

The Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night — Volume 03 eBook

The Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night — Volume 03 by Richard Francis Burton

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The Flea and the Mouse

Once upon a time a mouse dwelt in the house of a merchant who owned much merchandise and great stores of monies. One night, a flea took shelter in the merchant's carpet-bed and, finding his body soft, and being thirsty drank of his blood. The merchant was awakened by the smart of the bite and sitting up called to his slave-girls and serving men. So they hastened to him and, tucking up their sleeves, fell to searching for the flea; but as soon as the bloodsucker was aware of the search, he turned to flee and coming on the mouse's home, entered it. When the mouse saw him, she said to him, "What bringeth thee in to me, thou who art not of my nature nor of my kind, and who canst not be assured of safety from violence or of not being expelled with roughness and ill usage?" Answered the flea, "Of a truth, I took refuge in thy dwelling to save me from slaughter; and I have come to thee seeking thy protection and on nowise coveting thy house; nor shall any mischief betide thee from me to make thee leave thy home. Nay I hope right soon to repay thy favours to me with all good and then shalt thou see and praise the issue of my words." And when the mouse heard the speech of the flea, — And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Fifty-first Night

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the mouse heard the words of the flea, she said, "If the case be as thou dost relate and describe, then be at thine ease here; for naught shall befall thee save the rain of peace and safety; nor shall aught betide thee but what shall joy thee and shall not annoy thee, nor shall it annoy me. I will lavish on thee my affections without stint; and do not thou regret having lost the merchant's blood nor lament for thy subsistence from him, but be content with what sustenance thou canst obtain; for indeed that is the safer for thee. And I have heard, O flea, that one of the gnomish poets saith as follows in these couplets,

'I have fared content in my solitude *
With wate'er befel, and led life of ease,
On a water-draught and a bite of bread, *
Coarse salt and a gown of tattered frieze:
Allah might, an He pleased, give me easiest life, *
But with whatso pleaseth Him self I please.'"

Now when the flea heard these words of the mouse, he rejoined, "I hearken to thy charge and I submit myself to obey thee, nor have I power to gainsay thee, till life be fulfilled in this righteous intention." Replied the mouse, "Pure intention sufficeth to sincere affection." So the tie of love arose and was knitted between them twain, and after this, the flea used to visit the merchant's bed by night and not exceed in his diet,

and house him by day in the hole of the mouse. Now it came to pass one night, the merchant brought home

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great store of dinars and began to turn them over. When the mouse heard the chink of the coin, she put her head out of her hole and fell to gazing at it, till the merchant laid it under his pillow and went to sleep, when she said to the flea, "Seest thou not the proffered occasion and the great good fortune? Hast thou any device to bring us to our desire of yonder dinars? Quoth the flea, "Verily, it is not good that one strives for aught, unless he be able to win his will; because, if he lack ability thereto, he falleth into that which he should avoid and he attaineth not his wish by reason of his weakness, albeit he use all power of cunning, like the sparrow which picketh up grain and falleth into the net and is caught by the fowler. Thou hast no strength to take the dinars and to transport them out of this house, nor have I force sufficient to do this; I the contrary, I could not carry a single ducat of them; so what hast thou to do with them?" Quoth the mouse, "I have made me for my house these seventy openings, whence I may go out at my desire, and I have set apart a place strong and safe, for things of price; and if thou can contrive to get the merchant out of the house, I doubt not of success, and so be that Fate aid me." Answered the flea, "I will engage to get him out of the house for thee;" and, going to the merchant's bed, bit him a fearful bite, such as he had never before felt, then fled to a place of safety, where he had no fear of the man. So the merchant awoke and sought for the flea, but finding him not, lay down again on his other side. Then the flea bit him a second time more painfully than before. So he lost patience and, leaving his bed, went out and lay down on the bench before his door and slept there and woke not till the morning. Meanwhile the mouse came out and fell to carrying the dinars into her hole, till she left not a single one; and when day dawned the merchant began to suspect the folk and fancy all manner of fancies. And (continued the fox) know thou, O wise and experienced crow with the clear-seeing eyes, that I tell thee this only to the intent that thou mayst reap the recompense of thy kindness to me, even as the mouse reaped the reward of her kindness to the flea; for see how he repaid her and requited her with the goodliest of requitals. Said the crow, "It lies with the benefactor to show benevolence or not to show it; nor is it incumbent on us to entreat kindly one who seeketh a connection that entaileth separation from kith and kin. If I show thee favour who art my foe by kind, I am the cause of cutting myself off from the world; and thou, O fox, art full of wiles and guiles. Now those whose characteristics are craft and cunning, must not be trusted upon oath; and whoso is not to be trusted upon oath, in him there is no good faith. The tidings lately reached me of thy treacherous dealing with one of thy comrades, which was a wolf; and how thou didst deceive him until thou leddest

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him into destruction by thy perfidy and stratagems; and this thou diddest after he was of thine own kind and thou hadst long consorted with him: yet didst thou not spare him; and if thou couldst deal thus with thy fellow which was of thine own kind, how can I have trust in thy truth and what would be thy dealing with thy foe of other kind than thy kind? Nor can I compare thee and me but with the saker and the birds.” “How so?” asked the fox. Answered the crow, they relate this tale of

The Saker[FN#169] and the Birds.

There was once a saker who was a cruel tyrant”—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Fifty-second Night

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the crow pursued, “They relate that there was once a saker who was a cruel tyrant in the days of his youth, so that the raveners of the air and the scavengers of the earth feared him, none being safe from his mischief; and many were the haps and mishaps of his tyranny and his violence, for this saker was ever in the habit of oppressing and injuring all the other birds. As the years passed over him, he grew feeble and his force failed him, so that he was often famished; but his cunning waxed stronger with the waning of his strength and redoubled in his endeavour and determined to be present at the general assembly of the birds, that he might eat of their orts and leavings; so in this manner he fed by fraud instead of feeding by fierceness and force. And out, O fox, art like this: if thy might fail thee, thy sleight faileth thee not; and I doubt not that thy seeking my society is a fraud to get thy food; but I am none of those who fall to thee and put fist into thy fist;[FN#170] for that Allah hath vouchsafed force to my wings and caution to my mind and sharp sight to my eyes; and I know that whoso apeth a stronger than he, wearieeth himself and haply cometh to ruin. Wherefore I fear for thee lest, if thou ape a stronger than thyself, there befall thee what befel the sparrow.” Asked the fox, “What befel the sparrow?” Allah upon thee, tell me his tale.” And the crow began to relate the story of

The Sparrow and the Eagle

I have heard that a sparrow was once flitting over a sheep-fold, when he looked at it carefully and behold, he saw a great eagle swoop down upon a newly weaned lamb and carry it off in his claws and fly away. Thereupon the sparrow clapped his wings and said, “I will do even as this one did;” and he waxed proud in his own conceit and mimicked a greater than he. So he flew down forthright and lighted on the back of a fat ram with a thick fleece that was become matted by his lying in his dung and stale till it was like woollen felt. As soon as the sparrow pounced upon the sheep’s back he

flapped his wings to fly away, but his feet became tangled in the wool and, however hard he tried, he could not

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set himself free. While all this was doing the shepherd was looking on, having seen what happened first with the eagle and afterwards with the sparrow; so he came up to the wee birdie in a rage and seized him. Then he plucked out his wing-feathers and, tying his feet with a twine, carried him to his children and threw him to them. "What is this?" asked one of them; and he answered, "This is he that aped a greater than himself and came to grief." "Now thou, O fox, art like this and I would have thee beware of aping a greater than thou, lest thou perish. This is all I have to say to thee; so fare from me in peace!" When the fox despaired of the crow's friendship, he turned away, groaning for sorrow and gnashing teeth upon teeth in his disappointment; and the crow, hearing the sound of weeping and seeing his grief and profound melancholy, said to him, "O fox, what dole and dolour make thee gnash thy canines?" Answered the fox, "I gnash my canines because I find thee a greater rascal than myself;" and so saying he made off to his house and ceased not to fare until he reached his home. Quoth the Sultan, "O Shahrazad, how excellent are these thy stories, and how delightful! Hast thou more of such edifying tales?" Answered she:—They tell this legend concerning

The hedgehog and the wood-pigeons

A hedgehog once too up his abode by the side of a date-palm, whereon roosted a wood-pigeon and his wife that had built their nest there and lived a life of ease and enjoyment. So he said to himself, "This pigeon-pair eateth of the fruit of the date tree and I have no means of getting at it; but needs must I find some fashion of tricking them. Upon this he dug a hole at the foot of the palm tree and took up his lodgings there, he and his wife; moreover, he built an oratory beside the hole and went into retreat there and made a show of devotion and edification and renunciation of the world. The male pigeon saw him praying and worshipping, and his heart was softened towards him for his excess of devoutness; so he said to him, "How many years hast thou been thus?" Replied the hedgehog, "During the last thirty years." "What is thy food?" "That which falleth from the palm-tree." "And what is thy clothing?" "Prickles! and I profit by their roughness." "And why hast thou chosen this for place rather than another?" "I chose it and preferred it to all others that I might guide the erring into the right way and teach the ignorant!" "I had fancied thy case," quoth the wood-pigeon, "other than this, but now I yearn for that which is with thee." Quoth the hedgehog, "I fear lest thy deed contradict thy word and thou be even as the husbandman who, when the seed-season came, neglected to sow, saying, 'Verily I dread lest the days bring me not to my desire and by making hast to sow I shall only waste my substance!' When harvest-time came and he saw the folk earing their crops, he repented him of what he had lost by his tardiness

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and he died of chagrin and vexation.” Asked the wood-pigeon, “What then shall I do that I may be freed from the bonds of the world and cut myself loose from all things save the service of my Lord?” Answered the hedgehog, “Betake thee to preparing for the next world and content thyself with a pittance of provision.” Quoth the pigeon, “How can I do this, I that am a bird and unable to go beyond the date-tree whereon is my daily bread? And even could I do so, I know of no other place wherein I may wone.” Quoth the hedgehog, “Thou canst shake down of the fruit of the date-tree what shall suffice thee and thy wife for a year’s provant; then do ye take up your abode in a nest under the trunk, that ye may prayerfully seek to be guided in the right way, and then turn thou to what thou hast shaken down and transport it all to thy home and store it up against what time the dates fail; and when the fruits are spent and the delay is longsome upon you, address thyself to total abstinence.” Exclaimed the pigeon, “Allah requite thee with good for the righteous intention wherewith thou hast reminded me of the world to come and hast directed me into the right way!” Then he and his wife worked hard at knocking down the dates, till nothing was left on the palm-tree, whilst the hedgehog, finding whereof to eat, rejoiced and filled his den with the fruit, storing it up for his subsistence and saying in his mind, “When the pigeon and his wife have need of their provision, they will seek it of me and covet what I have, relying upon thy devoutness and abstinence; and, from what they have heard of my counsels and admonitions, they will draw near unto me. Then will I make them my prey and eat them, after which I shall have the place and all that drops from the date-tree to suffice me.” presently, having shaken down the fruits, the pigeon and his wife descended from the tree-top and finding that the hedgehog had removed all the dates to his own place, said to him, “O hedgehog! thou pious preacher and of good counsel, we can find no sign of the dates and know not on what else we shall feed.” Replied the hedgehog, “Probably the winds have carried them away; but the turning from the provisions to the Provider is of the essence of salvation, and He who the mouth-corners cleft, the mouth without victual hath never left.” And he gave not over improving the occasion to them on this wise, and making a show of piety and cozening them with fine words and false until they put faith in him and accepted him and entered his den and had no suspicion of his deceit. Thereupon he sprang to the door and gnashed his teeth, and the wood-pigeon, seeing his perfidy manifested, said to him, “What hath to-night to do with yester-night? Knowest thou not that there is a Helper for the oppressed? Beware of craft and treachery, lest that mishap befall thee which befel the sharpers who plotted against the merchant.” “What was that?” asked the hedgehog. Answered the pigeon:—I have heard tell this tale of

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The Merchant and the Two Shapers

In a city called Sindah there was once a very wealthy merchant, who made ready his camel-loads and equipped himself with goods and set out with his outfit for such a city, purposing to sell it there. Now he was followed by two sharpers, who had made up into bales what merchandise they could get; and, giving out to the merchant that they also were merchants, wended with him by the way. So halting at the first halting-place they agreed to play him false and take all he had; but at the same time, each inwardly plotted foul play to the other, saying in his mind, "If I can cheat my comrade, times will go well with me and I shall have all these goods for myself." So after planning this perfidy, one of them took food and putting therein poison, brought it to his fellow; the other did the same and they both ate of the poisoned mess and they both died. Now they had been sitting with the merchant; so when they left him and were long absent from him, he sought for tidings of them and found the twain lying dead; whereby he knew that they were sharpers who had plotted to play him foul, but their foul play had recoiled upon themselves. So the merchant was preserved and took what they had. Then quoth the Sultan, "O Shahrazad, verily thou hast aroused me to all whereof I was negligent! So continue to edify me with these fables." Quoth she:—It hath reached me, O King, that men tell this tale of

The thief and his monkey[FN#171]

A certain man had a monkey and that man was a thief, who never entered any of the street-markets of the city wherein he dwelt, but he made off with great profit. Now it came to pass one day that he saw a man offering for sale worn clothes, and he went calling them in the market, but none bid for them and all to whom he showed them refused to buy of him. Presently the thief who had the monkey saw the man with the ragged clothes set them in a wrapper and sit down to rest for weariness; so he made the ape sport before him to catch his eye and, whilst he was busy gazing at it, stole the parcel from him. Then he took the ape and made off to a lonely place, where he opened the wrapper and, taking out the old clothes, folded them in a piece of costly stuff. This he carried to another bazar and exposed for sale together with what was therein, making it a condition that it should not be opened, and tempting the folk with the lowness of the price he set on it. A certain man saw the wrapper and its beauty pleased him; so he bought the parcel on these terms and carried it home, doubting not that he had done well. When his wife saw it she asked, "What is this?" and he answered, "It is costly stuff, which I have bought at lowest price, meaning to sell it again and take the profit." Rejoined she, "O dupe, would this stuff be sold under its value, unless it had been stolen? Dost thou not know that whoso buyeth aught without examining it, falleth into error and becometh like unto the weaver?" Quoth he, "And what is the story of the weaver?"; and quoth she:—I have heard this take of

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The Foolish Weaver

There was once in a certain village a weaver who worked hard but could not earn his living save by overwork. Now it chanced that one of the richards of the neighbourhood made a marriage feast and invited the folk thereto: the weaver also was present and found the guests, who wore rich gear, served with delicate viands and made much of by the house-master for what he saw of their fine clothes. So he said in his mind, "If I change this my craft for another craft easier to compass and better considered and more highly paid, I shall amass great store of money and I shall buy splendid attire, so I may rise in rank and be exalted in men's eyes and become even with these." Presently, he beheld one of the mountebanks, who was present at the feast, climbing up to the top of a high and towering wall and throwing himself down to the ground and alighting on his feet. Whereupon the waver said to himself, "Needs must I do as this one hath done, for surely I shall not fail of it." So he arose and swarmed upon the wall and casting himself down, broke his neck against the ground and died forthright. "Now I tell thee this that thou sayst get thy living by what way thou knowest and thoroughly understandest, lest peradventure greed enter into thee and thou lust after what is not of thy condition." Quoth the woman's husband, "Not every wise man is saved by his wisdom, nor is every fool lost by his folly. I have seen it happen to a skilful charmer, well versed in the ways of serpents, to be struck by the fangs of a snake[FN#172] and killed, and others prevail over serpents who had no skill in them and no knowledge of their ways." And he went contrary to his wife and persisted in buying stolen goods below their value till he fell under suspicion and perished therefor: even as perished the sparrow in the tale of

The sparrow and the peacock

There was once upon a time a sparrow, that used every day to visit a certain king of the birds and ceased not to wait upon him in the mornings and not to leave him till the evenings, being the first to go in and the last to go out. One day, a company of birds chanced to assemble on a high mountain and one of them said to another, "Verily, we are waxed many, and many are the differences between us, and there is no help for it but we have a king to look into our affairs; so shall we all be at one and our differences will disappear." Thereupon up came that sparrow and counselled them to choose for King the peacock (that is, the prince he used to visit). So they chose the peacock to their King and he, become their sovereign, bestowed largesse upon them and made the sparrow his secretary and Prime Minister. Now the sparrow was wont by times to quit his assiduous serve in the presence and look into matters in general. So one day he absented himself at the usual time, whereat the peacock was sore troubled; and, while

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things stood thus, he returned and the peacock said to him, "What hath delayed thee, and thou the nearest to me of all my servants and the dearest of all my dependents?" replied the sparrow, "I have seen a thing which is doubtful to me and whereat I am affrighted." Asked the peacock, "What was it thou sawest?"; and the sparrow answered, "I saw a man set up a net, hard by my nest, peg down its pegs, strew grain in its midst and withdraw afar off. And I sat watching what he would do when behold, fate and fortune drave thither a crane and his wife, which fell into the midst of the net and began to cry out; whereupon the fowler rose up and took them. This troubled me, and such is the reason for my absence from thee, O King of the Age, but never again will I abide in that nest for fear of the net." Rejoined the peacock, "Depart not thy dwelling, for against fate and lot forethought will avail the naught." And the sparrow obeyed his bidding and said, "I will forthwith arm myself with patience and forbear to depart in obedience to the King." So he ceased not taking care of himself, and carrying food to his sovereign, who would eat what sufficed him and after feeding drink his water and dismiss the sparrow. Now one day as he was looking into matters, lo and behold! he saw two sparrows fighting on the ground and said in his mind, "How can I, who am the King's Wazir, look on and see sparrows fighting in my neighbourhood? By Allah, I must make peace between them!" So he flew down to reconcile them; but the fowler cast the net over the whole number and the sparrow happened to be in their very midst. Then the fowler arose and took him and gave him to his comrade, saying, "Take care of him, " I never saw fatter or finer." But the sparrow said to himself, "I have fallen into that which I feared and none but the peacock inspired me with false confidence. It availed me naught to beware of the stroke of fate and fortune, since even he who taketh precaution may never flee from destiny. And how well said the poet in this poetry,

"Whatso is not to be shall ne'er become; *
No wise! and that to be must come to pass;
Yea it shall come to pass at time ordained, *
And th' Ignoramus[FN#173] aye shall cry 'Alas!'"

Whereupon quoth the King, "O Shahrazad, recount me other of these tales!"; and quoth she, "I will do so during the coming night, if life be granted to by the King whom Allah bring to honour!"—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Fifty-third Night,

She said:—I will relate the

*Tale of Ali bin Bakkar and of Shams
al-Nahar.*

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It hath reached me, O august King, that in days of yore and in times and ages long gone before, during the Caliphate of Harun al-Rashid, there was a merchant who named his son Abu al-Hasan[FN#174] Ali bin Tahir; and the same was great of goods and grace, while his son was fair of form and face and held in favour by all folk. He used to enter the royal palace without asking leave, for all the Caliph's concubines and slave-girls loved him, and he was wont to be companion with Al-Rashid in his cups and recite verses to him and tell him curious tales and witty. Withal he sold and bought in the merchants' bazar, and there used to sit in his shop a youth named Ali bin Bakkar, of the sons of the Persian Kings[FN#175] who was formous of form and symmetrical of shape and perfect of figure, with cheeks red as roses and joined eyebrows; sweet of speech, laughing-lipped and delighting in mirth and gaiety. Now it chanced one day, as the two sat talking and laughing behold, there came up ten damsels like moons, every one of them complete in beauty and loveliness, and elegance and grace; and amongst them was a young lady riding on a she-mule with a saddle of brocade and stirrups of gold. She wore an outer veil of fine stuff, and her waist was girt with a girdle of gold-embroidered silk; and she was even as saith the poet,

"Silky her skin and silk that zoned waist; *
Sweet voice; words not o'er many nor too few:
Two eyes quoth Allah 'Be,' and they became; *
And work like wine on hearts they make to rue:
O love I feel! grow greater every night: *
O solace! Doom-day bring our interview."

And when the cortege reached Abu al-Hasan's shop, she alighted from her mule, and sitting down on the front board,[FN#176] saluted him, and he returned her salam. When Ali bin Bakkar saw her, she ravished his understanding and he rose to go away; but she said to him, "Sit in thy place. We came to thee and thou goest away: this is not fair!" Replied he, "O my lady, by Allah, I flee from what I see; for the tongue of the case saith,

'She is a sun which towereth high a-sky; *
So ease thy heart with cure by Patience lent:
Thou to her skyey height shalt fail to fly; *
Nor she from skyey height can make descent.'"

When she heard this, she smiled and asked Abu al-Hasan, "What is the name of this young man?"; who answered, "He is a stranger;" and she enquired, "What countryman is he?"; whereto the merchant replied, "He is a descendant of the Persian Kings; his name is Ali son of Bakkar and the stranger deserveth honour." Rejoined she, "When my damsel comes to thee, come thou at once to us and bring him with thee, that we may entertain him in our abode, lest he blame us and say, 'There is no hospitality in the people of Baghdad'; for niggardliness is the worst fault a man can have. Thou hearest what I say to thee and, if thou disobey

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me, thou wilt incur my displeasure and I will never again visit thee or salute thee.” Quoth Abu al-Hasan, “On my head and my eyes: Allah preserve me from thy displeasure, fair lady!” Then she rose and went her way. Such was her case; but as regards Ali bin Bakkar he remained in a state of bewilderment. Now after an hour the damsel came to Abu al-Hasan and said to him, “Of a truth my lady Shams al-Nahar, the favourite of the Commander of the Faithful, Harun al-Rashid, biddeth thee to her, thee and thy friend, my lord Ali bin Bakkar.” So he rose and, taking Ali with him, followed the girl to the Caliph’s palace, where she carried them into a chamber and made them sit down. They talked together awhile, when behold, trays of food were set before them, and they ate and washed their hands. Then she brought them wine, and they drank deep and made merry; after which she bade them rise and carried them into another chamber, vaulted upon four columns, furnished after the goodliest fashion with various kinds of furniture, and adorned with decorations as it were one of the pavilions of Paradise. They were amazed at the rarities they saw; and, as they were enjoying a review of these marvels, suddenly up came ten slave-girls, like moons, swaying and swimming in beauty’s pride, dazzling the sight and confounding the sprite; and they ranged themselves in two ranks as if they were of the black-eyed Brides of Paradise. And after a while in came other ten damsels, bearing in their hands lutes and divers instruments of mirth and music; and these, having saluted the two guests, sat down and fell to tuning their lute-strings. Then they rose and standing before them, played and sang and recited verses: and indeed each one of them was a seduction to the servants of the Lord. Whilst they were thus busied there entered other ten damsels like unto them, high-bosomed maids and of an equal age, with black-eyes and cheeks like the rose, joined eyebrows and looks languorous; a very fascination to every faithful wight and to all who looked upon them a delight; clad in various kinds of coloured silks, with ornaments that amazed man’s intelligence. They took up their station at the door, and there succeeded them yet other ten damsels even fairer than they, clad in gorgeous array, such as no tongue can say; and they also stationed themselves by the doorway. Then in came a band of twenty damsels and amongst them the lady, Shams al-Nahar hight, as she were the moon among the stars swaying from side to side, with luring gait and in beauty’s pride. And she was veiled to the middle with the luxuriance of her locks, and clad in a robe of azure blue and a mantilla of silk embroidered with gold and gems of price; and her waist was girt with a zone set with various kinds of precious stones. She ceased not to advance with her graceful and coquettish swaying, till she came to the couch that stood at the upper end of the chamber and seated herself thereon. But when Ali bin Bakkar saw her, he versified with these verses,

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"Source of mine evils, truly, she alone 's, *
Of long love-longing and my groans and moans;
Near her I find my soul in melting mood, *
For love of her and wasting of my bones."

And finishing his poetry he said to Abu al-Hasan, "Hadst thou Dealt more kindly with me thou haddest forewarned me of these things ere I came hither, that I might have made up my mind and taken patience to support what hath befallen me." And he wept and groaned and complained. Replied Abu al-Hasan, "O my brother, I meant thee naught but good; but I feared to tell thee this, lest such transport should betide thee as might hinder thee from foregathering with her, and be a stumbling-block between thee and her. But be of good cheer and keep thine eyes cool and clear;[FN#177] for she to thee inclineth and to favour thee designeth." Asked Ali bin Bakkar, "What is this young lady's name?" Answered Abu al-Hasan, "She is hight Shams al-Nahar, one of the favourites of the Commander of the Faithful, Harun al-Rashid, and this is the palace of the Caliphate." Then Shams al-Nahar sat gazing upon the charms of Ali bin Bakkar and he upon hers, till both were engrossed with love for each other. Presently she commanded the damsels, one and all, to be seated, each in her rank and place, and all sat on a couch before one of the windows, and she bade them sing; whereupon one of them took up the lute and began caroling,

"Give thou my message twice * Bring clear reply in trice!
To thee, O Prince of Beau * -ty[FN#178] with complaint I rise:
My lord, as heart-blood dear * And Life's most precious prize!
Give me one kiss in gift * Or loan, if thou devise:
And if thou crave for more * Take all that satisfies.[FN#179]
Thou donn'st me sickness-dress * Thee with health's weed I
bless."

Her singing charmed Ali bin Bakkar, and he said to her, "Sing me more of the like of these verses." So she struck the strings and began to chaunt these lines,

"By stress of parting, O beloved one, *
Thou mad'st these eyelids torment- race to run:
Oh gladness of my sight and dear desire, *
Goal of my wishes, my religion!
Pity the youth whose eyne are drowned in tears *
Of lover gone distraught and clean undone."

When she had finished her verses, Shams al-Nahar said to another damsel, "Let us hear something from thee!" So she played a lively measure and began these couplets,

"His[FN#180] looks have made me drunken, not his wine; *
His grace of gait disgraced sleep to these eyne:



Dazed me no cup, but cop with curly crop; *
His gifts overcame me not the gifts of vine:
His winding locks my patience-clue unwound: *
His robed beauties robbed all wits of mine.”

When Shams Al-Nahar heard this recital from the damsel, she sighed heavily and the song pleased her. Then she bade another damsel sing; so she took the lute and began chanting,

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“Face that with Sol in Heaven lamping vies; *
Youth-tide’s fair fountain which begins to rise;
Whose curly side-beard writeth writ of love, *
And in each curl concealeth mysteries:
Cried Beauty, ‘When I met this youth I knew *
‘Tis Allah’s loom such gorgeous robe supplies.’”

When she had finished her song, Ali bin Bakkar said to the slave-maiden nearest him, “Sing us somewhat, thou O damsel.” So she took the lute and began singing,

“Our trysting-time is all too short *
For this long coyish coquetry:
How long this ‘Nay, Nay!’ and ‘Wait, wait?’ *
This is not old nobility!
And now that Time deigns lend delight *
Profit of th’ opportunity.”

When she ended, Ali bin Bakkar followed up her song with flowing tears; and, as Shams al-Nahar saw him weeping and groaning and complaining, she burned with love-longing and desire; and passion and transport consumed her. So she rose from the sofa and came to the door of the alcove, where Ali met her and they embraced with arms round the neck, and fell down fainting in the doorway; whereupon the damsels came to them and carrying them into the alcove, sprinkled rose-water upon them both. When they recovered, they found not Abu al-Hasan who had hidden himself by the side of a couch, and the young lady said, “Where is Abu al-Hasan?” So he showed himself to her from beside the couch and she saluted him, saying, “I pray Allah to give me the means of requiting thee, O kindest of men!” Then she turned to Ali bin Bakkar and said to him, “O my lord, passion hath not reached this extreme pass with thee without my feeling the like; but we have nothing to do save to bear patiently what calamity hath befallen us.” Replied he, “By Allah, O my lady, union with thee may not content me nor gazing upon thee assuage the fire thou hast lighted, nor shall leave me the love of thee which hath mastered my heart but with the leaving of my life.” So saying, he wept and the tears ran down upon his cheeks like thriddled pearls; and when Shams al-Nahar saw him weep, she wept for his weeping. But Abu al-Hasan exclaimed, “By Allah, I wonder at your case and am confounded at your condition; of a truth, your affair is amazing and your chance dazing. What! this weeping while ye are yet together: then how will it be what time ye are parted and far separated?” And he continued, “Indeed, this is no tide for weeping and wailing, but a season for meeting and merry-making; rejoice, therefore, and take your pleasure and shed no more tears!” Then Shams al-Nahar signed to a slave-girl, who arose and presently returned with handmaids bearing a table, whose dishes of silver were full of various rich viands. They set the table before the pair and Shams al-Nahar began to eat[FN#181] and to place tid-bits in the mouth of Ali bin Bakkar; and they ceased not so doing till they were satisfied,

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when the table was removed and they washed their hands. Then the waiting-women fetched censers with all manner of incense, aloe-wood and ambergris and mixed scents; and sprinkling-flasks full of rose-water were also brought and they were fumigated and perfumed. After this the slaves set on vessels of graven gold, containing all kinds of sherbets, besides fruits fresh and dried, that heart can desire and eye delight in; and lastly one brought a flagon of carnelion full of old wine. Then Shams al-Nahar chose out ten handmaids to attend on them and ten singing women; and, dismissing the rest to their apartments, bade some of those who remained strike the lute. They did as she bade them and one of them began to sing,

“My soul to him who smiled back my salute, *
In breast reviving hopes that were no mo’e:
The hand o’ Love my secret brought to light, *
And censor’s tongues what lies my ribs below:[FN#182]
My tear-drops ever press twixt me and him, *
As though my tear-drops showing love would flow.”

When she had finished her singing, Shams al-Nahar rose and, filling a goblet, drank it off, then crowned it again and handed it to Ali bin Bakkar;—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Shams al-Nahar filled a goblet and handed it to Ali bin Bakkar; after which she bade another damsel sing; and she began singing these couplets,

“My tears thus flowing rival with my wine, *
Pouring the like of what fills cup to brink:[FN#183]
By Allah wot I not an run these eyne *
Wi’ wine, or else it is of tears I drink.”

And when she ended her recitation, Ali bin Bakkar drained his cup and returned it to Shams al-Nahar. She filled it again and gave it to Abu al-Hasan who tossed it off. Then she took the lute, saying, “None shall sing over my cup save myself;” so she screwed up the strings and intoned these verses,

“The tears run down his cheeks in double row, *
And in his breast high flameth lover-low:
He weeps when near, a-fearing to be far; *
And, whether far or near, his tear-drops flow.”



And the words of another,

“Our life to thee, O cup-boy Beauty-dight! *
From parted hair to calves; from black to white:
Sol beameth from thy hands, and from thy lips *
Pleiads, and full Moon through thy collar’s night,[FN#184]
Good sooth the cups, which made our heads fly round, *
Are those thine eyes pass round to daze the sight:
No wonder lovers hail thee as full moon *
Waning to them, for self e’er waxing bright:
Art thou a deity to kill and quicken, *
Bidding this fere, forbidding other wight?
Allah from model of thy form made Beau *
-ty and the Zephyr scented with thy sprite.
Thou art not of this order of human *
-ity but angel lent by Heaven to man.”

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When Ali bin Bakkar and Abu al-Hasan and those present heard Shams al-Nahar's song, they were like to fly for joy, and sported and laughed; but while they were thus enjoying themselves lo! up came a damsel, trembling for fear and said, "O my lady, the Commander of the Faithful's eunuchs are at the door, Afif and Masrur and Marjan[FN#185] and others whom wot I not." When they heard this they were like to die with fright, but Shams al-Nahar laughed and said, "Have no fear!" Then quoth she to the damsel, "Keep answering them whilst we remove hence." And she caused the doors of the alcove to be closed upon Ali and Abu al-Hasan, and let down the curtains over the entrance (they being still within); after which she shut the door of the saloon and went out by the privy wicket into the flower-garden, where she seated herself on a couch she had there and made one of the damsels knead her feet.[FN#186] Then she dismissed the rest of her women to their rooms and bade the portress admit those who were at the door; whereupon Masrur entered, he and his company of twenty with drawn swords. And when they saluted her, she asked, "Wherefore come ye?"; whereto they answered, "The Commander of the Faithful saluteth thee. Indeed he is desolated for want of thy sight; he letteth thee know that this be to him a day of joy and great gladness and he wisheth to seal his day and complete his pleasure with thy company at this very hour. So say, wilt go to him or shall he come to thee?" Upon this she rose and, kissing the earth, replied, "I hear and I obey the commandment of the Prince of True Believers!" Then she summoned the women guards of her household and other slave-damsels, who lost no time in attending upon her and made a show of obeying the Caliph's orders. And albeit everything about the place was in readiness, she said to the eunuchs, "Go to the Commander of the Faithful and tell him that I await him after a little space, that I may make ready for him a place with carpets and other matters." So they returned in haste to the Caliph, whilst Shams al-Nahar, doffing her outer gear, repaired to her lover, Ali bin Bakkar, and drew him to her bosom and bade him farewell, whereat he wept sore and said, "O my lady, this leave-taking will cause the ruin of my very self and the loss of my very soul; but I pray Allah grant me patience to support the passion wherewith he hath afflicted me!" Replied she, "By Allah, none shall suffer perdition save I; for thou wilt fare forth to the bazar and consort with those that shall divert thee, and thy life will be sound and thy love hidden forsure; but I shall fall into trouble and tristesse nor find any to console me, more by token that I have given the Caliph a tryst, wherein haply great peril shall betide me by reason of my love for thee and my longing for thee and my grief at being parted from thee. For with what tongue shall I sing and with what heart shall I present myself before the Caliph? and with what speech shall I company the Commander of the Faithful

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in his cups? and with what eyes shall I look upon a place where thou art absent? and with what taste shall I drink wine of which thou drinkest not?" Quoth Abu al-Hasan, "Be not troubled but take patience and be not remiss in entertaining the Commander of the Faithful this night, neither show him any neglect, but be of good heart." Now at this juncture, behold, up came a damsel, who said to Shams al-Nahar, "O my lady, the Caliph's pages are come." So she hastily rose to her feet and said to the maid, "Take Abu al-Hasan and his friend and carry them to the upper balcony[FN#187] giving upon the garden and there leave them till darkness come on; when do thou contrive to carry them forth." Accordingly the girl led them up to the balcony and, locking the door upon them both, went her way. As they sat looking on the garden lo! the Caliph appeared escorted by near an hundred eunuchs, with drawn swords in hand and girt about with a score of damsels, as they were moons, all clad in the richest of raiment and on each one's head was a crown set with jewels and rubies; while each carried a lighted flambeau. The Caliph walked in their midst, they encompassing him about on all sides, and Masrur and Afif and Wasif[FN#188] went before him and he bore himself with a graceful gait. So Shams al-Nahar and her maidens rose to receive him and, meeting him at the garden-door, kissed ground between his hands; nor did they cease to go before him till they brought him to the couch whereon he sat down, whilst all the waiting-women who were in the garden and the eunuchs stood before him and there came fair handmaids and concubines holding in hand lighted candles and perfumes and incense and instruments of mirth and music. Then the Sovereign bade the singers sit down, each in her place, and Shams al-Nahar came up and, seating herself on a stool by the side of the Caliph's couch, began to converse with him; all this happening whilst Abu al-Hasan and Ali bin Bakkar looked on and listened, unseen of the King. Presently the Caliph fell to jesting and toying with Shams al-Nahar and both were in the highest spirits, glad and gay, when he bade them throw open the garden pavilion. So they opened the doors and windows and lighted the tapers till the place shone in the season of darkness even as the day. Then the eunuchs removed thither the wine-service and (quoth Abu al-Hasan) "I saw drinking-vessels and rarities whose like mine eyes never beheld, vases of gold and silver and all manner of noble metals and precious stones, such as no power of description can describe, till indeed it seemed to me I was dreaming, for excess of amazement at what I saw!" But as for Ali bin Bakkar, from the moment Shams al-Nahar left him, he lay strown on the ground for stress of love and desire; and, when he revived, he fell to gazing upon these things that had not their like and saying to Abu al-Hasan, "O my brother, I fear lest the Caliph see us or come to know of our case; but the most of my fear is for thee. For myself,

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of a truth I know that I am about to be lost past recourse, and the cause of my destruction is naught but love and longing and excess of desire and distraction, and disunion from my beloved after union with her; but I beseech Allah to deliver us from this perilous predicament.” And they ceased not to look out of the balcony on the Caliph who was taking his pleasure, till the banquet was spread before him, when he turned to one of the damsels and said to her, “O Gharam,[FN#189] let us hear some of thine enchanting songs.” So she took the lute and tuning it, began singing,

“The longing of a Bedouin maid, whose folks are far away, *
Who yearns after the willow of the Hejaz and the
bay,[FN#190]—

Whose tears, when she on travellers lights, might for their water
serve * And eke her her passion, with its heat, their
bivouac-fire purvey,—

Is not more fierce nor ardent than my longing for my love, *
Who deems that I commit a crime in loving him
always.”[FN#191]

Now when Shams al-Nahar heard these verses she slipped off the stool whereon she sat and fell to the earth fainting and became insensible to the world around her; upon which the damsels came and lifted her up. And when Ali bin Bakkar saw this from the balcony he also slipped down senseless, and Abu al-Hasan said, “Verily Fate hath divided love-desire equally upon you twain!”[FN#192] As he spoke lo! in came the damsel who had led them up to the balcony and said to him, “O Abu al-Hasan, arise thou and thy friend and come down, for of a truth the world hath waxed strait upon us and I fear lest our case be discovered or the Caliph become aware of you; unless you descend at once we are dead ones.” Quoth he, “And how shall this youth descend with me seeing that he hath no strength to rise?” Thereupon the damsel began sprinkling rose-water on Ali bin Bakkar till he came to his senses, when Abu al-Hasan lifted him up and the damsel made him lean upon her. So they went down from the balcony and walked on awhile till the damsel opened a little iron door, and made the two friends pass through it, and they came upon a bench by the Tigris’ bank. Thereupon the slave-girl clapped her hands[FN#193] and there came up a man with a little boat to whom said she, “Take up these two young men and land them on the opposite side.” So both entered the boat and, as the man rowed off with them and they left the garden behind them, Ali bin Bakkar looked back towards the Caliph’s palace and the pavilion and the grounds; and bade them farewell with these two couplets,

“I offered this weak hand as last farewell, *
While to heart-burning fire that hand is guided:
O let not this end union! Let not this *
Be last provision for long road provided!”

Thereupon the damsel said to the boatman, "Make haste with them both." So he plied his oars deftly (the slave-girl being still with them);—And Shahrazad perceived the dawning day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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When it was the One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the boatman rowed them towards the other bank till they reached it and landed, whereupon she took leave of them, saying, "It were my wish not to abandon you, but I can go no farther than this." Then she turned back, whilst Ali bin Bakkar lay prostrate on the ground before Abu al-Hasan and by no manner of means could he rise, till his friend said to him, "Indeed this place is not sure and I fear lest we lose our lives in this very spot, by reason of the lewd fellows who infest it and highwaymen and men of lawlessness." Upon this Ali bin Bakkar arose and walked a little but could not continue walking. Now Abu al-Hasan had friends in that quarter; so he made search for one of them, in whom he trusted, and who was of his intimates, and knocked at the door. The man came out quickly and seeing them, bade them welcome and brought them into his house, where he seated them and talked with them and asked them whence they came. Quoth Abu al-Hasan, "We came out but now, being obliged thereto by a person with whom I had dealings and who hath in his hands dirhams of mine. And it reached me that he designed to flee into foreign parts with my monies; so I fared forth to-night in quest of him, taking with me for company this youth, Ali bin Bakkar; but, when we came hoping to see the debtor, he hid from us and we could get no sight of him. Accordingly we turned back, empty-handed without a doit, but it was irksome to us to return home at this hour of the night; so weeting not whither to go, we came to thee, well knowing thy kindness and wanted courtesy." "Ye are welcome and well come!" answered the host, and studied to do them honour; so the twain abode with him the rest of their night and as soon as the daylight dawned, they left him and made their way back without aught of delay to the city. When they came to the house of Abu al-Hasan, he conjured his comrade to enter; so they went in and lying down on the bed, slept awhile. As soon as they awoke, Abu al-Hasan bade his servants spread the house with rich carpets, saying in his mind, "Needs must I divert this youth and distract him from thinking of his affliction, for I know his case better than another." Then he called for water for Ali bin Bakkar who, when it was brought, rose up from his bed and making his ablutions, prayed the obligatory prayers which he had omitted for the past day and night[FN#194]; after which he sat down and began to solace himself by talking with his friend. When Abu al-Hasan saw this, he turned to him and said, "O my lord, it were fitter for thy case that thou abide with me this night, so thy breast may be broadened and the distress of love-longing that is upon thee be dispelled and thou make merry with us, so haply the fire of thy heart may thus be quenched." Ali replied, "O my brother, do what seemeth good to thee; for I may not on any wise escape from

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what calamity hath befallen me; so act as thou wilt.” Accordingly, Abu al-Hasan arose and bade his servants summon some of the choicest of his friends and sent for singers and musicians who came; and meanwhile he made ready meat and drink for them; so they sat eating and drinking and making merry through the rest of the day till nightfall. Then they lit the candles, and the cups of friendship and good fellowship went round amongst them and the time passed pleasantly with them. Presently, a singing-woman took the lute and began singing,

“I’ve been shot by Fortune, and shaft of eye *
Down struck me and parted from fondest friend:
Time has proved him foe and my patience failed, *
Yet I ever expected it thus would end.”

When Ali bin Bakkar heard her words, he fell to the earth in a swoon and ceased not lying in his fainting fit till day-break; and Abu al-Hasan despaired of him. But, with the dawning, he came to himself and sought to go home; nor could his friend hinder him, for fear of the issue of his affair. So he made his servants bring a she-mule and, mounting Ali thereon, carried him to his lodgings, he and one of his men. When he was safe at home, Abu al-Hasan thanked Allah for his deliverance from that sore peril and sat awhile with him, comforting him; but Ali could not contain himself, for the violence of his love and longing. So Abu al-Hasan rose to take leave of him and return to his own place.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Fifty-sixth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Abu al-Hasan rose to take leave of him, Ali son of Bakkar exclaimed, “O my brother, leave me not without news.” “I hear and obey,” replied the other; and forthwith went away and, repairing to his shop, opened it and sat there all day, expecting news of Shams al-Nahar. But none came. He passed the night in his own house and, when dawned the day, he walked to Ali bin Bakkar’s lodging and went in and found him thrown on his bed, with his friends about him and physicians around him prescribing something or other, and the doctors feeling his pulse. When he saw Abu al-Hasan enter he smiled, and the visitor, after saluting him, enquired how he did and sat with him till the folk withdrew, when he said to him, “What plight is this?” Quoth Ali bin Bakkar, “It was bruited abroad that I was ill and my comrades heard the report; and I have no strength to rise and walk so as to give him the lie who noised abroad my sickness, but continue lying strown here as thou seest. So my friends came to visit me; say, however, O my brother, hast thou seen the slave-girl or heard any news of her?” He replied, “I have not seen her, since the day we parted from her on Tigris’ bank;” and he presently added, “O my brother, beware thou of

scandal and leave this weeping.” Rejoined Ali, “O my brother, indeed, I have no control over myself;” and he sighed and began reciting,

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"She gives her woman's hand a force that fails the hand of me, *
And with red dye on wrist she gars my patience fail and
flee:

And for her hand she fears so sore what shafts her eyes
discharge, * She's fain to clothe and guard her hand with
mail-ring panoply:[FN#195]

The leach in ignorance felt my pulse the while to him I cried, *
'Sick is my heart, so quit my hand which hath no malady:'

Quoth she to that fair nightly vision favoured me and fled, *

'By Allah picture him nor add nor 'bate in least degree!'

Replied the Dream, 'I leave him though he die of thirst,'

I cry, * 'Stand off from water-pit and say why this
persistency.'

Rained tear-pearls her Narcissus-eyes, and rose on cheek belit *

She made my sherbet, and the lote with bits of hail she
bit."[FN#196]

And when his recital was ended he said, "O Abu al-Hasan, I am smitten with an affliction from which I deemed myself in perfect surety, and there is no greater ease for me than death." Replied he, "Be patient, haply Allah will heal thee!" Then he went out from him and repairing to his shop opened it, nor had he sat long, when suddenly up came the handmaid who saluted him. He returned her salam and looking at her, saw that her heart was palpitating and that she was in sore trouble and showed signs of great affliction: so he said to her, "Thou art welcome and well come! How is it with Shams al-Nahar?" She answered, "I will presently tell thee, but first let me know how doth Ali bin Bakkar." So he told her all that had passed and how his case stood, whereat she grieved and sighed and lamented and marvelled at his condition. Then said she, "My lady's case is still stranger than this; for when you went away and fared homewards, I turned back, my heart beating hard on your account and hardly crediting your escape. On entering I found her lying prostrate in the pavilion, speaking not nor answering any, whilst the Commander of the Faithful sat by her head not knowing what ailed her and finding none who could make known to him aught of her ailment. She ceased not from her swoon till midnight, when she recovered and the Prince of the Faithful said to her, 'What harm hath happened to thee, O Shams al-Nahar, and what hath befallen thee this night?' Now when she heard the Caliph's words she kissed his feet and said, 'Allah make me thy ransom, O Prince of True Believers! Verily a sourness of stomach lighted a fire in my body, so that I lost my senses for excess of pain, and I know no more of my condition.' Asked the Caliph, 'What hast thou eaten to-day?'; and she answered, 'I broke my fast on something I had never tasted before.' Then she feigned to be recovered and calling for a something of wine, drank it, and begged the Sovereign to resume his diversion. So he sat down again on his couch in the pavilion and the sitting was resumed, but when she saw me, she asked me how you fared. I told her what I had done with you both and repeated to her the verses which Ali bin Bakkar had



composed at parting-tide, whereat she wept secretly, but presently held her peace. After awhile, the Commander of the Faithful ordered a damsel to sing, and she began reciting,

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'Life has no sweet for me since forth ye fared; *
Would Heaven I wot how fare ye who forsake:
'Twere only fit my tears were tears of blood, *
Since you are weeping for mine absence sake.'

But when my lady heard this verse she fell back on the sofa in a swoon,"—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Fifty-seventh Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the slave-girl continued to Abu al-Hasan, "But when my lady heard this verse, she fell back on the sofa in a swoon, and I seized her hand and sprinkled rose-water on her face, till she revived, when I said to her, 'O my lady, expose not thyself and all thy palace containeth. By the life of thy beloved, be thou patient!' She replied, 'Can aught befall me worse than death which indeed I seek, for by Allah, my ease is therein?' Whilst we were thus talking, another damsel sang these words of the poet,

'Quoth they, 'Maybe that Patience lend thee ease!' *
Quoth I, 'Since fared he where is Patience' place?
Covenant he made 'twixt me and him, to cut *
The cords of Patience at our last embrace!'[FN#197]

And as soon as she had finished her verse Shams al-Nahar swooned away once more, which when the Caliph saw, he came to her in haste and commanded the wine to be removed and each damsel to return to her chamber. He abode with her the rest of the night, and when dawned the day, he sent for surgeons and leaches and bade them medicine her, knowing not that her sickness arose from love and longing. I tarried with her till I deemed her in a way of recovery, and this is what kept me from thee. I have now left her with a number of her body-women, who were greatly concerned for her, when she bade me go to you two and bring her news of Ali bin Bakkar and return to her with the tidings." When Abu al-Hasan heard her story, he marvelled and said, "By Allah, I have acquainted thee with his whole case; so now return to thy mistress; and salute her for me and diligently exhort her to have patience and say to her, 'Keep thy secret!'; and tell her that I know all her case which is indeed hard and one which calleth for nice conduct." She thanked him and taking leave of him, returned to her mistress. So far concerning her; but as regards Abu al-Hasan, he ceased not to abide in his shop till the end of the day, when he arose and shut it and locked it and betaking himself to Ali bin Bakkar's house knocked at the door. One of the servants came out and admitted him; and when Ali saw him, he smiled and congratulated himself on his coming, saying, "O Abu al-Hasan, thou hast desolated me by thine absence this day; for indeed my soul is pledged to thee during the rest of my time." Answered the other, "Leave this talk! Were thy healing at the price of my hand, I would cut it off ere thou

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couldst ask me; and, could I ransom thee with my life, I had already laid it down for thee. Now this very day, Shams al-Nahar's handmaid hath been with me and told me that what hindered her coming ere this was the Caliph's sojourn with her mistress; and she acquainted me with everything which had betided her." And he went on to repeat to him all that the girl had told him of Shams al-Nahar; at which Ali bin Bakkar lamented sore and wept and said to him, "Allah upon thee, O my brother, help me in this affliction and teach me what course I shall take. Moreover, I beg thee of thy grace to abide with me this night, that I may have the solace of thy society." Abu al-Hasan agreed to this request, replying that he would readily night there; so they talked together till even-tide darkened, when Ali bin Bakkar groaned aloud and lamented and wept copious tears, reciting these couplets,

"Thine image in these eyne, a-lip thy name, *
My heart thy home; how couldst thou disappear?
How sore I grieve for life which comes to end, *
Nor see I boon of union far or near."

And these the words of another,

"She split my casque of courage with eye-swords that sorely
smite; * She pierced my patience' ring-mail with her shape
like cane-spear light:
Patched by the musky mole on cheek was to our sight displayed *
Camphor set round with ambergris, light dawning through the
night.[FN#198]
Her soul was sorrowed and she bit carnelion stone with pearls *
Whose unions in a sugared tank ever to lurk unite:[FN#199]
Restless she sighed and smote with palm the snows that clothe her
breast, * And left a mark whereon I looked and ne'er beheld
such sight,
Pens, fashioned of her coral nails with ambergris for ink, *
Five lines on crystal page of breast did cruelly indite:
O swordsmen armed with trusty steel! I bid you all beware *
When she on you bends deadly glance which fascinates the
sprite:
And guard thyself, O thou of spear! whenas she draweth near *
To tilt with slender quivering shape, likest the nut-brown
spear."

And when Ali bin Bakkar ended his verse, he cried out with a great cry and fell down in a fit. Abu al-Hasan thought that his soul had fled his body and he ceased not from his swoon till day-break, when he came to himself and talked with his friend, who continued



to sit with him till the forenoon. Then he left him and repaired to his shop; and hardly had he opened it, when lo! the damsel came and stood by his side. As soon as he saw her, she made him a sign of salutation which he returned; and she delivered to him the greeting message of her mistress and asked, "How doth Ali bin Bakkar?" Answered he, "O handmaid of good, ask me not of his case nor what he suffereth for excess of love-longing; he sleepeth not by night neither resteth he by day;

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wakefulness wasteth him and care hath conquered him and his condition is a consternation to his friend.” Quoth she, “My lady saluteth thee and him, and she hath written him a letter, for indeed she is in worse case than he; and she entrusted the same to me, saying, ‘Do not return save with the answer; and do thou obey my bidding.’ Here now is the letter, so say, wilt thou wend with me to him that we may get his reply?” “I hear and obey,” answered Abu al-Hasan, and locking his shop and taking with him the girl he went, by a way different from that whereby he came, to Ali bin Bakkar’s house, where he left her standing at the door and walked in.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Fifty-eighth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Abu al-Hasan went with the girl to the house of Ali son of Bakkar, where he left her standing at the door and walked in to his great joy. And Abu al-Hasan said to him, “The reason of my coming is that such an one hath sent his handmaid to thee with a letter, containing his greeting to thee and mentioning therein that the cause of his not coming to thee was a matter that hath betided him. The girl standeth even now at the door: shall she have leave to enter?”; and he signed to him that it was Shams al-Nahar’s slave-girl. Ali understood his signal and answered, “Bring her in,” and when he saw her, he shook for joy and signed to her, “How doth thy lord?; Allah grant him health and healing!” “He is well,” answered she and pulling out the letter gave it to him. He took it and kissing it, opened and read it; after which he handed it to Abu al-Hasan, who found these verses written therein,

“This messenger shall give my news to thee; *
Patience what while my sight thou canst not see:
A lover leav’st in love’s insanity, *
Whose eyne abide on wake incessantly:
I suffer patience-pangs in woes that none *
Of men can medicine;—such my destiny!
Keep cool thine eyes; ne’er shall my heart forget, *
Nor without dream of thee one day shall be.
Look what befel thy wasted frame, and thence *
Argue what I am doomed for love to dree!

“And afterwards[FN#200]: Without fingers[FN#201] I have written to thee, and without tongue I have spoken to thee * to resume my case, I have an eye wherefrom sleeplessness departeth not * and a heart whence sorrowful thought stirreth not * It is with me as though health I had never known * nor in sadness ever ceased to wone * nor spent an hour in pleasant place * but it is as if I were made up of pine and of the pain of passion and chagrin * Sickness unceasingly troubleth * and my yearning ever

redoubleth * desire still groweth * and longing in my heart still gloweth * I pray Allah to
hasten our union * and dispel of my mind the confusion * And I would fain thou favour

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me * with some words of thine * that I may cheer my heart in pain and repine *
Moreover, I would have thee put on a patience lief, until Allah vouchsafe relief * And His peace be with thee." [FN#202] When Ali bin Bakkar had read this letter he said in weak accents and feeble voice, "With what hand shall I write and with what tongue shall I make moan and lament? Indeed she addeth sickness to my sickness and draweth death upon my death!" Then he sat up and taking in hand ink-case and paper, wrote the following reply, "In the name of Allah, the Compassionating, the Compassionate! [FN#203] Thy letter hath reached me, O my lady, and hath given ease to a sprite worn out with passion and love-longing, and hath brought healing to a wounded heart cankered with languishment and sickness; for indeed I am become even as saith the poet,

'Straitened bosom; reveries dispread; *
Slumberless eyelids; body wearied;
Patience cut short; disunion longsomest; *
Reason deranged and heart whose life is fled!'

And know that complaining is unavailing; but it easeth him whom love-longing disordereth and separation destroyeth and, with repeating, 'Union,' I keep myself comforted and how fine is the saying of the poet who said,

'Did not in love-plight joys and sorrows meet, *
How would the message or the writ be sweet?'"

When he had made an end of this letter, he handed it to Abu al-Hasan, saying, "Read it and give it to the damsel." So he took it and read it and its words stirred his soul and its meaning wounded his vitals. Then he committed it to the girl, and when she took it Ali bin Bakkar said to her, "Salute thy lady for me and acquaint her with my love and longing and how passion is blended with my flesh and my bones; and say to her that in very deed I need a woman who shall snatch me from the sea of destruction and save me from this dilemma; for of a truth Fortune oppresseth me with her vicissitudes; and is there any helper to free me from her turpitudes?" And he wept and the damsel wept for his weeping. Then she took leave of him and went forth and Abu al-Hasan went out with her and farewelled her. So she ganged her gait and he returned to his shop, which he opened and sat down there, as was his wont;—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Fifty-ninth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Abu al-Hasan farewelled the slave-girl and returned to his shop which he opened and sat down there according to his custom; but as he tarried, he found his heart oppressed and his breast straitened, and



he was perplexed about his case. So he ceased not from melancholy the rest of that day and night, and on the morrow he betook himself to Ali bin Bakkar, with whom he sat till the folk withdrew, when he asked him how he did. Ali began to complain of desire and to descant upon the longing and distraction which possessed him, and repeated these words of the poet.

