

ling the manner in which he had looked at the lamp, she easily divined with what intention the robbery had been committed.

"Ingrate!" said she, in vain striving to render her harmonious voice, severe and stern; "I have loaded you with benefits,—I have granted your wishes,—I have done that for you, which no other fairy would have done for a mortal, when I introduced you to my dwelling, at the risk of being reprimanded by other fairies, and you now repay me by taking from me my most precious talisman."

Abel fell on his knees.

"Oh! do not be angry, or I shall die with grief."

"Go," said she; "my only punishment will be, to give it to you, and tell you how you can make it serviceable. Whenever you desire any thing, strike with the lamp three times on the stone, marked with cabalistic characters, near your cottage; it is a precious slab which your father buried there, and which I have been at much trouble to uncover. Remember to strike with it three times, and the Genius of the Lamp will give you all you ask for. And now, adieu—merit my present."

She took his hand, and having led him out of this mysterious asylum, she guided his steps through a long dark gallery; and then pronounced some words in a strange language; immediately three figures seized him, placed him on a soft cushion, bandaged his eyes, and he felt himself borne rapidly away; he soon sunk into a profound slumber, and when he awoke, found himself on his own bed, in the laboratory, Caliban at his side, looking anxiously at him. Abel thought he must be dreaming; he rubbed his eyes, and looked uneasily at his old servant.

#### THE TRIAL OF THE LAMP.

"Caliban, have I been only dreaming? did you not go with me into the gulf last night?"

"Last night!" said the old man. "Night before last you mean; for a day and a night I have been so uneasy about you. Immediately after I had fallen into that villainous hole, I was seized by two unknown persons, who kept me for some time, when the slab was re-opened, and I was thrown out upon the earth. I ran to seek thee every where, but I could not find thee, and now, but a little while since, returning to the cottage, I found thee sleeping here."

Abel rose, and in so doing, perceived the lamp, and he no longer doubted the reality of the adventure.

"Caliban, we are kings of the earth, look at this talisman; it was given me by the fairy."

Then he told the old man all that had passed.

Caliban, wonder-struck, wished to try its virtues immediately; they ran to the monument. Abel placed himself near the slab, and struck upon it three times, with the marvellous lamp; then with all the confidence of childhood, he and Caliban withdrew a few paces; the slab was quickly raised, and a lovely fairy, clothed in white garnished with pearls, appeared, leaning on the arm of a frightful negro, with a drawn sword. She turned towards Abel, and bowing low, said:

"Hail, adored master! I come to receive thy orders, to anticipate thy wishes, to obey thee, whatever thou dost command me. I will be swifter than the wind, I will consume like the flame, I will rise like a column, I will change into diamonds, or become a soft carpet for thy feet. I will do all, be all for thee. What dost thou desire of me, my master? Speak, I wait!"

As she spoke, Caliban and Abel looked at her in surprise. She resembled a beautiful girl, leaning against a bronze statue; so surprised were they, they could not at first think what to ask; at last the old servant said:

"I wish our garden should be taken care of—I am too old to dig, and reap—and that our flour should be prepared for use, ground, and white as milk."

"Yes—that is what I wish," said Abel.

The fairy bowed low, and she and the negro disappeared; immediately the slab, which seemed imbued with life, closed over them, leaving Abel and Caliban in perfect amaze. They looked again at it, and thought they must have been dreaming; the old servant tried to raise it by the iron ring, but in vain—they then were convinced that the stone was enchanted;—and they examined the lamp with the same curiosity, as a child who wishes to break his plaything, that he may discover how it is made.

Abel, plunged into embarrassment by the number of his wishes, could only put an end to his reverie, by dwelling upon the perfections of his fairy, and the charm of the last moments he had passed with her; love filled his whole being, and rendered it impossible that he could have any thought not blended with the fairy.

When Caliban re-entered the cottage, it was almost night, and he stumbled over something which lay by the door; he took it up. It was heavy, and on examination, it proved to be a sack of the finest flour from the mill; he put it carefully away, and then on passing by the window which looked into the garden, he saw three slaves, dressed in white, digging. He went out and looked at them with crossed arms, taking a divine pleasure in seeing his work thus wrought by enchantment; he spoke to them, but they answered not, nor paused in their work. Caliban, still more