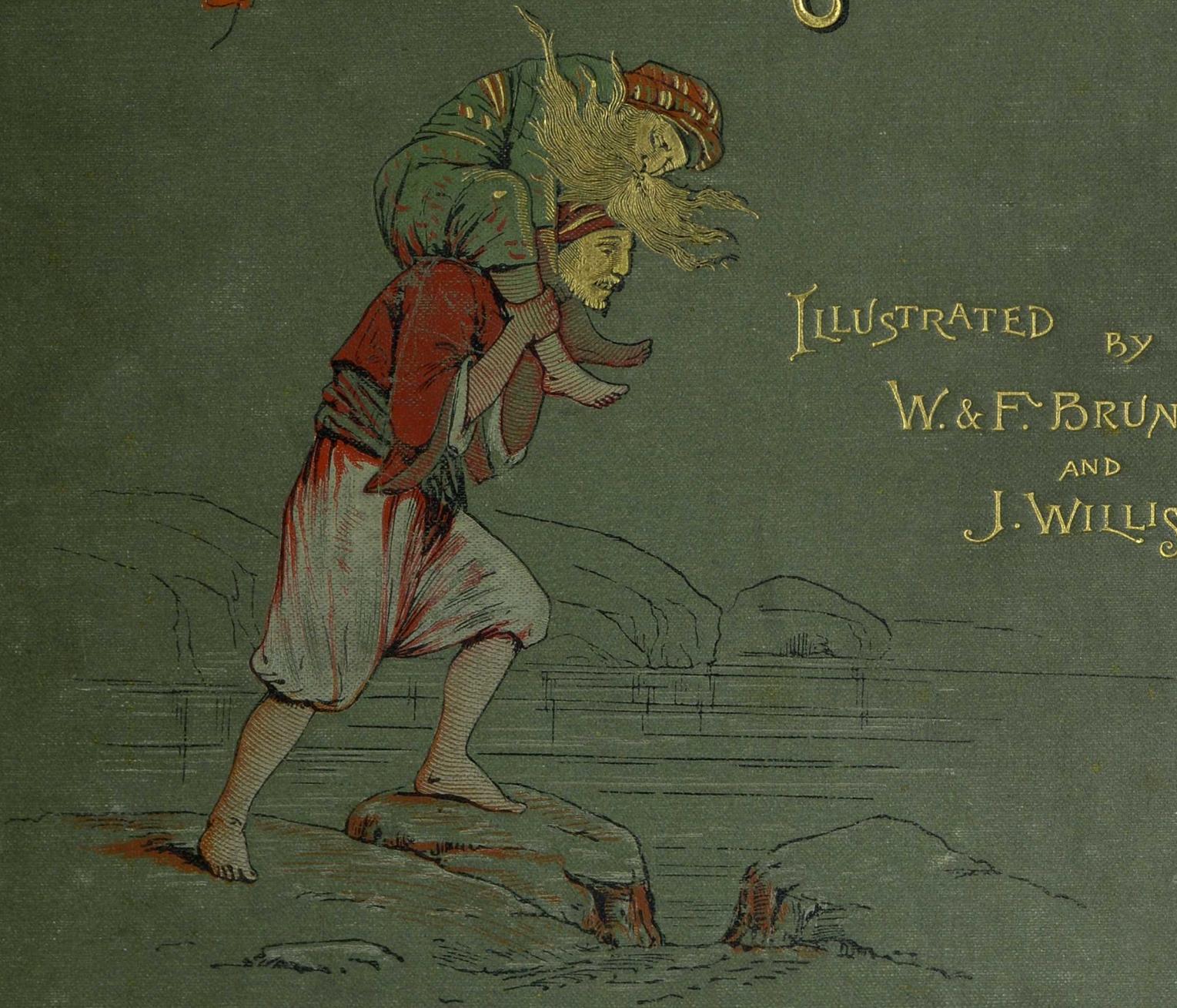
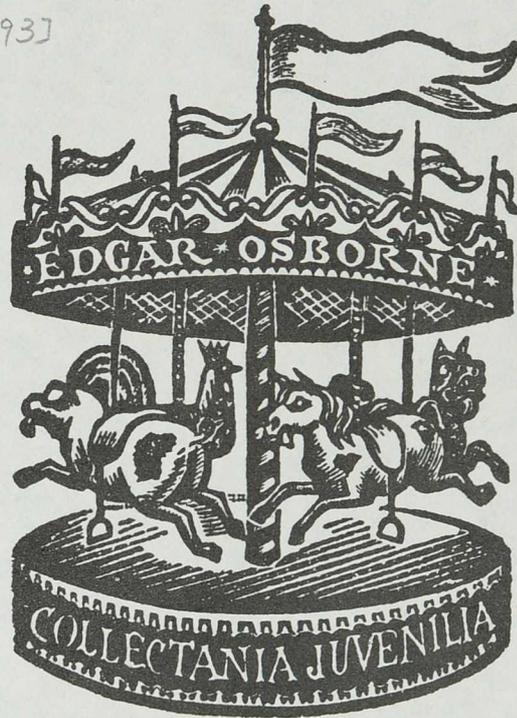


THE
ARABIAN
NIGHTS

ILLUSTRATED BY
W. & F. BRUNDAGE
AND
J. WILLIS GREY



100 (ft)
ARABIAN NIGHTS
[1893]

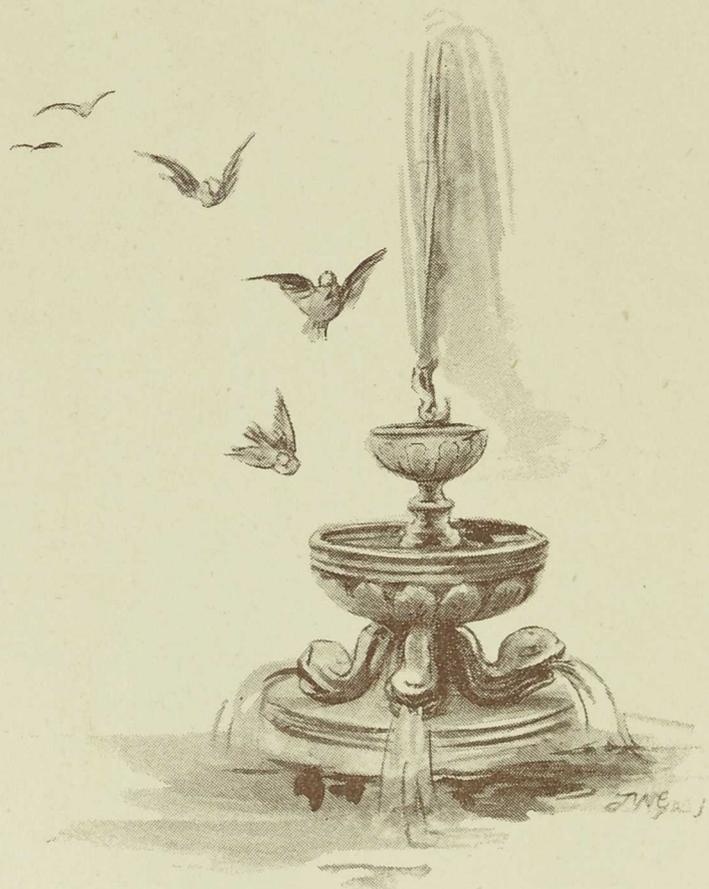


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THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

Arranged by

HELEN

MARION

BURNSIDE.

Illustrated by

W & F. BRUNDAGE,

and

J. WILLIS GREY.



RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS

London, Paris, and New York.



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Francis Brundage

QUEEN SCHEHERAZADE
relating the story.

Introduction

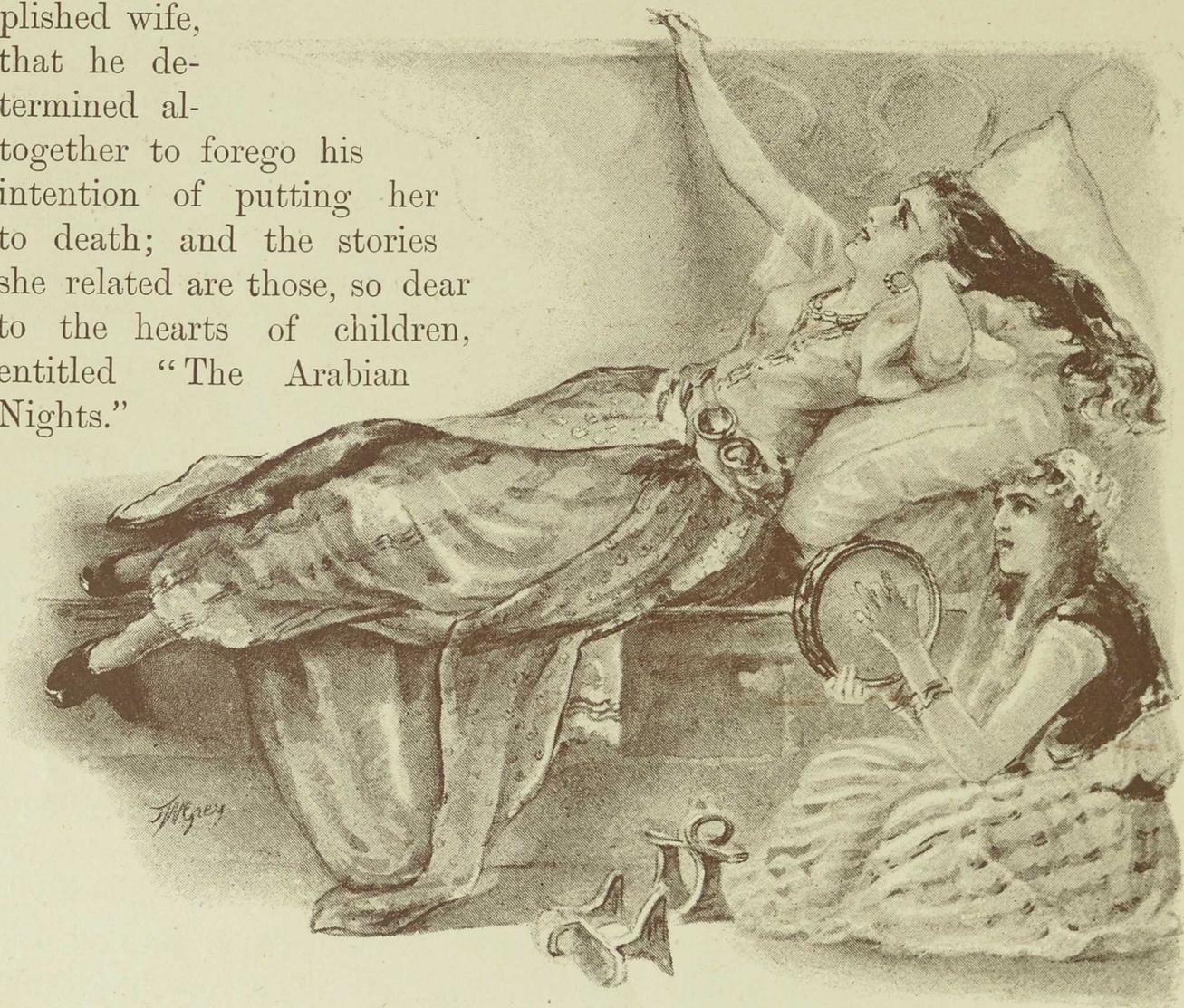
A CERTAIN queen, the wife of a Sultan of Persia, had displeased her husband, so that he ordered her to be executed on a stated morning. Being very clever and accomplished, and possessing a gift for relating charming stories, the queen devised the following expedient for saving her life.

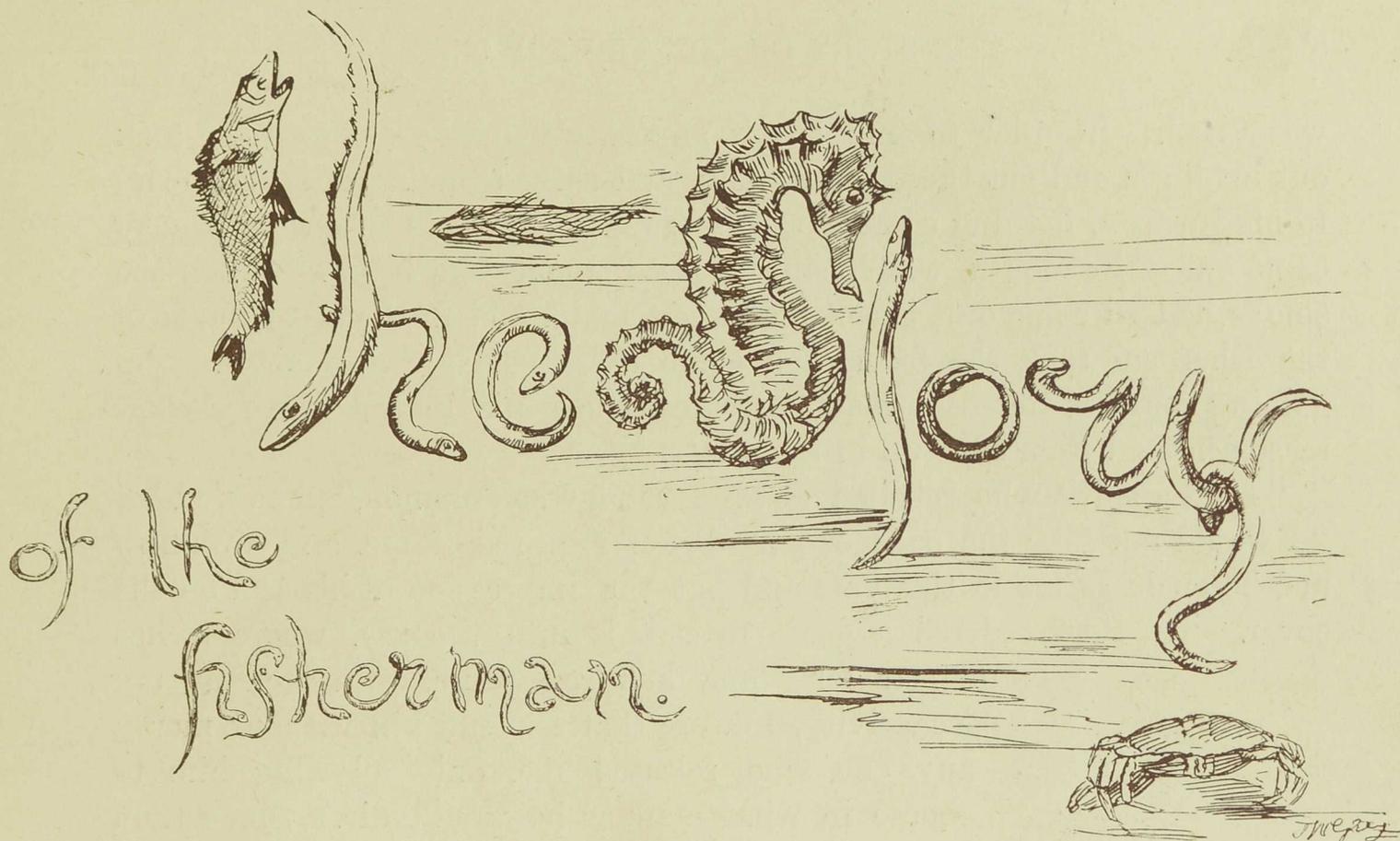


She had a very dear sister, named Dinazardè, with whom she arranged secretly to come and call her an hour before day-break on the fated morning, and request as a favour to hear a story from her lips for the last time.

Dinazardè did so, and the queen begged the Sultan to permit her to indulge her sister by complying with her request. The Sultan agreed—and the queen commenced a long and charming story, taking care that just at day-break it should reach a very interesting point. The Sultan listened to the story with great pleasure; and when the queen entreated that he would spare her life for one day more, in order that she might finish it, he willingly granted her request.

Day-break on the succeeding morning found the queen again in the midst of a fascinating history—and again the Sultan granted her a reprieve, and so it went on till a thousand and one nights had passed, and a thousand and one stories had been told; by which time her husband had forgotten his displeasure and become so much attached to his beautiful and accomplished wife, that he determined altogether to forego his intention of putting her to death; and the stories she related are those, so dear to the hearts of children, entitled “The Arabian Nights.”





THERE was formerly, Sire, an aged fisherman, who was so poor that he could barely obtain food for himself and his family. He went out early to his employment every morning, having imposed a rule upon himself never to cast his nets above four times a day.

One morning he set out for the sea-shore before the moon had disappeared, and threw his nets. In drawing them to land he found them so heavy that he was much pleased, anticipating a prize—but, instead of fish, he found nothing but the carcass of an ass in the nets. When he had mended the places broken by the weight, he threw them a second time, and only hauled up a great basket, filled with sand and mud. In great affliction he threw them a third time, and behold, he only brought up stones, shells, and filth. Despair almost deprived him of his senses, and having prayed to God to make the sea favourable towards him, he threw his nets again for the fourth and last time. Again he supposed, from the weight, that he had caught a large quantity of fish, but he nevertheless found nothing but a vase of yellow copper, which seemed to be filled with something. It was shut up and fastened with lead, on which

was a seal. In order to find out if anything valuable was in it, he took out his knife and got the top off easily, and turned the vase upside down; to his surprise, nothing came out, but when he set it down a thick smoke came out of its mouth, which spread itself about like a fog. When the smoke had all come out, it collected itself again, and to the great terror of the fisherman took the form of a genie twice as large as a giant. Regaining courage, the fisherman entreated the genie to tell him for what reason he had been shut up in the vase.

“I am a spirit who rebelled against the great Solomon,” answered he. “I would not take the oath of submission required of me, and to punish me, he enclosed me in this vase and put the impression of his seal on the cover. He then ordered a genie to cast it into the sea, where it has remained for three hundred years. Enraged at my long captivity, I swore that I would kill without mercy any one who released me, only allowing him to choose in what manner he would die. Since thou hast delivered me this day, fix upon what death thou wilt die.”

The fisherman was much afflicted on hearing this, and endeavoured to move the genie to mercy.

“No,” answered the genie; “thy death is certain. Determine quickly how I shall kill thee.”

Necessity is a spur to invention, and a stratagem occurred to the fisherman.

“Before I die,” he cried, “answer me truly a question I am going to put to you.”

“Ask what thou wilt, and make haste,” replied the genie.

“I wish to know whether you were really in that vase,” said the fisherman, “dare you swear that you were?”

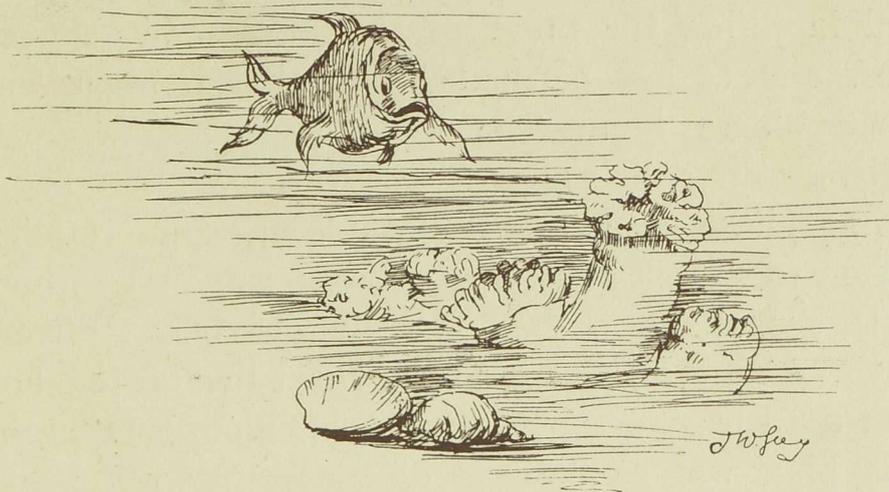
“Yes,” replied the genie, “I swear that I most certainly was.”



“I cannot believe you,” returned the fisherman, “that vase would not even contain one of your feet ; I shall not believe you unless I see you return into it.”

Immediately the form of the genie began to change into smoke, and then collecting itself again, began to enter the vase in a slow and equal manner, until nothing remained : then a voice issued forth, saying, “Dost thou believe me now I am in the vase ?” But instead of answering, the fisherman took the leaden cover and replaced it on the vase. “Genie,” he cried, “it is now your turn to choose what death you will die. But, no—I will throw you again into the sea, and I will live close beside the spot to warn all fishermen not to throw their nets here, and fish up again so wicked a genie.”

The genie used every argument to move the fisherman’s pity, but, no. “You are too treacherous for me to put myself in your power a second time,” said he, “you would most likely treat me as the Greek King treated Douban the physician. Listen, and I will tell you the story.”



The Fisherman's Story.

The History of the Greek King and Douban the Physician.

A CERTAIN Greek king was afflicted with a terrible malady, from which none of his physicians could relieve him. A stranger, named Douban, who arrived at his court, undertook to do so if the king would submit to his directions. The king did so, and being cured, heaped all manners of favours and rewards on the fortunate physician in order to prove his gratitude; so much so that his councillors became jealous, and succeeded in filling the mind of the king with suspicions against his benefactor, and at last persuaded him that Douban was a traitor who would assassinate him. The king, therefore, determined on his death, and disregarding all the entreaties of the physician for his life, ordered his immediate execution. "At least, Sire," cried Douban at last, "permit me to return home and obtain a rare and curious book from amongst my treasures, and if your majesty will take the trouble to open this book at the sixth leaf, and read the third line on the left-hand page when my head shall be struck off, it will answer every question you wish to ask." The king was so desirous of seeing this wonder that he sent Douban home under a strong guard to fetch the book. When Douban returned he brought with him a large book, which he presented to the king. "As soon as my head is struck off, Sire," said he, "order one of your officers to place it on a vase on the cover of this book. His head was so adroitly cut off that it fell into the vase; then it opened its eyes, and said, "Will your majesty now open the book?" The king did so, and moistened his finger in his mouth to turn over the leaves more easily. "Turn over more leaves," said the head. The king did so, frequently putting his finger

to his mouth, till the poison in which the leaves had been dipped took effect, and he fell to the ground in convulsions.

When Douban's head saw that the king had only a few minutes to live, "Tyrant," it exclaimed, "behold how those are treated who sacrifice the innocent."

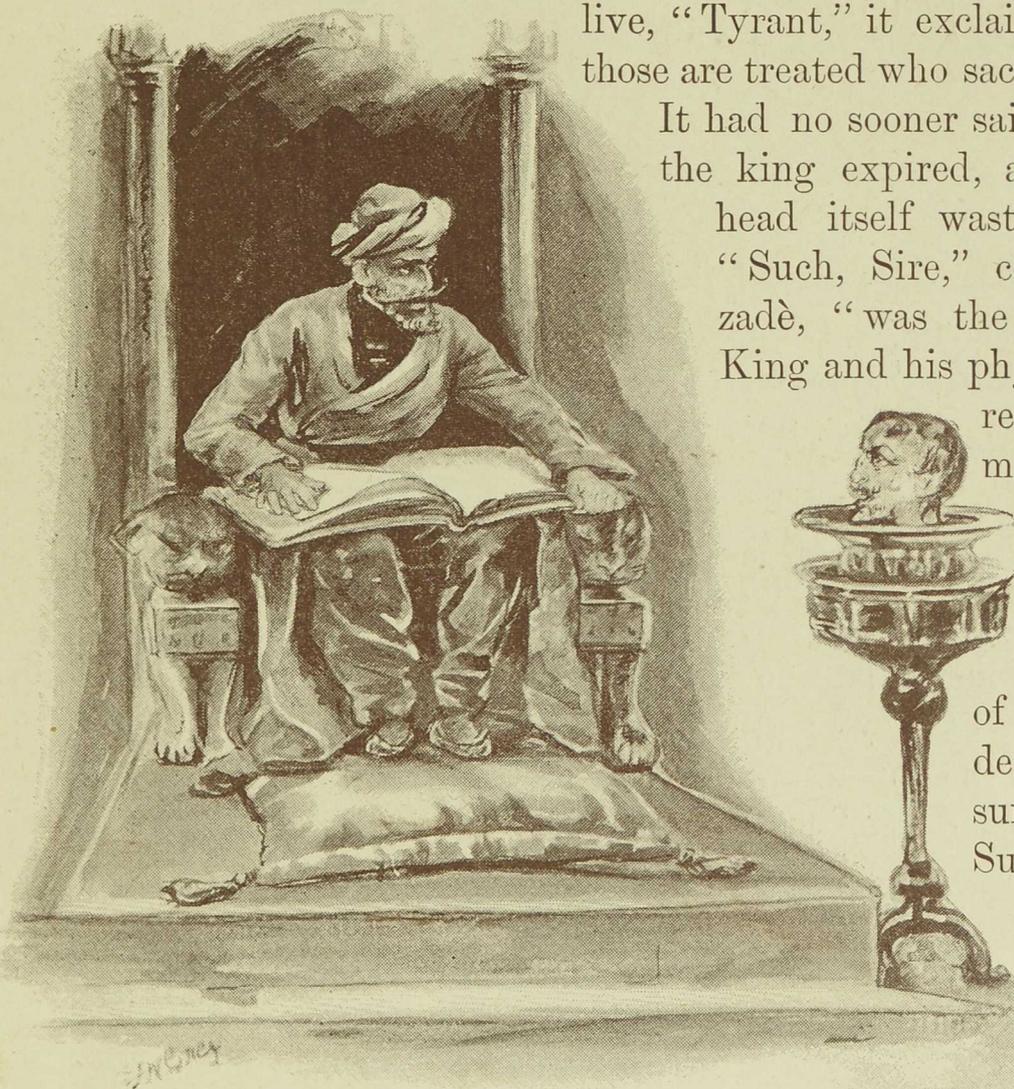
It had no sooner said these words than the king expired, and the life in the head itself wasted and went out. "Such, Sire," continued Scheherazadè, "was the end of the Greek King and his physician. I will now return to the fisherman and the genie."

But at the same instant she perceived it was day.

"The conclusion of the story," she added, "is still more surprising. If the Sultan will permit me to live another day, I will continue its relation."

Schahrian, who had listened with

much pleasure, agreed to this, arose, and having prayed, went to the council.



Second part
of the Fisherman's
Story.

AS soon as the fisherman had finished the history of the Greek king and the physician, he applied it to the genie. "If," he said, "the king had permitted Douban to live, he himself would have lived also. This, O genie, is our case. If you had relented and granted me my life, I would have left you at liberty, but this you would not do, in spite of the obligation you were under to me. You yourself have taught me revenge, and, therefore, I leave you in this vase, and cast you into the sea."

"I entreat you not to be so cruel," replied the genie. "It is praiseworthy to return good for evil; pray, then, let me out."

"No, no," said the fisherman, "I will not release you."

"If you will but do so," cried the genie, "I will teach you how to become rich."

The hope of riches overcame the determination of the fisherman. "Will you swear that you will faithfully observe what you have promised if I open the vase?" said he; "I do not think even you would dare to violate an oath."

"I swear," replied the genie, and the fisherman immediately took off the seal. The smoke issued from it as before. "I intend to keep my oath," said the genie, when he had taken form; "take your nets and follow me." He led the fisherman a great distance, till they arrived at a pond between four small hills, and said, "Throw your nets and catch fish." The fisherman did so, and caught four fish—one red, one white, one blue, and one yellow. He was much surprised, and admired them greatly. "Carry them to the palace," said the genie; "the Sultan will give you more money for them than you ever had in your life before. But never cast your nets more than once a day. If you follow my advice



Will & Francis Brundage

The FISHERMAN AND THE GENIE.

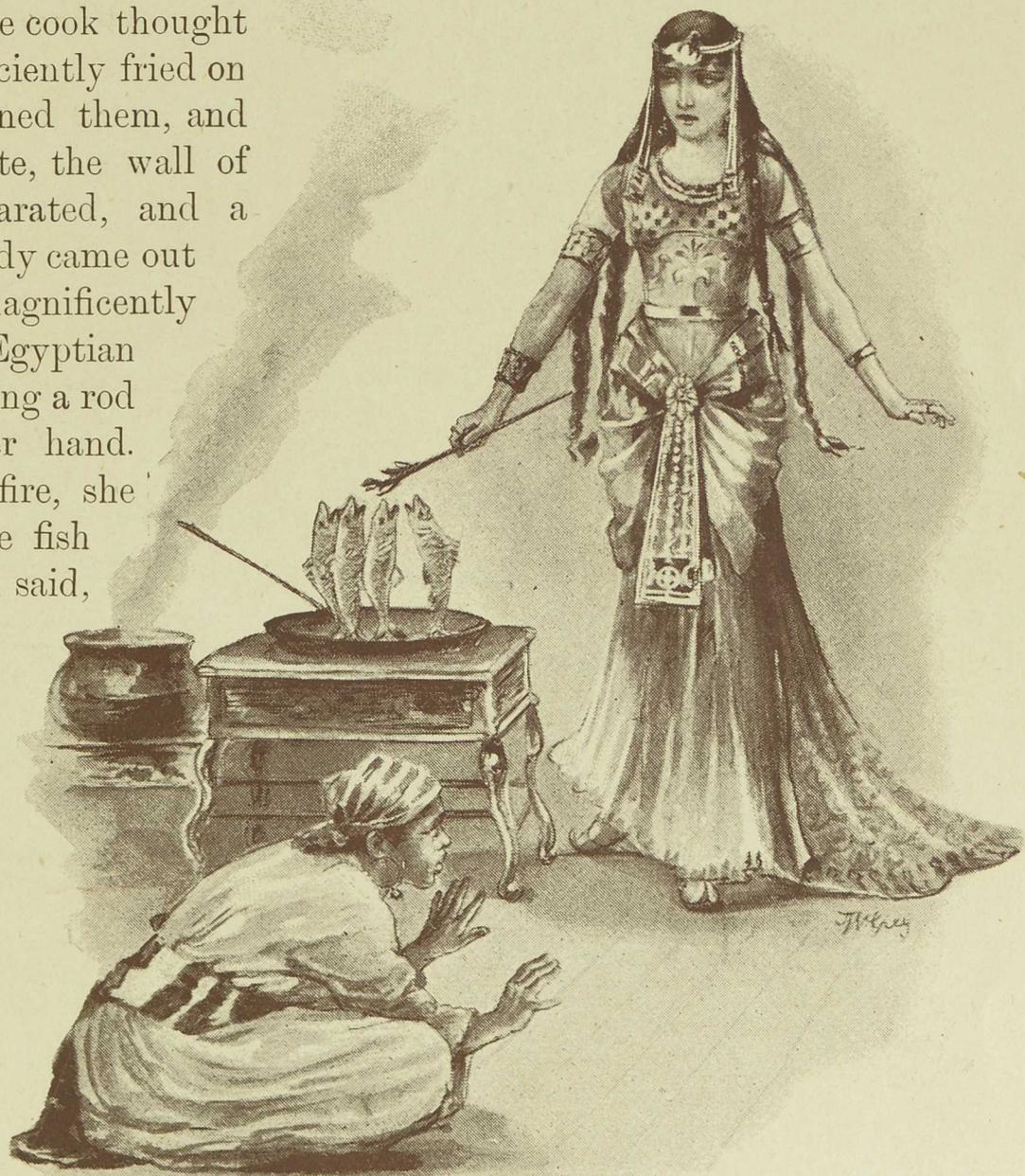
exactly you will do well." He then struck his foot against the earth, which opened to receive him, and closed over him again.

