



MOGUL TALES,

O R,

The DREAMS of Men Awake:

BEING

Stories told to Divert the Grief of the
SULTANA's of GUZARAT, for the
supposed Death of the SULTAN.

Written in *French* by the celebrated Mr. GUEL-
LETTRE, Author of *The Chinese Tales*, &c.

Now first Translated into *English*.

In Two VOLUMES, adorned with proper Cuts, neatly
Engraven on Copper Plates.

THE SECOND EDITION.

V O L. II.

• *In pleasing Tales, the artful Sage can give*
• *Rules, how in Happiness and Ease to live:*
• *Can shew what Good can most attract the Mind,*
• *And how our Woes we from our Vices find;*
• *Delighting, yet instructing thus our Youth,*
• *Who catch at Fable—How to gather Truth.*

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T H E.

(1)



THE
SULTANA'S
OF
GUZARAT, &c.

VOL. II.

XXXIX. EVENING.

*The History of ZEM-ALZAMAN, Prince of
KASGAR, and of ZENDEHROUD, Prin-
cess of SAMARCAND.*



MUCH were the People that attacked us
when we were buried in Sleep, and be-
lieved ourselves in absolute Security; the
Princels of *Kasgar* who was with her
Woman in a Tent pitched in the middle
of our Camp, no sooner heard the Alarm,
but she put on the Habit of a Man, which by way of
Precaution, she kept continually in her Wardrobe. She
then

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then mounted her Horse, and encouraged those about her to defend themselves vigorously; herself performing Acts of Valour, which would scarce be credible were I to repeat them; but finding that she should at last be over-born by Numbers, she resolved to trust her Safety to the Fleetness of her Horse, to which giving the Reigns, the Creature ran so swiftly, that it was impossible for me to keep up with her; however I endeavoured to pursue the same Track, the Moon shining exceeding bright, till four *Arabs* crossed my Road, from whose Attack I had much ado to defend myself; their Companions finding no farther Resistance from our Escort, which were either all cut in Pieces or fled, fell immediately to pillaging our Camp. That was not however what *Agem* sought for, the Fame of *Zendebroud's* Beauty having reached his Ear, and having Intelligence that she was on her Return to her Spouse, he made this Expedition on purpose to seize her, and to make her the favourite *Sultana* in his travelling *Serial*; in order to this he had given Directions that his People should enter the Tent of that *Princess*, with all the respect imaginable, and that they should shew all possible Regard to those of her Sex who were about her.

THEY very punctually executed his Orders, tho' they happened to come too late, for *Zendebroud* as I have told you, had luckily fled out of their Reach, and thereby escaped the Brutality of this Robber. For my Part, I was extremely griev'd that I had not been able to follow the Princess, but as I had Reason to think she would take the Road to *Tongueslan*, I made all the haste thither I could, and having acquainted the first Governor on the Frontiers, with the unlucky Accident that had befallen us, he immediately detached a Body of four thousand Horse in quest of *Agem*, in order to deliver the Princess, in case she had been so unlucky as to have fallen into his Hands.

I went along with these Troops, in order to conduct them to the Place where we had been attacked, and where on our Arrival we found the *Arabs* gone, and only the Dead and dying striped naked, who were unable to inform us which way those Vagrants marched off; but the worst part of the News which we learned was, that a Rumour was dispersed, that the Princess was fallen into the Hands of *Agem*. The very Thoughts of which, and the piercing Grief which it would give my Master, fill'd me with so lively a Repentment, that instead of being the Messenger of so bad News, I determined with my self if it were possible to revenge the Loss; to this Purpose, dispatched Couriers on every Side, we gained at last Intelligence that the *Arabs* were marching to the Plains of *Fargana* a Town of *Mawarahnabar*, on the Frontiers of the Kingdom of *Kasgar*. We immediately pursued them with the utmost Diligence, and having come up with them, we engaged; and after a most obstinate and bloody Combat, cut them all in Pieces. Our Chief having given Orders they should take *Agem*, if it were possible alive, but it was impossible for us to execute his Orders, for that Monster finding himself press'd, retired into his Tent, where he had not remained many Minutes before he came out again, with the Head of a Woman in his Hand, whose Face was totally disfigured with several Blows of a Sabre, at throwing it out at our Feet, he cry'd out, *There is what you look after, now go carry to your Master the Head of Zendchroud, and tell him that Agem was never born to be his Slave.* He had scarce pronounced these Words, before he threw himself headlong on his Sword, which coming out of his Back fully performed what he desired, and gave a Passage to his impure Soul, to quit that Body which had been its Companion in so many Villanies.

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WE set a dismal Cry at the Sight of this abominable Fact, and running in all Haste into his Tent, we there found weltering in their Blood six of his Wives, whose Heads he had cut off, that they might not fall alive into our Hands. Amongst the Women I distinguished with inexpressible Grief the Corps of *Zendebroud*, whose Habit was remarkable, and enriched with several Stones, which I knew at first Sight; and now I had Leisure, I began to imagine that I discern'd every Feature of that unfortunate Princess, in the mangled Head which that Villain had thrown to us; but in the midst of these Cogitations, one of the Women who was not quite dead put us out of all doubt, she told us, that the Princess of *Kasgar* had resisted the Violence offered to her by that Monster, to the very Moment that we surrounded his Troops, and that as soon as he perceived it impracticable for him to make his Escape, he rushed into his Tent, cut off the Heads of his Wives, and of *Zendebroud*, and gave all the rest of the Women about them mortal Wounds.

I procured upon the Spot a little Chariot, into which I put the Body of the Princess, and having sent it to *Cejanda*, a City of *Mavarahnabar*, at the Foot of the Mountains I there paid my last Devoirs to her, with all the Magnificence that was possible. As soon as this melancholly Ceremony was over, I took the Road to *Kasgar*, in which I had not proceeded above four Leagues, before I perceived a Body of Horse approaching me, at whose Head I could discover the Prince *Zem-Azaman*: I immediately dismounted, ran to meet him, and presented myself on my Knees at his Stirrup; but as I was about to open my Mouth to acquaint him with the cruel Fate of the Princess, Grief struck me dumb: the Prince was alarmed at my Silence, and that profound Sorrow which he discovered in my Countenance:

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nance : However, he commanded me to speak, and I no sooner opened the Cause of my Affliction, but turning pale and sighing, he was on the very point of falling from his own Horse, had he not been supported by two Officers, who rode on each Side of him ; it was more than an Hour before he could be brought to himself, and when revived, he uttered such touching Complaints, that they drew Tears from the Eyes of all that were about him ; to this Grief succeeded a Fury, as terrible in which he was a thousand times on the Point of killing himself, if he had not been hindered by holding his Arms. And have I lost cry'd he for ever my Dear *Zendebroud*, have I lost her through the Rage of a *Barbarian*, on whom I cannot be revenged since he exists no more. Oh ! Heaven, why durst thou persecute me, with so much Fury ? Hitherto I have been the Butt of your Vengeance without murmuring, hoping that one Day your Arrows would be exhausted. Nay, I thought that Day come when the Princess of *Kasgar*, became sensible of my Innocence, and now you have ravished from me this incomparable Princess, and that by an Adventure the most cruel. Oh ! Holy Prophet, what a Resignation is there due to the Decrees of Heaven ; yes, it is my Duty I must submit without murmuring, 'tis to no purpose *Zendebroud* is dead ! *Zendebroud* is dead ! she is no more. Cruel *Agem* ! execrable Monster ! What could that adorable Princess have done to you, to deserve such inhuman Usage ? Ah ! 'tis impossible that I should survive her ; then he gave Orders for our going on to *Cojanda*, where we arrived in two Hours, then his Affliction gathered new Strength, he thought to have died at the Sight of the bloody robe of his Wife, which he peremptorily commanded should be brought him, and having wet it with a shower of Tears, he commanded a most beautiful Monument to be erected to the Memory of that incomparable Lady. That very Day he discharged all his Servants, reserving me only to accom-

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pany him in those Travels wherein he determined to wear out his Grief.

AFTER having for this Purpose wandered up and down for a considerable Time, we came at last, into the Neighbourhood of *Candabar*. About a quarter of a League from the Town, we found a little *Mosque*, and near it a Burying Ground, it grew late, and the Prince desirous to sooth his Melancholly among the Tombs, determined to remain there all Night. As I had found it to no Purpose to dissuade him from such kind of Dissolutions, I now no longer attempted it, but while he searched out a Place to rest in, I went to look for some Place, where I might put the Horses up safe, at the Corner of the Wall I espied a little Tenement, which I took for granted, belonged to the *Iman* of the *Mosque*, thither I went immediately, and when I came, I found I was not mistaken; and tho' the *Iman* was not at Home, but gone to *Candabar*, upon some Occasion or other, yet the old Man who took care of his Affairs, treated me with much Civility; and not only took the Horses into the Yard, which was all I desired of him, but gave them also Provender, nor would be persuaded to receive any Gratuity for his Favours. After I had told him that I was obliged to return to my Master, who had taken it in his Head to lye all Night among the Tombs, I departed to go and find the Prince, he was standing not far from the Place where I left him, but looked on me, with such an Air of Terror, and Distraction, that I was mightily amazed, and grieved thereat. I could not speak to him, nor he to me; at last, recovering himself a little, *Roud-Bari* (said he to me) if I were capable of being affrighted, it must have been with a Sight which presented itself while you were gone with the Horses. Out of yonder Tomb, I beheld an old Man arise; you bewail (said he) the Princess of *Samarcaud*, and you are every Day entreating the *Prophet*, that he would
put

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put an End to your Sorrows. Your Prayers are heard & go to *Cambaye*, in that City they shall there be finished, and you once more united to *Zendebroud*. At the same time the old Man disappeared; and tho' his sudden Appearance confounded me, yet in his Declaration, that at *Cambaye* my Sufferings, with a hated Life are to take an End; my Soul received as much Comfort, as it possible in the State I am in. Come then let us set forward for *Guzarate*, and when that Event, which he has predicted comes to pass, return you to *Kasgar*, and give an Account of it to *Fraydun*. For my Part I was so much astonished and afflicted, that I could not refrain from Tears. Ah! my Friend (said he) to me, if you really Love me, you would not weep, since the Destiny that attends me at *Cambaye*, will put an End to Miseries, a thousand times more cruel than Death itself. The Prince reposed himself a little that Night, but for my Part, I scarce slept a wink; we mounted our Horses by break of Day, and after traversing the Kingdoms of *Hajakan*, *Buckar*, *Tata*, and *Soret*, we came at last to *Guzarat*, and arriving Yesterday at *Cambaye*, we went to lodge at a *Caravanfera*, we were from thence, without knowing how transported hither; where instead of being comforted with the noble Prospects he beholds, his Melancholly seems to be increased from the Apprehension that it is not likely to become his Tomb.

