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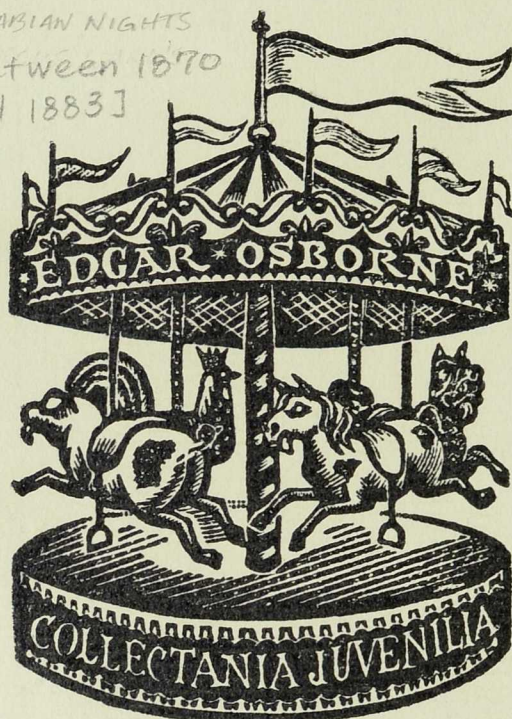








FTL  
ARABIAN NIGHTS  
[between 1870  
and 1883]



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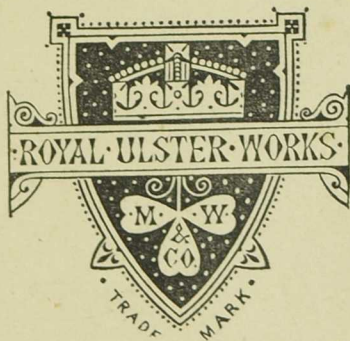


MARCUS WARD'S  
PICTURE STORIES  
FROM THE  
JAPANESE

*Containing the Japanese Version of*

*Aladdin ; or the Wonderful Lamp*  
*Abou Hassan ; or Caliph for a Day*  
*Ali Baba ; or the Forty Thieves*  
*Sindbad ; or Seven Strange Voyages*

Told in Brilliant Pictures ; drawn in the true Eastern spirit,  
by Native talent ; with the Stories in English Rhyme



MARCUS WARD & CO.

67, 68, CHANDOS STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON  
AND ROYAL ULSTER WORKS, BELFAST

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- 

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# Marcus Ward's New Version of Aladdin; or The Wonderful Lamp.

---

Aladdin was an idle boy;  
Although no lad was smarter,  
His time in work he'd ne'er employ,  
But played at fly-the-garter.

He scorned, 'gainst playing in the street,  
His Mother's prohibition,  
And that was how he came to meet  
The African Magician,

Who, seeing him with street-boy friends  
Engaged at fly-the-garter,  
Determined, for his private ends,  
To make of him a martyr.

He was, he told that idle lad,  
His uncle and relation,  
And being rich, would see he had  
A proper education.

Upon the mother and the son  
He so imposed completely;  
And took away the idle one  
And dressed him up quite neatly.

A ring that had a Genie-slave  
The urchin's hand he put in,  
And took him to a magic cave,  
Himself might not set foot in.

And then he told the idle scamp  
That cavern dark to enter,  
And fetch for him an ancient lamp  
That stood there in the centre.

The cave contained a grove of trees  
With fruits of all kinds loaded,  
Which our young hero plucked with ease,  
Nor any ill foreboded.

He filled each pocket in his suit,  
Nor dreamt of any peril,  
Nor knew he that the wondrous fruit  
Was diamond, ruby, beryl.

He seized the lamp, and left the mine;  
Then told the old Magician  
The prize he'd won he'd not resign—  
And stuck to his position.

The old Magician's rage was mad,  
He'd fain, yet dared not, rend him;  
For while that lamp the urchin had,  
The Genie would defend him.

To die by hunger's slow advance,  
He closed within the cave him:—  
Aladdin touched his ring, by chance,  
And bade the Genie save him.

Aladdin, older by and by,  
Grew more discreet and duteous;  
And fell in love with—on the sly—  
The Emperor's daughter beauteous.

At last, concealed behind a door,  
To bathe he saw her going,  
Without her veil, and more and more  
His hopeless love kept growing.

Meanwhile, at home things still were bad;  
And times were growing harder;  
They nothing in the cellar had,  
And nothing in the larder.

Anguish the Mother's heart involved,  
And, seeking to dispel it,  
She found the lamp, and soon resolved  
To clean it up and sell it.

She polished—at the first faint scratch  
The Genie came, as painted:—  
The boy contrived the lamp to snatch,  
The Mother screamed and fainted.

The Genie bowed before him low,  
And called him lord and master;  
And vowed to do his will he'd go  
Than flash of lightning faster.

He bade the Genie bring them food;  
The Genie heard his wishes,  
And brought of boiled, and baked, and  
In splendid silver dishes. [stewed

By hope Aladdin's heart was fanned,  
His love he could not smother;  
To ask the fair princess's hand  
He sent his doubting mother.



# Aladdin; or the Wonderful Lamp.—Continued.

Day after day the Emperor's gates  
The Mother now frequented;  
And from Aladdin golden plates  
Of jewelled fruit presented.

With each succeeding, precious dish  
More charmed the Emperor growing;  
Expressed to his Vizier the wish,  
Their donor to be knowing.

Once more the lamp! The Genie's aid  
Aladdin bade support him;  
And soon a gorgeous cavalcade  
Was ready to escort him.

With slaves that scattered gold around,  
And slaves with chest of treasure,  
Aladdin, to the palace bound,  
Was full of pride and pleasure.

The Emperor greeted him with praise,  
No single wish denied him,  
And gave a site where he could raise  
His dwelling close beside him.

Beside the Emperor's palace wall,  
Just where Aladdin bade him,  
A grand pagoda, vast and tall,  
One night the Genie made him.

And there Aladdin bore his bride,  
The Emperor's lovely daughter;  
And there, in bliss, they dwell beside  
The Yang tse Keang's water.

But, ah! the vile magician, foiled,  
Was still Aladdin chiding,  
And ever anxiously he toiled  
To find where he was hiding.

At length his art revealed the place,  
And that most vile Magician  
Went off disguised in form and face,  
To spy on the position.

"Old lamps for new! old lamps for new!"  
The wicked wretch kept crying.  
The Princess to the window drew,  
His merchandise espying.

Aladdin's lamp of priceless power,  
Its value little dreaming,  
She sold, in that unlucky hour,  
That wretch in merchant's seeming.

He seized the treasure, nothing loath,  
Then, all deception banished,  
He, with Princess and palace both,  
Within an instant vanished.

Oh, fancy poor Aladdin's plight,  
Returning from a distance—  
His wife and home had passed from sight,  
And gone, the lamp's assistance.

The Emperor in sorrow dire  
To lose his darling daughter,  
Condemned, in his excessive ire,  
His son-in-law for slaughter;

But, when the populace arose  
And threatened interference,  
Bade him in forty days disclose  
What meant this disappearance.

Aladdin still possessed the ring,  
He bade its powers awaken,  
And him to that far spot to bring  
Where had his wife been taken.

So while Badroulbador the fair  
Her chamber sat so sad in,  
She saw beneath the window there  
Her own beloved Aladdin.

She told him how that wicked man  
Each day would come to see her,  
And soon Aladdin laid a plan  
From his vile schemes to free her.

"What time you sup present this cup,  
And when you see him stagger,  
Give me the sign—I'll hasten up,  
And slay him with my dagger!"

The sign was given:—the well-known stair  
Aladdin swift ascended—  
And lo, the vile Magician there  
Upon the floor extended.

The poison of the deadly asp  
Had with the wine been blended—  
The goblet left his feeble grasp,  
His base career was ended.

