



ABS. 1.83.18

VH

2



T H E

AGREEABLE COMPANION:

A

C O L L E C T I O N

O F

POLITE TALES AND FABLES:

IN WHICH ARE DISPLAY'D,

The most material Incidents in Human Life.

B E R W I C K:

PRINTED BY AND FOR W. PHORSON,

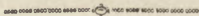
A N D

B. LAW, AVE-MARIA LANE, LONDON.

M.DCC.LXXXIII.



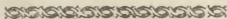
A
C O L L E C T I O N
O F
P O L I L E T A L E S.



THE INTRODUCTION.

READING is to the mind, what exercise is to the body. As by the one, health is preserved, strengthened, and invigorated; by the other, virtue (which is the health of the mind) is kept alive, cherished, and confirmed. But as exercise becomes tedious and painful, when we make use of it only as the means of health, so reading is apt to grow uneasy and burthensome, when we apply ourselves to it only for our improvement in virtue. For this reason, the virtue which we gather from a story, is like the health we get by hunting; as we are engaged in an agreeable pursuit that draws us on with pleasure, and makes us insensible of the fatigues that accompany it.

A
C O L L E C T I O N
O F
P O L I T E T A L E S.



T A L E I.

A Poor Peruvian slave, who being sent by his Spanish master with a basket of choice fruit, and a letter to his friend; the silly ignoramus being faint, by reason of the excessive heat; his journey being also tedious, from the town of Lima to a village near the mountains of Potosi, eat up the fruit by the way, to allay his hungry thirst. However, not having so good a stomach to the letter, he delivered it safe to the person to whom it was addressed; never once dreaming that an insensible piece of paper could tell tales. But that discovering his crime, when he came home, his master ordered him to the bastinado, to make him sensible of it. Then he was sent again on

the same errand with oranges and a letter; and meeting with the same temptation, he knew not what to do. At last, he hid the letter under a heap of sand; wisely concluding, that if it saw him not, it could never betray his fact. However, to secure it from all means of peeping, he spread his mantle over the place, and then fell roundly to his banquet; thinking he should now have no accuser. In fine, he eat up all the Oranges, and was worse bang'd for his pains than the time before.



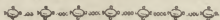
T A L E II.

THE king of France had a dwarf called Osmin, born in a village of the Morea, and carried away in his infancy into Italy by pirates. He was bought by a Spanish lord, who afterwards made a present of him to this king, with such a *bonne Grace*, as entitles magnificence to the smallest things after the manner of that nation. The Spaniard having presented his dwarf, said no more, the dwarf making this following discourse:

“Sir, I am a Christian, altho’ my parents be Turks. If thou willingly receivest me for thy slave, I receive thee yet more willingly for my master, being a just and merciful.

prince: But I am obliged to tell thee, if thou wilt behave thyself like a master, whose liberality is guided by prudence, thou wilt never do me any hurt, or ever do me any great good. Shouldest thou give me opportunities of acquiring riches, and throw open the gate of honours to me, I shall thereby, perhaps, become vicious and insolent. Bestow only one thing on me, which will not be afterwards in thy power to take away: Give me good education, and let a man of learning take the charge of me; by which means I shall be revenged of nature, in making me but an atom of a man; and, perhaps, make thy courtiers one day repent of their present laughter at me."

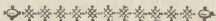
Osmin has behaved himself so well, and gained such credit by the subtilty of his wit, and readines of his answers, that he is, at present, one of the court's choicest entertainments, and the scourge of all debauched people.



T A L E III.

WHO will not say, That fate had a hand in the death of that soldier, in the duke of Anguin's army, who maliciously and wrongfully accused his comrade of raising a mu-

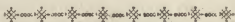
tiny? For the incensed general took a fufee, and difcharged it at the innocent perfon, thinking to have killed him on the fpot; but it proved otherwife, the bullet paffing through fome part of his body, and through half a dozen tents, fmote the flanderer in the pan of the knee, which put him into fo violent a fever, that he died in two days: While the other (whom before his death he confeffed to be innocent) lives yet a witness of this remarkable ftroke of divine providence.



T A L E IV.

THERE lived a gentleman in France, who was charitable to excefs; for he gave away all that he had to relieve the neceffities of others, chufing rather to throw himfelf naked upon providence, than to deny an alms to any one that asked him, fo long as he had any thing to beftow. Being at length, by his conftant liberalities, reduced to a very indigent condition, he was forced to betake himfelf to digging for his livelihood. Yet, notwithstanding he gained his own bread with hard labour, he ceafed not to fhew his wonted kindneffes to the poor, giving them whatfoever he could poffibly fpare from his own neceffities. One day, as he was digg-

ing in a field belonging to the duke of Montmorency, he found several earthen pots full of gold, supposed to be buried there in the time of the civil wars. The good man carries this huge treasure by degrees home to his house, with all imaginable privacy. And, having distributed the greatest part of it in works of charity, he was going with his last reserve to the house of a decayed gentleman, to whom he gave a sufficient sum to repair his shattered fortunes, being all that he had left: When, as he returned homeward, he found a jewel in the highway, which being sold, yielded him ten thousand crowns. A noble bank for new liberalities, and a convincing argument, that there was something more than chance which thus strangely recruited his purse, that it might never cease to be open in largesses to the poor.



T A L E V.

A Certain countryman having lost his ass, came to the muezin, or cryer, desiring him to give notice at the door of one of their mosques. Which he did for three several festivals. But no news being heard of the animal, the owner urged the muezin to continue his former proclamations, with the re-

ward of a fat pig to the finder. The muezin being an arch wag, and tired with the fellow's importunity, one day when the ceremonies of their superstitious worship was over, and people flock'd amain out of the mosque, he made this following proelamation: *If there be any man here amongst you, who will come forth, and solemnly profess he never was in love, he shall have a fat pig.*

An ungainly loobily fellow, who was leaning listning on his staff, bawl'd out, *That he could safely take his oath, he was the person who had never been in love.* Whereupon the muezin taking him by the sleeve, presents him to the country-man, saying, *Here friend, I have found your ass, the pig is mine.*



T A L E VI.

WHEN the great Epaminondas assaulted the city of Sparta, and had like to have taken it, Isadas, a most comely and well-grown youth, had been just anointing himself: Upon the alarm, without staying to put on his cloaths, he snatched up a spear in one hand, and a sword in the other, and breaking into the thickest ranks of his enemies, bore down all before him. What was very extraordinary is, that he received no

wound; which was attributed either to his being protected by some deity, or to his enemies believing him, from his uncouth appearance, to have been something more than man. The gallantry of this action was thought so great, that the Ephori decreed a garland to Isadas; but as soon as they had passed this decree, they set a fine upon him of a thousand drachms, (about 30l. English) for his presumption and rashness, in going unarmed into the battle.

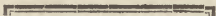


T A L E VII.

PYRRHUS, (who in the opinion of Hannibal, no ill judge, was the greatest general the world had ever seen, next to Alexander) as soon as the battle was begun, usually rushed in among his enemies, regardless of his own safety. He acted thus when he engaged the Romans at the river Siris, and though the richness of his armour made him easily known: Nor could all the dangers he so narrowly escaped, or the persuasions of his friends, make him alter his conduct in any other particular, than to lay aside that armour which had made him so remarkable.

In a battle with the Mamertines, when a

wound had obliged him to retire, he no sooner heard that one of the Barbarians, of an uncommon size, advanced before the ranks, and called to him to appear if he was alive, than he returned to the battle all over besmeared with blood, and, rushing upon the bold Mamertine, ended the combat with a single blow.



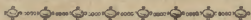
T A L E VIII.

WE are told, that when Confucius was a young man, he was so severely persecuted by some ill people in power, that he was obliged to leave his own country. He came at last to the court of a prince, who was generally looked upon to be a man of great capacity. Confucius was received with open arms: The king laid before this great statesman the whole plan of his government; not, perhaps, so much with a real design to ask the advice of Confucius, as to please his own vanity, by having the approbation of so wise and learned a politician. Among other things, he one day took Confucius with him to council, where a point of consequence was to be determined. The king opened the debate himself, with great eloquence. He stated the question in a full and clear

light. Having mentioned the conveniences and inconveniences which he apprehended were likely to arise by their determining it either way, he at last gave his own judgment upon the whole. He enforced it with several reasons; and concluded with desiring every member of his privy council to speak their opinions with the utmost freedom upon this important occasion.

When the king had done speaking, several members of the council rose up in their turns, and made many grave and learned speeches; in some of which they strengthened his majesty's opinion, by several reasons which had not occurred to himself; so that the affair was settled with the unanimous approbation of the whole board. When this venerable assembly was broke up, the king, taking Confucius into his closet, conjured him to tell him how he liked his method of debating affairs of consequence in council. 'Sir, says Confucius, I cannot well judge of that, because I have not yet been at a council.' The king pressed him to tell him what he meant by talking in that manner. 'I have heard your majesty, says Confucius, shew a great deal of wit and eloquence; but you are very little acquainted with mankind, if you can imagine that your courtiers will not rather chuse to speak what they know is agreeable to you, than what they really think. If your majesty would have known the true senti-

ments of your council, you ought to have concealed your own.' He then shewed the king that the resolution he had just before taken was wrong, and extremely prejudicial to the good of his kingdom. He went still farther: He demonstrated to him, that several of his great officers could have informed him of several matters of fact, which they chose to say nothing of, after his majesty had given his opinion. The king, though his vanity was not a little mortified by this discourse, yet, as he was really a man of a fine understanding, and had no other fault but vanity, entertained an high esteem for Confucius. He now not only asked his advice upon all occasions, but followed it too in good earnest; and, we are assured, rendered his kingdom, in a short time, the envy and dread of all the neighbouring states.



T A L E IX.

AUGUSTUS the Roman emperor, of whom it is said, That he never spared any woman in his lust: But if he cast his eye on a beautiful lady, though her husband were of the first quality in the empire, he would

immediately send his officers to bring her to him by fair means or force.

The philosopher Athenodorus, who was very intimate with this monarch, took a pretty method to reform this vice in his master. For, when the emperor one day had sent a close sedan, or chair, for a certain noblewoman, of the house of Camilli, the philosopher, fearing some disaster might ensue, (for that family was poplar, and highly respected in Rome) he goes before to the lady's palace, and acquainting her with it, she complained to her husband of the indignity offered to her. He, boiling with anger, threatened to stab the messengers of the emperor when they came. But the prudent philosopher appeased them both, and only desired a suit of the lady's apparel, which was granted him. He soon put it on, and hiding his sword under his robes, entered the sedan, personating the lady. The messengers who knew no other, carried him away to the emperor. He, heightened with desire, made haste to open the sedan himself, when Athenodorus, suddenly drawing his sword, leap'd forth upon him, saying, ' Thus
' mightest thou have been murdered: Wilt
' thou never quit the vice which is attended
' with so much danger? Jealousy and re-
' venge might have substituted an assassin
' thus disguised in my room: But I took
' care of thy life. Henceforth take warn-

'ing.' The emperor, pleased with the Philosopher's stratagem, gave him ten talents of gold, thanking him for this seasonable correction: And from that time began to refrain from unlawful pleasures, applying himself to a virtuous life.



T A L E X.

IT is a superstition with some surgeons who beg the bodies of condemned malefactors, to go to the Goal, and bargain for the carcase with the criminal himself. A good honest fellow did so last sessions, and was admitted to the condemned men on the morning wherein they died. The surgeon communicated his business, and fell into discourse with a little fellow, who refused twelve shillings, and insisted upon fifteen for his body. The fellow, who killed the officer of Newgate, very forwardly, and like a man who was willing to deal, told him, Look you Mr Surgeon, that little dry fellow, who has been half-starved all his life, and is now half-dead with fear, cannot answer your purpose. I have ever lived highly and freely, my veins are full, I have not pined in imprisonment; you see my crest swells to your knife, and

land, gave Rhynfault that command. He was not long seated in that government, before he cast his eyes upon Sapphira, a woman of exquisite beauty, the wife of Paul Danvelt, a wealthy merchant of the city under his protection and government. Rhynfault was a man of a warm constitution, and not unskilled in the soft arts which win their favour. He knew what it was to enjoy the satisfactions which are reaped from the possession of beauty, but was an utter stranger to the decencies, honours, and delicacies that attend the passion towards them in elegant minds. However, he had so much of the world, that he had a great share of the language which usually prevails upon the weaker part of that sex, and he could with his tongue utter a passion with which his heart was wholly untouch'd. He was one of those brutal minds which can be gratified with the violation of innocence and beauty without the least pity, passion, or love to that with which they are so much delighted. Ingratitude is a vice inseparable to a lustful man; and the possession of a woman by him who has no thought but allaying a passion painful to himself, is necessarily followed by distaste and aversion. Rhynfault being resolved to accomplish his will on the wife of Danvelt, left no arts untried to get into a familiarity at her house; but she knew his character and disposition too well, not to

shun all occasions that might ensnare her into his conversation. The governor despairing of success by ordinary means, apprehended and imprisoned her husband, under pretence of an information that he was guilty of a correspondence with the enemies of the duke to betray the town into their possession. This design had its desired effect; and the wife of the unfortunate Danvelt, the day before that which was appointed for his execution, presented herself in the hall of the governor's house, and as he passed through the apartment, threw herself at his feet, and holding his knees, beseech'd his mercy. Rhynsault beheld her with a dissembled satisfaction, and assuming an air of thought and authority, he bid her arise, and told her she must follow him to his closet; and asking her whether she knew the letter he pulled out of his pocket, went from her, leaving this admonition aloud, 'If you will save your husband, you must give me an account of all you know without prevarication; for every body is satisfied he was too fond of you to be able to hide from you the names of the rest of the conspirators, or any other particular whatsoever.' He went to his closet, and soon after the lady was sent for to an audience. The servant knew his distance when matters of state were to be debated; and the governor laying aside the air with which he had appeared in

public, began to be the supplicant, to rally an affliction it was in her power easily to remove, and relieve an innocent man from imprisonment. She easily perceiv'd his intention, and, bathed in tears, began to deprecate so wicked a design. Lust, like ambition, takes all the faculties of the mind and body into its service and subjection. Her becoming tears, her honest anguish, the wringing of her hands, and the many changes of her posture and figure, in the vehemence of speaking, were but so many attitudes in which he beheld her beauty, and farther incentives of his desire. All humanity was lost in that one appetite, and he signified to her in so many plain terms, that he was unhappy till he had possessed her, and nothing less should be the price of her husband's life; and she must, before the following noon, pronounce the death or enlargement of Danvelt. After this notification, when he saw Sapphira enough again distracted to make the subject of their discourse to common eyes appear different from what it was, he called servants to conduct her to the gate. Loaded with unsupportable affliction, she immediately repairs to her husband, and having signified to his goalers, that she had a proposal to make to her husband from the governor, she was left alone with him, revealed to him all that had passed, and represented the endless conflict

she was in between love to his person, and fidelity to his bed. It is easy to imagine the sharp affliction this honest pair was in, upon such an incident, in lives not used to any but ordinary occurrences. The man was bridled by shame from speaking what his fear prompted, upon so near an approach of death; but let fall words that signified to her, he should not think her polluted, though she had not yet confessed to him that the governor had violated her person, since he knew her will had no part in the action. She parted from him with this oblique permission to save a life he had not resolution enough to resign for the safety of his honour.

The next morning the unhappy Sapphira attended the governor, and being led into a remote apartment, submitted to his desires. Rhynfault commended her charms, claimed a familiarity after what had passed between them, and with an air of gaiety in the language of a gallant, bid her return, and take her husband out of prison: But, continued he, my fair one must not be offended that I have taken care he should not be an interruption to our future assignations. These last words foreboded what she found when she came to the goal—her husband executed by the order of Rhynfault.

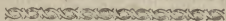
It was remarkable that the woman, who was full of tears and lamentations during

the whole course of her affliction, uttered neither sigh nor complaint, but stood fixed with grief at this consummation of her misfortunes. She betook herself to her abode, and after having in solitude paid her devotions to him who is the avenger of innocence, she repaired privately to court. Her person, and a certain grandeur of sorrow negligent of forms, gained her passage into the presence of the duke her sovereign. As soon as she came into the presence, she broke forth into the following words, ‘ Behold, O
 ‘ mighty Charles, a wretch weary of life,
 ‘ though it has always been spent with in-
 ‘ nocence and virtue. It is not in your
 ‘ power to redress my injuries, but it is to
 ‘ avenge them. And if the protection of
 ‘ the distressed, and the punishment of op-
 ‘ pressors, is a task worthy a prince, I bring
 ‘ the duke of Burgundy ample matter for
 ‘ doing honour to his own great name, and
 ‘ wiping infamy off mine.’

When she had spoke this, she delivered the duke a paper reciting her story. He read it with all the emotions that indignation and pity could raise in a prince jealous of his honour in the behaviour of his officers, and prosperity of his subjects.

Upon an appointed day, Rhynsault was sent to court, and in the presence of a few of the council, confronted by Sapphira: The prince asking, ‘ Do you know that la-

‘ dy? Rhynfault, as soon as he could recover his surprize, told the duke he would marry her, if his highness would think that a reparation. The duke seemed contented with this answer, and stood by during the immediate solemnization of the ceremony. At the conclusion of it he told Rhynfault, ‘ Thus far you have done as constrain’d by my authority: I shall not be satisfied of your kind usage of her, without you sign a gift of your whole estate to her after your decease’. To the performance of this also the duke was a witness. When these two acts were executed, the duke turned to the lady, and told her, it now remains for me to put you in quiet possession of what your husband has so bountifully bestowed on you; and ordered the immediate execution of Rhynfault.



T A L E XII.

THE general of the Tartars, after having laid siege to a strong town in China, and taken it by storm, would set to sale all the women that were found in it. Accordingly he put each of them into a sack, and after having thoroughly considered the va-

lue of the woman who was inclosed, marked the price that was demanded for her upon the sack. There were a great confluence of chapmen, that resorted from every part, with a design to purchase, which they were to do *unficht unseen*. The book mentions a merchant in particular, who observing one of the sacks to be marked pretty high, bargained for it, and carried it off with him to his house. As he was resting it upon a half-way bridge, he was resolved to take a survey of his purchase: Upon opening the sack a little old woman popped her head out of it; at which the adventurer was in so great a rage, that he was going to cast her into the river. The old lady, however, begged him first of all to hear her story, by which he learned that she was sister to a great Mandarin, who would infallibly make the fortune of his brother-in-law as soon as he should know to whose lot she fell. Upon which the merchant again tied her up in his sack, and carried her to his house, where she proved an excellent wife, and procured him all the riches from her brother that she had promised him.

F A B L E S.

I N T R O D U C T I O N.

ACCEPT, dear youths, the moral lay,
 And in these TALES mankind survey;
 With early virtues plant your breast,
 The specious arts of vice detest.

F A B L E I.

The COLT and the FARMER.

TELL me, Corinna, if you can,
 Why so averse, so coy to man?
 Did nature, lavish of her care,
 From her best pattern form you fair,

That you, ungrateful to her cause,
Should mock her gifts, and spurn her laws ?
And miser-like, with-hold that store,
Which, by imparting, blisses more ?

Beauty's a gift, by heav'n assign'd,
The portion of the female kind ;
For this the yielding maid demands
Protection at her lover's hands ;
And tho' by wasting years it fade,
Remembrance tells him, once 'twas paid.

And will you then this wealth conceal,
For age to rust, or time to steal ?
The summer of your youth to rove,
A stranger to the joys of love ?
Then, when life's winter hastens on,
And youth's fair heritage is gone,
Dow'rlers to court some peasant's arms,
To guard your wither'd age from harms ;
No gratitude to warm his breast,
For blooming beauty, once possess'd ;
How will you curse that stubborn pride,
That drove your bark across the tide,
And sailing before folly's wind,
Left sense and happiness behind ?

Corinna, lest these whims prevail,
To such as you, I write my tale.

A Colt, for blood, and mettled speed,
The choicest of the running breed,
Of youthful strength, and beauty vain,
Refus'd subjection to the rein.
In vain the groom's officious skill
Oppos'd his pride, and check'd his will ;
In vain the master's forming care
Restrain'd with threats, or sooth'd with pray'r ;
Of freedom proud, and scorning man,
Wild o'er the spacious plains he ran.

Where'er luxuriant nature spread
Her flow'ry carpet o'er the mead,
Or bubbling streams, soft-gliding pass,
To cool and freshen up the grass,
Disdaining bounds, he cropt the blade,
And wanton'd in the spoil he made.

In plenty thus the summer pass'd,
Revolving winter came at last ;
The trees no more a shelter yield,
The verdure withers from the field,
Perpetual snows invest the ground,
In icy chains the streams are bound,
Cold, nipping winds, and rattling hail
His lank, unshelter'd sides assail.

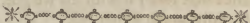
As round he cast his rueful eyes,
He saw the thatch'd roof'd cottage rise ;
The prospect touch'd his heart with cheer.
And promis'd kind deliv'rance near.

A stable, erst his scorn, and hate,
Was now become his wish'd retreat;
His passion cool, his pride forgot,
A farmer's welcome yard he sought.

The master saw his woeful plight,
His limbs that totter'd with his weight,
And friendly to the stable led,
And saw him litter'd, dress'd, and fed.
In sloathful ease all night he lay;
The servants rose at break of day;
The market calls. Along the road,
His back must bear the pond'rous load;
In vain he struggles, or complains,
Incessant blows reward his pains.
To-morrow varies but his toil;
Chain'd to the plough, he breaks the soil,
While scanty meals, at night repay
The painful labours of the day.

Subdu'd by toil, with anguish rent,
His self-upbraiding found a vent.
Wretch that I am! he sighing said,
By arrogance, and folly led;
Had but my restive youth been brought
To learn the lesson, nature taught,
Then had I, like my fires of yore,
The prize from ev'ry courser bore;
While man bestow'd rewards, and praise,
And females crown my latter days.

Now lasting fervitude's my lot,
 My birth condemn'd, my speed forgot,
 Doom'd am I for my pride to bear
 A living death, from year to year



F A B L E II.

The SPIDER and the BEE.

THE nymph, who walks the public streets,
 And sets her cap at all she meets,
 May catch the fool, who turns to stare,
 But men of sense avoid the snare.

As on the margin of the flood,
 With silken line, my Lydia stood,
 I smil'd to see the pains you took,
 To cover o'er the fraudulent hook.
 Along the forest as we stray'd,
 You saw the boy his lime-twiggs spread :
 Guess'd you the reason of his fear,
 Lest, heedless, we approach'd too near ?
 For as behind the bush we lay,
 The linnet flutter'd on the spray.

Needs there such caution to delude
 The scaly fry, and feather'd brood ?

And think you with inferior art,
To captivate the human heart?

The maid, who modestly conceals
Her beauties, while she hides, reveals;
Give but a glimpse, and fancy draws
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.

From Eve's first fig-leaf to brocade,
All dress was meant for fancy's aid,
Which evermore delighted dwells
On what the bashful nymph conceals.

When Celia struts in man's attire,
She shews too much to raise desire,
But from the hoop's bewitching round,
Her very shoe has pow'r to wound.

The roving eye, the bosom bare,
The forward laugh, the wanton air
May catch the fop; for gudgeon's strike
At the bare hook, and bate; alike,
While salmon play regardless bye,
Till art, like nature, forms the fly.

Beneath a peasant's homely thatch,
A Spider long had held her watch;
From morn to night, with restless care,
She spun her web, and wove her snare.
Within the limits of her reign,
Lay many a heedless captive slain,
Or flutt'ring struggled in the toils,
To burst the chains, and shun her wiles.

A straying bee, that perch'd hard by,
Beheld her with disdainful eye,
And thus began. Mean thing, give o'er,
And lay thy slender threads no more;
A thoughtless fly, or two at most,
Is all the conquest thou can't boast,
For bees of sense thy arts evade,
We see so plain the nets are laid.

The gaudy tulip, that displays
Her spreading foliage to the gaze,
That points her charms at all she sees,
And yields to ev'ry wanton breeze,
Attracts not me. Where blushing grows,
Guarded with thorns, the modest rose,
Enamour'd, round and round I fly,
Or on her fragrant bosom lie;
Reluctant, she my ardor meets,
And bashful renders up her sweets.

To wiser heads attention lend,
And learn this lesson from a friend.
She, who with modesty retires,
Adds fuel to her lover's fires,
While such incautious jilts as you,
By folly your own schemes undo.



T A L E XIII.

PERKIN was born in a small village in the heart of a populous country. Poverty surrounded his cottage. He lost his father and mother before he could pronounce their names, and for his subsistence he was indebted to charity. He learned to read and write; but his education extended no further. At the age of fifteen, he became a servant in a neighbouring farm, when the care of the sheep was intrusted to him. Lucetta, the daughter of a peasant of some substance, was employed by her father in the same business. In the course of watching their flocks, they used frequently to meet; and Perkin found a pleasure in doing all the little favours to Lucetta, which his age and situation allowed him. The habitude of seeing each other, the similarity of their occupations, their mutual candour, and their reciprocal attempts to please, attached them to each other. They loved to be together, they waited every day with impatience for the moment that was to bring them to the same field, and they left each other with a tender regret when the time came that they must separate. Their

young hearts were not without sensibility; for they already felt the workings of love, without having any idea of that passion. Five years passed away in innocent amusements. Their sentiments by this time acquired greater force, their meetings communicated livelier joys, and their passion for each other encreased. They sighed for the time that was to unite them. Perkin proposed to demand Lucetta in marriage of her father, and they agreed that they should meet early in the morning to talk over his resolution.

The young man flew to the father of his mistress, and opened to him his mind with a freedom which is unknown but in the country. Every thing in the town is art and affectation. He declared his love for Lucetta. ‘You love my daughter, (said the old man bluntly) and you would marry her; but have you a house to receive, and money sufficient to maintain her?’ ‘I have strength in my arms, (replied Perkin) and I can always be employed while I am willing to labour; and what is there to which I would not submit to maintain Lucetta? I have already saved twenty crowns, which will pay the expence of our wedding. The price of my toils will encrease: In a little time I shall be able to take a little farm. The richest inhabitants of our village began like me; and why should I not hope one day to rival

them?' 'Well then (said the prudent father) you are young, and may wait yet for some years before you marry my daughter. When you have become rich, I shall freely bestow her on you; but till then I ought not to hear you on this subject.'

Perkin could obtain no other answer, and went musing on his unfortunate poverty, when he was stopt by Lucetta, who read in his countenance the resolution of her father. 'Ah, Lucetta (cried he) how miserable is it to be so poor! But I will not lose all hope: My situation may change for the better. If as a husband I should have spared no labour to maintain you, as a lover can I be less active in order to become your husband? We shall one day, I flatter myself, be completely happy. Preserve in your heart the affection you now bear me.' 'I shall be *your* wife, (cried Lucetta) or I shall be the wife of no person whatever.'

While they conversed in this manner, the approach of night made them think of returning home; but they had not advanced far when Perkin stumbled and fell to the ground. In rising, he felt for the obstacle that caused him to fall. It was a bag, and of considerable weight. He took it up, and curious to see what it contained, carried it to a neighbouring field, where there blazed the remains of a fire, which the labourers had kindled during the day. Here they ex-

amined the contents of the purse, which they found to be gold. 'What do I see! (cried Lucetta) Ah, Perkin, you are become rich!' 'Heaven (cried the enraptured lover) is favourable to our wishes! It has sent me what is sufficient to satisfy your father, and to render us happy.' This idea poured joy into their souls: They contemplated the money with the most perfect satisfaction, and could hardly turn their eyes from it, but to look at each other with tenderness. They counted the money, and it amounted to two hundred pieces. 'Ah, Lucetta! (cried Perkin) your father will not refuse thee to my wishes.' Lucetta could return him no answer; but seized his hand, and pressed it to her bosom with transport. Perkin could doubt no longer of his approaching happiness.

They return the money into the bag, and make haste to present themselves before the old man. They had already gained the door of his house, when Perkin, making a sudden stop, called out, 'We expect to be made happy by this money—but is it our property? It must have belonged to some traveller, and while we give ourselves up to joy, he is plunged in despair.' Ah, Perkin! (cried Lucetta) your reflection is just: We cannot make use of this money. Chance has thrown it in our way, but to retain it would be robbery. We meant to carry it to my father; but it will be better to go

with it to our curate: He will instruct us what to do with it.'

The curate was at home: Perkin produces before him the bag he had found: He concealed not, at the same time, that he had at first conceived it to be a present from heaven: He mentioned also his love for Lucetta, and the obstacle which his poverty opposed to their union. The reverend pastor listened to him with charity; he looked complacently at the one and at the other; their procedure affected him; he saw the ardor of their mutual passion, and he admired the probity that was superior to it. 'Perkin, (said he) always preserve the same sentiments; heaven will reward the just. We shall find the master of this gold, who will not fail to recompense your disinterestedness. I too will give you something out of my small acquisitions. You shall possess Lucetta; I shall obtain for you the consent of her father; you are worthy of one another. If the money with which you entrust me is not reclaimed, I shall restore it to you.'

The lovers retired with the satisfaction of having done their duty, and filled with the hopes that were given them. The curate gave intimation through his own and the neighbouring parishes of the money found; and many avaricious and interested persons presented themselves to lay claim to it; but could not name the species of the coin, nor the sum contained in the bag.

