

## JOODAR OF CAIRO, AND MAHMOOD OF TUNIS.

Sultan Zaher Bybars was loved and honoured throughout all Kgypt for his justice and other good qualities, and especially for the solicitude which he exhibited for the prosperity of all his subjects, whether rich or poor, noble or insignificant. He appointed a police-inspector to watch over Cairo, who surpassed all his contemporaries in craftiness and ability. He rested neither night nor day, but watched over the peace and safety of the city without intermission; and permitted no good deed to remain unrewarded, nor any crime to escape punishment.

One day, when he was with the Sultan, who was sitting on his throne, and surrounded by the greatest dignitaries of the state, five old men with beards as white as snow entered the divan, and requested an audience.

“Who has wronged you?” asked the police-inspector.

They kissed the ground before him, and one of them replied: “Know, O my master, that we have a strange complaint to make, which compels us to appear in a court of justice for the first time in our lives. We are five brothers, and live together in one house near the Lake of Elephants. We lived formerly in great prosperity, but our property dwindled away little by little, till we became very poor. One evening, when we had just eaten the last scrap, and had come to the sad resolution that we must go and beg on the morrow, a young man rode up to our door, on a mule. He dismounted, gave the mule to his servant to hold, and came to speak to us. He wore a green robe, red silken trousers, and a turban such as they wear in Yemen. After friendly greeting and salutations, we asked if we could be of any service to him.

“I am your neighbour,’ he answered; ‘I live on the other side of the Lake of Elephants, and wish to be your guest this evening.’

“We replied that he was very welcome, but that we had nothing to offer him this evening, and would therefore wish him to defer his visit till to-morrow.

“At this he smiled and said: ‘By Allah, you must be my guests to-night, and come home with me.’

“We put our trust in God and went with him, though he was a stranger to us. He stopped in front of a handsome house and knocked gently at the door, which was immediately opened, when he bade us enter in God’s name. He led us into a hall which was furnished with the richest divans and carpets, and said: ‘Consider this house as your own, and myself as your servant.’ We kissed his hands and feet, and answered: ‘We are ready to accomplish all your wishes, and you have only to command us.’ He then went to a closed door on the right of the hall and called, upon which it opened, and an Indian slave-girl appeared, with black Babylonian eyes, beautifully arched eyebrows, cheeks like roses, lips like coral, and teeth like pearls. As the poet says, ‘If an idolater saw her, he would

abandon his idols and worship her only, and the monk who saw her in the west would forget to pray towards the east and follow her.'

"This beautiful girl said sweetly to the young man: 'What does my lord desire?'

"And he answered: 'These men are my guests; bring them something to eat.'

"The slave-girl disappeared, and soon came back with fowls, rice, and confectionery, and invited us to eat.

"When we had eaten enough and had thanked God, the maiden brought us a gold basin and a silver jug, filled with rose-water; and after we had washed, she brought a bundle containing five robes for us to put on. The young man then invited us to sit on the divans, but they were of such costly material and so richly ornamented, that we said: 'Such divans are for kings, and are not suitable for poor people like us.'

"But the young man only gave us a friendly look, and said: 'Sit down, and do not waste so many words.' He then went to another door and called, upon which a Greek slave-girl, looking as if she had just come from Paradise, entered from an adjoining room. Her beauty was indescribable, but we especially noticed her slender figure, and her proud and yet graceful carriage. When she stood before the youth she said: 'My lord, we have not enjoyed much of your company to-day; where have you tarried so long?'

"My guests have taken up much of my time,' he replied; 'bring them something to drink.'

"She then retired, but returned immediately, accompanied by two slave-girls carrying golden cans, silver goblets, crystal glasses, and Chinese cups.

"The Greek filled the goblets with wine, the glasses with all sorts of odoriferous flowers, and the cups with the choicest dried fruits. We were so amazed at all this luxury that we bit our fingers and thought, 'Are we asleep or awake?' Then the young man went to another door and called, when a maiden appeared resembling a moon; with a shining forehead, delicately tinted cheeks, a glance more piercing than the sharpest sword, and a form as slender as a willow. She was adorned like a bride, and held an Indian lute in her hand.

"What does my lord desire?' she asked.

"Sit down and play something to my guests,' he answered.

"Then she began to sing and play so that the whole house shook. After this the youth called four other maidens, each of whom brought a different musical instrument, and we passed the night with wine, music, and singing, such as we had never enjoyed in our lives before. But what was still more extra ordinary, when we were about to take our leave, the young man presented us with a golden and a silver dish, filled with the choicest provisions and fruit for our family, and he gave us another invitation for the following evening. We kissed his hands and feet, thanked him for his sumptuous entertainment, and promised to come again. On the following evening we carried the dishes with us under our cloaks, and went back to the rich young man's house. He gave us as friendly a reception as on the

first day, and entertained us again in the same manner. This went on for fifty-eight days, which we shall never forget, for he always entertained us with still more costly provisions, better wines, and the voices of yet more beautiful maidens, whose ornaments were worth more than all the revenues of Egypt. The young man made such a display of wealth before us that at last we became suspicious, and thought no one but a thief or a magician could possess such riches. Therefore, noble Emir, we come to call your attention to this young man's extravagance."

The police-inspector asked them to show him the house, and on the following day he stationed a hundred soldiers round it, while he himself and an officer entered and requested the young man to accompany him to the presence of the Sultan.

"Willingly," replied he; and he locked up his house, put the key in his pocket, and went with the police-inspector.

On the way the latter said: "If you will tell me your history, and how you became possessed of such vast wealth, I will stand your friend with the Sultan."

"I thank you for your friendly intentions," returned the young man, "but I would rather relate the whole history of my life to the Sultan himself."

When they arrived in the Sultan's presence he commenced his story as follows:-

Know, O mighty Sultan, that when my father was sixty-five years of age he was attacked with a dangerous illness, and said to my mother: "O mother of Joodar" (for I was his only child), "know that my death is near (praise to Him who alone lives for ever!), and I quit this transitory world to pass to a better and everlasting home. I thank God who has kept me strong and well until now, and has always enabled me to provide for you and for my son Joodar. Unfortunately I have not been able to save much, but I have saved one hundred and ten golden dinars. Give the hundred dinars to my son, and use the ten for the necessary funeral expenses. Let my son employ the hundred dinars in some business, lest he should become poor, for he who has no money is despised in Egypt. But if Joodar should become poor, let him become a fisherman, for this will bring him good luck. He will find a fishing net in a box in the cupboard." My father died three days afterwards, and we mourned for him and buried him, and my mother fulfilled all his instructions. But as soon as I received the hundred dinars I spent one day at Boolak, and another on the island of Rhoda among the sailors. I did no work, and passed my time in feasting and idleness, notwithstanding the warnings of my mother, until at the end of three months I had nothing left. Then I went to my mother and complained of my poverty and distress. She replied: "How is it that you would always keep bad company, notwithstanding all my warnings?"

"No one can avoid what is decreed for him," said I; "what has happened, has happened; but now give me some money to buy something to eat."

"I am as poor as yourself," said my mother; "I have not enough to buy a morsel of bread, or even a mustard-seed, and I have nothing whatever in the house, so you must obey your father's wishes, and become a fisherman."

I opened the box which my father had left for me, and took out the net, saying, "We proceed from God, and to Him do we return."

I took leave of my mother, went to Old Cairo, got into a boat, and pushed off, trusting in the protection of God. I cast the net several times, but it always came up empty, although I tried several places which were seldom without fish. I was much distressed on account of my poor mother, and nearly cried my eyes out of my head. I then folded up my net, and endeavoured to sell or exchange it among the fishermen; but no one would give me anything for it. But as I could not make up my mind to beg, I went to the little Lake of Karoon, which is some times very shallow. But this time I found it full of water to the very edge, and it boiled and foamed like the water in a boiling kettle. I thought I might be more fortunate here than in the Nile, and cast my net again. But when I drew it up it was filled with nothing but stones and rubbish. I cleaned it with much difficulty, and cast it again, but I found nothing in it at all. I then thought that I would try my luck just once more, and if nothing came up this time, I would give up fishing altogether. But when I drew up the net for the third time, I brought up a fish which weighed three pounds. I then folded up the net, took the fish to my mother, and told her that I had met with no success in the Nile, but had found unexpected good luck at the Lake of Karoon.

"So is it, my son," said she, "that God provides for men in the vicissitudes of life; but a very wise man has said: 'O man, when your future looms before you, cease vain efforts, for you will attain nothing but what is decreed. Wealth and happiness often fall to the lot of him who does not seek them, while they fly from him who pursues them.' Thus you see that no one should lose courage, for God never forgets any one."

My mother then cleaned and cooked the fish, and we ate with much appetite, and thanked God. On the following morning I took my net on my shoulder, and was about to go to Boolak, but my mother said:—

"You had better go to the Lake of Karoon again, and if you should catch only one fish, it will be enough, till God helps us in some other way, or decrees our death."

I followed my mother's advice, and went to the Lake of Karoon, and cast my net. When I drew it up, it was again full of stones, bones, and broken crockery. I then thought, "What an evil fate pursues me; I think that if I wanted to drink the water of the lake, it would turn to fire; if I rejoiced in the course of the sun, the sun would stand still; and if I wanted to sail down the river, the river would flow back to its source."

I sat down in despair on the banks of the lake, resting my cheek on my hand, when a Moor rode up to me, mounted on a mule. The mule glided along like a sparrow; and although its legs were as thick as the pillars of a temple, it seemed to float in the air like a bird. The Moor was very fashionably dressed, and looked like an Emir. He dismounted, and saluted me, saying:—

"Peace be to my lord the pilgrim!"

I answered: "May the peace, blessing, and mercy of God rest on you also!"

He then asked: "Why do you look so sad? Have you lost a friend? Or have you received news of the sinking of one of your ships?"

"Neither, my lord the pilgrim," answered I.

He then asked: "Are you not Joodar, the son of the fisherman Omar, of Cairo?"

I looked at him in astonishment, and answered: "Yes."

He then asked again why I seemed so sorrowful. I lamented over the poverty of myself and my mother, and the ill success that seemed to attend my fishing. When the Moor heard my story, he laughed, and took from his saddle-bag a silken cord, which had been steeped in camel's milk for three days, and appeared to be very strong, and said: "Listen to me, Joodar; your poverty will soon come to an end. Bind me with this cord, and throw me into the lake, then spread your net over me, and throw in a handful of wheat to attract the fish. If my head comes out of the water first, you will know that I am dead; then bury me on the banks of the lake, and take my mule to the bazaar, but beware of mounting its back, or you are lost. On entering the bazaar you will notice an elevation on your left, where a Jew is sitting in his shop. He has the largest moustaches of any man in the whole bazaar. Go up to him, and lay your hand on his head, when he will immediately rise up, take the mule from you, and give you a golden dinar, and when you have received it, you may leave him. If on the other hand, I should come out of the lake alive, you will be richly rewarded."

When the Moor had spoken thus, he turned round, holding his hands behind his back, so that I could see that he was not joking, but really wished me to bind him. I did as he directed, and threw him into the lake at the place he indicated to me.

In a short time the Moor's head emerged from the lake, but his teeth were clenched, and his eyes were dim. I pulled him out of the water, and buried him on the bank. I then rose up, took my net on my back, and the reins of the mule in my hand, and led the animal to the Jew, who gave me a dinar for it. I was much pleased, and went to my mother, showed her the money, and told her how I had obtained it. She listened with astonishment, and pitied the Moor, who had been the cause of his own death.

On the following morning I went again to the Lake of Karoon, and cast the net twice without catching anything. I was just about to cast it for the third time, when another Moor appeared, as richly dressed as the first. His mule had a covering of green silk over the saddle, a golden bit in the mouth, and a chain round the neck, in which the most costly jewels sparkled. I started when I saw him, thinking he would revenge his brother's death upon me; but he only saluted me, and asked:-

"Are you Joodar, the son of Omar, the fisher man?"

"God forbid, my lord the pilgrim," answered I. "I am not Joodar, and know nothing about him."

I had scarcely spoken when he dismounted from his mule, and seized me by the throat, so that I thought he would strangle me; his face was red, his eyes shot fire, and his lips were as black as coal.

“If you do not tell me the truth,” cried he, “you are a dead man!”

I cried out: “Mercy, my lord the pilgrim: I am Joodar, the son of Omar, the fisherman of Cairo.”

“Why then, wretched man,” he exclaimed, “did you deny your name and place of abode? By Allah, if you had refused a moment longer to speak the truth, you would have been dead already! But now tell me if there was not a Moor here yesterday, who ordered you to bind him and cast him into the lake?”

“It is true, my lord the pilgrim,” I replied, “but I am not guilty of his death, for he would have killed me, if I had refused to do his will.”

When the Moor heard this, he laughed, opened his saddlebags, took out a cord which he gave me, and said: “Do with me as you did with my brother, and if I should die, take the mule to the Jew, who will give you another dinar for it.”

I thought that the Moors must be crazy, but I was obliged to obey this man’s commands. I tied his hands and feet, and threw him into the water; but when his head came up, I saw that he was dead too, so I threw my net over him, drew him to shore, and buried him. Then I took the mule to the Jew, who gave me another dinar, and I returned to my mother.

On the third day I wanted to go to the Nile, but my steps turned very unwillingly back to the Lake of Karoon. I cast my net three times in the water, and drew it up empty every time. I folded it up, and was about to go away, when a third Moor rode up to me on a mule, gave me a friendly salutation, and asked if I was not Joodar the fisherman? When I said Yes, he asked if his two brothers had not both been drowned in the lake? I began to tremble, and turned pale, not knowing what to say; but when he saw my confusion, he said: “You have nothing to fear from me, if you do not try to conceal the truth.”

When I had related to the Moor all that had happened, he laughed, and said: “By Him who created day and night, air and water, and who raises the dead, and slays the living, if you had drawn my two brothers out of the water alive, your head should fly from your shoulders!” He then felt in his saddlebags, took out a red silken cord, and continued: “Bind my hands and feet, and treat me as you did my brothers; but if I should also find my death in the lake, take great care not to bring my mule to the Jew, or you will perish, without any one knowing of your death. You must take it home with you instead, and after nightfall some one will knock at the door, and say: ‘Joodar, give me the mule of Mahmood the Moor.’ Give him the mule, and he will give you a purse of a thousand dinars for it. Live happily afterwards, and do not reproach yourself for the death of myself and my brothers.” I thought to myself, “He is the best of the three brothers, but just as crazy as the others.” I then took the cord in my hand, bound the Moor, and threw him into the lake; but behold, he did not put his head out like his brothers, but his hands. He held a red fish in one hand, and a black one in the other; and he cried out:

“Joodar, your drum has beaten, and your star of good luck is in the ascendant, for I have been successful.” I drew him quickly on shore with the net, and he ran to the mule, and took a box of red coral from his saddle bags, in which he put the red fish, and then a black box in which he put the black fish; but the two fishes were scarcely in the boxes when one dissolved to a red and the other to a black liquid.

