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THE  
STORY  
OF  
LORIO AND FLORELLA.

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HERE was a country-woman, who, upon her intimacy with a fairy, desired her to come and assist her at her labour. The good woman was delivered of a daughter, when the fairy, taking the infant in her arms, said to the mother, "Make your choice; the child (if you have a mind) shall be exquisitely handsome, excel in wit even more than in beauty, and be queen of a mighty empire, but withal unhappy; or (if you had rather) she shall be an ordinary, ugly, country creature, like yourself, but contented with her condition." The mother immediately chose

wit and beauty for her daughter, at the hazard of any misfortunes.

As the child grew, new beauties opened daily in her face ; till, in a few years, she surpassed all the rural lasses that the oldest people had ever seen. Her turn of wit was gentle, polite, and insinuating ; she was of ready apprehension, and soon learned every thing, so as to excel her teachers. Every holiday she danced upon the green, with superior grace to any of her companions. Her voice was sweeter than any shepherd's pipe, and she made the songs she used to sing.

For some time, she was not apprised of her own charms ; when, diverting herself with her play-fellows, on the green flowery border of a fountain, she was surprised with the reflection of her face ; she observed how different her features and complexion seemed from the rest of her company, and admired herself. The country-folks, flocking from day to day to obtain a sight of her, made her yet more sensible of her beauty. Her mother,

who relied on the predictions of the fairy, began already to treat her as a queen, and spoiled her by flatteries. The young damsel could neither sew, nor spin, nor look after the sheep; her whole amusement was, to gather flowers to dress her hair with them, to sing, and to dance in the shade.

The king of the country was a very powerful king, and he had but one son, whose name was Florio; for which reason, his father was impatient to have him married. The young prince could never bear the mentioning any of the princesses of the neighbouring nations, because a fairy had told him that he should find a shepherdess more beautiful and more accomplished than all the princesses in the world. Therefore the king gave orders to assemble all the village-orphans of his realm, who were under the age of eighteen, to make a choice of her who should appear worthy of so great an honour. In pursuance of the order, when they came to be sorted, a vast number of virgins, whose beauty was not very extraordinary,

were refused admittance, and only thirty picked out, who infinitely surpassed all the others. These thirty virgins were ranged in a great hall, in the figure of a half-moon, that the king and his son might have a distinct view of them together. Florella (our young damsel) appeared in the midst of her competitors, like a lily amidst marygolds, or as an orange-tree in blossom shews among the mountain-shrubs. The king immediately declared aloud, that she deserved his crown, and Florio thought himself happy in the possession of Florella.

Our shepherdess was instantly desired to cast off her country-weeds, and to accept a habit richly embroidered with gold. In a few minutes, she saw herself covered with pearls and diamonds, and a troop of ladies were appointed to serve her. Every one was attentive to prevent her desires before she spoke; and she was lodged within the palace in a magnificent apartment; where, instead of tapestry, there were large pannels of looking-glass, from the floor to the ceiling; that

she might have the pleasure of seeing her beauty multiplied on all sides, and that the prince might admire her wherever he cast his eyes. Florio in a few days quitted the chace, and all the manly exercises in which before he delighted, that he might be perpetually with his mistress. The nuptials were concluded, and soon after, the old king died. Thereupon Florella becoming queen, all the councils and affairs of state were directed by her wisdom.

The queen-mother (whose name was Invidessa) grew jealous of her daughter-in-law. She was an artful, perverse, cruel woman; and age had so much aggravated her natural deformity, that she seemed a fury. The youth and beauty of Florella made her appear yet more frightful; she could not bear the sight of so fine a creature; she likewise dreaded her wit and understanding, and gave herself up to all the rage of envy. "You want the soul of a prince," would she often say to her son, "or you would not have married this mean cottager. How can you be

so abject as to make an idol of her? Then, she is as haughty as if she had been born in the palace where she lives. You should have followed the example of the king your father; when he thought of taking a wife, he preferred me, because I was the daughter of a monarch equal to himself. Send away this insignificant shepherdess to her hamlet, and take to your bed and throne some young princess, whose birth is answerable to your own."