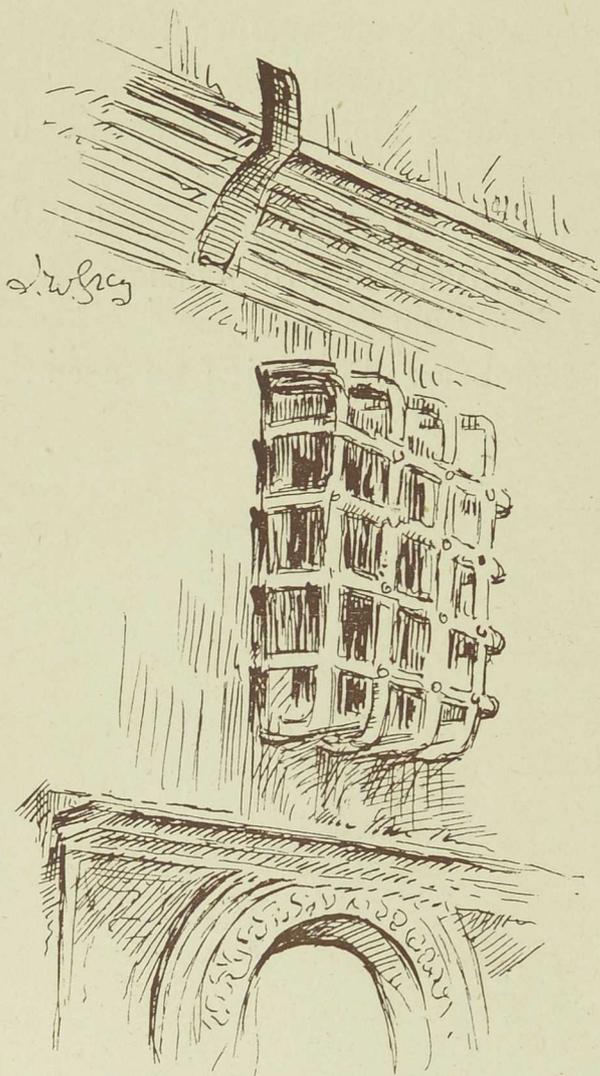
The fisherman followed the advice of the genie, and went straight with his fish to the Sultan's palace.

The Sultan was much surprised, and admired their colour. "Take these fish," he said to his first vizier, "and deliver them to my cook. And give the fisherman four hundred pieces of gold."

"We must now, Sire," continued Scheherazadè, "give an account of what passed in the Sultan's kitchen."

As soon as the cook thought the fish were sufficiently fried on one side, she turned them, and wonderful to relate, the wall of the kitchen separated, and a beautiful young lady came out of the opening, magnificently attired after the Egyptian manner, and holding a rod of myrtle in her hand. Approaching the fire, she struck one of the fish with her rod, and said, "Fish, fish, art thou doing thy duty?" The fish answering not, she repeated her question, when all four fish raised themselves up, and said distinctly, "Yes, yes; if you reckon, we reckon; if you pay your debts,





we pay ours ; if you fly, we conquer and are content." As soon as they had spoken the lady overturned the frying-pan, and went back through the wall, which immediately closed up again.

The cook, much alarmed, endeavoured to recover the fish, but finding them too much burned, she began to cry. "How enraged the Sultan will be with me," she said to herself ; "for he would not believe me if I related what I have seen."

At this moment the grand vizier entered to see if the fish were ready, and she told him all that had taken place. He was much astonished, and, inventing some excuse to the Sultan, sent directly for the fisherman.

"Bring me four more fish like those you brought before," he said ; "an accident has happened to the others." The fisherman did not say

he could only cast his nets once a day, but pleaded the distance, and promised to bring some more next morning.

When they arrived the vizier shut himself up with the cook alone, and desired her to dress them before him. This she did, and immediately she turned the fish, everything happened as it had done on the preceding day. "This is very surprising," exclaimed the vizier ; "we must no longer keep it a secret from the Sultan. I will myself go and inform him of this prodigy." The Sultan was much amazed, and being anxious to behold the wonders for himself, sent for the fisherman, "Friend," said he to him, "Canst thou bring me four more fish of four different colours ?"

The fisherman promised to do so, and on their arrival the Sultan gave him four hundred pieces of gold, as before, and had the fish taken to his own cabinet with all things necessary to dress them. Here he shut

himself up with his grand vizier, who prepared to cook them. As soon as they were done on one side, he turned them. Instantly the cabinet wall opened, but instead of the lady, a gigantic black appeared, otherwise, all was the same as on previous occasions, and having overturned the cooking vessel, the black haughtily retired.

"It is certain these fish signify something very extraordinary," said the Sultan to his vizier. "I cannot rest till I discover what it means."

The fisherman was again sent for.

"Where did'st thou catch these fish?" asked the Sultan.

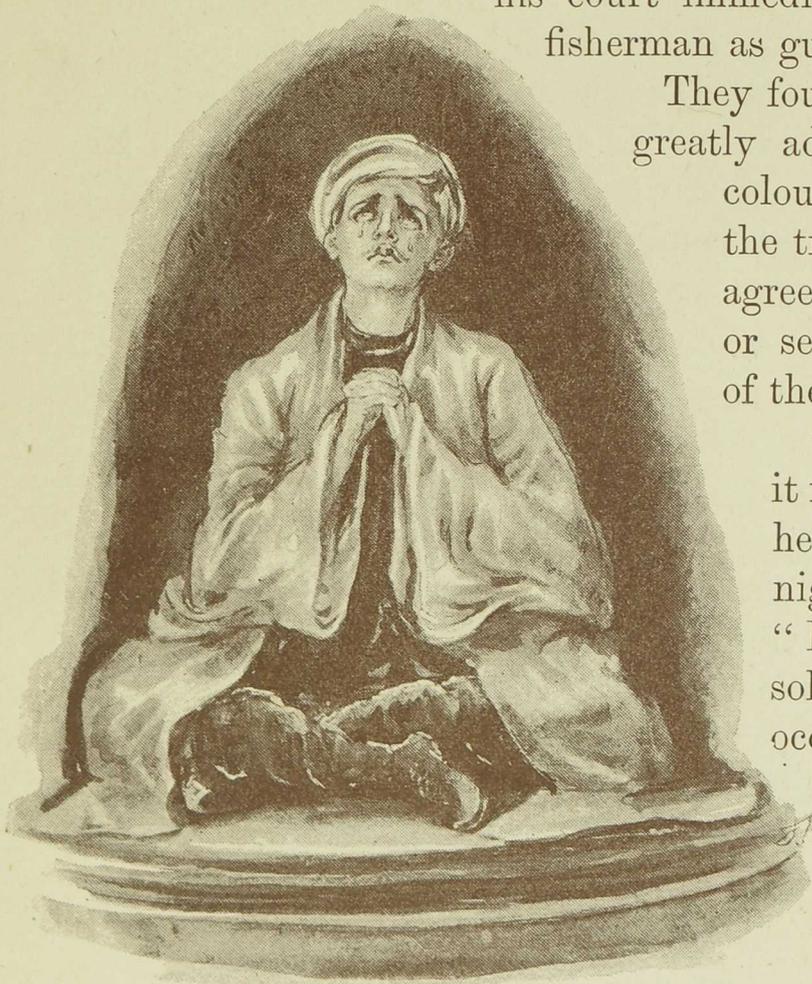
"In a pond between four small hills behind yonder mountain," answered the fisherman.

"Do you know it?" asked the Sultan of the vizier.

The vizier replied that he had never even heard of it, and finding from the fisherman that it was about three hours' journey, the Sultan and his court immediately proceeded thither, with the fisherman as guide.

They found it exactly as he had said, and greatly admired the fish of four different colours, which they could see through the transparent waters; but every one agreed that they had never heard of, or seen the pond before, though many of them had been near it.

"I am resolved to discover what it means," said the Sultan, and when he had retired to his pavilion for the night, he spoke further to his vizier. "I am absolutely determined to solve the mystery of all that has occurred. I shall go quite alone, do you remain here during my absence, and let no one enter my pavilion. Say I am slightly indisposed, and wish to remain alone."



Despite all the entreaties of the vizier that he would not expose himself to so great a danger, the Sultan would not alter his resolution, and as soon as all was quiet in the camp, he departed.

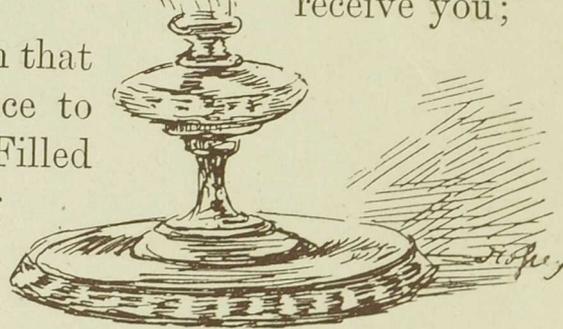
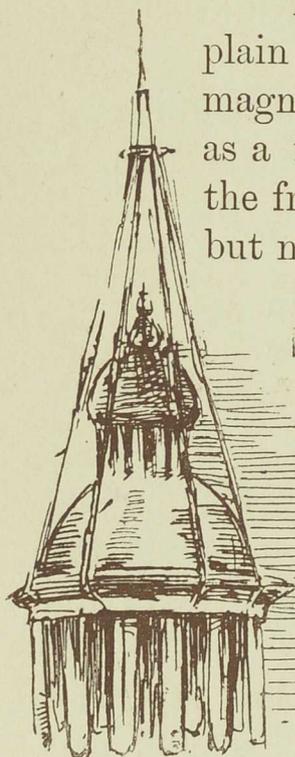
The Sultan ascended one of the small hills, and crossed a plain on the further side. As day broke he saw before him a magnificent palace of black marble, covered with steel as bright as a mirror. Filled with joy, he went on and paused opposite the front, to examine it. He then advanced and knocked gently, but no one came. He knocked louder, but with the same result.

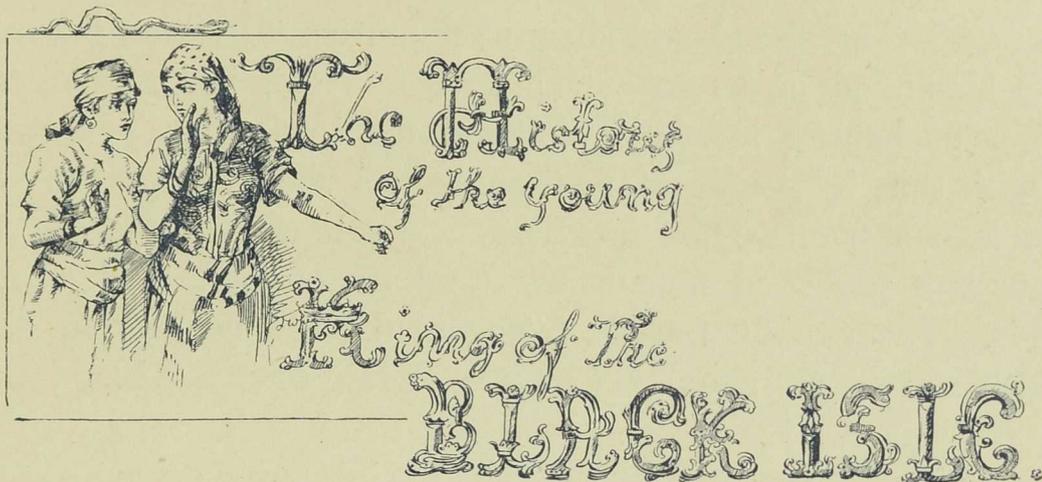
The Sultan was astonished, but as the folding doors stood open, he entered, and called out several times, but there was no answer; so he went on and found himself in a spacious court furnished in the richest and most splendid style, but all was silent and deserted. After walking through several apartments equally grand, the Sultan became tired, and sat down in an open cabinet which looked into the garden, and began to meditate on all he had seen, when suddenly a plaintive voice, followed by heartrending cries, struck on his ear. He

hastily rose and proceeded to the spot whence they issued. This was a great hall, in which a richly dressed young man, with a most sorrowful countenance, was seated upon a throne. The Sultan saluted him, and explained his presence, telling him all that had happened. The youth bent his head, but did not rise.

“Alas, Sir,” said he, “I must forgive me that I do not rise to and casting aside his robe, showed the Sultan that he was a man only to the waist; from thence to his feet he was changed into black marble. Filled with horror, the Sultan entreated the young man to relate to him how such an affliction had befallen him, and he complied in the following words.

beg you to receive you;”





“MY father, Mahmoud, was king of this State, which is the kingdom of the Black Isles. His capital was on the spot now occupied by that pond of which you speak. I no sooner succeeded to his throne than I married my cousin, and for five years we were very happy together. Then one day I overheard a conversation between two of the queen’s women, who supposed me to be asleep, and from what they said, I resolved to watch and follow my wife wherever she went. Accordingly, when one night, believing me to be asleep, she got up and left the chamber, I arose quietly, and taking my scimitar, followed in her steps, which I could hear just before me. She passed through the garden, into a little wood surrounded by a thick hedge; here she was joined by a man, and from the conversation which ensued between the two, I discovered that the queen was a malicious enchantress. So infuriated was I by what I heard, that, as they passed me, I drew my scimitar and struck the man on the neck; and believing I had killed him, I retired in the darkness. The queen being my cousin, I wished to spare her, and said nothing to her of what had taken place.

“At the end of a year she asked my permission to build a mausoleum for herself. I allowed her to do so, and perceiving that she often visited this place, which she called the Palace of Tears, I one day followed her, and discovered that she concealed within it the man whom I supposed

myself to have killed, and whom she kept alive by administering to him mystic potions.

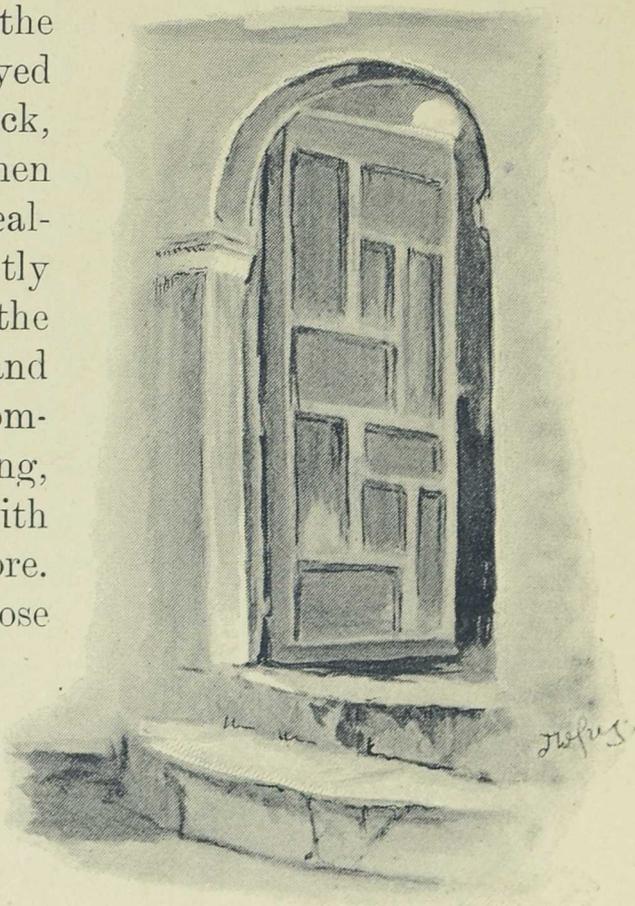
“Enraged that she should show so much consideration for this man, who was a black Indian, I remonstrated with her on her return, and she, in revenge, enchanted me, and changed me into what you see. Not satisfied with this, by means of her magic arts she destroyed my capital, turning it into a pond. The four variously coloured fish in it were the inhabitants who professed four different religions, and the four hills were four islands. Even this is not all, for every day she comes and gives me a hundred blows on my shoulders with a thong, drawing blood at every stroke.”

“Where is this infamous enchantress?” interrupted the Sultan, eager to avenge such injuries.

“She is probably in the Palace of Tears,” returned the king.

The Sultan then informed the young prince who he was, and quickly formed his plan of revenge.

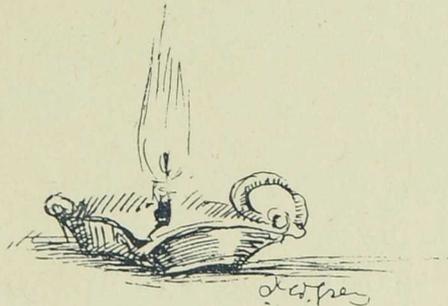
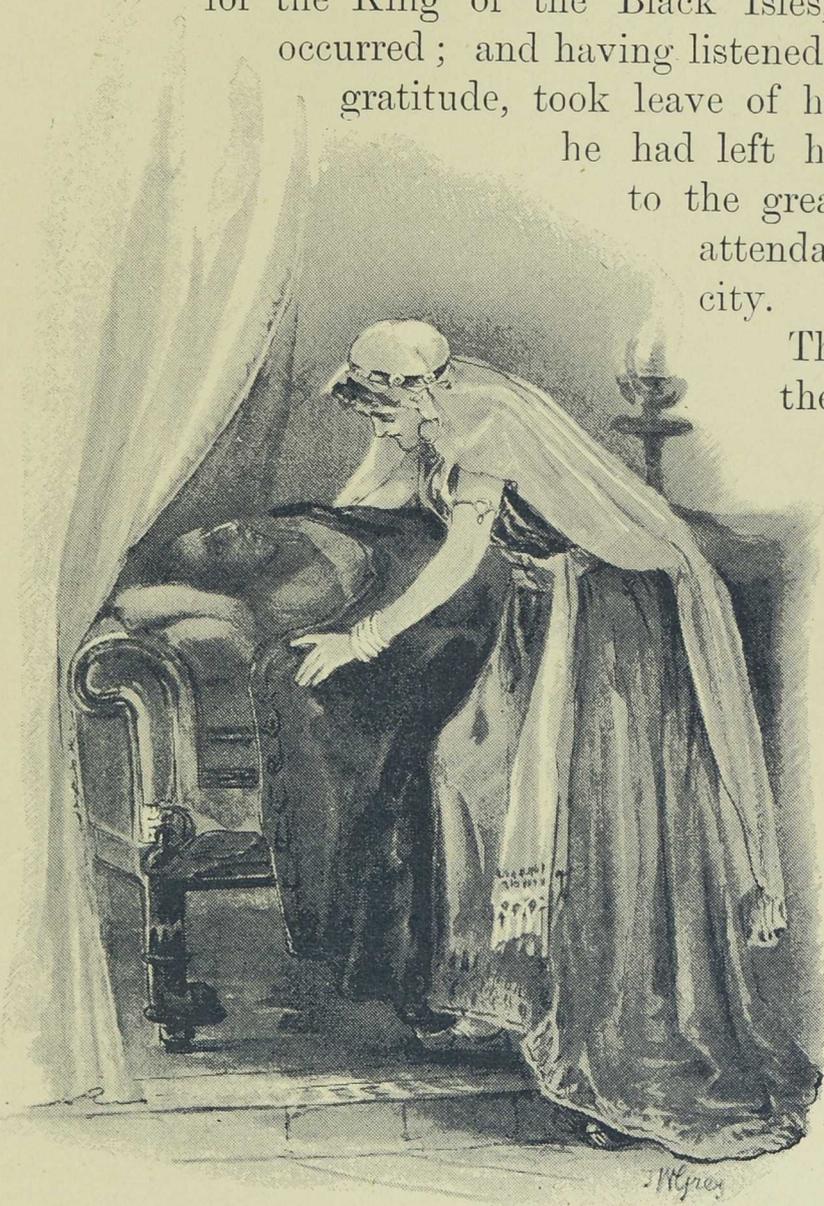
At daybreak next morning the Sultan made his way to the Palace of Tears, and whilst the wicked enchantress was inflicting her daily cruel punishment on the young king, he drew his sabre, and destroyed the small remains of life in the gigantic black, whose body he threw into a well, and then lay down in its place upon the bed, concealing his sabre under the covering. Presently the queen returned, and as she bent over the bed he pretended to wake from sleep, and imitating the language of the black, commanded her to go and disenchant the king, her husband, and replace the capital with everything in it as it had been before. Amazed at hearing the supposed black, whose influence over her was unbounded, speak, after years of silence, the queen did as he commanded, and again returned. “I have done all that you required of me,” she said, bending over him. Then the



Sultan rose, and seizing her suddenly by the arms, with one stroke of his sabre smote her into two pieces. Having done this he went to seek for the King of the Black Isles, and told him what had occurred; and having listened to his expressions of deep gratitude, took leave of him, and returned to where he had left his camp, which was now, to the great surprise of his court and attendants, a large and populous city.

The Sultan and his train then returned to his own dominions, laden with presents from the grateful young king. The fisherman was overwhelmed with rewards, and he and his family made happy and comfortable for the rest of their lives.

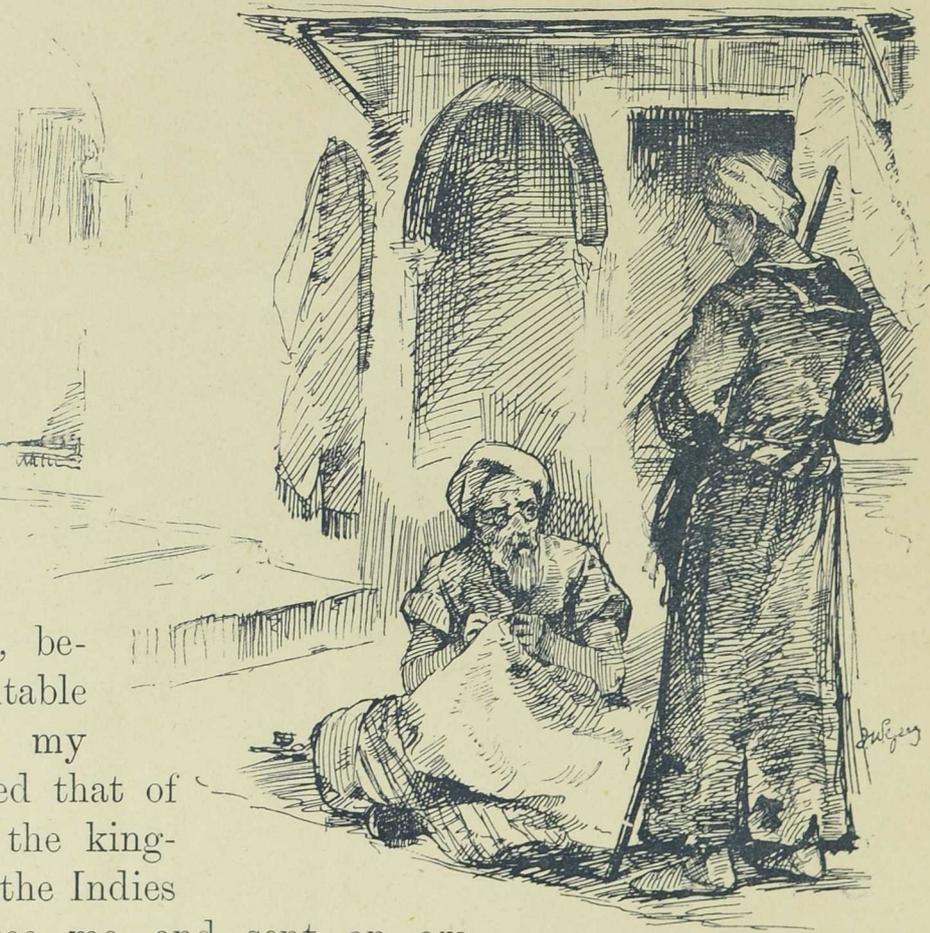
The Sultan was so well satisfied with everything Scheherazadè had related, that he resolved not to forego the pleasure of hearing other histories, and the next night she recounted the following story.





The History of the Second Calender

WHEN I was very young, my father, perceiving that I had a very quick intellect, determined to spare no pains in my education. I studied the works of the best authors on religion, history, politics, literature, languages, &c., besides all exercises suitable for a prince, and my hand-writing surpassed that of the first masters in the kingdom. The Sultan of the Indies became curious to see me, and sent an ambassador to my father to invite me to visit him. This delighted my father, and he determined that I should return with the ambassador, and had my baggage and attendants prepared accordingly.





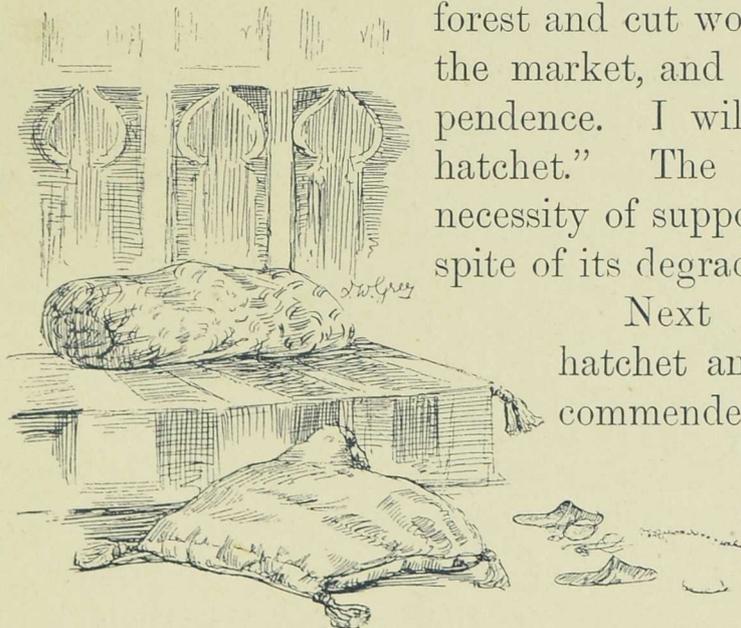
Francis Brundage

THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY.

When we had been a month on our journey, we met a party of fifty robbers coming at full speed towards us. Our own force was very small, and the robbers attacked us. I defended myself as long as I could, but was wounded, and the ambassador and our attendants were overthrown and slain, seeing which, I remounted my horse, which was also wounded, and escaped. But my poor horse could not carry me far; he soon fell dead, and I walked the rest of that day, and for some days following, till, at the end of a month, barefooted, and in rags, with my face and hands burnt to a tawny brown by the sun, I arrived before the walls of a great city.

Entering the town I addressed myself to a tailor who was at work in a shop, telling him my story without concealment. He listened to me very attentively. "Take care," said he, "not to tell any one else what you have confided to me, for the Prince of this kingdom is a great enemy of your father's, and would be sure, if you were known, to inflict evil upon you." I thanked the tailor for his advice, and he, after having supplied me with food, offered me an apartment in his house.

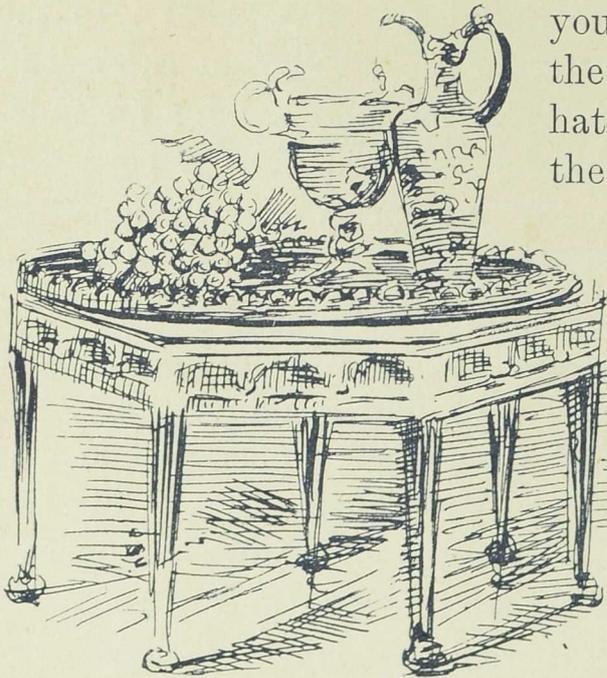
As soon as I had recovered from the fatigue of my journey, the tailor questioned me as to my attainments, with a view to discover whether I knew anything by which I could obtain a livelihood. "With all your learning," he exclaimed, when he had concluded his examination, "you will not be able to earn even a morsel of bread; your attainments are useless in this country. If you follow my advice, you will go into the forest and cut wood for fuel; this you can sell in the market, and thus earn sufficient for an independence. I will furnish you with a cord and hatchet." The fear of being known, and the necessity of supporting myself, determined me, in spite of its degradation, to adopt this plan.



Next day the tailor brought me a hatchet and cord, and a short jacket, and commended me to some poor people who obtained their living in this manner. We worked together in the forest, and I soon obtained as much money as I

wanted. Having spent more than a year in this work, I one day, in cutting up the root of a tree, came to an iron ring fastened to a trap-door, which, on being lifted up, disclosed a staircase. This I descended, and came to a magnificent and brilliantly illuminated hall, in which was a lady of the most extraordinary beauty. I made a most respectful reverence to her. "Are you a man or a genie?" enquired she. "I have been here for twenty-five years, and have seen no other man but yourself."

