

ORIGINAL TALES,

BY

GEORGE CUMBERLAND.

IN

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ON CONTENT.

The condition of a man that is content may yet be changed for the better, and his happiness may be increased without end.

TRUBBLET'S ESSAYS, Sec. 18th.

PART I.

IT was on a fertile valley, in the province of *Tabristan*, the laborious and contented shepherd *Birusem* pastured his flock, the greatest part of which he had received as a dowry with his virtuous wife *Alida*; they rose with the morning to the sweetest labour; and in the evening, when *Alida* set bowls of milk before *Birusem*, would they often exclaim together, where is there a place so delightful as this valley of *Carazu*!—Thus passed

their innocent lives till Heaven blessed *Birusem* with a son; the birth of the infant increased their happiness, for *Birusem* and *Alida* were satisfied before.

While *Alida* attended to the care of her son *Sanga*, during his infancy, his father, as he grew older, instructed him to lead the flocks to their pastures; but the youth, naturally full of vivacity, despised the indolent life of a shepherd, and thirsted to ascend the Mountains of *Machendor*:—It was in vain, his parents assured him there was no part of the world equal to that in which he dwelt; that the sweetness of virtue far surpassed the enjoyment of riches. One sultry day, after *Sanga* had been repining at fortune, and envying every one he knew, because he fancied them happier than himself, he drove his flock, as usual, to a watering-place of *Birusem*. Just before he reached it, a company of merchants had pitched tents for

the night, induced by the beauty of the spot, which was covered with fresh verdure, and shaded by an aged grove. *Sanga*, who omitted no opportunity of conversing with strangers, now accosted one who appeared to be the chief, and entreated he would permit him to send some new cheese and milk for their evening's repast; "we have some olives and some honey of extraordinary goodness, said he, and it is the delight of my parents to entertain the weary traveller;"—without waiting an answer, he quitted the merchants and hastened to the cottage of *Birusem*.

When he was gone, the merchant said, with a sigh, "how charming is the simplicity of these shepherds,—what pleasures they possess, unknown to the trader who toils for riches, and has not time to enjoy them!—Little did I think, when I had doubled my wealth, that a peasant, with a flock of thirty

sheep, could be happier than myself, or that the superfluities of a shepherd of *Caraga*, should administer to the pleasures of a merchant of Alexandria!"

At *Sanga's* return he was made to sit down with the company; and while his curiosity was gratified with the luxurious descriptions of the magnificent cities they had passed through, his palate was gratified, for the first time, with the intoxicating juice of the grape. After supper the merchants retired to their tents with some beautiful females, and *Sanga*, unwilling to lose sight of such a scene of enchantment, drove his flocks very slowly towards home:—as they moved on, he would frequently look back and exclaim—Ah! who are so happy as those merchants of Alexandria!

The moon had now risen in all her splendor, and his mind being too much agitated

to suffer him to rest, he walked on full of those reflections, till he came to the banks of a small river, over-grown with low trees and corn rushes; the place was singularly gloomy, and what added to the horror of it was, a fall over some rocks in the neighbourhood, the dashing of whose waters occasioned a confused and tremulous murmuring. It suited the gloomy habits of *Sanga's* soul, and he cast himself down upon the ground, exclaiming aloud,—“ I now see, it is riches, and riches only, that can procure happiness; wretched man that I am, to perceive the disease without being able to obtain the remedy! for who is there can discover to me the source of ever possessing them?” These words of the discontented youth had scarce escaped his lips, when the noise of the cataract seemed to be redoubled, and a shrill voice called him by his name:—terrified at the circumstance, he started up, and attempted to escape, but was

intercepted by a lean figure of a woman, entirely wrapped in a mantle of gold; he fell prostrate at her feet, and uttered not a word:—

“ Rise, fortunate son of *Birusem*,” said the female, “ I am the Genius of the DESIRE OF GAIN; from earth I heard thee, and am come from the subterraneous cave which I inhabit to fulfil thy wishes; keep this crystal ring, which I give thee as a most invaluable treasure; for once every three years, it confers on the possessor of it whatever he desires:—go, fortunate son of *Birusem* and *Alida*; go, acquire wealth, and be happy.”

SANGA.—PART II.

As the heart of a shepherd who has perceived the tract of a tyger near his fold, and found his lambs untouched, leaps for joy, so did *Sanga's* rejoice at the fortunate termination of this alarming adventure. Impatient to divulge his good fortune, he flew towards *Birusem*, who, being alarmed at his stay, had come in search of him. "See, (said he, stopping his father who was going to chide him for not returning before, and holding the ring towards him;) behold the source of our future happiness; we may now quit our humble dwelling, and turn our flocks at large to graze."

Birusem bent his brow upon the elated

youth; "*Sanga*," said he, "I fear thou hast violated my commands, and drank of the wine of the merchants. I see nothing but a paltry bauble, which I suppose they have given thee in return for thy refreshments." When the tumult of the youth's joy was a little abated, he explained to his father the value of the ring, and at the same time desired his advice how to use it for their mutual good."

"If thou followest my advice," said the contented *Birusem*, "*thou wilt never make any use of it at all*; believe me, a good Genius would not have bestowed so dangerous a present; and as *Alla* has already made me rich in content, I can never think of participating in the reward of an uneasy mind—but tell me, rash boy, what would the impatience of thy desires urge thee to?"

"Father," returned the blushing *Sanga*, (not daring to own the extent of his inclina-

tions) “ I wish to be as rich as one of those merchants I have lately visited!”

No sooner had he spoke than the Genius appeared before him, “ Thy wish is granted,” said she; “ go home, there thou shalt find the means of accomplishing thy desires.”—*Sanga* bowed his head, and said in his heart, “ at least I shall be as rich as the merchants; it is true, I intended to have asked more, but this will procure a great many satisfactions, and with this I cannot be unhappy.”

Hurried away by the thoughts of his future grandeur, he payed little attention to the weeping *Birusem*, and hastened to possess his promised fortune. It consisted of some bulses of large diamonds, which he found neatly packed in the corner of his srip, with this inscription—“ *The riches of Sanga.*” Unable to conceive how his fortune could be

contained in so small a compass, which he expected to have found either in heavy merchandise or gold, his heart sunk within him ; but upon recollection, he remembered the traders had shown him some small packets, which they said were of great value ; without loss of time he therefore hastened to them, and reached their little camp just as they were preparing to leave the place. The first person he showed them to, imagining he should make a fortune through the ignorance of the peasant, offered only a trifle for them, at the same time telling him they were of little value ; this disappointment produced a sensation he had never known before, and whilst he was deliberating whether he should exclaim against the trader, or the Genius, another of the party came up, who fearing lest his comrade should get possession of the diamonds, and thereby become richer than himself, discovered their real value, and recommended to

Sanga, as there was not one in the whole troop capable of purchasing them, to join their body and dispose of them at some distant period. There was no time to be lost, he accepted the proposal, and *Sanga*, the shepherd, abandoning his father and his flocks, became a partner with the merchants of the caravan of *Alexandria*.

SANGA.—PART III.

At first this change of life, from its variety, could not fail to be entertaining:—But he soon found they did not always rest at such delightful spots as the watering place of *Birusem*, nor travel through such plentiful valleys as *Caraza*. The hopes, however, of arriving at *Ispahan*, where he might dispose of his treasure to advantage, easily reconciled these difficulties: what troubled him most was the apprehension of robbers—“yet why should I render myself uneasy on this account,” he would say, “it is the merchants with the bale-goods who are most likely to suffer, for my diamonds may with ease be concealed.

Thus this short possession of riches, had

already corrupted the virtuous principles of *Sanga*. In the course of his journey he formed the following resolutions:—If I dispose of these jewels to the advantage they tell me I shall, after rewarding the man who discovered to me their value, I will purchase a house, marry, and trouble myself no more with the cares of life.

On the arrival of the caravan at *Ispahan*, the capital of *Persia*, people of all denominations came to make purchases, and the produce of *Sanga's* jewels exceeded his expectations. He contemplated his gains with the highest satisfaction, as he now saw himself in the full enjoyment of the extent of his first wish: he formed a plan of living in the utmost magnificence, but very soon discovered, that his fortune, large as it at first appeared to be, was insufficient to gratify his wants.

“It would be wiser,” said a person to him,

(to whom he had been complaining that he could no longer vie with certain people at *Ispahan* in extravagance) “at your time of life, to turn your money into trade: if you purchase such manufactures as I can point out to you, and carry them to *Ormus*, I will be answerable you shall double your capital.” “Alas,” said *Sanga*, “I want only that to make me the happiest mortal on earth!”

He followed the *Persian's* advice, and with success; but at *Ormus* his friend persuaded him to continue his rout to *Bussora*, where he promised him a further accession to his fortune; it was impossible he should refuse to listen to so successful an adviser, and having converted all his goods into money, he loaded some camels with it, and entrusting the care of them to his conductor, set forward on his journey.

Towards the evening of the third day, they

entered an extensive forest, and at night pitched their tents under some spreading cedars.

It was now that the base companion of his journey, induced by the solitary situation of the place, prepared to carry into execution his treacherous designs; and beckoning to the guard, whom he had before corrupted with a promise of sharing the treasure, he commanded them, without delay, to execute their orders on the unhappy *Sanga*. In vain he loaded with reproaches the author of his misfortune; as vainly he promised to reward every man with immense wealth, if they would spare his life. The struggling and enraged merchant was bound to the root of an aged cedar, and twelve cymitars were lifted to drink his blood.

At this critical instant the sound of a confused number of voices, and trampling of

horses hoofs approached the place; the murderers thought of nothing now but their own safety, and stood upon their guard; but in an instant some armed horsemen rushed in upon them, and *Sanga* had the satisfaction to behold them pay the price of their villainy with their lives.

The noise had been occasioned by a gang of banditti, who having procured information of the opulence of the travellers, had come out to plunder. Upon his imploring their compassion, and relating his unlucky adventure, which the circumstance of his being bound confirmed, they gave him his liberty, put a sabre into his hand, and retreated with their booty.

SANGA.—PART IV.

OVERWHELMED with distress, and sinking under this misfortune, he dashed himself on the ground, and gave a vent to grief—he cursed his avarice, and above all his credulity, which had led him into such a situation: “If I was once more, with this experience, as rich as before I quitted *Ispahan*, how happy should I be! but it is now wanting two moons of the day when I may renew my wishes, and long before that arrives, I shall perish with want in this miserable forest.”—Such were his reflections during the night, and when morning came, it presented nothing to his view but endless windings, amongst trees that seemed to be coeval with

the earth; being, however, naturally courageous, he did not despair, and having stripped the dead bodies of what provisions they had left, he filled a srip, and set forward on foot, in that track which seemed most beaten; in a few days he discovered a passage, and the appearance of a village at a distance, when, just as he was congratulating himself on the fortunate circumstance, his ears were assailed, seemingly from a thicket near him, by the cries of a woman in distress; he grasped his sabre, and flew in an instant to the place, just in time to rescue a young and beautiful female from the hands of two ruffians, who immediately took to flight. *Sanga* raised the trembling lady, and entreated to know the cause of what he had seen.—

“ Sir, (said she, in the sweetest voice imaginable,) I am the unfortunate widow of a Cham, named *Isoph*, who, dying a few days ago, bequeathed me all his wealth; and those

treacherous slaves of my enemies having forced me to this place would have here taken away my life, in order to seize on my possessions; my residence is not far off, and if, generous stranger! you will accompany me there, your valour shall be equalled by its reward."

The sea of *Birusem* wanted no such inducement, *he felt a stranger*, and as she every now and then, on their way, bent a look of gratitude towards him; "Ah, Mahomet! (said he to himself,) how truly happy might a man be with such a creature as this!" In short, he discovered to her the power of his ring, and the inclinations of his heart: but the widow assured him she had vowed to mourn the whole time of her widowhood.—
 "I shall cancel that vow," said he (secretly inflamed by the refusal,) but the hour is not yet arrived that is to give to me my wishes."

He found out a thousand pretences to delay his departure, and at length the Genius appeared to him a second time:—"Give me but the widow and the wealth of *Isoph*, (cried the enamoured *Sanga*,) and the blasts of adversity shall have passed over my head!" The Genius disappeared, the beautiful *Persian* was of course softened, and every thing succeeded to his desire.

SANGA.—PART V.

THE first six months after the nuptials slipped away unperceived; nothing was heard but mirth and pleasure, nor any thing seen but feasts and dances; every one said that *Sanga's* house was the abode of delight, and *Sanga* the dispenser of happiness.

When the hurry of the congratulations of his friends had subsided, he began to examine the treasures of the deceased governor, and found himself amply provided with the means of supporting his grandeur; a year passed away without his discovering a want:—at length it was whispered to him that the fortune without the title of the late Cham was insufficient to conceal the obscurity of his birth, or to render him respectable amongst the in-

habitants of the province. No sooner was it mentioned than he assented to the justness of the observation, and accordingly set about distributing large sums of money amongst people who were to get him invested with these high honours. During the term this negociation lasted, his mind was disturbed by a thousand anxieties, lest he should be deceived or discovered; and he repeatedly ejaculated—"if I succeed in this wish of my heart, what shall I have to pray for!"

At length the matter was adjusted, and a shepherd of *Caraza* was numbered amongst the lords of the provinces of *Persia*.

Lifted up to the height of power, his revenues were considerably augmented; but instead of adding tranquillity and generosity to the bosom of their possessor, they came with their usual attendants, inquietude and distrust; beside the additional cares of his

office, and the many temptations that fell in his way to corrupt his integrity, (which demanded violent struggles to withstand) he was obliged secretly to keep a number of people in his pay at court to inform him if any of his secret enemies were plotting his ruin.

A circumstance soon after happened, which assisted to convince him that riches were a poor equivalent for the evils of life; nor even power, a security from oppression, unless supreme.—During the time that *Sanga* was celebrating his nuptials, he took occasion frequently to declare to his guests, that he had united himself to the most accomplished of the females of *Persia*; and once giving way to the frankness of his disposition, he showed her unveiled to a minister of his acquaintance, who was travelling to the court at *Ispahan*. The minister, who had a favor to ask, communicated the circumstance

to the Vizier, *Azem*; and the Vizier well informed of the amorous disposition of his master, lost no time in reporting it to the King. Inflamed with the description of the lovely *Mosellay*, he commanded that she should be brought before him; the swift instruments of the tyrant entered the house of the governor in the middle of the night, and the trembling wife of *Sanga* was torn from the arms of an admiring husband, to grace the Haram of a despotic Prince.

An injury like this could not fail to enrage the most submissive; and he, at first, made some faint opposition to the orders of his Sovereign.

This resistance was exaggerated by the messengers; and the Vizier, with whom it had long been a maxim, never to forgive those whom he had injured, failed not to represent it to his master as the seeds of

rebellion ; at the same time insinuating that his great riches were sufficient to enable him to corrupt the province. The latter part of the hint failed not of its desired effect, and in a short time, at the instigation of his enemies, the unfortunate governor was committed to a guard in his own house, and his estate confiscated to the use of the King.

For seven moons was the enraged son of *Birusem* confined in a dungeon, in the house where he had used formerly to command ; this long interval of suspense afforded him a fair opportunity to reflect on the insufficiency of riches, and of the little happiness that is to be derived from their possession alone ; at length, thoroughly convinced of his mistake, he broke out in the following exclamations :

“ How vainly have I hitherto imagined that happiness was the attendant of wealth only ; I now see it is the practice of fit actions

only, inspired by humility arising from self-knowledge, and a contented mind that can procure us that blessing; when have I enjoyed quiet since I forsook the instructions of experience to follow the suggestions of levity? Would I had never possessed this fatal ring! would I were once more in the cottage of *Birusem* and *Alida*."

Confinement had prevented his calculating the precise moment, when the virtues of his ring should again prevail; and the time being arrived sooner than he expected, a noise like thunder broke the door of his prison, and the Genius appeared once more before him.

"It is in vain, said she, (with a countenance distorted by fury) to expect weak and ignorant mortals to make a proper use of the favours of the Genii.—I cannot deprive thee of the benefit of thy present wish, but

I can take away from thee the means of recovering thy loss."—So saying, she drew the ring from the finger of the astonished *Sanga*, and breathing on his face, he was in an instant transported to the valley of *Caraza*.

He hesitated not a moment to throw himself at the feet of his parents, who received him with open arms. He related to them his adventures, from his first quitting the life of a shepherd to the time of his conviction of the necessity of content as the only source of real happiness. They heard him with an attention equal to their regard, and when he had finished, the virtuous *Birusem* made him this short answer :

“ When, my son, you considered riches, as of themselves capable of conveying every satisfaction to the heart of man, you were wholly mistaken ; if you had imagined them to be an addition to the happiness of a good

one who makes a proper use of them, you would not have been deceived:—Since you left the province of *Tabreistan*, *Alla* has been pleased to multiply our flock; we amply supply the wants of our neighbours, and they now whiten the meads of *Caraza*. There is a satisfaction in honest gains, and we have enjoyed it; for every repeated accession has brought with it additional delight, and filled our bosoms with gratitude to the giver of all good; to fill up the measure of our happiness, he has enlightened thy understanding, and returned thee to the arms of thy parents.”—These words of *Birusem* penetrating his son’s heart, completed the cure.—He renewed his former occupation with alacrity, and by the heart-felt satisfaction which his countenance expressed, confirmed their opinion, *that there was no place so delightful as the valley of Caraza.*

MOSOOLA,

'THE FISHERMAN;

OR,

THE BENEFITS OF EXPERIENCE.