Florio continued deaf to the remonstrances of his mother; but one morning Invidessa got a billet into her hands, which Florella had writ to the king; this she gave to a young courtier, who, by her instructions, shewed it to the king, pretending to have received a letter from his queen, with such marks of affection as were due only to his Majesty. Florio, blinded by his jealousy, and the malignant insinuations of his mother, immediately ordered Florella to be imprisoned for life in a high tower built on the point of a rock that stood in the sea. There she wept



night and day, not knowing for what supposed crime she was so severely treated by the king, who had so passionately loved her. She was permitted to see no person but an old woman, to whom *Invidessa* had entrusted her, and whose business it was to insult her upon all occasions.

Now *Florella* called to mind the village, the cottage, the sweet privacy, and the rural pleasures she had quitted. One day, as she sat in a pensive posture, overwhelmed with grief, and to herself accused the folly of her mother, who chose rather to have her a beautiful unfortunate queen, than an ugly contented shepherdess, the old woman, who was her tormentor, came to acquaint her, that the king had sent an executioner to take off her head, and that she must prepare to die. *Florella* replied, that she was ready to receive the stroke. Accordingly, the executioner sent by the king's order, at the persuasions of *Invidessa*, appeared with a drawn sabre in his hand, ready to perform his commission; when a woman stepped in, who said she came

from the queen-mother, to speak a word of two in private to Florella, before she was put to death. The old woman imagining her to be one of the ladies of the court, suffered her to deliver her message; but it was the fairy who had foretold the misfortunes of Florella at her birth, and had now assumed the likeness of one of Invidessa's attendants.

She desired the company to retire a while, and then spoke thus to Florella in secret: "Are you willing to renounce that beauty which has proved so fatal to you? Are you willing to quit the title of queen, to put on your former habit, and to return to your village?" Florella was transported at the offer. Thereupon the fairy applied an enchanted vizard to her face; her features instantly became deformed; all the symmetry vanished, and she was now as disagreeable as she had been handsome. Under this change it was not possible to know her, and she passed without difficulty through the company who came to see her execution. In vain did they search the tower; Florella was not to be

found. The news of this escape was soon brought to the king, and to Invidessa, who commanded diligent search to be made after her throughout the kingdom, but to no purpose.

The fairy by this time had restored Florella to her mother, who would never have been able to recollect her altered looks, had she not been led into the circumstances of her story. Our shepherdess was now contented to live an ugly, poor, unknown creature in the village, where she tended sheep. She frequently heard people relate, and lament over her adventures; songs were made upon them, which drew tears from all eyes; she often took a pleasure in singing these songs with her companions, and would often weep with the rest; but still she thought herself happy with her little flock, and was never once tempted to discover herself to any of her acquaintance.

After all the care and attendance of the fairy upon the unfortunate Florella, she did not forget to amply reward the queen-mother,

who was the principal instrument of her darling's unhappiness. And therefore, to compensate, in some measure, for her misfortunes, she inspired the king's chief minister with notions that his artful and cruel mother had formed a design to take the government into her own hands, and wed with a powerful monarch, whose disposition perfectly corresponded with her own. Enraged at the information, he called together some of his nobles to consult thereon, who gave it as their opinion, that she deserved death; but as the ties of nature prevented it, her son commanded her to be placed in that tower from whence his once-loved Florella had escaped, where she spent the remainder of her life.

This tale shews the folly of wishing to be in any state of life for which we were not designed, and that true happiness consists in being easy and content.

THE  
STORY  
OF THE  
KING AND FAIRY RING.

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**T**HERE was a king, whose name was Alferute; feared by all his neighbours, and loved by all his subjects. He was wise, good, just, and valiant, and deficient in no quality requisite in a great prince. A fairy came to him one day, and told him that he would soon find himself plunged into great difficulties, if he did not make use of the ring which she then put on his finger. When he turned the stone of the ring to the inside of his hand, he became invisible; and when he turned the diamond outward, he became visible again.

