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Thoughts of this extraordinary Honour, and in order to express the just Sense I had of his Kindness, I threw myself at his Majesty's Feet, and he who was the kindest Prince in the World, raised me up with the utmost Humanity, and testified his Satisfaction in my Conduct.

WE began our March the very Day after this Review, and about eight Days after we came up with the Enemy, who waited for us with a gallant Army, and gave us Battle with such Courage, that a great Slaughter ensued on both Sides. The *Sultan*, my Master, having ordered that I should not quit his Side in the Engagement. I very cautiously adhered thereto, and lost not Sight of him during the Battle, in which I had the good Fortune to save his Life twice, and his Horse being killed under him, I had the Honour to remount him on mine. While I was doing this, I was forced to defend both him and myself from the Attacks of our Enemies, in doing which I received a Wound, which grazing on my left Arm, fell with such force into my Hip, that I fell down under the Horses Feet. The *Sultan*, who was sensible of my good Service, gave Orders immediately that I should be taken up, and carried into the next Tent: While they were there examining my Wounds, which were very Dangerous, the *Sultan* so animated his Troops, that by his Example attacking the Enemies with irresistible Valour, they forced them to give way, and at length gained a compleat Victory, the *Sultan* of *Zibib* being slain upon the Spot.

THE first Care of the King after the Victory, was to enquire how I did, and as soon as he learned that I was in such danger, he came instantly to the Tent, embraced me, acknowledged in the kindest Terms the Obligation he had to me, and turning to me as I lay on my Bed. "My dear Friend, said he, be it your Care to get cured, and make no Que-
stion

“ sion that I shall not be wanting in my Expressions
 “ of Gratitude of your Loyalty.”

I received the *Sultan* with all the Respect that I was capable, and he finding that my Wounds would not permit me to be carried to *Aden*, gave Directions for my having a Sedan, and being conveyed to a neighbouring Town, where I had two Physicians, and four Surgeons left with me, and Command given that I should want nothing; which the Governor so well obeyed, and the Surgeons performed so well, that in eight Days Time I was out of Danger; and in the Space of two Months, I found myself so well recover'd, that I was in a Condition to go to *Aden*, whither the *Sultan* was gone before, and where I was very desirous of following him.

I had all the Reason in the World to believe that my Wounds were not indifferent to *Margeon*, because she sent to the Place where I lay ill, a Slave, charged not only with a Billet, conceived in Terms the most Tender and Passionate imaginable, but also with a Purse, containing Five Hundred Pieces of Gold. I received the Letter with Transports of unfeigned Joy; but as for the Purse I absolutely refused it, and put it again into the Hands of the Slave who brought it.



EVEN.



LIII. EVENING.

The HISTORY of the Adventures of
 KATIFE and MARGEON.

THIS Man remained with me, till such time as he was satisfied I was out of Danger, and then he desired that I would discharge him, and send by him a Letter to his Mistress. But as my Answer at first was full, and precise enough, and *Margeon* had not given me a Permission to write to her, I did not judge it convenient to comply with his Request. I therefore made him comprehend that it did not suit me to write, and signified by Signs and Motions that I hoped in a short space to present my self before her, and that in the mean time I was extreemly pleased with that Mark of her Goodness she vouchsafed me, and so I dismiss'd him.

THE Slave set out on his Return, and fifteen Days after, I myself tho' not well recovered, was put into the Sedan provided for me, and carried on the shoulders of Men assigned for me by the Governor, and the Magistrate in all the Towns, and Villages I passed thro', were directed to furnish me with fresh Men, for the easy Conveyance of me to *Aden*. In fine, I arrived there safe, and as the *Sultan* had commanded, was immediately conducted to his Palace. It is impossible for me to inform you, how very kindly that Monarch received me. "I have my dear
 " Friend

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“ Friend (said he) designed great Things for you, tho’ you were not present, and there is only one Obstacle which stands in the way, this your obstinate Silence which is a cruel Misfortune. I have three Sisters of admirable Beauty, of these I would give you your Choice, and make you instantly my *Grand Vizier*. He who enjoyed that Post, was killed in the last Battle, and there is only *Zalvon* who could appear fit to fill his Place; if I had not destined it to be filled by you. He is a Man of Parts, he is grown old in State Employ; but I am very much afraid, were he advanced to that high Rank, he would grow obstinate, and by his headstrong Disposition injure my People. On this Account I do not incline to invest him with that Dignity, but to bestow it on you. Yet in the Condition you are in, it is impossible for you to take upon you the Management of Affairs; come then deal ingenuously with me, and give me to understand by some intelligible Sign, whether your Silence be voluntary or not; whether Medicine is capable of affording you Help, and in Case it is, depend on me you shall have all the Assistance possible from the very best Physicians.

How shall I testify to you the Amazement I was in, and the Concern I felt at this unexpected Proposition of the *Sultan’s*; a Proposition big with Embarrassment, and which I knew not how to except, or refuse. Weak as I yet was in my Body, I threw myself at his Feet, and embracing his Knees, made me apprehend that if I had been so happy as to render him any Services, I conceived myself much overpaid, by the Honours with which he had overwhelmed me, and that I did by no Means conceive myself worthy of the Post he offered.

THIS Story failed not to take the Air, and in few Days was buzzed throughout *Aden*, so that at length

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length it came to the Ears of my amiable Fair One, who apprehending in his own Thoughts, a great Danger of my yielding after suffering so much, and so long for her Caprices, to become the Brother-in-Law of my King; and the second Person in *Aden*, wrote to me a Billet the most moving, in the following Terms.

I *Am going then, my Lord, to lose you; and I am sensible too, I lose you through my own Fault, unfortunate Margeon! What will befall you? Is it possible for me to survive this Stroke? Ah! if it be not too late, Pardon my Starts of Temper, break thro' Engagements I hereby dispenct with. Speak, my dear Katite, speak to the Sultan, shew him this Billet, relate your Adventures, I am persuaded they will influence him by their Oddness: He will stand amazed at a Love so constant as yours, if yet you Love me, nor attempt to force an Inclination so gloriously above being corrupted. But what do I say? You are perhaps going to be false; I will die ere I believe it.*

THIS Epistle strongly assaulted my Constancy, and Patience: I snatched up hastily my Pen, fearing that my Silence might increase *Margeon's* Apprehensions; I wrote as my Passion dictated a most tender Answer, filled with all the Assurances I thought necessary, to dispel her Suspicions. I closed and sealed it, and was on the very Point of sending it by a Slave, when I reflected my Time of Silence was expired within a Month. I therefore tore the Letter into a thousand Pieces, not judging it at all proper to risque my repeating the Breach of her first Orders, which were so precise, and so strictly limited.

BUT while both our Hearts, were in this uneasy Situation, the *Sultan* who kept his Projects in View, sent for the chief Physicians in his Capital, and consulted with them all in relation to my Case. As at first,

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first, my Dumbness had made so much Noise, as I before told you, none of them were ignorant of its Duration, and therefore never suspecting my Cessation of Speech Voluntary, they pronounced me beyond the reach of Art to cure. *Masch-Moud* alone, either being more able than they, or else, which I rather suspect, giving some guess at the true Source of my Disease, answered thus. "My Lord, *Katife* in all outward Appearances, has been suddenly rendered Speechless, from a Cause unknown to all but himself. Perhaps he has taken on him some Vow of Silence, for a certain space; if so, why then, 'twou'd be irreligious to attempt making him break it, till your *Iman* has been with him, and convinced him how wild, and inconsiderate a Thing it is, he has taken on him to go thro'. If this succeeds not, I am convinced they will be useless, and 'tis well in such a Case, if they do not do him Harm, instead of Good. In the last Place, Sir, make it worth the while of every Body, to set their Wits on work for this Purpose, by publishing a Reward to him who is so lucky as to make this obstinate *Mute* speak". Thou hast given excellent Advice, added the *Sultan*, the *Iman* shall go to him this Moment, and if it happens, he succeeds not, I will then go on to try the other Part of your Council.



EVEN-



LIV. EVENING.

The History of the Adventures of
KATIFE and MARGEON.



ACCORDING to the *Sultan's* Orders, an Hour after the *Iman* came to my Apartment, and discharg'd himself very handsomly of his Commission ; but, all his Pains, his Eloquence, and Entreaties were in vain. He perceiving by my Obstinacy, that Religion had nothing to do with my Dumbness, left preaching to me, and went his Way back to Court. The *Sultan* informed him of his ill Success, and persisting steadily in his Resolution of forcing me to speak, some Way or other, had instantly recourse to *Masch-Mand's* other Expedient, and gave Directions to Cryers, every Day to make Proclamation thro' all the public Streets in *Aden*, that the Man who found out a Way to make me speak, should have an hundred thousand Pieces of Gold on the Spot.

A Sum so exorbitant as this, and which certainly demonstrated the Affection the *Sultan* had for me, drew together all the Mountebanks in the Kingdom, and even some Strangers. Numbers of them promised ere they saw me, radically to extirpate my Malady ; but on their Trial were quickly convinced of their want of Power. One however more bold and vain than the rest, undertook after all, to cure me with-

out

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out the Aid of Medicine or Surgery ; by whispering a Word only in my Ear.

I must do this Man of Front, the Justice to say, he took the most probable Method of making me speak in the World, had I been a Person at all avaricious. " My Lord (whispered he) the King has promised " an hundred thousand Pieces of Gold for your " Cure ; I am persuaded it depends wholly on " yourself, be wise then, let us part that immense " Sum ; I am willing to allow you fifty Thousand, " see, here is a Writing to that Purpose, under my " Hand : Reflect I beseech you on the Opportunity " now in your Power ; is it not a Fortune sufficient " for us both ? " I could not help laughing in my Mind, at the Oddness of the Fellow's Whim, and to make him some Amends for the Loss which he fancied he received by my Obstinacy, I made him a Present of a Diamond Ring I had on my Finger, worth at least one hundred Pieces of Gold ; he was transported with Joy at this unexpected Gratuity, he made me a thousand Return of Thanks, and very gratefully sounded my Praise thro' *Aden*.

ZALYON, who from the Rank of a *Vizier* only, hoped to rise to the Dignity of Prime Minister, meekly thro' the Opinion generally conceived of his Abilities, from his long Experience, was quite in Despair, when he observed the extream Regard the *Sultan* had for me, that he designed to hold that Post vacant, till it was determined whether it was within the Power of Man to release me from my Dumbness. The *Vizier* privately did all in his Way to hinder my Cure, had it been possible to effect it, and taking the Advantage of the *Sultan's* Indisposition, published in his Name, a new Proclamation by the Mouths of the public Cryers ; whereby a double Reward was promised to whoever cur'd me, at the same Time, those

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those who undertook, and failed, were condemned to loose their Heads.

In spite of this severe Sentence, the fond Desire of acquiring such a Sum at once, urged six or seven Persons of desperate Circumstances, to attempt it, and they were so unlucky as to loose their Lives for their inconsiderate Boldness.

