

HIDEOUS FACES BEAUTIFUL SKULLS TALES OF HORROR AND THE BIZARRE

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Hideous Faces Beautiful Skulls Tales Of Horror And The Bizarre LIT as among the stuff to complete fast. In every rejoicing a boon (240) midst the singers and minstrels am I, ii. 258. I wonder, shall I and the friend who's far from me Once more be granted of Fate to meet, we twain! Then they spread the ensigns and the standards, whilst the drums beat and the trumpets sounded, and set out upon the homeward journey. The King of Baghdad rode forth with them and brought them three days' journey on their way, after which he took leave of them and returned with his troops to Baghdad. As for King El Aziz and his son, they fared on night and day and gave not over going till there abode but three days' journey between them and Yemen, when they despatched three men of the couriers to the prince's mother [to acquaint her with their return], safe and laden with spoil, bringing with them Mariyeh, the king's daughter of Baghdad. When the queen-mother heard this, her wit fled for joy and she adorned El Abbas his slave-girls after the goodliest fashion. Now he had ten slave-girls, as they were moons, whereof his father had carried five with him to Baghdad, as hath aforetime been set out, and other five abode with his mother. When the dromedary-posts (125) came, they were certified of the approach of El Abbas, and when the sun rose and their standards appeared, the prince's mother came out to meet her son; nor was there great or small, old man or infant, but went forth that day to meet the king. b. The Merchant's Wife and the Parrot dlxxix. a. Story of the Ox and the Ass. d. The Fourth Voyage of Sindbad the Sailor cclix. All intercessions come and all alike do ill succeed, Save Tuhfeh's, daughter of Merjan, for that, in very deed, The Khalif smiled and said to his eunuch, "O Mesroul, verily women are little of wit. I conjure thee, by Allah, say, was not Aboulhusn with me but now?" ["Yes, O Commander of the Faithful," answered Mesroul] Quoth the Lady Zubeideh, laughing from a heart full of wrath, "Wilt thou not leave thy jesting? Is it not enough that Aboulhusn is dead, but thou must kill my slave-girl also and bereave us of the two and style me little of wit?" "Indeed," answered the Khalif, "it is Nuzhet el Fuad who is dead." And Zubeideh said, "Indeed he hath not been with thee, nor hast thou seen him, and none was with me but now but Nuzhet el Fuad, and she sorrowful, weeping, with her clothes torn. I exhorted her to patience and gave her a hundred dinars and a piece of silk; and indeed I was awaiting thy coming, so I might condole with thee for thy boon-companion Aboulhusn el Khelia, and was about to send for thee." The Khalif laughed and said, "None is dead but Nuzhet el Fuad;" and she, "No, no, my lord; none is dead but Aboulhusn." One day, King Suleiman Shah went in to his brother's daughter and kissing her head, said to her, 'Thou art my daughter and dearer to me than a child, for the love of thy father deceased; wherefore I am minded to marry thee to one of my sons and appoint him my heir apparent, so he may be king after me. Look, then, which thou wilt have of my sons, for that thou hast been reared with them and knowest them.' The damsel arose and kissing his hand, said to him, 'O my lord, I am thine handmaid and thou art the ruler over me; so whatsoever pleaseth thee, do, for that thy wish is higher and more honourable and nobler [than mine] and if thou wouldst have me serve thee, [as a handmaid], the rest of my life, it were liefer to me than any [husband]. On the dear nights of union, in you was our joy, But afflicted were we since ye bade us adieu. With this the king's wrath subsided and he said, "Restore him to the prison till the morrow, so we may look into his affair." Exalted mayst thou be above th' empyrean heaven of joy And may God's glory greater grow and more exalted aye! Story of the Merchant and His Sons. Solomon, David and, i. 275. For no hand is there but the hand of God is over it And no oppressor but shall be with worse than he opprest. So I stretch out my root neath the flood And my branches turn back to it there. With ruin I o'erwhelm him and abjectness and woe And cause him quaff the goblet of death and distance drear. When she had made an end of her song, she wept sore, till presently sleep overcame her and she slept. King Azadbekht and his Son, History of, i. 61. Then he looked at her and seeing her eyes fixed on the young Damascene, for that in very deed he had ravished her with his beauty and grace, went up to the latter and said to him, "O my lord, art thou a looker-on or a buyer? Tell me." Quoth Nouredin, "I am both looker-on and buyer. Wilt thou sell me yonder slave-girl for sixteen hundred dinars?" And he pulled out the purse of gold. So the dealer returned, dancing and clapping his hands and saying, "So be it, so be it, or not [at