I lost no time in telling her my story, and she in return informed me that she was the daughter of the King of the Ebony Isles, who had been stolen and shut up in this place by a genie on the very eve of her marriage. "Every ten days," continued she, "the genie comes here. In the meantime, if I need him, I have but to touch a talisman in my apartment, and he appears. It will be six days before he comes again; you may, therefore, remain with me for five days, which I will endeavour to make pleasant to you; but if he finds you here he will kill us both." The Princess devised everything she could think of to entertain me, and the next day, at dinner, produced a flask of the finest and most delicious wine I had ever tasted, excited by which, in a fit of bravado, I kicked down the talisman of the genie and broke it in pieces. A noise like thunder was the immediate result, and the palace shook as if it would fall to atoms. "Alas!" cried the Princess, "it is all over with you unless



you save yourself by flight." I fled towards the staircase, but in my fear forgot my hatchet and cord. As I ascended I heard the arrival of the genie, who, in a voice of the utmost rage, enquired how the hatchet and cord came there. "I have never seen them," replied she, "till this instant." The genie answered her with blows and reproaches, as I could hear, and was distressed beyond measure at the sound of her cries as I proceeded up the stairs. I then shut

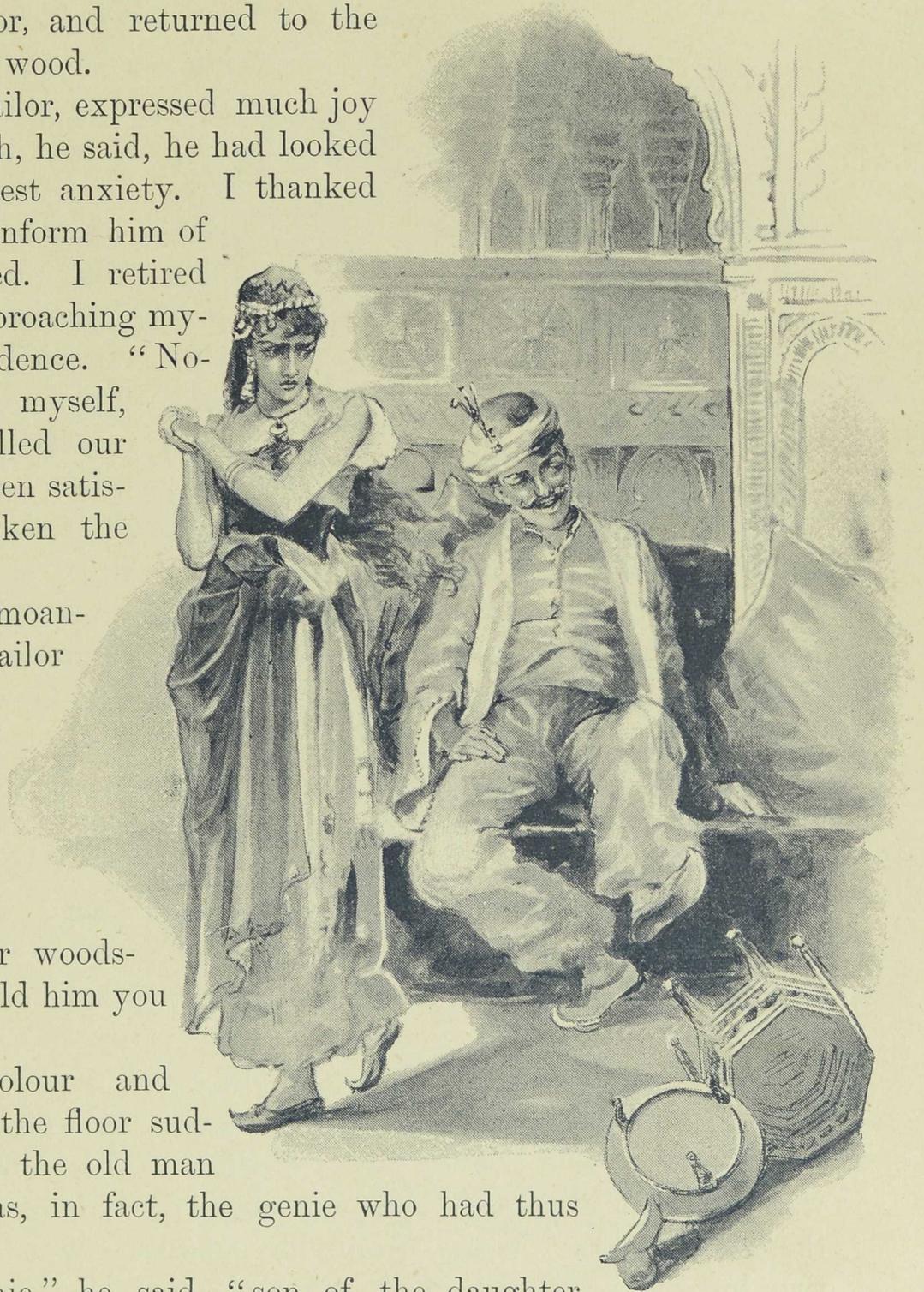
down the trap-door, and returned to the city with a load of wood.

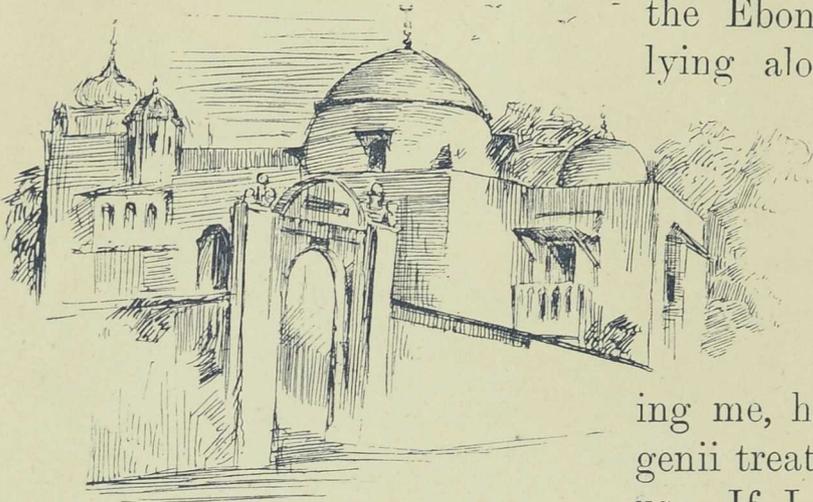
My host, the tailor, expressed much joy at my return, which, he said, he had looked for with the greatest anxiety. I thanked him, but did not inform him of what had happened. I retired to my chamber, reproaching myself for my imprudence. "Nothing," I said to myself, "could have equalled our happiness had I been satisfied, and not broken the talisman."

While thus bemoaning myself, the tailor entered. "A strange old man," he said, "has brought in your hatchet and cord, which he wishes to give into your hands. Your woodsman companions told him you lived here."

I changed colour and trembled, and lo, the floor suddenly opened, and the old man appeared. He was, in fact, the genie who had thus come in disguise.

"I am a genie," he said, "son of the daughter of Eblis, Prince of the Genii. Is not this hatchet and this cord yours?" Without waiting for an answer, he took me up by the middle of the body, and after carrying me upwards with terrible velocity, descended to earth again, and caused it to open by striking it with his foot. We sank into the ground, and I again found myself in the presence of the Princess of





the Ebony Isles, but, alas, she was lying along the ground dead, and covered with blood.

I fainted at the sight. "Strike," I cried to the genie, when I recovered my senses, "I am ready to die." But instead of kill-

ing me, he said—"Observe how we genii treat women who have offended us. If I thought she had done me

any further wrong, I would instantly kill you, but I shall content myself by changing you into a dog, a lion, an ape, or a bird." I tried my utmost to make him change his resolution, but in vain. He seized, and carried me to the top of a mountain, where, taking up a handful of earth and throwing it over me, "Quit," he cried, "the figure of a man and assume that of an ape." Then he disappeared, and left me quite alone, changed into an ape, and ignorant of where I was.

After going through a number of adventures in this form, I arrived at length in the dominions of a Sultan who had a very lovely daughter, called the Queen of Beauty, who was skilled in magic, and who as soon as she saw me, exclaimed, "This is not an ape, but the son of a king who was enchanted by a wicked genie, son of the daughter of Eblis, who cruelly killed the Princess of the Ebony Isles."

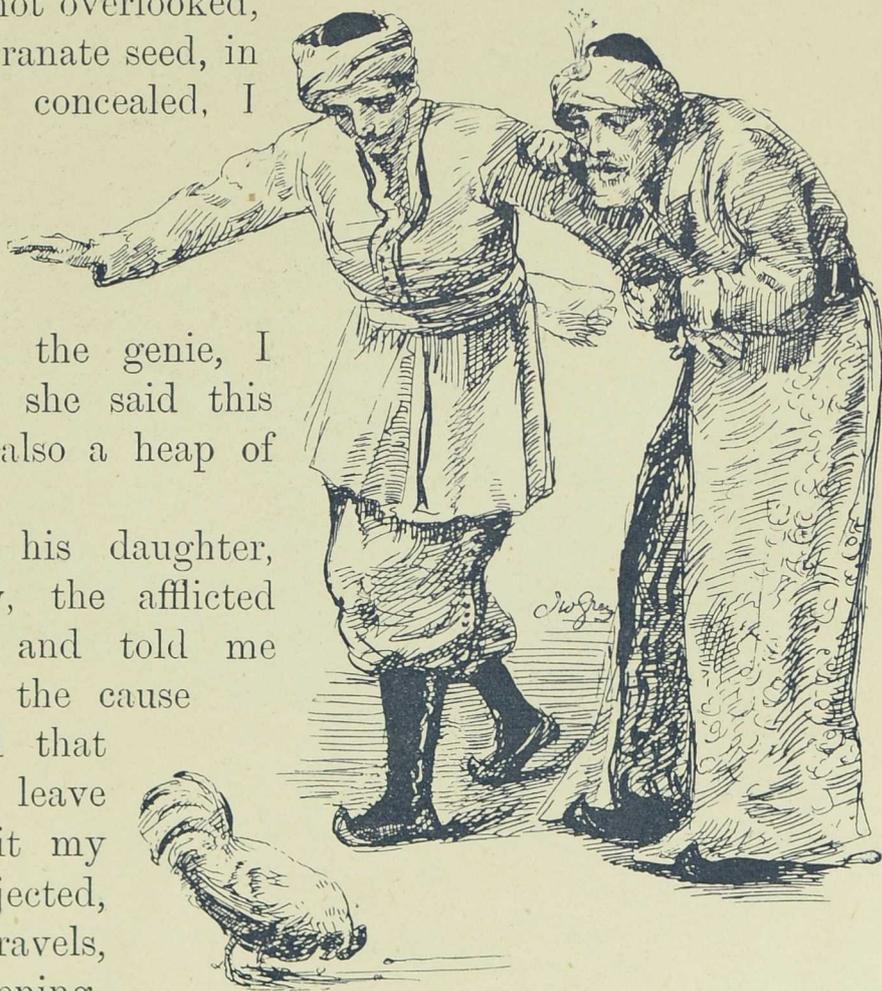
The Sultan asked her whether she could disenchant, and restore me to my own form, and she answered that she could do so.

The Queen of Beauty then described a large circle, in the midst of which she placed herself, repeating some words of the Koran, and suddenly the genie appeared in the form of an enormous lion. She cut the lion in two, but the head took the form of a scorpion. The Princess then took the form of a serpent, and a fierce fight began between them, during which both changed their shapes several times. During the fight a large pomegranate fell into the court and was broken, so that its seeds fell out. These seeds were immediately devoured by a cock, all but one, which lay

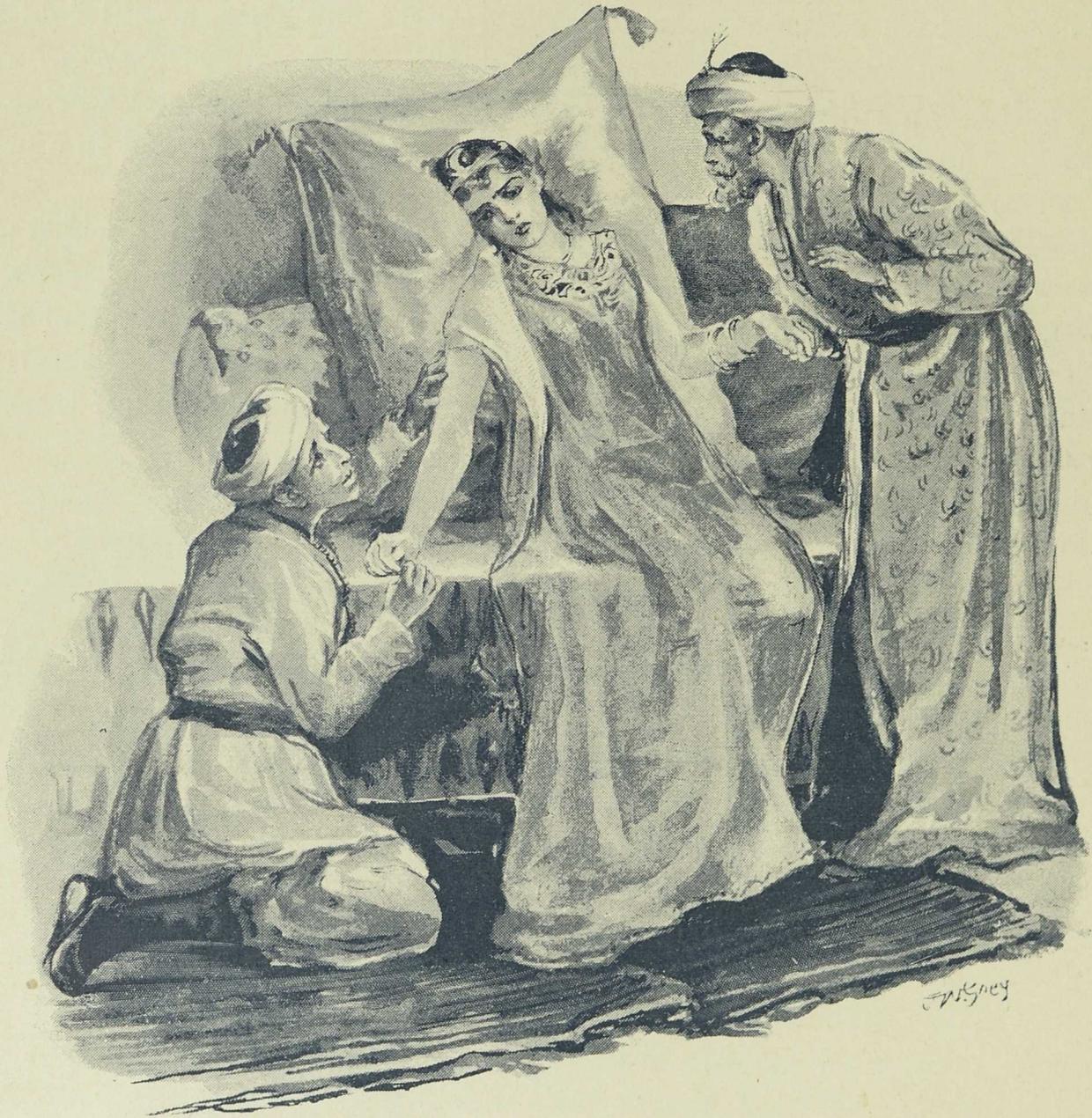
on the brink of the canal. As soon as the cock perceived it, he flew towards it; but before he could swallow it, it fell into the water and changed into a small fish. The cock followed, and became a pike, and we lost sight of both for some time. At length horrible cries were heard in the air, and we saw the genie and the Princess, all on fire, still fighting with each other, come towards the land. A spark of fire flew into my right eye, and I heard a cry of "Victory, victory," and then the Princess appeared in her true form, whilst that of the genie was reduced to a heap of ashes.

The Princess approached me, and asked for a cup of water, which she threw over me, and I instantly regained my own figure, and became a man, but with the loss of an eye. It however soon became apparent that the victory had been dearly bought. The Queen of Beauty had received a mortal hurt in the struggle, which she thus explained: "Had I, when in the form of a cock, not overlooked, till too late, the pomegranate seed, in which the genie was concealed, I should easily have conquered, but I then was obliged to have recourse to fire, and, though I have killed the genie, I must myself die." As she said this she died, and became also a heap of ashes.

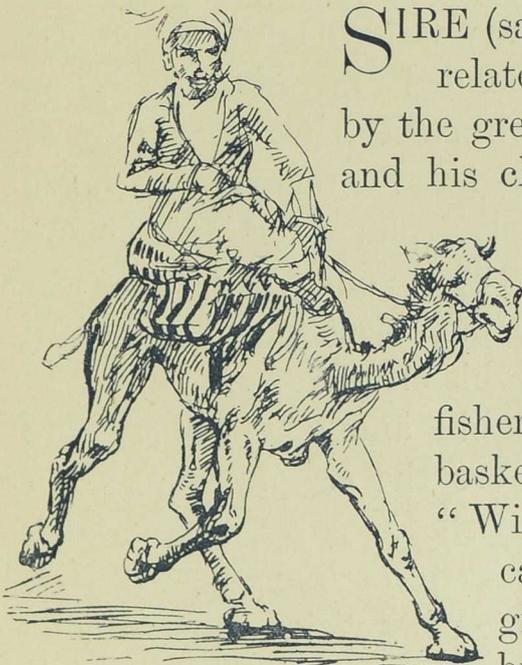
In his grief for his daughter, the Queen of Beauty, the afflicted Sultan sent for me, and told me that he considered me the cause of his misfortune, and that I must immediately leave his kingdom, or forfeit my life. Miserable and dejected, I again set out on my travels, and arrived here this evening.



At the conclusion of this story the Sultan arose, and after having said his prayers, proceeded to the council as before, and thus the Sultana was again reprieved.



The Three Apples



SIRE (said Scheherazadè), the story I am now about to relate to you is that of a ramble taken one night by the great Caliph Haroun Alraschid, his grand vizier, and his chief eunuch Mesrour, in order that he might see for himself how his officers of justice performed their duties.

Having disguised themselves, they set forth, and presently came up with an old fisherman carrying nets on his shoulders, and a basket in his hand, coming up from the Tigris. "Will you return with us to the river," said the caliph, "and cast your nets again? We will give you a hundred sequins for what you may bring out."

The fisherman agreed to this, and on arriving at the banks of the river, threw in his net and brought out a case, very heavy and carefully closed; whereupon the caliph immediately gave him his hundred sequins, and discharged him, and ordering Mesrour to follow with the case, returned to his palace. Here the case was opened, disclosing a basket sewn up with red worsted, and inside the basket, to their horror, was found the body of a beautiful young lady, who had been murdered. The caliph was very angry with his vizier for not looking after the safety of his subjects better, and threatened that if he did not discover



the murderer within three days he should himself be hanged, with forty of his relations.

The unfortunate vizier was unable to discover traces of the murderer, so on the third day all was prepared for his execution, and the cord was actually round his neck, when a young man of handsome appearance pressed through the crowd to the side of the grand vizier, and demanded to be hanged in his stead, as he was himself the murderer of the young lady. Before the vizier could reply, a tall, old man came forward, "This young man must not suffer for me," he said, "I alone am guilty of this crime."

Both old and young men were taken before the caliph, who, when he had heard the story, commanded them both to be hanged. "But, sire," replied the vizier, "if only one is guilty, it would be unjust to execute both." At these words the

youth swore most solemnly that it was he, and he alone, who had killed the lady, and thrown her into the Tigris. The caliph was inclined to believe him, and commanded him to relate his reasons for having committed so detestable a crime. The young man obeyed, and began in these words—"I must first inform your Majesty that the young lady who is murdered was my wife, and daughter to this old man, who is my uncle. She was very young when we were married, but we were very happy together. She was prudent and good, and we have three sons.



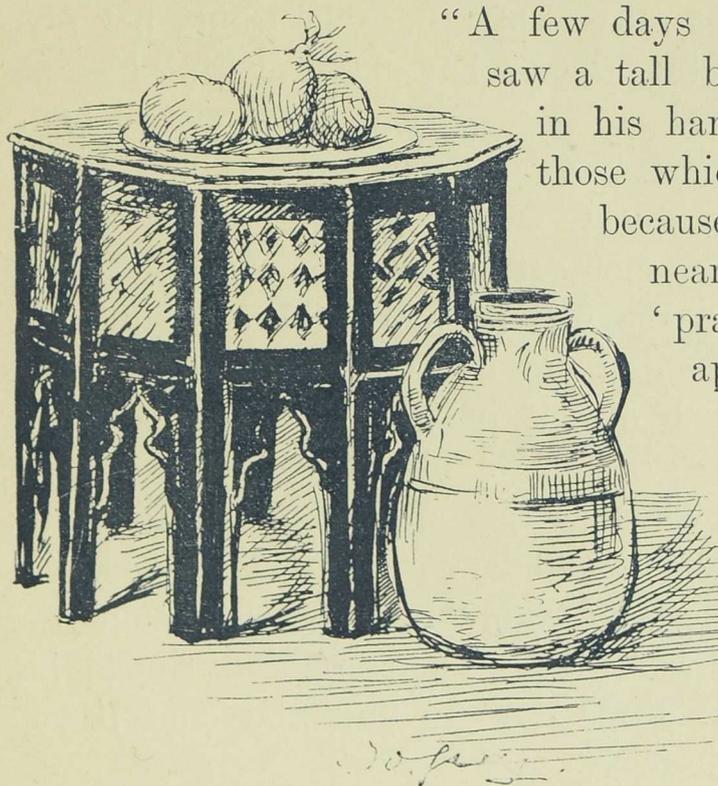
Frances Brundage

THE THREE APPLES.

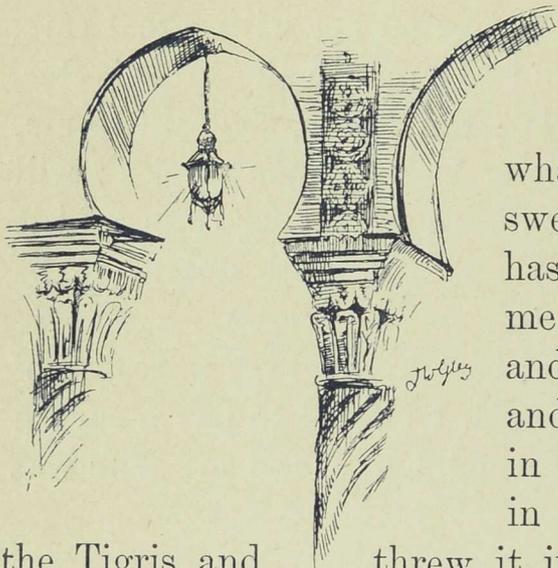
About two months since she was taken ill. I treated her with great care, and spared no pains for her cure. At the end of a month she grew better, and wished to go to the bath. Before leaving the house, she said to me, 'Cousin (she always addressed me thus), I long to eat some apples; will you try and get me some? I have had this desire for a long time, and it has now increased so much that I shall not get well unless it be gratified.'

" 'Most willingly will I try,' said I, and instantly set off in search of some apples, but I could not obtain one, though I offered to pay a sequin for it. Much vexed at my ill-success, I returned home, and my wife was so chagrined that she could not sleep.

" Next morning I tried again, and a gardener whom I met told me that there were none in Bagdad, nor anywhere nearer than your majesty's gardens at Balsora. Wishing to gratify my wife, whom I loved passionately, I set out for Balsora, and in a fortnight returned with three apples, for which I had given a sequin apiece. These I presented to my wife, but her longing for them was over; she received them indifferently, and only placed them by her side; she still continued ill, and I knew not what to do for her.



" A few days afterwards, being in a shop, I saw a tall black slave enter with an apple in his hand, which I knew to be one of those which I had brought from Balsora, because there were none to be had nearer. 'My good slave,' said I, 'pray tell me where you got that apple.' 'A lady whom I visited gave it to me,' answered he. 'She is unwell, and there were three apples by her side. She told me her husband had been a fifteen days' journey to get them for her. We breakfasted together, and when I came away, she gave me this.'



“Enraged at this intelligence, I ran home to my wife. Looking for the apples, I saw but two, and asked her what had become of the third. She answered coldly, ‘I don’t know, cousin, what has become of it.’ This answer convinced me that the slave had spoken the truth, and transported by rage, I drew a knife and killed her. I then concealed her body in a basket, which I afterwards enclosed in a chest, and at night carried it to

the Tigris and threw it in.

“When I returned, my two youngest children were in bed and asleep, but the third was sitting on the door step crying bitterly. On my enquiring the reason, he said, ‘Father, this morning I took away from my mother one of the apples that you gave her, and carried it out to play with in the street; while I was playing, a great black slave snatched it from me and ran away with it. I ran after, and told him it was my mother’s, who was ill, and that you had been a long journey to get it; but all was of no use, he would not give it me back, and he beat me, and since then I have been waiting here for your return.’

“Imagine my affliction when I knew thus, what a crime I had committed in having so hastily given credit to the story of the slave. My uncle arrived at that moment to see his daughter, and had to learn from my lips that she was no more. I told him the whole truth, and instead of reproaching me, he wept with me, recognising my grief for having deprived myself of one who was so dear to us both.”

The caliph was greatly astonished at this story, but being a just king, saw that the young man was more to be pitied than blamed, and took his part. “The wicked slave,” he said, “is the sole cause of the murder, and he it is who ought to suffer. Therefore,” continued he, addressing the vizier, “I give you three days to find him, and if you do not, your own life shall be the forfeit.”

The unhappy vizier was overwhelmed with despair, "It is impossible," he said, "amongst the infinite number of slaves in Bagdad to discover one." He there-
in affliction with his officer came to fetch daughter, of whom he take leave of him. ceived that she had bosom which had a have you there, my apple, father," she re- is written the caliph's our slave, sold it to me

In surprise and joy the slave to be called. claimed he, "where this apple?" "The the slave, "I saw some in the street. One had hand, and I snatched it after me and entreated telling me how his father journey to get mother who but I would to him, and apple home your little two sequins."



fore spent the three days family. On the third an him, and his youngest was very fond, was brought to When he kissed her he per- something large in her strong smell. "What child?" he said. "An

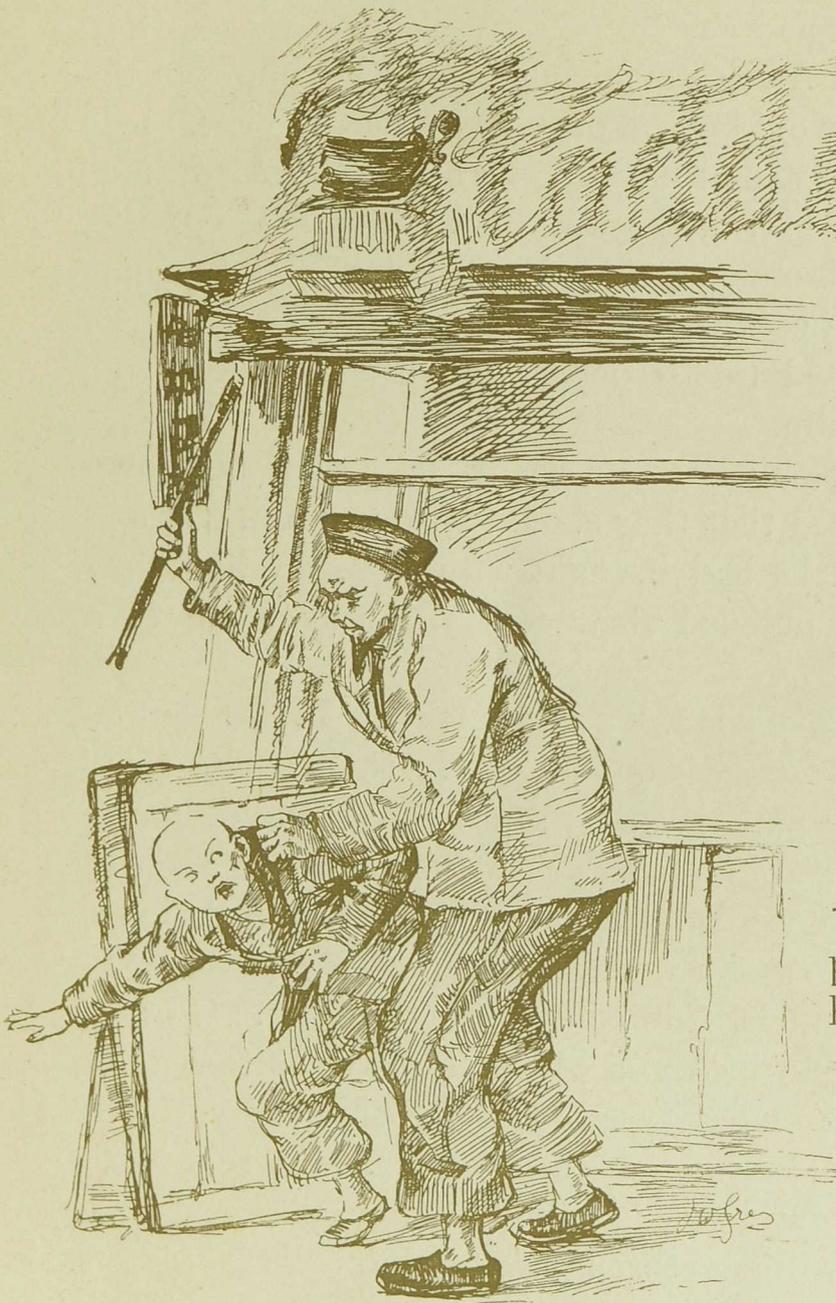
plied, "on which name. Ri han, for two sequins." the vizier ordered "Rascal," ex- didst thou get other day," replied children playing an apple in his from him; he ran me to give it back, had been a long it for his was ill; not listen brought the and sold it to daughter for

The vizier immediately took the slave with him and went to the palace of the caliph, and relating to him the extraordinary story of the apple, begged for the remission of the punishment of the slave.

After much discussion, the caliph graciously granted this, and to console the young man for the loss of his wife, married him to one of his own slaves, and continued to bestow gifts and favours on him as long as he lived.



“Of all the stories which you have heard, Sire,” said Scheherazadè, “none is so extraordinary as that which I will now, with your permission, relate. It is entitled, ‘Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp.’”



Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp

IN the capital of one of the kingdoms of China lived a poor tailor, named Mustafa, who had a wife and one son.

