

him sitting with his head bowed earthwards, breast straitened and mind melancholy, humming the verses of the poet:—

My blamers instant bid that I for her become consoled ; o But I, what can I do, whose heart declines to be controlled ?  
And how can I in patience bear the loss of lovely maid, o When fails me patience for a love that holds with firmest hold !  
Ne'er I'll forget her nor the bowl that 'twixt us both went round o And wine of glances maddened me with drunkenness ensoul'd.

Whenas Ja'afar stood in the presence, he said, " Peace be upon thee, O Commander of the Faithful, Defender of the honour of the Faith and descendant of the uncle of the Prince of the Apostles, Allah assain him and save him and his family one and all !" The Caliph raised his head and answered, " And on thee be peace and the mercy of Allah and His blessings !" Quoth Ja'afar ; " With leave of the Prince of True Believers, his servant would speak without restraint." Asked the Caliph, " And when was restraint put upon thee in speech and thou the Prince of Wazirs ? Say what thou wilt." Answered Ja'afar, " When I went out, O my lord, from before thee, intending for my house, I saw standing at the door thy master and teacher and partner, Khalifah the Fisherman, who was aggrieved at thee and complained of thee saying :— Glory be to God ! I taught him to fish and he went away to fetch me a pair of frails, but never came back : and this is not the way of a good partner or of a good apprentice. So, if thou hast a mind to partnership, well and good ; and if not, tell him, that he may take to partner another." Now when the Caliph heard these words he smiled and his straitness of breast was done away with and he said, " My life on thee, is this the truth thou sayest, that the Fisherman standeth at the door ? " and Ja'afar replied, " By thy life, O Commander of the Faithful, he standeth at the door." Quoth the Caliph, " O Ja'afar, by Allah, I will assuredly do my best to give him his due ! If Allah at my hands send him misery, he shall have it ; and if prosperity he shall have it." Then he took a piece of paper and cutting it in pieces, said to the Wazir, " O Ja'afar, write down with thine own hand twenty sums of money, from one dinar to a thousand, and the names of all kinds of offices and dignities from the least appointment to the Caliphate ; also twenty kinds of punishment from the lightest beating to death.<sup>1</sup>"

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<sup>1</sup> This freak is of course not historical. The tale-teller introduces it to enhance the grandeur and majesty of Harun al-Rashid, and the vulgar would regard it as a right kingling diversion. Westerns only wonder that such things could be.

"I hear and I obey, O Commander of the Faithful," answered Ja'afar and did as he was bidden. Then said the Caliph, "O Ja'afar, I swear by my holy forefathers and by my kinship to Hamzah<sup>1</sup> and Akhl<sup>2</sup> that I mean to summon the fisherman and bid him take one of these papers, whose contents none knoweth save thou and I ; and whatsoever is written in the paper which he shall choose, I will give it to him ; though it be the Caliphate I will divest myself thereof and invest him therewith and grudge it not to him ; and, on the other hand, if there be written therein hanging or mutilation or death, I will execute it upon him. Now go and fetch him to me." When Ja'afar heard this, he said to himself, "There is no Majesty and there is no Might save in Allah, the Glorious, the Great ! It may be somewhat will fall to this poor wretch's lot that will bring about his destruction, and I shall be the cause. But the Caliph hath sworn ; so nothing remains now but to bring him in, and naught will happen save whatso Allah willeth." Accordingly he went out to Khalifah the Fisherman and laid hold of his hand, to carry him in to the Caliph, whereupon his reason fled and he said in himself, "What a stupid I was to come after yonder ill-omened slave, Tulip, whereby he hath brought me in company with Bran-belly !" Ja'afar fared on with him, with Mamelukes before and behind, whilst he said, "Doth not arrest suffice, but these must go behind and before me, to hinder my making off ?" till they had traversed seven vestibules, when the Wazir said to him, "Mark my words, O Fisherman ! Thou standest before the Commander of the Faithful and Defender of the Faith !" Then he raised the great curtain and Khalifah's eyes fell on the Caliph, who was seated on his couch, with the Lords of the realm standing in attendance upon him. As soon as he knew him, he went up to him and said, "Well come, and welcome to thee, O piper ! 'Twas not right of thee to make thyself a Fisherman and go away, leaving me sitting to guard the fish, and never to return ! For, before I was aware, there came up Mamelukes on beasts of all manner colours, and snatched away the fish from me, I standing alone, and this was all of thy fault ; for, hadst thou returned with the frails forthright, we had sold an hundred dinars' worth of fish.

<sup>1</sup> Uncle of the Prophet : for his death see Pilgrimage ii. 248.

<sup>2</sup> First cousin of the Prophet, son of Abú Tálib, a brother of Al-Abbás from whom the Abbasides claimed descent.

And now I come to seek my due, and they have arrested me. But thou, who hath imprisoned thee also in this place?" The Caliph smiled and raising a corner of the curtain, put forth his head and said to the Fisherman, "Come hither and take thee one of these papers." Quoth Khalifah the Fisherman, Yesterday thou wast a fisherman, and to-day thou hast become an astrologer; but the more trades a man hath, the poorer he waxeth." Thereupon Ja'afar, said, "Take the paper at once, and do as the Commander of the Faithful biddeth thee without prating." So he came forward and put forth his hand saying, "Far be it from me that this piper should ever again be my knave and fish with me!" Then taking the paper he handed it to the Caliph, saying, "O piper, what hath come out for me therein? Hide naught thereof." — And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

### Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Forty-second Night,

She continued, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Khalifah the Fisherman took up one of the papers and handed it to the Caliph he said, "O piper, what have come out to me therein? Hide naught thereof." So Al-Rashid received it and passed it on to Ja'afar and said to him, "Read what is therein." He looked at it and said, "There is no Majesty there is no Might save in Allah, the Glorious, the Great!" Said the Caliph, "Good news,<sup>1</sup> O Ja'afar? What seest thou therein?" Answered the Wazir, "O Commander of the Faithful, there came up from the paper:—Let the Fisherman receive an hundred blows with a stick." So the Caliph commanded to beat the Fisherman and they gave him an hundred sticks: after which he rose, saying, "Allah damn this, O Bran-belly! Are jail and sticks part of the game?" Then said Ja'afar, "O Commander of the Faithful, this poor devil is come to the river, and how shall he go away thirsting? We hope that among the alms-deeds of the Commander of the Faithful, he may have leave to take another paper, so haply somewhat may come out wherewithal he may succour his poverty." Said the Caliph, "By Allah, O Ja'afar, if he take another paper and death be written therein, I will assuredly kill him, and thou wilt be the

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<sup>1</sup> i.e. I hope thou hast or Allah grant thou have good tidings to tell me.

cause." Answered Ja'afar, " If he die he will be at rest." But Khalifah the Fisherman said to him, " Allah ne'er gladden thee with good news ! Have I made Bagdad strait upon you, that ye seek to slay me ?" Quoth Ja'afar, " Take thee a paper and crave the blessing of Allah Almighty !" So he put out his hand and taking a paper, gave it to Ja'afar, who read it and was silent. The Caliph asked, " Why art thou silent, O son of Yahya ? " ; and he answered, " O Commander of the Faithful, there hath come out on this paper :—Naught shall be given to the Fisherman." Then said the Caliph, " His daily bread will not come from us : bid him fare forth from before our face." Quoth Ja'afar, " By the claims of thy pious forefathers, let him take a third paper, it may be it will bring him alimony ;" and quoth the Caliph, " Let him take one and no more." So he put out his hand and took a third paper, and behold, therein was written, " Let the Fisherman be given one dinar." Ja'afar cried to him, " I sought good fortune for thee, but Allah willed not to thee aught save this dinar." And Khalifah answered, " Verily, a dinar for every hundred sticks were rare good luck, may Allah not send thy body health !" The Caliph laughed at him and Ja'afar took him by the hand and led him out. When he reached the door, Sandal the eunuch saw him and said to him, " Hither, O Fisherman ! Give us portion of that which the Commander of the Faithful hath bestowed on thee, whilst jesting with thee." Replied Khalifah, " By Allah, O Tulip, thou art right ! Wilt thou share with me, O nigger ? Indeed, I have eaten stick to the tune of an hundred blows and have earned one dinar, and thou art but too welcome to it." So saying, he threw him the dinar and went out, with the tears flowing down the plain of his cheeks. When the Eunuch saw him in this plight, he knew that he had spoken sooth and called to the lads to fetch him back : so they brought him back and Sandal, putting his hand to his pouch, pulled out a red purse, whence he emptied an hundred golden dinars into the Fisherman's hand, saying, " Take this gold in payment of thy fish and wend thy ways." So Khalifah, in high good humour, took the hundred ducats and the Caliph's one dinar and went his way, and forgot the beating. Now, as Allah willed it for the furthering of that which He had decreed, he passed by the mart of the hand-maidens and seeing there a mighty ring where many folks were forgathering, said to himself, " What is this crowd ?" So he brake through the merchants and others, who said, " Make wide the way for Skipper

Rapscallion,<sup>1</sup> and let him pass." Then he looked and behold, he saw a chest, with an eunuch seated thereon and an old man standing by it, and the Shaykh was crying, "O merchants, O men of money, who will hasten and hazard his coin for this chest of unknown contents from the Palace of the Lady Zubaydah bint al-Kasim, wife of the Commander of the Faithful ? How much shall I say for you, Allah bless you all!" Quoth one of the merchants, "By Allah, this is a risk! But I will say one word and no blame to me. Be it mine for twenty dinars." Quoth another, "Fifty," and they went on bidding, one against other, till the price reached an hundred ducats. Then said the crier, "Will any of you bid more, O merchants ?" And Khalifah the Fisherman said, "Be it mine for an hundred dinars and one dinar." The merchants, hearing these words, thought he was jesting and laughed at him, saying, "O eunuch sell it to Khalifah for an hundred dinars and one dinar!" Quoth the eunuch, "By Allah, I will sell it to none but him! Take it, O Fisherman, the Lord bless thee in it, and here with thy gold." So Khalifah pulled out the ducats and gave them to the eunuch, who, the bargain being duly made, delivered to him the chest and bestowed the price in alms on the spot; after which he returned to the Palace and acquainted the Lady Zubaydah with what he had done, whereat she rejoiced. Meanwhile the Fisherman hove the chest on shoulder, but could not carry it on this wise for the excess of its weight ; so he lifted it on to his head and thus bore it to the quarter where he lived. Here he set it down and being weary, sat awhile, bemusing what had befallen him and saying in himself, "Would Heaven I knew what is in this chest!" Then he opened the door of his lodging and haled the chest till he got it into his closet; after which he strove to open it, but failed. Quoth he, "What folly possessed me to buy this chest? There is no help for it but to break it open and see what is herein." So he applied himself to the lock, but could not open it, and said to himself, "I will leave it till to-morrow." Then he would have stretched him out to sleep, but could find no room ; for the chest filled the whole closet. So he got upon it and lay him down ; but, when he had lain awhile, behold, he felt something stir under him whereat sleep

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<sup>1</sup> Arab. "Nákhúzah Zulayt." The former, from the Persian Nákhodá or ship-captain which is also used in a playful sense "a godless wight," one owning no (ná) God (Khudá). Zulayt = a low fellow, blackguard.

forsook him and his reason fled —— And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

**Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Forty-third Night,**

She pursued, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Khalifah the Fisherman lay down upon the chest and thus tarried awhile, behold, something stirred beneath him ; whereat he was affrighted and his reason fled. So he arose and cried, "Meseems there be Jinns in the chest. Praise to Allah who suffered me not to open it ! For, had I done so, they had risen against me in the dark and slain me, and from them would have befallen me naught of good." Then he lay down again when, lo ! the chest moved a second time, more than before ; whereupon he sprang to his feet and said, "There it goes again : but this is terrible !" And he hastened to look for the lamp, but could not find it and had not the wherewithal to buy another. So he went forth and cried out, "Ho, people of the quarter!" Now the most part of the folk were asleep ; but they awoke at his crying and asked, "What aileth thee, O Khalifah ?" He answered, "Bring me a lamp, for the Jinn are upon me." They laughed at him and gave him a lamp, wherewith he returned to his closet. Then he smote the lock of the chest with a stone and broke it and opening it, saw a damsel like a Houri lying asleep within. Now she had been drugged with Bhang, but at that moment she threw up the stuff and awoke ; then she opened her eyes and feeling herself confined and cramped, moved. At this sight quoth Khalifah, "By Allah, O my lady, whence art thou ?" ; and quoth she, "Bring me Jessamine, and Narcissus.<sup>1</sup>" And Khalifah answered, "There is naught here but Henna-flowers.<sup>2</sup>" Thereupon she came to herself and considering Khalifah, said to him, "What art thou ?" presently adding, "And where am I ?" He said, "Thou art in my lodging." Asked she, "Am I not in the Palace of the Caliph Harun al-Rashid ?" And quoth he, "What manner of thing is Al-Rashid ?<sup>3</sup> O madwoman, Thou are naught but my slave-girl : I bought thee this very day

<sup>1</sup> Yásamín and Narjis, names of slave-girls or eunuchs.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. Tamar-hanná, the cheapest of dyes used ever by the poorest classes. Its smell, I have said, is that of newly mown hay, and is prized like that of the tea-rose.

<sup>3</sup> The formula (meaning, "What has he to do here ?") is by no means complimentary.

for an hundred dinars and one dinar, and brought thee home, and thou wast asleep in this here chest." When she heard these words she said to him, "What is thy name?" Said he, "My name is Khalifah. How comes my star to have grown propitious, when I know my ascendant to have been otherwise?" She laughed and cried, "Spare me this talk! Hast thou anything to eat?" Replied he, "No, by Allah, nor yet to drink! I have not eaten these two days and am now in want of a morsel." She asked, "Hast thou no money?"; and he said, "Allah keep this chest which hath beggared me: I gave all I had for it and am become bankrupt." The damsels laughed at him and said, "Up with thee and seek of thy neighbours somewhat for me to eat, for I am hungry." So he went forth and cried out, "Ho, people of the quarter!" Now the folk were asleep; but they awoke and asked, "What aileth thee, O Khalifah?" Answered he, "O my neighbours, I am hungry and have nothing to eat." So one came down to him with a bannock and another with broken meats and a third with a bittock of cheese and a fourth with a cucumber; and so on till his lap was full and he returned to his closet and laid the whole between her hands, saying, "Eat." But she laughed at him, saying, "How can I eat of this, when I have not a mug of water whereof to drink? I fear to choke with a mouthful and die." Quoth he, "I will fill thee this pitcher.<sup>1</sup>" So he took the pitcher and going forth, stood in the midst of the street and cried out, saying, "Ho, people of the quarter!" Quoth they, "What calamity is upon thee to-night,<sup>2</sup> O Khalifah!" And he said, "Ye gave me food and I ate; but now I am a-thirst; so give me to drink." Thereupon one came down to him with a mug and another with an ewer and a third with a gugglet; and he filled his pitcher and, bearing it back, said to the damsels, "O my lady, thou lackest nothing now." Answered she, "True, I want nothing more at this present." Quoth he, "Speak to me and say me thy story." And quoth she, "Fie upon thee! An thou knowest me not, I will tell thee who I am. I am Kut al-Kulub, the Caliph's handmaiden, and the Lady Zubaydah was jealous of me; so she drugged me with Bhang and set me in this chest," presently adding "Alham-

<sup>1</sup> Arab. "Jarrah" (pron. "Garrah") a "jar." See Lane (M. E. chapt. v.) who was deservedly reproached by Baron von Hammer for his superficial notices. The "Jarrah" is of pottery, whereas the "Dist" is a large copper chauldron and the Khalkinah one of lesser size.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. What a bother thou art, etc.

dolillah—praised be God—for that the matter hath come to easy issue and no worse! But this beset me not save for thy good luck, for thou wilt certainly get of the Caliph Al-Rashid money galore, that will be the means of thine enrichment.” Quoth Khalifah, “Is not Al-Rashid he in whose Palace I was imprisoned?” “Yes,” answered she; and he said, “By Allah, never saw I more niggardly wight than he, that piper little of good and wit! He gave me an hundred blows with a stick yesterday and but one dinar, for all I taught him to fish and made him my partner; but he played me false.” Replied she, “Leave this unseemly talk, and open thine eyes and look thou bear thyself respectfully, whenas thou seest him after this, and thou shalt win thy wish.” When he heard her words, it was if he had been asleep and awoke; and Allah removed the veil from his judgment, because of his good luck,<sup>1</sup> and he answered, “On my head and eyes!” Then said he to her, “Sleep, in the name of Allah.<sup>2</sup>” So she lay down and fell asleep (and he afar from her) till the morning, when she sought of him ink-case<sup>3</sup> and paper and, when they were brought wrote to Ibn al-Kirnas, the Caliph’s friend, acquainting him with her case and how at the end of all that had befallen her she was with Khalifah the Fisherman, who had bought her. Then she gave him the scroll, saying, “Take this and hie thee to the jewel-market and ask for the shop of Ibn al-Kirnas the Jeweller and give him this paper and speak not.” “I hear and I obey,” answered Khalifah and going with the scroll to the market, enquired for the shop of Ibn al-Kirnas. They directed him thither and on entering it he saluted the merchant, who returned his salam with contempt and said to him, “What dost thou want?” Thereupon he gave him the letter and he took it, but read it not, thinking the Fisherman a beggar, who sought an alms of him, and said to one of his lads, “Give him half a dirham.” Quoth Khalifah, “I

<sup>1</sup> This sudden transformation, which to us seems exaggerated and unnatural, appears in many Eastern stories and in the biographies of their distinguished men, especially students. A youth cannot master his lessons; he sees a spider climbing a slippery wall and after repeated falls succeeding. Allah opens the eyes of his mind, his studies become easy to him, and he ends with being an Allámah (doctissimus).

<sup>2</sup> Arab. “Bismillah, Námí!” here it is not a blessing but a simple invitation, “Now please go to sleep.”

<sup>3</sup> The modern inkcase of the Universal East is a lineal descendant of the wooden palette with writing reeds. See an illustration of that of “Amásis, the good god and lord of the two lands” (circ. B.C. 1350) in British Museum (p. 41, “The Dwellers on the Nile,” by E. A. Wallis Bridge, London, 56, Paternoster Row, 1885).

want no alms ; read the paper." So Ibn al-Kirnas took the letter and read it ; and no sooner knew its import than he kissed it and laying it on his head—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

### **Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Forty-fourth Night,**

She resumed, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Ibn al-Kirnas read the letter and knew its import, he kissed it and laid it on his head ; then he arose and said to Khalifah, "O my brother, where is thy house ?" Asked Khalifah, "What wantest thou with my house ? Wilt thou go thither and steal my slave-girl ?" Then Ibn al-Kirnas answered, "Not so : on the contrary, I will buy thee somewhat whereof you may eat, thou and she." So he said, "My house is in such a quarter ;" and the merchant rejoined, "Thou hast done well. May Allah not give thee health, O unlucky one!" Then he called out to two of his slaves and said to them, "Carry this man to the shop of Mohsin the Shroff and say to him, "O Mohsin, give this man a thousand dinars of gold ; then bring him back to me in haste." So they carried him to the money-changer, who paid him the money, and returned with him to their master, whom they found mounted on a dapple she-mule worth a thousand dinars, with Mamelukes and pages about him, and by his side another mule like his own, saddled and bridled. Quoth the jeweller to Khalifah, "Bismillah, mount this mule." Replied he, "I won't ; for by Allah, I fear she throw me ;" and quoth Ibn al-Kirnas, "By God, needs must thou mount." So he came up and mounting her, face to crupper, caught hold of her tail and cried out ; whereupon she threw him on the ground and they laughed at him ; but he rose and said, "Did I not tell thee I would not mount this great jenny-ass ?" Thereupon Ibn al-Kirnas left him in the market and repairing to the Caliph, told him of the damsel ; after which he returned and removed her to his own house. Meanwhile Khalifah went home to look after the handmaid and found the people of the quarter foregathered and saying, "Verily, Khalifah is to-day in a terrible

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<sup>1</sup> This is not ironical, as Lane and Payne suppose, but a specimen of inverted speech  
—Thou art in luck this time !

pickle<sup>1</sup>! Would we knew whence he can have gotten this damsel?" Quoth one of them, "He is a mad pimp: haply he found her lying on the road drunken, and carried her to his own house, and his absence sheweth that he knoweth his offence." As they were talking, behold, up came Khalifah, and they said to him, "What a plight is thine, O unhappy! knowest thou not what is come to thee?" He replied, "No, by Allah!" and they said, "But just now there came Mamelukes and took away thy slave-girl whom thou stolest, and sought for thee, but found thee not." Asked Khalifah, "And how came they to take my slave-girl?" ; and quoth one, "Had he fallen in their way, they had slain him." But he, so far from heeding them, returned running to the shop of Ibn al-Kirnas, whom he met riding, and said to him, "By Allah, 'twas not right of thee to wheedle me and meanwhile send thy Mamelukes to take my slave-girl!" Replied the jeweller, "O idiot, come with me and hold thy tongue." So he took him and carried him into a house handsomely builded, where he found the damsel seated on a couch of gold, with ten slave-girls like moons round her. Sighting her Ibn al-Kirnas kissed ground before her and she said, "What hast thou done with my new master, who bought me with all he owned?" He replied, "O my lady, I gave him a thousand golden dinars;" and related to her Khalifah's history from first to last, whereat she laughed and said, "Blame him not; for he is but a common wight. These other thousand dinars are a gift from me to him and Almighty Allah willing, he shall win of the Caliph what shall enrich him." As they were talking, there came an eunuch from the Commander of the Faithful, in quest of Kut al-Kulub for, when he knew that she was in the house of Ibn al-Kirnas, he could not endure the severance, but bade bring her forthwith. So she repaired to the Palace, taking Khalifah with her, and going into the presence, kissed ground before the Caliph, who rose to her, saluting and welcoming her, and asked her how she had fared with him who had bought her. She replied, "He is a man, Khalifah the Fisherman hight, and there he standeth at the door. He telleth me that he hath an account to settle with the Commander of the Faithful, by reason of a partnership between him and the Caliph in fishing." Asked Al-Rashid, "Is he at the

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<sup>1</sup> Arab. Marhúb = terrible : Lane reads Mar'úb = terrified. But the former may also mean, threatened with something terrible.

door?" and she answered, "Yes." So the Caliph sent for him and he kissed ground before him and wished him endurance of glory and prosperity. The Caliph marvelled at him and laughed at him and said to him, "O Fisherman, wast thou in very deed my partner<sup>1</sup> yesterday?" Khalifah took his meaning and heartening his heart and summoning spirit replied, "By Him who bestowed upon thee the succession to thy cousin,<sup>2</sup> I know her not in anywise and have had no commerce with her save by way of sight and speech!" Then he repeated to him all that had befallen him, since he last saw him,<sup>3</sup> whereat the Caliph laughed and his breast broadened and he said to Khalifah, "Ask of us what thou wilt, O thou who bringest to owners their own!" But he was silent; so the Caliph ordered him fifty thousand dinars of gold and a costly dress of honour such as great Sovrans don, and a she-mule, and gave him black slaves of the Súdán to serve him, so that he became as he were one of the Kings of that time. The Caliph was rejoiced at the recovery of his favourite and knew that all this was the doing of his cousin-wife, the Lady Zubaydah,— And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

### Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Forty-fifth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Caliph rejoiced at the recovery of Kut al-Kulub and knew that all this was the doing of the Lady Zubaydah, his cousin-wife; wherefore he was sore enraged against her and held aloof from her a great while, visiting her not neither inclining to pardon her. When she was certified of this, she was sore concerned for his wrath and her face, that was wont to be rosy, waxed pale and wan till, when her patience was exhausted, she sent a letter to her cousin, the Commander of the Faithful making her excuses to him and confessing her offences, and ending with these verses:—

I long once more the love that was between us to regain, o That I may quench  
the fire of grief and bate the force of bane.

<sup>1</sup> i.e. in Kut al-Kultúb.

<sup>2</sup> Lit. to the son of thy paternal uncle, i.e. Mohammed.

<sup>3</sup> In the text he tells the whole story beginning with the eunuch and the hundred dinars, the chest, etc; but—"of no avail is a twice-told tale."

O lords of me, have ruth upon the stress my passion deals o Enough to me is what you doled of sorrow and of pain.

'Tis life to me an deign you keep the troth you deigned to plight o 'Tis death to me an troth you break and fondest vows profane :

Given I've sinned a sorry sin, yet grant me ruth, for naught o By Allah, sweeter is than friend who is of pardon fain.

When the Lady Zubaydah's letter reached the Caliph, and reading it he saw that she confessed her offence and sent her excuses to him therefor, he said to himself, "Verily, all sins doth Allah forgive ; aye, Gracious, Merciful is He!"<sup>1</sup> And he returned her an answer, expressing satisfaction and pardon and forgiveness for what was past, whereat she rejoiced greatly. As for Khalifah, the Fisherman, the Caliph assigned him a monthly solde of fifty dinars, and took him into especial favour, which would lead to rank and dignity, honour and worship. Then he kissed ground before the Commander of the Faithful and went forth with stately gait. When he came to the door, the Eunuch Sandal, who had given him the hundred dinars, saw him and knowing him, said to him, "O Fisherman, whence all this?" So he told him all that had befallen him, first and last, whereat Sandal rejoiced, because he had been the cause of his enrichment, and said to him, "Wilt thou not give me largesse of this wealth which is now become thine?" So Khalifah put hand to pouch and taking out a purse containing a thousand dinars, gave it to the Eunuch, who said, "Keep thy coins and Allah bless thee therein!" and marvelled at his manliness and at the liberality of his soul, for all his late poverty.<sup>2</sup> Then leaving the eunuch, Khalifah mounted his she-mule and rode, with the slaves' hands on her crupper, till he came to his lodging at the Khan, whilst the folk stared at him in surprise for that which had betided him of advancement. When he alighted from his beast they accosted him and enquired the cause of his change from poverty to prosperity, and he told them all that had happened to him from incept to conclusion. Then he bought a fine mansion and laid out thereon much money, till it was perfect in all points. And he took up his abode therein and was wont to recite thereon these two couplets :—

<sup>1</sup> Koran xxxix. 54. I have quoted Mr. Rodwell who affects the Arabic formula, omitting the normal copulatives.

<sup>2</sup> Easterns find it far easier to "get the chill of poverty out of their bones" than Westerns.

Behold a house that's like the Dwelling of Delight ;<sup>1</sup> \* Its aspect heals the sick and banishes despite.  
Its sojourn for the great and wise appointed is, \* And Fortune fair therein abideth day and night.

Then, as soon as he was settled in his house, he sought him in marriage the daughter of one of the chief men of the city, a handsome girl, and went in unto her and led a life of solace and satisfaction, joyaunce and enjoyment ; and he rose to passing affluence and exceeding prosperity. So, when he found himself in this fortunate condition, he offered up thanks to Allah (extolled and excelled be He !) for what He had bestowed on him of wealth exceeding and of favours ever succeeding, praising his Lord with the praise of the grateful and chanting the words of the poet :—

To Thee be praise, O Thou who shovest unremitting grace ; o O Thou whose universal bounties high and low embrace !  
To Thee be praise from me ! Then deign accept my praise for I o Accept Thy boons and gifts with grateful soul in every case.  
Thou hast with favours overwhelmed me, benefits and largesse o And gracious doles my memory ne'er ceaseth to retrace.  
All men from mighty main, Thy grace and goodness, drain and drink ; o And in their need Thou, only Thou, to them art refuge-place !  
Thou heapest up, O. Lord, Thy mercy-signs on mortal men ; o Thou pardonest man's every sin though he be high or base :  
So for the sake of him who came to teach mankind in ruth o Prophet, pure, truthful-worded scion of the noblest race ;  
Ever be Allah's blessing and His peace on him and all o His aids<sup>2</sup> and kin while pilgrims fare his noble tomb to face !  
And on his helpmeets<sup>3</sup> one and all, Companions great and good, o Through time Eternal while the bird shall sing in shady wood !

And thereafter Khalifah continued to pay frequent visits to the Caliph Harun al-Rashid, with whom he found acceptance and

<sup>1</sup> Arab. "Dar al-Na'im." Name of one of the seven stages of the Moslem heaven. This style of inscription dates from the days of the hieroglyphs. A papyrus describing the happy town of Raamses ends with these lines :—

Daily is there a supply of food :  
Within it gladness doth ever brood  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Prolonged, increased ; abides there Joy, etc., etc.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. Ansár = auxiliaries, the men of Al-Medinah (Pilgrimage ii. 130, etc.).

<sup>3</sup> Arab. Asháb = the companions of the Prophet who may number 500 (Pilgrimage ii. 81, etc.).

who ceased not to overwhelm him with boons and bounty: and he abode in the enjoyment of the utmost honour and happiness and joy and gladness and in riches more than sufficing and in rank ever rising; brief, a sweet life and a savoury, pure as pleasurable, till there came to him the Destroyer of delights and the Sunderer of societies; and extolled be the perfection of Him to whom belong glory and permanence and He is the Living, the Eternal, who shall never die!

NOTE. I have followed the example of Mr. Payne and have translated in its entirety the Tale of Khalifah the Fisherman from the Breslau Edit. (Vol. iv. pp. 315-365, Night cccxxi-cccxxxii.) in preference to the unsatisfactory process of amalgamating it with that of the Mac. Edit. given above.

### KHALIF THE FISHERMAN OF BAGHDAD.

THERE was once, in days of yore and in ages and times long gone before, in the city of Baghdad, a fisherman, by name Khalíf, a man of muckle talk and little luck. One day, as he sat in his cell,<sup>1</sup> he bethought himself and said, "There is no Majesty and there is no Might save in Allah, the Glorious, the Great! Would Heaven I knew what is my offence in the sight of my Lord and what caused the blackness of my fortune and my littleness of luck among the fishermen, albeit (and I say it who should not) in the city of Baghdad there is never a fisherman like myself." Now he lodged in a ruined place called a Khan, to wit, an inn,<sup>2</sup> without a door, and when he went forth to fish, he would shoulder the net, without basket or fish-slicers,<sup>3</sup> and when the folk would stare at him and say to him, "O Khalif, why not take with thee a basket, to hold the fish thou catchest?"; he would reply, "Even as I carry it forth empty, so would it come back, for I never manage to catch aught." One night he arose, in the darkness before dawn, and taking his net on his shoulder, raised his eyes to heaven and said, "Allah mīne, O Thou who subjectedst the sea to Moses son of

<sup>1</sup> Arab. "Hásilah" prob. a corner of a "Godown" in some Khan or Caravanserai.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. "Funduk" from the Gr. πανδοχεῖον, whence the Italian Fondaco e.g. at Venice the Fondaco de' Turchi.

<sup>3</sup> Arab. "Astár" plur. of Satr: in the Mac. Edit. Sátür, both (says Dozy) meaning "Couperet" (a hatchet). Habicht translates it "a measure for small fish," which seems to be a shot and a bad shot as the text talks only of means of carrying fish. Nor can we accept Dozy's emendation Astál (plur. of Satl) pails, situlæ. In Petermann's Reisen (i. 89) Satr = assiette.

Imráñ, give me this day my daily bread, for Thou art the best of bread-givers!" Then he went down to the Tigris and spreading his net, cast it into the river and waited till it had settled down, when he haled it in and drew it ashore, but behold, it held naught save a dead dog. So he cast away the carcase, saying, "O morning of ill doom! What a handsel is this dead hound, after I had rejoiced in its weight<sup>1</sup>!" Then he mended the rents in the net, saying, "Needs must there after this carrion be fish in plenty, attracted by the smell," and made a second cast. After awhile, he drew up and found in the net the hough<sup>2</sup> of a camel, that had caught in the meshes and rent them right and left. When Khalif saw his net in this state, he wept and said, "There is no Majesty and there is no Might save in Allah, the Glorious, the Great! I wonder what is my offence and the cause of the blackness of my fortune and the littleness of my luck, of all folk, so that I catch neither cat-fish nor sprat,<sup>3</sup> that I may broil on the embers and eat, for all I dare say there is not in the city of Baghdad a fisherman like me." Then with a Bismillah he cast his net a third time, and presently drawing it ashore found therein an ape scurvy and one-eyed, mangy, and limping hending an ivory rod in forehand. When Khalif saw this, he said, "This is indeed a blessed opening! What art thou, O ape?" "Dost thou not know me?" "No, by Allah, I have no knowledge of thee!" "I am thine ape!" "What use is there in thee, O my ape?" "Every day I give thee good-morrow, so Allah may not open to thee the door of daily bread." "Thou failest not of this, O one-eye<sup>4</sup> of ill-omen! May

<sup>1</sup> Which made him expect a heavy haul.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. "Urkúb" = tendon Achilles in man hough or pastern in beast, etc. It is held to be an incrementative form of 'Akab (heel); as Kur'úb of Ka'b (heel) and Khur-túm of Khatm (snout)

<sup>3</sup> Arab. "Karmút" and Zakzúk. The former (pronounced Garmút) is one of the many Siluri (S. Carmoth Niloticus) very common and resembling the Shál. It is smooth and scaleless with fleshy lips and soft meat and as it haunts muddy bottoms it was forbidden to the Ancient Egyptians. The Zakzúk is the young of the Shál (Synodus Schal: Seetzen); its plural form Zakázik (pronounced Zigázig) gave a name to the flourishing town which has succeeded to old Bubastis and of which I have treated in "Midian" and "Midian Revisited."

<sup>4</sup> "Yá A'awár" = O one-eye! i.e. the virile member. So the vulgar insult "Ya ibn al-aur" (as the vulgar pronounce it) "O son of a yard!" When Al-Mas'údi writes (Fr. Trans. vii. 106), "Udkhul usbu'ak sī aynih," it must not be rendered "Il faut lui faire violence": thrust thy finger into his eye ('Ayn) means "put thy penis up his fundament!" ('Ayn being = Dubur). The French remarks, "On en trouverait l'équivalent dans les bas-fonds de notre langue." So in English "pig's eye," "blind eye," etc.

Allah never bless thee! Needs must I pluck out thy sound eye and cut off thy whole leg, so thou mayst become a blind cripple and I be quit of thee. But what is the use of that rod thou hast in hand?" "O Khalif, I scare the fish therewith, so they may not enter thy net." "Is it so?: then this very day will I punish thee with a grievous punishment and devise thee all manner torments and strip thy flesh from thy bones and be at rest from thee, sorry bit of goods that thou art!" So saying, Khalif the Fisherman unwound from his middle a strand of rope and binding him to a tree by his side, said, "Looke, O dog of an ape! I mean to cast the net again and if aught come up therein, well and good; but, if it come up empty, I will verily and assuredly make an end of thee, with the cruellest tortures and be quit of thee, thou stinking lot." So he cast the net and drawing it ashore, found in it another ape and said, "Glory be to God the Great! I was wont to pull naught but fish out of this Tigris, but now it yieldeth nothing but apes." Then he looked at the second ape and saw him fair of form and round of face with pendants of gold in his ears and a blue waistcloth about his middle, and he was like unto a lighted taper. So he asked him, "What art thou, thou also, O ape?"; and he answered, saying, "O Khalif, I am the ape of Abú al-Sa'ádát the Jew, the Caliph's shroff. Every day, I give him good-morrow, and he maketh a profit of ten gold pieces." Cried the Fisherman, "By Allah, thou art a fine ape, not like this ill-omened monkey o' mine!" So saying, he took a stick<sup>1</sup> and came down upon the sides of the ape, till he broke his ribs and he jumped up and down. And the other ape, the handsome one, answered him, saying, "O Khalif, what will it profit thee to beat him, though thou belabour him till he die?" Khalif replied, "How shall I do? Shall I let him wend his ways that he may scare me the fish with his hang-dog face and give me good-even and good-morrow every day, so Allah may not open to me the door of daily bread? Nay, I will kill him and be quit of him and I will take thee in his stead; so shalt thou give me good-morrow and I shall gain ten golden dinars a day." Thereupon the comely ape made answer, "I will tell thee a better way than that, and if thou hearken to me, thou shalt be at rest and I will become thine ape in lieu of him." Asked the Fisherman, "And what dost thou counsel me?"; and the ape answered, saying, "Cast thy net

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<sup>1</sup> Arab. Nabbút = a quarterstaff: see vol. I. 234.

and thou shalt bring up a noble fish, never saw any its like, and I will tell thee how thou shalt do with it." Replied Khalif, "Looke, thou too! An I throw my net and there come up therein a third ape, be assured that I will cut the three of you into six bits." And the second ape rejoined, "So be it, O Khalif. I agree to this thy condition." Then Khalif spread the net and cast it and drew it up, when behold, in it was a fine young barbel<sup>1</sup> with a round head, as it were a milking-pail, which when he saw, his wits fled for joy and he said, "Glory be to God! What is this noble creature? Were yonder apes in the river, I had not brought up this fish." Quoth the seemly ape, "O Khalif, an thou give ear to my rede, 'twill bring thee good fortune"; and quoth the Fisher-man, "May God damn him who would gainsay thee henceforth!" Thereupon the ape said, "O Khalif, take some grass and lay the fish thereon in the basket<sup>2</sup> and cover it with more grass and take also somewhat of basil<sup>3</sup> from the greengrocer's and set it in the fish's mouth. Cover it with a kerchief and push thee through the bazar of Baghdad. Whoever bespeaketh thee of selling it, sell it not but fare on, till thou come to the market street of the jewellers and money-changers. Then count five shops on the right-hand side and the sixth shop is that of Abu al-Sa'adat the Jew, the Caliph's Shroff. When thou standest before him, he will say to thee, What seekest thou?; and do thou make answer, I am a fisher-wight, I threw my net in thy name and took this noble barbel, which I have brought thee as a present. If he give thee aught of silver, take it not, be it little or mickle, for it will spoil that which thou wouldest do, but say to him, I want of thee naught save one word, that thou say to me, I sell thee my ape for thine ape and my luck for thy luck. An the Jew say this, give him the fish and I shall become thine ape and this crippled, mangy and one-eyed ape will be his ape." Khalif replied, "Well said, O ape," nor did he cease faring Baghdad-wards and observing that which the ape had said to him, till he came to the Jew's shop and saw the Shroff seated, with eunuchs and pages about him, bidding and forbidding

<sup>1</sup> Arab. "Banni," vulg. Benni and in Lane (Lex. Bunni) the Cyprinus Bynni (Forsk.), a fish somewhat larger than a barbel with lustrous silvery scales and delicate flesh, which Sonnini believes may be the "Lepidotes" (smooth-scaled) mentioned by Athenæus. I may note that the Bresl. Edit. (iv. 332) also affects the Egyptian vulgarism "Farkh-Banni" of the Mac. Edit. (Night dcccxxxii.).

<sup>2</sup> The story-teller forgets that Khalif had neither basket nor knife.

<sup>3</sup> Arab. "Rayhán" which may here mean any scented herb.

and giving and taking. So he set down his basket, saying, "O Sultan of the Jews, I am a fisher-wight and went forth to-day to the Tigris and casting my net in thy name, cried :—This is for the luck of Abu al-Sa'adat ; and there came up to me this Banni which I have brought thee by way of present." Then he lifted the grass and discovered the fish to the Jew, who marvelled at its make and said, "Extolled be the perfection of the Most Excellent Creator !" Then he gave the fisherman a dinar, but he refused it and he gave him two. This also he refused and the Jew stayed not adding to his offer, till he made it ten dinars ; but he still refused and Abu al-Sa'adat said to him, "By Allah, thou art a greedy one. Tell me what thou wouldest have, O Moslem!" Quoth Khalif, "I would have of thee but a single word."<sup>1</sup> When the Jew heard this, he changed colour and said, "Wouldst thou oust me from my faith ? Wend thy ways ;" and Khalif said to him, "By Allah, O Jew, naught mattereth an thou become a Moslem or a Nazarene !" Asked the Jew, "Then what wouldest thou have me say ?" ; and the fisherman answered, "Say, I sell thee my ape for thy ape and my luck for thy luck." The Jew laughed, deeming him little of wit, and said by way of jest, "I sell thee my ape for thy ape and my luck for thy luck. Bear witness against him, O merchants ! By Allah, O unhappy, thou art debarred from further claim on me !" So Khalif turned back, blaming himself and saying, "There is no Majesty and there is no Might save in Allah, the Glorious, the Great ! Alas that I did not take the gold !" and fared on blaming himself in the matter of the money till he came to the Tigris, but found not the two apes, whereupon he wept and slapped his face and strewed dust on his head, saying, "But that the second ape wheedled me and put a cheat on me, the one-eyed ape had not escaped." And he gave not over wailing and weeping, till heat and hunger grew sore on him : so he took the net, saying, Come, let us make a cast, trusting in Allah's blessing ; belike I may catch a cat-fish or a barbel which I may boil and eat." So he threw the net and waiting till it had settled, drew it ashore and found it full of fish, whereat he was consoled and rejoiced and busied himself with unmessing the fish and casting them on the earth. Presently, up came a woman seeking

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<sup>1</sup> In the text "Fard Kalmah," a vulgarism. The Mac Edit. (Night dcccxxxv.) more aptly says, "Two words" (Kalmatáni, vulg. Kalmatayn) the Twofold Testimonies to the Unity of Allah and the Mission of His Messenger.

fish and crying out, "Fish is not to be found in the town." She caught sight of Khalif, and said to him, "Wilt thou sell this fish, O Master?" Answered Khalif, "I am going to turn it into clothes, 'tis all for sale, even to my beard!<sup>1</sup> Take what thou wilt." So she gave him a dinar and he filled her basket. Then she went away and behold, up came another servant, seeking a dinar's worth of fish ; nor did the folk cease till it was the hour of mid-afternoon prayer and Khalif had sold ten golden dinars' worth of fish. Then, being faint and famisht, he folded and shouldered his net and, repairing to the market, bought himself a woollen gown, a calotte with a plaited boarder and a honey-coloured turband for a dinar, receiving two dirhams by way of change, wherewith he purchased fried cheese and a fat sheep's tail and honey and setting them in the oilman's platter, ate till he was full and his ribs felt cold<sup>2</sup> from the mighty stuffing. Then he marched off to his lodgings in the magazine, clad in the gown and the honey-coloured turband and with the nine golden dinars in his mouth, rejoicing in what he had never in his life seen. He entered and lay down, but could not sleep for anxious thoughts and abode playing with the money half the night. Then said he in himself, "Haply the Caliph may hear that I have gold and say to Ja'afar :—Go to Khalif the Fisherman and borrow us some money of him. If I give it him, it will be no light matter to me, and if I give it not, he will torment me ; but torture is easier to me than the giving up of the cash.<sup>3</sup> However, I will arise and make trial of myself if I have a skin proof against stick or not." So he put off his clothes and taking a sailor's plaited whip, of an hundred and sixty strands, ceased not beating himself, till his sides and body were all bloody, crying out at every stroke he dealt himself and saying "O Moslems ! I am a poor man ! O Moslems, I am a poor man !

<sup>1</sup> The lowest Cairene chaff which has no respect for itself or others.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. "Karrat azlā' hú" : alluding to the cool skin of healthy men when digesting a very hearty meal.

<sup>3</sup> This is the true Fellah idea. A peasant will go up to his proprietor with the "rint" in gold pieces behind his teeth and undergo an immense amount of flogging before he spits them out. Then he will return to his wife and boast of the number of sticks he has eaten instead of paying at once and his spouse will say, "Verily thou art a man." Europeans know nothing of the Fellah. Napoleon Buonaparte, for political reasons, affected great pity for him and horror of his oppressors, the Beys and Pashas ; and this affectation gradually became public opinion. The Fellah must either tyrannise or be tyrannised over ; he is never happier than under a strong-handed despotism and he has never been more miserable than under British rule or rather misrule. Our attempts to constitutionalise him have made us the laughing-stock of Europe.

O Moslems, whence should I have gold, whence should I have coin ?" till the neighbours, who dwelt with him in that place, hearing him crying and saying, " Go to men of wealth and take of them," thought that thieves were torturing him, to get money from him, and that he was praying for aidance. Accordingly they flocked to him each armed with some weapon and finding the door of his lodging locked and hearing him roaring out for help, deemed that the thieves had come down upon him from the terrace-roof ; so they fell upon the door and burst it open. Then they entered and found him mother-naked and bareheaded with body dripping blood, and altogether in a sad pickle ; so they asked him, " What is this case in which we find thee ? Hast thou lost thy wits and hath Jinn-madness betidied thee this night ?" And he answered them, " Nay ; but I have gold with me and I feared lest the Caliph send to borrow of me and it were no light matter to give him aught ; yet, an I gave not to him 'tis only too sure that he would put me to the torture ; wherefore I arose to see if my skin were stick-proof or not." When they heard these words they said to him, " May Allah not assain thy body, unlucky madman that thou art ! Of a surety thou art fallen mad to-night ! Lie down to sleep, may Allah never bless thee ! How many thousand dinars hast thou, that the Caliph should come and borrow of thee ?" He replied, " By Allah, I have naught but nine dinars." And they all said, " By Allah, he is not otherwise than passing rich !" Then they left him wondering at his want of wit, and Khalif took his cash and wrapped it in a rag, saying to himself, " Where shall I hide all this gold ? An I bury it, they will take it, and if I put it out on deposit, they will deny that I did so, and if I carry it on my head,<sup>1</sup> they will snatch it, and if I tie it to my sleeve, they will cut it away." Presently, he espied a little breast-pocket in the gown and said, " By Allah, this is fine ! 'Tis under my throat and hard by my mouth : if any put out his hand to hend it, I can come down on it with my mouth and hide it in my throttle." So he set the rag containing the gold in the pocket and lay down, but slept not that night for suspicion and trouble and anxious thought. On the morrow, he fared forth of his lodging on fishing

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<sup>1</sup> The turban is a common substitute for a purse with the lower classes of Egyptians ; and an allusion to the still popular practice of turban-snatching will be found in vol. i. p. 259.

intent and, betaking himself to the river, went down into the water, up to his knees. Then he threw the net and shook it with might and main ; whereupon the purse fell down into the stream. So he tore off gown and turband and plunged in after it, saying, "There is no Majesty and there is no Might save in Allah, the Glorious, the Great!" Nor did he give over diving and searching the stream-bed, till the day was half spent, but found not the purse. Now one saw him from afar diving and plunging and his gown and turband lying in the sun at a distance from him, with no one by them ; so he watched him, till he dived again when he dashed at the clothes and made off with them. Presently, Khalif came ashore and, missing his gown and turband, was chagrined for their loss with passing care and care and ascended a mound, to look for some passer-by, of whom he might enquire concerning them, but found none. Now the Caliph Harun al-Rashid had gone a-hunting and chasing that day ; and, returning at the time of the noon heat, was oppressed thereby and thirsted ; so he looked for water from afar and seeing a naked man standing on the mound said to Ja'afar, "Seest thou what I see ?" Replied the Wazir, "Yes, O Commander of the Faithful ; I see a man standing on a hillock." Al-Rashid asked, "What is he ?"; and Ja'afar answered, "Haply he is the guardian of a cucumber-plot." Quoth the Caliph, "Perhaps he is a pious man<sup>1</sup> ; I would fain go to him, alone, and desire of him his prayers ; and abide ye where you are." So he went up to Khalif and saluting him with the salam said to him, "What art thou, O man ?" Replied the fisherman, "Dost thou not know me ? I am Khalif the Fisherman ;" and the Caliph rejoined, "What ? The fisherman with the woollen gown and the honey-coloured turband<sup>2</sup>?" When Khalif heard him name the clothes he had lost, he said in himself, "This is he who took my duds : belike he did but jest with me." So he came down from the knoll and said, "Can I not take a noontide nap<sup>3</sup> but thou must trick me this trick ? I saw thee take my gear and knew that thou wast joking with me." At this, laughter got the better

<sup>1</sup> Arab. "Sálih," a devotee ; here, a naked Dervish.

<sup>2</sup> Here Khalif is made a conspicuous figure in Baghdad like Boccaccio's Calandrino and Co. He approaches in type the old Irishman now extinct, destroyed by the reflux action of Anglo-America (U.S.) upon the miscalled "Emerald Isle." He blunders into doing and saying funny things whose models are the Hibernian "bulls" and acts purely upon the impulse of the moment, never reflecting till (possibly) after all is over.

