived from the banks of the Ganges, and not unfrequently through Egypt, the greater part of their literature and mythology." And again, "Some descriptions are copied from nature, and some incidents are founded on facts. It has been my object to rescue them from the imputation of groundless extravagance, to trace beneath the disguise of exaggeration, or the shadowy veil of allegory, events and circumstances which confirm the accounts of our early voyagers, or correspond with the observations of philosophic inquirers belonging to other climes and distant ages. Let us be cautious, therefore, how we indulge a too hasty contempt for things apparently trivial and insignificant, which may in fact exceed our apprehension; or if patiently investigated, like the reward of sedulous attention to chemical processes, may at last yield some valuable and unexpected discovery."—See an account of the Hereford map in the *Gentlemen's Magazine*, May 1863.

house of Sindbad the sailor, that famous voyager, who has sailed round the world?" The porter lifted up his eyes to heaven, and said, loud enough to be heard, "Almighty Creator of all things, consider the difference between Sindbad and me! I am every day exposed to fatigues and calamities, and can scarcely get coarse barley-bread for myself and my family, whilst happy Sindbad profusely expends immense riches, and leads a life of continual pleasure. What has he done to obtain from Thee a lot so agreeable? And what have I done to deserve one so wretched?"

Whilst the porter was thus indulging his melancholy, a servant came out of the house, and taking him by the arm, bade him follow him, for Sindbad, his master, wanted to speak to him.

The servants brought him into a great hall, where a number of people sat round a table, covered with all sorts of savoury dishes. At the upper end sat a comely venerable gentleman, with a long white beard, and behind him stood a number of officers and domestics, all ready to attend his pleasure. This person was Sindbad. Hindbad, whose fear was increased at the sight of so many people, and of a banquet so sumptuous, saluted the company trembling. Sindbad bade him draw near, and seating him at his right hand, served him himself, and gave him excellent wine, of which there was abundance upon the sideboard.

Now, Sindbad had himself heard the porter complain through the window, and this it was that induced him to have him brought in. When the repast was over, Sindbad addressed his conversation to Hindbad, and inquired his name and employment, and said, "I wish to hear from your own mouth what it was you lately said in the street."

At this request, Hindbad hung down his head in confusion, and replied, "My lord, I confess that my fatigue put me out of humour, and occasioned me to utter some indiscreet words, which I beg you to pardon." "Do not think I am so unjust," resumed Sindbad, "as to resent such a complaint. But I must rectify your error concerning myself. You think, no doubt, that I have acquired without labour and trouble the ease and indulgence which I now enjoy. But do not mistake; I did not attain to this happy condition without enduring for several years more trouble of body and mind than can well be imagined. Yes, gentlemen," he added,

speaking to the whole company, "I assure you that my sufferings have been of a nature so extraordinary, as would deprive the greatest miser of his love of riches; and as an opportunity now offers, I will, with your leave, relate the dangers I have encountered, which I think will not be uninteresting to you."

THE FIRST VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR.

My father was a wealthy merchant of much repute. He bequeathed me a large estate, which I wasted in riotous living. I quickly perceived my error, and that I was misspending my time, which is of all things the most valuable. I remembered the saying of the great Solomon, which I had frequently heard from my father, "A good name is better than precious ointment;" and again, "Wisdom is good with an inheritance." Struck with these reflections, I resolved to walk in my father's ways, and I entered into a contract with some merchants, and embarked with them on board a ship we had jointly fitted out.

We set sail, and steered our course towards the Indies, through the Persian Gulf, which is formed by the coasts of Arabia Felix on the right, and by those of Persia on the left. At first I was troubled with sea-sickness, but speedily recovered my health, and was not afterwards subject to that complaint.

In our voyage we touched at several islands, where we sold or exchanged our goods. One day, whilst under sail, we were becalmed near a small island, but little elevated above the level of the water, and resembling a green meadow. The captain ordered his sails to be furled, and permitted such persons as were so inclined to land; of this number I was one.

But while we were enjoying ourselves in eating and drinking, and recovering ourselves from the fatigue of the sea, the island on a sudden trembled and shook us terribly.

The trembling of the island was perceived on board the ship, and we were called upon to re-embark speedily, or we should all be lost; for what we took for an island proved to be the back[1] of

[1] Milton thus describes the Leviathan :—

"How haply slumbering on the Norway foam
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff,
Deeming some island, oft as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind
Moors by his side."

a sea monster. The nimblest got into the sloop, others betook themselves to swimming; but as for myself, I was still upon the island when it disappeared into the sea, and I had only time to catch hold of a piece of wood that we had brought out of the ship to make a fire. Meanwhile, the captain, having received those on board who were in the sloop, and taken up some of those that swam, resolved to improve the favourable gale that had just risen, and hoisting his sails pursued his voyage, so that it was impossible for me to recover the ship.

Thus was I exposed to the mercy of the waves all the rest of the day and the following night. By this time I found my strength gone, and despaired of saving my life, when happily a wave threw me against an island. The bank was high and rugged; so that I could scarcely have got up had it not been for some roots of trees which I found within reach. When the sun arose, though I was very feeble, both from hard labour and want of food, I crept along to find some herbs fit to eat, and had the good luck not only to procure some, but likewise to discover a spring of excellent water, which contributed much to recover me. After this I advanced farther into the island, and at last reached a fine plain, where I perceived some horses feeding. I went towards them, when I heard the voice of a man, who immediately appeared, and asked me who I was. I related to him my adventure, after which, taking me by the hand, he led me into a cave, where there were several other people, no less amazed to see me than I was to see them.

I partook of some provisions which they offered me. I then asked them what they did in such a desert place; to which they answered, that they were grooms belonging to the Maha-raja, sovereign of the island, and that every year they brought thither the king's horses for pasturage. They added, that they were to return home on the morrow, and had I been one day later, I must have perished, because the inhabited part of the island was a great distance off, and it would have been impossible for me to have got thither without a guide.

Next morning they returned to the capital of the island, took me with them, and presented me to the Maha-raja. He asked me who I was, and by what adventure I had come into his dominions. After I had satisfied him, he told me he was much concerned for

my misfortune, and at the same time ordered that I should want for nothing; which commands his officers were so generous and careful as to see exactly fulfilled.

Being a merchant, I frequented men of my own profession, and particularly inquired for those who were strangers, that perchance I might hear news from Bagdad, or find an opportunity to return. For the Maha-raja's capital is situated on the sea-coast, and has a fine harbour, where ships arrive daily from the different quarters of the world. I frequented also the society of the learned Indians, and took delight to hear them converse; but withal, I took care to make my court regularly to the Maha-raja, and conversed with the governors and petty kings, his tributaries, that were about him. They put a thousand questions respecting my country; and I being willing to inform myself as to their laws and customs, asked them concerning everything which I thought worth knowing.

There belongs to this king an island named Cassel. They assured me that every night a noise of drums was heard there, whence the mariners fancied that it was the residence of Degial. I determined to visit this wonderful place, and in my way thither saw fishes of 100 and 200 cubits long, that occasion more fear than hurt; for they are so timorous, that they will fly upon the rattling of two sticks or boards. I saw likewise other fish about a cubit in length, that had heads like owls.

As I was one day at the port after my return, the ship arrived in which I had embarked at Bussorah. I at once knew the captain, and I went and asked him for my bales. "I am Sindbad," said I, "and those bales marked with his name are mine."

When the captain heard me speak thus, "Heavens!" he exclaimed, "whom can we trust in these times! I saw Sindbad perish with my own eyes, as did also the passengers on board, and yet you tell me you are that Sindbad. What impudence is this! and what a false tale to tell, in order to possess yourself of what does not belong to you!" "Have patience," replied I; "do me the favour to hear what I have to say." The captain was at length persuaded that I was no cheat; for there came people from his ship who knew me, paid me great compliments, and expressed much joy at seeing me alive. At last he recollected me himself, and embracing me, "Heaven be praised," said he, "for your

happy escape! I cannot express the joy it affords me. There are your goods; take and do with them as you please."

I took out what was most valuable in my bales, and presented them to the Maha-raja, who, knowing my misfortune, asked me how I came by such rarities. I acquainted him with the circumstance of their recovery. He was pleased at my good luck, accepted my present, and in return gave me one much more considerable. Upon this I took leave of him, and went aboard the same ship, after I had exchanged my goods for the commodities of that country. I carried with me wood of aloes, sandals, camphire, nutmegs, cloves, pepper, and ginger. We passed by several islands, and at last arrived at Bussorah, from whence I came to this city, with the value of 100,000 sequins.

Sindbad stopped here, and ordered the musicians to proceed with their concert, which the story had interrupted. When it was evening, Sindbad sent for a purse of 100 sequins, and giving it to the porter, said, "Take this, Hindbad, return to your home, and come back to-morrow to hear more of my adventures." The porter went away, astonished at the honour done him, and the present made him. The account of this adventure proved very agreeable to his wife and children, who did not fail to return thanks for what providence had sent them by the hand of Sindbad.

Hindbad put on his best robe next day, and returned to the bountiful traveller, who received him with a pleasant air, and welcomed him heartily. When all the guests had arrived, dinner was served, and continued a long time. When it was ended, Sindbad, addressing himself to the company, said, "Gentlemen, be pleased to listen to the adventures of my second voyage. They deserve your attention even more than those of the first." Upon which every one held his peace, and Sindbad proceeded.

THE SECOND VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR.

I designed, after my first voyage, to spend the rest of my days at Bagdad, but it was not long ere I grew weary of an indolent life, and I put to sea a second time, with merchants of known probity. We embarked on board a good ship, and after recommending ourselves to God, set sail. We traded from island to island, and exchanged commodities with great profit. One day

we landed on an island covered with several sorts of fruit-trees, but we could see neither man nor animal. We walked in the meadows, along the streams that watered them. Whilst some diverted themselves with gathering flowers, and others fruits, I took my wine and provisions, and sat down near a stream betwixt two high trees, which formed a thick shade. I made a good meal, and afterwards fell asleep. I cannot tell how long I slept, but when I awoke the ship was gone.

In this sad condition, I was ready to die with grief. I cried out in agony, beat my head and breast, and threw myself upon the ground, where I lay some time in despair. I upbraided myself a hundred times for not being content with the produce of my first voyage, that might have sufficed me all my life. But all this was in vain, and my repentance came too late. At last I resigned myself to the will of God. Not knowing what to do, I climbed up to the top of a lofty tree, from whence I looked about on all sides, to see if I could discover anything that could give me hopes. When I gazed towards the sea I could see nothing but sky and water; but looking over the land I beheld something white; and coming down, I took what provision I had left, and went towards it, the distance being so great, that I could not distinguish what it was.

As I approached, I thought it to be a white dome, of a prodigious height and extent; and when I came up to it, I touched it, and found it to be very smooth. I went round to see if it was open on any side, but saw it was not, and that there was no climbing up to the top, as it was so smooth. It was at least fifty paces round.

By this time the sun was about to set, and all of a sudden the sky became as dark as if it had been covered with a thick cloud. I was much astonished at this sudden darkness, but much more when I found it occasioned by a bird of a monstrous size, that came flying towards me. I remembered that I had often heard mariners speak of a miraculous bird called the Roc,[1] and conceived that the great dome which I so much admired must be its

[1] Mr More, in his account of these voyages, says that Marco Polo, in his "Travels," and Father Martini, in his "History of China," speak of this bird, called *Ruck*, and say it will take up an elephant and a rhinoceros. It is as fabulous as the dodo, the salamander, or the phœnix.

chants came crowding about us, much astonished to see me; but they were much more surprised when I told them my story.

They conducted me to their encampment; and there having opened my bag, they were surprised at the largeness of my diamonds, and confessed that they had never seen any of such size and perfection. I prayed the merchant who owned the nest to which I had been carried, (for every merchant had his own,) to take as many for his share as he pleased. He contented himself with one, and that, too, the least of them; and when I pressed him to take more, without fear of doing me any injury, "No," said he, "I am very well satisfied with this, which is valuable enough to save me the trouble of making any more voyages, and will raise as great a fortune as I desire."

I spent the night with the merchants, to whom I related my story a second time, for the satisfaction of those who had not heard it. I could not moderate my joy when I found myself delivered from the danger I have mentioned. I thought myself in a dream, and could scarcely believe myself out of danger.

The merchants had thrown their pieces of meat into the valley for several days; and each of them being satisfied with the diamonds that had fallen to his lot, we left the place the next morning, and travelled near high mountains, where there were serpents of a prodigious length, which we had the good fortune to escape. We took shipping at the first port we reached, and touched at the isle of Roha, where the trees grow that yield camphire. This tree is so large, and its branches so thick, that one hundred men may easily sit under its shade. The juice, of which the camphire is made, exudes from a hole bored in the upper part of the tree, is received in a vessel, where it thickens to a consistency, and becomes what we call camphire. After the juice is thus drawn out, the tree withers and dies.

In this island is also found the rhinoceros, an animal less than the elephant, but larger than the buffalo. It has a horn upon its nose, about a cubit in length; this horn is solid, and cleft through the middle. The rhinoceros fights with the elephant, runs his horn into his belly,[1] and carries him off upon his head; but the

[1] Captain Marryatt, in his "Bushboys," gives an account of this contest, in which the rhinoceros came off victorious. He also gives in the same

blood and the fat of the elephant running into his eyes and making him blind, he falls to the ground; and then, strange to relate, the roc comes and carries them both away in her claws, for food for her young ones.

I pass over many other things peculiar to this island, lest I should weary you. Here I exchanged some of my diamonds for merchandise. From hence we went to other islands, and at last, having touched at several trading towns of the continent, we landed at Bussorah, from whence I proceeded to Bagdad. There I immediately gave large presents to the poor, and lived honourably upon the vast riches I had brought, and gained with so much fatigue.

Thus Sindbad ended the relation of the second voyage, gave Hindbad another hundred sequins, and invited him to come the next day to hear the account of the third.

THE THIRD VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR.

I soon again grew weary of living a life of idleness, and hardening myself against the thought of any danger, I embarked with some merchants on another long voyage. We touched at several ports, where we traded. One day we were overtaken by a dreadful tempest, which drove us from our course. The storm continued several days, and brought us before the port of an island, which the captain was very unwilling to enter; but we were obliged to cast anchor. When we had furled our sails, the captain told us that this and some other neighbouring islands were inhabited by hairy savages, who would speedily attack us; and though they were but dwarfs, yet that we must make no resistance, for they were more in number than the locusts; and if we happened to kill one, they would all fall upon us and destroy us.

We soon found that what the captain had told us was but too true. An innumerable multitude of frightful savages, about two feet high, covered all over with red hair, came swimming towards us, and encompassed our ship. They chattered as they came near, but we understood not their language. They climbed up the sides of the ship with such agility as surprised us. They took down our sails, cut the cable, and hauling to the shore, made us all get out,

amusing volume an account of a bird taking up a serpent into the air. The scene of the adventures of the "Bushboys" is South Africa.

several times against the ground, it crushed him, and we could hear it gnaw and tear the poor fellow's bones, though we had fled to a considerable distance. The following day, to our great terror, we saw the serpent again, when I exclaimed, "O Heaven, to what dangers are we exposed! We rejoiced yesterday at having escaped from the cruelty of a giant and the rage of the waves, now are we fallen into another danger equally dreadful."

As we walked about, we saw a large tall tree, upon which we designed to pass the following night for our security; and having satisfied our hunger with fruit, we mounted it accordingly. Shortly after, the serpent came hissing to the foot of the tree; raised itself up against the trunk of it, and meeting with my comrade, who sat lower than I, swallowed him at once, and went off.

I remained upon the tree till it was day, and then came down, more like a dead man than one alive, expecting the same fate with my two companions. This filled me with horror, and I advanced some steps to throw myself into the sea; but I withstood this dictate of despair, and submitted myself to the will of God, who disposes of our lives at His pleasure.

In the meantime I collected together a great quantity of small wood, brambles, and dry thorns, and making them up into faggots, made a wide circle with them round the tree, and also tied some of them to the branches over my head. Having done this, when the evening came, I shut myself up within this circle, with the melancholy satisfaction, that I had neglected nothing which could preserve me from the cruel destiny with which I was threatened. The serpent failed not to come at the usual hour, and went round the tree, seeking for an opportunity to devour me, but was prevented by the rampart I had made; so that he lay till day, like a cat watching in vain for a mouse that has fortunately reached a place of safety. When day appeared, he retired, but I dared not to leave my fort until the sun arose.

God took compassion on my hopeless state; for just as I was going, in a fit of desperation, to throw myself into the sea, I perceived a ship in the distance. I called as loud as I could, and unfolding the linen of my turban, displayed it, that they might observe me. This had the desired effect; the crew perceived me, and the captain sent his boat for me. As soon as I came on board, the merchants and seamen flocked about me, to know

how I came into that desert island; and after I had related to them all that had befallen me, the oldest among them said they had several times heard of the giants that dwelt in that island, that they were cannibals; and as to the serpents, they added, that there were abundance in the island; that they hid themselves by day, and came abroad by night. After having testified their joy at my escaping so many dangers, they brought me the best of their provisions; and took me before the captain, who seeing that I was in rags, gave me one of his own suits. Looking steadfastly upon him, I knew him to be the person who, in my second voyage, had left me in the island where I fell asleep, and sailed without me, or sending to seek for me.

I was not surprised that he, believing me to be dead, did not recognise me. "Captain," said I, "look at me, and you may know that I am Sindbad, whom you left in that desert island."

The captain having considered me attentively, recognised me. "God be praised!" said he, embracing me; "I rejoice that fortune has rectified my fault. There are your goods, which I always took care to preserve." I took them from him, and made him my acknowledgments for his care of them.

We continued at sea for some time, touched at several islands, and at last landed at that of Salabat,[1] where sandal-wood is obtained, which is much used in medicine.

From the isle of Salabat we went to another, where I furnished myself with cloves, cinnamon, and other spices. As we sailed from this island, we saw a tortoise twenty cubits in length and breadth. We observed also an amphibious animal like a cow, which gave milk;[2] its skin is so hard, that they usually make bucklers of it. I saw another, which had the shape and colour of a camel.[3]

In short, after a long voyage, I arrived at Bussorah, and from thence returned to Bagdad, with so much wealth that I knew not its extent. I gave a great deal to the poor, and bought another considerable estate in addition to what I had already.

[1] Sandal-wood. The wood of a low tree, the *Santalum Album*, resembling the privet, and growing on the coast of Malabar, in the Indian Archipelago, &c. The hard yellow wood in the centre of the old sandal-tree is highly esteemed for its fragrant perfume, and is much used for cabinet work, &c.

[2] The Hippopotamus. [3] The Giraffe.

Thus Sindbad finished the history of his third voyage. He gave another hundred sequins to Hindbad, and invited him to dinner again the next day, to hear

THE FOURTH VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR.

After I had rested from the dangers of my third voyage, my passion for trade and my love of novelty soon again prevailed. I therefore settled my affairs, and provided a stock of goods fit for the traffic I designed to engage in. I took the route of Persia, travelled over several provinces, and then arrived at a port, where I embarked. On putting out to sea, we were overtaken by such a sudden gust of wind, as obliged the captain to lower his yards, and take all other necessary precautions to prevent the danger that threatened us. But all was in vain; our endeavours had no effect; the sails were split in a thousand pieces, and the ship was stranded; several of the merchants and seamen were drowned, and the cargo was lost.

I had the good fortune, with several of the merchants and mariners, to get upon some planks, and we were carried by the current to an island which lay before us. There we found fruit and spring-water, which preserved our lives. We stayed all night near the place where we had been cast ashore.

Next morning, as soon as the sun was up, we explored the island, and saw some houses, which we approached. As soon as we drew near, we were encompassed by a great number of negroes, who seized us, shared us among them, and carried us to their respective habitations.

I and five of my comrades were carried to one place; here they made us sit down, and gave us a certain herb, which they made signs to us to eat. My comrades not taking notice that the blacks ate none of it themselves, thought only of satisfying their hunger, and ate with greediness. But I, suspecting some trick, would not so much as taste it, which happened well for me; for in a little time after I perceived my companions had lost their senses, and that when they spoke to me they knew not what they said.

The negroes fed us afterwards with rice, prepared with oil of cocoa-nuts; and my comrades, who had lost their reason, ate of it greedily. I also partook of it, but very sparingly. They gave

us that herb at first on purpose to deprive us of our senses, that we might not be aware of the sad destiny prepared for us; and they supplied us with rice to fatten us; for, being cannibals, their design was to eat us as soon as we grew fat. This accordingly happened, for they devoured my comrades, who were not sensible of their condition; but my senses being entire, you may easily guess, that instead of growing fat, as the rest did, I grew leaner every day. The fear of death under which I laboured, turned all my food into poison. I fell into a languishing distemper, which proved my safety; for the negroes, having killed and eaten my companions, seeing me to be withered, lean, and sick, deferred my death.

Meanwhile I had much liberty, so that scarcely any notice was taken of what I did, and this gave me an opportunity one day to get at a distance from the houses, and to make my escape. An old man who saw me, and suspected my design, called to me as loud as he could to return; but instead of obeying him, I redoubled my speed, and quickly got out of sight. At that time there was none but the old man about the houses, the rest being abroad, and not to return till night, which was usual with them. Therefore, being sure that they could not arrive in time to pursue me, I went on till night, when I stopped to rest a little, and to eat some of the provisions I had secured; but I speedily set forward again and travelled seven days, avoiding those places which seemed to be inhabited, and lived for the most part upon cocoa-nuts, which served me both for meat and drink. On the eighth day I came near the sea, and saw some white people like myself, gathering pepper, of which there was great plenty in that place. This I took to be a good omen, and went to them without any scruple.

The people who gathered pepper came to meet me as soon as they saw me, and asked me in Arabic, who I was, and whence I came. I was overjoyed to hear them speak in my own language, and satisfied their curiosity, by giving them an account of my shipwreck, and how I fell into the hands of the negroes. "Those negroes," replied they, "eat men; and by what miracle did you escape their cruelty?" I related to them the circumstances I have just mentioned, at which they were wonderfully surprised.

I stayed with them till they had gathered their quantity of

pepper, and then sailed with them to the island from whence they had come. They presented me to their king, who was a good prince. He had the patience to hear the relation of my adventures, which surprised him; and he afterwards gave me clothes, and commanded care to be taken of me.

The island was very well peopled, plentiful in everything, and the capital a place of great trade. This agreeable retreat was very comfortable to me after my misfortunes, and the kindness of this generous prince completed my satisfaction. In a word, there was not a person more in favour with him than myself, and consequently every man in court and city sought to oblige me; so that in a very little time I was looked upon rather as a native than a stranger.

I observed one thing, which to me appeared very extraordinary. All the people, the king himself not excepted, rode their horses without bridle or stirrups. I went one day to a workman, and gave him a model for making the stock of a saddle. When that was done, I covered it myself with velvet and leather, and embroidered it with gold. I afterwards went to a smith, who made me a bit, according to the pattern I showed him, and also some stirrups. When I had all things completed, I presented them to the king, and put them upon one of his horses. His majesty mounted immediately, and was so pleased with them, that he testified his satisfaction by large presents. I made several others for the ministers and principal officers of his household, which gained me great reputation and regard.

As I paid my court very constantly to the king, he said to me one day, "Sindbad, I love thee. I have one thing to demand of thee, which thou must grant. I have a mind thou shouldst marry, that so thou mayst stay in my dominions, and think no more of thy own country." I durst not resist the prince's will, and he gave me one of the ladies of his court, noble, beautiful, and rich. The ceremonies of marriage being over, I went and dwelt with my wife, and for some time we lived together in perfect harmony. I was not, however, satisfied with my banishment, therefore designed to make my escape the first opportunity, and to return to Bagdad: which my present settlement, how advantageous soever, could not make me forget.

At this time the wife of one of my neighbours, with whom I

had contracted a very strict friendship, fell sick, and died. I went to see and comfort him in his affliction, and finding him absorbed in sorrow, I said to him as soon as I saw him, "God preserve you and grant you a long life." "Alas!" replied he, "how do you think I should obtain the favour you wish me? I have not above an hour to live; for I must be buried this day with my wife. This is a law in this island. The living husband is interred with the dead wife, and the living wife with the dead husband."

While he was giving me an account of this barbarous custom, the very relation of which chilled my blood, his kindred, friends, and neighbours came to assist at the funeral. They dressed the corpse of the woman in her richest apparel and all her jewels, as if it had been her wedding-day; then they placed her on an open bier, and began their march to the place of burial. The husband walked first, next to the dead body. They proceeded to a high mountain, and when they had reached the place of their destination, they took up a large stone which formed the mouth of a deep pit, and let down the body with all its apparel and jewels. Then the husband, embracing his kindred and friends, suffered himself to be placed on another bier without resistance, with a pot of water, and seven small loaves, and was let down in the same manner. The ceremony being over, the mouth of the pit was again covered with the stone, and the company returned.

I mention this ceremony the more particularly, because I was in a few weeks' time to be the principal actor on a similar occasion. Alas! my own wife fell sick and died. I made every remonstrance I could to the king not to expose me, a foreigner, to this inhuman law. I appealed in vain. The king and all his court, with the most considerable persons of the city, sought to soften my sorrow by honouring the funeral ceremony with their presence; and at the termination of the ceremony I was lowered into the pit with a vessel full of water, and seven loaves. As I approached the bottom I discovered, by the aid of the little light that came from above, the nature of this subterranean place; it seemed an endless cavern, and might be about fifty fathoms deep. I lived for some time upon my bread and water, when, one day, just as it was on the point of exhaustion. I heard something

tread, and breathing or panting as it moved. I followed the sound. The animal seemed to stop sometimes, but always fled and breathed hard as I approached. I pursued it for a considerable time, till at last I perceived a light, resembling a star; I went on, sometimes lost sight of it, but always found it again, and at last discovered that it came through a hole[1] in the rock, which I got through, and found myself upon the sea-shore, at which I felt exceeding joy. I prostrated myself on the shore to thank God for this mercy, and shortly afterwards I perceived a ship making for the place where I was. I made a sign with the linen of my turban, and called to the crew as loud as I could. They heard me, and sent a boat to bring me on board. It was fortunate for me that these people did not inspect the place where they found me, but without hesitation took me on board.

We passed by several islands, and among others that called the Isle of Bells, about ten days' sail from Serendib with a regular wind, and six from that of Kela, where we landed. Lead mines are found in the island; also Indian canes, and excellent camphire.

The King of the Isle of Kela is very rich and powerful, and the Isle of Bells, which is about two days' journey in extent, is also subject to him. The inhabitants are so barbarous that they still eat human flesh. After we had finished our traffic in that island, we put to sea again, and touched at several other ports; at last I arrived happily at Bagdad. Out of gratitude to God for His mercies, I contributed liberally towards the support of several mosques and the subsistence of the poor, and enjoyed myself with my friends in festivities and amusements.

Here Sindbad made a new present of one hundred sequins to Hindbad, whom he requested to return with the rest next day at the same hour, to dine with him and hear the story of his fifth voyage.

[1] "Aristomenes, the Messenian general, thus escaped from a cave. He perceived a fox near him gnawing a dead body; with one hand he caught it by the hind leg, and with the other held its jaws, when it attempted to bite him. Following as well as he could his struggling guide to the narrow crevice at which he entered, he there let him go, and soon forced a passage through it to the welcome face of day."—Hole, 141. Saneho's escape from the pit into which he tumbled with Daffle is somewhat similar.

THE FIFTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD THE SAILOR.

All the troubles and calamities I had undergone could not cure me of my inclination to make new voyages. I therefore bought goods, departed with them for the best seaport; and there, that I might not be obliged to depend upon a captain, but have a ship at my own command, I remained till one was built on purpose, at my own charge. When the ship was ready I went on board with my goods; but not having enough to load her, I agreed to take with me several merchants of different nations, with their merchandise.

We sailed with the first fair wind, and after a long navigation, the first place we touched at was a desert island, where we found an egg of a roc, equal in size to that I formerly mentioned. There was a young roc in it, just ready to be hatched, and its beak had begun to break the egg.

The merchants who landed with me broke the egg with hatchets, and made a hole in it, pulled out the young roc piecemeal, and roasted it. I had in vain entreated them not to meddle with the egg.

Scarcely had they finished their repast, when there appeared in the air, at a considerable distance, two great clouds.[1] The captain of my ship, knowing by experience what they meant, said they were the male and female parents of the roc, and pressed us to re-embark with all speed, to prevent the misfortune which he saw would otherwise befall us.

The two rocs approached with a frightful noise, which they redoubled when they saw the egg broken, and their young one gone. They flew back in the direction they had come, and disappeared for some time, while we made all the sail we could to endeavour to prevent that which unhappily befell us.

They soon returned, and we observed that each of them carried between its talons an enormous rock. When they came directly over my ship, they hovered, and one of them let go his rock; but by the dexterity of the steersman it missed us, and fell into the sea. The other so exactly hit the middle of the ship as to split it

[1] Mr Marsden, in his notes to his translation of Marco Polo's Voyages, supposes the roc to be a description of the albatross or condor, under greatly exaggerated terms.

into pieces, The mariners and passengers were all crushed to death, or fell into the sea. I myself was of the number of the latter; but, as I came up again, I fortunately caught hold of a piece of the wreck, and swimming, sometimes with one hand and sometimes with the other, but always holding fast the plank, the wind and the tide favouring me, I came to an island, and got safely ashore.

I sat down upon the grass, to recover myself from my fatigue, after which I went into the island to explore it. It seemed to be a delicious garden. I found trees everywhere, some of them bearing green and others ripe fruits, and streams of fresh pure water. I ate of the fruits, which I found excellent; and drank of the water, which was very light and good.

When I was a little advanced into the island, I saw an old man, who appeared very weak and infirm. He was sitting on the bank of a stream, and at first I took him to be one who had been shipwrecked like myself. I went towards him and saluted him, but he only slightly bowed his head. I asked him why he sat so still; but instead of answering me, he made a sign for me to take him upon my back, and carry him over the brook.

I believed him really to stand in need of my assistance, took him upon my back, and having carried him over, bade him get down, and for that end stooped, that he might get off with ease; but instead of doing so, (which I laugh at every time I think of it,) the old man, who to me appeared quite decrepit, threw his legs nimbly about my neck. He sat astride upon my shoulders, and held my throat so tight that I thought he would have strangled me, and I fainted away.

Notwithstanding my fainting, the ill-natured old fellow still kept his seat upon my neck. When I had recovered my breath, he thrust one of his feet against my side, and struck me so rudely with the other, that he forced me to rise up against my will. Having arisen, he made me carry him under the trees, and forced me now and then to stop, that he might gather and eat fruit. He never left his seat all day; and when I lay down to rest at night, he laid himself down with me, holding still fast about my neck. Every morning he pinched me to make me awake, and afterwards obliged me to get up and walk, and spurred me with his feet.

One day I found several dry calabashes that had fallen from a

tree. I took a large one, and after cleaning it, pressed into it some juice of grapes, which abounded in the island; having filled the calabash, I put it by in a convenient place, and going thither again some days after, I tasted it, and found the wine so good, that it gave me new vigour, and so exhilarated my spirits, that I began to sing and dance as I carried my burden.

The old man, perceiving the effect which this had upon me, and that I carried him with more ease than before, made me a sign to give him some of it. I handed him the calabash, and the liquor pleasing his palate, he drank it off. There being a considerable quantity of it, he soon began to sing, and to move about from side to side in his seat upon my shoulders, and by degrees to loosen his legs from about me. Finding that he did not press me as before, I threw him upon the ground, where he lay without motion; I then took up a great stone and slew him.

I was extremely glad to be thus freed for ever from this troublesome fellow. I now walked towards the beach, where I met the crew of a ship that had cast anchor, to take in water: they were surprised to see me, but more so at hearing the particulars of my adventures. "You fell," said they, "into the hands of the old man of the sea, and are the first who ever escaped strangling by his malicious embraces. He never quitted those he had once made himself master of, till he had destroyed them, and he has made this island notorious by the number of men he has slain." They carried me with them to the captain, who received me with great kindness. He put out again to sea, and after some days' sail, we arrived at the harbour of a great city, the houses of which overhung the sea.

One of the merchants who had taken me into his friendship invited me to go along with him. He gave me a large sack, and having recommended me to some people of the town, who used to gather cocoa-nuts, desired them to take me with them. "Go," said he, "follow them, and act as you see them do; but do not separate from them, otherwise you may endanger your life." Having thus spoken, he gave me provisions for the journey, and I went with them.

We came to a thick forest of cocoa-trees,[1] very lofty, with trunks so smooth that it was not possible to climb to the branches that

[1] Cocoa-trees bear their fruit at the top.

bore the fruit. When we entered the forest we saw a great number of apes of several sizes, who fled as soon as they perceived us, and climbed to the tops of the trees with amazing swiftness.

The merchants with whom I was gathered stones, and threw them at the apes on the trees. I did the same; and the apes, out of revenge, threw cocoa-nuts at us so fast, and with such gestures, as sufficiently testified their anger and resentment. We gathered up the cocoa-nuts, and from time to time threw stones to provoke the apes; so that by this stratagem we filled our bags with cocoa-nuts. I thus gradually collected as many cocoa-nuts as produced me a considerable sum.

Having laden our vessel with cocoa-nuts, we set sail, and passed by the islands where pepper grows in great plenty. From thence we went to the isle of Comari, where the best species of wood of aloes grows. I exchanged my cocoa in those two islands for pepper and wood of aloes, and went with other merchants a-pearl-fishing.[1] I hired divers, who brought me up some that were very large and pure. I embarked in a vessel that happily arrived at Bussorah; from thence I returned to Bagdad, where I realised vast sums from my pepper, wood of aloes, and pearls. I gave the tenth of my gains in alms, as I had done upon my return from my other voyages, and rested from my fatigues.

Sindbad here ordered one hundred sequins to be given to Hindbad, and requested him and the other guests to dine with him the next day, to hear the account of his sixth voyage.

THE SIXTH VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR.

I know, my friends, that you will wish to hear how, after having been shipwrecked five times, and escaped so many dangers, I could resolve again to tempt fortune, and expose myself to new hardships. I am myself astonished at my conduct when I reflect upon it, and must certainly have been actuated by my destiny, from which none can escape. Be that as it may, after a year's rest, I prepared for a sixth voyage, notwithstanding the entreaties of my kindred and friends, who did all in their power to dissuade me.

Instead of taking my way by the Persian Gulf, I travelled once more through several provinces of Persia and the Indies, and

[1] Marco Polo, a famous voyager, (1298,) gives an account of this pearl-fishery.

arrived at a seaport, where I embarked in a ship, the captain of which was bound on a long voyage, in which he and the pilot lost their course. Suddenly we saw the captain quit his rudder, uttering loud lamentations. He threw off his turban, pulled his beard, and beat his head like a madman. We asked him the reason; and he answered, that we were in the most dangerous place in all the ocean. "A rapid current carries the ship along with it, and we shall all perish in less than a quarter of an hour. Pray to God to deliver us from this peril; we cannot escape, if He do not take pity on us." At these words he ordered the sails to be lowered; but all the ropes broke, and the ship was carried by the current to the foot of an inaccessible mountain, where she struck and went to pieces; yet in such a manner, that we saved our lives, our provisions, and the best of our goods.

The mountain at the foot of which we were was covered with wrecks, with a vast number of human bones, and with an incredible quantity of goods and riches of all kinds. These objects served only to augment our despair. In all other places it is usual for rivers to run from their channels into the sea; but here a river of fresh water[1] runs from the sea into a dark cavern, whose entrance is very high and spacious. What is most remarkable in this place is, that the stones of the mountain are of crystal, rubies, or other precious stones. Here is also a sort of fountain of pitch or bitumen,[2] that runs into the sea, which the fish swallow, and evacuate soon afterwards, turned into ambergris;[3] and this the waves throw up on the beach in great quantities. Trees also grow here, most of which are of wood of aloes,[4] equal in goodness to those of Comari.

[1] "Mr Ives mentions wells of fresh-water under the sea in the Persian Gulf, near the island of Barien."—Hole.

[2] "Such fountains are not unfrequent in India and in Ceylon; and the Mahommedan travellers speak of ambergris swallowed by whales, who are made sick and regorge it."—Hole.

[3] "Ambergris—a substance of animal origin, found principally in warm climates floating on the sea, or thrown on the coast. The best comes from Madagascar, Surinam, and Java. When it is heated or rubbed, it exhales an agreeable odour."—Knight's *English Cyclopædia*, vol. i., p. 142.

[4] "Camphire is the produce of certain trees in Borneo, Sumatra, and Japan. The camphire lies in perpendicular veins near the centre of the tree, or in its knots, and the same tree exudes a fluid termed oil of camphire. The Venetians, and subsequently the Dutch, monopolised the sale of camphire."—*Ency-*

To finish the description of this place, it is not possible for ships to get off when once they approach within a certain distance. If they be driven thither by a wind from the sea, the wind and the current impel them; and if they come into it when a land-wind blows, which might seem to favour their getting out again, the height of the mountain stops the wind, and occasions a calm, so that the force of the current carries them ashore: and what completes the misfortune is, that there is no possibility of ascending the mountain, or of escaping by sea.

We continued upon the shore, at the foot of the mountain, in a state of despair, and expected death every day. On our first landing we had divided our provisions as equally as we could, and thus every one lived a longer or shorter time, according to his temperance, and the use he made of his provisions.

I survived all my companions; and when I buried the last I had so little provisions remaining that I thought I could not long survive, and I dug a grave, resolving to lie down in it, because there was no one left to pay me the last offices of respect. But it pleased God once more to take compassion on me, and put it in my mind to go to the bank of the river which ran into the great cavern. Considering its probable course with great attention, I said to myself, "This river, which runs thus underground, must somewhere have an issue. If I make a raft, and leave myself to the current, it will convey me to some inhabited country, or I shall perish. If I be drowned, I lose nothing, but only change one kind of death for another."

I immediately went to work upon large pieces of timber and cables, for I had a choice of them from the wrecks, and tied them together so strongly that I soon made a very solid raft. When I had finished, I loaded it with some chests of rubies, emeralds, ambergris, rock-crystal, and bales of rich stuffs. Having balanced my cargo exactly, and fastened it well to the raft, I went on board with two oars that I had made, and leaving it to the course of the river, resigned myself to the will of God.

As soon as I entered the cavern I lost all light, and the stream

clopædia Metropolitana, vol. iii., p. 195. Gibbon, in his notes to the *Decline and Fall*, says:—"From the remote islands of the Indian Ocean a large provision of camphire had been imported, which is employed, with a mixture o wax, to illuminate the palaces of the East."

carried me I knew not whither. Thus I floated on in perfect darkness, and once found the arch so low, that it very nearly touched my head, which made me cautious afterwards to avoid the like danger. All this while I ate nothing but what was just necessary to support nature; yet, notwithstanding my frugality, all my provisions were spent. Then I became insensible. I cannot tell how long I continued so; but when I revived, I was surprised to find myself in an extensive plain on the brink of a river, where my raft was tied, amidst a great number of negroes. I got up as soon as I saw them, and saluted them. They spoke to me, but I did not understand their language. I was so transported with joy, that I knew not whether I was asleep or awake; but being persuaded that I was not asleep, I recited the following words in Arabic aloud:—"Call upon the Almighty, He will help thee; thou needest not perplex thyself about anything else: shut thy eyes, and while thou art asleep, God will change thy bad fortune into good."

One of the negroes, who understood Arabic, hearing me speak thus, came towards me, and said, "Brother, be not surprised to see us; we are inhabitants of this country, and water our fields from this river, which comes out of the neighbouring mountain. We saw your raft, and one of us swam into the river, and brought it hither, where we fastened it, as you see, until you should awake. Pray tell us your history. Whence did you come?" I begged of them first to give me something to eat, and then I would satisfy their curiosity. They gave me several sorts of food, and when I had satisfied my hunger, I related all that had befallen me, which they listened to with attentive surprise. As soon as I had finished, they told me, by the person who spoke Arabic and interpreted to them what I said, that I must go along with them, and tell my story to their king myself; it being too extraordinary to be related by any other than the person to whom the events had happened.

They immediately sent for a horse, and having helped me to mount, some of them walked before to show the way, while the rest took my raft and cargo and followed.

We marched till we came to the capital of Serendib, for it was in that island I had landed. The negroes presented me to their king; I approached his throne, and saluted him as I used to do

the kings of the Indies; that is to say, I prostrated myself at his feet. The prince ordered me to rise, received me with an obliging air, and made me sit down near him.

I concealed nothing from the king; but related to him all that I have told you. At last my raft was brought in, and the bales opened in his presence: he admired the quantity of wood of aloes and ambergris; but, above all, the rubies and emeralds, for he had none in his treasury that equalled them.

Observing that he looked on my jewels with pleasure, and viewed the most remarkable among them, one after another, I fell prostrate at his feet, and took the liberty to say to him, "Sire, not only my person is at your majesty's service, but the cargo of the raft, and I would beg of you to dispose of it as your own." He answered me with a smile, "Sindbad, I will take nothing of yours; far from lessening your wealth, I design to augment it, and will not let you quit my dominions without marks of my liberality." He then charged one of his officers to take care of me, and ordered people to serve me at his own expense. The officer was very faithful in the execution of his commission, and caused all the goods to be carried to the lodgings provided for me.

I went every day at a set hour to make my court to the king, and spent the rest of my time in viewing the city, and what was most worthy of notice.

The capital of Serendib stands at the end of a fine valley, in the middle of the island, encompassed by high mountains. They are seen three days' sail off at sea. Rubies and several sorts of minerals abound. All kinds of rare plants and trees grow there, especially cedars and cocoa-nut. There is also a pearl-fishery in the mouth of its principal river; and in some of its valleys are found diamonds. I made, by way of devotion, a pilgrimage to the place where Adam was confined after his banishment from Paradise, and had the curiosity to go to the top of the mountain.

When I returned to the city, I prayed the king to allow me to return to my own country, and he granted me permission in the most obliging and honourable manner. He would force a rich present upon me; and at the same time charged me with a letter for the Commander of the Faithful, our sovereign, saying to me, "I pray you give this present from me, and this letter, to the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, and assure him of my friendship."

The letter from the King of Serendib was written on the skin of a certain animal of great value, very scarce, and of a yellowish colour. The characters of this letter were of azure, and the contents as follows:—

"The King of the Indies, before whom march one hundred elephants, who lives in a palace that shines with one hundred thousand rubies, and who has in his treasury twenty thousand crowns enriched with diamonds, to Caliph Haroun Alraschid.

"Though the present we send you be inconsiderable, receive it, however, as a brother and a friend, in consideration of the hearty friendship which we bear for you, and of which we are willing to give you proof. We desire the same part in your friendship, considering that we believe it to be our merit, as we are both kings. We send you this letter as from one brother to another. Farewell."

The present consisted first, of one single ruby made into a cup, about half a foot high, an inch thick, and filled with round pearls of half a drachm each. 2. The skin of a serpent, whose scales were as bright as an ordinary piece of gold, and had the virtue to preserve from sickness those who lay upon it.[1] 3. Fifty thousand drachms of the best wood of aloes, with thirty grains of camphire as big as pistachios. And, 4. A female slave of great beauty, whose robe was covered over with jewels.

The ship set sail, and after a very successful navigation we landed at Bussorah, and from thence I went to the city of Bagdad, where the first thing I did was to acquit myself of my commission.

I took the King of Serendib's letter, and went to present myself at the gate of the Commander of the Faithful, and was immediately conducted to the throne of the caliph. I made my obeisance, and presented the letter and gift. When he had read what the King of Serendib wrote to him, he asked me if that prince were really so rich and potent as he represented himself in his letter. I prostrated myself a second time, and rising again, said, "Commander of the Faithful, I can assure your majesty he doth not exceed the truth. I bear him witness. Nothing is more worthy

[1] "There is a snake in Bengal whose skin is esteemed a cure for external pains, by applying it to the part affected."—Hole.

of admiration than the magnificence of his palace. When the prince appears in public,[1] he has a throne fixed on the back of an elephant, and rides betwixt two ranks of his ministers, favourites, and other people of his court. Before him, upon the same elephant, an officer carries a golden lance[2] in his hand; and behind him there is another, who stands with a rod of gold, on the top of which is an emerald, half a foot long and an inch thick. He is attended by a guard of one thousand men, clad in cloth of gold and silk, and mounted on elephants richly caparisoned. The officer who is before him on the same elephant, cries from time to time, with a loud voice, 'Behold the great monarch, the potent and redoutable Sultan of the Indies, the monarch greater than Solomon, and the powerful Maha-raja.' After he has pronounced those words, the officer behind the throne cries in his turn, 'This monarch, so great and so powerful, must die, must die, must die.'[3] And the officer before replies, 'Praise alone be to Him who liveth for ever and ever.'"

The caliph was much pleased with my account, and sent me home with a rich present.

Here Sindbad commanded another hundred sequins to be paid to Hindbad, and begged his return on the morrow to hear his seventh and last voyage.

THE SEVENTH AND LAST VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR.

On my return home from my sixth voyage, I had entirely given up all thoughts of again going to sea; for, besides that my age now required rest, I was resolved no more to expose myself to such risks as I had encountered, so that I thought of nothing but to pass the rest of my days in tranquillity. One day, however, an officer of the caliph's inquired for me. "The caliph," said he, "has sent me to tell you that he must speak with you." I followed the officer to the palace, where being presented to the caliph, I

[1] "The king is honourably distinguished by various kinds of ornaments, such as a collar set with jewels, sapphires, emeralds, and rubies of immense value." —Marco Polo, p. 384.

[2] "Throwing the lance was a favourite pastime among the young Arabians, and prepared them for the chase or war."—*Notes to Vathek*, p. 295.

[3] Thus the Roman slave, on the triumph of an imperator, "Respice post te, hominem te esse memento;" or the page of Philip of Macedonia, who was made to address him every morning, "Remember, Philip, thou art mortal."

saluted him by prostrating myself at his feet. "Sindbad," said he to me, "I stand in need of your service; you must carry my answer and present to the King of Serendib."

This command of the caliph was to me like a clap of thunder. "Commander of the Faithful," I replied, "I am ready to do whatever your majesty shall think fit to command; but I beseech you most humbly to consider what I have undergone. I have also made a vow never to leave Bagdad." Perceiving that the caliph insisted upon my compliance, I submitted, and told him that I was willing to obey. He was very well pleased, and ordered me one thousand sequins for the expenses of my journey.

I prepared for my departure in a few days. As soon as the caliph's letter and present were delivered to me, I went to Bussorah, where I embarked, and had a very prosperous voyage. Having arrived at the Isle of Serendib, I was conducted to the palace with much pomp, when I prostrated myself on the ground before the king. "Sindbad," said the king, "you are welcome; I have many times thought of you; I bless the day on which I see you once more." I made my compliments to him, and thanked him for his kindness, and delivered the gifts from my august master.

The caliph's letter was as follows:—

"Greeting, in the name of the Sovereign Guide of the Right Way, from the servant of God, Haroun Alraschid, whom God hath set in the place of vicegerent to His Prophet, after his ancestors of happy memory, to the potent and esteemed Raja of Serendib.

"We received your letter with joy, and send you this from our imperial residence, the garden of superior wits. We hope when you look upon it, you will perceive our good intention, and be pleased with it. Farewell."

The caliph's present was a complete suit of cloth of gold, valued at one thousand sequins; fifty robes of rich stuff, a hundred of white cloth, the finest of Cairo, Suez, and Alexandria; a vessel of agate, more broad than deep, an inch thick, and half a foot wide, the bottom of which represented in bass-relief a man with one knee on the ground, who held a bow and an arrow, ready to discharge at a lion. He sent him also a rich tablet, which, according to tradition, belonged to the great Solomon.

The King of Serendib was highly gratified at the caliph's ac-

knowledgment of his friendship. A little time after this audience, I solicited leave to depart, and with much difficulty obtained it. The king, when he dismissed me, made me a very considerable present. I embarked immediately to return to Bagdad, but had not the good fortune to arrive there so speedily as I had hoped. God ordered it otherwise.

Three or four days after my departure, we were attacked by pirates, who easily seized upon our ship, because it was not a vessel of war. Some of the crew offered resistance, which cost them their lives. But for myself and the rest, who were not so imprudent, the pirates saved us, and carried us into a remote island, where they sold us.

I fell into the hands of a rich merchant, who, as soon as he bought me, took me to his house, treated me well, and clad me handsomely as a slave. Some days after, he asked me if I understood any trade. I answered that I was no mechanic, but a merchant, and that the pirates who sold me had robbed me of all I possessed. "Tell me," replied he, "can you shoot with a bow?" I answered, that the bow was one of my exercises[1] in my youth. He gave me a bow and arrows, and, taking me behind him on an elephant, carried me to a thick forest some leagues from the town. We penetrated a great way into the wood, and when he thought fit to stop, he bade me alight; then showing me a great tree, "Climb up that," said he, "and shoot at the elephants as you see them pass by, for there is a prodigious number of them in this forest, and if any of them fall, come and give me notice." Having spoken thus, he left me victuals, and returned to the town, and I continued upon the tree all night.

I saw no elephant during the night, but next morning, at break of day, I perceived a great number. I shot several arrows among them; and at last one of the elephants fell, when the rest retired immediately, and left me at liberty to go and acquaint my patron with my success. When I had informed him, he commended my dexterity, and caressed me highly. We went afterwards together to the forest, where we dug a hole for the elephant; my patron designing to return when it was rotten, and take his teeth to trade with.

[1] "The use of the bow was a constituent part of an Eastern education."—*Notes to Vathek*, p. 301. See the account of Cyrus's education—Xenophon's *Cyropædia*.

I continued this employment for two months. One morning, as I looked for the elephants, I perceived with extreme amazement that, instead of passing by me across the forest as usual, they stopped, and came to me with a horrible noise, in such numbers that the plain was covered and shook under them. They surrounded the tree in which I was concealed, with their trunks uplifted, and all fixed their eyes upon me. At this alarming spectacle I continued immovable, and was so much terrified, that my bow and arrows fell out of my hand.

My fears were not without cause; for after the elephants had stared upon me some time, one of the largest of them put his trunk round the foot of the tree, plucked it up, and threw it on the ground. I fell with the tree, and the elephant taking me up with his trunk, laid me on his back, where I sat more like one dead than alive, with my quiver on my shoulder. He put himself at the head of the rest, who followed him in line, one after the other, carried me a considerable way, then laid me down on the ground, and retired with all his companions. After having lain some time, and seeing the elephants gone, I got up, and found I was upon a long and broad hill, almost covered with the bones and teeth of elephants. I doubted not but that this was the burial-place of the elephants, and that they carried me thither on purpose to tell me that I should forbear to kill them, as now I knew where to get their teeth without inflicting injury on them. I did not stay on the hill, but turned towards the city; and after having travelled a day and a night, I came to my patron.

As soon as my patron saw me, "Ah, poor Sindbad," exclaimed he, "I was in great trouble to know what was become of you. I have been at the forest, where I found a tree newly pulled up, and your bow and arrows on the ground, and I despaired of ever seeing you more. Pray tell me what befell you." I satisfied his curiosity, and we both of us set out next morning to the hill. We loaded the elephant which had carried us with as many teeth as he could bear; and when we were returned, my master thus addressed me:—"Hear now what I shall tell you. The elephants of our forest have every year killed us a great many slaves, whom we sent to seek ivory. For all the cautions we could give them, those crafty animals destroyed them one time or other. God has delivered you from their fury, and has bestowed that favour upon

you only. It is a sign that He loves you, and has some use for your service in the world. You have procured me incredible wealth; and now our whole city is enriched by your means, without any more exposing the lives of our slaves. After such a discovery, I can treat you no more as a slave, but as a brother. God bless you with all happiness and prosperity. I henceforth give you your liberty; I will also give you riches."

