

ARABIAN TALES;  
OR,  
A CONTINUATION  
OF THE  
Arabian Nights Entertainments.

CONSISTING OF  
S T O R I E S  
RELATED BY THE  
SULTANA OF THE INDIES,  
To divert her Husband from the Performance of a rash Vow;  
EXHIBITING  
A most interesting View of the RELIGION, LAWS,  
MANNERS, CUSTOMS, ARTS, and LITERATURE,  
- OF THE  
NATIONS OF THE EAST;  
*and*  
Affording a rich Fund of the most pleasing Amusement,  
which Fictitious Writings can supply.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

*Newly translated from the Original Arabic into French,*  
By DOM CHAVIS, a native Arab, and M. CAZOTTE, Member  
of the Academy of Dijon.

*And translated from the French into English,*  
By ROBERT HERON.

V O L. I.

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ARABIAN TALES.

VOL. I.

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OR,

ARABIAN NIGHTS

ENTERTAINMENTS.

VOL. V.

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# P R E F A C E

BY

THE TRANSLATOR.

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NEARLY a century has now elapsed, since the collection of Eastern Tales, so well known among us by the title of *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, was first offered to the curiosity and admiration of Europe. The romances of knight-errantry had then lost that popularity which they held for ages, and had been ridiculed into disrepute. The rage for amusement had indeed called forth another species of fictitious writings; but a species which unhappily possessed neither the wild dignity of the Romance, nor displayed that assemblage of the characters, manners, and incidents of familiar life, which confers a value on our best modern Novels. Most of those compositions were vile effusions of prurient dulness, whose perfection consisted in detailing the intricacies, and unveiling the looser scenes of licentious intrigue. The wanton episodes of Ariosto, and the lewd,

though witty tales of Boccace, were imitated, till the same school produced the low and almost insipid obscenities of a Behn, a Manley, and a Heywood. Such books were, however, calculated, almost exclusively, for the debauchee and the woman of pleasure: and something was therefore wanted for the entertainment of those, who chose to withdraw the mind occasionally from the realities of life, yet were unwilling to debase imagination, by turning it to dwell on the brutal grossness of sensual indulgence.

If those Eastern Tales were presented to the European public, at a season which seems to have been peculiarly favourable for their reception; there was, however, still more in their character than in the circumstances of the time, to recommend them to that eager and general interest which they immediately commanded among all classes of readers. The style in which they were written, and the artifice by which they were interwoven together, were, if not absolutely new, yet strange and uncommon. For, although the stories in Ovid's books of Metamorphoses, be connected by means, which, at least in slightness and insufficiency for the purpose of compacting parts into a whole, bear  
some

some resemblance to the slender thread by which the narratives of the *Thousand and One Nights* are feebly and awkwardly held together; and although Chaucer's Canterbury tales, the multiplicity of broken adventures strangely jumbled together in the *Orlando Furioso*, and, almost equally, the half-Gothic, half-classical fabric of Spencer's *Fairy Queen*, betray a *truly Oriental unskilfulness* in the art of Arrangement: Yet, with these works, the more passionate readers of the *Arabian Nights Entertainments* were, for the most part, little acquainted; and, where there was so much novelty in so many other respects, a small Difference in Structure was, by the effect of association, naturally increased greatly above its real magnitude.

THE *manners and customs* exhibited in those Tales, were at the same time much more strange and singular, than the artlessness of their connection, or the tedious copiousness of narrative which distinguished them. Beauties, cooped up together by scores, or perhaps hundreds, in a Haram, all for the amusement of one man; and he often indifferent, feeble, old, and fitter to repose in the grave or the hospital, than to riot on the nuptial couch: Festive entertainments, unenlivened by the sprightly

ly gaieties of the fair sex, or the cheering influence of wine: Wives wearing drawers and trousers like their husbands, and men arrayed in loose robes like their wives, yet at the same time cherishing, as so many goats, each a venerable length of beard: Pastry-cooks making such a figure in society, as if the perfection of human art were displayed in the composition of a cream-tart or a pye: The art of writing esteemed, singly, a qualification fitting those skilled in it for the most dignified offices in civil life, as if the smallest possible portion of intellect were not adequate to the formation of the letters in the alphabet, and the joining of these into words and lines: Ablutions performed, many times a day, and, at every different time, as scrupulously as Swift's *Strepson* washed himself, when he was to mount the bed of his angel-*Chloe*: Prayers repeated by all ranks, with serious devotion, almost as often in the day, as our men of fashion call upon their Maker in contemptuous scorn, or in idle merriment: The Code of Religion almost as frequently and fondly quoted, as our professed wits introduce sily into their conversation *fresh* repartees from Joe Miller, or *original* anecdotes from the Tell-Tale: Judicial astrology constituting the great rule of human life, and every man

man and woman, as surely as they come into the world, having their fortunes subjected to the capricious influence of this or that star:— All these phænomena are so remote from the customs and manners of Europe, that, when exhibited as entering into the ordinary system of human affairs, they could not fail to confer, in our eyes, a considerable share of amusive novelty, on the characters and events with which they were connected.

