

THE  
THREE CRUMP  
TWIN BROTHERS  
OF  
DAMASCUS.  
AN EASTERN TALE.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,  
A USEFUL INSTANCE  
Of Turkish Justice.



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THE  
THE THREE CRUMP  
TWIN-BROTHERS  
OF  
DAMASCUS.

**U**NDER the Caliphate of Watik-billah, grandson of Haroun Arreschid, there dwelt at Damascus, \* an old man called Behemrillah, who did but just get a livelihood by making Steel-Bows, Swords, Sabres, and Knife-Blades. Of thirteen children, which he had by one wife, ten died all in one year; but the three that remained were of so odd a figure, that it was impossible to look at them without laughing: they were crooked both behind and before, blind of the left eye, lame of the right foot, and so perfectly like one another in face, shape and clothes, which they always wore the same, with one another so that even their father and mother sometimes mistook the one for the other

Of the three sons of Behemrillah, the eldest was named Ibad, the second Syahouk, and the

\* Damascus is a city of Syria, at the foot of Mount Libanus, about forty leagues from Aleppo. It is mightily resorted to for its knives, bows and sabres. The Steel of Damascus is in very great esteem.

third Babeken, and these three little humph back'd brothers never worked in their shop, but they served as laughing stocks to all the boys and girls in the town.

One day, as the only son of a rich merchant, named Mourad, returned from walking with some of his play-fellows, finding himself more merry than usual, he leaned upon the bulk of the three crumps, and insulted them with so much keenness, that Babeken, who was then at work upon a knife-blade, lost all patience: he run after those children, and singling out his principal enemy, gave him a cut in the belly; but finding that he was pursued by the moh, he ran into his shop and pulled the door after him.

As Mourad was dangerously wounded, all the avenues of Bemerillah's house were immediately secured, till the cady, who was sent for, should come. He repaired to the place immediately with his Azzas\*, and having broke open the door upon their refusal, forcibly entered into the shop, and demanded of those who had been witnesses of the action that was committed, which of the three crumps was the murderer? Nobody could affirm that it was one of them more than the other; they were so exactly alike, that they were at a loss. The Cady examined Isad, who assured him that it was not he that had wounded the boy, and that he could not tell whether it was Syahouk or Babeken: Syahouk averred the same thing. And Babeken, seeing himself out of danger, had the impudence to deny likewise that he had any hand in the crime.

The Cady was therefore much perplexed what

\* The Azzas are a sort of catchpoles, that generally accompany the Cadies.

to do: there could be but one criminal, and here seemed to be three; and never a one of them would own himself to be the man; he thought he could not do better than to inform the King of Damascus of so singular an affair. He carried the three crumps before his throne, and that Prince having examined them himself, without being able to find out the truth, gave command, in order to discover it, that each of them should have an hundred bastinadoes upon the soles of his feet.

They began with Syahook, and afterwards proceeded to Ibad, but both of them being ignorant whether Babeken was the criminal or no, so much resemblance there was between them, they endured the bastinado without giving the King any clearer information than he had before. Babeken afterwards received his quota of stripes; but being judge in his own cause, he did not think fit to betray himself; he made the most earnest protestations of his innocence, and the King not knowing which was the murderer, and unwilling to put to death two innocents with one criminal, was contented with banishing them all three from Damascus for ever.

Ibad, Syahook and Babeken, were obliged to comply with this sentence immediately. They departed from the city, and having considered what they should do, Ibad and Syahook were entirely for keeping together; but Babeken having represented to them, that let them go where they would, so long as they were together they should always be the jest of the public, and that if they were single they would each be infinitely less observed; this reason prevailed over the opinion of the other two. They parted from each other, and taking every one a different road; Babeken, after having travelled through several towns of



Syria, came at length to Bagdad\*, where Watikillah, the grandson of Haroun Arreschid, held the supreme power.

This little crooked wretch understanding that there was in that city a cutler of tolerable good repute, went to him for employment; he told him he was of Damascus, and that he had a particular art in tempering steel: the cutler was willing to try if Babeken was as great a master of his trade as he boasted himself to be, he took him in to his shop, and finding indeed that not only the steel he tempered was, as hard and sharp again, as what was commonly used at Bagdad, but also that his work was much more neat and perfect, he retained him in his service, and entertained him with great kindness, that he might keep him to himself.