As I was utterly ignorant of this second Proclamation, and the Penalty which this malicious Minister annexed to their failing in their Undertaking, I passed my Time in the Apartment assigned me, with a tolerable Share of Tranquillity, until that Composure of Mind was destroyed by an Accident, the bare Recital of which makes me still troubled.

EIGHT or ten Days had passed without my being plagued with the Presence of those Emperics, when of a sudden one came to inform me, that a young Man of most excellent Beauty was coming to see me, and had undertaken to cure me by Virtue of a *Talisman* he pretended to have, and for that Purpose has demanded an Audience of me alone. I made a Sign that he should be admitted: But Oh! how violent was my Surprise, when I discovered that it was my beloved *Margeon* in Disguise. "Ah! *Katife* (cry'd she) in a Tone, which betray'd a Fear mingled with Respect, I put my Honour and my Life both in Jeopardy, to obtain this Interview to know my Doom, as you returned no Answer to my Letter, I was unable to bear the cruel Incertainty which rack'd me; tell me now then thou perfidious Man, tell me, hast thou not as it is rumoured over all *Aden*, broke thy Faith to me, and taken one of the *Sultan's* charming Sisters to be thy Wife: Ah! is it not so? Is it not so?" I made all the Signs I was able, to convince her of the Falshood of that Story, and to assure her that I was still

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as much as ever devoted to her Service, that for her Sake I had resisted the noble Offers of the *Sultan*, and that I should continue to refuse them. " O! my "*Katife* (cry'd she) can this be true, would you " make me conceive it, would you render me so happy as to leave no Room to doubt all you intimate. " Hesitate not, but to confirm it by a Word, speak " this Day to the *Sultan* of our Affair, tell him that " we are bound to each other by the most sacred " Vows, and that they render it impracticable for " you to receive the Honour he designed you. When " he is informed of this, and finds that your Contract " cannot be broken, without incurring the Anger of " the Prophet, I am convinced he is too just a " Prince, to press you farther to a Thing not to be " done, but with Dishonour. Take, take my " Hand, my dearest, sweet to me, that your Love " is not at all diminish'd; add farther to that Oath, " that let what will happen you will never divorce " me. Behold me most willing to espouse you, " the Moment you have done this, and spoken to " the *Sultan*; and till this can be done, I swear to " you in the most solemn Terms, that I release you " from all the Obligations you are under, and tho' " there be ten Days yet to come of your Time, I " will not take any Advantage of your breaking Silence. Hitherto my Artifices might perplex you, " and you have had a just Cause to persist in holding; " but the Case is quite altered now, and you cannot " have any Fidelity if you persist in an Obedience " fatal to me. Speak, my Life, go immediately to " the *Sultan*, at least speak, and deliver me from the " extruciating Rack I feel. Ah! my *Katife*, does " it not depend on this very Moment, on this " very Particle of Time, that you make me sure of " your Love, and of yourself, and of the Truth of " what you pretend; that you have hazarded all " the Effects of the *Sultan's* Displeasure, rather than " not remain faithful to me. Alas! how can this " be

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“ be, when unheedful of my Entreaties you stand
“ motionless and silent.



LVI. EVENING.

The HISTORY of the Adventures of KATIFE and MARGEON.



AS I was, as I told you before, utterly ignorant of the Penalty, which the cunningly cruel *Vizier* had assigned to such as attempted my Cure without Success. I endeavoured only to make *Margeon* comprehend that I was by no Means estranged in my Affections; and that the small Space of ten Days was too inconsiderable for me to despair an Exemption from keeping Silence in them, as I had done in former Months, that I was inexpressibly rejoiced to find my Fidelity had so gained upon her, that I was afraid if I spoke now, it would be conjectured that this Scene was laid in order to secure the Sum promised by the *Sultan* for my Cure; which whatever her Opinion might be, I was resolved to afford no Handle for, as scorning to hazard his Favour for the Sake of attaining an hundred thousand Pieces of Gold. Wherefore I was determined to persist as I had begun, and not to open my Mouth till the fatal Term originally prescrib'd me were expired.

I had not made an End of demonstrating my Intention to *Margeon*, when I perceived that she turned

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extremely pale, and finding me flexible, that she trembled, and shewed all the Signs of extraordinary Grief and Terror. At last, gathering her Senses a little, she in a broken low Voice, addressed herself to me thus. " Ah ! faithless barbarous Man, is this the Justice which you render to a Love so warm and passionate as mine ; is it not it alone which dragged me regardless of all Dangers to this Place, had I not dreaded your yielding to the Sultan's Sollicitations, I had most patiently expected the Termination of the Year. But I see ingrateful Man, I see that Ambition swallows up all your Faculties, you burn with Appetite to become the Brother-in-Law of your Master, questionless, the Lady his Sister whom he offers you, is extravagantly handsome. In her Embraces you will soon forget the unfortunate *Margeon*, to whom it seems you are not only indifferent, but even pursue her with your Hate. I go Barbarian, I go to loose that Life which refusing my Request you destine to be lost ; you know well enough what will be the Event of your violent persisting, and you will see me made a Victim with a Pleasure. You cannot regret the Pains and Troubles I have cost you, when you revenge yourself in so cruel a Manner upon me. But ah ! how harsh, how uneasy forever they may have been, remember what a Proof I give now of my Affection for you, and do not doom a wretched fond Woman to Destruction. 'Tis too plain my Doubts were at first well grounded, had I become your Wife two Years ago, in six Months I had been as others are, contemned, neglected, and male-treated : but my present Condition is still worse, when having seen you so long endure the Pains I enjoined you, and now on the Brink of receiving to my Arms a kind, a faithful Lover, my Hopes are darkened at once with Disdain and Death.

"But I am satisfied, be yourself the Spectator of my miserable End, you shall see me die, repeating with my last Breath your Name, who by it will be transmitted to Posterity, as the most execrable and inhuman Wretch; who otherwise, when your Story had been known, must have been esteemed the most illustrious Pattern of Fidelity in the World."

MARGEON, while she was speaking, let fall a Shower of Tears, and suffered a Storm of Sighs to interrupt almost every Word she said; for my Part I was over-joy'd to consider, that these Agonies were the last Artifice, which in all Probability she would have them to exert, in order to deceive me, and though I could not help being very much moved, even at those Sorrows which I thought were put on, yet I remained firm to my first Resolution, not to speak at any Rate, let her say what she would. Which she perceiving, retired at last over-charged with Grief, and left me under an Unquietude which Words can never express.

I began from that Moment to pretend I was better, and walked constantly in a little Garden behind my Appartment, ruminating there on a Thousand disagreeable Things, and wishing earnestly for the happy Time which should restore me to the Use of Speech; at last that happy Day, as I thought it came, and I resolv'd to save the *Sultan* that immense Sum, which I knew he had offer'd for my Cure, by going the next Morning and speaking to him, before I opened my Lips to any one else.

This Monarch, as I said, had been long troubled with an Indisposition, which had detain'd him in his Bed for a Month before, and to which he was confin'd when I went to see him; the Guards knowing

me, and the Favour I was in, caused my Name to be carried in, whereupon I was immediately introduced to his Presence; as soon as I came to the Bed-side, I threw myself on my Face, and then in the most humble Manner informed him, that the Day before I had recovered the Use of my Tongue, and was come to acquaint him with the Nature of my Disease, and the true Cause of my continuing a whole Year silent; as also to return his Majesty Thanks for the Favours he had showered down upon a Subject of very common Abilities, and who had rendered no other Services than what his Duty required. Afterwards I told the *Sultan*, as concisely as I could, the whole of my Affair, which he not only heard with surprizing Complaisance, but also in a very obliging Manner testified his Approbation of my Conduct, and had the Goodness to admire exceedingly the Patience I had shewn, during my two Years Pennance, from the Caprices of *Margeon*; concluding the Civilities he paid me after this Manner. “*Katife* (said he) it is impossible, but your Steadiness in suffering must have touched the Heart of your beloved Widow, and as I designed you well, so I will not be the least Obstacle to your Happiness; but as I perceive that in the Situation you are in, it will not be possible for you to accept either of my Sisters, without breaking the Laws of Honour and Religion; I wave your Compliance, nay more, I assure you that your strict Adherence to yours Vow, and that extraordinary Probity you have shewn on this Occasion, shall endear you more than ever to me. Another abandoned only to his Ambition, would have forgot all Promises on the Prospect of such Honours; but you have postponed all Thoughts of Grandeur incompatible with your Virtue, and by avoiding the mighty Things I would have done for you, you have shewn there is nothing equal to your Merit; accept then, the Office of *Grand Vizier*, dispose of my Treasure, as you think fit, that my

“ People

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" People may enjoy under your Administration, all
 " those Benefits which naturally flow from a Pru-
 " dence wonderfully Great, and an Integrity never
 " to be equall'd. In the mean Time, give *Marg-
 " geon* immediate Notice of what has happened, and
 " that it is my Pleasure she should espouse you pub-
 " licly in Three Days, and that I will give the
 " most magnificent Entertainments on that Occasion.
 " In the Interim, take you the Care of my Finan-
 " ces, I will take upon me the Execution of what is
 " proposed, and I find myself so much mended by the
 " Sight and Conversation of a Man whom I esteem
 " the Guardian of my Kingdom, as well as the Pre-
 " server of my Life, that I doubt not but I shall speedi-
 " ly recover a settled State of Health."

WHEN I presented myself before the *Sultan*, I
 confess I was afraid of declining the Marriage of his
 Sister, would have chang'd the *Sultan's* favourable Sen-
 timents for me, and even have endanger'd my Life ;
 but I was resolv'd to hazard even that for my Passi-
 on for *Margeson*, rather than not to conclude that Ad-
 venture with the same Fidelity with which it began.
 Guess then at my Surprize at the *Sultan's* unexpected
 Kindness ; I embraced his Knees in a Transport of
 Joy, and as soon as I could speak, I address'd myself
 to him in these Words. " My dear Lord, the Fa-
 " vours with which you overwhelm me, surpass alike
 " my Desires and my Deserts, your Majesty's Notice
 " had overpaid any little Services of mine, and the
 " Rewards you offer quite outweigh them ; permit
 " me therefore to evade this great Office with which
 " you would load me, and for which I am no Ways
 " fit, and which would only expose me to the envy of
 " those who believe themselves, and perhaps with
 " Reason, much more capable to fill it, than him to
 " whom your Goodness would give it."

It is to no Purpose reply'd the *Sultan*, for you to offer any Excuses on this Head: I know very well that they flow merely from your Modesty, and I will put an End to them, by telling you in plain Terms, I will be obey'd; receive then the Reins of my Government, apply all your Care to the making my Subjects happy, and to allow me to enjoy that Quiet which hitherto I have never tasted, from the Necessity I found myself under of continually watching my Prime *Viziers*.

