

THE
ORIENTALIST:

A VOLUME OF

T A L E S

A F T E R

The Eastern - Taste.

By the Author of RODERICK RANDOM, SIR
LAUNCELOT GREAVES, &c.

A N D O T H E R S.

*To wake the Soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold.*

D U B L I N :

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T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F
O M R A H
The Son of ABULFAID.

OM R A H, the son of ABULFAID, of the seed of the faithful, native of the city of *Bir*, in the province of *Diarbeckr*, or *Al-giezirah*, fertilized by the waters of *El-pharat**, being fired with the pride of youth, and stimulated by a thirst after knowledge, resolved to improve his mind by travelling into foreign countries. He accordingly mounted his camel, and departed with the caravan for *Basrah*, where he arrived without accident, and made a considerable purchase of the most beautiful pearls. Having thus far happily performed his journey, his heart panted with desire to visit the imperial city of *Baghdad*, where he might be an eye-witness of

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the

* *The Euphrates is called by the natives: El-pharat.*

the glory and magnificence that furrounded the person of the renowned khaliph HAROUN AL RA-CHID the sublime successor of the prophet, the emperor of the faithful, the rose of delight, the steward of Paradise, the cherisher of merit, whose countenance shone like the vision of *Al Borak**, whose wings were perpetually dropping with the dews of liberality, and extended for shelter to all the children of distress.

OMRAH, elevated with success, and glowing with the reflexion of his own importance, considered through the medium of youthful vanity, set out from *Basrah*, without guide or company, and had already advanced as far as the delightful plains of *Hella*, within a day's journey of the great city. The sun had begun to gild the horizon; the heavens displayed an unclouded expanse of blue serenity: the fig-tree, the citron, the palm, and pomegranate, seemed to open their arms to welcome the new-born day: the verdant plants, that adorn the banks of *El-pharat*, glittered with the dew-drops of the morning: the young camel, the wanton fawn, the bounding antelope, and nimble zebra, sported along the meads, and every bush resounded with the melody of the winged choristers. Every thing concurred to fill the heart
of

* *Al Borak*, according to the *Koran*, was the beast that carried Mahomet to heaven. His face was like that of a man; and his eyes shone with as great a lustre as the stars would display, were they enlightened by the rays of the sun.



of our youth with gaiety and good-humour, and inspire his breast with that self-confidence which never fails to darken the natural lights of sense and reason. Here he was overtaken by two personages, whose appearance forthwith attracted his attention. One of them seemed to be a man in stature, but a child in countenance: his eyes were vacant, his features inanimated; his mouth was unfurnished with teeth, and an insipid smile languished incessantly on his face. His neck was hung round with tinkling cymbals: in his hand he carried a pole, to the end of which was fixed the bladder of a dromedary, distended with air, and containing a few polished pebbles. This instrument he rattled ever and anon, and seemed to take pleasure in the sound it produced. His companion, who performed the office of tutor, and led him by a bow-string, fastened to his girdle, appeared to be of the middle age, tall, robust, and brawny, with a brindled beard and froward visage. The place of one eye was covered with a patch of black taffeta: the other, surrounded with a livid circle, glared like a comet portending the vengeance of heaven: his nose, which was curved like the staff of the khaliph, had been levelled to his face by the stroke of accident: his forehead was indented with scars: his teeth were broken and displaced: his turban was stained with blood, his garment was torn, and he halted on one leg like *EBN ZAID*, the emir of *Moussul*. A scymitar of *Damascus* hung upon his thigh, without a scabbard; and in his hand he bore a splintered lance,

the remains of some tournament in which he had been engaged. Notwithstanding his ferocious appearance, he accosted our traveller in a courteous manner; and, understanding his purpose of visiting *Baghdad*, offered to conduct him the nearest way to that city. OMRAH, being naturally affable, accepted this offer, and, joining these two strangers, was agreeably entertained with the singular adventures which the lame tutor recounted,

At length they arrived at the foot of a mountain, where the road was divided into two paths: one of these was wide, safe, and agreeable, winding along the level plain, so as to form a considerable circuit; the other, dangerous and difficult, ascended the mountain, and, in one place, bordered on the brink of a precipice that overhung the river *El-pharat*, at that time swelled by the vernal rains. This, as the shortest, was chosen by the lame guide; and OMRAH followed his footsteps, even against the dictates of his own judgment: but he was overawed by the fear of appearing pusillanimous in the sight of his conductor. They had made considerable progress notwithstanding the inconveniences of the way, when, in passing over the edge of a steep rock, the younger of his two fellow-travellers shook his rattle; the noise of which alarmed an owl, that reposed herself in a small thicket which bordered on the path. Affrighted at the sound, she flapped her wings, and, screeching at the same time, darted full in the face of the astonished OMRAH, who, starting with

with surprize, fell over the precipice, and plunged into the waves of the *El-pharat*. Though he had the reputation of an excellent swimmer, such was the rapidity of the stream as to hurry him more than ten parasangs below the place where he fell: but at length he reached the shore, half dead with terror, fatigue, and vexation: for he had lost his turban, which was adorned with jewels of inestimable value. In this deplorable situation he was found by a peasant, who conveyed him to his cottage, and administered to him with great humanity in the course of a fever, which the agitation, of his mind and body had produced. One day, while he wandered among the groves of citrons that skirted the river, to inhale the refreshing air, and congratulated himself upon his recovery, his eyes were suddenly dazzled with the apparition of a female, so ravishingly beautiful, that he mistook her for one of the *HOURI*, those immortal daughters of delight, with whom the faithful Moslems solace themselves in Paradise. Her eyes were black, large, and comely, like those of the wanton heifer that crops the yellow flowers in the enamelled meadows of *Yerak*: her cheeks glowed with the crimson dye of youth, more gorgeous than the full-blown rose that perfumes the gardens of *Damascus*: her teeth were white, and polished as the sceptre of the khaliph, and regularly set, like the rows of cypresses that shade the bazars of *Diarbeckr*: her raven tresses, that flowed adown her shoulders, were interwoven with sprigs of diamonds, which sparkled like the stars of heaven

through the sable curtain of the night : her neck was snowy as the flour of *Ophra*, elegantly turned, smooth, and glossy, like the swans that ride upon the waters of *Diglut** : her breasts were seen to rise through a transparent veil, like two marble cupolas in the stately mosque of *Bir*. In a word, her form was exquisite, and her splendid apparel so contrived as to exhibit every charm to the greatest advantage. She turned her eyes upon *OMRAH*, and her look was accompanied with such a smile as captivated the sense, and kindled in his heart a transport of desire. When she retired, he followed her steps to the purlieus of her habitation, which might be justly termed the Bower of Bliss, so lavishly was it adorned with all the beauties of nature and of art. Here was he checked by reverential awe, affraid of intruding upon the privacy of some voluptuous genie, who he supposed had fixed her residence in this enchanting spot. While he stood hesitating between love and apprehension, he was joined by an impetuous youth, with ruddy looks and grey eyes, that glanced like the pearls of *Basrah* : his nose was aquiline, and his complexion so florid, that his blood seemed ready to burst the vessels in which it was contained. His breath was more scorching than the blast called *samiel*, that smites the traveller even to the marrow ; and his skin felt like the touch of the angel of fire : his robe was stained with the juice of the grape, forbid to the followers of the prophet :