Mean while the curate did not neglect the promise he had given to Perkin, to take care to secure his happiness. He procured for him a small farm, furnished it with cattle and with the instruments of husbandry, and two months after married him to Lucetta. The two lovers, transported with the state of felicity to which they were advanced, never ceased to return thanks to heaven and the curate. Perkin was laborious, Lucetta was entirely occupied with what fell to her charge, and they were exact in paying what they owed to the proprietor of the ground. On what remained they lived decently and happily.

The bag of gold was not reclaimed during two years, and the curate did not think it expedient to wait longer for its being demanded. He carried it to the virtuous couple whom he had united. ‘My children, said he, enjoy the present which Providence has given you. If by any chance you should come to the knowledge of their proprietor, it is proper that you should restore them. Put them, therefore, to an use, by which they will not be diminished.’ Perkin took this sage advice, and bought the farm which he then rented. The money, which he regarded as a deposit, could not be more properly disposed of. Its proprietor could not find fault with a management in every respect so prudent.

The farm, while Perkin considered himself as its real possessor, assumed a different appearance: The lands were better cultivated, and became more fertile. He enjoyed that convenience and ease, which he had wished to procure for Lucetta. Two children successively blessed their union, and they found themselves revived in these pledges of their affection. When he returned from the field, Perkin was always met by Lucetta, who presented to him his children. He embraced them, and could not cease to caress them, but to press his wife tenderly to his bosom. These fruits of his love ambitiously contended to please him: The one wiped off from his face the dust and the sweat with which it was covered; the other tried to ease him of the weight of the instruments of his labour. He smiled at these feeble efforts, caressed them again, and thanked heaven that he had an affectionate wife, and children that resembled him.

Some years after, the old curate died, and was sincerely lamented by Perkin and Lucetta, who thought with gratitude of the good offices they had received from him. His death made them reflect on their own mortality. 'We also must die, said they: In that case our farm will go to our children; but it is not our property, and if its proprietor should appear when we are gone, he must lose it for ever.' Their delicacy could not

support this idea. They gave a written declaration of the case, which they deposited with the new curate, and which was attested by the most respectable inhabitants of the parish. This precaution, which they judged necessary to ensure restitution from their children to the owner of the wealth they had found, restored them to tranquillity.

Ten years had passed away in this situation, when Perkin, after severe labour, returning one day with his wife to dinner, observed a carriage overturn on the high road. He hastened to the relief of the travellers, whom he pressed to take refuge at his cottage. It happened fortunately that they were not hurt. 'This place (said one of them to the other) has been very fatal to me: I never pass it without some misfortune. About twelve years ago I lost about this spot a very considerable sum: I carried two hundred pieces of gold in a bag which I dropped.' 'And how (cried Perkin, who had listened with attention) came you to neglect to enquire after them?' 'That, said the stranger, it was impossible for me to do. I was obliged to set out in haste for the East-Indies. The vessel was on the point of setting sail, and I could not possibly wait to make a search, which, if successful, would have been, by the delay it must necessarily have occasioned, a very great detriment to me.'

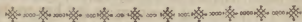
This discourse made Perkin the more solicitous to engage the travellers to go to his house. It was by much the nearest; they yielded to his importunity, and he walked before to shew them the way. He soon met with his wife, who, according to custom, had come forth to bear him company. He gave her orders immediately to prepare dinner for their guests. While they waited for their repast, he turned the conversation to the loss which one of the travellers had sustained. He was convinced that this must be the person to whom he ought to restore the money he had found.

They dine, and the travellers are exceedingly pleased with the kindness of Perkin. They admire his good heart, his openness of temper, and the candour, the simplicity, and the activity of Lucetta. After dinner, Perkin carried them out into the fields, and having shewn them his cattle, and explained to them the produce and arrangement of his farm, ' This possession, said he to the unfortunate traveller, is your property. The gold which you lost fell into my hands; but, finding that it was not reclaimed, I purchased with it these fields, with a design that they should one day be restored to you. They are yours; and, if I had died, the curate of our parish has a writing for me, which constitutes the truth of what I advance.

The stranger was surprised, and viewed

Perkin, Lucetta, and their children, with inexpressible complacency. He admired this noble, this virtuous procedure. 'Have you any other possession besides these fields?' said he. 'No, said Perkin, but as you may incline to let them out to farm, I should be glad that you would prefer me to any other lessee.' 'Your probity, replied the stranger, requires a more ample recompense. Twelve years have passed since I lost the sum which you have found; and during that time it has pleased God to prosper my trade. It is impossible that I now can be hurt by the loss I sustained. I am sufficiently wealthy: I demand no restitution of the money: Retain your farm, and continue to be happy.'

Perkin and Lucetta fell on their knees at the feet of their benefactor, who, to ensure to them his gift without a challenge, sent for a notary to frame a formal deed, which he subscribed and delivered to them. Perkin shed tears of tenderness and joy. 'My children, cried he, kiss the hand of this beneficent stranger. This possession, Lucetta! is now our own. We can enjoy it without trouble, and without remorse.'



T A L E XIV.

THE memoirs of a certain French nobleman, which now lie before me, furnish me with a very entertaining instance of secret attraction, implanted by providence in the human soul. It will be necessary to inform the reader, that the person, whose story I am going to relate, was one whose roving and romantic temper, join'd to a disposition singularly amorous, had led him through a vast variety of gallantries and amours. He had, in his youth, attended a princess of France into Poland, where he had been entertained by the king her husband, and married the daughter of a grandee. Upon her death he returned into his native country; where his intrigues, and other misfortunes, having consumed his paternal estate, he now went to take care of the fortune his deceased wife had left him in Poland. In his journey he was robbed before he reach'd Warsaw, and lay ill of a fever, when he met with the following adventure; which shall be related here in his own words.

I had been in this condition for four days,

when the countess of Venofki passed that way. She was informed that a stranger of good fashion lay sick, and her charity led her to see me. I remembered her, for I had often seen her with my wife, to whom she was nearly related; but when I found she knew not me, I thought fit to conceal my name. I told her I was a German, that I had been robbed; and that if she had the charity to send me to Warsaw, the queen would acknowledge it; I having the honour to be known to her majesty. The countess had the goodness to take compassion on me; and ordering me to be put in a litter, carried me to Warsaw, where I was lodged in her house, till my health should allow me to wait on the queen.

My fever increased, after my journey was over, and I was confined to my bed for fifteen days. When the countess first saw me, she had a young lady with her about eighteen years of age, who was much taller and better shaped than the Polish women generally are. She was very fair, her skin exceeding fine, and her air and shape inexpressibly beautiful. I was not so sick as to overlook this young beauty; and I felt in my heart such emotions, at the first view, as made me fear that all my misfortunes had not armed me sufficiently against the charms of the fair sex. The amiable creature seem'd afflicted at my sickness; and she appear'd to have so much concern and care for me, as rais'd in

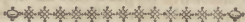
me a great inclination and tenderness for her. She came every day into my chamber to enquire after my health: I ask'd who she was, and I was answered, that she was niece to the countess of Venoski.

I verily believe that the constant sight of this charming maid, and the pleasure I received from her careful attendance, contributed more to my recovery than all the medicines the physicians gave me. In short, my fever left me, and I had the satisfaction to see the lovely creature overjoy'd at my recovery. She came to see me oftener as I grew better; and I already felt a stronger and more tender affection for her than I ever bore to any woman in my life: When I begun to perceive that her constant care of me was only a blind, to give her an opportunity of seeing a young Pole whom I took to be her lover. He seem'd to be much about her age, of a brown complexion, very tall, but finely shaped. Every time she came to see me, the young gentleman came to find her out; and they usually retired to a corner of the chamber, where they seem'd to converse with great earnestness. The aspect of the youth pleas'd me wonderfully; and, if I had not suspected that he was my rival, I should have taken delight in his person and friendship.

They both of them often ask'd me if I were in reality a German; which, when I con-

tinu'd to affirm, they seem'd very much troubled. One day I took notice that the young lady and gentleman, having retired to a window, were very intent upon a picture; and that every now and then they cast their eyes upon me, as if they had found some resemblance betwixt that and my features. I could not forbear to ask the meaning of it; upon which the lady answered, that if I had been a Frenchman, she should have imagined that I was the person for whom that picture was drawn, because it so exactly resembled me. I desired to see it. But how great was my surprise! when I found it to be the very painting which I had sent to the queen five years before, and which she commanded to get drawn, to be given to my children. After I had view'd the piece, I cast my eyes upon the young lady, and then upon the young gentleman I had thought to be her lover. My heart beat, and I felt a secret emotion which filled me with wonder. I thought I traced in the two young persons some of my own features, and at that moment I said to myself, *are not these my children?* The tears came into my eyes, and I was about to run and embrace them; but constraining myself with pain, I asked whose picture it was? The maid, perceiving that I could not speak without tears, fell a weeping. Her tears absolutely confirm'd me in my opinion, and falling upon her neck, *Ab, my dear child,* said I, *yes, I am your*

father. I could say no more. The youth seized my hands at the same time, and kissing, bathed them with his tears. Throughout my life I never felt a joy equal to this; and it must be own'd, that nature inspires more lively motions and pleasing tenderness than the passions can possibly excite.



T A L E XV.

A Certain king of Spain took a particular delight in the plainness of his equipage and entertainments. A lord being entertained by him at dinner, took occasion to inform his majesty of the grandeur with which his courtiers treated one another; and told him, that in the evening a grand banquet was to be given by the archbishop of Toledo, where his majesty might be an eye witness of the truth. The king got himself *incognito* to the banquet-room, and observed the vastness of the preparations, the magnificence of the entertainment, and their discourse, wherein they boasted of their great estates, and the pensions they held out of the king's demesnes. On the morrow he gave out that he was much indisposed, and was about to make his will; whereupon all the lords of the

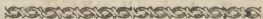
council repaired to court. At noon he came into the audience chamber, and directing his discourse to the archbishop, ask'd him how many kings of Spain he had known in his time. He answered four. What! no more, cries the king, how can that be? when, in the short space of my own life, I have known twenty. The company, amaz'd at this discourse, suppos'd that his majesty's distemper might have affected his senses. When he proceeded: Be not surpris'd, my lords, you yourselves are the kings I speak of, to the great damage of the kingdom, and dishonour of me your prince; but I will shorten your reign. The archbishop immediately threw himself at his feet, and implored his pardon, as did all the rest. The king gave them their lives, but confin'd them till they had surrendered up the castles held of the crown, and all the wealth they had heaped together from the supineness of former kings.



T A L E XVI.

ANDREW Marvel, one of the most disinterested patriots in the reign of Charles II. by managing a very narrow patrimony, kept

himself above corruption: And there is a story of him, which, though it may seem to be but ordinary, deserves to be everlastingly remembered: He dined usually at a great ordinary in the Strand, where having eat heartily of boiled beef, and some roast pigeons and asparagus, he drank his pint of port; and on the coming in of the reckoning, taking a piece out of his pocket, and holding it between his thumb and finger, 'Gentlemen, said he, who would let himself out for hire, while he can have such a dinner for half a crown.'



T A L E XVII.

COSMO de Medicis, grand duke of Tuscany, concerning whom, on account of his prodigious wealth, it was rumoured, that he had the art of transmutation. A noble Venetian, who, though he had but a small fortune, was extremely well recommended to his highness, (and, by his polite behaviour, added daily to his credit in that court) one day fairly put the question, and asked the duke if he had the philosopher's stone or not? My friend, said the duke, I have; and because I have a regard for you, I will give

you the receipt in few words. ‘ I never bid
 ‘ another do that which I can do myself; I
 ‘ never put off till to-morrow what may be
 ‘ done to-day; nor do I ever think any
 ‘ matter so trivial as not to deserve notice.’
 The Venetian thanked his serene highness
 for his secret; and, by observing his rules,
 acquired a great estate. How well should
 I be pleased, if not a few of my readers
 should do the like by observing mine!

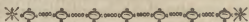


T A L E XVIII.

GIOTTO, intending one day to draw
 a crucifix to the life, wheedled a poor man
 to suffer himself to be bound to a cross for
 an hour, at the end of which he was to be
 released, and receive a considerable reward
 for it; but instead of this, as soon as he had
 fastened him, he stabbed him dead, and then
 fell to drawing: When he had finished
 his picture, he carried it to the pope, who
 liked it so well, that he was resolved to place
 it over the altar of his own chapel:—Giotto
 told him, as he liked the copy so well, he
 would show him the original.—What do
 you mean, said the pope? Will you show

me Jesus Christ on the cross in person? No, said Giotto, but I will show your holiness the original from whence I drew this, if you will absolve me from all punishment.—The pope promised this, which Giotto believing, attended him to the place where it was:—As soon as they entered, he drew back a curtain, which hung before the dead man on the cross, and told him what he had done.—The pope troubled at so barbarous an action, repealed his promise, and told Giotto, that he should surely be put to an exemplary death. Giotto, with a seeming resignation, only begged leave to finish the piece before he died, which was granted him, and a guard set upon him to prevent his escape.—As soon as the picture was delivered into his hands, he took a brush, and dipping it into a sort of stuff ready for that purpose, daubed the picture all over with it, so that nothing of the crucifix could be seen.—This made his holiness stark mad, and he swore that Giotto should be put to the most cruel death, unless he drew another equal to the former; if so, he would not only give him his life, but also an ample reward in money.—Giotto, as he had reason, desired this under the pope's signet, that he might not be in danger of a second repeal.—This was granted him; and taking a wet sponge, he wiped off all the varnish he had daubed on the picture, so that the crucifix appeared the same in all respects as it did

before.—Upon this, the pope remitted his punishment.—And they say, that this crucifix is the original, from which the most famous crucifixes in Europe are drawn.'



F A B L E III.

JUPITER *and the* HERDSMAN.

WHAT's good, altho' unsought for,
 grant us still;
 And, oh! withhold, tho' sought for, all that's
 ill!
 Thus far an ancient sage.—We make him
 speak
 Plain English; but that ancient sage spoke
 Greek.
 A Herdsman, lost a calf; and thus, for aid
 To heaven, th' avenger of the wrong'd, he
 pray'd:
 Great Jove, some villain, has decreas'd my
 store;
 Do thou unto thy servant's pray'r incline;
 Let me but see the thief—I ask no more;

A kid, the best I have, shall straight be
thine!

Jove heard. Forth rush'd a lion from the
wood,

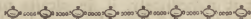
Aghast the peasant stood.

Thou'st shewn the thief, he cry'd; 'twas he,
'tis plain;

I'll pay the vow I offer'd to the full;

But if thou'lt set me quit of him again,

I'll make that kid I promis'd thee, a bull.



T A L E XIX.

IT happened that the Great Mogul was riding on one of his elephants in the province of Cashemire, when suddenly the beast grew raging mad, (it seems it is the nature of these animals, when they are stung with lust, at certain times of the year, to fall into a kind of phrenzy, which, if not timely obviated, will last forty days). He whose office it was to manage the elephant, perceiving that the king's life was in apparent danger, through the furious humour of the beast, had not time to say any more to the king, but only these words: 'There is but

ous and beautiful wife, which, we may say, are two rare companions. He kept a Moor in his house, whom the lady at one time caused to be severely beaten. The Moor secretly avowed revenge. He had an intrigue with one of the lady's women, to whom he imparted his mind. They conspired together, to accuse the lady of lightness and infidelity of her husband's bed. The cavalier, their master, was naturally jealous, as all the Spaniards are; these two possessed him with a belief, that the gardener had frequent access to his lady's chamber, and undertook to make him an eye-witness of it. Whereupon one of them goes privately to the gardener, and tells him, that the lady would speak with him: Whilst the other runs to the lord, and bids him make haste; for the gardener was at that instant with his lady. The impatient cavalier hastens up stairs, and meeting the gardener coming out of the door of his chamber, stabs him to the heart, without any farther expostulation; and, rushing furiously into the chamber, serves his wife in the same manner. But, coming down again, the maid struck with remorse at so black an event, fell down at his feet, confessing her crime, and declaring that her lady was innocent. The Spaniard, raging mad at a conjunction of so many misfortunes, stabs the maid and the negro; and last of all, to compleat, the tragedy, kills himself.

T A L E XXI.

AN intimate acquaintance of the late Sir Richard Steele dined with him one day after he had been lately married, and just then set up a chariot. His lady two or three times at dinner asked him if he used the chariot that afternoon: To which he only answered, *oysters*. When the table cloth was taken away, she said, 'Well, my dear, I'll take the chariot.' To which he again reply'd, *oysters, my dear*.—She dropt a curtsy, and confessed she was in an error, and stood reproved.—On her retiring, Sir Richard's friend thus addressed him: 'Sir, as absurd as your answer might seem to others, I know your manner so well, that I am assured there is some moral instructions in your word *oysters*: As it must be some gentle, humorous reproof, do me the favour to let me into the secret of it.' You know, says Sir Richard, we have just set up a chariot; and being apprehensive it might have such an effect on my wife's heart, and that she might inconsiderately talk of it too much, thereby betraying a weakness of mind I would have gladly prevented, I told her a story of a young fellow who had lately set up an equi-

page, and had always the vanity to be talking of it;—which was as follows:

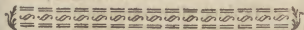
Ned Sparkish, on the death of his elder brother, left the attorney, to whom he was clerk, set up an equipage, and commenced *Petit Maitre*. He was so fond of his chariot, that he was seldom out of it, or making some mention of it. He was one day walking with some gentlemen in the Mall, when one of them asked him to be of their party to dine at a famous eating-house at Charing-cross.—With all my heart, my dear, says Ned; I'll step to my servant and give some orders about my chariot,—and be with you again in a moment.—On this, another gentleman said, How can you ask that coxcomb to be with us? We shall hear of nothing but his chariot. I'll lay half a dozen of French wine he talks of it within ten minutes after he comes into the room.—As I think that impossible, says another, it is a bet.—Ned by this time joined them again, and they went to Locket's. They were scarce in the room, when the gentleman who laid the wager, proposed to have some *oysters* before dinner as a whet; but at the same time feared there were none fresh enough at that end of the town, and proposed to send to Billingsgate for some. It was objected that would take too much time, otherwise they approved of his motion.—Nay, says Sparkish, let that be no objec-

tion; my chariot is at the door, and I'll dispatch Tom away with it immediately, and he may bring the *oysters* in half an hour at farthest.—You see, continues Sir Richard, the intent of this story, on how absurd a foundation soever it may be built: I told it my wife as a family-piece of instruction; and you see that she has good sense enough, on the mention of *oysters*, to see and to confess her error.

T A L E XXII.

A Gentleman crossing Moorfields, was followed by a middle aged shabby fellow importunately begging for six pence. The gentleman wondered at his odd demand, and told him he had not for him: But the fellow walked along, repeating his entreaties, till finding no likelihood of success.—Well, Sir, says he, with a melancholy air, I shall trouble you no more!—but that small matter would have saved me from doing what I shall now be forc'd to do!—Then fetching a deep sigh, he shook his head, and slowly moved away.—The strangeness of his words and behaviour struck the gentleman; this poor creature, thought he, by want is

grown desperate, and shall my refusal of such a trifle drive him to extremities? With that calling back the fellow, here, friend, is sixpence for thee; but 'pr'ythee tell me the meaning of what you said just now. The fellow thanked him, and pocketing the moneey,—Why truly Master, reply'd he, I've been begging here this whole day to little purpose, and unless your charity had saved me from it, must have been forced to work, the thoughts of which gave me no small disquiet.



T A L E XXIII.

A Certain lord, taking a walk with a gentleman, near a country village, saw a poor boy dragging a calf home with both his hands; 'You shall see,' says my lord, laughing, 'I will make the boy loose his calf;' supposing the boy would have pulled off his hat to him; but being disappointed, Sirrah,' says he, 'don't you see me, and d'ye keep your hat on? An't please your lordship to hold my calf,' reply'd the boy, 'I'll pull it off; but at present you see I have my hands full.'



F A B L E IV.

The EAGLE, and the assembly of ANIMALS.

AS Jupiter's all-seeing eye
 Survey'd the worlds beneath the sky,
 From this small speck of earth were sent
 Murmurs and sounds of discontent ;
 For ev'ry thing alive complain'd
 That he the hardest life sustain'd.

Jove calls his Eagle. At the word
 Before him stands the royal bird.
 The bird, obedient from heav'n's height
 Downward directs his rapid flight ;
 Then cited ev'ry living thing,
 To hear the mandates of his king.

Ungrateful creatures whence arise
 These murmurs which offend the skies ;
 Why this disorder ? say the cause :
 For just are Jove's eternal laws.
 Let each his discontent reveal.
 To you four dog I first appeal.

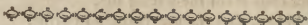
Hard is my lot, the hound replies,
 On what fleet nerves the greyhound flies !

While I with weary step and slow
D'er plains, and vales, and mountains go;
The morning sees my chase begun,
Nor ends it till the setting sun.

When, says the greyhound, I pursue,
My game is lost, or caught in view,
Beyond my sight the prey's secure:
The hound is slow, but always sure.
And, had I his sagacious scent,
Jove ne'er had heard my discontent.
The lion crav'd the fox's art;
The fox, the lion's force and heart;
The cock implor'd the pigeon's flight,
Whose wings were rapid, strong, and light;
The pigeon strength of wing despis'd,
And the cock's matchless valour priz'd:
The fishes wish'd to graze the plain,
The beasts to skim beneath the main.
Thus, envious of another's state,
Each blam'd the partial hand of fate.

The bird of heaven then cry'd aloud.
Jove bids disperse the murm'ring crowd:
The God rejects your idle prayers.
Would ye, rebellious mutineers,
Entirely change your name and nature,
And be the very envy'd creature?
What, silent all, and none consent!
Be happy then, and learn content.

Nor imitate the restless mind,
And proud ambition of mankind.



F A B L E V.

The WILD BOAR and the RAM.

A GAINST an elm a sheep was ty'd,
The butcher's knife in blood was dy'd ;
The patient flock, in silent fright,
From far beheld the horrid sight ;
A savage Boar, who near them stood,
Thus mock'd to scorn the fleecy brood.

All cowards should be serv'd like you,
See, see, your murd'rer is in view ;
With purple hands and reeking knife
He strips the skin yet warm with life :
Your quarter'd fires, your bleeding dams,
The dying bleat of harmless lambs
Call for revenge. O stupid race !
The heart that wants revenge is base.

I grant, an ancient Ram replies,
We bear no terror in our eyes,
Yet think us not of soul so tame,
Which no repeated wrongs enflame,

Insensible of ev'ry ill,
 Because we want thy tusks to kill.
 Know, those who violence pursue
 Give to themselves the vengeance due,
 For in these massacres they find
 The two chief plagues that waste mankind.
 Our skins supplies the wrangling bar,
 It wakes their slumb'ring sons to war,
 And well revenge may rest contented,
 Since drums and parchment were invented.



T A L E XXIV.

CHA Jehan was one of the most polite kings that ever ruled over that great empire of Mogulstan. He was a great patron to all skilful persons in arts and sciences, and gave great encouragement to foreigners to come to his court, treating them kindly and familiarly, and allowed them handsome pensions to live on, and often sent for the most polite of them, and discoursed them about the customs, laws, commerce, and strength of the European nations, and what he found valuable among them, he would fain have brought into his own dominions. He was sorry to see the most beautiful part of the

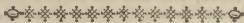
creation caged up in seraglios, bred up in ignorance, and kept from useful and pleasant conversation, by the heavy fetters of blind and unreasonable custom. He turned his thoughts to break these sordid chains, and introduce the ladies to a free air, and reckoned his court, which he then kept at Agra, a great city, to be the most proper part for the stage to act it first upon.

The first step he took, was to order all the ladies at court to provide precious stones to bring to a market-place that he had erected, and there to shew their wares publicly to all the noblemen at court, who were ordered to buy them at whatever prices the ladies put upon them; and the king himself was to be a buyer, to put the greater honour on the new-erected market. The ladies obeyed, and took their booths as they thought fit. On the market-day the king and the noblemen came to market, and bought the jewels and other trifles the ladies had to dispose of.

The king coming to the booth of a very pretty lady, asked what she had to sell. She told him she had one large fine rough diamond still to dispose of. He desired to see it, and he found it to be a piece of fine transparent sugar-candy, of a tolerable good diamond figure. He demanded to know what price she set on it, and she told him with a pleasant air, that it was worth a lack of ru-

pees, or 12500 l. sterling. He ordered the money to be paid, and, falling in discourse with her, found her wit was as exquisite as her beauty, and ordered her to sup with him that night in his palace. She promised to obey, and accordingly went, and stayed with him three nights and days, and then went back to her husband, whose name was Jemal Chaun, and was a commander of 5000 horse. The husband received her very coldly, and told her, that he would continue civil to her, but would never cohabit with her again, and would live with her in the same manner as if she was his sister. Upon which she went back to the palace, and desired to be brought to the king, and, being conducted to him, she fell at his feet, and told what her husband had said. The king, in a rage, gave orders to carry the husband to the Elephant-garden, and there to be executed by an elephant, which is reckoned a shameful and terrible death. The poor man was soon apprehended, and had his clothes torn off him, as the custom is when criminals are condemned to that death, and he was dragged from his house, with his hands tied before him. On his way to the garden, he was to pass near the palace, and he begged to have leave to speak to the king, and then he would die willingly, if his majesty did not think fit he should live. A friend of his, who was an officer of the guards, ordered

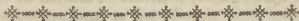
the messengers of death to stop a little, till he had acquainted the king with the request, which was accordingly done, and he was ordered to be carried into the court of the palace, that the king might hear what he had to say, and being carried thither, his majesty demanded what he would have. He answered, that what he had said to his wife was the greatest honour that he was capable to do his king, who, after he had honoured his wife with his embraces, thought himself unworthy ever after to cohabit with her. The king, pausing a little, ordered him to be unbound, and brought to his own room, where, as soon as he came, the king embraced him, and ordered a serpaw, or a royal suit to be put upon him, and gave him the command of 5000 horse more, but took his wife into his own haran or seraglio, and about nine months after, the famous Aurengzeb came into the world.



T A L E XXV.

A Certain colonel, whose flight it was, when he had drank a glass or two, too much, to fire off and play tricks with his pistols. One night the colonel having drank too free-

ly, ordered his footman, who was an Irishman newly hired, to bring his pistols.—Teague obeyed; the colonel loaded them both, and, having locked the door, commanded his man to hold one of the candles at arms length, till he snuff'd it with a ball. Prayers and intreaties were in vain, and comply he must, and did, though trembling; the colonel perform'd the operation at the first attempt, then laying down his pistols was going to unlock the door. Teague catches up that which was loaded, 'Arra maister, says he, but I will be after having my shoot too.' The colonel call'd him rogue and rascal to no purpose, Teague was now vested with power, and would be obeyed: Accordingly his master extended the candle, but this being the first time of Teague's performing, he not only missed, but shot off a button from the breast of the colonel's coat. So narrow an escape had a good effect, and cured him of this humour of turning marksman in his drink.



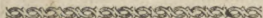
T A L E XXVI.

PALEMEN, when about 22 years of age, after a course of regular education,

went home to his father to spend some months with him, before he set out on his travels. During this interval, he became acquainted with the lovely Ismena, whose father had lavished away a large estate. Notwithstanding the meanness of the lady's fortune, Palemon became her lover; which reaching his father's ears, he, full of resentment, sent for him and commanded him to think no more of Ismena, and to leave his country in ten days, on pain of being turned into the world with his curse, and penny-less.

Palemon obeyed; and Ismena's Father sent her to an aunt's in London. He was no sooner arrived at Paris, but he dispatched Clodio, his intimate, to England, in order to learn some news of Ismena, to deliver her a passionate epistle, and to engage her to accept a draught of 1000*l*. Clodio arrived, found her out, and was so struck with her beauty, that he determined not to deliver Palemon's letter; but making use of the 1000*l*. in about six weeks after prevailed on the lady and her aunt, and Ismena and he were publicly married. Palemon in the mean time, almost mad at hearing nothing from his friend, resolved to run all hazards, and to return to England. He embarked, and the next day after his arrival in London, was thunderstruck at the news of Clodio's marriage. The better to indulge his sorrow, he took a turn in the park, and strolling in

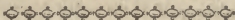
the road to Kensington, spied the perfidious Clodio in all the gaiety of a Bridegroom. They engaged, and a few passes decided the quarrel: Clodio fell dead at Palemon's feet. Ismena, for grief, at the end of seven months miscarried of a son, and died herself. Palemon, after his trial, retired to his father's seat, and to add to his afflictions, saw the poor old gentleman expire in an apoplexy. These misfortunes determined him to live a retired and devout life, far removed from all his former acquaintance.



T A L E XXVII.

AS some Christian captives at Algiers, who had been ransomed, were going to be discharged, the cruizers brought in a Swedish vessel. Among the crew was the father of one of those captives. The son soon made himself known to the father, and embraced him with great tenderness; but their unhappiness to meet in that place was grievous to both. The young man considering that the slavery his father was going into would inevitably put an end to his life, requested that his father might be sent home, and himself detained in his room; which the

Moors readily granted. How rare are such sons!



T A L E XXVIII.