all]!" Then he came to the damsel and said to her, "O Sitt el Milah, shall I sell thee to yonder young Damascene for sixteen hundred dinars?" But she answered, "No," of shamefastness before her master and the bystanders; whereupon the people of the bazaar and the slave-merchant departed, and Abou Nuwas and Ali Nouredin arose and went each his own way, whilst the damsel returned to her master's house, full of love for the young Damascene. Beauty on his cheek hath written, "Blest be Allah, He who created this enchanting wight!" "What is the taste of love?" quoth one, and I replied, "Sweet water 'tis at first; but torment lurks behind." O friends, the East wind waxeth, the morning draweth near, iii. 123. n. The Man who never Laughed again dlxxvii. d. The Tailor's Story cxxxvi. 64. Haroun er Reshid and the Three Girls dcli. Before I rent my clothes, reproach me not, I pray. [Then they went up to the palace and] the interpreter went in to Selma and said to her, 'O king of the age, here is an Indian woman, who cometh from the land of Hind, and she hath laid hands on a young man, a servant, avouching that he is her husband, who hath been missing these two years, and she came not hither but on his account, and indeed these many days she hath done almsdeeds [in the city]. And here is a man, a cook, who avoucheth that the young man is his slave.' When the queen heard these words, her entrails quivered and she groaned from an aching heart and called to mind her brother and that which had betided him. Then she bade those who were about her bring them before her, and when she saw them, she knew her brother and was like to cry aloud; but her reason restrained her; yet could she not contain herself, but she must needs rise up and sit down. However, she enforced herself unto patience and said to them, 'Let each of you acquaint me with his case.' 124. The Saint to whom God gave a Cloud to serve him and the Devout King cccclxxiii. 48. The Thief and the Money-Changer ccxlv. How long, O Fate, wilt thou oppress and baffle me? Now there remained one after her; so we took her and drowned her and the eunuchs went away, whilst we dropped down the river with the boat till we came to the mouth of the canal, where I saw my mistress awaiting me. So we took her up into the boat and returned to our pavilion on Er Rauzeh. Then I rewarded the boatman and he took his boat and went away; whereupon quoth she to me, "Thou art indeed a friend in need." (189) And I abode with her some days; but the shock wrought upon her so that she sickened and fell to wasting away and redoubled in languishment and weakness till she died. I mourned for her with an exceeding mourning and buried her; after which I removed all that was in the pavilion to my own house [and abandoned the former]. O amir of justice, be kind to thy subjects, iii. 24. How long shall I thus question my heart that's drowned in woe? I'm mute for my complaining; but tears speak, as they flow. OF THE SPEEDY RELIEF OF GOD. g. The King's Son and the Ogress dlxxxii. Meanwhile, Queen

Kemeriye and her company sailed on, without ceasing, till they came under the palace wherein was Tuhfeh, to wit, that of Meimoun the Swordsman; and by the ordinance of destiny, Tuhfeh herself was then sitting on the belvedere of the palace, pondering the affair of Haroun er Reshid and her own and that which had befallen her and weeping for that she was doomed to slaughter. She saw the ship and what was therein of those whom we have named, and they in mortal guise, and said, 'Alas, my sorrow for yonder ship and the mortals that be therein!' As for Kemeriye and her company, when they drew near the palace, they strained their eyes and seeing Tuhfeh sitting, said, 'Yonder sits Tuhfeh. May God not bereave [us] of her!' Then they moored their ship and making for the island, that lay over against the palace, spread carpets and sat eating and drinking; whereupon quoth Tuhfeh, 'Welcome and fair welcome to yonder faces! These are my kinswomen and I conjure thee by Allah, O Jemreh, that thou let me down to them, so I may sit with them awhile and make friends with them and return.' Quoth Jemreh, 'I may on no wise do that.' And Tuhfeh wept. Then the folk brought out wine and drank, what while Kemeriye took the lute and sang the following verses: . . . The ignorant man may speak with impunity A word that is death to the wise and the ripe of wit. EL MELIK EZ ZAHIR RUKNEDDIN BIBERS EL BUNDUCDARI AND THE SIXTEEN OFFICERS OF POLICE. (83). . . eb. Story of the Barber's Second Brother xxxi. Actions, Of the Issues of Good and Evil, i. 103. . . And hope thou not for aught from me, who reck not with a folk To mix, who may with abjectness infect my royal line. The damsel rejoiced, when the old man returned to her with the lute, and taking it from him, tuned its strings and sang the following verses: . . . For thy sweet sake, as 'twere, indeed, an exile I had been, Lone and deserted I