To this I replied, "Master, God preserve you. I desire no other reward for the service I had the good fortune to do to you and your city, but leave to return to my own country." "Very well," said he, "the monsoon[1] will in a little time bring ships for ivory. I will then send you home." I stayed with him while waiting for the monsoon; and during that time we made so many journeys to the hill, that we filled all our warehouses with ivory. The other merchants who traded in it did the same; for my master made them partakers of his good fortune.

The ships arrived at last, and my master himself having made choice of the ship wherein I was to embark, loaded half of it with ivory on my account, laid in provisions in abundance for my passage, and besides obliged me to accept a present of some curiosities of the country of great value. After I had returned him a thousand thanks for all his favours, I went aboard.

We stopped at some islands to take in fresh provisions. Our vessel being come to a port on the main-land in the Indies, we touched there, and not being willing to venture by sea to Bussorah, I landed my proportion of the ivory, resolving to proceed on my journey by land. I realised vast sums by my ivory, bought several rarities, which I intended for presents, and when my equipage was ready, set out in company with a large caravan of merchants. I was a long time on the journey, and suffered much, but was happy in thinking that I had nothing to fear from the seas, from pirates, from serpents, or from the other perils to which I had been exposed.

I at last arrived safe at Bagdad, and immediately waited upon the caliph, to give him an account of my embassy. He loaded me with honours and rich presents, and I have ever since devoted myself to my family, kindred, and friends.

Sindbad here finished the relation of his seventh and last voy

[1] Periodical winds, blowing six months from the same quarter or point of the compass, then changing, and blowing the same time from the opposite quarter

age, and then addressing himself to Hindbad, "Well, friend," said he, "did you ever hear of any person that suffered so much as I have done? Is it not reasonable that, after all this, I should enjoy a quiet and pleasant life?" As he said these words, Hindbad kissed his hand, and said, "Sir, my afflictions are not to be compared with yours. You not only deserve a quiet life, but are worthy of all the riches you possess, since you make so good a use of them. May you live happily for a long time." Sindbad ordered him to be paid another hundred sequins, and told him to give up carrying burdens as a porter, and to eat henceforth at his table, for he wished that he should all his life have reason to remember that he henceforth had a friend in Sindbad the sailor.

The Story of Ali Cogia, a Merchant of Bagdad.

In the reign of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, there lived at Bagdad a merchant who was neither rich nor poor, but lived in the house which had been his father's, independent and content with the profit he made by his trade. He had a remarkable dream, which gave the occasion of this story. He saw for three successive nights a venerable old man come to him, and, with a severe look, reprimand him for not having made a pilgrimage to Mecca. These repeated appearances of the same vision caused him much trouble. He knew that, as a good Mussulman, he was obliged to undertake a pilgrimage; but as he had a house, shop, and goods, he had always believed that they might stand for a sufficient reason to excuse him, endeavouring by his charity and other good works to atone for that neglect. After this dream, however, his conscience was so much pricked, that the fear lest any misfortune should befall him made him resolve to make a pilgrimage at once, and for this purpose he sold off his household goods, his shop, and the greatest part of his merchandise, reserving only some articles which he thought he might turn to better account at Mecca; and he let his house also. He had only one other thing to do: he had a thousand pieces of gold, which he wished to leave behind him in a place of safety. After some perplexity, he adopted this plan. He chose a good large jar, and put the thousand pieces of gold into it, and covered them over with olives. When he had closed the

mouth of the jar, he carried it to a merchant, a particular friend of his, and said to him, "You know, brother, that in a few days I mean to depart with the caravan, on my pilgrimage to Mecca. I beg the favour of you to take charge of a jar of olives, and keep it for me till I return." The merchant promised him he would, and in an obliging manner said, "Here, take the key of my warehouse, and set your jar where you please. I promise you shall find it there when you return."

On the day the caravan was to set out Ali Cogia joined it, with a camel loaded with what goods he had thought fit to carry, which also served him to ride on. He arrived safe at Mecca, where he visited, with other pilgrims, the temple so much celebrated and frequented by the faithful of all nations every year, who came from all parts of the world, and observed religiously the ceremonies prescribed them. When he had acquitted himself of the duties of his pilgrimage, he went to the bezetzein to expose the merchandise he had brought with him for sale.

Two merchants passing by, and seeing Ali Cogia's goods, thought them so choice, that they stopped some time to look at, though they had no occasion for, them; and one of them said to the other, as they were going away, "If this merchant knew to what profit these goods would turn at Cairo, he would carry them thither, and not sell them here, though this is a good mart."

Ali Cogia heard these words; and as he had often heard talk of the beauties of Egypt, he was resolved to take the opportunity of seeing them, by performing a journey thither. Therefore, after having packed up his goods again, instead of returning to Bagdad, he set out for Egypt, with the caravan of Cairo. When he came thither he found his account in his journey, and in a few days sold all his goods to greater advantage than he had hoped for. With the money he bought others, with an intent to go to Damascus: and while he waited for the opportunity of a caravan, which was to depart in six weeks, visited all the curiosities of Cairo, as also the pyramids, and sailing up the Nile, viewed the famous towns[1] on each side of that river.

As the Damascus caravan took Jerusalem in their way, our Bagdad merchant had the opportunity of visiting the temple,

[1] These are well described in the numerous books lately published by modern travellers in Egypt.

regarded by the Mussulmans to be the most holy, after that of Mecca, whence this city takes its name of Biel al Mukkuddus, or most sacred mansion.

Ali Cogia found Damascus so delicious a place, being environed by verdant meadows, pleasantly watered, and delightful gardens, that it exceeded the descriptions given of it by travellers. Here he made a long abode, but nevertheless did not forget his native Bagdad: for which place he at length set out, and arrived at Aleppo,[1] where he made some stay; and from thence, after having passed the Euphrates, he bent his course to Moussoul, with an intention, on his return, to come by a shorter way down the Tigris.

When Ali Cogia came to Moussoul, some Persian merchants, with whom he had travelled from Aleppo, and formed a great friendship, easily persuaded him not to leave them till he should have visited Schiraz, from whence he might easily return to Bagdad with a considerable profit. They led him through the towns of Sultania, Rei, Coam, Caschan, Ispahan, and from thence to Schiraz, from whence he went with them to Hindostan, and then returned again to Schiraz; insomuch that he was seven years absent from Bagdad, whither he then resolved to return.

All this time his friend, with whom he had left his jar of olives neither thought of him nor of them; but at the time when he was on the road with a caravan from Schiraz, one evening as this merchant was supping with his family, the discourse happened to fall upon olives, and his wife, desirous to eat some, said that she had not tasted any for a long while. "Now you speak of olives," said the merchant, "you put me in mind of a jar which Ali Cogia left with me seven years ago, when he went to Mecca; and put it himself in my warehouse to be kept for him against his return. What is become of him I know not; though, when the caravan came back, they told me he was gone for Egypt. Certainly he must be dead, since he has not returned in all this time; and we may eat the olives, if they prove good. Give me a plate and a candle, I will go and fetch some of them, and we will taste them."

[1] Aleppo, next to Constantinople and Cairo, the most considerable city in the East. Large caravans continually arrive from Bagdad and Bussorah, charged with the products of Persia and India. It now contains 100,000 inhabitants. Aleppo has lately suffered from a succession of earthquakes.

"Pray, husband," said the wife, "do not commit so base an action; you know that nothing is more sacred than what is committed to one's care and trust. Besides, do you think that the olives can be good, after they have been kept so long? They must be all mouldy, and spoiled; and if Ali Cogia should return, as I have a strong persuasion he will, and should find they had been opened, what will he think of your honour? I beg of you to let them alone."

The merchant turned a deaf ear to these remonstrances of his wife, and persisted in his design. When he came into the warehouse, he opened the jar, and found the olives mouldy; but to see if they were all so to the bottom, he turned some of them upon the plate; and by shaking the jar, some of the gold tumbled out.

At the sight of the gold the merchant, who was naturally covetous, looked into the jar, perceived that the top only was laid with olives, and what remained was gold coin. He immediately put the olives into the jar again, covered it up, and returned to his wife. "Indeed, wife," said he, "you were in the right to say that the olives were all mouldy: for I found them so, and have made up the jar just as Ali Cogia left it; so that he will not perceive that they have been touched, if he should return." "You had better have taken my advice," said the wife, "and not have meddled with them. God grant no mischief happens in consequence!"

The merchant could not dismiss from his mind the discovery he had made. He spent almost the whole night in thinking how he might appropriate Ali Cogia's gold to his own use, and yet escape detection in case he should return and ask for the jar. The next morning he went and bought some olives of that year, and then secretly went and emptied the jar both of the old mouldy olives and of the gold, and, filling it entirely with new olives, covered it up, and put it in the place where Ali Cogia had left it.

About a month after the merchant had committed this unworthy action, Ali Cogia arrived at Bagdad: and as he had let his house, alighted at a khan, choosing to stay there till he had announced his arrival to his tenant, and given him time to provide himself with another residence.

The next morning Ali Cogia went to pay a visit to the merchant, his friend, who received him in the most obliging manner, and expressed great joy at his return, after so many years' absence; telling him that he had begun to lose all hopes of ever seeing him again.

After the usual compliments on both sides on such a meeting, Ali Cogia desired the merchant to return him the jar of olives which he had left with him, and to excuse the liberty he had taken in giving him so much trouble.

"My dear friend," replied the merchant, "you are to blame to make these apologies, your vessel has been no inconvenience to me; on such an occasion I should have made as free with you: there is the key of my warehouse, go and fetch your jar; you will find it in the place where you left it."

Ali Cogia went into the merchant's warehouse, took his jar; and, after having returned him the key, with thanks for the favour he had done him, returned with it to the khan where he lodged; but on opening the jar, and putting his hand down as low as the pieces of gold had lain, was greatly surprised to find none. At first he thought he might perhaps be mistaken, and, to discover the truth, poured out all the olives into his travelling kitchen-utensils, but without so much as finding one single piece of money. His astonishment was so great that he stood for some time motionless; then lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, he exclaimed, "Is it possible that a man, whom I took for my friend, should be guilty of such baseness?"

Ali Cogia, alarmed at the apprehension of so considerable a loss, returned immediately to the merchant. "My good friend," said he, "be not surprised to see me come back so soon. I own the jar of olives to be the same I placed in your warehouse; but with the olives I put into it a thousand pieces of gold, which I do not find. Perhaps you might have occasion for them, and have employed them in trade; if so, they are at your service till it may be convenient for you to return them; only give me an acknowledgment, after which you may pay me at your own convenience."

The merchant, who had expected that Ali Cogia would come with such a complaint, had meditated an answer. "Friend Ali Cogia," said he, "when you brought your jar to me did I touch

it? did not I give you the key of my warehouse? did not you carry it there yourself? and did not you find it in the same place, covered in the same manner as when you left it? And now you have taken it away, you come and ask me for a thousand pieces of gold. Did you ever tell me that such a sum was in the jar? I wonder you do not ask me for diamonds and pearls instead of gold; begone about your business, and do not raise a mob about my warehouse." These words were pronounced in such great heat and passion as not only made those who stood about the warehouse already stay longer, and create a greater mob, but the neighbouring merchants came out of their shops to learn what the dispute was between Ali Cogia and the merchant, and endeavour to reconcile them: but when Ali Cogia had informed them of his grievance they asked the merchant what he had to say.

The merchant owned that he had kept the jar for Ali Cogia in his warehouse, but denied that ever he had meddled with it; swore that he knew it contained olives, only because Ali Cogia told him so, and requested them all to bear witness of the insult and affront offered him. "You bring it upon yourself," said Ali Cogia, taking him by the arm; "but since you use me so basely, let us see whether you will have the assurance to say the same thing before the cauzee." The merchant could not refuse the summons, which every Mussulman is bound to observe, or be declared a rebel against religion; but said, "With all my heart; we shall soon see who is in the wrong."

Ali Cogia carried the merchant before the cadi, where he accused him of having defrauded him of a thousand pieces of gold, which he had left with him. The cauzee demanded if he had any witnesses, to which he replied, that he had not taken that precaution, because he had believed the person he trusted his money with to be his friend, and always took him for an honest man. The merchant made the same defence he had done before the merchants his neighbours, offering to make oath that he never had the money he was accused of, and that he did not so much as know there was such a sum; upon which the cauzee took his oath, and dismissed him acquitted for want of evidence.

Ali Cogia, extremely mortified to find that he must sit down with so considerable a loss, protested against the sentence, declaring to the cauzee that he would appeal to the caliph, who

would do him justice. While the merchant returned home triumphing over Ali Cogia, and overjoyed at his good fortune, the latter went and drew up a petition; and the next day observing the time when the caliph came from noontide prayers, placed himself in the street he was to pass through; and holding out his hand with the petition, an officer appointed for that purpose, who always goes before the caliph, came and took it to present it.

As Ali Cogia knew that it was the caliph's custom to read the petitions on his return to the palace, he went into the court and waited till the officer who had taken the petition came out of the caliph's apartment, who told him that the caliph had appointed an hour to hear him next day; and then asking him where the merchant lived, he sent to notify to him to attend at the same time.

That same evening, the caliph, accompanied by the grand vizier Giafar, and Mesrour the chief of the attendants, went disguised through the town, as it was his custom occasionally to do; when, on passing through a street, the caliph heard a noise, and mending his pace, came to a gateway which led into a little court, in which he perceived ten or twelve children playing by moonlight. The caliph, who was curious to know at what play the children were engaged, sat down on a stone bench just by; and heard one of the foremost of the children say, "Let us play at the cauzee." As the affair of Ali Cogia and the merchant had made a great noise in Bagdad, it had not escaped the children, who all accepted the proposition with joy, and agreed on the part each was to act. He who made the proposal was the cauzee; and when he had taken his seat, which he did with all the seeming gravity of a judge, another, as an officer of the court, presented two boys before him; one as Ali Cogia, and the other as the merchant against whom he complained.

The pretended cauzee then directing his discourse to the feigned Ali Cogia, asked him what he had to lay to that merchant's charge. Ali Cogia, after a low obeisance, informed the young cauzee of the fact, related every particular, and afterwards begged that he would use his authority, that he might not lose so considerable a sum of money. The feigned cauzee, turning about to the merchant, then asked him why he did not return the money which Ali Cogia demanded of him. The feigned merchant

alleged the same reasons as the real merchant had done before the cauzee himself, and offered to confirm by oath that what he had said was truth.

"Not so fast," replied the pretended cauzee; "before you come to your oath, I should be glad to see the jar of olives." "Ali Cogia," said he, addressing himself to the boy who acted that part, "have you brought the jar?" "No," replied he. "Then go and fetch it immediately," said the other.

The pretended Ali Cogia went immediately, and returning, feigned to set a jar before the cauzee, telling him that it was the same he had left with the accused person, and received from him again. But to omit no part of the formality, the supposed cauzee asked the merchant if it was the same; and when he acknowledged it, he ordered it to be opened. He that represented Ali Cogia seemed to take off the cover, and the pretended cauzee made as if he looked into it. "They are fine olives," said he, "let me taste them;" and then pretending to eat some, added, "They are excellent: but," continued he, "I cannot think that olives will keep seven years, and be so good; therefore send for some olive-merchants, and let me hear what is their opinion." Two boys, as olive-merchants, then presented themselves. "Are you olive merchants?" said the sham cauzee. "Tell me how long olives will keep fit to eat."

"Sir," replied the two merchants, "let us take what care we can, they will hardly be worth anything the third year; for then they have neither taste nor colour." "If it be so," answered the cauzee, "look into that jar, and tell me how long it is since those olives were put into it."

The two merchants pretended to examine and to taste the olives, and told the cauzee they were new and good. "You are mistaken," said the young cauzee; "Ali Cogia says he put them into the jar seven years ago."

"Sir," replied the merchants, "we can assure you they are of this year's growth; and we will maintain there is not a merchant in Bagdad but will say the same."

The feigned merchant who was accused would have objected against the evidence of the olive-merchants; but the pretended cauzee would not suffer him. "Hold your tongue," said he, "you are a rogue; let him be impaled." The children then concluded

their play, clapping their hands with great joy, and seizing the feigned criminal to carry him to execution.

Words cannot express how much the caliph Haroun Alraschid admired the sagacity and sense of the boy who had passed so just a sentence, in an affair which was to be pleaded before himself the next day. As he rose from the bench, he asked the grand vizier, who heard all that had passed, what he thought of it. "Indeed, Commander of the true Believers," answered the grand vizier Giafar, "I am surprised to find so much sagacity in one so young."

"But," answered the caliph, "do you know one thing? I am to pronounce sentence in this very cause to-morrow; the true Ali Cogia presented his petition to me to-day; and do you think," continued he, "that I can give a better sentence?" "I think not," answered the vizier, "if the case is as the children represented it." "Take notice then of this house," said the caliph, "and bring the boy to me to-morrow, that he may try this cause in my presence; and also order the cauzee, who acquitted the merchant, to attend to learn his duty from a child. Take care likewise to bid Ali Cogia bring his jar of olives with him, and let two olive-merchants attend." After this charge he pursued his rounds, without meeting with anything worth his attention.

The next day the vizier went to the house where the caliph had been a witness of the children's play, and asked for the master; but he being abroad, his wife appeared, thickly veiled. He asked her if she had any children. To which she answered that she had three; and called them. "My brave boys," said the vizier, "which of you was the cauzee when you played together last night?" The eldest made answer that it was he; but not knowing why he asked the question, coloured. "Come along with me, my lad," said the grand vizier; the "Commander of the Faithful wants to see you."

The mother was alarmed when she saw the grand vizier would take her son with him, and asked, upon what account the caliph wanted him. The grand vizier encouraged her, and promised that he should return again in less than an hour's time, when she would know it from himself. "If it be so, sir," said the mother, "give me leave to dress him first, that he may be fit to appear before the Commander of the Faithful;" which the vizier readily complied with.

As soon as the child was dressed, the vizier carried him away and presented him to the caliph, at the time he had appointed to hear Ali Cogia and the merchant.

The caliph, who saw that the boy was much abashed, in order to encourage him, said, "Come to me, child, and tell me if it was you that determined the affair between Ali Cogia and the merchant who had cheated him of his money. I saw and heard the decision, and am very well pleased with you." The boy answered modestly, that it was he. "Well, my son," replied the caliph, "come and sit down by me, and you shall see the true Ali Cogia, and the true merchant."

The caliph then took him by the hand, seated him on the throne by him, and asked for the two merchants. When they were introduced, they prostrated themselves before the throne, bowing their heads quite down to the carpet that covered it. Afterwards the caliph said to them, "Plead each of you your causes before this child, who will hear and do you justice: and if he should be at a loss I will assist him."

Ali Cogia and the merchant pleaded one after the other; but when the merchant proposed his oath as before, the child said, "It is too soon; it is proper that we should see the jar of olives."

At these words Ali Cogia presented the jar, placed it at the caliph's feet, and opened it. The caliph looked at the olives, took one and tasted it, giving another to the boy. Afterwards the merchants were called, who examined the olives, and reported that they were good, and of that year. The boy told them that Ali Cogia affirmed that it was seven years since he had put them up; when they returned the same answer as the children who had represented them the night before.

Though the wretch who was accused saw plainly that these merchants' opinion must convict him, yet he would say something in his own justification. But the child, instead of ordering him to be impaled, looked at the caliph, and said, "Commander of the Faithful, this is no jesting matter; it is your majesty that must condemn him to death, and not I, though I did it yesterday in play."

The caliph, fully satisfied of the merchant's villainy, delivered him into the hands of the ministers of justice to be impaled. The sentence was executed upon him, after he had confessed where he

had concealed the thousand pieces of gold, which were restored to Ali Cogia. The monarch, most just and equitable, then turning to the cauzee, bade him learn of that child to acquit himself more exactly of his duty; and embracing the boy, sent him home with a purse of a hundred pieces of gold, as a token of his liberality and admiration of his acuteness.

The History of Aboulhassan Ali Ebn Becar and of Schemselnihar, the Favourite of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid.

In the reign of the caliph Haroun Alraschid, there lived at Bagdad a druggist,[1] named Alboussan Ebn Thaher, a very rich, handsome man. His integrity, sincerity, and good humour, made him beloved and sought after by all sorts of people. The caliph, who knew his merit, held him in high esteem. His house was the rendezvous of all the nobility of the court. Among the young lords that went daily to visit him, was one whom he took more notice of than the rest, and with whom he contracted a particular friendship. This prince, who was called Aboulhassan Ali Ebn Becar, was originally of an ancient royal family[2] of Persia, and was endowed with the rarest qualities of body and mind.

One day, when the prince was with Ebn Thaher, a lady came mounted on a piebald mule, with a train of ten female slaves, who accompanied her on foot, to visit the druggist. The lady had a girdle of a rose colour, four inches broad, embroidered with pearls and diamonds of an extraordinary bigness; and for beauty it was easy to perceive that she surpassed all her women, as far as the full moon does that of two days old. She came to buy something of Ebn Thaher, and he received her with all the marks of

[1] There were no persons such as we call physicians, in these Eastern courts. There were shops for drugs in every bazaar, and the barbers were the surgeons. The same practice prevailed in Europe; and there is a memorial of the custom in the barber's pole, painted red and white, emblematical of the bandages used after cupping or bleeding.

[2] "According to the Persian and Arab historians, the kings of Persia, prior to the Moslem rule, comprised four dynasties—the Peshdadians, the chronology of which is unknown; the Kayanians, which ended in the year B.C. 331, when Persia was conquered by Alexander the Great; the Ashkanians, which terminated A.D. 202; and the Sassanian, overcome by the Arabs, A.D. 636."—Lane, vol. ii., p. 205.

the most profound respect, entreating her to sit down,[1] and directing her to the most honourable place.

In the meantime, the Prince of Persia, unwilling to lose such an opportunity of showing his native politeness, adjusted the cushion of cloth of gold, for the lady to lean on; after which he hastily retired, that she might sit down; and having saluted her, by kissing the carpet under her feet, rose and stood before her at the lower end of the sofa. It being her custom to be free with Ebn Thaher, she lifted up her veil, and discovered to the Prince of Persia such an extraordinary beauty as struck him to the heart. On the other hand, the lady could not refrain from looking upon the prince, the sight of whom had made the same impressions upon her. "My lord," said she to him, with an obliging air, "pray sit down." The Prince of Persia obeyed, and sat on the edge of the sofa. He had his eyes constantly fixed upon her, and showed as plain as he could do, that he regarded her with no common sentiment of affection. She quickly perceived what passed in his heart, and let him see that she reciprocated his feeling. She arose, went to Ebn Thaher, and after she had whispered to him the cause of her coming, asked the name and country of the prince. "Madam," answered Ebn Thaher, "this young nobleman's name is Aboulhassan Ali Ebn Becar, and he is a prince of the blood royal of Persia.

"Do you really mean," said she, "that he is descended from the kings of Persia?" "Yes, madam," replied Ebn Thaher, "the last kings of Persia were his ancestors, and since the conquest[2] of

[1] "It is a custom in the East for persons not to go into the shops of that country—which are mostly small—but there are wooden seats on the outside, where people sit down, and, to show respect, they lay a cushion there. The attendants on persons of rank cause carpets and cushions to be carried everywhere they like, in order to repose themselves upon them more agreeably."—Harmer's *Observations*, vol. ii., p. 59.

[2] "Persia was subdued by the caliphs at the fatal battle of Cadesia, A.D. 636, which lasted through three days. The standard of the monarchy was captured in the field, a leathern apron of a blacksmith, who in ancient times had been the deliverer of Persia; but this badge of heroic poverty was disguised and almost concealed by a profusion of precious gems."—See Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, c. 51.

"Who, on Cadesia's bloody plains
Saw fierce invaders pluck the gem
From Iran's broken diadem,
And bind her ancient faith in chains."

—Moore's *Lalla Rookh*.

that kingdom, the princes of his family have always made themselves very acceptable at the court of our caliphs." "You will oblige me much," added she, "by making me acquainted with this young prince; when I send this woman, pointing to one of her slaves, to give you notice to come and see me, pray bring him with you; I shall be glad to afford him the opportunity of seeing the magnificence of my palace." With these words, the lady bowed to Ebn Thaher, and took her leave; and after she had given a favourable look to the Prince of Persia, she remounted her mule and departed.

The Prince of Persia looked after her as far as he could, and long after she was out of sight. Ebn Thaher told him, that he remarked several persons observing him, and began to laugh. "Alas!" said the prince, "the world and you would pity me, if you knew that the beautiful lady, who is just gone from you, has carried with her the best part of me, and that the remaining part seeks for an opportunity to go after her. Tell me, I conjure you," added he, "who this lady is." "My lord," answered Ebn Thaher, "this is the celebrated Schemselnihar, the principal favourite of the caliph our master." "She is justly so called," added the prince, "since she is more beautiful than the sun at noonday." "True," replied Ebn Thaher; "therefore the Commander of the Faithful loves, or rather adores her. He gave me express orders to furnish her with all that she asked for, and to anticipate her wishes as far as lies in my power."

"I feared, charming Schemselnihar," cried the prince, "I should not be allowed so much as to think of you; I perceive, however, that without hopes of being loved in return, I cannot forbear loving you; I will love you then, and bless my lot that I am the slave of one fairer than the sun."[1]

While the Prince of Persia thus consecrated his heart to the fair Schemselnihar, this lady, as she went home, contrived how she might see and have free converse with him. She no sooner entered her palace than she sent to Ebn Thaher the woman she had pointed out to him, and in whom she placed all her confidence, to tell him to come and see her without delay, and bring the Prince of Persia with him. The slave came to Ebn Thaher's shop while he was speaking to the prince, and endeavouring to dissuade him, by very strong arguments, from loving the caliph's

[1] "Schemselnihar means 'Sun of day,'"—Lane.

favourite. When she saw them together, "Sirs," said she, "my honourable mistress, Schemselnihar, entreats you to come to her palace, where she waits for you." Ebn Thaher and the prince, without reflecting on the danger there might be in such a visit, followed the slave into the caliph's palace. She introduced them into a great hall, where she prayed them to be seated.

The Prince of Persia had never seen anything that came near the magnificence of the palace. The carpets, cushions, sofas, furniture, ornaments, and architecture were surprisingly rich and beautiful. A little time after Ebn Thaher and he had seated themselves, a very handsome black slave brought in a table covered with several delicacies. The other slaves brought them excellent wine after they had eaten. When they had done, there was presented to each of them a gold basin, full of water, to wash their hands; after which they brought them a golden pot, full of the wood of aloes, with which they perfumed their beards and clothes. Odoriferous water was not forgotten, but served in a golden vessel, enriched with diamonds and rubies, and it was thrown upon their beards and faces, according to custom; they then resumed their places, but had scarcely sat down when the slave entreated them to rise and follow her. She opened a door, and conducted them into a large saloon of wonderful structure. It was a dome of the most agreeable form, supported by a hundred pillars of marble, white as alabaster. The bases and chapiters of the pillars were adorned with four-footed beasts and birds of various sorts, gilded. The carpet of this noble saloon consisted of one piece of cloth of gold, embroidered with bunches of roses in red and white silk; and the dome, painted in arabesque, presented to the mind most charming objects. In every space between the columns was a little alcove, adorned in the same manner, and great vessels of china, crystal, jasper, jet, porphyry, agate, and other precious materials, garnished with gold and jewels; in these spaces were also so many large windows, with balconies projecting breast high, fitted up as the sofas, and looking out into the most delicious garden; the walks were of little pebbles of different colours, of the same pattern as the carpet of the saloon, so that, looking either way, within or without, it seemed as if the dome and the garden, with all its ornaments, had been upon the same carpet. The prospect was, at the end of the walks, ter-

minated by two canals of clear water, of the same circular figure as the dome, one of which being higher than the other, emptied its water into the lowermost, in form of a sheet; and curious pots of gilt brass, with flowers and shrubs, were set upon the banks of the canals at equal distances. Those walks lay betwixt great plots of ground planted with straight and bushy trees, where a thousand birds formed a melodious concert, and diverted the eye by flying about and playing together, or fighting in the air.

The Prince of Persia and Ebn Thaher saw Schemselnihar's confidant coming towards them, followed by ten black women, who, with much difficulty, carried a throne of massy silver, curiously wrought, which they set down before them at a certain distance; the black slaves then retired behind the trees, to the entrance of a walk. After this came twenty handsome ladies, richly apparelled alike; they advanced in two rows, each singing and playing upon instruments which they held in their hands, and placed themselves on each side of the throne. After this they saw advancing from the gate through which the ten black women had proceeded, ten other ladies equally handsome and well dressed, who halted a few moments, expecting the favourite, who came out last, and placed herself in the midst of them.

Schemselnihar was easily distinguished from the rest by her majestic air, as well as by a sort of mantle, of a very fine stuff of gold and sky-blue, fastened to her shoulders, over her other apparel, which was the most magnificent that could be imagined.[1]

[1] "I went to see the Sultana Hassilen, favourite of the late Emperor Mustapha. Her dress was surprisingly rich. She wore a vest called donalma. It was of purple cloth, straight to her shape, and thick set on each side, down to her feet, and round the sleeves, with pearls of the best water, of the same size as their buttons generally are. This habit was tied at the waist with two large tassels of smaller pearls, and round the arm embroidered with large diamonds. Her shift was fastened at the bottom with a great diamond, shaped like a lozenge. Her girdle, as broad as the broadest English riband, was entirely covered with diamonds. Round her neck she wore three chains, which reached to her knees—one of large pearls, at the bottom of which hung a fine coloured emerald, as big as a turkey egg; another consisting of two hundred emeralds, closely joined together, of the most lovely green, perfectly matched; and another of small emeralds, perfectly round. But her ear-rings eclipsed all the rest. They were two diamonds, shaped exactly like pears, as big as a hazel-nut. Round her kalfar she had four strings of pearls, the whitest and most perfect in the world, fastened with two roses, consisting of a large ruby for the middle

The pearls, rubies, and diamonds which adorned her were not many in number, but chosen with taste, and of inestimable value. She came forward with a majesty resembling the sun in its course amidst the clouds, which receive his splendour without hiding his lustre, and sat upon the silver throne that had been brought for her, and saluted them both, by bowing her head; but she fixed her eyes on the Prince of Persia, and the more Schemselnihar looked upon the prince, the more she found in his looks to confirm her opinion that he loved her; and being thus persuaded of his sentiments, thought herself the happiest woman in the world. At last she turned her eyes from him, to command the women, whom she wished to sing, to come near. They rose, and as they advanced, the black slaves brought seats, and placed them near the window in the front of the dome, where Ebn Thaher and the Prince of Persia stood, and their seats were so disposed that, with the favourite's throne and the women on each side of her, they formed a semicircle before them.

Schemselnihar ordered by a sign one of the women to sing, who, after she had spent some moments in tuning her lute, sung a song, the meaning whereof was, that when two lovers entirely loved one another with affection boundless, their hearts, though in two bodies, were united; and when anything opposed their desires, could say with tears in their eyes, If we love because we find one another amiable, ought we to be blamed? Let destiny bear the blame.

Schemselnihar, turning towards the Prince of Persia, who sat by her, evinced by her eyes and gesture, that the words of the

stone, and round them twenty drops of clean diamonds to each. Besides this, her head-dress was covered with bodkins of emeralds and diamonds. She wore large diamond bracelets, and had five rings on her finger. Her whole dress must have been worth a hundred thousand pounds sterling.

"She gave me a dinner of fifty dishes of meat, which, after their fashion, were placed on the table one at a time. The magnificence of her table answered well to her dress. The knives were of gold, and the hefts set with diamonds. But the piece of luxury which grieved my eyes was the tablecloth and napkins, which were all tiffany, embroidered with silk and gold, and worked with flowers, as finely wrought as the finest handkerchiefs. The sherbet was served in china bowls, but the covers and salvers were of massy gold. After dinner water was brought in gold basins, and towels of the same kind as the napkins, which I very unwillingly wiped my hands upon."—Lady M. W. Montagu's *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 24.

song were applicable to herself and the prince, and said to him, "I am well assured you love me, and how great soever your love may be to me, you need not doubt but mine is as great towards you; but let us not flatter ourselves; for, notwithstanding this conformity of our sentiments, I see nothing for us but trouble, impatience, and tormenting grief. There is no other remedy for our evils but to love one another constantly, to refer ourselves to the disposal of Heaven, and to wait its determination of our destiny." "Madam," replied the Prince of Persia, "you will do me the greatest injustice, if you doubt for a moment the continuance of my love. Pains, torments, obstacles, nothing shall prevent my loving you." Speaking those words, he shed tears in abundance, and Schemselnihar was not able to restrain hers.

Ebn Thaher took this opportunity to speak to the favourite. "Madam, allow me to represent to you, that, instead of melting into tears, you ought to rejoice that you are now together. I understand not this grief. What will it be when you are obliged to part? But why do I talk of that? We have been a long while here, and you know, madam, it is time for us to be going." "Ah! how cruel are you!" replied Schemselnihar. "You, who know the cause of my tears, have you no pity for my unfortunate condition? Oh, sad fatality! What have I done to subject myself to the severe law of not being able to marry the only person I love?"

Persuaded as she was that Ebn Thaher spoke to her only out of friendship, she did not take amiss what he said, but made a proper use of his intimation. She made a sign to the slave her confidant,[1] who immediately went out, and in a little time brought a collation of fruits upon a small silver table, which she set down betwixt her mistress and the Prince of Persia. Schemselnihar took some of the best, and presented it to the prince, praying him to eat it for her sake; he took it, and put to his mouth that part which she had touched; and then he presented some to her, which she took, and ate in the same manner. She did not forget to invite Ebn Thaher to eat with them; but he thinking himself not safe in that place, and wishing himself at home, ate only out

[1] "Probably the 'Kadun Kahia,' or mother of the maids, who is placed in authority over them, to correct any light behaviour among them, and to instruct them in all the rules and orders of the court."—Rycaut's *History of Ottoman Empire*, p. 571.

of complaisance. After the collation was taken away, they brought a silver basin, with water in a vessel of gold, and washed together; they afterwards returned to their places, and three of the ten black women brought each a cup of rock crystal[1] full of exquisite wine, upon a golden salver; which they placed before Schemselnihar, the Prince of Persia, and Ebn Thaher. Schemselnihar took up one of the cups, and holding it in her hand, sung some tender words, which one of her women accompanied with her lute. When she had done, she drank, and afterwards took up one of the other cups and presented it to the prince, praying him to drink for love of her, as she had drunk for love of him. He received the cup with a transport of joy; but before he drank, he sung also a song, which another slave accompanied with an instrument: and as he sang the tears fell from his eyes in such abundance, that he could not forbear expressing in his song, that he knew not whether he was going to drink the wine she had presented to him, or his own tears. Schemselnihar at last presented the third cup to Ebn Thaher, who thanked her for her kindness, and for the honour she did him.

After this she took a lute from one of her women, and sung to it in such a passionate manner, that she seemed to be transported out of herself: and the Prince of Persia stood with his eyes fixed upon her, as if he had been enchanted. At this instant, her trusty slave came in great alarm, and addressing herself to her mistress, said, "Madam, Mesrour and two other officers are at the gate, and want to speak with you from the caliph." When the Prince of Persia and Ebn Thaher heard these words, they changed colour, and began to tremble, but Schemselnihar, who perceived their agitation, quieted their fears, and ordered the slave, her confidant, to go and keep Mesrour and the two officers in conversation till she had concealed the prince and Ebn Thaher; and having conveyed them to another chamber, she sat down upon her silver throne; and desired the slave, her confidant, to bring in Mesrour and his two attendants. They appeared, followed by twenty black mutes[2] all handsomely clothed, with

[1] "Rock crystal, or mountain crystal, a general name for all the transparent crystals of quartz, particularly of limpid or colourless quartz."—*Comprehensive English Dictionary*. Blackie and Son.

[2] Mutes—slaves whose tongues have been cut out to ensure their silence and

scimitars by their sides, and gold belts of four inches broad. As soon as they perceived Schemselnihar, they made a profound reverence. When they approached, she arose and went to meet Mesrour, who advanced first; she asked what news he brought. He answered, "Madam, the Commander of the Faithful has sent me to signify that he cannot live longer without the pleasure of beholding you. He purposes, therefore, to pay you a visit this evening: and I am come in order to inform you of it, that you may prepare for his reception."

When Mesrour had finished his speech, Schemselnihar prostrated herself on the ground, to show the submission with which she received the commands of the caliph. When she got up she said to him, "I beg you will inform the Commander of the Faithful that his slave will fulfil his commands with all the respect that is due to him." She at the same time gave orders to her confidential slave to get the palace ready to receive the caliph, and dismissing Mesrour and his retinue returned to the saloon, extremely concerned at the necessity she was under of sending back the Prince of Persia sooner than she had intended.

Ebn Thaher, who only wished to get out of the palace, was obliged to comfort them, and to exhort them to have patience: but the trusty slave again hastened their departure. "Madam," said she to Schemselnihar, "you have no time to lose; the attendants begin to arrive, and you know the caliph will be here immediately." "Make haste," cried the favourite, "take them both to the gallery which looks into the garden on the one side, and to the Tigris on the other; and when the night grows dark, let them out by the private gate, that they may retire with safety." Having spoken thus, she tenderly embraced the Prince of Persia, without being able to say one word more, and went to meet the caliph.

In the meantime, the trusty slave conducted the prince and Ebn Thaher to the gallery, as Schemselnihar had appointed; and left them there, assuring them, as she closed the door upon them, that they had nothing to fear, and that she would come for them when it was time.

The slave, however, was no sooner gone, than both the prince

secrecy. They served as the guards and executioners of the Eastern monarchs.

and Ebn Thaher examined all round the gallery, and were extremely frightened when they found there was no place by which they could escape, in case the caliph or any of his officers should come there.

A sudden light, which they saw through the lattices on the garden side, caused them to approach them to see from whence it came. It was occasioned by a hundred flambeaux of white wax, carried by as many young slaves: these were followed by more than a hundred others, who guarded the ladies of the caliph's palace, clothed, and armed with scimitars: and the caliph came after them, betwixt Mesrour their captain on his right, and Vassif their second officer on his left hand.

Schemselnihar waited for the caliph at the entrance of a walk, accompanied by twenty of her attendants, adorned with necklaces and ear-rings of large diamonds, who played and sung on their instruments, and formed a charming concert. She no sooner saw the caliph appear, but she advanced and prostrated herself at his feet.

The caliph was delighted to see Schemselnihar. "Rise, madam," said he; "come near, I am angry with myself that I should have deprived myself so long of the pleasure of seeing you." As he spoke he took her by the hand, and, with many tender expressions, went and sat down upon the silver throne which Schemselnihar caused to be brought for him, and she sat down on a seat before him. The twenty women made a circle round them upon other seats, while the young slaves, who carried flambeaux, dispersed themselves at a certain distance that the caliph might the better enjoy the air of the evening.

When the caliph had seated himself, he looked round him, and beheld with great satisfaction the garden illuminated with many other lights, besides those flambeaux which the young slaves held; but, taking notice that the saloon was shut, expressed his surprise, and demanded the reason. He had no sooner spoken than all the windows flew open at once, and he saw it illuminated within and without, in a much more beautiful manner than ever he had beheld it before. "Charming Schemselnihar," cried he "you have the power to make the night as light as the day."

Let us return to the Prince of Persia and Ebn Thaher, whom we left in the gallery. Ebn Thaher could not enough admire all

that he saw. "I am not young," said he, "and I have seen great entertainments in my time; but I do not think anything can be seen so surprising and magnificent. All that is said of enchanted palaces does not come up to the prodigious spectacle we now behold. What riches and magnificence united!"

The Prince of Persia was not at all interested by the objects which so delighted Ebn Thaher; he could look on nothing but Schemselnihar, and the presence of the caliph threw him into inconceivable grief.

The caliph had ordered one of the women who was near him to play upon her lute, and she began to sing. The words she sung were very tender, and Schemselnihar applied them to her dear Ali Ebn Becar, and was so sensibly touched with grief at his absence that she fainted, and fell backwards upon her seat. Some of the women came to her assistance, lifted her up, and carried her into the saloon.

Ebn Thaher, who was in the gallery, being surprised at this accident, turned towards the Prince of Persia; but, instead of finding him standing, and looking through the window as before, he was extremely amazed to discover him lying at his feet motionless. This convinced him of the strange effect of sympathy, but made him much afraid on account of the place they were in. He did all he could to recover the prince, but in vain. Ebn Thaher was in this perplexity when Schemselnihar's confidant opened the gallery door, and entered out of breath, as one who knew not where she was. "Come speedily," cried she, "that I may let you out; all is in confusion here; and I fear this will be the last of our days." "Alas! how would you have us go?" replied Ebn Thaher, with a mournful voice; approach, and see what a condition the Prince of Persia is in." When the slave saw him in a swoon, she ran for water, and returned in an instant.

At last the Prince of Persia, after they had thrown water on his face, recovered. "Prince," said Ebn Thaher to him, "we run the risk of perishing if we stay here any longer; exert yourself, therefore, let us endeavour to save our lives. He was so feeble that he could not rise alone; Ebn Thaher and the confidant lent him their hands, and supported him on each side. They reached a little iron gate, which opened towards the Tigris, went out at it, and came to the side of a little canal, which communicated with

the river. The confidant clapped her hands, and immediately a little boat appeared, and came towards them with one rower. Ali Ebn Becar and his comrade went aboard, and the confidant returned to the palace. As soon as the prince was seated in the boat, he stretched out one hand towards the palace, and laying the other on his heart, exclaimed, with a feeble voice, "Beloved of my soul, receive my faith with this hand, while I assure you with the other that my heart shall for ever beat true for you."

The Prince of Persia continued very feeble. At last they went out of the boat, and with great difficulty reached Ebn Thaher's house. Not being in a state to go to his own palace, Ebn Thaher ordered a chamber to be prepared for him, and sent to tell his friends where he was.

As soon as Ebn Thaher had time to recollect himself, he told his family all that had passed at Schemselnihar's palace, and concluded by thanking God, who had delivered him from the danger he had been in. The Prince of Persia would have taken his leave of Ebn Thaher towards the evening; but this faithful friend found him still so weak, that he obliged him to stay till next day, and on going home, took care to accompany him. When he was with him alone in his chamber, he represented to him all those arguments which might influence him to a generous effort to overcome his passion, which in the end would neither prove fortunate to himself nor to the favourite. "Ah, dear Ebn Thaher!" exclaimed the prince, "how easy is it for you to give this advice, but how hard for me to follow it! I have said already, that I shall carry to the grave the love I bear to Schemselnihar." When Ebn Thaher saw that he could gain nothing upon the prince, he took his leave.

Ebn Thaher had scarcely reached his own house, when Schemselnihar's confidant arrived with a melancholy countenance, which he reckoned a bad omen. He asked news of her mistress. "Tell me yours first," said the confidant; "for I was in great trouble to see the Prince of Persia go away in that condition." Ebn Thaher told her all that she wished to know, and when he had done, the slave began thus: "If the Prince of Persia has suffered, and does still suffer for my mistress, she suffers no less for him. After I departed from you, I returned to the saloon, where I found Schemselnihar not yet recovered from her swoon. In a word, it

was almost midnight before she came to herself. The caliph, who had the patience to wait the event, was rejoiced at her recovery. He then commanded a little wine to be brought to strengthen her; and taking leave of her, returned to his apartment.

"As soon as the caliph had departed, my mistress gave me a sign to come near her. She asked me earnestly concerning you. I assured her that you had been gone a long time, which made her easy on that head. I took care not to speak of the Prince of Persia's fainting, lest she should fall into the same state, from which we had so much trouble to recover her; but my precautions were in vain. 'Prince,' exclaimed she, 'if I have understood your heart aright, I only follow your example. You will not cease to weep and mourn until I see you.' At these words she fainted a second time in my arms. When she came to herself, I tried to comfort her; but she said, 'Alas! thy words are useless; we can expect no end of our sorrow but in the grave.' Next morning she at once charged me to come to you, to learn some news of the Prince of Persia." "I have already informed you of his case," said Ebn Thaher; "so return to your mistress, and assure her that the Prince of Persia waits for some account of her with an impatience equal to her own."

On the next morning Schemselnihar's confidant again came to the house of Ebn Thaher, and addressed him thus: "My mistress salutes you, and I am come to entreat you, in her name, to deliver this letter to the Prince of Persia." The zealous Ebn Thaher went at once to the prince, and presented the letter to him. He kissed it several times, and then opened it, and read it:—

A Letter from Schemselnihar to the Prince of Persia.

"I have not been myself since I saw you. Deprived of your presence, I endeavour to converse with you by these ill-written lines, as if I had the happiness of speaking to you in person.

"It is said that patience is a cure for all evils; but instead of relieving, it heightens my sufferings. Although your picture be deeply engraven in my heart, my eyes desire to have the original continually before them; and they will lose all their light, if they be any considerable time deprived of this felicity. May I flatter myself that yours have the same impatience to see me? Yes, I can; their tender glances have sufficiently assured me of this. How

happy, prince, would it be for you, how happy for Schemselnihar, if our united desires were not thwarted by invincible obstacles, obstacles which afflict me the more sensibly as they affect you.

"These thoughts which my fingers write, and which I express with incredible pleasure, repeating them again and again, proceed from the bottom of my heart, and from the incurable wound which you have made in it; a wound which I bless a thousand times, notwithstanding the cruel torments I endure for your absence.

"Do not imagine that I say more than I think. Alas! whatever expressions I use, I feel that I think more than I can tell you. My eyes, which are continually watching and weeping for your return; my afflicted heart, which desires you alone; the sighs that escape me as often as I think on you, and that is every moment; my imagination, which represents no other object to me than my dear prince; in a word, my grief,[1] my distress, my torments, which have allowed me no ease since I was deprived of your presence, will vouch for what I write.

"I should die, were I not persuaded that you love me; but this sweet comfort balances my despair, and preserves my life. Tell me that you love me always, and that we shall never cease thus to love. Adieu. I salute Ebn Thaher, to whom we are so much obliged."

The Prince of Persia was not satisfied with reading the letter once; he thought he had perused it with too little attention, and therefore read it again with more leisure; and while so doing, sometimes heaved deep sighs, sometimes shed tears, and sometimes broke out into transports of joy and tenderness as the contents affected him. In short, he could not keep his eyes off those characters drawn by so beloved a hand, and was beginning to read it a third time, when Ebn Thaher observed to him that he ought to think of giving an answer The Prince of Persia, before he began to write, gave Schemselnihar's letter to Ebn Thaher, and prayed him to hold it open while he wrote, that by casting his eyes upon it he might the better see what to answer. He began to

[1] "Far other feelings Love hath brought;
Her soul all flame, her brow all sadness;
She now has but the one dear thought,
And thinks that o'er almost to madness."
—Moore's *Lalla Rookh.*

write; but the tears that from his eyes upon the paper obliged him several times to stop, that they might fall the more freely. At last he finished his letter, and gave it to Ebn Thaher.

The Prince of Persia's Answer to Schemselnihar's Letter.

"I was plunged in the deepest grief when I received your letter, but at the sight of it I was transported with unspeakable joy. The words contained in your kind epistle are so many rays which have dispelled the darkness wherewith my soul was obscured. They show me how much you suffer from your love of me, and that you are not ignorant of what I endure on your account. I have not had one moment's rest since our cruel separation. Your letter alone gave me some ease. I kept a mournful silence till the moment I received it, and then recovered my speech. I was buried in profound melancholy, but it inspired me with joy, which immediately appeared in my eyes and countenance. But my pleasure at receiving a favour which I had not yet deserved was so great that I knew not how to begin to testify my thankfulness. In a word, after having kissed it several times, as a precious pledge of your goodness, I read it over and over, and was confounded at the excess of my good fortune. You would have me declare that I always love you. Ah! did I not love you so perfectly as I do, I could not forbear adoring you, after all the marks you have given me of an affection so uncommon: yes, I love you, and shall account it my glory all my days to retain that sweet fire you have kindled in my heart. I will never complain of that ardour with which I feel it consumes me: and how rigorous soever the evils I suffer, I will bear them with fortitude, in hopes some time or other to see you. Would that, instead of sending you my letter, I might be allowed to come and assure you in person, that I die for you! Adieu."

Ebn Thaber returned the letter to the Prince of Persia, and assured him it wanted no correction. The prince closed it, and when he had sealed it, he desired that Ebn Thaher would convey it immediately to Schemselnihar.

After Ebn Thaher had delivered the letter of the prince to the confidant of Schemselnihar, who had waited to receive it, he went to his house and began to think in earnest upon the business in

which he found himself unhappily engaged. "Were Schemselnihar," said he to himself, "a lady of common rank, I would contribute all in my power to make her and her lover happy; but she is the caliph's favourite. His anger would fall in the first instance on Schemselnihar; it will next cost the Prince of Persia his life, and I should be involved in his misfortune. In the meantime I have my honour, my quiet, my family, and my property to preserve. I must, while I can, extricate myself out of such a perilous situation." These thoughts occupied his mind all that day. Next morning he went to the Prince of Persia and represented to him what he had before urged in vain: that it would be much better for him to summon all his resolution to overcome his inclination for Schemselnihar, than to suffer himself to be hurried away by it; and that his love was so much the more dangerous, as his rival was powerful. "In short, sir," added he, "if you will hearken to me, you ought to think of nothing but to conquer your love; otherwise you run the risk of destroying yourself with Schemselnihar, whose life ought to be dearer to you than your own. I give you this advice as a friend, for which you will some time or other thank me."

The prince heard Ebn Thaher with great impatience, but suffered him to speak his mind, and then replied to him thus: "Ebn Thaher, do you think I can cease to love Schemselnihar, who loves me so tenderly? She is not afraid to expose her life for me, and would you have me regard mine? No; whatever misfortunes befall me, I will love Schemselnihar to my last breath."

Ebn Thaher, shocked at the obstinacy of the Prince of Persia, left him hastily, and going to his own house, recalled his former reflections, and began to think seriously what he should do. In the meantime a jeweller, one of his intimate friends, came to see him. To him he revealed, under the seal of secrecy, all his perplexities, and it was arranged between them after a long conversation that Ebn Thaher should go on a plea of urgent business to Bussorah, and that he should as far as he could watch over the interests of the Prince of Persia, and endeavour to save him from the perils of his present course of conduct. The next day, after Ebn Thaher's departure, the jeweller waited on the Prince of Persia, and having told him the cause of his absence, thus addressed him: "As for me, prince, I am ready to sacrifice my honour and life for

you; and to keep your secret inviolable. Be persuaded that you will find in me the friend whom you have lost." This declaration encouraged the prince, and comforted him under Ebn Thaher's absence. "I am glad," said he to the jeweller, "to find in you a reparation of my loss; I accept your obliging offer with all my heart."

They continued their conversation for some time, and consulted together about the most convenient means to keep up the prince's correspondence with Schemselnihar. At last the jeweller arose, and after having again entreated the Prince of Persia to place an unreserved confidence in him, withdrew.

In the meanwhile, Schemselnihar having been informed by the slave, her confidant, who had paid a visit on her behalf, and obtained admittance to the Prince of Persia, of the retreat of Ebn Thaher, and of the jeweller's willingness to befriend them, determined to go and see him at his house. He received her with the most profound respect. Then she saluted the jeweller with a graceful air, and said to him, "I could not hear with what zeal you have engaged in the Prince of Persia's concerns and mine, without immediately determining to express my gratitude in person. I thank you for having so soon made up to us the loss of Ebn Thaher."