He was mightily pleased with this present, and soon grew sensible of the inestimable value of it. When he suspected any one of his subjects, he went into that man's house and closet, with his diamond turned inward, and heard and saw all the secrets of the family, without being perceived. When he mistrusted the designs of any neighbouring potentate, he would take a long journey unaccompanied, to be present in his most private counsels, and learn every thing, without the fear of being discovered. By this means, he easily prevented every intention to his prejudice; he frustrated several conspiracies formed against his person, and disconcerted all the measures of his enemies for his overthrow.

Nevertheless, he was not thoroughly satisfied with his ring; and he requested of the fairy the power of conveying himself, in an instant, from one country to another, that he might make a more convenient and ready use of the enchanted ring. The fairy replied, "You ask too much; let me conjure you

not to covet a power, which I foresee will one day be the cause of your misery, though the particular manner thereof be concealed from me." The king would not listen to her intreaties, but still urged his request. "Since, then, you will have it so," says she, "I must necessarily grant you a favour of which you will dearly repent." Hereupon she chafed his shoulders with a fragrant liquor, when immediately he perceived little wings shooting at his back. These little wings were not discernable under his habit; and when he had a mind to fly, he needed only to touch them with his hand, and they would spread so as to bear him through the air swifter than an eagle. When he had no farther occasion for his wings, with a touch they shrunk again to so small a size, as to lie concealed under his garment.

By this magic, Alferute was able to translate himself, in a few moments, wherever he pleased. He knew every thing, and no man could conceive how he came by his intelligence; for he would often retire into his clo-

set, and pretend to be shut up there the whole day, with strict orders not to be disturbed; then making himself invisible with his ring, he would enlarge his wings with a touch, and traverse vast countries. By this power he entered into very extraordinary wars, and never failed to triumph. But, as he continually saw into the secrets of men, he discovered so much wickedness and dissimulation, that he could no longer place confidence in any man. The more redoubted and powerful he grew, the less he was beloved; and he found, that even they to whom he had been most bountiful, had no gratitude nor affection toward him.

In this disconsolate condition, he resolved to search through the wide world, till he found a woman complete in beauty and all good qualities, willing to be his wife; one who would love him, and study to make him happy. Long did he search in vain; and as he saw all without being seen, he discovered the hidden wiles and failings of the sex. He visited all the courts, where he found the



ladies insincere, fond of admirers, and so enamoured with their own persons, that their hearts were not capable of entertaining any true love for a husband. He went likewise into all the private families; he found one was of an inconstant, volatile disposition; another was cunning and artful; a third haughty; a fourth capricious; almost all faithless, vain, and full of idolatry to their own charms.

Under these disappointments, he resolved to carry his inquiry through the lowest conditions of life. Whereupon, at last he found the daughter of a poor labourer, fair as the brightest morning, but simple and ingenuous in all her beauty, which she disregarded, and which, in reality, was the least of her perfections; for she had an understanding and a virtue, which outshone all the graces of her person. All the youth of the neighbourhood were impatient to see her, and more impatient, after they had seen her, to obtain her in marriage; none doubting of being completely happy with such a wife.

King Alferute beheld her, and he loved her. He demanded her of the father, who was transported with the thoughts of his daughter becoming a great queen. Clarinda (so she was called) went from her father's hut into a magnificent palace, where she was received by a numerous court. She was not dazzled, nor disconcerted, at the sudden change; she preserved her simplicity, her modesty, her virtue, and forgot not the place of her birth, when she was in the height of her glory. The king's affection for her increased daily, and he believed he should at last arrive at perfect happiness; neither was he already far from it, so much did he begin to confide in the goodness of his queen. He often rendered himself invisible to observe her, and to surprise her; but he never discovered any thing in her that was not worthy of his admiration. So that now there was but a very small remainder of jealousy and distrust blended with his love.

The fairy who had foretold the fatal consequences of his last request, came so often

to warn him, that he thought her importunity troublesome. Therefore he gave orders, that she should no longer be admitted into the palace, and enjoined the queen not to receive her visits for the future. The queen promised to obey his commands, but not without much unwillingness, because she loved this good fairy.