“We are now fast friends,” said he, after putting the boxes back in his saddlebags. “Here are a hundred dinars for your mother; take them to her quickly, and then come back here.” When I returned to the lake some hours afterwards, the Moor mounted his mule, and told me to mount behind him, and the mule flew like a bird to the Mokattam mountains. When we arrived, the Moor said: “Know, Joodar, that I cannot attain my object without your assistance, so you must not leave me, and I promise you riches and honour.” When I promised to remain with him as long as he needed me, he tied up his mule, spread a cloth on the ground, and reached some provisions from his saddlebags. When we had eaten, I asked him to give me some explanations respecting the death of his two brothers, and about the two wonderful fish which he had caught. He then said:

Know, Joodar, that my name is Mahmood; I come from Tunis, where I had a master who taught me the profoundest secrets of magic. When he had attained the age of three hundred years, he presented me with a book, to which a thousand genii are subject, and said to me: “Take great care of this book, for kings, priests, and magicians have envied me its possession, because a man can accomplish all his desires with its aid. If you want anything you have only to call out, ‘Winged Sanja!’ and a genius will appear to you who will bring you whatever you want, even if it were in the seventh ocean beyond Mount Kaf.” I was delighted to receive such a valuable present, and showed it to my brothers, the two men who were drowned in the lake. But they envied me, and plotted together to rob me of it. One day when I wished to test the virtues of the book in the presence of my brothers, I cried out: “Winged Sanja!” Immediately a smoke rose from the book towards heaven, which presently condensed itself into a vast human figure, with three wings, one on each side, and one in the middle of the back. This extraordinary being cried out: “Here am I; what does my master desire?”

I answered: “I wish to make a little excursion with my brothers to the Coral Mountain; bring us there quickly.”

“Certainly,” said he. He then spread out his three wings, took me on the wing on his back, and my two brothers on his side-wings, and after a swift flight through the air, he placed us on the Coral Mountain. When we arrived, I asked Sanja what lay beyond it?

“My lord,” answered he, “beyond this mountain lies the Valley of Gazelles, and the island of King Numan, the Amalekite, the shores of which are washed by the waves of the ocean.”

“Bring us to this valley,” said I, and mounted on his back once more, while

my two brothers mounted on his side-wings. Sanja waved his wings, and carried us to the valley, where the soil was as white as the whitest cotton, and diffused an odour of the purest musk. A brook meandered through the valley, the water of which was cooler than snow and sweeter than honey; and lilies, camellias, narcissus, and jasmine were blooming on the banks. We walked along the banks of the stream until we reached a gigantic walnut-tree, so large that a hundred horsemen might have rested in its shade. Sanja then said: "If you climb this tree, you can see the charming island of King Numan." We were glad to have an opportunity of viewing this famous island, and climbed into the tree, till the island lay spread beneath us in its whole length and breadth with all its towers and villages, mountains and valleys, woods and gardens. When we had looked about us on all sides, and were about to descend, we saw a red fish as large as a camel, swim into the brook which emptied itself into the sea not far from us. The fish then came ashore, and assumed the form of a beautiful maiden. She had Babylonian eyes and arched eyebrows; her forehead shone like the moon; her cheeks were like roses, and her lips like coral, and her hair, darker than night and finer than silk, hung down to the ground. We were so charmed with her appearance that we nearly fell from the tree.

The maiden had scarcely reached the shore, when she called, and lo, a green fish swam up the brook, came ashore near her and threw aside the fish-skin, when another maiden appeared, of such surpassing beauty that we forgot to look at the first.

"Dear sister," said the former, "my heart is so heavy to-day that I would like to amuse myself a little with my companions in this beautiful valley." She then called again, and a yellow fish swam towards them, and became a maiden still more beautiful than the first two; the moon would hide her face before her, and the sun would seem like one of her attendants. Whoever saw her would have taken her for the sister of the pious and handsome Joseph. Thus the maidens continued to call till fourteen were assembled, and each seemed more beautiful than all her predecessors. I was so charmed with them that I called Sanja, and ordered him to carry them away to Tunis.

"I obey," he answered, and vanished; but he soon returned, pale and trembling like a reed in the tempest, and said: "Know, my master, that neither I nor any of my companions have been able to approach these maidens; for, as often as we drew near, pillars of fire shot up before us, which threatened to consume us; and we only escaped with difficulty."

We now sat in the tree, watching the maidens amusing themselves in the valley till they were tired, when they resumed their fish robes and swam back to their own island. When they had thus disappeared from our eyes, I called Sanja and ordered him to carry me to Tunis. But he was so exhausted by his struggle with the genii who guarded the maidens that he begged for a short rest. Upon this my brethren said: "Let us sleep a little while under the tree till Sanja is able to travel." They then lay down under the tree, and pretended to fall asleep. When I



saw this I thought that I might sleep a little too, without any danger of losing my book. But as soon as I fell asleep, my brothers stood up, summoned two genii, and commanded them to rob me of the book, which was enclosed in a case of red silk and hung round my neck by a golden chain.

The two genii took the chain from my neck, and carried my brothers to Tunis, but then vanished with the book, so that my brothers cried out: "Woe to us! we have gained nothing by our treachery to our brother, and no genius will bring him back to his home again. There is no strength nor power but in Almighty God!"

This is how it fared with my brothers; but as for myself I slept for some time, and when I awoke I felt for my book and found it gone. I called Sanja three times, but he did not answer. As I saw nothing of my brothers, I concluded that it was they who had stolen my book, and I cried out: "We are from God, and to Him do we return. What God wills comes to pass, and what our Lord decrees not, that does not take place." Then I thought: "If they had only stolen my book in Tunis, I should at least have been in my own home, but what can I do now in this foreign country?" Never theless I rose up and went along the brook, trusting in the One God, till I reached a lofty black mountain where the brook had its source.

I walked along the foot of the mountain for three days, but found it everywhere so steep that I could not attempt to ascend it. On the fourth day I discovered a narrow path which led up the mountain, and I resolved to follow it, for I thought: "If no one lived on this mountain, there would be no path here." I was not mistaken, for after climbing for a couple of hours I reached a large building surrounded by an iron wall in which was a gate of brass. I knocked gently, and immediately some one replied: "Welcome! You will attain your desire and put your enemies to shame." A coal-black slave then opened the door and asked me to enter, but he looked so frightful that I was afraid to follow him. When he saw that I distrusted him, he went back into the building, but soon came out again and said: "My lord, the owner of this castle sends me to tell you that if you are the Moor Mahmood from Tunis you are most welcome; but if you are some one else who needs his aid, he will be your friend." I replied that I was the Moor Mahmood, and followed the slave into the building. He led me into a richly decorated apartment, where an old man was sitting on a silken divan. His grey beard fell down to his feet; but notwithstanding his great age, he was still as vigorous as a lion, and his voice was as powerful as thunder. I kissed his hand and saluted him respectfully; he returned my salutation, and commanded the slave to bring me something to eat. When the slave had set a small table before me covered with the choicest viands, the old man said: "I know that you have eaten nothing for several days, so now help yourself."

While I was eating he continued: "I know your whole history without your telling it me. Your brothers have robbed you of your book, but you are thinking more of the beautiful maidens whom you saw in the Valley of the Gazelles than of the loss of your book. Know, Mahmood, that these maidens have been sought after by sultans and emperors, but hitherto they have refused all suitors, whether

men or genii, by the advice of the Dervish Ansarat, who is held in the highest esteem by their father, King Numan. Ansarat is a very famous physician and magician, who is accustomed to spend three days among the genii and three days at the court of King Numan. One day when he returned the king was awaiting him with anxiety, and told him that all his daughters were ill and needed his advice. After Ansarat had seen and prescribed for them, he came back and said cheerfully to King Numan: 'Your daughters will soon be well if they leave the island for a short time to enjoy a little sea air. I will arrange them a pleasant trip to the mainland.' He then left the king and sent for a fisherman, whom he asked to bring him the skins of fifteen large fishes. As soon as the fisherman brought them, he wrote holy names on the inside, which give them the property of swimming about in the sea in any direction desired by the wearer, like live fish. On the following day he gave one of these skins to each princess in the king's presence, but he gave the fifteenth to his son, Didakam, and ordered him to accompany the maidens to the Valley of the Gazelles. He then said to the king: 'Be of good courage, and have confidence in me; for if any evil should befall your daughters it would also fall upon my son, who is as dear to me as are your daughters to you.' 'Do what you think best,' answered the king. Ansarat then commanded his son to plunge into the sea with the princesses, and to swim to the Valley of the Gazelles, the air of which would soon restore them to health. 'They are safe from both men and genii,' he added, 'for the sacred names which I have written in the skins will protect them against all assailants, the waves of the sea will calm, the hills grow level, and the trees bow before them.' Didakam and the princesses then plunged into the sea, and they swam together like fish to the great walnut-tree in the Valley of the Gazelles. There they landed, and spent the whole day in the valley, and when they returned in the evening the king found them so strong and well that he immediately rewarded Ansarat and his son with robes of honour.

"Since that time, the princesses come every day to amuse themselves in the valley where you and your brothers saw them. But now dismiss them from your thoughts, and turn your attention to the recovery of your book, which you can only regain with the aid of your master at Tunis, to whom I will send you immediately. When you see him, salute him most respectfully from the Dervish Samuda, the master of the iron castle with the brazen gate. A genius is already waiting here from your master, who brought me a letter informing me of what had befallen you, and who is under orders to carry you back to Tunis. But beware of him, for he is a real demon; he can make himself as small as a man's arm, and as large as the highest date-tree; he flies like a bird, and his breath scorches the country over which he flies. If you fall from his back, you will melt like heated lead; so take good care of yourself."

He then called the genius, and helped me on his back. I took leave of the dervish, and the genius flew with me for some hours between heaven and earth, and set me down in Tunis at the door of my tutor, Abul Ajaib. As I set my feet on the ground, I heard my master say to his servants, "Go and welcome Mahmood

in my name, and bring him in.”

“King Nubian’s beautiful daughters nearly cost you your life,” said my master, laughing, as I entered, “but your brothers also returned unsuccessful from their excursion, for the genii tricked them as they wished to trick you. They have carried the book into the Eagle’s Cleft, which no one can reach except by passing through seven gates, beyond Mount Mokattam. They have enclosed it in a brazen coffer with the magic sword upon which the Dervish Sintbest has engraved talismans. This dervish was instructed in the magic art by one of the daughters of Satik, the master of all the enchanters; and with the aid of the magical words which he wrote upon the sword, he overcame the mightiest kings and the most numerous armies, and conquered so many countries and cities that none but God could count them. Genii as well as men dreaded this sword, for when he was angry with any one, he only needed to raise it against him, and a ray of light issued from it, which divided his adversary into two parts, and reduced him to ashes. If many assailed him at once, he had only to touch one with the sword, and all fell lifeless to the ground. But one day his instructress, the daughter of Satik, who had heard much of this magic sword, visited him, and said:

“Great king, permit me to see the sword which has wrought so many wonders that it is feared throughout the world.’

“I owe everything to you,’ answered Sintbest, ‘and can refuse you nothing,’ and handed her the sword.

“The daughter of Satik took it in her hand, and examined it on all sides. After some consideration, she said:

“Dear king, this sword which has cost you so much trouble and so many sleepless nights to complete, will fall one day into the hands of a man who will attain the pinnacle of honour and glory by its means. He will slay the most powerful kings of the genii with it, and will hew down the primeval tree of Bahram the Magian.’

“When Sintbest heard this, he enclosed his sword in an emerald casket, and ordered a genius to carry it to the Eagle’s Cleft, thinking that no man would ever be able to reach it. But Sintbest was mistaken, for I have read in my books of magic that the Eagle’s Cleft will be opened by you, with the help of a fisherman of Egypt, named Joodar, and that you will become the master of the sword and of the book. You will meet the fisherman Joodar on the banks of a small lake at Cairo, called the Lake of Karoon.”

My tutor then went into an inner room, and returned with a red and black box, and a silken cord. He then said:

“Go to Egypt to the Lake of Karoon, and cause Joodar to bind you and throw you into the lake. There you will see a man with a white beard, and a high turban on his head, holding a black fish in one hand, and a red one in the other. He will offer them to you, and you must take them from him, climb on shore, and put the red fish into the red box, and the black fish into the black box. Then let Joodar

ride with you to Mount Mokattam, when you will notice a red hill to the east; here kindle a fire, and throw into it about an ounce from the red box, when a light will rise from it towards heaven, and you will perceive a trap-door with two rings, leading into a subterranean passage. Seize the rings and lift up the trap-door, when you will see a stone staircase; descend the stairs with Joodar, and when you reach the thirty-first step you will see a passage before you with a floor of lead, and walls of copper. Go along this passage till you arrive at the door of a hall where sits a maiden more beautiful than you have ever seen in your life. You will find her reading a book, and when you arrive, she will stand up, and put the book in a red bag. She will then call you by your names, and hold out her hand to welcome you. But if you let her seize your hand, the floor will boil beneath you, and you will sink in melted lead that will scald your flesh from your bones. But instead of taking her hand, take about an ounce from the red box, and sprinkle it against the wall, when the maiden will suffer you to pass through the hall which she guards. This will lead you to a marble corridor, at the end of which you will find another maiden, still more beautiful than the first, sitting before a door. As soon as she sees you, she will rise up and salute you, saying, 'Welcome, Mahmood of Tunis, and Joodar the fisherman of Cairo.' Return her greeting, for she is your friend, and will be true to you until you have won the sword and the book. I need not give you any further directions, for it is absolutely necessary for you to obey this maiden's instructions in everything, without hesitation. But know, Mahmood, that your brothers have been listening at the door, and have overheard all that I have been saying, and have ordered two genii to carry them to Egypt, thinking that if they obey the directions which I have given you, they will be able to obtain possession of the sword and the book instead of you; but when they sink in the water, they will be killed by the genii of the lake; for God alone is all-knowing."

After this, my tutor called the genius who had brought me from the castle to Tunis, and ordered him to carry me to Egypt. The genius immediately spread his wings, and carried me to the neighbourhood of the Lake of Karoon in Egypt, after which he vanished, and brought me a genius in the form of a mule, and mounted me upon it. That is all which I have to relate about my affairs.

When Mahmood had finished his wonderful story, I took courage, and did not doubt that the issue of the adventure would be fortunate for us both. After talking a long time about genii and enchanters, we fell asleep, and on the following morning we journeyed to the east until we arrived at a red hill. Mahmood was overjoyed to perceive it, and said:

"Joodar, this is the place to which my tutor directed me."

He then took a tinderbox from his pocket, struck a light, poured about an ounce of the contents of the red box upon it, and behold, a great pillar of fire shot up, which showed us a trap-door with two rings. Mahmood took the rings, and lifted it easily, and we went down thirty steps, when we came to the passage, and found the first maiden, as Abul Ajaib had described. She saluted us, and held out her hand to us, but Mahmood, instead of taking it, quickly seized hold of the red

box, and sprinkled something from it against the wall. Then the maiden fell down, and we passed through an empty hall into a marble corridor, at the end of which sat a maiden on a golden chair, like the moon in her fourteenth night. As soon as she saw us, she said in ravishing tones which might have restored any sick man to health:

“Welcome, my lord Mahmood from Tunis, and my lord Joodar from Cairo! Praised be the Lord, who has sent you to deliver me! I have been imprisoned here for twenty years, and I have seen you for several nights in my dreams as you now appear before me, and your coming has also been foretold to me. But if you wish to know who I am, and how I came here, then listen to me before I guide you further. I am the daughter of King Sasan, the Lord of the Mountain of Air, and the Golden Castle, and my name is Hysa. My father was one of the bravest kings of the age, and was always the first in battle, although innumerable armies fought for him. But as I was his only child, I was brought up to the use of arms, and distinguished myself so much by my bravery that our whole army honoured me as much as they honoured my father. My name soon became so famous both for my valour and my beauty, that kings and princes from the most distant countries sought my hand in marriage. But as I had no desire to marry, I was forced to take the field against many disappointed suitors. One day a messenger brought my father a letter, which ran as follows: ‘From King Sintbest, the greatest king of his age. Know, King Sasan, that I have heard so much of the valour and beauty of your daughter, that I love her without having seen her, and desire to take her as my wife. I am in hopes that you will not refuse a son-in-law of my dignity. Ask any dowry you please; only give me a speedy answer, and accept my salutations.’