Schemselnihar said many other obliging things to the jeweller, after which she returned to her palace. The jeweller went immediately to give an account of this visit to the Prince of Persia; and at the end of his conversation, he said to the prince, "The only way to give you satisfaction is to devise a plan that will afford you an opportunity of conversing freely with Schemselnihar. This I wish to procure you, and to-morrow will make the attempt. You must by no means expose yourself to enter Schemselnihar's palace; you know by experience the danger of that step. I know a fitter place for this interview, where you will be safe." When the jeweller had finished, the prince embraced him with transports of joy. "You have fully repaired the loss of Ebn Thaher; whatever you do will be well performed; I leave myself entirely to your conduct."

After the prince had thus thanked him for his zeal, the jeweller returned home, and next morning Schemselnihar's confidant came to him. He told her that he had given the Prince of Persia hopes that he should shortly see her mistress. "I have a house where

no one resides at present; I will immediately furnish it for their reception." "There remains nothing, then, for me to do," replied the confidant, "but to bring Schemselnihar to consent to this. I will go and speak to her, and return speedily with an answer."

She was as diligent as her promise, and returning to the jeweller, told him that her mistress would not fail to keep the appointment in the evening. In the meantime she gave him a purse, and told him it was to prepare a collation.[1] He carried her immediately to the house where the lovers were to meet, that she might know whither to bring her mistress; and when she was gone, he went to borrow from his friends gold and silver plate, tapestry, rich cushions, and other furniture, with which he furnished the house very magnificently; and when he had put all things in order, went to the Prince of Persia.

You may easily conceive the Prince of Persia's joy, when the jeweller told him that he came to conduct him to the house he had prepared to receive him and Schemselnihar. This news made him forget all his former trouble. He put on a magnificent robe, and went, without his retinue, alone with the jeweller; who led him through several by-streets that nobody might observe them, and at last brought him to the house.

They did not wait long for Schemselnihar's arrival. She came after evening prayer, with her confidant, and two other slaves. It is impossible to express the excess of joy that seized these two lovers when they saw one another. They said to each other so many tender things, as made the jeweller, the confidant, and the two other slaves weep. The jeweller, however, restrained his tears to attend the collation, which he brought in himself. The lovers ate and drank little, after which they sat down again upon the sofa. Schemselnihar asked the jeweller if he had a lute, or any other instrument. The jeweller, who took care to provide all that could please her, brought her a lute. She spent some time in tuning it, and then sung.

While Schemselnihar was charming the Prince of Persia, and expressing her passion by the words of her songs, a great noise

[1] "They often visit gardens in the vicinity of the city, hired for the day. On these occasions the divans in the summer-houses are furnished from their own; and cooks, &c., are sent to prepare an entertainment."—Scott's *Introduction to Arabian Nights*, p. 74.

was heard; and immediately the slave whom the jeweller had brought with him, came in great alarm to tell him that some people were breaking in at the gate; that he asked who they were, but instead of any answer, the blows were redoubled. The jeweller, being alarmed, left Schemselnihar and the prince to inform himself of the truth of this intelligence. No sooner had he got to the court, than he perceived, notwithstanding the darkness of the night, a company of men armed with spears and scimitars, who had broken the gate, and came directly towards him. He stood close to a wall for fear of his life, and saw ten of them pass without being perceived by them. Finding he could give no great assistance to the Prince of Persia and Schemselnihar, he contented himself with lamenting his fate, and fled for refuge to a neighbour's house. He did not doubt but this unexpected violence was by the caliph's order, who, he thought, had been informed of his favourite's meeting the Prince of Persia there. He heard a great noise in his house, which continued till midnight; and when all was quiet, as he thought, he desired his neighbour to lend him a scimitar; and being thus armed, went on till he came to the gate of his own house; he entered the court full of fear, and perceived a man, who asked him who he was; he knew by his voice that it was his own slave. "How did you manage," said he, "to avoid being taken by the watch?" "Sir," answered the slave, "I hid myself in a corner of the court, and I went out as soon as I heard the noise. But it was not the watch who broke into your house; they were robbers, who within these few days robbed another house in this neighbourhood. They doubtless had notice of the rich furniture you brought hither, and had that in view."

The jeweller thought his slave's conjecture probable enough. He entered the house, and saw that the robbers had taken all the furniture out of the apartment where he received Schemselnihar and her lover, that they had also carried off the gold and silver plate, and, in a word, had left nothing. Perceiving this desolation, he exclaimed, "What will my friends say, and what excuse can I make, when I shall tell them that the robbers have broken into my house, and robbed me of all they had generously lent me? I shall never be able to make up their loss. Besides, what is become of Schemselnihar and the Prince of Persia? This business will be so public, that it will be impossible but it must reach the

caliph's ears. He will get notice of this meeting, and I shall fall a sacrifice to his fury." The slave, who was very much attached to him, endeavoured to comfort him. "As to Schemselnihar and the Prince of Persia, they have probably escaped, so that you have reason to hope the caliph will never know of this adventure. As for the loss your friends have sustained, that is a misfortune that you could not avoid. You will be acquitted by restoring your friends the value of the things that are stolen, and blessed be God, you will have enough left."

While they were waiting for daylight, the jeweller ordered the slave to mend the street door, which was broken, as well as he could: after which he returned to his usual residence with his slave, making melancholy reflections on what had happened.

It was scarcely day when the report of the robbery spread through the city, and a great many of his friends and neighbours came to his house to express their concern for his misfortune; but were curious to know the particulars. He thanked them for their affection, and had at least the consolation, that he heard no one mention Schemselnihar or the Prince of Persia; which made him believe they were at their houses, or in some secure place.

About noon one of his slaves came to tell him there was a man at the gate, whom he knew not, that desired to speak with him. The jeweller, not choosing to receive a stranger into his house, rose up, and went to speak to him. "Though you do not know me," said the man, "I know you, and am come to talk to you about an important affair." The jeweller desired him to come in. "No," answered the stranger; "if you please, rather take the trouble to go with me to your other house. I will conduct you to a place where we shall be better accommodated." When he had thus spoken, the stranger led the jeweller to a path which led to the Tigris. They embarked in a little boat, and went over. Here he then led him through a long street, where he had never been before; and after he had brought him through several by-streets, he stopped at a gate, which he opened. He made the jeweller go in before him, he then shut and bolted the gate, with a huge iron bolt, and conducted him to a chamber, where there were ten other men, all of them as great strangers to the jeweller as he who had brought him hither.

These ten men received him without much ceremony. They

desired him to sit down, of which he had great need, for he was not only out of breath with walking so far, but with his terror at finding himself with such people. They waited for their leader to go to supper, and as soon as he came it was served up. They washed their hands, obliged the jeweller to do the like, and to sit at table with them. After supper the men asked him if he knew whom he spoke to. He answered, No; and that he knew not the place he was in. "Tell us your last night's adventure," said they to him, "and conceal nothing from us." The jeweller, being astonished at this request, answered, "Gentlemen, it is probable you know it already." "That is true," replied they; "the young man and the young lady, who were at your house yesternight, told it us; but we would know it from your own mouth." The jeweller needed no more to inform him that he spoke to the robbers who had broken into and plundered his house. "I am much troubled," said he, "for that young man and that lady; can you give me any tidings of them?"

"Be not concerned for them," they answered, "they are safe and well."

The jeweller being encouraged by this assurance, and overjoyed to hear that the Prince of Persia and Schemselnihar were safe, resolved to engage the robbers yet further in their interest. "Gentlemen," said he, "I must confess, though I have not the honour to know you, yet it is no small happiness to me not to be wholly unknown to you. I am fully persuaded that persons of your character are capable of keeping a secret faithfully, and none are so fit to undertake a great enterprise, which you can best bring to a good issue by your zeal, courage, and intrepidity. Confiding in these qualities, which are so much your due, I hesitate not to tell you my whole history, with that of those two persons you found in my house, with all the fidelity you desire me."

The robbers were greatly astonished at all the particulars they heard, and could not forbear exclaiming, "How! is it possible that the young man should be the illustrious Ali Ebn Becar, Prince of Persia, and the young lady the fair and celebrated beauty Schemselnihar?" The jeweller assured them nothing was more certain, and that they needed not think it strange that persons of so distinguished a character should wish not to be known.

Upon this assurance of their quality the robbers went immediately, one after another, and threw themselves at their feet, imploring their pardon, and protesting that nothing of the kind would have happened to them had they been informed of their high rank before they broke into the house; and that they would by their future conduct endeavour to make amends for the crime they had thus ignorantly committed. Then turning to the jeweller, they told him they were heartily sorry they could not restore to him all that had been taken from him, part of it being no longer in their possession; but as for what remained it should be forthwith put into his hand.

The jeweller was overjoyed at the favour done him, and after the robbers had delivered to him what they yet had of his, they immediately went out with them.

On the way, the jeweller, uneasy at not seeing the confidant and the two slaves, came up to Schemselnihar, and begged her to inform him what was become of them. She answered she knew nothing of them, and that all she could tell him was, that she was carried away from his house, ferried over the river, and brought to the place from whence they were just come.

Schemselnihar and the jeweller had no further conversation; they let the robbers conduct them with the prince to the river's side, when the robbers immediately took a boat, and carried them over to the opposite bank.

While the prince, Schemselnihar, and the jeweller were landing, they heard the noise of the horse patrol coming towards them, just as the boat had conveyed the robbers back.

The commander of the brigade demanded of the prince, Schemselnihar, and the jeweller who they were, and whence they had come so late. The jeweller made answer, and said, "Sir, we are respectable people of the city. The persons who have just landed us, and are now returned to the other side of the water, are thieves, who having last night broken open the house where we were, pillaged it, and afterwards carried us to their quarters, whence, by fair words, we prevailed on them to let us have our liberty; and they brought us hither. They have restored us part of the booty they had taken from us." At which words he showed the parcel of plate he had recovered.

The commander, not satisfied with what the jeweller had told

him, came up to him and the Prince of Persia, and, looking steadfastly at them, said, "Tell me truly, who is this lady?"

This question embarrassed them so much that neither of them could answer; till at length Schemselnihar extricated them from their difficulty, and, taking the commander aside, told him who she was; which he no sooner heard, than he alighted with expressions of great respect and politeness, and ordered his men to bring two boats.

When the boats were come, he put Schemselnihar into one, and the Prince of Persia and the jeweller into the other, with two of his officers in each boat; with orders to accompany each of them whithersoever they wished. The two boats took different routes, but we shall at present speak only of that which contained the prince and jeweller.

The prince, to save his guides trouble, bade them land the jeweller at his house, naming the place. The guide, by this direction, stopped just before the caliph's palace, which put both him and the jeweller into great alarm; for although they had heard the commander's orders to his men, they could not help imagining they were to be delivered up to the guard, to be brought before the caliph next morning.

This, nevertheless, was not the intention of the guides. For, after they had landed them, they, by their master's command, recommended them to an officer of the caliph's guard, who assigned them two soldiers to conduct them by land to the prince's house, which was at some distance from the river. They arrived there, but so tired and weary that they could hardly move.

The prince being come home, with the fatigue of his journey, and this misadventure to himself and Schemselnihar, which deprived him of all hope of ever seeing her more, fell into a swoon on his sofa. While the greatest part of his servants were endeavouring to recover him, the rest gathered about the jeweller, and begged him to tell them what had happened to the prince their lord, whose absence had occasioned them such inexpressible uneasiness.

The jeweller told them that it was an extraordinary case, but that it was not a time to relate it, and that they would do better to go and assist the prince. By good fortune the prince came to himself that moment, and those that but just before required his history with so much earnestness retreated to a respectful distance.

As he continued in a very weak condition, the jeweller remained till next morning, when he took leave of him.

The jeweller had been expected with great impatience by his family, the day he departed with the stranger. His wife, children, and servants, were in the greatest alarm, and lamenting him. When he arrived, their joy was excessive. Finding himself much indisposed by the great fatigue of the preceding day, and from the fears he had undergone all night, which would not permit him to sleep, he continued at home two days, and would admit none but his intimate friends to visit him.

The third day finding himself something better, he thought he might recover strength by going abroad to take the air. On his return home, he observed a woman making a sign to him, whom he presently knew to be the confidant of Schemselnihar.

He saw her; but after what had happened, he did not think fit to speak to her in public, for fear of giving cause to suspect that he was connected with Schemselnihar. He walked on till he reached a mosque,[1] where he knew but few people came. He entered, and she followed him, and they had a long conversation together, without anybody overhearing them.

Both the jeweller and confidant expressed much joy at seeing each other, after the strange adventure of the robbers, and their reciprocal apprehension for each other, without regarding their own particular persons.

The jeweller wished her to relate to him how she escaped with the two slaves, and what she knew of Schemselnihar from the time he lost sight of her.

"When I first saw the robbers," said she, "I hastily imagined that they were soldiers of the caliph's guard, and that the caliph being informed of Schemselnihar's going out, had sent them to put her, the prince, and all of us to death. Under this impression I immediately got up to the terrace of your house, when the thieves entered the apartment where the prince and Schemselnihar were, and I was soon after followed by that lady's two slaves. From terrace to terrace, we came at last to a house of very honest people, who received us with much civility, and with whom we lodged that night.

[1] "If the women visit the mosque, it is when the men are not there."—Sale's *Preliminary Discourse on Koran*, p. 109.

"Next morning, after thanking the master of the house for our good usage, we returned to Schemselnihar's palace, where we entered in great disorder and distress, because we could not learn the fate of the two unfortunate lovers.

"For my part, I spent the day in great uneasiness, and when night arrived, opening a small private gate, I left the palace with two slaves as my attendants, determined to look for my dear mistress. I fortunately waited about the banks of the river, and at length about midnight I saw a boat coming down with two men in it, and a woman lying along in the stern. When the boat was come up, the two men helped the woman to rise, and then it was I knew her to be Schemselnihar. I cannot express my joy at seeing her.

"I gave my hand to Schemselnihar to help her out of the boat; she had great need of my assistance, for she could hardly stand. When she was landed, and had reached her palace, she whispered me in a tone expressive of her affliction, and bade me go and take a purse of one thousand pieces of gold, and give it to the two soldiers that had accompanied her. I left her in the care of the two slaves to support her; and having ordered the two soldiers to wait for me a moment, I took the purse and returned instantly. I gave it to them, and shut the private gate.

"On Schemselnihar reaching her chamber, we immediately undressed her, and put her to bed; where she had not long been, before she became so ill, that for the whole of the night we almost despaired of her life. The day following, when she recovered the use of her speech—for she had hitherto only wept, groaned, and sighed—I begged of her to tell me how she had escaped out of the hands of the robbers. 'Why would you require of me,' said she, with a profound sigh, 'to renew my grief?'

"'Madam,' I replied, 'I beg you would not refuse me this favour.'

"'You must know, when I first saw the robbers enter, sword in hand, I considered it as the last moment of my life. But death was not an object of regret, since I thought I was to die with the Prince of Persia. However, instead of murdering us, as I expected, two of the robbers were ordered to take care of us, whilst their companions were busied in packing up the goods they found

in the house. When they had done, and got their bundles upon their backs, they went out, and took us with them.

"'When we had reached the place of our destination, a new alarm seized us. They gathered about us, and after having considered my dress, and the rich jewels I was adorned with, they seemed to suspect my rank. "Tell us truly who you are."

"'When they saw I made no reply, they asked the prince the same question. He did not satisfy them much more than I had done. He only told them he came to see the jeweller, naming him, who was the owner of the house where they found us. "I know this jeweller," replied the captain, who seemed to have some authority over the rest, "and I take upon me to bring him hither to-morrow morning; but you must not expect," continued he, "to be released till he arrives and tells us who you are. In the meantime, I promise you there shall be no injury offered to you."

"'The jeweller was brought next morning, who thinking to oblige us, as he really did, declared to the robbers the whole truth. They immediately came and asked my pardon, and I believe did the like to the prince, who was shut up in another room. They protested to me, they would not have broken open the house where we were, had they known that I had honoured it with my presence. They soon after carried the prince, the jeweller, and myself to the river side, put us aboard a boat, and rowed us across the water. We were no sooner landed, than some officers of police came up to us. I took the commander aside and told him my name, and that the night before I had been seized by robbers, who forced me along with them. He having been told who I was, released me and the two persons who were with me, on my account. He alighted out of respect to me; and expressing great joy at being able to oblige me, caused two boats to be brought: putting me and two of his soldiers, whom you have seen, into one, they escorted me hither. But what is become of the prince and his friend I cannot tell.

"'I trust,' added she, melting to tears, 'no harm has befallen them since our separation; and I do not doubt but the prince's concern for me is equal to mine for him. The jeweller, to whom we have been so much obliged, ought to be recompensed for the loss he has sustained on our account. Fail not, therefore, to take two purses of a thousand pieces of gold in each, and carry them

to him to-morrow morning in my name; and be sure to inquire after the prince's welfare.'

"When my good mistress had done speaking, I endeavoured to persuade her to conquer her affection for the prince, after the danger she had so lately escaped almost by a miracle. 'Make me no answer,' said she, 'but do what I require.'

"I was obliged to be silent, and am come hither to obey her commands. I have been at your house, but not finding you at home, and uncertain as I was of where you might be found, was about going to the Prince of Persia; but not daring to attempt the journey, I have left the two purses with a particular friend, and if you will wait here, I will go and fetch them immediately."

The confidant soon returned to the jeweller in the mosque, where she had left him, and giving him the two purses, bade him out of them satisfy his friends. "They are much more than is necessary," said he, "but I dare not refuse the present from so good and generous a lady to her most humble servant; I beseech you to assure her from me, that I shall preserve an eternal remembrance of her goodness." He then agreed with the confidant that she should find him at his own house whenever she had occasion to impart anything from Schemselnihar, or to hear any tidings of the Prince of Persia: and so they parted.

The jeweller returned home well pleased, not only that he had got wherewithal so fully to satisfy his friends, but also to think that no person in Bagdad could possibly know that the prince and Schemselnihar had been in his other house when it was robbed. It is true, he had acquainted the thieves with it, but on their secrecy he thought he might very well depend. Next morning he visited the friends who had obliged him, and found no difficulty in satisfying them. He had money in hand to furnish his other house, in which he placed servants. Thus he forgot all his past danger, and the next evening waited on the Prince of Persia.

The prince's servants took this opportunity to tell him, it was with the greatest difficulty they had prevailed on their master to take the smallest refreshment, and that for some time he had taken nothing. This obliged the jeweller to entreat the prince to let his servants bring him something to eat.

After the prince had, through the persuasion of the jeweller, eaten more than he had hitherto done, he commanded the servants

to leave him alone with his friend. When the room was clear, he said, "Besides the misfortune that distracts me, I have been exceedingly concerned to think what a loss you have sustained on my account; and it is but just I should make you some recompense. But before I do this, after begging your pardon a thousand times, I conjure you to tell me whether you have learnt any tidings of Schemselnihar, since I had the misfortune to be parted from her."

Here the jeweller related to him all that he had been informed about Schemselnihar's arrival at her palace, her state of health from that time till she recovered, and now she had sent to him to inquire after his welfare.

To all this the prince replied only by sighs and tears. He made an effort to get up, and calling his servants, went himself to his wardrobe, and having caused several bundles of rich furniture and plate to be packed up, he ordered them to be carried to the jeweller's house.

The jeweller would fain have declined this kind offer; but although he represented that Schemselnihar had already made him more than sufficient amends for what he had lost, the prince would be obeyed. The jeweller was therefore obliged to make all possible acknowledgments, and protested how much he was confounded at his highness's condescension. He would then have taken his leave, but the prince desired him to stay, and they passed a good part of the night in conversation. When at last the prince said, "You may go, but I conjure you that you assure Schemselnihar, that if I die, as I expect to do shortly, I shall love her to the last moment, even in the grave."

The jeweller returned home, and waited in expectation of seeing the confidant, who came some hours after, but all in tears, and in great affliction. The jeweller alarmed, asked her what was the matter. She answered, that Schemselnihar, the prince, herself, and he, were all ruined. "Hear the sad news," said she, "as it was told me, just upon my entering the palace after I had left you. Schemselnihar had for some fault chastised one of the slaves you saw with her when you met in your other house. The slave, enraged at the ill treatment, ran immediately away, and finding the gate open, went out; so that we have just reason to believe she has discovered all to Mesrour, who gave her protection. But this is not all; the other slave her companion has fled too,

and has taken refuge in the caliph's palace. So that we may well fear she has borne her part in this discovery: for just as I came away, the caliph had sent twenty of his guards for Schemselnihar, who have carried her to the palace. I just found means to come and tell you this."

The jeweller at these sad tidings stood motionless as if thunderstruck. He found, however, that there was no time to be lost, and immediately went to the prince. He addressed him with an air that sufficiently showed the bad news he brought. "Prince," said he, "arm yourself with courage and patience, and prepare to receive the most terrible shock that ever you had to encounter." "Tell me in a few words," replied the prince, "what is the matter, without keeping me in suspense; I am, if necessary, prepared to die."

Then the jeweller repeated all that he had heard. "You see," continued he, "your destruction is inevitable. Rise, save yourself by flight, for the time is precious. You, of all men, must not expose yourself to the anger of the caliph, and, less than any, confess in the midst of torture."

At these words the prince was ready to expire through grief, affliction, and fear. However, he recovered himself, and asked the jeweller what resolution he would advise him to take in this conjuncture. The jeweller told him, he thought nothing remained, but that he should immediately take horse, and hasten away towards Anbar,[1] that he might get thither before day. "Take what servants and swift horses you think necessary," continued he, "and suffer me to escape with you." The prince, seeing nothing more to be done, immediately gave orders to prepare such an equipage as would be least troublesome; took money and jewels, and having taken leave of his mother, departed with the jeweller and such servants as he had chosen.

They travelled all night without stopping, till at length, both their horses and themselves being spent with so long a journey, they halted to rest themselves. They had hardly alighted before they found themselves surrounded and assaulted by a band of robbers. They defended their lives for some time courageously; but at length the prince's servants being all wounded, both he and the jeweller were obliged to yield at discretion. The robbers, how-

[1] A city on the Tigris, twenty leagues below Bagdad.

ever, spared their lives, but after they had seized the horses and baggage, they took away their clothes and left them nearly naked. When the thieves were gone, the prince said to the jeweller, "What think you of our adventure and condition? Had I not better have tarried in Bagdad, and awaited my death?" "Prince," replied the jeweller, "it is the decree of Heaven that we should thus suffer. It has pleased God to add affliction to affliction, and we must not murmur, but receive His chastisements with submission. Let us stay no longer here, but seek for some retreat where we may perhaps be relieved."

"Let me die," said the prince; "for what signifies it whether I die here or elsewhere. Perhaps while we are talking, Schemselnihar is no more; and why should I endeavour to live after she is dead?" The jeweller, by his entreaty, at length prevailed on him, and they had not gone far before they came to a mosque,[1] which was open; they entered it, and passed there the remainder of the night.

At daybreak a man came into the mosque. When he had ended his prayer, as he turned about to go away, he perceived the prince and jeweller, who were sitting in a corner. He came up to them, and after having saluted them, said, "I perceive you are strangers."

The jeweller answered, "You are not deceived. We have been robbed to-night in coming from Bagdad, as you may see, and have retired hither for shelter, but we know not to whom to apply." "If you think fit to accompany me to my house," answered the man, "I will give you all the assistance in my power."

[1] This description of a mosque is given by Lady Mary Montagu:—"The mosque of Sultan Solyman, at Constantinople, is an exact square, with four fine towers in the angles. In the midst is a noble cupola, supported with beautiful marble pillars; two lesser at the ends, supported in the same manner. The pavement and gallery round the mosque is of marble. Under the great cupola is a fountain, adorned with such fine coloured pillars, that I can hardly think them natural marble. On one side is the pulpit of white marble, and on the other a little gallery for the sultan. At the upper end is a sort of altar, where the name of God is written, and before it stand two candlesticks, as high as a man, with wax candles, as thick as three flambeaux. The pavement is spread with fine carpets, and the mosque illuminated with a vast number of lamps. This description may serve for all the mosques. The model is exactly the same, and they only differ in largeness and richness of material."—*Letters*, vol. ii., p. 39.

Upon this obliging offer, the jeweller turned to the prince and whispered, "We cannot, I think, refuse his offer." "Do as you please," said the prince. "I am willing to be guided by your discretion."

The jeweller answered, "We are ready to follow you. All we hesitate about is, that we are ashamed to appear thus nearly naked."

As soon as they had entered the stranger's house, he brought a very handsome suit for each of them. As he thought they must be hungry, and might wish to be alone, he had several dishes sent to them by a slave; but they ate little, especially the prince, who was so dejected and dispirited that he gave the jeweller cause to fear that he would die. Their host visited them several times in the course of the day, and in the evening, as he knew they wanted rest, he left them early. But he was no sooner in bed than the jeweller was forced to call him again to assist the Prince of Persia. He found him breathe short and with difficulty, which gave him reason to fear he had but few minutes to live. Coming near him, the prince said, "It is all over, and I am glad you are witness of my last words. I quit life with a great deal of satisfaction; I need not tell you the reason, for you know it already. All my concern is, that I cannot die in the arms of my dear mother, who has always loved me tenderly, and whom I loved. Let her know how much I was concerned at this, and request her in my name to have my body removed to Bagdad, that she may have an opportunity to bedew my tomb with her tears." He then thanked the master of the house for his kindness in taking him in; and after desiring him to let his body rest with him till it should be conveyed to Bagdad, he expired.

The day after the prince's death, the jeweller took the opportunity of a numerous caravan that was going to Bagdad, and arrived there in safety. He first went home to change his clothes, and then hastened to the prince's palace, where everybody was alarmed at not seeing the prince with him. He desired them to acquaint the prince's mother that he wished to speak with her, and it was not long before he was introduced to her in a hall, with several of her women about her. "Madam," said he to her, with an air that sufficiently denoted the ill news he brought, "God preserve you, and shower down upon you the choicest of His bless-

ings! You cannot be ignorant that He alone disposes of us at His pleasure."

The princess would not permit him to proceed, but exclaimed, "Alas! you bring me the news of my son's death." She and her women at the same time wept and sobbed loudly. At length she checked her sighs and groans, and begged of him to continue, without concealing from her the least circumstance of such a melancholy separation. He satisfied her, and when he had done, she further demanded of him if her son, the prince, had not given him in charge something more particular in his last moments. He assured her his last words were, that it was to him the most afflicting circumstance that he must die so far distant from his dear mother, and that the only thing he wished was, that she would have his corpse transported to Bagdad. Accordingly, early next morning the princess set out with her women and great part of her slaves, to bring her son's body to her own palace.

When the jeweller, whom she had detained, had seen her depart, he returned home very sad and melancholy at the reflection that so accomplished and amiable a prince was thus cut off in the flower of his age.

As he walked towards his house, dejected and musing, he saw a woman standing before him. He recognised her to be Schemselnihar's confidant. At the sight of her his tears began to flow afresh, but he said nothing to her; and going into his own house, she followed him.

They sat down, when the jeweller, beginning the conversation, asked the confidant, with a deep sigh, if she had heard of the death of the Prince of Persia, and if it was on his account that she grieved. "Alas!" answered she, "what! is that charming prince then dead? He has not lived long after his dear Schemselnihar. Beauteous souls!" continued she, "in whatsoever place ye now are, ye must be happy that your loves will no more be interrupted. Ye may now form the closest union."

"Is Schemselnihar then dead?" cried he. "She is," replied the confidant, weeping afresh, "and it is for her I wear these weeds. The circumstances of her death were extraordinary," continued she, "and deserve to be known to you. You have not forgotten that I told you the caliph had sent for Schemselnihar to his palace. He had, as we had every reason to believe, been in-

formed of the affection existing between her and the prince. You may imagine, he would be exceedingly enraged at Schemselnihar's conduct, and give striking proofs of his jealousy and of his impending vengeance against the prince. But this was by no means the case. He pitied Schemselnihar, and in some measure blamed himself for what had happened, in giving her so much freedom.

"He received her with an open countenance; and with a goodness worthy himself, said, 'Schemselnihar, you must needs be sensible how much I have always loved you, and be convinced of the sincerity of my passion by the continued demonstrations I have given of it. I can never change my mind, for I love you more than ever. You have enemies, Schemselnihar,' proceeded he, 'and those enemies have insinuated things against your conduct, but all they have said against you has not made the least impression upon me. Shake off then this melancholy, and prepare to entertain me this night with some amusing conversation, after your accustomed manner.' He said many other obliging things to her, and then dismissed her.

"This interview between the caliph and Schemselnihar," continued the confidant, "took place whilst I was come to speak to you, and I learned the particulars of it from my companions who were present. But I was eye-witness to what happened in the evening.

"The caliph was introduced at night with the sound of instruments which her women played upon, to her apartment to visit her again, and the collation was immediately served up. He took her by the hand, and made her sit down with him on the sofa; but she, poor queen, put such a force upon herself to please him, that she expired a few minutes after. In short, she was hardly set down, when she fell backwards. The caliph believed she had only fainted, and so we all thought; but she never recovered, and in this manner she died.

"The caliph wept over her, not being able to restrain his tears; and before he left the room ordered all the musical instruments to be silenced; this was immediately done. I stayed all night, and next morning washed and dressed her body for the funeral, bathing her with my tears. The caliph had her interred in a magnificent tomb, in a place she had desired to be buried in. Now,

since you tell me," said she, "the Prince of Persia's body is to be brought to Bagdad, I will use my best endeavours that he shall be interred in the same tomb."

The jeweller was much surprised at this resolution of the chief lady, and said, "Certainly you do not consider that the caliph will ever suffer this?" "You think the thing impossible," replied she; "it is not. You will alter your opinion when I tell you that the caliph has given liberty to all her slaves, with a pension to each for their support. He has committed to me the care and keeping of my mistress's tomb, and allotted me an annual income for that purpose, and for my maintenance. Besides, the caliph was not ignorant of the affection between Schemselnihar and the prince, and will not be sorry if after her death he be buried with her." To all this the jeweller had not a word to say. He earnestly entreated the confidant to conduct him to her mistress's tomb, that he might say his prayers over her. When he came in sight of it, he was not a little surprised to find a vast concourse of people of both sexes, who were come hither from all parts of Bagdad. As he could not come near the tomb, he said his prayers at a distance; and then going to the confidant, who was waiting hard by, said to her, "I am now so far from thinking that what you propose cannot be put in execution, that you and I need only publish abroad what we know of the history of this unfortunate couple, and how the prince and she died at the same time. Before his funeral procession arrives at Bagdad, the whole city will concur to desire that two such faithful lovers, whom nothing could divide in affection whilst they lived, should not be separated when dead." It happened as he said; for as soon as it was known that the funeral procession of the late Prince of Persia was within a day's journey of the city, an infinite number of people went to meet it, and afterwards walked before it till it came to the city gate; where the chief lady of the sultaness presented herself before the prince's mother, and begged of her, in the name of the whole city, that she would be pleased to consent that the bodies of the two lovers, who had but one heart whilst they lived, from the time their mutual passion commenced, might be buried in the same tomb. The princess immediately consented; and the body was carried to the tomb of Schemselnihar, an immense number of people of all ranks following it, and then placed by her side.

From that time all the inhabitants of Bagdad, and even strangers from all parts of the world where Mussulmans are known, have never ceased from feeling a great veneration for that tomb, and going to offer up their prayers at its foot.

The History of Noureddin and the Beautiful Persian.

There was in the city of Bussorah, in the days of Caliph Haroun Alraschid, a king who was named Zinebi. Not thinking it proper to commit the administration of his dominions to a single vizier, he made choice of two, Khacan and Saouy.

Khacan was of a sweet, generous, and affable disposition; and took pleasure in obliging to the utmost of his power those with whom he had any business to transact, so long as he did no violence to that justice which it became him to dispense to all. His praises, therefore, were the general theme of praise in the court, camp, and city.

Saouy was of an opposite character—sullen and morose. He was overbearing to every one, and though very rich, he was so perfect a miser as to deny himself the necessaries of life. Nobody could endure him, and nothing good was said of him. But what rendered him most hateful to the people was his implacable aversion to Khacan. He was always misinterpreting the actions of that worthy minister, and endeavouring as much as possible to prejudice him with the king.

One day after the council, the King Zinebi conversed with his two viziers about the female slaves that are daily bought and sold, and who hold among Mussulmans nearly the same rank as lawful wives. One was of opinion, that personal beauty was all that was required in slaves so purchased. The other maintained that personal charms were by no means the only qualifications to be desired in a slave; but that they ought to be accompanied with wit, a cultivated understanding, modesty, and, if possible, every agreeable accomplishment. The reason given was, that nothing could be more gratifying to persons on whom the management of important affairs devolved, than, after having spent the day in fatiguing employment, to have a companion in their retirement, whose conversation would be not only pleasing, but useful and instructive.

The king entirely concurred in this latter opinion, and accordingly ordered Khacan to buy him a slave, of perfect beauty, mistress of all the qualifications he had enumerated, and possessed, above all things, of an enlightened understanding.

Saouy, jealous of the honour the king had done Khacan, and differing widely with him in opinion, said, "Sire, it will be very difficult to find a slave so accomplished as your majesty requires; and should such a one be discovered, which I scarcely believe possible, she will be cheap at ten thousand pieces of gold." "Saouy," replied the king, "I perceive plainly you think the sum too great; it may be so for you, though not for me." Then turning to his high treasurer, he ordered him to send the ten thousand pieces of gold to the vizier's house.

Khacan, as soon as he had returned home, sent for all the merchants who dealt in women-slaves, and strictly charged them, that if ever they met with one who answered the description he gave them, they should immediately apprise him. The merchants, partly to oblige the vizier, and partly for their own interest, promised to use their utmost endeavours to procure for him one that would accord with his wishes. Scarcely a day passed but they brought him a slave for his inspection, but he always discovered in each something defective.

One day, early in the morning, as Khacan was mounting his horse to go to the divan, a merchant came to him, and taking hold of the stirrup with great eagerness, told him a Persian merchant had arrived very late the day before, who had a slave to sell, so surprisingly beautiful that she excelled all the women his eyes had ever beheld; "and," added he, "the merchant engages she is equally superior in wit and knowledge."

Khacan, overjoyed at this intelligence, which promised him a favourable opportunity for making interest with his royal master, ordered him to bring the slave to his palace against his return, and departed.

The merchant failed not to be at the vizier's at the appointed hour; and Khacan finding the lovely slave so much beyond his expectation, immediately gave her the name of the Fair Persian.[1] As he had himself much wit and learning, he soon perceived by

[1] Mr Lane gives "Enees-el-Jelees," *i.e.*, the Companion's Cheerer, as the name of the slave.

her conversation that it was in vain to search further for a slave that surpassed her in any of the qualifications required by the king; and therefore he asked at what sum the Persian merchant valued her.

"Sir," replied the merchant, "the very lowest price he will take for her is ten thousand pieces of gold: he has laid out nearly that sum on her education. As he always thought her fit for a king, he has from her infancy, when first he bought her, been sparing of nothing that might contribute to render her fit for that high distinction. She plays upon all kinds of instruments to perfection; she sings, dances, writes better than the most celebrated authors, makes verses, and there is scarcely any book but she has read; so that there never was a slave so accomplished heard of."

The vizier Khacan paid the money at once, and took the Fair Persian home with him, and assigned her an apartment near his wife, whom he desired thenceforth to treat her as a person attached to the court: he also provided for her the richest clothes that could be had, and which would become her best. Before he took his leave of the Fair Persian, he said, "Your happiness, madam, cannot be greater than what I am about to procure for you; it is for the king I have purchased you; and I hope he will be even more pleased with you than I am in having discharged the commission with which I was honoured. I think it, however, my duty to warn you that I have a son, who is witty, brave, young, and persuasive; and to caution you how you suffer him to come near you." The Fair Persian thanked him for his advice; and after she had given him an assurance of her intention to follow it, he withdrew. Noureddin, for so the vizier's son was named, had free access to the apartment of his mother, with whom he usually ate his meals. He saw the Fair Persian; and from their first interview, though he knew his father had bought her purposely for the king, he resigned himself wholly to the power of her charms; and resolved to use his utmost endeavours to keep her from the king.

The Fair Persian, on her part, had no dislike to Noureddin. "The vizier," said she to herself, "has done me honour in purchasing me for the king; but I should have thought myself very happy if he had designed me only for his own son."

Noureddin was not remiss in improving the advantage he enjoyed of seeing and conversing with the beautiful slave, for he

would never leave her till obliged by his mother. "My son," she would say, "it is not proper for a young man like you to be always in the women's apartments; go, mind your studies, and endeavour to qualify yourself to succeed to the honours of your father."

It happened one day, shortly after the purchase of the beautiful slave, before Khacan had presented her to Zinebi, that Noureddin having learned that Khacan was with the sultan, and that his mother was at the bath,[1] induced the Fair Persian to come with him to his own portion of the palace, where he married her at once, without the knowledge of either of his parents. Khacan was very much mortified at this conduct. He did not care so much for the loss of the money with which he had purchased the Fair Persian, as the forfeiting of his own word to his kind and gracious master, and at the base ingratitude of his son. For a long time he refused to pardon him, and threatened to put him to death as a traitor to his prince. At last, by the earnest entreaties of his mother, he thus addressed him:—

"Son," said the vizier, "return thanks to your mother, since it is for her sake I pardon you. I propose also to give you the Fair Persian, on condition that you will bind yourself by an oath not to regard her any longer as a slave, but as your wife; that you will not sell her, or ever be divorced from her. As she possesses an excellent understanding, and abundantly more wit and prudence than yourself, I doubt not but that she will make you a good wife, and keep you from temptation."

Noureddin, who little expected such indulgent treatment, returned his father a thousand thanks, and the Fair Persian and he were well pleased with being united to each other.

[1] "I went to the bagnio about ten o'clock. It was already full of women. It is built of stone, in the shape of a dome, with no window but in the roof, which gives light enough. There were five of these domes joined together, the outermost being less than the rest, serving as a hall. The next room is a very large one, paved with marble, and all round it are two raised sofas of marble, one above another. There were four fountains of cold water in this room, falling into marble basins, and then running on the floor in little channels made for that purpose, which carried the streams into the next room, something less than this, with the same sort of marble sofas, but so hot with streams of sulphur proceeding from the baths adjoining, it was impossible to stay there with any clothes on. The two other domes were the hot baths, one of which had cocks of cold water turning into it, to temper it to what degree of warmth the bathers please to have."—Lady Mary Montagu's *Letters*, vol. i., p. 353.

The vizier Khacan, without waiting for the king's inquiries about the success of the commission he had given him, took particular care to mention the subject often, representing to his majesty the many difficulties he met, and how fearful he was of not acquitting himself to his majesty's satisfaction. In short, he managed the business with so much address, that the king insensibly forgot it. Though Saouy had gained some intimation of the transaction, yet Khacan was so much in the king's favour, that he was afraid to divulge what he had heard.

This delicate affair had now been kept rather more than a year with greater secrecy than the vizier at first expected, when being one day in the bath, and some important business obliging him to leave it, warm as he was, a cold blast of air struck him, and caused an inflammation of his lungs, which soon confined him to his bed. His illness increased every day. Perceiving he had not long to live, he thus addressed his son: "My son," said he, "the last thing I desire of you with my dying breath is, that you would be mindful of the promise you made me concerning the Fair Persian, and in this assurance I shall die content."

These were the vizier Khacan's last words. He expired a few moments after, to the great affliction of his family, the court, and the whole city. The king lamented him as a wise, zealous, and faithful minister; and the people bewailed him as their protector and benefactor. Never was there a funeral in Bussorah solemnised with greater pomp and magnificence. The viziers, the emirs, and all the grandees of the court, accompanied his bier to the place of burial.

Noureddin exhibited all the demonstrations of a sorrow proportioned to the loss he had sustained, and long refrained from seeing any company. At last he admitted a visit from an intimate acquaintance, who endeavoured to comfort him, and exhorted him, after having paid so much respect to his father's memory, to dry his tears, and resume his wonted gaiety.

Noureddin did so, and soon surrounded himself with companions and guests, with whom he spent his substance in costly entertainments and riotous living. They buzzed about him like summer flies, praised and flattered him, extolling his most indifferent actions; but, above all, they took particular care to commend whatever belonged to him; and in this they found their account. "Sir,"

said one of them, "I came the other day by your estate that lies in such a place; nothing can be so magnificent or so handsomely furnished as your house; and the garden belonging to it is a paradise upon earth." "I am very glad it pleases you," replied Noureddin; "bring me pen, ink, and paper, without more words, it is at your service, I make you a present of it." No sooner had others commended one of his houses, baths, or public buildings erected for the use of strangers, the yearly revenue of which was very considerable, than he immediately gave them away. The Fair Persian could not forbear stating to him how much injury he did himself; but instead of paying any regard to her remonstrances, he continued his extravagances.

In short, Noureddin did nothing for a whole year but feast and make merry, wasting and consuming, with the utmost prodigality, the great wealth that the good vizier his father had acquired with so much pains and care.

The year was but just expired, when one day, as he was making merry with his friends, his steward came to the door of the apartment, and insisted on seeing him. He went into another chamber to speak to him; when one of his friends, curious to hear what was said, placed himself beside the hangings of the door, and overheard the steward's speech to his master. "Sir," said he, "I am come to make up my last accounts, and to tell you that what I all along foresaw, and have often warned you of, has at last come to pass. I have not the smallest piece left of all the sums I have received from you for your expenses on your account. Here are my books. If you wish I should continue to serve you, assign me other funds, or else give me leave to quit your service." Noureddin was so astonished at his statement, that he gave him no answer.

The friend who heard what the steward said immediately came in, and told the company what he had said. "It is your business, gentlemen," said he, "to make your use of this caution; for my part, I declare to you, this is the last visit I design ever to make Noureddin." "Nay," replied they, "if matters go thus, we have as little business here as you; and for the future shall take care not to trouble him with our company."[1]

[1] Shakespeare immortalises the character of a false friend, common to all climes:—

"Why, this
Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece

Noureddin returned presently after. He was scarcely sat down in his place, when one of his friends arose: "Sir," said he, "I am sorry I cannot have the honour of keeping you company any longer, and therefore I hope you will excuse my rudeness in leaving you so soon." So making a very low obeisance, he went away. A minute afterwards a second took his leave, with another excuse. The rest did the same, one after another, till at last not one of the ten friends that had hitherto kept Noureddin company remained.

As soon as they were gone, Noureddin, little suspecting the resolution they had formed never to see him again, went directly to the Fair Persian's apartment, to whom he related all the steward had told him, and seemed extremely concerned at the bad state of his affairs. "Sir," said the Fair Persian, "I find I was not mistaken when I presaged to what a miserable condition you would bring yourself at last: but you would not hearken to me, and I was forced, however reluctantly, to let you go on."

"I must own," replied Noureddin, "I was extremely in the wrong in not following the advice you gave me. It is true I have spent my estate; but you do not suppose the friends whom I have long known, and on whom I have conferred so many benefits, will abandon me in my distress?" "Sir," replied the Fair Persian, "if you have nothing but the gratitude of your friends to depend on, your case is desperate; for, believe me, your hope is ill grounded, and you will tell me so yourself in time."

To this Noureddin replied: "Charming Persian, I have a better opinion of my friends' generosity. To-morrow I design to visit them all, before the usual time of their coming hither; and you shall see me return with a round sum that they will assist me with. I am resolved to alter my way of living, and, with the money they lend me, to set up in some business."

Next morning Noureddin visited his friends. He went first to

> Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him
> His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in
> My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
> And kept his credit with his purse;
> Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
> Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks,
> But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
> And yet (O, see the monstrousness of man
> When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)
> He does deny him, in respect of his,
> What charitable men afford to beggars."—*Timon of Athens.*

the palace where the richest of them resided. A slave came to the door, but before he would open it, asked who was there. "Tell your master," said he to the slave, "it is Noureddin, the late vizier Khacan's son." The slave opened the door, and showed him into a hall, where he left him, to tell his master, who was in an inner room, that Noureddin was come to wait on him. "Noureddin!" cried he, in a disdainful tone, loud enough for him to hear; "go, tell him I will not see him; and whenever he may come again, be sure you give him the same answer."

Noureddin, on hearing this, hastened away in the greatest confusion. "Ah, base, ungrateful wretch!" cried he, "to treat me so to-day, after the vows and protestations of friendship that he made me yesterday." He went to another door, but that friend ordered his slave also to say he would not see him. He had the same answer at the third; and, in short, all the rest denied themselves, though every one was at home.

Noureddin now began in earnest to reflect with himself, and see the folly of relying upon the protestations of attachment that his false friends had solemnly made him in the time of his prosperity, when he could treat them sumptuously and load them with favours. "It is true," said he, "that a fortunate man, as I was, may be compared to a tree laden with fruit, which, as long as there is any on its boughs, people will be crowding round and gathering; but as soon as it is stripped of all, they immediately leave it, and go to another." He concealed his grief as much as possible while he was abroad, but no sooner was he got home than he gave loose to his affliction. "Ah," cried he, "thou hast spoken too truly! Not one of them would know me, see me, or speak to me. Who could ever have believed that persons so highly obliged to me, and on whom I have spent my estate, could have used me so ungratefully? I am distracted; pray assist me with your prudent advice." "Sir," replied the Fair Persian, "I see no other way of supporting yourself in your misfortunes but selling off your slaves and furniture, and living on the money they produce, till you can find some other means to deliver you from your present misery."

Noureddin was loath to resort to this expedient; but what else could he do? He first sold off his slaves, except the Fair Persian, and all his valuable goods and furniture, and upon the produce of

these he lived a considerable time; but this supply failing at last, he had nothing left by which he could raise any more money, of which he informed the Fair Persian in the most sorrowful expressions. "Sir," said she, "I am your slave; and the late vizier your father gave ten thousand pieces of gold for me. I believe I shall sell for pretty near that sum. Let me entreat you then instantly to carry me to the market, and expose me to sale; and with the money that you get for me, you may turn merchant in some city where you are not known, and by that means find a way of living, if not in splendour, yet with happiness and content."

"Lovely and adorable Persian!" cried Noureddin, "is it possible you can entertain such a thought? How could I do it without being guilty of perjury, after the oath I have taken to my late father never to sell you? I would sooner die than break it, and part with you."

"Sir," replied the Fair Persian, "I confess it is a fatal and cruel necessity to which we are driven; but I see no other way of freeing ourselves from the misery that involves us both."

Noureddin, convinced of the truth of what the Fair Persian had said, and that there was no other way of avoiding a shameful poverty, was forced to yield to her proposal. Accordingly he led her to the market where the women-slaves are exposed to sale, with a regret that cannot easily be expressed. He applied himself to an officer of the bazaar, named Hagi Hassan.

Hagi Hassan and Noureddin went immediately to the merchants. "My masters," said Hassan to them, with an air of gaiety in his looks and actions, "everything that is round is not a nut, every thing that is long is not a fig, all that is red is not flesh, and all eggs are not fresh; it is true you have seen and bought a great many slaves in your lives, but you never yet saw one comparable to her I am going to tell you of. She is the very pearl of slaves. Come, you shall see her yourselves, and judge at what rate I shall cry her."

Upon this the Fair Persian let down her veil, and as soon as the merchants beheld her, they were so surprised at her beauty, that they unanimously agreed, four thousand pieces of gold was the very lowest price they could set upon her. Hagi Hassan at once proclaimed with a loud voice, "Four thousand pieces of gold for a Persian slave." At this moment the vizier Saouy appeared, and hearing the proclamation, he concluded by the high price, that

the slave must be extraordinarily beautiful, and spurring his horse forward, he rode up to Hagi Hassan, who was surrounded by the merchants. "Make room," said he, "and let me see the slave."

The vizier, astonished at her beauty, thus spoke: "Hagi Hassan, is it not at four thousand pieces of gold that you cry her?" "Yes, sir," answered he; "the merchants just now agreed that I should put her up at that price: I wait their advance; and I question not but they will give a great deal more."

"If no one offers more, I will give that sum," replied Saouy, looking at the merchants at the same time with a countenance that forbade them to advance the price.

The vizier having stayed some time, and finding none of the merchants outbid him, "What do you stay for?" said he to Hagi Hassan. "Inquire after the seller, and strike a bargain with him at four thousand pieces of gold."

Hagi Hassan retired apart to confer with Noureddin, and they agreed upon a plan suggested by Hagi Hassan, to rescue the fair slave from the hands of the grand vizier. "Sir," said Hagi Hassan, "you must pretend, that, being in a violent passion with your slave, you swore to expose her in the market, and for the sake of your oath have now brought her hither, without any intention of selling her. Just as I am presenting her to Saouy, pull her to you, give her two or three blows, and send her home."

Hagi Hassan went back with Noureddin and the Fair Persian, and led her to the vizier Saouy, who was still on horseback, in the market. "Sir," said he, "here is the slave, she is yours, take her."

The words were scarcely out of Hagi Hassan's mouth, when Noureddin, catching hold of the Fair Persian, pulled her to him, and giving her two or three blows, "Get you home again," said he, "for though your ill-humour obliged me to swear I should bring you hither, yet I never intended to sell you; and it will be time enough to part with you when I have nothing else left."

This conduct of Noureddin put the vizier Saouy into a violent passion, who spurred his horse directly against him, and endeavoured to carry off the Fair Persian. Noureddin, nettled to the quick at the affront the vizier had put upon him, quitted the Fair Persian, and laying hold of his horse's bridle, made him run two or three paces backwards. Saouy endeavoured to force Noureddin to quit the

bridle; but he being a strong man, and encouraged by those that stood by, pulled him off his horse, and gave him several blows.

Noureddin left Saouy in the mire, and taking the Fair Persian, marched home with her, attended by the people, with shouts and acclamations for the action he had performed.

The vizier, cruelly bruised, got up, with the assistance of his slaves, and found himself besmeared with blood and dirt. He leaned on the shoulders of two slaves, and in that condition went straight to the palace in the sight of all the people. As soon as he reached the king's apartment, he began to cry out for justice, in a lamentable tone, against Noureddin, and told his story in so false and injurious a manner that the King Zinebi became highly incensed against Noureddin, and commanded the captain of his guard to take forty soldiers and bring Khacan's son and his slave to his presence.

An old slave, formerly in the household of the vizier Khacan, who had known Noureddin when a child, on hearing these orders, hastened out, and ran with the utmost speed to Noureddin's house. He knocked so violently at the gate that Noureddin himself ran to open it. "Make haste away, sir," said Sangiar, for that was the name of the faithful slave. "Saouy has maligned you to Zinebi, and the captain of the guard, with forty soldiers, will be here in an instant to seize you and the Fair Persian. Here are fifty pieces of gold—depart at once." Noureddin and the Fair Persian let themselves out by a private door, and were fortunate enough to get clear of the city; they reached the Euphrates, and embarked safely in a vessel that lay ready to weigh anchor and sail to Bagdad.

The captain of the guard came to Noureddin's house, and searched it, but neither he nor the Fair Persian could be found. The king ordered a proclamation to be made throughout the city, offering a reward of a thousand pieces of gold, and sent Saouy home with much honour.

In the meantime, Noureddin and the Fair Persian, after a prosperous voyage, landed safe at Bagdad.