* *The river Tigris, so called.*

phet: he smelled like the rams of *Kburdistan*; and brandished a dagger, that glittered like the *sam samah* of the invincible HAROUN AL RACHID. He approached OMRAH without speaking, and, seizing his hand, conveyed him with the swiftness of lightning to the bower of the beautiful unknown. There he met with such reception as suited his most sanguine wish; the enchantress flew to his embrace, and he took full possession of her charms; so that for some time his senses were drowned in ecstasy. But, alas! this transport was of short duration: next morning, waking from his trance, he found himself stretched among straw in a wretched solitary hut, abandoned by his inamorata, and robbed of all his pearls. He started up with horror, and rushing into the open air, perceived that all the gaiety of the landscape was vanished. Casting his eyes around, he beheld nothing but a dreary waste of brakes and bogs, roughened with some rugged rocks, among which he saw some half-starved goats and monkeys, the emblems of lewdness and obscenity. At length, in a dark corner of the cottage, he discovered an old hag, lying extended on a mat, and groaning with all the agony of distemper. He approached this miserable object, notwithstanding an almost intolerable stench that annoyed his nostrils; but she was incapable of conveying the least verbal information. There was hardly any vestige of her nose remaining: her teeth, her palate, and her throat, were half consumed with putrefying sores. What he could not learn from her

tongue, he guessed from her condition. Dread and abhorrence winged his flight from this infectious scene. Smiting his breast in a transport of consternation and remorse, “*O Allah! (cried he) is this the fruit of that virtuous education which I imbibed at Bir, under the wings of my indulgent parents? Are these the effects of the sage precepts, inculcated on my tender mind, by the venerable ABULFAID, whose wisdom diffused a grateful odour, like the gums and spices of Yeman? Wretched OMRAH! how have thy folly and misconduct disgraced thy family, and brought thee to shame and perdition? Thou hast obeyed the impulse of the most brutal and dangerous passions! Thou hast rushed into the arms of vice, and held guilty dalliance with infamy and disease! Thou art stripped of all thy wealth, derived from inheritance and industry: thy morals are corrupted, and in thy flesh are sown the seeds of pain and putrefaction! Die, miserable OMRAH! for thou art unworthy to live, or be numbered among the followers of the prophet.*”

So saying, he pulled from his girdle a poignard, which his evil fortune had spared, and calling upon the angel of the dead, would have buried it in his own bosom, had not his hand been suddenly arrested. Thus restrained, he turned about, and he found himself with-held by an aged dervise, whose appearance inspired him with reverence and awe. His eyes were bright and piercing, like those of the eagles of *Irak*; but his looks were mild and benign: every feature breathed sensibility; and the disposition of the whole formed an amiable aspect of sweetness and composure,

composure. Age had robbed his forehead of its honours; but his white beard descended to his middle. He was cloathed in a simple garment of camel's hair; his feet were defended by sandals of packthread; and in his hand he held a rosary, according to the custom of the Moslem devotees.

Having recited the apothegm of ALLAH ACKBAR, God is good, “ *Hold, my son, (said he) nor meanly give way to the frantic dictates of despair: remember what thou owest to thyself, thy family, thy country, and thy religion. Consider the life which thou art rashly going to throw away, is not at thy disposal: it is a sacred trust, for which thou art accountable to the great giver. He it is that placed thee in this sublunary state of probation, to fulfil the wise purposes of providence; and shalt thou revolt against his decrees, and, like a coward or a traitor, abandon thy post without permission? Wilt thou rush precipitately into the presence of the offended Allah? Wilt thou presume to mingle with the pure spirits of the faithful, stained as thou must be with the dreadful guilt of suicide? Thy country demands that life which thou hast no right to take away. In withdrawing thyself from the land of the living, thou robbest thy prince of a subject; thou robbest the community of those talents which were bestowed upon thee for the use and benefit of thy fellow-citizens; and thou incallest disgrace upon the family which gave thee being. Wilt thou then plunge into eternity, with such complicated horrors on thy head? Ah! no. Let it not be said, that the seed of a believing Mussulman, trained up in the true faith of thy ever-blessed prophet, and admitted*

to kiss the sacred threshold of the Caabah, should bring forth such bitter fruit of wickedness and woe." Every word which the senior spoke, seemed to penetrate to the heart of OMRAH: the poignard dropped from his hand; the agitation of his mind subsided; his looks softened into the expression of penitential sorrow; and his cheeks were bedewed with the tears of contrition. He fell on his knees before the reverend dervise, and grasping his hand, "*Father, (cried he) I submit to the irresistible force of your reason. You have taught me to acquiesce in the dispensations of providence: pity an hapless young man, far removed from the advice and assistance of his friends, misled by the passions of youth, persecuted by misfortune, and betrayed by iniquity. You have saved me from the commission of a crime, the remembrance of which fills me with horror. Extend your charity still farther, and aid me with your salutary counsel, more precious than the fragrant gums of Hayaman; counsel flowing from the sacred springs of study and experience."* After this preamble he recounted the disasters which had befallen him, and described the snares into which he had fallen. The dervise having listened to his tale with the most humane complacency, undertook the office of comforter, bade him be of good cheer, and thank heaven for the dangers he had escaped. He observed, that adversity was the most useful school of life: he demonstrated the insignificance and fugitive nature of wealth: he reminded him of his youth, vigour, and qualifications, and unfolded a variety of fair prospects for the exertion of his industry and perseverance: he

promised

promised to secure his constitution, by means of an antidote, the juice of a certain herb which grows upon the mountains of *Kurdo*, lately discovered by the khaliph's physician GABRIEL, the son of BAKHTISOU, an heretic of the superstition of the Jesids: finally, he invited him to his hermitage in the neighbourhood, whither he was accompanied by the grateful OMRAH.

Every word that flowed from the mouth of the dervise was pointed with wisdom, or smoothed with humanity. His conversation stole imperceptibly into the heart of OMRAH, and his demeanour inspired him with reverence and affection. He was commodiously lodged in the hermitage, and treated with parental care, undebauched by vitious tenderneſs; for he found himself restricted to the food of temperance and frugality, while his host administered to him the promised antidote, which in a little time destroyed the seeds of that poison which had begun to germinate in his constitution. It was a much more difficult task to purify his mind, and eradicate those bad habits which youth and passion had engendered: this, however, the dervise did not decline, as he perceived in his pupil a remarkable sensibility of heart, together with an uncommon acuteness and ductility of understanding. His vanity and pride were already mortified by the disasters he had undergone: but that mortification was the effect of disappointment; and those passions would, in all probability, have revived in proportion as the
sense

sense of calamity abated, if the dervise had not taken a more effectual method to subdue them, with the arms of reason and philosophy. He made a fair estimate of all the young man's accomplishments; ballanced them with his defects, and shewed how the latter scale preponderated. He proved, that, in point of personal qualification, he was equaled, if not excelled, by many of his cotemporaries: that he was rivalled in beauty by the physician GABRIEL, the son of BAKHTISOU: that he could not throw the javelin like MUSA EBN ISA, the prefect of *Egypt*; nor manage the steed like MOSLEMA EBN YAHYA, who had been trained up with the khaliph; nor run the tilt; like AMRU EBN MAHRAN, who won the prize in the famous tournament held at *Gezirah*, built on an island of *Diglut*. He observed, that OMRAH could not be more loyal than YAHYA EBN KHALID EBN BARAMACK; nor more liberal than his son JAAFAR, the first favourite of the empire, on whom the khaliph bestowed his own sister in marriage; nor more brave than this favourite's brother, FADL, who extinguished the rebellion of YAHYA EBN ABDAL-JAH. Such were the qualities of the celebrated house of *Baramak*. He convinced him, that, in point of genius and knowledge, he could not be compared to many of the khaliph's slaves: that in poetry he was infinitely surpassed by ABOUNAOVAS, who composed the famous stanza upon the verse sent by one of the queen's damsels to HAROUN AL RACHID: that in piety he fell far
short