YET, it is probable that the *machinery* contributed, more than any other particular in their character, to obtain to the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, the preference over most of the other works of imagination which were common in Europe at the time of their first appearance. Magicians, Genies, Fairies, Lamps, Rings, and other Talismans, dance in such profusion through those volumes, as could not but make the reader wonder and stare, who was acquainted only with witches mounted on broom-flicks,—and with little viewless elves, dancing occasionally by moon-light, in small circles on the green, or, in their greatest splendour and festivity, only lighting up, for their midnight revels, the deserted hall of some ruinous castle. It has been observed, I think, by Dr  
Hawkefworth,

Hawkesworth, in some one of the first numbers of the *Adventurer*, that these Tales please, because, even their machinery, wild and wonderful as it is, has its laws, and the Magicians and Enchanters perform nothing but what was to be naturally expected from such beings, after we had once granted them existence, and dignified them with power. But, I should rather suppose that the very contrary is the truth of the fact. It is surely the strangeness, the unknown nature, the anomalous character of the supernatural agents here employed, that enables them to operate so powerfully on our hopes, fears, curiosities, sympathies, and, in short, on all the feelings of our hearts. We see men and women, who possess qualities to recommend them to our favour, subjected to the influence of beings whose good or ill will, power or weakness, attention or neglect, are regulated by motives and circumstances which we cannot comprehend: and hence, we naturally tremble for their fate, with the same anxious concern, as we should for a friend wandering, in a dark night, amidst torrents and precipices,—or preparing to land on a strange island, while he knew not whether he should be received, on the shore, by cannibals waiting to tear him piece-meal, and devour him,—

or



or by gentle beings, disposed to cherish him with fond hospitality. Give the human agents whom you employ, qualities to command good will and esteem; let their manners be natural, and their sentiments the genuine effusions of the human heart, in such circumstances as those they are placed in; and then, perhaps, the more singular their adventures, the wilder the scenes in which they are exposed, the more capricious the beings to whose power they are subjected, and the more seemingly inadequate the means by which all the changes in their fate are accomplished; so much the more irresistibly will they engage, and transport, and chain down the attention, and sway the passions of the spectator, or the reader.

ADD to these considerations, that, beside the advantages which they seem to derive from the strangeness of their texture, and from the novelty and marvellous nature of the objects which they exhibit; those Eastern Tales possess great real merit of another species. At times, even amid the florid verbosity conspicuous in them, as in other Oriental compositions, they afford pleasing descriptions of the scenes of external nature. The most agitated workings of the human heart are often displayed in them, with

a masterly hand. Being a collection, they contain a medley of comic, tragic, and heroic adventures, the very number and variety of which must necessarily give them considerable power to please. And, I know not if even the gold, jewels, pearls, rubies, emeralds, the bales of rich stuffs, and superb pellices, the crowded kans, luxurious gardens, and apartments *beyond description sumptuous*, which are so liberally lavished through those Tales, and so ostentatiously described wherever they occur, have not insensibly a greater influence in dazzling and amusing the mind of the reader, than perhaps the pupil of taste will be willing to allow.—Such are the tales which I remember to have eagerly preferred, in the days of childish credulity, to the Seven Wonders of the World, the Adventures of Jack the Giant-Killer, the Story of the Seven Wise Masters, and even to the History of the Nine Worthies:—And such seem to be the more striking peculiarities in their character, by which they have pleased, and still continue to please, almost all ages, all ranks, and all different capacities.