This son, whose name was Aladdin, had been so neglected that he became idle, mischievous, and disobedient. He was always from home, and would not mind a word his

father and mother said to him. When he was old enough his father wished to teach him his own trade, but Aladdin refused to learn, and in spite of all the chastisement Mustafa bestowed upon him, persisted in living the life of an idle vagabond, which conduct so afflicted his father as to bring on a fatal illness, and thereby quickly put an end to his existence. Seeing that her son would be of no use to her, Aladdin's mother sold her shop, and all it contained, and upon the proceeds of these, and the little she earned by spinning, she and her son subsisted. Aladdin pursued his idle

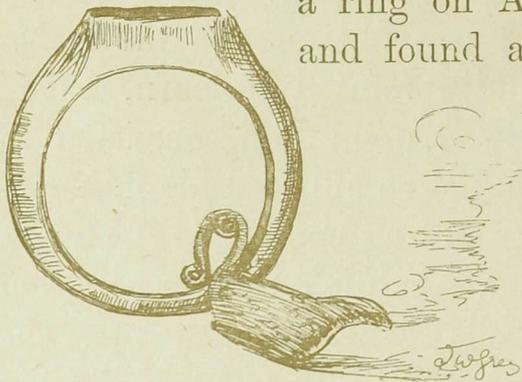
course of life, and was one day playing with his companions in the street, when a stranger stopped to look at him.

This stranger was a learned African magician, who, believing from the countenance of Aladdin that he would suit a purpose he had in view, made himself acquainted with his family, and introducing himself to Aladdin as his uncle, hinted a desire to put him in the way of a better mode of life, promising to give him a handsome suit, and introduce him to some merchants, if his nephew would accompany him. Aladdin gladly agreed, and his mother joyfully consented to his departure with his uncle, who behaved most affectionately to him.

As they journeyed along, they came to a beautiful garden unknown to Aladdin, and his uncle proposed that they should sit down and rest and refresh themselves with the food he had brought with him. When they had finished their repast, they pursued their way till they came to a valley.

“We shall now,” said the magician, “go no further. I am about to unfold to you the most extraordinary wonders.” He then spoke some mysterious words, and a dense smoke arose, the ground shook, and disclosed a square stone with a brass ring fixed into it. The magician ordered Aladdin to lift up the stone, which easily yielded to his strength, and revealed a hole, at the bottom of which appeared a door.

“You must now,” said his uncle, “do exactly as I tell you. Go into this cavern, through an open door which you will find at the bottom, then through other doors (taking the greatest care to touch nothing as you go), till, in a niche in the wall, you see a lighted lamp. Extinguish this lamp and bring it to me. On your way back you may, if you please, gather some fruit from the garden you will pass through.” As he spoke he placed



a ring on Aladdin's finger, who immediately descended and found all as his uncle had said, he then put the lamp into his robe, and piled as much fruit as he could carry over it. As soon as he arrived at the entrance to the cave, the magician commanded Aladdin to give him the lamp, but as it was covered over with fruit the boy steadily refused to do so, till his pretended uncle, in a violent

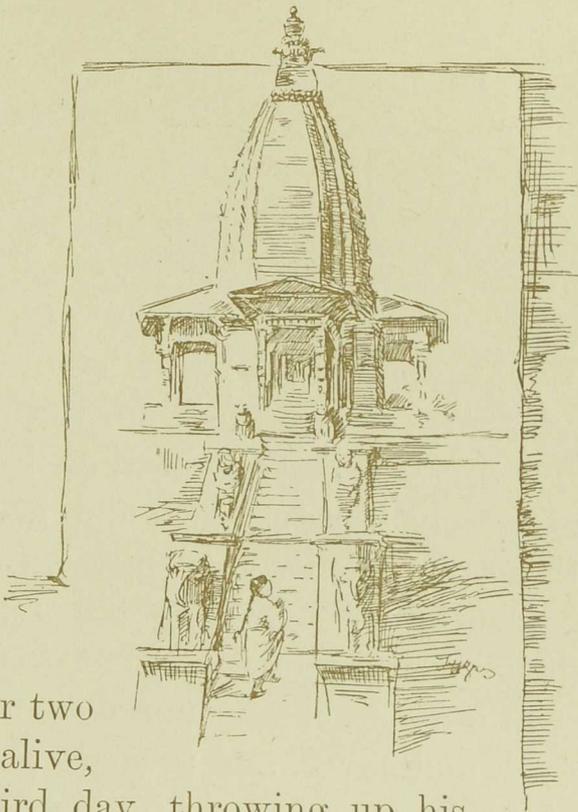


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Aladdin & his wonderful Lamp.

rage, spoke some magic words over the stone, which instantly returned to its place, and enclosed Aladdin in the cavern.

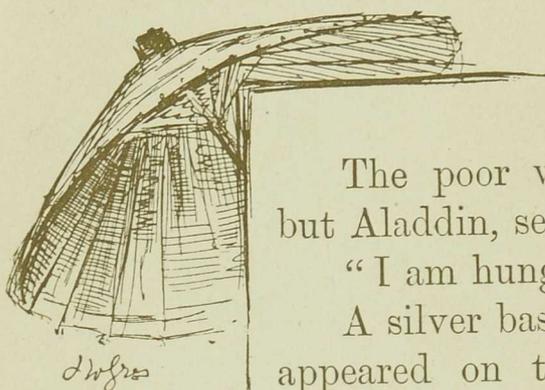
When the magician found his hopes of possessing the lamp foiled in this manner (for, in truth, the quest for this same lamp had been the object of his journey), he set out on his return to Africa, leaving his supposed nephew in the cavern, from which, he knew, all his arts were powerless to release him. The garden and halls, which had been raised by enchantment, now disappeared, and for two days Aladdin regarded himself as buried alive, without hope of relief. But on the third day, throwing up his hands in despair, he accidentally rubbed the ring which was still on his finger. Instantly a gigantic genie appeared before him, and said,



“What do you wish? I am ready to obey him who is the wearer of that ring.”

But for the peril of his situation Aladdin would have been alarmed, as it was, he answered,

“Whoever you are, take me out of this place,” and he had scarcely spoken the words before he found himself alone, and outside the cavern, on the spot to which his uncle had brought him; and in fear of the magician, set out, without loss of time, on his journey home. His mother, who had given him up for dead, was overjoyed to see him, though her disappointment was great when she found he had come back as poor as he went away. When he had recounted to her all that had taken place, she assured him that she was quite satisfied the wicked magician was no uncle of his, but that he had deceived them for his own purposes. She then bewailed herself that she had no food in the house, and Aladdin bethought him of the lamp, which, he said, if rubbed up they might be able to sell. His mother took it from him, and began to rub it. Instantly a hideous genie appeared before her.



“What do you wish?” he said, “I am ready to obey you, who have the lamp in your hands.”

The poor woman, greatly alarmed, fell down fainting, but Aladdin, seizing the lamp, cried,

“I am hungry, bring me food.”

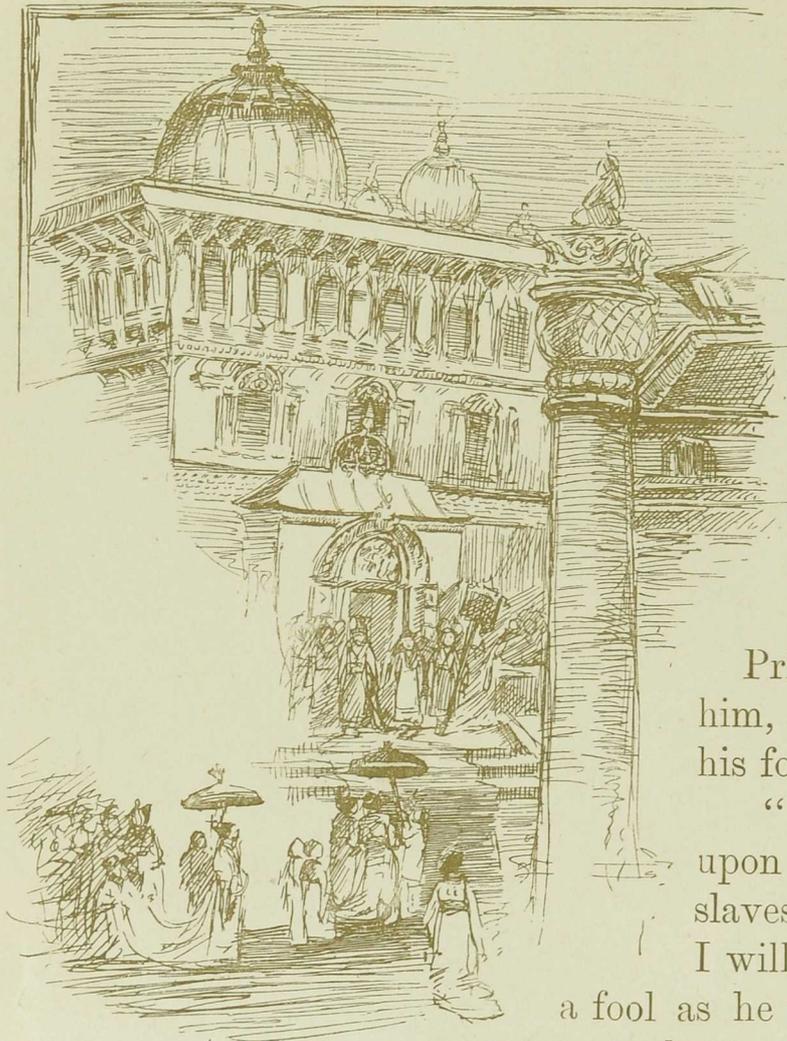
A silver basin, filled with the choicest food, immediately appeared on the table, and the youth insisted on his mother seating herself, and eating with him. She was extremely astonished, and her son explained to her that this was not the same genie who had appeared to him in the cavern, but one evidently belonging to the lamp. She wished him to get rid of so dangerous a possession, but Aladdin refused to do so, and made use of it in order to obtain not only their daily food, but all kinds of riches—gold, and silver, and precious stones. He had only to ask, and the slave of the lamp procured him his desire.

Thus things went on till Aladdin happened to see the Princess Badroulboudour, the daughter of the Sultan, with whom he fell desperately in love, and resolved to make his wife. This was, however, a matter in which the genius of the lamp was powerless to help him; but by means of it, the youth became the possessor of so much wealth, that he was enabled to offer magnificent presents to the Sultan. He built the most splendid palace ever seen, and wore dresses more costly than those of the Sultan himself; so that, seeing how rich and powerful he became, the Sultan was in course of time induced to listen, and give his consent to the marriage. Some years passed away, and nothing could exceed the happiness and prosperity of Aladdin, and his beautiful wife. Aladdin became as unapproachable in his life and conduct, as he had in his youthful days been the reverse, and was so just, liberal, and courteous, that he won the affection of every one who knew him.

It then happened that the African magician returned again, and had no sooner set foot in China than the fame of Aladdin, whom he believed to be dead, reached him. “Miserable son of a tailor,” he exclaimed in a furious rage, “he has then escaped and discovered the secret of the lamp which I failed to obtain for myself. But I will destroy him, or perish in the attempt.” Summoning his diabolical arts to his aid, he soon formed



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his plans. The first thing was to discover the place in which the lamp was kept, or whether Aladdin, who was at that time absent from home, carried it about with him. Accordingly, he disguised himself as a lamp-seller and carrying a basket of beautiful new lamps on his arm, walked round and round the palace, calling out, "Who will change old lamps for new?" The

Princess and her slaves hearing him, could not help laughing at his folly.

"There is an old lamp lying upon the cornice," said one of the slaves, "If the Princess will permit I will see if this fellow is as great a fool as he pretends." Now this was the very lamp which had caused Aladdin's

success and happiness. He had himself placed it there before he went hunting, when not engaged in the chase he always kept it about him.

The magician at once recognised it, and eagerly exchanged the old lamp for a new one, heedless of the laughter of the slaves, and instantly disappeared with it down an unfrequented street. The first use he made of it was to command that Aladdin's palace, with everything in it, should be transported to the wilds of Africa, which was at once effected.

Meanwhile the Sultan, looking from his window, missed the palace of Aladdin. In his rage he conceived the idea that his son-in-law was an impostor, who had stolen away the Princess, and sent out his officers to arrest him, and on his arrival, knowing nothing of what had happened, ordered his immediate execution. The populace, however, being much attached to Aladdin, made such a commotion that the Sultan was obliged to reconsider his determination; but he declared that if Aladdin did

not discover and restore his daughter, his life would eventually be the forfeit. The unhappy Aladdin did not know in what direction to commence his search. He therefore wandered towards the country, and heedless with despair, slipped, and would have fallen. In recovering himself he accidentally rubbed the ring on his finger, and the genie he had seen once before, stood before him, enquiring his wishes.

“Place me,” he cried, “under the windows of the Princess Badroulboudour.” He had barely said this before he found himself on the spot, and was recognised by the Princess on her coming to the window at sunrise.

They embraced with tears of joy, but Aladdin’s first words were to entreat his wife to tell him what had become of the lamp which he had placed on the cornice. She then related to him all that had happened, and informed him that the country they were now in was Africa.

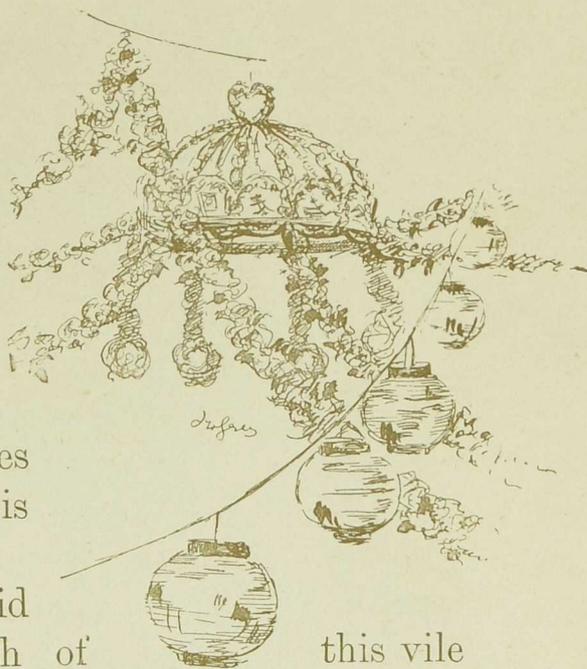
“Ah! you have unmasked to me the traitor,” exclaimed Aladdin. “The African magician!—he is the most infamous of men. But tell me, I beseech you, what he has done with the lamp.”

“He carries it carefully wrapped up, in his bosom,” rejoined the Princess. “He comes here frequently, and persecutes me with his attentions.”

“With your help, my dear wife,” said Aladdin, “I will endeavour to rid us both of this vile wretch.”

And hearing that the magician had signified his intention of visiting the Princess that very day, he hastened to a chemist’s in the town, and purchased a certain powder, which he instructed his wife to mix in the wine she was to present to their enemy on his arrival. She did as Aladdin bade her, and the next moment the African magician fell lifeless on the sofa. Aladdin quickly repossessed himself of the lamp, and commanded the genius to transport the palace and all in it back to the same spot in China, whence it was brought.

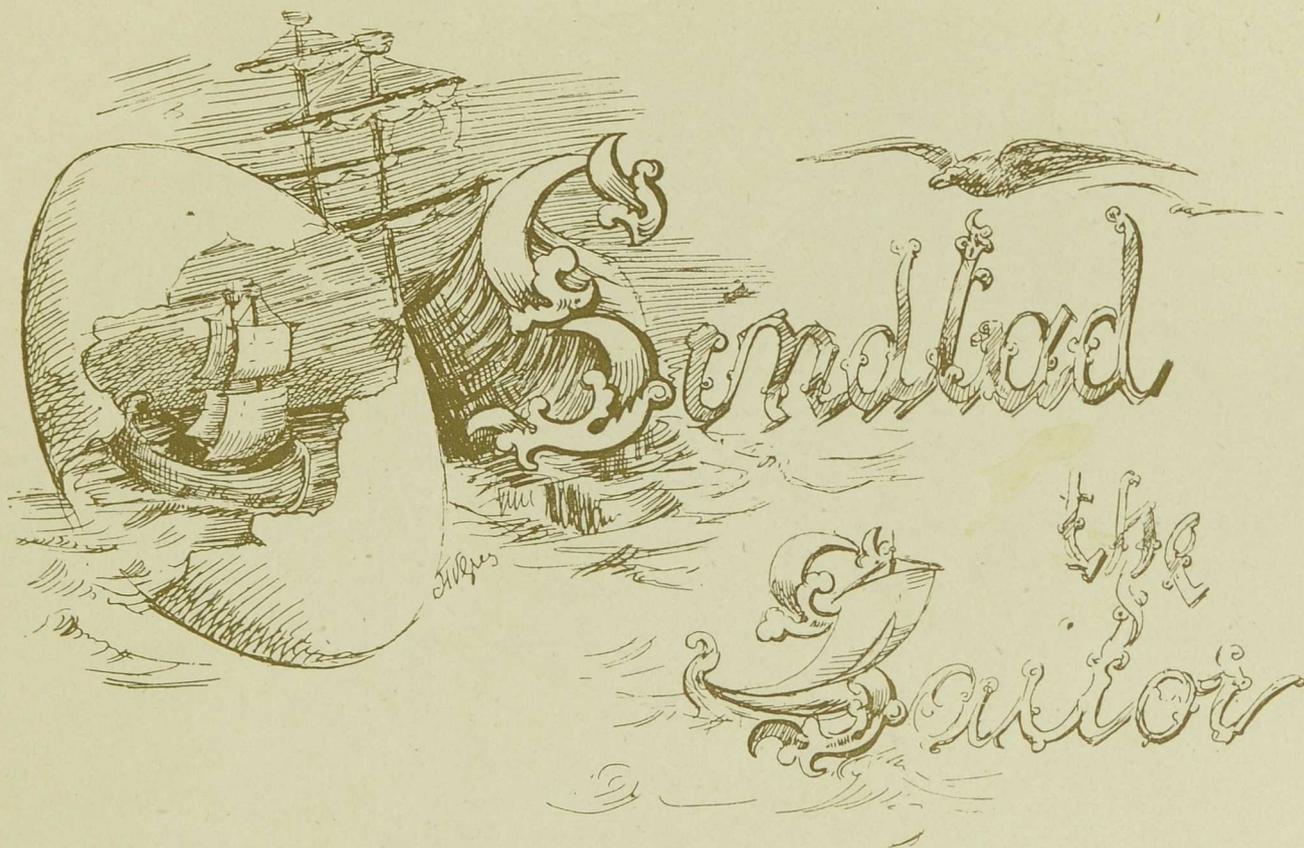
This was done in a minute’s time, and the Sultan could scarcely believe his eyes when, on looking from his window at sunrise, he beheld the palace in its accustomed place, and all about it as usual. In his joy



at the recovery of his daughter, the Sultan forgot all about his anger against Aladdin; and when she had recounted to him all that had taken place, freely reinstated him in the favour he had formerly enjoyed, and when some years afterwards the old king died, at an advanced age (as he had no son), the Princess succeeded to the throne, and transferred the supreme power to her husband. They reigned together for many years, and left a numerous and illustrious family to succeed them.



The Sultan, having expressed his satisfaction with this story, was informed by Scheherazadè that she had another quite as surprising to relate to him, and commenced as follows.



IN the reign of the same Caliph mentioned in the last story, there dwelt in Bagdad a poor porter named Hindbad. One hot summer day he was carrying a heavy load through the city, and, being much fatigued, when he came into a wide, cool street, sprinkled with rose-water, he set down his load, and lingered awhile to rest. The sweet scents, and sounds of music, which issued from the windows of the house against which he leant, refreshed him, and when a magnificently dressed servant came to the door, Hindbad enquired who was the master of the house.

“What!” replied the servant, “are you an inhabitant of Bagdad, and do not know the residence of Sindbad the Sailor?” The porter, who had heard of the immense riches of this same Sindbad, could not help comparing the enviable lot of the prosperous man with his own deplorable one.

“What is the difference,” he exclaimed in a loud voice, “between Sindbad and myself, that I and my family must daily suffer a thousand ills, whilst he enjoys every pleasure?”

Now it happened that the master of the house, passing a window, on the way to the banqueting room with his guests, heard what Hindbad



said, and sent a servant to bring him in. The porter followed the servant in fear and trembling, and was led into a large hall where a number of people were seated round a table covered with all manner of dainties, Sindbad himself desired him to approach, and, seating him at his right hand, helped him to the choicest dishes, and gave him some wine to drink.

When the guests had finished eating, Sindbad, addressing the porter by the title of Brother, as if in familiar converse, enquired his name and profession.

"Sir," he replied, "I am called Hindbad, the porter."

"I am happy to see you," said Sindbad. "I must confess I heard what you said just now in the street, and I am sorry for your situation. Do not suppose, however, that the riches and comforts I enjoy have been obtained without trouble or hardships. I have endured the greatest mental and bodily suffering you can conceive. Yes, gentlemen," he continued, addressing himself to the whole company, "I assure you it is so. Perhaps you have heard only confused accounts of the several voyages I have made; and as an opportunity now offers, I will relate to you some of my extraordinary adventures."

As it was chiefly on the porter's account that Sindbad was about to tell his story, he ordered the burden which Hindbad had left in the street to be brought in, and placed in safety, and then commenced in these words—



Will & Francis Brundage

The Old Man of the Sea.

The Voyages of Sindbad the Sailor.

“Having dissipated my inheritance when quite a young man, and finding myself in danger of poverty, I gathered together the small remains of my patrimony, joined some merchants, and embarked with them in a vessel bound for the East Indies, which had been equipped at our united expense, and set off to engage in trading. Landing one day on a beautiful island with some companions, after a plentiful meal, I fell asleep under some trees. When I awoke, to my surprise and alarm, I found myself alone, and the vessel almost out of sight on the horizon.

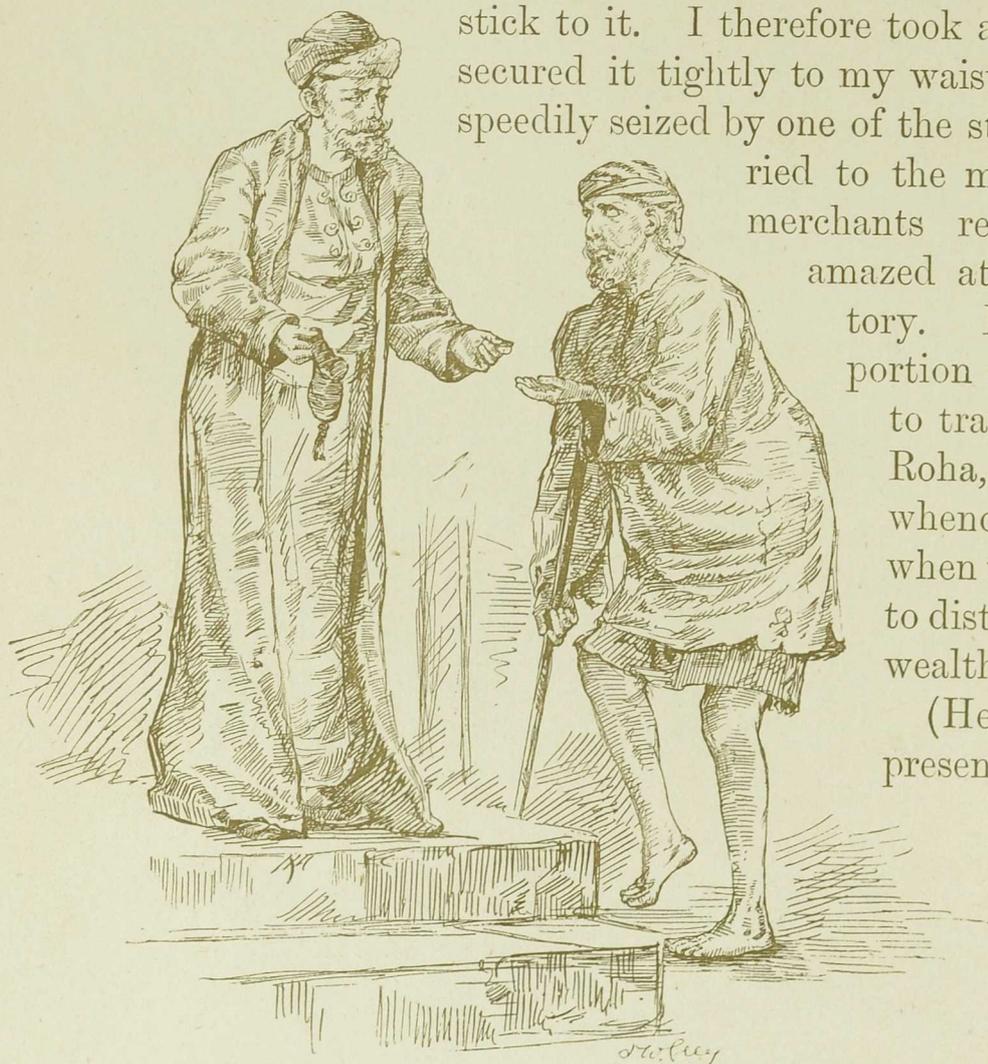
“I threw myself down and groaned and cried aloud, reproaching myself for my folly in coming to sea. Presently, having somewhat recovered my serenity, I noticed a great white ball on the sands, which, when I got near enough to touch it, I found to be soft; it was quite fifty paces in circumference, and I judged from what I had heard sailors say on the subject, that it must be the egg of a roc. I was not mistaken, for shortly afterwards the huge bird itself appeared, and alighted on the egg as if to sit upon it. Without hesitation I took off my turban and tied myself to one of the feet of the roc, hoping that it would bear me away from this desert island to some other place, and my project succeeded, for at daybreak the bird arose, and bore me so rapidly through the air that I nearly lost my senses. The instant it alighted, I disengaged myself from its foot, when it darted on an immense serpent and flew away with it. I

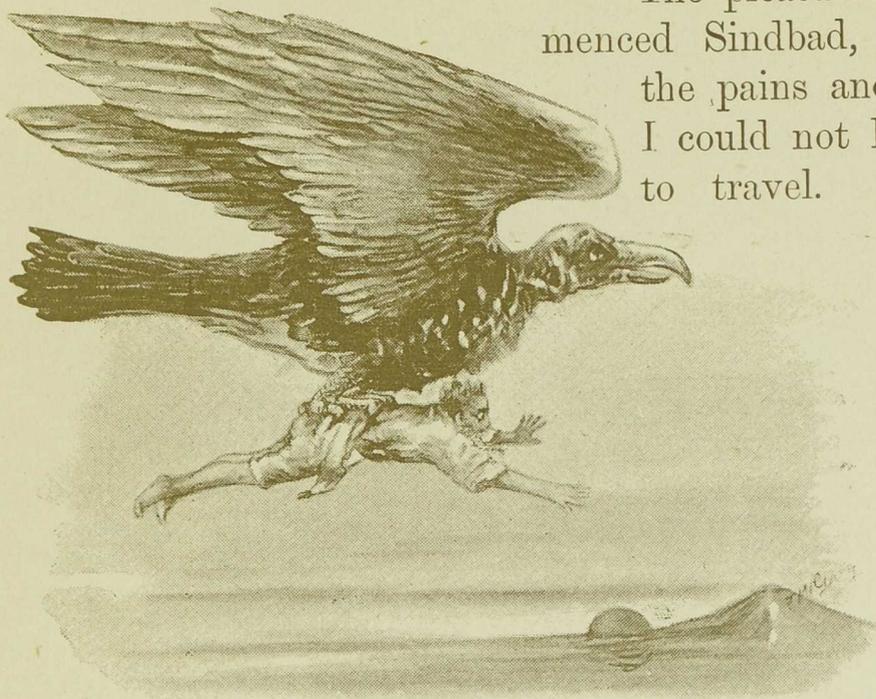


now found myself in a valley surrounded by mountains of stupendous height. This valley, I remarked, was strewn with diamonds of great size. I secured a large number of the finest, and then set myself to consider how I could escape from the valley. Presently I observed large pieces of fresh meat falling down the mountain side close to me, and a number of eagles hovering above; then I knew I was in the far famed Valley of Diamonds. Being inaccessible to human feet, the merchants obtain the precious stones by throwing down lumps of fresh meat; the diamonds adhere to these, and they are invariably seized by eagles and carried to the rocks above. The merchants then by various noises frighten the eagles away from their prey, until they have secured the diamonds which stick to it. I therefore took a large piece of meat and secured it tightly to my waist by my girdle, and was speedily seized by one of the strongest eagles, and carried to the mountain top. Here the

merchants released me, and were amazed at the recital of my history. Bestowing on them a portion of my treasure, I agreed to travel with them towards Roha, the nearest port, from whence I returned to Bagdad, when the first thing I did was to distribute a great part of my wealth amongst the poor."

(Here Sindbad ceased and presented Hindbad with a hundred sequins, and invited him, as before, to come and hear the history of another voyage.)





“The pleasures I enjoyed ashore,” commenced Sindbad, “soon made me forget the pains and perils of the sea, and I could not long resist my inclination to travel. This time, however, I bought a ship for myself, and received on board several foreign merchants and their goods. At the very first island we touched we again came across the egg of a roc, which we roasted and eat, and the parent birds in revenge dropped huge

stones down on our ship and sunk it. By means of great exertion, the wind being in my favour, I alone was able to swim to land, and after I had a little recovered, I found myself on a beautiful island. Huge trees covered with ripe fruit hung over clear streams of water, and having satisfied my hunger and thirst, I lay down to sleep till morning.

“When I awoke and had walked a little way, I perceived an old man seated by a rivulet. He appeared feeble and broken down, and supposing him to be also shipwrecked, I approached and spoke to him. Instead of replying, he made signs for me to carry him across the brook on my shoulders. This I willingly did, taking him on my back; and when we reached the other side, stooped, and desired him to alight. Instead of doing this he twisted his legs, which were hairy like a cow’s, tightly round my neck, and squeezed my throat so violently that I fainted; but notwithstanding, the old man kept his place, and for days and nights compelled me, with kicks and blows, to bear him about at his will, and pluck fruit for him. At length I conceived the idea of squeezing the juice of grapes into a gourd and making him intoxicated with it. This scheme succeeded; as the fumes of the wine mounted to his head, his

legs loosened their hold, and I was able to shake him off. I then killed him with a large stone.

“I soon afterwards met some people, who told me I had fallen in with the ‘Old Man of the Sea,’ and that I was the first person he had not strangled. They directed me to the port of a large city. As we proceeded thither, we came to a forest of cocoa-nut trees; they were full of monkeys, at whom we threw stones and sticks, till they were sufficiently irritated to throw down nuts at us in return. By this means we obtained several sacks full of nuts. On reaching the port I embarked in a vessel proceeding to the pearl fisheries, in which I successfully engaged. And after having collected a large number of pearls, again set sail for Balsora, and returned to Bagdad.”