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"Men have 'plained of pining before my time, *
Live and dead by parting been terrified:
But such feelings as those which my ribs immure *
I have never heard of, nor ever espied."

And these of another poet,

"I have borne for thy love what never bore *
For his fair, Kays the 'Daft one'[FN#204] hight of old:
Yet I chase not the wildlings of wold and wild *
Like Kays, for madness is manifold."

Thereupon quoth Abu al-Hasan, "Never did I see or hear of one like unto thee in thy love! When thou sufferest all this transport and sickness and trouble being enamoured of one who returneth thy passion, how would it be with thee if she whom thou lovest were contrary and contumelious, and thy case were discovered through her perfidy?" "And Ali the son of Bakkar" (says Abu al-Hasan) "was pleased with my words and he relied upon them and he thanked me for what I had said and done. I had a friend" (continued Abu al-Hasan), "to whom I discovered my affair and that of Ali and who knew that we were intimates; but none other than he was acquainted with what was betwixt us. He was wont to come to me and enquire how Ali did and after a little, he began to ask me about the damsel; but I fenced him off, saying, 'She invited him to her and there was between him and her as much as can possibly take place, and this is the end of their affair; but I have devised me a plan and an idea which I would submit to thee.'" Asked his friend, "And what is that?" Answered Abu al-Hasan, "I am a person well known to have much dealing among men and women, and I fear, O my brother, lest the affair of these twain come to light and this lead to my death and the seizure of my goods and the rending of my repute and that of my family. Wherefore I have resolved to get together my monies and make ready forthright and repair to the city of Bassorah and there abide, till I see what cometh of their case, that none may know of me; for love hath lorded over both and correspondence passeth between them. At this present their go-between and confidante is a slave-girl who hath till now kept their counsel, but I fear lest haply anxiety get the better of her and she discover their secret to some one and the matter, being bruited abroad, might bring me to great grief and prove the cause of my ruin; for I have no excuse to offer my accusers." Rejoined his friend, "Thou hast acquainted me with a parlous affair, from the like of which the wise and understanding will shrink with fear. Allah avert from thee the evil thou darest with such dread and save thee from the consequences thou apprehendest! Assuredly thy recking is aright." So Abu al-Hasan returned to his place and began ordering his affairs and preparing for his travel; nor had three days passed ere he made an end of his business and fared forth Bassorah-wards. His friend came to visit him three days after but finding him not, asked

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of him from the neighbours who answered, "He set out for Bassorah three days ago, for he had dealings with its merchants and he is gone thither to collect monies from his debtors; but he will soon return." The young man was confounded at the news and knew not whither to wend; and he said in his mind, "Would I had not parted from Abu al-Hasan!" Then he bethought him of some plan whereby he should gain access to Ali bin Bakkar; so he went to his lodging, and said to one of his servants, "Ask leave for me of thy lord that I may go in and salute him." The servant entered and told his master and presently returning, invited the man to walk in. So he entered and found Ali bin Bakkar thrown back on the pillow and saluted him. Ali returned his greeting and bade him welcome; whereupon the young man began to excuse himself for having held aloof from him all that while and added, "O my lord, between Abu al-Hasan and myself there was close friendship, so that I used to trust him with my secrets and could not sever myself from him an hour. Now it so chanced that I was absent three days' space on certain business with a company of my friends; and, when I came back and went to him, I found his shop locked up; so I asked the neighbours about him and they replied, 'He is gone to Bassorah.' Now I know he had no surer friend than thou; so, by Allah, tell me what thou knowest of him." When Ali bin Bakkar heard this, his colour changed and he was troubled and answered, "I never heard till this day of his departure and, if the case be as thou sayest, weariness is come upon me." And he began repeating,

"For joys that are no more I wont to weep, *
While friends and lovers stood by me unscattered;
This day when disunited me and them *
Fortune, I weep lost loves and friendship shattered."

Then he hung his head ground-wards in thought awhile and presently raising it and looking to one of his servants, said, "Go to Abu al-Hasan's house and enquire anent him whether he be at home or journeying abroad. If they say, 'He is abroad'; ask whither he be gone." The servant went out and returning after a while said to his master, "When I asked for Abu al-Hasan, his people told me that he was gone on a journey to Bassorah; but I saw a damsel standing at the door who, knowing me by sight, though I knew her not, said to me, 'Art thou not servant to Ali bin Bakkar?' 'Even so,' answered I; and she rejoined, 'I bear a message for him from one who is the dearest of all folk to him.' So she came with me and she is now standing at the door." Quoth Ali bin Bakkar, "Bring her in." The servant went out to her and brought her in, and the man who was with Ali looked at her and found her pretty. Then she advanced to the son of Bakkar and saluted him.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say,

When it was the One Hundred and Sixtieth Night,

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She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the slave-girl came in to Ali bin Bakkar, she advanced to him and saluted him and spake with him secretly; and from time to time during the dialogue he exclaimed with an oath and swore that he had not talked and tattled of it. Then she took leave of him and went away. Now Abu al-Hasan's friend was a jeweller,[FN#205] and when she was gone, he found a place for speech and said to Ali bin Bakkar, "Doubtless and assuredly the Caliph's household have some demand upon thee or thou hast dealings therewith?" "Who told thee of this?" asked Ali; and the jeweller answered, "I know it by yonder damsel who is Shams al-Nahar's slave-girl; for she came to me a while since with a note wherein was written that she wanted a necklace of jewels; and I sent her a costly collar." But when Ali bin Bakkar heard this, he was greatly troubled, so that the jeweller feared to see him give up the ghost, yet after a while he recovered himself and said, "O my brother, I conjure thee by Allah to tell me truly how thou knowest her." Replied he, "Do not press this question upon me;" and Ali rejoined, "Indeed, I will not turn from thee till thou tell me the whole truth." Quoth the jeweller, "I will tell thee all, on condition that thou distrust me not, and that my words cause thee no restraint; nor will I conceal aught from thee by way of secret but will discover to thee the truth of the affair, provided that thou acquaint me with the true state of thy case and the cause of thy sickness." Then he told him all that had passed from first to last between Abu al-Hasan and himself, adding, "I acted thus only out of friendship for thee and of my desire to serve thee;" and assured him that he would keep his secret and venture life and good in his service. So Ali in turn told him his story and added, "By Allah, O my brother, naught moved me to keep my case secret from thee and from others but my fear lest folk should lift the veils of protection from certain persons." Rejoined the jeweller, "And I desired not to foregather with thee but of the great affection I bear thee and my zeal for thee in every case, and my compassion for the anguish thy heart endureth from severance. Haply I may be a comforter to thee in the room of my friend, Abu al-Hasan, during the length of his absence: so be thou of good cheer and keep thine eyes cool and clear." Thereupon Ali thanked him and repeated these couplets,

"An say I, 'Patient I can bear his faring,' *
My tears and sighings give my say the lie;
How can I hide these tears that course adown *
This plain, my cheek, for friend too fain to fly?"

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Then he was silent awhile, and presently said to the jeweller "Knowest thou what secret the girl whispered to me?" Answered he, "Not I, by Allah, O my lord!" Quoth Ali, "She fancied that I directed Abu al-Hasan to go to Bassorah and that I had devised this device to put a stop to our correspondence and consorting. I swore to her that this was on nowise so; but she would not credit me and went away to her mistress, persisting in her injurious suspicions; for she inclined to Abu al-Hasan and gave ear to his word." Answered the young jeweller, "O my brother, I understood as much from the girl's manner; but I will win for thee thy wish, Inshallah!" Rejoined Ali bin Bakkar, "Who can be with me in this and how wilt thou do with her, when she shies and flies like a wildling of the wold?" Cried the jeweller "By Allah, needs must I do my utmost to help thee and contrive to scrape acquaintance with her without exposure or mischief!" Then he asked leave to depart and Ali bin Bakkar said, "O my brother, mind thou keep my counsel;" and he looked at him and wept. The jeweller bade him good-bye and fared forth.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Sixty-first Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the jeweller bade him good-bye and fared forth not knowing what he should do to win for him his wishes; and he ceased not walking, while over-musing the matter, till he spied a letter lying in the road. He took it up and looked at its direction and superscription, then read it and behold, it ran:—"From the least worthy of lovers to the most worthy of beloveds." So he opened it and found these words written therein,

"A messenger from thee came bringing union-hope, *
But that he erred somehow with me the thought prevailed;
So I rejoiced not; rather grew my grief still more; *
Weeting my messenger of wits and wit had failed.

"But afterwards: Know, O my lord! that I ken not the reason why our correspondence between thee and me hath been broken off: but, if the cruelty arise from thy part, I will requite it with fidelity, and if thy love have departed, I will remain constant to my love of the parted, for I am with thee even as says the poet,

'Be proud; I'll crouch! Bully; I'll bear! Despise; I'll pray! *
Go; I will come! Speak; I will hear! Bid; I'll obey!"

As he was reading lo! up came the slave-girl, looking right and left, and seeing the paper in the jeweller's hand, said to him, "O my master, this letter is one I let fall." He made her no answer, but walked on, and she walked behind him, till he came to his house, when he entered and she after him, saying, "O my master, give me back this letter, for it fell from me." Thereon he turned to her and said, "O handmaid of good, fear not neither grieve, for verily Allah the Protector loveth those who protect; but tell me in truthful way thy case,

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as I am one who keepeth counsel. I conjure thee by an oath not to hide from me aught of thy lady's affairs; for haply Allah shall help me to further her wishes and make easy by my hand that which is hard." When the slave-girl heard these words she said, "O my lord, indeed a secret is not lost whereof thou art the secretist; nor shall any affair come to naught for which thou strivest. Know that my heart inclineth to thee and would interest thee with my tidings, but do thou give me the letter." Then she told him the whole story, adding, "Allah is witness to whatso I say." Quoth he, "Thou hast spoken truly, for I am acquainted with the root of the matter." Then he told her his tale of Ali bin Bakkar and how he had learned his state of mind; and related to her all that had passed from first to last, whereat she rejoiced; and they two agreed that she should take the letter and carry it to Ali and return and acquaint the jeweller with all that happened. So he gave her the letter and she took it and sealed it up as it was before, saying, "My mistress Shams al-Nahar gave it to me sealed; and when he hath read it and given me its reply, I will bring it to thee." Then she took leave and repaired to Ali bin Bakkar, whom she found waiting, and gave him the letter. He read it and writing a paper by way of reply, gave it to her; and she carried it to the jeweller, who tore asunder the seal[FN#206] and read it and found written therein these two couplets,

"The messenger, who kept our commerce hid, *
Hath failed, and showeth wrath without disguise;[FN#207]
Choose one more leal from your many friends *
Who, truth approving, disapproves of lies.

"To proceed: Verily, I have not entered upon perfidy * nor have I abandoned fidelity * I have not used cruelty * neither have I out off lealty * no covenant hath been broken by me * nor hath love-tie been severed by me * I have not parted from penitence * nor have I found aught but misery and ruin after severance * I know nothing of that thou avouchest * nor do I love aught but that which thou lovest * By Him who knoweth the secret of hidden things none discover *I have no desire save union with my lover* and my one business is my passion to conceal * albeit with sore sickness I ail. * This is the exposition of my case and now all hail!" When the jeweller read this letter and learnt its contents he wept with sore weeping, and the slave-girl said to him, "Leave not this place till I return to thee; for he suspecteth me of such and such things, in which he is excusable; so it is my desire to bring about a meeting between thee and my mistress, Shams al-Nahar, howsoever I may trick you to it. For the present I left her prostrate, awaiting my return with the reply." Then she went away and the jeweller passed the night with a troubled mind. And when day dawned he prayed his dawn-prayer and sat expecting the girl's coming; and behold, she came in to him rejoicing with

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much joy and he asked her, "What news, O damsel?" She answered, "After leaving thee I went to my mistress and gave her the letter written by Ali bin Bakkar; and, when she read it and understood it, she was troubled and confounded; but I said to her, 'O my lady, have no fear of your affair being frustrated by Abu al-Hasan's disappearance, for I have found one to take his place, better than he and more of worth and a good man to keep secrets.' Then I told her what was between thyself and Abu al-Hasan and how thou camest by his confidence and that of Ali bin Bakkar and how that note was dropped and thou camest by it; and I also showed her how we arranged matters betwixt me and thee." The jeweller marvelled with much wonder, when she resumed, "And now my mistress would hear whatso thou sayest, that she may be assured by thy speech of the covenants between thee and him; so get thee ready to go with me to her forthwith." When the jeweller heard the slave-girl's words, he saw that the proposed affair was grave and a great peril to brave, not lightly to be undertaken or suddenly entered upon, and he said to her, "O my sister, verily, I am of the ordinary and not like unto Abu al-Hasan; for he being of high rank and of well-known repute, was wont to frequent the Caliph's household, because of their need of his merchandise. As for me, he used to talk with me and I trembled before him the while. So, if thy mistress would speak with me, our meeting must be in some place other than the Caliph's palace and far from the abode of the Commander of the Faithful; for my common sense will not let me consent to what thou proposest." On this wise he refused to go with her and she went on to say that she would be surety for his safety, adding, "Take heart and fear no harm!" and pressed him to courage till he consented to accompany her; withal, his legs bent and shivered and his hands quivered and he exclaimed, "Allah forbid that I should go with thee! Indeed, I have not strength to do this thing!" Replied she, "Hearten thy heart, if it be hard for thee to go to the Caliph's palace and thou canst not muster up courage to accompany me, I will make her come to thee; so budge not from thy place till I return to thee with her." Then the slave-girl went away and was absent for a while, but a short while, after which she returned to the jeweller and said to him, "Take thou care that there be with thee none save thyself, neither man-slave nor girl-slave." Quoth he, "I have but a negress, who is in years and who waiteth on me." [FN#208] So she arose and locked the door between his negress and the jeweller and sent his man-servants out of the place; after which she fared forth and presently returned, followed by a lady who, entering the house, filled it with the sweet scent of her perfumes. When the jeweller saw her, he sprang up and set her a couch and a cushion; and she sat down while he seated himself before her. She abode awhile without speaking till she had rested herself, when she unveiled

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her face and it seemed to the jeweller's fancy as if the sun had risen in his home. Then she asked her slave-girl, "Is this the man of whom thou spakest to me?" "Yes," answered she; whereupon the lady turned to the jeweller and said to him, "How is it with thee?" Replied he, "Right well! I pray Allah for thy preservation and that of the Commander of the Faithful." Quoth she, "Thou hast moved us to come to thee and possess thee with what we hold secret." Then she questioned him of his household and family; and he disclosed to her all his circumstance and his condition and said to her, "I have a house other than this; and I have set it apart for gathering together my friends and brethren; and there is none there save the old negress, of whom I spoke to thy handmaid." She asked him on what wise he came first to know how the affair began and the matter of Abu al-Hasan and the cause of his way-faring: accordingly he told her all he knew and how he had advised the journey. Thereupon she bewailed the loss of Abu al-Hasan and said to the jeweller, "Know, O such an one,[FN#209] that men's souls are active in their lusts and that men are still men; and that deeds are not done without words nor is end ever reached without endeavour. Rest is won only by work."—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Sixty-second Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Shams al-Nahar thus addressed the jeweller, "Rest is gained only by work and success is gendered only by help of the generous. Now I have acquainted thee with our affair and it is in thy hand to expose us or to shield us; I say no more, because thy generosity requireth naught. Thou knowest that this my handmaiden keepeth my counsel and therefore occupieth high place in my favour; and I have selected her to transact my affairs of importance. So let none be worthier in thy sight than she and acquaint her with thine affair; and be of good cheer, for on her account thou art safe from all fear, and there is no place shut upon thee but she shall open it to thee. She shall bring thee my messages to Ali bin Bakkar and thou shalt be our intermediary." So saying, she rose, scarcely able to rise, and fared forth, the jeweller faring before her to the door of her house, after which he returned and sat down again in his place, having seen of her beauty and heard of her speech what dazzled him and dazed his wit, and having witnessed of her grace and courtesy what bewitched his sprite. He sat musing on her perfections till his mind waxed tranquil, when he called for food and ate enough to keep soul and body together. Then he changed his clothes and went out; and, repairing to the house of the youth Ali bin Bakkar, knocked at the door. The servants hastened to admit him and walked before him till they had brought him to their master, whom he found strown upon his bed. Now when he saw the jeweller, he said to him, "Thou

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hast tarried long from me, and that hath heaped care upon my care.” Then he dismissed his servants and bade the doors be shut; after which he said to the jeweller, “By Allah, O my brother, I have not closed my eyes since the day I saw thee last; for the slave-girl came to me yesterday with a sealed letter from her mistress Shams al-Nahar;” and went on to tell him all that had passed with her, adding, “By the Lord, I am indeed perplexed concerning mine affair and my patience faileth me: for Abu al-Hasan was a comforter who cheered me because he knew the slave-girl.” When the jeweller heard his words, he laughed; and Ali said, “Why dost thou laugh at my words, thou on whose coming I congratulated myself and to whom I looked for provision against the shifts of fortune?” Then he sighed and wept and repeated these couplets,[FN#210]

“Full many laugh at tears they see me shed *
Who had shed tears an bore they what I bore;
None feeleth pity for th’ afflicted’s woe, *
Save one as anxious and in woe galore:
My passion, yearning, sighing, thought, repine *
Are for me cornered in my heart’s deep core:
He made a home there which he never quits, *
Yet rare our meetings, not as heretofore:
No friend to stablish in his place I see; *
No intimate but only he and —he.”

Now when the jeweller heard these lines and understood their significance, he wept also and told him all that had passed betwixt himself and the slave-girl and her mistress since he left him. And Ali bin Bakkar gave ear to his speech, and at every word he heard his colour shifted from white to red and his body grew now stronger and then weaker till the tale came to an end, when he wept and said, “O my brother, I am a lost man in any case: would mine end were nigh, that I might be at rest from all this! But I beg thee, of thy favour, to be my helper and comforter in all my affairs till Allah fulfil whatso be His will; and I will not gainsay thee with a single word.” Quoth the jeweller, “Nothing will quench thy fire save union with her whom thou lovest; and the meeting must be in other than this perilous place. Better it were in a house of mine where the girl and her mistress met me; which place she chose for herself, to the intent that ye twain may there meet and complain each to other of what you have suffered from the pangs of love.” Quoth Ali bin Bakkar, “O good Sir, do as thou wilt and with Allah be thy reward!; and what thou deemest is right do it forthright: but be not long in doing it, lest I perish of this anguish.” “So I abode with him (said the jeweller) that night conversing with him till the morning morrowed,”—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Sixty-third Night,

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She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the jeweller continued:—"So I abode with him that night conversing with him till the morning morrowed, when I prayed the dawn-prayers and, going out from him, returned to my house. Hardly had I settled down when the damsel came up and saluted me; and I returned her salutation and told her what had passed between myself and Ali bin Bakkar, and she said, 'Know that the Caliph hath left us and there is no one in our place and it is safer for us and better.' Replied I, 'Sooth thou sayest; yet is it not like my other house which is both fitter and surer for us;' and the slave-girl rejoined 'Be it as thou seest fit. I am now going to my lady and will tell her what thou sayest and acquaint her with all thou hast mentioned.' So she went away and sought her mistress and laid the project before her, and presently returned and said to me, 'It is to be as thou sayest: so make us ready the place and expect us.' Then she took out of her breast-pocket a purse of dinars and gave this message, 'My lady saluteth thee and saith to thee, 'Take this and provide therewith what the case requireth.' But I swore that I would accept naught of it; so she took the purse and returning to her mistress, told her, 'He would not receive the money, but gave it back to me.' 'No matter,' answered Shams al-Nahar. As soon as the slave-girl was gone" (continued the jeweller), "I arose and betook myself to my other house and transported thither all that was needful, by way of vessels and furniture and rich carpets; and I did not forget china vases and cups of glass and gold and silver; and I made ready meat and drink required for the occasion. When the damsel came and saw what I had done, it pleased her and she bade me fetch Ali bin Bakkar; but I said, 'None shall bring him save thou.' Accordingly she went to him and brought him back perfectly dressed and looking his best. I met him and greeted him and then seated him upon a divan befitting his condition, and set before him sweet-scented flowers in vases of china and vari-coloured glass.[FN#211] Then I set on a tray of many-tinted meats such as broaden the breast with their sight, and sat talking with him and diverting him, whilst the slave-girl went away and was absent till after sundown-prayers, when she returned with Shams al-Nahar, attended by two maids and none else. Now as soon as she saw Ali bin Bakkar and he saw her, he rose and embraced her, and she on her side embraced him and both fell in a fit to the ground. They lay for a whole hour insensible; then, coming to themselves, they began mutually to complain of the pains of separation. Thereupon they drew near to each other and sat talking charmingly, softly, tenderly; after which they somewhat perfumed themselves and fell to thanking me for what I had done for them. Quoth I, 'Have ye a mind for food?' 'Yes,' quoth they. So I set before them a small matter of food and they ate till they were satisfied and then washed their

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hands; after which I led them to another sitting-room and brought them wine. So they drank and drank deep and inclined to each other; and presently Shams al-Nahar said to me, 'O my master, complete thy kindness by bringing us a lute or other instrument of mirth and music that the measure of our joy may be fully filled.' I replied, 'On my head and eyes!' and rising brought her a lute, which she took and tuned; then laying it in her lap she touched it with a masterly touch, at once exciting to sadness and changing sorrow to gladness; after which she sang these two couplets,

'My sleeplessness would show I love to bide on wake; *
And would my leanness prove that sickness is my make:
And tear-floods course adown the cheeks they only scald; *
Would I knew union shall disunion overtake!'

Then she went on to sing the choicest and most affecting poesy to many and various modes, till our senses were bewitched and the very room danced with excess of delight and surprise at her sweet singing; and neither thought nor reason was left in us. When we had sat awhile and the cup had gone round amongst us, the damsel took the lute and sang to a lively measure these couplets,

'My love a meeting promised me and kept it faithfully, *
One night as many I shall count in number and degree:
O Night of joyance Fate vouchsafed to faithful lovers tway, *
Uncaring for the railer loon and all his company!
My lover lay the Night with me and clipt me with his right, *
While I with left embraced him, a-faint for ecstasy;
And hugged him to my breast and sucked the sweet wine of his
lips, * Full savouring the honey-draught the honey-man sold
to me.'

Whilst we were thus drowned in the sea of gladness" (continued the jeweller) "behold, there came in to us a little maid trembling and said, 'O my lady, look how you may go away for the folk have found you out and have surrounded the house; and we know not the cause of this!' When I heard her words, I arose startled and lo! in rushed a slave-girl who cried, 'Calamity hath come upon you.' At the same moment the door was burst open and there rushed in upon us ten men masked in kerchiefs with hangers in their hands and swords by their sides, and as many more behind them. When I saw this, the world was straitened on me for all its wideness, and I looked to the door but saw no issue; so I sprang from the terrace into the house of one of my neighbours and there hid myself. Thence I found that folk had entered my lodgings and were making a mighty hubbub; and I concluded that the Caliph had got wind of us and had sent his Chief of the Watch to seize us and bring us before him. So I abode confounded and ceased not remaining in my place, without any possibility of quitting it till midnight. And presently

the house-master arose, for he had heard me moving, and he feared with exceeding great fear of me; so he came

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forth from his room with drawn brand in hand and made at me, saying, 'Who is this in my house?' Quoth I, 'I am thy neighbour the jeweller;' and he knew me and retired. Then he fetched a light and coming up to me, said, 'O my brother, indeed that which hath befallen thee this night is no light matter to me.' I replied, 'O my brother, tell me who was in my house and entered it breaking in my door; for I fled to thee not knowing what was to do.' He answered, 'Of a truth the robbers who attacked our neighbours yesterday and slew such an one and took his goods, saw thee on the same day bringing furniture into this house; so they broke in upon thee and stole thy goods and slew thy guests.' Then we arose" (pursued the jeweller), "I and he, and repaired to my house, which we found empty without a stick remaining in it; so I was confounded at the case and said to myself, 'As for the gear I care naught about its loss, albeit I borrowed part of the stuff from my friends and it hath come to grief; yet is there no harm in that, for they know my excuse in the plunder of my property and the pillage of my place. But as for Ali bin Bakkar and the Caliph's favourite concubine, I fear lest their case get bruited abroad and this cause the loss of my life.' So I turned to my neighbour and said to him, 'Thou art my brother and my neighbour and wilt cover my nakedness; what then dost thou advise me to do?' The man answered, 'What I counsel thee to do is to keep quiet and wait; for they who entered thy house and took thy goods have murdered the best men of a party from the palace of the Caliphate and have killed not a few of the watchmen: the government officers and guards are now in quest of them on every road and haply they will hit upon them, whereby thy wish will come about without effort of thine.'" The jeweller hearing these words returned to his other house, that wherein he dwelt,—and Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Sixty-fourth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the jeweller heard these words he returned to his other house wherein he dwelt, and said to himself, "Indeed this that hath befallen me is what Abu al-Hasan feared and from which he fled to Bassorah. And now I have fallen into it." Presently the pillage of his pleasure-house was noised abroad among the folk, and they came to him from all sides and places, some exulting in his misfortune and others excusing him and condoling with his sorrow; whilst he bewailed himself to them and for grief neither ate meat nor drank drink. And as he sat, repenting him of what he had done, behold one of his servants came in to him and said, "There is a person at the door who asketh for thee; and I know him not." The jeweller went forth to him and saluted him who was a stranger; and the man whispered to him, "I have somewhat to say between our two selves." Thereupon he brought him in and asked him, "What

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hast thou to tell me?" Quoth the man, "Come with me to thine other house;" and the jeweller enquired, "Dost thou then know my other house?" Replied the other, "I know all about thee and I know that also whereby Allah will dispel thy dolours." "So I said to myself" (continued the jeweller) "'I will go with him whither he will;' and went out and walked on till we came to my second house; and when the man saw it he said to me, 'It is without door or doorkeeper, and we cannot possibly sit in it; so come thou with me to another place.' Then the man continued passing from stead to stead (and I with him) till night overtook us. Yet I put no question to him of the matter in hand and we ceased not to walk on, till we reached the open country. He kept saying, 'Follow me,' and quickened his pace to a trot, whilst I trotted after him heartening my heart to go on, until we reached the river, where he took boat with me, and the boatman rowed us over to the other bank. Then he landed from the boat and I landed after him: and he took my hand and led me to a street which I had never entered in all my days, nor do I know in what quarter it was. Presently the man stopped at the door of a house, and opening it entered and made me enter with him; after which he locked the door with an iron padlock,[FN#212] and led me along the vestibule, till he brought me in the presence of ten men who were as though they were one and the same man; they being brothers. We saluted them" (continued the jeweller) "and they returned our greeting and bade us be seated; so we sat down. Now I was like to die for excess of weariness; but they brought me rose-water and sprinkled it on my face; after which they gave me a sherbet to drink and set before me food whereof some of them ate with me. Quoth I to myself, 'Were there aught harmful in the food, they would not eat with me.' So I ate, and when we had washed our hands, each of us returned to his place. Then they asked me, 'Dost thou know us?' and I answered, 'No! nor in my life have I ever seen you; nay, I know not even him who brought me hither.' Said they, 'Tell us thy tidings and lie not at all.' Replied I, 'Know then that my case is wondrous and my affair marvellous; but wot ye anything about me?' They rejoined, 'Yes! it was we took thy goods yesternight and carried off thy friend and her who was singing to him.' Quoth I, 'Allah let down His veil over you! Where be my friend and she who was singing to him?' They pointed with their hands to one side and replied, 'Yonder, but, by Allah, O our brother, the secret of their case is known to none save to thee, for from the time we brought the twain hither up to this day, we have not looked upon them nor questioned them of their condition, seeing them to be persons of rank and dignity. Now this and this only it was that hindered our killing them: so tell us the truth of their case and thou shalt be assured of thy safety and of theirs.' When I heard this" (continued the jeweller)

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"I almost died of fright and horror, and I said to them, 'Know ye, O my brethren, that if generosity were lost, it would not be found save with you; and had I a secret which I feared to reveal, none but your breasts would conceal it.' And I went on exaggerating their praises in this fashion, till I saw that frankness and readiness to speak out would profit me more than concealing facts; so I told them all that had betided me to the very end of the tale. When they heard it, they said, 'And is this young man Ali Bakkar-son and this lady Shams al-Nahar?' I replied, 'Yes.' Now this was grievous to them and they rose and made their excuses to the two and then they said to me, 'Of what we took from thy house part is spent, but here is what is left of it.' So speaking, they gave me back most of my goods and they engaged to return them to their places in my house, and to restore me the rest as soon as they could. My heart was set at ease till they split into two parties, one with me and the other against me; and we fared forth from that house and such was my case. But as regards Ali bin Bakkar and Shams al-Nahar; they were well-nigh dying for excess of fear, when I went up to them and saluting them, asked, 'What happened to the damsel and the two maids, and where be they gone?', and they answered only, 'We know nothing of them.' Then we walked on and stinted not till we came to the river-bank where the barque lay; and we all boarded it, for it was the same which had brought me over on the day before. The boatman rowed us to the other side; but hardly had we landed and taken seat on the bank to rest, when a troop of horse swooped down on us like eagles and surrounded us on all sides and places, whereupon the robbers with us sprang up in haste like vultures, and the boat put back for them and took them in and the boatman pushed off into mid-stream, leaving us on the river bank, unable to move or to stand still. Then the chief horseman said to us, 'Whence be ye!'; and we were perplexed for an answer, but I said" (continued the jeweller), "'Those ye saw with us are rogues; we know them not. As for us, we are singers, and they intended taking us to sing for them, nor could we get free of them, save by subtlety and soft words; so on this occasion they let us go, their works being such as you have seen.' But they looked at Shams al-Nahar and Ali bin Bakkar and said to me, 'Thou hast not spoken sooth but, if thy tale be true, tell us who ye are and whence ye are; and what be your place and in what quarter you dwell.' I knew not what to answer them, but Shams al-Nahar sprang up and approaching the Captain of the horsemen spoke with him privily, whereupon he dismounted from his steed and, setting her on horse-back, took the bridle and began to lead his beast. And two of his men did the like with the youth, Ali bin Bakkar, and it was the same with myself. The Commandant of the troop ceased not faring on with us, till they reached a certain part of the river bank,

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when he sang out in some barbarous jargon[FN#213] and there came to us a number of men with two boats. Then the Captain embarked us in one of them (and he with us) whilst the rest of his men put off in the other, and rowed on with us till we arrived at the palace of the Caliphate where Shams al-Nahar landed. And all the while we endured the agonies of death for excess of fear, and they ceased not faring till they came to a place whence there was a way to our quarter. Here we landed and walked on, escorted by some of the horsemen, till we came to Ali bin Bakkar's house; and when we entered it, our escort took leave of us and went their way. We abode there, unable to stir from the place and not knowing the difference between morning and evening; and in such case we continued till the dawn of the next day. And when it was again nightfall, I came to myself and saw Ali bin Bakkar and the women and men of his household weeping over him, for he was stretched out without sense or motion. Some of them came to me and thoroughly arousing me said, 'Tell us what hath befallen our son and say how came he in this plight?' Replied I, 'O folk, hearken to me!'—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the jeweller answered them, "O folk, hearken to my words and give me no trouble and annoyance! but be patient and he will come to and tell you his tale for himself.' And I was hard upon them and made them afraid of a scandal between me and them, but as we were thus, behold, Ali bin Bakkar moved on his carpet-bed, whereat his friends rejoiced and the stranger folk withdrew from him; but his people forbade me to go away. Then they sprinkled rose-water on his face and he presently revived and sensed the air; whereupon they questioned him of his case, and he essayed to answer them but his tongue could not speak forthright and he signed to them to let me go home. So they let me go, and I went forth hardly crediting my escape and returned to my own house, supported by two men. When my people saw me thus, they rose up and set to shrieking and slapping their faces; but I signed to them with my hand to be silent and they were silent. Then the two men went their way and I threw myself down on my bed, where I lay the rest of the night and awoke not till the forenoon, when I found my people gathered round me and saying, 'What calamity befel thee, and what evil with its mischief did fell thee?' Quoth I 'Bring me somewhat to drink.' So they brought me drink, and I drank of it what I would and said to them, 'What happened, happened.' Thereupon they went away and I made my excuses to my friends, and asked if any of the goods that had been stolen from my other house had been returned. They answered, 'Yes! some of them have come back; by token that a man entered and threw them down within the doorway and we saw him not.'

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So I comforted myself and abode in my place two days, unable to rise and leave it; and presently I took courage and went to the bath, for I was worn out with fatigue and troubled in mind for Ali bin Bakkar and Shams al-Nahar, because I had no news of them all this time and could neither get to Ali's house nor, out of fear for my life, take my rest in mine own. And I repented to Almighty Allah of what I had done and praised Him for my safety. Presently my fancy suggested to me to go to such and such a place and see the folk and solace myself; so I went on foot to the cloth-market and sat awhile with a friend of mine there. When I rose to go, I saw a woman standing over against me; so I looked at her, and lo! it was Shams al-Nahar's slave-girl. When I saw her, the world grew dark in my eyes and I hurried on. She followed me, but I was seized with affright and fled from her, and whenever I looked at her, a trembling came upon me whilst she pursued me, saying. 'Stop, that I may tell thee somewhat!' But I heeded her not and never ceased walking till I reached a mosque, and she entered after me. I prayed a two-bow prayer, after which I turned to her and, sighing, said, 'What cost thou want?' She asked me how I did, and I told her all that had befallen myself and Ali bin Bakkar and besought her for news of herself. She answered, 'Know that when I saw the robbers break open thy door and rush in, I was in sore terror, for I doubted not but that they were the Caliph's officers and would seize me and my mistress and we should perish forthwith: so we fled over the roofs, I and the maids; and, casting ourselves down from a high place, came upon some people with whom we took refuge; and they received us and brought us to the palace of the Caliphate, where we arrived in the sorriest of plights. We concealed our case and abode on coals of fire till nightfall, when I opened the river-gate and, calling the boatman who had carried us the night before, said to him, 'I know not what is become of my mistress; so take me in the boat, that we may go seek her on the river: haply I shall chance on some news of her. Accordingly he took me into the boat and went about with me and ceased not wending till midnight, when I spied a barque making towards the water gate, with one man rowing and another standing up and a woman lying prostrate between them twain. And they rowed on till they reached the shore when the woman landed, and I looked at her, and behold, it was Shams al-Nahar. Thereupon I got out and joined her, dazed for joy to see her after having lost all hopes of finding her alive.'" —And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Sixty-sixth Night,

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She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the slave-girl went on telling the jeweller, "I was dazed for joy to see her, after having lost all hopes of finding her alive. When I came up to her, she bade me give the man who had brought her thither a thousand gold pieces; and we carried her in, I and the two maids, and laid her on her bed; where she passed that night in a sorely troubled state; and, when morning dawned, I forbade the women and eunuchs to go in to her, or even to draw near her for the whole of that day; but on the next she revived and somewhat recovered and I found her as if she had come out of her grave. I sprinkled rose-water upon her face and changed her clothes and washed her hands and feet; nor did I cease to coax her, till I brought her to eat a little and drink some wine, though she had no mind to any such matter. As soon as she had breathed the fresh air and strength began to return to her, I took to upbraiding her, saying, 'O my lady, consider and have pity on thyself; thou seest what hath betided us: surely, enough and more than enough of evil hath befallen thee; for indeed thou hast been nigh upon death. She said, 'By Allah, O good damsel, in sooth death were easier to me than what hath betided me; for it seemed as though I should be slain and no power could save me. When the robbers took us from the jeweller's house they asked me, Who mayest thou be? and hearing my answer, 'I am a singing girl, they believed me. Then they turned to Ali bin Bakkar and made enquiries about him, 'And who art thou and what is thy condition?; whereto he replied, 'I am of the common kind. So they took us and carried us along, without our resisting, to their abode; and we hurried on with them for excess of fear; but when they had us set down with them in the house, they looked hard at me and seeing the clothes I wore and my necklaces and jewellery, believed not my account of myself and said to me, 'Of a truth these necklaces belong to no singing-girl; so be soothfast and tell us the truth of thy case. I returned them no answer whatever, saying in my mind, 'Now will they slay me for the sake of my apparel and ornaments; and I spoke not a word. Then the villains turned to Ali bin Bakkar, asking, 'And thou, who art thou and whence art thou? for thy semblance seemeth not as that of the common kind. But he was silent and we ceased not to keep our counsel and to weep, till Allah softened the rogues' hearts to pity and they said to us, 'Who is the owner of the house wherein we were?' We answered, 'Such an one, the jeweller; whereupon quoth one of them, 'I know him right well and I wot the other house where he liveth and I will engage to bring him to you this very hour. Then they agreed to set me in a place by myself and Ali bin Bakkar in a place by himself, and said to us, 'Be at rest ye twain and fear not lest your secret be divulged; ye are safe from us. Meanwhile their comrade went away and returned with the jeweller, who made known to

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them our case, and we joined company with him; after which a man of the band fetched a barque, wherein they embarked us all three and, rowing us over the river, landed us with scant ceremony on the opposite bank and went their ways. Thereupon up came a horse-patrol and asked us who we were; so I spoke with the Captain of the watch and said to him, 'I am Shams al-Nahar, the Caliph's favourite; I had drunken strong wine and went out to visit certain of my acquaintance of the wives of the Wazirs, when yonder rogues came upon me and laid hold of me and brought me to this place; but when they saw you, they fled as fast as they could. I met these men with them: so do thou escort me and them to a place of safety and I will requite thee as I am well able to do. When the Captain of the watch heard my speech, he knew me and alighting, mounted me on his horse; and in like manner did two of his men with Ali bin Bakkar. So I spoke to her' (continued the handmaid) 'and blamed her doings, and bade her beware, and said to her, 'O my lady, have some care for thy life!' But she was angered at my words and cried out at me; accordingly I left her and came forth in quest of thee, but found thee not and dared not go to the house of Ali bin Bakkar; so stood watching for thee, that I might ask thee of him and wot how it goes with him. And I pray thee, of thy favour, to take of me some money, for thou hast doubtless borrowed from thy friends part of the gear and as it is lost, it behoveth thee to make it good with folk.' I replied, 'To hear is to obey! go on;' and I walked with her till we drew near my house, when she said to me, 'Wait here till I come back to thee.'"—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Sixty-seventh Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that after the slave-girl had addressed the jeweller, "'Wait here till I come back to thee!' she went away and presently returned with the money, which she put" (continued the jeweller) "into my hand, saying, 'O my master, in what place shall we meet?' Quoth I, 'I will start and go to my house at once and suffer hard things for thy sake and contrive how thou mayst win access to him, for such access is difficult at this present.' Said she, 'Let me know some spot, where I shall come to thee,' and I answered, 'In my other house, I will go thither forthright and have the doors mended and the place made safe again, and henceforth we will meet there.' Then she took leave of me and went her way, whilst I carried the money home, and counting it, found it five thousand dinars. So I gave my people some of it and to all who had lent me aught I made good their loss, after which I arose and took my servants and repaired to my other house whence the things had been stolen; and I brought builders and carpenters and masons who restored it to its former state. Moreover, I placed my negress-slave there and forgot the mishaps which had befallen me.

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Then I fared forth and repaired to Ali bin Bakkar's house and, when I reached it, his slave-servants accosted me, saying, 'Our lord calleth for thee night and day, and hath promised to free whichever of us bringeth thee to him; so they have been wandering about in quest of thee everywhere but knew not in what part to find thee. Our master is by way of recovering strength, but at times he reviveth and at times he relapseth; and whenever he reviveth he nameth thee, and saith, 'Needs must ye bring him to me, though but for the twinkling of an eye;' and then he sinketh back into his torpor.' Accordingly" (continued the jeweller) "I accompanied the slave and went in to Ali bin Bakkar; and, finding him unable to speak, sat down at his head, whereupon he opened his eyes and seeing me, wept and said, 'Welcome and well come!' I raised him and making him sit up, strained him to my bosom, and he said, 'Know, O my brother, that, from the hour I took to my bed, I have not sat up till now: praise to Allah that I see thee again!' And I ceased not to prop him and support him until I made him stand on his feet and walk a few steps, after which I changed his clothes and he drank some wine: but all this he did for my satisfaction. Then, seeing him somewhat restored, I told him what had befallen me with the slave-girl (none else hearing me), and said to him, 'Take heart and be of good courage, I know what thou sufferest.' He smiled and I added, 'Verily nothing shall betide thee save what shall rejoice thee and medicine thee.' Thereupon he called for food, which being brought, he signed to his pages, and they withdrew. Then quoth he to me, 'O my brother, hast thou seen what hath befallen me?'; and he made excuses to me and asked how I had fared all that while. I told him everything that had befallen me, from beginning to end, whereat he wondered and calling his servants, said, 'Bring me such and such things.' They brought in fine carpets and hangings and, besides that, vessels of gold and silver, more than I had lost, and he gave them all to me; so I sent them to my house and abode with him that night. When the day began to yellow, he said to me, 'Know thou that as to all things there is an end, so the end of love is either death or accomplishment of desire. I am nearer unto death, would I had died ere this befel!; and had not Allah favoured us, we had been found out and put to shame. And now I know not what shall deliver me from this my strait, and were it not that I fear Allah, I would hasten my own death; for know, O my brother, that I am like bird in cage and that my life is of a surety perished, choked by the distresses which have befallen me; yet hath it a period stablished firm and an appointed term.' And he wept and groaned and began repeating,

'Enough of tears hath shed the lover-wight, *
When grief outcast all patience from his sprite:
He hid the secrets which united us, *
But now His eye parts what He did unite!'"

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When he had finished his verses, the jeweller said to him, "O my lord, I now intend returning to my house." He answered, "There be no harm in that; go and come back to me with news as fast as possible, for thou seest my case." "So I took leave of him" (continued the jeweller) "and went home, and hardly had I sat down, when up came the damsel, choked with long weeping. I asked, 'What is the matter?'; and she answered, 'O my lord, know then that what we feared hath befallen us; for, when I left thee yesterday and returned to my lady, I found her in a fury with one of the two maids who were with us the other night, and she ordered her to be beaten. The girl was frightened and ran away; but, as she was leaving the house, one of the door-porters and guards of the gate met her and took her up and would have sent her back to her mistress. However, she let fall some hints, which were a disclosure to him; so he cajoled her and led her on to talk, and she tattled about our case and let him know of all our doings. This affair came to the ears of the Caliph, who bade remove my mistress, Shams al-Nahar, and all her gear to the palace of the Caliphate; and set over her a guard of twenty eunuchs. Since then to the present hour he hath not visited her nor hath given her to know the reason of his action, but I suspect this to be the cause; wherefore I am in fear for my life and am sore troubled, O my lord, knowing not what I shall do, nor with what contrivance I shall order my affair and hers; for she hath none by her more trusted or more trustworthy than myself.'"—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Sixty-eighth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the slave-girl thus addressed the jeweller, "And in very sooth my lady hath none by her more trusted or more trustworthy in matter of secrecy than myself. So go thou, O my master, and speed thee without delay to Ali bin Bakkar; and acquaint him with this, that he may be on his guard and ward; and, if the affair be discovered, we will cast about for some means whereby to save our lives.' On this" (continued the jeweller), "I was seized with sore trouble and the world grew dark in my sight for the slave-girl's words; and when she was about to wend, I said to her, 'What reckest thou and what is to be done?' Quoth she, 'My counsel is that thou hasten to Ali bin Bakkar, if thou be indeed his friend and desire to save him; thine be it to carry him this news at once without aught of stay and delay, or regard for far and near; and mine be it to sniff about for further news.' Then she took her leave of me and went away: so I rose and followed her track and, betaking myself to Ali bin Bakkar, found him flattering himself with impossible expectations. When he saw me returning to him so soon, he said, 'I see thou hast come back to me forthwith and only too soon.' I answered, 'Patience, and

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cut short this foolish connection and shake off the pre-occupation wherein thou art, for there hath befallen that which may bring about the loss of thy life and good.' Now when he heard this, he was troubled and strongly moved; and he said to me, 'O my brother, tell me what hath happened.' Replied I, 'O my lord, know that such and such things have happened and thou art lost without recourse, if thou abide in this thy house till the end of the day.' At this, he was confounded and his soul well-nigh departed his body, but he recovered himself and said to me, 'What shall I do, O my brother, and what counsel hast thou to offer.' Answered I, 'My advice is that thou take what thou canst of thy property and whom of thy slaves thou trustest, and flee with us to a land other than this, ere this very day come to an end.' And he said, 'I hear and I obey.' So he rose, confused and dazed like one in epilepsy, now walking and now falling, and took what came under his hand. Then he made an excuse to his household and gave them his last injunctions, after which he loaded three camels and mounted his beast; and I did likewise. We went forth privily in disguise and fared on and ceased not our wayfare the rest of that day and all its night, till nigh upon morning, when we unloaded and, hobbling our camels, lay down to sleep. But we were worn with fatigue and we neglected to keep watch, so that there fell upon us robbers, who stripped us of all we had and slew our slaves, when these would have beaten them off, leaving us naked and in the sorriest of plights, after they had taken our money and lifted our beasts and disappeared. As soon as they were gone, we arose and walked on till morning dawned, when we came to a village which we entered, and finding a mosque took refuge therein for we were naked. So we sat in a corner all that day and we passed the next night without meat or drink; and at day-break we prayed our dawn-prayer and sat down again. Presently behold, a man entered and saluting us prayed a two-bow prayer, after which he turned to us and said, 'O folk, are ye strangers?' We replied, 'Yes: the bandits waylaid us and stripped us naked, and we came to this town but know none here with whom we may shelter.' Quoth he, 'What say ye? will you come home with me?' And" (pursued the jeweller) "I said to Ali bin Bakkar, 'Up and let us go with him, and we shall escape two evils; the first, our fear lest some one who knoweth us enter this mosque and recognise us, so that we come to disgrace; and the second, that we are strangers and have no place wherein to lodge.' And he answered helplessly, 'As thou wilt.' Then the man said to us again, 'O ye poor folk, give ear unto me and come with me to my place,' and I replied, 'Hearkening and obedience;' whereupon he pulled off a part of his own clothes and covered us therewith and made his excuses to us and spoke kindly to us. Then we arose and accompanied him to his house and he knocked at the door, whereupon

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a little slave-boy came out and opened to us. The host entered and we followed him; [FN#214] when he called for a bundle of clothes and muslins for turbands, and gave us each a suit and a piece; so we dressed and turbanded ourselves and sat us down. Presently, in came a damsel with a tray of food and set it before us, saying, 'Eat.' We ate some small matter and she took away the tray: after which we abode with our host till nightfall, when Ali bin Bakkar sighed and said to me, 'Know, O my brother, that I am a dying man past hope of life and I would charge thee with a charge: it is that, when thou seest me dead, thou go to my parent[FN#215] and tell her of my decease and bid her come hither that she may be here to receive the visits of condolence and be present at the washing of my corpse, and do thou exhort her to bear my loss with patience.' Then he fell down in a fainting fit and, when he recovered he heard a damsel singing afar off and making verses as she sang. Thereupon he addressed himself to give ear to her and hearken to her voice; and now he was insensible, absent from the world, and now he came to himself; and anon he wept for grief and mourning at the love which had befallen him. Presently, he heard the damsel who was singing repeat these couplets,

'Parting ran up to part from lover-twain *
Free converse, perfect concord, friendship fain:
The Nights with shifting drifted us apart, *
Would heaven I wot if we shall meet again:
How bitter after meeting 'tis to part, *
May lovers ne'er endure so bitter pain!
Death-grip, death-choke, lasts for an hour and ends, *
But parting-tortures aye in heart remain:
Could we but trace where Parting's house is placed, *
We would make Parting eke of parting taste!'

When Ali son of Bakkar heard the damsel's song, he sobbed one sob and his soul quitted his body. As soon as I saw that he was dead" (continued the jeweller), "I committed his corpse to the care of the house-master and said to him 'Know thou, that I am going to Baghdad, to tell his mother and kinsfolk, that they may come hither and conduct his burial.' So I betook myself to Baghdad and, going to my house, changed my clothes; after which I repaired to Ali bin Bakkar's lodging. Now when his servants saw me, they came to me and questioned me of him, and I bade them ask permission for me to go in to his mother. She gave me leave; so I entered and saluting her, said, 'Verily Allah ordereth the lives of all creatures by His commandment and when He decreeth aught, there is no escaping its fulfilment; nor can any soul depart but by leave of Allah, according to the Writ which affirmeth the appointed term.'[FN#216] She guessed by these words that her son was dead and wept with sore weeping, then she said to me, 'Allah upon thee! tell me, is my son dead?' I could not answer her for tears and excess of grief, and when she saw me thus, she

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was choked with weeping and fell to the ground in a fit. As soon as she came to herself she said to me, 'Tell me how it was with my son.' I replied, 'May Allah abundantly compensate thee for his loss!' and I told her all that had befallen him from beginning to end. She then asked, 'Did he give thee any charge?'; and I answered, 'Yes,' and told her what he had said, adding, 'Hasten to perform his funeral.' When she heard these words, she swooned away again; and, when she recovered, she addressed herself to do as I charged her. Then I returned to my house; and as I went along musing sadly upon the fair gifts of his youth, behold, a woman caught hold of my hand;"—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Sixty-ninth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the jeweller thus continued:—"A woman caught hold of my hand; and I looked at her and lo! it was the slave-girl who used to come from Shams al-Nahar, and she seemed broken by grief. When we knew each other we both wept and ceased not weeping till we reached my house, and I said to her, 'Knowest thou the news of the youth, Ali bin Bakkar?' She replied, 'No, by Allah!'; so I told her the manner of his death and all that had passed, whilst we both wept; after which quoth I to her, 'How is it with thy mistress?' Quoth she, 'The Commander of the Faithful would not hear a single word against her; but, for the great love he bore her, saw all her actions in a favourable light, and said to her, 'O Shams al-Nahar, thou art dear to me and I will bear with thee and bring the noses of thy foes to the grindstone. Then he bade them furnish her an apartment decorated with gold and a handsome sleeping-chamber, and she abode with him in all ease of life and high favour. Now it came to pass that one day, as he sat at wine according to his custom, with his favourite concubines in presence, he bade them be seated in their several ranks and made Shams al-Nahar sit by his side. But her patience had failed and her disorder had redoubled upon her. Then he bade one of the damsels sing: so she took a lute and tuning it struck the chords, and began to sing these verses,

'One craved my love and I gave all he craved of me, *
And tears on cheek betray how 'twas I came to yield:
Tear-drops, meseemeth, are familiar with our case, *
Revealing what I hide, hiding what I revealed:
How can I hope in secret to conceal my love, *
Which stress of passion ever showeth unconcealed:
Death, since I lost my lover, is grown sweet to me; *
Would I knew what their joys when I shall quit the field!

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Now when Shams al-Nahar heard these verses sung by the slave-girl, she could not keep her seat; but fell down in a fainting-fit whereupon the Caliph cast the cup from his hand and drew her to him crying out; and the damsels also cried out, and the Prince of True Believers turned her over and shook her, and lo and behold! she was dead. The Caliph grieved over her death with sore grief and bade break all the vessels and dulcimers[FN#217] and other instruments of mirth and music which were in the room; then carrying her body to his closet, he abode with her the rest of the night. When the day broke, he laid her out and commanded to wash her and shroud her and bury her. And he mourned for her with sore mourning, and questioned not of her case nor of what caused her condition. And I beg thee in Allah's name' (continued the damsel) 'to let me know the day of the coming of Ali bin Bakkar's funeral procession that I may be present at his burial.' Quoth I, 'For myself, where thou wilt thou canst find me; but thou, where art thou to be found, and who can come at thee where thou art?' She replied, 'On the day of Shams al-Nahar's death, the Commander of the Faithful freed all her women, myself among the rest;[FN#218] and I am one of those now abiding at the tomb in such a place.' So I rose and accompanied her to the burial-ground and piously visited Shams al-Nahar's tomb; after which I went my way and ceased not to await the coming of Ali bin Bakkar's funeral. When it arrived, the people of Baghdad went forth to meet it and I went forth with them: and I saw the damsel among the women and she the loudest of them in lamentation, crying out and wailing with a voice that rent the vitals and made the heart ache. Never was seen in Baghdad a finer funeral than his; and we ceased not to follow in crowds till we reached the cemetery and buried him to the mercy of Almighty Allah; nor from that time to this have I ceased to visit the tombs of Ali son of Bakkar and of Shams al-Nahar. This, then, is their story, and Allah Almighty have mercy upon them!"[FN#219] And yet is not their tale (continued Shahrazad) more wonderful than that of King Shahrman. The King asked her "And what was his tale?"—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Seventieth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, as regards the

Tale of Kamar al Zaman,

That there was in times of yore and in ages long gone before a King called Shahrman, [FN#220] who was lord of many troops and guards, and officers, and who reigned over certain islands, known as the Khalidan Islands,[FN#221] on the borders of the land of the Persians. But he was stricken in years and his bones were wasted, without having been blessed with a son, albeit he had four wives, daughters of Kings, and threescore concubines, with each of whom he was wont to lie one night in

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turn.[FN#222] This preyed upon his mind and disquieted him, so that he complained thereof to one of his Wazirs, saying, "Verily I fear lest my kingdom be lost when I die, for that I have no son to succeed me." The Minister answered, "O King, peradventure Allah shall yet bring something to pass; so rely upon the Almighty and be instant in prayer. It is also my counsel that thou spread a banquet and invite to it the poor and needy, and let them eat of thy food; and supplicate the Lord to vouchsafe thee a son; for perchance there may be among thy guests a righteous soul whose prayers find acceptance; and thereby thou shalt win thy wish." So the King rose, made the lesser ablution, and prayed a two-bow prayer,[FN#223] then he cried upon Allah with pure intention; after which he called his chief wife to bed and lay with her forthright. By grace of God she conceived and, when her months were accomplished, she bore a male child, like the moon on the night of fulness. The King named him Kamar al-Zaman,[FN#224] and rejoiced in him with extreme joy and bade the city be dressed out in his honour; so they decorated the streets seven days, whilst the drums beat and the messengers bore the glad tidings abroad. Then wet and dry nurses were provided for the boy and he was reared in splendour and delight, until he reached the age of fifteen. He grew up of surpassing beauty and seemlihead and symmetry, and his father loved him so dear that he could not brook to be parted from him day or night. One day he complained to a certain of his Ministers anent the excess of his love for his only child, saying, "O thou the Wazir, of a truth I fear for my son, Kamar al-Zaman, the shifts and accidents which befall man and fain would I marry him in my life-time." Answered the Wazir, "O King, know thou that marriage is one of the most honourable of moral actions, and thou wouldst indeed do well and right to marry thy son in thy lifetime, ere thou make him Sultan." On this quoth the King, "Hither with my son Kamar al-Zaman;" so he came and bowed his head to the ground in modesty before his sire. "O Kamar al Zaman," said King Shahrman, "of a truth I desire to marry thee and rejoice in thee during my lifetime." Replied he, "O my father, know that I have no lust to marry nor cloth my soul incline to women; for that concerning their craft and perfidy I have read many books and heard much talk, even as saith the poet,

'Now, an of women ask ye, I reply:—*

In their affairs I'm versed a doctor rare!

