THE

SIAMESE TALES:

BEING A

COLLECTION OF STORIES

TOLD TO THE

SON OF THE MANDARIN

SAM-SIB,

FOR THE PURPOSE OF ENGAGING HIS MIND

IN THE

LOVE OF TRUTH AND VIRTUE.

WITH AN

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT

OF

THE KINGDOM OF SIAM.

To which is added

THE PRINCIPAL MAXIMS

OF THE

TALAPOINS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SIAMESE.

From Menam's orient Stream that nightly shines
With insect lamps.

THOMSON.

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1796.

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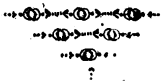
INTRODUCTION.

IN offering theſe Tales to the Public, the author has been chiefly actuated by an ardent deſire to promote the love of virtue through the medium of fiction. Certain it is, that the novelty of fable renders it the more intereſting to youth, and more forcibly attracts their attention; the ſcene is therefore laid in a country where the manners of the people are curious, and but little known. Such intelligence as could be procured, has been carefully ſelected.—To miſlead a young reader would be inexcuſable.—The account of the kingdom of Siam is as correct as the relation of travellers will admit, and is diveſted of many improbabilities, which, however entertaining in the tales themſelves, ſhould not be found in an hiſtorical relation.

To

To delight the young reader, and to inſtruct him, is the wiſh of the Author of the SIAMESE TALES, and his ſatisfaction will be compleat, if the intelligent parent, who may chance to peruſe this little volume for the ſake of his young family, ſhould exclaim, "My dear children, this is a good book, and you may read it to advantage."



CON-

AN

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT

OF THE

KINGDOM OF SIAM.

ON the ſouth-weſt of the peninſula of India, beyond the Ganges, is the kingdom of Siam, bounded on the eaſt by high mountains, which ſeparate it from the kingdom of La-os, and on the north and weſt by others which divide it from Pegu and Ava, through which double chain, runs the Menam river, (ſignifying in the Siameſe language) mother water, remarkable for the vaſt multitude of beautiful inſects called fire flies* which make their appearance on its banks in the night.

* Theſe nocturnal inſects are called lanthorn flies; they have a hood or bladder on their heads which gives a light like a lanthorn in the night, but by daylight is clear and tranſparent, curiouſly adorned with ſtripes of a red and green colour.

The city of Siam is ſituated in N. lat. 14 deg. 18m. and E. long. 100 deg. 55 m. in the middle of ſeveral ſmaller iſlands. The river Menam meets it by different channels, and the king's palace ſtands to the north, on the canal which embraces the city. The circuit of the walls nearly incloſe the whole iſle, the ſtreets are long and ſtrait, planted with trees, and paved with bricks, the houſes low, moſtly built with wood, and the whole city is watered with canals like thoſe at Venice, the other chief cities are Bancok, Me-tac, Campeng, and Laconcevan. The king of Siam has a country houſe called Tlee Pouſſone, or Rich Sea, a few miles from Louoo, a little town, where he chiefly reſides.

THE CLIMATE, SOIL, SEASONS, &c.

The ſoil of this country is rendered very fertile by the mud, which the rain waters carry down from the mountains, and produces quantities of rice, and all the delicious fruits of the eaſtern countries.

ANIMAL

ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE PRODUCTIONS.

The animals are the elephant, the buffalo, monkeys, squirrels, &c. and the birds, the parrot, paroquet, maccaw, lawrey, and others of the most beautiful plumage. The woods abound with lizards and serpents of different kinds, and the rivers afford great quantities of good fish. The principal trees are the copai, from the branches of which clusters of fibres descend and take root in the ground, becoming new stems, and continually multiplying until they form a large labyrinth. The bamboo is a kind of reed which produces sugar. The cotton-tree yields a sort of cotton wool, exceedingly fine; the Japan wood is used in dying. The cinnamon-tree and the aloe are also natives of this place.

Rice is the principal harvest of the Siamese, they have but a small quantity of wheat, although very good husbandmen. The king himself, on a certain

day in the year, formerly uſed to ſet his hand to the plough, but this cuſtom is now almoſt diſpenſed with, the ceremony being left to a perſon who is called Oc-ya or king of the rice; he rides to the place mounted on an ox, and ever afterwards is ſupported without labour.

The fruit of this country is of a delightful flavor; among which are the ſoum-rou, or chryſtal orange, the banana, a ſort of fig, but greener and longer, the mango, participating of the peach and apricot, and the tamirind, whoſe agreeable acid is well known in Europe.

CHARACTER.

The Siameſe are a good people, and hold vice in deteſtation from principle; they are almoſt ſtrangers to drunkenneſs, and thoſe crimes which have found their way into more poliſhed countries. They extend the fifth commandment in a general view, and honour and reſpect old age in all ranks. Begging is very rare and ſhameful among them, and in this country

try dishonesty is punished more severely, by lasting ignominy, than by the severity of the law. The Siamese are courteous and polite, and live in the greatest domestic union with each other. Their children are remarkable for their docility, and sweetness of disposition, and have the most unbounded love for their parents, who make themselves more esteemed than feared; they educate them in an extreme modesty, and they are usually sent, when very young, to a convent of Talapoins, or priests, where they are taught in the Balic, or ancient Siamese tongue, the principles of morality, and the fables of Sommona Codom, the good Genii of this country; in nothing are the Siamese more worthy of example, than in the care they take of the education of their children.

These people have, however, like other nations, the lights and shades of character, they are mostly timid, weak and inconstant, sometimes avaricious, subtle and deceitful, but their moral laws are

finely calculated to oppose and suppress the inclinations of the vicious.

The Siamese are rather of a small size, but very well proportioned; their faces are of an oval form, and their complexions of a reddish brown; their teeth are blackened by art, and their hair is of the same colour, and very long. The women are finely made, and have a very captivating address.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

It is the custom of the Siamese, to marry when very young; the bridegroom visits the lady three times previous to the day, to carry her presents of Betel and fruit. The wedding is attended with feasts and shews, to which they hire professed dancers. If a daughter of a mandarin is the bride, she wears a circle of gold round her head, with curious rings and pendants, and is dressed in a beautiful fine silken pagne, which is a kind of vest. The Talapoins some days after sprinkle the married pair with sacred water.

DRESSES

DRESSES.

The mandarines wear a piece of ſilk embroidered with gold and ſilver round the waiſt, which is called a pagne, and a very fine muſlin ſhirt with ſleeves hanging down to the wriſts. They have a high bonnet on the head, adorned with a circle of gold.

The ladies wear pagnes of extraordinary beautiful ſilk, and richly embroidered with gold and ſilver, and a ſcarf of ſilk paſſes ſingly over the boſom, and ties behind, which gives them a very graceful air; they conſtantly wear rings upon their fingers, and bracelets on the arms and legs.

The common people are plain in their habits and food, and rich in a general poverty, as they know how to content themſelves with a little.

OF THE KING.

The dreſs of the king of Siam is a veſt of beautiful ſatin brocaded, with a muſlin

ſhirt, adorned with lace, the white high pointed bonnet is a mark of dignity: that of the king is adorned with a circle of gold, ſet with the moſt precious diamonds.

THE PALACE, HOUSES, TEMPLES, GARDENS, &c.

The king of Siam's palace is built of brick, but low; in the hall of audience, are placed three paraſols or umbrellas. The walls inſide are painted red and gold, and adorned with large mirrors. The floors are covered with carpets, ſumptuous ſofas are placed in the different rooms, on which are laid ſoft cuſhions; before the palace in the garden, are ſeveral open halls, ſupported by pillars, near which are kept playing, a number of little jets d'eaux.

The houſes of the mandarins are of wood, and thoſe of the common people of cleft bamboo, raiſed about thirteen feet from the ground, to avoid the effects of the inundations.

The

The divans, or council chambers, are built of brick, with three ſides only, to avoid the ſun; before them plays a fountain. The pagodas or temples are built ſomething like our chapels, but the timber work is varniſhed inſide, red ſtreaked with gold, or covered with yellow tiles. Theſe temples have always a pyramid near them, with a tin ſpire fluted and ornamented.

The gardens of the Siameſe are delightful, and preſent to the imagination, all that is related in eaſtern fiction; they are planted with ſeveral ſorts of palmites, and filled with flowers of the ſweeteſt odours, and moſt exquiſite beauty, amongſt which, is the hyacinth, called the ophir, of a fine yellow colour, interſected with purple ſpots.

The table of the Siameſe is not very ſumptuous; their common food is rice and fiſh; they have delicate oyſters and eels, and a little fiſh called cadi, which is very fine ſalted; they drink moſtly water, though they have a kind of rice bran-

dy; they eat very little butchers meat or poultry, those articles being reserved for the king and the chief mandarins.

CARRIAGES, EQUIPAGE, &c.

The king of Siam has a number of fine horses; he rides mostly on an elephant, but is never seen abroad on foot. Palanquins are also used, which are a kind of sofa, carried on mens shoulders. When the king is seen on his elephant, all the mandarins prostrate themselves as he passes by; three large gilt feathers are placed on the seat, one behind, and the other two on each side of him; a servant also attends with a high parasol. The white elephant is never rode at all, not even by the king himself; they believe that he is perfectly rational, and shew him the greatest homage and respect.

DIVERSIONS.

The Siamese are very fond of the water, on which they frequently take their pleasure in balons, a kind of boat rowed with

with ſhort oars, beautifully painted and decorated, with paraſols over them. When they are rowing, they ſing a rude, yet ſweet ſong, and at night, each balon carries a lanthorn, which has a very pretty appearance. They have a religious ſhow when the waters retreat, to return thanks, at which time they let float a multitude of painted tranſparent lanthorns, which have a very pretty effect on the water. On the firſt day of their year, they have alſo another great illumination on ſhore, when the houſes, windows, doors, and trees are hung with painted lanthorns. The Siameſe ſometimes perform comedies, and are very fond of dancing; they have alſo very excellent tumblers. They have not much idea of muſic; their inſtruments are. a rebeck, or violin with three ſtrings, ſome ſhrill oboes, a ſort of copper baſon, which they beat with a ſhort ſtick, and a little drum which they call a tapon.

LANGUAGE.

The Siameſe have two different languages; the common one is plain and

ſimple, conſiſting almoſt wholly of monoſyllables, the other is only known to the learned talapoins, and is called the Balic tongue, from which all the terms of religion and virtue are borrowed.

LEARNING.

Arithmetic is the principal ſtudy of the Siameſe, in which they are very expert; they do not incline much to intenſe application, but have a very good genius for poetry, particularly ſongs.

THE TRADE.

Of this country conſiſts chiefly in fiſhing and merchandiſe; for the inhabitants have little to do with the polite arts. The goods are expoſed to ſale in the bazars, or market places: where ſo much honeſty exiſts, that the ſeller very ſeldom counts the money he receives, nor does the buyer examine the commodity.

MONEY.

The bax coin conſiſts of ſmall ſhells called coris; they have, however, ſilver of

of different dimenſions, the tical, the mayon, and the fouang.

GOVERNMENT.

The king of Siam is a deſpotic prince, but loves his people, and lays not any taxes on ſuch proviſions as affect the poor; as rice and fiſh. The offices of ſtate are filled by the chief mandarins. The Maha Omorat is the viceroy, who, in the king's abſence, has the royal ſeal. The Oc-ya is the preſident, or lord of the tribunal. The Calla-hom has the war department, beſides which, there is a general of the elephants.

It is not eaſy to know the king's name till after his death, as it is kept a ſecret, for fear of the power of magic and enchantment.

The queen and ladies of the palace live in a ſeparate apartment, and are attended by eunuchs.

RELIGION.

The Siameſe religion conſiſts chiefly in a beautiful ſyſtem of morality: it inſtructs

ſtructs them, that when the ſoul, by a great number of good works, acquires ſo much merit as to deſerve reward, it is placed in paradiſe, and enjoys ſupreme felicity; and that thoſe who have been wicked in their lives, are ſhut out for ever from that hope, and ſuffer laſting puniſhment*, they ſpeak of one man particularly, who they eſteem as having, by ſurpaſſing all others, arrived at ſupreme felicity; they call him Sommona Codom, which ſignifies a talapoin of the woods. He is repreſented as a very powerful and good genii, who can aſſiſt them in miſfortune. They have alſo an evil genius who they call Thevetat.

The talapoins are prieſts who lead devout and exemplary lives; the higher order of them are called ſancrats, who are the moſt learned among them. The temples of the ſancrats are diſtinguiſhed

* The author of the Siameſe Tales has purpoſely avoided a philoſophical enquiry into the religion of theſe people; he is ſatisfied with thoſe opinions which make them acknowledge a ſupreme deity over all.

from

from the others, by ſtones placed round them. The talapoins of the woods are the moſt reſpected; they go with naked feet, and bare headed; round the waiſt they wear a yellow pagne, or veſt, and acroſs their ſhoulders a belt of yellow linen, over which they wear a large cloth of the ſame colour, that leaves the arms bare. The ſancrats are diſtinguiſhed by a red cloth, which comes over the head and ſhoulders like a hood; they carry a kind of fan called a talipat. The talapoineſes are female prieſts, their dreſs is all white.

BURIALS.

The Siameſe make great ſolemnity in their burials; the body is put into a wooden coffin, varniſhed and gilt on the outſide. They burn perfumes and tapers, and the talapoins ſing over the corpſe every night, in the Balic language; it is then carried to a funeral pile, and burnt with many ceremonies, near one of their temples.

LAWS

LAWS AND PUNISHMENTS.

The public law is written in three volumes, in the Balic language. The punishments for great crimes are exceedingly severe; the bastinado is used for faults of a lesser degree, and the disgrace of it ends with the punishment itself.

HISTORY.

The Siamese history is filled with fables, and little is known of their origin. They have had, however, many revolutions, which resemble in assassination and bloodshed, those of the other eastern countries.

SIAMESE TALES.

IN the city of Tian-tong, or true gold, ſituated in the north-weſt parts of the kingdom of Siam, there lived a great mandarin, who had an only ſon, called Nang-fa, which ſignifies, in the Balic language, "The young heaven," according to a cuſtom the Siameſe have, of naming their children by the moſt precious or wonderful things in nature.

Scarce any thing could exceed the pleaſure of the mandarin Pra-Tchoou Sam-ſib, when he obſerved that his ſon grew handſomer every day, and that he was the admiration of all who ſaw him; but this happineſs did not continue many years, for it was diſcovered by thoſe who had the care of educating Nang-fa, that he was of a very gay, inconſtant turn of mind, and very proud and impatient, ſo that he paid very little attention to his ſtudies, or to the leſſons of the old Talapoin, whoſe care it was to inſtruct him in the Siameſe religion.

The

The mandarin Sam-ſib * felt very uneaſy at this diſpoſition of his ſon, but it was in vain that he expoſtulated with him, He ſtill continued as thoughtleſs as ever, and was indifferent to all that was ſaid; ſeveral of the mandarins friends had given their advice on this occaſion, and recommended a different mode of treatment, but without ſucceſs. His indiſcretions and extreme love of pleaſure, threatened very ſoon to plunge him into error and vice; at laſt, the mandarin conſulted an old talapoin, who lived in a cave ſome miles diſtant, famed for his virtue and auſterity; who, after he had heard the complaint of the wretched Sam-ſib, thus addreſſed him:

"To our own indiſcretion, we owe moſt of the ills of life. You may remember when Nang-ſa was an infant, you ſaw nature had formed him beautiful and fair, it was then your duty to have returned thanks to heaven for what had been beſtowed on him, and to have waſhed him

* Pra-Tchoou is a title of great dignity.

three

three times in the waters of truth, over which the great Sommona Codom presides. The inconstant disposition of your son is the consequence of that good genius having left him to himself, who, in spite of all the care and precaution you may use, will never be good without his assistance."

The mandarin Sam-sib felt very much distressed at this discourse, "and is there no way," cried he, "to extenuate my fault, and save my son from ruin?" "perhaps there may," cried the old talapoin, "as God Almighty is merciful and good, but it will be necessary" said he, "for you to go to the rock of Prabat, six leagues north-east of the city of Louoo, where the impression of the foot of Sommona Codom is still to be seen; it is covered with a plate of gold, and inclosed in a chapel, where a holy sancrat dwells, who will instruct you what to do." The old mandarin was somewhat relieved by this discourse, and set out the next day for the rock of Prabat, where the good Sommona

mona Codom had once dwelt, but it was a fortnight before he arrived, when he was received by the holy ſancrat, who knowing his errand, deſired that he would ſtay with him till the moon aroſe, when he would lead him to that part of the rock where the genius of wiſdom dwelt, the mandarin Sam-Sib waited very patiently till night when the ſancrat directed him to the ſpot, and left him to himſelf, he then proceeded along a dark entrance, until he came to a ſpace in the rock illuminated with the moſt beautiful tranſparent ſtars, which received their luſtre from the rays of the moon. His ears were now ſaluted with the ſounds of ſoft muſic, and his ſenſes delighted with the moſt exquiſite perfumes. Near the entrance of the cavity was a fountain of pure water, in which he was inſtructed to waſh his hands and face, and repeated a ſhort prayer to the Almighty. Never hardly was ſeen a more beautiful place than the cavity of the rock, which was covered with a thouſand ſparkling diamonds,

diamonds, interſperſed with the moſt brilliant ſtones and ſhells. The mandarin now entered a ſpacious hall, in the middle of which ſtood an altar of white ivory, inſcribed to Truth; and over it, on a tablet of pure ſilver was written in letters of gold, the following precepts, in which conſiſt the principles of Siameſe morality:

I. Do no murder.
II. Steal nothing.
III. Commit not any impurity.
IV. Lye not.
V. Drink not any intoxicating liquor.

On the altar lay the ſacred volume of the Patimouc, which is ſuppoſed to contain all the myſteries of the Siameſe religion, and to poſſeſs a certain taliſmanic quality or virtue, to beſtow content on all ſuch as open its leaves, who however wretched or diſſatisfied, become inſtantly chearful and ſerene. On the left ſide of the hall was a golden vaſe, which exhaled the moſt delightful perfumes, myrrh, caſia, aloes, and frankincenſe. The genii was

ſeated

ſeated on a couch of roſe leaves, in his hand he held a ſmall ſilver ſcepter, and on his head was a crown of pure gold on which was written in diamonds the word Truth. His dreſs was a light blue robe, and a girdle of roſe-colour ſurrounded his waiſt. Above him was a ſmall circle ſuſpended in the air by enchantment, on which was inſcribed, in the Balic tongue, the following beautiful precept:

"There is but one ſupreme God, and he is beſt pleaſed by charity and good works."

The mandarin, Sam-Sib, proſtrated himſelf before the altar, until the genii bid him ariſe. "Fear not," cried he, "the good Sommana Codom knows thy ſorrows, and forgives thy neglect. Thy ſufferings will ſhew thee that man can do nothing of himſelf, and that it is the providence of God which can alone give him his wiſhes; not even the ſtrength of the moſt powerful, or the plans of the moſt ingenious, can be ſucceſsful without his permiſſion. It is true, mandarin, that thou

thou haſt endeavoured by every means in thy power to form the mind of thy ſon to virtue, but didſt thou ever aſk the God of Heaven to bleſs thy hopes? or didſt thou ſend thy favourite infant to be bathed in the waters of truth?" Sam-Sib bowed his head in confuſion, "yet," continued the Genii, "atonement is not too late, thou wilt have only to follow the inſtructions I ſhall give thee, to be reſtored to peace of mind. In the province of T'chai-nat, on the borders of the river Menam, there lives a talapoineſs, called Soum-rii (or good heart) who is poſſeſſed of the power of perſuading the mind to truth and virtue, by relating to her pupils pleaſant and moral ſtories. It is a gift ſhe obtained from Sommona Codom, and ſhe generally ſucceeds in making thoſe who liſten to her very good, and very happy. You muſt ſend ſome one to ſeek out this devout young woman, whoſe engaging manners will lead back, by degrees, your ſon to the love of truth, though it may, perhaps, be ſome time before

before your wiſhes are accompliſhed, but do not deſpair." Sam-Sib retired with reverence and awe, and immediately on his return to Tien-Tong, deſpatched one of his people to the retreat of the Talapoineſs.