THE late Czar, Peter the Great, piercing too far into an enemies country, (Turky) the grand vizier took the advantage, and by a proper dis-treat, reduced him and his army to the necessity of being made prisoners of war. In this dreadful distress the Czar prepared his army to sell their lives as dearly as possible; and the same evening went to amuse an hour with his Catharine. The lady observing his concern, threw herself at his feet, ‘ If your majesty said she, would
 ‘ permit a woman to speak, I am apt to believe I have something to suggest which
 ‘ might extricate you from this troublesome
 ‘ state.’ Speak freely, Catharine, reply’d the monarch, ‘ You know, Sir, the covetous
 ‘ humour of the vizier: Draw up something
 ‘ which may bear the face of a treaty, tolerably advantageous to the Porte, let us
 ‘ back these propositions with all the gold
 ‘ and jewels in the camp, as a present to
 ‘ himself, if it succeed.’ The Czar did as she advised. The vizier complied; but the

news was so ill received at Constantinople, that a bow-string was his reward. The Czar being thus extricated from so imminent a danger by this lady, in gratitude, raised her to a share of command over that empire which she had saved.



T A L E XXIX.

ERASTUS, at the expiration of his clerkship to a merchant, saw himself in possession of a fortune, which a few years, with success, might have increased to the height of his ambition. He made a favourable impression on the heart of the fair Eliza, his master's daughter, and married her soon after he was settled, with the consent of her father, who retired from business, and passed the remainder of his days in ease and calmness. They had but a few years enjoyed the happiness they imparted to each other, before Erastus, by unexpected losses, and the bankruptcy of a house abroad, was robbed of all his fortune. He now for ever looked on the lovely Eliza with pain. Canst thou still love the man who has reduced thee to poverty? Indeed thou canst, said he, pressing her hand with all imaginable tenderness. Heaven knows I

have not brought my misfortunes on myself—we must not repine, and yet so lovely a family—at which time he cast his eyes on his little rogues who were playing on the carpet, and then on his Eliza. He saw the tear flow down her cheek, and wept. Whatever she could suggest to give him ease, she spoke with all the tenderness imaginable; we will not weep then, my Eliza, perhaps we may yet know happier hours. The attention of the little ones was drawn by their tears. One asked the mother why she wept; and another with inquisitive love, why papa cried; Erastus kissed them, and said he would weep no more, bad them be good, and heaven would bless them. Thus passed their hours till his affairs were settled, when he paid to the utmost whatever he owed to mankind; such was his character, that many offered him money, which he declined, as he had already found, that industry could not ensure success. By others he was advised to go abroad, and look into the affairs of the house, by the bankruptcy of which he had so considerably suffered. This he resolved on. When he told his intention to Eliza, she wept at the thoughts of parting; she dreaded the danger he would be exposed to more than poverty itself, and would not listen to him, unless he would consent to her accompanying him on the voyage. Alas! thou best of women, you forget your condition; Eliza cannot think,

that any thing but the hopes of bettering our fortunes, could prevail on me to leave her. Were I to wait till the time was past, when you might accompany me without hazarding your life, the delay might be dangerous; even then thy tender limbs could but poorly endure the fatigue. I go, that Eliza, her little ones, and that infant, which soon will claim its share of my affection, may never taste the bitter cup of poverty. The little remainder of our fortunes I will leave with thee; if that should be exhausted (which heaven forbid) before I am enabled to congratulate thee on our happier circumstances, sure then thou couldst not know the misery of absolute want: Thy Erastus still has friends; I have been unfortunate, my Eliza, but not base. By arguments of this kind he prevailed on her to acquiesce in his design. Support yourself in my absence, said he, we shall not long labour under misfortunes we have not deserved. If any thing advantageous should happen to fix me abroad, will Eliza follow me! Will—how can Erastus doubt it, said the lovely wife; with you no climate can be displeasing, without you, no circumstances can make me happy. Thou dear, dear woman, said he, clasping her in his arms, how have I deserved thy love! At length the time came which was to separate them from each other: No words can express the pain they felt at parting; Erastus, who had, with-

out knowing it, supported himself, by endeavouring to support his Eliza, wept when he embraced the best of wives. The tears choaked his voice, when he told his little ones to be dutiful to their mother. At the last embrace he would have spoke, but found the effort vain, he gazed on her for a few moments, with a look, which may much easier be conceived than described, and, silent, left her in all the grief a human breast can know. Eliza now retired to one of the environs, where her thoughts were generally employed upon Erastus; sometimes when they had wandered from their usual subject, they were recalled to it by one of the little ones asking where papa was? Upon which she could not help pointing out to the distant hills, and saying, that he was a thousand times more distant than they were, an idea but seldom awakened without producing tears. Happily for her she received a letter from him with assurances of his welfare, at a time when she most wanted consolation; and some months after came to her hands the following. My dearest ELIZA,

‘ You will naturally believe I write this
 ‘ with the utmost joy, since I can inform my
 ‘ dearest wife, that I am now settled in such
 ‘ a way, as may soon make up for our late ill
 ‘ fortune. A more particular account I re-
 ‘ serve till I am happy in thy conversation.
 ‘ I have sent a bill, tho’ I cannot suppose you

want it, that nothing may possibly detain
 ' you from my arms. Haste to a husband,
 ' who loves you better than himself, and be-
 ' lieve that absence has made you dearer to
 ' him than ever.'

Eliza no sooner received this welcome letter, than she began to prepare for her departure; by the first vessel therefore that was ready she set sail, and took with her a female servant to assist her in the care of the children. She found no other, scarce indeed so many inconveniences as she expected, which arose from the humanity of the captain, who, unlike most of his brethren, compassionated the inconveniences which attend those who are unaccustomed to the sea. The wish'd-for shore was now in view, and Eliza's heart exulted at the thoughts of her approaching happiness. Scarce, however, was she landed, before her spirits sunk at the appearance of a funeral which passed by her; her ill-boding fancy immediately suggested to her that it might possibly be her husband; she could not avoid enquiring who it was, when she heard that it was a stranger, whose name was Eraustus. The colour left her cheeks, she fainted in the arms of her maid, and recovering, found herself in the house of a stranger, whose hospitality was awakened by the appearance of her distress. Was it for this, said she, I passed the dangers of the sea? Unhappy woman, in having escaped its perils! Alas! I promi-

fed myself some years of uninterrupted happiness! Good heaven, my sorrows will end but with my life? Thus did she exclaim in broken sentences, till again she sunk her fainting head, and found herself supported, at her recovery, by the husband she imagined to be no more. At first she spoke to him with an incoherent wildness, which indicated the disorder of her mind; till at length grown calmer, she said, was it delusion all? And do I live once more to behold the man I love? It was, it was Eliza, said he, pressing her to his bosom, thy husband lives, and we shall now be blessed. As soon as their excess of joy was somewhat abated, Eliza desired an account of what had happened to him since he left her; and asked if he knew how she came to receive that melancholy information, which made her the most miserable of human beings. As soon, my dear, said he, as I came over, I found that the affairs of the house were not, by much, in so bad a way as was at first imagined, and, some time after, received a larger sum from it than ever I expected. This, and an opportunity which now presented itself of my settling greatly to my advantage, gave me excessive spirits, and I began to hope, as I wrote my Eliza, that happier hours might now await us. It was not long after my writing that letter, which bad thee hasten to my arms, that a stranger came to this part of the island, in hopes of improving his health.

Amongst others I went to pay him my respects. Can you conceive what pleasure, mingled with surprize and pain, I felt, when in this stranger I beheld a brother? This was that brother whom Eliza has heard me mention. He was banished by my father for some indiscretions of youth, and left his native country with the little fortune which had been given him by his grandfather. He settled on a distant part of this island, where he made a conquest (for his person was remarkably fine) of a widow, who possessed one of the largest estates upon it. He was overjoyed to see me. I cannot much longer continue here, said he, I am going to the eternal abode appointed for human nature. Since my banishment from my father's house, heaven has blessed me with success. I am told he forgave me with his dying breath: Good old man!—You are now, Eraustus, the only remaining of our family: I little dreamt of ever seeing you again; but heaven is kind. The terrors of dissolution are lessened at the sight of thee. Beware, Eraustus, nor misemploy the wealth I shall leave thee; it was got with honour. I can scarcely advise thee to marry; it is to the loss of the best of wives, which was soon followed by that of an only child, that I owe my present disorder. We were happy. She was the best of women. At these words Eraustus fixed his eyes upon Eliza. May heaven continue our lives, said he, may

we never know the pang of separation till age has silvered o'er our heads, and then it must be short. The brother asked Erastus what accident had brought him to that part of the world; and told him, that upon the first appearance of his illness, he had wrote to England, to enquire whether he was still living; and that he had already made a will in his favour, and left him whatever fortune he possessed. It was not long after his arrival, resumed Erastus, that he died, and left me an estate even beyond the ambition of my wishes. It was his funeral you met; it was Erastus they were bearing to the grave, but not Eliza's Erastus. He lives to be once more happy with the partner of his joys. At these words, he pressed her to his bosom, with a warmth expressive of the most perfect love. Upon my return from the funeral, I was told by some one whom I met, the story of a woman's fainting, with such circumstances, as made me think it was thee. I hastened to the house, where the hospitable stranger had conducted thee, and found thee sunk into the arms of thy maid. Shall I tell my Eliza, that even this circumstance at present affords me a degree of pleasure? Indeed it does; it convinces me, that I still am blest with thy tenderest love, without which, as my Eliza once said to me, no circumstances could make me happy. Erastus was now possessed of a fortune, which might enable him to

pass his remaining days independant of the cares of business. He sold his estates to advantage, and returned to his native country, where he now lives in all the felicity of elegant ease. The greatest part of their time they spend in the country, and now and then a winter in the rational amusements of the town. Wealthy without arrogance, æconomists without avarice, and liberal without profusion; universally beloved by those who have any connection with them, and admired by the few who are happy in their intimacy.



T A L E XXX.

YTZCOALT, king of Mexico, reigned many years with great reputation, beloved at home, feared abroad, and admired for his many virtues, even by his enemies. This king had a son, called Tico-chu, a prince of a most amiable disposition. When he became a man, he was alike beloved by his father and the people, till some designing courtiers found the secret of working on his excellent disposition, and, by a dissembled zeal for virtue and the public good, wrought themselves into his favour. These men, by

slow and imperceptible degrees, engaged Tico-chu to act in such a manner as embroil'd him with his father. The king, however, dealt very gently with him, and only withdrew those public marks of paternal approbation with which he had before honoured him. This proceeding, however, made the prince not a little uneasy, who on all occasions expressed the highest deference for his royal father, and the greatest concern for that coldness he had lately experienced, rather through the faults of others than his own. Those who had drawn him into these circumstances having in vain endeavoured to divert him, at length took upon them to purchase his perpetual countenance, by representing to him, That they would raise so great a party in the kingdom as to settle him in a state of independence; provided that when he should ascend the royal throne of Mexico, he should absolutely sacrifice Tlacaellal, his father's old and faithful minister, whom for many years they had persecuted, without being able to prevail against him. Tico-chu heard attentively all that they had to say; and when the crafty lord they had chosen for their spokesman had made an end of his long and vehement oration, he made them this answer: ' My lord, if what you have alledged against the counsellor of my father be true, the equitable laws of Mexico would punish him, even in spite of the king. The royal au-

'thority indeed, added to the malice of a
 'potent party, might be too strong for the
 'laws, and give up the most innocent man
 'in the world' to the severest judgment. But
 'in that you expect such things from me,
 'you have fully shewn me that my expecta-
 'tions from you are vain; the independency
 'I seek must be founded in virtue.' A prince
 and a private man are alike free, when they
 hold their passions in subjection, and are them-
 selves obedient to reason: From this time
 forward he altered his conduct; of which
 the king having quickly an account, Tico-
 chu was fully restored to his favour, and suc-
 ceeded him in process of time, and reigned
 with universal applause.



F A B L E VI.

P L U M B - P U D D I N G .

TWO boys at Christmas dinner plac'd,
 The board a large Plumb-pudding grac'd;
 Their plates well heap'd they glad survey,
 But each indulg'd a different way:
 Jack, who was greedy of the plumbs,
 First pick'd them out, then lick'd his thumbs;

He eat, and said—' 'Twas special good.'
 His plumbs devour'd—The remnant food
 Quite plain, now prov'd a worthless store;
 He tasted, but could eat no more;
 The sweets had spoil'd his relish quite,
 Pudding unplum'd gives no delight;
 And to acquire more plumbs unable,
 Hungry, he crying left the table.

With much more caution Dick proceeds,
 And on the plumbless portion feeds;
 His feast determin'd to conclude
 With plumbs, that rich, delicious food;
 But when the plain was swallow'd, Dick
 Had eat so much, he was quite sick;
 His appetite, alas, was flown,
 And ev'n for plumbs his relish gone:
 Like Tantalus he view'd his store,—
 And cry'd,—for he cou'd hold no more;
 And what he'd sav'd with miser care,
 A better appetite must heir.

He who his plumbs unmix'd destroys,
 Will soon regret his short-liv'd joys;
 While he who keeps 'em for the last,
 Too late will mourn a blunted taste:
 Then let us take the plain with sweet,
 And like good boys our pudding eat,
 Just as 'tis cut us from above,
 Nor prodigals or misers prove.



F A B L E VII:

The PEASANT and MASTIFF.

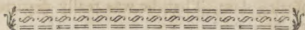
WHERE Nile, the king of floods, be-
flows

His genial Blessings as he flows,
A widow'd peasant, that with care
Foster'd a darling infant heir,
The only offspring of a wife,
Dearer, when living, than his life,
Abroad on urgent bus'ness bent,
Forth from his homely cottage went ;
His babe asleep in cradle lying,
(No further need of lullabying)
His fav'rite dog too left behind,
His child and house's guard design'd :—
Ended his bus'ness, soon the swain
Returns to his lov'd charge again ;
He lifts the latch, (his little cot,
No other bar or fence had got)
His dog with conscious sound and tail
(In dogs can treachery prevail !)
Joy more than usual expresses,
Twisting his form with fond careffes ;

But, oh, how great was his surprize !
 All smear'd with blood the dog he spies ;
 His frightful jaws distain'd with gore,
 Suspicious marks of murder bore ;
 The frighted parent looks around,
 No little darling's to be found ;
 The cradle overturn'd—The rest
 By fear and wild despair was gueſt ;
 The infant's fate each object ſhews ;
 The murd'rer in his Dog he views.
 He rag'd, he tore his hair, he ſwore,
 And with a hatchet which he bore,
 Dealing a vengeful blow, he ſtrait
 Conſign'd the maſtiff to his fate ;
 Then headlong to the cradle flies,
 Which rais'd, (amazement all !) he spies
 His ſmiling treasure on the floor,
 Aſleep, unwounded and ſecure ;
 And not far diſtant from the child,
 A monſt'rous ſerpent, newly kill'd,
 All torn and bloody, which 'twas plain
 The faithful murder'd dog had ſlain——
 Slain in his baby's dear defence,
 To ſave from death its innocence ;
 And in the fray, ſo ſays the fable,
 Were overſet—both child and cradle.

‘ If to the moral you attend,

‘ You'll ne'er unheard, condemn your friend.



T A L E XXXI.

IT is recorded in the writings of an authentic pen, the manuscript of an ancient Arabian, that Al' Rashid, emperor of the faithful, had many famous physicians about him; among the rest, he highly esteemed Saleh Eb'n Nahali, an Indian, for recovering one of his near kinsmen, out of such a condition as I suppose thou hast been in. That kinsman was very dear to the emperor, who was sitting at a feast, when news was brought him that he was dead. The emperor extremely troubled to hear this, burst forth into tears, and caused the table to be taken away. Then Jaaser Ep'n Yahyo, one of his confidants, immediately desired that Saleh the Indian physician, might visit the corps of his dead relation; who went accordingly, and having felt his pulse, and consider'd him well, he return'd to the emperor, and said, ' Cease to mourn, my lord, commander of the faithful: For if this man be dead, and I do not restore him to life again, may I be divorc'd from all my wives for ever.'

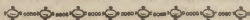
He had scarce made an end of saying this, when a second dispatch came to the empe-

ror from those who were about his kinsman, assuring him, That he was really departed this life.

Then Al' Rashid began to curse the Indians, and their ignorance. But Saleh persisted in this assertion, crying out with some vehemency, ' Be not incredulous, O emperor of the faithful, nor suffer thy kinsman to be buried, till I have been with him again : For assuredly he is not dead, I will shew you something that is admirable.' Al' Rashid pacify'd with these words, took Saleh along with him to visit the supposed dead person.

As soon as they came into the chamber, the Indian took a needle, and thrust between the nail and the flesh of his left thumb. Then the entranced snatched up his hand towards his mouth. At which Saleh cryed out, ' Now, my Lord, comfort yourself; for dead men use not to be sensible of pain.' After this, he blew up a powder into his nose; upon which, in a few minutes the patient sneezed; and sitting upright in his bed, spoke to Al' Rashid, kissing also his hand. The emperor asking him, ' How he found himself:' He reply'd, ' Benefactor of mankind, I have been in the sweetest sleep that ever I remember fell on me in my life. Only I dreamed that a dog came and bit me by my left thumb, the pain of which wak'd me.' With that he shewed

a triple recompence out of his effects; and as he was withdrawing, the prince reproach'd the meanness of his courtiers spirits, by saying to them, *Behold a man!*

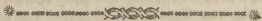


T A L E XXXIII.

FLORIO is one of the most accomplished gentlemen of the age. He was about twenty-one when he married Cordelia, a lady of wit, good nature, and 100,000*l.* fortune, but something older than him. Cordelia loved her Florio to distraction; nor was Florio regardless of her fondness and virtues, which he expressed by entertaining her with all the diversions and amusements in his power to procure. Being together one evening at Barn-Elms, there appeared Sylvia, who to the charms of her beauty added those of her voice. My dear Florio, says Cordelia, observe that lady; let us try to engage her to our entertainment. I'll do my endeavours, says Florio, and prevailed. The night was spent in an agreeable conversation, while Sylvia diverted them with singing. Florio was smitten, nor was Sylvia less sensible of his perfections. His wit, his person, and his costly presents at length prov'd too hard

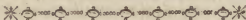
for her virtue, and she submitted to his desires. He now provided her a fine house, settled 500l. a-year upon her, and continued his affections to her. In the mean time Cordelia was sensible of what she had done in recommending Sylvia to her husband; nor wanted information of the jewels and rich presents he daily made her: But excused all, with saying, That if Florio loved Sylvia, she herself had an esteem for her: And as to Sylvia's love to Florio, she believed no woman who ever conversed with him could resist his charms; and I, adds she, have that affection for my lord, that what pleases him pleases me. Florio, by means of some law-suits upon the Mississippi distractions, was reduced to the lowest ebb. As he sat musing over his misfortunes at the chocolate-house, his friend colonel Trueman, being informed of his circumstances, sent him 1000l. and knowing the affair between him and Sylvia, paid her a visit, and soon explained the occasion of it. She was inconsolable; but recollecting herself, immediately put into his hands 20,000l. 'Here, said she, take this casket of jewels, worth 10,000l. and this Box of writings, containing his settlement of 500l. a-year upon me, and tell him I am proud of having been his faithful steward.' The colonel hastened to his friend, who was amaz'd at her generosity. Cordelia was so touch'd with this honourable act of Sylvia, that she

determined to return her the jewels, and sent for her to that purpose. Being all met, Sylvia could not be prevailed on to accept the jewels; Cordelia forgave her all offences against herself for the regard she had shewn to Florio, in this last act of her generosity. Sylvia, to atone for her own follies, resolved to retire into a nunnery. Florio and Cordelia lived in pleasure all their lives after.



T A L E XXXIV.

AN honest country curate, of great learning and merit, but without any other temporal advantage, took an opportunity of preaching, in a certain cathedral, against his worldly-minded brethren; which, it seems, gave great offence to the dean of the church, who happened to be present, and was at that time hawking after higher preferments; so that, instead of paying him the usual compliments, upon those occasions, Mr Dean sent his Verger to him, demanding his name, and where his living was; to which the curate return'd the following answer, with his name; ' that
' living he had none, but his starving was
' in——



T A L E XXXV.

A Certain cham of Tartary, going a progress with his nobles, was met by a dervise, who cry'd with a loud voice, 'Whoever will give me a hundred pieces of gold, I will give him a piece of advice.' The cham ordered him the sum; upon which the dervise said: 'Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end.'

The courtiers, upon hearing this plain sentence, smiled, and said with a sneer, 'The dervise is well paid for his maxim.' But the king was so well satisfied with the answer, that he ordered it to be writ in golden letters in several places of his palace, and engraved on all his plate. Not long after, the king's surgeon was bribed to kill him with a poisoned lancet at the time he let him blood. One day when the king's arm was bound, and the fatal lancet in the surgeon's hand, he read on the bason,—'Begin nothing, of which thou hast not well-considered the end'.—He immediately started, and let the lancet fall out of his hand: The king observed his confusion, and enquired the reason: The surgeon fell prostrate, confessed the

whole affair, and was pardoned, and the conspirators died. The cham, turning to his courtiers, who heard the advice with contempt, told them, 'That counsel could not be too much valued, which had saved a king's life.'

T A L E XXXVI.

WHEN many nations were subdued, and the power of the Lydians was augmented by Cræsus, many wise men of that time went from Greece to Sardis, which had then attained to the highest degree of prosperity; and among others Solon of Athens, who having made laws for the Athenians at their request, absented himself from his country, under colour of seeing the world, for the space of ten years, that he might not be driven to the necessity of abolishing any of the constitutions he had established. For the Athenians of themselves could make no alteration, having taken a solemn oath to observe the laws he had instituted, during ten years. With this intention therefore, and to see the state of things abroad, Solon went first to the court of Amasis king of Egypt, and afterwards to that of Cræsus at Sardis.

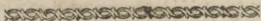
Crœsus entertained him at his palace with all humanity, and on the third or fourth day after his arrival, ordered his officers to shew him the wealth and magnificence of his treasury; which when Solon had seen and considered, Crœsus said to him; ‘ My Athenian guest, having heard much discourse of your person, of your wisdom, and of the voyages you have undertaken, as a philosopher, to see many things in various countries; I am very desirous to ask you, who is the most happy man that you have seen?’ This question he ask’d, because he thought himself the most happy of all men. But Solon resolving to speak the truth freely, without flattering the king, answered, ‘ Tellus the Athenian.’ Crœsus astonished at his answer, pressed him to declare what reasons he had so to extol the happiness of Tellus. ‘ Because, replied Solon, Tellus liv’d in a well-governed common-wealth; had several sons who were valiant and good; his sons had children like to themselves, and all these surviv’d him; in a word, when he had lived as happily as the condition of human affairs will permit, he ended his life in a glorious manner. For coming to the assistance of his countrymen in a battle they fought at Eleusis against some of their neighbours, he put the enemy to flight, and died in the field of victory. He was buried by the Athenians at the public

' charge in the place where he fell, and was
 ' magnificently honoured at his funeral.'
 When Solon had said these and many other
 things concerning the felicity of Tellus,
 Cræsus hoping at least to obtain the second
 place, asked who of those he had seen might
 be accounted next to him? ' Cleobis, said
 ' he, and Biton, two Grecians of Argos,
 ' possessed of a plentiful fortune, and with-
 ' al so strong and vigorous of body, that they
 ' were both equally victorious in the Olym-
 ' pian exercises. Of these 'tis reported, that
 ' when the Argians were celebrating a festi-
 ' val of Juno, and their mother was obliged
 ' to go to the temple in a chariot drawn by
 ' a yoke of oxen, the two young men find-
 ' ing that the oxen were not brought time
 ' enough from the field, and perceiving that
 ' the hour was past, put themselves under
 ' the yoke; drew the chariot in which their
 ' mother sat forty-five stades, and brought
 ' her in that manner to the temple. After
 ' they had done this in the view of a great
 ' concourse of people met together to cele-
 ' brate the festival, a happy period was put
 ' to their lives; and God determined by this
 ' event, that it is better for a man to die
 ' than to live. For when the men of Argos,
 ' who stood round, commended the resolu-
 ' tion of the two brothers, and the women
 ' magnified the happiness of the mother of
 ' such sons, the mother herself, transported

' with joy by the action and the honours she
 ' received on that account, made it her pe-
 ' tition as she stood before the image of the
 ' goddess, that her sons Cleobis and Biton
 ' might be rewarded with that thing which
 ' was of most advantage to men. When
 ' she had finished her prayer, and her sons
 ' had sacrificed and feasted with her, they
 ' fell asleep in the temple, and awaked no
 ' more. Upon which the Argians, in com-
 ' memoration of their piety, caused their
 ' statues to be made and dedicated to Del-
 ' phi.' Thus Solon having adjudged the
 second place of felicity to Cleobis and Biton,
 Crœsus said with indignation, ' Is my con-
 ' dition then so contemptible in your opi-
 ' nion, as not to be thought equal to that of
 ' private men?' ' Crœsus, said Solon, you ask
 ' me concerning human affairs, and I an-
 ' swer as one who thinks that all the gods
 ' are envious and disturbers of mankind.
 ' For in the course of a long life, men are
 ' constrained to see many things they would
 ' not willingly see, and to suffer many things
 ' they would not willingly suffer. Let us
 ' suppose the term of man's life to be seven-
 ' ty years, which consist of twenty-five thou-
 ' sand and two hundred days, without in-
 ' cluding the intercalatory month; and if
 ' we add that month to every other year, in
 ' order to fill up the just measure of time,
 ' we shall find thirty-five months more in

‘ the seventy years, which make one thou-
‘ sand and fifty days. Yet in all this num-
‘ ber of twenty-six thousand two hundred
‘ and fifty days, that compose these seventy
‘ years, no one day will be found like ano-
‘ ther. So that upon the whole matter,
‘ mankind is a miserable thing. You ap-
‘ pear to me to be master of immense trea-
‘ sures, and king of many nations; but I
‘ cannot say that of you which you demand,
‘ ’till I hear you have ended your life ho-
‘ nourably. For the richest of men is not
‘ more happy than he that lives by the day,
‘ unless his good fortune attend him to the
‘ grave, and he finish his life in honour.
‘ Many men, who abound in wealth, are un-
‘ happy; and many, who have only a mode-
‘ rate competency, are fortunate. He that
‘ abounds in riches, and is yet unhappy, ex-
‘ ceeds the other only in two things; but
‘ the other surpasses him in many more. The
‘ wealthy man indeed is better furnished with
‘ means to gratify his passions, and to bear
‘ the hatred of many. But if the other have
‘ not the same power in these two points,
‘ his good fortune secures him from the ne-
‘ cessity of doing either the one or the other.
‘ He is free from troubles, free from disea-
‘ ses; his looks are serene, and he has good
‘ children: And if all these things come at
‘ last to be crown’d by a decent end, such a
‘ one is the man you seek, and may justly

‘ be call’d happy : For to that time we ought
‘ to suspend our judgment, and not to pro-
‘ nounce him happy, but only fortunate.
‘ Now, because no man can possibly attain
‘ to this perfection of happiness ; as no one
‘ region yields all good things ; but produ-
‘ ces some and wants others, that country
‘ being ever esteemed best, which affords the
‘ greatest plenty : And farther, because no
‘ human body is in all respects self-suffici-
‘ ent ; but possessing some advantages, is
‘ destitute of others ; he therefore who, after
‘ he has most constantly enjoyed the great-
‘ est part of these, finishes the last scene of
‘ life with a decent serenity of mind, is in
‘ my judgment truly a king, and justly de-
‘ serves the name of happy. For men ought
‘ to observe the end of all things ; because
‘ God frequently brings utter destruction up-
‘ on those he has shewn to the world in the
‘ height of prosperity.’ Solon having said
these things to Cræsus, without the least flat-
tery or shew of esteem, was dismissed, as a
man of no experience ; who without regard
to present prosperity, counsell’d men to ob-
serve the end of all things.



F A B L E VIII.

Miss NANCY.

THE doating parents grieve and fret,
 Left they should lose their only pet ;
 Miss Nancy, by devouring sweets,
 Was grown as pale as her own sheets ;
 Have 'em she wou'd——What nurse wou'd
 chuse,
 So sweet a baby to refuse ?
 For though a prodigy of wit,
 Miss had not seen four twelvemonths yet ;
 To death almost indulg'd, old Mentor,
 Their grave physician, quick was sent for ;
 This son of Galen, straitway brib'd,
 Bitters and cruel were prescrib'd ;
 But how, alas, shall miss be brought,
 To swallow such a nauseous draught ;—
 If physic call'd, mamma well knows
 Miss wou'd turn up her little nose.
 Tho' very young, Nancy observ'd
 Mamma with tea was duly serv'd ;
 And oft she whimp'ring cry'd—' 'Twas hard
 ' Nancy of tea shou'd be debarr'd : '—

The hint mamma with prudence takes,
 In tea-pot the prescription makes,
 The healthful viand serves to Nancy;
 This straitway tickles miss's fancy;
 The apparatus all declares
 'Twas tea on which miss Nancy fares;
 And tho' her face she sometimes scrow'd,
 ' She vow'd her tea was vastly good;
 (Ev'n nurslings strive with might and main,
 For little women to be ta'en)
 And milk, tho' sugar'd, henceforth scorning,
 She drank her med'cine-tea each morning;
 Takes her disgustful mess with glee,
 Because mamma surnames it tea.

Let not grown wisdom with a smile,
 Miss Nancy's childish folly blame;
 For few now breathe in Britain's isle,
 But what are cheated with a name.



F A B L E IX.

The MILL.