When man's head grizzles and his money dwindles, *

In their affections he hath naught for share.'

And another said:—

'Rebel against women and so shalt thou serve Allah the more; *

The youth who gives women the rein must forfeit all hope to
soar.

They'll baulk him when seeking the strange device, Excelsior, *

Tho' waste he a thousand of years in the study of science and lore.' "

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And when he had ended his verses he continued, "O my father, wedlock is a thing whereto I will never consent; no, not though I drink the cup of death." When Sultan Shahrman heard these words from his son, light became darkness in his sight and he grieved thereat with great grief.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Seventy-first Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when King Shahrman heard these words from his son, the light became darkness in his sight and he grieved over his son's lack of obedience to his directions in the matter of marriage; yet, for the great love he bore him, he was unwilling to repeat his wishes and was not wroth with him, but caressed him and spake him fair and showed him all manner of kindness such as tendeth to induce affection. All this, and Kamar al-Zaman increased daily in beauty and loveliness and amorous grace; and the King bore with him for a whole year till he became perfect in eloquence and elegant wit. All men were ravished with his charms; and every breeze that blew bore the tidings of his gracious favour; his fair sight was a seduction to the loving and a garden of delight to the longing, for he was honey-sweet of speech and the sheen of his face shamed the full moon; he was a model of symmetry and blandishment and engaging ways; his shape was as the willow-wand or the rattan-cane and his cheeks might take the place of rose or red anemone. He was, in fine the pink of perfection, even as the poet hath said of him,

"He came and cried they, 'Now be Allah blest! *
Praise Him that clad that soul in so fair vest!'
He's King of Beauty where the beauteous be; *
All are his Ryots,[FN#225] all obey his hest:
His lip-dew's sweeter than the virgin honey; *
His teeth are pearls in double row close press:
All charms are congregate in him alone, *
And deals his loveliness to man unrest.
Beauty wrote on those cheeks for worlds to see *
'I testify there is none good but He.'"[FN#226]

When the year came to an end, the King called his son to him and said, "O my son, wilt thou not hearken to me?" Whereupon Kamar al-Zaman fell down for respect and shame before his sire and replied, "O my father, how should I not hearken to thee, seeing that Allah commandeth me to obey thee and not gain-say thee?" Rejoined King Shahrman, "O my son, know that I desire to marry thee and rejoice in thee whilst yet I live, and make thee King over my realm, before my death." When the Prince heard his sire pronounce these words he bowed his head awhile, then raised it and said, "O my father, this is a thing which I will never do; no, not though I drink the cup of death! I know of a surety that the Almighty hath made obedience to thee a duty in religion; but, Allah upon thee! press me not in this matter of marriage, nor fancy that I will ever marry my life

long; for that I have read the books both of the ancients and the moderns, and have come to know all the mischiefs and miseries which have befallen them through women and their endless artifices. And how excellent is the saying of the poet,

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'He whom the randy motts entrap *
Shall never see deliverance!
Though build he forts a thousand-fold, *
Whose mighty strength lead-plates enhance,[FN#227]
Their force shall be of no avail; *
These fortresses have not a chance!
Women aye deal in treachery *
To far and near o'er earth's expanse
With fingers dipt in Henna-blood *
And locks in braids that mad the glance;
And eyelids painted o'er with Kohl *
They gar us drink of dire mischance.'

And how excellently saith another,

'Women, for all the chastity they claim, *
Are offal cast by kites where'er they list:
This night their talk and secret charms are shine, *
That night another joyeth calf and wrist:
Like inn, whence after night thou far'st at dawn, *
And lodges other wight thou hast not wist.'"[FN#228]

Now when King Shahrman heard these his son's words and learnt the import of his verses and poetical quotations, he made no answer, of his excessive love for him, but redoubled in graciousness and kindness to him. He at once broke up the audience and, as soon as the seance was over, he summoned his Minister and taking him apart, said to him, "O thou the Wazir! tell me how I shall deal with my son in the matter of marriage." -And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted stay.

When it was the One Hundred and Seventy-second Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the King summoned his Minister; and, taking him apart, said to him, "O thou the Wazir, tell me what I shall do with my son in the matter of marriage. Of a truth I took counsel with thee thereon and thou didst counsel me to marry him, before making him King. I have spoken with him of wedlock time after time and he still gainsaid me; so do thou, O Wazir, forthright advise me what to do." Answered the Minister, "O King, wait another year and, if after that thou be minded to speak to him on the matter of marriage, speak not to him privily, but address him on a day of state, when all the Emirs and Wazirs are present with the whole of the army standing before thee. And when all are in crowd then send for thy son, Kamar al-Zaman, and summon him; and, when he cometh, broach to him the matter of marriage before the Wazirs and Grandees and Officers of state and Captains; for he will surely be bashful and daunted by their presence and will not dare to oppose thy will." Now when



King Shahrیمان heard his Wazīr's words, he rejoiced with exceeding joy, seeing success in the project, and bestowed on him a splendid robe of honour. Then he took patience with his son another year, whilst, with every day that passed over him, Kamar al-Zaman increased in beauty and loveliness, and elegance and perfect grace, till he was nigh twenty years old. Indeed Allah had clad him in the cloak of comeliness and had crowned him with the crown of

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completion: his eye-glance was more bewitching than Harut and Marut[FN#229] and the play of his luring looks more misleading than Taghut;[FN#230] and his cheeks shone like the dawn rosy-red and his eyelashes stormed the keen-edged blade: the whiteness of his brow resembled the moon shining bright, and the blackness of his locks was as the murky night; and his waist was more slender than the gossamer[FN#231] and his back parts than two sand heaps bulkier, making a Babel of the heart with their softness; but his waist complained of the weight of his hips and loins; and his charms ravished all mankind, even as one of the poets saith in these couplets,

“By his eyelash tendril curled, by his slender waist I swear,
By the dart his witchery feathers, fatal hurtling through the
air;
By the just roundness of his shape, by his glances bright and
keen
By the swart limping of his locks, and his fair forehead shining
sheen;
By his eyebrows which deny that she who looks on them should
sleep,
Which now commanding, now forbidding, o’er me high dominion keep;
By the roses of his cheek, his face as fresh as myrtle wreath
His tulip lips, and those pure pearls that hold the places of his
teeth;
By his noble form, which rises featly turned in even swell
To where upon his jutting chest two young pomegranates seem to
dwell
By his supple moving hips, his taper waist, the silky skin,
By all he robbed Perfection of, and holds enchained his form
within;
By his tongue of steadfastness, his nature true, and excellent,
By the greatness of his rank, his noble birth, and high descent,
Musk from my love her savour steals, who musk exhales from every
limb
And all the airs ambergris breathes are but the Zephyr’s blow
o’er him.
The sun, methinks, the broad bright sun, as low before my love
should quail
As would my love himself transcend the paltry paring of his
nail!”[FN#232]

So King Shahriman, having accepted the counsel of his Wazir, waited for another year and a great festival,—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Seventy-third Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Shahrman having accepted the counsel of his Wazir, waited for another year and a great festival, a day of state when the audience hall was filled with his Emirs and Wazirs and Grandees of his reign and Officers of State and Captains of might and main. Thereupon he sent for his son Kamar al-Zaman who came, and kissing the ground before him three times, stood in presence of his sire with his hands behind his back the right grasping the left.[FN#233] Then said the King to him, "Know O my son, that I have not sent for thee on this occasion and summoned thee to appear before this assembly and all these officers of estate here

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awaiting our orders save and except that I may lay a commandment on thee, wherein do thou not disobey me; and my commandment is that thou marry, for I am minded to wed thee to a King's daughter and rejoice in thee ere I die." When the Prince heard this much from his royal sire, he bowed his head groundwards awhile, then raising it towards his father and being moved thereto at that time by youthful folly and boyish ignorance, replied, "But for myself I will never marry; no, not though I drink the cup of death! As for thee, thou art great in age and small of wit: hast thou not, twice ere this day and before this occasion, questioned me of the matter of marriage and I refused my consent? Indeed thou dotest and are not fit to govern a flock of sheep!" So saying Kamar al-Zaman unclasped his hands from behind his back and tucked up his sleeves above his elbows before his father, being in a fit of fury; moreover, he added many words to his sire, knowing not what he said in the trouble of his spirits. The King was confounded and ashamed, for that this befel in the presence of his grandees and soldier-officers assembled on a high festival and a state occasion; but presently the majesty of Kingship took him, and he cried out at his son and made him tremble. Then he called to the guards standing before him and said, "Seize him!" So they came forward and laid hands on him and, binding him, brought him before his sire, who bade them pinion his elbows behind his back and in this guise make him stand before the presence. And the Prince bowed down his head for fear and apprehension, and his brow and face were beaded and spangled with sweat; and shame and confusion troubled him sorely. Thereupon his father abused him and reviled him and cried, "Woe to thee, thou son of adultery and nursling of abomination![FN#234] How durst thou answer me on this wise before my captains and soldiers? But hitherto none hath chastised thee,"—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Seventy-fourth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that King Shahrman cried out to his son Kamar al-Zaman, "How durst thou answer me on this wise before my captains and soldiers? But hitherto none hath chastised thee. Knowest thou not that this deed thou hast done were a disgrace to him had it been done by the meanest of my subjects?" And the King commanded his Mamelukes to loose his elbow bonds and imprison him in one of the bastions of the citadel. So they took the Prince and thrust him into an old tower, wherein there was a dilapidated saloon and in its middle a ruined well, after having first swept it and cleansed its floor-flags and set therein a couch on which they laid a mattress, a leathern rug and a cushion; and then they brought a great lanthorn and a wax candle, for that place was dark, even by day. And lastly the Mamelukes led Kamar al-Zaman thither, and stationed an eunuch at the door.

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And when all this was done, the Prince threw himself on the couch, sad-spirited, and heavy-hearted; blaming himself and repenting of his injurious conduct to his father, whenas repentance availed him naught, and saying, "Allah curse marriage and marriageable and married women, the traitresses all! Would I had hearkened to my father and accepted a wife! Had I so done it had been better for me than this jail." This is how it fared with him; but as regards King Shahri man, he remained seated on his throne all through the day until sundown; then he took the Minister apart and said to him "Know thou, O Wazir, that thou and thou only west the cause of all this that hath come to pass between me and my son by the advice thou west pleased to devise; and so what dost thou counsel me to do now?" Answered he, "O King, leave thy son in limbo for the space of fifteen days: then summon him to thy presence and bid him wed; and assuredly he shall not gainsay thee again."—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Seventy-fifth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Wazir, said to King Shahriman, "Leave thy son in limbo for the space of fifteen days; then summon him to thy presence and bid him wed; and assuredly he shall not gainsay thee again." The King accepted the Wazir's opinion and lay down to sleep that night troubled at heart concerning his son; for he loved him with dearest love because he had no other child but this; and it was his wont every night not to sleep, save after placing his arm under his son's neck. So he passed that night in trouble and unease on the Prince 's account, tossing from side to side, as he were laid on coals of Artemisia-wood[FN#235]: for he was overcome with doubts and fears and sleep visited him not all that livelong night; but his eyes ran over with tears and he began repeating, ;

"While slanderers slumber, longsome is my night; *
Suffice thee a heart so sad in parting-plight;
I say, while night in care slow moments by, *
'What! no return for thee, fair morning light?'"

And the saying of another,

"When saw I Pleiad-stars his glance escape *
And Pole star draught of sleep upon him pour;
And the Bier-daughters[FN#236] wend in mourning dight, *
I knew that morning was for him no more!"

Such was the case with King Shahriman; but as regards Kamar al-Zaman, when the night came upon him the eunuch set the lanthorn before him and lighting the wax-candle, placed it in the candlestick; then brought him somewhat of food. The Prince ate



a little and continually reproached himself for his unseemly treatment of his father, saying to himself, "O my soul, knowest thou not that a son of Adam is the hostage of his tongue, and that a man's tongue is what casteth him into deadly perils?" Then his eyes ran over with tears and he bewailed that which he had done, from anguished vitals and aching heart, repenting him with exceeding repentance of the wrong wherewith he had wronged his father and repeating,

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"Fair youth shall die by stumbling of the tongue: *
Stumble of foot works not man's life such wrong:
The slip of lip shall oft smite off the head, *
While slip of foot shall never harm one long."

Now when he had made an end of eating, he asked for the wherewithal to wash his hands and when the Mameluke had washed them clean of the remnants of food, he arose and made the Wuzu-ablution and prayed the prayers of sundown and nightfall, conjoining them in one; after which he sat down.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

When it was the Hundred and Seventy-sixth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the Prince Kamar al-Zaman had prayed (conjoining them in one) the prayers of sundown and nightfall, he sat down on the well and began reciting the Koran, and he repeated "The Cow," the "House of Imran," and "Y. S.;" "The Compassionate," "Blessed be the King," "Unity" and "The two Talismans"[FN#237]; and he ended with blessing and supplication and with saying, "I seek refuge with Allah from Satan the stoned." [FN#238] Then he lay down upon his couch which was covered with a mattress of satin from al-Ma'adin town, the same on both sides and stuffed with the raw silk of Irak; and under his head was a pillow filled with ostrich-down And when ready for sleep, he doffed his outer clothes and drew off his bag-trousers and lay down in a shirt of delicate stuff smooth as wax; and he donned a head-kerchief of azure Marazi[FN#239] cloth; and at such time and on this guise Kamar al-Zaman was like the full-orbed moon, when it riseth on its fourteenth night. Then, drawing over his head a coverlet of silk, he fell asleep with the lanthorn burning at his feet and the wax-candle over his head, and he ceased not sleeping through the first third of the night, not knowing what lurked for him in the womb of the Future, and what the Omniscient had decreed for him. Now, as Fate and Fortune would have it, both tower and saloon were old and had been many years deserted; and there was therein a Roman well inhabited by a Jinniyah of the seed of Iblis[FN#240] the Accursed, by name Maymunah, daughter of Al-Dimiryat, a renowned King of the Jann.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the name of the Jinniyah in question was Maymunah, daughter of Al-Dimiryat; a renowned King of the Jann. And as Kamar al-Zaman continued sleeping till the first third of the night, Maymunah came up out of the Roman well and made for the firmament, thinking to listen by stealth to the converse of the angels; but when she reached the mouth of the well, she saw a light shining in the tower, contrary to custom; and having dwelt there many years without seeing the like, she said to herself, "Never have I witnessed

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aught like this"; and, marvelling much at the matter, determined that there must be some cause therefor. So she made for the light and found the eunuch sleeping within the door; and inside she saw a couch spread, whereon was a human form with the wax-candle burning at his head and the lanthorn at his feet, and she wondered to see the light and stole towards it little by little. Then she folded her wings and stood by the bed and, drawing back the coverlid, discovered Kamar al-Zaman's face. She was motionless for a full hour in admiration and wonderment; for the lustre of his visage outshone that of the candle; his face beamed like a pearl with light; his eyelids were languorous like those of the gazelle; the pupils of his eyes were intensely black and brilliant[FN#241]; his cheeks were rosy red; his eye-brows were arched like bows and his breath exhaled a scent of musk, even as saith of him the poet,

"I kissed him: darker grew those pupils,[FN#242] which *
Seduce my soul, and cheeks flushed rosier hue;
O heart, if slanderers dare to deem there be *
His like in chasms, Say 'Bring him hither, you!' "

Now when Maymunah saw him, she pronounced the formula of praise,[FN#243] and said, "Blessed be Allah, the best of Creators!"; for she was of the true-believing Jinn; and she stood awhile gazing on his face, exclaiming and envying the youth his beauty and loveliness. And she said in herself, "By Allah! I will do no hurt to him nor let any harm him; nay, from all of evil will I ransom him, for this fair face deserveth not but that folk should gaze upon it and for it praise the Lord. Yet how could his family find it in their hearts to leave him in such desert place where, if one of our Marids came upon him at this hour, he would assuredly slay him." Then the Ifritah Maymunah bent over him and kissed him between the eyes, and presently drew back the sheet over his face which she covered up; and after this she spread her wings and soaring into the air, flew upwards. And after rising high from the circle of the saloon she ceased not winging her way through air and ascending skywards till she drew near the heaven of this world, the lowest of the heavens. And behold, she heard the noisy flapping of wings cleaving the welkin and, directing herself by the sound, she found when she drew near it that the noise came from an Ifrit called Dahnash. So she swooped down on him like a sparrowhawk and, when he was aware of her and knew her to be Maymunah, the daughter of the King of the Jinn, he feared her and his side-muscles quivered; and he implored her forbearance, saying, I conjure thee by the Most Great and August Name and by the most noble talisman graven upon the seal-ring of Solomon, entreat me kindly and harm me not!" When she heard these words her heart inclined to him and she said, "Verily, thou conjurest me, O accursed, with a mighty conjuration. Nevertheless, I will not let thee go, till thou tell me whence thou comest at this hour." He

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replied, "O Princess, Know that I come from the uttermost end of China-land and from among the Islands, and I will tell thee of a wonderful thing I have seen this night. If thou kind my words true, let me wend my way and write me a patent under thy hand and with thy sign manual that I am thy freedman, so none of the Jinn-hosts, whether of the upper who fly or of the lower who walk the earth or of those who dive beneath the waters, do me let or hindrance." Rejoined Maymunah, "And what is it thou hast seen this night, O liar, O accursed! Tell me without leasing and think not to escape from my hand with falses, for I swear to thee by the letters graven upon the bezel of the seal-ring of Solomon David son (on both of whom be peace!), except thy speech be true, I will pluck out thy feathers with mine own hand and strip off thy skin and break thy bones!" Quoth the Ifrit Dahnash son of Shamhurish[FN#244] the Flyer, "I accept, O my lady, these conditions."—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Seventy-eight Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Dahnash spoke thus to Maymunah, "I accept, O my lady, these conditions." Then he resumed, "Know, O my mistress, that I come to-night from the Islands of the Inland Sea in the parts of China, which are the realms of King Ghayur, lord of the Islands and the Seas and the Seven Palaces. There I saw a daughter of his, than whom Allah hath made none fairer in her time: I cannot picture her to thee, for my tongue would fail to describe her with her due of praise; but I will name to thee a somewhat of her charms by way of approach. Now her hair is like the nights of disunion and separation and her face like the days of union and delectation; and right well hath the poet said when picturing her,

'She dispread the locks from her head one night, *
Showing four fold nights into one night run
And she turned her visage towards the moon, *
And two moons showed at moment one.'

She hath a nose like the edge of the burnished blade and cheeks like purple wine or anemones blood-red: her lips as coral and carnelian shine and the water of her mouth is sweeter than old wine; its taste would quench Hell's fiery pain. Her tongue is moved by wit of high degree and ready repartee: her breast is a seduction to all that see it (glory be to Him who fashioned it and finished it!); and joined thereto are two upper arms smooth and rounded; even as saith of her the poet Al-Walahan,[FN#245]

'She hath wrists which, did her bangles not contain, *
Would run from out her sleeves in silvern rain.'

She hath breasts like two globes of ivory, from whose brightness the moons borrow light, and a stomach with little waves as it were a figured cloth of the finest Egyptian linen made by the Copts, with creases like folded scrolls, ending in a waist slender past all power of imagination; based upon back parts like a hillock of blown sand, that force her to sit when she would fief stand, and awaken her, when she fain would sleep, even as saith of her and describeth her the poet,

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'She hath those hips conjoined by thread of waist, *
Hips that o'er me and her too tyrannise
My thoughts they daze whene'er I think of them, *
And weigh her down whene'er she would uprise.'[FN#246]

And those back parts are upborne by thighs smooth and round and by a calf like a column of pearl, and all this reposeth upon two feet, narrow, slender and pointed like spear-blades,[FN#247] the handiwork of the Protector and Requirer, I wonder how, of their littleness, they can sustain what is above them. But I cut short my praises of her charms fearing lest I be tedious."—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Seventy-ninth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Ifrit Dahnash bin Shamhurish said to the Ifritah Maymunah, "Of a truth I cut short my praises fearing lest I be tedious." Now when Maymunah heard the description of that Princess and her beauty and loveliness, she stood silent in astonishment; whereupon Dahnash resumed, "The father of this fair maiden is a mighty King, a fierce knight, immersed night and day in fray and fight; for whom death hath no fright and the escape of his foe no dread, for that he is a tyrant masterful and a conqueror irresistible, lord of troops and armies and continents and islands, and cities and villages, and his name is King Ghayur, Lord of the Islands and of the Seas and of the Seven Palaces. Now he loveth his daughter, the young maiden whom I have described to thee, with dearest love and, for affection of her, he hath heaped together the treasures of all the kings and built her therewith seven palaces, each of a different fashion; the first of crystal, the second of marble, the third of China steel, the fourth of precious stones and gems of price, the fifth of porcelain and many-hued onyxes and ring bezels, the sixth of silver and the seventh of gold. And he hath filled the seven palaces with all sorts of sumptuous furniture, rich silken carpets and hangings and vessels of gold and silver and all manner of gear that kings require; and hath bidden his daughter to abide in each by turns for a certain season of the year; and her name is the Princess Budur.[FN#248] Now when her beauty became known and her name and fame were bruited abroad in the neighbouring countries, all the kings sent to her father to demand her of him in marriage, and he consulted her on the matter, but she disliked the very word wedlock with a manner of abhorrence and said, O my father, I have no mind to marry; no, not at all; for I am a sovereign Lady and a Queen suzerain ruling over men, and I have no desire for a man who shall rule over me. And the more suits she refused, the more her suitors' eagerness increased and all the Royalties of the Inner Islands of China sent presents and rarities to her father with letters asking her in marriage. So he pressed her again and again with advice on the

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matter of espousals; but she ever opposed to him refusals, till at last she turned upon him angrily and cried, 'O my father, if thou name matrimony to me once more, I will go into my chamber and take a sword and, fixing its hilt in the ground, will set its point to my waist; then will I press upon it, till it come forth from my back, and so slay myself.' Now when the King heard these her words, the light became darkness in his sight and his heart burned for her as with a flame of fire, because he feared lest she should kill herself; and he was filled with perplexity concerning her affair and the kings her suitors. So he said to her 'If thou be determined not to marry and there be no help for it abstain from going and coming in and out.' Then he placed her in a house and shut her up in a chamber, appointing ten old women as duennas to guard her, and forbade her to go forth to the Seven Palaces; moreover, he made it appear that he was incensed against her, and sent letters to all the kings, giving them to know that she had been stricken with madness by the Jinns; and it is now a year since she hath thus been secluded." Then continued the Ifrit Dahnash, addressing the Ifritah Maymunah, "And I, O my lady go to her every night and take my fill of feeding my sight on her face and I kiss her between the eyes: yet, of my love to her, I do her no hurt neither mount her, for that her youth is fair and her grace surpassing: every one who seeth her jealouseth himself for her. I conjure thee, therefore, O my lady, to go back with me and look on her beauty and loveliness and stature and perfection of proportion; and after, if thou wilt, chastise me or enslave me; and win to thy will, for it is shine to bid and to forbid." So saying, the Ifrit Dahnash bowed his head towards the earth and drooped his wings downward; but Maymunah laughed at his words and spat in his face and answered, "What is this girl of whom thou pratest but a potsherd wherewith to wipe after making water?[FN#249] Faugh! Faugh! By Allah, O accursed, I thought thou hadst some wondrous tale to tell me or some marvellous news to give me. How would it be if thou were to sight my beloved? Verily, this night I have seen a young man, whom if thou saw though but in a dream, thou wouldst be palsied with admiration and spittle would flow from thy mouth." Asked the Ifrit, "And who and what is this youth?"; and she answered, "Know, O Dahnash, that there hath befallen the young man the like of what thou tellest me befel thy mistress; for his father pressed him again and again to marry, but he refused, till at length his sire waxed wroth at being opposed and imprisoned him in the tower where I dwell: and I came up to-night and saw him." Said Dahnash, "O my lady, shew me this youth, that I may see if he be indeed handsomer than my mistress, the Princess Budur, or not; for I cannot believe that the like of her liveth in this our age." Rejoined Maymunah, "Thou liest, O accursed, O most ill-omened of Marids and vilest of Satans! [FN#250] Sure am I that the like of my beloved is not in this world."—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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When It was the One Hundred and Eightieth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Ifritah Maymunah spake thus to the Ifrit Dahnash, "Sure am I that the like of my beloved is not in this world! Art thou mad to fellow thy beloved with my beloved?" He said, "Allah upon thee, O my lady, go back with me and look upon my mistress, and after I will with thee and look upon thy beloved." She answered, "It must needs be so, O accursed, for thou art a knavish devil; but I will not go with thee nor shalt thou come with me, save upon condition of a wager which is this. If the lover thou lovest and of whom thou boastest so bravely, prove handsomer than mine whom I mentioned and whom I love and of whom I boast, the bet shall be shine against me; but if my beloved prove the handsomer the bet shall be mine against thee." Quoth Dahnash the Ifrit, "O my lady, I accept this thy wager and am satisfied thereat; so come with me to the Islands." Quoth Maymunah; "No! for the abode of my beloved is nearer than the abode of shine: here it is under us; so come down with me to see my beloved and after we will go look upon thy mistress." "I hear and I obey," said Dahnash. So they descended to earth and alighted in the saloon which the tower contained; then Maymunah stationed Dahnash beside the bed and, putting out her hand, drew back the silken coverlet from Kamar al-Zaman's face, when it glittered and glistened and shimmered and shone like the rising sun. She gazed at him for a moment, then turning sharply round upon Dahnash said, "Look, O accursed, and be not the basest of madmen; I am a maid, yet my heart he hath waylaid." So Dahnash looked at the Prince and long continued gazing steadfastly on him then, shaking his head, said to Maymunah, "By Allah, O my lady, thou art excusable; but there is yet another thing to be considered, and this is, that the estate female differeth from the male. By Allah's might, this thy beloved is the likeliest of all created things to my mistress in beauty and loveliness and grace and perfection; and it is as though they were both cast alike in the mould of seemlihead." Now when Maymunah heard these words, the light became darkness in her sight and she dealt him with her wing so fierce a buffet on the head as well-nigh made an end of him. Then quoth she to him, "I conjure thee, by the light of his glorious countenance, go at once, O accursed, and bring hither thy mistress whom thou lovest so fondly and foolishly, and return in haste that we may lay the twain together and look on them both as they lie asleep side by side; so shall it appear to us which be the goodlier and more beautiful of the two. Except thou obey me this very moment, O accursed, I will dart my sparks at thee with my fire and consume thee; yea, in pieces I will rend thee and into the deserts cast thee, that to stay at home and wayfarer an example thou be!" Quoth Dahnash, "O my lady, I will do thy behests, for I know forsure that my mistress is the fairer and the sweeter." So saying the Ifrit flew away and Maymunah flew with him to guard him. They were absent awhile and presently returned, bearing the young lady, who was clad in a shift of fine Venetian silk, with a double edging of gold and purfled with the most exquisite of embroidery having these couplets worked upon the ends of the sleeves,

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“Three matters hinder her from visiting us, in fear *
Of hate-full, slandering envier and his hired spies:
The shining light of brow, the trinkets’ tinkling voice, *
And scent of essences that tell whene’er she tries:
Gi’en that she hide her brow with edge of sleeve, and leave *
At home her trinketry, how shall her scent
disguise?”[FN#251]

And Dahnash and Maymunah stinted not bearing that young lady till they had carried her into the saloon and had laid her beside the youth Kamar al-Zaman.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Eighty-first Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Ifrit Dahnash and the Ifritah Maymunah stinted not bearing Princess Budur till they descended and laid her on the couch beside Kamar al-Zaman. Then they uncovered both their faces, and they were the likest of all folk, each to other, as they were twins or an only brother and sister; and indeed they were a seduction to the pious, even as saith of them the poet Al-Mubin,

“O heart! be not thy love confined to one, *
Lest thou by doting or disdain be undone:
Love all the fair, and thou shalt find with them *
If this be lost, to thee that shall be won.”

And quoth another,

“Mine eyes beheld two lying on the ground; *
Both had I loved if on these eyne they lay!”

So Dahnash and Maymunah gazed on them awhile, and he said, “By Allah, O my lady, it is good! My mistress is assuredly the fairer.” She replied, “Not so, my beloved is the fairer; woe to thee, O Dahnash! Art blind of eye and heart that lean from fat thou canst not depart? Wilt thou hide the truth? Dost thou not see his beauty and loveliness and fine stature and symmetry? Out on thee, hear what I purpose to say in praise of my beloved and, if thou be a lover true to her thou dost love, do thou the like for her thou Lovest.” Then she kissed Kamar al-Zaman again and again between the eyes and improvised this ode,

“How is this? Why should the blamer abuse thee in his pride? What shall console my heart for thee, that art but slender bough?

A Nature Kohl’d[FN#252] eye thou hast that witcheth far and wide; From pure platonic love[FN#253] of it deliverance none I trow!

Those glances, fell as plundering Turk, to heart such havoc deal As never havocked
scymitar made keenest at the curve.

On me thou layest load of love the heaviest while I feel
So feeble grown that under weight of chemisette I swerve.

My love for thee as wottest well is habit, and my love
Is nature; to all others false is all the love I tender:

Now were my heart but like to shine I never would say No;
Only my wasted form is like thy waist so gracious slender:

Out on him who in Beauty's robe for moon like charms hath fame,
And who is claimed by mouth of men as marvel of his tribe!

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'Of man what manner may he be' (ask they who flyte and blame)
'For whom thy heart is so distressed?' I only cry 'Describe!'

Oh stone-entempered heart of him! learn of his yielding grace
And bending form to show me grace and yielding to consent.

Oh my Prince Beautiful, thou hast an Overseer in place[FN#254]
Who irketh me, and eke a Groom whose wrong cloth ne'er relent.

Indeed he lieth who hath said that all of loveliness
Was pent in Joseph: in thy charms there's many and many a Joe!

The Genii dread me when I stand and face to face address;
But meeting thee my fluttering heart its shame and terror show.

I take aversion semblance and I turn from thee in fright,
But more aversion I assume, more love from me dost claim;

That hair of jetty black! That brow e'er raying radiant light!
Those eyne wherein white jostles black![FN#255] That dearling
dainty frame!"

When Dahnash heard the poesy which Maymunah spake in praise of her beloved, he
joyed with exceeding joy and marvelled with excessive wonderment.—And Shahrazad
perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say

When it was the One Hundred and Eighty-second Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the Ifrit Dahnash heard the
poesy which Maymunah spake in praise of her beloved, he shook for exceeding joy and
said, "Thou hast celebrated thy beloved in song and thou hast indeed done well in
praise of him whom thou lovest! And there is no help for it but that I also in my turn do
my best to enframe my mistress, and recite somewhat in her honour." Then the Ifrit went
up to the Lady Budur; and' kissing her between the eyes, looked at Maymunah and at
his beloved Princess and recited the following verses, albeit he had no skill in poesy,

"Love for my fair they chide in angry way; *
Unjust for ignorance, yea unjustest they!
Ah lavish favours on the love mad, whom *
Taste of thy wrath and parting woe shall slay:
In sooth for love I'm wet with railing tears, *
That rail mine eyelids blood thou mightest say:
No marvel what I bear for love, 'tis marvel *
That any know my "me" while thou'rt away:



Unlawful were our union did I doubt *
Thy love, or heart incline to other May."

And eke these words:—

"I feed eyes on their stead by the valley's side, *
And I'm slain and my slaver[FN#256] aside hath tried:
Grief-wine have I drunken, and down my cheeks *
Dance tears to the song of the camel-guide:
For union-blessing I strive though sure, *
In Budur and Su'ad all my bliss shall bide:[FN#257]
Wot I not which of three gave me most to 'plain, *
So hear them numbered ere thou decide:
Those Sworders her eyne, that Lancer her fig- *
-ure, or ring-mail'd Locks which her forehead hide.
Quoth she (and I ask of her what so wights *
Or abide in towns or in desert ride[FN#258])
To me, 'In thy heart I dwell, look there!' *
Quoth I, 'Where's my heart ah where? ah where?'"

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When Maymunah heard these lines from the Ifrit, she said, "Thou hast done well, O Dahnash! But say thou which of the two is the handsomer?" And he answered, "My mistress Budur is handsomer than thy beloved!" Cried Maymunah, "Thou liest, O accursed. Nay, my beloved is more beautiful than shine!" But Dahnash persisted, "Mine is the fairer." And they ceased not to wrangle and challenge each other's words till Maymunah cried out at Dahnash and would have laid violent hands on him, but he humbled himself to her and, softening his speech, said, "Let not the truth be a grief to thee, and cease we this talk, for all we say is to testify in favour of our lovers; rather let each of us withdraw the claim and seek we one who shall judge fairly between us which of the two be fairer; and by his sentence we will abide." "I agree to this," answered she and smote the earth with her foot, whereupon there came out of it an Ifrit blind of an eye, humpbacked and scurvy-skinned, with eye-orbits slit up and down his face.

[FN#259] On his head were seven horns and four locks of hair fell to his heels; his hands were pitchfork-like and his legs mast-like and he had nails as the claws of a lion, and feet as the hoofs of the wild ass.[FN#260] When that Ifrit rose out of the earth and sighted Maymunah, he kissed the ground before her and, standing with his hands clasped behind him, said, "What is thy will, O my mistress, O daughter of my King?"[FN#261] She replied, "O Kashkash, I would have thee judge between me and this accursed Dahnash." And she made known to him the matter, from first to last, whereupon the Ifrit Kashkash looked at the face of the youth and then at the face of the girl; and saw them lying asleep, embraced, each with an arm under the other's neck, alike in beauty and loveliness and equal in grace and goodliness. The Marid gazed long upon them, marvelling at their seemlihead; and, after carefully observing the twain, he turned to Maymunah and Dahnash, and reseatd these couplets.

"Go, visit her thou lovest, and regard not
The words detractors utter, envious churls
Can never favour love. Oh! sure the Merciful
Ne'er made a thing more fair to look upon,
Than two fond lovers in each others' arms,
Speaking their passion in a mute embrace.
When heart has turned to heart, the fools would part them
Strike idly on cold steel. So when thou'st found
One purely, wholly shine, accept her true heart,
And live for her alone. Oh! thou that blamest
The love-struck for their love, give o'er thy talk,
How canst thou minister to a mind diseased?"[FN#262]

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Then he turned again to Maymunah and Dahnash and said to them, "By Allah, if you will have the truth, I tell you fairly the twain be equal in beauty, and loveliness and perfect grace and goodliness, nor can I make any difference between them on account of their being man and woman. But I have another thought which is that we wake each of them in turn, without the knowledge of the other, and whichever is the more enamoured shall be held inferior in seemlihead and comeliness." Quoth Maymunah, "Right is this recking," and quoth Dahnash, "I consent to this." Then Dahnash changed himself to the form of a flea and bit Kamar al-Zaman, whereupon he started from sleep in a fright.— And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Eighty-third Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Dahnash changed himself to the form of a flea and bit Kamar al-Zaman who started from sleep in a fright and rubbed the bitten part, his neck, and scratched it hard because of the smart. Then turning sideways, he found lying by him something whose breath was sweeter than musk and whose skin was softer than cream. Hereat marvelled he with great marvel and he sat up and looked at what lay beside him; when he saw it to be a young lady like an union pearl, or a shining sun, or a dome seen from afar on a well built wall; for she was five feet tall, with a shape like the letter Alif[FN#263], bosomed high and rosy checked; even as saith of her the poet,

"Four things which ne'er conjoin, unless it be *
To storm my vitals and to shed my blood:
Brow white as day and tresses black as night *
Cheeks rosy red and lips which smiles o'erflood."

And also quoth another,

"A Moon she rises, Willow wand she waves, *
Breathes Ambergris, and gazes, a Gazelle:
Meseems that sorrow woes my heart and wins *
And, when she wendeth hastes therein to dwell!"

And when Kamar al-Zaman saw the Lady Budur, daughter of King Ghayur, and her beauty and comeliness, she was sleeping clad in a shift of Venetian silk, without her petticoat-trousers, and wore on her head a kerchief embroidered with gold and set with stones of price: her ears were hung with twin earrings which shone like constellations and round her neck was a collar of union pearls, of size unique, past the competence of any King. When he saw this, his reason was confounded and natural heat began to stir in him; Allah awoke in him the desire of coition and he said to himself, "Whatso Allah willeth, that shall be, and what He willeth not shall never be!" So saying, he put out his hand and, turning her over, loosed the collar of her chemise; then arose before his sight her bosom, with its breasts like double globes of ivory; whereat his inclination for her

redoubled and he desired her with exceeding hot desire, He would have awakened her but she would not awake, for Dahnash

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had made her sleep heavy; so he shook her and moved her, saying, "O my beloved, awake and look on me; I am Kamar al-Zaman." But she awoke not, neither moved her head; where-upon he considered her case for a long hour and said to himself, "If I guess aright, this is the damsel to whom my father would have married me and these three years past I have refused her; but Inshallah!—God willing—as soon as it is dawn, I will say to him, 'Marry me to her, that I may enjoy her.'"—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Eighty-fourth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Kamar al-Zaman said to himself, "By Allah, when I see dawn I will say to my sire, 'Marry me to her that I may enjoy her'; nor will I let half the day pass ere I possess her and take my fill of her beauty and loveliness." Then he bent over Budur to buss her, whereat the Jinniyah Maymunah trembled and was abashed and Dahnash, the Ifrit, was like to fly for joy. But, as Kamar al-Zaman was about to kiss her upon the mouth, he was ashamed before Allah and turned away his head and averted his face, saying to his heart, "Have patience." Then he took thought awhile and said, "I will be patient; haply my father when he was wroth with me and sent me to this jail, may have brought my young lady and made her lie by my side to try me with her, and may have charged her not to be readily awakened when I would arouse her, and may have said to her, 'Whatever thing Kamar al-Zaman do to thee, make me ware thereof'; or belike my sire standeth hidden in some stead whence (being himself unseen) he can see all I do with this young lady; and to morrow he will scold me and cry, 'How cometh it that thou sayest, I have no mind to marry; and yet thou didst kiss and embrace yonder damsel?' So I will withhold myself lest I be ashamed before my sire; and the right and proper thing to do is not to touch her at this present, nor even to look upon her, except to take from her somewhat which shall serve as a token to me and a memorial of her; that some sign endure between me and her." Then Kamar al-Zaman raised the young lady's hand and took from her little finger a seal-ring worth an immense amount of money, for that its bezel was a precious jewel and around it were graven these couplets,

"Count not that I your promises forgot, *
Despite the length of your delinquencies
Be generous, O my lord, to me inclining; *
Haply your mouth and cheeks these lips may kiss:
By Allah, ne'er will I relinquish you *
Albe you will transgress love's boundaries."

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Then Kamar al-Zaman took the seal-ring from the little finger of Queen Budur and set it on his own; then, turning his back to her, went to sleep.[FN#264] When Maymunah the Jinniyah saw this, she was glad and said to Dahnash and Kashkash, "Saw ye how my beloved Kamar al-Zaman bore himself chastely towards this young lady? Verily, this was of the perfection of his good gifts; for observe you twain how he looked on her and noted her beauty and loveliness, and yet embraced her not neither kissed her nor put his hand to her, but turned his back and slept." Answered they, "Even so!" Thereupon Maymunah changed herself into a flea and entering into the raiment of Budur, the loved of Dahnash, crept up her calf and came upon her thigh and, reaching a place some four carats[FN#265] below her navel, there bit her. Thereupon she opened her eyes and sitting up in bed, saw a youth lying beside her and breathing heavily in his sleep, the loveliest of Almighty Allah's creatures, with eyes that put to shame the fairest Houris of Heaven; and a mouth like Solomon's seal, whose water was sweeter to the taste and more efficacious than a theriack, and lips the colour of coral-stone, and cheeks like the blood red anemone, even as saith one, describing him in these couplets,

"My mind's withdrawn from Zaynab and Nawar[FN#266] *
By rosy cheeks that growth of myrtle bear;
I love a fawn, a tunic-vested boy, *
And leave the love of bracelet-wearing Fair:
My mate in hall and closet is unlike *
Her that I play with, as at home we pair.
Oh thou, who blam'st my flight from Hind and Zaynab, *
The cause is clear as dawn uplighting air!
Would'st have me fare[FN#267] a slave, the thrall of thrall, *
Cribbed, pent, confined behind the bar and wall?"

Now when Princess Budur saw him, she was seized by a transport of passion and yearning and love-longing,—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Eighty-fifth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Princess Budur saw Kamar al-Zaman she was forthwith seized with a transport of passion and yearning and love longing, and she said to herself, "Alas, my shame! This is a strange youth and I know him not. How cometh he to be lying by my side on one bed?" Then she looked at him a second time and, noting his beauty and loveliness, said, "By Allah, he is indeed a comely youth and my heart[FN#268] is well-nigh torn in sunder with longing for him! But alas, how am I shamed by him! By the Almighty, had I known it was this youth who sought me in marriage of my father, I had not rejected him, but had wived with him and enjoyed his loveliness!" Then she gazed in his face and said, "O my lord and light of mine eyes, awake from sleep and take thy pleasure in my beauty and grace." And she moved him with her hand; but Maymunah the Jinniyah

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let down sleep upon him as it were a curtain, and pressed heavily on his head with her wings so that Kamar al-Zaman awoke not. Then Princess Budur shook him with her hands and said, "My life on thee, hearken to me; awake and up from thy sleep and look on the narcissus and the tender down thereon, and enjoy the sight of naked waist and navel; and touzle me and tumble me from this moment till break of day! Allah upon thee, O my lord, sit up and prop thee against the pillow and slumber not!" Still Kamar al-Zaman made her no reply but breathed hard in his sleep. Continued she, "Alas! Alas! thou art insolent in thy beauty and comeliness and grace and loving looks! But if thou art handsome, so am I handsome; what then is this thou dost? Have they taught thee to flout me or hath my father, the wretched old fellow,[FN#269] made thee swear not to speak to me to-night?" But Kamar al-Zaman opened not his mouth neither awoke, whereat her passion for him redoubled and Allah inflamed her heart with love of him. She stole one glance of eyes that cost her a thousand sighs: her heart fluttered, and her vitals throbbed and her hands and feet quivered; and she said to Kamar al-Zaman "Talk to me, O my lord! Speak to me, O my friend! Answer me, O my beloved, and tell me thy name, for indeed thou hast ravished my wit!" And during all this time he abode drowned in sleep and answered her not a word, and Princess Budur sighed and said, "Alas! Alas! why art thou so proud and self satisfied?" Then she shook him and turning his hand over, saw her seal-ring on his little finger, whereat she cried a loud cry, and followed it with a sigh of passion and said, "Alack! Alack! By Allah, thou art my beloved and thou lovest me! Yet thou seemest to turn thee away from me out of coquetry, for all, O my darling, thou camest to me, whilst I was asleep and knew not what thou didst with me, and tookest my seal-ring; and yet I will not pull it off thy finger." So saying, she opened the bosom of his shirt and bent over him and kissed him and put forth her hand to him, seeking somewhat that she might take as a token, but found nothing. Then she thrust her hand into his breast and, because of the smoothness of his body, it slipped down to his waist and thence to his navel and thence to his yard, whereupon her heart ached and her vitals quivered and lust was sore upon her, for that the desire of women is fiercer than the desire of men,[FN#270] and she was ashamed of her own shamelessness. Then she plucked his seal-ring from his finger, and put it on her own instead of the ring he had taken, and bussed his inner lips and hands, nor did she leave any part of him unknissed; after which she took him to her breast and embraced him and, laying one of her hands under his neck and the other under his arm-pit, nestled close to him and fell asleep by his side.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

When it was the One hundred and Eighty-sixth Night,

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She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Princess Budur fell asleep by the side of Kamar al-Zaman, after doing that which she did, quoth Maymunah to Dahnash, Night thou, O accursed, how proudly and coquettishly my beloved bore himself, and how hotly and passionately thy mistress showed herself to my dearling? There can be no doubt that my beloved is handsomer than shine; nevertheless I pardon thee." Then she wrote him a document of manumission and turned to Kashkash and said, "Go, help Dahnash to take up his mistress and aid him to carry her back to her own place, for the night waneth apace and there is but little left of it." "I hear and I obey," answered Kashkash. So the two Ifrits went forward to Princess Budur and upraising her flew away with her; then, bearing her back to her own place, they laid her on her bed, whilst Maymunah abode alone with Kamar al-Zaman, gazing upon him as he slept, till the night was all but spent, when she went her way. As soon as morning morrowed, the Prince awoke from sleep and turned right and left, but found not the maiden by him and said in his mind, "What is this business? It is as if my father would incline me to marriage with the damsel who was with me and have now taken her away by stealth, to the intent that my desire for wedlock may redouble." Then he called out to the eunuch who slept at the door, saying, "Woe to thee, O damned one, arise at once!" So the eunuch rose, bemused with sleep, and brought him basin and ewer, whereupon Kamar al-Zaman entered the water closet and did his need;^[FN#271] then, coming out made the Wuzu-ablution and prayed the dawn-prayer, after which he sat telling on his beads the ninety-and-nine names of Almighty Allah. Then he looked up and, seeing the eunuch standing in service upon him, said, "Out on thee, O Sawab! Who was it came hither and took away the young lady from my side and I still sleeping?" Asked the eunuch, 'O my lord, what manner of young lady?" "The young lady who lay with me last night," replied Kamar al-Zaman. The eunuch was startled at his words and said to him, "By Allah, there hath been with thee neither young lady nor other! How should young lady have come in to thee, when I was sleeping in the doorway and the door was locked? By Allah, O my lord, neither male nor female hath come in to thee!" Exclaimed the Prince, "Thou liest, O pestilent slave! is it of thy competence also to hoodwink me and refuse to tell me what is become of the young lady who lay with me last night and decline to inform me who took her away?" Replied the eunuch (and he was affrighted at him), "By Allah, O my lord, I have seen neither young lady nor young lord!" His words only angered Kamar al-Zaman the more and he said to him, "O accursed one, my father hath indeed taught thee deceit! Come hither." So the eunuch came up to him, and the Prince took him by the collar and dashed him to the ground; whereupon he let fly a loud fart^[FN#272] and Kamar al-Zaman, kneeling upon him, kicked him

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and throttled him till he fainted away. Then he dragged him forth and tied him to the well-rope, and let him down like a bucket into the well and plunged him into the water, then drew him up and lowered him down again. Now it was hard winter weather, and Kamar al-Zaman ceased not to plunge the eunuch into the water and pull him up again and douse him and haul him whilst he screamed and called for help; and the Prince kept on saying "By Allah, O damned one, I will not draw thee up out of this well till thou tell me and fully acquaint me with the story of the young lady and who it was took her away, whilst I slept."—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the One and Eighty-seventh Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Kamar al-Zaman said to the eunuch, "By Allah! I will not draw thee up out of this well until thou tell me the story of the young lady and who it was took her away whilst I slept." Answered the eunuch, after he had seen death staring him in the face; "O my lord, let me go and I will relate to thee the truth and the whole tale." So Kamar al-Zaman pulled him up out of the well, all but dead for suffering, what with cold and the pain of dipping and dousing, drubbing and dread of drowning. He shook like cane in hurricane, his teeth were clenched as by cramp and his clothes were drenched and his body befouled and torn by the rough sides of the well: briefly he was in a sad pickle. Now when Kamar al-Zaman saw him in this sorry plight, he was concerned for him; but, as soon as the eunuch found himself on the floor, he said to him, "O my lord, let me go and doff my clothes and wring them out and spread them in the sun to dry, and don others; after which I will return to thee forthwith and tell thee the truth of the matter." Answered the Prince, "O rascal slave! hadst thou not seen death face to face, never hadst thou confessed to fact nor told me a word; but go now and do thy will, and then come back to me at once and tell me the truth." Thereupon the eunuch went out, hardly crediting his escape, and ceased not running, stumbling and rising in his haste, till he came in to King Shahrman, whom he found sitting at talk with his Wazir of Kamar al-Zaman's case. The King was saying to the Minister, "I slept not last night, for anxiety concerning my son, Kamar al-Zaman and indeed I fear lest some harm befall him in that old tower. What good was there in imprisoning him?" Answered the Wazir, "Have no care for him. By Allah, no harm will befall him! None at all! Leave him in prison for a month till his temper yield and his spirit be broken and he return to his senses." As the two spoke behold, up rushed the eunuch, in the aforesaid plight, making to the King who was troubled at sight of him; and he cried "O our lord the Sultan! Verily, thy son's wits are fled and he hath gone mad, he hath dealt with me thus and thus, so that I am become as thou seest me, and he kept saying,

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'A young lady lay with me this night and stole away secretly whilst I slept. Where is she?' And he insisteth on my letting him know where she is and on my telling him who took her away. But I have seen neither girl nor boy: the door was locked all through the night, for I slept before it with the key under my head, and I opened to him in the morning with my own hand. When King Shahrman heard this, he cried out, saying, "Alas, my son!," and he was enraged with sore rage against the Wazir, who had been the cause of all this case and said to him, "Go up, bring me news of my son and see what hath befallen his mind." So the Wazir rose and, stumbling over his long skirts, in his fear of the King's wrath, hastened with the slave to the tower. Now the sun had risen and when the Minister came in to Kamar al-Zaman, he found him sitting on the couch reciting the Koran; so he saluted him and seated himself by his side, and said to him, "O my lord, this wretched eunuch brought us tidings which troubled and alarmed us and which incensed the King." Asked Kamar al-Zaman, "And what hath he told you of me to trouble my father? In good sooth he hath troubled none but me." Answered the Wazir, "He came to us in fulsome state and told us of thee a thing which Heaven forbiddeth; and the slave added a lie which it becometh not to repeat, Allah preserve thy youth and sound sense and tongue of eloquence, and forbid to come from thee aught of offense!" Quoth the Prince, "O Wazir, and what thing did this pestilent slave say of me?" The Minister replied, "He told us that thy wits had taken leave of thee and thou wouldst have it that a young lady lay with thee last night, and thou wast instant with him to tell thee whither she went and thou diddest torture him to that end." But when Kamar al-Zaman heard these words, he was enraged with sore rage and he said to the Wazir, "'Tis manifest to me in very deed that you people taught the eunuch to do as he did."— And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Eighty-eighth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Kamar al-Zaman heard the words of the Wazir he was enraged with sore rage and said to him, "'Tis manifest to me in very deed that you people taught the eunuch to do as he did and forbade him to tell me what became of the young lady who lay with me last night. But thou, O Wazir, art cleverer than the eunuch, so do thou tell me without stay or delay, whither went the young lady who slept on my bosom last night; for it was you who sent her and bade her steep in my embrace and we lay together till dawn; but, when I awoke, I found her not. So where is she now?" Said the Wazir, "O my lord Kamar al-Zaman, Allah's name encompass thee about! By the Almighty, we sent none to thee last night, but thou layest alone, with the door locked on thee and the eunuch sleeping behind it, nor did there come to thee young lady or any other. Regain thy reason,

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O my lord, and stablish thy senses and occupy not thy mind with vanities.” Rejoined Kamar al-Zaman who was incensed at his words, “O Wazir, the young lady in question is my beloved, the fair one with the black eyes and rosy cheeks, whom I held in my arms all last night.” So the Minister wondered at his words and asked him, “Didst thou see this damsel last night with shine own eyes on wake or in sleep?” Answered Kamar al-Zaman, “O ill-omened old man, dost thou fancy I saw her with my ears? Indeed, I saw her with my very eyes and awake, and I touched her with my hand, and I watched by her full half the night, feeding my vision on her beauty and loveliness and grace and tempting looks. But you had schooled her and charged her to speak no word to me; so she feigned sleep and I lay by her side till dawn, when I awoke and found her gone.” Rejoined the Wazir, “O my lord Kamar al-Zaman, haply thou sawest this in thy sleep; it must have been a delusion of dreams or a deception caused by eating various kinds of food, or a suggestion of the accursed devils.” Cried the Prince, “O pestilent old man! wilt thou too make a mock of me and tell me this was haply a delusion of dreams, when that eunuch confessed to the young lady, saying, ‘At once I will return to thee and tell thee all about her?’” With these words, he sprang up and rushed at the Wazir and gripped hold of his beard (which was long[FN#273]) and, after gripping it, he twisted his hand in it and haling him off the couch, threw him on the floor. It seemed to the Minister as though his soul departed his body for the violent plucking at his beard; and Kamar al-Zaman ceased not kicking the Wazir and basting his breast and ribs and cuffing him with open hand on the nape of his neck till he had well-nigh beaten him to death. Then said the old man in his mind, “Just as the eunuch-slave saved his life from this lunatic youth by telling him a lie, thus it is even fitter that I do likewise; else he will destroy me. So now for my lie to save myself, he being mad beyond a doubt.” Then he turned to Kamar al-Zaman and said, “O my lord, pardon me; for indeed thy father charged me to conceal from thee this affair of the young lady; but now I am weak and weary and wounded with funding; for I am an old man and lack strength and bottom to endure blows. Have, therefore, a little patience with me and I will tell thee all and acquaint thee with the story of the young woman.” When the Prince heard this, he left off drubbing him and said, “Wherefore couldst thou not tell me the tale until after shame and blows? Rise now, unlucky old man that thou art, and tell me her story.” Quoth the Wazir, “Say, dost thou ask of the young lady with the fair face and perfect form?” Quoth Kamar al-Zaman, “Even so! Tell me, O Wazir, who it was that led her to me and laid her by my side, and who was it that took her away from me by night; and let me know forthright whither she is gone, that I myself may go to her at once. If my father

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did this deed to me that he might try me by means of that beautiful girl, with a view to our marriage, I consent to wed her and free myself of this trouble; for he did all these dealings with me only because I refused wedlock. But now I consent and I say again, I consent to matrimony: so tell this to my father, O Wazir, and advise him to marry me to that young lady; for I will have none other and my heart loveth none save her alone. Now rise up at once and haste thee to my father and counsel him to hurry on our wedding and bring me his answer within this very hour.” Rejoined the Wazir, “’Tis well!” and went forth from him, hardly believing himself out of his hands. Then he set off from the tower, walking and tripping up as he went, for excess of fright and agitation, and he ceased not hurrying till he came in to King Shahriman.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Eighty-ninth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Wazir, fared forth from the tower, and ceased not running till he came in to King Shahriman, who said to him as he sighted him, “O thou Wazir, what man hath brought thee to grief and whose mischief hath treated thee in way unlied; how happeneth it that I see thee dumb foundered and coming to me thus astounded?” Replied the Wazir, “O King! I bring thee good news.” “And what is it?” quoth Shahriman, and quoth the Wazir, “Know that thy son Kamar al-Zaman’s wits are clean gone and that he hath become stark mad.” Now when the King heard these words of the Minister, light became darkness in his sight and he said, “O Wazir, make clear to me the nature of his madness.” Answered the Wazir, “O my lord, I hear and I obey.” Then he told him that such and such had passed and acquainted him with all that his son had done; whereupon the King said to him, “Hear, O Wazir, the good tidings which I give thee in return for this thy fair news of my son’s insanity; and it shall be the cutting off of thy head and the forfeiture of my favour, O most ill-omened of Wazirs and foulest of Emirs! for I feel that thou hast caused my son’s disorder by the wicked advice and the sinister counsel thou hast given me first and last. By Allah, if aught of mischief or madness have befallen my son I will most assuredly nail thee upon the palace dome and make thee drain the bitterest draught of death!” Then he sprang up and, taking the Wazir, with him, fared straight for the tower and entered it. And when Kamar al-Zaman saw the two, he rose to his father in haste from the couch whereon he sat and kissing his hands drew back and hung down his head and stood before him with his arms behind him, and thus remained for a full hour. Then he raised his head towards his sire; the tears gushed from his eyes and streamed down his cheeks and he began repeating,

“Forgive the sin ’neath which my limbs are trembling,
For the slave seeks for mercy from his master;
I’ve done a fault, which calls for free confession,
Where shall it call for mercy, and forgiveness?”[FN#274]

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When the King heard this, he arose and embraced his son, and kissing him between the eyes, made him sit by his side on the couch; then he turned to the Wazir, and, looking on him with eyes of wrath, said, "O dog of Wazirs, how didst thou say of my son such and such things and make my heart quake for him?" Then he turned to the Prince and said, "O my son, what is to-day called?" He answered, "O my father, this day is the Sabbath, and to morrow is First day: then come Second day, Third, Fourth, Fifth day and lastly Friday." [FN#275] Exclaimed the King, "O my son, O Kamar al-Zaman, praised be Allah for the preservation of thy reason! What is the present month called in our Arabic?" "Zu'l Ka'adah," answered Kamar al-Zaman, "and it is followed by Zu'l hijjah; then cometh Muharram, then Safar, then Rabi'a the First and Rabi'a the Second, the two Jamadas, Rajab, Sha'aban, Ramazan and Shawwal." At this the King rejoiced exceedingly and spat in the Wazir's face, saying, "O wicked old man, how canst thou say that my son is mad? And now none is mad but thou." Hereupon the Minister shook his head and would have spoken, but bethought himself to wait awhile and see what might next befall. Then the King said to his child, "O my son, what words be these thou saddest to the eunuch and the Wazir, declaring, 'I was sleeping with a fair damsel this night?' [FN#276] What damsel is this of whom thou speakest?" Then Kamar al-Zaman laughed at his father's words and replied, "O my father, know that I can bear no more jesting; so add me not another mock or even a single word on the matter, for my temper hath waxed short by that you have done with me. And know, O my father, with assured knowledge, that I consent to marry, but on condition that thou give me to wife her who lay by my side this night; for I am certain it was thou sentest her to me and madest me in love with her and then despatchedst a message to her before the dawn and tookest her away from beside me." Rejoined the King, "The name of Allah encompass thee about, O my son, and be thy wit preserved from witlessness!"—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Ninetieth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that quoth King Shahrman to his son Kamar al-Zaman, "The name of Allah encompass thee about, O my son, and be thy wit preserved from witlessness! What thing be this young lady whom thou fanciest I sent to thee last night and then again that I sent to withdraw her from thee before dawn? By the Lord, O my son, I know nothing of this affair, and Allah upon thee, tell me if it be a delusion of dreaming or a deception caused by indisposition. For verily thou layest down to sleep last night with thy mind occupied anent marriage and troubled with the talk of it (Allah damn marriage and the hour when I spake of it and curse him who counselled it!); and without doubt or diffidence I can say that being moved in mind by the mention

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of wedlock thou dreamedst that a handsome young lady embraced thee and didst fancy thou sawest her when awake. But all this, O my son, is but an imbroglio of dreams.” Replied Kamar al-Zaman, “Leave this talk and swear to me by Allah, the All creator, the Omniscient; the Humbler of the tyrant Caesars and the Destroyer of the Chosroes, that thou knowest naught of the young lady nor of her waning-place.” Quoth the King, “By the Might of Allah Almighty, the God of Moses and Abraham, I know naught of all this and never even heard of it; it is assuredly a delusion of dreams thou hast seen in sleep.’ Then the Prince replied to his sire, “I will give thee a self evident proof that it happened to me when on wake.”—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Ninety-first Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Kamar al Zamar said to his sire, “I will give thee a self-evident proof that this happened to me when on wake. Now let me ask thee, did it ever befall any man to dream that he was battling a sore battle and after to awake from sleep and find in his hand a sword-blade besmeared with blood? Answered the King, “No, by Allah, O my son, this hath never been.” Rejoined Kamar al-Zaman, “I will tell thee what happened to me and it was this. Meseemed I awoke from sleep in the middle of the past night and found a girl lying by my side, whose form was like mine and whose favour was as mine. I embraced her and turned her about with my hand and took her seal-ring, which I put on my finger, and she pulled off my ring and put it on hers. Then I went to sleep by her side, but refrained from her for shame of thee, deeming that thou hadst sent her to me, intending to tempt me with her and incline me to marriage, and suspecting thee to be hidden somewhere whence thou couldst see what I did with her. And I was ashamed even to kiss her on the mouth for thy account, thinking over this temptation to wedlock; and, when I awoke at point of day, I found no trace of her, nor could I come at any news of her, and there befel me what thou knowest of with the eunuch and with the Wazir. How then can this case have been a dream and a delusion, when the ring is a reality? Save for her ring on my finger I should indeed have deemed it a dream; but here is the ring on my little finger: look at it, O King, and see what is its worth.” So saying he handed the ring to his father, who examined it and turned it over, then looked to his son and said, “Verily, there is in this ring some mighty mystery and some strange secret. What befel thee last night with the girl is indeed a hard nut to crack, and I know not how intruded upon us this intruder. None is the cause of all this posher save the Wazir; but, Allah upon thee, O my son, take patience, so haply the Lord may turn to gladness this thy grief and to thy sadness bring complete relief: as quoth one of the poets,

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'Haply shall Fortune draw her rein, and bring *
Fair chance, for she is changeful, jealous, vain:
Still I may woo my want and wishes win, *
And see on heels of care unfair, the fain.'