“When my father had read the letter, he brought the messenger to me, and I said: ‘Let me see the letter.’ When he gave it me, I tore it up, and drew my sword upon the messenger, and would have struck off his head, if he had not fled in haste. The messenger returned to Sintbest, and informed him of the reception which he had met with. Sintbest immediately summoned the genius Dilhood, and commanded him to bring me to him. I was sitting alone in my room when Dilhood, who was taller than the loftiest date-tree, rushed upon me, and before I knew what had happened, he had placed me on his back, and was flying with me to King Sintbest. When he saw me, the king cried out: ‘Wretched girl, what provoked you to tear my letter and to ill-use my servant? Do you not know that the most powerful kings bow before me, and that even the kings of the genii fear me?’ But when I took off my veil, and he saw my face, he said in a milder tone: ‘Nevertheless I will forgive you if you will return my love, and consent to become my wife.’ ‘I would rather be torn in pieces,’ I replied. When he heard this, he ground his teeth with rage and commanded Dilhood, who was still waiting at the door, to carry me to the Eagle’s Cleft. I have been exiled here for twenty years, and Dilhood brings me my food every day. I had quite given up all hopes of ever regaining my freedom, but ten days ago an old man of very venerable aspect appeared to me in a dream, and said: ‘Rejoice, Hysa, for the hour of your deliverance approaches. King

Sintbest's power is on the wane, and you will soon be able to return home and ascend the throne of your father, who has long been dead. Have patience for a little until two men arrive here; the one is Mahmood of Tunis, and the other Joodar of Cairo; and you must help them till they have obtained possession of the magic sword and the sacred book, and they will then send you back to your home! Now that you know who I am, follow me, and act as I shall advise you."

After saying this, she took a golden key from a bag, and opened the hall before which she sat. It was of enormous size, and was entirely surrounded with divans, on which sat kings wearing crowns, set with the most costly diamonds. Each had a golden chain round his neck, to which was suspended an engraved silver tablet.

"How do so many kings come here?" I asked amazed; "are they living or dead?"

"You see only corpses here," answered Hysa; "praise to God, who alone is immortal! These are kings, and the sons of kings, whose very slaves were kings themselves."

In the middle of the hall was a fountain with four golden lions, on which stood four peacocks constructed of pearls and jewels, and opposite the lions were four brazen statues, each of which held a trumpet to his mouth. Near these statues stood four Greek slaves with tambourines of gazelle-skin; and four French slaves with lutes. They were so skilfully constructed that they seemed to be alive and you would have expected to hear them speak. Round the fountain stood thrones on which kings were sitting, but a higher and handsomer throne was unoccupied.

"This is the throne of King Sintbest," said Hysa; and asked me to sit upon it. As soon as I sat down the lions turned round in a circle three times, stood up, and fawned upon me, and licked my feet; the peacocks opened their mouths, and breathed forth the finest perfumes; the brazen statues bowed down; and the slave girls began to play upon their instruments. I sat still, and listened to them, till Hysa said: "These maidens would not cease playing, if you sat for a thousand years on this throne; they will never grow weary, for they are not alive, and only move by virtue of a magical impulse which King Sintbest has conferred upon them."

When I heard this, I rose up, and went to examine the tablet which hung round the neck of one of the kings. On the tablet was written, "Wanderer who readest this, know that I, the powerful King Alexander, was conquered by the enchanter Sintbest. Take example from me, and from other kings, who have fallen like me from the summit of power to the deepest degradation. Know that I had a hundred wives and two hundred sons. I was lord of twenty capital cities, over which I appointed viceroys. My armies were innumerable; my treasuries were filled with gold, pearls, precious stones, and the most costly fabrics; but at length came death, who destroys every pleasure, dissolves every union, and makes so many sons and daughters orphans; and he desolated our palaces." Underneath were

written the following verses:

“O child of earth, be not blinded by the deceitful glitter of the world. How many mighty ones are fallen; how many strong ones have become weak; how many palaces have become desolate; and how many a grave has been filled up! The grave sends sudden grief to the joyous; suddenly fills laughing eyes with tears; and parts friends when their union was of the happiest!”

These verses moved us to tears, and affected me so much that I did not care to read the other tablets; and Hysa said she would lead us further. She opened a door opposite to that by which we had entered; and after we had passed through another long passage, we arrived in a hall surrounded with forty little cabinets, before each of which hung a silk curtain, embroidered with gold. In the middle of the hall stood a copper statue, with a pan of coals in its hand, which diffused the odours of amber, musk, and frankincense. When I raised one of the curtains, I beheld a maiden like the shining sun, lying on a bed; and ninety-nine other maidens were lying around her, who appeared to be sunk in a deep sleep; but Hysa assured me that they were all dead. Hysa then pushed aside a throne which stood in the middle of the hall, and we saw a gold ring on the floor. She grasped it, and raised a trap-door, which disclosed a great marble staircase leading into a dark passage. Hysa led Mahmood and myself by the hand, and it took us half a day to reach the end of the passage. We now found ourselves again in the open air, and soon reached a beautiful garden, planted with all kinds of fruit trees, the fruit of which shone like the most brilliant jewels; and birds of every kind were praising their Creator in the branches.

As we were wandering about in the garden, we perceived in the distance a radiance like the sun; and when we approached it, behold it was a great castle set with diamonds of the purest water, such as no kings or emperors ever possessed. The castle had neither doors nor windows; but before it lay a mass of rock on which sat a genius with a long beard, clothed in a robe of white silk, and holding a book in his hand. He looked about him on every side, until he saw us, when he threw himself upon the ground, and exclaimed: “Praise to the Lord of worlds, for the hour of my deliverance has arrived!” He then stood up again, gave us a friendly salutation, and said: “I have been awaiting you here impatiently for thirty years; for I have many children, and know not what has become of them. God has at last heard my supplications, for I could not move from this place before you arrived, because you need my assistance to gain your end. Do you see the cat up there?”

We looked, and beheld a white marble pillar rising from a pond, and a black cat stood on the top, fastened by a gold chain. I was surprised, and asked for an explanation.

“The cat,” replied the old genius, “has been bound to the pillar for ten years. It can only be released by two words from your mouth, and will then deliver up the magic sword and the sacred book. He is the most renowned and the most dreaded enchanter among the genii, and his name is Shah Bair. But I am called Black

Abdallah, the Kadi of the Muslim genii. In order to release the cat call him by his name, and sprinkle the pond with the liquid from the black box, upon which the cat will immediately stretch out his paw, unfasten the chain, and fly away.”

When the Kadi of the genii had thus spoken, he spread his wings and disappeared in an instant. We then went up to the pond which we sprinkled with liquid from the black box; and I cried out, “Shah Bair, help us to obtain what we desire!”

I had scarcely spoken when the cat stood up, expanded to twice the size of the pillar, broke the chain which was round his neck, and flew up to the roof of the castle. He soon returned in a human form, with six horns, one on each side, two between the eyes, and two on the back. He carried a brazen chest with the book on his head and the sword under his arm, and he laid them both before us, and vanished.

Mahmood was overjoyed when he saw the box which contained his book. But there was a golden clasp upon it, and when he attempted to open it frightful voices were heard, crying: “Seize him! Hew him to pieces. Dash him to the ground!” At the same moment we were completely surrounded by small flames, which threatened to consume us. Mahmood tried in vain to open the box; my blood ran cold, and all my limbs trembled.

Hysa laughed at our terror, and said to Mahmood: “Pour some fluid from the black box on the fires, and you shall see wonders.” Mahmood did so, and a black smoke rose up to heaven, and we saw and heard no more. Mahmood kissed Hysa’s head and hands, and she said to him: “Now open the box, and draw the sword from the scabbard. You have nothing more to fear, for all the genii whom Sintbest stationed to guard it have fled.”

Mahmood then exclaimed, “In the name of God the all-merciful,” and the box opened of itself, but when he saw the book again he fainted with joy. We were obliged to sprinkle him with water for a long time before he recovered. After this he opened the other casket, which was of emerald, in which he found a green silk bag, and beside it a seal ring, which shone like a star on a dark night. The bag contained three strips of steel, which Mahmood put together, and formed into a shining sword. It was covered with very fine writing, like the tracks of ants, which read as follows: “I am a noble sword which only the good can wield; I protect my possessor, and destroy his enemies.” On the seal ring was inscribed: “This ring is for Zaher Bybars, the Sultan of Egypt.” When I had read this inscription, I asked Mahmood to give me the ring, but he answered: “This ring, which will make Sultan Zaher the mightiest warrior of his age, and will lead him to the most brilliant victories over the infidels, cannot come into his possession until we find the maidens whom I saw in the Valley of the Gazelles. This we can accomplish with the aid of the sword”; and he then handed the sword to me. He then read a little in his book, and exclaimed, “Sanja, winged Sanja!” A smoke rose from the book up to heaven, then rolled itself together and assumed the form of a genius, as tall as the tallest date-tree. He had three wings, one on each side and one on the back,



and when he spread them they resembled the sails of a great ship. He kissed Mahmood's hands and feet, and asked what he wanted. Hysa then came forward, and said: "You know that I have already been waiting here twenty years for you, and you have no further need of me now. I therefore beseech you to send me back to my home and my family, from whom I was carried away by force."

"Sanja," exclaimed Mahmood, "take Hysa on your back and carry her to the Golden Castle on the Mountain of Air."

Hysa took leave of us, and Sanja flew away with her. When they had gone we returned by the same way that had led us into the garden till we stood again on the red hill on Mount Mokattam. Mahmood then called his mule, and ordered him to inform his tutor, Abul Ajaib, of the success of his undertaking; but he said to me: "Before all things let us go first to your mother, that she may no longer mourn for you as for one dead. My book will then tell us what still remains to be done."

"Do you know, Mahmood," said I, as we were walking along, "I am sorry that we sent Hysa back to her home, for, since she left us, I feel that I love her."

"Let us seek first for the daughters of King Numan," answered Mahmood, "and when we have found them you shall marry Hysa, or any one else you wish."

When we approached my mother's house, we could hear her mourning and weeping; for she supposed that I was dead, because I had left home without taking leave of her, for I did not know myself that I should be kept away for several days. When she saw me return safe she fainted, and it was some hours before she came to herself. In the evening Mahmood prepared her for a long absence from me, but pledged himself solemnly that I should return home safe and sound.

On the following morning, when we were alone and had finished our prayers, Mahmood read for a while in his book, and then said: "Let us not sit any longer on hot coals; who knows whether we may not afterwards repent our delay; but now I promise you an easy and fortunate task, if you will obey my instructions. Go straight to Boolak, where you will find a ship, which will sail to Alexandria in four days; go immediately to the bazaar which is by the sea, and there you will see a Persian reclining in a shop, with a white woollen turban on his head. Four white slaves stand at his right hand, four black ones at his left, and at his head stands a beardless boy with a green silken cloth in his hand. The Persian will salute you if you stop in front of his shop, and ask you how he can serve you; ask him only to stretch out his right hand. If he does so, pretend to kiss it, but bite his thumb till he calls out, 'There is but one God, and Mohammed is His Prophet! Everything takes its appointed course!' He will then close his shop and go to the shore with you, the slaves, and the boy, and will embark in a handsome boat. The eight slaves will row, the boy will steer, and you and the Persian will sit in the boat. Thus you will sail on the sea for twenty days, until you reach a green island. But know, Joodar, that if any of the thousand genii who are in my service could bring me news of the daughters of Numan, I would not trouble you; but if anyone but you were to touch the magic sword, he would be reduced

to ashes. You alone, with this magic sword, can slay the tyrant Hindmar, the lord of the Raven's Pool and the Castle of Pillars. With this, too, you can hew down the iron tree of Bahram the Magian, which brings so much evil upon the Muslims. Neither you nor I can obtain the objects of our desires until this is all accomplished."

He then called Sanja, and asked him if he had taken Hysa home? "Yes, my lord," answered Sanja; "she is now queen in her own country, for her father died during her absence, and the detested Vizier, Dimdiman, who had usurped the throne, was forced to abdicate the very night that Hysa returned. She wished me to tell you this, and to salute you many times from her. I was also to tell you that she would never forget you, and would always love you."

These words kindled my hopes. I took leave of my mother and Mahmood, and found a ship ready to sail for Alexandria. There I found the Persian whom Mahmood had described to me. I bit his finger, and he brought me in twenty days to a green island. As soon as we neared the land he said: "Go on shore; go straight across the island, and on the opposite shore you will find a handsomer vessel than mine, with a Moor at the helm. He will salute you by your name and the name of your father, take you on board, and sail with you on the sea for ten days; and on the eleventh day he will land you on a snow-white island, and tell you what more you have to do; obey his directions exactly, for he is your friend."

I then took leave of the Persian, crossed the green island, and about noon I arrived on the opposite shore, where I found the Moor, and again set sail. On the eleventh day he set me on a white island where no green leaf grew, and said to me:

"I have now fulfilled my part. You must go straight on through seven valleys, when you will arrive at a red hill, on which a palace stands. Go up and knock at the door, and when they ask who knocks, reply, 'The fisherman Joodar from Cairo.' The door will be opened, and you will pass through a courtyard into a room, where you will find an ivory throne with golden legs, on which a beardless youth is sitting. He is the dervish Shanuda, and he will tell you what more you have to do."

He then took leave of me and returned, but I went on to the palace, where I found a dervish with seven veils over his face, sitting on a throne. When I approached he did not salute me, but stood up, turned himself round seven times, drawing away a veil each time, till at length I saw a very handsome youthful visage. He then sat down again, gave me a friendly salutation, and said:

"Know, Joodar, I have been long waiting your arrival with impatience. Praised be the Lord, who protected you and Mahmood in the Eagle's Cleft, where so many men have already lost their lives! But you owe your preservation solely to the pious tutor Abul Ajaib, who had also the well-being of the Muslims in view; for you are destined to slay the tyrant Hindmar, and to hew down the tree of Bahram the Magian. Know also, Joodar, that just as Sanja is the ruler of a thousand genii who are subject to the possessor of the sacred book, so is Misram the ruler of the five hundred genii who obey the man who carries the magic sword

at his side. When you entered I saw the five hundred genii behind you, who saluted me one after another. But Misram was absent, and when I inquired after him I heard that he was with Queen Daruma in the Smoking Castle in the Valley of Camellias. As you cannot accomplish your undertaking without Misram, you must go to Queen Daruma, salute her from me, and bring her a small written tablet which I will give you early to-morrow morning. The queen will be useful to you, but beware of the three hundred maidens who are with her in the castle or you are lost, for they are very skilful in the magic art and have already destroyed many kings and princes.”

When he had finished speaking he called for supper, of which he and several other dervishes partook. I then went to bed to dream of Hysa, and recited the following verse in my sleep:

“ I am not old yet, but my black hair has turned white by reason of many tears.”

When I awoke in the morning, Shanuda asked me why I had recited this verse. I was ashamed and hung down my head for a while, but when he repeated his question I answered:

“In the night I dreamed of Hysa, my beloved one, who asked me why my hair had turned grey so suddenly. I thought she was only joking, for I had never noticed a grey hair on my head, but she held up a mirror before me, and I saw that all my hair had turned white, except a few hairs in my beard, which remained, black. I was astonished at the change, and recited the verse which you seem to have overheard.”

Shanuda fetched a book and read a little, and then said:

“Be joyful, Joodar, for the dream indicates the certain fulfilment of your wishes. If the whole of your hair had turned white you would be already at the goal; but the few remaining black hairs indicate some troubles and hindrances still lying before you, but which you will certainly surmount with God’s help.”