short of EBN ADHEM, who in a vision, saw the angel writing his name among those who sincerely loved their Creator : that in medicine he was ignorant, in comparison of the christian GABRIEL, and the *Indian* MANGHEH ; which last was said to have the hand of MOSES and the breath of MESSIAH : that in metaphysics he was eclipsed by ABOUSAID ASMAI, who wrote the famous treatise on the sublime doctrines of the soul, intituled, *Fahouat-u al naderat* ; and that he was a child in philosophy and jurisprudence, when compared to MORABEK and BAHALOUL. Finally, he reminded our youth of the distressful circumstances to which he was reduced by the loss of his turban, and the treachery of her with whom he had held vicious dalliance. By these and other such wise remonstrances, the disposition of OMRAH was entirely changed. He began to look upon himself with that contempt and diffidence, which lay the foundations of wisdom. His heart, which pride had hardened, was now melted by humanity, and overflowed with all the tenderness of benevolence ; all the vain projects of his early youth vanished, like the phantoms of a morning dream : he obtained an absolute victory over his most unruly passions ; and now retained no ambition but that of distinguishing himself among his fellow-creatures, by his superior sagacity and virtue. In these sentiments, he listened with the most eager attention to the instructions of the dervise, who was not only consummate master of all the philosophy and learning of the East ; but likewise skilled in the
policy

policy of nations, the customs and manners of mankind; and intimately acquainted with all the springs that move the human mind. His knowledge was so universal, and his virtue so sublime, that OMRAH believed him a supernatural being, and could hardly refrain from worship and adoration. He did not fail, however, to make advantage of the precious moments which this opportunity offered. He carefully treasured up the lessons of his tutor, and, in one annual revolution of the sun, his mind was so well stored with wisdom and erudition, that the dervise pronounced him qualified as a professor in the famous college at *Madrasah al Mestan Seriab*, which the khaliph had lately established in the city of *Baghdad*. Nevertheless, he was not yet satisfied with the proficiency he had made, and resolved to pass another year in the prosecution of his studies, within the bosom of this charming retreat, when his resolution was frustrated by an unexpected event. From the aga of the caravan of *Bir*, which passed near the skirts of the hermitage, he learned that the venerable ABULFAID had paid his debt to nature; and that his mother, the virtuous KADISHA, mourned, without ceasing, the death of her husband, and the absence of her son, of whom she had heard no tidings since his departure.

OMRAH's filial tenderness was waked by this intelligence. Having payed the tribute of tears to the memory of his father, he consulted the dervise with respect to his future conduct, and
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was exorted to return to *Bir*, and settle the affairs of his family. Being enriched with other salutary advice, he took leave of his kind preceptor; joined the caravan, arrived at *Bir*, comforted his mother, and found himself heir to a considerable fortune. Mindful of the dervise's injunctions, he converted his estate into jewels, and set out the nearest road for *Baghdad*, determined to devote his talents to the service of his country. He again departed with the caravan for *Moussul*, which was chiefly loaded with dyed goat-skins, linnen, and cotton; and on the plains of *Orfa* had an opportunity of signalizing his valour, in an engagement with a body of *Curdes* and *Tartars*, who attacked the escorte, and were routed after a severe action, in which *OMRAH* slew with his own hand one of the fiercest schecks of the enemy. They passed over the verdant hills of *Hojafor*, covered with sheep, and through the vales of *Mur-din*, shaded with the date, the fig, and the pomegranate: then making a circuit round the mountains of *Balad*, they visited the antient city of *Nisibin*, watered by the delightful stream of *Hermas*. Having crossed the stately bridge of *Nisibin*, they for five days travelled through the parched and desert country of *Sinjar*, before they reached the spacious city of *Moussul*, seated on the pleasant banks of the *Diglat*.

Even the delicious melons which this territory affords, and the curiosities with which the place abounds, could not, in the opinion of *OMRAH*, make attonement for the excessive heat that reigns here

here in the summer: he therefore quitted it with the first opportunity, and, prosecuting his journey by the way of *Karkak*, arrived in safety at the imperial city of *Baghdad*, the centre of terrestrial paradise, and the pearl of human greatness.

It was in the night al Kadr, denominated of divine decree, in the month Ramadan, that OMRAH entered the western city, called *Kasr*, and was struck dumb with astonishment and admiration at sight of the *Dar al Kalifa*, or palace of the immortal HAROUN AL RACHID, who sat enthroned, above the princes of the nations, in a blaze of splendour that dazzled the eyes, and confounded the pride, of all beholders.

OMRAH prostrated himself in a transport of wonder and delight, and found himself irresistibly attracted by an eager desire to be received among the servants of the invincible khaliph. He spent the first days after his arrival in surveying the mosques, the bazars, the palaces, gardens, and canals of this magnificent city: then he consulted the khaliph's jeweller, to whom he had been recommended by one of his kinsmen at *Bir*. This person, whose name was ALI EBN AZRAH, conducted him to a field on the farther side of the *Diglut*; where he perceived, on the summit of a very high mountain, seemingly inaccessible, a temple that shewn like adamant. “Behold, said ALI, the hill of Akzaba, and castle of Distinction, which every man must reach before he can

can obtain the favour of the khaliph. The attempt is attended with imminent danger; and incredible labour, as well as skill, must be exerted by him who climbs the precipice, treads the burning sands, passes through the almost impenetrable brake, and discomfits the formidable guards that hover about the skirts of the fortress."

The peril and difficulties annexed to this enterprise, served only to inflame the ambition of OMRAH, who would have begun the ascent without hesitation, had not he been assured by ALI, that each adventurer was permitted to chuse two guides from a multitude of personages, who constantly plied at the foot of the hill, on purpose to be employed. Of these he selected the first that engaged his attention. This was a florid youth, with an insinuating look and ever-dimpling smile, that played upon his visage like the circling eddies that sportive whirl upon the transparent stream of *Belikab*. He was tall, straight, and vigorous; strong as the camel of *Halcb*, and nimble as *al Jerbua* of the desert. His robe was covered with the most luxuriant designs of embroidery: in his left hand he held a vial, cased in filigrane of gold; and in his right a picture of the castle, drawn with such exquisite art as to fascinate the eyes of the spectator. This he no sooner presented to the view of OMRAH, than our youth was seized with an extasy of impatience to atchieve the adventure: for the painter had not only represented all the beauties and elegancies of the temple with the most flattering exaggeration, but also exhibited HAZI-

35A, the khaliph's treasurer, sitting on a throne before the portal, distributing, with a liberal hand, preferment, honours, and rewards, to the happy few who reached the area of the castle. The other guide, whom OMRAH chose, formed a remarkable contrast with the former. He seemed to be turned of fifty, thick, squat, and broad-shouldered, cloathed in a plain garment, girded about his loins with the ropes called *ypos*, used by the porters of *Baghdad*. His features were contracted, not so much by age as by a continued severity of attention; and his eyes gleamed from under his wrinkled forehead, like two unpolished carbuncles shining through the rugged cliffs of *Arabia*. He examined our youth with the most minute and curious survey: then buckled on his head a helmet of cork, and taking in his hand a long pole, with an iron hook at one end, walked with a firm and deliberate pace behind OMRAH, who eagerly followed the footsteps of his youthful conductor. He was already almost fainting with fatigue when he had surmounted one precipice, and saw another above him much more high, and almost perpendicular. His heart began to fail at this prospect, when the junior held up the picture before his eyes, and at the same time presented the vial, exhorting him to swallow a mouthful of that incomparable cordial. He complied with this advice, and found it more delicious than the sherbat of *Ophrab*, compounded for the haram of the khaliph. His spirits were not only instantaneously refreshed, but his heart was inspired with
 such

such confidence as he had never felt before, and his looks were lighted up with a transport of courage and ambition. The triumvirate now stood upon the projection of a rock about six feet square; and the younger of his guides, having pocketed his picture and vial, began to climb the steep rock, which in some measure overhung this resting-place. He had already fixed his right hand on the brink of the summit, when the senior suddenly seizing OMRAH, threw him flat upon the ground in an instant, and, extending himself upon his body, pressed him to the rock with irresistible force.

Our adventurer had not time to expostulate on this seeming outrage. The first object he perceived was his youthful conductor tumbling down from the summit, in such a direction, that, if the senior had not committed this violence, he must have struck him in his fall, and dashed him in pieces among the rocks which they had already ascended.