BENEATH a court's luxuriant skies,
 Plant Honesty*, it fades and dies:

* A Flower not uncommon in English gardens.

Such tender plants expire of course,
 Oppos'd to Influenza's force—
 That court disease, who from her wings
 A thousand magic poisons flings:—
 Nor in the church's ample sphere
 Does Honesty much better fare;
 Nor in the law's capacious round
 Is the rich blossom often found;
 These truths from others I relate,
 Nor court, church, law—has been my fate.

The tenants to Sir John complain,
 ' The Miller purloins half their grain;'
 What can be done?—On all his ground,
 This Mill, and only this, is found;
 With shame the pilferer's disgrac'd,
 And in his room another plac'd,
 Of fame unstain'd; by all agreed
 A man right worthy to succeed.

Temptations numberless assail;
 This miller, like the last, proves frail;
 Again the tenants beg relief,
 Sir John's convinc'd that he's a thief:—
 ' In truth, my friends, I've been deceiv'd,
 ' No man more honest I believ'd;
 ' A miller chuse yourselves,' he cry'd,
 ' On whom we all may safe confide;
 ' But first his merits closely scan,
 ' To me 'tis equal who's the man.'

After much tedious altercation,
 They come to a determination ;
 A miller's fix'd on ; one whose name
 Challeng'd the loudest blast of fame ;
 The tenants all in this agree,
 ' If there's an honest man—'tis he.'

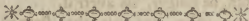
For some time no complaint was heard,
 A month, or longer, 'tis averr'd,
 At length—alas—too true, tho' strange,
 This Paragon began to change ;
 Suspicion, as if half afraid,
 In doubtful grumblings hints convey'd ;
 These grumblings every day increast,
 'Till all the miller glares confest:
 ' The toll too large——Their Corn when
 ground,
 ' Was, on return, nor fair or found ;
 ' Their flour all mix'd,—scarcely half their
 due:
 ' *The greatest rogue they ever knew.*'

Once more to good Sir John they fly :
 Sir John soon makes 'em this reply.

' No farther change I'll now admit,
 ' To your own choice you must submit ;
 ' The miller whom you thus upbraid,
 ' Was honest till a miller made ;
 ' And honest had continued still,
 ' But for the air of that damn'd mill :

‘ At that alone your vengeance aim;
 ‘ The mill and not the man’s to blame.’

“ Learn, reader, from this little tale,
 That ev’n the best of men are frail;
 And where curst Influenza’s found,
 Miller’s will evermore abound.”



T A L E XXXVII.

CHA-AEBAS, king of Persia, making a progress through his dominions, withdrew himself one day from his court; led by his curiosity to see the simple, natural life of the peasants: Taking with him, only one of his courtiers. I have never yet had an opportunity, says the king to him, to observe the manners of men in a true light: What I have hitherto seen has been all disguise; the simplicity of nature has been hidden from me: Therefore I have resolved to look into the country; and to consider those people whom we despise; notwithstanding, they are the foundation and support of society. I am weary of being perpetually surrounded by courtiers, who watch my looks and my words to ensnare me with flattery. Be not surprised then, that I have determined to lay aside

the king, for a time; that I may converse, freely and unknown, with husbandmen and shepherds.

He passed through several villages, with his confidant; and in every place as he passed, he found the people dancing. His heart was ravished with delight, upon discovering the cheap, innocent, peaceable pleasures which are not to be found but at a distance from courts. He went into a hut, to refresh himself; and as through fasting and exercise his appetite was keen, he made a delicious repast; and relished the coarse fare that was laid before him, beyond the delicacies of his own table.

From the little green hut, Cha-Abbas wandered on, with his companion, till he came to a meadow richly embroidered with flowers, and shaded on every side with spreading trees. He had not entered far into this luxuriant scene, when he heard the murmur of a brook: And advancing forward, he perceived a young shepherd sitting on the bank of the stream under the cool of a beach tree, and playing on his pipe; while his flock fed along the fresh margin. The king came up to him; and, attentively eyeing him, was surprized at the sweetness and ingenuity of his countenance, tempered with a graceful simplicity. The mean apparel of the youth did not abate his comeliness: And the king took him for some

young nobleman in disguise. Hereupon the shepherd informed him, that his father and his mother lived in the next village; and that his name was Alibez.

The more Cha-Abbas discoursed with him, the more he admired the modesty and the justness of his answers. His eyes were lively, without the least fierceness; his voice was sweet and insinuating; and his features were neither harsh or vulgar; nor yet soft and effeminate. The shepherd, who was not above sixteen years of age, was unconscious of his own advantageous form; and suspected not that his person, his speech, and his thoughts, were extraordinary, or peculiar more to him than to all the other swains of the village. But nature had been liberal to him; and had implanted that force of reason in his mind which others acquire by education.

The king was charmed with conversing familiarly with him; and often smiled at the natural expressions of the youth, whose answers were unconstrained, his lips speaking the language of his heart; a style of conversation, which, till then, the king had never heard. Wherefore, he made a sign to the courtier, his companion, not to discover him; fearing that Alibez would immediately lose all his frankness, and his natural graces, if he knew before whom he spoke.

After a long conversation; I am at last convinced, said the prince to his confident,

that the perfections of nature are not confined to birth and grandeur; and that the monarch is not always superior to the peasant. Never was the son of a king better born than this young shepherd. I should think myself happy in a son, whose beauty, whose sense, and whose virtues were equal to the rare endowments I have observed in this youth. If I judge aright, he would excel in any condition of life; and, if proper care be taken of his education, he will undoubtedly one day prove an extraordinary man. Therefore I am determined to rescue him from obscurity, and to educate him in my court.

Hereupon the king disclosed himself to Alibez; whose countenance was agreeably varied with confusion, with surprise, and with joy. His parents consenting, Cha-Abbas took the lovely youth into his care; and returned to his palace. Alibez was taught to read and to write, to dance and to sing; and had masters appointed to instruct him in all the arts and sciences, which embellish and improve the understanding. He was at first dazzled with the splendour of the court; and the great change in his fortune made some small alteration in his mind. His youth and his beauty both conspired to incline his heart a little to vanity. The sheep-hook, the pipe, and the shepherd's garb, were laid aside; he was now clothed in a purple robe, and a turban sparkling

with Jewels; and his beauty was the admiration of the court. Nevertheless, he wanted not diligence and application to render himself capable of the most serious affairs. As he grew into years and experience, he merited the confidence of his master; who observing his genius admirably turned for the splendour and magnificence of a court, made him keeper of all his jewels and costly furniture; a post of great honour and trust in Persia.

While the great Cha-Abbas lived, Alibez grew daily in the favour of his master. As his years encreased, and his judgment ripened, he often called to mind his former condition, with a sensible regret. O blessed days! would he say to himself; days of innocence; days in which I relished uninterrupted joys, not mixed with fears: O days, such as I have never since enjoyed! And am I never to see the like again? The monarchy who has deprived me of my peaceable hours, by delivering me over to riches and honours, has robbed me of my whole store of happiness! He grew impatient to revisit his native village: And his heart beat with emotions of tenderness, as he viewed the places where, in his youth, he used to dance, to pipe, and to sing with his companions. He was liberal in bounties to his parents, his relations, and all his acquaintance: But he earnestly entreated them, as they tendered their own

felicity, never to quit the tranquillity of the country-life; nor ever once to think of experiencing the flattering miseries of a court.

These miseries did he feel in the utmost severity, after the death of his kind master, Cha-Abbas; who was succeeded by his son, Cha-Sephi. A cabal of courtiers, full of envy and artifice, concerted measures to prejudice the prince against Alibez. He has abused, said they, the confidence of the late king: He has amassed immense treasures; and has converted to his own use the most valuable jewels of the crown, which were committed to his care.

Cha-Sephi was young; and, at the same time, he was a monarch; either of which circumstances was alone sufficient to render him credulous, inadvertent, and averse to business. He had the vanity to pride himself upon reforming all his father's regulations; and he called the old king's wisdom in question, upon all occasions, to magnify his own. That he might have a pretext to remove Alibez from his high post; he ordered him, by the advice of his wicked counsellors, to produce immediately the great scimitar, studded with diamonds of an inestimable value; which the king, his grandfather, used in combats. Cha-Abbas it seems had formerly taken all the valuable diamonds off from this scimitar; and Alibez proved, by unquestionable witnesses, that the

stones had been disposed of by the late king before he was appointed keeper of the jewels.

When the enemies of Alibez found that they could not ruin him by this pretence, they advised Cha-Sephi to command him to make a particular inventory, within fifteen days, of all the jewels and valuable furniture entrusted to his care. The fifteen days being expired, Cha-Sephi demanded he might view all the particulars specified in the inventory. Alibez set open all the doors, and shewed him every thing committed to his keeping. There was nothing wanting; every thing was ranged in exact order, and preserved with great care. The king was again disappointed, and greatly surpris'd, when he saw the regularity observed in the disposition of all his treasures. So that, he began to entertain a favourable opinion of Alibez; when casting his eye through a long gallery, full of rich furniture, he discovered, at the end of it an iron door, strongly barred with three great locks. Thereupon, the invidious courtiers, observing the curiosity of the king, whispered to him, 'It is there Alibez has treasured up all the riches of which he has defrauded you.'

Hereupon the king again grew jealous of Alibez; and with a loud voice cried out in a rage, I will instantly see what lies conceal'd within that strong place; take off the locks, and clear yourself from my suspicions,

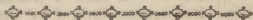
without delay. At these words Alibez threw himself prostrate at the feet of his prince; conjuring him, in the most solemn manner, not to take from him the only valuable treasure he had upon earth. It is not equitable, said he, that I should be at once deprived of my whole substance, my sole resource; on which alone I have depended, as my recompence for the services of many years under the king your father. Take every thing else, if you please, from me; but let me preserve what I have treasured here. The king now made no doubt of the iniquity of his minister; and, raising his voice with greater vehemence, gave an absolute command to have the iron door set open. When Alibez saw that it was not safe longer to resist the will of his prince, he produced the keys, and took off the locks himself from the door.

The king immediately entered the strong place; and all the wealth he found there, was a sheep-hook, a pipe, and a shepherd's habit, which Alibez had worn; all which, he often took a pleasure in visiting privately, to remind him of his former condition. Behold, said he, great king, the precious remains of my former happiness! Neither fortune nor your power have, as yet, been able to deprive me of them. Behold my treasure; the wealth I have hoarded against the day when it shall please you to make me poor again. Take from me every thing else; but

let me enjoy these dear pledges of my first state of life. Behold my substantial riches; which will never fail! Look upon these simple, these innocent possessions; always sufficient for those who do not covet the superfluities of life. Freedom, ease, and security are the blessings that flow from them. To me their value is inestimable, as they never gave me a moments anxiety. O endearing remembrances of true felicity! On you are my whole desires fixed; to you I dedicate the remainder of my days! Why was it my destiny to be obliged to give up the quiet of my life in exchange for other riches? Those riches, great monarch, do I restore to you; the fatal tokens of your father's liberality. I carry nothing away, save what I possessed when the king your father first made me wretched by his favours.

The heart of the king was touched with the speech of Alibez, whose looks and words were free from confusion; and his integrity and innocence shone out in their full lustre. The king perceived, with indignation, the malice of the courtiers, who had studied the ruin of Alibez; and he banished them all from his presence. After this, he raised Alibez to be his prime vizier; and committed the whole affairs of the kingdom to his care. Nevertheless, Alibez continued still to visit his sheep-hook, his pipe, and his ancient garb; and he still kept them under the secu-

rity of the iron door; with a resolution to retire to his pastoral life, when the inconstancy, or the artifices of a court should deprive him of his master's favour: He lived to a good old age; and never attempted to inflict any punishment upon his enemies, nor to amass riches to himself: And, when he died, he left to his family no greater wealth, than was sufficient to enable them to live at ease in the condition of shepherds; which to the last he esteemed the most desirable state of life.



T A L E XXXVIII.

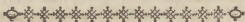
A Governor in Sweden, being disgusted at a certain Swiss, commanded him to be yok'd with oxen that drew burthens in a cart. But when neither by fair nor foul means they could force him to this vile condescension, he commanded his eyes to be put out. Which was done accordingly. This was murmur'd at: But being the first essay of his cruel disposition, they winked at it.

A while after, the same governor commanded a woman, in her husband's absence, to prepare a hot bath for him. Which when the chaste matron refused to perform, till her

husband came home, he struck her dead with an axe. This also, tho' heightning the choler of the Swiss, was passed by in meditation of future revenge.

At last he grew so foolishly proud and imperious, that walking one day in the streets of the city, he stuck his cane in the ground, and placed his turban or bonnet thereon; commanding all that passed by to give honour to it. Which when a certain honest Swiss refused to do, he commanded him to strike off an apple from his son's head with a shot from his cross-bow. The good father for a long time refused thus to hazard his son's life. But being overcome by the tyrant's importunate menaces, he rather ventured to trust to providence the life of his son, than to sacrifice both that and his own to the implacable malice of a barbarian. So he shot and hit the apple off without touching his son's head. The governor seeing this, and taking notice that he brought two arrows with him, asked him the reason of it. To whom the Swiss answered, ' If I had shot amiss, and hurt my son with the first arrow, I was resolved to have pierced thy heart with the second.' Upon this all the people gave a shout, and running together, seized upon the governor, and tore him to pieces. Neither would they ever afterwards endure or admit any man into their cities,

from the emperor, unless he came in the quality of an ambassador.



T A L E XXXIX.

A Ship called the Dorothy, commanded by captain Thwaites, called at Atcheen for refreshments in her way from England to Bengal, and two English gentleman residing then at Atcheen, went aboard to furnish themselves with what European necessaries they had occasion for; and amongst other things, they bought some Norwich stuffs for clothes, and there being no English taylor to be had, they employed a Surat taylor, who kept a shop on the Bazaar, or great market-place, and had generally half a dozen or half a score workmen to sew in his shop. It was an old elephant's custom to reach in his trunk at doors or windows as he passed along the side of a street, begging decayed fruits or roots, which the inhabitants generally gave him.

As he was one morning going to the river to be washed, with his Carnack, or rider on his back, he chanced to put his trunk in at the taylor's window, and the taylor prick'd him with his needle, instead of giving an

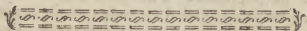
alms. The elephant seemed to take no notice of the affront, but went calmly on to the river, and was washed, and being done with washing, troubled the water with one of his fore feet, and then sucked up a good quantity of that water into his trunk, and passing unconcernedly along the same side of the street where the taylor's shop was, he put in his trunk at the window, and blew his nose on the taylor with such a force and quantity of water, that the poor taylor and his life-guard were blown off the table they wrought on, almost frightened out of their senses; and the English gentlemen had their clothes spoiled by the Elephant's comical, but innocent revenge.



T A L E XL.

TWO young gentlemen of Oxford were both enamoured with the reigning tost of that place: On some dispute, in regard to their affections, the one put a large spoonful of Soot into his glass, then filling a bumper, toasted his mistress's health, and drank it with an air which betrayed a consciousness of his victory; the other, with a philosophical calmness, smiled at such a vain experiment,

and stepped to his closet for a phial of Ink, filled a brimmer with it, and tossed it off with *Io Triumphe* and Miss Moly**. Whose ambition rose to the greatest height was not determined by the company, and, like two great generals after a drawn battle, both claim'd the victory.—I must add, that Miss Molly on this occasion looked on them as two equal fools, and would have neither of them.



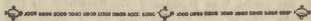
T A L E XLI.

IN China no man is a gentleman by his birth, but that the mandarines, or gentlemen, become such by their own parts and learning. These mandarines, by a fundamental law of the Chinese empire, are allowed to tell the emperor, in respectful, yet in plain terms, whatever they think is amiss in his conduct; and we are assured, that whenever they think the honour of their prince, or the good of their country makes it necessary, they never fail to make use of their privilege. There was a remarkable instance of this in the reign of one of their emperors, who was a proud and obstinate man. This emperor's conduct, in a certain particular,

was directly contrary to the precepts of the great Confucius. One of the wisest and most learned of the mandarines hereupon demanded an audience; and having told his prince what he conceived was wrong in his conduct, he shewed him, with great strength of reason, the ill consequences which would probably attend it. The emperor, who was not of an humour to think he could be in the wrong, instead of reforming his own conduct, ordered the mandarine to be put to death for his insolence. The next day another mandarine demanded an audience; he made the same remonstrances his predecessor had done, and met with the same fate. Upon the third day a third mandarine went to the emperor: To shew that he expected to die, but that he willingly devoted himself for the good of his country, he ordered his horse to follow him in mourning, and to wait at the palace-gate. He then went boldly up to the emperor, and told him, that ‘ If he did not immediately reform his conduct, his reign would appear the most shameful to future ages of any yet recorded in the chronicles of China.’ The emperor incensed at this behaviour, not only put him to death, but ordered him to expire under the most exquisite tortures.

The mandarines upon this assembled in a body: They came to a generous resolution, the that whatever was the consequence, they

would not see their prince persist in a conduct which would be a disgrace to himself, and was contrary to the maxims and policy of their government. They determined by lot what members of their body should go next and wait upon the emperor. Every man as the lot fell upon him readily went and did his duty. A great number of them were put to death; but at last the emperor's obstinacy was overcome. He not only reformed his conduct, but ordered most magnificent monuments, at a vast expence, to be built over the bodies of those mandarines whom he had put to death. 'Tis true he honoured their memories; but all the power he was possessed of could not restore life to those faithful subjects, who had given so plain a proof that they preferred his honour, and the good of their country, to every other consideration.



T A L E XLII.

LORD Crawford who was so remarkable for his courage and thirst of glory, exhibited a very extraordinary instance of presence of mind on morning that preceded the battle of Ro-

coux. He, and some volunteers, accompanied by his aid-de-camp, and attended by two orderly dragoons, had rode out before day to reconnoitre the situation of the enemy, and fell into one of their advanced guards. The serjeant who commanded it immediately turned out his men, and their pieces were presented when the earl first perceived them. Without betraying the least mark of disorder, he rode up to the serjeant, and assuming the character of a French general, told him in that language, that there was no occasion for such ceremony. Then he asked if they had perceived any of the enemy's parties? And being answered in the negative. 'Very well,' said he, 'be upon your guard; and if you should be attacked, I will take care that you shall be sustained.' So saying, he and his company retired before the serjeant could recollect himself from the surprise occasioned by this unexpected address. In all probability he was soon sensible of his mistake; for the incident was publicly mentioned in the French army. The prince of Tingry, an officer in the Austrian service, having been taken prisoner in the battle that ensued, dined with marshal count Saxe, who dismissed him on his parole, and desired he would charge himself with a facetious compliment to his old friend the earl of Crawford: He wished his lordship joy of being a French general; and said, he could not help being displeas-

with the serjeant, as he had not procured him the honour of his lordships company at dinner.



T A L E XLIII.

SOME years since Voltaire wrote a very severe satire upon the king of Prussia, which so nettled him, that he could never forgive it. Upon hearing that the bard was at Leipsic, he told count de——, one of his aid-de-camps, that he could confer a singular obligation on him: The aid-de-camp, who said he only lived to obey his majesty, was told the object was to properly requite Mr Voltaire for the obligation he had conferred in that satire. The hint was sufficient: The count flew to execute his sovereign's pleasure: He repaired to Leipsic; and, waiting one morning upon Voltaire, complimented him upon his extraordinary merit, and enquired if he was not the author of that particular poem: To which the bard innocently replied, 'Yes.' 'Then, Sir,' said the 'count, 'it is a scandal to the judgment
' of the present age, that you have not yet
' been properly recompensed for it. I have
' a commission, Sir, to reward you liberal-
' ly for this production, and I have too great

‘ a sense of its value, and too much genero-
 ‘ sity to deprive you of any part of your due.’
 Having said this, he fell to work, and caned
 him very severely, whilst the unfortunate bard
 in vain pleaded for mercy. The obligation
 being thus requited, the count drew up a re-
 ceipt in the following terms, which he insist-
 ed upon Voltaire’s signing, on pain of fur-
 ther corporeal punishment: ‘ Received of his
 ‘ Prussian majesty, by the hands of the count
 ‘ de——, one hundred bastinadoes, very judi-
 ‘ ciously applied, * for having wrote a satire
 ‘ upon his said majesty; in full of all de-
 ‘ mands. Witness my hand,

VOLTAIRE.



T A L E XLIV.

SOME time about the year 1761, a living
 in Caermarthenshire, in the gift of Dr Squire,
 late bishop of St David’s, being vacant, his
 lordship received a letter from the earl of
 B——, recommending one Mr L——, in
 the strongest terms, to his lordship, and inti-
 mating, that if his lordship had not fixed on

* The original French is more expressive; but
 cannot be rendered in English with equal force.—
 ‘ Cent coups decane bien appliquéés.’

a person to supply the living of——, he should be much obliged to him if he would present his friend Mr L—— to it, and that his lordship might command his (the earl's) interest for himself or friends at any time, &c. It happened before the bishop returned an answer to the earl, that a poor curate, miserably dressed, came to his house, he being then at Abergavilly, and sent in a letter to his lordship. This letter was written by himself to the bishop, in which he set forth, That he had a wife and five children; that his income was but——, and that therefore they wanted the common necessaries of life; that he had no friend to recommend him; but, hearing of the goodness of his lordship's heart, and his liberal way of thinking and acting, he was come to petition his lordship for the living of——; he hoped, at least, that his lordship would pardon his presumption; for though the method of application was uncommon, yet so was his lordship's generosity; and, notwithstanding he had no particular claim to his favour by interest or dependance, he had, however, a general claim to it, as being an honest man; which to his lordship was no small recommendation. The bishop ordered him in, gave him a dinner, for he had walked upwards of twenty Welsh miles, required a testimonium of his good behaviour, which he produced, found him well acquainted with polite literature, and the

mathematicks, and, in short, not only presented him to the living, but gave him the money to discharge the expences of the institution. May the memory of this action remain as long as any language can convey ideas to posterity! and as the grateful remembrance of Dr Squire's goodness is indelibly fixed in the hearts of the whole family who are made thus happy, so let the record of this deed stand in the page of history, and may time itself never be able to efface it!



F A B L E X.

The TWO PAPER KITES.

(Addressed to a young Gentleman at School.)

TWO paper Kites, ballanc'd on high,
 With flaming lanthorns grac'd the sky,
 While crowds below admire the glare,
 And think each light a blazing star:
 Cries one of these night birds, with pride,
 (The other flutt'ring by his side)
 ' Left to ourselves, brother, we might
 ' Above these regions wing our flight,

' Spurn these poor earth-encircling skies,
 ' And to the lunar world uprise ;
 ' Like comets shine in yonder sphere,
 ' And see—what folks were doing there ;
 ' But these curs'd cords, by which we're
 ' bound,

' Genius and worth like ours confound :
 ' One struggle, spirited, might free,
 ' And give us both our liberty ;
 ' Uncurb'd we safely then might rove,
 ' And laugh at earth-worms from above.'

' Hold, not so fast,' replies the other,
 ' Think, think a little, my good brother ;
 ' To these restraints you so despise,
 ' We owe the very power to rise :
 ' Without their help we might remain
 ' Unnotic'd nothings on the plain ;
 ' Or worse—on furious tempests born,
 ' We should be hurried, dash'd, and torn :
 ' Tho' paper Kites were made to fly,
 ' Cords were design'd to hold them by,
 ' And those by whom we're guided know
 ' How far with safety we may go :
 ' Ballanc'd by them we thus aspire,
 ' While wond'ring crowds our blaze admire.

The self-sufficient Kite with sneer,
 Laugh'd at this over-cautious fear,

When a brisk gale that instant rising,
 His friend's entreaties too despising,
 With one smart jerk his hold he broke,
 And flew before the wind like smoke ;
 Now here—now there—hurried and tost,
 He falls to earth, torn, dash'd, and lost ;
 While his more wise and happy friend,
 A different praise and fate attend ;
 By prudence held, secure he flies,
 A meteor to admiring eyes.

If, Marcus, you consider right,
 You're little better than a Kite ;
 Quite volatile, and by the bye,
 A shady tenant of the sky ;
 And all the excellence you show,
 To Lucius' prudent care you owe.
 Shou'd you your tutor's guidance scorn,
 By passion's furious tempest born,
 Hurry'd and lost on folly's shore,
 You'll fall—alas !—to rise no more :
 But guided by his skilful hand,
 You'll soar,—an honour to the land ;
 Beam blessings from your high-born station,
 And shine the star of an applauding nation.



F A B L E XI.

The SHEPHERD and the PHILOSOPHER.

REMOTE from cities liv'd a swain,
 Unvex'd with all the cares of gain,
 His head was silver'd o'er with age,
 And long experience made him sage;
 In summer's heat and winter's cold
 He fed his flock and pen'd the fold,
 His hours in cheerful labour flew,
 Nor envy nor ambition knew;
 His wisdom and his honest fame
 Through all the country rais'd his name.

A deep philosopher (whose rules
 Of moral life were drawn from schools)
 The shepherd's homely cottage sought,
 And thus explor'd his reach of thought.

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
 O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?
 Hast thou old Greece and Rome survey'd,
 And the vast sense of Plato weigh'd?
 Hath Socrates thy soul refin'd,
 And hast thou fathom'd Tully's mind?

Or, like the wise Ulysses thrown
By various fates on realms unknown,
Hast thou through many cities stray'd,
Their customs, laws, and manners weigh'd?

The shepherd modestly reply'd.
I ne'er the paths of learning try'd,
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts
To read mankind, their laws and arts;
For man is practis'd in disguise,
He cheats the most discerning eyes:
Who by that search shall wiser grow,
When we ourselves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gain'd,
Was all from simple nature drain'd;
Hence my life's maxims took their rise,
Hence grew my settled hate to vice.

The daily labours of the bee
Awake my soul to industry.
Who can observe the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog (the trustiest of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind;
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray
In constancy, and nuptial love
I learn my duty from the dove.
The hen, who from the chilly air,
With pious wing protects her care,

And ev'ry fowl that flies at large
Instructs me in a parent's charge.

From nature too I take my ruse
To shun contempt and ridicule.
I never with important air
In conversation overbear ;
Can grave and formal pass for wise,
When men the solemn owl despise ?
My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much must talk in vain ;
We from the wordy torrent fly :
Who listens to the chatt'ring pye ?
Nor would I with felonious flight
By stealth invade my neighbours right ;
Rapacious animals we hate :
Kites, hawks, and wolves deserve their fate.
Do not we just abhorrence find
Against the toad and serpent kind ?
But envy, calumny and spite
Bear stronger venom in their bite.
Thus ev'ry object of creation
Can furnish hints to contemplation,
And from the most minute and mean
A virtuous mind can moral glean.

Thy fame is just, the sage replies,
Thy virtue proves thee truly wise ;
Pride often guides the author's pen,
Books as affected are as men,

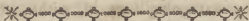
and desired him to tell the money. 'No,' reply'd Mustapha, 'we have dealt together thus long, and I have found you an honest man; God forbid that I should mistrust my friend at our last parting.'

This was done the day before Monsieur de Vanbrun was to take his leave of Constantinople; for he had hired horses to travel by land to Smyrna, his business so requiring. Therefore both parties being well satisfied, they bid adieu to each other, wishing mutual happiness. The next day Monsieur de Vanbrun took horse for Smyrna, having dispatched all his affairs at the Imperial port.

It so happened, that as soon as he was gone, Mustapha had occasion to pay a thousand five hundred sequins to a merchant of Holland. Wherefore having newly received those five bags from his partner, he, with them, made up the sum due to the Dutchman; saying withal, that he had not told the money in those five bags, in regard he took them on the credit of a very worthy and honest man, who had been his partner. But the jealous Christian would not shew so much generosity; for he presently broke up the seals in the presence of Mustapha; and having told over the money, said it was all right, and was very fairly putting it up again. But Mustapha, who had a quick eye, and being well vers'd in telling of money, perceived there was a great overplus; about

nine hundred zequins. Wherefore he bid the Dutchman hold his hand, till he had told the bags over himself; for he suspected there was some mistake. The Nazarene durst not deny a True Believer this privilege under the grand signior's protection, whatever he would have done in his own country. So that when Mustapha had run the money over, he found eleven hundred and fifty zequins in bags by themselves, and gave the rest to the Hollander. In a word, having dispatched the payment, he sent an express away immediately with the two hundred and fifty zequins to Monsieur de Vanbrun, who he knew was to tarry some days at a town on the road, about twenty leagues from Constantinople; commanding the courier to deliver him this message in writing.

' My friend, God forbid that I should detain any thing beyond my right, or deal with thee as a certain Frank would have done by me: For thou knowest I took the money on thy credit, without telling it; but being to pay it away this day to a Dutch merchant, he not having the same faith, would tell it; and finding these two hundred and fifty zequins over and above the sum supposed to be in the bags, yet would have smuggled them in his Dutch conscience, had not I discerned his fraud, and prevented him. I send them to thee as thy right, supposing it was some oversight. God prohibits all injustice.'



T A L E XLVI.

MAJOR Bernardi informs us, that after the fatal battle of Worcester, Charles II, arrived at the late Sir George Norton's house, near Bristol: He went into the kitchen, by the advice of his supposed mistress, (Mrs Lane, who was aiding in his escape) the better to conceal himself: And that as he was standing by the fire-side, near the jack, the cook-maid desired him to wind it up; and he fumbling until the spit stood still, the maid struck him, and calling him a black blockhead, asked, Where the devil he had lived, that he had not learned to wind up a jack? The king modestly answered her with a blush, That he was a poor tradesman's son, and had not been long in his lady's service.