As I found it impossible to withstand his Commands any longer, I therefore submitted, and after being declared *Grand Vizier*, obtained his Permission to withdraw for a little while: I immediately, without Loss of Time, repair'd to the House of *Margeon*; but oh! Heaven, how was I amazed, when her Slaves all in Tears came round me, and in the most passionate Terms demanded what was become of their Mistress; she went out (said they) ten Days ago, dress'd in the Habit of a Man, with an Intent, as she told us, to espouse you; one of us conducted her to the Palace, and we have never seen her since, and if we would give any Credit to the general Report throughout *Aden*, she has been put to Death in Pursuance of that Alternative which the *Vizier Zalvon* offer'd, and which was publish'd eight Days before she went, whereby it was declared, whoever attempted to cure you, and failed, should die for that Presumption, but the Person who succeeded should have Two Hundred Thousand Pieces of Gold.

EVEN-



LVI. EVENING.

The HISTORY of the Adventures of
KATIFE and MARGEON.



Was struck with this sudden, and this terrible News, as with a Clap of Thunder, and after having for a few Moments given Vent to my Passion in Words, I ran to carry my just and heavy Complaints to the *Sultan* my Master. Ah! my Lord, cry'd I (throwing myself at his Feet) I have lost utterly my Dear, Dear *Margeon*, in the very Moment I suppos'd her mine. Then I related to him in a few Words, the State I found her Slaves in, and what they had said, whereupon in a just Rage at the wicked Cruelty of *Zalvon*, that Prince ordered one of his Attendants to go instantly and apprehend him, and drag him even to his Royal Presence.

Ah! my good Lord (cry'd out I, as soon as ever the Words were out of the *Sultan's* Mouth) give me Leave to fly, and execute your Commands. Be gone then my *Katife*, answer'd the *Sultan*, and when you return, bring with you the Head of that flagitious Wretch; his cruel Proclamation was without my Orders, and from a Severity of Soul which I detest. I will order it to be immediately published throughout *Aden*, that those who have suffered, died by his Fault, not mine; and will further direct, that on Application to my Treasury by their Relations,

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the Losses which they have sustained shall be made good out of his Effects.

I stay'd not for a Repetition of this Order, but taking with me fifty of the *Sultan's* Guards, I ran hastily to the *Vizier's*, that not a Moment's Time might be lost or mispent on this urgent Occasion. But Oh! what a new Misfortune was there on entering his House, I was inform'd by his Slaves, that Eight or Ten Days before he had quitted *Aden* in the Night, accompanied by two Women only, one of whom shed abundance of Tears, and seem'd in a prodigious Agony. From the Description of the Woman and her Sorrows, I was convinc'd it could be none but my amiable Widow; and as to this, I was put out of all doubt, when the *Black Eunuch* of his Woman told me, that she often repeated my Name. He added, that his Master put to Death five of those who had undertaken my Cure, and fail'd in it; that at the very Instant the Sword was drawn to cut off the Head of the Sixth, who was a beautiful young Man, it was prevented by the Discovery of its being a Woman in Disguise. *Zaboon's* Soul (said the Man) was deeply touched at the Sight, and that Evening she remained in one of the Apartments of the Royal Palace; at Night he caus'd her to be removed with great Secrecy hither, and the next Night having dispatched four trusty Slaves before he set out with her, and an old Woman to attend her, with Intent, as I apprehend, to cross the Seas, and retire into the Kingdom of *Zocotora*."

•NOTWITHSTANDING the Joy I felt at the Certainty of *Margeon's* being still alive, I could not help falling again into a deep Concern, when I consider'd that she was now more out of my Power than ever, and which was worst of all, in the Hands of *Zaboon*. When the first Transports of my Fury were over,
and

and Reason came again in some Measure to take Place, I set myself to contemplate the State I was in, and to find out that Course which was most proper for me to take. Ah! said I, within myself, without Question, *Margeon* to avoid Death, has confessed to this Villain the whole of our Adventures, and he not questioning my Promptness to revenge the unhappy Persons, whose Blood he had shed on my Account, determined to avoid a sure and deserved Fate, by a sudden and well-contrived Flight. Perfidious Wretch! how has he contrived to punish me, as well as to scandalize his Master, by carrying away with him all that I held dear in this World. Unhappy, miserable *Katife*! Why, why didst not thou hearken to the tender Words, the heaving Sighs, and the falling Tears of the hapless *Margeon*? Did she not tell you plainly enough when she went out, all that has since passed, but you would not believe her? Ah! no! blame not thyself alone, and reflect on no Body else; 'tis you, and you alone who have given her up to Misery; to Misery do I say, yes, to the utmost, the most detested Misery; for that base Dog could only save her Life to violate her Honour; shocking Thought, do I survive it? Just Heaven, on which Side soever I turn me, how horrid is the Scene! Nothing in this Extremity could determine me to live, but the Incertainty I am yet under, as to the Fate of this beloved Woman, and the glowing Desire I feel to avenge her Wrongs, by striking with his deserved Death, that execrable Traytor *Zalvon*.

THESE Considerations, as they restrained my Arm, so they obliged me to return to the Palace. I gave an Account to the Sultan, that the Vizier was fled, and that he had carried away with him *Margeon*; and my Relation was so moving, that he could not refrain from Tears. He gave Directions, however, that immediate Search should be made by Land and Sea, and the Vizier of the Sea, thereupon

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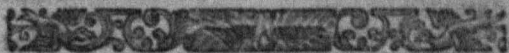
made Report, that the Vessel, on Board which, according to the Black Eunuch's Information, *Zaboon* had sailed, weighed Anchor eight Days before for *Zocotora*. My dear *Katife* (cried the Sultan) take as many Ships of War as you please, pursue after your Enemy, and use all Dilligence to get him into your Power; bring with you your Mistress, and by your Presence restore me to the Quiet which your Absence will deprive me of. Fly, fly *Katife*, that your Return may be quick.

My Zeal you may believe, answered up to that of his Majesty's; I flew according to his Command to the Port, and went directly on Board the best Sailer of four Ships, which *Mesri*, Vizier of the Sea, chose for me; and having a proper Letter from the Sultan my Master, to the King of *Zocotora*, we instantly set sail with the three other Ships, determined to do our utmost for the coming up with the infamous Ravisher of *Margeon*.

We sailed about five Days with a Wind the most favourable we could have wished, but on a sudden it changed all at once, and in spite of all we could do, it obliged us to cross the *Indian* Sea, and to put into the noble Haven of *Calicut*, the Metropolis of a famous Kingdom on the Coast of *Malabar*. Thence we sailed again, and I in Despair believing all lost by this unlucky Delay, put up continual Vows to Heaven for Success, and those Petitions were not unheard, altho' they brought me into new Distress and Dangers. Our Ship was exposed to the Fury of a new Tempest, which tost us with Incredible Vehemence, far exceeding what had happened to us before. In vain our Sailors exerted their utmost Care and Strength, the Violence of the Winds threw us in spite of all Endeavours, on the Coast of *Ayan*, and in the midst of our Distress, not knowing what to do, we found ourselves attacked by three Vessels,
Corfairs,

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Casairs roaming for Plunder. As our Men were unequally marched, and extreemly fatigued with the terrible Labour they had so long been exposed to, we cannot suffer in your Opinions for submitting to the Enemy, which when we had done, they carried us immediately into *Brava*, a Port famous (if the Expression may be used) for sitting out such kind of Ships.



LVII. EVENING.

The HISTORY of the Adventures of KATIFE and MARGEON.



It is absolutely impossible for me to give you an Idea of that extreem Grief which seized me. The Moment I became a Captive, it instantly came into my Head to throw myself Headlong into the Sea, and I had done it that Moment, but for the glimmering Hope that our three Vessels might come up, and deliver us e'er we got into *Brava*. However, I firmly resolved to accomplish that dreadful Design, rather than continue for any Time in Slavery, a Condition which on many Accounts appeared horrid in my Eyes. My Despair hindered not my giving our Crew strict Orders not to discover either the Quality of myself, or of *Mesri*, the *Pice* of the Sea; and in the midst of my Misfortunes, 'twas some Consolation to see them faithfully retain the Secret, so that if any Thing offered, our Rank hindered not our Ransom. At *Brava*, on a Diltribution of

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the Booty, I and the *Vizier* fell to the Share of the Governor of the Town, who, according to their Custom, has the Tenth of the Prisoners. Finding this, I quitted at once all hope, I began to think seriously of executing the Design I had formed against my Life. As it is common for Persons under such kind of Sorrows, to shew some outward Signs of Disorder : *Mesri* soon perceived that some fatal Thing was resolving in my Breast. He therefore it was that took upon him to examine me a little, and to endeavour by wise and gentle Counsel, to mitigate my Despair, and to bring me back to Sense.

SIR, said he to me, you have indulged too long
 " this baneful chagrin, you ought on this Occasion,
 " to exert your Courage to the utmost, and preserve
 " yourself for the Sake of the charming *Margeon*,
 " who no doubt stands in need of your Assistance.
 " I dare assure you we shall not be long in this un-
 " happy Situation that we are at present ; for as
 " there arrives in this Port Vessels from all Nations,
 " I shall find an Opportunity without giving the least
 " Suspicion, to make our Captivity known to the
 " *Sultan of Aden* ; who you know are truly sensible,
 " Loves you too well, not to employ all possible means,
 " to procure our Liberty, and I do not in the least
 " doubt, but we shall soon recover your lovely Wi-
 " dow".

THIS soothing Discourse, calmed a little the Violence of my Grief, and I resolved to resign myself intirely to the Decrees of Providence, and attend patiently whatever Event, it thought proper to send in my Affairs.