In a few weeks Soum-rii arrived at Tien Tong, and was introduced to Nang-fa as a new attendant, whoſe office was to be that of entertaining him with amuſing tales and ſtories, at which, as he was very idle, he expreſſed a great deal of pleaſure, though he was much too inconſtant to continue in that humour long.—Much as Nang-fa was inclined to treat every one beneath him with neglect and indifference, he could not help being a good deal ſtruck at the beautiful ſimplicity of the talapoineſs, who was dreſt in a white robe, with a blue girdle, from which hung a little golden key, that poſſeſſed a taliſmanic power.

The next morning when the fair Soum-rii was to commence her office, ſhe drew near the mat on which Nang-fa was laid,

laid, and very obligingly aſked him if ſhe ſhould endeavour to amuſe him with any of her little ſtories, to which he anſwered careleſsly "yes, you may if you like, but I dont know whether I can liſten to them long." "I ſhall relate you a very entertaining one," returned Soum-kii, "it is called

THE

GOLDEN LAWREY*.

The mandarin Vang-ſi the glory of the ſun, had a daughter named Lit-chee, or the fair morning, the moſt beautiful infant, perhaps, ever ſeen. It was, however, predicted at her birth, that ſhe would go through many wonderful adventures, with a king's ſon, and leave her friends for ſeveral years; but as this prediction was foretold by a powerful

* This bird is about the ſize of a lark, its head, neck, and back of a beautiful red, and the breaſt of a pale roſe colour; the wings are chiefly green, but interwoven with red feathers, variegated on each ſide with gold, but which, when expoſed to the ſun, preſent a thouſand varieties of ſhining colours. The legs and feet are aſh colour, the bill grey and crooked, tail very long, of a pale roſe colour, ending in a lovely blue, mingled with white and green.

genii

genii, to whom the child had been carried as ſoon as born; all means were thought uſeleſs to prevent its fulfilment, when one day as the mandarin was hunting, he happened to ſeparate from his attendants, and wandered into a lonely deſart, where he obſerved a monſtrous large bird in the air, carrying ſomething in its claws, which at laſt it ſettled with, on the top of a high rock. Vang-ſi, who was well verſed in the uſe of the bow and arrow, aſcended nimbly towards the ſummit, and when he was within reach, let fly an arrow, and ſhot the creature dead. But it was with a great deal of difficulty that he got any higher, for the place was almoſt perpendicular. Curioſity, however, prompted him to venture, when he found a beautiful little infant lying naked on the rock, who held out its hands, and ſeemed to aſk for help. He looked at it awhile, with aſtoniſhment, and very much pleaſed with the adventure, took the child in his arms

and deſcended with it as cautiouſly as poſſible, where he met with his attendants who, by his order, conveyed it carefully to the palace.

The wife of the mandarin was very much delighted with the child, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw it, and named it Lit-chou, which ſignifies "the fair day." Unfortunately in a few years afterwards, ſhe fell ill and died. The mandarin's ſiſter, who was old, ugly and malicious, and of the moſt cruel diſpoſition, took the government of the houſhold, and preſently made herſelf hated by every perſon about the court. The good mandarin, however, who did not miſtruſt her, gave poor little Lit-chou and Lit-chee to her charge, who, as they had been brought up in religion and virtue, loved each other exceedingly, and were almoſt conſtantly together, but a misfortune was near happening to them, which they little expected. The mandarin, who had ſunk into a deep melancholy ever ſince the death of his wife, determined

termined upon paying a visit to a neighbouring prince, that he might amuse his mind by travelling, and with this intent left poor little Lit-chou and Lit-chee to the particular care of his sister, who promised to use them well, which promise she broke the moment the mandarin left the palace. She had always hated Lit-chou, as she considered him a burthen to the family, having a son of her own, whom she one day hoped would succeed to the titles of the mandarin. It is easy to imagine that so wicked a woman found very readily, pretences to punish little Lit-chou, who led a very uncomfortable life. She confined him in a remote part of the palace, and only waited an opportunity to kill him.

Poor Lit-chee was inconsolable at this cruel sentence, which deprived her of the company of her favorite, whom she always called brother. As she was one day sitting in the window, she complained to herself thus: "O, my poor brother, why cannot I sometimes see you; how cruel it is to deprive me of your delightful

company." As ſhe was repeating theſe words, a beautiful little bird flew in at the window, purſued by another of a tremendous ſize, called an Ong, whoſe wings meaſured, when ſpread, ſeven yards. The poor little creature fluttered at firſt exceedingly with the fright, until it had repoſed a little time in Lit-chee's boſom, it then turned its head on one ſide, and looked at its benefactreſs, as if thankful for the deliverance ſhe had obtained it. She ſaw by its plumage, that it was one of the moſt beautiful golden Lawreys ſhe had ever beheld.

As ſoon as Lit-chee look'd out again at the window, and ſaw that there was no danger nigh, ſhe ſet the little animal free, but was very much ſurpriſed to find that it would not leave her; ſo that ſhe made a reſolution to keep it as long as it would ſtay. In ſhort, ſhe grew ſo very fond of it, that it was conſtantly with her, and as it was a talking bird, repeated every thing that was ſaid.

During

During all this time, poor Lit-chou was kept upon a little rice and water, and used in the most cruel manner, till at last the mandarin's sister determined to destroy him, and for that purpose, sent to an old wicked sorceress called Nan-nou which means "the beginning of great heat." This cruel wretch, who lived alone in a hut, in the midst of a wood, being offered a large sum of money, began her enchantments, and after throwing several different kinds of herbs in a pot of burning incense, mumbled these words: "you must (said she) send Lit-chou to me to-morrow; but be sure that he is not permitted to eat his supper overnight, or to say his prayers aloud when he rises in the morning, and then I shall have the power to kill him."

The sister of the mandarin was overjoyed at these words, and promised to obey her directions. The little Lawrey, however, happened to be in the room when all this passed, and repeated every syllable to Lit-chee. "You must, (said

the little creature) ſend Lit-chou to me to-morrow morning, but be ſure that he is not permitted to eat his ſupper over night, or to ſay his prayers aloud when he riſes in the morning, and then I ſhall have the power to kill him." The good little princeſs preſently ſuſpected what was intended her favorite, and going to the window, ſaid to the Lawrey, "go my pretty bird, and tell Lit-chou this ſad news." The little creature fluttered its wings a moment, as if ready to execute her commands, and then flew away to a high tower of the palace, where he ſaw poor Lit-chou alone, bewailing his misfortunes; his attention being attracted by ſo beautiful a bird, he opened the window, and careſſed it very much. The Lawrey did not, however, forget his leſſon, but kept repeating every now and then, "you muſt ſend Lit-chou to me tomorrow, but be ſure that he is not permitted to eat his ſupper over night, or to ſay his prayers aloud in the morning, and then

I ſhall

I ſhall have the power to kill him." Poor little Lit-chou could not tell at firſt what to make of theſe words; but as he ſuſpected ſome ill was intended him, he determined in his own mind to guard againſt it. The little Lawrey, after having executed his commiſſion, fluttered at the window to be let out, and flew back to the princeſs.

Unfortunately for poor Lit-chou, the mandarin's ſiſter ſent an ugly dwarf to him after dinner, who ſearched very narrowly into every place, that he might not conceal any thing to eat for ſupper.

Nothing could exceed the diſtreſs of poor Lit-chou when it grew near night, and he found that he muſt go to bed ſupperleſs, till he heard a noiſe at the window, and ſaw the pretty Lawrey, who held a cake of rice in his mouth, which he let fall in the room, and flew away. Lit-chou was delighted at this circumſtance, and eat a very good ſupper; but his next care was to awake before the dwarf ſhould come to prevent him from

ſaying his prayers; but in this again, the Lawrey ſtood his friend, and beat with his beak at the window long before it was light, when Lit-chou immediately aroſe and ſaid his prayers; which he had juſt finiſhed when the dwarf came and took him away, and carried him through a thick wood, until he came to the houſe where the old ſorcereſs lived, which was very low and dark, and only lighted by a blue flame which came from a pot of burning incenſe. As ſoon as ſhe ſaw Lit-chou, ſhe ſet up a laugh, and took hold of his hand. Never hardly was ſeen a more horrible creature than the ſorcereſs Nan-nou; ſhe was very much deformed, and had one leg conſiderably ſhorter than the other; her eyes were very ſmall, and ſparkled with fire, and out of her mouth, when ſhe breathed, there iſſued a blue light flame, which was poiſonous. She, however, pretended to be very kind to poor Lit-chou when the dwarf was gone away, and begged him to take a ſieve, and go to the well to draw

draw her ſome water, which he offered to do very readily, but found that the ſieve would not hold it, by which the ſorcereſs knew that he had ſaid his prayers, and by that means deſtroyed the power of her enchantments; ſhe therefore returned with him to the mandarin's ſiſter, and when they were alone, inſiſted that he muſt have eaten his ſupper over night, and ſaid his prayers aloud in the morning. The king's ſiſter denied this for ſome time, till fearful that ſhe might offend the ſorcereſs, ſhe promiſed that ſhe would have him carefully watched that night, and ordered the ugly dwarf to ſtay and ſleep with him. Poor Lit-chou was now in a worſe ſituation than ever, but his good friend the Lawrey did not forſake him; for as the dwarf was amuſing himſelf at the window, he let fall a ſweet cake, which the little monſter eat up very eagerly, but which had the effect to put him in a profound ſleep. During this time, the Lawrey haſtened back to Lit-chee, and returned with a ba-

nana in his mouth for Lit-chou's ſupper, who waked in the morning long before the dwarf, and ſaid his prayers, returning thanks for his deliverance the day before, and then feigned as if he was aſleep.

As ſoon as the day light appeared, the dwarf awoke, and called Lit-chou, fully ſatisfied that he had not ſaid his prayers that morning, when he took him again to the old ſorcereſs, who enquired if her directions had been attended to. The dwarf aſſured her they had, and left poor Lit-chou alone with her. The pot of incenſe was burning very furiouſly, and emitted a noiſome ſtench, and the cruel Nan-nou now ordered him to throw in ſome freſh ingredients which ſhe knew were of ſuch a nature as to cauſe a flame that would kill him. Lit-chou, however, who depended on having ſaid his prayers, obeyed her inſtructions, and, to her aſtoniſhment threw in the herbs without their doing him any harm, at which the ſorcereſs grew quite enraged, and went immediately to the palace of the mandarin,

darin, and accuſed his ſiſter of having permitted herſelf to be deceived. It may be eaſily imagined that ſhe was as much enraged as the ſorcereſs, till at laſt it was agreed, that poor Lit-chou ſhould be ſent over night to ſleep with the cruel Nan-nou; the Lawrey, who happened to hear all this, repeated every word. The good princeſs, Lit-chee, now entertained very little hopes of her brother's eſcape; and though ſhe knew the mandarin's ſiſter dare not kill her, ſhe was reſolved, out of love to Lit-chou, to quit the palace, and follow him to the habitation of the ſorcereſs, that ſhe might ſhare his fate. As ſoon, therefore, as ſhe ſaw from the palace window, the ugly dwarf carrying Lit-chou on his ſhoulder, ſhe haſtened down, but her faithful Lawrey was not far off, who flew to the aſſiſtance of Lit-chou, and fixing on the head of the ugly dwarf, picked out his eyes. Scarce any thing could equal the delight of Lit-chee, when ſhe ſaw her companion delivered from the hands of the cruel dwarf,

who

who had let him fall off his ſhoulders; but though they were at liberty they knew not what road to take, or what to do, but reſolved upon purſuing a contrary road from that which led to the hut where the ſorcereſs lived; they therefore travelled till it was night, as faſt as they could, attended by their faithful Lawrey, who conſtantly hovered about them. At laſt they diſcovered a light, and arrived at a lonely hut, where they ſaw an old man, reading a book of characters in the Balic tongue, by a ſingle lamp. Being however very much fatigued, they ventured in; he addreſſed them very civilly, and afforded them ſome refreſhments, but their ſorrows were not yet ended. As they were going away the old man requeſted them to give him the Lawrey, that he might wring off its neck. It was in vain poor Lit-chee remonſtrated. This wicked wretch who was one of thoſe evil geniis who delight to torment mankind, inſiſted on having it. He therefore took the bird in his hand, and was about putting

ting his cruel design in execution, when Lit-chee uttered a secret prayer to heaven, to interpose and save her little faithful friend; she kept repeating to herself, may the cruel wretch be changed into stone who would hurt my poor bird. At these words the old man let go the lawrey, and and became a statue in a moment.

The two travellers now pursued their journey, attended by their companion, and travelled till the next night, when they laid themselves down on the grass to sleep, but were presently awakened by the sweetest music they had ever heard; they on a sudden beheld a beautiful illuminated palace, which appeared through the trees. The windows were lighted up with innumerable tapers, the pillars were transparent and entwined round the columns with serpents of a fine blue colour. The doors of this beautiful place were thrown open and seemed to invite the traveller to explore still further into the wonders of the palace. Curiosity presently got the better of every other consideration, and Lit-

chou

chou could not withstand the temptation, though the little Lawrey fluttered and flew to some distance. Lit-chee expressed her fears, but as her companion ventured in, she followed, attended by her faithful bird, into a large room, in the middle of which stood a table filled with every delicacy that imagination could suggest. The two travellers were tempted to sit down to this elegant repast, and helped themselves to the choicest fruit, and drank of the most delicious sherbet. Near the table stood an elegant sofa, on which the young travellers reposed themselves until morning, when the faithful Lawrey, who had watched them while they slept, began to speak as loud as it could, "let us go, let us go," which awakened Lit-chou and Lit-chee, but they were too indolent to attend to this friendly caution, and fell both of them fast asleep again, till their slumbers were destroyed by the sound of a loud brazen drum, when a monster of gigantic stature walked into the room,

followed

followed by a dwarf, whoſe face and body were of a bright yellow, and his hair white as ſilver, " you are no doubt (cried the monſter to the princeſs) very much pleaſed at being the occaſion of my brother's being turned into ſtone, but I ſhall be revenged preſently. I thought the beauties of this place would attract you, and as you have been guilty of indiſcretion, and ſubmitted to temptation, I have got all the power I could wiſh over you, now it is too late for you to benefit by my advice; you muſt know the conſequence of your idle curioſity, your indiſcretion and indolence, have occaſioned your misfortune; as for that genii who attends you in the ſhape of the golden Lawrey, I know I have not the power to deſtroy him, but I will confine him, by enchantment, in this iron cage, for one hundred thouſand years." Poor Lit-chee trembled at this harſh ſentence when ſhe ſaw the cruel genii put the pretty creature in a large iron cage. But he only laughed at her remonſtrances. " I

will

will now" cried he, "put the ſeal of Thevetat on the door, which has ſuch magic power, that there is but one genii in the univerſe who has power to diſſolve it." The cruel wretch after theſe words took an enormous large ſeal from his ſide, but as he was very tired and fatigued, ſat down to take ſome refreſhment, when he helped himſelf and the yellow dwarf ſo plentifully to the wine, that they got quite intoxicated, and forgot to put the ſeal on the iron cage, though they took care to faſten the door of the room when they retired, and left Lit-chou and Lit-chee priſoners in the palace. Nothing could exceed the diſtreſs of the two poor travellers. "Would to heaven, (cried Lit-chou) we had ſet out on our journey when our dear Lawrey awaked us. Pretty creature he is a priſoner through our indeſcretion and indolence, and the good Sommona Codom will aſſiſt us no more." "Do not be ungrateful," cried Lit-chee, "we have done very wrong to be ſure, but we ſincerely repent of our folly. My heart

heart is almoſt broke when I think of the cruel confinement of my pretty bird, but I hope yet we ſhall be aſſiſted by the good genius who knows the hearts of his children." After Lit-chee had done ſpeaking the Lawrey fluttered at the door, and aſked to be let out; it was however ſome time before they could find the way to extricate their little friend, which when they had done, ſtill a greater difficulty occurred, to reach the window, which was very high; but Lit-chou, who regarded no danger when it was to do good, climbed up with aſtoniſhing celerity, and opened it, when the Lawrey flew out, and left the two poor priſoners a good deal rejoiced at his deliverance, as they could not help entertaining hopes but that it would be attended with ſome good to themſelves. Several days paſt, however, without the bird returning, during which time they were attended once a day by the yellow dwarf, who brought them victuals, but who never recollected to look into the iron cage. At laſt, one day, poor

poor Lit-chee, who began to think her little friend had deſerted her, ſaw him fluttering at the window, with a leaf rolled up in his mouth, which he let fall into the room, and flew away. Lit-chou preſently opened the ſcroll, upon which was written in the Balic characters, the ſacred word of Sommona Codom, which was no ſooner pronounced than a dreadful thunder clap ſhook the elements, and the doors of the caſtle flew open at once. Lit-chou trembled at the ſound, and taking Lit-chee in his hand deſcended the ſtair-caſe, when they ſaw written on the wall, in golden letters the following words:

To thoſe who truſt in God all things ſhall ſubmit.

The good talapoineſs was now interrupted by Nang-ſa, who expreſſed a wiſh to hear the remainder of the ſtory at a future opportunity, with which requeſt ſhe very readily complied. In a few days, however, ſhe was very much pleaſed to find that he deſired to hear the

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CONTINUATION OF THE STORY OF THE GOLDEN LAWREY.

THE magician, who had heard the clap of thunder, and knew by his art that ſome one had got poſſeſſion of the magic ſcroll, fell with his face to the ground, but Lit-chou, who knew the power he had, was reſolved to deſtroy the wicked Enchanter, and opening the leaf, repeated the awful word, Sommona Codom, when he was preſently conſumed in a blue vapour, which left a noiſome ſtench behind.

The two travellers with their faithful bird departed as quick as poſſible from the enchanted palace, and travelled on till they came to a cave, where they ſaw a young talapoin of an elegant mien, reading a large book. "My dear children," ſaid he, "I am glad to ſee you; you have gone through many perils and dangers, but the good have no real cauſe to fear; they are guarded by a ſecret providence

providence, who, in the moment when the danger ſeems greateſt, ſteps in to aſſiſt them. It is true, you have been a little indiſcreet, but the Great Sommona Codom would not permit you to be hurt, whilſt your hearts remained untainted with vice; it will be now neceſſary (continued the young man) to part you for a time; you have only one thing to attend to, which is, ſhould either of you arrive at riches or honours, not to forget your fellow traveller in difficulty." The young man now conducted them into his cave, and gave them a very delightful repaſt of of rice and fruit, after which, he addreſſed Lit-chou as follows, "My young friend, you muſt leave us for a time, and it is directed in the ſacred volume of the Vinac,* that you ſhould travel eaſt, until you arrive at the town called Chimai, you muſt then go to the palace, and wait until you can ſee the king, to whom you muſt take care to ſay, "pray, father, give me your bleſſing."

* Vinac, a ſacred book of the Siameſe.

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Lit-chou, who resolved to attend exactly to the instructions of the young talapoin, parted very reluctantly with his dear Lit-chee, and set out for Chimai, where as soon as he arrived, he waited at the palace until he saw the king, when he repeated the words, "pray, father, give me your blessing," but the king, who was highly offended at his presumption, ordered him away, and he returned to the talapoin's cave with a very heavy heart. The young talapoin, however, begged he would go again, and wait till he could see the queen pass by, and to repeat to her, "pray mother, give me your blessing." Lit-chou set out on his journey with fresh spirits, though he could not imagine the reason why he was to repeat the words the talapoin had instructed him to say; fortunately, he arrived at the palace, just as the queen was looking at the window, whom he saluted, as he had been directed, but she paid no attention to what he said, thinking he was some idle beggar-

beggar-boy, and ſhut down the window. Poor Lit-chou waited three days in this manner, and then returned to the talapoin, who entreated he would go once more, to which he conſented, and arrived at the palace, juſt as the queen and an old attendant were walking in the court yard. Lit-chou repeated the words as before, "pray, mother, give me your bleſſing," when the old attendant ſet up a ſhout of joy, at which the queen ſeemed very much ſurprized; but how was her aſtoniſhment increaſed, when the old woman told her, that Lit-chou was the ſon of the king who when an infant, was carried out of his cradle, one day, by an immenſe bird, and was never heard of afterwards. The queen upon this interrogated Lit-chou about what he knew of his parents, who told her he was brought up in the palace of the great mandarin Vang-ſi, who he had been informed found him on a high rock where he had been left by a monſtrous

ſtrous large bird called an Ong, theſe ſtories agreed ſo well together, that the queen could not help feeling ſome hopes that he was her child, but her joy was exceſſive when ſhe ſaw upon his arm a mole which the old nurſe had kept in recollection. The king was immediately ſent for, and the news ſpread all over Chimai, where for ſeveral days there was nothing but rejoicing. Litchou was dreſt in the moſt ſumptuous apparel, and treated ſo well, that in the midſt of the novelty and pleaſure which engaged him, he preſently forgot his dear Litchee and his faithful Lawrey, till one day as he was ſitting in the gardens of the palace, he heard a voice repeating "poor Lit-chee is forgot," when looking up he ſaw his little friend the Lawrey, ſitting on the branch of a tree. Lit-chou was immediately ſenſible of his fault, and called to him that he might careſs him, but the bird anſwered, "I will not alſo deſert poor Lit-chee," and then he flew away.