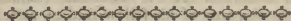
 T A L E XLVII.

THE late marshal Wade, it is well known, had too great an itch for gaming,

and frequented places of all kinds where gaming was going forward, without being very nice as to the company meeting there: At one of which places one night, in the eagerness of his diversion, he pulled out an exceeding valuable gold snuff-box, richly set with diamonds, took a pinch, and passed it round; keeping the dice-box four or five mains before he was out; when recollecting something of the circumstance, and not perceiving the snuff-box, he swore vehemently no man should stir 'till it was produced, and a general search should ensue. On his right sat a person dressed as an officer, though shabby, that now and then, with great humility, begged the honour to be permitted going a shilling with him, and had, by that means, picked up four or five. On him the suspicion fell, and it was proposed to search him first; who desiring to be heard, declared, 'I know the marshal well, yet he, nor all the powers upon earth, shall subject me to be searched whilst I have life to oppose it. I declare on the honour of a soldier, I know nothing of the snuff-box, and hope that will satisfy the man doubting: Follow me into the next room, where I will defend that honour or perish.' The eyes of all were turned on the the marshal for an answer, who clapping his hand eagerly down for his sword, felt the snuff-box (supposed to have passed round, and clapped there from habit)

in a secret pocket of his breeches, made for that purpose. It is hardly to be conceived the confusion that covered him, on the occasion that he had so slightly given way to suspicion. Remorse, mixed with compassion and tenderness for the wounded character (because poor) of his fellow-soldier, attacked him at once so forcibly, that he could only say to him, on leaving the room immediately, ‘ Sir, I here, with great reason, ask your pardon, and hope to find it granted, from your breakfasting with me, and hereafter ranking me amongst your friends.’ It may be easily supposed the invitation was complied with; when, after some conversation, the marshal conjured him to say what could be the true reason that he should refuse being searched. Why, marshal, returned the officer, ‘ being upon half-pay, and friendless, I am obliged to husband every penny: I had that day very little appetite; and, as I could not eat what I had paid for, nor afford to lose it, the leg and wing of a fowl, with a manchet, were then wrapped up in a piece of paper in my pocket, the thought of which being found there appeared ten times more terrible than fighting the room round.’ ‘ Enough! my dear boy; You have said enough! your name? Let us dine at Sweet’s to-morrow: We must prevent your being subjected again to such

‘ a dilemma.’ They met next day, and the marshal presented him a captain’s commission, with a purse of guineas, to enable him to join the regiment.



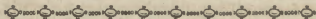
T A L E XLVIII.

YOUNG Trueman was the son of a rich tradesman of a sea-port town in this kingdom, who left his wife absolute mistress of his whole estate, recommending his son to be educated as a gentleman, and to receive a suitable fortune, ‘ provided he did nothing ‘ to forfeit the good graces of his guardian ‘ mother.’ At the university young Trueman studied all the accomplishments of a gentleman, and upon his return home, applied himself as diligently in his duty to his mother. During this state of probation, Trueman became acquainted with Eugenia, a young lady of beauty, wit, temper, and understanding, but no fortune ; by frequent conversations they became enamour’d of each other.

Trueman’s mother had her eye immediately on his fatal correspondence ; it alarmed her pride, disappointed her views, and contradicted her will : Therefore absolutely for-

bids him to see Eugenia any more, and notwithstanding his expostulations, cut him short with 'expecting to be obeyed without reply.' He bowed and retired. On reflecting on the command and his compliance, he found his heart a rebel to his duty and interest, and that he lov'd Eugenia more than either. He acquaints her with what had passed, and they agree to carry on their amour by stealth. In the height of this satisfaction he is summoned to his mother's closet, and told that his equipage was packed up for travelling, that the packet was ready, and to-morrow morning he must sail, or starve with his Eugenia. Trueman recollecting, that without a fortune Eugenia would be as miserable as himself, resolved to submit, in hopes of some more favourable opportunity. He communicates the fatal news to Eugenia. Her anguish was too great for utterance,—at length dissolving into a flood of tears she sunk upon his bosom, and with sounds hardly articulate, reply'd—'Adieu, my dear Trueman.—May happiness ever attend you.—I shall never see you more;' with other passionate expressions; in the midst of which Trueman was hurried away for fear he should lose his passage. He came to the vessel, the wind was changed, and he could not sail that tide. He flew back to his Eugenia, but was told she was in bed; he was admitted, but how great was

his astonishment to find her in the pangs of death! She had taken poison, and just departing, when his exclamations recalled her for a moment; she just took a parting glance, grasped her lover's hand, and died. His mother on hearing of it laid his tour aside, — 'No, Madam,' says he, 'you have destroyed all my happiness here; I must seek it somewhere else, and from this moment I take my leave of you for ever.'



T A L E XLIX.

WHEN the emperor Theodosius (the younger) had resolved upon making choice of a consort, he would often advise with his sister Pulcheria Augusta concerning a proper person. Pulcheria gave up her whole time and attention to enquire out a worthy partner of her brother's bed, amongst the number of young ladies, of noble or of royal blood, whom she (in this view) educated within the palace, under her own inspection. Theodosius had declared to his sister, that his desire was to have a virgin of such extraordinary beauty, as might eclipse the lustre of all the bright damsels of Constantinople; and if, besides, she was of a royal

lineage, that he should be the better pleased: But that, in his estimation, neither nobleness of birth, nor royal descent, nor the addition of wealth should come in competition with beauty. For that, upon the whole, let her family be never so obscure, the virgin of the most finished charms should be his bride. The emperor's resolution being fully known in this particular, Pulcheria dispatched persons of judgment into all parts of the world in quest of beauty: And Paulinus, a young favourite courtier, who had been educated in the palace with Theodosius, studied likewise to gratify his master's inclinations, and made his addresses every where among the ladies, to find out a matchless maid.

About this time it came to pass that Athenais, a Greek virgin of exquisite make and feature, and extraordinary learning, came to Constantinople, upon the following occasion. Her father, who was a very learned man, had inserted the subsequent clause in his will: 'I give to my dearly beloved daughter, only one hundred pieces of money; because her beauty and her erudition, in which she excels her whole sex, will be a sufficient portion to her.' When the will came to be opened, upon the Father's decease, and Athenais saw she was in express words cut off from her full share of the inheritance, she applied herself for re-

dress to her two brothers, who were made co-heirs. She hung upon their knees, beseeching them that they would not insist upon the inequality of the will, but suffer her to come in for the third part of her father's estate, since they knew she did not deserve to be disinherited by the least forfeiture in her duty towards him. Nevertheless, her brothers were inexorable: They not only slighted the petition of their sister, but, in their anger, turned her out of her father's house.

Hereupon Athenais fled to her aunt, by the mother's side, who not only entertained her as her ward, but gave her protection as a virgin. This lady conducted her to her father's sister; and, both the aunts agreeing to undertake the cause of their fair niece, they commenced a suit against her brothers. They acquainted the most religious princess Pulcheria, of the severe usage she had met with from her own brothers; and, at the same time, took an opportunity to commend Athenais for her eloquence.

When Pulcheria found she was a damsel of extraordinary beauty, learning, and eloquence, she asked her relations whether she was a virgin? The princess being thoroughly informed of the great care the father of Athenais had taken of her chastity, and how she had been trained up by him in a long and regular institution of philosophy; orders

were given she should be entertained in the palace amongst the ladies whom Pulcheria had assembled: And her aunts were dismissed, with an assurance that their petitions should be granted. When the princess heard the beautiful stranger make her own complaint, and relate the circumstances of her injurious treatment, and her conduct upon it; she was sufficiently convinced of her eloquence, of her prudence, and the admirable dexterity with which she had managed her own affairs. Upon this she determined to use her endeavours to marry Athenais to the emperor: And to promote her design, she acquainted him that she had at last found an unblemished young virgin, of an exquisite form: Her fore-head fair and smooth, her lineaments lovely, her features regular, her skin white as snow, her eyes large, her hair flowing in yellow curls, her air uncommon, womanlike in her motion, learned, and of a Greek extraction.

The youthful Theodosius was fired with the description of so complete a beauty: When sending for his friend and favourite Paulinus, he desired his sister to appoint Athenais an audience in her apartment, under the pretence of speaking with her about her own business; that by this means he and his favourite might behold her unveiled. She was accordingly introduced into the apartment of the princess; where Theodosius

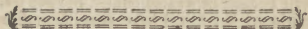
viewed her with raptures, and Paulinus with astonishment. Soon after she was converted to Christianity; for she had been bred a Pagan, of the Greek religion. Hereupon Pulcheria sent for Atticus the bishop, to baptize her by the name of Eudocia: And immediately after she was married to the emperor.

Eudocia, the empress, was a person of very extraordinary natural abilities, which she had improved by all kinds of Latin, as well as Greek literature. She was mistress of both the active and contemplative parts of philosophy: She perfectly understood the art of speaking eloquently, and of reasoning justly; and knew the methods of proving and convincing by arguments, as well as of refuting adversaries; in which no man was ever so great a proficient. She attained to a more perfect knowledge of astronomy, of geometry, and of the proportions of numbers, than any one could boast of in her time. To these accomplishments she added the skill of poetry: And while many famous orators published panegyrics on Theodosius for his victory over the Persians, the empress composed poems in heroic verse on the same occasion. For these and other poetical works, she was so much celebrated, that two of the historians style her 'the poet,' while the rest call her 'the philosopher.'

I must not omit to mention one passage more to the honour of Eudocia, which will

at once shew the united force of her philosophy and her Christianity. She preferred her two brothers to the two most considerable employments in the empire; and, instead of reproaching them, she said, If they had not obliged me to leave my country, I should never have visited Constantinople, where I am advanced to empire.

I have already shewn how highly philosophy has been honoured in the male sex, by Marcus Antoninus: And, in Eudocia, we see it has been raised to as great dignity by a woman. So that, I hope, the ladies will not, for the future, suffer the men to arrogate to themselves the whole glory of learning and wisdom.



T A L E L.

THE activity and hardiness of Charles XII. of Sweden, are well known: He was on horseback for four and twenty hours successively, and thus traversed the greatest part of his kingdom, almost entirely alone. In one of these rapid excursions he met with a very singular adventure: Accompanied only by a few guards, whom he had left far behind, his horse fell dead under him. This might have embarrassed an ordinary man,

but it gave Charles no sort of uneasiness. Sure of finding another horse, but not equally so of meeting with a good saddle and pistols, he ungirts his horse, claps the whole furniture upon his own back, and, thus accoutred, marches to the next inn, which, by good fortune, was not far off. Entering the stable, he there found a horse entirely to his mind; therefore, without further ceremony, he claps on his saddle and housings with great composure, and was just going to mount. When the gentleman who owned the horse was informed of the matter, he asked the king, bluntly, how he came to meddle with his horse, having never seen him before? Charles easily replied, squeezing his lips as was his way, that he took the horse because he wanted one—‘For you see,’ continued he, ‘if I have none, I must be obliged to carry the saddle myself.’ This answer did not satisfy the gentleman, who instantly drew his sword: In that the king was not much behind-hand with him, and to it they went. When the guards now came up, testified that surprise which is natural at seeing arms in the hands of a subject against his king, the gentleman was not less surprised than they, at this undesigned insult upon majesty. His astonishment, however, was soon dissipated by the king, who, taking him by the hand, called him a brave fellow, and assured him that he should be provided for. He was not worse than his

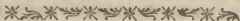
word: The gentleman was afterwards promoted to a considerable command in the army.



T A L E L I.

DURING the viceroyship of the late duke of Bedford in Ireland (1760), his secretary, Mr Rigby, being one evening playing at hazard in a public place, was very successful; and, having won a considerable sum, he was putting it in his purse; when a person behind said, in a low voice to himself, ‘Had I that sum, what a happy man should I be!’ Mr Rigby, without looking back, put the purse over his shoulder, saying, ‘Take it, my friend, and be happy.’ The stranger made no reply, but accepted it, and retired. Every one present was astonished at Mr Rigby’s uncommon beneficence, whilst he received additional pleasure on being informed, that the person who had received the present was a half-pay officer in great distress. Some years after a gentleman waited upon him in his own equipage in London, and being introduced to Mr Rigby, acquainted him that he had come to acquit a debt he had contracted

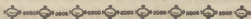
with him in Dublin. Mr Rigby was greatly surpris'd at this declaration, as he was an entire stranger. 'Yes, Sir,' continued the visitor, 'you assisted me with above an hundred pounds, at a time that I was in the utmost indigence, without knowing, or ever seeing me;' and then related the affair at the gaming table. 'With that money,' continued the stranger, 'I was enabled to pay some debts, and fit myself out for India, where I have been so lucky as to make an ample fortune.' Mr Rigby declined taking the money, saying, that though he recollected the circumstance, he was unacquainted with the sum; but in a few days he received some valuable presents that amounted to much more than the money which he had bestowed.



T A L E LII.

THE late queen Caroline declared her intention of honouring Mr Pope with a visit at Twickenham. His mother was then alive; and lest the visit should give her pain, on account of the danger his religious principles might incur by an intimacy with the court; his piety made him, with great duty

and humility, beg that he might decline this honour. Some years after, his mother being dead, the prince of Wales condescended to do him the honour of a visit. When Mr Pope met him at the water's-side, he expressed his sense of the honour done him in very proper terms, joined with the most dutiful expressions of attachment. On which the prince said, 'It is very well; but how shall we reconcile your love to a prince, with your professed indisposition to kings, since princes will be kings in time.' 'Sir,' replied Pope, 'I consider royalty under that noble and authorised type of the lion: While he is young, and before his nails are grown, he may be approached, and caressed with safety and pleasure.'



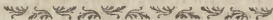
T A L E LIII.

THE late colonel Cunningham took great delight in paying his addresses to young ladies, merely for amusement; and no sooner did he perceive that he had gained their affection, but he despised his conquest. One of these forsaken nymphs was a lady of exceeding good birth, very well accomplished,

and of unblemished reputation, but not of fortune equal to his: However, he seemed so fond, that she supposed that would be no obstacle, and entirely devoted herself to the pleasure of loving him; which he no sooner perceived, but he grew cold, civil, and respectful, and at last went to London, without so much as bidding her farewell. Her step-father, brigadier V—r—y, having some call there, took his lady and her children with him, where the Miss A—t (for that was the lady's name) frequently saw the colonel at court: He never took the least notice of her; but seemed as never acquainted. This, as we may presume, sufficiently grieved her: She made her complaint to a female confidante, a lady of quality, and a woman of spirit: Between them they contrived, at least, to give his vanity a terrible mortification. They wrote to him a letter, as from a married duchess, who was fallen in love with him at court. The chairman had directions to wait for his answer, but they took care that he should not be able to guess who sent it. All that the colonel could discover was, that it was given to him in the street, and he was ordered to leave the answer at a mercer's, where it would be safely delivered to the person who wrote the letter. This secrecy made him quite sure he had gained the heart of some high-born fair: He failed not to send a passionate and

tender return for so great an honour as the unknown charmer had done him. The ladies received it, and were glad to find the gudgeon swallow the bait so greedily. Next night he took care to dress himself with the utmost magnificence; and, as he was really a graceful person, he made no doubt but the lady would, by some favourable glance, discover herself to him: To this end he was at court, and strictly examined the countenance of every lady of quality there to no purpose, which only made him suppose the lady extremely discreet, and careful of her reputation. His imaginary mistress made several appointments with him: Then sent him word, 'her lord was come to town,' or some apology, 'till at last, tired with their sport, they resolved to finish it. To this end, he received a letter, that the lady could not find out any part where she could, without danger of discovery, meet him, except at his own house, but begged that he would not let any of his servants be in the way; that she would come in a chair, exactly at ten, one small tap at the door being the signal for happiness. Never did knight-errant propose to himself more glory in the finishing of an adventure, than did our happy colonel at his near-approaching bliss. He had framed to himself an idea of a perfect beauty, kind, tender, and formed for love. His answer was all rapture, and ac-

knowledgment. His apartments were filled with wax lights, himself curled, perfumed, and dressed to such advantage, who could resist that beheld him? He punctually obeyed the lady's commands, in dismissing all the servants, with orders not to appear; and waited the happy minute, with the impatience of a real lover: Every moment he looked at his watch, and thought the hours ages. At length the long-wished-for signal was given: He flew to receive the fair one; when a porter delivered a band-box into his hand, and, without speaking a word to him, vanished. Never was any man in greater confusion than he at opening it: He there found not only his own soft epistles, but also a little doll in a chair, with a letter in her hand directed to him; the purport of which was, to let him know he was a conceited coxcomb, to suppose any woman of quality had the least regard for him, and, that the lady who held that was a mistress good enough for him.



F A B L E XII.

R I G H T - H A N D *and* L E F T.

THE Right hand,—'twas but t'other day,
 Thus to the left was heard to say :
 ' If some folks knew themselves, 'twere well,
 ' Give 'em an inch, they'll take an ell ;
 ' 'Twou'd be with manners more consistent,
 ' If, Sir, you kept a little distant ;
 ' Tho' now and then I condescend
 ' To use you as a menial friend,
 ' Kindly to clasp, embrace, and shake ye,
 ' When frosty seasons chilly make ye ;
 ' Because forsooth I sometimes stoop,
 ' You seem to ride quite cock a hoop ;
 ' And dare, tho' so much underbred,
 ' Equal with me to hold your head :—
 ' If to your proper use apply'd,
 ' You're only fit to wipe b——e,
 ' Or some such servile work, while I
 ' The noblest scenes of art supply :
 ' By me his skill each artist shows,
 ' By me the mimic canvass glows ;

‘ And what the sister nine indite,
 ‘ Were lost, if I, Sir, did not write :
 ‘ ’Tis I who wisdom’s truths explain,
 ‘ I’m premier midwife to the brain ;
 ‘ Lovers by me their pains reveal,
 ‘ The cards I shuffle, cut and deal :
 ‘ But what’s superior to the rest,
 ‘ What makes me most supremely blest,
 ‘ The fair I’m licens’d to approach,
 ‘ To touch, to lead ’em to their coach ;
 ‘ Thus blest, ’tis I, Sir, can impart
 ‘ Raptures most thrilling to the heart ;
 ‘ While you, with awkwardness disguis’d,
 ‘ Are to a proverb ev’n — despis’d :
 ‘ So, good *Sinister*, judge the sequel,
 ‘ You’re not to think yourself my equal. ’

Sinister, cool and free from passion,
 Thus answer’d *Dexter*, his relation.

‘ Good brother—for say what you will,
 ‘ You’re only my twin brother still ;
 ‘ What’s all this mighty fuss about ?
 ‘ You quite forget yourself, I doubt ;—
 ‘ In every thing you undertake
 ‘ What a fine figure you must make
 ‘ By me unaided, worthy Sir ?
 ‘ You’d look as strange as one-ear’d cur :
 ‘ You know in quibbling I delight ;
 ‘ You’re sometimes *wrong*, tho’ always *right* :

‘ In every monument of art,
‘ I never fail to bear a part ;
‘ The Muses’ bus’ness I cou’d do
‘ Upon a pinch, as well as you ;
‘ And with the fair, the hand that gives
‘ The heart, and mutually receives,
‘ Or right or left, ’tis all the same ;
‘ Such trifles burning hearts disclaim :
‘ In dancing too—nay, never stare,
‘ Right-hand and Left my worth declare ;
‘ And Hoyle himself, without my aid,
‘ Would find Quadrille an aukward trade.
‘ Those great advantages you boast,
‘ Are accidental at the most ;
‘ To education they are due,
‘ Not to intrinsic worth in you :
‘ With equal talents born, had I
‘ Been taught my talents to apply,
‘ You had not call’d me your inferior,
‘ But, envious, found me your superior ;
‘ For envy in that breast must dwell,
‘ That with pride’s meanness thus can swell.
‘ What’s yours, chance might have made
‘ another’s ;
‘ Tho’ Right and Left we still are brothers.’
How sweeter far the garden rose,
To that which in the hedges grows !

How diff'rent Afric's tawny race,
 From those who Europe's climates grace!
 Tho' nature the foundation lays,
 Art must the superstructure raise;
 And the criterion of each station,
 Proceeds alone from education.

F A B L E XIII.

The T W O C A N D L E S.

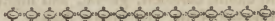
TWO Candles burning in a hall,
 The one large-wick'd, the other small;
 While large-wick chearful blaz'd and bright,
 The other scarce gave any light;
 But in a corner on a shelf,
 Just glimmer'd, as to please himself:—
 Cries small-wick, sneering, to the other,
 ' You blaze away, my showy brother,
 ' But that superior light you boast
 ' Must soon—so quick you burn—be lost;
 ' While, to self preservation true,
 ' I shall out-live three such as you :'
 Large-wick, directed by the sound,
 His dark'd-ey'd neighbour quickly found,

(Who else must have unnotic'd been,
 And, as quite worthless, overseen)
 And thus reply'd : ' Thou gloomy aid
 ' To the dark us'rer's baneful trade ;
 ' Thou *darkness visible*, scarce seen,
 ' Thou fit companion for the spleen ;
 ' From thy poor gasconade desist,
 ' Yours is not life—you but exist ;
 ' While I, the few short hours I know,
 ' In doing good my time bestow ;
 ' Candles are destin'd to supply
 ' The want of day-light in the sky ;
 ' Like supplimental suns to light,
 ' And banish darkness, gloom, and night ;
 ' To lengthen life, and kindly shower
 ' That bliss of blisses, visual power :
 ' This, while I live, I cheerful do,
 ' While such poor selfish things as you,
 ' Who hugger-mugger spend your rays,
 ' And have not soul to give a blaze,
 ' Are still unnotic'd by mankind,
 ' But when you leave a stink behind.'

The contest Susan heard, and took
 Small-wick from his sequester'd nook ;
 She thrust him in the kitchen fire,
 Worthless,—unheeded—to expire :
 While large-wick, in the parlour grac'd,
 And 'mid surrounding beauties plac'd,

A cheerful lustre boldly throws,
And to the last his spirit shows.

Souls are like Candle-wicks—when small,
They scarce give any light at all:
When large—they're public blessings found,
And beam their cheerful blaze around;
And if our lives, as fages show,
Are measur'd by the good we do,
And not by days and months—I fear
Too many small-wicks will appear;
And may be said, with truth's consistence,
Barely to know the 'twilight of existence.'



T A L E LIV.

The PUPPET-SHOW.

AT Skipton wake, where once a-year,
With sports and pastime and good cheer,
The lads and lasses blythe regale,
And feast on cheese-cakes, tarts, and ale;
(Wakes! the old midwife's constant friend,
Where frolic love and joys attend;
Where mad-cap pranks dame nature shews
And maidens their green sickness lose)

Roger to shew his taste polite,
 Mun visit Punch forsooth one night :
 Here, undisturbed by critic rules,
 And hemm'd by droves of neighbour fools,
 The musick, coarse-daub'd scenes and light,
 Cheaply afford our Hodge delight :
 At Punch's smut, which he thought wit,
 His cudden sides were like to split ;
 And at each joke, his lanthron jaws
 Extended wide, roar loud applause ;
 Or when distress aukward appears,
 Roger cou'd scarce refrain from tears ;
 The Gothic story with our clown,
 As gospel truth goes glibly down : —
 Not Quixotte's self was more deceiv'd,
 When Melifandra's fate he griev'd ;
 And of the squeeking pigmy crew,
 His vengeful sword whole squadrons slew :
 The curtain dropt, the drama ended,
 The motely audience homeward tended,
 Clowns, nurfes, children, all were pleased,
 And of their long-stor'd farthings eas'd ;
 While some more curious than the rest,
 Behind the curtain rudely prest. —
 On seeing this, our Roger too,
 To ease his longings needs must go :
 With fear and diffidence he enters,
 And scarce to look about him ventures :

Here dangling on a pin were seen,
 A purpled king, or tinsel'd queen ;
 Here Punch with sceptred princes tumbled,
 Here priests with Beelzebub lay jumbled ;
 Here sidelong hanging by a wire,
 A chop-fallen hero, prince, or 'squire.
 With such mock grandeur thus surrounded,
 Poor Hodge, alas ! was quite confounded :
 Twirling his hat, he scrapes and bows,
 And his extent of breeding shews ;—
 The rest, at Hodge's droll mistake,
 Laugh 'till their sides and midriff's ake :
 ' Sure, never yet was seen,' cries one,
 ' Such a befotted simpleton ;
 ' Were you not blind, you might behold
 ' 'Tis tinsel this you take for gold ;
 ' And what you fancy flesh and blood,
 ' Is nought, d'ye see, but rags and wood,
 ' That cannot speak, look, move, or stand,
 ' But owes all to the artist's hand,
 ' Who fix'd on high, lordly presides,
 ' And with a wire each action guides.'
 Roger on this seem'd quite amaz'd,
 He gap'd, he scratch'd his head, he gaz'd,
 While gybes from every side accost him,
 And laughing boobies coarsely roast him ;
 Each judging of his own great wit,
 By neighbour Hodge's want of it.

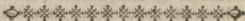
the poet observed a smart damsel trip behind the scenes, and slyly whisper to Burbidge (a favourite player, and an intimate of Shakespeare, who was to perform the part of Richard) that her master had gone out of town in the morning; that her mistress would be glad of his company after the play, and that she begged to know what signal he would use? 'Three taps on the door, my dear, and 'tis I, Richard the Third,' was the answer of Burbidge. The girl decamped; and Shakespeare, whose curiosity was sufficiently excited, followed her steps till he saw her enter a house in the city. On enquiry in the neighbourhood, he found that the owner of the mansion was a wealthy merchant, but superannuated, and exceedingly jealous of his young wife. At length the hour of rendezvous approached; and the poet, having given the appointed signal, &c. obtained instant admittance. Nothing could equal the indignation of the lady when she found herself in the arms of a stranger. He flattered and vowed; she frowned and stormed: But it was not in woman to resist the soft eloquence of a Shakespeare. In a word, the bard supplanted the player. He had even attained the summit of bliss, before the representative of Richard appeared. No sooner had he given the appointed taps, than Shakespeare, putting his head out of the window, demanded his business: ' 'Tis I, 'tis

‘ I, Richard the Third,’ replied the impatient Burbidge. ‘ Richard!’ rejoined the other: ‘ Knave begone! Know that William the Conqueror reigned before Richard the Third.’



T A L E LVI.

MR Glover, the late dancing-master to the royal family, being in company with Picard the fencing-master, and the conversation turning upon their different professions, each master supported the superiority of his talent over that of the other. At length words arose very high, and it was agreed to determine the dispute by arms, next morning, in Hyde-park. The combatants met. When Picard drew his sword, Glover drew his kit, and began to play a minuet, saying, ‘ Why don’t you dance?’ Picard was very angry, exclaiming, ‘ He did not understand being trifled with. ‘ No,’ said Glover, ‘ I don’t trifle with you: This ‘ proves the superiority of my profession, as ‘ you can do nothing without an opponent, ‘ whereas I can amuse without the assistance ‘ of any one.’



T A L E LVII.

FEW people were greater admirers of prudence and œconomy than Sir Richard Steele was in precept, yet nothing could be more disagreeable to his temper than the practice of either. A turn naturally gay and expensive, frequently reduced him to some circumstances, rather painful to a disposition so delicate and refined. Among the number of people, who were highly charmed with his conversation and writings, none possessed a greater admiration of both than a Lincolnshire baronet, who usually sat at Button's. This gentleman possessed a very large fortune, had great interest, and more than once solicited Sir Richard Steele to command his utmost ability, and he should think himself under no little obligation. These offers, though made with the most seeming cordiality, Sir Richard, however, declined, with a grateful politeness peculiar to himself, as at that time he stood in no need of the gentleman's assistance. But some instance of extravagance having once reduced him to the necessity of borrowing a sum of money, to satisfy an importunate creditor, he thought

this a very proper opportunity of calling on his friend, and requesting the loan of a hundred pounds for a few days. The gentleman received him with much civility and respect, and began to renew his offers of service, and begged Sir Richard would give him some occasion to shew his friendship and regard. ‘Why, Sir,’ says Sir Richard, ‘I came for that very purpose; and if you can lend me a hundred pounds for a few days, I shall consider it as a singular favour.’ Had Sir Richard clapped a pistol to his breast, and made a peremptory demand of his money, the gentleman could not have appeared in a greater surprise, than at this unexpected request. His offers of friendship had been only made, on a supposition of their never being accepted, and intended only as so many baits for Sir Richard’s intimacy and acquaintance; of which the gentleman, while it cost him nothing, was particularly proud. Recovering, however, from his surprise, he stammered out, ‘Why really, Sir Richard, I would serve you to the utmost of my power, but, at present, I have not twenty guineas in the house.’ Sir Richard, who saw the pitiful evasion, was heartily vexed at the meanness and excuse. ‘And so, Sir,’ says he, ‘you have drawn me in to expose the situation of my affairs, with a promise of assistance, and now refuse me any mark of your friend-

‘ ship or esteem. A disappointment I can
 ‘ bear, but must by no means put up with
 ‘ an insult; therefore, be so obliging as to
 ‘ consider whether it is more agreeable to
 ‘ comply with the terms of my request, or
 ‘ to submit to the consequences of my re-
 ‘ sentment.’ Sir Richard spoke this in so
 determined a tone, that the baronet was
 startled; and said, seeming to recollect him-
 self, ‘ Lord, my dear Sir Richard, I beg
 ‘ ten thousand pardons; upon my honour I
 ‘ did not remember. Bless me! I have a
 ‘ hundred pound note in my pocket, which
 ‘ is entirely at your service.’ So saying, he
 produced the note; which Sir Richard im-
 mediately put up, and then addressed him
 in the following manner: ‘ Though I de-
 ‘ pise an obligation to a person of so mean a
 ‘ cast, as I am satisfied you are, yet rather
 ‘ than be made a fool, I choose to accept of
 ‘ this hundred pounds, which I shall return
 ‘ when it suits my conveniency: But that
 ‘ the next favour you confer may be done
 ‘ with a better grace, I must take the liber-
 ‘ ty of pulling you by the nose, as a proper
 ‘ expedient to preserve your recollection.’
 Which Sir Richard accordingly did, and then
 took his leave; whilst the poor baronet stood
 surpris’d at the oddity of his behaviour, and
 heartily ashamed at the meanness of his own.