When the vessel came to anchor, a little below the city, Noureddin gave the captain five pieces of gold for his passage, and went ashore with the Fair Persian. Being strangers in Bagdad, they rambled a considerable time along the gardens that bordered

on the Tigris, and at last came to a fair kiosk or summer-house, near a fountain, into which they entered, and proposed to make it their resting-place for the night. This garden belonged to the caliph, and its chief ornament was a splendid pavilion, called the "Pavilion of Pictures," because its walls were hung with pictures, drawn by the most celebrated painters in Persia. It was provided with costly sofas, and furnished with fourscore chandeliers, and these were only lighted when the caliph came to spend the evening in the pavilion.

The keeper of this summer-house was at this time an aged officer, named Scheich Ibrahim, who was strictly charged not to allow strangers to enter the sacred precincts of the garden or pavilion. Passing through the garden in the discharge of his duties, he saw Noureddin and his companion asleep in the kiosk. Being in a kindly humour, he approached them, and gently lifted up the linen that covered their heads, and was astonished to see so handsome a young man and so fair a young woman. He then waked Noureddin, by pulling him softly by the feet.

Noureddin lifting up his head, and seeing an old man, with a long white beard, standing at his feet, got up, and throwing himself upon his knees, said, "Good father, Heaven preserve you!" "Who are you, my son," replied Scheich Ibrahim, "and whence came you?" "We are strangers, newly arrived," answered Noureddin, "and would tarry here till to-morrow." "This is not a proper place for you," said Scheich Ibrahim; "come with me, and I will find you one fitter for you to sleep in; and the sight of the garden, which is very fine, will please you when you see it to-morrow by daylight." "Is this garden your own?" said Noureddin. "Yes," replied Scheich Ibrahim, smiling; "it is an inheritance left me by my father."

As they were walking, Noureddin turned about to the officer, and asked his name. As soon as he had told him, "Scheich Ibrahim," said he to him, "I must confess this is a charming garden indeed. Heaven send you long to enjoy the pleasures of it! We cannot sufficiently thank you for the favour you have done by showing us a place so well worth seeing. However, it is but just that we should make you some amends for your kindness. Here are two pieces of gold, take them, and get us something to eat, that we may be merry together."

While Scheich Ibrahim was gone, Noureddin and the Fair Persian walked about the garden, till at last they came to the Pavilion of Pictures. They stood awhile to admire its wonderful structure, size, and loftiness; and after taking a full view of it on every side, went up many steps of fine white marble to the hall door, which they found locked.

They were but just returned to the bottom of the steps, when Scheich Ibrahim arrived, loaded with provisions. "Scheich Ibrahim," said Noureddin, in great surprise, "did you not tell us that this was your garden?" "I did," replied Scheich Ibrahim, "and do so still." "And does this magnificent pavilion also belong to you?" "My son," said he, "the pavilion is not distinct from the garden; they both belong to me." "If so," said Noureddin, "do us the favour to show us the inside of it; for, if we may judge by the outward appearance, it must certainly be extraordinarily magnificent."

Scheich Ibrahim considered that the caliph, not having given him notice, according to his usual custom, would not be there that night, and therefore resolved to treat his guests, and sup with them in the pavilion. He laid the provisions on the first step, while he went to his apartment for the key; he soon returned with a light, and opened the door.

Noureddin and the Fair Persian entered the hall, and much admired the beauty and richness of the place.

In the meantime Scheich Ibrahim was getting supper ready; and the cloth being laid upon a sofa, and everything in order, Noureddin, the Fair Persian, and he, sat down and ate together. When supper was finished, and they had washed their hands, and while Scheich Ibrahim was busy in taking away the cloth, Noureddin asked him whether he had any wine to treat them with.

"Heaven defend me from keeping wine in my house," cried Scheich Ibrahim, "and from ever coming to a place where any is found! A man who, like me, has been a pilgrimage four times to Mecca, has renounced wine for ever."

"You would do us a singular kindness," said Noureddin, "in getting a little for our own drinking; and if it be not too much trouble, I will put you in a way how you may do it, without going into a vintner's shop, or so much as laying your hand upon the

vessel that contains it." "Upon that condition I will do it," replied Scheich Ibrahim; "only let me know what I am to do."

"Why then," said Noureddin, "we just now saw an ass tied at the entrance of your garden, which you may make use of in this extremity. Here are two more pieces of gold, take them and lead your ass with the panniers to the next vintner's; you may stand at as great a distance as you please; do but ask the vintner to procure two skins of wine, and put them in a pannier on either side of the ass, and so you will have nothing to do but to drive the beast hither before you; we will take the wine out of the panniers: by this means you will do nothing that will give you any scruple."

The two pieces of gold wrought wonderfully upon the mind of Scheich Ibrahim. "Ah! my son," cried he, "you have an excellent contrivance; and had it not been for your invention, I should never have thought of this way of getting you some wine without any scruple of conscience." Away he went to execute the orders, which he did in a little time; and upon his return, Noureddin, taking the pitchers out of the panniers, carried them into the hall.

Scheich Ibrahim having led the ass to the place from whence he took him, came back again. "Scheich Ibrahim," said Noureddin, "we cannot enough thank you for the trouble we have already given you; but we want something yet." "What is that?" replied Scheich: "what more service can I do you?" "We have no cups to drink out of," said Noureddin, "and a little fruit, if you had any, would be very acceptable."

Away went Scheich Ibrahim, and in a short time spread a carpet for them with beautiful porcelain dishes, full of all sorts of delicious fruits, besides gold and silver cups to drink out of.

"Ah! Scheich Ibrahim," cried Noureddin, turning to him, "you are a glorious man, and we are extremely obliged to you. We dare not ask you to drink a cup; but come, sit down, and let us have the honour at least of your company." "Go on, go on," said Scheich Ibrahim, "the pleasure of hearing your songs is sufficient for me." Upon this he immediately retired.

The Fair Persian perceiving Scheich Ibrahim through one of the windows, standing upon the steps, told Noureddin of it. "Sir," said she, "you see what an aversion he has for wine; yet I question not in the least to make him drink, if you will prevail with him only to come in and bear us company."

Noureddin understood the Fair Persian's design, and called to Scheich Ibrahim, who came again to the door. "Scheich Ibrahim," said he, "we are your guests; you have entertained us in the most obliging manner, and will you now refuse to honour us with your company? We do not ask you to drink, but only the favour of seeing you."

Scheich Ibrahim being at last prevailed upon, came into the hall, and sat down. Noureddin then desired a song of the Fair Persian, in return for the honour Scheich Ibrahim had done them; and she sung one that charmed him.

When the Fair Persian had ended her song, Noureddin poured out a cup of wine, and presenting it to Scheich Ibrahim, said, "Scheich Ibrahim, I entreat you, drink this." "Sir," replied he," starting back, "I beseech you to excuse me; I have already told you that I have forsworn the use of wine these many years." "Then since you will not drink," said Noureddin, "give me leave to drink."

While Noureddin was drinking, the Fair Persian cut half an apple, and presented it to Scheich Ibrahim. "Though you refused drinking," said she, "yet I believe you will not refuse tasting this apple—it is excellent." Scheich Ibrahim had no power to refuse it from so fair a hand; but taking it with a very low bow, put it in his mouth. She said a great many pleasant things on the occasion; and Noureddin falling back upon a sofa, pretended to be asleep.

At this the Fair Persian took a cup, and filling it with wine, offered it to Scheich Ibrahim. He made a great many difficulties, and begged her to excuse him from drinking; but she pressed him so, that, overcome by her charms and entreaties, he took the cup, and drank off every drop of the wine. The good old man loved the winecup, but was ashamed to drink among strangers; and while he was eating some fruit after his draught, the Fair Persian filled him out another, which he received with less difficulty than the former, but made none at all at the third. In short, she had filled for him a fourth cup, when Noureddin started up from his pretended sleep; and bursting out into a violent fit of laughter, and looking at him, "Ha! ha!" said he, "Scheich Ibrahim, have I caught you at last? did you not tell me you had forsworn wine? And now you have drunk it all up from me!"

Scheich Ibrahim, not expecting to be surprised, blushed a little, and said, laughing, "If there is any crime in what I have done, it lies at this fair lady's door, not mine: for who could possibly resist from such lips so many entreaties?"

At these words Noureddin and the Fair Persian laughed very heartily. They poured him out some wine; and sat laughing, chatting, and drinking till near midnight. About that hour the Fair Persian began to notice that there was but one candle on the carpet. "Scheich Ibrahim," said she, "you have afforded us but one candle, when there are so many wax-lights yonder; pray do us the favour to light some of them, that we may see a little better what we are doing."

Scheich Ibrahim being full of good cheer, and not caring to be interrupted in his discourse, bade the Fair Persian light them herself, but to be sure not to light above five or six. Up rose the Fair Persian immediately, and without any regard to Scheich Ibrahim's order, lighted up the whole fourscore.

The Caliph Haroun Alraschid being not yet gone to rest, accidentally opened the window of his chamber overlooking the garden, and was extremely surprised at seeing the pavilion illuminated; and at first, by the greatness of the light, thought the city was on fire. He immediately summoned his vizier Giafar, and Mesrour the chief officer of the bedchamber, and commanded them to prepare disguises and accompany him, for he would go himself in the robes of a private citizen, and ascertain the cause of this illumination of the pavilion. They went out of the palace into the garden, and soon reached the pavilion, when the caliph stealing softly to the door of the great saloon, observed all that was doing, without being discovered himself. How was he surprised, when he saw a lady of incomparable beauty and a handsome young man sitting, with Scheich Ibrahim by them! Scheich Ibrahim held a cup in his hand. "My fair lady," said he, "if you please to hear, I will give you one of my best songs."

Scheich Ibrahim sung, and the caliph was the more surprised, because till that moment he never knew of his drinking wine, but always took him for a grave old man, as he seemed to be to outward appearance.

When Scheich Ibrahim had finished, he took a lute out of a cabinet, and presented it to the Fair Persian, with a request that

she would play upon it. She immediately complied, and sang and played with so much skill and sweetness that the caliph was delighted.

As soon as the Fair Persian had finished her song, the caliph went down the steps, and the vizier followed him. When he came to the bottom, "I never," said he to the vizier, "heard a more charming voice, or a lute better touched. Isaac, whom I thought the most skilful player in the world, does not come up to her. I am so charmed with her music, that I will go in, and hear her play before me. A thought is just come into my head, that may succeed; stay here with Mesrour, and wait for me in the next walk."

The nearness of the Tigris to the palace had enabled the caliph to turn the stream into his garden, and to form a piece of water, whither the choicest fish of the river used to be found. The fishermen knew the place well; but the caliph had expressly charged Scheich Ibrahim not to suffer any of them to come near it. However, that night, a fisherman passing by the garden-door, which Scheich Ibrahim had left open, made use of the opportunity, and going in, went directly to the canal.

The fisherman immediately threw in his nets, and was just ready to draw them, when the caliph, in furtherance of the design he had planned in his own mind, came to the same place. The fisherman knew him in spite of his disguise, and throwing himself at his feet, humbly implored his pardon, and excused himself on account of his poverty. "Rise," said the caliph, "and be not afraid; only draw your nets, that I may see what fish you have got."

The fisherman, recovered of his fright, quickly obeyed the caliph's orders. He drew out five or six very large fishes; and the caliph choosing the two biggest, commanded him to slip the twig of a tree through their gills. After this, said he to the fisherman, "Give me thy clothes, and take mine." The exchange was soon made; and the caliph being dressed like a fisherman, even to his boots and turban, "Take thy nets," said he to the fisherman, giving him a piece of gold, "and get thee about thy business."

When the fisherman, well pleased with his good fortune, was gone, the caliph, taking the two fishes in his hand, went to look after the grand vizier and Mesrour; he first met Giafar, who, not knowing him, asked what he wanted, and bade him go about his

business. The caliph fell a laughing; by which the vizier recognising him, "Commander of the true Believers," said he, "is it possible it can be you? I knew you not; and I ask a thousand pardons for my rudeness. You are so disguised, that you may venture into the hall without any fear of being discovered by Scheich Ibrahim." "Stay you here with Mesrour," said the caliph, "while I go and play my part."

The caliph went up to the hall, and knocked at the door. Noureddin hearing him first, told Scheich Ibrahim of it, who asked who was there? The caliph opened the door, and stepping a little way into the hall to show himself, "Scheich Ibrahim," said he, "I am the fisherman Kerim, who being informed of your design to treat some of your friends, have brought you two very fine fishes, fresh caught, to ask if you have any occasion for them."

Noureddin and the Fair Persian were pleased to hear him name fish. "Pray," said the latter to Scheich Ibrahim, "let him come in, that we may look at them." Scheich Ibrahim being desirous to oblige the Fair Persian in all things, and scarcely knowing what he was doing through the wine he had drunk, called to the caliph, whom he took to be a fisherman, "Come hither, thou nightly thief," said he, "and let us see what thou hast got."

The caliph went forwards, and counterfeiting all the actions of a fisherman, presented the two fishes. "These are very fine ones, indeed," said the Fair Persian, "and if they were well dressed and seasoned, I should be glad to eat some of them." "The lady is in the right," answered Scheich Ibrahim; "but what can we do with your fishes, unless they were dressed? Go, dress them thyself, and bring them to us; thou wilt find everything necessary in my kitchen."

The caliph went back to the grand vizier. "Giafar," said he, "I have been very well received; but they want the fish to be dressed." "I will take care to dress it myself," said the grand vizier, "and they shall have it in a moment." "Nay," replied the caliph, "so eager am I to accomplish my design, that I will take that trouble myself; for since I have personated the fisherman so well, surely I can play the cook for once; in my younger days, I dealt a little in cookery, and always came off with credit." So saying, he went directly towards Scheich Ibrahim's lodgings, and the grand vizier and Mesrour followed him.

They all fell to work; and though Scheich Ibrahim's kitchen was not very large, yet there was everything in it that they wanted. The fish were quickly cooked; and the caliph served them up, putting to every one's plate a lemon to squeeze into the sauce, if they thought proper. They all ate very heartily, but especially Noureddin and the Fair Persian; and the caliph served them.

As soon as the repast was over, Noureddin, looking at the caliph, "Fisherman," said he, "there never were better fish eaten; and you have done us the greatest favour." At the same time, putting his hand into his bosom, and pulling out a purse of thirty pieces of gold, the remainder of forty that Sangiar, the officer of the king of Bussorah, had given him just upon his departure, "Take it," said he to him; "if I had any more, thou shouldst have it; had I known thee in my prosperity, I would have taken care to secure thee from want: do not refuse the small present I make thee, but accept of it as kindly as if it were much greater."

The caliph took the purse, and said to Noureddin, "Sir, I cannot enough thank you for your liberality; but before I take my leave I have a favour to ask, which I beg you not to deny me. Yonder is a lute, which makes me believe that the lady understands playing upon it; and if you can prevail with her to play but one tune, I shall go away perfectly satisfied."

The Fair Persian took up the lute without more entreaties, and played and sung with such an air, as charmed the very soul of the caliph.

When the Fair Persian had given over playing, the caliph cried out, "What a voice! what a hand! what skill! Was there ever finer singing, or better playing upon the lute? Never was there any seen or heard like it."

Noureddin, whom we have already seen to have been accustomed to give all that belonged to him to persons who praised him, said, "Fisherman, I find thou hast some taste for music: since thou art so delighted with her performance, she is thine, I make thee a present of her." At the same time he rose up, and taking his robe which he had laid by, was going away, and leaving the caliph, whom he believed to be no other than a fisherman, in possession of the Fair Persian.

The Fair Persian was extremely surprised at Noureddin's offer; she took hold of him, and looking tenderly at him, "Whither, sir,"

said she, "are you going? Sit down in your place, I entreat you, and hearken to what I am going to sing and play." He did as she desired him, and then the Fair Persian, touching the lute, and looking upon him with tears in her eyes, sung some verses to reproach him with his indifference, and the easiness as well as cruelty with which he resigned her to Kerim. When she had done playing, she put the lute down by her, and clapped a handkerchief to her face to hide the tears she could not repress.

Noureddin made no answer to all these reproaches. The caliph, surprised at what he had heard, said, "Sir, as far as I see, this beautiful, rare, and accomplished lady, of whom so generously you have made me a present, is your slave." "It is very true, Kerim," replied Noureddin; "and thou wouldst be more surprised than thou art now, should I tell thee all the misfortunes that have happened to me upon her account." "Ah! I beseech you, sir," replied the caliph, still behaving like a fisherman, "oblige me so far as to let me hear your story."

Noureddin related the whole story to him, from his father's buying the Fair Persian for the King of Bussorah to the very moment he was talking to him.

When Noureddin had ended his story, "And whither are you going now?" asked the caliph. "Where heaven shall direct me," answered Noureddin. "If you will believe me," replied the caliph, "you shall go no farther, but, on the contrary, you must return to Bussorah. I will write a short letter, which you shall give the king in my name; you shall see upon the reading it how well he will treat you, and nobody will dare to speak against you."

"Kerim," said Noureddin, "what thou hast told me is very singular. I never heard that a poor fisherman, as thou art, had any correspondence with a king." "Be not astonished at that," replied the caliph; "you must know that we both studied together under the same masters, and were always the best friends in the world. It is true, fortune has not been equally favourable to us: she has made him a king and me a fisherman; but this inequality has not lessened our friendship. He has often expressed a readiness and desire to advance my fortune, but I always refused; and am better pleased with the satisfaction of knowing that he will never deny me whatever I ask for the service and advantage of my friends: let me do it, and you shall see the success."

Noureddin consented to what the caliph had proposed; and there being everything necessary for writing in the pavilion, the caliph wrote a letter to the King of Bussorah; at the top of which he placed this form, "In the name of the most merciful God," to show he would be absolutely obeyed.

"Haroun Alraschid, son of Mhadi, to Zinebi, his cousin. As soon as Noureddin, son to the late vizier Khacan, the bearer, has delivered you this letter, pull off the royal vestments, put them on his shoulders, and place him in thy seat. Farewell."

Noureddin took the letter, and at once departed with the little money he had about him when Sangiar gave him his purse; and the Fair Persian, distracted with grief at his departure, retired to one of the sofas, and wept bitterly.

Noureddin was scarcely gone out of the hall, when Scheich Ibrahim, who had been hitherto silent, looking steadfastly upon the fisherman, "Hark'ee," said he, "Kerim; thou hast brought us two fishes, that are worth twenty pieces of copper at most, and thou hast got a purse and a slave; but dost thou think to have all for thyself? I here declare, that I will go halves with thee in the slave and in the purse."

The caliph, still personating the fisherman, answered Scheich Ibrahim boldly: "I know not what there is in the purse; gold or silver, you shall freely go my halves; but as to the slave, I will have her all to myself; and if you will not accept these conditions you shall have nothing."

Scheich Ibrahim, enraged to the last degree at this insolence in a fisherman, snatched up one of the china dishes which were on the table, and flung it at the caliph's head. The caliph avoided the blow, and the dish striking against the wall, was dashed into a thousand pieces.

Scheich Ibrahim, more angry from having missed his aim, took the candle which was upon the table, rose staggering from his seat, and went by a private gate to his own house to find a cane.

In the meanwhile, after the grand vizier had assisted to prepare the fish, the caliph had dismissed him and Mesrour to the palace with his orders to his slaves to bring him his own royal robes, and to await his signal for their appearance on the marble steps of the pavilion. The caliph, on Scheich Ibrahim's leaving the pavilion, gave the appointed signal by striking his hands against the window.

The grand vizier and his attendants quickly removed the fisherman's clothes, and arrayed him in his own dress, and placed him in his usual state on the throne that was in the pavilion. They had scarcely finished, when Scheich Ibrahim came back with a cane in his hand; but instead of finding Kerim, whom he intended to chastise, he saw his clothes in the middle of the hall, and the caliph on his throne, with the grand vizier and Mesrour on each side of him. He stood a while gazing on this unexpected sight, doubting whether he was awake or asleep. The caliph fell a-laughing at his astonishment; and calling to him "Scheich Ibrahim," said he, "what dost thou want? whom dost thou look after?"

Scheich Ibrahim, no longer doubting that it was the caliph, immediately threw himself at his feet, with his face and long beard reaching to the ground. "Commander of the true Believers," cried he, "your vile slave has offended you; but he implores your clemency, and asks a thousand pardons for his offence."

"Rise," said he, "I forgive thee."

The caliph then addressed himself to the Fair Persian. "Rise," said he, "and follow me; by what you have lately seen you ought to know who I am, and that I cannot accept the present which Noureddin has made me. I have sent him to Bussorah as king; and when I have given him the necessary firman you shall go thither and be queen. In the meantime, there is an apartment for you in my palace, where you shall be treated according to your desert."

The caliph kept his promise, and recommended her to the care of his Empress Zobeide, whom he acquainted with the esteem he entertained for Noureddin.

Noureddin, upon his arrival at Bussorah, went directly to the palace, where the king at that time was giving a public audience. With the letter held up in his hand, he pressed through the outer circle, who made way for him to come forward and deliver it. The king took it from his hand and opened it, and his colour changed in reading it; he kissed it thrice,[1] and was just about to

[1] "When the Mogul by letters sends commands to any of his governors, these papers are entertained with as much respect as if himself were present. As soon as he sees those letters, he prostrates himself, and takes them from the messenger, and lays them on his head; and then entering his place of public meeting, he reads and answers them."—Sir Thomas Roe's *Embassy*, p. 453.

obey the caliph's orders, when he bethought himself of showing it to the vizier Saouy.

Saouy was no less surprised than the king at the order contained in the letter; and he instantly devised a method to evade it. He pretended not to have read the letter quite through, and therefore desired a second view of it, and, without being perceived by anybody, dexterously tore off from the top of it the form which showed the caliph would be absolutely obeyed, and putting it into his mouth, swallowed it.

After this act of treason, Saouy turned to the king, and giving him the letter, said in a low voice, "Have a care, sire, what you do. It is true this is the caliph's hand, but the form is not to it. And since a king was never deposed without that formality, any other man as well as Noureddin might come with a forged letter; let who will bring such a letter as this, it ought not to be put in execution. I will take upon myself all the consequence of disobeying this order."

King Zinebi, persuaded by this pernicious counsel, left Noureddin entirely to the mercy of the vizier Saouy, who led him to his house in a very insulting manner; and after causing him to be bastinadoed till he was almost dead, ordered him to a prison, where he commanded him to be put into the darkest and deepest dungeon, with a strict charge to the jailer to give him nothing but bread and water.

The disconsolate Noureddin remained six whole days in this miserable condition; when Saouy, not content with his imprisonment, resolved to put him to a shameful death. Not daring to do it by his own authority, he resorted to an artifice to arouse the vengeance of Zinebi. He loaded some of his slaves with rich presents, which he, at the head of them, went and presented to the king. "Behold, sire," said he, "what the new king has sent you upon his accession to the crown, and begs your majesty to accept."

The king, taking the matter just as Saouy intended, "What!" replied he, "is that wretch still living? I thought you had put him to death already." "Sire, I have no power," answered the vizier, "to take any person's life; that only belongs to your majesty." "Go," said the king, "execute him instantly; I give you full authority." "Sire," replied the vizier Saouy, "I am infinitely obliged to your majesty for the justice you do me: but

since Noureddin has publicly affronted you, I humbly beg the favour that his execution may be performed before the palace; and that the criers may publish it in every quarter of the city, so that everybody may be satisfied he has made a sufficient reparation for the affront." The king granted his request; and the criers in performing their office diffused universal sorrow through the whole city. The memory of his father's virtues being yet fresh among them, no one could hear, without horror and indignation, that the son was going to suffer an ignominious death.

Saouy went in person to the prison, accompanied by twenty slaves, ministers of his cruelty, who took Noureddin out of the dungeon, and put him upon a sorry horse without a saddle. When Noureddin saw himself in the hands of his enemy, "Thou triumphest now," said he, "and abusest thy power; but I trust in the truth of what is written in our scripture, 'You judge unjustly, and in a little time you shall be judged yourself.'" The vizier Saouy triumphed in his heart. "What!" said he, "darest thou insult me yet? But I care not what may happen to me, so I have the pleasure of seeing thee lose thy head in the public view of all Bussorah. Thou oughtest also to remember what another of our books says, 'What signifies if one dies the next day after the death of his enemy?'"

The vizier, implacable in his hatred and enmity, conducted Noureddin, surrounded by his armed men, towards the palace. When he had brought him to the place of suffering, which was to be in sight of the king's apartment, he left him in the executioner's hands, and went straight to the king, who was in his closet, to tell him that all things were ready.

The king's guard and the vizier's slaves, who made a circle round Noureddin, had much trouble to withstand the people, who made all possible efforts to break through and carry him off by force. The executioner, coming up to him, said, "I hope you will forgive me; I am but a slave, and cannot help doing my duty. If you have no occasion for anything more, I beseech you to prepare yourself; for the king is just going to give me orders to strike the blow."

The unfortunate Noureddin, at that moment, looking round upon the people, "Will no one, out of charity," cried he, "bring me a little water to quench my thirst?" Which immediately they

did, and handed it up to him upon the scaffold. The vizier Saouy perceiving this delay, called out to the executioner from the king's closet-window, where he had planted himself, "Strike; what dost thou stay for?" At these inhuman words, the whole place echoed with loud imprecations against him: and the king, jealous of his authority, made it appear, by enjoining him to stop a while, that he was angry at his presumption in giving the command without his orders. But there was another reason; for the king, that very moment casting his eye towards a street that faced him, saw a troop of horsemen advancing full speed towards the palace. "Vizier," said the king immediately, "look yonder; what is the meaning of those horsemen?" Saouy, who knew not who they might be, earnestly pressed the king to give the executioner the sign. "No," replied the king; "I will first know who those horsemen are."

Now it had so fell out, that on Noureddin's departure with his letter to Zinebi, the caliph thought not for several days of sending him the patent which he mentioned to the Fair Persian. He happened one day to be in the palace of the women, and passing by her apartment, heard the sound of her voice complaining for the absence of Noureddin.

"Ah, poor Noureddin!" cried the caliph, "I had forgotten thee. But hasten," said he to an officer, "and bid Giafar come to me." As soon as he came, "Giafar," said he, "I have hitherto neglected sending the patent which was to confirm Noureddin King of Bussorah; but now draw up one, and immediately make what haste you can to that city. If it should so be that Noureddin is no longer alive, order the vizier Saouy to be impaled; but if he is living, bring him to me, with the king and the vizier."

The grand vizier mounted his horse at once, and attended by a great train of officers, departed for Bussorah, where he arrived at the very moment when Noureddin was awaiting the sentence of execution. As he galloped on through the courtyard, the people cleared the way for him, crying out, "A pardon for Noureddin!" and with his whole train he rode into the palace, even to the very stairs, where he alighted.

Zinebi, recognising in the distance the caliph's chief minister, went to meet him, and received him at the entrance of his apartment. The first question the vizier asked was if Noureddin was

living? and if he was, he desired that he might be sent for. The king made answer he was alive, and gave orders to have him brought in. Accordingly he soon made his appearance as he was, bound with cords. The grand vizier Giafar caused him to be unbound, and setting him at liberty, ordered the vizier Saouy to be seized, and bound him with the same cords.

The grand vizier remained but one night at Bussorah; and, according to the order he had received, carried Saouy, the King of Bussorah, and Noureddin along with him to Bagdad. Upon his arrival in that city he presented them to the caliph; and after he had given him an account of his journey, and particularly the miserable condition in which he found Noureddin, and his ill-usage by the advice and malice of Saouy, the caliph desired Noureddin to behead the vizier himself. "Commander of the true Believers," said the generous youth, "notwithstanding the injury this wicked man has done me, and the mischief he endeavoured to do my father the vizier, I should think myself the basest of mankind if I stained my hands with his blood." The caliph was pleased with his generosity, and ordered justice to be done by the executioner.

The caliph would fain have sent Noureddin to Bussorah as king, but he humbly begged to be excused from accepting the offer. "Commander of the true Believers," said Noureddin, "the city of Bussorah, after the misfortunes that have happened to me there, will be so much my aversion, that I beseech your majesty to give me leave to keep the oath which I have made, of never returning thither again; and I shall think it my greatest glory to serve near your royal person, if you are pleased to allow me the honour." The caliph consented; and placing him among the number of those courtiers who were constantly about his royal person, restored the Fair Persian to him again. To this favour he added wealth and dignities; so that he and the Fair Persian lived together thenceforth with all the happiness this world could afford.

As for Zinebi, the caliph contented himself with hinting that he ought to be more careful in the choice of his viziers, and sent him back to his kingdom.

The Story of Abou Hassan; or, the Sleeper Awakened.

In the reign of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid,[1] there lived at Bagdad a very rich merchant. He had one only child, a son, whom he named Abou Hassan, and whom he educated with great strictness. When his son was thirty years old, he became his father's sole heir, and the owner of immense wealth, amassed together by the paternal frugality and application.

[1] List of Caliphs, predecessors to Haroun Alraschid:—

	Year of Hejira.	A.D.
Abubeker,	11	632
Omar,	13	634
Osman,	23	644
Ali,*	35	655
Hassan,	40	660
ONMIADES CALIPHS, WHO REIGNED AT DAMASCUS.		
Moawiyah I.,	41	661
Yezid,	60	680
Moawiyah II.,	64	684
Abdallah,	64	
Merwon I.,	64	
Abdolmelec,†	65	685
Walid I.,	86	705
Suliman,	96	715
Omar,‡	99	718
Jesid II.,	101	720
Hescham,	105	724
Walid II.,	125	743
Jesid III.,	126	744
Ibrahim,	126	
Merwan II.,	127	745
AMBASSIDES CALIPHS, WHO REIGNED AT BAGDAD.		
Abul Abbas Alsaffah,	132	749
Almanzar,	136	754
Almohdi,	169	785
Alhadi,	169	785
Haroun Alraschid,	170	786
Alamin } Sons of	193	809
Almanum } Raschid,	198	813

* These first four caliphs are known as the first converter to the faith, as the first conqueror, as the first divider of the Koran, as the first administrator of justice. Omar first established the Hejira as a determinate era, dating the establishment of the caliphate.

† This caliph first introduced an especial coinage.

‡ This caliph forbade figures on coins.

Abou Hassan, whose views and inclinations were very different from those of his father, determined to make another use of his wealth. His father had never allowed him any money but what was just necessary for subsistence, and as he had always envied his rich companions, who wanted for nothing, and who debarred themselves from none of those pleasures to which their wealth entitled them, he resolved to distinguish himself by extravagancies proportionable to his fortune. To this end he divided his riches into two parts; with one-half he bought houses in the city and farms in the country, with a resolution never to touch the income arising from them, which was very large, but to lay it all by as he received it. With the other half, which consisted of ready money, he designed to make himself amends for the time he had lost by the severe restraint in which his father had always kept him.

With this intent, Abou Hassan made the acquaintance of wealthy youths of his own age and rank, who thought of nothing but how to make their time pass agreeably. Every day he gave them splendid entertainments, at which the most delicate viands were served up, and the most exquisite wines flowed in profusion, while concerts of the best vocal and instrumental music by performers of both sexes heightened their pleasures. These entertainments, renewed every day, were so expensive to Abou Hassan, that he could not support the extravagance above one year. As soon as he discontinued his feasts, and pleaded poverty as the excuse, his friends forsook him; whenever they saw him they avoided him, and if by chance he met any of them, and tried to stop them, they always excused themselves on some pretence or other.

Abou Hassan was more affected by this behaviour of his friends, who had forsaken him so basely and ungratefully, after all the protestations they had made him of inviolable attachment, than by the loss of the money he had so foolishly squandered. He went melancholy and thoughtful into his mother's apartment, and sat down on the end of a sofa at a distance from her. "What is the matter with you, son?" said his mother, seeing him thus depressed. "Why are you so dejected? You could not certainly be more concerned, if you had lost all you had. You have still, however, a good estate. I do not, therefore, see why you should plunge yourself into this deep melancholy."

At these words Abou Hassan melted into tears; and in the midst of his sighs exclaimed, "Ah! mother, how insupportable poverty must be; it deprives us of joy, as the setting of the sun does of light. A poor man is looked upon, both by friends and relations, as a stranger. You know, mother, how I have treated my friends for this year past, and now they have left me when they suppose I can treat them no longer. Bismillah! praise be to God! I have yet my lands and farms, and I shall now know how to use what is left. But I am resolved to try how far my friends, who deserve not that I should call them so, will carry their ingratitude. I will go to them one after another, and when I have represented to them what I have done on their account, ask them to make up a sum of money to relieve me, merely to try if I can find any sentiment of gratitude remaining in them." Abou Hassan went immediately to his friends, whom he found at home; represented to them the great need he was in, and begged of them to assist him. He promised to give bonds to pay them the money they might lend him; giving them to understand at the same time, that it was, in a great measure, on their account that he was so distressed. That he might the more powerfully excite their generosity, he forgot not to allure them with the hopes of being once again entertained in the same manner as before.

Not one of his companions was affected with the arguments which the afflicted Abou Hassan used to persuade them; and he had the mortification to find that many of them told him plainly they did not know him.

He returned home full of indignation; and going into his mother's apartment, said, "Ah! madam, I have found none of my late companions who deserve my friendship; I renounce them, and promise you I will never see them more." He resolved to be as good as his word, taking an oath never to give an inhabitant of Bagdad any entertainment while he lived. He further vowed that he would not put in his purse more money than was sufficient to ask a single person to sup with him, who, according to the oath he had taken, was not of Bagdad, but a stranger arrived in the city the same day, and who must take his leave of him the following morning.

Conformably to this plan, Abou Hassan took care every morning to provide whatever was necessary for a repast for two persons.

and towards the close of the evening went and sat at the end of Bagdad bridge; and as soon as he saw a stranger, accosted him civilly, invited him to sup and lodge with him that night; and after having informed him of the law he had imposed upon himself, conducted him to his house. The supper to which Abou Hassan invited his guests was not costly, but well dressed, with plenty of good wine, and generally lasted till the night was pretty far advanced; instead of entertaining his guests with the affairs of state, his family, or business, as is too frequent, he conversed on general subjects. He was naturally of a gay and pleasant temper, and made the most melancholy persons merry. When he sent away his guest the next morning, he always said, "God preserve you from all sorrow wherever you go; when I invited you yesterday to come and sup with me, I informed you of the law I have imposed on myself; therefore do not take it ill if I tell you, that we must never see one another again, nor drink together, either at home or anywhere else, for reasons best known to myself; so God conduct you."

Abou Hassan was very exact in the observance of this oath, and never looked upon or spoke to the strangers he had once entertained. If he met them afterwards in the streets, the squares, or any public assemblies, he turned away to avoid them that they might not speak to him, or he have any communication with them. He had acted for a long time in this manner, when, one afternoon, a little before sunset, as he sat upon the bridge according to custom, the Caliph Haroun Alraschid came by, but so disguised that it was impossible to know him; he was dressed like a merchant of Moussul, and was followed by a tall stout slave.

Abou Hassan, who was looking out for a guest, rose up as he approached, and, after having saluted him with a graceful air, said to him, "Sir, I congratulate you on your happy arrival in Bagdad; I beg you to do me the honour to sup with me, and repose yourself at my house for this night, after the fatigue of your journey;" he then told him his custom of entertaining the first stranger he met with. The caliph found something so odd and singular in Abou Hassan's whim, that he was very desirous to know the cause; and told him that he could not better merit a civility, which he did not expect as a stranger, than by accepting

the obliging offer made him; that he had only to lead the way, and he was ready to follow him.

Abou Hassan treated the caliph as his equal, conducted him home, and led him into a room very neatly furnished, where he set him on a sofa, in the most honourable place. Supper was ready, and the cloth laid.

Abou Hassan sat down opposite his guest, and he and the caliph began to eat heartily of what they liked best, without speaking or drinking, according to the custom of the country. When they had done eating, the caliph's slave brought them water to wash their hands: and in the meantime Abou Hassan's mother cleared the table, and brought up a dessert of all the various sorts of fruits then in season; as grapes, peaches, apples, pears, and various pastes of dried almonds, &c. As soon as it grew dark, wax candles were lighted, and Abou Hassan, after requesting his mother to take care of the caliph's slave, set down bottles and glasses.

Abou Hassan filled a glass of wine, and holding it in his hand, said to the caliph, "Now, taste this wine, sir, I will warrant you find it good." "I am well persuaded of that," replied the caliph, laughing, "you know how to choose the best." "Oh!" replied Abou Hassan, "one need only look in your face to be assured that you have seen the world, and know what good living is. If," added he in Arabic verse, "my house could think and express its joy, how happy would it be to possess you, and bowing before you, would exclaim, 'How overjoyed am I to see myself honoured with the company of so accomplished and polite a personage, and for meeting with a man of your merit!'"

The caliph and Abou Hassan remained together drinking and talking of indifferent subjects, till the night was pretty far advanced, when the caliph said, "I beg of you to let me understand how I may serve you, and you shall see I will not be ungrateful. Speak freely and open your mind, for though I am but a merchant, it may be in my power to oblige you myself, or by some friend."

To these offers Abou Hassan replied, "I can only thank you for your obliging offers, and the honour you have done me in partaking of my frugal fare. Yet I must tell you there is one thing gives me uneasiness. The imaun of the mosque situated in the district in which I live, is the greatest of hypocrites. He and four of his friends try to lord it over me and the whole neighbour-

hood. I should like to be caliph but for one day, in the stead of our sovereign lord and master, Haroun Alraschid, Commander of the Faithful. I would punish the imaun and his four friends with a hundred strokes each on the soles of their feet, to teach them not to disturb and abuse their neighbours in future."

The caliph was extremely pleased with this thought of Abou Hassan's; and while Abou Hassan was talking, he took the bottle and two glasses, and filling his own first, saying, "Here is a cup of thanks to you," and then filling the other, put into it artfully a little opiate powder, which he had about him, and giving it to Abou Hassan, said, "You have taken the pains to fill for me all night, and it is the least I can do to save you the trouble once: I beg you to take this glass; drink it off for my sake."

Abou Hassan took the glass, and to show his guest with how much pleasure he received the honour, drank it off at once. Scarcely had he set the glass upon the table, when the powder began to operate, and he fell into a sound sleep. The caliph commanded the slave who waited for him to take Abou Hassan and carry him directly to the palace, and to undress him and put him into his own state bed. This was immediately performed.

The caliph next sent for the grand vizier. "Giafar," said he, "I have sent for you to instruct you, and to prevent your being surprised to-morrow when you come to audience, at seeing this man seated on my throne in the royal robes; accost him with the same reverence and respect as you pay to myself; observe and punctually execute whatever he bids you do, the same as if I commanded you. He will exercise great liberality, and commission you with the distribution of it. Do all he commands; even if his liberality should extend so far as to empty all the coffers in my treasury; and remember to acquaint all my emirs, and officers within the palace, to pay him the same honour at audience as to myself, and to carry on the matter so well, that he may not perceive the least thing that may interrupt the diversion which I design myself. Above all, fail not to awaken me before Abou Hassan, because I wish to be present when he awakes."

The vizier failed not to do as the caliph had commanded, and as soon as the caliph had dressed, he went into the room where Abou Hassan lay, and placed himself in a little raised closet, from whence he could see all that passed. All the officers and

ladies, who were to attend Abou Hassan's levee, went in at the same time, and took their posts according to their rank, ready to acquit themselves of their respective duties, as if the caliph himself had been going to rise.

As if was just daybreak, and time to prepare for the morning prayer before sunrise, the officer who stood nearest to the head of the bed put a sponge steeped in vinegar to Abou Hassan's nose, who immediately awoke. When Abou Hassan opened his eyes, he saw by the dawning light a large room, magnificently furnished with a finely painted ceiling, adorned with vases of gold and silver, and the floor covered with a rich silk tapestry, and many slaves richly clothed, all standing with great modesty and respect. After casting his eyes on the covering of the bed, he perceived it was cloth of gold richly embossed with pearl and diamonds; and near the bed lay, on a cushion, a habit of tissue embroidered with jewels, with a caliph's turban.

At the sight of this splendour, Abou Hassan was in the most inexpressible amazement. He looked upon all he saw as a dream; yet a dream he wished it not to be. "So," said he to himself, "I am caliph! But," added he, recollecting himself, "it is only a dream, the effect of the wish I entertained my guest with last night; and then he turned himself about and shut his eyes to sleep." At the same time the vizier said, with a prostration to the ground, "Commander of the Faithful, it is time for your majesty to rise to prayers, the morning begins to advance."

These words very much surprised Abou Hassan. He clapped his hands before his eyes, and lowering his head, said to himself, "What means all this? Where am I? and to whom does this palace belong? What can these viziers, emirs, officers, and musicians mean? How is it possible for me to distinguish whether I am in my right senses or in a dream?"

When he took his hands from his eyes, opened them, and lifted up his head, the sun shone full in at the chamber window; and at that instant Mesrour, the chief of the office, came in, prostrated himself before Abou Hassan, and said, "Commander of the Faithful, your majesty will excuse me for representing to you, that you used not to rise so late, and that the time of prayer is over. It is time to ascend your throne and hold a council as usual; all the great officers of state wait your presence in the council-hall."

At this discourse, Abou Hassan was persuaded that he was neither asleep nor in a dream; but at the same time was not less embarrassed and confused under his uncertainty what steps to take: at last, looking earnestly at Mesrour, he said to him in a serious tone, "Whom is it you speak to, and call the Commander of the Faithful? I do not know you, and you must mistake me for somebody else."

"My imperial lord and master," said he, "is not your majesty the Commander of the Faithful, Monarch of the world from east to west, and Vicar on earth to the Prophet sent of God? Mesrour your poor slave has not forgotten you, after so many years that he has had the honour and happiness to serve and pay his respects to your majesty."

Abou Hassan burst out a-laughing at these words, and fell backwards upon the bolster, which pleased the caliph so much that he would have laughed as loud himself, if he had not been afraid of putting a stop too soon to the pleasant scene he had promised himself.

Abou Hassan, when he had tired himself with laughng, sat up again, and suddenly calling the officer that stood nearest to him, "Come hither," said he; holding out his hand, "bite the end of my finger, that I may feel whether I am asleep or awake."

The slave, who knew the caliph saw all that passed, and being anxious to please him, went with a grave countenance, and putting his finger between his teeth, bit it so hard that he put him to great pain. Snatching his hand quickly back again, he said "I find I am awake: I feel, and hear, and see, and thus know that I am not asleep. But by what miracle am I become Caliph in a night's time!"[1]

Abou Hassan now beginning to rise, the chief of the officers offered him his hand, and helped him to get out of bed. No

[1] The reader will remember a similar trick played on Christopher Sly in the prelude to Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew:"—

> "Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
> Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
> I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
> I smell sweet savours; and I feel soft things:—
> Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
> And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly."

sooner were his feet set on the floor, than the chamber rang with the repeated salutations of those present, who cried out all together, "Commander of the Faithful, God give your majesty a good day." "O Heaven!" cried Abou Hassan, "what a strange thing this is! Last night I was Abou Hassan, and this morning I am the Commander of the Believers! I cannot comprehend this sudden and surprising change." Presently some of the officers began to dress him; and when they had done, led him through all the attendants, who were ranged on both sides, quite to the council-chamber door, which was opened by one of the officers. Mesrour walked before him to the foot of the throne, where he stopped, and putting one hand under one arm, while another officer who followed did the same by the other, they helped him to ascend the throne. Abou Hassan sat down amidst the acclamations[1] of the officers, who wished him all happiness and prosperity, and turning to the right and left, he saw the royal guards ranged in order.

The caliph in the meantime came out of the closet, and went into another, which looked into the hall, from whence he could see and hear all that passed in council, where his grand vizier presided in his place. What pleased him highly, was to see Abou Hassan fill his throne with almost as much gravity as himself.

As soon as Abou Hassan had seated himself, the grand vizier prostrated himself at the foot of the throne, and rising, said, "Commander of the Faithful, God shower down blessings on your majesty in this life, receive you into His paradise in the other world, and confound your enemies."

Abou Hassan, after all that had happened that morning, at these words of the grand vizier, never doubted but that he was caliph, as he wished to be; and without examining any further, how or by what adventure, or sudden change of fortune, he had become so, immediately began to exercise his power, and looking very gravely at the vizier, asked him what he had to say. "Commander of the Faithful," replied the grand vizier, "the emirs, viziers, and other officers of your council, wait without till your majesty gives them leave to pay their accustomed respects."

[1] "As the grand vizier descends from his horse, and enters the divan, he is with a loud voice of his attendants prayed for, and wished all happiness and long life; not unlike the salutations the Roman soldiers use to their emperors." —Ricaut's *History of Ottoman Empire*, p. 83.

Abou Hassan ordered the door to be opened, on which the viziers, emirs, and principal officers of the court, all dressed magnificently in their habits of ceremony, went in their order to the foot of the throne, paid their respects to Abou Hassan; and bowing their heads down to the carpet, saluted him with the title of Commander of the Faithful, according to the instructions of the grand vizier, and afterwards took their seats.

When this ceremony was over, there was a profound silence. The grand vizier standing before the throne, began to make his report of affairs. The caliph could not but admire how Abou Hassan acquitted himself in his exalted station without the least hesitation or embarrassment, and decided well in all matters, as his own good sense suggested. But before the grand vizier had finished his report, Abou Hassan perceived the cadi, whom he knew by sight, sitting in his place: "Stop," said he, to the grand vizier, interrupting him; "I have an order of consequence to give to the cadi." The cadi perceiving that Abou Hassan looked at him, and hearing his name mentioned, arose from his seat, and went gravely to the foot of the throne, where he prostrated himself with his face to the ground. "Go immediately," said Abou Hassan, "to such a quarter, where you will find a mosque, seize the imaun and four old men, his friends, and give each of them a hundred bastinadoes. After that, mount them all five, clothed in rags, on camels, with their faces to the tails, and lead them through the whole city, with a crier before them, who shall proclaim with a loud voice,—'This is the punishment of all those who interfere in other people's affairs.' Make them also leave that quarter, and never set foot on it more. And while your lieutenant is conducting them through the town, return and give me an account of the execution of my orders." The judge of the police laid his hand upon his head, to show his obedience, and prostrating himself a second time, retired to execute the mandate.

Abou Hassan then, addressing himself to the grand vizier, said, "Go to the high treasurer for a purse of a thousand pieces[1] of gold,

[1] It is very difficult to ascertain correctly what was the amount or value of the moneys which we find ordered to be paid by the sultans and lords in the "Arabian Nights," to those whom they delight to honour. For some time the founders of the Mussulman dynasty used the coins then current in the Persian and Byzantine empires. Abdolmelec, the sixth caliph of the Ommiades dynasty,

and carry it to the mother of one Abou Hassan; she lives in the same quarter to which I sent the judge of the police. Go, and return immediately."

The grand vizier, after laying his hand upon his head, and prostrating himself before the throne, went to the high treasurer, who gave him the money, which he ordered a slave to take, and to follow him to Abou Hassan's mother, to whom he gave it, saying only, "The caliph makes you this present" She received it with the greatest surprise imaginable.

During the grand vizier's absence, the judge of the police made the usual report of his office, which lasted till the vizier returned. As soon as he came into the council-chamber, and had assured Abou Hassan that he had executed his orders, he made a sign to the viziers, the emirs, and other officers, that the council was over, and that they might all retire; which they did, by making the same prostration at the foot of the throne as when they entered.

Abou Hassan descended from the caliph's throne, and was conducted with much ceremony into a magnificent hall. In this hall was a table covered with massy gold plates and dishes, which scented the apartment with the spices and amber wherewith the meat was seasoned; and seven young and most beautiful ladies, dressed in the richest habits, stood round this table, each with a fan in her hand, to fan Abou Hassan when at dinner.

If ever mortal was charmed, Abou Hassan was when he entered this stately hall. At every step he took he could not help stop-

first created a mint of his own under the direction of his Jew vizier Somnir. His successor Omar forbade the use of any figure on the coin. In the time of Haroun Alraschid much attention was paid to the coinage of the empire, and his famous vizier Giafar was master of the mint, and called in all the coin which had become debased. There seems to have been in the time of this caliph three chiefly recognised pieces of money, one of gold called the "dinar;" one of silver, the "dirhen;" and one of brass, the "fols." "Ita quoque peregrina suis nummis nomina posuit, aureum Dinar denarium, argenteum Dirhen Drachma, æreum fuls, follem appellans. . . . . Nam vera moneta ærea nomine follis signabatur, ut æreorum sub Aarone Raschido cussorum qui hoc nomen servavit."—Olai Gerhardi Tychsen *Introductio in Rem Numariam Muhammedanorum*, p. 8. These coins had only the names of the caliphs, or of their viziers, or of the places where they were struck, or short mottoes engraven on them. Of these were the presents made of which we read in these stories.

ping to contemplate at leisure all the wonders that regaled his eyes, and turned first to one side, and then to the other; which gave the caliph, who viewed him with attention, very great pleasure. At last he sat down at the table, and presently all the ladies began to fan the new caliph. He looked first at one, then at another, and admired the grace with which they acquitted themselves. He told them with a smile, that he believed one of them was enough to give him all the air he wanted, and would have six of the ladies sit at table with him, three on his right hand, and three on his left.

The six ladies obeyed; and Abou Hassan taking notice that out of respect they did not eat, helped them himself, and invited them to eat in the most pressing and obliging terms. Afterwards he asked their names, which they told him were Alabaster Neck, Coral Lips, Moon Face, Sun-shine, Eye's Delight, Heart's Delight, and she who fanned him was Sugar Cane. The many soft things he said upon their names showed him to be a man of sprightly wit, and it is not to be conceived how much it increased the esteem which the caliph (who saw everything) had already conceived for him.

When the ladies observed that Abou Hassan had done eating, one of them said to the slaves who waited, "The Commander of the Faithful will go into the hall where the dessert is laid, bring some water;" upon which they all rose from the table, and taking from the slaves, one a gold basin, another a ewer of the same metal, and a third a towel, kneeled before Abou Hassan, and presented them to him to wash his hands. As soon as he had done, he got up and went, preceded by the chief officer, who never left him, into another hall, as large as the former, adorned with paintings by the best artists, and furnished with gold and silver vessels, carpets and other rich furniture. There the sultan's musicians began a serenade as soon as Abou Hassan appeared. In this hall there were seven large lustres, a table in the middle covered with dried sweetmeats, the choicest and most exquisite fruits of the season, raised in pyramids, in seven gold basins; and seven other beautiful ladies standing round it, each with a fan in her hand.

These new objects raised still greater admiration in Abou Hassan, who, after he had made a full stop, and given the most sen-

sible marks of surprise and astonishment, went directly to the table, where, sitting down, he gazed a considerable time at the seven ladies, with an embarrassment that plainly showed he knew not to which to give the preference. At last he ordered them all to lay aside their fans, and sit down, and eat with him, telling them that it was not so hot but he could spare them that trouble.

When the ladies were all placed about him, the first thing he did was to ask their names, which were different from the other seven, and expressed some perfection of mind or body which distinguished them from one another; upon which he took an opportunity, when he presented them with fruit, &c., to say something gallant. By these sallies Abou Hassan more and more amused the caliph, who was delighted with his words and actions, and pleased to think he had found in him a man who diverted him so agreeably.

By this time, the day beginning to close, Abou Hassan was conducted into a fourth hall, much more superb and magnificently furnished, and lighted with wax in seven gold lustres, which gave a splendid light. Abou Hassan found there what he had not observed in any of the other halls, a beaufet, set out with seven large silver flaggons, full of the choicest wines, and by them seven crystal glasses of the finest workmanship.

Hitherto, in the three first halls, Abou Hassan had drunk nothing but water, according to the custom observed at Bagdad, from the highest to the lowest, at the caliph's court, never to drink wine till the evening.