From that time his shop was always crowded with customers. The little crump could not work fast enough; the cutler sold his bows and Sabres at his own price; and if he had not been a drunken extravagant sot, he might have made a very considerable fortune.

Babeken had scarce been two years at Bagdad when his master fell very ill of a great debauch he had made: his body was so worn and wasted by wine, brandy and women, that all the care of his wife and Babeken could not save his life; he died in her arms.

Though Nohoud, which was the name of the cutler's wife, was very far from being handsome, Babeken had nevertheless been in love with her for some time; and his master's death being a fair opportunity to declare his passion; he without any

\* Bagdad is a city of Asia, seated upon the Tygris; in the province of Hierac.

hesitation made the widow acquainted with his sentiments. She was not much alarmed at him; for besides his out-of-the-way figure began to grow familiar to her, she further considered that if Babeken left her, the shop would presently lose its reputation, and that the little money she had saved during her husband's life, would soon be spent. These reasons induced her, like a sensible woman, as she was, to make Babeken a promise of marriage, as soon as she could do it with decency. She kept her word with him some months afterwards; and Babeken, not satisfied with his cutting trade alone, whereby in a little time he got a great deal of money, fell likewise into the way of selling brandy of dates, which he had a very considerable demand for.

The correspondence that Babeken had in several towns in the east, came to the ears of his two brothers, who, after having lived for almost five years in the utmost poverty, were at last met together at Dreben<sup>\*</sup>: here they learnt to their great joy, the prosperity of Babeken, and not doubting but he would assist them in their want, they resolved to go together to Bagdad: they were no sooner arrived there, then they sent for him by a poor woman, who had taken them into her house out of charity.

Babeken was prodigiously surpris'd at the sight of his brothers. Have you forgot, said he to them in a violent passion, what happened to us at Damascus? Have you a mind to make me the jest of this city too? I swear by my head that you shall die beneath the cudgel, if you dare to come near my house.

\* Dreben, is a town of the province of Servan, in Persia, at the foot of mount Caucasus.

Ibad and his brother were amazed at a reception so little expected; it was in vain they represented their misery to Babeken, and shewed him the most abject submission; he continued unmoved; and all they could obtain of him was ten or twelve pieces of gold, to help them to settle in some other town.

Babeken being returned home, his wife perceived an alteration in his countenance: she asked him the cause of it, and was answered that it proceeded from the arrival of his two brothers; but that apprehending at Bagdad the same railleries he had born at Damascus, he had forbid them his house, and obliged them to leave the town.

Nohoud, to no purpose, remonstrated to him the cruelty of what he had done; her husband's fury was increased by her persuasions. I find, says he, you will be tempted to entertain them here, during my journey I am to make to Bassora; but take notice, I would advise you, that if you do, it will cost you your life. I say no more: look to it that you do not disobey me.

Babeken's wife was too well acquainted with her husband's violent humour to contradict him; she had often enough felt the weight of his arm. She promised most punctually to execute his orders; but those promises did not make Babeken easy; he passed the whole night without taking a wink of sleep, and returning next morning at the break of day to the woman's house where his brothers had lodged, he heard, to his great satisfaction, that they were gone from Bagdad, with an intention never to see it again.

Ibad and Syahook were indeed departed, with a resolution to go seek their fortunes elsewhere; but the latter falling sick about two days journey from Bagdad, and they finding themselves obliged to

Stay there almost three weeks, their money was soon gone, and they reduced to their former want: not knowing how to live, in spite of the severe prohibition they had received from Babeken, they resolved to go back to Bagdad: they went to their former landlady, and begged her to go once more to their brother, in order to persuade him, if she could, to take them into his house, or at least to give them a little money to defray the charge of their journey.

The poor woman could not refuse to do them that service, she went to Babeken's house, and being informed at his shop that he had been gone twelve days to Bassora, to fetch several bales of merchandises, she returned immediately to tell the news to her guests, who were so hard pressed by their necessity, that they went themselves to implore the assistance of their brother.

Nohoud could not help knowing them, they resembled Babeken so exactly, that there was no body but would have mistaken each of them apart for him; but though he had so strictly commanded her not to let them into her house she was touched with their poverty and tears; she entertained them, and set some victuals before them. It was now dark night; and Ibad and Syahook had scarce satisfied their first hunger, when somebody rattled at the door: the voice of Babeken, who was not to have returned in three days longer, was a thunderbolt to his wife and brothers; they turned as pale as death, and Nohoud, who did not know where to put them, to conceal them from her husband's fury, thought at last of hiding them in a little cellar behind five or six tubs of brandy.