MOSoola,

THE HINDOO FISHERMAN;

OR

THE BENEFITS OF EXPERIENCE.

IN a small village near *Cape Comorin*, on the Coast of *Coromandel*, at that delightful season of the year, when the flowers of *India* are most brilliant; and at the period of the evening, when the sea breezes waft their refreshing perfumes around, and man, wearied with the labours of the day, seeks retirement, *Mosoola*, a poor fisherman, was reposing, surrounded by his family, near the ruins of an ancient temple, under the agreeable shade of a banyan tree, partaking in tranquillity of a frugal meal.

Induced by the sweet sensations which the moment supplied, he received a *Vina* from the hands of his youthful wife, and executed on it an air so trippingly lively, that all within hearing were compelled to beat the velvet turf; and even an aged *Pakir*, whose residence was on the roof of a pagoda, leaned over the parapet, complacently to observe their innocent amusement.

At the close of the dance, the tired dancers formed a circle round the musician, all their features indicating content and joy; *Mosoola* felt his consequence augmented by the compliment; and determined, if possible, to encrease it, again tuned his *Vina*, cleared his throat, and having by a slight prelude procured a respectful silence, he raised his expressive eyes to Heaven, and burst forth into the following extemporaneous rhapsody:

Not the swords of the *Marrattas*,
 Nor the jewels of *Golconda*,
 Nor the magnificence of *Dchli*,
 Nor *Timoor Shaw's* imperial diadem,
 Can compare with my peace and contentment.

Bles't with youth, strength, health
 Possess of the lovely *SACONTALA*,
 Whose eyes glitter like the stars,
 With limbs taper as the sugar cane ; —
 Could wealth augment my joys ?

My boat is clean as a water-melon,
 My silver nets entice the fish,
 All my tackle lies in order,
 The anchor shines like a gem at the prow,
 O *Mosoolu* ! thou art but too happy !

The last line had raised him into rapture ; he was repeating it with emphasis ; tears of pleasure rolled down his rough cheeks, and fell from his manly beard, when news was brought him, by a hasty messenger, that he must instantly repair down to the shore, as some pirates were making off with his boat,

which they had cut away, and had already worked through the surf.

Mosoola starting up, threw down his *Vina* with such force that he broke it into pieces, and flew rather than ran towards the spot.

The boat was already a considerable distance from the shore ; he plunged, nevertheless, into the sea, without a moment's consideration, swam vigorously in pursuit of the robbers, and when nearly exhausted, was close enough to call to them ;—at first he had uttered nothing but unthinking reproaches ; but when within hearing, fear convinced him of his error, and he entreated them to receive him into their boat, telling those wretches that he was an assassin impatient to avoid the officers of justice.

Such a circumstance was a forcible recommendation ; they slackened sail, lifted him on

board, and finding him an able mariner, entrusted him with the helm.

After doubling *Cape Comorin*, they ventured into a small port on the *Malabar* coast, from whence they proposed to make sail for the *Maldicia* Islands, and confessed to him their intention of living amongst them by piracy and plunder.

The sagacious Hindoo went immediately to the Cadi, told his tale, and received an order to bring the pirates before him, after securing the boat.—He now began to laugh at the adventure, and anticipated a speedy return to the bosom of his family; but in order to make sure of his prisoners, he entered a shop to purchase a *cross*, while the agents of the Cadi went on towards the shore.

Having finished his bargain for the weapon, just as he was going out he perceived

a handsome *Vina* with embroidered ornaments hanging to a nail, and prompted by a desire to recover this favourite instrument, he asked the smith whether it was for sale ;—assuredly, replied the shop-keeper, for what should I do with it who have lost my accomplished wife, that played so well, and cannot myself at all touch the instrument, which few I believe indeed can manage like her!

Mosoola's vanity could not resist the temptation to show his skill; he took down the instrument, and finding it a fine-toned one, in a moment forgot the important business in hand. The prelude was not short; the air was a long one; an *adagio* followed, and just in the finest part of it, some armed men led by the Pirates rushed into the shop, and seized and swiftly bound him in spite of his earnest protestations against their violence ;—

“ We have you at last,” said one of the

robbers, “runaway slave! were you not sufficiently punished for murdering your master, but you must be at your old tricks again?”—
 “And who is to pay me for my *Cress* and my *Vina*,” said the smith, on finding that *Mosoola* had no money.—“His bones,” replied the officers of Justice, “after the vultures have picked them, if the charges against him prove true: here are three that are ready to swear that he is an assassin and a slave; if they had been pirates we should have found their plunder, instead of which, like poor fishermen, they had nothing but their boat and their nets:—if he had been the honest man he wanted to pass for, he would not have slunk behind.”

Appearances were strongly against him; the Cadi gave credit to their charges, and instead of commitment they were dismissed with a present, whilst poor *Mosoola* was thrown into the bottom of a dungeon, stripped, and treated like a criminal and an impostor.

His prison was an old fortress near the sea; the jailor was reasonable, he listened to his case; "if you really are a fisherman," said he, "what you assert may easily be proved: take a guard and let us see what is your skill; I can soften the rigour of your confinement, if in this way you prove useful."

One day, having caught a very precious fish, Mosoola was sent with it as a present to the Cadi; the jailor accompanied him. The fish proved acceptable, and his story gained due credit: it was too late to seek the pirates, but the honest fisherman procured his freedom and a purse of gold mohurs, as an indemnification.

Overjoyed at thus recovering his liberty, he instantly repaired to a garden where sherbets were sold, the resort of itinerant musicians and bayadoers; here he remained, listening to his favourite instrument, his senses steeped in

pleasure, when night overtook him, and dissolved his joys in soft and refreshing slumbers.

The owners of the garden thought little of their guests, and there he remained unmolested until the birds woke him at the dawn, when looking round he perceived nothing but deserted arbours, and the disgusting remains of the evening's collation.—His mind also reproached him; he thought seriously of home, and the figure of his weeping *Sacotala* passed vividly across his imagination.

Thus pensively he entered the port, and began so eagerly to prepare for his journey, that he did not even stay to take leave of his friendly jailor, resolving to return on foot, by short ways, to make sure of a happy meeting with his disconsolate family; and furnished with sufficient supplies to reconcile him to his late loss, the day passed away full of

pleasing anticipations. He wished, it is true, to go and make good his purchase at the smith's, but even his love of justice gave way to a love of a more tender nature, and before evening he found himself as far advanced on his way home as the most ardent imagination could desire.

On entering a village where he proposed to rest for the night, a loud shriek was heard from a Bungalow at the back of which he was passing, and presently a man with a poniard in his hand leaped over the wall and ran away, pursued by an old woman to the verge of the parapet, who unable to follow any further, gave way to the most violent fit of rage imaginable, but seeing Mosoola, who had approached to behold the end of this event from mere curiosity—

“ Handsome young man,” said she, collecting herself, “ if you possess those feelings that ought to accompany your age, come instantly

into this house and protect an afflicted family during the darkness of the night, from the vengeance of an assassin whom neither youth nor beauty have been able to soften."

Mosoola, whose feelings were all warm and kind, made no reply, but entered immediately, where he was received in a small chamber well lit, and within it, behind a veil, saw a very handsome young female sitting on a low sofa.

"Daughter," said the old woman, "here is a young man of courage and accomplishments who offers us his protection; with friends such as these we should use no distant ceremonies; the villain who robbed, and would have murdered us in return for all our kindness but for thy timely outcries, ought to be forgot; the object of your gratitude should now be this stranger, so opportunely come to rescue us;—but alas! what have we at

this unfortunate moment; to offer him? I never before had to lament the loss of money so strongly."

Overcome by so many fine compliments, our fisherman's vanity drank at the stream like a thirsty flower; and producing the purse of the Cadi, he desired they would use from it, under their present circumstances, whatever they chose to procure for an agreeable supper.

The old woman disappeared in an instant with its contents, saying as she departed, "to so generous and worthy a man I may entrust every thing; go sit by my child and console her with your enchanting conversation, whilst I go and prepare some refreshments; but guard your hearts, since both are young and beautiful."

A bewitching smile from the handsome Hindoo, accompanied with a full gaze from a

pair of large black eyes, instantly made our hero suspect where he was, but a second fire from the same artillery as speedily made him forget the admonitions of prudence :—the virtuous flame fanned by the remembrance of his loved wife, now like a traitorous incendiary, consumed the breast it should have preserved. Delirium took the seat where reflection had before presided. The pirates only stole his boat, but a more powerful enemy would now have robbed him of himself, had not loud threats from without, and a broken door, announced a danger that might have awakened all but the dead—the night guards entered by the breach, and seizing the whole family like vultures, remorselessly dragged them before the officers of justice.

A short examination before the Cadi soon cleared up every thing :—The supposed assassin proved to be an imprudent young man, who

had nearly been himself assassinated;—the civil old woman a procuress, and the goddess of the Bungalow both her prey, and the powerful instrument of her depredations.

The women were disposed of according to law, and Mosoola with a reprimand, and without his purse, was dismissed, more humbled with this than with either of his misfortunes, because no little self reproach accompanied his regrets, and he felt that he must now enter his home with an embarrassed mind, instead of the glowing feelings of genuine sincerity; and with a sad hiatus in the history of his adventures, that while it would be difficult to conceal, it would be dishonourable to relate.

In this state of mind he overtook a soldier returning from the wars, covered with wounds, and reduced by fatigue almost to a skeleton; he had sunk by the way side quite exhausted, and lay groaning on the earth, covered with dust and squalid misery.

“Here is a man (said he,) doubtless more wretched than myself,” and with a fellow feeling he asked him what train of evils could have brought him to such a state of complicated misery.

“More than I have strength to relate,” replied the soldier, “war and its vile concomitants; but if you can supply me with a handful of rice and a cup of water you will greatly serve me, for I am so reduced that I should not refuse them from the hand of a *Paria* or even a *Christian*.”

Mosoola looked round, and thinking he saw a village in the hills, started with alacrity to find it, and procure the alms desired with so much anxiety. He had scarce entered the village when he found himself in the midst of a troop of people going to celebrate a wedding with flags, tom-toms, and all the noisy apparatus of a festival.—Joy lit up his countenance by re-

flection from the faces of others; he joined the crowd mechanically, followed to the house of the bridegroom, was entertained as a guest, and requested to contribute his share to the amusement of the company.

The bride was a great beauty; an instrument was offered him, he seized it, and to show his gratitude, played to the admiration of all present. The more they applauded, the more he exerted his talents; sherbet, odoriferous flowers, and a shawl placed upon his shoulders, made him forget all but the passing scene, —his wife, his home, himself, his promises.

At length, during a pause, the old soldier's situation came across his brain like a flash of fire.—He rose suddenly, seized some refreshment, and hastened, guided by the moon, to find him—in this he succeeded, but the man had expired.

Self reproach now began to exert its awful powers; he, however, resolved to perform the last sad offices of humanity, and had just taken out the soldier's crest to scrape a grave in the sandy soil, to conceal the body from wild animals, when some of the guests, who had followed him to discover the object of his sudden flight, came up, and instantly recognized the poor soldier to have been a native of the district.

Mosoola was now by all agreed to be a remorseless murderer and thief, and his sudden departure was attributed, on all hands, to his desire of availing himself of the hour of night to conceal his atrocious deeds.

They would hear no defence, but dragged the weeping and pallid wretch before the magistrate, who ordered him into confinement, such as is allotted to the worst of criminals, where he passed many days with

no other light but that of “ *his own clear breast;*” and no hope but that which arose from conscious innocence.

Fortunately, however, for our fisherman, it appeared, on enquiry, that a poor widow had visited the dying man, and given him a draught of water after *Mosoola* had left him, and learnt from his lips, that our harmless captive was gone to the village to procure him relief from mere motives of charity.—He was, therefore, released with honour, had some trifling amends made him, and was dismissed on his journey, amid general congratulations.

“ Now,” said he, “ never will I again go out of my way for any temptations whatever; it is time to push straight forward home, to think no more of songs and dances, but those I shall enjoy with my honest neighbours; and if I deviate ever so little from this resolution, may the sea coast of *Malabar* become a forest of

tigers, and the waves of the ocean retire into the bowels of the earth!"

As he said this he set forward with such a hearty resolution, and so confirmed an energy, that it was almost sun-set before he thought of eating; and he was then in the midst of a forest, the lofty trees of which were not of the fruit bearing kind.

In a deserted *Pagoda*, near a tank, he ate his handful of rice, performed duly his ablutions, and having thrice called aloud on the good spirits to protect him by name, he laid himself down under a lofty cornice of stone for security from the dews of night—at day-break the air was cool, and scented with a variety of agreeable odours; birds awoke him with their singing, and the monkeys were playing fantastic gambols among the thick branches of the banyan trees; he arose refreshed, again performed his ablutions, collected a few roots and

bulbs, made a frugal meal, and was preparing gaily to depart, when the shrill voice of a *Fakir* seated on the apex of a Lingham, called to him authoritatively to stop.

The fisherman would have gone on, had not the voice repeated his name.—“Holy *Mo-soola*,” cried the *Fakir*, “Brahma has beheld thy ablutions made in privacy with approbation, and accepts thy prayers; and has chosen thee for his messenger: go instantly to the Bramins of the neighbouring town, and tell them to come here, and purify and reedify his sacred place with offerings; lay aside all your worldly concerns, and instantly obey the voice of the Deity, or the greatest of all possible misfortunes will speedily overwhelm you!”

A greater than this he thought could not well have happened, just as he expected to see the tops of his native rocks, more especially as the journey was in a contrary direction.—He

pondered a moment; but the compliment paid to his sanctity flattered all his vainer feelings, and he decided, partly from fear and partly from ambition to perform the task.

What with fatigue, hunger, and vexation, with cloaths torn to rags, by taking the short ways, and feet covered with wounds, never any messenger from a Deity could have appeared less respectable than he did, when he presented himself almost breathless before the Bramins, and delivered in his own humble language this extraordinary commission—he was driven out of the place with blows and imprecations as a madman, or an impostor; and the boys of the town followed him as long as they had strength or ammunition.

In this piteous plight he resumed his sorrowful journey, cured of his vanity for the present, but not a jot less credulous than ever, or at all less likely to be hasty in his decisions.

Supported by the kind charities and hospitalities of the poor like himself, he at length nearly reached his home, an object so altered as scarcely to be recognized by his nearest friends.

Night now approached, when seating himself on the summit of a rocky promontary that commanded a view of the place of his nativity, his heart nearly exhausted beat again with joy unutterable, at the near prospect of at length returning to the embraces of his beloved wife, and the bosom of his family.

The sun set in the horizon like a pillar of fire ; the sea like a broad mirror extended its image to the sands ; and the wet sands continued it to the rocky margin of the sea's boundary ; a fishing boat crossed the line, and renewed the idea of his proper occupation ; all nature was listening to the songs of solitary birds, or the hissing of the waves that bowed their

foaming heads in regular succession to the shore—in such moments the most unreflecting minds are compelled to think; *Mosoola's* was assaulted by a crowd of recollections.

“What folly have I not been guilty of,” said he, “in quitting such quiet scenes in such rude haste for the loss of a paltry fishing boat? I have encountered all sorts of privations and losses in order to revenge the slightest!—and here I am returned with loss of time, loss of flesh, loss of health, loss of money, and, but for Providence, I had lost my life!—My vanity has been severely punished, and will still be more so, for no one, who learns my story will now respect me; to my wife too, instead of the handsomest fisherman of the fleet, I must present a skeleton, to my neighbours an unreflecting idiot; I shall never again be able to regain my importance, or present the figure I formerly made, when with my gay songs and well toned *Vina*, I brought all the villagers around my

humble dwelling—No, I must not after all return, it will be too cutting; I shall die with mortification,¹ to hear their torrent of remarks; I must fly my home, I must turn sepoy, become the mercenary of our conquerors; I must do any thing sooner than thus expose myself to endless ridicule.”

Such were his reflections, when a party of his comrades came suddenly upon him, loaded with baskets of fish that they were conveying along the coast to dispose of at the next market.—They all knew, and were so rejoiced to see him, that their loyal and clamorous congratulations quite recovered his desponding spirits, and extinguished his deep blushes; but when they at length told him that his dear partner was still faithful, his infants well supported by her industry, that the bay abounded in fish, and that the boat which he had nearly lost his life in the rash pursuit of, had been regained by the conjoined efforts of

his kinsmen ; joy overcame all remaining diffidence, cured him of all thoughts of turning soldier, fixed him in the resolution, never to be too hastily moved in future, and sent him back to his happy home bettered by experience, instructed by misfortunes, and firmly determined, there always to pursue his tranquil industry, and begin the world again as if nothing had happened.

THE HERMIT
WITHOUT A BEARD.

THE HERMIT

WITHOUT A BEARD.

A TALE THAT NONE WILL BELIEVE, FEW WILL IMITATE, YET
ALL MAY PROFIT BY.

TOWARDS the latter end of September, about two hours after sun-rise, a London tradesman, well mounted, returning from the little town of *Porlock* in the West, had strayed from the high road into one of those narrow lanes that wind among some of the pleasantest villages in England, and had lost his way.

He began to suspect his error, just as a heavy shower was ready to fall that had been suddenly gathered by the attraction of *Dun-*
kry's sublime Beacon.

An immense oak pollard, leaning forward, crowned by a magnificent head of ivory, and whose roots, (the sheep having scooped under them a sloping cavern) lay bare, offered him a friendly shelter, and he backed his nag into this natural hovel with no small satisfaction.