As soon as Abou Hassan entered the fourth hall, he went to the table, sat down, and was a long time in a kind of ecstasy at the sight which surrounded him, and which was much more beautiful than anything he had beheld in the other halls. He was desirous to continue his conversation with the ladies, his fair attendants, and he clapped his hands for the musicians to cease. A profound silence ensued. Taking by the hand the lady who stood on the right next to him, he made her sit down by him, and presenting her with a cake, asked her name. "Commander of the Faithful," said the lady, "I am called Cluster of Pearls." "No name," replied Abou Hassan, "could have more properly expressed your worth; and indeed your teeth exceed the finest

pearls. Cluster of Pearls," added he, "since that is your name, oblige me with a glass of wine from your fair hand." The lady went to the beaufet, and brought him a glass of wine, which she presented to him with a pleasant air. Abou Hassan took the glass with a smile, and said, "Cluster of Pearls, I drink your health."

After Abou Hassan had drunk, he made another lady sit down by him, and presenting her with what she chose in the basins, asked her name, which she told him was Morning Star. "Your bright eyes," said he, "shine with greater lustre than that star whose name you bear. Do me the pleasure to bring me some wine," which she did with the best grace in the world. Then turning to the third lady, whose name was Daylight, he ordered her to do the same, and so on to the seventh, to the extreme satisfaction of the caliph.

When they had all filled him a glass round, Cluster of Pearls, whom he had just addressed, went to the beaufet, poured out a glass of wine, and putting in a pinch of the same powder the caliph had used the night before, presented it to Abou Hassan. "Commander of the Faithful," said she, "I beg of your majesty to take this glass of wine, and before you drink it, do me the favour to hear a song I have composed to-day, and which, I flatter myself will not displease you."

When the lady had concluded, Abou Hassan drank off his glass, and turned his head towards her, to give her those praises which he thought she merited, but was prevented by the opiate; for, in a moment, dropping his head on the cushions, he slept as profoundly as the day before, when the caliph had given him the powder. One of the ladies stood ready to catch the glass, which fell out of his hand; and then the caliph, who enjoyed greater satisfaction in this scene than he had promised himself, and was all along a spectator of what had passed, came into the hall to them, overjoyed at the success of his plan. He ordered Abou Hassan to be dressed in his own clothes, and carried back to his house, and to be replaced in his usual bed.

Abou Hassan slept till very late the next morning. When the powder was worked off, he awoke, opened his eyes, and finding himself at home, was in the utmost surprise. "Cluster of Pearls, Morning Star, Coral Lips, Moon face," cried he, calling the ladies

of the palace by their names, as he remembered them, "where are you? Come hither."

Abou Hassan called so loud that his mother, who was in her own apartment, heard him, and running to him upon the noise he made, said, "What ails you, son? what has happened to you?" At these words Abou Hassan lifted up his head, and looking haughtily at his mother, said, "Good woman, who is it you call son?" "Why, you," answered his mother, very mildly; "are not you Abou Hassan, my son? It is strange that you have forgotten yourself so soon." "I your son!" replied Abou Hassan. "You know not what you say. I am not Abou Hassan, I tell you, but the Commander of the Faithful; and you shall never persuade me to the contrary!" "Pray, son," said the mother, "let us leave off this discourse. Let us talk of something else. I will tell you what happened yesterday in our quarter to the imaun of the mosque, and the four sheiks, our neighbours. The cadi came and seized them, and gave each of them I know not how many strokes with a bastinado, while a crier proclaimed, that such was the punishment of all those who troubled themselves about other people's business. He afterwards led them through all the streets, and ordered them never to come into our quarter again."

Abou Hassan no sooner heard this relation, but he cried out, "Know then that it was by my order the imaun and the four sheiks were punished; and I tell you I am the Commander of the Faithful, and all thy arguments shall not convince me of the contrary."

The mother, who could not imagine why her son so positively maintained himself to be caliph, no longer doubted but that he had lost his senses, and in this thought said, "I pray God, son, to have mercy upon you, and to give you grace to talk more reasonably. What would the world say to hear you rave in this manner?"

These remonstrances only enraged Abou Hassan the more; and he was so provoked that he lost all the respect due from a son to his mother. Getting up hastily, and laying hold of a cane, he ran to his mother in great fury, and said, "Tell me directly who I am." "I do not believe, son," replied she, looking at him tenderly, and without fear, "that you are so abandoned by God as not to know

your mother, who brought you into the world, and to mistake yourself. You are indeed my son Abou Hassan, and are much in the wrong to arrogate to yourself the title which belongs only to our sovereign lord the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, especially after the noble and generous present of a thousand pieces of gold that he sent us yesterday!"

At these words Abou Hassan grew quite mad. "Well," cried he, "will you be convinced when I tell you that I sent you those thousand pieces of gold, as I was Commander of the Faithful? Why then do you maintain with such obstinacy that I am your son? But you shall not go unpunished." After these words, in the height of his frenzy he beat her with his çane.

The poor mother, who could not understand her son, called out for help so loud, that the neighbours ran in to her assistance. Abou Hassan continued to beat her, at every stroke asking her if he was the Commander of the Faithful; to which she always answered tenderly that he was her son.

On hearing her cries for help, the neighbours came in and remonstrated with Abou Hassan on his conduct, and claimed acquaintance with him. He said to them, "Begone! I neither know her nor you. I am not Abou Haşsan; I am the Commander of the Faithful, and will make you feel it to your cost."

At this speech, the neighbours, no longer doubting that he was mad, seized him, bound him hand and foot, and conducted him to the hospital for mad people, where he was lodged in a grated cell, and beaten with fifty strokes of the bastinado on his shoulders. This punishment was repeated every day, and each time the executioner bade him remember that he was not the Commander of the Faithful.

Abou Hassan's mother went every day to visit her son, and could not forbear weeping at the hardships he endured. These practical proofs that he was not the caliph began to have their effect on Abou Hassan. Sometimes he would say to himself, "If I was Caliph and Commander of the Faithful, why should the grand vizier, and all those emirs and governors of provinces, who prostrated themselves at my feet, forsake me? How came I at home dressed in my own robes? Certainly I ought to look upon all as a dream. But yet there are so many things about it that I cannot comprehend, that I will put my trust in God, who knows all things."

Abou Hassan was taken up with these thoughts and reflections when his mother came to see him. "Well, my son," said she, wiping her tears, "how do you do, and how do you find yourself?" "Indeed, mother," replied Abou Hassan, very rationally and calmly, "I acknowledge my error. I have been deceived by a dream; but by so extraordinary a one, and so like to truth, that while I am speaking I can hardly persuade myself but that what befell me was matter of fact. But whatever it was, I am convinced that I am not the Caliph and Commander of the Faithful, but Abou Hassan your son." "My son!" cried she, transported with pleasure, "to hear you talk so reasonably gives me as much joy as if I had brought you into the world a second time; but I must tell you my opinion of this adventure. I fear the stranger whom you brought home the evening before your illness to sup with you threw you into the horrible illusion you have been in; therefore, my son, you ought to return God thanks for your deliverance, and beseech Him to keep you from falling again under the enchantments of magic." Upon this his mother went immediately to the keeper, who came, examined, and released him in her presence.

When Abou Hassan came home, he recovered his strength, and within a few days resumed the same plan he had before pursued, of regaling a stranger at night. On the first day on which Abou Hassan renewed his former custom, he had not been long arrived at the bridge, when he perceived the Mussulman merchant, followed by the same slave. Persuaded that all his misfortunes were owing to the merchant, he shuddered at the sight of him. "God preserve me!" said he to himself; "if I am not deceived, there is again the magician who enchanted me!" He trembled with agitation, and resolved not to see him till he was past.

The caliph had taken care to inform himself of all that had happened to Abou Hassan, and was glad to learn that he had returned to his usual manner of living. He perceived Abou Hassan at the same time that he saw him, and when he came nigh him, he looked him in the face. "Ho, brother Abou Hassan," said he, "is it you?—I greet you! Give me leave to embrace you!" "Not I," replied Abou Hassan, "I do not greet you; I will have neither your greeting nor your embraces. Go, I say, about your business."

The caliph was not to be diverted from his purpose by this rude

behaviour. He knew well the law Abou Hassan had imposed on himself, never to have commerce again with a stranger he had once entertained, but pretended to be ignorant of it.

"Ah! brother Abou Hassan," replied the caliph, embracing him, "I do not intend to part with you thus, since I have had the good fortune to meet with you a second time; you must exercise the same hospitality towards me again that you showed me a month ago, when I had the honour to drink with you."

Abou Hassan, notwithstanding his resolution never to admit the same stranger a second time, could not resist the caresses of the caliph, whom he still took for a merchant of Moussul. "I will consent," said he, "on one condition, that you dispense with your good wishes, and that you promise to form none for me. All the mischief that has hitherto befallen me arose from those you expressed for me." "Well," replied the caliph, "since you will have it so, I promise you I will form none." "You give me pleasure by speaking so," said Abou Hassan; "I desire no more; I shall be more than satisfied provided you keep your word, and I shall forgive you all the rest."

As soon as Abou Hassan entered his house, he called for his mother and for candles, desired his guest to sit down upon a sofa, and then placed himself by him. A little time after, supper was brought up, and they both began to eat without ceremony. When they had done Abou Hassan's mother cleared the table, set on a small dessert of fruit, wine, and glasses by her son, then withdrew, and appeared no more. Abou Hassan first filled out his own glass and then the caliph's; and after they had drunk some time, and talked of indifferent matters, "It is great pity," said the caliph, "that so gallant a man as you, who owns himself not insensible of love, should lead so solitary a life." "I prefer the easy quiet life I live," replied Abou Hassan, "before the company of a wife, who might not please me. I should require beauty, accomplishments, the art of pleasing, and wit in conversation; but where is such a woman to be found except in the caliph's palace?" "Let me alone," said the disguised merchant in reply, "since you have the same good taste as every other honest man, I warrant you I will find you a wife that shall please you." Then taking Abou Hassan's glass, and putting a pinch of the same powder into it, he filled him up a bumper, and presenting it to

him, said, "Come, let us drink beforehand the fair lady's health, who is to make you happy. I am sure you will like her."

Abou Hassan took the glass laughing, and shaking his head, said, "Be it so, since you desire it; I cannot be guilty of so great a piece of incivility, nor disoblige a guest of so much merit in such a trifling matter. I will drink the health of the lady you promise me, though I am very well contented as I am, and do not rely on your keeping your word." No sooner had Abou Hassan drank off his bumper than he fell into as deep a sleep as before; and the caliph ordered the same slave to take him and carry him to the palace.

When they arrived at the palace, the caliph ordered Abou Hassan to be dressed in the same robes in which he had acted as caliph, and to be laid on a sofa in the fourth hall from whence he had been carried home fast asleep a month before. He then charged all the viziers, officers, ladies, and musicians who were in the hall, when he drank the last glass of wine which had put him to sleep, to be there by daybreak, and to take care to act their parts well when he should awake. He then retired to rest, charging Mesrour to awake him first, that he might conceal himself in the closet as before.

Things being thus disposed, and the caliph's powder having had its effect, Abou Hassan began to awake. At that instant the hautboys, fifes, flutes, and other instruments commenced a very agreeable concert. Abou Hassan was in great surprise to hear the delightful harmony; but when he opened his eyes, and saw the ladies and officers about him, and the gorgeous chamber which he had visited in his first dream, his amazement increased.

When the concert ceased, and all the officers of the chamber waited, in profound and respectful silence, Abou Hassan bit his finger, and cried loud enough for the caliph to hear him, "Alas! I am fallen again into the same dream that happened to me a month ago, and must expect again the bastinado and grated cell at the madhouse. He was a wicked man that I entertained at my house last night, who has been the cause of this illusion, and the hardships I must again undergo. Great God! I commit myself into Thy hands, preserve me from the temptation of Satan." On saying this he resolved to go to sleep again, and to regard all he saw as a dream. They did not give him time to do this, for

one of the officers taking him by one arm, and a second by the other, they lifted him up, and carried him into the middle of the hall, where they seated him, and all taking hands, danced and skipped round him while the music played, and sounded loudly in his ears.

Abou Hassan having commanded silence, fell into a great perplexity, and inquired whether he were indeed the caliph. On being informed that he had never been out of that hall since the time he fell asleep in it, he then uncovered his shoulders, and showed the ladies the livid weals of the blows he had received. "Look," said he, "and judge whether these strokes could come to me in a dream, or when I was asleep. For my part, I can affirm that they were real blows; I feel the smart of them yet, and that is a sure testimony. Now, if I received these strokes in my sleep, in this hall, it is the most extraordinary thing in the world, and surpasses my comprehension."

In this uncertainty, Abou Hassan called to one of the officers that stood near him, "Come hither," said he, "and bite the tip of my ear, that I may know whether I am asleep or awake." The officer obeyed, and bit so hard that he made him cry out loudly with the pain; the music struck up at the same time, and the officers and ladies all began to sing, dance, and skip about Abou Hassan, and made such a noise that he was the more convinced that he was the subject of a pleasantry; and joining in the joke, he threw off his caliph's habit and his turban, jumped up in his shirt and drawers, danced with the rest, jumping, and cutting capers, so that the caliph could not contain himself, but burst into violent laughter; and putting his head into the room, cried, "Abou Hassan, Abou Hassan, have you a mind to kill me with laughing?"

As soon as the caliph's voice was heard everybody was silent, and Abou Hassan, turning his head to see from whence the voice came, recognised the Moussul merchant, and knew him to be the caliph. He was not in the least daunted. On the contrary, he saw at once all that had happened to him, and entered into the caliph's humour. "Ha! ha!" said he, looking at him with good assurance, "you pretend to be a merchant of Moussul, and complain that I would kill you. Ye have made me beat my mother,

and to lose my senses, and have been the occasion of all my misfortunes. I beg of you to tell me what you did to disturb my brain in this manner; I would know, that I may perfectly recover my senses."

"You will remember," said the caliph, "the evening that you invited me to supper, in our conversation you told me that the only thing you wished for was to be caliph for four-and-twenty hours. I saw in this desire of yours a fruitful source of diversion to me and to my court, and I determined to procure for you the fulfilment of your wish. By means of a strong opiate which I put, without your knowledge, in the last glass I presented to you, I had you conveyed to my palace. You know the rest. I am sorry that my pastime should have caused you so much suffering, but I will do all I can to make you amends. Thou art my brother; ask what thou wilt and thou shalt have it."

"Commander of the Faithful," replied Abou Hassan, "how great soever my tortures may have been, they are all blotted out of my remembrance, since my sovereign lord and master had a share in them. The only boon I would beg is that I may have access to your person, to enjoy the happiness of admiring, all my lifetime, your virtues."

Upon leaving, the caliph ordered a rich robe to be brought, and assigned him an office in the palace, and directed the treasurer to give him a purse of a thousand gold pieces, and to allow him at all times access to his person.

Abou Hassan made a low prostration, and the caliph left him to go to his divan.

Abou Hassan returned home, and informed his mother of his good fortune, and that his story was not all a dream; for that he had actually been caliph, had acted as such, and received all the honours; and that this had been confirmed by the caliph himself.

Abou Hassan was, as we have seen, a man of a pleasant temper and ready wit, and the caliph often had him at court, and took him to visit his Queen Zobeide, to whom he had related his story. Now Zobeide soon observed that every time he came with the caliph, he had his eyes always fixed upon one of her attendants, called Nouzhatoul-aouadat. "Commander of the Faithful," said she one day, "you do not observe that every time Abou Hassan attends you in your visits to me, he never keeps

his eyes off Nouzhatoul-aouadat, and pays her great attention. If you approve of it, we will make a match between them."

"Madam," replied the caliph, "I have already promised Abou Hassan a wife; but it is better that he should choose for himself."

Abou Hassan threw himself at the caliph's and Zobeide's feet, and rising up, said, "I cannot receive a wife from better hands; but dare not hope that Nouzhatoul-aouadat will give her consent." At these words he looked at the princess's slave, who showed by her respectful silence, and the sudden blush that arose in her cheeks, that she was disposed to obey the caliph and her mistress Zobeide.

The nuptials were celebrated in the palace, with great rejoicings, which lasted several days. Zobeide made her slave considerable presents, and the caliph did the same to Abou Hassan. The bride was conducted to the apartment the caliph had assigned Abou Hassan, who received her with the sound of all sorts of instruments, and musicians of both sexes, who made the air echo with their concert.

Abou Hassan and his spouse were charmed with each other. Indeed, Nouzhatoul-aouadat was just such a wife as he had described to the caliph. After their marriage, they gave costly entertainments, and each vied with the other in sparing no expense for the amusement of their friends, until, at the end of the first year of their marriage, they had expended all the presents given by the sultan and Zobeide, as well as the patrimony inherited by Abou Hassan.

Being in great straits, and willing neither to forego their manner of life, nor to ask the sultan or Zobeide for further presents, they took secret counsel together, when Abou Hassan resolved both to put a pleasant trick on the caliph and on Zobeide, and to obtain from them the means of carrying on his usual mode of living. "I will tell you what I propose," said he to Nouzhatoul-aouadat. "I will feign myself to be dead, and you shall place me in the middle of my chamber, with my turban upon my face, my feet towards Mecca, as if ready to be carried out to burial. When you have done this, you must weep, tear your clothes and hair, and go all in tears, with your locks dishevelled, to Zobeide. The princess will of course inquire the cause of your grief; and when you have told her, she will pity you, give you money to defray the expense of my funeral, and a piece of good brocade, in the

room of that you will have torn. As soon as you return with the money and the brocade, I will rise, lay you in my place, and go and act the same part with the caliph, who, I dare say, will be as generous to me as Zobeide will have been to you."

Nouzhatoul-aouadat highly approved the project, and having acted upon her husband's suggestion and placed him as he desired, she pulled off her head-dress, and with a dismal cry and lamentation, beating her face and breast with all the marks of the most lively grief, ran across the court to Zobeide's apartments.

The princess amazed to see her slave in such extraordinary affliction, asked what had happened; but, instead of answering, she continued her sobs; and at last feigning to strive to check them, said, with words interrupted with sighs, "Alas! my most honoured mistress, what greater misfortune could have befallen me. Abou Hassan! poor Abou Hassan! whom you honoured with your esteem, and gave me for a husband, is no more!"

Zobeide was extremely concerned at this news, and after having expressed her sorrow, commanded her women to fetch a hundred pieces of gold and a rich cloth of gold, and to give them to Nouzhatoul-aouadat, who threw herself again at the princess's feet, and thanked her with great self-satisfaction at finding she had succeeded so well.

As soon as Nouzhatoul-aouadat got out of the princess's presence, she dried up her tears, and returned with joy to Abou Hassan. Unable to contain herself at the success of her artifice, "Come, husband," said she, laughing, "now do you hasten and see if you can manage the caliph as well as I have done Zobeide."

"That is the temper of all women," replied Abou Hassan, "who, we may well say, have always the vanity to believe they can do things better than men, though at the same time what good they do is by their advice. It would be odd indeed, if I, who laid this plot myself, could not carry it on as well as you. But let us lose no time in idle discourse; lie down in my place, and witness if I do not come off with as much applause."

Abou Hassan wrapped up his wife as she had done him, and with his turban unrolled, like a man in the greatest affliction, ran to the caliph. He presented himself at the door, and the officer, knowing he had free access, opened it. He entered holding with one hand his handkerchief before his eyes, to hide the feigned

tears, and struck his breast with the other, and uttered exclamations expressing extraordinary grief.

The caliph, always used to see Abou Hassan with a merry countenance, inquired with much concern the cause of his grief. "Commander of the Faithful," answered Abou Hassan, with repeated sighs and sobs, "may you long reign! A greater calamity could not have befallen me than what I now lament. Alas! Nouzhatoul-aouadat! my wife, alas! alas!"

The caliph, who now understood that Abou Hassan came to tell him of the death of his wife, seemed much concerned, and said to him with an air which showed how much he regretted her loss, "God be merciful to her! She was a good slave, and we gave her to you with an intention to make you happy: she deserved a longer life." And having said this, he ordered his treasurer, who was present, to give Abou Hassan a purse of a hundred pieces of gold and a piece of brocade. Abou Hassan immediately cast himself at the caliph's feet, and thanked him for his present. As soon as he had got the purse and piece of brocade, he went home, well pleased with having found out so quick and easy a way of supplying the necessity which had given him so much uneasiness.

Nouzhatoul-aouadat, as soon as she heard the door open, sprang up, ran to her husband, and asked him if he had imposed on the caliph as cleverly as she had done on Zobeide. "You see!" said he, showing her the stuff, and shaking the purse.

The caliph was so impatient to condole with the princess on the death of her slave, that he rose up as soon as Abou Hassan was gone. "Follow me," said he to the vizier, "let us go and share with the princess the grief which the death of her slave Nouzhatoul-aouadat must have occasioned."

Accordingly they went to Zobeide's apartment, whom the caliph found sitting on a sofa, much afflicted, and still in tears. "Madam," said the caliph, "I wish to tell you how much I partake with you in your affliction in your loss of Nouzhatoul-aouadat, your faithful slave." "Commander of the Faithful," replied Zobeide, "I do not lament my slave's death, but that of Abou Hassan, her husband." "Madam," said the caliph, "I tell you that you are deceived; Nouzhatoul-aouadat is dead, and Abou Hassan is alive, and in perfect health."

Zobeide, much piqued at this answer of the caliph, replied, "Permit me to repeat, once more, that it is Abou Hassan who is dead, and that my slave Nouzhatoul-aouadat, his widow, is living. It is not an hour since she went from hence, having told me her affliction. All my women, who wept with me, can bear me witness that I made her a present of a hundred pieces of gold and a piece of brocade; the grief which you found me in was on account of the death of her husband; and just at the instant you entered, I was going to send you a compliment of condolence."

At these words of Zobeide, the caliph cried out in a fit of laughter, "This, madam, is a strange piece of obstinacy; but," continued he, seriously, "you may depend upon Nouzhatoul-aouadat's being dead." "I tell you no, sir," replied Zobeide; "it is Abou Hassan that is dead, and you shall never make me believe otherwise."

Upon this the caliph's anger rose in his countenance, and he ordered the vizier to go at once and ascertain the truth and bring him word. No sooner was the vizier gone, than the caliph, addressing himself to Zobeide, said, "You will see in a moment which of us is right." "For my part," replied Zobeide, "I know very well that I am in the right, and you will find it to be Abou Hassan." "And for myself," returned the caliph, "I am so sure that it is Nouzhatoul-aouadat, that I will stake my garden of pleasures against your palace of paintings, though the one is worth much more than the other." "I accept the wager," said Zobeide, "and will abide by it." The caliph declared the same intention; and both awaited the vizier's return.

While the caliph and Zobeide were disputing so earnestly, and [illegible] much warmth, Abou Hassan, who foresaw their difference, was very attentive to whatever might happen. As soon as he perceived the vizier through a window, at which he sat talking with his wife, and observed that he was coming directly to their apartment, he guessed his commission, and bade his wife make haste to act the part they had agreed on, without loss of time. They were so pressed, that Abou Hassan had much ado to wrap up his wife, and lay the piece of brocade which the caliph had given him upon her, before the vizier reached the house.

Having ascertained the truth, the vizier hastened back to the caliph and Zobeide.

"Commander of the Faithful," said the vizier, having entered the apartment and made his salutation, "it is Nouzhatoul-aouadat, who is dead, for the loss of whom Abou Hassan is as much afflicted as when he appeared before your majesty." The caliph, not giving him time to pursue his story, interrupted him, and addressing himself to Zobeide: "Well, madam," said he, "have you yet anything to say against so certain a truth? Will you still believe that Nouzhatoul-aouadat is alive, and that Abou Hassan is dead? And will you not own that you have lost your wager?"

"How, sir?" replied Zobeide; "I am not blind or mad! With these eyes I saw Nouzhatoul-aouadat in the greatest affliction. I spoke to her myself, and she told me that her husband was dead. My women also heard her cries and saw her affliction. Let me, I pray you, send my nurse, in whom I can place confidence, to Abou Hassan's, to know whether or not I am in error." The caliph consented, and the nurse set out on her inquiry.

In the meantime Abou Hassan, who watched at the window, perceived the nurse at a distance, and guessing that she was sent by Zobeide, called his wife, and told her that the princess's nurse was coming to know the truth. "Therefore," said he, "make haste, and do to me as we have agreed on." Accordingly, Nouzhatoul-aouadat covered him with the brocade Zobeide had given her, and put his turban upon his face. The nurse, eager to acquit herself of her commission, hobbled as fast as age would allow her, and entering the room, perceived Nouzhatoul-aouadat in tears, her hair dishevelled, and seated at the head of her husband, beating her breast, with all the expressions of violent grief.

As soon as the nurse was gone, Nouzhatoul-aouadat wiped her eyes, and released Abou Hassan. They both went and sat down on a sofa against the window, expecting what would be the end of this stratagem, and to be ready to act according as circumstances might require.

The nurse, in the meantime, made all the haste she could to Zobeide, and gave the caliph and the princess a true account of what she saw, affirming that it was Abou Hassan who was dead. This perplexed the caliph more and more; and he said, "It seems to me a strange series of marvels, and that no one can be believed more than another. Therefore, I propose we go our-

selves to examine the truth, for I see no other way to clear these doubts." So saying, the caliph arose, and the princess and her train followed.

Abou Hassan, who saw them coming, apprised his wife of it. "What shall we do?" cried she; "we are ruined." "Not at all; don't be afraid," returned Abou Hassan. "Let us do as we have agreed; and all, you shall see, will turn out well. At the rate they are coming, we shall be ready before they reach the door."

In fact, Abou Hassan and his wife covered themselves as well as they could, and having placed themselves, one beside the other, in the middle of the chamber, each under the piece of brocade, they waited quietly for the arrival of the caliph and Zobeide. On entering the chamber, followed by all their people, they were much surprised and perplexed at the dismal spectacle which presented itself to their view. Zobeide at last broke silence. "Alas!" said she to the caliph, "it is too true my dear slave is dead, as indeed it will appear, for grief at having lost her husband." "Allow rather, madam," replied the caliph, "that Nouzhatoul-aouadat died first, and that the poor Abou Hassan fell under the affliction of seeing his wife, your dear slave, die." "No," replied Zobeide, with a spirit excited by the contradiction of the caliph, "Abou Hassan died first, because my nurse saw his wife alive, and lamenting her husband's death."

At last the caliph, reflecting upon all that had passed, and vexed at not being able to come at the truth, tried to devise some expedient which should determine the wager in his own favour and against Zobeide. "I will give," cried he, "a thousand pieces to the person who shall ascertain which of the two died first."

The caliph had scarcely spoken these words, when he heard a voice, under the brocade which covered Abou Hassan, say, "Commander of the Faithful, I died first; give me the thousand pieces of gold." And at the same time he saw Abou Hassan free himself from the brocade which covered him, and throw himself at his feet. His wife uncovered herself in the same manner, and ran to throw herself at the feet of Zobeide. Zobeide set up a loud cry of fright and alarm. At last recovering herself, she was overjoyed at seeing her dear slave again, almost at the moment she felt inconsolable at having seen her dead.

"So then, Abou Hassan," said the caliph, laughing, "how

came it into your head thus to surprise both Zobeide and me in a way we could not possibly be upon our guard against?"

"Commander of the Faithful," replied Abou Hassan, "I will tell you the whole truth. I and the wife you gave me have been too profuse in our entertainments to our friends, and we have expended all the treasures which your royal bounty supplied us with. This morning we found our chest quite empty; and knowing your highnesses' partiality to a pleasant joke, we invented this artifice to supply our need, which we humbly entreat you will have the goodness to forgive."

The caliph and Zobeide were very well satisfied with the sincerity of Abou Hassan, and were disposed to forgive him the deception practised on them. "Follow me, both of you," said the caliph; "I will give you the thousand pieces of gold that I promised you, for the joy I feel that you are neither of you dead."

"Commander of the Faithful," resumed Zobeide, "content yourself, I beseech you, with causing the thousand pieces of gold to be given to Abou Hassan; you owe them only to him. As to his wife, that is my business." At the same time she gave a thousand pieces of gold to Nouzhatoul-aouadat, in proof of the joy she felt that she was still alive.

Thus did Abou Hassan and Nouzhatoul-aouadat obtain the favour of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid and of Zobeide, and gained from their bounty enough to supply all their wants.

The History of Ganem, Son of Abou Ayoub, and known by the surname of Love's Slave.

There was formerly at Damascus a merchant, whose name was Abou Ayoub.[1] He had one son and a daughter. The son was called Ganem, but afterwards surnamed Love's Slave. The daughter's name was Alcolom, signifying ravisher of hearts, because her beauty was so perfect, that whoever saw her could not avoid loving her.

Abou Ayoub died suddenly, and left immense riches. Among them were an hundred loads of brocades and other silks ready

[1] "Ganem signifies a 'taker of spoil,' a 'fortunate acquirer of anything.' Ayoub corresponds with our Job."—Lane, vol. ii., p. 462.

made up, and inscribed on every bale in large characters, "For

The ruler of Damascus at this time was Zinebi. His kinsman, Haroun Alraschid, had bestowed that kingdom on him as his tributary.

Soon after the death of Abou Ayoub, Ganem conversed with his mother about their domestic affairs, and concerning the loads of merchandise in the warehouse; and finding that it was his father's intention to journey with these bales to Bagdad, he determined to carry out his intention in his own person, without any loss of time.

It was in vain for his mother to oppose Ganem's resolution. Her arguments had no weight with him. An inclination to travel, and to accomplish himself by a thorough knowledge of the world, urged him to set out, and prevailed over all her remonstrances, entreaties, and tears. He went to the market where slaves were sold, and bought such as were able-bodied, hired a hundred camels, and having provided all other necessaries, entered upon his journey, with five or six merchants of Damascus, who were going to trade at Bagdad.

These merchants, attended by their slaves, and accompanied by several other travellers, made up such a considerable caravan, that they had nothing to fear from the Bedouin Arabs, who ranged the country, and attacked and plundered the caravans when they are not strong enough to repulse them. They had no other difficulty to encounter than the usual fatigues of a long journey, which were easily forgotten when they came in sight of the city of Bagdad, where they arrived in safety.

They alighted at the most magnificent and most frequented khan in the city; but Ganem chose to be lodged conveniently, and by himself. He left his goods there in a warehouse for their greater security, and hired a spacious house in the neighbourhood, richly furnished, and having a delightful garden, full of fountains and shady groves.

Some days after this young merchant had been settled in his house, and perfectly recovered of the fatigue of his journey, he dressed himself richly, and repaired to the public place, where the merchants met to transact business. His slaves followed him, carrying fine stuffs and silks.

The merchants received Ganem very courteously, and their syndic, or chief, to whom he first made application, bought all his goods at his own prices. Ganem continued his trade so successfully, that he every day sold all the goods he exposed.

On one occasion he went to the public rendezvous, where he found all the shops shut, and having asked the cause, he was told that one of the chief merchants, whom he knew, was dead, and that all his brother traders were gone to his funeral.[1]

Ganem inquired for the mosque where prayers were to be said, and whence the body was to be conducted to the burial-place, and proceeded to it without loss of time. He got thither before the prayers were ended. The body was carried for burial without the walls, and was followed by the kindred, the merchants, and Ganem. The tomb was a stone structure, in the form of a dome, built to receive the bodies of all the family of the deceased, but being very small, tents were pitched around, that all the company might be sheltered during the ceremony. The monument was opened, and the body laid in it, after which it was shut up. Then the imaun, and other ministers of the mosque, sat down in a ring on carpets, in the largest tent, and recited the rest of the prayers. They also read the Fateah, or introductory chapter of the Koran, appointed for the burial of the dead. The kindred and merchants sat round, in the same manner, behind the imauns.

Night closed in before all was ended: Ganem, who had not expected such a long ceremony, began to be uneasy, and the more so, when he saw meat served up, in memory of the deceased, according to the custom of the Mahommedans. He was also told that the tents had been set up not only against the heat of the sun, but also against the evening dew, because they should not return to the city before the next morning. These tidings perplexed

[1] M. Bernard Pichart gives a long account of the funeral of a Mahommedan of rank:—The friends of the deceased and strangers claimed to carry the bier at least ten paces. The body was accompanied by the thirty readers of the Koran from the mosque, by those partaking of the charity of the deceased, and by his friends and relatives. Tents were pitched near the tomb, and lamentation made for several days. Feasts were celebrated, the remains of which were distributed to the poor. A stone was placed at the head of the body, that the angels might rest on it. A large space was allotted to the burial-places, in which were walled enclosures allotted to different families, within which the transaction described by Ganem might be more easily carried on.

Ganem. "I am a stranger," said he to himself, "and report makes me a rich merchant; thieves may rob my house, or my slaves may run away with all the gold I have received for my goods." Full of these thoughts, he ate a few mouthfuls, and slipped away from the company.

He made all possible haste; but, as it often happens, "the more haste the less speed." He went astray in the dark, so that it was near midnight when he came to the city gate; which, to add to his misfortune, was shut. This was a fresh affliction to him, and he was obliged to look for some convenient place in which to pass the rest of the night till the gate was opened. He went into a large cemetery in which there was a palm-tree. He lay down on the grass and tried to sleep, but his uneasiness at being absent from home kept him awake, when on a sudden he determined to get up as fast as he could to the top of the palm-tree,—looking upon that as the safest retreat under his present apprehensions.

No sooner was he up, than he plainly perceived three men, whom, by their habit, he knew to be slaves, enter into the burial-place. One of them advanced with a lantern, and the two others followed him, loaded with a chest, between five and six feet long, which they carried on their shoulders. They set it down, and then began to break ground with the tools they had brought for that purpose. When they had made a deep trench, they put the chest into it, and covered it with the earth they had taken out, and then departed.

Ganem, on the departure of the slaves, resolved to satisfy his curiosity, and coming down from the palm-tree, fell to work upon the pit, plying his hands and feet so well, that in a short time he uncovered the chest, which he opened. He was strangely surprised to discover a young lady of incomparable beauty. Her habit was so costly, with bracelets and ear-rings of diamonds, and a necklace of pearls so large, that he made not the least doubt of her being one of the principal ladies of the court. Her fresh and rosy complexion, and her gentle regular breathing, satisfied him she was alive. As soon as she was exposed to the air, she sneezed, and then opening and rubbing her eyes, she with such a voice as charmed Ganem, whom she did not see, cried out, "Zohorob Bostan, Shijher al Mirjaun, Casabos Souccar, Nouron Nihar,

Nagmatos Sohi, Nouzhetos Zaman—why do you not answer?—where are you?" These were the names of six female slaves that used to wait on her. She called them, and wondered that nobody answered.

Ganem did not think fit to leave the lady any longer in her perplexity, but presented himself before her with all possible respect, and in the most courteous manner. "Madam," said he, "I am not able to express my joy at having been here to do you the service I have, and to offer you all the assistance you may need under your present circumstances."

In order to persuade the lady to repose confidence in him, he, in the first place, told her who he was, and what accident had brought him to that place. Next he acquainted her with the coming of the three slaves, and how they had buried the chest. The lady, who had covered her face with her veil as soon as Ganem appeared, said to him, "I return thanks to God for having sent so worthy a person as you are to deliver me from death; but since you have begun so charitable a work, I conjure you not to leave it imperfect. Let me beg of you to go into the city, and provide a muleteer to come with his mule and carry me to your house in this chest; for should I go with you on foot, some one might follow me, which it highly concerns me to prevent. When I shall be in your house, I will give you an account of myself; and in the meantime be assured that you have not obliged an ungrateful person."

The young merchant laid the lady again in the chest, and shut it in such a manner as to leave room for the admittance of air Going out of the burial-place, and the city gate being open, he soon found what he sought. He returned with speed, and helped the muleteer to lay the chest across his mule, telling him to drive to his own house.

Ganem was more than usually delighted, when, being arrived safe at home, he saw the chest unloaded. He dismissed the muleteer, and having caused a slave to shut the door of his house, opened the chest, helped the lady out, gave her his hand, and conducted her to his apartment, lamenting how much she must have endured in such close confinement. "If I have suffered," said she, "I have satisfaction sufficient in what you have done for me, and in the pleasure of seeing myself out of danger." Having

said this, she sat down on a sofa, and as a proof of her gratitude to the merchant who had done such service, took off her veil. Ganem on his part thought himself more than requited by so singular a mark of confidence.

Shortly after this, the young merchant, not willing to trust any but himself with the care of entertaining so charming a guest, went out with a slave to an eating-house,[1] to give directions for an entertainment. From thence he went to a fruiterer, where he chose the finest and best fruit; buying also the choicest wine, and the same bread that was eaten at the caliph's table.

As soon as he returned home, he with his own hands made a pyramid of the fruit he had bought, and serving it up himself to the lady in a large dish, "Madam," said he, "be pleased to make choice of some of this fruit, while a more solid entertainment, and more worthy yourself, is being prepared." He would have continued standing before her, but she declared she would not touch anything, unless he sat down and ate with her. He obeyed; and when they had eaten a little, Ganem observing that the lady's veil, which she laid down by her on a sofa, was embroidered along the edge with golden letters, begged permission to look on the embroidery. The lady immediately took up the veil, and delivered it to him, saying, "Read the words which are embroidered on that veil, they will give me an opportunity of telling you my story."

Ganem took the veil, and read these words, "I am yours, and you are mine, thou descendant from the Prophet's uncle." That descendant from the prophet's uncle was the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, who then reigned, and was descended from Abbas, Mahommed's uncle.

When Ganem perceived these words, "Alas! madam," said he, in a melancholy tone, "I have just saved your life, and this writing is my death! I do not comprehend all the mystery; but it convinces me I am the most unfortunate of men. Pardon, madam, the liberty I take, but you have already won my heart. I proposed to myself to gain your affection by my respectful behaviour, my care, my assiduity, my submission, my constancy; and no sooner have I formed the flattering design, than I am

[1] "At Nankin, as well as other places, the number of public eating-houses seemed to exceed the private houses, and a great quantity of ducks and geese, ready dressed, were exposed to sale."—*Scenes in China*, p. 142.

robbed of all my hopes. Proceed, madam, I conjure you, and give me full information of my unhappy fate."

The lady was deeply moved; but was so far from being displeased at the declaration he made, she felt a secret joy.

"You must understand," proceeded she, "in order to acquaint you with my story, that I am Fetnah, the favourite of the Caliph Haroud Alraschid, in whose palace I have been brought up from my earliest years. The honours bestowed on me by the caliph excited the jealousy of Zobeide, his wife and kinswoman, who must have taken advantage of the caliph's absence from Bagdad, to have given me a powerful sleeping potion, and so to have carried me out to a place of burial, as if I were really dead. I owe my life to you, and on the caliph's return I will discover myself to him, and he will reward you according to your merits, for the service you have rendered him in saving me from an inevitable death. In the meanwhile, I shall be safe in your house as long as the caliph is from Bagdad, for should Zobeide know the obligation I owe you, she would punish you for having saved me."

As soon as Haroun Alraschid's beautiful favourite had done speaking, Ganem said, "Madam, I return you a thousand thanks for having given me the information I took the liberty to desire of you; and I beg of you to believe that you are here in safety; the sentiments you have inspired are a pledge of my secrecy. Set your heart, therefore, at rest as to that point, and remain satisfied that you shall be served with all the respect that is due to the favourite of so great a monarch as our sovereign the caliph. But powerful as that prince is, I flatter myself he will not be able to blot me out of your remembrance. He cannot love you more passionately than I do; and I shall never cease to love you into whatever part of the world I may go, after having lost you. I will now leave you, and when you have reposed yourself, you shall find me ready to receive your commands."

Having thus spoken, he left her, and went to purchase two women slaves. He also bought two parcels, one of fine linen and the other of all such things as were proper to make up a toilet fit for the caliph's favourite. Having conducted home the two women slaves, he presented them to Fetnah, saying, "Madam, a person of your quality cannot be without waiting-maids to serve you; be pleased to accept of these."

Fetnah, admiring Ganem's attention, said, "My lord, I perceive you are not one that will do things by halves: you add by your courtesy to the obligations I owe you already; but I hope I shall not die ungrateful, and that Heaven will soon place me in a condition to requite all your acts of generosity."

When the women slaves were withdrawn into a chamber adjoining, he sat down on the sofa, but at some distance from Fetnah, in token of respect. He then began to converse with her. "I dare not so much as hope," said he, "to excite the least sensibility in a heart like yours, destined for the greatest prince in the world." "My lord," answered Fetnah—— "Alas! madam," said Ganem, interrupting her at the word lord, "this is the second time you have done me the honour to call me lord. This title of honour does not belong to me; treat me, I beseech you, as your slave; I am, and shall never cease to be so."

"No, no," replied Fetnah, interrupting him in her turn, "I shall be cautious how I treat with disrespect a man to whom I owe my life. I should be ungrateful, could I say or do anything that did not do you honour. Leave me, therefore, to follow the dictates of my gratitude, and I will not hesitate to own that I do not regard you with indifference. You know the reasons that condemn me to silence."

Ganem was enraptured at these words, and not being able to find expressions significant enough, in his own opinion, to return Fetnah thanks for her good opinion of him, was satisfied with telling her, that as she knew what she owed to the caliph, he, on his part, was not ignorant, that what belongs to the master is forbidden to the slave.

Whilst Fetnah, thus snatched from the jaws of death, passed her time so agreeably with Ganem, Zobeide was not without some apprehensions in the palace of Haroun Alraschid.

No sooner had the three slaves entrusted with the execution of her revenge, carried away the chest, without knowing what it contained, or so much as the least curiosity to inquire, (being used to pay a blind obedience to her commands,) than she was seized with a tormenting uneasiness. A thousand perplexing thoughts disturbed her rest, sleep fled from her eyes, and she spent the night in contriving how she might conceal her crime. "My consort," said she, "loves Fetnah. What shall I say to him at his

return, when he inquires of me after her?" Many contrivances occurred to her, but none were satisfactory. As soon as it was day, she sent for a very prudent old lady, the chief of her women, and having entrusted her with her trouble, said, "My good mother, you have always assisted me with your advice; if ever I stood in need of it, it is now, when I wish you to show me some way to satisfy the caliph."

"My dear mistress," replied the old lady, "it had been much better not to have run yourself into the difficulties you labour under; but since the thing is done, all that must now be thought of, is how to deceive the Commander of the Faithful. I am of opinion, that you should immediately cause a wooden image resembling a dead body to be carved. We will shroud it in linen, place it in Fetnah's chamber, and cause it to be buried in some part of the palace. You shall then build a marble mausoleum over the burial-place, and erect within it a tomb, which shall be covered with embroidered cloth, and set about with great candlesticks and large wax tapers. There is another thing," added the old lady, "which ought not to be forgotten; you must put on mourning, and cause the same to be done by your own and Fetnah's women, and all the officers of the palace. When the caliph returns, and sees you all and the palace in mourning, he will not fail to ask the occasion of it. You will then have an opportunity of insinuating yourself into his favour, by telling him you have caused a mausoleum to be built, and, in short, that you have paid all the last honours to his favourite, snatched away by a sudden death, as he would have done himself had he been present. He will be pleased with all you shall have done, and express his gratitude. As for the wooden image, I will myself undertake to have it cut by a carver in the city, who shall not know the purpose for which it is designed. As for your part, madam, order Fetnah's woman, who yesterday gave her the opiate, to give out among her companions that she has just found her mistress dead in her bed; and in order that they may only think of lamenting, without offering to go into her chamber, let her add, she has already acquainted you with the circumstance, and that you have given directions for her funeral."

As soon as the old lady had spoken, Zobeide took a rich diamond ring out of her casket, and putting it on her finger, and em-

bracing her in a transport of joy, said, "How infinitely am I beholden to you, my good mother! I should never have thought of so ingenious a contrivance. It cannot fail of success, and I begin to recover my peace. I leave the care of the wooden figure to you, and will go myself to order the rest."

The wooden image was got ready with as much expedition as Zobeide could have wished, and then conveyed by the old lady herself into Fetnah's bedchamber, after which everything was done just as if the real funeral of Fetnah was being performed. The mausoleum was erected by the architect of the palace. Zobeide and the whole court put on mourning, and the belief in Fetnah's death was general throughout the city.

Ganem was one of the last who heard of it. Being, however, at length informed of it, "Madam," said he to the caliph's fair favourite, "you are supposed in Bagdad to be dead, and I do not question but that Zobeide herself believes it. I bless heaven that I am the cause and the happy witness of your being alive; would that, taking advantage of this false report, you would share my fortune, and go far from hence to reign in my heart! Supposing you could resolve to follow me, ought I to consent? No, it is my part always to remember, that what belongs to the master is forbidden to the slave."

The lovely Fetnah, though moved by the affection he expressed, yet prevailed with herself not to encourage it. "My lord," said she to him, "we cannot obstruct the momentary triumph of Zobeide. I am not surprised at the artifice she uses to conceal her guilt; but let her go on; I flatter myself that sorrow will soon follow her triumph. The caliph will return, and we shall find the means to inform him of all that has happened. In the meantime, let us be more cautious than ever, that she may not know I am alive. I have already told you the consequences to be apprehended from such a discovery."

At the end of three months the caliph returned to Bagdad with glory, having vanquished all his enemies. On entering the palace he was amazed to see all the officers in mourning; and his concern was redoubled when, approaching the apartment of Zobeide, he beheld that princess coming to meet him in garments of sorrow, with all her women. He immediately asked her the cause, with much anxiety. "Commander of the Believers," answered

Zobeide, "I am in mourning for your slave Fetnah; who died so suddenly that it was impossible to apply any remedy to her disorder." She would have proceeded, but the caliph being so agitated at the news, uttered a deep sigh and fainted. On recovering himself, he asked, with a voice of extreme sorrow, where his dear Fetnah had been buried. "Sire," said Zobeide, "I myself took care of her funeral, and spared no cost to make it magnificent. I have caused a marble mausoleum to be built over her grave, and will attend you thither if you desire."

The caliph would not permit Zobeide to take that trouble, but contented himself to have Mesrour to conduct him. He went thither just as he was, in his soldier's dress. When he saw the tomb, the wax-lights round it, and the magnificence of the mausoleum, he was amazed that Zobeide should have performed the obsequies of her rival with so much pomp; and the better to discover the truth himself, he ordered the tomb to be opened in his presence; but when he saw the linen wrapped round the face, he durst not proceed any further. This devout caliph thought it would be a sacrilegious act to suffer the body of the dead lady to be touched; and this scrupulous fear prevailed over his love and curiosity. He doubted no more of Fetnah's death, but thinking himself obliged to pay some respect to the memory of his favourite, sent for the imauns, the officers of the palace, and the readers of the Koran; and when they were assembled he stood before the tomb, moistening it with his tears, whilst they recited the appointed prayers, and the readers of the Koran read several chapters.

The same ceremony was performed every day for a whole month, morning and evening, the caliph being always present, with the grand vizier, and the principal officers of the court, all of them in mourning, as well as the caliph himself, who all the time ceased not to honour the memory of Fetnah with his tears, and would not transact any business.

The last day of the month, the caliph, being wearied with sorrow, went to take some rest in his apartment, and fell asleep upon a sofa, between two of the court ladies, one of them sitting at the bed's-head, and the other at the feet, who, whilst he slept, were working some embroidery, and observed a profound silence.

She who sat at the bed's-head, and whose name was Nouronnihar, perceiving the caliph was asleep, whispered to the other,

called Nagmatos Sohi, "There is great news! The Commander of the Believers, our master, will be overjoyed when he awakes, and hears what I have to tell him; Fetnah is not dead, she is in perfect health." "O heavens!" cried Nagmatos Sohi, in a transport of joy, "is it possible, that the beautiful, the charming, the incomparable Fetnah should be still among the living?" She uttered these words with so much vivacity, and so loud, that the caliph awoke. He asked why they had disturbed his rest. "Alas, my sovereign lord," answered the slave, "pardon me this indiscretion; I could not without transport hear that Fetnah is still alive; it caused such emotion in me, as I could not suppress." "What, then, is become of her," demanded the caliph, "if she is not dead?" "Chief of the Believers," replied the other, "I this evening received a note from a person unknown, written with Fetnah's own hand; she gives me an account of her melancholy adventure, and orders me to acquaint you with it. I thought fit, before I fulfilled my commission, to let you take some few moments' rest, believing you must stand in need of it, after your deep sorrow; and"—— "Give me that note," said the caliph, interrupting her eagerly, "you were wrong to defer delivering it to me."

The lady immediately presented to him the note, which he opened with much impatience, and in it Fetnah gave a particular account of all that had befallen her, but enlarged a little too much on the attentions of Ganem. The caliph, who was naturally jealous, instead of being provoked at the inhumanity of Zobeide, was more concerned at the fickleness he fancied Fetnah had been guilty of, in transferring her affections to Ganem from himself. "Is it so?" said he, after reading the note; "the deceitful woman has been four months with a young merchant, and has the effrontery to boast of his attentions to her. Ungrateful creature! whilst I spend the month since my return to Bagdad in bewailing her, she passes it in willing concealment from me. Go to, let us take vengeance of the false woman, and the bold youth who affronts me." Having spoken these words, the caliph rose, and went into a hall where he used to appear in public, and give audience to his court. The first gate was opened, and immediately all the courtiers, who were waiting without, entered. The grand vizier came in, and prostrated himself before the throne. Then rising, he stood before his master, who, in a tone which

denoted he would be instantly obeyed, said to him, "Giafar, your presence is requisite for putting in execution an important affair, I am about to commit to you. Take four hundred men of my guards with you, and inquire where a merchant of Damascus lives whose name is Ganem, the son of Abou Ayoub. When you have learnt this, repair to his house, and cause it to be razed to the foundations; but secure Ganem, and bring him hither, with my slave Fetnah, who has lived with him these four months. I will punish her, and make an example of that insolent man, who has presumed to fail in respect to me."

The grand vizier having received this positive command, made a low prostration to the caliph, placing his hand on his head, in token that he would rather lose it than disobey him, and departed. The first thing he did, was to send to the syndic of the dealers in foreign stuffs and silks, with strict orders to find out the house of the unfortunate merchant. The officer he sent with these orders brought him back word where Ganem lived, but reported that he had scarcely been seen for some months, and no man knew what could keep him at home, if he was there.

Upon this information the grand vizier, without loss of time, went to the chief cadi, whom he caused to bear him company, and attended by a great number of carpenters and masons, with the necessary tools for razing a house, came to Ganem's residence; and finding it stood detached from any other, he posted his soldiers round it, to prevent the young merchant making his escape.

Fetnah and Ganem had just dined. The lady was sitting at a window next the street. Hearing a noise, she looked out through the lattice, and saw the grand vizier approach with his attendants. The sight of the armed soldiers made her tremble, not indeed for herself, but for Ganem. She did not question clearing herself, provided the caliph would but hear her. Full of thought for the young merchant, she exclaimed, "Alas! Ganem, we are undone!" Ganem, on hearing this exclamation, looked through the lattice, and was seized with dread when he beheld the caliph's guards with their naked scimitars, and the grand vizier, with the cadi, at their head, stood motionless, and had not power to utter one word. "Ganem," said the favourite, "there is no time to be lost. If you love me, put on the habit of one of your slaves immediately, and disfigure your face and arms with soot. Then put

some of these dishes on your head. You may be taken for a slave, and they will let you pass." "Alas! madam," answered Ganem, less concerned for himself than for Fetnah, "you only take care of me. What will become of you?" "Let not that trouble you," replied Fetnah; "it is my part to look to that. As for what you leave in this house, I will take care of it, and I hope it will be one day faithfully restored to you, when the caliph's anger shall be over; but at present avoid his fury." The young merchant's affliction was so great that he knew not what course to pursue, and would certainly have suffered himself to be seized by the caliph's soldiers, had not Fetnah pressed him to disguise himself. He submitted to her persuasions, put on the habit of a slave, daubed himself with soot, and as they were knocking at the door, all they could do was to embrace each other tenderly. Thus they parted. Ganem went out with some dishes on his head. He was taken for a slave, and no one offered to stop him. On the contrary, the grand vizier, who was the first that met him, gave way, and let him pass, little thinking that he was the man he looked for. Those who were behind the grand vizier made way, as he had done, and thus favoured his escape. He soon reached one of the gates, and got clear of the city.