It happened one day, when the king was upon a progress, that the fairy, desirous to instruct the queen in futurity, entered her apartment in the appearance of a young officer, and immediately declared, in a whisper, who she was; whereupon the queen embraced her with tenderness. The king, who was then invisible, perceived it, and was instantly fired with jealousy. He drew his sword, and pierced the queen, who fell expiring into his arms. In that moment the fairy resumed her true shape, whereupon the king knew her; and was convinced of the queen's innocence. Then would he have killed himself, but the fairy with-held his hand, and strove to comfort him; when the queen, breathing

out her last words, said, " Though I die by your hands, I die wholly yours."

Too late, now Alferute cursed his folly, that put him upon wresting a boon from the fairy, which proved his misery. He returned the ring, and desired his wings might be taken from him. The remaining days of his life he passed in bitterness and grief, knowing no other consolation but to weep perpetually over Clarinda's tomb.

This tale evinces the folly of taking any matter in too jealous a view; and that, by too easy viewing the wrong road, we involve ourselves in dangers and misfortune.

THE  
S T O R Y  
OF  
THE LITTLE HUNCH-BACK.

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THERE was in former times, at Casgar, upon the utmost skirts of Tartary, a tailor that had a pretty wife, whom he loved tenderly, and was reciprocally loved by her. One day, as he sat at work, a little hunch-back my-lord came and sat down at the shop-door, fell a-singing, at the same time playing upon the tabour. The tailor took pleasure to hear him, and had a strong mind to take him into his house to make his wife merry : " This little fellow," says he to his wife, " will divert us

very agreeably." In fine, he invited my-lord in, and he readily accepted of the invitation ; so the tailor shut up his shop, and carried him home. The little gentleman being carried in, the tailor's wife covered the table, they sat down to supper, and had a good large dish of fish set before them ; but as they ate heartily, unluckily the crooked gentleman swallowed a large bone, of which he died in a few minutes, notwithstanding all that the tailor and his wife could do to prevent it. Both the one and the other were mightily frightened at the accident, especially since it fell out in their house, and there was ground to fear, that, if the justiciary magistrates came to hear of it, they would be punished as assassins. However, the husband found an expedient to get rid of the corpse. He considered there was a Jewish doctor that lived just bye, and so formed a project, in the execution of which his wife and he took the corpse, the one by the feet, and the other by the head, and carried it to the physician's house. They knocked at the door, from which ascended a

steep pair of stairs to his chamber. As soon as they had knocked, the servant-maid came down without any light, and opening the doors, asked what they wanted? "Pr'ythee go up again," says the tailor, "and tell your master we have brought him a man who is very sick, and wants his advice. Here," says he, putting a piece of money into her hand, "give him that beforehand, to convince him that we have no mind to make him lose his labour. While the servant was gone up to acquaint her master with the welcome news, the tailor and his wife nimbly conveyed the hunch-backed corpse to the head of the stairs, and, leaving it there, scoured off.

In the mean time, the maid having told the doctor, that a man and a woman staid for him at the door, desiring he would come down and look upon a sick man they had brought with them; and as the maid had clapped the money she had received into his hand, the doctor was transported with joy, being paid beforehand; he thought it was a

good chap, and should not be neglected. "Light, light," cries he to the maid, "follow me nimbly." However, without staying for the light, he gets to the stair-head, and that in such haste, that stumbling against the corpse, he gave it such a kick as made it tumble quite down to the stair-foot; nay, he had almost fallen himself, and tumbled down with my-lord. "A light, a light," cries he to the maid, "quick, quick;" at last the maid came with a light, and so he went down stairs with her; but when he saw the stumbling-block he had kicked down was a dead man, he was so frightened, that he invoked Moses, Aaron, Joshua, and Esdras, and all the prophets of his law! "Unhappy man that I am," said he, "what made me offer to come down without a light? I have even made an end of the fellow that came to me to be cured; questionless I am the cause of his death, and unless Esdras's ass comes to assist me, I am ruined: mercy on me, they will be here out of hand, and lug me out of my house for a murderer."