The

The young prince felt ſo wretched for his neglect that he determined to ſet out immediately for the cave of the talapoin, and took one of the ſwifteſt horſes from the ſtable of the king. But when he arrived there, he found it deſerted. Litchou now remembered what the young Talapoin had told him, and felt forcibly the juſt puniſhment of his ingratitude, and that no change of ſituation ſhould have made him forget his old friend and benefactor. In ſhort, he returned to Chimai, and ſunk into a deep melancholy, which nothing could divert. At laſt, one day, after he had been in the temple, aſking forgiveneſs for his faults, he ſaw his faithful Lawrey fluttering in the air, and preſently beheld Lit-chee mounted on a white elephant.

Nothing could exceed his joy at this meeting. Ambaſſadors were immediately ſent to the mandarin Vang-ſi, with news of the ſafety of his daughter, while ſhe was entertained at Chimai, in the moſt magnificent manner. The mandarinwas not lo ng before he arrived, when he

he embraced Lit-chee with the moſt tender affection, and told her, that his cruel ſiſter being mortified at the eſcape of Lit-chou, had thrown herſelf from the top of a high tower, and was daſhed to pieces.

The young prince Lit-chou, who did not forget the young Talapoin in the midſt of their good fortune, went to his retreat as ſoon as poſſible, that he might return him thanks, and offer up his prayers to God; but the cave was locked up, and inſtead of the Talapoin, they beheld a beautiful young man, who had wings on his ſhoulders, and wore a blue pagne ſpotted with ſtars, about his waiſt. Lit-chou, who was awed at his appearance, was retiring, when he ſpoke to him as follows: "I am" ſaid he, "one of thoſe good genii who attend the will of Sommona Codom, and have watched the hours of your infancy. It is time now that I ſhould explain to you the myſteries of providence. Had not the bird called an ong, taken you when a child, out of the cradle, where you ſlept,

a ſerpent would in a few minutes have deſtroyed you. It was alſo deſigned that the mandarin Vang-ſi ſhould find you expoſed on the rock, and his cruel ſiſter was made the inſtrument of your future happineſs. Your faithful Lawrey is a genii of the fourth order, who aſſumed the ſhape of that bird, that he might be conſtantly near you, and cauſed himſelf to be purſued, that he might try the humanity of the princeſs Lit-chee, who is alſo a favourite of Sommona Codom. But as the wicked genius Thevetat, is always buſy to counteract our deſigns, if you had once neglected to have offered up your prayers to God, the cruel ſorcereſs would have had the power to have deſtroyed you. From this, my children" continued the good genii, "you may learn that your only true ſafety is in conſtantly aſking the protection of heaven with a ſincere and pure heart, while your ſucceſs depends alſo on aſking a bleſſing on your actions. Thus when you neglect to do right, and keep the commandments of God, the bleſſing is withdrawn, and

and you are left to yourselves, and consequently fall into wretchedness and vice. You remember, also, the wicked old sorcerer who would have wrung the neck of your faithful Lawrey, had you been ungrateful enough to have consented to this, he would have had the same power to destroy you; for there is nothing that the good Sommona Codom hates so much as ingratitude; but as you were too generous to permit his cruelty with impunity, your wishes had the power to turn him into stone. You have observed when in the enchanted palace, the mischievous effects of indiscretion and indolence, which exposed you to the malice of the cruel magician; but heaven will not entirely desert those who offend through mistake and error, for no sooner are they sensible of their fault, than providence affords them by the most surprising means, an early assistance. Recollect" continued the genii to the prince Lit-chou, "how nearly you had lost the favour of Sommona Codom, when in the midst of pleasure and riches, you forgot

your dear companion Lit-chee, and your faithful Lawrey; and what pain you felt when you thought you had loſt them for ever; you then became ſenſible what valuable companions they were, but no ſooner had you felt real remorſe and regret, than the objects of your love were produced to you again. Adore then," cried the genii, "the goodneſs of God, and depend on him for happineſs." The genii now diſappeared, and the golden Lawrey, after promiſing to viſit now and then, the gardens of Siam, fluttered his wings and flew away.

The young prince Lit-chou and the beautiful Lit-chee were now married in all the ſplendor of the court, happy in themſelves, and beloved by the people of Siam.

The talapoineſs had no ſooner concluded the ſtory of the Lawrey, than ſhe aſked Nang-fa, with her uſual condeſcenſion, if it would be agreeable to him to hear another ſtory the next day. "Moſt readily," replied he, "but pray let it be a very entertaining one, as I love very

very much to be amuſed." Soum-kii promiſed ſhe would find one to pleaſe him, and retired very happy to ſee a change in the manners of Nang-fa towards her, as ſhe knew very well if he once began to like her, her inſtructions would make ſome impreſſion on his mind. She had taken care to relate at firſt a ſtory calculated more to amuſe, than improve his mind, ſenſible that he muſt be attracted by novelty to liſten to moral inſtruction.

THE SILVER KEY.

IN the town of Cam-peng, which ſignifies walls of diamond, there lived a poor fiſherman's boy, named Jadda, or the fortunate; who, though a ſlave, was, perhaps, the moſt handſome youth ever ſeen. He was very young, and of a mild and humane diſpoſition, ſo much ſo, that he was beloved by every body.

Jadda was one day fiſhing for ſome ſmall fiſh called caddi, when he perceived a little ſilver key lying in the meſhes of his net, which ſurpriſed him a good deal, but when he took it up, and examined it more carefully, he was ſtill more aſtoniſhed. The workmanſhip was the moſt beautiful ever ſeen, and there was engraved upon it, in ſmall golden characters, in the Balic language, the following ſentence. "The key to honor is honeſty."

The

The poor little fiſher boy went home exceedingly delighted, but determined, in his own mind to keep his adventure ſecret from every body, and took all opportunities he could find to admire his little ſilver key in private.

It happened, however, one day, as poor Jadda was bathing, he left his pagne aſhore, and one of his companions, who went to his pocket for a knife, diſcovered the ſilver key, after examining it with a great deal of attention, he put it in its place again. Unfortunately for poor Jadda, before they had done work, it was publiſhed all over Cam-peng that the princeſs of Siam, who was named Achamahia, or gentle love, had loſt the key of her cabinet, the preſent of a genii, and of ſuch curious workmanſhip as could not be imitated by any mortal hand. The box to which it belonged contained the moſt precious jewels in the whole world, and a great reward was offered to any one who could diſcover the thief.

As ſoon as Jadda's companion came aſhore, and heard the report of the prin-

ceſs's having loſt her ſilver key, with the great reward promiſed, he haſtened to the Maha Omorat, or chief juſtice, and told him all he knew; in conſequence of which poor Jadda was arreſted, and carried to the divan, before the princeſs herſelf, who was the moſt beautiful lady in the world, and beſides the moſt witty and good-natured. She therefore no ſooner ſaw Jadda than ſhe began to pity his ſituation, and to admire the handſomeneſs of his perſon. "And is it true," ſaid ſhe, "that you have committed this theft. Alas, how much rather would I find you innocent, as you appear; reſtore to me the ſilver key, and go home." Jadda bluſhed at this gentle remonſtrance, and aſſured her he had found it, relating his adventure. "It is impoſſible," cried the Maha Omorat (who attended) that you ſhould have found it for it was not loſt till after the day you have mentioned, therefore you have added the guilt of falſhood to theft."

It was in vain the princeſs Achamahia interceded for the poor fiſher boy. The

The laws of Siam were not to be dispensed with from partiality, and it was adjudged that he should lose his right hand. Poor Jadda trembled when he heard the sentence pronounced, and whispered a short prayer to Heaven, to interpose and save him, but the rigid Maha Omorat, ordered him instantly to restore the silver key, and to prepare for punishment. The princess was obliged to sign the sentence, when feeling for the signet, she found, to her great surprise, the key she had lost. "What can this mean," cried she. "Produce, young man, the one you have found, and let us compare them together. Which they did, and found them so exactly alike, that they did not differ in the minutest part. "Jadda," cried the princess, you are the favourite of Sommona Codom. I perceive you have told me the truth, and it is but right that I should recompense you for our unjust accusations. I recommend, therefore, (said she) that the young Jadda shall be appionted keeper of the cabinet to which this key belongs.

The whole court was now emulous who ſhould pay the greateſt attention to Jadda, who was led to the bath, and attired in the moſt ſumptuous apparel to attend upon the princeſs as keeper of the cabinet, but though he felt very much delighted with his promotion, he frequently thought of his little hut, and the companions he had left.

Jadda took a great deal of care of his little ſilver key, as he conſidered it the means of bringing him ſo much good fortune; a little time, however, had only elapſed, after he had been placed in his new ſituation, when the princeſs was afflicted with a ſlow, but fatal malady that waſted her hourly, and was thought to be the work of a powerful magician, who had aſked her hand in marriage and been refuſed. In vain the moſt ſkilful of the phyſicians of Siam were called in; ſhe gradually grew worſe, and was given over, when an old talapoin who had been conſulted, declared, that the only way for the princeſs to be cured, was, for ſome adventurous perſon to

go

go to a place called the Golden Mountain, where the magician lived, and bring away a vial filled with black liquor, out of which he continually poured a certain quantity, and with the last drop the princess would expire; but dreadful indeed, was the prospect of any who might be bold enough to undertake the journey. The summit of the Golden Mountain was surrounded by a contagious air, and guarded by fierce birds, and beasts of an uncommon size and form, so that notwithstanding the great rewards offered, and the honour attending the attempt, none were found ready to undertake the expedition.

At last, one day, the princess addressed Jadda in these words, "Alas, I feel I shall soon taste of supreme felicity or misery, I am about to resign the sceptre of Siam to a new successor, and I know none on whom it could better devolve than on the youth whom I once injured, and who deserves my esteem; accept it as a small recompence, for the wrongs you have suffered; in a few days Achamahia will be no more." The

tender Jadda burſt into tears at theſe words, for his heart was too good to let him value even the poſſeſſion of a crown obtained at ſo great a loſs. "My dear lady," ſaid he, "you make me very unhappy by this diſcourſe, do not think I can ſo eaſily forget you, ſhould you die, Jadda will return to the ſea ſhore again," with theſe words he retired, reflecting on what had fallen from the princeſs, and on the only means, which were likely to do her good; he thought of the danger attending the journey to the Golden Mountain, but danger to a generous mind is only a motive to additional vigour and reſolution; In ſhort, Jadda determined to bring away the fatal vial, and accordingly obtained leave of abſence for a few days, keeping his intentions a profound ſecret.

Jadda, who had equipped himſelf for this expedition with a ſword only, a few proviſions, and his ſilver key in his pagne, travelled eaſtward, until he came to a thick wood, where he found a bow hanging to a tree, with a quiver of ar-

rows

rows tied by a blue ribbon, on which was written,

"Go on, ſucceſs attend the virtuous brave."

Jadda took down the quiver, but found the arrows locked up in it, which gave him a great deal of uneaſineſs, till he thought of trying if his little ſilver key would not open it, which, to his great ſurpriſe it did. He now felt freſh ſpirits, and walked into the midſt of the wood, till he came to a beautiful ſpot, where hundreds of the fineſt birds diſplayed their plumage on the trees, and quantities of the fineſt fruit invited the traveller to taſte Jadda, who was filled with aſtoniſhment, ſtopt a moment in wonder and amazement when he heard the ſweet ſounds of muſic, and a female voice ſinging in a plaintive meaſure, the following ſong:

"Shun theſe paths, for danger's nigh;
Shun the beauties which allure;
From the gay deluſion fly,
And in virtue be ſecure."

Jadda heſitated a moment at theſe words, but

but wisdom always assists those who desire instruction, he therefore turned aside into another path, and travelled until night came on, when he began to fear exceedingly being devoured by the wild beasts, till fatigued with walking, he was obliged to rest himself, and after asking the protection of heaven consigned himself to sleep, but what was his surprise when he awoke in the morning, at finding a monstrous large serpent had rolled itself up close by him, Jadda hastened from the spot, repeating a grateful prayer to God Almighty, who will not permit any danger to hurt those who lay down with an assurance of his goodness and power.

Nang-fa here interrupted the talapoiness," I fear," said he, you will be tired, we will take some refreshment, and afterwards, I shall be very happy to know the conclusion of your story; it is a very entertaining one, and I long to hear the adventures at the Golden Mountain.---- As soon as Soum-Kii had taken some fruit and sherbet, she continued as follows:

CONTINUATION OF THE STORY OF THE SILVER KEY.

As the ſun began now to ſhine forth very chearful and pleaſant, the young Jadda continued his journey, he met a youth driving a camel, of whom he enquired the way to the Golden Mountain. "Are you mad," cried the young ſtranger, "to aſk ſuch a queſtion, Do you not know, that it is certain death to approach it?" "I do," returned Jadda, "and yet am reſolved to go, ſince it is for the moſt amiable princeſs in the world." "If it is ſo," cried the youth, "there is the road."

Jadda now travelled on until he came to the foot of the mountain, and felt already the influence of the magic air, when he perceived a young woman drawing ſome water at a well; "Pray tell me," cried he, "why you draw water from ſo poiſonous a ſpring?" "You are miſtaken," cried ſhe, "the genius of innocence guards this well, and it runs pure through the contaminated earth, but

but what," continued ſhe, "can have brought you to this dangerous ſpot." Jadda informed her of his intentions, when ſhe uttered a deep ſigh, "Raſh young man," cried ſhe, "you know not the cruel fate which awaits you, for no ſooner do you ſet foot within the verge of this mountain, but your body will become ſwelled and parched up, and you will linger with the fatal poiſon until death." "I have ſworn," returned Jadda, "to bring away the magic vial, and had rather die, than return without it." "Firſt, then," cried the young woman, "come with me, to my mother's hut, we are placed here by the Genius of Innocence, to warn the adventurous traveller from proceeding on his way, and have ſaved the lives of hundreds." Jadda conſented to turn back for a few minutes, when he came to a ſmall hut, where an old woman ſat ſpinning cotton, who appeared very much ſurpriſed to ſee ſuch a youth in that place. "Raſh young man," cried ſhe, "haſten from this fatal ſpot, and give up the vain attempt, none"

ſaid

ſaid ſhe, "can venture near the palace of the magician Hai-houk, who is not firſt anointed with the magic oil, which is contained in a little ſilver box kept in this cottage, and which no one as yet has been able to unlock, and until a perſon is found poſſeſſed of the key that belongs to it, the power of the ſorcerer will remain ſecure." After this diſcourſe, Jadda requeſted to ſee the ſilver caſket, but they would not let him, until he had bathed in the water of the ſpring, which he accordingly did, and at his return, upon trying his little ſilver key, it opened the ſilver caſket, at which the young woman ſeemed quite overjoyed.--The moſt delightful fragrance iſſued from the box, which was filled with odours drawn from the ſweeteſt flowers, with which Jadda anointed his hands and face. "You may now," cried the young woman, "go on without fear, the Genius of innocence will guard and protect you."

Jadda now proceeded up the mountain unhurt by the peſtilential vapour, and found the way ſcattered with the bones

bones of ſeveral people, who had by accident, or from hardineſs, ventured within its limits, and died by the poiſon which floated in the air. Jadda now came to a large pool of green ſtanding water, filled with ſnakes of an enormous ſize, who glided along the dried herbage which abounded with venomous toads larger than he had ever ſeen; he however paſſed them unhurt, till he came to a building of black marble, the entrance of which was guarded by a large black ſcorpion that meaſured ten feet in length. Jadda drew his bow, and let fly an arrow, which wounded the frightful creature in the mouth, and he fell to the ground with the pain. Jadda paſſed on to a large dark room, where an old woman was ſeated, heating an earthen pot over the fire, and repeating to herſelf certain taliſmanic words. As ſoon as ſhe ſaw a ſtranger in the place, ſhe ſent forth a moſt dreadful ſcream. Jadda however forced his way by, and aſcended a flight of ſtairs lighted by one glimmering lamp, when he came to a room, where

where the cruel ſorcerer was ſitting by himſelf reading a large book. "Who is it," cried he, "who dares to interrupt me? Wretch, you ſhall preſently ſuffer for your boldneſs!" When ſtamping his foot, five miſhapen monſters entered the room. Jadda trembled with fear, but they only ſtood entranced as they ſaw him. The ſorcerer now fell on his knees, "I perceive," cried he to Judda, "you are protected by the genius of innocence, and that you are poſſeſſed of the magic key. Jadda now demanded the vial, when the magician took him to a dark cloſet, in which was an iron box that contained ſmall bottles, out of which he uſed to drop a few drops every night, until the perſon they repreſented lingered to death. "Infamous wretch," cried Jadda, as ſoon as he had taken the vial from him, "thy power is now over; receive, therefore, the reward of your cruelty: this arrow ſhall end thy curſed exiſtence." With theſe words, he ſhot the cruel magician through the heart, who in ſpite of his enchantments, fell

fell to the earth, when the whole palace ſhook, and at laſt tumbled to pieces.

The face of things were now changed in a moment: the wet and poiſonous air became dry and pleaſant, a beautiful verdure appeared on the ground, and the ſtagnated pool of ſerpents appeared a beautiful river. Jadda haſtened from the ſpot where the palace had ſtood, when he was met by the young woman he had ſeen at the well, who led a beautiful white camel; and as ſoon as ſhe accoſted him, put a ſilver crown upon his head; "Accept" ſaid ſhe, the honour due to you; you are one of the favourites of Sommona Codom, and for your love of truth and generoſity, all ſhall henceforth be pleaſantneſs and peace. This camel, who is ſwifter in the journey than the arrow that flies from the bow, will ſoon convey you to the palace of the princeſs; you will then" continued the genius, "have the love of the fair Achamahia. You have only to remember, that the cauſe of all your ſucceſſes has been your virtue. Be careful, then, to continue the ſame courſe, and admire

mire the myſteries of the providence which has brought you ſo much good. The little key you found when fiſhing, has been the means of bringing you to the higheſt of human offices; the accident was deſigned by the genius of your birth, and ought to ſhew you that the good are always the eſpecial care of heaven.

Jadda now returned on the white camel to the palace of the princeſs, whom he found much better, but very uneaſy at his abſence, and in wonder at her returning health. Jadda, however, requeſted her patience until he could explain the circumſtances, when ſhe heard him with aſtoniſhment and delight, and expreſſed her gratitude in the livelieſt terms.

The princeſs now called a meeting in the divan, where ſhe produced the magic vial, and addreſſed herſelf to the nobles as follows: "What," cried ſhe, "does the man deſerve, who has reſtored life to the princeſs, at the riſk of his own?" They all unanimouſly anſwered, he deſerved to wear the crown of Siam.

"There

"There then," cried the princeſs, pointing to Jadda, "is your king, who from a poor fiſherboy has, by his virtue and courage, raiſed himſelf to the crown, and merits all our love." Thus did heaven bleſs the humble Jadda.

"I am very much delighted," cried Nang-fa, "with the ſtory of the Silver Key." "Certainly," returned Soum-kii, "the character of Jadda is a very good one, and ſhews how much love and eſteem we may get by humility and complacency of diſpoſition. Nothing is more agreeable than the ſecuring by our manners, the good wiſhes and friendſhip of the worthy." Nang-fa bluſhed at this diſcourſe, "I ſhall be very happy," interrupted he, "to hear another ſtory as ſoon as you pleaſe."