Whilst he was making the best of his way from the grand vizier, that minister came into the room where Fetnah was sitting on a sofa, and where there were many chests full of Ganem's stuffs, and of the money he had realised by the sale of his goods.

As soon as Fetnah saw the grand vizier enter the room, she fell upon her face, and continued in that posture, as it were to receive her death. "My lord," said she, "I am ready to undergo the sentence passed against me by the Commander of the Faithful. You have only to make it known to me." "Madam," answered Giafar, falling also down till she had raised herself, "I do not intend to offer you the least harm. I have no further orders than to entreat you will be pleased to go with me to the palace, and to conduct you thither, with the merchant that lives in this house." "My lord," replied the favourite, "let us go; I am ready to follow you. As for the young merchant, to whom I am indebted for my life, he is not here; he has gone whither his business called him, and has left these chests you see under my care till he returns. I conjure you to cause them to be carried to the palace,

and order them to be secured, that I may perform the promise I made him to take all possible care of them."

"You shall be obeyed," said Giafar, and immediately sent for porters, whom he commanded to take up the chests, and carry them to the palace.

As soon as the porters were gone, he whispered to the civil magistrate, committing to him the care of seeing the house razed, but first to cause diligent search to be made for Ganem, who, he suspected, might be hidden, notwithstanding what Fetnah had told him. He then went out, taking her with him, attended by the two slaves who waited on her. As for Ganem's slaves, they were not regarded; they ran in among the crowd, and it was not known what became of them.

No sooner was Giafar out of the house than the masons and carpenters began to demolish it, and in a few hours nothing of it remained. But the cadi, not finding Ganem, after the strictest search, sent to acquaint the grand vizier, before that minister reached the palace. "Well," said Haroun Alraschid, seeing him come into his presence, "have you executed my orders?" "Yes," answered Giafar, "the house Ganem lived in is levelled with the ground, and I have brought you your favourite, Fetnah. She is in your palace, and I will call her in, if you command me. As for the young merchant, we could not find him, though every place has been searched."

Never was anger equal to that of the caliph, when he heard that Ganem had made his escape. As for his favourite, he would neither see nor speak to her; but commanded that she should be shut up in the Dark Tower, which was assigned as the prison within the palace for those who in any way offended the caliph. Fetnah was obliged to submit to her hard fate, and to follow Mesrour, who conducted her to the Dark Tower, and there left her.

In the meantime, the enraged caliph dismissed his grand vizier, and in his rage and fury wrote the following letter with his own hand to the King of Syria, his cousin and tributary, who resided at Damascus:—

"This letter is to inform you that a merchant of Damascus, whose name is Ganem, the son of Abou Ayoub, has been guilty of treason against me. It is my will that when you have read my letter, you cause search to be made for him, and secure him.

When he is in your power, you shall cause him to be loaded with irons, and for three days successively let him receive fifty strokes of the bastinado. Then let him be led through all parts of the city by a crier, proclaiming, 'This is the smallest punishment the Commander of the Believers inflicts on him that offends his lord.' After that you shall send him to me under a strong guard. It is my will that you cause his house to be plundered and to be razed to the ground. Besides this, if he has father, mother, sister, wives, daughters, or other kindred, cause them to be stripped; and (when they are naked) expose them three days to the whole city, forbidding any person, on pain of death, to afford them shelter. Without delay execute my command."

The caliph having written this letter, despatched it by an express, ordering him to make all possible speed, and to take pigeons along with him, that he might the sooner hear what had been done by Sultan Zinebi.

The pigeons[1] of Bagdad have this peculiar quality, that, wherever they may be carried, they return to Bagdad as soon as they are set at liberty, especially when they have young ones. A letter, rolled up, is made fast under their wing, and by that means advice is speedily received from such places as it is desired.

The caliph's courier travelled night and day, as his master's impatience required; and being come to Damascus, went directly to the sultan's palace. The courier having delivered his master's letter, Zinebi looking at it, and knowing the hand, stood up to show his respect, kissed the letter, and laid it on his head, to denote he was ready submissively to obey the orders it contained. He opened it, and having read it, immediately, and without losing time, mounted on horseback, with the principal officers of his household. He sent for the civil magistrate, and went directly to Ganem's house, attended by all his guards.

Ganem's mother had never received any communication from him since he had left Damascus; but the merchants with whom he went to Bagdad were returned, and all of them told her they

[1] "Pigeons are the favourite birds of the Mahommedans, as, according to their legends, a pigeon built its nest in front of a cave where their prophet was hid, and thus favoured his escape from his enemies. In Turkey the sultan allowed to the merchants of grain a certain deduction from their imposts, that they should not grudge the pigeon a part of their produce."—Sale's *Koran*, p. 116.

had left her son in perfect health. She, however, seeing he did not return, was so fully persuaded that he was dead that she went into mourning. She bewailed Ganem as if she had seen him die, and had herself closed his eyes. Never did mother express greater sorrow. She caused a dome to be built in the middle of the court belonging to her house, in which she placed a tomb. She spent the greatest part of the days and nights in weeping under that dome, as if her son had been buried there; her daughter bore her company, and shared her grief and tears.

It was now some time since they had thus devoted themselves to sorrow, and the neighbourhood, hearing their cries and lamentations, pitied their misfortune. When King Zinebi knocked at the door, it was opened by a slave belonging to the family, and he hastily entered the house, inquiring for Ganem, the son of Abou Ayoub.

"My lord," said the slave, "that Ganem you inquire for is dead; my mistress, his mother, is in that monument lamenting him." The king, not regarding what was said by the slave, caused all the house to be diligently searched by his guards for Ganem. He then advanced towards the monument, where he saw the mother and daughter sitting on a carpet, with their faces bathed in tears. These poor women immediately veiled themselves, as soon as they beheld a man at the door of the dome; but the mother, knowing the King of Damascus, got up, and ran to cast herself at his feet. "My good lady," said he, "I was looking for your son Ganem; is he here?" "Alas! sir," cried the mother, "it is a long time since he has ceased to live. O my son, Ganem! my son! my son!" She would have said more, but was oppressed with such violent sorrow that she was unable to proceed.

Zinebi was much moved; for he at all times had compassion for the sufferings of the unfortunate. "If Ganem alone be guilty," thought he to himself, "why should the mother and the daughter, who are innocent, be punished?[1] Ah cruel Haroun Alraschid, what a burden do you put upon me, in making me the executioner of your vengeance on persons who have not offended you!"

The guards whom the king had ordered to search for Ganem

[1] Among the Chinese to this day a criminal's relations are all punished for his misdeeds. On the contrary, his elevation confers honour on those connected with him.

came and told him their search had been vain. He was fully convinced of this; the tears of those two women would not leave him any room to doubt. It distracted him to be obliged to execute the caliph's order. "My good lady," said he to Ganem's mother, "quit this monument with your daughter, it is no longer a place of safety for you." They went out, and he, to secure them against insult, took off his own robe and covered them both with it, bidding them keep close to him. He then ordered the populace to be let in to plunder, which was performed with the utmost good will, and with shouts which terrified Ganem's mother and sister the more, because they knew not the reason. The rabble carried off the richest goods, chests full of wealth, fine Persian and Indian carpets, cushions covered with cloth of gold and silver, fine China ware; in short, all was taken away, till nothing remained but the bare walls of the house; and it was a dismal spectacle for the unhappy ladies to see all their goods plundered, without knowing why they were so cruelly treated.

When the house was plundered, Zinebi ordered the civil magistrate to raze the house and monument; and, while that was doing, he carried away the mother and daughter to his palace. There he redoubled their affliction, by acquainting them with the caliph's will. "He commands me," said he, "to cause you to be stripped, and exposed for three days to the view of the people. It is with the utmost reluctance that I execute such a decree." Zinebi delivered those words with such an air as plainly made it appear his heart was really pierced with grief and compassion. Though the fear of being dethroned prevented his following the dictates of his pity, yet he in some measure moderated the rigour of the caliph's orders, by causing loose robes to be made of coarse linen for Ganem's mother and sister.

The next day these two victims of the caliph's rage were stripped of their clothes, and their coarse garments put upon them; their head-dress was also taken away, so that their dishevelled hair hung floating on their backs. The daughter had the finest hair, and it hung down to the ground. In this condition they were exposed to the people. The cadi, attended by his officers, were along with them, and they were conducted through the city. A crier went before them, who every now and then pro-

claimed, "This is the punishment due to those who have drawn on themselves the anger of the Commander of the Faithful."

Whilst they walked in this manner along the streets of Damascus, with their arms and feet naked, clad in such strange garments, endeavouring to hide their confusion under their hair, with which they covered their faces, all the people were dissolved in tears; more especially the women, considering them as innocent persons, as they beheld them through their lattice windows, being particularly moved by the daughter's youth and beauty, made the air ring with their shrieks as they passed before their houses. The very children, frightened at those shrieks, and at the spectacle that occasioned them, mixed their cries with the general lamentation. In short, had an enemy been in Damascus, putting all to fire and sword, the consternation could not have been greater.

It was near night when this dismal scene concluded. The mother and daughter were both conducted back to King Zinebi's palace. Not being used to walk barefoot, they were so spent that they lay a long time in a swoon. The Queen of Damascus, highly afflicted at their misfortunes, notwithstanding the caliph's prohibition to relieve them, sent some of her women to comfort them, with all sorts of refreshments and wine to recover their spirits.

The queen's women found them still in a swoon, and almost past receiving any benefit by what they offered them. However, with much difficulty they were brought to themselves. Ganem's mother immediately returned them thanks for their courtesy. "My good madam," said one of the queen's ladies to her, "we are highly concerned at your affliction, and the Sultaness of Damascus, our mistress, has done us a favour in employing us to assist you. We can assure you, that princess is much afflicted at your misfortunes, as well as the king her consort." Ganem's mother entreated the queen's women to return her majesty a thousand thanks from her and her daughter, and then directing her discourse to the lady who spoke to her, "Madam," said she, "the king has not told me why the Chief of the Believers inflicts so many outrages on us; pray be pleased to tell us what crimes we have been guilty of." "My good lady," answered the other, "the origin of your misfortunes proceeds from your son Ganem. He is not dead, as you imagine. He is accused of treason to the caliph at Bagdad, in having spoken words of love to Fetnah, the favourite of the caliph; but having,

by flight, withdrawn himself from that prince's power, the punishment is fallen on you. All condemn the caliph's resentment, but all fear him; and you see King Zinebi himself dares not resist his orders, for fear of incurring his displeasure. All we can do is to pity you, and exhort you to have patience."

"I know my son," answered Ganem's mother, "cannot have committed the crime he is accused of; I dare answer for his innocence. But I will cease to murmur and complain, since it is for him that I suffer, and he is not dead. O Ganem!" added she, in a transport of joy, "my dear son Ganem! is it possible that you are still alive? I am no longer concerned for the loss of my fortune; and how harsh and unjust soever the caliph's orders may be, I forgive him, provided Heaven has preserved my son."

The mother and daughter thus interchanging their sighs and tears, congratulated each other on Ganem's being alive. On the next two days Ganem's mother and sister were again led in procession through the city; but the streets, which at first had been full of people, were now quite empty. All the merchants, incensed at the ill usage of Abou Ayoub's widow and daughter, shut up their shops, and kept themselves close within their houses. The women, instead of looking through their lattice windows, withdrew into the back parts of their houses. There was not a person to be seen in the public places through which those unfortunate women were carried. It seemed as if all the inhabitants of Damascus had abandoned their city.

On the fourth day, the king resolving punctually to obey the caliph's orders, sent criers into all quarters of the city to make proclamation, strictly commanding all the inhabitants of Damascus, and strangers, of what condition soever, upon pain of death, and having their bodies cast to the dogs to be devoured, not to receive Ganem's mother and sister into their houses, or give them a morsel of bread or a drop of water, and, in a word, not to afford them the least support, or hold the least correspondence with them.

When the criers had performed what the king had enjoined them, that prince ordered the mother and daughter to be turned out of the palace, and left to their choice to go where they thought fit. As soon as they appeared, all persons fled from them, so great an impression had the late proclamation made upon all. They easily perceived that everybody shunned them; but not knowing

the reason, were much surprised; and their amazement was the greater, when coming into any street, or among any persons whom they recollected as their best friends, they immediately retreated with as much haste as the rest. "What is the meaning of this?" said Ganem's mother; "do we carry the plague about us? Must the unjust and barbarous usage we have received render us odious to our fellow-citizens? Come, my child," added she, "let us depart from Damascus with all speed; let us not stay any longer in a city where we are become hateful to our very friends."

The two wretched ladies, discoursing in this manner, came to one of the extremities of the city, and retired to a ruined house to pass the night. Thither some Mussulmans, out of charity and compassion, resorted to them after the day was shut in. They carried them provisions, but durst not stay to comfort them, for fear of being discovered, and punished for disobeying the caliph's orders.

On the next day, they came to a small village. The peasants' wives flocked about them, and asked them what was the occasion of their travelling in such a miserable plight, and in a habit that did not seem to belong to them. Instead of answering the question, they fell to weeping, which only served to heighten the curiosity of the peasants, and to move their compassion. Ganem's mother told them what she and her daughter had endured; at which the good countrywomen were sensibly affected, and endeavoured to comfort them. They treated them as well as their poverty would permit, took off their coarse garments, and put on them others which they gave them, with shoes, and something to cover their heads and protect their hair.

Having expressed their gratitude to those charitable women, Alcolom and her mother departed from that village, taking short journeys towards Aleppo. They used at dusk to retire near or into the mosques, where they passed the night, and sometimes rested in the public places appointed for the use of travellers. As for sustenance, they did not want, for they often came to places where bread, boiled rice, and other provisions are distributed to all travellers who desire it.

At length they came to Aleppo, but would not stay there, and continuing their journey towards the Euphrates, crossed the river, and entered Mesopotamia, which they traversed as far as Moussul. Thence, notwithstanding all they had endured, they proceeded to

Bagdad. That was the place they had fixed their thoughts upon, hoping there to find Ganem. Their conversation was generally about him, and they inquired for him of all they met.

While these misfortunes alighted on the family of Ganem for Fetnah's sake, that unfortunate lady was still closely confined a prisoner in the Tower, within the precincts of the palace, where she day by day lamented the calamities in which she feared Ganem was involved.

Now it happened one night that the caliph in his evening walk passed by the Dark Tower, and fancying he heard somebody talk, stopped, and drawing near the door to listen, distinctly heard these words, which Fetnah uttered with a loud voice: "O Ganem, too unfortunate Ganem! where are you, whither has thy cruel fate led thee? What melancholy return have you received for your care and respect for me? The Commander of the Faithful, who ought to have rewarded, persecutes you; and in requital for your virtuous protection of me, you lose your fortune, and are obliged to seek for safety in flight. O caliph, caliph, how can you exculpate yourself in your treatment of us, your innocent and unoffending servants?"

This was enough to make the caliph reflect. He plainly perceived, that if what he had heard was true, his favourite must be innocent, and that he had been too hasty in giving such orders against Ganem and his family. Being resolved to be rightly informed, he immediately returned to his apartment, and ordered the chief of his guards to repair to the Dark Tower, and bring Fetnah before him.

By this command, and by the caliph's manner of speaking, Mesrour guessed that his master designed to pardon his favourite, and to release her from prison. He was overjoyed at the thought, for he respected Fetnah, and had been much concerned at her disgrace; therefore flying instantly to the Tower, "Madam," said he, with such an air as expressed his satisfaction, "be pleased to follow me; I hope you will never more return to this melancholy abode: the Commander of the Faithful wishes to speak with you, and I draw from this a happy omen."

Fetnah followed Mesrour, who conducted her into the caliph's presence. She prostrated herself before him, her face bathed in tears. "Fetnah," said the caliph, without bidding her rise, "who is he whom I persecute when I ought to have rewarded? Speak freely, you know that I love to do justice."

"Commander of the Faithful," replied Fetnah, "if I have let fall any word that is not agreeable to you, I most humbly beseech you to forgive me; but he whose innocence and wretched state you desire to be informed of, is Ganem, the unhappy son of Abou Ayoub, late a rich merchant of Damascus. He saved my life and afforded me a sanctuary in his house. I must own, that at first he paid me attentions with the hope of obtaining my affections; but as soon as he heard that I had the honour to belong to your court, 'Ah, madam,' said he, 'that which belongs to the master is forbidden to the slave.' From that moment he treated me with the utmost respect. You, Commander of the Faithful, well know with what rigour you have treated him, and now you will see what little reason there was for your displeasure."

When she had done speaking, the caliph said, "I believe all you have told me; but why was it so long before you let me hear from you? Was there any need of staying a whole month after my return before you sent me word where you were?" "Commander of the Faithful," answered Fetnah, "Ganem went abroad so very seldom, that you need not wonder we were not the first that heard of your return. Besides, Ganem, who took upon him to deliver the letter I wrote to Nouronnihar, was a long time before he could find an opportunity of putting it into her own hands."

"It is enough," replied the caliph; "I acknowledge my fault, and would willingly make amends to the young merchant of Damascus. Ask what you think fit, and I will grant it." Fetnah fell down at the caliph's feet, with her face to the ground; and said, "Commander of the Faithful, I most humbly entreat you to cause it to be published throughout your dominions, that you pardon the son of Abou Ayoub, and that he may safely come to you." "I must do more," rejoined the prince, "in requital for his having saved your life, and in reparation of the wrong I have done to him and his family, I must give him to you for a husband." Fetnah again most humbly thanked the caliph for his generosity. She then withdrew into the apartment she had occupied before her melancholy adventure. The same furniture was still in it, nothing had been removed; but that which pleased her most was, to find Ganem's chests and bales, which Mesrour had received the caliph's orders to convey thither.

The next day Haroun Alraschid ordered the grand vizier to cause proclamation to be made throughout all his dominions, that he pardoned Ganem, the son of Abou Ayoub. This proclamation proved of no effect, for no news could be obtained of the young merchant. Fetnah concluded that he had not been able to survive the pain of losing her. A dreadful uneasiness seized her mind; but as hope is the last thing which forsakes lovers, she entreated the caliph to give her leave to seek for Ganem herself, which being granted, she took a purse containing a thousand pieces of gold, and proceeded one morning on her search, mounted on a richly caparisoned mule from the caliph's stables. Black slaves attended her, with a hand placed on each side of the mule's bridles.

Thus she went from mosque to mosque, bestowing her alms among the dervises, desiring their prayers for the accomplishment of her wishes, on which the happiness of two persons she told them depended. She spent the whole day and the thousand pieces of gold in giving alms at the mosques, and returned to the palace in the evening.

The next day she took another purse of the same value, and, with the like retinue as the day before, went to the square of the jewellers' shops, and stopping at the gateway without alighting, sent one of her black slaves for the syndic or chief of them. The syndic did not make Fetnah wait, knowing by her dress that she was a lady belonging to the palace.

"I desire you," said she, putting the purse into his hands, "as a person whose piety is celebrated throughout the city, to distribute that gold among the poor strangers you relieve." "Madam," answered the syndic, "I shall obey your commands with pleasure; but if you desire to exercise your charity in person, and will be pleased to step to my house, you will there see two women worthy of your compassion: I met them yesterday as they were coming into the city; they were in a deplorable condition, and it moved me the more, through all the rags that covered them, notwithstanding the impression the sun has made on their faces, I discovered a noble air, not to be commonly found in those people I relieve. I carried them both to my house, and delivered them to my wife, who was of the same opinion with me. She caused her slaves to provide them good beds, whilst she herself led them to

the bath, and gave them clean linen. We know not as yet who they are, because we wish to let them take some rest before we trouble them with our questions."

Fetnah, without knowing why, felt a curiosity to see them, and at once entered the courtyard of the syndic's house. The syndic's wife being informed by her slaves that a lady from the palace was in her house, hastened to meet her; and on her coming into the chamber, prostrated herself before her, to express the respect she had for all who belonged to the caliph. Fetnah raised her up and said, "My good lady, I desire you will let me speak with those two strangers that arrived at Bagdad last night." "Madam," answered the syndic's wife, "they lie in those beds you see by each other." Fetnah immediately drew near and said, "Be so kind as to tell us your misfortunes, and recount your story. You cannot make the relation to any persons better disposed to use all possible means to comfort you." "Madam," replied Abou Ayoub's disconsolate widow, (for those poor women were none other than Ganem's mother and sister,) "a lady, whose name is Fetnah, is the occasion of our misfortunes. I am the widow of Abou Ayoub, a merchant of Damascus; I had a son called Ganem, who, coming to trade at Bagdad, has been accused of carrying off Fetnah. The caliph caused search to be made for him everywhere, to put him to death; but not finding him, he wrote to the King of Damascus, to cause our house to be plundered and razed, and to proclaim the disgrace of my daughter and myself three days successively to the populace, and then to banish us out of Syria for ever. But how unworthy soever our usage has been, I should be still comforted were my son alive, and I could meet with him. Alas! I am fully persuaded he is innocent of any offence towards the caliph."

"He is no more guilty than you are," said Fetnah, interrupting her. "I can assure you of his innocence; for I am that very Fetnah, who has occasioned you so many misfortunes. But if I have occasioned your calamity, I can in some measure relieve it. The caliph has already caused it to be proclaimed throughout his dominions, that he pardons the son of Abou Ayoub. Doubt not he will do you as much good as he has done you injury. In the meanwhile, he gives Ganem to me as my husband; therefore, look on me as your daughter, and permit me to vow to you

eternal duty and affection." Having so said, she prostrated herself before Ganem's mother, who was so astonished that she could return no answer. Fetnah held her long in her arms, and only left her to embrace the daughter, who, sitting up, held out her arms to receive her.

When Fetnah had thus shown her mother and sister all tokens of affection, as Ganem's wife, she said to them, "The wealth Ganem had in this city is not lost, it is in my apartment in the palace; but I know all the treasure of the world cannot comfort you without Ganem, if I may judge of you by myself. Yet why should we despair of seeing him again? We shall find him; the happiness of meeting with you makes me conceive fresh hopes. Perhaps this is the last day of your sufferings, and the beginning of greater felicity than you enjoyed in Damascus, when Ganem was with you."

Fetnah would have proceeded, but the syndic of the jewellers coming in interrupted her. "Madam," said he to her, "I come from seeing a very pitiable object, a young man, whom they were carrying to the hospital. I happened to be passing by, and from my experience among sick people, I at once perceived that he required to have particular care taken of him, and I have caused him to be brought to my own house, by my slaves who are now attending on him."

Fetnah's heart beat at these words of the jeweller, and she felt a sudden emotion, for which she could not account. "Show me," said she to the syndic, "into the sick man's room; I shall be glad to see him."

Fetnah coming into the chamber of the sick stranger, drew near the bed, in which she saw a young man, whose eyes were closed, with a face pale, disfigured, and bathed in tears. She gazed earnestly on him, her heart beat, and she fancied she beheld Ganem, but he appeared so different in some respects to what he was, that she durst not imagine it was he that lay before her. Unable, however, to withstand the earnest desire of being satisfied of the truth, she said, with a trembling voice, "Ganem! is it you I behold?" Having spoken these words, she stopped to give the young man time to answer, but observing that he seemed insensible, "Alas! Ganem," added she, "it is not you that I address! The son of Abou Ayoub, however indisposed, would

know the voice of Fetnah." At the name of Fetnah, Ganem (for it was really he) opening his eyes, sprang up, "Ah! madam," said he, "by what miracle ——" He could say no more; such a sudden transport of joy seized him that he fainted away. Fetnah and the syndic did all they could to bring him to himself; but as soon as they perceived he began to revive, the syndic desired the lady to withdraw, lest the sight of her should heighten his disorder.

The young man, having recovered, looked all around, and not seeing what he sought, exclaimed, "What is become of you, charming Fetnah? Did you really appear before my eyes, or was it only an illusion?" "No, sir," said the syndic, "it was no illusion. It was I that caused the lady to withdraw, but you shall see her again, as soon as you are in a condition to bear the interview. You now stand in need of rest, and nothing ought to obstruct your taking it. The condition of your affairs is altered. Be satisfied for the present with knowing so much; the lady, who just now spoke to you, will acquaint you with the rest, therefore think of nothing but recovering your health; I will contribute all in my power towards it." Having spoken these words, he left Ganem to sleep, and went himself to provide for him such medicines as were proper to recover his strength.

When Ganem's mother understood that the sick stranger whom the syndic had brought into his house was Ganem himself, she was so overjoyed that she also swooned away, and when, with the assistance of Fetnah and the syndic's wife, she was again come to herself, she would have arisen to go and see her son; but the syndic coming in, hindered her, representing that Ganem was so weak and emaciated, that it would endanger his life to excite in him those emotions, which must be the consequence of the unexpected sight of a beloved mother and sister. Fetnah then said, "Let us bless Heaven for having brought us all together. I will return to the palace to give the caliph an account of these adventures, and to-morrow morning I will return to you." This said, she embraced the mother and the daughter, and went away. As soon as she came to the palace, she requested a private audience of the caliph, which was immediately granted; and being brought into the prince's presence, she prostrated herself at his feet, with her face to the ground, according to custom. He commanded her to rise, and having made her sit down, asked

whether she had heard any news of Ganem. "Commander of the Faithful," said she, "I have been so successful, that I have found him, and also his mother and sister." The caliph was curious to know how she had discovered them in so short a time, and she satisfied his inquiries, saying so many things in commendation of Ganem's mother and sister, that he desired to see them as well as the young merchant.

Though Haroun Alraschid was passionate, and in his heat sometimes guilty of cruel actions, yet he was just, and the most generous prince in the world, when his anger was over, and he was made sensible of the wrong he had done. Having therefore no longer cause to doubt but that he had unjustly persecuted Ganem and his family, and had publicly wronged them, he resolved to make them public satisfaction. "I am overjoyed," said he to Fetnah, "that your search has proved so successful; it is a real satisfaction to me, not so much for your sake as for my own. I will keep the promise I have made you. You shall marry Ganem, and I here declare you are no longer my slave; you are free. Go back to that young merchant, and as soon as he has recovered his health, you shall bring him to me with his mother and sister."

The next morning early, Fetnah repaired to the syndic of the jewellers, being impatient to hear of Ganem's health, and to tell the mother and daughter the good news she had for them. The first person she met was the syndic, who told her that Ganem had rested well that night; and that his disorder proceeding altogether from melancholy, the cause being removed, he would soon recover his health.

Accordingly the son of Abou Ayoub was speedily much amended. Rest, and the good medicines he had taken, but above all the different condition of his mind, had wrought so good an effect, that the syndic thought he might without danger see his mother, his sister, and Fetnah It was therefore resolved that Fetnah should first go alone into Ganem's chamber, and then make a sign to the two other ladies to appear, when she thought it was proper.

Matters being so ordered, the syndic announced Fetnah's coming to the sick man, who was so transported to see her, that he was again near fainting away. "Well, Ganem," said she, drawing near to his bed, "you have again found your Fetnah, whom you thought you had lost for ever." "Ah! madam," exclaimed he,

eagerly interrupting her, "what miracle has restored you to my sight? I thought you were in the caliph's palace, and restored to his favour."

"Yes, my dear Ganem," answered Fetnah, "I have cleared myself before the caliph, who, to make amends for the wrong he has done you, bestows me on you for a wife." These last words occasioned an excess of joy in Ganem. "Beautiful Fetnah," he said, "may I give credit to what you tell me? May I believe that the caliph really resigns you to Abou Ayoub's son?" "Nothing is more certain," answered the lady. "The caliph, who before caused search to be made for you, to take away your life, and who in his fury caused your mother and your sister to suffer a thousand indignities, desires now to see you, that he may reward the respect you had for him; and there is no question but that he will load your family with favours."

Ganem asked what the caliph had done to his mother and sister, which Fetnah told him; and he could not forbear letting fall some tears at the relation, notwithstanding his present joy. But when Fetnah informed him that they were actually in Bagdad, and in the same house with him, he appeared so impatient to see them that she could no longer defer calling them in. They were at the door waiting for that moment. They entered, went up to Ganem, and embracing him in their turn, kissed him a thousand times. What tears were shed amidst those embraces! The syndic himself and his wife were so moved at the spectacle, that they could not forbear weeping, nor sufficiently admire the secret workings of Providence, which had brought together into their house four persons whom fortune had so cruelly persecuted.

When they had dried up their tears, Ganem drew them afresh by the recital of what he had suffered from the day he left Fetnah till the moment the syndic brought him to his house. He told them, that having taken refuge in a small village, he there fell sick; that some charitable peasants had taken care of him, but finding he did not recover, a camel-driver had undertaken to carry him to the hospital at Bagdad. Fetnah also told him all the uneasiness of her imprisonment; how the caliph, having heard her talk in the Tower, had sent for her into his presence, and how she had cleared herself. In conclusion, when they had related what accidents had befallen them, Fetnah said, "Let us bless

Heaven, which has brought us all together again, and let us think of nothing but the happiness that awaits us. As soon as Ganem has recovered his health, he must appear before the caliph, with his mother and sister; but I will go and make some provision for them."

This said, she went to the palace, and soon returned with a purse containing a thousand pieces of gold, which she delivered to the syndic, desiring him to buy apparel for the mother and daughter. The syndic did so, and had them made up with all expedition. They were finished in three days; and Ganem, finding himself strong enough, prepared to go abroad. But on the day he had appointed to pay his respects to the caliph, while he was making ready, with his mother and sister, the grand vizier Giafar came to the syndic's house.

He had come on horseback, attended by a great number of officers. "Sir," said he to Ganem, as soon as he entered, "I am come from the caliph, my master and yours. The orders I have differ much from those which I do not wish to revive in your memory. I am to bear you company, and to present you to the caliph, who is desirous to see you." Ganem returned no other answer to the vizier's compliment than by profoundly bowing his head; and then mounted a horse brought from the caliph's stables, which he managed very gracefully. The mother and daughter were mounted on mules belonging to the palace; and whilst Fetnah, on another mule, led them by a by-way to the prince's court, Giafar conducted Ganem, and brought him into the hall of audience. The caliph was sitting on his throne, encompassed with emirs, viziers, and other attendants and courtiers, Arabs, Persians, Egyptians, Africans, and Syrians, of his own dominions, not to mention strangers.

When the vizier had conducted Ganem to the foot of the throne, the young merchant paid his obeisance, prostrating himself with his face to the ground; and then rising, made a handsome compliment in verse, which, though the effusion of the moment, met with the approbation of the whole court. After this compliment, the caliph caused him to approach, and ordered a very rich robe to be given him, according to the custom observed towards those who are admitted to audience. After which he said, "Ganem, I will have you live in my court." "Commander

of the Faithful," answered the young merchant, "a slave has no will but his master's, on whom his life and fortune depend." The caliph was highly pleased with Ganem's reply, and assigned him a place of dignity. He then descended from his throne, and causing only Ganem and the grand vizier to follow him, retired into his own apartment, whither he had commanded that Fetnah, with Abou Ayoub's widow and daughter, should be taken. He then declared to them his will in regard to Fetnah and Ganem, and ordered a cauzee and witnesses to be called, and the marriage-contract to be drawn up and signed immediately. He also sent Ganem's mother and sister, laden with honours, to Damascus, and provided with letters ordering the restoration, at the public expense, of their mansion and property.

The Story of the Little Hunchback.

There was in former times at Casgar, on the extreme boundaries of Tartary, a tailor, who was married to a wife to whom he was tenderly attached. One day while he was at work, a little hunchback seated himself at the shop door, and began to sing and play upon a tabor. The tailor was pleased with his performance, and resolved to take him to his house to entertain his wife. Immediately after their arrival, the tailor's wife placed before them a dish of fish; but as the little man was eating, he unluckily swallowed a bone, which, notwithstanding all that the tailor and his wife could do, choked him. This accident greatly alarmed them both, lest they should be punished as murderers. Now, it so happened that a doctor, a Jew, lived close by, and the tailor and his wife devised a scheme for placing the body of the dwarf in his house. On their knocking at the door, the servant-maid came down without any light, and asked what they wanted. "Go and tell your master," said the tailor, putting a piece of money in her hand, "we have brought him a man who is ill, and want his advice." While the servant was gone up to inform her master, the tailor and his wife hastily conveyed the body of the hunchback, supposed to be dead, to the head of the stairs, and leaving it there, hurried away.

In the meantime the doctor, transported with joy at being paid beforehand, hastily ran towards the head of the stairs without

waiting for a light, and came against the body of the hunchback with so much violence, that he precipitated it to the bottom. "Bring me a light!" cried he to the maid; "quick, quick!" At last she brought a light, and he went down-stairs with her; but when he saw what he had done—"Unhappy man that I am!" said he, "why did I attempt to come without a light? I have killed the poor fellow who was brought to me to be cured; and unless Esdra's ass[1] come to assist me, the authorities will be here, and drag me out of my house for a murderer."

The doctor then called his wife, and consulted with her how to dispose of the dead body during the night. The doctor racked his brain in vain; he could not think of any stratagem to relieve his embarrassment; but his wife, who was more fertile in invention, said, "A thought has just come into my head; carry the dead body to the terrace of our house, and let it down the chimney of our Mussulman neighbour."

This Mussulman was one of the sultan's purveyors for furnishing oil, butter, and articles of a similar nature, and had a magazine in his house, where the rats and mice made prodigious havoc.

The Jewish doctor approving the proposed expedient, his wife and he took the little dwarf up to the roof of the house, and placing ropes under his arm-pits, let him down the chimney into the purveyor's chamber so dexterously that he stood upright against the wall, as if he had been alive. They were scarcely got back into their own chamber, when the purveyor, who had returned late from a wedding-feast, went into his room, with a lantern in his hand. He was not a little surprised to discover a human figure standing in his chimney; but being a stout fellow, and apprehending him to be a thief, he took up a stick, and, "Ah," said he, "I thought the rats and mice ate my butter and tallow; but it is you who come down the chimney to rob me? However, I think you will have no wish to come here again." Upon this he attacked hunchback, and struck him several times with his stick. The body fell down flat on the ground, and the purveyor

[1] "This refers to a Mahommedan legend. Ezra is said to have doubted the means by which Jerusalem and its inhabitants could be again restored. He was, the legend says, cured of his doubts by seeing the bones of a dead ass suddenly clothed upon and resuscitated with life."—See Sale's *Notes on Koran*, chap. ii.

redoubled his blows. But observing that the body did not move, he stood a little time to regard it; and then, fear succeeding his anger, "Wretched man that I am!" said he, "what have I done! I have killed a man! alas, I have carried my revenge too far." He stood pale and thunderstruck, and could not tell what resolution to take, when on a sudden he took up the body supposed to be dead, and carried it to the end of the street, where he placed it in an upright posture against a shop; he then returned without once looking behind him.

A few minutes before daybreak, a wealthy Christian merchant, coming home from a night's festivity, passed by the spot where the sultan's purveyor had put the dead body, which being jostled by him, tumbled upon the merchant's back. The merchant, thinking he was attacked by a robber, knocked it down, and after redoubling his blows, cried out "Thieves!" The outcry alarmed the watch,[1] who came up immediately, and finding a Christian beating a Mussulman, "What reason have you," said he, "to abuse a Mussulman in this manner?" "He would have robbed me," replied the merchant, "and jumped upon my back in order to take me by the throat." "If he did," said the watch, "you have revenged yourself sufficiently; come, get off him." At the same time perceiving the little man to be dead, he said, "Is it thus that a Christian dares to assassinate a Mussulman?" So saying, he laid hold of the Christian, and carried him to the house of the cadi. In the meantime, the Christian merchant, reflecting upon his adventure, could not conceive how such slight blows of his fist could have killed the man.

The judge having heard the report of the watch, and viewed the body, which they had brought to his house, interrogated the Christian merchant, who could not deny the death, though he had not caused it. But the judge considering that the little dwarf belonged to the sultan, for he was one of his buffoons, would not put the Christian to death till he knew the sultan's pleasure. For this end he went to the palace, and acquainted the sultan with what had happened; and received this answer, "I have no mercy to show to a Christian who kills a Mussulman." Upon this the cadi

[1] There were no clocks in the East, and so the watchmen set to guard the street called the different divisions of the night. "Watchman! what of the night?" The "watchmen of the night" still remain in Eastern cities.

ordered a stake to be prepared, and sent criers all over the city to proclaim that they were about to impale a Christian for killing a Mussulman.

At length the merchant was brought to the place of execution; and the executioner was about to fasten him to the stake, when the sultan's purveyor pushed through the crowd, calling to him to stop, for that the Christian had not committed the murder, but he himself had done it, and related how he had attacked him, under the impression that he was a thief. "Let the Christian go," said the cadi to the executioner, "and impale this man in his stead, since it appears by his own confession that he is guilty." Thereupon the executioner released the merchant, and seized the purveyor; but just as he was going to impale him, he heard the voice of the Jewish doctor, earnestly entreating him to suspend the execution, and make room for him to approach, as he was the real criminal, and stating how he had by his hasty imprudence caused his death. The chief justice being now persuaded that the Jewish doctor was the murderer, gave orders to the executioner to seize him and release the purveyor. Accordingly the doctor was just going to be impaled, when the tailor appeared, crying, in his turn, to the executioner to hold his hand, and make room for him, that he might come and make his confession to the cadi, as, after all, he was the person really answerable for the death of the hunchback, and he could not bear that an innocent man should suffer for his crime. The cadi being now fairly perplexed to decide who was the real culprit amongst so many self-accusing criminals, determined to refer the matter to the sultan himself, and proceeded to the palace, accompanied by the tailor, the Jewish doctor, and the Christian merchant, while four of his men carried on a bier the body of the dwarf, supposed to be dead.

When they appeared in the sultan's presence, the cadi prostrated himself at his feet; and on rising, gave him a faithful relation of all he knew of the story of the dwarf, and of the three men who, one after the other, accused themselves of his involuntary murder. The story appeared so extraordinary to the sultan, that he ordered his own historian to write it down with all its circumstances; on which the Christian merchant, after falling down, and touching the earth with his forehead, spoke as follows: "Most puissant monarch, I know a story yet more astonishing than this.

If your majesty will give me leave, I will relate it." "Well," said the sultan, "you have my permission;" and the merchant went on as follows:—

The Story told by the Christian Merchant.

I am a stranger, born at Cairo, in Egypt, a Copt by nation, and by religion a Christian. My father was a commission merchant, and I, following his example, pursued the same employment. While I was standing in the public grain market at Cairo, there came up to me a handsome young man, in rich robes, and mounted on a handsomely caparisoned ass. He saluted me, and pulling out a handkerchief, in which he had a sample of barley, asked me how much a bushel of such grain would fetch.

I told him it was worth a hundred dirhens of silver per bushel. "Pray," said he, "look out for some merchant to take it at that price, and come to me at the Victory gate, where you will see a khan at a distance from the houses." So saying, he left me the sample, and I showed it to several merchants, who told me that they would take as much as I could spare at a hundred and ten dirhens per bushel, so that I reckoned on getting ten dirhens per bushel for my commission. Full of the expectation of this profit, I went to the Victory gate, where I found the young merchant expecting me, and he took me into his granary, which was full of barley. He had then a hundred and fifty bushels, which I measured out, and having carried them off upon asses, sold them for five thousand dirhens of silver. "Out of this sum," said the young man, "there are five hundred dirhens coming to you, at the rate of ten dirhens per bushel. This I give you; and as for the rest which pertains to me, receive it for me and keep it till I call or send for it, for I have no occasion for it at present." I answered, "It should be ready for him whenever he pleased to demand it;" and so, kissing his hand, took leave of him, with a grateful sense of his generosity. A full year passed away before I saw my young merchant again. He then appeared as richly appareled as before, but seemed to have something on his spirits. I asked him to do me the honour to walk into my house. Accordingly he complied. I gave orders to have a repast prepared, and while this was doing, we entered into conversation. All

things being ready, we sat down. I observed he took the first mouthful with his left hand,[1] and not with the right. I was at a loss what to think of this. "Ever since I have known this young man," said I inwardly, "he has always appeared very polite; is it possible he can do this out of contempt? What can be the reason he does not use his right hand?"

After we had done eating, I said to him, "Pardon, sir, the liberty I take in asking you what reason you have for not using your right hand?" Instead of answering, he heaved a deep sigh, and pulling out his right arm, which he had hitherto kept under his vest, showed me, to my great astonishment, that it had been cut off. "Doubtless you were displeased," said he, "to see me feed myself with the left hand; but I leave you to judge, whether it was in my power to do otherwise." "May one ask," said I, "by what mischance you lost your right hand?" Upon that he burst into tears, and after wiping his eyes, gave me the following relation:—

I am a native of Bagdad, the son of a rich merchant, the most eminent in that city for rank and opulence. I had scarcely launched into the world, when falling into the company of travellers, and hearing their wonderful accounts of Egypt, especially of Grand Cairo, I was interested by their discourse, and felt a strong desire to travel. But my father was then alive, and would not grant me permission. At length he died; and being then my own master, I resolved to take a journey to Cairo. I laid out a large sum of money in the purchase of several sorts of fine stuffs of Bagdad and Mossoul, and departed.

Arriving at Cairo, I went to the khan, called the khan of Mesrour, and there lodged. I also hired a warehouse for my bales, which I had brought with me upon camels. This done, I retired to my chamber to rest, after the fatigue of my journey, and gave money to my servants to buy some provisions and dress them. After I had eaten, I went to view the castle, mosques, public squares, and other remarkable places.

Next day I dressed myself, and ordered some of the finest and richest of my bales to be selected and carried by my slaves to the

[1] "It is not allowable to touch food with the left hand, (as it is used for unclean purposes,) excepting where both hands are required to divide a joint."—Lane's *Notes*, vol. i. p. 110.

Circassian bezetzein,[1] whither I followed. I had no sooner made my appearance, than I was surrounded with merchants and officers of the bazaar, who had heard of my arrival. I gave patterns of my stuffs to several of the Mueddins[2] or criers, who showed them all over the bezetzein: but none of the merchants offered near so much as prime cost and carriage. This vexed me; and the officers having the management of the bazaar, observing I was dissatisfied, said, "If you will take our advice, we will put you in a way to sell your goods without loss.

"Divide your goods," said they, "among several merchants, they will sell them by retail; and twice a week, that is on Mondays and Thursdays, you may receive what money they have taken. In the meanwhile you will have time to take your pleasure about the town, or go upon the Nile."

I took their advice, and brought all my goods to the bezetzein, and there divided them among the merchants, who gave me a formal receipt before witnesses, stipulating only that I should not make any demands upon them for the first month. After the first month had expired, I began to visit my merchants twice a week, taking with me a public officer to inspect their books of sale, and a banker to see that they paid me in good money, and to regulate the value of the several coins.

One Monday, as I was sitting in a merchant's shop, whose name was Bedreddin, and from whom I had to receive some money, a lady of high rank, as might easily be perceived by her dress, and by a well appointed slave attending her, came into the shop, and sat down by me. Her appearance immediately prepossessed me in her favour, and inspired me with a desire to be better acquainted with her. Shortly after she came in, she let down the muslin which covered her face, and gave me the opportunity of seeing her large black eyes, which perfectly charmed me.

After conversing with the merchant some time upon indifferent subjects, she inquired for a particular kind of brocade with a gold

[1] The bezetzeins, or bazaars, are buildings formed of stone, resembling a long gallery, arched with wood, with shops of different sizes, where merchants expose their goods for sale. Each different kind of business has a different bazaar, which is locked up, as well as the street itself, after sunset.

[2] Mueddins—Those who called the hours of prayer at the mosques, and thence criers or givers of public notices of any description.

ground, which she had sought for through all the bezetzein. Bedreddin produced several pieces, one of which she selected, and he asked for it eleven hundred dirhens of silver. "I will," said she, "give you your price for it, but I have not money enough about me; so I hope you will give me credit till to-morrow, and in the meantime allow me to carry home the stuff." "Madam," said Bedreddin, "I would give you credit with all my heart if the stuff were mine; but it belongs to the young man you see here, and this is the day on which we settle our accounts; so this very day I have occasion for the money." "There," said she, "throwing the stuff to him, take your stuff, I care not for you nor any of the merchants. You are all alike; you respect no one." As she spoke, she rose up in anger, and walked out of the shop.

When I saw that the lady walked away, I felt interested on her behalf, and called her back. "Madam," said I, "you may take the stuff with you, and as for the money, you may either send it to-morrow or the next day; or, if you will, accept it as a present from me." "Pardon me," returned she, "I will do no such thing. You treat me with so much politeness, that I should be unworthy to appear in the world again, were I to omit to repay you. May your fortune never be less, may you live many years, and at last may the gate of paradise be open to you."

"Madam," I replied, "I desire no other reward for the service I have done you than the happiness of seeing your face." I had no sooner spoken than she turned towards me, took off her veil, and discovered to me a wonderful beauty. I could have gazed upon her for ever; but fearing any one should observe her, she quickly covered her face, and letting down the crape, took up the piece of stuff, and went away, leaving me in a very different state of mind from that in which I had entered the shop. Before I took leave of the merchant, I asked him if he knew the lady. "Yes," said he, "she is the daughter of an emir."

I went back to the khan of Mesrour, and all through the night kept wishing for the morning. As soon as it was day I arose, in hopes of once more beholding the fair object of my affection; and to show myself more worthy of her, I dressed myself in much richer robes than I had worn the previous day. I had scarcely reached Bedreddin's stall, when I saw the lady coming in more magnificent apparel than before, and attended by her slave. When she entered,

she did not regard the merchant, but addressing herself to me, said, "Sir, you see I am punctual to my word. I am come for the express purpose of paying the sum you were so kind as to pass your word for yesterday, though I was a stranger to you. Such uncommon generosity I shall never forget." With these words she put the money into my hand, and sat down by me.

Having this opportunity of conversing with her, I told her the love I had for her; but she rose and left me very abruptly, as if she had been angry with me. I followed her with my eyes as long as she continued in sight; then taking leave of the merchant, walked out of the bezetzein, without marking where I went. I walked on, musing on this adventure, when I felt somebody pulling me behind, and turning to see who it was, I was agreeably surprised to perceive it was the lady's slave. "My mistress," said she, "wants to speak with you, if you please to follow me." Accordingly I followed her, and found her mistress sitting waiting for me in a banker's shop.

She made me sit down by her, and spoke to this purpose. "Do not be surprised that I left you so abruptly. I could not before that merchant make my confession to you. But to speak the truth, I was so far from being offended at you, that your words gave me great pleasure. Come on Friday, after noon-prayers, and ask for the house of Abon Schama, sirnamed Bercour, late master of the emirs; there you will find me." This said, we parted; and I passed the next day in great impatience.

On Friday I put on my richest robes, and took fifty pieces of gold in my purse. I mounted a richly caparisoned ass I had bespoken the day before, and set out, accompanied by the man who let me the ass. I directed the owner of the ass to inquire for the house I wanted; he found it, and conducted me thither. I paid him liberally, directing him to observe narrowly where he left me, and not to fail to return next morning with the ass, to carry me again to the khan of Mesrour.

I knocked at the door, and presently two little female slaves, in dresses white as snow, came and opened it. I entered the court, and saw a pavilion raised seven steps, and surrounded with iron rails that parted it from a very pleasant garden. Besides the trees which only embellished the place, and formed an agreeable shade, there was an infinite number of others loaded with all sorts of

fruit. I was charmed with the warbling of a great number of birds, that joined their notes to the murmurings of a fountain, in the middle of a parterre enamelled with flowers. This fountain formed a very agreeable object; four large gilded dragons at the angles of the basin, which was of a square form, spouted out water clearer than rock-crystal. The two little slaves conducted me into a saloon magnificently furnished. I did not wait long ere the lady herself appeared, adorned with pearls and diamonds; but the splendour of her eyes far outshone that of her jewels. Her shape, which was now not concealed by the dress she wore in the city, appeared the most slender and delicate. After our mutual salutations were made, we sat down upon a sofa, and conversed together with the highest satisfaction. The most delicious refreshments were served to us; and after eating, we continued our conversation till evening. We then had excellent wine brought up and fruit, while music was furnished by the instruments and voices of the slaves. The lady of the house sung herself, and by her songs still more gained on my affections.

Next morning I presented the lady with the purse of fifty pieces of gold I had brought with me, and took leave, promising to return at night. She seemed to be transported with my observation, and conducting me to the door, conjured me at parting to be mindful of my promise.

The same man who had carried me thither waited for me with his ass, which I mounted, and went directly to the khan; ordering the man to come to me again in the afternoon at a certain hour; to secure which, I deferred paying him till that time came.

As soon as I arrived at my lodging, my first care was to order my people to buy a lamb, and several sorts of cakes, which I sent by a porter as a present to the lady. When that was done, I attended to my business till the owner of the ass arrived. I then went along with him to the lady's house, and was received by her with as much joy as before, and entertained with equal magnificence.

I continued to visit the lady every day, and to leave her every time a purse with fifty pieces of gold, till the merchants whom I employed to sell my goods, and whom I visited regularly twice a week, had paid me the whole amount of my goods; and I came at last to be moneyless, and hopeless of having any more.

In this forlorn condition I walked out of my lodging, not knowing what course to take, and by chance went towards the castle, where there was a great crowd to witness a spectacle given by the sultan of Egypt. As soon as I came up, I wedged in among the crowd, and by chance happened to stand by a horseman well mounted and handsomely clothed, who had upon the pommel of his saddle a bag, half open, with a string of green silk hanging out of it. I clapped my hand to the bag, concluding the silk twist might be the string of a purse within: in the meantime a porter, with a load of wood upon his back, passed by on the other side of the horse, so near that the rider was forced to turn his head towards him, to avoid being hurt, or to prevent his clothes being torn by the wood. In that moment the devil tempted me; I took the string in one hand, and with the other pulled out the purse so dexterously, that nobody perceived me. The purse was heavy, and I did not doubt but it contained gold or silver.

As soon as the porter had passed, the horseman, who probably had some suspicion of what I had done while his head was turned, presently put his hand to his bag, and finding his purse was gone, gave me such a blow, that he knocked me down. This violence shocked all who saw it. Some took hold of the horse's bridle, and asked its rider what reason he had to strike me, or how he came to treat a Mussulman so rudely. "Do not you trouble yourself," said he, briskly, "I had reason for what I did; this fellow is a thief." At these words I started up, and from my appearance every one took my part, and cried out it was false, for that it was incredible a young man such as I was should be guilty of so base an action. While they were holding his horse by the bridle to favour my escape, the cadi passed by, who seeing such a crowd, came up and asked what the matter was.

The cadi did not give ear to all that was said; but asked the cavalier if he suspected anybody else beside me. The horseman told him he did not, and gave his reasons why he believed his suspicions not to be groundless. Upon this the cadi ordered his followers to seize me, which they presently did; and finding the purse upon me, exposed it to the view of all the people. The disgrace was so great I could not bear it, and I swooned away. In the meantime the judge called for the purse, and asked the horseman how much money it contained. The cavalier knew it

to be his own, and assured the judge he had put twenty sequins into it. Upon the judge finding the sum mentioned to correspond with the money in the purse, he called me before him.