But, notwithstanding the perplexity and jeopardy he was in, he had the precaution to shut his door, for fear any one passing by in the street should observe the mischance, of which he reckoned himself the author. Then he took the corpse into his wife's chamber, upon which she swooned away. "Alas!" cried she, "we are utterly ruined, undone, undone, unless we fall upon some expedient or other to turn the corpse out of our house this night! Beyond all question, if we harbour it here till morning, our lives must pay for it. What a sad mischance is this! Why, how did you do to kill this man?" "That is not the question," replies the Jew, "our business now is to find out a remedy for such a shocking accident."

The doctor and his wife consulted together how to get rid of his dead corpse that night. The doctor racked his brain in vain, he could not think of any stratagem to get clear; but his wife, who was more fertile in invention, said, "I have a thought comes in my "

let us carry the corpse to the leads of our house, and tumble it down the chimney, into the house of the Mussulman, our next neighbour."

This Mussulman, or Turk, was one of the sultan's purveyors, for furnishing oil, butter, and all sorts of fat, tallow, &c. and had a magazine in his house, where the rats and mice made prodigious havock.

The Jewish doctor approved the proposed expedient, his wife and he took the little hunch-back up to the roof of the house; and clapping ropes under his arm-pits, let him down the chimney into the purveyor's chamber so softly and dextrously, that he stood upright against the wall as if he had been alive. When they found he stood firm, they pulled up the ropes, and left the gentleman in that posture. They were scarce gone down into their chamber when the purveyor went into his, being just come from a wedding-feast with a lantern in his hand. He was mightily surpris'd, when, by the light of his lantern,

He descried a man standing upright in his chimney; but being naturally a stout man, and apprehending it was a thief or robber, he took up a good lusty cane, and making straight up to the hunch-back, "Ah," says he, "I thought it was the rats and mice that ate my butter and tallow; and it is you come down the chimney to rob me, is it? I question if ever you come back again upon this errand." This said, he falls foul upon the man, and gives him a good many swinging swacks with his cane; upon that the corpse fell down, running its nose against the ground, and the purveyor redoubled his blows; but observing the body not to move, he stood to consider a little; and then perceiving it was a dead corpse, fear succeeded his anger. "Wretched man that I am," said he, "what have I done? I have killed a man dead; alas! I have carried my revenge too far.— Good God, unless thou pity me, my life is gone! Cursed, ten thousand times accursed, be the fat and the oil that gave occasion to

this my commission of such a criminal action." In fine, he stood pale and thunder-struck; he thought he saw the officers already come to drag him to condign punishment, and could not think what resolution to take.

The sultan of Casgar's purveyor had never minded the little gentleman's hunch when he was beating him, but, as soon as he perceived it, he threw out a thousand imprecations against him. "Ah, you crooked hunch-back," cried he, "you crooked son of a bitch, would to God you had robbed me of all my fat, and I had not found you here! If it had been so, I had not been so much perplexed as I now am, for the love of you and your nasty hunch. Oh! the stars that twinkle in the heavens give light to none but me in this dangerous juncture." As soon as he had uttered these words, he took the little crooked corpse upon his shoulders, and carried him out of doors to the end of the street, where he set him upright, resting against a shop,

and so trudged home again without looking behind him.

A few minutes before the break of day, a Christian merchant, who was very rich, and furnished the sultan's palace with most things that wanted; this merchant, I say, having sat up all night debauching, stepped then out of his house to go to bathe: though he was drunk, he was sensible that the night was far spent, and the people would quickly be called to the morning-prayers that began at the break of day; therefore he quickened his pace, to get in time to the bath, for fear a Turk, meeting him in his way to the mosque, should carry him to prison for a drunkard. However, as he came to the end of the street, he stopped upon some necessary occasion, and leaned against the shop where the sultan's purveyor had put the hunch-backed corpse; and the corpse, being jostled, tumbled upon the merchant's back. The merchant, thinking it was a robber come to attack him, knocked him down with a swinging box on

the ear; and after redoubling his blows cried out, Thieves!