One of those perennial springs that are, in this country, so equally divided among many pastures, happened at this time to be taking its course, on the opposite side of the line, in full stream and transparency, under a bank covered with mosses, lichens, and wild strawberry plants;—before his eye appeared a rustic stile of one slab, beneath which rushed a trickling thread of the pure element passing under a footpath bridge, and falling into a hollow cup of quartz of considerable dimensions, from which it continually descended, bubbling and sparkling, to the rill below.

Above the hedge, which was neatly shorn, rose to view (as he sat on his horse, bending

to get more compleatly covered by the crown of the pollard) the low roof of a very small cottage, neatly thatched; which, with the tops of some fine and well-trained scarlet beans, convinced him that it was not without an inhabitant.

The shower increased—it seemed that the collected vapours of *Exmoore's* waste were hurrying down to irrigate *Porlock's* fertile vale:—dark curtains of deep blue succeeded each other in awful procession from the lofty hills, where a density of collected waters appeared. Storms followed storms, until the sturdy pollard was converted into a dripping cave.

The flaps of a water-proof coat, secured his saddle-bags, but the man, a secondary consideration, was at last soaked through all but the skin that covered him, and was thus constrained to think of returning to his inn for dry garments and better shelter.

This execrable weather! exclaimed he;—this execrable life followed; this execrable country was upon his lips, when he heard the cottage door open, and saw a stout young man come briskly forth and heave a large stone, that stood before the gate and served the purpose of a dam, so as to give vent at once to a torrent of water that rushed out at his horse's feet with no small degree of volocity. "Hol-loa!" cried he, in an imperative tone;—the peasant calmly looked up, while the stone was suspended in his sturdy grasp, and a moment after gently replacing it, expressed his surprise at seeing any one there, by saying in a familiar manly voice, accompanied with a cheering smile, "Why did not you come in?"

A second invitation was unnecessary: he threw the bridle into the young man's hand, who undertook to put the horse under cover, and placing the saddle-bags carefully on his own arm, found himself, in an instant, out of the reach of the tempest.

The room he now entered was dry and clean, but so poorly furnished, that except two stools and a window seat, he saw no other contrivance for reposing; a table, it is true, there was, a low and capacious one, sufficiently solid to sustain any substance, and sufficiently long to carry a full grown man extended; it was of solid oak, and apparently had served many generations.

The cottager soon returned with half a dozen cakes of peat moss in a wicker basket, and without saying a word, began actively to augment a very small earth fire that soon produced a cheering blaze.

While he was thus employed our traveller had changed his garments, and was now engaged in examining his host and the surrounding objects; the inventory of the furniture was soon completed, for in addition to what has been mentioned, there was only a portion of

a minutely correct plan of that part of the country they were in (evidently a recent design,) and a tolerable map of Europe on a large scale traced over the chimney piece; in a niche stood an old globe, on the table lay a folio bible, and a variety of horticultural and other tools, earthen vessels, bags, boxes, bottles, and baskets, were hanging in great order around the walls.

The owner had the appearance of a compleat rustic; for his dress, which was of coarse grey cloth, consisted only of two pieces, a jacket, and pantaloons, beneath which appeared, at his open breast, a still coarser shirt, of scanty materials, but exquisitely clean:—shoes or stockings he had none, and the bushy form of his hair showed manifestly that he seldom wore a covering to his head; his hands, feet, and face, were perfectly clean, and his chin exhibited marks of the recent application of the razor; his countenance was open.

and manly, his dark eyes swimming with the brilliant waters of content, and his person, though of the middling size, was athletic and in perfect symmetry.

Having furnished a good fire, he next placed a new loaf and a piece of cheese on the table, and, by their side a mug of water, and a bason of milk, at the same time offering them freely to his guest; then shutting up the book which he placed carefully on a hanging shelf, he took one of the stools, and continued to follow what seemed to have been his employment previously to the storm, which was, splitting sallows for thatching, and pointing the ends of wooden staples with a clasp-knife.

The traveller having refreshed himself, now broke this irksome silence.—“Your family?” “I have none:”—“Your parents?” “Have long been dead:”—“Your master?” “I serve no man:”—“This cottage then?”

“Is my own?”—“Your employment?” “that which pleases me and accords with my conscience.”

At every reply the traveller's importance shrank back into its shell; he changed his tone, therefore, and Pray my good friend,—and Excuse me,—began to assume their more gentle office in interrogation. Every time the shower ceased but for a moment, he ran to the door or window, for both remained open, and from the regularity and extreme neatness of the garden, of which he caught several glimpses, he began to conjecture that his kind host was a nursery-man.

“You deal, I presume, in those flowering myrtles (seeing a hedge in full bloom,) and useful garden seeds?” “I deal in nothing,” said the rustic, “neither do I ever enquire into the dealings of others. He whom Providence has blessed with the necessaries of life, and on

whom health and reason has bestowed contentment, has no occasion to become a trafficker in any article whatever."

A stare of astonishment was all the reply the tradesman could make; a mixed sentiment bordering on contempt would fain have arisen in his bosom, but conscious shame and conviction, dispelled the emotion, and a long reflecting pause only served to increase his surprise, curiosity, and admiration.

At twelve o'clock the rain seemed to be set in for the day; a steady and heavy fall had silenced even the clamorous crows, washed the ways to vivid purity, and sent every living thing to shelter that could fortunately find its supporting consolation.

To get back to his inn was now the only plan left for the traveller, yet hope inclined him to wait, and curiosity added her

influence in detaining him: he saw there could be no more travelling that day, and although the prospect of a good dinner, and three or four grogs after it, arose frequently in his mind, although the *Rose and Crown* offered its hilarities, and the *Ship* all the comforts of a private house, yet still the dæmon curiosity prevailed, and he could not bring himself to mount his horse, and face the soaking shower, until the more imperious appetite was gratified.

“What should make a man that seems so civil be so cynical in his replies?” said he, and then he began to think he had assumed too much distance in his manner; for after all, thought he, what does this man owe to me? the obligations are all on my side; I must change my stile or I shall get nothing out of him; my knowledge of the world should have taught me better; I must use a little of my

adroitness and mercantile address; this fellow is an original, and must be humoured.

He began, therefore, by commending his provisions, admiring his cot and garden, and concluded by an appeal to his vanity, by observing, that from his maps he could easily perceive that he was well versed in geography.

Sydney, (for so was the young man called by his neighbours,) now no longer resisted his enquiries, and quitting his stool, he came and sat upon the table, to follow his work at a less distance; then putting his hand familiarly on the guest's shoulder,—“ I see,” said he, “ you are at a loss to comprehend my situation, and no doubt wonder at the sight of apparent poverty united with considerable independance; in truth, my situation is somewhat singular; perhaps if you knew my opinions, they might seem more so; but the fact is, it is true what I

to id you—I neither serve, nor am served, except from the purest motives of benevolence; I have neither parent, wife, or child, and possessing youth, health, and good spirits, though at no time am I absolutely idle, yet I am never excessively employed—the secret is, *a little contents me*, and by the help of religion, my passions are very much restrained; it was my good fortune to have a wise man for my father, and my happiness, that early in life, I believed him to be so; and then sought by all means to imitate the simplicity of his conduct, convinced from his example, that to the truly virtuous, all states are indifferent, and that happiness always resides with those who are humble, obliging, sincere, and who ask for nothing beyond what has been allotted to the support of common natures.”

Here he remained silent, and the trader, who already saw that he was not a man to refuse

his services, without ceremony asked him if he would conduct his horse to the inn, order his bed, and return with a basket of good fare; in conclusion, crowning the whole with a short narrative of his circumstances, and the motives which induced him to live thus solitarily; by which means, if not disagreeable to him, a dull day might be converted into a pleasant one, and he trusted they might be mutually entertained and improved.

Although it still rained incessantly, the youth, with the utmost willingness, accepted the commission, and soon executed it; but nothing the traveller could urge would induce him to partake of either his wine, or other luxuries, alledging that he in reality preferred his own simple fare, and without further entreaty, he commenced his short history as follows:

“ My father was the incumbent of a small church living, in these delightful mountains,

a man originally of considerable book-learning, and so highly esteemed by the university that bred him, that he was sent with general approbation, on a travelling pension, over the greater part of Europe; at his return, being then young and accomplished, as my mother has often told me, he found little difficulty in persuading her, and her parents, to bestow a willing hand on him, accompanied with a considerable fortune.

“ They began life by what is falsely called enjoying it; but a few years of dissipation reduced them to difficulties that brought about the recovery of their reason, and with intelligent minds, subdued by sad experience, but not tainted with vice, they returned to this living to reflect on the scenes that had passed away:—at first neither expected much comfort from the change, but it pleased God to afford them courage to encounter its difficulties, and in the end they found *that Peace*

... .. *cannot give,*

“ I was the only child allotted them, and I came into life just at that period, when my presence afforded them the greatest consolation, I mean soon after their retirement.— My father studied and performed all his duties to his parishioners with unremitting attention. My mother never failed to equally to exert herself in accomplishing her calling. To be exemplarily good was now their only study; ‘ folly’ they would say ‘ has had her reign, God has reclaimed us by correction; let us become *the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.*’

“ My father’s studies now centered in his bible, for all his other books had been disposed of, except a few volumes on agriculture and gardening, some treatises on morals, and a few volumes of excellent sermons—In a word, he performed, for many years, the genuine part of a truly christian pastor, enjoying the affections of my mother, uninterrupted by

sickness or by sorrow, and both of them possessing the love and veneration of an only child, whom they studied to make happy by the soundest advice, and to warn from folly by lessons of their own experience.

“ That experience had taught them that every thing is vanity that exceeds the necessities of life, and although their education had subjected them to wants that are not common to all, they kindly taught me to limit mine to those only that are absolutely necessary to man.

“ ‘ We can save but little money, my child,’ would they often say to me, ‘ for your maintenance when we are gone, but we can make that little much by giving you an early conviction of the miseries attendant on vicious pursuits, limiting your wants, exhibiting to you the scourges that are destined to correct the indulgences of the passions, and the disap-

pointments that await those who augment by art the necessities of nature.—May strength, health, and virtue be your constant portion, and the commands of God the sole object of your *implicit obedience*; with these acquirements, a very little is enough for this short life, and may you never live to lose them, or ever, for a moment, doubt of their efficacy to your eternal salvation'. —The sweetest tears would often mingle with these holy aspirations, and before I was quite twelve years old, I shared from my soul with them in these animating hopes, and ardent ejaculations.

“As to what the world calls education, I have not much to boast;—to what end, would my father say, should I give him any other language than his own? All that I wish him to know is comprised in that of every nation; to know himself, *Socrates* needed only that of his own country.—The riches of right conduct may be his without labour; and if we can but

divest him of the vanity of human nature, his useful cloathing will be of but little expence to his purse.

“ In the pictures he drew, I saw all the errors of mankind, and learned to be disgusted with our common vices before I had learned to read—to train the body and amend the heart, was all he undertook with me until I was ten years old, except the alphabet and common accounts ; but he read to me until he inspired me with so ardent a desire to read, that nothing could be easier of attainment.

“ Every house in the parish it was his custom to visit both for religious and medical purposes ; and there were few to which he took me, that did not at our return afford a useful lesson, either of prudence, of economy, or of folly and repentance.

“ They administered all their charities per-

sonally, and I was almost always of the party, whether to convey refreshments or medicaments; by which means I benefited by all their instructions given to the young, witnessed the confessions of the aged, and was present at the dying moment of repentant criminals, as well as the cheerful departure of the children of obedience and faith.

“ This district, in fact, was my school; at the assizes, and in the county jail, I early was shewn the reward of crimes, and the wretchedness of malefactors; at our hospitals the torments of diseases, from the effects of gross intemperance. Nothing could be more conformable to nature than our habits at home; twilight lit us to bed, the sun awaked us in the morning, our meals were frugal and wholesome, our beverage water.—Mechanicks, gardening, and athletic exercises with a moderate share of schooling, filled up agreeably all my hours; we were almost always

together, and ever happy ; our domestic servant (for we kept but one) we all considered and treated as a poor friend and helper, whilst she looked upon us as her generous relations ; common distresses were then unknown to us. We despised nothing that was useful, declined nothing that was proper to be done, and nightly examined our consciences, to see if all our respective duties had been decently performed ; yet do not think there was any thing gloomy in our mode of life, on the contrary, no family could be more chearful and gay, for my father was a man of much humour, and my mother by no means destitute of wit ; *their* little railleries, and the eccentric absurdities of many of our mountain parishioners, afforded no small fund of entertainment ; harmless prejudice is the fair subject of moderate mirth ; and people who lived as we did, even by comparing such a life with former habits, could not fail of finding abundance of ridiculous contrasts. My mistaken

notions, and false ideas of fashionable life, occasionally excited their risible muscles, and we often made sport for each other, which to those unacquainted with our hearts, would have been as difficult to comprehend, as the epigrams of a foreign writer on translation.

“ From my infancy I wore no shoes or stockings, or hat, except when we went to a distance from home; and on these occasions my ridiculous uneasiness, and desire to disencumber myself of them, never failed to entertain the whole family. Such tales may appear trifles indeed, but I have been taught to know that many things which the world considers as of importance are equally so; and that the most lasting mirth is that which is least expensive and most innocent.

“ In our extensive walks over these fascinating mountains, (for so to us they always seemed) we frequently made choice of that tree, which

gave you shelter, to repose and take under it our simple meal, attracted by the deep shade and fine water that runs at its embroidered feet. This cottage was then inhabited by an aged labourer, who had lost all his family, and possessed it with the garden and orchard as his sole life estate; this old shepherd, who, on these occasions, always joined us, and frequently gave me apples out of his store, took a great liking to me, and we returned his civilities in the kindest manner we could; it was no uncommon thing, on these visits, to see my father explaining to his attentive auditor, passages in his testament, seated together in the garden, or a little bench at the door, while my mother was mending his coarse but clean cravat, and I was employed in tying up these myrtles at the gate. A thousand things conspired to make the spot agreeable to me; and one time, on our return home, having expressed in warm terms my admiration of it, I was not a little surprised to hear him say in

reply, *'well, my lad, if that will satisfy your ambition, it may possibly, one day, be your own.'*

"A short time after the old man expired, my father buried him, as he had when living requested; and being his creditor to the amount of much more than he died worth, took to every thing as it stood—on this occasion we visited the cottage, and the funeral service being over, which my father had repeated with wet eyes, and more than usual solemnity, we returned together in silence to this little kitchen, driven in as you were also by an autumnal but more gentle shower—it was dusk, there was no light within, except what arose from a few embers on the hearth. My father sat down, and taking my mother's right-hand in his, as we stood hand in hand, before him by that window-seat—*'do you remember,'* said he, *'addressing himself to me, and giving me his left (after having*

passed the back of it across his eyes hastily,) 'do you remember,' said he, 'with a fluttering sigh—what I once said to you about this little hut?—You then admired it, do you admire it still? Do you think you could live and die here like old *Henry*?—I was then seventeen—the question raised a tumult of ideas, the most prominent of which were, the idea of possessing something exclusively, next, that of improving every thing, then, that of independance, and I know not what; I, however, answered with great confidence,—*'Assuredly.'*—'Well then,' said the generous man, 'you are master of it from this day; I bought it of the owner to try an experiment with you, for if you really do live in it free and contented, it contains a fortune that kings might envy.'—My mother was astonished; 'you are not in earnest, my dear,' said she, 'we can surely do something better for our only child than this?'—'*Nothing!*' said my father, with emphasis, '*It is the very best we*

can do for him.'—Much as the proposal at first pleased me, as a source of amusement, I own the latter observation rather damped my ardour, and I was not less anxious than my affectionate mother, to hear him explain himself.

“There was a little log blazing amid the anbers, and we seated ourselves round it.—

“My parent began as follows:

““You know already, he said, that there are few things to be desired, in this world, except health, freedom, the common necessaries of life, and a conduct at once moral and religious.—He that is possessed of these, my child, may be allowed, you will confess, to be ranked among *the happiest of the sons of men.*—Temperance alone can preserve the first; the second is only in the power of those who can be contented with mediocrity, or even endure

poverty for its sake;—but the common necessities and comforts of life, are always within the reach of industry;—God alone can confer the latter blessings, but he refuses none who ardently seek them.—He then, who at the commencement of manhood is in possession of such a cottage as this, and its surrounding accommodations and conveniences, may be said to have the fairest lot that man can desire placed at his feet, (for wealth I am sure you know is merely comparative,) and a young man who has all his life enjoyed the benefits of good instructions, and the tender friendship of two such affectionate parents as we have been to you, cannot be supposed to want discretion enough to see that in this simple offering, I put you to a test, the most honourable to my opinion of your virtues, and which, the more you reflect on it, the more gratifying it will be to your last and best feelings.— Yes my dear boy, my loved wife, I am in earnest in wishing, he may have the wisdom to take this

for his best inheritance, at least during our lives, sure that all we have is his, should he, *in reality* want it; for how can I make him wealthier, (if that can ever be your wish after our experience,) than by teaching him *to live above the desire of it?*—He is now only at an age in which many youths are unhappily beginning, at a public school, to anticipate the speedy possession of immense wealth, out of the eye sight and observation of even one friendly guardian. He may surely therefore, with his honest and generous feelings, be trusted with this small independance under the wings of our tender attachment, and should he, after four years trial, be convinced that more is *not* wanted for man, what a good and extensive use may not he make of our little accumulations, instead of expending them, as many would who have less experience of that beautiful truth, that,

“ Man wants but *little* here below,

“ Nor wants *that little* long.”

“ Here my father paused, and we both, instead of an immediate reply, fell upon his honoured neck, and bathed his hands with our spontaneous tears of admiration.