DURING the whole time of this Recital, *Zem-Akzaman* was plunged into so deep a Melancholly, that it raised the most tender Pity imaginable in the Breasts of all the *Sultanas*, they were at the very Point of bursting into Tears, when *Cotbrob* addressed himself in the following Terms to the Prince of *Kasgar*. "You have my Lord, for a long Time experienced the Bitterness of a very unfortunate Life, yet be not cast down, the Prophet will keep his Word, and put an end to your Sorrows before this

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" Day be past, according to all that was promised
" you by the venerable Person from the Tomb".
The *Iman* no sooner finished this Discourse, but two
Slaves came to the Door of the *Salon*, and beckoned
out the Porters who attended.

In a few Minutes the Porters returned, and
brought with them a young Man about twenty Years
of Age; his Aspect the most charming that can be
imagined, as he was in a profound Sleep, procured
by the Liquor we have formerly spoken of, he did
not awaken till after he was set down in the Hall,
then opening his Eyes, he gazed round about him,
looking on the Grandeur, and Magnificence of the
Palace with Amaze, and was the more surpris'd at
the profound Silence which every Body kept round
him, in so much, that for a Time he was afraid to
speak. At last, is it in this enchanted Place, (said he)
with a Voice the most pleasing that ever was heard?
Is it here, that I am to find a Period to my Grievs?
Is it in this most pompous Palace that I am to meet
all I Love? Great *Prophet* continued he, cease to afflict
the afflicted, whose Faults have been so long repent-
ed; pardon the Errors of a too passionate Temper,
which have been already expiated by a Train of Suf-
ferings; restore that Tranquility to my Breast, of
which I have so great need, or take away that Life
which is but a Burthen without it.

THE young Man had no sooner finished his Pray-
er to *Mohamed*, but the Prince of *Kasgar*, struck with
the Sound of his Voice, turned his Eyes towards the
Person, and at the same Instant fell into the Arms of
Roud-Bar; crying as he fell, behold the Accomplish-
ment of the Prophecy I had at *Candabar*; now, now,
I die.

IF all the Assembly were astonished at so odd and
unlooked for an Event, they were more surpris'd
when

when they beheld the young Stranger, quit the Slaves who supported him, and run and throw himself on the Neck of *Zem-Alzaman* with extream Tendernefs; crying out at the same Time, Have I, Oh! my dear Prince found you once again.



XL. EVENING.

The History of ZEM-ALZAMAN, Prince of KASGAR, and of ZENDEHROUD, Princess of SAMARCAND.



A RESSES so warm and affectionate, join'd to a Voice so well known, and so Dear, quickly roused the Prince of *Kasgar* from his Swoon. When he recovered, he set up, but looked like a Person who had lost his Senses, staring without Motion or Speech, supposing all he saw, the Effect of a Dream; but when after sometime the full Use of his Senses were returned. Oh! Heaven (cry'd he) is then this Scene real, and is it possible, that I should hold the Princess of *Samarcand* in my Arms? Can it be *Zendehroud*, my Dear Spouse that I Embrace? Great Prophet, if all that I behold is a Dream, grant that I may never wake, but enjoy instead of Paradise, the Company of my incomparable Princess, in lieu of those Hours thou hast promised to the Faithful. My dear Lord (said *Zendehroud*) letting fall a Torrent of Tears, be assured that it is no Illusion. After the perfidious *Agem* had surpris'd my Escort, I put on the Habit of a Man, in order to save myself by Flight,

and gave Orders to a *Georgian* Woman, who was pretty near my Size, to put on my Cloaths, and to personate me, when they should be taken, and I suppose it is some Accident which has befallen that unhappy Woman, that has occasioned your believing I was dead, or at least, a Prisoner. Ah! cry'd *Zem-Alzaman*, you judge but too rightly, for that unfortunate *Georgian* falling into the Hands of that Monster *Agem*, and resisting his Brutal Attempts with inimitable Constancy, he put the poor Girl to Death, and afterwards destroyed himself, to avoid those Torments which he rightly conjectured would befall him, in Case he fell alive into the Hands of those Troops *Roud-Bari* had brought to your Succour; deceived by these strong Appearances this faithful Companion of my Travels, believed you the Victim of *Agem's* Fury. Your Habit, your Size, and the disfigured Head of the *Georgian*, were certainly sufficient Grounds for him to believe, as he did, that you fell into the Hands of that Barbarians Soldiers, and that afterwards you had taken your own Habit, and been sacrificed by the brutal Cruelty of that Monster, among his Wives, all of whom out of Jealousy, he at the same time put to Death.





XLI. EVENING.

*The History of ZEM-ALZAMAN, Prince
of KASGAR, and of ZENDEHROUD,
Princess of SAMARCAND.*

“  T would be to no Purpose, lovely
“ Princess, to enter into a long Detail
“ of the many Grievs I suffered on the
“ News of your unfortunate Adventure: Let it suffice, that I tell you
“ from the Moment I heard it, I gave
“ my self up to an uninterrupted flow of Sorrow and
“ Affliction of Mind. I endeavoured all I could to
“ shorten a Life which was now become insupportable
“ to me, and I was on the very Point of sinking under
“ these Evils, when I was told in a Vision as I ap-
“ prehended, that at *Cambaye* I should meet with you
“ again. It never came into my Head to give this
“ Prediction a favourable Interpretation, but consider-
“ ing the then State of my Affairs, I concluded that
“ in this Place I by some Means or other should meet
“ my Death, the only End I expected to my Suffer-
“ ings, and by this Means also I hoped to be reunited
“ to my *Zendebroud*.

“ LET us forget all these Misfortunes my Dear
“ Spouse (answered the Princess tenderly) for as the
“ great Prophet has restored us to each other in this
“ Manner at last, we cannot, after so singular an In-
“ stance, doubt of the Continuance of his Favour and

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" Protection. I will not for my Part enter into a
 " prolix Recital of my Adventures, I wandered at
 " Random to avoid falling into the Hands of the ex-
 " ceptable *Agem*, of whose infamous Practices I had
 " heard; and such an Horror had I of becoming his
 " Prisoner, that after killing one of his *Arabs* who
 " overtook me, I put my Horse to full Speed and al-
 " lowed neither him nor my self the least Relaxa-
 " tion, till by the Rapidity of my Flight I had quite
 " escaped all Danger of his pursuing me with Ef-
 " fect.

" I arrived at last at *Adarcand*, a City of *Mawaral-*
 " *nabar*, on the Frontiers of *Thibet*, where I had once
 " an Intention to have made myself known to the Go-
 " vernour, and to have demanded of him Guard to
 " escort me thro' *Turqueslan*, in order to have joined
 " you at *Kasgar*. But I was diverted from this, by
 " meeting at the Gate of *Adarcand*, the very same
 " *Calender*, whom as I have heretofore told you, I
 " consulted in my Mother's Court. I fancied that
 " he would not be able to discover me in the Disguise
 " I wore, but was mistaken, for he came up to me
 " immediately". " Madam (said he) you have
 " felt the Truth of my Predictions in a Train of
 " those Misfortunes, which the Rashness of a pas-
 " sionate Temper draws on those who gave way here-
 " to. Be thankful, however, to the Prophet, who
 " has preserved your Life and Honour, and make
 " Haste to *Cambaye*, if you would see an End of your
 " Sorrows.

" I had paid too dearly for my Neglect of this
 " good Man's Advice, when given to me at *Sa-*
 " *marcand*, ever to fall into that Error again. I took
 " therefore instantly the Road to *Cambaye*. I arri-
 " ved in this City about Noon, and went to take up
 " a Lodging in a *Karavanseera*, the Keeper whereof
 " treated me with abundance of Kindness. He pre-
 " vailed

“ vailed on me by his Civilities, to Sup with him,
 “ and afterwards finding myself extremely Sleepy, I
 “ withdrew in order to repose myself. Since that
 “ Time I cannot say what has befallen me, nor by
 “ what Incantment I have been brought into this
 “ most Magnificent Palace; nor shall I trouble my-
 “ self much to think about it, since here I find the
 “ *Calender's* Prophecy actually fulfilled, and am, my
 “ Dear Prince, restored to you”.

THE Sultana's listened very attentively to this unravelling of the Adventures of these illustrious Persons, and the Prince of *Kasgar*, and *Zendebroud*, having thanked them for their interesting themselves so much in their Stories, the Evening concluded with all imaginable Satisfaction.

ALL the Princes and Princesses in the Serial enjoyed the highest Pleasure imaginable in this whimsical State, except only the Sultan of *Ormuz*. This Monarch flattered by the Promises of *Catbrob*, attended their Accomplishments with the utmost Impatience, nor could he avoid terrifying the Anguish of Mind he endured to *Catbroden* who happened to be near him. “ How different my Dear Friend (said he) is your Condition from mine? You possess at Ease the sole Object of your Love, while I, tho' I long behold the Mistress of my Wishes, dare not express my Passion, for her any other Way, than by the Tenderness visible in my Looks. I have had, indeed, some Cause to hope that beautiful Prince is not insensible of my Pains, but alas! what are these slight Hopes? if quickly the happy Moment do not approach, which is to give me her for a Wife. I shall certainly sink under the Violence of my Love”. “ My Lord (answered the Prince of *Vapour*) we have seen so many incontestable Proofs of *Catbrob's* Veracity, that you ought really to be satisfied in your Mind,
 “ and

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“ and depend on the Performance of whatever he has
 “ promised. Be chearful my Friend, expect patiently,
 “ nor doubt, that you shall very speedily find a happy
 “ Period to all your Sorrows; resign yourself, be easy,
 “ and cease not to hope”.

THIS Discourse of *Cotbedin* having made some
 Impression on the Soul of *Cazan-Can*, that Prince
 passed the Night with more than ordinary Tran-
 quility. The next Day at the usual Hour, repairing
 to the *Salon*, he found all the Company assembled as
 formerly. As soon as the *Sultana* had taken their
 Places and every Body was seated, the Porters
 brought in a Man about thirty Years of Age, and
 placed him on a *Sofa*. The Stranger was handsome;
 but his Beauty was in some Measure clouded, by the
 Sadness in his Countenance, which yet seem to give
 way to Surprise, as he by Degrees awaked, and per-
 ceived himself in a strange Place, and that too so
 extremely grand and magnificent. “ Ladies (said
 “ he rising) Pardon my Curiosity, arriving pretty
 “ late last Night in *Cambaye*, I took up my Lodging
 “ in a *Koravanserai*; with an Intent to have employ-
 “ ed this Day, in looking upon whatsoever was
 “ worthy of Notice in the City, Port, &c. which I
 “ rather chose to do, that my Thoughts might be
 “ employed, because having been lately separated
 “ from the Delight of my Soul, Solitude served on-
 “ ly to fill me with Anguish, and every Moment
 “ which was not in searching her, augmented my
 “ Dispair. Be so charitable, therefore to a Stranger,
 “ as to acquaint me whether I am awake and by what
 “ strange means I am come into this Land of *Inchot-*
 “ *ment*, or if you are those Phantoms, which in
 “ the Night inform Mankind by working on their
 “ Imaginations; tell me, does my Dear *Margeon*,
 “ (i. e. *Globe of Light*), still survive, and in what
 “ Region of the Earth may I find her”. The Sulta-
 na’s were ready to laugh out at the Seriousness
 with.

with which the Man pronounced these Words ; but *Cothrob* turning towards him, returned this Answer.
 “ The Person you seek is no less concerned than
 “ yourself at this Separation, she, has with indefati-
 “ gable Pains, searched the Sea-Ports for News of
 “ you ; but 'tis here that both your Hopes must be
 “ satisfied, what I have said is enough to convince
 “ you, that what you see is not a Dream, and that
 “ the Persons you behold, are of that Race of Beings
 “ who were created to retrieve the Woes of the
 “ Unhappy. As you are of that Number, delay not
 “ the giving us an exact detail of your Adventures ;
 “ for tho' we are ignorant of nothing that has befall-
 “ len you, yet we always require a Recital from the
 “ interested Person's Mouth, and according to the
 “ Sincerity of those Recitals, are more or less disposed
 “ to serve them”.