became, lamenting, weeping-eyed. So they dragged him away, what while he wept and spoke the words which whoso saith shall nowise be confounded, to wit, "There is no power and no virtue save in God the Most High, the Sublime!" When they came to the Tigris, one of them drew the sword upon him and El Muradi said to the swordbearer, "Smite off his head." But one of them, Ahmed by name, said, "O folk, deal gently with this poor wretch and slay him not unjustly and wickedly, for I stand in fear of God the Most High, lest He burn me with his fire." Quoth El Muradi, "A truce to this talk!" And Ahmed said, "If ye do with him aught, I will acquaint the Commander of the Faithful." "How, then, shall we do with him?" asked they; and he answered, "Let us deposit him in prison and I will be answerable to you for his provision; so shall we be quit of his blood, for indeed he is wrongfully used." So they took him up and casting him into the Prison of Blood, (13) went away. Then he turned to a damsel of the damsels and said to her, "Who am I?" Quoth she, "Thou art the Commander of the Faithful;" and he said, "Thou liest, O calamity! (33) If I be indeed the Commander of the Faithful, bite my finger." So she came to him and bit it with her might, and he said to her, "It sufficeth." Then he said to the chief eunuch, "Who am I?" And he answered, "Thou art the Commander of the Faithful." So he left him and turning to a little white slave, said to him, "Bite my ear;" and he bent down to him and put his ear to his mouth. Now the slave was young and lacked understanding; so he closed his teeth upon Aboulhusn's ear with his might, till he came near to sever it; and he knew not Arabic, so, as often as Aboulhusn said to him, "It sufficeth," he concluded that he said, "Bite harder," and redoubled his bite and clenched his teeth upon the ear, whilst the damsels were diverted from him with hearkening to the singing-girls, and Aboulhusn cried out for succour from the boy and the Khalif [well-nigh] lost his senses for laughter. . . . O thou with love of whom I'm smitten, yet content, I prithee come to me and hasten to my side. . . . s. The Journeyman and the Girl dcccix. The kings of the Jinn were moved to delight by that fair singing and fluent speech and praised Tuhfeh; and Queen Kemeriye rose to her and embraced her and kissed her between the eyes, saying, 'By Allah, it is good, O my sister and solace of mine eyes and darling of my heart!' Then said she, 'I conjure thee by Allah, give us more of this lovely singing.' And Tuhfeh answered with 'Hearkening and obedience.' So she took the lute and playing thereon after a different fashion from the former one, sang the following verses: . . . When the youth had made an end of his story, the king's anger subsided a little and he said, "Restore him to the prison, for the day draweth to an end, and tomorrow we will took into his affair." . . . Of beryl, all glowing with beauty, wherein Thick stars of pure silver shine forth to the eye. . . . Except I be appointed a day [to end my pain], I'll weep until mine eyelids with blood their tears ensue. . . . When Sindbad the Sailor had made an end of his story, all who were present marvelled at that which had befallen him. Then he bade his treasurer give the porter an hundred mithcals of gold and dismissed him, charging him return on the morrow, with the rest of the folk, to hear the history of his seventh voyage. So the porter went away to his house, rejoicing; and on the morrow he presented himself with the rest of the guests, who sat down, as of their wont, and occupied themselves with eating and drinking and merry-making till the end of the day, when their host bade them hearken to the story of his seventh voyage. Quoth Sindbad the Sailor, . . . aa. Story of the Jealous Man and the Parrot (226) xiv. She comes in a robe the colour of ultramarine, iii. 190. . . "The glory's not in those whom raiment rich makes fair, But those who still adorn the raiment that they wear." . . . To whom save thee shall I complain, of whom relief implore, Whose image came to visit me, what while in dreams I lay? . . . Beard of the old he-goat, the one-eyed, what shall be, ii. 231. . . God keep the days of love-delight! How passing sweet they were! ii. 96. . . d. The Fourth Voyage of Sindbad the Sailor. . . . Now God forbid thou shouldst attain thy wishes! What care I if thou have looked on me a look that caused thee languishment? . . . When this came to the king's knowledge, he despatched troops in pursuit of Zourkhan, to stop the road upon him, whilst he himself went out and overtaking the vizier, smote him on the head with his mace and slew him. Then he took his daughter by force and returning to his dwelling-place, went in to her and married her. Arwa resigned herself with patience to that which betided her and committed her affair to God the Most High; and indeed she was used to serve Him day and night with a goodly service in the house of King