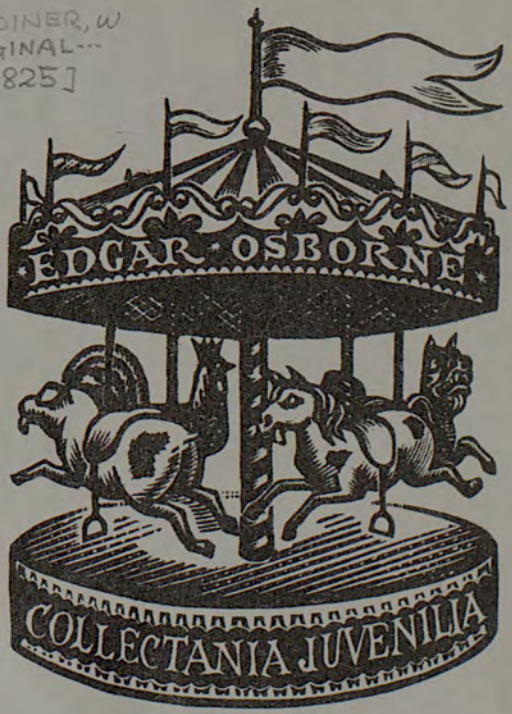

GARDINER'S ORIGINAL TALES.

ORIGINAL

TALES

FROM

MY LANDLORD,

BY

WILLIAM GARDINER,

Late Master of the Lydney and Aylburton Grammar Schools, author of the Fortnight's Visit, Story of Pigou, &c.

NEATLY EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD, BY BRANSTON, FROM DESIGNS BY G. CRUICKSHANK.

New Edition.

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cation of young persons to unqualified tutors, or persons of indifferent character is very skilfully exemplified by the story of Rajismund, and Berar, his base tutor, (p. 1.) and the story of Cusco (p. 6.) applied as an antidote to such evil, is a specimen of sublime thought, worthy the admiration of persons in greater capacities."

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Rajispund holding his converse at the fountain with the Goddess of Glory.

Prince Ladislaus and his sisters imprisoned within the Wall and Trellis Gate

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE,

SHEWN BY THE HISTORY OF RAJISPUND, SON OF THE WISE SCINDY, VIZIER TO THE SULTAN OF AVA; AND THE VISION OF CUSCO, AN HERMIT OF THE ANDES.

It is an axiom in morals, that happiness or misery is impressed upon the mind according to the true or false view it takes of human things. Experience also proves that the wisest parents are not always fortunate in communicating to their offspring their own virtues and prudence; which defect must result from their continued abstraction in the high speculations their talents and occupations force upon them, and not from a want of parental solicitude for their interest and honor. The high concerns of the improvement of their children's minds are therefore generally entrusted to deputies who study their own interests and vitiate them, by their compliance with the passions of their pupils, rather than teach them, by restraint, to know the value and beauty of virtue. This truism is shewn in the history of Rajispund, Son of the Wise Scindy, Vizier to the

Sultan of Ava. This great minister was not only one of the wisest statesmen of his age, but the virtues and amiable qualities of his heart rivalled, even his political fame. His word was the mandate of truth, his advice, the decision of wisdom in the councils of the empire. He was the favourite of the Sultan, the shield and oracle of his people, and the name of Scindy became the symbol of respect through all the kingdoms of Asia: but the cares of the government absorbed all his attention, and he committed his only Son Rajispund, to the hypocritical and base hearted Brachman Berar; to be instructed in the knowledge of the sciences and duties of virtue and religion. Rajispund, from his youth, possessed a vivid imagination that produced an enthusiasm which depended on the talents of his tutor, to be directed either to the energies of virtue or caprices of folly: The base heart of Berar, who undertook the toil of instruction for interest, pursued the easiest way, and indulged his pupil in all his eccentricities. The passion of fame was the paramount idol of his breast, and

so deep was its impression, Rajispund conceived his talents superior to those of all other mortals, and that he deserved to be raised to the highest office of state, even when he scarcely had conceived a single statute of the code of its laws. Berar, who viewed with a serpent's triumph, this folly in his pupil increased with his vile flatteries, his influence to obtain from him more presents. The vanity of Rajispund taught him to ridicule the wise decrees of Providence, and when misfortunes or sickness overwhelmed any of his favourites, in his infidelity he would declare that chance alone governed the world or such things would not happen. This unhappy youth with his other bad qualities, had imbibed the hypocrisy of his tutor, and with the covering of virtue so artfully concealed his vices, that notwithstanding frequent complaints, against his conduct were made to his father, he rejected them with disdain, so much he was deceived by his outward appearance.

The pride of Rajispund increased with his

years, and his mind became so infatuated that he conceived the goddess of glory was always hovering over him, and would crown him one day with a diadem. He would frequently retire to a fountain in the palace gardens of his father, and summon glory to appear to him, when he would in his conceit pretend to hold a conversation with her, and his base tutor, to fill up the measure of his ambition would hail him as emperor, and pretend to bestow on him divine honours. Rajispund had just attained his twentieth year, and his father intended that day to present him to his sovereign, but he was seized with an apoplexy whilst dressing for the occasion, and died instantly. After the time of mourning was past, the Sultan, to show his respect for the father, visited Rajispund to condole with him, and if he found him qualified to raise him to his late father's office, but he discovered in him such folly and ignorance that he retired with disgust. This mortification was deeply felt by Rajispund in defiance of the aids of his presumption, and a kind of light broke upon his mind that told him his

vanity deserved it. But Berar, his tutor, coming in soon after quite dissipated his gloom by the assurances this contempt of the Sultan was caused by jealousy of his abilities

The vain Rajispund believed the flatterer, and to elevate his spirits, gave orders for a magnificent banquet to which all the disaffected of the city were invited. The friends of his late father remonstrated upon the folly of his conduct, but he turned from them with disdain. The riotous dissipations of Rajispund soon wasted the vast treasures left him, and he was compelled to sell estate after estate, rather than condescend to retrench his expences, and humble his pride; but gloomy reflections in spite of the flatteries of Berar and his other parasites would haunt his mind, and lift in it the image of virtue, which the tinsel of folly had concealed, but not distroyed. In these paroxysms he would steal from his palace and wander in the forest, to ponder under its shade, which added but to the melancholy of his thoughts: as he was one day making his perambulation, he espied a dervise,

with a scroll of paper in his hand, approaching towards him; he saluted the holy man, and curiosity prompted him to enquire the nature of the subject, written on his scroll. Thou shalt know my son, said he, if thou wilt repose with me under the shade of this palm tree. Rajispund complied, and the Dervise read the following Peruvian Tale, which had been copied by him into the Shanscrit.

THE VISION OF CUSCO,

An Hermit of the Andes.

"In the splendid reign of Abalpa, 47th Inca of the line of Mango, the great founder of the Peruvian nation, when that rich empire had reached the zenith of its glory and strength, flourished Cusco the hermit, the fame of whose wisdom extended over all the vast western continent.

This venerable man inhabited a cave in a mountain a few leagues distant from the capital, and the simplicity of his life exceeded the austerities of the Bramins of the east; the waters of the rock, and fruits of the forest were the

only luxuries he enjoyed; and he shielded his temperate frame from the vicissitudes of the seasons by a mat simply woven from the grass of the Savanna.

Cusco was a faithful disciple of the worship of the sun, and piously believed, that the souls of all good men would enjoy, when released by death, everlasting bliss in the topaz chambers of his brightness.

Like the Israelitish king, Cusco knew all the virtues of the plants, from the humble hyssop, on the wall, to the lofty cedar of the mountains, and his meditative wisdom had penetrated deep into the mysteries of nature's workings. From the sanctity of his manners, and the benevolence of his life he was believed to be, by the simple children of the forest, something beyond human; and his cave was crowded by devotees and the victims of pain from the rising of the sun on the snowy Andes till his setting beams crimsoned the western waters of the ocean; and though Cusco was sometimes rendered unhappy from his acquaintance with the accidents of humanity.

he was ignorant of the evils which flowed from her injustice, and the serenity of his mind had never been clouded by doubts of the justice of Providence.

It was at the time, when Cusco, by command of the Inca, went to the city, to attend him in a dangerous illness, that he first beheld the real miseries of man, and inequalities of the human condition, and the prospects darkened his mind with a scepticism of the impartiality of heaven. He frequently shed tears amid the splendours and pleasures of the palace, and deeply regretted the loss of that ignorance which in the obscurity of his cavern had made him the happiest of mortals.

One morning when the mind of this holy man was more than usuallly disturbed by his doubts, he rose early from his couch, and walked to the temple, to wait the coming of the priests to begin their sacrifices, and reposing himself in the eastern portico, endeavoured to soothe his agitation, by watching the crimson heralds of the god of day, and idol of his country, tinging with their blushes the white

brows of the distant mountains, when his attention was suddenly interrupted by the approach to the temple of a group of miners, whose famished looks bespoke the severities of their wants, and their wasted, and lacerated frames the toils and dangers they endured. "Merciful Creator of the palace of the sun! cried the virtuous but mistaken Cusco, canst thou be just, and view these comfortless images of thy brightness? who denied by their cruel task-masters the bounties of the parent of the earth's fruitfulness, are come to offer up their thanksgivings with gratitude upon his altar." The murmurings of his infidelity increased, on his perceiving the glittering train of the Inca followed by the wealthy of the city, coming to offer up their sacrifices, at whose near approach, the slaves, trembling retired and fell prostrate. "Surely, continued Cusco in agony, but few of thy creatures are born to taste of happiness; the bulk of men are miserable dependents, the victims of incessant pains and cruelties, and despoiled even by their tyrants of the comfort of hope!"

The deep sigh broke from his bosom, and he rose with agitation to enter the temple when a deep sleep overcame him.

He dreamt he was sitting under the branches of the palm tree that shadowed the entrance of his cave from the intolerable splendour of the noon day sun, and deeply pondering upon the miseries of human life. When a figure of gigantic stature, in shining apparel, the fierceness of whose countenance he could scarcely behold, suddenly stood before him, and extending out his arm bore him in an instant to the temple. He perceived the same wretched procession of slaves he had seen in the morning, and the murmurings of doubt were again rising into his bosom, when the angel bid him again cast his eyes upon the slaves, but what was his astonishment! at beholding, instead of the miserable group of miners, a shining crowd, with smiling countenances, crowned with flowers, the whiteness of whose robes eclipsed the brightness of the fleecy cloud that vails the empress of the night, and each playing on a musical instru-

ment, the ravishing sounds of which were almost insupportable to human sense. Surely, exclaimed Cusco, overcome with awe, and falling at the feet of the angel, these cannot be those desolate beings I saw approaching the temple. "Rise son of the dust, cried the angel sternly, and learn wisdom from the lessons of Misra, the minister of truth." Cusco trembled and would have deprecated, with the Confession of his weakness, the anger of Misra, but he commanded him again to rise, and attend to his instruction. "Like the feeble offspring of humanity, continued the angel, thy senses are deceived by outward appearances, the picture thou now seest of the slaves is what hope paints upon their minds, whose splendour conceals from them their own real condition, and affords them a happiness, which neither the Inca, his nobles, nor the wealthy of the city enjoy. Their pains and privations, which wound only the bosom of benevolence, are unfelt by themselves through the mercy of the all bountiful Providence, as a counterbalance to the injustice of their op-

pressors; and the serenity of their minds is perpetually brightened by the lustre of eternal prospects: humble and pious, they fervently believe that when the clouded lamp of their existence shall be quenched, they will enjoy, crowned with unfading flowers, everlasting bliss in the shining bowers of the sun."

Cusco felt humbled and would again have prostrated himself, but the angel, with a smile of compassion, bid him look towards the city, when he beheld the splendid train of the Inca advancing towards the temple. As they approached the portico, Misra lifted up his arm, and the glittering robes and sparkling ornaments of the greater part of them fell off, exposing their naked bodies wasted by luxury and disease, and their countenances frightfully distorted by pain.

"Merciful Creator of the universe! cried Cusco, can these miserable victims be the nobles and wealthy of the city that came out in the train of the Inca?" They are answered Misra and their present appearance is

what fear, the counter work of hope, depicts upon their own minds: Slaves to their senses and victims of their passions, at the surfeiting banquet they sacrifice the noble energies given them by their Creator, and forfeit by their debaucheries the rewards of temperance. "Vigour of body and purity of mind." Their wealth and power, conferred for the promotion of the social welfare, but create in them unquenchable desires, which the langour of their senses, palled by excess, in vain attempts to gratify. The cruelty and misery of their depraved hearts increase with the surfeit of their appetites, and they strive, but vainly, to revenge the loss of their destructive pleasures by plunging deeper into vice, and oppressing with increased injustice their fellow creatures. Conscience mocks their presumption, and her terrible recoils shiver their guilty souls and extinguish all hope, and they only view in the desolate despair that surrounds them, the tormentors of their crimes, "pain," "terror," and "remorse," which strip them of their splendour, and make them appear in

their dark reflections those desolate victims that now wound your sensibility and excite your compassion. Those good children of the sun, who retain their splendid dresses, are the shining witnesses of the strength of humanity, whose purity, no temptations can assail, or luxury or power corrupt. Virtuous for virtue's sake, and because it adorns their nature, their energies are solely directed for the advancement of the social welfare, and they find their high rewards in the consciousness of their having fulfilled their duties. Their piety, the sweet savoury offering to the God of mercies, ascends from the altar of brotherly love. Wisdom teaches them humility, and conscious of their own weakness, they bend with faith and resignation to the dispensations of an all-wise Providence, who best can guide their temporal welfare; meekly hoping, that when they shall have passed this rugged vale of mortality, they shall enjoy unclouded repose in the shining mansions of his glory.