“ *PUISSANT* Genius (answered the Stranger)
 “ the flattering Hopes you give me, are sufficient to
 “ spur me to any thing, and to prevent my having
 “ any Reserve, the latter Part of my Discourse has
 “ also its Weight with me, and therefore to deserve
 “ your Favour, I will instantly enter on a faithful
 “ Account of my Actions.



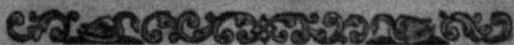


The Adventures of KATIFE and
MARGEON.



MY Name is *Katife*, my Father, who has been dead these twelve Years, was an Officer of the King of *Aden*, of five Children which he had, three of my Brothers dyed, my only Sister was with her Nurse stolen away, at four Years of Age, so that I alone remained to be the Comfort of my Mother, who as she was a Woman of good Sense and Spirit, took Care herself to form my Genius, and to give my Mind a right Turn. At twenty Years of Age I addicted myself to Arms, and I flatter myself that I speak but Truth, in saying I gained some Reputation by my Behaviour in a War our King had lately engaged in, against one of his Enemies.

We had for a Neighbour a young charming Widow, whose Praises I heard continually from my Mother, who was her Intimate; and by degrees I grew enamoured, from the very Fame of her Beauty. I tried every Way I could advise to gain Admittance to her, but in vain, so difficult was this Lady of Access. At last, when I began to despair, Chance gave me an Opportunity, which I did not slip.



XLII. EVENING.

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

It happened one Day that as I was passing by a great burying Place, which lies without the Gates of *Aden*, I met by chance a Companion of mine, when we were Boys, whose Name was *Maseb-Moud*: As it was a very long Time since we had seen each other, we embraced with great Tenderness, and I was just going to enter into a Conversation with him, when on a sudden, he threw his Cloak over his Face, and catching hold of my Hand, ran with an unaccountable Swift-ness thro' several Streets, telling me laughing, that he had a Reason for what he did. I, tho' surpriz'd quitted him not, and after we had in this manner run thro' a Space of two hundred Paces, he at last pull'd off his Cloak. "You asked me just now (said he) of what Profession I was, do you not know then?" No truly (answered I) "I am (continued he) a Physician, and I have a strange Aversion to such unlucky Places as that I found you at. Whenever I pass by them, I do it in a hurry, for fear some of the Deceased should start up, and lay hold of me, in order to call me to an Account for my Ignorance, which has sent many of them to sleep; and from the same Spirit of Precaution, I whip my Cloak over my Face, that those Gentlemen may not immediately know me."

I could not forbear laughing heartily at what my Friend the Physician said, and as I had a Mind to discourse with him, I begg'd him to dine with me. He agreed, we went where a good Woman kept an Ordinary, and after having fed heartily, we diverted ourselves with the Repetition of what had happened in our Youth, and telling other merry Tales, which naturally led us to talk of these Beauties which now reigned in *Aden*, whether Maids or Widows; amongst the rest, I forgot not to mention *Margeon*, and launch out excessively in her Praise; magnifying not her Charms only, but the excellent Qualities of her Mind.

"And who are you telling all this to? (cried *Masch-Moud*) Do you think you know her better than I, who am her Brother-in-Law, as well as her Physician? It is not above six Months ago that I espoused her Sister, who lives in the House with her, and who is no way inferior to her in Beauty, her Name is *Darajan*, and as I am confident, I possess entirely the Heart of that admirable Woman, who gives me Hourly new Marks of her Tendernefs: I actually esteem myself one of the happiest Men upon Earth.

I was almost out of my Wits with Joy at hearing this, "Is it true then (said I) my dear, dear Friend, that this lovely Widow is as beautiful as she is reported to be? Yes, yes, (answered *Masch-Moud*) 'tis certainly so, nothing can be more exquisitely perfect, than that admirable Woman, and what is still more singular, tho' she is called a Widow, she is in Truth a Virgin; her Husband, who lived but three Months after their Marriage, never having consummated it. The Reason of this was, because of a certain Disease she had, which tho' I have employed all my Skill to Cure, is, for all that too stubborn to be conquered, tho' I called into my Aid, the Eldest and most famous Doctors in this City, and which continues so still."

AND what strange Disease my Friend (said I) might this be? It was (answered he) a most malignant Ulcer in the right Arm? An Ulcer! cried I, transported with Joy, I am positive I can cure it perfectly; but then I must see the Patient. You must be a dexterous Fellow indeed (replied *Mosch-Moud*) if you can effect such a Cure. Certain, am I, that if *Mehemed Ben Zekeira*, i. e. that famous Oriental Physician we call *Razi*, were now in the World, he would not venture to attempt it, of so fixed and radical a Kind is this pestiferous Boil, though he was the greatest Man of his Faculty, and penetrated all the Secrets of Nature; yet, as he had a strong Regard for his Reputation, he would not have so roundly undertaken, even a far less difficult Thing than this. Prither, said I, never stand making the Comparison between so eminent a Physician, and a Man who knows nothing of the Matter. I pretend not even to the Elements of that Science, yet will I undertake to effect this Cure, and not be worse than my Word. But I do not pretend to do this without expecting a Gratitude; look ye, I am passionately in Love with her, and if I cure her, I shall insist on her marrying me. Oh! cry'd my Friend, as to that Article, I can't tell what to say, the fine Widow has I assure you, a most riveted Aversion for Marriage. I am not to be told that, added I, my Mother has told me as much, but I am not all surprized; her Husband was Old, Lame, and Ugly, Qualities, not at all agreeing with her Youth and Beauty; but trouble not yourself on that Head, I fancy I shall succeed well enough; perhaps there was a little Artifice used about that Ulcer, on purpose to prevent her being given up to the Embraces of an impotent old Man, for whom, questionless, she had a natural Repugnance. Whereas, in my Case, I have Youth, Nature has not used me ill in my Person, and you know we Soldiers have a knack of making Love in a way seldom disagreeable

to the Fair Ones. With these Advantages, I flatter myself that *Margeon* will not have Rigour enough to reject me and my Medicine, of which the Effects are indubitable. But that I may convince you I am no Quack, nor make you expect more than I can do, give me leave to tell you a Story.



XLII. EVENING.

The HISTORY of the Adventures of KATIFE and MARGEON.

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AN Officer of my Acquaintance, who has a little House a few Leagues from hence, was a great Lover of Hunting, and had three Dogs admirably well managed. I was last Year for several Months at this Habitation of his; but when I first came down, he was very much Chagrined at a Misfortune which had befallen one of those favourite Animals. The poor Dog had an untoward salt Humour about him, which had turned in Time into so corrosive a Nature, that it had in a Manner turned his whole Body into an Ulcer, the most nauseous and virulent which could be imagined. His Master had done all that was in his Power to get the Creature relieved, but in vain, the Plague was incurable; and the Dog seemed on his last Legs. Touched with the most sincere Pity for the miserable Animal, I took him out with me one Day to walk in the Fields; for said I to myself, Nature having been remarkably kind to the Beasts in Qualities she invest them with, it may be, the poor Dog will himself find out somewhat which may do him good. The

Creature

Creature seemed chearful while in the Fields, but did not, as I expected, look about for, or bite at any Herb; at last, spying a natural Bason in a Rock, full of fine cool Spring-water, I bethought myself of carrying him to drink at it, the Dog seeming too a little hot, and tired. As soon as we reached the Place, the Beast entered the Bason, and drank very heartily, after which, continuing as in a Bath up to the Neck for about an Hour, he came out very much refreshed. I was by no means amazed at the Thing, because I knew very well, that the hot acrid Blood must render such a washing agreeable; but I was soon convinced there was more in it by the Skippings and Caresses of the Dog, which plainly shewed he was very much invigorated by this Practice. But the next Day my dumb Patient did indeed confound me, when taking hold of my Cloaths, he made various Motions to shew me he wanted to go to the Water. I did what he requested, he went in again, and having done this every Day for about three Weeks, the Creature grew well, sound and strong as ever he had been, to the no small Satisfaction of his Master. You have now in a few Words, my dear *Masch-Moud*, heard my Method of Cure. I am very well satisfied, that the Water of this Spring, without other help will compleat this Cure. When 'tis done, I promise you to shew it you, and I assure you, it will be for your Advantage; all I expect of you, that you will cry up me, and my Medicine, to this lovely Widow, then introduce me, and leave me to do the rest.

WHATEVER Faith *Masch-Moud* had in my so much commended Water, or whatever Credit he gave to my Relation, he resolved to put the Thing to a fair Trial. He did therefore all I had desired; he commended me in a high Strain to his Sister-in-Law, and at last introduced me to her, as the only Person from whom she could expect Relief.

NOTWITHSTANDING *Margeon* had suffered very severely from her Illness, and that it had particularly affected her Complexion, yet I must own was quite amazed at her Beauty, having never beheld any thing so perfect. I proceeded, however, to my Business; I examined her Arm, which was indeed, in a deplorable Condition; I reason'd a little on the Nature of her Distemper; I promised her to do my best; I gave her hopes of a speedy Cure, which I began by some gentle Purges, which having stirr'd the Humours, I next put her into my intended Course of Drinking the Waters, which I conveyed to her every Day, going in the Night to the Fountain to fetch them. In a very short Time, *Margeon* found so great an Amendment in herself, that she could not help testifying the greatest Satisfaction. I was over-joy'd at this happy Issue of our Contrivances. It will not be long, said I at the next Visit, fair Lady, before you are perfectly recover'd, and when once you are restored to Health, I make no question, but you will very soon change your State of Life, that in which you now live, cannot but be uneasy to you, and you can never think of passing the Bloom of Life single: Deign then Charmer, to accept the tender of a most sincere Heart, see in your Physician, a Lover the most Passionate that can be, and one who will always esteem it the highest Felicity of his Life, that he Adores you.