<sup>3</sup> Arab. "Kaylúlah," explained in vol. i. 51.

of the Caliph and he said, "What clothes hast thou lost? I know nothing of that whereof thou speakest, O Khalif." Cried the Fisherman, "By God the Great, except thou bring me back the gear, I will smash thy ribs with this staff!" (For he always carried a quarterstaff.) Quoth the Caliph, "By Allah, I have not seen the things whereof thou speakest!"; and quoth Khalif, "I will go with thee and take note of thy dwelling-place and complain of thee to the Chief of Police, so thou mayst not trick me this trick again. By Allah, none took my gown and turband but thou, and except thou give them back to me at once, I will throw thee off the back of that she-ass thou ridest and come down on thy pate with this quarterstaff, till thou canst not stir!" Thereupon he tugged at the bridle of the mule so that she reared up on her hind legs and the Caliph said to himself, "What calamity is this I have fallen into with this madman?" Then he pulled off a gown he had on, worth an hundred dinars, and said to Khalif, "Take this gown in lieu of thine own." He took it and donning it saw it was too long; so he cut it short at the knees and turbanded his head with the cut-off piece; then said to the Caliph, "What art thou and what is thy craft? But why ask? Thou art none other than a trumpeter." Al-Rashid asked, "What showed thee that I was a trumpeter by trade?"; and Khalif answered, "Thy big nostrils and little mouth." Cried the Caliph, "Well guessed! Yes, I am of that craft." Then said Khalif, "An thou wilt hearken to me, I will teach thee the art of fishing: 'twill be better for thee than trumpeting and thou wilt eat lawfully<sup>1</sup>." Replied the Caliph, "Teach it me so that I may see whether I am capable of learning it." And Khalif said, "Come with me, O trumpeter." So the Caliph followed him down to the river and took the net from him, whilst he taught him how to throw it. Then he cast it and drew it up, when, behold, it was heavy, and the fisherman said, "O trumpeter, an the net be caught on one of the rocks, drag it not too hard, or 'twill break and by Allah, I will take thy she-ass in payment thereof!" The Caliph laughed at his words and drew up the net, little by little, till he brought it ashore and found it full of fish; which when Khalif saw, his reason fled for joy and presently he

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<sup>1</sup> i.e. thy bread lawfully gained. The "Bawwák" (trumpeter) like the "Zammár" (piper of the Mac. Edit.) are discreditable craftsmen, associating with Almabs and loose women and often serving as their panders.

cried, "By Allah, O trumpeter, thy luck is good in fishing ! Never in my life will I part with thee ! But now I mean to send thee to the fish-bazar, where do thou enquire for the shop of Humayd the fisherman and say to him :—My master Khalif saluteth thee and biddeth thee send him a pair of frails and a knife, so he may bring thee more fish than yesterday. Run and return to me forthright !" The Caliph replied (and indeed he was laughing), "On my head, O master !" and, mounting his mule, rode back to Ja'afar, who said to him, "Tell me what hath betided thee." So the Caliph told him all that had passed between Khalif the Fisherman and himself, from first to last, adding, "I left him awaiting my return to him with the baskets and I am resolved that he shall teach me how to scale fish and clean them." Quoth Ja'afar, "And I will go with thee to sweep up the scales and clean out the shop."<sup>1</sup> And the affair abode thus, till presently the Caliph cried, "O Ja'afar, I desire of thee that thou despatch the young Mamelukes, saying to them :—Whoso bringeth me a fish from before yonder fisherman, I will give him a dinar ; for I love to eat of my own fishing." Accordingly Ja'afar repeated to the young white slaves what the Caliph had said and directed them where to find the man. They came down upon Khalif and snatched the fish from him ; and when he saw them and noted their goodness, he doubted not but that they were of the black-eyed Houris of Paradise : so he caught up a couple of fish and ran into the river, saying, "O Allah mine, by the secret virtue of these fish, forgive me !" Suddenly, up came the chief eunuch, questing fish, but he found none ; so seeing Khalif ducking and rising in the water, with the two fish in his hands, called out to him, saying, "O Khalif, what hast thou there ?" Replied the fisherman, "Two fish," and the eunuch said, "Give them to me and take an hundred dinars for them." Now when Khalif heard speak of an hundred dinars, he came up out of the water and cried, "Hand over the hundred dinars." Said the eunuch, "Follow me to the house of Al-Rashid and receive thy gold, O Khalif ;" and, taking the fish, made off to the Palace of the Caliphate. Meanwhile Khalif betook himself to Baghdad, clad as he was in the Caliph's gown, which reached only to above his knees,<sup>1</sup> turbanded with the piece he had cut off therefrom and

<sup>1</sup> i.e. he was indecently clad. Man's "shame" extends from navel to knees. See 'vol. vi. 30.

girt about his middle with a rope, and he pushed through the centre of the city. The folk fell a-laughing and marvelling at him and saying, "Whence hadst thou that robe of honour?" But he went on, asking, "Where is the house of Al-Rashád?" and they answered, "Say, 'The house of Al-Rashid,'" and he rejoined, "'Tis all the same," and fared on, till he came to the Palace of the Caliphate. Now he was seen by the tailor, who had made the gown and who was standing at the door, and when he noticed it upon the Fisherman, he said to him, "For how many years hast thou had admission to the palace?" Khalif replied, "Ever since I was a little one;" and the tailor asked, "Whence hadest thou that gown thou hast spoilt on this wise?" Khalif answered, "I had it of my apprentice the trumpeter." Then he went up to the door, where he found the Chief Eunuch sitting with the two fishes by his side: and seeing him sable-black of hue, said to him, "Wilt thou not bring the hundred dinars, O uncle Tulip?" Quoth he, "On my head, O Khalif," when, behold, out came Ja'afar from the presence of the Caliph and seeing the fisherman talking with the Eunuch and saying to him, "This is the reward of goodness, O nuncle Tulip," went in to Al-Rashid and said to him, "O Commander of the Faithful, thy master the Fisherman is with the Chief Eunuch, dunning him for an hundred dinars." Cried the Caliph, "Bring him to me, O Ja'afar;" and the Minister answered, "Hearing and obeying." So he went out to the Fisherman and said to him, "O Khalif, thine apprentice the trumpeter biddeth thee to him;" then he walked on, followed by the other till they reached the presence-chamber, where he saw the Caliph seated, with a canopy over his head. When he entered, Al-Rashid wrote three scrolls and set them before him, and the Fisherman said to him, "So thou hast given up trumpeting and turned astrologer!" Quoth the Caliph to him, "Take thee a scroll." Now in the first he had written, "Let him be given a gold piece," in the second, "An hundred dinars," and in the third, "Let him be given an hundred blows with a whip." So Khalif put out his hand and by the decree of the Predestinator, it lighted on the scroll wherein was written, "Let him receive an hundred lashes," and Kings, whenas they ordain aught, go not back therefrom. So they threw him prone on the ground and beat him an hundred blows, whilst

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<sup>1</sup> Rashád would be = garden-cresses or stones : Rashid the heaven-directed.

he wept and roared for succour, but none succoured him, and said, "By Allah, this is a good joke O trumpeter! I teach thee fishing and thou turnest astrologer and drawest me an unlucky lot. Fie upon thee,<sup>1</sup> in thee is naught of good!" When the Caliph heard his speech, he fell fainting in a fit of laughter and said, "O Khalif, no harm shall betide thee: fear not. Give him an hundred gold pieces." So they gave him an hundred dinars, and he went out, and ceased not faring forth till he came to the trunk-market, where he found the folk assembled in a ring about a broker, who was crying out and saying, "At an hundred dinars, less one dinar! A locked chest!" So he pressed on and pushed through the crowd and said to the broker, "Mine for an hundred dinars!" The broker closed with him and took his money, whereupon there was left him nor little nor much. The porters disputed awhile about who should carry the chest and presently all said, "By Allah, none shall carry this chest but Zurayk!"<sup>2</sup> And the folk said, "Blue-eyes hath the best right to it." So Zurayk shouldered the chest, after the goodliest fashion, and walked a-rear of Khalif. As they went along, the Fisherman said in himself, "I have nothing left to give the porter; how shall I rid myself of him? Now I will traverse the main streets with him and lead him about, till he be weary and set it down and leave it, when I will take it up and carry it to my lodging." Accordingly, he went round about the city with the porter from noontide to sundown, till the man began to grumble and said, "O my lord, where is thy house?" Quoth Khalif, "Yesterday I knew it, but to-day I have forgotten it." And the porter said, "Give me my hire and take thy chest." But Khalif said, "Go on at thy leisure, till I bethink me where my house is," presently adding, "O Zurayk, I have no money with me. 'Tis all in my house and I have forgotten where it is." As they were talking, there passed by them one who knew the Fisherman and said to him, "O Khalif, what bringeth thee hither?" Quoth the porter, "O uncle, where is Khalif's house?" and quoth he, "'Tis in the ruined Khan in the Rawásín Quarter."<sup>3</sup>; Then said Zurayk to Khalif, "Go to; would Heaven thou hadst

<sup>1</sup> Arab. "Uff 'alayka" = fie upon thee! Uff = lit. Sordes Aurium and Tuff (a similar term of disgust) = Sordes unguinum. To the English reader the blows administered to Khalif appear rather hard measure. But a Fellah's back is thoroughly broken to the treatment and he would take ten times as much punishment for a few piastres.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. "Zurayk" dim. of Azrak = blue-eyed. See vol. iii. 104.

<sup>3</sup> Of Baghdad.

never lived nor been ! ” And the Fisherman trudged on, followed by the porter, till they came to the place when the Hammal said, “ O thou whose daily bread Allah cut off in this world, have we not passed this place a score of times ? Hadst thou said to me, ‘ Tis in such a stead, thou hadst spared me this great toil ; but now give me my wage and let me wend my way.” Khalif replied “ Thou shalt have silver, if not gold. Stay here, till I bring thee the same.” So he entered his lodging and taking a mallet he had there, studded with forty nails (wherewith an he smote a camel, he had made an end of it), rushed upon the porter and raised his forearm to strike him therewith ; but Zurayk cried out at him, saying, “ Hold thy hand ! I have no claim on thee,” and fled. Now having got rid of the Hammal, Khalif carried the chest into the Khan, whereupon the neighbours came down and flocked about him, saying, “ O Khalif, whence hadst thou this robe and this chest ? ” Quoth he, “ From my apprentice Al-Rashid who gave them to me,” and they said, “ The pimp is mad ! Al-Rashid will assuredly hear of his talk and hang him over the door of his lodging and hang all in the Khan on account of the droll. This is a fine farce ! ” Then they helped him to carry the chest into his lodging and it filled the whole closet.<sup>1</sup> Thus far concerning Khalif ; but as for the history of the chest, it was as follows : The Caliph had a Turkish slave-girl, by name Kut al-Kulúb, whom he loved with love exceeding and the Lady Zubaydah came to know of this from himself and was passing jealous of her and secretly plotted mischief against her. So, whilst the Commander of the Faithful was absent a-sporting and a-hunting, she sent for Kut al-Kulub and, inviting her to a banquet, set before her meat and wine, and she ate and drank. Now the wine was drugged with Bhang ; so she slept and Zubaydah sent for her Chief Eunuch and putting her in a great chest, locked it and gave it to him, saying, “ Take this chest and cast it into the river.” Thereupon he took it up before him on a he-mule and set out with it for the sea, but found it unfit to carry ; so, as he passed by the trunk-market, he saw the Shaykh of the brokers and salesmen and said to him, “ Wilt thou sell me this chest, O uncle ? ” The broker replied, “ Yes, we will do this much.” “ But,” said the Eunuch, “ look thou sell it not except locked ; ” and the other, “ ‘ Tis well ;

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<sup>1</sup> Arab. “ Hásil,” i.e. cell in a Khan for storing goods : elsewhere it is called a Makhzan (magazine) with the same sense.

we will do that also."<sup>1</sup> So he set down the chest, and they cried it for sale, saying, "Who will buy this chest for an hundred dinars?"; and behold, up came Khalif the Fisherman and bought the chest after turning it over right and left; and there passed between him and the porter that which hath been before set out. Now as regards Khalif the Fisherman; he lay down on the chest to sleep, and presently Kut al-Kulub awoke from her Bhang and finding herself in the chest, cried out and said, "Alas!" Whereupon Khalif sprang off the chest-lid and cried out and said, "Ho, Moslems! Come to my help! There are Ifrits in the chest." So the neighbours awoke from sleep and said to him, "What mattereth thee, O madman?" Quoth he, "The chest is full of Ifrits;" and quoth they, "Go to sleep; thou hast troubled our rest this night may Allah not bless thee! Go in and sleep, without madness." He ejaculated, "I cannot sleep," but they abused him and he went in and lay down once more. And behold, Kut al-Kulub spake and said, "Where am I?" Upon which Khalif fled forth the closet and said, "O neighbours of the hostelry, come to my aid!" Quoth they, "What hath befallen thee? Thou troublest the neighbours' rest." "O folk, there be Ifrits in the chest, moving and speaking." "Thou liest: what do they say?" "They say, Where am I?" "Would Heaven thou wert in Hell? Thou disturbst the neighbours and hinderest them of sleep. Go to sleep, would thou hadst never lived nor been!" So Khalif went in fearful because he had no place wherein to sleep save upon the chest-lid when lo! as he stood, with ears listening for speech, Kut al-Kulub spake again and said, "I'm hungry." So in sore affright he fled forth and cried out, "Ho neighbours! ho dwellers in the Khan, come aid me!" Said they, "What is thy calamity now?"<sup>2</sup> And he answered, "The Ifrits in the chest say, We are hungry." Quoth the neighbours one to other, "'Twould seem Khalif is hungry; let us feed him and give him the supper-orts; else he will not let us sleep to-night." So they brought him bread and meat and broken victuals and radishes and gave him a basket full of all kinds of things, saying, "Eat till thou be full and go to sleep and talk not, else will we break thy ribs and beat thee to

<sup>1</sup> The Bresl. text (iv. 347) abbreviates, or rather omits; so that in translation details must be supplied to make sense.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. "Kamán," vulgar Egyptian, a contraction from Kamá (as) + anna (since, because). So "Kamán shuwahy" = wait a bit; "Kamán marrah" = once more and "Wa Kamána-ka" = that is why.

death this very night." So he took the basket with the provaunt and entered his lodging. Now it was a moonlight night and the moon shone in full sheen upon the chest and lit up the closet with its light, seeing this he sat down on his purchase and fell to eating of the food with both hands. Presently Kut al-Kulub spake again and said, "Open to me and have mercy upon me, O Moslems!" So Khalif arose and taking a stone he had by him, broke the chest open and behold, therein lay a young lady as she were the sun's shining light with brow flower-white, face moon-bright, cheeks of rose-hue exquisite and speech sweeter than sugar-bite, and in dress worth a thousand dinars and more bedight. Seeing this his wits flew from his head for joy and he said, "By Allah, thou art of the fair!" She asked him, "What art thou, O fellow?" and he answered, "O my lady, I am Khalif the Fisherman." Quoth she, "Who brought me hither?"; and quoth he, "I bought thee, and thou art my slave-girl." Thereupon said she, "I see on thee a robe of the raiment of the Caliph." So he told her all that had betidied him, from first to last, and how he had bought the chest; wherefore she knew that the Lady Zubaydah had played her false; and she ceased not talking with him till the morning, when she said to him, "O Khalif, seek me from some one inkcase and reed-pen and paper and bring them to me." So he found with one of the neighbours what she sought and brought it to her, whereupon she wrote a letter and folded it and gave it to him, saying, "O Khalif, take this paper and carry it to the jewel-market, where do thou enquire for the shop of Abu al-Hasan the jeweller and give it to him." Answered the Fisherman, "O my lady, this name is difficult to me; I cannot remember it." And she rejoined, "Then ask for the shop of Ibn al-'Ukáb."<sup>1</sup> Quoth he, "O my lady, what is an 'Ukab?"; and quoth she, "'Tis a bird which folk carry on fist with eyes hooded." And he exclaimed, "O my lady, I know it." Then he went forth from her and fared on, repeating the name, lest it fade from his memory; but, by the time he reached the jewel-market, he had forgotten it. So he accosted one of the merchants and said to him, "Is there any here named after a bird?" Replied the merchant, "Yes, thou meanest Ibn al-Ukab." Khalif cried, "That's the man I want," and making his way to him, gave him the letter, which when he read

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<sup>1</sup> i.e. Son of the Eagle: See vol. iv. 177. Here, however, as the text shows it is hawk or falcon. The name is purely fanciful and made mnemonically singular.

and knew the purport thereof, he fell to kissing it and laying it on his head ; for it is said that Abu al-Hasan was the agent of the Lady Kut al-Kulub and her intendant over all her property in lands and houses. Now she had written to him, saying, " From Her Highness the Lady Kut al-Kulub to Sir Abu al-Hasan the jeweller. The instant this letter reacheth thee, set apart for us a saloon completely equipped with furniture and vessels and negro-slaves and slave-girls and what not else is needful for our residence and seemly, and take the bearer of the missive and carry him to the bath. Then clothe him in costly apparel and do with him thus and thus." So he said " Hearing and obeying," and locking up his shop, took the Fisherman and bore him to the bath, where he committed him to one of the bathmen, that he might serve him, according to custom. Then he went forth to carry out the Lady Kut al-Kulub's orders. As for Khalif, he concluded, of his lack of wit and stupidity, that the bath was a prison and said to the bathman, " What crime have I committed that ye should lay me in limbo ? " They laughed at him and made him sit on the side of the tank, whilst the bathman took hold of his legs, that he might shampoo them. Khalif thought he meant to wrestle with him and said to himself, " This is a wrestling-place<sup>1</sup> and I knew naught of it." Then he arose and seizing the bathman's legs, lifted him up and threw him on the ground and broke his ribs. The man cried out for help, whereupon the other bathmen came in a crowd and fell upon Khalif and overcoming him by dint of numbers, delivered their comrade from his clutches and tunded him till he came to himself. Then they knew that the Fisherman was a simpleton and served him till Abu al-Hasan came back with a dress of rich stuff and clad him therein ; after which he brought him a handsome she-mule, ready saddled, and taking him by the hand, carried him forth of the bath and said to him, " Mount." Quoth he, " How shall I mount ? I fear lest she throw me and break my ribs into my belly." Nor would he back the mule, save after much travail and trouble, and they stinted not faring on, till they came to the place which Abu al-Hasan had set apart for the Lady Kut al-Kulub. Thereupon Khalif entered and found her sitting, with slaves and eunuchs about her and the porter at

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<sup>1</sup> The Egyptian Fellah knows nothing of boxing like the Hausá man ; but he is fond of wrestling after a rude and uncultivated fashion, which would cause shouts of laughter in Cumberland and Cornwall. And there are champions in this line. See vol. iii. 93.

the door, staff in hand, who when he saw the Fisherman sprang up and kissing his hand, went before him, till he brought him within the saloon. Here the Fisherman saw what amazed his wit, and his eye was dazzled by that which he beheld of riches past count and slaves and servants, who kissed his hand and said, "May the bath be a blessing to thee!"<sup>1</sup> When he entered the saloon and drew near unto Kut al-Kulub, she sprang up to him and taking him by the hand, seated him on a high-mattrassed divan. Then she brought him a vase of sherbet of sugar, mingled with rose-water and willow-water, and he took it and drank it off and left not a single drop. Moreover, he ran his finger round the inside of the vessel<sup>2</sup> and would have licked it, but she forbade him, saying, "That is foul." Quoth he, "Silence; this is naught but good honey;" and she laughed at him and set before him a tray of meats, whereof he ate his sufficiency. Then they brought an ewer and basin of gold, and he washed his right hand and abode in the gladdest of life and the most honourable. Now hear what befel the Commander of the Faithful. When he came back from his journey and found not Kut al-Kulub, he questioned the Lady Zubaydah of her and she said, "She is verily dead, may thy head live, O Prince of True Believers!" But she had bidden dig a grave amiddlemost the Palace and had built over it a mock tomb, for her knowledge of the love the Caliph bore to Kut al-Kulub: so she said to him, "O Commander of the Faithful, I made her a tomb amiddlemost the Palace and buried her there." Then she donned black,<sup>3</sup> a mere sham and pure pretence; and feigned mourning a great while. Now Kut al-Kulub knew that the Caliph was come back from his hunting excursion; so she turned to Khalif and said to him, "Arise; hie thee to the bath and come back." So he rose and went to the Hammam-bath, and when he returned, she clad him in a dress worth a thousand dinars and taught him manners and respectful bearing to superiors. Then said she to him, "Go hence to the Caliph and say to him:—O Commander of the Faithful, 'tis my desire that this night thou deign be my guest." So Khalif arose and mounting his she-mule, rode, with pages and black slaves before him, till he came to the Palace of the Caliphate.

<sup>1</sup> The usual formula. See vol. ii. 5.

<sup>2</sup> As the Fellah still does after drinking a couplet ("fingán" he calls it) of sugared coffee.

<sup>3</sup> He should have said "white," the mourning colour under the Abbasides.

Quoth the wise, "Dress up a stick and 'twill look *chique*."<sup>1</sup> And indeed his comeliness was manifest and his goodliness and the folk marvelled at this. Presently, the Chief Eunuch saw him, the same who had given him the hundred dinars that had been the cause of his good fortune ; so he went in to the Caliph and said to him, "O Commander of the Faithful, Khalif the Fisherman is become a King, and on him is a robe of honour worth a thousand dinars." The Prince of True Believers bade admit him ; so he entered and said, "Peace be with thee, O Commander of the Faithful and Vice-regent of the Lord of the three Worlds and Defender of the folk of the Faith ! Allah Almighty prolong thy days and honour thy dominion and exalt thy degree to the highmost height !" The Caliph looked at him and marvelled at him and how fortune had come to him at unawares ; then he said to him, "O Khalif, whence hadst thou that robe which is upon thee ?" He replied, "O Commander of the Faithful, it cometh from my house." Quoth the Caliph, "Hast thou then a house ?"; and quoth Khalif, "Yea, verily ! and thou, O Commander of the Faithful, art my guest this day." Al-Rashid said, "I alone, O Khalif, or I and those who are with me ?"; and he replied, "Thou and whom thou wilt." So Ja'afar turned to him and said, "We will be thy guests this night ;" whereupon he kissed ground again and withdrawing, mounted his mule and rode off, attended by his servants and suite of Mamelukes leaving the Caliph marvelling at this and saying to Ja'afar, "Sawest thou Khalif, with his mule and dress, his white slaves and his dignity ? But yesterday I knew him for a buffoon and a jester." And they marvelled at this much. Then they mounted and rode, till they drew near Khalif's house, when the Fisherman alighted and, taking a bundle from one of his attendants, opened it and pulled out therefrom a piece of tabby silk<sup>2</sup> and spread it under the hoofs of the Caliph's she-mule ; then he brought out a piece of velvet-Kimcob<sup>3</sup> and a third of fine satin

<sup>1</sup> Anglieè, "Fine feathers make fine birds" ; and in Eastern parlance, "Clothe the reed and it will become a bride." (Labbis al-Búsah tabkí 'Arúsah, Spitta Bey, No. 275.) I must allow myself a few words of regret for the loss of this Savant, one of the most single-minded men known to me. He was vilely treated by the Egyptian Government, under the rule of the Jew-Moslem Riyáz ; and, his health not allowing him to live in Austria, he died shortly after return home.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. "Saub (Tobe) 'Atábi" : see vol. iii. 149.

<sup>3</sup> In text "Kimkhá," which Dozy also gives Kumkh = chenille, tissu de soie veloutee : Damasquête de soie or et argent de Venise, du Levant, à fleurs, etc. It comes from Kamkháb or Kimkháb. a cloth of gold, the well-known Indian " Kimcob."

and did with them likewise ; and thus he spread well nigh twenty pieces of rich stuffs, till Al-Rashid and his suite had reached the house ; when he came forward and said, "Bismillah,<sup>1</sup> O Commander of the Faithful !" Quoth Al-Rashid to Ja'afar, "I wonder to whom this house may belong," and quoth he, "It belongeth to a man hight Ibn al-Ukab, Syndic of the Jewellers." So the Caliph dismounted and entering, with his courtiers, saw a high-builded saloon, spacious and boon, with couches on dais and carpets and divans strown in place. So he went up to the couch that was set for himself on four legs of ivory, plated with glittering gold and covered with seven carpets. This pleased him and behold, up came Khalif, with eunuchs and little white slaves, bearing all manner sherbets, compounded with sugar and lemon and perfumed with rose and willow-water and the purest musk. The Fisherman advanced and drank and gave the Caliph to drink, and the cup-bearers came forward and served the rest of the company with the sherbets. Then Khalif brought a table spread with meats of various colours and geese and fowls and other birds, saying, "In the name of Allah !" So they ate their fill ; after which he bade remove the tables and kissing the ground three times before the Caliph craved his royal leave to bring wine and music.<sup>2</sup> He granted him permission for this and turning to Ja'afar, said to him, "As my head liveth, the house and that which is therein is Khalif's ; for that he is ruler over it and I am in admiration at him, whence there came to him this passing prosperity and exceeding felicity ! However, this is no great matter to Him who saith to a thing, 'Be !' and it becometh ; what I most wonder at is his understanding, how it hath increased, and whence he hath gotten this loftiness and this lordliness ; but, when Allah willeth weal unto a man, He amendeth his intelligence before bringing him to worldly affluence." As they were talking, behold, up came Khalif, followed by cup-bearer lads like moons, belted with zones of gold, who spread a cloth of siglaton<sup>3</sup> and set thereon flagons of chinaware and tall flasks of glass and cups of crystal and bottles and hanaps<sup>4</sup> of all colours ; and those flagons

<sup>1</sup> Here meaning = Enter in Allah's name !

<sup>2</sup> The Arabs have a saying, Wine breeds gladness, music merriment and their offspring is joy.      <sup>3</sup> Arab. "Jokh al-Saklát," rich kind of brocade on broadcloth.

<sup>4</sup> Arab. "Hanabát," which Dozy derives from O. German Hnapf, Hnap now Napf : thence too the Lat. Hanapus and Hanaperium : Ital. Anappo, Nappo ; Provenc. Enap and French and English "Hanap" = rich bowl, basket, bag. But this is known even to the dictionaries.

they filled with pure clear and old wine, whose scent was as the fragrance of virgin musk and it was even as saith the poet :—

Ply me and also my mate be plied • With pure wine prest in the olden tide.<sup>1</sup>  
 Daughter of nobles<sup>2</sup> they lead her forth<sup>3</sup> • In raiment of goblets beautified .  
 They belt her round with the brightest gems, • And pearls and unions, the  
 Ocean's pride ;  
 So I by these signs and signets know • Wherefore the Wine is entitled  
 "Bride."<sup>4</sup>

And round about these vessels were confections and flowers, such as may not be surpassed. When Al-Rashid saw this from Khalif, he inclined to him and smiled upon him and invested him with an office ; so Khalif wished him continuance of honour and endurance of days and said, "Will the Commander of the Faithful deign give me leave to bring him a singer, a lute-player her like was never heard among mortals ever ?" Quoth the Caliph, "Thou art permitted !" So he kissed ground before him and going to a secret closet, called Kut al-Kulub, who came after she had disguised and falsoed and veiled herself, tripping in her robes and trinkets ; and she kissed ground before the Commander of the Faithful. Then she sat down and tuning the lute, touched its strings and played upon it, till all present were like to faint for excess of delight ; after which she improvised these verses :—

Would Heaven I wot, will ever Time bring our beloveds back again ? • And,  
 ah ! will Union and its bliss to bless two lovers deign ?  
 Will Time assure to us united days and joinèd joy, • While from the storms  
 and stowres of life in safety we remain ?  
 Then O Who bade this pleasure be, our parting past and gone, • And made  
 one house our meeting-stead throughout the Nights contain ;  
 By him, draw near me, love, and closest cling to side of me • Else were  
 my wearied wasted life, a vanity, a bane.

When the Caliph heard this, he could not master himself, but rent his raiment and fell down a-swoon ; whereupon all who were

<sup>1</sup> Arab. "Kirám," nobles, and "Kurúm," vines, a word which appears in Carmel = Karam-El (God's vineyard).

<sup>2</sup> Arab. "Suláf al-Khandarísi," a contradiction. Suláf = the ptisane of wine. Khandarisi, from Greek χόνδρος, lit. gruel, applies to old wine.

<sup>3</sup> i.e. in bridal procession.

<sup>4</sup> Arab. "Al-'Arús, one of the innumerable tropical names given to wine by the Arabs. Mr. Payne refers to Grangeret de la Grange, Anthologie Arabe, p. 190.

present hastened to doff their dress and throw it over him, whilst Kut al-Kulub signed to Khalif and said to him, "Hie to yonder chest and bring us what is therein;" for she had made ready therein a suit of the Caliph's wear against the like of such hour as this. So Khalif brought it to her and she threw it over the Commander of the Faithful, who came to himself and knowing her for Kut al-Kulub, said, "Is this the Day of Resurrection and hath Allah quickened those who are in the tombs; or am I asleep and is this an imbroglio of dreams?" Quoth Kut al-Kulub, "We are on wake, not on sleep, and I am alive, nor have I drained the cup of death." Then she told him all that had befallen her, and indeed, since he lost her, life had not been light to him nor had sleep been sweet, and he abode now wondering, then weeping and anon afire for longing. When she had made an end of her story, the Caliph rose and took her by the hand, intending for her palace, after he had kissed her inner lips, and had strained her to his bosom; whereupon Khalif rose and said, "By Allah, O Commander of the Faithful! Thou hast already wronged me once, and now thou wrongest me again." Quoth Al-Rashid, "Indeed thou speakest sooth, O Khalif," and bade the Wazir Ja'afar give him what should satisfy him. So he straightway gilded him with all for which he wished and assigned him a village, the yearly revenues whereof were twenty thousand dinars. Moreover Kut al-Kulub generously presented him the house and all that was therein of furniture and hangings and white slaves and slave-girls and eunuchs great and small. So Khalif became possessed of this passing affluence and exceeding wealth and took him a wife, and prosperity taught him gravity and dignity, and good fortune overwhelmed him. The Caliph enrolled him among his equerries and he abode in all solace of life and its delights till he deceased and was admitted to the mercy of Allah. Furthermore they relate a tale anent

MASRUR AND ZAYN AL-MAWASIF.<sup>1</sup>

THERE was once in days of yore and in ages and times long gone before a man and a merchant *Masrúr* hight, who was of the comeliest of the folk of his tide, a wight of wealth galore and in easiest case; but he loved to take his pleasure in vergiers and flower-gardens and to divert himself with the love of the fair. Now it fortuned one night, as he lay asleep, he dreamt that he was in a garth of the loveliest, wherein were four birds, and amongst them a dove, white as polished silver. That dove pleased him and for her grew up in his heart an exceeding love. Presently, he beheld a great bird swoop down on him and snatch the dove from his hand, and this was grievous to him. After which he awoke and not finding the bird strave with his yearnings till morning, when he said in himself, "There is no help but that I go to-day to some one who will expound to me this vision."—And *Shahrazad* perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Forty-sixth Night,

She continued, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the merchant awoke, he strave with his yearnings till morning when he said to himself, "There is no help but that I go this day to some one who will expound to me this vision." So he went forth and walked right and left, till he was far from his dwelling-place, but found none to interpret the dream to him. Then he would have returned, but on his way behold, the fancy took him to turn aside to the house of a certain trader, a man of the wealthiest, and when he drew near to it, suddenly he heard from within a plaintive voice from a sorrowful heart reciting these couplets:—

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<sup>1</sup> i.e. "Adornment of (good) Qualities." See the name punned on in Night cccli. Lane omits this tale because it contains the illicit "Amours of a Christian and a Jewess who dupes her husband in various abominable ways." The text has been taken from the Mac. and the Bresl. Edits. x. 72 etc. In many parts the former is a mere Epitome.

The breeze o' Morn blows uswards from her trace • Fragrant, and heals the  
love-sick lover's case.  
I stand like captive on the mounds and ask • While tears make answer  
for the ruined place :  
Quoth I, " By Allah, Breeze o' Morning, say • Shall Time and Fortune  
aye this stead regrace ?  
Shall I enjoy a fawn whose form bewitched • And langourous eyelids  
wasted frame and face ? "

When Masrur heard this, he looked in through the doorway and saw a garden of the goodliest of gardens, and at its farther end a curtain of red brocade, purfled with pearls and gems, behind which sat four damsels, and amongst them a young lady over four feet and under five in height, as she were the rondure of the lune and the full moon shining boon : she had eyes Kohl'd with nature's dye and joined eyebrows, a mouth as it were Solomon's seal and lips and teeth bright with pearls and coral's light ; and indeed she ravished all wits with her beauty and loveliness and symmetry and perfect grace. When Masrur espied her, he entered the porch and went on entering till he came to the curtain : whereupon she raised her head and glanced at him. So he saluted her and she returned his salam with sweetest speech ; and, when he considered her more straitly, his reason was dazed and his heart amazed. Then he looked at the garden and saw that it was full of jessamine and gilly flowers and violets and roses and orange blossoms and all manner sweet-scented blooms and herbs. Every tree was girt about with fruits and there coursed down water from four daises, which faced one another and occupied the four corners of the garden. He looked at the first Líwán and found written around it with vermillion these two couplets :—

Ho thou the House ! Grief never home in thee ; • Nor Time work treason  
on thine owner's head :  
All good betide the House which every guest • Harbours, when sore dis-  
tress for way and stead !

Then he looked at the second dais and found written thereon in red gold these couplets :—

Robe thee, O House, in richest raiment Time, • Long as the birdies on the  
branchlets chime !  
And sweetest perfumes breathe within thy walls • And lover meet beloved in  
bliss sublime .  
And dwell thy dwellers all in joy and pride • Long as the wandering stars  
Heaven-hill shall climb.

Then he looked at the third, whereon he found written in ultramarine these two couplets :—

Ever thy pomp and pride, O House ! display o While starkeneth Night and shineth sheeny Day !  
Boon Fortune bless all entering thy walls, o And whomso dwell in thee, for ever and aye !

Then he looked at the fourth and saw painted in yellow characters this couplet :—

This garden and this lake in truth o Are fair sitting-steads, by the Lord of Ruth !

Moreover, in that garden were birds of all breeds, ring-dove and cushat and nightingale and culver, each singing his several song, and amongst them the lady, swaying gracefully to and fro in her beauty and grace and symmetry and loveliness and ravishing all who saw her. Presently quoth she to Masrur, " Hola man ! what bringeth thee into a house other than thy house and wherefore comest thou in unto women other than thy women, without leave of their owner ? " Quoth he, " O my lady, I saw this garden, and the goodliness of its greenery pleased me and the fragrance of its flowers and the carolling of its birds ; so I entered, thinking to gaze on it awhile and wend my way." Said she, " With love and gladness ! " ; and Masrur was amazed at the sweetness of her speech and the coquetry of her glances and the straightness of her shape, and transported by her beauty and seemlihead and the pleasantness of the garden and the birds. So in the disorder of his spirits he recited these couplets :—

As a crescent-moon in the garth her form \* 'Mid Basil and Jasmine and Rose  
I scan ;  
And Violet faced by the Myrtle-spray \* And Nu'umán's bloom and Myrobalan :  
By her perfume the Zephyrs perfumèd breathe \* And with scented sighings  
the branches fan.  
O Garden, thou perfect of beauty art \* All charms comprising in perfect  
plan ;  
And melodious birdies sing madrigals \* And the Full Moon<sup>1</sup> shineth in  
branch-shade wan ;

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<sup>1</sup> The face of her who owns the garden.

Its ring-dove, its culver, its mocking-bird \* And its Philomel sing my soul t<sup>o</sup>  
unman ;

And the longing of love all my wits confuseth \* For her charms, As the man  
whom his wine bemuseth.

Now when Zayn al-Mawásif heard his verse, she glanced at him  
with eyes which bequeathed a thousand sighs and utterly ravished  
his wisdom and wits and replied to him in these lines:—

Hope not of our favours to make thy prey \* And of what thou wishest thy  
greed allay :

And cease thy longing; thou canst not win \* The love of the Fair thou 'rt fain  
't essay,

My glances to lovers are baleful and naught \* I reek of thy speech: I have  
said my say !

" Ho, thou ! Begone about thy business, for we are none of the  
woman-tribe who are neither thine nor another's.<sup>1</sup>" And he  
answered, " O my lady, I said nothing ill." Quoth she, " Thou  
soughtest to divert thyself<sup>2</sup> and thou hast had thy diversion; so  
wend thy ways." Quoth he, " O my lady, belike thou wilt give  
me a draught of water, for I am athirst." Whereupon she cried,  
" How canst thou drink of a Jew's water, and thou a Nazarene ?" But he replied, " O my lady, your water is not forbidden to us nor  
ours unlawful to you, for we are all as one creation." So she  
said to her slave-girl, " Give him to drink ;" and she did as she  
was bidden. Then she called for the table of food, and there  
came four damsels, high-bosomed maids, bearing four trays of  
meats and four gilt flagons full of strong old-wine, as it were the  
tears of a slave of love for clearness, and a table around whose  
edge were graven these couplets :—

For eaters a table they brought and set \* In the banquet-hall and 'twas dight  
with gold :

Like th' Eternal Garden that gathers all \* Man wants of meat and wines mani-  
fold.

And when the high-breasted maids had set all this before him,  
quoth she, " Thou soughtest to drink of our drink; so up and  
at our meat and drink !" He could hardly credit what his ears  
had heard and sat down at the table forthright; whereupon she

<sup>1</sup> i.e. I am no public woman.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. with the sight of the garden and its mistress—purposely left vague.

bade her nurse<sup>1</sup> give him a cup, that he might drink. Now her slave-girls were called, one Hubúb, another Khutúb and the third Sukúb,<sup>2</sup> and she who gave him the cup was Hubub. So he took the cup and looking at the outside there saw written these couplets :—

Drain not the bowl but with lovely wight      \* Who loves thee and wine makes  
brighter bright.

And 'ware her Scorpions<sup>3</sup> that o'er thee creep \* And guard thy tongue lest thou  
vex her sprite.

Then the cup went round and when he emptied it he looked inside and saw written :—

And 'ware her Scorpions when pressing them, \* And hide her secrets from  
foes' despight.

Whereupon Masrur laughed her-wards and she asked him, "What causeth thee to laugh?" "For the fulness of my joy," quoth he. Presently, the breeze blew on her and the scarf<sup>4</sup> fell from her head and discovered a fillet<sup>5</sup> of glittering gold, set with pearls and gems and jacinths; and on her breast was a necklace of all manner ring-jewels and precious stones, to the centre of which hung a sparrow of red gold, with feet of red coral and bill of white silver and body full of Nadd-powder and pure ambergris and odiferous musk. And upon its back was engraved :—

The Nadd is my wine-scented powder, my bread ; \* And the bosom's my bed  
and the breasts my stead :

And my neck-nape complains of the weight of love, \* Of my pain, of my pine,  
of my dreariness.

Then Masrur looked at the breast of her shift and behold, thereon lay wroughten in red gold this verse :—

The fragrance of musk from the breasts of the fair o Zephyr borrows, to  
sweeten the morning air.

<sup>1</sup> Arab. "Dádat." Night dcclxxvi. vol. vii. p. 372.

<sup>2</sup> Meaning respectively "Awaking" (or blowing hard), "Affairs" (or Misfortunes) and "Flowing" (blood or water). They are evidently intended for the names of Jewish slave-girls.

<sup>3</sup> i.e. the brow-curls, or accroche-cœurs. See vol. i. 168.

<sup>4</sup> Arab. "Wisháh" usually applied to woman's broad belt, stomacher (Al-Hariri Ass. of Rayy).

<sup>5</sup> The old Greek "Stephane."

Masrur marvelled at this with exceeding wonder and was dazed by her charms and amazement gat hold upon him. Then said Zayn al-Mawásif to him, "Begone from us and go about thy business, lest the neighbours hear of us and even us with the lewd." He replied, "By Allah, O my lady, suffer my sight to enjoy the view of thy beauty and loveliness." With this she was wroth with him and leaving him, walked in the garden, and he looked at her shift-sleeve and saw upon it embroidered these lines :—

The weaver-wight wrote with gold-ore bright • And her wrists on brocade rained a brighter light :  
 Her palms are adorned with a silv'rn sheen ; • And favour her fingers the ivory's white :  
 For their tips are rounded like priceless pearl ; • And her charms would enlighten the nightiest night.

And, as she paced the garth, Masrur gazed at her slippers and saw written upon them these pleasant lines :—

The slippers that carry these fair young feet                   • Cause her form to bend in its gracious bloom :  
 When she paces and waves in the breeze she owns, • She shines fullest moon in the murkiest gloom.

She was followed by her women leaving Hubub with Masrur by the curtain, upon whose edge were embroidered these couplets :—

Behind the veil a damsel sits with gracious beauty dight, • Praise to the Lord who decked her with these inner gifts of sprite !  
 Guards her the garden and the bird fain bears her company ; • Gladden her wine-draughts and the bowl but makes her brighter-bright.  
 Apple and Cassia-blossom show their envy of her cheeks ; • And borrows Pearl resplendency from her resplendent light ;  
 As though the sperm that gendered her were drop of marguerite<sup>1</sup> • Happy who kisses her and spends in her embrace the night.

So Masrur entered into a long discourse with Hubub and presently said to her, "O Hubub, hath thy mistress a husband or not ?" She replied, "My lady hath a husband ; but he is actually abroad on a journey with merchandise of his." Now whenas he heard that her husband was abroad on a journey, his heart lusted after her and he said, "O Hubub, glorified be He who created this

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<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the popular fancy of the rain-drop which becomes a pearl.

damsel and fashioned her! How sweet is her beauty and her loveliness and her symmetry and perfect grace! Verily, into my heart is fallen sore travail for her. O Hubub, so do that I come to enjoy her, and thou shalt have of me what thou wilt of wealth and what not else." Replied Hubub, "O Nazarene, if she heard thee speak thus, she would slay thee, or else she would kill herself, for she is the daughter of a Zealot<sup>1</sup> of the Jews nor is there her like amongst them : she hath no need of money and she keepeth herself ever cloistered, discovering not her case to any." Quoth Masrur, "O Hubub, an thou wilt but bring me to enjoy her, I will be to thee slave and foot page and will serve thee all my life and give thee whatsoever thou seekest of me." But quoth she, "O Masrur, in very sooth this woman hath no lust for money nor yet for men, because my lady Zayn al-Mawasif is of the cloistered, going not forth her house-door in fear lest folk see her ; and but that she bore with thee by reason of thy strangerhood, she had not permitted thee to pass her threshold ; no, not though thou wert her brother." He replied, "O Hubub, be thou our go-between and thou shalt have of me an hundred gold dinars and a dress worth as much more, for that the love of her hath gotten hold of my heart." Hearing this she said, "O man, let me go about with her in talk and I will return thee an answer and acquaint thee with what she saith. Indeed, she loveth those who berhyme her and she affecteth those who set forth her charms and beauty and loveliness in verse, and we may not prevail over her save by wiles and soft speech and beguilement." Thereupon Hubub rose and going up to her mistress, accosted her with privy talk of this and that and presently said to her, "O my lady, look at yonder young man, the Nazarene ; how sweet is his speech and how shapely his shape !" When Zayn al-Mawasif heard this, she turned to her and said, "An thou like his comeliness love him thyself. Art thou not ashamed to address the like of me with these words ? Go, bid him begone about his business ; or I will make it the worse for him." So Hubub returned to Masrur, but acquainted him not with that which her mistress had said. Then the lady bade her hie to the door and look if she saw any of the folk, lest foul besal them. So she went and returning, said, "O my lady, without are folk in plenty and we cannot let him go forth this night." Quoth Zayn al-Mawasif, "I am in dole because of a dream I have seen

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<sup>1</sup> Arab. "Ghází" = one who fights for the faith.

and am fearful therefrom." And Masrur said, "What sawest thou ? Allah never trouble thy heart!" She replied, "I was asleep in the middle of the night, when suddenly an eagle swooped down upon me from the highest of the clouds and would have carried me off from behind the curtain, wherefore I was affrighted at him. Then I awoke from sleep and bade my women bring me meat and drink, so haply, when I had drunken, the dolour of the dream would cease from me." Hearing this, Masrur smiled and told her his dream from first to last and how he had caught the dove, whereat she marvelled with exceeding marvel. Then he went on to talk with her at great length and said, "I am now certified of the truth of my dream, for thou art the dove and I the eagle, and there is no hope but that this must be, for, the moment I set eyes on thee, thou tookest possession of my vitals and settest my heart a-fire for love of thee!" Thereupon Zayn al-Mawasif became wroth with exceeding wrath and said to him, "I take refuge with Allah from this ! Allah upon thee, begone about thy business ere the neighbours espy thee and there betide us sore reproach," adding, "Harkye, man ! Let not thy soul covet that it shall not obtain. Thou weariest thyself in vain ; for I am a merchant's wife and a merchant's daughter and thou art a druggist ; and when sawest thou a druggist and a merchant's daughter conjoined by such sentiment?" He replied, "O my lady, never lacked love-liesse between folk<sup>1</sup>; so cut thou not off from me hope of this and whatsoever thou seekest of me of money and raiment and ornaments and what not else, I will give thee." Then he abode with her in discourse and mutual blaming whilst she still redoubled in anger, till it was black night, when he said to her, "O my lady, take this gold piece and fetch me a little wine, for I am athirst and heavy hearted." So she said to the slave-girl Hubub, "Fetch him wine and take naught from him, for we have no need of his dinar." So she went whilst Masrur held his peace and bespake not the lady, who suddenly improvised these lines :—

Leave this thy design and depart, O man ! o Nor tread paths where lewdness  
and crime trepan !  
Love is a net shall enmesh thy sprite, o Make thee rise a-morning sad,  
weary and wan :  
For our spy thou shalt eke be the cause of talk; o And for thee shall blame  
me my tribe and clan :

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<sup>1</sup> i.e. people of different conditions.

Yet scant I marvel thou lovest a Fair :— • Gazelles hunting lions we aye shall scan !

And he answered her with these :—

Joy of boughs, bright branch of Myrobalan !	* Have ruth on the heart
all thy charms unman ;	
Death-cup to the dregs thou garrest me drain	* And don weed of Love
with its bane and ban :	
How can soothe I a heart which for stress of pine *	Burns with living coals
which my longings fan ?	

Hearing these lines she exclaimed, “ Away from me ! Quoth the saw ‘ Whoso looseth his sight wearieh his sprite. By Allah, I am tired of discourse with thee and chiding, and indeed thy soul coveteth that shall never become thine ; nay, though thou gave me my weight in gold, thou shouldest not get thy wicked will of me ; for, I know naught of the things of the world, save pleasant life, by the boon of Allah Almighty ! ” He answered, “ O my lady Zayn al-Mawasif, ask of me what thou wilt of the goods of the world.” Quoth she, “ What shall I ask of thee ? For sure thou wilt fare forth and prate of me in the highway and I shall become a laughing-stock among the folk and they will make a byword of me in verse, me who am the daughter of the chief of the merchants and whose father is known of the notables of the tribe. I have no need of money or raiment and such love will not be hidden from the people and I shall be brought to shame, I and my kith and kin.” With this Masrur was confounded and could make her no answer ; but presently she said, “ Indeed, the master-thief, if he steal, stealeth not but what is worth his neck, and every woman who doth lewdness with other than her husband is styled a thief ; so, if it must be thus and no help<sup>1</sup>, thou shalt give me whatsoever my heart desireth of money and raiment and ornaments and what not.” Quoth he, “ An thou sought of me the world and all its regions contain from its East to its West, ’twere but a little thing, compared with thy favour ; ” and quoth she, “ I will have of thee three suits, each worth a thousand Egyptian dinars, and adorned with gold and fairly purfled with pearls and jewels and jacinths,

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<sup>1</sup> The sudden change appears unnatural to Europeans ; but an Eastern girl talking to a strange man in a garden is already half won. The beauty, however, intends to make trial of her lover’s generosity before yielding.

the best of their kind. Furthermore I require that thou swear to me thou wilt keep my secret nor discover it to any and that thou wilt company with none but me ; and I in turn will swear to thee a true oath that I will never false thee in love." So he sware to her the oath she required and she sware to him, and they agreed upon this ; after which she said to her nurse Hubub, "To-morrow go thou with Masrur to his lodging and seek somewhat of musk and ambergris and Nadd and rose-water and see what he hath. If he be a man of condition, we will take him into favour ; but an he be otherwise we will leave him." Then said she to him, "O Masrur, I desire somewhat of musk and ambergris and aloes-wood and Nadd ; so do thou send it me by Hubub ;" and he answered, "With love and gladness ; my shop is at thy disposal !" Then the wine went round between them and their séance was sweet ; but Masrur's heart was troubled for the passion and pining which possessed him ; and when Zayn al-Mawasif saw him in this plight, she said to her slave-girl Sukub, "Arouse Masrur from his stupor ; mayhap he will recover." Answered Sukub, "Hearkening and obedience," and sang these couplets :—

Bring gold and gear an a lover thou, o And hymn thy love so success shalt  
row ;  
Joy the smiling fawn with the black-edged eyne o And the bending lines of  
the Cassia-bough :  
On her look, and a marvel therein shalt sight, o And pour out thy life ere thy  
life-term show :  
Love's affect be this, an thou weet the same ; o But, an gold deceive thee, leave  
gold and go !