The part of the summit on which the guide had laid hold was a loose fragment, that separated from the rock, and pitched upon the helmet of the elder guide, from whence it rebounded harmless, and fell at a considerable distance from the foot of the precipice.

OMRAH, in the midst of his acknowledgments to his sage preserver, could not help lamenting the loss of his other attendant, when the old man bade him cast his eyes below, where he saw him
limping

limping off the field, in all appearance very little damaged by his fall, though he did not attempt to reascend the rock to the assistance of his pupil.

The remaining guide, having observed the precipice above with great attention, unbound his ypes; one end of which he tied round the middle of OMRAH, keeping the other fast about his own body: then fixing the hook of his pole upon the trunk of a wild ash which grew from a cleft in the rock, he drew himself up, and afterwards, by means of the rope, dragged OMRAH into the same hollow. This operation being repeated, they both reached the summit in safety; and our adventurer looked back upon the dangers he had undergone with a mingled transport of joy and horror. Nor was the prospect before him much more comfortable. He found himself obliged to pass over a long tract of loose burning sand, like that of the desert of *Barkha*; at the farther end of which he perceived a thick and seemingly impassable brake of thorns, briars, and brambles; but he saw neither grove nor caravanera for refreshment or repose, nor the least sign of water to quench his thirst, which was already become almost intolerable. He would now have desisted from his pursuit; but there was an impossibility of retreating, and his guide told him, that his safety and success depended intirely upon his perseverance. He resolved, therefore, to redouble all his efforts; and his companion accommodating him with an occasional umbrella, made of the palmetto-

palmetto-leaf, fixed to the end of his pole, he proceeded through the blasted plain with astonishing vigour: but when, at length, he approached the brake, weary, faint, and exhausted; when he saw how thick the thorns were set, and how the briars and brambles were entangled together; when he viewed the numerous and dreadful adversaries whom he had to encounter, on the space between this boundary and the draw-bridge; he was abandoned by his constancy and courage: his heart died within him; and he declared he would lie down and perish among the scorching sand, rather than encounter such insurmountable toils, or engage with such an host of terrors. His attendant, seeing him overwhelmed with despair, sought not to animate him to new endeavours. His province was not to stimulate and encourage; but to foresee danger, and prevent accident. He lifted the youth upon his back, with as much ease as if he had been a child new-born; and carrying him to the left, about the length of one parasang, arrived at the brink of a rapid stream, which OMRAH beheld with a transport of joy; but this was instantly damped, when he heard his conductor exclaim, "*These be the waters of disappointment, too bitter to regale thy palate; though, perhaps, they may serve to extinguish thy ambition.*" So saying, he clasped the youth in his arms, and plunged into the torrent, which was equally deep and impetuous.

The force with which OMRAH was precipitated from the bank of the river, sunk them both to
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the bottom, where the senior disappeared, after having, by a kind of magical conveyance, fixed the helmet of cork upon the head of his pupil. Thus buoyed, the youth soon rose to the surface, when he found himself dash'd to and fro among various rocks and contending currents; and in spite of all his endeavours to the contrary, was obliged to swallow large draughts of the water, which was ten times more unpalatable than the ashes of the Kali, or the salt of Ammon, crytallized from the urine of Hegen among the scorching sand of the desert. All his efforts to reach the shore would have been ineffectual, had not he been accommodated with the helmet, which not only defended his head from violence, but rendered his body specifically lighter than the fluid in which he floated. When his strength failed, he recommended his soul to Allah and the prophet, and resigned himself to the violence of the stream, which tilting him over a steep cascade, lost all its fury in a spreading pool below. Here he recollected his thoughts, and by a small exertion of his strength and skill in swimming, arrived at the dry land. Nevertheless, he was so much exhausted by the fatigue and terror he had undergone, that he swooned upon the bank; and when he recovered the use of his senses, found himself in a very dangerous situation. He was surrounded by a body of armed *Curdes* on horseback. A lance was held to his throat by a female warrior, who stood over him in the attitude of striking, holding in her left hand his scarf and scymetar, which

which she had unbound from his side ; and one of her attendants had taken possession of his helmet. When he looked up and saw this amazon, he thought it was a vision of the brain, with which he resolved to regale his fancy. On the crown of her head arched the *Botta*, adorned with jewels like the tiara of Irak ; and her long black hair tied together with a silken fillet, flowed down in natural ringlets to the middle of her back, floating and fluctuating on the wanton wind. Her shoulder was graced with an embossed quiver, plentifully supplied with arrows ; and on the same side was slung a bow tipped with ivory, and studded with precious stones. Her upper garment was faced with ermin, wide, short and open, displaying the under stole of rich *Persian*, bound about her middle with a scarf of *Damascus*, but parting at the knee so as to disclose her delicate limbs cased in embroidered buskins. Her face was beautiful as the idea that true Moslems have of the *Carubun* and *Sajedra*, angels that adore the most High in the seventh heaven ; and her eyes lightened like the precious stone of *Hafala*, which the prophet saw in the vision *al Borak*. Though her posture was menacing, her looks were benign ; and through the resentment that glowed on her visage, there shone such an emanation of softness and complacency, that the first emotion of *OMRAH* was not fear, but admiration and love. “ *Hapless wretch !* (cried she in a tone sweet as the murmurs of *al Cawthur*, the fountains that warble as they flow from under the tree *Sed-rut*)

but) recommend thyself to the Faithful of God, the angel of death that presides over seventy thousand; who is now ready to blot thy detested name from the book of life.—Thou hast slain the young prince of the Curdes, my betrothed lord; these be the trophies of thy cruel victory. This scarf I wove with my own fingers, sitting in my bower, by one of the springs of Amada on the mountain.” “Fair princess, (replied the youth) cruelty and injustice cannot lurk under such an aspect of innocence and humanity. My heart is more endangered by the shafts of your beauty, than by the point of your lance. The scarf you have recognized was fairly won in battle, from a person who attacked me without provocation. Nevertheless, if it has been my misfortune unwillingly to incur the displeasure of such perfection, execute your threats.—I will gladly die by your avenging hand; but I cannot live the object of your resentment.”

At these words her cheeks were overspread with a deep suffusion; she withdrew her lance, saying: “I will not stain myself with thy blood; thou shalt be reserved for the justice of my sovereign, whose camp is pitched in the recess of a deep valley to the northward of yonder shaggy mountain.” He was accordingly fettered by her retinue, and mounted behind one of the horsemen, with whom she forthwith set out on her return from the excursion she had made. They were benighted in a thick wood, where they pitched occasional tents, in one of which OMRAH was secured under a strong guard. At midnight, while he ruminated on his hard fate, his lovely enslaver, on a sudden, stood before him,

him, her eyes streaming with tears. "Stranger, (cried she) *this is no time for dissembling; thou hast made an impression on my heart. Far from dragging thee before the footstool of AMRU, who would devote thee to instant death for the murder of his son, I will instantly set thee free, and am almost tempted to follow thy fortune. Here take thy scymitar, and wear the scarf for my sake! thou art more worthy than its former possessor, the most brutal of all the Scheicks in Curdistan. Two horsemen, whom I have selected for the purpose, wait without to conduct thee beyond the farthest extents of our hostile inroads upon Yaman. Arise without delay, and profit by this precious opportunity; which, if once lost, will never be retrieved.*" OMRAH'S whole soul was dissolved in tenderness by this unexpected address. He prostrated himself before her and declared in the most passionate strain, that he would have more joy in dying at her feet, than in tasting the greatest favours that fortune could bestow without her presence and participation. "You must not die (she hastily exclaimed :) *such an event would prove fatal to her whom you pretend to love. Know, that although I live among these barbarous tribes, I am not by birth a Curde: recommend me to thy prophet, whom I also adore; away and remember the unfortunate FATIMA.*" So saying she made a signal, in consequence of which the two horsemen entered the tent, seized our youth by the arms, and conveying him to the door, lifted him upon a beautiful steed gayly caparisoned. They mounted their horses at the same time, and one of them taking hold of the reins of his bridle,