T A L E LVIII.

QUEEN MARY, having dealt severely with the Protestants in England, about the latter end of her reign, signed a commission to take the same course with them in Ireland; and, to execute the same with greater force, she nominated Dr Cole one of the commissioners. This doctor coming with the commission to Chester, on his journey, the mayor of that city, hearing that her majesty was sending a commission into Ireland, he, being a churchman, waited on the doctor; who, in discourse with the mayor, took out of a cloak-bag a leather box; saying to him, 'Here is a commission that shall lash the heretics of Ireland.' (calling the Protestants by that title). The good woman of the house, being well affected to the Protestant religion, and also had a brother, named John Edmonds, of the same faith, then a citizen in Dublin, was much troubled at the doctor's words; but watching her convenient time when the mayor took his leave, and the doctor complimented him down stairs, she opened the box, took the commission out, and placed in lieu thereof a sheet of pa-

per, with a pack of cards wrapped up therein, the knave of clubs being faced uppermost. The doctor coming up to his chamber, suspected nothing of what had been done, put up the box as formerly. The next day going to the water's side, wind and weather serving him, he sailed to Ireland, and landed on the 7th of October, 1550, at Dublin. Then coming to the castle, the lord Fitz-Walter, being lord-deputy, sent for him to come before him and the privy council: Who coming in, after he had made a speech relating upon what account he came over, he presented the box to the lord-deputy; who causing it to be opened, that the secretary might read the commission, there was nothing save a pack of cards, with the knave of clubs uppermost; which not only startled the lord-deputy and council, but the doctor, who assured them he had a commission, but knew not how it was gone. Then the lord-deputy made answer, 'Let us have another commission, and we shall shuffle the cards in the mean while.' The doctor, being troubled in his mind, went away, and returned to England; and, coming to the court, obtained another commission: But, staying for a wind at the water's side, news came to him that the queen was dead. Queen Elizabeth was so delighted with this story, which was related to her by lord Fitz-Walter, on his return to England, that she sent for Eliza-

beth Edmonds, and gave her a pension of forty pounds a-year during her life.

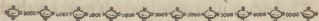


T A L E LIX.

THERE was one Ferguson, an intimate of king James I. who, being about the same age, had been a play-fellow with him when they were young, came with him into England, and, extending the rights of friendship too far, frequently took the liberty of advising, and sometimes admonishing, or rather reproving his sovereign. He was a man truly honest: His counsels were disinterested with a view for himself; having a decent patrimony of his own. The king was, however, often vexed by his freedoms, and at length said to him, between jest and earnest, 'You are perpetually censuring my conduct: I'll make you a king some time or other, and try.' Accordingly one day, the court being very jovial, it came into his majesty's head to execute this project; and so calling Ferguson, he ordered him into the chair of state, bidding him, There play the king; while, for his part, he would personate Jonny Ferguson. This farce was, in the beginning, very agreeable to the whole com-

pany. The mock-sovereign put on the airs of royalty, and talked to those about him in a strain like that of the real one, only with less pedantry. They were infinitely pleased with the joke; and it was a perfect comedy, till the unlucky knave turned the tables, and came all of a sudden to moralize on the vanity of honour, wealth, and pleasure; to talk of the insincerity, venality, and corruption of courtiers, and servants of the crown; how entirely they had their own interests at heart, and how generally their pretended zeal and assiduity were the disguise of falshood and flattery. This discourse made a change in some of their countenances; and even the real monarch did not relish it altogether. He was afraid it might have some effect upon his minions, and lessen the tribute of adulation they were used to offer with great profusion, when they found how this was observed and animadverted on it. But the monitor did not stop here: He levelled a particular satire at the king, which put an end to the entertainment, and made his majesty repent of his introducing it; some foreigners of distinction being present; for it painted him in his true colours, as one that never loved a wise man, nor rewarded an honest one, unless they sacrificed to his vanity; while he loaded those, who prostituted themselves to his will, with wealth and honour. For the mimic, pointing to James (who was

to personate Ferguson) raising his voice,
 ‘ There,’ said he, ‘ stands a man whom I
 ‘ would have you imitate: The honest crea-
 ‘ ture was the comrade of my childhood,
 ‘ and regards me with a cordial affection to
 ‘ this very moment: He has testified his
 ‘ friendship by all the means in his power;
 ‘ studying my welfare, guarding me from e-
 ‘ vil counsellors, prompting me to princely
 ‘ actions, and warning me of every danger;
 ‘ for all which, however, he never asked me
 ‘ any thing: And, by Jove, though I have
 ‘ squandered thousands on several of you,
 ‘ yet, in the whole course of my life, I ne-
 ‘ ver gave him a farthing.’ The king, net-
 tled by this sarcasm, cried out to Ferguson,
 ‘ Augh! you pawky loun, what wad you
 ‘ be at? Away off my thrane, and lets hae
 na mair of your nainfance.



T A L E LX.

TOGALTIMUR-CAN, king of Tartary, was one day told, that there was in his dominions a man, who was so great an enemy to lying, that he always told truth. The king had a mind to have him near his person, and made him his master of the horse. A courtier of

so extraordinary a character, soon found enemies who watch'd all opportunities to ruin him: But the king, who was not a prince easy to be imposed on, made trial of his master of the horse on several occasions, and having always found him frank and sincere, gave him the surname of * Saddyq.

Of all Saddyq's enemies, the visier Tangribirdi was the most inveterately bent on his ruin: But not being able to compass his design, he disclosed one day to his daughter † Hofchendan, the uneasiness it gave him, to be still disappointed. Hofchendan, who equall'd her father in malice, said to him, My dear father, cease to afflict yourself: If you are absolutely determin'd to bring Saddyq into the king's disfavour, leave the care of it to my management, and I promise you I will bring him to a necessity of telling a lie to the king. Do whatever you will daughter, said the visier, transported by his hatred to Saddyq.

Hofchendan cloathed herself in her richest apparel, adorned herself with all her jewels, dyed her eyebrows with ‡ Vefme, and her eyelashes with || Surme: Neither did she o-

* Saddyq, *signifies, a teller of truth.*

† Hofchendan, *in the Persian tongue, signifies excellent shape.*

‡ Vefme, *is the indigo of Agra, used without mixture, and consequently it dyes black.*

|| Surme, *is a preparation of antimony.*

mit to rub her hands with * Cna. In short, after having added to her natural beauty all the advantages that art could give her, she went from her father's one night to the master of the horse's house. When she was come thither, she told the servants that she desired to speak with Saddyq about an affair of very great importance. They conducted her into the master of the horse's apartment. She found him sitting on a sofa, saluted him, threw off the veil that covered her face, and sat down on the same sofa, without saying one single word.

Saddyq, who had never seen so beautiful a person, became motionless with surprise. The lady, who came thither only to inspire him with love, spar'd not the means to compass her design. She caress'd him with a thousand dalliances; when she was persuaded that his passion was become violent, and that he would be the fond fool to risk any thing to obtain satisfaction of his desires, she broke silence in these words: O, Saddyq, be not surpris'd that a lady, who loves you, is come in the night to see you; I will be kind; but first you must grant me one favour. Soul of my soul, cry'd the master of the horse, you

* Cna, in the Turkish, and Henna, in the Arabian language, is a sort of Phyllirea of the Indies, and of Arabia, that produces a red fruit, which, when dried, may be pounded into a paste.

need only name it. I have a mind, reply'd Hofchendan, to make a little debauch with you: I die with longing to eat some * horse flesh: You must kill me immediately the fattest of all the horses in the king's stable; we will take out the heart and the liver, get them roasted, and eat them together. Charming lady, answer'd Saddyq, rather ask me my life, and I will give it you: Let us delay this entertainment till to-morrow; I will then buy a horse as fat as a bacon-hog, and we will regale ourselves like princes. No, no, reply'd Hofchendan, I must eat of one of the king's horses: It is a fancy I have taken. I love the king my master, said he, too well to give him uneasiness; and should I yield to your request, I am certain he will not fail to punish me. You need not fear that, said Hofchendan; if the king should ask for that horse, you need only tell him, that having found him sick, and past all hopes of recovery, you thought it best to kill him, lest he should have infected the other horses. The king who, by way of excellence, has given you the surname of Saddyq, will take your word for it, and even commend your precaution.

These words made Saddyq begin to waver. Hofchendan, perceiving the uncertainty he

* It is a custom in Tartary to eat horse-flesh, and to drink the milk of mares.

was in, renewed her attack, and carested him in so moving a manner, that he condescended at length to her request. They went both of them to the king's stables. Then Hofchendan said to Saddyq, O my prince! since you have granted me this favour, let me have it entire; pray cut the throat of this black horse, which is here apart from the rest. O my sultaneſs! cried out the master of the horse, you put my love to too great a trial. This black horse is of all others that which the king loves best. It is impossible for me to comply with your desire. But the lady, throwing her arms about his neck, said, O my king! whatever women ardently desire, they are obstinate to obtain; comply therefore, and satisfy my humour, I will for ever love you in return for this favour.

These words were attended with so many marks of tenderneſs, and with such transports, that the master of the horse could resist no longer. He feasted in the bed-chamber with Hofchendan, who continued with him all the night. When it was day, the lady returned home to her father, and told him all that had pass'd. The visier went directly to the palace, and told the king this adventure; yet he took care not to say that Hofchendan was the lady in question.

While he was making his malicious recital to the king, the master of the horse was come

to himself, and made most bitter reflections on the sweet enjoyments of the night. How void of sense are men, said he, to give themselves up with so much fury to their passions! What shall I say to the king, when he asks me for his horse? Let me suppose that I am at court, continued he, laying his cap upon the floor, and my cap to be Togaltimur: Entering into his presence, I salute him. Saddyq, says he to me, let my black horse be got ready, I mean to ride him to-day. Sir, an accident has befallen him: Yesterday in the evening he would eat nothing, and he died at midnight; nor can I imagine what has killed him. How! my black horse, that carried me so well but yesterday, is he dead? Begone; thou art a liar. Thou hast either sold my horse, or kill'd him.—One of you stab that villain to the heart this moment; cut him to pieces.

Now let me see, if, by telling the truth, I shall be better us'd. Saddyq, let my black horse be got ready: I will ride abroad. O king! you see your servant in the deepest affliction. There came to my house last night a lady, who ask'd me to have the heart and liver of that horse, and I had not the power to refuse her. What! could you kill my fine horse to gain a lady's favour? One of you go for the hangman; he shall do his office before me.

Thus, whether I lie, or tell truth, I am

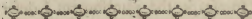
sure to lose my life. Wretch that I am! Cursed be the object whose charms have thrown me into this perplexity. While he was taken up with these dismal thoughts, the king sent for him. He instantly went to that prince, with whom he found the visier, his enemy.

Master of the horse, says the king, I intend to divert myself to-day with hunting: Go saddle my fine black horse. He answer'd in great confusion: Last night, as I was sitting in my chamber, there came to me a lady in a veil: She sat herself down by me on a sofa, unveil'd herself, and shew'd me her neck and ears of a ravishing beauty: She caress'd me a thousand times, and when she perceived she had inflam'd my desires, she promised to satisfy them, provided I would give her before-hand the heart and liver of your black horse. Though I ardently desir'd to content the longings of my love, yet I refused. Then the lady threw herself about my neck, and besought me in terms so moving, that I had not power to resist her importunity. I confess my crime, and am so far from desiring to escape the punishment I deserve, by telling a lie, that I come of my own accord to submit to it. There, Sir, is the sabre, and here my head.

The king turn'd towards the visier, and ask'd him in what manner he thought it best to deal with Saddyq. Sir, answered the visier,

I am of opinion, that he ought to be burnt in a slow fire. I am not of your opinion visier, replied Togaltimur. Then he address'd his discourse to the master of the horse, O Saddyq! I am astonish'd at thy sincerity, and excuse thy weakness. Had I been in thy place, I should not only have given my black horse, but rather than fail, all the horses in my stables. The allurements were too mighty to be resisted: Therefore I forgive thee the death of my horse; and take it so well of thee, that thou hast told me the truth on this occasion, that I order a robe of honour to be brought for thee immediately.

When the visier Tangribirdi saw that the master of the horse was rewarded, instead of being punished; and that his daughter had prostituted herself to no purpose, to satisfy the hatred he had conceived against him, he was seiz'd with a melancholy illness, of which he died in a few days, and the fortunate Saddyq was made choice of to succeed him in his post of visier.



T A L E LXI.

QUIN, the celebrated comedian, when at Bath, dined along with some other gen-

tlemen one day at a lady's house who was a prodigious admirer of his ability as an actor. In the course of conversation, she addressed him in these words: ' Mr Gwynn, I was once vastly entertained with your playing the ghost of Gimlet at Drury-lane, when you rose up through the stage with a white face and red eyes, and spoke of *quails upon the frightful porcupine*: Do, pray, spout a little the ghost of Gimlet.' ' Madam,' said Quin, with a glance of ineffable disdain, ' the ghost of Gimlet is laid, never to rise again.' Insensible of this check, she proceeded: ' Well, to be sure, you looked and talked so like a real ghost; and then the cock crowed so natural, I wonder how you could teach him to crow so exact, in the very nick of time; but, I suppose, he's game—an't he game, Mr Gwynn?' ' Dung-hill, madam.' ' Well, dung-hill or not dung-hill, he has got such a clear counter-tenor, that I wish I had such another at my house to wake the maids of a morning. Do you know where I could find one of his brood?' ' Probably in the work-house of St Giles's parish, madam; but I protest I know not his particular mew.' ' Good God, sister,' cried her brother, ' how you talk! I have told you, twenty times, that this gentleman's name is not Gwynn.' ' Hoity toity, brother,' she replied, ' no offence, I hope! Gwynn is an honourable

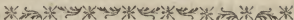
' name, of true old British extraction. I
 ' thought the gentleman had been come of
 ' Mrs Helen Gwynn, who was of his own
 ' profession; and, if so, be that were the
 ' case, he might be of king Charles's breed,
 ' and have royal blood in his veins.' ' No,
 madam,' answered Quin with great solemnity,
 ' my mother was not a whore of such
 ' distinction. True it is, I am sometimes
 ' tempted to believe myself of royal descent;
 ' for my inclinations are often arbitrary.
 ' If I was an absolute prince, at this
 ' instant, I believe I should send for the
 ' head of your cook in a charger. She has
 ' committed felony on the person of that
 ' John Dory, which is mangled in a cruel
 ' manner, and even presented without fauce.'



T A L E LII.

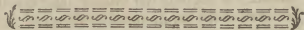
THE late earl of Chesterfield was universally esteemed the Mecænas of the age in which he lived. Dr Johnson addressed the plan of his dictionary of the English language to him on that account; and his lordship endeavoured to be grateful, by recommending that valuable work in two essays, which, among others, he published in a paper, in-

titled, *The World*, conducted Mr Edward Moore and his literary friends. Some time after, however, the doctor took great offence at being refused admittance to lord Chesterfield, which happened by a mistake of the porter; and, just before the work was finished, on Mr Moore's expressing his surprise that Johnson did not intend to dedicate the book to his lordship, the lexicographer declared he was under no obligation to any great man whatever, and, therefore, should not make him his patron. 'Pardon me, Sir,' said Moore; 'you are certainly obliged to his lordship for the two elegant papers he has written in favour of your performance.' 'You quite mistake the thing!' returned Johnson; 'I confess no obligation; I feel my own dignity, Sir; I have made a commodore Anson's voyage round the whole world of the English language; and, while I am coming into port, with a fair wind, on a fine sun-shiny day, my lord Chesterfield sends out two little cock-boats to tow me in. I am very sensible of the favour, Mr Moore, and should be sorry to say an ill-natured thing of that nobleman; but I cannot help thinking he is a lord amongst wits, and a wit amongst lords.'



T A L E LXIII.

UPON the trials of the accomplices in Overbury's murder, there was one Simon (a servant of Sir Thomas Monson, who was concerned in the murder) examined for carrying a poisoned tart to Sir Thomas Overbury. Being brought into court; 'So, Simon,' said the chief justice, 'you have had a hand in this poisoning business.' Only 'a finger, my lord;' replied the culprit, 'and that cost me all my nails and hair.' He had, it seems, tasted the syrup of the tart with his finger, and even that small quantity produced these violent effects upon his constitution. This ingenuous answer saved his life; for it was thought he would not have tasted the syrup, had he known it to be poisoned.



T A L E LXIV.

CHARLES V. emperor of Germany, being eager in the pursuit of a stag, lost his

company, and killed the stag two miles from Madrid; when an old country fellow happening to come by with an ass and a load of wood, he offered to give him more than the wood was worth, if he would carry the stag to Madrid; and the countryman merrily answered, ‘By the Lord, friend, I believe you are a fool: You see the stag is heavier than the ass and wood together, and yet you would have the poor ass to carry him: It were better that you, who are a lusty fellow, should carry them both.’ The emperor was pleased with the reply; and, whilst he waited for his company, fell into discourse with the old man, asking him, How many kings he had known? The peasant answered, ‘I have lived under five kings; John—his son Henry—king Ferdinand—king Philip—and this Charles.’ ‘Which of them, father,’ says the emperor, ‘was the best; and which the worst?’ ‘There is no doubt to be made,’ replied the old man, ‘but Ferdinand was the best; and who the worst I shan’t say: But he we have now is bad enough; always rambling to Italy, Germany, and Flanders, carrying all the money out of Spain; and though his revenues are great enough to conquer the world, yet he is always laying on new taxes, so that we poor countrymen are quite beggared.’ The emperor, finding the fellow was in earnest, began to plead his

own cause the best he could, without discovering himself, till his company came up: When the countryman, seeing the respect they shewed him, said, 'It were pleasant if it should prove to be the king; but had I known it, I would have said much more.' The emperor was so far from being displeas'd with the discourse, that he gave the old man a sum of money, and settled a portion on his daughter.

F A B L E XIII.

The SWINE and ERMINE.

THOU filthy beast, thou worse than vermine.

(Thus to a Swine exclaims an Ermine)

Avaunt——at proper distance know

The diff'rence 'twixt a clown and beau:

A Swine! There is not in all nature

So dirty, underbred a creature:

How can mankind such neighbours bear?

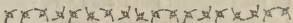
You poison and pollute the air.

Thou gawdy *nothing*——with disdain

Retorts the Swine, thy pride refrain;

Such finnikin spruce things as you
With just contempt and scorn I view :
Let man our different worth decide,
His judgment soon shall quell your pride ;
We and our numerous tasteful breed,
Thousands and thousands daily feed :
From putrefaction must arise
Steams fraught with death, which otherwise
By man imbib'd, with earliest breath
Wou'd sweep the human race to death ;
By us this putrefaction taken
As food, becomes good pork and bacon ;
Concocted thro' our chymic veins,
It yields both wholesome food and gains ;
And ev'ry Swine may boast, good Sir,
That he is nature's scavenger :
Ev'n you yourselves, in a great measure,
Our debtors are for health and pleasure :
The holy priest will take our part,
Sir Hugh loves tythe pig from his heart ;—
Riches we give and sustenance,
While all your boasted excellence
Is——with that worthless skin of thine,
To make your brother coxcombs shine.

“ Judge not of worth by splendid shew,
“ A clown's more useful than a beau.”



F A B L E XIV.

The MISER and PLUTUS.

THE wind was high; the window shakes,
 With sudden start the Miser wakes,
 Along the silent room he stalks,
 Looks back and trembles as he walks,
 Each lock and ev'ry bolt he tries,
 In ev'ry creek and corner pries,
 Then opes the chest with treasure stor'd,
 And stands in rapture o'er his hoard.
 But now, with sudden qualms possess'd,
 He wrings his hands, he beats his breast,
 By conscience stung he wildly stares,
 And thus his guilty soul declares :

‘ Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,
 This heart had known sweet peace of mind.
 By virtue's fold. Good gods, what price
 Can recompence the pangs of vice!
 O bane of good! seducing cheat!
 Can man, weak man, thy power defeat?
 Gold banish'd honour from the mind,
 And only left the name behind;

Gold sow'd the world with ev'ry ill ;
Gold taught the murd'rer's sword to kill ;
'Twas gold instructed coward hearts
In treach'ry's more pernicious arts :
Who can recount the mischiefs o'er ;
Virtue resides on earth no more !

He spoke, and sigh'd. In angry mood
Plutus, his god, before him stood ;
The Miser trembling lock'd his chest,
The vision frown'd, and thus address'd.

‘ Whence is this vile ungrateful rant ?
Each fordid rascal's daily cant :
Did I, base wretch, corrupt mankind ?
The fault's in thy rapacious mind.
Because my blessings are abus'd,
Must I be censur'd, curs'd, accus'd !
E'en virtue's self by knaves is made
A cloak to carry on the trade,
And power (when lodg'd in their possession)
Grows tyranny, and rank oppression.
Thus when the villain crams his chest,
Gold is the canker of the breast ;
'Tis av'rice, insolence, and pride,
And ev'ry shocking vice beside.
But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
It blesses, like the dews of heaven,
Like heav'n, it hears the orphan's cries,
And wipes the tears from widows eyes.

Their crimes on gold shall misers lay,
 Who pawn'd their sordid souls for pay?
 Let bravos then (when blood is spilt)
 Upbraid the passive sword with guilt.



T A L E LXV.

DOCTOR Young, author of the Night Thoughts, was remarkable for his intimate acquaintance with the Greek authors, and had a passionate veneration for Æschylus. The overflowings of his benevolence were as strong, and his fits of reverie were as frequent, and occurred often upon the most interesting occasion. Of this last observation, a singular instance is given by a gentleman who served, during the last war in Flanders, in the very same regiment to which the doctor was chaplain. On a fine summer's evening, he thought proper to indulge himself in his love of a solitary walk, and accordingly he sallied forth from his tent. The beauties of the hemisphere, and the landscape round him, pressed warmly on his imagination: His heart overflowed with benevolence to all God's creatures, and gratitude to the supreme dispenser of that emanation of glory which covered the face of

things. It is very possible that a passage in his dearly-beloved Æschylus occurred to his memory on this occasion, and seduced his thoughts into a profound meditation. Whatever was the object of his reflections, certain it is, that something did powerfully seize his imagination, so as to preclude all attention to things that lay immediately before him; and, in that deep fit of absence, Dr Young proceeded on his journey, till he arrived very quietly and calmly in the enemies camp, where he was, with difficulty, brought to a recollection of himself, by the repetition of 'Qui va la', from the soldiers upon duty. The officer who commanded, finding that he had strayed thither in the undesigning simplicity of his heart, and seeing an innate goodness in his prisoner, which commanded his respect, very politely gave him leave to pursue his contemplation back to the English camp.

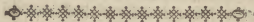


T A L E LXVI.

IN the walls of the ancient house of Sir Edward Dering, in the county of Kent, lately pulled down and rebuilt; a Latin manuscript was found, wrote by a bastard son

of Richard III. not mentioned by any of our historians. The occasion of its lodgment was as follows: This youth was privately educated in the country, at a great expence, under the best masters in every science. The tuition answered the royal expectation. The night before the fatal battle of Bosworth field, the king sent for him, and he was privately conducted to his tent. The attendants being dismissed, he declared to him the grand secret,—that he was his father; and, presenting him with fifteen hundred pounds (a large sum in those days) said, ‘ Son, thou must wait the issue of to-morrow: If fortunate, I will acknowledge thee, and create thee prince of Wales: If the battle goes against me, and I fall, forget what thou art, and live retired, there is that (the money given) which will procure a maintenance.’ The son withdrew to a place of secrecy and observation. The fatal day came; the battle ensued; Richard fell: His son immediately set off for the capital, and placed himself with a mason of great eminence, being about sixteen years of age. The gracefulness of his person and behaviour bespoke that parentage which, however, he had the art and address carefully to disguise and conceal. The master quickly discovered the genius of his apprentice, whose skill and judgment he relied upon in the nicest and most difficult parts of

architecture. Being engaged in some alterations and repairs in this ancient house, Richard's son was sent down to superintend the workmen, where his wit, not less than his ingenuity, was so engaging, that the owner of the seat retained him, and permitted him to build on his estate a little mansion to reside upon. He lived some years in this retirement, devoted to reading and contemplation, in great repute for his learning, piety, and modesty, and, during that period, he wrote his life. At the approach of death, he gave the manuscript to his patron, with a request not to read it till after his decease. He recovered, but soon after died; and the aforesaid manuscript (inclosed, as it is supposed, by his friend within the wall) was not known nor discovered till so lately as 1768. It is now in the possession of the family of the Derings, to whom the lovers of history, and the public in general, would be greatly obliged for the publication.



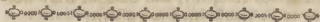
T A L E LXVII.

AT the close of an election at Lewes, the late duke of Newcastle was so delighted with

the conduct of a casting voter, that he almost fell upon his neck and kissed him. ‘ My dear friend, I love you dearly! You’re the greatest man in the world! I long to serve you! What can I do for you?’ ‘ May it please your grace, an exciseman of this town is very old: I would beg leave to succeed him as soon as he dies.’ ‘ Aye, that you shall, with all my heart. I wish for your sake he were dead and buried now. As soon as he is, set out to me, my dear friend! Be it night or day, insist upon seeing me, sleeping or waking. If I am not at Claremont, come to Lincoln’s-Inn-Fields! Come to court; if I am not at court, never rest till you find me! Not the sanctum sanctorum, or any place, shall be kept sacred from such a dear, worthy, good soul as you are. Nay, I’ll give orders for you to be admitted, though the king and I were talking secrets together in the cabinet.’ The voter swallowed every thing with extacy; and scraping down to the very ground, retired to wait, in faith, for the death of the exciseman. The former took his leave of this wicked world in the following winter. As soon as ever the duke’s friend was apprized of it, he set off for London, and reached Lincoln’s-Inn-Fields about two o’clock in the morning. The king of Spain had, about this time, been seized by a disorder, which some of the English

had been induced to believe, from particular expreffes, he could not poffibly furvive. Amongft thefe, the noble duke was the moft credulous, and probably the moft anxious. On the very firft moment of receiving his intelligence, he had difpatched couriers to Madrid, who were commanded to return with unufual hafte, as foon as ever the death of his catholic majefty fhould have been announced. Ignorant of the time in which they might arrive, and impatient of the fate of every hour, the duke would not retire to his reft, till he had given the ftrictelt orders to his attendants to fend any perfon to his chamber who fhould defire admittance. When the voter asked if he was at home, he was answered by the porter, ‘ Yes, his grace has been in bed fome time; but we were directed to awaken him, as foon as ever you came.’ ‘ Ah, God blefs him! I know that the duke always told me I fhould be welcome by night or by day. Pray fhew me up.’ The happy vifitor was fcarcely conducted to the door, when he rufhed into the room, and, in the tranfport of his joy, cried out, ‘ My lord, he’s dead.’ ‘ That’s well, my dear friend; I’m glad of it, with all my foul. When did he die?’ ‘ The morning before laft, and please your grace.’ ‘ What! fo lately! Why, my worthy, good creature, you muft have flown: The lightning itfelf

' could not travel half so fast as you!
 ' Tell me, you best of men, how I shall
 ' reward you?' ' All I wish for, in this
 ' world is, that your grace would please
 ' to remember your kind promise, and ap-
 ' point me to succeed him.' ' You, you
 ' blockhead! You king of Spain! What
 ' family pretensions can you have? Let's
 ' look at you?' By this time the astonish-
 ed duke threw back the curtains, and recol-
 lected the face of his electioneering friend;
 but it was with rage and disappointment.
 To have robbed him of his rest might easily
 have been forgiven; but to have fed him
 with a groundless supposition that the king
 of Spain was dead, became a matter of re-
 sentment. He was, at first, dismissed with
 all the violence of anger and refusal. At
 length, the victim of his passion became an
 object of his mirth; and, when he felt the
 ridicule that marked the incident, he raised
 the candidate for monarchy into a post,
 which, from the colour of the present times,
 may seem, at least, as honourable, — he made
 him an exciseman.



T A L E LXVIII.