Son of the dust, let the visions, which this

day the angel of truth, in mercy, has revealed to thee, sink deep into thy heart, and teach thee that *faith* which never doubts the justice of *his wisdom*, whose *might* raised the beams of the universe, and whose word filled its immeasurable bounds with worlds of life, of joy, and beauty." Cusco trembled and wept, and was rising to fall at Misra's feet, when the chains of his forgetfulness broke, and he found himself walking in the midst of the crowd into the temple, to offer up his thanksgivings to the parent of light, whose splendid fires already glittered on the altar."

While reading the Narrative, conviction flashed upon the soul of Rajispund, like the sun which burst from the darkened chaos, and its glorious rays shewed him the deformity of his past conduct, and the beauty of the image of virtue, and when the Dervise had concluded, he shed tears, and grasping eagerly his hand, confessed to him his errors, and his determination of repentance. Rajispund, answered the holy man, with a smile of benignity, know that the Mighty Creator of

our feeble frame is sensible of all its weaknesses, and though terrible in his wrath, his mercy exceeds his justice; thy repentance has cancelled thy misdeeds, and thou wilt now enjoy the fruits of thy reward in a peaceful conscience, and perfect knowledge of virtue, that will teach thee the vanity of externals, and that there is no real happiness but in the activity of doing good. I need not add the advice which thy conviction has already shewn thee, to banish from thy presence thy pernicious counsellors, and open thy doors only to men of integrity and wisdom. Farewell, my son, this day has given me a rich reward, by the conversion of a son of error, not of vice; farewell again;" of happiness, thou art now certain. Rajispund retired, meditating to his palace, and when the vicious Berar presented himself, he bid the corrupter of his youth depart, and never enter his presence again. Rajispund now diligently applied himself to the study of real wisdom, and was found again by his father's friends who rejoicing in his amendment, reinstated him in his former prosperity.

THE PROTECTION OF PROVIDENCE,

EXEMPLIFIED BY HIS CARE AND DELIVERANCE OF THE ROYAL HUNGARIAN CAPTIVES.

At the commencement of the sixteenth century, Solyman the magnificent, Emperor of the Turks, whose name struck terror into all the Christian nations of Europe, invaded with a powerful army the kingdom of Hungary. Every town, as he approached, submitted readily to him, until he arrived at a fortress, which stood upon a river that ran into the Danube, and commanded the only ford which the Turks could pass to attack the army of Lewis, the king, who was encamped in a plain, a league distant from its banks. Solyman dispatched an herald to demand its immediate surrender, under the pain of extermination, should the garrison offer resistance. The governor, a youth of eighteen years of age, but a relation to Lewis, modestly replied to the summons, that he would defend to the last extremity the castle of his lawful sovereign, and as the Turkish army advanced, he

ordered the batteries to be opened upon them, which caused among their thick columns a most terrible carnage. Solyman, inflamed with rage at the boldness of the besieged, vowed by his beard, he would be revenged, and ordered his heavy artillery under the command of the Viziers' son to advance immediately, and endeavour to make a practicable breach in the walls; but to save his troops, he commanded his army to retreat out of the reach of the guns of the fortress, where they encamped, leaving only a chosen corps to storm the place soon as a breach was effected. Unfortunately on the seventh day the enemy's cannon had battered down so much of the wall that the storming party entered, and put every soul they met to the sword, excepting Ladislaus, the intrepid governor, who compelled by the tears of his two sisters, disguised himself in a splendid female dress, and with them retired to an inner appartment of the castle, expecting every moment death. They heard the assailants on the stairs, shouting vengeance, the sisters of Ladislaus scream-

ed through fear, and at the same moment the Vizier's son entered, followed by his troops. They would have fallen instant victims to their rage had not the commander, struck with the beauty of the captives, raised his scymetar as a signal for his soldiers to retire, when the captives fell at his feet and thanked him for their preservation. The Vizier's son, who had fixed his eyes on Theodosia, the youngest sister, took her hand and raised her up, bidding the others also to be assured of their safety. Put confidence, fair princeses, in me, whom you suppose your enemy, said the Vizier, I will conduct you first to my father's tent, where you will repose in safety, until I can send you to my palace in Constantinople. Then desiring them to follow him, he took them through the army to the tent of his father, which shortly after, Solyman entered, and seeing the princesses, sternly demanded of the Vizier's son who they were? Three prisoners, he replied, he had taken in the fortress. Let them, said the emperor, be conveyed, by the eunuchs, to my Harem in

the Seraglio; they are young, and we will teach them our faith. The Vizier's son was confounded, but disguised it from Solyman, and turning towards Theodosia, spoke with his eyes, how that she owed her and her sister's lives to his love, and that he hoped she would be grateful. He contrived to see the chief of the eunuchs before he departed with his escort for Constantinople, and bribing him with a considerable present, secured his promise that he would be kind to the captives. The same day Ladislaus and his sisters set off for the Harem, was fought the fatal battle between Solyman and Lewis, king of Hungary, in which the latter lost his life, his crown and his army. Ladislaus, who understood the Turkish language, heard the dismal intelligence from the Couriers, who passed them on the road, and his agitations were so great that it excited suspicions in the eunuchs; he perceived, however, their jealousy, and wisely restrained his grief. In a few days they arrived at Constantinople, and *were lodged in a place in the Harem, that was*

surrounded by a wall and trellis gate, and which also enclosed a beautiful garden. Great as was their sorrow at their captivity, they rejoiced they were not separated and indulged with so much liberty, free from any intruders, for the eunuchs only visited them night and morning with food, and to do the necessary offices, when they retired; but even this consolation lessened its value when they reflected upon their certain captivity, and the consequences that inevitably would ensue from it on the return of Solyman to his Capital. I, said the brave Ladislaus, could rejoice, my sisters, at the prospect of the shortness of my sufferings, were it not for the ignominy of dying by the hands of infidel slaves, for so soon as the haughty Turk will discover me, he, will condemn me to the most cruel tortures, aggravated by his revenge on learning that I was the commander that so bravely opposed the progress of his army, but you, my dear sisters, he will spare and raise to honours, though never, I hope, at the expence of abandoning your faith in the God of your salva-

tion. Do you think, interrupted the sisters, so meanly of the royal descendants of the kings of Hungary, those memorable champions of the cross of Christ, that to avoid death and seek honours from infidels we would cast off our religion? No Ladislaus, though we are feeble women, our souls possess the courage of Hungarians, and death in our present abject condition, will be hailed by us only as a blessing, but let us not reject all hope. God is merciful, and his arm defyeth the strength of armies, and the wrath of tyrants; in his mercy he may yet choose to effect our deliverance from our enemies. Ladislaus kissed his sisters, and retired with them into their chamber, as he had perceived the approach of the eunuchs. When they were gone, he told his sisters the pleasing intelligence that Solyman would not return to Constantinople for three months, according to the discourse of the eunuchs, which he had overheard; it greatly rejoiced them, and strengthened their confidence in being able to escape from their confinement during that

period. When the moon shone Ladislaus and his sisters spent the greatest part of the night in the garden, their conversation lightened their sorrows, and they were always contriving some plan for their escape. Late one evening as they were discoursing in the alcove, near the trellis gate, upon their captivity, and weeping over the miseries of their unhappy country, and the fate of the unfortunate Lewis, (for Ladislaus had recounted to his sisters how that brave monarch had perished in a battle in which his army was nearly destroyed) they fancied they heard footsteps near the gate; "we are lost," whispered Ladislaus softly, let us retire, for we have been overheard; as they rose in surprise to go to their chamber, *Ladislaus perceived a figure at the trellis who beckoned him to approach, he* started through fear, but at length boldly advanced *and received from the hands of a woman a letter, who, soon as she had delivered it glided away like a shadow.* With a palpitating heart Ladislaus joined his sisters, whom he found weeping bitterly and lamenting their

indiscretion; which probably would occasion their instant death. He shewed them the letter he had received, instantly opened it, and to his inexpressible joy read by the light of the lamp, the following contents.

"Royal Captives rejoice, your deliverance is at hand, I have overheard your discourse, and sympathise in your sufferings; to-morrow night, at two o'clock you are free, Selima; the wife of Solyman, and an Hungarian by birth, promises you this favour which your misfortunes merit." Tears of gratitude ran down the cheeks of the captives, they fell upon their knees, and fervently thanked their God who had worked this great marvel for them. Sweet was their pillow of rest that night, and they rose with joyful expectation at the early sun. They counted each hour of the day, and rejoiced when the shadows of night had quenched the sun's lamp; expectation rose high in their bosoms as the guard of the eunuchs pronounced the hour of ten, eleven had passed and they had only one hour more when their deliverance would be effected; they

listened to every sound, their hearts beat violently, they heard footsteps coming towards the gate, it opened, but what was their astonishment and horror when the Vizier's son presented himself to their sight. He seized the hand of Theodosia, and put into it a casket of jewels. I have, ladies, said he, at the risk of my life entered the Seraglio to inform you at the hour of one I will take you from your prison and escort you to a place of safety on the other side the Hellespont, far from the power of Solyman; there I will make you my wife, and oppress your sisters with equal wealth on your account. I must now depart as the eunuchs, whom I have bribed, are going off guard; farewell, at one o'clock expect your deliverer, and saluting the trembling Theodosia, he immediately decamped. Ladislaus and his sisters wept bitterly, it was almost twelve o'clock, and if the Sultan had forgot her promise, they would be lost, as the Vizier's son would return in a short time. The fatal hour of twelve had sounded, they groaned bitterly, and surrendered themselves

up as lost, at that moment the gate opened, and a tall person covered with an eunuch's cloak entered. "You thought I had forgotten you captives," said the empress, throwing off her cloak and exposing her glittering dress, "follow me instantly;" cheerfully they obeyed, and the empress led them to a small house near the gate of the Seraglio, that faced the water. "Change your dresses," said she, "or at least disguise yourselves in these Grecian habits; take these jewels, they will defray your expences to your own country, and when you are arrived there, pray to the God of mercies for your deliver, the Apostate Selima." Ladislaus and his sisters wept for joy; they would have knelt at the feet of the empress, but she forbad them. "Lose not your time," said she, "the guides will be here in a moment, and will row you to a ship, that sails this night for Venice." When they were dressed, the empress made a signal, and in a few minutes six eunuchs entered, who took them to the river side, and rowed them in a boat to the

ship in the stream, which instantly hoisted sail, and by the morning light they were in the Archipelago. They arrived safely at Venice, and Ladislaus reached Hungary to join his victorious countrymen in their brave expulsion of the Turks.

Poor mortals! when afflictions wound,
  Too soon yield to despair.
Unmindful that a power is round
  To gnard the just with care.
In sickness, floods, captivity,
  His saving help attends
Nor leaves them in their misery
  Until their trial ends.

THE SILVER ARROW,

Or History of the Princess Bright Star, the only daughter of the wise Nouradden, Sultan of the Decan.

In the early ages of the world, when Fairies and Genii interfered with the destinies of man, lived the wise Nouraddin, sultan of the Decan, one of the most flourishing regions of Asia.

He had been married many years to Mysora, the fair and accomplished daughter of the sultan Gobonda, but had only one child to complete the measure of his earthly happiness.

The Princess Bright-Star, for that was her name, to the great joy of her doating parents, grew daily in beauty and loveliness, like the young rose in the sheltered valley.

Her acuteness of mind astonished the wise men of the court, for she acquired the mysteries of knowledge as by enchantment. Her voice resembled the chords of heavenly music, and she was in her habits, gentle as the lamb, and kind and benevolent to every

one. Generosity seemed to have placed her throne in her bosom, and the purest currents of sensibility flowed in it. And as her beauty rivetted every eye that beheld her, her wisdom chained their constancy and respect.

Nineteen suns had ripened the beauty of Bright Star, and burnished with perfect lustre the happiness of the sultan and sultanness.

The beauty and wisdom of the Princess Bright Star was known to all the princes of Asia, and the mightiest monarchs came to her father's court to solicit her in marriage.

One of them was Asmerio, Sultan of the kingdom of Ava, whose features were plain, but he possessed the most intelligent mind. Vingola, Sultan of Bisnagar, was on the contrary possessed of a most beautiful exterior, insinuating manners, and corrupted dispositions.

Bright Star admired the good qualities of Asmerio, but could not reconcile herself to the defects of his person.

When the Princess Bright Star had completed the first year of her age, all the fairies, according to custom, had attended her baptism, and one of them, named Experience, had presented to her a silver arrow. This arrow, which was an emblem of Conscience, had watched her whole conduct and actions; and so often as she erred in the path of wisdom, this arrow painfully wounded her.

One evening, as she was in the ball-room, after slighting Asmerio, and going to dance with Vingola, the arrow most painfully wounded, though it did not scar, her forehead.

She looked with anxiety for the arrow, but could not find it. And as she was musing on the very strange adventure, she thought she heard sighs near her. She listened with attention, and found they issued from the bosom of a lady, apparently a Princess, who sat next her, deeply veiled.