I had been about three Weeks with my new Master, and heard with Satisfaction all his Slaves praise him. One Day he ordered me to be called into the Palace, and as soon as I entered : *Mani*, said he
 (that

(that as it was the Name I took when I served my dear Widow, so I made use of it again on this Occasion.) " My Son is to be married in fifteen Days, " and I intend to honour the Nuptials with a Play " as I have promised the Ladies of the *Serial*, and to " his intended Spouse, who takes Delight in such " Diversions." Sir (replied I to the Governour, whose Name was *Almamoon*) I delighted in Shows all my Life, there never passed a Company of Comedians through *Aden*, but I followed them immediately; if you please to have a Theatre erected in the great Hall, your Orders shall be executed with the utmost Expedition. That is exactly what I would have, answered *Almamoon*, I will have you manage the Affair in this Apartment where we are, in the best manner you can; she whom I design for my Daughter-in-Law, lives in the Palace, where she has been brought up from four Years Old. I observe with extream Pleasure between her and my Son, that tender Simpathy, which is requisite, to make a happy Marriage, and I am the better content with this Union, because I know her Family, and am sensible she is descended from honest Parents, who have been honoured with very considerable Employments in their Country, which they discharged with great Justice and Probity. She and my Son are passionately fond of these Amusements, and for this three or four Years past, I have entertained all the Comedians that have passed through *Brava*, for the Diversion of my Family; and as I know some of my Slaves are capable enough of Acting such Farces, I would have some pretty Entertainment cook'd up proper for such a time of Rejoicing. This is the first thing I have to say to you my dear *Mani*, but I have another Secret to communicate to you of much more Consequence, continued the Governour. I have purchased the other Day a Slave named *Zobeyas*, with whom I am extreamly in Love, nay to such a Degree, that I know not even the state of my own Heart with Re-
gard

gard to her, when I go to see her, I resolve to discover my Passion; but the Moment I approach her, Respect forces me to painful Silence, but what yet adds to my Uneasiness is, that I observe her always plunged in a deep Melancholy, she keeps her Birth and Condition an impenetrable Secret, for all the People who were in the Vessel in which she was cast away upon this Coast, either perished in the Water, or were killed in defending her, against the Privateers of *Brown*. I fancy that 'tis in your Power to draw me out of this Difficulty, by finding out some way to penetrate these Mysteries, and to dispel that gloomy Melancholy. I will instantly give you an Opportunity to see her, and you will soon be able to find the true Cause of her Affliction; endeavour to persuade her, that I am extremely concerned at her Sorrow, and that I will do every thing in my Power to ease her Pain. Sir (said I to *Alnamon*) I have a true Sense of the Honour you do me in this Commission, and shall endeavour to perform your Commands with the greatest Diligence imaginable, and will go this Moment to work for your Satisfaction. I immediately bent all my Endeavours to embellish the *Salon*, I worked for two Days with all the Care I was able, nor was my Labour lost, since every thing I had done was extremely agreeable to my new Master. While he was praising my Performances, his Son who was to be Married, came into the Room where we were, and with him, the fair Slave, whom *Alnamon* honoured with his Affection; the young Lord found the Theatre and the other Preparations exactly to his Taste, and seemed very much delighted; but my Master who thought of nothing but that young Lady, ran to her in an Extasy, and took Pains to divert her, by explaining as well as he could the meaning of all these fine Things. But how great was my Surprise, when I beheld in that Slave, my incomparable *Margaron*. If I was Master enough of myself continued *Katise*, not to discover the Joy I felt in that Moment,

at

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at finding my charming Widow, my Sorrow was not less when I reflected, that she was in the Power of my Master, who had so lately discovered to me the violent Passion he had for her. But it was not the same with my lovely Mistress, she ran to me with open Arms, and embraced me with great Tenderness, sending forth a Cry of Joy, which sufficiently shewed the Regard she had for my Person, the Sight of this so disquieted the Governor, that he was not able to speak a Word.



LVIII. EVENING.

The HISTORY of the Adventures of KATIFE and MARGEON.



ARDON, my Lord, the first Effects of a Surprise in which *Zobeyas* was not Mistress of herself, (said the witty *Margeon*) I am not at all amazed at the marvellous Taste that reigns in your House, since you have in your Power a Man, who has not only a particular Genius for such Decorations; but it excells in all manner of pathetic Representations, without being a Comedian, he has all their Talents: He is my deceased Husband's Brother, who also had a great Propensity to these Sort of Pleasures, we used often to amuse ourselves after this manner, and play amongst ourselves the most tender Pieces of the Oriental Poets, nay we were able to compose extempory several things

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in Prose, which they would not have been ashamed to own as their Invention. Be not astonished then, my Lord, if the Sight of this Man, fill'd my Heart with an immoderate Joy, and if I expressed it in Marks a little too lively, for meeting with him in a manner so unexpected, it seemed to me, as if my dear Husband had been risen from the Dead. I flatter myself that you will not disapprove the Testimony I have just given him of a perfect Amity.

WHATEVER Surprise I felt at the Sight of *Margeon*, continued *Katife*, the extream Attention *Almanon* gave to her Discourse, allowed me a Time to consider, how I was to act my Part, in order to maintain the Character, and represent the Person she had made me ; in order to this, I addressed her in the following Terms. " Lovely *Zobeyas* (said I) the " unhappy *Mani* feels no longer the Weight of his " Chains, since he shares them with you, and is blest " with so good a Master. I need not tell you that " crossing the Sea, on purpose to find you out, and " if possible to restore you to your Friends and Country ; in this Voyage a Tempest threw me on the " Coast of *Brava*, and thereby occasioned my Loss " of Liberty, an Accident which my dear Sister " ought to be considered, as an Event the most lucky " which could befall us, since it has brought us into " the Power of the most generous *Almanon*.

" OUR noble Lord Loves you, *Zobeyas*, he imagined that you might have perceived in some Measure his Passion, by the Tenderness and Respect with which he has hitherto treated you ; which " is not common from a Master to his Slave, but " finding that you did not understand his Meaning, " and remained ignorant of the extream Regard he " has for you, he commanded me to inform you of " his Sentiments, which he flatters himself will not " be disagreeable to you". *Margeon* who from her
first

first coming observed the Inclination *Almamon* had for her, interrupted me immediately, and addressing herself to the Governour, ' My Lord, (said she) ' it was not at all necessary that *Mani* should be ' made the Interpreter of your Heart. A soft Sympathy, against which I was not able to defend myself, made me conceive for you, the greatest Amity I am capable of, from the first Moment I ' had the Honour to see you, which has rendered ' my Captivity more supportable, for unless my ' Heart had been possessed with these Sentiments, I ' should not have had Strength to support my ' Chains; your Bounty my Lord, has indeed rendered them so easy, that you have left me nothing ' to ask, be assured then my Lord, that I can deny ' you nothing that is consistent with my Honour to ' Grant.

ALMAMON who had been extremely uneasy at his finding *Zobeyas* and I were so well acquainted; was however very much touched at what the lovely Person had just said: ' Madam (replied he) notwithstanding the Tenderneſs I have had for you, I ' cannot at this Moment account to my self for ' the Situation of my Heart; if I was in Love at ' the Sight of *Zobeyas*, I did not in that Moment ' feel those tumultuous Transports, which are the ' Character of a Passion of which one ought to be ' afraid, when it seizes our Senses with too great a ' Violence. On the contrary, I felt in my Soul a ' Calm, which I had never found before on the like ' Occasion. It seemed as if Nature took Pleasure to ' engrave in my Heart, Sentiments of the most profound Respect, which stifled those Desires, which ' your ravishing Beauty is capable of producing: I ' am ignorant of the Reason, but so it is, I protest ' to you, it gave me a very sensible Pleasure to see, ' that the Presence of *Mani* made you for sometime ' forget your Grief'. For you my Friend (said

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Almamon returning to me) ' Why in the present
 ' Conjunction did you endeavour to hide your Ta-
 ' lents ? You are not ignorant that the World is
 ' but one great Theatre, in which we all perform
 ' our Parts, and that the Characters we represent
 ' in our Scenes, are only the Copies of true Originals ; the Superstitious, the Cheat, the Lyar, the
 ' Flatterer, the Miser : Do they not furnish us
 ' with continual Subjects of Remark ? In fine, hu-
 ' man Nature is an inexhaustible Fund my Dear
 ' *Mani*, for such Entertainments, and without going
 ' out of his own Family, with a little Attention, a
 ' Man may pick up every Day the Plan of a new
 ' Play. Mankind in general, scarce excepting one,
 ' are more or less ridiculous ; nay I, who am now
 ' speaking to you, may perhaps be more so than a-
 ' nother ; and laugh at others for their Faults, with-
 ' out being sensible of my own. Love blinds us all.
 ' For Example. How is it possible that a *Cadi*,
 ' who is a Man of strict Probity, and possessed of
 ' all the excellent Qualities that we could wish in
 ' Mortal, perceives not that he casts a Blemish upon
 ' them all, by a haughty Air, and an insupportable
 ' Fierceness ? Would it not be better if he ap-
 ' proached a little nearer to other Men, and by an
 ' affable Behaviour, render himself admired, instead
 ' of being hated, perhaps with Reason ? ought he
 ' not to endeavour to gain the Hearts of all those
 ' with whom he has Business, instead of having them
 ' approach him trembling, that even those who gain
 ' their Cause, go away from the Tribunal, dissatisfied
 ' with their Judge.

Does not that old *Muzulman*, who in his de-
 ' cripid Age, acts the Gallant, give one a just Oc-
 ' casion to laugh, when he is Fool enough to ima-
 ' gine that he in Reality possesses the Hearts of the
 ' unhappy Slaves in his Serail ; and is it not at the
 ' same Time intollerably ridiculous, to see those very
 ' Women

“ Women, who secretly detest and loath every Action
 “ of this old Dotard ; notwithstanding all this, con-
 “ tinually disputing of his Charms, with the great-
 “ est Warmth, and shewing against each other, all
 “ those Motions of Jealousy, which naturally attend
 “ the most sincere Passions, whilst they abhor him
 “ who is the Object.

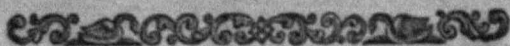
“ Who can forbear laughing to see that young
 “ Empiric carried in a gilt *Palanquin*, by four and
 “ twenty Slaves, who are relieved every Hour thro’
 “ every Part of the Town, to show his Vanity in
 “ the most ridiculous Light, as if he imagined that
 “ this Farce could make the common People believe,
 “ that no Body was so capable as himself, to dis-
 “ charge the Post he enjoys under a great Lord.
 “ Dressed in the richest Silks of the *East*, he
 “ thinks it a Dishonour to be saluted in his Equi-
 “ page by a Man on Foot, or ill dressed ; he is
 “ now in Favour with the Great, carries his Head
 “ up to the Clouds, and looks upon Earth with Dis-
 “ dain ; because he is more happy than the Man he
 “ refuses to salute to Day ; he forgets, that very
 “ lately he would have been glad to receive a small
 “ Salary from him. This Person, who at present
 “ changes his Habit three or four Times every Sea-
 “ son, has the Assurance not to remember that his
 “ Winter Robe was to serve him in the Summer, with
 “ no other Difference, than wearing it close or open
 “ according as the Weather required.

“ A GREE then with me my Friend, and let us
 “ ridicule the Fables of Mankind in general, our
 “ Matter is inexhaustible, and as our Passions are
 “ too strong for our Reason, and render us blind to
 “ our own Faults, so they justly expose us to the
 “ Railery of others ; exert then on this Occasion your
 “ Genius, and those happy natural Talents, which
 “ *Zobeyas* has so much praised, and I believe it will
 “ not

“ not be difficult for you to give us instantly, some
 “ little witty Entertainments.