The fair Soum-kii was now very frequently with Nang-fa, who began to be ſo very fond of her company, that he was ſeldom within doors, without making her come and ſit with him. The good talapoineſs took care to improve theſe opportunities, and one evening, at his requeſt, began the ſtory of

THE

GOLDEN BOOK

WITH MANY LEAVES.

In the province of Me-tac, there lived a great mandarin, named Pouti-fouc, who, though bleſt with all that fortune could beſtow, ſtill felt the want of contentment, he had been married ten years, and to as many wives, without ever having had a child.

At laſt an old talapoin, who had frequently been conſulted, deſired him according to the cuſtom of that country, to ſet apart a day for ſacred prayer, which was done; accordingly, as ſoon as the ſun roſe, two large incenſe pots were placed in the outer yard, and a fire kindled at the entrance to prevent ſtrangers from obtruding. Pouti-fouc, attended by the old talapoin, now preſented his petition to

heaven for a ſon, at the ſame time acknowledging all that God had bleſſed him with already, as health, riches, honour, and long life.

The old talapoin read the petition with his face to the ground, and when he had done, threw it among ſome burning ruſhes, in the incenſe pot, where it was preſently conſumed; he then threw in three or four little bundles of ſacred paper, very fine and gilded, on which certain characters were written; a fine blue flame now aſcended ſpirally towards heaven, which was conſidered as a favourable omen.

A few months after the ceremony, the chief favourite of the mandarin was found to be with child, and was ſoon after delivered of the moſt beautiful infant, perhaps ever ſeen. Nothing could equal the joy of the mandarin at this event, he immediately retired to the temple, and returned thanks to heaven, and in due time the child was named Kelong, which ſignifies in the Balic language a wiſe child. Another day was now ſet apart for ſacred prayer,

prayer, when the old talapoin again attended to perform the rites; he threw the sacred paper into the pots of burning incense, but instead of their being consumed, he took from amidst the flames, a little book, with many golden leaves, clasped, on the outside of which, was written in the Balic language, the word Soaung, which signifies truth. "Upon the observance of the precepts contained in this little volume (cried the talapoin), will depend the happiness of the child, it must be preserved for him with the greatest care, and when he is of sufficient age, he must be sent to the mountain of Cachon, where the genius of Wisdom resides, who will open the clasps of the book, and explain the mysteries it contains.

Kelong, who was educated under the care of the old talapoin, grew handsomer every day; his mind was humble, his manners unaffected, his disposition generous and humane, and his understanding clear and enlightened. The time was now arrived, when the old talapoin

thought proper to ſend young Kelong to the mountains of Cachon. "My dear ſon," cried he, preſenting to him the Golden Book with many leaves, "it is now fit that you ſhould ſet out on your journey to the Genius of Wiſdom, who will unfold the ſacred pages of this little volume, to your obſervation, and inſtruct you from its precepts, whence the unhappineſs of the ſons of men proceeds. Mayſt thou learn to avoid their errors, and the Great Sommona Codom direct you on your way".

Kelong looked with delight upon the book, but a tear of gratitude and love fell from his eyes at parting with the old talapoin.

Kelong had not travelled far, before his attention was engaged by two young men, fiſhing on the ſide of a river, one of them caught a great number of ſmall fiſh, but as faſt as he catched them, he threw them into the river again, and went to different parts of the river where he was more or leſs ſucceſsful, but ſtill threw all he got into the river again. The other did not

ſeem

ſeem to give himſelf that trouble, for he laid himſelf upon the graſs and waited for a bite, but before he could get to take in the line, they conſtantly eſcaped from the hook. Kelong diverted himſelf very much for ſome time looking at them, and then went on a little farther, till he came to a beautiful ſpot, where he ſat down to reſt. He was preſently accoſted by a young man dreſt in a blue robe, who enquired whither he was going? Kelong anſwered, to the mountain of Cachon; at which the young ſtranger ſmiled, "are you mighty deſirous," ſaid he, "to go that tireſome and unpleaſant road: Kelong anſwered, he was. "Well," cried the youug ſtranger, "ſince it is ſo, you had better take ſome refreſhment before you go any further." Kelong at firſt refuſed the offer the young man made him, but he renewed his invitation with ſuch courteſy and friendſhip, that Kelong, who was captivated with his manners, at laſt accepted the invitation.

The young man now led Kelong to a beautiful palace of white marble, where they were received by a number of attendants, and led into a handſome ſaloon; where a table was ſpread with the greateſt delicacies the ſeaſon could afford, the ſtranger made Kelong ſit down with him, and helped him very plentifully to fruit and wine, during the repaſt, he endeavoured to ridicule him, on his intentions to go to the mountain of Cachon, and invited him to ſtay in the palace, where he might poſſeſs all the luxuries of life, without danger or fatigue. Kelong, was too much delighted with the converſation and manner of his companion to leave him abruptly, they therefore ſat together drinking wine till late, and then retired to reſt, when Kelong indulged ſome very pleaſing reflections on the character of his hoſt, whoſe complaiſance and good humour had been kept up to the laſt moment; but as he was amuſing himſelf with ideas of the happineſs of his companion, he was alarmed

alarmed by some dreadful screams which he found proceeded from the young man's room; and which engaged him to listen more attentively, when he heard the most dismal groans repeated, and the following words: "Alas! what an unhappy wretch I am, and how little does it signify that I have riches, when I am incapable of enjoying them; my conscience accuses me of the greatest excesses; I have indulged my sensuality at the expence of innocence and truth, and feel the bitterness of reproach; my crimes have planted anguish and sorrow in the breasts of many, and my extravagancies have nearly consumed my estate; no wonder then that my sleep is unquiet and the night long and weary. The morning, which gives spirits to the poor wretch to renew his labour, only offends me by its brightness! O that I could but fly from myself to shun the secret accusations of conscience! Or that I could be constantly engaged in novelty and dissipation!

Kelong was astonished at these words, and went to rest a little less pleased with the situation of the stranger than he was before. When the morning came, he was, however, received by his host with the same complacency and gaiety, he helped him as before to what was best, and entertained him with the most pleasant stories he had ever heard. Kelong now expressed a wish to go forward on his journey, at which the young man changed countenance, and used the greatest persuasion he was master of to engage him to stop a little longer, but in vain, Kelong bid him farewell, and left the palace.

Kelong now pursued his journey, and soon came up with a youth who had been running with great eagerness in pursuit of butterflies, through the most difficult paths and turnings, but being near a hut, where a talapoin lived, they both went in to get some refreshment, when he observed the figure of the stranger, who seemed quite spent with fatigue.

The

The talapoin, like all of that sect, was very charitable, and as it was late, invited them to stay in the hut all night, and prepared them a bed. Kelong had not been laid down long, before he heard his companion talking in his sleep, and listening to his words, heard him say, "how long will it be before I shall be chief mandarin of Siam, and before I shall wear the pagne?" After this all was quiet, and Kelong fell fast asleep, but what was his surprise in the morning, when he found his companion gone, and looking at the window, saw him running along the hills after a butterfly, which he pursued with unremitting alacrity.

Kelong after breakfast, continued his journey to the mountains of Cachon, but his attention was again attracted by an old man, who was industriously seeking for small white pebbles, which he put into a bag, but loaded himself so much with them, that he could scarcely crawl along. Kelong was engaged in reflecting on what he saw, when he was interrupted by a man leading a beautiful

fawn which he careſſed very much, but what was Kelong's ſurpriſe when preſently he ſaw him take a knife out of his pocket, and cut his throat, after which he bewailed over it with the moſt piteous lamentations. "How myſterious," cried Kelong, "are the actions of men!" but his attention was now diverted to a pale ſickly figure who was looking up ſteadfaſtly at the ſun. "Are you not afraid," cried Kelong, "of hurting your eyes by looking ſo ſtedfaſtly at ſo bright an object." "I have been endeavouring" cried the ſtranger, "for many weeks to find a ſpot in its diſk, but without ſucceſs.

Kelong travelled about a mile further, when he ſaw another man, who was ſitting by the ſide of a river, murmuring to himſelf. He enquired what ailed him, when the ſtranger replied, I am mourning after a ſmall piece of ſilver, which I have, by accident, let fall among the ſand. "Have you ſearched for it," cried Kelong. "No," anſwered the ſtranger, "it is in vain, all I have to do is to complain of my ill-luck." Kelong how-

however perſuaded him to look for it, which he did for a long time, but without ſucceſs; but at laſt, when he had nearly given it over, he picked up a fine pearl, worth a hundred tical, and went away quite overjoyed with his good fortune.

Kelong now arrived at the mountain of Cachon, where his ſenſes were regaled by the moſt delightful perfumes, which came from different parts of it. The palace of the genius was all of white ivory, and a row of beautiful palms were in the hall. The genius was ſeated upon a praſſat or throne of rich ſilk, and before him aſcended a ſmall white cloud from a pot of incenſe, which almoſt hid him from the ſight. Kelong proſtrated himſelf to the ground, and preſented the golden book with many leaves. "Approach, my ſon," cried the genius, "you have done well, prepare to receive the reward your perſeverance in virtue merits. But firſt," ſaid the genius, "it is fit that the myſtery of the golden book with many leaves, ſhould be explained. At theſe words he opened the claſp,

when a distant sound of thunder was heard. "Read" cried the genius, "you will now see how much good may be collected from the common incidents of life. The two young men fishing shew you the effects of inconstancy and idleness; the first neglected his success, and lost continually all he gained; and the last never catched any thing, being too indolent to attend to what he was about. Thus it is men forfeit the blessings Providence designs them by their weakness or perverseness.

"The young man who so politely invited you to his house, is a striking instance of the melancholy state to which an inordinate love of pleasure debases the mind. Avoid my son the danger, and learn to know that there is an end of peace, when there is an end of virtue.

"The youth pursuing the butterflies, shews the strength of human vanity, such are the empty pursuits of pride and ambition.

"The man leading the fawn is a picture of jealousy. He caressed his favourite

for

for a time, but at laſt ſeeing his own ſhadow fondling it alſo, and taking it for a reality, cut his throat; equally weak and unfounded is, ſometimes, the jealouſy of men.

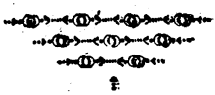
"The ſickly figure who was looking to find a ſpot in the ſun, is alſo a picture of envy. Beware of its baneful influence; it debaſes the mind, and deſtroys happineſs.

"The man at the river ſide, who loſt the piece of ſilver money, and in ſearching for it picked up a pearl, ſhews how ungrateful it is to be diſcontented, and the neceſſity and uſefulneſs of exertion and perſeverance in misfortune.

"Such" cried the genius, "are the examples you have met with in your journey to the mountain of wiſdom, continue to make obſervations on the common accidents you meet with through life, and when you are involved in doubt, ſeek the explanation in the golden book with many leaves."

Nang-fa ſeemed very much pleaſed during this ſtory, and as he had a great deal

deal of natural good sense, seemed to forsake his levity, and attend very seriously to the instruction it afforded. "I will now" cried Soum-kii tell you a humorous tale, it is called



THE

THE STORY OF

CHING-QUAW,

THE LITTLE BANDY-LEGGED TAYLOR.

THERE lived in the city of Bancok, a little bandy-legg'd taylor, named Ching-quaw, who though the beſt humoured fellow living, was unfortunately married to an ill-tempered wife whoſe whole delight was in grumbling and ſcolding.

It happened that the poor little taylor, had been for ſome time without any work, ſo that he led but a very uncomfortable life. One evening in particular, he had experienced ſuch unhandſome treatment from his good lady, that he wiſhed himſelf dead an hundred times. "You little ugly dog, you," cried ſhe in a paſſion, "are we to ſtarve? What do you do there ſitting in the chimney corner, ſucking your thumbs? get up and ſtir yourſelf, or I'll take

take the cudgel to you." "I will, my dear," anſwered the poor little taylor, "don't be in ſuch a violent paſſion, if I hav'nt the work, I can't do it, have a little patience, providence will do ſomething for us by and by." "Providence!" cried ſhe, "what are we do for dinner tomorrow?" "~~Pray now~~, my dear" returned Ching-quaw, "have a little patience, and believe me, that we ſhall, by ſome chance or other, have a good dinner tomorrow, if not a nice ſupper to night." In this manner the poor little taylor and his ſcold of a wife paſſed the greater part of the evening; ſhe fuming and fretting, while he ſat trembling in the corner of the room ſaying his prayers, when preſently a knock was heard at the door. "Bleſs me!" cried the poor little taylor, who had juſt jumped upright on his legs, "do go, my dear, and ſee who it is? I have a ſtrong notion we ſhall have ſome good luck to night." "You are a fool," cried ſhe, "and always will be," and with theſe words ſhe went to open the door, when a man

from

from the Bazar, or market place, put a fine fish into her hands. "O dear husband," cried she, "look here, we have got something good to eat." "I told you so," answered the little taylor, "I told you providence would take care of us." So you did, my dear," cried she, "and what say you now, to have it for supper?" "With all my heart," answered Ching-quaw, so down they sat, and not having had so delicious a repast for sometime, almost eat it up.

The next night however all the fish was gone, and the poor little taylor's ill-natured wife began to scold him again very heartily. "Stop a little, my dear," said he, "remember the fish." He had hardly spoke these words, when a knock was heard at the door, and the same man, put into Chin-quaw's hands some very fine lobsters, and without asking to be paid for them went away. "Bless me, my dear," cried the little taylor to his wife, "see what providence has done for us!" "Well," cried she,

since

ſince it is ſo, let us ſet down and make a good ſupper, in ſhort, ſhe continued in a very good humour till all the lobſters were gone; and found no work come in; when ſhe began as uſual upbraiding her poor huſband, and called him many opprobious names, till little Ching-quaw reminded her, that it was about the time of the Bazar-man's coming, when ſure enough, as uſual he came to the door, and as they were ſpeaking, put into her hands a bag of rice, and a few dry cadi. "What!" cried ſhe, looking at them with contempt, "Go back, if you pleaſe, and bring me a nice ſmall turtle." Upon which the man took back the rice and cadi, and went his way. "Well, cried little Ching-quaw, when ſhe came in, "what have you got, my dear?" "Why, the raſcal," cried ſhe, "had the inſolence to bring me a little rice and a few ſmall fiſh, but I ſent him away with a flea in his ear." At theſe words the poor little taylor turned as pale as aſhes. "My dear," ſaid he, "what have you done? how could you be ſo ungrateful?"

"Why,

"Why, you fool, you," cried she; "I tell you he is gone to get me a nice small turtle."

Poor little ching-quaw and his ill-tempered wife sat above two hours shaking their knees, waiting for the bazar-man's return, but he never came any more, when at last the poor little taylor, thus remonstrated with his wife, "My dear, this should learn us to be content, and to accept the blessings providence bestows; nay, even to be satisfied with what she sends, though it may not be exactly what we like; a little dry fish would have been better than nothing; and who knows, but next time we might have had a nice turtle to boot; you now see the consequence of *murmuring* and *discontent*.

"There is," cried Soum-kii, "a very good lesson in the story of Ching-quaw. The Almighty looks with an impartial eye upon his children, and providence attends more faithfully to the wants of the poor than fortune does to the rich; she frequently deserts them, and leaves her

her favourites to degrading poverty; but on the poor, providence from her bounteous ſtore, beſtows in the moment of neceſſity, enough to comfort and relieve them; it is only our neglect or ingratitude that prevents her interference for us; you will find," cried the talapoineſs, "the ſingular power of providence diſplayed in the following ſtory:

THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

TWO YOUNG MERCHANTS.

Two young merchants lived in the city of Cam-peng, who being left very scantily, converted their little money into merchandizes, but found themselves possessed of only one pearl a-piece; with this little stock, they however ventured to set out in the world, the elder merchant was named Nang-sou, signifying a subtle mind, he was very careful and industrious, but artful, suspicious and covetous; the younger, whose name was Nang-si or gentle mind, was open and generous, and trusted more to providence for his success than his own management. Nang-sou was a well made young man, but ill-favoured. Nang-si had a gentle winning manner, with a [illegible] finely

finely proportioned form, and a countenance full of tenderness and expression.

The two young merchants having taken leave of Cam-peng, travelled into Me-tac, where they went to the Bazar, or public market place, and having hired a shop of another merchant, exposed their two pearls to sale. It was not many hours before a moor stopt to look at them, and asked Nang-si the price. "Mine," cried Nang-sou, "is a pearl of great worth, fit for the king of Siam himself." "How much do you ask for it?" cried the moor; "Nothing less," cried he than a thousand tical:" "Give me the pearl," cried the moor, "there is the money," telling it out. After this the moor went his way, and left him much delighted with his good fortune. "Why did not you," cried he to Nang-si "shew your pearl also? you see how well I have bargained for mine, which was not worth a twentieth part of what he has given for it." "Well, never mind," cried Nang-si, "perhaps my poor pearl will bring me something yet, If I am unfortnnate

unfortunate to day, I may not be so to-morrow."

The next day Nang-sou bought some more merchandize, and they travelled together to the city of Siam, where he disposed of them to great advantage, but poor Nang-si's pearl still remained on his hands, as nobody cared to purchase it, after being attracted by the beautiful merchandize his companion displayed. "Well," cried Nang-sou, as they were shutting up their shop, "What do you think now? is it not better to use our own ingenuity and care, than to trust to chance? you might have obtained as good a price as I did, if you had not been so scrupulous." "Never mind," returned Nang-si, "perhaps I shall have better luck to-morrow, and without asking twenty times as much as my pearl is worth." Nang-si would very gladly have quitted his brother merchant after what had happened, had he not been under obligations to him for some little money he had lent him, which he was unable to discharge. "Alas!" cried

poor

poor Nang-si, "how wretched a situation is it to be entangled with a bad man! O, God, in the goodness of thy providence, set me free.

The next day as Nang-sou was busied in selling his wares, a lady came into the shop, and after having turned over a great number of things, and purchasing several, was just going away, when she cast her eyes on Nang-si, and seeing him stand very thoughtful and disconsolate, asked him in a brisk tone, what he had to dispose of? "Only one small pearl," cried he, shewing it to her. "Dear me," answered the lady, "what a beauty it is, it is only fit for the princess of Siam, no doubt but the price of it is very high." Nang-sou was all this time making signs to his brother merchant to ask her a good price, but he disdained to use such means for success, and replied "that it was but a very common pearl, mentioning the number of tical it was worth. "I wish," cried the lady, "I had not parted with all my money, I think I never saw such a beauty in my life, I am quite in

love

love with it." Nang-ſi, ſeeing the lady ſo much delighted with the pearl, would fain have made her take it away, and have truſted her for payment, but that ſhe refuſed. "You are very good, ſir," returned ſhe, "but pray tell me before I go, have you nothing elſe to ſell?" "No, madam," cried Nang-ſi, "I ſet up with this pearl, and no one has yet aſked the price of it except yourſelf, but my companion has met with better luck." "And pray what did he ſet up with?" cried the lady. "A ſingle pearl alſo," returned Nang-ſi. After this converſation, the lady having eyed him very particularly, went away, and left them in doubt who ſhe could be, when Nang-ſou repeated his contempt for his companion's manner of dealing, and told him he would never do any thing for himſelf while he lived.

