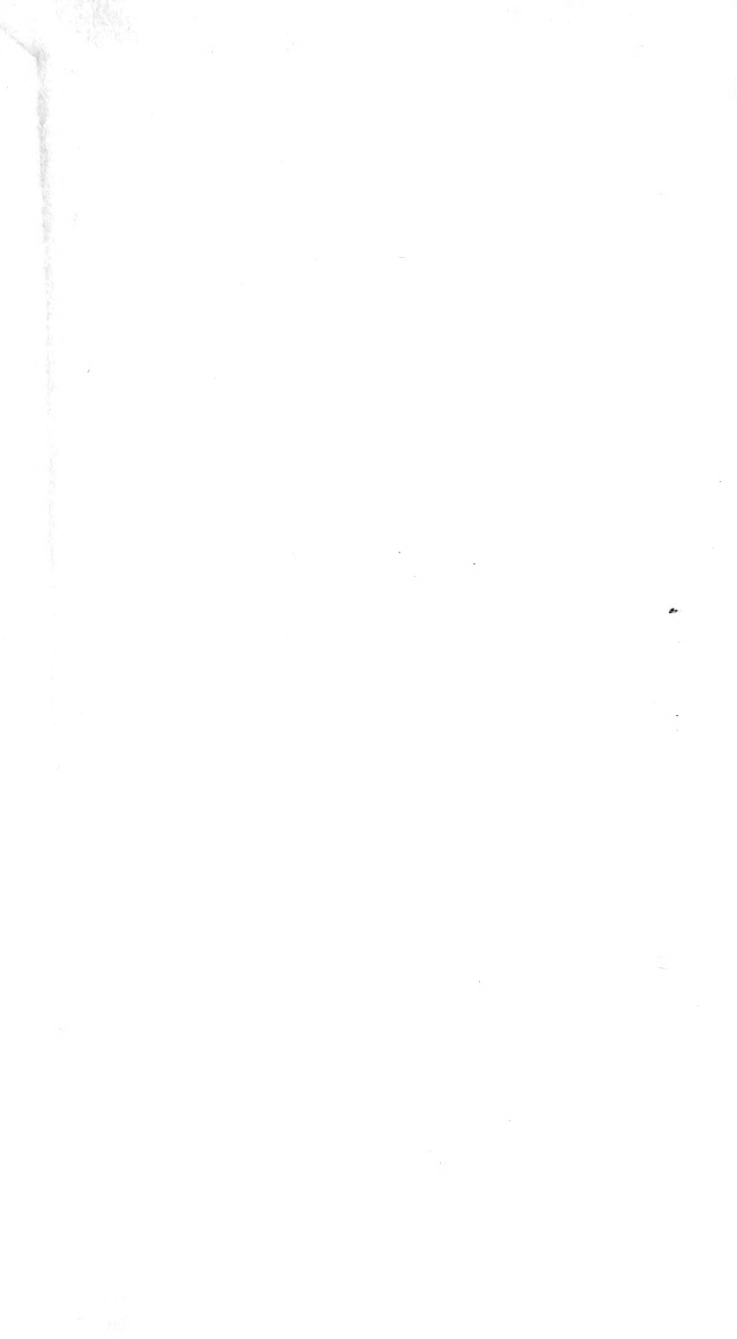




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THE ADVENTURES

OF THE

CALIPH HAROUN ALRASCHID.

LONDON: PRINTED BY RICHARD CLAY.



Recounted by

THE AUTHOR OF "MARY POWELL."

«Anne Manning»

*Scattered Pearls are less precious than when they are strung,
though the Thread be a sorry Twine.*

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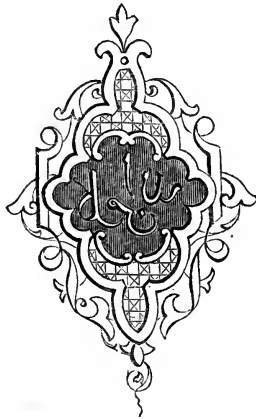
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(أثره) حيدر حيدر
 THE
 ADVENTURES OF THE
 CALIPH HAROUN ALRASCHID
 G. P. NICHOLS

I.

Of the Boyhood and Youth of the Caliph Haroun. And of his Friendship for Giafar the Barmecide.

THE Caliph *Haroun*, to whom be perpetual Fame, was the second of the Sons of the Caliph *Mohadi*. As an Infant, he was beautiful as the Day; as an Infant of seven Days, you might have supposed him

Of the Birth of *Haroun* the Just. Year of the Hegira 139, A.D. 761.

him a Year old. His Face was like the full Moon, his Eyes like the Stars *Aisch* and *Kesil*, his Lips like twin Pomegranates. As soon as he was born, the Nurse pronounced in his Ear the *Tecbir* and the *Adan*, and wrapped him up and gave him to his Mother, who nourished him till he was fatiated and slept. When the Caliph *Mohadi* entered and congratulated his Wife on her Safety, he said, "Where is God's Deposit?" Whereon she withdrew a Veil of white Gauze, and recompensed his Eyes with the Sight of the Infant, surpassing all others in its Loveliness. The *Caliph* blessed Heaven, and said unto his Wife, "What hast thou named him?" She said, "Had it been a Girl, I had named her; but since it is a Boy, none shall name him but thyself." Then

Then he named him by the Name that was to be known all over the World.

The Child *Haroun* was left to the Care of the Women unto the Age of seven Years, growing each Day more of an Angel in Beauty and Discretion. Then he had male Officers appointed him, and *Yahia* the *Barmecide* for his Tutor, to teach him all Things appertaining to Religion and Wisdom; and he conducted himself as sagely as though he were twelve Years old, and learned the *Koran* by Heart, and became skilful in Reading and Writing, and Computation, and the Knowledge of Animals, Minerals, and Herbs, and the Course of the Stars, their Names and Influences, and the Position of the Kingdoms of the Earth and their Cities and Rivers, and the History of the Kings and

Of his Nurture and Education.
"Knowledge waiteth not on any, but is itself to be waited upon."—
MALEK.

Is over-
taught.
(Compare
with Boy-
hood of *Hai*
Ebn Yok-
dhan.)

and Sultans by whom they had been governed from the earliest Times.

But the Caliph *Mohadi* observed that as his Mind expanded with Knowledge, his Health and Strength became lessened; wherefore he said, "It is not fit that the Boy should continually consort with aged Sheikhs, without having a Companion of his own Age; nor is it suitable that he should be too much with his elder Brother *Hadi*, who lately smote him in the Eye. There are some Persons who remain the better Friends the less they are together. Where shall we find a suitable Playmate for the young *Haroun*, one who will neither teach him evil Words, nor inspire malicious Thoughts, nor impart Habits detrimental to him, nor
" smite

“ smite him on the Head, nor yet
“ fawn or cringe or flatter ? ”

Then one of the Attendants said,
“ O Caliph ! such a Boy as thou
“ seekest is *Giafar*, Son of *Yahia*
“ the *Barmecide*. He is neither
“ haughty nor cringing, neither
“ rough nor dissimulating, but in all
“ Things truthful, faithful, brave,
“ kind, docile, and accomplished.
“ He can read, write, and compute ;
“ he is a Devourer of Books, and of
“ the Sayings of wise Men ; he can
“ also ride, and throw the Dart,
“ and hurl the Spear, and draw the
“ Bow ; and he is beautiful in
“ Person and of good Parentage.
“ Are not the *Barmecides* among
“ the noblest Houses in *Bagdad* ?
“ Wherefore, O Caliph ! there is
“ none other Companion so meet
“ for the young *Haroun* as *Giafar* .”

Then the Caliph was pleased,
and

and his Heart expanded, and he commanded the young *Giafar* to be brought into his Presence. The Boy came blushing, for he knew not wherefore he was brought, and he feared it might be for some inadvertent Fault, or to be posed with some hard Question. Nevertheless, he kneeled and kissed the Hem of the Caliph's Garment spontaneously, without any Bashfulness or Awkwardness, and then arose and stood before him like a Statue, not trembling, but with his Arms folded across his Breast, his Head bent, and his Eyes burning with soft and furtive Light under their downcast Lashes.

Then the Caliph saw he was a Boy to be esteemed, and a Companion to be commended; and he said unto him, "How old art thou?" And *Giafar* answered and said,

said, "Thy Servant is eleven."
Then said the Caliph, "Canst thou
"read the *Koran*?" *Giafar* re-
plied, "Thy Servant has it written
"in his Heart." The Caliph said,
"Canst thou rule thy Temper by
"its Laws, and thy Life by its
"Spirit?" The Boy answered,
"O Prince of the Faithful! such
"is my continual Endeavour; but
"where is the Son of *Adam* that
"is perfect? How much less the
"youngest and least of thy Ser-
"vants?"

Then the Caliph said to the young
Haroun who stood at his Knee, and
who was in the ninth Year of his
Age, "Go kiss him and embrace
"him, and be Friends with him
"and play with him, and be true
"to one another all the Days of
"the Years of your Lives, and
"commit no Evil, remembering
"that

A.D. 770,
Heg. 148.

“ that GOD sees the Heart; and
“ let *Giafar* be the Eyelid to thine
“ Eye.” Then the Boys promptly
embraced, and having eyed one
another, they clave unto one another
from that Time forth for evermore;
and they went forth from the
Caliph’s Prefence with their Arms
about one another’s Necks.

And it came to pass that the
Commerce between the Souls of
these twain led to all manner of
Good and no manner of Evil; and
the Boy *Giafar* incited the young
Haroun to ride and shoot and
wrestle, and also to read and to
observe and to reflect. And when-
ever he saw in him any Tendency
to Wrong, he said, “ O do not that
“ Thing which my Soul hateth!”
And *Haroun* would abstain, because
he loved *Giafar*.

Sometimes when they were seated
together,

together, pouring out all their young Thoughts, *Giafar* would say, “ Ah, such and such a Thing in “ the City is wrong, and unjust, “ and unequal. If I were a Man “ and of great Power, I would “ remedy it.” Then *Haroun* would say, “ My Brother *Hadi* is older “ than I, and will doubtless marry “ and have Sons, and will rule after “ my Father in *Bagdad*, and his “ Sons will rule after him. How- “ beit, when I attain unto Man’s “ Estate, it may be that my Father “ will bestow on me the Govern- “ ment of such and such a Pro- “ vince; and then thou shalt be my “ Vizier.”

Then the two Boys would imagine themselves, the one a reigning Sovereign, the other his Vizier; and would invent such and such Laws and Judgments, and frame such and such

such Adventures. *Haroun* would say, "What Judgment wouldest thou give in such a Case?" *Giafar* would reply, "I would give such and such a Judgment." "That would be a bad Judgment," says *Haroun*. "Why?" says *Giafar*. "The Guilty would not fear you, nor desist from their Guiltiness," says *Haroun*. "It were better," says *Giafar*, "to err on the side of Mercy than of Severity." Then saith *Haroun*, "Clemency is sometimes Cruelty, and Cruelty is sometimes Clemency." And *Giafar* made Answer and said, "A just Man may be severe, but never cruel."

In process of Time it came to pass that *Haroun* being accomplished in all Science and all Arts of Peace, the Caliph *Mohadi* decreed that he should begin to study the Science of War, and go forth with
an

an Army. Therefore, he put him in command of his Forces that were prepared to make War on *Irene*, Empress of the *Greeks*, giving him wise and able Captains that might aid him with their Judgment without diminishing his Renown. Therefore while *Giafar* remained in *Bagdad*, applying himself to Wisdom and Judgment, *Haroun* carried victorious War to the Gates of *Constantinople*, and laid waste many of the Empress's Provinces.

Now it befel that *Haroun*, being destitute of the Presence and Advice of his Friend *Giafar*, and thrown into the Companionship of many young Nobles and Officers neither so good nor so wise, he was sometimes betrayed into Conduct that *Giafar* would have disapproved. Nevertheless, though he escaped not some Blemishes, he conducted himself,
on

Ill Company worse than None. See *Ebn Thophail*, tr. by Rabbi Moses of Narbun.

on the whole, wisely, and the Reproaches that now and then fell upon him were not from Men's Tongues but from his own Heart. And he returned to *Bagdad*, after a prolonged absence, covered with Glory.

Now, when *Haroun* and *Giafar* again met, they were so much altered that they scarcely knew one another, and could not refrain from smiling. For they were now bearded Men, and *Giafar* had espoused a Wife, who had blessed him with a little Daughter. The Caliph *Mohadi* was sick, and had summoned his Sons to his Bedside. He was attended by a Christian Physician of the Family of *Baktishua*, whose name signifieth "the Servants of JESUS." There were none others like unto them for healing, throughout all the Land.

Then

Then said *Haroun* privately to *Giafar*, “I am displeas’d that my
“Father should be attended by a
“Christian Dog.” “What sayest
“thou, O Prince?” said *Giafar*,
“and why callest thou the good
“Physician a Dog?” “He is of
“the Infidels, an accurs’d Giaour,”
said *Haroun*, “and may think he
“doeth a laudable Action by secretly
“poisoning my Father.” “Nay,
“O Prince, thou wrongest a Man
“of a noble Spirit,” said *Giafar*;
“I would that all Moslemin were
“even as this Christian, as far as
“Purity of Life and Integrity of
“Heart extend.” “You are de-
“ceived,” says *Haroun*, “by his
“eloquent Tongue and sweet Coun-
“tenance; I believe he is no better
“than other Men.” “Let Time
“answer for him,” says *Giafar*,
“and if it prove him better, re-
“member

“member my Word. Besides, if
“he were to harm the Caliph,
“would not Prince *Hadi* and thou
“instantly put him to Death, and
“all his House?” “Unquestion-
“ably,” said *Haroun*.

Now it befel that the Christian Physician was so happy as to heal the Caliph; wherefore the Caliph tormented his Soul to devise how to make him a suitable Recompence. Having cogitated much in his Mind, he inquired of one of his Servants whether *Baktishua* were married. “Verily, he is married,” replied the Servant, “but he hath
“but one Wife, and she is ugly
“and old.” Then the Caliph bade his Slave *Mefrour* carry to the good Physician a Purse containing three thousand Pieces of Gold, and also three beautiful Greek Girls to replace his old Wife.

Mefrour

Mefrour repaired to the House of the good Physician, but found him not at Home. In his Place, the Door was opened by his Pupil *Isa*. When *Isa* learnt *Mefrour's* Errand, his Eyes glistened on the Gold, and he took it, and likewise received the three Damsels, and promised to deliver them to his Master. But, in the Space of about an Hour, *Baktishua* presented himself to *Mefrour*, and re-delivered to him the three Slaves; saying that he thanked the Caliph for his Liberality, but that Christians were restricted to one Wife.

Then *Giafar* laughed, and said unto *Haroun*, "Said I not unto thee, "O Prince, that this Man had a "Padlock on his Heart?" "Thou "hadst Reason," said *Haroun*, "but "why have they this senseless Custom?" "I wish no Customs "were

“were more senseless,” returned *Gi afar*. “Henceforth esteem not a Man to be evil, solely because he is a Christian.”

Meantime the Caliph *Mohadi* having been made acquainted with *Baktishua's* Conduct, esteemed him the more for it, and loaded him with Presents such as it was not unlawful for him to receive. And the following Year, when the good Physician's Health failed, and he was unable to heal himself, save by change of Air, the Caliph permitted him to absent himself from *Bagdad*, and sent him away loaded with Wealth and Honours.

Now, while the good Physician was absent, it befel that the Caliph *Mohadi* was in very deed stricken for Death, with no one at Hand for his Leech, but *Baktishua's* Disciple *Isa*. Feeling himself, therefore,
to

to be approaching his End, he sent for his Son *Hadi*, and delivered unto him his last Instructions, and bade him renown himself and increase the Glory of the Caliphate; after which he blessed him, and became chilly, and gathered up his Feet and died. And there was made for him great Wailing. And *Hadi* his Son reigned in his Stead.

Death of
Mohadi.

Now, the Prince *Haroun* was absent with an Army; and it was thought that the Caliph *Mohadi* would have made greater Provision for him than he did, had he not been suddenly stricken with the mortal Coldness of Death. Howbeit, *Hadi* his Brother was pleased to keep him at a Distance from him with his Army, lest he should draw aside from him the Hearts of the People; wherefore *Haroun* remained distant from *Bagdad*, emulating the Achievements

ments of *Saadi Batthal* or the *Worthy*, otherwise called *Giafar Sadak*, whose Adventures are written in a Book.

Meantime *Hadi* the Son of *Mohadi* reigned at *Bagdad*; and whatsoever he listed to do, and whatsoever his Fancy inclined him to, and whatsoever his Temper incited him to, that he did. He restrained himself not, either in the Desire of his Eyes, or the pleasing of his Palate, or the Gratification of his Pride. His Harem was crowded with Slaves, his Table was loaded with Dishes, his Flatterers accumulated Wealth. Nevertheless all these Things hindered not that he should be cut off in the Flower of his Age. Wherefore he died and was buried, leaving no Son; and *Haroun* his Brother became Caliph in his Stead.

Death of
Hadi.
A.D. 786.
Heg. 164.

Then *Haroun* the Caliph, attended
by

by *Al Fadl* the *Barmecide* and all his inferior Officers, and a long Array of victorious Warriors, returned to *Bagdad*, and all the People went forth to meet him. And the Poor laid their Heads in the Dust, and he showered Handfuls of Gold upon them, and they cried, “Blessed
“be *Haroun* the Son of *Mohadi*,
“the Descendant of *Abbas* the
“Kinsman of the Prophet!” And the Ladies of *Bagdad* crowded to their Lattices and House-tops, and eyed him through their Veils, and said one to another, “Is not this
“*Haroun* the Conqueror of *Irene*,
“the Champion of the East?” And *Yahia* the *Barmecide* came forth to meet him, and said, “Welcome,
“my Son, my Pupil, my Pride, and
“the Pride of *Bagdad*!” Then *Haroun* hastily alighted, and kissed the old Man and embraced him;
and

A. D. 786.
Heg. 164.
Haroun
being then
twenty-five
Years of
Age.

and all the People cried, “Wonder-
“ful is God, and blessed are those
“who glorify Him, and are just and
“clement, and who respect grey
“Hairs!”

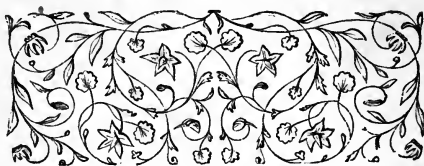
Then *Giafar* the Son of *Yahia*
the *Barmecide* drew near, and
Haroun embraced him, and whif-
pered in his Ear, “Be thou hence-
“forth ever at my right Hand:
“thou art my Vizier!”

Then when he entered the
Palace, he saw *Mefrour* at the Head
of all the Slaves that guard the
private Apartments, and he said
unto him, “Be thou my state Exe-
“cutioner.” And he said to *Al*
Fadl, the eldest Son of *Yahia* the
Barmecide, “Henceforth thou com-
“mandest mine Armies, second
“only to myself.”

Then he resorted to the Women’s
Apartments, to salute his Mother;
and

and he gave her a Palace and Money, and Veffels of Gold and Silver, and many Slaves. Also he faluted his Sifter *Abbassa*, and gave her Slaves and Treafure and Jewels, and rich Stuffs of Gold and of Silver, and appointed her Apartments adjoining his own Palace. Now *Abbassa* was very young, and beautiful as the Day; even as the Rose and the Pomegranate.





II.

*Of the Caliph Haroun's Justice and Judgment.
Of the Punishment of the Butcher and of
the Baker.*

THEN the Caliph *Haroun* sat on his Throne and executed Judgment and Justice, and listened to the Causes of them that made their Complaints and brought their Petitions.

And it came to pass that a Man was brought before him charged with making and selling Meat-pies of the Flesh of Dogs and of the Flesh of Cats, and passing them off for good and wholesome. Then
the

A.D. 786.
Heg. 164.

Of the
Punish-
ment
of the
Butcher.

the Caliph commanded that his Ear should be nailed to his Door-post, and his Stock cast outside the City Walls, and his Shop rased to the Ground. And the people lift up their Voices and said, “Wonderful
“is the Caliph for Wisdom and
“Judgment!” And they hurried away the Cat’s-meat Man with Ex-
ecrations, to fulfil his Punishment.

Then a Baker was brought before the Caliph, charged with felling Bread light of Weight, and mixing his Flour with Lime. Then the Caliph said, “O Man! is it so?
“and dost thou fill my People with
“Lime for Food? Where is the
“Bread? Hath it been tested?”

Then a Loaf of Bread, neither very bad nor very good, was brought before the Caliph; and he said, “Where are the Scales?” And the Loaf was weighed, and found one
Pennyweight

And of the
Baker.

Pennyweight short of Weight. Then *Giafar* whispered to the Caliph, "Bread wastes in the
"Oven, for the Moisture thereof
"evaporates." The Caliph answered and said, "The Bakers
"should allow for the Waste; my
"People shall not be mulcted of
"their Bread. Let it be tested."
Then the Bread was tested by *Isa* the Chemist; and a certain Substance, that might or might not be Lime, but of a certainty was not Flour, was found therein; as much as an Infant of seven Days might cover with its Hand. Then the Caliph said, "Bread is a Man's
"Life: this Bread is neither pure,
"nor of full Weight. Let the
"Baker's Shop be rased to the
"Earth, and his Flour cast into the
"River, and let the Baker be baked
"in his own Oven." Then the
People

People without the Palace, when they heard the Judgment of the Caliph, cried, "One Weight and
"one Measure throughout *Bagdad!*
"Happy the People that live under
"*Haroun* the Just!"

But the Tongue of the Vizier *Giafar* clove to the Roof of his Mouth.

And when *Giafar* went Home to his Dinner, his Slaves said unto him, "Why is thy Countenance fallen, "O my Lord? and why eatest thou "no Bread?" And he said, "My "Heart is contracted to-day; I can- "not eat Bread." And Tears that he would not let fall gathered under his Eyelashes. Then they said softly, one to another, "It is "because of the Matter of the "Baker."

Meantime the Caliph rode forth to see certain Troops, newly trained,
draw

draw the Bow and hurl the Dart; and everywhere the People hailed him as *Al Raschid*, the Just. Wherefore his Heart dilated: and he is called *Alraschid* to this Day.

As he returned towards his Palace, he looked and beheld written with the Fingers of a Hand on the moist Ground, "Blessed are the Merciful, " for they shall obtain Mercy."

Then he drew his Rein, and demanded who had written those Words. His Servants answered, "We know not, O Prince of the " Faithful!" He said, "Go, inquire, and let Investigation be " made." *Al Fadh* said, "My Lord, " some wanton Wretch hath written " them, intending to molest thee . . " it were better to let the Matter " drop." The Caliph said, "These " are not written by a wanton " Wretch. I will know."

Then

Then his Servants brought before him an old Woman they had found by the Way-side covered with her Veil, and with her Head on her Knees. They said, "O Caliph, the Words were written by this ill-omened old Woman."

Then said the Caliph, "O old Woman! why didst thou write these Words? And who art thou?"

She said, "O Caliph, I am a Christian, my Name is *Mary*, I am the Mother of the Baker whom thou didst cast into the Oven; he was my only Son, and I am ready to go mad." The Caliph's Servants then said unto him, "O Prince of the Faithful! shall we smite her over the Mouth?" But he said, "Give her a hundred Pieces of Gold, and let her go." Nevertheless she would not take the Money,

Money, but fled with a wild Shriek towards the Tombs. Then the Caliph rode slowly Home, and his Face was darkened, and he mused on the Words, "Blessed are the Merciful, "for they shall obtain Mercy."

Then he sent for *Giafar*; and *Giafar* came unto him. Then said the Caliph, "O *Giafar*! where are "these Words to be found? 'Blessed "are the Merciful, for they shall "obtain Mercy.'" *Giafar* replied, "O Caliph! they are certainly not "in the *Koran*!" Said the Caliph, "They are good Words nevertheless: "let them be written in a Book, in "Letters of Gold. What thinkest "thou, O *Giafar*? Did I well in "the Matter of the Baker?" *Giafar* answered, "In the Name of "Allah, oh my Lord! ask me not "that Question! I would rather not "think at all about it."

Said

As well expect to find the Spirit of the *Koran* in "The Book of Testimonies," by that Fanatic *Hamza al Hadi*.

Said the Caliph, "But what, then, is to be done? My People must not be cheated in their Bread." *Giafar* replied, "My Lord, you are right, they should not be: however, in the Matter of the Baker, I think you were too severe. He should have been punished, but not so horribly. Why should we crush a Moth with a Sledge-hammer? for it liveth, O Caliph, but a Day.

Then said the Caliph, "Go to; in executing Justice, I may have been too unmindful of Mercy. But yet the abuses of the City must be remedied. Frame me, therefore, O *Giafar*! a System of Police that shall comprehend all Classes, and when we shall have established it a little, you and I will go forth in the Evening, disguised as Merchants, and see how it works."

Giafar

So, likewise, Cal. *Motassem*, in re *Al Merouzi*.—D'HERBELLOT.

Giafar said, "I hear and obey." And he went forth less heavy in Heart, and repaired to his Palace, and mused in his Mind concerning the new Police.

Afterwards he went to visit his Mother. And she said, "Blessed
" art thou, O my Son *Giafar* ! to be
" in such Esteem with the Caliph,
" for he knows how to prize Virtue
" and recompense Merit; he is not
" such an One as the Caliph his
" Brother. Thou art dear and de-
" lightful in his Eyes."

Giafar answered his Mother and said, "O my Mother, I am grateful
" for the Caliph's Esteem, and I
" trust that I shall not abuse it; but
" it behoves me to walk as if I were
" crossing the Bridge of a single
" Hair, for he is like a young Lion
" that may, any Moment, turn on
" me and rend me."



III.

Of the Avarice of the Blind Beggar, Baba Abdala.

AFTER this, the Caliph received Embassies and Congratulations, and exchanged Letters and Presents with foreign Princes, and sent Troops into divers Provinces, and revised the Customs of the State. Throughout all the City and all the Land and all foreign Lands, he became renowned. His Name was like the *Tigris*, rising from a small Source, and rolling onward and joining the *Euphrates*,

A.D. 787.
Heg. 165.

Euphrates, and at last becoming Part of the mighty Sea.

Of the
Caliph's
Access of
Melan-
choly.

One Day *Giafar* came in unto the Caliph, and found him sitting alone and in profound Thought; and he welcomed him not, nor so much as lift up his Eyes when he drew nigh unto him. Then *Giafar* remained standing where he was, and at length the Caliph raised his Eyes and saw him, but straitway looked aside and took no Notice of him.

At length *Giafar* said, “ O Prince
“ of the Faithful! why is thy
“ Countenance fallen? and why art
“ thou overcome with Dejection? ”

The Caliph made Answer and said, “ O *Giafar*! there are Times
“ when we are overcome with the
“ Shadow of Darknes without being
“ able to assign any Reason thereof,
“ and such is the Case with me at
present.

“ present. I have all earthly Glory at
“ my Command—it does not seem
“ worth an Egg! I care neither
“ for Friends, nor Wives, nor Chil-
“ dren, nor Fame, nor Riches, nor
“ for Life itself! All appears a
“ vain Dream.”

Giafar replied, “ O Caliph! these
“ Fluctuations of Spirit are natural
“ to all Men; save those who never
“ think, and who are unremittingly
“ employed in Something that takes
“ them out of themselves. It were
“ better that I came to thee another
“ Day on the Business in Hand.”
“ What is it?” said the Caliph.
Giafar answered, “ I have organized
“ the Police of *Bagdad*, and I came
“ to receive thy Commands when
“ we should go forth in Disguise to
“ observe how it works.” “ No
“ Time like the present,” said the
Caliph. “ Go thou and disguise
“ thyself

“ thyself as a Merchant from *Tiberias*, and I will do likewise.”

Then they disguised themselves so cunningly that it was impossible they should be recognised ; for the Caliph painted a Furrow between his Eye-brows, and a Line from each Nostril that made him look forty Years of Age. While he did thus, he smiled in his Heart, and forgot his Melancholy. They went through a private Door of the Palace Garden which opened into the Country. They passed along the Banks of the River, without noticing any Irregularity, and crossed the River in the first Boat they found, and reviewed the City on the opposite Bank ; after which, they returned across the *Tigris* by the Bridge of Boats.

