

398.2

900

108798

अवाप्ति सं०

ACC. No. ~~17697~~.....

वर्ग सं.

पुस्तक सं.

Class No..... Book No..

लेखक

Author.....

शीर्षक

398.2

LIBRARY

600

LAL BAHADUR SHASTRI

National Academy of Administration

MUSSOORIE

Accession No.

108798

1. Books are issued for 15 days only but may have to be recalled earlier if urgently required.
2. An over-due charge of 25 Paise per day per volume will be charged.
3. Books may be renewed on request, at the discretion of the Librarian.
4. Periodicals, Rare and Reference books may not be issued and may be consulted only in the Library.
5. Books lost, defaced or injured in any way shall have to be replaced or its double price shall be paid by the borrower.

Help to keep this book fresh, clean & moving

GOOL-I-BUKAWULEE,

TRANSLATED FROM THE
ORIGINAL URDU INTO ENGLISH PROSE & VERSE
AND FOLLOWED BY
A VOCABULARY

OF ALL THE

Difficult words & phrases occurring in the text

BY

THOMAS PHILIP MANUEL,

Author of "Selections from the Epics of Europe"
the "Ruby's Smile," &c., &c.

"Duty is pleasant, and should be perform'd
For its own sake ! like Virtue its reward
Is in it."

LUCKNOW:

RE-PRINTED AT THE NEWUL KISHORE PRESS.

1902.

GOOL-I-BUKAWULEE.



INTRODUCTION.

EVERY praise is due to that Almighty Creator, whose mercy has given grace and perfection to this Garden of the Earth; the flowers, like the loveliest brides, reflect the lustre of His beauty; what power then has the pen, a dry and withered reed as it is, to record the merits of such a God?

EACH blushing rose-leaf still exhales
Those heavenly paradisal gales,
Creator, which Thy power proclaim,
And make the Bulbul praise Thy name.
The unexpanded buds confess
The glory and The power express;
And all the loveliness of Earth
From Thee alone have taken birth.
The light of LILA's beauty glows
Apparent in the blushing Rose;
And in Narcissus still we find
Sad MUJNOON's hair tossed by the wind.
Oh if His mercy rain on me
'Twill wash out my impurity,
And crown my hopes with verdancy.
But if His wrath its head would rear,
Neath AHMAD's shade we must repair

Thousands of blessings be upon that glorified Prophet for whom the heaven and earth were created, and the foot-marks of whose *Burraq* are impressed on the foreheads of the sun and the moon. From the whole collected works of his power, the world is but a single volume, and life, a single chapter. When he found the earth required his presence he left heaven, and clothed in human flesh descended here below. Let us turn now to the praise of the King of Heroes, namely, ALI.

When the sun had irradiated the face of the earth, I determined to dive into the river of contemplation, with a view of gaining some pearls of ideas therefrom. Many came to hand, yet I was wondering how to use them, when a voice came into my ear, saying—"O thou, immersed in thought, these gems befit only one, and he is ALI: may peace be on him. Open thy mouth in his eulogy because he is an Emperor, the lustre of whose countenance has cast a shade of

paleness on the moon, and has redoubled the radiance of the sun. If he would give loose to the reins of his charger on the seventh heaven, it would raise disturbance among the stars. O King of kings ! my request from thy mercy is, that thou wouldst prove a shelter to me on the day of judgment and admit me into the ranks of thy white-faced servants. What farther shall I add when it is presumption on my part to address thee long ?

REASONS WHY THIS BOOK WAS COMPOSED.

Sheikh Izzat-ul-lah, a Bengalee, originally composed this book in the Persian language. His reasons for doing so, he assigns as follows :—
“Whilst yet a student I had a great taste in studying the art of composition, as well as of practising it. One day one of my friends, by name Nazar Mohammad, with whom I was in terms of affection and love for the last nine years, came to me.

“ Our mutual esteem had always gone hand in hand, and our friendship for each other advanced with steady and equal steps. He addressed me, and I continued the conversation, till at last he laid his head on my lap, and desired me to lull him to sleep by the recital of some interesting tale.