And so, from enemies secure,  
'Mid song, and mirth, and laughter,  
Aladdin and Badroulbador  
Lived happy ever after.













MARCUS WARD'S JAPANESE PICTURE-STORIES



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ALADDIN!  
OR  
THE WONDERFUL LAMP



AN EASTERN STORY

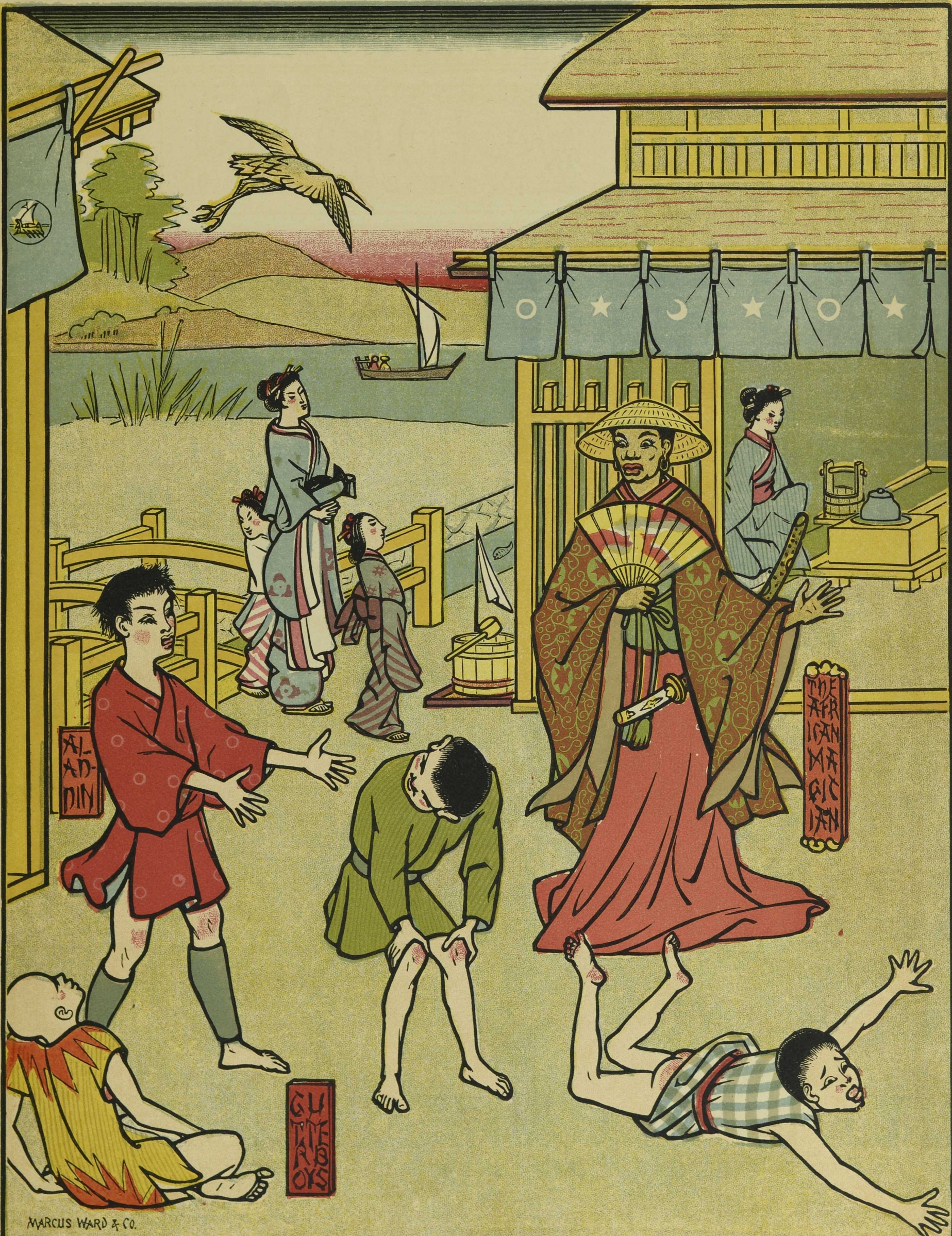
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ALADDIN AT PLAY WITH VAGABONDS OF HIS OWN AGE













ALADDIN PLACED HIMSELF BEHIND THE DOOR SO THAT HE COULD SEE HER FACE





THE  
GENIE

ALADDIN'S  
MOTHER

ALADDIN

CAT

MARCUS WARD & CO.

ALADDIN SEIZES THE WONDERFUL LAMP AS THE GENIE APPEARS













ALADDIN PRECEDED AND FOLLOWED BY SLAVES BEARING





MARCUS WARD & CO.

RICH PRESENTS GOES TO THE PALACE TO CLAIM THE PRINCESS













MARCUS WARD & CO.

THE AFRICAN MAGICIAN DISGUISED SELLING NEW LAMPS FOR OLD





MARCUS WARD'S JAPANESE PICTURE-STORIES



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# ALADIN!

OR

## THE WONDERFUL LAMP













# Marcus Ward's New Version of Abou Hassan; or Caliph for a Day.

---

While Haroun al Raschid was king in Bagdad,  
A merchant, with riches in plenty,  
Died, and left all he had to a prodigal lad—  
Abou Hassan—his son about twenty.

As soon as he'd settled his father's affairs,  
And had counted his fortune, he parted  
The whole sum in two, half invested in shares,  
The other half spent open-hearted.

Abou Hassan soon came to the end of his store,  
And his friends, when he gave them no feast,  
Seemed quite to forget his street number, and door;  
One by one, all their visits they ceased.

From this time he went, at the close of each day,  
And brought home, to sup with his mother,  
Any stranger he met in a casual way;  
One only, and each day another.

So as Hassan was sitting one fine Summer day,  
On the bridge at his usual station,  
The Caliph, disguised as a merchant, passed by,  
And "accepted his kind invitation."

He took Haroun home to his softest divan,  
And sat down himself on another;  
And the slaves in and out with the hot dishes ran,  
As they quickly were cooked by his mother.

Then they drank, and they joked, and they sang,  
and they laughed,

And the Caliph full quickly succeeded  
In drawing from Hassan, with much wily craft,  
All he had done, and wished for, and needed.

"There are four holy men," said Abou Hassan,  
"They're called holy, at least, by the people,  
Who spend all their time every quarrel to fan,  
And each secret proclaim from the steeple;

"They make mischief and law-suits, set neigh-  
bours to fight;

And I wish for one day that I had,  
To punish them well, the sceptre and might  
Of our sovereign, Haroun of Bagdad."

Al Raschid he laugh'd, said 'twas late, he must  
leave;

But would pledge him in one parting glass,  
He put in it a powder he'd hid in his sleeve,—  
Double essence of chloroform gas.

Then Hassan fell back in a trance, and the Caliph  
Looked out of the door for a minute,  
And silently beckoned Mesrour, his chief bailiff,  
Who watched near the house, to come in it.

They carried him off, and put him to bed,  
In the palace, in one of the rooms,  
Where he snored all unconscious, with down  
'neath his head,

Surrounded with gold and perfumes.  
And Mesrour, and Jaffir, and slaves without  
Surrounded the bed till he woke, [number,  
When they asked had his Majesty finished his  
slumber,

And bowed to the earth as they spoke.  
They attempted, in vain at the first, to convince  
He wasn't the same as last night; [him,  
Till he begged of the maiden who seemed the  
most winsome

To prove him awake with a bite!  
Which she did, with a will, on his ear till he  
roared,

Though he thought it uncommonly strange,  
Abou Hassan should prove of Bagdad the sole  
Without being aware of the change. [Lord

"Then where, if I'm Caliph, is my Grand Vizier?"

"Here, your Majesty, please you," replied  
The prime minister, bowing (his name was Jaffir,  
And he stood Bailiff Mesrour beside).