At night after the ſhop was ſhut up, Nang-ſou went as uſual to walk, and left his brother merchant at home, who ſeated himſelf at the door to enjoy the pleaſantneſs of the evening, when an old eu-

nuch, who had paſſed backwards and forwards ſeveral times, aſked his name, of which he was no ſooner informed, than he ſaid, "then it is you that I want, you muſt follow me, and bring along with you the pearl you have to ſell." Nang-ſi, who was overjoyed at this news, run immediately in doors, and having found the pearl, ſet out with the eunuch, who led him through a great number of bye-ways, till he was very much afraid to go any further; at laſt, however, they came to a portal where the eunuch went in, and having firſt blindfolded Nang-ſi, took hold of his hand, and led him that way for ſome time, till they ſtopt, and the handkerchief being taken off his face, he found himſelf in a magnificent room. A beautiful young lady was ſeated on a velvet cuſhion, ſurrounded by female ſlaves, who were playing on all manner of ſweet inſtruments, and ſinging to amuſe her; when Nang-ſi entered, they all ſtopt at once, and ſilence continued until the lady ſpoke. "Young merchant" cried ſhe, "I am the ſame perſon whom

whom you ſaw at your ſhop this morning, and am ſo very much charmed with your politeneſs and good-nature, that I wiſh very much to be better acquainted with you; moreover," ſaid ſhe, "I am the daughter of the mandarin Ling-po, who has lately been commanded by the king of Siam, to find a fit perſon to ſucceed him in his office, my father being very aged and infirm. Happening this morning to mention my adventure at your ſhop, he made me relate the particulars, and was ſo much pleaſed with your honeſty and good nature, that he deſired me to ſend for you privately." Nang-ſi was ſo confounded at firſt, that he was unable to make any anſwer, and only proſtrated himſelf before her, till ſhe raiſed him with her own hand, aud made him ſit near her on a mat placed on purpoſe for him. It was not long before the mandarin came in with the king himſelf, who was diſguiſed that he might not be known. "Sir," cried the lady to her father, "this is the young man whoſe

whole fortune consists of only one single pearl, and who would so willingly have trusted me with it this morning," Nang-si only bowed his head in silence, when the king ordered the attendants to bring a purple robe, which he put on his shoulders with his own hands. "Young man," cried he, "one poor single pearl, has raised you to the highest office in the gift of the king of Siam; you are now a mandarin of the first order, and must attend on me only."

Much as Nang-si was transported with his good fortune, he was not forgetful of the providence on which he had so constantly depended, but breathed a silent prayer of gratitude to heaven, as they led him to the divan, which was full of people: where the king presently appeared drest in a vest of beautiful brocaded sattin: "I come, my people," said he, "to present to you a young man for your minister, whose heart is uncorrupt; such a one is most likely to make you happy, and is only worthy to succeed the good Ling-po. Enquire not into

into his birth, nor who he is; the man of integrity in all ſituations deſerves honour and promotion." Every one was ſilent while the king ſpoke, but he had no ſooner concluded, than they ruſhed forward to ſee the young Nang-ſi, who bowed with complaiſance to every body, and accepted the office beſtowed on him, with becoming modeſty and heſitation.

The new mandarin had been but a ſhort time in his new office before he publiſhed an edict, that all perſons, however poor or abject, who wiſhed to prefer their complaints to him, ſhould be heard on a certain day, when, if aggrieved, he would redreſs them.

The day being arrived, the hall was very much crouded, when the deciſions made by the new mandarin appeared ſo good and juſt, that he began already to be beloved by the people. Amongſt others who attended, was a poor man, whoſe face he thought he had ſeen before. "I come, great ſir," cried he, "to prefer a charge againſt a merchant, who ſome weeks ſince ſold me a pearl for a

thousand tical, which price he persuaded me was considerably under the real value; but I was over-reached very much, for when I offered it for sale, I was told it was worth nothing at all, and have had it by me ever since." "And where is this merchant," cried Nang-si, "he is here sir, in the court," answered the moor, pointing to Nang-sou, who stood in the throng. "And what has been the consequence," cried the mandarin, "of this act of injustice." "It has been my ruin," returned the moor, "for my creditors have come upon me all at once, and having no money to give them, they are now going to carry me to prison." "And are you the merchant that has done this," cried Nang-si to his brother merchant, who did not know him in the sumptuous apparel in which he appeared. "I deny the charge," cried Nang-sou, "I never saw this man's face before; he is a perfect stranger to me." "Have you no witnesses," cried Nang-si to the poor moor, "No sir," said he, "there was only a young man in the shop, at the time,

time, who was his partner; but I ſwear by Sommona Codom that what I ſay is true." "That will avail you nothing," cried the mandarin, "there muſt be a witneſs to the fraud, or he muſt be ſet at liberty." "You ſay," continued he to Nang-ſou, "that you never ſaw this moor's face before." "Never," repeated Nang-ſou, "I will ſwear it." "Hold," cried the mandarin, "Nang-ſou firſt look at me, know that you ſee in the chief mandarin of Siam, the merchant Nang-ſi: I am witneſs againſt thee." As ſoon as the merchant knew who it was, he hung down his head with ſhame and confuſion. "And were you great ſir," exclaimed the moor, "his companion: alas I remember now your face, and ſhould have bought your pearl, had not he told me it was not worth a ſingle coris."

The mandarin now turned to Nang-ſou, "As your crime has been mean and baſe, ſo muſt your puniſhment be exemplary: you muſt render to this poor man all the money you have procured

by your imposition, and let the unjust learn this useful lesson, that the injuries they do to the good and innocent raises them a friend in God himself: the very means you took to hurt me, have brought me to glory and honour: had you not undervalued my poor single pearl, it would not have fallen into the hands of the fair Sii-pac*." "Thus are the mysteries of providence explained," continued he, "to act with impartiality; all parties are strangers to the just judge." This then is the sentence I pass, all your ill-acquired property must be the moor's, for there is attached to it, while it is in your hands, the curse of ill-gotten wealth; but I recollect I owe you a small trifle, which is justly your own, will you be content to set out afresh on the small stock it will purchase, "Most thankfully," cried Nang-sou, "I am ashamed of my former conduct, and will most readily part with all I have to make atonement: I have been unjust, and deserve all I shall suffer."

* Signifying the beauty of the mouth.

"The

"The Almighty," cried the young mandarin, pardons not the repentant ſinner to ſhun and deſert him, but to give him comfort; let the ſons of men follow the great example." "Go," ſaid he, "and henceforward do as you would be done by: remember that the bleſſing of God upon one ſmall pearl brought Nang-ſi to honour and promotion."

The whole divan ſhouted with praiſe at the deciſion of the new mandarin, even thoſe who were diſpoſed to reflect on his former ſituation felt themſelves awed and confounded. The fair Sii-pac bluſhed at the praiſe given to him, but it was more than ſimple approbation ſhe felt, ſhe loved him; for one day as he was expreſſing his gratitude to the fair author of his good fortune, ſhe thus replied, "My father admires your virtues; tell me, is there any thing wanting to complete your happineſs that is in my power to grant." "I have already," cried Nang-ſi, "received too much." She made no reply to this language, but her

eyes told him to ask what he pleased; while he in observing her passion, felt his own, and in a little time he added to his other good fortune the possession of the fair Sii-pac.

Nang-sa looked very thoughtful after Soum-kii had concluded her story, when she, observing his disposition, addressed him as follows: "My dear young friend, I perceive your mind is a soil in which truth and virtue will readily mature: cultivation alone is wanting. It delights me that I have the power to amuse you, but much more that with amusement I can mix instruction, which will make you good and happy in future. When first I saw you, I was assured that the gentleness of your looks proceeded from a good heart: levity may have occasionally betrayed you into some few follies, but your mind is, I am sure, incapable of encouraging vice: bless then your father, by discarding those errors which have made him uneasy, and be satisfied that peace and pleasantness attend only on the virtuous." Nang-sa blushed

blushed at this discourse, but felt more contrition than offence. "I will to-morrow," cried the talapoiness, "relate to you a story which will give you a dreadful example of vice." When the next morning arrived Soum-kii began.

THE STORY OF

THE UNJUST MANDARIN.

THE mandarin Tchi-long had governed for many years in Siam, under a prince who confined himself almost entirely to the women's apartment; and by his voluptuousness and negligence of the affairs of government, subjected his people to the tyranny of a corrupt minister. Scarcely any thing could exceed the burthens borne by the inhabitants of Siam, and the grievances they daily suffered from the unjust and cruel Tchi-long.

Among the servants of the mandarin, was a young man named Anvu-rut, which signifies in the Balic tongue, a great mind, he had risen from the humble situation of a shepherd to be the chief favourite of the mandarin, and was distinguished by him above all others who attended the court.

Anvu-rut was modest and unassuming, and so sensible of the favors which had been

been ſhewn him, that he was conſtantly ready to obey the commands of the ſuperior who beſtowed them. Although he had received none of the advantages of education, he had a natural inclination to pleaſe every one, and to do good to all; his heart was inſtructed in the ſacred leſſons of the Patimouc without having ever read its pages; the truth had been impreſſed ſtrongly upon his mind thro' all the wonders of nature, and directed him where to bend in adoration to a ſupreme being.

The motive of the mandarin Tchilong in chuſing the gentle Anvu-rut for his companion, could only be gueſſed at; ſome imagined it was to acquire a character for liberality, others that he intended him ſome real good; but thoſe who knew the mandarin better, concluded that it was to make him ſo dependant on his will, that he might enforce any commands he pleaſed, ſince he knew he was much too humble to contradict his wiſhes, and too unambitious to diſturb his peace.

A few

A few months seemed to have fixed Anvu-rut in the favour of the mandarin; he consulted him on every occasion, raised him from one dignity to another, and poured so many obligations on him, that he very soon forgot his birth and former humble, but happy lot.

The heart of Anvu-rut beat for the first time with ambition, and pride swelled his bosom: the mandarin did not fail to encourage the fever of his mind, and to pour in fresh draughts of the fatal poison so well adapted to his purpose. Tchilong wallowed in voluptuousness and vice, and Anvu-rut followed to the banquet; yet in the midst of all this he was not happy; he daily saw the orphans and the widows little property torn from them to feed the extravagance of the mandarin; he saw the humble supplicant rejected with scorn, and the rich offender pardoned with impunity; he would sometimes say to himself in a moment of recollection, "are these things right," but the awe and respect he felt for the mandarin made him view all his actions thro'

a false

a false medium, and he was only angry with himself for suspecting so great a character. Anvu-rut could not avoid, however, at times enquiring of himself the cause of the many favours which had been heaped upon him, "Why is it," cried he, "that I am so highly honoured who was only an humble shepherd; it must be that Tchi-long has a friendship for me, since his generosity has no bounds; he may have faults, but no doubt the malice and envy of his enemies have exaggerated them beyond the truth; I will myself try the heart of the mandarin the first occasion that offers, and judge of him without prejudice.

It was not long before Anvu-rut had an opportunity to fulfil his intentions: a poor widow had some years before made a claim before the mandarin of some money which she was entitled to by the death of a relation. Tchi-long had ordered the money to be placed in his treasury, and no more was heard of the affair till the poor woman made her complaint to Anvu-rut, who the next time he saw the

the mandarin repreſented the whole affair. "Is it poſſible," cried he, "that I ſhould have been guilty of ſuch neglect? go to my treaſury, and get the money immediately; it is time the poor woman ſhould have it; you have obliged me very much by reminding me of her claim, which I had forgot." I am ſatisfied, (cried Anvu-rut, after he had parted from the mandarin) this man is not what the world reports him; he is both juſt and generous. Thus artfully had the mandarin inſinuated a falſe character of himſelf into the mind of Anvu-rut, and catched at the opportunity of doing one ſmall act of goodneſs to cover his future miſchievous deſigns; but theſe were not the only means he took to make him ready to obey; he knew very well that he muſt alſo make him dependant. Anvu-rut was naturally gay, and the ſudden change in his fortune had led him into extravagancies that could not eaſily be ſupported. It was in theſe moments of difficulty and embarraſſment, that Tchi-long came to his aſſiſtance, and ſupported him in all his extremities

tremities with the greateſt apparent friendſhip. It is certain the mandarin felt pleaſure in relieving him, ſince he knew very well it would entangle him in obligations he could not get rid. Thus the unfortuate Anvu-rut became every day more dependant, and tho' the favours done him were never mentioned, they ſtill at times diſturbed his repoſe; he felt uneaſy at his ſituation, and tried to forget it in new ſcenes of mirth and riot. At laſt one day the mandarin ſent for Anvu-rut on buſineſs of importance, "there is," ſaid he, "a rich merchant of the name of Sam-kou lives in this city, who has affronted me, it will be a good opportunity to ſeize on his property; you ſhall go and put my commands in force; I have the king's permiſſion to put his ſignature to the order." Anvu-rut ſilently ſubmitted, but his heart again aſked him, "Is this right," and he went very unwillingly to enforce the commands of the mandarin againſt the merchant, whom he found to be a very worthy man, and that his only fault was, that of having

by

by his induſtry acquired too much wealth. Anvu-rut now found it more difficult than ever to excuſe the conduct of his maſter, and endeavoured entirely to ſhun the enquiry.

Various were the acts of injuſtice which ſucceeded the one againſt the merchant. The unfortunate Anvu-rut now ſuffered all the anxiety and wretchedneſs which a good mind experiences when dependant on a bad man. The mandarin impoſed on his ſervant conſtantly new offices of inhumanity and oppreſſion; till at length he ſunk into melancholy, and frequently wandered to the plains of Laconcevan where he had formerly lived, to amuſe a diſcontented heart. One day he happened to direct his walk to a ſhady grove, that ſeemed made for contemplation. "O God," cried he, "relieve me from what I now ſuffer, and reſtore me once more to poverty and thy favour; let my ſituation be again humble, that I may be happy; aſſiſt me in thy goodneſs, or thy ſervant will be unable to extricate himſelf from vice. O ſave me for I walk on the brink of a

pre-

precipice." As Anvu-rut ſpoke theſe words, he obſerved an old man walking towards him with a book in his hand. "Son," cried he as he approached, "pardon my intruding upon you, but you ſeem unhappy; the good Sommóna Codom does not like to ſee the countenance of youth clouded with ſorrow. God loves the ſmile of chearfulneſs, and never meant other than bleſſings to mankind." "Sire," returned Anvu-rut, "you have judged rightly, my face only expreſſes what I feel, an uneaſy heart." "I think," cried the old talapoin, "I can find in this volume, a remedy for that worſt of diſeaſes: be unreſerved with me, tell me the cauſe of your unhappineſs, and attend to the inſtructions of the ſacred pages of the Patamouc." Anvu-rut was eaſily prevailed upon to relate his ſtory to the ſtranger, who invited him to it with all the mildneſs and good-nature of a friend.

After Anvu-rut had concluded, the old talapoin aſked, if he remembered how eaſy and pleaſant his moments paſſed, when he was in the humble ſituation of

a ſhep-

a ſhepherd, and whether he would not be ready to reſign all the honours he had acquired in the palace of the mandarin for the peace he had loſt, when he anſwered "yes," "O God," cried the talapoin, "how wonderful is thy providence." "It is forbid," cried he, "that we ſhould aſſociate with the bad, not only becauſe it offends thee, but becauſe it leads to our own wretchedneſs and miſery." "I ſhould adviſe you," continued the talapoin, "to fly from the palace of Tchi-long, and ſeek in the barren deſerts of Laconcevan, a ſuſtenance among the brute creation, rather than ſuffer a life of impiety and miſery; but it is written in the book of providence, that you are to endure this ſlavery a little longer, to bring about ſome great event of which heaven deſigns you to be the agent: chear up thy mind: obey the wretched Tchi-long in all his commands, until they ſhall extend to ſome act which will ſhock thy nature, and make thee ſhudder with horror; then and not till then come to theſe woods, you will find me

me here ready to comfort and direct you." As Anvu-rut listened to these words, he thought he observed something more than mortal in the looks of the talapoin, and fell prostrate on his face, crying out "O father, you have poured balm into my wounds, but alas what can save the wretched Anvu-rut; I am loaded with debts and obligations to the mandarin." "Ask not," cried the talapoin, "what can save you, look up and feel." Anvu-rut felt ashamed at his fears, and retiring from the grove promised to obey the instructions he had received. He now returned with a heart much lighter than before, when he was met by an officer, who came with a message, that the mandarin wanted to see him, "What new act of injustice am I to execute now," cried he to himself, musing as he went along. Tchi-long was at the palace ready to receive him. "I have sent for you," said he, "on an affair which is important to my happiness. I happened some months since to see by accident in her garden, the fair Ka-son, daughter of

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a mandarin of the fourth order; she is beautiful as the morning, but discreet and modest. I have made offers to her father, which he has rejected with scorn; but I have thought of an expedient to make them comply with my wishes, here is the seal of the king of Siam, go directly to the house of the mandarin Sari-bout, and carry him to prison, on a charge which you shall exhibit against him, of imagining the life of the king. I will find witnesses to support your assertions, which must convict him: either I will possess the fair Ka-son, or he shall die for his temerity in refusing to send her to the palace." Anvu-rut expostulated in gentle terms against such an act of manifest injustice, till the mandarin, who burned with rage at being contradicted, said to him, "Wretch! is this thy gratitude, dost thou forget how much thou art indebted to me, and that it is in my power to send thee to prison for life; go instantly and execute my commands, and let me hear no more of this." Anvu-rut fearing he had gone too far, bowed, and promised

promised not to offend him again by disobedience. "I am satisfied," cried the mandarin, "bring me the daughter of Sari-bout, and believe me your friend." "This," cried Anvu-rut as he retired, "is the constant curse of cowardice and vice: I was more independent when a poor shepherd than now. Oh! why have I made myself thus subject to insult and oppression."

Anvu-rut was received by the fair Ka-son at the door of her father's house. "I am come," said he, "to enforce the orders of the king: the mandarin your father must go with me." "Alas sir," cried the lady, "what has he done." "He has been guilty," returned he, "of treachery to the king, and has imagined his death." "Who is his accusser," replied Ka-son." "I am cried Anvu-rut," "You sir, why he knows you not." "No matter," returned he, "I shall produce my charge against him in the divan to-morrow, before the chief mandarin." "Then!" said the fair Ka-son, "all is over: I see plainly our ruin is de-

designed. O Sir, how is it? your countenance speaks tenderness and compassion; and yet you are the perjured accuser of the good Sari-bout." "Say no more," cried he, "you must also follow me to the mandarin." It was with difficulty he avoided explaining his whole heart to the gentle Ka-son, but the instructions of the talapoin prevented him.

When Anvu-rut returned to the palace, he informed the mandarin what he had done. "you have acted your part, well," cried he, "and if you continue to be my friend, you shall not fail of being handsomely rewarded."

The next day Anvu-rut visited the groves of Laconcevan, where he met the same old talapoin he had seen before. "I am come," said he, "to ask your assistance; a page is already opened in the volume of blood, I am called upon by the mandarin to give false evidence against the good old Sari-bout for crimes which will affect his life, nor can any thing avert the sentence, but his resign-

ing

ing his daughter to the cruel Tchi-long," "The chapter is full," returned the talapoin, "and the cruelty of Tchi-long muſt end." "I am prepared for your coming," ſaid he, "follow me, and aſk no queſtions." Anvu-rut obeyed, and followed his conductor, until they came to a cave in the middle of the grove, in the midſt of which ſtood a marble table, and a burning lamp. The talapoin, after having waſhed his hands, went in, and took out of a cloſet a ſmall gold cheſt, on the top of which was written the word retribution. "Take this," cried he, "and follow the inſtructions you will find therein, and all ſhall be right."

When Anvu-rut returned home he opened the little cheſt, in which he found two ſmall vials; the one with a label and inſcription, "pour the contents into the coffee of the mandarin;" the other with a label and inſcription, "this alone can ſave the life of Tchi-long.

The fair Soum-kii now being a little fatigued, retired to take ſome repoſe,

and left Nang-fa to reflect on the myſterious ſtory ſhe had in part related, which however he was ſo eager to hear compleated, that the next evening he begged her to proceed with the ſtory.

THE

CONTINUATION OF THE STORY OF THE UNJUST MANDARIN.

In the morning Anvu-rut was careful to pour the first vial into the cup, out of which the mandarin took his coffee, which he drank off without any suspicion, and immediately afterwards went to the divan, attended by Anvu-rut, to whom he gave such instructions as could not fail of condemning the unfortunate Saribout.

It was not long before the officers of the court brought in the unhappy prisoner, attended by the fair Ka-son. The charge was now produced against him by Anvu-rut, and supported by the testimony of several persons hired by the mandarin. It was in vain he declared his innocence: the proofs were established against him, and the many who knew the character of his accusers, suspected the real cause of his prosecution, yet they dared not express their thoughts. He was sentenced to be torn to pieces by elephants.

The unfortunate Ka-ſon now followed her father again to priſon, calling on heaven to redreſs his injuries, and publicly accuſing Anvu-rut of perjury. His ſtedfaſt coolneſs could not however be ſhaken; he only replied, "the will of heaven muſt be done."