EVERY private Spartan seem'd to be so thoroughly sensible, how necessary it was for the good of his country, that all Places should be given to those men who had the most merit, that one Pedaretes having lost a post of honour, for which he was a candidate, and into which three hundred other Spartans were chose, returned to his house transported with joy; and being asked by some of his neighbours what was the occasion of so much unusual gaiety, 'I am infinitely pleased,' says he, 'to find that there are in Sparta at least three hundred better men than myself.' The Spartan's notion in this particular, was the same with that of Pittacus, one of the seven wise men of Greece, who, at the celebrated entertainment made by Periander, where all those sages were present; being ask'd, 'What form of government he conceived to be the best and most perfect?' reply'd, 'That government in which all posts of honour or profit are given to men of the most merit, and such as are best qualified to discharge them. This answer of the sage's

was highly applauded at that time by the illustrious company, and thought truly worthy to be transmitted to posterity.



T A L E LXIX.

SCIPIO, when pursuing his conquests in Spain, a noble and beautiful lady became his captive. Scipio was in the prime of life, was smitten with her charms, and scrupled not to acquaint her with his sentiments; which she received with horror and reluctance, declared her pre-engagement, and produced her lover. Scipio appeared irresolute, and appointed another interview; when the lady and her lover threw themselves at his feet, bathing them with tears, under the greatest violence of apprehension and perplexity: At last, rising from his seat, he lifted the lovers from the ground, joined their hands, dried their tears, and made them happy in each other. This was a greater action than gaining a victory, or destroying a metropolis.



T A L E LXX.

MOHAMMED ALMALI, king of Fez, in his younger years, either had, or affected a strong passion for the study of divinity. The ascendancy he gained over the minds of men, by being believed to have more religion than is usually found in heads covered with crowns, enabled him to push things further than most of his predecessors: All his clergy were devoted to his interests, his nobility stood in great fear of him, and his people really believed, that in him were united the characters of prince and prophet. The inhabitants of a country lying to the south of his dominions, had erected a kind of Aristocratical common wealth, under which they lived, if not happily, at least much better than any of their neighbours; and the report of their being a rich and opulent people, vehemently spurred Almali to attempt the bringing them under his government.

With this view he set a great army on foot, marched into the frontiers of his neighbours, began to take their strong places, and ravage all the open country. In vain the poor people opposed him, his army was vic-

torious in several actions, tho' not without loss, and he seemed to be on the point of compleating his design, when he was informed, that the enemy had drawn together an army superior to his own, in order to make the last effort for the preservation of their country. Almali upon this directed his march towards their camp, and in a few days a general battle ensued, which for many hours was fought with great bravery and resolution on both sides. At length the army of the king of Fez was constrained to retire, leaving many thousand dead bodies on the field of battle.

Then it was the soldiers for the first time shewed a dislike to their prince's conduct. They said that he had led them far from their families to perish in a foreign war, merely to gratify his ambition; that if, as he pretended, he had undertaken this expedition by the command of God, they should have been miraculously assisted, or at least they should not have been beaten; and therefore they determined to compel him to retreat. Almali having intelligence of this mutinous disposition, sent for a few of the officers on whom he could depend, and having laid before them the reasons he had to believe that the enemy were in a worse condition than they, he shewed them the probability there was of perfecting the conquest, if the courage of his soldiers could but be

restored; and in order to this, he proposed the following expedient: That these officers should, in the dead of the night, go and lay themselves among the dead men, from whence, by the king's order, they were to be brought off and interred in certain tombs which were in a village hard by, and in which such holes were made as were sufficient to furnish them with air.

This proposition being agreed to, and carried into execution, Almali assembled other officers, of whose fidelity he doubted, and having reproached them with want of loyalty, and the injurious things they had said of him, he exhorted them to go to the tombs of their companions, and after recommending themselves to heaven by prayer, to enquire of the deceased captains, whether the promises he had made them of felicity in the other world, were not accomplished to the full. These last mentioned officers, in pursuance of the king's instructions, went, accompanied with a great body of the soldiers, where, after solemn prayers, they were surpris'd to hear the following speech pronounced by a shrill voice from one of the tombs: ' Fight valiantly, my brethren, in
' the cause of God and the king, since all
' who fall therein pass immediately to pa-
' radise, and enjoy all the blis promised by
' our prophet, let their past lives be ever so
' wicked.

The troops, inspired with new valour, retired from the tombs, and having encompassed the tent of their prince, promised to follow him cheerfully wherever he pleased to lead them. Almali thanked them in a long and pious speech, and as soon as he had dismissed them, went with a few attendants to the tombs, where he caused all the air-holes to be stopped up, supposing that those who had served him so faithfully when living, ought not to refuse to die for him, when that alone was capable of furthering his service. This, I think, is a sufficient proof, that if the Moors are as wicked as our Europeans, they are likewise as capable of being wicked to some purposes, if the purposes of the great deserve that name.

T A L E LXXI.

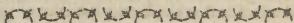
A Gentleman was hired to murder the duke of Orleans, the assassin was suffered to pass into the duke's bed-chamber one morning early, pretending business of great moment from the queen. As soon as the duke cast his eyes on him, he spoke thus, ' I know thy business, friend ; thou art sent to take away my life : What hurt have I

‘ done thee? It is now in my power, with
 ‘ a word, to have thee cut to pieces before
 ‘ my face. But I pardon thee; go thy way
 ‘ and see my face no more.’

The gentleman, stung with his own guilt, and astonished at the excellent nature of this prince, fell on his knees, confessed his design, and who employed him: And having promised eternal gratitude for this royal favour, departed without any other notice taken of him; and fearing to tarry in France, entered himself into the service of the king of Spain. It was his fortune afterwards to encounter the duke of Orleans, in a battle in Flanders. The duke, at this instant, was oppressed with a croud of Germans who surrounded him, and, in the conflict, he lost his sword. Which this gentleman perceiving, nimbly stepped to him, and delivered one into the duke’s hands, saying withal, ‘ Now reap the fruit of thy former clemency. Thou gavest me my life, now I put thee in a capacity to defend thy own.’ The prince, by this means, at length escaped the danger he was in; and that day the fortune of war was on his side. The French gained a considerable victory.

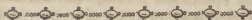
You see by this, that heroic actions have something divine in them, and attract the favours of heaven. No man ever was a loser by good works; for though he be not presently rewarded, yet in tract of time some

happy emergency or other arises to convince him, ' That virtuous men are the darlings of providence.'



T A L E LXXII.

THE action of a French officer was worthy of remark, who being sent from the camp with letters to the king and queen, arrived at the court the 24th day of the second moon, whilst the ground was yet frozen hard. After he had delivered his message, the chamberlain of the royal household appointed him a lodging for that night in the king's palace, he being to return to Flanders the next day. But he generously refused it, saying, ' It became not him to lie in a bed of down, when his general, with the whole army, were forced to sleep on the frozen earth.' Therefore, causing some straw to be brought out of the stables, he took his repose thereon in the open air. The young king, extremely pleased with his gallantry, ordered him a hundred pieces of gold, and recommended him to the duke of Orleans, as one of the bravest men in his army.



T A L E LXXIII.

THE patriots of ancient Greece and Rome were never wanting in acts of generosity and benevolence towards mankind. Cato, when an estate fell to him by the death of a relation, worth no less than an hundred talents, turned it all into ready money, and kept this sum by him on purpose to accommodate men of merit who were his friends; to whom he made no manner of scruple of lending it without interest; and even to serve some of them, suffered his own land and slaves to be mortgaged to the public treasury.

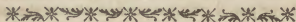


T A L E LXXIV.

CLEOMENES, after he was defeated by Antigonus, fled into Egypt, where he was kindly received by Ptolemy, who promised to assist him with men and money, that he might recover his kingdom: But Ptolemy

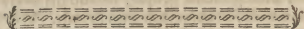
dying soon after, was succeeded by his son, a weak effeminate prince, who minded nothing but his women and pleasures, and was entirely governed by a worthless fellow, one Oinantes. Cleomenes saw that he could now expect no good from the Egyptian court; and fancying that he might make some advantage of the confusions in which Greece was then involved, desired leave to go thither with his own friends. Ptolemy was so far from granting his request, that by the advice of his worthless minister, he put him under a sort of confinement. Cleomenes so highly resented this ungenerous usage, that he entered into the most desperate measures to be revenged upon Ptolemy. He took a resolution to try if, with the assistance of only twelve friends, he could not persuade the Egyptians to depose their tyrant, and recover their freedom. To this end, he issued into the city of Alexandria, at the head of his small party, crying out, ‘Liberty, Liberty.’ He killed the governor of the city, with some other of Ptolemy’s officers; but soon found that the word Liberty had not the same charms in the ears of a people accustomed to slavery, that it had in Greece. The mean-spirited Egyptians durst neither join nor oppose him; which when Cleomenes saw, he declared, that ‘A nation deserved to be slaves, who would not embrace Liberty when it was

‘ offered to them ;’ and despairing of success among such a people, he and his twelve friends all fell upon their own swords. When Ptolemy heard of this adventure, with the mean cruelty which is natural to a tyrant, he ordered the children and mother of Cleomenes, with such Spartan ladies as were with her, to be put to death: But the Egyptians soon after reflecting upon the prodigious courage Cleomenes had shewn, (and struck with an odd accident) ran in processions to the place where his body was exposed, calling him an ‘ Hero, and Son of the ‘ Gods.’



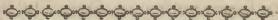
T A L E LXXV.

ANNE de Montmorancy, constable of France, had filled the highest posts with great honour and bravery, being at last mortally wounded in a battle, was exhorted by those about him to die like a good Christian, and with the same courage he had shewn in his life; his reply was, ‘ That a man who ‘ had lived well four-score years, cannot be ‘ to seek how to die well for a quarter of an ‘ hour.’



T A L E LXXVI.

A German ambassador at the French court; who delivered his message in Teutonic; which when a certain grandee heard, and took notice of its harsh and strong emphasis, he swore it was his opinion, That this was the language wherein God cursed Adam, Eve, and the Serpent. The German turning to him, answered briskly, ‘ ’Tis possible, Monsieur, it may be so; but then I hope you’ll grant, that French was the occasion of this curse, when the devil chose to tempt Eve in that language for its effeminacy, wheedling her, *a la mode de Paris*, to eat the forbidden fruit.’



T A L E LXXVII.

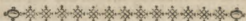
SHAW TOMAS, king of Persia, was a great lover of justice; for whoever broke the established laws were sure to suffer the penalty annexed to them. One instance of

that he shewed on a baker; for, being once detected in making his bread lighter than the standard, he was severely fined; but, on his being detected and convicted a second time, he was condemned to be baked in his own oven, for a terror to others, who might flatter themselves with breaking the laws with impunity.



T A L E LXXVIII.

WHEN the emperor Conrade the Third had besieged Guelphus, duke of Bavaria, in the city of Hensberg, the women finding that the town could not possibly hold out long, petitioned the emperor that they might depart out of it, with so much as each of them could carry. The emperor knowing they could not convey away many of their effects, granted them their petition: When the women, to his great surprise, came out of the place with every one her husband upon her back. The emperor was so moved at the sight, that he burst into tears, and after having very much extolled the women for their conjugal affection, gave the men to their wives, and received the duke into his favour.



T A L E LXXIX.

THERE being an insurrection at Naples, the tumult discovered a villany scarce to be paralleled. As they were marching up and down the streets, burning the custom-houses, and habitations of those who had been concerned in gathering the taxes, they entered the house of a certain notary or public scribe of that city, who had been represented to them as a promoter of those unreasonable impositions: They seized on the man, and began to carry his goods out into the street in order to be burnt: But as they were rumaging in an apartment which was towards the gardens, they heard a great shrieking of women affrighted; and perceiving the voice to proceed from within a wall in the room where they were, they searched about for a door to enter into that place, but finding none, they broke through the wall; where they found two women, with their hair hanging down to their ankles, and their nails grown like the talons of an eagle. Enquiring of them how long they had been there, and on what occasion, the eldest of the women made this answer: 'The

' master of this house is my own brother,
 ' who, when my father died, was entrusted
 ' by him to pay me six hundred ducats,
 ' which he bequeathed me as a legacy for
 ' my maintenance, my husband being dead:
 ' But my brother, instead of doing me this
 ' justice, immured both me and my daugh-
 ' ter, whom you see here, between these
 ' walls, where we have lived these seven-
 ' teen years, being allowed by this cruel
 ' man no other food but bread and water.'

The people, incensed above measure at
 so barbarous a cruelty, hanged up the no-
 tary, and gave all his estate to this widow
 and her daughter. An exemplary piece of
 justice performed by mutineers, which could
 not have been done by the law, the crime
 not reaching his life; tho' in the sense of
 all men he merited death.



T A L E LXXX.

IN Canara there are several customs pecu-
 liar to itself, and many of them are spread
 abroad to remote countries. Here it was
 that the custom of wives burning on the
 same pile with their deceased husbands had
 its beginning. It is reported, that before

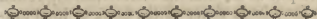
the Brahmans invented this law, poison was so well known and practised, that the least quarrel that happened between a married couple cost the husband his life, and this law put a great stop to it; and now custom so far prevails, that if any faint-hearted lady has not courage enough to accompany her spouse to the other world, she is forthwith shaved and degraded, and obliged to serve all her husband's family in all kinds of drudgery.

I have seen several burned several ways. In this country they dig a pit about 10 foot long, and 6 broad, and fill it with logs of wood. One great piece is set at the brim of the pit, ready to fall down on pulling a bit of string. When all is ready, there is a good store of oil or butter thrown on the wood, and then the husbands corps is placed about the middle of the pile, and fire set to it, which blazes in an instant. Then the spouse took her leave of all friends and acquaintances, and drums, trumpets, and hautboys playing cheerfully, she walked three or four times round the pile, which, by this time, was all in a great blaze, and then leaps in on the corpse. As soon as ever she leaped in, a priest drew the string, and down fell the great log of wood, at least 500 pound weight, over her body, and all consumed together.

In other parts they do not use pits, but a

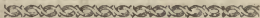
Pile is built, and the corps laid on it, and fire put to it; and the victim dancing round it for a little time, to the noise of loud music, leaps in; and, if she hesitates, the priest thrusts her in with long poles, making such an hideous noise, that she cannot be heard; and, all the while she is a burning, the priests dance round the fire. Others again take somnific medicines, and stand by the pile till they fall on it while asleep. I heard a story of a lady that had received addresses from a gentleman, who afterwards deserted her, and her relations obliged her to marry another, who died shortly after the marriage, and who, according to custom, was laid on the pile; and, as the fire was well kindled, and she going to act the tragedy on herself, she espied her former admirer, and beckned to him to come to her. When he came, she took him in her arms as if she had a mind to embrace him; but, being stronger than he, she carried him into the flames in her arms, where they were both consumed, with the corps of her husband.

S



T A L E LXXXI.

DIOGENES told Alexander the Great; when the monarch beholding that philosopher in a charnel-house, his eyes attentively fixed on the bones of the dead which lay in heaps, asked him, What he was doing? To whom Diogenes replied, ‘ I am looking for thy father Philip’s bones, but cannot distinguish them from those of his slaves.



T A L E LXXXII.

A Courtier passing by Diogenes as he sat in a tub eating of turneps, put this scoff upon him, ‘ Diogenes,’ said he, ‘ If thou would’st but learn the art of flattery, thou need’st not sit here in a tub scranching of roots.’ To whom the philosopher reply’d, ‘ And thou vain-glorious man, if thou would’st but learn to live contented with my homely fare, need’st not condescend to the fawning of a spaniel.



T A L E LXXXIII.

ONCE as the prince of Conde was passing on foot through a town in France, under his father's government, the chief magistrate of the place, who was an old man, met him, and began to make an oration with the best rhetoric he could. But the prince being in a frolicsome humour, took advantage of a very low conge the old gentleman made him, and leaped over his head, and stood still behind him. The magistrate not taking any notice of this wild prank, turned very gravely about, and addressed himself with a new obeisance, but not so low as the former. However, the nimble prince caught him upon the half bent, and setting his hand upon the old monsieur's shoulders, whipt over again the second time; which quite spoiled his intended speech, to the great diversion of all the spectators.

T A L E LXXXIV.

AT the restoration there lived in London a merchant of great wealth, integrity and capacity, whom we shall call Probus. He was very indulgent to Verus, a young gentleman under his direction, gave him a good education, and as he grew up, instructed him in every branch of traffick. Probus had an only daughter on whom he doated, not without reason, for she seemed to deserve all that the kindness of providence designed for her. His wife died while Emilia was in the cradle; Verus was about two years older, and from six years of age had been bred up with her. Their childish intimacy in time improved into love, which they cemented by all the forms that an amorous heart can invent.

Emilia had an aunt immensely rich, who designed her for an only son. She imparted her intentions to Probus, who determined by the future prospect of grandeur to break thro' all. He sent Emilia to her aunt's country seat; and as a guardian, commanded Verus to think of a voyage to the East Indies.

Emilia, who suffered from the odious solicitations of her aunt's son, a disagreeable booby, by letter represented her passion for Verus, in such moving terms to her father, that he recalled her to town.

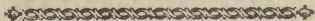
Verus, who had been sent to an uncle of his vastly rich, in the East-Indies, endeared himself so much to the old gentleman, that on his death-bed he bequeathed him all his wealth, amounting to 40,000*l.* which he turned into money, and sailed for London.

During the interval, Probus had laid out a large part of his wealth in houses, which were soon after, with all his merchandise, reduced to ashes by the great fire in 1666.

This reduced him to the necessity of keeping a public house for his bread.

Verus arrived from the Indies, and strolling through the city, by chance put into a coffee-house (then a new trade in London) and was served with a dish of coffee by a young woman, plain, but neatly dressed, who appeared to be his Emilia. On sight of him she fell into a swoon. Verus took her up; they gazed at each other; Probus wept, and all were silent. At last our traveller spoke thus: ' Emilia is still the same
' to me; she is as fair, as charming; and
' while providence leaves it in my power,
' as great a fortune as ever. Do not, (turn-
' ing to Probus) afflict yourself; Sir, am
' not I indebted to you for your care of my

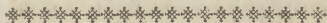
‘ education ; and even for all I have ? Can
 ‘ you believe me ungrateful ? No Sir, I
 ‘ have many obligations that bind me to
 ‘ you, permit me then to encrease them, by
 ‘ becoming your son.’ Probus consented,
 and strange as it is, when Emilia arrived at
 threescore, she was as dear to Verus as at
 the hour she became his wife..



T A L E LXXXV.

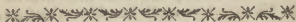
WHEN the civil war was breaking out,
 about the middle of last century, there lived
 a memorable small-coalman, in Kent-street,
 who had lost most of his customers, by en-
 deavouring to be civil to all.—The good
 women, on the King’s Side, would buy no
 small-coal of a rogue that conversed with all
 the Round-Heads: And the Parliament
 Good Housewives withdrew their penny a-
 week, from an ungodly incendiary that sold
 fire to the Roysters.—What should a poor
 devil do under this terrible dilemma?—He
 took it wisely into his head to turn idiot ;
 and left off his trade.—He answered ques-
 tions with inarticulate sounds ; and grin’d
 approbation alike to every busier fool in his
 parish.—The consequence fell out to his

wish.—Both sides took stupidity into protection: The Puritans, because this loss of his wits was a visible judgment from heaven: And the Royalists because he ran mad, from too quick a sense of the times. So the subtle politician lived in plenty and indolence, upon the weakness of factions partiality.



T A L E LXXXVI.

IT is reported of Plato, that seeing once a young spendthrift eating bread and water at the door of an inn where he had squandered his estate, the philosopher could not help saying, ‘Young man, if you had dined moderately, you need not have supped so poorly.’



T A L E LXXXVII.

THE Ottoman empire is one great slaughter-house, of which the sultans and the viziers are the butchers, who sacrifice, in the wantonness of their power, persons of all

ranks and of all ages. The Jews and the Greeks are most exposed to these violences; they purchase the liberty of exercising their religion at a dear rate; but are perpetually put to the press, and fleeced without pity. About 150 years ago the mufti of Ispahan, envious of the treasures of the Jews in that city, presented a memorial to the Sophy Scha Abbas, in which he prayed him to order the precepts of the Alcoran to be executed, of which the most essential regarded the conversion of the Jews, who 500 years after the publication of the law of Mahomet, were to embrace it, or be entirely destroyed. The Sophy sent for the Jews, and interrogated them upon their belief of Mahomet. They resolved to soften their answer as much as possible, and told him, That altho' their religion hindered them from believing in any other prophet than their Moses, they did not however think Mahomet a false prophet, because he was descended from Ismael the son of Abraham, and that they desired to live his majesty's most humble subjects and slaves. This scene concluded with an offering of two millions of gold that the miserable Jews were obliged to raise for the Sophy. And to prepare for a new resource, they were required to fix the time when they thought their Messiah would come. Equally astonished with this second demand, they answered, That their deliverer might appear

every day. 'Well,' said the Sophy, 'I will give you seventy years, and your answer shall be registered in the archives of the empire, to the end, that if you should prove impostors, and your Messiah not to come at the time limited, then you are to be driven out of the empire by my successor.' This fatal arret was afterwards fully executed, and Scha Abbas II. published a declaration, ordaining all his subjects, and also strangers inhabiting among them, to fall upon the Jews, sparing neither age nor sex, but to slay man, woman, and child, as so many wild beasts, and even those who have turned Mahometans. This cruel persecution lasted three years, and ended not but by the death of one part of the Jews, and the flight of the rest. It was pretended that letters came from Constantinople, which mentioned the coming of the Messiah, and that this gave occasion to this bloody proscription.

The Messiah they spake of was the egregious impostor Sabatai Sevi, who chose Smyrna for the theatre of his exploits. His train was composed of five or six rabbins, who served him as disciples; Nathan Benjamin was the most considerable of them. And he had presently an infinite number of followers, who, upon his own word, believed him really the illustrious protector that was expected in the world. In Persia, towards Susa, more than 3000 Jews assembled. There

were near 100,000 in Barbary and the deserts of Taflete, who resolved to acknowledge him for their king and their prophet. Many Jews dispersed in the North and Holland, sold their houses, to pass into the Levant, to live under the empire of this new sovereign. Those of Amsterdam drew up a petition to Sabatai Sevi, praying him, that they might be the only merchants to lend upon pledges at Jerusalem. The Portuguese refugee Jews determined to send a deputation to Smyrnâ, to beseech their new deliverer to suffer them for the future, to prefix Don to their names, as they formerly bore in Portugal.

Heaven, however, was pleased to unmask this deceit. Sabatai Sevi, declared to the Jews at Smyrna, that he was going to Constantinople, to apprise the grand seignior of his intention to re-establish the temple of Jerusalem. He embarked in a Turkish *saique*, and there were frantick spirits enough, who were so much prejudiced as to believe that the *saique* disappeared as soon as Sabatai entered it. It was near six weeks before he arrived at the Dardanelles, where he was arrested by order of the grand seignior, and shut up in one of the European towers. Many Jews, still persuaded that he was the Messiah, run from all sides to see him, and his guards enriched themselves by the contributions they drew from his visitors. At

length, the reputation of the impostor making so much noise, the grand seignior ordered him to be conducted to Constantinople, and being brought to the seraglio, 'I shall try,' said this prince, 'if thou art the Messiah, or not; chuse whether thou wilt be tuck'd up to the gallows, stand the butt of my cross-bow, or turn Turk.' The miserable Sabatai did not hesitate a moment for his life at the expence of his religion. He took the turban, and the grand seignior gave him his liberty to mortify the Jews which were a long time the laugh and derision of the Ottoman empire, and the whole world.



T A L E LXXXVIII.

MR Dryden happening to pass an evening in company with the duke of Buckingham, the earl of Rochester, lord Dorset, and some others of the first distinction and reputation for genius, the conversation turned upon literary subjects; such as the fineness of composition, the harmony of numbers, the beauties of invention, the smoothness and elegance of style, &c. &c. After some debate, it was finally agreed, that each

person present should write something upon whatever subject chanced to strike the imagination, and place it under the candlestick. Mr Dryden was excepted against in every respect, but as a judge of the whole. Of course that office was assigned him. Some of the company were at more than ordinary pains to out-rival each other: The man most tranquil and unconcerned was lord Dorset; who, with much ease and composure, very coolly wrote two or three lines, and carelessly threw them in the place agreed upon; and when the rest had done so by theirs, the arbiter opened the leaves of their destiny. In going through the whole he discovered strong marks of pleasure and satisfaction: But at one in particular, he discovered the most boundless rapture. ‘I must acknowledge,’ says Dryden, ‘that there are a-bundance of fine things in my hands, and such as do honour to the personages who wrote them; but I am under indispensable necessity of giving the highest preference to lord Dorset. I must request you will hear it yourselves, gentlemen, and I believe each and every one of you will approve my judgment:

‘I promise to pay to John Dryden, Esq;
 ‘or order, on demand, the sum of five hundred pounds. DORSET.’

‘I must confess,’ continued Dryden, ‘that

' I am equally charmed with the style and
 ' the subject; and I flatter myself, gentle-
 ' men, that I stand in need of no arguments
 ' to induce you to join with me in opinion
 ' against yourselves. This kind of writing
 ' exceeds any other, whether ancient or mo-
 ' dern. It is not the essence, but the quin-
 ' tessence of language: And is, in fact, rea-
 ' son and argument surpassing every thing.'

The company all readily concurred with the
 bard, and each person present was forward
 to express a due admiration of his lordship's
 penetration, sound judgment, and superior
 abilities, with which it is probable Mr Dry-
 den, that great judge upon such occasions,
 was still more thoroughly satisfied than any
 one of the company.



T A L E LXXXIX.

AN envoy from Augustus, king of Poland,
 to czar Peter, being on his return to Dresden,
 by the way of Courland, happened to see a
 poor man, who seemed in great distress, in-
 sulted by some people at the inn where he
 stopped; to whom the injured stranger said,
 That they would not treat him thus if he
 could gain admission to the czar, and that

he had more powerful protectors at court than they might possibly imagine. On hearing this, the envoy had the curiosity to ask the man some questions; from the answers to which, and on considering his features attentively, wherein he discovered a resemblance to the empress, he conceived this unfortunate person might be her relation. After his return to Dresden, he wrote an account of the adventure, and his suspicions, to a friend at Petersburgh, who found means to get the letter shewn to the czar. On this, orders were immediately dispatched to prince Repnin, governor of Riga, to make search after the man described in the letter, which was accordingly done by an intelligent person, sent by prince Repnin to Mittau for that purpose. On examining him, he said his name was Charles Scavronski, and that he was the son of a gentleman of Lithuania, who died during the wars in Poland, and left two children, a boy and a girl in the cradle; that neither of them had any other education than could be had in that general state of desolation, in which every thing was abandoned. Scavronski parted from his sister in his infancy, knew nothing more of her, than she was taken prisoner at Marienburg in 1704, and imagined she might be still with prince Menzikoff, with whom she might make her fortune. Prince Repnin, pursuant to the orders of the czar, caused

Scavronski to be brought to Riga, under pretence of his being a criminal: A kind of information was made out against him, and he was sent under a guard to Petersburgh, with orders that he should be well treated during the journey. On his arrival at Petersburgh, he was conducted to the house of an officer called Shepleff; who, being instructed in the part he was to act, drew from the prisoner such information as he wanted, about his former circumstances and condition; telling him, at the same time, that the accusation laid against him at Riga was a very serious affair; that he would do well to present a petition to his majesty, and he would himself take care he should have an opportunity of delivering it. The next day the czar came to dine with Shepleff, when Scavronski was presented to him. The monarch asked him several questions; and was convinced by the ingenuousness of his replies, that he was really the brother of the czarina. Both had been in Livonia during their infancy; and the answers made by Scavronski to the questions put to him by the czar, were intirely conformable to what his wife had told him of her birth and misfortunes. The czar, not doubting the truth, proposed, therefore, next day to the empress, to go and dine with Shepleff; where, after dinner, he ordered the same person to be brought before him, who was examined the day before. He was in-

ready to strike, and fearing for the life of his father, in that instant cried out, 'Man kill not Cræsus,' These were the first words he ever uttered; but from that time he continued to speak readily during all the rest of his life. In this manner the Persians became masters of Sardis, and made Cræsus their prisoner; who having reigned fourteen years, and been besieged fourteen days, put an end to his great empire, as the oracle had predicted.