LITERARY imposition has been frequently attempted with great success; and it was doubted by many, for some time after the publication

tion of the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, that, although represented as compositions of the East, they had been actually fabricated in Europe. Instances have not been wanting, to justify this suspicion. It was usual among the classical scholars who flourished about the æra of the revival of Letters, to try their proficiency, by producing forgeries in the names of their favourite Greek or Roman authors, with which they now and then actually deceived one another. It had been usual, too, among the Sophists of antiquity, to compose declamations and epistles in the names of celebrated personages, the incidents of whose lives afforded them suitable materials: and it is well known what critical hardiness and acumen the doughty Bentley displayed, in detecting the forgery of the epistles of Phalaris. The letters of the Turkish Spy, the Castle of Otranto, the Poems of Rowley, not to name innumerable other works of the same cast, are good proofs, that the Literati of the present age, have not lost either the spirit or the power of literary imposition. But the character of the Arabian Tales is so truly Eastern; they bear so many marks which no European hand could have impressed, and carry in them so much of that internal evidence which enforces

conviction, still more powerfully than the strongest external testimony; that one could hardly have thought it possible for men of learning to remain long in doubt about their authenticity, had not a writer of no less eminence than Dr Beattie, even within these last eight or ten years, expressed himself uncertain whether they were translated or fabricated by M. Galland. However, the Doctor's doubts have probably been satisfied by this time; for, independently of the King of France's library, in which the originals have been long deposited, the authenticity of these Tales has been fully proved by Colonel Capper; and an Arabic copy of them is at this very time, I believe, in the hands of the learned Dr Joseph White of Oxford. It was once even talked, that the British public might sooner or later be favoured with a translation of them from the original language by the Doctor's pen; in which they would display more of a genuine Oriental cast, and retain more of their native graces, than in the version of Galland; who, as is common with his countrymen, upon similar occasions, has given too much of a Frenchified air to the Eastern manners and modes of address. But, as Major Davy has returned to the East, Mr Badcock is dead, and Dr Parr now immersed in politics and

and preface-writing; there is some reason to fear, that good Dr White, thus deprived of the assistants of his former studies, and harassed by the laborious activity of a college life, may be deterred from accomplishing so arduous a task.

THE following volumes come indeed in a questionable shape. For, why, it may be asked, have not DOM DENNIS CHAVIS and M. CAZOTTE, stood forward personally to state the circumstances of their undertaking? Why has it been left to nameless Editors to assert the authenticity of these Tales, and explain their connection with the *Thousand and One Nights*?—But, this notwithstanding, these additional Tales are undoubtedly genuine. I have not been informed whether they make a part of Dr White's copy; but I believe they are well known to be in the King of France's library, as is represented in the advertisement by the French Editors. However, the great evidence of the authenticity of these, as of the former Tales, is internal. The scenery, characters, incidents, manners, customs, allusions, and cast of composition, are all Oriental. As a painter may sketch the outline, and hit the leading features of a countenance, while he fails in the nicer touches, and cannot commu-

nicate that characteristic air which gives unity and resemblance to the whole; so, in all the imitations of the Oriental style of writing, which we have yet seen, there has still been somewhat of an European complexion: The prominences and great outlines have been successfully imitated; but the delicate finishing, the due proportion of lights and shades, justly intermingled, have still been wanting to complete the deception. It is indeed from minute and accidental particulars, which to a forger or imitator will not naturally appear of sufficient consequence to be attended to, that the genuineness of any composition is best ascertained. From such particulars have the best proofs of the authority of the Gospels been drawn. And the circumstance, of an unconnected memorandum having been written across one of the celebrated letters of Queen Mary, has ever appeared to me an almost irrefragable proof of the authenticity, at least, of that letter. To such internal evidence, therefore, would I appeal in support of the authenticity of the following Tales. They are entirely Eastern in their whole structure. I have been able to observe nothing in them, which can be considered as having slipped from a Frenchman's pen, at some moment when he happened to forget that he was  
writing

writing in an assumed character and manner. I have even remarked, singular as the circumstance may appear, that while every thing is correctly Oriental in the text, the two Translators have sometimes committed errors of ignorance in their attempts to explain difficulties and peculiarities in the notes. Upon the whole, were I to hazard a conjecture, I should suppose that advantage may have been taken of the popularity of the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, and these new stories interwoven into the same texture, in order to give them the same currency: but Eastern they undoubtedly are.