At the Foot of the Bridge, they observed a blind old Man, begging.

The

The Caliph dropped a Piece of Gold into his Hand; whereon the blind Man caught him by the Sleeve and cried, "Whoever thou art, who
" givest me this Alms, give me
" likewise a Blow on the Head, I
" beseech thee; for I have deserved
" this Punishment, and much
" greater."

The Caliph would have plucked his Sleeve away, but the Beggar held him fast; whereon he said, "O
" blind Man! I cannot do that
" which thou requirest; I wish
" thee Good, and thou wouldst
" compel me to do thee Evil." "O
" Master," rejoined the Beggar, "I
" beseech thee, deny me not, other-
" wise I must return thine Alms or
" break mine Oath." Thereupon the Caliph gave him a slight Blow on the Head and went on his Way, followed by the blind Man's Blessings.
While

Of the
newly built
House.

While the Caliph mused in his Mind what this might mean, he observed in a Street through which he had not lately passed, a newly built House, which seemed that of a rich Man. He inquired of a Neighbour who dwelt therein. "O Merchant," replied the Man, "this House belongs to *Cogia Hassan* the Rope-maker, who till lately pursued his Trade in extreme Poverty, and I know not by what Means he hath become so rich." Then the Caliph said apart to *Giafar*, "I would see this *Cogia Hassan*, and learn of him by what Means he hath acquired such Wealth as to enable him to build so large a House. Bid him come to me To-morrow, when the Afternoon Prayers are ended; and return likewise to the blind Man, and desire him to come also."

Giafar

Giafar said, "I hear and obey;" wherefore, on the ensuing Afternoon the two Men stood before the Caliph and prostrated themselves. Then the Caliph bade them arise, and inquired of the blind Man wherefore he had refused to take an Alms without likewise receiving a Blow.

"O Caliph," said the Beggar, "thy Servant is named *Baba Abdalla*. From my Youth up I was frugal and fond of Money; wherefore I was at length enabled to buy fourscore Camels, which I lent on Hire to the Caravan Merchants, accompanying them myself to divers Places, for Purposes of Trade.

"It came to pass, that one Day, as I was returning from *Balsora* with my Camels unladen, and meditating deeply how I should extend
"my

Story of
Baba Abdalla.

“ my Possessions, I came to a convenient Pasturage, where I turned them to graze, while I fate down to rest. Anon I was accosted by a Dervish, who fate down beside me, and inquired whence I came, and whither I was going. I satisfied him, and then put the same Questions to him; whereon he told me, that since I seemed to love Money, he could tell me of a Place he had lately discovered by Chance in his Wanderings, where lay a Treasure so vast, that if all my fourscore Camels should be laden from thence with Gold and Jewels, it would seem as if Nothing had been taken away.

“ Then cried I, ‘ O Dervish! shew me this Place!’ ‘ Presently,’ said he, ‘ thou shalt see it;’ and deliberately finished eating some Food I had given him. ‘ Let us
“ not

“ not lose Time,’ said I at length ;
“ ‘ thou art one who has little In-
“ terest in the Things of this World,
“ and Treasure is of no Value to
“ thee ; but to me it is of infinite
“ Consideration, wherefore, if I
“ indeed find, as thou sayest, that
“ there is Treasure enough to load
“ my fourscore Camels, I will give
“ one of them, with its Burthen, to
“ thee.

“ ‘ O Man!’ replied he, with a
“ Smile, and a Look that searched my
“ Heart, ‘ thou knowest that what
“ thou offerest bears no Proportion
“ to the Benefit thou expectest to
“ derive from me. I needed not to
“ have told thee of this Treasure,
“ nor needed I to shew thee the
“ Way. Why should I concern my-
“ self at all with so over-reaching a
“ Fellow? However, I will propose
“ an Arrangement which thou wilt
“ yet

“ yet find advantageous enough.
“ We will together load the Camels
“ with as much as they can carry,
“ on Condition that thou shalt give
“ Half of them with their Burthens
“ to me; after which we will go our
“ separate Ways, and see each other’s
“ Faces no more. Thou see’st that
“ by this Means, though thou shalt
“ have given me forty Camels, I
“ shall have supplied thee with the
“ Means to purchase a thousand.’

“ I said, ‘I consent; on my Head
“ be it;’ though grudgingly in my
“ Heart. Then I hastily collected
“ the Camels, and drove them along
“ after the Dervish. After some
“ Time we reached a Valley, the
“ Entrance of which was so narrow
“ that my Camels could only enter
“ it in single File; but after a
“ While the Path widened and
“ extended into a little Meadow,
“ hemmed

“ hemmed in by inaccessible Rocks.
“ Here the Dervish desired that we
“ should halt. I made the Camels
“ lie down, and then, joining him,
“ found that he had kindled a little
“ Fire of Brushwood. He cast
“ into it some Perfume, uttering
“ Words I understood not; where-
“ on a thick Smoke arose into the
“ Air.

“ When the Smoke dispersed, I
“ perceived what I had not seen
“ before, a small Fissure in the Face
“ of the Rock, just large enough to
“ admit a Man on his Hands and
“ Knees. The Dervish bade me
“ enter, and followed me. I was
“ soon able to stand up and look
“ around me, and I marvelled to
“ find myself in a huge Cavern,
“ lighted by what Aperture I knew
“ not, and filled with Heaps of Trea-
“ sure either hidden by Robbers, or
“ placed

“ placed there by evil Spirits for
“ the Temptation of Mankind.

“ As an Eagle darts on his Prey,
“ so flew I, O Caliph, to the nearest
“ Heap of Gold, and began to fill
“ a Sack with it. The Dervish was
“ equally busy, but confined himself
“ to Jewels, which, as he explained
“ to me, was on Account of their
“ lying in so much smaller Compass
“ than their Value in Gold. There-
“ upon I helped myself also to
“ Jewels, even until my Avarice
“ was fatiated; and when we had
“ with Difficulty and for a long
“ Time employed ourselves in re-
“ moving them, by pulling and
“ pushing them in small Loads
“ through the Aperture, we loaded
“ our Camels and prepared to de-
“ part.

“ Now it came to pass, O Caliph,
“ that before we left the Cavern,
“ the

“ the Dervish placed in his Bosom
“ a small Pot of Ointment, which
“ he found among the Treasure.
“ Then he kindled a Fire and ut-
“ tered certain Words; after which,
“ the Entrance to the Cavern
“ was no longer to be discerned.
“ We then divided the loaded
“ Camels, placed ourselves at the
“ Head of our separate Divisions,
“ returned whence we came, and
“ parted; he taking the Road to
“ *Balsora*, and I to *Bagdad*. Now,
“ I had not journeyed far, when,
“ instead of being elated at the
“ Treasure I had so easily secured,
“ I began to envy the Dervish his
“ Share of the Spoils. ‘Of a
“ Surety,’ thought I, ‘he hath no
“ Need of it, for he can return and
“ help himself again when he will.’
“ Thereupon, I made my Camels
“ halt, and ran after the Dervish,
“ calling

“ calling to him as loudly as I could.
“ He heard me and stopped. As
“ soon as I came up to him, ‘ Bro-
“ ther,’ said I, panting, ‘ I have
“ thought of what did not occur to
“ me before we separated. Thou
“ art an holy Man, devoted to the
“ Contemplation of heavenly Things,
“ and hast no Concern with earthly
“ Riches. They will only be an
“ Encumbrance to thee, and a Snare
“ unto thy Soul. Be content,
“ therefore, and take only thirty
“ Camels—thou wilt find them
“ sufficiently difficult to manage.’

“ He looked at me penetratingly,
“ said, ‘ I am content;’ and let me
“ take them without a Word. I
“ felt a little Shame as I drove
“ them away, but soon forgot it
“ in my Regret that, while I was
“ about it, I had not asked for
“ twenty Camels instead of ten.

“ Wherefore,

“ Wherefore, I returned unto him
“ again, and said, ‘ Brother, I am
“ still uneasy for thy Comfort.
“ Thou art unaccustomed to driving
“ Camels, and will find twenty
“ require all thy skill; whereas I,
“ being used to them, can drive
“ sixty as well as one.’ ‘ That is
“ true,’ replied he, and he suffered
“ me to take ten more Camels from
“ him. I should now have been
“ content; but like a Man in a
“ Dropsy, who, the more he
“ drinketh, the more thirsty he
“ becomes, I grew still more greedy
“ for the twenty Camels which the
“ Dervish still possessed.

“ I therefore asked him for ten
“ more; he was in no Condition to
“ dispute for them with me; and
“ I then asked for the last remaining
“ ten. ‘ Make a good Use of them,
“ Brother,’ said he, ‘ and remember
“ that

“ that GOD can take away Riches
 “ from us as well as bestow them,
 “ if we do not dedicate them to His
 “ Glory, by making them service-
 “ able to the Poor, whom He could
 “ easily enrich, but whom He is
 “ pleased to leave in Poverty for
 “ the exprefs Purpose of giving the
 “ Rich an Opportunity, by their
 “ Alms, of meriting his Favour in
 “ a better World.’

“ I heard him with little Atten-
 “ tion, my Soul being athirst to
 “ obtain from him the little Pot of
 “ Ointment. ‘ Why shouldst thou
 “ burthen thyself with it?’ said I.
 “ ‘ A Dervish can surely have no
 “ Occasion for it; and it is such a
 “ Trifle, that thou wilt hardly
 “ refuse to give it to me.’

“ O Caliph! would that he had
 “ denied my Request! Instead
 “ whereof, he straightway plucked
 “ it

“ it from his Bosom, and put it
“ into my Hands with a Smile, say-
“ ing, ‘ There, Brother, take it, and
“ may thy Soul be satisfied; it is
“ for Application to the Eyes.
“ I advise thee, nevertheless, not
“ to make Use of it unto thine
“ Hurt.’

“ O Caliph, I deemed that he
“ would keep from me the Power
“ of espying hidden Treasure, and
“ hastily rubbed both my Eyes with
“ the Ointment, expecting that the
“ Riches of an unknown World
“ would be revealed to me. In
“ Place of this, I found myself
“ totally blind! ‘ Ah, ill-omened
“ Dervish!’ cried I, ‘ what Mis-
“ chief hast thou wrought upon
“ me!’ ‘ Unhappy Man,’ said he,
“ ‘ thou hast brought it on thyself.
“ I advised thee to forbear, but thy
“ insatiable Covetousness, which
“ made

“ made thee grudge me this little
“ Pot of Ointment after my bestow-
“ ing on thee vast Riches, has met
“ with its just Desert. The Blind-
“ nefs of thine Heart has brought
“ upon thee the Blindness of thine
“ Eyes. It is true I possess many
“ Secrets, as thou must have learnt
“ even during the short Time we
“ have been in Company; but I
“ have not one that will restore
“ thee to Sight. GOD bestowed on
“ thee Riches of which thou wast
“ unworthy. He is now about to
“ withdraw them from thee, and
“ distribute them, by my Hands,
“ among those who will be more
“ grateful for them.’

“ So saying, he departed, taking
“ with him my fourscore Camels,
“ which I had no Means of with-
“ holding from him; and I groped
“ my Way homeward, penniless,
“ blind,

“ blind, and distracted with Sorrow.
“ I had no Resource left but to beg
“ Alms, and this has been my
“ Employment to the present Hour;
“ but to expiate my Crime towards
“ GOD, I have imposed on myself
“ the Punishment of a Blow from
“ every charitable Person who shall
“ relieve me. O Caliph, my Story
“ is ended.”

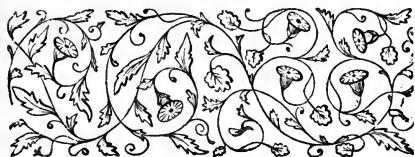
The Caliph then said, “ O
“ *Baba Abdalla!* thy Sin has been
“ great; but thou art sensible of
“ its Enormity, and hast submitted
“ to this public Penance in Token
“ of thy Contrition. Continue
“ to ask Pardon of GOD in thy
“ daily Prayers, but abstain hence-
“ forth from begging; and to
“ supply thee with the Means
“ of Subsistence I will bestow on
“ thee four Drachms of Silver
“ daily.”

The
Caliph's
Judgment
thereon.

Avarice of the Blind Beggar.

Then *Baba Abdalla* cast himself at the Caliph's Feet, and kissed the Hem of his Garments; after which he departed, blessing him as he went.





IV.

*Of the Poverty and Prosperity of Cogia Hassan
the Ropemaker.*

THEN spoke the Caliph to *Cogia Hassan* the Ropemaker, and said unto him, “O *Cogia Hassan!* on
“passing thy House yesterday, I
“ marvelled at its Beauty, and in-
“ quired by whom it was built. I
“ learnt that its Owner was a Man
“ of an excellent Spirit, who had
“ until now followed an Occupa-
“ tion which barely supplied him
“ with Bread. Tell me, therefore,
“ by what extraordinary Means it
“ hath

“hath pleased Heaven to enrich
“thee.”

Then *Cogia Hassan* prostrated himself and touched the Ground with his Forehead; after which he arose and said: “Prince of the
“Faithful, to the proper Under-
“standing of my Story, it is
“necessary that, in the first Place,
“thou shouldst know that there
“are in *Bagdad* two Men, named
“*Saadi* and *Saad*, bosom Friends,
“to whom, under Heaven, I owe
“all my Prosperity.

“Now, *Saadi*, who is exceed-
“ingly rich, early acquired the
“Opinion that great Riches are
“necessary to Happiness, and that
“the only Way to acquire them is
“to have a good Capital wherewith
“to start in Life. But *Saad*, who
“hath little Wealth, and still more
“moderate Desires, was early con-
“vinced

Story of
Cogia
Hassan.

Disciples,
one would
think, of
the subtle
Abou Ishak
al Nadhán.

“vinced that Gold conferreth not
“Happinefs, and that a Sufficiency
“may commonly be attained by
“moft Men, if they will but profit
“by the common Accidents and
“Opportunities that come in their
“Way.

“On a certain Day, it befel that
“theſe two Friends were diſcourſing
“on this Matter as they were paſſ-
“ing my Rope-walk. Then faith
“*Saad*, ‘O *Saadi*, behold, here is
“a Man, whom I have long ſeen
“pursuing his Trade in Poverty.
“Let us inquire of him a little of
“the State of his Affairs.’ Then
“approaching me with his Friend,
“‘Peace be with thee!’ ſaid he.
“‘I have often noticed thee at thy
“Work, and ſince thou art laborious,
“no Doubt thy Buſinefs thrives, and
“if thou haſt not laid by Money,
“thou haſt at any Rate a good
“Stock

“ Stock of Hemp on Hand, and art
 “ in easy Circumstances.’ ‘ Ah, my
 “ Lord!’ returned I, ‘ would that
 “ it were thus with thy Servant!
 “ I have a Wife and five small
 “ Children, and though I labour
 “ continually, I can barely keep
 “ them in Clothing and Bread.
 “ Though Hemp is not expensive,
 “ I am unable to purchase more than
 “ I require for immediate Use,
 “ otherwise I should be unable to
 “ purchase Food; but we are con-
 “ tent with the Little which God
 “ is pleased to bestow on us, and
 “ happy among ourselves.’

“ ‘ Said I not so, O *Saadi*?’ whif-
 “ pered *Saad*. ‘ This Man is peace-
 “ ful, though poor.’ ‘ But he will
 “ never cease to be poor without a
 “ Lift,’ rejoins *Saadi*. ‘ Hear me,
 “ O *Hassan*! What sayest thou, if
 “ I give thee two hundred Pieces
 “ of

“ of Gold, to enable thee to make
“ a good Start in Buſineſs? Would
“ not ſuch a Capital enable thee
“ ſoon to become as rich as the
“ principal Ropemakers?’ ‘My
“ Lord,’ ſaid I, ‘ thou art perad-
“ venture diverting thyſelf at the
“ Expence of thy Servant. A much
“ ſmaller Sum would doubtleſs ſuf-
“ fice for the Purpose.’ ‘Never-
“ theleſs,’ ſaid *Saadi*, ‘ that Sum
“ ſhalt thou have. Thou wilt find
“ it in this Purſe; take it, and
“ may God’s Bleſſing be on it and
“ thee! Farewell! when next I ſee
“ thee, may I find thee a rich Man!’

“ O Caliph! I was ſtruck dumb!
“ My Surprise and Pleaſure were
“ ſuch, that I could only teſtify my
“ Gratitude by ſeizing the Hem of
“ my Benefactor’s Garment to kiſs
“ it; but he haſtily withdrew it, and
“ departed with his Friend.

“ The

“ The first Thing that occurred
“ to me was, where should I put
“ the Purse? In my little House I
“ had neither Box nor Chest with a
“ Lock, nor any Place of Security.
“ In this Perplexity, as I had been
“ used, like many poor Men, to hide
“ the Little I possessed in the Folds
“ of my Turban, I now placed my
“ Purse therein, only taking from it
“ ten Pieces of Gold, with which I
“ immediately proceeded to buy a
“ good Stock of Hemp, and a Piece
“ of Meat for Supper.

“ I was returning from the Mar-
“ ket-place with the Meat in my
“ Hand, thinking how over-joyed
“ my Wife and Children would be
“ with so unusual a Treat, when a
“ ravenous Kite darted down at it,
“ and would have carried it off had
“ I not held it fast. Alas! I had
“ better have let it go, for then
“ should

“ should I not have lost my Purse.
“ The Kite, disappointed of the
“ Meat, bore away my Turban,
“ with the Purse in its Folds; and
“ my Cries, instead of serving to
“ make him drop it, only drew forth
“ my Neighbours. When I told
“ them the Kite had flown off with
“ my Turban, they pitied me; but
“ when I added that the Turban
“ contained a Purse of Gold, they
“ only laughed, and did not believe
“ me. I therefore went Home,
“ staying myself with the Reflec-
“ tion that I had yet several of my
“ ten Pieces left, and a good Stock
“ of Hemp for my Rope-making.

“ About six Months after this,
“ *Saadi* and *Saad* again approached
“ me. ‘What, *Haffan!*’ cried
“ *Saadi* cheerfully, ‘still at thy
“ Rope-making, and no better clad
“ than of old? How goes thy
“ Business?’

“ Business?’ ‘ Alas, Master!’ said
 “ I, ‘ I am as thou seest me, just the
 “ same as before. I hid my Gold,
 “ save ten Pieces, in my Turban;
 “ and a Kite flew away with it.’
 “ ‘ This sounds highly improbable,’
 “ said *Saadi* distrustfully. ‘ I admit
 “ it,’ replied I, ‘ yet it is the Truth
 “ nevertheless.’ ‘ Doubt him not,
 “ O *Saadi!*’ said *Saad*; ‘ the Man
 “ is ingenuous, and Cases are re-
 “ corded of Kites, equally marvel-
 “ lous with this.’ ‘ I cannot help
 “ fearing,’ said *Saadi*, ‘ that he may
 “ have squandered the Money, and
 “ have invented this Story to cover
 “ his Shame; however, I will try
 “ him once again. Here, *Hassan*,
 “ is another Purse, containing two
 “ hundred Pieces; be more careful
 “ of it than of the last.’

“ I was ashamed to receive it of
 “ him, but he insisted on my doing
 “ so,

“ fo, and immediately departed with
“ his Friend. This Time, I re-
“ solved not to hide my Purfe in
“ my Turban; but returning to my
“ House, which happened to be
“ empty, I laid afide ten Pieces for
“ prefent Ufe, and wrapped up the
“ Reft in a Piece of Linen, which
“ I put at the Bottom of a large
“ earthen Pot full of Bran, which
“ had long been on the Shelf with-
“ out our having any Occafion for
“ it. My Wife came in foon
“ afterwards; and as I was nearly
“ deftitute of Hemp, I told her I
“ was going forth to buy fome.

“ In my Abfence, O Caliph, it
“ befel that a Seller of Fuller’s
“ Earth, fuch as Women ufe in the
“ Bath, paffed through our Street,
“ crying it for Sale. My Wife,
“ wanting fome, and having no
“ Money, offered him the Pot of
“ Bran

“ Bran in Exchange for some,
“ which he accepted.

“ I returned, laden with as much
“ Hemp as I could carry, followed
“ by five Porters laden as I was,
“ and I stowed away their Burthens
“ and my own in a little Out-house
“ I set apart for that Purpose. On
“ returning to our Kitchen, I sat
“ down to rest, and raised my Eyes
“ to the Shelf whereon I had set
“ the Pot of Bran; but, behold! it
“ was no longer there!

“ Prince of the Faithful! I can-
“ not express what was my Conster-
“ nation! I hastily asked my Wife
“ what had become of it, and she
“ related quite simply what had
“ happened. When I told her, in
“ my Trouble, what the earthen
“ Pot had contained, she was
“ grievously vexed, and angry with
“ me too. ‘ Why didst thou not,
“ my

“ my Husband,’ cried she, ‘ tell me
“ what thou hadst done, at the
“ Time? All this results from
“ Want of Confidence in thy Wife.
“ As for the Seller of Fuller’s
“ Earth, I know him not by Name,
“ nor where to seek him—he never
“ came here before, and may never
“ come again; especially if he hath
“ found the Money.’ ‘ O Wife,’
“ said I, ‘ we must support our
“ Misfortune with Patience; nor is
“ there any Good in communicating
“ it to others. Instead of murmur-
“ ing, let us be thankful for the
“ ten Gold Pieces, with some of
“ which I have secured a good
“ Stock of Hemp, while the Re-
“ mainder will keep us in Food for
“ some Time.’

“ She submitted with a meek and
“ lowly Spirit, though the Disap-
“ pointment must needs have been
“ great ;

“ great; and we went on as before,
“ poor, but content. At the End
“ of another six Months, *Saadi* and
“ *Saad* again visited me. ‘Peace
“ be with thee, O *Hassan!*’ said
“ *Saadi*; art thou a rich Man by
“ this Time?’ ‘Alas, no, Master!’
“ replied I; and related unto him
“ what had happened. ‘It may be
“ said,’ I concluded, ‘that I ought
“ not to have put my Purse in such
“ a Hiding-place, but I had no
“ better; the Jar had stood on the
“ Shelf for Years; we had long had
“ no Occasion for Bran; and, on
“ former Occasions, when my Wife
“ had used any, the Jar had always
“ remained. Certainly, I should
“ have told my Wife of the Money,
“ but how could I guess what would
“ happen during so short an Ab-
“ fence?’

“ I would fain believe thy Story,

“ O

“ O *Haffan*,’ said *Saadi*, ‘ but verily
“ it is difficult! I do not regret
“ the Loss of my four hundred
“ Pieces of Gold, but I regret that
“ I have been unable to establish
“ my Principle, as I should per-
“ adventure have done, had I chosen
“ another Man for the Experiment.
“ Know, however, O *Saad*!’ con-
“ tinued he, turning to his Friend,
“ ‘ that I do not give up my Point.
“ This Man, with Capital, hath
“ failed to become rich; but I will
“ never believe that he may be
“ made rich without it.’ ‘ It may
“ be so,’ replied *Saad*, stooping and
“ picking up a Piece of old Lead
“ that lay on the Ground; ‘ how-
“ ever, it is now my Turn; and I
“ begin by giving this Bit of Lead
“ to *Haffan*, and telling him to use
“ it to the best Advantage.’ Here-
“ upon *Saadi* laughed immoderately,
“ and

“ and cried, ‘ Pardon me, O *Saad!*
“ for my Rudeness, but the Thing
“ is too ridiculous! Of what Use
“ can the sixth Part of a Farthing’s
“ Worth of Lead be to a poor
“ Ropemaker?’ ‘ That remains to
“ be seen,’ returned *Saad*; ‘ take it,
“ *Hassan*, and despise it not; but
“ watch thine Opportunity. May
“ a Blessing rest on it and on thee!’

“ Thereupon they departed,
“ leaving me comfortless enough,
“ and deprived of any vague Hope
“ I might have entertained of re-
“ ceiving any more Money. I care-
“ lessly put the Lead into my Bosom,
“ and returned to my Rope-making.

“ That Night, when I took off
“ my Sash, in preparing to go to
“ Bed, the Lead, which I had
“ ceased to think of, fell to the
“ Ground. I took it up and placed
“ it on the Shelf.

“ That

“ That very Night it happened
“ that a Neighbour of ours, a poor
“ Fisherman, who was fitting up
“ late, mending his Nets for the
“ Morrow, found he wanted a Piece
“ of Lead; and as all the Shops
“ were shut, he could not buy any.
“ As he meant to go fishing two
“ Hours before Daylight, for the
“ Support of his Family, he men-
“ tioned his Need to his Wife, who
“ undertook to inquire among her
“ Neighbours if they had a Piece of
“ Lead wherewith to supply him.

“ The first Person she applied to
“ was my Wife, who was just pre-
“ paring for her Night's Rest.
“ The Voices of the two Women
“ awoke me; I inquired what was
“ the Matter, and sleepily told my
“ Wife there was a Piece of Lead
“ on the Shelf, to which my Neigh-
“ bour was welcome.

“The Fisherman’s Wife was very
 “grateful to us for supplying her
 “Need. ‘I promise you,’ said she,
 “as she departed, ‘that you shall
 “have all the Fish my Husband
 “shall catch in the first Throw of
 “his Nets.’ Then she returned
 “and told him what she had
 “said; and he, well pleased to get
 “the Lead, was satisfied with her
 “Promise.

The Lead
 proves of
 Account.

“The next Morning, he brought
 “me a Fish about a Yard long,
 “saying, ‘This is all I caught in
 “my first Throw, though after-
 “wards I was more successful; but
 “though I have caught many Fish,
 “none of them are so fine as this.’
 “I said, ‘I am content, Brother.
 “It is of more Value to me than
 “the Lead, and Neighbours should
 “help one another with what they
 “have, and be accommodating, with-
 “out

“ out looking for a Return.’ Then
“ I gave it to my Wife and bade
“ her clean it, and dress it for
“ Dinner. She was surpris’d and
“ full of Joy to see so large a Fish;
“ but doubted whether she had a
“ Kettle large enough to hold it.
“ In cleaning it, she found in its
“ Inside a Diamond, so large that
“ she supposed it to be a Bit of
“ Glass, and gave it to the Children
“ to play with. Meantime I went
“ to my Work, and when I returned
“ to Supper, the Lamp was lit, and
“ the Children were playing in a
“ Corner, and making loud Excla-
“ mations. ‘What makes you so
“ noisy, my Children?’ said I.
“ ‘O Father!’ said the eldest, ‘we
“ are diverting ourselves with a Bit
“ of Glass, which my Mother found
“ in the Inside of the Fish. Before
“ the Lamp was lit, it sparkled like
“ Fire

“ Fire in the Dark, and even now,
“ it shines brightest when we turn
“ our Backs to the Lamp.’ ‘ Come,’
“ said I, ‘ let me see it.’ When I
“ beheld it, I was amazed at its
“ Brilliancy ; but still, in my Igno-
“ rance of precious Stones, supposed
“ it to be only Glafs. ‘ Well,’ said
“ I, ‘ this is better than the Bit of
“ Lead given me by the good *Saad*,
“ for it will serve us instead of a
“ Lamp.’

“ Now, it happened, that my
“ next Neighbour was a *Jew* of
“ penurious Habits, who dealt in
“ all Sorts of Curiosities ; and be-
“ tween his House and mine was
“ only a very thin Division of Lath
“ and Plaster. He, hearing perhaps
“ somewhat of our Conversation
“ through the Wall, sent in his
“ Wife the next Morning, to say
“ he had been disturbed by our
“ Noise.