The outcry alarmed the watch, who came up immediately, and finding a Christian beating a Turk, (for Hump-back was of our religion), "What reason have you," said he, "to abuse a Mussulman after this rate?" "He would have robbed me," replied the merchant, "and jumped upon my back with an intent to take me by the throat." "If he did," said the watch, "you have revenged yourself sufficiently; come get off him." At the same time he stretched out his hand to help little hump-back up; but observing he was dead, "Ah! hey-day," said he, "is it thus that a Christian dares to assassinate a Mussulman?" So he laid hold of the Christian, and carried him to the sheriff's house, where he was kept till the judge was stirring, and ready to examine him. In the meantime, the Christian merchant grew sober, and the more he reflected upon this adventure, the less could he conceive how such single fisty-cuffs could kill the man.

The judge, having heard the report of the watch, and viewed the corpse, which they had taken care to bring to his house, interrogated the Christian merchant upon it, and he could not deny the crime, though he had not committed it. But the judge, considering that little hump-back belonged to the sultan, for he was one of his buffoons, would not put the Christian to death till he knew the sultan's pleasure. For this end he went to the palace, and acquainted the sultan with what had happened, and received from the sultan this answer: "I have no mercy to shew to a Christian that kills a Mussulman: Go do your office." Upon this the judge ordered a gibbet to be erected, and sent criers all over the city, to proclaim that they were about to hang a Christian for killing a Mussulman.

In fine, the merchant was brought out of goal to the foot of the gallows; and the hangman having put the rope about his neck, was going to give him a swing, when the sultan's arveyor shoved through the crowd, made up to the gibbet, calling to the hangman to stop,

for that the Christian had not committed the murder, but himself had done it. Upon that the sheriff who attended the execution, put interrogatories to the purveyor, who told him every circumstance of his killing little hunch-back, and conveying his corpse to the place where the Christian merchant had found him. "You were about," added he, "to put to death an innocent person; for how can he be guilty of the death of a man who was dead before he came at him? My burden is sufficient in having killed a Turk, without loading my conscience with the additional charge of the death of a Christian that is not guilty."

The sultan of Casgar's purveyor having publicly charged himself with the death of the little hunch-backed man, the sheriff could not avoid doing justice to the merchant. "Let the Christian go," said he, "and hang this man in his room, since it appears by his own confession that he is guilty." Thereupon the hangman released the merchant, and clapped the rope round the purveyor's neck; but, just



When he was going to pull him up, he heard the voice of the Jewish doctor, earnestly entreating him to suspend the execution, and make room for him to come and throw himself at the gallows foot.

When he appeared before the judge, "My lord," said he, "this Mussulman is not guilty; all the guilt lies at my door. Last night a man and a woman, unknown to me, came to my door with a sick man they had brought along; and they knocking at the door, my maid went and opened without a light, and received from them a piece of money, with a commission to come and desire me, in their name, to step down and look upon a sick person. While she was delivering her message to me, they conveyed the sick person to the stair-head, and then disappeared. I went down without staying for my servant to light a candle, and, in the dark, happened to stumble upon the sick person, and kicked him down stairs. In fine, I saw he was dead, and that it was the crooked Mussulman whose death you are now about to avenge: So my wife

and I took the corpse, and after conveyin  
it up to the leads of our house, shoved it t  
the roof of the purveyor our next neighbour  
house, and let it down the chimney into th  
chamber. The purveyor, finding it in hi  
house, took the little man for a thief, and  
after beating him, concluded he had kille  
him: But, that it was not so, you will b  
convinced by this my deposition, so that I a  
the only author of the murder; and thoug  
it was committed undesignedly, I have re  
solved to expiate my crime, by keeping clea  
of the charge of the death of two Mussulmen  
and hindering you to execute the sultan  
purveyor, whose innocence I have now re  
vealed. So pray dismiss him, and put me i  
his place, for I alone am the cause of th  
death of the little man."