Dabdin her husband. . . . I was once an officer in the household of the Amir Jemaleddin El Atwesh El Mujhidi, who was invested with the governance of the Eastern and Western districts, (107) and I was dear to his heart and he concealed from me nought of that which he purposed to do; and withal he was master of his reason. (108) It chanced one day that it was reported to him that the daughter of such an one had wealth galore and raiment and jewels and she loved a Jew, whom every day she invited to be private with her, and they passed the day eating and drinking in company and he lay the night with her. The prefect feigned to give no credence to this story, but one night he summoned the watchmen of the quarter and questioned them of this. Quoth one of them, "O my lord, I saw a Jew enter the street in question one night; but know not for certain to whom he went in." And the prefect said, "Keep thine eye on him henceforth and note what place he entereth." So the watchman went out and kept his eye on the Jew. . . . When she had made an end of her song, Queen Es Shuhba arose and said, 'Never heard I from any the like of this.' And she drew Tuhfeh to her and fell to kissing her. Then she took leave of her and flew away; and all the birds took flight with her, so that they walled the world; whilst the rest of the kings tarried behind. . . . O ye who have withered my heart and marred my hearing and my sight, Desire and transport for your sake wax on me night and day. . . . All for a wild deer's love, whose looks have snared me And on

whose brows the morning glitters bright. As for the governor, he wasted all that was with him and returned to the city, where he saw the youth and excused himself to him. Then he questioned him of what had befallen him and he told him, whereat he marvelled and returned to companionship with him; but the youth ceased to have regard for him and gave him not stipends, as of his [former] wont, neither discovered to him aught of his secrets. When the governor saw that there was no profit for him with the young Khorassani, he returned to the king, the ravisher of the damsel, and told him what the chamberlain had done and counselled him to slay the latter and incited him to recover the damsel, [promising] to give his friend to drink of poison and return. So the king sent for the chamberlain and upbraided him; whereupon he fell upon him and slew him and the king's servants fell upon the chamberlain and slew him. . . . By thy ransom, (109) who dwellest alone in my heart, In despair for the loss of the loved one am I. Behold, I am clad in a robe of leaves green, ii. 242. Then came up El Abbas to the door of the tent, and therein were four-and-twenty golden doves; so he took them, after he had beaten them down with the end of his lance. Then he called out, saying, "Harkye, Zuheir! Doth it not suffice thee that thou hast quelled El Akil's repute, but thou art minded to quell that of those who sojourn round about him? Knowest thou not that he is of the lieutenants of Kunder ben [Hisham of the Benou] Sheiban, a man renowned for prowess? Indeed, covetise of him hath entered into thee and jealousy of him hath gotten possession of thee. Doth it not suffice thee that thou hast orphaned his children (94) and slain his men? By the virtue of the Chosen Prophet, I will make thee drink the cup of death!" So saying, he drew his sword and smiting Zuheir on his shoulder, caused the steel issue, gleaming, from the tendons of his throat. Then he smote the vizier and clove his head in sunder. . . . Unlucky Merchant, The, i 73. Then she carried him up [to the estrade] and seating him on the couch, brought him meat and wine and gave him to drink; after which she put off all that was upon her of raiment and jewels and tying them up in a handkerchief, said to him, "O my lord, this is thy portion, all of it." Moreover she turned to the Jew and said to him, "Arise, thou also, and do even as I." So he arose in haste and went out, scarce crediting his deliverance. When the girl was assured of his escape, she put out her hand to her clothes [and jewels] and taking them, said to the prefect, "Is the requital of kindness other than kindness? Thou hast deigned [to visit me and eat of my victual]; so now arise and depart from us without ill-[doing]; or I will give one cry and all who are in the street will come forth." So the Amir went out from her, without having gotten a single dirhem; and on this wise she delivered the Jew by the excellence of her contrivance. . . . The Eleventh Night of the Month. . . . Then Selim turned to Selma and said to her, 'O sister mine, how deemest thou of this calamity and what counellest thou thereanent?' 