“ Noise. My Wife promised it
“ should not occur again, but ex-
“ cused it by saying, that the Chil-
“ dren had been diverted by a Piece
“ of Glass, she had found within a
“ Fish; which, at the *Jewess’s*
“ Request, she showed her. The
“ *Jewess*, straightway perceiving it
“ to be a Diamond of the finest
“ Water, and surpris’d at its Size,
“ kept her Discovery to herself, and
“ returned to her Husband, whom
“ she instantly inform’d of it. He,
“ doubtless thinking it best not to
“ appear too curious about it in the
“ first Instance, sent back his Wife to
“ say that as the Trifle was pretty, he
“ would give a small Price for it. My
“ Wife, quickening to some Sense
“ of her Property on this, asked,
“ ‘How much?’ The *Jewess*, after
“ a little Hesitation, said, ‘Twenty
“ Pieces of Gold.’ This appear’d
“ such

The Sub-
tlety of the
Jewess.

“such a dazzling Offer to my Wife,
 “that she was tempted to close
 “with it on the Instant; but, re-
 “flecting that the *Jew* was con-
 “sidered seldom to give for a Thing
 “what it was worth, she, though
 “still quite unconscious of the real
 “Value of her Treasure, resolved
 “not to part with it till she had
 “spoken to me.

“I returned to Dinner, O Caliph,
 “while yet they were talking. My
 “Wife immediately told me what
 “had passed; and the *Jewess*, think-
 “ing perhaps, from my Counte-
 “nance, that I did not consider she
 “had offered enough, hastily said,
 “‘I will give you fifty Pieces for
 “it.’

“This put me on my Guard, and
 “I told her she should not have it.
 “‘Say a hundred Pieces, then,’
 “pursued she, ‘though I am not
 “sure

“ fure my Husband will be pleased
“ at my offering fo much.’ ‘He
“ fhall not have it for lefs than a
“ hundred thoufand,’ faid I fhortly;
“ little expecting to be taken at my
“ Word, but merely naming that
“ extravagant Sum in order to get
“ rid of her, and reflect a little on
“ the Subject, before I applied to
“ fome Jeweller of Credit, from
“ whom I might really learn the
“ Value of my Treasure.

“ The *Jewels*, ftartled by my
“ Propofition, ftopped fhort, and
“ after a Pause, faid, ‘I am going
“ beyond my Knowledge. But I
“ request of thee, O *Haffan*, not to
“ part with the Stone till my Huf-
“ band has feen thee and treated for
“ it.’

“ This I promifed; and when the
“ *Jew* came in, which was not till
“ Night, he examined the Diamond,
“ and

“ and offered me for it, fifty thousand
“ Pieces of Gold. But, O Caliph,
“ I had meantime considered the
“ Matter, and resolved not to grasp
“ at the first Offer from so sus-
“ picious a Character; I therefore
“ remained firm to my Declaration
“ that I would not take less than a
“ hundred thousand. He chaffered
“ with me a good while about this;
“ and at last said, ‘Sooner than thou
“ shouldest take it to the Jeweller’s,
“ I will consent to thine extravagant
“ Terms; however, I have not at
“ present so much by me in the
“ House, but To-morrow I will
“ raise it among my Brethren, and
“ bring it thee as at about this
“ Hour; meantime I will at once
“ give thee two thousand Pieces as
“ earnest.’

“ My Heart fluttered as he pro-
“ duced two Bags each containing
“ a

“ a thousand Pieces, but I betrayed
“ as little Emotion as I could. On
“ the following Evening, he brought
“ me the Remainder of the Sum.
“ I delivered to him the Diamond;
“ and as soon as he was out of the
“ House, I prostrated myself, and
“ gave Thanks to God, for having
“ thus unexpectedly raised me from
“ Poverty to Affluence.

“ My Wife, whose Head grew
“ giddy at so sudden an Influx of
“ Riches, was impatient to begin
“ spending them in a Variety of
“ Luxuries. ‘ It is not in this
“ Manner,’ said I, ‘ that we ought
“ to begin, or we shall soon come
“ to the End. Trust to me, O dear
“ Wife, and in due Season thou
“ shalt have all thou canst need or
“ desire.’

“ The following Day, I hired a
“ set of good Workmen at my own
“ Trade,

Riches excite Gratitude in
Cogia Hassan :

And Giddiness in his Wife.
“ *Not every Head can bear sudden Prosperity.*”

“ Trade, whom I engaged to work
“ for me in different Kinds of Rope-
“ making, for ready Money, in
“ Proportion to the Work they did
“ for me. From Day to Day, I
“ took on more Hands, till I had
“ one of the first Businesfes in
“ *Bagdad*. I hired Warehouses in
“ different Places, and in each
“ Warehouse I placed a Clerk, as
“ well to receive the Work, as to
“ sell it wholesale and retail; and in
“ this Way my Profits soon became
“ considerable.

“ Afterwards, in order to bring
“ my Warehouses together, I
“ bought a very large House, oc-
“ cupying a considerable Space of
“ Ground, but in a very ruinous
“ Condition. I pulled it down,
“ and built in its Place that which
“ thou, O Prince of the Faithful,
“ observedst Yesterday. It com-
“ prises

“ prizes within itself Warehouses
“ for my Trade and an excellent
“ Dwelling-house for my Family.

“ I had not long left my old
“ Abode, when the two Friends,
“ *Saadi* and *Saad*, to whom, after
“ God, I owed all my good Fortune,
“ again directed their Steps to
“ my Rope-walk. Finding me no
“ longer there, they inquired what
“ had become of me, and were told
“ I had become a rich Man, and
“ were directed to the Quarter in
“ which I now live. On their
“ Way thither, they amused them-
“ selves by various Conjectures re-
“ specting the Origin of my Wealth,
“ which *Saadi* could not for an In-
“ stant believe was in any Way
“ attributable to the Piece of Lead ;
“ nor did *Saad* feel very hopeful on
“ the Subject. Arrived at my new
“ House, they were surpris'd at its
“ Appearance,

Saadi and
Saad learn
his Wealth.

“ Appearance, and thought they
“ must have been misdirected.
“ *Saadi*, however, knocked at the
“ Door, which was opened to him
“ by my Porter. ‘ Are we mistaken,’
“ said *Saadi*, ‘ in supposing this to
“ be the House of *Cogia Hassan*,
“ the Ropemaker?’ ‘ You are not
“ mistaken, O my Lords!’ replied
“ the Porter, who instantly admitted
“ him and his Friend. ‘ My Master
“ is in an inner Apartment, and if
“ you walk forward, you will find
“ Servants ready to present you to
“ him.’

“ When the two Friends entered,
“ I rose and ran towards them and
“ kissed the Hems of their Gar-
“ ments. Then I led them to the
“ Sofa whereon I had been sitting,
“ and placed them at the upper End
“ of it.

“ Then *Saadi* spoke to me and
“ said,

“ said, ‘ O *Cogia Haffan!* that thou
“ art rich is a Matter of rejoicing
“ to us both, but by what Means
“ thou haft become fo, we are
“ ignorant, and fain would know.
“ Tell me honestly; didft thou not
“ in the firft Instance, for fome
“ Reason of thine own, conceal
“ from us the real Fate of the Gold
“ I gave unto thee, and employ it
“ in trading?’ ”

“ This Question troubled *Saad*,
“ who fixed his Eyes on the Ground
“ and fhook his Head; but I made
“ Answer, and said, ‘ O my Lord!
“ I am not surprifed that you should
“ be unable to account for my Pro-
“ sperity in any other Manner; but
“ be affured that thy Servant fpake
“ the Truth and no Lie, with regard
“ to the Gold. And as to my pre-
“ sent good Fortune, I will relate
“ how it has come to pafs.’ ”

“ Then

“ Then I told them the whole
“ Narrative, which *Saad* heard
“ without any Appearance of Incre-
“ duality; but though *Saadi* congra-
“ tulated me on my good Fortune,
“ I could discern that he still dis-
“ trusted my Veracity. Without
“ being perturbed by it, I said,
“ ‘ Suffer me, O my Lords! to make
“ known my Request unto you, and
“ deny me not. It is, that you will
“ honour me by remaining here to
“ sup and to pass the Night; and
“ To-morrow, if it be convenient
“ unto you, we will proceed by
“ Water to a Country House I have
“ hired on the Banks of the *Tigris*,
“ whence I will bring you back by
“ Land the same Day, on Horses sup-
“ plied from my own Stable.’ They
“ said, ‘ Good;’ and I despatched
“ a Slave to their several Homes,
“ to say they would not return that
“ Night;

“ Night; after which we supped,
“ and conversed till it was Time to
“ retire to rest.

“ The next Morning we em-
“ barked before Sunrise, in a Boat
“ spread with Carpets, and manned
“ with six Rowers; and the Cur-
“ rent being in our Favour, we
“ reached my Country House in
“ about an Hour and a half. Then
“ I took my two Friends over my
“ House, which was convenient and
“ pleasant; after which we pro-
“ ceeded to the Garden, where were
“ Orange and Citron Trees, each
“ watered separately by a little
“ Trough of Water directly from
“ the River. The Shade, the
“ Freshness, the singing of nume-
“ rous Birds, delighted them so
“ much, that they continually paused,
“ listened, and looked about them,
“ praising all they saw and heard,
“ and

“ and thanking me for bringing
“ them to so delightful a Place.

“ At the End of my Garden, I
“ showed them a Wood of large
“ Trees that bounded it, and invited
“ them to enter a Pavilion where
“ they might repose on Carpets and
“ Cushions.

“ While we were thus resting,
“ we were joined by my two eldest
“ Sons, and the Tutor I had pro-
“ vided for them. They had been
“ bird-nesting in the Wood; and
“ having discovered a very large
“ Nest towards the Top of a Tree,
“ too high for them to climb, they
“ had shown it to a Slave who was
“ following them, and desired him
“ to get it.

“ The Slave climbed the Tree,
“ and was much astonished to find
“ the nest made in the Inside of a
“ Man’s Turban. He brought it
“ carefully

“ carefully down ; and my Boys,
“ thinking I should like to see it,
“ brought it to me.

“ How surpris'd was I, O Caliph!
“ to recognise the old Turban
“ which the Kite had formerly
“ borne away from me! I asked
“ *Saadi* and *Saad* if they had any
“ Recollection of the Turban I
“ wore, when they first saw me.

“ ‘ I do not suppose,’ said *Saadi*,
“ ‘ that *Saad* paid any more Atten-
“ tion to it than I did; but, how-
“ ever, if it be the same, which
“ appears hardly credible, doubtless
“ the hundred and ninety Pieces of
“ Gold you hid in it will be found
“ in its Folds.’ ‘ Judge, my Lord,
“ by the Weight,’ said I, ‘ whether
“ it must not be so!’ So saying, I
“ placed the Nest in his Hand;
“ after which, I proceeded carefully
“ to unwind the Linen which formed

“ the Turban, and soon drew from
“ it the Purse, which *Saadi* recog-
“ nised for the one he had given
“ me. As he was not one of those
“ who are angry at being proved
“ mistaken, he sincerely rejoiced at
“ having his Suspicions of me cleared
“ up in so wondrous a Manner.
“ ‘ Since this has turned out to be
“ true,’ said he, ‘ I must take on thy
“ Word, the Account of the Man-
“ ner in which the second Purse
“ was lost.’ ‘ Believe that or not,
“ as thou wilt,’ interrupted *Saad*,
“ ‘ so long as thou admittest that
“ my Piece of Lead was the Means
“ of *Cogia Hassan’s* finding the
“ Diamond.’ ‘ *Saad*,’ replied *Saadi*,
“ ‘ I will admit what thou wilt,
“ save that a Fortune can only be
“ made by starting with a Capital.’
“ ‘ What!’ cried *Saad*, ‘ when a
“ hundred thousand Pieces of Gold
“ have

“ have been made by trading with a
“ Bit of old Lead?’ ‘ The Lead
“ was his Capital,’ said *Saadi*.
“ Then said *Saad*, ‘ Thou didst not
“ admit that when I gave it him,
“ my Brother!’

“ They were growing warm in
“ their Dispute, when a Slave
“ announced to us that Breakfast
“ was prepared; on which we re-
“ turned to the House. After spend-
“ ing some Time in discoursing over
“ our Meal, I left my two Guests to
“ repose themselves during the Heat
“ of the Day, and rejoined them
“ at Dinner. In the Cool of the
“ Evening, Horses were brought
“ out, and we rode back to *Bagdad*,
“ which we reached by Moonlight.

“ I know not by what Negligence
“ of my Slaves it happened, that
“ there was no Corn for my Horses,
“ on my return Home. The Gran-
“ aries

“ aries were shut, and would not be
“ re-opened before Morning.

“ In this Difficulty, my Slaves
“ went to the few Shops in the
“ Neighbourhood that were still
“ open; and at one of them, one
“ of my Slaves procured a Pot of
“ Bran, which he brought away
“ with him, promising to return the
“ empty Pot in the Morning. He
“ emptied the Bran into the Man-
“ ger, and, in spreading it about,
“ that each of the Horses might
“ have his Share, he felt under his
“ Hand a Piece of Linen tied up
“ and very heavy. He immediately
“ brought it to me, just as he had
“ found it, and, presenting it to me,
“ said that perhaps it might be the
“ Linen he had often heard me speak
“ of in relating my Story to my
“ Friends.

“ Immediately, O Caliph! I per-
“ ceived

“ceived that it was so; and, turn-
“ing to my two Benefactors, I said,
“ ‘O my Lords! behold the Oppor-
“tunity offered to me of completely
“establishing my Word! I recog-
“nise this Linen Rag, and am
“certain I shall find within it an
“hundred and ninety Pieces of
“Gold!’ Then I untied the Rag,
“and found the Money therein,
“and counted it out before them.
“And I sent the earthen Jar to my
“Wife, to ask if she remembered
“it. And she knew it for the old
“Jar in which she had been used
“to keep her Bran. Then we
“all rejoiced; and *Saadi* said, ‘I
“give up my Point, that Money
“can only be made by Money,
“and I rejoice to find my Distrust
“of *Cogia Haffan* was needless.’
“Then we talked much of the
“Matter, and decided that the
“ three

“ three hundred and eighty Pieces
 “ of Gold should be given in Alms
 “ to the Poor. This, O Caliph!
 “ is my Story.”

Then the Caliph said, “ Verily, it
 “ is wonderful. Let it be inscribed
 “ in a Book. As for the Diamond,
 “ it is now in my Treasury, where
 “ *Saadi* and *Saad* may see it if they
 “ will. O *Cogia Hassan*! it is long
 “ since I have heard Anything that
 “ has given me as much Pleasure
 “ as I have derived from thy Story.
 “ Go thy Ways: the Blessing of
 “ Heaven be upon thee, good Man!
 “ and multiply thy Riches, and
 “ continue thee in thy good Sense,
 “ thy Gratitude, and thy Benevo-
 “ lence.”

Then *Cogia Hassan* bowed him-
 self to the Ground before the
 Caliph, and went his Ways. As
 for the Caliph, he mused in his
 Mind

The
 Caliph's
 Sadness
 departeth
 from him.
 Nothing so
 calls us out

Mind a long While on what he had heard; and his Sadness departed from him, and his Heart dilated.

of our-
selves, as
considering
the Affairs
of others.





V.

*Of the Treachery of Hassan the Merchant, in
the Matter of Ali Cogia.*

Of the
Dream of
Ali Cogia.

Now in those Days there dwelt in *Bagdad* a Merchant named *Ali Cogia*. To this Merchant there appeared in a Dream, an old Man of venerable but severe Countenance, who bade him make a Pilgrimage to *Mecca*.

Ali Cogia was unwilling to leave his Merchandise: he therefore endeavoured to forget the Dream, and to make Amends for his Neglect of
the

the Pilgrimage, by giving largely to the Poor. Nevertheless, as the Neglect of a Duty, admitted for such by our Consciences, is in no wise to be atoned for by the Performance of other Duties less inconvenient or disagreeable to us, *Ali Cogia* found no Peace in his Mind; he therefore sold off his Furniture, disposed of his Shop and his Merchandise, and let his Dwelling-House, after which he prepared to accompany the next Caravan to *Mecca*.

Now he had a thousand Pieces of Gold, over and above the Sum he had set aside for his Pilgrimage; and not knowing how to secrete them more safely, he put them into a Jar, and then filled it up with Olives. Having strongly tied down the Jar, he took it to a Merchant named *Haffan*, who was his Friend.

“ Brother,”

Of his
Treasure.

“ Brother,” said he, “ thou knowest
“ that I am about to start for *Mecca* ;
“ wherefore, I beg of thee to take
“ Charge of this Jar of Olives, till
“ my Return.” *Hassan* the Mer-
chant replied, “ Undoubtedly I will.
“ Here is the Key of my Ware-
“ house ; take thy Jar thither thy-
“ self, and bestow it where thou
“ wilt. As thou dost leave it, so
“ shalt thou find it.”

Thereupon, *Ali Cogia* deposited his Jar on a Shelf ; and shortly afterwards departed unto *Mecca*, taking with him the Merchandise he had reserved to sell there, when his religious Duties should be accomplished.

It befel that he overheard one Merchant say to another, after surveying his Goods, “ This Man
“ knows not what he is about, for
“ he would have found a much
“ better

“ better Market at *Cairo*.” Therefore, as *Ali Cogia* had a great Desire to behold *Cairo*, he abode not long at *Mecca*, but packed up his Bales, placed them on Camels, and joined an *Egyptian* Caravan. When he arrived at *Cairo*, he disposed of his Goods to great Advantage, and then took Pleasure in seeing the Pyramids, and whatsoever was worthy to be seen; after which, instead of returning straight Home, he resolved to extend his Journeyings unto *Damascus*.

Having seen *Damascus*, *Ali Cogia* proceeded to *Aleppo*, and there he tarried some Time; then, having crossed the *Euphrates*, he travelled to *Mouffoul*, intending to shorten his Journey by going down the *Tigris*. But he met some Merchants at *Mouffoul*, who persuaded him to alter his Course, and Journey with

Of his
Travels.

with them to *Ispahan* and *Shiraz*. From *Shiraz* he proceeded to *India*; and he did not set his Face homeward till the End of seven Years.

Meanwhile the Jar of Olives had remained in the Charge of the Merchant *Hassan*, who had ceased to think of *Ali Cogia*, or of his Jar. One Evening, about the Time that *Ali Cogia* was returning to *Bagdad*, *Hassan* was supping with his Wife, when it occurred to her to say she was fond of Olives, and had not tasted any for a long while.

“ O Wife!” then said *Hassan*,
 “ thou remindest me of what I had
 “ long ceased to think of, that *Ali*
 “ *Cogia*, when he went to *Mecca*,
 “ left a Jar of Olives in my Charge.
 “ Seven Years have now passed; we
 “ have seen Nothing of him, and
 “ though there was indeed a Report
 “ that he had gone to *Egypt*, I
 “ question

Of *Hassan*
 the Mer-
 chant:

“question not that he is dead.
“Surely we may eat the Olives, if
“still they are good! Give me a
“Dish and a Light, and I will go
“and fetch some.”

“O *Haffan*, will this be well
“done?” said his Wife. “A Charge
“is no less to be respected, be it for
“a short or a long Season, be it
“concerning an important or a
“trifling Matter. How know we
“that *Ali Cogia* is not living, and
“intending to return to *Bagdad*?
“Thou wouldst make thy Name
“infamous among Men, if he were
“to come and claim his Own of
“thee, and thou couldest not restore
“it as it was left. Think no more
“of the Olives, I entreat thee: we
“have left them alone these seven
“Years, cannot we do without them
“still? I have a Foreboding that
“if we touch them, *Ali Cogia* will
“come

And of
his Wife.

“ come back and require them at
“ thy Hand. Besides, after so long
“ a Time, can they be good? They
“ must be putrid and naught.”

Hassan gave no Heed unto the
Words of his Wife, but provided
himself with a Lamp and a Dish.
Then said his Wife, “ Remember,
“ O *Hassan*, I have no Share in
“ what thou art about to do, and
“ do not consent to it, or approve
“ of it.”

Thereupon, *Hassan* the Merchant
laughed, and went forth to his
Warehouse, where he opened the
Jar, and found that the Olives were
spoiled. In the Hope that some
better ones might be found under
the Rest, he emptied the Jar into
the Dish, and, to his great Surprise,
saw a Heap of gold Pieces fall out.
As *Hassan* was of a sordid Dispo-
sition, he greedily seized on the
Money,

Money, put the Olives again in the Jar, and, having deposited the Treasure in a secret Place, he quitted the Warehouse.

“O Wife,” said he, returning to her, “thou wast in the right. “The Olives are naught, and I “have tied down the Jar again, “that, should *Ali Cogia* return, he “may not perceive I have opened “it.” “Thou hast done prudently,” said his Wife, “and it would have “been yet better hadst thou abstained “from meddling with the Jar.”

Hassan lay awake nearly all the Night, devising how to employ the thousand Pieces to the best Advantage, and how to answer *Ali Cogia*, should he ever return. The next Morning, very early, he went out to buy Olives of that Year's Growth, as the Jar was nearly empty, now that the Gold was withdrawn.

withdrawn. He threw away the old Olives; then, quite filling the Jar with those that were fresh, he tied it down again, and set it in its Place.

Ali Cogia
returns.

About a Month after this, *Ali Cogia* returned to *Bagdad*, and engaged a Lodging at a Khan, till he could procure himself a House. The next Day, he visited *Hassan*, who appeared rejoiced as well as surpris'd to see him again. After talking for some Time about his Travels, *Ali Cogia* requested of him that he would give him the Jar of Olives he had left in his Charge. "Brother," said *Hassan*, "I have never thought of it from that Day to this.—Behold it on the Shelf where it was placed by thine own Hands. As thou didst leave it, so thou findest it."

Thereupon, *Ali Cogia* gave him
Thanks,

Thanks, and took down the Jar, and carried it Home to his Khan. Having shut the Door of his Lodging, he took a Dish, and poured the Contents of the Jar into it. He found no Gold, nor aught besides Olives. On this he became stupid with Astonishment; and raising his Eyes and his Hands to Heaven, “Is it possible,” said he, “that the Man I have trusted, can be treacherous and dishonest?”

Then he returned with Haste to *Hassan*, and said, “O *Hassan*, in the Jar of Olives I gave thee to keep, there were a thousand Pieces of Gold; and now I have emptied the Jar, and behold, they are not there!”

Then said *Hassan*, “O Friend! what know I about any thousand Pieces of Gold? Didst thou shew them to me? or tell me of them?”

“or did I require the Charge of
 “thy Jar? Did I not give thee
 “the Key of my Warehouse, and
 “bid thee set the Jar where thou
 “wouldest, and didst thou not this
 “Morning find it in the same Place,
 “where it had stood in the Dust
 “these seven Years? Thou saidst
 “it contained Olives, and I con-
 “cluded it contained Olives. Any
 “Way, as thou didst leave it, so
 “didst thou find it.”

Remon-
 strance of
Ali Cogia.

Then said *Ali Cogia*, “O *Hassan!*
 “I have not found it as I left it;
 “and if thou wilt not tell me,
 “between thee and me, what has
 “become of the Gold, I shall re-
 “luctantly be compelled to have
 “thee examined by a Magistrate,
 “for the Money is more than I can
 “afford to lose. Confess, then, thou
 “hast it by thee, O my Brother.”

But *Hassan* answered and said,
 “I

“ I have it not, and have Nothing to
“ confefs. What! is a Man to leave
“ Olives in my Charge, and then, at
“ the End of many Years, to declare
“ that the Jar contained not Olives,
“ but Money? Away from me,
“ O Man! I am furprifed thou
“ didft not fay there were ten
“ thousand Pieces, while thou art
“ about it. Draw not a Crowd
“ about my Door by thine Expof-
“ tulations.”

For it befel that Perfons paffing
the Houfe were ftopping to learn
why wrathful Words were paffing
between the two Merchants; and
some of the Neighbours, being
drawn to their Doors, came forth,
and interfered, and endeavoured
to mediate between them. Finding
that neither would yield unto the
other, they faid, “ Refer the Matter
“ to the Cadi!” So to the Cadi
they

they went, accompanied by much People.

Ali Cogia having accused *Hassan* the Merchant of stealing the thousand Pieces of Gold which were in the Jar of Olives, the Cadi asked him whether he had any Witnesses. Thereupon *Ali Cogia* replied that indeed he had not taken the Precaution to have any, because that he had trusted wholly unto the Honour of his Friend.

Thereupon the Cadi desired *Hassan* to make his Defence; and he, having declared that he had neither taken the Gold, nor so much as opened the Jar, offered to make Oath to the same Effect. The Cadi accepted the Oath, and dismissed him as innocent.

Then was *Ali Cogia* exceedingly indignant at this Judgment, and said he would appeal to the Caliph; but

Judgment
of the
Cadi.

but the Cadi heeded not his Threat, considering that he had done Justice in acquitting a Man whose Accuser had no Witnessees to bring against him. For, is not one Man's Word as good as another's, till it be proven otherwise? Only their own Hearts knew the Matter.

Now, while *Hassan* was glorying in his Acquittal, *Ali Cogia* was drawing up a Statement of the Case in a Petition to the Caliph, which he presented to one of his Officers when the Caliph returned from the Mosque. When *Haroun Alraschid* reached his Palace, the Officer presented to him the Petition, which he read, and deliberated on; after which he commanded that *Ali Cogia* should appear before him the following Morning; and that *Hassan* should be cited to appear before him at the same Time.

On

On the Evening of the same Day, the Caliph, attended by *Giafar* and *Mefrour*, went in Disguise through the City. In passing through a certain By-street, he heard a great Clamour of Children's Voices in a Court-yard; and, looking in, perceived a dozen or more Boys at Play. Then said the Caliph to his Vizier in a low Voice, "*Giafar!* " thou and I once played together, " even as those Boys! Let us wait " awhile and watch them, for they " please me." So they stood in the Shadow of the Gateway, where was a Stone Bench, whereon the Caliph presently seated himself; and they remained looking at the little Boys playing in the Moonlight.

One of the Children presently said, "Let us play at the Cadi!" "I am the Cadi; do you, O Play-
" mates, bring before me *Ali Cogia*,
" and

“ and the Merchant who stole his
“ thousand Pieces of Gold.”

Then whispered the Caliph to
Giafar, “ We shall have some rare
“ Sport; I am about to receive a
“ Lesson in Judgment; ” and he
stroked his Beard, and smiled.

The Boy-cadi, having taken his
Seat with great Pomp and Gravity,
another Boy, as his Officer, pre-
sented two others to him, one of
whom he called *Ali Cogia*, and the
other *Haffan*.

Then the Boy-cadi spoke and
said, “ O *Ali Cogia!* wherefore
“ comest thou before me, and what
“ is thy Complaint? ” Then the
Boy *Ali Cogia* bent low before the
Cadi and related his Case. After
this, the Boy-cadi desired the Boy
Haffan to shew why he had not re-
turned the Jar of Olives as he found it.
Then the Boy *Haffan* averred that
he

he had verily done so; no one had intermeddled with it; as he was ready to make Oath.

Thereupon, *Haroun* the Caliph jogged the Elbow of *Giafar*, to bid him attend to what should follow. "Not so fast, O *Hassan*," said the Boy-cadi. "Before we proceed to swearing, I desire to see and to taste these same Olives. O *Ali Cogia*, hast thou brought the Jar with thee?"

Then the Boy *Ali Cogia* replied that he had not; whereon he was desired to fetch it, which he made as though he did, without Delay. Not to omit any Formality, the Boy-cadi then said, "O *Hassan*, dost thou admit that to be the Jar?" "Yes," said *Hassan*, "I do." "Open it, then," said the Boy-cadi to *Ali Cogia*, who immediately feigned to do so, and to offer it to the

the Cadi. Then said the Boy-cadi, feigning to look into the Jar, "These
" are indeed Olives, and the Jar is
" quite full, which appears as though
" none could have been taken out."
Then he made as though he tasted them, and said, "Verily, they are
" excellent, but somewhat too fresh
" to have been in this Jar seven
" Years. Go, summon some Olive
" Merchants; we must have their
" Opinion."

Then two Boys came forward, who said they were Olive Merchants. "Tell me, O Olive Merchants!" said the Boy-cadi, "how
" long can Olives that are preserved
" in this Manner be kept undecayed
" and fit to eat?"

"O Cadi!" said the first Merchant, "whatever Care may be taken
" to preserve them, they are naught
" after the third Year: they lose
" both

“both their Flavour and Colour, and
“are fit only to be cast away.”