THEIR merits, as Tales, and as Compositions, are certainly not inferior to those of the former. They are, like those, a medley of comic, tragic, and heroic Tales. Their machinery is the same, and employed with equal skill. They seem to afford several juster and happier displays of the discriminations of personal character. The stories of Haroun Alraschid and the Fair Zutulbé, of Simoustapha and Ilsetil-sone, of Giafar and Chebib, and of the Gallant Habib, are certainly among the most amusing which are any where to be met with. Yet it is not to be expected that they shall be read with the same eagerness as the former Arabian

Tales. The strangeness and the novelty are now worn off. We are now too familiar with the Genies, Magicians, Boxes and Rings; to view them with the same *gawky* admiration and curiosity, as when they were first introduced to us. We know what they *can* do, and are therefore likely to be less anxious about what they *may* do.

I CANNOT boast of having executed this Translation with the happiest skill. I was willing to employ all the pains I could upon it: But my Booksellers have found themselves obliged to hurry forward the book, and to urge my progress with such earnestness, that, mean as the character is, of a Translator from a Translation, I am much afraid that my present appearance will do but little credit even to this character. I am, however, conscious of having honestly done all I could. And yet, it is mortifying to think, that, *here* at least, a blundering Translator will less readily be pardoned, since the *Principles of Translation* have been so ably explained in an anonymous essay, published last Summer, which, whoever be its author, is certainly a fine monument of elegant erudition, and of delicacy of taste.

FOR



FOR the translation of the Fourth Volume, I am indebted to a Gentleman, whose manner of expression, and fidelity to the original, render what he has obligingly performed, a credit to the whole.

R. HERON.

EDINBURGH, }  
March 6. 1792. }

ADVER.

# ADVERTISEMENT

BY

THE FRENCH EDITORS.

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F EW works of fancy have been better received by the public, or more universally read, than the former volumes of the *Thousand and One Nights*, translated from the Arabic by M. Galland. This writer, however, informs us in his preface, that his work is not a complete translation, but contains only a fourth part \* of the  
the

\* Yet, with a degree of inconsistency common enough among translators, *M. Galland* says, in the last page of his book, "A thousand and one nights had elapsed," &c.; but this assertion is put down, only to give the work the air of being complete. It cannot signify that he had given all the Tales of the whole *Thousand and One Nights*: for, from the two hundred and thirty-sixth Night, with which two thirds of his book are filled up, (and according to some editions, from the hundred and ninety seventh), he neglects the original plan of dividing the Tales. Nothing is more certain, or easier to be satisfactorily proved, than that there was not a complete copy of the original Arabic in France in *M. Galland's* days. Besides, it is easy to prove the authority of this Continuation, from the existence of the complete manuscript in the King of France's library, as well as from the testimony of the learned Arabian who placed it in that repository, and of the man of letters who assisted him in the translation.

the original Arabic Collection ; the remainder of which had not at that time been obtained from the East. But a copy of the whole has been since brought into Europe, and deposited in the King of France's library, by DOM DENNIS CHAVIS, a native Arab, and priest of the congregation of St Basil, who was invited to Paris by Government, and enjoyed the patronage of Baron Breteuil, a minister distinguished for his extensive and enlightened views of policy, and for his zéâl to promote the advancement of the arts and sciences. That learned Arabian was induced to undertake the task of enriching our literature with a translation of the remaining part of the *Thousand and One Nights*. That he might do the fuller justice to his originals, in translating them into a language which was not vernacular to himself, he accepted the assistance of M. CAZOTTE, well known as the author of the poem of *Ollivier*, of the *Diable Amoureux*, of the *Lord Impromptu*, and of various other productions which have been well received by the public.

It may be presumed that the beauties of the original have been faithfully transfused into the version, by an able Translator, zealous to do honour to his Country and to his Native  
Language ;

Language ; and that they can have lost nothing in the hands of M. Cazotte, whose own works are so eminently distinguished by gaiety, delicacy, wit, and Attic elegance.

WE are therefore persuaded, that this Continuation of the *Thousand and One Nights*, which we now present to the public, will not be found inferior to the former volumes translated by M. Galland. The same variety of matter, the same wild play of imagination, and the same power to arrest and detain the attention, characterize both. This is, as it were, the narrative of another journey to explore the wide regions of the East, with which we are in general but very little acquainted. The whole collection not only affords a most amusing species of reading, but forms a body of valuable information, concerning the religion, manners, customs, characters, and principles of action displayed among the inhabitants of a great part of Asia.

C O N

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# ARABIAN TALES:

BEING A

CONTINUATION

OF THE

THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS.

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**T**HE story of the Sultan of Persia, and the two jealous sisters, seemed to have afforded great pleasure to Sultan Schahriar, whose curiosity was still to be kept up by a succession of interesting tales.