And now, O my son, I am certified at this hour that thou art not mad; but thy case is a strange one which none can clear up for thee save the Almighty." Cried the Prince, "By Allah, O my father, deal kindly with me and seek out this young lady and hasten her coming to me; else I shall die of woe and of my death shall no one know." Then he betrayed the ardour of his passion; and turned towards his father and repeated these two couplets,

"If your promise of personal call prove untrue, *
Deign in vision to grant me an interview:
Quoth they, 'How can phantom[FN#277] appear to the sight *
Of a youth, whose sight is fordone, perdue?"

Then, after ending his poetry, Kamar al-Zaman again turned to his father, with submission and despondency, and shedding tears in flood, began repeating these lines. —And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Ninety-second Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Kamar al-Zaman had repeated to his father these verses, he wept and complained and groaned from a wounded heart; and added these lines,

"Beware that eye glance which hath magic might; *
Wherever turn those orbs it bars our flight:
Nor be deceived by low sweet voice, that breeds *
A fever festering in the heart and sprite:
So soft that silky skin, were rose to touch it *
She'd cry and tear-drops rain for pain and fright:
Did Zephyr e'en in sleep pass o'er her land, *
Scented he'd choose to dwell in scented site:
Her necklets vie with tinkling of her belt; *
Her wrists strike either wristlet dumb with spite:
When would her bangles buss those rings in ear, *
Upon the lover's eyne high mysteries 'light:
I'm blamed for love of her, nor pardon claim; *
Eyes are not profiting which lack foresight:
Heaven strip thee, blamer mine! unjust art thou; *
Before this fawn must every eye low bow."[FN#278]



After which he said, "By Allah, O my father, I cannot endure to be parted from her even for an hour." The King smote hand upon hand and exclaimed, "There is no Majesty and there is no Might save in Allah, the Glorious, the Great! No cunning contrivance can profit us in this affair." Then he took his son by the hand and carried him to the palace, where Kamar al-Zaman lay down on the bed of languor and the King sat at his head, weeping and mourning over him and leaving him not, night or day, till at last the Wazir came in to him and said, "O King of the age and the time, how long wilt thou remain shut up with thy son and hide thyself from thy troops. Haply, the order of thy realm may be deranged, by

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reason of shine absence from thy Grandees and Officers of State. It behoveth the man of understanding, if he have various wounds in his body, to apply him first to medicine the most dangerous; so it is my counsel to thee that thou remove thy son from this place to the pavilion which is in the palace overlooking the sea; and shut thyself up with him there, setting apart in every week two days, Thursday and Monday, for state receptions and progresses and reviews. On these days let shine Emirs and Wazirs and Chamberlains and Viceroys and high Officials and Grandees of the realm and the rest of the levies and the lieges have access to thee and submit their affairs to thee; and do thou their needs and judge among them and give and take with them and bid and forbid. And the rest of the week thou shalt pass with thy son, Kamar al-Zaman, and cease not thus doing till Allah shall vouchsafe relief to you twain. Think not, O King, that thou art safe from the shifts of Time and the strokes of Change which come like a traveller in the night; for the wise man is ever on his guard and how well saith the poet,

'Thou deemedst well of Time when days went well, *
And fearedst not what ills might bring thee Fate:
The Nights so fair and restful cozened thee, *
For peaceful Nights bring woes of heavy weight.
Oh children of mankind whom Time befriends, *
Beware of Time's deceits or soon or late!'"[FN#279]

When the Sultan heard his Wazir's words he saw that they were right and deemed his counsel wise, and it had effect upon him for he feared lest the order of the state be deranged; so he rose at once and bade transport his son from his sick room to the pavilion in the palace overlooking the sea. Now this palace was girt round by the waters and was approached by a causeway twenty cubits wide. It had windows on all sides commanding an ocean-view; its floor was paved with parti-coloured marbles and its ceiling was painted in the richest pigments and figured with gold and lapis-lazuli. They furnished it for Kamar al-Zaman with splendid upholstery, embroidered rugs and carpets of the richest silk; and they clothed the walls with choice brocades and hung curtains bespangled with gems of price. In the midst they set him a couch of juniper[FN#280]-wood inlaid with pearls and jewels, and Kamar al-Zaman sat down thereon, but the excess of his concern and passion for the young lady had wasted his charms and emaciated his body; he could neither eat nor drink nor sleep; and he was like a man who had been sick twenty years of sore sickness. His father seated himself at his head, grieving for him with the deepest grief, and every Monday and Thursday he gave his Wazirs and Emirs and Chamberlains and Viceroys and Lords of the realm and levies and the rest of his lieges leave to come up to him in that pavilion. So they entered and did their several service and duties and abode with him till the end of the day, when they went their

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ways and the King returned to his son in the pavilion whom he left not night nor day; and he ceased not doing on this wise for many days and nights. Such was the case with Kamar al-Zaman, son of King Shahrman; but as regards Princess Budur, daughter of King Ghayur, Lord of the Isles and the Seven Palaces, when the two Jinns bore her up and laid her on her bed, she slept till daybreak, when she awoke and sitting upright looked right and left, but saw not the youth who had lain in her bosom. At this her vitals fluttered, her reason fled and she shrieked a loud shriek which awoke all her slave girls and nurses and duennas. They flocked in to her; and the chief of them came forward and asked, "What aileth thee, O my lady?" Answered the Princess, "O wretched old woman, where is my beloved, the handsome youth who lay last night in my bosom? Tell me whither he is gone." Now when the duenna heard this, the light starkened in her sight and she feared from her mischief with sore affright, and said to her, "O my Lady Budur, what unseemly words are these?" Cried the Princess, "Woe to thee pestilent crone that thou art! I ask thee again where is my beloved, the goodly youth with the shining face and the slender form, the jetty eyes and the joined eyebrows, who lay with me last night from supper-tide until near daybreak?" She rejoined "By Allah, O my lady, I have seen no young man nor any other. I conjure thee, carry not this unseemly jest too far lest we all lose our lives; for perhaps the joke may come to thy father's ears and who shall then deliver us from his hand?"—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Ninety-third Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the duenna bespake the Lady Budur in these words, "Allah upon thee, O my lady! carry not this unseemly jest too far; for perhaps it may come to thy father's ears, and who shall then deliver us from his hand?" The Princess rejoined, "In very sooth a youth lay with me last night, one of the fairest-faced of men." Exclaimed the duenna, "Heaven preserve thy reason! indeed no one lay with thee last night." Thereupon the Princess looked at her hand and, finding Kamar al-Zaman's seal-ring on her finger in stead of her own, said to her, "Woe to thee, thou accursed! thou traitress! wilt thou lie to me and tell me that none lay with me last night and swear to me a falsehood in the name of the Lord?" Replied the duenna, "By Allah, I do not lie to thee nor have I sworn falsely." Then the Princess was incensed by her words and, drawing a sword she had by her, she smote the old woman with it and slew her;[FN#281] whereupon the eunuch and the waiting-women and the concubines cried out at her, and ran to her father and, without stay or delay, acquainted him with her case. So the King went to her, and asked her, "O my daughter, what aileth thee?"; and she answered, "O my father, where is the youth

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who lay with me last night?" Then her reason fled from her head and she cast her eyes right and left and rent her raiment even to the skirt. When her sire saw this, he bade the women lay hands on her; so they seized her and manacled her, then putting a chain of iron about her neck, made her fast to one of the palace-windows and there left her. [FN#282] Thus far concerning Princess Budur; but as regards her father, King Ghayur, the world was straitened upon him when he saw what had befallen his daughter, for that he loved her and her case was not a little grievous to him. So he summoned on it the doctors and astrologers and men skilled in talisman-writing and said to them, "Whoso healeth my daughter of what ill she hath, I will marry him to her and give him half of my kingdom; but whoso cometh to her and cureth her not, I will strike off his head and hang it over her palace-gate." Accordingly, all who went in to her, but failed to heal her, he beheaded and hung their heads over the palace-gates, till he had beheaded on her account forty doctors and crucified forty astrologers; wherefor the general held aloof from her, all the physicians having failed to medicine her malady; and her case was a puzzle to the men of science and the adepts in cabalistic characters. And as her longing and passion redoubled and love and distraction were sore upon her, she poured forth tears and repeated these couplets,

"My fondness, O my moon, for thee my foeman is, *
And to thy comradeship the nights my thought compel:
In gloom I bide with fire that flames below my ribs, *
Whose lowe I make comparison with heat of Hell:
I'm plagued with sorest stress of pine and ecstasy; *
Nor clearest noon tide can that horrid pain dispel."

Then she sighed and repeated these also,

"Salams fro' me to friends in every stead; *
Indeed to all dear friends do I incline:
Salams, but not salams that bid adieu; *
Salams that growth of good for you design:
I love you dear, indeed, nor less your land, *
But bide I far from every need of mine!"

And when the Lady Budur ceased repeating her poetry, she wept till her eyes waxed sore and her cheeks changed form and hue, and in this condition she continued three years. Now she had a foster-brother, by name Marzawan,[FN#283] who was travelling in far lands and absent from her the whole of this time. He loved her with an exceeding love, passing the love of brothers; so when he came back he went in to his mother and asked for his sister, the Princess Budur. She answered him, "O my son, thy sister hath been smitten with madness and hath passed these three years with a chain of iron about her neck; and all the physicians and men of science have failed of healing her."

When Marzawan heard these words he said, "I must needs go in to her; peradventure I may discover what she hath, and be able to medicine her;" and his mother replied, "Needs must

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thou visit her, but wait till to morrow, that I may contrive some thing to suit thy case.” Then she went a-foot to the palace of the Lady Budur and, accosting the eunuch in charge of the gates, made him a present and said to him, “I have a daughter, who was brought up with thy mistress and since then I married her; and, when that befel the Princess which befel her, she became troubled and sore concerned, and I desire of thy favour that my daughter may go in to her for an hour and look on her; and then return whence she came, so shall none know of it.” Quoth the eunuch, “This may not be except by night, after the King hath visited his child and gone away; then come thou and thy daughter.” So she kissed the eunuch’s hand and, returning home, waited till the morrow at nightfall; and when it was time she arose and sought her son Marzawan and attired him in woman’s apparel; then, taking his hand in hers, led him towards the palace, and ceased not walking with him till she came upon the eunuch after the Sultan had ended his visit to the Princess. Now when the eunuch saw her, he rose to her, and said, “Enter, but do not prolong thy stay!” So they went in and when Marzawan beheld the Lady Budur in the aforesaid plight, he saluted her, after his mother had doffed his woman’s garb: then he took out of their satchel books he had brought with him; and, lighting a wax-candle, he began to recite certain conjurations Thereupon the Princess looked at him and recognising him, said, “O my brother, thou hast been absent on thy travels’ and thy news have been cut off from us.” He replied, “True! but Allah hath brought me back safe and sound, I am now minded to set out again nor hath aught delayed me but the news I hear of thee; wherefore my heart burned for thee and I came to thee, so haply I may free thee of thy malady.” She rejoined, O my brother, thinkest thou it is madness aileth me?” “Yes.” answered he, and she said, “Not so, by Allah! ’tis even as saith the poet,

’Quoth they ‘Thou rav’st on him thou lov’st’: quoth I, *
 ‘The sweets of love are only for th’ insane!’
Love never maketh Time his friend befriend; *
 Only the Jinn-struck wight such boon can gain:
Well! yes, I’m mad: bring him who madded me *
 And, if he cure m: madness, blame restrain!”

Then she let Marzawan know that she was love-daft and he said “Tell me concerning thy tale and what befel thee: haply there may be in my hand something which shall be a means of deliverance for thee.”—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of da, and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Ninety-fourth Night,

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She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Marzawar thus addressed Princess Budur, "Tell me concerning thy tale and what befel thee: haply Allah may inspire me with a means of deliverance for thee." Quoth she, "O my brother, hear my story which is this. One night I awoke from sleep, in the last third of the night[FN#284] and, sitting up, saw by my side the handsomest of youths that be, and tongue faileth to describe him, for he was as a willow-wand or an Indian rattan-cane. So methought it was my father who had done on this wise in order thereby to try me, for that he had consulted me concerning wedlock, when the Kings sought me of him to wife, and I had refused. It was this though withheld me from arousing him, for I feared that, if I did aught of embraced him, he would peradventure inform my father of m, doings. But in the morning, I found on my finger his seal-ring, in place of my own which he had taken. And, O my brother, m, heart was seized with love of him at first sight; and, for the violence of my passion and longing, I have never savoured the taste of sleep and have no occupation save weeping alway and repeating verses night and day. And this, O my brother, is my story and the cause of my madness." Then she poured forth tears and repeated these couplets,

"Now Love hast banished all that bred delight; *
With that heart-nibbling fawn my joys took flight:
Lightest of trifles lover's blood to him *
Who wastes the vitals of the hapless wight!
For him I'm jealous of my sight and thought; *
My heart acts spy upon my thought and sight:
Those long-lashed eyelids rain on me their shafts *
Guileful, destroying hearts where'er they light:
Now, while my portion in the world endures, *
Shall I behold him ere I quit world-site?
What bear I for his sake I'd hide, but tears *
Betray my feelings to the spy's despight.
When near, our union seemeth ever far; *
When far, my thoughts to him aye nearest are."

And presently she continued, "See then, O my brother, how thou mayest aid me in mine affliction." So Marzawan bowed his head ground-wards awhile, wondering and not knowing what to do, then he raised it and said to her, "All thou hast spoken to me I hold to be true, though the case of the young man pass my understanding: but I will go round about all lands and will seek for what may heal thee; haply Allah shall appoint thy healing to be at my hand. Meanwhile, take patience and be not disquieted." Thereupon Marzawan farewelled her, praying that she might be constant and left her repeating these couplets,

"Thine image ever companies my sprite, *
For all thou'rt distant from the pilgrim's sight:
But my heart-wishes e'er attract thee near: *

What is the lightning's speed to Thought's swift flight?
Then go not thou, my very light of eyes *
Which, when thou'rt gone, lack all the Kohl of light."

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Then Marzawan returned to his mother's house, where he passed the night. And when the morrow dawned, having equipped himself for his journey, he fared forth and ceased not faring from city to city and from island to island for a whole month, till he came to a town named Al-Tayrab.[FN#285] Here he went about scenting news of the townsfolk, so haply he might light on a cure for the Princess's malady, for in every capital he entered or passed by, it was reported that Queen Budur, daughter of King Ghayur, had lost her wits. But arriving at Al-Tayrab city, he heard that Kamar al-Zaman, son of King Shahrman, was fallen sick and afflicted with melancholy madness. So Marzawan asked the name of the Prince's capital and they said to him, "It is on the Islands of Khalidan and it lieth distant from our city a whole month's journey by sea, but by land it is six months' march." So he went down to the sea in a ship which was bound for the Khalidan Isles, and she sailed with a favouring breeze for a whole month, till they came in sight of the capital; and there remained for them but to make the land when, behold, there came out on them a tempestuous wind which carried away the masts and rent the canvas, so that the sails fell into the sea and the ship capsized, with all on board,—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Ninety-fifth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the ship capsized with all on board, each sought his own safety; and as for Marzawan the set of the sea carried him under the King's palace, wherein was Kamar al-Zaman. And by the decree of destiny it so happened that this was the day on which King Shahrman gave audience to his Grandees and high officers, and he was sitting, with his son's head on his lap, whilst an eunuch fanned away the flies; and the Prince had not spoken neither had he eaten nor drunk for two days, and he was grown thinner than a spindle.[FN#286] Now the Wazir was standing respectfully a-foot near the latticed window giving on the sea and, raising his eyes, saw Marzawan being beaten by the billows and at his last gasp; whereupon his heart was moved to pity for him, so he drew near to the King and moving his head towards him said, "I crave thy leave, O King, to go down to the court of the pavilion and open the water-gate that I may rescue a man who is at the point of drowning in the sea and bring him forth of danger into deliverance; peradventure, on this account Allah may free thy son from what he hath!" The King replied, "O thou Wazir, enough is that which hath befallen my son through thee and on shine account. Haply, if thou rescue this drowning man, he will come to know our affairs, and look on my son who is in this state and exult over me; but I swear by Allah, that if this half-drowned wretch come hither and learn our condition and look upon my son and then fare forth and speak of our secrets to any, I will

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assuredly strike off thy head before his; for thou, O my Minister art the cause of all that hath betided us, first and last. Now do as thou wilt." Thereupon the Wazir sprang up and, opening the private pastern which gave upon the sea, descended to the causeway; then walked on twenty steps and came to the water where he saw Marzawan nigh unto death. So he put out his hand to him and, catching him by his hair, drew him ashore in a state of insensibility, with belly full of water and eyes half out of his head. The Wazir waited till he came to himself, when he pulled off his wet clothes and clad him in a fresh suit, covering his head with one of his servants' turbands; after which he said to him, Know that I have been the means of saving thee from drowning: do not thou requite me by causing my death and shine own."□And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Ninety-sixth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the Wazir did to Marzawan what he did, he thus addressed him Know that I have been the cause of saving thee from drowning so requite me not by causing my death and shine own." Asked Marzawan, And how so?"; and the Wazir answered, "Thou art at this hour about to go up and pass among Emirs and Wazirs all of them silent and none speaking, because of Kamar al-Zaman the son of the Sultan." Now when Marzawan heard the name of Kamar al-Zaman, he knew that this was he whom he had heard spoken of in sundry cities and of whom he came in search, but he feigned ignorance and asked the Wazir, "And who is Kamar al-Zaman? Answered the Minister, "He is the son of Sultan Shahrman and he is sore sick and lieth strown on his couch restless alway, eating not nor drinking neither sleeping night or day; indeed he is nigh upon death and we have lost hope of his living and are certain that he is dying. Beware lest thou look too long on him, or thou look on any other than that where thou settest thy feet: else thou art a lost man, and I also." He replied, "Allah upon thee, O Wazir, I implore thee, of thy favour, acquaint me touching this youth thou describest, what is the cause of the condition in which he is." The Wazir replied, "I know none, save that, three years ago, his father required him to wed, but he refused; whereat the King was wroth and imprisoned him. And when he awoke on the morrow, he fancied that during the night he had been roused from sleep and had seen by his side a young lady of passing loveliness, whose charms tongue can never express; and he assured us that he had plucked off her seal-ring from her finger and had put it on his own and that she had done likewise; but we know not the secret of all this business. So by Allah, O my son, when thou comest up with me into the palace, look not on the Prince, but go thy way; for the Sultan's heart is full of wrath against me." So said Marzawan to himself, "By Allah; this is the one

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I sought!" Then he followed the Wazir up to the palace, where the Minister seated himself at the Prince's feet; but Marzawan found forsooth nothing to do but go up to Kamar al-Zaman and stand before him at gaze. Upon this the Wazir, died of affright in his skin, and kept looking at Marzawan and signalling him to wend his way; but he feigned not to see him and gave not over gazing upon Kamar al-Zaman, till he was well assured that it was indeed he whom he was seeking,—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Ninety-seventh Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Marzawan looked upon Kamar al-Zaman and knew that it was indeed he whom he was seeking, he cried, "Exalted be Allah, Who hath made his shape even as her shape and his complexion as her complexion and his cheek as her cheek!" Upon this Kamar al-Zaman opened his eyes and gave earnest ear to his speech; and, when Marzawan saw him inclining to hear, he repeated these couplets[FN#287],

"I see thee full of song and plaint and love's own ecstasy; Delighting in describing all the charms of loveliness:

Art smit by stroke of Love or hath shaft-shot wounded thee? None save the wounded ever show such signals of distress!

Ho thou! crown the wine cup and sing me singular
Praises to Sulayma, Al-Rabab, Tan'oum address;[FN#288]

Go round the grape-vine sun[FN#289] which for mansion hath a jar;
Whose East the cup boy is, and here my mouth that opes for West.

I'm jealous of the very clothes that dare her sides enroll
When she veils her dainty body of the delicatest grace:

I envy every goblet of her lips that taketh toll
When she sets the kissing cup on that sweetest kissing-place.

But deem not by the keen-edged scymitar I'm slain—
The hurts and harms I dree are from arrows of her eyes.

I found her finger tips, as I met her once again,
Deep-reddened with the juice of the wood that ruddy dyes;[FN#290]

And cried, 'Thy palms thou stainedst when far away was I
And this is how thou payest one distracted by his pine!'



Quoth she (enkindling in my heart a flame that burned high Speaking as one who cannot hide of longing love the sign),

'By thy life, this is no dye used for dyeing; so forbear Thy blame, nor in charging me with falsing Love persist!

But when upon our parting-day I saw thee haste to fare, The while were bared my hand and my elbow and my wrist;

'I shed a flood of blood-red tears and with fingers brushed away;
Hence blood-reddened were the tips and still blood-red they
remain.'

Had I wept before she wept, to my longing-love a prey,
Before repentance came, I had quit my soul of pain;

But she wept before I wept and I wept to see her care
And I said, 'All the merit to precedent;'[FN#291]

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Blame me not for loving her, now on self of Love I swear
For her sake, for her only, these pains my soul torment.

She hath all the lere of Lukman[FN#292] and Yusuf's beauty lief;
Sweet singer David's voice and Maryam's chastity:

While I've all Jacob's mourning and Jonah's prison-grief,
And the sufferings of Job and old Adam's history:

Yet kill her not, albeit of my love for her I die;
But ask her why my blood to her was lawful. ask her why?"

When Marzawan recited this ode, the words fell upon Kamar al-Zaman's heart as freshness after fever and returning health; and he sighed and, turning his tongue in his mouth, said to his sire, "O my father, let this youth come and sit by my side."—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Ninety-eighth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Kamar al-Zaman said to his sire, "O my father, allow this youth to come and sit by my side." Now when the King heard these words from his son, he rejoiced with exceeding joy, though at the first his heart had been set against Marzawan and he had determined that the stranger's head needs must be stricken off: but when he heard Kamar al-Zaman speak, his anger left him and he arose and drawing Marzawan to him, seated him by his son and turning to him said, "Praised be Allah for thy safety!" He replied, "Allah preserve thee! and preserve thy son to thee!" and called down blessings on the King. Then the King asked, "From what country art thou?"; and he answered, "From the Islands of the Inland Sea, the kingdom of King Ghayur, Lord of the Isles and the Seas and the Seven Palaces." Quoth King Shahrman, "Maybe thy coming shall be blessed to my son and Allah vouchsafe to heal what is in him." Quoth Marzawan, "Inshallah, naught shall be save what shall be well!" Then turning to Kamar al-Zaman, he said to him in his ear unheard of the King and his court, 'O my lord! be of good cheer, and hearten thy heart and let shine eyes be cool and clear and, with respect to her for whose sake thou art thus, ask not of her case on shine account. But thou keptest thy secret and fellest sick, while she told her secret and they said she had gone mad; so she is now in prison, with an iron chain about her neck, in most piteous plight; but, Allah willing, the healing of both of you shall come from my hand." Now when Kamar al-Zaman heard these words, his life returned to him and he took heart and felt a thrill of joy and signed to his father to help him sit up; and the King was like to fly for gladness and rose hastily and lifted him up. Presently, of his fear for his son, he shook the kerchief of dismissal[FN#293]; and all the Emirs and Wazirs withdrew; then he set two pillows for his son to lean upon, after which he bade them perfume the palace with saffron and decorate the city, saying to Marzawan, "By Allah, O my son, of a

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truth shine aspect be a lucky and a blessed!" And he made as much of him as he might and called for food, and when they brought it, Marzawan came up to the Prince and said, "Rise, eat with me." So he obeyed him and ate with him, and all the while the King invoked blessings on Marzawan and said, "How auspicious is thy coming, O my son!" And when the father saw his boy eat, his joy and gladness redoubled, and he went out and told the Prince's mother and all the household. Then he spread throughout the palace the good news of the Prince's recovery and the King commanded the decoration of the city and it was a day of high festival. Marzawan passed that night with Kamar al-Zaman, and the King also slept with them in joy and delight for his son's recovery.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the One Hundred and Ninety-ninth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that King Shahrman also passed that night with them in the excess of his joy for his son's recovery. And when the next morning dawned, and the King had gone away and the two young men were left alone, Kamar al-Zaman told his story from beginning to end to Marzawan who said, "In very sooth I know her with whom thou didst foregather; her name is the Princess Budur and she is daughter to King Ghayur." Then he related to him all that had passed with the Princess from first to last and acquainted him with the excessive love she bore him, saying, "All that befel thee with thy father hath befallen her with hers, and thou art without doubt her beloved, even as she is shine; so brace up thy resolution and take heart, for I will bring thee to her and unite you both anon and deal with you even as saith the poet,

"Albe to lover adverse be his love, *
And show aversion howso may he care;
Yet will I manage that their persons[FN#294] meet, *
E'en as the pivot of a scissor pair."

And he ceased not to comfort and solace and encourage Kamar al-Zaman and urged him to eat and drink till he ate food and drank wine, and life returned to him and he was saved from his ill case; and Marzawan cheered him and diverted him with talk and songs and stories, and in good time he became free of his disorder and stood up and sought to go to the Hammam.[FN#295] So Marzawan took him by the hand and both went to the bath, where they washed their bodies and made them clean.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

When it was the Two Hundredth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Kamar al-Zaman, son of King Shahrman, went to the Hammam, his father in his joy at this event freed the

prisoners, and presented splendid dresses to his grandees and bestowed large alms-gifts upon the poor and bade decorate the city seven days. Then quoth Marzawan to Kamar al-Zaman, "Know, O my lord, that I came not from the Lady Budur save for this

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purpose, and the object of my journey was to deliver her from her present case; and it remaineth for us only to devise how we may get to her, since thy father cannot brook the thought of parting from thee. So it is my counsel that to-morrow thou ask his leave to go abroad hunting. Then do thou take with thee a pair of saddle-bags full of money and mount a swift steed, and lead a spare horse, and I will do the like, and say to thy sire, 'I have a mind to divert myself with hunting the desert and to see the open country and there to pass one night.' Suffer not any servant to follow us, for as soon as we reach the open country, we will go our ways." Kamar al-Zaman rejoiced in this plan with great joy and cried, "It is good." Then he stiffened his back and, going in to his father, sought his leave and spoke as he had been taught, and the King consented to his going forth a-hunting and said, "O my son, blessed be the day that restoreth thee to health! I will not gainsay thee in this; but pass not more than one night in the desert and return to me on the morrow; for thou knowest that life is not good to me without thee, and indeed I can hardly believe thee to be wholly recovered from what thou hadst,[FN#296] because thou art to me as he of whom quoth the poet,

'Albe by me I had through day and night *
Solomon's carpet and the Chosroes' might,
Both were in value less than wing of gnat, *
Unless these eyne could hold thee aye in sight.'"[FN#297]

Then the King equipped his son Kamar al-Zaman and Marzawan for the excursion, bidding make ready for them four horses, together with a dromedary to carry the money and a camel to bear the water and belly timber; and Kamar al-Zaman forbade any of his attendants to follow him. His father farewelled him and pressed him to his breast and kissed him, saying, "I ask thee in the name of Allah, be not absent from me more than one night, wherein sleep will be unlawful to me, for I am even as saith the poet,

'Thou present, in the Heaven of heavens I dwell; *
Bearing shine absence is of hells my Hell:
Pledged be for thee my soul! If love for thee *
Be crime, my crime is of the fellest fell.
Does love-lowe burn thy heart as burns it mine, *
Doomed night and day Gehenna-fire to smell?'"

Answered Kamar al-Zaman, "O my father, Inshallah, I will lie abroad but one night!" Then he took leave of him, and he and Marzawan mounted and leading the spare horses, the dromedary with the money and the camel with the water and victual, turned their faces towards the open country;—And Shahrazad perceived the dawning day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the Two Hundred and First Night,

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She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Kamar al-Zaman and Marzawan fared forth and turned their faces towards the open country; and they travelled from the first of the day till nightfall, when they halted and ate and drank and fed their beasts and rested awhile; after which they again took horse and ceased not journeying for three days, and on the fourth they came to a spacious tract wherein was a thicket. They alighted in it and Marzawan, taking the camel and one of the horses, slaughtered them and cut off their flesh and stripped their bones. Then he doffed from Kamar al-Zaman his shirt and trousers which he smeared with the horse's blood and he took the Prince's coat which he tore to shreds and befouled with gore; and he cast them down in the fork of the road. Then they ate and drank and mounting set forward again; and, when Kamar al-Zaman asked why this was done, and said, "What is this O my brother, and how shall it profit us?"; Marzawan replied, "Know that thy father, when we have outstayed the second night after the night for which we had his leave, and yet we return not, will mount and follow in our track till he come hither; and, when he happeneth upon this blood which I have spilt and he seeth thy shirt and trousers rent and gore-fouled, he will fancy that some accident befel thee from bandits or wild-beasts, so he will give up hope of thee and return to his city, and by this device we shall win our wishes." Quoth Kamar al-Zaman, "By Allah, this be indeed a rare device! Thou hast done right well." [FN#298] Then the two fared on days and nights and all that while Kamar al-Zaman did naught but complain when he found himself alone, and he ceased not weeping till they drew near their journeys end, when he rejoiced and repeated these verses,

"Wilt tyrant play with truest friend who thinks of thee each
hour, * And after showing love-desire betray indifference?
May I forfeit every favour if in love I falsed thee, *
If thee I left, abandon me by way of recompense:
But I've been guilty of no crime such harshness to deserve, *
And if I aught offended thee I bring my penitence;
Of Fortune's wonders one it is thou hast abandoned me, *
But Fortune never wearie of showing wonderments."

When he had made an end of his verses, Marzawan said to him, "Look! these be King Ghayur's Islands;" whereat Kamar al-Zaman joyed with exceeding joy and thanked him for what he had done, and kissed him between the eyes and strained him—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the Two Hundred and Second Night,

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She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Marzawan said “Look! these be the Islands of King Ghayur;” Kamar al-Zaman joyed with exceeding joy and thanked him for what he had done and kissed him between the eyes and strained him to his bosom. And after reaching the Islands and entering the city they took up their lodging in a khan, where they rested three days from the fatigues of their wayfare; after which Marzawan carried Kamar al-Zaman to the bath and, clothing him in merchant’s gear, provided him with a geomantic tablet of gold,[FN#299] with a set of astrological instruments and with an astrolabe of silver, plated with gold. Then he said to him, “Arise, O my lord, and take thy stand under the walls of the King’s palace and cry out, ‘I am the ready Reckoner; I am the Scrivener; I am he who weeteth the Sought and the Seeker; I am the finished man of Science; I am the Astrologer accomplished in experience! Where then is he that seeketh?’ As soon as the King heareth this, he will send after thee and carry thee in to his daughter the Princess Budur, thy lover; but when about going in to her do thou say to him, ‘Grant me three days’ delay, and if she recover, give her to me to wife; and if not, deal with me as thou dealest with those who forewent me.’ He will assuredly agree to this, so as soon as thou art alone with her, discover thyself to her; and when she seeth thee, she will recover strength and her madness will cease from her and she will be made whole in one night. Then do thou give her to eat and drink. and her father, rejoicing in her recovery, will marry thee to her and share his kingdom with thee; for he hath imposed on himself this condition and so peace be upon thee.” Now when Kamar al-Zaman heard these words he exclaimed, “May I never lack thy benefits!”, and, taking the set of instruments aforesaid, sallied forth from the caravanserai in the dress of his order. He walked on till he stood under the walls of King Ghayur’s palace, where he began to cry out, saying, “I am the Scribe, I am the ready Reckoner, I am he who knoweth the Sought and the Seeker; I am he who openeth the Volume and summeth up the Sums;[FN#300] who Dreams can expound whereby the sought is found! Where then is the seeker?” Now when the city people heard this, they flocked to him, for it was long since they had seen Scribe or Astrologer, and they stood round him and, looking upon him, they saw one in the prime of beauty and grace and perfect elegance, and they marvelled at his loveliness, and his fine stature and symmetry. Presently one of them accosted him and said, “Allah upon thee, O thou fair and young, with the eloquent tongue! incur not this affray; nor throw thy life away in thine ambition to marry the Princess Budur. Only cast shine eyes upon yonder heads hung up; all their owners have lost their lives in this same venture.” Yet Kamar al-Zaman paid no heed to them, but cried out at the top of his voice, saying, “I am the Doctor, the Scrivener! I am the Astrologer, the Calculator!” And all the townsfolk forbade him from this, but he regarded them not at all, saying in his mind, “None knoweth desire save whoso suffereth it.” Then he began again to cry his loudest, shouting, “I am the Scrivener, I am the Astrologer!”—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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When it was the Two Hundred and Third Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Kamar al-Zaman in no wise heeded the words of the citizens, but continued to cry out, "I am the Calculator! I am the Astrologer!" Thereupon all the townsfolk were wroth with him and said to him, "Thou art nothing but an imbecile, silly, self-willed lad! Have pity on shine own youth and tender years and beauty and loveliness." But he cried all the more, "I am the Astrologer, I am the Calculator! Is there any one that seeketh?" As he was thus crying and the people forbidding him, behold, King Ghayur heard his voice and the clamour of the lieges and said to his Wazir, "Go down and bring me yon Astrologer." So the Wazir, went down in haste, and taking Kamar al-Zaman from the midst of the crowd led him up to the King; and when in the presence he kissed the ground and began versifying,

"Eight glories meet, all, all conjoined in thee, *
Whereby may Fortune aye thy servant be:
Lere, lordliness, grace, generosity; *
Plain words, deep meaning, honour, victory!"

When the King looked upon him, he seated him by his side and said to him, "By Allah, O my son, an thou be not an astrologer, venture not thy life nor comply with my condition; for I have bound myself that whoso goeth in to my daughter and healeth her not of that which hath befallen her I will strike off his head; but whoso healeth her him I will marry to her. So let not thy beauty and loveliness delude thee: for, by Allah! and again, by Allah! If thou cure her not, I will assuredly cut off thy head." And Kamar al-Zaman replied, "This is thy right; and I consent, for I wot of this ere came I hither." Then King Ghayur took the Kazis to witness against him and delivered him to the eunuch, saying, "Carry this one to the Lady Budur." So the eunuch took him by the hand and led him along the passage; but Kamar al-Zaman outstripped him and pushed on before, whilst the eunuch ran after him, saying, "Woe to thee! Hasten not to shine own ruin: never yet saw I astrologer so eager for his proper destruction; but thou weetest not what calamities are before thee." Thereupon Kamar al-Zaman turned away his face from the eunuch,—And Shah razed perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the Two Hundred and Fourth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the eunuch thus addressed Kamar al-Zaman, "Patience, and no indecent hurry!"; the Prince turned away his face and began repeating these couplets,

"A Sage, I feel a fool before thy charms; *
Distracted, I wot not what the words I say:
If say I 'Sun,' away thou dost not pass *
From eyes of me, while suns go down with day:

Thou hast completed Beauty, in whose praise *
Speech-makers fail, and talkers lose their way."

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Then the eunuch stationed Kamar al-Zaman behind the curtain of the Princess's door and the Prince said to him, "Which of the two ways will please thee more, treat and cure thy lady from here or go in and heal her within the curtain?" The eunuch marvelled at his words and answered, "An thou heal her from here it were better proof of thy skill." Upon this Kamar al-Zaman sat down behind the curtain and, taking out ink case, pen and paper, wrote the following: "This is the writ of one whom passion swayeth,* and whom longing waylayeth * and wakeful misery slayeth * one who despaireth of living * and looketh for naught but dying * with whose mourning heart * nor comforter nor helper taketh part * One whose sleepless eyes * none succoureth from anxieties * whose day is passed in fire * and his night in torturing desire * whose body is wasted for much emaciation * and no messenger from his beloved bringeth him consolation." And after this he indited the following couplets,

"I write with heart devoted to thy thought, *
And eyelids chafed by tears of blood they bled;
And body clad, by loving pine and pain, *
In shirt of leanness, and worn down to thread,
To thee complain I of Love's tormentry, *
Which ousted hapless Patience from her stead:
A toi! show favour and some mercy deign, *
For Passion's cruel hands my vitals shred."

And beneath his lines he wrote these cadenced sentences, "The heart's pain is removed * by union with the beloved * and whomso his lover paineth * only Allah assaineth! * If we or you have wrought deceit * may the deceiver win defeat! * There is naught goodlier than a lover who keeps faith * with the beloved who works him scathe." Then, by way of subscription, he wrote, "From the distracted and despairing man * whom love and longing trepan * from the lover under passion's ban * the prisoner of transport and distraction * from this Kamar al-Zaman * son of Shahrman * to the peerless one * of the fair Houris the pearl-union * to the Lady Budur * daughter of King Al Ghayur * Know thou that by night I am sleepless * and by day in distress * consumed with increasing wasting and pain * and longing and love unfain * abounding in sighs * with tear flooded eyes * by passion captive ta'en * of Desire the slain * with heart seared by the parting of us twain * the debtor of longing bane, of sickness cup-companion * I am the sleepless one, who never closeth eye * the slave of love, whose tears run never dry * for the fire of my heart is still burning * and never hidden is the flame of my yearning." Then on the margin Kamar al-Zaman wrote this admired verse,

"Salem from graces hoarded by my Lord *
To her, who holds my heart and soul in hoard!"

And also these,

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“Pray’ee grant me some words from your lips, belike *
Such mercy may comfort and cool these eyne:
From the stress of my love and my pine for you, *
I make light of what makes me despised, indign:
Allah guard a folk whose abode was far, *
And whose secret I kept in the holiest shrine:
Now Fortune in kindness hath favoured me *
Thrown on threshold dust of this love o’ mine:
By me bedded I looked on Budur, whose sun *
The moon of my fortunes hath made to shine.”

Then, having affixed his seal-ring to the missive, he wrote these couplets in the place of address,

“Ask of my writ what wrote my pen in dole, *
And hear my tale of misery from this scroll;
My hand is writing while my tears down flow, *
And to the paper ’plains my longing soul:
My tears cease not to roll upon this sheet, *
And if they stopped I’d cause blood-gouts to roll.”

And at the end he added this other verse,

“I’ve sent the ring from off thy finger bore *
I when we met, now deign my ring restore!”

Then Kamar al-Zaman set the Lady Budur’s ring inside the letter and sealed it and gave it to the eunuch, who took it and went in with it to his mistress.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

When it was the Two Hundred and Fifth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Kamar al-Zaman, after setting the seal-ring inside the epistle, gave it to the eunuch who took it and went in with it to his mistress; and, when the Lady Budur opened it, she found therein her own very ring. Then she read the paper and when she understood its purport and knew that it was from her beloved, and that he in person stood behind the curtain, her reason began to fly and her breast swelled for joy and rose high; and she repeated these couplets,

“Long, long have I bewailed the sev’rance of our loves, *
With tears that from my lids streamed down like burning
rain;
And vowed that, if the days deign reunite us two, *
My lips should never speak of severance again:



Joy hath o'erwhelmed me so that, for the very stress *
Of that which gladdens me to weeping I am fain.
Tears are become to you a habit, O my eyes, *
So that ye weep as well for gladness as for pain.”[FN#301]

And having finished her verse, the Lady Budur stood up forthwith and, firmly setting her feet to the wall, strained with all her might upon the collar of iron, till she brake it from her neck and snapped the chains. Then going forth from behind the curtain she threw herself on Kamar al-Zaman and kissed him on the mouth, like a pigeon feeding its young.[FN#302] And she embraced him with all the stress of her love and longing and said to him, “O my lord do I wake or sleep and hath the Almighty indeed vouchsafe] us reunion after

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disunion? Laud be to Allah who hath our loves repaired, even after we despaired!" Now when the eunuch saw her in this case, he went off running to King Ghayur and, kissing the ground before him, said, "O my lord, know that this Astrologer is indeed the Shaykh of all astrologers, who are fools to him, all of them; for verily he hath cured thy daughter while standing behind the curtain and without going in to her." Quoth the King, "Look well to it, is this news true?" Answered the eunuch, "O my lord, rise and come and see for thyself how she hath found strength to break the iron chains and is come forth to the Astrologer, kissing and embracing him." Thereupon the King arose and went in to his daughter who, when she saw him, stood up in haste and covered her head,[FN#303] and recited these two couplets,

"The toothstick love I not; for when I say, *

'Siwak,'[FN#304] I miss thee, for it sounds 'Siwa-ka'.

The caper-tree I love; for when I say, *

'Arak'[FN#305] it sounds I look on thee, 'Ara-ka.'"

Thereupon the King was so transported for joy at her recovery that he felt like to fly and kissed her between the eyes, for he loved her with dearest love; then, turning to Kamar al-Zaman, he asked him who he was, and said, "What countryman art thou?" So the Prince told him his name and rank, and informed him that he was the son of King Shahriman, and presently related to him the whole story from beginning to end; and acquainted him with what happened between himself and the Lady Budur; and how he had taken her seal-ring from her finger and had placed it on his own; whereat Ghayur marvelled and said, "Verily your story deserveth in books to be chronicled, and when you are dead and gone age after age be read." Then he summoned Kazis and witnesses forthright and married the Lady Budur to Prince Kamar al-Zaman; after which he bade decorate the city seven days long. So they spread the tables with all manner of meats, whilst the drums beat and the criers anonced the glad tidings, and all the troops donned their richest clothes; and they illuminated the city and held high festival. Then Kamar al-Zaman went in to the Lady Budur and the King rejoiced in her recovery and in her marriage; and praised Allah for that He had made her to fall in love with a goodly youth of the sons of Kings. So they unveiled her and displayed the bride before the bridegroom; and both were the living likeness of each other in beauty and comeliness and grace and love-allurement. Then Kamar al-Zaman lay with her that night and took his will of her, whilst she in like manner fulfilled her desire of him and enjoyed his charms and grace; and they slept in each other's arms till the morning. On the morrow, the King made a wedding-feast to which he gathered all comers from the Islands of the Inner and Outer Seas, and he spread the tables with choicest viands nor ceased the banquetting for a whole month. Now when Kamar al-Zaman had thus fulfilled his will and attained his inmost desire, and whenas he had tarried awhile with the Princess Budur, he bethought him of his father, King Shahriman, and saw him in a

dream, saying, “O my son, is it thus thou dealest with me?” and recited in the vision these two couplets,

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“Indeed to watch the darkness-moon he blighted me, *
And to star-gaze through longsome night he plighted me:
Easy, my heart! for haply he'll unite with thee; *
And patience, Sprite! with whatso ills he dight to thee.”

Now after seeing his father in the dream and hearing his re preaches, Kamar al-Zaman awoke in the morning, afflicted and troubled, whereupon the Lady Budur questioned him and he told her what he had seen.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the Two Hundred and Sixth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Kamar al-Zaman acquainted the Lady Budur with what he had seen in his dream, she and he went in to her sire and, telling him what had passed, besought his leave to travel. He gave the Prince the permission he sought; but the Princess said, “O my father, I cannot bear to be parted from him.” Quoth Ghayur, her sire, “Then go thou with him,” and gave her leave to be absent a whole twelvemonth and afterwards to visit him in every year once; so she kissed his hand and Kamar al-Zaman did the like. Thereupon King Ghayur proceeded to equip his daughter and her bridegroom for the journey, and furnished them with outfit and appointments for the march; and brought out of his stables horses marked with his own brand, blood-dromedaries[FN#306] which can journey ten days without water, and prepared a litter for his daughter, besides loading mules and camels with victual; moreover, he gave them slaves and eunuchs to serve them and all manner of travellinggear; and on the day of departure, when King Ghayur took leave of Kamar al-Zaman, he bestowed on him ten splendid suits of cloth of gold embroidered with stones of price, together with ten riding horses and ten she-camels, and a treasury of money;[FN#307] and he charged him to love and cherish his daughter the Lady Budur. Then the King accompanied them to the farthest limits of his Islands where, going in to his daughter Budur in the litter, he kissed her and strained her to his bosom, weeping and repeating,

“O thou who woost Severance, easy fare! *
For love-embrace belongs to lover-friend:
Fare softly! Fortune's nature falsehood is, *
And parting shall love's every meeting end.”

Then leaving his daughter, he went to her husband and bade him farewell and kissed him; after which he parted from them and, giving the order for the march he returned to his capital with his troops. The Prince and Princess and their suite fared on without stopping through the first day and the second and the third and the fourth, nor did they cease faring for a whole month till they came to a spacious champaign, abounding in pasturage, where they pitched their tents; and they ate and drank and rested, and the Princess Budur lay down to sleep. Presently, Kamar al-Zaman went in to her and found

her lying asleep clad in a shift of apricot-coloured silk that showed all and everything; and on her head was a coif of gold-cloth embroidered with pearls and jewels. The breeze raised her shift which laid bare her navel and showed her breasts and displayed a stomach whiter than snow, each one of whose dimples would contain an ounce of benzoin-ointment.[FN#308] At this sight, his love and longing redoubled, and he began reating,

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"An were it asked me when by hell-fire burnt, *
When flames of heart my vitals hold and hem,
'Which wouldst thou chose, say wouldst thou rather them, *
Or drink sweet cooling draught?' I'd answer, 'Them!' "

Then he put his hand to the band of her petticoat-trousers and drew it and loosed it, for his soul lusted after her, when he saw a jewel, red as dye-wood, made fast to the band. He untied it and examined it and, seeing two lines of writing graven thereon, in a character not to be read, marvelled and said in his mind, "Were not this bezel something to her very dear she had not bound it to her trousers-band nor hidden it in the most privy and precious place about her person, that she might not be parted from it. Would I knew what she cloth with this and what is the secret that is in it." So saying, he took it and went outside the tent to look at it in the light,—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day, and ceased to say her permitted say.

When it was the Two Hundred and Seventh Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when he took the bezel to look at it in the light, the while he was holding it behold, a bird swooped down on him and, snatching the same from his hand, flew off with it and then lighted on the ground. There-upon Kamar al-Zaman fearing to lose the jewel, ran after the bird; but it flew on before him, keeping just out of his reach, and ceased not to draw him on from dale to dale and from hill to hill, till the night starkened and the firmament darkened, when it roosted on a high tree. So Kamar al-Zaman stopped under the tree confounded in thought and faint for famine and fatigue, and giving himself up for lost, would have turned back, but knew not the way whereby he came, for that darkness had overtaken him. Then he exclaimed, "There is no Majesty and there is no Might save in Allah, the Glorious the Great!"; and laying him down under the tree (whereon was the bird) slept till the morning, when he awoke and saw the bird also wake up and fly away. He arose and walked after it, and it flew on little by little before him, after the measure of his faring; at which he smiled and said, "By Allah, a strange thing! Yesterday, this bird flew before me as fast as I could run, and to-day, knowing that I have awoke tired and cannot run, he flieth after the measure of my faring. By Allah, this is wonderful! But I must needs follow this bird whether it lead me to death or to life; and I will go wherever it goeth, for at all events it will not abide save in some inhabited land.[FN#309] So he continued to follow the bird which roosted every night upon a tree; and he ceased not pursuing it for a space of ten days, feeding on the fruits of the earth and drinking of its waters. At the end of this time, he came in sight of an inhabited city, whereupon the bird darted off like the glance of the eye and, entering the town, disappeared from Kamar al-Zaman,

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who knew not what it meant or whither it was gone; so he marvelled at this and exclaimed, "Praise be to Allah who hath brought me in safety to this city!" Then he sat down by a stream and washed his hands and feet and face and rested awhile; and, recalling his late easy and pleasant life of union with his beloved and contrasting it with his present plight of trouble and fatigue and distress and strangerhood and famine and severance, the tears streamed from his eyes and he began repeating these cinquains,

"Pain had I hid thy handwork, but it showed, *
Changed sleep for wake, and wake with me abode:
When thou didst spurn my heart I cried aloud *
Pate, hold thy hand and cease to gird and goad:
In dole and danger aye my sprite I spy!

An but the Lord of Love were just to me, *
Sleep fro' my eyelids ne'er were forced to flee.
Pity, my lady, one for love o' thee *
Prom his tribes darling brought to low degree:
Love came and doomed Wealth beggar-death to die.

The railers chide at thee: I ne'er gainsay, *
But stop my ears and dumbly sign them Nay:
'Thou lov'st a slender may,' say they; I say, *
'I've picked her out and cast the rest away.'
Enough; when Fate descends she blinds man's
eye!"[FN#310]

And as soon as he had finished his poetry and had taken his rest, he rose and walked on little by little, till he entered the city.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the Two Hundred and Eighth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that as soon as Kamar al-Zaman had finished his poetry and had taken his rest, he arose and entered the city-gate[FN#311] not knowing whither he should wend. He crossed the city from end to end, entering by the land-gate, and ceased not faring on till he came out at the sea-gate, for the city stood on the sea-shore. Yet he met not a single one of its citizens. And after issuing from the land-gate he fared forwards and ceased not faring till he found himself among the orchards and gardens of the place; and, passing among the trees presently came to a garden and stopped before its door; where-upon the keeper came out to him and saluted him. The Prince returned his greeting and the gardener bade him welcome, saying, "Praised be Allah that thou hast come off safe from the dwellers of this city!