“Taste me these Olives,” says
the Boy-cadi; “how long have
“they been kept?”

“O Cadi!” said the Olive Mer-
chants, after pretending to taste them,
“they are fresh, and of the present
“Year.”

“Ye are mistaken,” said the Boy-
cadi, “for they have been kept in
“this Jar for seven Years.” The
Merchants looked at one another
derisively, and said that the Thing
was impossible, and not to be be-
lieved. “Besides,” said they, “the
“Olives would have shrunk,
“whereas this Jar is quite full.
“We can declare to thee, O Cadi,
“that these Olives are of this Year’s
“Growth, and our Testimony will
“be supported by that of every
“Olive Merchant in *Bagdad*.”

Then

Then the Boy *Hassan* was about to interrupt the Merchants, but the Boy-cadi exclaimed, "Silence! there is no Appeal from such Testimony as this. *Hassan*, thou art a Thief, and shalt be hanged!"

"Good!" then ejaculated the Caliph, whose Voice was unheard in the Acclamations of the Boys. "O *Giafar!*" said he, rising from his Seat, and quitting the Gateway, "What thinkest thou of the Judgment of this Boy?"

"Verily, I am surpris'd at his Wisdom and Acuteness," replied *Giafar*; "which exceed what we are accustomed to find at so early an Age."

"Note well the House wherein this young Boy lives," said the Caliph, "and bring him to me to-morrow, that he may judge the Cause of the real *Ali Cogia*.

"Require

Judgment
of the Boy.

“ Require the Cadi, also, who ac-
“ quitted *Hassan*, to be present, that
“ he may learn Sagacity from this
“ Child, and correct his own De-
“ ficiencies. Likewise desire *Ali*
“ *Cogia* to bring his Jar of Olives
“ with him; let *Hassan* be cited to
“ appear, and let a couple of Olive
“ Merchants be in attendance.”

On the Morrow, therefore, *Giafar* repaired to the House where the young Boy dwelt, and accosted his Mother, and said, “ How many
“ Children hast thou ? ” She, perceiving him to be a Man of Consideration, replied reverently, “ Thy Servant has three.” “ Go, fetch them hither,” says *Giafar*. She went, and presently returned with three young Boys. Then said *Giafar*, “ Which of you three Lads
“ played the Cadi last Night ? ” The elder of them, changing Colour,

Colour, stepped forward and said,
“It was I.” “Come with me,
“then,” said *Giafar*, “to the Prince
“of the Faithful.”

Then the Mother trembled
greatly, and said, “O my Lord! has
“my Boy been guilty of any Fault,
“that he is to be taken to the
“Caliph? and will he return to me
“no more?” “Fear not,” said *Gia-*
far, “he shall return to thee in about
“the Space of an Hour, and then
“thou shalt know, with Pleasure,
“on what Account he has been sent
“for.” “Suffer me, at least, to wash
“his Face and change his Garment,
“that he may more fitly appear
“before the Caliph,” said his
Mother; to which *Giafar* readily
consented. Then he conducted the
young Lad to *Haroun Alraschid*.

The Caliph, seeing the Boy
tremble a little, said to him kindly,
“Fear

“Fear Nothing! Rememberest
“thou playing the Cadi overnight?
“I was by; and saw and heard
“thee, though thou sawest me not,
“and I approved thy Judgment.”
Then the Boy raised his Eyes, and
looked earnestly at the Caliph, and
his Fear departed.

Then the Parties concerned in
the Cause were admitted, and each,
as his Name was named, touched
the Ground before the Throne with
his Forehead. Then the Caliph
said unto them, “Let each plead his
“Cause; this Child will hear and
“give Judgment; and if it needs
“Amendment, I will supply it.”

Then *Ali Cogia* brought forward
his Accusation, and *Hassan* answered
it; offering, as before, to make
Oath of his Truth and Honesty.
Hereupon, the young Boy inter-
posed, saying it was not yet Time,
for

for that the Jar of Olives must first be examined. Then, to *Hassan's* Surprise and Uneasiness, *Ali Cogia* immediately produced the Jar, placed it at the Caliph's Feet, and uncovered it. The Caliph tasted one of the Olives, and found it good and fresh. Then some skilful Olive Merchants were called forward, and desired to examine the Olives, and pronounce their Opinion of them. The Olive Merchants, after trying them, pronounced them to be undoubtedly of that Year's Growth. The young Boy told them that *Hassan* professed them to be the Olives which *Ali Cogia* had given him in Charge seven Years before; but they averred it was impossible that the Olives could be the same.

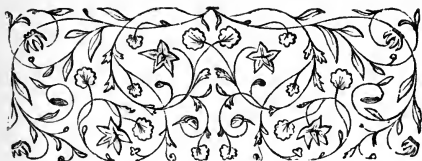
Then *Hassan* the Merchant stood pale and trembling before the Judgment-

Judgment-feat, without a Word to proffer. But the Boy, after musing in his Mind, looked up into the Face of the Caliph, and blushed. “O Prince of the Faithful!” said he, “this is no Child’s Game, but “a Matter of Life and Death: I gave “Judgment but in Play; thou must “give Judgment in Earnest.”

Then the Caliph with Solemnity pronounced Sentence of Death on the fraudulent Merchant; who, as he was led away to Execution, confessed, with great Shame and Sorrow, where he had secreted the thousand Pieces of Gold. Thereupon, they were restored to *Ali Cogia*; and the Caliph embraced the young Boy, and sent him Home, with an hundred Pieces of Gold, to his Mother.

The Judgment of the Caliph.

Follow a Track across a Morass, though it be but that of an Ass: also recognise Wisdom, even in the Mouth of a Child.



VI.

Of the extravagant Profusion of Noureddin.

AFTER this, the Caliph made Wars, and sent Troops to devastate the Possessions of the Empress *Irene*, because she had broken Faith with him. And while his principal Army was thus employed, the King of the *Khazars* made War upon the Caliph, and committed great Ravages before he could be conquered.

Now, the Caliph being pleased
with

A. D. 790.
Heg. 168.
Of the
Sultan of
Balsora;

with the Conduct of his Cousin *Mohammed*, the Son of *Zeini*, made him Sultan of *Balsora*, which was tributary to the Caliphs. *Mohammed*, for the better ordering of his Government, must needs have two Viziers, instead of one; not considering that one good Vizier is enough, that two bad are worse than one good, and that a bad and a good together, either make each other of no Effect, or the bad gets the upper Hand.

And of his
two Viziers.

The Names of these two Viziers were *Fadladdin* and *Mowein*. *Fadladdin* was mild and benevolent; *Mowein* was cruel and crafty. The Sultan loved *Fadladdin* more than *Mowein*, and conversed with him on his most private Affairs. One Day he said unto him, “O *Fadladdin*! “is there such a Thing as a sensible “Woman to be found on the Earth?
“ My

“ My Harem is filled with Women
“ who are destitute of Intelligence,
“ and who weary me to Death with
“ their Prattle. Where shall one
“ who has Intellect and Talents that
“ have been carefully cultivated
“ be found, that one might have
“ some Pleasure in hearing her? ”

“ Doubtless,” returned *Fadladdin*,
“ such a Woman may be found;
“ but her Value must so far exceed
“ that of Slaves who have no Re-
“ commendation but their Beauty,
“ that I question if she could be
“ obtained for less than ten thousand
“ Pieces of Gold.”

“ Receive, then, ten thousand
“ Pieces of Gold from my Trea-
“ sury, and buy me such a Slave,
“ if thou canst find her,” said
the Sultan, “ for such an one
“ would be better worth ten thou-
“ sand Pieces of Gold than ten
“ inferior

The Cost
of a sen-
sible
Woman :

“inferior Slaves would be worth
“a thousand Pieces each; even as
“a large Pearl is worth ten Times
“the Price of a Cluster of small
“ones.” “Give me Time, O
“Sultan!” said *Fadladdin*, “and I
“doubt not I shall content thee.”
Then he went about, inquiring
privately among the Slave Mer-
chants for such a Slave as the Sultan
desired; but for a long Time no
one approaching to his Require-
ments could be found. At length
a Slave Merchant laid hold of his
Stirrup one Day as he was about to
ride by him, and said in a low
Voice, “O my Lord! such a Slave
“as thou art in Quest of, I have
“found. She is a *Persian* Girl,
“beautiful as the Day; but, what
“is more to the Purpose, she is
“endowed with rare Understand-
“ing, is well read in History and
“Science,

“ Science, can write Verses and
“ compute, can converse with Wit
“ and Discretion, sing well, and
“ play on divers Instruments. Her
“ Price is ten thousand Pieces.”

Said the Vizier, “ I object not to
“ the Price, if she be all that thou
“ sayest. Let me see her ; where is
“ she ? ” Then the Slave Merchant
said, “ Follow me, ” and took him
to the Slave. When her Veil was
raised, *Fadladdin* said, “ She is less
“ beautiful than I expected.”
“ She is indeed a good deal tanned
“ with her long Journey, ” said the
Merchant, “ and is over-fatigued and
“ languid ; but let her rest quietly in
“ thy Palace for ten Days, and she
“ will recover, and thou wilt find
“ her all I have said. ” “ Good, ”
said *Fadladdin* ; and the Slave was
sent to his Palace, and he put her
in Charge of his Wife, strictly
commanding

commanding her not to let her be seen by their Son *Noureddin*.

Now the Vizier's Son was a young Man endowed by Nature with Everything that might have made him great and good, and withal so comely and sweet-tempered, that every one took Pleasure in him; but being an only Child, he had been much spoiled by his Parents, and accustomed to have every Wish gratified, without counting the Cost. He was ignorant as an Infant of Seven Days of the Value of Money, or of the Pains requisite to acquire it; and, having an exalted Opinion of the Virtue of Generosity, he was lavish and profuse in his Donations to others (which cost him Nothing), to such a Degree, that he would have given away his Head, had it been transferable, to the first Person
that

And the
Cost of
a Youth
without
Sense.

that asked him. His Gifts, so recklessly bestowed, were little valued by the Receivers, the more so that they were seldom Persons in real Want; therefore, while he was courted and flattered by designing Companions, he had no real Friend.

Now it chanced that *Nouredin*, going hastily one Day into his Mother's Apartments, when she was absent at the Bath, he obtained a Sight of the *Persian* Slave, who, through Quiet and Kindness, had recovered her good Looks; and was surpris'd into Love. He immediately hastened to his Father, and requested him to give him the Slave for his Wife. The Vizier, astonish'd and very angry to find he had seen her, denied his Request, and said she was reserved for the Sultan, and much more expensive a Wife than

Of the
Wayward-
ness of
Nouredin.

Query. Can
a thrifty
Woman be
deemed an
expensive
Wife?

than he could afford him. *Noureddin* persisting in entreating for her, his Father became incensed, and forbade him his Presence. Thereupon the young Man retired, moody and disappointed, resolving not to be foiled.

Before the Difference was made up between the Father and Son, *Fadladdin* took Cold, coming out of the Bath, and presently sickened and died. Thereupon *Noureddin* heartily grieved for him, and regretted having thwarted him. He shut himself up in his Chamber, a Prey to Grief; but as this was foreign to his Nature, he at length came forth, and gave Orders, as Master of the House, that a Feast should be prepared, and Guests invited.

His Profusion:

Now, there were ten of his chief Companions, who gladly obeyed

obeyed his Summons when they found that he was possessed of Wealth: they cheered him with their Mirth, they flattered him, they praised the Service of his Table; and whenever any one of them especially commended a Cup or a Dish, he said to his Steward, "Set that apart for my Friend."

The faithful old Man, who had been long in the late Vizier's Service, beheld with Grief his young Master's Table thus stripped; the more so as his cunning Companions, finding their Desires thus answered, scrupled not to lay Baits for Everything their Hearts coveted. The next Morning the old Steward presented himself to *Noureddin* and said, "O my Master! hast thou not heard the Saying, 'He who expendeth and doth not calculate, is soon reduced to Poverty?' This profuse
" Extravagance

“ Extravagance and these magnificent
“ Presents will soon exhaust all thy
“ Property.” But *Noureddin* laughed
in his Face, and said, “ Old Man,
“ speak when thou art spoken to.
“ Of all that thou sayest, I am not
“ going to attend to one Word.”
Then the Steward cast up his Eyes,
and went in great Trouble to *Noureddin’s*
Mother, who was still in
the House, but living very retired,
mourning her Widowhood. At
the Steward’s Recommendation, she
sent for her Son, and earnestly
besought him to control his Ex-
penses; but he smiled without say-
ing Anything, and went out and
bought her some Jewels. Then
his Mother went to the *Persian*
Slave, whose Name was *Enis Eljelis*;
and she said, “ O *Enis Eljelis!* thou
“ canst wind my Son round thy
“ Finger. Persuade him not to
“ ruin

“ruin himself, I pray thee.” Then *Enis Eljelis* kissed her Hand and said, “O Lady, thy Kindness towards me has been so great, that I will do for thee whatsoever I can: howbeit, I fear he will not listen to me any more than to thee.”

Noureddin presently returned from the Bazaar, bringing *Enis Eljelis* Gold and Silver Stuffs, Jewels, Perfumes, and all Manner of rich Presents; whereupon she took Occasion to tell him that Happiness depended very little upon Wealth, and that she wished he would be somewhat less lavish. Then he said, “If Happiness depends very little upon Wealth, why should I be careful to retain it, O *Enis Eljelis*? As long as I have enough for Dinner, I shall concern myself very little about
“ what

“ what will be left for Supper.” And, without heeding her, he continued daily to feast his Friends; and, whensoever they admired Anything small or great, he said, “ It is “ a Gift,” and sent it Home to them. Thus, not only his Table, but his House became despoiled; his Money and Credit next departed; and he found himself a ruined Man.

And its
Conse-
quences.

Then he remembered the Warnings of the *Persian* Slave; and he went to her with Head abased, and said unto her, “ O *Enis Eljelis!* “ knowest thou what hath befallen “ me? I have not a Penny.” She said, “ O my Lord! I have “ long foreseen this; but, now it “ hath befallen, do not despair, but “ consider of some Remedy.” He said, “ I will apply to those Friends “ whom I have enriched by my
“ Gifts.

“ Gifts. Peradventure, they will
“ give me Something in Return.”
She said, “ It will be lost Labour ;
“ thou hast not one true Friend
“ among them. However, if thou
“ art so minded, go and try.”

So he arose instantly, and went
to his ten Companions, one after
another ; and every one of them
denied themselves to him, and pre-
tended to be from Home. Then
his Heart desponded, and he re-
turned to *Enis Eljelis* and said,
“ There is not one of them will
“ give me so much as a Cake of
“ Bread, nor even see me.” Then
she answered and said, “ O my
“ Lord! said I not that they would
“ not profit thee ? ” “ Not one of
“ them,” rejoined he, “ would shew
“ me his Face.” Then she said,
“ Sell off all thy Furniture that is
“ left, little by little, according to
“ the

“the Wants of the Day; sell also
“my Jewels, and sell thy Slaves;
“till we consider what to do.”
Then he did so, and when he had
Nothing left, he came to her again,
and said, “What shall I now do?”
She said, “Apply to thy good
“Mother, if haply she will assist
“thee.” But he said, “I will not
“impoverish my Mother, nor let
“her know how much I am strait-
“ened, for she herself is less af-
“fluent than when my Father was
“alive.” *Enis Eljelis* answered,
“Well said;” and after a long
Silence, she said to him, “There is
“but one Way thou now hast of rais-
“ing Money. I am but thy Slave,
“sell *me*.” Then the Colour rose
in his Face, even unto his Temples,
and he said, “O *Enis Eljelis!* is it
“so easy for us to part? I thought
“thou lovedst me!” She said,
“I

“ I do love thee, O *Nouredin*,
“ more than Words can exprefs;
“ but what elfe canft thou do? ”

And they both wept fore.

Then *Enis Eljelis* faid, “ It muft be
“ done. Go and do it, therefore, at
“ once, for the longer we tarry, the
“ heavier will be our Parting.”

But he was very reluctant, and flung
himself on the Ground, and re-
fufed to go. At length, after many
Words, ſhe perfuaded him, and he
went forth with her to the Slave
Merchants, with Eyes red with
weeping. The firft whom he took
afide was the Merchant who had
fold the *Persian* Slave to *Fadladdin*.
As ſoon as he heard ſhe was again
in the Market, he raifed his Eyes
and Hands, and faid, “ No Need to
“ recount to me her Value. Is ſhe
“ not *Enis Eljelis*? She will not
“ remain long on thy Hands.”

Then,

Then, with *Noureddin's* Concurrency, he went into the Slave Market, where were *Turkish* and *Greek*, *Circassian*, *Georgian*, and *Abyssinian* Slaves on Sale; and he lifted up his Voice, and cried, "O Merchants! " Everything that is round is not " a Nut; nor is Everything long a " Banana; nor is Everything that " is red, Meat; nor is Everything " tawny a Date! O Merchants, " the famous *Persian* Slave, *Enis* " *Eljelis* is on Sale; who can equal " her? With what Sum will ye " open the Sale?"

Then one of the Slave Merchants said, " With four thousand and five " hundred Pieces of Gold."

At this Time it befel that the evil-hearted Vizier *Mowein* passed through the Market; and seeing *Noureddin* there, who was leaning against a Wall, with his Heart ready

Of the
Wicked-
ness of
Mowein.

ready to burst, he thought within himself, "What can the Son of "*Fadladdin* do here, having Nothing left wherewith to purchase Slaves? Is he compelled to sell one? If it be indeed so, how pleasant to my Heart!" Then he heard the Merchants talking among themselves of the rare Qualities of the *Persian* Slave, who was worth ten thousand Pieces of Gold; but none of them could afford to bid more than four thousand. Then *Mowein* thought within himself, "Aha! this is the Slave that *Fadladdin* purchased for the Sultan, but kept by him on Pretence she was tanned and out of Health. I shall now have her under the Price." Then he went to the Slave Merchant who had undertaken the Sale, and said to him, "What need of
K " more

“ more Words? I bid four thousand
“ five hundred Pieces of Gold, and
“ thou shalt have five hundred for
“ thyself.”

The Slave Broker hurried to *Noureddin*, and said to him eagerly in a low Voice, “ Alas, my Lord! “ the Slave is lost to thee without “ Price.” “ How so?” said *Noureddin*. “ The Vizier *Mowein*,” replied the Broker, “ hath desired “ to have her for four thousand five “ hundred Pieces of Gold; and I “ know, from his evil Heart, that “ he will write thee an Order upon “ one of his Agents for the Money, “ and then send privately to him, “ and desire him to give thee “ Nothing. If I were in thy “ Place, I would approach the “ Slave Girl, and smite her on the “ Head, and say, ‘ Woe unto thee! “ art thou now sufficiently punished “ for

“ for thine evil Temper by being
 “ put up to Sale? Come Home,
 “ now, and conduct thyself better
 “ henceforth.’ ”

Noureddin instantly sprang forward and did as the Broker had counselled, so that it seemed as though he had only brought *Enis Eljelus* to the Market for a mock Sale for the Sake of Punishment. The Vizier *Mowein* ground his Teeth with Despite, and went his Ways and made Complaint to the Sultan that *Noureddin* had defrauded him once and again of the *Persian* Slave. Then the Sultan, being enraged, commanded that forty Men should instantly go and raze *Noureddin's* House to the Ground, and bring him and *Enis Eljelis* to him Captives.

A Friend of the late Vizier *Fadladdin*, hearing this Command given,

They
 escape to
 Bagdad :

given, took Horse and galloped to *Noureddin's* House, and bade him instantly fly for his Life. Wherefore *Noureddin*, scarcely allowing himself Time to say farewell to his Mother, and receive from her a few Pieces of Gold, took *Enis Eljelis* by the Hand, and escaped with her through a private Door into some By-streets to the River-side, where they found a light Vessel on the point of sailing for *Bagdad*, the Abode of Peace. Having reached *Bagdad*, *Noureddin* paid the Shipmaster five Gold Pieces, and then, with *Enis Eljelis*, walked at Hazard from the Landing-place along the Bank, till they came to a green Alley paved with Pebbles, having a light Roof of Trellis-work of Canes extending the whole Length of it, from which depended Water-pots of Water; and

and on either Side the Alley, a Stone Bench, even to the End, which was closed by a carved Gate.

Then said *Noureddin* to the Slave, "Behold! this is pleasant!" and he sat down to rest on the Stone Bench; and in another Moment, so tired was he and spent, that he fell fast asleep. Then *Enis Eljelis* tenderly covered him with her Veil, that the Mosquitos should not assail him; and being very weary, she also rested on the Bench, and fell asleep, covering her Face with a Portion of her Veil, for her Heart was heavy with Care for *Noureddin*, and for herself.

Now this trellised Alley was the Passage from the River to the Caliph *Haroun's* Garden, called for its Beauty the Garden of Delights, and containing a Banqueting-house with eighty latticed Windows and
eighty

And unwittingly enter the Caliph's Garden.

eighty Lamps. This Garden was under the Care of an old Man called Sheikh *Ibrahim*; and it had lately happened that on his Return to it after a short Absence, he had found some intruders of suspicious Character diverting themselves within it; whereon he gave Information to the Caliph, who bade him keep his Charge more carefully for the Future, and punish any Intruders as he should think fit.

Sheikh *Ibrahim*, entering the Alley soon after *Noureddin* and the Slave had fallen asleep, spied them out, and became inflamed with Indignation, exclaiming within himself, "Ha! do these insolent
" Wretches take this Place for a
" Khan? It is in my Power to
" kill them, and I will at all Events
" give them a good Beating." He then fetched a thick Palm-stick,
and

and wielding it over his Shoulder to give it the greater Force, was about to bring it down upon them, when he thought within himself, "Hold! I will just see who they are first."

Then, gently lifting the Veil from *Noureddin's* Face, so as not to waken him, he muttered, "Ha! a comely young Fellow! from the Smoothness of his Brow and the Placidity of his Features, I should consider him likely to be a well-nurtured Youth. His Dress, too, though well worn, belongs to the upper Classes. His Hands are too white and well formed to have been inured to Work. His Face is unfurrowed by Care; what a good-looking Youth! Would that Heaven had blessed me with such a Son!"

Then, uncovering the Face of
Enis

Enis Eljelis, “Ha!” said he, “this
“is doubtless his Wife. Poor
“Damsel, she is more care-worn
“than he is. Even in Sleep, her
“Face is full of anxious Thought.
“A Tear trembles on her long
“Eyelashes, like a Dewdrop on the
“Edge of a Violet. Verily she is
“comely: I would she were my
“Daughter.”

Then, his Purpose towards them
having quite changed, he dropped
his thick Stick, and tickled their
Hands with a Flower till they
awoke. “Who art thou, good old
“Man?” said *Noureddin*, suddenly
opening his Eyes and arising.
“Nay, who art thou, my Son?”
said Sheikh *Ibrahim*, “and who is
“this Damsel?” Then a Tear
trembled in *Noureddin’s* Eye, and
he said, “Alas, my Lord! we are
“Strangers! We have just arrived
“from

“ from *Balsora*, and know not
“ where to go.” Then Sheikh
Ibrahim said, “ O my Son! God
“ hath commanded us to shew
“ Kindness unto Strangers. Will
“ ye enter my Garden, and take
“ Refreshment therein?” And they
said, “ Readily.”

Then he led the Way, and unlocked the Gate, and admitted them into the Caliph's Garden, wherein were all Manner of stately Trees, and all Manner of Fruits and Flowers, and all Manner of singing Birds. When they had sufficiently admired the Beauty of the Garden, Sheikh *Ibrahim* conducted them into the Banqueting-house, and made them seat themselves on Cushions at an open Window, while he fetched from a Store-room of which he had the Key, Cakes and Sweetmeats of various Kinds.
Then

Then they ate, and were refreshed, and pressed him to eat; and he ate likewise. Then said *Noureddin*, “Good Sheikh! we cannot eat without drinking, hast thou any Beverage?” “Truly,” replied the Sheikh, “here is Abundance of clear Spring Water.” “O Sheikh!” then said *Noureddin*, “my Strength is expended and needs Restoration. I pray thee, let us have a little Wine.” “Wine, my Son?” exclaimed Sheikh *Ibrahim*, “what Words are these which I hear? Wine have I tasted none these thirteen Years, for the Prophet hath cursed its Drinker and its Preffer and its Carrier.” Then said *Noureddin* laughing, “If thou be neither its Drinker, nor its Preffer, nor its Carrier, will aught of the Curse fall on thee?” “Truly not,” replied

replied Sheikh *Ibrahim*. Then said *Noureddin*, "Take this Piece of Gold and go forth, and where-soever Wine is to be had, buy some, and make the Man bring it hither for us. So shalt thou be neither its Drinker, nor its Preffer, nor its Carrier."

Then Sheikh *Ibrahim* laughed and said, "Verily thou art an ingenious Youth. I am about to be too indulgent;" and he went forth and obtained the Wine. It was now growing dusk; and when Sheikh *Ibrahim* returned, *Enis Eljelis* said, "Kind Sheikh! may I light the Lamps?" "One of them will be enough," said he; and he gave her a Light. But she, full of Cheerfulness, and encouraged by his Indulgence, went on lighting them all, saying, "Let me behold how beautiful the Banqueting-house"

“house will look, though it be but
 “for a Moment.” Then he chid
 her, but without Severity, saying,
 “Thou must have thy Frolic, my
 “Daughter.” Then she returned,
 and fate between him and *Noureddin*,
 and discoursed wittily, and related
 amusing Stories, so that they knew
 not how Time went.

The Caliph
 is offended;

Meanwhile, the Caliph *Haroun*,
 happening to look forth from one
 of the Windows of his Palace on
 the *Tigris*, it being now Moonlight,
 was amazed to behold the Glare
 of many Lamps reflected on the
 River from the Windows of his
 Banqueting-house; and he hastily
 summoned *Giafar* the *Barmecide*,
 and said to him angrily, “*Giafar!*
 “what meaneth this? Who has
 “dared to light up my Banquet-
 “ting-house?”

Giafar looked forth and was con-
 founded;

And re-
solves to
investigate
the Matter.

founded; and he said, "It must be
" Sheikh *Ibrahim's* doing. I now
" remember that he bade me request
" thy Permission, O Caliph, to en-
" tertain some of his respectable
" Friends there, on an Evening
" when thou shouldest be absent;
" but I forgot it." "Then, *Gia-*
" *far,*" said the Caliph, "thou hast
" been faulty in two Instances.
" Thou hast left me in Ignorance
" that my Banqueting-house would
" be occupied, and thou hast left
" Sheikh *Ibrahim* in Ignorance that
" thou hast forgotten to prefer his
" Request. And now, for thy
" Punishment, thou shalt imme-
" diately go forth with me, and we
" will privately see how the good,
" simple-hearted old Man enter-
" taineth his respectable Friends."
Giafar said, "I hear and obey."

Then they went forth, and
coming

He finds
the Gate
open.

coming to the Garden Gate, found it open. "This is negligent," said the Caliph, "the old Man in admitting his respectable Friends, needed not to have left the Gate open for all *Bagdad*." *Giafar* held his Peace. "Doubtless," said the Caliph, "the Sheikh's Friends are Men of like Age and Sobriety with himself, and we shall find them gravely discoursing on Virtue and Piety. Whether it be so, or whether it be not, I will learn." Then, having reached the outer Wall of the Banqueting-house, and hearing Voices at one of the Windows, he said to *Giafar* in a low Voice, "I will climb this tall Walnut-tree and look in." "O Caliph!" said *Giafar*, with Misgiving, "is it certainly for thy Safety?" But he answered, "Tut! didst not thou and I climb
" Trees

“ Trees when we were Boys? I
“ trust I am yet supple and sure-
“ footed.” Then, with Ease he
climbed the Tree, smiling in his
Heart, and thinking, “ This Vizier
“ of mine is reluctant I should
“ look in.”