I bowed to the Earth (continued *Katife*) to let the Governor understand I was ready to obey him, and waited to hear what *Zobeyas* would say; as she had a great deal of Wit, she easily guessed that I was greatly embarrassed, and resolved to make Use of the favourable Disposition *Almamou* was in with the regard to us, and as she observed his Credulity as to every Thing we had told him, she addressed herself to him in the following Manner. ‘ My Lord (said she) our common Afflictions, and the State we are in, will not permit us to give you at present any Thing diverting, nor to repeat any of those Speeches which my Husband, *Mani* and I, used to play with some Grace; but Misfortunes have in a great Measure blotted them out of our Memory; be pleased to excuse us for a little Time, and permit your Slaves to repeat the Parts they have learnt, and in the Interim we will endeavour to recollect some diverting Interlude, which I doubt not, but we shall be able to perform on the Spot.





LIX. EVENING.

The History of the Adventures of
 KATIFE and MARGEON.



THE Governour of *Brava* approved all that *Margeon* proposed, and I was not a little satisfied, because this delay gave me Time to compose my self in such a Manner, that I might give no Umbrage to *Alntimon*. I was soon after a Spectator with my charming Widow, of a little Pastoral which was acted by our Master's Slaves, it was intermixt with Dancing and Songs, and all the Actors performed their Parts tollerably well. When this Diversion was finished, *Alntimon* put *Margeon* in mind of her Promise. I am going to oblige you, my Lord (said she) then addressing herself to me, call to your Remembrance my dear Friend, Pardon (said she, to the Governor) My Lord, these Terms of Tendernefs, which I was always accustomed to treat my Brother with, during the Life-time of my Husband. Recollect I say (continued she) that tender Intrigue we so often acted, I mean the Story of *Mirza*, the young Widow, who was so violently solicited by an Officer of the King of *Java*'s Guards to Espouse him. She found in *Hindbad* (that was the Name of her Lover) all the Merit imaginable, but as she had found great disagreement in her former Marriage, and as she was perswaded that few Men have for their Wives all that Attachment and Complaisance they profess in the Time of Courtship,
 she

she resolved to make him give her two Proofs, the most singular she could invent.

AFTER this Manner, *Margeon*, under the Names of *Mirza* and *Hindbad*, recounted to the Company all our Adventures distinctly, to the last Visit she made me in Man's Apparel, in the Palace of the Sultan. The great Danger her Life was in by my obstinate Silence, the Necessity she found herself under to discover her Sex to the Vizier, the Love he conceived for her, their Flight, and in what Manner that unworthy Minister was cut in a hundred Pieces, whilst the Vessel wherein she was, had the Misfortune to be attacked by the *Corfairs*. *Mirza* (continued she) by some Adventures that signify little to relate, after two Years, met with *Hindbad* in the Isle of *Ceylon*, she could not help discovering extream Joy at the Sight of him; but when she began to reflect, that he was the Cause of all her Misfortunes, she made him the sharpest Reproaches a while after in Terms like these. *Margeon* play'd her Part the more natural, because she really believed she had just Cause to complain of me, under the Name of *Mirza*, she complained so movingly of the Obstinacy with which I kept Silence, and with so much Force, made me sensible of the deplorable State she had been reduced to before that Day, that she drew Tears from all the Assembly. For me, to whom these Reproaches were designed, I was so vehemently agitated, that I cannot express in how lively and natural a Manner I justified myself to her, under the Name of *Hindbad*. I durst not at that Moment turn my Eyes toward the Governor, lest he should make some Discovery of my real Sentiments; but went on in my Part, and in few Words, gave a perfect Picture of my Sufferings through her Caprices, without ever being rewarded; and I made her very well understand, that I knew nothing of the Vizier's villainous Practice, which was the Reason I did not yield to her Prayers; that all the Wrong was on her Side, and that I had just Cause

Cause to fear, if I had spoke to have forfeited her Esteem, and lost the Reward of all my Pains. I informed her afterwards of every Thing I had done since her Departure, the many Ways I had try'd to deliver her from the base Vizier, and that the Joy it gave me to have found her in the Isle of *Ceylon*, to see her alive and out of the Power of the Vizier, was so great, that I had like to have expir'd at the first Interview; and as I was in a State capable of conducting her back to *Java*, I flatter'd myself she would there crown my Constancy.

As Love, most excellent Ladies, is always Eloquent on these Sort of Occasions (continu'd *Katife*) I acquitted myself well of my Part, and painted in my Turn, under the Name of *Hindbad*, in the brightest Colours, and most natural, all that I had suffered for *Mirza*, during the Two Years of my Trial, the astonishing Combats in which I got the Victory, the violent Grievs I felt for her Loss, the Fury that my Soul was animated with against her Ravisher. I imprinted by Degrees all these moving Scenes so deeply in the Hearts of my Hearers, that they all pitied me, and even shed Tears at the Recital of my Sorrows, which they look'd upon to be only imaginary, and burst out into Execrations against the Memory of the perfidious Vizier, they loudly applauded the Conclusion of this Scene, which crowned the Patience and Fidelity of the tender *Hindbad*, after all the Crosses he had met with in his Love, and by a happy Marriage in the Embraces of his Mistress, put an End to all his Pain.

Tho' *Almaman* mightily praised the Scene we had been acting, and though he expressed a good deal of Satisfaction at the Reconciliation of *Hindbad* and *Mirza*, yet the Vivacity, and the natural Manner in which we had represented the Adventures of these two Lovers, gave him some Inquietude, and justified

justified the Manner in which he behaved himself to us afterwards.

He had been too much pleased with our Manner of Playing, not to desire that we should perform something at the Feast he was to give for the Marriage of his Son, and having ordered me to manage the Scenes we were to represent, I thought in the composing, to introduce one, wherein I might make my fair Widow understand that I hoped soon to deliver her from Slavery. *Mirza* had already made Overtures, he had found in *Brava* a rich Factor of *Aden*, who, for the Sake of carrying on his Commerce with the Inhabitants of this City, had a Vessel then in the Port ; he confided so far in this Man, as to inform him of our Condition ; the Factor, seduced by the Hopes of a great Reward, resolved to run all Risques to set us a Liberty. -It was necessary that I should instruct *Margëon*, that she might before-band take proper Measures ; and as there was no Hopes, that the Governor would consent to our Ransom, I thought it possible, by some singular Invention to let her know after what Manner she must conduct herself, in order to escape from the Serail of *Almanon*.

I found the Night that was destined for the Wedding of our young Lord, would afford me too good an Opportunity to be neglected. In the Distribution of the Scenes that I was to play with *Margeon*, I composed one, in which, disguised in the Habit of a Man, she was to receive a Letter, that discovered the whole Meaning of the Piece ; but as I could never speak to her, but in the Presence of the Governor, so whilst I was preparing the Scenes, I could do nothing ; but was forced to reserve it, till the Day designed for our Departure, and this to me seemed very easy, because the Hurry, the Feast, and the Comedy, would put all the Family in, I flattered myself would afford us an Opportunity to escape, without any Body's taking Notice of our Actions. I thought

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thought of nothing now, but how to put in Execution the Project I had agreed on, with *Mirza* and our Factor of *Aden*.

THE Day of the Ceremony at last arrived, the Feast was compleat, the Slaves represented their Pastoral to a Wonder, the Interlude composed of Songs and Dances, was very well executed, and the Comedy acted by *Margeon* and I, pleased the Governor and his Wives ; in a Word, they were all ravished with the new Scene ; but when under the Pretext of delivering the Letter, which belonged to the Subject of the Play, I slipt into the Hand of my lovely Widow, the Billet which informed her what she must do, when the Diversion was over, to join me, in order to take our Flight together. *Almamon*, who suspected our Conduct, started up abruptly, and seized the Billet, and having by this Means, in one Moment, discovered all the Design, he fell in so violent a Passion, that taking his Sabre in his Hand, he fell upon me, intending to cut off my Head.

BUT as the Part I had acted, obliged me to be armed, I had an Opportunity to defend myself, tho' I did not attac *Almamon*, whom I could have kill'd if I would, but I only parried the Stroke he made at me ; he easily perceived the Care I took not to hurt him, though in so delicate an Affair ; so ceasing to pursue, he put up his Sabre, and ordered his Slaves to take me, threatening me with the most cruel Death if I did not surrender my Arms.

EVEN-



LX. EVENING.

*The HISTORY of the Adventures of
KATIFE and MARGEON.*



S I found it impossible to resist any longer, but that I must be overcome by the Numbers who surrounded me, I laid my Sabre at the Feet of *Almamou*. You are the Master of my Life (said I to him) but you are sensible I might have been Master of yours, if the Respect I have for you, had not staid my Hand. And I am well assured, that when the first Motions of your Anger are over, you will do me Justice, and whatever Inclination you may have for *Zobeyas*, you will not endeavour to divide two Hearts, which have been so long united by indissoluble Bonds, Death alone can separate us : impose upon us what Ransom you please, I will take Care that it shall very soon be paid you with Thanks : But if contrary to all the Laws of Humanity and Honour, you use your despotic Power over our Persons, the Sultan of *Aden*, whose Prime Vizier I am, and who is already apprized of our Situation, will come in Person to Revenge my Death : and after having put all this City into Blood and Fire, he will cause you to expire, in the most dreadful Torments.

ALMAMON, who was before blinded with Fury, imagined all I had said, was only the Sequel of the Fraud, which he thought he had discovered in the Letter,

Letter, and therefore began to load me with the basest Names in the World. Vile Slave (said he) do you join your Menaces to your Imprudence? Ah! Is it thus that you design to play upon your Master, and abuse his Kindness, which has been extended to you until this Day? Your insolent discourse does not Affright me. I know the *Sultan* of *Aden* better than you do. I Honour him, yet great as he is, I do not Fear him, because I know him to be Just. Tremble then at the Approaches of these Torments I shall put you to, for your Treason and Imposture; he then gave Orders that I should be taken out of his Presence, and confined under a strong Guard until the next Day.

THEY were going to execute his Orders, just as *Margeon* threw herself at his Feet: My Lord (said she) *Mani* does not impose upon you, you have in a great Measure been sensible of our Misfortunes from the Time, that under borrowed Names, we represented them before you; do not then end cruelly in your Passion, a Scene you saw with Pleasure in a calmer Mind, and after having yourself wished that *Katife*, under the Name of *Hindbad*, might in Tranquillity enjoy his Mistress, barbarously make the miserable *Margeon* this Day, the innocent Cause of his Death.