"Well, if I am Caliph, I bid you to haste,  
No delay, to the mother of Hassan,  
Whose house you should know, and to pay her,  
at least,

A thousand gold crowns, all good cash in;  
"And as you return, which please do like a comet,  
If you wish to continue Vizier,  
Just call at the mosque of the blessed Mahomet,  
And bring the four Imaums straight here."

Then Abou got dressed, feeling all very strange  
With the gold, and the jewels, and ladies;  
He feared to behold the whole scenery change,  
And himself locked up tight at the Cadi's:

Then Mesrour, low bowing, conducted him  
straight,

Walking backwards himself like a crab,  
To the great Presence Hall, where they set him  
in state

In the throne, on a great marble slab.

Then Jaffir approached. "Have you done as I  
Asked Hassan. "Your Majesty, yea: [told?"  
I have given the lady the thousand in gold;  
The four Imaums are just on the way."



# Abou Hassan; or Caliph for a Day.—Continued.

The four naughty old men then arrived in the Hall,  
And knelt trembling, their necks in a noose,  
While the Caliph's grand hangman, symmetric  
and tall,  
Stood with scimeter ready for use.  
Then said Hassan, "I'll teach these old gossips  
to talk!  
Take them out, bastinado their feet,  
And, because they may then be unable to walk,  
On a camel give each a back seat;  
"And have them escorted by fifty good sabres,  
Let the crier proclaim as regards them,—  
'These are men who were always defaming their  
neighbours,  
Caliph Hassan thus justly rewards them.'"  
All this time the true Caliph was watching be-  
hind,  
From a window concealed in the wall,  
And was pleased to hear Hassan thus speaking  
his mind,  
While he sat on the throne in the Hall.  
Then he went to the banqueting room in full state,  
There were meats, drinks, and fruits all exotic:  
So Abou was heartily pleased with the fate  
Which had made him a monarch despotic.  
Then the fair Morning-star, and the Cluster-of-  
pearls  
Danced before His Sublimity, lightly;  
Nahouzatoul-Oonadat, sweetest of girls,  
Gave him goblets of wine most politely.  
Then Nahouzatoul-Oonadat, lovely and wily,  
Said she'd pledge him in one goblet more,  
And contrived as the Caliph had taught her, full  
slily,  
To give him a dose, as before.  
In the midst of his prettiest speech he stopped  
short,  
And fell back, sound asleep, on the floor;  
And the Caliph came out, well pleased at the  
sport,  
And saw him borne off to his door.  
They took him safe home on the back of a man,  
And into his house, sleeping sound,  
Like a bundle of luggage, upon his divan,  
Laid him down, where his mother him found.  
"Get up Hassan, my son, why not yet gone to  
bed?  
When did you come home, for I thought

You had gone out too late, and had broken your  
head,  
Or another's, and chanced to be caught?"  
"I'm the Caliph of Bagdad! Where is Na-  
houzatoul-  
Oonadat, and the rest of my court?"  
"Oh! my son," she replied, "you are mad or a  
fool!  
Or perhaps you are only in sport."  
But she could not convince him he wasn't the  
Caliph:  
He called for Mesrour and the ladies;  
And at last she was forced to send out for a bailiff,  
Who took him away to the Cadi's.  
There they said he was mad, and they locked  
him up close  
In the Bedlam, or Bagdad Asylum,  
And gave him, as medicine, a score of hard  
blows,  
And called him "The King," to revile him.  
Till it came to the Caliph's own ears at the last,  
How this son of the widow declared  
He was Caliph of Bagdad, though tied up so  
fast  
In the asylum's refractory ward.  
The Caliph he laughed when he heard the  
strange tale:  
He sent for Abou to the Palace,  
And laughed when he saw him so sad and so  
pale,  
For the feelings of Caliphs are callous.  
They brought Hassan chained: he dared hardly  
look up  
At first, half expiring with fear,  
When he saw the same merchant he'd asked in  
to sup,  
With Mesrour and Jaffir the Vizier.  
The Caliph, still laughing, desired them to take  
Off the chains from his legs and his arms,  
And begged him to pardon the joke, for his sake,  
That had caused him so many alarms.  
He put a gold chain round his neck, and a dress  
Of embroidery, fit for such glory,  
And took him to visit the chief Caliph-ess,  
Who laughed like her lord at the story.  
So they soon made him merry, and then, to  
crown all,  
They said they'd provide him a wife:  
Nahouzatoul-Oonadat, blushing, they call,  
And make Hassan happy for life.











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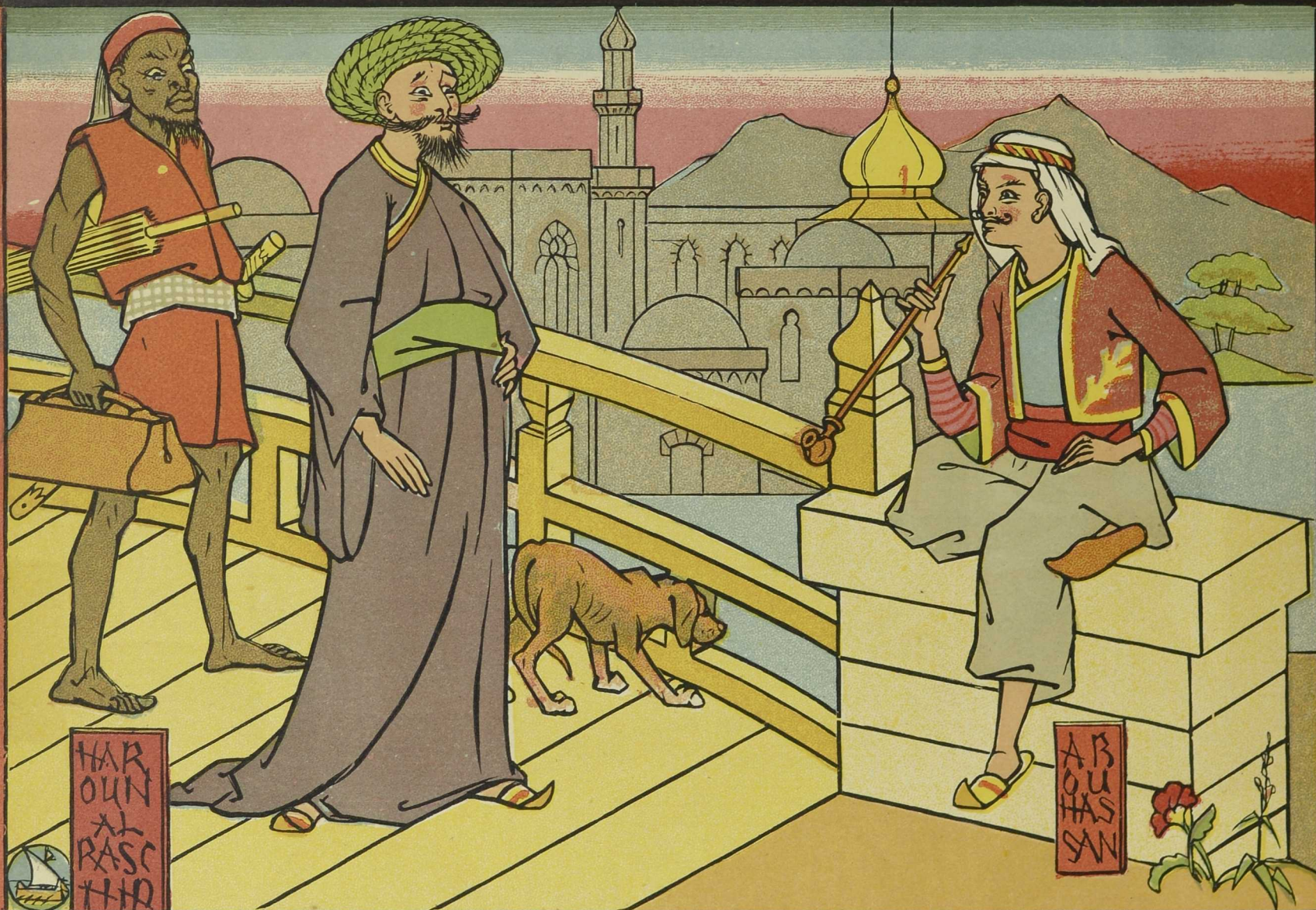
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# ABOU-HASSAN

OR

~ CALIPH FOR A DAY ~



## AN EASTERN STORY

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THE DISGUISED CALIPH AND ABOU-HASSAN BECOME UPROARIOUS













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ABOU HASSAN AWAKES TO FIND HIMSELF CALIPH OF BAGDAD





MARCUS WARD & CO.