Now it befel that the Wine
which Sheikh *Ibrahim* had bought,
being newly made, had mounted
into *Nouredin's* Head, his Stomach
being weak from Sorrow and spare
Living; and he had persuaded the
old Man to pledge him. Sheikh
Ibrahim thought, “ I will take but
“ one very little Drop, just to grace
“ my Guest;” but when he had
taken one he thought, “ As much
“ Sin in one Draught as in twenty;”
wherefore, when the Caliph looked
in upon him, he was replenishing
his own Cup and *Nouredin's*, and
making very merry. The Caliph
then

The Effect
of the
Wine.

then beckoned with his Finger to *Giafar*, who forthwith climbed up into the Tree after him; and he beheld the Caliph's Eyes burning like Lamps in a dark Cavern; and the Caliph said unto him, "O Dog of a Vizier! look now, and behold with thine Eyes how Sheikh *Ibrahim* and his respectable Companions converse on Virtue and Piety. What seest thou?"

Giafar replied and said, "I see a very pretty Girl and a handsome young Man sitting with Sheikh *Ibrahim*; and verily they appear to be drinking Something that is not as colourless as Water. What can it be, O Caliph? Let us listen and hear what they say."

Then the Caliph, who was secretly laughing, listened and heard the Sheikh say to *Enis Eljelis*, "O Damsel! thou art as entertaining
" as

“as thou art beautiful. Whence
“comest thou, and who is thy
“Father?” Then the Eyes of
Enis Eljelis suddenly filled with
Tears, and she said, “Ask me not,
“good Sheikh. Verily the Por-
“tion of a Slave is hard. I was
“the Darling of my Father, and
“the Darling of my Mother; but
“Misfortune hath long separated
“us.” The Sheikh said, “Verily
“I wish thou wert my Daughter.
“I knew not thou wast a Slave.
“Is thy Master kind to thee?”
pointing to *Nouredin*, who was
yielding to Sleep. *Enis Eljelis* said,
“Truly he is kind; but Misfor-
“tune hath overtaken him, and
“he may sell me To-morrow.”
Then she swallowed down her
Tears, and said, “Let us talk of
“these Things no more. Hast
“thou a Lute, or any Instrument
“of

“of Music? I will play and sing
“unto thee.”

Sheikh *Ibrahim* arose and brought a Lute, and behold, it was the Lute of the Caliph's principal Musician. Then the Caliph, when he saw it, whispered to *Giafar*, and said, “What Impertinence is herein
“manifest! If the Girl sing not
“well, I will behead you all; but
“if she sing well, I will only
“behead thee!” “O Caliph,” then answered *Giafar*, “Heaven
“grant she may sing badly!”
“Wherefore?” said the Caliph;
“That thou mayest behead us all,”
said *Giafar*, “and then we shall
“keep one another Company.”
The Caliph laughed within himself; and *Enis Eljelis*, having tried the Lute, began to sing to it so well, that the Caliph whispered, “O
“*Giafar!* never during the Course
“of

“ of my Existence have I heard
“ such incomparable Singing as
“ this! Alternately mournful and
“ gay, she melts my Soul with her
“ Sweetness.” “ Perhaps,” said
Giafar, “ the Caliph’s Anger hath
“ departed from him ? ” “ Perhaps
“ it has,” said the Caliph. Then,
after listening a little longer,
“ Come,” said he, “ I must descend,
“ and approach them more nearly.”
“ O Caliph,” said *Giafar*, “ if you
“ enter upon them suddenly, they will
“ be abashed, and Sheikh *Ibrahim*
“ will die of Fear.” “ Then,” said
the Caliph, “ we will concert some
“ Disguise.” So they descended
from the Tree, and walked along
the River-side, till they came to a
Fisherman about to throw his Nets.

Now the Caliph had given
Orders that Fishermen were not to
come to that Spot; because the
Noise

Noise of their Singing disturbed him in the Banqueting-house. So he went softly up behind the Fisherman, and suddenly putting his Hand on his Shoulder, addressed him by Name, and said, "*Kerim!*"

The
Fisherman
detected.

The Fisherman, starting violently when he saw the Caliph, whom he knew by Sight, hastily cried, "O Prince of the Faithful! I came not here in Mockery of the Mandate; but impelled by Poverty, and the Wants of my Family." The Caliph replied, "Thou art forgiven. Attend now to my Commands, and let us change Garments." The Fisherman was mute with Surprise, for the Caliph's Robe was flowing and of rich Satin; whereas his own was a coarse woollen Gown patched in a hundred Places. However, he obeyed without speaking; and the
Caliph

Caliph, throwing off his upper Robe and the Veil that was attached to his Turban, hastily buttoned the Fisherman's Gown around his Neck, and as hastily pulled it half off again, exclaiming, "O Man! this Gown contains Fleas!"

The Fisherman could not refrain from laughing, nor could the Caliph and *Giafar*. "O my Lord," said the Fisherman, "you will cease to regard them in the Course of a Week." "A Week!" then repeated the Caliph, "however, it is too late now to change my Purpose. Hast thou already caught any Fish?" "Only one," said *Kerim*. "Give it me then," said the Caliph; and he took it and proceeded with *Giafar* to the front Entrance of the Banqueting-house, where he had left *Mefrour* waiting. When *Mefrour* saw the Caliph, he
took

took him for a real Fisherman, and said, "O *Kerim!* what brought thee hither? Save thyself by Flight, for the Caliph is at Hand." Then the Caliph nearly destroyed himself with Laughing, and he said, "O *Mesrour!* is it thus that thou judgest of a Kernel by its Shell? Return to the Palace and bring me fresh Apparel, for I shall not desire to wear this old Garment longer than is needful. And do thou, O *Giafar,* remain where thou art till I summon thee." *Giafar* therefore stood beneath the Trees, and *Mesrour* departed, while the Caliph advanced and knocked at the Door of the Banqueting-house. Sheikh *Ibrahim* cried aloud, "Who is there?" "It is I," replied the Caliph. "Who is I?" said the Sheikh. "I am *Kerim,* the Fisherman," said the Caliph, "and I
"bring

“bring thee an excellent Fish.”
“O Sheikh!” then said *Enis El-jelis*, “let us have the Fish for
“Supper; for as yet we have had
“only Fruit and Cakes.” On this,
Sheikh *Ibrahim* went to the Door
and said, “Come in with thee,
“then, thou Rogue, thou Robber,
“thou Breaker of the Caliph’s
“Laws! Where is thy Fish?”
The Caliph offered it without
speaking. “O Sheikh!” cried
Enis Eljelis, “this Fish is of an
“excellent Sort! I wish it were
“fried.” “I wish it were,” said
the Sheikh, “O *Kerim!* thou
“shouldest have fried it in the first
“Instance, before thou broughtest
“it hither. Go, fry it now, in the
“little Kitchen adjoining this Ban-
“queting-house; thou wilt find
“all Things ready to thy Hand.”
“On my Head be it!” said the
Caliph.

Caliph. "Be quick!" cried the Sheikh after him. So he returned hastily to *Giafar*. "O *Giafar!*" said he, "hast thou ever fried a Fish? They say I must fry it, and fry it quickly. Come and shew me how." "Give me the Fish," says *Giafar*, "I think I can fry it." "By the Tombs of my Ancestors," said the Caliph, "I will fry it myself!" Then they repaired to the Kitchen, where they lighted a Fire, and found Eggs, Salt, Marjoram, and Everything needful; and the Caliph tucked up his Sleeves and fried the Fish on one Side, and then turned it skilfully and fried it on the other. Then he took it off the Gridiron and laid it on a Banana Leaf, and carried it with some Limes to Sheikh *Ibrahim*. "O *Kerim*, thou hast done well!" said the Sheikh, "and

“and since thou art but a poor
“Man, here are three Pieces of
“Gold for thee.” The Caliph
kissed them and put them in his
Bosom. “Why departest thou not,
“O *Kerim*?” said the Sheikh. “I
“pray thee, O Sheikh *Ibrahim*!”
said the Caliph, “prevail on the
“Damsel to sing me a Song ere I
“go, for I am exceedingly fond of
“Music.” “Gratify him, then,
“*Enis Eljelis*,” said *Nouredin*
drowsily. Therefore *Enis Eljelis*
took up the Lute and sang him
one of her best Songs, so that the
Caliph’s Soul was transported, and
he cried, “Heaven bless thee!
“Heaven bless thee!” “Dost
“thou admire her so much?” said
Nouredin, rubbing his Eyes, “then
“take her, my Friend, as a Gift.
“I make her a Present unto thee!”

The Caliph, unaware of the
extravagant

The amazing Folly of *Noured-din*.

extravagant Liberality of *Noured-din*, which in this last Instance he carried to Madness, thought he must be intoxicated or dreaming, and looked at him with Surprise; but *Enis Eljelis*, who too well knew *Noured-din's* thoughtless Disposition, burst into Tears and said, "O my Master! is it thus thou castest me off like a dead Leaf? and hast thou no Regard for me?" Then *Noured-din* stood, confused at what he had done, completely sobered and awakened. The Caliph, perceiving his Distress, said, "What aileth thee, young Man, that thou hast done this? and who art thou, and how comest thou here?" forgetting his assumed Character in the Interest he took in him, and speaking with Gentleness in his natural Voice. *Noured-din*, without considering how his Manner was inconsistent

inconsistent with his Apparel, made Answer and said, sighing deeply, “ O Friend! I am the Victim of “ Misfortune. My Father was one “ of the two Viziers of the Sultan “ of *Balsora*, and died, leaving me “ considerable Wealth. I knew “ Nothing of Money, and by my “ thoughtless Profusion, lost all my “ Possessions, except only this Slave, “ worth all the Rest. The Friends “ I had enriched in my Prosperity “ refused to see me in my Adversity; “ and the Vizier *Mowein* by his “ Misrepresentations induced the “ Sultan to command that my “ House should be destroyed, and “ that I and my Slave should be “ taken captive. Thereupon we “ fled, and reached *Bagdad* this “ Day, without knowing any one “ in the City; nor should we have “ known where to find Food or “ Shelter

“ Shelter but for the Kindness of
“ this good old Man.” “ And
“ whither wouldest thou now re-
“ pair ? ” said the Caliph. “ I
“ know not. The Earth is wide,”
said *Noureddin*. “ The Prince of
“ the Faithful is just and generous,
“ but I know not how to present
“ myself unto him. He might
“ think fit to send me back to
“ *Balsora*.” “ To *Balsora* thou
“ shalt go,” said the Caliph, “ I
“ will write a Letter to the Sultan,
“ and he shall do thee no Injury.”
“ Thou ? ” repeated *Noureddin* in
Surprise, “ art thou not, then,
“ a poor Fisherman ? ” “ Be that
“ as it may,” said the Caliph, “ I
“ have Power to do what I say.
“ Bring me Implements of Writing,
“ O Sheikh *Ibrahim*.” Then the
Sheikh, who perceived who he
was and stood trembling, obeyed
without

without a Word. The Caliph then began to write; and *Noureddin*, who, not knowing who he was, and doubtful whether he could write, took the Liberty of looking over his Shoulder, beheld him, to his Amazement, write as follows:—

“ In the Name of GOD the Com-
“ passionate, the Merciful!

“ To proceed.—This Letter is
“ from *Haroun*, the Son of *Mohadi*,
“ to His Highness *Mohammed* the
“ Son of *Zeini*, who hath been
“ encompassed by my Beneficence,
“ and whom I constituted Viceroy
“ of a part of my Dominions. Be
“ it known to thee that I am highly
“ displeas'd at certain Things which
“ have lately occurred at *Balsora*,
“ and now I desire that on the
“ Arrival of *Noureddin*, the Son of
“ *Fadladdin*, who is the Bearer of
“ this

“ this Letter, thou wilt divest thy-
“ self of the regal Authority and
“ seat him in thy Place ; so disobey
“ not my Commands, and Peace be
“ with thee ! ”

The Caliph gave the Letter to *Noureddin*, who kissed it and placed it in his Turban, and then bade him immediately depart, saying, “ As
“ for thy Slave, thou hast given her
“ unto me.” *Noureddin* cast a rueful Look at *Enis Eljelis*, who was bathed in Tears, but dared not disobey the Caliph’s Orders, and set forth without exchanging with her so much as a Word. *Mefrour* now entering with the Dress he had been sent for, the Caliph flung the old Fisherman’s Coat out of the Window, and with Haste put on his own Robes ; desiring *Mefrour* to conduct *Enis Eljelis* to the Palace, and give her
an

an Apartment to herself, with suitable Attendance. Then, beholding her Distress, he said mildly unto her, “ Know that I have appointed thy Master Sultan of *Balsora*, and in due Time thou shalt see him again, and become his Wife. Meanwhile, I but keep thee in Ward.”

As for *Noureddin*, he obtained the Means of performing his Journey with the few Pieces of Gold that yet remained unto him; and on reaching *Balsora*, he went straight to the Sultan, kissed the Ground before him, and delivered the Letter. The Sultan, recognising the Caliph's Writing, kissed it three Times, saying, “ I hear and pay Obedience to the Prince of the Faithful!” Then when he opened and read it, his Countenance fell; but without a Word, he sent for his Emirs and
four

four Cadies, and proceeded to divest himself of the regal Office. But the Vizier *Mowein*, suddenly seizing the Letter, tore it in Fragments, chewed it and swallowed it. The Sultan, amazed, said, "What hath caused thee to act thus?" *Mowein* replied, "On my Head be it. This is no true Letter, but an impudent Forgery of *Noureddin's*, who can lose Nothing and may gain Something by it: would not the Caliph certainly have sent his Mandate by an accredited Agent, or at the least have bidden a Chamberlain to accompany *Noureddin?* but he hath come alone and ignominiously." "What is to be done, then?" said the Sultan. "Give him in Charge to me," said the Vizier, "and I will send him back with an Officer to *Bagdad*, to know whether

“ whether he be a true Man and
 “ the Bearer of a true Mandate or
 “ no.” So the Sultan said, “ Good!”
 but *Mowein*, instead of doing as he
 had said, carried *Noureddin* away,
 and caused him to be beaten till he
 was insensible. Then he cast him,
 chained, into a Prison; and bade
 the Jailor torture him Day and
 Night. Howbeit the Jailor, who
 had loved *Fadladdin*, loosed *Nou-*
reddin's Chain, and gave him a
 Carpet, and supplied him with
 Food, and treated him with Lenity.

Noureddin, being left to himself,
 in Darknes and Silence, and con-
 sidering that he was in the Power
 of his implacable Enemy, brooded
 over many Thoughts in his Mind,
 and reflected how unprofitable and
 inconsiderate had been the whole
 Course of his Life. He regretted
 having so madly squandered his
 Wealth,

Salutary
 Effect of
 Seclusion
 on *Noured-*
din.

Not every
 one that
 can extract
 Sugar out
 of the
 Cane, or
 Wisdom
 out of Mis-
 fortune.

Wealth, a small Portion of which would have enabled him to live in Comfort with *Enis Eljelis*, and he lamented that he had not listened to her Advice. Thus he continued forty Days; and on the forty-first Day, a Present arrived from the Caliph to the Sultan, which the Sultan took as a Signal that he was in Favour; but one of his Council said, "Perhaps it was designed for "the new Sultan, *Noureddin*." Then said *Mowein*, "It were better "to have slain *Noureddin* out of "Hand, for then there would have "been an End of him." "Now "thou hast reminded me of him," said the Sultan, "I think it will be "best at once to strike off his "Head."

Mowein received the Order with Joy, and proclaimed throughout the City, "He who wisheth to
"witness

“witness the Decapitation of *Noureddin* the Son of *Fadladdin*, let him resort to the Square before the Palace.” On this, all the City lamented, even to the Boys in the Schools, and the Tradesmen in the Shops. Then *Noureddin* was brought forth, clad in Rags and placed on a Mule, in the Presence of *Mowein*, to be conducted to the Place of Execution. The Slaves who led him forth, whispered unto him, “Shall we fall upon *Mowein*, and slay him? we can but die once.” But *Noureddin* replied to them, “Let us not resist the Will of Heaven, nor do Evil that Good may ensue to us.” Then, looking towards *Mowein*, he said, “Ah, mine Enemy! art not thou also liable to Misfortune? Exult not too much to-day, lest Evil befall thee to-morrow.” The revengeful
ful

ful *Mowein* replied, "He who liveth
"after his Enemy a single Day,
"hath tasted the Cup of Sweet-
"nefs."

Noureddin was then paraded
through the Streets, the Criers
proclaiming before him, "This
"is the smallest Recompense of
"whofo forgeth a Letter from the
"Caliph to the Sultan." At length
they reached the Place of Blood;
where the Executioner drew near
and said unto him, "I am a Slave
"under Command. If thou hast
"any last Direction to give, impart
"it to me, for there remaineth not
"of thy Life more than until the
"Sultan shall give the Signal."

Noureddin replied, "I ask but a
"Cup of cold Water, for I am
"parched with Thirst."

While the Water was being
brought to him, lo! a Cloud of
Dust

Dust in the Distance, and the Sound of the Trampling of many Horses' Feet, and a Cry among the People, "A Messenger from *Bagdad!*" Then the Sultan's Heart trembled, and he said to *Mowein*, "Learn the "News." But *Mowein* replied, "After that thou shalt first have "beheaded this Man." But the Sultan said, "We will hear the "News first." Meantime, the Streets leading to the Square resounded with deafening Shouts; the Crowd parted to make Way for the newly arrived; and *Giafar* the *Barmecide*, on a Horse covered with Foam, and followed by several Attendants, dashed into the Square, and alighted before the Palace.

Now the Cause of his Coming was this.—The Caliph, being occupied with State Affairs of Magnitude, had spent thirty Days without

without remembering the Affair of *Noureddin*; when, one Day, happening to pass near the Apartment of *Enis Eljelis*, he was arrested by the Sound of her sweet and mournful Voice, chanting to a plaintive Air.—

*“Thine Image is ever before me,
“whether by Night or by Day; my
“Heart never ceaseth to think of
“thee.*

*“O thou in whom my Soul de-
“lighteth! why am I thus neglected
“as a Rose-tree that hath neither
“Sun nor Water?”*

The Caliph immediately entered her Chamber, and found her bitterly weeping. She fell at his Feet and exclaimed, “O Caliph, always just
“and always happy! suffer thy
“Slave to remind thee of thy
“Promise, that thou wouldest send
“me

“ me to *Nouredin!* Lo, these
“ thirty Nights mine Eyes have
“ known no Sleep!” Then he
said, “ Girl, my Heart smites me,
“ for verily I had forgotten thee ;”
and he summoned *Giafar* the *Bar-*
mecide. Then said the Caliph,
“ For thirty Days have I heard no
“ News of *Nouredin*, and it is
“ possible that some Evil may have
“ befallen him at the Hands of the
“ Sultan of *Balsora*. I desire, there-
“ fore, that thou journey thither
“ immediately, and see how it fares
“ with him, and whether my Com-
“ mands have been obeyed.”

Therefore *Giafar* proceeded im-
mediately to *Balsora*; and when he
entered the City, he said, “ What
“ means this Crowd?” And the
People replied, “ It is because
“ *Nouredin*, who is much beloved,
“ is about to be put to Death.”

Then

Then *Giafar* rode forward in Haste, and went into the Presence of the Sultan, and confirmed the Caliph's Will respecting him, that he should be deposed in Favour of *Noureddin*, and arrested the Vizier *Mowein*, and liberated *Noureddin*, and brought him into the Palace and installed him with Honour; whereat all the People rejoiced.

Then, after three Days, *Giafar* prepared to return to *Bagdad*; and *Noureddin* said, "I have a longing
" Desire to see and speak with the
" Prince of the Faithful." *Giafar*
said, "Good. Prepare thyself for
" Travelling, and after Morning
" Prayers we will proceed to *Bag-*
" *dad* together." They therefore
travelled to the Abode of Peace
in Company, riding Side by Side,
and discoursing by the Way; and
when they presented themselves to
the

the Caliph, with the Sultan and Vizier as Prisoners, the Caliph gave his jewelled Sword into the Hand of *Noureddin*, and said, "Strike off the Head of thine Enemy." But *Noureddin* said, "O Prince of the Faithful! I cannot. Pardon the Sultan, I beseech thee, for he hath been beguiled, and reinstate him at *Balsora* before me, and suffer me to live under thine Eye." Then the Caliph said, "Be it so; but *Mowein* at least shall die. Advance thou, *Mefrour*, and strike off his Head." So *Mefrour* advanced and struck off the Head of *Mowein*. Then said the Caliph to *Noureddin*, who had turned aside his Head shuddering, "Ask of me what thou wilt." He said, "O my Lord! I desire but one Thing — that thou wilt give me *Enis Eljelis* for my Wife." The Caliph

The Almond-tree blossoms when the Winter is past; so doth Prosperity succeed Man's Adversity.

Caliph said, "Be it so. Send for
 "Cadies and Witnesfes, and bring
 " *Enis Eljelis* from the Apartments
 " of my Sister *Abbassa*, where she
 " hath abode since *Giafar* departed
 " for *Bagdad*." Then the Cadies
 and Witnesfes were sent for; and
 the Princess *Abbassa*, who had con-
 ceived a great Friendship for *Enis*
Eljelis, bestowed on her Dreffes of
 Honour, and Jewels, and Gold.
 Then the Marriage took Place, and
 the Caliph bestowed on *Noureddin*
 one of his Palaces, with a Pension
 and Attendants, and he stood con-
 tinually in the Prefence of the
 Caliph; and his Wife stood in the
 Prefence of *Abbassa*.





VII.

Of the great Peril and Distress of Giafar the Barmecide.

IT befel that one Night the Caliph *Haroun* faid unto *Giafar*, “We will go down into the City, and obferve how Affairs are proceeding;” and *Giafar* faid, “I hear and obey.”

Therefore they disguised themfelves, and went forth, attended by *Mefrour*; and having paffed through feveral of the Market-ftreets, they proceeded along a Lane, where they came

The Caliph goes about the City;

And encounters a poor Fisherman.

came up with a poor Fisherman going to the River with his Net and Basket, and singing the following Song:—

“How full of Trouble is the Condition and Life of the Poor!

“In Summer he fails to earn sufficient Food, and in Winter he barely warms himself over the Fire-pot!

“The Dogs follow him wherever he goes, and the Tongue of Contumely wags against him.

“If he states his Cause, and proves himself wronged, the Judge barely admits his Plea.”

The Caliph, listening to these Verses, said to *Giafar*, “How hard
“is the Burthen of this poor Man!
“Let us address him.” Then speaking to the Fisherman, he said,
“O Friend, what is thine Occupa-
“tion,

“tion, and what thy Success?”
“O Master,” said the poor Man,
“I am a Fisherman, the Husband
“of one Wife, and the Father of
“nine Children, the youngest of
“whom is but a few Hours old.
“We live from Hand to Mouth,
“in great Penury, never knowing
“how we shall support ourselves on
“the Morrow; and when my Wife
“said to me this Morning, ‘O
“Husband! find Something to fill
“the Children’s Mouths and make
“them cease from Weeping,’ I re-
“plied ‘I am going forth, relying
“on the Blessing of God, whose
“Name be exalted! for the Luck
“of this new-born Child, that we
“may see its Fortune.’ Then she
“replied, ‘Place thy Dependence
“upon God;’ and I took my Net,
“and repaired to the River, and
“cast it in the Name of the little
“Infant,

“ Infant, saying, ‘ O *Allah!* make
“ his Subsistence easy, not difficult ;
“ and abundant, not insufficient !’
“ When I drew in my Net, it
“ contained Nothing but Weeds
“ and Rubbish. Then I cast it a
“ second Time, and drew it in
“ empty. Then I thought, ‘ Hath
“ GOD created this new-born little
“ Child without intending to provide
“ for it any Subsistence? That can
“ never be ; for He who created the
“ Jaws, created also Food where-
“ with to supply them, and He is
“ merciful, not unrelenting.’ Then
“ I cast my Net a third Time, and
“ drew it in, finding it heavy ; and
“ lo ! it contained a dead Dog,
“ swollen, and of disgusting Odour !
“ Then my Heart sunk, and I said,
“ ‘ I will cast my Net no more ; it
“ pleaseth GOD for our Sins to
“ afflict us.’ ”

Then

Then said the Caliph, " O Man !
 " GOD never tries us but for some
 " good Purpose ; and when His
 " Judgment seems severe, He is yet
 " providing Mercy. Return now
 " with us to the River, and cast
 " thy Net yet once more ; and for
 " whatever it bringeth up, I will
 " give thee an hundred Pieces of
 " Gold." Then the poor Man's
 Heart rejoiced, and he said, " Verily,
 " GOD is good ! I thought he
 " would not forget the little One ;"
 and he returned and cast the Net,
 and, having waited till it sank, he
 drew the Cords, and dragged it
 back, and lo ! there came up in it
 a Chest, locked and heavy. Then
 the Caliph gave a hundred Pieces
 of Gold to the Fisherman, who
 went on his Way, full of Gladness ;
 and *Giafar* and *Mesrour* bore the
 Chest to a Pavilion in the Caliph's
 Garden,

Thus
Mahound :
 " Tie thy
 Camel, and
 commit it
 to GOD ;"
i. e. Do all
 thou canst,
 He will not
 let it be in
 vain.

The
 Fisherman
 brings up
 a Chest,

Which
they open.

Garden, where they broke it open, after lighting a Lamp. They found in it a large Basket of Palm-leaves, sewn up with red Worsted; and they cut the Threads and saw within it a Piece of Carpet; and they lifted up the Carpet, and behold, a Woman's Veil; and they opened the Veil, and lo! the dead Body of a beautiful young Woman, white as Silver, and hewn in Pieces.

The
Caliph's
Indigna-
tion,

When the Caliph beheld this, Tears burst from his Eyes; and turning hastily to his Vizier, he said, "*Giafar!* I am indignant
"against thee! Shall People be
"murdered in my City, and cast
"into the *Tigris*, without Know-
"ledge and without Judgment?
"This is a miserable Departure
"from Justice. To thee it belong-
"eth to have Oversight of all;
"and, by the Truth of my Descent
"from

and Oath.

“from *Abbas*, if thou bring not the
 “Murderer of this Woman to
 “Light, thou shalt be beheaded,
 “thou, and forty of thy Kinf-
 “men!”

“Grant me,” said *Giafar*, pale as
 Marble, “a Delay of three Days.”

“I grant thee the Delay,” said the
 Caliph. *Giafar* then went forth,
 his Head whirling round, and his
 Mind tossed, to think what he
 could do. He said within himself,
 “How shall I find the Murderer of
 “this Woman, and present him to
 “the Caliph?” and no Method
 occurred to him. Then he went
 Home, very heavy, and told all his
 Family what had occurred, and
 they gave him and themselves up
 for lost. Three Days passed with-
 out their being able to obtain any
 Tidings of the Murderer; and on
 the fourth Day, the Caliph’s Officers
 came

The
 Danger of
Giafar.

came to *Giafar's* House and said, "Where is the Culprit?"

Giafar made Answer, "My Life for his Life. Oh that the Caliph would be content there-with, instead of also slaying my Kinsmen!" and they all went forth, forty Men, two and two, with *Giafar* at their Head, leaving the House full of Wailing. And as soon as they appeared in the Streets, the People took up the Lamentation and wept bitterly; for *Giafar* was in the very Prime and Flower of his Age, a Man infinitely beloved, the Husband of one Wife, the Defence of them that were in Tribulation, a Covert from the Sun, and a Wall from the Tempest, and the *Barmecides* were of the best Lineage in the Land; there were none like unto them for Uprightness and Piety.

Now,

Now, when they reached the Place of Execution, where the Axe and the Block stood in the Square before the Caliph's Palace, a handsome and well-attired young Man impetuously forced his Way through the Crowd, and cried to *Giafar*, "Safety unto thee and thy Kin-
 "men, O best of Viziers! It was
 "I who slew the Woman!"