“ My mother now broke a long and awful silence ; ‘ Sidney, my dear Sidney,’ said she, ‘ I am won by my husband’s reasons, it remains for you to speak : I know you feel the full force of your father’s real benevolence, and cannot doubt that you rejoice in this probation ; but let your acceptance have the merit also of reflection ; as we return home, by the light of the sweet moon, we shall be able to discuss the particulars of your father’s just and wise experiment, and the glorious company of the glittering stars, shall shed their pure influence over our mutual good intentions.

“ Our return was unusually late, yet, to all of the party it seemed but a short evening’s walk ; and as the faithful domestic came out to

the porch to meet us with a rush candle that shed a glimmering twilight on her complacent features, she exclaimed, with a tear in her eye, ‘poor good *Henry*’s grave detained you long, but I think before the earth closed on him, he shared the light of his countenance among you!’ ‘I thank you, *Mary*,’ said my father, for the compliment, and feel it such; for I believe, if ever man went straight to the heavenly abodes, for honest *Henry* we might safely anticipate that portion.

“From that period my present mode of life commenced, and before the years of trial were exhausted, I was as compleatly able not only to support myself, but even a family by my industry, as the stoutest labourer in the parish: my father sometimes, my mother often, wished to mitigate the severity of my task, to which I could only reply, ‘when I find they injure my strength, you may depend on my compliance; but whilst I discover that they

improve my health, fortify my mind, and nourish the proper sense of freedom and independence, you must permit me to cling to a blessing that you have put within my reach, and to push to the utmost a system, that, if I am not mistaken, will bear to be extended much farther than those who first tread the simple outline, could have ventured to imagine.

“ Seeing me contented, they acquiesced; but I often guessed by my mother’s looks, that she trembled at the enthusiasm they had excited, without any correct idea of the extent to which it might be carried;—and one day, sitting by me as I worked in my little garden, she observed, ‘ that in case of their death, she wondered what I proposed to do with that property, which providence had enabled them to leave me?—a property that at one time they thought with all their care would be too little, but which

now they clearly saw would be a great deal too much.'

"I soon however satisfied her on that head; if I married, I told her, something more would be necessary, but if I continued single, I should always follow their example, and at the end of the year divide the superfluity of my allotted income among the worthy, and the unfortunate.

The traveller smiled.

"Nay, sir," said our hero, "cease to smile doubtingly; my parents are both deceased, heaven has withdrawn above three years, the society, of two angels from me; they left me amply provided, to make a figure in the world by no means, according to its opinion, contemptible; yet I have ever since adhered to my habits from principle, and the fullest conviction of their propriety; and these hands have main-

tained me, with ease, ever since the hour they departed in the fullness of peace."

The cup which was passing to the lips of the traveller was replaced on the table untouched; unbelief, shame, contempt, suspicion of madness, all crossed his mind in a minute; — "What!" at length he said "you wish me to believe that you possess the fortune of a gentleman, and from choice live thus?" — "I wish you to believe only that which every man in this neighbourhood can satisfy you of the truth of: there ought to be nothing remarkable in it, *I chuse only a life suitable to my nature and my wants:—No fortune will gratify all our artificial desires, a very small one those that are reasonable.*"

The traveller, never before felt himself so abased; he had inherited a decent fortune from his father, acquired a competent one with his wife, had doubled them both by commerce,

and was now separated from those he loved, and full of anxiety for his interests left behind, riding from town to town, enduring fatigues, expence, and humiliation from his country customers, merely that he might still augment that fortune, which he had not even time, according to his ideas of enjoyment, to enjoy, or opportunity, according to his ideas of displaying it, to display: his children at school were entrusted to mercenary teachers, the wife of his bosom exposed to the temptations of the capital, his property to the risks of trade, and his health to the insalubrity of the confined atmosphere of a city. As these reflections, excited by the stranger's tale, passed through his mind, the colour went and came; for the first time in his life, he lost all ideas of his own importance; truth, like a flash of lightning, awakened him from his dream of security; he paused, he hesitated, and at length, having with difficulty found utterance, he exclaimed, "can it be possible, sir, that

you really find inward content in living thus?—am I then toiling for chimeras?—have the goodness, and good I see you are, have the generosity, by descending to a few particulars, to confirm the lesson I have happily received in this providential encounter, for either you or I must be egregiously wrong; and I begin already, tremblingly, to anticipate my own fate.”

“If you chuse,” said our cottager, “to do me the honour to receive a lesson from my remarkable mode of life, and reduce your own wants by my example, perhaps it is all that is to be desired; to live as I do requires a concurrence of circumstances as singular as those which conducted me to make such a choice; few have the benefit of such an education as mine was; in the world it could not have been given: every one does not enjoy that health and strength that have fallen to my lot, neither can I answer for a continuance of

that self command that has hitherto accompanied me: my fortune alone may become the temptation, that, backed by my passions, may ultimately undo me; but being at present devoted in humility to the service of our great Teacher and Master, I believe he will not forsake me, and I try to keep fast hold of that rock, which hath hitherto secured me from storms, and I trust will ultimately afford me a fortress of salvation; for the rest, do you not easily perceive, that I am really rich in proportion as I am enabled to dispense my property on others rather than myself?—dispensed on myself beyond my real necessities, what could be the result but disease, vanity, and care?—and if the line is not drawn at the mark I have drawn it, where shall it be placed?—bestowed with my best judgment it procures me gratitude, friendship, love, and inward peace! whilst it delivers me from many temptations that I need not enumerate; yet while I possess it, it puts all lawful wants and

lawful studies within my reach :—thus limited in my wants, who can take from me my independance, or hinder me in doing my duty by myself, my God, and my country?—Thus accommodated, whose envy can I excite, or who will flatter me?—He who takes the lowest place is never expelled from the feast of life, or repulsed by the proud; others may sink, but he can *only rise*; and that which is the greatest blessing of all, and crowns my present felicity, is, that in living thus I imitate the example, as nearly as I can, of the Saviour of mankind, and in obedience to his supreme authority, divest myself of those incumbrances, which his word teaches us, are stumbling blocks in the way of those who sigh for immortal beatitude.”

DIERBEG,
THE PERSIAN MERCHANT.

DIERBEG,

THE PERSIAN MERCHANT:

A MIRROR FOR PREJUDICE.

DIERBEG, a Persian merchant, descended from a respectable stock, resided in a splendid house which he had built in the city of *Ispahan*. His fortune was considerable; his family consisted of a wife, a daughter, and a son. He believed in God and Mahomet, went constantly to the mosque, and took especial care that his family should not only perform the necessary duties of prayer and ablution, but that his children should be educated in their father's belief. He never overreached any one, his bargains were always fair, and his pro-

fits were reasonable ; he pursued business with the most unremitting attention, and it became a proverb amongst the citizens, *as industrious as Dierbeg, and as happy as his household.* That family he governed with the most rigid austerity ; at his entrance they rose, his presence imposed silence, his frowns oppressed their hearts ; if he talked they were favoured, if he was familiar they were happy ; in short, his word was law, his will fate, his displeasure destruction.

Long might these people have continued to imagine that there was no other person so good, so wise, so powerful as *Dierbeg*, but for an accidental circumstance which opened the eyes of this prejudiced group.

The son, to whose engaging person nature had added the most acute ideas, early began to penetrate the mystery of this contracted conduct. Chance conducted him to the acquaintance of a man of learning, of sound

principles, and a philosopher;—from this man's voluntary generosity he received what his father had denied him, a liberal education; by stealth he found opportunities of being with him, and by his means became acquainted with the elements of several sciences;—his mind improved and expanded, scorned the narrow bounds prescribed to it by his parent, and his prejudices wearing away daily, the alteration of his conduct could not be unperceived.—Condemning the austere system of government which had taken possession of every one of his relations, he naturally sought his liberty:—the moment he made this discovery every oppression seemed to be doubled, but the awe which had before kept him in subjection vanished:—he found himself incapable of forwarding designs which his soul abhorred, and wished only for a happy opportunity of extricating himself from so disagreeable a situation. It was not long before that opportunity presented itself. Dur-

ing the course of his frequent visits to his tutor, he had many opportunities of being witness to the merits of his daughter, a female of eighteen, who was always a partner in their studies; for her he contracted the most sincere regard, and hesitated not a moment to inform her of it. The maiden affected no surprise at his advances—her education had taught her to be above artifice, and their declarations of esteem were mutual. Well acquainted with the character of her father, he made no scruple of requesting his consent to their union.

This worthy man condemned the rigid custom of his countrymen, who immure their females, and neglect the improvement of their minds; he, therefore, determined that his daughter should be brought up on a liberal plan, and, if possible, married to a man of his generous principles; in *Raesdael* he perceived the seeds of great qualities, and op-

posed no bar to their wishes; but, said he, after having given him his consent, "it is also necessary that your father should be apprised of this matter; and I am sure you value my honour and your own too highly, to think of entering into an engagement of this kind, without first advising with your parents, and receiving their approbation.—Go, my friend, lay open your intentions to *Dierbeg*, as you have done to me; give him the same assurances of the sincerity of your attachment to my daughter; and when you have received his permission to ally yourself to my house, come and approach me as my son."

If he had been commanded to perform a journey to *Mecca*, *Raesdael* would have rejoiced at the conditions; but to convince his father by reasoning, he foresaw was impossible, because reasoning in that family had long been forbid:—the joy occasioned by *Baku's* consent, was therefore greatly cou-

terbalanced by this circumstance ; yet he saw the propriety of his friend's proposal, and returned home lost in thought.

At his entrance into the saloon, where the circle were all assembled about *Dierbeg*, he flung himself on a sofa without perceiving any one. *Dierbeg* looked at him for a moment, then at his wife—Alas ! exclaimed the mother and daughter, how cruelly he treats his father ! This expression roused him from his reverie ; — “ How ! ” said he, approaching them, “ if I have offended, it was not intentionally—give me leave ” — At that instant his father put out his hand for him to retire, and shook his head : — he made a profound obeisance and obeyed his commands.—“ I have ruined all my hopes of negociation,” said he, “ for some time, without knowing why—but my sister will unravel this mystery ; sure he has not already heard of my attachment to the daughter of *Buku* ? ”

The next day he had an audience of his sister—"What," my dear sister, "is the crime of *Raesdael*?" "Your indifference to your father's misfortunes, and your misconduct:"—"What misfortune? I beseech you to inform me, for to this moment I declare it has not come to my knowledge." "You seem incapable of feeling for them, and have no idea of his sensibility."—"Go on, I am impatient!"—"Know then—his servants are disobedient; he called repeatedly for his turban, yesterday, before any slave attended, and was two minutes at his outer gate on his return, ere the proper officer was ready to let him in!—the fatigues of his business and these neglects will, I fear, endanger his health—it is neglect of which he complains, and it needed not the addition of your indifference."

He would have replied, but she hastily left the apartment,] saying—"Hold, my dear

brother, " I know you are going to defend yourself, it is very natural, but I must not attend to that; it is sufficient for me to *know*, that you are in the wrong."

In about a week he found an opportunity of breaking to *Dierbeg* his intention of marrying the daughter of *Baku*.—After a long pause, " My son," said he, " you must be sensible there is nothing I have so much at heart as your happiness. Why have I laboured so incessantly to accumulate riches, but that my children might enjoy them? In this affair, therefore, you cannot suppose I have any other motive but your welfare, and for this reason you must give me leave to say, this is a very improper match; my neighbour may appear to your eyes as a good kind of man, but I know him better than to suppose he will give to his daughter a large portion in his life-time, and should rather suppose, he has artfully encouraged your declarations from an

idea, that you, being an only son, must enjoy the bulk of my fortune—you are inexperienced; when you have lived as long as I have, you will think in the same manner, you will then know mankind."

"Sir," said *Ruesdael*, conceiving a faint hope from the mildness of his father, "I am happy that this is your only objection; for I can by many circumstances convince you that *Baku* has been misrepresented to you—he is the most generous creature breathing, and has the most enlarged way of thinking of any man in *Ispahan*."—"Ha! that's another objection—I have heard of it, and can never think of allying my family to that of a free-thinker; and you too, I hear, have caught some of his opinions—but, I hope it is not true, that you, a young man, have dared to maintain that the laws of our Prophet were imperfect! that reason disclaimed Poligamy! and that there was no sin in tasting wine!"

“ Yes, Sir,” replied the son, with a becoming spirit, “ it is true; but you will give me leave to explain my reasons for differing from my countrymen.” “ How! do you avow it then? Is it possible that a child of mine should dare to be thus impious! be-gone, quit my sight, let me have no remonstrances; return to your friend, if you prefer that house to mine, and remember, if you marry his daughter, you will no longer be considered as my son.”

Raesdael flew to the worthy *Baku*. “ I am come,” said he, “ to take my leave of you for ever; you see before you a ruined man—my father is inexorable.—I am not only refused my request, but forbid under penalty of disinheritance, to marry into your family.—Adieu, my worthy tutor, my friend, I will quit this hated city, where it is criminal to make use of our reason, and seek out an asylum, where men are allowed the freedom of

speaking and acting, according to the dictates of their consciences."

Baku gave him time to recover from this transport of grief, and then said to him—
 "My dear child, this house is that asylum. If I made your father's consent the terms of your union with my daughter, I did it, to excite you to take the proper measures to gain it:—it was absolutely necessary you should ask his advice, but being cast off and opposed in a matter wherein you have a right to chuse, you are no longer bound to submit to an imposition that would deprive you of a privilege you inherit from Heaven.—Come then, receive my daughter, and with her a portion more than sufficient for you both; it is not a wealthy husband I would procure for my child, but a virtuous one."

It would take up too much time, to relate the reply of *Raesdael*, or the mutual congru-

tulations of this happy family:—it is sufficient to say he married the daughter of his friend, and that nothing could equal his satisfaction but the character he bore. Only *Dierbeg* said it was impossible any one should succeed who had disobeyed his father's commands, and who had cavilled at the laws of Mahomed.

It happened otherwise:—for beside gaining the love of his fellow-citizens, by his generosity, he became rich; in the mean time his father never ceased to complain of his ingratitude, always protesting that he would, on no account, receive him into favour; nor is it probable he ever would, had not a circumstance happened which compelled him to alter his hasty resolution.

Dierbeg, by a course of unlucky accidents, and the loss of a valuable caravan, became a bankrupt: every body pitied him, but no one

offered him his purse.—By the fairness of his dealings, he had excited a general esteem, but the austerity of his manners, and his too rigid adherence to the maxim—That charity begins at home; had created him no real friends:—so that he found himself likely to become a beggar in the city, where he had for many years lived in the most respectable manner.

He shut himself up in his house for some days, a prey to the extremest melancholy, when one morning a slave informed him that a person muffled in a cloak desired to be introduced to him. That person delivered him a letter, which seemed to come from an old correspondent, informing him, after condoling with him on his ill success, that the messenger was his friend, and would advance him a large sum of money to retrieve his losses.—He embraced the stranger, and enlarged on the goodness of his friend; they had a great deal of conversation,

in which he made it appear that this assistance had preserved him from total ruin.

Had you no relations, said the stranger?—
“None,” replied *Dierbeg*, “that deserve that name, capable of recovering me;—none to whom I could submit to apply. The greatest misfortune of my life has been, *to have a disobedient and ungrateful son.*”

The stranger said not a word, tears gushed from his eyes; he immediately threw off his cloak;—It was his son!

THE
TWO BROTHERS OF GIRGÉ.

THE
TWO BROTHERS OF GIRGÉ,
AN ARABIAN TALE.

IN the ancient city of *Girgé*, on the border of the *Nile*, there once resided two brothers of nearly the same age, who, on the death of their parents, succeeded to independent fortunes ; both possessed of cultivated minds. Between them there existed a mutual friendship, and all their plans of life were cordially communicated to each other without reserve.

Soon after this event it happened, that walking on a fine evening, by the banks of the *Nile*, under the shade of some large date-trees, they took particular notice of a poor ferryman, whose occupation occasioned him frequently

to cross the river with passengers, during which fatiguing employment he sang without ceasing, and in a style that manifested the overflowings of a heart at ease.

“What should be the reason,” said the elder, “that this ferryman, who we know has no other habitation but yonder miserable hut, and earns his bread with great difficulty, should enjoy this gaiety of spirits, when people of the best fortunes complain?” — “For my own part,” replied the younger, “I can readily guess; but the best way, I think, will be, as the evening shuts in, and of course his labours will soon cease, to go over and learn it from his own lips.”

They accordingly invited the poor ferryman to bring his boat to their side, which he readily complied with, and when they were all seated, did not fail to communicate to him their curious intentions.

“Gentlemen,” said the ferryman, “you could not confer on me a greater obligation; it is not often I have to boast of such noble visitors; and if you will partake of a basket of figs, which a gardener gave me this evening for his passage, and taste a glass of sherbet made of the delicious limes that so gratefully adorn the fertile grounds of this neighbourhood, I will gladly resolve any questions you may be disposed to ask.”

The brothers looked at each other with mutual satisfaction, and after cordially thanking him, readily agreed to accept his hospitable offer. After disembarking them with care, at a shady and convenient landing place, he conducted the young men to a simple building, covered with rushes, which were kept from being blown away by some large loose stones; the entrance was so low, that they were obliged to stoop, over which was written in neat Arabic characters,

“Bow to God the giver.”