“Sister,” said Dinarzade to Scheherazade, “this marriage of Khofrouschah, and the series of interesting events connected with it, lead me to recollect the marriage of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid with the princess of Persia, and the fair Zutulbé, which, in the same manner, took place after some of those nocturnal rambles through Bagdad, with which he so often amused himself in disguise. I have been much entertained when you told me the stories of these marriages, and have no doubt but we should find them diverting, if you would now repeat them.”

“Sister,” replied the fair Sultana, “I have always been too much interested in the adventures of Haroun Alraschid, to forget any circumstance of the incidents of his life that has been handed down to us. If my Lord, the Sultan, chooses to

honour me with his attention, I shall immediately gratify your curiosity."—The Sultan testified his wish to hear the relation; and Scheherazade began in these words.

*The ROBBER-CALIPH; or, Adventures of Haroun Alraschid, with the Princess of Persia, and the fair Zutulbé.*

THE nobles, the viziers, and even several of the tributary princes, were assembled at Bagdad, upon the occasion of the festival of Haraphat\*, to join in the celebration of the usual solemnities. No expence was spared, no rite omitted, that could give dignity to the ceremonies of religion, or splendour to the Caliph's court. Melodious voices resounded through the wide concave of the high mosque; perfumes shed a rich fragrance through the air; the blood of victims besprinkled the altar, around which stood the different orders of the priesthood: nothing, in short, was wanting, that could serve to express to heaven and earth the piety of the Commander of the faithful, the greatest of the sovereigns of the world. But the ceremonies were tedious. Haroun was, moreover, fatigued by receiving and attending to the homage of so many princes and nobles; and, at last, absolutely overpowered with weariness and impatience,

"Giafar," said he, addressing himself to his grand vizier, the chief of the Barmecide family, "the festival of our great Prophet should inspire the heart with joy; yet, in spite of all my endeavours against it, I feel a depression of spirits gain-  
ing

\* The Musulman festival of Haraphat is chiefly distinguished by the offering of animal sacrifices.

ing upon me. Amidst the pomp and brilliancy of this numerous assembly, I am oppressed with unaccountable dissatisfaction and chagrin. I need something to divert me: But, in a day like this, I may indulge in nothing, not immediately beneficial to my people. You and I will disguise ourselves, and go into Bagdad; we will there distribute alms among the poor, and seek out objects of misfortune whom we may relieve. I wish to see with my own eyes, whether the people be happy under my government,—whether the officers of justice and of the police do their duty.”

Giafar was ready to obey the wishes of the Caliph. They went together into a secret apartment, changed their dress, and, taking each a thousand pieces of gold, sallied forth from the palace. They passed through the streets and squares of the city, and gave alms to every poor person they met with. Passing through one quarter of the city, they found a woman sitting on the pavement, in the middle of the street: she held out her hand to the Caliph, and asked his charity for the love of God. The prince was struck with the beauty of the arm held out to him: it was exquisitely turned, and white as alabaster. He gave Giafar a piece of gold for her, which the vizier put into her hand.

The woman, upon receiving this present, shut her hand upon it; but, feeling by its size and weight, that it was not one of those small pieces which are usually given in alms, she removed her fingers, and saw it to be gold. Immediately calling aloud after Giafar—

“ Oh! handsome young man,” said she, as soon as he was near enough to hear her,



“it is gold that you have given me. Do you intend it as alms? or, have you some other purpose?” “It is not I, Madam, that made the present,” replied Giafar, “but the young man who is with me.” “Pray, intreat him,” returned the woman, “to explain his reasons for this extraordinary liberality?” Giafar mentioned the urgency of the woman’s request to the Caliph, and was ordered to bid her make herself easy as to the motives of his benevolence; for they were none other but charity and the love of God. “As this is the case, tell my benefactor,” replied the woman, “that I shall offer my prayers to God, that his life may be prolonged.”

The Caliph, informed by Giafar, in what manner the woman had received his present, and what wishes she had formed for the welfare of the giver, sent him instantly back to her, “Ask,” said Haroun, “whether she is married: if she is unmarried, tell her, that I propose to take her to wife.”

Giafar delivered the message. The woman replied, that she was unmarried, and willing to marry a young man who had shewn her so much kindness, if he were rich enough to allow her a suitable dowry. “Who can this woman be,” added Giafar, as he repeated this answer to his master, “who doubts of the commander of the faithful’s ability to assign her a dowry?”