Hereupon Masrur understood her and said, "I hear and apprehend. Never was grief but after came relief, and after affliction dealing He will order the healing." Then Zayn al-Mawasif recited these couplets :—

From Love-stupor awake, O Masrur, 'twere best ; \* For this day I dread my  
love rend thy breast ; .  
And to-morrow I fear me folks' marvel-tale o Shall make us a byword from  
East to West :  
Leave love of my like or thou'l gain thee blame ; o Why turn thee us-wards ?  
Such love's unblest !  
For one strange of lineage whose kin repel o Thou shalt wake ill-famed, of  
friends dispossess :  
I'm a Zealot's child and affright the folk ; o Would my life were ended and I at  
rest !

Then Masrur answered her improvisation and began to say these lines :—

To grief leave a heart that to love ne'er ceased ; • Nor blame, for your blame  
ever love increased :  
You misrule my vitals in tyrant-guise ; \* Morn and Eve I wend not or West  
or East ;  
Love's law forbids me to do me die ; • They say Love's victim is ne'er  
released :  
Well-away ! Could I find in Love's Court a judge & I'd 'plain and win to my  
rights at least.

They ceased not from mutual chiding till morning morrowed, when Zayn al-Mawasif said, "O Masrur 'tis time for thee to depart, lest one of the folk see thee and foul befall us twain." So he arose and accompanied by nurse Hubub fared on, till they came to his lodging, where he talked with her and said to her, "All thou seekest of me is ready for thee, so but thou wilt bring me to enjoy her." Hubub replied, "Hearten thy heart ;" whereupon he rose and gave her an hundred dinars, saying "O Hubub, I have by me a dress worth an hundred gold pieces." Answered she, "O Masrur, make haste with the trinkets and other things promised her, ere she change her mind, for we may not take her, save with wile and guile, and she loveth the saying of verse." Quoth he, "Hearing and obeying," and bringing her the musk and ambergris and lign-aloes and rose-water, returned with her to Zayn al-Mawasif and saluted her. She returned his salam with the sweetest speech, and he was dazed by her beauty and improvised these lines :—

O thou sheeniest Sun who in night dost shine ! \* O who stole my soul with  
those large black eyne !  
O slim-shaped fair with the graceful neck ! • O who shamest Rose wi' those  
cheeks o' thine !  
Blind not our sight wi' thy fell disdain, • Disdain, that shall load us with pain  
and pine ;  
Passion homes in our inmost, nor will be quenched • The fire of yearning in  
vitals li'en :  
Your love has housed in heart of me • And of issue but you see I ne'er a  
sign :  
Then haply you'll pity this hapless wight • Thy sad lover and then—O the  
Morn divine !

When Zayn al-Mawasif heard his verses, she cast at him a glance  
of eyes, that bequeathed him a thousand regrets and sighs and his

wits and soul were ravished in such wise, and answered him with these couplets<sup>1</sup>:—

Think not from her, of whom thou art enamoured aye To win delight ; so put desire from thee away.

Leave that thou hop'st, for 'gainst her rigours whom thou lov'st Among the fair, in vain is all thou canst essay.

My looks to lovers bring discomfiture and woe : Indeed, I make no count of that which thou dost say.

When Masrur heard this, he hardened his heart and took patience concealing his case and saying in himself, “There is nothing for it against calamity save long-suffering ;” and after this fashion they abode till nightfall when Zayn al-Mawasif called for food and they set before her a tray, wherein were all manner of dishes, quails and pigeons and mutton and so forth, whereof they ate their sufficiency. Then she bade take away the tables and they did so and fetched the lavatory gear ; and they washed their hands, after which she ordered her women to bring the candlesticks, and they set on candleabra and candles therein of camphorated wax. Thereupon quoth Zayn al-Mawasif, “By Allah, my breast is straitened this night and I am a-fevered ;” and quoth Masrur “Allah broaden thy breast and banish thy bane !” Then she said, “O Masrur, I am used to play at chess : say me, knowest aught of the game ?” He replied, “Yes ; I am skilled therein ;” whereupon she commanded her handmaid Hubub fetch her the chess-board. So she went away and presently returning with the board, set it before her, and behold, it was of ivory-marquetried ebony with squares marked in glittering gold, and its pieces of pearl and ruby.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

### **Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Forty-seventh Night,**

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Zayn al-Mawasif bade the chessboard be brought, they set it between her hands ; and Masrur was amazed at this, when she turned to him and said, “Wilt have red or white ?” He replied, “O Princess of the fair and adornment of morning air, do thou take

<sup>1</sup> These lines have occurred in the earlier part of the Night : I quote Mr. Payne for variety.

the red for they formous are and fitter for the like of thee to bear and leave the white to my care." Answered she, "So be it," and, taking the red pieces, ranged them opposite the white, then put out her hand to a piece purposing the first pass into the battle-plain. Masrur considered her fingers, which were white as paste, and was confounded at their beauty and shapely shape; whereupon she turned to him and said, "O Masrur, be not bedazed, but take patience and calm thyself." He rejoined, "O thou whose beauty shameth the moon, how shall a lover look on thee and have patience-boon?" And while this was doing she cried, "Checkmate<sup>1</sup>!" and beat him; wherefore she knew that he was Jinn-mad for love of her and said to him, "O Masrur, I will not play with thee save for a set stake." He replied, "I hear and obey," and she rejoined, "Swear to me and I will swear to thee that neither of us will cheat<sup>2</sup> the adversary." So both sware this and she said, "O Masrur, an I beat thee, I will have ten dinars of thee, but an thou beat me, I will give thee a mere nothing." He expected to win, so he said, "O my lady, be not false to thine oath, for I see thou art an overmatch for me at this game!" "Agreed," said she and they ranged their men and fell again to playing and pushing on their pawns and catching them up with the queens and aligning and matching them with the castles and solacing them with the onslaught of the knights. Now the "Adornment of Qualities" wore on head a kerchief of blue brocade so she loosed it off and tucking up her sleeve, showed a wrist like a shaft of light and passed her palm over the red pieces, saying to him, "Look to thyself." But he was dazzled at her beauty, and the sight of her graces bereft him of reason, so that he became dazed and amazed and put out his hand to the white men, but it alit upon the red. Said she, "O Masrur, where be thy wits? The red are mine and the white thine;" and he replied, "Whoso looketh at thee perforce loseth all his senses." Then, seeing how it was with him, she took the white from him and gave him the red, and they played and she beat him. He

<sup>1</sup> Arab. "Al-Sháh mát" = the King is dead, Pers. and Arab. grotesquely mixed: Europeans explain "Checkmate" in sundry ways, all more or less wrong.

<sup>2</sup> Cheating (Ghadr) is so common that Easterns who have no tincture of Western civilisation look upon it not only as venial but laudable when one can take advantage of a simpleton. No idea of "honour" enters into it. Even in England the old lady whist-player of the last generation required to be looked after pretty closely—if Mr. Charles Dickens is to be trusted.

ceased not to play with her and she to beat him, whilst he paid her each time ten dinars, till, knowing him to be distraught for love of her, she said, "O Masrur, thou wilt never win to thy wish, except thou beat me, for such was our understanding ; and henceforth, I will not play with thee save for a stake of an hundred dinars a game." "With love and gladness," answered he and she went on playing and ever beating him and he paid her an hundred dinars each time ; and on this wise they abode till the morning, without his having won a single game, when he suddenly sprang to his feet. Quoth she, "What wilt thou do, O Masrur ?"; and quoth he, "I mean to go to my lodging and fetch somewhat of money : it may be I shall come to my desire." "Do whatso seemeth good to thee," said she; so he went home and taking all the money he had, returned to her improvising these two couplets :—

In dream I saw a bird o'er speed (meseem'd), o Love's garden decked with blooms that smiled and gleamed :

But I shall ken, when won my wish and will o Of thee, the truthful sense of what I dreamed.

Now when Masrur returned to her with all his monies they fell a-playing again ; but she still beat him and he could not beat her once ; and in such case they abode three days, till she had gotten of him the whole of his coin ; whereupon said she, "O Masrur, what wilt thou do now ?"; and he replied, "I will stake thee a druggist's shop." "What is its worth ?" asked she ; and he answered, "Five hundred dinars." So they played five bouts and she won the shop of him. Then he betted his slave-girls, lands, houses, gardens, and she won the whole of them, till she had gotten of him all he had ; whereupon she turned to him and said, "Hast thou aught left to lay down ?" Cried he, "By Him who made me fall into the snare of thy love, I have neither money to touch nor aught else left, little or much !" She rejoined, "O Masrur, the end of whatso began in content shall not drive man to repent ; wherefore, an thou regret aught, take back thy good and begone from us about thy business and I will hold thee quit towards me." Masrur rejoined, "By Him who decreed these things to us, though thou sought to take my life 'twere a wee thing to stake for thine approof, because I love none but thee !" Then said she, "O Masrur, fare forthright and fetch the Kazi and the witnesses and make over to me by deed all thy lands and

possessions." "Willingly," replied he and, going forth without stay or delay, brought the Kazi and the witnesses and set them before her. When the judge saw her, his wits fled and his mind was amazed and his reason was dazed for the beauty of her fingers, and he said to her, "O my lady, I will not write out the writ of conveyance, save upon condition that thou buy the lands and mansions and slave-girls and that they all pass under thy control and into thy possession." She rejoined, "We're agreed upon that. Write me a deed, whereby all Masrur's houses and lands and slave-girls and whatso his right hand possesseth shall pass to Zayn al-Mawasif and become her property at such a price." So the Kazi wrote out the writ and the witnesses set hands thereto; whereupon she took it.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

### Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Forty-eighth Night,

She pursued, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Zayn al-Mawasif took from the Kazi the deed which made over to her lover's property she said to him, "O Masrur, now gang thy gait." But her slave-girl Hubub turned to him and said, "Recite us some verses." So he improvised upon that game of chess these couplets :—

Of Time and what befel me I complain, • Mourning my loss by chess and eyes of bane.

For love of gentlest, softest-sided fair • Whose like is not of maids or mortal strain :

The shafts of glances from those eyne who shot • And led her conquering host to battle-plain

Red men and white men and the clashing Knights • And, crying "Look to thee!" came forth amain :

And, when down charging, finger-tips she showed • That gloomed like blackest night for sable stain,

The Whites I could not rescue, could not save • While ecstasy made tear-floods rail and rain :

The Pawns and Castles with their Queens fell low • And fled the Whites nor could the brunt sustain :

Yea, with her shaft of glance at me she shot • And soon that shaft had pierced my heart and brain :

She gave me choice between her hosts, and I • The Whites like moonlight first to choose was fain,

Saying, "This argent folk best fitteth me • I love them, but the Red by thee be ta'en!"

She playèd me for free accepted stake o Yet amorous mercy I could ne'er obtain :  
 O fire of heart, O pine and woe of me, o Wooing a fair like moon mid starry train :  
 Burns no' my heart O no ! nor aught regrets o Of good or land, but ah ! her eyes' disdain !  
 Amazed I'm grown and dazed for drearihead o And blame I Time who brought such pine and pain.  
 Quoth she, "Why art thou so bedazed !" quoth I o "Wine-drunken wight shall more of wine assain ?"  
 That mortal stole my sense by silk-soft shape, o Which doth for heart-core hardest rock contain.  
 I nervèd self and cried, "This day she's mine " o By bet, nor fear I prove she unhumâne :  
 My heart ne'er ceased to seek possession, till o Beggared I found me for conditions twain :  
 Will youth you loveth shun the Love-dealt blow, o Tho' were he whelmed in Love's high-surging main ?  
 So woke the slave sans e'en a coin to turn, o Thralled to repine for what he ne'er shall gain !

Zayn al-Mawasif hearing these words marvelled at the eloquence of his tongue and said to him, "O Masrur, leave this madness and return to thy right reason and wend thy ways ; for thou hast wasted all thy moveables and immoveables at the chess-game, yet hast not won thy wish, nor hast thou any resource or device whereby thou mayst attain to it." But he turned to her and said, "O my lady, ask of me whatso thou wilt and thou shalt have it ; for I will bring it to thee and lay it at thy feet." Answered she, "O Masrur, thou hast no money left." "O goal of all hopes, if I have no money, the folk will help me." "Shall the giver turn asker ?" "I have friends and kinsfolk, and whatsoever I seek of them, they will give me." "O Masrur, I will have of thee four pods of musk and four vases of civet<sup>1</sup> and four pounds of ambergris and four thousand dinars and four hundred pieces of royal brocade, purfled with gold. An thou bring me these things, O Masrur, I will grant thee my favours." "This is a light matter to me, O thou that puttest the moons to shame," replied he and went forth to fetch her what she sought. She sent her maid Hubub after him, to see what worth he had with the folk of whom he had

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<sup>1</sup> Arab. "Al-Gháliyah," whence the older English Algallia. See vol. i., 128. The Voyage of Linschoten, etc. Hakluyt Society MDCCCLXXXV., with notes by my learned friend the late Arthur Coke Burnell whose early death was so sore a loss to Oriental students.

spoken to her ; but, as he walked along the highways he turned and seeing her afar off, waited till she came up to him and said to her, " Whither away, O Hubub ? " So she said to him, " My mistress sent me to follow for this and that," and he replied, " By Allah, O Hubub, I have nothing to hand ! " She asked, " Then why didst thou promise her ? "; and he answered, " How many a promise made is unkept of its maker ! Fine words in love-matters needs must be." When she heard this from him, she said, " O Masrur, be of good cheer and eyes clear for, by Allah, most assuredly I will be the means of thy coming to enjoy her ! " Then she left him nor ceased walking till she stood before her mistress weeping with sore weeping, and said, " O my lady, indeed he is a man of great consideration, and good repute among the folk." Quoth Zayn al-Mawasif, " There is no device against the destiny of Almighty Allah ! Verily, this man found not in me a pitiful heart, for that I despoiled him of his substance and he got of me neither affection nor complaisance in granting him amorous joy ; but, if I incline to his inclination, I fear lest the thing be bruited abroad." Quoth Hubub, " O my lady, verily, grievous upon us is his present plight and the loss of his good and thou hast with thee none save thyself and thy slave-girl Sukub ; so which of us two would dare prate of thee, and we thy handmaids ? " With this, she bowed her head for a while ground-wards and the damsels said to her, " O my lady, it is our rede that thou send after him and show him grace and suffer him not ask of the sordid ; for how bitter is such begging ! " So she accepted their counsel and calling for inkcase and paper, wrote him these couplets :—

Joy is nigh, O Masrúr, so rejoice in true rede ; \* Whenas night shall fall thou  
shalt do kind-deed :

Crave not of the sordid a loan, fair youth, o Wine stole my wits but they now  
take heed :

All thy good I rest shall return to thee, o O Masrúr, and I'll add to them  
amorous meed ;

For indeed th' art patient, and sweet of soul \* When wronged by thy lover's  
tyrannic greed.

So haste to enjoy us and luck to thee ! \* Lest my folk come between  
us speed, love, all speed !

Hurry uswards thou, nor delay, and while \* My mate is far, on Love's  
fruit come feed.

Then she folded the paper and gave it to Hubub the handmaid, who carried it to Masrur and found him weeping and reciting in a transport of passion and love-longing these lines :—

A breeze of love on my soul did blow \* That consumed my liver for stress  
of lowe ;  
When my sweetheart went all my longings grew ; \* And with tears in torrent  
mine eyelids flow :  
Such my doubt and fears, did I tell their tale \* To deaf rocks and pebbles  
they'd melt for woe.  
Would Heaven I wot shall I sight delight, \* And shall win my wish and my  
friend shall know !  
Shall be folded up nights that doomed us part \* And I be healed of what  
harms my heart ?

—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying  
her permitted say.

**Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Forty-ninth Night,**

She pursued, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that while  
Masrur, transported by passion and love-longing, was repeating  
his couplets in sing-song tone Hubub knocked at his door ; so he  
rose and opened to her, and she entered and gave him the letter. He  
read it and said to her, “O Hubub, what is behind thee of thy  
lady's news<sup>1</sup> ?” She answered, “O my lord, verily, in this letter  
is that dispensemeth me from reply, for thou art of those who  
readily descry !” Thereat he rejoiced with joy exceeding and  
repeated these two couplets :—

Came the writ whose contents a new joy revealed, \* Which in vitals mine I  
would keep ensealed :  
And my longings grew when I kissed that writ, \* As were pearl of passion  
therein concealed.

Then he wrote a letter answering hers and gave it to Hubub, who  
wrote it and returned with it to her mistress and forthright fell  
to extolling his charms to her and expiating on his good gifts  
and generosity ; for she was become a helper to him, to bring  
about his union with her lady. Quoth Zayn al-Mawasif, “O Hubub,  
indeed he tarrieth to come to us ;” and quoth Hubub, “He will  
certainly come soon.” Hardly had she made an end of speaking  
when behold, he knocked at the door, and she opened to him and

<sup>1</sup> A favourite idiom, “ What news bringest thou ? ” (“ O Asám ! ” Arab. Prov. ii. 589) used by Hárís bin Amrú, King of Kindah, to the old woman Asám whom he had sent to inspect a girl he purposed marrying.

brought him in to her mistress, who saluted him with the salam<sup>1</sup> and welcomed him and seated him by her side. Then she said to Hubub, "Bring me a suit of brocade;" so she brought a robe broidered with gold and Zayn al-Mawasif threw it over him, whilst she herself donned one of the richest dresses and crowned her head with a net of pearls of the freshest water. About this she bound a fillet of brocade, purfled with pearls, jacinths and other jewels, from beneath which she let down two tresses<sup>2</sup> each looped with a pendant of ruby, charactered with glittering gold, and she loosed her hair, as it were the sombrest night; and lastly she incensed herself with aloes-wood and scented herself with musk and ambergris, and Hubub said to her, "Allah save thee from the evil eye!" Then she began to walk, swaying from side to side with gracefulest gait, whilst Hubub who excelled in verse-making, recited in her honour these couplets :—

Shamed is the bough of Bán by pace of her; o And harmed are lovers by  
the gaze of her.

A moon she rose from murks, the hair of her, o A sun from locks the  
brow encase of her:

Blest he she nights with by the grace of her, o Who dies in her with oath by  
days of her!

So Zayn al-Mawasif thanked her and went up to Masrur, as she were full moon displayed. But when he saw her, he rose to his feet and exclaimed, "An my thought deceive me not, she is no human, but one of the brides of Heaven!" Then she called for food and they brought a table, about whose marge were written these couplets<sup>3</sup> :—

Dip thou with spoons in saucers four and gladden heart and eye With many  
a various kind of stew and fricassee and fry.

Thereon fat quails (ne'er shall I cease to love and tender them) And rails and  
fowls and dainty birds of all the kinds that fly.

Glory to God for the Kabobs, for redness all aglow, And potherbs, steeped in  
vinegar, in porringers thereby!

<sup>1</sup> Amongst the Jews the Arab Salám becomes "Shalúm" and a Jewess would certainly not address this ceremonial greeting to a Christian. But Eastern story-tellers care little for these minutiae; and the "Adornment of Qualities," was not by birth a Jewess as the sequel will show.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. "Sálifah," the silken plaits used as adjuncts. See vol. iii, 313.

<sup>3</sup> I have translated these lines in vol. i. 131, and quoted Mr. Torrens in vol. iv. 235. Here I borrow from Mr. Payne.

Fair fall the rice with sweet milk dressed, wherein the hands did plunge And eke the forearms of the fair were buried, bracelet-high !

How my heart yearneth with regret over two plates of fish That by two manchet-cakes of bread of Tewarij<sup>1</sup> did lie !

Then they ate and drank and made mirth and merriment, after which the servants removed the table of food and set on the wine service ; so cup and tasse<sup>2</sup> passed round between them and they were gladdened in soul. Then Masrur filled the cup and saying, "O whose thrall am I and who is my mistress!"<sup>3</sup> chanted these improvised couplets :—

Mine eyes I admire that can feed their fill o On charms of a girl rising worlds to light :

In her time she hath none to compare for gifts o Of spirit and body a mere delight.

Her shape breeds envy in Cassia-tree o When fares she forth in her symmetry dight :

With luminous brow shaming moon of dark o And crown-like crescent the brightest bright.

When treads she earth' surface her fragrance scents o The Zephyr that breathes over plain and height.

When he ended his extempore song she said, "O Masrur, whoso religiously keepeth his faith and hath eaten our bread and salt, it behoveth us to give him his due ; so put away from thee all thought of what hath been and I will restore thee thy lands and houses and all we have taken from thee." He replied, "O my lady, I acquit thee of that whereof thou speakest, though thou hadst been false to the oath and covenant between us ; for I will go and become a Moslem." Zayn al-Mawasif protested that she would follow suit<sup>4</sup> when Hubub cried to her, "O my lady, thou

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Payne notes :— Apparently some place celebrated for its fine bread, as Gonesse in seventeenth-century France. It occurs also in Bresl. Edit. (iv. 203) and Dozy does not understand it. But Arj the root = good odour.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. "Tás," from Pers. Tásah. M. Charbonneau a Professor of Arabic at Constantine and Member of the Asiatic Soc. Paris, who published the *Histoire de Chams-Eddine et Nour-Eddine* with Maghrabi punctuation (Paris, Hachette, 1852) remarks the similarity of this word to Tazza and a number of other whimsical coincidences as Zauj, ζυγός jugum ; Inkár, negare ; matrah, matelas ; Ishtirá, acheter etc. To which I may add wasat, waist ; zabad, civet ; Bás, buss (kiss) ; uzrub (pron. Zrub), drub ; Kat', cut ; Tarik, track ; etc., etc.

<sup>3</sup> We should say "To her (I drink)" etc.

<sup>4</sup> This is *ad captandum*. The lovers becoming Moslems would secure the sympathy of the audience. In the sequel (Night decclviii) we learn that the wilful young woman was a born Moslemah who had married a Jew but had never Judaized.

art young of years and knowest many things, and I claim the intercession of Almighty Allah with thee for, except thou do my bidding and heal my heart, I will not lie the night with thee in the house." And she replied, "O Hubub, it shall be as thou wilt. Rise and make us ready another sitting-room." So she sprang to her feet and gat ready a room and adorned and perfumed it after fairest fashion even as her lady loved and preferred ; after which she again set on food and wine, and the cup went round between them and their hearts were glad.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

**Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Fiftieth Night,**

She resumed, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Zayn al-Mawasif bade her maid Hubub make ready a private sitting-room she arose and did her bidding, after which she again set food and wine before them and cup and tasse went round gladdening their hearts. Presently quoth Zayn al-Mawasif, "O Masrur, come is the time of Union and favour ; so, as thou studiest my love to savour recite us some verses surpassing of flavour." Upon this he recited the following ode<sup>1</sup> :—

I am taken : my heart burns with living flame  
 For Union shorn whenas Severance came,  
 In the love of a damsel who forced my soul  
 And with delicate cheeklet my reason stole.  
 She hath eyebrows united and eyes black-white  
 And her teeth are leven that smiles in light :  
 The tale of her years is but ten plus four ;—  
 Tears like Dragon's blood<sup>2</sup> for her love I pour.  
 First I saw that face 'mid parterre and rill,  
 Outshining full Lune on horizon-hill ;  
 And stood like a captive for awe, and cried,  
 "Allah's Peace, O who in demesne<sup>3</sup> doth hide !"  
 She returned my salam, gaily answering  
 With the sweetest speech likest pearls a-string.  
 But when heard my words, she right soon had known  
 My want and her heart waxed hard as stone,  
 And quoth she, "Be not this a word silly-bold ?"  
 But quoth I, "Refrain thee nor flyte and scold !  
 An to-day thou consent such affair were light ;

<sup>1</sup> The dogrel of this Kasidah is not so phenomenal as some we have seen.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. 'Andam = Brazil wood, vol. iii. 263.

<sup>3</sup> Arab. "Himâ." See supra, p. 102.

Thy like is the loved, mine the lover-wight !”  
When she knew my mind she but smiled in mirth  
And cried, “ Now, by the Maker of Heaven and Earth !  
“ I’m a Jewess of Jewry’s driest e’er seen  
And thou art naught save a Nazarene.  
“ Why seek my favours ? Thine’s other caste ;  
An this deed thou do thou’t repent the past.  
“ Say, does Love allow with two Faiths to play ?  
Men shall blame thee like me, at each break of day !  
“ Wilt thou laugh at beliefs and deride their rite,  
And in thine and mine prove thee sinful sprite ?  
“ An thou lovedest me thou hadst turnèd Jew,  
Losing worlds for love and my favours due ;  
“ And by the Evangel strong oath hadst sworn  
To keep our secret intact from scorn !”  
So I took the Torah and sware strong oath  
I would hold to the covenant made by both.  
Then by law, religion and creed I sware,  
And bound her by oaths that most binding were ;  
And asked her, “ Thy name, O my dear delight ? ”  
And she, “ Zayn al-Mawásif at home I’m hight ! ”  
“ O Zayn al-Mawasif ! ” (cried I) “ Hear my call :  
Thy love hath made me thy veriest thrall ! ”  
Then I peeped ‘neath her chin-veil and ‘spied such charms  
That the longing of love filled my heart with qualms.  
‘Neath the curtain I ceased not to humble me,  
And complain of my heart-felt misery ;  
But when she saw me by Love beguiled  
She raised her face-veil and sweetly smiled :  
And when breeze of Union our faces kiss’d  
With musk-pod she scented fair neck and wrist ;  
And the house with her essences seemed to drip,  
And I kissed pure wine from each smiling lip :  
Then like branch of Bán ‘neath her robe she swayed  
And joys erst unlawful<sup>1</sup> she lawful made :  
And joined, conjoined through our night we lay  
With clip, kiss of inner lip, *langue fourrée*.  
The world hath no grace but the one loved here  
In thine arms to clasp with possession sheer !  
With the morn she rose and she bade Good-bye  
While her brow shone brighter than moon a-sky ;  
Reciting at parting (while tear-drops hung  
On her cheeks, these scattered and other strung),<sup>2</sup>  
“ Allah’s pact in mind all my life I’ll bear  
And the lovely nights and strong oath I sware.”

<sup>1</sup> i.e. her favours were not lawful till the union was sanctified by heart-whole (if not pure) love.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. “ Mansúr wa munazzam ” = oratio soluta et ligata.

Zayn al-Mawasif was delighted and said to him, "O Masrur, how goodly are thy inner gifts ! May he live not who would harm thy heart !" Then she entered her boudoir and called him : so he went in to her and taking her in his arms, embraced her and hugged her and kissed her and got of her that which he had deemed impossible and rejoiced in winning the sweet of amorous will. Then said she, "O Masrur, thy good is unlawful to me and is lawfully thine again now that we are become lovers." So she returned to him all she had taken of him and asked him, "O Masrur, hast thou a flower-garden whither we may wend and take our pleasure ?" ; whereto he answered, "Yes, O my lady, I have a garden that hath not its like." Then he returned to his lodgings and bade his slave-girls make ready a splendid banquet in a handsome room ; after which he summoned Zayn al-Mawasif who came surrounded by her damsels, and they ate and drank and made mirth and merriment, whilst the cup passed round between them and their spirits rose high. Then lover withdrew with beloved and Zayn al-Mawasif said to Masrur, "I have bethought me of some dainty verses, which I would fain sing to the lute." He replied, "Do sing them" ; so she took the lute and tuning it, sang to a pleasant air these couplets :—

Joy from stroke of string doth to me incline, o And sweet is a-morning our early wine ;  
 Whenas Love unveileth the amourist's heart, o And by rending the veil he displays his sign,  
 With a draught so pure, so dear, so bright, o As in hand of Moons<sup>1</sup> the Sun's sheeny shine  
 O' nights it cometh with joy to 'rase o The hoar of sorrow by boon divine.

Then ending her verse, she said to him, "O Masrur, recite us somewhat of thy poetry and favour us with the fruit of thy thought." So he recited these two couplets :—

We joy in full Moon who the wine bears round, o And in concert of lutes that from gardens sound ;  
 Where the dove moans at dawn and where bends the bough \* To Morn, and all pathways of pleasure are found.

When he had finished his recitation she said to him, "Make us some verses on that which hath passed between us an thou be

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<sup>1</sup> i.e. the cupbearers.

occupied with love of me."—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

### Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Fifty-first Night,

She continued, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Zayn al-Mawasif said to Masrur, "An thou be occupied with love of me, make us some verses on that hath passed between us," "With love and gladness," he replied and improvised the following Kasidah<sup>1</sup> :—

Stand thou and hear what fell to me	◦ For love of you gazelle to dree !
Shot me a white doe with her shaft	◦ O' glances wounding woundily.
Love was my ruin, for was I	◦ Straitened by longing ecstasy :
I loved and woo'd a young coquette	◦ Girded by strong artillery,
Whom in a garth I first beheld	◦ A form whose sight was symmetry.
I greeted her and when she deigned	◦ Greeting return, "Salám," quoth
she	she
"What be thy name?" said I, she said,	◦ My name declares my quality ! *
"Zayn al-Mawásif I am hight."	◦ Cried I, "Oh deign I mercy see,
"Such is the longing in my heart	◦ No lover claimeth rivalry !"
Quoth she, "With me an thou'rt in love	◦ And to enjoy me pleadest plea,
"I want of thee oh ! muchel wealth ;	◦ Beyond all compt my wants o' thee !
"I want o' thee full many a robe	◦ Of sandal, silk and damaskry ;
"A quarter quintal eke of musk:	◦ These of one night shall pay the fee.
"Pearls, unions and carnelian <sup>3</sup> -stones	◦ The bestest best of jewelry ! "
Of fairest patience showed I show	◦ In contrariety albe :
At last she favoured me one night	◦ When rose the moon a crescent wee ;
An stranger blame me for her sake	◦ I say, "O blamers listen ye !
She sheweth locks of goodly length	◦ And black as blackest night its blee ;
While on her cheeks the roses glow	◦ Like Lazá-flame incendiary :
In every eyelash is a sword	◦ And every glance hath archery :
Her liplets twain old wine contain,	◦ And dews of fount-like purity :
Her teeth resemble strings o' pearls,	◦ Arrayed in line and fresh from sea :
Her neck is like the neck of doe,	◦ Pretty and carven perfectly :
Her bosom is a marble slab	◦ Whence rise two breasts like towers
on lea :	
And on her stomach shows a crease	◦ Perfumed with rich perfumery ;
Beneath which same there lurks a Thing	◦ Limit of mine expectancy.

<sup>1</sup> Which is not worse than usual.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. "Ornament of Qualities."

<sup>3</sup> The 'Akík, a mean and common stone, ranks high in Moslem poetry on account of the saying of Mohammed recorded by Ali and Ayishah. "Seal with seals of Carnelian." ('Akík).

A something rounded, cushioned-high \* And plump, my lords, to high degree :

To me 'tis likest royal throne \* Whither my longings wander free ;  
 There 'twixt two pillars man shall find \* Benches of high-built tracery.  
 It hath specific qualities \* Drive sanest men t' insanity ;  
 Full mouth it hath like mouth of neck \* Or well begirt by stony key ;  
 Firm lips with camelry's compare \* And shows it eye of cramoisie.  
 An draw thou nigh with doughty will \* To do thy doing lustily,  
 Thou'll find it fain to face thy bout \* And strong and fierce in valiancy.  
 It bendeth backwards every brave \* Shorn of his battle-bravery.  
 At times imberbe, but full of spunk \* To battle with the Paynimry.  
 'Twill show thee liveliness galore \* And perfect in its raillery :  
 Zayn al-Mawasif it is like \* Complete in charms and courtesy.  
 To her dear arms one night I came \* And won meed given lawfully :  
 I passed with her that self-same night \* (Best of my nights !) in gladdest glee ;  
 And when the morning rose, she rose \* And crescent like her visnomy :  
 Then swayed her supple form as sway \* The lances lopt from limber tree ;  
 And when farewelling me she cried, \* "When shall such nights return to  
 me ?"

Then I replied, "O eyen-light, \* When He vouchsafeth His decree!"<sup>1</sup>

Zayn al-Mawasif was delighted with this Ode and the utmost gladness gat hold of her. Then said she, "O Masrur day-dawn draweth nigh and there is naught for it save to fly for fear of scandal and spy!" He replied, "I hear and obey," and rising led her to her lodging, after which he returned to his quarters<sup>2</sup> and passed the rest of the night pondering on her charms. When the morning morrowed with its sheen and shone, he made ready a splendid present and carried it to her and sat by her side. And thus they abode awhile, in all solace of life and its delight, till one day there came to Zayn al-Mawasif a letter from her husband reporting to her his speedy return. Thereupon she said in herself, "May Allah not keep him nor quicken him! If he come hither, our life will be troubled : would Heaven I might despair of him!" Presently entered Masrur and sat with her at chat, as was his wont, whereupon she said to him, "O Masrur, I have received a missive from my mate, announcing his speedy return from his wayfaring. What is to be done, since neither of us without other

<sup>1</sup> See note ii. at the end of this volume.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. "Mahall" as opposed to the lady's "Manzil," which would be better "Makám." The Arabs had many names for their old habitations, e.g.; Kubbah, of brick; Sutrah, of sun-dried mud; Hazírah, of wood; Tiráf, a tent of leather; Khabáa, of wool; Kash'a, of skins; Nakhád, of camel's or goat's hair; Khaymah of cotton cloth; Wabar, of soft hair as the camel's undercoat and Fustát (the well-known P.N.) a tent of horsehair or any hair (Sha'ar) but Wabar.

can live?" He replied, "I know not; but thou art better able to judge, being acquainted with the ways of thy man, more by token that thou art one of the sharpest-witted of women and past mistress of devices such as devise that whereof fail the wise." Quoth she, "He is a hard man and jealous of his household: but, when he shall come home and thou hearest of his coming, do thou repair to him and salute him and sit down by his side, saying:—O my brother, I am a druggist. Then buy of him somewhat of drugs and spices of sorts and call upon him frequently and prolong thy talks with him and gainsay him not in whatsoever he shall bid thee; so haply that I would contrive may betide, as it were by chance." "I hear and I obey," quoth Masrur and fared forth from her, with heart a-fire for love. When her husband came home, she rejoiced in meeting him and after saluting him bade him welcome; but he looked in her face and seeing it pale and sallow (for she had washed it with saffron, using one of women's arts), asked her of her case. She answered that she had been sick, she and her women, from the time of his wayfaring, adding, "Verily, our hearts have been engrossed with thoughts of thee because of the length of thine absence." And she went on to complain to him of the misery of separation and to pour forth copious tears, saying, "Hadst thou but a companion with thee, my heart had not borne all this cark and care for thee. So, Allah upon thee, O my lord, travel not again without a comrade and cut me not off from news of thee, that my heart and mind may be at rest concerning thee!"—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

**Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Fifty-second Night,**  
 She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Zayn al-Mawasif said to her mate, "Travel not without comrade and cut me not off from news of thee, that my heart and mind may be at rest concerning thee," he replied, "With love and gladness! By Allah thy bede is good indeed and right is thy rede! By thy life, it shall be as thou dost heed." Then he unpacked some of his stock-in-trade and carrying the goods to his shop, opened it and sat down to sell in the Soko.<sup>1</sup> No sooner had he

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<sup>1</sup> This is the Maghribi form of the Arab. Súk = a bazar-street, known from Tanjah (Tangiers) to Timbuctoo.

taken his place than lo and behold ! up came Masrur and saluting him, sat down by his side and began talking and talked with him awhile. Then he pulled out a purse and taking forth gold, handed it to Zayn al-Mawasif's man and said, " Give me the worth of these dinars in drugs and spices of sorts, that I may sell them in my shop." The Jew replied, " I hear and I obey," and gave him what he sought. And Masrur continued to pay him frequent visits till, one day, the merchant said to him, " I have a mind to take me a man to partner in trade." Quoth Masrur, " And I also, desire to take a partner ; for my father was a merchant in the land of Al-Yaman and left me great store of money and I fear lest it fare from me." Quoth the Jew, turning towards him, " Wilt thou be my partner, and I will be thy partner and a true friend and comrade to thee at home and abroad ; and I will teach thee selling and buying, giving and taking ?" And Masrur rejoined, " With all my heart." So the merchant carried him to his place and seated him in the vestibule, whilst he went in to his wife and said to her, " I have provided me with a partner and have bidden him hither as a guest ; so do thou get us ready good guest-cheer." Whenas she heard this, she rejoiced divining that it was Masrur, and made ready a magnificent banquet,<sup>1</sup> of her delight in the success of her device. Then, when the guest drew nigh, her husband said to her, " Come out with me to him and bid him welcome and say, Thou gladdenest us<sup>2</sup>!" But Zayn al-Mawasif made a show of anger, crying, " Wilt thou have me display myself before a strange man ? I take refuge with Allah ! Though thou cut me to bits, I will not appear before him !" Rejoined he, " Why shouldst thou be abashed at him, seeing that he is a Nazarene and we are Jews and, to boot, we are become chums, he and I ?" Quoth she, I am not minded to present myself before a strange man, on whom I have never once set eyes and whom I know not any wise." Her husband thought she spoke sooth and ceased not to importune her, till she rose and veiling herself, took

<sup>1</sup> Arab. " Walimah " usually = a wedding-feast. According to the learned Nasif al-Yazajî the names of entertainments are as follows : Al-Jasalâ = a general invitation, opp. to Al-Nakarâ, especial ; Khurs, a childbirth feast ; 'Akîkah, when the boy-babe is first shaved ; A'zár = circumcision-feast ; Hizák, when the boy has finished his perlection of the Koran ; Milák, on occasion of marriage-offer ; Wazímah, a mourning entertainment ; Wakírah = a " house-warming " ; Nakí'ah, on returning from wayfare ; 'Akírah, at beginning of the month Rajab ; Kirâ = a guest-feast and Maadubah, a feast for other cause ; any feast.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. " Anistaná " the pop. phrase = thy company gladdens us.

the food and went out to Masrur and welcomed him ; whereupon he bowed his head groundwards, as he were ashamed, and the Jew, seeing such dejection said in himself, " Doubtless, this man is a devotee." They ate their fill and the table being removed, wine was set on. As for Zayn al-Mawasif, she sat over against Masrur and gazed on him and he gazed on her till ended day, when he went home, with a heart to fire a prey. But the Jew abode pondering the grace and the comeliness of him ; and, as soon as it was night, his wife according to custom served him with supper and they seated themselves before it. Now he had a mocking-bird which was wont, whenever he sat down to meat, to come and eat with him and hover over his head ; but in his absence the fowl was grown familiar with Masrur and used to flutter about him as he sat at meals. Now when Masrur disappeared and the master returned, it knew him not and would not draw near him, and this made him thoughtful concerning his case and the fowl's withdrawing from him. As for Zayn al-Mawasif, she could not sleep with her heart thinking of Masrur, and thus it was with her a second and even a third night, till the Jew became aware of her condition and, watching her while she sat distraught, began to suspect somewhat wrong. On the fourth night, he awoke in the middle thereof and heard his wife babbling in her sleep and naming Masrur, what while she lay on her husband's bosom, wherefore he misdoubted her ; but he dissembled his suspicions and when morning morrowed he repaired to his shop and sat therein. Presently, up came Masrur and saluted him. He returned his salam and said to him, " Welcome, O my brother !" adding anon, " I have wished for thee ;" and he sat talking with him for an hour or so, after which he said to him, " Rise, O my brother, and hie with me to my house, that we may enter into the pact of brotherhood."<sup>1</sup> Replied Masrur, " With joy and goodly gree," and they repaired to the Jew's house, where the master went in and told his wife of Masrur's visit, for the purpose of conditioning their partnership, and said, " Make us ready a goodly entertainment, and needs must thou be present and witness our brotherhood." But she replied, " Allah upon thee, cause me not show myself to this strange man, for I have no mind to company with him." So he held his peace and forbore to press her and

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<sup>1</sup> Here " Muákhát " or making mutual brotherhood would be =entering into a formal agreement for partnership. For the forms of " making brotherhood," see vol. iii. 15 .

bade the waiting-women bring food and drink. Then he called the mocking-bird but it knew not its lord and settled upon Masrur's lap ; and the Jew said to him, "O my master, what is thy name ?" He answered, " My name is Masrur ;" whereupon the Jew remembered that this was the name which his wife had repeated all night long in her sleep. Presently, he raised his head and saw her making signs<sup>1</sup> with her forefingers to Masrur and motioning to him with her eyes, wherefore he knew that he had been completely cozened and cuckolded and said, " O my lord, excuse me awhile, till I fetch my kinsmen, so they may be present at our swearing brotherhood." Quoth Masrur, " Do what seemeth good to thee ;" whereupon the Jew went forth the house and returning privily by a back way—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

4

### Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Fifty-third Night,

She pursued, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Zayn al-Mawasif's husband said to Masrur, " Excuse me awhile, till I fetch my cousins to witness the brother-bond between me and thee." Then he went forth and, privily returning behind the sitting-room, there took his station hard by a window which gave upon the saloon and whence he could watch them without their seeing him. Suddenly quoth Zayn al-Mawasif to her maid Sukub, " Whither is thy master gone ?"; and quoth she, " He is gone without the house." Cried the mistress, " Lock the door and bar it with iron and open thou not till he knock, after thou hast told me." Answered Sukub, " So shall it be done." Then, while her husband watched them, she rose and filling a cup with wine, flavoured with powdered musk and rose-water, went close to Masrur, who sprang up to meet her, saying, " By Allah, the water of thy mouth is sweeter than this wine !" " Here it is for thee," said she and filling her mouth with wine, gave him to drink thereof, whilst he gave her the like to drink ; after which she sprinkled him with rose-water from front to foot, till the perfume

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<sup>1</sup> Arab. " Ishárah " in classical Arab. signs with the finger (beckoning); Aumá with the hand ; Ramz, with the lips ; Khalaj, with the eyelids (wink) ; and Ghamz with the eye. Aumáz is a furtive glance, especially of women, and Illház, a side-glance from lahaza, limis oculis intuitus est. See Preston's Al-Hariri, p. 181.

scented the whole place. All this while, the Jew was looking on and marvelling at the stress of love that was between them, and his heart was filled with fury for what he saw and he was not only wroth, but jealous with exceeding jealousy. Then he went out again and coming to the door found it locked and knocked a loud knock of the excess of his rage ; whereupon quoth Sukub, "O my lady, here is my master ;" and quoth Zayn al-Mawasif, "Open to him ; would that Allah had not brought him back in safety !" So Sukub went and opened the door to the Jew, who said to her, "What ailed thee to lock the door ?" Quoth she, "It hath never ceased to be locked thus during thine absence ; nor hath it been opened night nor day :" and cried he, "Thou hast done well ; this pleaseth me." Then he went in to Masrur, laughing and dissembling his chagrin, and said to him, "O Masrur, let us put off the conclusion of our pact of brotherhood this day and defer it to another." Replied Masrur, "As thou wilt," and hied him home, leaving the Jew pondering his case and knowing not what to do ; for his heart was sore troubled and he said in himself, "Even the mocking-bird disowneth me and the slave-girls shut the door in my face and favour another." And of his exceeding chagrin, he fell to reciting these couplets :—

Masrur joys life made fair by all delight of days, • Fulfilled of boons, while  
mine the sorest grief displays.  
The Days have falsed me in the breast of her I love • And in my heart are  
fires which all-consuming blaze :  
Yea, Time was clear for thee, but now 'tis past and gone • While yet her lovely  
charms thy wit and senses daze :  
Espied these eyes of mine her gifts of loveliness : • Oh, hard my case and sore  
my woe on spirit weighs !  
I saw the maiden of the tribe deal rich old wine • Of lips like Salsabîl to friend  
my love betrays :  
E'en so, O mocking-bird, thou dost betray my breast • And to a rival teachest  
Love and lover-ways :  
Strange things indeed and wondrous saw these eyne of me • Which were they  
sleep-drowned still from Sleep's abyss would raise :  
I see my best belovèd hath forsworn my love • And eke like my mocking-bird  
fro' me a-startled strays.  
By truth of Allah, Lord of Worlds who, whatso wills • His Fate, for creatures  
works and none His hest gainsays,  
Forsure I'll deal to that ungodly wight his due • Who but to sate his wicked  
will her heart withdrew !

When Zayn al-Mawasif heard this, her side-muscles trembled and

quoth she to her handmaid, "Heardest thou those lines ?"; whereupon quoth the girl, "I never heard him in my born days recite the like of these verses ; but let him say what he will." Then having assured himself of the truth of his suspicions, the Jew began to sell all his property, saying to himself, "Unless I part them by removing her from her mother land the twain will not turn back from this that they are engaged in, no, never !" So, when he had converted all his possessions into coin, he forged a letter and read it to Zayn al-Mawasif, declaring that it had come from his kinsmen, who invited him to visit them, him and his wife. She asked, "How long shall we tarry with them ?" and he answered, "Twelve days." Accordingly she consented to this and said, "Shall I take any of my maids with me ?"; whereto he replied, "Take Hubub and Sukub and leave Khutub here." Then he made ready a handsome camel-litter<sup>1</sup> for his spouse and her women and prepared to set out with them ; whilst she sent to her leman, telling him what had betided her and saying, "O Masrur, an the trysting-time<sup>2</sup> that is between us pass and I come not back, know that he hath cheated and cozened us and planned a plot to separate us each from other, so forget thou not the plighted faith betwixt us, for I fear that he hath found out our love and I dread his craft and perfidy." Then, whilst her man was busy about his march she fell a-weeping and lamenting and no peace was left her, night or day. Her husband saw this, but took no note thereof ; and when she saw there was scant help for it, she gathered together her clothes and gear and deposited them with her sister, telling her what had befallen her. Then she farewelled her and going out from her, drowned in tears, returned to her own house, where she found her husband had brought the camels and was busy loading them, having set apart the handsomest dromedary for her riding, and when she saw this and knew that needs must she be separated from Masrur, she waxt clean distraught. Presently it chanced that the Jew went out on some business of his ; so she fared forth to the first or outer door and wrote thereon these couplets : ——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

<sup>1</sup> Arab. "Haudaj" (Hind. Haudah, vulg. Howda = elephant-saddle), the women's camel-litter, a cloth stretched over a wooden frame. See the Prize-poem of Lebid, v. 12.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. the twelve days' visit.

**Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Fifty-fourth Night,**

She resumed, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Zayn al-Mawasif saw her spouse summon the camels and knew that the march needs must be, she waxt clean distraught. Presently it chanced that the Jew went out on some business so she fared forth to the first door and wrote thereon these couplets :—

Bear our salams, O Dove, from this our stead \* From lover to beloved far severèd !  
 Bid him fro' me ne'er cease to yearn and mourn \* O'er happy days and hours for ever fled :  
 Eke I in grief shall ever mourn and yearn, \* Dwelling on days of love and lustihead ;  
 Long was our joyance, seeming aye to last, \* When night and morning to reunion led ;  
 Till croaked the Raven<sup>1</sup> of the Wold one day o His cursed croak and did our union dead.  
 We sped and left the homestead dark and void o Its gates unpeopled and its dwellers sped.

Then she went to the second door and wrote thereon these couplets :—

O who passest this doorway, by Allah, see o The charms of my fere in the glooms and make plea  
 For me, saying, "I think of the Past and weep o Yet boot me no tears flowing full and free."  
 Say, "An fail thee patience for what befel o Scatter earth and dust on the head of thee !  
 And o'er travel lands East and West, and deem o God sufficeth thy case, so bear patiently !"

Then she went to the third door and wept sore and thereon wrote these couplets :—

<sup>1</sup> See note, vol. vii. 267. So Dryden (Virgil) :—

And the hoarse raven on the blasted bough  
 By croaking to the left presaged the coming blow.

And Gay (Fable xxxvii.) :—

That raven on the left-hand oak,  
 Curse on his ill-betiding croak !

In some Persian tales two crows seen together are a good omen.

Fare softly, Masrûr ! an her sanctuary      • Thou seek, and read what  
a-door writh she.      • Hast savoured Nights' bitter  
Ne'er forget Love-plight, if true man ; how oft      and sweetest gree !  
O Masrûr ! forget not her neighbourhood      • For wi' thee must her glad-  
ness and joyance flee !  
But beweep those dearest united days      • When thou camest veiled  
in secresty ;  
Wend for sake of us over farthest wone ;      • Span the wold for us, for us  
dive in sea ;  
Allah bless the past days ! Ah, how glad they were • When in Gardens of  
Fancy the flowers pluckt we !  
The nights of Union from us are fled • And parting-glooms dim their  
radiancy ;  
Ah ! had this lasted as hopèd we, but • He left only our breasts and the  
rosery.  
Will revolving days on Re-union dawn ? • Then our vow to the Lord shall  
accomplish be.  
Learn thou our lots are in hand of Him • Who on lines of skull<sup>1</sup> writes our  
destiny !