MARGEON was so much struck at this unexpected Discourse, that for some Moments she remained silent, but in them she put on an Air, so haughty, and full of Anger, that I could not help trembling like a Criminal condemn'd to Death. Penetrated to the very Soul with Grief at the Sight, I threw myself at her Feet. "Madam (cry'd I) before you vent your Anger on your unhappy Slave, who cannot sincerely repent his Audacity, since he sees

" yes

" you so well recover'd from your Illness hear me. I
 " am not what I seem, I am no Physician, tho' I am
 " so lucky to possess the Secret of restoring you to
 " perfect Health. You see at your Feet, fair One, a
 " Cavalier, who has in some Measure gained Applause
 " in the Wars. Nay, I have the Advantage farther,
 " to be the Son of your intimate Acquaintance, since
 " I am the Child of your Neighbour *Serag*, taught by
 " her Report, I have long admired your Perfections,
 " and been your Lover for many Months, tho' it is
 " so lately that I have had the Happiness to see you ;
 " and however rigorous you may be in your Decrees
 " against me, I swear by the Head of our illustrious
 " *Sultan*, that I will never cease to be your Lover,
 " and to adore you with a Passion the most humble
 " and the most sincere. I will use my utmost Efforts
 " to conquer your Aversion, and root out the Dis-
 " like you have taken to all our Sex ; and consider-
 " ing the Gentleness of *Margeon's* amiable Nature, I
 " am satisfied that you will not be cruel enough to
 " doom to Death a Man who lives only to admire
 " you".

WHILE I pronounced these last Words, I let
 fall a Shower of Tears, which tenderly affected the
 Soul of *Margeon*. " Sir, (at length said she with a
 " little Emotion) the Service you have done me de-
 " mands from me some Excuse for this Presumption
 " you have used, especially in daring to approach me
 " thus in Disguise, but since you have taken the Ad-
 " vantage of my Recovery, in a small Measure to
 " make this Proposal, 'tis evident that your Proposal
 " is down right Mercenary ; otherwise you would
 " certainly have delayed it 'till my Recovery was
 " accomplish'd, and then you need not have doubted
 " that I would have refused you my Hand. If these
 " Sir, are your Pretensions, and you fancy that by
 " them, I must be introduced into a new State, you
 " are most certainly mistaken. No, I would chuse
 " rather

“ rather the deplorable *Condition* in which you found me, than to submit in hopes of a Cure ; this is the true Situation of my Heart. I will inform you farther, that ’till this Time I never loved, no not my Husband that is deceased, if I may say, that a Man was my Husband, who never had any more Conversation with me, than you have. I must tell you moreover, that I see nothing in you hitherto, to which I have any dislike, that *Margeen* is not ingrateful, that she has a just Sense of the Services you have done her, and that in Case you continue them, ’tis not impossible, but that as Obdurate as my Heart has been, it may be softened”.

I was so astonished at the Answer of *Margeen*, and at her Manner of thinking, that for some Time I stood like a Piece of Marble, unable to move ; at last recollecting myself as well ’as I was able, I made a shift to answer in the following Terms. “ ’Tis extremely well, Madam, what you demand will assuredly convince you of the absolute Disinterestedness of my Passion. You require that I should free you absolutely from a Disease declared incurable, by the very best Physicians in *Aden*, and that I should do it without expecting any thing in return to the Passion I have disclosed ; ’tis enough I submit to the Terms you prescribe, and I hope all my Care and Assiduities will so far prevail, as to destroy that rigorous Disposition, you have hitherto preserved”. You do well, Sir (answered the lovely Widow) but remember I promise nothing, nor will it be your best way to claim any thing upon the Cure.

I continued to make her drink the Water every Day, and not only so, but also Bath in it, and the Lady, by these Applications every Hour, grew stronger and stronger ; her Colour returned ; her Constitution mended ; the Ulcer disappeared totally

by

by Degrees, and when her Health was established, I insisted *Masch-Mend* to take to himself all the Honour of so extraordinary a Feat, which was of infinite Service to him in his Profession.

THE Joy which *Margen* discovered in her Looks, on a Restoration to her wonted Ease, after suffering for three Years together the sharpest Pains in the World, gave her Eyes, the finest in the Universe, a yet more piercing Lustre, insomuch, that I could not pay my Visits to her, without feeling hourly a more vehement Fondness for her. Some time I remained silent under my Uneasiness: At last, "Madam (said "I to her one Day) as you have now no longer need "of my Attendance, I should esteem it the utmost "Happiness of my Life, nay, the full Reward of "my Service, if my Visits are not troublesome, tho' "as frequent as before." 'Tis with Repugnance (answered that amiable Person) I refuse you any Thing, to whom I am very sensible I owe the highest Obligation; but be so prudent as to forbear them. Hitherto you have come with my Brother-in-Law as a Physician, but now when 'tis publickly known I'm cur'd, that Reason ceases. My Slaves would suspect somewhat if they saw you as often as usual, consider that Sir.—Happy Slaves, cry'd I, they are always blessed with your Presence, while I am going into Banishment, How happy are they? How wretched I? —Happiness is quite on your Side Sir, (said *Margen*) and I am not so great a Fool, as to believe you would change your Condition with them. Come, come Sir, I shall one Day see.—Hold Madam, (cry'd I, interrupting her) Hold. What would you ingratiously say to the Prejudice of me and my Passion? Can you doubt the Sincerity of what I tell you? Try me, prove me, there is nothing I would refuse to gain your Favour. Ha! is it really so, replied *Margen*, is your Constancy not to be shocked? let me see then, You shall go thro' two long and rough Trials, and if

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you preserve, I declare I will become your Wife. Name them, Name them Madam, added I, nothing can be so hard for me to undertake, or to perform, That is (returns she) the Language of every Lover; but how much, Friend, are their Tones alter'd when they become Husbands, are you not sensible of that; there is the Point Sir, there is the Point. How quickly do they become Tyrants? How soon do they treat us like Slaves? and not content to break thro' all the Vows they make of eternal Love, and never-tading Constancy; how very easily do they renew their Perjuries to the next new Face, and instead of indulging, treat us with the Severity of a haughty jaylor.

Look ye Sir, these are the Accounts which I have had from all the fine Women in *Aden*, and 'tis from this universal Complaint, I have conceived so universal a Contempt, from my very Heart, towards Mankind. All who know them, speak thus of them, and therefore I with Reason look upon them as equally guilty. With Justice I am apprehensive of falling under the same Calamity. Besides, I am of a Soul superior to my Sex, and Mistress as I am of my Fortune, should I plunge myself into Sorrows, 'twould be intollerable Folly. I am then beyond Persuasion determined never to espouse a Man whom I do not thoroughly know, in order to which, I resolve to put him to such Trials as would make you start to hear. Ah Madam! (cry'd I) how much do you deceive yourself, explain those Conditions on which you may be obtained, and here I solemnly swear, I will undertake them, if they are but within a Mortal's Power to fulfil. 'Tis very well, replied *Margate*, if you insist on it Sir, I will explain what I have been just now saying, and quench your Flame at once: But let me inform you of one Thing before I speak. If you should fancy my Propositions irrational and ridiculous, pretend not to argue against them, but reject them, I

MOGUL TALES. 27

them, or submit to this Condition of seeing me no more; there is yet Time to avoid your having this alternative.—Press me no farther. Alas! my Charmer, (answer'd I) how do you deceive me, just now promised to acquaint me with my Task, and when my Expectation was rais'd, and I hopes of convincing you that my Heart is not like other Men's, you put me off again. Since you will know them (returned *Margeon*) I'll in few Words state to you my Term: In the first Place then, I insist upon your becoming my Slave, and that in the strictest Manner, that you are sold to me by a Slave-Merchant, that he receive the Money, that you cease from that Moment being free, and that I may even re-sell you if I think fit. Nor are you to amuse yourself with hopes that I shall shew you particular Favour, and employ you in the inner Apartments, near my Person. No you shall act only as a common Male-Slave, and on pain of your Life, shall not discover yourself to my Female Attendants, nor if any opportunity offers, shall you presume to mention your Love. This Course of Slavery shall endure a Year; but in that Space, I promise you I will employ you only in the House, and never send you into the City; yet must you descend to the lowest Humility, nor offer to murmur at my Commands, let them be what they will. You hear what's my first Demand, are you not ready to reject it? No Madam, (return'd I briskly) I accept without the least Fear the Condition you have offered, and am extreamly pleased you have afforded me such a Means of expressing how constant, as well as passionate, that Affection is, with which my Bosom glows for the incomparable *Margeon*.

MARGEON heard my Answer with Surprise, the Readiness with which I made it having touch'd her: However, she thus continued her Discourse. You have yet heard but one Article of my Agreement. Let me then (cry'd I) hear the Other. Hear then

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(said she) the Year expired, I will restore you to your Liberty, but from the Moment you are free, I expect that you should lose your Tongue, and become a voluntary *Mute*. Look you, this will prove a more difficult Business than t'other, for you shall not be permitted to speak a Syllable to any Body, nay, not even to me, tho' I enquire Things of you, command you to do Things, and afford you other Occasions of Discourse; my Injunction is general for all that, and what you must not break through. I must farther enjoin you, neither by Gesture, nor Writing, to hint to any Person the Cause of your obstinate Silence. Take just heed to what I'm saying. I will certainly do every Thing I can devise to make you break through the Rule I have given, and if they succeed, from the Moment you open your Lips, look on all your Submissions, all your Pains, as instantly annihilated, and all your Hopes destroyed.

THO' I confess (reply'd I) your second Commandment is much harder than the first, yet I assure you Madam it shall be punctually observ'd by me, with all the Precaution the heavy Penalty you have annexed to it requires, and the Hope I have, that after such a Mark of Obedience, you will be satisfied, and repay my Tendernefs for you as it deserves. But fair One, give me leave to ask you what do you imagine *Masch-Moud* will think of my Silence, when he comes to visit you, can you fancy that he will not tell you immediately, 'tis I who am in your House, under the Habit of a Slave? Will not being Mute in his Presence, be the Way to provoke him to spread this Story through all the City, which may in a terrible Manner affect your Character, which is infinitely to me, dearer than my Life. I am infinitely obliged to you, said the charming Widow, for putting me in Mind of that; but come you shall write him a Letter, in which you shall give an Account, where the Fountain is, with the Waters of which you cured me; I will

MOGUL TALES. 29

will undertake to communicate to him your Letter, and I will ingage him to Silence, by threatening on the least indiscretion of his Part, to make you publish to the World, a Secret, by which otherwise he must make a vast Fortune.

I wrote instantly a short Note to the Physician, signifying exactly where the Fountain was to be found, and having folded it, put it into the Hands of *Margeon*, assuring her in the most solemn Manner, that I would as readily enter on the Execution of the Task she had imposed; in fine, that I was perfectly willing to resign myself up to be disposed of as she pleased.

THE Surprise my Widow was in, is not to be expressed, when she saw me so eager. Is it possible, (cry'd she) Is it possible that you will undertake what I insist on? Come, before you resolve on't, I give you eight Days to consider, the Time expired, I shall expect your Determination; but weigh well what you are about, my Humours will be intollerable, two whole Years are to be run thro', and a single Moment may ravish from you all the Merit of many Months Observance. My Resolution is fixed, Madam (cry'd I) beyond the Power of Alteration, my Love is superior to all those Obstacles; I will convince you of it to-morrow, I'll enter on my Servitude. Do you as you say then (added *Margeon*) nor doubt if you continue to oblige me, and to practice all the Submission I require, that I will perform my Part of the Covenant, nor shall I fear espousing a Man who had persevered, thro' a Train of irksome Devoirs, with insuperable Patience.