CALIPH ABOU-HASSAN IN DIVAN ADMINISTERS EXEMPLARY JUSTICE.













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MARCUS WARD & CO.

COMPANIONS PARADED ON CAMELS WITH THEIR FACES TO THE TAIL













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MARCUS WARD & CO.

ABOU-HASSAN ENJOYS THE OTIUM CUM DIGNITATE OF THE CALIPHAT



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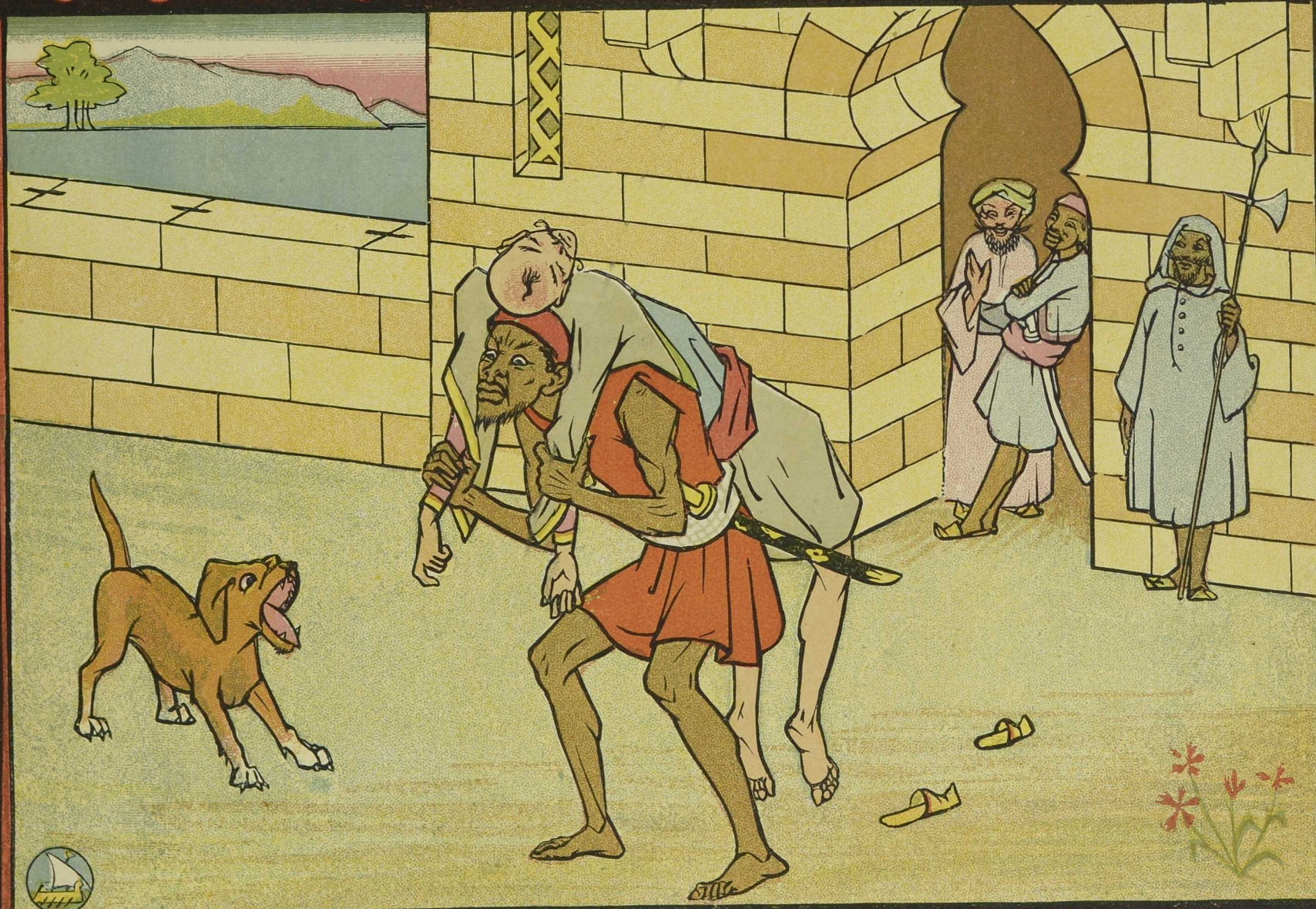
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# ABU-HASSAN

OR

\* CALIPH FOR A DAY \*

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## AN EASTERN STORY

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# Marcus Ward's New Version of Ali Baba and The Forty Thieves.

---

Ali Baba and Cassim were brothers well known:

Their father left little behind him :

Ali Baba had married for true love alone ;

Cassim to a rich widow had joined him.

One day in the forest, while gathering wood,

Ali wondered some horsemen to see ;

And not very long in astonishment stood,

But hid himself up in a tree.

The tree he had climbed stood beside a steep  
rock :

Forty robbers well mounted and armed

Entered in at a door in the side, without lock,

Leaving Ali extremely alarmed,

But not too much frightened to note what they  
said,

As the door opened wide at a word,

And he tried very hard to retain in his head

"Open, Sesame," which he had heard.

When the robbers came out and were gone,  
from the tree

He descended and ran to the door,

The magical words soon allowed him to see

Gold and silver in heaps on the floor.

He felt no compunction in helping himself,

And in loading his asses as well ;

And delighted at finding the robbers' rich pelf,

Hastened home Mrs. Ali to tell.

Now nothing would do Mrs. Ali Baba

But to count out this money untold :

So she ran down the street to her sister-in-law,

For a measure to weigh out the gold.

Mrs. Cassim was curious and put in the measure

Some suet, and so there remained,

When the vessel came back, a small piece of the  
treasure

In the bottom, and all was explained.

With trembling impatience she waited her lord,

To boast of the trap she had laid :

He listened astonished, said never a word,

But his brother rushed off to upbraid.

Ali Baba was forced the whole secret to tell ;

Cassim soon to the cavern was bound :

The words, "Open, Sesame" answered quite  
well,

And the door closed behind without sound.

Now comes the tragedy, sad to relate ;

It so to poor Cassim befel,

That when he was ready to leave, 'twas his fate

That he could not remember the spell.

As he puzzled and puzzled, the banditti crew

Came, and caught him and did not delay

To behead him, and quarter him, for, as they  
knew,

The beheaded no secrets betray.

Ali Baba heard nothing next day of Cassim,

And went to the cave in a fright,

Where he found him in pieces hung up, every  
limb

Cut off, a most horrible sight.

Then carefully gathering up the remains

Of his covetous, ill-fated brother,

Without being seen his own home he regains

Hardly able his feelings to smother.

Now to break the sad news to the wife was no  
joke,

Nor to keep such an accident dark ;

To his slave, Morgiana, he privately spoke,

And charged her to make no remark,

But to go to the doctor, say Cassim was ill,

That he neither could speak nor could eat ;

Ask for mustard and powders, a draught and a  
pill,

And be sure she was very discreet.

Thus they blinded the neighbours, their task  
not yet done :

For the funeral next she prepares,

Cassim's four-quartered corpse must be made  
into one ;

Who will neatly perform the repairs ?