Quick, come into the garth, ere any of the townfolk see thee.” Thereupon Kamar al-Zaman entered that garden, wondering in mind, and asked the keeper, “What may be the history of the people of this city and who may they be?” The other answered, “Know that the people of this city are all Magians: but Allah upon thee, tell me how thou camest to this city and what caused thy coming to our capital.” Accordingly Kamar al-Zaman told the gardener all that had befallen him from beginning to end, whereat he marvelled with

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great marvel and said, "Know, O my son, that the cities of Al-Islam lie far from us; and between us and them is a four months' voyage by sea and a whole twelve months' journey by land. We have a ship which saileth every year with merchandise to the nearest Moslem country and which entereth the seas of the Ebony Islands and thence maketh the Khalidan Islands, the dominions of King Shahrman." Thereupon Kamar al-Zaman considered awhile and concluded that he could not do better than abide in the garden with the gardener and become his assistant, receiving for pay one fourth of the produce. So he said to him, "Wilt thou take me into thy service, to help thee in this garden?" Answered the gardener, "To hear is to consent;" and began teaching him to lead the water to the roots of the trees. So Kamar al-Zaman abode with him, watering the trees and hoeing up the weeds and wearing a short blue frock which reached to his knees. And he wept floods of tears; for he had no rest day or night, by reason of his strangerhood and he ceased not to repeat verses upon his beloved, amongst others the following couplets,

"Ye promised us and will ye not keep plight? *
Ye said a say and shall not deed be dight?
We wake for passion while ye slumber and sleep; *
Watchers and wakers claim not equal right:
We vowed to keep our loves in secrecy, *
But spake the meddler and you spoke forthright:
O friend in pain and pleasure, joy and grief, *
In all case you, you only, claim my sprite!
Mid folk is one who holds my prisoned heart; *
Would he but show some ruth for me to sight.
Not every eye like mine is wounded sore, *
Not every heart like mine love-pipings blight:
Ye wronged me saying, Love is wrongous aye *
Yea! ye were right, events have proved that quite.
Forget they one love-thralled, whose faith the world *
Robs not, though burn the fires in heart alight:
If an my foeman shall become my judge, *
Whom shall I sue to remedy his despight?
Had not I need of love nor love had sought, *
My heart forsure were not thus love-distraught."

Such was the case with Kamar al-Zaman; but as regards his wife, the Lady Budur, when she awoke she sought her husband and found him not: then she saw her petticoat-trousers undone, for the band had been loosed and the bezel lost, whereupon she said to herself, "By Allah, this is strange! Where is my husband? It would seem as if he had taken the talisman and gone away, knowing not the secret which is in it. Would to Heaven I knew whither can he have wended! But it must needs have been some

extraordinary matter that drew him away, for he cannot brook to leave me a moment. Allah curse the stone and damn its hour!" Then she considered awhile and said in her mind, "If I go out and tell the varlets and let them learn that my husband is lost they will lust after me: there is no help for

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it but that I use stratagem. So she rose and donned some of her husband's clothes and riding-boots, and a turband like his, drawing one corner of it across her face for a mouth-veil.[FN#312] Then, setting a slave-girl in her litter, she went forth from the tent and called to the pages who brought her Kamar al-Zaman's steed; and she mounted and bade them load the beasts and resume the march. So they bound on the burdens and departed; and she concealed her trick, none doubting but she was Kamar al-Zaman, for she favoured him in face and form; nor did she cease journeying, she and her suite, days and nights, till they came in sight of a city overlooking the Salt Sea, where they pitched their tents without the walls and halted to rest. The Princess asked the name of the town and was told, "It is called the City of Ebony; its King is named Armanus, and he hath a daughter Hayat al-Nufus[FN#313] hight,"—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

When it was the Two Hundred and Ninth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the Lady Budur halted within sight of the Ebony City to take her rest, King Armanus sent a messenger, to learn what King it was who had encamped without his capital; so the messenger, coming to the tents, made inquiry anent their King, and was told that she was a King's son who had lost the way being bound for the Khalidan Islands; whereupon he returned to King Armanus with the tidings; and, when the King heard them, he straightway rode out with the lords of his land to greet the stranger on arrival. As he drew near the tents the Lady Budur came to meet him on foot, whereupon the King alighted and they saluted each other. Then he took her to the city and, bringing her up to the palace, bade them spread the tables and trays of food and commanded them to transport her company and baggage to the guess house. So they abode there three days; at the end of which time the King came in to the Lady Budur. Now she had that day gone to the Hammam and her face shone as the moon at its full, a seduction to the world and a rending of the veil of shame to mankind; and Armanus found her clad in a -suit of silk, embroidered with gold and jewels; so he said to her, 'O my son, know that I am a very old man, decrepit withal, and Allah hath blessed me with no child save one daughter, who resembleth thee in beauty and grace; and I am now waxed unfit for the conduct of the state. She is shine, O my son; and, if this my land please thee and thou be willing to abide and make thy home here, I will marry thee to her and give thee my kingdom and so be at rest.' When Princess Budur heard this, she bowed her head and her forehead sweated for shame, and she said to herself. "How shall I do, and I a woman? If I refuse and depart from him, I cannot be safe but that haply send after me troops to slay me; and if I consent, belike I shall be put to shame. I have lost my beloved Kamar

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al-Zaman and know not what is become of him; nor can I escape from this scrape save by holding my peace and consenting and abiding here, till Allah bring about what is to be." So she raised her head and made submission to King Armanus, saying, "Hearkening and obedience!"; whereat he rejoiced and bade the herald make proclamation throughout the Ebony Islands to hold high festival and decorate the houses. Then he assembled his Chamberlains and Nabobs, and Emirs and Wazirs and his officers of state and the Kazis of the city; and, formally abdicating his Sultanate, endowed Budur therewith and invested her in all the vestments of royalty. The Emirs and Grandees went in to her and did her homage, nothing doubting but that she was a young man, and all who looked on her bepissed their bag-trousers, for the excess of her beauty and loveliness. Then, after the Lady Budur had been made Sultan and the drums had been beaten in announcement of the glad event, and she had been ceremoniously enthroned, King Armanus proceeded to equip his daughter Hayat al-Nufus for marriage, and in a few days, they brought the Lady Budur in to her, when they seemed as it were two moons risen at one time or two suns in conjunction. So they entered the bridal-chamber and the doors were shut and the curtains let down upon them, after the attendants had lighted the wax-candles and spread for them the carpet-bed. When Budur found herself alone with the Princess Hayat al-Nufus, she called to mind her beloved Kamar al-Zaman and grief was sore upon her. So she wept for his absence, and estrangement and she began repeating,

"O ye who fled and left my heart in pain low li'en, *
No breath of life if found within this frame of mine:
I have an eye which e'er complains of wake, but lo! *
Tears occupy it would that wake content these eyne!
After ye marched forth the lover 'bode behind; *
Question of him what pains your absence could design!
But for the foods of tears mine eyelids rail and rain, *
My fires would flame on high and every land calcine.
To Allah make I moan of loved ones lost for aye, *
Who for my pine and pain no more shall pain and pine:
I never wronged them save that over love I nurst: *
But Love departs us lovers into blest and curst."

And when she had finished her repeating, the Lady Budur sat down beside the Princess Hayat al-Nufus and kissed her on the mouth; after which rising abruptly, she made the minor ablution and betook herself to her devotions; nor did she leave praying till Hayat al-Nufus fell asleep, when she slips into bed and lay with her back to her till morning. And when day had broke the King and Queen came in to their daughter and asked her how she did. whereupon she told them what she had seen, and repeated to them the verses she had heard. Thus far concerning Hayat al-Nufus and her father; but as regards Queen Budur she went forth and seated herself upon the royal throne and

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all the Emirs and Captains and Officers of state came up to her and wished her joy of the kingship, kissing the earth before her and calling down blessings upon her. And she accosted them with smiling face and clad them in robes of honour, augmenting the fiefs of the high officials and giving largesse to the levies; wherefore all the people loved her and offered up prayers for the long endurance of her reign, doubting not but that she was a man. And she ceased not sitting all day in the hall of audience, bidding and forbidding; dispensing justice, releasing prisoners and remitting the customs-dues, till nightfall, when she withdrew to the apartment prepared for her. Here she found Hayat al-Nufus seated, so she sat down by her side and, clapping her on the back, coaxed and caressed her and kissed her between the eyes, and fell to versifying in these couplets,

“What secret kept I these my tears have told, *
And my waste body must my love unfold:
Though hid my pine, my plight on parting day *
To every envious eye my secret sold:
O ye who broke up camp, you’ve left behind *
My spirit wearied and my heart a-cold:
In my hearts core ye dwell, and now these eyne *
Roll blood-drops with the tears they whilome rolled:
The absent will I ransom with my soul; *
All can my yearning for their sight behold:
I have an eye whose babe,[FN#314] for love of thee, *
Rejected sleep nor hath its tears controlled.
The foeman bids me patient bear his loss, *
Ne’er may mine ears accept the ruth he doled!
I tricks their deme of me, and won my wish *
Of Kamar al-Zaman’s joys manifold:
He joins all perfect gifts like none before, *
Boasted such might and main no King of old:
Seeing his gifts, Bin Za’idah’s[FN#315] largesse *
Forget we, and Mu’awiyah mildest-soul’d:[FN#316]
Were verse not feeble and o’er short the time *
I had in laud of him used all of rhyme.”

Then Queen Budur stood up and wiped away her tears and, making the lesser ablution, [FN#317] applied her to pray: nor did she give over praying till drowsiness overcame the Lady Hayat al-Nufus and she slept, whereupon the Lady Budur came and lay by her till the morning. At daybreak, she arose and prayed the dawn-prayer; and presently seated herself on the royal throne and passed the day in ordering and counter ordering and giving laws and administering justice. This is how it fared with her; but as regards King Armanus he went in to his daughter and asked her how she did; so she told him all

that had befallen her and repeated to him the verses which Queen Budur had recited, adding, "O my father, never saw I one more abounding in sound sense and modesty than my husband, save that he cloth nothing but weep and sigh." He answered, "O my daughter, have patience with him yet this third night, and if he go not in unto thee and do away thy maidenhead, we shall know how to proceed with him and oust him from the throne and banish him the country." And on this wise he agreed with his daughter what course he would take.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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When it was the Two Hundred and Tenth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when King Armanus had agreed with his daughter on this wise and had determined what course he would take and night came on, Queen Budur arose from the throne of her kingdom and betaking herself to the palace, entered the apartment prepared for her. There she found the wax-candles lighted and the Princess Hayat al-Nufus seated and awaiting her; whereupon she bethought her of her husband and what had betided them both of sorrow and severance in so short a space; she wept and sighed and groaned groan upon groan, and began improvising these couplets,

“News of my love fill all the land, I swear, *
As suns on Ghaza[FN#318]-wold rain heat and glare:
Speaketh his geste but hard its sense to say; *
Thus never cease to grow my cark and care:
I hate fair Patience since I loved thee; *
E’er sawest lover hate for love to bear?
A glance that dealt love-sickness dealt me death, *
Glances are deadliest things with torments rare:
He shook his love locks down and bared his chin, *
Whereby I spied his beauties dark and fair:
My care, my cure are in his hands; and he *
Who caused their dolour can their dole repair:
His belt went daft for softness of his waist; *
His hips, for envy, to uprise forbear:
His brow curl-diademed is murky night; *
Unveil ’t and lo! bright Morn shows brightest light.”

When she had finished her versifying, she would have risen to pray, but, lo and behold! Hayat al-Nufus caught her by the skirt and clung to her saying, “O my lord, art thou not ashamed before my father, after all his favour, to neglect me at such a time as this?” When Queen Budur heard her words, she sat down in the same place and said, “O my beloved, what is this thou sayest?” She replied, “What I say is that I never saw any so proud of himself as thou. Is every fair one so disdainful? I say not this to incline thee to me; I say it only of my fear for thee from King Armanus; because he purposeth, unless thou go in unto me this very night, and do away my maidenhead, to strip thee of the kingship on the morrow and banish thee his kingdom; and peradventure his excessive anger may lead him to slay thee. But I, O my lord, have ruth on thee and give thee fair warning; and it is thy right to reck.”[FN#319] Now when Queen Budur heard her speak these words, she bowed her head ground-wards awhile in sore perplexity and said in herself, “If I refuse I’m lost; and if I obey I’m shamed. But I am now Queen of all the Ebony Islands and they are under my rule, nor shall I ever again meet my Kamar al-Zaman save in this place; for there is no way for him to his native land but through the

Ebony Islands. Verily, I know not what to do in my present case, but I commit my care to Allah who directeth all for the best, for I am no man that I should arise and

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open this virgin girl.” Then quoth Queen Budur to Hayat al-Nufus, “O my beloved, that I have neglected thee and abstained from thee is in my own despite.” And she told her her whole story from beginning to end and showed her person to her, saying, “I conjure thee by Allah to keep my counsel, for I have concealed my case only that Allah may reunite me with my beloved Kamar al-Zaman and then come what may.”—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

When it was the Two Hundred and Eleventh Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the Lady Budur acquainted Hayat al-Nufus with her history and bade her keep it secret, the Princess heard her with extreme wonderment and was moved to pity and prayed Allah to reunite her with her beloved, saying, “Fear nothing, O my sister; but have patience till Allah bring to pass that which must come to pass:” and she began repeating,

“None but the men of worth a secret keep;
With worthy men a secret’s hidden deep;
As in a room, so secrets lie with me,
Whose door is sealed, lock shot and lost the key.”[FN#320]

And when Hayat al-Nufus had ended her verses, she said, “O my sister, verily the breasts of the noble and brave are of secrets the grave; and I will not discover shine.” Then they toyed and embraced and kissed and slept till near the Mu’ezzin’s call to dawn prayer, when Hayat al-Nufus arose and took a pigeon-poult,[FN#321] and cut its throat over her smock and besmeared herself with its blood. Then she pulled off her petticoat-trousers and cried aloud, where-upon her people hastened to her and raised the usual lullilooing and outcries of joy and gladness. Presently her mother came in to her and asked her how she did and busied herself about her and abode with her till evening; whilst the Lady Budur arose with the dawn, and repaired to the bath and, after washing herself pure, proceeded to the hall of audience, where she sat down on her throne and dispensed justice among the folk. Now when King Armanus heard the loud cries of joy, he asked what was the matter and was informed of the consummation of his daughter’s marriage; whereat he rejoiced and his breast swelled with gladness and he made a great marriage-feast whereof the merry-making lasted a long time. Such was their case: but as regards King Shahrman it was on this wise. After his son had fared forth to the chase accompanied by Marzawan, as before related, he tarried patiently awaiting their return at nightfall; but when his son did not appear he passed a sleepless night and the dark hours were longsome upon him; his restlessness was excessive, his excitement grew upon him and he thought the morning would never dawn. And when day broke he sat expecting his son and waited till noon, but he came not; whereat his heart forebode separation and was fired with fears for Kamar al-Zaman; and he cried,

“Alas! my son!” and he wept till his clothes were drenched with tears, and repeated with a beating heart,

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“Love’s votaries I ceased not to oppose, *
Till doomed to taste Love’s bitter and Love’s sweet:
I drained his rigour-cup to very dregs, *
Self humbled at its slaves’ and freemen’s feet:
Fortune had sworn to part the loves of us; *
She kept her word how truly, well I weet!”

And when he ended his verse, he wiped away his tears and bade his troops make ready for a march and prepare for a long expedition. So they all mounted and set forth, headed by the Sultan, whose heart burnt with grief and was fired with anxiety for his son Kamar al-Zaman; and they advanced by forced marches. Now the King divided his host into six divisions, a right wing and a left wing, a vanguard and a rear guard;[FN#322] and bade them rendezvous for the morrow at the cross-roads. Accordingly they separated and scoured the country all the rest of that day till night, and they marched through the night and at noon of the ensuing day they joined company at the place where four roads met. But they knew not which the Prince followed, till they saw the sign of torn clothes and sighted shreds of flesh and beheld blood still sprinkled by the way and they noted every piece of the clothes and fragment of mangled flesh scattered on all sides. Now when King Shahrman saw this, he cried from his heart-core a loud cry, saying, “Alas, my son!”; and buffeted his face and plucks his beard and rent his raiment, doubting not but his son was dead. Then he gave himself up to excessive weeping and wailing, and the troops also wept for his weeping, all being assured that Prince Kamar al-Zaman had perished. They threw dust on their heads, and the night surprised them shedding tears and lamenting till they were like to die. Then the King with a heart on fire and with burning sighs spake these couplets,

“Chide not the mourner for bemoaning woe; *
Enough is yearning every Ill to show:
He weeps for stress of sorrow and of pain, *
And these to thee best evidence his lowe:
Happy![FN#323] of whom Love sickness swore that ne’er *
Should cease his eye lids loving tears to flow:
He mourns the loss of fairest, fullest Moon, *
Shining o’er all his peers in glorious glow:
But death made drink a brimming cup, what day *
He fared from natal country fain to go:
His home left he and went from us to grief; *
Nor to his brethren could he say adieu:
Yea, his loss wounded me with parting pangs, *
And separation cost me many a throe:
He fared farewelling, as he fared, our eyes; *
Whenas his Lord vouch-safed him Paradise.”

And when King Shahrman had ended his verses, he returned with the troops to his capital,—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the Two Hundred and Twelfth Night,

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She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when King Shahrman had ended his verses, he returned with the troops to his capital, giving up his son for lost, and deeming that wild beasts or banditti had set upon him and torn him to pieces; and made proclamation that all in the Khalidan Islands should don black in mourning for him. Moreover, he built, in his memory, a pavilion, naming it House of Lamentations; and on Mondays and Thursdays he devoted himself to the business of the state and ordering the affairs of his levies and lieges; and the rest of the week he was wont to spend in the House of Lamentations, mourning for his son and bewailing him with elegiac verses, [FN#324] of which the following are some:—

“My day of bliss is that when thou appearest; *
My day of bale[FN#325] is that whereon thou farest:
Though through the night I quake in dread of death; *
Union wi’ thee is of all bliss the dearest.”

And again he said,

“My soul be sacrifice for one, whose going *
Afflicted hearts with sufferings sore and dread:
Let joy her widowed term[FN#326] fulfil, for I *
Divorced joy with the divorce thrice-said.”[FN#327]

Such was the case with King Shahrman; but as regards Queen Budur daughter of King Ghayur, she abode as ruler in the Ebony Islands, whilst the folk would point to her with their fingers, and say, “Yonder is the son-in-law of King Armanus.” And every night she lay with Hayat al-Nufus, to whom she lamented her desolate state and longing for her husband Kamar al-Zaman; weeping and describing to her his beauty and loveliness, and yearning to enjoy him though but in a dream: And at times she would repeat,

“Well Allah wots that since my severance from thee, *
I wept till forced to borrow tears at usury:
‘Patience!’ my blamer cried, ‘Heartsease right soon shalt see!’ *
Quoth I, ‘Say, blamer, where may home of Patience be?’”

This is how it fared with Queen Budur; but as regards Kamar al-Zaman, he abode with the gardener in the garden for no short time, weeping night and day and repeating verses bewailing the past time of enjoyment and delight; whilst the gardener kept comforting him and assuring him that the ship would set sail for the land of the Moslems at the end of the year. And in this condition he continued till one day he saw the folk crowding together and wondered at this; but the gardener came in to him and said, “O my son, give over work for this day nor lead water to the trees; for it is a festival day, whereon folk visit one another. So take thy rest and only keep shine eye on the garden, whilst I go look after the ship for thee; for yet but a little while and I send thee to the land of the Moslems.” Upon this, he went forth from the garden leaving to himself Kamar al-

Zaman, who fell to musing upon his case till his heart was like to break and the tears streamed from his eyes. So he wept with excessive

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weeping till he swooned away and, when he recovered, he rose and walked about the garden, pondering what Time had done with him and bewailing the long endurance of his estrangement and separation from those he loved. As he was thus absorbed in melancholy thought, his foot stumbled and he fell on his face, his forehead striking against the projecting root of a tree; and the blow cut it open and his blood ran down and mingled with his tears. Then he rose and, wiping away the blood, dried his tears and bound his brow with a piece of rag; then continued his walk about the garden engrossed by sad reverie. Presently, he looked up at a tree and saw two birds quarrelling thereon, and one of them rose up and smote the other with its beak on the neck and severed from its body its head, wherewith it flew away, whilst the slain bird fell to the ground before Kamar al-Zaman. As it lay, behold, two great birds swooped down upon it alighting, one at the head and the other at the tail, and both drooped their wings and bowed their bills over it and, extending their necks towards it, wept. Kamar al-Zaman also wept when seeing the birds thus bewail their mate, and called to mind his wife and father, And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

When it was the Two Hundred and Thirteenth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Kamar al-Zaman wept and lamented his separation from spouse and sire, when he beheld those two birds weeping over their mate. Then he looked at the twain and saw them dig a grave and therein bury the slain bird; after which they flew away far into the firmament and disappeared for a while; but presently they returned with the murderer-bird and, alighting on the grave of the murdered, stamped on the slayer till they had done him to death. Then they rent his belly and tearing out his entrails, poured the blood on the grave of the slain[FN#328]: moreover, they stripped off his skin and tare his flesh in pieces and, pulling out the rest of the bowels, scattered them hither and thither. All this while Kamar al-Zaman was watching them wonderingly; but presently, chancing to look at the place where the two birds had slain the third, he saw therein something gleaming. So he drew near to it and noted that it was the crop of the dead bird. Whereupon he took it and opened it and found the talisman which had been the cause of his separation from his wife. But when he saw it and knew it, he fell to the ground a-fainting for joy; and, when he revived, he said, "Praised be Allah! This is a foretaste of good and a presage of reunion with my beloved." Then he examined the jewel and passed it over his eyes[FN#329]; after which he bound it to his forearm, rejoicing in coming weal, and walked about till nightfall awaiting the gardener's return; and when he came not, he lay down and slept in his wonted place. At daybreak he rose to his work and, girding his middle with a cord of palm-fibre, took hatchet and basket and walked down the length of the garden, till he came to a carob-tree and struck the axe into its roots. The blow rang and resounded; so he cleared away the soil from the place and discovered a trap-door and raised it.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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When It was the Two Hundred and Fourteenth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Kamar al-Zaman raised the trap-door, he found a winding stair, which he descended and came to an ancient vault of the time of Ad and Thamud,[FN#330] hewn out of the rock. Round the vault stood many brazen vessels of the bigness of a great oil-jar which he found full of gleaming red gold: whereupon he said to himself, "Verily sorrow is gone and solace is come!" Then he mounted from the souterrain to the garden and, replacing the trap-door as it was before, busied himself in conducting water to the trees till the last of the day, when the gardener came back and said to him, "O my son, rejoice at the good tidings of a speedy return to thy native land: the merchants are ready equipped for the voyage and the ship in three days' time will set sail for the City of Ebony, which is the first of the cities of the Moslems, and after making it, thou must travel by land a six months' march till thou come to the Islands of Khalidan, the dominions of King Shahrman." At this Kamar al-Zaman rejoiced and began repeating,

"Part not from one whose wont is not to part from you; *
Nor with your cruel taunts an innocent mortify:
Another so long parted had ta'en heart from you, *
And had his whole condition changed,—but not so I."

Then he kissed the gardener's hand and said, "O my father, even as thou hast brought me glad tidings, so I also have great good news for thee," and told him anent his discovery of the vault; whereat the gardener rejoiced and said, "O my son, fourscore years have I dwelt in this garden and have never hit on aught whilst thou, who hast not sojourned with me a year, hast discovered this thing; wherefore it is Heaven's gift to thee, which shall end thy crosses and aid thee to rejoin thy folk and foregather with her thou lovest." Quoth Kamar al-Zaman, "There is no help but it must be shared between me and thee." Then he carried him to the underground-chamber and showed him the gold, which was in twenty jars: he took ten and the gardener ten, and the old man said to him, "O my son, fill thyself leather bottles[FN#331] with the sparrow-olives[FN#332] which grow in this garden, for they are not found except in our land; and the merchants carry them to all parts. Lay the gold in the bottles and strew it over with olives: then stop them and cover them and take them with thee in the ship." So Kamar al-Zaman arose without stay or delay and took fifty leather bottles and stored in each somewhat of the gold, and closed each one after placing a layer of olives over the gold; and at the bottom of one of the bottles he laid the talisman. Then sat he down to talk with the gardener, confident of speedy reunion with his own people and saying to himself, "When I come to the Ebony Islands I will journey thence to my father's country and enquire for my beloved Budur. Would to Heaven I knew whether she returned to her own land or journeyed on to my father's country or whether there befel her any accident by the way." And he began versifying,

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“Love in my breast they lit and fared away, *
And far the land wherein my love is pent:
Far lies the camp and those who camp therein; *
Par is her tent-shrine, where I ne’er shall tent.
Patience far deaf me when from me they fled; *
Sleep failed mine eyes, endurance was forspent:
They left and with them left my every joy, *
Wending with them, nor find I peace that went:
They made these eyes roll down love tears in flood, *
And lacking them these eyne with tears are drent.
When my taste spins once again would see them, *
When pine and expectation but augment,
In my heart’s core their counterfeits I trace, *
With love and yearning to behold their grace.”

Then, while he awaited the end of the term of days, he told the gardener the tale of the birds and what had passed between them; whereat the hearer wondered; and they both lay down and slept till the morning. The gardener awoke sick and abode thus two days; but on the third day, his sickness increased on him, till they despaired of his life and Kamar al-Zaman grieved with sore grief for him. Meanwhile behold, the Master and his crew came and enquired for the gardener; and, when Kamar al-Zaman told them that he was sick, they asked, “Where be the youth who is minded to go with us to the Ebony Islands?” “He is your servant and he standeth before you!” answered the Prince and bade them carry the bottles of olives to the ship; so they transported them, saying, “Make haste, thou, for the wind is fair;” and he replied, “I hear and obey.” Then he carried his provaunt on board and, returning to bid the gardener farewell, found him in the agonies of death; so he sat down at his head and closed his eyes, and his soul departed his body; whereupon he laid him out and committed him to the earth unto the mercy of Allah Almighty. Then he made for the ship but found that she had already weighed anchor and set sail; nor did she cease to cleave the seas till she disappeared from his sight. So he went back to whence he came heavy-hearted with whirling head; and neither would he address a soul nor return a reply; and reaching the garden and sitting down in cark and care he threw dust on his head and buffeted his cheeks.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the Two Hundred and Fifteenth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the ship sped on her course, Kamar al-Zaman returned to the garden in cark and care; but- anon he rented the place of its owner and hired a man to help him in irrigating the trees. Moreover, he repaired the trap-door and he went to the underground chamber and bringing the rest of the gold to grass, stowed it in other fifty bottles which he filled up with a layer of olives. Then he enquired of the ship and they told him that it sailed but once a year, at which his trouble of mind redoubled and he cried

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sore for that which had betided him, above all for the loss of the Princess Budur's talisman, and spent his nights and days weeping and repealing verses. Such was his case; but as regards the ship she sailed with a favouring wind till she reached the Ebony Islands. Now by decree of destiny, Queen Budur was sitting at a lattice-window overlooking the sea and saw the galley cast anchor upon the strand. At this sight, her heart throbbed and she took horse with the Chamberlains and Nabobs and, riding down to the shore, halted by the ship, whilst the sailors broke bulk and bore the bales to the storehouses; after which she called the captain to her presence and asked what he had with him. He answered "O King, I have with me in this ship aromatic drugs and cosmetics and healing powders and ointments and plasters and precious metals and rich stuffs and rugs of Yemen leather, not to be borne of mule or camel, and all manner of otters and spices and perfumes, civet and ambergris and camphor and Sumatra aloes-wood, and tamerinds[FN#333] and sparrow-olives to boot, such as are rare to find in this country." When she heard talk of sparrow-olives her heart longed for them and she said to the ship-master, "How much of olives hast thou?" He replied, "Fifty bottles full, but their owner is not with us, so the King shall take what he will of them." Quoth she, "Bring them ashore, that I may see them." Thereupon he called to the sailors, who brought her the fifty bottles; and she opened one and, looking at the olives, said to the captain, "I will take the whole fifty and pay you their value, whatso it be." He answered, "By Allah, O my lord, they have no value in our country; moreover their shipper tarried behind us, and he is a poor man." Asked she, "And what are they worth here?" and he answered "A thousand dirhams." "I will take them at a thousand," she said and bade them carry the fifty bottles to the palace. When it was night, she called for a bottle of olives and opened it, there being none in the room but herself and the Princess Hayat al-Nufus. Then, placing a dish before her she turned into it the contents of the jar, when there fell out into the dish with the olives a heap of red gold; and she said to the Lady Hayat al-Nufus, "This is naught but gold!" So she sent for the rest of the bottles and found them all full of precious metal and scarce enough olives to fill a single jar. Moreover, she sought among the gold and found therein the talisman, which she took and examined and behold, it was that which Kamar al-Zaman had taken from off the band of her petticoat trousers. Thereupon she cried out for joy and slipped down in a swoon;—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

When it was the Two Hundred and Sixteenth Night,

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She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when King Budur saw the talisman she cried out for joy and slipped down in a swoon; and when she recovered she said to herself, "Verily, this talisman was the cause of my separation from my beloved Kamar al-Zaman; but now it is an omen of good." Then she showed it to Hayat al-Nufus and said to her, "This was the cause of disunion and now, please Allah, it shall be the cause of reunion." As soon as day dawned she seated herself on the royal throne and sent for the ship-master, who came into the presence and kissed the ground before her. Quoth she, "Where didst thou leave the owner of these olives?" Quoth he, "O King of the age, we left him in the land of the Magians and he is a gardener there." She rejoined, "Except thou bring him to me, thou knowest not the harm which awaiteth thee and thy ship." Then she bade them seal up the magazines of the merchants and said to them, "Verily the owner of these olives hath borrowed of me and I have a claim upon him for debt and, unless ye bring him to me, I will without fail do you all die and seize your goods." So they went to the captain and promised him the hire of the ship, if he would go and return a second time, saying, "Deliver us from this masterful tyrant." Accordingly the skipper embarked and set sail and Allah decreed him a prosperous voyage, till he came to the Island of the Magians and, landing by night, went up to the garden. Now the night was long upon Kamar al-Zaman, and he sat, bethinking him of his beloved, and bewailing what had befallen him and versifying,

"A night whose stars refused to run their course, *
A night of those which never seem outworn:
Like Resurrection-day, of longsome length[FN#334] *
To him that watched and waited for the morn."

Now at this moment, the captain knocked at the garden-gate, and Kamar al-Zaman opened and went out to him, whereupon the crew seized him and went down with him on board the ship and set sail forthright; and they ceased not voyaging days and nights, whilst Kamar al-Zaman knew not why they dealt thus with him; but when he questioned them they replied, "Thou hast offended against the Lord of the Ebony Islands, the son-in-law of King Armanus, and thou hast stolen his monies, miserable that thou art!" Said he, "By Allah! I never entered that country nor do I know where it is!" However, they fared on with him, till they made the Ebony Islands and landing, carried him up to the Lady Budur, who knew him at sight and said, "Leave him with the eunuchs, that they may take him to the bath." Then she relieved the merchants of the embargo and gave the captain a robe of honour worth ten thousand pieces of gold; and, after returning to the palace, she went in that night to the Princess Hayat al-Nufus and told her what had passed, saying, "Keep thou my counsel, till I accomplish my purpose, and do a deed which shall be recorded and shall be read by Kings and commoners

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after we be dead and gone.” And when she gave orders that they bear Kamar al-Zaman to the bath, they did so and clad him in a royal habit so that, when he came forth, he resembled a willow-bough or a star which shamed the greater and lesser light[FN#335] and its glow, and his life and soul returned to his frame. Then he repaired to the palace and went in to the Princess Budur; and when she saw him she schooled her heart to patience, till she should have accomplished her purpose; and she bestowed on him Mamelukes and eunuchs, camels and mules. Moreover, she gave him a treasury of money and she ceased not advancing him from dignity to dignity, till she made him Lord High Treasurer and committed to his charge all the treasures of the state; and she admitted him to familiar favour and acquainted the Emirs with his rank and dignity. And all loved him, for Queen Budur did not cease day by day to increase his allowances. As for Kamar al-Zaman, he was at a loss anent the reason of her thus honouring him; and he gave gifts and largesse out of the abundance of the wealth; and he devoted himself to the service of King Armanus; so that the King and all the Emirs and people, great and small, adored him and were wont to swear by his life. Nevertheless, he ever marvelled at the honour and favour shown him by Queen Budur and said to himself, “By Allah, there needs must be a reason for this affection! Peradventure, this King favoureth me not with these immoderate favours save for some ill purpose and, therefore, there is no help but that I crave leave of him to depart his realm.” So he went in to Queen Budur and said to her, “O King, thou hast overwhelmed me with favours, but it will fulfil the measure of thy bounties if thou take from me all thou hast been pleased to bestow upon me, and permit me to depart.” She smiled and asked, “What maketh thee seek to depart and plunge into new perils, whenas thou art in the enjoyment of the highest favour and greatest prosperity?” Answered Kamar al-Zaman, “O King, verily this favour, if there be no reason for it, is indeed a wonder of wonders, more by token that thou hast advanced me to dignities such as befit men of age and experience, albeit I am as it were a young child.” And Queen Budur rejoined, “The reason is that I love thee for shine exceeding loveliness and thy surpassing beauty; and if thou wilt but grant me my desire of thy body, I will advance thee yet farther in honour and favour and largesse; and I will make thee Wazir, for all thy tender age even as the folk made me Sultan over them and I no older than thou; so that nowadays there is nothing strange when children take the head and by Allah, he was a gifted man who said,

‘It seems as though of Lot’s tribe were our days, *
And crave with love to advance the young in years.”[FN#336]

When Kamar al-Zaman heard these words, he was abashed and his cheeks flushed till they seemed a-flame; and he said, “I need not these favours which lead to the commission of sin; I will live poor in wealth but wealthy in virtue and honour.” Quoth she, “I am not to be duped by thy scruples, arising from prudery and coquettish ways; and Allah bless him who saith,

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'To him I spake of coupling, but he said to me, *
How long this noyous long persistency?'
But when gold piece I showed him, he cried, *
'Who from the Almighty Sovereign e'er shall flee?'"

Now when Kamar al-Zaman, heard these words and understood her verses and their import, he said, "O King, I have not the habit of these doings, nor have I strength to bear these heavy burthens for which elder than I have proved unable; then how will it be with my tender age?" But she smiled at his speech and retorted, "Indeed, it is a matter right marvellous how error springeth from the disorder of man's intendiment!! Since thou art a boy, why standest thou in fear of sin or the doing of things forbidden, seeing that thou art not yet come to years of canonical responsibility; and the offences of a child incur neither punishment nor reproof? Verily, thou hast committed thyself to a quibble for the sake of contention, and it is thy duty to bow before a proposal of fruition, so henceforward cease from denial and coyness, for the commandment of Allah is a decree foreordained:[FN#337] indeed, I have more reason than thou to fear falling and by sin to be misled; and well inspired was he who said,

'My prickles are big and the little one said, *
'Thrust boldly in vitals with lion-like stroke!
Then I, ' 'Tis a sin!; and he, 'No sin to me! *
So I had him at once with a counterfeit poke."[FN#338]

When Kamar al-Zaman heard these words, the light became darkness in his sight and he said, "O King, thou hast in thy household fair women and female slaves, who have not their like in this age: shall not these suffice thee without me? Do thy will with them and let me go!" She replied, "Thou sayest sooth, but it is not with them that one who loveth thee can heal himself of torment and can abate his fever; for, when tastes and inclinations are corrupted by vice, they hear and obey other than good advice. So leave arguing and listen to what the poet saith,

'Seest not the bazar with its fruit in rows? *
These men are for figs and for sycamore[FN#339] those!'

And what another saith,

'Many whose anklet rings are dumb have tinkling belts, *
And this hath all content while that for want must wail:
Thou bidd'st me be a fool and quit thee for her charms; *
Allah forbend I leave The Faith, turn Infidel!
Nay, by thy rights of side-beard mocking all her curls, *
Nor mott nor maid[FN#340] from thee my heart shall spell.'

And yet another,



'O beauty's Union! love for thee's my creed, *
Free choice of Faith and eke my best desire:
Women I have forsworn for thee; so may *
Deem me all men this day a shaveling friar.'[FN#341]

And yet another,

'Even not beardless one with girl, nor heed *
The spy who saith to thee "Tis an amiss!'
Far different is the girl whose feet one kisses *
And that gazelle whose feet the earth must kiss.'



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And yet another,

'A boy of twice ten is fit for a King!'

And yet another,

'The penis smooth and round was made with anus best to match
it, * Had it been made for cunnus' sake it had been formed
like hatchet!'

And yet another said,

'My soul thy sacrifice! I chose thee out *
Who art not menstruous nor oviparous:
Did I with woman mell, I should beget *
Brats till the wide wide world grew strait for us.'

And yet another,

'She saith (sore hurt in sense the most acute *
For she had proffered what did not besuit),
'Unless thou stroke as man should swive his wife *
Blame not when horns thy brow shall incornute!
Thy wand seems waxen, to a limpo grown, *
And more I palm it, softer grows the brute!'

And yet another,

'Quoth she (for I to lie with her forbore), *
'O folly-following fool, O fool to core:
If thou my coynte for Kiblah[FN#342] to thy coigne *
Reject, we'll shall please thee more.'[FN#343]

And yet another,

'She proffered me a tender coynte *
Quoth I 'I will not roger thee!'
She drew back, saying, 'From the Faith *
He turns, who's turned by Heaven's decree![FN#344]
And front wise fluttering, in one day, *
Is obsolete persistency!'
Then swung she round and shining rump *
Like silvern lump she showed me!
I cried: 'Well done, O mistress mine! *
No more am I in pain for thee;



O thou of all that Allah oped[FN#345] *
Showest me fairest victory!

And yet another,

'Men craving pardon will uplift their hands; *
Women pray pardon with their legs on high:
Out on it for a pious, prayerful work! *
The Lord shall raise it in the depths to lie.'"[FN#346]

When Kamar al-Zaman heard her quote this poetry, and was certified that there was no escaping compliance with what willed she, he said, "O King of the age, if thou must needs have it so, make covenant with me that thou wilt do this thing with me but once, though it avail not to correct thy depraved appetite, and that thou wilt never again require this thing of me to the end of time; so perchance shall Allah purge me of the sin." She replied "I promise thee this thing, hoping that Allah of His favour will relent towards us and blot out our mortal offence; for the girdle of heaven's forgiveness is not indeed so strait, but it may compass us around and absolve us of the excess of our heinous sins and bring us to the light of salvation out of the darkness of error; and indeed excellently well saith the poet,

'Of evil thing the folk suspect us twain; *
And to this thought their hearts and souls are bent:
Come, dear! let's justify and free their souls *
That wrong us; one good bout and then—repent!'"[FN#347]

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Thereupon she made him an agreement and a covenant and swore a solemn oath by Him who is Self-existent, that this thing should befall betwixt them but once and never again for all time, and that the desire of him was driving her to death and perdition. So he rose up with her, on this condition, and went with her to her own boudoir, that she might quench the lowe of her lust, saying, "There is no Majesty, and there is no Might save in Allah, the Glorious, the Great! This is the fated decree of the All-powerful, the All-wise!"; and he doffed his bag-trousers, shamefull and abashed, with the tears running from his eyes for stress of affright. Thereat she smiled and making him mount upon a couch with her, said to him, "After this night, thou shalt see naught that will offend thee." Then she turned to him bussing and bosoming him and bending calf over calf, and said to him, "Put thy hand between my thighs to the accustomed place; so haply it may stand up to prayer after prostration." He wept and cried, "I am not good at aught of this," but she said, "By my life, an thou do as I bid thee, it shall profit thee!" So he put out his hand, with vitals a-fire for confusion, and found her thighs cooler than cream and softer than silk. The touching of them pleased him and he moved his hand hither and thither, till it came to a dome abounding in good gifts and movements and shifts, and said in himself, "Perhaps this King is a hermaphrodite,[FN#348] neither man nor woman quite;" so he said to her, "O King, I cannot find that thou hast a tool like the tools of men; what then moved thee to do this deed?" Then loudly laughed Queen Budur till she fell on her back,[FN#349] and said, "O my dearling, how quickly thou hast forgotten the nights we have lain together!" Then she made herself known to him, and he knew her for his wife, the Lady Budur, daughter of King al-Ghayur, Lord of the Isles and the Seas. So he embraced her and she embraced him, and he kissed her and she kissed him; then they lay down on the bed of pleasure voluptuous, repeating the words of the poet,

"When his softly bending shape bid him close to my embrace *
Which clips him all about like the tendrils of the vine
And shed a flood of softness on the hardness of his heart, *
He yielded though at first he was minded to decline;
And dreading lest the railer's eye should light upon his form, *
Came armoured with caution to baffle his design:
His waist makes moan of hinder cheeks that weigh upon his feet *
Like heavy load of merchandise upon young camel li'en;
Girt with his glances scymitar which seemed athirst for blood, *
And clad in mail of dusky curls that show the sheeniest
shine,
His fragrance wafted happy news of footstep coming nigh, *
And to him like a bird uncaged I flew in straightest line:
I spread my cheek upon his path, beneath his sandal-shoon, *
And lo! the stibium[FN#350]

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of their dust healed all my hurt

of eyne.

With one embrace again I bound the banner of our loves[FN#351] *

And loosed the knot of my delight that bound in bonds
malign:

Then bade I make high festival, and straight came flocking in *

Pure joys that know not grizzled age[FN#352] nor aught of
pain and pine:

The full moon dotted with the stars the lips and pearly teeth *

That dance right joyously upon the bubbling face of wine:

So in the prayer-niche of their joys I yielded me to what *

Would make the humblest penitent of sinner most indign.

I swear by all the signs[FN#353] of those glories in his face *

I'll ne'er forget the Chapter entituled Al-Ikhlâs."[FN#354]

Then Queen Budur told Kamar al-Zaman all that had befallen her from beginning to end and he did likewise; after which he began to upbraid her, saying, "What moved thee to deal with me as thou hast done this night?" She replied, "Pardon me! for I did this by way of jest, and that pleasure and gladness might be increased." And when dawned the morn and day arose with its sheen and shone, she sent to King Armanus, sire of the Lady Hayat al-Nufus, and acquainted him with the truth of the case and that she was wife to Kamar al-Zaman. Moreover, she told him their tale and the cause of their separation, and how his daughter was a virgin, pure as when she was born. He marvelled at their story with exceeding marvel and bade them chronicle it in letters of gold. Then he turned to Kamar al-Zaman and said, "O King's son, art thou minded to become my son-in-law by marrying my daughter?" Replied he, "I must consult the Queen Budur, as she hath a claim upon me for benefits without stint." And when he took counsel with her, she said, "Right is thy recking; marry her and I will be her handmaid; for I am her debtor for kindness and favour and good offices, and obligations manifold, especially as we are here in her place and as the King her father hath whelmed us with benefits."[FN#355] Now when he saw that she inclined to this and was not jealous of Hayat al-Nufus, he agreed with her upon this matter.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the Two Hundred and Seventeenth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Kamar al-Zaman agreed with his wife, Queen Budur, upon this matter and told King Armanus what she had said; whereat he rejoiced with great joy. Then he went out and, seating himself upon his chair of estate, assembled all the Wazirs, Emirs, Chamberlains and Grandees, to whom he related the whole story of Kamar al-Zaman and his wife, Queen Budur, from first to last; and acquainted them with his desire to marry his daughter Hayat al-Nufus to the Prince

and make him King in the stead of Queen Budur. Whereupon said they all, "Since he is the husband of Queen Budur, who hath been our King till now, whilst we

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deemed her son-in-law to King Armanus, we are all content to have him to Sultan over us; and we will be his servants, nor will we swerve from his allegiance.” So Armanus rejoiced hereat and, summoning Kazis and witnesses and the chief officers of state, bade draw up the contract of marriage between Kamar al-Zaman and his daughter, the Princess Hayat al-Nufus. Then he held high festival, giving sumptuous marriage-feasts and bestowing costly dresses of honour upon all the Emirs and Captains of the host; moreover he distributed alms to the poor and needy and set free all the prisoners. The whole world rejoiced in the coming of Kamar al-Zaman to the throne, blessing him and wishing him endurance of glory and prosperity, renown and felicity; and, as soon as he became King, he remitted the customs-dues and released all men who remained in gaol. Thus he abode a long while, ordering himself worthily towards his lieges; and he lived with his two wives in peace, happiness, constancy and content, lying the night with each of them in turn. He ceased not after this fashion during many years, for indeed all his troubles and afflictions were blotted out from him and he forgot his father King Shahrman and his former estate of honour and favour with him. After a while Almighty Allah blessed him with two boy children, as they were two shining moons, through his two wives; the elder whose name was Prince Amjad,[FN#356] by Queen Budur, and the younger whose name was Prince As’ad by Queen Hayat al-Nufus; and this one was comelier than his brother. They were reared in splendour and tender affection, in respectful bearing and in the perfection of training; and they were instructed in penmanship and science and the arts of government and horsemanship, till they attained the extreme accomplishments and the utmost limit of beauty and loveliness; both men and women being ravished by their charms. They grew up side by side till they reached the age of seventeen, eating and drinking together and sleeping in one bed, nor ever parting at any time or tide; wherefore all the people envied them. Now when they came to man’s estate and were endowed with every perfection, their father was wont, as often as he went on a journey, to make them sit in his stead by turns in the hall of judgement; and each did justice among the folk one day at a time. But it came to pass, by confirmed fate and determined lot, that love for As’ad (son of Queen Hayat al-Nufus) rose in the heart of Queen Budur, and that affection for Amjad (son of Queen Budur) rose in the heart of Queen Hayat al-Nufus.[FN#357] Hence it was that each of the women used to sport and play with the son of her sister-wife, kissing him and straining him to her bosom, whilst each mother thought that the other’s behaviour arose but from maternal affection. On this wise passion got the mastery of the two women’s hearts and they became madly in love with the two youths, so that when the other’s son came in to either of them, she would press him to her breast

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and long for him never to be parted from her; till, at last, when waiting grew longsome to them and they found no path to enjoyment, they refused meat and drink and banished the solace of sleep. Presently, the King fared forth to course and chase, bidding his two sons sit to do justice in his stead, each one day in turn as was their wont.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

When it was the Two Hundred and Eighteenth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the King fared forth to sport and hunt, bidding his two sons sit to do justice in his stead, each one day by turn, as was their wont. Now Prince Amjad sat in judgement the first day, bidding and forbidding, appointing and deposing, giving and refusing; and Queen Hayat al-Nufus, mother of As'ad, wrote to him a letter suing for his favour and discovering to him her passion and devotion; altogether put tiny off the mask and giving him to know that she desired to enjoy him. So she took a scroll and thereon indited these cadences, "From the love deranged * the sorrowful and estranged * whose torment is prolonged for the longing of thee! * Were I to recount to thee the extent of my care * and what of sadness I bear * the passion which my heart cloth tear * and all that I endure for weeping and unrest * and the rending of my sorrowful breast * my unremitting grief * and my woe without relief * and all my suffering for severance of thee * and sadness and love's ardency * no letter could contain it; nor calculation could compass it * Indeed earth and heaven upon me are strait; and I have no hope and no trust but what from thee I await * Upon death I am come nigh * and the horrors of dissolution I aby * Burning upon me is sore * with parting pangs and estrangement galore * Were I to set forth the yearnings that possess me more and more * no scrolls would suffice to hold such store * and of the excess of my pain and pine, I have made the following lines:- -

Were I to dwell on heart-consuming heat, *
Unease and transports in my spins meet,
Nothing were left of ink and reeden pen *
Nor aught of paper; no, not e'en a sheet.

Then Queen Hayat al-Nufus wrapped up her letter in a niece of costly silk scented with musk and ambergris; and folded it up with her silken hair-strings[FN#358] whose cost swallowed down treasures laid it in a handkerchief and gave it to a eunuch bidding him bear it to Prince Amjad.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the Two Hundred and Nineteenth Night,

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She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that she gave her missive to the eunuch in waiting and bade him bear it to Prince Amjad. And that eunuch went forth ignoring what the future hid for him (for the Omniscient ordereth events even as He willeth); and, going in to the Prince, kissed the ground between his hands and handed to him the letter. On receiving the kerchief he opened it and, reading the epistle and recognizing its gist he was ware that his father's wife was essentially an adulteress and a traitress at heart to her husband, King Kamar al-Zaman. So he waxed wroth with exceeding wrath and railed at women and their works, saying, "Allah curse women, the traitresses, the imperfect in reason and religion!"[FN#359] Then he drew his sword and said to the eunuch, "Out on thee, thou wicked slave! Dost thou carry messages of disloyalty for thy lord's wife? By Allah, there is no good in thee, O black of hue and heart, O foul of face and Nature's forming!" So he smote him on the neck and severed his head from his body; then, folding the kerchief over its contents he thrust it into his breast pocket and went in to his own mother and told her what had passed, reviling and reproaching her, and saying, "Each one of you is viler than the other; and, by Allah the Great and Glorious, did I not fear ill-manneredly to transgress against the rights of my father, Kamar al-Zaman, and my brother, Prince As'ad, I would assuredly go in to her and cut off her head, even as I cut off that of her eunuch!" Then he went forth from his mother in a mighty rage; and when the news reached Queen Hayat al-Nufus of what he had done with her eunuch, she abused him[FN#360] and cursed him and plotted perfidy against him. He passed the night, sick with rage, wrath and concern; nor found he pleasure in meat, drink or sleep. And when the next morning dawned Prince As'ad fared forth in his turn to rule the folk in his father's stead, whilst his mother, Hayat al-Nufus, awoke in feeble plight because of what she had heard from Prince Amjad concerning the slaughter of her eunuch. So Prince As'ad sat in the audience-chamber that day, judging and administering justice, appointing and deposing, bidding and forbidding, giving and bestowing. And he ceased not thus till near the time of afternoon-prayer, when Queen Budur sent for a crafty old woman and, discovering to her what was in her heart, wrote a letter to Prince As'ad, complaining of the excess of her affection and desire for him in these cadenced lines, "From her who perisheth for passion and love-forlorn * to him who in nature and culture is goodliest born * to him who is conceited of his own loveliness * and glories in his amorous grace * who from those that seek to enjoy him averteth his face * and refuseth to show favour unto the self abasing and base * him who is cruel and of disdainful mood * from the lover despairing of good * to Prince As'ad *

with passing beauty endowed * and of excelling grace proud *

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of the face moon bright * and the brow flower-white * and dazzling splendid light * This is my letter to him whose love melteth my body * and rendeth my skin and bones! * Know that my patience faileth me quite * and I am perplexed in my plight * longing and restlessness weary me * and sleep and patience deny themselves to me * but mourning and watching stick fast to me * and desire and passion torment me * and the extremes of languor and sickness have sheet me * Yet may my life be a ransom for thee * albeit thy pleasure be to slay her who loveth thee * and Allah prolong the life of thee * and preserve thee from all infirmity!" And after these cadences she wrote these couplets,

"Fate hath commanded I become thy fere, *
O shining like full moon when clearest clear!
All beauty dost embrace, all eloquence; *
Brighter than aught within our worldly sphere:
Content am I my torturer thou be: *
Haply shalt alms me with one lovely leer!
Happy her death who dieth for thy love! *
No good in her who holdeth thee unclear!"

And also the following couplets,

"Unto thee, As'ad! I of passion-pangs complain; *
Have ruth on slave of love so burnt with flaming pain:
How long, I ask, shall hands of Love disport with me, *
With longings, dolour, sleepliness and bale and bane?
Anon I 'plain of sea in heart, anon of fire *
In vitals, O strange case, dear wish, my fairest fain!
O blamer, cease thy blame, and seek thyself to fly *
From love, which makes these eyne a rill of tears to rain.
How oft I cry for absence and desire, Ah grief! *
But all my crying naught of gain for me shall gain:
Thy rigours dealt me sickness passing power to bear, *
Thou art my only leach, assain me an thou deign!
O chider, chide me not in caution, for I doubt *
That plaguey Love to thee shall also deal a bout."