Babeken grew impatient at the door; he knocked louder and louder every moment; at last it was



opened, and suspecting his wife of having some gallant hid in a corner, he took a stick and beat her soundly; afterwards his jealousy inducing him to search the house, he visited every hole with the greatest care, but never thought of looking behind the brandy tubs, though he went into the cellar. At last, the hump backed churie having made no discovery, grew a little calm; he locked all the doors, taking the keys according to his custom; went to bed with Nohoud; and did not go out all next day till towards the evening-prayer, telling his wife he should sup with a friend. His back was hardly turned, when Nohoud ran immediately to the cellar; but she was in the utmost surprize at finding Ibad and Syahook without the least signs of life: her perplexity increased, when she considered she had no way of getting quite of the two bodies, but taking her resolution at once, she shut the shop, ran to look towards the bridge at Bagdad for a foolish porter of Sivri-hissar\*, and having told him that a little hump-backed man who came into her house to buy some knives, having died there suddenly, she feared she should be brought to trouble about it; she proffered him four sequins of gold, if he would put him into his sack and throw him into the Tygris. The porter accepted her offer; and Nohoud having taken him home with her, gave him two sequins by way of earnest, treating him with drink till it was night; she put only one of the crumps in to his sack, helped him up with it, and promised to give him the other two sequins when she was sure he had performed the commission.

The porter, with the crump upon his shoulders

\* Sivri-hissar is a town of Natolia, the inhabitants of which are famous for their simplicity.

being come to the bridge of Bagdad, he opened his sack, shot his load into the river, and running back to Nohoud. 'Tis done, said he laughing, your man is fish meat by this time. give me the two sequins you promised me. Nohoud then went behind her counter, under pretence of fetching him the money, but starting back, with a loud cry, she pretend'd to fall in to a swoon. The porter, strangely surpris'd, took her into his arms: after having fetch'd her to herself, he enquir'd the cause of her fright: Ah, said the cunning hussy, asking her part to a miracle, go in there and you will soon know the cause. The porter went in, was struck as mute as a fish, when by the glimmering of a lamp, he perceived the same body which he thought he had thrown into the Tygris. The more narrowly he view'd it, the greater was his surpris'e. I am sure, said he to Nohoud, I did throw that plaguy crooked rascal over the bridge; how then could he come hither? there must be witchcraft in it: however continued he, let's try if he will get out again; then having put the second cramp into the same sack, he carried him to the bridge, and choosing out the deepest part of the Tygris, opened his sack and threw in poor Syahook. He was again returning merrily to Nohoud, not doubting that his burden was gone to the bottom, when turning the corner of a street, he saw coming towards him a man with a lanthorn in his hand. He was ready to drop down dead with fear at the sight of Babeken, who was going home a little overtaken with wine. He dogg'd him, however a little while, and finding that he took the ready way to the house, from which he had fetch'd the two cramps, he seiz'd him furiously by the collar: Ah, rogue! cried he, you think to make a fool of me all night, do you? you

have served me this trick twice already; but if you do so the third time, I will be hanged: then, being a lusty fellow, he threw his sack over his shoulders, and forcing him into it in spite of his teeth, tied the mouth of it with a strong rope, and running directly to the bridge, flung in poor Babeken, sack and all: and walking a pretty while thereabouts, for fear the crump should get out again to cheat him of his reward, but hearing no noise returned to the cutleress to demand the other two sequins which she had promised him. Do not fear his coming any more, said he, the moment he set his foot into the house; the wag had a mind to make his sport of me for ever; I think he only pretended to be dead, that he might make me trot my legs off; but I have done his business for him now so thoroughly that he will never come to your house any more, I will engage for him.

Nohoud, surpris'd at this discourse, desired him to tell her what he meant by it. Why, replied he, I had again thrown this damned crump into the Tygris, when I was returning to you for my money, I met him again about five or six streets off, with a lanthorn in his hand, singing and roaring under pretence of being drunk. I was so horrid enraged with him, that laying hold of him, I forced him into my sack in spite of all his resistance, tied it with a cord, and so threw him into the Tygris, from whence I believe he can never return, unless he be the Daggal\* himself.