Bright Star, oppressed by sympathy

and curiosity turned towards the princess to enquire the cause of her grief, when she was interrupted by the princess, asking her without any ceremony, if she did not think the Sultan of Bisnagar the handsomest prince in the ball-room? "Certainly," replied Bright Star, "and the most accomplished dancer." The stranger sighed more deeply, adding "the fairest outside often conceals the basest heart." This expression terrified Princess Bright Star, and excited her utmost curiosity; she was going to reply, but was interrupted by the presence of Vingola, and the Princess of Ophir, who began to rally her indolence for not joining their company. And Vingola seizing her hand, earnestly entreated her to go down with him another dance; but she positively refused, pleading indisposition. The gay sultan and his partner instantly rejoined the light-foot-corps, and Bright Star, whose curiosity had feigned her excuse, turned towards the seat on which the stranger had sate to resume her conversation, but what was her surprise when she found she was gone. Disap-

pointed and vexed, she immediately left the ball-room, and retired to her chamber; her agitations became so real, she burst into tears, pondering on the strange adventure, and mentally saying this unfortunate stranger certainly loves Vingola; and without doubt he has behaved perfidiously to her; how I long to unravel the mystery; certainly the stranger under the influence of her passion will linger about the court, and I shall have another opportunity to discourse with her. During her reverie she heard a slight tap at the door of her chamber, she rose, and to her astonishment met the stranger, who on entering, unveiled herself and discovered such charms that Bright Star believed them more than human, for the sweet melancholy that shaded her countence impressed on them a kind of divinity. "Madam!" said the stranger, "forgive the instrusion of the unhappy Princess of Bengal! who is come to save you from destruction! The treacherous Vingola, who ensnared my youthful heart then cast me like a loathsome weed away, pretends to love you, but

he is a deceiver; and when he has gained your confidence, will serve you in the base manner he has me". Bright Star started at this intelligence, but not on her own account; for she had indulged no admiration for Vingola, but for the unhappy fate, of the stranger whose hand she grasped, moistening it with tears. Sister of compassion, said the unhappy stranger, let me reveal to you the whole of my history, that no doubt may remain upon your mind of my accusation against the treacherous Vingola. She now related her being, the only daughter of the Sultan of Bengal; and heiress to his vast dominions, how her hand had been demanded, in marriage by the Sultan of Bisnagar; and that she trusting to his vows, suffered herself to be deceived, and to abscond with her seducer, to one of his palaces in the mountains of Ava; where, after his remaining with her a month, he told her one morning he was sorry his heart was engaged to the fair Princess Bright Star, the daughter of a rich sultan in the south, and that he should depart that day to solicit her hand in marriage "I raved! I cried! called

him base deceiver, and threatened him with the vengeonce of my father; he laughed at my pains, and tears, and cruelly said, I ought to blame, my own weak virtue, and not him for my misery. I heard no more, for I fainted. When recovered, the servants informed me the sultan was gone to the south to marry a beautiful princess, and that I was to remain a prisoner for ever in that palace. I perceived it was useless in me to complain to these mercenary wretches;—and so artfully concealed; my grief, contriving means to escape, but all my endeavours proved abortive, and I was more narrowly watched, I surrendered myself up as the resigned victim, of despair and prayed the good spirits to release me by death."

"One evening, as I was weeping bitterly my cruel fate, a shining light illuminated my chamber, and I perceived an old woman in a russet gown approaching my bed, "Rise princess," she said, "and follow me, your deliverance is come." I rose, dressed myself, and knelt at her feet, she bid me grasp her hand, and in a few minutes I found myself in my own chamber in the presence of my

maids. I thanked my deliverer with tears and sighs, she embraced me, and shedding over me the rose of peace, my agitations immediately ceased. My father, who had been apprised of my arrival now entered my appartment, and bowing to Guelera, caught me in his arms, pressing me with all the ardour of affection to his bosom; when his transports had somewhat subsided he thanked the good fairy, but vowed revenge against the traitor Vingola. Calm your passions sultan said Guelera, all will end well; at present your attempts to punish the Monarch of Bisnagar would cause your own destruction; he is now assisted by the necromancers; and mortal resistance to him would be vain, but their powers will soon cease, and as I said before all will end well. The good fairy gave us her blessing, and then vanished. The sultan my father gave orders the same day for the disbanding of the army, which he had levied to invade Vingola's kingdom, and being shortly after obliged to visit some of his distant provinces I resolved during his absence, to make a journey to the Deccan to warn you princess

of your danger in placing your confidence . the base Sultan of Bisnagar." Princess Bright Star, who had listened with the deepest attention to the narrative of the unhappy princess, rose and falling on her neck burst into a torrent of tears, for horror had so chained the faculties of her speech she could only articulate perfidious betrayer! The soothing caresses of the Princess of Bengal at length calmed the violence of her grief, and Bright Star assured the Princess she had never loved Vingola. This candour in Bright Star gave great pleasure to the amiable sufferer, for she still loved her betrayer. She kissed Bright Star and then rose, bidding her farewell. Princess Bright Star urged her to remain some time at her father's court. But the Princess of Bengal proving the necessity of her immediate departure lest her father should know of her absence,—Bright Star with reluctance, consented to her release. When the princess retired she began to ruminate upon the folly of her conduct in giving encouragement to a prince of whose base desire

she was well assured. She resolved to communicate to the Sultan and Sultaness the fate of the Princess of Bengal, and request them to forbid Vingola intruding in future on her presence. The image of Asmerio now rose upon her mind, adorned with all his virtues; "Amiable Prince," said she mentally, "though thy face is plain, thy good heart is as bright as the spirit of purity; thou art worthy of me, and will protect my happiness. I will hearken to my father's and mother's counsels, and no more torture, with my vanity, the most generous of men." Tears followed these tender sentiments, which she could not conceal from the Sultan and Sultaness, who just entered her chamber to enquire what caused her absence from the ball room. The Princess immediately related the sufferings of the Princess of Bengal; and urgently requested her father to command the Sultan of Bisnagar instantly to depart his court. The Sultan could scarcely, for his indignation, tell his daughter he had resolved upon it, and instantly rose for the purpose of giving orders.

Vingola when the Chamberlain of the Court delivered the message, vowed revenge, but thought it most prudent to take his departure that night. The Sultan and Sultaness had a conversation with Asmerio the same evening, on the change of their daughter's sentiments, and that their wish was their nuptials should be celebrated in a few days. It is beyond the fancy even of the poets of Asia to describe the joy of the enraptured lover, he thanked the Sultan and Sultaness, in all the rhapsodies of a person inspired, and urged to be introduced to the Princess, that he might express to her his gratitude. Something has afflicted my daughter too much this evening; to-morrow, Asmerio, said the Sultan, she will be gratified by your declaration, and be assured the Sultaness and myself will not be the least happy of the party. The next morning the lovers were made as happy, as happy could be; and the marriage was intended for the next day. The preceding evening the Sultan Sultaness, Asmerio, and Bright Star took a walk into the royal gardens to enjoy the cool

ness of the air and splendour of the evening. They were near the myrtle bower opposite the fountain, where Guelera had appeared to Asmerio: some beautiful roses grew near the spot; Bright Star admired their fragrance increased by the dewy breath of the evening; Asmerio said he would gather some,—the Sultan and Sultaness laughed, and said they would assist him to make a bouquet for their daughter, and Bright Star complaining she was fatigued, said she could repose the while in the mrytle bower. In a moment they were alarmed with a shriek, and instantly heard a loud laugh. Asmerio suspecting it was the Princess, ran trembling to the bower, followed by the Sultan and Sultaness in equal agitation. But how inexpressible their grief and astonishment upon their entering the bower, to find the Princess gone. Asmerio raved and called upon her name, as he run wild about the gardens; the Sultaness fainted away, and it was not until the arrival of her attendants, the distracted Sultan had succeeded in recovering her. The Sultan then

commanded them, to go in search of Asmerio; whom from the wildness of his distraction could not comprehend the Sultan required his presence. The garden and adjacent country was immediately searched by the royal guards, to discover the Princess, but no tidings could be had of her. When the stupor of their grief had subsided, all were agreed the Princess had been taken away by the contrivance of the wicked Vingola, and Asmerio took leave of the afflicted parents in the morning, declaring he never would return without their daughter: a hundred couriers were also dispatched on the like expedition, into all the provinces of Asia. Asmerio who bent his course towards Bisnagar, had made fruitless enquiries in the cities of that vast empire, but could gather no tidings, and under the disguise of a pilgrim, he even entered the court of Vingola, but though the Sultan was there, he could learn nothing of Bright Star. He was wearied and hopeless, for he had travelled on foot eleven moons, and began to think the Princess had concealed herself

to torment him, and he resolved on returning to the Decan on the following morning, as his anxiety and despair had almost reduced him to a skeleton.

That night as he lay on his couch revolving his bitter fate, he resolved to pursue his course to the upland country of Bisnagar, which was inhabited by Tartars, who acknowledged only a slight allegiance to the Sultan; he had travelled forty days, in this direction, and found himself so exhausted, that he was compelled to repose himself one evening under a plantain tree, but the roaring of the wild beasts alarmed him very much

He continued his course till he fancied he perceived a light at a short distance from him, when he poured out a prayer to heaven that it might be no delusion.

Fear fortified his steps, and on turning the path he saw a lamp gliding before him, which stopped at the mouth of a cave, which he entered and he perceived at the end, the good fairy Guelera.

He was immediately informed of Bright Star being rescued from her captivity, and Vignola compelled to espouse the Princess of Bengal.

Happy was he with the intelligence, and the next morning Guelera took him and Princess Bright Star in her chariot to the Sultan Nouraddin's palace, where they were instantly married, and joy shed her radiant splendors upon the happy couple for the remainder of heir lives.

Virtue is man's eternal good,
  The rose that never dies;
Fortune may pour her golden flood,
  But soon her treasure flies.
Whilst virtue in our poorest state,
  Spreads fragrance o'er the mind,
A hope superior unto fate,
  As by this tale you'll find.

The Empress Para Bara praying the Good Vishnou to endow her son with his virtues.

O ! mighty Spirit, thy eternal word !
From nothing raised this universal Frame !
It's glorious Sun, and all its Worlds afford,
And gave to Man a tongue, to praise thy name.

O ! mighty Spirit, purify my thought,
And teach my grosser sense to know thy love
That my rapt Soul, with truth and reverence fraught,
May breathe a prayer to reach thy throne above.

O ! grant my Son, in virtue's ways to shine !
Wisdom to love ! thy holy laws obey !
To found his *bliss*, in social love divine,
And shun those follies which the weak betray.

MATERNAL SOLICITUDE.

EXEMPLIFIED IN THE HISTORY OF PRINCE HIPPOOCOO, THE DWARF SULTAN OF DELHI.

About ten centuries before the invasion of Asia by Alexander the Great, flourished the magnificent Buldicund Sultan of Delhi, and Lord of all the kingdoms to the East of the Indus. One morning, the Sultan after being weighed in the golden scales, and finding he had lost an ounce of fat, sat dejected on his throne, surrounded by his nobles, none of whom dared open their mouths for fear of giving offence, so heavy was the Sultan's sorrow; in the midst of this grief the lords of the bed-chamber entered and announced to his Majesty the happy tidings his empress Para Bara had been safely delivered of a Prince and heir to the kingdoms of Asia. The Sultan lifted up his heavy brow, and without deigning to show the least symptom of joy, commanded that the nurses should bring to him the infant. When they entered and Buldicund perceived his short squat figure,

he became so enraged, that he commanded them to take the little monster away, swearing by his beard, such an Hippoocoo (a word in the Shanscrit meaning the shadow of a man,) should never reign over the Indies. When the Empress was informed of the wrath of Buldicund, and his cruel determination, *she rose from her bed and walked distracted before the Palace praying the good Vishnou would make amends for the defects of her child's person by the gifts of his mind.* She felt then comforted, and returned to little Hippoocoo, whom she caressed with all a mother's fondness. Her nurse, who was a fairy, and happened to be present, assured Para Bara her son should prove an ornament to the Mogul throne, and notwithstanding the present prejudice of the Emperor, he would be chosen his successor; but she advised the Empress to remove the child during Buldicund's rage from Delhi, and send him to her brother Burramcongo in the cavern of rubies under the Equator, lest the Sultan in his fits of passion might have him strangled. Para Bara a wo-

man of quick wit, very much approved of the fairy's advice, and anxious for her child's welfare, requested her to convey him instantly to her brother, under the Equator, which she did.

The following year the Sultaness was delivered of another Son, whose shape and size so pleased Buldicund, that he named him Rajismund, which signifies manliness and beauty, and he declared him sole heir to his empire.

Under the wise Burramcongo, Hippoocoo had, even in his childhood, acquired a deep knowledge of the sciences.

There arrived as his waiting man from the Topaz valley, Nuzzi Fuzzi Aradan the son of Fadladeen, a dwarf about his own height, yet many years older and of such powerful strength that he could throw a stone five hundred weight many yards.

Burramcongo provided for the Prince's recreation all kinds of martial weapons that he and Nuzzi might exercise therewith.

And so expert had Hippoocoo become

in his tenth year, under the instruction of his companion, that he could fence better than any cavalier in Asia, and manage on horseback a lance with the greatest skill and dexterity: with his bow and arrow he could also hit the smallest sea bird, and dance, sing, and discourse with the greatest wisdom on every branch of science. Burramcongo, the day the Prince had completed his fifteenth year, [the maturity fixed by the Mogul Laws, though he knew the unnatural emperor would not acknowledge his son's right) conveyed him to his mother, that she might behold his improvements. Rejoiced as the empress was by the accomplishments of Hippoocoo, she could not refrain from tears; they were caused by a comparison of her two sons. Buldicund the Emperor had so indulged Rajismund his darling son, that he would never attend to his studies, and could scarcely read. Burramcongo who perceived the Empress' grief, and divined her thoughts, said, "Madam, do not vex yourself in the chain of destinies, it is ordered Prince Hippoocoo shall not only succeed his father,

but raise him a monument, of eternal glory by his wisdom and courage. The same evening they returned to the Cavern of Rubies, in the happy society of his preceptor, and Nuzzi Fuzzi Aradan.