Then Queen Budur perfumed the letter-paper with a profusion of odoriferous musk and, winding it in her hairstrings which were of Iraki silk, with pendants of oblong emeralds, set with pearls and stones of price, delivered it to the old woman, bidding her carry it to Prince As'ad.[FN#361] She did so in order to pleasure her, and going in to the Prince, straightway and without stay, found him in his own rooms and delivered to him the letter

in privacy; after which she stood waiting an hour or so for the answer. When As'ad had read the paper and knew its purport, he wrapped it up again in the ribbons and put it in his bosom-pocket: then (for he was wrath beyond all measure of wrath) he cursed false women and sprang up and drawing his sword, smote the old trot on the neck and cut off her pate. Thereupon he went in to his mother, Queen Hayat al-Nufus, whom he found lying on her bed in feeble case, for that which had betided her with Prince Amjad, and railed at her and cursed her; after which he left her and fore-gathered with his brother,

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to whom he related all that had befallen him with Queen Budur, adding, "By Allah, O my brother, but that I was ashamed before thee, I had gone in to her forthright and had smitten her head off her shoulders!" Replied Prince Amjad, "By Allah, O my brother, yesterday when I was sitting upon the seat of judgement, the like of what hath befallen thee this day befel me also with thy mother who sent me a letter of similar purport." And he told him all that had passed, adding, "By Allah, O my brother, naught but respect for thee withheld me from going in to her and dealing with her even as I dealt with the eunuch!" They passed the rest of the night conversing and cursing womankind, and agreed to keep the matter secret, lest their father should hear of it and kill the two women. Yet they ceased not to suffer trouble and foresee affliction. And when the morrow dawned, the King returned with his suite from hunting and sat awhile in his chair of estate; after which he sent the Emirs about their business and went up to his palace, where he found his two wives lying a-bed and both exceeding sick and weak. Now they had made a plot against their two sons and concerted to do away their lives, for that they had exposed themselves before them and feared to be at their mercy and dependent upon their forbearance. When Kamar al-Zaman saw them on this wise, he said to them, "What aileth you?" Whereupon they rose to him and kissing his hands answered, perverting the case and saying "Know, O King, that thy two sons, who have been reared in thy bounty, have played thee false and have dishonoured thee in the persons of thy wives." Now when he heard this, the light became darkness in his sight, and he raged with such wrath that his reason fled: then said he to them, "Explain me this matter." Replied Queen Budur, "O King of the age, know that these many days past thy son As'ad hath been in the persistent habit of sending me letters and messages to solicit me to lewdness and adultery while I still forbade him from this, but he would not be forbidden; and, when thou wentest forth to hunt, he rushed in on me, drunk and with a drawn sword in his hand, and smiting my eunuch, slew him. Then he mounted on my breast, still holding the sword, and I feared lest he should slay me, if I gainsaid him, even as he had slain my eunuch; so he took his wicked will of me by force. And now if thou do me not justice on him, O King, I will slay myself with my own hand, for I have no need of life in the world after this foul deed." And Queen Hayat al-Nufus, choking with tears, told him respecting Prince Amjad a story like that of her sister-wife.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

When it was the Two Hundred and Twentieth Night,

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She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Queen Hayat al-Nufus told her husband, King Kamar al-Zaman, a story like that of her sister in wedlock, Budur, and, quoth she, "The same thing befel me with thy son Amjad;" after which she took to weeping and wailing and said, "Except thou do me justice on him I will tell my father, King Armanus." Then both women wept with sore weeping before King Kamar al-Zaman who, when he saw their tears and heard their words, concluded that their story was true and, waxing wroth beyond measure of wrath, went forth thinking to fall upon his two sons and put them to death. On his way he met his father-in-law, King Armanus who, hearing of his return from the chase, had come to salute him at that very hour and, seeing him with naked brand in hand and blood dripping from his nostrils, for excess of rage, asked what ailed him. So Kamar al-Zaman told him all that his sons Amjad and As'ad had done and added, "And here I am now going in to them to slay them in the foulest way and make of them the most shameful of examples." Quoth King Armanus (and indeed he too was wroth with them), "Thou dost well, O my son, and may Allah not bless them nor any sons that do such deed against their father's honour. But, O my son, the sayer of the old saw saith, 'Whoso looketh not to the end hath not Fortune to friend.' In any case, they are thy sons, and it befitteth not that thou kill them with shine own hand, lest thou drink of their death-agony,[FN#362] and anon repent of having slain them whenas repentance availeth thee naught. Rather do thou send them with one of thy Mamelukes into the desert and let him kill them there out of thy sight, for, as saith the adage, 'Out of sight of my friend is better and pleasanter.'[FN#363] And when Kamar al-Zaman heard his father-in-law's words, he knew them to be just; so he sheathed his sword and turning back, sat down upon the throne of his realm. There he summoned his treasurer, a very old man, versed in affairs and in fortune's vicissitudes, to whom he said, "Go in to my sons, Amjad and As'ad; bind their hands behind them with strong bonds, lay them in two chests and load them upon a mule. Then take horse thou and carry them into mid desert, where do thou kill them both and fill two vials with their blood and bring the same to me in haste." Replied the treasurer, "I hear and I obey," and he rose up hurriedly and went out forthright to seek the Princes; and, on his road, he met them coming out of the palace-vestibule, for they had donned their best clothes and their richest; and they were on their way to salute their sire and give him joy of his safe return from his going forth to hunt. Now when he saw them, he laid hands on them, saying, "O my sons, know ye that I am but a slave commanded, and that your father hath laid a commandment on me; will ye obey his commandment?" They said, "Yes"; whereupon he went up to them and, after pinioning their arms, laid them in the chests which he loaded on the back of a mule

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he had taken from the city. And he ceased not carrying them into the open country till near noon, when he halted in a waste and desolate place and, dismounting from his mare, let down the two chests from the mule's back. Then he opened them and took out Amjad and As'ad; and when he looked upon them he wept sore for their beauty and loveliness; then drawing his sword he said to them, "By Allah, O my lords, indeed it is hard for me to deal so evilly by you; but I am to be excused in this matter, being but a slave commanded, for that your father King Kamar al-Zaman hath bidden me strike off your heads." They replied, "O Emir, do the King's bidding, for we bear with patience that which Allah (to Whom be Honour, Might and Glory!) hath decreed to us; and thou art quit of our blood." Then they embraced and bade each other farewell, and As'ad said to the treasurer, "Allah upon thee, O uncle, spare me the sight of my brother's death-agony and make me not drink of his anguish, but kill me first, for that were the easier for me." And Amjad said the like and entreated the treasurer to kill him before As'ad, saying, "My brother is younger than I; so make me not taste of his anguish. And they both wept bitter tears whilst the treasurer wept for their weeping;—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the Two Hundred and Twenty-first Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the treasurer wept for their weeping; then the two brothers embraced and bade farewell and one said to the other, "All this cometh of the malice of those traitresses, my mother and thy mother; and this is the reward of my forbearance towards thy mother and of thy forbearance towards my mother! But there is no Might and there is no Majesty save in Allah, the Glorious, the Great! Verily, we are Allah's and unto Him we are returning." [FN#364] And As'ad embraced his brother, sobbing and repeating these couplets,

"O Thou to whom sad trembling wights in fear complain! *
O ever ready whatso cometh to sustain!
The sole resource for me is at Thy door to knock, *
At whose door knock an Thou to open wilt not deign?
O Thou whose grace is treasured in the one word, Be! [FN#365] *
Favour me, I beseech, in Thee all weals contain."

Now when Amjad heard his brother's weeping he wept also and pressing him to his bosom repeated these two couplets,

"O Thou whose boons to me are more than one! *
Whose gifts and favours have nor count nor bound!
No stroke of all Fate's strokes e'er fell on me, *
But Thee to take me by the hand I found."

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Then said Amjad to the treasurer, "I conjure thee by the One, Omnipotent, the Lord of Mercy, the Beneficent! slay me before my brother As'ad, so haply shall the fire be quencht in my heart's core and in this life burn no more." But As'ad wept and exclaimed, "Not so: I will die first;" whereupon quoth Amjad, "It were best that I embrace thee and thou embrace me, so the sword may fall upon us and slay us both at a single stroke." Thereupon they embraced, face to face and clung to each other straitly, whilst the treasurer tied up the twain and bound them fast with cords, weeping the while. Then he drew his blade and said to them, "By Allah, O my lords, it is indeed hard to me to slay you! But have ye no last wishes that I may fulfil or charges which I may carry out, or message which I may deliver?" Replied Amjad, "We have no wish; and my only charge to thee is that thou set my brother below and me above him, that the blow may fall on me first, and when thou hast killed us and returnest to the King and he asketh thee, 'What heardest thou from them before their death?'; do thou answer, 'Verily thy sons salute thee and say to thee, Thou knewest not if we were innocent or guilty, yet hast thou put us to death and hast not certified thyself of our sin nor looked into our case.' Then do thou repeat to him these two couplets,

'Women are Satans made for woe o' men; *
I fly to Allah from their devilish scathe:
Source of whatever bale befel our kind, *
In wordly matters and in things of Faith.'"

Continued Amjad, "We desire of thee naught but that thou repeat to our sire these two couplets."—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

When it was ad the Two Hundred and Twenty-second Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Amjad added, speaking to the treasurer, "We desire of thee naught but that thou repeat to our sire these two couplets which thou hast just now heard; and I conjure thee by Allah to have patience with us, whilst I cite to my brother this other pair of couplets." Then he wept with sore weeping and began,

"The Kings who fared before us showed *
Of instances full many a show:
Of great and small and high and low *
How many this one road have trod!"

Now when the treasurer heard these words from Amjad, he wept till his beard was wet, whilst As'ad's eyes brimmed with tears and he in turn repeated these couplets,

"Fate frights us when the thing is past and gone; *
Weeping is not for form or face alone[FN#366]:



What ails the Nights?[FN#367] Allah blot out our sin, *
And be the Nights by other hand undone!
Ere this Zubayr-son[FN#368] felt their spiteful hate, *
Who fled for refuge to the House and Stone:
Would that when Kharijah was for Amru slain[FN#369] *
They had ransomed Ali with all men they own.”

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Then, with cheeks stained by tears down railing he recited also these verses,

“In sooth the Nights and Days are charactered *
By traitor falsehood and as knaves they lie;
The Desert-reek[FN#370] recalls their teeth that shine; *
All horrid blackness is their K of eye:
My sin anent the world which I abhor *
Is sin of sword when swordsmen fighting hie.”

Then his sobs waxed louder and he said,

“O thou who woo’st a World[FN#371] unworthy, learn *
’Tis house of evils, ’tis Perdition’s net:
A house where whoso laughs this day shall weep *
The next: then perish house of fume and fret!
Endless its frays and forays, and its thralls *
Are ne’er redeemed, while endless risks beset.
How many gloried in its pomps and pride, *
Till proud and pompous did all bounds forget,
Then showing back of shield she made them swill[FN#372] *
Full draught, and claimed all her vengeance debt.
For know her strokes fall swift and sure, altho’ *
Long bide she and forslow the course of Fate:
So look thou to thy days lest life go by *
Idly, and meet thou more than thou hast met;
And cut all chains of world-love and desire *
And save thy soul and rise to secrets higher.”

Now when As’ad made an end of these verses, he strained his brother Amjad in his arms, till they twain were one body, and the treasurer, drawing his sword, was about to strike them, when behold, his steed took fright at the wind of his upraised hand, and breaking its tether, fled into the desert. Now the horse had cost a thousand gold pieces and on its back was a splendid saddle worth much money; so the treasurer threw down his sword, and ran after his beast.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the Two Hundred and Twenty-third Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when his horse ran away, the treasurer ran after it in huge concern, and ceased not running to catch the runaway till it entered a thicket. He followed it whilst it dashed through the wood, smiting the earth with its hoofs till it raised a dust-cloud which towered high in air; and snorting and puffing and neighing and waxing fierce and furious. Now there happened to be in this thicket a lion of terrible might; hideous to sight, with eyes sparkling light: his look was

grim and his aspect struck fright into man's sprite. Presently the treasurer turned and saw the lion making towards him; but found no way of escape nor had he his sword with him. So he said in himself, "There is no Majesty and there is no Might save in Allah, the Glorious, the Great! This strait is come upon me for no other cause but because of Amjad and As'ad; and indeed this journey was unblest from the first!" Meanwhile the two Princes were grievously oppressed by the heat and grew sore athirst, so that their tongues hung out

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and they cried for succour, but none came to their relief and they said, "Would to Heaven we had been slain and were at peace from this pain! But we know not whither the horse hath fled, that the treasurer is gone and hath left us thus pinioned. If he would but come back and do us die, it were easier to us than this torture to aby." Said As'ad, "O my brother, be patient, and the relief of Allah (extolled and exalted be He!) shall assuredly come to us; for the horse started not away save of His favour towards us, and naught irketh us but this thirst." Upon this he stretched and shook himself and strained right and left, till he burst his pinion-bonds; then he rose and unbound his brother and catching up the Emir's sword, said, "By Allah, we will not go hence, till we look after him and learn what is become of him." Then they took to following on the trail till it led them to the thicket and they said to each other, "Of a surety, the horse and the treasurer have not passed out of this wood." Quoth As'ad, "Stay thou here, whilst I enter the thicket and search it;" and Amjad replied, "I will not let thee go in alone: nor will we enter it but together; so if we escape, we shall escape together and if we perish, we shall perish together." Accordingly both entered and found that the lion had sprang upon the treasurer, who lay like a sparrow in his grip, calling upon Allah for aid and signing with his hands to Heaven. Now when Amjad saw this, he took the sword and, rushing upon the lion, smote him between the eyes and laid him dead on the ground. The Emir sprang up, marvelling at this escape and seeing Amjad and As'ad, his master's sons, standing there, cast himself at their feet and exclaimed, "By Allah, O my lords, it were intolerable wrong in me to do you to death. May the man never be who would kill you! Indeed, with my very life, I will ransom you."—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

When it was the Two Hundred and Twenty-fourth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that quoth the treasurer to Amjad and As'ad, "With my life will I ransom you both!" Then he hastily rose and, at once embracing them, enquired how they had loosed their bonds and come thither; whereupon they told him how the bonds of one of them had fallen loose and he had unbound the other, whereto they were helped by the purity of their intentions, and how they had tracked his trail till they came upon him. So he thanked them for their deed and went with them forth of the thicket; and, when they were in the open country, they said to him, "O uncle, do our father's bidding." He replied, "Allah forbid that I should draw near to you with hurt! But know ye that I mean to take your clothes and clothe you with mine; then will I fill two vials with the lion's blood and go back to the King and tell him I have out you to death. But as for you two, fare ye forth into the lands, for Allah's earth

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is wide; and know, O my lords, that it paineth me to part from you.” At this, they all fell a-weeping; then the two youths put off their clothes and the treasurer habited them with his own. Moreover he made two parcels of their dress and, filling two vials with the lion’s blood, set the parcels before him on his horse’s back. Presently he took leave of them and, making his way to the city, ceased not faring till he went in to King Kamar al-Zaman and kissed the ground between his hands. The King saw him changed in face and troubled (which arose from his adventure with the lion) and, deeming this came of the slaughter of his two sons, rejoiced and said to him, “Hast thou done the work?” “Yes, O our lord,” replied the treasurer and gave him the two parcels of clothes and the two vials full of blood. Asked the King, “What didst thou observe in them; and did they give thee any charge?” Answered the treasurer, “I found them patient and resigned to what came down upon them and they said to me, ‘Verily, our father is excusable; bear him our salutation and say to him, ‘Thou art quit of our killing. But we charge thee repeat to him these couplets,

‘Verily women are devils created for us. We seek refuge with God from the artifice of the devils. They are the source of all the misfortunes that have appeared among mankind in the affairs of the world and of religion.’”[FN#373]

When the King heard these words of the treasurer, he bowed his head earthwards, a long while and knew his sons’ words to mean that they had been wrongfully put to death. Then he bethought himself of the perfidy of women and the calamities brought about by them; and he took the two parcels and opened them and fell to turning over his sons’ clothes and weeping,—And Shahrazed perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the Two Hundred and Twenty-fifth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when King Kamar la-Zaman opened the two bundles and fell to turning over his sons’ clothes and weeping, it so came to pass that he found, in the pocket of his son As’ad’s raiment, a letter in the hand of his wife enclosing her hair strings; so he opened and read it and understanding the contents knew that the Prince had been falsely accused and wrongously. Then he searched Amjad’s parcel of dress and found in his pocket a letter in the handwriting of Queen Hayat al-Nufus enclosing also her hair-strings; so he opened and read it and knew that Amjad too had been wronged; whereupon he beat hand upon hand and exclaimed, “There is no Majesty and there is no Might save in Allah, the Glorious, the Great! I have slain my sons unjustly.” And he buffeted his face, crying out, “Alas, my sons! Alas, my long grief!” Then he bade them build two tombs in one house, which he styled “House of Lamentations,” and had graved thereon his sons’ names; and he threw himself on Amjad’s tomb, weeping and groaning and lamenting, and improvised these couplets,

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“O moon for ever set this earth below, *
Whose loss bewail the stars which stud the sky!
O wand, which broken, ne’er with bend and wave *
Shall fascinate the ravisht gazer’s eye;
These eyne for jealousy I ’reft of thee, *
Nor shall they till next life thy sight descry:
I’m drowned in sea of tears for insomny *
Wherefore, indeed in Sahirah-stead[FN#374] I lie.”

Then he threw himself on As’ad’s tomb, groaning and weeping and lamenting and versifying with these couplets,

“Indeed I longed to share unweal with thee, *
But Allah than my will willed otherwise:
My grief all blackens ’twixt mine eyes and space, *
Yet whitens all the blackness from mine eyes:[FN#375]
Of tears they weep these eyne run never dry, *
And ulcerous flow in vitals never dries:
Right sore it irks me seeing thee in stead[FN#376] *
Where slave with sovran for once levelled lies.”

And his weeping and wailing redoubled; and, after he had ended his lamentations and his verse, he forsook his friends and intimates, and denying himself to his women and his family, cut himself off from the world in the House of Lamentations, where he passed his time in weeping for his sons. Such was his case; but as regards Amjad and As’ad they fared on into the desert eating of the fruits of the earth and drinking of the remnants of the rain for a full month, till their travel brought them to a mountain of black flint[FN#377] whose further end was unknown; and here the road forked, one line lying along the midway height and the other leading to its head. They took the way trending to the top and gave not over following it five days, but saw no end to it and were overcome with weariness, being unused to walking upon the mountains or elsewhere. [FN#378] At last, despairing of coming to the last of the road, they retraced their steps and, taking the other, that led over the midway heights,—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

When it was the Two Hundred and Twenty-sixth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Princes Amjad and As’ad returned from the path leading to the Mountain-head and took that which ran along the midway heights, and walked through all that day till nightfall, when As’ad, weary with much travel, said to Amjad, “O my brother, I can walk no farther, for I am exceeding weak.” Replied Amjad, “O my brother, take courage! May be Allah will send us relief.” So they walked on part of the night, till the darkness closed in upon them, when As’ad became weary beyond measure of weariness and cried out, “O my brother, I am worn out and



spent with walking,” and threw himself upon the ground and wept. Amjad took him in his arms and walked on with him, bytimes sitting down to rest till break of day, when they came to the mountain-top and found there a stream of running water and by it a pomegranate-tree and a prayer-niche.[FN#379]

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They could hardly believe their eyes when they saw it; but, sitting down by that spring, drank of its water and ate of the fruit of that granado-tree; after which they lay on the ground and slept till sunrise, when they washed and bathed in the spring and, eating of the pomegranates, slept again till the time of mid-afternoon prayer. Then they thought to continue their journey, but As'ad could not walk, for both his feet were swollen. So they abode there three days till they were rested, after which they set out again and fared on over the mountain days and nights, tortured by and like to die of thirst, till they sighted a city gleaming afar off, at which they rejoiced and made towards it. When they drew near it, they thanked Allah (be His Name exalted!) and Amjad said to As'ad, "O my brother, sit here, whilst I go to yonder city and see what it is and whose it is and where we are in Allah's wide world, that we may know through what lands we have passed in crossing this mountain, whose skirts had we followed, we had not reached this city in a whole year. So praised be Allah for safety!" Replied As'ad, "By Allah, O my brother, none shall go down into that city save myself, and may I be thy ransom! If thou leave me alone, be it only for an hour, I shall imagine a thousand things and be drowned in a torrent of anxiety on shine account, for I cannot brook shine absence from me." Amjad rejoined, "Go then and tarry not. So As'ad took some gold pieces, and leaving his brother to await him, descended the mountain and ceased not faring on till he entered the city. As he threaded the streets he was met by an old man age-decrepit, whose beard flowed down upon his breast and forked in twain;[FN#380] he bore a walking-staff in his hand and was richly clad, with a great red turband on his head. When As'ad saw him, he wondered at his dress and his mien; nevertheless, he went up to him and saluting him said, "Where be the way to the market, O my master?" Hearing these words the Shaykh smiled in his face and replied, "O my son, meseemeth thou art a stranger?" As'ad rejoined, "Yes, I am a stranger."—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the Two Hundred and Twenty-seventh Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Shaykh who met As'ad smiled in his face and said to him, "O my son, meseemeth thou art a stranger?" and As'ad replied, "Yes, I am a stranger." Then rejoined the old man, "Verily, thou gladdenest our country with thy presence, O my son, and thou desolatest shine own land by reason of shine absence. What wantest thou of the market?" Quoth As'ad, "O uncle, I have a brother, with whom I have come from a far land and with whom I have journeyed these three months; and, when we sighted this city, I left him, who is my elder brother, upon the mountain and came hither, purposing to buy victual and what else, and return therewith to him, that we might feed thereon."

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Said the old man, "Rejoice in all good, O my son, and know thou that to-day I give a marriage-feast, to which I have bidden many guests, and I have made ready plenty of meats, the best and most delicious that heart can desire. So if thou wilt come with me to my place, I will give thee freely all thou lackest without asking thee a price or aught else. Moreover I will teach thee the ways of this city; and, praised be Allah, O my son, that I, and none other have happened upon thee." "As thou wilt," answered As'ad, "do as thou art disposed, but make haste, for indeed my brother awaiteth me and his whole heart is with me." The old man took As'ad by the hand and carried him to a narrow lane, smiling in his face and saying, "Glory be to Him who hath delivered thee from the people of this city!" And he ceased not walking till he entered a spacious house, wherein was a saloon and behold, in the middle of it were forty old men, well stricken in years, collected together and forming a single ring as they sat round about a lighted fire, to which they were doing worship and prostrating themselves.[FN#381] When As'ad saw this, he was confounded and the hair of his body stood on end though he knew not what they were; and the Shaykh said to them, "O Elders of the Fire, how blessed is this day!" Then he called aloud, saying, "Hello, Ghazban!" Whereupon there came out to him a tall black slave of frightful aspect, grim-visaged and flat nosed as an ape who, when the old man made a sign to him, bent As'ad's arms behind his back and pinioned them; after which the Shaykh said to him, "Let him down into the vault under the earth and there leave him and say to my slave girl Such-an-one, 'Torture him night and day and give him a cake of bread to eat morning and evening against the time come of the voyage to the Blue Sea and the Mountain of Fire, whereon we will slaughter him as a sacrifice.'" So the black carried him out at another door and, raising a flag in the floor, discovered a flight of twenty steps leading to a chamber[FN#382] under the earth, into which he descended with him and, laying his feet in irons, gave him over to the slave girl and went away. Meanwhile, the old men said to one another, "When the day of the Festival of the Fire cometh, we will sacrifice him on the mountain, as a propitiatory offering whereby we shall pleasure the Fire." Presently the damsel went down to him and beat him a grievous beating, till streams of blood flowed from his sides and he fainted; after which she set at his head a scone of bread and a cruse of brackish water and went away and left him. In the middle of the night, he revived and found himself bound and beaten and sore with beating: so he wept bitter tears; and recalling his former condition of honour and prosperity, lordship and dominion, and his separation from his sire and his exile from his native land.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say,

When it was the Two Hundred and Twenty-eighth Night,

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She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when As'ad found himself bound and beaten and sore with beating he recalled his whilome condition of honour and prosperity and dominion and lordship, and he wept and groaned aloud and recited these couplets,

“Stand by the ruined stead and ask of us; *
Nor deem we dwell there as was state of us:
The World, that parter, hath departed us; *
Yet soothes not hate-full hearts the fate of us:
With whips a cursed slave girl scourges us, *
And teems her breast with rancorous hate of us:
Allah shall haply deign to unpart our lives, *
Chastise our foes, and end this strait of us.”

And when As'ad had spoken his poetry, he put out his hand towards his head and finding there the crust and the cruse full of brackish water he ate a bittock, just enough to keep life in him, and drank a little water, but could get no sleep till morning for the swarms of bugs[FN#383] and lice. As soon as it was day, the slave girl came down to him and changed his clothes, which were drenched with blood and stuck to him, so that his skin came off with the shirt; wherefor he shrieked aloud and cried, “Alas!” and said, “O my God, if this be Thy pleasure, increase it upon me! O Lord, verily Thou art not unmindful of him that oppresseth me; do Thou then avenge me upon him!” And he groaned and repeated the following verses,

“Patient, O Allah! to Thy destiny *
I bow, suffice me what Thou deign decree:
Patient to bear Thy will, O Lord of me, *
Patient to burn on coals of Ghaza-tree:
They wrong me, visit me with hurt and harm; *
Haply Thy grace from them shall set me free:
Far be's, O Lord, from thee to spare the wronger *
O Lord of Destiny my hope's in Thee!”

And what another saith,

“Bethink thee not of worldly state, *
Leave everything to course of Fate;
For oft a thing that irketh thee *
Shall in content eventuate;
And oft what strait is shall expand, *
And what expanded is wax strait.
Allah will do what wills His will *
So be not thou importunate!



But 'joy the view of coming weal *
Shall make forget past bale and bate."

And when he had ended his verse, the slave-girl came down upon him with blows till he fainted again; and, throwing him a flap of bread and a gugglet of saltish water, went away and left him sad and lonely, bound in chains of iron, with the blood streaming from his sides and far from those he loved. So he wept and called to mind his brother and the honours he erst enjoyed.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the Two Hundred and Twenty-ninth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that As'ad called to mind his brother and the honours he erst enjoyed; so he wept and groaned and complained and poured forth tears in floods and improvised these couplets,

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“Easy, O Fate! how long this wrong, this injury, *
Robbing each morn and eve my brotherhood fro’ me?
Is’t not time now thou deem this length sufficiency *
Of woes and, O thou Heart of Rock, show clemency?
My friends thou wrongedst when thou madst each enemy *
Mock and exult me for thy wrongs, thy tyranny:
My foeman’s heart is solaced by the things he saw *
In me, of strangerhood and lonely misery:
Suffice thee not what came upon my head of dole, *
Friends lost for evermore, eyes wan and pale of blee?
But must in prison cast so narrow there is naught *
Save hand to bite, with bitten hand for company;
And tears that tempest down like goodly gift of cloud, *
And longing thirst whose fires weet no satiety.
Regretful yearnings, singulfs and unceasing sighs, *
Repine, remembrance and pain’s very ecstasy:
Desire I suffer sore and melancholy deep, *
And I must bide a prey to endless phrenesy:
I find me ne’er a friend who looks with piteous eye, *
And seeks my presence to allay my misery:
Say, liveth any intimate with trusty love *
Who for mine ills will groan, my sleepless malady?
To whom moan I can make and, peradventure, he *
Shall pity eyes that sight of sleep can never see?
The flea and bug suck up my blood, as wight that drinks *
Wine from the proffering hand of fair virginity:
Amid the lice my body aye remindeth me *
Of orphan’s good in Kazi’s claw of villainy:
My home’s a sepulchre that measures cubits three, *
Where pass I morn and eve in chained agony:
My wines are tears, my clank of chains takes music’s stead, *
Cares my dessert of fruit and sorrows are my bed.”

And when he had versed his verse and had prosed his prose, he again groaned and complained and remembered he had been and how he had been parted from his brother. Thus far concerning him; but as regards his brother Amjad, he awaited As’ad till mid-day yet he returned not to him: whereupon Amjad’s vitals fluttered, the pangs of parting were sore upon him and he poured forth abundant tears,—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

When it was the Two Hundred and Thirtieth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Amjad awaited his brother As’ad till mid-day and he returned not to him, Amjad’s vitals fluttered; the pangs of



parting were sore upon him and he poured forth abundant tears, exclaiming, "Alas, my brother! Alas, my friend! Alas my grief! How I feared me we should be separated!" Then he descended from the mountain-top with the tears running down his cheeks; and, entering the city, ceased not walking till he made the market. He asked the folk the name of the place and concerning its people and they said, "This is called the City of the Magians, and its citizens are mostly given

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to Fire-worshipping in lieu of the Omnipotent King.” Then he enquired of the City of Ebony and they answered, “Of a truth it is a year’s journey thither by land and six months by sea: it was governed erst by a King called Armanus; but he took to son-in-law and made King in his stead a Prince called Kamar al-Zaman distinguished for justice and munificence, equity and benevolence.” When Amjad heard tell of his father, he groaned and wept and lamented and knew not whither to go. However, he bought a something of food and carried it to a retired spot where he sat down thinking to eat; but, recalling his brother, he fell a-weeping and swallowed but a morsel to keep breath and body together, and that against his will. Then he rose and walked about the city, seeking news of his brother, till he saw a Moslem tailor sitting in his shop so he sat down by him and told him his story; whereupon quoth the tailor, “If he have fallen into the hands of the Magians, thou shalt hardly see him again: yet it may be Allah will reunite you twain. But thou, O my brother,” he continued wilt thou lodge with me?” Amjad answered, “Yes”; and the tailor rejoiced at this. So he abode with him many days, what while the tailor comforted him and exhorted him to patience and taught him tailoring, till he became expert in the craft. Now one day he went forth to the sea-shore and washed his clothes; after which he entered the bath and put on clean raiment; then he walked about the city, to divert himself with its sights and presently there met him on the way a woman of passing beauty and loveliness, without peer for grace and comeliness. When she saw him she raised her face-veil and signed to him by moving her eyebrows and her eyes with luring glances, and versified these couplets,

“I drooped my glance when seen thee on the way *
As though, O slim-waist! felled by Sol’s hot ray:
Thou art the fairest fair that e’er appeared, *
Fairer to-day than fair of yesterday:[FN#384]
Were Beauty parted, a fifth part of it *
With Joseph or a part of fifth would stay;
The rest would fly to thee, shine ownest own; *
Be every soul thy sacrifice, I pray!”

When Amjad heard these her words, they gladdened his heart which inclined to her and his bowels yearned towards her and the hands of love sported with him; so he sighed to her in reply and spoke these couplets,

“Above the rose of cheek is thorn of lance:[FN#385] *
Who dareth pluck it, rashest chevisance?
Stretch not thy hand towards it, for night long *
Those lances marred because we snatched a glance!
Say her, who tyrant is and tempter too *
(Though justice might her tempting power enhance):—
Thy face would add to errors were it veiled; *



Unveiled I see its guard hath best of chance!
Eye cannot look upon Sol's naked face; *
But can, when mist-cloud dims his countenance:
The honey-hive is held by honey-bee;[FN#386] *

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Ask the tribe-guards what wants their vigilance?
An they would slay me, let them end their ire *
Rancorous, and grant us freely to advance:
They're not more murderous, an charge the whole *
Than charging glance of her who wears the mole."

And hearing these lines from Amjad she sighed with the deepest sighs and, signing to him again, repeated these couplets,

"'Tis thou hast trodden coyness path not I: *
Grant me thy favours for the time draws nigh:
O thou who makest morn with light of brow, *
And with loosed brow-locks night in lift to styel
Thine idol-aspect made of me thy slave, *
Tempting as temptedst me in days gone by:
'Tis just my liver fry with hottest love: *
Who worship fire for God must fire aby:
Thou sellest like of me for worthless price; *
If thou must sell, ask high of those who buy."

When Amjad heard these her words he said to her, "Wilt thou come to my lodging or shall I go with thee to shine?" So she hung her head in shame to the ground and repeated the words of Him whose Name be exalted, "Men shall have the pre-eminence above women, because of those advantages wherein Allah hath caused the one of them to excel the other." [FN#387] Upon this, Amjad took the hint.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the Two Hundred and Thirty-first Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Amjad took the woman's hint and understood that she wished to go with him whither he was going; he felt himself bounder to find a place wherein to receive her, but was ashamed to carry her to the house of his host, the tailor. So he walked on and she walked after him, and the two ceased not walking from street to street and place to place, till she was tired and said to him, "O my lord, where is thy house?" Answered he, "Before us a little way." Then he turned aside into a handsome by-street, followed by the young woman, and walked on till he came to the end, when he found it was no thoroughfare and exclaimed, "There is no Majesty and there is no Might save in Allah, the Glorious, the Great!" Then raising his eyes, he saw, at the upper end of the lane a great doer with two stone benches; but it was locked. So Amjad sat down on one of the benches and she on the other; and she

said to him, "O my lord, wherefore waitest thou?" He bowed his head awhile to the ground then raised it and answered, "I am awaiting my Mameluke who hath the key; for I bade him make me ready meat and drink and flowers, to deck the wine-service against my return from the bath." But he said to himself, "Haply the time will be tedious to her and she will go about her business, leaving me here, when I will wend my own way." However, as soon as she was weary of long waiting, she said, "O my lord, thy Mameluke delayeth; and here are we sitting in the street;" and she arose

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and took a stone and went up to the lock. Said Amjad, "Be not in haste, but have patience till the servant come." However, she hearkened not to him, but smote the wooden bolt with the stone and broke it in half, whereupon the door opened. Quoth he, "What possessed thee to do this deed?" Quoth she, "Pooh, pooh, my lord! what matter it? Is not the house thy house and thy place?" He said, "There was no need to break the bolt." Then the damsel entered, to the confusion of Amjad, who knew not what to do for fear of the people of the house; but she said to him, "Why dost thou not enter, O light of mine eyes and core of my heart?" Replied he, "I hear and obey; but my servant tarrieth long and I know not if he have done aught of what I bade him and specially enjoined upon him, or not." Hereupon he entered, sore in fear of the people of the house, and found himself in a handsome saloon with four dais'd recesses, each facing other, and containing closets and raised seats, all bespread with stuffs of silk and brocade; and in the midst was a jetting fountain of costly fashion, on whose margin rested a covered tray of meats, with a leather tablecloth hanging up and gem-encrusted dishes, full of fruits and sweet-scented flowers. Hard by stood drinking vessels and a candlestick with a single wax-candle therein; and the place was full of precious stuffs and was ranged with chests and stools, and on each seat lay a parcel of clothes upon which was a purse full of monies, gold and silver. The floor was paved with marble and the house bore witness in every part to its owner's fortune. When Amjad saw all this, he was confounded at his case and said to himself, "I am a lost man! Verily we are Allah's and to Allah we are returning!" As for the damsel, when she sighted the place she rejoiced indeed with a joy nothing could exceed, and said to him, "By Allah, O my lord, thy servant hath not failed of his duty; for see, he hath swept the place and cooked the meat and set on the fruit; and indeed I come at the best of times." But he paid no heed to her, his heart being taken up with fear of the house-folk; and she said, "Fie, O my lord, O my heart! What aileth thee to stand thus?" Then she sighed and, giving him a buss which sounded like the cracking of a walnut, said, "O my lord, an thou have made an appointment with other than with me, I will gird my middle and serve her and thee. Amjad laughed from a heart full of rage and wrath and came forwards and sat down, panting and saying to himself, "Alack, mine ill death and doom when the owner of the place shall return!" Then she seated herself by him and fell to toying and laughing, whilst Amjad sat careful and frowning, thinking a thousand thoughts and communing with himself, "Assuredly the master of the house cannot but come, and then what shall I say to him? he needs must kill me and my life will be lost thus foolishly." Presently she rose and, tucking up her sleeves, took a tray of food on which she laid the cloth and then set it before Amjad and began to

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eat, saying, "Eat, O my lord." So he came forward and ate; but the food was not pleasant to him; on the contrary he ceased not to look towards the door, till the damsel had eaten her fill, when she took away the tray of the meats and, setting on the dessert, fell to eating of the dried fruits. Then she brought the wine service and opening the jar, filled a cup and handed it to Amjad, who took it from her hand saying to him self, ' Ah, ah! and well away, when the master of the house cometh and seeth me!"; and he kept his eyes fixed on the threshold, even with cup in hand. While he was in this case, lo! in came the master of the house, who was a white slave, one of the chief men of the city, being Master of the Horse[FN#388] to the King. He had fitted up this saloon for his pleasures, that he might make merry therein and be private with whom he would, and he had that day bidden a youth whom he loved and had made this entertainment for him. Now the name of this slave was Bahadur,[FN#389] and he was open of hand, generous, munificent and fain of alms-giving and charitable works.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

When it wad the Two Hundred and Thirty-second Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Bahadur, the Master of the Horse and the owner of the house, came to the door of the saloon and found it open, he entered slowly and softly and looking in, with head advanced and out stretched neck, saw Amjad and the girl sitting before the dish of fruit and the wine-jar in front of them. Now Amjad at that moment had the cup in his hand and his face turned to the door; and when his glance met Bahadur's eyes his hue turned pale yellow and his side-muscles quivered, so seeing his trouble Bahadur signed to him with his finger on his lips, as much as to say, "Be silent and come hither to me." Whereupon he set down the cup and rose and the damsel cried, "Whither away?" He shook his head and, signing to her that he wished to make water, went out into the passage barefoot. Now when he saw Bahadur he knew him for the master of the house; so he hastened to him and, kissing his hands, said to him, "Allah upon thee, O my lord, ere thou do me a hurt, hear what I have to say." Then he told him who he was from first to last and acquainted him with what caused him to quit his native land and royal state, and how he had not entered his house of his free will, but that it was the girl who had broken the lock-bolt and done all this.[FN#390] When Bahadur heard his story and knew that he was a King's son, he felt for him and, taking compassion on him, said, "Hearken to me, O Amjad, and do what I bid thee and I will guarantee thy safety from that thou fearest; but, if thou cross me, I will kill thee." Amjad replied, "Command me as thou wilt: I will not gainsay thee in aught; no, never, for I am the freedman of thy bounty." Rejoined Bahadur, "Then go back forthwith into

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the saloon, sit down in thy place and be at peace and at shine ease; I will presently come in to thee, and when thou seest me (remember my name is Bahadur) do thou revile me and rail at me, saying, 'What made thee tarry till so late?' And accept no excuse from me; nay, so far from it, rise and beat me; and, if thou spare me, I will do away thy life. Enter now and make merry and whatsoever thou seekest of me at this time I will bring thee forthwith; and do thou spend this night as thou wilt and on the morrow wend thy way. This I do in honour of thy strangerhood, for I love the stranger and hold myself bounder to do him devoir." So Amjad kissed his hand, and, returning to the saloon with his face clad in its natural white and red, at once said to the damsel, "O my mistress, thy presence hath gladdened this shine own place and ours is indeed a blessed night." Quoth the girl, "Verily I see a wonderful change in thee, that thou now welcomest me so cordially!" So Amjad answered, "By Allah, O my lady, methought my servant Bahadur had robbed me of some necklaces of jewels, worth ten thousand diners each; however, when I went out but now in concern for this, I sought for them and found them in their place. I know not why the slave tarrieth so long and needs must I punish him for it." She was satisfied with his answer, and they sported and drank and made merry and ceased not to be so till near sundown, when Bahadur came in to them, having changed his clothes and girt his middle and put on shoes, such as are worn of Mamelukes. He saluted and kissed the ground; then held his hands behind him and stood, with his head hanging down, as one who confesseth to a fault. So Amjad looked at him with angry eyes and asked, "Why hast thou tarried till now, O most pestilent of slaves?" Answered Bahadur, "O my lord, I was busy washing my clothes and knew not of thy being here; for our appointed time was nightfall and not day-tide." But Amjad cried out at him, saying, "Thou liest, O vilest of slaves! By Allah, I must needs beat thee." So he rose and, throwing Bahadur prone on the ground, took a stick and beat him gently; but the damsel sprang up and, snatching the stick from his hand, came down upon Bahadur so lustily, that in extreme pain the tears ran from his eyes and he ground his teeth together and called out for succour; whilst Amjad cried out to the girl "Don't"; and she cried out, "Let me satisfy my anger upon him!" till at last he pulled the stick out of her hand and pushed her away. So Bahadur rose and, wiping away his tears from his cheeks, waited upon them the while, after which he swept the hall and lighted the lamps; but as often as he went in and out, the lady abused him and cursed him till Amjad was wroth with her and said, "For Almighty Allah's sake leave my Mameluke; he is not used to this." Then they sat and ceased not eating and drinking (and Bahadur waiting upon them) till midnight when, being weary with service and beating, he fell asleep in

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the midst of the hall and snored and snorted; whereupon the damsel, who was drunken with wine, said to Amjad, "Arise, take the sword hanging yonder and cut me off this slave's head; and, if thou do it not, I will be the death of thee!" "What possesseth thee to slay my slave?" asked Amjad; and she answered, "Our joyaunce will not be complete but by his death. If thou wilt not kill him, I will do it myself." Quoth Amjad, "By Allah's rights to thee, do not this thing!" Quoth she, "It must perforce be;" and, taking down the sword, drew it and made at Bahadur to kill him; but Amjad said in his mind, "This man hath entreated us courteously and sheltered us and done us kindness and made himself my slave: shall we requite him by slaughtering him? This shall never be!" Then he said to the woman, "If my Mameluke must be killed, better I should kill him than thou." So saying, he took the sword from her and, raising his hand, smote her on the neck and made her head fly from her body. It fell upon Bahadur who awoke and sat up and opened his eyes, when he saw Amjad standing by him and in his hand the sword dyed with blood, and the damsel lying dead. He enquired what had passed, and Amjad told him all she had said, adding, "Nothing would satisfy her but she must slay thee; and this is her reward." Then Bahadur rose and, kissing the Prince's hand, said to him, "Would to Heaven thou hadst spared her! but now there is nothing for it but to rid us of her without stay or delay, before the day-break." Then he girded his loins and took the body, wrapped it in an Aba-cloak and, laying it in a large basket of palm-leaves, he shouldered it saying, "Thou art a stranger here and knowest no one: so sit thou in this place and await my return till day-break. If I come back to thee, I will assuredly do thee great good service and use my endeavours to have news of thy brother; but if by sunrise I return not, know that all is over with me; and peace be on thee, and the house and all it containeth of stuffs and money are shine." Then he fared forth from the saloon bearing the basket; and, threading the streets, he made for the salt sea, thinking to throw it therein: but as he drew near the shore, he turned and saw that the Chief of Police and his officers had ranged themselves around him; and, on recognising him, they wondered and opened the basket, wherein they found the slain woman. So they seized him and laid him in bilboes all that night till the morning, when they carried him and the basket, as it was, to the King and reported the case. The King was sore enraged when he looked upon the slain and said to Bahadur, "Woe to thee! Thou art always so doing; thou killest folk and castest them into the sea and takest their goods. How many murders hast thou done ere this?" Thereupon Bahadur hung his head.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the Two Hundred and Thirty-third Night,

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She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Bahadur hung down his head groundwards before the King, who cried out at him, saying, "Woe to thee! Who killed this girl?" He replied, "O my lord! I killed her, and there is no Majesty and there is no Might save in Allah, the Glorious, the Great!"[FN#391] So the King in his anger, commanded to hang him; and the hangman went down with him by the King's commandment, and the Chief of Police accompanied him with a crier who called upon all the folk to witness the execution of Bahadur, the King's Master of the Horse; and on this wise they paraded him through the main streets and the market-streets. This is how it fared with Bahadur; but as regards Amjad, he awaited his host's return till the day broke and the sun rose, and when he saw that he came not, he exclaimed, "There is no Majesty and there is no Might save in Allah, the Glorious, the Great! Would I knew what is become of him?" And, as he sat musing behold, he heard the crier proclaiming Bahadur's sentence and bidding the people to see the spectacle of his hanging at midday; whereat he wept and exclaimed, "Verily, we are Allah's and to Him we are returning! He meaneth to sacrifice himself unjustly for my sake, when I it was who slew her. By Allah, this shall never be!" Then he went from the saloon and, shutting the door after him, hurriedly threaded the streets till he overtook Bahadur, when he stood before the Chief of Police and said to him, "O my lord, put not Bahadur to death, for he is innocent. By Allah, none killed her but I." Now when the Captain of Police heard these words, he took them both and, carrying them before the King, acquainted him with what Amjad had said; whereupon he looked at the Prince and asked him, "Didst thou kill the damsel?" He answered, "Yes" and the King said, "Tell me why thou killedst her, and speak the truth." Replied Amjad, "O King, it is indeed a marvellous event and a wondrous matter that hath befallen me: were it graven with needles on the eye-corners, it would serve as a warner to whoso would be warned!" Then he told him his whole story and informed him of all that had befallen him and his brother, first and last; whereat the King was much startled and surprised and said to him, "Know that now I find thee to be excusable; but list, O youth! Wilt thou be my Wazir?" "Hearkening and obedience," answered Amjad whereupon the King bestowed magnificent dresses of honour on him and Bahadur and gave him a handsome house, with eunuchs and officers and all things needful, appointing him stipends and allowances and bidding him make search for his brother As'ad. So Amjad sat down in the seat of the Wazirate and governed and did justice and invested and deposed and took and gave. Moreover, he sent out a crier to cry his brother throughout the city, and for many days made proclamation in the main streets and market-streets, but heard no news of As'ad nor happened on any trace of him. Such was his case; but as regards his brother, the Magi ceased not to torture As'ad night and day and eve and morn for a whole year's space, till their festival drew near, when the old man Bahram[FN#392] made ready for the voyage and fitted out a ship for himself.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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When it was the Two Hundred and Thirty-fourth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Bahram, the Magian, having fitted out a ship for the voyage, took As'ad and put him in a chest which he locked and had it transported on board. Now it so came to pass that, at the very time of shipping it, Amjad was standing to divert himself by looking upon the sea; and when he saw the men carrying the gear and shipping it, his heart throbbed and he called to his pages to bring him his beast. Then, mounting with a company of his officers, he rode down to the sea-side and halted before the Magian's ship, which he commended his men to board and search. They did his bidding, and boarded the vessel and rummaged in every part, but found nothing; so they returned and told Amjad, who mounted again and rode back. But he felt troubled in mind; and when he reached his place and entered his palace, he cast his eyes on the wall and saw written thereon two lines which were these couplets,

"My friends! if ye are banisht from mine eyes, *
From heart and mind ye ne'er go wandering:
But ye have left me in my woe, and rob *
Rest from my eyelids while ye are slumbering."

And seeing them Amjad thought of his brother and wept. Such was his case; but as for Bahram, the Magian, he embarked and shouted and bawled to his crew to make sail in all haste. So they shook out the sails and departed and ceased not to fare on many days and nights; and, every other day, Bahram took out As'ad and gave him a bit of bread and made him drink a sup of water, till they drew near the Mountain of Fire. Then there came out on them a storm-wind and the sea rose against them, so that the ship was driven out of her course till she took a wrong line and fell into strange waters; and, at last they came in sight of a city builded upon the shore, with a castle whose windows overlooked the main. Now the ruler of this city was a Queen called Marjanah, and the captain said to Bahram, "O my lord, we have strayed from our course and come to the island of Queen Marjanah, who is a devout Moslemah; and, if she know that we are Magians, she will take our ship and slay us to the last man. Yet needs must we put in here to rest and refit." Quoth Bahram, "Right is thy recking, and whatso thou seest fit that will I do!" Said the ship master, "If the Queen summon us and question us, how shall we answer her?"; and Bahram replied, "Let us clothe this Moslem we have with us in a Mameluke's habit and carry him ashore with us, so that when the Queen sees him, she will suppose and say, 'This is a slave.' As for me I will tell her that I am a slave-dealer[FN#393] who buys and sells white slaves, and that I had with me many but have sold all save this one, whom I retained to keep my accounts, for he can read and write." And the captain said "This device should serve." Presently they reached the city and slackened sail and cast the anchors; and the ship lay still, when

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behold, Queen Marjanah came down to them, attended by her guards and, halting before the vessel, called out to the captain, who landed and kissed the ground before her. Quoth she, "What is the lading of this thy ship and whom hast thou with thee?" Quoth he, "O Queen of the Age, I have with me a merchant who dealeth in slaves." And she said, "Hither with him to me"; whereupon Bahram came ashore to her, with As'ad walking behind him in a slave's habit, and kissed the earth before her. She asked, "What is thy condition?"; and he answered, "I am a dealer in chattels." Then she looked at As'ad and, taking him for a Mameluke, asked him, "What is thy name, O youth?" He answered, "Dost thou ask my present or my former name?" "Hast thou then two names?" enquired she, and he replied (and indeed his voice was choked with tears), "Yes; my name aforetime was Al-As'ad, the most happy, but now it is Al-Mu'tarr—Miserrimus." Her heart inclined to him and she said, "Canst thou write?" "Yes," answered he, and she gave him ink-case and reed-pen and paper and said to him, "Write somewhat that I may see it." So he wrote these two couplets,

"What can the slave do when pursued by Fate, *
O justest Judge! whatever be his state?[FN#394]
Whom God throws hand bound in the depths and says, *
Beware lest water should thy body wet?"[FN#395]

Now when she read these lines, she had ruth upon him and said to Bahram, "Sell me this slave." He replied, "O my lady, I cannot sell him, for I have parted with all the rest and none is left with me but he." Quoth the Queen, "I must need have him of thee, either by sale or way of gift." But quoth Bahram, "I will neither sell him nor give him." Whereat she was wroth and, taking As'ad by the hand, carried him up to the castle and sent to Bahram, saying, "Except thou set sail and depart our city this very night, I will seize all thy goods and break up thy ship." Now when the message reached the Magian, he grieved with sore grief and cried, "Verily this voyage is on no wise to be commended." Then he arose and made ready and took all he needed and awaited the coming of the night to resume his voyage, saying to the sailors, "Provide yourselves with your things and fill your water-skins, that we may set sail at the last of the night." So the sailors did their business and awaited the coming of darkness. Such was their case; but as regards Queen Marjanah, when she had brought As'ad into the castle, she opened the casements overlooking the sea and bade her handmaids bring food. They set food before As'ad and herself and both ate, after which the Queen called for wine. —And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the Two Hundred and Thirty-fifth Night,

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She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Queen Marjanah bade her handmaids bring wine and they set it before her, she fell to drinking with As'ad. Now, Allah (be He extolled and exalted!) filled her heart with love for the Prince and she kept filling his cup and handing it to him till his reason fled; and presently he rose and left the hall to satisfy a call of nature. As he passed out of the saloon he saw an open door through which he went and walked on till his walk brought him to a vast garden full of all manner fruits and flowers; and, sitting down under a tree, he did his occasion. Then he rose and went up to a jetting fountain in the garden and made the lesser ablution and washed his hands and face, after which he would have risen to go away; but the air smote him and he fell back, with his clothes undone and slept, and night overcame him thus. So far concerning him; but as concerns Bahram, the night being come, he cried out to his crew, saying, "Set sail and let us away!"; and the' answered, "We hear and obey, but wait till we fill our water-skins and then we will set sail." So they landed with their water skins and went round about the castle, and found nothing but garden-walls: whereupon they climbed over into the garden and followed the track of feet, which led them to the fountain; and there they found As'ad lying on his back. They knew him and were glad to find him; and, after filling their water-skins, they bore him off and climbed the wall again with him and carried him back in haste to Bahram to whom they said, "Hear the good tidings of thy winning thy wish; and gladden thy heart and beat thy drums and sound thy pipes; for thy prisoner, whom Queen Marjanah took from thee by force, we have found and brought back to thee"; and they threw As'ad down before him. When Bahram saw him, his heart leapt for joy and his breast swelled with gladness. Then he bestowed largesse on the sailors and bade them set sail in haste. So they sailed forthright, intending to make the Mountain of Fire and stayed not their course till the morning. This is how it fared with them; but as regards Queen Marjanah, she abode awhile, after As'ad went down from her, awaiting his return in vain for he came not; thereupon she rose and sought him, yet found no trace of him. Then she bade her women light flambeaux and look for him, whilst she went forth in person and, seeing the garden-door open, knew that he had gone thither. So she went out into the garden and finding his sandals lying by the fountain, searched the place in every part, but came upon no sign of him; and yet she gave not over the search till morning. Then she enquired for the ship and they told her, "The vessel set sail in the first watch of the night"; wherefor she knew that they had taken As'ad with them, and this was grievous to her and she was sore an-angered. She bade equip ten great ships forthwith and, making ready for fight, embarked in one of the ten with her Mamelukes and

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slave-women and men-at-arms, all splendidly accoutred and weaponed for war. They spread the sails and she said to the captains, "If you overtake the Magian's ship, ye shall have of me dresses of honour and largesse of money; but if you fail so to do, I will slay you to the last man." Whereat fear and great hope animated the crews and they sailed all that day and the night and the second day and the third day till, on the fourth they sighted the ship of Bahram, the Magian, and before evening fell the Queen's squadron had surrounded it on all sides, just as Bahram had taken As'ad forth of the chest and was beating and torturing him, whilst the Prince cried out for help and deliverance, but found neither helper nor deliverer: and the grievous bastinado sorely tormented him. Now while so occupied, Bahram chanced to look up and, seeing himself encompassed by the Queen's ships, as the white of the eye encompasseth the black, he gave himself up for lost and groaned and said, "Woe to thee, O As'ad! This is all out of thy head." Then taking him by the hand he bade his men throw him overboard and cried, "By Allah I will slay thee before I die myself!" So they carried him along by the hands and feet and cast him into the sea and he sank; but Allah (be He extolled and exalted!) willed that his life be saved and that his doom be deferred; so He caused him to sink and rise again and he struck out with his hands and feet, till the Almighty gave him relief, and sent him deliverance; and the waves bore him far from the Magian's ship and threw him ashore. He landed, scarce crediting his escape, and once more on land he doffed his clothes and wrung them and spread them out to dry; whilst he sat naked and weeping over his condition, and bewailing his calamities and mortal dangers, and captivity and stranger hood. And presently he repeated these two couplets,

"Allah, my patience fails: I have no ward; *
My breast is straitened and clean cut my cord;
To whom shall wretched slave of case complain *
Save to his Lord? O thou of lords the Lord!"

Then, having ended his verse, he rose and donned his clothes but he knew not whither to go or whence to come; so he fed on the herbs of the earth and the fruits of the trees and he drank of the streams, and fared on night and day till he came in sight of a city; whereupon he rejoiced and hastened his pace; but when he reached it,—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

When it Was the Two Hundred and Thirty-sixth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when he reached the city the shades of evening closed around him and the gates were shut. Now by the decrees of Pate and man's lot this was the very city wherein he had been a prisoner and to whose King his brother Amjad was Minister. When As'ad saw the gate was locked, he turned back and made for the burial-ground, where finding a tomb without a

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door, he entered therein and lay down and fell asleep, with his face covered by his long sleeve.[FN#396] Meanwhile, Queen Marjanah, coming up with Bahram's ship, questioned him of As'ad. Now the Magian, when Queen Marjanah overtook him with her ships, baffled her by his artifice and gramarye; swearing to her that he was not with him and that he knew nothing of him. She searched the ship, but found no trace of her friend, so she took Bahram and, carrying him back to her castle, would have put him to death, but he ransomed himself from her with all his good and his ship; and she released him and his men. They went forth from her hardly believing in their deliverance, and fared on ten days' journey till they came to their own city and found the gate shut, it being eventide. So they made for the burial-ground, thinking to lie the night there and, going round about the tombs, as Fate and Fortune would have it, saw the building wherein As'ad lay wide open; whereat Bahram marvelled and said, "I must look into this sepulchre." Then he entered and found As'ad lying in a corner fast asleep, with his head covered by his sleeve; so he raised his head, and looking in his face, knew him for the man on whose account he had lost his good and his ship, and cried, "What! art thou yet alive?" Then he bound him and gagged him without further parley, and carried him to his house, where he clapped heavy shackles on his feet and lowered him into the underground dungeon aforesaid prepared for the tormenting of Moslems, and he bade his daughter by name Bostan,[FN#397] torture him night and day, till the next year, when they would again visit the Mountain of Fire and there offer him up as a sacrifice. Then he beat him grievously and locking the dungeon door upon him, gave the keys to his daughter. By and by, Bostan opened the door and went down to beat him, but finding him a comely youth and a sweet-faced with arched brows and eyes black with nature's Kohl,[FN#398] she fell in love with him and asked him, "What is thy name?" "My name is As'ad," answered he; whereat she cried, "Mayst thou indeed be happy as thy name,[FN#399] and happy be thy days! Thou deservest not torture and blows, and I see thou hast been injuriously entreated." And she comforted him with kind words and loosed his bonds. Then she questioned him of the religion of Al-Islam and he told her that it was the true and right Faith and that our lord Mohammed had approved himself by surpassing miracles[FN#400] and signs manifest, and that fire-worship is harmful and not profitable; and he went on to expound to her the tenets of Al-Islam till she was persuaded and the love of the True Faith entered her heart. Then, as Almighty Allah had mixed up with her being a fond affection for As'ad, she pronounced the Two Testimonies[FN#401] of the Faith and became of the people of felicity. After this, she brought him meat and drink and talked with him and they prayed together: moreover, she made him chicken stews and fed him therewith, till he regained

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strength and his sickness left him and he was restored to his former health. Such things befel him with the daughter of Bahram, the Magian; and so it happened that one day she left him and stood at the house-door when behold, she heard the crier crying aloud and saying, "Whoso hath with him a handsome young man, whose favour is thus and thus, and bringeth him forth, shall have all he seeketh of money; but if any have him and deny it, he shall be hanged over his own door and his property shall be plundered and his blood go for naught." Now As'ad had acquainted Bostan bint Bahram with his whole history: so, when she heard the crier, she knew that it was he who was sought for and, going down to him, told him the news. Then he fared forth and made for the mansion of the Wazir, whom, when As'ad saw, exclaimed, "By Allah, this Minister is my brother Amjad!" Then he went up (and the damsel walking behind him) to the Palace, where he again saw his brother, and threw himself upon him; whereupon Amjad also knew him and fell upon his neck and they embraced each other, whilst the Wazir's Mamelukes dismounted and stood round them. They lay awhile insensible and, when they came to themselves, Amjad took his brother and carried him to the Sultan, to whom he related the whole story, and the Sultan charged him to plunder Bahram's house.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

When it was the Two Hundred and Thirty-seventh Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Sultan ordered Amjad to plunder Bahram's house and to hang its owner. So Amjad despatched thither for that purpose a company of men, who sacked the house and took Bahram and brought his daughter to the Wazir by whom she was received with all honour, for As'ad had told his brother the torments he had suffered and the kindness she had done him. Thereupon Amjad related in his turn to As'ad all that had passed between himself and the damsel; and how he had escaped hanging and had become Wazir; and they made moan, each to other, of the anguish they had suffered for separation. Then the Sultan summoned Bahram and bade strike off his head; but he said, "O most mighty King, art thou indeed resolved to put me to death?" Replied the King, "Yes, except thou save thyself by becoming a Moslem." Quoth Bahram, "O King, bear with me a little while!" Then he bowed his head groundwards and presently raising it again, made profession of The Faith and islamised at the hands of the Sultan. They all rejoiced at his conversion and Amjad and As'ad told him all that had befallen them, whereat he wondered and said, "O my lords, make ready for the journey and I will depart with you and carry you back to your father's court in a ship." At this they rejoiced and wept with sore weeping but he said, "O my lords, weep not for your departure, for it shall reunite you with those you love, even as were Ni'amah and Naomi." "And what befel Ni'amah and Naomi?" asked they. "They tell," replied Bahram, "(but Allah alone is All knowing) the following tale of



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Footnotes

[FN#1] This “horripilation,” for which we have the poetical term “goose-flesh,” is often mentioned in Hindu as in Arab literature.