Morgiana remembered a cobbler, his name

Was Mustapha, the job he soon did ;

She blind-folded his eyes, when he went, when  
he came ;

And the coffin his tailoring hid.



# Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves.—Continued.

To return to the robbers : they very well knew  
That no safety for them could remain  
So long as one person possessed the right clue  
To enter their secret domain.

Now two of the men, first one then a second,  
Found out by Mustapha's assistance  
Ali's house, and successively marked it, and  
reckoned

To know it again at a distance.

But that clever and wide-awake girl, Morgiana,  
Saw the mark on the wall and she hasted  
To adorn the whole street in the very same  
manner ;

So the robbers' exertions were wasted.

Then they cut off their heads to encourage the  
rest :

And the Captain himself the next day,  
With Mustapha the cobbler's good help, did his  
best

To find and remember the way.

"Now my merry men, all, our danger is great,"  
Said the Captain when home he returned :

"Nineteen mules you must buy, and jars thirty-  
eight,

And I'll show you how safety is earned.

"With fine olive oil one jar must be filled,  
While the rest a brave man will each hold,  
And I, who am best in hypocrisy skilled,  
Will gain entrance to Ali's household."

In the picture the Captain's received at the door :

Ali Baba believes the rich stranger  
To be an oil merchant transporting his store ;  
Thus the thieves all get in without danger.

While waiting for dinner the Captain went out  
To the jars and thus said to each man,—

"When you hear me at midnight throw gravel  
about

Then jump up as fast as you can."

Morgiana, that evening, some hot broth was  
skimming

For Ali's repast on the morrow,  
When she happened to see that the lamp wanted  
trimming,

And thought the guest's oil she might borrow  
From one of the jars that all stood in the court,  
Whose quality much she suspected ;

Though she really never imagined the sort  
Of a plot she now quickly detected.

But when stooping to take off a lid for the oil  
She heard "Is it time?" softly said :  
She thought to herself, "Here's a thief I'll par-  
boil,"

And, "Not yet," was the answer she made.

The one jar of oil she put in her kettle  
And made it as hot as could be.

She said, "My good friends, I think I can settle  
Our little account." We shall see.

She poured the hot oil on each robber's bare  
pate,

Many minutes they did not survive :  
In the garden she buried these men reprobate,  
And the Captain, alone, 'scaped alive.

But without his brave men his employment was  
gone,

He could not exist all alone,  
So a very good scheme he at last hit upon—  
A pawnbroker's shop he would own.

He opened his shop as Cogia Houssain ;  
Ali's son his acquaintance soon made :  
This was the object he meant to attain,  
For a very deep plot he had laid.

Ali's son begged his father his new friend to ask,  
Cogia Houssain, the broker, to dinner :  
That gentleman, bracing himself to the task,  
Thought, at length, he would turn out the  
winner.

But again Morgiana his deep plot outwitted,  
For she guessed who he was in a trice,  
And, after the dinner, in quietly flitted  
And danced till they all cried, "How nice!"

With a silver-gilt dagger she gracefully played,  
Now pointing behind, now before ;  
Then, suddenly turning, she skilfully laid  
Cogia Houssain stone dead on the floor.

Astonished all stand, and horrified stare.

Morgiana explains what you know,—  
That the robber intended to murder them there,  
And his dagger concealed she can show.

Ali Baba with gratitude tender and deep,  
Exclaimed, "Morgiana, you're free !  
You a slave and a servant no longer I keep,  
My daughter-in-law you shall be."













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OR  
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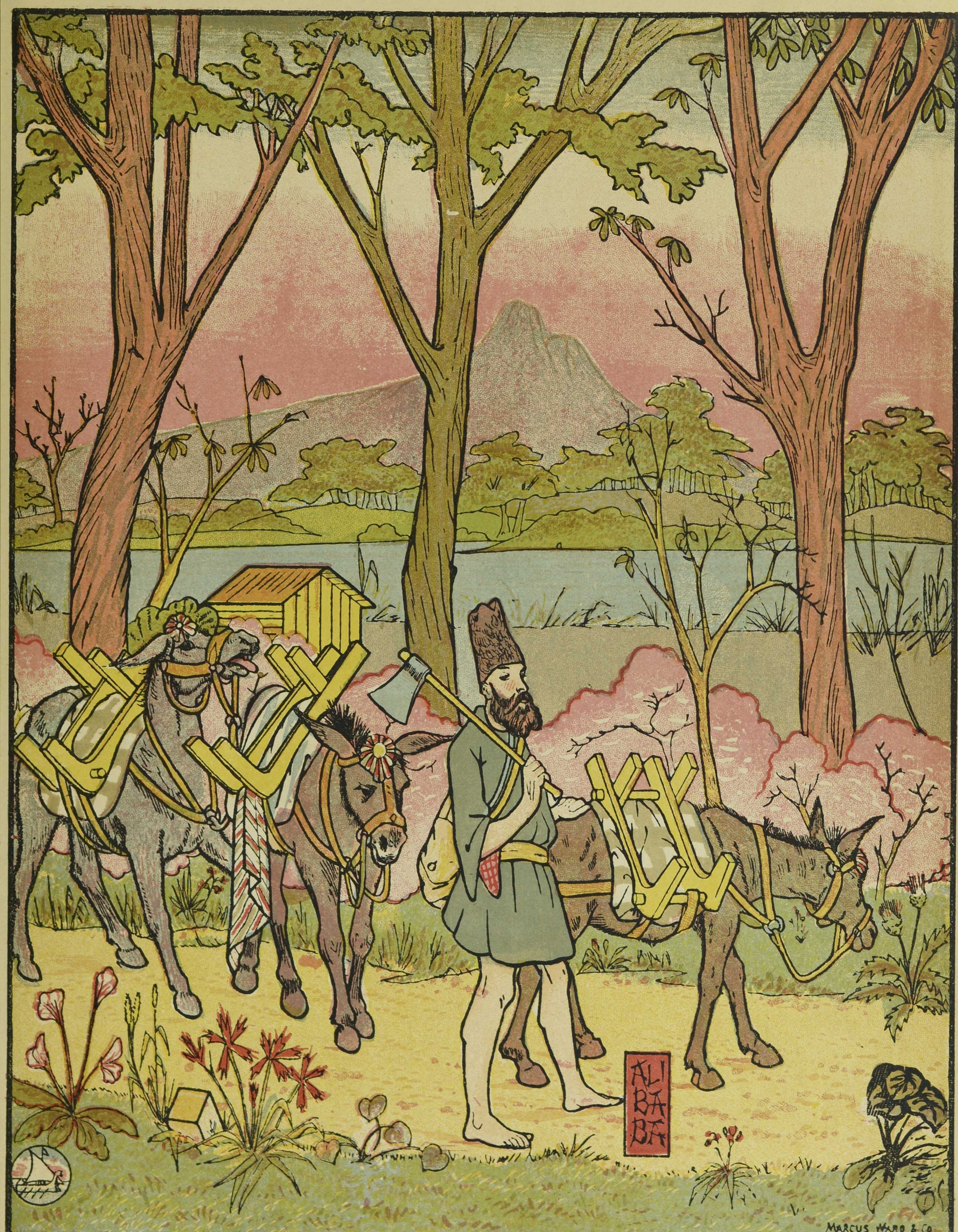