“ My first wish was to * * * * ; on second consideration I resolved to oblige him, and chose a story the subject of which was love. After this, that valued friend of mine desired me to put the story into Persian prose and verse, so that he may be able to present it to competent critics of that language. Unfortunately that fair flower of beauty felt the warm autumnal breath of death, on the first day of *Zulhij*, in the one thousand one hundred and twenty-fourth year of *Hijri*. This nearly deprived me of the use of my reason. I wished to tear the manuscript of my work to pieces, but friends interposed and remonstrated with me, and said,

‘It is easy to break’ the Ruby, but difficult to join it again.’ Compelled by necessity, I had no other choice but to leave the work unfinished.”

The translator of this book, Nihal Chand Lahori, writes: “Being obliged in search of a situation to visit Calcutta, the capital of Hindustan, I was employed by Captain D———. Through him I was introduced to Mr. Gilchrist. Reams on reams of paper would not be sufficient to contain a detailed list of the qualities which adorned this gentleman.

“He always honored me with his patronage. Hope whispered that, if he continued gracious, opulence would be yet mine. One day the gentlemen ordered me to translate the story of *Taj-ul-Maluk* and *Bukawulee* from the Persian into the Urdu language, so that my name may be made famous. According to his desire, I translated the book, at the time when the Marquis of Wellesley was Governor-General of

India. I designated the Book '*The Religion of Love,*' and I hope that critics will be indulgent to the defects which they may meet with in the following pages!"

GOOL-I-BUKAWLEE.

—:0:—

CHAPTER I.

THE OPENING OF THE STORY.

IT is related that ZEIN-UL-MULUK was the King of a certain city of the East. His complexion was fair and in generosity, justice and bravery, he was unequalled. He had four sons, who were well trained in all the arts and sciences of the time. In bravery, each was in sooth the RUSTAM of his age. It happened, by the blessing of God, that a child, bright as the sun, and glorious as the moon in her fourteenth night, was born to him.

BEFORE his forehead e'en the Sun so bright,
Would lose the untainted lustre of his light;
So would the Moon, the glorious Queen of night:
Nor would the Chinese painter dare avow
His power to do justice to that brow;

}

And oh ! the magic of those eyes divine,
Like blushing goblets filled with rosy wine;
Once the Narcissus saw his locks of light,
And he has been dishevell'd since that sight ;
A world would bow in reverence indeed,
And hearts in thousands would repine and bleed.
The sun would pause to gaze upon that face.
The Moon herself contemplate his pure grace.
The mole upon his cheek adorn'd him more,
Black as a snake upon a treasur'd store;
Pure as the crystal, like diamond bright,
His breast appear'd a counterpane of light.
The cypress he, in beauty's gay parterre,
His looks, his all, but loveliness declare.

The King was perfectly enraptured, and, having invited the astrologers, commanded them to see if any auspicious star shown on the moment of the birth of the Prince. Having examined the face of the heavens they named him TAJ-UL-MALUK, and after due calculations declared that the Prince was truly a fresh flower in the garden of the world; that success in life would be his. In bravery, too, it was evident, that none could equal him. It would be a matter

of no surprise if the *Jins* even would obey him. But to counteract all this, it was ordained that the moment his father's eyes fell upon him, he (the father) would lose his sight. The King half-pleased, half-displeased, bade them depart, and ordered his *Vazir* to have a Palace built immediately, where the Prince and his mother would reside far away from the Court. The *Vazir* did as he was told. After a few years the Prince grew up, nourished in the lap of luxury and trained up in every art and science.

Being a lover of sport, it chanced one day that he went far into the very thick of a forest in pursuit of a deer.

True it is, whatever is to happen, *will* happen. What is written by Fate, can never be erased. It happened, that the King also was hunting out that very day in the same forest, and just as he had given the spur to his horse after a deer, he encountered the Prince. There

is a well-known saying to the effect:—‘The wounded part is always sore, notwithstanding our efforts not to be hurt again; and the fugitive slave, fly wherever he will, is sure to meet his pursuer. The moment that the eyes of the King fell upon his son, he was struck blind. His Minister divined the cause of his blindness. The King observed, that the sight of a son generally increases the light of his father’s eyes, but in his case the very reverse had happened. Hence it was proper that such a son should be expelled the realm, and the Queen, his mother made to sweep the apartments of the *Harem*.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN physicians, equal to Avicenna in learning, were called to remove the blindness of the King, they all unanimously declared, that the accomplishment of such an object was impossible, unless *Gool-i-Bukawulee* was procured. If by any means this flower could be obtained,