Having thus concluded his recitals, Sindbad addressed himself to the porter.

“You perceive, my friend, that I have suffered as much as you have. Is it not just that after all these perils I should enjoy a tranquil and pleasant life?”

Hindbad confessed that it was so, and not only that, but that so good and generous a man was worthy of all the riches he possessed.

Sindbad gave him another hundred sequins, and begged him to quit the profession of a porter, and to continue to eat at his table, for that he should all his life have reason to remember Sindbad the Sailor.

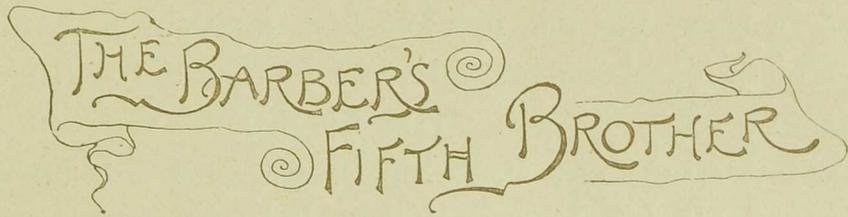
The next story I will relate to you, Sire, added the Sultana, is that of “The Barber’s Fifth Brother.”





Francis Brundage

The Barber's fifth Brother.



THE BARBER'S
FIFTH BROTHER

“ I HAVE the honour to inform you,” said the Barber, “ that the name of my fifth brother was Alnaschar. He spent an idle and improvident youth. Our father died at an advanced age, leaving each of us seven brothers a hundred drachms of silver, and, after much consideration, my brother Alnaschar expended his in setting up a small shop, which he furnished with a basket full of bottles, glasses, and other objects of a similar nature. He then seated himself in his shop, and waited for customers to buy. Whilst he sat he began to meditate, speaking to himself sufficiently loud for a neighbouring tailor to overhear. ‘ This basket of glass,’ said he, ‘ cost one hundred drachms, which was all I had ; by selling its contents I shall make two hundred, which, reinvested, will bring in four hundred, so that by continuing this traffic I shall in time possess four thousand drachms. As soon as I have amassed ten thousand, I can leave off selling glass ware and turn jeweller, and when, by this means, I possess as much wealth as I require, I will buy a beautiful house, slaves, and horses ; nor will I be satisfied till I have realised one hundred thousand drachms ; then I shall consider myself equal to a prince, and demand the daughter of the grand vizier in marriage, and if he refuse I will go and bring her home in spite of him. When we are married, I shall dress like a prince, and ride a magnificent horse, caparisoned with gold stuffs, and I will treat my wife with the utmost disdain ; she shall not leave the apartment without my permission ; I will sit in the seat of honour, and will not speak to her, and, however splendidly she may array her beauty, in the hope of pleasing me, I will take no notice, and shall pretend not to see her. She will throw herself at my feet, and conjure me to accept a glass of wine from her hand ; I shall persist in my conduct, then she will press the wine close to my mouth, and assure me she will not cease from entreating till she obtains the favour of my drink-

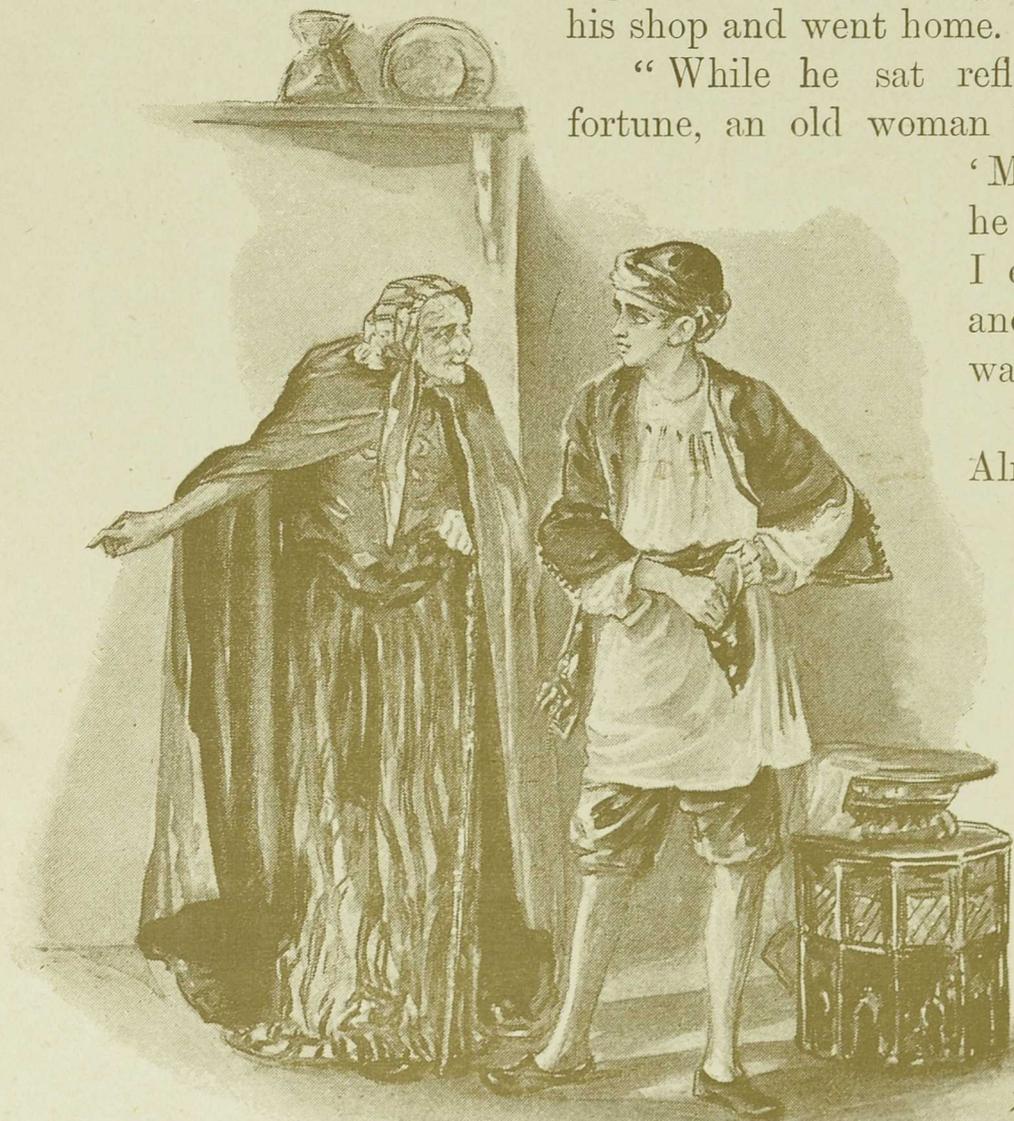
ing it. At last I will give her a good blow on her cheek, and push her from me so violently with my foot that she shall fall to the ground.'

"Absorbed in these visions, my brother unfortunately at this moment kicked his basket of earthenware, so that it flew across the shop into the street and was broken to pieces. His neighbour, the tailor, burst into a fit of laughter, but Alnaschar beat his breast and sobbed so violently at the destruction of all his hopes, that a lady of consequence, who was passing by, mounted on a richly caparisoned mule, paused to enquire the reason of his distress, and when she heard it, she put a purse, containing five hundred pieces of gold, into his hand. Alnaschar was overjoyed at the sight of it, and, bestowing a thousand blessings on the lady, shut up his shop and went home.

"While he sat reflecting on his good fortune, an old woman knocked at the door.

'My son,' she said, when he opened it, 'suffer me, I entreat you, to enter, and give me a basin of water.'

"'Willingly,' replied Alnaschar; and whilst the old woman washed and said her prayers, he placed his money in a long purse attached to his girdle. When she had finished, seeing she was poorly dressed, he offered her two gold pieces, but she refused it, saying she belonged to a rich and beautiful young lady who let her want for nothing.



“Alnaschar asked her if she could procure him the honour of seeing this lady. ‘Certainly,’ replied the old woman; ‘you might even marry her, and possess her fortune. Will you follow me?’

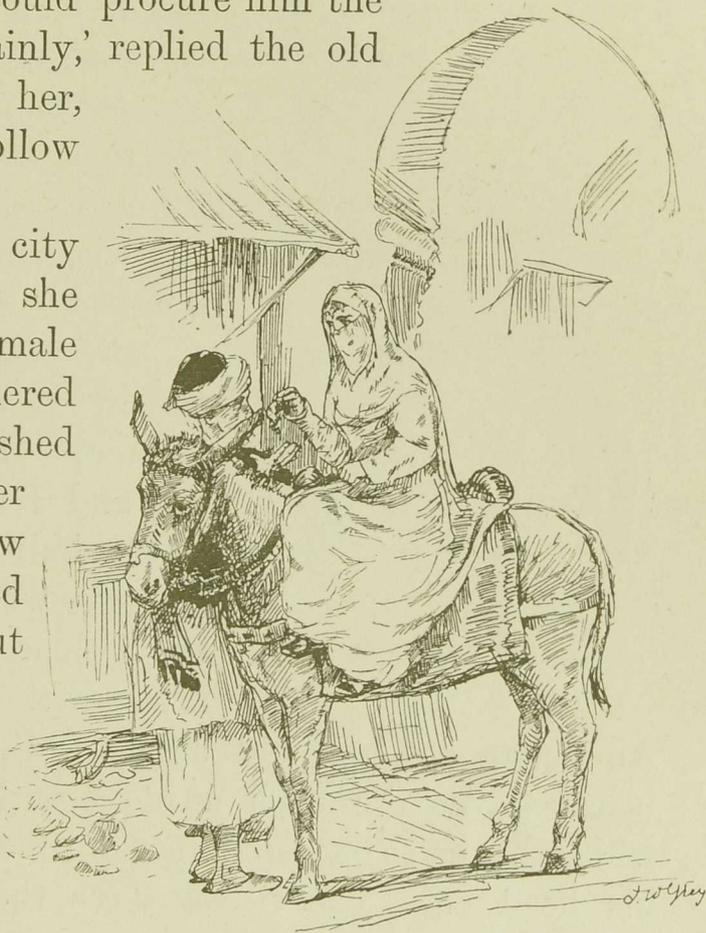
“He followed her through the city to the door of a great house, where she knocked. It was opened by a female Greek slave, and the old woman ushered him into a large and handsomely furnished hall, whilst she went to inform her mistress of his arrival. In a few minutes a beautiful and richly dressed young lady appeared. He arose, but she requested him to resume his place, and seated herself at his side, and expressed much pleasure at his visit.

“‘Give me your hand,’ said she, ‘and I will lead you to my own apartments.’

“‘Soon after they had gained the lady’s rooms she left him, saying she would return in a few moments; but she was no sooner gone than a tall black slave entered with a scimitar in his hand.

“‘What business have you here?’ he cried, and immediately stripped him, took away his gold, and wounded him in several places. He fell down for dead, and the young Greek slave and the black proceeded to rub salt into his wounds, but in spite of the pain, he still pretended to be dead. The old woman then dragged him by the legs to a trap door, which she opened, and threw him into a subterraneous place. Believing him to be dead, she did not bolt the trap-door, and Alnaschar managed to open it, and get out as soon as it was night. He then hid himself till the old woman opened the street door in the morning and went out, when he followed her into the street and fled to my house.

“At the end of a month he was cured of his wounds, and resolved to avenge himself on the old woman. He accordingly disguised himself as a woman, and tied a large purse to his girdle, filled with bits of glass.





Before long he met the old hag, and in a feigned voice addressed her.

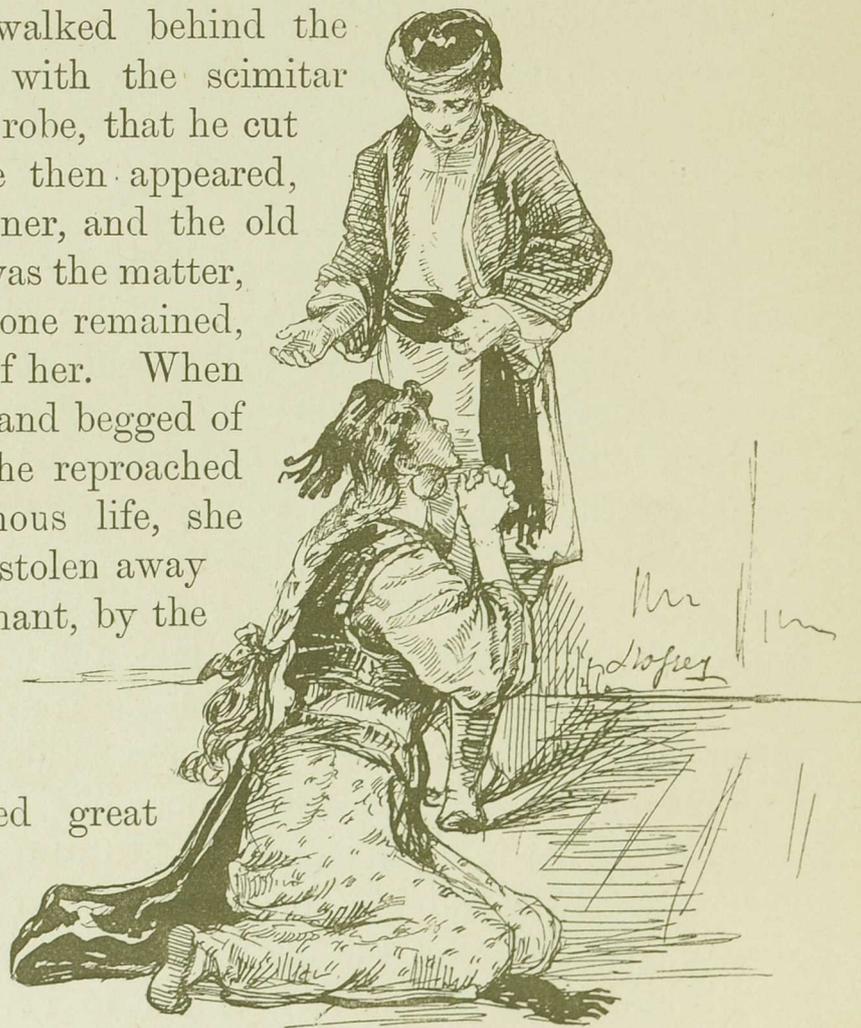
“ ‘Can you do me the favour to introduce me to a money changer, my good woman? I am a Persian but just arrived in this city, and wish to have five hundred pieces of gold weighed.’

“ ‘You could not have addressed a fitter person for your purpose,’ answered the old woman, ‘my son is a money changer; follow me, and I will take you to him.’ She led him to the hall as before, and begged him to wait, and she would send her son to him. The black slave then appearing, said, ‘My good woman, if you will follow me, I will do what you desire.’

Alnaschar got up, and as he walked behind the black, gave him such a blow with the scimitar which he had concealed in his robe, that he cut his head off. The Greek slave then appeared, and was served in the same manner, and the old woman, who ran in to see what was the matter, was also beheaded. The lady alone remained, and my brother went in search of her. When she saw him she nearly fainted, and begged of him to spare her life. When he reproached her for leading such an infamous life, she informed him that she had been stolen away from her husband, a rich merchant, by the old woman, and had been forcibly detained in this house by the black for three years.

“ ‘He must have amassed great riches in this wicked manner,’ said Alnaschar.

“ ‘He has,’ replied the lady. ‘I will show it you.’ She then

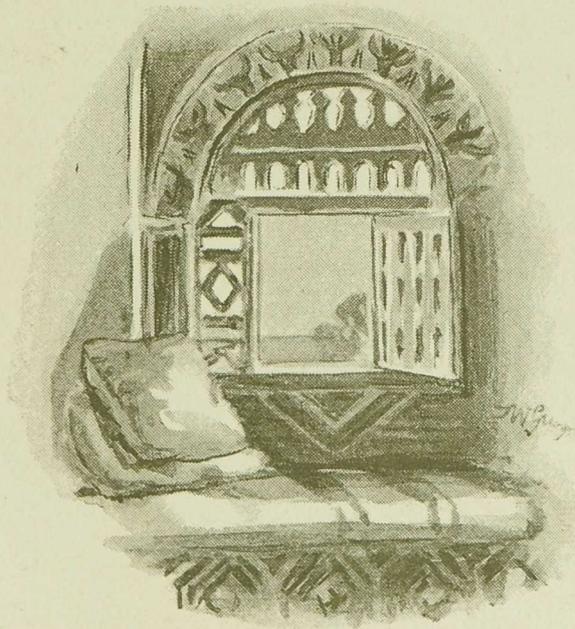


took him to a room in which were many coffers full of gold, and begged him to go and bring people to carry it away.

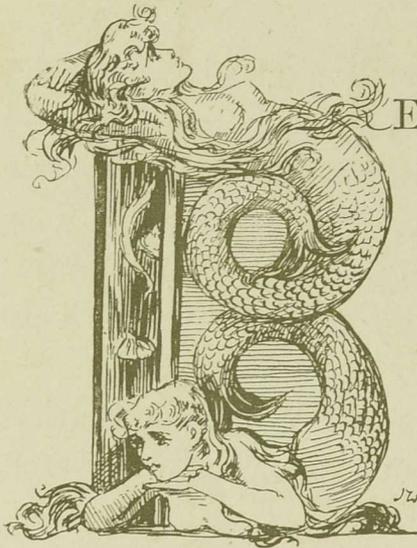
“ My brother went, and when he returned with ten men, behold ! the lady and the coffers had all vanished. That he might not return with empty hands, he took with him, when he left the house, enough furniture to repay him the value of his five hundred pieces of gold ; but the neighbours, it seemed, observed him do this, and went and informed the judge, who sent and had Alnaschar brought before him.

This was, it turned out, an unjust and merciless magistrate, who would not listen to, or believe my brother's story, but sent to his house and took away all that he had, and commanded him instantly to leave the city, on forfeiture of his life. My brother obeyed, and on the road met some robbers, who stripped him bare, in which unhappy condition I found him, and brought him home with me, and took every care of him, as I do of my other brothers.”

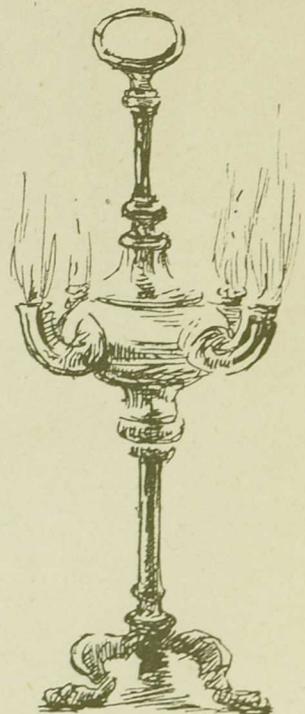
Scheherazadè, always contriving to interest the Sultan by the relation of her different stories, immediately commenced a new one, and addressed Schahrian as follows.



History of BEDER Prince of Persia



BEDER, Prince of Persia, was the son of one of the most mighty of the kings of that kingdom, and of a most beautiful lady who had been sold to the king as a slave by some merchants who visited his court. The king fell in love with this slave and married her, and she then told him that she was the Princess Gulnarè of the ocean. Her father, now dead, had been one of the most powerful of the kings of the sea, and her brother, Selah, now reigned in his stead. This brother, she continued, had desired to marry her to a powerful prince, whom she detested. She therefore ran away to the Island of the Moon, where she was discovered, and taken away by the merchants, who had brought her to the Persian court. The King of Persia was overjoyed when he heard this, and promised that he would present his wife to his subjects next day as the Queen of Persia. She then told him that she was desirous of seeing her mother and brother and other relatives again, and begged to be allowed to summon them. To this he agreed instantly, and the queen begged him to retire to a closet, the window of which, like her own, looked on the sea. Being alone she took some aloe wood from a box and put it in the perfuming pot. As soon as the smoke arose she pronounced some words, and immediately the sea opened, and a majestic lady, a young man, and three beautiful young ladies arose from it, and bounded through the window into the room.



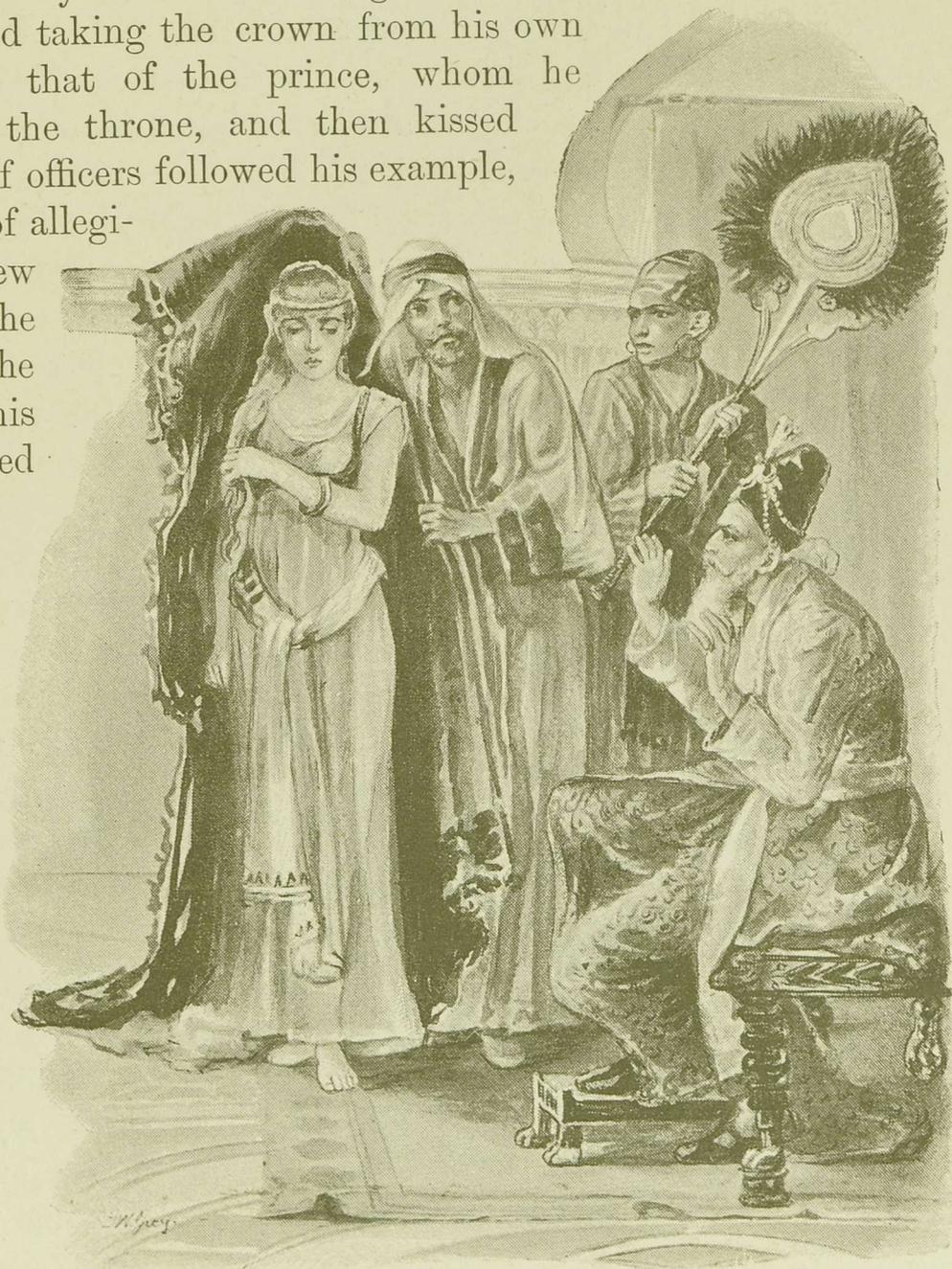


Will & Francis Brundage

Princess Gulnare summoning her Relatives.

After having tenderly embraced this party, Queen Gulnarè introduced them to her husband as her mother, her brother, King Selah, and her sisters. The king expressed great pleasure at seeing them. And shortly afterwards, during their visit to his court, a lovely little son was born to Queen Gulnarè, whom they called Beder (the full moon), who grew up to be the most beautiful, amiable, and accomplished prince ever seen. His parents adored him ; and when he was about fifteen years old, the king, feeling himself becoming aged and infirm, desired to resign the kingdom to his son. His council and subjects agreeing to his wishes, a day was fixed for the ceremony. The old king descended from his throne, and taking the crown from his own head placed it on that of the prince, whom he assisted to mount the throne, and then kissed his hand. The chief officers followed his example, and took the oath of allegiance towards the new king, after which he proceeded to the apartment of his mother, who wished him every happiness.

In about two years the old king died, and Queen Gulnarè, wishing again to see her brother, King Selah, and introduce her son to him, summoned him to pay her a visit. The king expressed himself highly satisfied with his nephew,



and was never tired of praising his beauty and amiability to his mother.

“Sister,” he one day exclaimed, “I am only astonished that so perfect a prince should be unmarried. Permit me to mention to you Princess Giauharè, daughter of the King of Samandal, as worthy of him.”

He then proceeded to draw such a picture of the charms of this princess, that King Beder, who had overheard the conversation, became violently in love with her, and eagerly besought his uncle to lose no time in introducing him to her.

King Selah yielded to the King of Persia’s vehemence, and placing a ring on his nephew’s finger, proceeded to the sea, into which they immediately plunged. They soon arrived at the palace of King Selah, who only stayed long enough to choose a rich casket, full of pearls, emeralds, and rubies, and then proceeded to the kingdom of the King of Samandal. King Selah hastened to prostrate himself before his brother king, and pre-

sending the casket, laid before him his proposals; and entreated of him to bestow the hand of the Princess Giauharè on his nephew, Beder, King of Persia. At this proposal the King of Samandal burst into a violent fit of laughter, and rejected the idea with the utmost contempt.

King Selah was highly offended at this insolence, and quickly returned to his own palace; and young King Beder was excessively afflicted when the ill success of his uncle’s mission was made known to him.

He determined to return home, and darted to the surface of the sea, but not knowing the way, ascended



to an island, where, in a dejected frame of mind, he seated himself at the foot of a tree. Whilst he thus sat he suddenly beheld, looking through the foliage, a lady of most exquisite beauty, and, arising, made her a profound bow.

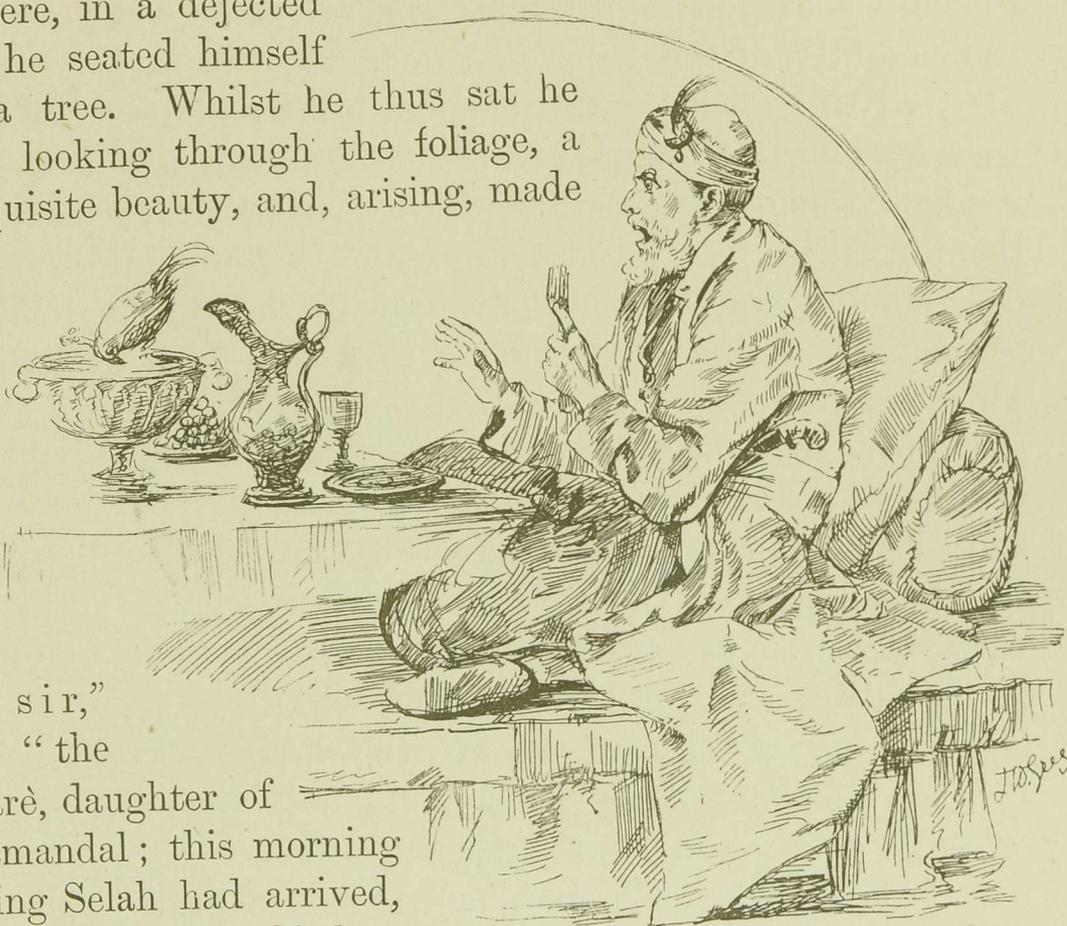
“Madam,” said he, “I beseech you to accept my services, if you are in need of assistance.”

“I am, sir,” answered she, “the Princess Giauharè, daughter of the King of Samandal; this morning I heard that King Selah had arrived, and demanded my hand of my father, for his nephew, the King of Persia, and I fled thither to hide myself.”

“Adorable Princess,” answered Beder, “I am myself that unworthy Prince. I have long loved you, and I entreat you to make me happy, and accept my love.”

The Princess extended her hand to him in token of friendship, but when he bent forward in order to kiss it respectfully, she snatched it away,—“Wretch!” she exclaimed, spitting in his face, “quit the human form, and take the shape of a white bird with red beak and feet.”