“My disguise excuses her,” said the Caliph; “learn from her, what dowry she desires.” The grand vizier obeyed: the woman’s answer was, “My dowry must be equal to a year’s tribute of the cities of Ispahan and Karassin.”

At this reply, Giafar was somewhat surpris’d. The Caliph had gone on towards the palace.

Giafar

Giafar hastened after him, to give an account of the lady's demand. The Caliph seemed to be satisfied: "Return," said he, "and let her know, what must surely astonish her, that I accept her terms."

The grand vizier immediately returns to the fair unknown, and delivers the Caliph's message. "Who may this be," said she, "who is able to give such a dowry? What, pray, are his qualities and his dignity?"

"He of whom I speak," replied Giafar, "is Haroun Alraschid, Commander of the faithful."

At the name of the Caliph making her such a proposal, the woman rose, and, covering herself with her clothes, that she might appear with the more decency and modesty before the vizier, gave thanks to God, and said, "If he be the Caliph who asks me in marriage, I shall be pleased to belong to him: you may signify to him my consent." Giafar gives an account to the Caliph of this last conversation, and describes, in two words, her carriage, air, and manner. The Caliph gives immediate orders to one of the most venerable women in his palace, to go with a number of slaves to find this unknown fair one, and conduct her to the baths in the palace.

When she came out of the bath, they clothed her in gay attire. Her dress was set off with diamonds, and rich jewels of all sorts. She was conducted into one of the best apartments in the palace. The chief of the eunuchs went immediately to inform the Caliph, that his orders were obeyed; upon which the Caliph ordered him to bring the cadi to execute the marriage-contract.

When evening came, Haroun retired to his wife's apartment. She, on perceiving him, pro-

trated herself before him, and, in ardent language, expressed her gratitude for his condescension and goodness. The Caliph, sitting down, made her sit beside him, and asked, "Madam, who is your father? What family are you of, to have asked me so large a dowry?"

"Prince of the faithful," replied she, modestly casting her eyes on the ground, "you see before you, a descendant from Kassera-Aboche-roan: reverse of fortune, and my unhappy destiny, reduced me to the state in which you found me."

"Princess," replied the Caliph, "you are grand-daughter to Kassera, so dishonourably famous for the deeds of tyranny with which he disgraced his reign. He exercised the most shocking cruelties upon his subjects."

"It was that tyranny," returned the princess, "which reduced his children to beg their bread."

"But," returned the Caliph, "I have been assured, that he at length saw his errors and passionate excesses in their true light, and, in the end of his reign, ruled with great moderation, and distributed justice with such impartiality, that the beasts of the field, and the fowls of heaven, shared his bounty."

"And for this, too," replied the Princess, "God now rewards his posterity, by raising a daughter of his from the streets, to the honour of wife to the Commander of the Faithful."

Haroun Alraschid was much moved by so sensible a reply: He clasped her in his arms, and testified, by the most tender embraces, how he was pleased with the conquest he had made. But his happiness was soon interrupted by a disagreeable reflection.

"Pardon

“ Pardon me, Princess, if I am forced from your arms by a vow which I happen to have made. I am at this moment the most unhappy of men! This morning, in the ardour of my zeal, and while I could have no idea what a treasure fortune was to put in my way to-day, I bound myself, in honour of the Prophet, by a solemn and irrevocable oath, not to cohabit, for a whole year, with the first woman whom I should marry. You cannot conceive how bitterly I now feel my imprudence; but I could not foresee what a felicity it was to deprive me of; and you, whose devotion seems so pure, must perceive, that the vow which I have uttered is sacred, and join with me in concerting, how to reconcile it best with my happiness.”

The lady, whatever impression these words might make upon her mind, could only express her resignation and consent, by bowing her head, and casting her eyes on the ground. The Caliph retired. He had discovered in the Persian princess so much merit, and so many charms, that he could not help promising himself much happiness in a more intimate intercourse with her. But, continuing firm to his oath, he would not expose himself to the temptation to break it; and from this moment, therefore, he ceased to see her; only took care, that such attention should be paid to her, that she might see that she was neither neglected nor forgotten, and that the Caliph, although he had now time to reflect upon the choice which he had made, did not repent of it.

The year came, at length, to an end. The last day of it was the anniversary of the high festival of Haraphat. The Caliph, Giafar his  
grand.

grand vizier, and Mefrour, chief of his eunuchs, went together into Bagdad. They went through the streets in disguise; and every thing appeared to be in good order.