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• ALI BABA WITH HIS THREE ASSES GOES TO CUT FIREWOOD •













ALI·BABA·TERRIFIED·AT·THE·APPROACH·OF·THE·ROBBE





S·CLIMBS·A·TREE·AND·LEARNS·THE·SECRET·OF·THE·CAVE





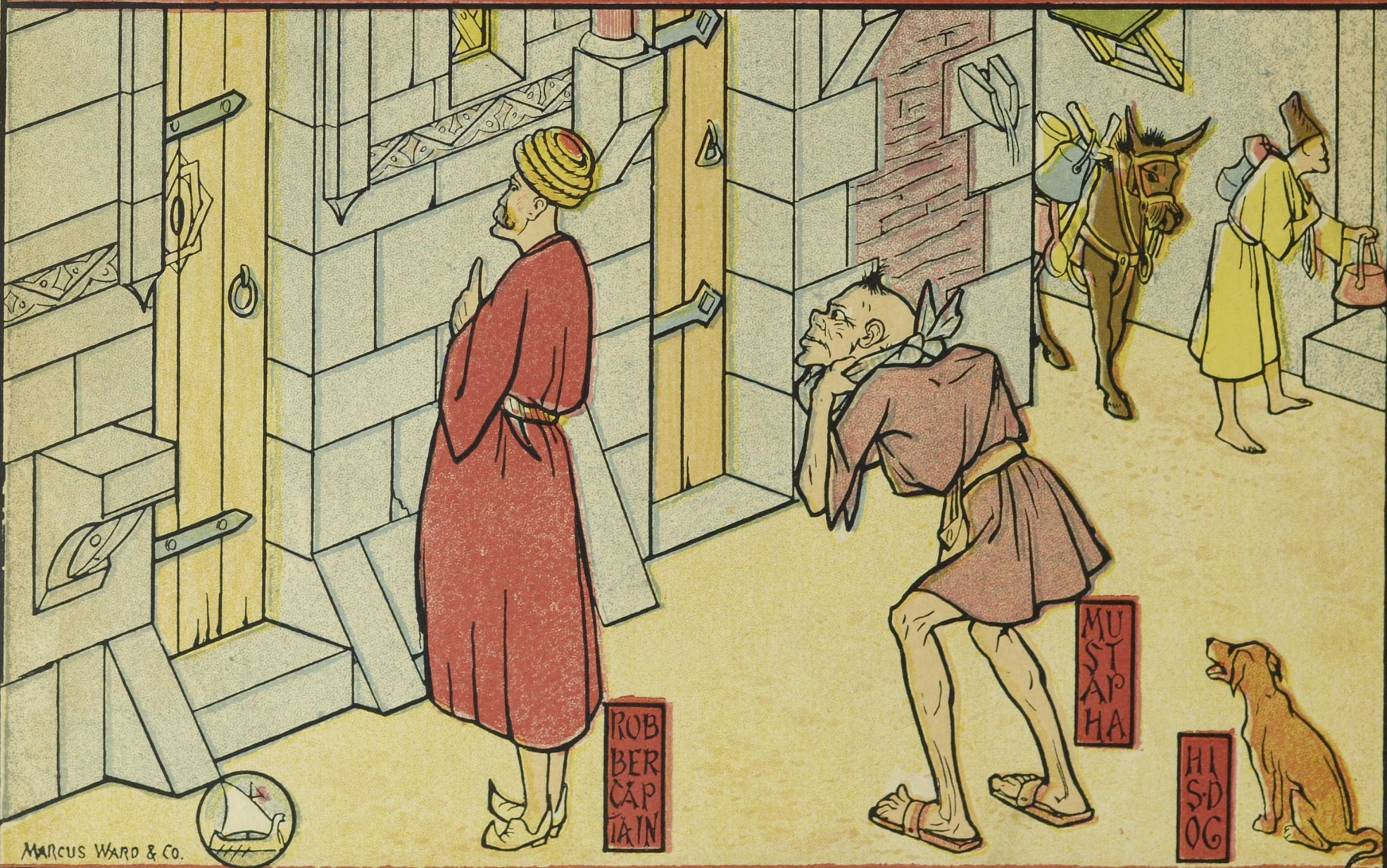








MORGIANA LEADING MUSTAPHA BLINDFOLDED THROUGH THE STREETS



MUSTAPHA GUIDES THE CAPTAIN OF THE ROBBERIES TO ALI BABAS HOUSE





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ALI·BABA·HOSPITABLY·RECEIVES·THE·SHAM·OIL·MERCHANT·













THE SLAVE MORGIANA DANCES BEFORE ALI BABA AND HIS GUEST





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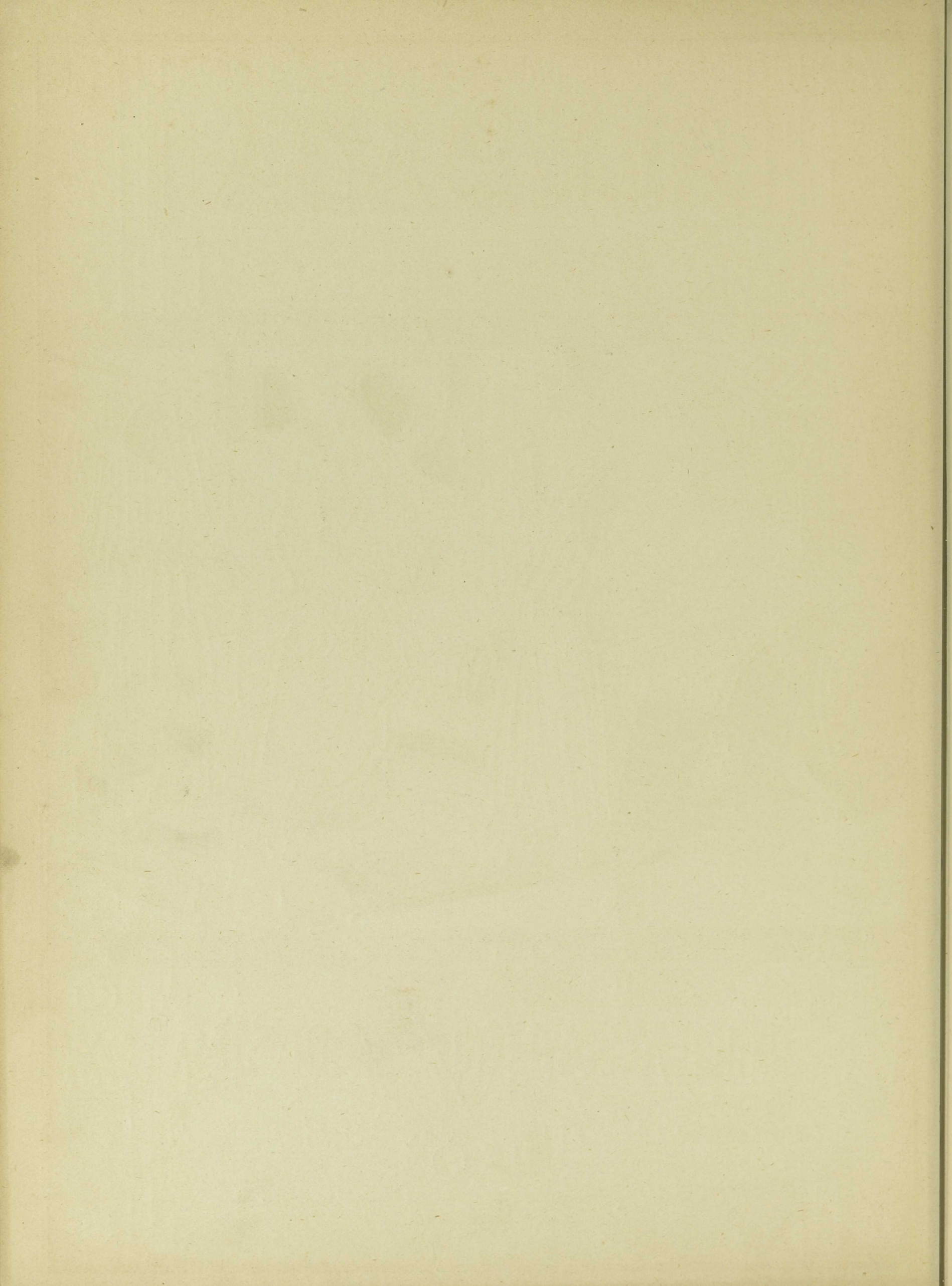
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OR  
THE FORTY THIEVES













# Marcus Ward's New Version of Sindbad the Sailor.

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## INTRODUCTION.