"Come, young man," said he, "confess the truth. Was it you that took the purse? Do not wait for the torture by which I shall extort confession." Then with downcast eyes, thinking if I denied the fact, they, having found the purse upon me, would convict me of a lie, to avoid a double punishment, I looked up and confessed my guilt. I had no sooner made the confession, than the judge called people to witness it, and ordered my hand to be cut off.[1] This sentence was immediately put in execution, to the great regret of all the spectators. The judge would likewise have ordered my foot to be cut off, but I begged the horseman to intercede for my exemption from further punishment, which he did, and obtained it.

When the cadi was gone, the horseman came up to me, and holding out the purse, said, "I see plainly that necessity drove you to an action so disgraceful and unworthy of such a young man as you appear. Here, take that fatal purse; I freely give it you, and am heartily sorry for the misfortune you have undergone." Having thus spoken, he went away. Being very weak by loss of blood, some of the good people of the neighbourhood had the kindness to carry me into a house and give me a glass of cordial; they likewise dressed my wrist, and wrapped up the dismembered hand.

Had I returned to the khan of Mesrour in this melancholy condition, I should not have found there such relief as I wanted; and I resolved to go to the house of the lady for whom I had spent so much. I arrived very weak, and so much fatigued, that I presently threw myself down upon a sofa, keeping my right arm under my garment, for I took great care to conceal my misfortune.

In the meantime the lady, hearing of my arrival, and that I was not well, came to me in haste; and seeing me pale and dejected,

[1] This law imposing the loss of the hand for a theft of anything exceeding a a quarter of a dinar in value, induced a Mussulman to inquire, "If the hand is worth 500 dinars," (this being the fine for depriving a man of that member,) "why should it be cut off for a quarter of a dinar?" He was answered: "An honest hand is of great value, but not so is the hand that hath stolen."—**Lane's *Notes*, vol. i. p. 281.**

said, "My dear love, what is the matter with you? Tell me how your illness was occasioned. The last time I had the pleasure to see you, you were very well. There must be something that you conceal from me; let me know what it is." I stood silent, and instead of an answer, tears trickled down my cheeks. "I cannot conceive," resumed she, "what it is that afflicts you."

I could not think of discovering to her the true cause. When night came, supper was brought, and she pressed me to eat; and filling a cup of wine, offered it to me, "Drink that," said she, "it will give you courage." I reached out my left hand, and took the cup.

When I had taken the cup in my hand, I redoubled my tears and sighs. "Why do you sigh and weep so bitterly?" asked the lady; "and why do you take the cup with your left hand, rather than your right?" "Ah! madam," I replied, "I beseech you excuse me; I have a swelling in my right hand." "Let me see that swelling," said she; "I will cure it." I desired to be excused, and drank off the cup, which was very large. The fumes of the wine, joined to my weakness and weariness, set me asleep, and I slept very soundly till morning.

In the meantime the lady, curious to know what ailed my right hand, lifted up my garment that covered it; and saw to her great astonishment that it was cut off, and that I had brought it along with me wrapt up in a cloth.

When I awoke, I discerned by her countenance that she was extremely grieved, and that she had found out my misfortune. However, that she might not increase my uneasiness, she said not a word. She called for some chicken broth, which she had ordered to be prepared, and made me eat and drink to recruit my strength. After that I offered to take leave of her; but she declared I should not go out of her doors. "Though you tell me nothing of the matter," said she, "I am persuaded I am the cause of the misfortune that has befallen you. The grief that I feel on that account will soon end my days; and I must at once execute a design I have purposed for your benefit." She had no sooner spoken, than she called for a cadi and witnesses, and ordered a writing to be drawn up, putting me in possession of her whole property. After this was done, and everybody dismissed, she opened a large trunk, where lay all the purses I had given her

from the commencement of our acquaintance. "There they are all, untouched," said she; "I have not opened one of them. Take them. They are yours." I returned her thanks for her generosity and goodness. "What I have done for you," said she, "is nothing; I shall now die, through the excess of my love for you." I conjured her, by all her affection for me, to relinquish such a fatal resolution. But all my remonstrances were ineffectual: she was so afflicted to see me have but one hand, that she sickened, and died after five or six weeks' illness.

After mourning for her death as long as was decent, I took possession of all her property, a particular account of which she gave me before she died; and the corn you sold for me was part of it.

"What I have now told you," said he, "will plead my excuse for eating with my left hand. I am highly obliged to you for the trouble you have given yourself on my account; and I have now a proposal to make to you. As I am obliged, on account of this fatal accident, to quit Cairo, I am resolved never to return to it again. If you choose to accompany me, we will trade together as equal partners, and share the profits."

I thanked the young man for the present he had made me, and I willingly embraced the proposal of travelling with him, assuring him, that his interest should always be as dear to me as my own.

We fixed a day for our departure, and accordingly entered upon our travels. We passed through Syria and Mesopotamia, travelled all over Persia, and after stopping at several cities, came at last, sire, to your capital. Some time after our arrival here, the young man having formed a design of returning to Persia, and settling there, we balanced our accounts, and parted very good friends. He went from hence, and I, sir, continue here in your majesty's service. This is the story I had to relate. Is it more surprising than that of the little dwarf?

The Sultan of Casgar fell into a passion against the Christian merchant. "Thou art a presumptuous fellow," said he, "to tell me a story so little worth hearing, and then to compare it to that of my jester. I will have you all four impaled, to revenge his death."

Hearing this, the purveyor prostrated himself at the sultan's feet. "Sire," said he, "I humbly beseech your majesty to suspend

your wrath, and hear my story; and if it appears to be more extraordinary than that of your jester, to pardon us." The sultan having granted his request, the purveyor began thus:—

The Story told by the Sultan of Casgar's Purveyor.

Sire, I was invited yesterday by a man of high rank to attend at his daughter's wedding. I went to his house in the evening at the hour appointed, and found there a large company of men of the law, ministers of justice, and others of the first rank in the city. After the ceremony was over we partook of a splendid feast. Among other dishes set upon the table there was one seasoned with garlic, which was very delicious, and generally relished. We observed, however, that one of the guests did not touch it, though it stood just before him. We invited him to taste it, but he entreated us not to press him. "I will take good care," said he, "how I touch any dish that is seasoned with garlic; I have not yet forgotten what the tasting of such a dish once cost me." We requested him to inform us what the reason was of his aversion to garlic. But before he had time to answer, the master of the house exclaimed, "Is it thus you honour my table? This dish is excellent, do not expect to be excused from eating of it; you must do me that favour as well as the rest." "Sir," said the gentleman, who was a Bagdad merchant, "I hope you do not think my refusal proceeds from any wish to be rude; if you insist on my compliance I will submit; but it must be on this condition, that after having eaten, I may, with your permission, wash my hands with alcali[1] forty times, forty times more with the ashes of the same plant, and forty times again with soap. I hope you will not feel displeased with this stipulation, as I have made an oath never to taste garlic but on these terms."

The master of the house ordered his servants to provide a basin of water, together with some alcali, the ashes of the same plant, and soap, that the merchant might wash as often as he

[1] "Alcali is a word employed by the Arabian chemists and physicians to express the salt which was procured from the ashes left after the combustion of several vegetables, particularly the salt kali of the desert, and of several plants growing on the sea-shore."—Ree's *Encyclopædia.*

pleased. After he had given these instructions, he addressed the merchant, and said, "I hope you will now do as we do."

The merchant, apparently displeased with the constraint put upon him, took up a bit, which he put to his mouth trembling, and ate with a reluctance that astonished us. But what surprised us yet more was that he had no thumb; which none of us had observed before, though he had eaten of other dishes. "You have lost your thumb," said the master of the house. "This must have been occasioned by some extraordinary accident, a relation of which will be agreeable to the company." "Sir," replied the merchant, "I have no thumb on either the right or the left hand." As he spoke he put out his left hand, and showed us that what he said was true. "But this is not all," continued he: "I have no great toe on either of my feet: I was maimed in this manner by an unheard-of adventure, which I am willing to relate, if you will have the patience to hear me. Only allow me first to wash my hands." With this he rose from the table, and, after washing his hands a hundred and twenty times, reseated himself, and proceeded with his narrative as follows:—

I am the son of a merchant of Bagdad, who was once wealthy, but who, preferring pleasure to business, died in embarrassed circumstances. I was obliged to use all the economy possible to discharge the debts he had contracted. I at last, however, paid them all; and by care and good management retrieved my affairs.

One morning, as I opened my shop, a lady, mounted upon a mule, and attended by a mute and two slaves, alighted at my door. The lady took a seat in my shop, and observing there was no one in the bezetzein but the mute and myself, uncovered her face to take the air. I had never beheld anything so beautiful.

After she had again lowered her veil, she told me she wanted some of the richest and finest stuffs, and asked me if I had them. "Alas! madam," I replied, "I am but a young man just beginning the world; I cannot accommodate you with the articles you want. But to save you the trouble, when the merchants arrive, I will, if you please, get those articles from them, and ascertain the lowest prices." She assented to this proposal, and entered into conversation with me, which I prolonged, making her believe the merchants that could furnish what she wanted were not yet come.

I was not less charmed with her wit than I had been before with the beauty of her face; but was obliged to forego the pleasure of her conversation. I ran for the stuffs she wanted, and, after she had fixed upon what she liked, we agreed for five thousand dirhems of coined silver. She then rose and took leave.

The lady had no sooner disappeared than I perceived that love had led me to a serious oversight. It had so engrossed my thoughts that I did not reflect that she went away without paying, and that I had not informed myself who she was, or where she resided. I soon felt sensible, however, that I was accountable for a large sum to the merchants, who, perhaps, would not have patience to wait for their money. I went to them, and made the best excuse I could, and asked them to wait eight days, and then returned home, equally affected with love and with the burden of such a heavy debt.

My creditors, when this period had elapsed, did not fail to ask me for payment. I then entreated them to give me eight days more, to which they consented; but the next day I saw the lady enter the bezetzein, mounted on her mule, with the same attendants as before, and exactly at the same early hour of the day.

She came straight to my shop. "I have made you wait some time," said she, "but here is your money at last; carry it to the banker, and see that it is all good and right." I had the happiness of conversing with the lady till all the shops of the bezetzein were open. Presently after the lady rose and took her leave, telling me she would send her attendant to me, and that I had only to obey the directions he might give me in her name.

I carried each of the merchants their money, and waited some days with impatience for the attendant. At last he came. I received him very kindly, and inquired after his mistress's health. "She is impatient to see you," he said, "and were she mistress of her own conduct, would not fail to come to you herself, and willingly pass in your society all the days of her life. She is the favourite of Zobeide, the caliph's wife, who is most affectionately attached to her. Having a wish to marry, she has declared to her mistress that she has fixed her affections upon you, and has desired her consent. Zobeide told her she would not withhold

her consent; but that she would see you first, in order to judge if she had made a good choice; in which case she meant herself to defray the expenses of the wedding. I am sent hither to invite you to the palace." "I am ready to follow you," said I, "whithersoever you please." "Very well," said the attendant; "but you know men are not allowed to enter the ladies' apartments in the palace, and you must be introduced with great secrecy. In the evening, you must be at the mosque built on the bank of the Tigris, and wait there till somebody comes to conduct you." To this I agreed; and after passing the day in great impatience, went in the evening to the prayer that is said an hour and a half after sunset in the mosque, and remained there after all the people had departed.

Soon after, I saw a boat making up to the mosque, the rowers of which were all mutes, who came on shore, put several large trunks into the mosque, and then retired. I saw the lady also enter the mosque; and approaching her, told her I was ready to obey her orders. "We have no time to lose," said she; and opening one of the trunks, desired me to get into it, as being necessary both for her safety and mine. "Fear nothing," added she, "leave the management of all to me." I considered with myself that I had gone too far to recede, and obeyed her orders; when she immediately locked the trunk. This done, she called the mutes who had brought in the trunks, and ordered them to carry them on board again. The lady re-embarked, and the boatmen rowed to Zobeide's residence.

The boat stopped at the palace gate, and the trunks were carried into the apartment of the officer, who keeps the key of the ladies' apartments, and suffers nothing to enter without a narrow inspection. The officer was then in bed, and was exceedingly displeased at having his rest disturbed. "Not one of these trunks," said he, "shall pass till I have opened it." At the same time he commanded the mutes to bring them before him, and open them one by one. The first they took was that wherein I lay, which put me into inexpressible fear.

The favourite lady, who had the key, protested it should not be opened. "You know very well," said she, "I bring nothing hither but what is for the use of Zobeide, your mistress and mine. This trunk is filled with rich goods, purchased from some mer-

chants lately arrived, besides a number of bottles of Zemzem[1] water sent from Mecca; and if any of these should happen to break, the goods will be spoiled, and you must answer for them; depend upon it Zobeide will resent your insolence." She insisted upon this in such peremptory terms that the officer did not dare to open any of the trunks. "Let them go," said he angrily; "you may take them away." Upon this the door of the women's apartment was opened, and all the trunks were carried in.

This had been scarcely accomplished when I heard the people cry, "Here is the caliph! Here comes the caliph!" "What hast thou got in these trunks?" said he at once to the favourite. "Some stuffs," she replied, "lately arrived, which the sultaness wishes to see." "Open them," cried he, "and let me see them." She excused herself, alleging the stuffs were only proper for ladies, and that by opening them his lady would be deprived of the pleasure of seeing them first. "I say open them," resumed the caliph; "I will see them." She still represented that her mistress would be angry with her if she complied. "No, no," said he, "I will engage she shall not say a word to you. Come, come, open them, and do not keep me waiting."

It was necessary to obey, which gave me such alarm that I tremble every time I recollect my situation. The caliph sat down, and the favourite ordered all the trunks to be brought before him one after another. She opened some of them, and to lengthen out the time displayed the beauties of each particular stuff, thinking in this manner to tire out his patience; but her stratagem did not succeed. Being as unwilling as myself to have the trunk

[1] This spring is nearly in the centre of the Temple at Mecca, and is covered with a small building and cupola. "The Mahommedans are persuaded it is the very spring which gushed out for the relief of Ismael, when Hagar, his mother, wandered with him in the desert. And some pretend it was so named from her calling to him when she spied it, in the Egyptian tongue, zem, zem; that is, stay, stay; though it seems rather to have had the name from the murmuring of its waters. The water of this well is reckoned holy, and is highly reverenced, being not only drank with particular devotion by the pilgrims, but also sent in bottles as a great rarity to most parts of the Mahommedan dominions."—Sale's *Prel. Disc. to Koran*, p. 110.

"Many fabulous stories are told in honour of this fountain, over which the Temple at Mecca is built. Its water was drank by the pilgrims as a religious duty."—D'Herbelot, *Bibliothèque Orientale.*

where I lay opened, she left that to the last. When all the rest were examined, "Come," said the caliph, "let us see what is in that." I am at a loss to tell you whether I was dead or alive at that moment, for I little thought of escaping the imminent danger I was exposed to.

When Zobeide's favourite saw that the caliph persisted in having this trunk opened, "As for this," said she, "your majesty will please to dispense with the opening of it; there are some things in it which I cannot show you without your lady be present." "Well, well," said the caliph, "since that is the case I am satisfied; order the trunks to be carried away." The words were no sooner spoken than they were moved into her chamber, where I began to revive again.

As soon as the mutes who had brought them were gone, she opened the trunk in which I was confined. "Come out," said she; "take heart, the danger is now over." After much tender conversation, she told me it was time to go to rest, and that she would not fail to introduce me to Zobeide, her mistress, some hour on the morrow. Encouraged by these words, I slept very well.

The next day, before I was introduced to Zobeide, her favourite instructed me how to conduct myself. She then carried me into a very magnificent and richly-furnished hall. I had no sooner entered than twenty female slaves, advanced in age, dressed in rich and uniform habits, came out of Zobeide's apartment, and placed themselves before the throne in two equal rows. They were followed by twenty other younger ladies, clothed after the same fashion, only in dresses somewhat gayer. In the middle of these appeared Zobeide with a majestic air, and so laden with jewels that she could scarcely walk. She ascended the throne, and the favourite lady, who had accompanied her, stood just by her right hand; the other ladies, who were slaves, being placed at some distance on each side of the throne.

As soon as the caliph's lady was seated, the slaves who came in first made a sign for me to approach. I advanced between the two rows they had formed, and prostrated myself upon the carpet that was under the princess's feet. She ordered me to rise, did me the honour to ask my name, my family, and the state of my fortune; to all which I gave her satisfactory answers, as I perceived, not only by her countenance, but by her words. "I

am glad," said she, "that my daughter," (so she used to call the favourite lady,) "for I look upon her as such, after the care I have taken of her education, has made this choice. I approve of it, and consent to your marriage. I will myself give orders for having it solemnised; but I wish to have my daughter all to myself for the ten days before the solemnity. In that time I will speak to the caliph, and obtain his consent. Meanwhile, do you remain here. You shall be taken care of."

When the ten days were expired, Zobeide, having obtained the caliph's consent, ordered the contract of marriage to be drawn up and brought to her; and the necessary preparations being made for the solemnity, the musicians and the dancers, both male and female, were called in, and there were great rejoicings in the the palace for nine days. The tenth day being appointed for the last ceremony of the marriage, the favourite lady was conducted to a bath, and I to another. At night I had all manner of dishes served up to me, and among others, one seasoned with garlic, such as you have now forced me to eat. This I liked so well that I scarcely touched any of the other dishes. But to my misfortune, when I rose from table, instead of washing my hands well, I only wiped them—a piece of negligence of which I had never before been guilty.

As it was then night, the whole apartment of the ladies was lighted up so as to equal the brightness of day. Nothing was to be heard through the palace but musical instruments, dances, and acclamations of joy. My bride and I were introduced into a great hall, where we were placed upon two thrones. The women who attended her made her robe herself several times, according to the usual custom on wedding days; and they showed her to me every time she changed her habit.

All these ceremonies being over, we were conducted to the nuptial-chamber. As soon as the company retired, I approached my wife; but on my approaching her she cried out very loudly, on which the ladies of the apartment came running in to inquire the cause. "Dear sister," said they to her, "what is the matter? Let us know, that we may relieve you." "Take," said she—"take that vile fellow out of my sight." "Why, madam?" I asked; "wherein have I deserved your displeasure?" "You are a villain," said she, in a furious passion, "to eat garlic, and not wash your

hands. Do you think I would suffer such a polluted wretch to poison me? Down with him, down with him on the ground," continued she, addressing herself to the ladies, "and bring me a bastinado." They immediately did as they were desired; and while some held my hands and others my feet, my wife, who was presently furnished with a bastinado, whipped me as long as she could stand. She then said to the ladies, "Take him, send him to the judge, and let the hand be cut off with which he fed upon the garlic dish."

"Alas!" cried I, "must I be beaten unmercifully, and have my hand cut off, for partaking of a dish seasoned with garlic, and forgetting to wash my hands? What proportion is there between the punishment and the crime!"

All the ladies who had seen me receive the bastinado took pity on me when they heard the cutting off of my hand mentioned. "Dear madam, dear sister," said they to the favourite lady, "you carry your resentment too far. We beseech you to overlook and pardon his fault." She made no reply, but got up, and after uttering a thousand reproaches against me, walked out of the chamber; all the ladies followed her, leaving me in inconceivable affliction.

I continued thus ten days, without seeing anybody but an old female slave that brought me food. I asked her what was become of the favourite lady. "She is sick," said the old woman, "she is sick of the poisoned smell with which you infected her. Why did you not take care to wash your hands after eating of that dish of garlic?"

At the end of the ten days the old woman told me my wife was recovered, and gone to bathe, and would come to see me the next day.

My wife accordingly came on the following evening, and accosted me thus: "You perceive that I must possess much tenderness to you, after the affront you have offered me: but still I cannot be reconciled till I have punished you according to your demerit, in not washing your hands after eating of the garlic dish." She then called the ladies, who, by her orders, threw me upon the ground; and after binding me fast, she had the barbarity to cut off my thumbs and great toes herself, with a razor. One of the ladies applied a certain root to stanch the blood; but by bleeding and by the pain, I swooned away.

When I came to myself, they gave me wine to drink, to recruit my strength. "Ah! madam," said I to my wife, "if ever I again eat of a dish with garlic in it, I solemnly swear to wash my hands a hundred and twenty times with alcali, with the ashes of the same plant, and with soap." "Well," replied she, "upon that condition, I am willing to forget what is past, and live with you as my husband."

This is the reason why I refused to eat of the dish seasoned with what is now on the table.

A month after our marriage, my wife perceived that I was weary of being confined in the caliph's palace, and unknown to me, though out of respect to my feelings, obtained leave of Zobeide to depart. On one day she came into my room with several mutes, each carrying a bag of silver. "You never told me," said she, "that you were uneasy in being confined to court; but I perceived it, and have happily found means to make you contented. My mistress Zobeide gives us permission to quit the palace; and here are fifty thousand sequins, of which she has made us a present, in order to enable us to live comfortably in the city. Take ten thousand of them, and go and buy us a house."

I quickly found a house for the money, and began to live in a very agreeable manner: but my felicity was of short continuance; for at the end of a year my wife fell sick and died.

I might have married again, and lived honourably at Bagdad; but curiosity to see the world put me upon another plan. I sold my house, and after purchasing several kinds of merchandise, went with a caravan to Persia; from Persia I travelled to Samarcand, and from thence to this city.

"This," said the purveyor to the Sultan of Casgar, "is the story that the Bagdad merchant related in a company where I was yesterday." "This story," said the sultan, "has something in it extraordinary; but it does not come near that of the little hunchback."

The Jewish physician prostrated himself before the sultan's throne, and addressed the prince in the following manner: "Sire, if you will be so good as to hear me, I flatter myself you will be pleased with a story I have to tell you." "Well spoken," said the sultan; "but if it be not more surprising than that of the little hunchback, you must not expect to live." On which the Jewish doctor related the following story:—

The Story told by the Jewish Doctor.

When I was studying physic at Damascus, and had earned some reputation in that noble profession, a slave summoned me to see a patient in the governor of the city's family. On my arrival at his palace, I found a very handsome young man, much dejected by his disorder. I saluted him, and sat down by him; but he made no return to my compliments, only a sign with his eyes that he heard me, and thanked me. "Pray, sir," said I, "give me your hand, that I may feel your pulse." But instead of stretching out his right, he gave me his left hand, at which I was extremely surprised. However, I felt his pulse, wrote him a prescription, and took leave.

I continued my visits for nine days, and every time I felt his pulse, he still gave me his left hand. On the tenth day he seemed to be recovered. The governor of Damascus, in testimony of his satisfaction with my service, invested me with a very rich robe, saying, he had appointed me a physician of the city hospital, and physician in ordinary to his house, where I might eat at his table when I pleased.

The young man likewise showed me many civilities, and asked me to accompany him to the bath. Accordingly we went together, and when his attendants had undressed him, I perceived he wanted the right hand, and that it had not long been cut off, which had been the occasion of his disorder, though concealed from me; for while the people about him were applying proper medicines externally, they had called me to prevent the ill consequence of the fever which was on him.

After we had returned from the bath, we sat down to a collation. After which he called his servants, and we went to the governor's garden. Having taken two or three turns there, we seated ourselves on a carpet that his servants had spread under a tree, which gave a pleasant shade. The young man then gave me his history, and related how he had lost his hand:—

I was born at Moussul, of one of the best families in that city. My father was the eldest of ten brothers, who, though married, were childless, except my father; and he had no child but me. He took particular care of my education; and made me learn everything suitable to my rank and station.

When I was grown up, I happened one Friday[1] to be at noon-prayers with my father and my uncles in the great mosque of Moussul. After prayers were over, the rest of the company going away, my father and my uncles continued sitting upon the best carpet in the mosque; and I sat down by them. They discoursed of several things, but the conversation fell insensibly, I know not how, upon the subject of travelling. They extolled the beauties and peculiar rarities of some kingdoms, and of their principal cities. But one of my uncles said, that according to the uniform report of an infinite number of voyagers, there was not in the world a pleasanter country than Egypt, on account of the Nile; and the description he gave infused into me such high admiration, that from that moment I had a desire to travel thither. Whatever my other uncles said, by way of preference to Bagdad and the Tigris, in calling Bagdad the residence of the Mussulman religion, and the metropolis of all the cities of the earth, made no impression upon me. My father joined in opinion with those of his brothers who had spoken in favour of Egypt, which filled me with joy. "Say what you will," said he, "the man that has not seen Egypt has not seen the greatest rarity in the world. All the land there is so fertile, that it enriches its inhabitants. All the women of that country charm you by their beauty. If you speak of the Nile, where is there a more wonderful river? What water was ever lighter or more delicious? The very slime it carries along in its overflowing fattens the fields, which produce a thousand times more than other countries that are cultivated with the greatest labour. What enamel of all sorts of flowers is on its banks! What a prodigious number of cities, villages, canals, and a thousand other agreeable objects! If you turn your eyes on the other side, up towards Ethiopia, how many other subjects of admiration! Is not Grand Cairo the largest, the most populous, and the richest city in the world? What a number of magnificent edifices, both public and private! If you view the Pyramids, you will be filled with astonishment at the sight of the masses of stone of an enormous

[1] "Friday is the day more peculiarly set apart among the Mahommedans for their public worship. This day is said to be solemnised in commemoration of the prophet's safe arrival at Medina, into which city he made his entry on Friday, June 16, A.D. 622. Another reason for its observance is because on it God finished the work of creation."—Sale's *Koran*, Note, p. 457.

thickness, which rear their heads to the skies! You will be obliged to confess that the Pharaohs, who employed such riches, and so many men in building them, must have surpassed in magnificence and invention all the monarchs who have appeared since, not only in Egypt, but in all the world, for having left monuments so worthy of their memory: monuments so ancient, that the learned cannot agree upon the date of their erection; yet such as will last to the end of time. I pass over in silence the maritime cities of the kingdom of Egypt, such as Damietta, Rosetta, and Alexandria, where nations come for various sorts of grain, cloth, and an infinite number of commodities calculated for accommodation and delight. I speak of what I know; for I spent some years there in my youth, of which I shall always retain the most agreeable recollections."

Soon after this conversation, my uncles made a proposal to my father, that they should travel all together into Egypt, and carry with them such commodities as they were likely to sell with profit in the bezetzein. To this he assented. I at once went to my father, and begged of him, with tears in my eyes, that he would suffer me to make one of the party, and allow me some stock of goods to trade with on my own account. I made use also of my uncles' interest with my father, who at last granted me permission to go as far as Damascus, where they were to leave me till they returned from Egypt.

We travelled through Mesopotamia, passed the Euphrates, and arrived at Aleppo, where we stayed some days. From thence we went to Damascus, the first sight of which struck me with agreeable surprise. We lodged all together in one khan; and we all agreed that Damascus was justly said to be seated in a paradise. My father and my uncles left me in Damascus, and pursued their journey; but before they went, they sold my goods so advantageously that I gained by them five hundred per cent. After their departure, I used great caution not to lay out my money idly. But at the same time I took a stately house, built of marble, adorned with paintings of gold, silver foliage, and a garden with fine water. It had formerly belonged to one of the principal lords of the city; but was then the property of a rich jewel-merchant, to whom I paid for it only two sherifs a month. I had a number of domestics, and lived honourably; sometimes I gave entertainments

to such people as I had made an acquaintance with, and sometimes was treated by them. Thus did I spend my time at Damascus, waiting for my father's return.

Shortly after I had thus established myself in my own house, I made the acquaintance of two of the finest ladies in the city of Damascus, and my dealings with them caused the loss of my hand. I gave a grand entertainment in my house in their honour. While we were enjoying ourselves after the repast, the one, who was jealous of my attentions to the other, quietly left the room; but just before she rose from the couch on which she reclined, she secretly put a poison into the glass of wine which her rival was about to drink, and my fair guest in a few minutes fell back and expired in my arms. I was afraid of being accused of the murder, and having privately disposed of the body, I went to the jewel-merchant, my landlord, paid him what I owed, with a year's rent in advance; and giving him the key, prayed him to keep it for me. "A very urgent affair," said I, "obliges me to be absent for some time; I am under the necessity of going to visit my uncles at Cairo." I took my leave of him, immediately mounted my horse, and departed with my attendants from Damascus.

At the end of three years I returned again to Damascus. On my arrival, I went to the jewel-merchant's, who received me joyfully, and would accompany me to my house, to show me that no one had entered it whilst I was absent. The seal was still entire upon the lock: and when I went in, I found everything in the order in which I had left it.

In sweeping and cleaning out the hall where I had eaten with the ladies, one of my servants found a gold chain necklace, with ten very large and perfect pearls strung upon it at certain distances. He brought it to me, when I knew it to be the same I had seen upon the lady's neck who was poisoned; and concluded it had broken off and fallen. I could not look upon it without shedding tears, when I called to mind the lovely creature I had seen die in such a shocking manner. I wrapt it up, and put it in my bosom.

Being, however, very much in want of money, I resolved to sell this necklace that I had found. I put it for this purpose in the hands of one of the Mueddins of the bazaar, that he might show it to the principal jewellers in the bezetzein. He soon returned, and

calling me aside, assured me that nobody would give me more than fifty sherifs, adding as the reason that the pearls were false. Believing what he said to be the truth, I bade him sell it at that price. The officer of the bazaar had been ordered to offer this small sum by one of the richest jewel-merchants of Damacus, on purpose that he might do me some mischief. He had no sooner received my answer, than he took the agent I had employed to the cadi, and showed him the necklace.

The judge sent immediately to seize me; and when I came before him, he asked me if the necklace he had in his hand was the same that I had exposed to sale in the bezetzein. I told him it was. "Is it true," demanded he, "that your are willing to sell it for fifty sherifs?" I answered, I was. "Well," continued he, in a scoffing way, "give him the bastinado; he will quickly confess, notwithstanding his merchant's disguise, that he is only an artful thief; let him be beaten till he owns his guilt." The pain of the torture made me tell a lie; I confessed, though it was not true, that I had stolen the necklace; and the judge ordered my hand to be cut off, according to the sentence of the law.

This event having caused a great noise in the bezetzein, reached at last the ears of the governor of Damascus, who ordered me to be brought before him. I determined to tell the governor the whole truth, that he might either put me to death, or protect my innocence. To my great surprise, the governor himself confirmed a part of my story, and recognised the necklace as belonging to his daughter, whom he had lost, and sought for everywhere, in vain, for the space of three years. "Take from hence," continued he, "the false accuser; let him undergo the same punishment as he caused to be inflicted on this young man, whose innocence is known to myself."

The governor's orders were immediately put in execution; the jeweller was punished as he deserved. Then the governor, having ordered all present to withdraw, said to me: "My son, that young lady, whose death you deplore, and which has caused you so much misfortune, was my daughter. Since, then, we are both of us equally unfortunate, let us unite our sorrow, and not abandon one another. I will give you in marriage a third daughter I have still left. You shall have no other house but mine, and after my death you and she shall be heirs to all my property."

Thus I became an inmate of this palace, and you see with what respect they treat me here. I must tell you further, that I only learnt from a messenger, last night, of the death of my father, and have sent by him proper authority to secure my inheritance, as it is my intention to stay here, so great is my regard and friendship for the governor of Damascus. After what you have heard, I hope you will pardon my seeming incivility in giving you my left, instead of my right hand.

"This," said the Jewish doctor, "is the story I heard from the young man, my patient." "I must confess," said the sultan to the Jew, "the story you have told me is very singular; but I declare freely, that of the little hunchback is yet more extraordinary, and much more diverting; so you are not to expect that I will give you your life, any more than the rest. I will have you all four executed."

"Pray, sire, stay a minute," said the tailor, advancing and prostrating himself at the sultan's feet. "Since your majesty loves pleasant stories, I have one to tell you that will not displease you." "Well, I will hear thee too," said the sultan; "but do not flatter thyself that I will suffer thee to live, unless thou tellest me some adventure that is yet more diverting than that of my humpbacked jester." Upon this the tailor, as if he had been sure of success, spoke boldly to the following purpose:—

The Story told by the Tailor.

A citizen of this city did me the honour two days ago to invite me to an entertainment, which he was to give to his friends yesterday morning. Accordingly, I went early and found there about twenty persons.

Among the guests there was a young man, a stranger, very well robed, and handsome, but lame. When he entered we all rose, and out of respect to the master of the house, invited the young man to sit down with us upon the estrade. He was going to comply; but suddenly perceiving a barber in our company, flew backwards, and made towards the door. The master of the house, surprised at his behaviour, stopped him. "Where are you going?" demanded he; "you are no sooner got into my house, than you are for running away!" "Sir," replied the young man, "pray do not stop me, let me go; I cannot without horror look upon that

abominable barber. He was the cause of my being lame, and of my having fallen into the most ridiculous situation you can imagine. For this reason I left Bagdad, where he then dwelt, to avoid all the places where he is. And now, after all, contrary to my expectation, I find him here. This obliges me, gentlemen, against my will, to leave your town, and to go, if I can, where he cannot come." This said, he would have left us, but the master of the house earnestly entreated him to stay, and to tell us the history of his aversion for the barber. The young man, yielding to our importunities, sat down, and, after turning his back on the barber, that he might not see him, gave us the following narrative of his adventures :—

My father was of high repute in the city of Bagdad. I was his only child, and the heir of the plentiful fortune he had left me. I did not squander away my property foolishly, but applied it to such uses as obtained for me everybody's respect.

One day, while walking along the streets, I was delayed by the crowd opposite a window, where stood a pot of beautiful flowers, when a window opened, and a young lady appeared, whose beauty struck me. Immediately she fixed her eyes upon me; and in watering the flower-pot with a hand whiter than alabaster, looked upon me with a smile that inspired me with a sudden love for her. After having watered her flowers, and darted upon me a glance full of charms that pierced my heart, she shut the window, and left me in a fit of abstraction, from which I should not have recovered, if a noise in the street had not brought me to myself. I lifted up my head, and turning, saw the first cauzee of the city, mounted on a mule, and attended by five or six servants. He alighted at the door of the house where the young lady had opened the window, and went in; from whence I concluded he was her father.

I went home in an altered state of mind, agitated by feelings I had never experienced before. I retired to bed in a violent fever.

My relations began to despair of my life, when an old lady of our acquaintance, hearing I was ill, came to see me. She considered me with great attention, and after having examined me, penetrated, I know not how, into the real cause of my illness.

"My son," said she, "you have obstinately concealed the

cause of your illness, but you have no occasion to reveal it to me. I have discovered your secret; you will not deny when I tell you, it is love that makes you sick. I can find a way to cure you, if you will but inform me who that happy lady is that has obtained your affections."

"If you succeed," I replied, "and procure me the happiness of seeing that charming beauty, and revealing to her the feeling with which I regard her, you may depend upon it I will be grateful." "My son," replied the old woman, "I know the lady you speak of; she is, as you rightly judged, the daughter of the first cauzee of this city. She is the handsomest and most lovely lady in Bagdad, but very proud, and of difficult access. You know how strict our judges are in enjoining the punctual observance of the severe laws that confine women, and they are yet more strict in the observation of them in their own families; the cauzee you saw is more rigid in that point than any of the other magistrates. However, I will employ all my wits to compass the matter; but it requires time. Take courage, and trust to me."

After a few days the old lady came again, and claimed the large present from me which I had promised if she succeeded in her plan. "Dear son," said she, on coming into my chamber, "you shall not die; I shall speedily have the pleasure to see you in perfect health, and very well satisfied with me. Yesterday I went to see the lady you love, and found her in good humour. As soon as I entered I put on a sad countenance, heaved many deep sighs, and began to squeeze out some tears. 'My good mother,' demanded she, 'what is the matter with you; why are you so cast down?' 'Alas,' my dear and honourable lady,' I replied, 'I have just been with the young gentleman who is dying on your account.' 'Is your account true?' she asked. 'Has he actually no other disorder than what is occasioned by his love of me?' 'Ah, madam!' I replied, 'it is too true; would it were false!' 'Do you believe,' said she, 'that the hopes of seeing me would at all contribute to rescue him from his danger?' I answered, 'Perhaps it may; and if you will permit me, I will try the remedy.' 'Well,' resumed she, sighing, 'give him hopes of seeing me. The best opportunity I can think of will be next Friday at the hour of noon-prayers. Let him, if his health permits him to be abroad, come and place himself opposite the house. I shall then see him,

from my window, and will come down and open the door for him. We will converse together during prayer-time; but he must depart before my father returns.'"

On Friday morning the old woman came, just as I was dressing, and choosing out the richest clothes in my wardrobe. "I do not ask you," she said, "how you are; what you are about is intimation enough of your health; but will not you go to the bagnio before you start?" "That will take up too much time," I replied; "I will content myself with sending for a barber to shave my head." Immediately I ordered one of my slaves to call a barber.

The slave brought me the man you see here, who came, and after saluting me, said, "Sir, you look as if you were not well." I told him I was just recovered from a fit of sickness. "Since you are recovering from a fit of sickness," he replied, "I pray God preserve your health; but now let me know what I am to do. I have brought my razors and my lancets; do you desire to be shaved, or to be bled?" I replied, "I am just recovered from a fit of sickness, and you may readily judge I only want to be shaved. Come, do not lose time in prattling; for I am in haste, and have an appointment precisely at noon."

The barber spent much time in opening his case, and preparing his razors. Instead of putting water into the basin, he took a very handsome astrolabe[1] out of his case, and went very gravely out of my room to the middle of the court to take the height of the sun. He returned with the same grave pace, and entering my room said, "Sir, you will be pleased to know this day is Friday, the eighteenth of the moon of Saphar[2], in the year

[1] Astrolabe—Greek; *αστηρ*, a star, and *λαβειν*, Fut. Prim., from *λαμβανω*, take—an instrument used in ancient astronomy for measuring the stars.

> "Lived Tycho now, struck with this ray which shone
> More bright i' the morn than others beam at noon:
> He 'd take his astrolabe, and seek out here
> What new star 'twas did gild our hemisphere."
>
> Dryden *on the Death of Lord Hastings.*

[2] "The Mahommedan year is a lunar year, equal to 354 days, 8 hours, and 48 minutes. It consists of 12 months, which contain, alternately, 30 and 29 days, with an intercalary month of 30 days every 29th (or embolismic) year. The months are thus named:—

	Days	
1. Moharram	30	. New-year's day.
2. Saphar	29	

653[1] from the flight[2] of our great prophet from Mecca to Medina, and in the year 1557[3] of the epocha of the great Alexander with two horns; and that the conjunction of Mars and Mercury signifies you cannot choose a better time than this very day and hour for being shaved. But, on the other hand, the same conjunction is a bad presage to you. I learn from it that this very day you run a great risk, not indeed of losing your life, but of an inconvenience which will attend you while you live. You ought to be obliged to me for the advice I now give you. I shall be sorry if this accident befall you."

You may guess, gentlemen, how vexed I was at having fallen into the hands of such a prattling impertinent fellow; I was quite irritated. "I care not," said I, in anger, "for your advice and predictions; I did not call you to consult your astrology: you came hither to shave me; shave me, or begone." "Sir,"

		Days	
3.	Rabia I.	30	The first of this month marks the hegira.
4.	Rabia II.	29	
5.	Guimadhi I.	30	
6.	Guimadhi II.	29	
7.	Redgel	30	
8.	Schaban	29	
9.	Ramadhan	30	
10.	Schoual	29	
11.	Dhulkadah	30	
12.	Dhulhajjah	29	

To reduce the Christian era to the Mahommedan, subtract 622 from the current year, multiply by 1·0307, cut off four decimals, and add ·46. The sum will be the year and decimal of the day, old style."—*Chronology of History*, by Sir Harry Nicholas: *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, pp. 16, 17.

[1] This year 653 is one of the hegira, the common epocha of the Mahommedans, and answers to the year 1255 from the nativity of Christ; from whence we may conjecture that these computations were made in Arabia about that time.

[2] Hegira—the date or epoch from which the Mahommedans date the events of their history, as Christian nations do from the birth of our Lord. The word means "flight," as it marks the time from the escape of Mahommed by flight, for the preservation of his life, from Mecca to Medina, on Friday, June the 16th, A.D. 622.

[3] The era of the Seleucides—the successors to Alexander the Great. This great conqueror derives the two horns from his father, Jupiter Ammon, in memory of whom he is represented sometimes with the two horns of a ram on his helmet.

replied he, with a coolness that put me out of all patience, "what reason have you to be angry with me? All of my profession are not like me. You only sent for a barber; but here, in my person, you have the best barber in Bagdad, an experienced physician, a profound chemist, an infallible astrologer, a finished grammarian, a complete orator, a subtle logician, a mathematician perfectly well versed in geometry, arithmetic, astronomy, and all the refinements of algebra; an historian fully master of the histories of all the kingdoms of the universe. Besides, I understand all parts of philosophy. I have all our sacred traditions by heart. I am a poet, I am an architect; and what is it I am not? There is nothing in nature hidden from me. Your deceased father (may his memory be blessed!) was fully convinced of my merit; he was fond of me, and spoke of me in all companies as the first man in the world. Out of gratitude and friendship for him, I am willing to attach myself to you, to take you under my protection, and guard you from all the evils that your stars may threaten."

When I heard all this jargon, I could not forbear laughing, notwithstanding my anger. "You impertinent prattler!" said I, "will you have done, and begin to shave me?"

"Sir," replied the barber, "you affront me in calling me a prattler; on the contrary, all the world gives me the honourable title of Silent. I had six brothers, whom you might justly have called prattlers. These indeed were impertinent chatterers, but for me, who am a younger brother, I am grave and concise in my discourse."

"Give him three pieces of gold," said I to the slave who was my purse-bearer, and send him away; "I will not be shaved this day." "Sir," said the barber, "pray, what do you mean? I did not come to seek for you, you sent for me; and as that is the case, I swear, by the faith of a Mussulman, I will not stir out of these doors till I have shaved you. If you do not know my value, it is not my fault. Your deceased father (whose memory be blessed!) did me more justice. One day when he was charmed with an admirable discourse I had made him, he said, 'Give him a hundred pieces of gold, and invest him with one of my richest robes.' I instantly received the present. I then drew his horoscope and found it the happiest

in the world; nay, I carried my gratitude further; I let him blood with cupping-glasses."

He spun out this harangue to a full half-hour in length. Tired with hearing him, and fretted at the loss of time, which was almost spent before I was half ready, I demanded, "Cannot I prevail with you," interrupting him, "to leave off these long speeches, that tend to nothing but to distract my head, and detain me from my business? Shave me, I say, or begone:" with that I started up in anger, stamping my foot against the ground.

When he saw I was in earnest, he said, "Sir, do not be angry, we are going to begin." He lathered my head, and began to shave me; but had not given four strokes with his razor before he stopped, and addressed me, "Sir, you are hasty, you should avoid these transports; they only come from the devil. I am entitled to some consideration on account of my age, my knowledge, and my great virtues."

"Go on and shave me," said I, interrupting him again, "and talk no more." "That is to say," replied he, "you have some urgent business to go about. I wish you would tell me what it is; I would tell you my opinion of it; besides, you have time enough, since your appointment is not till noon, and it wants three hours of that yet." "I do not mind that," said I; "persons of honour and of their word are rather before their time than after."

The more haste I was in, the less speed he made. He laid down the razor, and took up his astrolabe; then laid down his astrolabe, and took up his razor again, and then took up his astrolabe a second time; and so left me half shaved, to go and see precisely what hour it was. Back he came, and exclaimed, "Sir, I knew I was not mistaken, it wants three hours of noon. I am sure of it, or else all the rules of astronomy are false." "Just heaven!" cried I, "my patience is exhausted, I can bear this no longer. You cursed barber, you barber of mischief, I can scarcely forbear falling upon you and strangling you." "Softly, sir," said he, very calmly, without being moved by my anger: "are you not afraid of a relapse? Be not in a passion, I am going to shave you this minute." In speaking these words, he clapped his astrolabe in his case, took up his razor, and pass-

ing it over the strap which was fixed to his belt, fell to shaving me again; but all the while he was thus employed, the dog could not forbear prattling. "If you would be pleased, sir," said he, "to tell me what the business is you are going about at noon, I could give you some advice that might be of use to you." To satisfy the fellow, I told him I was going to meet some friends at an entertainment at noon, to make merry with me on the recovery of my health.

When the barber heard me talk of regaling, he cried, "You put me in mind that yesterday I invited four or five friends to come and eat with me this very day; indeed, I had forgotten the engagement, and have made no preparation for them." "Do not let that trouble you," said I; "though I dine abroad, my larder is always well furnished. If you will only shave me, I make you a present of all that it contains; and besides, I will order you as much wine as you have occasion for; only you must hasten to finish shaving me: and pray remember, as my father made you presents to encourage you to speak, I give you mine to induce you to be silent."

He was not satisfied with my promise, but exclaimed, "Pray show me these provisions now, that I may see if there will be enough to entertain my friends!" "I have," said I, "a lamb, six capons, a dozen chickens, and enough to make four courses." I ordered a slave to bring all before him, with four great pitchers of wine. "It is very well," returned the barber; "but we shall want fruit, and sauce for the meat." These I ordered likewise; but then he again left off shaving, to look over everything one after another; and this survey of his lasted half-an-hour. I raged and stormed like a madman; but it signified nothing, the fellow made no more haste. However, he took up his razor again, and shaved me for some moments, then stopping suddenly, exclaimed, "I could not have believed, sir, that you would have been so liberal; I begin to perceive that your deceased father—(blessed be his memory!)—lives again in you. Most certainly, I do not deserve the favours with which you have loaded me; and I assure you I shall have them in perpetual remembrance; for, sir, to let you know, I have nothing but what I obtain from the generosity of such gentlemen as you: in which respect, I am like to Zantout, who rubs the people in the baths; to Sali, who cries boiled peas

in the streets; to Salout, who sells beans; to Akerscha, who sells greens; to Aboumecarez, who sprinkles the streets to lay the dust; and to Cassem, the caliph's life-guard man. Of all these persons, not one is apt to be melancholy; they are neither impertinent nor quarrelsome; they are more contented with their lot than the caliph in the midst of his court; they are always gay, ready to sing and dance, and have each of them their peculiar song and dance, with which they divert the city of Bagdad; but what I esteem most in them is, that they are no great talkers, any more than your slave, that has now the honour to speak to you. Here, sir, is the song and dance of Zantout, who rubs the people in the baths; mind me, pray, and see if I do not imitate it exactly."

The barber sung the song, and danced the dance of the attendant on the baths, continued the lame youth; and let me say what I could to oblige him to finish his buffooneries, he did not cease till he had imitated, in like manner, the songs and dances of the other persons he had named. After that, addressing himself to me, "I am going," said he, "to invite all these honest men to my house; if you will take my advice, you will join us, and disappoint your friends, who perhaps are great talkers. They will only teaze you to death with their impertinent discourse, and make you relapse into a disorder worse than that from which you are so lately recovered; whereas, at my house you shall have nothing but pleasure."

Notwithstanding my anger, I could not forbear laughing at the fellow's impertinence. "I wish I had no business upon my hands," I replied, "I would accept your invitation. Come finish shaving me, and make haste home; perhaps your friends are already arrived at your house."

I found I gained no ground by mild terms. "Since you will not come to my house," replied the barber, "you must allow me to go along with you: I will carry these things home, where my friends may eat of them, and I will return immediately. You deserve this piece of complaisance at my hands." "Sir," cried I, "leave off your unreasonable jargon; go to your friends, drink, eat, and be merry with them, and leave me at liberty to go to mine. The place to which I go is not one where you can be received." "You jest, sir," said he; "if your friends have invited

you to a feast, what should prevent you from allowing me to go with you? You will please them, I am sure, by introducing to them a man who can talk wittily like me, and knows how to divert company. But say what you will, I am determined to accompany you."

These words, gentlemen, perplexed me much. "How," thought I, "shall I get rid of this cursed barber? If I persist in contradicting him, we shall never have done."

Besides, I heard at this instant the first call to noon-prayers, and it was time for me to go. In fine, I resolved to say nothing, and to make as if I consented to his accompanying me. He then finished shaving me.

I dressed myself as expeditiously as I could. I heard the last call to prayers, and hastened to set out; but the malicious barber sent my servants with the dainties for his guests to his own house, and concealed himself at the corner of the street, with an intent to observe and follow me. In fine, when I arrived at the cauzee's door, I looked back and saw him close upon me, which alarmed me to the last degree.

The cauzee's door was half open, and as I went in I saw an old woman waiting for me, who, after she had shut the door, conducted me to the young lady who was the object of my affection. We had scarcely begun to converse, when we heard a noise in the streets. The young lady put her head to the window, and saw through the gate that it was her father already returning from the mosque. At the same time I looked, and saw the barber watching the house.

I had then two things to fear, the arrival of the cauzee, and the presence of the barber. The young lady mitigated my apprehension on the first head, by assuring me the cauzee came but seldom to that part of the house, and if he did come she had contrived a way to convey me out safe; but the indiscretion of the barber was a more fearful danger, as you shall hear.

As soon as the cauzee was come in, he bastinadoed one of his slaves, who had deserved chastisement. This slave made a horrid noise, which was heard in the street; the barber pretended to think it was I who was maltreated. Prepossessed with this thought, he roared out aloud, rent his clothes, threw dust upon his head, and called the neighbourhood to his assistance. The

neighbours collected, and asked what assistance he wanted. "Alas!" cried he, "they are assassinating my master, my dear patron!" and without saying anything more, he ran all the way to my house, with the very same cry in his mouth. From thence he returned, followed by all my domestics armed with sticks. They knocked with inconceivable fury at the door, and the cauzee sent some slaves to see what was the matter; but they being frightened returned to their master, crying, "Sir, above ten thousand men are going to break into your house by force."

Immediately the cauzee himself ran, opened the door, and asked what they wanted. "Good people," he said, "for what should I bastinado your master, whom I do not know, and who has done me no harm; my house is open to you, come and search." "I know your daughter is in love with our master," said the barber, "and appointed him a meeting during the time of noon-prayer; you without doubt have had notice of it, returned home, and surprised him, and made your slaves bastinado him: but this your wicked action shall not pass with impunity; the caliph shall be acquainted with it, and he will give true and brief justice. Let him come out, deliver him to us immediately; or if you do not, we will go in and take him out to your shame." "There is no occasion for so many words," replied the cauzee, "nor to make so great a noise: if what you say is true, go and find him out—I give you free liberty." Thereupon the barber and my domestics rushed into the house like furies, and looked for me all about.

As I heard everything that was said, I sought for a place to conceal myself, and could find nothing but a large empty trunk, in which I lay down, and shut it upon me. The barber, after he had searched everywhere, came into the chamber where I was, and opened the trunk. As soon as he saw me, he took it upon his head and carried it away. He descended a high staircase into a court, which he crossed hastily, and at length reached the street door. While he was carrying me, the trunk unfortunately flew open, and not being able to endure the shame of being exposed to the view and shouts of the mob who followed us, I leaped out into the street with so much haste, that I have been lame ever since. I was not sensible of the hurt at first, and therefore got up quickly to avoid the people, who laughed at me; nay, I threw handfuls of gold and silver among them, and whilst they were

gathering it up, I made my escape by cross streets and alleys. But the cursed barber followed me close, crying, "Stay, sir, why do you run so fast? If you knew how much I am afflicted at the ill treatment you received from the cauzee, you who are so generous, and to whom I and my friends are so much obliged! Did I not tell you truly, that you would expose your life by your obstinate refusal to let me go with you? See what has happened to you by your own fault; and if I had not resolutely followed, to see whither you went, what would have become of you? Whither do you go, sir? Stay for me."