Returning to the palace, the Caliph passed nearby a pastry-cook's shop, which had such an air of neatness, that he became curious to try the pastry, of which great abundance was set out for sale, and which had the most inviting aspect and smell.

As soon as Haroun regained his apartment, he directed one of his officers to repair to the cook's shop, and to order an hundred *cataifs*\*. The officer executed the Caliph's commission; and, after seeing the hundred *cataifs* made in his presence, had them carried to the palace. No sooner had the Caliph received the pastry, than he put a piece of gold into each *cataif*, covered them with pistachio nuts, strewed them with sugar, and sent the whole to his wife, the Persian princess; giving her notice, at the same time, that as the year of his vow was now expired, the Commander of the Faithful would spend the night with her. The eunuch who conveyed the message, had orders, at the same time, to enquire, whether there were any thing else in which the Caliph could gratify the wishes of the princess? "Nothing," replied the grand-daughter of Kaffera: "to see the Caliph, will completely gratify all my wishes."

Haroun was much pleased with so prudent a reply. But, being very desirous of doing something which might particularly oblige his young wife, he ordered Mefrour to insist that she should  
think

\* *Cataifs* are a sort of small tarts.

think of something in which he might do her pleasure.

“ Since the Caliph,” replied she to Mefrou, “ is so kind, tell him, that I should wish to have a thousand pieces of gold, and a confidential female servant to attend me into the city, where I may give alms, in disguise, to the poor; in whose number, only a year ago, I myself was one.”

The Caliph, smiling at the request, gave orders that it should be immediately complied with. The princess and her female attendant pass through the streets of Bagdad, and give alms upon all sides, till the thousand pieces of gold are wholly distributed.

The day was excessively hot. The princess, on her return to the palace, felt herself exceedingly thirsty. She mentioned her uneasiness to her companion. The latter, perceiving a water-carrier, proposed that he should be called. “ I cannot bear, however,” said the lady, “ to drink out of the same vessel that is at the command of every person in the streets, without distinction.”

They then advanced to the gate of a palace. The attendant was no sooner at the gate, which was shut with doors of sandal wood, than she perceived, through an open window, a golden lustre, suspended in the porch, from a chain of the same metal. A curtain, richly embroidered, hung before; and two sofas of the finest marble, one on the right side, the other on the left of the gate, formed the rest of the furniture of the apartment.

After observing these things, the attendant knocked at the door. It was immediately opened.

ed. A young man, richly dressed, presenting himself, asked what he could do to serve her. "My Lord," replied she, "you see my daughter: she is fainting with thirst; but she cannot endure to drink out of a water-carrier's pitcher. You will do us a singular favour, in giving her a glass of water."

"It shall be done in a moment, Madam," replied the young man. He, upon this, disappeared, and in an instant returned with a golden cup full of water, which he presented to the woman. She delivered it to the princess; who, taking it in her hand, turned towards the wall, and satisfied her thirst. The woman thanked him, for herself, and in the name of her pretended daughter; and the two ladies, retiring together, returned to the palace.

When the Commander of the faithful had arranged the tarts on the plate, as above mentioned, he at the same time enjoined the eunuch to tell the princess, that he sent her this present as a pledge and sign of peace. The chief eunuch, the bearer of the present and the message, not knowing in what manner the pastry had been secretly seasoned by the Caliph, or of how much importance it was, and thinking nothing more of it than as a very ordinary piece of gallantry, did not deliver the message precisely in the Caliph's words. He imagined, that his chief business was, to announce the Caliph's intention of visiting her; and the princess, equally concerned about this point only, directed the pastry to be set down upon a table in her apartment; and paid no farther heed to it.

Upon her return home, after distributing her alms, she observed the pastry, and conceived that

that it might make a very proper recompense to the person who had given her the glass of water. Addressing her female attendant, therefore, she bade her, "Carry that plate of tarts immediately, and in your own name, to the young man to whom I am obliged for the glass of water, which he gave in so handsome a manner."

The woman went immediately with the pastry. She found the young man sitting upon one of the sofas in the porch: "My daughter and I," said she, "are much obliged to you for your kindness and politeness. Accept, in return, this pastry, as a mark of our gratitude."

"Since it is your pleasure, Madam, to acknowledge so trifling a service in so handsome a manner, I should be afraid of disobliging you, by a refusal to accept your present: put it upon the sofa." This short interview ended with some compliments upon both sides, and the woman returned to the palace.