He then fetched some provisions, and said: “Advance further in this valley till you come to a black mountain, up which an easy path leads. Follow this path, which will bring you to the castle of Queen Daruma.”

It took me ten days to climb the black mountain, and on the eleventh day I arrived in a fertile valley, where a great castle arose to the clouds. On the castle stood a copper statue, which blew a trumpet when I approached. Immediately the door of the castle opened, and more than a hundred maidens issued forth, clad in the finest silken robes, with golden girdles round their waists, and diamond crowns on their heads. They bowed down before me as if I were a vizier or a sultan, and led me into the castle to Queen Daruma, the daughter of King Kashuk. She sat on a golden throne with ivory legs, and decorated with many jewels, and the crown on her head shone so brilliantly that I could not raise my eyes to it. She was as fair as the full moon, but her air was imposing and awe-inspiring. On her right sat a hundred and fifty slave-girls, and the same number on her left. As I entered the hall Daruma rose from her throne, offered me

her hand, saluted me by my name, and made me sit with her on her throne. I saluted her from the dervish Shanuda, and handed her the tablet which he had given me. She received it with much pleasure and locked it up in a casket.

Daruma then caused food to be set before me, and drank with me herself. After this she ordered some of her maidens to sing and play, and then said:

“As you are in love you must have composed some verses, and I should much like to hear them.”

After I had recited a few lines, in which I expressed my passion for Hysa, she observed:

“You are sure to win Hysa, but you must first think of poor Mahmood, who is nearly mad with love for the daughters of King Numan. But first of all you must slay the tyrant Hindmar, who would certainly endanger my own safety if he lived a year longer. Know, Joodar, that my father, who was a powerful king of the genii, had an old sage named Kandarin living with him. One day, when he returned from travelling in a country inhabited by men, my father asked him if he had seen anything particularly beautiful on his journey. He answered: “When I came to the city of Dalass I found all the inhabitants in commotion, and the city itself was decorated. I assumed a human form, and asked an old man if there was not some great festival going forward. He replied, “Know that the king of this city, whose name is Shamkoor, has a daughter so beautiful that human eyes have never looked upon her equal. A short time ago the princess was so ill that she was mourned for as if she was already dead, but she is now well, and as she is going to ride out to-day for the first time, her father wished it to be a public-festival.” When I heard this, I resolved not to leave Dalass until I had seen the beautiful princess. I had not long to wait before Shamkoor and his daughter approached on horse back, accompanied by many officers, and preceded by musicians and torchbearers. I joined the procession in order to observe the princess longer and more closely, and found her in truth so perfectly lovely that I could not attempt to describe her to you. She is the most beautiful object that I have seen in the countries inhabited by men.’

“My father admired the daughters of men more than the daughters of the genii, and when he heard the story of the wise Kandarin he said: ‘I will travel to Dalass myself in the form of a human king, and ask king Shamkoor for his daughter. If he consents it will be for his advantage, but if he refuses me I will seize her by force.’

“He immediately summoned a detachment of genii, and commanded them to attend him next day in human form, mounted on swift coursers, and lightly armed. On the following day, twenty thousand of them assembled, as he had ordered, and my father himself mounted a horse which was rather larger than those of his attendants, and flew as swiftly as a raven. He and Kandarin rode to Dalass at the head of the troops.

“King Shamkoor was alarmed at the sudden arrival of so large an army before his city, and sent his vizier to my father to inquire the reason of his coming.

My father bade the vizier inform his master that King Kashuk had arrived as a suitor for the hand of his daughter, and if he consented he would be his friend, and would offer any dowry which he chose to demand. When the vizier returned with this answer to King Shamkooor, the king went to his daughter, and asked her if she would be willing to marry the powerful King Kashuk.

“The princess answered: ‘Let him come to the race-course, so that I can see him from the castle; and if he pleases me I will marry him, but if not, I would rather let him hew me in pieces than consent to become his wife!’

“King Shamkooor himself rode to meet my father, and gave him his daughter’s answer. My father accepted the conditions, and on the next day he rode to the race-course at the head of his troops, and showed himself so accomplished a horseman that the princess soon declared to her father that she would willingly become his wife.

“Shamkooor immediately summoned my father, and said, ‘Take my daughter, for you have won her heart!’

“He immediately provided an outfit for his daughter, and when it was completed my father and his bride rode away together on horseback, while the trousseau of the princess followed on three hundred camels.

“I was the offspring of this marriage, and I was renowned for my beauty, even as a child, in whom the gentleness and modesty of woman was strangely blended with the strength and majesty of the genii; but when I reached the age of fifteen, my beauty became so famous that the tyrant Hindmar heard of me, and demanded my hand in marriage. My father immediately sent for Kandarin, and asked him if he could refuse Hindmar without bringing destruction upon himself.

“Kandarin replied: ‘Tell him that your daughter is still too young and delicate to marry, and if he will wait two years, she shall then become his wife. If he consents to this delay, you have no cause for further alarm, for I have read in a book that in a year’s time a fisherman from Cairo, named Joodar, the son of Omar, will arrive here, and will kill Hindmar with a magic sword.’

“My father followed this advice, and the messengers whom he sent to Hindmar with this evasive answer, returned with a letter from him to the effect that he was quite willing to wait two years.

“Kandarin said: ‘In case Hindmar should change his mind, I should advise you to secure the safety of your daughter by sending her to my castle in the Valley of Camellias. I have prepared a copper statue with a trumpet in its hand, which will sound the trumpet as soon as Joodar climbs the hill upon which the castle stands. Joodar will come here in search of the genius Misram, and in order to invoke him, he must open a little door in the body of the copper statue. Here he will find many loose leaves, on which the letter “Alif” is written; let him search through them till he finds one which has nothing written upon it. If he throws this into the fire, Misram will immediately appear, and assist him to slay Hindmar.’

“My father immediately consigned me to the care of Kandarin, with three hundred maidens, and I have been living here for three months waiting for the

trumpet to sound, but the statue gave no sign until your arrival. This is the reason, Joodar, that I am so pleased at your arrival, and sent some of my maidens to meet you. This is all I have to tell you; and God alone is omniscient.”

When Daruma had finished speaking, she took my hand and led me to the roof of the castle, where the copper statue stood. I took the little box, and found it to contain many loose leaves of gazelle skin, on which an Alif was written. One only was quite white, and I threw it on a pan of coals which Daruma handed to me. Then a smoke rose up to heaven from the mouth of the statue, which presently condensed into the form of a tremendous genius, with a head like a large copper, eyes cleft longitudinally, and nostrils emitting torrents of fire.

When he stood before me, he exclaimed in a voice like thunder: “Here am I, my master; help is at hand; the appointed time has come; and I obey the possessor of the magic sword, to whom I am subject.”

“Behold the power of your sword!” exclaimed Daruma; “this fearful genius trembles in your presence like a reed in the hurricane.”

Misram then turned to Daruma, and asked her to explain to me the meaning of the other leaves in the box.

Then she said: “Know, Joodar, that Misram has two sons, one named Mahik, and the other Lahik, whom he loves so tenderly that he would not live long if he could not visit them occasionally. When Sintbest made him subject to this sword, he asked as a favour to be allowed to spend three days every month with his sons. Sintbest granted his request, prepared these leaves of gazelle-skin, and gave him one every month as a passport for his journey; but as you are now the possessor of the magic sword, it has become your business to give him leave of absence for three days every month, by giving him one of these leaves, without which he cannot quit you for an instant.”

She then said to Misram: “I have no doubt that you will not find Joodar a harder master than Sintbest; and on the other hand, as Joodar is an ordinary man who has never had any dealings with genii before, you should assume a more friendly aspect towards him, that he may feel at ease in your presence.”

Misram vanished for an instant, and reappeared in the form of a handsome beardless youth, with mild black eyes, rosy cheeks, white forehead, coral lips, and a neck as white as crystal.

“Now then, Joodar,” said he, as I was looking at him with astonishment, “we must start at once, if we wish to encounter Hindmar at the time appointed.”

I took leave of Daruma, and followed Misram for two days, without feeling the slightest fatigue; and at length we reached a large tent, and heard a lamen table voice crying out within: “O merciful God, who brought Job to the end of his sufferings; have pity also on mine!”

I opened the tent hastily, and found a naked man lying on the ground. He was covered with bleeding wounds, and his hands and feet were chained to gether with heavy iron chains. I cried out: “Peace be with you,” and he answered:

“May God’s peace, blessing, and mercy rest on you also. But who are you?”

“I am a human being.”

“And who brought you here?”

“The Almighty, to whom nothing is difficult. But tell me how you fell into your present painful condition.”

“I am tortured by two black slaves, who have been ill-using me thus for the last ten days.”

“For what reason?”

“Because I will not renounce my religion and adopt theirs.”

“When do they usually visit you?”

“Unfortunately I expect them this very hour. Escape speedily if you would not share my fate, for the two slaves carry scourges heavy enough to kill an elephant.”

“Fear nothing more, for I certainly came here under Divine guidance to free you from your sufferings. What is your name?”

“My name is Hatim, and I come from the town of Baser. I was travelling with my bride, who was taken from me by violence, and I know no more than this.”

“Do not be uneasy, trust in God, and have patience, for patience is the key of deliverance.”

After this conversation I left the tent and hid myself behind a tree near, and waited for the return of the slaves. When they entered the tent I went up to the door, ready to assist Hatim at any moment, took my sword from the case, and put it together. Presently I heard one of the slaves say:

“Have pity on yourself and renounce your religion, and adopt that of our king, and exhort your bride likewise to obey the king, and you will then experience nothing but good treatment at our hands; but if you still refuse, both you and your wife will be tortured until our great festival, when you will both be offered up in sacrifice to our crystal idol.”

But Hatim replied: “There is only one true religion, that of Mohammed the son of Abdallah; your king may treat me as he pleases, but I will maintain till the last gasp that there is but one God, and that Mohammed is His Prophet.”

When the slaves heard this they placed themselves one on his right and the other on his left, and raised their arms till their armpits became visible, but at the same moment, when they were about to strike Hatim, I rushed into the tent and cried out:

“Woe to you, you accursed idolaters! Let this man alone, or I will avenge him.”

The slaves turned round, and when they saw me they laughed and cried out:

“Who are you?”

They then raised their scourges against me, but I sprang forward with my sword, and I had scarcely touched them with it when their heads flew from their bodies. I then unbound Hatim, who was overjoyed at his unexpected deliverance, and gave him something to eat. When he had recovered a little I asked him how

he came to this place.

“My story is wonderful,” he replied, “and if it was written with a needle in the pupil of the eye, it would serve as a warning to every one. Know that some years ago a young king reigned in my native city of Baser, who was called Kink the Persian, and who was the wildest young man in the world. I saw and heard so much of his irregularities that I began to be alarmed for the safety of my cousin, to whom I had long been betrothed, and to whom I was greatly attached. We left the town of Baser by night, thinking only to escape the tyranny of our king, but without knowing where to travel to, or what road to follow. We journeyed on beaten roads for ten days, and then arrived in a great desert, where we saw a lofty marble pillar on which hung a steel tablet bearing the following inscription: ‘Wanderer, when you reach this place do not turn to the right or you will be destroyed, nor to the left or you will meet your death, but keep straight on through the valley, and you will be secure.’ I said to my bride: ‘See what good people do for travellers!’ We then entered the valley which was pointed out to us, and soon arrived at a plain, through which ran a clear brook bordered with beautiful fruit trees, in the branches of which birds sang praises to their Creator.

“‘We are out of our difficulties,’ said I, ‘and we will rest here.’ I dismounted from my camel, and helped my bride to descend from her litter. The camels grazed in the green meadow, while we gathered some fruit and drank water from the brook. We were delighted with this place, after having wandered through a barren district where for ten days we could procure very little food. As soon as we had satisfied our hunger and thirst we lay down on our carpet and fell asleep. Praise to Him who never sleeps! But when we awoke we found ourselves in the presence of a king who resembled one of the old Amalekites, for he was more than thirty feet high. Many officers stood round him, but he himself sat on a throne, to which four lions were bound with silver chains.

“‘Do you know me?’ he asked, when we opened our eyes.

“‘No, my Lord, we do not know you,’ we replied.

“‘Know,’ replied he, ‘that I am King Mudfil, and have already subjected many kings to my crystal idol. He who worships him may demand of me whatever he desires; but whoever refuses to worship him is destroyed. I now command you also to worship my idol, and if you will do so I will give you an honourable appointment, and will receive the damsel into my castle, but if you refuse you will pay dearly for your disobedience.’

“‘I will never obey your bidding,’ I exclaimed indignantly. ‘How shall I bow before an idol that can neither do good nor harm? I will only worship Him who has created me, and has given me ears to hear with, eyes to see with, and feet to walk with. There is but one God, who has created the day and the night, the sun and the moon; from whom no thing is hidden, either on earth or in heaven. I therefore advise you to give up worshipping your idol, and to worship the only true God. You will then escape from hell, and at length come into Paradise, among hooris and beautiful youths.’



“When Mudfil heard this, he sprang up in a rage and cried out: ‘How dare you insult a king like I am?’

“He then called one of his servants and ordered him to slaughter one of the four lions and bring it to him. The slave slaughtered the lion, skinned it, roasted it, and presented it to the king, who devoured it in an instant. Then he commanded this tent to be erected in which we now are, and ordered the two slaves whom you have slain to torture me until I should renounce my religion; but what has become of my bride I do not know. That is all I have to tell you.”

“Doubt not,” answered I, “that He who sent me to you is also powerful enough to save your bride.”

I then called Misram and ordered him to guide me to Mudfil, and to release the bride of Hatim.

“Follow me,” said Misram. “Mudfil is now in the Castle of Leopards, three days’ journey from here.”

Hatim and I then rose up and followed Misram, who led us across mountains and valleys without stopping for three days, and yet we did not feel at all weary. On the third day, Misram said: “Sit down here till I come back.”

We rested under a tree for some hours, when we suddenly perceived a cloud of dust in the distance. Presently five hundred cavaliers appeared, mounted on Arabian steeds. They bore Indian spears in their hands and were armed with Davidian coats of mail. When they neared us a horseman of gigantic size, and entirely encased in iron, rode forward from their midst.

Hatim cried out: “Woe to us, for this is certainly Mudfil, and if he sees me he will assuredly slay us both.”

I took the strips of steel hurriedly from the case, and fitted them together; but the horseman cried out to me in a voice of thunder: “Sheath your sword, my lord Joodar, for I am Misram, and come with my army to fight against Mudfil to release Turaia, the bride of Hatim. We are close to his castle, and you had better wait here till I summon you.” He then returned to his troops, sounded the trumpets, and unfurled the flags, and marched against the castle.

When Mudfil heard the clang of arms before his castle, he sent his vizier to Misram to ask who he was and what he wanted. Misram answered: “Go and tell your master that Misram, the son of Akoos, requires him to surrender Turaia, and if he does not instantly obey, Misram will strike off his head and break his crystal idol into a thousand pieces.”

When Mudfil received this answer from the vizier, he foamed with rage, and cursed and threatened. Then he called all his people together, informed them of what he had heard from the vizier, and called upon them to march with him against the insolent Misram.

But as soon as Mudfil and his troops left the castle and formed their ranks in preparation for a general attack, Misram cried out: “Who will accept my challenge, and who will dare to match his strength with mine? I speak not to those who know me, but to those who know me not. I declare that I am Misram, the son

of Akoos, who fears neither white nor black, nor men nor genii.”