When the divan broke up, Anvu-rut had orders to bring the wretched Ka-ſon to the mandarin. She had retired to her father's houſe, and when he arrived with the officers, exclaimed, "monſter! what helliſh motive could urge you to ſuch cruelty as you have this day practiſed? Crocodile! why do your looks ſpeak gentleneſs and mercy, when your heart is hard as a rock." Anvu-rut, who was almoſt ready to ſink under her invectives, had ſtill the prudence to anſwer, "the will of heaven muſt be done."

As ſoon as Ka-ſon was brought into the preſence of the mandarin, ſhe again launched out againſt the author of her father's ſufferings. "Raſh woman," cried Tchi-long, "the mandarin your father has been juſtly condemned to puniſhment,

punishment, but it is in your power to save his life: you are possessed of charms which can soften the most rigorous justice: I will engage myself to obtain pardon of the king, on condition that you consent to be the chief favourite of his mandarin." "Hold, impious tyrant," cried the fair Ka-son, "My father dies innocent; I will also die. Your cruelty, which has spread like a pestilence over Siam, can pursue us no further than the grave. Tremble then mighty mandarin, for the curse of the oppressed hangs upon thee, and will plunge thee into hell itself." The vizir started at these words, and burst into a torrent of rage. "Go," said he to Anvu-rut, "and instantly bring me the head of the wretch her father." "Before I can do that," cried Anvu-rut with firmness, "thou wilt thyself be no more; *for know mandarin thou art poisoned.*"

Tchi-long turned pale at these words. "Gracious heaven," cried he, "who has done this." "I have," answered Anvu-rut, "thy crimes have spread de-

ſolation over thy country; the widow's heart has bled with thy wrongs; the orphan has been robbed by thy injuſtice; the virgin has been raviſhed from her friends; and the innocent doomed to ſuffer, to gratify thy licentious appetites; but it is time the chapter of thy injuries ſhould end with thy death and infamy: joy and peace returns to Siam."

"Is it poſſible," cried the aſtoniſhed Ka-ſon to her deliverer, "ſure thou art ſome good genii, who has thus wonderfully wrought the will of heaven: O forgive me the harſh expreſſions I have uttered."

The mandarin now awoke from the frightful ſtupor into which the laſt words of Anvu-rut had thrown him. "Wretch!" cried he, "one ſatisfaction ſtill is left me, and that is, that thou ſhalt die before me." With theſe words he left the room in doubt and horror.

The greateſt phyſicians of Siam were immediately ſent for to the aſſiſtance of the mandarin. The king, as ſoon as he knew his ſituation, ſent alſo an old tala-

poin,

poin, who was greatly ſkilled in the power of magic; but all endeavours were in vain, the poiſon began to make a ſwift progreſs to his heart, and he now felt the horror of his ſituation.

The king, alarmed at the ſtate of his chief mandarin, haſtened to his palace, and found him a pitiable object; he was at the point of death, and in his agony ſent for the injured Ka-ſon and her father. Anvu-rut, who had alſo ſurrendered himſelf, attended with them. The mandarin, affrighted at his own conſcience, now confeſſed his crimes before the king, and ſeemed only deſirous to live, that he might atone for the paſt. Among other things he aſked the life of Anvu-rut, whom he acknowledged he had baſely injured, by making ſo good a heart ſubſervient to his deſigns. "I die," cried the wretched Tchi-long, "unforgiven by heaven, and abhorred by men: all is loſt, it is now too late for me to atone.

"No," cried Anvu-rut, "heaven, tho' juſt, is merciful," and now took the

ſecond vial from under his robe. "Drink of this," ſaid he, "and live." All were aſtoniſhed at the words of the gentle Anvu-rut; but they were much more ſurpriſed when they beheld the mandarin taſte it and revive. The king himſelf felt awed and confounded. "Deſerving young man," cried he to Anvurut, "the favourite of Sommona Codom, thou haſt diſcovered to me, that no prince is able to make his people happy, who is incapable of judging of the actions of his miniſter, or who hides himſelf from their complaints. It is deſigned by heaven, that thou ſhouldeſt ſupply the place of the unjuſt mandarin, who muſt reſtore all he is fraudulently poſſeſſed of, and ſubmit to baniſhment from Siam."

"The ſentence is juſt," cried the mandarin, "but too mild for the guilty Tchilong, rather take the life of thy ſervant." The king however ſatisfied himſelf with the ſentence he had paſſed, he had now only to give liberty to the poor old Saribout and the young mandarin, as for Kaſon,

ſon, her tranſport exceeded all bounds; when Anvu-rut turning towards her, ſaid, "lovely Ka-ſon, I have witneſſed with anxiety your painful ſufferings, but could not relieve you, thus my heart beat with impatience for the time when I might give pleaſure to your breaſt, all I aſk in return for ſaving the life of your father is, that you will recompenſe me with that love you are ſo capable of beſtowing.

The fair Ka-ſon bluſhed at this requeſt, but her heart directed her to accept his love, and it was not long before they forgot their miſfortunes in conjugal happineſs

A few days after tranquility was reſtored to Siam, Anvu-rut went to the grove to ſeek the old talapoin, but looked for him in vain; he went to the cave but found it empty, and was retiring, when he heard a voice at a diſtance, and beheld a tall young man walking towards him in a light blue veſtment, with a white robe, his face was as fair as the morning, and his eyes were

like the rays of the ſun, in his hand he held the ſacred volume of the patimouc. "My ſon," ſaid he, "farewell, my work is over. I am one of thoſe genii who attend on earth to aſſiſt the weak and oppreſſed, and check the power of the wicked. I aſſumed the ſhape of the old talapoin the more eaſily to bring about what has happened. I am acquainted with all that's paſt, continue to do good, truſt in God, be chearful and content." With theſe words the genii diſappeared, leaving Anvu-rut to contemplate the myſteries of providence.

"Indeed," cried Nang-ſa, when the talapoineſs had concluded her ſtory, "you have ſhewed me a melancholy inſtance of the end of vice. I find," cried he, "I have miſtaken very much the way to happineſs, and have neglected many precepts which lead to it; but tell me, my dear Soum-kii," cried he, "if I was in future to change my conduct, do you think my father would receive me to his favour. "He will be rejoiced," cried

cried ſhe, " and let me carry the glad tidings of your reſolution." " I am almoſt aſhamed," ſaid he, to let you go." " It is no ſhame, " replied ſhe, " to confeſs our faults. It ſhews a nobleneſs of mind to reſolve againſt our favourite habits and inclinations, and if you are ſincere, you will be ſure of the applauſe of the good." With theſe words ſhe took his hand, and led him into the preſence of the mandarin, Sam-ſib, " receive," ſaid the talapoineſs," " your ſon, he deſires to be reſtored to your eſteem, and is worthy of it, accept him from my hands." The old mandarin was overjoyed at this interview, and claſped his ſon in his arms with all the affection of a parent.

Nang-ſa now ſeemed more beautiful than ever, his manners were ſoftened. His pride was ſupplanted by gentleneſs and humility, and his diſpoſition generous and humane. He attended with diligence to the improvement of his underſtanding, and his mind ſought after the truths of religion. Soum-kii would now

have taken her leave of the court of Siam, but Nang-ſa was much too fond of her to allow it. He begged that ſhe might be permitted to be with him, and in the moments when his occupations would permit, to continue the Siameſe Tales.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

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*

SECOND PART.

THE fair Soum-kii reſumed her employ with gaiety and good humour. She had found from obſervation, that the heart of Nang-fa was generous and ſincere, and from ſo noble a ſuperſtructure hoped much. "How delightful," ſaid ſhe to him, while he liſtened to her precepts, is the ſatisfaction of a virtuous mind, and how much good reſults from the duties of religion. How much does modeſty obtain from praiſe, and by application what knowledge may we not procure, prudence is the beſt prevention of adverſity, and fortitude the only way to extricate us from difficulty, temperance is the preſervation of health, but humility better than them all; in the breaſt of humility all is peace and ſatisfaction; prudence and fortitude are natural to it, even adverſity, which rankles in the breaſt or the

the proud, falls like a blunted arrow from its armour. It teaches that we are weak inconstant beings, the children of pride and error, and bids us look up alone to the God of All-creation for support. Vain are the plans of policy and art! Vain the hopes of merit and of even wisdom herself, unless the blessings of heaven attends human exertion, yet let not man murmur at his insufficiency. Discontent is reproaching a providence ever ready to afford us help, much worse is it, when we receive the blessings of comfort from its hands, to be restless and unhappy because they are not exactly what we like; such was the disposition of Radab, whose history I will now relate to you:

THE

THE HISTORY OF

RADAB THE MERCHANT.

RADAB had lived for many years in the city of Ban-ſac reſpected and eſteemed, his little ſhop afforded him all the comforts of life, and he was bleſt with a virtuous wife, and a beautiful infant, in ſhort, nobody could appear to be more happy in cirumſtances, yet Radab was diſcontented, he was continually concerting plans to enlarge his fortune in life, and wiſhing for ſome extraordinary chance to bring him riches; at one moment his mind revolved upon ſome ſcheme which flattered him with obtaining the luxuries of life; at another time it dwelt upon making a voyage to ſome diſtant country, where he expected to meet with gold and diamonds in abundance, and at a third he imagined himſelf

ſelf making a rapid progreſs to preferment at court. It was in vain reaſon remonſtrated, he ſtill continued to indulge his favourite thoughts, and his ſituation became daily more irkſome, till at laſt he reſolved on making a voyage to the iſland of Ceylon. Radab imagined that happineſs conſiſted in riches, and the being enabled to gratify his inclinations; inſenſible to the bleſſings he himſelf enjoyed, he was conſtantly picturing to his imagination the charms of wealth and honour, it was with ſuch ideas that the ſelf-tormented Radab aroſe, and went to reſt, till one day retiring to the bath he felt himſelf more heavy than uſual, the wind blew, the rain deſcended in torrents, and the ſky was filled with dark and ponderous clouds. Radab looked from the window, and beheld the ſtorm. "Alas!" cried he, "how wretched is human exiſtence! How heavy and delightleſs do the hours of the ſon of man paſs! Every thing has the ſame melancholy aſpect, and one day reſembles another in dullneſs and inſipidity!

I enjoy

I enjoy no pleasures; I have no amusement; the many cares I meet in business will not allow of them! I am careful and yet I fear constantly disappointment! I have reason to think my bargain with one person will not succeed, and that I have been over-reached by another! My wife is unwell, and may get worse! My little infant too, has many troubles to go through, she will hardly escape the plague, or will be cut off, perhaps in the flower of riper age by a malignant fever." Such were the melancholy reflections of Radab the merchant, when there appeared before him a young stranger, drest in white, with a blue girdle round his waist, his face was mild, and his manners gentle, and composed, but his eyes seemed to shed the rays of wisdom and truth. "Radab," said he, "how ungrateful is it to complain, art thou not enriched with a sufficiency which never fails thee? hast thou not a kind companion to thy bosom? Art not thou not blessed with a beau-

beautiful infant, and numberless other favours of providence? And yet art thou discontented; thou art disheartened at the common accidents of life, which now and then run cross; thou art peevish at trifles, and dismayed with difficulties, which thy faith ought to teach thee to remove; a gloom of dissatisfaction is spread over thy countenance, instead of the chearful smile of gratitude; and thou murmurest when thy duty demands resignation; thou forgetest the multitude of good things thou enjoyest, and like one who looketh through a convex mirror, thy disappointments are enlarged, and made greater than they really are; but it is the evil genius who thus deceives thee, who falsely persuades thee thou art wretched, and teaches thee to murmur against heaven; rather await the time and will of the Almighty; return to thy business, be chearful and satisfied." With these words the genius left Radab, who fully sensible of the crime he had been guilty of, exclaimed, "Oh God, cease

not

not thy blessings to me, and add to them, only as thou seest fit."

Radab now returned to business and went on very well for some time, he seemed to enjoy more of life, and to taste its comforts with a relish; but this did not last long; a friend of his returned from the island of Ceylon, who had made a great deal by his merchandize, and Radab's mind was once more disturbed with new wishes to accumulate wealth, he checked at first the impulse, but it returned with greater force, he languished once more in a melancholy incertitude; and was not long before he wished to ramble with as much eagerness as ever. At last, one day, as he was returning from the bath, he met the young stranger, who had before accosted him. "Radab," said he, "I am the genius of mankind, the Great Sommona Codom has heard thy complaints; follow thy inclinations; thou shalt meet success to the utmost of thy wishes." With these words, the genius disappeared, leaving

leaving Radab to reflect on what he had ſaid; he, however, was too much pleaſed with the permiſſion granted him, and the promiſe annexed to it, to heſitate long what he ſhould do; he went immediately to his friend the merchant, and conſulted him about his intended voyage.

Nang-fa, here interrupted the talapoineſs, "No doubt," cried he, "but theme rchant will be ſufficiently puniſhed for his diſobedience of the genii's advice." "You will hear preſently," returned Soum-kii, "but your anticipation is very juſt, ſince to every inſtance of human error, a puniſhment is annexed; the more ſevere, ſometimes, becauſe it ſhews us, that our moſt favoured inclinations, ſo far from affording us, what we hoped from them, ſupply us only with freſh cauſes of diſcontent, and wretchedneſs; virtue alone is ſecure from this diſappointment, as ſhe is contented with little, ſo the advantages ſhe receives, always exceed her expectations, cauſing in the mind delight and gratitude, accom-

companied with a modeſt recollection of our own unworthineſs of ſuch favour, but you will learn more from the ſtory of Radab, than the moſt preceptive language can convey, therefore," cried Soum-kii, I muſt requeſt your attention to

THE

THE CONTINUATION OF THE STORY OF RADAB THE MERCHANT.

RADAB laid out the greater part of his money in merchandize. It was not many months after, when he set sail from Bansac, in a ship bound to the island of Ceylon; the mariners were for five days favoured with fine temperate weather, but on the sixth, at noon day, the sky became darkened all at once, and a most dreadful storm came on; Radab began now to repent his rashness, and would gladly have been at Bansac, but his fears were redoubled, when he beheld close to the ship, a large black rock, on which she presently struck, and went to pieces. Radab had scarcely time to ask protection of the Great Deity, before the force of the waves carried him from the wreck upon the land, almost breathless and spent with fatigue. At this moment the sky brightened and the sun gilded

gilded the edge of the large black cloud which ſtill partly hung over the deſolate iſland on which Radab found himſelf caſt away; he firſt looked for the veſſel, but in vain, not a ſingle plank was left, nor one of his companions ſaved, he then looked about him, but could ſee nothing but a poor uninhabited ſpot; the graſs and herbage without verdure, and burnt up, and the trees withered and old. "O God!" cried he, "how have I offended thee, that I am left to periſh on this barren place! Why hadſt not thou rather deſtroyed me in the ſhipwreck?" Radab, after tiring himſelf with theſe complaints, fell in a ſound ſleep, after which he felt himſelf refreſhed and roſe up to walk. He continued to wander ſometime, but was more affected than ever, when he obſerved that the whole iſland ſeemed in the ſame terrible ſtate of deſolation, nor was there any other ſigns of its ever having been inhabited, except the bones and ſkeletons of animals, which lay ſcattered on the ground.

Radab

Radab continued his walk until he came to the foot of a large rock, where he found ſomething like an entrance. After examining it more carefully, he obſerved two folding doors which were ſhut, and a knocker of maſſy black metal. Radab heſitated a moment, but at laſt lifted it up, and it fell from his hand with a dreadful hollow ſound, the gates now opened; not a creature, however, was ſeen, which ſurprized him ſo much that he was almoſt afraid to enter. He recollected that he had reproached heaven by his complaints when he was caſt away, and trembling with his danger, entreated the deity to forgive and protect him. After this he felt new life, and boldly paſſed through a long entry, which was lighted only by one glimmering lamp at ſome diſtance, and at laſt came to a flight of ſteps all of black marble, which he aſcended, and purſued his way through a number of rooms, hung with old tattered hangings, the furniture in diſorder and broken to pieces,

pieces, and the moſt beautiful paintings defaced and ſpoilt. At the end of one of theſe apartments was a little door of highly poliſhed ebony. Radab ſtopt a moment heſitating whether he ſhould open it; curioſity, however got the better of his fears, and he turned the lock, when he diſcovered at the end of the room, a throne of black velvet, on which was ſeated a thin young man with a crown upon his head, pale and dejected, leaning his face upon his hand, in a thoughtful attitude, but ſeeing Radab enter, he looked up and uttered a heavy ſigh. After remaining ſilent a few minutes, he addreſſed him as follows: "Young man, what accident has brought you to this wretched place? I have now been here a hundred years, and have never ſeen a human creature all that time! O fly from the horrors of this gloomy place! and leave me to my ſorrows." Radab, trembling, related the circumſtance of his being caſt away on the iſland, and was expreſſing his aſtoniſhment at what

he had ſeen, when the king of the deſolate iſland took him by the hand, and burſt into tears, "You are, no doubt," cried he, "ſurpriſed at the appearance of every thing about you; but you would be much more ſo, were you to hear the melancholy hiſtory of the unhappy wretch you ſee before you; ſit down, and take ſome refreſhment, after which I will relate my misfortunes." Radab could not at firſt imagine how refreſhment could be procured in a place ſo barren and wretched, till the king ſtampt with his foot, when a table, filled with the greateſt delicacies came out of the ground; "Come," cried the king, "taſte of this banquet, it is the moſt delicious in the world, and is preſented before me every day; it is to me only, that it is taſteleſs and inſipid." Radab eat very heartily of the fruit, which was the moſt delightful he had ever met with, but he was very much aſtoniſhed to ſee the king of the deſolate iſland put away every thing he himſelf touched with diſguſt.

Radab

Radab was no ſooner refreſhed, than he took care to remind the king of the deſolate iſland of his promiſe, who, after looking for ſome time ſtedfaſtly on the ground, and uttering a deep ſigh, began as follows:

THE HISTORY OF

THES-MA,

THE KING OF THE DESOLATE ISLAND.

"My father," cried the unhappy king, "was named Ka-ſab, which ſignifies in the Balic tongue, the clear light; he was a ſancrat of the firſt order, and preached the pure principles of the Siameſe religion in a retired ſpot on this iſland, which was then the moſt beautiful place in the whole world. The barren ſands you now behold were once rich vallies, ſtanding thick with corn, intermixed with the moſt beautiful vineyards. The air was then regaled with the delightful fragrance of the orange, the pine, and the cinnamon; while the paroquet, the Java ſparrow, and the lawrey ſpread their gay plumage on the trees. Nature had bleſt the inhabitants of Puloſang with her moſt luxuriant ſtores, and heaven

heaven had bestowed on them a mild and a virtuous king. You will soon hear how this delightful harmony was destroyed. You behold in me, the wretched author of so melancholy a change; the crimes of one detested wretch, have spread desolation through the fertile island of Pulosang.

When I was very young, my father carefully inculcated into my mind the lessons of Sommona Codom, to which I have frequently listened with delight and rapture, happy had it now been for me, had I continued to follow the lessons of the vinac, but alas! a fatal curiosity soon destroyed the innocence of my heart, and when I once became acquainted with vice, misery soon followed.

There is near this island, a smaller one called Puloconso, or the island of magicians, which fortunately you have escaped, for had you been cast away upon it, you had, perhaps, met with my fate. My father constantly checked my enquiries about the small island, the passage to which was dry at low water, and

forbad me to pafs over. He informed me it was the refidence of the evil genii Mal-mouc, who was always bufy to lead the children of men into error and vice, and told me if ever I felt tempted to crofs over, I muft refift the inclination in the firft moment. I was fufficiently frightened at what he faid, to attend for feveral years to his advice; but alas! the time was now arrived, when my father was to leave me to myfelf; he was very aged, and felt the fwift approach of death, when he called me to him, and put into my hands a fcroll compofed of a golden leaf. Thef-ma (faid he), when I am no more, open this facred leaf, it is written by the great Sommona Codom himfelf, it will inftruct you in all fituations, and in the moment of temptation and danger, will, if attended to, be your protection, even fhould the powerful genii Mal-mouc feduce you by his enchantment to error; it will, on your opening one of the folds, inftruct you to avoid the power of magic, and, by its talifmanic virtue, can protect you

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against force and violence; keep it constantly about your person, and may the great Sommona Codom bless you; with these words he departed.