WHAT have the Affairs of *Margeon* and *Katife* to do with those Things which are transacted in my House, said the Governor briskly. My Lord, replied the beautiful Widow, my Name is not *Zobeyas*. Born of an unhappy Parent, I had the Misfortune to loose him, by the Persecution of a Perfidious *Vizier*, to avoid the cruel Effects of whose Jealousy, he was obliged to fly from his Country, about fifteen Years ago, taking with him a Son, then twelve Years old, After that fatal Time, my Sister and I remained with

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ter having given that Perfidious *Vizier* a Hundred Wounds, who indeed, on this Occasion, behaved with great Bravery ; but finding himself Surrounded by his Enemies, and finding there was no hope left, he lifted up his Arm, to make me a Sacrifice to his barbarous Fury, at which Instant one of your brave Soldiers made his Head fall at my Feet. *Zabon* is Dead, my Lord, and *Katife* is our *Sultan's* chief Favourite, he was Fortunate enough, as we have before recounted, to save that Monarch's Life three Times in one Expedition, and that generous Prince, touched with a Sense of his Services, has nominated him a *Prime Vizier*. Assured of my Spouse's being capable to protect you, return to *Aden*, the *Sultan* will certainly do Justice to your Innocence, and will cause to be restored to you, the Goods which were Confiscated upon your retiring out of that Kingdom. I saw the Tears springing into *Abouiani's* Eyes while *Margaron* was giving him this Account. Is *Zabon* no more ? (cry'd he transported with Joy) Heaven has at last punished his Crimes. Ah ! my Dear Child, see our Misfortunes have at length an End, I have always had an ardent Desire to see my Country, and my Children again ; and this is by far too favourable an Occasion for me to let slip, I will therefore comply with the Desire of my Daughter, and return with you unto *Aden*. My Lord (replied I) do as you have said, and be assured of sharing with me, the Favour of our Monarch ; besides, I shall have Occasion for your sage Councils, and your Experience to enable me to discharge the Functions of my Office, and to put it in my Power, by a wise and gentle Administration, to gain the Love and Applause of the People.

BEFORE this extraordinary Conversation, which had not been interrupted, but by the coming of the *Iman*, and the Performance of the Ceremony, all the Spectators

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Spectators were struck Motionless with Fear, that our Entertainment should in the End prove a real Tragedy; the Eclaircissement which followed, turned that Fright into as violent a Transport of Joy. *Khaled* was extravagantly pleased at the recovering in me a Brother so long lost, and arrived at so high a Station. *Margen* was almost out of her Wits, at this happy Revolution, and testified the highest Delight at the Discovery of her being the Governor of *Brava's* Daughter, both of them loaded me with Caresses, and I can safely say, I never tasted Pleasures so Perfect, and so Ravishing as these.

THE Hour of retiring being come; we were conducted to the Appartment provided for us, and there with our Wives, we enjoyed the most delicious Moments of our Lives. *Abouriam* after having continued the Feast for Eight or Ten Days, on Account of our Marriages, had us call'd into his Closet, where he express'd the earnest Desire he had to return to his Country. But my dear Children (said he) however impatient I may be for that Happiness, I cannot undertake such an Affair without eminent Danger, should it come to the Ears of the *Sultan* who Reigns over this Country: Yet I do not despair of getting away privately, without any Hazard of my Life. This is the Method I have resolv'd on, to bring about my Design, *Mestri* must go to the Factor, on board of whose Vessel, you had an intent to embark, and which is not yet gone, and remit to him as much Money as will be necessary to set at Liberty, all those Persons who were taken with you, I will furnish the whole Sum that is requir'd for that Purpose, and after I have conveyed by Degrees, all my Treasure on board a Ship, which I will cause to be well equipped, we will altogether set out on our Return to *Aden*.



LXI. EVENING.

The History of the Adventures of
 KATIFE and MARGEON.

WE were all extremely rejoiced at the Resolution of *Abouriam*; he lost no Time in executing what he had projected, and when all was ready, as he had more than forty Slaves of different Countries, he ordered them all into his Presence about an Hour before our Departure. My Friends (said he to them) I am well contented with your Services, and am now going to give you essential Marks of it: I must depart for *Aden*, where Affairs of vast Consequence call me without being sure of ever returning to this Place, I am ready to conduct you thither with me, if you are willing, (for from this Moment I declare you are all free.) there I will furnish you with Money and Means, to return to your several Countries'. The Slaves of *Abouriam*, threw themselves at the Feet of so good a Master; but not one Soul of them would stay in *Brava*. We instantly carried all his Riches on Board the Vessel he had equipped, under Pretence of cruising, and to which *Mestri* at the Beginning of the Night had conveyed all our Friends well armed, thus we instantly set sail, following the Factors Vessel for *Aden*.

As we had the most favourable Wind we could have chose, our Voyage was as happy as possible, 'till we came near *Zacatara*; but in that Point the Wind changed suddenly, and we were forced back to Sea with great Violence, and the same Wind continuing for more than fifteen Days, put us entirely out of our Course, and we suffered many Tempests, without being in much Danger; yet they gave me much Uneasiness, because my dear *Margaret*, who discovered by many Signs, that she was with Child, found herself very much incommoded, but to increase our Misfortunes, being in one very dark Night, which was extremely tempestuous, being obliged to give some particular Orders, in a Moment as I passed between the Poup and the Prow of the Vessel, I was covered with a Wave, which in Spight of all the Efforts I made to save my self, at last threw me into the Sea.

THE Cry I made in falling alarmed the Seamen, who cast instantly several Knots of Cords into the Sea, holding the other Ends in their Hands (which is the constant Custom in such perilous Cases) but as the Darkness during the Tempest was so great, that it was impossible to distinguish Objects, they thrust down the Sides of the Ship many large Planks, by which Means they hoped I might find Succour. It was some Moments after my Fall into the Sea, before I recovered my Senses, as soon as I did, I thought I felt something floating by me, I caught fast hold, and after having floated upon this Plank for seven or eight Hours, I was carried to a Shore quite unknown to me, without any other Damage than being extremely fatigued, and the violent Affliction I was in, at the unhappy Situation of my Affairs, not doubting but my Wife was in the greatest Agonies, apprehending that I was buried in the Sea. I at length got up to the highest Land I could see, and from

thence had the Satisfaction of perceiving, that the Sea was now very calm, which gave me Room to hope the Vessel, wherein my dear Spouse sailed, had escaped, and that the Wind which had changed some Hours before, would carry them safe to *Aden*.

I had about me at that time only 30 Pieces of Gold and some Diamonds, which *Aburiam* had given me. With this little Stock, after having walked near eight Hours, I arrived at *Dabul* very much fatigued. My first Enquiry was, whether there was any Shipping bound to the *Red-Sea*; but being informed that I should find none but at *Cambaye*, I came to this City, resolving to wait till the first Vessel that could transport me to *Aden*, set sail. How I came to this Place I know not. The Favour, illustrious *Genii*, you have done me, in hearing from my Mouth, the Particulars of my Adventures, I am thoroughly sensible of, it can only be heightened by putting an End to the Affliction of my Spouse, who believes me certainly dead; and as your Power is great enough to perform whatever Good you please, restore me to my Wife, from whom to be separated is worse than Death.

THE *Sultanas* did not hear the Story of *Katife*, and *Margeon*, without being tenderly touched at their Misfortunes; on the contrary, they took particular Notice of the Sincerity of his Passion, till *Cathrob* addressed himself to them in these Words. 'It is, not, (said he) enough to condole in Words only these illustrious Unfortunates, it must be by Effects that we make them sensible of our Power.' Then turning to *Katife*, 'My Lord (continued he) how ever deeply touched *Margeon* is at your Separation, she still has Hopes that you have found Means to save yourself by those Floats. We have taken Care to inform her in a Dream, and she is so well
' per-

'persuaded of this Truth, that after having searched
 'many Ports, she is this Moment arrived here.' Ah!
 'wise old Man, (cry'd *Katife*, transported with Joy)
 'is it possible that I shall see again thy admirable
 '*Margeon*? A Happiness like that is beyond my
 'Hopes. Pardon my Doubt, most generous *Genii*, I
 'do not distrust your Power, I have seen in this deli-
 'cious Place, enough to convince me, that nothing is
 'impossible to you; but my Grief, at the Absence
 'of my charming Spouse, has a little disordered my
 'Understanding.

'Your Affections are well placed, (reply'd
 '*Cetereb*) and shall be satisfied. And now, my Lord,
 'you are going this Moment to see this Spouse, who
 'is the Object of all your Wishes, and who justly
 'merits your Tendernefs, she was, by my Power,
 'transported to this Place with *Abouriam*, *Khaled*,
 'and her Spouse.' Then the Doors of the Hall be-
 'ing opened, by Order of the *Iman*, he saw the charm-
 'ing *Margeon* enter, who without taking any Notice
 'of the Persons present, or the Magnificence of the
 'Places, ran and threw herself into the Arms of *Ka-
 tife*. 'Dear Light of my Life (said she) have I found
 'you, after having been swallowed up by the Sea.
 'Ah! how cruelly was my Heart rack'd at the for-
 'rowful Separation; had it not been for my Father
 'and your amiable Sister, I should have plunged in
 'after you, and not endured to live a single Moment.
 'Great Prophet, you could only furnish them with
 'Reasons, capable to overcome my Despair, and you
 'have made me sensible by your Protection, of the
 'great Effects of your Bounty. Yes, my dear Spouse,
 'without doubt, & was the Prophet who calm'd the
 'Violence of my Grief: It was him who con-
 'ducted us to this enchanted Place, by Ways en-
 'tirely to us unknown; what Thanks have I to
 'render him, for all these Benefits, since it is by

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his Order, that I was brought, with *Abouriam* and his Children, to the *Karavanferail* at *Cambaye*. We arrived there this Morning, and were received by the Keeper with all the Politeness imaginable.

By the Description we gave him of your Person he told us that you lodged with him about Twenty Days before, that you past the Night under the greatest Inquietude imaginable, and all that you thought fit to acquaint him with was, that you intended to wait the Departure of a Vessel which, in some Weeks, designed to sail to the *Red-Sea*. But he had Reason to believe you had changed your Sentiments, because the very next Day you left the *Karavanferail*, without telling him your Intentions, and without so much as taking his Leave. Afflicted to the last Degree for your Departure, I gave myself up to Grief, till a young Man who was in the Chamber, and who seemed to be a Jeweller, joined in our Conversation. Madam (said he to me) if you would be truly inform'd in what Place the Person is, who gives you so much Pain, I will find out in *Cambaye* an old Woman, who will give you entire Satisfaction, not only in that Point, but in every thing else that you can desire.

TRANSPORTED with Joy at this agreeable Promise, I begged him instantly to seek after this old Woman, which he did, and in a very short Space brought her with him. And after she had consulted a Book, which was full of Hieroglifick Figures: You will find your Spouse (said she to me) before the Sun is down, and you will render him by your Presence, all the Joy his Heart is capable of receiving. If I tell you not the Truth, may our Great Prophet for ever deprive me of the
; Use

• Use of Speech. Though there was but little Appearance that I saw of this Woman's Promises coming to pass, yet the Hope was too flattering not to touch me extremely.

• Joy shone in my Eyes, and displayed itself in all my Actions. We kept the old Woman to eat with us: Wine inspired her with good Humour, and she entertain'd us very agreeably with pleasant Stories during our Repast, but I cannot tell you how they ended, because without our knowing by what Means it was brought about, we were transported to this charming Place, where I find every thing that was promised me by that wonderful Woman.