A porter of Bagdad, tired and footsore,  
Sat down in the shade of a wall.  
The summer air perfumes and pleasant sounds  
bore

From a palace, both splendid and tall.

"Pray, who lives in that house?" asked the  
weary Hindbad

Of a slave who just then passed him by:

He answered, "The richest of merchants, Sind-  
His magnificence none can outvie." [bad :  
Hindbad clasped his hands, and his eyes raised  
to heaven,

Said, "Oh, tell me, ye powers of the air,  
Why have I to work every day of the seven  
While this man has more than his share?"

A servant came out, as poor Hindbad thus sate,  
From the mansion, and asked him to enter :  
Within was a party all sitting in state,  
And Sindbad himself in the centre.

"I heard you lamenting," he said, "your hard  
And saying I've more than my share; [life,  
If you listen I'll tell you what very hard strife  
Has earned me enough and to spare :—

## SINDBAD'S FIRST VOYAGE.

"My father had left me a handsome estate,  
But my tastes they were handsomer still :  
I had soon spent my fortune and found, when  
too late,

I must work to replenish the till.

"With merchandise fitted for foreign consumption  
I started to trade in far lands :  
And, at first, my success was without interruption,  
And a fortune seemed made to my hands.

"But one day, when becalmed in the midst of the  
ocean,

We saw what we took for an island,  
And landed to pic-nic, when, judge our emotion !  
We found 'twas a fish and not dry land.

"Such flapping and floundering never was known !  
We all tried to get back to the vessel,  
And the others succeeded, but I was alone  
Left behind with the salt waves to wrestle.

"I saw in the distance some land and swam to it :  
And, after two days, to the shore  
Saw a ship sailing in and immediately knew it  
Was the same I had been in before.

"My goods were on board safe and sound : and  
so home

We voyaged : good fortune I'd had :  
So I rested a year, till a longing to roam  
Came again and I sailed from Bagdad.

## THE SECOND VOYAGE.

"On an island we landed one day, and, inclined  
For a sleep, I lay down : when I woke  
The ship had departed and left me behind  
By myself, where were no other folk.

"I explored, when I'd somewhat recovered my  
The desolate isle, when I found, [shock,  
To my joy, in the centre, the egg of a roc,  
And lay down in its shade on the ground.

"The air suddenly darkened ;—the great roc  
And sat for a while on her egg : [descended,  
I approached her in trembling, my turban un-  
banded,  
And tied myself tight to her leg.

"Then the roc flew away, carried me in her  
flight  
To a valley with diamonds strewn,  
I unloosed myself quickly, and gathered, in spite  
Of my terror, a pocketful soon.

"Now some merchants had come to a precipice  
near  
Where the eagles had nests on the top,  
And to tempt them, and hoping some stones  
would adhere,  
Great pieces of raw meat let drop.

"I chose a large beef-steak and tied it on tight,  
When an eagle came down from his nest,  
He took me and soon bore me up to the height  
With my diamonds safe bound round my  
waist.

"The merchants then frightened the eagle away ;  
With wonder they heard my strange tale :  
I shared my good fortune with them ; and next  
day  
For home with my wealth I set sail.

## THE THIRD VOYAGE.

"Of my third voyage many long yarns could I  
spin ;  
But the strangest event that befel—  
Was the wreck of our ship on a coast where  
within  
A dark cavern a monster did dwell.



# Sindbad the Sailor.—Continued.

“He had but one eye in the midst of his head,  
And he ate one of us at a meal;  
But we put out his eye as he slept on his bed  
With a red-heated poker of steel.

“Then we all ran away to the shore of the sea,  
Where we’d ready two rafts on the stocks;  
But the monster called others as dreadful as he  
And drowned half our number with rocks.

## THE FOURTH VOYAGE.

“At my very next start I was shipwrecked again,  
And fell at the first among savages,  
Who ate all my crew, and were fattening me,  
when

I escaped with my life from their ravages.

“For eight days I wandered, exhausting my  
strength,

When I saw, some way off, a large city  
Of civilized people, and reached it at length,  
And the king on my fortunes took pity.

“He was kind: I stayed long, and he gave me a  
wife:

I loved her: alas! for she died,  
And I found by their law I must forfeit my life,  
And be laid in the tomb at her side.

“Of fear more than grief I experienced a spasm  
As I walked in my own funeral,  
And with horror looked into the dark dismal  
chasm

Where they put me, wife, coffins and all.

“Then the grave closed above me the dead were  
around,—

Decked in jewels and gold each one lay.  
A glimmer of light that scarce shone under-  
ground

I saw and pursued a long way,

“Till, at last, I emerged by the shore of the sea:  
Back again, all the horrors I braved,

To gather the jewels, then returned speedily,  
Hailed a ship sailing by, and was saved.

## THE FIFTH VOYAGE.

“The Old Man of the sea I encountered when I,  
Tired of rest, on my fifth voyage started:

I had lost my companions, and trudged wearily  
By the bank of a stream, broken-hearted,

“When I saw that Old Man sitting under a tree;  
In vain to the fruit he looked up,

We neither could reach it till he climbed on me:  
From my shoulders he picked it to sup.

“Then he gave me a little, but would not let go,  
Till, at last, I fell down with fatigue,  
And lay in a swoon, till he woke me, and so  
I carried him many a league.

“One day I squeezed grapes in a large calabash,  
I found it was wine some days later:  
I tasted it; he drank it all, fell down smash  
In a fit: thus I killed the old Satyr.

## THE SIXTH VOYAGE.

“In voyage the sixth I was shipwrecked once  
more:

On a mountainous coast we were cast;  
But though rubies and ambergris shone on the  
shore,

We were nearly all starved at the last.

“I constructed a raft by myself secretly,  
Where a stream disappeared underground;  
Reversing the rule, it ran in from the sea,  
And carried me through; when I found

“I was not very far from a city full pleasant,  
Serendib, its name; and there soon  
The king bought my jewels, and gave me a  
To take to our Caliph, Haroun. [present

## THE SEVENTH AND LAST VOYAGE.

“The Caliph, Haroun, sent me back, in return,  
To the king with robes, cloth of gold;  
And on my way home, to my no small concern,  
I was captured by slavers and sold.

“The merchant who bought me, because I could  
shoot,

Took me out with my arrows and bow,  
And desired me to climb up a tree by whose  
root,

In the night, many elephants go.

“Then he left me: the elephants came: I shot  
one:

When the others uprooted my tree,  
But the king of them all, with his trunk, set me on  
His broad back, and away he bore me.

“He carried me gently, at last set me down  
Where the elephants bury their dead:

I gathered much ivory, went to the town,  
And my master, with gratitude said,—

“‘You shall have a large share and your freedom  
at least.’

With a cargo I came to Bagdad.—”

Thus Sindbad concluded, and ordered a feast  
Should be given each day to Hindbad.