At this very instant, the watchman of that quarter of the city came to wait on the young man, and pay him the compliments usual at the feast of Haraphat; and, as he ended, asked the gift of the season. 'Take that plate of *cataifs*, said the young man. The watchman joyfully accepted the present, kissed his benefactor's hand, and returned to his own house, very well pleased.

The watchman's wife, upon seeing him come in with so large and splendid a plate, cried out, "Where had you that plate, husband? Are you such an unhappy wretch as to have stolen it?" "No, wife," replied the watchman, "the Hazeb\*, that high officer of the Caliph's, gave it me

\* The Hazeb is the first gentleman of the Caliph's bed-chamber.



me in a present—God preserve his life! Let us eat up the *cataifs*. What dainties they are!”

“Glutton that thou art!” answered his wife, “Wouldst thou dare to touch what must have cost so high a price? Go, sell them and the plate together: such delicacies are not for poor people like us. With the money which you will receive for them, we may buy provisions fitter for the use of our family.”

“Wife! wife!” returned the watchman, “God has sent us the tarts; I am determined to eat them.”

“You shall not taste one of them,” replied the wife, in a tone of rage: “Your son has neither cap nor shoes; I am almost naked; and you yourself are in rags. Go instantly, sell the plate, and all that is upon it, and bring home the money.”

The watchman, being thus obliged to yield to his wife, went to the market, and put the plate into the hands of a public crier. A merchant purchased it at a certain price, paid the crier, and carried off his purchase.

On his way home, he began to examine it more particularly, and finding the name of Haroun Alraschid inscribed round the edge, returned hastily to the market; and, seeking out the crier, bade him, “Take back your plate which you have stolen from the emperor: Would you ruin me, by bringing me under suspicion of the theft?”

The crier soon perceived the truth of what the merchant alleged, read the characters engraven upon the edges of the plate, and, in the utmost consternation, hastened to the palace, demanded admission into the presence of the Caliph; and shewed

Shewed him the tarts, with the piece of plate upon which they were placed.

Haroun instantly recognized the plate which he had sent to the princess of Persia, to be served up as one of the dishes in the collation which he intended to take with her in the evening. That great man had the fault of annexing, in his own mind, too much importance to every thing that he did. By the *cataifs* he had expected to occasion an agreeable surprise to his new-married spouse, and to furnish her with means for being liberal to those about her, while she should seem to distribute only so many tarts.

The derangement of this little scheme of galantry was highly displeasing to him by whom it had been contrived. Another more mortifying reflection at the same time occurred: a present, sent directly from his own hand, had been neglected and despised, notwithstanding the message with which it had been accompanied. At the thought, he became in a violent passion against the princess.

“Tell,” said he to the crier in a furious tone, “who gave you these?” “Most potent Caliph,” replied the crier, “it was the watchman in such a quarter of the city, who gave them to me to sell.”

The Caliph ordered the watchman to be brought, with his head and feet bare, and in chains. The man was seized, fettered with the severity which had been enjoined, and carried before the Caliph. The poor wretch, seeing himself reduced to this condition, began to exclaim against his wife with bitter imprecations. “Accursed creature,” said he, “formed to betray man, even by thy endeavours to serve him; even

when thy advice seems to be good, it should not be trusted! Why didst thou not suffer me to eat those *cataifs*! no harm could then have happened me. But thou wast determined to be thrifty, and a good house-wife. Thy drefs lost thee thy first husband; and thy drefs will continue to occasion mischief, till thy last be gone. Here am I exposed to the indignation of the prince of all the earth.—Come, give me thy advice at present, how I may best extricate myself from my perilous situation; if any thing good can possibly proceed out of thy mouth, which is ever uttering falsehood.”

The Caliph interrupted these complaints, by asking the watchman, who had given him the plate of tarts? “Tell, wretch,” said the angry monarch, “tell the truth, if thou wouldst save thy life.”

“Oh! commander of the faithful!” cried the trembling watchman, “let your highness suspend your resentment, and not destroy the innocent with the guilty! It was your officer, Hazeb Yemaleddin, who gave me the plate for my Haraphat gift.”

At the name of Yemaleddin, the Caliph’s rage seemed to be redoubled. He ordered that officer to be brought before him, with his head and feet bare, his hands bound, and the muslin of his turban tied about his neck. The same decree bore, that the house of this officer should be razed to the ground, and his goods and furniture confiscated.

Those who were charged with the execution of this decree, proceeded immediately to find the Hazeb, invested his house, and knocked at the gate. He was the first to open it himself:

But,