Early one morning Burramcongo took Prince Hippoocoo apart into a private recess, in his cavern, and after informing him his labours had now ended, and he must return to Delhi to attend the Divan, it caused great grief in the Prince, for he loved the Necromancer. Burramcongo, pleased with his affection, placed round his neck an amulet, which he said would, whilst he was virtuous, render him invulnerable to every danger; he then shewed him in his mirror that a great tournament would be given that day at Delhi, in honor of his brother's maturity, and that it would prove a day of immortal honor to him, as he would bear off the prize, which was a bouquet of the most precious jewels, to be presented by the Empress herself; which will make it my son, said he, of greater value. Nuzzi Fuzzi Aradan shall attend you, and prove

always to you, not only a faithful counsellor but an invincible protector. Be wise my son, love virtue, and perpetual happiness will be your certain reward. He then took the Prince to his armoury, and chose two of the most beautiful suits for him, and Nuzzi Fuzzi-aradan, when pressing him to his bosom, he bid him prepare for his departure. Their fiery steeds were soon caparisoned, when the grateful Hippoocoo dropped a tear upon the hand of his friend, and mounting his horse, in an hour's time he and his Esquire perceived the towers of Delhi. They alighted at a private caravansary, and finding the tournament would not begin under two hours, they walked about the city to make enquiries respecting it. The magnificent preparations for the festival astonished them, and they were told all the princes of Asia intended contesting for the prize. As soon as they heard the flourish of the trumpets, the signal of the Sultan and Sultaness' procession from the Palace, they returned, mounted their horses, and rode to the place of Tournament.

When the Prince galloped in with his Knights to put down his name as a candidate, there was a buzz of laughter, occasioned by his presumption and diminutive figure. Conscious how soon he should convince these raillers of his prowess, and make them feel his superiority, he rode to the Sultan's tent, where he, the Sultaness and Rajismund were enthroned. Buldicund made no answer to his enquiries respecting his health, and Rajismund laughed in his face :—but the Sultaness extended her hand, and her eyes were moist, an incense that spread on his heart a balsam for all their indignities. The trumpets sounding the meeting of two combatants, Prince Hippoocoo joined Nuzzi Fuzzi Aradan his Esquire, and watched the battle. It was a furious contest, but the Tartar knight at length unhorsed his adversary, the Prince of Bengal and compelled him, to beg for his life. Another knight rode to attack the victor, whom the furious tartar instantly vanquished. Eleven of the most valiant Princes of Asia entered the lists against him, but were conquered.

Half an hour had elapsed, and the silver trumpets were sounding victory, when Prince Hippoocoo boldly rode up and picked up the gauntlet of the Tartar, who, casting at him a grin, of the most ineffable contempt, cried "puny insect retire, or with vengeance I'll chastise thy insolence." "Proud man," answered Hippoocoo with dignity, "advance and conquer if thou canst." It was a furious fight, the Tartar aiming mortal blows, but did not continue long, as Hippoocoo, by masterly address, shivered his lance and unhorsed him. The noble Prince, who might instantly have dispatched him, disdained the taking advantage of what fortune had given him, and dismounting from his horse, and throwing away his own lance, drew his sword, and nobly desired the Tartar to try his fortune once more. Furious from shame, and panting for revenge, instead of feeling admiration of his conqueror, he drew his enormous faulchion from its scabbard, and aimed so tremendous a blow at Hippoocoo, that must but for his agility, have severed his head from his body. The Prince,

before the Tartar could recover himself, wounded him in his body, but though severe, it was not mortal; and the Tartar, almost mad with rage, and disdaining the rules of combat, strove to assassinate the Prince with a mowing stroke of his scymetar. The terrors of the spectators were so great, that they endeavoured to rush into the ring; to part the combatants, and punish the Tartar; but the prince by an admirable dexterity, gave him a mortal thrust, and gained the victory. The shouts of the populace now seemed to rend the skies, and long live Prince Hippoocoo, resounded from tent to tent. The cheerful sounds recovered the Empress, who had swooned from fear, thinking that the Tartar would destroy her favorite son. After his victory, Prince Hippoocoo mounted his charger, and rode up and down the tilting ground, waiting another antagonist: the half hour had just expired, and with heart elate, he was expecting instantly to receive his reward from his royal mother, when to his astonishment he beheld his brother Rajismund

entering the ground to challenge the prize with him. Hippoocoo sighed, conscious of the mortification the Prince must endure from his certain defeat; he however threw his gauntlet down, and his haughty antagonist as quickly picked it up. The contest was short and ridiculous, for Hippoocoo instantly disarmed his brother both on horseback, and on foot. When no other knight appearing, and the heralds sounding the flourish of victory, Prince Hippoocoo rode gallantly up to the royal tent, cheered on his way by the spectators, to receive his reward. The empress wept as she presented it; but the Sultan and Rajismund (who had now joined his father,) answered his salutations with those signs of indignation and hatred, that greatly vexed him. Delhi exhibited the most splendid feasts on the occasion, but all the discourse of the people were respecting the valour of Prince Hippoocoo, adding he must and should be their future emperor. The Sultan, notwithstanding his hatred of Hippoocoo, was compelled to admit him in the Divan, where

his wisdom and judgment excited as much surprise among the nobles, as his courage had done before. The Prince, humble as wise, was not the least flattered by these praises, he reflected he did only his duty, and which was his sufficient reward, and though his virtues made no impression upon the Sultan or his brother, he found a tender comforter in his mother.

Twelve moons after the Tournament, and death of the Tartar knight, who was the son of the king of the Usbecks, the court of Delhi was thrown into the utmost consternation by the report of an immense Tartar Army having invaded the northern provinces of the Empire, and committed the most horrible ravages, burning the towns, and exterminating the people. The Divan, conscious of the power of the Tartars, were so terrified and distracted they knew not how to counsel, but Hippoocoo boldly told the Sultan, there was no course left for him to save the empire, but by resistance, and his immediately marching with all the forces he could raise against their cruel

enemy. Rajismund said it was folly to oppose so superior a force, and advised the sending presents, and prevail on the Tartar king to retire. Prince Hippoocoo replied it would be commuting the honor and safety of the empire, for the Barbarians, convinced by this submission of the weakness of the Sultan, though they might now retire, would be continually repeating their demands. Some old counsellors agreed in the advice of Hippoocoo, and the Sultan reluctantly issued his commands for assembling his army, to be commanded by himself, Rajismund, and Hippoocoo, to command the reserve.

The hasty march of the Sultan surprising and routing some of the enemy's scattered troops, so inflated himself and Rajismund, that without waiting for the junction of the reserve under Prince Hippoocoo, he rashly attacked the main army of the Tartars, commanded by their king, a person of gigantic stature, and of daring courage; the consequence of which was, the Sultan and Rajismund were taken prisoners, and the total

rout, and almost destruction of his army. Prince Hippoocoo met the flying troop in a defile, and having learnt the fate of the Sultan and his brother, determined, with the small army that remained, to attack the Tartars, and endeavour their rescue. He entreated the fugitives to join him, and to share in the recovery of the lost honor of their country. The zeal with which he spoke acted like electricity, and every helmet was instantly raised in token of victory or death. It was near dark when they reached the open country, and had ranged themselves in order of attack. Prince Hippoocoo having divided them into divisions; the one he commanded by himself, the other was under Nuzzi Fuzzi Aradan. He then called a counsel of war, when Nuzzi Fuzzi Aradan proposed riding himself to the enemy's camp and reconnoitre it. Upon his return he advised the Prince only to attack with the horse, as the enemy were totally off their guard, spending the night in carousing and rejoicing over their victory; and to place the foot in ambush to attack the

runaways. Prince Hippoocoo was pleased with this arrangement, and ordered, under an experienced commander, the foot to begin their march, and station themselves in all the different roads, but the one he intended taking, that led to the enemy's camp. About midnight, the Prince and Nuzzi Fuzzi Aradan had entered the enemy's camp, who, panic struck at this sudden attack, fled in all directions. The king's body guards however made a bold resistance, the king fighting with astonishing courage, when he was killed by Nuzzi Fuzzi Aradan, until they laid down their arms and asked for quarter, which the Prince generously gave. When the enemy had submitted, Prince Hippoocoo went in search of his father the Sultan, and his brother Rajismund, whom he found confined in two iron cages, in the Tartar king's tent; he wept at beholding their misery, and upon informing the Sultan he was free, and his enemy totally destroyed, his former antipathy to Hippoocoo melted in the gratitude of his breast. "My worthy and fortunate son," cried the Sultan,

pressing him to his breast. "O my deliverer, pardon the past injuries of thy father, and accept of his atonement, by his declaring he has restored to thee the rights of thy birth, and proclaims thee his rightful successor to the empire." Tears followed this burst of parental tenderness, and the father and son equally affected, could only sob. The generous Rajismund, whom adversity had cured of his ambition, now embraced his brother with affection, thanked him for his deliverance, and did homage to him as the lawful successor to the throne of India. This was the happiest day of Prince Hippoocoo's life,—a father cured of his prejudice, and a brother susceptible of natural affection. After the Sultan had made a treaty with the conquered Tartars, he returned with his victorious army, and made Hippoocoo on his arrival at Delhi, his partner in the Empire. Para Bara by these fortunate events was made the happiest of women, and this era might properly be styled the golden age of the Empire of the Moguls. The fame of Prince Hippoocoo had reached the court of

the great Fohi, emperor of China, and that Prince dispatched ambassadors to Delhi, to request the union of his daughter, the beautiful Solkanna, with the wise Prince Hippoocoo. heir to the throne of the Indies, which shortly after was consummated to the great joy of the people of both countries.

'Tis not the flow'ret, or the dyes
  Which its gay cup puts forth,
But the sweet scents which from it rise,
  That constitute its worth.
In man the same virtue's his mead,
  With wisdom fair combined,
For beauty's but a gaudy weed,
  Without a fragrant mind.

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The Ambassadors of Fohi and Princess of China coming to marry Hippoocoo.

The Sultan of Scindy and his Knights listening to the groans of Abdallah.

THE ABUSE OF POWER.

EXEXPLIFIED BY THE HISTORY OF ABDALLAH, TOGETHER WITH THE WISE CONDUCT OF OMAR, SULTAN OF SCINDY, AND THE BASE ALI HIS VICE ROI.

In the Seventh Century, shortly after the propagation of the false doctrines of the impious impostor (Mahomet,) Omar, a Saracen chieftain of invincible bravery, conducted an army of Mussulmen into India, where he made numerous conquests, and established himself Sultan of Scindy and the adjacent provinces. Omar, though of a cruel and sanguinary temper in war, was the strict disciple of justice, and no entreaties or bribes could shield from examplary punishment, those governors to whom he confided the care of his dependant kingdoms, when convicted of peculation or injustice. One day *as Omar and several of his Knights were on a hunting party*, in passing through a forest, they heard the cries of distress issue from a small covert at a short distance from them. The Sultan commanded his knights to ride on after the hunters, when he immediately made for the place, where he

heard the groans and perceived an aged man in the utmost agonies of distress. He descended instantly from his courser, and seizing the hand of the sufferer, requested to be informed of the cause of the violent sorrow that affected him. The poor man lifting up his eye in hopeless anguish, answered, if he told him his griefs, they were so heavy he could not relieve them. My good man, replied Omar, that is more than you can hazard to say without a trial. Abdalla (for that was the name of the afflicted,) perceiving no ensigns of dignity about Omar, and suspecting him to be no more than a common Saracen knight, shook his head, and his tears flowed with more abundance. I hate to insult affliction, said Omar, but you weary my patience; reveal to me the sources of your grief. Whether the tone of the Sultan's voice awed the old man, or the manner in which he delivered it, impressed him that he was a personage of rank,—He briefly told him the tale of his sufferings; that lately he had enjoyed a home and independence, sons and daughters, but

that all these had been ravished from him by the cruelty of Ali, the Vice Roy of the mighty Omar, who had unjustly burnt his house and seized upon his paddy grounds, which had nourished him and his family, in order to increase the gardens of his palace. "And did not this wicked man, said Omar, make you any reparation for this violence." "Far from doing so, out of revenge for my complaints, he took from me my daughters and sons, and reduced them to be his slaves, so that in my destitute and infirm condition, I have not a voice left to comfort me, nor a hand to work to afford me subsistence, and ere this I should have perished, but for the alms of those pious pilgrims who pass through the forest for Scindy, to make offerings at the shrine of our prophet." Omar, though broiling with indignation at the injustice discovered by the simple narrative of the old man, contrived to conceal it from him, and merely asked what distance it was to the palace of the unjust Ali. "About two leagues," he answered. "I know this man," said Omar; "and I think I can get

him to restore to you your house and fields, or at least prevail on him to bestow on you something better."" I must not accept your offer,"generous stranger, said Abdallah with a faultering voice; "your temerity in interceding for a poor wretch like me, will cost you your head, for Ali the Governor, is the favourite of Omar, the shadow of our prophet. No, Sir, pain me not with such a proposal, which only adds to my misery;—let me suffer alone, God is just, and in his mercy will bear my spirit shortly to rest from the pains that wound it in this unjust world.""I will hazard the adventure,"said Omar, in an authoritative voice;"so follow me to his palace." The old man through compassion to the stranger, started another scruple:"I cannot walk Sir,"said he,"so far, through my exhausted state and the weight of my years." "Then"said Omar,"I will take you up behind me, my courser will feel proud of carrying so worthy a burthen." After some further debate, Aballah was compelled to mount behind the Saracen knight as he thought, and in a