Then she wept with sore weeping and returned to the house, wailing and remembering what had passed and saying, " Glory be to God who hath decreed to us this !" And her affliction redoubled for severance from her beloved and her departure from her mother-land, and she recited these couplets :—

Allah's peace on thee, House of Vacancy ! • Ceased in thee all our joys, all  
our jubilee.  
O thou Dove of the homestead, ne'er cease to bemoan • Whose moons and  
full moons<sup>2</sup> sorest severance dree :  
Masrûr, fare softly and mourn our loss ; • Loving thee our eyes lose their  
brilliancy :  
Would thy sight had seen, on our marching day, • Tears shed by a heart in  
Hell's flagrancy !  
Forget not the plight in the garth-shade pledged • When we set enveiléd in  
privacy :

Then she presented herself before her husband, who lifted her into the litter he had let make for her ; and, when she found herself on the camel's back, she recited these couplets :—

<sup>1</sup> Vulgar Moslems hold that each man's fate is written in the sutures of his skull but none can read the lines. See vol. iii. 123.

<sup>2</sup> I.e. cease not to bemoan her lot whose moon-faced beloved ones are gone.

The Lord, empty House ! to thee peace decree • Long we bore therein  
growth of misery : •  
Would my life-thread were shorn in that safe abode • And o' night I had died  
in mine ecstasy ! •  
Home-sickness I mourn, and my strangerhood • Irks my soul, nor the  
riddle of future I see. •  
Would I wot shall I ever that house resee • And find it, as erst,  
home of joy and glee ! •

Said her husband, "O Zayn al-Mawasif grieve not for thy departure from thy dwelling ; for thou shalt return to it ere long Inshallah !" And he went on to comfort her heart and soothe her sorrow. Then all set out and fared on till they came without the town and struck into the high road, whereupon she knew that separation was certain and this was very grievous to her. And while such things happened Masrur sat in his quarters, pondering his case and that of his mistress, and his heart forewarned him of severance. So he rose without stay and delay and repairing to her house, found the outer door padlocked and read the couplets she had written thereon ; upon which he fell down in a fainting fit. When he came to himself, he opened the first door and entering, read what was written upon the second and likewise upon the third doors ; wherefore passion and love-longing and distraction grew on him. So he went forth and hastened in her track, till he came up with the light caravan<sup>1</sup> and found her at the rear, whilst her husband rode in the van, because of his merchandise. When he saw her, he clung to the litter, weeping and wailing for the anguish of parting, and recited these couplets :—

Would I wot for what crime shot and pierced are we • Thro' the days with  
Estrangement's archery !  
O my heart's desire, to thy door I came • One day, when high waxt mine  
expectancy :  
But I found the home waste as the wold and void • And I 'plain'd my pine  
and groaned wretchedly :  
And I asked the walls of my friends who fared • With my heart in pawn  
and in pendency ;

<sup>1</sup> Arab. "Rukb" used of a return caravan; and also meaning travellers on camels. The vulgar however apply "Rákib" (a camel-rider) to a man on horseback who is properly Fáris plur. "Khayyálah," while "Khayyál" is a good rider. Other names are "Fayyál" (elephant-rider), Baghghál (mule-rider) and Hammár (donkey-rider).

And they said, " All marched from the camp and left o An ambushed sorrow on hill and lea ;"  
And a writ on the walls did they write, as write \* Folk who keep their faith while the Worlds are three.

Now when Zayn al-Mawasif heard these lines, she knew that it was Masrur—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

**Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Fifty-fifth Night,**

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Zayn al-Mawasif heard these lines she knew that it was Masrur and wept, she and her handmaids, and said to him, " O Masrur, I conjure thee by Allah, turn back, lest my husband see us twain together !" At her words he swooned away ; and when he revived, they took leave each of other and he recited the following couplets :—

The Caravan-chief calleth loud o' night                          \* Ere the Breeze bear his cry  
in the morning-light :  
They girded their loads and prepared to fare, \* And hurried while murmured  
the leader-wight.  
They scent the scene on its every side,                          \* As their march through the  
valley they expedite.  
After winning my heart by their love they went \* O' morn when their track  
could deceive my sight.  
O my neighbour fair, I reckt ne'er to part,                  \* Or the ground bedewed with  
my tears to sight !  
Woe betide my heart, now hath Severance hand \* To heart and vitals dealt  
bane and blight.

Then he clung to the litter, weeping and wailing, whilst she besought him to turn back ere morn for fear of scorn. So he came up to her Haudaj and farewelling her a second time, fell down in a swoon. He lay an hour or so without life, and when he revived he found the caravan had fared forth of sight. So he turned in the direction of their wayfare and scenting the breeze which blew from their quarter, chanted these improvised lines :—

No breeze of Union to the lover blows o But moan he maketh burnt with fiery  
woes :  
The Zephyr fans him at the dawn o' day; o But when he wakes the horizon  
lonely shows :

On bed of sickness strewn in pain he lies, o And weeps he bloody tears in  
burning throes,  
For the fair neighbour with my heart they bore o 'Mid travellers urging  
beasts with cries and blows :  
By Allah from their stead no Zephyr blew o But sniffed I as the wight  
on eyeballs goes ;<sup>1</sup>  
And snuff the sweetest South as musk it breathes o And on the longing lover  
scent bestows.

Then Masrur returned, mad with love-longing, to her house, and finding it lone from end to end<sup>2</sup> and forlorn of friend, wept till he wet his clothes ; after which he swooned away and his soul was like to leave his body. When he revived, he recited these two couplets :—

O Spring-camp have ruth on mine overthrowing \* My abjection, my leanness,  
my tears aye flowing,  
Waft the scented powder<sup>3</sup> of breezes they breathe \* In hope it cure heart of a  
grief e'er growing.

Then he returned to his own lodging confounded and tearful-eyed, and abode there for the space of ten days. Such was his case ; but as regards the Jew, he journeyed on with Zayn al-Mawasif half a score days, at the end of which he halted at a certain city and she, being by that time assured that her husband had played her false, wrote to Masrur a letter and gave it to Hubub, saying, “Send this to Masrur, so he may know how foully and fully we have been tricked and how the Jew hath cheated us.” So Hubub took it and despatched it to Masrur, and when it reached, its news was grievous to him and he wept till he watered the ground. Then he wrote a reply and sent it to his mistress, subscribing it with these two couplets :—

Where is the way to Consolation's door \* How shall console him flames  
burn evermore ?  
How pleasant were the days of yore all gone : \* Would we had somewhat of  
those days of yore !

<sup>1</sup> A popular exaggeration. See vol. i. 117.

<sup>2</sup> Lit. Empty of tent-ropes (*Atnáb*).

<sup>3</sup> Arab. “‘Abír,” a fragrant powder sprinkled on face, body and clothes. In India it is composed of rice flower or powdered bark of the mango, Deodar (*uvaria longifolia*), Sandal-wood, lign-aloes or curcuma (*zerumbat* or *zedoaria*) with rose-flowers, camphor, civet and anise-seed. There are many of these powders : see in Herklots Chiksá, Phul, Ood, Sundul, Uggur, and Urguja.

When the missive reached Zayn al-Mawasif, she read it and again gave it to her handmaid Hubub, saying to her, "Keep it secret!" However, the husband came to know of their correspondence and removed with her and her two women to another city, at a distance of twenty days' march. Thus it befel Zayn al-Mawasif; but as regards Masrur, sleep was not sweet to him nor was peace peaceful to him or patience left to him, and he ceased not to be thus till, one night, his eyes closed for weariness and he dreamt that he saw Zayn al-Mawasif come to him in the garden and embrace him; but presently he awoke and found her not: whereupon his reason fled and his wits wandered and his eyes ran over with tears; love-longing to the utterest gat hold of his heart and he recited these couplets:—

Peace be to her, who visits me in sleeping phantasy • Stirring desire and growing love to uttermost degree :  
Verily from that dream I rose with passion maddenèd • For sight of fairest phantom come in piece to visit me :  
Say me, can dreams declare the truth anent the maid I love, • And quench the fires of thirst and heal my love-sick malady ?  
Anon to me she is liberal and she strains me to her breast ; • Anon she soothes mine anxious heart with sweetest pleasantry:  
From off her dark-red damask lips the dew I wont to sip • The fine old wine that seemed to reek of musk's perfumery.  
I wondered at the wondrous things between us done in dreams, • And won my wish and all my will of things I hoped to see ;  
And from that dreamery I rose, yet ne'er could hope to find • Trace of my phantom save my pain and fiery misery :  
And when I looked on her a-morn, 'twas as a lover mad • And every eve was drunken yet no wine brought jollity.  
O breathings of the northern breeze, by Allah fro' me bear • Them-wards the greetings of my love and best salams that be :  
Say them, "The wight with whom ye made that plight of fealty • Time with his changes made him drain Death's cup and slain is he !"

Then he went out and ceased not to weep till he came to her house and looking on it, saw it empty and void. Presently, it seemed to him he beheld her form before him, whereupon fires flamed in him and his griefs redoubled and he fell down a-swoon;—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Fifty-sixth Night,

She continued, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Masrur saw the vision of Zayn al-Mawasif and felt her embrace, he joyed with passing joy. As soon as he awoke he sought her house, but finding it empty and void he fell down a-swoon ; and when he came to himself, he recited these couplets :—

Fro' them inhale I scent of Ottar and of Bán ; \* So fare with heart which ecstasies of love unman :  
 I'd heal thy longings (love-sick lover !) by return \* To site of beauty void sans friend or mate to scan :  
 But still it sickeneth me with parting's ban and bane \* Minding mine olden plight with friend and partisan.

When he had made an end of these verses, he heard a raven croak beside the house and wept, saying, "Glory be to God ! The raven croaketh not save over a ruined homestead." Then he moaned and groaned and recited these couplets :—

What ails the Raven that he croaks my lover's house hard by, o And in my vitals lights a fire that flameth fierce and high ?  
 For times now past and gone I spent in joyance of their love o With love my heart hath gone to waste and I sore pain aby :  
 I die of longing love and lowe still in my liver raging o And wrote to her but none there is who with the writ may hie :  
 Ah well-away for wasted frame ! Hath farèd forth my friend o And if she will o' nights return Oh would that thing wot I !  
 Then, Ho thou Breeze of East, and thou by morn e'er visit her ; o Greet her from me and stand where doth her tribe encampèd lie !

Now Zayn al-Mawasif had a sister, by name Nasím—the Zephyr—who stood espying him from a high place ; and when she saw him in this plight, she wept and sighed and recited these couplets :—

How oft bewailing the place shall be this coming and going, o While the House bemoaneth its builder with tear-flood ever a-flowing ?  
 Here was bestest joy ere fared my friend with the caravan hieing o And its dwellers and brightest-suns<sup>1</sup> ne'er ceased in its walls a-glowing :  
 Where be those fullest moons that here were alway arising ? o Bedimmed them the Shafts of Days their charms of spirit unknowing :

<sup>1</sup> i.e. fair faced boys and women. These lines are from the Bresl. Edit. x. 160.

Leave then what is past of the Fair thou wast ever with love espying o And look ; for haply the days may restore them without foreshowing : For hadst thou not been, its dwellers had never departed flying o Nor haddest thou seen the Crow with ill-omened croak a-crying.

Masrur wept sore hearing these verses and apprehending their significance. Now Nasim knew that which was between him and her sister of love and longing, ecstasy and passion ; so she said to him, " Allah upon thee, O Masrur, away from this house, lest any see thee and deem thou comest on my account ! Indeed thou hast caused my sister quit it and now thou wouldest drive me also away. Thou knowest that, but for thee, the house would not now be void of its dwellers : so be consoled for her loss and leave her : what is past is past." When he heard this, he wept bitterly and said to her, " O Nasim, if I could, I should fly for longing after her ; so how can I be comforted for her ?" Quoth she, " Thou hast no device save patience ;" and quoth he, " I beseech thee, for Allah's sake, write me a writ to her, as from thyself, and get me an answer from her, to comfort my heart and quench the fire in my vitals." She replied, " With love and gladness," and took inkcase and paper, whilst Masrur began to set out to her the violence of his longing and what tortures he suffered for the anguish of severance, saying :—This letter is from the lover despairing and sorrowful \* the bereaved, the woeful \* with whom no peace can stay \* nor by night nor by day \* but he weepeth copious tears alway. \* Indeed, tears his eyelids have ulcerated and his sorrows have kindled in his liver a fire unsated. His lamentation is lengthened and restlessness is strengthened and he is as he were a bird unmated \* While for sudden death he awaiteth \* Alas, my desolation for the loss of thee \* and alas, my yearning affliction for the companionship of thee ! \* Indeed, emaciation hath wasted my frame \* and my tears a torrent became \* mountains and plains are straitened upon me for grame \* and of the excess of my distress, I go saying :—

Still cleaves to this homestead mine ecstasy, o And redoubled pine for its dwellers I dree ;  
And I send to your quarters the tale of my love o And the cup of your love gave the Cup-boy to me.  
And for faring of you and your farness from home o My wounded lids are from tears ne'er free :  
O thou leader of litters, turn back with my love o For my heart redoubleth its ardency :

Greet my love and say him that naught except o Those brown-red lips  
 deals me remedy :  
 They bore him away and our union rent o And my vitals with Severance-shaft  
 shot he :  
 My love, my lowe and my longing to him o Convey, for of parting no  
 cure I see :  
 I swear an oath by your love that I o Will keep pact and covenant faith-  
 fully,  
 To none I'll incline or forget your love o How shall love-sick lover forgetful  
 be ?  
 So with you be the peace and my greeting fair o In letters that perfume of  
 musk-pod bear.

Her sister Nasim admired his eloquence of tongue and the goodness of his speech and the elegance of the verses he sang, and was moved to ruth for him. So she sealed the letter with virgin musk and incensed it with Nadd-scent and ambergris, after which she committed it to a certain of the merchants saying, "Deliver it not to any save to Zayn al-Mawasif or to her handmaid Hubub." Now when the letter reached her sister, she knew it for Masrur's dictation and recognised himself in the grace of its expression. So she kissed it and laid it on her eyes, whilst the tears streamed from her lids and she gave not over weeping, till she fainted. As soon as she came to herself, she called for pencease and paper and wrote him the following answer; complaining the while of her desire and love-longing and ecstasy and what was hers to endure of pining for her lover and yearning to him and the passion she had conceived for him.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

### **Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Fifty-seventh Night,**

She pursued, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Zayn al-Mawasif wrote the following reply to Masrur's missive :—  
 "This letter to my lord and master I indite \* the king of my heart and my secret sprite \* Indeed, wakefulness agitateth me \* and melancholy increaseth on me \* and I have no patience to endure the absence of thee \* O thou who excellest sun and moon in brilliancy \* Desire of repose despoileth me \* and passion destroyeth me \* and how should it be otherwise with me, seeing that I am of the number of the dying ? \* O glory of the world and

Ornament of life, she whose vital spirits are cut off shall her cup be sweet to quaff? \* For that she is neither with the quick nor with the dead." And she improvised these couplets and said:—

Thy writ, O Masrûr, stirred my sprite to pine \* For by Allah, all patience and  
solace I tyne :  
When I read thy scripture, my vitals yearned \* And watered the herbs of the  
wold these eyne.  
On Night's wings I'd fly an a bird \* And sans thee I weet not the  
sweets of wine :  
Life's unlawful to me since thou faredst far \* To bear parting-lowe is no  
force of mine.

Then she sprinkled the letter with powder of musk and ambergris and, having sealed it with her signet, committed it to a merchant, saying, "Deliver it to none save to my sister." When it reached Nasim she sent it to Masrur, who kissed it and laid it on his eyes and wept till he fell into a trance. Such was their case; but as regards the Jew, he presently heard of their correspondence and began again to travel from place to place with Zayn al-Mawasif and her damsels, till she said to him, "Glory to God! How long wilt thou fare with us and bear us afar from our homes?" Quoth he, "I will fare on with you a year's journey, so no more letters may reach you from Masrur. I see how you take all my monies and give them to him; so all that I miss I shall recover from you: and I shall see if Masrur will profit you or have power to deliver you from my hand." Then he repaired to a blacksmith, after stripping her and her damsels of their silken apparel and clothing them in raiment of hair-cloth, and bade him make three pairs of iron shackles. When they were ready, he brought the smith in to his wife, having said to him, "Put the shackles on the legs of these three slave-girls." The first that came forward was Zayn al-Mawasif, and when the blacksmith saw her, his sense forsook him and he bit his finger tips and his wit fled forth his head and his transport grew sore upon him. So he said to the Jew, "What is the crime of these damsels?" Replied the other, "They are my slave-girls, and have stolen my good and fled from me." Cried the smith, "Allah disappoint thy jealous whims! By the Almighty, were this girl before the Kazi of Kazis,<sup>1</sup> he would not even reprove

<sup>1</sup> i.e. the Chief Kazi. For the origin of the Office and title see vol. ii. 90, and for the Kazi al-Arab who administers justice among the Badawin see Pilgrimage iii. 45.

her, though she committed a thousand crimes a day. Indeed, she showeth not thief's favour and she cannot brook the laying of irons on her legs." And he asked him as a boon not to fetter her, interceding with him to forbear the shackles. When she saw the blacksmith taking her part in this wise she said to her husband, "I conjure thee, by Allah, bring me not forth before yonder strange man!" Said he, "Why then camest thou forth before Masrur?" ; and she made him no reply. Then he accepted the smith's intercession, so far as to allow him to put a light pair of irons on her legs, for that she had a delicate body, which might not brook harsh usage, whilst he laid her handmaids in heavy bilboes, and they ceased not, all three, to wear hair-cloth night and day till their bodies became wasted and their colour changed. As for the blacksmith, exceeding love had fallen on his heart for Zayn al-Mawasif; so he returned home in great concern and he fell to reciting extempore these couplets :—

Wither thy right, O smith, which made her bear \* Those iron chains her hands  
and feet to wear !  
Thou hast ensoiled a lady soft and bright, \* Marvel of marvels, fairest of the  
fair :  
Hadst thou been just, those anklets ne'er had been \* Of iron : nay of purest  
gold they were :  
By Allah ! did the Kázis' Kázi sight \* Her charms, he'd seat her in the  
highest chair.

Now it chanced that the Kazi of Kazis passed by the smith's house and heard him improvise these lines ; so he sent for him and as soon as he saw him said to him, "O blacksmith, who is she on whom thou callest so instantly and eloquently and with whose love thy heart is full filled ?" The smith sprang to his feet and kissing the Judge's hand, answered, "Allah prolong the days of our lord the Kazi and ample his life !" Then he described to him Zayn al-Mawasif's beauty and loveliness, brilliancy and perfection, and symmetry and grace and how she was lovely faced and had a slender waist and heavily based ; and acquainted him with the sorry plight wherein she was for abasement and durance vile and lack of victual. When the Kazi heard this, he said, "O blacksmith, send her to us and show her that we may do her justice, for thou art become accountable for the damsel and unless thou guide her to us, Allah will punish thee at the Day of Doom." "I hear and obey," replied the smith and betook himself without stay and

delay to Zayn al-Mawasif's lodging, but found the door barred and heard a voice of plaintive tone that came from heart forlorn and lone ; and it was Zayn al-Mawasif reciting these couplets :—

I and my love in union were unite ; \* And filled my friend to me cups clearly bright  
Between us reigned high mirth and jollity, \* Nor Eve nor Morn brought 'noyance or affright  
Indeed we spent most joyous time, with cup \* And lute and dulcimer to add delight,  
Till Time estranged our fair companionship ; \* My lover went and blessing turned to blight.  
**Ah** would the Severance-raven's croak were stilled \* And Union-dawn of Love show blessed light !

When the blacksmith heard this, he wept like the weeping of the clouds. Then he knocked at the door and the women said, "Who is at the door ?" Answered he, "'Tis I, the blacksmith," and told them what the Kazi had said and how he would have them appear before him and make their complaint to him, that he might do them justice on their adversary.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

### **Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Fifty-eighth Night,**

She resumed, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the blacksmith told Zayn al-Mawasif what the Kazi had said, and how he summoned them that he might apply the Lex Talionis to their adversary, she rejoined, " How can we go to him, seeing the door is locked on us and our feet shackled and the Jew hath the keys ?" The smith replied, " I will make the keys for the padlocks and therewith open door and shackles." Asked she, " But who will show us the Kazi's house ?"; and he answered, " I will describe it to you." She enquired, " But how can we appear before him, clad as we are in haircloth reeking with sulphur ?" And the smith rejoined, " The Kazi will not reproach this to you, considering your case." So saying, he went forthright and made keys for the padlocks, wherewith he opened the door and the shackles, and loosing the irons from their legs, carried them forth and guided them to the Kazi's mansion. Then Hubub did off the hair-cloth garments from her lady's body and carried her to the Hammam, where she bathed her and attired her in silken raiment, and her

colour returned to her. Now it happened, by exceeding good fortune, that her husband was abroad at a bride-feast in the house of one of the merchants; so Zayn al-Mawasif, the Adornment of Qualities, adorned herself with the fairest ornaments and repaired to the Kazi, who at once on espying her rose to receive her. She saluted him with softest speech and winsomest words, shooting him through the vitals the while with the shafts of her glances, and said, "May Allah prolong the life of our lord the Kazi and strengthen him to judge between man and man!" Then she acquainted him with the affair of the blacksmith and how he had done nobly by them, whenas the Jew had inflicted on her and her women heart-confounding torments; and how his victims deathwards he drove, nor was there any found to save. "O damsel," quoth the Kazi, "what is thy name?" "My name is Zayn al-Mawasif,—Adornment of Qualities—and this my handmaid's name is Hubub." "Thy name accordeth with the named and its sound conformeth with its sense." Whereupon she smiled and veiled her face, and he said to her, "O Zayn al-Mawasif, hast thou a husband or not?" "I have no husband"; "And what is thy Faith?" "That of Al-Islam, and the religion of the Best of Men." "Swear to me by Holy Law replete with signs and instances that thou ownest the creed of the Best of Mankind." So she swore to him and pronounced the profession of the Faith. Then asked the Kazi, "How cometh it that thou wastest thy youth with this Jew?" And she answered, "Know, O Kazi (may Allah prolong thy days in contentment and bring thee to thy will and thine acts with benefits seal!), that my father left me, after his death, fifteen thousand dinars, which he placed in the hands of this Jew, that he might trade therewith and share his gains with me, the head of the property<sup>1</sup> being secured by legal acknowledgment. When my father died, the Jew coveted me and sought me in marriage of my mother, who said:—How shall I drive her from her Faith and cause to become a Jewess? By Allah, I will denounce thee to the rulers! He was affrighted at her words and taking the money, fled to the town of Adan.<sup>2</sup> When we heard where he was, we came

<sup>1</sup> Arab. "Raas al-Mál" = capital, as opposed to Ribá or Ribh = interest. This legal expression has been adopted by all Moslem races.

<sup>2</sup> Our Aden which is thus noticed by Abulseda (A.D. 1331): "Aden in the lowlands of Tehámah \* \* \* also called Abyana from a man (who found it?), built upon the sea-shore, a station (for land travellers) and a sailing-place for merchant ships India-bound, is dry and sunparcht (Kashifah, squalid, scorbutic) and sweet water must be imported."

to Adan in search of him, and when we foregathered with him there, he told us that he was trading in stuffs with the monies and buying goods upon goods. So we believed him and he ceased not to cozen us till he cast us into jail and fettered us and tortured us with exceeding sore torments ; and we are strangers in the land and have no helper save Almighty Allah and our lord the Kazi." When the Judge heard this tale he asked Hubub the nurse, "Is this indeed thy lady and are ye strangers and is she unmarried ?" ; and she answered, "Yes." Quoth he, "Marry her to me and on me be incumbent manumission of my slaves and fasting and pilgrimage and almsgiving of all my good an I do you not justice on this dog and punish him for that he hath done!" And quoth she, "I hear and obey." Then said the Kazi, "Go, hearten thy heart and that of thy lady ; and to-morrow, Inshallah, I will send for this Miscreant and do you justice on him and ye shall see prodigies of his punishment." So Hubub called down blessings upon him and went forth from him with her mistress, leaving him with passion and love-longing fraught and with distress and desire distraught. Then they enquired for the house of the second Kazi and presenting themselves before him, told him the same tale. On like wise did the twain, mistress and maid with the third and the fourth, till Zayn al-Mawasif had made her complaint to all the four Kazis, each of whom fell in love with her and besought her to wed him, to which she consented with a "Yes" ; nor wist any one of the four that which had happened to the others. All this passed without the knowledge of the Jew, who spent the night in the house of the bridefeast. And when morning morrowed, Hubub arose and gat ready her lady's richest raiment ; then she clad her therewith and presented herself with her before the four

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\* \* \* It lies 86 parasangs from San'á but Ibn Haukal following the travellers makes it three stages. The city, built on the skirt of a wall-like mountain, has a watergate and a landgate known as Bab al-Sákayn. But 'Adan Lá'ah (the modest, the timid, the less known as opposed to Abyan, the better known?) is a city in the mountains of Sabir, Al-Yaman, whence issued the supporters of the Fatimite Caliphs of Egypt." 'Adan etymologically means in Arab. and Heb. pleasure ( $\eta\deltaονη$ ), Eden (the garden), the Heaven in which spirits will see Allah and our "Coal-hole of the East," which we can hardly believe ever to have been an Eden. Mr. Badger who supplied me with this note described the two Adens in a paper in Ocean Highways, which he cannot now find. In the 'Ajáib al-Makhlúkát, Al-Kazwíni (ob. A.D. 1275) derives the name from Ibn Sinán bin Ibrahim ; and is inclined there to place the Bír al-Mu'attal (abandoned well) and the Kasr al-Mashid (lofty palace) of Koran xxii. 44 ; and he adds "Kasr al-Misyad" to those mentioned in the tale of Sayf al-Mulük and Badi'a al-Jamál.

Kazis in the court of justice. As soon as she entered, she veiled her face and saluted the judges, who returned her salam and each and every of them recognised her. One was writing, and the reed-pen dropped from his hand, another was talking, and his tongue became tied, and a third was reckoning and blundered in his reckoning; and they said to her, "O admirable of attributes and singular among beauties! be not thy heart other than hearty, for we will assuredly do thee justice and bring thee to thy desire." So she called down blessings on them and farewelled them and went her ways.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

**Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Fifty-ninth Night,**

She continued, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Kazis said to Zayn al-Mawasif, "O admirable of attributes and singular among beauties! Be not thy heart other than hearty for our doing thy desire and thy winning to thy will." So she called down blessings on them and farewelled them and went her ways, the while her husband abode with his friends at the marriage-banquet and knew naught of her doings. Then she proceeded to beseech the notaries and scribes and the notables and the Chiefs of Police to succour her against that unbelieving miscreant and deliver her from the torment she suffered from him. Then she wept with sore weeping and improvised these couplets :—

Rain showers of torrent tears, O Eyne and see o An they will quench the fires  
that flame in me :  
After my robes of gold-embroidered silk o I wake to wear the frieze of  
monkery :  
And all my raiment reeks of sulphur-fumes o When erst my shift shed musky  
fragrance :  
And hadst thou, O Masrúr, my case described, \* Ne'er hadst thou borne my  
shame and ignomny.  
And eke Hubúb in iron chains is laid o By Miscreant who unknowns God's  
Unity.  
The creed of Jewry I renounce and home, o The Moslem's Faith accepting  
faithfully  
Eastwards<sup>1</sup> I prostrate self in fairest guise o Holding the only True Belief  
that be :

<sup>1</sup> Meaning that she had been carried to the Westward of Mecca.

Masrúr ! forget not love between us twain \* And keep our vows and troth  
with goodly gree :  
I've changed my faith for sake of thee, and I \* For stress of love will cleave  
to secrecy :  
So haste to us, an us in heart thou bear, \* As noble spirit, nor as laggard  
fare.

After this she wrote a letter to Masrur, describing to him all that the Jew had done with her from first to last and enclosed the verses aforesaid. Then she folded the scroll and gave it to her maid Hubub, saying, "Keep this in thy pocket, till we send it to Masrur." Upon these doings lo and behold! in came the Jew and seeing them joyous, said to them, "How cometh it that I find you merry? Say me, hath a letter reached you from your bosom friend Masrur?" Replied Zayn al-Mawasif, "We have no helper against thee save Allah, extolled and exalted be He! He will deliver us from thy tyranny, and except thou restore us to our birth-place and homestead, we will complain of thee to-morrow to the Governor of this town and to the Kazi. Quoth he, "Who struck off the shackles from your legs? But needs must I let make for each of you fetters ten pounds in weight and go round about the city with you." Replied Hubub, "All that thou purposest against us thou shall fall into thyself, so it please Allah the Most High, by token that thou hast exiled us from our homes, and to-morrow we shall stand, we and thou, before the Governor of the city." They nighted on this wise and next morning the Jew rose up in haste and went out to order new shackles, whereupon Zayn al-Mawasif arose and repaired with her women to the court-house, where she found the four Kazis and saluted them. They all returned her salutation and the Kazi of Kazis said to those about him, "Verily this damsel is lovely as the Venus-star<sup>1</sup> and all who see her love her and bow before her

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<sup>1</sup> Arab. "Zahrawiyah" which contains a kind of double entendre. Fátimah the Prophet's only daughter is titled Al-Zahrá the "bright-blooming"; and this is also an epithet of Zohrah the planet Venus. For Fatimah see vol. vi. 145. Of her Mohammed said, "Love your daughters, for I too am a father of daughters" and, "Love them, they are the comforters, the dearlings." The Lady appears in Moslem history a dreary young woman (died æt. 28) who made this world, like Honorius, a hell in order to win a next-world heaven. Her titles are Zahrá and Batúl (Pilgrimage ii. 90) both signifying virgin. Burckhardt translates Zahrá by "bright blooming" (the etymological sense): it denotes literally a girl who has not menstruated, in which state of purity the Prophet's daughter is said to have lived and died. "Batúl" has the sense of a "clean maid" and is the title given by Eastern Christians to the Virgin Mary. The perpetual virginity

beauty and loveliness." Then he despatched four sergeants, who were Sharifs,<sup>1</sup> saying, "Bring ye the criminal after abjectest fashion." So, when the Jew returned with the shackles and found none in the house, he was confounded ; but, as he abode in perplexity, suddenly up came the officers and laying hold of him beat him with a sore beating and dragged him face downwards before the Kazi. When the judge saw him, he cried out in his face and said to him, "Woe to thee, O foe of God, is it come to such a pass with thee that thou doest the deed thou hast done and bringest these women far from their country and stealest their monies and wouldst make them Jews ? How durst thou seek to make Miscreants of Moslems ?" Answered the Jew, "O my lord this woman is my wife." Now when the Kazis heard this, they all cried out, saying, "Throw this hound on the ground and come down on his face with your sandals and beat him with sore blows, for his offence is unpardonable." So they pulled off his silken gear and clad him in his wife's raiment of hair-cloth, after which they threw him down and plucked out his beard and belaboured him about the face with sandals. Then they sat him on an ass, face to crupper, arsi-versy, and making him take its tail in his hand, paraded him round about the city, ringing the bell before him in every street ; after which they brought him back to the Judges in sorriest plight ; and the four Kazis with one voice condemned him to have his feet and hands cut off and lastly to be crucified. When the accursed heard this sentence his sense forsook him and he was confounded and said, "O my lords the

of Fatimah even after motherhood (Hasan and Husayn) is a point of orthodoxy in Al-Islam as Juno's with the Romans and Umá's with the Hindu worshippers of Shiva. During her life Mohammed would not allow Ali a second wife, and he held her one of the four perfects, the other three being Asia wife of "Pharaoh," the Virgin Mary and Khadijah his own wife. She caused much scandal after his death by declaring that he had left her the Fadak estate (Abulfeda I, 133, 273) a castle with a fine palm-orchard near Khaybar. Abu Bakr dismissed the claim quoting the Apostle's Hadis. "We prophets are folk who will away nothing : what we leave is alms-gift to the poor." and Shi'ahs greatly resent his decision. (See Dabistan iii. 51-52 for a different rendering of the words). I have given the popular version of the Lady Fatimah's death and burial (Pilgrimage ii. 315) and have remarked that Moslem historians delight in the obscurity which hangs over her last resting-place, as if it were an honour even for the receptacle of her ashes to be concealed from the eyes of men. Her repute is a curious comment on Tom Hood's

"Where woman has never a soul to save."

<sup>1</sup> For Sharif and Sayyid, descendants of Mohammed, see vol. iv. 170.

Kazis, what would ye of me ?" They replied, " Say thou :—This damsel is not my wife and the monies are her monies, and I have transgressed against her and brought her far from her country." So he confessed to this and the Kazis recorded his confession in legal form and taking the money from him, gave it to Zayn al-Mawasif, together with the document. Then she went away and all who saw her were confounded at her beauty and loveliness, whilst each of the Kazis looked for her committing herself to him. But, when she came to her lodging, she made ready all matters she needed and waited till night. Then she took what was light of load and weighty of worth, and setting out with her maids under cover of the murks three days with their nights fared on without stopping. Thus it was with her ; but as regards the Kazis they ordered the Jew to prison.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Sixtieth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Kazis ordered the Jew to prison and on the morrow they looked for Zayn al-Mawasif coming to them, they and their assessors ; but she presented herself not to any of them. Then said the Chief Kazi, " I wish to-day to make an excursion without the town on business there." So he mounted his she-mule and taking his page with him, went winding about the streets of the town, searching its length and width for Zayn al-Mawasif, but never finding her. On this errand he came upon the other three Kazis, going about on the same, each deeming himself the only one to whom she had given tryst. He asked them whither they were riding and why they were going about the streets ; when they told him their business, whereby he saw that their plight was as his plight and their quest as his quest. So they all four rode throughout the city, seeking her, but could hit on no trace of her and returned to their houses, sick for love, and lay down on the bed of langour. Presently the Chief Kazi bethought himself of the blacksmith ; so he sent for him and said to him, " O blacksmith, knowest thou aught of the damsel whom thou didst direct to me ? By Allah, an thou discover her not to me, I will whack thee with whips." Now when the smith heard this, he recited these couplets<sup>1</sup> :—

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<sup>1</sup> These lines have occurred with variants in vol. iii. 257, and iv. 50.

She who my all of love by love of her hath won \* Owns every Beauty and for others leaves she none :

She gazes, a gazelle ; she breathes, fresh ambergris \* She waves, a lake ; she sways, a bough ; she shines, a Sun.

Then said the blacksmith, "By Allah, O my lord, since she fared forth from thy worshipful presence,<sup>1</sup> I have not set eyes on her ; no, not once. Indeed she took possession of my heart and wits and all my talk and thoughts are of her. I went to her lodging but found her not, nor found I any who could give me news of her, and it is as if she had dived into the depths of the sea or had ascended to the sky." Now when the Kazi heard this, he groaned a groan, that his soul was like to depart therefor, and he said, "By Allah, well it were had we never seen her!" Then the smith went away, whilst the Kazi fell down on his bed and became sick of languor for her sake, and on like wise fared it with the other three Kazis and assessors. The mediciners paid them frequent calls, but found in them no ailment requiring a leach : so the city-notables went in to the Chief Kazi and saluting him, questioned him of his case ; whereupon he sighed and showed them that was in his heart, reciting these couplets :—

Stint ye this blame ; enough I suffer from Love's malady • Nor chide the Kazi  
frail who fain must deal to folk decree !

Who doth accuse my love let him for me find some excuse : • Nor blame ; for  
lovers blameless are in lover-slavery !

I was a Kázi whom my Fate deigned aid with choicest aid • By writ and reed  
and raisèd me to wealth and high degree ;

Till I was shot by sharpest shaft that knows nor leach nor cure • By Damsel's  
glance who came to spill my blood and murther me.

To me came she, a Moslemah and of her wrongs she 'plain'd • With lips that  
oped on Orient-pears ranged fair and orderly :

I looked beneath her veil and saw a wending moon at full • Rising below the  
wings of Night engloomed with blackest blee :

A brightest favour and a mouth bedight with wondrous smiles ; • Beauty had  
brought the loveliest garb and robed her cap-à-pie.

By Allah, ne'er beheld my eyes a face so ferly fair • Amid mankind whoever  
are, Arab or Ajamí.

My Fair! What promise didst thou make what time to me thou said'st •  
"Whenas I promise I perform, O Kazi, faithfully."

Such is my stead and such my case calamitous and dire • And ask me not, ye  
men of spunk, what dreadful teen I dree.

<sup>1</sup> Arab. "Hazrat," esp. used in India and corresponding with our mediæval "*præsentia vostra*."

When he ended his verse he wept with sore weeping and sobbed one sob and his spirit departed his body, which seeing they washed him and shrouded him and prayed over him and buried him graving on his tomb these couplets :—

Perfect were lover's qualities in him was brought a-morn, o Slain by his love  
and his beloved, to this untimely grave :

Kázi was he amid the folk, and aye 'twas his delight o To foster all the folk and  
keep a-sheath the Justice-glaive :

Love caused his doom and ne'er we saw among mankind before o The lord  
and master louting low before his thrallèd slave.

Then they committed him to the mercy of Allah and went away to the second Kázi, in company with the physician, but found in him nor injury nor ailment needing a leach. Accordingly they questioned him of his case and what preoccupied him ; so he told them what ailed him, whereupon they blamed him and chid him for his predicament and he answered them with these couplets :—

Blighted by her yet am I not to blame ; o Struck by the dart at me her fair  
hand threw.

Unto me came a woman called Hubúb o Chiding the world from year to year  
anew :

And brought a damsel showing face that shamed o Full moon that sails  
through Night-tide's blackest hue,

She showed her beauties and she 'plain'd her plain o Which tears in torrents  
from her eyelids drew :

I to her words gave ear and gazed on her o Whenas with smiling lips she  
made me rue.

Then with my heart she fared where'er she fared o And left me pledged to  
sorrows soul subdue.

Such is my tale ! So pity ye my case o And this my page with Kázi's gear  
indue.

Then he sobbed one sob and his soul fled his flesh ; whereupon they gat ready his funeral and buried him commanding him to the mercy of Allah ; after which they repaired to the third Kázi and the fourth, and there befel them the like of what befel their brethren.<sup>1</sup> Furthermore, they found the Assessors also sick for love of her, and indeed all who saw her died of her love or, an they died not, lived on tortured with the lowe of passion——  
And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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<sup>1</sup> This wholesale slaughter by the tale-teller of worshipful and reverend men would bring down the gallery like a Spanish tragedy in which all the actors are killed.

**Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Sixty-first Night,**

She pursued, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the city folk found all the Kazis and the Assessors sick for love of her, and all who saw her died love-sick or, an they died not, lived on tortured with the lowe of passion for stress of pining to no purpose—Allah have mercy on them one and all! Meanwhile Zayn al-Mawasif and her women drove on with all diligence till they were far distant from the city and it so fortuned that they came to a convent by the way, wherein dwelt a Prior called Danis and forty monks.<sup>1</sup> When the Prior saw her beauty, he went out to her and invited her to alight, saying, “Rest with us ten days and after wend your ways.” So she and her damsels alighted and entered the convent; and when Danis saw her beauty and loveliness, she debauched his belief and he was seduced by her: wherefore he fell to sending the monks, one after other with love-messages; but each who saw her fell in love with her and sought her favours for himself, whilst she excused and denied herself to them. But Danis ceased not his importunities till he had dispatched all the forty, each one of whom fell love-sick at first sight and plied her with blandishments never even naming Danis; whilst she refused and rebuffed them with harsh replies. At last when Danis’s patience was at an end and his passion was sore on him, he said in himself, “Verily, the sooth-sayer saith:—Naught scratcheth my skin but my own nail and naught like my own feet for mine errand may avail.” So up he rose and made ready rich meats, and it was the ninth day of her sojourn in the convent where she had purposed only to rest. Then he carried them in to her and set them before her, saying, “Bismillah, favour us by tasting the best of the food at our command.” So she put forth her hand, saying, “For the name of Allah the Compassionating, the Compassionate!” and ate, she and her handmaidens. When she had made an end of eating, he said to her, “O my lady, I wish to recite to thee some verses.” Quoth she, “Say on,” and he recited these couplets:—

Thou hast won my heart by cheek and eye of thee, • I'll praise for love in prose and poesy.

<sup>1</sup> They are called indifferently “Rukbán” = monks or “Batárikah” = patriarchs. See vol. ii. 89.

Wilt fly a lover, love-sick, love-distraught o Who strives in dreams some cure of love to see ?

Leave me not fallen, passion-fooled, since I o For pine have left uncared the Monastery :

O Fairest, 'tis thy right to shed my blood, o So rue my case and hear the cry of me !

When Zayn al-Mawasif heard his verses, she answered him with these two couplets :—

O who suest Union, ne'er hope such delight o Nor solicit my favours, O hapless wight !

Cease to hanker for what thou canst never have : o Next door are the greedy to sore despitit.

Hearing this he returned to his place, pondering in himself and knowing not how he should do in her affair, and passed the night in the sorriest plight. But, as soon as the darkness was darkest Zayn al-Mawasif arose and said to her handmaids, "Come, let us away, for we cannot avail against forty men, monks, each of whom requireth me for himself." Quoth they, "Right willingly !" So they mounted their beasts and issued forth the convent gate, —And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

### Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Sixty-second Night,

She resumed, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Zayn al-Mawasif and her handmaids issued forth the convent gate and, under favour of the night, rode on till they overtook a caravan, with which they mingled and found it came from the city of 'Adan wherein the lady had dwelt. Presently, Zayn al-Mawasif heard the people of the caravan discoursing of her own case and telling how the Kazis and Assessors were dead of love for her and how the townsfolk had appointed in their stead others who released her husband from prison. Whereupon she turned to her maids and asked them, "Heard ye that?"; and Hubub answered, "If the monks were ravished with love of thee, whose belief it is that shunning women is worship, how should it be with the Kazis, who hold that there is no monkery in Al-Islam ? But let us make our way to our own country, whilst our affair is yet hidden." So they drove on with all diligence. Such was

their case ; but as regards the monks, on the morrow, as soon as it was day they repaired to Zayn al-Mawasif's lodging, to salute her, but found the place empty, and their hearts sickened within them. So the first monk rent his raiment and improvised these couplets :—

Ho ye, my friends, draw near, for I forthright o From you depart, since parting  
is my lot :  
My vitals suffer pangs o' fiery love ; o Flames of desire in heart burn  
high and hot,  
For sake of fairest girl who sought our land o Whose charms th' horizon's  
full moon evens not.  
She fared and left me victimed by her love o And slain by shaft those lids  
death-dealing shot.

Then another monk recited the following couplets :—

O ye who with my vitals fled, have ruth o On this unhappy : haste ye home-  
ward-bound :  
They fared, and fared fair Peace on farthest track o Yet lingers in mine ear  
that sweetest sound :  
Fared far, and far their fane ; would Heaven I saw o Their shade in vision  
float my couch around :  
And when they went wi' them they bore my heart o And in my tear-floods  
all of me left drowned.

A third monk followed with these extempore lines :—

Throne you on highmost stead, heart, ears and sight o Your wone's my heart ;  
mine all's your dwelling-site :  
Sweeter than honey is your name a-lip, o Running, as 'neath my ribs runs  
vital sprite :  
For Love hath made me as a tooth-pick<sup>1</sup> lean o And drowned in tears of  
sorrow and despight :  
Let me but see you in my sleep, belike o Shall clear my cheeks of tears that  
lovely sight.

Then a fourth recited the following couplets :—

Dumb is my tongue and scant my speech for thee o And Love the direst  
torture gars me dree :  
O thou full Moon, whose place is highest Heaven, o For thee but double  
pine and pain in me.

<sup>1</sup> Arab. "Khilál." The toothpick, more esteemed by the Arabs than by us, is, I have said, often used by the poets as an emblem of attenuation without offending good taste. Nizami (*Layla u Majnún*) describes a lover as "thin as a toothpick." The "elegant" Hariri (Ass. of Barkaid) describes a toothpick with feminine attributes, "shapely of shape, attractive, provocative of appetite, delicate as the leanest of lovers, polished as a poinard and bending as a green bough."

And a fifth these<sup>1</sup> :—

I love a moon of comely shapely form • Whose slender waist hath  
title to complain :  
Whose lip-dews rival must and long-kept wine ; • Whose heavy haunches  
haunt the minds of men :  
My heart each morning burns with pain and pine • And the night-talkers note  
I'm passion-slain ;  
While down my cheeks carnelian-like the tears • Of rosy red shower down  
like railing rain.

And a sixth the following :—

O thou who shunnest him thy love misled ! • O Branch of Bán, O star of  
highmost stead !  
To thee of pine and passion I complain, • O thou who fired me with  
cheeks rosy-red.  
Did e'er such lover lose his soul for thee, • Or from prostration and from  
prayers fled ?

And a seventh these :—

He seized my heart and freed my tears to flow • Brought strength to Love and  
bade my Patience go.  
His charms are sweet as bitter his disdain ; • And shafts of love his suitors  
overthrew.  
Stint blame, O blamer, and for past repent • None will believe thee who  
dost Love unknow !

And on like wise all the rest of the monks shed tears and repeated  
verses. As for Danis, the Prior, weeping and wailing redoubled  
on him, for that he found no way to her enjoyment, and he chanted  
the following couplets<sup>2</sup> :—

My patience failed me when my lover went • And fled that day mine aim and  
best intent.  
O Guide o' litters lead their camels fair, • Haply some day they'll deign  
with me to tent !  
On parting-day Sleep parted from my lids • And grew my grieving and my  
joy was shent.  
I moan to Allah what for Love I dree'd • My wasted body and my forces  
spent.

Then, despairing of her, they took counsel together and with one  
mind agreed to fashion her image and set it up with them, and  
applied themselves to this till there came to them the Destroyer

<sup>1</sup> From Bresl. Edit. x. 194.

<sup>2</sup> Trébutien (vol. ii. 344 et seq.) makes the seven monks sing as many anthems, viz. (1) Congregamini ; (2) Vias tuas demonstra mihi ; (3) Dominus illuminatis ; (4) Custodi lingua ; (5) Unam petii a Domino ; (6) Nec adspiciat me visus, and (7) Turbatus est a furore oculus meus. Dánis the Abbot chaunts Anima mea turbata est valde.

of delights and Severer of societies. Meanwhile, Zayn al-Mawasif fared on, without ceasing, to find her lover Masrur, till she reached her own house. She opened the doors, and entered ; then she sent to her sister Nasim, who rejoiced with exceeding joy at the news of her return and brought her the furniture and precious stuffs left in her charge. So she furnished the house and dressed it, hanging the curtains over the doors and burning aloes-wood and musk and ambergris and other essences till the whole place reeked with the most delightful perfumes : after which the Adornment of Qualities donned her finest dress and decorations and sat talking with her maids, whom she had left behind when journeying, and related to them all that had befallen her first and last. Then she turned to Hubub and giving her dirhams, bade her fetch them something to eat. So she brought meat and drink and when they had made an end of eating and drinking,<sup>1</sup> Zayn al-Mawasif bade Hubub go and see where Masrur was and how it fared with him. Now he knew not of her return ; but abode with concern overcast and sorrow might not be overpast ;—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

**Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Sixty-third Night,**

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Zayn al-Mawasif entered her house she was met by her sister Nasim who brought her the furniture and stuffs wherewith she furnished the place ; and then she donned her finest dress. But Masrur knew naught of her return and abode with concern overcast and sorrow might not be overpast ; no peace prevailed with him nor was patience possible to him. Whenas pine and passion, desire and distraction waxed on him, he would solace himself by reciting verse and go to the house and set him its walls to buss. It chanced that he went out that day to the place where he had parted from his mistress and repeated this rare song :—

My wrongs hide I, withal they show to sight ; ◊ And now mine eyes from sleep  
to wake are dight.  
I cry when melancholy tries my sprite ◊ Last not, O world nor work  
more despight ;  
Lo hangs my soul 'twixt hardship and affright.

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<sup>1</sup> A neat and characteristic touch : the wilful beauty eats and drinks before she thinks of her lover. Alas for Masrur married.

Were the Sultan hight Love but fair to me, \* Slumber mine eyes' companion  
were to me,

My Lords, some little mercy spare to me, \* Chief of my tribe : be debonnair  
to me,

Whom Love cast down, erst rich now pauper-wight !

Censors may blame thee but I look beyond \* Mine ears I stop and leave their  
lies unconned

And keep my pact wi' those I love so fond : \* They say, "Thou lov'st a  
runaway !" I respond,

"Whist ! whenas Fate descends she blinds the sight !"

Then he returned to his lodging and sat there weeping, till sleep  
overcame him, when he saw in a dream as if Zayn al-Mawasif  
were come to the house, and awoke in tears. So he set off to go  
thither, improvising these couplets :—

Shall I be consoled when Love hath mastered the secret of me \* And my  
heart is aglow with more than the charcoal's ardency ?