XLIII. EVENING.

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



LEFT *Margeon* with a Heart full of Joy, after having embraced her Knees, and ran Home as fast as I could, whither I no sooner came, than I shut myself up, to consider what Method would be the most proper for me to carry on my Design in.

The next Morning I went to a Slave-Merchant, an Acquaintance of mine, and told him plainly my Intentions. Ah! dear Sir (cry'd he) consider what you ask? Should the *Sultan* know that I sold a free Man, to what a Mischief stand I expos'd. But good Sir, reflect a little what you expose yourself too, by suffering your Love to carry you into a miserable Condition, putting yourself into the Hands of a Woman, who may for ever deny you Liberty; nay, sell you to another Master, who may immediately carry you out of the Kingdom. No, no, Friend, on this Occasion I must not obey you.

In vain did the Merchant reason with me on this Head, I constrain'd him to take an Acknowledgment, that it was not by his Means I was expos'd to any Misfortune. I only required of him, that on no Account he should divulge this Story, or my Reason for doing what I did. Nay, I threatn'd his Life, in case my Widow's Character suffered. Things thus adjusted,

justed, I caused my Beard to be shaved, and put myself into a Dress suitable to my new Employ. My Merchant went next to *Margoon*, and told her, that hearing she wanted a Slave, he had brought One, whom he hoped she could find no Fault with.

My charming Widow imagined that Reflection would not fail to make me lay aside my Project, and was quite surprized when the Merchant made this Proposal to her. However, she quickly recovered herself, and desired that he would bring the Slave he spoke off. The Man accordingly departed, and returned in a short Time with me; to cut my Story short, he sold me to *Margoon* for fifty Pieces of Gold, and when he had received the Money, he left me to enter upon that Slavery which I had so earnestly desired, and which I conceived could not but be very pleasant, because I flattered myself that I should still be in the Presence of my lovely Mistress; but all my Schemes were overturned, in the Manner I shall explain to you.

No sooner was I entered the Doors but *Margoon* began to look upon me with a severe Eye, *Meani* (said she) for that was the Name which the Slave-Merchant had given me, I believe I have made a pretty good Purchase in buying you. I do not doubt but you will serve me faithfully; go to my House in the Country, take this Letter for the Steward, I have given him to understand in it, that he should appoint you Inspector over the Workmen in the Gardens; go, it will not be long before I come thither, and then I will see how you have discharged that Employment. How much soever, I was afflicted with the Severity of this Command, yet resolving to fulfil what I had undertaken, I kissed the Hem of her Garment, and received the Letter, tho' as I retired I could not help shedding of Tears, which she saw plainly enough, and then without making any Remonstrances,

monstances, I set out for the Place to which I was destin'd. As I had all my Life been very much addicted to Gardening, so no sooner was I settled in my Post, than resolving to oblige *Margeon*, as much as I was able, I made the Slaves under my Direction labour assiduously on the Plans I had formed, and this I continued with so much Success, that in a Fortnight's Time, I had put the Garden into quite another Form, and improved it so much, that I had all the Reason in the World to expect my Mistress would express the highest Satisfaction whenever she came to take a View of it; but much was I surprized, when coming thither she disapproved all I had done, and blamed every Alteration I had made, on the worst Pretences in the World; she commanded me to alter the whole Scheme of my Work; and tho' I was sensibly touched with this apparent Giddiness of her Temper, yet I took all imaginable Care to prevent her observing it. If I could devine Madam (said I) what your Taste is in Gardening, I would not fail to accommodate every Thing thereto: It may be so, (answered she coldly) Try what you can do, I have no particular Orders for you, but I shall return in Ten Days, and I hope by that Time your Efforts to please me, will have produced something worthy of my Regard.

MARGEON turning her Back upon me, the very Moment she had said this, I fell into a fit of Chagrin, but by Degrees recovering myself, I reasoned thus in my Mind. This cannot be, said I, the Caprice of this Woman's Temper, it must be only one of her Attempts to prove me, and to exercise my Patience; she cannot but have Sense enough to perceive that Things are in quite another Condition since I became her Gardiner; however, comply I must. With these Thoughts in my Head, I changed my whole Undertaking, and put my *Parterre* into quite another Model, and in one of the Quarters I contrived

contrived to show in Flowers the Cypher of my Mistress's Name, and adorned it with a Border of Bleeding Hearts. But all this had not the good Luck to please her, so that after having made me destroy, and begin again five or six Times, without any Reason in the World, she at last told me, she saw I had no manner of Genius in Gardening, that therefore she would send me back to *Aden*, and put me upon some other Employments, for which I was more capable. However uneasily I had born the extravagant Whimfies of this tyrannic Fair One, it was not without a sincere Joy that I received this last Command, which was to free me from a Place I had never liked, and where I had enjoyed the Pleasure of seeing my lovely Mistress but by Stars. I returned then to the City, but I found all my Hopes of a milder Servitude, were as delusive as they had formerly been. I was put on the meanest Drudgeries, and had not the Slender Satisfaction of beholding my lovely *Margaron* above once a Fortnight, and then, she did not fail to treat me in the most disagreeable Manner imaginable. It is impossible to express to you, the intollerable Anxiety I endured during the Course of so disagreeable a Life; sometimes it drove me into a down-right Dispair, at other Times I comforted myself with Hopes; and thus in a continual Fluctuation of uneasy Thoughts, I drugged on a Year; at length it expired, without affording me one Moments Ease, or so much as one kind or gentle Look from *Margaron*. My Time being accomplished, she sent for me into her Cabinet, whither I went with the utmost Fluctuation of Spirits.



EVEN.



XLIV. EVENING.

The HISTORY of the Adventures of
 KATIFE and MARGEON:



YOU are free, *Mani*, said my lovely Widow, whom I found alone upon her *Sofa*, you are free from this Moment: There is a Writing by which I make over all my Right in you to yourself; I must acknowledge I did not apprehend, that you would have made such a Sacrifice of your Inclinations to my Will, and so blindly have obeyed all the Caprices of a Woman bent to teize you; your steady Submission through a whole Year of Probation, has, I acknowledge, made me esteem you. But I must tell you at the same Time, that there is with me, a great Difference between Esteem and Love; you have yet another Year of suffering to go through, and I am extremely mistaken, if it do not prove more uneasy to you than that which you have passed; you know that on quitting the Habit of a Slave you are to become a Mute; and you know too, that in that Condition, you are neither by Writing or any other Means, to let so much as a single Person know the cause of your becoming Dumb; or to discover that it is I who am the Object of your Wishes; you are likewise to remember, that I on my Part, shall neglect no Method which may contribute to make you break through my Instructions, every Art I am Mistress of, shall be exerted to this End; and if I prevail so far as to make you drop

a single Word, you are from that Moment to abandon all Hope of becoming my Husband, nor are you to flatter yourself that Tears, Prayers, or Intreaties, will repair that Fault, or incline me to hear of your Addresses again; nor are you to fancy, that being out of my Sight your Actions will be hid from me, no, I will take care to have an exact Detail of your Conduct; nor shall the slightest Thing you do remain untold to me, I will take Care to have you continually surrounded with Spies retained in my Service, who shall bring me an Account, constantly and continually of your Behaviour; but in Case you get through all this, I promise you, that this Day Twelve-month I will make you Master of my Person, but 'till that Time, I must enjoin you neither to write to me, nor so much as appear in my Presence, and this for Reasons, which I shall take another Opportunity to communicate.

I heard with extream Attention, all that *Margaron* had to say to me, and as I had not Liberty to make her a Reply, I contented myself with signifying to her by Signs, that I submitted willingly to all she said to me. I then threw myself at her Feet, and embraced her Knees, with the utmost Ardour; she raised me from that Posture with a most obliging Air, and then approaching me briskly, she gave me a Kiss, which transported me with so lively a Joy, that the flutter of my Spirits had well nigh overcome my Reason, and I was upon the very Point of breaking through the Commandment I had received, I opened my Mouth, my Tongue was ready to utter, when happily I reflected, and suffered only some inarticulate Sounds to escape, imitating so well the Noise of a Mute, that it was impossible for *Margaron* to avoid laughing. Go (said she) my dear *Mani*, you have begun very well, and I perceive that to a Disposition like yours, even my harsh Commands are not impracticable. I would not advise any of my

Sex, to expose themselves on the Terms that I have done, I am afraid, Maugre all my Skill it will be to no Purpose, to combat so warm a Passion as yours, and after the Experience I have had of your Constancy, during the Year of your Servitude, I both fear, and wish, your obtaining that Victory, which must determine your Sufferings.

MARGEON, as she pronounced these Words, offered me a Hand, which in Whiteness excelled the purest Alabaster. I readily conceived that this was a tacit Permission for me to kiss it, I neglected not so pleasing an Opportunity, but pressing it with my Lips with the most extraordinary Transport, I continued for some Moment absolutely incapable of Thought, so much were my Spirits overcome with Bliss.

ADIEU, my dear *Mani* (said she) it is the last Time I shall call you by that Name; I doubt not but you will put it in my Power to reward you fully for all the agreeable Services, which you rendered me, while you bore it; so preserve for me all that Esteem which hitherto you have shewn, and doubt not but I shall find Means of letting you hear from me, only be upon your Guard, and let not any of my Artifices induce you to break my Command.

I left *Margeon* full of the most sprightly Joy that Man was ever possessed with; this lovely Widow said I within myself, has undoubtedly a most sincere Passion for me, otherwise she would not have given me such strong Proofs thereof. I shall from this Moment lay aside all Fear, and believe that there is not in all the World, a Man, Happier than myself. It's true, the Time of my Slavery was spent very uneasily, but thanks be to *Abammed*, these tedious Hours are past, and the most happy Moments are succeeded in their Room; neither ought I to be displeased with the fierce and haughty Humours she put on, during that

that Troublesome Year, since they fell short of that tyrannical Disposition, which most Men shew towards their Wives. Certainly it was an admirable Way which she projectared for discovering my Sincerity, and which has afforded me the Opportunity of giving her the most signal Proofs of my Fidelity and Love; far from blaming *Margeon* for her Cruelty, I applaud her for her Prudence; happy I, whom she has chosen to be the object of these Tryals, let me not fail of pursuing my good Fortune, and by my steady Adherence to that Mute Condition, wherein by her Commands I am to continue another Year; let me provide for her being in a Capacity to Reward me, both for my last Years Obedience, and for this, so profound a Submission is a proper Step to the respect of so amiable and deserving a Person; and as I am sensible it will gain her Affection, so I know too, it will add too, if that be possible, to the Affection I have for her.