Babeken's wife was in an unparalleled surpris'e at this news. Ah! sirrah, said she, what have you done? you have now drowned my husband; and have you the impudence to think I will re-

\* The Daggal is the Antichrist of the Mahometans.



ward you for this murder? no, no; I will revenge his death, and go this moment to make my complaint to the Cady.

The porter gave very little heed to all her threats; he thought she only did this to avoid paying him the money she had promised him.

Without jesting, said he, give me the two sequins I have so lawfully earned; you have made a fool of me long enough already: I must be gone home. Nohoud still refused to pay him: I swear by my head, replied he, in a violent rage, if you do not give me the two sequins this moment, I will send you to keep company with that crooked monster I have thrown into the river. Now, added he, dispute my payment if you dare; I am not such a fool as you take me for; I will have my money presently, or I will make the house too hot to hold you. The more the porter insisted for his money, the more noise Nohoud made; he grew weary of so much resistance, and taking her by the hair, he pulled her into the street, and was really going to throw her into the Tigris, when the neighbours ran to her assistance.

The porter, upon this took to his heels, very much in dedugeon at having, as he thought, been so grossly put upon, and was going towards the bridge in his way home, when he met three men, each with a load upon his shoulders, as far as he could discern in the dark. He that went first took him by the arm; Where are you going at this time of night, said he? What's that to you, said the porter, very snappishly; I am going where I please: You are greatly deceived, answered the stranger, for you shall go for I please; take this bundle off my head, and walk before me.

The porter surprised at the command, would ave resisted; but the man having shook at him



a sabre four fingers broad, and threatened to cut off his head if he did not obey that moment: he was forced to take up the load and go in company with the other two, whereof one seemed a slave, and the other a fisherman. They had not walked ten streets, when they came to a little door, which was presently opened by an old woman: they passed through a long passage very dark, and arrived at last into a magnificent hall: but what was the porter's amazement, when by the light of above forty tapers with which it was illuminated, to see the crooked brothers he had thrown into the Tigris, two of whom were upon the shoulders of the slave and the fisherman, and the third upon his own head; he was seized with such terror that he began to shake all over his body. He was more thoroughly convinced than ever, that so extraordinary a thing could not be imputed to nothing but conjuration; but recovering a little from his fright — The devil take this cursed crump backed, one-eyed son of a whore, cried he, in a very comical tone, I believe I shall do nothing all night but throw him into the river, and not get rid of him at last; the rascal was so malicious to come back again twice to hinder me from getting the sequins the cutler woman promised me; and here I find him again, with two others besides, not a farthing better than himself. But, sir, continued he, addressing himself to him that seemed the master of the house, lend me, I beseech you, that sabre of yours but for a moment; I will only cut off their heads, and then throw them all three into the Tigris; to see if they will follow me again. I am so horrid unlucky to day, that I am sure the devil will carry them back either to the cutler's house or mine, do what I will.

The porter having finished this speech of his,

the Caliph, Watik Billah, for it was he himself, that by the adventure of Haroun Arreschid, his grandfather, walked out very often in the night-time in the streets of Bagdad to see what passed, and to be capable of making a judgement himself how the people liked his government; this Caliph, I say, who was disguised like a merchant, was in the utmost surprize at these words of the porter's; he had been out that night with his prime Vizier, and having met a fisherman he asked him whither he went; I am going, answered he, to draw up my nets, which I have left ever since yesterday morning in the Tygris. And what will you do with the fish you catch? replied the Caliph. Tomorrow, said he, I will go sell it in the market of Bagdad, to help to maintain my wife and three children. Will you bargain with me for your whole draught? replied Watik Billah. With all my heart, answered the fisherman. Well, said the Caliph, there are ten sequins of gold for it; will that satisfy you? the fisherman was so amazed at such a piece of generosity, that he almost imagined he was in a dream: but putting the sequins in his pocket, my lord, replied he, transported, if I were to have as much for every draught I should soon be richer and more powerful than the sovereign commander of the faithful.

The Caliph smiled at this comparison; he went to the shore of the Tygris, entered into the fisherman's boat, and, with his Vizier, having helped him to draw up his nets, he was very much amazed at finding in them the two little crumps of Damascus, and a sack in which was the third.