Thus the barber cried aloud in the street; it was not enough for him to have occasioned so great a scandal in the quarter where the cauzee lived, but he would have it known through the whole town, and continued telling all he met what great service he had done me. After this had befallen me, I could not think of staying any longer in the town where my misadventure was so well known. Accordingly, as soon as my lameness would permit, I took all the money I thought necessary for my travels, and divided the rest of my property among my kindred.

Thus, gentlemen, I left Bagdad, and came hither. I had ground to hope that I should not meet this pernicious barber in a country so far from my own, and yet I find him amongst you. Be not surprised then at my haste to be gone: you may easily judge how unpleasant to me is the sight of a man who was the occasion of my lameness, and of my being reduced to the melancholy necessity of living so far from my kindred, friends, and country.

When he had spoken these words, the lame young man rose up and went out; the master of the house conducted him to the gate, and told him he was sorry that he had given him, though innocently, so great a cause of mortification.

When the young man was gone, continued the tailor, we were all astonished at the story, and, turning to the barber, told him he was very much to blame, if what he had just heard was true. "Gentlemen," answered he, raising up his head, which till then he had held down, "my silence during the young man's discourse is sufficient to testify that he advanced nothing that was not true; but for all that he has said to you, I maintain that I ought to have done what I did. I leave you to be judges. Did not he throw himself into danger? and could he have come off so well without

my assistance? He may think himself happy to have escaped with the lame leg. Did not I expose myself to greater danger to get him out of a house where I thought he was ill-treated? Has he any reason to complain of, and abuse me? This is what one gets by serving unthankful people! He accuses me of being a prattling fellow, which is a mere slander. Of seven brothers I speak least, and have most wit to my share; and to convince you of this, gentlemen, I need only relate my own story and theirs. Honour me, I beseech you, with your attention."

The Story of the Barber.

In the reign of the Caliph Muntasir Billah,[1] that is, seeking victory of God, continued he, a prince so famous for his liberality towards the poor, ten highwaymen infested the roads about Bagdad, and for a long time committed unheard-of robberies and cruelties. The caliph having notice of this, sent for the judge of the police, some days before the feast of Bairam, and ordered him, on pain of death, to bring all the ten to him.

The judge of the police, continued the barber, used so much diligence, and sent so many people in pursuit of the ten robbers, that they were taken on the very day of Bairam. I was walking at the time on the banks of the Tigris, and saw ten men richly robed go into a boat. Had I but observed the guards who had them in custody, I might have concluded they were robbers; but my attention was fixed on the men themselves, and, thinking they were people who designed to spend the festival in jollity, I entered the boat with them, hoping they would not object to my making one of the company. We descended the Tigris, and landed before the caliph's palace. I had by this time had leisure to reflect, and to discover my mistake. When we quitted the boat, we were surrounded by a new troop of the judge of the police's guard, who bound us all, and carried us before the caliph. I suffered myself to be bound as well as the rest, without speaking one word; for what would it have availed to have spoken, or made any resistance? That had been the way to have got myself

[1] El Muntasir Billah was the great grandson of Haroun Alraschid, and acceded to the throne in the year of the Hegira, 247, A.D. 861.

ill-treated by the guards, who would not have listened to me, for they are brutish fellows, who will hear no reason. I was with the robbers, and that was enough to make them believe me to be one of their number.

When we had been brought before the caliph he ordered the ten highwaymen's heads to be cut off immediately. The executioner drew us up in file within reach of his arm, and by good fortune I was placed last. He cut off the heads of the ten highwaymen, beginning at the first; and when it came to me he stopped. The caliph perceiving that he did not strike me grew angry. "Did not I command thee," said he, "to cut off the heads of ten highwaymen, and why hast thou cut off but nine?" "Commander of the Faithful," he replied, "Heaven preserve me from disobeying your majesty's orders: here are ten bodies upon the ground, and as many heads which I have cut off; your majesty may count them." When the caliph saw that what the executioner said was true, he looked at me with amazement, and said to me, "Old man, how came you to be among those robbers, who have deserved a thousand deaths?" I answered, "Commander of the Faithful, I will make a true confession. This morning I saw those ten persons, whose punishment is a proof of your majesty's justice, take boat: I embarked with them, thinking they were men going to celebrate the feast of Bairam in a right spirit of good fellowship."

The caliph could not forbear laughing at my adventure; and, instead of treating me as a prattling fellow, as this young man did, he admired my discretion and taciturnity. "Commander of the Faithful," I resumed, "your majesty need not wonder at my silence on such an occasion. I make a particular profession of holding my peace, and on that account have acquired the glorious title of Silent, by which I am distinguished from my six brothers. This is the effect of my philosophy; and, in a word, in this virtue consists my glory and happiness." "I am glad," said the caliph, smiling, "that they gave you a title which you know so well how to use. But tell me what sort of men were your brothers; were they like you?" "By no means," I replied, "they were all of them loquacious, prating fellows. And as to their persons, there was still a greater difference betwixt them and me. The first was humpbacked, the second had bad teeth, the third had but one

eye, the fourth was blind, the fifth had his ears cut off, and the sixth had harelip. They had met with such adventures as would enable you to judge of their characters, had I the honour of relating them to your majesty;" and as the caliph seemed desirous to hear their several stories, I went on without waiting his commands.

THE STORY OF THE BARBER'S ELDEST BROTHER.

My eldest brother, Bacbouc the Humpback, was a tailor; when he came out of his apprenticeship, he hired a shop over against a mill, and having but very little business, could scarcely maintain himself. The miller, on the contrary, was very wealthy, and had a handsome wife. One day as my brother was at work in his shop, he saw the miller's wife looking out of the window, and was charmed with her beauty. He arose betimes in the morning, and ran to his shop, in hopes to see the miller's wife; but she did not appear at the window above a minute in the course of the day. The third day he had more ground of satisfaction, for the miller's wife cast her eyes upon him by chance, and surprised him as he was gazing at her, which revealed to her what was passing in his mind.

No sooner, continued the barber, did the miller's wife perceive my brother's admiration, than, instead of allowing it to excite her resentment, she resolved to divert herself with it. She looked at him with a smiling countenance, and my brother returned her smile, but in so ludicrous a way, that the miller's wife hastily shut her window, lest her loud laughter should make him sensible that she only ridiculed him. Poor Bacbouc interpreted her carriage to his own advantage, and flattered himself that she looked upon him with pleasure.

The miller's wife resolved to expose my brother: she had a piece of very fine stuff, with which she had a long time designed to make a vest; she wrapt it up in a fine embroidered silk handkerchief, and sent it to him by a young slave whom she kept; who being taught her lesson, went to the tailor's shop, and told him, "My mistress gives you her service, and prays you to make her a vest of this stuff according to this pattern; she changes her dress often, so that her custom will be profitable to you." My brother doubted not but the miller's wife loved him, and thought she had sent him

work only to signify her affection for him. He charged the slave to tell her mistress that he would lay aside all work for hers, and that the vest should be ready next morning. Next morning the young slave came to see if the vest was ready. Bacbouc delivered it to her neatly folded up, telling her, "I am too much concerned to please your mistress to neglect her work; I would engage her by my diligence to employ no other than myself for the time to come."

About a quarter of an hour after, the slave returned to my brother with a piece of satin. "My mistress," said she, "is very well pleased with her vest; nothing in the world can fit her better; and as it is very handsome, she will not wear it without a new pair of drawers; she prays you to make them, as soon as you can, of this piece of satin." "Enough," said Bacbouc, "I will do it before I leave my shop: you shall have it in the evening." The miller's wife showed herself often at her window, to encourage my brother. The pair of drawers was soon made, and the slave came for it, but brought the tailor no money. In the meantime, this unfortunate lover, whom they only amused, though he could not see it, had eaten nothing all that day, and was forced to borrow money at night to buy his supper. Next morning, as soon as he arrived at his shop, the young slave came to tell him that the miller wanted to speak to him. "My mistress," said she, "spoke to him so much in your praise, when she showed him your work, that he has a mind you should work for him also." My brother went to the mill with the slave. The miller received him very kindly, and showed him a piece of cloth, and told him he wanted shirts, bade him make it into twenty, and return him again what was left.

My brother, said the barber, had work enough for five or six days to make twenty shirts for the miller, who afterwards gave him another piece of cloth to make him as many pairs of drawers. When they were finished, Bacbouc carried them to the miller, who asked him what he must have for his pains. My brother answered, he would be content with twenty dirhens of silver. The miller immediately called the young slave, and bade her bring him his weights to see if his money was right. The slave, who had her lesson, looked at my brother with an angry countenance, to signify to him, that he would spoil all if he took money. He knew her meaning, and refused to take any, though he wanted it

so much that he was forced to borrow some to buy the thread to sew the shirts and drawers. When he left the miller, he came to me to borrow money to purchase provisions, and told me they did not pay him. I gave him some copper money I had in my purse, and upon that he subsisted for some days.

One day he went to the miller, who was busy at his work, and thinking my brother came for money, offered him some; but the young slave being present, made him another sign not to take it, which he complied with, and told the miller he did not come for his money, but only to know how he did. The miller thanked him, and gave him an upper garment to make. Bacbouc carried it to him the next day. When the miller drew out his purse, the young slave gave my brother the usual sign, on which he said to the miller, "Neighbour, there is no haste, we will reckon another time;" so that the poor fellow went to his shop again, with three terrible distempers—love, hunger, and an empty purse. The miller's wife was not only avaricious, but ill-natured; for, not content with imposing on my brother, she provoked her husband to revenge himself upon him, which they accomplished thus:—The miller invited Bacbouc one night to supper, and after giving him a very sorry treat, said to him, "Brother, it is too late for you to return home, you had better stay here all night," and then took him to a place in the mill, where there was a bed. About the middle of the night, the miller came to my brother, and said, "Neighbour, are you asleep? My mule is ill, and I have a quantity of corn to grind; you will do me a great kindness if you will turn the mill in her stead." Bacbouc, to show his good nature, told him he was ready to do him that service, if he would show him how. The miller tied him by the middle in the mule's place, and whipping him soundly over the back, said to him, "Go on, neighbour." "Ho!" exclaimed my brother, "why do you beat me?" "Are you not my mule," replied the miller, "for without a whip my mule will not go." Bacbouc was amazed at this treatment, but durst not complain. When he had gone five or six rounds, he would fain have rested; but the miller gave him a dozen sound lashes, saying, "Courage, mule! do not stop, pray; you must go on without taking breath, otherwise you will spoil my meal."

The miller obliged my brother, said the barber, to turn the

mill thus all night. About break of day he left him without untying him; and at last the young slave came and untied him. "Ah!" said the treacherous wretch, "how my mistress and I pitied you! We had no hand in this wicked trick which her husband has played you." The wretched Bacbouc answered not a word, he was so much fatigued with work and blows; but crept home to his house, resolving never to think more of the miller's wife.

The telling of this story, continued the barber, made the caliph laugh, on which I supposing that he was willing to hear me, went on thus:—

THE STORY OF THE BARBER'S SECOND BROTHER.

My second brother, who was called Backbarah the Toothless, going one day through the city, met in a distant street an old woman, who came up to him and said, "I want one word with you, pray stop a moment." He did so, and asked what she would have. "If you have time to come with me," said she, "I will bring you into a stately palace, where is a lady as fair as the day. She will receive you with much pleasure, and treat you with excellent wine. But hark, you must be prudent, say but little, and be extremely polite." Backbarah agreed to all this. The old woman went on, and he followed her.

She brought him into a superb court of a magnificent palace. There was a gallery round it, and a garden in the middle. The old woman made him sit down on a handsome sofa, and bade him stay a moment, till she went to acquaint the young lady with his arrival.

My brother, who had never been in such a stately palace before, gazed on the fine things that he saw; and judging of his good fortune by the magnificence of the palace, he was scarcely able to contain himself for joy. In a short time he heard a great noise, occasioned by a troop of merry slaves, who came towards him with loud fits of laughter; and in the middle of them he perceived a young lady of extraordinary beauty, who was easily known to be their mistress by the respect they paid her. Backbarah was extremely surprised when he saw so much company; and when the young lady came up to the sofa, my brother rose and made her a low obeisance. She took the upper seat, prayed him to sit

down, and said to him with a smiling countenance, "I am much pleased to see you, and wish you all the happiness you can desire." "Madam," replied Backbarah, "I cannot desire a greater happiness than to be in your company." "You seem to be of a pleasant humour," said she, "and to be disposed to pass the time agreeably."

She commanded a collation to be brought; and immediately a table was covered with several baskets of fruits and sweetmeats. The lady sat down at the table with the slaves and my brother; and he being placed just opposite to her, when he opened his mouth to eat, she perceived he had no teeth; and taking notice of this to her slaves, she and they laughed heartily. Backbarah, from time to time, lifted up his head to look at her, and perceiving her laugh, concluded it was from the pleasure she derived from his company, and flattered himself that she would speedily send away her slaves, and remain with him alone. She guessed his thoughts, and amusing herself to flatter him in this mistake, addressed him in the most pleasant language, and presented him the best of everything with her own hand. The entertainment being finished, they rose from the table; ten slaves took musical instruments, and began to play and sing, and others to dance. My brother, to please them, danced likewise, and the lady danced with them. After they had danced some time, they sat down to take breath, and the young lady calling for a glass of wine, looked upon my brother with a smiling countenance, to signify that she was going to drink his health. He rose and stood while she drank. When she had done, instead of giving back the glass, she ordered it to be filled, and presented it to my brother, that he might pledge her.

My brother took the glass from the young lady's hand, which he kissed at the same time, and stood and drank to her, in return for the favour she had done him. The young lady then made him sit down by her, and then, all on a sudden, gave him such a sound box on the ear, that he grew angry; the colour came into his face, and he rose up to remove to a greater distance from such a rude playfellow. Then the old woman who brought him thither gave him a look, to let him know that he was in the wrong, and that he had forgotten her advice, to be very complaisant. He owned his fault, and to make amends, went near the young lady

again, pretending that he did not remove out of any ill-humour. She drew him by the arm, made him sit down by her, and gave him a thousand malicious squeezes. Her slaves took their part in the diversion; one gave poor Backbarah several fillips on the nose with all her might; another pulled him by the ears, as if she would have pulled them off; and others boxed him in a manner that might have made it appear they were not in jest. My brother bore all this with admirable patience; affecting a gay air, and looking at the old woman, he said to her with a forced smile, "You told me, indeed, that I should find the lady perfectly kind, pleasant, and charming; I am mightily obliged to you!" "All this is nothing," replied the old woman; "let her go on, you will see other things by and by." Then the young lady said to him, "Brother, you are a brave man; I am glad to find you are so good-humoured and complaisant to bear with my little caprices, and that your humour is so conformable to mine." "Madam," replied Backbarah, who was charmed with this address, "I am no more at my own disposal; I am wholly yours, you may do with me as you please." "How you oblige me," returned the lady, "by such submission! I am well pleased with you, and would have you be so with me. Bring him perfume and rose-water." Upon this two slaves went out and returned speedily, one with a silver casket, filled with the best of aloes-wood, with which she perfumed him; and the other with rose-water, which she sprinkled on his face and hands. My brother was quite enraptured with this handsome treatment. After this ceremony, the young lady commanded the slaves, who had already played on their instruments and sung, to renew their concerts. They obeyed, and while they were thus employed, the lady called another slave, and ordered her to take my brother with her, and do what she knew, and bring him back to her again. Backbarah, who heard this order, got up quickly, and going to the old woman, who also rose to accompany him and the slave, prayed her to inform him what they were to do with him. "My mistress is only curious," replied the old woman, softly; "she has a mind to see how you look in a woman's dress; and this slave, who is desired to take you with her, has orders to paint your eyebrows, to cut off your whiskers, and to dress you like a woman." "You may paint my eyebrows as much as you please," said my brother; "I consent to that, because I can

wash it off again; but to shave me! you know that I must not permit. How can I appear abroad again without moustaches?" "Beware of refusing what is asked of you," returned the old woman; "you will spoil your fortune, which is now in as favourable a train as you can wish for; and will you, for a nasty whisker, renounce all these favours?" Backbarah listened to the old woman, and without saying a word, went to the chamber with the slave, where they painted his eyebrows with red, cut off his whiskers, and were going to do the like with his beard. My brother's patience then began to fail. "Oh!" said he, "I will never part with my beard." The slave told him that it was to no purpose to have parted with his whiskers, if he would not also part with his beard, which could never comport with a woman's dress; and she wondered that a man, who was on the high road to honour, should be concerned about his beard: so that at last he allowed them to do what they would. When he was dressed in female attire, they brought him before the young lady, who laughed so heartily when she saw him, that she fell backward on the sofa. The slaves laughed and clapped their hands, until they all fell upon the poor fellow, and did so box and kick him, that he fell down like one out of his senses. The old woman helped him up again; and that he might not have time to think of his ill-treatment, bade him take courage, and whispered in his ear, that all his sufferings were at an end, and that he was just about to receive his reward.

My silly brother had done too much to hesitate at anything now, and he was easily persuaded to strip himself to his shirt, and to run a race with the young lady. When they were ready, the young lady took the advantage of twenty paces, and then began to run with surprising swiftness: my brother followed as fast as he could, the slaves in the meantime laughing heartily and clapping their hands. The young lady, instead of losing ground, gained upon my brother: she made him run two or three times round the gallery, and then entering a long dark passage, made her escape. Backbarah, who still followed, having lost sight of her in the passage, was obliged to slacken his pace, because of the darkness of the place: at last perceiving a light, he ran towards it, and went out at a door, which was immediately shut after him. You may imagine how he was surprised to find himself in a street inhabited by curriers, and they were no less surprised to see him in his shirt,

his eyes painted red, and without beard or moustaches: they began to clap their hands and shout at him, and some of them ran after him and lashed his back with leather straps. They then took him and set him upon an ass which they met by chance, and carried him through the town exposed to the laughter of the people.

To complete his misfortune, as he went by the cadi's house, he would needs know the cause of the tumult. The curriers told him that they saw him come in that condition from the gate of the apartments of the grand vizier's women which opened into their street; upon which the judge ordered the unfortunate Backbarah to have a hundred blows with a stick on the soles of his feet, and sent him out of the town, with orders never to return.

"Thus, Commander of the Faithful," said I to the caliph, "I have given an account of the adventure of my second brother, who did not know that our greatest ladies divert themselves sometimes by putting such tricks upon young people, who are so foolish as to be caught in the snare."

The barber, without breaking off, told the story of his third brother in the following manner:—

THE STORY OF THE BARBER'S THIRD BROTHER.

Commander of the Faithful, my third brother, whose name was Backbac, was blind, and his evil destiny reduced him to beg from door to door. He had been so long accustomed to walk through the streets alone, that he wanted none to lead him. He had a custom to knock at people's doors, and not to answer till they opened to him. One day he knocked thus, and the master of the house, who was alone, cried, "Who is there?" My brother made no answer, and knocked a second time; the master of the house asked again and again, "Who is there?" but to no purpose, no one answered; upon which he came down, opened the door, and asked my brother what he wanted. "Give me something, for Heaven's sake," said Backbac. "You seem to be blind," replied the master of the house. "Yes, to my sorrow," answered my brother. "Give me your hand," resumed the master of the house. My brother did so, thinking he was going to give him alms; but he only took him by the hand to lead him up to his chamber. Backbac thought he had been carrying him to dine with him, as many other people had done. When they reached the chamber, the man let go his

hand, and sitting down, asked him again what he wanted. "I have already told you," said Backbac, "that I want some alms as I am blind." "Good blind man," replied the master of the house, "all that I can do for you is to wish that you may regain your sight." "You might have told me that at the door," replied my brother, "and not have given me the trouble to come up-stairs." "And why," said the man of the house, "do not you answer at first, when people ask you who is there? Why do you give anybody the trouble to come and open the door when they speak to you?" "What will you do with me then?" asked my brother. "I tell you again," said the man of the house, "I have nothing to give you." "Help me down-stairs then, as you brought me up." "The stairs are before you," said the man of the house, "and you may go down by yourself if you will." My brother attempted to descend, but missing a step about the middle of the stairs, fell to the bottom and hurt his head and his back: he got up again with much difficulty, and went out abusing the master of the house, who laughed at his fall.

As my brother went out of the house, two blind men, his companions, who were passing by, knew him by his voice, and asked him what was the matter. He told them what had happened; and afterwards said, "I have eaten nothing to-day; I conjure you to go along with me to my house, that I may take some of the money that we three have in common to buy me something for supper." The two blind men agreed, and they went home with him.

You must know that the master of the house where my brother was so ill used was a robber, of a cunning and malicious disposition. He overheard from his window what Backbac had said to his companions, and came down and followed them to my brother's house. The blind men being seated, Backbac said to them, "Brothers, we must shut the door, and take care there be no stranger with us." At this the robber was much perplexed, but perceiving a rope hanging down from a beam, he caught hold of it, and hung by it, while the blind men shut the door, and felt about the room with their sticks. When they had done, and had sat down again in their places, the robber left his rope, and seated himself softly by my brother, who thinking himself alone with his blind comrades, said to them, "Brothers, the last time we reckoned you know we had ten thousand dirhens, and that we put them into ten bags; I will show you that I have not touched one of them."

Having so said, he put his hand among some old clothes, and taking out the bags one after another, gave them to his comrades, saying, "There they are; you may judge by their weight that they are whole, or you may tell them if you please." His comrades answered there was no need, they did not mistrust him; so he opened one of the bags, and took out ten dirhens, and each of the other blind men did the like.

My brother put the bags into their place again: after which, one of the blind men said to him, "There is no need to lay out anything for supper, for I have collected as much victuals from good people as will serve us all." At the same time he took out of his bag bread and cheese, and some fruit, and putting all upon the table, they began to eat. The robber, who sat at my brother's right hand, picked out the best, and ate with them; but whatever care he took to make no noise, Backbac heard him eating, and cried out immediately, "We are undone, there is a stranger among us." Having so said, he stretched out his hand and caught hold of the robber by the arm, and crying out "Thieves!" fell upon him and struck him. The other blind men fell upon him in like manner. The robber defended himself as well as he could, and being young and vigorous, besides having the advantage of his eyes, gave furious blows, sometimes to one, sometimes to another, and cried out "Thieves!" louder than they did. The neighbours hearing the noise, broke open the door, and had much ado to separate the combatants; but having at last succeeded, they asked the cause of their quarrel. My brother, who still had hold of the robber, cried out, "This man I have hold of is a thief, and stole in with us on purpose to rob us of the little money we have." The thief, who shut his eyes as soon as the neighbours came, feigned himself blind, and exclaimed, "I swear to you by heaven, and by the life of the caliph, that I am their companion, and they refuse to give me my just share. They have all three fallen upon me, and I demand justice." The neighbours would not interfere in their quarrel, but carried them all before the judge.

When they came before the magistrate, the robber, without staying to be examined, cried out, still feigning himself blind, "Sir, since you are deputed to administer justice by the caliph, whom God prosper! I declare to you that we are equally criminal,

my three comrades and I; but we have all engaged upon oath, to confess nothing unless we be bastinadoed; so that if you would know our crime, you need only order us to be bastinadoed, and begin with me." My brother would have spoken, but was not allowed to do so.

The robber being under the bastinado, had the courage to bear twenty or thirty blows; when, pretending to be overcome with pain, he first opened one eye, and then the other, and crying out for mercy, begged the judge would put a stop to the blows. The judge perceiving that he looked upon him with his eyes open, was much surprised, and said to him, "Rogue, what is the meaning of this miracle?" "Sir," replied the robber, "I will discover to you an important secret, if you will pardon me, and give me, as a pledge that you will keep your word, the seal-ring which you have on your finger." The judge consented, gave him his ring, and promised him pardon. "Under this promise," continued the robber, "I must confess to you, sir, that I and my three comrades do all of us see very well. We feigned ourselves to be blind; by this trick we have gained together ten thousand dirhens. This day I demanded of my partners two thousand five hundred as my share; but they refused because I told them I would leave them; and they were afraid I should accuse them. I expect from your justice, sir, that you will make them deliver me the two thousand five hundred dirhens which is my due; and if you have a mind that my comrades should confess the truth, you must order them three times as many blows as I have had, and you will find they will open their eyes as well I have done." "Villains!" said the judge, "do you feign yourselves blind then, and, under the pretext of moving compassion, cheat people, and commit such crimes?" "He is an impostor!" cried my brother, "and we take God to witness that none of us can see."

All that my brother could say was in vain, his comrades and he received each of them two hundred blows. The judge expected them to open their eyes, and ascribed to their obstinacy what really they could not do. The robber then addressing himself to the judge, said, "I perceive, sir, that they will be maliciously obstinate to the last; it were better, if you think fit, to pardon them, and to send some person along with me for the ten thousand dirhens they have hidden."

The judge consented to give the robber two thousand five hundred dirhens, and kept the rest himself; and as for my brother and his two companions, he thought he showed them pity by sentencing them only to be banished. As soon as I heard what had befallen my brother, I went to him; he told me his misfortune, and I brought him back secretly to the town. I could easily have justified him to the judge, and have had the robber punished as he deserved, but durst not make the attempt, for fear of bringing myself into danger of assassination.

Thus I finished the sad adventure of my honest blind brother. The caliph laughed at it, and I at once began the story of my fourth brother.

THE STORY OF THE BARBER'S FOURTH BROTHER.

Alcouz was the name of the fourth brother. He was a butcher. He had very good trade, and had his shop always full of the best meat. One day when he was in his shop, an old man with a long white beard came and bought six pounds of meat, gave him money for it, and went his way. My brother thought the money so pure and well coined, that he put it apart by itself: the same old man came every day for five months, bought a like quantity of meat, and paid for it in the same kind of money, which my brother continued to lay apart.

At the end of five months, Alcouz having a mind to buy a lot of sheep, and to pay for them in this money, opened his chest; but instead of finding his money, was extremely surprised to see nothing in the place where he had laid it, but a parcel of leaves clipped round. He beat his head, and cried out aloud, which presently brought the neighbours about him, who were as much surprised as he, when he told them the story. He had scarcely spoken, when he saw the old man at a distance; he ran to him, and laid hands on him. "Mussulmans," cried he, as loud as he could, "help! hear what a cheat this wicked fellow has put upon me," and at the same time told a great crowd of people, who came about him, what he had formerly told his neighbours. When he had done, the old man said to him very gravely and calmly, "You had better let me go for fear I should put a greater affront upon you, which I should be sorrow to do." "How," said my brother, "what have you to say against me? I am an honest man in my business, and

fear not you, nor anybody." "You would have me speak out, then?" resumed the old man, in the same tone; and turning to the crowd, said to them, "Know, good people, that this fellow, instead of selling mutton as he ought to do, sells human flesh; do any of you go and see if what I say be not true."

The credulous mob, prejudiced against a man accused of so heinous a crime, obliged my brother to quit the old man, laid hold of him, and ran like madmen into his shop, where they saw, to all appearance, a man hung up with his throat cut, as the old man had said; for he was a magician, and deceived the eyes of all people, as he did my brother, when he made him take leaves instead of money. At this sight, one of those who held Alcouz gave him a violent blow with his fist, and said to him, "Thou wicked villain! dost thou make us eat man's flesh instead of mutton?" And at the same time the old man gave him another blow, which beat out one of his eyes. Everybody that could get near him struck him; and not content with that, they carried him before a judge. The judge would believe nothing of the story of the money changed into leaves, called my brother a cheat, told him he would believe his own eyes, and ordered him to receive five hundred blows. He afterwards made him tell him where his money was, took it all from him, and banished him for ever, after having made him ride three days through the city upon a camel, exposed to the insults of the people.

Another tragical adventure befell my fourth brother. He was by chance near the gate of a house in the city to which he had gone after his disgrace, when two servants came and collared him, saying, "Heaven be praised that you have come of your own accord to surrender yourself! you have alarmed us so much these three last nights, that we could not sleep; nor would you have spared our lives, if we had not prevented your design." My brother was much surprised. "Good people," said he, "I know not what you mean; you certainly take me for somebody else." "No, no," replied they, "we know that you and your comrades are robbers: let us see if you have not a knife about you, which you had in your hand when you pursued us last night." Having said thus, they searched him, and found he had a knife. "Ho! ho!" cried they, laying hold of him, "and dare you say that you are not a robber?" "Why," said my brother, "cannot a man carry

a knife about him without being a robber? If you will hearken to my story, instead of having so bad an opinion of me, you will be touched with compassion at my misfortunes."

The two servants, no way moved with his complaint, carried him before the judge, who asked him how he durst presume to go into their house, and pursue them with a drawn knife. "Sir," replied the unfortunate Alcouz, "I am the most innocent man in the world, and am undone if you will not be pleased to hear me patiently." "Sir," exclaimed one of the domestics, "will you listen to a robber, who enters people's houses to plunder and murder them? If you will not believe us, only look upon his back;" and while he said so, he uncovered my brother's back, and showed it to the judge, who, without any other information, commanded his officers immediately to give him a hundred lashes over the shoulders, and made him afterwards be carried through the town on a camel, with one crying before him, "Thus are men punished who enter people's houses by force." After having treated him thus, they banished him the town, and forbade him ever to return. Being informed of this second misfortune, I went and brought him to Bagdad privately, and gave him all the assistance I could. The caliph, continued the barber, was pleased to pity the unfortunate Alcouz, and ordered something to be given to me. But without allowing his servants time to obey his orders, I continued my discourse, and said to him, "My sovereign lord and master, you see that I do not talk much; and since your majesty has been pleased to do me the favour to listen to me so far, I beg you would likewise hear the adventures of my two other brothers:"—

THE STORY OF THE BARBER'S FIFTH BROTHER.

My fifth brother was called Alnaschar. As long as our father lived he was very lazy: instead of working, he used to beg and lived upon what he got. The old man, our father, at his death left seven hundred dirhens: we divided equally, so that each of us had a hundred for his share. Alnaschar, who had never before possessed so much money, was much perplexed to know what he should do with it. He consulted a long time with himself, and at last resolved to lay it out in glassware, which he bought of a wholesale dealer. He put all in an open basket, and sat with it before him, and his back against a wall, in a place where he might

sell it. In this posture, with his eyes fixed on his basket, he began to meditate; during which, he spoke as follows: "This basket cost me a hundred dirhens, which is all I have in the world. I shall make two hundred of them by retailing my glass, and of these two hundred, which I will again lay out in glassware, I shall make four hundred; and going on thus, I shall at last make four thousand dirhens; of four thousand I shall easily make eight thousand, and when I come to ten thousand, I will leave off selling glass, and turn jeweller; I will trade in diamonds, pearls, and all sorts of precious stones: then when I am as rich as I can wish, I will buy a fine mansion, a great estate, slaves, asses, and horses. Nor will I stop here, for I will, by the favour of heaven, go on till I get one hundred thousand dirhens, and when I have amassed so much, I will send to demand the grand vizier's daughter in marriage. I will clothe myself like a prince, and mounted upon a fine horse, with a saddle of fine gold, with housings of cloth of gold, finely embroidered with diamonds and pearls, I will ride through the city, attended by slaves before and behind. I will go to the vizier's palace in view of all the people great and small, who will show me the most profound respect. When I alight at the foot of the vizier's staircase, I will ascend through my own people, ranged in files on the right and left; and the grand vizier receiving me as his son-in-law, shall give me the right hand, and set me above him, to do me the more honour."

My brother was so full of these chimerical visions, that he quite forgot where he was, and unfortunately gave such a push to his basket and glasses, that they were thrown down, and broken into a thousand pieces.

On this fatal accident, he came to himself, and perceiving the full extent of his misfortune, beat his face, tore his clothes, and cried so loud, that the neighbours came about him; and the people, who were going to their noon-prayers, stopped to know what was the matter. A lady of rank passing by upon a mule richly caparisoned, was moved by compassion at my brother's affliction. She immediately turned to the purse-bearer who attended her, and said to him, "Give the poor man what you have about you." The slave obeyed, and put into my brother's hands a purse with five hundred pieces of gold. Alnaschar was ready to die with joy when he received it. He gave a thousand

blessings to the lady, and shutting up his shop, where he had no more occasion to sit, went to his house.

While he was pondering over his good luck, he heard somebody knock at his door. Before he opened, he asked who it was, and knowing by the voice that it was a woman, he let her in. "My son," said she, "I have a favour to beg of you: the hour of prayer is come, let me perform my ablutions in your house, that I may be fit to say my prayers." My brother granted her request. The old woman said her prayers, and when she had done, came to my brother and bowed twice to the ground, so low, that she touched it with her forehead. Being meanly clad, and very humble, my brother thought she asked alms; upon which he offered her two pieces of gold. The old woman stepped back in a sort of surprise, as if my brother had affronted her. "Is it possible, sir," said she, "that you took me for one of those impudent beggars who push into people's houses to ask alms? Take back your money, I need it not. I belong to a young lady of this city, who is beautiful and very rich; she lets me want for nothing."

My brother was not cunning enough to perceive the craft of the old woman, who only refused the two pieces of gold, that she might catch more. He asked her if she could not procure him the honour of seeing that lady. "With all my heart," she replied; "take up your money, and follow me." My brother, transported with his good luck in finding first so great a sum of money, and next, almost at the same time, a beautiful and rich lady, whom he hoped to make his wife, shut his eyes to all other considerations; so that he took his five hundred pieces of gold, and followed the old woman. She walked on, and he followed at a distance, to the gate of a great house, where she knocked. He came up just as a young Greek slave opened the gate. The old woman made him enter first, and introduced him into a handsome hall, where she left him. The young lady soon entered. Her beauty and rich apparel perfectly surprised him; he rose as soon as he saw her. The lady, with a smiling countenance, prayed him to sit down again, and placed herself by him, and shortly after conducted him into an inner chamber, where she conversed with him for some time; she then left him, saying that she would be with him in a moment. He waited for her; but instead of the lady, a great black slave came in with a scimitar in his hand, and looking upon my brother with

a terrible aspect, said to him fiercely, "What have you to do here?" Alnaschar was so frightened, that he had not power to answer. The black stripped him, carried off his gold, and gave him several flesh wounds with his scimitar. My unhappy brother fell to the ground, where he lay without motion, though he had still the use of his senses. The black and the Greek slave having retired, the old woman, who had enticed my brother into the snare, came and dragged him by the feet to a trap-door, which she opened, and threw him into a place underground, among the bodies of several other people who had been murdered. He recovered strength by degrees, so as to be able to walk, and, after two days, opened the trap-door in the night, and finding in the court a place proper to hide himself in, continued there till break of day, when he saw the cursed old woman open the street gate, and go out to seek another victim. He stayed in the place some time after she was gone, that she might not see him, and then came to me for shelter, when he told me of his adventures.

In a month's time he was perfectly cured of his wounds by medicines that I gave him, and he resolved to avenge himself of the old woman, who had put such a barbarous cheat upon him. To this end he took a bag, large enough to contain five hundred pieces of gold, and filled it with pieces of glass, disguised himself like an old woman, and took a scimitar under his gown. He met the old woman walking through the town to seek her prey; he went up to her, and counterfeiting a woman's voice, said, "Cannot you lend me a pair of scales? I am newly come from Persia, have brought five hundred pieces of gold with me, and would know if they are weight." "Good woman," answered the old hag, "you could not have applied to a fitter person: follow me, I will conduct you to my son, who changes money, and will weigh them himself to save you the trouble." My brother followed her to the house where she carried him at first, and the Greek slave opened the door.

The old woman took my brother to the hall, where she desired him to wait till she called her son. The pretended son came, and proved to be the villainous black slave. "Come, old woman," said he to my brother, "rise and follow me." Having spoken thus, he went before to conduct him to the place where the trap-door was which led to the subterranean passage, where he designed

to murder him. Alnaschar got up, followed him, and drawing his scimitar, gave him such a dexterous blow behind on the neck, that he killed him with one stroke, and threw his dead body into the place underground before mentioned. The wicked old woman came running at the noise, and my brother seizing her, said to her, "Treacherous wretch, do you not know me?" "Alas! sir," answered she trembling, "who are you? I do not remember that I ever saw you." "I am," replied he, "the person to whose house you came the other day to wash and say your prayers. Wicked woman! do not you remember?" Then she fell on her knees to beg his pardon, but he cut her in four pieces.

He then sought out the lady, and found her in the chamber. "Madam," said he, "how could you live with such wicked people as I have so justly revenged myself upon?" "I was," she answered, "wife to an honest merchant; and the old woman, whose wickedness I did not then know, used sometimes to come to see me. 'Madam,' said she to me one day, 'we have a wedding at our house, which you will be pleased to see, if you will give us the honour of your company.' I was persuaded by her, put on my best apparel, and took with me a hundred pieces of gold. I followed her; she brought me to this house, where the black has since kept me by force, and I have been three years here to my great sorrow." "By the trade which that wicked black followed," replied my brother, "he must have gathered together a vast deal of riches." "There is so much," said she, "that you will be made for ever if you can carry them off; follow me, and you shall see them." Alnaschar followed her to a chamber, where she showed him several coffers full of gold, which he beheld with admiration. "Go," said she, "and fetch people to carry it all off." My brother went out, got ten men together, and brought them with him, but was much surprised to find the gate open, the lady and the coffers gone; for she being more diligent than he, had conveyed them all off and disappeared. However, being resolved not to return empty-handed, he carried off all the furniture of the house, which was a great deal more than enough to make up the five hundred pieces of gold he had been robbed of. But when he went out of the house, he forgot to shut the gate. The neighbours, who saw my brother and the porters come and go, went and acquainted the cadi, for they looked upon my

brother's conduct as suspicious. Early on the next morning, when my brother came out of his house, twenty of the cadi's men seized him. "Come along with us," said they; "our master would speak with you."

When the officers brought him before the cadi, he asked him where he had the goods which he had carried home the preceding evening. My brother then told him the whole story without disguise, from the period the old woman came into his house to say her prayers, to the time the lady made her escape, after he had killed the black, the Greek slave, and the old woman; and as for what he had carried to his house, he prayed the judge to leave him part of it, for the five hundred pieces of gold of which he had been robbed.

The judge, without promising anything, sent his officers to bring off the whole; and having put the goods into his own warehouse, commanded my brother to quit the town immediately, and never to return; for he was afraid, if he had stayed in the city, he would have found some way to represent this injustice to the caliph. In the meantime Alnaschar obeyed without murmuring, and left that town to go to another. By the way, he met with highwaymen, who stripped him naked; and when the ill news was brought to me, I carried him a handsome robe, and brought him secretly into the town, where I took the like care of him as I did of his other brothers.

THE STORY OF THE BARBER'S SIXTH BROTHER.

I have now only to relate the story of my sixth brother, called Schacabac, with the hare lips. At first he was industrious enough to improve the hundred dirhens of silver which fell to his share, and went on very well; but a reverse of fortune brought him to beg his bread. One day as he passed by a magnificent house, whose high gate showed a very spacious court, where there was a multitude of servants, he went to one of them, and asked him to whom that house belonged? "Good man," replied the servant, "whence do you come that you ask me such a question? Does not all that you behold point out to you that it is the palace of a Barmecide?" My brother, who very well knew the liberality and generosity of the Barmecides, addressed himself to one of the gatekeepers, (for he had more than one,) and prayed him to give him

an alms. "Go in," said he, "nobody hinders you, and address yourself to the master of the house; he will send you back satisfied."

My brother, who expected no such civility, thanked the porters, and entered the palace. He went on till he came into a hall richly furnished and adorned with painting of gold and azure foliage, where he saw a venerable man with a long white beard, sitting at the upper end on a sofa, whence he concluded him to be the master of the house; and, in fact, it was the Barmecide himself, who said to my brother, in a very civil manner, that he was welcome, and asked him what he wanted. "My lord," answered my brother, "I am a poor man who stands in need of help. I swear to you I have not eaten one bit to-day." "Is it true," demanded the Barmecide, "that you are fasting till now? Alas! poor man, he is ready to die for hunger! Ho, boy!" cried he, with a loud voice, "bring a basin and water presently, that we may wash our hands." Though no boy appeared, and my brother saw neither water nor basin, the Barmecide fell to rubbing his hands as if one had poured water upon them, and bade my brother come and wash with him. Schacabac judged by this that the Barmecide lord loved to be merry; and he himself understanding raillery, and knowing that the poor must be complaisant to the rich, if they would have anything from them, came forward and did as he was required.

"Come on," said the Barmecide; "bring us something to eat, and do not let us wait." When he had spoken, though nothing appeared, he began to cut, as if something had been brought him upon a plate, and putting his hand to his mouth, began to eat; and said to my brother, "Come, friend, eat as freely as if you were at home; you said you were like to die of hunger, but you eat as if you had no appetite!" "Pardon me, my lord," said Schacabac, who perfectly imitated what he did, "you see I lose no time, and that I play my part well enough." "How like you this bread?" said the Barmecide; "do not you find it very good?" "Oh, my lord," replied my brother, who saw neither bread nor meat, "I have never eaten anything so white and so fine." "Eat your fill," said the Barmecide. "I assure you the woman who bakes me this good bread cost me five hundred pieces of gold to purchase her."

The Barmecide, after having boasted so much of his bread which my brother ate only in idea, cried, "Boy, bring us another dish;" and though no boy appeared, "Come, my good friend," continued he, "taste this new dish, and tell me if ever you ate better mutton and barley broth than this." "It is admirably good," replied my brother, "and therefore you see I eat heartily." "You oblige me highly," resumed the Barmecide. "I conjure you then, by the satisfaction I have to see you eat so heartily, that you eat all up, since you like it so well." A little while after he called for a goose and sweet sauce. He then called for several others, of which my brother, who was ready to die of hunger, pretended to eat; but what he boasted of more than all the rest, was a lamb, fed with pistachio nuts, which he ordered to be brought up in the same manner. "I knew you would like it," said the Barmecide. "There is nothing in the world finer," replied my brother, "your table is most delicious." "Come, bring the ragout. I fancy you will like that as well as you did the lamb. Well, how do you relish it?" "Oh, it is wonderful," replied Schacabac; "for here we taste all at once, amber, cloves, nutmeg, ginger, pepper, and the most odoriferous herbs, and all these delicacies are so well mixed that one does not prevent our tasting the other." "How pleasant! Honour this ragout," said the Barmecide, "by eating heartily of it. Ho, boy, bring us another ragout." "No, my lord, if it please you," replied my brother, "for indeed I can eat no more."

"Come, take it away, then," said the Barmecide, "and bring the fruit." He stayed a moment, as it were to give time for his servants to carry it away; after which he addressed my brother, "Taste these almonds, they are good and fresh gathered." Both of them made as if they had pealed the almonds and eaten them; after this the Barmecide invited my brother to eat something else. "Look," said he, "there are all sorts of fruits, cakes, dry sweetmeats, and conserves. Take what you like." Then stretching out his hand, as if he had reached my brother something, he still bade my brother eat, and said to him, "Methinks you do not eat as if you had been so hungry as you complained you were when you came in." "My lord," replied Schacabac, whose jaws ached with moving and having nothing to eat, "I assure you I am so full that I cannot eat one bit more."

"Well then, friend," resumed the Barmecide, "we must drink some wine now, after we have eaten so well." "I will drink, then, out of complaisance," said Schacabac, "for I see you will have nothing wanting to make your treat complete; but since I am not accustomed to drink wine, I am afraid I shall act contrary to the respect that is due to you; therefore I pray you to excuse me from drinking any wine. I will be content with water." "No, no," said the Barmecide, "you shall drink wine," and at the same time he commanded some to be brought, in the same manner as the meat and fruit had been served before. He made as if he poured out wine, and drank first himself, and then pouring out for my brother, presented him the glass, saying, "Drink my health, and let us know if you think this wine good." My brother made as if he took the glass, and looked as if the colour was good, and put it to his nose, to try the flavour. He then made a low salute to the Barmecide, to signify that he took the liberty to drink his health; and lastly, he appeared to drink with all the signs of a man that drinks with pleasure. "My lord," said he, "this is very excellent wine, but I think it is not strong enough." "If you would have stronger," answered the Barmecide, "you need only speak, for I have several sorts in my cellar. Try how you like this." Upon which he made as if he poured out another glass for himself and one for my brother, and did this so often that Schacabac, feigning to be intoxicated with the wine, and acting the part of a drunken man, lifted up his hand, and gave the Barmecide such a box on the ear as made him fall down. He was going to give him another blow; but the Barmecide, holding up his hand to ward it off, cried, "Are you mad?" Then my brother, making as if he had come to himself again, said, "My lord, you have been so good as to admit your slave into your house, and give him a treat. You should have been satisfied with making me eat, and not have obliged me to drink wine; for I told you beforehand that it might occasion me to fail in my respect for you. I am very sorry for it, and beg you a thousand pardons."

Scarcely had he finished these words, when the Barmecide, instead of being angry, began to laugh with all his might. "I have been long," said he, "seeking a man of your character. I not only forgive the blow you have given me, but I desire henceforward we should be friends, and that you take my house

for your home: you have had the complaisance to accommodate yourself to my humour, and the patience to keep the jest up to the last; we will now eat in good earnest." When he had finished these words, he clapped his hands, and commanded his servants, who then appeared to cover the table, which was speedily done, and my brother was treated with all those dishes in reality which he ate of before in fancy. At last they cleared the table, and brought in the wine; and at the same time a number of handsome slaves, richly appareled, came and sung some agreeable airs to their musical instruments. In a word, Schacabac had all the reason in the world to be satisfied with the Barmecide's bounty; for he treated him as his friend, and ordered him a robe of honour from his wardrobe.

The Barmecide found my brother to be a man of so much wit and understanding, that in a few days after he intrusted him with the care of his household. My brother acquitted himself very well in that employment for twenty years; at the end of which the generous Barmecide died, and leaving no heirs, all his property fell to the use of the prince; and my brother lost all he had acquired. Being reduced to his first condition, he joined a caravan of pilgrims going to Mecca, designing to accomplish that pilgrimage by their charity; but unfortunately the caravan was attacked and plundered by a number of Bedouins. My brother was taken as a slave by one of the Bedouins, who bastinadoed him for several days, to oblige him to ransom himself. "I am your slave," said he, "you may dispose of me as you please; but I declare to you that I am extremely poor, and not able to redeem myself." In a word, my brother discovered to him all his misfortunes, and endeavoured to soften him with tears; but the Bedouin was not to be moved, and being vexed to find himself disappointed of a considerable sum of which he reckoned himself sure, he took his knife and slit my brother's lips, to avenge himself for the loss that he thought he had sustained; and after he had mutilated him in this barbarous manner, carried him on a camel to the top of a desert mountain, where he left him. The mountain was on the road to Bagdad, so that the passengers who saw him there informed me where he was. I went thither speedily, and found unfortunate Schacabac in a deplorable condition: I gave him what help he stood in need of, and brought him back to the city.

"This is what I told the Caliph Muntasir," added the barber; "that prince applauded me." "Now," said he, "I cannot doubt but they justly give you the surname of Silent. No one can say the contrary; for certain reasons, however, I command you to depart this town immediately, and let me hear no more of you." I yielded to this command, and travelled for several years in distant countries. Understanding at last that the caliph was dead, I returned to Bagdad, where I found not one of my brothers alive. It was on my return to this city that I did the lame young man the important service which you have heard. You are, however, witnesses of his ingratitude, and of the injurious manner in which he treated me; instead of testifying his obligation, he rather chose to fly from me, and leave his own country. When I understood that he was not at Bagdad, though no one could tell me whither he was gone, I determined to seek him. I travelled from province to province a long time; and, when I least expected, met him this day, but I little thought to find him so incensed against me.

The tailor thus finished relating to the Sultan of Casgar the history of the lame young man and the barber of Bagdad.

"I cannot but acknowledge," said the Sultan of Casgar, "that I am more struck with the history of the barber, and with the adventures of his brothers, than with the story of my jester; but before I send you all away, I should like to see the barber who is the occasion of my pardoning you; since he is in my capital, it is easy to bring him before me."

An officer and the tailor went immediately and brought the barber, whom they presented to the sultan. The barber was a venerable man, about ninety years of age. His eyebrows and beard were white as snow. "Silent man," said the sultan to him, "I understand that you know wonderful stories, will you tell me some of them?" "Sir," answered the barber, "let us forbear the stories, if you please, at present. I most humbly beg your majesty to permit me to ask what that Christian, that Jew, that Mussulman, and that body of the hunchback that lies on the ground, do here before your majesty?" The sultan smiled at the barber's freedom, and replied, "Why do you ask?" "Sir," replied the barber, "it concerns me to ask, that your majesty may know I am not so great a talker as some represent me, but a man justly called Silent."

The Sultan of Casgar commanded them to tell him the story of the dwarf. When the barber heard it, "Truly," cried he, "this is a surprising story; but I wish to examine the dwarf a little nearer." He approached him, sat down on the ground, took his head between his knees, and after he had examined him steadfastly, broke into such an immoderate fit of laughter that he fell backwards on the ground, without considering that he was before the Sultan of Casgar. As soon as he came to himself, "Silent man," said the sultan, "why do you laugh?" "Sir," answered the barber, "I swear by your majesty's benevolence that the dwarf is not dead; he is yet alive, and I will convince you this minute." So saying, he took a box wherein he had several medicines, that he carried about him to use as occasion might require, and drew out a little phial of balsam, with which he rubbed hunchback's neck a long time; then he took out of his case a neat iron instrument, which he put betwixt his teeth, and, after he had opened his mouth, he thrust down his throat a pair of small pincers, with which he took out a bit of fish and bone, which he showed to all the people. Immediately hunchback sneezed, stretched forth his arms and feet, opened his eyes, and showed several other signs of life.

The Sultan of Casgar, and all who were witnesses of this operation, were less surprised to see hunchback revive, after he had passed a whole night and great part of a day, without giving any sign of life, than at the merit and capacity of the barber, who performed this; and, notwithstanding all his faults, began to look upon him as a great physician. The sultan, transported with joy and admiration, ordered the story of hunchback to be written down with that of the barber, that the memory of them might, as it deserved, be preserved for ever. Nor did he stop here; but that the tailor, Jewish doctor, purveyor, and Christian merchant might remember the adventure which the accident of hunchback had occasioned to them, with pleasure he did not send them away till he had given each of them a very rich robe, with which he caused them to be clothed in his presence. As for the barber, he honoured him with a great pension, and kept him near his person.

The Sultan of the Indies could not but admire the prodigious and inexhaustible memory of the sultaness, his wife, who had entertained him for a thousand and one nights with such a variety of interesting stories.

His temper was softened and his prejudices removed. He was not only convinced of the merit and great wisdom of the sultaness Scheherazade, but he remembered with what courage she had offered to be his wife, without fearing the death to which she knew she exposed herself, and which so many sultanesses had suffered within her knowledge.

These considerations, and the many other good qualities he knew her to possess, induced him at last to forgive her. "I confess, lovely Scheherazade," said he, "that you have appeased my anger. I freely renounce the law I had imposed on myself, and I will have you to be regarded as the deliverer of the many damsels I had resolved to sacrifice to my unjust resentment."

The sultaness cast herself at his feet, and embraced them tenderly, with all the marks of the most lively and perfect gratitude.

The grand vizier was the first who learned this agreeable intelligence from the sultan's own mouth. It was instantly carried to the city, towns, and provinces: and gained the sultan, and the lovely Scheherazade his consort, universal applause, and the blessings of all the people of the extensive empire of the Indies.

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