Upon this challenge, a horseman rode forth from the army of Mudfil. He was as tall as the tallest date-tree, and carried a great iron club on his shoulder. He stopped opposite to Misram, and said to him: “How dare you defy a king, when your following is so small?” He then rushed upon Misram and smote him with his club, but it had no more effect upon him than the fall of a feather. All the spectators supposed that Misram was overthrown, but a single flash of fire from his mouth sufficed to stretch his adversary lifeless on the ground.

When Mudfil saw this he turned to his followers and said: “Who will avenge the fallen warrior?” Immediately a second horseman came forward and rushed upon Misram. But he had scarcely put his horse to a gallop, when Misram overthrew him like his predecessor. Eighteen horsemen advanced one after another, who were all consumed to ashes by Misram. Mudfil struck himself in the face with rage so violently that he almost knocked his eyes out of his head, and then turned to a black slave, who had just arrived with a reinforcement of a thousand horsemen, and commanded him to attack Misram, to avenge the death of his brethren and to uphold the honour of the idol.

Jamus, the black warrior, answered: “It is quite time that I ceased to stand here as a mere spectator. I will satisfy your thirst for vengeance, and deliver Misram over alive into your hands that you may offer him as a sacrifice to your idol.” Upon this he rushed upon Misram, lifting a club which would have crushed an elephant. Misram did not stir from his place, and only breathed on Jamus’ right arm, which fell to the ground. Jamus drew his sword with his left hand and attacked Misram again, but he only breathed on his left arm, and this also fell to the ground. Upon this Jamus fled, and Mudfil’s troops who had been looking on cried out together: “We cannot contend any longer against a hero like Misram.”

Then Mudfil said: “If no one else dare contend with Misram I will attempt it myself, but I must first consult the idol.” But while he was on his knees before the idol praying for help, Misram ordered him to be seized by two genii and carried under the tree where Hatim and I were sitting.

“What help have you received from your idol?” asked Misram, laughing.

“I think he is angry with me,” answered Mudfil.

Misram then said to Hatim: “Here is your enemy, deal with him as you think best.”

Hatim then turned to Mudfil saying: “Tell me the truth, and all shall be forgiven you; but if you tell me a lie, it shall cost you your life. What has become of my bride Turaia?”

“She is safe in my castle and kindly treated, but she sighs for you continually, and weeps without ceasing.”

“Bring her here,” said Hatim, “and prove the truth of your words.”

Mudfil rose up and was about to return to his castle, but Misram said: “You shall not stir from the spot until you acknowledge that your idol is a senseless object which can do neither good nor evil, and that there is but one true God.”

When Mudfil heard this he exclaimed: "O my crystal god, now is thy time to display thy power! Remember that I have worshipped thee for fifty years, and have devoted much time every year to thy honour. I have sacrificed kings and princes to thee, therefore save me now in my hour of danger!"

But Misram had already sent a genius to fetch the idol, and before Mudfil had finished his prayer the idol was set before him with its head on the ground and its feet in the air. Misram dashed it to pieces, and said to Mudfil: "What help will you get from your idol now?"

"I see plainly," answered Mudfil, "that he can neither help himself nor me, and I must therefore ask you to teach me a better religion."

"Know then," returned Misram, "that there is but one God, and that Mohammed is his Prophet."

After Mudfil had repeated the profession of the faith, to our great joy, we went with him to the castle. He then assembled all his followers, and related what had passed between himself and Misram, upon which they all acknowledged themselves Muslims. He then sent for Turaia, who fainted with joy when she saw Hatim again. We remained at Mudfil's castle for three days, and instructed him in prayer, ablutions, and fasting, and gave him a description of hell and paradise, and taught him the other articles of the faith of Islam. He treated us with kingly hospitality, and would have made us very costly presents, but I thanked him and said: "Do for Hatim what you propose to do for me."

Mudfil then asked Hatim whether he would prefer to go to some other country or to remain with him.

"Give me the tent," said Hatim, "which is pitched in the beautiful valley, and where I suffered so much, and give me a few necessaries, and I shall live happily there with Turaia."

"You shall have all this," answered Mudfil, "and I will make you an annual allowance that shall not only suffice for all your needs, but enable you to entertain all the travellers who come into this neighbourhood. I owe this reparation to the one God whom you have taught me to know, for the many outrages I have inflicted on the travellers whom the tablet on the marble pillar betrayed into my hands."

King Mudfil himself accompanied Hatim and Turaia to their tent, and stationed a detachment of troops in the neighbourhood for their protection. But Misram and I took leave of them, and travelled on for another ten days through waste and desert places, where there was neither a green leaf nor a living creature to be seen. On the eleventh day we reached a fertile valley, and Misram asked me for three days' leave of absence. I gave him one of the parchment leaves and he flew away. But when I wished to satisfy my hunger with the fruit that grew in the valley, I found it so bitter that I could not eat it, and was obliged to fall back on my stock of provisions, which was so slender that it was already quite exhausted on the second day. On the third day I was so hungry that I rose up to go in search either of provisions or of some inhabited place. At the end of the valley I perceived a large stone building with a handsome gate of walnut-wood, standing on a hill.

I went up to it and read the following inscription on the gate: "Traveller, whom fate has led to this spot, if you are hungry, we will feed you; if you are naked, we will clothe you; if you have lost your way, we will guide you on your road; and if you visit us, we will regard you as the master and ourselves as your guests."

When I had read this verse, I thought: "What could be more desirable at this moment than such a hospitable abode? I will enter, and appease my hunger, until Misram returns."

I had scarcely knocked, when a voice from within cried out: "Who is there?"

I answered: "I am a poor hungry traveller."

"You are welcome here," responded the voice; and the door was opened immediately.

A black slave met me, led me into a cheerful room, and made me sit down on a handsome divan. He then left me for an instant, and returned carrying a golden dish, filled with meat and vegetables, swimming in fat, which he set before me with a trembling hand, and then withdrew.

As I was nearly dying of hunger, I stretched out my hand, saying: "In the name of the All-merciful God!"

But as I was about to put a morsel to my mouth, I heard a voice exclaim, "Do not eat!"

I laid down the piece, and looked round me on all sides, but saw no one.

I put my hand into the dish again, and took up a small piece of meat; but when it approached my lips, I heard the same voice say again: "Do not eat!"

I looked again to the right and left, but saw no one.

But when I was about to eat for the third time, and again received the same warning, without seeing anybody, I said: "Whoever you are, who speak to me, without showing yourself, tell me why I should not eat, for I am ready to perish with hunger."

The voice answered: "Look to your right hand," and when I turned round, I beheld Misram, who said: "My lord Joodar, if you had eaten a single morsel of this meat, you would have melted like hot lead, your sword would have been taken from you, and I should have been forced to work for ruthless masters for the rest of my life, and Mahmood would have died of despair. Praise be to God, who sent me to you at the right moment! Know, Joodar, that this building belongs to an old enchantress, who worships the Fire; and the inscription on the door is intended to decoy travellers, all of whom she sends to her cousin Hindmar, who roasts and eats them as if they were fowls. I will tell you more when you have slain the black slave, who is now sitting on the terrace of the castle. Go up, and when he hears you, he will spring forward with a loud cry, then touch him with your sword, and he will fall down in a heap of ashes. If the enchantress should return to-morrow in search of booty, treat her in the same manner, and we will then go together to attack Hindmar, the scourge of the Muslims."

I slew the black slave, and then returned to Misram, who said: "Let us hide ourselves in this cabinet, lest the sorceress should fly from us when she sees us,

and work more evil in the world.”

I followed Misram into a cabinet, close to the door of the room, and we remained there till the following day. Then we suddenly heard a great noise in the building as if it thundered, and lo, the enchantress entered the room, and sat down on a divan at the upper end. She had the head of a buffalo, but very small eyes and ears; a neck as yellow as falling leaves, a mouth like a trumpet, a body like an ass, teeth like an elephant, and a tongue hanging down on her breast.

“That is old Jakka,” said Misram; “Hindmar’s remorseless cousin.”

When I heard this, I drew my sword, sprang from the cabinet, and clove her in twain. A thick smoke rose up to heaven, which then collected together, and fell down in a heap of ashes.

Misram screamed for joy like a woman, when he saw the old monster reduced to a heap of ashes, and said: “All will succeed with us, Joodar, for Hindmar himself will soon share the fate of his cousin, and we shall then be near the attainment of our object.”

Misram then collected together all the silver, gold and jewels, which lay in great heaps in the palace, loaded ten genii with the booty, and said: “Go to Egypt to the Eagle’s Cleft, where you will find the Moor Mahmood, who is expecting you. Kiss his hands and feet, deliver him these treasures, and tell him that all has gone well with us, and we hope soon to return to him.”

The genii returned in a few hours, with greetings from Mahmood, and informed us that he had already read in his book of the destruction of the monster, and he now prayed continually that we should also succeed in our undertakings against Hindmar.

“I have still less doubt of our success than I had before,” said Misram, “for on my last journey I have succeeded in winning the alliance of Shil-shanum, the son of Jaljamook, the trusted dervish of Hindmar. No one knows whether Jaljamook is a Jew, a Christian, or a Muslim, but he is a most skilful physician, and is therefore in great favour with Hindmar. Hindmar was once so ill that his best physicians considered him incurable, and did not think it worth while to continue to prescribe for him. When Jaljamook heard this, he asked leave to see the king, and as soon as he felt his pulse, he said:

“My lord, you have an internal complaint, for which there is but one cure; you must eat the flesh of men, and drink their blood.’

“As soon as Jaljamook said this, Hindmar ordered one of his subject genii to fetch him a man. The genius flew like lightning to a country inhabited by men, carried away a fat man, and brought him to Hindmar.

“Jaljamook examined him and said: ‘That is right’ hang him up by the feet with his head hanging down, for three days, and on the fourth day, cut off his head, catch the blood in a golden dish, and drink it quite warm, and you will soon fall asleep. Meanwhile let them roast the flesh of the victim for you to eat when you awake, and you will soon be as well as ever.’

“As Hindmar speedily recovered his health in this manner, he loaded

Jaljamook with royal favours, and proclaimed through his whole kingdom: 'Let him who loves and honours Hindmar, also love and honour Jaljamook, his preserver.'

As Hindmar was subject to frequent attacks of his old complaint, he used to feed constantly on men, and sent for them in all directions; if they were fat, they were slaughtered immediately, but if not, they were fattened on the flesh of fowls and geese. That is the reason why his old cousin, who was devoted to him, built this castle with a treacherous inscription on the door, and when any one entered, she gave him a sleeping potion in his food, and sent him to Hindmar.

"Hindmar has thus lived by rapine and murder for many years, and he is dreaded everywhere, but no king dares to make war upon him, for he is as brave in war as his empire is mighty, and he rules over an innumerable army. But some months ago he became suddenly so uneasy without any visible cause that he sent for Jaljamook, and asked if some misfortune were not impending over him.

"Jaljamook read in a book for a short time, and then said: 'Beware of a man coming from Egypt, armed with the magic sword of Sintbest, which is victorious over both men and genii. I will cast you a copper statue with a trumpet in its hand, which it will sound as soon as this man comes against your castle. When you hear the trumpet sound, send for me immediately, that I may endeavour to neutralize the magic of the sword; but otherwise you are lost, and all your enemies will rejoice at your overthrow.'

"Hindmar now felt his mind at ease; but on the very day that you set sail for Alexandria, the statue blew such a blast in the trumpet that the whole castle shook. Upon this, he sent hastily for Jalja mook, and said: 'The man with the magic sword must be near, for the trumpet sounded so loud that it nearly deafened me.'

"Fear nothing,' answered Jaljamook, 'for I will devise four traps for our enemy, from which he can not escape alive, unless he should be warned of them by some traitor.' However, he could not make all his preparations himself, and was forced to take his son Shilshanum into his confidence. But Shilshanum is secretly a Muslim, and has long abhorred the reckless life of Hindmar, who worships the Fire. Besides, he and my two sons were friends in their childhood; and therefore, when I met him on my last journey, he told me everything, and promised to await us on the Bird Mountain, which we must scale before we can approach Hindmar. He will there instruct you how to overcome the fourfold danger which awaits you. But let us not waste any more time here."

As we left the palace, Misram ordered some genii to destroy it, and it was instantly reduced to a heap of ashes. Then we travelled on for another twenty days, until we came to a very high mountain, as green as grass.

"This is the Bird Mountain," said Misram, "and beyond this is the Valley of Fire, and beyond the Valley of Fire is the castle of Hindmar." We remained at the foot of the mountain for two days, because it was so steep that we were unable to climb it. On the third day we discovered a flight of steps cut in the rock, which led

us up the mountain. On the summit stood a castle, with its foundations on the ground, and its summit in the clouds; and on the terrace stood a copper bird as large as an eagle. The castle door was open, and a maiden stood before it, who gave us a friendly reception, and asked me if I was not Joodar. When I assented, she returned, "A good welcome to one to whom Islam will be so greatly indebted! Follow me, with your friend Misram." She then led us to the terrace of the castle, to a very aged blind man near the copper bird. As soon as we came upon the terrace, the bird turned round three times, and spread its wings. Then the old man leaped up for joy, and the maiden cried out. I asked for an explanation, and she said: "Know, Joodar, that this old man is my father. My mother has long been dead, but I have a sister named Badia, who, even in her eighth year, was the most beautiful girl in the world. We lived happily together for some years after my mother's death, when one day a genius as high as a date-palm took Badia on his arm, and flew away with her. It is twelve years since this misfortune happened, and we had already lost all hopes of ever seeing Badia again, when we heard a voice in a dream yesterday, saying: 'Rejoice, Jirah, for you will soon see your sister again. To-morrow two strangers will arrive here, a man named Joodar, and a genius named Misram, and by their means your sister will be released. When you see them, lead them to the terrace, and if the bird turns round three times, and spreads his wings, accept it as a confirmation of the truth of my words!' This is the reason, my lord Joodar, that I was so overjoyed at the movements of the bird."

She had scarcely spoken when a white bird flew up to us, and a genius sprang from its back, upon the terrace.

"This is Shilshanum," said Misram, "the son of Jaljamook, who will warn you of the snares that his father has spread for you in Hindinar's castle." He then gave him a friendly greeting, and introduced me as the possessor of the magic sword.

"Do you know, Misram," said Shilshanum, "why I appointed to meet you here? I have often heard this old man lamenting for his lost daughter Badia, and wished to assure him of her safe return, as soon as Joodar shall have rid the earth of the monster Hindmar, who holds her in captivity. But if you would avoid losing your lives in the pursuit of Hindmar, you must listen attentively to my words, and forget nothing that I tell you.