short time they reached the palace of Ali. The domestics who did not know the Sultan disguised in his plain armour, and further mortified by seeing a beggar behind him, very surlily answered his enquiries respecting their master. Omar alighted, remonstrated, and insisted upon being introduced immediately to the Governor. The domestics called the guard, who drawing their swords, commanded the Sultan instantly to retire, or he should feel the weight of their vengeance. At this instant the hunting party of the Sultan arrived displaying the royal emblem, the glittering crescent. The guards overcome with surprise, fell prostrate on the earth, trembling and expecting instantly the punishment due to their temerity. Ali perceived from inside his palace the train of the Sultan, and in the fulness of hyphocrisy, expecting some further advantage to his ambition from this casual call of his master, joyfully went out to welcome him, but the air of the Sultan intimidated his approach, and the sight of Abdallah filled him with the terrors of por-

tenaing danger. He paused awhile, went on and when he had concluded his prostration to the Sultan, Omar in a voice like thunder, fiercely demanded of Ali if he knew that miserable old man (pointing to Abdallah by the side of him.) Ali hesitated,—he essayed to speak, but guilt had chained expression upon his lips. Omar repeated his question in a more tremendous voice, whilst his knights unacquainted with the adventure, looked on with astonishment. Ali fluctuating between despair and hope, was determined to complete the villain and with effrontery told the Sultan, that upon recollection,he"remembered that old offender," meaning Abdallah,"very well;" that he had been frequently detected in imposing upon the good mussulmen who passed his dwelling on the borders of the forest to go to Scindy, and through motives of prudence he had ordered the cottage to be pulled down, but the chief motive which induced him was his piety to the good faith. "A strange kind of faith truly'said Omar :"this might be plausible, but what could induce

you to make slaves of the sons and daughters of the poor man, and leave him so destitute." Ali who did not perceive the intention of Omar, replied, it was with the pious intention to breed them up in industry and the good faith. Abdallah during this conversation wept bitterly, supposing that the Sultan believed the perjuries of his governor. Omar drew his scymitar from the scabbard, and pointing to the captain of his guard, bid him instantly take Ali and hang him upon the tree nearest the demolished cottage of Abdallah. He then led the old man into the palace of the culprit, and commanding into his presence Abdallah's sons and daughters who were in the habits of slaves, presented them with the same, and all the domains of the late wicked governor.

THE HISTORY OF PRINCE IRIS.

ONLY SON OF THE WISE MOSSELLAH, SULTAN OF THE DIAMOND MINES, AND HIS PURPLE HORSE. "AN ALLEGORY."

Imagination, the subtile offspring of the senses, casts upon the mind from her vivid Iris, various fantastic and delusive images, which dazzle and mislead reason, and allure the ardent into visionary pursuits of happiness. There is no human being but is seduced by these treacherous phantoms, and eagerly mounts his hobby horse, which often proves too restive for youthful ardour, and carries its rider into imminent dangers, from which he only can be extricated by bitter and painful experience, the wise, but rigorous son of disappointment. The History of Prince Iris is a beautiful allegory, illustrative of the dangerous delusions of these colored fancies on the heated mind, and the youth who are wise, will read it with attention.

Prince Iris, Heir and only Son to the wise Mosellah, sovereign of the diamond mines, was the most handsome Prince Asia could

Prince Iris entertained at the Banqeut
of Ziphyrinna and her nymphs

Alrashed instructed by the Dervise in
the Valley of Roses.

boast, and the talents of his mind were equally as resplendent as the graces of his person, but it was tinctured with an extraordinary vanity that flattered and amused his senses, and often seduced him into the most extravagant follies, and sometimes to the very brink of ruin. This unhappy disease of his imagination caused great uneasiness to Mosellah and Nourasha his Father and Mother, who constantly counselled him to check this dangerous ardour, which might ultimately prove destructive to his welfare and their own, and the empire's happiness. Their affectionate anxiety caused frequent tears to the Prince, as he was convinced it proceeded from affection, and the tender parents ever ceased their reproofs at these instances of his repentance, flattering themselves, as his understanding ripened by experience, his superior mind would dispel this fatal influence of his imagination, that betrayed his judgment. Mosellah advised the Empress that an early marriage would be the best means of securing the Prince's welfare, by rivetting his fluctuating

mind to one object, and prevent it from being further seduced by capricious visions, and he proposed as a proper Consort for Prince Iris, Rocbana, the beautiful daughter to the Sultan of Delhi. Nourasha approved the Sultan's design, and they immediately communicated their wishes to the Prince, who heard them with respect, but saying, though the Princess Rocbana was the only woman he could like for his wife, he was yet averse to marriage: the tender parents dropped further solicitations. Shortly after this conference, as the Prince was hunting in company with the nobles of his father's court, in the forest of Cedars, on his return from the chace, he fancied he perceived under the shade of a Banyan Tree, a beautiful Purple Horse, whose silken mane and tail waving in the chequered beams of the setting sun, reflected all the colors of the rainbow; surprised by the object, the Prince increasing his coursers, speed eagerly, demanded of the courtiers if they saw, pointing towards the tree under which it was grazing, a Purple Horse. They answering in

the negative, he clapped spurs to his steed, and in a few minutes was out of their sight. The nobles wondering what could have so imposed upon the Prince, galloped after him, but night coming on, and believing they should meet him at Chillibund, they retraced their steps towards that city, and were surprised, when Mosellah enquired for his son, that he was not arrived. Lohala, master of the buck hounds, with great gravity, communicated to his Majesty the circumstance, which induced the Prince to abandon their company, and how they had rode after him, until prevented by the darkness of the night. Mosellah shook his head, and retiring to the Queen's apartment, mentioned the absence of Prince Iris, and his suspicion he had been led astray by some fantastic vision of his heated fancies. The Queen burst into tears, fearful some accident might befal him in the Forest, but the king consoled her by the assurances that though their son was often misled, his superior mind had ever preserved his virtue.

He however gave orders that his guards should go that evening in search after him.

The Purple Horse, when the Prince came up to the tree where he stood, started off, but kept prancing before him, to entice his pursuit, until he reached the opening of the forest where the Prince lost him through the darkness of the night. Prince Iris disappointed of his prize, severely blamed his folly in having wandered so far, and exposing himself to the danger of remaining all night in a place which was only the abode of wild beasts, and his dismay increased upon hearing the roarings of the lions and tigers, which were prowling for their prey. He thought he should be devoured, and wept at the sorrows he should occasion to his affectionate parents. At that moment the moon burst from a dense cloud, and by her light he perceived a splendid palace, whose sparkling walls resembled diamonds; his fears now vanished, and believing from its richness it was the residence of some Prince, he determined to ride up to it and demand the courtesy of a night's lodging: as

he proceeded towards it, the sounds of a most harmonious concert struck his ears, "where am I?" cried the Prince. Surely these are not human sounds; they are the harpings of Immortals, and I am in fairy land. At that instant he heard the drawbridge let down, and innumerable flambeaux were seen blazing upon it. The gate of the stately portico suddenly opened, and he beheld a group of beautiful nymphs, splendidly dressed, and in myrtle crowns conducted by numerous dwarfs holding the lights, advancing towards him.—"Welcome Prince Iris to the Palace of the Goddess of Pleasure," cried the foremost of the nymphs, whose superior beauty and stately port bespoke her to be their Queen. The Prince was electrified by the scene, the charms of the nymphs, the dulcet sounds of their voices, the smiles of joy with which they hailed him, captivated his senses, and suspended their functions, while the dwarfs had taken him off his horse, and bore him in the midst of the throng, before he could recover from his surprise. He now politely stated to the

Queen that he was a stranger who had lost his way in the forest, and would be thankful for a night's shelter. "Most certainly Prince Iris," answered Zephyrina their Queen, with an overflow of joy she could not repress, "we have been long expecting you," and taking hold of his hand, conducted him into a saloon where a most magnificent feast was prepared to refresh him. Zephyrina after having seated the Prince, took a chair opposite to him, whilst the nymphs waited on them, and when the banquet was concluded, Zephyrina invited the Prince to converse with her under a bower of myrtle at the top of the saloon. The Prince obeyed with rapture, for their flowers shed a luxurious fragrance that intoxicated his senses which was increased by the nymphs song in praise of enjoyment. A delirium of the most pleasing sensations oppressed his mind, and Zephyrina perceiving how she had allured him, increased her conquest by languishing smiles. "Ah!" thought the silly Prince, "I could live for ever surrounded by such pleasures, but theirs are immortal and my

feeble senses must soon expire in their raptures." When the nymphs began to dance, the Queen took the hand of the Prince, and said how happy she was for his coming to enjoy her Palace, "You perceive," continued the Siren "that neither care nor pain intrude upon us, love and happiness are our constant companions, yet strange to say, there are some odd mortals who abuse us as sensualists, saying that our gratifications are transitory and always terminate in pain, disgust or misery:—the bulk of mankind however are our votaries, and consider the few disaffected enthusiasts who seek their happiness in toil, danger and privation, as madmen or rebels against natures laws" Zephyrina made a sign to her nymphs to sing an Ode to Beauty, as the proof of her conquest. Their warblings, more fascinating than what the Prince had heard before, completely rivetted his captivity, he gazed on the Queen, and thought the roses of eternal spring bloomed upon her cheek, that the flame of her eye was the lustre of bliss, and the silver sounds of her voice, the

chords of peace. He forgot Mosellah his Father, and Nourasha his tender mother, nor remembered there was such a place on earth as Chillibund. After the nymphs had done dancing and singing, he was conducted to his apartment by Zephyrinna, the most beautiful of the nymphs, and when they had retired, he gazed with astonishment upon the splendour of his apartment, composed of the richest furniture, paintings, and tapestry, emblematic of the field sports, which gratified his mind until he retired to his couch, without a single reflection on his folly, or one solitary recollection of his unhappy but tender parents; and Morpheus who painted his pillow with all the splendors and joys of the evening, nourished his delirium of raptures until the enchantment broke by the dulcet concert played next morning, by the nymphs at his door, to summon him to join their pleasures. He met Zephyrina on the stairs, crowned with flowers, and habited in a robe shining and transparent as that worn by the fabled Juno. After her salutation she took his arm, and led him into

the garden, where an elegant dejeune was spread under the shade of some orange trees, where, whilst some of the nymphs waited on them, the others sang a Pœan to Liberty and Pleasure. The song of the nymphs, the warbling of the birds, the murmuring of the fountains, and breeze of the morning that wafted the breath of the flowers, filled the bosom of the Prince with delights he had never before felt, and he thought his happiness the most perfect a mortal could enjoy; he gazed upon Zephyrina with gratitude, and thought her palace was the only temple of human bliss. She with treacherous smiles concealed the joy of her victory over his inexperienced heart. The day, like the preceding evening, was passed in varied scenes of enchantment, and many others rolled away in the same inglorious ease, ere the unsated Prince was roused to reflection. But his desire of their society at length became palled by enjoyment and neither the dulcet sounds of the nymphs, the smiles of Zephyrina, nor the luxuries of the Palace, excited in him any delights, and

when he was absent from his alluring companions, he began to think upon Mosellah and Nourasha, and the griefs he caused them; but these thoughts were not sincere enough to make an impression on his countenance, and as he was naturally sprightly, his disgust was not noticed by the nymphs. One morning he rose earlier than the nymphs, and as reflection had already began her probings, wandered into the garden, where reposing himself under the orange trees, he began seriously to think upon his cruelty, and want of affection to his father and mother; the deep sigh broke from his bosom, as his folly became more apparent to him, and he was reflecting how to escape from the Palace of pleasure, when a voice called his name: surprised he looked up in the trees, and beheld a white dove, which thus addressed him; "Prince Iris, unworthy son of the wise Mosellah, hast thou so soon forgotten in the intoxicating and vicious pleasures of this abandoned Palace; the duties of thy affection, and the examples of thy father's virtues, and art so infatuated

as to believe these alluring nymphs can render thee happy and glorious? No, Prince, virtue is the honor of man, and his unfading crown. The pleasures of this Palace are perishable, and their gratifications will end in pain, whilst virtue and wisdom are eternal, and bear the immortal fruits of happiness. Man was born to toil, which prepares his senses to enjoy temperately the bounties with which nature supplies her creatures. The man of pleasure is not only a burthen to himself, but an incumbrance on society, and is loathed by his species. Awake from thy dream of mistaken pleasure, retrace the path of virtue thou hast deserted, and by fulfilling thy duties as a rational creature, become deserving thyself, and the applauses of men. Despise these painted sirens, burst the fetters of enchantment in which they have bound thee and reason will return to thy mind, and at once thou wilt perceive their deformity, and blush at thy credulity." The Prince determined instantly to depart, and was going to reply, but the Dove had flown away. He burst into

tears as the images of his sorrowful parents rose upon his mind. "Wretch that I am," cried the Prince, rising from his seat, "I will fly from this pernicious abode, and crave pardon of Mosellah and Nourasha for my folly." As he walked towards the Palace filled with this determination, he met Zephyrina and her nymphs, her smiles caused his opinion to waver; he was going to press the hand she extended to welcome him,—the white dove flew over his head, when he spurned it from him with disdain, and at the same instant the mask of Zephyrina, and those of the nymphs flew off; the sight of their disgustful features appalled him, and he ran with precipitation towards the gate of the garden which led to the forest. The gate happened to be open, he darted through with fear and hope, when a loud peal of thunder burst over his head; he turned to look at the palace, but it had disappeared, and he only perceived his horse tied to a tree. Prince Iris immediately mounted his courser, joyful at his deliverance, and returned the same evening to Chillibund,