Some rushes, sand, and a coarse carpet, composed the floor; yet every thing was neat as well as orderly; and the dress of the ferryman and his wife had more cleanliness to recommend them, than is usually found among the vulgar Arabians. A dish of the coffee of the mountains completed the little entertainment; and pipes being produced, they were invited to sit in the porch on mats to smoke, in order to enjoy the refreshing tranquillity of a brilliant and peaceful summer's evening. All nature seemed to harmonize with their agreeable feelings; and while the glowing waters of the river displayed a tinted expanse before them, the most invigorating coolness filled the air, and they were scarcely seated, when a voice that seemed to possess the melody of a flute, sweetly interrupted their discourse, and in distinct but unmeasured pauses, sung as follows:

“ How pleasant to dwell on the banks of a

river, where the fluttering breezes undulating play!—How pleasant to reside among the rushes of the *Nile*, beneath the cooling shadows of trees ever-blooming;

Where the date drops sweetness,
 And the lime refreshment;
 Where the bird of the water sings,
 While the fish sport pleasantly:
 Thus to live poor, but unenvied,
 Thus to live, rich in contentment,
 Happily obscure—

Is better than reposing on silken carpets at *Girgé*, surrounded by miserable slaves, envious of that which gives the possessor a thousand cares to preserve.”

As soon as the voice ceased, the ferryman said to the company—“ If you attended to the words of that irregular air, you will no longer have occasion to be surprised at my cheerfulness. The girl who sang it, is my daughter, whose kindly qualities make a part of my

treasures; for I hold myself to be even rich, having work enough to procure all, and more than we want; I have lived here near thirty years, by God's blessing, on my own industry, which has made labour pleasant, because by that means, I have been able to maintain the woman whom I married from real affection; her beauty and discretion first captivated my youthful fancy, and by her prudence, good-nature, cheerfulness, cleanliness, and obedience, she has kept me from ever repenting the engagement; we have had children and brought them up with decency; the boys are gone to get their living in the city, and this girl will soon leave us, I suppose, to follow a husband; but us we hope it will be for her advantage, whenever it happens, although a great loss will be ours, we shall not repine."

Our brothers found all their enquiries answered in a like simple manner; and re-

turned home much satisfied, and not a little charmed with the adventure.—On the way the younger started a remark, which was not much relished by the elder.

“After all,” said he, “if we really admire so much the solid contentment of this poor man, why do we not imitate his conduct? For my own part, I see no reason (if this daughter of his were as attractive in her person and manners, as in her voice) why I should not transplant her from her humble situation to my bosom, and make her my wife.”

“How!” replied his brother, “what do I hear? you might make her your mistress with more propriety; for did she possess all the good qualities in the world, you would never persuade any part of our family to accede to so base an alliance.”

They had a great deal of conversation of this

nature, under a portico, which lasted till near midnight, when they separated to go to rest; but neither at all convinced by the other's arguments, and, for the first time in their lives, at total variance in opinion.

The next day they renewed the dispute, which only contributed to increase their differences, and they separated in disgust.—*Raiske*, for so the younger brother was named, retired to restless slumbers on the top of his house; where, with his eyes fixed on the starry firmament, and his mind elevated to the search of truth, he passed a part of the night in meditation, on the philosophy of his existence, and earnestly solicited the author of his soul and being to conduct him in all things according to wisdom and rectitude.

Reposing towards the east, the first rays of the rising sun pierced his heavy eye-lids, when, having first performed the ablutions and ori-

sons commanded by the Prophet, he insensibly wandered down to the cool walk under the date-trees.

The venerable ferryman was there cleaning his boat, and without any premeditation, *Raiske* stepped in, and was presently ferried over to the opposite shore. The delicious freshness of that early hour, every blade of grass, and every shrub sparkling with dew-drops, tempted him to stroll at random among the flowery meadows that surrounded him; and soon coming to a little brook, that precipitated itself into the *Nile*, he was agreeably surprised to hear the voices of females.

Youthful passions, and a mind tuned to the softer sensations, tempted him to steal upon them unobserved; and approaching with caution, he soon perceived, through some rushes, on the opposite side, two young and healthy looking girls, neatly habited, who were employed in

filling water-pots. They were in close conversation, and without listening, he distinctly heard one of them say, in the sweetest voice imaginable—

“Your observation is most true; by inhabiting this retired bank of the river we live unmolested and innocent;—my father indulges all my reasonable desires; and whilst we are just, and serve *Alla*, we shall never feel uneasy, or be denied his protection: now my brothers have left us, my mother and myself have less employment, and we sing more gaily than ever: yet when she embraced me the other day, I perceived tears in her eyes, thinking, as she confessed, on the day when I shall be taken from her to the arms of a husband:—but I made her easy, for I promised her I would never leave her while she lived, nor will I, though she laughs at me, and says I certainly shall not keep my word.”

Raiske was attentive to this unaffected con

versation, but it soon ended; for each maiden hastily filled her earthen jar with clear water, and placing them on their heads, majestically ascended the banks of the rivulet, looking like two Naiades, and entering a little grove, disappeared suddenly among the trees, before our young man, who pursued them with his eyes, could recover from his pleasing state of confusion.

She who had spoken, possessed a considerable degree of beauty: to a moderate height she united the justest symmetry, a profusion of dark glossy hair, large black eyes sparkling with expression, and hands and feet of the most refined proportion; but her voice, and its innocent and discreet expressions, captivated him more than all the rest. It was then that recollecting the song, and the air at the ferryman's hut, deep blushes overspread his countenance, and hastening towards the cottage, he entered it with all

that tender emotion of respect and agitating hope, which only those feel who experience the swift approaches of a sincere and early attachment.

In a few moments he was convinced that he was right in his conjectures, and that this lovely creature was no other than the blooming daughter of the poor ferryman.

From that time he visited her daily; winning her affections by assiduity, and securing the gratitude of her parents by the generosity of his proposals, till united by the tenderest ties, he at length brought her home to his country house; where, although neglected and despised by his brother and his family, her charming and well regulated conduct soon made him almost forget that he ever had a brother, a friend, or a relation.

They resided at a pleasant estate near the city,

to which our philosophic Arabian now seldom returned (as no one belonging to his family would acknowledge his wife ;) and enjoyed in the midst of rural employments, and the care of their children, with health, peace, and contentment, a perfect remission from lassitude and disgust.

For about ten years he had lived this life of smiling tranquillity, when early one morning, a slave informed him, that a man unarmed and alone, stood at the gate, desirous of speaking with him.—*Raiske* ordered him to be instantly admitted.

The stranger advanced with a hasty step, and threw his arms around him ;—words were denied them, but a shower of repentant tears instantly discovered the relenting brother and friend of his early youth, under a form wan, pale, and emaciated.

“ If I differed from you in opinion,” said he,

“ on *Theory*, I now close with you on *Experience*. — Ah! my dear friend, I have but too cruelly paid for my erroneous opinions! shocked at your marriage, I determined to pursue the directly opposite course, and earnestly sought out a splendid alliance; such an one I soon found, one, even surpassing my expectations. Envied by half the city, I espoused, with the utmost magnificence, the only daughter of the wealthy *Shiek Ul-Zoara*: Thirty moons have convinced me of my unfortunate mistake, and plunged me from what the world thought the summit of happiness, to the lowest ebb of human misery. — Nursed in the lap of power, she soon began to set my orders at defiance, controlling my establishment, and despising my rank and person; at length, indulging her vicious inclinations, she associated with my lowest slaves, and after a thousand bitter disagreements and troubles (the severest of which may be reckoned that of concealing from my

friends that I suffered any, I yesterday discovered her in a situation that curdled my very blood; I had indeed the satisfaction to slay the author of my disgrace, but the nobility of her father protects my wife from my resentment, and she still exists to disturb the remainder of my days, and to dishonour by her excesses the latest of my posterity."

Here he fainted, overcome by the pressure of his afflictions, and on reviving, found himself supported by the amiable spouse of his brother, who was earnestly employed in administering to his recovery. "And this," said *Ruiske*, (presenting her to his brother), "this, is the daughter of the ferryman, our host, at whose hut you heard the song which occasioned our dispute; you now, for the first time, behold that lovely songstress; she has amply answered all my expectations in a wife, and I have long enjoyed, in the possession of her, youth, beauty, and in-

nocence; every thing, indeed, that could be wanting to compleat the happiness of a man of reflection and virtue."

The rest of the day was spent in the renewal of friendly professions; they afterwards became inseparable companions; and the unhappy husband of the daughter of the *Shiek Ul-Zoara*, continually acknowledged, that the few tranquil moments he from that time enjoyed, were chiefly found in the society of his brother's well-regulated family, from whence proud connections were for ever banished, and where nature seemed to have resumed her mild dominion, as in the early times, when mankind were satisfied with truth and simplicity.

THE
TRAVELS OF GURSTAN,
A PERSIAN ANECDOTE.

THE
TRAVELS OF GURSTAN,
A PERSIAN ANECDOTE.

GURSTAN, whose travels we are about to relate, commenced his existence in the house of *Hasab*, a wealthy citizen of *Derbent*, on the borders of the *Caspian Sea*. The *Persian* believed him to be his son, but being unable to prove the legitimacy of his birth, he committed him, with a sum of money, to the care of a friend, of the persuasion of the *Geubers* (the remains of the *Zoroastrian* disciples) who resided at *Baku*, about five leagues from *Derbent*, and there secretly worshipped the one God, under the image of that bitumenous exhalation of fire for which

the spot has long been celebrated:—this man was possessed of much learning, and was the brief chronicle of the *Zoroastrian* doctrines.—The few remains of that sect, who had withstood the persecutions of the Mahometans, repaired to him for information in their holy rights, as he was the only professor who understood the mystic sense of the fire-worship. This was not much; he was a good man, honest in the fullest sense of the word, and so unprejudiced, that it was thought a strong proof among his hearers, of the truth of his doctrine, *that he believed them*. He used to say, “if any man will shew me a more reasonable religion than that which I profess, I am no longer a *Geubrè*.”

Under the mild influence of this foster-father, the infancy of *Gurstan* rose: nourished with the advice and observations of such a man, his youth advanced usefully and happily; his mind, naturally of a firm texture,

flourished like a vigorous plant in the fertile soil, and *Hasab* saw the fruits of his labours appear, when he scarcely expected their blossoms to expand. The aptness of his pupil, joined to the strength of his constitution, revived in the mind of *Hasab* a project which he had conceived when very young, but which his fortune had not enabled him to execute.

It was to visit some of the principal parts of the world, in order to discover the foundation of its several religious tenets; and to examine if some more circumstantial account of his teacher might not by that means be procured. From some very ancient manuscripts in his possession, he had gathered a faint idea of the Jewish dispensation, and saw, or thought he saw, a scheme of Providence for the government of mankind, which he had hopes these enlightened people might explain.

Full of the plan which time had only served to strengthen, *Gurstan* presented himself to his mind as the fittest agent to be employed in these arduous researches;—nothing could be more proper; the child of his adoption was to become the means of establishing his favourite opinion; or of satisfying him that it was ill founded. Accordingly he took uncommon pains to inspire him with liberal and tolerating principles; and before he began his travels gave him the following advice.

“ Adhere to my instructions, and never neglect your religious duties; they will give offence no where, for wherever you find a place of worship you may pray to God, who condemns no man for the mode, but the neglect of it; nor would I have you commence *reformer*; if you make any converts, let it be by your exemplary conduct, and reasonable arguments, not by dictation, or a mysterious sophistry:—you will see a great deal of error :

that will strike you as such; no doubt there is more which you will not comprehend; but remember, you are going to *learn*, not to *teach*, and be cautious of condemning, because it is not in the abilities of man to discern rightly in these matters without the assistance of the Deity, to whom alone, in points of religion, we are answerable for our conduct here.—
Ours, we think, to be the oldest in the world. Our founder is said to have brought it from Egypt, where he was the servant of a man inspired by God; all this I have from faint tradition; and from hence I conjecture, that he either received it by immediate revelation, or from some highly favoured people; these are mercies which mankind can never be sufficiently thankful for, next to their creation, with the gift of reason; and if there are in the world further manifestations of his will, who created us, I would have you endeavour to learn them; but weigh every thing, and abide by the decision of your reason, and your conscience."

Our youth (who possessed a sound understanding, and had none of that unseasonable levity about him which sports with sacred matters,) listened with a fixed attention to this discourse; he rooted the advice in his memory, and with a full determination to pursue it, took his leave.

Furnished with every accomodation for his journey, through the goodness and precaution of *Hasab*, he arrived safe at the great city of *Constantinople*.

His guide, who was a true Mussulman, introduced him by the holy gate, observing "that it was fortunate to follow the footsteps of Mahomet their great law-giver."—"That," said he, when they came to the Hippodrome, pointing to the serpent pillar, "is a monument of the barbarous idolatry in which our forefathers were immersed: you see the three serpents which wind about it,

now much effaced by time, yet it is very easy to perceive the mark of the spear with which our Prophet wounded one of them, when he entered the city, and was so justly provoked at the impiety of its inhabitants, that he tilted at it on full speed; and no doubt could have overturned it instantly, had he not thought fit that it should remain as a monument of their idolatry, and a mark of his holy indignation." "He must have been very strong," said *Gurstan*, "for I perceive it is of granite, and as near as I can conjecture, about forty toises high."

"Are you ignorant," said the Dragoman, his guide, "of the power of our Prophet? And have you never heard of his seven heavens, and the flying Hippogriff? Whatever you do, make yourself acquainted with them; there is no relation so wonderful, or so true, in the whole world."

Gurstan smiled inwardly at the tale, for it was a maxim with him never to shew any outward marks of derision at an opinion, however absurd, which had taken entire possession of another man's mind.

During this conversation, he perceived a Turk spreading a white cloth on the ground, and placing himself in the middle, with uplifted hands and eyes, he began to talk aloud in a tone of devotion.—“Is that man praying,” said *Gurstan*, “or is he a mendicant asking charity of the people about him?”—“He is a devout Mussulman of the city,” replied the Dragoman, “of my acquaintance, and so rigid a devotee, that he would suffer yonder troop of *Janizaries* to ride over him, rather than quit his place:—he probably is praying to God for the life of the Emperor, and intreating him to shower down misfortunes on the heads of those who stand near him.”

“ They have grossly injured him, I suppose,” said *Gurstan*. “ Not at all, that I know of,” replied the guide ; “ but they are Christians, and do not believe in our Prophet ; for which reason we take every occasion to shew our detestation of them.” “ If Mahomet was not a very bigotted man,” said our youth to himself, “ this fellow has grossly misrepresented him.”

He lodged that night in the house of one of his countrymen, who had been converted from the doctrines of *Moly*, the *Persian* law-giver, to the belief of *Abubeker*, *Omer*, and *Osman* ; in short, he was become, what, at *Constantinople*, is called a *true believer* ; and being a new proselyte, he took every opportunity to display his zeal in the conversion of others.

Gurstan made no secret of the motives which had occasioned him to leave home, dur-

ing which relation, the countenance of his countryman brightened up, and unable to wait for the conclusion of his speech, he ran to embrace him: "Fortunate young man," said he, "your labours are already at an end; fate has directed your steps to the only source of true knowledge:—I was, till lately, of the accursed sect of the *Schiastè*, and drove camels in the desert; but our venerable Mufty sent for me, and in a few minutes convinced me of my mistake:—at present I have a little post under him, which procures me about one hundred aspres a year; I am no longer a *Persian*, I go to the mosque regularly, and there I curse my unconverted countrymen, which must certainly be pleasing to the Almighty, since it is well known they drink wine contrary to the orders of our Prophet, and eat unhallowed meats; nay more, that they stroke their feet instead of washing them, cut their beards into forbidden forms, and wear green slippers; it is for these heresies,

their alterations of the alcoran, and the preference they gave to *Italy*, the nephew of Mahomet, that ~~we~~ allow them no quarter in battle;—they are certainly damned, and will, as our polemical divines have it, be asses for the Jews to ride on in their journey to the infernal regions.”

The mild *Gurstan* thought at first that his host was intoxicated, and before he had finished, concluded him to be disordered in his wits:—“Strange,” said he, “that this man should take it for granted, because he has anathematized some millions of people, that I should do so too!—what blasphemies has he uttered! can the supreme being be offended at the colour of a man’s covering, or the cut of his beard? ’tis not to be credited.—I suspect this place of a hundred aspres a year has had some share in his conversion.” He, however, concealed his disgust, and only told him he thought it useless to imprecate vengeance

on those who were already condemned, and rather unmerciful to put them to death in such a state, as while they lived they had an opportunity of being converted, *as he had been*: to all which the new proselyte made no reply, for he perceived by this dry answer, that his guest was not altogether of so complying a conscience as he at first hoped and suspected.

Gurstan went the next day to several mosques, and conversed with Turks of many different sects, but met with nothing but contradiction and dogma; none of them would pretend to reason.—“I will know something,” said he, “about these *Jews*, from whom my father has taught me to expect great lights.”

His talents and understanding introduced him every where, and he presently got acquainted with a learned Rabbin of that nation, who explained to him the doctrine of *Moses*; he admired his wisdom in every thing, and soon

perceiving the error of worshipping the Creator by symbols, disclaimed the image of Fire, and wrote a letter to *Hasab* on the subject; but his instructor did not entirely satisfy his enquiries as to the certainty of the future state, (and this was an opinion which had long taken possession of his bosom; the wise *Hasab* had planted it there; it was one of his principal reasons for sending the youth on his travels, and a grand object of his mission to confirm its truth:)—however, his friend, the *Rabbin*, did not fail to mention to him the schism of the Christians, as he called it, and expressly cautioned him to avoid all commerce with them:—“they have divided the *unity*,” said he, “and are the worst of idolaters; they hate our nation for having slain him whom they call their Messiah, and pretend that through him they have positive assurances of a future reward.”