An adventure so surprizing, struck him with admiration. Since this draught belongs to me, said he to the fisherman, who was as much surprized as the Caliph, I am resolved to carry it home

with me; but you must lend us a hand. That man had received too great marks of the Caliph's liberality to make the least scruple of obeying him; the Viziar and he took the one Ibad, and the other Syahouk by the feet, and threw them on their shoulders, and the Caliph himself having shouldered the sack in which was Babeken, they turned back to go to the palace, when they met the porter, who had a few moments before, thrown the three brothers into the Tygris.

As Watik Billah was dropping wet with the water that ran out of the sack, he stopped the porter, and having forced him to ease him of his burden, he conducted him to a house which adjoined to his palace. There it was that the porter of Bagdad, having, by the words he spoke relating to the three crumps, excited the Caliph's curiosity, he desired him to explain himself more clearly upon so whimsical an adventure.

Sir, replied the porter, this explanation you require is not so easily made as you imagine. The more I think of it, the less I understand it; however, you shall have it just as I think it happened to me.

Do you know, sir, said the porter, the cutler's wife that lives at the end of the street of the jewellers? No, replied the Caliph. You are no great loser by the bargain, answered the porter; she is the mischievouslest jade in all Bagdad: I would willingly give the two sequins I am master of to have five or six flogs at her soul chops, for the trick the witch put upon me this night; though I be but poor, I should sleep the better for it. This cutler woman then—But stay, since you do not know her, I will draw you her picture. Imagine, sir, that you have before you eyes a great withered old woman, with a skin as black as a dried

neat's tongue; with a little forehead, and eyes so far sunk into her head, that it is impossible to see she has any without a telescope. Her nose has so great a kindness for her chin, that they are always kissing one another; and her mouth which exhales a charming ordour, like that of brimstone, is so wide, that it is not unlike a crocodile's. Must not all this form a complete beauty? Without doubt, said the Caliph, who, though impatient to hear the story about the two crumps, almost died with laughing at the porter's comical description; you are so excellent a painter at fancy, I see this cutler woman, and would lay a wager I could find her out among a thousand. Well then, says the porter, since you know her now as well as if you had seen her, imagine that you see this lovely creature covered with a great veil, that hides all her perfections, come to chuse me towards night at the foot of the bridge, from among five or six of my comrades, and promise me in my ear four sequins if I would follow her. The desire of gain entices me; I fly towards her house, go in with her: she throws off her veil; I am frighted at the sight almost out of my wits; she certainly perceives it, and to encourage me, pops into my hand a great flaggon of wine. I own, sir, it was so excellent, that without inquiring what country it came from, I emptied the flaggon. Yet I could not help trembling all the while I drank it; I was afraid she had a mind to make me drunk, that she might afterwards debauch me, and get me to spend the night with her. And it was not without grounds that I feared this; for she caressed me enough to make me believe it. After the wine, she brought me a great bottle of date brandy, she amourosly pours out a large glass full, which I tipped off without any more ado; then she pro-



posed to me. — But stay, stay, I think I drank two glasses of brandy upon further consideration: Drink six, if you will, answered the Caliph, so you do but make an end of your story. Hold you me there, sir, cried the porter, one cannot swallow down brandy at that rate neither; 'twill fly into the head: I am half drunk with those two only, and you would have me here, after all that wine, pope down a bottle of brandy to boot: no, no, sir, I will do no such thing, though the sovereign commander of the faithful himself should beg me upon his knees to do it. But let us return to our sheep. So then it was that the cutler woman, seeing me grow a little merry, as one may say, gave me to understand that a little crooked man, who came to her house to buy some cutlers ware, had died suddenly in her shop, and that fearing she should be accused of having killed him, she, if I would throw him into the Tygris, promised, me four sequins for my trouble, to which I agreed. I had not drunk so much neither, but that I was resolved to make sure of my cash. I demanded two of the sequins in earnest, she gave them me: I put a little crump into my sack, does as I was bid, and comes back to take the rest of my money, when she shows me again the very same man. I leave you to imagine sir, how much I was surpris'd. I put him once more into my sack, carried him again to the bridge, and, cho' sing the most rapid part of the stream, tossed him in; and as I was returning to the cutler's, when I again met the crooked toad, with a lanthorn in his hand, and making as if he was drunk. I grew weary of so much jelling, took hold of him roughly, and pushing him into my sack in spite of his teeth, tied up the mouth of it, and flung him a third time into the Tygris with my sack and all, imagining that

would keep him from getting out again. I went back to the cutler woman, and told her how I met the crump alive, and in what manner I got rid of him: but instead of paying me the two sequins I expected, she pretended to tear her hair in grief, and threatened to carry me before the Cady, for having drowned her husband. I never minded her tears; but swore I would have my money. I made a bloody noise about it; the neighbours ran in at her cries, I took to my heels. I was going home, grumbling in the gizzard very much, when you, sir, forced me to take up this sack upon my head and bring it hither.