to the great joy of his parents, who on the confession of his shame, and acknowledging his errors, pardoned his folly. The wise Mosellah only cautioned his son to beware again of pursuing the Purple Horse, the treacherous vision of his inexperienced but honest mind, that might lead him to destruction;—and avoid my son pleasures' dangerous temptations, whose flowers captivate the senses, but whose thorns wound the peace of the heart; reflect deeply on the counsels of thy father, if you value the love of thy parents, and thine own true glory. Prince Iris promised obedience, and the Sultan restrained himself from giving him any further pain. But six months had scarcely elapsed, during which space the Prince certainly exhibited the most dutiful conduct to his parents, and the brightest example of diligence in the pursuit of his studies, when one morning taking an airing in the park to enjoy the luxury of the bracing breeze, and behold the most majestic scene of nature, the rising sun, he perceived the Purple Horse drinking at one of the fountains;

his symmetry and lustre reflected in the chrystal mirror, shewed the beauties of tne animal to so much advantage, that feeling all his former enthusiasm, he was determined to pursue him, and had no doubt of obtaining the incomparable prize. "This is no vision," said the Prince, clapping spurs to his horse, and making towards where the animal stood, as if waiting his approach, "and how Mosellah and Nourasha will be deceived, when I shall bring them the real object, which their incredulity has supposed to be but a vision." The Prince rode so near to it, that he extended his hand to grasp his mane, but the wily animal started and kept prancing before him towards the park gate, the Prince ardently pursuing, but his disappointment was severe at finding the animal escape into the forest, he however continued the chace, tempted to the pursuit, by the cunning creature keeping only a few paces before him; but towards the middle of the day at the turning of a road, he totally lost sight of him, and encountered a company of architects. Though the Prince

was chagrined, his curiosity was roused by this adventure, and he eagerly demanded of them where they were travelling. "To Delhi," answered the master, with the model of a new Palace, which we are to build for the emperor. "Will you permit the son of Mosellah, Sultan of the Diamond Mines to inspect it." "Most willingly Prince" said he presenting it. Prince Iris was enchanted by its symmetry and fantastic order of architecture, and determined to have a palace built for himself after the model, and returning it to the master, requested him to call on him with it that evening in Chillibund. The Prince when he returned, said nothing to his father, until the architects arrived, when with triumph he carried the model to the Sultan, and asked his permission to have a palace built after it. Mosellah heard with pain the childish admiration of his son, and Nourasha sighed: they both knew he had again been visited by the Purple Horse, they however confessed it was a most superb model, but thought the expence would be incalculable, and the time indefinite

to build a Palace according to the model. "O no Sultan," answered Prince Iris, "I have talked with the master architect, and he tells me it can be erected in six months, and the expence will be trifling." "Well my son," answered Mosellah gravely, "you have the principality of the Diamond Mines at your own discretion, and their revenues are considerable; follow your inclinations, and I hope you will have no cause to repent." The Prince then entreated for a lot of ground to erect it on, and that the Sultan would issue a proclamation for all the masons of Chillibund to assist in the enterprise. The Prince was given permission to choose his spot, and the master of the Board of Works gave the public notice for the assembling of the masons the next day. Mosellah commanded Noselli his chief architect to make an estimate from the model, of what the expence of erecting such a Palace would be, and though surprised by the report that all the treasures of his kingdom would not complete it, only remarked, let my son's folly be his own reprover, for he

only wants experience to perfect his understanding." The Prince, to convince his father that the opinion of Noselli respecting the expence was caused by his ignorance, ordered the master of the architects to make a statement in writing of the whole expence, and the time he would take to erect it, which when he had finished, he carried with joy to his father, assuring him, as he might perceive, the expences of building the Palace would not exceed his revenues, and that it would, by employing all his Majesty's masons, be erected before the rainy season. The ground being chosen, was marked out, and its excavation begun by a thousand labourers, whilst as many more were sent into the forests to fell cedar trees for the building. The master architect assuring the Prince there was no stone fine enough for such a Palace in the quarries of Chillibund: by his advice a number of masons were sent to the Marble Mountains in the Gauts, which were more than fifty leagues from the city. The Prince was all extacy during these preparations, and contemplated

in vision the triumph he should gain from his people by erecting so stately an edifice. As the king had desired him to pay his workmen quarterly; when the first expired, he called in the accounts, and was surprised to find the amount exceed his yearly revenue, though not a single stone was laid of the foundation; he however borrowed the difference of the Sultan's treasurer, and flattered himself by the conclusion of the next, his Palace would be finished, but the master architect informing the Prince it would be necessary to cut a Canal from the mountains where the quarries were situate, to convey the marble to the city. He rashly gave his consent without reflecting on the consequences of beginning such an enterprise on the shore of a rapid and large river at the base of the Gauts, much higher than the Plains of Chillibund, but Noselli the King's director of Buildings and Navigation, happening to pass that way, and observing the fatal ruin that would ensue from this foolish plan, by inundating all the level country, caused the Sultan to put an immediate stop to the

work, and the stone was conveyed by carriages, drawn by buffaloes, at an enormous expence. The payment of the Second Quarter had now arrived; the building had not appeared above the surface of the ground, and yet on casting up the accounts, the debts amounted to four times the last quarter. Prince Iris when he beheld the amazing sum, turned pale, and instantly waited upon the Sultan's Treasurer, begging him to advance him the necessary sum, but the minister steadily refused to do it, and the Prince became frantic, and perceiving his folly, arraigned bitterly his mad conduct, but determined to wait on his father and request him to pay the arrears, and he would discontinue the work. As he was proceeding to his father's presence, he met Noselli, who very drily asked him if this Palace was nearly compleated? Prince Iris burst into tears, and answered "it never should,—"I perceive old man my folly, and am going to his majesty to beseech him to advance me the money necessary to discharge the workmen." "I have received an order for that

purpose on the Treasury," answered Noselli. "The Sultan is sensible you have repented of your rashness, and is axious to remove your pain." These travelling projectors Prince, would ruin all the kings of Asia, if they listened to their visionary schemes.. I rejoice you are become wise, for the expence of such a building would exhaust your father's revenues for a hundred years to come. The Prince blushed, and grasping the hand of Noselli, desired him to discharge the workmen, and he would go to his father, and entreat his forgiveness. The Prince became very sober for a long time after this mad adventure, and embraced his studies with so much ardour, that his erudition surprised the wisest men of Chillibund. Mosellah and Nourasha in their exultation of their son's repentance, flattered themselves the image of the Purple Horse was now for ever banished from his mind, and fondly hoped the Prince would soon seek the hand of the fair Rocbanna. Their tender solicitude towards the Prince encouraged him to persevere in the path of true wisdom, and they

anticipated with pleasure every sober desire of his mind. The Prince himself thought his victory complete, and fancied that the Purple Horse was only the deception of his senses, but the prudence of youth is feeble as the opening bud that courts the sun beam, and soon drops its flower, falling withered to the ground. The Prince one morning, as he was walking in an orange grove belonging to the Palace, accessible to all the inhabitants of Chillibund, and contemplating the beautiful works of nature, was again surprised by a sight of the Purple Horse, he appeared much more beautiful than he had ever before seen him, his mane resembled the finest silk, and floated over his shoulder, and his purple tail brushed the dews of the ground; he stood neighing, as if to invite the Prince's advance. Certainly cries the Prince this can be no vision, it is a Purple Horse of the rarest beauty, what pleasure it will afford my father if I can bring it to the Palace; and he hastily ran towards him. The animal stopped until the Prince almost reached him, when he gambolled round

him, as if to amuse, and not to endeavour to escape from him, but still he made a retrogade motion, and deluded on the pursuit of the Prince, who now thought surely he should be able to seize it. He continued these gambols until he led the Prince into the recesses of the grove, when turning his head round to look at a company of young men at a short distance, crowned with flowers, and each holding a lyre in his hand, it vanished from his sight. The Prince though mortified, attracted by the appearance of this fantistic group, approached and enquired who they were? "We are a company of Poets," said a young man in a laurel crown, "and we meet every morning during the balmy season in this grove, to play and recite our compositions, and I will repeat to you an Ode my companions have just heard on the praises of Poetry, and its influence on the human happiness." Prince Iris heard with admiration the Speech of the Bard and assuring him nothing pleased him more than poetry, he began singing and playing his Ode. At the conclusion of each stanza, re-

ceiving the applause of the company by the clapping of their hands. The Prince was electrified, and sat down among the group, clapping as loud as the rest, and sharing all their ardour. When the Poet had concluded his lines, he told the Prince with an enthusiasm which astonished him, that he would not barter the divine sensations he enjoyed for all the diamonds in Chillibund. "Our's Sir," continued he, "is the bliss of immortals, for we glide down the smooth current of life, without care or pain, and like the painted insect, when we please, extract the honey from all those odoriferous flowers, which happiness so profusely has spread over the world, and when summoned by fate to quit this subiunary sphere for the enjoyment of eternal bliss in the evergreen bowers of Olympus, fame preserves our memory with a monument that never perishes. These Sir, are the raptures, the glories of the Poet, that superior race of beings, who enjoy a double immortality in the serene skies, and on this grosser ball, where their names will live like the Persian Hafiz,

when the columns of ambition are obliterated by the ravage of the elements, and the tombs of the heroes are concealed by the rust of ages." Prince Iris was enraptured by this panegyric on Poetry by the youthful Bard, the divine rage already inspired him, he conceived that the prizes of life were only in the possession of Poets, and was determined to deserve their happiness and acquire their immortality. This new mania so fully possessed him, that without any reflection, he informed the tuneful group who he was, and invited them to meet him early the next morning at his father's Palace in Chillibund. The wise Mosellah was confounded when he saw the enthusiastic group assemble, and perceived that his son had imbibed the scribbling mania; however he concealed his chagrin, hoping that this folly, like his former, in his own sensible mind, would soon meet its reproof. Prince Iris showed some of his first essays to the intimate friends of his father, who attempted kindly to convince him, nature had not endowed him with the "fire sublime," and he

would never shine as a poet. This the Prince mistook for envy, and neglected their advice with disdain. It was a custom in the kingdom of the diamond mines to celebrate by a Jubilee every seven years the ascension to the crown of the reigning monarch, on which occasion the Bards of the Empire assembled at Chillibund, and he who produced the best Ode on the happiness and prosperiiy of the country, was rewarded with a crown of precious stones. As the time fast approached the Prince retired to a cupola, at the top of the Palace, that he might be nearer the sun to receive his divine influence, and when he had finished his Ode, which he foolishly imagined was the Pindaric acmé of verse; he read it to his father, who secretly sighed, but said nothing. The day had arrived when the prize was to be determined, and Prince Iris with a heart panting with glory, and puffed with the expectation of his reward, entered the hall where the judges had assembled to determine the merits of the authors; he sat on the musnud with his father, and perceived with joy

his own Ode was the first to be recited. During the preparations his heart palpitated, but when he heard Noselli the President of the Bards declare that the author of such a silly composition could only be some raw school boy, who neither understood rhyme nor reason, he hid his face in his bosom, his knees trembled, and he would have betrayed his agitations, but for the kind hint of his father to retire, who knew the cause of his grief. "Ah!" thought Mosellah, when his son had disappeared, "thy generous heart will no more be seduced by the vision of the Purple Horse." In fact the Prince on his return into the Palace broke his lyre, burnt his papers, and dismissed from his presence all his poetic acquaintance. Mosellah and Nourasha anticipating a thorough reformation in their son, refrained from giving their reproofs, and were happy to see him again become ardent in his studies, but the pressure of experience had not yet been sufficiently heavy, and the reflections of his past follies soon melted on his

fluctuating mind, like the clouds of the morning in the rays of the rising sun.

One day as he was hunting at a short distance from the Palace, and had by his eagerness of the chace lost his companions, he perceived upon a green hillock near to his path, the Purple Horse grazing, but which appeared lame, and he had no doubt now of obtaining his prize. He eagerly turned from the road he was pursuing, towards the animal which stood still until hehad nearly approached him, when he made a sudden spring upon a rock that jutted from the eminence, and kept neighing at the Prince as if to invite his approach. The declining rays of the sun shining on the animal, reflected such an iris of colors, the Prince was transported, and crying mentally in rapture, "thou shalt not now escape me," jumped from his horse, and climbed the rock; he thought he felt the animal's tail in his hand, and made sure of his prize, but the wiley creature eluded his grasp, and sprang upon the turf, where he gambolled to entice the Prince to follow him, who immediately

jumped down, but the Purple Horse escaped into the forest, and ere the Prince could mount his charger, was out of his sight. Prince Iris felt disappointed, and began to deride his folly in following a phantom, which so often had deluded him, when his reverie was diverted by a group of philosophers, whose august and venerable appearance excited his respect, and determined him to accost them. "What road sages are you pursuing," cried with emphasis the enthusiastic Prince. "We are travelling Sir to the forests of Thibet," answered one of the sages, whose dignity and deportment bespoke him the leader of the band. "And for what purpose," replied Prince Iris, roused by curiosity. "To search for the volumes of Zady," answered he, "whose mystical pages reveal unto man all the secrets of nature." "I have never before heard of these wonderful volumes," answered the Prince in great simplicity. "Then," answered the sage who had replied to him, "you are an ignoramus in the art of human happiness;" for, continued he,

"you must know that these sacred pages teach man the knowledge of his welfare, and to procure this noble attainment, we have forsaken our wives, our children, and our country." "Permit me reverend gentlemen, to join your company; know I am the son and heir of the wise Mosellah, Sultan of the Diamond Mines." "Most cheerfully, cried in one united voice the whole troop, we have heard of your father, and rejoice you are deserving, by your love to wisdom, to be called his son." Prince Iris, who in the enthusiasm of a fresh adventure, obliterated every trace of reflection, immediately dismounted from his horse, and following in their train, according to their costume, led his animal.