The Persians having taken Cræsus, and brought him to Cyrus, he commanded him to be fettered, and placed on a great pile of wood already prepared, accompanied by fourteen young Lydians: Designing either to offer this sacrifice to some god, as the first fruits of his victory; or to perform a vow; or perhaps to see, because he had heard of his devotion to the gods, whether any Dæmon would save him from the fire. When Cræsus had ascended the pile, notwithstanding the weight of his misfortunes, the words of Solon reviving in his memory, made him think he was inspired by some god, when he said, that no living man could justly be called happy. Revolving these words in his mind, he sighed often in the anguish of his soul, and thrice pronounced the name of Solon. Which when Cyrus heard, he commanded his interpreters to ask him, whose assistance he implored. They obeyed immediately; but Cræsus for a while kept silence;

yet at last being constrained to speak, he said, 'I named a man, whose discourses I more desire all tyrants might hear, than to be possessor of the greatest riches.' The interpreters judging this answer obscure, repeated their demand; and persisting in their importunity, pressed him earnestly to explain his meaning. Upon which Cræsus acquainted them that Solon, an Athenian, having formerly visited him, and viewed his immense treasures, had despised all; and that the truth of what he then said was now verified, though his discourse was generally relating to all mankind as much as to himself, and especially to those who vainly imagine themselves happy. After Cræsus had said these words, and the flames began to ascend on every side, Cyrus already informed by the interpreters of what he had said, relented on a sudden; and considering that being but a man, he was yet going to burn another man alive, who had been no way inferior to himself in prosperity; and fearing a retaliation of punishment, as one who was not ignorant of the inconstancy of human affairs; he commanded the fire to be presently extinguished, and Cræsus, with those who were about him, to be taken down. Accordingly all endeavours were used to execute his orders; but they could not master the fire. In this distress, Cræsus, as the Lydians report, being informed that Cyrus had

altered his resolution, and seeing every man toiling in vain to put out the fire, burst into tears; and with a loud voice invoking Apollo, besought the god, if ever any of his offerings had been agreeable to him, to protect and deliver him from the present danger: That immediately clouds were seen gathering in the air, which before was serene, and a violent storm of rain ensuing, quite extinguished the flames; by which Cyrus understanding that Cræsus was a good and pious man, spoke to him as soon as he came down, in these terms. ‘Tell me, Cræsus, who persuaded you to invade my territories, and to be my enemy, rather than my friend?’ ‘This war,’ said Cræsus, ‘as fortunate to you, O King, as unfortunate to me, I undertook by the persuasion and encouragement of the Grecian god. For no man is so void of understanding, to prefer war before peace; because in time of war fathers bury their children, and in time of peace children perform that office to their parents. But such was the will of the Dæmon.’ When he had thus spoken, Cyrus commanded his fetters to be taken off; and permitted him to sit down by his side, shewed him great respect; for both he, and all those that stood about him, were astonished at the things they had seen and heard. Cræsus sat for some time pensive and silent. But afterwards turning about, and seeing the Persians

facking the city, he asked Cyrus, whether he might speak with freedom, or whether he ought to suppress his present thoughts; Cyrus bid him take courage, and deliver his opinion freely; upon which Cræsus asked him, what those great numbers were now doing with so much diligence. ‘They are,’ said Cyrus, ‘pillaging your city, and destroying your riches and magnificence.’ ‘Not so,’ replied Cræsus, ‘they neither plunder my city, nor destroy my riches: For I have now no part in those things; but they ravage and consume what belongs to you.’ This answer made such an impression on Cyrus, that taking Cræsus aside, he asked him privately what he thought should be done in this conjuncture? ‘Since the gods,’ said Cræsus, ‘have made me your servant, I am in duty obliged to acquaint you with all that may conduce to your advantage. If you permit the Persians, who are poor, and by nature insolent, to plunder and possess great riches; you may expect that those who enrich themselves most, will be most ready to rebel. Therefore, if you approve my sentiment, place some of your guards at every gate, with orders to take the booty from all those who would go out, and to acquaint them that the tenth must of necessity be consecrated to Jupiter: By which method you will avoid the imputation of seizing their plunder by vio-

‘ lence ; and every one acknowledging your
‘ intention to be just, will readily obey.’
Cyrus having heard the proposition of Crœsus with great satisfaction, and intirely approving his counsel ; commanded the guards to do as he advised ; and then turning to him again, said, “ Because both your words and your actions are truly royal, I permit you to ask immediately whatever thing you chiefly desire.” “ Sir,” said Crœsus, “ the most acceptable favour you can bestow upon me is, to let me send my fetters to the god of the Grecians, whom I have honoured more than any other deity ; and to ask him if it be his manner to deceive those who deserve best of him ?” Cyrus asked what cause he had to complain of the god, that might induce him to make this request : Upon which Crœsus recollecting all his thoughts on that subject, gave him an account of the answers he received from the oracles, and of the donations he had presented ; in confidence of which he had made war against the Persians ; beseeching him again to grant him leave to reproach the god with these things. Cyrus laughing, assured him he would not only grant this, but whatever else he should desire : Which Crœsus hearing, dispatched certain Lydians to Delphi, with orders to lay down his fetters at the entrance of the temple, and to demand of the god, if he were not ashamed to have encouraged

Cræsus by his oracles, to believe, that by undertaking a war against the Persians, he should destroy the power of Cyrus: Commanding them after these words to shew the fetters, as the trophies of his promised success, and to ask if the Grecian gods were accustomed to be so ungrateful. When the Lydians arrived at Delphi, and had put his orders in execution, the Pythian is reported to have made this answer: "The god himself cannot avoid the predetermined decrees of fate; and Cræsus, in the fifth generation, suffers for the crime of a man, who being one of the guard to the last king of the blood of Hercules, was induced by the fraud of a woman to murder his master, and to usurp his dignity, to which he had no right. Yet Apollo used his best endeavours, that the disaster of Sardis might be suspended to the time of his sons, and not happen during the reign of Cræsus: And though he could not set aside the fatal decree; yet he had done as much in his favour as that would permit; having delayed the subversion of his kingdom for three years. And therefore let Cræsus know, that he was taken prisoner three years later than the fates had ordained. In the next place, when he was upon the point of being burnt alive, the god came in to his relief. Then, as to the prediction of the oracle, he has no right to complain; because Apollo only foretold, that if he would

make war against the Persians, he should subvert a great empire; and had he desired to be truly informed, he ought to have sent again to enquire, whether his own or that of Cyrus was meant by the oracle. But if he neither comprehended the meaning of the oracle, nor would enquire again, the fault is his. In a word, he did not understand the answer he received concerning the mule, when he last consulted the god; for Cyrus was that mule, inasmuch as he was born of parents, who were not only of different nations, but of very unequal condition: For his mother was a Mede, and daughter to Astyages king of Media; but his father was of Persia, a country then subject to the Medes; and being every way inferior to her, had married his lord's daughter." The Lydians having received this answer from the Pythian, returned and made their report to Cræsus; who acknowledged the fault to be his, and that the oracle was wholly innocent. In this manner the kingdom of Cræsus was conquered, and Ionia the first time subdued.



T A L E XCI.

A Comical passage passed at Amoy in China, between a Mandareen and an English sailor. The Mandareen going in his chair, with his usual retinue, met a sailor coming with a keg of arrack under his arm. Every body went off the street but the jolly sailor, who had been tasting his arrack, he was so mannerly as to walk aside, and give the Mandareen the middle of the street, but one of the retinue gave the sailor a box on the ear, and had almost shoved him down keg and all. The sailor d—n'd him for a son of a whore, and asked him what he meant by it, and at the same time gave the aggressor a box on the ear in return. The poor seaman was soon overpowered by the retinue, but the Mandareen ordered to do him no harm, till he had sent for the English linguist, who forthwith came. The Mandareen told the linguist what had happened, and bid him ask the sailor why he gave him that affront. The sailor swore that the Mandareen had affronted him, in allowing his servant to beat him, while he was walking down the street civilly, with the keg of Samshew under his

arm; and swore by G--d that he would box the Mandareen, or every one of his gang, for a Spanish dollar, and with that put his hand in his pocket and pulled a dollar out.

The Mandareen ordered the linguist to tell him *verbatim* what the sailor said, and why he pulled his money out. When the linguist had told him all, the Mandareen was ready to fall off his chair with laughing. And after he had composed himself, he asked if the sailor would stand to his challenge, who swore he would. The Mandareen had one Tartar in his retinue, famous for boxing, who had won many prizes at it, and called for him to try his skill upon the Englishman. The Tartar was a lusty man, and the sailor short, but well set. The Tartar promised an easy conquest, and to the combat they went. The Tartar used to kick high at the guts, and the first time he kicked, the sailor had him on his back. The Tartar was much ashamed of the foil he had received, and at the sailor again, but Jack soon tripped up his heels again. He desired then to have a fair bout of boxing without tripping, which Jack agreed to, and battered the Tartar's face and breast so with his head, that he was forced to yield to old England. The Mandareen was so pleased with the bravery and dexterity of the seaman, that he made him a present of ten Tayals of silver.



F A B L E XV.

The LAWYER *and* JUSTICE.

LOVE! thou divinest good below,
 Thy pure delights few mortals know!
 Our rebel hearts thy sway disown,
 While tyrant lusts usurps thy throne!

The bounteous God of nature made
 The sexes for each other's aid,
 Their mutual talents to employ,
 To lessen ills, and heighten joy.
 To weaker woman he assign'd
 That soft'ning gentleness of mind,
 That can by sympathy impart
 Its likeness to the roughest heart.
 Her eyes with magic pow'r endu'd,
 To fire the dull and awe the rude.
 His rosy fingers on her face
 Shed lavish ev'ry blooming grace,
 And stamp'd (perfection to display)
 His mildest image on her clay.

Man, active, resolute and bold,
 He fashion'd in a diff'rent mould,

With useful arts his mind inform'd,
His breast with nobler passions warm'd ;
He gave him knowledge, taste, and sense,
And courage, for the fair's defence.
Her frame, resistless to each wrong,
Demands protection from the strong ;
To man she flies when fear alarms,
And claims the temple of his arms.

By nature's author thus declar'd
The woman's sov'reign, and her guard,
Shall man, by treach'rous wiles invade
The weakness he was meant to aid ?
While beauty, given to inspire
Protecting love, and soft desire,
Lights up a wild-fire in the heart,
And to its own breast points the dart,
Becomes the spoilers base pretence
To triumph over innocence ?
The wolf, that tears the tim'rous sheep,
Was never set the fold to keep ;
Nor was the tyger, or the pard,
Meant the benighted trav'ler's guard ;
But man, the wildest beast of prey,
Wears friendship's semblance to betray ;
His strength against the weak employs,
And where he should protect, destroys.

Past twelve o'clock, the watchman cry'd,
His brief the studious Lawyer ply'd ;

The all-prevailing fee lay nigh,
 The earnest of to-morrows lie ;
 Sudden the furious winds arise,
 The jarring casement shatter'd flies,
 The doors admit a hollow sound,
 And rattling from their hinges bound ;
 When Justice, in a blaze of light,
 Reveal'd her radiant form to fight.

The wretch with shrilling horror shook,
 Loose ev'ry joint and pale his look,
 Not having seen her in the courts,
 Or found her mention'd in reports,
 He ask'd with fault'ring tongue, her name,
 Her errand there, and whence she came ?

Sternly the white-rob'd shade reply'd,
 (A crimson glow her visage dy'd)
 Can'st thou be doubtful who I am ?
 Is Justice grown so strange a name ?
 Were not your courts for Justice rais'd ?
 'Twas there of old my altars blaz'd,
 My guardian thee did I elect,
 My sacred temple to protect,
 That thou, and all thy venal tribe
 Should spurn the goddess for the bribe ?
 Aloud the ruin'd client cries,
 Justice has neither ears, nor eyes !
 In foul alliance with the bar,
 'Gainst me the judge denounces war,

And rarely issues his decree,
But with intent to baffle me,

She paus'd. Her breast with fury burn'd.
The trembling Lawyer thus return'd.

I own the charge is justly laid,
And weak th' excuse that can be made ;
Yet search the spacious globe, and see,
If all mankind are not like me.

The gown-man, skill'd in romish lies,
By faith's false glass deludes our eyes,
O'er conscience rides without controul,
And robs the man to save the soul.

The doctor, with important face,
By sly design, mistakes the case,
Prescribes and spins out the disease,
To trick the patient of his fees.

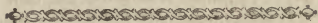
The soldier, rough with many a scar,
And red with slaughter, leads the war ;
If he a nations trust betray,
The foe has offer'd double pay.

When vice o'er all mankind prevails,
And weighty int'rest turns the scales,
Must I be better than the rest,
And harbour Justice in my breast ?
On one side only take the fee,
Content with poverty and thee ?

Thou blind to sense, and vile of mind,
Th' exasperated shade rejoin'd,

If virtue from the world is flown,
 Will other's frauds excuse thy own?
 For sickly souls the priest was made,
 Physicians for the body's aid,
 The soldier guarded liberty,
 Man, woman, and the Lawyer me.
 If all are faithless to their trust,
 They leave not thee the less unjust.
 Henceforth your pleadings I disclaim,
 And bar the sanction of my name;
 Within your courts it shall be read,
 That Justice from the law is fled.

She spoke; and hid in shades her face,
 Till Mansfield sooth'd her into grace.



T A L E X C I I.

ALLEXANDER's passing the Granicus, contrary to the advice of Parmenio, with but thirteen troops of horse, while the enemies were masters of the other side of the river, and showered down an infinite number of darts upon him; is represented by some authors, not only as a piece of rashness, but even madness: What made it the more rash was, his being distinguished by his buckler,

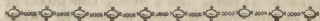
and a large plume of white feathers on his helmet. He was accordingly no sooner got over, than he was attacked on all sides; and Rhesaces and Spithridates, two resolute men, falling upon him at once, he had certainly been killed by the latter, if that gallant commander had not been slain himself by the great Clitus, who ran him through the body with his spear, as he was aiming a blow that must have been fatal to Alexander.

The same hero's encountering and killing a monstrous lion one day before a Spartan ambassador, was an action of the same kind: When the combat was ended, the ambassador could not help telling him, 'Dominion, Sir, has been the prize; and you have bravely disputed it with a lion;' intimating, that as the lion is king of beasts, there had been a sort of contention between two monarchs which should be the master.

What he did in India, at a siege of a city of the Mallians, was still more extraordinary. Alexander, at the assault of this city, was the very first man that mounted the walls, and the scaling-ladder breaking under him, left him exposed with only two of his guards, to all the darts and fury of the Barbarians. In this distress, instead of avoiding his enemies, he leaped down among them. The brightness and clattering of his armour, added to his activity and valour, made them at first imagine him a deity; but as soon as

they discovered him to be a man, the whole garrison fell upon him: An arrow piercing his curiafs stuck in his ribs, and the stroke was fo violent, that it made him fall on one knee to the ground. The Barbarian who had wounded him, now drew his fcimeter to difpatch him, but was killed as foon as he came within the reach of Alexander's fword; who after this received fo many other wounds, that he was obliged to fupport his body againft the wall. He ftill looked undauntedly upon his enemies; but was now reduced to the laft extremity, when the Macedonians breaking into the city, took him up very opportunely, juft as he was fainting away, and not fenfible what they did with him. This prodigious courage of Alexander's, infufed fuch a fpirit into his whole army, as made them patiently endure the moft toilsome marches: They declared, that 'They looked upon themfelves not only as invincible, but to be little lefs than immortal, while they followed fuch a leader.'

It would be too tedious to enumerate all the actions of Alexander of this nature; upon one of which a French author makes this fine obfervation: - 'I am fenfible,' fays he; 'that this action of Alexander's will be called rash and imprudent; but heroifm will discover fuch marks in it, as will force her to claim and acknowledge it for her own.'



T A L E X C I I I.

IN the most flourishing period of the reign of Lewis XIV. two Negroe youths, the sons of a prince, being brought to the French court, the King appointed a Jesuit to instruct them in letters, and in the Christian religion; and gave to each of them a commission in his guards. The elder who was remarkable for his candour and ingenuity, made great improvements; more particularly in the doctrines of religion. A brutal officer, upon some dispute, insulted him with a blow. The gallant youth never so much as offered to resent it. A person, who was his friend, took an opportunity to talk with him, that evening, alone, upon his behaviour; which he told him was too tame, especially in a soldier. Is there then, said the young African, one revelation for soldiers, and another for merchants and gownmen? The good father, to whom I owe all my knowledge, has earnestly inculcated forgiveness of injuries to me; assuring me, that a Christian was by no means to retaliate abuses of any kind: The good father, replied his friend, may fit you for a monastery, by

his lessons; but never for the army, and the rules of a court. In a word, continued he, if you do not call the colonel to an account, you will be branded with the infamy of cowardice, and have your commission taken from you. I would fain, answered the young man, act consistently in every thing; but since you press me with that regard to my honour, which you have always shewn, I will wipe off so foul a stain; though I must own, I gloried in it before. Immediately upon this, he desired his friend to go from him, and appoint the aggressor to meet him early in the morning. Accordingly, they met, and fought; and the brave youth disarmed his adversary, and forced him to ask his pardon publicly. This done, the next day he threw up his commission; and desired the king's leave to return to his father. At parting, he embraced his brother and his friend, with tears in his eyes, saying; 'He did not imagine the Christians had been such unaccountable people; and that he could not apprehend their faith was of any use to them, if it did not influence their practice. In my country, we think it no dishonour to act according to the principles of our religion.'



T A L E X C I V.

EDWARD III. king of England, when the governor of Calais had sold that place to the French (and was going to have delivered it up by night to the Lord Charny) fought under the walls of the town in a private soldier's coat, and in Sir Walter Manning's regiment. In this disguise he engaged with the valiant lord Eustace of Rylemont, who beat him down twice upon his knees. The king, however, at last got the better of his antagonist, and took him prisoner. His troops were all victorious. Edward soon shewed that his generosity was equal to his courage, and how much he esteemed a brave enemy: He ordered a splendid entertainment to be provided for his prisoners; and coming in among them very unexpectedly, and to their great surprize, told the lord Charny, 'That he was not much obliged to him for endeavouring to steal a town from him by night, which he had fairly won by day.' He then addressed himself to the lord Eustace, and after having said a great many obliging things to him, took a chaplet of pearls of great value from his own

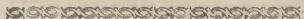
head, and placing it upon his prisoner's, generously dismissed him without a ransom.



T A L E XCV.

HENRY the fifth, another English king, (who it is very well known conquered France, and had his title to that kingdom solemnly acknowledged by the parliament of Paris) is said, in history, to have fought like a private soldier, through an excess of courage, at the battle of Agincourt, in which he killed several of the French with his own hand, and was more than once in the utmost danger of being slain himself.

Charles the seventh, who reigned in France, (having recovered that kingdom after our Henry's death) was the first man who entered the breach, when the town of Ponthoise, was taken by storm, ' Chusing much rather,' as the French historians observe, ' to be thought rash than timorous.'



T A L E XCVI.

THERE was formerly a Santon, whose name was Barsifa, which for the space of an hundred years very fervently applied himself to prayer; and scarce ever went out of the grotto in which he made his residence, for fear of exposing himself to the danger of offending God. He fasted in the day-time, and watched in the night; all the inhabitants of the country had such a great veneration for him, and so highly valued his prayers, that they commonly applied to him when they had any favour to beg of heaven. When he made vows for the health of a sick person, the patient was immediately cured.

It happened that the daughter of the king of that country fell into a dangerous distemper, the cause of which the physicians could not discover, yet they continued prescribing remedies by guess; but instead of helping the princess, they only augmented her disease. In the mean time the king was inconsolable, for he passionately loved his daughter; wherefore one day, finding all human assistance vain, he declared it as his opinion, that the

princess ought to be sent to the Santon Barfifa.

All the beys applauded his sentiment, and the king's officers conducted her to the Santon; who, notwithstanding his frozen age, could not see such a beauty without being sensibly moved. He gazed on her with pleasure; and the devil taking this opportunity, whispered in his ear thus; "O Santon! don't let slip such a fortunate minute: Tell the king's servants that it is requisite for the princess to pass this night in the grotto, to see whether it will please God to cure her; that you will put up a prayer for her, and that they need only come to fetch her tomorrow.

How weak is man! The Santon followed the devil's advice, and did what he suggested to him. But the officers, before they would yield to leave the princess, sent one of their number to know the king's pleasure. That monarch, who had an entire confidence in Barfifa, never in the least scrupled the trusting of his daughter with him. "I consent," said he "that she stay with that holy man, and that he keep her as long as he pleases; I am wholly satisfied on that head."

When the officers had received the king's answer, they all retired, and the princess remained alone with the hermit. Night being come, the devil presented himself to the Santon, saying, "Canst thou let slip so favour-

able an opportunity with so charming a creature? Fear not her telling of the violence you offer her; if she were even so indiscreet as to reveal it, who will believe her? The court, the city, and all the world are too much prepossessed in your favour, to give any credit to such a report. You may do any thing unpunished, when armed by the great reputation for wisdom which you have acquired." The unfortunate Barfisa was so weak as to hearken to the enemy of mankind. He approached the princess, took her into his arms, and in a moment cancelled a virtue of an hundred years duration.

He had no sooner perpetrated his crime, than a thousand avenging horrors haunted him night and day. He thus accosts the devil: "O wretch!" says he, "'tis thou which hast destroyed me! Thou hast encompassed me for a whole age, and endeavoured to seduce me; and now at last thou hast gained thy end." "O Santon!" answered the devil, "don't reproach me with the pleasure thou hast enjoyed. You may repent: But what is unhappy for you is, that the princess is impregnated, and thy sin will become public: Thou wilt become the laughing stock of those who admire and reverence thee at present, and the king will put thee to an ignominious death."

Barfisa, terrified by this discourse, says to the devil, "What shall I do to prevent the

publication of my shame?" "To hinder the knowledge of your crime, you ought to commit a fresh one," answered the devil: "Kill the princess, bury her at the corner of the grotto, and when the king's messengers come to-morrow, tell them you have cured her, and that she went from the grotto very early in the morning: They will believe you, and search for her all over the city and country; the king her father will be in great pain for her, but after several vain searches it will wear off."

The hermit, abandoned by God, pursuant to this advice, killed the princess, buried her in a corner of the grotto, and the next day told the officers what the devil bid him say. They made diligent enquiry for the king's daughter, but not being able to hear of her, they despaired of finding her, when the devil told them, that all their search for the princess was in vain; and relating what had passed betwixt her and the Santon, he told them the place where she was interred. The officers immediately went to the grotto, seized Barsifa, and found the princess's body in the place to which the devil had directed them; whereupon they took up the corps, and carried that and the Santon to the palace.

When the king saw his daughter dead, and was informed of the whole event, he broke out into tears and bitter lamentations;

was for his whims and frolics, which he conducted with a dexterity and address peculiar to himself; as will appear from the following adventure: Soon after the conclusion of the peace in 1748, he had observed, that a middle-aged man, in something like a military dress, of which the lace was much tarnished, and the cloth worn thread-bare, appeared at a certain hour in the Park, walking to and fro in the Mall, with a kind of mournful solemnity, or ruminating by himself on one of the benches, without taking any more notice of the gay crowd that was moving before him, than of so many emmets on an ant-hill, or atoms dancing in the sun. This man the duke singled out as likely to be a fit object for a frolic. He began, therefore, by making some enquiry concerning him, and soon learnt, that he was an unfortunate, poor creature, who, having laid out his whole stock in the purchase of a commission, had behaved with great bravery in the war in hopes of preferment; but, upon conclusion of the peace, had been reduced to starve upon half pay. This the duke thought a favourable circumstance for his purpose; but he learnt, upon further enquiry, that the captain, having a wife and several children, had been reduced to the necessity of sending them down to Yorkshire, whether he instantly transmitted them the moiety of his half-pay, which would not subsist them near-

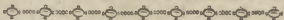
er London, and reserved the other moiety to keep himself upon the spot, where alone he could hope for an opportunity of obtaining a more advantageous situation. These particulars afforded a new scope for the duke's genius, and he immediately began his operation. After some time, when every thing had been prepared, he watched an opportunity, as the captain was sitting alone busied in thought, to send his gentleman to him, with his compliments, and an invitation to dinner the next day. The duke, having placed himself at a convenient distance, saw his messenger approach without being perceived, and to begin to speak without being heard: He saw his intended guest start, at length, from his reverie, like a man frightened out of a dream, and gaze with a foolish look of wonder and perplexity at the person that accosted him, without seeming to comprehend what he said, or to believe his senses, when it was repeated to him. In short, he saw, with infinite satisfaction, all that could be expected in the looks, behaviour, and attitude of a man, addressed in so abrupt and unaccountable a manner; and, as the sport depended on the man's sensibility, he discovered so much of that quality, on striking the first stroke, that he promised himself success beyond his former hopes. He was told, however, that the captain returned thanks for the honour intended him, and

would wait upon his grace at the time appointed. When he came, the duke received him with particular marks of civility; and, taking him aside, with an air of great secrecy and importance, told him, that he had desired the favour of his company to dine, chiefly upon account of a lady who had long had a particular regard for him, and had expressed a great desire to be in his company, which her situation made it impossible for her to accomplish, without the assistance of a friend; that having learnt these particulars by accident, he had taken the liberty to bring them together; and added, that he thought such an act of civility (whatever might be the opinion of the world) would be no imputation on his honour. During this discourse, the duke enjoyed a profound astonishment at the various changes and confusion that appeared in the captain's face, who, after he had a little recovered himself, began a speech with great solemnity, in which the duke perceived he was labouring, in the best manner he could, to insinuate that he doubted whether he was not imposed upon, and whether he ought not to resent it; and, therefore, to put an end to his difficulties at once, the duke laid his hand upon his breast, and very devoutly swore, that he told him nothing that he did not believe, upon good evidence, to be true.

When word was brought that dinner was

ved, the captain entered the dining-room with curiosity and wonder; but his wonder was unspeakably encreased, when he saw, at the table, his own wife and children. The duke had begun his frolic by sending for them out of Yorkshire, and had as much, if not more, astonished the lady, than he had done her husband, to whom he took care she should have no opportunity to send a letter. It is much more easy to conceive than describe a meeting so sudden, unexpected, and extraordinary: It is sufficient to say, that it afforded the duke the highest entertainment, who, at length, with much difficulty, quietly seated them at his table, and persuaded them to eat, without thinking either of yesterday or to-morrow. Soon after dinner was over, word was brought to the duke, that his lawyer attended about some business by his grace's order. The duke, willing to have a short truce with the various enquiries of the captain about his family, ordered the lawyer to be introduced, who, pulling out a deed that the duke was to sign, was directed to read it, with an apology to the company for interruption. The lawyer accordingly began to read, when, to complete the adventure, and the confusion and astonishment of the poor captain and his wife, the deed appeared to be a settlement which the duke had made upon them, of a genteel sufficiency for life. Having gravely heard

the instrument read, without appearing into take any notice of the emotions of his guests, he signed and sealed it, and delivered it to the captain's hand, desiring him to accept it without compliments; 'For,' says he, 'I assure you it is the last thing I would have done, if I thought I could have employed my money or my time more to my satisfaction in any other way.'



T A L E XCVIII.

A Certain cardinal, by the multitude of his generous actions, was stiled the patron of the poor, had a constant custom once or twice a week, to give public audience to all indigent people in the hall of his palace, and to relieve every one according to their various necessities, or the motions of his own bounty.

One day a poor widow, encouraged with the fame of his generosity, came into the hall of this cardinal, with her only daughter, a beautiful maid, about fifteen years of age. When her turn came to be heard, among the crowd of petitioners, the cardinal, discerning the marks of an extraordinary modesty in her face and carriage, as

also in her daughter, he encouraged her to tell her wants freely. She blushing, and not without tears, thus addressed herself to him: ‘ My lord, I owe for the rent of my house five crowns, and such is my misfortune, that I have no other means to pay it, save what would break my heart, since my landlord threatens to force me to it; that is, to prostitute this my only daughter, whom I have hitherto with great care educated in virtue, and an abhorrence of that odious crime. What I beg of your eminence is, That you would please to interpose your sacred authority, and protect us from the violence of this cruel man, till by our honest industry we can procure the money for him.’

The cardinal, moved with admiration of the woman’s virtue and innocent modesty, bid her be of good courage. Then he immediately wrote a billet, and giving it to the widow’s hands, ‘ Go,’ said he, ‘ to my steward with this paper, and he shall deliver thee five crowns to pay thy rent.’

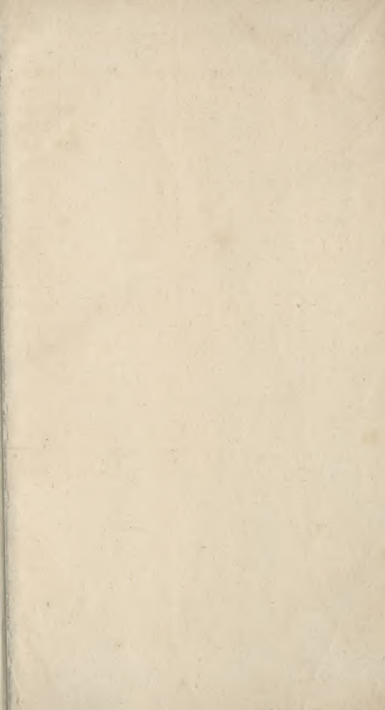
The poor woman overjoyed, and returning the cardinal a thousand thanks, went directly to his steward, and gave him the note: Which, when he had read, he told her out fifty crowns. She, astonished at the meaning of it, and fearing this was only the steward’s trick to try her honesty, refused to take above five, saying, ‘ She asked the cardinal

‘ for no more, and she was sure it was some
‘ mistake.’

On the other side, the steward insisted on his masters order, not daring to call it in question. But all the arguments he could use, were insufficient to prevail on her to take any more than five crowns. Wherefore, to end the controversy, he offered to go back with her to the cardinal, and refer it to him. When they came before that munificent prince, and he was fully informed of the business; ‘ ’Tis true,’ said he, ‘ I mistook in
‘ writing fifty crowns; give me the paper,
‘ and I will rectify it.’ Thereupon he wrote again, saying thus to the woman: ‘ So much
‘ candour and virtue deserves a recompense;
‘ here, I have ordered you five hundred
‘ crowns; what you can spare of it, lay up
‘ as a dowry to give with your daughter in
‘ marriage.

If I mistake not, this cardinal was called Farnese. But, whatever his name was, this was an action truly heroic, and which has but few parallels.

F I N I S.



x

S 18 28

Tale by P. 124 of Dr. Johnson