'O my brother,' answered she, 'indeed I know not what I shall say concerning the like of this; but he is not disappointed who seeketh direction [of God], nor doth he repent who taketh counsel. One getteth not the better of the traces of burning by (68) haste, and know that this is an affliction that hath descended on us; and we have need of management to do it away, yea, and contrivance to wash withal our shame from our faces.' And they gave not over watching the gate till break of day, when the young man opened the door and their mother took leave of him; after which he went his way and she entered, she and her handmaid. . . . When she had made an end of her verses, she folded the letter and delivered it to the nurse, who took it and carried it to El Abbas. He broke it open and read it and apprehended its purport; then took inkhorn and paper and wrote the following verses: . . . Awaken, O ye sleepers all, and profit, whilst it's here, ii. 234. . . . Rich Man who gave his Fair Daughter in Marriage to the Poor Old Man, The, i. 247. . . . I'm the crown of every sweet and fragrant weed; When the loved one calls, I keep the trust agreed. . . . When the king heard this, his mind was occupied [with the story he had heard and that which the vizier promised him], and he bade the latter depart to his own house. . . . n. The Fourteenth Officer's Story dccccxxxix. . . . Him with my life I'd ransom whose rigours waste away My frame and cause me languish; yet, if he would but hear, . . . A fair one, to idolaters if she herself should show, They'd leave their idols and her face for only Lord would know; . . . Damascus (Noureddin Ali of) and Sitt el Milah, iii. 3. . . . 5. Noureddin Ali of Cairo and his Son Bedreddin Hassan xx. . . . THE EIGHTH OFFICER'S STORY. . . . I. The Foolish Fisherman . . . dcxvii. . . . Sharpers who cheated each his Fellow, The Two, ii. 28. . . . Then said she, "O king, comest thou to a [watering-]place whereat thy dog hath drunken and wilt thou drink thereof?" The king was abashed at her and at her words and went out from her, but forgot his sandal in the house. . . . When El Abbas heard her verses, they pleased him and he said to her, "Well done, O Sitt el Husn! Indeed, thou hast done away trouble from my heart and [banished] the things that had occurred to my mind." Then he heaved a sigh and signing to the fifth damsel, who was from the land of the Persians and whose name was Merziyeh (now she was the fairest of them all and the sweetest of speech and she was like unto a splendid star, endowed with beauty and loveliness and brightness and perfection and justness of shape and symmetry and had a face like the new moon and eyes as they were gazelle's eyes) and said to her, "O Merziyeh, come forward and tune thy lute and sing to us on the [same] subject, for indeed we are resolved upon departure to the land of Yemen." Now this damsel had met many kings and had consorted with the great; so she tuned her lute and sang the following verses: . . . 27. The Khalif Hisham and the Arab Youth cclxxi. . . . Now the uncle's son of the king of the city had aforesaid disputed [the kingship] with him, and the people misliked the king; but God the Most High decreed that he should get the better of his cousin. However, jealousy of him abode in his heart and he acquainted the vizier, who hid it not and sent [him] money. Moreover, he fell to summoning [all strangers who came to the town], man after man, and questioning them of their faith and their worldly estate, and whoso answered him not [to his liking], he took his good. (231) Now a certain wealthy man of the Muslims was on a journey and it befell that he arrived at that city by night, unknowing what was to do, and coming to the ruin aforesaid, gave the old woman money and said to her, 'No harm upon thee.' Whereupon she lifted up her voice and prayed [for him], He set down his merchandise by her [and abode with her] the rest of the night and the next day. . . . When the king heard these tidings of Aamir, he sent for him and let bring him before him; and when he entered his presence, he kissed the earth and saluted and showed forth his breeding and greeted him with the goodliest of compliments. The king bade him raise his head and questioned him of his lord El Abbas; whereupon he acquainted him with his tidings and told him that which had betided him with King Zuheir and of the army that was become at his commandment and of the spoil that he had gotten. Moreover, he gave him to know that El Abbas was coming on the morrow, and with him more than fifty thousand cavaliers, obedient to his commandment. When the king heard his speech, he bade decorate Baghdad and commanded [the inhabitants] to equip themselves with the richest of their apparel, in honour of the coming of El Abbas. Moreover, he sent to give King El Aziz the glad tidings of his son's return and acquainted him with that which he had heard from the prince's servant. . . . The billows of thy love o'erwhelm me passing sore; I sink and all in vain for succour I implore. . . . Thy haters say and those who malice to thee bear A true word, profiting its hearers everywhere;

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