Innumerable were the hardships they encountered on their journey, being made twice captives by the savage Tartars for the purpose of plunder, but discovering their poverty after taking them, permitted them to proceed on foot on their journey, their chief designating them the brainless caravan. In the space of three moons they arrived in the forests of

Thibet, where they parted, each agreeing to make a separate search after this arcanum of wisdom. Prince Iris unaccustomed to fatigues, during his first day's pursuit grew weary, and began to bewail his folly. The evening sun declined in sombre clouds, and when the darkness set in, the roaring of the wild beasts filled him with dismay. He ascended with trepidation into a high tree, where he had scarce secured himself in its branches, when the war of the elements became tremendous; the roaring winds cracked and uprooted the trees around him, and with dismay he saw their fragments scattered on the ground: the lightnings that clove the dark concave of the skies when they were quenched by the gloom made the night more horrible, the rains fell in torrents, the lion, the tiger, and the despairing cries of the other dismayed animals of the forest, added the horrors of horror to the scene, a thunderbolt struck the tree in which Prince Iris reposed, he thought it instantly would fall and crush him to atoms, the scene was too terrible for reflection, animation

seemed to have forsaken his deluged and benumbed senses, and like an ideot he grasped as by mechanism, the arm of the tree on which he was suspended.

The tempest at length ceased, and the moon emerging from the chaos of a gloom, shed a radiance on discomfited nature. The Prince began to breathe, and at length to think: "Never again said he, if providence restore me to my parents, will I be deceived by the vision of the Purple Horse. In a short time Sol, as unconscious of the late ruffling of the elements, rose on the eastern hills in splendour and nature tranquillised by his beams, appeared in all her beauty. Prince Iris now descended from the tree, determined to pursue his journey towards Chillibund As he turned out of the forest he met an old man in a white beard, who thus accosted him, "My name is Experience, I have watched over thy destiny, and rejoice thou art tired of thy follies return to thy father and be happy." Prince Iris thanked the old man, and continued his way, and though he thought he was more

than a thousand leagues from Chillibund, was surprised at the setting sun to behold its gilded spires, and when he reached his father's presence, he acknowledged freely nis errors, and was by him as freely pardoned. In a short time the Prince was married to the beautifnl Rocbana, the woman he adored, and in her faithful caresses forgot every trace of the Purple Horse.

FOLLY OF EXTRAVAGANT RICHES

EXEMPLIFIED BY THE DREAM OF ALRASHID, ONLY SON OF THE CALIPH OF BAGDAD.

Alrashid, only Son to the Caliph of Bagdad, was carefully instructed by the Dervise Hafiz, in a cave in the Valley of Roses, in all the branches of Arabian Science, and when, after finishing his studies, he returned to Bagdat, the quickness of his genius astonished the sages of the city, and the amiableness of his disposition made him the delight of the nobles of the Court of the Caliph. Yet his extraordinary endowments were tinctured

by an enthusiasm; that frequently made him the victim of his imagination. And though soon sensible of his errors, they left not sufficient impressions to restrain the ardour of fresh adventures. This fault of his only son caused great uneasiness to the Caliph, who feared lest his son's unbribled fancy might conduct him to dangers fatal to his happiness; but from the excess, of his parental fondness, and convinced, or at least, hoping his superior mind would, by experience cure itself of this folly, he restrained the giving him reproofs, as he thought Alrashid was fully sensible of the grief he sometimes occasioned to him. The Caliph, once a year summoned all the governors of his extensive empire to assemble at Bagdat, and make their reports of the prosperity of their respective provinces. And the nobles came always attended by their eldest sons, that the Caliph might examine them, and learn if they were qualified to succeed their fathers in their high offices, when it pleased the great prophet to call them unto his paradise. Abdallah, son to the Viceroy of Damascus,

exactly resembled in talents and enthusiasn the Caliph's son, and Alrashid singled him out at the next feast, from a kind of sympathy, as his companion.

Abdallah happened to reveal to Alrashid a secret which he said had been committed to him, by a hermit of Caucacus, who, by his art iu astrology, had discovered that the talisman of Zoroaster, which converted all substances into gold, was, concealed in a valley, in the mountains of Mesopotamia; and that he was determined to make a journey there on purpose to obtain it. The vivid imagination of Alrashid was roused by this report; and he resolved the next morning secretly to go in quest of this famous talisman; the recovery of which would spread his renown all over Asia. Full of this romantic adventure he retired early to bed, and instantly fell asleep. He dreamed that, after many dangers, he had come to a valley in the mountains, where he espied an iron door and believing within side was to be found this invaluable treasure, he endeavoured to open it, but in vain; he was

vexed, and called upon all the powers of enchantment to assist him to burst it open, when the fairy Imagination appeared to him, and with a touch of her wand opened the massive barrier; discovering to the prince, in the interior, a most beautiful garden. He scarcely waited to thank his benefactress, but rushed in, and when the iron door clasped upon him he was so enchanted by the prospects around, that he did not attend to it. The most fragrant flowers bloomed in fanciful parterres, and beautiful fountains, from the mouths of dolphins and golden lions, poured their chrystal volumes, that refreshed the air, and uniting in silver streams, caused a perpetual spring to reign in this delightful garden. He saw the gaudiest birds among the branches of the myrtles, whose songs enraptured his ears; but was so eager to find the talisman, he ran into every temple to look for it. The beauty of the scenery increased as he proceeded, and at length he arrived at a marble door, over which was an inscription in the Shanscrit (a language he understood) which informed him the ta-

lisman of Zoroaster was contained in that building. Alrashid, in the excess of his joy, commanded the door to open; it instantly unfolded itself, and to his unspeakable pleasure, discovered to him the prize laid upon a golden tablet. Though exhausted with hunger, Alrashid was in that hurry to try its virtues, he snatched it up, and taking it into the garden, collected some pebbles which he wished might be changed into gold, and they were instantly converted into that precious metal. He then gathered some roses, and by accident pronounced jewels, and they became rubies of a sparkling brightness. In the excess of his surprise and joy he thanked the powers of enchantment, particularly the fairy Imagination, and thought in his extacies what fame he should obtain by the possession of such a prize, and how the Caliph his father upon his return to Bagdad would applaud his enterprising spirit, which had obtained for him a treasure superior to all the wealth of Asia. But great as the transports of Alrashid were, he began to feel stronger the effects of hunger He traced the garden for something to eat, but

could not find a single berry. He was almost exhausted, and in his folly gathered some leaves, and requested the talisman would convert them into food; but, alas! he found it possessed only the power of making gold and jewels. He searched again every tree in the garden for fruit, but found they only bore flowers to please the imagination; he now grew dissatisfied with the bauble that was to complete his happiness, and threw it away; saying, "what use art thou to me, I am hnngry, and thou canst not give me food, and as for riches, of what use are they to me, who shall be the wealthiest of Asia? but I will repair my folly and leave this deceitful place of pleasure." He now endeavoured to find the door through which he had entered into the gardens, but his search was vain, he sunk down exhausted, and wished to die, praying the prophet would pardon his ambition, and pour comfort on his afflicted father. In his imagination he had been already nine days in the garden, subsisted only by water; he had made several efforts to find the entrance, but in vain! and

had grown so weak he could not walk: his strength was now totally gone; he fancied he was expiring, as he could scarcely breathe. As he was piously uttering his last prayers, as he supposed, to the prophet to pardon him, he heard footsteps behind him, and casting his languid eye towards the spot, beheld on old man with a long white beard, leaning on a staff. "My name is Experience," said the aged Sire; "Rise, and follow me, for thou art now cured of thy folly." Alrashid arose, and to his astonishment found his strength renewed. The old man led him to the iron door, and touching it with his stick, it opened instantly, "farewell, my son, beware in future, and be wise," and he vanished. Then Alrashid awoke, and the dream made that impression upon his mind, it totally subdued his romantic sanguine spirit, and he attending closely to his studies, became the idol of his father! whom he succeeded in the empire at his decease, and reigned with the greatest glory, justice, and wisdom over the kingdoms of the lesser Asia.

DISPENSATIONS OF PROVIDENCE.

EXEMPLIFIED BY THE HISTORY OF CONGO, THE BLACK SLAVE OF HISPANIOLA.

A MORAL TALE.

Some few years, before the insurrection of the Negroes, in the Island of Hispaniola, which caused the massacre of thousands of the white inhabitants, and the destruction of the fairest colony in the West Indies, lived at Cape Francois, a merchant and planter of the name of D——. With the exception of dealing in slaves, a vice which *un*happily, long habit has stript of its injustice; but which no moral law can vindicate, Monsieur D—— possessed every Christian virtue, was punctual in his commercial intercourse, generous to his acquaintance, and the protector not tyrant of his slaves. He permitted not his overseers to exercise cruelties over them, inspected himself their nourishment and cloathing, visited them when assaulted by disease, en-

couraged with rewards their industry, and when old or incapable of working, bountifully maintained them; so that but for the ideas of being slaves, the welfare of his negroes was better secured, than that of the lower classes of the free whites.

Monsieur D—— was equally fortunate in his domestic concerns; he had married the heiress of the most opulent merchant of Nantz, in Old France, and by her had a daughter, the little Florinde, who united the virtues of both her parents.

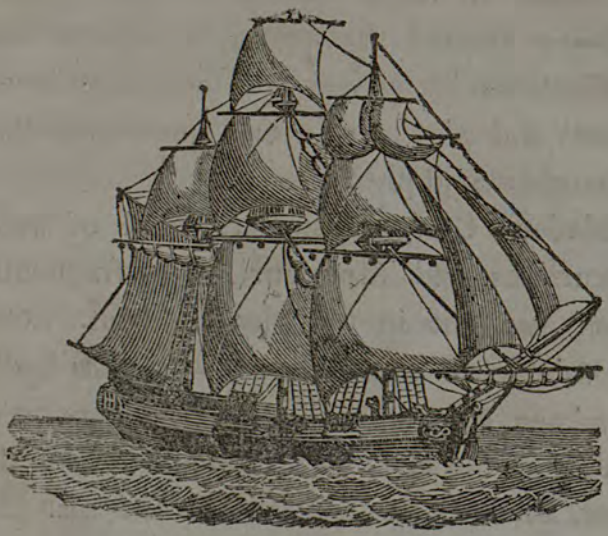
Madame D——, though possessed of unbounded affluence, preferred the tranquillity of her home, and the affections of her husband and child to the noisy dissipations of pleasure. In her household, she was liberal but not profuse; she instructed her negro servants to the discharge of their duties from principle, not fear; and her amiable conduct so rivetted their attachment, that unlike her neighbours, the fears of their treachery never disturbed the peace of her domestic temple.

As soon as the little Florinde could run about, Monsieur D—— brought from one of his coffee plantations a little slave, somewhat older than herself, to wait upon her.

This little negro, under whose sable cover nature had concealed the most ductile mind, became soon not only the favourite of his little mistress, but of Monsieur and Madame D——. And they resolved, not only to have his mind duly cultivated, but to provide handsomely for his welfare; and when the little Florinde began her studies, Congo was ordered by her benevolent parents to have the same instruction, and in a very short period through a kind of amiable rivalry, Congo and his little mistress had made such great progress in reading and writing, that surprised both Monsieur and Madame D——.

If happiness ever existed upon earth, she was then to be found under the roof of this amiable Frenchman, throwing roses over the paths of Congo and the fair Florinde, who were never happy asunder, whether at the

hours of instruction or recreation. When Congo understood the rudiments of arithmetic, Monsieur D—— took him into his counting house, and as his years increased, he duly felt the weight of gratitude he owed his benefactor. And this sense of duty inspired a more respectful distance to Florinde, who would often rally Congo by saying he did not love her so well as before he went into the counting house, and she wished he would be like a brother again. Congo, in as artless a way, declared he loved her the same, but he could not spare time now to play, as he wished to please her papa, who had been so good to him. Congo was so diligent in his learning of accounts, that in his sixteenth year he was competent to post the journal and ledger, and to balance them; which so delighted Monsieur D——, that he advanced his salary to 800 crowns, with a promise of employing it in ventures on board his ships, which oppressed with gratitude the faithful boy.



The same year, 1783, one of Monsieur D's ships arrived from France, with the happy tidings "peace had been signed in Paris, between England and the other European powers; and the United States of America." Great rejocings were made at the Cape, for this happy event, that had unfettered commerce, and reconciled the jarring world.

The house of Monsieur D——, on the happy occasion, was the Temple of Hospitality, more especially so as his wife's sister had come passenger in the vessel, expressly

on a visit to them. Monsieur and Madame D—— exerted themselves to express their obligations by giving the most magnificent feasts and contriving every amusement they thought would please her.

Madame C. was particularly fond of water excursions, and Monsieur D—— frequently took her out in his pleasure boat. One morning, as Monsieur D——, his Lady, Madame C——, Florinde and Congo were sailing in the Bay, by a sudden lurch of the boat, Florinde was thrown into the sea. In their astonishment and grief at the sudden accident, the party all but Congo were so confounded, they knew not what to do, but utter screams of sorrow. But he leaped into the waves, and caught the fair victim, ere she sunk ; and the seamen, who had perceived him, luckily pulled down the sails, and stopped the boat time enough to rescue them hoth.