When *Giafar* heard this, his Heart was stirred, and the Hearts of all the People that heard him; and there was a Murmur among them like that among Pine-tree Tops. And lo! at the same Instant, a venerable old Man, well appareled, reached *Giafar*, out of Breath, crying, "Believe him not, O Refuge
 "of the Oppressed! it was I who
 "slew the young Damsel." "O
 "Vizier!" interrupted the young Man, "give him no Heed, for he
 "is

“ is imbecile through Age, and
“ knows not what he sayeth; I
“ was the Slayer, therefore avenge
“ the Death on me!” “ O Boy,
“ break not mine Heart!” cries the
old Man; “ thou hast many Years to
“ live, I have ripened and am now
“ withered, and fit to drop into the
“ Earth. I shall esteem it a Privi-
“ lege to be a Ransom for thee and
“ for the Vizier and his Kinsmen!”

On this, *Giafar* was filled with
Astonishment, and he carried the
young Man and the old Man to
the Caliph, whose Heart was con-
tracted because of his Judgment.
“ O Prince of the Faithful!”
said *Giafar*, “ I bring thee the
“ Murderer!” “ Who is he?”
cried the Caliph. “ This young
“ Man,” said *Giafar*, “ No, I am
“ the Murderer,” said the old Man.
“ Hear me, O Caliph!” cried the
young

young Man, “and believe him not.
“I will confefs unto thee the Truth
“from firft to laft. The flain
“Woman was my Wife, the
“Daughter of my Uncle, even this
“old Man. I was bleffed with
“three Children by her; but about
“a Month ago, ſhe was attacked
“by a grievous Sicknefs. One
“Day I ſaid unto her, ‘Is there
“Anything I can procure for thee,
“that thou deſireſt to have, no
“Matter at what Coſt?’ She re-
“plied, ‘O my Love! I am exceed-
“ingly thirſty, and there is Nothing
“I incline ſo much to eat as an
“Apple.’ I went out immediately
“and ſought for an Apple in the
“Markets and Fruiterers’ Shops,
“but found none, though I would
“willingly have given for it its
“Weight in Gold. At length I
“met with an old Gardener, who
“ ſaid

Story of
the young
Man.

“ said to me, ‘ O my Son! Apples
“ are rare Things, and not to be
“ found, save only in the Caliph’s
“ Gardens at *Balsora*.’ Then I
“ took Horse, and journeyed incef-
“ fantly till I reached *Balsora*, and
“ procured of thy Gardener, O
“ Caliph! three Apples, for which
“ I paid three Pieces of Gold; and,
“ without taking Rest, I returned
“ with them, riding Day and Night;
“ and the Time of my Absence was
“ fifteen Days. O Prince of the
“ Faithful! when I carried to my
“ Wife the Apples which had cost
“ me so much Fatigue and Expence,
“ her Appetite for them was gone;
“ they lay beside her, and ſhe could
“ not eat them.

“ After this, her Sickneſs af-
“ ſwaged, and her Life was ſpared,
“ and her Health returned. I went
“ forth therefore, and returned to
“ my

“ my Buſineſs, which I had neg-
“ lected while I was in Anxiety
“ about her. As I returned home-
“ wards at Mid-day, a black Slave
“ paſſed me, having an Apple which
“ he was lightly toſſing from one
“ Hand to the other. I ſaid to
“ him, ‘ Man, where didſt thou
“ get that Apple?’ on which he
“ laughed, and ſaid with Levity,
“ ‘ From whom but from my Sweet-
“ heart? She had three, which
“ coſt three Pieces of Gold, and
“ I took it from her.’ O Caliph! I
“ knew it for one of the Apples
“ I had brought from *Balſora!*
“ My Heart became ſwollen and
“ ready to burſt, the whole World
“ gathered Blackneſs! This, then,
“ was the Reward of my fifteen
“ Days’ Journey for a Wife who
“ deſpiſed and deceived me, and
“ beſtowed my Gifts on another!
“ I

“ I entered my House in a Rage,
“ and going into her Apartment,
“ perceived two Apples remaining.
“ I said unto her, ‘ Where is the
“ third Apple?’ She looked up,
“ as though in Surprise at my
“ Emotion, and said carelessly, ‘ I
“ know not—I had not missed it.’
“ I cried, ‘ O false of Heart!’ and,
“ seizing a Knife, I drove it into
“ her Breast.

“ O Caliph! I was petrified at
“ what I had done. . . I believed
“ her unworthy, but I felt I had
“ acted too hastily. I knew not
“ where to bestow her Body. I
“ cut it in Pieces, wrapped it in
“ her Veil, covered it with a Carpet,
“ sewed it into a Basket, placed it
“ in a Chest, and cast it into the
“ *Tigris*. And now I conjure thee,
“ O Prince of the Faithful! to
“ hasten my Death in Expiation of
“ her

“ her Murder, left she appeal for
“ Vengeance on me at the Day of
“ Resurrection. Be it known unto
“ thee, that when I returned Home,
“ after casting her Body into the
“ *Tigris*, I found my eldest Boy
“ weeping, though he knew not
“ he had lost his Mother; and
“ when I said unto him, ‘What
“ aileth thee?’ he replied, ‘I took
“ one of my Mother’s Apples, un-
“ known to her, to play with in the
“ Street, and a black Slave snatched
“ it from my Hand, saying, How
“ camest thou by this? I said,
“ My Father gave it to my Mother
“ with two others, which he fetched
“ from *Balsora*—return it to me, I
“ pray thee!’ but he laughed, and
“ walked away with it, and I pur-
“ sued him not, lest he should beat
“ me; but now I fear to return
“ unto my Mother, lest she chide
“ me.’

“ me.’ O Caliph! when I heard
“ this, I went in and lay on the
“ Ground, weeping, till my Uncle,
“ the Father of my Wife, returned,
“ when I related to him what had
“ happened. He reproached me
“ not, but bemoaned with me,
“ sitting on the Ground beside me
“ Day and Night, for five Days.
“ At the End of that Time, we
“ heard that my Wife’s Body was
“ discovered, and that the *Barme-*
“ *cides* were to suffer Death because
“ the Slayer could not be found.
“ Wherefore, I surrender myself,
“ and beseech thee to take my
“ Life.”

The Caliph made Answer and
said, “ It were more just to put
“ to Death the wicked Slave who
“ hath been the Cause of all this
“ Mischief. Therefore I require
“ him at thy Hands, O *Giafar!*
“ Thy

“Thy Life for his Life, if thou
“find him not in three Days.”

The Sen-
tence of
Giafar.

Then *Giafar* returned to his
House full of Heaviness, and when
his Household heard what had been
spoken by the Caliph, they renewed
their Mourning and Lamentation.
Then said *Giafar* unto his Wife,
“Weep not in mine Ears, O *Fet-*
“*nah!* otherwise thou only extend-
“est my Sorrow. What is written
“is written; I have escaped from
“one Snare, I may from another;
“if not, let us not resist what is
“decreed.” Then said *Fetnah* his
Wife, “Well saidst thou unto thy
“Mother, that the Caliph was as
“a young Lion, that might any
“Moment turn and rend thee. What
“now is his Friendship? As a
“Fountain dried up, and a Well
“without Water.” *Giafar* said,
“Speak not, O *Fetnah!* against the
“Prince

“ Prince of the Faithful : he means
“ to be just ; but in Justice, he
“ forgetteth Mercy.”

Then, when three Days were
past, the Caliph's Officers came,
and said, “ Where is the Culprit ? ”
Then all the Household of *Giafar*
wept, because the Culprit could not
be found. Therefore *Giafar* pre-
pared to embrace for the last Time
his Mother, his Wife, and all his
Family. Now *Giafar* had married
Fetnah when he was about seven-
teen Years old ; and she had borne
him two Daughters ; *Giahedh*, or
the Large-eyed, who was now ten
Years of age, and *Soul's Delight*,
who was but five. This little Child
but imperfectly understood the
Danger of her Father ; and when
she was brought into his Presence,
she darted into his Arms as a Bird
into its Nest, full of Mirth while
all

all were weeping. He, embracing and kissing her for the last Time, with Tears in his Eyes, felt something hard and round within the Folds of her Garment. Saith he, "Little one, what is this?" She, kissing his Mouth, replied with great Glee, "O Father! it is an Apple! You shall have it!"—and drew it forth from her Bosom. "Who gave it thee?" cried *Giafar*. She replied, "Our Slave *Reyhan*—" "I have had it these six Days; he gave it me for two Pieces of Gold"—is it not a nice Apple, O my Father?" He exclaimed, lifting up his Eyes to Heaven, "O ready Dispeller of Trouble! How inscrutable thy Remedies!" and then, "Where is *Reyhan*? go, fetch him immediately." Then *Reyhan* was brought, and stood trembling. "Whence came this Apple?" said *Giafar*.

"O

“ O Master!” said *Reyhan*, falling at his Feet, “ I went out six Days ago, and in the Streets saw a little Boy playing with it. I snatched it from him in Play, and he reviled me and said, ‘ Give it back to me; wicked, ugly Slave! it belongs to my Mother, and my Father brought it with two others from *Balsora*.’ To teaze him, I thought I would keep it a little, and brought it Home with me; but the Lady *Soul’s Delight* set her Heart upon it, and tempted me to part with it for two Pieces of Gold.”

Then the Officers said, “ Verily, this is wonderful!” and *Giafar* said unto his Slave, “ Arise, and accompany me to the Prince of the Faithful.” When the Caliph heard the Story, his Brow cleared, and he said to *Giafar*, “ Now thou
“ art

“ art free ; and thy Slave will bear
 “ the Penalty. How shall I com-
 “ pensate to thee for the Pain thou
 “ hast suffered ? ” *Giafar* replied,
 “ By granting me the Life of my
 “ Slave, who never, to my Know-
 “ ledge, wronged me or any Person
 “ before.” The Caliph said, “ Good.
 “ Thy Request is granted.”

And he commanded that the Affair should be recorded in a Book ; and he retained *Giafar* about him, and spoke pleasantly to him, to efface the Memory of the Past. Also he told *Giafar* he was convinced he had acted wisely in this Matter, because, by his Severity, he had brought the Truth to Light. Howbeit, *Giafar* could not be brought to view it precisely in the same Manner.

Not every
 Stick is for
 burning,
 neither is
 every Rope
 for hang-
 ing.



VIII.

Of the Trick played by the Caliph on Abon Haffan. And of the Trick played by Abon Haffan on the Caliph.

A. D. 792.
Heg. 170.

AFTER these Things, *Bagdad* continued to increase in Greatness and Glory; and the Fame of the Caliph drew to it learned and enlightened Men from all Quarters, all of whom he munificently rewarded. Moreover, he caused some of them to translate the best *Latin* and *Greek* Authors in *Arabic*, that their Wisdom and Eloquence might be dispersed

perfed over his whole Empire ; and alfo he made the *Iliad* and *Odyffey* to be ftudied by the Court Poets : but they appreciated them not.

It happened one Evening that, *Giafar* the *Barmecide* having been employed by him in fome fpecial Tranfactions, the Caliph went forth in Difguife, attended only by a Slave named *Mufa*, to fee how it fared with his People. As he was returning acrofs the Bridge of Boats, a Man in the Prime of Life, handsome and well attired, accofted him, and faid, “ O Stranger, haft thou
 “ any Defire for a Supper and
 “ Night’s Lodging ? ” “ I am
 “ willing to be thy Gueft,” faid the Caliph. “ Follow me, then,” faid the other, who immediately led the Way through feveral Streets till he entered a Houfe which appeared that of a rich Merchant.

The Caliph
goeth
about the
City,

Having

Having passed through the Courtyard, and entered a Saloon, he placed the Caliph on a Couch, and sat beside him, and Slaves brought them Water for their Hands, after which a Feast was spread, and the Host helped his Guest to the best Morfels. Then said the Caliph, "O Friend! "who art thou? and why am I "indebted to thee for this Kindness?" "O Stranger," replied the other, "I am a Merchant, "named *Abon Hassan*, and I have "sworn an Oath never henceforth "to entertain more than one Guest "at a Time, nor to receive him or "to speak to him again after having "entertained him one Night." "Verily," said the Caliph, "this is "a singular Resolution. What has "induced thee to adopt it?"

Abon Hassan replied with a Sigh, "My Father, who was a rich
"Merchant,

“ Merchant, died and left me Heir
“ to all his Wealth, which I im-
“ mediately divided into two equal
“ Parts, one of which I fet aside,
“ the other I refolved to fpend
“ freely. After enjoying myself
“ and entertaining my Friends till
“ it was all gone, I repaired to
“ them one after another, and faid,
“ ‘ Behold me now reduced to
“ Poverty! Bestow Somewhat on
“ me, I pray thee, that fhall con-
“ tribute to my Necessities without
“ impoverifhing thyself.’ But they
“ one and all refused me. Then
“ returned I to my Mother, and
“ told her what had happened.
“ Then replied ſhe, ‘ O Son! thus
“ are the Men of this Age; as long
“ as thou haſt Anything, they ſhare
“ it with thee; and when it is gone,
“ they caſt thee off.’ Then ſhe
“ wept, and I faid, ‘ Cheer up, my
“ Mother;

“Mother; Half my Fortune is
“secretly reserved; however, not
“one of those who helped to
“devour the first Half of it shall
“taste of this; nor will I ever
“henceforth entertain more than
“one Guest, nor for longer than a
“single Night.” Then the Caliph
laughed and said, “Verily thou
“hast had Cause.”

So they feasted and conversed,
and made good Company for one
another, till the Caliph at length
thought, “I will see now what is
“in this Man’s Heart.” So he
said, “Is there any Service thou
“wouldst have performed, or any
“Desire thou wouldst have accom-
“plished?” “Truly,” said *Abon*
“*Hassan*, “there is one Thing I
“should be glad to see accom-
“plished; for in this Neighbour-
“hood there is a Mosque, to which
“belong

“ belong an Imaum and four Sheikhs;
 “ and these absurd and disagreeable
 “ old Men cite me before the Cadi
 “ and impose Fines on me, whenever
 “ they hear the least Sound of Music
 “ or Cheerfulness within my House.
 “ Were they in my Power, they
 “ should each get a hundred good
 “ Lashes, and that would be my
 “ Desire accomplished!”

“ May thy Wish be gratified!”
 said the Caliph; and at the same
 Moment, unperceived, he put a
 Lozenge containing a strong Nar-
 cotic into *Abon Haffan's* Cup.
Abon Haffan presently drank of the
 Cup, and was almost immediately
 overcome by profound Sleep. Then
 the Caliph, quietly summoning his
 own Slave, bade him procure a
 Mule, and place *Abon Haffan* upon
 it, and convey him to the Palace.

When they reached the Palace,
 the

And makes
 Sport of
Abon Has-
san.

the Caliph said unto his Attendants,
“ Behold now this Man who lies
“ insensible; place him on the
“ royal Couch, and when, in the
“ Morning, his Drowsiness shall
“ have departed from him, salute
“ him and obey him in all Respects
“ as though he were the Caliph,
“ and whatsoever he commandeth
“ you, fulfil it.” Likewise, so said
he to his female Slaves; after
which, he entered a private Alcove,
and, having let fall a Curtain over
the Entrance, slept.

Now, the next Morning, when
Abon Hassan awoke, he found him-
self upon the royal Couch, with the
Attendants standing around; and a
Female Slave said unto him, “ O
“ my Lord, it is Time for Morning
“ Prayer.” On this he opened his
Eyes very wide in Amazement, and
then rubbed them violently, believ-
ing

ing himself yet dreaming: then, looking about him, he perceived himself in a Pavilion adorned with Gold and Ultramarine, and festooned with Hangings of Silk; and rich Carpets and Vessels of Gold and of Crystal on every Side. Then said he to himself hastily, "Verily I am yet dreaming, or else this is Paradise." And he bit his Finger, to ascertain whether he were awake, and when he felt the Pain, he cried, "Ah!" and made a wry Face. Then, accosting the Slave who had already spoken to him, he said, "Come hither." She replied, "At thy Service, O Prince of the Faithful!" Said he, "What is thy Name?" She made Answer, "*Cluster of Pearls.*" Then said he, "Knowest thou who I am, and where I am?" She replied, "Undoubtedly, my Lord, thou art
" Prince

“ Prince of the Faithful, sitting
“ upon thy royal Couch, in thy
“ Palace.” Then rejoined *Abon*
Hassan, “ This passes understanding,
“ it seems to me the Work of
“ Enchantment, and that I am
“ bereft of Reason.” Then, turn-
ing to the other Attendants, he
cried, “ Who am I ? ” They re-
plied, bowing down to the Ground,
“ The Prince of the Faithful.”
Then cried he, “ You lie, one and
“ all, for I am *Abon Hassan*, the
“ Merchant, and I suspect the Guest
“ I entertained overnight hath be-
“ witched me ! ”

All this while, the Caliph was
narrowly observing him from his
Place of Concealment, and laughing
in his Heart. The Slaves now
brought *Abon Hassan* a Pair of
Shoes of Gold Stuff, embroidered
with precious Stones ; which, when
he

he had attentively examined, he put into his Sleeve. "O my Lord," said one of the Slaves, "the Shoes "are for walking." "I know it," replied he with assumed Carelessness, "I only feared they might be "soiled." So he withdrew them from his Sleeve, and put them on his Feet. Then they brought a Basin of Gold, and an Ewer of Silver, and poured Water on his Hands; after which they spread him a Prayer Carpet. He said his Prayers mechanically, repeating within himself, "All this is the "Work of Enchantment!"

While he was in this State, a Mamlouk addressed him and said, "O Prince of the Faithful! the "Chamberlain is at the Door, re- "questing Permission to enter." "Let him enter, then," said *Abon Haffan*. The Chamberlain, there- fore,

fore, entered, followed by many Officers of the Court; all of whom, according to the Commands they had received, made their usual Obeifances. When the chief Judge drew near, *Abon Hassan* exclaimed, “ O Judge! I have a Word to speak unto thee!” The Judge replied, “ At thy Service, O Prince of the Faithful!” “ Repair immediately,” said *Abon Hassan*, “ to such a Street, and give a hundred Pieces of Gold to the Mother of *Abon Hassan* the Merchant, with my Salutation; then take the Imaum and the four Sheikhs of the adjoining Mosque, and inflict on each of them a hundred Lashes; after which, thou shalt parade them through the Streets mounted on Mules, with their Faces to the Tails, and proclaim before them, ‘ This is the Recompense
“ of

“ of those who annoy their Neigh-
 “ bours, and molest them with im-
 “ pertinent Investigations. ’ ”

The Judge said, “ I hear and
 “ obey.” Then *Abon Haffan* dis-
 missed all the State Officers; and
 turning to a Slave, said, “ I am
 “ hungry, and desire to eat.” Im-
 mediately the Attendant took him
 reverently by the Hand, and con-
 ducted him into another Apartment,
 where a Table was spread with rich
 Viands. Ten Slave-girls stood be-
 hind him to wait; and *Abon Haffan*
 while he was eating said unto one
 of them, “ What is thy Name ? ”
 She replied, “ *Branch of Willow.* ”
 “ Tell me, *Branch of Willow,* ” said
 he, “ who am I ? ” “ The Prince
 “ of the Faithful, ” replied the
 Slave. “ What a Lie ! ” muttered
 he to himself. “ These Girls are
 without doubt all laughing at me.”
 Then,

Then, musing within his Mind, he considered, “There is Nothing too
“wonderful for the unseen Powers
“to effect. Doubtless the Person
“I entertained last Night, was no
“other than King of the Genii;
“who has taken this Method of
“requiting my Kindness unto him.
“I will enjoy myself while the
“Freak lasts.” So he ate and
drank, and discoursed gaily with the
Damsels; one of whom at length,
instructed by the Caliph, dropped
a Narcotic Lozenge into his Cup;
the quick Effect of which was, to
reduce him to as entire a State of
Insensibility as that wherein he
had been brought into the Palace;
and while he was still in his Torpor,
the Caliph commanded that he
should be carried unto his Home,
and laid on his own Bed.

Now, when *Abon Hassan* re-
covered

covered from his Insensibility, which was not till towards Midnight, he found himself in the Dark. He called out, "*Cluster of Pearls!*" but no one answered him. Then, rousing himself up, he called loudly for *Branch of Willow*, and all the other Damsels whose Names had become familiar to him. His Mother hearing him thus bawling, arose and went to him, and said, "What aileth thee, O my Son?"

To this, he roughly replied, "Who art thou, ill-omened old Woman, who thus addest the Prince of the Faithful? Know thine own Place, and keep it!" "My Son," then said she, "thou art under the Influence of some evil Dream. Come, arouse thyself, and thou shalt hear the good News of Something that happened to me Yesterday in thine
"Absence.

“ Absence. What thinkest thou?
“ The Caliph sent me a hundred
“ Pieces of Gold! Moreover, he
“ caused the Imaum and the Sheikhs
“ whom thou hatest, to be beaten
“ and paraded ridiculously through
“ the City.” “ O Woman!” cried
Abon Hassan, “ it was I who gave
“ Orders for those Things to be
“ done, in my Capacity of Prince
“ of the Faithful!”

His Mother here began to shake with Laughter; on which he, getting out of Bed in a Rage, seized an Almond-stick and violently struck her. She, shrieking with Pain, soon drew the Household about her, and they beheld him desist from Time to Time, crying furiously, “ Say now, “ O Woman, am I the Caliph, or “ am I not?” on which she vehemently cried, “ Thou art not,” and then he fell to beating her again.

His

His Servants, beholding him act thus to their Mistrefs, said, “ Verily “ our Master hath become Mad.” Wherefore they laid hold upon him and bound him with Cords. Then they summoned a Phyfician, who directed that *Abon Haffan* should be carried to a Mad-house. Herein he continued ten Days, chained to the Wall; at the End of which Time, his Mother came unto him to visit him.

“ O my Son, how fares it with “ thee?” faith ſhe, “ art thou ſtill “ Prince of the Faithful?” “ How “ can I be otherwife?” replied he. “ How canſt thou do otherwife than “ doubt it,” rejoined his Mother, “ confidering thy preſent Predica- “ ment? Is it likely thou wouldeſt “ be thus in Bonds, if thou wert “ indeed Prince of the Faithful?” “ It muſt have been all a Dream, “ then,

“ then, I suppose,” said he reluctantly, “ but verily I appeared unto myself to be Caliph.” “ Ah, my Son,” said she, “ the Powers of Darknefs are able to effect even stranger Delufions than this. Come Home with me now, I pray thee, and behave like a reasonable Man.” “ I will do fo,” replied he. Whereupon, they releafed him from his Bonds, conducted him to the Bath, clothed him, and gave him Food.

Having returned Home, he led a quiet Life for some Time, falling into great Fits of Silence; but at length he wearied of this, and of the continual Attempt to penetrate Myfteries that would not be unravelled; wherefore, to find Relief, he returned to his old Poft on the Bridge, to look out for a chance Guest.

He

He had not long waited, when lo! he beheld the Caliph himself drawing nigh, in the Garb of a Merchant. Immediately recognising him for his old Guest, he plucked him by the Sleeve, and said, “A friendly Greeting to thee, “O King of the Genii!” “What “have I done unto thee?” said the Caliph. “What couldest thou do “that thou hast not done?” retorted *Abon Haffan*. “I took thee Home “and fed thee with my best, and “in Return for this, thou bewitchedst me, and made me “suppose myself what I was not; “and causedst that I should be cast “into a Mad-house, chained to the “Wall, and beaten with a leathern “Thong, thou Evil One!” The Caliph laughed and said, “O my “Brother! when I left thee that “Night, I inadvertently left thy
 “Door

“ Door open ; and doubtless some
“ evil Spirit entered in and effected
“ all this Mischief.” “ Come Home
“ with me, then, and sup with me
“ again,” said *Abon Haffan*, “ though
“ it is contrary to my Rule ; but
“ promise me not to leave the
“ Door open again.” “ I promise,”
said the Caliph. Whereon *Abon Haffan*
took him home and feasted
him as before, saying, “ Certainly
“ I know not why I should make
“ an Exception to my Rule in thy
“ Behalf ; but there is Something
“ in thy Company which delighteth
“ me.”

As they fate at Meat, *Abon Haffan*
could not refrain from relating with
great Earnestness and Minuteness
all that had befallen him ; to which
the Caliph gave Ear with lively
Attention, drawing him on from
one Thing to another by his
Questions

Questions. In Conclusion he said, “ O my Brother! think no more about this. It was only the Delusion of a Dream.” And, as he spoke, he dropped a narcotic Lozenge into *Abon Haffan’s* Cup. “ A Dream! I can never believe it,” said *Abon Haffan*; and raising his Cup as he spoke, he quaffed deeply of its Contents, and almost instantly became insensible. The Caliph immediately arose, went forth, and summoned his young Men, who, at his Command, took up *Abon Haffan* in their Arms, conveyed him to the Palace, and placed him on the royal Couch as before. The Caliph then desired a Slave-girl to strike a few Chords on her Lute, close to the Couch, while the other Slaves accompanied her on various Instruments a little farther off.

Abon Haffan, awakened by the
Sound

Sound of Lutes, Tambourines, and Flutes, cried out, "O my Mother! what new Surprise is this?" The Slave-girls said, "What are thy Commands, O Prince of the Faithful?" "Wonderful, most wonderful!" exclaimed he, "Am I again dreaming? or have I been dreaming till now? Which is the Dream, and which is the Truth? Who are these all about me? Unquestionably they must be Spirits . . . Come hither, Slave! and bite my Ear!" A Mamlouk approached and bit him pretty hard. "Ha!" cried he, "thou art no Spirit! Hold, hold, I say! or thy Teeth will meet together!"

Hereupon the Caliph, unable to contain himself any longer, issued from his Concealment, exclaiming, "O *Abon Hassan!* thou wilt make me exhaust myself with Laughter!"

Abon

Abon Haffan, recognising his Voice and his Countenance, and seeing all the Slaves fall back before him, became aware that he beheld the real Caliph, who had made merry with him, and, making Obeifance before him, kissed the Ground and prayed for his long Life. Then the Caliph spoke pleasantly to him, and gave him a rich Dress and a thousand Pieces of Gold, and said, “What more shall I give unto thee?”

“O Caliph,” said *Abon Haffan*, “there is Nothing that my Soul more covets than to have perpetual Access to thy Prefence, and look upon thy Glory.” “Be it so, then,” said the Caliph; and from that Time forth *Abon Haffan* was continually in the Palace and in the Prefence of the Caliph and of his Wife the Lady *Zobeide*, the
 Daughter

Daughter of *Kasim*. And in Course of Time, *Zobeide* said unto the Caliph, "It were well that we bestowed one of my Handmaidens upon *Abon Hassan* in Marriage." Therefore he was espoused to the favourite Slave of *Zobeide*, named *Nouzatoulfuad*.

They led a delightful Life together, till all their Money was expended; and then *Abon Hassan* said to his Wife, "O *Nouzatoulfuad!* our Funds are exhausted and must needs be replenished; how shall we manage?" "I know not," said *Nouzatoulfuad*. "Listen to me, then," said *Abon Hassan*, "and for the Trick which the Caliph played aforetime upon me, I will now play a Trick upon him." "How wilt thou proceed?" said *Nouzatoulfuad*. "In this Manner," said *Abon Hassan*. "We will feign ourselves

“ ourfelves dead. I will die before
 “ thee, and lay myfelf out: then
 “ thou fhalt fpread over me a
 “ Coverlet of Silk, and unfold my
 “ Turban over me, and tie my
 “ Toes together, and put upon my
 “ Stomach a Knife and a little Salt;
 “ and then thou fhalt go, loudly
 “ wailing, to the Lady *Zobeide*, and
 “ tell her I am dead; whereupon
 “ ſhe will give thee a Piece of Silk
 “ and a hundred Pieces of Gold for
 “ my Burial. Then, when thou
 “ returneft, thou and I will change
 “ Places, and thou fhalt feign to be
 “ dead, and I will go and lament
 “ thee in the Ears of the Caliph,
 “ and I likewise fhall obtain from
 “ him a Piece of Silk and a hundred
 “ Gold Pieces.” “ O my Husband!”
 cried *Nouzatoulfuad*, laughing, “ thy
 “ Device is excellent; there is no
 “ End of thy merry Conceits.
 “ Lofe

“ Lose no Time in stretching thyself
“ out, and I will act according to
“ thy Instructions.”