XLV. EVENING.

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



U L L of these Cogitations, I went immediately to the Slave Merchant, who had Sold me to *Margeon*, I shewed him the Writing, by which she restored me to Liberty, and having made Signs to him to Equip me with a Habit suitable to my present Condition, he was pleased at reading the Writing, but discovered an extraordinary Concern, when he perceiv-

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ed I answered not the Questions he asked me. As he had the Cloaths by him, which I had laid aside when he carried me to the Widow, he brought them out: Here Sir, said he, are the Robes which you left with me, and which I have kept as carefully as the Secret of you Slavery; but for Heaven's sake tell me, how came this unhappy Accident of your being Dumb? I not being in a Condition to make him an Answer, signified as much to him by Signs, and having put on my Cloaths, I went to my own House.

As it was a whole Year since my Mother had either seen me, or heard the least News of me, she was plunged into the most deep Dispair; sometimes she fancied I had been Killed by some Rival, at other Times she thought some Jealous Husband had dispatch'd me into another World. You may guess then with how much Joy she received me, when by my Presence I put an End to all Apprehensions of that Kind, she fell upon my Neck, and wept over me with a Tenderness the most sincere. Oh! cry'd she, by what Adventure my Dear Son have you been so long with-held from me? or what Reasons could they be that hindred you from Writing to me in this Time? How could you abandon me to so much Bitterness of Sorrow? Or how could you express so little Affection towards a Mother who loves you so much? While she was speaking, the good old Woman be-dewed me with Tears. I received these Caresses of my Mother with the utmost Joy and Satisfaction; but when she perceived, after her first Transports were over, that I answered her not a Word, she fell into new Signs of Grief; crying out, Oh! Heavens, do you answer me not a Word, has my Son by some unlucky Accident lost his Tongue? I made Signs to her, that she would do me a Favour, not to speak any farther upon that Subject, and when she not comprehending my Meaning, call'd for Pen and Ink, supposing I would write; I signified to her, that it was not in my Power

to communicate the Cause of my Dumbness, this Increased, instead of lessening her Astonishment; but at last perceiving that there was no Signs of Sadness in my Face; she became more easy, and laid aside those extraordinary Signs of Grief, which at first she had shewn. The oddity of my Behaviour made such a Noise, that all my Relations, and even my Slaves came flocking about me, and asked such a Multitude of embarrassing Questions, that if I had been inclined to answer them, it would have a little puzzled me; but I continued obstinately Deaf to all they said, computing myself exactly like a Mute, studying however to express myself as intelligible as possible, by Signs and Gestures. They were no less surprized than my Mother, and made such a Noise about it, that my Adventure became the Publick Talk of the whole City of *Aden*, and as upon such Occasions every Body is Fond of pronouncing his own Judgment, and as many had very irregular Fancies, I had the Pleasure of Laughing at a Thousand ridiculous Conjectures on the Cause of my Silence; but as the Wonder was not found out, Enquiries about it did not cease so soon as Discourses on such Subjects are wont to do; but after these Enquiries had lasted about a Month, they came at length to the Ear of the Sultan, who as he had some Knowledge of me, ordered that I should be brought before him, that he might come at the Truth.

I must confess to you that I was extremely embarrassed on this Occasion, nor could I well resolve with myself what way to act. I considered that I had not the Liberty of Writing, and if I answered not that Monarchs Demands, I might be in danger even of Death, and I knew not what to do. However, at last I determined resolutely to persist in the same Behaviour to him, as I had already shewn to other Persons. Accordingly I was Deaf to the Prayers, the Orders, and even the Menaces of that Prince, feign-

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ing that I did not understand him. Happy for me, the *Sultan* did not construe my Obstinacy into a Crime, but endeavouring on the contrary to influence me by Rewards, to as little Purpose as before; he at last, as weary of his fruitless Labour, made a Sign to me to retire.

As I did not doubt but this Story would reach the Ears of *Margoon*, I flattered myself that she would not fail of letting me know how well she was pleased with my Conduct. I was not deceived in this Notion of mine, for the very next Day she sent me by a favourite Slave, an Epistle, wherein she congratulated me upon the Steadiness of my Obedience, directing me to send back the Letter by the Woman who brought it: I obey'd her Orders punctually; as I put it into the Woman's Hand, I was amazed to see her change Countenance, and at last burst out into Tears. It is not of a sudden, said she, that I am become deeply enamoured of you, it was impossible for me to look on the brave *Katife* while he wore the Habit of *Mani*, without feeling the utmost Tenderness for him. My Mistress having taken me into her Confidence, acquainted me with the secret History of your Slavery, and I from that Hour felt the sharpest Concern for that assiduous Diligence, with which I beheld you labour, to afford her Satisfaction; with the same Uneasiness of Mind I saw the ill Treatment she gave you, and chagrin'd myself continually at those new Whims her capricious Disposition daily furnished her with to plague you; and these Sentiments had so long, and so violently affected my Heart, that I was on the very Point of discovering my Passion, when she gave you your Liberty. With that Portion of Beauty which Heaven has afforded me, I have not been without Hopes of making some Impression upon your Heart; but I am convinced from the Manner in which you receive me, that my Hopes have been in vain; however, I shall never believe

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lieve that your Heart has been so effectually chained to *Margeon*, but from certain essential Reasons, tho' you and she both may endeavour to conceal them; tho' I don't speak out, I can guess as sharply as another, nor shall I ever be persuaded, that this strange Silence of yours, is not grounded upon some very particular Reason which may possibly affect her Honour; such Cavaliers as you are very dangerous Guests among Women, this I know by Experience, our Sex is frail, and if I could not defend myself against your Charms, under the Habit of a Slave, I can never be brought to believe, your Addresses were altogether ineffectual as to my Mistress; for why should I think that she has more Virtue than I, especially, when she had such frequent Opportunities of seeing you alone, where ever she passed by Night or by Day, but I'll say no more.



XLVI. EVENING.

The History of the Adventures of KATIEE and MARGEON.



WAS so much astonished at this Discourse of the Slave, and the injurious Suspicions which she had intimated of *Margeon*, that I found I had need of all my Reason to moderate that Transport of Passion, with which I was immediately inflamed. But as soon as I reflected a little, I found Cause to suspect this one of my Mistress's Artificers, and therefore put on an Air of Pleasantness, whereby

by I intimated to the Wench that I comprehended her Subtily. She perfectly understood my meaning. "No Sir, (cry'd She instantly) I assure you, I intend no such thing as you imagine. I am ingenuous in what I say. I really and most sincerely Love you. Long did I struggle with my Passion for the Slave *Mau*, while I supposed him born, as Slaves usually are, of common Parents. But when I knew you was a Cavalier, worthy of my Affections, I could not restrain them. *Mingrelia* is my Country, my Father had the Honour to enjoy a considerable Post in the Armies of the *Sultan*, our Monarch. He gave the Name of *Aboulaina* to her, you hear so coldly; but was unfortunately slain when I was but eight Years old, in Combat with the King of *Georgia*. My poor Mother who loved him most tenderly, expired with Grief on the News: to recompense the vast Losses our unhappy Family had sustained, my two Sisters and myself, were put into the Band of five hundred Slaves, the Conquering Enemy demanded as the Condition, without which they would not so much as hear of Peace. As for my unfortunate Sisters, I know not what is become of them, they were but in their Infancy, and scarce able of apprehending their Misfortune for me, having attained my tenth Year in Servitude, I was delivered to a Slave Merchant, who brought me with many of my unfortunate Companions to *Aden*; where luckily for me, I was purchased by *Margeon*, in whose Service I never felt a Pain till I found it impossible for me to touch your Heart. Treated less like a Slave than a Friend, it was not long before I discovered that the lovely Widow I served, was a Person indued with various valuable Qualities, were they not at all tarnished by an unaccountable Giddiness in her Temper, which is really insupportable. Speaking sincerely, I must inform you that my Mistress from whom I studiously concealed my Affection

" for

" for *Mari*, sent me to tempt *Katife* to break his Silence. In Obedience to her I came, but tempt you now not for her Sake, but my own. Speak then, speak freely, and let me know, that the Possession of my Heart is not a thing indifferent to you. *Margem* has promised me Liberty, on Condition I can induce you to break Silence; do it then, and I, when free, may justly pretend to your Heart, provided you disdain not my Person. You open not your Mouth, Ah! how far do you carry your Cruelty without Consideration, do you not reflect, Sir, that one Word of mine destroys all your Toils. I have nothing more to do, than inform *Margem* of your having spoke to me, and your Hopes were at an End; but dread nothing of this, I would not even purchase my Repose by telling a Lie; though I have a strong Motive to venture on it in this Case, since you are sensible my removing from you all Possibility of gaining *Margem*, I might hear at least some Chance for obtaining you for myself. The Sense I have of your Constances for my Mistress charms me, and enables me to afford you an Instance of Generosity almost equal to your own."

THO' the Frankness which appeared in *Abul-aina's* Speech almost cured me of Suspicions, yet I could not help a little Uneasiness arising from the Consideration of what she said. As she knew how to undo me, it appeared to me absolutely necessary for me not to quarrel with her, or even to let her go away, at all out of Humour: From these Considerations, I endeavoured by Signs to make her sensible, that tho' I was most affectionately attached to her Mistress, yet I was far from disliking her, and that though I could not answer her Passion, yet I should ever esteem her, and give visible Proofs of it, by procuring her quick Dismission from her Captivity.

SHE easily comprehended what I endeavoured to communicate, but instead of seeming at all satisfied therewith, she burst out into a Flood of Tears, 'till on a sudden starting from me, with uncommon Agility. " You shall see (said she) cruel as you are, how " I can avenge on my self, that Slight which I have " received from you". As she pronounced these Words, she drew out a Poignard, and with all her Force, attempted to plunge it in her Breast, had not I luckily seized her Arm, and so prevented the Blow. So much was I startled at this Action, that my Mouth was opened to call up a Slave of my Mother's, but happily I was so much Master of myself, that I shut it again without pronouncing a Word, contenting myself by the most flattering Signs to sooth as well as I was able, that Transport of Passion I saw her in; till at last I perceived her Spirits quite exhausted, and that Extravagance she had lately shown, succeeded by a Swoon. Thus I was again embarrassed, but remembering some cordial Waters I had in my Closet, immediately betook myself to them, and endeavouring to apply them, her Robe flew open, and discovered to me a Bosom whiter than the driven Snow, and which required a Constancy, settled as mine, to prevent the Beholder's Heart from being struck with Love.





XLVII. EVENING.

The HISTORY of the Adventures of
 KATIFE and MARGEON.