These reasons served only to excite his cu-

riosity :—“ both Turks and Jews hate these people,” said he ; “ there must certainly be something very singular in their doctrines ; and as there were many of them originally Jews, I will know the reason of their dissenting from their brethren.”

A person introduced him to the patriarch of the Greek church, as a pagan willing to be converted, who would have had him baptised immediately ; but *Gurstan* begged to be excused till he was convinced of the necessity of it.—The venerable patriarch then recited to him some of the doctrines of his church, and displayed the mystery of redemption in so eloquent a style, that his pupil was charmed with it ; but at the same time he refused to permit him to inspect the sacred authors from whence he drew his proofs. To all his earnest entreaties on that head he constantly replied, “ that it was *contrary to the rules of the church* ; that they were committed to the

priests' care, and that vulgar paraphrasts would profane them."

Gurstan put a home question to him; he asked him, (but with modesty,) who had delegated them to him, and what were the proofs?—At which he flew into a mighty passion. "How!" exclaimed he, "have I instructed you to this purpose? do you fly in the face of your teacher?—I have done with you! however, you may be assured of one thing, that unless you become a Christian, *there is nothing can save you*; and a Christian of *our* church too, for all others are in a state of perdition;—above all things beware of the Latins! beware of the Latins! of whom there are too many in this city; theirs is a dreadful heresy; they deify a man whom they call the *Pope*, and have lately got one of our bishops strangled for denying his supremacy; but we are, by the mercy of God, patriarchs of this country, in *our* hands are deposited all the valuable

and true relics; we have a part of the pillar to which our founder was tied when scourged (the powder of which cures agues); the remains of St. *Euphemion* are here preserved, and happy are those who depart in the pale of our church, for here we have the genuine oil, we only have the mystery of compounding it to this day; and hence it comes to pass that none are ever saved by the extreme unction of the Latin church."

Gurstan was not dazzled by this display, or alarmed by these threats; they served only to make him the more cautious:--He went to the college in *Pera*, but the Latins said full as many bitter things of the Greeks; and not being inclined to admire arguments mixed with asperity, he determined to go to *Rome* for further information: it was *truth* which was the object of his search; and it was a matter of indifference to him, whether he had it from Turk, a Jew, or a Christian.

“ My countryman,” said he, “ is certainly a wretch governed wholly by interest, without a spark of religion or virtue ; the Rabbin has much learning, but he decides without examining ; and the Christian patriarch is unreasonable ; he would have me believe his supremacy, at the same time that he justly reprobates the idea of it in another person ; in fact, they seem all to be guided by prejudice of one sort or other ; they make secrets of the divine revelation, and would monopolize the favours of Heaven. I will, however, search the world for a dispassionate man whose mind rises above local customs : it is at *Rome* the head of these Christians resides ; I will go there. The stream is most likely corrupted, the fountain may be more pure, and the justness of my intentions, inspires my heart with a confidence, that I shall not be disappointed in my endeavours.”

Reasoning thus he embarked for *Rome*, and

with such sentiments he entered that city, where his letters recommended him to the house of a young man of a respectable family who had lately been made an ecclesiastical Abbé. He had a palace which was fitted up in the most superb stile; the owner of it was one of the Dilettante, a connoisseur of the first order, a critic, and indeed every thing but a divine. Dinner was served up with a judicious elegance, which even captivated our traveller; the conversation of some people of approved taste enlivened the repast, and as *Gurstan* was a proficient in the Latin tongue, he found but little difficulty in translating their refined compliments:—"How enlightened must these people be," said he, "where religion assumes so becoming and cheerful a garb! with what ease they unite the useful and the pleasant! how unlike the rigid austerity of the patriarch of *Constantinople* is the conduct of my host here! he has no tricks to put one at a distance; I shall talk with him as freely on

religious subjects as I would to my father, and he will be as communicative on these points as he is on all other interesting subjects."

After the Siesta, the Abbé walked with him into the garden; it was small, but well laid out, cool and shady, and adorned with fountains and statues; they strolled down an alley of orange trees. *Gurstan* longed to begin his favourite topic;—"You will excuse the liberty I take," said he, "but your politeness encourages me, and I wish to have your opinion on a very important matter. "I guess," said the Abbe, "the dispute at dinner about the last comic opera; a little time will enable you to judge of these things yourself; don't be discouraged, one is not formed in a day, and for the present, be assured the author has preserved even the unities."—"You are extremely obliging," returned our hero, "but it is a work of a very different nature which at present engages my attention," (taking from his pocket

a small volume of *Grotius*, and presenting it to him.) “You have been dipping in the Poets I see,” said the Abbé, (looking on the binding, which was rather splendid) “and want to know which is most esteemed; what have you here, *Boccaccio*? Ah! he is a pleasant writer, I will show you a tale of his, which deserves to be inscribed on tablets of gold;” at the same time he opened the book with some eagerness, and closed it with as much astonishment;—How! *Grotius*, my dear friend, you are a wag.”

Gurstan made an apology for having suffered him to proceed, but could not help joining in the laugh at the ridiculous blunder.—He then, however, seriously opened to him the intent of his visit to that city, and his wishes to be well grounded in his religious belief.—The Abbé looked with a complacent pity during his discourse—“You are a very extraordinary young man,” said he, “you begin where you should leave off: however it

shews a good disposition in you, and your frankness shall meet its deserved return; be assured it is quite soon enough for you to have thoughts on *that* subject; first study mankind; our religion is an extremely intricate affair, there are various opinions about some part of it, and it would cost me a great deal of time to explain them to you; in the first place you must read the Fathers, which are, with the notes, about thirty volumes in folio; the disputes of the divines something more; and to confute the tribe of Atheists, Deists, Jansenists, and an abundance of others, requires not only a strong constitution, but much patience.—I dare say it would answer your purpose, but I confess I have not been able to prosecute my studies in this way as I ought; my uncle, the Cardinal *Funghi* has given me two good livings; I study the Belles Letters, and make every body happy; I have hopes, through my interest, of procuring his hat, at the decease of my kinsman, and

if this will introduce a man to the conclave, you may be sure a very small share of theology is sufficient for a layman."

Gurstan had prudence enough to conceal his disappointment, and being possessed of an ample fund of that good temper which keeps every thing within bounds, he thanked his host for his unreserved confidence, and determined to seek out other channels of information.

Amongst those whom he met at the Abbe's, was a man of great reputed piety, a Capuchin of the severest order; this man had heard of the character of *Gurstan*, and took some pains to introduce himself to him, who on his part was not backward in forming the acquaintance. The first conversation they held together was very different from that which he held with the dignitary. It was at Father *Zote's* cell, the furniture of which consisted of a pallet of cords, a scourge, a crucifix, and a large mass

look : *Gurstan*, as he was wont, took the best side of the question."——" This man, said he, " must be sincere, he voluntarily suffers so many inconveniencies ; he abridges himself of most of the comforts of life, and seems to dedicate all his time to religious studies ; what a fund of knowledge must he contain on that subject ! doubtless he has read the fifty volumes in folio, over and over, and has the best authorities at his fingers ends." Such were his reflections at his entrance ; but he soon found himself more deceived than ever, for this director, in a speech of four hours long, only repeated the arguments of the Patriarch of *Constantinople*, adding, that he talked like a heretic, and that if he died in that state, forty thousand masses would do him no manner of service. *Gurstan* only asked him to explain what those heretics were :——" They are a set of wretches," replied the Capuchin, " who deny the *Pope's* authority, who is the Vicar of Christ, and infallible ; they are not con-

tent with this; they translate the Scriptures, and suffer religious disputes to be printed amongst them; they will not believe that bread and wine are flesh and blood, and have no veneration for the pictures of the Saints; we have burned a great many of them to no purpose, and banished as many more; yet notwithstanding their impiety, they are suffered to propagate their species as well as their tenets, and are become very numerous in other countries; *England* and *Holland* are overrun with them; and all we have now left to do, is to anathematize, and expel them from the society of good men and angels to the end of the world."

Gurstan's blood boiled at this discourse, and it was with difficulty he could conceal his indignation; he took his leave without much ceremony, and ordered his things to be packed up for his departure from this strange city.—
 "What a jumble is this!" he exclaimed, as

he walked hastily about his apartment; “ a beardless priest who dances cotillions, and deposes others to his office, in expectation of a Cardinal’s Hat, and to become a candidate for the high attribute of infallibility; and a slovenly bigot, with his greasy cowl, who is full of rancour against his fellow creatures, and sends princes to perdition with as little ceremony as he counts his beads !”

Finding he could gain but little information there, he determined to visit the metropolis of *Great-Britain*, for from many circumstances which he had gathered, he shrewdly suspected these heretics to be a better sort of people than they had been represented to him.

I will not tire my reader with that which fatigued *Gurstan*, his journey; it would be cruel to drag him up and down *Mount Senis*, for no other purpose than to display my knowledge of the road: I shall, therefore, only say,

that on his arrival, he took up his quarters at the house of a respectable dealer in books, near the Metropolitan Church, and in six months became a tolerable proficient in the English language.

The man with whom he lodged was a thorough convert to the principles of the reformed church; he valued himself not a little on his faith in the contents of the New Testament, and on knowing how to distinguish between the orders of councils, and the commands of Christ; he approved of the moral virtues it recommends; he read, he digested, and declared daily that the life of his master was the only rule of his conduct.

Gurstan listened to all his observations, and grew continually more and more charmed with the company and conversation of the man. "Here at last," said he, "I have found a bright light, that will extinguish the fire of

Hasab! what a wonderful philanthropy! what a noble doctrine! this man, if any upon earth, must be void of prejudice, and divested of all sordid passions."

As the bookseller's shop was resorted to by many men of sleek and venerable appearance, who wore enormous artificial heads of hair, some with silk aprons, and oddly formed hats, and all cloathed in black, this singularity caused him to take an opportunity, one day, to enquire who they were and what was the reason of their assuming so fantastic a costume? But the grave bookseller started at the question, and flying into a violent passion, "What!" said he, "have I nourished a viper to sting the high and holy church? Some Jesuit, I suppose, in disguise, some rascally Methodist, or still worse, perhaps, some villainous Presbyterian! was it for this I instructed you in the mild precepts of the Gospel? To sneer and scoff at the reverend

members of a church by law established, at the instigation of a set of damned sectarists? Have I harboured a spy from the vilest of all vile disturbers of the country, the dissenters from the national episcopacy? go, quit my lodgings this instant, and think yourself a happy man if I don't put you into the ecclesiastical-courts over the way."

Not a word of all this did *Gurstan* comprehend, for he had not the slightest intention of giving offence to any one, much less did he comprehend what was meant by Methodist, Presbyterian, and Dissenter.—“ I can go, my good man,” said he, “ without all this violence; the question I asked was the natural consequence of my admiration at those remarkably drest figures, which frequent your shop, so unlike other men, who doubtless have some good reasons for adopting this singularity; as to you, I shall quit you with the less regret, since I see you are not the mild follower of christianity that you professed to be, but a calumni-

ator and a resentful man; but, I hope for your own sake, not a hypocrite."

The before grave bookseller now lost all gravity, threatened him with a constable, stamp, swore, and entirely discomposed his church-going-wig; demanded instant payment, augmented his bill with every item in his power, and instead of a blessing, gave him a good hearty curse at parting.

Gurstan now retired to the house of his merchant correspondent, who was a Quaker Banker, resolving to take up his remittance, and leave the country for personal safety; he accordingly communicated his adventure, by way of explaining his motive, and was asked to dine. After dinner the banker heard his story, with great complacency, and then addressed him as follows:

"You are wrong, my good young man, to

decide on your departure so hastily, or to form your opinion of the Christian Religion from the deceitfulness of one man; but I am sorry to inform you, in reply to your question, about those sects that you were charged with belonging to, that although they all mean well, yet they mutually dislike each other; I also belong to one, whom your landlord forgot to enumerate in his haste, that is not without its faults, but that, I hope, is not among them. To seek for the pure light of celestial truths among blind mortals, all of whom know it not yet themselves, was a romantic enterprise; all religions have their errors; but we ought to respect the pious meaning of the votaries to each: *the truest must be that which makes us good and virtuous*, no matter what it is called; and he who uses no ceremonies, all his days, but acts of justice and benevolence, will expire as tranquilly as the most refined mystic, who has occupied all this life in enquiring after the next.—One useful result you

will, however, acquire by your travels; you will be able to tell the virtuous *Baku* that men are the same every where, and that he had as good a chance of being saved by the help of *Zorouster's* philosophy, while he did good, and followed it disinterestedly, and from a conviction of its being a duty, as by any other mode of worship upon the face of the earth."

This discourse, uniting with his experience, made a profound impression on the mind of *Gurstan*, and before he embarked for his departure, he wrote a long letter to his foster-father *Hasab*, in which he related all that had befallen him, concluding thus:

"I have spoken with a Mahometan Mufti, conversed with a Jewish Rabbin, been introduced to the Patriarch of *Constantinople*—I have dined with an Italian Abbate, and been tutored by a Capuchin Friar at *Rome*;

but I have learnt, at last, that the great Creator loves *good men alone*, of whatsoever sect they may be, from an honest Banker, in *London.*"

AN
AFRICAN TALE.

MUSUMBA and CAMBAMBO, were two brothers, born in the interior country of *Africa* amongst a tribe that ascribed all things to the Moon.

Of different mothers, their tempers were remarkably opposite : *Musumba* was patient, docile, and thoughtful; *Cambambo*, rash, resolute, and untoward; yet one sentiment of friendship to each other, pervaded their breasts, owing to their inseparable connection.

The actions of their infancy remarkably displayed their different qualities; most of them

proved the penetration of *Musumba*, and this child was looked upon as something extraordinary.

Being grown up to youths, their father called them to him; "My children," said he, "you must prepare to make a journey; you well know how regularly I have paid my obeisance to our deity the Moon, this has drawn down a blessing on me, and our stock of servants is increased to such a degree that I must dispose of some of them; to your care, I entrust this business; but be cautious of the traders with whom you are to deal; they come from a wicked country where they do not worship the Moon; they have neither feeling nor honesty, and would not scruple even to seize your persons, if they had you in their power."

"My father talks very well," said *Cambambo*, as they were setting out the next day; "but, I believe, it is as much owing to my

influence as to the Moon's, that we are now carrying on so fair a trade; my severity over the mutinous, has tended not a little to keep his family together."

"Though I cannot agree to your observation," replied his brother, "yet I as little approve of my father's reasoning, as you can do; for if the Moon did create this earth, and us men to enjoy it, she must surely be benevolent; how then can she be pleased with this action, or prosper such a traffic, which condemns numbers of our fellow-creatures to captivity, and perhaps death, in a country which we know nothing of?"

Cambambo made no answer, but perceiving some of the string endeavouring to make their escape, he flew towards the unhappy wretches, who made the woods resound with their cries.

Musumba's uneasiness of mind would not permit him to rest; the more he thought on it the less could he reconcile the business he was engaged in; but the veneration he had for his father prevented him from committing an act of disobedience.

After a tedious journey they arrived at the place of sale.—The person who was to deal with them, was an *English Protestant*, purchasing a cargo for the markets in America.—They were all made to pass before him, their teeth and hair examined, and a price agreed upon.

This business was managed by *Cambambo*, for *Musumba* could not look at it, and stood weeping at a distance.

The money being paid, and the slaves embarked, the captain invited our merchant on board his vessel; the novelty of its appear-

ance, joined to repeated assurances from the interpreter his countryman, that there was no danger, induced the bold *Cambambo* to venture; and *Musumba* finding all entreaties in vain to prevent him, resolved to be his companion.

No sooner were they arrived on deck, than they were loaded with irons; the false interpreter received his reward in his presence, and they were sent to be companions with those whom they had before condemned to slavery.

This act of severe retribution deprived *Musumba* of every power but that of entreaty, which was heard with as little attention as the prayers of his countrymen had been before; but his brother broke out in the most violent exclamations of rage, calling the authors of his captivity every thing that was treacherous, base, and inhuman.

All the following night he was employed in contriving the means of his escape; and having found a hole in a timber which fitted the head of his bolt, he continued working it backwards and forwards till it broke, singing all the time to drown the noise occasioned by these efforts.

Having accomplished his purpose, and by this means set at liberty the whole string, he approached *Musumba* with an air of triumph; “Now,” said he, “we will be revenged on these tyrants; follow me, and you shall be witness to their destruction.”

As soon as the hatchways were opened, he rushed forward, and was succeeded by the whole train, armed with their fetters; the alarm was instantly spread, and the crew prepared to receive them.—*Cambambo* catching up a spar, fought like a lion, but personal bravery being no match for fire arms, a dis-

charge from a blunderbuss brought him to the ground; the rest seeing their leader fall, surrendered at discretion, and were once more invested with the badges of slavery.

The gentleness of *Musumbu's* disposition soon gained him the confidence of the captain, and a permission to walk at large; which enabled him, in the course of the voyage, to learn the language of his captors.

A sailor, with whom he had contracted an intimacy, asked him, one day, what was his opinion of his situation? "*Our situation,*" said he, (taking him by the hand) "is not so bad, I find, as I at first thought; for observing you all to work at the word of command, and that we were not employed, I began to fear that the opinion of my countrymen was well founded, and that you were the slaves to work, we those to be eaten; but I since have discovered we are all to labour alike; and

now, in return, be so good as to inform me how long *you* have been purchased by this great captain?"