So, having followed all his Directions, she dishevelled her Hair, and went, beating her Breast and making loud Lamentations, to the Lady *Zobeide*. When *Zobeide* beheld her in this Condition, she said, “ What
“ is this State in which I see thee,
“ and what Evil hath befallen?”
Then said *Nouzatoulfuad*, “ O my
“ Mistress! may thy Life long ex-
“ ceed in Length the Life of my
“ unhappy Husband, *Abon Hassan!*
“ How short is all earthly Felicity!”
and then sobbed and bemoaned herself, to the great Trouble of *Zobeide* and of all her Attendants, who cried,
“ Alas for the poor *Abon Hassan!*”
Then said *Zobeide* to her Treasurer,
“ Go, give *Nouzatoulfuad* a Piece
“ of Silk, and an hundred Pieces of
“ Gold

“ Gold for the Burial. Depart, O
 “ *Nouzatoulfuad*, and let not thy
 “ Grief be immoderate. Know we
 “ not all, that Death is the Termi-
 “ nator of Delights, and Separator
 “ of Companions?” Then *Nou-
 zatoulfuad* departed, full of secret
 Rejoicing, and she returned to her
 Husband with the Gold and the
 Silk, and cried, “ Arise, O my Love!
 “ and make merry, for thy Stratagem
 “ hath succeeded!” So he sprang
 up, and danced about the Room,
 and sang, and rejoiced; and then
 he said to his Wife, “ Now it is thy
 “ Turn!”

Thereupon he did unto her as she
 had done unto him; and having
 left her stretched for dead, he re-
 paired to the Caliph, tearing his
 Beard and Turban, and smiting
 himself violently on the Breast.
 Then said the Caliph, “ What
 “ aileth

“ aileth thee, O *Abon Hassan*?
“ Why is thy Face smeared with
“ weeping?” Then said *Abon Hassan*, “ May thy Days, O Caliph,
“ far exceed the Days of *Nouza-*
“ *toulfuad!*” and appeared unable
to say more, on Account of his
being choked with Grief. Then
said the Caliph, “ Be comforted, O
“ Friend! there is one Lot appointed
“ for all. I will give thee another
“ Wife; and as for her whom thou
“ hast lost, my Treasurer shall give
“ thee a Piece of Silk and a hun-
“ dred Pieces of Gold to defray the
“ Charges of her Burial.” *Abon Hassan*, therefore, with many Groans
and Sighs, received what the Treas-
urer was commanded to give him;
and, returning Home, began to
dance and to sing as before, saying,
“ O my Life! I have requited the
“ Caliph! with his own Coin have
“ I

“ I repaid him ! ” Then she jumped up and began to laugh and rejoice, and they conversed together and made merry.

Meanwhile, the Caliph repaired to the Lady *Zobeide*, attended by *Mefrour*, and, seeing her plunged in Thought, he said, “ May thy
 “ Life be extended long beyond the
 “ Life of thy Slave-girl *Nouza-*
 “ *toulfuad!* ” “ O my Lord ! ”
 cried *Zobeide*, “ no Harm has be-
 “ fallen my Slave; it is her Husband,
 “ *Abon Haffan*, who is dead ! ”
 “ *Abon Haffan* was with me but
 “ this Moment,” returned the
 Caliph, “ making Lamentation for
 “ his Wife; it is she, and not he,
 “ who is deceased.” “ Thou art
 “ jesting with me, O my Lord,”
 said *Zobeide*, “ unless my Slave-girl
 “ hath died but quite suddenly.
 “ Even in that Case, *Abon Haffan*
 “ cannot

“cannot be alive.” “I gave him
“a hundred Pieces of Gold, and
“a Piece of Silk, for the Burial,”
said the Caliph. “I gave her a
“hundred Pieces of Gold and a
“Piece of Silk for the same Pur-
“pose,” said *Zobeide*. The Caliph
then began to laugh, and said,
“None is dead but *Nouzatoulfuad*.”
Zobeide became angry, and said,
“None is dead but *Abon Hassan*.”

At length, the Caliph, becoming
impatient, said to *Mefrour*, “Repair
“immediately to the House of *Abon*
“*Hassan*, and see which of the two
“is dead.” *Mefrour* said, “I hear
“and obey.” As soon as he had
gone forth, the Caliph said to
Zobeide, “Come, let us lay a Wager.
“I will stake my Garden of Delight
“against thy Pavilion of Pictures,
“that *Nouzatoulfuad* is dead.” “I
“agree to it,” said *Zobeide*; and
they

they fate at opposite Ends of the Sofa, awaiting *Mefrour's* Return.

Now, when *Abon Haffan*, who was reclining against a Window, saw *Mefrour* hastily approaching, he cried to *Nouzatoulfuad*, “ O my
 “ Love, compose thyself quickly
 “ under thy Shroud ; for here comes
 “ a Messenger from the Caliph,
 “ doubtless to ascertain which of
 “ us is dead.”

Nouzatoulfuad had scarcely laid herself out, when *Mefrour* entered ; and, beholding *Abon Haffan* bending over her in a Posture of Grief, he exclaimed, “ How speedy is the
 “ Stroke of Fate ! Great is thy
 “ Loss, O *Abon Haffan* ; but deplore
 “ not too bitterly that which is
 “ irreverfible.” Then, returning to the Palace, he said to the Caliph,
 “ O my Lord ! *Abon Haffan* is in
 “ excellent Health, though plunged
 “ in

“ in Grief, it is *Nouzatoulfuad* who is
“ dead. I have seen her laid out.”
“ Said I not so, O *Zobeide*?” said the
Caliph, “ thou hast lost thy Pavilion
“ by thy Play.” *Zobeide* pouted and
replied, “ Who would believe the
“ Word of a Slave?” Then the
Caliph laughed, and *Mefrour* was
enraged; and said in a low Voice,
“ He spake Truth who said that
“ Women are deficient in Sense and
“ proper Confidence.”

Then said *Zobeide*, “ I am mocked
“ at by thee and thy Slave. I shall
“ send one of my own Women, on
“ whom I can depend, to ascertain
“ the Truth.” “ Do so,” replied
the Caliph, still laughing. Then
she called an old Woman and said,
“ Repair quickly to the House of
“ *Nouzatoulfuad*, and see whether
“ she or her Husband be dead; and
“ return with Speed.”

The

The old Woman hastily departed; and *Abon Haffan*, who was still at his Window, cried out, “O my Soul! an old Woman is running hither, doubtless sent by the Lady *Zobeide*, wherefore it seemeth that I had better appear to be dead.” Then he laid himself along, and his Wife covered him up, and began to weep and bewail as the old Woman entered. She, beholding her Distress, cried, “Alas, my Daughter, what Sorrow is thine! Verily, Life is full of Tribulation.” “Oh, how good he was!” cries *Nouzatoulfuad*, tearing her Hair. “Doubtless,” then said the old Woman, “thou hadst become habituated to him, and he had become habituated to thee. Console thyself, however, my Daughter; for the same Event must happen to us all, soon or late.”

Then

Then she drew the Cloth down a little from his Face, and beheld it swathed and swollen. Hastily covering him up again, she gave a little Shudder, and said, "Heaven comfort thee, my Daughter!" and returned to the Palace, where, with great Garrulity, she recounted what she had seen. "Hear her, hear her!" cried *Zobeide* to the Caliph, who knew not what to believe. At length he exclaimed, "There is no Resource but in satisfying our own Eyes. Let us all four go to the House together." So they set forth on Foot, through the Garden of the Palace, the Gate of which was but little removed from the Gate of *Abon Hassan's* House; and *Mefrour* and the old Woman reviled each other all the Way.

Abon Hassan, still looking forth, exclaimed,

exclaimed, "O my Wife! here
 " come the Caliph and the Lady
 " *Zobeide*, and *Mefrour* and the
 " old Woman! We must *both* of
 " us be dead!" So they stretched
 themselves out.

When the Caliph and *Zobeide* entered, they were amazed to behold two Corpfes lying Side by Side. "Alas," said the Caliph, "how melancholy a Sight! One has died of Grief for the Lofs of the other." "That may be, O my Lord," said *Zobeide*, fighing deeply, "but I am convinced that my Slave died laft." "Do not disturb me with thine Affertions on that Matter," said the Caliph; "for *Abon Haffan* came to me immediately after her Death; and it appears that her Lofs was infupportable to him." The Lady *Zobeide* would not concede this, and she

she seated herself in a melancholy Posture beside *Nouzatoulfuad*, while the Caliph sat down beside *Abon Hassan*.

“By the Tombs of my Ancestors,” at length cried the Caliph, “I would give a thousand Pieces of Gold to be certified which of these two died first!” “Prince of the Faithful,” cried *Abon Hassan*, starting up, “I died first! Give me the thousand Pieces!”

Thereupon the Lady *Zobeide* gave a Shriek of Surprise, and the Caliph started back. At the same Instant, *Nouzatoulfuad* arose likewise, and cast herself at the Feet of her Mistress, who, recovering from her Surprise, embraced her with Affection, and then chid her for her Deception. The Caliph likewise chid *Abon Hassan*, and demanded an Explanation.

“ O Caliph,” said *Abon Haffan*,
 “ we had spent all our ready Money,
 “ and I was ashamed to ask thee for
 “ more ; wherefore I devised this
 “ Method of obtaining Somewhat of
 “ thee, till Something better should
 “ occur. Before thou gavest me a
 “ Wife, I was not covetous of
 “ Money, but the Expenses of
 “ Women are endless. Moreover,
 “ I owed thee a Grudge for having
 “ formerly caused me to be cast into
 “ the Madhouse ; but now we are
 “ quits, and I pray thee, give me the
 “ thousand Pieces of Gold, for they
 “ are fairly mine.” Then the Ca-
 liph laughed ; and said, “ I would
 “ have given thee enough and to
 “ spare, without all this Subterfuge.
 “ Receive thy thousand Pieces, and
 “ henceforth look for a regular
 “ Salary, and live in Happiness with
 “ thy Wife as long as Life lasts.”

IX.

Not always
 is it safe to
 pluck a
 Lion by the
 Tail ; nor
 to retaliate
 a Joke up-
 on Princes.



IX.

Of the Caliph's bestowing on the Emperor Charlemagne the Protectorship of the Holy Places.

ONE Day the Caliph noticed among those who stood in his Hall of Audience, a hale, weather-beaten old Man, of dignified Appearance ; whose Beard was beginning to whiten, and whose Face was curiously intersected by a Network of small Wrinkles ; while his Eyes, which were still quick and lively, were deep set in his Head.

The

The Caliph, who knew him well, sent a Slave to desire him to remain after the others were dispersed. When, therefore, all had departed save *Giafar*, the Caliph beckoned to the old Man, who drew near and made Obeisance.

“ O *Sindbad!*” then said the Caliph, “ I have not seen thee for a long Time ; tell me what thou hast been doing, and whether thou hast again been voyaging and meeting with remarkable Adventures.”

“ O Prince of the Faithful !” returned *Sindbad*, “ I made a Vow within myself that after so many Perils and Disasters I would remain quietly in the Abode of Peace till removed by the Terminator of Delights and Separator of Companions. However, a Nephew of mine, who, through
“ my

The Caliph
discourses
with *Sind-
bad.*

“ my Means, had freighted a Ship
“ at *Joppa*, was desirous I should
“ accompany him on his first Voyage
“ to the Isles of the Sea; and some-
“ what reluctantly I consented. We
“ touched at *Cyprus* and *Crete*, and
“ went from Island to Island, every-
“ where trading with great Advan-
“ tage; till, as we approached the
“ extreme West, a most violent
“ Tempest arose, which lasted for
“ several Weeks, and drove us beyond
“ the *Pillars of Hercules* into the
“ remote and unknown Seas. After
“ drifting many Days and Nights
“ without Moon or Star, without
“ Sail or Mast, without Bread or
“ fresh Water, our Crew became
“ exhausted; and I, who was looked
“ on as the most experienced Man
“ in the Ship, was so overpowered
“ by my continued Wakefulness as
“ to find myself frequently dropping
“ to

“ to Sleep whether I would or no.
“ Therefore I called unto me a
“ little black Boy, and gave him
“ a large, sharp-pointed Needle,
“ saying unto him, ‘ Abide con-
“ stantly beside me, and whensoever
“ thou seeft me fall asleep, prick
“ me with this Needle, and if I
“ wake not, pierce me again and
“ again with it, even though thou
“ drive it into my Flesh up to the
“ Eye, for on my Wakefulness
“ depends the Safety of the Ship
“ and of all that are therein.’
“ Therefore he obeyed me, and
“ pricked me again and again; and
“ again and again I fell asleep;
“ until at length, amid the Dark-
“ nefs of the Night and the stupa-
“ fying Sound of the Winds and
“ the Waves, Sleep altogether over-
“ came me, and doubtless overcame
“ the Boy also, for I was awakened
“ by

“ by a horrible Crash, and found
“ that the Ship, having struck upon
“ a Rock, was about to sink. In
“ another Instant of Time, it went
“ down with all on Board, save
“ myself; but, impelled by a sudden
“ Instinct, I made a Leap in the
“ Dark, which brought me Head
“ foremost into the Sea at some
“ Distance from the Eddy formed
“ by the sinking Ship. I rose like
“ a Cork, and struck out and swam
“ at Hazard, till I presently got
“ into a raging Surf, which hurried
“ me forward with prodigious Swift-
“ ness, and dashed me on the Shingle
“ as if I had been a Straw or a
“ Whisp of Hay. Then the Surf
“ ran back, raking the Shingle with
“ a grating Noise; and though I was
“ half stunned by the Violence with
“ which I had been cast on the
“ Shore, yet, knowing that I
“ should

“ should be lost if I awaited the
“ Return of the Wave, I scrambled
“ up and ran away from it, till I
“ dashed my Head against a Rock
“ in the Dark and fell down insen-
“ sible. When I came to myself,
“ Day was breaking, and I found
“ myself lying on a rocky and
“ terrible Coast. O Caliph! my
“ Limbs were so benumbed that
“ I could scarcely crawl; however,
“ I made my Way slowly along
“ under the Rocks till I came to
“ a Place where they became less
“ precipitous, so that I was able to
“ ascend them. No sooner had I
“ done so than I was surrounded by
“ the Natives of the Country, who
“ crowded about me and addressed
“ me in an unknown Language.
“ They were well clad, O Caliph, for
“ Tillers of the Earth, though their
“ Garments were short; but what
“ shewed

“ shewed me I had fallen among
“ Barbarians, was that Women were
“ mingled among the Men, and the
“ Women wore no Veils. Howbeit,
“ their Countenances were comely
“ and modest ; they learnt from my
“ Signs that I had been shipwrecked,
“ and, with Compassion on their
“ Countenances, conducted me to a
“ Fisherman’s Hut, where they fed
“ and warmed me and dried my
“ Garments. The men presently
“ departed to their Work, leaving
“ me in charge of the Women ;
“ and, overcome by long watch-
“ ing, I soon fell into profound
“ Sleep. When I awoke, they gave
“ me broiled Fish and Bread, and
“ offered me Wine, which they
“ were surpris’d at my refusing.
“ O Caliph, I soon made out that
“ they were *Christians*, for they
“ had Crucifixes and Pictures ;
“ also

“ also I beheld them cross them-
“ selves. When the Men re-
“ turned, they brought with them
“ some Persons of superior Con-
“ dition to examine me; but as we
“ could not understand one another’s
“ Languages, though I tried them
“ with several, we could arrive at
“ no Conclusion respecting one
“ another. However, they mounted
“ me on a good Horse, and made
“ me accompany them through a
“ fertile and populous Country, to
“ a magnificent City, in the Streets
“ of which, to my great Joy, I saw
“ *Moors* mingled with the *Christians*.
“ I pointed them out to my Com-
“ panions, and made Signs that I
“ wanted to speak to them. They
“ nodded and smiled, but still rode
“ forward, till we came to a House
“ that looked like a Court of
“ Justice. Here they presented me
“ before

“ before the Tribunal of a venerable
“ Man who appeared to be a
“ Magistrate. Many Persons were
“ present, both *Christians* and *Moors* ;
“ and, at the first Sentence I uttered,
“ a *Jew* in a richly-furred Gaberdine
“ stepped forward and addressed me
“ in *Arabic*. All was then made
“ plain : I told him who I was and
“ whence I came ; and he informed
“ me that I was in a Part of *Spain*
“ at war with *Charlemagne*, Emperor
“ of the West, to whom the *Moors*
“ had offered Vassalage, but the
“ *Christians* were not consenting
“ thereto. The Governor, finding
“ I stood in the Sunshine of thy
“ Favour, O Prince of the Faithful !
“ appointed unto me a Lodging and
“ Food from his own Table, pro-
“ mising that I should be assisted
“ to journey homeward at the ear-
“ liest Opportunity. However, this
“ Opportunity

“ Opportunity was long of arriving ;
“ meantime the City was convulsed
“ by the Approach of the Emperor
“ to make War against it. As I
“ was an old Man, a Foreigner, and
“ a Man of Peace, I could not be
“ expected to take any Interest in
“ these Transactions ; nevertheless,
“ when the Emperor sacked the
“ City, I, with a great many others,
“ was carried captive across the
“ Mountains to the Empire of
“ *Frangistan*. While we were en-
“ tangled among the Mountain
“ Passes, the Army being much
“ encumbered with Booty, the
“ *Spaniards* fell on the Emperor’s
“ Rear-guard in a certain Place
“ called *Roncesvalles*, and slaughtered
“ it to a Man, including the Em-
“ peror’s Nephew *Roland* and many
“ brave Warriors.

“ O Prince of the Faithful ! were

“ I

“ I to tell thee of the fabulous
“ Deeds attributed to these *Paladins*,
“ I should cease to be accounted by
“ thee a Man of Veracity. Tremendous
“ Lamentation was made
“ for them throughout *Frangistan* ;
“ and I and my fellow Captives
“ esteemed ourselves in Danger of
“ being slain as an expiatory Sacrifice.
“ When we were brought
“ into the Emperor’s Tent, barefooted
“ and with Ropes about our
“ Necks, we beheld a majestic old
“ Man with a long white Beard,
“ Eyes flaming like Fire, and a most
“ terrible Countenance. This was
“ the great *Charlemagne*. When
“ he saw from my Appearance that
“ I was neither a *Spaniard*, *Jew*,
“ nor *Moor*, he questioned me by
“ Means of an Interpreter ; and
“ again, O Caliph ! thy Name and
“ Favour were unto me a Shield of
“ Defence ;

“ Defence ; for I was spared while
“ the others were slain, and the
“ Emperor ordered me a suitable
“ Attendance and Equipage, and
“ entertained me with Distinction.
“ After sojourning for some Time
“ at his Court, and seeing Every-
“ thing worthy of Observation, I was
“ dismissed with noble Provision for
“ my Journey to my own Country,
“ which I have made at Leisure,
“ and in Safety. Before dismissing
“ me, the Emperor offered me a
“ permanent Place of Importance
“ in his Court, if I would renounce
“ my Religion and take the Oath
“ of Allegiance to him. This, of
“ course, I declined, alleging thy
“ Displeasure ; he did not press it ;
“ and I can declare to thee, O
“ Caliph ! that, considering what a
“ benighted Barbarian he is, in
“ Comparison of a *Moslem*, he hath
“ attained

“attained unto a wonderful Height
“of Civilization and Magnificence.
“Neither did I perceive, during my
“Residence among the *Christians*,
“though I watched them narrowly,
“that any of them were Cannibals:
“albeit the *Jews* aver that they love
“the Flesh of young Children at
“their Feasts.”

“It appears to me, O *Sindbad!*”
said the Caliph, “that thy last
“Voyage, though fraught with
“important Events, is less enter-
“taining than any of the preceding.
“What sayest thou, *Giafar?*” “It
“appears to me less entertaining,
“but more true,” returned *Giafar*.
“Prince of the Faithful!” said
Sindbad, a little nettled at the
Caliph’s Observations, “I could
“have diversified my Narrative
“with Incidents sufficiently surpris-
“ing, but that I feared thou
“wouldst

“ wouldst not believe them. For
“ Instance, with respect unto the
“ *Emperor's Nephew Roland*, I
“ beheld with my own Eyes an
“ enormous Cleft between two
“ Mountains, which he had made
“ with a single Stroke of his Sword ;
“ and this Chasm was sufficiently
“ wide for an Army to pass through
“ it, an hundred Men abreast.
“ After this Relation, on which I
“ stake my Word, it will seem to
“ thee the less incredible that with
“ the same Sword, he, single-handed,
“ slew an entire Army of a thousand
“ Men. The Fact, however, ceases
“ to be astonishing, when I admit
“ that his Sword was enchanted, as
“ was likewise his Bugle-horn, his
“ last Blast on which was heard
“ from *Roncesvalles* to *Fontarabia*,
“ a Distance of about five hundred
“ Miles. No Wonder, O Caliph,
R “ that

“ that the Bugle burst in half. But,
“ without the Assistance of Magic,
“ he could root up Oaks of a hundred
“ Years’ Growth, as if they had been
“ Radishes; and roll a live full-
“ grown *Moor* into a Ball and fling
“ him at the Head of another. It
“ is not, therefore, surprising that
“ *Charlemagne* should grieve deeply
“ for his Nephew, who was in
“ himself a Host.

“ Then, as for the Women of
“ *Frangistan*, they are as singular
“ for Beauty and Goodness as the
“ Men for Strength and Valour.
“ Girls without Veils, O Caliph,
“ go to the Shops and Markets
“ without attracting Notice, the
“ Value of each of whom, in
“ *Bagdad*, would be ten thousand
“ Pieces. They excel in all Arts
“ and Sciences; are taught Logic,
“ Rhetoric, Divinity, and Astro-
“ nomy;

“ nomy ; are conversed with among
“ Men, as Equals, and are eligible
“ to the highest Offices of the
“ State. Hence it comes to pass
“ that they not only are superior to
“ Intrigue, but their Minds are
“ uninfluenced by Envy, Jealousy,
“ or Malice. None of the petty
“ Passions and absurd Squabbles
“ which disturb our Harems exist
“ among them ; their Minds are
“ devoted to lofty Subjects, their
“ Hearts are pure, and of wonderful
“ constancy, and their Beauty is
“ only one among many Attractions.
“ When they grow old, they are
“ still charming, and when they die,
“ they are lamented.”

“ *Giafar,*” said the Caliph, “ canst
“ thou credit what our Friend *Sind-*
“ *bad* has related concerning the
“ Achievements of *Roland?*” “ I
“ am a Man of slow Imagination,”
said

The Caliph
finds *Sind-*
bad's Rela-
tions incre-
dible.
Many are
unable to
swallow
Fact, that
can digest
Fable.

said *Giafar*; "I cannot." "Canst
 "thou believe," said the Caliph,
 "his Report of the Women of
 "*Frangistan*?" "Prince of the
 "Faithful," said *Giafar*, "I can."
 "Thine Imagination is not then
 "so sluggish," said the Caliph.
 "There are a hundred Women in
 "my Harem, but among them all,
 "not one like these of *Frangistan*."
 "Perhaps, if there were fewer, they
 "would be better," said *Giafar*.
 "It may be so," said the Caliph,
 "since the only Woman I thoroughly
 "esteem is one who lives apart and
 "cultivates her Intellects—my Sister
 "*Abbassa*."

Then, after a Pause, he said, "I
 "think it will be well to send an
 "Embassage and a Present to this
 "Emperor of the *West*. What
 "Favour can I confer upon him
 "that will give him Satisfaction?"

"Prince

“Prince of the Faithful,” said *Sindbad*, “the Emperor is, in respect
“of his benighted Religion, a
“complete Devotee; there is No-
“thing he will so much delight in
“as free Access to the Holy Places
“in *Palestine*.” “Then,” said the
Caliph, “I will make him their
“titular Protector; and he and his
“Pilgrims shall resort to *Jerusalem*
“freely and unmolested.”

And he sent unto *Charlemagne*
an Elephant, and a Tent, and a
Water-clock, and the Keys of the
City *Jerusalem*; which, being in-
terpreted, signifieth “The Vision
“of Peace.”



X.

Of the Plague at Bagdad.

Now the Lady *Abbassa* was more learned than all the Ladies of the *East*. Also she set her Face wholly against Marriage, and devoted herself to the reading of many Books, and the study of many Arts and Sciences ; as Music, Poetry, Grammar, Rhetoric, Logic, Astronomy, Astrology, Geometry, Chemistry, and many Things besides. Also she knew the Name and Properties
of

of every Flower, and the Language of Birds.

The Lady *Abbassa* highly esteemed *Fetnab* the Wife of *Giafar*, and *Enis Eljelis* the Wife of *Noureddin*, and *Joanna* the Wife of *George Baktishua*, the Christian Physician. Also she was abundantly liberal to the Poor, so that her Name was blessed.

Now in the Height and Glory of the Reign of the Caliph *Haroun*, a Rumour arose that the Plague had been brought into *Bagdad* by certain People of *Kerkook*; and the Rumour proved to be true. Then, when it began to rage in the City, many opulent Persons removed to *Balsora*, to *Moussoul*, and to other Places, to be out of its Reach; and many poor People crept a little Way into the Country, but soon returned, preferring to die in their Homes.

Of the
Plague.

Homes. All rich Persons largely contributed of their Abundance to relieve those who were suffering; and the Caliph and his Wife *Zobeide*, and his Mother and his Sister were lavish in their Generosity. The Physicians risked their Lives in Attendance on the Sick, and several of them fell Victims to the Disease. Then *George Baktishua* presented himself to the Caliph and said, "O Caliph! the Sick and the Healthy at present congregate together, regardless of Infection: this is not well." The Caliph replied, "What can be done? Poverty compels them to it, and what is written is written. None will die but those whose Deaths are decreed." Therefore, People continued to die more and more; and when the Caliph saw *George Baktishua* shake his Head upon it,
his

his Heart smote him, and he caused many Tents to be erected for the Poor beyond the Walls of the City. However, this Benefit to them did not last long, for the *Euphrates* and *Tigris*, being swollen with much Rain, overflowed their Banks far beyond the usual Water-marks, and laid all the Country round about *Bagdad* under Water, even unto the Gates of the City. Therefore, People could no longer encamp beyond the Walls, nor even bury their Dead in the Burial-places, but were obliged to inter them in their own Court-yards, and in the Yards of Mosques and Stables, and at length, even under the Pavements of the Streets; so that the Stench became very great and the Mortality increased. At length the River broke down the north-west Wall of the City, and overflowed
and

and washed down about five thousand Houses, burying beneath the Ruins Multitudes of poor People, both sick and well. Therefore the other Parts of the City became over-peopled; every one striving who should show most Humanity and Generosity to the Sufferers that had escaped; so that even the Out-houses and Stables of rich Persons were crowded with poor People, who, but for them, would have miserably perished.

Instead of long Files of Camels and Caravans of rich Merchandize approaching the City from all Quarters, all Trade was now stopped; all the Shops, except those for the absolute Necessaries of Life, were closed; even the Water-carriers disappeared from the Market-places; the Mosques were shut, the Voices of the Muezzins
were

were no longer heard calling to Prayer; and instead of them were heard the piteous Voices of numberless little Children who had lost their Parents and Friends, and were straying comfortless and crying about the Streets.

As Provisions became more and more scarce, Robberies were committed by Persons whom Hunger had made desperate. The Dead had at first been decently swathed in Grave-clothes of Cotton; but this soon became impracticable, for there remained only one Shopkeeper in *Bagdad* who had any Winding-sheets left to sell; and rich Persons might frequently be seen in his Shop, as long as any of his Stock remained, buying their own Shrouds.

It was a grievous Sight to see the uncoffined Dead brought forth in Barrows and on the Backs of Asses,
and

and laid in the Streets until a Trench should be dug to bury them in. As the Trenches were not always dug sufficiently deep, the Corpses were often disinterred at Night by the lean and ravenous Dogs that prowled about the City. Wherefore, some Persons carried their Dead to the *Tigris*, and cast them in.