I love her whose absence I plain before Allah for parting-stower \* And the  
shifts of the days and doom which allotted me Destiny :

When shall our meeting be, O wish o' my heart and will ? \* O favour of fullest  
Moon, when shall we Re-union see ?

As he made an end of his recitation, he found himself walking  
adown in Zayn al-Mawasif's street and smelt the sweet savour  
of the pastiles wherewithal she had incensed the house ; where-  
fore his vitals fluttered and his heart was like to leave his breast  
and desire flamed up in him and distraction redoubled upon him ;  
when lo, and behold ! Hubub, on her way to do her lady's errand  
suddenly appeared at the head of the street and he rejoiced with joy  
exceeding. When she saw him, she went up to him and saluting  
him, gave him the glad news of her mistress's return, saying, "She  
hath sent me to bid thee to her." Whereat he was glad indeed,  
with gladness naught could exceed ; and she took him and  
returned with him to the house. When Zayn al-Mawasif saw  
him, she came down to him from the couch and kissed him and  
he kissed her and she embraced him and he embraced her ; nor  
did they leave kissing and embracing till both swooned away for  
stress of affection and separation. They lay a long while sense-  
less, and when they revived, Zayn al-Mawasif bade Hubub fetch  
her a gugglet of sherbet of sugar and another of sherbet of lemons.  
So she brought what she desired and they sat eating and drinking  
nor ceased before nightfall, when they fell to recalling all that had

befallen them from commencement to conclusion. Then she acquainted him with her return to Al-Islam, whereat he rejoiced and he also became a Moslem. On like wise did her women, and they all repented to Allah Almighty of their infidelity. On the morrow she bade send for the Kazi and the witnesses and told them that she was a widow and had completed the purification-period and was minded to marry Masrur. So they drew up the wedding-contract between them and they abode in all delight of life. Meanwhile, the Jew, when the people of Adan released him from prison, set out homewards and fared on nor ceased faring till he came within three days' journey of the city. Now as soon as Zayn al-Mawasif heard of his coming she called for her handmaid Hubub and said to her, "Go to the Jews' burial-place and there dig a grave and plant on it sweet basil and jessamine and sprinkle water thereabout. If the Jew come and ask thee of me, answer: —My mistress died twenty days ago of chagrin on thine account. If he say, show me her tomb, take him to the grave and after weeping over it and making moan and lament before him, contrive to cast him therein and bury him alive."<sup>1</sup> And Hubub answered, "I hear and I obey." Then they laid up the furniture in the store closets, and Zayn al-Mawasif removed to Masrur's lodging, where he and she abode eating and drinking, till the three days were past; at the end of which the Jew arrived and knocked at the door of his house. Quoth Hubub, "Who's at the door?" ; and quoth he, "Thy master." So she opened to him and he saw the tears railing down her cheeks and said, "What aileth thee to weep and where is thy mistress?" She replied, "My mistress is dead of chagrin on thine account." When he heard this, he was perplexed and wept with sore weeping and presently said, "O Hubub, where is her tomb?" So she carried him to the Jews' burial-ground and showed him the grave she had dug; whereupon he shed bitter tears and recited this pair of couplets<sup>2</sup>:—

<sup>1</sup> The unfortunate Jew, who seems to have been a model husband (Orientially speaking), would find no pity with a coffee-house audience because he had been guilty of marrying a Moslemah. The union was null and void therefore the deliberate murder was neither high nor petty treason. But, The Nights, though their object is to adorn a tale, never deliberately attempt to point a moral and this is one of their many charms.

<sup>2</sup> These lines have repeatedly occurred. I quote Mr. Payne.

Two things there are, for which if eyes wept tear on tear o Of blood, till they  
were like indeed to disappear,  
They never could fulfil the Tithe of all their due : o And these are prime of  
youth and loss of loveling dear.

Then he wept again with bitter tears and recited these also :—

Alack and Alas ! Patience taketh flight ; o And from parting of friend to sore  
death I'm dight :  
O how woeful this farness from dear one, and oh o How my heart is rent by  
mine own unright !  
Would Heaven my secret I erst had kept o Nor had told the pangs and my  
liver-blight :  
I lived in all solace and joyance of life o Till she left and left me in piteous  
plight :  
O Zayn al-Mawasif, I would there were o No parting departing my frame and  
sprite :  
I repent me for troth-breach and blame my guilt o Of unruth to her whereon  
hopes I built.

When he had made an end of this verse, he wept and groaned and lamented till he fell down a-swoon, whereupon Hubub made haste to drag him to the grave and throw him in, whilst he was insensible yet quick withal. Then she stopped up the grave on him and returning to her mistress acquainted her with what had passed, whereat she rejoiced with exceeding joy and recited these two couplets :—

The world sware that for ever 'twould gar me grieve : o Tis false, O world, so  
thine oath retrieve<sup>1</sup>!  
The blamer is dead and my love's in my arms : o Rise to herald of joys  
and tuck high thy sleeve<sup>2</sup>!

Then she and Masrur abode each with other in eating and drinking and sport and pleasure and good cheer, till there came to them the Destroyer of delights and Sunderer of societies and Slayer of sons and daughters. And I have also heard tell the following tale of

<sup>1</sup> i.e. by the usual expiation. See vol. iii. 136.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. "Shammiri" = up and ready !

ALI NUR AL-DIN AND MIRIAM THE GIRDLE-GIRL.<sup>1</sup>

THERE was once in days of yore and in ages and times long gone before in the parts of Cairo, a merchant named Táj al-Dín who was of the most considerable of the merchants and of the chiefs of the freeborn. But he was given to travelling everywhere and loved to fare over wild and wold, waterless lowland and stony waste, and to journey to the isles of the seas, in quest of dirhams and dinars : wherefore he had in his time encountered dangers and suffered duresse of the way such as would grizzle little children and turn their black hair grey. He was possessed of black slaves and Mamelukes, Eunuchs and concubines, and was the wealthiest of the merchants of his time and the goodliest of them in speech, owning horses and mules and Bactrian camels and dromedaries ; sacks great and small of size ; goods and merchandise and stuffs such as muslins of Hums, silks and brocades of Ba'allak, cotton of Mery, stuffs of India, gauzes of Baghdad, burnouses of Moorland and Turkish white slaves and Abyssinian castratos and Grecian girls and Egyptian boys ; and the coverings of his bales were silk with gold purfled fair, for he was wealthy beyond compare. Furthermore he was rare of comeliness, accomplished in goodness, and gracious in his kindness, even as one of his describers doth thus express :—

A merchant I spied whose lovers                    • Were fighting in furious guise :  
 Quoth he, "Why this turmoil of people?" • Quoth I, "Trader, for those fine  
 eyes!"

And saith another in his praise and saith well enough to accomplish the wish of him :—

<sup>1</sup> I borrow the title from the Bresl. Edit. x. 204. Mr. Payne prefers "Ali Noureddin and the Frank King's Daughter." Lane omits also this tale because it resembles Ali Shar and Zumurrud (vol. iv. 187) and Alá al-Din Abu al-Shámát (vol. iv. 29), "neither of which is among the text of the collection." But he has unconsciously omitted one of the highest interest. Dr. Bacher (Germ. Orient. Soc.) finds the original in Charlemagne's daughter Emma and his secretary Eginhardt as given in Grimm's *Deutsche Sagen*. I shall note the points of resemblance as the tale proceeds. The correspondence with the King of France may be a garbled account of the letters which passed between Harun al-Rashid and Nicephorus, "the Roman dog."

Came a merchant to pay us a visit o Whose glance did my heart surprise : Quoth he, "What surprised thee so ?" o Quoth I, "Trader, 'twas those fine eyes."

Now that merchant had a son called Ali Nur al-Din, as he were the full moon whenas it meeteth the sight on its fourteenth night, a marvel of beauty and loveliness, a model of form and symmetrical grace, who was sitting one day as was his wont, in his father's shop, selling and buying, giving and taking when the sons of the merchants girt him around and he was amongst them as moon among stars, with brow flower-white and cheeks of rosy light in down the tenderest dight, and body like alabaster-bright even as saith of him the poet :—

"Describe me !" a fair one said. o Said I, "Thou 'art Beauty's queen." And, speaking briefest speech, o "All charms in thee are seen."

And as saith of him one of his describers :—

His mole upon plain of cheek is like o Ambergris-crumb on marble plate, And his glances likest the sword proclaim o To all Love's rebels "The Lord is Great!"<sup>1</sup>

The young merchants invited him saying, "O my lord Nur al-Din, we wish thee to go this day a-pleasuring with us in such a garden." And he answered, "Wait till I consult my parent, for I cannot go without his consent." As they were talking, behold, up came Taj al-Din, and his son looked to him and said, "O father mine, the sons of the merchants have invited me to wend a-pleasuring with them in such a garden. Dost thou grant me leave to go ?" His father replied, "Yes, O my son, fare with them ;" and gave him somewhat of money. So the young men mounted their mules and asses and Nur al-Din mounted a she-mule and rode with them to a garden, wherein was all that soul desireth and that eye charmeth. It was high of walls which from broad base were seen to rise; and it had a gateway vault-wise with a portico like a saloon and a door azure as the skies, as it were one of the gates of Paradise : the name of the door-keeper was Rizwán,<sup>2</sup> and over the gate were trained an hundred trellises which grapes overran ;

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<sup>1</sup> Arab. "Allaho Akbar," the Moslem slogan or war-cry. See vol. ii. 89.

<sup>2</sup> The gate-keeper of Paradise. See vol. iii. 15, 20.

and these were of various dyes, the red like coralline, the black like the snouts of Súdán<sup>1</sup>-men and the white like egg of the pigeon-hen. And in it peach and pomegranate were shown and pear, apricot and pomegranate were grown and fruits with and without stone hanging in clusters or alone,—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

**Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Sixty-fourth Night,**

She continued, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the sons of the merchants entered the vergier, they found therein all that soul desireth or eye charmeth, grapes of many hues grown, hanging in bunches or alone, even as saith of them the poet :—

Grapes tasting with the taste of wine ◦ Whose coats like blackest Raven's  
shine :  
Their sheen, amid the leafage shows, ◦ Like women's fingers henna'd fine.

And as saith another on the same theme :—

Grape-bunches likest as they sway ◦ A-stalk, my body frail and snell :  
Honey and water thus in jar, ◦ When sourness past, make Hydromel.

Then they entered the arbour of the garden and saw there Rizwan the gate-keeper sitting, as he were Rizwan the Paradise-guardian, and on the door were written these lines :—

Garth Heaven-watered wherein clusters waved ◦ On boughs which full of  
sap to bend were fain :

And, when the branches danced on Zephyr's palm, ◦ The Pleiads shower'd as  
gifts<sup>2</sup> fresh pearls for rain.

<sup>1</sup> Negroes. Vol. iii. 75.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. "Nakat," with the double meaning of to spot and to handsel especially dancing and singing women ; and, as Mr. Payne notes in this acceptation it is practically equivalent to the English phrase "to mark (or cross) the palm with silver." I have translated "Anwá" by Pleiads ; but it means the setting of one star and simultaneous rising of another foreshowing rain. There are seven Anwá (plur of nawa) in the Solar year viz. Al-Badri (Sept.—Oct.) ; Al-Wasmíyy (late autumn and December) ; Al-Waliyy (to April) ; Al-Ghamír (June) ; Al-Busriyy (July) ; Bárib al-Kayz (August) and Ahrák al-Hawá extending to September 8. These are tokens of approaching rain, metaphorically used by the poets to express "bounty." See Preston's Hariri (p. 43) and Chenery upon the Ass. of the Banu Haram.

And within the arbour were written these two couplets :—

Come with us, friend, and enter thou o This garth that cleanses rust of grief :  
Over their skirts the Zephyrs trip<sup>1</sup> o And flowers in sleeve to laugh are lief.<sup>2</sup>

So they entered and found all manner fruits in view and birds of every kind and hue, such as ringdove, nightingale and curlew ; and the turtle and the cushat sang their love lays on the sprays. Therein were rills that ran with limpid wave and flowers suave ; and bloom for whose perfume we crave and it was even as saith of it the poet in these two couplets :—

The Zephyr breatheth o'er its branches, like o Fair girls that trip as in fair skirts they pace :  
Its rills resemble swords in hands of knights o Drawn from the scabbard and containing-case.<sup>3</sup>

And again as singeth the songster :—

The streamlet swings by branchy wood and aye o Joys in its breast those beauties to display ;  
And Zephyr noting this, for jealousy o Hastens and bends the branches other way.

On the trees of the garden were all manner fruits, each in two sorts, and amongst them the pomegranate, as it were a ball of silver-dross,<sup>4</sup> whereof saith the poet and saith right well :—

Granados of finest skin, like the breasts o Of maid firm-standing in sight of male ;  
When I strip the skin, they at once display o The rubies compelling all sense to quail.

And even as quoth another bard :—

Close prest appear to him who views th' inside o Red rubies in brocaded skirts bedight :  
Granado I compare with marble dome o Or virgin's breasts delighting every sight :  
Therein is cure for every ill as e'en o Left an Hadís the Prophet pure of sprite ;  
And Allah (glorify His name) eke deigned o A noble say in Holy Book indite.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i.e. They trip and stumble in their hurry to get there.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. "Kumm" = sleeve or petal. See vol. v. 32.

<sup>3</sup> Arab. "Kiráb" = sword-case of wood, the sheath being of leather.

<sup>4</sup> Arab. "Akr kayrawán," both rare words.

<sup>5</sup> A doubtful tradition in the *Mishkát al-Masábih* declares that every pomegranate contains a grain from Paradise. See vol. i. 134. The Koranic reference is to vi. 99.

The apples were the sugared and the musky and the Dámáni,  
amazing the beholder, whereof saith Hassán the poet :—

Apple which joins hues twain, and brings to mind • The cheek of lover and  
beloved combined :

Two wondrous opposites on branch they show • This dark<sup>1</sup> and that with  
hue incarnadined

The twain embraced when spied the spy and turned • This red, that yellow for  
the shame designed.<sup>2</sup>

There also were apricots of various kinds, almond and camphor  
and Jílání and 'Antábi,<sup>3</sup> whereof saith the poet :—

And Almond-apricot suggesting swain • Whose lover's visit all his wits hath  
ta'en.

Enough of love-sick lovers' plight it shows • Of face deep yellow and heart torn  
in twain.<sup>4</sup>

And saith another and saith well :—

Look at that Apricot whose bloom contains • Gardens with brightness gladding  
all men's eyne :

Like stars the blossoms sparkle when the boughs • Are clad in foliage dight  
with sheen and shine.

There likewise were plums and cherries and grapes, that the sick  
of all diseases assain and do away giddiness and yellow choler  
from the brain ; and figs the branches between, varicoloured red  
and green, amazing sight and sense, even as saith the poet :—

'Tis as the Figs with clear white skins outhrown • By foliaged trees, athwart  
whose green they peep,

Were sons of Roum that guard the palace-roof • When shades close in and  
night-long ward they keep.<sup>5</sup>

And saith another and saith well :—

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<sup>1</sup> Arab. "Aswad," lit. black but used for any dark colour, here green as opposed to  
the lighter yellow.

<sup>2</sup> The idea has occurred in vol. i. 158.

<sup>3</sup> So called from the places where they grow.

<sup>4</sup> See vol. vii. for the almond-apricot whose stone is cracked to get at the kernel.

<sup>5</sup> For Roum see vol. iv. 100 : in Morocco "Roumi" means simply a European. The  
tetraстиch alludes to the beauty of the Greek slaves.

Welcome<sup>1</sup> the Fig! To us it comes o Ordered in handsome plates they bring:  
 Likest a Sufrah<sup>2</sup>-cloth we draw o To shape of bag without a ring.

And how well saith a third:—

Give me the Fig sweet-flavoured, beauty-clad, o Whose inner beauties rival outer sheen :  
 And when it fruits thou tastest it to find o Chamomile's scent and Sugar's saccharine :  
 And eke it favoureth on platters poured o Puff-balls of silken thread and sendal green.

And how excellent is the saying of one of them!—

Quoth they (and I had trained my taste thereto o Nor cared for other fruits whereby they swore),  
 "Why lovest so the Fig?" whereto quoth I o "Some men love Fig and others Sycamore."<sup>3</sup>

And are yet goodlier those of another:—

Pleaseth me more the fig than every fruit o When ripe and hanging from the sheeny bough ;  
 Like Devotee who, when the clouds pour rain, o Sheds tears and Allah's power doth avow.

And in that garth were also pears of various kinds Sinaitic,<sup>4</sup> Aleppine and Grecian growing in clusters and alone, parcel green and parcel golden—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

**Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Sixty-fifth Night,**

She pursued, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the merchants' sons went down into the garth they saw therein all

<sup>1</sup> Arab. "Ahlan" in adverb form lit. = "as one of the household": so in the greeting "Ahlan wa Sahlan" (and at thine ease), wa Marhabá (having a wide free place).

<sup>2</sup> For the Sufrah table-cloth see vol. i. 178.

<sup>3</sup> See vol. iii. 302, for the unclean allusion in fig and sycamore.

<sup>4</sup> In the text "of Tor": see vol. ii. 242. The pear is mentioned by Homer and grows wild in South Europe. Dr. Victor Hehn (The Wanderings of Plants, etc.) comparing the Gr. ἄπτος with the Lat. *pyrus*, suggests that the latter passed over to the Kelts and Germans amongst whom the fruit was not indigenous. Our fine pears are mostly from the East. e.g. the "bergamot" is the Beg Armud, Prince of Pears, from Angora.

the fruits we mentioned and found pears Sinartic, Aleppine and Grecian of every hue, which here clustering there single grew, parcel green and parcel yellow to the gazer a marvel-view, as saith of them the poet :—

With thee that Pear agree, whose hue a-morn o Is hue of hapless lover yellow pale ;  
Like virgin cloistered strait in strong Harfim o Whose face like racing steed outstrips the veil.

And Sultani<sup>1</sup> peaches of shades varied, yellow and red, whereof saith the poet :—

Like Peach in vergier growing o And sheen of Andam<sup>2</sup> showing :  
Whose balls of yellow gold, o Are dyed with blood-gouts flowing.

There were also green almonds of passing sweetness, resembling the cabbage<sup>3</sup> of the palm-tree, with their kernels within three tunics lurking of the Munificent King's handiworking, even as is said of them :—

Three coats yon freshest form endue o God's work of varied shape and hue :  
Hardness surrounds it night and day; o Prisoning without a sin to rue.

And as well saith another :—

Seest not that Almond plucked by hand o Of man from bough where wont to dwell :  
Peeling it shows the heart within o As union-pearl in oyster-shell.

And as saith a third better than he :—

How good is Almond green I view ! o The smallest fills the hand of you :  
Its nap is as the down upon o The cheeks where yet no beardlet grew :  
Its kernels in the shell are seen, o Or bachelors or married two,  
As pearls they were of lucent white o Casèd and lapped in Jasper's hue.

And as saith yet another and saith well :—

Mine eyes ne'er looked on aught the Almond like o For charms, when blos-  
soms<sup>4</sup> in the Prime show bright :

<sup>1</sup> i.e. "Royal :" it may or may not come from Sultaniyah, a town near Baghdad. See vol. i. 83 ; where it applies to oranges and citrons.

<sup>2</sup> 'Andam = Dragon's blood : see vol. iii. 263.

<sup>3</sup> Arab. "Jamár," the palm-pith and cabbage, both eaten by Arabs with sugar.

<sup>4</sup> Arab. "Anwár" = lights, flowers (mostly yellow) : hence the Moroccan "N'wár," with its usual abuse of Wakf or quiescence.

Its head to hoariness of age inclines o The while its cheek by youth's fresh down is digit.

And jujube-plums of various colours, grown in clusters and alone whereof saith one, describing them :—

Look at the Lote-tree, note on boughs arrayed o Like goodly apricots on reed-strown floor,<sup>1</sup>

Their morning-hue to viewer's eye is like o Cascavels<sup>2</sup> cast of purest golden ore.

And as saith another and saith right well :—

The Jujube-tree each Day o Robeth in bright array.  
As though each pome thereon o Would self to sight display.  
Like falcon-bell of gold o Swinging from every spray.

And in that garth grew blood oranges, as they were the Khau-lanján,<sup>3</sup> whereof quoth the enamoured poet<sup>4</sup> :—

Red fruits that fill the hand, and shine with sheen o Of fire, albe the scarf-skin's white as snow.

'Tis marvel snow on fire doth never melt o And, stranger still, ne'er burns this living lowe !

And quoth another and quoth well :—

And trees of Orange fruiting ferly fair o To those who straitest have their charms surveyed ;

Like cheeks of women who their forms have decked o For holiday in robes of gold brocade.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Payne quotes Eugène Fromentin, "Un Eté dans le Sahara," Paris, 1857, p. 194. Apricot drying can be seen upon all the roofs at Damascus where, however, the season for each fruit is unpleasantly short, ending almost as soon as it begins.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. Jalájal = small bells for falcons : in Port. cascaveis, whence our word.

<sup>3</sup> Khulanján. Sic all editions ; but Khalanj, or Khaulanj adj. Khalanji, a tree with a strong-smelling wood which held in hand as a chaplet acts as perfume, as is probably intended. In Span. Arabic it is the Erica-wood. The "Muhit" tells us that is a tree parcel yellow and red growing in parts of India and China, its leaf is that of the Tamarisk (Tarfá) ; its flower is coloured red, yellow and white ; it bears a grain like mustard-seed (Khardal) and of its wood they make porringers. Hence the poet sings :—

Yut 'amu 'l-shahdu fi 'l-jísáni, wa yuska \* Labanu 'l-Bukhti fi Kusá'i 'l-Khalanji : Honey's served to them in platters for food ; \* Camels' milk in bowls of the Khalanji wood.

The pl. Khalánij is used by Himyán bin Kaháfah in this "bayt" :—

Hattá izá má qazati 'l-Hawáijá \* Wa malaat Halába-há 'l-Khalánjá : Until she had done every work of hers \* And with sweet milk had filled the porringers.

<sup>4</sup> In text Al-Shá'ir Al-Walahán, vol. iii. 226.

And yet another as well :—

Like are the Orange-hills<sup>1</sup> when Zephyr breathes • Swaying the boughs and spray with airy grace,  
Her cheeks that glow with lovely light when met • At greeting-tide by cheeks of other face.

And a fourth as fairly :—

And fairest Fawn, we said to him “Portray • This garth and oranges thine eyes survey :”

And he, “Your garden favoureth my face, • Who gathereth orange gathereth fire alwày.”

In that garden too grew citrons, in colour as virgin gold, hanging down from on high and dangling among the branches, as they were ingots of growing gold ;<sup>2</sup> and saith thereof the 'namoured poet :—

Hast seen a Citron-copse so weighed adown • Thou fearest bending roll their fruit on mould ;

And seemed, when Zephyr passed athwart the tree, • Its branches hung with bells of purest gold ?

And shaddock<sup>3</sup>, that among their boughs hung laden as though each were the breast of a gazelle-like maiden, contenting the most longing wight, as saith of them the poet and saith aright :—

And Shaddock mid the garden-paths, on bough \* Freshest like fairest damsel met my sight ;

And to the blowing of the breeze it bent • Like golden ball to bat of chrysolite.

And the lime sweet of scent, which resembleth a hen's egg, but its yellowness ornamenteth its ripe fruit, and its fragrance hearteneth him who plucketh it, as saith the poet who singeth it :—

Seest not the Lemon, when it taketh form, • \* Catch rays of light and all to gaze constrain ;

Like egg of pullet which the huckster's hand \* Adorneth dyeing with the saffron-stain ?

<sup>1</sup> The orange I have said is the growth of India and the golden apples of the Hesperides were not oranges but probably golden nuggets. Captain Rolleston (*Globe*, Feb. 5, '84, on "Morocco-Lixus") identifies the Garden with the mouth of the Lixus River while M. Antichan would transfer it to the hideous and unwholesome Bissagos Archipelago.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. "Ikyán," the living gold which is supposed to grow in the ground.

<sup>3</sup> For the Kubbád or Captain Shaddock's fruit see vol. ii. 310, where it is misprinted Kubád.

Moreover in this garden were all manner of other fruits and sweet-scented herbs and plants and fragrant flowers, such as jessamine and henna and water-lilies<sup>1</sup> and spikenard<sup>2</sup> and roses of every kind and plantain<sup>3</sup> and myrtle and so forth ; and indeed it was without compare, seeming as it were a piece of Paradise to whoso beheld it. If a sick man entered it, he came forth from it like a raging lion, and tongue availeth not to its description, by reason of that which was therein of wonders and rarities which are not found but in Heaven : and how should it be otherwise when its door-keeper's name was Rizwan ? Though widely different were the stations of those twain ! Now when the sons of the merchants had walked about gazing at the garden after taking their pleasure therein, they sat down in one of its pavilions and seated Nur al-Din in their midst.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

### **Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Sixty-sixth Night,**

She resumed, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the sons of the merchants sat down in the pavilion they seated Nur al-Din in their midst on a rug of gold-purpled leather of Al-Táif,<sup>4</sup> leaning on a pillow<sup>5</sup> of minever, stuffed with ostrich down. And they gave him a fan of ostrich feathers, whereon were written these two couplets :—

A fan whose breath is fraught with fragrant scent ;	◦ Minding of happy days and times forspent,
Wafting at every time its perfumed air	◦ O'er face of noble youth on honour bent.

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<sup>1</sup> Full or Fill in Bresl. Edit. — Arabian jessamine or cork-tree ( $\phi\epsilon\lambda\lambda\acute{o}\nu$ ). The Bul. and Mac. Edits. read “filfil” — pepper or palm-fibre.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. “Sumbul al-Anbari”; the former word having been introduced into England by patent medicines. “Sumbul” in Arab. and Pers. means the hyacinth, the spikenard or the Sign Virgo.

<sup>3</sup> Arab. “Lisán al-Hamal” lit. — Lamb’s tongue.

<sup>4</sup> See in Bresl. Edit. x, 221. Taif, a well-known town in the mountain region East of Meccah, and not in the Holy Land, was once famous for scented goat’s leather. It is considered to be a “fragment of Syria” (Pilgrimage ii. 207) and derives its name — the circumambulator from its having circuited pilgrim-like round the Ka’abah (Ibid.)

<sup>5</sup> Arab. “Mikhaddah” — cheek-pillow : Ital. guanciale. In Bresl. Edit. Mudawwarah (a round cushion) Sinjabiyah (of Ermine). For “Mudawwarah” see vol. iv. 135.

Then they laid by their turbands and outer clothes and sat talking and chatting and inducing one another to discourse, while they all kept their eyes fixed on Nur al-Din and gazed on his beauteous form. After the sitting had lasted an hour or so, up came a slave with a tray on his head, wherein were platters of china and crystal containing viands of all sorts (for one of the youths had so charged his people before coming to the garden) ; and the meats were of whatever walketh earth or wingeth air or swimmeth waters, such as Katá-grouse and fat quails and pigeon-poults and mutton and chickens and the delicatest fish. So, the tray being sat before them, they fell to and ate their fill ; and when they had made an end of eating, they rose from meat and washed their hands with pure water and musk-scented soap, and dried them with napery embroidered in silk and bugles ; but to Nur al-Din they brought a napkin laced with red gold whereon he wiped his hands. Then coffee<sup>1</sup> was served up and each drank what he would, after which they sat talking, till presently the garden-keeper who was young went away and returning with a basket full of roses, said to them, "What say ye, O my masters, to flowers ?" Quoth one of them, "There is no harm in them,<sup>2</sup> especially roses, which are not to be resisted" Answered the gardener, "'Tis well, but it is of our wont not to give roses but in exchange for pleasant converse ; so whoever would take aught thereof, let him recite some verses suitable to the situation." Now they were ten sons of merchants of whom one said, "Agreed : give me thereof and I will recite thee somewhat of verse apt to the case." Accordingly the gardener gave him a bunch of roses<sup>3</sup> which he took and at once improvised these three couplets :—

The Rose in highest stead I rate	◦ For that her charms ne'er satiate ;
All fragrant flow'rs be troops to her	◦ Their general of high estate :
Where she is not they boast and vaunt ;	◦ But, when she comes, they stint their prate.

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"Coffee" is here evidently an anachronism and was probably inserted by the copyist. See vol. v. 169, for its first mention. But "Kahwah" may have preserved its original meaning = strong old wine (vol. ii. 261); and the amount of wine-drinking and drunkenness proves that the coffee movement had not set in.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. they are welcome. In Marocco "Lá baas" means, "I am pretty well" (in health).

<sup>3</sup> The Rose (Ward) in Arab. is masculine, sounding to us most uncouth.. But there is a fem. form Wardah = a single rose.

Then the gardener gave a bunch to another and he recited these two couplets :—

Take, O my lord, to thee the Rose ◦ Recalling scent by musk be shed .  
Like virginette by lover eyed ◦ Who with her sleeves<sup>1</sup> enveileth head.

Then he gave a bunch to a third who recited these two couplets :—

Choice Rose that gladdens heart to see her sight ; ◦ Of Nadd recalling fragrance exquisite.

The branchlets clip her in her leaves for joy, ◦ Like kiss of lips that never spake in spite.

Then he gave a bunch to a fourth and he recited these two couplets :—

Seest not that rosery where Rose a-flowering displays ◦ Mounted upon her steed of stalk those marvels manifold ?

As though the bud were ruby-stone and girded all around ◦ With chrysolite and held within a little hoard of gold.

Then he gave a posy to a fifth and he recited these two couplets :—

Wands of green chrysolite bare issue, which ◦ Were fruits like ingots of the growing gold.<sup>2</sup>

And drops, a dropping from its leaves, were like ◦ The tears my languorous eyelids railed and rolled.

Then he gave a sixth a bunch and he recited these two couplets :—

O Rose, thou rare of charms that dost contain ◦ All gifts and Allah's secrets singular,

Thou'rt like the loved one's cheek where lover fond ◦ And fain of Union sticks the gold dinár.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Arab. "Akmám," pl. of Kumm, a sleeve, a petal. See vol. iv. 107 and supra p. 267. The Moslem woman will show any part of her person rather than her face, instinctively knowing that the latter may be recognised whereas the former cannot. The traveller in the outer East will see ludicrous situations in which the modest one runs away with hind parts bare and head and face carefully covered.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. Ikyán which Mr. Payne translates "vegetable gold" very picturesquely but not quite preserving the idea. See supra p. 272.

<sup>3</sup> It is the custom for fast youths, in Egypt, Syria, and elsewhere to stick small gold pieces, mere spangles of metal on the brows, cheeks and lips of the singing and dancing girls and the perspiration and mask of cosmetics make them adhere for a time till fresh movement shakes them off.

Then he gave a bunch to a seventh and he recited these two couplets :—

To Rose quoth I, “What gars thy thorns to be put forth o For all who touch thee cruellest injury ?”

Quoth she, “These flowery troops are troops of me o Who be their lord with spines for armoury.”

And he gave an eighth a bunch and he recited these two couplets :—

Allah save the Rose which yellows a-morn \* Florid, vivid and likest the nugget-ore ;

And bless the fair sprays that displayed such flowers \* And mimic suns gold-begilded bore.

Then he gave a bunch to a ninth and he recited these two couplets :—

The bushes of golden-hued Rose excite \* In the love-sick lover joys manifold :

'Tis a marvel shrub watered every day \* With silvern lymph and it fruiteth gold.

Then he gave a bunch of roses to the tenth and last and he recited these two couplets :—

Seest not how the hosts of the Rose display o Red hues and yellow in rosy field ?

I compare the Rose and her arming thorn o To emerald lance piercing golden shield.

And whilst each one hent bunch in hand, the gardener brought the wine-service and setting it before them, on a tray of porcelain arabesqued with red gold, recited these two couplets :—

Dawn heralds day-light : so wine pass round, o Old wine, fooling sage till his wits he tyne :

Wot I not for its purest clarity o An 'tis wine in cup or 'tis cup in wine.<sup>1</sup>

Then the gardener filled and drank and the cup went round, till it came to Nur al-Din's turn, whereupon the man filled and handed it to him ; but he said, “This thing I wot it not nor have I ever drunken thereof, for therein is great offence and the Lord

<sup>1</sup> See the same idea in vol. i. 132, and 349.

of All-might hath forbidden it in His Book." Answered the gardener, "O my Lord Nur al-Din, an thou forbear to drink only by reason of the sin, verily Allah (extolled and exalted be He !) is bountiful, of sufferance great, forgiving and compassionate and pardoneth the mortalest sins: His mercy embraceth all things, Allah's ruth be upon the poet who saith :—

Be as thou wilt, for Allah is bountiful ◊ And when thou sinnest feel thou naught alarm :

But 'ware of twofold sins nor ever dare ◊ To give God partner or mankind to harm.

Then quoth one of the sons of the merchants, "My life on thee, O my lord Nur al-Din, drink of this cup!" And another conjured him by the oath of divorce and yet another stood up persistently before him, till he was ashamed and taking the cup from the gardener, drank a draught, but spat it out again, crying, "'Tis bitter." Said the young gardener, "O my lord Nur al-Din, knowest thou not that sweets taken by way of medicine are bitter? Were this not bitter, 'twould lack of the manifold virtues it possessth ; amongst which are that it digesteth food and disperseth cark and care and dispelleth flatulence and clarifieth the blood and cleareth the complexion and quickeneth the body and hearteneth the hen-hearted and fortifieth the sexual power in man ; but to name all its virtues would be tedious. Quoth one of the poets :—

We'll drink and Allah pardon sinners all ◊ And cure of ills by sucking cups I'll find :

Nor aught the sin deceives me ; yet said He ◊ "In it there be advantage<sup>1</sup> to mankind."

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<sup>1</sup> "They will ask thee concerning wine and casting of lots; say :—In both are great sin and great advantages to mankind ; but the sin of them both is greater than their advantage." See Koran ii. 216. Mohammed seems to have made up his mind about drinking by slow degrees ; and the Koranic law is by no means so strict as the Mullahs have made it. The prohibitions, revealed at widely different periods and varying in import and distinction, have been discussed by Al-Bayzawi in his commentary on the above chapter. He says that the first revelation was in chapt. xvi. 69 but, as the passage was disregarded, Omar and others consulted the Apostle who replied to them in chapt. ii. 216. Then, as this also was unnoticed, came the final decision in chapt. v. 92, making wine and lots the work of Satan. Yet excuses are never wanting to the Moslem, he can drink Champagne and Cognac, both unknown in Mohammed's day and he can use wine and spirits medicinally, like sundry of ourselves, who turn up the nose of contempt at the idea of drinking for pleasure.

Then he sprang up without stay or delay and opened one of the cupboards in the pavilion and taking out a loaf of refined sugar, broke off a great slice which he put into Nur al-Din's cup, saying, "O my lord, an thou fear to drink wine, because of its bitterness, drink now, for 'tis sweet." So he took the cup and emptied it : whereupon one of his comrades filled him another, saying, "O my lord Nur al-Din, I am thy slave," and another did the like, saying, 'I am one of thy servants,' and a third said, "For my sake!" and a fourth, "Allah upon thee, O my lord Nur al-Din, heal my heart!" And so they ceased not plying him with wine, each and every of the ten sons of merchants till they had made him drink a total of ten cups. Now Nur al-Din's body was virgin of wine-bibbing, or never in all his life had he drunken vine-juice till that hour, wherefore its fumes wrought in his brain and drunkenness was stark upon him and he stood up (and indeed his tongue was thick and his speech stammering) and said, "O company, by Allah, ye are fair and your speech is goodly and your place pleasant ; but there needeth hearing of sweet music ; for drink without melody lacks the chief of its essentiality, even as saith the poet :—

Pass round the cup to the old and the young man, too, And take the bowl  
from the hand of the shining moon,<sup>1</sup>  
But without music, I charge you, forbear to drink ; I see even horses drink to  
a whistled tune.<sup>2</sup>

Therewith up sprang the gardener lad and mounting one of the young men's mules, was absent awhile, after which he returned with a Cairene girl, as she were a sheep's tail fat and delicate, or an ingot of pure silvren ore or a dinar on a porcelain plate or a gazelle in the wold forlore. She had a face that put to shame the shining sun and eyes Babylonian<sup>3</sup> and brows like bows bended and cheeks rose-painted and teeth pearly-hued and lips sugared and glances languishing and breasts ivory white and body slender and slight, full of folds and with dimples dight and hips like pillows stuffed and thighs like columns of Syrian stone, and

<sup>1</sup> i.e. a fair-faced cup-bearer. The lines have occurred before : so I quote Mr. Payne.

<sup>2</sup> It is the custom of the Arabs to call their cattle to water by whistling ; not to whistle to them, as Europeans do, whilst making water.

<sup>3</sup> i.e. bewitching. See vol. i. 85. These incompatible metaphors are brought together by the Saj'a (prose rhyme) in—"iyah."

between them what was something like a sachet of spices in wrapper swathed. Quoth the poet of her in these couplets:—

Had she shown her shape to idolaters' sight, \* They would gaze on her face  
and their gods detest :  
And if in the East to a monk she'd show'd, \* He'd quit Eastern posture  
and bow to West.<sup>1</sup>  
An she cracked in the sea and the briniest sea \* Her lips would give it the  
sweetest zest.

And quoth another in these couplets:—

Brighter than Moon at full with kohl'd eyes she came o Like Doe, on chasing  
whelps of Lioness intent :  
Her night of murky locks lets fall a tent on her o A tent of hair<sup>2</sup> that  
lacks no pegs to hold the tent ;  
And roses lighting up her roseate cheeks are fed o By hearts and livers  
flowing fire for languishment :  
An 'spied her all the Age's Fair to her they'd rise o Humbly,<sup>3</sup> and cry  
“The meed belongs to precedent!”

And how well saith a third bard<sup>4</sup>:—

Three things for ever hinder her to visit us, for fear Of the intriguing spy  
and eke the rancorous envier ;  
Her forehead's lustre and the sound of all her ornaments And the sweet scent  
her creases hold of ambergris and myrrh.  
Grant with the border of her sleeve she hide her brow and doff Her orna-  
ments, how shall she do her scent away from her ?

She was like the moon when at fullest on its fourteenth night, and  
was clad in a garment of blue, with a veil of green, over brow flower-  
white that all wits amazed and those of understanding amated

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<sup>1</sup> Mesopotamian Christians, who still turn towards Jerusalem, face the West, instead of the East, as with Europeans: here the monk is so dazed that he does not know what to do.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. “ Bayt Sha'ar ”—a house of hair (tent) or a couplet of verse. Watad (a tent-peg) also is prosodical, a foot when the two first letters are “moved” (vowelled) and the last is jazmated (quiescent), e.g. Lakad. It is termed Majmu'a (united), as opposed to “ Mafruk ” (separated), e.g. Kabla, when the “moved” consonants are disjoined by a quiescent.

<sup>3</sup> Lit. standing on their heads, which sounds ludicrous enough in English, not in Arabic.

<sup>4</sup> These lines are in vol. iii. 251. I quote Mr. Payne who notes “The bodies of Eastern women of the higher classes by dint of continual maceration, Esther-fashion, in aromatic oils and essences, would naturally become impregnated with the sweet scents of the cosmetics used.”

—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

**N**ow when it was the Eight Hundred and Sixty-seventh Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the gardener brought a girl whom we have described possessed of the utmost beauty and loveliness and fine stature and symmetrical grace as it were she the poet signified when he said<sup>1</sup> :—

She came apparelléd in a vest of blue,  
That mocked the skies and shamed their azure hue ;  
I thought thus clad she burst upon my sight,  
Like summer moonshine on a wintry night.

And how goodly is the saying of another and how excellent !—

She came thick veiled, and cried I, “O display \* That face like full moon bright  
with pure-white ray.”

Quoth she, “I fear disgrace,” quoth I, “Cut short o This talk, no shift of days  
thy thoughts affray.”

Whereat she raised her veil from fairest face \* And crystal spray on gems  
began to stray :

And I forsooth was fain to kiss her cheek, \* Lest she complain of me on Judg-  
ment-Day.

And at such tide before the Lord on High \* We first of lovers were redress to  
pray :

So “Lord, prolong this reckoning and review ” \* (Prayed I) “that longer I  
may sight my may.”

Then said the young gardener to her, “Know thou, O lady of the  
fair, brighter than any constellation which illumineth air we sought,  
in bringing thee hither naught but that thou shouldst entertain  
with converse this comely youth, my lord Nur al-Din, for he hath  
come to this place only this day.” And the girl replied, “Would  
thou hadst told me, that I might have brought what I have with  
me !” Rejoined the gardener, “O my lady, I will go and fetch it  
to thee.” “As thou wilt,” said she : and he, “Give me a token.”  
So she gave him a kerchief and he fared forth in haste and returned  
after awhile, bearing a green satin bag with slings of gold. The  
girl took the bag from him and opening it shook it, whereupon

<sup>1</sup> These lines occur in vol. i. 218: I quote Torrens for variety.

there fell thereout two-and-thirty pieces of wood, which she fitted one into other, male into female and female into male<sup>1</sup> till they became a polished lute of Indian workmanship. Then she uncovered her wrists and laying the lute in her lap, bent over it with the bending of mother over babe, and swept the strings with her finger-tips; whereupon it moaned and resounded and after its olden home yearned; and it remembered the waters that gave it drink and the earth whence it sprang and wherein it grew and it minded the carpenters who cut it and the polishers who polished it and the merchants who made it their merchandise and the ships that shipped it; and it cried and called aloud and moaned and groaned; and it was as if she asked it of all these things and it answered her with the tongue of the case, reciting these couplets<sup>2</sup> :—

A tree whilere was I the Bulbul's home \* To whom for love I bowed my grass-green head :  
They moaned on me, and I their moaning learnt \* And in that moan my secret all men read :  
The woodman felled me falling sans offence, \* And slender lute of me (as view ye) made :  
But, when the fingers smite my strings, they tell \* How man despite my patience did me dead ;  
Hence boon-companions when they hear my moan \* Distracted wax as though by wine misled :  
And the Lord softens every heart to me, \* And I am hurried to the highmost stead :  
All who in charms excel faint clasp my waist,; \* Gazelles of languid eyne and Houri maid :  
Allah ne'er part fond lover from his joy • Nor live the loved one who unkindly fled.

Then the girl was silent awhile, but presently taking the lute in lap, again bent over it, as mother bendeth over child, and preluded in many different modes; then, returning to the first, she sang these couplets :—

Would they<sup>3</sup> the lover seek without ado, \* He to his heavy grief had bid adieu :

<sup>1</sup> So we speak of a "female screw." The allusion is to the dove-tailing of the pieces. This personification of the lute has occurred before: but I solicit the reader's attention to it; it has a fulness of Oriental flavour all its own.

<sup>2</sup> I again solicit the reader's attention to the simplicity, the pathos and the beauty of this personification of the lute.

<sup>3</sup> "They" for she.

With him had vied the Nightingale<sup>1</sup> on bough \* As one far parted from his lover's view :  
 Rouse thee ! awake ! The Moon lights Union-night \* As tho' such Union woke the Morn anew.  
 This day the blamers take of us no heed \* And lute-strings bid us all our joys ensue.  
 Seest not how four-fold things conjoin in one \* Rose, myrtle, scents and blooms of golden hue<sup>2</sup>.  
 Yea, here this day the four chief joys unite o Drink and dinars, beloved and lover true :  
 So win thy worldly joy, for joys go past o And naught but storied tales and legends last.

When Nur al-Din heard the girl sing these lines he looked on her with eyes of love and could scarce contain himself for the violence of his inclination to her ; and on like wise was it with her, because she glanced at the company who were present of the sons of the merchants and she saw that Nur al-Din was amongst the rest as moon among stars ; for that he was sweet of speech and replete with amorous grace, perfect in stature and symmetry, brightness and loveliness, pure of all defect, than the breeze of morn softer, than Tasnim blander, as saith of him the poet<sup>3</sup> :—

By his cheeks' unfading damask and his smiling teeth I swear, By the arrows  
     that he feathers with the witchery of his air,  
 By his sides so soft and tender and his glances bright and keen, By the white-  
     ness of his forehead and the blackness of his hair,  
 By his arched imperious eyebrows, chasing slumber from my lids With their  
     yeas and noes that hold me 'twixt rejoicing and despair,  
 By the scorpions that he launches from his ringlet-clustered brows, Seeking  
     still to slay his lovers with his rigours unaware,  
 By the myrtle of his whiskers and the roses of his cheek, By his lips' incarnate  
     rubies and his teeth's fine pearls and rare,  
 By the straight and tender sapling of his shape, which for its fruit Doth the  
     twin pomegranates, shining in his snowy bosom, wear,  
 By his heavy hips that tremble, both in motion and repose, And the slender  
     waist above them, all too slight their weight to bear,  
 By the silk of his apparel and his quick and sprightly wit, By all attributes of  
     beauty that are fallen to his share ;  
 Lo, the musk exhales its fragrance from his breath, and eke the breeze From  
     his scent the perfume borrows, that it scatters everywhere.  
 Yea, the sun in all his splendour cannot with his brightness vie And the  
     crescent moon's a fragment that he from his nails doth pare.

<sup>1</sup> The Arabs very justly make the “‘Andalib” = nightingale, masculine.

<sup>2</sup> Anwár = lights or flowers : See Night *ccccxv.* supra p. 270.

<sup>3</sup> These couplets have occurred in vol. i. 168 ; so I quote Mr. Payne.

—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

**Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Sixty-eighth Night,**

She continued, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Nur al-Din was delighted with the girl's verses and he swayed from side to side for drunkenness and fell a-praising her and saying :—

A lutanist to us inclined • And stole our wits bemused with wine :  
And said to us her lute, “ The Lord • Bade us discourse by voice divine.”

When she heard him thus improvise the girl gazed at him with loving eyes and redoubled in passion and desire for him increased upon her, and indeed she marvelled at his beauty and loveliness, symmetry and grace, so that she could not contain herself, but took the lute in lap again and sang these couplets :—

He blames me for casting on him my sight • And parts fro' me bearing my life and sprite :

He repels me but kens what my heart endures As though Allah himself had inspired the wight :

I portrayed his portrait in palm of hand • And cried to mine eyes, “ Weep your doleful plight.”

For neither shall eyes of me spy his like • Nor my heart have patience to bear its blight :

Wherefore, will I tear thee from breast, O Heart • As one who regards him with jealous spite.

And when say I, “ O heart be consoled for pine,” • 'Tis that heart to none other shall e'er incline :

Nur al-Din wondered at the charms of her verse and the elegance of her expression and the sweetness of her voice and the eloquence of her speech and his wit fled for stress of love and longing, and ecstasy and distraction, so that he could not refrain from her a single moment, but bent to her and strained her to his bosom ; and she in like manner bowed her form over his and abandoned herself to his embrace and bussed him between the eyes. Then he kissed her on the mouth and played with her at kisses, after the manner of the billing of doves ; and she met him with like warmth and did with him as she was done by till the others were distracted and rose to their feet ; whereupon Nur al-Din was ashamed and held his hand from her. Then she took

her lute and, preluding thereon in manifold modes, lastly returned to the first and sang these couplets :—

A Moon, when he bends him those eyes lay bare • A brand that gars gazing gazelle despair :

A King, rarest charms are the host of him • And his lance-like shape men with cane compare :

Were his softness of sides to his heart transferred • His friend had not suffered such cark and care :

Ah for hardest heart and for softest sides ! • Why not that to these alter, make here go there ?

O thou who accusest my love excuse : • Take eternal and leave me the transient share.<sup>1</sup>

When Nur al-Din heard the sweetness of her voice and the rareness of her verse, he inclined to her for delight and could not contain himself for excess of wonderment ; so he recited these couplets :—

Methought she was the forenoon sun until she donned the veil • But lit she fire in vitals mine still flaring fierce and high,

How had it hurt her an she deigned return my poor salám • With finger-tips or e'en vouchsafed one little wink of eye ?

The cavalier who spied her face was wholly stupefied • By charms that glorify the place and every charm outvie.

" Be this the Fair who makes thee pine and long for love liesse ? • Indeed thou art excused ! " " This is my fairest she ; " (quoth I)

Who shot me with the shaft of looks nor deigns to rue my woes • Of strangerhood and broken heart and love I must aby :

I rose a-morn with vanquished heart, to longing love a prey • And weep I through the live long day and all the night I cry.

The girl marvelled at his eloquence and elegance and taking her lute, smote thereon with the goodliest of performance, repeating all the melodies, and sang these couplets :—

By the life o' thy face, O thou life o' my sprite ! • I'll ne'er leave thy love for despair or delight :

When art cruel thy vision stands hard by my side • And the thought of thee haunts me when far from sight :

O who saddenest my glance albe weeting that I • No love but thy love will for ever requite ?

Thy cheeks are of Rose and thy lips-dews are wine ; • Say, wilt grudge them to us in this charming site ?

<sup>1</sup> i.e. You may have his soul but leave me his body : company with him in the next world and let me have him in this.