• CHARMING *Margoon* (cry'd out *Katife*) what Thanks ought we to render the Prophet for all the Favours he has vouchsafed us. Doubtless by his Power it was that we were transported in a Moment to the Palace of the Faires, and that these *Genii* well pleased to obey the Orders of our Sovereign Prophet, have without Doubt executed his Will with Relation to us. Nor can we in too lively a Manner express our Acknowledgments to them. We demand no other thing of those whom we oblige (answered *Cothrob*) it is the Hearts of Mortals that we examine, we know the Bounty and Goods of yours and are well satisfied. But as we are not ignorant with what Impatience the *Sultan of Aden* waits for the Arrival of *Katife*, and the earnest Desire that sage *Vizier* hath to return to his Charge, we will very soon put you in a proper Method of satisfying all your Desires; but after so many Fatigues, you must have great Occasion for Rest. The Servants wait to conduct you to your Apartments, where you will find every thing prepared that can conduct towards your having a good Night's Repose.

ABOURLAM, his Son, and *Khaled*, were so much astonished at what had passed since they had come from the *Karawanferail*, that they stood like Statues. After having all thanked these pretended *Genii*, they passed on to the Apartments destined for them, where they found all Sorts of Refreshments the most delicious in the World; it was impossible for them to refuse drinking something before they went to Bed, all the Liquors being mixt, by the Order of *Cothrob*, with a little of the Decoction of *Bueng*. They were no sooner fallen into a profound Sleep, than Prince *Schirin* took the Advantage, and caused them to be carried by Slaves particularly appointed for such Operations, into a Chaloupe, which waited by his Order to put them safe on Board of *Abouriam's* Vessel, and then the Slaves returned to the Palace. It is easy to judge the Surprize these five Persons must be in the next Morning when they awaked, well persuaded of the Reality of all that had happened, they entered their Vessel, and sent the Chaloupe back again. The Wind being favourable they made the best of their Way towards *Aden*.

THE *Sultanas* of *Guzarat* were so much touched with the Relation of this History, that without giving Attention to what had been said and done by *Cothrob*, they believed that as this great Man had been informed by the Keeper of the *Karawanferail* of *Margeon's* Arrival, he had caused those Dreams of Comfort which she had, and which had induced her to come to *Cambaye*, otherwise as *Katife* fell into the Sea, not very far from the Coast of *Dabul*, she would rather have sought him in some Ports near that Place.

WITH REGARD to the *Sultan Oguz*, he was very well pleased with the Recital of these Adventures,
and

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and having several Times testify'd to *Cotbrob* the Astonishment he was in, at *Katife's* being able to resist all the Artifices of *Margeon*, which she made use of to try his Love. * My Lord (replied the *Iman*) it is extraordinary for *Sultans* to be so tender and delicate in their Amours, they no sooner form a Desire, * than it is gratified, every Body is proud to submit to their Will, and therefore I am not surpriz'd at the Idea you have of Things.

* BUT what intire Satisfaction (continued the *Iman*) do you incomparable Lovers enjoy this Day, at finding their Passion were reciprocal, and certainly it must be in a private Life, and not on a Throne, that the Pleasures of Love are tasted in their native Purity." *Oruz* was convinced that the Grandeur of a Monarch very much incommoded him in his Amours, and after having made many Reflections on the good Fortune of those happy Lovers, the *Sultan* having an Inclination to sleep, *Cotbrob* retired and left him at Liberty.

THE next Day, the usual Hour of meeting in the Hall being come, and the *Sultanas* and the rest of the Company being seated, the Ladies in a low Voice, asked *Schirin*, if he had not ordered some new Strangers to be conducted to the Palace. The Prince, without returning any Answer, having made the usual Signal, there entered several Porters, who brought in upon *Sopha's* a Woman about sixty Years old, four very beautiful Girls, the eldest not exceeding Eighteen, and two young Men who could not be more than Twenty-five, both extreemly well made.

EVEN-



LIII. EVENING.

*The HISTORY of MEGNOUN
and LEILEH.*

T was very easy for the *Sultanas* to perceive by the Habits of these Strangers, that they were Men and Women Dancers, from whence they promised themselves a good deal of Diversion, which was very much augmented by the violent Surprize they were in when they awaked ; never was any thing more singular, than the different Attitudes in which every one of these Actors and Actresses put themselves, which formed a Scene so comical, that the *Sultanas*, and the rest of the Spectators, could not forbear Laughing heartily. At last *Schirin* began to speak. ' Cease your Astonishment (said he) and assume the Gaiety which is natural to People of your Profession, imagine that in one Night you are transported from the Place where you were left, to the Province of *Schadukiam*, and that you now are in the Palace of *Gheuber Abad*, and that you are destined for a certain Time to divert the *Periz* and the *Perizes*, and that your good Fortune depends intirely on your Behaviour here.

THESE People, reviv'd with such pleasing Promises, quickly recover'd their Spirits, which it was easy to discover by the Tranquility and Joy which

appeared in their Faces. The old Woman, who seemed to be the Mistress of this little Company, addressed herself to them in these Words, 'Children' (said she) return Thanks to the Prophet, who has permitted us to be conducted to this enchanted Place, and let us exert our Talents to the utmost, that we may in some Measure come up to the Ideas, which these illustrious Genii have formed of us.' Then turning to the Company, would it please you (said she) that in their Dances and Songs, they should perform a Tragedy or Comedy? Oh! let us have something Comic, by all Means (answered Goul-Saba) it is most proper for our Circumstance of Life. Since it is so, said the old Woman to her Company, we must present these *Perizes* with the Amours of *Megnoun* and of *Leileb*; for notwithstanding that Story is in itself grave, my Actors understand well enough how to turn every Thing into Pleasantry, and I doubt not but the Performance will please you.

THIS *Megnoun*, you must know, passionately loved the charming *Leileb*, he well knew that he durst not attempt the Chastity of so virtuous a Person, yet his Love encreased to so violent a Degree, that he could have no Rest, nay, he quitted his Profession, that he might think of nothing but this lovely Lady. In a short Time these tender Reflections rendered him so meagre, that he looked like a perfect Skeleton, rather than a Man. *Leileb*, who often met him, asked the Cause of this strange Alteration; but this silly Lover never had Courage enough to tell her, till at last he was reduced to the utmost Extremity of Danger, and then he wrote a most moving Letter, wherein he discovered to her, the Beginning and whole Progress of his fatal Passion, declaring that she was the sole Cause of his deplorable State, and the only Object of his Love; tho' he never durst men-
tion

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tion it to her. This Letter he ordered not to be delivered to her till after his Death. His Desires were punctually obey'd, and that beautiful Lady was so extremely concerned at the Misfortunes and Loss of so tender a Lover, that she gave herself up entirely to Grief and Melancholly, which in a short Time put an End to her Life. The *Arabian*, *Turkish*, and *Persian* Authors, discourse various Ways of this strange Amour, but they all agree, that *Megnoun* was a Model of perfect Love, and *Leileb* the most chaste and beautiful of her Sex.

BUT for us, who are fully persuaded that these Sort of Amours are only imaginary, we have not treated this Subject in a serious Manner, and as we cannot think there are in the World either such foolish Lovers, or such mighty reserved Ladies, we have not preserv'd in our Piece such Characters as are pictured to us by the Romance.

No, the *Leileb* that we represent to you, is a Woman of Spirit, she quickly perceiv'd the violent Passion which *Megnoun* had for her, and found his Modesty too great, to suffer him to make proper Advances, in all the Conversation she had with him, though she entertain'd him with the utmost Civility, he could never have the Courage to talk to her of his Love. She lik'd the Man, and in order to inspire him with more Spirit, she declared her Intentions to her favourite Maid, who was herself in Love with a Slave of *Megnoun's*. This Slave was in much Esteem with his Master, knew all his Foibles, and often endeavour'd to instruct him how to reveal his Love, in the most tender Manner, but to no Purpose.

MEGNOUN's Modesty made him a very awkward Scholar. At length, the Servant of this chaste Lady,

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Lady, and *Megnoun's* Slave, were oblig'd to represent their Persons and Behaviour in a sort of diverting Interlude in their Presence, till by Degrees they carried the Scene so far, that *Megnoun* grew hardy enough to act after the same Manner with *Leileb*, as his Slave had done with her Maid, and that Lady allowed him the same Liberties. This Scene is indeed very lively, and I advertise you before-hand, that my Actors perform it in a Manner that move the most insensible. However, it is never done without the Consent of the Spectators, and to please the Taste of those who employ us, we render it more or less intelligible. Thus, beautiful *Perizes*, you see we only wait to know after what Manner you will be pleas'd to have it executed.

WITH all the Modesty imaginable (replied *Gubernax*) we would not for the World behold any Thing that is offensive to Virtue, let your Actors therefore take great Care that they strictly obey these Orders, if you hope to oblige us. They shall obey you in every Thing, answer'd the old Woman, and I am not in the least afraid that you will not be perfectly satisfied with their Performance.

As soon as the *Sultanas* gave Notice that they desired the Play should begin, the Men and Women Dancers enter'd, and perform'd all their Parts, relating to the Story of *Megnoun*, with a very good Grace, and he who had personated the Slave, did it in so pleasant a Manner, that all the Company were charm'd, he managed the Scene which they had commanded should be perfectly modest, with great Delicacy. Nor did they less admire the Woman-Dancer who play'd the Maid, for the simple and natural Way in which she acted her Part, without giving Scandal to the nicest of her Sex.

If all the Spectators were pleased, *Goul Saba* was much more so: But whatever Satisfaction she found in the Representation itself, she felt something more tender, for the Person who played the Part of *Megnoun*: He was a Youth of a very graceful Mien; with very fine curling black Hair, and the finest Eyes that ever were beheld, his Face was beyond Description; for in every different Part which he performed, it changed with the Scene, yet in all he appeared to be extremely handsome. *Goul Saba* was so struck, that had it not been for Fear of the Reproaches she knew she must meet with from the other *Sultanas*, she would have confessed the Tenderness she had for him, yet she could not contain herself from speaking to him in the following Manner. "*Megnoun* (said she) for I know you by no other Name, I am so well satisfied with your Acting, that I will give you a Mark of my Friendship; here, take this Ring, and wear it for my Sake." It was a Jewel of great Value, yet without concerning herself about what the Company might think, she drew it from her Finger, and presented it to this Actor, who received it with Joy, and the most profound Respect.