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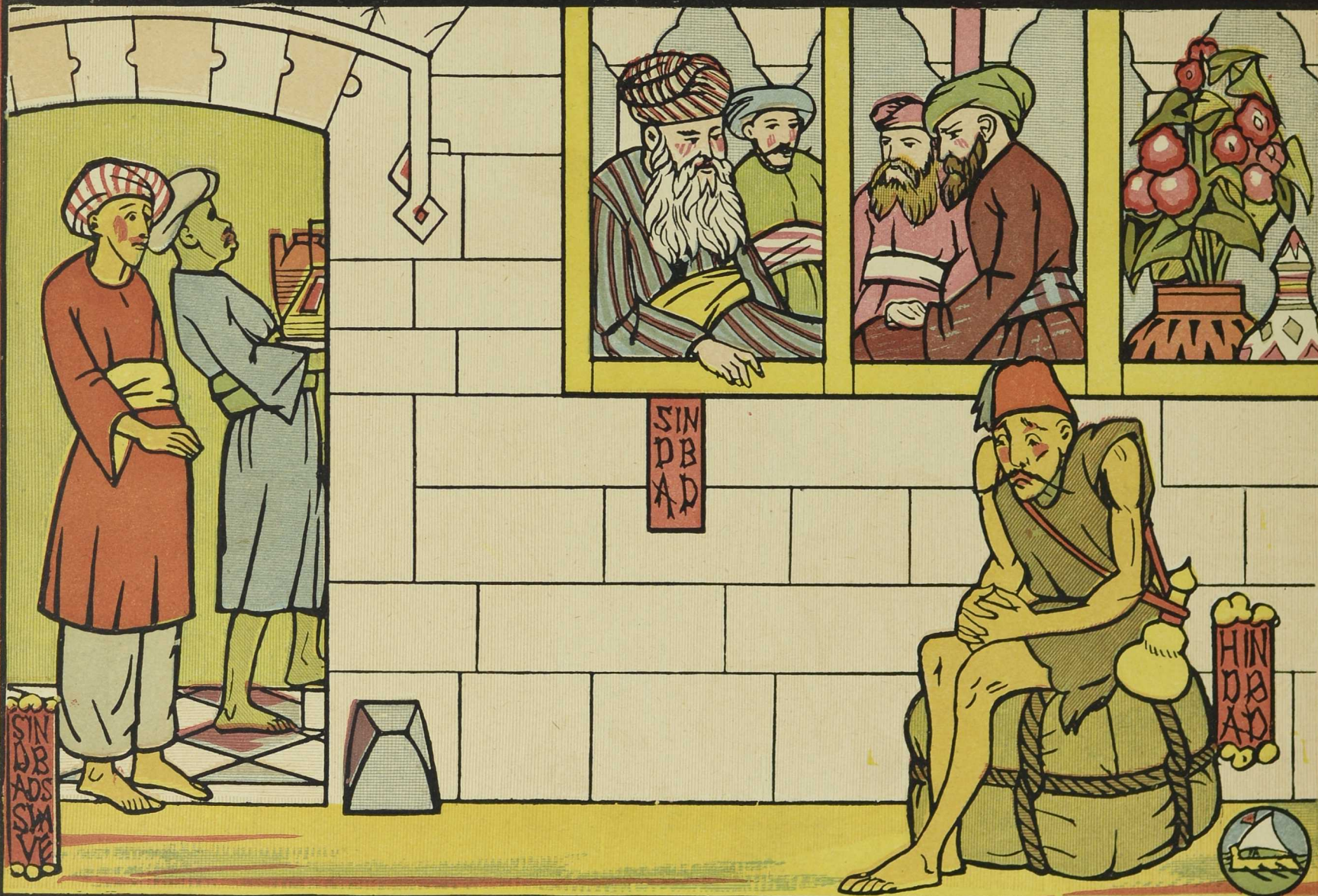
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SINDBAD  
OR  
SEVEN STRANGE VOYAGES





VOYAGE I.



SINDBAD·MISTAKES·A·SEA·MONSTER·FOR·AN·ISLAND.













THE  
EAGLE

SIN  
D  
BAD



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VOYAGE. 3.

THE MONSTER



SIN DBS COM PANI ONS

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THE ONE-EYED-MONSTER SLEEPS AFTER SUPPER.

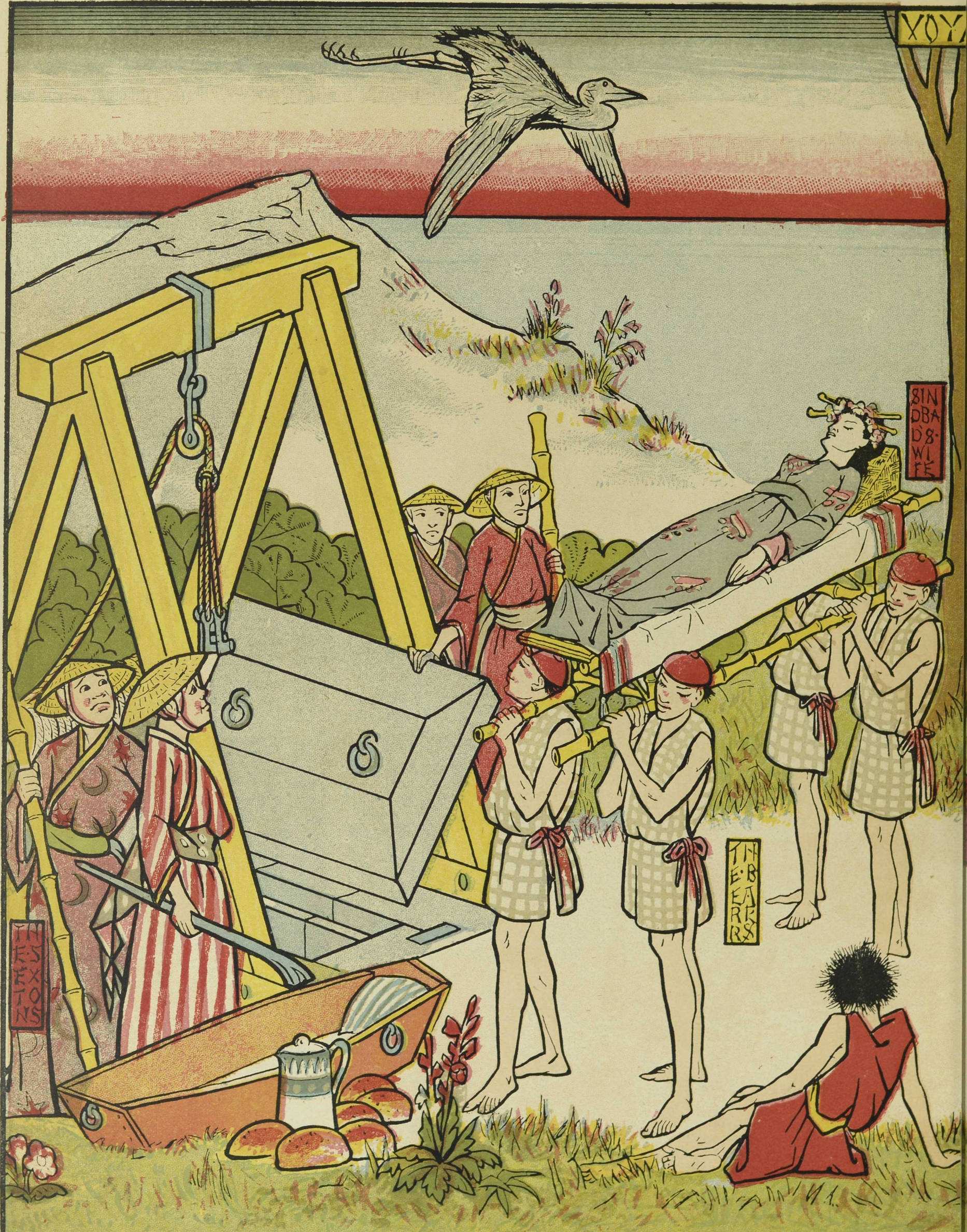












SINDBAD·FOLLOWS·HIS·WIFE·TO·THE·GRAVE·AND·IS·BUR





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ED·ALIVE·WITH·HER·THE·KING·ATTENDING·IN·STATE·













VOYAGE 5.



SINDBAD & THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA. SINDBAD GETS RID OF THE OLD MAN.



VOYAGE 6.

SINDBAD MAKES A RAFT TO EXPLORE THE MYSTERIOUS RIVER.





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MARCUS WARD'S JAPANESE PICTURE-STORIES

# SIND BAD

OR

## SEVEN STRANGE VOYAGES



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