"You must travel from this palace for three days through the Valley of Fire, and you will then arrive at a green mountain quite as lofty as this, up which leads a convenient footpath. When you have reached the highest point, you will see the Castle of Pillars, and the Raven's Lake before you. The castle is of vast size, and is supported by four and twenty pillars. It is quite smooth, and has neither doors nor windows, so that it looks like a great rock from a distance. Close by is a small lake, near which rises a tall slender pillar, where stands a golden raven, with his beak to the ground, and his tail in the air. You, Joodar, must dig where the raven's beak rests, till you find a bag containing a bow and three arrows. String the bow, and shoot at the beak of the raven. If you hit him, he will turn round

three times, and drop three golden keys from his mouth. If you fail the first time, you will hear a terrible uproar, and genii of different forms will threaten you, crying out, 'Seize him, and tear him to pieces!' Do not be afraid, but shoot another arrow at the raven. If you miss the second time, the uproar will increase around you; but seize the third arrow without fear, and you will certainly strike the raven's beak at the third shot. Take the keys which fall from the raven's beak, go to the right wing of the castle, and call out: 'O Abd Assurer, inhabitant of this castle!' Some one will reply: 'Here am I, my lord Joodar; all is accomplished!' Then you will hear a great noise in the castle, as of people tumbling over one another. When this subsides, a previously invisible door will open, and a black slave will salute you, and ask for one of the leaves which serve as Misram's passports. Give him one, and he will immediately spread his wings and fly away. In the hall of the castle you will find a door to the left, which one of the three golden keys will open. You will pass through a large room into a passage paved with forty marble slabs, twenty white and twenty black. If you tread on a white slab, you will melt like heated lead, though you had fifty magic swords. You must go through this passage, taking care to touch nothing but the black slabs, till you reach a door which you must open with the second golden key. Here you will find yourself in a large hall, where more than seventy genii resembling elephants will rush upon you, but you have only to draw the magic sword from its sheath, and they will immediately sink upon the ground. Go through this hall into another, the door of which you will open with the third golden key. Here you will see two copper statues, holding European bows in their hands; and arrows which crush the hardest rocks to powder. As soon as they take aim at you, touch their bows with your sword, and they will fall from their hands. Then you will come into another hall, filled with a stifling atmosphere, which will parch you up, and you will be tempted to slake your thirst at the fountain which plays in the midst of the hall, but a single drop of that water would kill you. Restrain your thirst, and go forward, till you reach the open air. You will see a small lake before you, with an island in the middle, where a golden tent with cords of red silk is pitched. On the bank of the lake, stands a statue on a pedestal, with a leaden ball in his hand. Touch the ball with your sword, and a pretty boat which is moored at the island will loosen itself, and cross over to you. Leap in, and it will take you across to the island, where Hindmar sits in his tent. He has been so terrified at your approach for several days that you will be able to slay him with your sword without difficulty. Know also, dear Joodar, that if I did not fear my father, I would gladly accompany you, till you see Hysa again, and obtain news of King Numan's daughters for your friend Mahmood; but Misram will accompany you, and you may rely upon the help of God."

Shilshanum then took leave of us, and Misram said: "My lord Joodar, let us go farther, with God's blessing." We then said farewell to the old man, and promised soon to send his daughter Badia back to him. After three days we reached the green mountain which Shilshanum had described to us, and on



reaching the summit, we already saw the Castle of Pillars and the Raven's Lake before us. Here Misram repeated to me what Shilshanum had directed me to do, and as I neglected nothing, everything fell out as Shilshanum had foretold, until I reached the tent on the island, where Hindmar sat upon a golden throne, adorned with magnificent jacinths and emeralds; and before him stood a table spread with flasks of wine and glasses. He was half intoxicated, and had a face like a bull, and a head with four horns; he had a neck like an ass; his body was hairy, like that of an ape, and he had the hands and feet of a man. As soon as he saw me, he stared at my sword, gnashed his teeth, and uttered such a cry that the whole castle shook. I went up to him and had scarcely touched his neck with my sword, than his head flew from his body; a smoke rose into the air, and the dreaded Hindmar was only a heap of ashes; but his soul went to hell, a miserable abode!

When Misram saw this, he embraced me, and kissed me between the eyes, saying: "Now there is rest again for men and genii! Now go into the castle; you can pass over dryshod, for the lake which you crossed is dried up; but I will remain here in the tent."

The first room that I entered was empty; except for a sealed copper flask which stood in a corner. As soon as I entered, I heard a voice, saying: "O thou who didst release the cat from his chains, be welcome here!"

"Who are you?" cried I, "for I hear a voice, but see nobody."

"Are you not the fisherman Joodar from Cairo?" returned the voice, "and have you forgotten the cat who gave you the book and the sword in the Eagle's Cleft? I have been languishing here for five months in this copper flask solely on your account; and if you have slain Hindmar, then hasten to set me at liberty."

I tore the seals from the flask, and a thick smoke rose up into the air, which soon condensed, and behold, Shah Bair stood before me as I had seen him in the Eagle's Cleft; and thanked me for his deliverance. I then asked him how he came to be imprisoned in this castle; and he replied:

"I am the son of Abu Tawaif, who is also called Iblis, and have a brother named Sham-hoorish, who lives near Tunis. One day, when my brother was alone in his house, he was seized by two genii, and led bound before old Abul Ajaib. My brother was astonished, and asked what he had done to deserve such treatment. But Abul Ajaib merely answered that he might send for his father Iblis, when he would tell him what all this meant. Shamhoorish sent a messenger to his father; and when he came to Abul Ajaib, and inquired what he wanted, the latter said: 'Know that I have been working for many years upon a magic book, until I succeeded in subjecting a thousand genii to it. I gave the book to my pious scholar Mahmood, but he was betrayed by his brothers, and the book now lies in the castle of Sintbest, in the Eagle's Cleft, with the sword which five hundred genii obey. Both are entrusted to the care of your son Shah Bair, who guards them on a pillar in the form of a black cat. But if the life and freedom of your son Shamhoorish are dear to you, then command your son Shah Bair to give up the

book and the sword to my scholar Mahmood, who will come with Joodar into the Ravine of the Eagle's Cleft.

"My father hurried to me, and as soon as I heard the object of his journey I resolved to release my brother by carrying out the wishes of Abul Ajaib. When I had delivered up the sword and the book to you, I flew to Abul Ajaib, and informed him of what I had done. He immediately released my brother, and we travelled together to my father. But a few days after my flight, Sintbest inquired after Hysa, and when he heard that she had been set at liberty by two men, to whom I had given the sword and the book, he began to fret and fume, to foam and curse, and to call on the sun and moon and all his gods for aid. Then he assembled all his hosts of men and genii, and marched against us. We could not long contend with him, for our handful of troops was soon overwhelmed. My father and brother succeeded in making their escape, but I was taken prisoner, and carried before Sintbest loaded with chains. He had already given orders for my execution, when my friends, among whom was Hindmar, implored him to take pity on me. But Sintbest would not pardon me, and commanded Hindmar to close me up in a copper flask, and throw me into the sea. But Hindmar begged Sintbest so long to spare my life, that he at last permitted him to carry me in the flask to the Castle of Pillars; but he was obliged to swear that he would never release me. I have already spent five months in the flask, but I did not despair, for I well knew that you would slay Hindmar with the magic sword, sooner or later, and would set me at liberty. Now you know all, my lord Joodar, and I now ask you to give me leave to return to my friends and bring them news of the success of your enterprise."

"Depart, and the blessing of God be upon you!" I exclaimed; and he spread his wings and flew away.

When he was gone, I left the empty room, and went through a long passage into a kitchen, where four kettles stood over the fire. In one were pomegranate-seeds, swimming in fat; in another, pilaw; in the third, kulkas; and in the fourth, meat. As I was very hungry, I took a golden spoon, which hung near, and dipped up some meat; but behold, it was a human hand! I flung it back with horror, and thanked God that I had tasted none of the other food, which was probably cooked with human fat. When I left the kitchen, I came into another passage, and heard some one in a room on my right cry out, "O my God, what a heavy trial! To die alone in so deplorable a manner in a foreign country!"

I exclaimed: "Who are you, and how can I find you?"

The voice answered: "Tread on the golden scorpion which lies on the slab to your right."

I did so, and a door opened, and I saw a hand some young man hanging by the feet.

"Who hung you up here?" said I, as I hastened to unbind him.

"Hindmar's slaves," he answered; "I have been hanging here for a week, and

to-morrow evening I am to be slaughtered and devoured by Hindmar.”

“Fear nothing,” said I, “for Hindmar is dead; but tell me who you are, and how you came here.”

“My name is Taj El Mulook,” answered the young man, “and I became king of Tauris three months ago. I was always a great huntsman, from my youth up; and I felt it very hard to be obliged to relinquish the pleasures of the chase for some time after my father’s death. So as soon as the first months of mourning were over, I prepared for a great hunting excursion; but we looked about for a long time without finding anything to hunt. At last we enclosed a beautiful green valley, and as our circle became smaller, we found that we had enclosed three gazelles, more beautiful than any I had ever seen in my life. We narrowed the circle still more, but the gazelles dashed through before any one could take aim at them. I was so mortified that I ordered my people to stay behind, and rode on quite alone in pursuit of the gazelles. But two of them were already so far away that I soon lost sight of them. The third bounded on before me, so that I had it within bowshot a little before sunset. My arrow pierced its heart, and it sank down; but how great was my astonishment when, instead of a beautiful gazelle, I found nothing but a heap of ashes! I was sorry now that I had left my people so far behind, for the night closed in, and I knew not which way to turn. I wandered about for some time, until I fell in with a Bedouin camp of about a hundred tents, at the foot of a mountain. I entered the first tent, where I saw a youth like the moon in its fourteenth night. He had an old caftan in his hand which he was just mending, and he recited the following verse:

“He who has but few goods the world despises; and only he who is wealthy is respected. If a dog had much money, he would be styled a faithful dog, out of respect.’

“I looked round the tent, where I saw nothing but a white cock. As soon as the youth perceived me he exclaimed, ‘Peace be with you!’ ‘And the peace, blessing, and mercy of God be upon you also,’ I replied. ‘You seem to have lost your way,’ said he; ‘I am glad that God has directed your steps here; be welcome as my guest.’ He first bound my horse to one of the tent-poles; then he carried the cock into an adjoining tent, and presently returned with a bottle of wine, a loaf of bread, a dish full of olives, some Syrian apricots, and a bag of barley. He gave the barley to the horse, and placed the food before me, saying, ‘In the name of God!’ We ate and drank together till we had taken enough, and when the wine got into his head he recited the following verse:

“Be not uneasy; you shall not long remain in a strange place: to-morrow I will release you with my life. I only tore myself from you to fulfil a sacred duty. God grant us a happy reunion.’

“I asked him the meaning of this verse, and he replied: ‘I am the bravest and the poorest man in the whole desert, but I never allow any stranger to pass my tent without inviting him to enter. When you honoured me with your visit to-day,

I possessed nothing at all but a white cock which I had reared in my tent; and I was obliged to part with him in order to entertain you. But I heard him crowing all the time, and then I recited these verses.'

"I admired the man's generosity, and resolved to reward him richly. During the whole evening I concealed my real rank, and conversed with him upon the chase and Bedouin life, until sleep closed our eyes.

"On the following morning the troops who had accompanied me on the hunting expedition arrived, and my host wished to call his people together, lest they should be surprised by an enemy. Then I said to him: 'Remain quietly in your tent, for these troops are mine. I am the king of Tauris, and rejoice that I am able so soon to redeem your cock, and to recompense you for the friendly reception which you have given me!' In the meantime my people approached, and were delighted to find me again; and I said to them: 'I have to thank this man that nothing unpleasant happened to me during the night. Let him who loves me, give him a proof of his gratitude.' I had scarcely spoken when all who had money or articles of clothing to spare, heaped them upon him; and I ordered my treasurer to pay him ten thousand dinars, and likewise presented him with twenty beautiful horses, and a hundred slaves. Then I called together all the Bedouins in the camp, and said to them: 'Know that I am the king of Tauris, and the man with whom I spent the night is dearer to me than a brother. I would like to take him with me and give him an important post, but he cannot make up his mind to leave you. It is therefore your duty to recognise him as your chief, and this I require you to do; but if you should ever be disobedient to him I will slay you all, and lay waste your dwellings.'

"All the Bedouins exclaimed with one voice, 'We obey God and thee!' I then said to my host, 'If you should require anything from me, you have only to send a messenger who shall announce himself as an envoy from the master of the white cock; and I will give you anything you ask, even were it the half of my kingdom.'

"I then took leave of the Bedouins and returned to the capital with my people. But when we reached the gate we heard such a terrible uproar that we thought the whole city had fallen to pieces; and when I asked what was the matter, a gigantic genius flew towards me, and exclaimed: 'Now will I avenge the death of my dear son!' He dragged me out of my saddle and flew up into the air with me; but I know not how long the journey lasted, for I soon fainted. When I recovered my senses I found myself on an island inhabited by different species of genii. Some were tall, others short; some were so covered with hair that no face was visible; others were like bones without flesh; and among them were heads without bodies, and bodies without heads. They all seemed very sorrowful, and many wept and lamented aloud, and beat their faces. After a long silence, the genius who had brought me to the island, exclaimed in a voice of thunder: 'Here is the murderer of my son, what shall we do with him?' Several genii shaped like elephants, cried out: 'Give him to us, that we may eat his flesh and drink his blood.' But a genius who was more like a man, replied: 'None of us have authority

to deal with this man; he must be brought before our king.'

"I passed the night in a prison, guarded by two frightful genii, and on the following day I was conducted to a large tent in which the king sat surrounded by his viziers. The king seemed to have heard the whole story, for as soon as he saw me, he said: 'Are you the man who slew the son of this genius?' and he pointed to the genius who had brought me to the island. 'Pardon, mighty king,' I replied, 'I never saw his son at all, and I know not whether he is great or small, black or white.' 'Tell me,' said the king to the genius, 'in what manner this man slew your son.' 'My son,' replied he, 'was amusing himself in the form of a gazelle, and this man pursued him for the whole day, and slew him with an arrow. Here is the arrow,' added he, handing it to the king, 'which I drew from my poor son's body.' The king looked at the arrow, and then handed it to one of his viziers. The vizier turned it about on all sides, and said: 'This arrow must have been poisoned by a genius, or it would not have had sufficient force to consume a genius in the shape of a gazelle to ashes, consequently the man is innocent; the life of the genius had reached its appointed end, and the man was only an unknowing instrument of destiny!'

"When the king heard this, he commanded the father of the deceased to carry me back to my home; but instead of doing so, he carried me to King Hindmar, and laid his complaint before him. Hindmar was pleased with him, and said: 'He shall atone for his crime! I have eight men left, whom I will eat first; he shall be fattened till the ninth day, and then his turn will come.' Upon this, I was hung up by the feet, and have been hanging thus for eight days. This is all that I have to tell you. God be praised, who sent you here at the right moment."

As soon as the young man had finished his story, I called Misram and ordered him to carry him back to his home. I then went through several rooms till I reached a large hall which was surrounded by pretty little cabinets; and I found myself in King Hindmar's harem. In the middle of the apartment stood a golden throne, on which sat a lady as dazzlingly beautiful as the rising sun. I thought she must have escaped from Paradise, through some remissness on the part of the angel Ridwan. When the lady saw me, she hastily covered her face, exclaiming: "How was it possible for you to penetrate into the harem of the mighty King Hindmar?" "Hindmar is dead," said I, "and I am now lord of this castle, and of all therein." "Then you are Joodar the fisherman from Cairo," she rejoined; and immediately called her friends from their cabinets. "Did I not often tell you," continued she, "that our slavery would not last for ever? My prophecy is now fulfilled; for the man whom you see here before you, has slain our tyrant with his magic sword, and will send us all back to our homes and families. Know, my lord Joodar," added she, turning to me, "that all the ladies whom you see here, and many others who are still in their apartments, were forcibly carried away by Hindmar. A famous prophet forewarned my father that I should thus be carried away, several years before it happened. He also foretold that I should be released from captivity by a fisherman from Cairo, named Joodar, who should possess the

sword of Sintbest.”

I then looked at the ladies, who were all very beautiful, and asked which of them was Badia, who was carried away twelve years ago from her father and sister. A lady like a gazelle then came forward, and said: “I am she, for whom you ask.” I called Misram, and ordered him to take her back to her father’s house. While Misram flew away with her, I asked the lady who sat on the throne, who was named Sakirsad, to assemble all the ladies in the castle. She then sent several slave-girls to call them, and the hall became fuller and fuller, and Sakirsad counted them as they came, up to the number of ninety-eight. Then she said: “One only remains, who is so tightly bound that we must set her at liberty; but let us first send these ninety-eight back-to their homes.” I called Misram, who had already returned from his journey with Badia, and asked him to summon ninety-eight genii. They rose from the earth in a moment, and each took a lady on his shoulders, and flew up into the air with her.