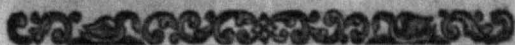
GREAT Prophet, said I, within myself, support a true *Mussulman* in the rudest and most severe Combat that ever Mortal felt, assist thou his Fidelity, that by thy Aid he may prove victorious, in a Case whereon depends the Quiet and Happiness of this Life. Having finished this mental Prayer, whether by the Help of the Prophet, or the Strength of her own Genius I know not, but *Abou-Laina* recovered, and as she came out of her Fit, gave me convincing Signs, that the Hurry of her Passion was very much abated. I intreat your Pardon, Sir (said she) for what has past, and am very sensible of having dishonoured my Sex by my Behaviour, I have made a severe Trial of your Probity, of which I cannot but retain the Remembrance to the latest Hour of my Life; far however, from injuring you with my Mistress, I will fly home to her with an exact Recital of your Virtues; may you live happily with her, with her I say, who is worthy of all your Love, notwithstanding the affected Giddiness of her Disposition; for me, I deserve nothing of you but your Pity. Adieu then Sir, and let me intreat you sometimes to remember that there is an unfortunate Woman in the World, of all whose Sorrows you are the involuntary Cause.

As soon as *Aboulaina* had finished these Words, she took up her Veil and went away, notwithstanding I endeavoured to retain her, that she might not be discovered in her Disorder by her Mistress, who as I informed you before, lived but a Door off, so that it was impossible for the young Woman to compose her Looks in going so little a Way.

I must own, that after my lovely Widow, the most amiable Creature I ever beheld, was this beautiful *Mingrelian*; nay, I must go farther and acknowledge, that if my Heart had not been prepossessed in Favour of the former, I ought in Justice to have given her the Preference. If I distinguished not this charming Slave, while I lived in the House with her, it was because in all that time I entered not the inner Apartment, where *Margeon* and her Female Slaves were, above seven or eight times at the most, in which Interviews my Mind were so wholly taken up with the Perfections of *Margeon*, that all other Objects were perfectly indifferent to me.

It was somewhat more than a Fortnight before I heard any News either of my Widow or *Aboulaina*, and I began by that time to feel a thousand Disquietudes from their Silence; when one Day I received a Letter from *Margeon*, wherein she commanded me not to lose a Moments Time in coming to her. I readily obeyed the Summons, but judge of my Amazement, when on entering her Apartment, I saw her drowned in Tears, sitting on the Bed-side of the handsome Slave I mentioned: but Oh! how much was that Fair-one changed, instead of that Fire which glistered in her Eyes, they now looked dim, and scarce performed their Office, the Lustre of her Complexion was lost in a livid Paleness, and in a Word, never did Disease in so short a Space, make so horrid a Waste of Beauty.

EVEN-



XLII. EVENING.

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



AS soon as ever I entered the Room, *Margeon* turned her Eyes on me, with unwonted Fierceness, crying out at the same Time. "Come hither *Katife*,
" and survey the Ruin you have occasioned. Behold this unhappy Woman, of whose Misery you are the Cause; contemplate the sad Condition she is in, and reflect on the Sincerity of that Passion which could produce such Effects. Know that this dying Woman, wretched as she is, enjoys, however, the highest Degrees of my Favour, and is beloved by me, with an inexpressible Tenderness; there is nothing in the World I would not do to save her; now 'tis on you only that this depends, from you alone her Recovery is to be demanded, I am fully sensible of all that has hitherto passed between you, not a Syllable said by either of you, has escaped my Knowledge, and if on the one Hand, I am constrained to commend that steady Fidelity, and unshaken Constancy, which you have shewn in rejecting the tendered Inclinations of so beautiful a Creature. It is on the other Hand, intirely cancelled, by the extraordinary Cruelty, visible in your Conduct towards this amiable distressed Woman. How could a Man suffer the charming *Aboulaina* to languish
" with-

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"without Pity, whose Soul had the least Sense of Compassion? But 'tis Time you should repair the Injuries you have committed. Know then, that I do this Moment expect you not only to speak to that unfortunate Fair One, in Terms which may prevent her sinking under Despair, but also that you espouse her this Instant."

For my Part, I was so much astonished at what *Margeon* said, that I stood like a Stake, unable to speak or stir. "You may fancy Sir (said she) perceiving that I made her no Answer, that I say this merely to try your Obedience, but I repeat it to you that I am in earnest, and that I require you to execute what I mentioned to you on the Spot, and without Delay; such as you see, have been the Struggles, with Pain, that this luckless Girl has endured since your last Interview. I am thoroughly satisfied that nothing but your Hand in Marriage can restore her; and therefore 'tis a Sacrifice to her Peace, which I will have made; nor is the Part I take less than yours. I love her to such a Degree, that I am content to share your Heart with her. Mind, therefore, what I say, speak to her, tell her you Love her, and tell her in such a Manner, as may persuade her that it is true, and that you may do it without Scruple. I this very Moment revoke the Command I laid on you to be silent a Year, and I insist on your obeying immediately the last Orders I gave you, on Pain of incurring my Displeasure for ever."

THE Looks I put on when *Margeon* delivered these last Words, gave her very well to understand the Situation of Things in my Breast; she perceived I was not very willing to obey her, and yet was able to read in my Eyes the extream Pity I had for that melancholy Object before me; tho' I could not prevail with my self to espouse her, much less to give her

her Assurances of my Affection by Words. My fair Widow was also convinced, that nothing could engage me to break Silence, or to utter so much as an articulate Sound; my Obstinacy at last wrought her, or seemed to work into a Passion so violently, that it drove me to my Wits end. "Perfidious Wretch, (cried she) is your Complaisance by obstinate Obedience, ill-placed; you will needs force this unfortunate Danisel to die. Go Monster, be gone out of my Presence, let my Eyes behold you no more; I revoke this Instant whatever Promises I have made you, and instead of entertaining the least Tenderness for you, shall henceforward detest you with an Aversion as implacable, as it is just.



XLIX. EVENING.

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



COULD not look on my lovely Widow in this Transport of Rage, without feeling in my Soul the most vehement Agitation; at length unable to stifle longer that Torrent of Passion which swelled within my Bosom, I resolved in some Measure to give it vent; in order to this, I went instantly up close to *Margeon*, and threw myself on the Ground at her Feet, giving her to understand by very intelligible Signs, that as to drawing a Word from me, it was simply impossible, but that in all other Respects, I

was totally at her Devotion, and was determined to do just as she commanded me. The quickness of her Wit, made her immediately comprehend the Sum of what I intended, and accordingly she answered thus. "Well, I pardon your Obstinacy on the first Article, provided you comply readily with what I proposed on the second; go, some of ye, run as fast as you can, and fetch the *Iman*". 'Twas hardly out of her Mouth, 'ere one of her officious Slaves fled on the Errand, and in a few Minutes returned with the *Iman* at his Heels; on his Appearance, I could make no Dispute, and so signifying my Assent by a Sign, *Aboulaina* and I were Man and Wife in an Instant, an Accident that filled me with Confusion.

THE extream Sorrow which appeared in my Countenance on this Occasion, had'a double Effect, *Margoon* on her Side, conceived it to flow from the Violence offered to my own Inclinations in Obedience to her Orders; and poor *Aboulaina* for her Part, believed it produced from the deep Sense I had of her unhappy Condition. After her thanking her Mistress most affectionately for procuring her this Satisfaction, she began to bath my Hands with her Tears. "I am very sensible, my Lord, (said she) of your extraordinary Complaisance for an unfortunate Woman, who has but a very few Days to live; yet is your Kindness not altogether ineffectual, though knowing your Passion for my Mistress, I concealed my fatal Story from her too long. The combating in my Mind, a Love so vehement as mine, has gnawed my very Vitals, and rendered me a Victim of a Flame, which I could not conquer. Be it so, I will not repine at the vast Price I pay for the Joy I feel. No, I am content, I am reconciled even to Death, since I die your Wife; however, the Condescension you have already shewn, convinces me, that you will not deny
" me

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“ me, another Pleasure; which is, that you remain
 “ by me till I die; this is a Piece of Tenderness I
 “ must conjure you to fulfill, that I may have the
 “ Pleasure of dying in the Arms of my Husband,
 “ who I flatter my self when I am gone, will re-
 “ member with some Concern, the Loss of his *Aboulaina*.

SPEAK not, ah! Speak not of dying, dear
 “ Maid, cryed *Margon*, I will lay my Commands
 “ upon *Katifa*, to neglect nothing that may comfort
 “ you. (Then turning to me) Believe (said she) that
 “ in carressing *Aboulaina* you do me the utmost Plea-
 “ sure, and that far from regarding with an Eye of
 “ Jealousy your mutual Endearments, I shall esteem
 “ your Passion for me not the least lessened thereby”.
 Having said this, she quitted the Room, leaving
 me and my Spouse alone. When she was gone,
Aboulaina addressed herself to me in a tender
 Tone. “ Give me, my Lord, (said she) at least be-
 “ fore my Decease, some Testimony that I am not
 “ disagreeable to you, and that you are not shock’d
 “ at what my Mistress has constrained you to do.
 “ Nay, that my Love, which hitherto has been un-
 “ rewarded, is however not distasteful to you”. I
 had all the Inclination in the World, not to drive
 that amiable Person to downright Despair; therefore
 taking her Hand between mine, I convey’d it to my
 Heart, and having bedewed it with my Tears, I gave
 her to understand, that as *Margon* had authorized
 our Affections, I should from that Moment divide
 my Heart between them. Words cannot express how
 much it surprized the unfortunate *Aboulaina*, quite
 transported with Joy, hung about me, and then over-
 come with the Suddenness of her Change in the
 Hurry of her Spirits, she sunk down at once in a
 Swoon upon my Arm, and remaining absolutely
 without Motion, and her Eyes closed I apprehended
 she was dead. Trembling and almost Distracted, at
 so unhappy a Catastrophe, I ran to find out *Margon*,

and having made her comprehend the Matter, we returned and brought her a little to herself, but her *Syncope's* succeeded one another so quick, and her Spirits were so weakened with long Anguish of Mind, that in Spight of all we could do, the ablest Physicians Skill, and all the Remedies which could be thought on, she expired on the fifth Day from our Marriage.



L. EVENING.

The HISTORY of the Adventures of KATIFE and MARGEON.



HOWEVER unhappy *Aboulaina* might be in her Life, yet in her Death, she received all the Comfort she desired; for according to her Request, I remained continually by her, and held her in my Arms, even when she breathed her last.

Margeon who had been an Eye-Witness of all that had passed between *Aboulaina* and I, had the highest Reason to be satisfied with my Conduct, and to say the Truth, she expressed herself as fully to that Purpose, as I could have wished, and assured me, that my Obedience, and Circumspection, should receive its promised Reward. Adding, however, since her Confidant was dead, and on my Account, she thought my Presence neither necessary nor convenient, it rather increasing than alleviating her Concern, she therefore desired I would retire to my own House; I considering the melancholy Spectacle of the poor young

young Woman's dead Body, and the dismal Mournings which I heard from every Corner, obeyed her Commands, with less Reluctance than otherwise I should have done. After my Return to my own Dwelling, I for sometime abandoned myself to a deep Melancholly, which grew upon me, from the Consideration of the late Accident, the beautiful Form of the unhappy *Aboulaina*, her sweet Disposition, and the generous Passion she had for me, ran continually in my Mind; but in the Space of two Months, the Deepness of my Affliction wore off, and I only retained an unusual Gravity, which made me neglect such Diversions as I had formerly delighted in, and addicted my self wholly to Books. One Evening therefore, being retired to my Chamber, to meditate as my Custom was, I was surprized with a black Slave entering my Room, who delivered himself hastily in these Words, "*Margeon* is at the Point of Death, she desires to see you, having something to communicate to you of great Importance." This News struck me with so sudden a Shock, that unable to speak, the Messenger laid hold on my Arm to hasten me, adding at the same Time, that there was not a Moment to be lost.