Hereat Nur al-Din was gladdened with extreme gladness and wondered with the utmost wonder, so he answered her verse with these couplets :—

The sun yellowed not in the murk gloom li'en • But lay pearl enveiled 'neath horizon-chine ;  
Nor showed its crest to the eyes of Morn • But took refuge from parting with Morning-shine.<sup>1</sup>  
Take my tear-drops that trickle as chain on chain • And they'll tell my case with the clearest sign.  
An my tears be likened to Nile-flood, like • Malak's<sup>2</sup> flooded flat be this love o' mine.  
Quoth she, " Bring thy riches ! " Quoth I, " Come, take ! " • " And thy sleep ? "  
" Yes, take it from lids of eyne ! "

When the girl heard Nur al-Din's words and noted the beauty of his eloquence her senses fled and her wit was dazed and love of him gat hold upon her whole heart. So she pressed him to her bosom and fell to kissing him like the billing of doves, whilst he returned her caresses with successive kisses ; but preeminence appertaineth to precedence.<sup>3</sup> When she had made an end of kissing, she took the lute and recited these couplets :—

Alas, alack and well-away for blamer's calumny ! • Whether or not I make my moan or plead or show no plea :  
O spurner of my love I ne'er of thee so hard would deem • That I of thee should be despised, of thee my property.  
I wont at lovers' love to rail and for their passion chide, • But now I fain debase myself to all who rail at thee :  
Yea, only yesterday I wont all amourists to blame • But now I pardon hearts that pine for passion's ecstasy ;  
And of my stress of parting-stowre on me so heavy weighs • At morning prayer to Him I'll cry, " In thy name, O Ali ! "

And also these two couplets :—

His lovers said, " Unless he deign to give us all a drink • Of wine, of fine old wine his lips deal in their purity ;  
We to the Lord of Threefold Worlds will pray to grant our prayer • And all exclaim with single cry " In thy name, O Ali ! "

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the Koranic (cxiii. 1), " I take refuge with the Lord of the Day-break from the mischief of that which He hath created, etc." This is shown by the first line wherein occurs the Koranic word " Ghásik " (cxiii. 3) which may mean the first darkness when it overspreadeth or the moon when it is eclipsed.

<sup>2</sup> " Malak " = level ground ; also tract on the Nile sea. Lane M.E. ii. 417, and Burckhardt Nubia 482.

<sup>3</sup> This sentiment has often been repeated.

Nur al-Din, hearing these lines and their rhyme, marvelled at the fluency of her tongue and thanked her, praising her grace and passing seductiveness ; and the damsel, delighted at his praise, arose without stay or delay and doffing that was upon her of outer dress and trinkets till she was free of all encumbrance sat down on his knees and kissed him between the eyes and on his cheek-mole. Then she gave him all she had put off.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

**Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Sixty-ninth Night,**

She pursued, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the girl gave to Nur al-Din all she had doffed, saying, "O beloved of my heart, in very sooth the gift is after the measure of the giver." So he accepted this from her and gave it back to her and kissed her on the mouth and cheeks and eyes. When this was ended and done, for naught is durable save the Living, the Eternal, Provider of the peacock and the owl,<sup>1</sup> Nur al-Din rose from the séance and stood upon his feet, because the darkness was now fallen and the stars shone out ; whereupon quoth the damsel to him, "Whither away, O my lord ?" ; and quoth he, "To my father's home." Then the sons of the merchants conjured him to night with them, but he refused and mounting his she-mule, rode, without stopping, till he reached his parent's house, where his mother met him and said to him, "O my son, what hath kept thee away till this hour ? By Allah, thou hast troubled myself and thy sire by thine absence from us, and our hearts have been occupied with thee." Then she came up to him, to kiss him on his mouth, and smelling the fumes of the wine, said, "O my son, how is it that, after prayer and worship thou hast become a wine-bibber and a rebel against Him to whom belong creation and commandment ?" But Nur al-Din threw himself down on the bed and lay there. Presently in came his sire and said, "What aileth Nur al-Din to lie thus ?" ; and his mother answered, "'Twould seem his head acheth for the air of the garden." So Taj al-Din went up to his son, to ask him of his ailment, and

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<sup>1</sup> The owl comes in because "Búm" (pron. boom) rhymes with Kayyúm = the Eternal.

salute him, and smelt the reek of wine.<sup>1</sup> Now the merchant loved not wine-drinkers; so he said to Nur al-Din, "Woe to thee, O my son! Is folly come to such a pass with thee, that thou drinkest wine?" When Nur al-Din heard his sire say this, he raised his hand, being yet in his drunkenness, and dealt him a buffet, when by decree of the Decree the blow lit on his father's right eye which rolled down on his cheek; whereupon he fell a-swoon and lay therein awhile. They sprinkled rose-water on him till he recovered, when he would have beaten his son; but the mother withheld him, and he swore, by the oath of divorce from his wife that, as soon as morning morrowed, he would assuredly cut off his son's right hand.<sup>2</sup> When she heard her husband's words, her breast was straitened and she feared for her son and ceased not to soothe and appease his sire, till sleep overcame him. Then she waited till moon-rise, when she went in to her son, whose drunkenness had now departed from him, and said to him, "O Nur al-Din, what is this foul deed thou diddest with thy sire?" He asked, "And what did I with him?"; and answered she, "Thou dealtest him a buffet on the right eye and struckest it out so that it rolled down his cheek; and he hath sworn by the divorce-oath that, as soon as morning shall morrow he will without fail cut off thy right hand." Nur al-Din repented him of that he had done, wheras repentance profited him naught, and his mother said to him, "O my son, this penitence will not profit thee; nor will aught avail thee but that thou arise forthwith and seek safety in flight: go forth the house privily and take refuge with one of thy friends and there what Allah shall do await, for he changeth case after case and state upon state." Then she opened a chest and taking out a purse of an hundred dinars said, "O my son, take these dinars and provide thy wants therewith, and when they are at an end, O my son, send and let me know thereof, that I may send thee other than these, and at the same time convey to me news of thyself privily: haply Allah

<sup>1</sup> For an incident like this see my Pilgrimage (vol. i. 176). How true to nature the whole scene is; the fond mother excusing her boy and the practical father putting the excuse aside. European paternity, however, would probably exclaim, "The beast's in liquor!"

<sup>2</sup> In ancient times this seems to have been the universal and perhaps instinctive treatment of the hand that struck a father. By Nur al-Din's flight the divorce-oath became technically null and void for Taj al-Din had sworn to mutilate his son next morning.

will decree thee relief and thou shalt return to thy home." And she farewelled him and wept passing sore, nought could be more. Thereupon Nur al-Din took the purse of gold and was about to go forth, when he espied a great purse containing a thousand dinars, which his mother had forgotten by the side of the chest. So he took this also and binding the two purses about his middle,<sup>1</sup> set out before dawn threading the streets in the direction of Búlák, where he arrived when day broke and all creatures arose, attesting the unity of Allah the Opener and went forth each of them upon his several business, to win that which Allah had unto him allotted. Reaching Bulak he walked on along the river-bank till he sighted a ship with her gangway out and her four anchors made fast to the land. The folk were going up into her and coming down from her, and Nur al-Din, seeing some sailors there standing, asked them whither they were bound, and they answered, "To Rosetta-city." Quoth he, "Take me with you;" and quoth they, "Well come, and welcome to, thee to thee, O goodly one!" So he betook himself forthright to the market and buying what he needed of vivers and bedding and covering, returned to the port and went on board the ship, which was ready to sail and tarried with him but a little while before she weighed anchor and fared on, without stopping, till she reached Rosetta,<sup>2</sup> where Nur al-Din saw a small boat going to Alexandria. So he embarked in it and traversing the sea-arm of Rosetta fared on till he came to a bridge called Al-Jámi, where he landed and entered Alexandria by the gate called the Gate of the Lote-tree. Allah protected him, so that none of those who stood on guard at the gate saw him, and he walked on till he entered the city. ——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

### **Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Seventieth Night,**

She resumed, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Nur al-Din entered Alexandria he found it a city goodly of

<sup>1</sup> So Roderic Random and his companions "sewed their money between the lining and the waistband of their breeches, except some loose silver for immediate expense on the road." For a description of these purses see Pilgrimage i. 37.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. Rashid (our Rosetta), a corruption of the Coptic Trashit; ever famous for the Stone.

pleasaunces, delightful to its inhabitants and inviting to inhabit therein. Winter had fared from it with his cold and Prime was come to it with his roses: its flowers were kindly ripe and welled forth its rills. Indeed, it was a city goodly of ordinance and disposition; its folk were of the best of men, and when the gates thereof were shut, its folk were safe.<sup>1</sup> And it was even as is said of it in these couplets:—

Quoth I to a comrade one day, \* A man of good speech and rare,  
 "Describe Alexandria." \* Quoth he, "'Tis a march-town<sup>2</sup> fair."  
 Quoth I, "Is there living therein?" \* And he, "An the wind blow there."

Or as saith one of the poets:—

Alexandria's a frontier;<sup>3</sup> \* Whose dews of lips are sweet and clear;  
 How fair the coming to it is, \* So one therein no raven speer!

Nur al-Din walked about the city and ceased not walking till he came to the merchants' bazar, whence he passed on to the mart of the money-changers and so on in turn to the markets of the confectioners and fruiterers and druggists, marvelling, as he went, at the city, for that the nature of its qualities accorded with its name.<sup>3</sup> As he walked in the druggists' bazar, behold, an old man came down from his shop and saluting him, took him by the hand and carried him to his home. And Nur al-Din saw a fair by-street, swept and sprinkled, whereon the zephyr blew and made pleasantness pervade it and the leaves of the trees overshadowed it. Therein stood three houses and at the upper end a mansion, whose foundations were firm sunk in the water and its walls towered to the confines of the sky. They had swept the space before it and they had sprinkled it freshly; so it exhaled the fragrance of flowers, borne on the zephyr which breathed upon the place; and the scent met there who approached it on such wise as it were one of the gardens of Paradise. And, as they had cleaned and cooled the by-street's head, so was the end of it with

<sup>1</sup> For a parallel passage in praise of Alexandria see vol. i. 290, etc. The editor or scribe was evidently an Egyptian.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. "Saghr" (Thagr), the opening of the lips showing the teeth. See vol. i. p. 156.

<sup>3</sup> Iskandariyah, the city of Iskandar or Alexander the Great, whose "Soma" was attractive to the Greeks as the corpse of the Prophet Daniel afterwards was to the Moslems. The choice of site, then occupied only by the pauper village of Rhacotis, is one proof of many that the Macedonian conqueror had the inspiration of genius.

marble spread. The Shaykh carried Nur al-Din into the house and setting somewhat of food before him ate with his guest. When they had made an end of eating, the druggist said to him, "When camest thou hither from Cairo?"; and Nur al-Din replied, "This very night, O my father." Quoth the old man, "What is thy name?"; and quoth he, "Ali Nur al-Din." Said the druggist, "O my son, O Nur al-Din, be the triple divorce incumbent on me, an thou leave me so long as thou abidest in this city; and I will set thee apart a place wherein thou mayst dwell." Nur al-Din asked, "O my lord the Shaykh, let me know more of thee"; and the other answered, "Know, O my son, that some years ago I went to Cairo with merchandise, which I sold there and bought other, and I had occasion for a thousand dinars. So thy sire Taj al-Din weighed them out<sup>1</sup> for me, all unknowing me, and would take no written word of me, but had patience with me till I returned hither and sent him the amount by one of my servants, together with a gift. I saw thee, whilst thou wast little; and, if it please Allah the Most High, I will repay thee somewhat of the kindness thy father did me." When Nur al-Din heard the old man's story, he showed joy and pulling out with a smile the purse of a thousand dinars, gave it to his host the Shaykh and said to him, "Take charge of this deposit for me, against I buy me somewhat of merchandise whereon to trade." Then he abode some time in Alexandria city taking his pleasure every day in its thoroughfares, eating and drinking and indulging himself with mirth and merriment till he had made an end of the hundred dinars he had kept by way of spending-money; whereupon he repaired to the old druggist, to take of him somewhat of the thousand dinars to spend, but found him not in his shop and took a seat therein to await his return. He sat there gazing right and left and amusing himself with watching the merchants and passers-by, and as he was thus engaged behold, there came into the bazar a Persian riding on a she-mule and carrying behind him a damsel; as she were argent of alloy free or a fish Balti<sup>2</sup> in mimic sea or a doe-gazelle on desert lea. Her face outshone the sun in shine and she had witching eyne and breasts of ivory.

<sup>1</sup> i.e. paid them down. See vol. i. 281; vol. ii. 145.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. "Baltyah," Sonnini's "Bolti" and Nébuleux (because it is dozid-coloured when fried), the Labrus Niloticus from its labra or large fleshy lips. It lives on the "leaves of Paradise" hence the flesh is delicate and savoury and it is caught with the épervier or sweep-net in the Nile, canals and pools.

white, teeth of marguerite, slender waist and sides dimpled deep and calves like tails of fat sheep<sup>1</sup>; and indeed she was perfect in beauty and loveliness, elegant stature and symmetrical grace, even as saith one, describing her<sup>2</sup>:—

'Twas as by will of her she was create                         ◦ Nor short nor long, but  
Beauty's mould and mate :  
Rose blushes reddest when she sees those cheeks ◦ And fruits the bough  
those marvel charms amate :  
• Moon is her favour, Musk the scent of her                         ◦ Branch is her shape :—  
she passeth man's estate :  
'Tis e'en as were she cast in freshest pearl                         ◦ And every limblet shows  
a moon innate.

Presently the Persian lighted down from his she-mule and making the damsel also dismount loudly summoned the broker and said to him as soon as he came, "Take this damsel and cry her for sale in the market." So he took her and leading her to the middlemost of the bazar disappeared for a while and presently he returned with a stool of ebony, inlaid with ivory, and setting it upon the ground, seated her thereon. Then he raised her veil and discovered a face as it were a Median targe<sup>3</sup> or a cluster of pearls<sup>4</sup>: and indeed she was like the full moon, when it filleth on its fourteenth night, accomplished in brilliant beauty. As saith the poet :—

Vied the full moon for folly with her face, ◦ But was eclipsed<sup>5</sup> and split for  
rage full sore ;  
And if the spiring Bán with her contend ◦ Perish her hands who load of  
fuel bore<sup>6</sup> !

And how well saith another :—

Say to the fair in the wroughten veil                         ◦ How hast made that monk-like  
worshipper ail ?

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<sup>1</sup> Arab. "Liyyah," not a delicate comparison, but exceedingly apt besides rhyming to "Baltiyah." The cauda of the "five-quarter sheep, whose tails are so broad and thick that there is as much flesh upon them as upon a quarter of their body," must not be confounded with the lank appendage of our English muttons. See i. 25, Dr. Burnell's Linschoten (*Hakluyt Soc.* 1885).

<sup>2</sup> A variant occurs in vol. iv. 191.

<sup>3</sup> Arab. "Tars Daylami," a small shield of bright metal.

<sup>4</sup> Arab. "Kaukab al-durri," see Pilgrimage ii. 82.

<sup>5</sup> Arab. "Kusúf" applied to the moon; Khusúf being the solar eclipse.

<sup>6</sup> "May Abú Lahab's hands perish . . . and his wife be a bearer of faggots!" Koran cxi. 184. The allusion is neat.

Light of veil and light of face under it     • Made the hosts of darkness to  
fly from bale ;  
And, when came my glance to steal look at cheek, • With a meteor-shaft the  
Guard made me quail.<sup>1</sup>

Then said the broker to the merchants,<sup>2</sup> " How much do ye bid for the union-pearl of the diver and prize-quarry of the fowler ? " Quoth one, " She is mine for an hundred dinars." And another said, " Two hundred," and a third, " Three hundred "; and they ceased not to bid, one against other, till they made her price nine hundred and fifty dinars, and there the biddings stopped awaiting acceptance and consent.<sup>3</sup>—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

### **Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Seventy-first Night,**

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the merchants bid one against other till they made the price of the girl nine hundred and fifty dinars. Then the broker went up to her Persian master and said to him, " The biddings for this thy slave-girl have reached nine hundred and fifty dinars : so say me, wilt thou sell her at that price and take the money ? " Asked the Persian, " Doth she consent to this ? I desire to fall in with her wishes, for I sickened on my journey hither and this hand-maid tended me with all possible tenderness, wherefore I sware not to sell her but to him whom she should like and approve, and I have put her sale in her own hand. So do thou consult her and if she say, I consent, sell her to whom thou wilt : but an she say, No, sell her not." So the broker went up to her and asked her, " O Princess of fair ones, know that thy master putteth thy sale in thine own hands, and thy price hath reached nine hundred and fifty dinars ; dost thou give me leave to sell thee ? " She answered, " Show me him who is minded to buy me before clinching the bargain." So he brought her up to one of the merchants a man stricken with years and decrepit ; and she

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the Angels who shoot down the Jinn. See vol. i. 224. The index misprints " Shibáh."

<sup>2</sup> For a similar scene see Ali Shar and Zumurrud, vol. iv. 187.

<sup>3</sup> i.e. of the girl whom as the sequel shows, her owner had promised not to sell without her consent. This was and is a common practice. See vol. iv. 192.

looked at him a long while, then turned to the broker and said to him, "O broker, art thou Jinn-mad or afflicted in thy wit?" Replied he, "Why dost thou ask me this, O Princess of fair ones?"; and said she, "Is it permitted thee of Allah to sell the like of me to yonder decrepit old man, who saith of his wife's case these couplets :—

Quoth she to me,—and sore enraged for wounded pride was she, o For she in sooth had bidden me to that which might not be,—  
"An if thou swive me not forthright, as one should swive his wife, o Thou be made a cuckold straight, reproach it not to me.  
Meseems thy yard is made of wax, for very flaccidness ; o For when I rub it with my hand, it softens instantly."<sup>1</sup>

And said he likewise of his yard :—

I have a yard that sleeps in base and shameful way o When grants my lover boon for which I sue and pray :  
But when I wake o' mornings<sup>2</sup> all alone in bed, o 'Tis fain o' foin and fence and fierce for futter-play.

And again quoth he thereof of his yard :—

I have a foward yard of temper ill o Dishonouring him who shows it most regard :  
It stands when sleep I, when I stand it sleeps o Heaven pity not who pitieth that yard !

When the old merchant heard this ill flouting from the damsel, he was wroth with wrath exceeding beyond which was no proceeding and said to the broker, "O most ill-omened of brokers, thou hast not brought into the market this ill-conditioned wench but to gibe me and make mock of me before the merchants." Then the broker took her aside and said to her, "O my lady, be not wanting in self-respect. The Shaykh at whom thou didst mock is the Syndic of the bazar and Inspector<sup>3</sup> thereof and a committee-man of the council of the merchants." But she laughed and improvised these two couplets :—

<sup>1</sup> These lines have occurred in vol. iii. p. 303. I quote Mr. Payne.

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to the *erectio et distensio penis* which comes on before dawn in tropical lands and which does not denote any desire for women. Some Anglo-Indians term the symptom *signum salutis*, others a urine-proud pizzle.

<sup>3</sup> Arab. "Mohtasib," in the Maghrib "Mohtab," the officer charged with inspepecting weights and measures and with punishing fraud in various ways such as nailing the cheat's ears to his shop's shutter, etc.

It behoveth folk who rule in our time, o And 'tis one of the duties of magistrateship,  
 To hang up the Wali above his door o And beat with a whip the Mohtasib !

Adding, "By Allah, O my lord, I will not be sold to yonder old man ; so sell me to other than him, for haply he will be abashed at me and vend me again and I shall become a mere servant<sup>1</sup> and it beseemeth not that I sully myself with menial service ; and indeed thou knowest that the matter of my sale is committed to myself." He replied, "I hear and I obey," and carried her to a man which was one of the chief merchants. And when standing hard by him the broker asked, "How sayst thou, O my lady ? Shall I sell thee to my lord Sharif al-Din here for nine hundred and fifty gold pieces?" She looked at him and, seeing him to be an old man with a dyed beard, said to the broker, "Art thou silly, that thou wouldest sell me to this worn out Father Antic ? Am I cotton refuse or threadbare rags that thou marchest me about from greybeard to greybeard, each like a wall ready to fall or an Ifrit smitten down of a fire-ball ? As for the first, the poet had him in mind when he said<sup>2</sup> :—

"I sought of a fair maid to kiss her lips of coral red, But, "No, by Him who fashioned things from nothingness !" she said.  
 Unto the white of hoary hairs I never had a mind, And shall my mouth be stuffed, forsooth, with cotton, ere I'm dead ?"

And how goodly is the saying of the poet :—

The wise have said that white of hair is light that shines and robes o The face of man with majesty and light that awes the sight ;  
 Yet until hoary seal shall stamp my parting-place of hair o I hope and pray that same may be black as the blackest night.  
 Albe Time-whitened beard of man be like the book he bears<sup>3</sup> o When to his Lord he must return, I'd rather 'twere not white,

<sup>1</sup> Every where in the Moslem East the slave holds himself superior to the menial freeman, a fact which I would impress upon the several Anti-slavery Societies, honest men whose zeal mostly exceeds their knowledge, and whose energy their discretion.

<sup>2</sup> These lines, extended to three couplets, occur in vol. iv. 193. I quote Mr. Payne.

<sup>3</sup> "At this examination (on Judgment Day) Mohammedans also believe that each person will have the book, wherein all the actions of his life are written, delivered to him ; which books the righteous will receive in their right hand, and read with great pleasure and satisfaction ; but the ungodly will be obliged to take them, against their wills, in their left (Koran xvii. xviii. lxix. and lxxxiv.), which will be bound behind their backs, their right hand being tied to their necks." Sale, Preliminary Discourse ; Sect. iv.

And yet goodlier is the saying of another :—

A guest hath stolen on my head and honour may he lack ! • The sword a milder deed hath done that dared these locks to hack.

Avaunt, O Whiteness,<sup>1</sup> wherein naught of brightness gladdens sight • Thou 'rt blacker in the eyes of me than very blackest black !

As for the other, he is a model of wantonness and scurrilousness and a blackener of the face of hoariness ; his dye acteth the foulest of lies : and the tongue of his case reciteth these lines<sup>2</sup> :—

Quoth she to me, “ I see thou dy'st thy hoariness ; ” and I, “ I do but hide it from thy sight, O thou mine ear and eye ! ”

She laughed out mockingly and said, “ A wonder 'tis indeed ! Thou so aboundest in deceit that even thy hair's a lie.”

And how excellent is the saying of the poet :—

O thou who dyest hoariness with black, • That youth wi' thee abide, at least in show ;

Look ye, my lot was dyèd black whilome • And (take my word !) none other hue 'twill grow.

When the old man with dyed beard heard such words from the slave-girl, he raged with exceeding rage in fury's last stage and said to the broker, “ O most ill-omened of brokers, this day thou hast brought to our market naught save this gibing baggage to flout at all who are therein, one after other, and fleer at them with flyting verse and idle jest ? ” And he came down from his shop and smote on the face the broker who took her an angered and carried her away saying to her, “ By Allah, never in my life saw I a more shameless wench than thyself<sup>3</sup> ! Thou hast cut off my daily bread and thine own this day and all the merchants will bear me a grudge on thine account.” Then they saw on the way a merchant called Shihab al-Dín who bid ten dinars more for her, and the broker asked her leave to sell her to him. Quoth she, “ Trot him out that I may see him and question him of a certain thing, which if he have in his house, I will be sold to him ; and if not, then not.” So the broker left her standing there and going up to Shihab al-Din, said to him, “ O my lord, know that

<sup>1</sup> “ Whiteness ” (bayáz) also meaning lustre, honour.

<sup>2</sup> This again occurs in vol. iv. 194. So I quote Mr. Payne.

<sup>3</sup> Her impudence is intended to be that of a captive Princess.

yonder damsel tells me she hath a mind to ask thee somewhat, which an thou have, she will be sold to thee. Now thou hast heard what she said to thy fellows, the merchants,—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

**Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Seventy-second Night,**

She continued, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the broker said to the merchant, "Thou hast heard what this hand-maid said to thy fellows, the traders, and by Allah, I fear to bring her to thee, lest she do with thee like as she did with thy neighbours and so I fall into disgrace with thee: but, an thou bid me bring her to thee, I will bring her." Quoth the merchant, "Hither with her to me." "Hearing and obeying," answered the broker and fetched for the purchaser the damsel, who looked at him and said, "O my lord, Shihab al-Din hast thou in thy house round cushions stuffed with ermine strips?" Replied Shihab al-Din, "Yes, O Princess of fair ones, I have at home half a score such cushions; but I conjure thee by Allah, tell me, what will thou do with them?" Quoth she, "I will bear with thee till thou be asleep, when I will lay them on thy mouth and nose and press them down till thou die." Then she turned to the broker and said to him, "O thou refuse of brokers, meseemeth thou art mad, in that thou shovest me this hour past, first to a pair of grey-beards, in each of whom are two faults, and then thou preferrest me to my lord Shihab al-Din wherein be three defects; firstly, he is dwarfish, secondly, he hath a nose which is big, and thirdly, he hath a beard which is long. Of him quoth one of the poets:—

We never heard of wight nor yet espied o Who amid men three gifts hath unified :

To wit, a beard one cubit long, a snout o Span-long and figure tall a finger wide :

And quoth another poet :—

From the plain of his face springs a minaret o Like a bezel of ring on his finger set :

Did creation enter that vasty nose o No created thing would elsewhere be met.

When Shihab al-Din heard this, he came down from his shop and seized the broker by the collar, saying, "O scurviest of brokers, what aileth thee to bring us a damsel to flout and make mock of us, one after other, with her verses and talk that a curse is?" So the broker took her and carried her away from before him and fared, saying, "By Allah, all my life long, since I have plied this profession never set I eyes on the like of thee for unmannerliness nor aught more curst to me than thy star, for thou hast cut off my livelihood this day and I have gained no profit by thee save cuffs on the neck-nape and catching by the collar!" Then he brought her to the shop of another merchant, owner of negro slaves and white servants, and stationing her before him, said to her, "Wilt thou be sold to this my lord 'Alá al-Dín?" She looked at him and seeing him hump-backed, said, "This is a Gobbo," and quoth the poet of him :—

Drawn in thy shoulders are and spine thrust out, o As seeking star which  
Satan gave the lout<sup>1</sup> ;  
Or as he tasted had first smack of scourge o And looked in marvel  
for a second bout.

And saith another on the same theme :—

As one of you who mounted mule, o A sight for men to ridicule :  
Is 't not a farce ? Who feels surprise o An start and bolt with him the mule ?

And another on a similar subject :—

Oft hunchback addeth to his bumpy back o Faults which gar folk upon  
his front look black :  
Like branch distort and dried by length of days o With citrons hanging from  
it loose and slack.

With this the broker hurried up to her and, carrying her to another merchant, said to her, "Wilt thou be sold to this one?" She looked at him and said, "In very sooth this man is blue-eyed<sup>2</sup> ; how wilt thou sell me to him?" Quoth one of the poets :—

His eyelids sore and bleared o Weakness of frame denote :  
Arise, ye folk and see o Within his eyes the mote !

<sup>1</sup> i.e. bent groundwards.

<sup>2</sup> See vol. iv. 192. In Marocco Za'ar is applied to a man with fair skin, red hair and blue eyes (Gothic blood?) and the term is not complimentary as "Sultan Yazid Za'ar."

Then the broker carried her to another and she looked at him and seeing that he had a long beard, said to the broker, "Fie upon thee ! This is a ram, whose tail hath sprouted from his gullet. Wilt thou sell me to him, O unluckiest of brokers ? Hast thou not heard say :—All long of beard are little of wits ? Indeed, after the measure of the length of the beard is the lack of sense ; and this is a well-known thing among men of understanding." As saith one of the poets :—

Ne'er was a man with beard grown overlong, • Tho' be he therefor reverenced  
and fear'd,  
But who the shortness noted in his wits      • Added to longness noted in his  
beard.

And quoth another<sup>1</sup> :—

I have a friend with a beard which God hath made to grow to a useless length,  
It is like unto one of the nights of winter long and dark and cold.

With this the broker took her and turned away with her, and she asked, "Whither goest thou with me ?" He answered, "Back to thy master the Persian ; it sufficeth me what hath befallen me because of thee this day ; for thou hast been the means of spoiling both my trade and his by thine ill manners." Then she looked about the market right and left, front and rear till, by the decree of the Decree her eyes fell on Ali Nur al-Din the Cairene. So she gazed at him and saw him<sup>2</sup> to be a comely youth of straight slim form and smooth of face, fourteen years old, rare in beauty and loveliness and elegance and amorous grace like the full moon on the fourteenth night with forehead flower-white, and cheeks rosy red, neck like alabaster and teeth than jewels finer and dews of lips sweeter than sugar, even as saith of him one of his describers :—

Came to match him in beauty and loveliness rare • Full moons and gazelles,  
but quoth I, "Soft fare !  
Fare softly, gazelles, nor yourselves compare.      • With him and, O Moons,  
all your pains forbear !"

<sup>1</sup> The lines have occurred before (vol. iv. 194). I quote Mr. Lape ii. 440. Both he and Mr. Payne have missed the point in "ba'zu layáli" a certain night when his mistress had left him so lonely.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. "Raat-hu." This apparently harmless word suggests one similar in sound and meaning which gave some trouble in its day. Says Mohammed in the Koran (ii. 98) "O ye who believe ! say not (to the Apostle) Rá'iná (look at us) but Unzurná (regard us)." "Rá'iná" as pronounced in Hebrew means "our bad one."

And how well saith another bard :—

Slim-waisted loveling, from his hair and brow ◊ Men wake a-morn in night  
and light renewed.

Blame not the mole that dwelleth on his cheek ◊ For Nu'uman's bloom aye  
shows spot negro-hued.

When the slave-girl beheld Nur al-Din he interposed between her and her wits ; she fell in love to him with a great and sudden fall and her heart was taken with affection for him ;—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

### Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Seventy-third Night,

She pursued, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the slave-girl beheld Nur al-Din, her heart was taken with affection for him ; so she turned to the broker and said to him, “ Will not yonder young merchant who is sitting among the traders in the gown of striped broadcloth bid somewhat more for me ? ” The broker replied, “ O lady of fair ones, yonder young man is a stranger from Cairo, where his father is chief of the trader-guild and surpasseth all the merchants and notables of the place. He is but lately come to this our city and lodgeth with one of his father’s friends ; but he hath made no bid for thee nor more nor less.” When the girl heard the broker’s words, she drew from her finger a costly signet-ring of ruby and said to the man, “ Carry me to yonder youth, and if he buy me, this ring shall be thine, in requital of thy travail with me this day.” The broker rejoiced at this and brought her up to Nur al-Din, and she considered him straitly and found him like the full moon, perfect in loveliness and a model of fine stature and symmetric grace, even as saith of him one of his describers :—

Waters of beauty o’er his cheeks flow bright, ◊ And rain his glances shafts  
that sorely smite :

Choked are his lovers an he deal disdain’s ◊ Bitterest draught denying  
love-delight.

His forehead and his stature and my love ◊ Are perfect perfected per-  
fection-dight ;

His raiment folds enfold a lovely neck ◊ As crescent moon in collar  
buttoned tight :

His eyne and twinnèd moles and tears of me ◊ Are night that nighteth to  
the nightliest night.

His eyebrows and his features and my frame<sup>1</sup>     o Crescents on crescents are  
     as crescents slight :  
 His pupils pass the wine-cup to his friends     o Which, albe sweet, tastes  
     bitter to my sprite ;  
 And to my thirsty throat pure drink he dealt o From smiling lips what day  
     we were unite :  
 Then is my blood to him, my death to him o His right and rightful and  
     most righteous right.

The girl gazed at Nur al-Din and said, "O my lord, Allah upon thee, am I not beautiful ?"; and he replied, "O Princess of fair ones, is there in the world a comelier than thou ?" She rejoined, "Then why seest thou all the other merchants bid high for me and art silent nor sayest a word neither addest one dinar to my price ? 'Twould seem I please thee not, O my lord !" Quoth he, "O my lady, were I in my own land, I had bought thee with all that my hand possessth of monies ;" and quoth she, "O my lord, I said not, Buy me against thy will yet, didst thou but add somewhat to my price, it would hearten my heart, though thou buy me not, so the merchants may say :—Were not this girl handsome, yonder merchant of Cairo had not bidden for her, for the Cairenes are connoisseurs in slave-girls." These words abashed Nur al-Din and he blushed and said to the broker, "How high are the biddings for her ?" He replied, "Her price hath reached nine hundred and sixty dinars,<sup>2</sup> besides brokerage, as for the Sultan's dues, they fall on the seller." Quoth Nur al-Din, "Let me have her for a thousand dinars, brokerage and price." And the damsel hastening to the fore and leaving the broker, said, "I sell myself to this handsome young man for a thousand dinars." But Nur al-Din held his peace. Quoth one, "We sell to him ;" and another, "He deserveth her ;" and a third, "Accursed, son of accursed, is he who biddeth and doth not buy !"; and a fourth, "By Allah, they befit each other !" Then, before Nur al-Din could think, the broker fetched Kazis and witnesses, who wrote out a contract of sale and purchase ; and the broker handed the paper to Nur al-Din, saying, "Take thy slave-girl and Allah bless thee in her

<sup>1</sup> By reason of its leanness.

<sup>2</sup> In the Mac. Edit. "Fifty." For a scene which illustrates this mercantile transaction see my Pilgrimage i. 88, and its deduction. "How often is it our fate, in the West as in the East, to see in bright eyes and to hear from rosy lips an implied, if not an expressed 'Why don't you buy me ?' or, worse still, 'Why can't you buy me ?'"

for she beseemeth none but thee and none but thou beseemeth her." And he recited these two couplets:—

Boon Fortune sought him in humblest way<sup>1</sup> • And came to him draggle-tailed,  
all a-stir :

And none is fittest for him but she • And none is fittest but he for  
her.

Hereat Nur al-Din was abashed before the merchants; so he arose without stay or delay and weighed out the thousand dinars which he had left as a deposit with his father's friend the druggist, and taking the girl, carried her to the house wherein the Shaykh had lodged him. When she entered and saw nothing but ragged patched carpets and worn out rugs, she said to him, "O my lord, have I no value to thee and am I not worthy that thou shouldst bear me to thine own house and home wherein are thy goods, that thou bringest me into thy servant's lodging? Why dost thou not carry me to thy father's dwelling?" He replied, "By Allah, O Princess of fair ones, this is my house wherein I dwell; but it belongeth to an old man, a druggist of this city, who hath set it apart for me and lodged me therein. I told thee that I was a stranger and that I am of the sons of Cairo city." She rejoined, "O my lord, the least of houses sufficeth till thy return to thy native place; but, Allah upon thee, O my lord, go now and fetch us somewhat of roast meat and wine and dried fruit and dessert." Quoth Nur al-Din, "By Allah, O Princess of fair ones, I had no money with me but the thousand dinars I paid down to thy price nor possess I any other good. The few dirhams I owned were spent by me yesterday." Quoth she, "Hast thou no friend in the town, of whom thou mayst borrow fifty dirhams and bring them to me, that I may tell thee what thou shalt do therewith?" And he said, "I have no intimate but the druggist." Then he betook himself forthright to the druggist and said to him, "Peace be with thee, O uncle!" He returned his salam and said to him, "O my son, what hast thou bought for a thousand dinars this day?" Nur al-Din replied, "I have bought a slave-girl;" and the oldster rejoined, "O my son, art thou mad that thou givest a thousand dinars for one slave-girl? Would I knew what kind of slave-girl

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<sup>1</sup> See vol. ii. 165 dragging or trailing the skirts = walking without the usual strut or swagger: here it means assuming the humble manners of a slave in presence of the master.

she is?" Said Nur al-Din, "She is a damsel of the children of the Franks;"—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

**Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Seventy-fourth Night,**

She resumed, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Nur al-Din said to the ancient druggist, "The damsel is of the children of the Franks;" and the Shaykh said, "O my son, the best of the girls of the Franks are to be had in this our town for an hundred dinars, and by Allah, O my son, they have cheated thee in the matter of this damsel! However, an thou have taken a fancy to her, lie with her this night and do thy will of her and to-morrow morning go down with her to the market and sell her, though thou lose by her two hundred dinars, and reckon that thou hast lost them by shipwreck or hast been robbed of them on the road." Nur al-Din replied, "Right is thy rede, O uncle, but thou knowest that I had but the thousand dinars wherewith I purchased the damsel, and now I have not a single dirham left to spend; so I desire of thy favour and bounty that thou lend me fifty dirhams, to provide me withal, till to-morrow, when I will sell her and repay thee out of her price." Said the old man, "Willingly, O my son," and counted out to him the fifty dirhams. Then he said to him, "O my son, thou art but young in years and the damsel is fair, so belike thy heart will be taken with her and it will be grievous to thee to vend her. Now thou hast nothing to live on and these fifty dirhams will readily be spent and thou wilt come to me and I shall lend thee once and twice and thrice, and so on up to ten times; but, an thou come to me after this, I will not return thy salam<sup>1</sup> and our friendship with thy father will end ill." Nur al-Din took the fifty dirhams and returned with them to the damsel, who said to him, "O my lord, wend thee at once to the market and fetch me twenty dirhams' worth of stained silk of five colours and with the other thirty buy meat and bread and fruit and wine and flowers." So he went to the market and purchasing

<sup>1</sup> This is the Moslem form of "boycotting": so amongst early Christians they refused to give one another God-speed. Amongst Hindús it takes the form of refusing "Hukkah (pipe) and water" which practically makes a man an outcast. In the text the old man expresses the popular contempt for those who borrow and who do not repay. He had evidently not read the essay of Elia on the professional borrower.

for her all she sought, brought it to her, whereupon she rose and tucking up her sleeves, cooked food after the most skilful fashion, and set it before him. He ate and she ate with him, till they had enough, after which she set on the wine, and she drank and he drank, and she ceased not to ply him with drink and entertain him with discourse, till he became drunken and fell asleep. Thereupon she arose without stay or delay and taking out of her bundle a budget of Táífi leather<sup>1</sup> opened it and drew forth a pair of knitting needles, wherewith she fell to work and stinted not till she had made a beautiful zone, which she folded up in a wrapper after cleaning it and ironing it and laid it under her pillow. Then she doffed her dress till she was mother-naked and lying down beside Nur al-Din shampoo'd him till he awoke from his heavy sleep. He found by his side a maiden like virgin silver, softer than silk and delicater than a tail of fatted sheep than standard more conspicuous and goodlier than the red camel,<sup>2</sup> in height five feet tall with breasts firm and full, brows like bended bows, eyes like gazelles' eyes and cheeks like blood-red anemones, a slender waist with dimples laced and a navel holding an ounce of the unguent benzoin, thighs like bolsters stuffed with ostrich-down, and between them what the tongue fails to set forth and at mention whereof the tears jet forth. Brief it was as it were she to whom the poet alluded in these two couplets:—

From her hair is Night, from her forehead Noon ◦ From her side-face Rose ;  
from her lip wine boon :

From her Union Heaven, her Severance Hell : ◦ Pearls from her teeth ; from  
her front full Moon.

And how excellent is the saying of another bard<sup>3</sup> :—

A Moon she rises, Willow-wand she waves ◦ Breathes ambergris and  
gazeth a gazelle.

Meseems that sorrow woos my heart and wins ◦ And when she wends makes  
haste therein to dwell.

Her face is fairer than the Stars of Wealth<sup>4</sup> ◦ And sheeny brows the cres-  
cent Moon excel.

<sup>1</sup> See note p. 273.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. the best kind of camels.

<sup>3</sup> This first verse has occurred three times.

<sup>4</sup> Arab. "Surayá" in Dictionaries a dim. of Sarwá = moderately rich. It may either denote abundance of rain or a number of stars forming a constellation. Hence in Job (xxxviii. 31) it is called a heap (*kímah*).

And quoth a third also :—

They shine fullest Moons, unveil Crescent-bright ; • Sway tenderest Branches  
and turn wild kine ;  
'Mid which is a Dark-eyed for love of whose charms • The Sailors<sup>1</sup> would joy  
to be ground low-li'en.

So Nur al-Din turned to her at once and clasping her to his bosom, sucked first her upper lip and then her under lip and slid his tongue between the twain into her mouth. Then he rose to her and found her a pearl unthritten and a filly none but he had ridden. So he abated her maidenhead and had of her amorous delight and there was knitted between them a love-bond which might never know breach nor severance.<sup>2</sup> He rained upon her cheeks kisses like the falling of pebbles into water, and struck with stroke upon stroke, like the thrusting of spears in battle brunt ; for that Nur al-Din still yearned after clipping of necks and sucking of lips and letting down of tress and pressing of waist and biting of cheek and cavalcading on breast with Cairene buckings and Yamani wrigglings and Abyssinian sabbings and Hindí pamoisons and Nubian lasciviousness and Rífi leg-liftings<sup>3</sup> and Damiettan moanings and Sa'ídí<sup>4</sup> hotness and Alexandrian languishment<sup>5</sup> and this damsel united in herself all these virtues, together with excess of beauty and loveliness, and indeed she was even as saith of her the poet :—

This is she I will never forget till I die to her draw nigh.	• Nor draw near but to those who
A being for semblance like Moon at full glorify !	• Praise her Maker, her Modeller
Tho' be sore my sin seeking love-liesse, can I ;	• On esperance-day ne'er repent
A couplet reciting which none can know and rhymes shall cry,	• Save the youth who in couplets
"None weeteth love but who bears its load	• Nor passion, save pleasures and
pains he aby."	pleasures and pains he aby."

<sup>1</sup> Pleiads in Gr. the Stars whereby men sail.

<sup>2</sup> This is the Eastern idea of the consequence of satisfactory coition which is supposed to be the very seal of love. Westerns have run to the other extreme.

<sup>3</sup> "Al-Rif" simply means lowland: hence there is a Rif in the Nile-delta. The word in Europe is applied chiefly to the Moroccan coast opposite Gibraltar (not, as is usually supposed the North-Western seaboard) where the Berber-Shilhá race, so famous as the "Rif pirates" still closes the country to travellers.

<sup>4</sup> i.e. Upper Egypt.

<sup>5</sup> These local excellencies of coition are described jocosely rather than anthropologically.

So Nur al-Din lay with the damsel through the night in solace and delight,—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

**Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Seventy-fifth Night,**

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Nur al-Din lay with that damsel through the night in solace and delight, the twain garbed in the closely buttoned garments of embrace, safe and secure against the misways of nights and days, and they passed the dark hours after the goodliest fashion, fearing naught, in their joys love-fraught, from excess of talk and prate. As saith of them the right excellent poet<sup>1</sup> :—

Go, visit her thou lovest, and regard not  
The words detractors utter ; envious churls  
Can never favour love. Oh ! sure the merciful  
Ne'er make a thing more fair to look upon,  
Then two fond lovers in each other's 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 thine, 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?

When the morning morrowed in sheen and shone, Nur al-Din awoke from deep sleep and found that she had brought water:<sup>2</sup> so they made the Ghusl-ablution, he and she, and he performed that which behoved him of prayer to his Lord, after which she set before him meat and drink, and he ate and drank. Then the damsel put her hand under her pillow and pulling out the girdle which she had knitted during the night, gave it to Nur al-Din, who asked, " Whence cometh this girdle ?"<sup>3</sup> Answered she, " O my lord, 'tis the silk thou boughtest yesterday for twenty dirhams. Rise now and go to the Persian bazar and give it to

<sup>1</sup> See vol. i. 223: I take from Torrens, p. 223.

<sup>2</sup> For the complete ablution obligatory after copulation before prayers can be said. See vol. vi. 199.

<sup>3</sup> Arab. "Zunnár," the Greek ζωνάριον, for which, see vol. ii. 215.

the broker, to cry for sale, and sell it not for less than twenty gold pieces in ready money." Quoth Nur al-Din, "O Princess of fair ones how can a thing, that cost twenty dirhams and will sell for as many dinars, be made in a single night?"; and quoth she, "O my lord, thou knowest not the value of this thing; but go to the market therewith and give it to the broker, and when he shall cry it, its worth will be made manifest to thee. Herewith he carried the zone to the market and gave it to the broker, bidding him cry it, whilst he himself sat down on a masonry bench before a shop. The broker fared forth and returning after a while said to him, "O my lord, rise take the price of thy zone, for it hath fetched twenty dinars money down." When Nur al-Din heard this, he marvelled with exceeding marvel and shook with delight. Then he rose, between belief and disbelief, to take the money and when he had received it, he went forthright and spent it all on silk of various colours and returning home, gave his purchase to the damsel, saying, "Make this all into girdles and teach me likewise how to make them, that I may work with thee; for never in the length of my life saw I a fairer craft than this craft nor a more abounding in gain and profit. By Allah, 'tis better than the trade of a merchant a thousand times!" She laughed at his language and said, "O my lord, go to thy friend the druggist and borrow other thirty dirhams of him, and to-morrow repay him from the price of the girdle the thirty together with the fifty already loaned to thee." So he rose and repaired to the druggist and said to him, "O Uncle, lend me other thirty dirhams, and to-morrow, Almighty Allah willing, I will repay thee the whole fourscore." The old man weighed him out thirty dirhams, wherewith he went to the market and buying meat and bread, dried fruits, and flowers as before, carried them home to the damsel whose name was Miriam,<sup>1</sup> the Girdle-girl. She rose forthright and making ready rich meats, set them before her lord Nur al-Din; after which she brought the wine-service and they drank and plied each other with drink. When the wine began to play with their wits, his pleasant address and inner grace pleased her, and she recited these two couplets:—

<sup>1</sup> Miriam (Arabic Maryam), is a Christian name, in Moslem lands. Abú Maryam "Mary's father" (says Motarraqi on Al-Hariri, Ass. of Alexandria) is a term of contempt, for men are called after sons (e.g. Abu Zayd), not after daughters. In more modern authors Abu Maryam is the name of ushers and lesser officials in the Kazi's court.

Said I to Slim-waist who the wine engraced ◦ Brought in musk-scented bowl  
and a superfine,  
“Was it prest from thy cheek ?” He replied “Nay, nay! ◦ When did man  
from Roses e'er press the Wine ?”

And the damsels ceased not to carouse with her lord and ply him  
with cup and bowl and require him to fill for her and give her to  
drink of that which sweeteneth the spirits, and whenever he put  
forth hand to her, she drew back from him, out of coquetry. The  
wine added to her beauty and loveliness, and Nur al-Din recited  
these two couplets :

Slim-waist craved wine from her companeer ; ◦ Cried (in meeting of friends  
when he feared for his fere,)  
“An thou pass not the wine thou shalt pass the night, ◦ A-banisht my bed !”  
And he felt sore fear.

They ceased not drinking till drunkenness overpowered Nur al-Din  
and he slept ; whereupon she rose forthright and fell to work upon  
a zone, as was her wont. When she had wrought it to end, she  
wrapped it in paper and doffing her clothes, lay down by his side  
and enjoyed dalliance and delight till morn appeared.—And  
Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her  
permitted say.

**Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Sebenty-sixth Night,**

She continued, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that  
Miriam the Girdle-girl, having finished her zone and wrapped it  
in paper doffed her dress and lay down by the side of her lord ;  
and then happened to them what happened of dalliance and  
delight ; and he did his devoir like a man. On the morrow, she  
gave him the girdle and said to him, “Carry this to the market  
and sell it for twenty dinars, even as thou soldst its fellow yester-  
day.” So he went to the bazar and sold the girdle for twenty  
dinars, after which he repaired to the druggist and paid him back  
the eighty dirhams, thanking him for his bounties and calling  
down blessings upon him. He asked, “O my son, hast thou sold  
the damsels ?”; and Nur al-Din answered, “Wouldst thou have  
me sell the soul out of my body ?” and told him all that had  
passed, from commencement to conclusion, whereat the druggist  
joyed with joy galore, than which could be no more and said to

him, "By Allah, O my son, thou gladdenest me! Inshallah, mayst thou ever be in prosperity! Indeed I wish thee well by reason of my affection for thy father and the continuance of my friendship with him." Then Nur al-Din left the Shaykh and straightway going to the market, bought meat and fruit and wine and all that he needed according to his custom and returned therewith to Miriam. They abode thus a whole year in eating and drinking and mirth and merriment and love and good comradeship, and every night she made a zone and he sold it on the morrow for twenty dinars, wherewith he bought their needs and gave the rest to her, to keep against a time of necessity. After the twelvemonth she said to him one day, "O my lord, whenas thou sellest the girdle tomorrow, buy for me with its price silk of six colours, because I am minded to make thee a kerchief to wear on thy shoulders, such as never son of merchant, no, nor King's son, ever rejoiced in its like." So next day he fared forth to the bazar and after selling the zone brought her the dyed silks she sought and Miriam the Girdle-girl wrought at the Kerchief a whole week, for, every night, when she had made an end of the zone, she would work awhile at the kerchief till it was finished. Then she gave it to Nur al-Din, who put it on his shoulders and went out to walk in the market-place, whilst all the merchants and folk and notables of the town crowded about him, to gaze on his beauty and that of the kerchief which was of the most beautiful. Now it chanced that one night, after this, he awoke from sleep and found Miriam weeping passing sore and reciting these couplets:—

Nears my parting fro' my love, nigher draws the Severance-day o Ah well-away for parting! and again ah well-away!  
 And in tway is torn my heart and O pine I'm doomed to bear o For the nights that erst witnessèd our pleasurable play!  
 No help for it but Envier the twain of us espy o With evil eye and win to us his lamentable way.  
 For naught to us is sorer than the jealousy of men o And the backbiter's eyne that with calumny affray.