When the transformation was effected, she took the bird and conveyed it to a distant island. A day or two afterwards it was caught by a peasant, who, pleased at possessing so beautiful a bird, decided to take it as a present to the King of the island. The King expressed great admiration for the bird, and ordered his officers to give it any kind of food it liked best. Dinner was at this moment served, and the Queen, entering, instantly drew her veil over her face,—“Sire,” she exclaimed, “this is not, as you suppose, a bird, but a man; it is, in fact, Beder, King of

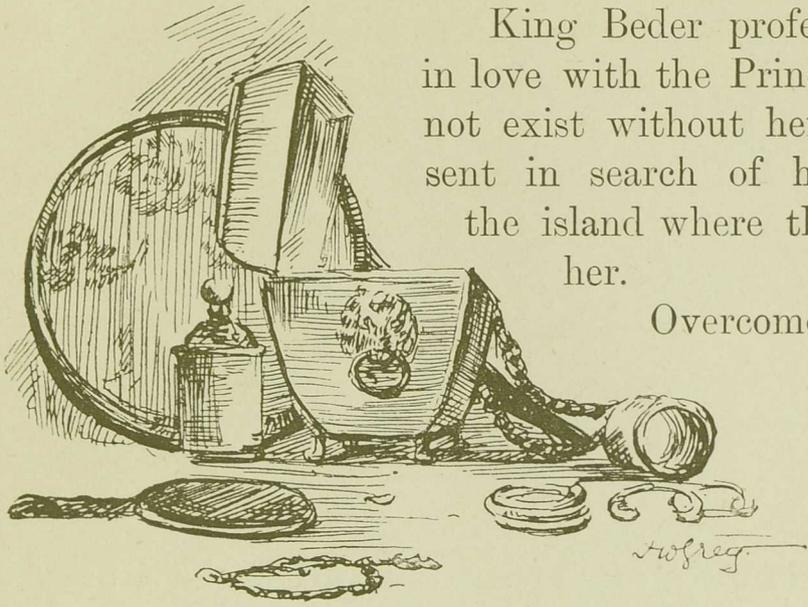


Persia, whom you see in this form, which he was compelled to take by the daughter of the King of Samandal; but as I am myself skilled in magic, I will, with your permission, restore him to his royal self." She then took some water in her hand, and, throwing it upon the bird, pronounced some mysterious words, and King Beder instantly stood before them in all his manly beauty.

Having expressed his gratitude to the Queen, King Beder hastened to request of the King the use of a ship to take him back to Persia. This was readily granted, but, to add to the misfortunes of the young King, the vessel was wrecked in a tempest, and he and a remnant of the crew were cast ashore on an island, called the City of Enchantment, where, shortly afterwards, the Queen of the island saw, and fell in love with him. Being already in love with the Princess Giauharè, King Beder could not return the affection of the Queen, who was a noted sorceress, and, enraged at his repulse, she changed him into an owl.

Meanwhile King Selah had, with his army, conquered Samandal, and taken the King prisoner, and hearing, by some means, of the misfortunes of his nephew, begged her to join him, that they might set out together to deliver him. Accordingly they set out with such a powerful army for the City of Enchantment, that all its inhabitants were destroyed in the twinkling of an eye. The Queen herself rushed to the cage in which the owl was confined, and, tenderly caressing it, once again transformed her beloved son into his natural figure.



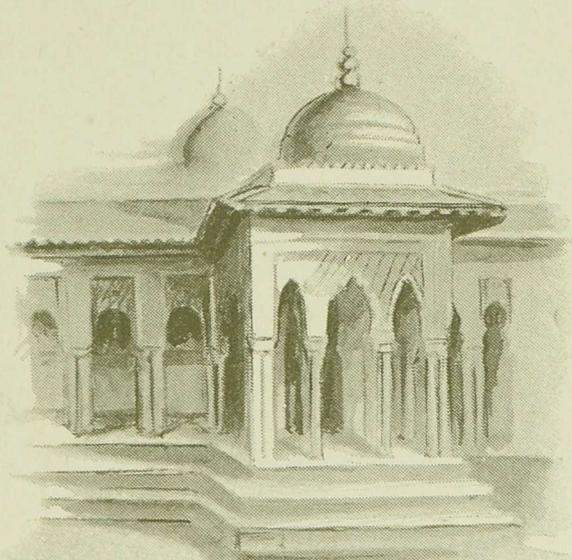


King Beder professed himself still so deeply in love with the Princess Giauharè that he could not exist without her. Officers were, therefore, sent in search of her, and she was found on the island where the young king had first met her.

Overcome by his constancy, and repenting of her ill-treatment of him, she now consented to be his wife; and the marriage having been celebrated with great splendour, the King and Queen of

Persia departed for their own capital, whilst King Selah returned to his dominions under the sea.

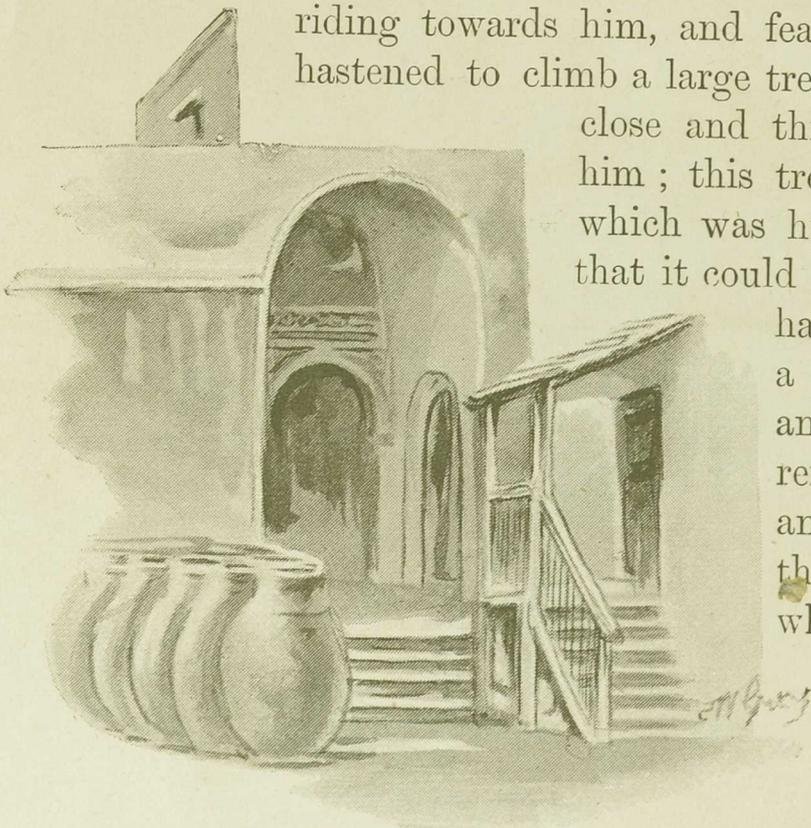
The Sultana Scheherazadè would here have commenced another story, but the Sultan, perceiving that day was breaking, deferred hearing it till the next morning, when she began the following history.



ALI BABA
OR THE
FORTY THIEVES.

ON the confines of a certain town of Persia lived two brothers, named Cassim, and Ali Baba. On the death of their father they divided the small fortune he left between them. Cassim, however, greatly improved his circumstances by marrying an heiress, whilst Ali Baba's wife was as poor as himself, so that he was obliged to support his family by cutting wood, and carrying it about to sell on three asses, which were his only capital.

One day, being in the forest, Ali Baba saw a large number of men riding towards him, and fearful of their being robbers, he hastened to climb a large tree, the leaves of which grew so close and thick that they quite concealed him; this tree grew at the foot of a rock, which was higher than itself, but so steep that it could not easily be climbed. As it happened, these men were really a party of robbers—forty in all, and the rock seemed to be their rendezvous, for they dismounted and fed their horses—relieving them at the same time of bags, which appeared to be very heavy.



The Captain then approaching the rock, struck it slightly, and pronouncing the



Frances Brundage

Moriana entertaining the Captain.

words, "Open Sesamè," immediately a small door Captain then made his men file through the fore him, each carrying his bag, and saying, "Shut door shut behind them. Presently they came forth again—opening and shutting the door with the same words—and mounting their horses, rode away in the direction

whence they had come.

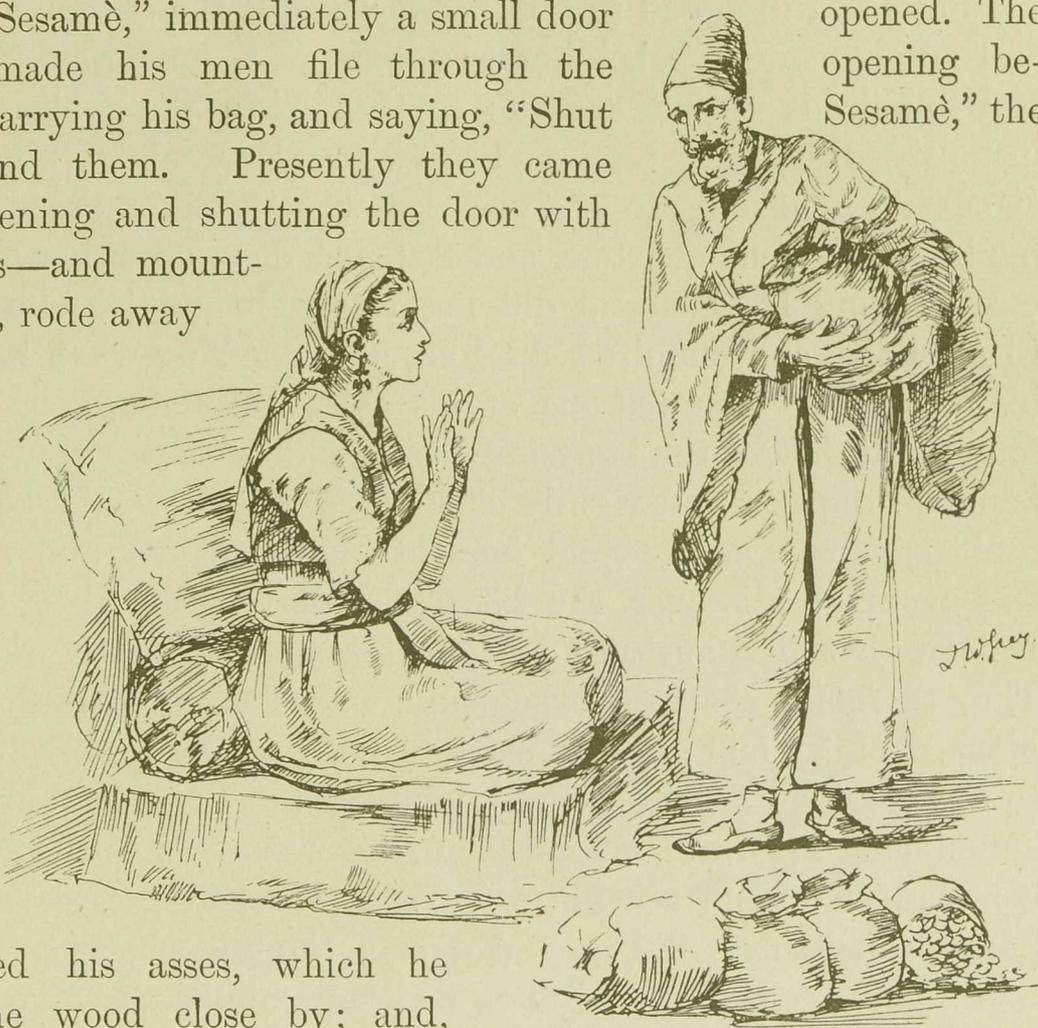
When he was quite sure they were all gone, Ali Baba descended from the tree, congratulating himself that the robbers

had not noticed his asses, which he had left in the wood close by; and,

curious to examine the cave, he approached the door and repeated the words he had heard the robbers speak, when it immediately opened to him. To his astonishment he found himself in a spacious cave, and piled up all round it were quantities of valuables, and large leather bags full of gold and silver. Hastily securing as much gold as he could lift, he loaded his asses with it, underneath the bundles of wood, and closing the cave carefully, returned home and poured out his riches before the dazzled eyes of his wife, whilst he related to her his adventure, desiring her at the same time not to betray his secret. In her joy she heedlessly discovered the possession of gold to the wife of Cassim, who informed her husband. This excited Cassim's envy, and proceeding to Ali Baba's house, he, by threats and commands, extracted from him the secret of the cavern.

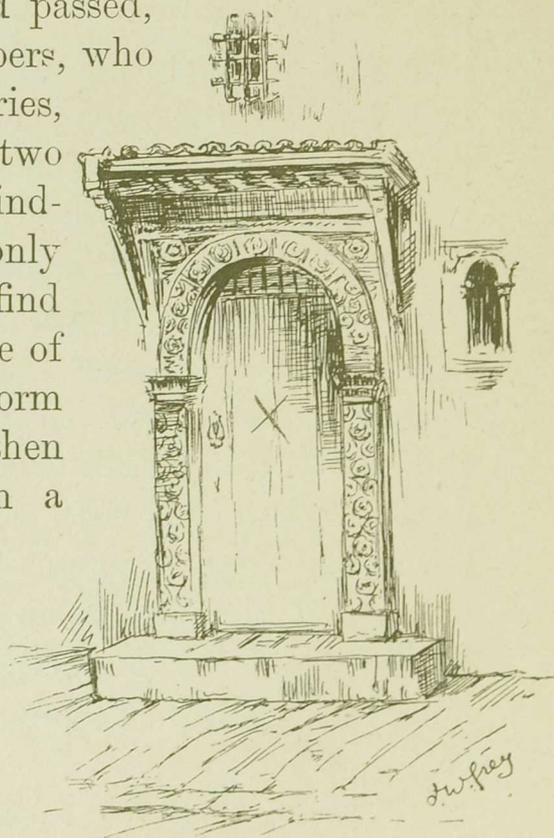
Cassim then lost no time in setting off in search of the spot, which he easily found, and caused the door to open by repeating the words

opened. The opening being repeated, "Open Sesamè," the



Ali Baba had disclosed to him. When inside the cave, however, in his joy and amazement at beholding so much gold, he forgot the magic words, and found his retreat cut off; so that when the robbers returned they instantly discovered him, and drawing their sabres, killed him on the spot. As a warning to any one else who might approach, they then cut his body into four quarters, and fastened them on either side of the door.

Finding her husband did not return home, the wife of Cassim went to Ali Baba, and enquired for him, and guessing what had happened to his brother, he mounted one of his asses and rode to the cave. Here he found with horror the body of Cassim, which he took down, and conveyed home on the ass; but rightly concluding that it would be missed by the robbers, as well as the gold he had himself taken, and that they would endeavour to discover the latter, he desired his sister-in-law to make believe that her husband had died a natural death in his own house. They therefore concealed the body, and when it became dark, sent Morgiana, a crafty and cunning slave of Cassim's, to bring a cobbler blindfold to the house, in order that he might sew together the four quarters before announcing his death. A piece of gold was given to the cobbler, who was commanded on no account to reveal what had passed, but he unwittingly did so, and one of the robbers, who was in the city, in disguise, making enquiries, heard of it, and bribed the cobbler with two pieces of gold to allow himself to be again blindfolded, and act as guide to Cassim's house, for only by this means, he declared, could he again find it. The robber marked the house with a piece of chalk, and lost no time in setting out to inform the captain of his discovery; the captain then assembled his gang, and disclosed to them a plan for the recovery of the missing treasure, and revenge on those who had carried it away. To begin with, he commanded his comrades to buy nineteen mules, and thirty-eight large leather jars, to carry oil, one of which should be full and all the others empty. In the course of a few days this was done.



Two of the robbers had, in the meantime died, and the captain ordered the remaining thirty-seven, each to get into an empty jar, which he smeared with oil from the full one, and placed upon the mules. These he led to the house of Cassim, where Ali Baba (having buried his brother, as if he had died a natural death) now resided, and, representing himself as an oil merchant, requested, as a great favour, shelter for himself for the night.

“You are welcome,” said Ali Baba; and he ordered the jars of oil to be put in the shelter of the stable, whilst he himself entertained the supposed merchant at supper.

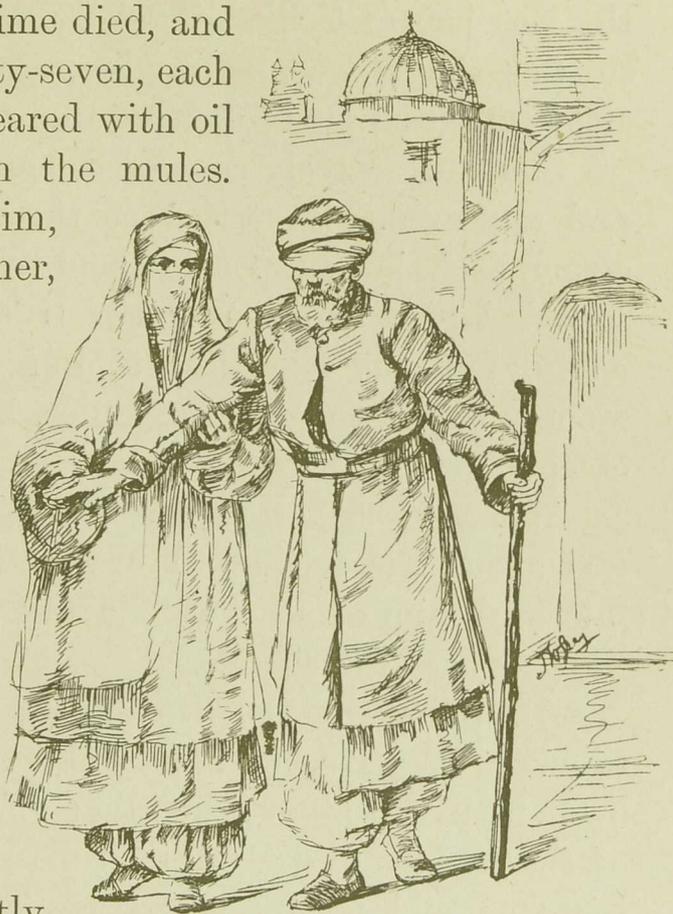
Before retiring for the night the robber-captain made an excuse to visit the stable. He then went softly from one jar to another, whispering to his men that when he dropped some pebbles from the window of his room they were to come out, and he would join them and lead them to the attack.

As it happened, before retiring to rest, Morgiana required some oil for her lamp, and found there was none in the house.

“You can easily go and take some from one of the jars in the stable,” said Abdalla, her fellow slave.

Thanking him for the hint, she took her oil can and went into the court. As she approached the first jar, the thief who was within, said, in a low voice, “Is it time?” Morgiana was at first filled with alarm, but, quickly recovering her courage, desired to know more of the mystery, and whispered, “Not yet, but presently!” and, approaching each jar successively, gave the same answer to the question which proceeded from each one, till she came to the last, which was full of oil.

Feeling now assured of the truth, and that the whole gang, merchant and all, were robbers, with some evil purpose in view, she instantly proceeded to the kitchen, and, procuring a large kettle, softly returned to



the last jar, and filled it with oil. She then made a great fire, and, as soon as the oil was boiling hot, carried it to the stable and poured sufficient into each jar to deprive the robber of life.

She had scarcely concealed herself before the captain gave his signal and appeared. Surprised at the silence of his men, he advanced and struck each jar, supposing them to be asleep, but the smell of boiling oil soon led him to discover the truth; when, distracted and mortified at having not only missed his aim of destroying Ali Baba and recovering his money, but lost all his comrades, he jumped over the wall and made his escape.

When Morgiana found that the captain did not return, and that all was silent, she retired to bed, and at daybreak, went to Ali Baba and informed him of all that had taken place, concluding with the escape of the supposed merchant.

Ali Baba was penetrated with profound gratitude towards Morgiana, to whom he gave her liberty and ample reward. "I and all my family owe our lives to you," he said; "for I am convinced it was the intention of the robbers to destroy us all. You shall therefore marry my son, who will be proud to unite himself with the preserver of his family."

Morgiana would not, however, be content whilst the captain of the robber band was alive, and determined that sooner or later he should share the fate of his comrades; and as it happened he himself assisted her in compassing this end. Finding himself sole possessor of the heaped up wealth of the cavern, he determined to marry, in order that he might have an heir to his riches, but first he resolved on the



death of Ali Baba who alone was in possession. He therefore, in an entirely new disguise, set up a merchant, exactly opposite that of the son of Ali, an agreeable and sociable young man, whose acquaintance he lost no time in making, and often invited to his own table.

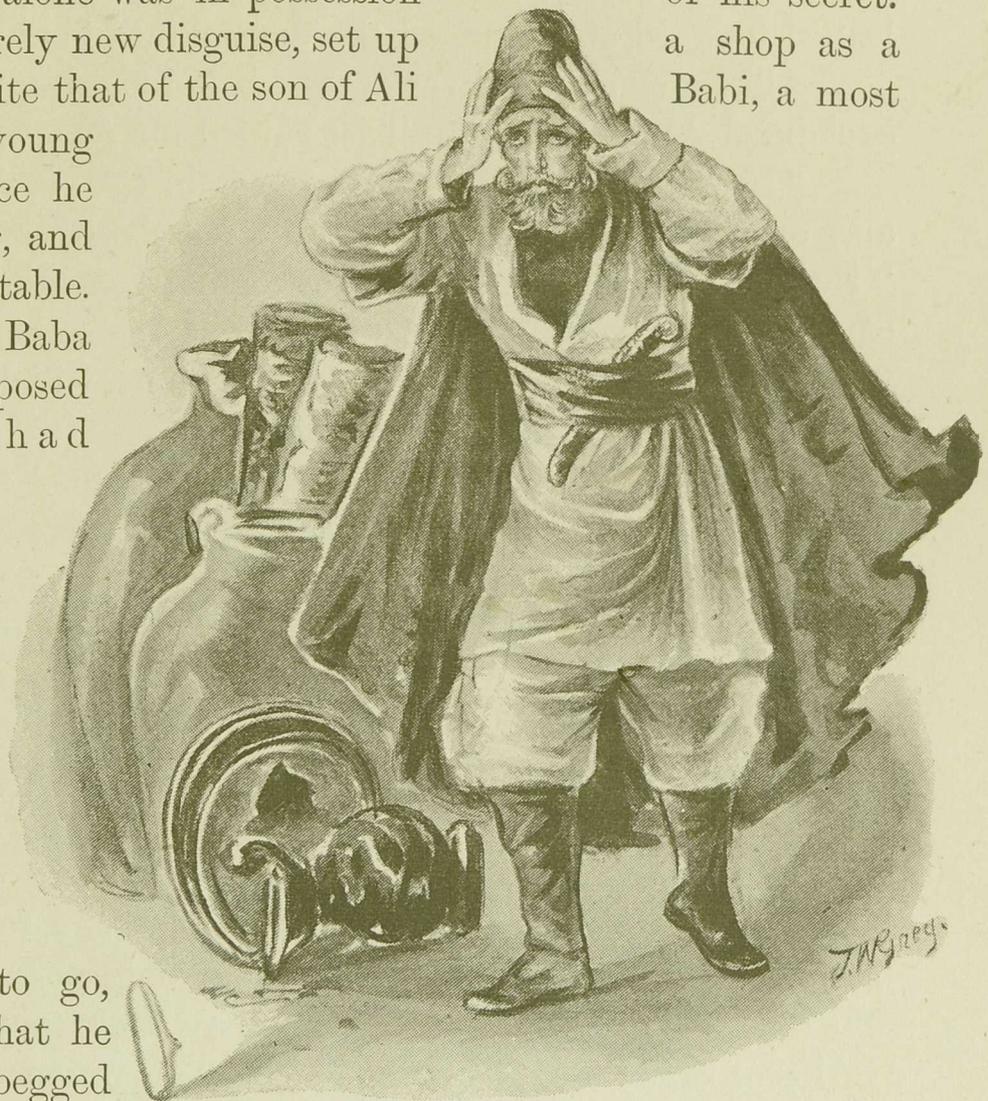
The son of Ali Baba wished to pay the supposed merchant (who had adopted the name of Cogia Houssain), some attention in return, and, therefore, as he still lived at home, requested his father to invite his friend to an entertainment. Ali Baba readily agreed to do so, and the merchant as readily consented to go, for this was exactly what he desired; he, however, begged to inform his hosts that he could not eat of any dish containing salt.

Morgiana cooked a supper in her best style to do honour to the friend of her master's son, but when she served it up she was horrified to recognise under the disguise of the merchant Cogia Houssain, the well-remembered features of the robber captain; at the same time she caught the gleam of a dagger concealed under his robe, and guessing his purpose, she resolved to frustrate it a second time, and at the same time destroy the enemy of her master's house.

She accordingly dressed herself as a dancing girl, and fastening a sharp dagger to a silver girdle at her waist, summoned her fellow slave, Abdalla, to play the tabor, and presenting herself requested permission to amuse her master's guest by dancing.

Ali Baba consenting, Morgiana danced with the most extraordinary grace and agility, waving the dagger about in her hands meanwhile, till she had thoroughly gained the attention of Cogia Houssain, and then

of his secret. a shop as a Babi, a most



contriving to bring herself very close to him in dancing, she suddenly leaned forward and plunged the dagger into his heart.

Ali Baba and his son uttered loud cries of horror. "Wretch," exclaimed Ali Baba, "thou hast ruined me for ever!"

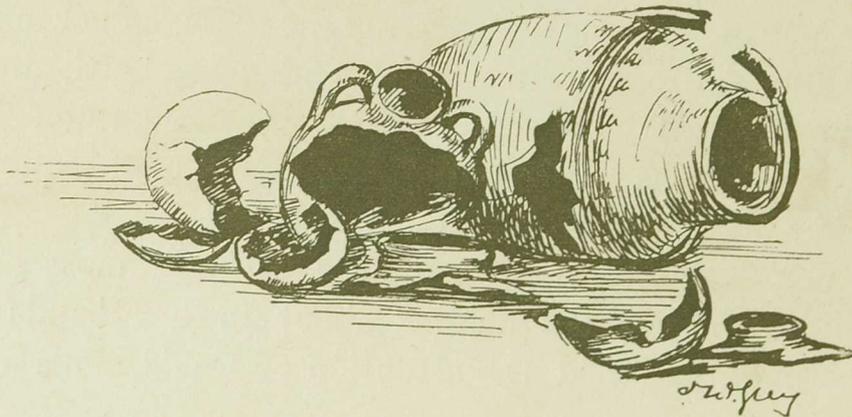
"Nay," replied Morgiana. "Behold the cruel enemy of your house!" and opening the robe of the dead merchant she displayed the dagger. "Do you not," she continued, "recognise beneath his disguise the features of the robber captain, and do you not remember his refusal to eat salt with you; this alone aroused my suspicions, which you are now convinced were not unfounded."

Ali Baba and his son at once understood that Morgiana had again preserved their lives by her sagacity and readiness, and she then, satisfied that their enemy was dead, consented to their wishes, and allowed her marriage to be celebrated without further objection.

For a long time Ali Baba refrained from visiting the cave; but, at the end of a year, he ventured to journey towards it, and, finding no trace of anyone having been near it, he went up to the door and repeated the words, "Open, Sesamè!" It opened to him as before, and, from the condition of the cave, he was convinced that no one had entered it for a long period of time. He concluded that the robbers were really exterminated, and that he himself was the only person who knew the secret, and that therefore the immense treasure it contained was his own.

From that time, Ali Baba and his son, whom he took to the cave and taught the secret of entry, and their posterity after them, enjoyed their riches with wisdom and moderation, and were honoured with dignified positions in the city.

When she had concluded this history the Sultana informed Schahrian that she had one for the morrow which would amuse him just as much as Ali Baba had done.





Francis Brundage

The ENCHANTED HORSE.

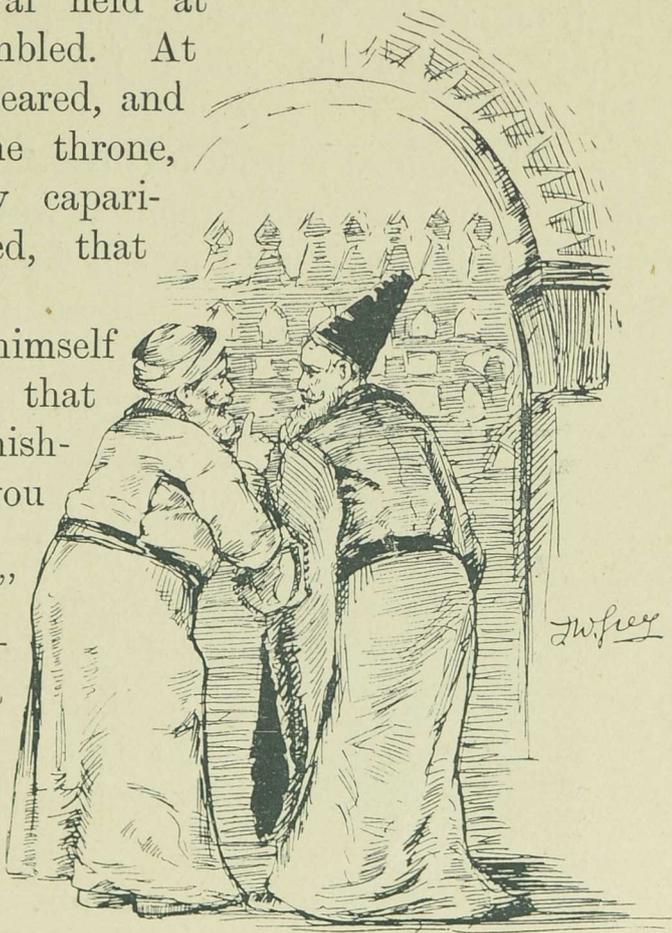
The Enchanted Horse.

AS your majesty is aware, the festival of *Nevrou*, which is the first day of the year, is one of special solemnity throughout Persia, not a village, however small, neglecting to celebrate it with great rejoicing; and the King of Persia, being extremely curious in scientific construction, it was the custom for all ingenious persons, who had anything to display, to exhibit its merits at the festival held at Schiraz, where the court was assembled. At one of these festivals an Indian appeared, and presented himself at the foot of the throne, leading a mechanical horse, richly caparisoned, and so skilfully represented, that every one supposed it to be real.

"Sire," said he, prostrating himself before the King, "I am assured that you have not seen anything so astonishing as this horse, which I entreat you to look at."

"I see nothing in the horse," replied the King; "another workman might have made it with a still greater resemblance to Nature."

"It is to the interior construction of the horse, and the use I can make of it, that I desire to call your majesty's attention," resumed



the Indian. "When I mount him, I can transport myself to any particular spot in a short space of time. I am ready to give your majesty proof of this."