[FN#2] How often we have heard this in England!

[FN#3] As a styptic. The scene in the text has often been enacted in Egypt where a favourite feminine mode of murdering men is by beating and bruising the testicles. The Fellahs are exceedingly clever in inventing methods of manslaughter. For some years bodies were found that bore no outer mark of violence, and only Frankish inquisitiveness discovered that the barrel of a pistol had been passed up the anus and the weapon discharged internally. Murders of this description are known in English history; but never became popular practice.

[FN#4] Arab. “Zakar,” that which betokens masculinity. At the end of the tale we learn that she also gelded him; thus he was a “Sandal,” a rase.

[FN#5] See vol. i. p. 104. {see Volume 1, Note 188}

[FN#6] The purity and intensity of her love had attained to a something of prophetic strain.

[FN#7] Lane corrupts this Persian name to Shah Zeman (i. 568).

[FN#8] *i.e.* the world, which includes the ideas of Fate, Time, Chance.

[FN#9] Arab. “Barid,” silly, noxious, contemptible; as in the proverb

Two things than ice are colder cold:—
An old man young, a young man old.

A “cold-of-countenance”=a fool: “May Allah make cold thy face!”=may it show want and misery. “By Allah, a cold speech!”=a silly or abusive tirade (Pilgrimage, ii. 22).

[FN#10] The popular form is, “often the ear loveth before the eye.”

[FN#11] Not the first time that royalty has played this prank, nor the last, perhaps.

[FN#12] *i.e.* the Lady Dunya.



[FN#13] These magazines are small strongly-built rooms on the ground floor, where robbery is almost impossible.

[FN#14] Lit. "approbation," "benediction"; also the Angel who keeps the Gates of Paradise and who has allowed one of the Ghilman (or Wuldan) the boys of supernatural beauty that wait upon the Faithful, to wander forth into this wicked world.

[FN#15] In Europe this would be a plurale majestatis, used only by Royalty. In Arabic it has no such significance, and even the lower orders apply it to themselves; although it often has a soupçon of "I and thou."

[FN#16] Man being an "extract of despicable water" (Koran xxxii. 7) ex spermate genital), which Mr. Rodwell renders "from germs of life," "from sorry water."

[FN#17] *i.e.* begotten by man's seed in the light of salvation (Nur al-huda).

[FN#18] The rolls of white (camphor-like) scarf-skin and sordes which come off under the bathman's glove become by miracle of Beauty, as brown musk. The Rubber or Shampooer is called in Egypt "Mukayyis" (vulgarly "Mukayyisati") or "bagman," from his "Kis," a bag-glove of coarse woollen stuff. To "Johnny Raws" he never fails to show the little rolls which come off the body and prove to them how unclean they are, but the material is mostly dead scarf-skin

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[FN#19] The normal phrase on such occasions (there is always a “dovetail” de rigueur) “Allah give thee profit!”

[FN#20] *i.e.* We are forced to love him only, and ignore giving him a rival (referring to Koranic denunciations of “Shirk,” or attributing a partner to Allah, the religion of plurality, syntheism not polytheism): see, he walks tottering under the weight of his back parts wriggling them whilst they are rounded like the revolving heavens.

[FN#21] Jannat al-Na'im (Garden of Delight); the fifth of the seven Paradises made of white diamond; the gardens and the plurality being borrowed from the Talmud. Mohammed's Paradise, by the by, is not a greater failure than Dante's. Only ignorance or pious fraud asserts it to be wholly sensual; and a single verse is sufficient refutation: “Their prayer therein shall be 'Praise unto thee, O. Allah!' and their salutation therein shall be 'Peace!' and the end of their prayer shall be, 'Praise unto God, the Lord of all creatures'” (Koran x. 10-11). See also lvi. 24- 26. It will also be an intellectual condition wherein knowledge will greatly be increased (lxxxviii viii. 17-20). Moreover the Moslems, far more logical than Christians, admit into Paradise the so-called “lower animals.”

[FN#22] Sed vitam faciunt balnea, vine, Venus! The Hammam to Easterns is a luxury as well as a necessity; men sit there for hours talking chiefly of money and their prowess with the fair; and women pass half the day in it complaining of their husbands' over-amativeness and contrasting their own chaste and modest aversion to camel congress.

[FN#23] The frigidarium or cold room, coolness being delightful to the Arab.

[FN#24] The calidarium or hot room of the bath.

[FN#25] The Angel who acts door-keeper of Hell; others say he specially presides over the torments of the damned (Koran xliii. 78).

[FN#26] The Door-keeper of Heaven before mentioned who, like the Guebre Zamiyad has charge of the heavenly lads and lasses, and who is often charged by poets with letting them slip.

[FN#27] Lane (i. 616), says “of wine, milk, sherbet, or any other beverage.” Here it is wine, a practice famed in Persian poetry, especially by Hafiz, but most distasteful to a European stomach. We find the Mu allakah of Imr al-Keys noticing “our morning draught.” Nott (Hafiz) says a “cheerful cup of wine in the morning was a favourite indulgence with the more luxurious Persians. And it was not uncommon among the Easterns, to salute friend by saying, “May your morning potation be agreeable to you!” In the present day this practice is confined to regular debauchees.

[FN#28] Koran xii. 31. The words spoken by Zulaykha's women friends and detractors whom she invited to see Beauty Joseph.

[FN#29] A formula for averting fascination. Koran, chaps. cxiii. 1. "Falak" means "cleaving" hence the breaking forth of light from darkness, a "wonderful instance of the Divine power."

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[FN#30] The usual delicate chaff.

[FN#31] Such letters are generally written on a full-sized sheet of paper ("notes" are held slighting in the East) and folded till the breadth is reduced to about one inch. The edges are gummed, the ink, much like our Indian ink, is smeared with the finger upon the signet ring; the place where it is to be applied is slightly wetted with the tongue and the seal is stamped across the line of junction to secure privacy. I have given a specimen of an original love-letter of the kind in "Scinde, or the Unhappy Valley," chaps. iv.

[FN#32] Arab. "Salb" which may also mean hanging, but the usual term for the latter in The Nights is "shanak." Crucifixion, abolished by the superstitious Constantine, was practised as a servile punishment as late as the days of Mohammed Ali Pasha the Great e malefactors were nailed and tied to the patibulum or cross-piece without any sup pedaneum or foot-rest and left to suffer tortures from flies and sun, thirst and hunger. They often lived three days and died of the wounds mortifying and the nervous exhaustion brought on by cramps and convulsions. In many cases the corpses were left to feed the kites and crows; and this added horror to the death. Moslems care little for mere hanging. Whenever a fanatical atrocity is to be punished, the malefactor should be hung in pig-skin, his body burnt and the ashes publicly thrown into a common cesspool.

[FN#33] Arab "Shaytan" the insolent or rebellious one is a common term of abuse. The word I. Koramc, and borrowed as usual from the Jews. "Satan" occurs four times in the O.T. of which two are in Job where, however, he is a subordinate angel.

[FN#34] Arab. "Alak" from the Koran xxii. 5. " O men...consider that we first created you of dust (Adam); afterwards of seed (Rodwell's "moist germs of life"); afterwards of a little coagulated (or clots of) blood." It refers to all mankind except Adam, Eve and Isa. Also chaps. xcvi. 2, which, as has been said was probably the first composed at Meccah. Mr. Rodwell (v. 10) translates by 'Servant of God' what should be "Slave of Allah," alluding to Mohammed's original name Abdullah. See my learned friend Aloys Sprenger, *Leben, etc.*, i.155.

[FN#35] The Hindus similarly exaggerate: "He was ready to leap out of his skin in his delight" (*Katha, etc.*, p. 443).

[FN#36] A star in the tail of the Great Bear, one of the "Banat al-Na'ash," or a star close to the second. Its principal use is to act foil to bright Sohayl (Canopus) as in the beginning of Jami's Layla-Majnun:—

To whom Thou'rt hid, day is darksome night:
To whom shown, Soha as Sohayl is bright.



See also al-Hariri (xxxii. and xxxvi.). The saying, "I show her Soha and she shows me the moon" (A. P. i. 547) arose as follows. In the Ignorance a beautiful Amazon defied any man to take her maidenhead; and a certain Ibn al-Ghazz won the game by struggling with her till she was nearly senseless. He then asked her, "How is thine eyesight: dost thou see Soha?" and she, in her confusion, pointed to the moon and said, "That is it!"

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[FN#37] The moon being masculine (lupus) and the sun feminine.

[FN#38] The “five Shaykhs” must allude to that number of Saints whose names are doubtful; it would be vain to offer conjectures. Lane and his “Sheykh” (i. 617) have tried and failed.

[FN#39] The beauties of nature seem always to provoke hunger in Orientals, especially Turks, as good news in Englishmen.

[FN#40] Pers. “Lajuward”: Arab. “Lazuward”; prob. the origin of our “azure,” through the Romaic and the Ital. azzurro; and, more evidently still, of lapis lazuli, for which do not see the Dictionaries.

[FN#41] Arab. “Maurid.” the desert-wells where caravans drink: also the way to water wells.

[FN#42] The famous Avicenna, whom the Hebrews called Aben Sina. The early European Arabists, who seem to have learned Arabic through Hebrew, borrowed their corruption, and it long kept its place in Southern Europe.

[FN#43] According to the Hindus there are ten stages of love-sickness: (1) Love of the eyes (2) Attraction of the Manas or mind; (3) Birth of desire; (4) Loss of sleep; (5) Loss of flesh; (6) Indifference to objects of sense; (7) Loss of shame, (8) Distraction of thought (9) Loss of consciousness; and (10) Death.

[FN#44] We should call this walk of “Arab ladies” a waddle: I have never seen it in Europe except amongst the trading classes of Trieste, who have a “wriggle” of their own.

[FN#45] In our idiom six doors.

[FN#46] They refrained from the highest enjoyment, intending to marry.

[FN#47] Arab. “Jihad,” lit. fighting against something; Koranically, fighting against infidels non-believers in Al-Islam (chaps. ix. 1). But the “Mujahidun” who wage such war are forbidden to act aggressively (ii. 186). Here it is a war to save a son.

[FN#48] The lady proposing extreme measures is characteristic: Egyptians hold, and justly enough, that their women are more amorous than men.

[FN#49] “O Camphor,” an antiphrase before noticed. The vulgar also say “Ya Talji”=O snowy (our snowball), the polite “Ya Abu Sumrah !” =O father of brownness.

[FN#50] *i.e.* which fit into sockets in the threshold and lintel and act as hinges. These hinges have caused many disputes about how they were fixed, for instance in caverns



without moveable lintel or threshold. But one may observe that the upper projections are longer than the lower and that the door never fits close above, so by lifting it up the inferior pins are taken out of the holes. It is the oldest form and the only form known to the Ancients. In Egyptian the hinge is called Akab=the heel, hence the proverb Wakaf' al-bab ala 'akabin; the door standeth on its heel; *i.e.* every thing in proper place.

[FN#51] Hence the addresses to the Deity: Ya Satir and Ya Sattar--Thou who veilest the sins of Thy Servants! said *e.g.*, when a woman is falling from her donkey, *etc.*

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[FN#52] A necessary precaution, for the headsman who would certainly lose his own head by overhaste.

[FN#53] The passage has also been rendered, “and rejoiced him by what he said” (Lane i, 600).

[FN#54] Arab. “Hurr”=noble, independent (opp. to ‘Abd=a servile) often used to express animae nobilitas as in Acts xvii. 11; where the Beroeans were “more noble” than the Thessalonians. The Princess means that the Prince would not lie with her before marriage.

[FN#55] The Persian word is now naturalized as Anglo-Egyptian.

[FN#56] Arab. “khassat hu” = removed his testicles, gelded him.

[FN#57] Here ends the compound tale of Taj al-Muluk cum Aziz plus Azizah, and we return to the history of King Omar’s sons.

[FN#58] “Zibl” popularly pronounced Zabal, means “dung.” Khan is “Chief,” as has been noticed; “Zabbal,” which Torrens renders literally “dung-drawer,” is one who feeds the Hammam with bois-de-vache, etc.

[FN#59] i.e one who fights the Jihad or “Holy War”: it is equivalent to our “good knight.”

[FN#60] Arab. “Malik.” Azud al Daulah, a Sultan or regent under the Abbaside Caliph Al-Ta’i li ‘llah (regn. A.H. 363-381) was the first to take the title of “Malik.” The latter in poetry is still written Malik.

[FN#61] A townlet on the Euphrates, in the “awwal Sham,” or frontier of Syria.

[FN#62] i.e., the son would look to that.

[FN#63] A characteristic touch of Arab pathos, tender and true.

[FN#64] Arab. “Mawarid” from “ward” = resorting to pool or water-pit (like those of “Gakdul”) for drinking, as opposed to “Sadr”=returning after having drunk at it. Hence the “Sadir” (part. act.) takes precedence of the “Warid” in Al-Hariri (Ass. of the Badawi).

[FN#65] One of the fountains of Paradise (Koran, chaps. lxxvi.): the word lit. means “water flowing pleasantly down the throat.” The same chapter mentions “Zanjabil,” or the Ginger-fount, which to the Infidel mind unpleasantly suggests “ginger pop.”

[FN#66] Arab. “Takhil” = adorning with Kohl.



[FN#67] The allusions are far-fetched and obscure as in Scandinavian poetry. Mr. Payne (ii. 314) translates "Naml" by "net." I understand the ant (swarm) creeping up the cheeks, a common simile for a young beard. The lovers are in the Laza (hell) of jealousy *etc.*, yet feel in the Na'im (heaven) of love and robe in green, the hue of hope, each expecting to be the favoured one.

[FN#68] Arab. "Ukhuwan," the classical term. There are two chamomiles, the white (Babunaj) and the yellow (Kaysun), these however are Syrian names and plants are differently called in almost every Province of Arabia

[FN#69] In nomadic life the parting of lovers happens so frequently that it become. a stock topic in poetry and often, as here, the lover complains of parting when he is not parted. But the gravamen lies in the word "Wasl" which may mean union, meeting, reunion Or coition. As Ka'ab ibn Zuhayr began his famous poem with "Su'ad hath departed," 900 imitators (says Al-Siyuti) adopted the Nasib or address to the beloved and Su'ad came to signify a cruel, capricious mistress.

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[FN#70] As might be expected from a nation of camel-breeders actual cautery which can cause only counter-irritation, is a favourite nostrum; and the Hadis or prophetic saying is “Akhir al-dawa (or al-tibb) al-Kayy” = cautery is the end of medicine-cure; and “Fire and sickness cannot cohabit.” Most of the Badawi bear upon their bodies grisly marks Of this heroic treatment, whose abuse not unfrequently brings on gangrene. The Hadis (Burckhardt, Proverbs, No. 30) also means “if nothing else avail, take violent measures.

[FN#71] The Spaniards have the same expression: “Man is fire and woman is tinder.”

[FN#72] Arab. “Bashik” from Persian “Bashah” (accipiter Nisus) a fierce little species of sparrow-hawk which I have described in “Falconry in the Valley of the Indus” (p. 14, *etc.*).

[FN#73] Lit. “Coals (fit) for frying pan.”

[FN#74] Arab. “Libdah,” the sign of a pauper or religious mendicant. He is addressed “Ya Abu libdah!” (O father of a felt calotte!)

[FN#75] In times of mourning Moslem women do not use perfumes or dyes, like the Henna here alluded to in the pink legs and feet of the dove.

[FN#76] Koran, chaps. ii. 23. The idea is repeated in some forty Koranic passages.

[FN#77] A woman’s name, often occurring. The “daughters of Sa’ada” are zebras, so called because “they resemble women in beauty and graceful agility.”

[FN#78] Arab. “Tiryak” from Gr. *æ* a drug against venomous bites. It was compounded mainly of treacle, and that of Baghdad and Irak was long held sovereign. The European equivalent, “Venice treacle,” (Theriaca Andromachi) is an electuary containing many elements. Badawin eat for counter-poison three heads of garlic in clarified butter for forty days. (Pilgrimage iii 77)

[FN#79] Could Cervantes have read this? In Algiers he might easily have heard it recited by the tale-tellers. Kanmakan is the typical Arab Knight, gentle and valiant as Don Quixote Sabbah is the Grazioso, a “Beduin” Sancho Panza. In the “Romance of Antar” we have a similar contrast with Ocab who says: “Indeed I am no fighter: the sword in my hand-palm chases only pelicans ;” and, “whenever you kill a satrap, I’ll plunder him.”

[FN#80] *i.e.* The Comely, son of the Spearman, son of the Lion, or Hero.

[FN#81] Arab. “Ushari.” Old Purchas (vi., i. 9) says there are three kinds of camels (1) Huguin (=Hejin) of tall stature and able to carry 1,000 lbs. (2) Bechete (=Bukhti) the two-humped Bactrian before mentioned and, (3) the Raguahill (Rahil) small dromedaries



unfit for burden but able to cover a hundred miles in a day. The “King of Timbukhtu” (not “Bukhtu’s well” pop. Timbuctoo) had camels which reach Segelmesse (Sijalmas) or Darha, nine hundred miles in eight days at most. Lyon makes the Maherry (also called El-Heirie=Mahri) trot nine miles an hour for a long time. Other travellers in North Africa report

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the Sabayee (Saba'i=seven days weeder) as able to get over six hundred and thirty miles (or thirty-five caravan stages=each eighteen miles) in five to seven days. One of the dromedaries in the "hamlah" or caravan of Mr. Ensor (Journey through Nubia and Darfoor—a charming book) travelled one thousand one hundred and ten miles in twenty- seven days. He notes that his beasts were better with water every five to seven days, but in the cold season could do without drink for sixteen. I found in Al-Hijaz at the end of August that the camels suffered much after ninety hours without drink (Pilgrimage iii. 14). But these were "Judi" fine-haired animals as opposed to "Khawar" (the Khowas of Chesney, p. 333), coarse-haired, heavy, slow brutes which will not stand great heat.

[FN#82] *i.e.* Fortune so willed it (euphemistically).

[FN#83] The "minaret" being feminine is usually compared with a fair young girl. The oldest minaret proper is supposed to have been built in Damascus by the Ommiade Caliph (No. X.) Al-Walid A.H. 86-96 (=705-715). According to Ainsworth (ii. 113) the second was at Kuch Hisar in Chaldea.

[FN#84] None of the pure Badawi can swim for the best of reasons, want of waters.

[FN#85] The baser sort of Badawi is never to be trusted: he is a traitor born, and looks upon fair play as folly or cowardice. Neither oath nor kindness can bind him: he unites the cruelty of the cat with the wildness of the wolf. How many Englishmen have lost their lives by not knowing these elementary truths! The race has not changed from the days of Mandeville (A.D. 1322) whose "Arabians, who are called Bedouins and Ascopards (?), are right felonious and foul, and of a cursed nature." In his day they "carried but one shield and one spear, without other arm :." now, unhappily for travellers, they have matchlocks and most tribes can manufacture a something called by courtesy gunpowder.

[FN#86] Thus by Arab custom they become friends.

[FN#87] Our classical term for a noble Arab horse.

[FN#88] In Arab. "Khayl" is=horse; Husan, a stallion; Hudud, a brood stallion; Faras, a mare (but sometimes used as a horse and meaning "that tears over the ground"), Jiyad a steed (noble); Kadish, a nag (ignoble); Mohr a colt and Mohrah, a filly. There are dozens of other names but these suffice for conversation

[FN#89] Al-Katul, the slayer; Al-Majnun, the mad; both high compliments in the style inverted.

[FN#90] This was a highly honourable exploit, which would bring the doer fame as well as gain.

[FN#91] This is a true and life-like description of horse-stealing in the Desert: Antar and Burckhardt will confirm every word. A noble Arab stallion is supposed to fight for his rider and to wake him at night if he see any sign of danger. The owner generally sleeps under the belly of the beast which keeps eyes and ears alert till dawn.

[FN#92] Arab. "Yaum al tanadi," *i.e.* Resurrection-day.

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[FN#93] Arab. "Bilad al-Sudan"=the Land of the Blacks, negro-land, whence the slaves came, a word now fatally familiar to English ears. There are, however, two regions of the same name, the Eastern upon the Upper Nile and the Western which contains the Niger Valley, and each considers itself the Sudan. And the reader must not confound the Berber of the Upper Nile, the Berderino who acts servant in Lower Egypt, with the Berber of Barbary: the former speaks an African language; the latter a "Semitic" (Arabic) tongue.

[FN#94] "Him" for "her."

[FN#95] Arab. "Saibah," a she-camel freed from labour under certain conditions amongst the pagan Arabs; for which see Sale (Prel. Disc. sect. v.).

[FN#96] Arab. "Marba'." In early spring the Badawi tribes leave the Rasm or wintering-place (the Turco-Persian "Kishlak") in the desert, where winter-rains supply them, and make for the Yaylak, or summer-quarters, where they find grass and water. Thus the great Ruwala tribe appears regularly every year on the eastern slopes of the Anti-Libanus (Unexplored Syria, i. 117), and hence the frequent "partings."

[FN#97] This "renowning it" and boasting of one's tribe (and oneself) before battle is as natural as the war-cry: both are intended to frighten the foe and have often succeeded. Every classical reader knows that the former practice dates from the earliest ages. It is still customary in Arabia during the furious tribal fights, the duello on a magnificent scale which often ends in half the combatants on either side being placed hors-de-combat. A fair specimen of "renowning it" is Amru's Suspended Poem with its extravagant panegyric of the Taghlab tribe (p. 64, "Arabian Poetry for English Readers," etc., by W. A. Clouston, Glasgow: privately printed MDCCCLXXXI.; and transcribed from Sir William Jones's translation).

[FN#98] The "Turk" appeared soon amongst the Abbaside Caliphs. Mohammed was made to prophecy of them under the title Banu Kanturah, the latter being a slave-girl of Abraham. The Imam Al-Shafi'i (A.H. 195=A.D. 810) is said to have foretold their rule in Egypt where an Ottoman defended him against a donkey-boy. (For details see Pilgrimage i. 216) The Caliph Al-Mu'atasim bi'llah (A.D. 833-842) had more than 10,000 Turkish slaves and was the first to entrust them with high office; so his Arab subjects wrote of him:—

A wretched Turk is thy heart's desire;
And to them thou showest thee dam and sire.

His successor Al-Wasik (Vathek, of the terrible eyes) was the first to appoint a Turk his Sultan or regent. After his reign they became praetorians and led to the downfall of the Abbasides.

[FN#99] The Persian saying is “First at the feast and last at the fray.”

[FN#100] *i.e.* a tempter, a seducer.

[FN#101] Arab. “Wayl-ak” here probably used in the sense of “Wayh-ak” an expression of affectionate concern.

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[FN#102] Firdausi, the Homer of Persia, affects the same magnificent exaggeration. The trampling of men and horses raises such a dust that it takes one layer (of the seven) from earth and adds it to the (seven of the) Heavens. The “blaze” on the stallion’s forehead (Arab. “Ghurrah”) is the white gleam of the morning.

[FN#103] A noted sign of excitement in the Arab blood horse, when the tail looks like a panache covering the hind-quarter.

[FN#104] *i.e.* Prince Kanmakan.

[FN#105] The “quality of mercy” belongs to the noble Arab, whereas the ignoble and the Bada win are rancorous and revengeful as camels.

[FN#106] Arab. “Khanjar,” the poison was let into the grooves and hollows of the poniard.

[FN#107] The Pers. “Bang”, Indian “Bhang”, Maroccan “Fasukh” and S. African “Dakha.” (Pilgrimage i. 64.) I heard of a “Hashish-orgie” in London which ended in half the experimentalists being on their sofas for a week. The drug is useful for stokers, having the curious property of making men insensible to heat. Easterns also use it for “Imsak” prolonging coition of which I speak presently.

[FN#108] Arab. “Hashshashin;” whence De Sacy derived “Assassin.” A notable effect of the Hashish preparation is wildly to excite the imagination, a kind of delirium imaginans sive phantasticum .

[FN#109] Meaning “Well done!” Mashallah (Ma shaa ’llah) is an exclamation of many uses, especially affected when praising man or beast for fear lest flattering words induce the evil eye.

[FN#110] Arab. “Kabkab” vulg. “Kubkab.” They are between three and ten inches high, and those using them for the first time in the slippery Hammam must be careful.

[FN#111] Arab. “Majlis”=sitting. The postures of coition, ethnologically curious and interesting, are subjects so extensive that they require a volume rather than a note. Full information can be found in the Ananga-ranga, or Stage of the Bodiless One, a treatise in Sanskrit verse vulgarly known as Koka Pandit from the supposed author, a Wazir of the great Rajah Bhoj, or according to others, of the Maharajah of Kanoj. Under the title Lizzat al-Nisa (The Pleasures—or enjoying—of Women) it has been translated into all the languages of the Moslem East, from Hindustani to Arabic. It divides postures into five great divisions: (1) the woman lying supine, of which there are eleven subdivisions; (2) lying on her side, right or left, with three varieties; (3) sitting, which has ten, (4) standing, with three subdivisions, and (5) lying prone, with two. This total of twenty-nine, with three forms of “Purushayit,” when the man lies supine (see the Abbot in

Boccaccio i. 4), becomes thirty-two, approaching the French quarante façons. The Upavishta, majlis, or sitting postures, when one or both “sit at squat” somewhat like birds, appear utterly impossible to Europeans who lack the pliability of the Eastern’s limbs. Their object in congress is to avoid tension

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of the muscles which would shorten the period of enjoyment. In the text the woman lies supine and the man sits at squat between her legs: it is a favourite from Morocco to China. A literal translation of the Ananga range appeared in 1873 under the name of Kama-Shastra; or the Hindoo Art of Love (Ars Amoris Indica); but of this only six copies were printed. It was re-issued (printed but not published) in 1885. The curious in such matters will consult the Index Librorum Prohibitorum (London, privately printed, 1879) by Pisanus Fraxi (H. S. Ashbee).

[FN#112] *i.e.* Le Roi Crotte.

[FN#113] This seems to be a punning allusion to Baghdad, which in Persian would mean the Garden (bagh) of Justice (dad). See "Biographical Notices of Persian Poets" by Sir Gore Ouseley, London, Oriental Translation Fund, 1846

[FN#114] The Kardoukhoi (Carduchi) of Xenophon; also called (Strabo xv.) "Kardakis, from a Persian word signifying manliness," which would be "Kardak"=a doer (of derring do). They also named the Montes Gordaei the original Ararat of Xisisthrus-Noah's Ark. The Kurds are of Persian race, speaking an old and barbarous Iranian tongue and often of the Shi'ah sect. They are born bandits, highwaymen, cattle-lifters; yet they have spread extensively over Syria and Egypt and have produced some glorious men, witness Sultan Salah al-Din (Saladin) the Great. They claim affinity with the English in the East, because both races always inhabit the highest grounds they can find.

[FN#115] These irregular bands who belong to no tribe are the most dangerous bandits in Arabia, especially upon the northern frontier. Burckhardt, who suffered from them, gives a long account of their treachery and utter absence of that Arab "pundonor" which is supposed to characterise Arab thieves.

[FN#116] An euphemistic form to avoid mentioning the incestuous marriage.

[FN#117] The Arab form of our "Kinchin lay."

[FN#118] These are the signs of a Shaykh's tent.

[FN#119] These questions, indiscreet in Europe, are the rule throughout Arabia, as they were in the United States of the last generation.

[FN#120] Arab. "Khizab" a paste of quicklime and lamp-black kneaded with linseed oil which turns the Henna to a dark olive. It is hideously ugly to unaccustomed eyes and held to be remarkably beautiful in Egypt.

[FN#121] *i.e.* the God of the Empyrean.

[FN#122] A blow worthy of the Sa'alabah tribe to which he belonged.

[FN#123] *i.e.* "benefits"; also the name of Mohammed's Mu'ezzin, or crier to prayer, who is buried outside the Jabiah gate of Damascus. Hence amongst Moslems, Abyssinians were preferred as mosque-criers in the early ages of Al-Islam. Egypt chose blind men because they were abundant and cheap; moreover they cannot take note of what is doing on the adjoining roof terraces where women and children love to pass the cool hours that begin and end the day. Stories are told of men who counterfeited blindness for years in order to keep the employment. In Moslem cities the stranger required to be careful how he appeared at a window or on the gallery of a minaret: the people hate to be overlooked and the whizzing of a bullet was the warning to be off. (Pilgrimage iii. 185.)

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[FN#124] His instinct probably told him that this opponent was a low fellow but such insults are common when “renowning it.”

[FN#125] Arab. “Dare’ ” or “Dira’,” a habergeon, a coat of ring-mail, sometimes worn in pairs. During the wretched “Sudan” campaigns much naive astonishment was expressed by the English Press to hear of warriors armed cap-a-pie in this armour like medieval knights. They did not know that every great tribe has preserved, possibly from Crusading times, a number of hauberks, even to hundreds. I have heard of only one English traveller who had a mail jacket made by Wilkinson of Pall Mall, imitating in this point Napoleon *iii*. And (according to the Banker-poet, Rogers) the Duke of Wellington. That of Napoleon is said to have been made of platinum-wire, the work of a Pole who received his money and an order to quit Paris. The late Sir Robert Clifton (they say) tried its value with a Colt after placing it upon one of his coat-models or mannequins. It is easy to make these hauberks arrow-proof or sword-proof, even bullet-proof if Arab gunpowder be used: but against a modern rifle-cone they are worse than worthless as the fragments would be carried into the wound. The British serjeant was right in saying that he would prefer to enter battle in his shirt: and he might even doff that to advantage and return to the primitive custom of man—gymnomachy.

[FN#126] Arab. “Jamal” (by Badawin pronounced “Gamal” like the Hebrew) is the generic term for “Camel” through the Gr. æ : “Ibl” is also the camel-species but not so commonly used. “Hajin” is the dromedary (in Egypt, “Dalul” in Arabia), not the one-humped camel of the zoologist (*C. dromedarius*) as opposed to the two-humped (*C. Bactrianus*), but a running *i.e.* a riding camel. The feminine is Nakah for like mules females are preferred. “Bakr” (masc.) and “Bakrah” (fem.) are camel-colts. There are hosts of special names besides those which are general. Mr. Censor is singular when he states (p.40) “the male (of the camel) is much the safer animal to choose ;” and the custom of t e universal Ease disproves his assertion. Mr. McCoan (“Egypt as it is”) tells his readers that the Egyptian camel has two humps, in fact, he describes the camel as it is not.

[FN#127] So, in the Romance of Dalhamah (Zat al-Himmah, the heroine the hero Al-Gundubah (“one locust-man”) smites off the head of his mother’s servile murderer and cries, I have taken my blood-revenge upon this traitor slave” (Lane, M. E. chaps. xx iii.)

[FN#128] This gathering all the persons upon the stage before the curtain drops is highly artistic and improbable.

[FN#129] He ought to have said his dawn prayers.

[FN#130] Here begins what I hold to be the oldest subject matter in The Nights, the apologues or fables proper; but I reserve further remarks for the Terminal Essay. Lane has most objectionably thrown this and sundry of the following stories into a note (vol. ii., pp. 53-69).

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[FN#131] In beast stories generally when man appears he shows to disadvantage.

[FN#132] Shakespeare's "stone bow" not Lane's "cross-bow" (ii. 53).

[FN#133] The goad still used by the rascally Egyptian donkey-boy is a sharp nail at the end of a stick; and claims the special attention of societies for the protection of animals.

[FN#134] "The most ungrateful of all voices surely is the voice of asses" (Koran xxxi. 18); and hence the "braying of hell" (Koran lxvii.7). The vulgar still believe that the donkey brays when seeing the Devil. "The last animal which entered the Ark with Noah was the Ass to whose tail Iblis was clinging. At the threshold the ass seemed troubled and could enter no further when Noah said to him:—"Fie upon thee! come in." But as the ass was still troubled and did not advance Noah cried:—"Come in, though the Devil be with thee!", so the ass entered and with him Iblis. Thereupon Noah asked:—"O enemy of Allah who brought thee into the Ark ?", and Iblis answered:—"Thou art the man, for thou saidest to the ass, 'come in though the Devil be with thee!'" (Kitab al-Unwan fi Makaid al-Niswan quoted by Lane ii. 54).

[FN#135] Arab. "Rihl," a wooden saddle stuffed with straw and matting. In Europe the ass might complain that his latter end is the sausage. In England they say no man sees a dead donkey: I have seen dozens and, unfortunately, my own.

[FN#136] The English reader will not forget Sterne's old mare. Even Al-Hariri, the prince of Arab rhetoricians, does not disdain to use "pepedit," the effect being put for the cause—terror. But Mr. Preston (p. 285) and polite men translate by "fled in haste" the Arabic farted for fear."

[FN#137] This is one of the lucky signs and adds to the value of the beast. There are some fifty of these marks, some of them (like a spiral of hair in the breast which denotes that the rider is a cuckold) so ill-omened that the animal can be bought for almost nothing. Of course great attention is paid to colours, the best being the dark rich bay ("red" of Arabs) with black points, or the flea-bitten grey (termed Azrak=blue or Akhzar=green) which whitens with age. The worst are dun, cream coloured, piebald and black, which last are very rare. Yet according to the Mishkat al-Masabih (Lane 2, 54) Mohammed said, 'The best horses are black (dark brown?) with white blazes (Arab. "Ghurrah") and upper lips; next, black with blaze and three white legs (bad, because white-hoofs are brittle):next, bay with white blaze and white fore and hind legs." He also said, "Prosperity is with sorrel horses;" and praised a sorrel with white forehead and legs; but he dispraised the "Shikal," which has white stockings (Arab. "Muhajjil") on alternate hoofs (e.g. right hind and left fore). The curious reader will consult Lady Anne Blunt's "Bedouin Tribes of the Euphrates, with some Account of the Arabs and their Horses" (1879); but he must remember that it treats of the frontier

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tribes. The late Major Upton also left a book "Gleanings from the Desert of Arabia" (1881); but it is a marvellous production deriving e.g. Khayl (a horse generically) from Kohl or antimony (p. 275). What the Editor was dreaming of I cannot imagine. I have given some details concerning the Arab horse especially in Al-Yaman, among the Zu Mohammed, the Zu Husayn and the Banu Yam in Pilgrimage iii. 270. As late as Marco Polo's day they supplied the Indian market via Aden; but the "Eye o Al-Yaman" has totally lost the habit of exporting horses.

[FN#138] The shovel-iron which is the only form of spur.

[FN#139] Used for the dromedary: the baggage-camel is haltered.

[FN#140] Arab. "Harwalah," the pas gymnastique affected when circumambulating the Ka'abah (Pilgrimage iii. 208).

[FN#141] "This night" would be our "last night": the Arabs, I repeat, say "night and day," not "day and night."

[FN#142] The vulgar belief is that man's fate is written upon his skull, the sutures being the writing.

[FN#143] Koran ii. 191.

[FN#144] Arab. "Tasbih"=saying, "Subhan' Allah." It also means a rosary (Egypt. Sebham for Subham) a string of 99 beads divided by a longer item into sets of three and much fingered by the would-appear pious. The professional devotee carries a string of wooden balls the size of pigeons' eggs.

[FN#145] The pigeon is usually made to say, ' "Wahhidu Rabba-kumu "Ilazi khalakakum, yaghfiru lakum zamba-kum" = "Unify (Assert the Unity of) your Lord who created you; so shall He forgive your sin!" As might be expected this "language" is differently interpreted. Pigeon-superstitions are found in all religions and I have noted (Pilgrimage iii, 218) how the Hindu deity of Destruction- reproduction, the third Person of their Triad, Shiva and his Spouse (or active Energy), are supposed to have dwelt at Meccah under the titles of Kapoteswara (Pigeon-god) and Kapoteshi (Pigeon-goddess).

[FN#146] I have seen this absolute horror of women amongst the Monks of the Coptic Convents.

[FN#147] After the Day of Doom, when men's actions are registered, that of mutual retaliation will follow and all creatures (brutes included) will take vengeance on one another.

[FN#148] The Comrades of the Cave, famous in the Middle Ages of Christianity (Gibbon chaps. xxxiii.), is an article of faith with Moslems, being part subject of chapter xviii., the Koranic Surah termed the Cave. These Rip Van Winkle-ales begin with Endymion so famous amongst the Classics and Epimenides of Crete who slept fifty-seven years; and they extend to modern days as La Belle au Bois dormant. The Seven Sleepers are as many youths of Ephesus (six royal councillors and a shepherd, whose names are given on the authority of Ali); and, accompanied by their dog, they fled the persecutions of Dakianus (the Emperor Decius) to a cave near Tarsus in Natolia where they slept for

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centuries. The Caliph Mu'awiyah when passing the cave sent into it some explorers who were all killed by a burning wind. The number of the sleepers remains uncertain, according to the Koran (ibid. v. 21) three, five or seven and their sleep lasted either three hundred or three hundred and nine years. The dog (ibid. v. 17) slept at the cave-entrance with paws outstretched and, according to the general, was called "Katmir" or "Kitmir;" but Al-Rakim (v. 8) is also applied to it by some. Others hold this to be the name of the valley or mountain and others of a stone or leaden tablet on which their names were engraved by their countrymen who built a chapel on the spot (v. 20). Others again make the Men of Al-Rakim distinct from the Cave-men, and believe (with Bayzawi) that they were three youths who were shut up in a grotto by a rock-slip. Each prayed for help through the merits of some good deed: when the first had adjured Allah the mountain cracked till light appeared; at the second petition it split so that they saw one another and after the third it opened. However that may be, Kitmir is one of the seven favoured animals: the others being the Hudhud (hoopoe) of Solomon (Koran xxii. 20); the she-camel of Salih (chaps. lxxxvii.); the cow of Moses which named the Second Surah; the fish of Jonah; the serpent of Eve, and the peacock of Paradise. For Koranic revelations of the Cave see the late Thomas Chenery (p. 414 *The Assemblies of Al-Hariri*: Williams and Norgate, 1870) who borrows from the historian Tabari.

[FN#149] These lines have occurred in Night cxlvi.: I quote Mr. Payne by way of variety.

[FN#150] The wolf (truly enough to nature) is the wicked man without redeeming traits; the fox of Arab folk-lore is the cunning man who can do good on occasion. Here the latter is called "Sa'alab" which may, I have noted, mean the jackal; but further on "Father of a Fortlet" refers especially to the fox. Herodotus refers to the gregarious Canis Aureus when he describes Egyptian wolves as being "not much bigger than foxes" (ii. 67). Canon Rawlinson, in his unhappy version, does not perceive that the Halicarnassian means the jackal and blunders about the hyena.

[FN#151] The older "Leila" or "Leyla": it is a common name and is here applied to woman in general. The root is evidently "layl"=nox, with, probably, the idea, "She walks in beauty like the night."

[FN#152] Arab. Abu 'l-Hosayn; his hole being his fort (*Unexplored Syria*, ii. 18).

[FN#153] A Koranic phrase often occurring.

[FN#154] Koran v. 35.

[FN#155] Arab. "Bazi," Pers. "Baz" (here Richardson is wrong s.v.); a term to a certain extent generic, but specially used for the noble Peregrine (F. Peregrinator) whose tiercel is the Shahin (or "Royal Bird"). It is sometimes applied to the goshawk (Astur

palumbarius) whose proper title, however, is Shah-baz (King-hawk). The Peregrine extends from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin

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and the best come from the colder parts: in Iceland I found that the splendid white bird was sometimes trapped for sending to India. In Egypt “Bazi” is applied to the kite or buzzard and “Hidyah” (a kite) to the falcon (Burckhardt’s Prov. 159, 581 and 602). Burckhardt translates “Hidayah,” the Egyptian corruption, by “an ash-grey falcon of the smaller species common throughout Egypt and Syria.”

[FN#156] Arab. “Hijl,” the bird is not much prized in India because it feeds on the roads. For the Shinnar (caccabis) or magnificent partridge of Midian as large as a pheasant, see “Midian Revisted” ii. 18.

[FN#157] Arab. “Sufi;” hence “Sufi,”=(etymologically) one who wears woollen garments, a devotee, a Santon; from =wise; from =pure, or from Safa=he was pure. This is not the place to enter upon such a subject as “Tasawwuf,” or Sufyism; that singular reaction from arid Moslem realism and materialism, that immense development of gnostic and Neo-platonic transcendentalism which is found only germinating in the Jewish and Christian creeds. The poetry of Omar-i-Khayyam, now familiar to English readers, is a fair specimen; and the student will consult the last chapter of the Dabistan “On the religion of the Sufiahs.” The first Moslem Sufi was Abu Hashim of Kufah, ob. A. H. 150=767, and the first Convent of Sufis called “Takiyah” (Pilgrimage i. 124) was founded in Egypt by Saladin the Great.

[FN#158] *i.e.* when she encamps with a favourite for the night.

[FN#159] The Persian proverb is “Marg-i-amboh jashni dared”—death in a crowd is as good as a feast.

[FN#160] Arab. “Kanat”, the subterranean water-course called in Persia “Kyariz.” Lane (ii. 66) translates it “brandish around the spear (Kanat is also a cane-lance) of artifice,” thus making rank nonsense of the line. Al-Hariri uses the term in the Ass. of the Banu Haram where “Kanat” may be a pipe or bamboo laid underground.

[FN#161] From Al-Tughrai, the author of the Lamiyat al-Ajam, the “Lay of the Outlander;” a Kasidah (Ode) rhyming in Lam (the letter “l” being the rawi or binder). The student will find a new translation of it by Mr. J. W. Redhouse and Dr. Carlyle’s old version (No. liii.) in Mr. Clouston’s “Arabian Poetry.” Muyid al-Din al-Hasan Abu Ismail nat. Ispahan ob. Baghdad A.H. 182) derived his surname from the Tughra, cypher or flourish (over the “Bismillah” in royal and official papers) containing the name of the prince. There is an older “Lamiyat al-Arab” a pre-Islamitic L-poem by the “brigand-poet” Shanfara, of whom Mr. W. G. Palgrave has given a most appreciative account in his “Essays on Eastern Questions,” noting the indomitable self-reliance and the absolute individualism of a mind defying its age and all around it. Al-Hariri quotes from both.



[FN#162] The words of the unfortunate Azizah, vol. ii., p. 323.

[FN#163] Arab. "Hawi"=a juggler who plays tricks with snakes: he is mostly a Gypsy. The "recompense" the man expects is the golden treasure which the ensorcelled snake is supposed to guard. This idea is as old as the Dragon in the Garden of the Hesperides—and older.

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[FN#164] The “Father of going out (to prey) by morning”; for dawn is called Zanab Sirhan the Persian Dum-i-gurg=wolf’s tail, *i.e.* the first brush of light; the Zodiacal Light shown in morning. Sirhan is a nickname of the wolf—Gaunt Grim or Gaffer Grim, the German Isengrin or Eisengrinus (icy grim or iron grim) whose wife is Hersent, as Richent or Hermeline is Mrs. Fox. In French we have lopez, luppe, leu, *e.g.*

Venant a la queue, leu, leu,

i.e. going in Indian file. Hence the names D’Urfe and Saint-Loup. In Scandinavian, the elder sister of German, Ulf and in German (where the Jews were forced to adopt the name) Wolff whence “Guelph.” He is also known to the Arabs as the “sire of a she-lamb,” the figure metonymy called “Kunyat bi ’l-Zidd” (*lucus a non lucendo*), a patronymic or by-name given for opposition and another specimen of “inverted speech.”

[FN#165] Arab. “Bint’ Arus” = daughter of the bridegroom, the Hindustani Mungus (vulg. Mongoose); a well-known weasel-like rodent often kept tame in the house to clear it of vermin. It is supposed to know an antidote against snake-poison, as the weasel eats rue before battle (Pliny x. 84; xx. 13). In Modern Egypt this viverra is called “Kitt (or Katt) Far’aun” = Pharaoh’s cat: so the Percnopter becomes Pharaoh’s hen and the unfortunate (?) King has named a host of things, alive and dead. It was worshipped and mummified in parts of Ancient Egypt *e.g.* Heracleopolis, on account of its antipathy to serpents and because it was supposed to destroy the crocodile, a feat with AElia and others have overloaded with fable. It has also a distinct antipathy to cats. The ichneumon as a pet becomes too tame and will not leave its master: when enraged it emits an offensive stench. I brought home for the Zoological Gardens a Central African specimen prettily barred. Burckhardt (Prov. 455) quotes a line:—

Rakas’ Ibn Irsin wa zamzama ’l-Nimsu,
(Danceth Ibn Irs whileas Nims doth sing)

and explains Nims by ichneumon and Ibn Irs as a “species of small weasel or ferret, very common in Egypt: it comes into the house, feeds upon meat, is of gentle disposition although not domesticated and full of gambols and frolic.”

[FN#166] Arab. “Sinnaur” (also meaning a prince). The common name is Kitt which is pronounced Katt or Gatt; and which Ibn Dorayd pronounces a foreign word (Syriac?). Hence, despite Freitag, Catus (which Isidore derives from catare, to look for) = gatto, chat, cat, an animal unknown to the Classics of Europe who used the *mustela* or *putorius vulgaris* and different species of *viverrae*. The Egyptians, who kept the cat to destroy vermin, especially snakes, called it Mau, Mai, Miao (onomatopoetic): this descendent of the *Felis maniculata* originated in Nubia; and we know from the mummy pits and Herodotus that it was the same species as ours. The first portraits of the cat are on the monuments of “Beni Hasan,”

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B.C. 2500. I have ventured to derive the familiar “Puss” from the Arab. “Biss (fem. :Bissah”), which is a congener of Pasht (Diana), the cat-faced goddess of Bubastis (Pi-Pasht), now Zagazig. Lastly, “tabby (brindled)-cat” is derived from the Attabi (Prince Attab’s) quarter at Baghdad where watered silks were made. It is usually attributed to the Tibbie, Tibalt, Tybalt, Thibert or Tybert (who is also executioner), various forms of Theobald in the old Beast Epic; as opposed to Gilbert the gib-cat, either a tom-cat or a gibbed (castrated) cat.

[FN#167] Arab. “Ikhwan al-Safa,” a popular term for virtuous friends who perfectly love each other in all purity: it has also a mystic meaning. Some translate it “Brethren of Sincerity,” and hold this brotherhood to be Moslem Freemasons, a mere fancy (see the Mesnevi of Mr. Redhouse, Trubner 1881). There is a well-known Hindustani book of this name printed by Prof. Forbes in Persian character and translated by Platts and Eastwick.

[FN#168] Among Eastern men there are especial forms for “making brotherhood.” The “Munhbola-bhai” (mouth-named brother) of India is well-known. The intense “associativeness” of these races renders isolation terrible to them, and being defenceless in a wild state of society has special horrors. Hence the origin of Caste for which see Pilgrimage (i. 52). Moslems, however, cannot practise the African rite of drinking a few drops of each other’s blood. This, by the by, was also affected in Europe, as we see in the Gesta Romanoru, Tale lxvii., of the wise and foolish knights who “drew blood (to drink) from the right arm.”

[FN#169] The F. Sacer in India is called “Laghar” and tiercel “Jaghar.” Mr. T.E. Jordan (catalogue of Indian Birds, 1839) says it is rare; but I found it the contrary. According to Mr. R. Thompson it is flown at kites and antelope: in Sind it is used upon night-heron (*nyctardea nycticorax*), floriken or Hobara (*Otis aurita*), quail, partridge, curlew and sometimes hare: it gives excellent sport with crows but requires to be defended. Indian sportsmen, like ourselves, divide hawks into two orders: the “Siyah-chasm,” or black-eyed birds, long-winged and noble; the “Gulabi-chasm” or yellow-eyed (like the goshawk) round-winged and ignoble.

[FN#170] *i.e.* put themselves at thy mercy.

[FN#171] I have remarked (Pilgrimage iii.307) that all the popular ape-names in Arabic and Persian, Sa’adan, Maymun, Shadi, *etc.*, express propitiousness—probably euphemistically applied to our “poor relation.”

[FN#172] The serpent does not “sting” nor does it “bite;” it strikes with the poison-teeth like a downward stab with a dagger. These fangs are always drawn by the jugglers but they grow again and thus many lives are lost. The popular way of extracting the

crochets is to grasp the snake firmly behind the neck with one hand and with the other to tantalise it by offering and withdrawing a red rag. At last the animal is allowed to strike



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it and a sharp jerk tears out both eye-teeth as rustics used to do by slamming a door. The head is then held downwards and the venom drains from its bag in the shape of a few drops of slightly yellowish fluid which, as conjurers know, may be drunk without danger. The patient looks faint and dazed, but recovers after a few hours and feels as if nothing had happened. In India I took lessons from a snake-charmer but soon gave up the practice as too dangerous.

[FN#173] Arab. “Akh al-Jahalah” = brother of ignorance, an Ignorantin; one “really and truly” ignorant; which is the value of “Ahk” in such phrases as a “brother of poverty,” or, “of purity.”

[FN#174] Lane (ii. 1) writes “Abu-l-Hasan;” Payne (iii. 49) “Aboulhusn” which would mean “Father of Beauty (Husn)” and is not a Moslem name. Hasan (beautiful) and its dimin. Husayn, names now so common, were (it is said), unknown to the Arabs, although Hassan was that of a Tobba King, before the days of Mohammed who so called his two only grandsons. In Anglo-India they have become “Hobson and Jobson.” The Bresl. Edit. (ii. 305) entitles this story “Tale of Abu ’l Hasan the Attar (druggist and perfumer) with Ali ibn Bakkar and what befel them with the handmaid (=jariyah) Shams al-Nahar.”

[FN#175] *i.e.* a descendant, not a Prince.

[FN#176] The Arab shop is a kind of hole in the wall and buyers sit upon its outer edge (Pilgrimage i. 99).

[FN#177] By a similar image the chamaeleon is called Abu Kurrat=Father of coolness; because it is said to have the “coldest” eye of all animals and insensible to heat and light, since it always looks at the sun.

[FN#178] This dividing the hemistich words is characteristic of certain tales; so I have retained it although inevitably suggesting:—

I left Matilda at the U-
niversity of Gottingen.

[FN#179] These naive offers in Eastern tales mostly come from the true seducer—Eve. Europe and England especially, still talks endless absurdity upon the subject. A man of the world may “seduce” an utterly innocent (which means an ignorant) girl. But to “seduce” a married woman! What a farce!

[FN#180] Masculine again for feminine: the lines are as full of word-plays, vulgarly called puns, as Sanskrit verses.

[FN#181] The Eastern heroine always has a good appetite and eats well. The sensible Oriental would infinitely despise that maladive Parisienne in whom our neighbours delight, and whom I long to send to the Hospital.

[FN#182] *i.e.* her rivals have discovered the secret of her heart.

[FN#183] *i.e.* blood as red as wine.

[FN#184] The wine-cup (sun-like) shines in thy hand; thy teeth are bright as the Pleiads and thy face rises like a moon from the darkness of thy dress-collar.

[FN#185] The masculine of Marjanah (Morgiana) “the she coral-branch ;” and like this a name generally given to negroes. We have seen white applied to a blackamoor by way of metonymy and red is also connected with black skins by way of fun. A Persian verse says :



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“If a black wear red, e’en an ass would grin.”

[FN#186] Suggesting that she had been sleeping.

[FN#187] Arab. “Raushan,” a window projecting and latticed: the word is orig. Persian: so Raushana (splendour)=Roxana. It appears to me that this beautiful name gains beauty by being understood.

[FN#188] The word means any servant, but here becomes a proper name. “Wasifah” usually= a concubine.

[FN#189] *i.e.* eagerness, desire, love-longing.

[FN#190] Arab. “Rind,” which may mean willow (oriental), bay or aloes wood: Al-Asma’i denies that it ever signifies myrtle.

[FN#191] These lines occur in Night cxiv.: by way of variety I give (with permission) Mr. Payne’s version (iii. 59).

[FN#192] Referring to the proverb “Al-Khauf maksum”=fear (cowardice) is equally apportioned: *i.e.* If I fear you, you fear me.

[FN#193] The fingers of the right hand are struck upon the palm of the left.

[FN#194] There are intricate rules for “joining” the prayers; but this is hardly the place for a subject discussed in all religious treatises. (Pilgrimage iii. 239.)

[FN#195] The hands being stained with Henna and perhaps indigo in stripes are like the ring rows of chain armour. See Lane’s illustration (Mod. Egypt, chaps. i.).