He said, "O my lady Miriam,<sup>1</sup> what aileth thee to weep?"; and she replied, "I weep for the anguish of parting for my heart

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<sup>1</sup> This formality, so contrary to our Western familiarity after possession, is an especial sign of good breeding amongst Arabs and indeed all Eastern nations. It reminds us of the "grand manner" in Europe two hundred years ago, not a trace of which now remains.

presageth me thereof." Quoth he, "O lady of fair ones, and who shall interpose between us, seeing that I love thee above all creatures and tender thee the most?" ; and quoth she, "And I love thee twice as well as thou me; but fair opinion of fortune still garreth folk fall into affliction, and right well saith the poet<sup>1</sup> :—

Think'st thou thyself all prosperous, in days which prosp'rous be,  
Nor fearest thou impending ill, which comes by Heaven's decree?  
We see the orbs of heav'n above, how numberless they are,  
But sun and moon alone eclips'd, and ne'er a lesser star!  
And many a tree on earth we see, some bare, some leafy green,  
Of them, not one is hurt with stone save that has fruitful been!  
See'st not th' refluent ocean, bear carrion on its tide,  
While pearls beneath its wavy flow, fixed in the deep, abide?

\* \* \*

Presently she added, "O my lord Nur al-Din, an thou desire to nonsuit separation, be on thy guard against a swart-visaged older, blind of the right eye and lame of the left leg; for he it is who will be the cause of our severance. I saw him enter the city and I opine that he is come hither in quest of me." Rejoined Nur al-Din, "O lady of fair ones, if my eyes light on him, I will slay him and make an example of him." Rejoined she, "O my lord, slay him not; but talk not nor trade with him, neither buy nor sell with him nor sit nor walk with him nor speak one word to him, no, not even the answer prescribed by law<sup>2</sup> and I pray Allah to preserve us from his craft and his mischief?" Next morning, Nur al-Din took the zone and carried it to the market, where he sat down on a shop-bench and talked with the sons of the merchants, till the drowsiness preceding slumber overcame him and he lay down on the bench and fell asleep. Presently, behold, up came the Frank whom the damsels had described to him, in company with seven others, and seeing Nur al-Din lying asleep on the bench, with his head wrapped in the kerchief which Miriam had made for him and the edge thereof in his grasp, sat down by him and hent the end of the kerchief in hand and examined it turning

<sup>1</sup> These lines are in Night i. ordered somewhat differently: so I quote Torrens (p. 14).

<sup>2</sup> i.e. to the return Salám—"And with thee be peace and the mercy of Allah and His blessings!" See vol. ii. 146. The enslaved Princess had recognised her father's Wazir and knew that he could have but one object, which being a man of wit and her lord a "raw laddie," he was sure to win.

it over for some time. Nur al-Din sensed that there was something and awoke ; then, seeing the very man of whom Miriam had warned him sitting by his side, cried out at him with a great cry which startled him. Quoth the Frank, " What aileth thee to cry out thus at us ? Have we taken from thee aught ? " ; and quoth Nur al-Din, " By Allah, O accursed, haddest thou taken aught from me, I would carry thee before the Chief of Police ! " Then said the Frank, " O Moslem, I conjure thee by thy faith and by that wherein thou believest, inform me whence thou haddest this kerchief ; " and Nur al-Din replied, " Tis the handiwork of my lady mother,—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

### **Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Seventy-seventh Night,**

She pursued, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the Frank asked Nur al-Din anent the maker of the kerchief, he answered, saying, " In very sooth this kerchief is the handiwork of my mother, who made it for me with her own hand." Quoth the Frank " Wilt thou sell it to me and take ready money for it ? " and quoth Nur al-Din, " By Allah, I will not sell it to thee or to any else, for she made none other than it." " Sell it to me and I will give thee to its price this very moment five hundred dinars, money down ; and let her who made it make thee another and a finer." " I will not sell it at all, for there is not the like of it in this city." " O my lord, wilt thou sell it for six hundred ducats of fine gold ? " And the Frank went on to add to his offer hundred by hundred, till he bid nine hundred dinars ; but Nur al-Din said, " Allah will open to me otherwise than by my vending it. I will never sell it, not for two thousand dinars nor more than that ; no, never." The Frank ceased not to tempt him with money, till he bid him a thousand dinars, and the merchants present said, " We sell thee the kerchief at that price :<sup>1</sup> pay down the money." Quoth Nur al-Din, " I will not see it, I swear by Allah ! "<sup>2</sup> But one of

<sup>1</sup> It is quite in Moslem manners for the bystanders to force the sale seeing a silly lad reject a most advantageous offer for sentimental reasons. And the owner of the article would be bound by their consent.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. " Wa'llahi," " Bi " is the original particle of swearing, a Harf al-jarr (governing the genitive as Bi'lláhi) and suggesting the idea of adhesion : " Wa " (noting union) is its substitute in oath-formulæ and " Ta " takes the place of Wa as Ta'lláhi. The three-fold forms are combined in a great " swear."

the merchants said to him, "Know thou, O my son, that the value of this kerchief is an hundred dinars at most and that to an eager purchaser, and if this Frank pay thee down a thousand for it, thy profit will be nine hundred dinars, and what gain canst thou desire greater than this gain? Wherefore 'tis my rede that thou sell him this kerchief at that price and bid her who wrought it make thee other finer than it: so shalt thou profit nine hundred dinars by this accursed Frank, the enemy of Allah and of The Faith." Nur al-Din was abashed at the merchants and sold the kerchief to the Frank, who, in their presence, paid him down the thousand dinars, with which he would have returned to his handmaid to congratulate her on what had passed; but the stranger said, "Harkye, O company of merchants, stop my lord Nur al-Din, for you and he are my guests this night. I have a jar of old Greek wine and a fat lamb, fresh fruit, flowers and confections; wherefore do ye all cheer me with your company to-night and not one of you tarry behind." So the merchants said, "O my lord Nur al-Din, we desire that thou be with us on the like of this night, so we may talk together, we and thou, and we pray thee, of thy favour and bounty, to bear us company, so we and thou, may be the guests of this Frank, for he is a liberal man." And they conjured him by the oath of divorce<sup>1</sup> and hindered him by main force from going home. Then they rose forthright and shutting up their shops, took Nur al-Din and fared with the Frank, who brought them to a goodly and spacious saloon, wherein were two daises. Here he made them sit and set before them a scarlet tray-cloth of goodly workmanship and unique handiwork, wroughten in gold with figures of breaker and broken, lover and beloved, asker and asked, whereon he ranged precious vessels of porcelain and crystal, full of the costliest confections, fruits and flowers, and brought them a flagon of old Greek wine. Then he bade slaughter a fat lamb and kindling fire, proceeded to roast of its flesh and feed the merchants therewith and give them draughts of that wine, winking at them the while to ply Nur al-Din with drink. Accordingly they ceased not plying him with wine till he became drunken and took leave of his wits; so when the Frank saw that he was drowned in liquor, he said to him, "O my lord Nur al-Din, thou gladdenest us with thy company to-night: welcome, and again welcome to thee?" Then he engaged him awhile in talk, till he could draw near to

<sup>1</sup> i.e. of divorcing their own wives.

him, when he said, with dissembling speech, "O my lord, Nur al-Din, wilt thou sell me thy slave-girl, whom thou boughtest in presence of these merchants a year ago for a thousand dinars? I will give thee at this moment five thousand gold pieces for her and thou wilt thus make four thousand ducats profit." Nur al-Din refused, but the Frank ceased not to ply him with meat and drink and lure him with lucre, still adding to his offers, till he bid him ten thousand dinars for her; whereupon Nur al-Din, in his drunkenness, said before the merchants, "I sell her to thee for ten thousand dinars: hand over the money." At this the Frank rejoiced with joy exceeding and took the merchants to witness the sale. They passed the night in eating and drinking, mirth and merriment, till the morning, when the Frank cried out to his pages, saying, "Bring me the money." So they brought it to him and he counted out ten thousand dinars to Nur al-Din, saying, "O my lord, take the price of thy slave-girl, whom thou soldst to me last night, in the presence of-these Moslem merchants." Replied Nur al-Din, "O accursed, I sold thee nothing and thou liest anent me, for I have no slave-girls." Quoth the Frank, "In very sooth thou didst sell her to me and these merchants were witnesses to the bargain." Thereupon all said, "Yes, indeed! thou soldst him thy slave-girl before us for ten thousand dinars, O Nur al-Din and we will all bear witness against thee of the sale. Come, take the money and deliver him the girl, and Allah will give thee a better than she in her stead. Doth it irk thee, O Nur al-Din, that thou boughtest the girl for a thousand dinars and hast enjoyed for a year and a half her beauty and loveliness and taken thy fill of her converse and her favours? Furthermore thou hast gained some ten thousand golden dinars by the sale of the zones which she made thee every day and thou soldst for twenty sequins, and after all this thou hast sold her again at a profit of nine thousand dinars over and above her original price. And withal thou deniest the sale and belittlest and makest difficulties about the profit! What gain is greater than this gain and what profit wouldest thou have profitabler than this profit? An thou love her thou hast had thy fill of her all this time: so take the money and buy thee another handsomer than she; or we will marry thee to one of our daughters, lovelier than she, at a dowry of less than half this price, and the rest of the money will remain in thy hand as capital." And the merchants ceased not to ply him with persuasion and specious arguments till he took the ten thousand dinars, the price

of the damsel, and the Frank straightway fetched Kazis and witnesses, who drew up the contract of sale by Nur al-Din of the handmaid hight Miriam the Girdle-girl. Such was his case; but as regards the damsel's, she sat awaiting her lord from morning till sundown and from sundown till the noon of night; and when he returned not, she was troubled and wept with sore weeping. The old druggist heard her sobbing and sent his wife, who went in to her and finding her in tears, said to her, "O my lady, what aileth thee to weep?" Said she, "O my mother, I have sat waiting the return of my lord, Nur al-Din all day; but he cometh not, and I fear lest some one have played a trick on him, to make him sell me, and he have fallen into the snare and sold me."—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

### Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Seventy-eighth Night,

She resumed, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Miriam the Girdle-girl said to the druggist's wife, "I am fearful lest some one have been playing a trick on my lord to make him sell me, and he have fallen into the snare and sold me." Said the other, "O my lady Miriam, were they to give thy lord this hall full of gold as thy price, yet would he not sell thee, for what I know of his love to thee. But, O my lady, belike there be a company come from his parents at Cairo and he hath made them an entertainment in the lodging where they alighted, being ashamed to bring them hither, for that the place is not spacious enough for them or because their condition is less than that he should bring them to his own house; or belike he preferred to conceal thine affair from them, so passed the night with them; and Inshallah! to-morrow he will come to thee safe and sound. So burden not thy soul with care and care, O my lady, for of a certainty this is the cause of his absence from thee last night and I will abide with thee this coming night and comfort thee, until thy lord return to thee." So the druggist's wife abode with her and cheered her with talk throughout the dark hours and, when it was morning, Miriam saw her lord enter the street followed by the Frank and amiddle-most a company of merchants, at which sight her side-muscles quivered and her colour changed and she fell a-shaking, as ship shaketh in mid-ocean for the violence of the gale. When the

druggist's wife saw this, she said to her, "O my lady Miriam what aileth thee that I see thy case changed and thy face grown pale and show disfeatured ?" Replied she, "By Allah, O my lady, my heart forebodeth me of parting and severance of union !" And she bemoaned herself with the saddest sighs, reciting these couplets<sup>1</sup> :—

Incline not to parting, I pray ;      o For bitter its savour is aye.  
 E'en the sun at his setting turns pale      o To think he must part from the day ;  
 And so, at his rising, for joy      o Of reunion, he's radient and gay.

Then Miriam wept passing sore wherethan naught could be more, making sure of separation, and cried to the druggist's wife, "O my mother, said I not to thee that my lord Nur al-Din had been tricked into selling me ? I doubt not but he hath sold me this night to yonder Frank, albeit I bade him beware of him ; but deliberation availeth not against destiny. So the truth of my words is made manifest to thee." Whilst they were talking, behold, in came Nur al-Din, and the damsels looked at him and saw that his colour was changed and that he trembled and there appeared on his face signs of grief and repentance : so she said to him, "O my lord Nur al-Din, meseemeth thou hast sold me." Whereupon he wept with sore weeping and groaned and lamented and recited these couplets<sup>2</sup> :—

When e'er the Lord 'gainst any man,  
 Would fulminate some harsh decree,  
 And he be wise, and skilled to hear,  
 And used to see ;  
 He stops his ears, and blinds his heart,  
 And from his brain ill judgment tears,  
 And makes it bald as 'twere a scalp,  
 Reft of its hairs<sup>3</sup> ;  
 Until the time when the whole man  
 Be pierced by this divine command ;  
 Then He restores him intellect  
 To understand.

Then Nur al-Din began to excuse himself to his handmaid, saying, "By Allah, O my lady Miriam, verily runneth the Reed with

<sup>1</sup> These lines have occurred before : I quote Mr. Payne.

<sup>2</sup> These lines are in Night xxvi., vol. i. 275 : I quote Torrens (p. 277), with a correction for "when ere."

<sup>3</sup> This should be "draws his senses from him as one pulls hairs out of paste."

whatso Allah hath decreed. The folk put a cheat on me to make me sell thee, and I fell into the snare and sold thee. Indeed, I have sorely failed of my duty to thee ; but haply He who decreed our disunion will vouchsafe us reunion." Quoth she, "I warned thee against this, for this it was I dreaded." Then she strained him to her bosom and kissed him between the eyes, reciting these couplets :—

Now, by your love ! your love I'll ne'er forget, o Though lost my life for stress  
of pine and fret :  
I weep and wail through livelong day and night o As moans the dove on sand-  
hill-tree beset.  
O fairest friends, your absence spoils my life ; o Nor find I meeting-place as  
erst we met.

At this juncture, behold, the Frank came in to them and went up to Miriam, to kiss her hands ; but she dealt him a buffet with her palm on the cheek, saying, "Avaunt, O accursed ! Thou hast followed after me without surcease, till thou hast cozened my lord into selling me ! But O accursed, all shall yet be well, Inshallah!" The Frank laughed at her speech and wondered at her deed and excused himself to her, saying, "O my lady Miriam, what is my offence ? Thy lord Nur al-Din here sold thee of his full consent and of his own free will. Had he loved thee, by the right of the Messiah, he had not transgressed against thee ! And had he not fulfilled his desire of thee, he had not sold thee." Quoth one of the poets :—

Whom I irk let him fly fro' me fast and faster o If I name his name I am no  
directer.  
Nor the wide wide world is to me so narrow o That I act expecter to this  
rejecter.<sup>1</sup>

Now this handmaid was the daughter of the King of France, the which is a wide and spacious city,<sup>2</sup> abounding in manufactures and rarities and trees and flowers and other growths, and resembleth the city of Constantinople : and for her going forth of her father's city there was a wondrous cause and thereby hangeth a marvellous tale which we will set out in due order, to divert and delight the

<sup>1</sup> Rághib and Záhid : see vol. v. 141.

<sup>2</sup> Carolus Magnus then held court in Paris ; but the text evidently alludes to one of the port-cities of Provence as Marseille which we English will miscall Marseilles.

hearer<sup>1</sup>—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

'Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Seventy-ninth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the cause of Miriam the Girdle-girl leaving her father and mother was a wondrous and thereby hangeth a marvellous tale. She was reared with her father and mother in honour and indulgence and learnt rhetoric and penmanship and arithmetic and cavalarice and all manner crafts, such as broidery and sewing and weaving and girdle-making and silk-cord making and damascening gold on silver and silver on gold, brief all the arts both of men and women, till she became the union-pearl of her time and the unique gem of her age and day. Moreover, Allah (to whom belong Might and Majesty!) had endowed her with such beauty and loveliness and elegance and perfection of grace that she excelled therein all the folk of her time, and the Kings of the isles sought her in marriage of her sire, but he refused to give her to wife to any of her suitors, for that he loved her with passing love and could not bear to be parted from her a single hour. Moreover, he had no other daughter than herself, albeit he had many sons, but she was dearer to him than all of them. It fortuned one year that she fell sick of an exceeding sickness and came nigh upon death, wherefore she made a vow that, if she recovered from her malady, she would make the pilgrimage to a certain monastery, situate in such an island, which was high in repute among the Franks, who used to make vows to it and look for a blessing therefrom. When Miriam recovered from her sickness, she wished to accomplish her vow anent the monastery and her sire despatched her to the convent in a little ship, with sundry daughters of the city-notables to wait upon her and patrician Knights to protect them all. As they drew near the island, there came out upon them a ship of the ships of the Moslems, champions of The Faith, warring in Allah's way, who boarded the vessel and making prize of all therein, knights and maidens, gifts and monies, sold their booty in the city of

<sup>1</sup> Here the writer, not the young wife, speaks; but as a tale-teller he says "hearer" not "reader."

Kayrawán.<sup>1</sup> Miriam herself fell into the hands of a Persian merchant, who was born impotent<sup>2</sup> and for whom no woman had ever discovered her nakedness; so he set her to serve him. Presently, he fell ill and sickened well nigh unto death, and the sickness abode with him two months, during which she tended him after the goodliest fashion, till Allah made him whole of his malady, when he recalled her tenderness and loving-kindness to him and the persistent zeal with which she had nurst him and being minded to requite her the good offices she had done him, said to her, "Ask a boon of me?" She said, "O my lord, I ask of thee that thou sell me not but to the man of my choice." He answered, "So be it. I guarantee thee. By Allah, O Miriam, I will not sell thee but to him of whom thou shalt approve, and I put thy sale in thine own hand." And she rejoiced herein with joy exceeding. Now the Persian had expounded to her Al-Islam and she became a Moslemah and learnt of him the rules of worship. Furthermore during that period the Persian had taught her the tenets of The Faith and the observances incumbent upon her: he had made her learn the Koran by heart and master somewhat of the theological sciences and the traditions of the Prophet; after which, he brought her to Alexandria-city and sold her to Nur al-Din, as we have before set out. Meanwhile, when her father, the King of France, heard what had befallen his daughter and her company, he saw Doomsday break and sent after her ships full of knights and champions, horsemen and footmen; but they fell not in any trace of her whom they sought in the Islands<sup>3</sup> of the Moslems; so all returned to him, crying out and saying, "Well-away!" and "Ruin!" and "Well worth the

<sup>1</sup> Kayrawán, the Arab. form of the Greek Cyrene which has lately been opened to travellers and has now lost the mystery which enshrouded it. In Hafiz and the Persian poets it is the embodiment of remoteness and secrecy; as we till the last quarter century spoke of the "deserts of Central Africa."

<sup>2</sup> Arab. "'Innín": alluding to all forms of impotence, from dislike, natural deficiency or fascination, the favourite excuse. Easterns seldom attribute it to the true cause, weak action of the heart; but the Romans knew the truth when they described one of its symptoms as cold feet. "Clino-pedalis, ad venerem invalidus, ab ea antiqua opinione, frigiditatem pedum concubituris admodum officere." Hence St. Francis and the bare-footed Friars. See Glossarium Eroticum Linguae Latinæ, Parisiis, Dondey-Dupré, MDCCXXVI.

<sup>3</sup> I have noted the use of "island" for "land" in general. So in the European languages of the sixteenth century, *insula* was used for peninsula, e.g. *Insula de Cori* = the Corean peninsula.

day!" The King grieved for her with exceeding grief and sent after her that one-eyed lameter, blind of the left,<sup>1</sup> for that he was his chief Wazir, a stubborn tyrant and a foward devil,<sup>2</sup> full of craft and guile, bidding him make search for her in all the lands of the Moslems and buy her, though with a ship-load of gold. So the accursed sought her, in all the islands of the Arabs and all the cities of the Moslems, but found no sign of her till he came to Alexandria-city where he made quest for her and presently discovered that she was with Nur al-Din Ali the Cairene, being directed to the trace of her by the kerchief aforesaid, for that none could have wrought it in such goodly guise but she. Then he bribed the merchants to help him in getting her from Nur al-Din and beguiled her lord into selling her, as hath been already related. When he had her in his possession, she ceased not to weep and wail: so he said to her, "O my lady Miriam, put away from thee this mourning and grieving and return with me to the city of thy sire, the seat of thy kingship and the place of thy power and thy home, so thou mayst be among thy servants and attendants and be quit of this abasement and this strangership. Enough hath betided me of travail, of travel and of disbursing monies on thine account, for thy father bade me buy thee back, though with a shipload of gold; and now I have spent nigh a year and a half in seeking thee." And he fell to kissing her hands and feet and humbling himself to her; but the more he kissed and grovelled she only redoubled in wrath against him, and said to him, "O accursed, may Almighty Allah not vouchsafe thee to win thy wish!" Presently his pages brought her a shemule with gold-embroidered housings and mounting her thereon, raised over her head a silken canopy, with staves of gold and silver, and the Franks walked round about her, till they brought her forth the city by the sea-gate,<sup>3</sup> where they took boat with her and rowing out to a great ship in harbour embarked therein. Then the monocular Wazir cried out to the sailors, saying, "Up with the mast!" So they set it up forthright and spreading the newly bent sails and the colours manned the sweeps and put out

<sup>1</sup> As has been noticed (vol. i. 333), the monocular is famed for mischief and men expect the mischief to come from his blinded eye.

<sup>2</sup> Here again we have a specimen of "inverted speech" (vol. ii. 265); abusive epithets intended for a high compliment, signifying that the man was a tyrant over rebels and a foward devil to the foe.

<sup>3</sup> Arab. "Bab al-Bahr," see vol. iii. 281.

to sea. Meanwhile Miriam continued to gaze upon Alexandria, till it disappeared from her eyes, when she fell a-weeping in her privacy with sore weeping—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

**Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Eightieth Night,**

She continued, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the Wazir of the Frankish King put out to sea in the ship bearing Miriam the Girdle-girl she gazed Alexandria-wards till the city was hidden from her sight when she wailed and wept copious tears and recited these couplets :—

O dwelling of my friends say is there no return \* Uswards ? But what ken I  
of matters Allah made ?  
Still fare the ships of Severance, sailing hastily \* And in my wounded eyelids  
tears have ta'en their stead,  
For parting from a friend who was my wish and will \* Healed every ill and  
every pain and pang allay'd.  
Be thou, O Allah, substitute of me for him \* Such charge some day the  
care of Thee shall not evade.

Then she could not refrain from weeping and wailing. So the patrician<sup>1</sup> knights came up to her and would have comforted her, but she heeded not their consoling words, being distracted by the claims of passion and love-longing. And she shed tears and moaned and complained and recited these couplets :—

The tongue of Love within my vitals speaketh \* Saying, " This lover boon of  
Love aye seeketh !"  
And burn my liver hottest coals of passion \* And parting on my heart sore  
suffering wreaketh.  
How shall I face this fiery love concealing \* When fro' my wounded lids  
the tear aye leaketh ?

In this plight Miriam abode during all the voyage ; no peace was left her at all nor would patience come at her call. Such was her case in company with the Wazir, the monocular, the lameter ; but as regards Nur al-Din the Cairene, when the ship had sailed with Miriam, the world was straitened upon him and he had

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<sup>1</sup> Arab. " Batárikah " see vol. ii. 89. The Templars, Knights of Malta and other orders half ecclesiastic half military suggested the application of the term.

neither peace nor patience. He returned to the lodging where they twain had dwelt, and its aspect was black and gloomy in his sight. Then he saw the *métier* wherewith she had been wont to make the zones and her dress that had been upon her beauteous body: so he pressed them to his breast, whilst the tears gushed from his eyes and he recited these couplets:—

Say me, will Union after parting e'er return to be \* After long-lasting  
torments, after hopeless misery ?  
Alas ! Alas ! what wont to be shall never more return o But grant me still  
return of dearest her these eyne may see.  
I wonder me will Allah deign our parted lives unite o And will my dear  
one's plighted troth preserve with constancy ?  
Naught am I save the prey of death since parting parted us ; o And will my  
friends consent that I a weird so deadly dree ?  
Alas my sorrow ! Sorrowing the lover scant avails ; o Indeed I melt away in  
grief and passion's ecstacy :  
Past is the time of my delight when were we two conjoined : o Would  
Heaven I wot if Destiny mine esperance will degree !  
Redouble then, O Heart, thy pains and, O mine eyes, o'erflow o With tears  
till not a tear remain within these eyne of me ?  
Again alas for loved ones lost and loss of patience eke ! o For helpers fail  
me and my griefs are grown beyond decree.  
The Lord of Threefold Worlds I pray He deign to me return \* My lover and  
we meet as wont in joy and jubilee.

Then Nur al-Din wept with weeping galore than which naught  
could be more ; and peering into every corner of the room, re-  
cited these two couplets :—

I view their traces and with pain I pine o And by their sometime home I weep  
and yearn ;  
And Him I pray who parting deigned decree o Some day He deign vouchsafe  
me their return !

Then Nur al-Din sprang to his feet and locking the door of the  
house, fared forth running at speed, to the sea shore whence he  
fixed his eyes on the place of the ship which had carried off his  
Miriam whilst sighs burst from his breast and tears from his lids  
as he recited these couplets :—

Peace be with you, sans you naught compensateth me o The near, the far, two  
cases only here I see :  
I yearn for you at every hour and tide as yearns o For water-place wayfarer  
plodding wearily.

With you abide my hearing, heart and eyen-sight • And (sweeter than the honeycomb) your memory.

Then, O my Grief when fared afar your retinue • And bore that ship away  
my sole expectancy.

And Nur al-Din wept and wailed, bemoaned himself and complained, crying out and saying, "O Miriam ! O Miriam ! Was it but a vision of thee I saw in sleep or in the allusions of dreams ?" And by reason of that which grew on him of regrets, he recited these couplets<sup>1</sup> :—

Mazed with thy love no more I can feign patience,  
This heart of mine has held none dear but thee !  
And if mine eye hath gazed on other's beauty,  
Ne'er be it joyed again with sight of thee !  
I've sworn an oath I'll ne'er forget to love thee,  
And sad's this breast that pines to meet with thee !  
Thou'st made me drink a love-cup full of passion,  
Blest time ! When I may give the draught to thee !  
Take with thee this my form where'er thou goest,  
And when thou'rt dead let me be laid near thee !  
Call on me in my tomb, my bones shall answer  
And sigh responses to a call from thee !  
If it were asked, " What wouldst thou Heaven should order ?"  
" His will," I answer, " First, and then what pleases thee."

As Nur al-Din was in this case, weeping and crying out, " O Miriam ! O Miriam !" behold, an old man landed from a vessel and coming up to him, saw him shedding tears and heard him reciting these verses :—

O Maryam of beauty<sup>2</sup> return, for these eyne • Are as densest clouds railing drops in line :

Ask amid mankind and my railers shall say • That mine eyelids are drowning these eyeballs of mine.

Said the old man, " O my son, meseems thou weeppest for the

<sup>1</sup> These lines have occurred in vol. i. 280—I quote Torrens (p. 283).

<sup>2</sup> Maryam al-Husn containing a double entendre, " O place of the white doe (Rim) of beauty !" The girl's name was Maryam the Arab. form of Mary, also applied to the B.V. by Eastern Christians. Hence a common name of Syrian women is " Husn Maryam" = (one endowed with the spiritual beauties of Mary : vol. iv. 87). I do not think that the name was " manufactured by the Arab story-tellers after the pattern of their own names (e.g. Nur al-Din or Noureddin, light of the faith, Tajeddin, crown of faith, etc.) for the use of their imaginary Christian female characters."

damsel who sailed yesterday with the Frank?" When Nur al-Din heard these words of the Shaykh he fell down in a swoon and lay for a long while without life; then, coming to himself, he wept with sore weeping and improvised these couplets:—

Shall we e'er be unite after severance-tide o And return in the perfectest cheer to bide ?  
 In my heart indeed is a lowe of love o And I'm pained by the spies who my pain deride :  
 My days I pass in amaze distraught, o And her image a-nights I would see by side :  
 By Allah, no hour brings me solace of love o And how can it when make-bates vex me and chide ?  
 A soft-sided damsel of slenderest waist o Her arrows of eyne on my heart hath plied ?  
 Her form is like Bán<sup>1</sup>-tree branch in garth o Shame her charms the sun who his face most hide :  
 Did I not fear God (be He glorified !) o "My Fair be glorified !" Had I cried.

The old man looked at him and noting his beauty and grace and symmetry and the fluency of his tongue and the seductiveness of his charms, had ruth on him and his heart mourned for his case. Now that Shaykh was the captain of a ship, bound to the damsel's city, and in this ship were a hundred Moslem merchants, men of the Saving Faith; so he said to Nur al-Din, "Have patience and all will yet be well; I will bring thee to her an it be the will of Allah, extolled and exalted be He!—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

### **Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Eighty-first Night,**

She pursued, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the old skipper said to Nur al-Din, "I will bring thee to her, Inshallah!" the youth asked, "When shall we set out?" and the other said, "Come but three days more and we will depart in peace and prosperity." Nur al-Din rejoiced at the captain's words with joy exceeding and thanked him for his bounty and

<sup>1</sup> I may here remind readers that the Bán, which some Orientalists will write "Ben," is a straight and graceful species of *Moringa* with plentiful and intensely green foliage.

benevolence. Then he recalled the days of love-liesse dear and union with his slave-girl without peer, and he shed bitter tears and recited these couplets:—

Say, will to me and you the Ruthful union show o My lords ! Shall e'er  
I win the wish of me or no ?  
A visit-boon by you will shifty Time vouchsafe ? o And seize your image eye-  
lids which so hungry grow ?  
With you were Union to be sold, I fain would buy ; o But ah, I see such grace  
doth all my means outgo !

Then Nur al-Din went forthright to the market and bought what he needed of vitiacum and other necessaries for the voyage and returned to the Rais, who said to him, "O my son, what is that thou hast with thee?" said he, "My provisions and all whereof I have need for the voyage." Thereupon quoth the old man, laughing, "O my son, art thou going a-pleasuring to Pompey's Pillar<sup>1</sup>? Verily, between thee and that thou seekest is two months' journey an the wind be fair and the weather favourable." Then he took of him somewhat of money and going to the bazar, bought him a sufficiency of all that he needed for the voyage and filled him a large earthen jar<sup>2</sup> with fresh water. Nur al-Din abode in the ship three days until the merchants had made an end of their precautions and preparations and embarked, when they set sail and putting out to sea, fared on one-and-fifty days. After this, there came out upon them corsairs,<sup>3</sup> pirates who sacked the ship and taking Nur al-Din and all therein prisoners, carried them to the city of France and paraded them before the King, who bade cast them into jail, Nur al-Din amongst the number. As they were being led to prison the galleon<sup>4</sup> arrived with the Princess Miriam and the one-eyed Wazir, and when it made the harbour, the lameter landed and going up to the King gave him the glad news of his daughter's safe return: whereupon they beat the kettledrums for good tidings and decorated the city after the goodliest fashion. Then the King took horse, with all his

<sup>1</sup> Arab. "Amúd al-Sawári" = the Pillar of Masts, which is still the local name of Diocletian's column absurdly named by Europeans "Pompey's Pillar."

<sup>2</sup> Arab. "Batiyah," also used as a wine-jar (amphora), a flagon.

<sup>3</sup> Arab. "Al-Kursán," evidently from the Ital. "Corsaro," a runner. So the Port. "Cabo Corso," which we have corrupted to "Cape Coast Castle" (Gulf of Guinea), means the Cape of Tacking.

<sup>4</sup> Arab. "Ghuráb," which Europeans turn to "Grab."

guards and lords and notables and rode down to the sea to meet her. The moment the ship cast anchor she came ashore, and the King saluted her and embraced her and mounting her on a blood-steed, bore her to the palace, where her mother received her with open arms, and asked her of her case and whether she was a maid as before or whether she had become a woman carnally known by man.<sup>1</sup> She replied, "O my mother, how should a girl, who hath been sold from merchant to merchant in the land of Moslems, a slave commanded, abide a virgin? The merchant who bought me threatened me with the bastinado and violenced me and took my maidenhead, after which he sold me to another and he again to a third." When the Queen heard these her words, the light in her eyes became night and she repeated her confession to the King who was chagrined thereat and his affair was grievous to him. So he expounded her case to his Grandees and Patricians<sup>2</sup> who said to him, "O King, she hath been defiled by the Moslems and naught will purify her save the striking off of an hundred Mohammedan heads." Whereupon the King sent for the True Believers he had imprisoned; and they decapitated them, one after another, beginning with the captain, till none was left save Nur al-Din. They tare off a strip of his skirt and binding his eyes therewith, led him to the rug of blood and were about to smite his neck, when behold, an ancient dame came up to the King at that very moment and said, "O my lord, thou didst vow to bestow upon each and every church five Moslem captives, to help us in the service thereof, so Allah would restore thee thy daughter the Princess Miriam; and now she is restored to thee, so do thou fulfil thy vow." The King replied, "O my mother, by the virtue of the Messiah and the Veritable Faith, there remaineth to me of the prisoners but this one captive, whom they are about to put to death: so take him with thee to help in the service of the church, till there come to me more prisoners of the Moslems, when I will send thee other four. Hadst thou come earlier, before they hewed off the heads of these, I had given thee as many as thou wouldest have." The old woman thanked the King for his boon and wished him continuance of life, glory and prosperity. Then without loss of time

<sup>1</sup> Arab. "Sayyib" (Thayyib) a rare word: it mostly applies to a woman who leaves her husband after lying once with him.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. "Batárikah :" here meaning knights, leaders of armed men as in Night dccclxii., supra p. 256, it means "monks."

she went up to Nur al-Din, whom she raised from the rug of blood ; and, looking narrowly at him saw a comely youth and a dainty, with a delicate skin and a face like the moon at her full ; whereupon she carried him to the church and said to him, " O my son, doff these clothes which are upon thee, for they are fit only for the service of the Sultan.<sup>1</sup>" So saying the ancient dame brought him a gown and hood of black wool and a broad girdle,<sup>2</sup> in which she clad and cowled him ; and, after binding on his belt, bade him do the service of the church. Accordingly, he served the church seven days, at the end of which time behold, the old woman came up to him and said, " O Moslem, don thy silken dress and take these ten dirhams and go out forthright and divert thyself abroad this day, and tarry not here a single moment, lest thou lose thy life." Quoth he, " What is to do, O my mother ? " ; and quoth she, " Know, O my son, that the King's daughter, the Princess Miriam the Girdle-girl, hath a mind to visit the church this day, to seek a blessing by pilgrimage and to make oblation thereto, a douceur<sup>3</sup> of thank-offering for her deliverance from the land of the Moslems and in fulfilment of the vows she vowed to the Messiah, so he would save her. With her are four hundred damsels, not one of whom but is perfect in beauty and loveliness and all of them are daughters of Wazirs and Emirs and Grandees : they will be here during this very hour and if their eyes fall on thee in this church, they will hew thee in pieces with swords." Thereupon Nur al-Din took the ten dirhams from the ancient dame, and donning his own dress, went out to the bazar and walked about the city and took his pleasure therein, till he knew its highways and gates,—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Eighty-second Night,

She resumed, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Nur al-Din, after donning his own dress and taking the ten dirhams from the ancient dame, fared forth to the market streets and wan-

<sup>1</sup> i.e. for the service of a temporal monarch.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. " Sayr " = a broad strip of leather still used by way of girdle amongst certain Christian religions in the East.

<sup>3</sup> Arab. " Haláwat al-Salámah," the sweetmeats offered to friends after returning from a journey or escaping sore peril. See vol. iv. 60.

dered about a while till he knew every quarter of the city, after which he returned to the church<sup>1</sup> and saw the Princess Miriam the Girdle-girl, daughter of the King of France come up to the fane, attended by four hundred damsels, high-bosomed maids like moons, amongst whom was the daughter of the one-eyed Wazir and those of the Emirs and Lords of the realm ; and she walked in their midst as she were moon among stars. When his eyes fell upon her Nur al-Din could not contain himself, but cried out from the core of his heart, “O Miriam ! O Miriam !” When the damsels heard his outcry they ran at him with swords shining bright like flashes of leven-light and would have slain him forthright. But the Princess turned and looking on him, knew him with fullest knowledge, and said to her maidens, “Leave this youth ; doubtless he is mad, for the signs of madness be manifest on his face.” When Nur al-Din heard this, he uncovered his head and rolled his eyes and made signs with his hands and twisted his legs, foaming the while at the mouth. Quoth the Princess, “Said I not that the poor youth was mad ? Bring him to me and stand off from him, that I may hear what he saith ; for I know the speech of the Arabs and will look into his case and see if his madness admit of cure or not.” So they laid hold of him and brought him to her ; after which they withdrew to a distance and she said to him, “Hast thou come hither on my account and ventured thy life for my sake and feignest thyself mad ?” He replied, “O my lady, hast thou not heard the saying of the poet<sup>2</sup> ? :—

Quoth they, “Thou’rt surely raving mad for her thou lov’st ;” and I, “There is no pleasantness in life but for the mad,” reply.

Compare my madness with herself for whom I rave ; if she Accord therewith, then blame me not for that which I aby.

Miriam replied, “By Allah, O Nur al-Din, indeed thou hast sinned against thyself, for I warned thee of this before it befel thee : yet wouldest thou not hearken to me, but followest thine own lust : albeit that whereof I gave thee to know I learnt not by means of inspiration nor physiognomy<sup>3</sup> nor dreams, but by eye-witness and

<sup>1</sup> So Eginhardt was an *Erzcapeilan* and belonged to the ghostly profession.

<sup>2</sup> These lines are in vols. iii. 258 and iv. 204. I quote Mr. Payne.

<sup>3</sup> Arab. “Firásah,” lit. == skill in judging of horse flesh (Faras) and thence applied, like “Kiyásah,” to physiognomy. One Kári was the first to divine man’s future by worldly signs (Al-Maydáni, Arab. prov. ii. 132) and the knowledge was hereditary in the tribe Mashij.

very sight ; for I saw the one-eyed Wazir and knew that he was not come to Alexandria but in quest of me." Said he, "O my lady Miriam, we seek refuge with Allah from the error of the intelligent<sup>1</sup>!" Then his affliction redoubled on him and he recited this saying<sup>2</sup> :—

Pass o'er my fault, for 'tis the wise man's wont  
Of other's sins to take no harsh account ;  
And as all crimes have made my breast their site,  
So thine all shapes of mercy should unite.  
Who from above would mercy seek to know,  
Should first be merciful to those below.

Then Nur al-Din and Princess Miriam ceased not from lovers' chiding which to trace would be tedious, relating each to other that which had befallen them and reciting verses and making moan, one to other, of the violence of passion and the pangs of pine and desire, whilst the tears ran down their cheeks like rivers, till there was left them no strength to say a word and so they continued till day departed and night darkened. Now the Princess was clad in a green dress, purfled with red gold and broidered with pearls and gems which enhanced her beauty and loveliness and inner grace ; and right well quoth the poet of her<sup>3</sup> :—

Like the full moon she shineth in garments all of green, With loosened vest  
and collars and flowing hair beseen.

"What is thy name?" I asked her, and she replied, "I'm she Who roasts the hearts of lovers on coals of love and teen.

I am the pure white silver, ay, and the gold wherewith The bondmen from strait prison and dour releasèd been."

Quoth I, "I'm all with rigours consumed ;" but "On a rock," Said she, "such as my heart is, thy plaints are wasted clean."

"Even if thy heart," I answered, "be rock in very deed, Yet hath God caused fair water well from the rock, I ween."

And when night darkened on them the Lady Miriam went up to her women and asked them, "Have ye locked the door ?"; and they answered, "Indeed we have locked it." So she took them and went with them to a place called the Chapel of the Lady Mary the Virgin, Mother of Light, because the Nazarenes hold

<sup>1</sup> Reported to be a "Hadis" or saying of Mohammed, to whom are attributed many such shrewd aphorisms, e.g. "Allah defend us from the ire of the mild (tempered)."

<sup>2</sup> These lines are in vol. i. 126. I quote Torrens (p. 120).

<sup>3</sup> These lines have occurred before. I quote Mr. Payne.

that there are her heart and soul. The girls betook themselves to prayer for blessings from above and circuited all the church ; and when they had made an end of their visitation, the Princess turned to them and said, "I desire to pass the night alone in the Virgin's chapel and seek a blessing thereof, for that yearning after it hath betided me, by reason of my long absence in the land of the Moslems ; and as for you, when ye have made an end of your visitation, do ye sleep whereso ye will." Replied they, "With love and goodly gree : be it as thou wilt !"; and leaving her alone in the chapel, dispersed about the church and slept. The Lady Miriam waited till they were out of sight and hearing, then went in search of Nur al-Din, whom she found sitting in a corner on live coals, awaiting her. He rose and kissed her hands and feet and she sat down and seated him by her side. Then she pulled off all that was upon her of raiment and ornaments and fine linen and taking Nur al-Din in her arms strained him to her bosom. And they ceased not, she and he, from kissing and clipping and strumming to the tune of "hocus-pocus,"<sup>1</sup> saying the while, "How short are the nights of Union and the nights of Disunion how long are they!" and reciting these verses ;—

O Night of Union, Time's virginal prize, \* White star of the Nights with auroral dyes,  
 Thou garrest Dawn after Noon to rise     \* Say art thou Kohl in Morning's Eyes,  
 Or wast thou Slumber to bleared eye lief?  
 O Night of Parting, how long thy stay \* Whose latest hours aye the first portray,  
 This endless circle that noways may     \* Show breach till the coming of Judgment-day,  
 Day when dies the lover of parting-grief.<sup>2</sup>

As they were in this mighty delight and joy engrossing they heard one of the servants of the Saint<sup>3</sup> smite the gong<sup>4</sup> upon the roof,

<sup>1</sup> Arab. "Khák-bák," an onomatopœia like our flip-flap and a host of similar words. This profaning a Christian Church which contained the relics of the Virgin would hugely delight the coffee-house *habitues*, and the Egyptians would be equally flattered to hear that the son of a Cairene merchant had made the conquest of a Frankish Princess Royal. That he was an arrant poltroon mattered very little, as his cowardice only set off his charms.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. after the rising up of the dead.

<sup>3</sup> Arab. "Nafisah," the precious one i.e. the Virgin.

<sup>4</sup> Arab. "Nákús," a wooden gong used by Eastern Christians which were wisely forbidden by the early Moslems.

to call the folk to the rites of their worship, and he was even as saith the poet ;—

I saw him strike the gong and asked of him straightway, \* “Who made the Fawn<sup>1</sup> at striking gong so knowing, eh ?”  
And to my soul, “What smiting irketh thee the more \* Striking the gong or striking note of going,<sup>2</sup> say ?”

—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Eighty-third Night,  
She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Nur al-Din and Miriam the Girdle-girl rose forthwith and donned her clothes and ornaments; but this was grievous to Nur al-Din, and his gladness was troubled; the tears streamed from his eyes and he recited these couplets ;—

I ceasèd not to kiss that cheek with budding roses dight • And eyes down cast and bit the same with most emphatic bite ;  
Until we were *in gloria*<sup>3</sup> and lay him down the spy • And sank his eyes within his brain declining further sight :  
And struck the gongs as they that had the charge of them were like • Muezzin crying duty-prayers in Allah's book indite.  
Then rose she up right hastily and donned the dress she'd doffed. • Sore fearing lest a shooting-star<sup>4</sup> upon our heads alight.  
And cried, “O wish and will of me, O 'end of all my hopes ! • Behold the morning comes to us in brightest whitest light.”  
I swear if but one day of rule were given to my life • And I were made an Emperor of majesty and might,  
Adown I'd break the buttresses of churches one and all • And by their slaughter rid the earth of every shaveling wight.

Then the Lady Miriam pressed him to her bosom and kissed his

<sup>1</sup> i.e. a graceful, slender youth.

<sup>2</sup> There is a complicated pun in this line : made by splitting the word after the fashion of punsters. “Zarbu 'l-Nawákísí = the striking of the gongs, and “Zarbu 'l Nawá, Kísí = striking the departure signal : decide thou ” (fem. addressed to the Nafs, soul or self) I have attempted a feeble imitation.

<sup>3</sup> The modern Italian term for the venereal finish.

<sup>4</sup> Arab. “Najm al-Munkazzi,” making the envious spy one of the prying Jinns at whom is launched the Shiháb or shooting-star by the angels who prevent them listening at the gates of Heaven. See vol. i. 224.

cheek and asked him, "O Nur al-Din, how long hast thou been in this town?" "Seven days." "Hast thou walked about in it, and dost thou know its ways and issues and its sea-gates and land gates?" "Yes!" "Knowest thou the way to the offertory-chest<sup>1</sup> of the church?" "Yes!" "Since thou knowest all this, as soon as the first third<sup>2</sup> of the coming night is over, go to the offertory-chest and take thence what thou wishest and wildest. Then open the door that giveth upon the tunnel<sup>3</sup> leading to the sea, and go down to the harbour, where thou wilt find a little ship and ten men therein, and when the Rais shall see thee, he will put out his hand to thee. Give him thy hand and he will take thee up into the ship, and do thou wait there till I come to thee. But 'ware and have a care lest sleep overtake thee this night, or thou wilt repent whenas repentance shall avail thee naught." Then the Princess farewelled him and going forth from Nur al-Din, aroused from sleep her women and the rest of the damsels, with whom she betook herself to the church door and knocked; whereupon the ancient dame opened to her and she went forth and found the knights and varlets standing without. They brought her a dapple she-mule and she mounted: whereupon they raised over her head a canopy<sup>4</sup> with curtains of silk, and the knights took hold of the mule's halter. Then the guards<sup>5</sup> encompassed her about drawn brand in hand and fared on with her, followed by her, till they brought her to the palace of the King her father. Meanwhile, Nur al-Din abode concealed behind the curtain, under cover of which Miriam and he had passed the night till it was broad day, when the main door was opened and the church became full of people. Then he mingled with the folk and accosted the old Prioress, the guardian<sup>6</sup> of the shrine, who said to him, "Where didst thou lie last night?" Said he, "In the town as thou badest me." Quoth she, "O my son, thou hast done the right thing; for, hadst thou nighted in the Church, she had slain thee on the foulest wise." And quoth he, "Praised be Allah who hath delivered me from the evil of this night!" Then he busied himself with the service of

<sup>1</sup> Arab. "Sandúk al-Nuzur," lit. "the box of vowed oblations." This act of sacrilege would find high favour with the auditory.

<sup>2</sup> The night consisting like the day of three watches. See vol. i.

<sup>3</sup> Arab. "Al-Khaukhah," a word now little used.

<sup>4</sup> Arab. "Námúsiyah," lit. mosquito curtains.

<sup>5</sup> Arab. "Jáwashiyah," see vol. ii. 49.