Sakirsad then led me to the room where the maiden lay bound, and behold it was Hysa, my betrothed, whom I had already once released in the Eagles’ Cleft. I fainted with joy at such an unexpected meeting. When I recovered, Hysa stood unbound before me. I embraced and kissed her, and asked her to tell me how she came to this castle.

“Know, Joodar,” she replied, “that not long after Sanja carried me home, and I had mounted the throne of my father, an army suddenly marched against my capital, so numerous that it was impossible for my troops to oppose them. I sent my vizier to ascertain who they were, and what they wanted. He returned in consternation, saying, ‘It is the army of Sintbest, and he himself is at their head!’ When I heard this, I began to tremble; I turned pale, and fainted. Upon this a frightful genius rushed in, terrifying all my guards, and carried me before Sintbest, with whom Hindmar was also present. Sintbest was going to have me thrown into the sea; but Hindmar said, ‘Give her rather to me, and I will torture her in my castle till she dies of her sufferings.’ Sintbest consented; and since then, I have been languishing in this room in heavy chains; but nothing was so hard to me as the separation from my beloved, for you have been lord of my heart ever since I saw you in the Eagles’ Cleft.”

“My sole object,” I replied, “in all my undertakings has likewise been to call you mine. Now that God has reunited us, we should be at the goal of our wishes, but that I have sworn to Mahmood not to give myself up to the enjoyment of my happiness, until I can bring him news of the daughters of King Numan.”

She answered: “Let us at least stay here together for a few days, after which you can fulfil your promise to Mahmood, and I will wait here with Sakirsad, until your return.”

I called Misram, and asked what he would advise me to do.

“Stay here three days in this castle,” said he, “where you will find an abundance of all the necessaries of life, and where you have no enemy to fear; and in the meantime allow me to visit my two sons, whom I have not seen for so long

a time.”

I gave Misram a passport, and spent three days so pleasantly with Hysa and Sakirsad that Misram’s return on the fourth morning was extremely unwelcome to me. But I thought of what I owed to Mahmood, and took leave of the two ladies. Misram led me for ten days through a desert country, until we arrived at a sea-port. Here we took ship, and as soon as we had gone aboard, so favourable a breeze sprang up that the captain embraced us, saying, “We have been waiting for ten days in vain in the harbour for a favourable wind, and it seems that you bring us a fortunate journey.” He immediately ordered the anchor to be raised, and the sail to be spread, and the ship sped onwards like an arrow, or like lightning. But the wind soon became so strong that the helmsman lost control of the ship, and as he was unable to keep on a direct course, after a few days the captain knew not where he was. Then he ordered a sailor to climb the mast, to see if the ship was in the neighbourhood of some inhabited country. The sailor climbed to the top of the mainmast, and when he slid down again on deck, he said: “I saw a red and a black mountain, near together.”

When the captain heard this, he uttered a loud cry, slapped his face, and exclaimed: “Woe to us, for we are inevitably lost; we can do no more than utter our dying prayers!” Upon this, all the ship’s company flocked together, and Misram and I approached him, and asked why he was in such fear of death.

“We have no hope of escape,” replied the captain; “the red mountain which the sailor saw is the Mountain of Apes. Two hundred enchanted apes have inhabited it for a long time, and no man who fell into their hands has ever escaped them. But what the sailor supposed was a black mountain, is nothing but the iron tree with iron leaves and fruit, which Bahram the Magian planted here by all manner of magic arts, in order to destroy travellers. There was once a continent here, in the midst of which arose a very high mountain, which geographers supposed to have a subterranean communication with Mount Kaf. This country was inhabited by fire worshippers, who lived in strong fortresses, from whence they attacked and ill-treated travellers. When Bahrain was travelling through the country, he too was assailed by the inhabitants of these fortresses; and in order to revenge himself, he climbed the high mountain, opened his magic book, and summoned genii who dug a canal from the foot of the mountain, and let in so much water that the whole country was inundated. He also planted a great iron tree, with the magnetic quality of attracting all ships which approach within twenty-four hours sail. Those in the ships have no choice but to climb the mountain; and as soon as the enchanted apes see them, they rush upon them and devour them.”

When the merchants who were in the ship heard this, they began to weep and lament like women. But Misram, who always accompanied me in the form of a handsome youth, began to laugh and sing for joy, so that the merchants thought he had gone mad, and said: “Do you make fun of our danger, and do you imagine that you alone will escape?”

“Have no fear,” answered Misram, “What the captain has told you is quite true; but we possess a sword which will cleave the iron tree like a sheet of paper, and nothing will then prevent us from sailing in any direction we please.”

When the people remembered the favourable breeze which sprang up when we came aboard, they were a little comforted; but they continually became more uneasy, the nearer the ship approached the iron tree. At length, when it touched the mountain close by, Misram exclaimed: “Whoever leaves the ship will be devoured by the apes. Joodar alone may go ashore, for he is protected by his magic sword.” But he said to me: “Go fearlessly up to the tree, and say: ‘O Thou who didst deliver Moses from the waters, made iron soft for David, and didst reveal the Koran to our lord Mohammed, grant me Thy aid to hew down this iron tree, for Thou art omnipotent!’” I did as Misram commanded, and the iron tree yielded to my sword like a weak reed, and fell into the sea with a thundering crash. I then hastened back to the ship, and had scarcely climbed on board when the wind blew from the mountain, and carried our ship into the open sea.

The captain danced about on the deck for joy, and kissed me several times, and all who were in the ship thanked me, and apologised for their having previously shown me so little attention. We now sailed eastwards for three days, until we arrived at a green island, which Misram called the Emerald Isle. Here we two landed, and instructed the captain in what direction to steer in order to arrive at his destination. Misram led me for three days along a green valley, through which flowed a small river, whose water was sweeter than honey and colder than snow. Nothing grew here but odoriferous trees and shrubs, and the trees were covered with the most beautiful and delicious fruits. At length, when we arrived at a great walnut-tree, near which the river emptied itself into the sea, Misram said: “We have now arrived at our destination, for this is the Valley of the Gazelles, and here is the tree from which Mahmood beheld the daughters of King Numan. You must now climb the tree, and wait for the arrival of the maidens. When you see them coming, hide yourself carefully among the branches of the tree, but as soon as they have laid aside their fish-skins, spring towards the skins with your sword. It will then be impossible for them to return home; and you can take them to your friend Mahmood, on whose account you have undertaken the whole journey. This is the last advice I have to give you; but God is all-knowing.”

I had scarcely climbed the tree when three fishes, a blue, a green, and a yellow one, swam up the river from the sea till they approached the nut-tree, where they threw off their fish-skins, and became transformed into three maidens, more beautiful than I had ever seen in my life. I kept myself hidden, for I thought that more were coming, but I heard one say to another: “We will not stay here long to-day, for our sisters have remained at home, and I am anxious to return to them.”

After this, I only waited till they had gone away from the fish-skins, when I sprang from the tree, and seized upon the skins. Misram was much pleased when he saw this, and ordered three genii to carry the maidens to Hysa and



Sakirsad in Hindmar's castle, and there to await our return.

I thought that I had now done my duty, and had reached the end of my labours, so I performed my ablutions in the river, thanked God for His aid, and prayed that He would grant me a safe and speedy return to Egypt. But when I had ended my prayer, two of the genii whom Misram had sent with the maidens, returned in consternation; and when Misram asked what had befallen them, one of them answered, "Know, my master, that when we came with the maidens in the neighbourhood of the Black Mountain, past which the way to Hindmar's castle led us, ten genii sprang upon us and stopped us. When I told them that I was a messenger from Misram and the Egyptian Joodar, they replied: 'These are they of whom we are in search. One of you must remain here with us and the maidens, and the other two must return to Misram and Joodar, and bring them here.'"

When Misram heard this, he said: "Rise up, Joodar; we must not lose any time here, for some important news certainly awaits us."

We travelled together to the Black Mountain, till we came to the genii who had intercepted our messengers. Misram asked: "Who are you, and what do you want of us?"

One of them answered: "We were sent by Shil-shanum, the son of Jaljamook, to ask you to wait for him here, and we detained one of your messengers, with the maidens, to make it more certain that you would pass this way."

He had scarcely spoken, when Shilshanum himself appeared in the form of a white bird, and said to us: "I have been searching everywhere for you for the last three days, for my heart is like a burning coal at what I have seen at Hindmar's castle. Soon after you set out to destroy the iron tree of Bahrain the Magian, my father sent for me to accompany him to Hindmar. But as soon as he found the bird on the pillar overthrown, and the door of the castle open, he cried out, 'Woe to me; my presentiment is fulfilled; for my friend Hindmar is dead, and all my enchantments have prevailed nothing against the magic sword of Joodar; but I will avenge myself.' He then went into the castle, took all the silver, gold, jewels, and costly stuffs which he found there, and commanded some genii to throw everything into the sea. At last he came into the room where Hysa and Sakirsad and their slave-girls were sitting, when he uttered such a cry that I thought the whole castle had fallen upon us; and then he said to me: 'My son, Joodar shall now perceive that no one can contend against me with impunity. Bring me a golden cup, and a little white sand.' When I gave it him, he mixed the sand with some liquid which he had with him, pronounced some unintelligible words over it, and then cried out with a loud voice, 'Let half your bodies remain human, and let the other half become stone.' He then sprinkled them with the liquid from the cup, which began to boil as if it was standing over the fire; and behold, Hysa, Sakirsad, and the eight slave-girls became half changed into stone, so that they could not stir from the spot. After this my father drew a book from his pocket, and read a little; but he suddenly turned pale, and began to shake and tremble. 'What

is the matter, father?’ said I. ‘Woe to me,’ he answered; ‘I repent of what I have just done, for Joodar will certainly outwit me at last, with the aid of one who is very near to me; but I will at least make certain that his betrothed shall never recover her former shape.’ He then wrote her name, and the names of the other ladies, on a tablet, locked it in an emerald casket, and commanded the genius Shamhoorish to deposit it in a statue which stands in the Valley of Kings not far from the castle of the enchanter Munkik. ‘I myself,’ added he, ‘will now go to Munkik, where I shall certainly be safe from the pursuit of Joodar for a considerable time.’ Here upon he destroyed the whole castle of Hindmar, except the room where the enchanted ladies were; and he then took leave of me. But as soon as he was gone, I went to the ladies, whom I sincerely compassionated, told them who I was, and comforted them by promising to inform you of all that had taken place; and assured them that it would not be such a very difficult matter after all to release them from their enchantment. I then left them, and took ten genii with me, whom I commanded to stop any one coming from the Valley of the Gazelles, for I knew that you were seeking the daughters of King Numan. I myself wandered about in search of you; and I thank God that I have found you, that you may come with me to release the unhappy ladies.” When we heard Shilshanum’s report, we wept bitterly, and were so much agitated that we should have fainted, if we had not taken some wine as a restorative. We followed Shilshanum in a state of stupor to the ruined castle of Hindmar, and when we came to the enchanted ladies, they cursed us, and exclaimed: “Would that Hindmar were yet alive! Would that we had never seen you!”

But Misram calmed them, and swore to them that he would never see his beloved sons again until he had restored them to their former shapes, with the aid of God. He then ordered the three genii to carry the daughters of King Numan to Mahmood in Egypt, and then to wait for him in the castle with Hysa. When this was arranged, Shilshanum took me on his back, and flew through the air with me from morning till evening, and then placed me on an island, and said: “This is the island of the daughter of the Vizier Shem, whom God created with a red comb like a cock, tusks like an elephant, and wings like the sails of a great ship. He has handed over this island to his daughter, and desires to end his days with his friend Munkik in the Valley of Kings. A swift ship takes at least twenty years, if the wind is always favourable, to sail from here to the Valley of Kings; but genii can fly over the distance in two days, and those to whom the Sacred Name of God is revealed, in an hour. There is also a species of bird which can fly from here to the Valley of Kings in one day. I will now slaughter a camel, and sew you up in the skin, when one of these birds will presently come and carry you to the Valley of Kings, whither I will follow you. I would willingly have carried you there on my back, but we should be obliged to pass over many hostile countries, where I must be unencumbered in order to repel any attack. But I will follow you as rapidly as possible, and you will be just as safe as if you were on my back.”

He then left me for a time, and returned with a large camel, which he

slaughtered. He stripped off the skin, sewed me up in it and withdrew to a little distance. Immediately a bird as large as an elephant took me up in his talons, and flew with me from morning till evening. He then laid me down, and was about to feast upon me, but Shil-shanum, who had kept close behind me, frightened him away, ripped up the skin, and said:

“Rise up, Joodar; we have reached our destination. Praise be to God, who has preserved us from being attacked by any enemy.”

I stood up, and looked round me, and found myself in one of the most charming valleys in the world. At every step the odour of musk arose from the ground, and brooks, trees, and birds united in praising the Omnipotent Creator.

“This is the Valley of Kings,” said Shilshanum, “and not far from here stands the castle of Munkik, with its four iron doors. In front of one of these doors stands a statue, beside which lies a golden scorpion. Rub the right side of the scorpion, and a little door in the statue will open, just large enough for you to put your hand in. Reach up to the head of the statue, where you will find a copper cage, in the middle of which is a golden pillar, on which stands a sparrow of green emerald; seize the sparrow, when it will turn round three times, after which you must bind it to the pillar with a silken cord. But take good heed that the bird does not touch you with its beak or claws, for the slightest scratch would be fatal to you.”

When I had done everything that Shilshanum had directed, Jaljamook came to me from the castle, and said: “Everything has its appointed term, and I am now your friend. Go and release the sparrow, and then I will inform you of the means by which you can restore your betrothed to her former shape. But make haste, for my life is almost ended, and I cannot speak as long as the sparrow is bound fast. Behold, I am growing weaker every instant, my eyes are dim, my hand stiffens, and my foot cannot move from the spot. Hasten, then, that I may recover sufficient strength to aid you to disenchant the ladies, and to return home.”

Jaljamook spoke these words in so piteous a tone that I was moved with compassion, and for getting all his former hostility, went to release the sparrow. But I found Shilshanum standing before the statue, binding the sparrow faster and faster, till he nearly strangled it. When he saw me, he uttered such a cry that I fell down with fright, and fire flew from his nostrils which would have consumed me if I had not hastily risen and sprung on one side.

He then cried out: “But for the old bond between us, you would now be a dead man; you allowed yourself to be deluded by my father, and would have released the sparrow; but had you done so, both you and I, and the ladies in Hindmar’s castle, would all have been lost. My father would then have acquired an overwhelming power over you, and you would never have returned to your home. Go back to my father like a man, and pay no heed to his lamentations and promises, until you have compelled him to disenchant the ladies.”

I went back to Jaljamook, and found him stretched on the ground in the last agonies.

When he saw me, he said: “You promised to ease my sufferings, and now I

feel much worse than before.”

“I have discovered your treachery,” answered I, “and you must disenchant the ladies before I can relieve you.”

When he heard this, he laughed with anger, and said: “Well, my son, you are innocent, for another has betrayed me. Take this seal ring from my finger, and give it to my son Shilshanum. He will guide you to Shamhoorish, who guards the sacred names by which the ladies were enchanted. Give him the ring as a token that you are my messenger, and he will give you a small emerald tablet written over with many talismans, which you must take to the ladies. Then take some white sand from a box which stands on their right hand, and scatter it in a golden cup filled with water. My son Shilshanum must first read over seven times what is written on the tablet, and then he must sprinkle the ladies with the water from the cup, and say: ‘By the influence of these sacred names, and by the power of the Creator of heaven and earth, resume your former shapes.’ Then the spell will be broken, and the ladies will be able to walk about on human feet, and will become still more beautiful than they were before. When this is accomplished, then deal with me as I deserve.”