[FN#196] She made rose-water of her cheeks for my drink and she bit with teeth like grains of hail those lips like the lotus-fruit, or jujube: Arab. “Unnab” or “Nabk,” the plum of the Sidr or Zizyphus lotus.

[FN#197] Meaning to let Patience run away like an untethered camel.

[FN#198] *i.e.* her fair face shining through the black hair. “Camphor” is a favourite with Arab poets: the Persians hate it because connected in their minds with death; being used for purifying the corpse. We read in Burckhardt (Prov. 464) “Singing without siller is like a corpse without Hanut”—this being a mixture of camphor and rose-water sprinkled over the face of the dead before shrouded. Similarly Persians avoid speaking of coffee, because they drink it at funerals and use tea at other times.

[FN#199] *i.e.* she is angry and bites her carnelion lips with pearly teeth.

[FN#200] Arab. “Wa ba’ad;” the formula which follows “Bismillah”—In the name of Allah. The French translate it or sus, *etc.* I have noticed the legend about its having been first used by the eloquent Koss, Bishop of Najran.

[FN#201] *i.e.* Her mind is so troubled she cannot answer for what she writes.

[FN#202] The Bul. Edit. (i. 329) and the Mac. Edit. (i. 780) give to Shams al-Nahar the greater part of Ali’s answer, as is shown by the Calc. Edit. (230 et seq.) and the Bresl. Edit. (ii. 366 et seq.) Lane mentions this (ii. 74) but in his usual perfunctory way gives no paginal references to the Calc. or Bresl.; so that those who would verify the text may have the displeasure of hunting for it.

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[FN#203] Arab. “Bi’smi ‘llahi’ r-Rahmani’r-Rahim.” This auspicatory formula was borrowed by Al-Islam not from the Jews but from the Guebre “Ba nam-i-Yezdan bakhshaishgar-i-dadar!” (in the name of Yezdan-God—All-generous, All-just!). The Jews have, “In the name of the Great God;” and the Christians, “In the name of the Father, etc.” The so-called Sir John Mandeville begins his book, *In the name of God, Glorious and Almighty*. The sentence forms the first of the Koran and heads every chapter except only the ninth, an exception for which recondite reasons are adduced. Hence even in the present day it begins all books, letters and writings in general; and it would be a sign of Infidelity (i.e. non-Islamism) to omit it. The difference between “Rahman” and “Rahim” is that the former represents an accidental (compassionating), the latter a constant quality (compassionate). Sale therefore renders it very imperfectly by “In the name of the most merciful God;” the Latinists better, “In nomine Dei misericordis, clementissimi” (Gottwaldt in Hamza Ispahanensis); Mr. Badger much better, “In the name of God, the Pitiful, the Compassionate”—whose only fault is not preserving the assonance: and Maracci best, “In nomine Dei miseratoris misericordis.”

[FN#204] Arab. Majnun (i.e. one possessed by a Jinni) the well-known model lover of Layla, a fictitious personage for whom see D’Herbelot (s. v. Megnoun). She was celebrated by Abu Mohammed Nizam al-Din of Ganjah (ob. A.H. 597=1200) pop. known as Nizami, the caustic and austere poet who wrote:—

The weals of this world are the ass’s meed!
Would Nizami were of the ass’s breed.

The series in the East begins chronologically with Yusuf and Zulaykha (Potiphar’s wife) sung by Jami (nat. A.H. 817=1414); the next in date is Khusraw and Shirin (also by Nizami); Farhad and Shirin; and Layla and Majnun (the Night-black maid and the Maniac-man) are the last. We are obliged to compare the lovers with “Romeo and Juliet,” having no corresponding instances in modern days: the classics of Europe supply a host as Hero and Leander, Theagenes and Charicleia, etc. etc.

[FN#205] The jeweller of Eastern tales from Marocco to Calcutta, is almost invariably a rascal: here we have an exception.

[FN#206] This must not be understood of sealing-wax, which, however, is of ancient date. The Egyptians (Herod. ii. 38) used “sealing earth” (æ) probably clay, impressed with a signet (); the Greeks mud-clay (); and the Romans first cretula and then wax (Beckmann). Mediaeval Europe had bees-wax tempered with Venice turpentine and coloured with cinnabar or similar material. The modern sealing-wax, whose distinctive is shell-lac, was brought by the Dutch from India to Europe; and the earliest seals date from about A.D. 1560. They called it Ziegel-lak, whence the German Siegel-lack, the French preferring cire-a-cacheter, as distinguished from cire-a-sceller, the softer material. The use of sealing-wax in India dates from old times and the material, though

coarse and unsightly, is still preferred by Anglo-Indians because it resists heat whereas the best English softens like pitch.

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[FN#207] Evidently referring to the runaway Abu al-Hasan, not to the she-Mercury.

[FN#208] An unmarried man is not allowed to live in a respectable quarter of a Moslem city unless he takes such precaution. Lane (Mod. Egypt. passim) has much to say on this point; and my excellent friend the late Professor Spitta at Cairo found the native prejudice very troublesome.

[FN#209] Arab. "Ya fulan"=O certain person (fulano in Span. and Port.) a somewhat contemptuous address.

[FN#210] Mr. Payne remarks, "These verses apparently relate to Aboulhusn, but it is possible that they may be meant to refer to Shemsennehar." (iii. 80.)

[FN#211] Arab. and Pers "Bulur" (vulg. billaur) retaining the venerable tradition of the Belus- river. In Al-Hariri (Ass. of Halwan) it means crystal and there is no need of proposing to translate it by onyx or to identify it with the Greek , the beryl.

[FN#212] The door is usually shut with a wooden bolt.

[FN#213] Arab. "Ritanah," from "Ratan," speaking any tongue not Arabic, the allusion being to foreign mercenaries, probably Turks. In later days Turkish was called Muwalla', a pied horse, from its mixture of languages.

[FN#214] This is the rule; to guard against the guet-apens.

[FN#215] Arab. "Walidati," used when speaking to one not of the family in lieu of the familiar "Ummi"=my mother. So the father is Walid=the begetter.

[FN#216] This is one of the many euphemistic formulae for such occasions: they usually begin "May thy head live." etc.

[FN#217] Arab. "Kanun," an instrument not unlike the Austrian zither; it is illustrated in Lane (ii. 77).

[FN#218] This is often done, the merit of the act being transferred to the soul of the deceased.

[FN#219] The two amourists were martyrs; and their amours, which appear exaggerated to the Western mind, have many parallels in the East. The story is a hopeless affair of love; with only one moral (if any be wanted) viz., there may be too much of a good thing. It is given very concisely in the Bul. Edit. vol. i.; and more fully in the Mac. Edit. aided in places by the Bresl. (ii. 320) and the Calc. (ii. 230). ## [FN#220] Lane is in error (vol. ii. 78) when he corrects this to "Shah Zeman"; the name is fanciful and intended to be old Persian, on the "weight" of Kahraman. The Bul. Edit. has by misprint "Shahraman."



[FN#221] The “topothesia” is worthy of Shakespeare’s day. “Khalidan” is evidently a corruption of “Khalidatani” (for Khalidat), the Eternal, as Ibn Wardi calls the Fortunate Islands, or Canaries, which owe both their modern names to the classics of Europe. Their present history dates from A.D. 1385, unless we accept the Dieppe-Rouen legend of Labat which would place the discovery in A.D. 1326. I for one thoroughly believe in the priority on the West African Coast, of the gallant descendants of the Northmen.

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[FN#222] Four wives are allowed by Moslem law and for this reason. If you marry one wife she holds herself your equal, answers you and “gives herself airs”; two are always quarrelling and making a hell of the house; three are “no company” and two of them always combine against the nicest to make her hours bitter. Four are company, they can quarrel and “make it up” amongst themselves, and the husband enjoys comparative peace. But the Moslem is bound by his law to deal equally with the four, each must have her dresses her establishment and her night, like her sister wives. The number is taken from the Jews (Arbah Turim Ev. Hazaer, i.) “the wise men have given good advice that a man should not marry more than four wives.” Europeans, knowing that Moslem women are cloistered and appear veiled in public, begin with believing them to be mere articles of luxury, and only after long residence they find out that nowhere has the sex so much real liberty and power as in the Moslem East. They can possess property and will it away without the husband’s leave: they can absent themselves from the house for a month without his having a right to complain; and they assist in all his counsels for the best of reasons: a man can rely only on his wives and children, being surrounded by rivals who hope to rise by his ruin. As regards political matters the Circassian women of Constantinople really rule the Sultanate and there *soignez la femme!* is the first lesson of getting on in the official world.

[FN#223] This two-bow prayer is common on the bride-night; and at all times when issue is desired.

[FN#224] The older Camaralzaman=“Moon of the age.” Kamar is the moon between her third and twenty-sixth day: Hilal during the rest of the month: Badr (plur. Budur whence the name of the Princess) is the full moon.

[FN#225] Arab “Ra’aya” plur. of ‘Ra’iyat” our Anglo-Indian Ryot, lit. a liege, a subject; secondarily a peasant, a Fellaḥ.

[FN#226] Another audacious parody of the Moslem “testification” to the one God, and to Mohammed the Apostle.

[FN#227] Showing how long ago forts were armed with metal plates which we have applied to war-ships only of late years.

[FN#228] The comparison is abominably true—in the East.

[FN#229] Two fallen angels who taught men the art of magic. They are mentioned in the Koran (chaps. ii.), and the commentators have extensively embroidered the simple text. Popularly they are supposed to be hanging by their feet in a well in the territory of Babel, hence the frequent allusions to “Babylonian sorcery” in Moslem writings; and those who would study the black art at head-quarters are supposed to go there. They are counterparts of the Egyptian Jamnes and Mambres, the Jannes and Jambres of St. Paul (2 Tim. iii. 8).



[FN#230] An idol or idols of the Arabs (Allat and Ozza) before Mohammed (Koran chaps. ii. 256). Etymologically the word means “error” and the termination is rather Hebraic than Arabic.



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[FN#231] Arab. "Khayt hamayan" (wandering threads of vanity), or Mukhat al-Shaytan (Satan's snivel),=our "gossamer"=God's summer (Mutter Gottes Sommer) or God's cymar (?).

[FN#232] These lines occur in Night xvii.; so I borrow from Torrens (p. 163) by way of variety.

[FN#233] A posture of peculiar submission; contrasting strongly with the attitude afterwards assumed by Prince Charming.

[FN#234] A mere term of vulgar abuse not reflecting on either parent: I have heard a mother call her own son, "Child of adultery."

[FN#235] Arab. "Ghaza," the Artemisia (Euphorbia ?) before noticed. If the word be a misprint for Ghada it means a kind of Euphorbia which, with the Arak (wild caper-tree) and the Daum palm (Crucifera thebiaca), is one of the three normal growths of the Arabian desert (Pilgrimage iii. 22).

[FN#236] Arab. "Banat al-Na'ash," usually translated daughters of the bier, the three stars which represent the horses in either Bear, "Charles' Wain," or Ursa Minor, the waggon being supposed to be a bier. "Banat" may be also sons, plur. of Ibn, as the word points to irrational objects. So Job (ix. 9 and xxxviii. 32) refers to U. Major as "Ash" or "Aysh" in the words, "Canst thou guide the bier with its sons?" (erroneously rendered "Arcturus with his sons") In the text the lines are enigmatical, but apparently refer to a death parting.

[FN#237] The Chapters are: 2, 3, 36, 55, 67 and the two last ("Daybreak" cxiii. and "Men" cxiv.), which are called Al-Mu'izzatani (vulgar Al-Mu'izzatayn), the "Two Refuge-takings or Preventives," because they obviate enchantment. I have translated the two latter as follows:—

"Say:—Refuge I take with the Lord of the Day-break *
from mischief of what He did make *
from mischief of moon eclipse-showing *
and from mischief of witches on cord-knots blowing *
and from mischief of envier when envying."

"Say:—Refuge I take with the Lord of men *
the sovran of men *
the God of men *
from the Tempter, the Demon *
who tempteth in whisper the breasts of men *
and from Jinnis and (evil) men."

[FN#238] The recitations were Nafilah, or superogatory, two short chapters only being required and the taking refuge was because he slept in a ruin, a noted place in the East for Ghuls as in the West for ghosts.

[FN#239] Lane (ii. 222) first read "Muroozee" and referred it to the Muruz tribe near Herat he afterwards (iii. 748) corrected it to "Marwazee," of the fabric of Marw (Margiana) the place now famed for "Mervousness." As a man of Rayy (Rhages) becomes Razi (e.g. Ibn Faris al-Razi), so a man of Marw is Marazi, not Muruzi nor Marwazi. The "Mikna' " was a veil forming a kind of "respirator," defending from flies by day and from mosquitos, dewes and draughts by night. Easterns are too sensible to sleep with bodies kept warm by bedding, and heads bared to catch every blast. Our grandfathers and grandmothers did well to wear bonnets-de-nuit, however ridiculous they may have looked.

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[FN#240] Iblis, meaning the Despairer, is called in the Koran (chaps. xviii. 48) "One of the genii (Jinnis) who departed from the command of his Lord." Mr. Rodwell (in loco) notes that the Satans and Jinnis represent in the Koran (ii. 32, *etc.*) the evil-principle and finds an admixture of the Semitic Satans and demons with the "Genii from the Persian (Babylonian ?) and Indian (Egyptian ?) mythologies."

[FN#241] Of course she could not see his eyes when they were shut; nor is this mere Eastern inconsequence. The writer means, "had she seen them, they would have showed," *etc.*

[FN#242] The eyes are supposed to grow darker under the influence of wine and sexual passion.

[FN#243] To keep off the evil eye.

[FN#244] Like Dahnash this is a fanciful P. N., fit only for a Jinni. As a rule the appellatives of Moslem "genii" end in us (oos), as Tarnus, Huliyanus, the Jewish in—nas, as Jattunas; those of the Tarsa (the "funkers" *i.e.* Christians) in—dus, as Sidus, and the Hindus in—tus, as Naktus (who entered the service of the Prophet Shays, or Seth, and was converted to the Faith). The King of the Genii is Malik Katshan who inhabits Mount Kaf; and to the west of him lives his son-in-law, Abd al-Rahman with 33,000 domestics: these names were given by the Apostle Mohammed. "Baktanus" is lord of three Moslem troops of the wandering Jinns, which number a total of twelve bands and extend from Sind to Europe. The Jinns, Divs, Peris ("fairies") and other pre-Adamitic creatures were governed by seventy-two Sultans all known as Sulayman and the last I have said was Jan bin Jan. The angel Haris was sent from Heaven to chastise him, but in the pride of victory he also revolted with his followers the Jinns whilst the Peris held aloof. When he refused to bow down before Adam he and his chiefs were eternally imprisoned but the other Jinns are allowed to range over earth as a security for man's obedience. The text gives the three orders. flyers. walkers and divers.

[FN#245] *i.e.* distracted (with love); the Lakab, or poetical name, of apparently a Spanish poet.

[FN#246] Nothing is more "anti-pathetic" to Easterns than lean hips and flat hinder-cheeks in women and they are right in insisting upon the characteristic difference of the male and female figure. Our modern sculptors and painters, whose study of the nude is usually most perfunctory, have often scandalised me by the lank and greyhound-like fining off of the frame, which thus becomes rather simian than human.

[FN#247] The small fine foot is a favourite with Easterns as well as Westerns. Ovid (A.A.) is not ashamed "ad teneros Oscula (not basia or suavia) ferre pedes." Ariosto ends the august person in



Il breve, asciutto, e ritondetto piece,
(The short-sized, clean-cut, roundly-moulded foot).

And all the world over it is a sign of “blood,” *i.e.* the fine nervous temperament.

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[FN#248] *i.e.* “full moons”: the French have corrupted it to “Badoure”; we to “Badoura.” winch is worse.

[FN#249] As has been said a single drop of urine renders the clothes ceremoniously impure, hence a Stone or a handful of earth must be used after the manner of the *torche-cul*. Scrupulous Moslems, when squatting to make water, will prod the ground before them with the point of stick or umbrella, so as to loosen it and prevent the spraying of the urine.

[FN#250] It is not generally known to Christians that Satan has a wife called Awwa (“Hawwa” being the Moslem Eve) and, as Adam had three sons, the Tempter has nine, *viz.*, Zu ‘l-baysun who rules in bazars. Wassin who prevails in times of trouble. Awan who counsels kings; Haffan patron of wine-bibbers; Marrah of musicians and dancers; Masbut of news-spreaders (and newspapers ?); Dulhan who frequents places of worship and interferes with devotion. Dasim, lord of mansions and dinner tables, who prevents the Faithful saying “Bismillah” and “Inshallah,” as commanded in the Koran (xviii. 23), and Lakis, lord of Fire worshippers (Herklots, chap. xxix. sect. 4).

[FN#251] Strong perfumes, such as musk (which we Europeans dislike and suspect), are always insisted upon in Eastern poetry, and Mohammed’s predilection for them is well known. Moreover the young and the beautiful are held (justly enough) to exhale a natural fragrance which is compared with that of the blessed in Paradise. Hence in the Mu’allakah of Imr al-Keys:—

Breathes the scent of musk when they rise to rove, *
As the Zephyr’s breath with the flavour o’clove.

It is made evident by dogs and other fine-nosed animals that every human being has his, or her, peculiar scent which varies according to age and health. Hence animals often detect the approach of death.

[FN#252] Arab. “Kahla.” This has been explained. Mohammed is said to have been born with “Kohl’d eyes.”

[FN#253] Hawa al-‘uzri, before noticed (Night cxiv.).

[FN#254] These lines, with the Nazir (eye or steward), the Hajib (Groom of the Chambers or Chamberlain) and Joseph, are also repeated from Night cxiv. For the Nazir see Al-Hariri (Nos. xiii. and xxii.)

[FN#255] The usual allusion to the Hur (Houris) from “Hangar,” the white and black of the eye shining in contrast. The Persian Magi also placed in their Heaven (Bihisht or Minu) “Huran,” or black-eyed nymphs, under the charge of the angel Zamiyad.



[FN#256] In the first hemistich, “bi-shitt ’it wady” (by the wady-bank): in the second, “wa shatta ’l wady” (“and my slayer”— *i.e.* wady act. part. of wady, killing—“hath paced away”).

[FN#257] The double entendre is from the proper names Budur and Su’ad (Beatrice) also meaning “auspicious (or blessed) full moons.”

[FN#258] Arab. “Hazar” (also Ahl al-hazer, townsmen) and Badi, a Badawi, also called “Ahl al-Wabar,” people of the camel’s hair (tent) and A’arab (Nomadic) as opposed to Arab (Arab settled or not). They still boast with Ibn Abbas, cousin of Mohammed, that they have kerchiefs (not turbands) for crowns, tents for houses, loops for walls, swords for scarves and poems for registers or written laws.

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[FN#259] This is a peculiarity of the Jinn tribe when wearing hideous forms. It is also found in the Hindu Rakshasa.

[FN#260] Which, by the by, are small and beautifully shaped. The animal is very handy with them, as I learnt by experience when trying to “Rarefy” one at Bayrut.

[FN#261] She being daughter of Al-Dimiryat, King of the Jinns. Mr. W. F. Kirby has made him the subject of a pretty poem.

[FN#262] These lines have occurred in Night xxii. I give Torrens’s version (p. 223) by way of variety.

[FN#263] Arab. “Kamat Alfiyyah,” like an Alif, the first of the Arabic alphabet, the Heb. Aleph. The Arabs, I have said, took the flag or water leaf form and departed very far from the Egyptian original (we know from Plutarch that the hieroglyphic abecedarium began with “a”), which was chosen by other imitators, namely the bull’s head, and which in the cursive form, especially the Phoenician, became a yoke. In numerals “Alif” denotes one or one thousand. It inherits the traditional honours of Alpha (as opposed to Omega) and in books, letters and writings generally it is placed as a monogram over the “Bismillah,” an additional testimony to the Unity. (See vol. i. p. 1.) In mediaeval Christianity this place of honour was occupied by the cross: none save the wildest countries have preserved it, but our vocabulary still retains Criss’ (Christ-)cross Row, for horn-book, on account of the old alphabet and nine digits disposed in the form of a Latin cross. Hence Tickell (“The Horn-book”):

——Mortals ne’er shall know
More than contained of old the Chris’-cross Row.

[FN#264] The young man must have been a demon of chastity.

[FN#265] Arab. “Kirat” from *i.e.* bean, the seed of the *Abrus precatorius*, in weight=two to three (English) grains; and in length=one finger-breadth here; 24 being the total. The Moslem system is evidently borrowed from the Roman “as” and “uncia.”

[FN#266] Names of women.

[FN#267] Arab. “Amsa” (lit. he passed the evening) like “asbaha” (he rose in the morning) “Azha” (he spent the forenoon) and “bata” (he spent the night), are idiomatically used for “to be in any state, to continue” without specification of time or season.

[FN#268] Lit. “my liver ;” which viscus, and not the heart, is held the seat of passion, a fancy dating from the oldest days. Theocritus says of Hercules, “In his liver Love had fixed a wound” (Idyl. xiii.). In the Anthologia “Cease, Love, to wound my liver and my

heart" (lib. vii.). So Horace (Odes, i. 2); his Latin *Jecur* and the Persian "*Jigar*" being evident congeners. The idea was long prevalent and we find in Shakespeare:—

Alas, then Love may be called appetite,
No motion of the liver but the palate.

[FN#269] A marvellous touch of nature, love ousting affection; the same trait will appear in the lover and both illustrate the deep Italian saying, "*Amor discende, non ascende.*" The further it goes down the stronger it becomes as of grand-parent for grand-child and vice versa.

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[FN#270] This tenet of the universal East is at once fact and unifact. As a generalism asserting that women's passion is ten times greater than man's (Pilgrimage, ii. 282), it is unifact. The world shows that while women have more philoprogenitiveness, men have more amativeness; otherwise the latter would not propose and would nurse the doll and baby. Fact, however, in low-lying lands, like Persian Mazanderan versus the Plateau; Indian Malabar compared with Maratha-land; California as opposed to Utah and especially Egypt contrasted with Arabia. In these hot damp climates the venereal requirements and reproductive powers of the female greatly exceed those of the male; and hence the dissoluteness of morals would be phenomenal, were it not obviated by seclusion, the sabre and the revolver. In cold-dry or hot-dry mountainous lands the reverse is the case; hence polygamy there prevails whilst the low countries require polyandry in either form, legal or illegal (i.e. prostitution) I have discussed this curious point of "geographical morality" (for all morality is, like conscience, both geographical and chronological), a subject so interesting to the lawgiver, the student of ethics and the anthropologist, in "The City of the Saints " But strange and unpleasant truths progress slowly, especially in England.

[FN#271] This morning evacuation is considered, in the East, a sine qua non of health; and old Anglo-Indians are unanimous in their opinion of the "bard fajar" (as they mispronounce the dawn-clearance). The natives of India, Hindus (pagans) and Hindis (Moslems), unlike Europeans, accustom themselves to evacuate twice a day, evening as well as morning. This may, perhaps, partly account for their mildness and effeminacy; for:—

C'est la constipation qui rend l'homme rigoureux.

The English, since the first invasion of cholera, in October, 1831, are a different race from their costive grandparents who could not dine without a "dinner-pill." Curious to say the clyster is almost unknown to the people of Hindostan although the barbarous West Africans use it daily to "wash 'um belly," as the Bonney-men say. And, as Sonnini notes to propose the process in Egypt under the Beys might have cost a Frankish medico his life.

[FN#272] The Egyptian author cannot refrain from this characteristic polissonnerie; and reading it out is always followed by a roar of laughter. Even serious writers like Al-Hariri do not, as I have noted, despise the indecency.

[FN#273] "Long beard and little wits," is a saying throughout the East where the Kausaj (= man with thin, short beard) is looked upon as cunning and tricky. There is a venerable Joe Miller about a schoolmaster who, wishing to singe his long beard short, burnt it off and his face to boot:—which reminded him of the saying. A thick beard is defined as one which wholly conceals the skin; and in ceremonial ablution it must be combed out with

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the fingers till the water reach the roots. The Sunnat, or practice of the Prophet, was to wear the beard not longer than one hand and two fingers' breadth. In Persian "Kuseh" (thin beard) is an insulting term opposed to "Khush-rish," a well-bearded man. The Iranian growth is perhaps the finest in the world, often extending to the waist; but it gives infinite trouble, requiring, for instance, a bag when travelling. The Arab beard is often composed of two tufts on the chin-sides and straggling hairs upon the cheeks; and this is a severe mortification, especially to Shaykhs and elders, who not only look upon the beard as one of man's characteristics, but attach a religious importance to the appendage. Hence the enormity of Kamar al-Zaman's behaviour. The Persian festival of the vernal equinox was called Kusehnishin (Thin-beard sitting). An old man with one eye paraded the streets on an ass with a crow in one hand and a scourge and fan in the other, cooling himself, flogging the bystanders and crying heat! heat! (garma! garma!). For other particulars see Richardson (Dissertation, p. lii.). This is the Italian *Giorno delle Vecchie*, Thursday in Mid Lent, March 12 (1885), celebrating the death of Winter and the birth of Spring.

[FN#274] I quote Torrens (p. 400) as these lines have occurred in Night xxxviii.

[FN#275] Moslems have only two names for week days, Friday, Al-Jum'ah or meeting-day, and Al-Sabt, Sabbath day, that is Saturday. The others are known by numbers after Quaker fashion with us, the usage of Portugal and Scandinavia.

[FN#276] Our last night.

[FN#277] Arab. "Tayf"=phantom, the nearest approach to our "ghost," that queer remnant of Fetishism imbedded in Christianity; the phantasma, the shade (not the soul) of the dead. Hence the accurate Niebuhr declares, "apparitions (i.e., of the departed) are unknown in Arabia." Haunted houses are there tenanted by Ghuls, Jinns and a host of supernatural creatures; but not by ghosts proper; and a man may live years in Arabia before he ever hears of the "Tayf." With the Hindus it is otherwise (Pilgrimage iii. 144). Yet the ghost, the embodied fear of the dead and of death is common, in a greater or less degree, to all peoples; and, as modern Spiritualism proves, that ghost is not yet laid.

[FN#278] Mr. Payne (iii. 133) omits the lines which are *apropos de rein* and read much like "nonsense verses." I retain them simply because they are in the text.

[FN#279] The first two couplets are the quatrain (or octave) in Night xxxv.

[FN#280] Arab. "Ar'ar," the Heb. "Aroer," which Luther and the A. V. translate "heath." The modern Aramaic name is "Lizzab" (Unexplored Syria. i. 68).



[FN#281] In the old version and the Bresl. Edit. (iii. 220) the Princess beats the "Kahramanah," but does not kill her.

[FN#282] 'This is still the popular Eastern treatment of the insane.

[FN#283] Pers. "Marz-ban" = Warden of the Marches, Margrave. The foster-brother in the East is held dear as, and often dearer than, kith and kin.

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[FN#284] The moderns believe most in the dawn-dream.
—Quirinus

Post mediam noctem visus, quum somnia vera.
(Horace Sat. i. 10, 33,)

[FN#285] The Bresl. Edit. (iii. 223) and Galland have "Torf:" Lane (ii. 115) "El-Tarf."

[FN#286] Arab. "Maghzal ;" a more favourite comparison is with a tooth pick. Both are used by Nizami and Al-Hariri, the most "elegant" of Arab writers.

[FN#287] These form a Kasidah, Ode or Elegy= rhymed couplets numbering more than thirteen: If shorter it is called a "Ghazal." I have not thought it necessary to preserve the monorhyme.

[FN#288] Sulayma dim. of Salma= any beautiful woman Rabab = the viol mostly single stringed: Tan'oum=she who is soft and gentle. These fictitious names are for his old flames.

[FN#289] *i.e.* wine. The distich is highly fanciful and the conceits would hardly occur to a

[FN#290] Arab. "Andam," a term applied to Brazil-wood (also called "Bakkam") and to "dragon's blood," but not, I think, to tragacanth, the "goat's thorn," which does not dye. Andam is often mentioned in The Nights.

[FN#291] The superior merit of the first (explorer, *etc.*) is a lieu commun with Arabs. So Al-Hariri in Preface quotes his predecessor:—

Justly of praise the price I pay;
The praise is his who leads the way.

[FN#292] There were two Lukmans, of whom more in a future page.

[FN#293] This symbolic action is repeatedly mentioned in The Nights.

[FN#294] Arab. "Shakhs"=a person, primarily a dark spot. So "Sawad"=blackness, in Al-Hariri means a group of people who darken the ground by their shade.

[FN#295] The first bath after sickness, I have said, is called "Ghusl al-Sihhah,"—the Washing of Health.

[FN#296] The words "malady" and "disease" are mostly avoided during these dialogues as ill-omened words which may bring on a relapse.



[FN#297] Solomon's carpet of green silk which carried him and all his host through the air is a Talmudic legend generally accepted in Al-Islam though not countenanced by the Koran. chaps xxvii. When the "gnat's wing" is mentioned, the reference is to Nimrod who, for boasting that he was lord of all, was tortured during four hundred years by a gnat sent by Allah up his ear or nostril.

[FN#298] The absolute want of morality and filial affection in the chaste young man is supposed to be caused by the violence of his passion, and he would be pardoned because he "loved much."

[FN#299] I have noticed the geomantic process in my "History of Sindh" (chaps. vii.). It is called "Zarb al-Ram!" (strike the sand, the French say "frapper le sable") because the rudest form is to make on the ground dots at haphazard, usually in four lines one above the other: these are counted and, if even-numbered, two are taken (**); if odd one (

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*); and thus the four lines will form a scheme say * *

*

*

* *

This is repeated three times, producing the same number of figures; and then the combination is sought in an explanatory table or, if the practitioner be expert, he pronounces off-hand. The Nights speak of a "Takht Raml" or a board, like a schoolboy's slate, upon which the dots are inked instead of points in sand. The moderns use a "Kura'h," or oblong die, upon whose sides the dots, odd and even, are marked; and these dice are hand-thrown to form the e figure. By way of complication Geomancy is mixed up with astrology and then it becomes a most complicated kind of ariolation and an endless study. "Napoleon's Book of Fate," a chap-book which appeared some years ago, was Geomancy in its simplest and most ignorant shape. For the rude African form see my Mission to Dahome, i. 332, and for that of Darfour, pp. 360-69 of Shaykh Mohammed's Voyage before quoted.

[FN#300] Translators understand this of writing marriage contracts; I take it in a more general sense.

[FN#301] These lines are repeated from Night lxxv.: with Mr. Payne's permission I give his rendering (iii. 153) by way of variety.

[FN#302] The comparison is characteristically Arab.

[FN#303] Not her "face": the head, and especially the back of the head, must always be kept covered, even before the father.

[FN#304] Arab. "Siwak"=a tooth-stick; "Siwa-ka"=lit. other than thou.

[FN#305] Arab. "Arak"=tooth stick of the wild caper-tree; "Ara-ka" lit.=I see thee. The capparid spinosa is a common desert-growth and the sticks about a span long (usually called Miswak), are sold in quantities at Meccah after being dipped in Zemzem water. In India many other woods are used, date-tree, Salvadora, Achyranthes, phyllanthus, etc. Amongst Arabs peculiar efficacy accompanies the tooth-stick of olive, "the tree springing from Mount Sinai" (Koran xxiii. 20); and Mohammed would use no other, because it prevents decay and scents the mouth. Hence Koran, chaps. xcv. 1. The "Miswak" is held with the unused end between the ring-finger and minimus, the two others grasp the middle and the thumb is pressed against the back close to the lips. These articles have long been sold at the Medical Hall near the "Egyptian Hall," Piccadilly. They are better than our unclean tooth-brushes because each tooth gets its own especial rubbing' not a general sweep; at the same time the operation is longer and



more troublesome. In parts of Africa as well as Asia many men walk about with the tooth-stick hanging by a string from the neck.

[FN#306] The "Mehari," of which the Algerine-French speak, are the dromedaries bred by the Mahrah tribe of Al-Yaman, the descendants of Mahrat ibn Haydan. They are covered by small wild camels (?) called Al-Hush, found between Oman and Al-Shihr: others explain the word to mean "stallions of the Jinns " and term those savage and supernatural animals, "Najaib al-Mahriyah" nobles of the Mahrah.

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[FN#307] Arab. "Khaznah"=a thousand purses; now about 5000. It denotes a large sum of money, like the "Badrah," a purse containing 10,000 dirhams of silver (Al-Hariri), or 80,000 (Burckhardt Prov. 380); whereas the "Nisab" is a moderate sum of money, gen. 20 gold dinars=200 silver dirhams.

[FN#308] As The Nights show, Arabs admire slender forms; but the hips and hinder cheeks must be highly developed and the stomach fleshy rather than lean. The reasons are obvious. The Persians who exaggerate everything say e.g. (Husayn Vaiz in the Anvar-i-Suhayli):—

How paint her hips and waist ? Who saw
A mountain (Koh) dangling to a straw (kah)?

In Antar his beloved Abla is a tamarisk (T. Orientalis). Others compare with the palm-tree (Solomon), the Cypress (Persian, esp. Hafiz and Firdausi) and the Arak or wild Capparis (Arab.).

[FN#309] Ubi aves ibi angel). All African travellers know that a few birds flying about the bush, and a few palm-trees waving in the wind, denote the neighbourhood of a village or a camp (where angels are scarce). The reason is not any friendship for man but because food, animal and vegetable, is more plentiful Hence Albatrosses, Mother Carey's (Mater Cara, the Virgin) chickens, and Cape pigeons follow ships.

[FN#310] The stanza is called Al-Mukhammas=cinquains; the quatrains and the "bob," or "burden" always preserve the same consonance. It ends with a Koranic lieu commun of Moslem morality.

[FN#311] Moslem port towns usually have (or had) only two gates. Such was the case with Bayrut, Tyre, Sidon and a host of others; the faubourg-growth of modern days has made these obsolete. The portals much resemble the entrances of old Norman castles—Arques for instance. (Pilgrimage i. 185.)

[FN#312] Arab. "Lisam"; before explained.

[FN#313] *i.e.* Life of Souls (persons, *etc.*).

[FN#314] Arab. "Insanu-ha"=her (*i.e.* their) man: *i.e.* the babes of the eyes: the Assyrian Ishon, dim. of Ish=Man; which the Hebrews call "Babat" or "Bit" (the daughter) the Arabs "Bubu (or Hadakat) al-Aye"; the Persians "Mardumak-i-chashm" (mannikin of the eye); the Greeks and the Latins pupa, pupula, pupilla. I have noted this in the Lyrics of Camoens (p. 449).

[FN#315] Ma'an bin Za'idah, a soldier and statesman of the eighth century.

[FN#316] The mildness of the Caliph Mu'awiyah, the founder of the Omniades, proverbial among the Arabs, much resembles the "meekness" of Moses the Law-giver, which commentators seem to think has been foisted into Numbers xii. 3.

[FN#317] Showing that there had been no consummation of the marriage which would have demanded "Ghusl," or total ablution, at home or in the Hammam.

[FN#318] I have noticed this notable desert-growth.

[FN#319] 'The "situation" is admirable, solution appearing so difficult and catastrophe imminent.

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[FN#320] This quatrain occurs in Night ix.: I have borrowed from Torrens (p. 79) by way of variety.

[FN#321] The belief that young pigeon's blood resembles the virginal discharge is universal; but the blood most resembling man's is that of the pig which in other points is so very human. In our day Arabs and Hindus rarely submit to inspection the nuptial sheet as practiced by the Israelites and Persians. The bride takes to bed a white kerchief with which she staunches the blood and next morning the stains are displayed in the Harem. In Darfour this is done by the bridegroom. "Prima Venus debet esse cruenta," say the Easterns with much truth, and they have no faith in our complaisant creed which allows the hymen-membrane to disappear by any but one accident.

[FN#322] Not meaning the two central divisions commanded by the King and his Wazir.

[FN#323] Ironice.

[FN#324] Arab. "Rasy"=praising in a funeral sermon.

[FN#325] Arab. "Manaya," plur. of "Maniyat" = death. Mr. R. S. Poole (the Academy, April 26, 1879) reproaches Mr. Payne for confounding "Muniyat" (desire) with "Maniyat" (death) but both are written the same except when vowel-points are used.

[FN#326] Arab. "Iddat," alluding to the months of celibacy which, according to Moslem law, must be passed by a divorced woman before she can re-marry.

[FN#327] Arab. "Talak bi'l-Salasah"=a triple divorce which cannot be revoked; nor can the divorcer re-marry the same woman till after consummation with another husband. This subject will continually recur.

[FN#328] An allusion to a custom of the pagan Arabs in the days of ignorant Heathenism The blood or brain, soul or personality of the murdered man formed a bird called Sady or Hamah (not the Huma or Humai, usually translated "phoenix") which sprang from the head, where four of the five senses have their seat, and haunted his tomb, crying continually, "Uskuni!"=Give me drink (of the slayer's blood) ! and which disappeared only when the vendetta was accomplished. Mohammed forbade the belief. Amongst the Southern Slavs the cuckoo is supposed to be the sister of a murdered man ever calling for vengeance.

[FN#329] To obtain a blessing and show how he valued it.

[FN#330] Well-known tribes of proto-historic Arabs who flourished before the time of Abraham: see Koran (chaps. xxvi. et passim). They will be repeatedly mentioned in The Nights and notes.

[FN#331] Arab. "Amtar"; plur. of "Matr," a large vessel of leather or wood for water, etc.



[FN#332] Arab. "Asafiri," so called because they attract sparrows (asafir) a bird very fond of the ripe oily fruit. In the Romance of "Antar" Asafir camels are beasts that fly like birds in fleetness. The reader must not confound the olives of the text with the hard unripe berries ("little plums pickled in stale") which appear at English tables, nor wonder that bread and olives are the beef-steak and potatoes of many Mediterranean peoples It is an excellent diet, the highly oleaginous fruit supplying the necessary carbon,

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[FN#333] Arab. "Tamer al-Hindi"=the "Indian-date," whence our word "Tamarind." A sherbet of the pods, being slightly laxative, is much drunk during the great heats; and the dried fruit, made into small round cakes, is sold in the bazars. The traveller is advised not to sleep under the tamarind's shade, which is infamous for causing ague and fever. In Sind I derided the "native nonsense," passed the night under an "Indian date-tree" and awoke with a fine specimen of ague which lasted me a week.

[FN#334] Moslems are not agreed upon the length of the Day of Doom when all created things, marshalled by the angels, await final judgment; the different periods named are 40 years, 70, 300 and 50,000. Yet the trial itself will last no longer than while one may milk an ewe, or than "the space between two milkings of a she-camel." This is bringing down Heaven to Earth with a witness; but, after all, the Heaven of all faiths, including "Spiritualism," the latest development, is only an earth more or less glorified even as the Deity is humanity more or less perfected.

[FN#335] Arab. "Al-Kamarani," lit. "the two moons." Arab rhetoric prefers it to "Shamsani," or {two suns," because lighter (akhaff), to pronounce. So, albeit Omar was less worthy than Abu-Bakr the two are called "Al-Omarani," in vulgar parlance, Omarayn.

[FN#336] Alluding to the angels who appeared to the Sodomites in the shape of beautiful youths (Koran xi.).

[FN#337] Koran xxxiii. 38.

[FN#338] "Niktu-hu taklidan" *i.e.* not the real thing (with a woman). It may also mean "by his incitement of me." All this scene is written in the worst form of Persian-Egyptian blackguardism, and forms a curious anthropological study. The "black joke" of the true and modest wife is inimitable.

[FN#339] Arab. "Jamiz" (in Egypt "Jammayz") = the fruit of the true sycomore (F. Sycomorus) a magnificent tree which produces a small tasteless fig, eaten by the poorer classes in Egypt and by monkeys. The "Tin" or real fig here is the woman's parts; the "mulberry- fig," the anus. Martial (i. 65) makes the following distinction:—

Dicemus ficus, quas scimus in arbore nasci,
Dicemus ficos, Caeciliane, tuos.

And Modern Italian preserves a difference between fico and fica.

[FN#340] Arab. "Ghaniyat Azara" (plur. of Azra = virgin): the former is properly a woman who despises ornaments and relies on "beauty unadorned" (*i.e.* in bed).



[FN#341] "Nihil usitatus apud monachos, cardinales, sacrificulos," says Johannes de la Casa Beneventus Episcopus, quoted by Burton Anat. of Mel. lib. iii. Sect. 2; and the famous epitaph on the Jesuit,

Ci-git un Jesuite:

Passant, serre les fesses et passe vite!

[FN#342] Arab. "Kiblah"=the fronting-place of prayer, Meccah for Moslems, Jerusalem for Jews and early Christians. See Pilgrimage (ii. 321) for the Moslem change from Jerusalem to Meccah and ibid. (ii. 213) for the way in which the direction was shown.

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[FN#343] The Koran says (chaps. ii.): “Your wives are your tillage: go in therefore unto your tillage in what manner so ever ye will.” Usually this is understood as meaning in any posture, standing or sitting, lying, backwards or forwards. Yet there is a popular saying about the man whom the woman rides (vulg. St. George, in France, le Postillon); “Cursed be who maketh woman Heaven and himself earth!” Some hold the Koranic passage to have been revealed in confutation of the Jews, who pretended that if a man lay with his wife backwards, he would beget a cleverer child. Others again understand it of preposterous venery, which is absurd: every ancient law-giver framed his code to increase the true wealth of the people—population—and severely punished all processes, like onanism, which impeded it. The Persians utilise the hatred of women for such misuse when they would force a wife to demand a divorce and thus forfeit her claim to Mahr (dowry); they convert them into catamites till, after a month or so, they lose all patience and leave the house.

[FN#344] Koran lit 9: “He will be turned aside from the Faith (or Truth) who shall be turned aside by the Divine decree;” alluding, in the text, to the preposterous venery her lover demands.

[FN#345] Arab. “Futuh” meaning openings, and also victories, benefits. The lover congratulates her on her mortifying self in order to please him.

[FN#346] “And the righteous work will be exalt”: (Koran xxxv. 11) applied ironically.

[FN#347] A prolepsis of Tommy Moore:—

Your mother says, my little Venus,
There's something not quite right between us,
And you're in fault as much as I,
Now, on my soul, my little Venus,
I swear 'twould not be right between us,
To let your mother tell a lie.

But the Arab is more moral than Mr. Little. as he purposes to repent.

[FN#348] Arab. “Khunsa” flexible or flaccid, from Khans=bending inwards, *i.e.* the mouth of a water-skin before drinking. Like Mukhannas, it is also used for an effeminate man, a passive sodomite and even for a eunuch. Easterns still believe in what Westerns know to be an impossibility, human beings with the parts and proportions of both sexes equally developed and capable of reproduction; and Al-Islam even provides special rules for them (Pilgrimage iii. 237). We hold them to be Buffon's fourth class of (duplicate) monsters belonging essentially to one or the other sex, and related to its opposite only by some few characteristics. The old Greeks dreamed, after their fashion, a beautiful poetic dream of a human animal uniting the contradictory beauties of man and woman. The duality of the generative organs seems an old Egyptian tradition, at

least we find it in Genesis (i. 27) where the image of the Deity is created male and female, before man was formed out of the dust of the ground (ii. 7). The old tradition found its way to India (if the Hindus did not borrow the idea from the Greeks); and one of the forms of Mahadeva, the third person of their triad, is entitled "Ardhanari"=the Half-woman, which has suggested to them some charming pictures. Europeans, seeing the left breast conspicuously feminine, have indulged in silly surmises about the "Amazons."

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[FN#349] This is a mere phrase for our “dying of laughter”: the queen was on her back. And as Easterns sit on carpets, their falling back is very different from the same movement off a chair.

[FN#350] Arab. “Ismid,” the eye-powder before noticed.

[FN#351] When the Caliph (e.g. Al-Ta’i li’llah) bound a banner to a spear and handed it to an officer, he thereby appointed him Sultan or Viceregent.

[FN#352] Arab. “Shaib al-inghaz”=lit. a gray beard who shakes head in disapproval.

[FN#353] Arab. “Ayat” = the Hebr. “Ototh,” signs, wonders or Koranic verses.

[FN#354] The Chapter “Al-Ikhlās” *i.e.* clearing (oneself from any faith but that of Unity) is No. cxii. and runs thus:—

Say, He is the One God!
The sempiternal God,
He begetteth not, nor is He begot,
And unto Him the like is not.

It is held to be equal in value to one-third of the Koran, and is daily used in prayer. Mr. Rodwell makes it the tenth.

[FN#355] The Lady Budur shows her noble blood by not objecting to her friend becoming her Zarrat (sister-wife). This word is popularly derived from “Zarar”=injury; and is vulgarly pronounced in Egypt “Durrah” sounding like Durrah = a parrot (see Burckhardt’s mistake in Prov. 314). The native proverb says, “Ayshat al-durrah murrah,” the sister-wife hath a bitter life. We have no English equivalent; so I translate indifferently co-wife, co-consort, sister-wife or sister in wedlock.

[FN#356] Lane preserves the article “El-Amjad” and “El-As’ad;” which is as necessary as to say “the John” or “the James,” because neo-Latins have “il Giovanni” or “il Giacomo.” In this matter of the article, however, it is impossible to lay down a universal rule: in some cases it must be preserved and only practice in the language can teach its use. For instance, it is always present in Al-Bahrayn and al-Yaman; but not necessarily so with Irak and Najd.

[FN#357] It is hard to say why this ugly episode was introduced. It is a mere false note in a tune pretty enough.

[FN#358] The significance of this action will presently appear.

[FN#359] An “Hadis.”

[FN#360] Arab. "Sabb" = using the lowest language of abuse. chiefly concerning women-relatives and their reproductive parts.

[FN#361] The reader will note in the narration concerning the two Queens the parallelism of the Arab's style which recalls that of the Hebrew poets. Strings of black silk are plaited into the long locks (an "idiot-fringe" being worn over the brow) because a woman is cursed "who joineth her own hair to the hair of another" (especially human hair). Sending the bands is a sign of affectionate submission; and, in extremes" cases the hair itself is sent.

[FN#362] *i.e.*, suffer similar pain at the spectacle, a phrase often occurring.

[FN#363] *i.e.*, when the eye sees not, the heart grieves not.

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[FN#364] *i.e.*, unto Him we shall return, a sentence recurring in almost every longer chapter of the Koran.

[FN#365] Arab. “Kun,” the creative Word (which, by the by, proves the Koran to be an uncreated Logos); the full sentence being “Kun fa kana” = Be! and it became. The origin is evidently, “And God said, Let there be light: and there was light” (Gen. i. 3); a line grand in its simplicity and evidently borrowed from the Egyptians, even as Yahveh (Jehovah) from “Ankh”=He who lives (Brugsch Hist. ii. 34).

[FN#366] *i.e.* but also for the life and the so-called “soul.”

[FN#367] Arab. “Layali”=lit. nights which, I have said, is often applied to the whole twenty-four hours. Here it is used in the sense of “fortune” or “fate ;” like “days” and “days and nights.”

[FN#368] Abdullah ibn al-Zubayr a nephew of Ayishah, who had rebuilt the Ka’abah in A.H. 64 (A.D. 683), revolted (A.D. 680) against Yezid and was proclaimed Caliph at Meccah. He was afterwards killed (A.D. 692) by the famous or infamous Hajjaj general of Abd al-Malik bin Marwan, the fifth Ommiade, surnamed “Sweat of a stone” (skin-flint) and “Father of Flies,” from his foul breath. See my Pilgrimage, *etc.* (iii. 192-194), where are explained the allusions to the Ka’abah and the holy Black Stone.

[FN#369] These lines are part of an elegy on the downfall of one of the Moslem dynasties in Spain, composed in the twelfth century by Ibn Abdun al-Andalusi. The allusion is to the famous conspiracy of the Kharijites (the first sectarians in Mohammedanism) to kill Ah, Mu’awiyah and Amru (so written but pronounced “Amr”) al-As, in order to abate intestine feuds in Al-Islam. Ali was slain with a sword-cut by Ibn Muljam a name ever damnable amongst the Persians; Mu’awiyah escaped with a wound and Kharijah, the Chief of Police at Fustat or old Cairo was murdered by mistake for Amru. After this the sectarian wars began.

[FN#370] Arab. “Sarab”= (Koran, chaps. xxiv.) the reek of the Desert, before explained. It is called “Lama,” the shine, the loom, in Al-Hariri. The world is compared with the mirage, the painted eye and the sword that breaks in the sworder’s hand.

[FN#371] Arab. “Dunya,” with the common alliteration “daniyah” (=Pers. “dun”), in prose as well as poetry means the things or fortune of this life opp. to “Akhirah”=future life.

[FN#372] Arab. “Walgh,” a strong expression primarily denoting the lapping of dogs; here and elsewhere “to swill, saufen.”

[FN#373] The lines are repeated from Night ccxxi. I give Lane’s version (ii. 162) by way of contrast and—warning.



[FN#374] "Sahirah" is the place where human souls will be gathered on Doom-day: some understand by it the Hell Sa'ir (No. iv.) intended for the Sabians or the Devils generally.

[FN#375] His eyes are faded like Jacob's which, after weeping for Joseph, "became white with mourning" (Koran, chaps. xxi.). It is a stock comparison.

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[FN#376] The grave.

[FN#377] Arab. "Sawwan" (popularly pronounced Suwan) ="Syenite" from Syrene; generally applied to silex, granite or any hard stone.

[FN#378] A proceeding fit only for thieves and paupers: "Alpinism" was then unknown. "You come from the mountain" (al-Jabal) means, "You are a clod-hopper"; and "I will sit upon the mountain"=turn anchorite or magician. (Pilgrimage i. 106.)

[FN#379] Corresponding with wayside chapels in Catholic countries. The Moslem form would be either a wall with a prayer niche (Mibrab) fronting Meccah-wards or a small domed room. These little oratories are often found near fountains, streams or tree-clumps where travellers would be likely to alight. I have described one in Sind ("Scinde or the Unhappy Valley" i. 79), and have noted that scrawling on the walls is even more common in the East than in the West; witness the monuments of old Egypt bescribbled by the Greeks and Romans. Even the paws of the Sphinx are covered with such graffiti; and those of Ipsambul or Abu Simbal have proved treasures to epigraphists.

[FN#380] In tales this characterises a Persian; and Hero Rustam is always so pictured.

[FN#381] The Parsis, who are the representatives of the old Guebres, turn towards the sun and the fire as their Kiblah or point of prayer; all deny that they worship it. But, as in the case of saints' images, while the educated would pray before them for edification (Labia) the ignorant would adore them (Dulia); and would make scanty difference between the "reverence of a servant" and the "reverence of a slave." The human sacrifice was quite contrary to Guebre, although not to Hindu, custom; although hate and vengeance might prompt an occasional murder.

[FN#382] These oubliettes are common in old eastern houses as in the medieval Castles of Europe, and many a stranger has met his death in them. They are often so well concealed that even the modern inmates are not aware of their existence.

[FN#383] Arab. "Bakk"; hence our "bug" whose derivation (like that of "cat" "dog" and "hog") is apparently unknown to the dictionaries, always excepting M. Littré's.

[FN#384] *i.e.* thy beauty is ever increasing.

[FN#385] Alluding, as usual, to the eye-lashes, *e.g.*

An eyelash arrow from an eyebrow bow.

[FN#386] Lane (ii. 168) reads:—"The niggardly female is protected by her niggardness;" a change of "Nahilah" (bee-hive) into "Bakhilah" (she skin flint).



[FN#387] Koran iv. 38. The advantages are bodily strength, understanding and the high privilege of Holy War. Thus far, and thus far only, woman amongst Moslems is "lesser

[FN#388] Arab. "Amir Yakhur," a corruption of "Akhor"=stable (Persian).

[FN#389] A servile name in Persian, meaning "the brave," and a title of honour at the Court of Delhi when following the name. Many English officers have made themselves ridiculous (myself amongst the number) by having it engraved on their seal-rings, *e.g.* Brown Sahib Bahadur. To write the word "Behadir" or "Bahadir" is to adopt the wretched Turkish corruption.

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[FN#390] “Jerry Sneak” would be the English reader’s comment; but in the East all charges are laid upon women.

[FN#391] Here the formula means “I am sorry for it, but I couldn’t help it.”

[FN#392] A noble name of the Persian Kings (meaning the planet Mars) corrupted in Europe to Varanes.

[FN#393] Arab. “Jallab,” one of the three muharramat or forbiddens, the Harik al-hajar (burner of stone) the Kati’ al-shajar (cutter of trees, without reference to Hawarden N. B.) and the Bayi’ al-bashar (seller of men, vulg. Jallab). The two former worked, like the Italian Carbonari, in desert places where they had especial opportunities for crime. (Pilgrimage iii. 140.) None of these things must be practiced during Pilgrimage on the holy soil of Al-Hijaz—not including Jeddah.

[FN#394] The verses contain the tenets of the Murjiy sect which attaches infinite importance to faith and little or none to works. Sale (sect. viii.) derives his “Morgians” from the “Jabriens” (Jabari), who are the direct opponents of the “Kadarians” (Kadari), denying free will and free agency to man and ascribing his actions wholly to Allah. Lane (ii. 243) gives the orthodox answer to the heretical question:—

Water could wet him not if God please guard His own; *
Nor need man care though bound of hands in sea he’s thrown:
But if His Lord decree that he in sea be drowned; *
He’ll drown albeit in the wild and wold he wone.

It is the old quarrel between Predestination and Freewill which cannot be solved except by assuming a Law without a Lawgiver.

[FN#395] Our proverb says: Give a man luck and throw him into the sea.

[FN#396] As a rule Easterns, I repeat, cover head and face when sleeping especially in the open air and moonlight. Europeans find the practice difficult, and can learn it only by long habit.

[FN#397] Pers. = a flower-garden. In Galland, Bahram has two daughters, Bostama and Cavam a. In the Bres. Edit. the daughter is “Bostan” and the slave-girl “Kawam.”

[FN#398] Arab. “Kahil”=eyes which look as if darkened with antimony: hence the name of the noble Arab breed of horses “Kuhaylat” (Al-Ajuz, etc.).

[FN#399] “As’ad”=more (or most) fortunate.

[FN#400] This is the vulgar belief, although Mohammed expressly disclaimed the power in the Koran (chaps. xiii. 8), “Thou art commissioned to be a preacher only and not a



worker of miracles.” “Signs” (Arab. Ayat) may here also mean verses of the Koran, which the Apostle of Allah held to be his standing miracles. He despised the common miracula which in the East are of everyday occurrence and are held to be easy for any holy man. Hume does not believe in miracles because he never saw one. Had he travelled in the East he would have seen (and heard of) so many that his scepticism (more likely that testimony should be false than miracles be true) would have been based on a firmer foundation. It is one of the marvels of our age that whilst two-thirds of Christendom (the Catholics and the “Orthodox” Greeks) believe in “miracles” occurring not only in ancient but even in our present days, the influential and intelligent third (Protestant) absolutely “denies the fact.”

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[FN#401] Arab. "Al-Shahadatani"; testifying the Unity and the Apostleship.