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they proceeded in silence, the heart of OMRAH being overwhelmed with grief, anxiety, and confusion. After having traversed several thickets, marshes and mountains, they found themselves in the morning on the skirts of an extensive plain; when one of the two conductors quitting the bridle of OMRAH's horse, pointed with his finger to the East; and the youth casting his eyes that way, discerned the towers and minarets of *Baghdad*: then the *Curdes*, laying the finger to the lip, as a signal to enjoin silence, turned about their horses, and rode off at full speed, leaving the son of ABULFAID to prosecute his reflections on the strange vicissitudes of his fortune. It was not without the utmost perplexity that he revolved a variety of thoughts, in which the amiable FATIMA still maintained the ascendancy she had so surprizingly acquired. Her beauteous image was still present to his fancy, and her last words still sounded in his ears: *Remember the unfortunate FATIMA!* Sometimes he was tempted to return and regale himself with another sight of her, though at the certain expence of his life. Sometimes he was fired with the hope of giving such information to the khaliph, as would induce him to send a body of troops to intercept the *Curdes* in their retreat: the first upon recollection, appeared to be a scheme suggested by madness; the other he foresaw would be impracticable. At length he resolved to retire from the hurry of courts and cities, and cultivate the virtues of private life in some quiet retreat. The very spot over which he now travelled, seem-

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ed remarkably adapted by nature for the scene of his retirement. It was a delightful plain, waved into a number of agreeable swells, tufted with groves, and watered with transparent streamlets. Besides, it could not be far distant from the recess haunted by the *Curdes*, among whom his *FATI-MA* resided: and he was flattered with the hope of one day reviewing the idol of his soul. Stimulated by these considerations, he withdrew his effects from the hands of the jeweller, *ALI BEN AZRAH*; agreed with the Emir of the province about the purchase of the land upon which he had pitched for a settlement; reared up an house with surprising expedition; stocked his ground with cattle of all sorts; bought a number of slaves, and parcelled out the ground into corn-fields, pastures, and plantations. Providence crowned his endeavours with success. Yellow harvests waved on every side: his flocks and herds multiplied with amazing increase: his gardens and orchards glowed with the most delicious fruit; the citron, the melon, the pomegranate, the nectarine. His fleeces rivalled the finest wool of *Curdistan*; and, even before the first year of his rusticity was elapsed, he sent a considerable quantity of raw silk and camels hair to the Bazars of *Baghdad*. His extensive œconomy required a great many hands, and fed a considerable number of dependants: his herdsmen, peasants, and slaves partook and rejoiced in his good fortune. All his fellow-creatures were welcome to his ad-

vice and assistance; and his hand was ever ready to relieve the necessitous. In a word, his name was diffused like a Sabæan odour, and every hill and valley resounded with strains that were poured forth in praise of OMRAH, whom they compared to the patriarch AL MA'MUR, father of the faithful. In the midst of all these enjoyments, which must have been exquisitely felt by a person of OMRAH's generous disposition, he still retained the idea of the fair FARIMA, though it no longer excited painful sensations, but rather a tender remembrance, which he cherished with a kind of melancholy self-indulgence. Two years had happily rolled over his head in this pacific state of rural sequestration; when one evening standing in his porch to enjoy the cooling breeze, he lifted up his eyes, and beheld his friend the Dervise, advancing towards his habitation. He ran forth to meet his worthy preceptor, and falling on his neck, wept aloud in a transport of joy. Then he led him by the hand into his Divan, and welcomed his arrival with such overflowings of gratitude, as might be expected from the benevolent heart of OMRAH. When the sage had refreshed and reposed himself, his kind host recounted all the particulars of his fate since their last parting; explained the nature of his present situation, and concluded by declaring himself the happiest of men.

The Dervise attentively listened to his discourse; but did not seem to enter into his raptures. On the contrary, assuming a severity of aspect,

aspect, "Such (said he) are the avocations allotted for those whom nature hath formed with moderate intellects; to move within the shade of life; but her extraordinary talents are bestowed for other purposes of a higher order; to improve the necessary arts, devise laws, extend commerce, conduct armies, assist in moving the machine of government, and contrive patriot plans for the benefit of society. Believe me, son, this retreat is criminal: providence hath designed you for the service of the public. I blush to think you have been so easily discouraged from the honourable pursuit in which you was engaged:— You must forthwith quit this favourite privacy; and relinquish these pleasures, which serve only to enervate the faculties of the soul. To-morrow I will lead you back to the hill of Akaba, which you shall ascend by an avenue opposite to that which you have attempted in vain; and before we part you shall be supplied with such armour as will ensure success." These words acted like a charm upon the heart of OM-RAH, in which all the ideas of ambition revived. He desired he might be led forthwith to the trial; and the Dervise, unwilling to baulk his inclination, set out with him upon his journey by moonlight. The sun had not yet gilded the hemisphere; when they arrived at the foot of the mountain. The ascent, though steep, was not of itself very dangerous: the castle appeared distinct to the eye; and a great number of individuals were seen climbing towards it with the utmost eagerness and industry; but every minute was fatal to one or other of these adventurers, who

were opposed and attacked by irregular bands of formidable ruffians, that overspread the greater part of the hill from top to bottom; having nothing else in view but the ruin of those they encountered. As often as their weapons took effect, the unhappy sufferer lost his footing, and rolled down with incredible velocity into a dark and dismal gulph below, in which they sunk, never to rise again. In order to defend OMRAH from the assault of these hideous freebooters, the Dervise cased him in a coat of mail so exquisitely tempered, that neither lance nor arrow, scymetar nor mace, could make the least impression upon its surface. At the same time he armed him with a two-edged sword, so sharp and shining, that no mortal substance could resist its edge, and no eye endure its splendour.

Thus armed, he embraced his counsellor, and sprang forwards with a look of confidence and alacrity. The first insult he received was from his former fellow-travellers, the tall changeling and his lame tutor, who now occupied the lower part of the declivity. They exhibited no signs of recognition at sight of their old acquaintance, but ran towards him with hostile intent. The tutor, striking at him with his scymetar, missed his aim, and the weapon descended upon his own toe, which it severed from the joint. The junior brandished his pole to as little purpose; for it swung harmless over the head of OMRAH, who nevertheless found himself not a little disconcerted by the
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found of the cursed rattle, which had once been to him so productive of mischief and misfortune. Having safely passed these associates, he was next encountered by a figure of a hideous aspect, meagre, wan, and yellow; with a squinting blood-shot eye, and deep indented frown, betokening a gloomy mixture of doubt, anxiety, and rage but ill suppressed. His left hand held a halter, and his right was laid upon the pommel of his sword, while he advanced in a menacing posture, attended by an assassin with a dagger and dark lantern, and a maniac in his paroxysm of frenzy, clanking his chains; and gnashing his teeth. Their appearance was very dreadful; but their threats they did not endeavour to execute: the foremost of the three stopped short at a small distance from OMRAH; and waving with his hand to restrain his followers, contented himself with eying the youth earnestly as he passed. The third groupe was headed by an old hoary hag, naked to the middle: her skin was tawny, loose, and wrinkled: her cheek-bones projected outwards, and helped to form an hollow pit for her eyes, which were scarce visible; her mouth extended from ear to ear, was furnished with teeth as sharp as needles; and these she always disclosed like a dog that snarls. Her scalding tears had fretted deep channels on her face, which was a lively expression of rancour and anguish. Her bloated dugs, that hung down to her waist, were sore and cankered; yielding, instead of milk, a constant distillation of poison, which tortured her so