Now, sir, continued the porter, you may easily guess the cause of my fright, when at my arrival here, I found myself laden with the same man that I had three times flung into the Tygris, and behold also two others so like him, that it is impossible to distinguish between them, but by their clothes.

Though the Caliph could not see into the bottom of the adventure, he took abundance of pleasure in hearing the porter's story. Then having viewed the three brothers a little more narrowly, he thought he perceived in them some signs of life, and sent immediately for a physician. he came soon afterwards, and finding that Ibad and Syahook threw up with the water they had swallowed a great deal of brandy, he did not doubt, as indeed it was true, but that their drunkenness was the occasion of their being thought dead. As for Babeken, nothing but want of air had almost suffocated him; but as soon as his head was out of the sack, he recovered by degrees, so that in half an hour's time his brothers and he were entirely out of danger.

at the sight of his brothers, who were laid upon sofas. He almost cracked his eye-strings with staring at them, and could not possibly conceive how he came into that strange place with them. He suffered himself to be undressed without uttering a single word, while the same was done to Ibad and Syahouk.

The Caliph having caused the three crumps to be carried into different chambers, had them put to bed, and locked up. Then he sent away the fisherman, and having ordered the vizier to keep the porter, and to use him with great kindness he prepared to divert himself at the expence of the crooked brothers and the cutler woman, whom he arrested next morning by the break of day.

To heighten the diversion, the Caliph caused to be made that night two suits of clothes exactly like that which Babeken wore, when he was thrown in to the Tygris. He ordered them to be put upon Ibad and Syahouk, whose drunken fit was quite over, and being all dressed exactly alike, he placed them behind three different pieces of hanging in a magnificent hall of the palace, and gave orders that they should be discovered upon his making a certain sign.

The vizier, who, with the porter and several guards had been early in the morning to arrest the cutler's wife, brought her into the hall, where the Caliph was already placed upon his throne.

He examined her with relation to what passed between her and the porter. She told him all that had happened, without concealing a title of the truth; and seemed very much concerned at the loss of her husband. But said the Caliph is not this a made story which you tell me? how is it possible these three crooked brothers should be so exactly alike, that the porter should be deceived by



thou? Ah, my lord, replied Nohoud, he was half drunk when I employed him; and besides, my husband and his brothers resemble one another so perfectly, that if they were dressed in the same clothes, I hardly think I myself could be able to distinguish the one from the other. That would be pleasant, indeed, said the Caliph, clapping his hands, I should be glad to be the spectator of such an interview.

This was the signal Watik-billah was to give for the crumps to appear. The pieces of hanging were immediately pulled up, and the cutlery was ready to die with fear at the sight. O heaven! cried she, what a prodigy is this! do the dead come again to life? is this an illusion, my lord, and are my eyes faithful testimonies of what I see? You see right, replied Watik-billah; one of these three is your husband, and the other two are his brothers; you must choose out your own from among them. View them well: but I forbid them, upon pain of death, to speak or make the least sign.

Nohoud, in the utmost perplexity, examined them one after another; but could not distinguish her husband: and the Caliph, who was as much at a loss to know them as she, ordered him of the three that was Babeken to come and embrace his wife, was very much surpris'd to see the three crumps all at once throw their arms round her neck, and each of them affirm himself to be her husband.

Ibad and Syahook were not ignorant that they were in the presence of the sovereign commander of the faithful; but whatever respect they owed him, they thought they could not be revenged of Babeken better, than by trying to pais for him; and this latter got nothing by his rage and passion



for his two brothers obstinately persisted in robbing him of his name.

The Caliph could not help laughing at this comical contest of the three crumps; but having at length re-assumed his gravity; There would be no such dispute among you, said he which should be Babeken, if you knew that I want to distinguish him only to give him a thousand bastinadoes for his cruelty to his brothers, and for his forbidding his wife to entertain them in his absence.