The King told the Indian that nothing but the proof he had proposed could convince him of the truth of such an assertion. The Indian therefore mounted his horse, and inquired of the King where he desired him to go.

"To yonder mountain," answered the King, "and, as proof of having been there, bring me a branch of a palm which grows at its foot."

He had scarcely spoken, when the Indian touched a little peg in the horse's neck, which rose from the ground and flew through the air at an immense height. In a quarter of an hour, the Indian alighted again at the same spot, and laid a palm branch at the King's feet.

Filled with admiration and astonishment, the King conceived a strong desire to possess this horse, and resolved to give the Indian whatever sum he asked for it. The Indian, however, refused to sell it.

"I obtained it from its inventor," he said, "in exchange for the hand of my daughter, and promised him that I would only part with it in exchange for anything I myself desired."

"I am ready," said the King, "to grant you anything you may ask of me."

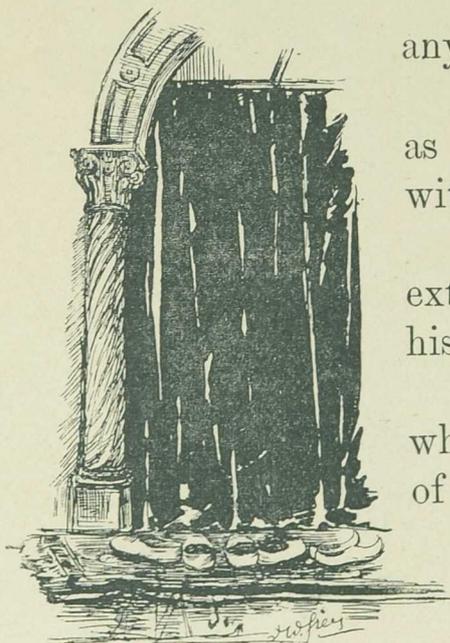
"Give me, then, the hand of your daughter as my wife," answered the Indian. "I will part with the horse on no other terms."

The King seemed inclined to grant this extravagant request, but the Prince Firoux Schah, his eldest son, expressed great indignation.

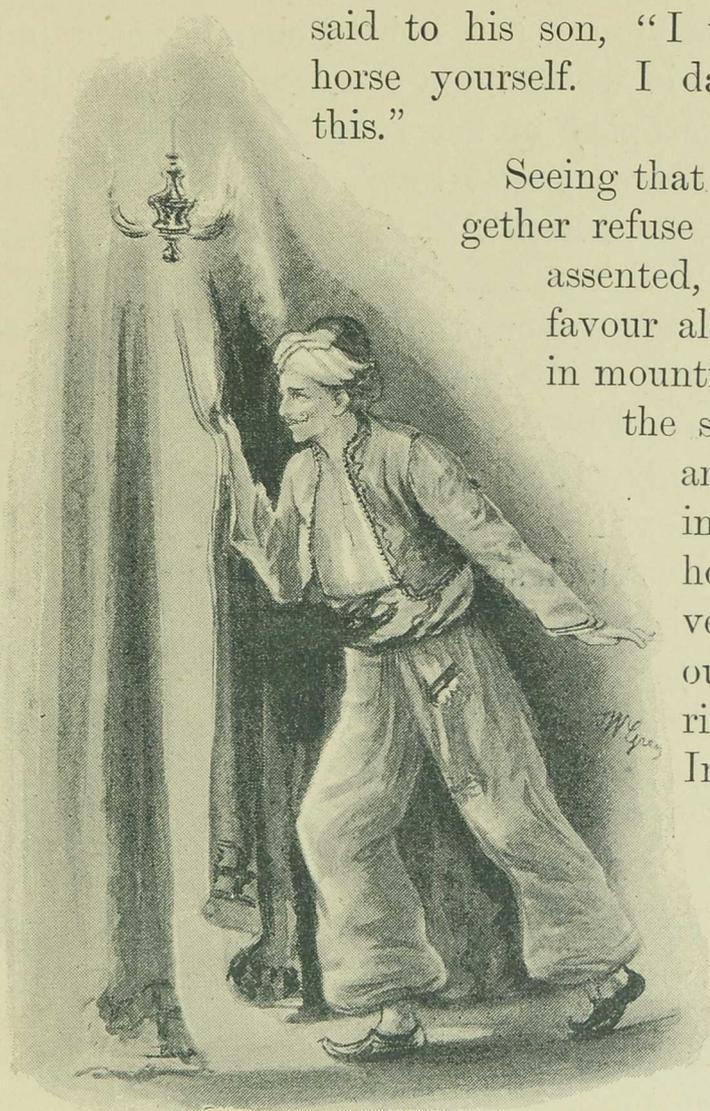
"Sire," said he, "I entreat you to consider what is due to yourself, my sister, and the blood of our ancestors."

But the King was deaf to his arguments.

"Before we conclude the bargain," he



said to his son, "I wish you to make trial of the horse yourself. I daresay the Indian will permit this."



Seeing that the King of Persia did not altogether refuse his proposal, the Indian gladly assented, hoping to win the Prince's favour also, and hastened to assist him in mounting. But the latter sprang into the saddle, and, without waiting for any instructions from the Indian, instantly turned the peg, and the horse carried him off with such velocity that, in a minute he was out of sight. Neither steed nor rider appeared again, and the Indian threw himself at the King's feet—

"Your majesty must have observed," cried he, "that the Prince did not wait for my directions as to the management of the horse, therefore I am not responsible should

ought befall him, and should he not discover how to return."

"Be that as it may," answered the King, "your life shall be the forfeit if my son do not return in safety." He then caused the Indian to be cast into prison, there to await the return of the Prince.

Prince Firoux Schah meanwhile, having travelled as far as he desired, would have returned, and, finding that he did not know how to control his wonderful steed, regretted his impetuosity in not waiting for instructions; he tried by various means to stop, but it was not for a long time that he saw a second and smaller peg in the horse's neck. This he turned, and at length, long past midnight, the horse descended and stopped.

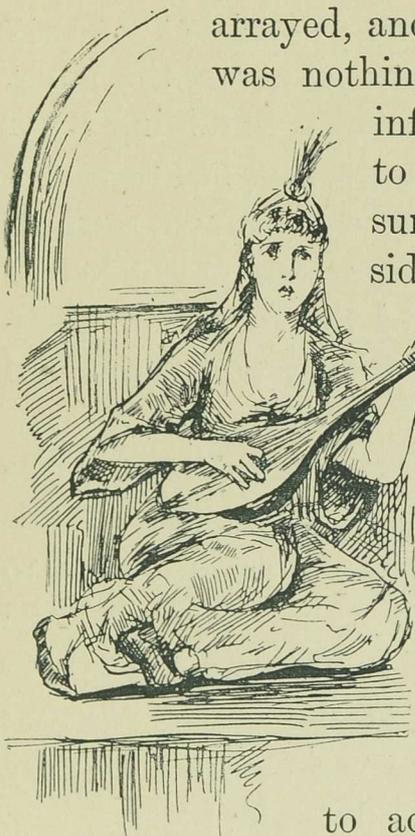
The Prince dismounted, and found himself on the roof of a magnificent palace, examining which, he descried a staircase, leading to an open door.

Quickly descending this, he found himself in a lighted chamber containing several beds, in the most elevated of which lay a Princess of extraordinary beauty, whilst the others were occupied by her ladies. All were asleep, but, kneeling by the couch, the Prince gently touched the lady to attract her attention ; she opened her eyes on him with the utmost astonishment.

“ Great Princess,” cried he, still kneeling, “ in consequence of a most wonderful adventure, you see before you the Prince of Persia, who finds himself in danger of perishing, unless you will protect him.”

The Princess listened to him very graciously, and saying she would restrain her curiosity to hear his adventures till the morning, roused her ladies, and ordered them to conduct him to a safe apartment, and provide for all his wants. The ladies, albeit much surprised, obeyed the commands of the Princess, who, in the morning, ordered herself to be magnificently





arrayed, and was not satisfied till her mirror told her there was nothing more to be desired. She then sent a lady to inform the Prince of Persia that she was ready to receive him. Prince Firoux Schah obeyed her summons, and seating himself on a sofa by her side, related to her the circumstances of his arrival.

When he had finished, the Princess informed him that she was the daughter of the King of Bengal, who was at present absent from his palace. She begged that Prince Firoux Schah would remain as her guest till her father's return, in order to pay his respects to him. The Prince readily assented to this, for he had fallen in love with the beautiful and amiable Princess; indeed, it was not long before he declared his passion, and finding that she was not unwilling

to accept him, he pressed her to return with him to the court of his father, who, he assured her, would delight to welcome her as his wife.

After long persuasion, she consented to do so. They mounted the enchanted steed together, and in about two hours and a half arrived in the capital of Persia. Prince Firoux, on alighting, conducted the Princess of Bengal to a magnificent apartment, where he requested her to wait, whilst he went to inform his father of her arrival.

The King was overjoyed at the return of his son, and when he heard of the presence of the Princess, and of the Prince's love for her, exclaimed that he would himself hasten to receive her, and that the marriage should take place that very day. He then gave orders for the release of the Indian, whose horse was to be restored to him. Whilst the King prepared to accompany his son into the presence of the Princess, the Indian hastened to possess himself of his steed, and hearing from the grooms all that had occurred, resolved to avenge himself for the wrongs he had suffered; he therefore presented himself in the apartment where the Prince had left his intended bride, and informed her that he had been sent by the King to conduct her on the enchanted horse to the square before the palace, where he and his court awaited her. She easily consented to do this, and mounting

with her he turned the peg, and ascended into the air so swiftly that they were instantly out of sight. Nothing could exceed the anger of the King, but the grief of Prince Firoux cannot be described. After indulging it for a time, he resolved to set out in search of the Princess, and not to return till he had found her. The Indian meanwhile directed his course towards Cashmere, and descending with the Princess in a wood, proceeded to ill-treat her; but her cries attracted the attention of the Sultan of Cashmere, who was hunting close by, and who came to her assistance, and destroyed the Indian by cutting off his head.

The Princess was not however, much the gainer by this, for the Sultan fell in love with, and determined to marry her; and notwithstanding her refusal, on their arrival at his palace, he ordered his intention to be announced in his capital with rejoicings. The Sultan provided the Princess with magnificent apartments, a retinue of ladies, and did everything he could think of to please and amuse her, but she was so afflicted by the situation in which she found herself that she became ill. Day by day her malady grew worse, and the marriage could not take place. The Princess showed every symptom of insanity, and none of the physicians who were brought to her were able to effect a cure.

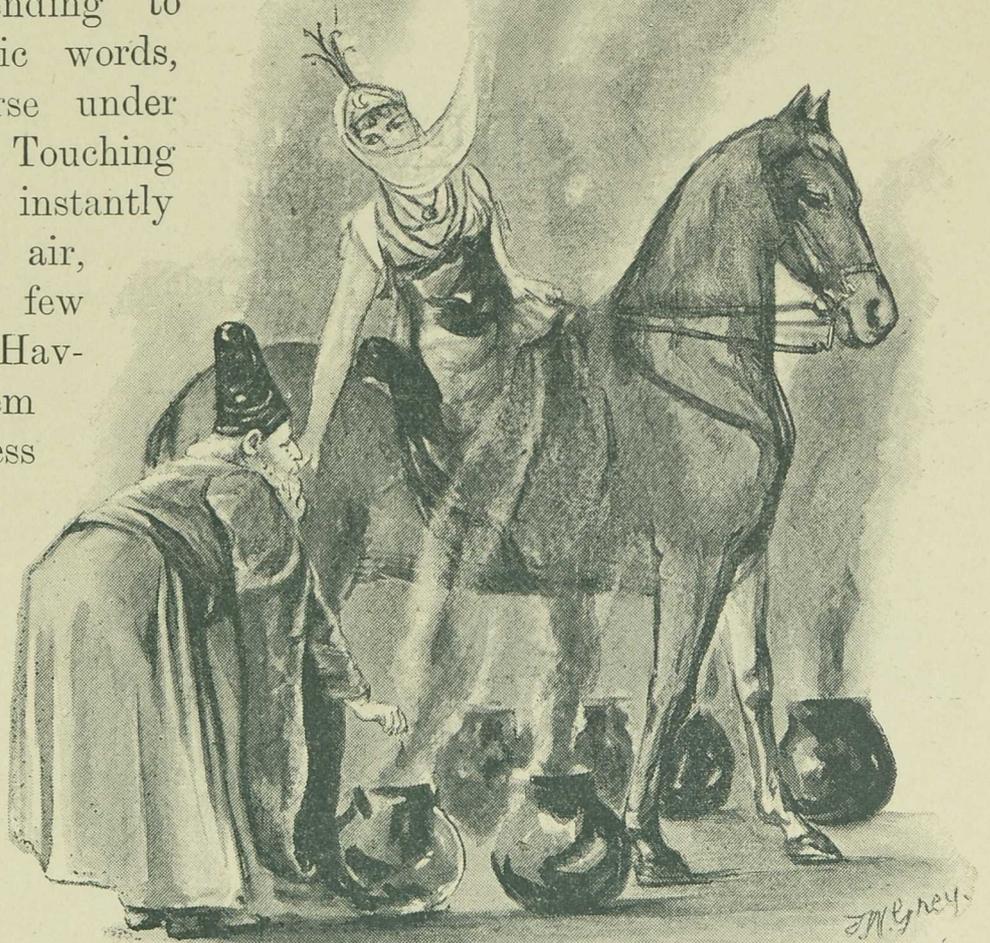
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interval Prince Firoux, disguised as a dervise, had Cashmere in search of her, and hearing the circumstances was assured that he was at last near the object of his affections. He hastened to present himself to the Sultan as a physician, and in this character was introduced into the Princess's apartments in the hope that he could cure her. Having whispered to her who he was, he rapidly matured his plans for her escape. He then informed the Sultan that she had contracted something of enchantment from the horse,

and that if allowed to perform the cure in his own manner, she would be perfectly well in a few minutes.

The Prince then requested that the enchanted horse should be brought to him in the middle of the great square. This being done, he conducted the Princess thither, and mounted her carefully; he then placed round the horse some little vessels full of fire, so that it was enveloped in smoke, and pretending to pronounce some magic words, leapt on to the horse under cover of the smoke. Touching the peg, the steed instantly ascended into the air, and bore them in a few minutes out of sight. Having by this stratagem delivered the Princess of Bengal, the Prince of Persia soon afterwards alighted with her before the King's palace, and the marriage between them was immediately celebrated with great pomp and magnificence.



Dinarzadè did not fail to remind her sister, on the conclusion of this story, that she had promised one of still greater attraction for the following morning—and the Sultan expressed himself anxious to hear the history of “The Talking Bird.”

THE TALKING BIRD



THERE was once a Prince of Persia, named Khosroushah, who used to amuse himself by going out into the city in the night in disguise, with an attendant, also disguised. I am going to tell you of an adventure that happened to him the very first night on which he did so, after he ascended to the throne of the Sultan his father.

Accompanied by his grand vizier, disguised like himself, he started one evening two hours after dark, and strolled into a quarter of the city where only common people lived. Passing a house in one of the streets, he heard voices talking very loud, and peeping in at a half open door, beheld three sisters seated on a sofa. He soon discovered that they were talking of their wishes for themselves.

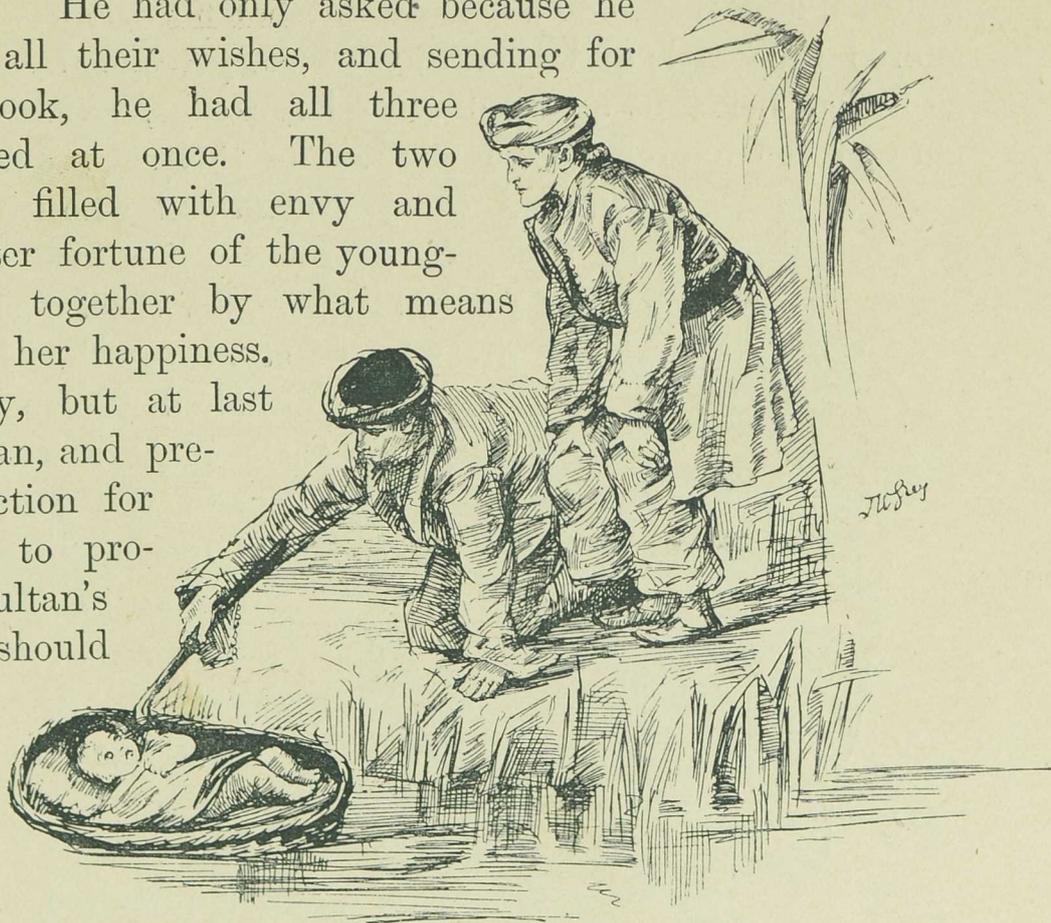
“Talking of wishes,” said the eldest, “mine is to marry the Sultan’s baker. I should then have as much of that delicious white bread, called ‘The Sultan’s bread,’ as I could eat.”

“And mine,” said the second sister, “is to marry the Sultan’s cook. I could then eat of such excellent dishes, and, of course, the bread would be included. So, you see, my taste is as good as yours.”

The youngest, who was extremely beautiful, and much more sprightly than the others, spoke laughingly. "For my part I take a higher flight, and should like to marry the Sultan himself, and have a son whose hair should be gold on one side, and silver on the other."

The wishes of the three sisters appeared to the Sultan so singular that he resolved to gratify them, and desired his vizier to take particular note of the house, that he might come the next day and bring the three sisters before him.

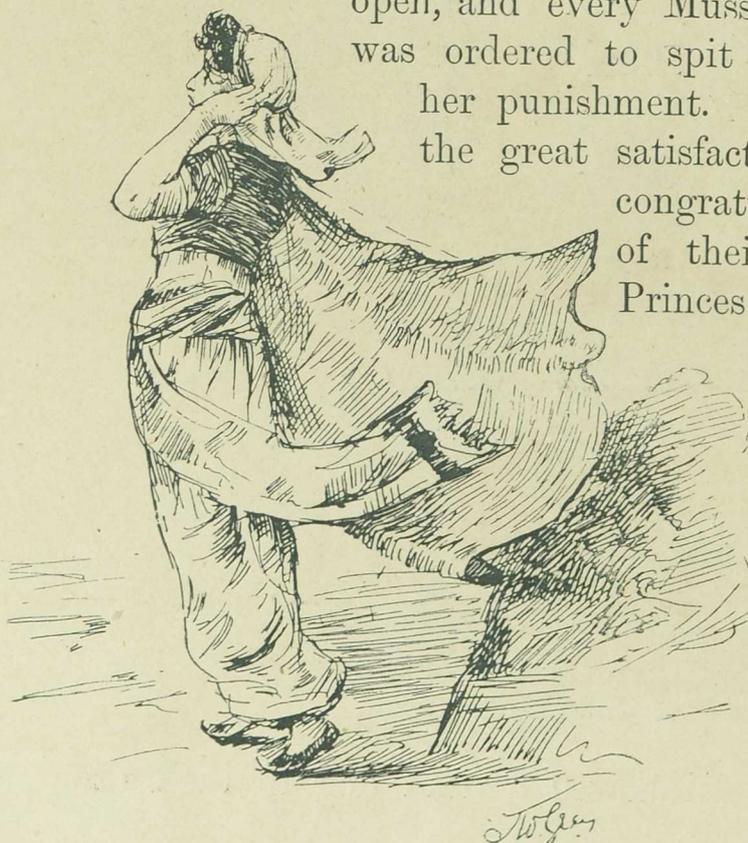
When they arrived, the Sultan asked them if they remembered their wishes of the evening before, and whether they really meant what they said. The three sisters were frightened and abashed, and as the youngest cast down her eyes and blushed in confusion, she looked so beautiful that the Sultan was more than ever determined to marry her. He told them not to be alarmed. He had only asked because he intended to grant all their wishes, and sending for his baker and cook, he had all three marriages celebrated at once. The two elder sisters were filled with envy and jealousy at the better fortune of the youngest, and concerted together by what means they could destroy her happiness. This was not easy, but at last they hit upon a plan, and pretending great affection for her, they got her to promise, with the Sultan's permission, that should she have any children they should be chosen as nurses. By and by a beautiful little son was born, but the sisters took him away, and showed a dead dog to the Sultan



instead, telling him it was his child; whilst the little Prince they put into a basket and dropped into a canal which ran past the window. Here it was speedily found by the Superintendent of the Royal Gardens, who, seeing what a lovely child it was, guessed at the truth, and resolving to adopt, and bring it up as his own, took it home to his wife, who joyfully fell in with his wishes.

By and by another son was born to the Sultana, and the wicked sisters acted in the same way as before—this time showing the Sultan a dead cat. The second Prince was also found and adopted by the Superintendent of the Gardens, who, when a little Princess followed, became quite certain of the identity of the three beautiful children who lived in his house, and were brought up by him as his own. When the wicked sisters showed a piece of wood to the Sultan after the birth of the third child, he was so angry and disappointed that he no longer loved the Sultana, and resolved on her death, but his grand vizier and officers, who adored the gentle and beautiful Queen, persuaded him to grant her life, so he had her shut up for life in a large cage, which was placed by the gate of the church. One window of this cage was to remain always

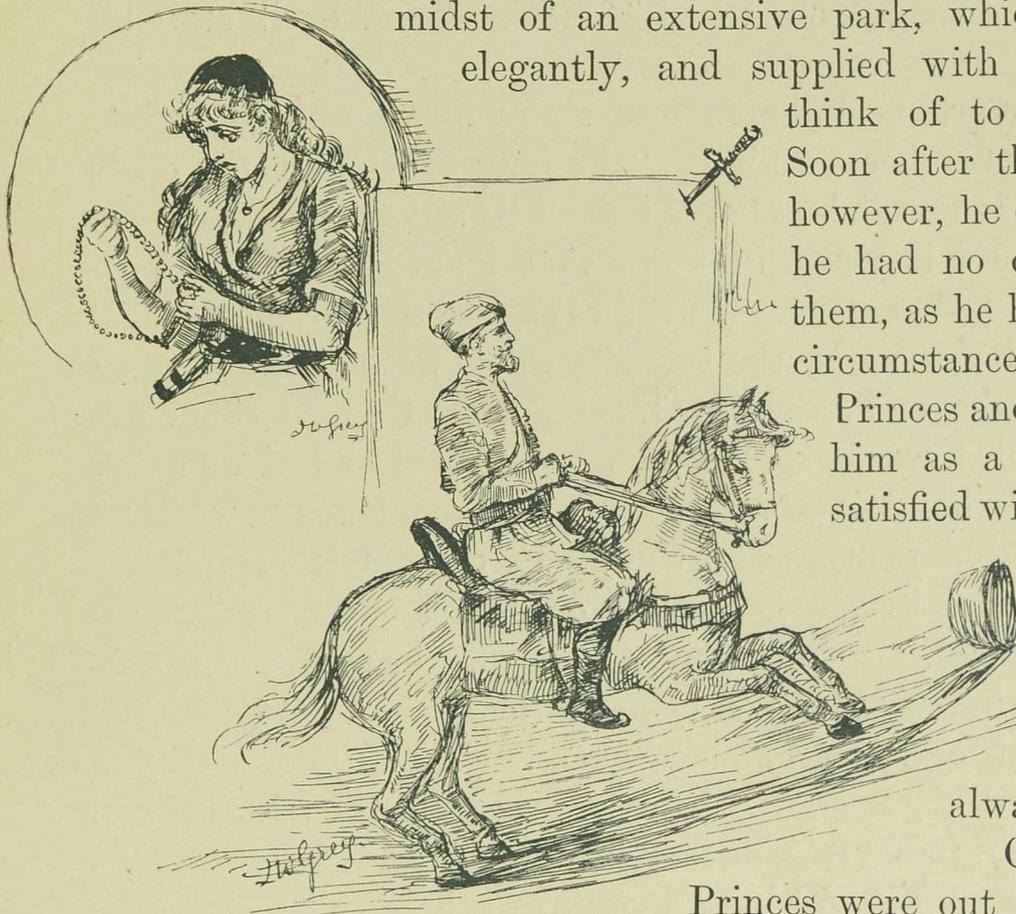
open, and every Mussulman who went into the church was ordered to spit in her face on pain of sharing her punishment. This cruel decree was executed to the great satisfaction of the jealous sisters, who congratulated themselves on the success of their plans. Meanwhile the young Princes and the Princess, to whom the Superintendent had given the names of Bahman, Perviz, and Parazadé, after some of the ancient Kings and Queens of Persia, grew up handsome, amiable, and accomplished. They had the best masters that could be procured, and the good Superintendent, after the death of his wife, built for them a most beautiful residence in the





Will & Francis Brundage

The Talking Bird.



midst of an extensive park, which he furnished most elegantly, and supplied with everything he could think of to give them pleasure. Soon after they had moved there, however, he died so suddenly, that he had no opportunity of telling them, as he had intended, the true circumstances of their birth. The

Princes and Princess mourned for him as a father, and perfectly satisfied with their beautiful home and the companionship of each other, continued to reside there, as retired as they had always done.

One day, when the Princes were out hunting, leaving their sister at home alone, an old Mussulman devotee came to the gate, and begged to be allowed to enter and repeat her prayers in the oratory, as there was not time to reach the church. Princess Parazadè admitted her, and when she had finished her prayers showed her over the house and gardens, which, on taking leave, she assured the Princess only wanted three things to be perfect. After much persuasion she consented to tell what these things were (which were all in one place on the confines of the kingdom). "They are," she said, "the talking bird, the singing tree, and the golden water. You have but to follow the road which passes here, for twenty days, and then the first person you meet will point them out to you."

The Princess was plunged into such affliction at the impossibility of procuring these things on which she immediately set her heart, that her brothers were anxious to know what ailed her. After much pressing, she told them. They loved her very dearly, and they had never thought anything they could do to please her a trouble, so Prince Bahman instantly resolved on setting out to procure these things.

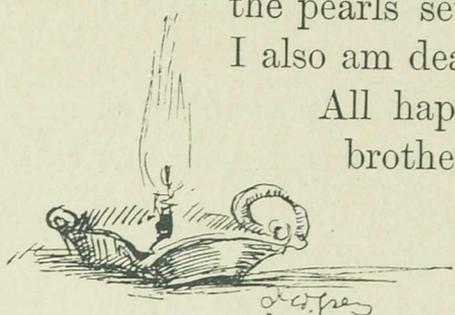
“Only tell me the road I am to go,” said he, “and I will start to-morrow.”

Very early next morning Bahman was ready to set out, and while embracing his sister, gave her a knife. “As long as you see the blade bright and clear, as it is now,” he said, “I shall be alive and well, but if you see blood drop from it you will know that I am dead.” He then mounted his horse and rode away. On the twentieth day of his journey he found a hideous old dervise by the wayside whom he accosted, but so long were the moustache and beard of the old man that he could not understand the mumbled words spoken in answer, until he had removed some of the hair with his scissors. He then explained again what he wanted. At first the old man was unwilling to reply, but yielding to persuasion, informed the Prince he would encounter great danger in obtaining what he desired. “But take this bowl,” he said, “throw it before your horse, and follow it till you come to the foot of the mountain. You will hear voices calling to, and abusing you, but if you look back you will be changed into a black stone. If you overcome the dangers and reach the top of the mountain, you will find what you seek. Take the cage of the talking bird first, and it will inform you as to the rest.”

Prince Bahman proceeded on his way, but unfortunately forgot the injunction of the old man not to look behind, for he did so, and he and his horse instantly became black stones. At the same minute Princess Parazadè, looking at the knife, given her by her brother, saw blood dropping from it, and knew that he had failed, and lost his life in the enterprise. Prince Perviz then became obstinately determined to go also, in spite of the entreaties of his sister to remain with her; and started next morning in the same direction, first placing in his sister's hand a chaplet of pearls.

“Tell this over every day,” said he, “and if ever you happen to find the pearls set fast, so that you cannot move them, you will know I also am dead.”