The resentment of the seaman gave way to his laughter; and at length having recovered himself, he set him right; concluding with swearing by heaven they were the freest people in the world!—This exclamation was interrupted by a call from the boatswain, accompanied with a volley of oaths; and this *freeman* was ordered to receive a dozen lashes, for suffering the vessel to miss her stays, whilst he was boasting his charter.

Musumba thought this very odd; but his surprize was encreased, when a few days after his old acquaintance came to inform him, that instead of going on shore he must take his leave, and prepare for a voyage much longer than that which they had already performed:

“ You are very much to blame, I think,” said *Musumba*, “ and if I was free, as you say you are, I would by no means do so ; especially, as from your own account you have a wife and children in this country.”

“ It is no choice of mine, be assured,” returned the sailor, with a sigh, “ but I am obliged to submit to it.”

Our *African* was more at a loss than ever, and began to think better of slavery, since a free-man might be flogged and forced out of his country.

A little time convinced him of the nature of his situation ; for on his landing, he was disposed of to a tobacco planter, who employed him in the most laborious offices ; and nothing but a hardy constitution could have enabled him to bear up under the heavy tasks enjoined him.

One evening, alone, oppressed with labour, and sinking under his bitter reflections; he laid aside the hoe, and sat down on the ground to think of his own country:—A croud of thoughts rushed upon his mind, and with tears standing in his eyes he looked up to the Moon, and began to sing as follows:

SWEET were the plains of my nativity!
 Pleasant the hut where I was foster'd!
 Kind were the parents of my infancy!
 Generous the companions of my youth!
 Now, perhaps, they howl for *Cambambo*,
 And weep for the loss of *Musumba*:
Cambambo is gone to the Moon;
Musumba to a far country;
 Never to return any more!
 Never again to be at liberty!
 To water the earth with his tears!
 And infect the air with his sadness!

He could utter no more, his voice was choaked with sobs; but his mind felt relieved, and he fell into a sound sleep.

In this situation, he was presently discovered by the driver, and the next morning was appointed to give him the discipline of the cart-whip.

His indignation at this cruel sentence, roused a resolution in him to effect what he had not before meditated.—“No,” said he, “these free men are too free in this: I will use my utmost endeavours to escape from this punishment, and deliver myself from a set of people whose hearts I am persuaded are black, though their faces are of a fairer colour than ours.”

He put this resolution in practice, and took shelter in the woods.

At length hunger drew him from his concealment, and obliged him to claim the protection of a party of people in arms; from one of whom he learned, that they were *American*

soldiers who were going to fight for their liberties: "Then you are just the people to my mind," said he; "I ran away a few days ago from a master who had long enslaved me: ah! how fortunate it is that I should fall in the way of people who are in the same situation!—give me your hands, it is our common cause; you shall see that a black man can fight for his liberty as well as a white one."

But how great was his rage and astonishment, when *these people*, instead of accepting his offer, pinioned his arms, and sent him back to his old master.

On the way he expressed some fears, that at his return he should be killed: "Make yourself easy on that head," said his guard, you will only receive double the number of lashes that were intended,—for you are worth *fifty pounds*."

“ We have caught you at last,” exclaimed his owner, when he was brought before him, “ and perhaps we shall find a way to make you repent this excursion.” “ You can never find a way, (returned this noble fellow, with a becoming warmth and sincerity) to make me forget that I was once my own master; and the worse you treat me, the more shall I endeavour to free myself from your power.”

Finding him to be what he was pleased to call *a determined villain*, and fearing it would not be easy to recover him again should he succeed in a second flight; *Musumba* was disposed of to a person going to reside in the *West Indies*, who considered the bounds of an island as better walls to secure his *live property* than the extensive skirts of a vast continent.

Nothing happened worth relating on his passage, but a conversation which he had

with a person on board the ship, who seemed pleased with his inquisitiveness.

Musumba asked him, amongst a variety of other questions, how *his* nation and the others came to be of different complexions, and why on that account they should be so ill treated?

“ Because you are of *a different species* (replied the passenger). This has been proved by the greatest writers of my country and a celebrated anatomist, who has ranked you in an inferior class,—his conviction arises from your skulls being flatter than ours, for which reason some people suppose you have no souls, that is, you go no where after death; which certainly entitles us to make use of you as beasts of burthen.—This was not always the opinion of mankind concerning you, they have had their doubts, and even now there remains *one* spot on the globe, where an *African* may be free, *if he can get there.*”

The poor fellow trembled at this account. "I wish," said he, "you would not decide so positively on this head, they do not serve white men so in my country; and if you should be mistaken after all, what a sad thing it would be!—but pray, may I ask you, What is *your* business in going to these islands with us?"

"It is not so easy to explain that to you," replied the other "I am a Solicitor: and my employment is to put in force those laws which defend the rights of mankind; but what are you thinking of?" "I was thinking," returned *Musumba*, "If we had ever had any rights, that my countrymen could have found you in full employment." After this conversation he grew very thoughtful, and was often observed to be in tears.

A clergyman, who was this way making his passage to *England*, took notice of it; and

struck with the propriety of his answers to several questions which he put to him, desired him to disclose his uneasiness.

“ I have greater reason to be unhappy than any body,” said he, (after repeating his adventures) “ I was born in a country where they worship the Moon, and am told she has no power; I used to be at liberty, and find myself a slave; I have been for ever deceived, and cannot understand any thing rightly:—but these are trifles, compared with what I heard the other day; for a man in this ship, who seems to know every thing, has assured me that I am no better than a beast, and that I shall not go to my friends, when I die.”

The divine, who was a real friend to human nature, and loved all mankind as himself, was touched with his goodness and simplicity:— He bought him of his master,

removed his doubts, instructed him in the principles of the Christian Religion, set him free by landing him in *England*, and made a fellow creature happy.

POEMS.

LEWINA,
THE
MAID OF SNOWDON.

Warm from the heart and true to all its fires.

EMBOSOMED deeply in a shady glen,
Wild and sequestered from the haunts of men,
Far in the region of famed *Snowdon's* seat,
To fame unknown, existed a retreat,
Sacred to solitude on every side,
As yet nor poets care, nor painters pride.

Here rocks, o'er rocks suspended, brave the sky,
Whence rushing torrents tumble from on high;
The oaks are ancient, and the foaming flood
Dashes thro' amphitheatres of wood;
But when the blessed sun in blessed spring,
Draws gently forth each fresh and fragrant
thing;

When his prolific beamings warm the root,
 Open the blossoms and display the shoot ;
 The crystal waters, straight to peace inclin'd,
 Sing to the rocks, or ripple to the wind.
 Then silence reigns, and melancholy sweet
 Finds in the shaggy caves her peaceful seat :
 Then ev'ry morn aspires the vocal bird,
 And ev'ry eve night's sober hymn is heard ;
 While all things, in their order, various ways,
 In voice, or silent beauty utter praise.

The wealthy owner of this lovely spot
 Knew not its charms, or had its charms forgot :
 But sent a peasant swain with this command,
 To fell the timber and to guard the land :
 There, on a swelling mount, with labour clear'd,
 The active *Lewin* soon a cottage rear'd ;
 There brought the only treasures he possess,
 His wife, his virtues, and a cheerful breast.

The early sun recall'd them from repose,
 Gilding their little garden as he rose ;

And when his glowing steed retir'd to rest,
The lowly spot with ling'ring twilight drest.

Thus they began the world, their sum of
wealth,
Youth, fond affections, industry, and health
One only daughter liv'd to bless the pair,
Whom long they foster'd with united care;
Intent her native virtues to secure,
They taught her little, but they kept her pure.
Rise, artless Muse, and aid me to disclose
The matchless beauty of this maiden-rose.

Of *Guido's* Magdalen conceive the face,
In Grecian sculpture, *Ariadne's* grace;
Enrobe the image in a flowing stole,
White and unsullied as the wearer's soul;
Let fall a waving mass of auburn hair
Of fifteen summers—and *Lewina's* there.

Soft is her voice, and musically sweet;
Her skin transparent, veils a form compleat;

Whate'er she says, or does, is sure to please,
 She speaks with blushes, whilst she moves with
 ease;

And, little skill'd to judge of beauty's praise,
 Blazes unconscious, as the diamond's blaze.

Here let us pause—Here let us ask the great,
 What could be wanting in this fair retreat?
 “*Wealth?*” wherefore wealth? to buy? to
 build? to plant?

Where nature revels *that* would lead restraint.
 Behold the rich man's shrubbery forlorn,
 The lofty forest laughs his shades to scorn.
 And as for *luxury*, we ought to know,
 The source is common whence its pleasures flow.
 He only who has brav'd a winter's storm,
 Feels that 'tis *luxury*, the being warm;
 He, only he, who active labour knows,
 Can taste the *luxury* of sound repose;
 But *wit* or *knowledge*, call it which you will,
 Join'd with *society*, is wanting still;
 True: if precisely known where knowledge lies;
 Till *Newton* wrote, *Copernicus* was wise.

And knowledge of mankind just serves to show
 How very little of mankind we know ;
 As to society,—a few years past,
 Our home-bred circle brings the best at last.

Trace, gentle Muse, the *pleasures* of this
 pair :

O, thought to make the slave of fashion stare !
 I also touch with fear the trembling string,
 That, which is sweet to feel, is hard to sing.
 'Tis easy to describe the cruel chace,
 Or the dull sameness of th' insipid race ;
 The lounging bather, and his morning's ride ;
 The causeless journey, or the feast of pride ;
 But would the song instructively disclose,
 How equally heav'n's stream of bounty flows,
 Let it, with circumspective care, premise,
 What seem *true pleasures*, and from whence
 they rise.

Since all are equally expos'd, we know,
 Or rich, or poor, to feel the stripes of woe ;

He that of active vigour is possest,
 Arm'd *by* that vigour, will sustain them best:
 If it be granted, as it must be all,
 That things are relatively great or small;
 Then is there no advantage of estate,
 And those who live content alone are great.
 If the pure soul, emancipate from vice,
 Enjoys just liberty above all price;
 Freedom from fashion's wild and lawless reign,
 From power-abused, and all its guilty train;
 Think, with a muse, who, in her serious hours,
 Delights to twine her wreath of fruits and
 flow'rs,
 Such freedom ever likeliest to reside
 Where riches tempt not as the passions guide;
 That youth, and gentleness, and strength,
 and health,
 And sense; with thee fair virtue I make true
 wealth.

Such were the comforts *Lewin's* soul possest,
 To cheer his solitude, and warm his breast;

What pastimes to his little cot were dear,
 For once, O man of pleasure! deign to hear.

To carve his fav'rite staff with tendrils round,
 Whose ample top, with roots of oak was
 crown'd,

“ *When toil remitting, lent its turn to play**,”
 Fill'd up the space of many a rainy day;
 His rustic bench, his honey-suckle bow'r,
 Improv'd the joys of every vacant hour;
 A pair of oaken chairs, a polish'd bill,
 Confess'd his labours, and his dext'rous skill;
 A harp, that once a wand'ring minstrel strung,
 High on the wall, on leathern straps was hung,
 Which tortur'd often, never fail'd to raise
 The wife's affection, and the daughter's praise;
 A jug of real china, coarse but neat,
 Serv'd to embellish many a summer's treat,
 Whose glowing colours frequent they survey'd,
 And greatly marvel'd how it could be made.
 On winter-evenings, *Lewin* now and then
 Related tales of cities, and of men;

* Goldsmith.

Of trav'ling archers, of a knight betray'd,
 Or battles fought, as he had heard it said;
 Or fair *Lewina* sang a plaintive tale,
 Where echo echoed to the nightingale :
 Nor found they ever, blending toil with song,
 The seasons tedious, or the day too long ;
 For, unambitious to encrease their store,
 Health gave them much—but wise content-
 ment more.

Thus fled on pleasure's wings the hours away,
 Unting'd with sorrow, till one fatal day,
 By fortune mark'd for transitory change,
 (From causes common spring adventures
 strange)

Life, like a flow'r, unfolds its mystic form,
 And tranquil skies precede the gathering storm.
 That day our jolly woodman jocund rose,
 Fresh for the chase, and ruddy from repose ;
 A day long wished, with every hope full
 stor'd,

To see and entertain his wealthy lord :

To scrip and belt, a polish'd horn was hung,
 Which o'er his manly chest *Lewina* slung;
 And kneeling, bound his boots in tender sort,
 And kiss'd his forehead as she wished him sport.

Light broke with silver lines; the dawn was
 grey,

Each well-known sign bespoke a sultry day;
 When the gay maiden, who had kept in store
 A bank which ripe the crimson strawberry bore,
 Ever intent with all *her* little pow'r,
 To deck the table, or adorn the bow'r;
 Forth issuing, fleetly as the lapwing flew,
 So light of foot, she scarcely brush'd the dew,
 By the deep margin of a shelving pool,
 To seek the berries, and to pick them cool:
 A rushy basket grac'd the virgin's arm,
 Woven with decent ornaments to charm;
 Loose flow'd her waving locks, in part unbound;
 Treading elastic, as she scorn'd the ground,
 Onward she sprang; unsullied form and mind,
 In all her movements, all her looks conjoin'd.

And gliding through the branch-be-shadowed-
grove,

She seemed the soul of innocence and love.

Meanwhile day's recreative beams disclose,
When, call'd by household cares, the mother
rose ;

Her well-known voice allures the winged brood,
The home-bred stock anticipate their food ;
She spreads abroad the dormant fire, and
straight,

Eases the udder of its precious freight,
Her willing hands the morning's meal prepare,
But no *Lewina* came that meal to share :

While kind she fill'd, and plac'd the milky
bowl,

Unusual faintness seized her boding soul ;
Silent she sat, as petrified to stone,

And found refection tasteless when alone.

Hour after hour in sad succession came,
And each with new forebodings fill'd the
dame.

Unable to pursue accustom'd toils,
 Down drops the distaff, and her mind recoils:
 Then, to a neighb'ring hill oppres'd with cares,
 With doubtful palpitating heart repairs,
 Fondly imagining the vale would shew
 Her darling offspring, and her peace renew;
 But when no daughter met her searching eyes,
 In sorrow's sharp and piercing notes she cries;
 Echo, in sharp and piercing notes, replies.

Louder she rais'd her voice, then stoop'd to
 hear;

Her sanguine wish no longer checks the tear;
 It burst—Alas! alas! *Lewina's* drown'd!
 Were the first words her sick'ning terrors found.

Swift as the hasty thought, which chill'd her
 blood,
 She cross'd the brook, and travers'd half the
 wood;
 Eagerly gain'd the summit of the steep,
 Then slow return'd, to pray to heav'n and weep.

Sometimes she fancied with approaching night,
 Fate would conduct her much-lov'd child to
 sight;

With just excuses turn to joy her tears,
 Solve all her doubts, anxieties and fears;
 The thought a momentary peace supply'd,
 Reviv'd her senses, and her sorrows dry'd;
 But soon fresh agonies her bosom tost,—
 How tell a doating father all was lost?
 How wring the bosom of her better part,
 And plant a dagger in his cheerful heart?

Thus pass'd the dreadful day; yet, as it past,
 Hope fed her eager wishes to the last.
 Conceive, ye tender parents, for ye know,
 What was the measure of a mother's woe;
 Meanwhile of grief the Muse declines to sing,
 And for a brighter circle plumes her wing.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

LEWINA,
THE
MAID OF SNOWDON.

PART II.

“THE wealthy owner of the lovely spot,
Knew not its charms, or had its charms for-
got.”

So sings the outset of this simple tale,
When *Lewis* first was sent to keep the vale ;
But chance, which changes many, chang'd his
mind,

And to a rural scene his thoughts inclin'd.

Weary he was, disgusted with the fare,

Slander or flattery by turns prepare,

Where adulation's prostituted crew,

Make of their Deity their victim too ;

Weary he was of senates where we know,
 Few enter honest, or continue so ;
 Sick of false love, the shadow of delight,
 And soldiers who for gain, not honour, fight;
 Tir'd of fine compliments that nothing mean,
 He sought, in solitude, a change of scene,
 And to his manor, long expected came,
 To spear the salmon, or pursue the game.
 A brace of faithful dogs, a youthful friend,
 Fond of poetic haunts, his steps attend ;
 Worthy the man of such a friend, the youth,
 Frank, uncorrupted, gay, the soul of truth,
 Gallant *Montgomery*, generous as a god—
 Virtue and genius followed where he trod.

Lewin's experience serves to guide them
 right,

His simple cottage their retreat at night.
 Eager his master's orders to obey,
 Our swain was ready by the break of day ;
 To show a zealous service was his pride ;
 Much honest greeting past on either side.

Grateful acknowledgments, tho' rough, sincere,
Spontaneous fell, and pleas'd the patron's ear.

The breath of morn o'er all their senses stole,
(Whose soft reviving fragrance calms the soul)
The dewy brilliants on each glitt'ring blade;
Adorn'd with fleeting splendor every glade;
They snuff'd the buxom breezes wing'd with
health,
And, treading Thymey carpets, pitied wealth.

All day they hunted, by success inspir'd,
Nor sought the valley till the sun retir'd;
But who can paint the language of surprise
When the wild river met their wond'ring eyes.
Words are but faint the image to pursue,—
Salvator's pencil, here, had trembled too!
Enormous fragments in the waters lay,
Whose fall with desolation mark'd their way,
And made the mighty blocks that round them
stood,
Seem but the pebbles of the fretful flood.

Dark the gigantic rocks projecting hung,
 Crown'd with grey-oaks, in rude disorder
 flung;

Thund'ring and hoarse a smoking torrent fell,
 Spreading a dingy wave, and foaming swell,
 Whose rushing streams in curling eddies sweep,
 Loud-sounding, rapid, turbulent, and deep.