I took the ring to Shilshanum, and when he saw it he said: “We are now near the end of our troubles; come with me.”

He led me to a beautiful garden, full of the most exquisite fruit. “In this garden,” said Shilshanum, “sits the genius Shamhoorish, with a serpent in his hand, the venom of which could dissolve the hardest rocks. He holds it only on your account, that the serpent may kill you if you approach him. You must therefore go up to the genius from behind, and show him my father’s ring before he sees you, and then he will not allow the snake to injure you.”

I then went into the garden, which was filled with the most beautiful streams, flowers, fruits, and birds that the tongue can speak of, or the eyes behold. I stopped on the banks of a stream to perform my ablutions, and to pray. After I had finished my devotions, I went on till I came to the middle of the garden, where I saw a fearfully tall genius, with a large head, and a neck like a camel, sitting before a water-course, which was supplied by a wheel of sandal-wood with an emerald axle, worked by a golden ox with diamond horns. I stole up to the genius on tiptoe as stealthily as a thief, till I could throw my arms round him from behind, and held up the ring before his eyes, saying, “Jaljamook sends me to you to disenchant the ladies in Hindmar’s castle.”

“Everything takes its appointed course,” said Shamhoorish; “I thought that the enchantment would have endured until the day of resurrection, but God has willed it otherwise. God releases whom He will, and I shall also be enabled to return to my friends, from whom Jaljamook has separated me for the last four-and-twenty years by all manner of enchantments. He is a regular devil, who tears asunder the very skin and bone of the faithful. But he and his malice must be almost played out; for if he still retained his old energy, he would never have given you this ring. Now listen to me, and do not forget a word of what I tell you,

or your destruction is inevitable. Leave the garden by the gate opposite to that by which you entered, and you will see a marble pillar in a green meadow, on the top of which stands a white bird. Salute him, and say: 'Shamhoorish sends me to you, and wishes you to give me the tablet, which he entrusted to you.' Then strike the pillar with your sword, and if the bird returns you any answer, he will grant your request. But do not speak to the bird unless he is standing on one leg. If he stands on both, return to me at once."

I went in the direction which Shamhoorish pointed out until I came to the pillar, and as the bird was standing on one leg, I saluted him, and asked for the tablet. The bird was silent for a while, and then he spread his wings, opened his mouth, and said in a very melodious human voice:

"There is no god but God alone, who accomplishes everything in His own good time. Last night it was prophesied in a dream that I should return to my home upon the arrival of a fisherman from Egypt. Are you that fisherman?"

When I answered his question in the affirmative he flew away, and presently returned with a green branch, and said:

"Here I bring you from the key tree, which grows near Mount Kaf, the key of this pillar which contains the emerald tablet which Shamhoorish entrusted to my care."

He then appeared to me in a human form, but his aspect made me shudder. He was only two yards long; his tongue was half as long as his whole body, and hung a long way down over his breast, but his beard reached to his very feet. He had eyes like two burning coals, his nostrils were like trumpets, he was much broader than he was long; but the ugliest part of him was a long tail like that of a monkey.

When he approached me he gave me the key-shaped branch and said: "There is a marble lock on the left side of the pillar, open it with the key, put your hand in and take a green tablet out." When I brought him the tablet, he said: "Look what is written upon this tablet"

I looked and saw the names of Hysa, Sakirsad, and the other damsels who were with them. But another name was written beneath, which was quite strange to me, Limping Shimhar; and when I asked him what it signified, he answered: "That is my name, for I was enchanted by the accursed Jaljamook, like these ladies; and but for you I should have been condemned to stand on the pillar as guardian of the tablet, as long as the ladies remained in Hindmar's castle. I still remain as it were a prisoner, until you shall erase my name from the tablet. You may do so without risk, for you have no further need of me, as Shilshanum can now give you all the assistance which you require."

I wiped the name of Shimhar out, and behold, the hideous creature before me became changed again into a white bird, and flew away, thanking me, and praying for my happiness. I then put the tablet in my pocket and carried it to Shilshanum, who was waiting for me outside the garden.

He was overjoyed when I showed it him, and exclaimed: "Now we can return

and bring comfort to the ladies; but as we cannot tell what new snares my father may plan for us, we cannot live secure unless we help him to leave the world.”

He then carried me back to the place where we had left the sparrow, and strangled it.

“Now go back to the castle, and you will see something wonderful,” he said.

I went to the castle, and behold, Jaljamook was converted into a black cinder, which gradually dissolved into a heap of ashes. When I returned to Shilshanum and told him what I had seen, he danced with joy and kissed and embraced me. He then slaughtered another camel, and stripped off the skin, which he sewed around me, and a bird then carried me across the country where Shilshanum dreaded the attack of some enemy. Then he took me on his own back and flew with me till we came near Hindmar’s castle. As we approached the harem, we heard loud sobbing, and then we recognised Misram’s voice comforting the ladies, and assuring them of our safe and speedy return.

I was too impatient to wait longer, and rushed into the room half wild with joy; and taking the emerald tablet from my pocket I performed the ceremony which Jaljamook had directed, and behold, the ladies were fully restored, and became still more beautiful than before; and threw themselves into my arms one after another. I was then obliged to tell them how I had obtained possession of the tablet; and after I had informed them of all the adventures which had befallen me on my journey, they kissed me again, and thanked God that I had succeeded in such a difficult undertaking. I then approached Hysa, who had not taken her eyes from me during the whole narrative, but had not yet said a single loving word to me, and asked her whether she could not find some word to express her love.

“I am like the poet who composed the following verse,” she replied:

“I always longed to see my love, and to speak loving words to him; but when I came near him my tongue grew heavy, and my eyes were unable to lift themselves to him for awe, and I hid in my heart what I was unable to express. I had whole volumes to say, and now I cannot utter a syllable.”

We spent the evening in drinking wine, and in singing and dancing, and on the following morning, Misrain said: “We have nothing further to do in this castle, and it would be imprudent to remain in a place where we are exposed to the attacks of magicians and evil genii at any moment; therefore let us now set out for Egypt. I will call eight genii to carry the slave girls; I myself will carry Hysa and Sakirsad, and Shilshanum will take Joodar on his back.’

I was delighted to return home, especially as I had sworn to Mahmood that I would not marry Hysa until then; but I asked Misram to permit me first to ascend to the terrace of the castle that I might take a last view of this wonderful country. Misram himself accompanied me up a marble staircase of two hundred and eighty steps. When I came to the top, the castle appeared to me like Mount Kaf, and the earth seemed as far below as the sky was above. After a while I looked around on all sides, and saw something in the distance which shone with dazzling splendour like the sun; and I asked Misram what it was.

“It is a golden castle,” said he, “adorned with the most precious diamonds; the windows are of the finest crystal, and the doors are of sandalwood. It is the largest and most beautiful castle in the world, and was built by Sheddad, the son of Ad, the founder of Irem of the many pillars. Sheddad ruled over the whole earth, in its entire length and breadth, and he had two sons, one named Sheddad, and the other Sheddid. One day Sheddad called together the great men of his empire, and said to them: “I wish to found a city paved with musk and saffron. Its stones shall shine like the most brilliant jewels, and streams as clear as silver shall flow through it. Therefore instruct my lieutenants to buy gold and silver and jewels in all the countries over which they are placed, and let them prepare everything three years beforehand.’

“Sheddad’s orders were executed, and some months afterwards his messengers returned with four thousand five hundred laden camels. When all the necessary silver and gold and jewels was collected together, he set out with his troops, and travelled on for ten days until he arrived in a beautiful valley. Here he dismounted and ordered tents to be pitched for himself and his army, and in one hour they erected a hundred and fifty thousand tents. Sheddad then assembled architects, carpenters, gold smiths, sculptors, painters, and other handicraftsmen and artists, and ordered them to build a city with four thousand pillars. In the centre of the city he ordered a castle to be built, surrounded by gardens which should eclipse Paradise. Nothing but the purest gold and the choicest pearls and diamonds were used in its construction, and the rarest flowers and fruits from all parts of the world were transported to the gardens. Fruit-trees were brought from Greece and Persia, violets from Bassorah, roses from Kufa, basil from Mecca, lilies and jasmine from Egypt, saffron from Genoa, and aloes and sandalwood from China. He also laid out a park, where the finest gazelles sported, and the most brilliantly coloured birds sang. The walls of the garden were covered with the finest fabrics, on which all kinds of trees and birds were painted and embroidered.

“When everything was finished, Sheddad richly rewarded the artists and workmen, and took possession of his castle. But the first night on which he slept there he had a frightful dream, from which he awoke in a state of the utmost consternation, and yet he could not remember what he had dreamed. Early next morning he sent for Ifrak, his interpreter of dreams, in whom he placed implicit confidence, and said to him: ‘Dear Ifrak, I had a dreadful dream last night which I cannot remember; all I know is, that I awoke with my heart beating violently. Tell me what this dream signifies.’

‘Ifrak took a tablet from his pocket, scattered sand over it, and wrote all kinds of strange characters thereon. Then he counted on his fingers for awhile, and said: ‘Mighty king, you dreamed that you were in a ship on the raging sea. An ugly negro, with a lion’s head, came up to you, took a chain which hung from the prow of the ship, dived down, and dragged the ship after him into the abyss. You fell down and fainted, and when you recovered your senses you found yourself in a great cavern, from which you could find no way of escape; and after wandering

about for some time you came to a great fire blazing up brightly, but without giving forth any smoke. The fire came up to you and consumed your left leg like a piece of dry wood, and when it rose farther up towards your heart you awoke.'

"True,' said Sheddad, 'that was my dream; but now tell me what it portends.'

"Ifрак took a book from his pocket, and read in it for a while, and then uttered a cry at which the whole castle shook, although it was supported by so many pillars.

"What have you seen?' asked Sheddad, overcome with terror.

"Hold me guiltless,' replied Ifрак, 'and I will conceal nothing from you.'

"Sheddad promised him his protection, and he said: 'In ten days death will overtake both you and all your people.'

"On the tenth day Sheddad was reviewing his troops, when a violent storm arose, and a great earthquake followed, which swallowed up Sheddad and his whole army, and they became as yesterday, which never returns. His castle was afterwards inhabited by Dydabooj, a very powerful but aggressive king of the genii, who murdered his father Yajooj, the king of the City of Lead. But he did not long reside there in peace, for the magician Busirian, who was a faithful friend of Yajooj, and who passionately loved his daughter Unka, sealed him up in a copper flask, which he would have thrown into the sea, but Unka begged him to have compassion on him.

"Dydabooj remained in the flask for many years, until his cousin Iblis went to the Dervish Jindar, who had a strong castle on a small island in the ocean, and begged him for aid against Busirian.

"Jindar read awhile in his magic book, and then said to Iblis: 'I can do nothing for your cousin, although I should be very glad to restore him to liberty. The only man in the world who can help you is Abul Ajaib, whom I am expecting here in a few days, and to whom I will explain the affair.'

"Three days afterwards Abul Ajaib arrived at the castle. He had two faces a man's face before and an elephant's behind. When he was in good humour he veiled the last, but when he was angry he showed only his elephant's face, the aspect of which filled both men and genii with terror and dismay. As soon as he heard what had happened to Dydabooj, he said to Iblis: 'Pluck up your courage, for Busirian shall atone for his cruelty to your cousin.'

"He then summoned a hideous winged genius, and ordered him to take Busirian prisoner, and to open the copper flask which stood in his castle.

"Am I to be shut up in it?' inquired the genius, with a trembling voice; 'have I deserved this from you? Have I ever acted treacherously towards you? How can I approach the mighty Busirian?'

"Fear nothing,' answered Abul Ajaib, 'I will follow you myself.'

"Busirian had lost his beloved wife, and was now mourning for her on a mountain opposite Sheddad's castle. He was so much grieved for the loss of Unka that he had forgotten to take his book of magic with him, without which he was



as powerless as an ordinary mortal.

“Abul Ajaib commanded the winged genius to carry him to the mountain where Busirian was mourning for his wife, and took him prisoner. He then released Dydabooj from the flask, and gave him the castle of Sheddad, in which Busirian’s daughters were living, whom he married.

“This happened a few months ago, and I do not know what has since taken place.”

Misram had scarcely finished speaking, when a genius in the form of a roe appeared and handed Shilshanum a letter from Mahmood, which ran as follows:

“In the name of the All-merciful God! A respectful greeting and blessing to the Dervish Shilshanum and his friends Joodar and Misram, who have toiled with such superhuman energy for the peace of the good, and the happiness of the innocent. There is yet one honourable enterprise for you to perform before you return to the bosom of your families in peace. You must release my friend Busirian and his daughters, and Joodar must slay my tutor’s namesake, the ruthless Abul Ajaib and the parricide Dydabooj, who are living in Sheddad’s castle. You must then restore his magic book to Busirian, that he may no longer flutter about like a bird with broken wings. As soon as you receive this letter, fly to the castle of Sheddad with Joodar, Misram, Hysa, and Sakirsad, and there await the return of its treacherous masters, who are at present on a journey. God is almighty!”

When Shilshanum had read the letter he said to the messenger: “Go back to Mahmood, salute him, and kiss his hands and feet from me, and tell him we will carry out his wishes, and will afterwards all pay him a visit together.” Then he turned to us and said: “You can see from this that what you have heard about the castle of Sheddad is quite true, and it seems that some friend or relative of Busirian has applied to Mahmood for help, or that he has read of his misfortune in his magic book.”

Shilshanum then took me on his back, and Misram took up the two ladies, and we arrived in a moment on the terrace of the golden castle of Sheddad. We then descended into it, and I found the reality far more beautiful than Misram had described it to me. We found the five daughters of Busirian in a spacious saloon beyond the wonderful gardens, and they were much astonished at the sudden arrival of strangers; but while I was telling them who we were and why we had come, Shilshanum unbound the unhappy Busirian, who was confined in one of the lower rooms of the castle, and the damsels fainted for joy when they beheld their father again. We spent three very pleasant days in the company of Busirian and his daughters. On the fourth day, when we saw Abul Ajaib and Dydabooj returning, we hid ourselves in an ante-room, and as soon as they sat down on the divan beside the ladies, I sprang forward with my magic sword and both their heads flew from their bodies at one blow. Misram then collected together all the valuables in the castle, and ordered several genii to bring them here. He himself then took Hysa and Sakirsad in his arms, Shilshanum took me on his back, we

said adieu to Busirian and his daughters, and after half a day's journey we arrived here. I then released Misram and Shilshanum for ever from further attendance on me, and celebrated my marriage with Hysa on the same day that Mahmood, who was waiting for me at my house, married the daughters of King Numan.

The treasures which we took from Sheddad's castle enable me royally to entertain all the poor of Cairo. This was my constant practice, mighty Sultan, till my neighbours looked upon me as a suspicious character, and the chief of the police brought me here. God be praised that we have met, for I have long waited for an opportunity to make you a present of the powerful magic sword and ring, which will doubtless give you victory in all your wars against the infidels.

The Sultan Zaher gratefully accepted Joodar's presents, and afterwards lived with him in the most intimate friendship.

"I myself," says the poet Hassan, of Andalusia, the author of this book, "made the acquaintance of Joodar upon my journey to Cairo, and he gave me an account himself of all the adventures of his life, and introduced me to the Sultan Zaher, with whom he was on terms of brotherly intimacy. I wrote down everything which Joodar related to me, because it was deserving of being handed down to posterity."

This is all which we know of the life of Joodar. Praise to God and to His Prophet Mohammed, and to his relations and companions.



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