THE *Sultanas* were surprized at the Present *Goul Saba* had just made, and the gracious Air with which she gave it, left them no Room to doubt that she had conceived a violent Passion for this young Man, and for fear she should enter into any Engagement with him privately, they thought it would not be improper to oblige him to give them the History of his Life and Adventures. In order to this *Gebernax* spoke to him in these Words. "*Megnoun* (said she) you ought to esteem it the greatest Glory, to have received such shining Marks of Protection, from this beautiful *Perize*, but you must understand, that this

" Present

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"Present was made you, on the Condition only, that you give us a sincere Account of your whole Life. Take Care that you derogate not in the least Point, from Truth, you may be certain if you do, we shall in a Moment discover the Impostor, and that by such a Behaviour, you will incur our Indignation." "Illustrious *Perizes*, answered the young Man, it is sufficient that you have commanded me. Be assured, that I shall conceal none of my Adventures, to this present Time. I am this Moment ready to satisfy your Desires." Observing that the Company kept a profound Silence, he began in the following Terms.



LXII. EVENING.

*The HISTORY of MASSOUD, the
Son of SOFFAR.*



Y Father was an *Arabian Brasier*, settled in *Schiraz*, and was known in that City by no other Name than *Soffar*, which was given him for the Excellence of his Workmanship, because every Thing that came out of his Hands was perfect in its kind. He liv'd in the Neighbourhood of a Philosopher, who was young and very jovial. This Gentleman often employed him to make *Alembecks*, and other Vessels used in Chymistry. As my Father was obliged to go often to this Philosopher's, he found Means to get acquainted with one of his Slaves, whose Name was *Nour*, she was about

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about 30 Years of Age, and very agreeable. This Girl, after much Courtship, had so great a Passion for him, that her Master soon perceived, and found out the private Commerce she had with *Soffar*.



LXIII. EVENING.

*The HISTORY of MASSOUD, the
Son of SOFFAR.*



HE Philosopher, as soon as he was thoroughly convinced of the Weakness which *Nour* had been guilty of with *Soffar*, fell in a violent Passion, and taking a Stick, he beat him to so cruel a Degree, that he had like to have demolished the poor *Brasier*; when the Height of his Rage was a little abated, with Regard to *Nour*, she in a Flood of Tears, threw herself at the Feet of the Philosopher, and spoke in so moving a Manner, that she obtained Pardon for *Soffar*. At last, * *Nour* (said
* he) stand up and hear what you have this Day lost,
* I have always distinguished you from my other
* Slaves, that you might easily have conceived I had
* a Passion for you; I believed that in you I should
* have found a reasonable Person, with the Liberty
* which I designed to give you; I also designed to
* have offered you a Place in my Bed, and I esteemed
* you so much, that I adjudged you worthy to be my
* Wife, but I am happily disappointed. The Liber-
* ties

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' ties you have given this vile *Brasier*, convinces me
 ' of the Meanness of your Soul, and as I should have
 ' been perfectly miserable in the Society of a Person
 ' of your Character, I return Thanks to Heaven for
 ' my Escape.' He ordered the *Cady* and the *Iman*
 to be instantly called, and as soon as they were come,
 ' I am going (continued he) to *Nour*, I am going to
 ' release you from Slavery, and to marry you to *Sef-*
 ' *far*, who has had the Impudence to dishonour my
 ' House. But I am inclined to believe he will find in
 ' this Marriage, a sufficient Punishment for his In-
 ' solence.

THE Philosopher's Orders were executed on the
 Spot. *Nour* was made free by the *Cady*, and after-
 wards espoused to *Seffar*. The Emotions she had felt
 that Day were so violent, that it was with great Pain
 that she was carried to the House of her Husband,
 where she was delivered of me at seven Months. My
 Father was so transported with Joy, that he named
 me *Maffoud*, which signifies Fortunate, believing no
 greater Happiness could arrive to him than that of my
 Birth. But the Discourse which I have just told you,
 that the Philosopher had with my Mother, threw her
 into a deep Melancholly. She was almost distracted
 to think, that she had lost, by her Fault, such a solid
 and happy Establishment, and conceived, from that
 very Moment an extream Aversion for my Father,
 of which I soon after found the Effects. She looked
 upon me as the only Obstacle of her Fortune, for
 had I not been the Fruits of her indiscreet Amour, she
 could easily have concealed her Commerce with *Seffar*,
 and become the Spouse of the Philosopher, who was
 a handsome Man and rich, and much esteemed in
Schiraz.

MY Father, who thought his Marriage with
Nour the greatest Blessing that could befall him, soon
 found,

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found, that on the contrary, he was the most unhappy Man in the World ; he had been much mistaken in the Temper of his Wife, scarce a Day past in which she did not make him sensible by Reproaches, that his Sollicitations, and her foolish Weakness for him, had ruined her Fortune ; in short. she used him so extreemly ill, that he fell into a deep Melancholly, of which he died. My Mother was not in the least touched with the Reproaches he made her in his last Moments. Nor on her Part shew'd any Signs of Sorrow.

THE Philosopher, who had been informed of the real Cause of my Father's Illness, was extreemly concerned when he reflected, that the Declaration he had made to *Nour*, contributed to it. The ill Conduct with which she had behaved to her Husband, lessened his Esteem for her ; and finding that she neglected me so entirely, that she would not give me Nourishment, he had the Goodness to take me from her, and put me to Nurse.

MY Mother, who had filled her Head with nothing but ridiculous Ideas of Grandeur, was extreemly surprized a few Months after the Death of *Sassab*, to see, that the Trade of her Shop decreased daily: The Workmen, whom she knew not how to govern, soon left her, and before the End of six Months, she fell into great Distress, and was obliged to have Recourse to her former Master, to whom she went, and throwing herself at his Feet. " My Lord (said she, " almost drowned in Tears) suffer me to return to " that happy State of Slavery, from which I ought " never to have departed : Deliver me from the " dreadful Woes I feel, and pardon the great Fault I " have committed. On ! abandon me not to Despair, " but suffer me to embrace your Knees, from whence " I will never depart, till I have obtained Pardon " and

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“ and Pity.” “ Rise up *Nour* (said the Philosopher)
 “ I will again receive you since you desire it, not as
 “ a Slave, but with all the Priviledges you used to
 “ have, before I gave you your Liberty ; take upon
 “ you again the same Place and Power, you formerly
 “ had in my Family ; I will entirely forget all your
 “ Faults, be only more discreet for the future.”

My Mother, with abundance of Tears, kissed her Master's Hand, and sensibly touched with this Generosity, redoubled her Care in the Oeconomy of his House; yet notwithstanding all the Satisfaction she might have enjoyed there, she was seized with so black and fatal a Melancholly, that she surviv'd my Father not above 8 Months.

I was but two Years old when I lost my Mother, of whose Death I was in a great Measure the innocent Cause, for I never had found from her the least Sign of maternal Kindness. However the Philosopher continued his Bounty to me ; I was brought up with the Woman who nursed me, till I was six Years old, and had begun to learn to Write and Read, when my Master removed me from thence to a School, for my better Instruction, and when he thought I was perfect enough, he took me home to his House, where I with great Diligence rendered him all the Services suitable to my Youth.

WHEN I was about twelve Years of Age, my Master took me into his Closet, and spoke to me in the following Manner. “ *Massoud* (said he) though you are
 “ as yet but young ; I am sensible you have Wit above
 “ your Years, and therefore I will reveal to you a Secret, which as yet I never intrusted to any Person.
 “ My Father, who was a famous Physician, would
 “ needs depart from *Schiraz*, where he lived about 18
 “ Years, to go into *Egypt*, notwithstanding all I could
 “ say to persuade him to the contrary.

' It is now more than four and twenty Years since
 ' I have heard any thing from him, I was extremely
 ' grieved to think of his undertaking so long and so
 ' dangerous a Journey ; he had no Child but me, and
 ' therefore before his Departure, he gave me three
 ' Vials full of Liquor, which he assured me were of
 ' inestimable Value, because they would certainly re-
 ' store the Dead to Life. Touching the Lips only
 ' with a few Drops of the first, would bring back a-
 ' gain the Soul after it had left the Body. The second
 ' would give them evident Signs of Life ; and on the
 ' Application of the third, a Man would be perfect-
 ' ly recovered, and be able to perform all the Functi-
 ' ons as well as ever. Yet he desired that I would not
 ' make use of this Secret, but on the most extraordi-
 ' nary Occasion, for fear of offending God, to whom
 ' belongeth the Power of Life and Death ; but admire
 ' his Goodness, who had given such Power to this ex-
 ' traordinary Medicine, and use it with great Reve-
 ' rence. Then taking his Leave of me, he assur'd me,
 ' that if he lived to return, he would instruct me with
 ' another Secret almost as valuable'.



EVEN-



LXIV. EVENING.

*The History of MASSOUD the Son
of SOFFAR.*

AS scrupulous as my Father was, (continued the Philosopher) I have as yet made no Trial of these Bottles, which you see are plainly numbred; but if by any Accident I should happen to die suddenly, forget not that Moment to take the Key, which you will find in my Pocket, and before my Body is cold, fail not to give me them, one after another in their regular Order, pouring some of the Liquor of each into my Mouth, you will know by the Bills which are fastened upon them, the right Vials; and if the Remedy operates, as my Father assured me it would, you shall not fail of a Recompence, suitable to so great a Service. I listened to my Master's Discourse with all the Attention imaginable (continued *Massoud*) and I had Occasion to put the Instructions he had given me in Practice before the Year was out.

ONE Day he had sent me on several Messages into *Schiraz*, which as soon as I had executed, and was returning Home, to my great Surprize, I found ten or twelve People standing round our Door, and demanding the Reason, they told me, that my Master had been taken extremely ill, at the House of one of his Friends, who had just brought him Home.

and that it was believ'd he had not many Minutes to live. Struck with this dreadful News, I ran immediately to him, where I found his Friend, and the Physician, who had used the utmost Art and Skill in vain, for they assured us, that our dear Master was certainly dead, the whole House was instantly filled with Cries and Sorrow. But I thought of nothing more than how to execute the Orders of the Deceased, and seizing immediately on the Key, while all the Slaves were busy in making Preparations for the Funeral of their Master; I shut myself into the Room with him, and taking the three Bottles, I had no sooner put a little of the Liquor out of the first into his Mouth, than I perceived his Flesh began to grow warm, and the paleness of Death which was in his Face, soon changed into a more lively Colour. Encouraged with this good Success, I gave him the Liquor of the second Bottle, with a great deal of Confidence; but soon after I had done, it was not without a violent Emotion, that I saw him sit up in his Seat.

As I was in a perfect Trance at the Sight of this marvellous Operation, it was a good while before I could recover my Senses to think of the third Bottle. But my Master impatient to return again to this World, from which he had been absent above half an Hour, cryed with an eager Voice, and sparkling with Anger, *Pour, Pour*, the speaking frightened me to such a Degree, that thinking it was the Devil who animated the Corps, I dropped the Case in which were the three Bottles to the Ground, where they were broken into a hundred Pieces, and in that Instant I saw the poor Man, who was more than half revived, constrained to resign himself to the Arms of Death again, without any Hopes of Relief, 'till the last Judgment.

WHEN