Enamell'd meads the torrent's bound'ry
 close,

Whence native woods in grand succession rose;
 Thro' which, progressive, in majestic pride,
 Slow winding rills like silver serpents glide;
 Nor fails, to blend the various tints in one,
 The sidelong glances of the setting sun.

Too soon these visions left their wond'ring
 eyes

Too soon pale twilight's awful shades arise:
 Ease and refreshment next their fancies court,
 The night's composure, and the morning's
 sport;

As down the winding path they move along,
Lewin regales them with a mountain-song;
 Loud rang the chorus, wafted far and wide,
 Nature burst in, sincere, and banish'd pride;
 All forms of art, all scenes of shew forgot,
 The master half desir'd the rustic's lot,
 Whilst *he*, with gene'rous zeal elated high,
 Envy'd no mortal form beneath the sky:—
 Ah! little dream'd his bosom how it far'd,
 Tears, sorrow, ruin, was the feast prepar'd.

With trembling expectation, scarce alive,
 His wretched partner heard the troop arrive;
 Uprose with doubtful haste the goodly dame,
 Whilst o'er her eyes a dim suffusion came,
 And with intrusive enmity to light,
 Welled like a spring, and dimmed the orbs
 of sight.

But when she found no long-sought daughter
 there,

Her passions spoke in eloquent despair,—

“Then all is over, all is past,” she said,

“*Lewin*—our child is lost!—*Lewina*'s dead!”

As two tall poplars, by the lightnings brand,
 Scorch'd to the centre, sap-exhausted stand;
 So stood, with pallid looks, the sinking pair,
 Smit to the soul, in motionless despair.

Alarm'd to see her husband's dumb surprise,
 Tears first reliev'd the hopeless mother's eyes;
 Caressingly she clasp'd his neck around,
 And bade him live, with words of tender sound.
 At length, as some dark cloud, o'ercharg'd
 with rain,
 Breaks, and in torrents deluges the plain,
 Tears and loud sobs reliev'd his swelling breast,
 While close the sharer of his pangs he prest.

Amaz'd the guests beheld their piercing
 grief,
 And sought humanely to afford relief;
 "O! had ye seen," the weeping swain replied,
 "This healthy plant, the source of all our pride;
 Or, setting all her native charms apart,
 Had ye but known her gentleness of heart;

'The many ways by which she knew to please,
Cheerful at labour, frolicsome at ease—"

" Her matchless tenderness," the wife rejoin'd,

" Her care, her mildness, and her virtuous
mind ;

Her duteous wishes ne'er our hopes to cross,
Then ye would weep with us, who feel her loss !

Touch'd with the picture of their artless woes,"

The youthful stranger's honest bosom glows ;

" And why despair ?" the gen'rous youth replied ;

" To seek this jewel let us each divide,

Grief makes all equal ; 'tis the general lot ?

Misfortune strikes the palace and the cot !"

He spoke ; and long before the break of day,

Each took, with beating breast, his several way.

Meanwhile return we to the maid, and tell
What sad mischance her erring steps befel.

Light as the gossamer, her flight she took,
And sprightly as a kindling cross'd the brook ;

The gilded finch, that flutter'd in her way,
 In all his gaudy plumage, seem'd less gay ;
 The little flow'rs, that sprang beneath her
 feet,

In all their native sweetness seemed less sweet ;
 Pleas'd with the verdure of the teeming land,
 Smiling, she felt her merry heart expand,
 Nor seem'd the fruit she gather'd, while it
 grew,

Fuller of fragrance or more fresh to view.

But soon in glorious vivid colours wrought,
 High on a cliff some flow'rs her fancy caught ;
 To gain the ridges of the frowning steep,
 A broken way remain'd, the track of sheep,
 Whose craggy path she climb'd, with blith-
 some air,

As wild as mountain-goat, as free from care.
 Arriv'd with labour on the rugged top,
 Fear, and fatigue united, bade her stop ;
 Her flutt'ring soul was fill'd with new delight,
 When *Snowdon's* purple regions rose to sight ;

A thousand glitt'ring forms the sun reveal'd,
 A thousand yawning gulphs the shade conceal'd;

Struck with the awful scene that burst to view,

So wild, so far extended, and so new,
 Long time she gaz'd; but when, alarm'd at last,
 Tow'rd the deep vale her roving eyes she cast,

And saw the steep and horrible descent,
 That down precipitous its passage bent;
 What words can tell her unavailing fears,
 Tumultuous tremblings, starts, and silent tears?

And as a maid, by promis'd pleasure led,
 Forsaking home in gayer paths to tread,
 If just reflection paint her former state,
 Sighs for its peaceful joys, but sighs too late;
 So look'd *Lewina* for her lov'd abode,
 So sought to find it by a foreign road.

Deceived by distance and by fear oppress'd,
 All day she wander'd, weeping, and distress'd;

Nor for herself alone her terrors rose,
 She lov'd her parents, and partook their woes;
 At length a cave, sad refuge of despair,
 Shelter'd her bosom from the midnight air;
 Where mingling fervent prayers with fluttering
 sighs,
 Tir'd nature, quite exhausted, clos'd her eyes.

The morrow brought, revisiting her sight,
 Returning terrors with returning light;
 Then poor *Lewina* rose, and fear-constrain'd,
 Clasp'ing her beauteous hands, aloud com-
 plain'd :

“ Oh hapless creature ! whither shall I stray ?
 How, in this tangled lab'rinth, find my way ?
 A lonely death will soon my portion be ;
 And some cold cavern yield a grave to me ! ”

Thus, to the dark relentless rocks, she cried,—
 “ *Live ! lovely virgin, live !* ” a voice replied ;
 And lo ! before our sinking maiden stood,
 The youthful stranger who had trac'd the
 wood.

Stunn'd and o'erwhelm'd with deep unfeign'd
surprise,

Joy made him seem an angel to her eyes;

"*Live! virgin, live!*" again the stranger said,

Not less astonish'd than the beauteous maid;

She would have spoke, but pleasure check'd

her tongue,

And fainting nature ev'ry nerve unstrung,

Montgom'ry saw those evanescent charms,

And caught the trembler in a lover's arms;

"Live, sweetest maid," he cried, "my life to

save,

Or take my spirit with thee to the grave;

Oh, too, too beauteous! oh enchanting

flow'r!

Meet to adorn of love the bridal bow'r,

Lift up thy drooping head, to light arise,

Return, to slay, or, save me, with these

eyes!"

Shortly restor'd, an animating red,

O'er all her form the hue of roses spread;

Nor be conceal'd the source from whence it
came —

Montgom'ry's kiss recall'd both life and shame ;
Yet too sincere her gratitude to hide,
She look'd correction, where she could not chide ;
Love watcht, and dipt in tenderness the dart,
Which pierced the bashful virgin's gentle heart ;
Reprov'd, the bold intruder bow'd his head,
And his fair prize, half-breathless, homeward
led,

Studious with silent and attentive care,
Her fears to banish, and his fault repair ;
And thus, at length, her confidence renew'd,
He woo'd successful, for with looks he woo'd.
Thro' many a wild and tangled way they past,
And, faint and weary, reached the cot at last ;
At the glad sight no more with grief she
strove,

But hail'd her parents with the voice of love ;
Soon as the mother heard the well-known
sound,

Conviction whisper'd that her all was found ;

She flew to meet her, and in accents wild,
 With frantic joy, exclaim'd,—“ My child, my
 child !”

Forth the fond father and the master rush,—
 O sight to bid unfeeling natures blush !
 Claspt in a group the sacred circle stood,
 Their eyes obtest the giver of all good ;
 Smiles, tears, embraces, thoughts by looks
 express'd,

Peace, love, and gratitude, distend each
 breast ;

But most the maid excited their surprize,
 Above her fate, or years, both good and
 wise ;

Montgomery hung upon her form and face,
 Raised by delight to every human grace ;
 Struck with first-love, he thought them both
 divine,

And his soul sighed, she must, she will be
 mine !

Thus while he almost breathed his soul away,
 Sunk in a downy swoon the mother lay ;

Claspt in *Lewina's* warm embrace she lies,
 * Untaught to bear of pleasure the surprise.
 So when some inexperienc'd lamb has stray'd,
 Lur'd by a flow'ry bank, or checquer'd shade,
 And, gazing round, perceives itself alone,
 In plaintive bleatings its distress is shown;
 But when the parent, parted from its eyes
 By some thick shrub, in plaintive notes replies,
 Oh! what unfeign'd rejoicings when they meet!
 How the head struggles with the bursting teat!
 Till mutually caressing and caress'd,
 Softly reclin'd, they play themselves to rest.

Thus peace restor'd and every heart made gay,
 Each day that follow'd seem'd a holyday:

* Entra l'uomo allor che nasce
 In un mar di tanti pene,
 Che savezza dalle fasce
 Ogni affanno a sostener.
 Ma per lui sì raro il bene,
 Ma la gioja è così rara,
 Che a soffrir mai non impara
 Le sorprese del piacer.

METASTASIO. ISAACCO.

Montgomery offer'd honourable vows,
And gain'd *Lewina* for his willing spouse;
His friend, uninfluenc'd by the voice of pride,
Cheerfully gave the dowry and the bride;
Half the domain bestow'd to build a seat,
And half retain'd, to form his own retreat;
Where, as Fame tells, he annually retires
To taste repose, and view their lasting fires;
For time takes nothing from their loves away,
Since pure affections never know decay.

THE
SQUIRRELS AND THE MONKEY.
OR THE CLIENTS.

A TALE.

A SQUIRREL for his numerous brood
Amassed a mighty stock of food :
His wealth was such,
That, like the Dutch,
He raised the envy of his neighbours :
Also, like theirs,
The fruits of cares
And honest labours.

Stretching one day to reach a pippin,
He could not keep his feet from slipping ;
He fell,—and falling on a stone,
Scug died, without a groan.

A Monkey, who was near at hand,
 And wickedly advised the feat,
 Grinn'd like a traitor ;
 The Squirrels came, a weeping band,
 The Monkey took his seat :—
 “ As there is no testator,”
 “ (Said he,)—and my good friend
 “ Met his untimely end,
 “ By falling from a tree,
 “ 'Tis fit I tell you what he said,
 “ (My poor dear worthy friend that's dead !)
 “ Just as he spake to me.

“ Monkey” he said,—(after his fall)
 “ Remember our affections past !
 “ Hereby *I leave you all,*
 “ And then he breathed his last.”

The Squirrels set up a shrill cry
 At such a piece of perfidy :
 The Monkey made them no concession,
 But went and *took possession,*

A Fox just passing by
 Offered to trounce the villain;
 Foxes are always sly,
 He did not ask a shilling.

“ There is a court,” said he, “ not far from
 “ hence,
 “ Where justice reigns;
 “ Therein he shall escape, on no pretence,
 “ Both penalties and pains;
 “ The law, the blessed law!
 “ Shall tear the plunder from his paw.
 “ The court’s composed of Wolves,
 “ The judge a Bear,
 “ All gravity, all suavity;
 “ There’s no equivocation there;
 “ Virtue seems seated in their furs.
 “ The very curs, (that race canine,
 “ Whose offices and places
 “ Are to describe the cases,)
 “ Have something in their looks divine!”

Two summers long they dauce'd, the sport
 And scandal of this honest court ;
 At length a case as clear as day
 Silenced Sir *Pug*, and made by force its way.

The judgment gave them back their right,
 Because they prov'd, as clear as light,
 In spite of all his fine inventions,
 That *Mandrillet* had no pretensions ;
 But each to pay their costs, in short,
 Because it was the *custom of the court*.

The *Moukey* smiling heard the clause
 And answered—" *I appeal the cause,*
 " And this you may rely on,
 " It goes before the *Lyon*."

Every one trembled at the name ;
 The very *Bears*
 Set up their hairs,
 And then the *Lupos* did the same.

The court arose,

The Squirrels held a consultation;

Towards the close

A grey-one made the following oration.

“ Brothers, if we were only met to prove

“ The virtues of our youth;

“ Or, weighed against the arts of others,

“ To try their truth;

“ Much should I praise

“ Your councils never to surrender;

“ Never to raise

“ The siege against this base pretender.

“ But let us not forget,

“ That, long before this meeting,

“ The Monkey, past a doubt, has ate

“ *All that was worth the eating.*”

THE
SPANIEL AND THE RABBITS.

A TALE.

A SPANIEL nursed in fortune's smiles,
Grew old in parasitic arts,
By practising eccentric wiles,
Disgraceful to a Dog of parts.

Snoring before the parlour fire,
Innured to idle habits,
He lost the manners of his sire,
Except his taste for Rabbits.

Neither good for land or water,
Or any kind of chase;
Nor were the marks of blood and slaughter
Imprinted on his face.

A mighty favourite with the women,
 Except when wet from swimming!

He was so entertaining

 When sitting up to beg;
 So comic too when feigning
 A broken leg.

His coat was glossy,—on his chine

 So broad you might repose a platter;
 No outward marks of rib or spine—
 The fattest dog could not be fatter.

For one of such unwieldy size

 His appetite was small;
 His mistress blest her eyes,
 How he could live at all!

Many a time the bell was rung,

To know if *Cato* ate his dinner,

“Madam,” said *Jane*, “as I’m a sinner!”—

“Do,” cries Sir *Fretful*, “hold your tongue;

“ Just so it was with little *Prue*;
 Pray let us hear of something new—
 I wish the dirty cur was hung!
 What 'tis he eats I cannot think,
 But know he makes a dreadful stink!”

Replies my lady, “ don't be cruel,
 Don't say the thing that is not true;
 How can you hate my little jewel?
 What did he ever do to you?
 He's always pretty, clean, and neat,
 I'm sure he is as sweet as sweet.”

Thus *Cato* had the good success,
 Whether he caused a laugh or frown,
 To help them on in their distress,
 And make the draught of life go down.

How *Cato* past his private time,
 And what he did,
 Long time was hid,
 Which points the moral of my rhyme.

Daily, before his mistress rose,
 And every eve, before the evening's close,
 He used to go
 Sober and slow,
 Padding upon his velvet toes,
 To seek a neighbouring hill—
 I think I see him still.

You would have thought, I'm sure,
 His looks were so demure,
 If you had seen him cross the garden,
 You saw a fat churchwarden
 Going to relieve the poor.

This hill was long a famous borough,
 And like some others that we know
 Alas!—had, many years ago,
 Been penetrated thorough.

Upon a mount of sand,
 With heart as savage as a Lynx,
 He often took his stand,
 Like an Egyptian Sphinx.

At length the Bucks began to eye him :
 The silly Does,
 Timid as Roes,
 At first, scarce ever durst come nigh him.

Seeing a pair in view,

He took his cue.—

“ Don't be afraid of me, my loves,
 I'm not like others of my race,
 Brought up in academic groves,
 I fly them and their actions base;
 And wash my paws of their barbarities,
 Passing my life projecting charities;
 And, therefore, free from vice and courts,
 I love to watch your harmless sports:
 Like you I love
 To hail the rising and the setting sun;
 And when the tranquil day is spun,
 Like you—I love to seek my own alcove.”

By such orations

Delivered upon all occasions,

And never moving from his place,
 He gained so much upon the harmless race,
 That many Rabbits brought their young,
 And put them under *Cato's* care,
 Who always used to say, and smiled,
 "As I have neither chick nor child,
Some one must be my heir!
 How many orphans, among others,
 And children having foolish mothers,
 That must have been to ruin hurled,
 Have I sent out into the world?"

Here he would pause

And shake his ears;

The waters trickling from his jaws

They took for tears.

Alack! Alack!

(But gratitude is rare,)

None have come back

To thank me for my care.

So speaking, with a pensive look,
He'd lead his pupil to a wood,
Where, at his ease, he sucked the blood,
And sent the carcase down the brook.

Thus many a hypocrite has been carest,
Thus many a tutor has his texture wove,
Thus many a solemn bird has fledged his nest,
And many a sly executor has throve.

THE
BEE AND THE BUTTERFLY.

A TALE FOR THE POETS.

HALF buried in a full-blown thistle,
A humble, but a busy Bee,
Employed his skill industriously ;
A Butterfly upon the bristle,
A Butterfly clean as a Quaker,
Whilst Bee, begrimed with dirt and drudgery
Smelt like a German sugar-baker :
Ever merry, ever gay,
Laying about him like a Turk,
Working and singing at his work,
As if his work had been his play.

Observing him to toil and sweat
At such a rude prodigious rate,

Her beauteous eyes with tears were wet,
 She pitied him and mourned his fate;
 The sight had touched her finer feelings:
 She dwelt upon a plaintive strain,
 She sung of poverty and pain,
 Calamity, and dire disease,
 And then she sung of her own dealings;

It was an Ode

With its Epode,

An Ode to indolence and ease.

When she had done the Bee turned round,
 And making her the buz-profound
 Whilst he was brushing up his wings;
 “*To lose no time,*” the insect sings,
 “*Is the best way to lengthen life.*”

The song was short, but ere he fled
 To seek his kindred, thus he said:—

“ Psyche, you misconceive my lot;
 In estimating of our stations,

It seems you've totally forgot
Our figures rule our occupations ;
Your shape was modelled by the Graces,
Ordain'd to fly in pleasant places :
Whilst mine is solid and robust,
Created to endure the worst ;
What seems to you a vile employment
Is to me pleasure and enjoyment ;
You're fine, 'tis true, but where's your wealth ?
And we are hardier and stronger,
Enjoy a better state of health,
And live, my dear, a little longer."

THE END.

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