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severely,

feverely, that she shrieked aloud at every drop that fell from the nipple: This was carefully collected by some of her attendants in two earthen cups, in which they dipped the arrows they shot at her command. In her hands she held two living snakes, that twined around her arms, and seemed to exasperate her torments with the most hideous hissing. Her troop consisted of a motley crew, as different in their garb as various in their occupations. One tainted the air by diffusing his envenomed breath in whispers, shaking the head, shrugging the shoulders, pointing with the finger, and practising a thousand antic gesticulations. Another with inflated cheeks and hoarse discordant voice, poured forth a torrent of obloquy, and from a basket slung before him, pelted our youth with balls of filth and ordure. A third rushed forward in the garb of a juggler, with a grinning mask upon his face, an ostrich feather in his right hand, and in his left a pair of asses ears, which he endeavoured to fix upon the head of OMRAH. He seemed to have no language of his own; but counterfeited a vast variety of sounds, peculiar to different animals. He mewed like a cat, roared like a lion, lowed like a camel, and howled like a dog: but he performed no part so naturally, as that of braying like an ass. He laughed and whimpered, scolded and sung, danced like a marabout, and halted like a cripple. He practised a thousand ludicrous postures, and attempted to tickle the throat of OMRAH with his
feather:

feather : but the youth, with his sword in the scabbard, kept him still at a distance. He had much more to apprehend from the archers of this infernal band, who stood behind their fellows, and plied him with their poisoned arrows from every quarter. Nothing could have saved him from the points of these missiles, but the mail he had received from the Dervise, in consequence of which he persevered in his ascent. The last antagonist, that took the field against him, appeared in the habit of an *Iman*, huge in stature, grave, sleek, and solemn ; with a fixed, unmeaning eye ; and an air of supercilious contempt. A large owl perched on each shoulder ; and he grasped with both hands a leaden mace, which he raised against our adventurer, while the two birds of *Athens* flapped their wings, and screeched with horrid utterance. OMRAH was discomposed at sight of this gigantic adversary, stalking towards him with uplifted arm, and deliberated with himself whether he should remain on the defensive or prepare for battle. He had not yet determined ; when his enemy directing a blow with all his force, the youth nimbly slipped aside, and the momentum of the stroke brought the unwieldy *Iman* to the ground. The hill being steep in this place, he rolled down ten paces, until he was stopped by a kind of natural terrace ; where he lay in a disgraceful attitude, with his posteriors exposed to the derision of all passengers. OMRAH had now passed unhurt through all hos-

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tilities, and ascended to the summit of the hill, when he perceived the castle surrounded with a wall of ice; the cold emanations of which began to pierce him to the marrow. Casting his eyes around; he beheld the ground strewed with the bodies of those, who, after having surmounted all the other dangers and difficulties of the hill, had been frozen by the influence of this icy mound; and, in order to avoid the same fate, he hastened to his last resource. He already began to feel his blood creeping slow; and his teeth chattered in his head; before he could unsheath the enchanted sword of Mérit; but, this no sooner gleamed upon the battlements, than they melted like snow beneath the noon-day sun; and he entered in triumph through the breach it had made. Within the court he beheld HAZIMA on his throne; and the lustre of the sword having flashed in the eyes of that minister, he beckoned towards him with a gracious smile. “*Son (said he) you have gloriously passed your probation; and now it is my duty to reward your virtue.*” So saying, he seated him at his right hand: and the place of his chief secretary being vacant, he was forthwith invested with that office. Next day, HAZIMA presented him to the khaliph; and, in a few months, he insinuated himself into the favour of that mighty emperor. Fortune had now recompensed him for all his sufferings; but it was not in her power to intoxicate his fancy, or in the least impair the virtues of his heart; which seemed to encrease in proportion to the means he had
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of exercising them. Wealth flowed in upon him from every quarter; and this he again discharged in a thousand different channels, planned by his sagacity, and filled by his benevolence. Passing one night through a Bazar, near the gate *El Maazan*, he perceived a number of slaves, chained together, standing for sale; and among the rest, a tall female, covered with a veil; which he lifted up, in order to gratify his curiosity: but, what were the emotions of his heart, when he beheld the features of his adorable FATIMA! He was struck dumb with a transport of joyful surprise; while the same passions operated in her tender bosom with nearly the same effect. “*Have I then found thee* (cried he) *thou inestimable jewel of my heart? now shall my happiness be pure without alloy.*” At this address, her eyes lightened with pleasure; while she pronounced these words: “*Allah be praised, that I once more behold thee unchanged in sentiment and affection! I have never smiled since our last parting; but sighed incessantly, and made continual excursions in hopes of seeing thee again—Providence has blessed my endeavours. I and these my attendants were yesterday surrounded and taken by a body of the khalif’s gingulile, who have brought us hither for sale: and Allah, no doubt, sent thee hither for our relief.*” OMRAH instantly payed the purchase for FATIMA and her companions; and conducted them in person to his own house; where his mistress was treated with all the delicacy of the most respectful love. As their hearts were mutually warmed with the most tender affection, he resolv-
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ed to be joined to her by the solemn nuptial vow; and communicated his design to his patron HAZIMA, who expressed a desire of seeing this amiable captive. The request was not altogether suitable to the Moslem customs; nevertheless, it was granted by OMRAH, in consideration of HAZIMA's age and character. After supper, FATIMA made her appearance; and the old treasurer was confounded at her beauty. She was gorgeously arrayed for the occasion; and, among other ornaments, wore on her right arm a remarkable bracelet; decked with the precious stones called Turquoises. HAZIMA, having eyed this jewel and the wearer by turns, with the most eager attention, suddenly started up, the tears running over his snowy beard; and exclaimed in the utmost agitation, "*Holy prophet! Is not this ABBASSAH; the darling child of my old age, who was stolen by a party of Curdes in her infancy, from my summer residence in the neighbourhood of Carusara? Look, if that bracelet contains not a portion of hair, with the cypher of her mother, the fair FADLOUAH?*" At this exclamation, OMRAH stood motionless, fixed in amazement and expectation: but FATIMA, flushed with strong emotion, instantly unbound the bracelet, and presented it on her knee to the treasurer; who, having recognized the cypher, clasped her in his arms, and cried, "*She is—she is my long lost ABBASSAH.*" With the streams that bedewed his face, she mingled the tears of joy and filial affection; even while her heart was too big for utterance. OMRAH did not see this

scene

scene unmoved. His joy was dashed with apprehension; and he kneeled in anxious suspense before the knees of HAZIMA; who, now recollecting himself, took his daughter by the hand, and delivered it to her enraptured lover. He received her as the best gift of providence, and kissed in acknowledgment the hem of HAZIMA'S garment. The day was appointed for their spousals, which were solemnized with great magnificence; and OMRAH lived to be distinguished by the epithet of the Happy Moslem.

T H E

THE
HISTORY
OF
HINDBAD
The MERCHANT.

HINDBAD, the son of ALMAMON, was born in *Ormuz*, a city upon the gulph of *Arabia*, famous for its wealth and commerce. From his father ALMAMON he inherited great riches, and nature had been as bountiful to him as fortune, by bestowing upon him a healthy constitution, a graceful person, and a penetrating understanding. By his industry he soon considerably encreased his inheritance, and successful love rendered his lot as happy as mortal man can presume to hope for. The youthful ZENDERHOUD, whose beauty resembled that of one of the Houris of Paradise, heard his amorous vows with pleasure; and their mutual passion was crowned by an union, which seemed to promise a bliss that could not end but with the life of one or both.

HINDBAD had been educated in a strict observance of all the precepts of the alcoran, and in his early youth was instructed in the mystery of pre-destination

destination by his father ALMAMON. But at length, intoxicated with his happiness; he deviated from the faith of true believers, and adopted the impious doctrine of XACA, who denied the existence of separate spirits in a future state. His present happiness appeared to him so great; that he could not believe that the joys of Paradise itself could equal it; and what he no longer desired to be true, he was easily induced to believe false. Add to this, that the doctrines of the khoran greatly mortified his vanity. He highly valued himself upon his skill in traffic, by which he had amassed immense riches; and chose rather to ascribe his success to his own abilities, than to look upon his wealth as a gift of the holy prophet. He constantly observed a strict integrity in all his dealings; but he neglected going to the mosques; or if he went thither, it was only to prevent censure: his heart did not join in the prayers offered up by true believers, and he heard the book of glory, which was dictated to the holy prophet by an angel, with a heart untouched.