I remained some time after my father's death, happy in solitude, and arose every morning with a light and chearful heart, to adore the goodness of the creator; my mind was a stranger to the pride and vanities of the world. I visited the city of Pulo-sang, but it was only now and then, and I always returned to solitude with delight, to enjoy the pleasures of peace and retirement, till one wretched day, I directed my steps towards the sea shore, and a fatal curiosity made me contemplate the small island on the other side, which seemed the most beautiful place I had ever seen. As I was looking about me, I observed an old man fishing in a balon or boat, close to the shore, laughing very heartily to himself. I was very curious to know the cause of his extraordinary mirth, which I found proceeded from his sport. He was fishing for a small silver fish, frequent in

theſe ſeas, and as ſoon as he caught one of them, fell into a violent fit of laughter. It was not many minutes before he perceived me, when he fell into another fit, and rowing the boat aſhore, made ſigns for me to enter. I heſitated at firſt, but curioſity and the old man's good humour got the better of my fears. I had no ſooner entered the balon, than he ſet to rowing as hard as he could, though without ſpeaking a word he laughed more heartily than ever. I grew very uneaſy at this behaviour, and begged he would land me on the iſland again, but he only continued his laughter. At laſt I grew ſo enraged, that I attempted to throw him overboard, but found he was fixed immovable to the ſeat, ſo that he only ridiculed my exertions. I would now have jumped overboard myſelf, but I found my feet faſtened to the boat; I was juſt going to look at the ſacred ſcroll, when he landed at the ſmall iſland, and I found myſelf impelled by the power of magic to follow him; we at length came to a palace of black marble, where we entered, and aſcended a flight of

of ſtone ſteps, to a large room filled with a great number of lights, where ſeveral young men were ſeated at a table drinking wine; and ſinging laſcivious ſongs; one of them aroſe on my entering, and made me ſit down next him, Theſ-ma, (ſaid he), you are welcome to the palace of the genii Mal-mouc, to whom all the riches, honours, and the pleaſures of life belong; how long haſt thou been ſhut from enjoyment in the iſland of Pulo-ſang? He now filled me a goblet of wine, and after making me drink, led me to a magnificent room, in the middle of which was a bath, whoſe waters exhaled the moſt delightful perfume. A number of ſofas were placed round it, on which were laid the moſt ſumptuous apparel. You muſt bathe yourſelf here, cried he, and then I will ſhew you the wonders of the palace. He now left me attended by a ſervant, who dreſt me in a veſt of ſilver embroidery, and proſtrating himſelf, exclaimed, long live Theſ-ma, the favourite of the genii Mal-mouc, for whom honour and preferment is deſigned!

The young ſtranger now returned, and conveyed me to another room, the ſides of which were filled with ingots of gold and ſilver bars, a large coffer in the middle was filled with the fineſt diamonds ever ſeen, and ſeveral others contained pearls, emeralds, rubies, and amethyſts. A black eunuch ſtood at the entrance, who bowed to me continually, and repeated long live Theſ-ma, the favourite of the genius Mal-mouc, for whom the riches of the earth are deſigned! After letting me contemplate for a few minutes the wonders of this place, he led me to another apartment, in which were a hundred beautiful females, dreſt in the gayeſt attire; one of them more beautiful than the reſt, met me at the door, and invited me to enter, when they threw over me the ſweeteſt eſſences, and preſented me noſegays of flowers. She who had firſt noticed me, led me to a ſofa, where I was hardly ſeated, when I heard a ſound of voices, and four young women entered the room bearing a palanquin, on which lay a beautful female, with a chaplet of roſes

roſes on her head, and a ſilken pagne of light blue embroidered with gold, about her waiſt: but I had hardly gazed on her a moment, when they paſſed on to an inner apartment, and one of the females returned, ſaying, the fair Achama-ſouri invites the ſtranger Theſ-ma to partake with her, the pleaſures of the banquet. I immediately obeyed, for during all this time I had no opportunity of conſulting the magic ſcroll. When I entered, I found the beautiful Achama-ſouri ſeated at a table; ſhe ſmiled at my approach, and I felt unſpeakable rapture, when ſhe invited me to ſit next her, but when ſhe took my hand, I became inſenſible to any ſenſation but love; ſhe diſcourſed with me on my former ſituation, my baniſhment from all that ſweetens life, and how much better my mind was ſuited to love than ſolitude; ſhe filled me the goblet, at intervals, and I became drunk with wine and pleaſure. While we were enjoying ourſelves, an inviſible hand placed on the table a diſh, which contained a human head

vered from the body, covered with blood. I trembled at the ſight, and the enchantreſs ſeemed equally uneaſy, and endeavoured to divert my attention from it as much as poſſible, however in a few minutes it diſappeared, when ſhe reſumed her gaity. I took an opportunity while Achama-ſouri was ſinging, to look at the ſcroll, when I beheld, in large letters, the word diſcretion, and underneath the following ſentence:

"Fly from the power of temptation."

I had almoſt reſolved to quit the banquet, when the enchantreſs who diſcovered the magic ſcroll ſnatched it from my hand. "Thes-ma," cried ſhe, "the favourite of the genii Mal-mouc, for whom the greateſt beauty of the earth is deſigned, know that this fatal ſcroll alone prevents all the pleaſure the genius deſigns you. It is not permitted to me to deſtroy it without your conſent, but at any rate" cried ſhe, "let me tear off theſe words from the top." I heſitated at her requeſt, when ſhe appeared quite chagrined and

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diſconſolate, and put the ſcroll into my hand, ſaying, "alas, I perceive you do not love me, this fatal ſcroll will not permit me to detain you any longer, adieu, Achama-ſouri reſigns her power." I felt only more enraptured at this diſcourſe, and intreated ſhe would not judge ſo hardly of me. "To convince you," ſaid I, "how much power the charms of the fair Achama-ſouri have over Thesma, take the ſcroll, and tear off the words which offend you." Her countenance brightened at theſe words, and ſhe tore off the word diſcretion, and the ſentence "Fly from the power of temptation." After this, my mind felt very much relieved, and I preſently loſt all recollection of my fears. After paſſing ſeveral hours with the fair Achama-ſouri, I enquired of her by what means I might attain all that the genii promiſed. "You muſt follow me" cried the beautiful enchantreſs, "and be ſilent." She now took a candle in her hand, and led me to an inner room, the door of which was made of braſs, ſhe opened it, and I followed

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into a little room, in the middle of which was a brazen ſtatute, on a pedeſtal; two large braſs candleſticks, and two incenſe pots ſtood before it, from which white columns of ſmoke aſcended. The ſtatue, as I advanced, nodded its head, and I trembled with fear, for the enchantreſs had left me to myſelf, and I knew not what to do; at laſt the ſtatute, ſpoke as follows: "Son of Ka-ſab, the will of Mal-mouc is ſubſervient to thy wiſhes, ſpeak thy mind. "Tell me, I beſeech thee," cried I, "how I may attain the chief honours in the iſland of Pulo-ſang." "It is enough," cried the ſtatue, "you have only to tear from the magic ſcroll the word humility, and caſt it into the pot of burning incenſe, and then to wiſh yourſelf at home." I obeyed the inſtructions given me, and in a moment found myſelf, not at my cave, but in the ſtreets of the capital city of Pulo-ſang, dreſt in the habit of a talapoin. I began now to ſuſpect all that had paſſed was a dream, when I was met by one of the officers of the court, "ſon of Ka-ſab,"

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cried he, "I have been ſeeking you; the mandarin Mapak who knew your father's wiſdom and worth, is deſirous of raiſing you to honour and diſtinction, you muſt come with me." I haſtened to the divan, and ſaw the chief mandarin, who confirmed what the officer had told me. I was immediately dreſt in a rich brocaded robe, and inveſted in all the dignities of a mandarin of the third order. I began now to think the genii would faithfully perform his promiſe, and my heart became elated with the proſpect before me. Each day ſeemed to eſtabliſh me the more in the favour of the mandarins, and each night increaſed my ambitious hopes. Mapak had a daughter called Jedi-ka, or young diamond, who was fairer than the morning, and gentle as the lamb which feeds on the plains of Lacencevan; but at this time pleaſure alone engaged the thoughts of Thes-ma, my ſeraglio conſiſted of the greateſt beauties of the iſland. I gave ſumptuous banquets and entertainments, and wallowed in voluptuouſneſs and diſſipation. The word

word discretion had been torn from the scroll, and I felt no pain from reflection. This way of living could not, however, last long, my debts increased to an alarming degree, and I was threatened with imprisonment. In my anxiety, I wished to be at the island of the Magicians, and found myself before the brazen statue. I explained my situation, when I received for answer, "Tear the word honesty from the magic scroll, return to Pulo-sang, and trust to the inventions thy mind suggests." I presently understood the interpretation of these words, and wishing myself at home, went to the treasury, from whence I took as much as I wanted. As I was under-treasurer, I was not in the least suspected, the good old mandarin left every thing to me, and would hear nothing to my prejudice; at last the king demanded an account of the monies which had been exhausted in the last three years, when I was called upon by the chief mandarin to render an account. I offered instantly to execute his commands, but as it happened to be a day

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of general festivity, he would not permit it till a future time. In my agitation of mind, I wished to be at Pulo-conso, and shutting my eyes, found myself, when I opened them again in the temple of the genii Mal-mouc, before the brazen statue, which I called upon to assist me. It answered, "tear the word gratitude from the magic scroll, and *poison* the mandarin Ma-pak." I shuddered at these words, and I presently found myself conveyed to the palace of the king of Pulo-sang. I looked at the magic scroll, and read the following words:

"It is not yet too late to return from error."

Happy would it have been for me to have owned my transgression, and to have trusted for pardon to the generous Ma-pak, but my pride and shame would not allow me, and I came to the horrid resolution of murdering my benefactor; but in my anxiety, I wished once more to consult the genii, for I found I could not bring myself to mix the fatal draught. In a moment I found myself before the bra-

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zen ſtatue. "What!" cried the genii, "does Thes-ma faulter? wretch! if thou wouldſt taſte the promiſes of Mal-moue, tear the word pity from the magic ſcroll, and throw it into the pot of incenſe at my feet." I ſtood trembling at this command, unwilling to obey, till at laſt the ſtatue lifted his arm in a threatning poſture, and I threw the fragment into the flames; immediately the whole temple was filled with fire, and a dreadful clap of thunder ſhook it to the baſe. I now found myſelf at Pulo-ſang and haſtened back to ſupper, when I mingled poiſon in the cup of the mandarin, who was the next day to furniſh the account to the king his maſter. Ma-pak drank my health and expired. I immediately went to the palace and reported the ſudden death of the mandarin, at which the king exclaimed, "then what I ſuſpected is true, and Ma-pak was unworthy of my love. I was pleaſed to find the impreſſion which was made on the king's mind and did not heſitate to inſinuate that the mandarin had poiſoned himſelf to avoid an enquiry

enquiry into his conduct; besides which, I represented with all the art I could, that the unhappy Ma-pak had mentioned his fears of detection to me, and that I had frequently advised him not to draw forth the large sums he had taken from the treasury. "I should have discovered every thing to my royal master," said I, "in a few days, and have by me a large sum of money designed to be given to a favourite female, but I was determined to reserve it until I could inform my master of his perfidy." "Young man," cried the king of Pulo-sang, "you are, I believe, honest and faithful, and the father's virtues are still visible in the son, thou only art worthy to succeed to the office of thy venal predecessor." I was now nearly arrived to the summit of my ambition, and returned to the palace of the deceased mandarin, with an elated mind, where I found the lovely Jedi-ka in tears. I endeavoured to console her, but in vain, she only regarded me with a kind of preternatural impression of my guilt; her beauty had, however, inflamed me,

me, and the next thing I did was to project her ruin. I was well assured she could never love me, for her heart was engaged to a young mandarin of much worth, and who loved her in return. I resolved, therefore, to consult the genii Mal-mouc, and wishing for his presence, found myself at the feet of the brazen statue, who spoke these words: "The genii Mal-mouc is thy friend, but it is the enchantress Acha-mafouri who has the power to bestow on Thes-ma the completion of his wishes." I now entered the room of the fair enchantress, who I found seated on a couch, in an elegant undress. "Thes-ma," cried she, "I know thy will, but at present have not the power to grant it, thou must first make thyself king of Pulo-sang, and the rest shallf ollow." Pleased with the smiles and friendship of the enchantress, I enquired in what way I could accomplish that design. "There are a number of the mandarins" cried she, "disaffected, you have only to listen to their complaints, and to promise them redress, and you will

will find many friends; you need not fear of ſucceſs, for it is written in the book of fate, that Thes-ma ſhall be king in Pulo-ſang.

"Good heaven," cried Nang-fa, at this part of the hiſtory of Radab, "where will the villainies of the wretched Thes-ma have an end." "Alas," returned the fair Soum-kii, "it is difficult to ſay where the crimes of thoſe who once permit vice to take root in their heart, will ſtop. Diſcretion is the guardian of the human mind, and while we truſt to her, her power is a magic nothing can deſtroy, unleſs we forſake her, but," continued Soum-kii, "I will proceed to-morrow in the melancholy hiſtory which I have begun."

The next day Nang-fa begged of his inſtructreſs to indulge him with

THE CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF THES-MA, THE KING OF THE DESOLATE ISLAND.

"ELATED with joy," cried Thes-ma, "at the words of the enchantreſs, I wiſhed, and found myſelf at Pulo-ſang. A few days ſeemed to open to me a proſpect of ſucceſs. A diſaffected mandarin offered to put me on the throne of Pulo-ſang, if I would reſtore his friends from diſgrace and baniſhment. I readily accepted theſe conditions, and he found means to mingle poiſon in the fruit which came to the table of the king. There was no ſucceſſor to the crown, and the unjuſt mandarin, by extolling my virtues, and repreſenting it as the wiſh of the deceaſed king, managed ſo well that I was ſhortly inveſted in the regal dignities. The wretched Jedi-ka alone neglected to pay me adulation; imagination preſented me the clue, however, to bring down her pride and reſerve; a

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few months only paſſed before I gave orders to the mandarin who had murdered the king, to impriſon her lover, and finding that neither my ſituation, or my attention availed me any thing, I now preſented to her the conſequence of her reſiſtance to my will, but ſhe remained inflexible, and only loaded me with the moſt ſevere accuſations. As it was the cuſtom in this country never to enquire into the motives of the ſovereign, I ordered her unhappy lover before me, ſurrounded by eunuchs, who were ready, at command, to pour down his throat the fatal draught. Jedi-ka trembled at firſt, at the engines of death preſented to her view, but ſtill her virtue ſuſtained her, and ſhe refuſed to ſubmit to my will. My orders were now put in execution, and ſhe was conveyed to the ſeraglio, whither I had the baſeneſs to follow her, and triumph over her miſery. In my ungenerous exultation, I ſeized her in my arms as ſhe lay on the ſofa, but found I embraced a lifeleſs ſtatue. Doubting not but that it was the effect of enchantment, I wiſhed to be once more

more before my guardian genii, and ſoon found myſelf in the temple, then I deſired the brazen ſtatue to reſtore to animation the beautiful Jedi-ka, but it anſwered, there is one word yet left on the magic ſcroll, *repentance*; to fulfil thy wiſh, it is required that thou ſhouldſt throw into the pot of burning incenſe the remnant of the magic ſcroll; a thrill of horror run through my veins at this command, but rage and diſappointment promped me to obey; I threw in the ſcroll, when a blue flame aſcended with a rumbling noiſe, the temple ſhook, and the ſtatue ſet up a hideous howl, and the good genius Sommona Codom appeared before me. Unhappy wretch! cried he, favoured as thou waſt with the precepts of thy holy father, and the words of truth on the ſcroll, you have impiouſly deſtroyed; there is no pardon for thee! thou haſt thyſelf torn off the ſacred word repentance. The evil genii to whom thou haſt liſtened, and whoſe delight is to torment mankind, has the power to preſerve to thee thy being and

and thy riches; on thy throne therefore shalt thou be fixed for ever; but thy life shall be cursed! Insipid and tasteless shall be thy food; sleepless shall be thy days and nights; and, to add to the horrors of thy situation, the body of the fair Jedi-ka and her lover, with the good mandarin Ma-pak, shall lie near thee, and in the still season of the night, shall upbraid thy cruelty; a pestiferous air shall encircle this island for seven years, which shall destroy every thing that has life, and all those who are presumptuous enough to remain on this accursed spot; thus shall no living creature come near thee, nor shall thy punishment end, until the moment when heaven restores to life the innocent Jedi-ka, her father and lover; hence, wretch! and receive the reward of thy crimes! At these words I found myself in this palace, fixed by magic on this throne, where I endure without intermission the severe pangs of remorse, and the upbraidings of the virtuous Jedi-ka, who nightly awakes to utter her complaints."

The king of the desolate island now concluded his history, when Radab casting his eyes on one side, beheld the good Jedi-ka stretched on a bier, with her father and her lover by her side, and in the tumult of his heart exclaimed, "cursed ambition and mistaken pride! if these are thy wretched consequences, let Radab bless heaven in gratitude, and return to Bansac safe in humility, and blest with the favour of Sommona Codom." As he spoke these words, he observed the following sentence written on the bier. "The enchantment of these bodies will not end, till a stranger who delights in humility, shall snatch the magic scroll from the pot of burning incense, in the palace of the genii Mal-mouc." Radab, whose heart felt convinced of the loveliness of humility, after attentively reading the characters before him, enquired of the king of the desolate island, the way to the island of magicians, of which being informed, he hastened to the sea shore, and falling on his knees, implored the protection of heaven; suddenly a bird

a bird flew near him, and let fall a ring, on which he found engraved, the words "Sommona Codom." Radab did not doubt but the ring was poſſeſſed of the taliſmanic power to reſiſt magic, and it being low water, paſſed over to the temple of Mal-mouc, when the curſed inhabitants, with the enchantreſs Acha-maſouri fled at his preſence, and he entered unmoleſted the ſmall temple, where he ſaw the brazen ſtatue. Radab, who had kept unſhaken in his virtue, put his hand fearleſsly into the pot of burning incenſe, and without harm he drew forth a remnant of the magic ſcroll on which the word repentance was written; the brazen ſtatue now fell to the ground with a dreadful craſh; the elements were on fire, the earth quaked; and in a moment the aſtoniſhed Radab found himſelf in the palace of the king of the deſolate iſland; a bright refulgent cloud inſtantly deſcended, and the good genius, Sommona Codom appeared, and thus addreſſed the trembling Theſ-ma. "Thy puniſhment is now at an end, and the enchantment

of those you thought murdered, dissolved. Adore then the providence which has preserved thee; for know, the gentle Jedi-ka discovered thy designs to poison her father, and counteracted its effects with a salubrious draught, which though it could not prevent him from being to appearance dead, still preserved the vital warmth till the power of Malmouc should end, the same liquid she contrived to mix in the bowl presented to her lover, while her own innocence and virtue were protected by heaven, who caused her to be changed to the form of a lifeless statue." At these words Thes-ma fell on his face in wonder and astonishment, while Jedi-ka, her father, and lover, were restored from the power of magic, the same as when they became first inchanted. "Go," continued the genius to Thes-ma, "and atone for what is past, by the repentance of your life, and acknowledge the mercy of heaven that would not let the son of the worthy Ka-sab be lost for ever.

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The good genius now turned to the merchant; "Radab, my ſon," cried he, "ſince thou haſt virtue and humility enough to withſtand the vanities and temptations of riches, thy mind is ſuited to enjoy proſperity, it will be a bleſſing to thee; return home contented: give to the needy: aſſiſt the oppreſſed: follow virtue and be happy: ſo ſhall thy reſt be a ſweet ſlumber, which ſhall bring thee to eternal bliſs."

With theſe words the genius diſappeared, leaving Radab to contemplate with delight the ways of providence; but his happineſs was beyond expreſſion, when he found himſelf once more among his family in the city of Ban-ſac.