<sup>6</sup> Arab. "Kayyimah," the fem. of "Kayyim," misprinted "Kaiyim" in vol. ii. 93.

the church and ceased not busying till day departed and night with darkness starkened when he arose and opened the offertory-chest and took thence of jewels whatso was light of weight and weighty of worth. Then he tarried till the first watch of the night was past, when he made his way to the postern of the tunnel and opening it, went forth, calling on Allah for protection, and ceased not faring on until, after finding and opening the door, he came to the sea. Here he discovered the vessel moored to the shore near the gate ; and her skipper, a tall old man of comely aspect with a long beard, standing in the waist, his ten men being ranged before him. Nur al-Din gave him his hand, as Miriam had bidden him, and the captain took it and pulling him on board of the ship cried out to his crew, saying, " Cast off the moorings and put out to sea with us, ere day break." Said one of the ten, " O my lord the Captain, how shall we put out now, when the King hath notified us that to-morrow he will embark in this ship and go round about the sea, being fearful for his daughter Miriam from the Moslem thieves ? " But the Rais cried out at them saying, " Woe to you, O accursed ; Dare ye gainsay me and bandy words with me ? " So saying the old captain bared his blade and with it dealt the sailor who had spoken a thrust in the throat, that the steel came out gleaming from his nape, and quoth another of the sailors, " What hath our comrade done of crime, that thou shouldst cut his throat ? " Thereupon the captain clapped hand to sword and smote off the speaker's head, nor did he leave smiting the rest of the sailors, till he had slain them all, one after other, and cast the ten bodies ashore. Then he turned to Nur al-Din and cried out at him with a terrible great cry, that made him tremble, saying, " Go down and pull up the mooring-stake." Nur al-Din feared lest he should strike him also with the sword ; so he sprang up and leapt ashore and pulling up the stake jumped aboard again, swiftlier than the dazzling leven. The captain ceased not to bid him do this and do that and tack and wear hither and thither and look at the stars, and Nur al-Din did all that he bade him, with heart a-quaking for affright ; whilst he himself spread the sails, and the ship fared with the twain into the dashing sea, swollen with clashing billows.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Eighty-fourth Night,

She continued, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the old skipper had made sail he drove the ship, aided by Nur al-Din, into the dashing sea before a favouring gale. Meanwhile, Nur al-Din held on to the tackle immersed in deep thought, and drowned in the sea of solicitude, knowing not what was hidden for him in the future; and whenever he looked at the captain, his heart quaked and he knew not whither the Rais went with him. He abode thus, preoccupied with care and doubt, till it was high day, when he looked at the skipper and saw him take hold of his long beard and pull at it, whereupon it came off in his hand and Nur al-Din, examining it, saw that it was but a false beard glued on. So he straitly considered that same Rais, and behold, it was the Princess Miriam, his mistress and the dearling of his heart, who had contrived to waylay the captain and slay him and skinned off his beard, which she had stuck on to her own face. At this Nur al-Din was transported for joy, and his breast broadened and he marvelled at her prowess and the stoutness of her heart and said to her, "Welcome, O my hope and my desire and the end of mine every wish!" Then love and gladness agitated him and he made sure of winning to his hopes and his expectancy; wherefore he broke out into song and chanted these couplets:—

- |  |                            |
|--|----------------------------|
| To all who unknown my love for the May<br>joins me O say, I pray,            | ◦ From whom Fate dis-      |
| "Ask my kith and kin of my love that aye<br>to lovely lay :                  | ◦ Ensweetens my verses     |
| For the loss of the tribesmen my life o'er sway ! "                          |                            |
| Their names when named heal all malady ;<br>heart every pain I dree :        | ◦ Cure and chase from      |
| And my longings for love reach so high degree<br>maddened each morn I see,   | ◦ That my Sprite is        |
| And am grown of the crowd to be saw and say.                                 |                            |
| No blame in them will I e'er espys :<br>sans them desrcy :                   | ◦ No ! nor aught of solace |
| Your love hath shot me with pine, and I<br>that shall never die,             | ◦ Bear in heart a flame    |
| But fire my liver with fiery ray.  |                            |
| All folk my sickness for marvel score<br>wake evermore                       | ◦ That in darkest night I  |
| What ails them to torture this heart forlore<br>loving my blood t' outpour : | ◦ And deem right for       |
| And yet—how justly unjust are they !   |                            |

- Would I wot who 'twas could obtain of you  
so fain of you : • To wrong a youth who's
- By my life and by Him who made men of you  
complain of you • And the spy tell aught I
- He lies, by Allah, in foulest way !
- May the Lord my sickness never dispel,  
pains be well, • Nor ever my heart of its
- What day I regret that in love I fell  
wherein ye dwell : • Or laud any land but
- Wring my heart and ye will or make glad and gay !
- I have vitals shall ever be true to you  
rigours not new to you • Though racked by the
- Ere this wrong and this right I but sue to you : • Do what you will to
- thrall who to you
- Shall ne'er grudge his life at your feet to lay.

When Nur al-Din ceased to sing, the Princess Miriam marvelled at his song and thanked him therefor, saying, " Whoso's case is thus it behoveth him to walk the ways of men and never do the deed of curs and cowards." Now she was stout of heart and cunning in the sailing of ships over the salt sea, and she knew all the winds and their shiftings and every course of the main. So Nur al-Din said, " O my lady, hadst thou prolonged this case on me,<sup>1</sup> I had surely died for stress of affright and chagrin, more by token of the fire of passion and love-longing and the cruel pangs of separation." She laughed at his speech and rising without stay or delay brought out somewhat of food and liquor ; and they ate and drank and enjoyed themselves and made merry. Then she drew forth rubies and other gems and precious stones and costly trinkets of gold and silver and all manner things of price, light of weight and weighty of worth, which she had taken from the palace of her sire and his treasures, and displayed them to Nur al-Din, who rejoiced therein with joy exceeding. All this while the wind blew fair for them and merrily sailed the ship nor ceased sailing till they drew near the city of Alexandria and sighted its landmarks, old and new, and Pompey's Pillar. When they made the port Nur al-Din landed forthright and securing the ship to one of the

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<sup>1</sup> i.e. hadst thou not disclosed thyself. He has one great merit in a coward of not being ashamed for his cowardice ; and this is a characteristic of the modern Egyptian, whose proverb is, " *He ran away, Allah shame him !* is better than, *He was slain, Allah bless him !*"

Fulling-Stones,' took somewhat of the treasures that Miriam had brought with her, and said to her, "O my lady, tarry in the ship, against I return and carry thee up into the city in such way as I should wish and will." Quoth she, "It behoveth that this be done quickly, for tardiness in affairs engendereth repentance" Quoth he, "There is no tardiness in me;" and, leaving her in the ship, went up into the city to the house of the druggist his father's old friend, to borrow of his wife for Miriam veil and mantilla, and walking boots and petticoat-trousers after the usage of the women of Alexandria, unknowing that there was appointed to betide him of the shifts of Time, the Father of Wonders, that which was far beyond his reckoning. Thus it befel Nur al-Din and Miriam the Girdle-girl; but as regards her sire the King of France, when he arose in the morning, he missed his daughter and questioned her women and her eunuchs of her. Answered they, "O our lord, she went out last night, to go to Church and after that we have no tidings of her." But, as the King talked with them, behold, there arose so great a clamour of cries below the palace, that the place rang thereto, and he said, "What may be the news?" The folk replied, "O King, we have found ten men slain on the sea-shore, and the royal yacht is missing. Moreover we saw the postern of the Church, which giveth upon the tunnel leading to the sea, wide open; and the Moslem prisoner, who served in the Church, is missing." Quoth the King, "An my ship be lost, without doubt or dispute."—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

### **Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Eighty-fifth Night,**

She pursued, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the King of France missed his daughter they brought him tidings of her, saying, "Thy yacht is lost"; and he replied, "An the craft be lost, without dispute or doubt my daughter is in it." So he summoned without stay or delay the Captain of the Port and cried

<sup>1</sup> Arab. "Ahjar al-Kassárin" nor forgotten. In those days ships anchored in the Eastern port of Alexandria which is now wholly abandoned on account of the rocky bottom and the dangerous "Levanter," which as the Gibraltar proverb says

Makes the stones canter.

out at him, saying, "By the virtue<sup>1</sup> of the Messiah and the Faith which is no liar, except thou and thy fighting men overtake my ship forthright and bring it back to me, with those who are therein, I will do thee die the foulest of deaths and make a terrible example of thee!" Thereupon the captain went out from before him, trembling, and betook himself to the ancient dame of the Church, to whom said he, "Heardest thou aught from the captive, that was with thee, anent his native land and what countryman he was?"<sup>1</sup> And she answered, "He used to say, I come from the town of Alexandria." When the captain heard the old woman's words he returned forthright to the port and cried out to the sailors, "Make ready and set sail." So they did his bidding and straightway putting out to sea, fared night and day till they sighted the city of Alexandria at the very time when Nur al-Din landed, leaving the Princess in the ship. They soon espied the royal yacht and knew her; so they moored their own vessel at a distance therefrom and putting off in a little frigate they had with them, which drew but two cubits of water and in which were an hundred fighting-men, amongst them the one-eyed Wazir (for that he was a stubborn tyrant and a foward devil and a wily thief, none could avail against his craft, as he were Abu Mohammed al-Battál<sup>2</sup>), they ceased not rowing till they reached the bark and boarding her, all at once, found none therein save the Princess Miriam. So they took her and the ship, and returning to their own vessel, after they had landed and waited a long while,<sup>3</sup> set sail forthright for the land of the Franks, having accomplished their errand, without a fight or even drawing sword. The wind blew fair for them and they sailed on, without ceasing and with all diligence, till they reached the city of France and landing with the Princess Miriam carried her to her father, who received her, seated on the throne of his Kingship. As soon as he saw her, he said to her, "Woe to thee, O traitress! What ailed thee to leave the faith

<sup>1</sup> Arab. "Hakk" = rights, a word much and variously used. To express the possessive "mine" a Badawi says "Hakki" (pron. Haggi) and "Lili;" a Syrian "Shítí" for Shayyati, my little thing or "taba'i" my dependent; an Egyptian "Bitá'i" my portion and a Maghribi "M'tá'i" and "diyyáli" (di allazi li = this that is to me). Thus "mine" becomes a shibboleth.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. The "Good for nothing," the, "Bad'un;" not some forgotten ruffian of the day, but the hero of a tale antedating The Nights in their present form. See Terminal Essay, s. ii.

<sup>3</sup> i.e. Hoping to catch Nur al-Din.

of thy fathers and forefathers and the safeguard of the Messiah, on whom is our reliance, and follow after the faith of the Vagrants,<sup>1</sup> to wit, the faith of Al-Islam, the which arose with the sword against the Cross and the Images?" Replied Miriam, "I am not at fault, I went out by night to the church, to visit the Lady Mary and seek a blessing of her, when there fell upon me unawares a band of Moslem robbers, who gagged me and bound me fast and carrying me on board the barque, set sail with me for their own country. However, I beguiled them and talked with them of their religion, till they loosed my bonds; and ere I knew it thy men overtook me and delivered me. And by the virtue of the Messiah and the Faith which is no liar and the Cross and the Crucified thereon, I rejoiced with joy exceeding in my release from them and my bosom broadened and I was glad for my deliverance from the bondage of the Moslems!" Rejoined the King, "Thou liest, O whore! O adulteress! By the virtue of that which is revealed of prohibition and permission in the manifest Evangel,<sup>2</sup> I will assuredly do thee die by the foulest of deaths and make thee the vilest of examples! Did it not suffice thee to do as thou didst the first time and put off thy lies upon us, but thou must return upon us with thy deceitful inventions?" Thereupon the King bade kill her and crucify her over the palace gate; but, at that moment the one-eyed Wazir, who had long been enamoured of the Princess, came in to him and said, "Ho King! slay her not, but give her to me to wife, and I will watch over her with the utmost warding, nor will I go in unto her, till I have built her a palace of solid stone, exceeding high of foundation, so no thieves may avail to climb up to its terrace-roof; and when I have made an end of building it, I will sacrifice thirty Moslems before the gate thereof, as an expiatory offering to the Messiah for

<sup>1</sup> Arab. "Sawwáhún" = the Wanderers, Pilgrims, wandering Arabs, whose religion, Al-Islam, so styled by its Christian opponents. And yet the new creed was at once accepted by whole regions of Christians, and Mauritania, which had rejected Roman paganism and Gothic Christianity. This was e.g. Syria and the so-called "Holy Land," not because, as is fondly asserted by Christians, Al-Islam was forced upon them by the sword, but on account of its fulfilling a need, its supplying a higher belief, unity as opposed to plurality, and its preaching a more manly attitude of mind and a more sensible rule of conduct. Arabic still preserves a host of words special to the Christian creed; and many of them have been adopted by Moslems but with changes of signification.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. of things commanded and things prohibited. The writer is thinking of the Koran in which there are not a few abrogated injunctions.

myself and for her." The King granted his request and bade the priests and monks and patriarchs marry the Princess to him; so they did his bidding, whereupon he bade set about building a strong and lofty palace, befitting her rank and the workmen fell to work upon it. On this wise it betided the Princess Miriam and her sire and the one-eyed Wazir; but as regards Nur al-Din, when he came back with the petticoat-trousers and mantilla and walking boots and all the attire of Alexandrian women which he had borrowed of the druggist's wife, he "found the air void and the fane afar"<sup>1</sup>;—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

### Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Eighty-sixth Night,

She resumed, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Nur al-Din, "found the air void<sup>2</sup> and the fane afar," his heart sank within him and he wept floods of tears and recited these verses<sup>3</sup>:

The phantom of Soada came by night to wake me towards morning while my  
companions were sleeping in the desert:  
But when we awoke to behold the nightly phantom, I saw the air vacant, and  
the place of visitation distant.

Then Nur al-Din walked on along the sea-shore and turned right  
and left, till he saw folk gathered together on the beach and heard

<sup>1</sup> See below for the allusion.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. "Kafrá" = desert place. It occurs in this couplet:

Wa Kabrun Harbin fí-makánin Kafrin;

Wa laysa Kurba Kabri Harbin Kabrun.

Harb's corse is quartered in coarse wold accurst;

Nor close to corse of Harb is other corse;—

words made purposely harsh because uttered by a Jinni who killed a traveller named "Harb." So Homer;—

πολλὰ δ' ἄναντα, κάταντα, πάραντά τε δαχμία τ' ἡλθον.

and Pope

O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they go, etc.

See Preface (p. v.) to Captain A. Lockett's learned and whimsical volume, "The Miut Amil" etc. Calcutta, 1814.

<sup>3</sup> These lines have occurred vol. iv. 267. I quote Mr. Lane.

them say, "O Moslems, there remaineth no honour to Alexandria-city, since the Franks enter it and snatch away those who are therein and return to their own land, at their leisure<sup>1</sup> nor pursued of any of the Moslems or fighters for the Faith!" Quoth Nur al-Din to them, "What is to do?"; and quoth they, "O my son, one of the ships of the Franks, full of armed men, came down but now upon the port and carried off a ship which was moored here, with her that was therein, and made unmolested for their own land." Nur al-Din fell down a-swoon, on hearing these words; and when he recovered they questioned him of his case and he told them all that had befallen him first and last; whereupon they all took to reviling him and railing at him, saying, "Why couldst thou not bring her up into the town without mantilla and muffler?" And all and each of the folk gave him some grievous word, berating him with sharp speech, and shooting at him some shaft of reproach, albeit one said, "Let him be; that which hath befallen him sufficeth him," till he again fell down in a fainting-fit. And behold, at this moment, up came the old druggist, who, seeing the folk gathered together, drew near to learn what was the matter and found Nur al-Din lying a-swoon in their midst. So he sat down at his head and arousing him, said to him as soon as he recovered, "O my son, what is this case in which I see thee?" Nur al-Din said, "O uncle, I had brought back in a barque my lost slave-girl from her father's city, suffering patiently all I suffered of perils and hardships; and when I came with her to this port, I made the vessel fast to the shore and leaving her therein, repaired to thy dwelling and took of thy consort what was needful for her, that I might bring her up into the town; but the Franks came and capturing barque and damsel made off unhindered, and returned to their own land." Now when the Shaykh, the druggist, heard this, the light in his eyes became night and he grieved with sore grieving for Nur al-Din and said to him, "O my son, why didst thou not bring her out of the ship into the city without mantilla? But speech availeth not at this season; so rise, O my son, and come up with me to the city; haply Allah will vouchsafe thee a girl fairer than she, who shall console thee for her. Alhamdolillah—praised be Allah—who hath not made thee lose

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<sup>1</sup> The topethesia is here designedly made absurd. Alexandria was one of the first cities taken by the Moslems (A.H. 21 = 642) and the Christian pirates preferred attacking weaker places, Rosetta and Damietta.

aught by her ! Nay, thou hast gained by her. And bethink thee, O my son, that Union and Disunion are in the hands of the Most High King." Replied Nur al-Din, "By Allah, O uncle, I can never be consoled for her loss nor will I ever leave seeking her, though on her account I drink the cup of death !" Rejoined the druggist, "O my son, and what art thou minded to do ?" Quoth Nur al-Din, "I am minded to return to the land of the Franks<sup>1</sup> and enter the city of France and emperil myself there ; come what may, loss of life or gain of life." Quoth the druggist, "O my son, there is an old saw :—Not always doth the crock escape the shock ; and if they did thee no hurt the first time, belike they will slay thee this time, more by token that they know thee now with full knowledge." Quoth Nur al-Din, "O my uncle, let me set out and be slain for the love of her straightway and not die of despair for her loss by slow torments. Now as Fate determined there was then a ship in port ready to sail, for its passengers had made an end of their affairs<sup>2</sup> and the sailors had pulled up the mooring-stakes, when Nur al-Din embarked in her. So they shook out their canvas and relying on the Compassionate, put out to sea and sailed many days, with fair wind and weather, till behold, they fell in with certain of the Frank cruisers, which were scouring those waters and seizing upon all ships they saw, in their fear for the King's daughter from the Moslem corsairs : and as often as they made prize of a Moslem ship, they carried all her people to the King of France, who put them to death in fulfilment of the vow he had vowed on account of his daughter Miriam. So, seeing the ship wherein was Nur al-Din they boarded her and taking him and the rest of the company prisoners, to the number of an hundred Moslems, carried them to the King and set them between his hands. He bade cut their throats. Accordingly they slaughtered them all forthwith, one after another, till there was none left but Nur al-Din, whom the headsman had left to the last, in pity of his tender age and slender shape. When the King saw him, he knew him right well and said to him, "Art thou not Nur al-Din, who was with us before ?" Said he, "I was never with thee ; and my name is not Nur al-Din, but Ibrahim." Rejoined the King ; "Thou liest, thou art Nur al-Din, he whom I gave to the ancient dame

<sup>1</sup> Arab. "Bilád al-Rúm," here and elsewhere applied to Franco

<sup>2</sup> Here the last line of p. 324, vol. iv. in the Mac. Edit. is misplaced and belongs to the next page.

the Prioress, to help her in the service of the church." But Nur al-Din replied, "O my lord, my name is Ibrahim." Quoth the King, "Wait a while," and bade his knights fetch the old woman forthright, saying, "When she cometh and seeth thee, she will know an thou be Nur al-Din or not." At this juncture, behold, in came the one-eyed Wazir who had married the Princess and kissing the earth before the King said to him, "Know, O King, that the palace is finished; and thou knowest now I vowed to the Messiah that, when I had made an end of building it, I would cut thirty Moslems' throats before its doors; wherefore I am come to take them of thee, that I may sacrifice them and so fulfil my vow to the Messiah. They shall be at my charge, by way of loan, and whenas there come prisoners to my hands, I will give thee other thirty in lieu of them." Replied the King, "By the virtue of the Messiah and the Faith which is no liar, I have but this one captive left!" And he pointed to Nur al-Din, saying, "Take him and slaughter him at this very moment and the rest I will send thee, when there come to my hands other prisoners of the Moslems." Thereupon the one-eyed Wazir arose and took Nur al-Din and carried him to his palace, thinking to slaughter him on the threshold of the gate; but the painters said to him, "O my lord, we have two days' painting yet to do: so bear with us and delay to cut the throat of this captive, till we have made an end of our work; haply by that time the rest of the thirty will come, so thou mayst despatch them all at one bout and accomplish thy vow in a single day." Thereupon the Wazir bade imprison Nur al-Din ——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

**Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Eighty-seventh Night,**

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the Wazir bade imprison Nur al-Din, they carried him to the stables and left him there in chains, hungering and thirsting and making moan for himself; for indeed he saw death face to face. Now it fortuned, by the ordinance of Destiny and fore-ordained Fate, that the King had two stallions, own brothers,<sup>1</sup> such as the Chosroe

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<sup>1</sup> Arab. *Akhawán shakikán* — brothers german (of men and beasts) born of one father and mother, sire and dam.

Kings might sigh in vain to possess themselves of one of them ; they were called Sábik and Láhik<sup>1</sup> and one of them was pure silvern white while the other was black as the darksome night. And all the Kings of the isles had said, " Whoso stealeth us one of these stallions, we will give him all he seeketh of red gold and pearls and gems ; " but none could avail to steal them. Now one of them fell sick of a jaundice and there came a whiteness over his eyes<sup>2</sup> ; whereupon the King gathered together all the farriers in the city to treat him ; but they all failed of his cure. Presently the Wazir came into the King ; and finding him troubled because of the horse, thought to do away his concern and said to him, " O King, give me the stallion and I will cure him." The King consented and caused carry the horse to the stable wherein Nur al-Din lay chained ; but, when he missed his brother, he cried out with an exceeding great cry and neighed, so that he affrighted all the folk. The Wazir, seeing that he did thus but because he was parted from his brother, went to tell the King, who said, " If this, which is but a beast, cannot brook to be parted from his brother, how should it be with those that have reason ? " And he bade his grooms take the other horse and put him with his brother in the Wazir's stables, saying, " Tell the Minister that the two stallions be a gift from me to him, for the sake of my daughter Miriam." Nur al-Din was lying in the stable, chained and shackled, when they brought in the two stallions and he saw that one of them had a film over his eyes. Now he had some knowledge of horses and of the doctoring of their diseases ; so he said to himself, " This by Allah is my opportunity ! I will go to the Wazir and lie to him, saying, " I will heal thee this horse : then will I do with him somewhat that shall destroy his eyes, and he will slay me and I shall be at rest from this woe-full life." So he waited till the Wazir entered the stable, to look upon the steed, and said to him, " O my lord, what will be my due, an I heal this horse, and make his eyes whole again ? " Replied the Wazir, " As my head liveth, an thou cure him, I will spare thy life and give thee leave to crave a boon of me ! " And Nur al-Din said, " O my lord, bid my hands be unbound ! " So the Wazir bade unbind

<sup>1</sup> "The Forerunner" and "the Overtaker," terms borrowed from the Arab Epsom.

<sup>2</sup> Known to us as "the web and pin," it is a film which affects Arab horses in the damp hot regions of Malabar and Zanzibar and soon blinds them. This equine cataract combined with loin-disease compels men to ride Pegu and other ponies.

him and he rose and taking virgin glass,<sup>1</sup> brayed it and mixed it with unslaked lime and a menstruum of onion-juice. Then he applied the whole to the horse's eyes and bound them up, saying in himself, "Now will his eyes be put out and they will slay me and I shall be at rest from this woe-full life." Then he passed the night with a heart free from the uncertainty<sup>2</sup> of care and care, humbling himself to Allah the Most High and saying, "O Lord, in Thy knowledge is that which dispensest with asking and craving!" Now when the morning morrowed and the sun shone, the Wazir came to the stable and, loosing the bandage from the horse's eyes considered them and found them finer than before, by the ordinance of the King who openeth evermore. So he said to Nur al-Din, "O Moslem, never in the world saw I the like of thee for the excellence of thy knowledge. By the virtue of the Messiah and the Faith which is no liar, thou makest me with wonder to admire, for all the farriers of our land have failed to heal this horse!" Then he went up to Nur al-Din and, doing off his shackles with his own hand, clad him in a costly dress and made him his master of the Horse; and he appointed him stipends and allowances and lodged him in a story over the stables. So Nur al-Din abode awhile, eating and drinking and making merry and bidding and forbidding those who tended the horses; and whoso neglected or failed to fodder those tied up in the stable wherein was his service, he would throw down and beat with grievous beating and lay him by the legs in bilboes of iron. Furthermore, he used every day to descend and visit the stallions and rub them down with his own hand, by reason of that which he knew of their value in the Wazir's eyes and his love for them; wherefore the Minister rejoiced in him with joy exceeding and his breast broadened and he was right glad, unknowing what was to be the issue of his case. Now in the new palace, which the one-eyed Wazir had bought for the Princess Miriam, was a lattice-window overlooking his old house and the flat wherein Nur al-Din lodged. The Wazir had a daughter, a virgin of extreme love-

<sup>1</sup> Arab. "Zujáj bikr" whose apparent meaning would be glass in the lump and unworked. Zaj áj bears, however, the meaning of clove-nails (the ripe bud of the clove-shrub) and may possibly apply to one of the manifold "Alfáz Adwiyah" (names of drugs). Here, however, pounded glass would be all sufficient to blind a horse: it is much used in the East especially for dogs affected by intestinal vermicles.

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to the Arab saying "The two rests" (Al-ráhatání) "certainty of success or failure," as opposed to "Wiswás" when the mind fluctuates in doubt.

liness, as she were a fleeing gazelle or a bending branchlet, and it chanced that she sat one day at the lattice aforesaid and behold, she heard Nur al-Din singing and solacing himself under his sorrows by improvising these verses :—

O my Censor who wakest a-morn to see o The joys of life and its jubilee !  
Had the fangs of Destiny bitten thee o In such bitter case thou hadst pled  
this plea :—

    Ah me, for Love and his case, ah me :

        My heart is burnt by the fires I dree !

But from Fate's despight thou art safe this day ;— o From her falsest fay and  
her crying "Nay!"

Yet blame him not om his woes waylay o Who distraught shall  
say in his agony,

    Ah me, for Love and his case, ah me :

        My heart is burnt by the fires I dree !

Excuse such lovers in flight abhorrd o Nor to Love's distresses thine aid  
afford :

Lest thy self be bound by same binding cord o And drink of Love's bitterest  
injury.

    Ah me, for Love and his case, ah me :

        My heart is burnt by the fires I dree !

In His service I wont as the days went by o With freest heart through the  
nights to lie ;

Nor tasted wake, nor of Love aught reckt o Ere my heart to subjection  
summoned he :

    Ah me, for Love and his case, ah me :

        My heart is burnt by the fires I dree !

None weet of Love and his humbling wrong o Save those he sickened so  
sore, so long,

Who have lost their wits 'mid the lover-throng o Draining bitterest cup by his  
hard decree :

    Ah me, for Love and his case, ah me :

        My heart is burnt by the fires I dree !

How oft in Night's gloom he cause wake to rue o Lovers' eyne, and from eye-  
lids their sleep withdrew ;

Till tears to the railing of torrents grew, o Overflowing cheeks, unconfined  
and free :

    Ah me, for Love and his case, ah me :

        My heart is burnt by the fires I dree !

How many a man he has joyed to steep o In pain, and for pine hath he  
plundered sleep,—

Made don garb of mourning the deepest deep o And even his dreaming forced  
to flee :

    Ah me, for Love and his case, ah me :

        My heart is burnt by the fires I dree !

How oft sufferance fails me ! How bones are wasted o And down my cheeks  
torrent tear-drops hasted :

And embittered She all the food I tasted o However sweet it was wont to be :  
 Ah me, for Love and his case, ah me :  
 My heart is burnt by the fires I dree !

Most hapless of men who like me must love, o And must watch when  
 Night droops her wing from above,  
 Who, Swimming the main where affection drove o Must sigh and sink in that  
 gloomy sea :  
 Ah me, for Love and his case, ah me .  
 My heart is burnt by the fires I dree !

Who is he to whom Love e'er stinted spite o And who scaped his springes  
 and easy sleight ;  
 Who free from Love lived in life's delight ? o Where is he can boast of  
 such liberty ?  
 Ah me, for Love and his case, ah me :  
 My heart is burnt by the fires I dree !

Deign Lord such suffering wight maintain o Then best Protector, protect him  
 deign !  
 Establish him and his life assain o And defend him from all calamity :  
 Ah me, for Love and his case, ah me :  
 My heart is burnt by the fires I dree !

And when Nur al-Din ended his say and ceased to sing his  
 rhyming lay, the Wazir's daughter said to herself, " By the virtue  
 of the Messiah and the Faith which is no liar, verily this Moslem  
 is a handsome youth ! But doubtless he is a lover separated from  
 his mistress. Would Heaven I wot an the beloved of this fair one  
 is fair like unto him and if she pine for him as he for her ! An  
 she be seemly as he is, it behoveth him to pour forth tears and  
 make moan of passion ; but, an she be other than fair, his days  
 are wasted in vain regrets and he is denied the taste of delights."  
 ——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to  
 say her permitted say.

### **Now when it was the Eight Hundred and Eighty-eighth Night,**

She continued, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the  
 Wazir's daughter said to herself, " An his beloved be fair as he, it  
 behoveth him to pour forth tears ; and, if other than fair, his  
 heart is wasted in vain regrets !" Now Miriam the Girdle-girl,  
 the Minister's consort, had removed to the new palace the day  
 before and the Wazir's daughter knew that she was straitened of  
 breast ; so she was minded to seek her and talk with her and tell  
 her the tidings of the young man and the rhymes and verses she

had heard him recite ; but, before she could carry out her design the Princess sent for her to cheer her with her converse. So she went to her and found her heavy at heart and her tears hurrying down her cheeks ; and whilst she was weeping with sore weeping she recited these couplets :

My life is gone but love-longings remain o And my breast is straitened with pine and pain :

And my heart for parting to melt is fain o Yet hoping that union will come again,

And join us in one who now are twain.

Stint your blame to him who in heart's your thrall o With the wasted frame which his sorrows gall,

Nor with aim of arrow his heart appal o For parted lover is saddest of all,  
And Love's cup of bitters is sweet to drain !

Quoth the Wazir's daughter to her, " What aileth thee, O Princess, to be thus straitened in breast and sorrowful of thought ? " Whereupon Miriam recalled the greatness of the delights that were past and recited these two couplets :—

I will bear in patience estrangement of friend o And on cheeks rail tears that like torrents wend :

Haply Allah will solace my sorrow, for He o Neath the ribs of unease maketh ease at end.

Said the Wazir's daughter, " O Princess, let not thy breast be straitened, but come with me straightway to the lattice ; for there is with us in the stable<sup>1</sup> a comely young man, slender of shape and sweet of speech, and meseemeth he is a parted lover." Miriam asked, " And by what sign knowest thou that he is a parted lover ? " ; and she answered, " O Queen, I know it by his improvising odes and verses all watches of the night and tides of the day." Quoth the Princess in herself, " If what the Wazir's daughter says be true, these are assuredly the traits of the baffled, the wretched Ali Nur al-Din. Would I knew if indeed he be the youth of whom she speaketh ? " At this thought, love-longing and distraction of passion redoubled on her and she rose at once and walking with the maiden to the lattice, looked down upon the stables, where she saw her love and lord Nur al-Din and fixing her eyes steadfastly upon him, knew him with the best knowledge

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<sup>1</sup> She falls in love with the groom, thus anticipating the noble self-devotion of Miss Aurora Floyd.

of love, albeit he was sick, of the greatness of his affection for her and of the fire of passion, and the anguish of separation and yearning and distraction. Sore upon him was emaciation and he was improvising and saying :—

My heart is a thrall ; my tears ne'er abate • And their rains the  
railing of clouds amate ;  
'Twixt my weeping and watching and wanting love ; • And whining and pining  
for dearest mate.  
Ah my burning heat, my desire, my lowe ! • For the plagues that  
torture my heart are eight ;  
And five upon five are in suite of them ; • So stand and listen to  
all I state :  
Mem'ry, madding thoughts, moaning languishment, • Stress of longing love,  
plight disconsolate ;  
In travail, affliction and strangerhood, • And annoy and joy when on her  
I wait.  
Fail me patience and stay for engrossing care • And sorrows my suffering soul  
regrate.  
On my heart the possession of passion grows • O who ask of what fire in my  
heart's create,  
Why my tears in vitals should kindle flame, • Burning heart with ardours  
insatiate,  
Know, I'm drowned in Deluge<sup>1</sup> of tears and my soul • From Lazá-lowe fares  
to Háwiyah-goal.<sup>2</sup>

When the Princess Miriam beheld Nur al-Din and heard his loquence and verse and speech, she made certain that it was indeed her lord Nur al-Din ; but she concealed her case from the Wazir's daughter and said to her, " By the virtue of the Messiah and the Faith which is no liar, I thought not thou knewest of my sadness !" Then she arose forthright and withdrawing from the window, returned to her own place, whilst the Wazir's daughter went to her own occupations. The Princess awaited patiently awhile, then returned to the window and sat there, gazing upon her beloved Nur al-Din and delighting her eyes with his beauty and inner and outer grace. And indeed, she saw that he was like unto moon at full on fourteenth night ; but he was ever sighing with tears never drying, for that he recalled whatso he had been abyng. So he recited these couplets ;—

<sup>1</sup> Arab. " Túsán " see vol. v. 156 : here it means the " Deluge of Noah."

<sup>2</sup> Two of the Hells. See vol. v. 240.

I hope for Union with my love which I may ne'er obtain • At all, but bitterness of life is all the gain I gain :  
My tears are likest to the main for ebb and flow of tide ; • But when I meet the blamer-wight to staunch my tears I'm fain.  
Woe to the wretch who garred us part by spelling of his spells ;<sup>1</sup> • Could I but hend his tongue in hand I'd cut his tongue in twain :  
Yet will I never blame the days for whatso deed they did • Mingling with merest, purest gall the cup they made me drain !  
To whom shall I address myself ; and whom but you shall seek • A heart left hostage in your Court, by you a captive ta'en ?  
Who shall avenge my wrongs on you,<sup>2</sup> tyrant despotical • Whose tyranny but grows the more, the more I dare complain ?  
I made him regnant of my soul that he the reign assain • But me he wasted wasting too the soul I gave to reign.  
Ho thou, the Fawn, whom I so lief erst gathered to my breast • Enew of severance tasted I to own its might and main,  
Thou'rt he whose favours joined in one all beauties known to man, • Yet I thereon have wasted all my Patience' fair domain.  
I entertained him in my heart whereto he brought unrest • But I am satisfied that I such guest could entertain .  
My tears for ever flow and flood, likest the surging sea • And would I wot the track to take that I thereto attain.  
Yet sore I fear that I shall die in depths of my chagrin • And must despair for evermore to win the wish I'd win.

When Miriam heard the verses of Nur al-Din the loving-hearted, the parted ; they kindled in her vitals a fire of desire, and, whilst her eyes ran over with tears, she recited these two couplets :—

I longed for him I love ; but, when we met, • I was amazed nor tongue nor eyes I found.  
I had got ready volumes of reproach ; • But when we met, could syllable no sound.

When Nur al-Din heard the voice of Princess Miriam, he knew it and wept bitter tears, saying, "By Allah, this is the chanting of the Lady Miriam.—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

<sup>1</sup> Lit. " Out upon a prayer who imprecated our parting ! "

<sup>2</sup> The use of masculine for feminine has frequently been noted. I have rarely changed the gender or the number the plural being often employed for the singular (vol. i. 98). Such change may avoid "mystification and confusion" but this is the very purpose of the substitution which must be preserved if "local colour" is to be respected.

**NOTE.** (p. 93).—There is something wondrous naïve in a lover who, when asked by his mistress to sing a song in her honour, breaks out into versical praises of her parts. But even the classical Arab authors did not disdain such themes. See in Al-Harīrī (Ass. of Mayyāfarikīn) where Abū Zayd laments the impotency of old age in form of a Rasy or funeral oration (Preston p. 484, and Chinery p. 221). It completely deceived Sir William Jones, who inserted it into the chapter “De Poesi Funebri,” p. 527 (Poeseos Asiaticæ Commentarii) gravely noting, “Hæc Elegia non admodum dissimilis esse videtur pulcherrimi illius carminis de Sauli et Jonathani obitu; at que adeò versus iste ‘ubi provocat adversarios nunquam rediit a pugnæ contentione sine spiculo sanguine imbufo,’ ex Hebræo reddi videtur,

A sanguine occisorum, a fortium virorum adipe,  
Arcus Jonathani non reddit irritus.”

I need hardly say with Captain Lockett (226) that this “Sabb warrior,” this Arabian Achilles is the celebrated Bonus Deus or Hellespontiacus of the Ancients. The oration runs thus :—

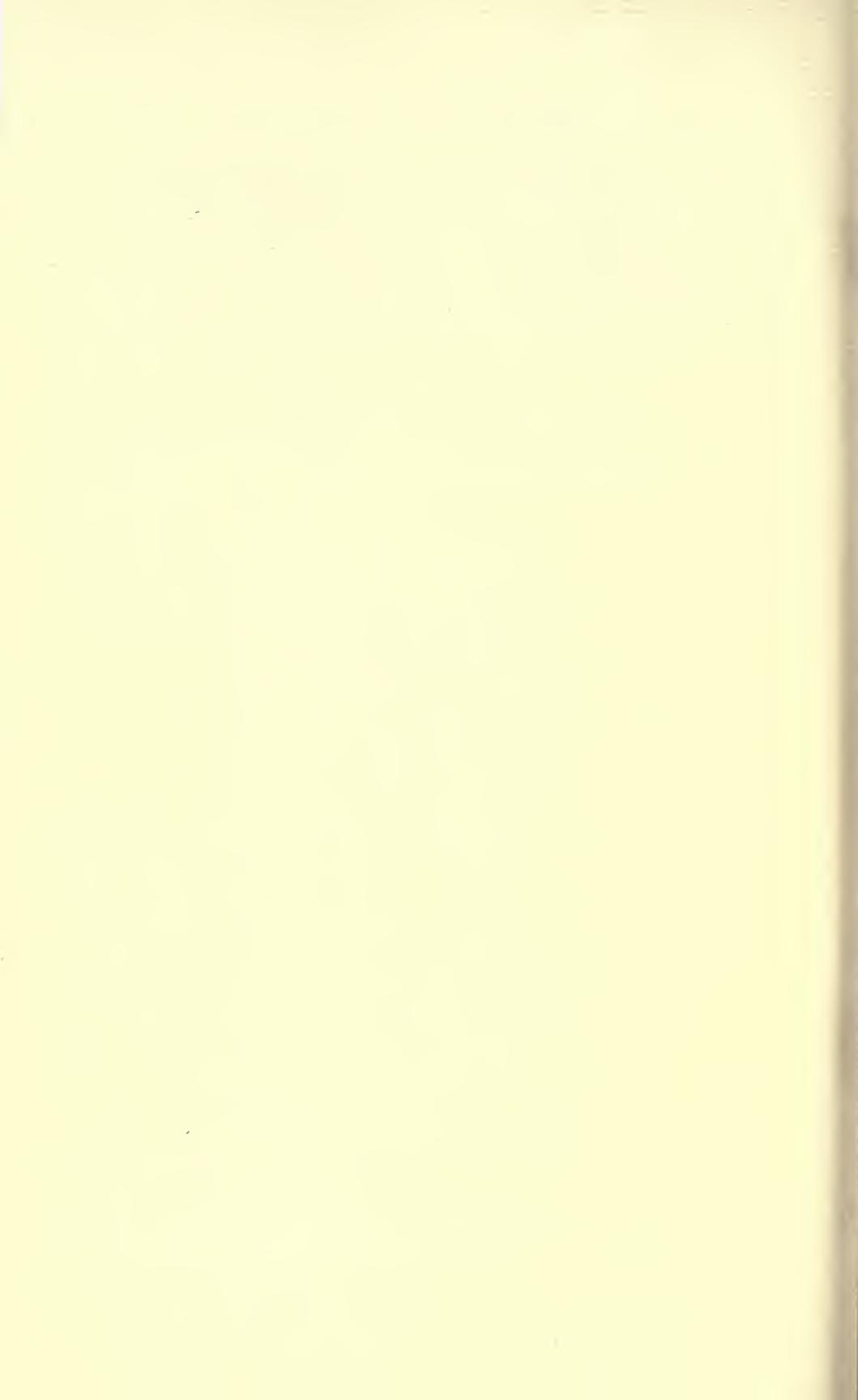
O folk I have a wondrous tale, so rare  
Much shall it profit hearers wise and ware!  
I saw in salad-years a potent Brave  
And sharp of edge and point his warrior glaive;  
Who entered joust and list with hardiment  
Fearless of risk, of victory confident,  
His vigorous onset straitest places oped  
And easy passage through all narrows groped:  
He ne'er encountered foe in single fight  
But came from tilt with spear in blood stained bright;  
Nor stormed a fortress howso strong and stark—  
With fencèd gates defended deep and dark—  
When shown his flag without th' auspicious cry  
“Aidance from Allah and fair victory nigh !”<sup>1</sup>  
Thuswise full many a night his part he played  
In strength and youthtide's stately garb arrayed,  
Dealing to fair young girl delicious joy  
And no less welcome to the blooming boy.  
But Time ne'er ceased to stint his wondrous strength  
(Steadfast and upright as the gallows' length)  
Until the Nights o'erthrew him by their might  
And friends contemned him for a feckless wight;  
Nor was a wizard but who wasted skill  
Over his case, nor leach could heal his ill.  
Then he abandoned arms abandoned him  
Who gave and took salutes so fierce and grim;  
And now lies prostrate drooping haughty crest;  
For who lives longest him most ills molest.  
Then see him, here he lies on bier for bed ;—  
Who will a shroud bestow on stranger dead ?

<sup>1</sup> The well-known Koranic verse, whereby Allah is introduced into an indecent tale and “Holy Writ” is punned upon. I have noticed (iii. 206) that victory Fat'h lit. == opening everything (as e.g. a maidenhead).

A fair measure of the difference between Eastern and Western manners is afforded by such a theme being treated by their gravest writers and the verses being read and heard by the gravest and most worshipful men, whilst amongst us Preston and Chenery do not dare even to translate them. The latter, indeed, had all that immodest modesty for which English professional society is notable in this xix<sup>th</sup> century. He spoiled by needlessly excluding from a scientific publication (Mem. R.A.S.) all of my Proverbia Communia Syriaca (See Unexplored Syria, i. 364) and every item which had a shade of double entendre. But Nemesis frequently found him out: during his short and obscure rule in Printing House Square The Thunderer was distinguished by two of the foulest indecencies that ever appeared in an English paper.

END OF VOL. VIII.

والسلام



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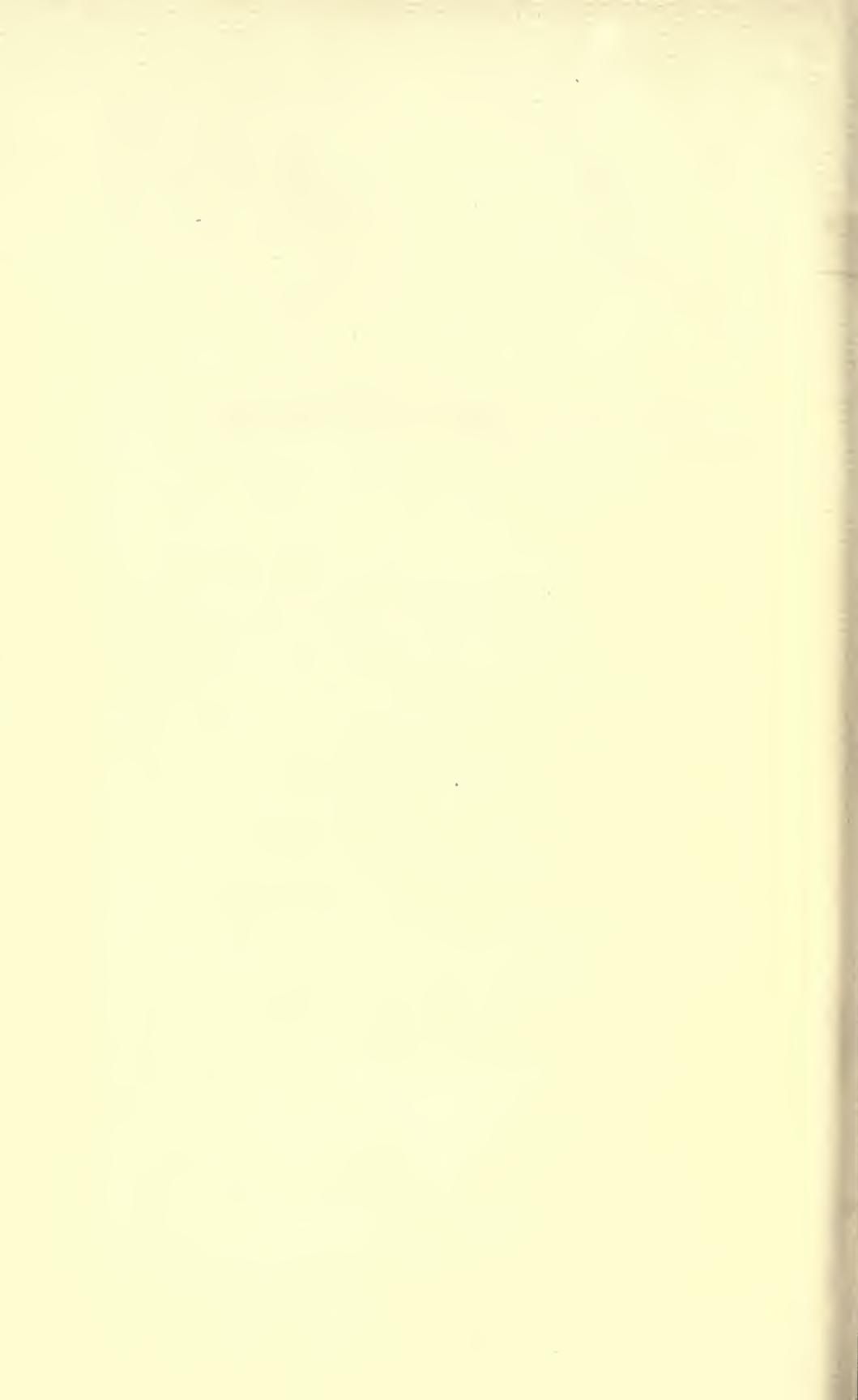
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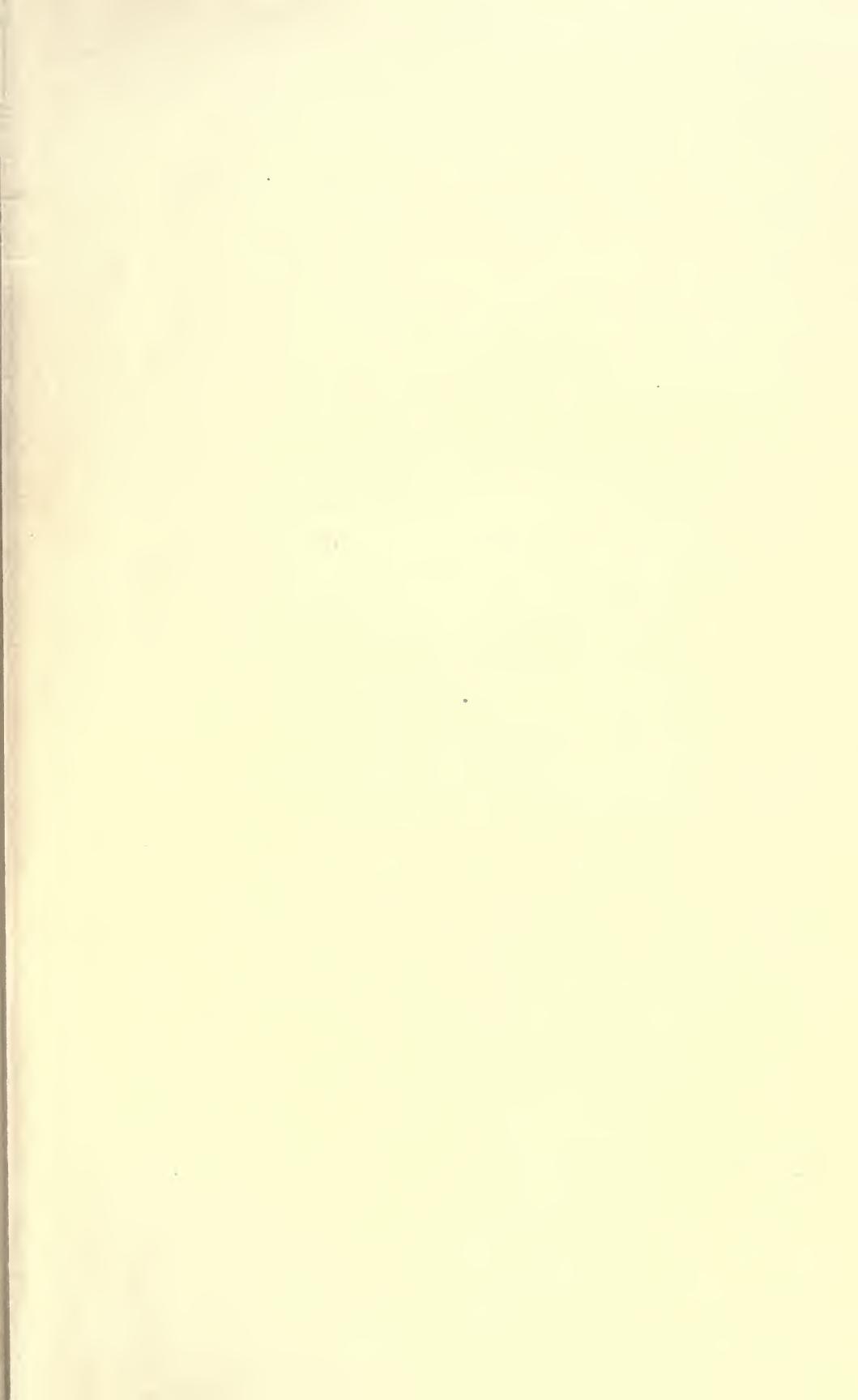
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لَا أُنْعَنُكَ وَلَا أُنْهَاكَ

nights