Fetnab, the Wife of *Giafar*, was in much Fear of the Plague. Being convinced from the first, that she should fall a Victim to it, she gave Way to much Weeping, and took infinite Precautions. In vain *Giafar* said unto her, “O *Fetnab*! “to what Good? What is written “is written; we cannot hasten nor “retard our appointed Time.” At length one of the inferior Slaves died: the other Slaves, fearing to alarm their Mistress, concealed the Event, and buried the Corpse secretly
by

by Night under the Court-yard Pavement. Presently after, the Vizier's youngest Daughter, *Soul's Delight*, sickened: her Mother was distracted with Grief, and no longer cared about her own Safety, but attended her Day and Night till she died. The eldest Daughter, the *Star-eyed*, then received the Infection, and in like Manner was tended by her Mother, and in like Manner died. Before she was placed in her Winding-sheet, *Fetnah* was taken ill. She then addressed her Husband and said, "O *Giafar*, best of Men! I
" no longer deplore my Fate, but
" am perfectly resigned to it. I
" feel assured we shall meet again
" in another Existence. Bury me
" with my Children, O Husband!
" thy Love for me has been won-
" derful. I have not always been
" as deserving of it as I should have
" been,

“ been, but my Love has never
“ abated for one Moment. Mourn
“ for me awhile, O *Giafar* ! but not
“ for ever; else wilt thou be de-
“ stroyed by overmuch Sorrow.
“ Take another Wife into thy
“ Harem, else wilt thou be lonely ;
“ but love her not to the Exclusion
“ of my Memory.”

The Grief
of *Giafar*.

Then she departed, and *Giafar* fell on her Face and wept; he had lost all his Harem in three Days. For a Week, he shut himself up in Darkness: then he came forth, and gave largely to the Poor, and administered Justice, and shewed Mercy, and directed the rebuilding of the City Wall, and the repairing of the Houses and the more decent burying of the Dead. In Process of Time, the Waters asswaged, the Plague abated, the Fugitives returned to their Homes, Trade was restored,

restored, and Buyers and Sellers once more went about the Streets; howbeit *Giafar* the Vizier was a broken-hearted Man.

Then the Caliph said unto him, “How long shall it be ere Sorrow departeth from thee? The Sun sets to-night, but it riseth again to-morrow. Choose thee another Wife, and I will pay for her though she cost ten thousand Pieces.” But *Giafar* answered and said, “O my Lord! suffer me to be left alone in this Matter; a cut Finger healeth none the sooner for our bidding it not to smart.”

When *Abbassa*, the Sister of the Caliph, heard how *Giafar* mourned and refused Comfort, she, having known and loved *Fetnab*, addressed to him some Verses of Consolation; and they ran thus:—

“*How*

“ *How great, O Giafar! are
“ thine Afflictions! yet GOD designeth
“ them for thy Good.*

“ *Though the Prophet does not
“ reveal it, I am convinced that they
“ who love truly are re-united in
“ Heaven.*

“ *There again shalt thou behold
“ thy Fetnah, and thy Star-eyed, and
“ thy Soul’s Delight.*

“ *I passed through the Garden, and
“ beheld a noble Pomegranate-tree,
“ almost cleft in twain near the Root.*

“ *Then said I to the Gardener,
“ ‘Why is this? Why hast thou
“ dealt thus with the Pomegranate!’*

“ *He replied, ‘It used to shoot so
“ strong, that it brought forth too
“ many Leaves: but now that I have
“ nearly cut it through, it will bear
“ a great Abundance of Fruit.’*

“ O Giafar! *thus will it be with thee: thine Afflictions will make thee yet more resplendent in Virtues.*”

Abbassa, having written these Verses, shewed them to the Caliph, who was pleased with them; and he took them and gave them unto *Giafar*, who kept them next his Heart.





XI.

Of the Caliph's testing the Obedience of Giafar.

ONE Night, the Caliph, having cast himself on his Bed, felt no Disposition to sleep; and having turned from Side to Side till he was weary, he called *Mefrour* unto him and said, "O *Mefrour*! how shall I obtain Relief from this Restlessness?" *Mefrour* answered, "The Night is yet but little advanced, will my Lord have the Singers and Dancers?" "O *Mefrour*,"

The
Caliph's
Sleepless-
ness.

“ *Mefrour*,” answered the Caliph,
“ my Soul inclineth not to Anything
“ of the Kind.” Then *Mefrour*
said, “ The Garden is full of
“ Flowers, some of which send
“ forth their sweetest Perfume by
“ Night. Will my Lord take his
“ Pastime therein?” The Caliph
replied, “ O *Mefrour*, my Soul
“ inclineth not to Anything of the
“ Kind.” *Mefrour* then said,
“ There are Story-tellers and Jesters
“ in the Ante-chamber; shall they
“ divert the Caliph?” The Caliph
answered, “ O *Mefrour*! neither
“ doth my Soul incline to Anything
“ of that Kind.” Then said *Mef-*
rour, “ Perhaps it will amuse the
“ Prince of the Faithful to strike
“ off my Head, for it does not
“ contain another Suggestion, and
“ possibly this may divert his
“ Uneasiness.” Then the Caliph
laughed

laughed and said, "Where is *Gia-far*?" *Mefrour* replied, "He was here but now, and was about to return to his own House." The Caliph said, "Go, bid him repair unto me on my Palace-roof, and we will discourse concerning the Stars."

Then *Mefrour* departed, and the Caliph arose, and went forth on his Palace-roof; and behold! the Stars and Planets, red, blue, violet, yellow, and white, were flaming in the Sky, which looked in Comparison of them like the Blackness of Darkness: and the Caliph looked and regarded them steadfastly, for he knew them by Name; whether *Alcor*, *Mizar*, *Aldebaian*, *Dubhe*, *Merab*, *Alcoth*, *Benetnasch*, that twinkled perpetually, or the untwinkling Planets; all progressing at their several Rates, from West to East.

When

When *Giafar* joined the Caliph, the Caliph said unto him, "O *Giafar!* how glorious is Night! "There is a particular Star under which I was born, and yonder it shines bright as a Sun." *Giafar* replied, "May its Lustre be undimmed! I, too, had a Star, but it is set."

Then the Caliph looked down on the River wherein the Stars were reflected; and therein he also saw reflected a bright Light from the Windows of a distant Wing of his Palace. He said, "That Light comes from the Quarter of my Palace belonging to my Sister: we will go and see why it now burneth."

Therefore he walked along his Palace-roof till he came to a Flight of Steps descending to a Terrace. The Caliph went down these Steps, followed

followed by *Giafar*, and arrived at a certain Door, which he opened by a secret Spring; and within it he found armed Slaves on Guard. These fell back mutely at his Approach, and he passed through several Apartments dimly lighted, and then drew back a heavy filken Curtain with green and Gold Fringes; and within it was a Blaze of Light. Divers Women belonging to *Abbassa* were silently employing their Needles; and *Abbassa* herself was intently reading beneath the pearl-like Light of a Lamp. When the Women beheld the Caliph and *Giafar*, they hastily arose and ran away behind a Curtain, because they were unveiled; but the Princess *Abbassa*, though she blushed, remained standing where she was; saying, "Whence
" is this, my Brother?" He said,
" O

“ O my Sister, I beheld thy Lamp
“ burning and reflected in the River
“ from the Roof of my Palace, and
“ I thought, ‘Why does *Abbassa* waste
“ herself by Over-study? A Taper
“ always alight, too soon it expireth.
“ I will now go and reprove her.’ ”

Abbassa said, “ The Words of the
“ Wife are as Honey to the Mouth.”
The Caliph replied, “ Too much
“ Honey is not good for the Dige-
“ tion.” *Giafar* said, “ Some may
“ eat more Honey than others, and
“ receive no Harm.” *Abbassa* said,
“ Ignorance is unbecoming in every
“ one; how much more so in a Prin-
“ cefs!” The Caliph replied, “ A
“ little Learning is dangerous to the
“ Weak; how much more so to a
“ Woman!” *Giafar* said, “ There
“ are Women who are not weak,
“ and there is Learning which is
“ not dangerous.”

Then

Then said *Abbassa*, "The Lot
" of a Woman is in many Things
" hard; and Wisdom enableth her
" to bear it." The Caliph said,
" The Lot of a Woman is to submit
" herself; and Knowledge teacheth
" Resistance." *Giafar* said, " It is
" Temper, and not Intellect, that
" maketh Men and Women unruly;
" and enlightened Minds are those
" which submit to the Law of Cir-
" cumstance with most Obedience."

Then said the Caliph, "*Giafar*
" is an Oracle; and if all kept their
" Eyes on the Ground as he is
" doing, there would be no Need of
" Veils! O Sister! I am hungry,
" and thou offerest me no Supper!"
Then *Abbassa* laughed, and clapped
her Hands; and her Slaves brought
a low Table of Mother-of-pearl on
golden Legs, and covered it with
every Variety of Viand in Dishes of
China-ware

China-ware embossed with Gold. After they had supped, and talked far into the Night, the Caliph and *Giafar* arose, and returned as they came; and lo! the Stars they had previously beheld were set, and others were risen in their Place.

The next Day, the Caliph received Letters from *Balsora* which pleased him not; and he shewed them to *Giafar*, and said, “How is
“it that I am Caliph, and King of
“Kings, and thus lightly esteemed
“by my Cousin *Mohammed*? What
“thinkest thou? is it not proper to
“set another in his Place?” *Giafar*
said, “Certainly it will not be with-
“out Cause.” The Caliph said,
“I will therefore write.—Where
“shall I find a proper Person to
“convey the Letter, and be Viceroy
“in his stead?” *Giafar* said,
“Some Person of Judgment and
“Integrity

Thus one
Generation
of the Sons
of Men
passeth and
another
succeedeth.

“ Integrity should be found, whom
“ the Caliph is willing to honour—
“ There is *Noureddin* of *Balsora*.”
The Caliph said, “ Meet me an
“ Hour hence in such a Quarter of
“ my Palace.”

When *Giafar* repaired to this Apartment, which was unknown to him, he perceived a strong Smell of Frankincense and other sweet Perfumes, and, drawing aside the Curtain, he beheld the Caliph, richly apparelled, sitting on a Mattress of crimson Satin embroidered with Jewels, under a Pavilion hung with Draperies of Cloth of Gold and blue Brocade. By his Side sat a Lady in a Silver tissue Veil, that covered her from Head to Foot. There were also four Ladies and four Witnesses.

The Caliph said, “ *Giafar*, thou
“ art a Man whom I am willing to
“ honour,

“honour, to test, and to prove. I
“am about to confer on thee this
“Lady in Marriage. Wilt thou
“have her; aye or no?”

The Silver Veil trembled; and
Giafar's Heart beat violently. He
said, “Prince of the Faithful! I am
“thy Servant of Servants. I take
“thee gratefully at thy Word!”

Then the Marriage proceeded;
the Ladies and Witnesses retired.
The Caliph said, “Raise her Veil.”
Giafar, trembling, raised it rever-
ently; and lo! it was *Abbassa*,
blushing and beautiful as the Morn-
ing. *Giafar* knelt, and kissed the
Hem of the Caliph's Garment.

Then said the Caliph, “Kiss her,
“and depart. I appoint thee Vice-
“roy of *Balsora*.”

At these Words, *Abbassa* uttered
a faint Cry, and *Giafar* staggered
and looked imploringly towards the
Caliph.

Caliph. “Prince of the Faithful—”
he began.

But the Caliph again said, “Kiss
“her, and depart.” Whereon *Gia-*
far kissed her more than once, and
departed without a Word. Neither
did *Abbassa* say anything, but she
was cold and white as a Stone.
She stood like a Statue till the
Caliph retired, and then her Maids
came about her.





XII.

Of the Fate of Giafar and Abbaffa.

Now *Balsora* is seven Days from *Bagdad*. The Caliph thought within himself, “*Giafar* is a faithful
“ Servant, and of high Virtue and
“ Honour: there is none other such
“ in my Kingdom; but yet I will
“ see what is in his Heart. If he
“ obey me for a whole Year in this
“ Matter, well: I will recal him,
“ and give him my Sister, and
“ promote him to yet higher Honour.
“ How

The Caliph tests
Giafar.
To the
LORD it
belongeth,
O Man, to
try Hearts.

“How soon passes a Year! It is
“even like a Halt in the Desert.”

Howbeit, the Caliph closely watched his Sister during this Period; and she troubled him with much weeping, and entreating him to recal her Husband, saying, “It
“had been better not to give me to
“*Giafar*.” He said, “Why these
“Tears? Hast thou not all thou
“hadst before? and wast thou not
“content? Thou saidst all Pleasure
“was in Books.”

She replied, “Thou hast spoiled
“that Pleasure: I now behold their
“Words and their Letters, but they
“impart no Sense. Thou hast done
“very cruelly unto me. I was in
“Peace, and thou troubledst me.
“Thou madest me to see and hear
“*Giafar*, and I found him highly
“to be prized, and thou saidst, Shall
“I bestow thee on him, my Sister?
“and

“and I thought to be his dear
“Companion for Life, and now
“thou hast sundered us altogether!”

Then the Caliph departed, thinking within himself, “At the Year’s
“End, her Joy will be in Proportion
“to her present Sorrow.” And he abstained from visiting her again for a long Season, because he knew not how to answer her. When he went to her after some Time, behold, she had wasted to a Shadow, and was drooping like a broken Lily; wherefore his Heart smote him, and he thought within himself, “Yet
“a little while, and though I tell
“not *Giafar*, I will tell her that his
“Recal is intended at the Year’s
“End.” Howbeit, Affairs of State drove the Matter from his Mind for a few Days; and when he visited her again, she was reviving, and spoke to him with Cheerfulness;
wherefore

wherefore he said within himself,
 “ I will let the Matter remain.”

Now the Reason why *Abbassa's* Countenance had changed was this. After the Caliph had ceased to visit her, because she wearied him with her Tears and her Sighing, she declined even to the Point of Death. Wherefore her Nurse said unto her,
 “ O my Mistress! thou art even at
 “ Death's Door for Sorrow of
 “ Heart. Write now a few fare-
 “ well Lines to my Lord *Giafar*,
 “ and I will convey them to him
 “ privately.” Then *Abbassa* wrote him a Letter and said,—

“ *For want of Sun and Dew, the*
 “ *Rose perisheth; thus, in the Absence*
 “ *of Giafar, withers my Heart!*”

“ *Pearls scattered may be re-*
 “ *collected; but a broken Heart can*
 “ *never be mended.*”

“ *The*

“ *The Mole that hath never seen the
“ Light is content; but the Eagle
“ shut up in Darknes, perisheth!*”

“ *How cruel is my Brother! It
“ were better never to have known
“ Giafar, than, having seen him, to
“ lament him.*”

“ *Perchance at Balsora thou art
“ happy; and I cannot wish thee
“ otherwise, though my Tears are my
“ Meat.*”

When *Giafar* received this Letter, he spoke privately with the Messenger who had brought it; and then held a secret Conference with a faithful Slave who had lived with him from Infancy. The next Day the Report throughout *Balsora* was that the Viceroy, having eaten of an unripe Melon at Supper, was taken seriously ill, and confined to his Bed.

Meantime *Giafar* was riding post to *Bagdad*. When he at length reached the Abode of Peace, the Darknefs of Night covered his Entrance by a private Way into the Palace. *Abbassa* was amazed, and overwhelmed with Joy at his Arrival: her Slaves were faithful, they did not betray the Secret unto the Caliph. *Giafar* dared not remain more than a few Hours; he counfelled his Wife to Fortitude and Patience; ſhe promiſed Compliance; they exchanged a thouſand Affurances of Affection and Fidelity; and an Hour before Daybreak, *Giafar* was on his Return to *Balfora*.

Hence the reſtored Spirits of *Abbassa*. When her Gaiety ſubſided, it gave Place to Compoſure and Patience; ſhe returned to her Needle and her Studies. The Caliph, deceived by her, was well-pleaſed; he thought, “ For every Hour of
“ Self-control,

“Self-control, thou shalt have a “Year of Felicity.” He sent a Present to *Giafar* by a trustworthy Messenger, whom he charged to examine and report on the Viceroy’s Appearance. Also, *Abbassa* was permitted to exchange Letters with *Giafar* by the same Envoy. The Caliph read *Giafar’s* Letter to his Sister; it was full of Affection, Wisdom, and Patience. The Messenger also reported that the Viceroy appeared well in Health, and in good Spirits, and was greatly beloved by the People of *Balsora*. Thereat the Caliph was content.

About this Time, new Wars in some of the Provinces occupied much of the Attention of *Haroun Alraschid*. When he was again at Leisure to attend to the Affairs of *Giafar* and *Abbassa*, the Year was nearly ended. Meantime, *Abbassa*,
losing

losing the Peace of Mind imparted by *Giafar's* Visit, had wasted daily, and was reduced to great Sickness and Prostration. Her Nurse again urged her to send for *Giafar*, but she would not. At length, the Nurse, loving her beyond all Things, and desirous of purchasing her Happiness at any Hazard, sent the same Messenger as before to *Bagdad* without *Abbassa's* Knowledge. The Messenger secretly informed *Giafar* that *Abbassa* was at the Point of Death. Now, *Giafar* had all this Time been supporting himself by the Belief that the Caliph would soon recall him; but the Time having now been so long without his appearing to occupy any Portion of the Caliph's Thought, he was much fretting and chafing within himself. Therefore, when he learned that *Abbassa* was about to die,

die, and found the Caliph did not fend for him, he thought, “ Surely “ she is my Wife to all Intents and “ Purposes, and I have a Right to see “ her, and I will, though it should “ cost me my Life.” Therefore, he rode Night and Day till he reached *Bagdad*; and he entered the Palace as beforetime at Night; and came into his Wife’s Prefence. As soon as she saw him, she uttered a Shriek of Joy; and the Colour returned to her Cheeks and Lips, and her mortal Sickness passed away. Then she ordered Refreshment for him, and they conversed with one another, Hour after Hour, without being fatiated; and were happy.

Now this Night was the very last of their Marriage-year; and the Caliph bearing it in Mind, thought within himself, “ Now know I that “ *Giafar* is faithful and true: a
“ Man

“ Man to be entirely esteemed!
“ His Obedience and Submission
“ are wonderful; there is none
“ other like him in the Kingdom.
“ Erroneously spake the Poet who
“ said, ‘ A Monarch has no true
“ Friend; for either he will deceive
“ him and circumvent him, or else
“ he will curse him in his Heart.’ ”
Also the Caliph said within himself,
“ This Day shall be the happiest of
“ Days to *Giafar* and *Abbassa*; for
“ already have I despatched a Mes-
“ senger to *Balsora*, and already
“ must he be at the City-gates, and
“ *Giafar* will learn that he is re-
“ called, and *Abbassa* shall learn it
“ too.” Then the Caliph arose and
dressed himself as if for a Wedding-
feast, in Vests of Silk of *Alexandria*
and *Baalbec*, and a Faraijah of Silver
Gauze, and he proceeded to his
Sister’s Quarter of the Palace,
through

through the private Door. As soon as the armed Slaves on guard saw him, they made a Rush towards the Princess's Apartment, for they knew that *Giafar* was there; but the Caliph said, "Remain." Then said one of the Slaves, prostrating himself before the Caliph, "O my Lord! her Slippers are before the Door, none may go in." But the Caliph looked at the Door, and said, "Liar, they are not!" Then he drew back the Curtain.

Now *Giafar* at that Moment held his Wife in his Arms, in the very Act of taking leave. As soon as the Curtain was withdrawn, *Abbassa*, beholding the Caliph first, fell into a Swoon. *Giafar*, supposing it caused by Grief at their Parting, kissed her tenderly and laid her on the Couch, thinking it best to depart while she was insensible.

Then,

Then, turning about with a deep Sigh, suddenly his Eyes met those of the Caliph, inflamed with Rage, and he became transfixed. He essayed to speak, but his Tongue clove to the Roof of his Mouth. They eyed one another a Moment, and then the Caliph dropped the Curtain and withdrew without a Word. The next Instant, *Giafar* was in the Custody of his Wife's Slaves, all weeping. They tied his Hands, and led him, unresisting, to the Caliph's Officers. In another Half-hour, every *Barmecide* in *Bagdad* was on the Scaffold before the Palace, and *Mefrour* with his terrible Sword standing beside the Block. He, in Tears, whispered to *Giafar*,
“ O my Lord! I would make it
“ my Request to the Caliph that
“ I might depute another to this
“ Office, but that I know there is
“ no

“no other equally skilful Headf-
 “man in *Bagdad*.” “Deplore it
 “not, O *Mefrour*,” returned *Giafar*,
 “strike firmly, and strike me first,
 “that I behold not the Death of
 “my Kinsmen. Oh, happy for
 “me that my Father and Mother
 “no longer survive! I will but re-
 “peat the Confession of Faith.”

Meanwhile a Herald was making
 Proclamation in the Market-place,
 “Whofo will recreate himself by
 “beholding the Decapitation of
 “*Giafar* the *Barmecide* and of all
 “the other *Barmecides*, let him
 “repair to the Court which is
 “before the Palace. Thus dealeth
 “the Caliph, the Just! with the
 “Man who diffimulateth and who
 “betrayeth his Trust, even though
 “he be the Friend of his own
 “Bosom. This very Night were
 “the Espoufals of *Giafar* and of
 “the

The Fate
 of the *Bar-*
mecides.

“ the Caliph’s only Sister to have
“ been publicly declared ! ” But
the People all wept. Meantime,
the Execution being over, the
Officers of Justice proceeded to raze
the Houses of all the *Barmecides*
to the Ground, and spoil all their
Goods ; and Proclamation was made
that their Names were never more
to be mentioned, on Pain of Death.

Now *Abbassa*, having been more
than two Hours in her Swoon,
recovered not till *Giafar’s* Death
had taken place ; and then, all wild
with Terror, without knowing from
her Women what had happened,
she flew, without so much as veiling
herself, into the Caliph’s Palace,
every one falling back from her
Path as soon as they saw her. Thus
she fled on till she entered the Hall
of Audience just as *Mesrour*, weep-
ing, entered with *Giafar’s* Head.

The

The Moment ſhe ſaw it, ſhe loſt her Senſes, and with a wild Shriek ran out into the open Air and through the Streets of *Bagdad*, filling them with her Cries, and ſcaring every Man, Woman, and Child from her; even the wild Dogs ſlinking away out of her Path. Thus, all Day the City rang with her terrible Voice, no one daring to intermeddle with her; till towards Nightfall ſhe ruſhed out through one of the City Gates, and among the deſolate Tombs. With bleeding Feet and diſhevelled Hair, with fiery Eyes and parched Tongue, ſhe wandered, wildly laughing and muttering, among the Graves, till ſhe came to a little Hovel reared in the miſt of them. An old Woman, ugly and haggard as a Ghoul, came out to the Door.

“Turn in, turn in unto me, my
“ Daughter!”

“ Daughter ! ” said she compassionately, “ for why shouldest thou be
“ as one of the Desolate ? Turn in
“ unto me, and eat Bread and drink
“ Water, for who should shelter the
“ Caliph’s desolate Sister but the
“ Mother whom he hath made
“ desolate ? If thou art driven
“ mad, so was I, for I am *Mary*
“ the *Christian*, Mother of *John*
“ the Baker, who was baked in his
“ own Oven ; but the LORD careth
“ for his own. Blessed be for ever
“ the Name of the LORD ! ”

Then *Abbassa*, who till that Day had dwelt among the Veils and the Curtains, and had eaten off Gold and trodden Marble Pavements, was received into the miserable Hut of the old Woman ; who laid her palpitating and shuddering, like a Lamb whose Throat is but half cut, on her own Bed of Rags,
and

and washed her bleeding Feet, and held Water to her Lips. But *Abbassa* could not swallow, and lay thrilling like a wounded Bird that is about to die, when a Film comes over its Eyes.

That Night, the Caliph stood on his Palace-roof, and his Heart was desolate. Beneath him lay the Ruins of the Mansions of the *Barmecides*: close at Hand were the deserted Apartments of his Sister. He thought, “I have performed a grand Act of Justice, but it was very terrible! How little do those who envy Princes know their Pains! how little do those who blame Princes know their Provocations!”—and Tears burst from his Eyes.

While he yet thus wept, behold! the ghost-like Shadow of a Woman stood between him and the Moon;
close

close at his Side, making all his Joints to tremble, and the Hair of his Flesh to stand up.

The Figure spake and said, “ Shall mortal Man be more just
“ than GOD? Yet GOD in his
“ Justice remembers Mercy.”

The Caliph said, “ Woman, who
“ art thou? Whence comest thou?”
She said, “ From the Tombs.”

Then he said, “ Away from me!
“ thou scarest me not! Thou art
“ not *Abbassa!*”

She said, “ *Abbassa* is departed—
“ thou wilt see her no more. O
“ Caliph! the LORD dealt well with
“ thee, and gave thee many good
“ Things—why was thy Heart
“ hardened in Judgment? He that
“ sheweth Justice without Mercy,
“ shall receive Justice without
“ Mercy—how will it then fare
“ with thee, O Caliph? Behold,
“ thou

“ thou hast caused much Sorrow ;
“ wherefore thou shalt know much
“ Sorrow ; thou hast cut off a good
“ Man in the midst of his Days ;
“ wherefore thy Days, O Caliph !
“ shall be cut off.”

Then she departed as she came, and the Caliph knew not whether she were of this World or from the Abode of departed Spirits. He heard no more of *Abbassa* unto the Day of his Death ; and being much troubled in his Mind, he made a Pilgrimage on Foot to *Mecca*, which eased his Conscience and diverted his Thoughts, besides winning for him the great Reverence of all his People. After his Return, he abode much at his Palace of *Racca* on the *Euphrates*, from whence he frequently visited his most distant Provinces ; being always a Man of great Activity of Body and Mind.

At

At length, having put down an Infurrection in *Persia*, he returned to *Bagdad*. In passing through the Streets one Evening, with his old Attendant *Mefrour*, he heard an aged Man saying with a Sigh, “Ah, that was in our prosperous Days —that was in the Days of the *Barmecides!*” “Knowest thou, old Man,” said the Caliph, “that it is Death to name their Names?” “I know that it is Death to break that Law,” returned the old Man, “but it is worse than Death to keep it. I owed all my Well-doing and all my Happiness to them, and their Memories live in my Heart. Go and report me, if thou wilt, to the Caliph: he had never a Friend like *Giafar*, and so I would tell him to his Beard.”

“*Mefrour*,” said the Caliph, “give this old Man an hundred
“ Pieces

“ Pieces of Gold.” And he turned about and went back to his Palace, the Tears running down his Cheeks and down his Beard; and he was glad of the Darknefs, that *Mefrour* might not fee him wiping them away. And he took to his Bed and lay murmuring, “ Oh *Giafar* and “ *Abbassa!* Oh *Giafar* and *Abbassa!*” and fo died; being only in his Forty-fixth Year.

But *Mary* the *Christian*, who had found fome Remains of Life in *Abbassa* when ſhe returned from communing with the Caliph on the Roof of his Palace, ſheltered and cheriſhed her among the Tombs. Thus theſe two Women continued to live together; *Abbassa's* high Mind deſcending to the Humility of her Fate, and enabling her to ſupport it with Reſignation. Shortly after the Caliph's Death, *Enis Eljelis*,
the

A.D. 807.
Heg. 185.

the Wife of *Noureddin*, in bestowing an Alms on a poor Woman, recognised in her the once beautiful and prosperous *Abbassa*, and melted into Tears at the Sight.

“ O *Enis Eljelis!*” said *Abbassa*,
“ I once was the Mistress of four
“ hundred Slaves; I have now no
“ other Property than two Sheep-
“ skins, one of which serves for my
“ upper, the other for my under
“ Garment. But I am penitent and
“ content; and attribute my Mis-
“ fortunes to my Want of Grati-
“ tude to GOD for former Blessings.
“ He has chastened and corrected
“ me, but has not given me over
“ unto Death. I was too im-
“ patient; had I been more patient
“ and submissive, *Giafar* had not
“ died. But the LORD giveth, and
“ the LORD taketh away; blessed
“ be the Name of the LORD !”

Enis

Enis Eljelis wept, and gave her five hundred Pieces of Silver. She blessed her, and said, “ You have “ enriched me beyond my Wants! “ I shall even have Something, once “ more, to bestow upon *the Poor!* ”

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