The gratitude of Monsieur and Madame D—— to the preserver of their child, could not be expressed by words, they embraced

him, wept upon his cheek, and bid him name his reward, even to the half of their fortune. Congo simply answered, he felt a sufficient recompence in the thanks of Florinde, whose preservation was his only happiness. By Monsieur and Madame D——, this expression of Congo seemed to come from the honest simplicity of his heart, and created no alarm; but to Madame C——, it appeared to breathe a warmer sentiment, and on their return to the Cape, she communicated her suspicions to the parents. Monsieur and Madame D——, who having considered Congo as the friend of their Daughter, felt serious apprehensions, and was determined before an inseparable attachment could be formed, to remove him from her sight, yet not to withdraw their protection, but increase their favours to him. It was contrived to send off Congo immediately to Portau Prince, where Monsieur D—— had a particular friend; under the pretence of his being wanted there, as his managing Clerk in the counting house.

When Monsieur D—— communicated to

Congo the intelligence, the next morning in the counting house, the poor fellow was so oppressed with grief, that he fell on his knees, wept bitterly, and entreated his Benefactor not to send him away from him, from Madame D—— and Florinde. Monsieur D—— paused; he was affected at the boy's grief, but from respect to his daughter's welfare, was compelled to persevere.

"Congo," said he, firmly, "I owe the greatest obligations to my friend, his affairs are deranged through the mismanagement of his clerks, he has promised me to give you the liberal salary of 1000 crowns a year, and as some mark of my favour, I present you with this purse of 500 Louis," taking it from his pocket, and putting it in his hand; "I wish you to set off to-day; your clothes and linen are prepared for your journey." Congo, astounded with grief, grasping his benefactor's hand, could only sobb out he would obey him. Madame C—— had taken out Florinde that morning in her cabriolet, so that Congo did not see her; and after taking leave

of Madame D——, departed with a bursting heart for Portau Prince.

The poor fellow scarcely ate or drink on the journey, he thought only of Florinde, but it was as his youthful companion, and he thought it cruel he could not see her, and perhaps should see her no more.

Congo, on his arrival, was prepossessed in favour of his new employer, and assiduously applied to his duties. His experience in book-keeping soon conquered all the difficulties which the deranged state of the books presented, and he soon proved to his master, by a balance of them, that his affairs were in the most prosperous state. Congo invested his 500 Louis given him by Monsieur D—— in produce for Bourdeaux, and cleared cent per cent on the venture, and by continual good luck, in five years found himself possessed of 20,000 crowns, when his employer died, and he commenced business on his own account.

At this period, the fatal insurrection of the negroes began, so simultaneous, and vast

was the movement, it was irresistible, and Congo, who felt a sympathy for his oppressed brethren, joined the standard of Toussaint, the chieftain of the insurgents. But Congo felt humanity, and restrained as much as in him lay, the excesses of those under his command, and soon as he heard of the cruelties committed at the Cape, he selected some of his bravest followers, and hastened there to endeavour to save the lives and property of his benefactors. It was night when he approached the town which was in flames; he flew towards the quarter where Monsieur D—— resided, to protect his family, but what was his grief and astonishment to view it also in flames, and the roof fallen in. He thought he and his wife, and Florinde had perished, and in his heart he detested his countrymen for their cruelty in destroying so worthy a family, which had always been their friend; he sighed bitterly, and tears rolled down his cheek; he found he had come too late, and all that was ever dear to him in the world was lost. At this moment he heard violent shrick-

ing, and looking round perceived two women being dragged by negroes, he ran towards the spot, it was Florinde his master's daughter, and Madame C—, her aunt, being forced from some sailors, who were conducting them to their ship. He drew his sword, rushed into the midst of them, and rescued the ladies. Florinde knew the voice of Congo, and she entreated him to save her, and conduct her to the American ship, which was in the harbour. I will, said Congo, and take you there myself, but let us hasten. They were now joined by the sailors, and in a few minutes were safe on board the ship, and under sail. Mademoiselle Florinde, and Madame C—— retired to their cabins, and Congo, who guessed the fate of his benefactor, and his wife, paced the deck the whole of the night.

In the morning Florinde and Madame C—— expressed their gratitude to their deliverer; their tears told the rest of their dismal tale. Heavy as the calamity had been, another was soon to fall upon, and completely crush them.

Off Cape Hatteras they were boarded by a

Pirate under the English flag, who rifled the passengers of all they possessed, but molested not the cargo or crew of the vessel. This last blow filled up the miseries of the unfortunate ladies; they had secreted their diamonds and money, which was to support them in a foreign land, the ruffians had even cut off their pockets, and they were now bereft of the hope of existence. They could not answer Congo, who endeavoured to comfort them, for their grief was too heavy. The poor black wept bitterly, told them he would work for them when they got ashore, and he had some little money left, which they should have. Their gratitude to this good creature softened their sorrow, and they cherished hopes they could have credit for board and lodging till Madame D—— could hear from Nantz.

On their arrival at Baltimore, Congo drew from his fob, where it had been concealed, a purse of 100 Louis, and after unfolding it, and keeping and reserving only ten for himself, he presented the remainder to Madame C——, saying, "accept of this small sum, it

is all I can spare now, but I will soon increase it with my talents;" and after conducting them to a boarding house, he dropped a tear, and left them to seek a lodging for himself.

The mingled admiration, and grateful feeling of these unfortunate ladies when Congo departed, could only be expressed by their tears; they thought him more than human, and Madame C—— flattered herself when she heard from Nantz, she should be enabled to reward him as he deserved. Florinde did nothing but weep over the remembrance of her father and mother. She had seen them massacred basely before her eyes, and was only preserved herself to satisfy the brutal passions of one of the monsters; happily she was rescued from this worst of misery, by the faithful Congo, and his virtues softened her anger at the wickedness of his race, and piety would awhile calm the agitations of her heart. We will now leave the ladies and seek the worthy Congo, who, after having procured himself a lodging, advertised in the newspaper for a clerk's situation.

situation, which was immediately answered by some merchants, who requested an iuterview. It was then that the amiable Congo felt fully the humiliation of his race; he received the most violent abuse, on account of his being a blackman, and applying for a mercantile situation. "How could you dare to suppose, whatever your qualifications may be," said they, "to presume to intrude yourself in a counting house, among white persons? Seek your proper employment;—Go, and work with your brethren, on the plantations." Congo sighed deeply, but it was not for his own misery, it was for his benefactor's child, who could not work, and without some assistance would perish unnoticed in a foreigu land.

It will be proper to explain to the reader, the cause of the Americans' jealousy of the blacks. One third of the population of the United States, consists of the sable race, who are mostly slaves; and they cherish that antipathy to them, in consequence of their degradation, that an American citizen would not sit down in a party where a man of

colour was received; whatever might be his wealth. Congo, disappointed in his view, became almost broken-hearted, and three days had elapsed before he could call on the ladies, and assume a face of cheerfulness.

Florinde felt a relief at beholding him; he had been the companion of her childish years, and was a fragment of her father's once happy family. Madam C—— expressed her gratitude, and informed him she had written to Nantz, and doubted not but she would receive a remittance in the course of three months. Congo doubted the intelligence; it was a time of war, and the ship might be taken by the English; but this he concealed from them and cherished their hopes. When he retired, he began seriously to reflect upon what he should do, to provide a subsistence for his friends, as he knew their money would soon be expended, and credit they could not obtain. Wandering with these thoughts down Gay Street, he perceived one of his colour sawing wood, the American firing; he stopped and accosted him, and finding, it was a lucra-

tive business, desired to know the price of a saw and block; "three dollars," was the answer.

"Thank God!" said Congo, mentally, as he continued his way, "I have six Louis left, I am young and strong, and willing to work, and I will purchase me a saw, and unknown to the Ladies, procure my own and their livelihood. Congo the same day removed from the inn, to an obscure cheap lodging; purchased a coarse dress, and other necessaries; and the next morning, with his saw slung over his shoulder, sought work, at a door before which lay several cords of wood. He was immediately employed, and sawing the whole quantity, twenty cords, by the evening, gained five dollars, and though tired, when he pressed his hard pillow at night, he thanked his God for this promise of his goodness, to enable him to support his benefactor's daughter and friend. He did not call on Florinde till the end of the week, by which time he had earned thirty dollars, which he forced them to accept, though they assured

him they should not want money till the remittance arrived from France. "Then be pleased to keep it for me, you will be better stewards than I," said the generous Congo.

The diligent Congo continued his low employment, and earned a great deal of money Florinde and Madam C—— frequently enquired the nature of his employ, but he always evaded a reply; and they concluded, as he always called on them genteelly dressed, that he was in a merchant's counting-house. Four months had elapsed, and no tidings had reached the unfortunate fugitives from France, and they were compelled to have recourse to the bounty of Congo, which proved to him the greatest pleasure, and consolation for his toil. Six months more wafted on, and no news arrived. "Good God!" cried the unhappy exiles, "we cannot always subsist on the wages of our benefactor."

Congo perceived their thoughts by their melancholy; and with tears in his eyes, beseeched Florinde and Madame C—— not to give themselves such pain. "I earn," said

he, "four times more than I want, and where should I bestow it, but on my master's friends, who cherished me in my infancy, and shared with me his fortune." These little altercations, between generosity and gratitude, made the deepest impressions of esteem upon the bosoms of Florinde and Madame C——, and increased the happiness of Congo. The twelfth moon had now passed away, and no letter had arrived from Nantz. Madame C——, and Florinde were almost in despair, thinking their friends had forgotten them; or taken advantage of their destitute condition in a foreign country, aud cruelly detained the property of Madame C——. The ladies wept bitterly one morning as they sat at their breakfast table reflecting on their unhappy condition, when the lady of the house announced, a French gentleman who "desired to speak with Madame C——."

He soon entered, and gave to the ladies some letters he had received by his ship from France, when he bowed. But what was the joy of the exiles at finding they came

from Madame C's brother, at Nantz, enclosing considerable remittances; and his desire for them to return by the British Packet to England, and then proceed to France, as the American Ambassador would procure them passports. In pious gratitude these worthy ladies threw themselves on their knees, aud poured out their prayers to heaven for his mercy, nor did they forget their blessings to the generous Congo. After their first transports were subsided, Madame C—— said to Florinde, "now I can reward our benefactor, he shall return to France with us, and as my fortune, should it please God to conduct us there in safety, is ample, I will give him a capital to commence business. I wish the worthy creature was now with us, to hear the news; but as he seldom comes but on the Sunday, it will be four days before we shall have that pleasure. Suppose we take a walk, my dear Florinde, into the city, by good chance we may meet Congo, and as I think he is in some merchant's house, we will walk to the harbour where he is most likely to be found."

With lighter hearts than the ladies had experienced for some time, they put on their bonnets and cloaks, and directed their foot steps towards the river. In passing down Charles Street, they perceived a person who much resembled the person they looked for, sawing wood, before the door of a banker. "It cannot be Congo!" said Madame C—— in some uncertainty, "No, answered Florinde, the tear in her eye. At that instant the unconscious Congo raised his head, and his eyes met those of Florinde and her aunt. They both gave a light shriek, adding, "O! generous creature, how can he be rewarded?" Florinde was too much agitated, but Madame C—— crossed the street to him, and communicated the joyful tidings she had received from France. "Leave off this drudgery, O amiable Congo, and follow us."

"I will call in the evening, but pray leave me now." answered he, "for I am too much affected to accompany you." The ladies instantly returned to their lodging, where after relieving themselves by tears they, talked only

of the unparallelled Congo. It was night before the generous creature called, when Madame C—— gave him the letters she had received to read, and shewed him the amount of their remittance, and at the same time asked him to accompany them to France.

"To the world's end," sobbed Congo; Madame C—— gently chided him for submitting to such drudgery as they witnessed him, when he was possessed of such talents. Congo related the prejudices of the Americans to people of colour, but said no more, lest it might pain them. Madame C—— now urged Congo to accept one half of the remittance sent them, and the money left, he had deposited with them, to provide himself, and accompany them to New York the following Monday, as the Packet sailed by the end of that week. He accepted 200 dollars, which were his own earnings, but refused any more, saying, as Madame C—— would bear the expences, she ought to be purse bearer.

This magnanimity of Congo but raised

him in their esteem, and Florinde could not refrain her tears. When Congo left them, instead of returning to his lodging, he went to a tavern, and had now every day the pleasure of seeing his friends, nor did these unprejudiced ladies, to the great astonishment of the Americans, disdain walking out with him, and expressing to him the utmost attention.

On the following Monday they went by the mail to New York, and sailed in two more days for England, where they arrived after a quick passage of twenty-one days. Madame C— —, on applying to the American Ambassador for passports, encountered an obstacle she did not expect; which was that Congo could not accompany them to France, but as a servant, unless he could prove himself an American Citizen. When this was mentioned to Congo, he rejoiced at it; saying, it was the envied situation he wished to be in. "You are, Congo," replied Madame C——, "the most heroic of men, but I will reward you." Soon

as this obstacle was obviated, they went to Dover, and were permitted to go to France. Madame C—— found her brother at Nantz, in good health, and her fortune much improved by his discreet management. As Monsieur C—— had no children, he adopted Florinde, and not only added considerably to the sum Madame C—— almost compelled Congo to accept, but assisted him with his advice how to invest the money, and make the most of it. But Congo hearing Monsieur C—— wished to sell one of his estates in Guadaloupe, which he was now enabled by their generosity to purchase, intimated his desire of returning to the West Indies.

His friends endeavoured to dissuade him from his design, saying, they could not part with him. Madame C——, who penetrated the motive, prevailed on her brother, and Congo purchased the estate; he was prosperous, became very rich, but was not happy. When he died, he bequeathed all his property to Florinde, save what he had received from her aunt and uncle, which he

left them in legacies, "if they were alive," otherwise to their niece. When the news arrived at Nantz of the death of this amiable man, Madame C—— and Florinde put on mourning (the uncle was dead) and to celebrate his virtues they erected a Cenotaph, on which his generosity to them was recorded.

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