Notwithstanding his impiety, he lived for a long time in a state of perfect happiness, and shared his prosperity with ZENDERHOUD, the idol of his heart. This happiness was, however, soon after disturbed by a vision, in which he beheld a venerable old man, who earnestly exhorted him to make a pilgrimage to *Medina*, and offer up his prayers at the tomb of the holy prophet; telling him at the same time, that if he neglected

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to obey that injunction, the vengeance of heaven would certainly overtake him. This admonition he at first neglected, and attributed to the prejudices which he had imbibed in his infancy; but the same advice being reiterated in three subsequent dreams, he at length began to hesitate, and his mind was filled with scruples.

Coming a few days afterwards from a caravan-fera, where he had treated with some *Egyptian* merchants concerning an affair in which they were all equally interested, he was seized with the utmost horror and surprize to find, upon his return home, that his house was robbed: he searched for his dear ZENDERHOUD, and not being able to find her, after having enquired all over *Ormus*, he left the city in despair.

For some time he wandered about, not knowing whither to direct his steps; but at length, met with a company of faquirs, who told him they were upon a journey to *Medina*; he recounted to them his dream; and he, yielding to their united sollicitations, agreed to accompany them to *Medina*.

Being arrived there, they all devoutly paid their adorations at the tomb of the holy prophet; and HINDBAD, who had now entirely renounced the errors of the sect XACA, set out with them for *Ispahan*. Upon his arrival at that place, he met with a vast concourse of people assembled before

fore the house of a *cadi*; and having enquired the cause thereof, was informed that several persons were then examining before him, who were found possessed of immense wealth, which they could not satisfactorily make appear how they came by; and which a woman, named *ZENDERHOUD*, who was found in their company, claimed as the property of her husband *HINDBAD*, a merchant at *Ormuz*, whose house they had rifled, and carried her off at the same time.

HINDBAD, overjoyed at this intelligence, intreated to be heard; and being admitted to the presence of the *cadi*, was immediately known by *ZENDERHOUD*, who embraced him with a transport of joy inexpressible. The *cadi*, after interrogating them, was so fully convinced of their veracity, that he caused the robbers to make instant restitution, and ordered them to receive the *bastinado* upon the spot.

HINDBAD and *ZENDERHOUD* immediately returned to *Ormuz*, where they ever after lived in perfect felicity; the former acknowledging his folly in having forsook the doctrine of God's prophet for the impious sect of *XACA*, and the latter making it her only study to please a husband who loved her with unabated affection.

THE
H I S T O R Y
O F
J A H E R *and* M A S S A O U D.

A MONGST all the inhabitants of the great and populous city of *Balsora*, none surpassed the youthful J A H E R in wealth and magnificence. His opulence he inherited from the prudent A B U B E K I R his sire, and having never had the trouble of acquiring it, his only care was to devise expedients to avail himself thereof. All the pleasures that luxurious fancy could suggest he had recourse to, and his liberality knew no bounds. Each day his palace resounded with festivity, and the illuminations which dispelled the darkness of the night, sufficiently shewed that the revelling was protracted to a very late hour.

Opposite to the house of the rich J A H E R dwelt the poor but industrious M A S S A O U D; who, by the labour of his hands maintained a wife and three children. His gains however, were but small, as his sole occupation was to assist the gardener of a *Jewish* merchant, who lived in the neighbourhood.

J A H E R

JAHER, one evening perceiving MASSAOUND more pensive than usual, inquired into the cause; and being told by the latter, that it was owing to the indigence of his family, immediately made him a present of a diamond ring, which the other received with the warmest expressions of gratitude, and prayed that the Holy Prophet might encrease his store, and shower constant blessings upon his head. The Holy Prophet, answered JAHER, has already blessed me to the height of my wishes; I have nothing now to pray for, but that he would vouchsafe to make his favours permanent.

MASSAOUND immediately imparted his good fortune to the gardener by whom he was employed; who told him that his master the Jew would soon put him into a way of disposing of his jewel to the best advantage.

MASSAOUND having received from the Jew the full value of his diamond, and following his advice, bought with it several commodities, and embarked on board a vessel bound for *Alexandria*, in *Egypt*.

JAHER still continued to live in his former splendour, and was caressed as much as ever by the inhabitants of *Balsora*; in process of time, however, his steward DAKIANOS advised him, to look into the state of his finances. But JAHER, lulled to sleep by the Syren voices of the women of his seraglio; and plunged in unceasing ebriety,
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in the company of impious companions, who like him, neglected the precepts of the Alcoran, deferred from day to day to follow his advice, till his whole substance was reduced to a single sequin. This unexpected turn of fortune constrained him to quit *Balsora* in disguise; and in that city he never afterwards made his appearance.

MASSAoud, who had greatly improved the small stock he set out with, continued to traffic for a considerable time afterwards, and every year brought him in a new accession of opulence and credit.

JAHER, after having wandered for several years, and made many vain attempts to repair the losses, which his imprudence had brought upon him, was at last reduced so low, as to travel in the habit of a Faquir, to *Grand Cairo*; he had not been long there, when he accidentally met MASSAoud in the streets, who immediately recollected him, and having accosted him with the most cordial friendship, conducted him to his own house, and after having treated him with the greatest hospitality imaginable, declared that he had made an ample fortune by commerce, and offered to assist him with a considerable sum, by means of which, he might perhaps be enabled to acquire a fortune equal to that which he had lost. JAHER most thankfully accepted the offer, and settled at *Grand Cairo*, where, by constantly attending to the advice of MASSAoud, he in a short

short time made a fortune, not much inferior to that which he had been possessed of at *Bagdad*; and being thereby convinced, that it is easier to acquire wealth than to enjoy it, for the remainder of his life constantly regulated his conduct by the advice of MASSAoud, whom he knew to be his superior in wisdom.

THE
HISTORY
OF
BANOU RASSID.

BANOU RASSID, the son of ABDAL-MOAL, was born in the territories of *Cabul*. In his early youth, he had been treated with the utmost severity by his father, whom he had never offended; and being at last tired of his cruelty, repaired to the city of *Agra*, where he had no means of supporting life, but by becoming servant to a merchant, who employed him in carrying burthens. Thus, did one state of distress succeed to another, and BANOU RASSID, who had been before made unhappy by domestic grievances, now suffered almost as much by the drudgery to which he was condemned; he, however, preferred his present to his former condition, as the rigour of his father made a much greater impression upon him, than the difficulties which he had to struggle with amongst strangers, which to him appeared more supportable, because he expected them.

His state of servitude did not, however, last long: the beautiful ZEINABI, daughter to the
merchant

merchant with whom he lived, beheld him with the eyes of affection, she pitied his sufferings, and her pity was soon converted into love; for BANOU RASSID, though reduced to the condition of a slave, was in personal beauty equal to the noblest youths of *Agra*, and had something ingenious and striking in his countenance, notwithstanding his mean appearance, and the servile employment in which he was engaged.

After several secret interviews, the passion of BANOU RASSID and ZEINABI became mutual, and rose to such a degree of force, that they were both equally disposed to run any risk, in order to gratify their inclinations. ZEINABI proposed to her lover, to fly with him to *Delly*, the capital of *Indostan*, and her lover received the proposal with a transport of joy, not easy to be expressed. They soon found means to affect their purpose; and ZEINABI having taken care to provide herself with jewels and gold, to a considerable value, they procured a convenient habitation in the capital of *Delly*, and soon after their arrival, the Iman joined their hands.