All happened to Prince Perviz exactly the same as to his brother. On the twentieth day the Princess, telling over her chaplet, found the pearls set fast, and knew that this brother also was no more. In her affliction she conceived the idea of going herself, and next morn-



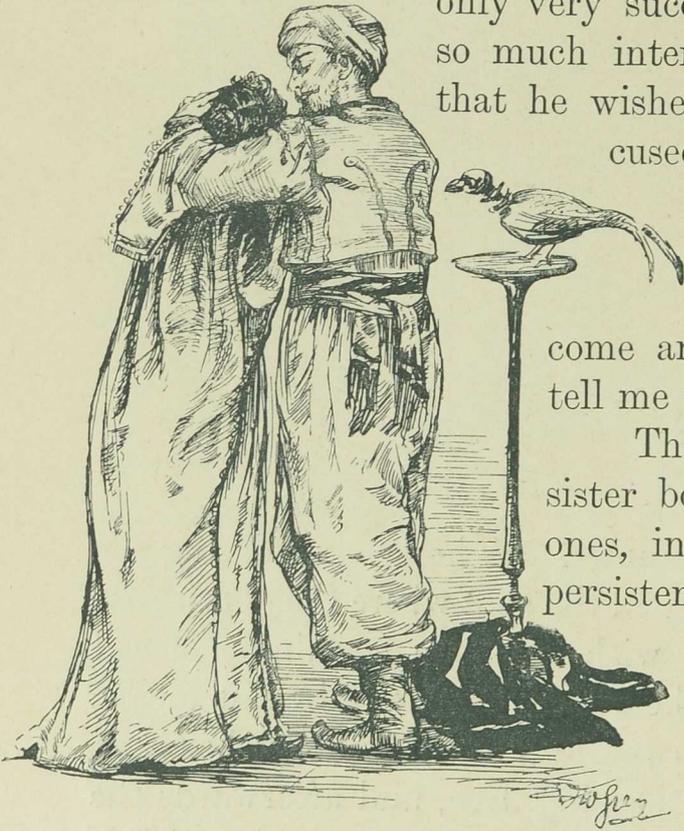


ing, disguising herself as a youth, she mounted her horse, and taking the same road that her brothers had done, reached the spot where the dervise sat on the twentieth day. After speaking with him, she cunningly placed cotton in her ears, so that she might not hear the voices, and by this means reached the talking bird in safety. Then taking the cotton from her ears, she enquired of the bird how to find the singing tree, and afterwards the golden water. When she had procured both, the bird informed her that if she sprinkled the black stones she passed as she went down the mountain side, with a few drops of golden water, she would discover, and dis-enchant her brothers. This she did, and instantly Prince Bahman, and Prince Perviz, and their horses appeared before her. They joyfully embraced each other, and the Princess showed them that she had obtained the objects of her desires. They then set out on their return home, Prince Bahman carrying the branch of the singing tree, and Prince Perviz the pitcher of golden water, whilst the Princess herself carried the cage containing the talking bird.

When they arrived at home the latter was placed in the garden, where it attracted crowds of other birds ; the branch was planted close to the house, and quickly grew into a tree, the leaves of which sang in the sweetest harmony ; and the golden water, on being poured into a marble basin,

rose into a fountain twenty feet high, and fell back without overflowing the rim of the basin.

A few days after their return, the Princes went out hunting, and met the Sultan before they had time to get out of his way. Struck by their faces and manner, he enquired who they were, and on being told, invited them to join him in hunting. This they did, and were not only very successful in sport, but the Sultan became so much interested in their intelligent conversation that he wished them to return with him. They excused themselves, saying they had an only, and very dear sister at home, and could do nothing without consulting her.



“Do so,” said the Sultan, “and come and hunt with me again to-morrow, and tell me what she says.”

The brothers, however, forgot to tell their sister both on this day and several succeeding ones, in spite of the reminders and increasing persistence of the Sultan. At last they remembered, and did as he desired.

“Let us consult the bird,” said the Princess.

When it was brought, she explained to it the Sultan’s wishes.

“Let them go,” said the bird; “and not only this, but invite the Sultan to your home in return.”

After having visited the Sultan at the palace, Prince Bahman proffered to him a respectful request that he would do them the honour to visit them and be introduced to their sister. The Sultan not only accepted the invitation, but expressed much pleasure at the idea. And the brothers retired to prepare for his visit.

The Princess determined on consulting the talking-bird as to what dishes the Sultan preferred.

“You have good cooks,” replied the bird. “Let them do their best, but, above all things, place before the Sultan a dish of cucumbers, with pearl sauce.”

The Princess exclaimed in astonishment at the idea of such a dish, and objected that she had not the pearls to furnish the sauce.

“For that matter,” answered the bird, “you have but to turn up the earth at the foot of the first tree you come to in your park, and you will find more than you will want.”

The Princess did as she was told, and obtained a small gold box full of pearls, which she exhibited to her brothers, and they decided it would be wise to act exactly as the bird had told them.

When the Sultan arrived, to occupy the time before dinner, the Princess took him into the garden, and called his attention to the talking bird, the singing tree, and the golden water. He was so amazed at these wonders that he could scarcely tear his attention away from them.

The talking bird was placed in the window of the dining saloon that he might further observe it. As the repast proceeded, the Sultan drew the dish of cucumbers towards him, intending to partake of it, and was astonished to find it dressed with pearls.

“If your Majesty thinks it so very surprising,” suddenly remarked the bird, “how could you so readily credit your children being born in the form of a dog, a cat, and a piece of wood?”

“Because the attendant women told me so,” said the Sultan.

“Those women were the Sultana’s sisters,” replied the bird, “who were jealous of the honours she enjoyed, and who imposed upon you. They will confess it if you

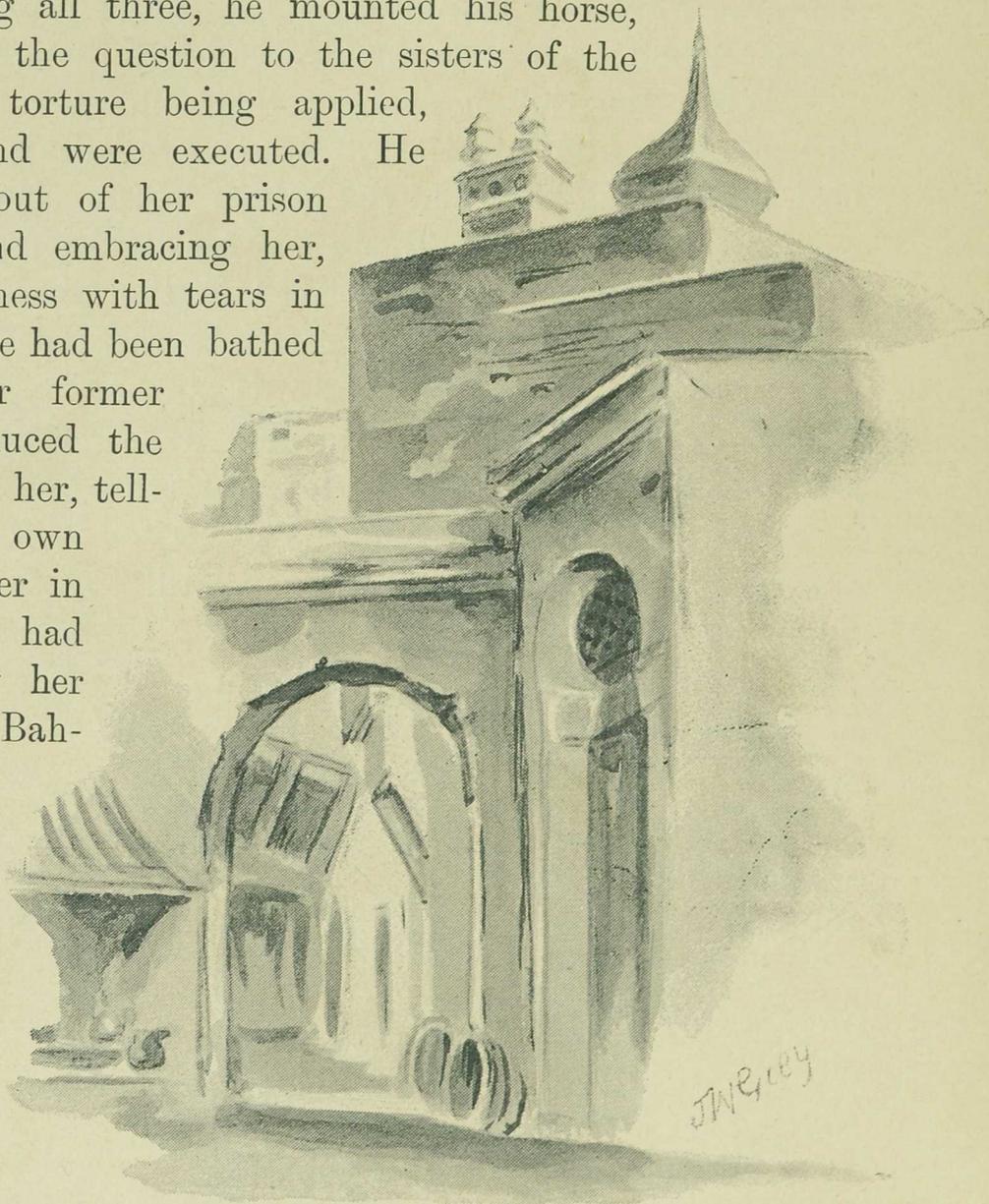


question them. And in these three young people you behold your real children, who were found and rescued by the Superintendent of the Gardens."

This speech enlightened the Sultan as to the whole scheme.

"As for these children," he said, "the strong affection and attraction I have felt towards them convinces me of the truth of what you say."

Tenderly embracing all three, he mounted his horse, and rode away to put the question to the sisters of the Sultana, who, on the torture being applied, confessed the truth, and were executed. He then let the Sultana out of her prison with his own hand, and embracing her, begged for her forgiveness with tears in his eyes. And when she had been bathed and dressed with her former magnificence, he introduced the Princes and Princess to her, telling her they were her own children, and the manner in which he, and she also, had been imposed upon by her wicked sisters. Prince Bahman, Prince Perviz, and Princess Parazadè were then conducted to the palace, followed by the rejoicings of the people, and in this magnificent and joyful manner ends their history and that of the talking bird.



The Sultan expressed so much pleasure at the recital of "The Talking Bird," that Scheherazadè informed him that she had another for the following morning, which was even more wonderful.

STORY OF HABIB, OR THE ARABIAN KNIGHT

HABIB was the only son of Emir-Ben-Hilac-Salamis, of Arabia, and of Amirala his wife. He was a child of extraordinary beauty and abilities, of whom it was foretold that he would be glorious and successful in life, but that he must first pass through great dangers. His father and mother therefore determined that his education should be such as best to strengthen him, in body and mind, to endure any hardships which might befall him; thus, before he was seven years of age he could ride the most unmanageable horses, and excelled all his companions in strength and activity. Ilfakis, the wisest philosopher of the time, was engaged as tutor to the young Prince, and when he died, in a few years' time, Habib knew everything that even a man of such attainments as Ilfakis could teach him.

While Habib was still grieving over the loss of his tutor, a stranger knight of great strength and military accomplishments, arrived at the camp,

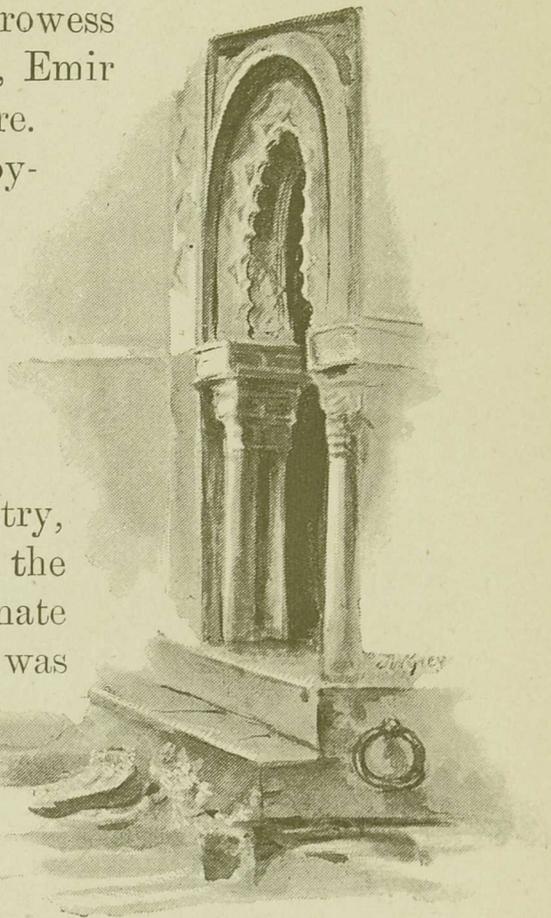


and after numerous satisfactory trials of his prowess and dexterity in knightly and soldierly science, Emir Salamis determined to place his son in his care. Il Haboul, as the stranger knight was called, joyfully accepted the charge, and with the happiest results. The young Sultan soon distinguished himself by prodigies of valour, and astonished his father's councillors by his wisdom and clear sightedness.

When Il Haboul had finished the education of Habib he was called away into another country, but before his departure he confided to his pupil the secret of the existence of a beautiful and unfortunate Princess, named Dorothis-goase, whose destiny was linked with his own, for the stars had foretold that it was only by an Arabian Prince that she could be rescued from the persecutions of the genii of the race of Eblis in whose power she was.

“This Princess is the daughter of a powerful king, named Schal-goase, and of Camarilzaman, his wife, and you yourself, my dear Habib,” continued Il Haboul, “are the Prince whom fate has destined, after an alarming series of dangers, to rescue this Princess, and unite her fortunes with your own. You must, however, have patience till some event shall direct you how to act.” Tenderly embracing his pupil, Il Haboul rode away.

One day, as Habib was musing in a rustic abode which he had built for himself in a charming vale outside his father's camp, he heard a sudden noise in the air, and perceived a large grey bird approaching, bearing upon its back a pavilion of gauze, the doors and windows of which were wreathed about with flowers. The bird alighted, and a golden staircase was let down from the door of the pavilion, at which a most lovely young lady, surrounded with attendants of remarkable beauty, appeared. Leaning on the arm of one of them, she descended the stairs, and came towards the Sultan's retreat. Habib arose and cast himself at her feet, when, gazing upon a picture which she wore, and then on him, she said—



“It is indeed my hero, the young Habib, whom I, Dorothil-goase, am thus happy enough to find.”

While they were embracing each other, a genii in human form appeared, and saluting the young queen, informed her that the rebel Abarakaff had taken advantage of her absence to attack the only island which remained to her of her kingdom, and that the rebel genii had joined him.

“Return immediately,” he cried, “and oppose them, lest the way be blocked by dangers, and the enemy triumph.” With another embrace the



lovers parted, the Princess returning to her pavilion, borne by the roc, and Habib to his father's tent, to inform him of his resolve immediately to proceed to Mount Caucasus to the assistance of Dorothil-goase.

With twenty men of tried prudence and courage, Habib hastened to set forth on his journey, the dangers of which were rendered light to him by the love that inspired his enterprise ; but as they proceeded difficulties and deprivations grew day by day, and his attendants became weary and disheartened. They therefore conspired to leave Habib whilst he slept, and return home. This they did, and told the Emir Salamis that his son had been killed in the desert by the bite of a serpent.

Salamis believed them, and while he and the whole kingdom were mourning for the loss of the Prince, Habib, having discovered the treachery of his soldiers, proceeded alone on his journey, which he still determined to accomplish. Having encountered successfully unheard-of difficulties and dangers, his strength, though not his courage, was one day beginning to fail, when a monstrous bird, which he perceived to be a roc,



alighted close to him and bowed its head. Habib saw that a damask cushion was suspended to its feet by cords, catching hold of which he seated himself on the cushion, when the bird instantly arose and carried him through the air to Mount Caucasus, where he was, to his extreme joy, received by no less a person than Il Haboul himself, who conducted his pupil to a place where he might refresh himself and regain his exhausted strength, and in the meantime informed him what further was to be done in order to accomplish the object of his journey.

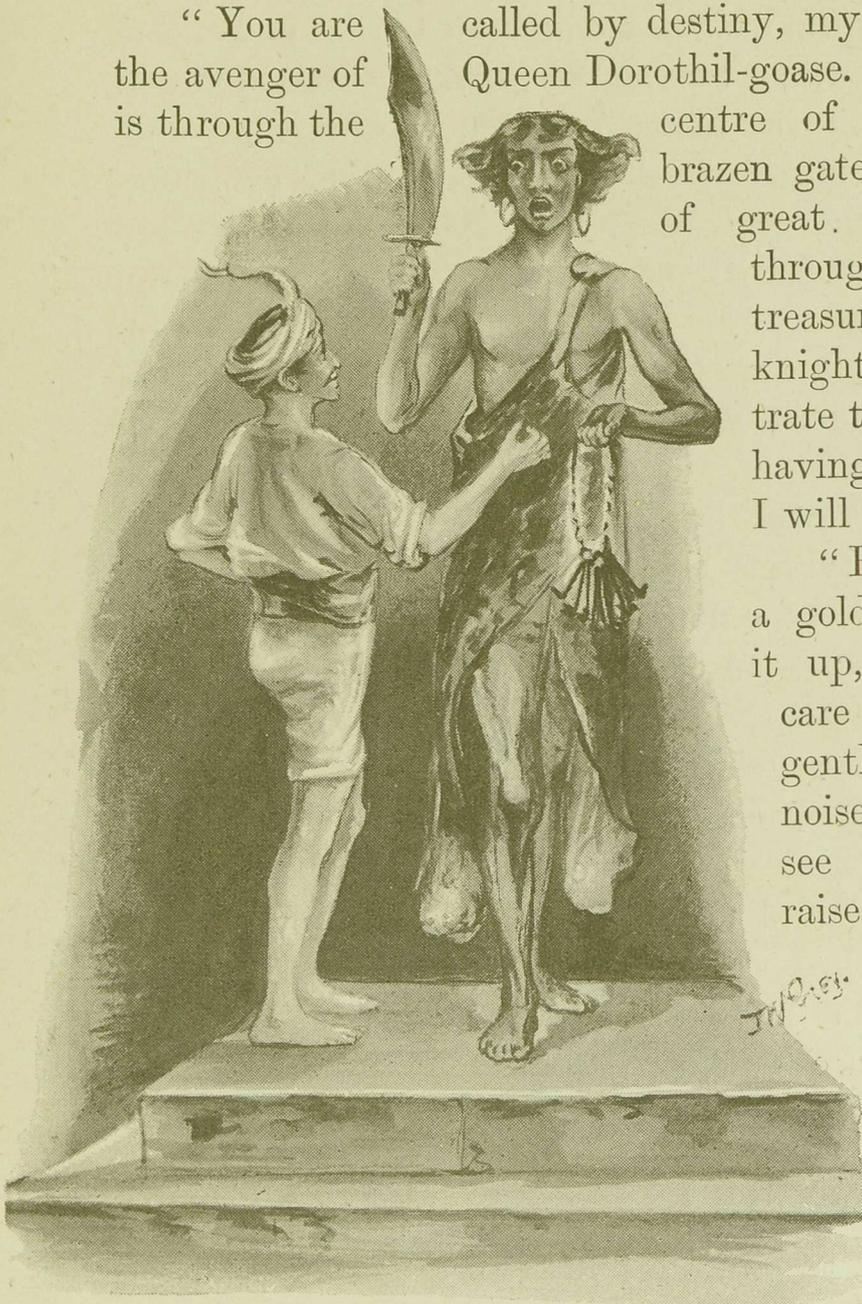
“You are the avenger of is through the

called by destiny, my dear Habib,” said he, “to be Queen Dorothil-goase. The only way to her dominions centre of the earth and through forty brazen gates, guarded by malevolent genii of great strength and courage, and through the rooms in which Solomon’s treasure is deposited. Five hundred knights have already tried to penetrate these, but have all failed through having neglected the precautions which I will tell you of.

“Before the first gate you will see a golden key on the ground. Pick it up, and open the gate, taking care to close it behind you so gently that it will not make any noise. In the first hall you will see a gigantic black, who will raise over your head an enormous scimitar. You must repeat aloud the talismanic characters written on the blade, and then take it from the slave. It is the scimitar of Solomon, and you must take the keys also. When you have opened the fortieth

door, you will see before you the first of the seas you must pass in order to reach Dorothil-goase, and you will also find means of proceeding; but I warn you not to forget a single point of your instructions; especially remember to close each door softly behind you.”

Habib did so, and proceeded in safety until he came to the fortieth door. Here, in his delight at seeing the sea in front of him, he let the door clang to with a great noise, and instantly a violent storm arose; evil spirits assailed him, and he must have been destroyed had he not remembered to draw his mysterious scimitar, and in the mighty name



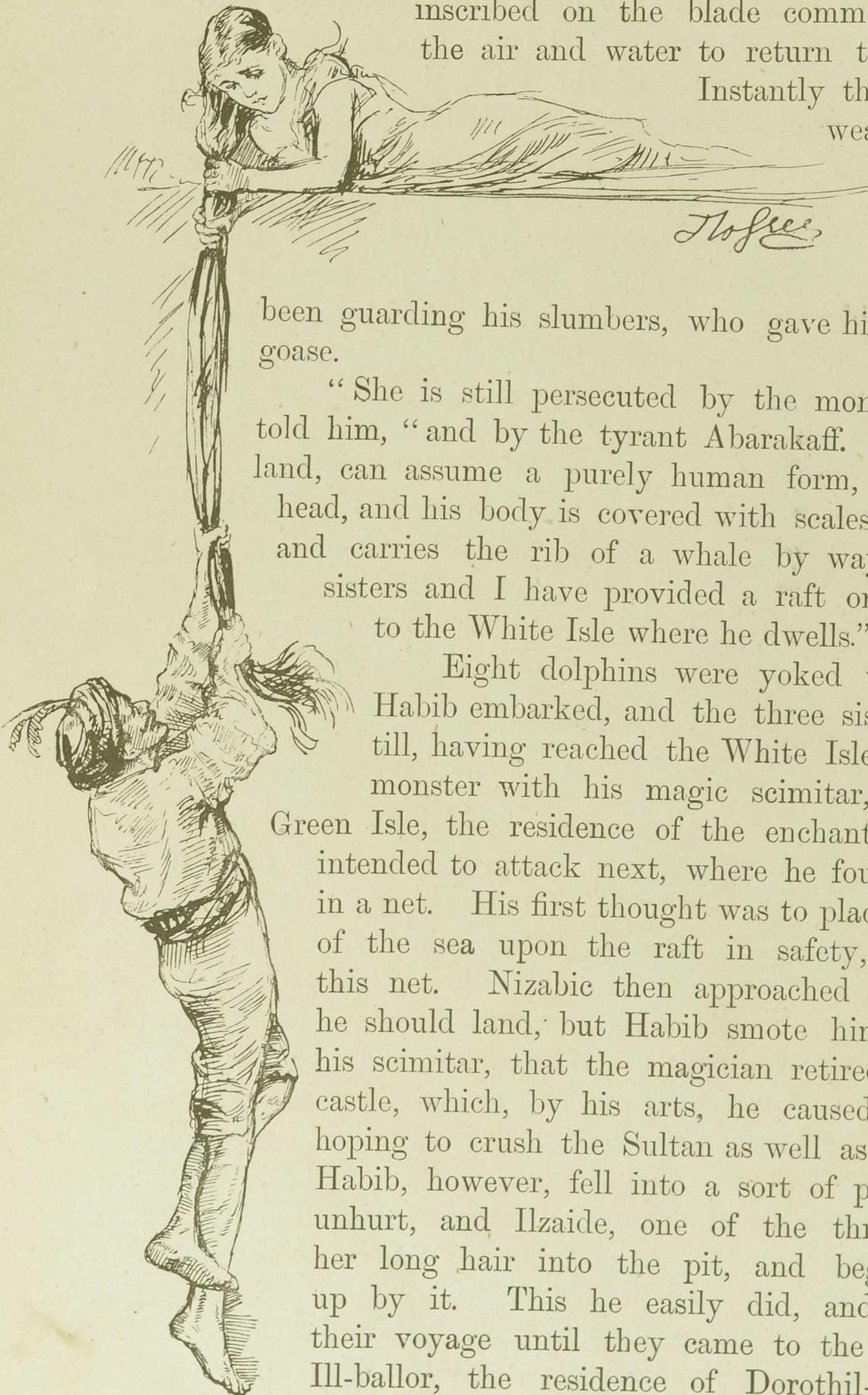
inscribed on the blade commanded the powers of the air and water to return to their wonted order.

Instantly there was a calm, and, wearied with his exertions, Habib fell asleep, and on awakening found that three fair daughters of the sea had

been guarding his slumbers, who gave him news of Dorothil-goase.

“She is still persecuted by the monster Racachick,” they told him, “and by the tyrant Abarakaff. The former, when on land, can assume a purely human form, but he has a shark’s head, and his body is covered with scales; he rides a sea horse and carries the rib of a whale by way of a scimitar. My sisters and I have provided a raft on which to carry you to the White Isle where he dwells.”

Eight dolphins were yoked to the raft on which Habib embarked, and the three sisters swam by its side, till, having reached the White Isle, and despatched this monster with his magic scimitar, he arrived near the Green Isle, the residence of the enchanter Nizabic, whom he intended to attack next, where he found the raft entangled in a net. His first thought was to place the three daughters of the sea upon the raft in safety, whilst he destroyed this net. Nizabic then approached to attack him when he should land, but Habib smote him such a blow with his scimitar, that the magician retired half dead into his castle, which, by his arts, he caused to fall down, thus hoping to crush the Sultan as well as himself in its ruins. Habib, however, fell into a sort of pit of rocks, and was unhurt, and Ilzaide, one of the three sisters, let down her long hair into the pit, and begged him to climb up by it. This he easily did, and they proceeded on their voyage until they came to the Island of Mendinaz Ill-ballor, the residence of Dorothil-goase herself, where



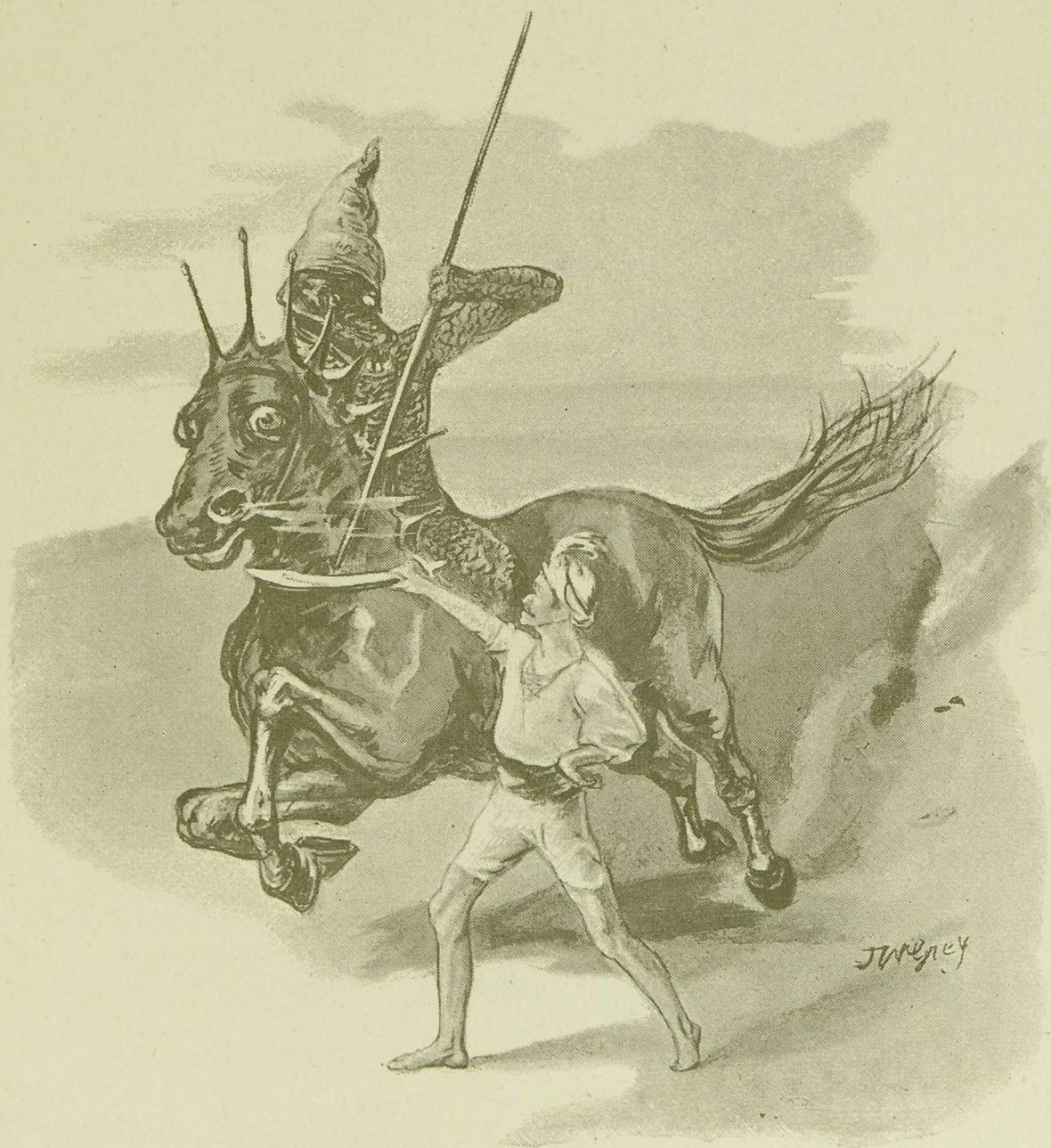


Will & Francis Brundage

THE ARABIAN KNIGHT.

Habib entreated Ilzaide to precede him and announce his arrival to the queen.

This was soon done, and Dorothil-goase was yet indulging in transports of joy at the presence of her Arabian knight, when news was brought that Abarakaff, the last remaining of her persecutors, was approaching to attack them, and Habib was forced to arm himself for battle once more, and slay this monster also ; then at last he was able to enjoy the reward of his valour, and to restore to the beautiful queen her dominions free from the presence of the tyrant usurpers who had so long poisoned her peace.



After a few days of happiness passed together, Habib set out on a visit to the tents of his father, accompanied by Dorothis-goase, and presented her to Salamis and Amirala as his bride. They were transported with joy at his return. After welcoming the queen as their daughter-in-law, they became eager to celebrate her marriage with their son, which was performed with great magnificence. The happy pair then returned to the kingdom of Dorothis-goase, over which Habib was henceforth to reign with her as joint sovereign.

CONCLUSION.

Delighted with the wonderful memory and charming accomplishment of the Sultana, her husband, at the conclusion of this history, embraced her with affection, and assured her that he had by this time forgotten his anger, and had no longer any desire for her death.

“You have entirely appeased my anger,” he said, “and I freely revoke in your favour the cruel law I had promulgated, and receive you into my favour.”

The Sultana, for answer, threw herself at his feet, and gave every sign of heart-felt and lively gratitude. She then obtained permission to be the bearer of the delightful intelligence to her father, the grand vizier, and it was immediately reported through the city and kingdom, bringing down on the heads of Sultan Schahrian and the amiable Sultana Scheherazadè, the praises and congratulations of all the people of the empire of the Indies.