II. EVENING.

The HISTORY of the Adventures of
 KATIFE and MARGEON.



HE last Words of the Slave moved me so much, that I could not forbear uttering a great Cry, and turning pale, lost for some Moments my Senses; as soon as I recovered them a little, I was upon the very point of crying out, and had already at my Tongues End the most tender Complaints, but I know not how a sudden Thought check'd my Voice, and made me content myself with Groaning in Silence; however, the Cry I set up, brought my Mother and several of my Slaves into the Room, and they failed not to ask a Hundred impertinent Questions; but I beckoned them to hold their Tongues, and lost not a Moment in going to *Margeon*; but how piercing was my Grief, when I beheld that amiable Person, stretched on a Couch, and with all the Testimonies of approaching Death in her Countenance; her Face was pale and disfigured, and her Head bound round with bloody Cloaths. "*Katife* (said she to me) in a feeble Voice, I am about to dye, and that which augments my Grief is that I dye without rewarding your faithful Love; our sovereign Prophet doubtless enraged at my Behaviour towards you, and my attempting to reverse that Order, which he established in his Religion by making our Sex dependent upon yours, hath punished

" nished me severely. One of the Pillars supporting
 " the Gallery towards the Garden, fell down upon
 " my Head, one of the Slaves perceived it, and call-
 " ing for Help, brought me hither, where as soon as
 " I recovered my Senses a little, I ordered you to
 " be sent for, that I might take my last Farewell of
 " you. You were indeed my dear *Katife* worthy of
 " a far more happy Fate, excuse however my Capri-
 " ces, and receive the final Marks of my Affection
 " in these Embraces".

It is impossible for Words to express to you,
 into what a terrible Condition I was plunged, at
 beholding this melancholly Scene, till at last my
 extream Grief at the faint and often interrupted
 Speech of *Margoon*, whose Hands I all this while
 held in mine, and bedewed them with my Tears,
 quite overcame my rational Faculties, so that I sunk
 into a Swoon at her Feet; how long time I continu-
 ed in that Condition, is not possible for me to say;
 but by Circumstances as far as I am able to guess, it
 must have been a good while. When I came to
 myself, I found that I had been removed into another
 Appartment, and placed on a Bed of black Sattin, my
 Mistress's Slaves standing all round, with their
 Arms folded, and the Tears running down their
 Cheeks. I guessed that their extream Grief board-
 ed me no Good; I stared upon them for a little
 Time, and was just a going to speak, when one of
 them prevented me, by uttering the following Words.
 " We come, Sir, from the Loss of the best Mistress
 " in the World, of which we have received a thou-
 " sand Proofs; so, Sir, the Will she made, where-
 " by you are become our Master, and every thing
 " in this House is now at your Disposal.

I gave little Heed to the last Words of the Slaves,
 I was so cruelly tormented with the Thoughts of my
 Loss, that drawing a Poinard, I was going to have

sheathed it in my Bosom, but the Slaves who were very attentive to all my Actions, seized my Arms, and wrested my Dagger from me, thereby hindring my Design, which at that time affected me with sensible Concern. *Live, said they, My Lord, live, Margeon gave us strict Command to continue watchful about you, and to hinder you from persequing any such Design against your Life.* Wonder not then, that in this Particular we do not obey your Orders, and refuse to quit you till we are satisfied, that in Obedience to our Mistress Commands, you are content to live. I answered not to these Discourses, but half Suffocated with my Tears, abandoned myself to inconsolable Despair, and my Spirits being quite exhausted, I fell again into a Swoon, out of which I recovered and relapsed several Times, in which I knew not any thing that was done about me; only I remember that they forced a little Cordial down my Throat, I afterwards became more senseless, falling first into a Slumber, and at last into a kind of a lethargick Sleep. It is impossible for me to say how long I remained in this State; but at last awaking, I was wonderfully surprized to find myself in a most magnificent Chamber, which was furnished and adorned in a manner wholly new, and extraordinary Birds of the finest Voices, singing in golden Volaries, who by their melodious Notes, ushered in the coming Day; but what amazed me more than all, was, that I perceived *Margeon*, whose Charms shone brighter than the full Moon, placed by my Side on a Bed, the most glorious that can be imagined. I gazed round me, supposing all I saw a Dream; hereupon my lovely Widow, whose Face was no more disguised with bloody Cloaths, but adorned with jet black Hair, bespangled with Diamonds, which playing on her Vermillion Cheeks inspired my Heart, with a more raging Passion, than I had till this time experienced, and I was on the very point of offering my Prayers to the Prophet, that this Dream might never end; when I perceived *Margeon*

geon to awake. " My dear Lord (said she) give
 " Thanks to *Mohammed* for thus signally crowning
 " your Fidelity ; you have passed an easy Sleep
 " through Death, and are arrived at the happy Man-
 " sions of the faithful *Musselmén*, the Apartment you
 " see is one assigned by the Prophet to a true Be-
 " liever, and I, by a special Favour, to be the *Houri*,
 " who is to attend you, having so long experienced
 " my Cruelty while alive, I might doubt of your be-
 " ing pleased with me for an eternal Companion ;
 " but I persuade myself of the contrary, and that the
 " present Caresses of a fond Mistress, will efface from
 " your Memory the Rigour with which I treated
 " you at *Aden*.



LII. EVENING.

The HISTORY of the Adventures of KATIFE and MARGEON.

IN that Moment, how much soever I
 might be surprized, and over-joyed
 at the Sight of *Margeon*, and hearing
 the kind Things (she said) I was not
 altogether satisfied with my Condi-
 tion. As soon as I had recollected
 my Spirits, I began to Reason thus within my self :
 What a Risque do I run, in breaking Silence, my
 Time is not finished, the very Moment in which I
 open my Lips, perhaps this whole fine Scene may va-
 nish, and instead of my beautiful *Houri*, I shall see *Mar-
 geon* deriding my Credulity. This for all I know, may

be a new, and an extraordinary Fetch to betray me into Speaking. I am determined she shall never be able to tax me with Disobedience: If what she says be true, if I am really in the Paradise of our Prophet, then must my *Houri* be subservient to all my Humours, and whether I answer her or not, yet if I comply with her Endearments, she can never be displeased.

DURING the few Minutes which were spent in these Cogitations, I perceived that lovely Woman sustained an extream transport of Mind, which shook her Passions so strongly, as to occasion frequent Emotions in her Countenance. At last, she broke out into these Expressions. ' You hesitate, my Lord, in answering me, beyond Question you no longer Love me, if you did, you would repay with Usury the Fondness I testify for you: How deceitful are Appearances, I thought your Passion vehement and sincere, and now, alas! in the very Moment I declare my Love, you are cruel enough to treat me with cold indifference: Ah! my dear *Katife*, I am unable to sustain this Behaviour, it pierces my very Heart, and if it were possible to return to Life, and to quit the State we are now in, I should most earnestly entreat that Favour of the *Prophet*; be not then so unkind my dear Spouse, be not so faithless; why will you, by your Silence, drive me to despair? Why, Ah! why do you make me thus Languish to hear your Voice, and persist in obeying a Command, which, according to the Nature of Things, can no more oblige you".

THREE Words of *Margam*, I own, wrought upon me strongly. I was quite at my Wits-end, when at last I bethought me of a Means to put this Matter to a speedy Trial, and free myself at least from Incertainties; I resolved to embrace my charming Widow with the utmost amorous Freedom *Musselmén* are permitted

permitted to use with their *Houries*, which if she resisted not, I should be sure she spoke the Truth, and that I might break my Silence without Danger; while I was thinking she fell into a profound Melancholly, and seemed to be in the utmost Grief for my Disdain.

Her tender Glances encouraged me in my Attempt, and therefore turning with Ardour to embrace her, she no sooner read my Design in my Eyes, but instead of continuing her Caresses, she slid down to the Foot of the Couch, where bursting into a loud Laugh, and clapping her Hands to make a Noise, her four Slaves, who waited at the Door for that Purpose, immediately entered. "Had not you (said she) been at Hand, I had myself been the Dupe of this Adventure."

As I knew the Faces of the Slaves as soon as they came into the Room, I was no longer at a Loss in comprehending the Cheat, and was therefore one of the first to laugh at my Escape, by so luckily persisting in my Silence. "You have (said *Margaron*) behaved very wisely on this Occasion, and have escaped Shipwreck almost in Port. For my Part, I am not able to comprehend how you obtained a Conquest in this Adventure, which was so cunningly contrived to entrap you. You have hitherto been victorious in all Combats, and triumph'd over every Art of mine, insomuch, that I now almost despair of vanquishing you. Go, my dear *Katife*, 'tis fit I now bid you adieu, continue to Love me as you have done, nor make yourself uneasy during the rest of the Time of your Probation; I suffer in that more than you, since I am fully convinced of your Merit, while as yet you have not any Proofs of mine, or of that faithful Passion I cherish for you in my Heart." These last flattering Words were accompanied with a ten-

der Embrace, which I need not tell you, illustrious *Genij*, I received with the utmost Pleasure, and returned with inexpressible Delight.

For my Part, transported with Joy at this Testimony of her Affection, I returned to my House, reflecting with the utmost Satisfaction, that in less than four Months Time, my appointed Season of Silence would expire, and yield my beautiful Widow to my Possession. It would be needless to inform you of the Wiles she practised in order to engage my speaking, and of my escaping them thro' an obstinate Perseverance; let it suffice that I tell you I passed my Time agreeably enough, 'till the Date of my Dumbness was on the very Point of being finished. Then the King of *Zibith* unluckily committing some Hostilities on our Frontiers, the *Sultan* of *Aden*, my Master, determined with a Resolution worthy of himself, to take an exemplary Vengeance on him for this Affront. In order to this, he issued his Orders to his Generals, to draw the Troops together in a large Plain, which lay before one of the principal Gates of the City, and where they might be conveniently viewed by the King, and march from thence to attack the Enemy. I, as my Duty was, went immediately to join the Body, where I had a Command; it did not at all trouble me how to receive the Commands of my Superiors, which had regard to my own Person, but I was quite at a Loss what to do in respect to the Officers under me, and the common Soldiers, who were not very expert in the understanding Signs. But the *Sultan* very kindly drew me out of this Plunge; for he no sooner saw me on a Review he made of his Forces, but he called for me, and understanding that I had not yet recovered the Use of my Speech, he very graciously dispensed with my going in my Station, and declaring he knew me to be a brave Man, he ordered that I should fight by his Side. I was quite transported with Joy at the
Thoughts