Nang-fa ſeemed very much affected with the hiſtory of Theſ-ma the king of the deſolate iſland. "I perceive now, (cried he to the talapoineſs), "the truth of the precepts you would inculcate; there is, indeed, no happineſs when the heart becomes tainted with vice." "It reſembles" returned Soum-kii, "a diſeaſe which with gradual ſteps deſtroys and

waſtes the body. Every day brings the unhappy patient nearer to diſſolution As the body at times feels freſh vigour, and ſhort intervals of health, ſo does the mind habituated to vice, at moments experience the preſence of the good principle, which rekindles the heavenly ſpark of reaſon in the breaſt; the voice of religion is then diſtinctly heard, calling the much-favoured wanderer to repentance and to peace. Happy are thoſe who attend the ſummons, and who forget the miſeries of ſin, in the ſolace of virtue." "And yet," interrupted Nang-fa, "thoſe are are ſtill happier, who by a conſtant and regular attention to the duties of religion, eſcape the anguiſh of an evil conſcience, and who feel nothing from reflection but comfort and approbation!" "Happier, indeed! "cried Soum-kii, "but the number of ſuch is ſmall; we are all liable to miſtakes; and he who thinks he is not, commits a crime in the thought itſelf. Let us rather do all in our power to be good, and implore the aſſiſtance of heaven to ſtrengthen us in virtue;

virtue. But to ſhew you how near the human heart may approach perfection, I will relate to you a ſtory of a young man, who was at once faithful, generous and ſincere, who never forged a ſlander, or liſtened to calumny; whoſe heart inſtructed him to neglect pomp, reſpect the virtuous poor, was above corruption, and incapable of vice.

THE STORY OF

ASSOUN, THE CAMEL DRIVER.

THE ſun had ſcarce began to gild with its rays the pagodas of Cam-peng, when Aſſoun ſet out towards the plains of Laconcevan. The fragrance of the melon and the pine already perfumed the air, and the birds of the richeſt feathers diſplayed their variegated plumage on the palmeto and the anana. The ſweet ſerenity of nature invited the mind of the gentle Aſſoun to devotion. "O my God," ſaid he, "how bountiful haſt thou been to thy ſervant; how rich haſt thou made him in a contented poverty; thou haſt, in thy gracious goodneſs, diſpoſed my heart to reliſh only what is ſubſtantial; the luxuries of life appear inſipid and diſtaſteful to me, and my greateſt delight is when I croſs theſe plain

plains to fancy myſelf in thy preſence, and to think that thou thyſelf deigneſt to guard and watch the moſt humble of thy ſervants; and yet it muſt be ſo, elſe whence do I derive my chearfulneſs and ſatisfaction. A little rice is my food, and the pure ſpring my drink, but ſweet is the draught and nouriſhing the food which is taken in peace and love."

Aſſoun had been left at the age of thirteen to the wide world, his father, who was a merchant, having ſpent all he was poſſeſſed of, in gaming and other extravagances, and at laſt died in poverty. His ſon ſought, for a little time, aſſiſtance among thoſe who were formerly his fathers favoured friends; but in vain, for as he was very poor and diſtreſſed they only treated him with contempt, and drove him from their doors. Aſſoun had received but few of the leſſons of truth from his father, nor had he ever ſtudied the ſacred book of the vinac; but his heart was pure and unſpotted, and his natural diſpoſition humble and placid. He reflected with pain upon the treat-

ment he had received, becauſe his ingenuous mind could hardly conceive ſuch depravity in human nature, for thoſe who deſerted him had been his father's conſtant companions, had lived on his bounty and were cheriſhed by the meridian ſun of his abundancies.

Thus ſituated Aſſoun ſought a retreat from the world in the plains of Laconcevan, where, by chance, he met an old camel driver. Aſſoun offered his ſervices to the ſtranger, who being very aged, took notice of him, and carried him home: ſo did Aſſoun find more humanity and friendſhip from a ſtranger, than among thoſe who had formerly feaſted at his father's table.

Aſſoun continued his journey, gratefully ſenſible of the providence which had aſſiſted him. "I am more convinced," ſaid he, "than ever of the goodneſs of the Almighty. The impreſſion has been ſtrengthened by every circumſtance of my life, and in beſtowing upon me the peace I now enjoy; he hath given me more than riches and honour. Such was the

the language of Aſſoun, when he reflected on his ſituation, and contemplated the mild ſerenity around him.

Aſſoun had not travelled far before he fell in with a ſtranger, who was alſo driving a camel, who enquired of him his name, and whither he was travelling. "I am," cried Aſſoun, the ſervant of Bazarac, the camel driver, and am journeying to the city of Tchainat, to diſpoſe of my maſter's merchandiſe." "Then," cried the ſtranger, "if you will take my advice, you will rather go to Talacoan, where I am myſelf going; we ſhall have a much better market." After this the ſtranger preſented Aſſoun ſome fruit, which he gratefully accepted, for his heart was devoid of ſuſpicion. At laſt, however, the ſtranger addreſt him as follows: "Young man, you ſeem to know but little of the world, and therefore are not ſenſible that a much better ſituation than that of a camel driver is intended for you by providence. Take my advice, Bazarac is old and uſeleſs, let us put our adventures together, and ſhare the profits.

You shall go with me to the city of Siam, where I have laid up riches obtained in the same way. I will secure you from a discovery; for Abdel-kurim, the moor, has too much wealth to fear any thing from justice." Assoun shuddered at these words. "All that providence designs," cried he, "is good, nor can I dare to pervert her ends to vice." "Ridiculous," cried the stranger, "do not hesitate, but accept of the good fortune in thy reach. "No," returned Assoun, "Bazarac is old and helpless, and I will support him, rather than do him wrong." "Fool," exclaimed the stranger, "then take the reward of thy temerity. In refusing my offer I will possess myself of all thy master's riches, and punish thee." With these words he drew a scymeter from his side, and seized hold of the tender Assoun, when his arm, in a moment, became benumbed, and the weapon fell to the ground. "I feel," cried he, "that Assoun is a favourite of the great genius Sommona Codom, and that I have not many minutes longer to live. My conscience

conſcience accuſes me of an hundred crimes; I dare not hope for pardon; but thus far I will do towards atonement for having aimed at thy life, thou art maſter of all the riches of the merchant Abdelkurim, which you will find on the back of yonder camel, but learn to make a better uſe of them than I have done."

Aſſoun, whoſe heart was alive to ſenſibility, felt very much ſhocked when he beheld the merchant die at his feet; he however buried him in the ground, and then drove on the two camels, uncertain in his mind what to do. "Surely" cried he, "this man has left ſome relations, perhaps he has been as forgetful of them, as he has been cruel to me. I will diſpoſe of his merchandize, and when I return home, will go to his widow, and give her all I ſhall have gained by them."

It was not many days before Aſſoun returned to Cam-peng, with conſiderable wealth, the profits of his adventure, and related to his old maſter all that had happened. "Alas, my ſon," cried the ſage

Bazarac

Bazarac, "I fear this money will do thee no good, but go and do as thou ſayeſt, for thy intentions are juſt."

Aſſoun now travelled to Siam, where he enquired after Abdel-kurim, and was ſhewn to a houſe where a young woman opened the door. "Was this," cried Aſſoun, "the dwelling of the merchant Abdel-kurim. "It is," cried ſhe," is he returned from Talacon?" "Alas," returned he, "I bring you ſad news." He now diſcovered to the widow of Abdel-kurim her huſband's death, when ſhe ſcreamed out, and called her neighbours together, who had Aſſoun ſecured, on ſuſpicion of having murdered the merchant. Unfortunately all this was done ſo quickly, that poor Aſſoun had not time to explain his intentions, till he was brought before the Maha Omorat, or chief magiſtrate, who conſidered it merely the effect of fear. It was in vain, Aſſoun proteſted he was innocent, no one would believe the ſtory he told. They were obliged, however, at his requeſt to ſend for the camel driver Bazarac, but when

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the meſſenger arrived at Cam-peng, he was informed that Bazarac had been dead two days. The Maha Omorat, though almoſt convinced of Aſſoun's guilt, was ſtill unwilling to ſentence him to death until he had further proof, when a traveller preſented himſelf before the divan, who going through the plains of Laconcevan, found the ſcymeter lying on the ground, and ſeeing the earth newly turned up, examined the ſpot, and found the body of the merchant. Theſe circumſtances were thought ſufficient, and Aſſoun was condemned to death; he retired to his priſon, conſcious of his innocence, and now addreſſed himſelf in ſecret to that being who is ever ready to aſſiſt the diſtreſt. "O my God," cried he, "haſten once more to the aſſiſtance of thy ſervant Aſſoun, whom thou haſt before deigned to guard from danger; without thee my death and infamy is certain. and with thy help, vain is the power of man againſt me."

The next morning Aſſoun was led forth to be burnt alive, and all the people of

of Siam run from their houſes to behold the fatal ſpectacle. The ſuppoſed criminal was now faſtened to a ſtake, and the flames kindled round him, when a white elephant appeared at a diſtance, making furiouſly to the ſpot. No one dared to ſtop this noble animal, becauſe being all white, they knew he was one of the ſuperior genii; they therefore fell proſtrate before him, who when he came to the place where Aſſoun was tied, ſcattered with his trunk the burning embers into the air. The trembling multitude were now all eager to untie Aſſoun from the ſtake, and led him in triumph, crying, "long life to the good Aſſoun, whom Nang-payce Chang, the prince of white elephants has preſerved. The Maha Omorat was now fully convinced of his innocence, and the king who had noticed his humility and gentleneſs, commanded he ſhould be brought before him, and requeſted to hear his ſtory. Aſſoun, related with great perſpicuity the manner in which he came by the riches of the merchant Abdel-kurim, and explained

plained his intentions to the widow. The king himſelf now pronounced him not guilty, and, beſides offered to make him a mandarin, and to give him a poſt near his perſon. "Alas, ſir," cried Aſſoun, "greatneſs will only expoſe me to new dangers, ſuffer me rather to return to the plains of Laconcevan, and follow my former humble, but happy occupation. To the poor of Siam I give the riches of Abdel-kurim." The king aſtoniſhed at what he heard, conſented to the wiſh of Aſſoun, and he once more found himſelf travelling along the plains, ſinging his wonted chearful ſong, or offering up his thanks to heaven. "Give me," cried Aſſoun, "O God, the continuance of thy love, be near the humble abode of thy ſervant when he ſleeps, and when he journeys through the deſart, ſo ſhall no danger come nigh him, nor evil diſturb his repoſe." While Aſſoun was thus engaged, his ears were ſhocked with the piercing cry of murder, and turning his eyes on one ſide, he beheld a man, who held another at his feet, and was about to

plunge

plunge a dagger in his bosom. Assoun, though a stripling, interposed, and held immoveable the arm of the assassin, when the youth knelt down and kissed his deliverer's feet. Assoun, when he had disarmed the elder stranger, enquired into the cause of his cruelty. "This youth," cried he, "is my nephew, and has, against my will, cherished a passion for a young female of infamous character. I have often expostulated with him on his folly, and at last forbad him to think any more of her, when this morning he asked me to take a walk with him, and as we were conversing together, I observed him draw from his side a dagger, which he would have plunged into my bosom if I had not wrested it from him. I own that in my passion I should certainly have killed him if you had not interfered." Assoun now turned to the youth, and desired to hear what he could say in answer to these charges. "Alas," cried he, "I am innocent, he only seeks to destroy me. My father died worth immense wealth, which comes to this man, who

who is my uncle, at my deceaſe. He invited me to walk, to execute his cruel purpoſe." Aſſoun, who had not ſeen the beginning of the affray, was unwilling to give his opinion, he therefore, meeting ſome more travellers, carried them both before the Maha Omorat, when they were heard ſeparately, but the judge was unable to decide who was the aggreſſor, and aſked Aſſoun what he thought of the buſineſs.. "Indeed ſir," cried he, "I know not, all I can ſay is, that I ſaw the elder about to plunge a dagger in the breaſt of the younger. The offenders were now brought before the king himſelf, who was as much in doubt as the judge, "Let" cried he, "the camel driver, Aſſoun, paſs the ſentence. Aſſoun bowed, and ſpoke as follows: "As the elder of theſe two held the dagger of the younger, now let the younger, in return, draw his ſcymeter, and at once ſtrike off the head of his enemy." At this ſentence the youth trembled, and threw himſelf at the feet of the judge, ſaying, "O ſir, let me not ſhed the blood of my fellow creature."

"Behold,

"Behold judge," cried Assoun, "and know the agressor, for a thought of murder never inhabited the breast of the man who refuses to revenge himself of his enemy." The whole divan shouted with joy at this decision, and the elder traveller was conveyed to prison. The king who was delighted with the justice and discernment of Assoun, offered him one of the highest posts in the court, that of Maha Omorat, which was about to be resigned from the extreme age of its possessor. Assoun could not help being somewhat attracted by the offer, and he yielded to the temptation. "I will accept," cried he, "the honour my king designs me."

The upright Assoun had not sat long on the seat of justice, before a poor man named Camki, came before him, with a complaint against a great mandarin who had stolen away his only daughter. A day was appointed for the parties to appear, and the mandarin ordered to attend, he took care, however, previous to the time, to send Assoun a large sum of money,

ney, to give judgment in his favour. "Tell your maſter" "cried the Maha Omorat to the ſervant of the mandarin, "that he ſhall diſpoſe of the daughter of Cam-ki at his will, but let him attend." The cruel mandarin was elated at this news, and on the day fixed, the old man made his complaint in court. After the witneſſes were heard, and the guilt of the mandarin eſtabliſhed beyond doubt, Aſſoun aroſe, and ſpoke as follows: "It is my ſentence that the mandarin ſhall diſpoſe of the daughter of Cam-ki at his will:" The whole divan murmured at theſe words, until Aſſoun added, For he ſhall either by the laws of Siam die an opprobious death, or he ſhall grant to the daughter of Cam-ki his eſtates, and reſtore the child to her parent. Mandarin, on thy will depends the choice." The divan now ſhouted with joy, and due reparation was made to the injured. "I gave thee my word" cried Aſſoun to the mandarin, "and I have kept it; my duty is to aſſiſt the deſign of heaven, to bring good from evil; I promiſed that thou ſhouldſt diſpoſe of the daughter of Cam-ki at thy

will

will; therefore the bribe I received ſhall change its nature into that of a donation to the poor.

It had been the cuſtom of the rich mandarins of the court of Siam, to advance money at great intereſt to the poor merchants, and the predeceſſors of Aſſoun had all of them enriched the treaſury of their maſter by thoſe means; the king was therefore very much ſurprized to find that after two years peace, his finances had not been much increaſed. "How is it, Aſſoun, "that with thy prudence and virtue thou haſt not enriched thyſelf and thy king?" "You miſtake, ſir," cried Aſſoun, I have a moſt invaluable jewel to preſent, ſeldom found in the palaces of princes, it is called *ſelf-ſatisfaction* that thy finances are not improved by the miſeries of the poor!

The heart of Aſſoun had ever been inſenſible to ſlander, nor would he ever liſten to the reports which wounded the reputation of the abſent. Of this nobleneſs of diſpoſition, he very ſoon gave a proof. A young mandarin had been repreſented to the king as an enemy to the

the government, and was accordingly imprisoned and brought before the divan to answer the charge Nothing however appeared against him like proof. The king was notwithstanding implacable and turning to Assoun, he said, "What dost thou think of this man! does he not deserve punishment?" "I think" returned Assoun, "he has enemies, on that account rather let the king of Siam support than crush him."

A formidable enemy soon after appeared against Assoun himself. A favourite of the seraglio had for some months drawn largely from the public treasury to support her extravagancies, till she was checked by the prudence of the Maha-Omorat, who refused to supply her any longer, and reported her conduct to the king, who at first approved the œconomy of his treasurer, but the beautiful Acha-sotra, had too much art not to prevail against him. She represented to the king, that his treasurer had appropriated to his own use the monies he had accused her of having drawn forth,

and

and to ſupport her charge, had bribed an old eunuch to ſwear to the ſums he had received on her account, which fell very ſhort of what Aſſoun had charged her with.

The king was now convinced of her innocence, and the Maha Omarat arreſted, by his order, and brought before the divan. Aſſoun, conſcious of his integrity, appeared compoſed and collected, the evidence was, however, ſtrong againſt him, and his friends even began to think him guilty, when juſt as ſentence was about being pronounced, he deſired to aſk the cruel Acha-ſoutra a queſtion, which was permitted him. "Doſt thou "not," ſaid he to her, "Dread the moment of thy death." She looked confounded, "And doſt thou remember," added he, "that this day one of thy eunuchs preſented thee a bowl of ſherbet." At theſe words the favourite of the king ſwooned away. "Infamous wretch," cried the king of Siam, "haſt thou poiſoned the gentle Acha-ſoutra." At theſe words the eunuch confeſſed

Aſſoun

Aſſoun had bribed him to preſent the bowl to his miſtreſs, who had now recovered from her ſwoon, and looking ſtedfaſtly at the king, ſaid calmly, "I am rightly puniſhed, and ſhall ſoon feel the effects of a juſt revenge, for know Aſſoun is innocent." The divan expreſſed their joy at this confeſſion, and the king felt aſhamed of his want of foreſight. Aſſoun then addreſſing the favourite, ſaid, "Thy fears have anſwered my purpoſe, and thy conſcience has made thee dread a moment not yet near, for know that what thou didſt receive from the hand of thy ſlave was not poiſon." "Excellent youth," cried the king, "how has thy wiſdom defeated the deſigns of thy enemies." He now intreated the gentle Aſſoun to forgive him, and to accept the honour of which he had been deprived. "I ſhall moſt willingly," cried Aſſoun, "forget all that is paſt, but though I have been guilty of no crime to my king, I have committed a fault that deſerves puniſhment, Aſſoun has permitted himſelf to be tempted by greatneſs, and this is the

ſentence which he paſſes on himſelf, *that he be exiled to the plains of Laconcevan.*"

Soon as the fair Soum-kii had finiſhed the ſtory of Aſſoun the camel driver, a ſound of ſoft muſic was heard in the air, and a beautiful female deſcended in a cloud to the garden in which the young mandarin was ſeated. "The time is now arrived" cried Soum-kii, "when I muſt leave thee to thyſelf. The great genius, Sommona Codom expects me. Be good, that thou mayeſt be happy, and if thou art at any time in doubt or fear, pronounce but my name and I will appear to direct thee; at preſent it is neceſſary that I ſhould go, to correct, with my leſſons, the heart of the prince of Camboya, which is cruel and vindictive; yours, I believe, I can now truſt." Nang-fa could not help ſhedding tears at her departure, but after having kiſſed him affectionately, ſhe aſcended in the cloud with her attendant genius, and when in the air, let fall a golden ſcroll, on which was written the following:—

Be modeſt and humble, that you may be loved and reſpected.

Apply to ſtudy, that you may be admired and applauded.

Be emulous to excel, but not envious.

Prudence ſweetens reflection.

Fortitude is the friend of difficulty.

Be temperate that you may enjoy health, and benevolent that you may be happy.

Be grateful and diſcreet, and your good fortune ſhall not end.

All good comes from God.

THE

PRINCIPAL MAXIMS

OF THE

TALAPOINS,

TRANSLATED FROM THE

SIAMESE.

1 Kill no man.

2 Steal not.

3 Commit no impurity.

4 Drink not any intoxicating liquor.

5 Glorify not thyſelf, ſaying thou art arrived at ſanctity.

6 Neither ſit, nor ſleep in a place ſo high as that of your ſuperior.

7 Draw not water in a place where worms are engendered.

8 Lend not out to usury.

9 Eat not excessively.

10 Sleep not too much.

11 Judge not thy neighbour, this is wicked.

12 Twinkle not with your eyes in speaking, and look not with contempt.

13 A talapoin who thinks one thing and speaks another, sins.

14 A talapoin who speaks evil of another, sins.

15 A talapoin who covets another's estate, sins.

16 A talapoin who reviles the earth, the wind the fire or water, sins.

17 A talapoin who excites quarrels, sins.

18 A talapoin who glorifies himself, saying, I am the son of a mandarin, my mother is rich, sins.

19 A talapoin who boasts of being more learned than others, sins.

20 A talapoin who derides any one, or rails at him, sins.

21 A talapoin who goes to the temple to pray when in enmity with another, sins.

22 A talapoin who covets gold or silver, sins.

FINIS.