They lived for some time in a state of felicity, not to be equalled; but the angel of death called ZEINABI out of this world, and BANOU RASSID remained inconsolable for her loss. Whilst he continued plunged in the deepest despair, he received advice from *Cabul*, that his father had paid

paid the debt of nature, and left him inheritor of all his wealth. He immediately repaired thither, and took possession of his estate. But notwithstanding his opulence, he found himself more unhappy than when reduced to the condition of a slave. The idea of his beloved ZEINABI, every moment recurred to his memory, and rendered all his enjoyments tasteless and insipid.

The sage BARUD beheld his sufferings with compassion, and as he had by a long course of study, made himself perfectly master of all the secrets of nature, and could cure the diseases of the mind as well as those of the body; he presented him with a potion, whose efficacy was such, that it immediately obliterated the memory of all past misfortunes. BANOU RASSID being thus freed from the painful recollection of an irretrievable loss, applied himself entirely to the improvement of his estate.

He caused a sumptuous palace to be erected, and employed the ablest architects of *Cabul* in the building of it; but an earthquake soon after happening at *Cabul*, this superb edifice was swallowed up, and BANOU RASSID greatly regretted the pains and expence which it had occasioned him. His revenues, however, being considerable, he resolved to have recourse to other pleasures, and accordingly caused his haram to be filled with the brightest beauties, which could be purchased for gold. But BANOU RASSID,
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whose mind was endowed with sentiment, could find no satisfaction in the mercenary careffes of his mistresses. Their embraces soon disgusted him, and he was seized with a languor, which rendered life almost insupportable. To banish sorrow, he had next recourse to the flowing bowl, and past whole nights in the company of debauchees, in noise, laughter, and folly.

These revellings were followed by diseases, and BANOU RASSID, after having lingered a long time, at last recovered his health; but as he had tried every sort of pleasure, and found by experience, that all enjoyments are productive of pain, in proportion as they are exquisite, he resolved for the future to lead a regular life, yet still he found himself unhappy; his attachment to his affairs increasing with his temperance and sobriety.

The sage BARUD was again touched by his distress, and presented BANOU RASSID with another potion, which was of such a nature, as to render the person who took it insensible of all present grievances. BANOU RASSID, being now restored to a perfect tranquillity of mind, applied himself to the study of the sciences, and found in the pursuit of knowledge, a satisfaction superior to all the gratifications of sense. But when advanced in years, he was seized with the dread of death; and tho' entirely secure from suffering by the recollection of past misfortunes, and un-

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disturbed

disturbed by the present, he was rendered completely unhappy by looking forward to futurity, and the prospect of death imbittered all the enjoyments of his life.

As he had twice experienced the effects of BARUD's skill, he had recourse to him a third time; but the sage gave him to understand, that tho' he had remedies against past and present evils, he could never devise any against the future, and that death was a tribute to nature, which every mortal was doomed to pay. BANOU RASSID, having received this answer, threw himself upon his couch in despair, and falling soon after into a profound sleep; the angel GABRIEL appeared to him, and addressed him thus: "*O mortal! thou hast dedicated thy whole life to the pursuit of vain pleasures, or of sciences equally vain; it is now time for you to apply your heart to wisdom.*" The old man was so affected with this exhortation, that he consecrated the remainder of his days to devotion, and at last joyfully met that hour, the expectation of which had before filled him with terror.

THE
HISTORY
OF
HAZIKIN
King of GAZNA.

HAZIKIN king of *Gazna* had long reigned in prosperity: he was beloved by all his subjects, but one thing was wanting to render his happiness complete; he had no son to inherit his kingdom, and this consideration was a source of constant inquietude to him. He every day importuned heaven with prayers, to grant him a successor of his own begetting, and his prayers were at last heard. The prince NOURGEHAN was born, and his birth was celebrated by rejoicings, which surpassed, in magnificence, all that had ever been seen in *Gazna* before.

The king, whose cares all centered on his son, got a certain Coja, deeply versed in the science of astrology, to cast his nativity. But how great was the grief and surprize of the monarch, when he was assured by the Coja, whose skill he

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had

had often experienced, that this son, whom he looked upon as the best gift of heaven, should one day dethrone him! HAZIKIN was thrown into the utmost consternation upon hearing this, and immediately resolved to take the best measures, to prevent the misfortune with which he was threatened. He could not, however, so far surmount the instincts of nature as to resolve upon the death of his son; but he caused a report to be spread that the angel of death had called upon him; and immediately an universal mourning and sorrow succeeded to the joy and exultation which had a short time before been manifested by people of every rank.

HAZIKIN, in the mean time, sent, the prince to HASSAN, a poor shepherd who dwelt upon the borders of *Gazna*, to be brought up in poverty and obscurity. The secret of the birth of NOURGEHAN was concealed even from HASSAN himself: for the person who brought the child amused the peasant by an invented story; and to engage him to take care of it, paid him six sequins, promising to supply him with an annual sum more than sufficient to defray the charges he might be at.

HAZIKIN now thought himself in perfect security, but it is in vain that weak mortals attempt to controul their destiny; what is written in the book of fate will come to pass, notwithstanding all their care to avoid it. NOURGEHAN being brought

brought up among shepherds, and inured to exercise and labour, acquired a most vigorous constitution. His limbs were equally robust and active, and his aspiring mind was well suited to a body which seemed to be framed by nature for enterprise.

Growing weary of the mean occupations of a shepherd, he left the place where he had been brought up, and, after having wandered some time, was received at length in the troops of the king of *Deli*. There he soon distinguished himself upon many occasions; inasmuch that he was promoted to a considerable post, and acquitted himself so well, that every body concluded he would in a short time arrive to the highest military dignities. The expectations he had excited were not disappointed; for in an engagement upon the borders of *Deli*, he saved the life of the king's son, and as a reward for so signal a service, was invested with the command of his troops. He went by the name of CALAF; and, notwithstanding all the honours conferred upon him, still thought himself the son of the poor peasant HASSAN.

A difference soon arising between the king of *Deli* and the king of *Gazna*, the former sent NOURGEHAN, at the head of a puissant army, to invade the territories of the latter; and NOURGEHAN, having defeated the troops of the king of *Gazna*, possessed himself of his capital city, and

having caused him to be cast into irons, carried him captive to *Deli*. The king of *Deli*, who was greatly irritated against him, formed the cruel resolution to deprive him of sight, and detain him prisoner for the remainder of his days. This inhuman purpose was just going to be put in execution, when the Coja, who had calculated the nativity of NOURGEHAN entered, and taking him aside, addressed him in the following terms. “ *Oh, prince! know that HAZIKIN is your sire; you have already dethroned him. For this you are not to be blamed, as you were ignorant that he was your father, and as that event was predestined by the unalterable decree of fate: but strive to preserve him from the misfortune which now impends over him, or the black angels ZOUBANYA, and their chief DABEKH, will torment thee for ever in the other world.*”

NOURGEHAN, being equally surprised and terrified at receiving this information, went to the king of *Deli*, and prostrating himself before him, intreated him in the most pathetic terms to spare the captive prince. The vindictive monarch, notwithstanding his great esteem for NOURGEHAN, positively refused to grant his request. This refusal occasioned a struggle in the breast of NOURGEHAN, between gratitude and filial piety; but the latter soon surmounted the former, and the prince, who was idolized by the army, easily found means to make a party, and having rescued his father, retired with him to the capital of *Gazna*.
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The virtuous NOURGEHAN would have reinstated his fire in his former dignity; but the old monarch, who was convinced by experience, that the decrees of fate are not to be reversed, consigned the reins of government to the abler hands of his son, and passed the rest of his life in tranquillity and retirement.

NOURGEHAN long reigned over the people of *Gazna* in prosperity, and advanced the experienced Coja to the dignity of prime vizier, in which important place he acquitted himself equally to the satisfaction of the people, and of his sovereign.