. The chief justice, being persuaded tha  
the Jewish doctor was the murderer, gave or  
ders to the executioner to seize him, and re  
lease the purveyor: Accordingly the doct  
was just a-going to be hung up, when th  
tailor appeared, crying to the executioner t

hold his hand, and make room for him, that he might come and make his confession to the lord justice. Room being made, "My lord," said he to the judge, "you have narrowly escaped taking away the lives of three innocent persons; but if you will have the patience to hear me, I will discover to you the real murderer of the crook-backed man: if his death is to be expiated by another, that must be mine. Yesterday, towards the evening, as I was at work in my shop, and had a mind to be merry, the little hunch-back came to my door half drunk, and sat down before it. He sung a little, and so I invited him to pass the evening at my house. Accordingly he accepted of the invitation, and went in with me: we sat down to supper, and I gave him a plate of fish; but, in eating, a bone stuck in his throat; and though my wife and I did our utmost to relieve him, he died in a few minutes. His death afflicted us extremely; and, for fear of being charged with it, we carried the corpse to the Jewish doctor's house, and knocked at the door.

The maid coming down and opening the door, I desired her to go up again forthwith, and ask her master to come down, and give his advice to a sick person that we had brought along with us; and withal, to encourage him, I charged her to give him a piece of money, which I had put into her hand. When she was gone up again, I carried the hump-back up stairs, and laid him upon the uppermost step; and then my wife and I made the best of our way home. The doctor coming down, made the corpse fall down stairs, and there-upon, he took himself to be the author of his death. Now, this being the case," continued he, "release the doctor, and let me die in his room."

The chief justice, and all the spectators, could not sufficiently admire the strange emergencies that ensued upon the death of the little crooked gentleman. "Let the Jewish doctor go," said the judge, "and hang up the tailor, since he confesses his crime. It is certain that this history is very uncommon, and deserves to be recorded in letters of gold."

The executioner, having dismissed the doctor, made every thing ready to tie up the tailor.

While the executioner was making ready to hang up the tailor, the sultan of Casgar, wanting the company of his crooked jester, asked where he was? and one of his officers told him what follows: "The hunch-back, Casgar, whom you inquire after, got drunk last night, and, contrary to his custom, slipped out of the palace, and went a-sauntering in the city, and this morning was found dead. A man was brought before the chief justice, and charged with the murder of him; but when he was going to be hanged, up came another man, after him another, who took the charge upon themselves. and cleared one another. This examination has continued a long while, and the judge is now examining a third man that gives himself out as the real author of the murder."

Upon this intelligence, the sultan of Casgar sent a hussar to the place of execution. "Go," said he to his messenger, "make all the haste you can, and bring the arraigned

persons before me immediately ; and with-  
bring the corpse of poor hump-back, that  
may see him once more." Accordingly the  
hussar went, and happened to arrive at the  
place of execution at the same time that the  
executioner was going to tie up the tailor.  
So he cried aloud to the executioner to sus-  
pend the execution : The hangman, know-  
ing the hussar, did not dare to proceed, but  
untied the tailor, and then the hussar ac-  
quainted the judge with the sultan's pleasure.  
So the judge obeyed, and went straight to the  
palace, accompanied by the tailor, the Jewish  
doctor, and the Christian merchant ; and  
made four of his men carry the hunch-back  
corpse along with them.

When they appeared before the sultan  
the judge threw himself at the prince's feet  
and, after recovering himself, gave him a  
faithful relation of what he knew of the story  
of the hump-backed man. The sultan found  
the story so uncommon, that he ordered his  
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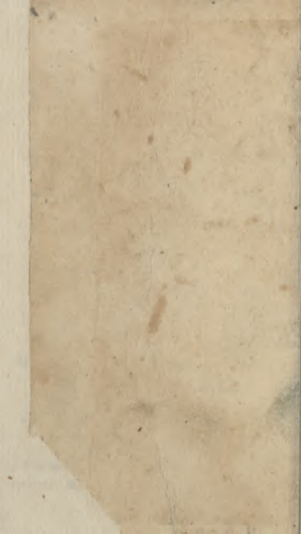
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