Watik-billah pronounced these words in so severe a tone, that Ibad and Syhook thought it high time to give over the jest: If it be so, my lord, said each of them separately, we are no longer what we pretended to be, with a design to punish our brother for his ill usage of us; if there are any blows to be received, let him receive them, for they are no more than he deserves; as for us, my lord we implore you generosity, and we are in hopes that your august majesty, who never suffers any to depart unsatisfied, will have the goodness to alleviate our misery and want.

The Caliph then threw his eyes upon Babekan, whom he saw in the greatest confusion. Well, said he to him, what hast thou to say for thyself? Potent King, replied Babeken, with his face prostrate to the earth, whatever punishment I am to look for from your justice I am nevertheless the husband of this woman; my crime is still the greater, in being the only cause of the banishment of my brothers from the city of Damascus, for a murder, of which our resemblance hindred me from being known the author, I ought to have let them participate in my good fortune, as they shared in my bad: but if a sincere repentance can obtain my pardon, I offer from the bottom of my heart to give them an equal part of all the money I

have by my labour gained since my arrival here at Bagdad; and I hope your sacred majesty will pardon my ingratitude, upon account of the sorrow it gives me to have committed it.

The Caliph, who never intended to inflict any punishment upon Babeken, was very well pleased to see him in this disposition of mind; and therefore pardoned him: and being willing that Ibad and Syhhouk, for the pleasure they had given him, should feel the effects of his liberality, he caused it to be published all over Bagdad, that if there were any women who would marry the two crump-brothers, he would give them each two thousand pieces of gold. There were above twenty that were to embrace so considerable a fortune: but Ibad and Syahouk having chosen out of that number those that they thought would fit them best, received of the Caliph twenty thousand sequins more, with which they traded in fellowship with Babeken; and these three brothers spent their days in abundance and tranquillity, under the protection of the sovereign commander of the faithful, who was so liberal to the Porter, that he lived at his ease ever after, without having any occasion for continuing his trade.

## INSTANCE OF

## TURKISH JUSTICE.

A Grocer of the city of Smyrna, had a son, who, with the help of the little learning the country could afford, rose to the post of naib, or deputy to the Cady, or mayor of the city, and as such, visited the markets, and inspected the weights and measures of all retail dealers. One day, as this officer was going his rounds, the neighbours, who knew enough of his father's character, to suspect that he might stand in need of the caution, advised him to remove his weights for fear of the worst: but the old cheat depending on his relation to the inspector, and sure, as he thought that his son would not expose him to a public affront, laughed at their advice, and stood very calmly at his shop door, waited for his coming. The naib, however, was well assured of the dishonesty and unfair dealing of the father, and resolved to detect his villany and make an example of him: accordingly, he stopt at the door, and said, coolly to him, "Good man, fetch out your weights, that we may examine them:" Instead of obeying, the grocer would have fain put it off with a laugh, but was soon convinced his son was serious, by hearing him order the officers to search his shop, and seeing them produce the instruments of his fraud, which, after an impartial examination, were openly condemned and broken to pieces. His shame and confusion, however, he hoped would plead with a son to excuse him all fur-

ther punishment of his crime; but even this, though entirely arbitrary, the naib made as severe as for the most indifferent offender, for he sentenced him to a fine of fifty piasters, and to receive a baskinado of as many blows on the soles of his feet. All this was executed upon the spot, after which, the naib leaping from his horse, threw himself at his feet, and watering them with his tears, addresses him thus: "Father, I have discharged my duty to my God, my sovereign, my country and my station; permit me now, by my respect and submission, to acquit the debt I owe a parent. Justice is blind, it is the power of God on earth, it has no regard to father or son, God and our neighbour's right are above the ties of nature, you had offended against the laws of justice, you deserved this punishment, you would in the end have received it from some other, I am sorry it was your fate to receive it from me; but my conscience would not suffer me to act otherwise: behave better for the future, and instead of blaming me, pity my being reduced to so cruel a necessity." This done, he mounted his horse again, and then continued his journey, amidst the exclamations and praises of the whole city, for so extraordinary a piece of justice; report of which being made to the Sublime Porte, the Sultan raised him to the post of Cady; from whence, by degrees, he rose to the dignity of Musti, who is the head of both religion and law among the Turks. Were our dealers in small weights to be dealt with according to the Turkish law, the poor might not be so much imposed upon as they are now.