

# **ORIENTAL TALES**

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Oriental Tales by J. Hoppner

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**J. HOPPNER**

# **ORIENTAL TALES**



# ORIENTAL TALES,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE,

BY

J. HOPPNER, ESQ. R. A.

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At vos exiguo pecuni furesque lupique  
Parcite; de magno est praeda petenda grege.

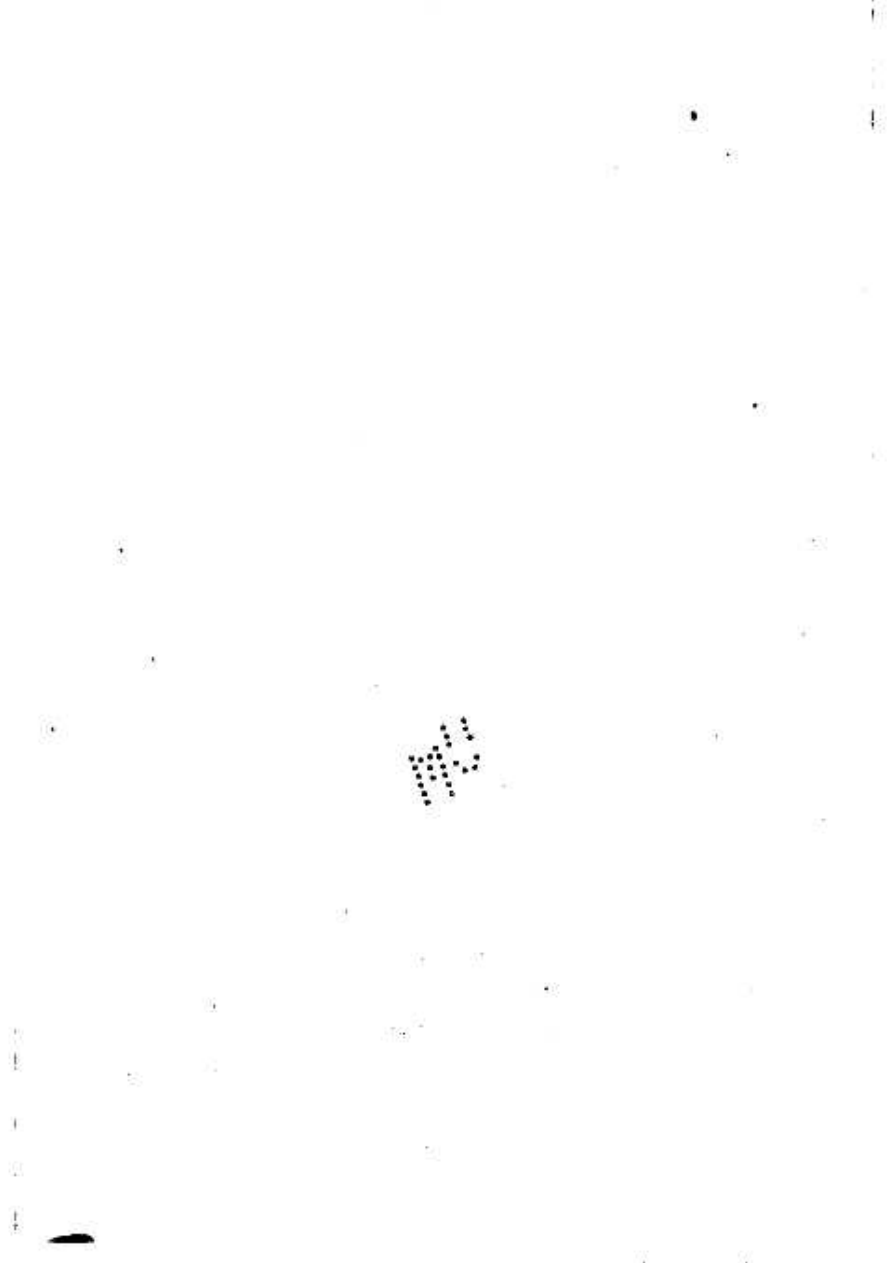
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LONDON:

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FOR J. HATCHARD, BOOKSELLER TO HER MAJESTY,  
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1805.



17 17

to invigorate contention. Enthusiasm is sufficiently contagious, but who has ever heard of the attractions of inanity; or what English artist could be warmed with the frigid productions of French art?

“ Where burnish’d beads, silk, satin, laces vie,  
In leaden lustre with the goosberry eye;  
Where broadcloth breathes, to talk where cushions  
strive,  
And all, but Sir, or Madam, looks alive!”

But it is time to resume the subject of my Publication, and give some little account of my plan and resources. Four of the following Tales are selected from the Tooti Nameh, or Tales of the Parrot, viz. the Ist, IId, IVth, and VIth. The IIIId is founded on one of a set published in a small volume by the Rev. W. Beloe. The Vth from the Heetopades of Veesh-noo-Jarma; and the VIIth and VIIIth are from the fables of the 12th and 13th

centuries, published by Mons. Le Grand. On these, as they have all the air of an Eastern origin, with the exception of changing sheiks and imams, into monks, &c. I conceived that I had a legitimate cause of making reprisals, and have therefore converted them into imams and sheiks again, with a view of preserving uniformity.

Should some of these Tales appear to bear a little hard upon the female character, I would request the fair reader to consider that they represent Eastern manners and morals; and that they are the actions of a people whose gods were monsters, or whose prophet was Mahomet. In a Christian country, I presume, these things could not happen; and yet if our theatres are places to which ladies resort to view themselves "as in a glass," there is not then much to choose between the man-



ners of the East and of the West. But vice upon the stage is so cheerfully lit up, and so agreeably set to music, that it may possibly pass for virtue; which will readily account for our ladies sitting with so much complacency at the representation of modern comedies, the most admired of which do not exhibit a single immaculate character to hang our hopes upon; or to shew that virtue may at once appear amiable and genteel.

I hope I have been more prudent, in a worldly view (having neither the aid of light nor music), in giving to these Tales, as far as they would admit of it, a moral tendency; for my bookseller, good man, has taken them upon trust. Yet I have formed a secret resolution that he shall not lose either by the vitiated taste of the town, or the absence of all taste in the author. The critics will give me leave

to say, the circumstance of having been subject to popular criticism for upwards of twenty years, is alone sufficient to render a man less sensible either to censure or applause; after all, this is but my summer tenement; and I may exclaim with the honest Hibernian, who was warned to quit a house that was on fire—"It is nothing to me, I am only a lodger!"

The little embellishment prefixed to this volume I entrust to the world with some degree of anxiety. It is the first production of my third son, Lascelles Hoppner; a boy, whose talents, how highly soever they may be rated by the fond partiality of a parent, constitute the smallest part of his claim to my affection.



TALE I.

THE ASS AND THE STAG