not only the King but even one born blind, would regain his sight. Upon hearing this the Monarch had it proclaimed throughout the city, that whoever would bring this flower, or even any intelligence of it, would be rewarded to his heart's content. In this way year chased year; the King passing all his time in lamenting and weeping like Jacob, when he mourned the loss of Joseph; and, like the prophet Job, waiting with impatient anxiety. But, notwithstanding all his endeavours, he could get no trace of the flower he required. One day the four sons presented themselves before him, and remarked that the virtue of children consisted in being dutiful to their parents, and they who sacrifice their lives for the sake of their father were sure to inherit the joys of Heaven. For this reason, they hoped that their father would give them permission to go in quest of *Gool-i-Bukawulee*. The King replied, "I have already lost the light of my eyes: but through you,

my children, some portion of it remains as yet; how then can I allow that portion to depart? And how can I intentionally bring misery on myself?" The Princes repeated their requests, upon which the Monarch was obliged, *nolens volens*, to give his consent, and desired his Minister to make all the travelling traps ready. According to order, every preparation of a pecuniary and accommodating nature was made.

The Princes departed; miles after miles they travelled. By accident they met their exiled brother, TAJ-UL-MULUK, who was dragging his weary feet far away from his native land. He inquired who they were and whither they were going?

In reply he was told that they were journeying in search of *Gool-i-Bukawulee*, which was prescribed for the removal of the blindness of their father. The Prince upon hearing this, repeated to himself:

Arise my soul and try thy fate.

It is advisable, he thought, that I should join my brothers in their search of *Gool-i-Bukawulee*, and test the gold of my fortune in the alembic of success. If I could succeed, it would be better; if not, let me by any means quit the realm of my father. Resolved to act thus, he went to a nobleman named SYEED, who looking at him, perceived that the light of his countenance surpassed the glory of the sun, and the dark cluster of his locks, falling upon the fairness of his forehead, resembled the gloom of the clouds passing over the lustre of the moon. He asked him,—“Who are you, and whence do you come?” TAJ-UL-MULUK answered, “I am a traveller far away from my country, with no one to sympathize with me in my misfortunes, and none to cheer me with the soothing music of the friend’s voice. There is no one to assist and comfort me.” SYEED, upon hearing the words of this second Joseph, was highly affected, and offered to befriend him. It is related that the Prince after a long time reached the city of

Firdous, which was then governed by King RIZWAN. It was evening. Standing on the bank of a river, he intended to make his abode in that town for some time. When the sun had finished his diurnal travel, and the moon riding on her sable charger, had commenced her ramble in the East, all the four Princes mounted their swift-footed horses and entered the city. Their eyes fell on a splendid Palace, every window of which was hung with screens of the richest brocade.

They asked one of citizens, "whose Palace is this?" He answered, "The owner of this mansion is DILBUR LUKHEE BESWA." The Princes with a start observed, "*Good God!* where has she obtained such a Palace from?" The man replied, "This Lady is unequalled in beauty and grace; she has no rival on this earth. The sun even would sacrifice himself on her charms, as the moth does on the light of the taper; and the Moon would hide her diminished glory before the lustre of her charms."

He who has look'd upon her charms,
Of Reason's light has lost the ray,
And those who've dared gaze on those eyes,
Shame, modesty a forfeit pay,"

For those who court her society she has kept a drum on the door, upon beating which, should they be rich enough to pay one lakh of rupees, they will have the happiness of meeting her. The Princes, who had a very high idea of their own opulence, and a good deal of vanity and conceit at the same time, resolved courageously to see her. They approached the door, and struck the drum. Upon hearing this that coquette of a woman exclaimed, "After a long time (thank God !) some one has thought proper to set his foot within my house. I doubt not the prey has fallen in my trap; and if he have, he will struggle and die; for it is a well-known saying, that, 'Women of my Trade are always in hopes that some one blind of reason, but rich in purse, would fall in their hands.' No doubt God has sent one of this kind just now." She commenced dressing, and having adorned her-

self with rubies, emeralds, diamonds and pearls, she sat down in all the pride of prepared beauty. The Princes entered. The hostess came forward a few steps to welcome them, and offered them a golden chair. The night had advanced. Fair and rosy-cheeked girls crowned the goblets with the most luscious wines and circulated them rapidly. It was midnight when the coquette begged permission to send for her backgammon board to beguile the tediousness of the night. The Princes assented. The board was brought. The hostess placed a lamp on the head of a cat and staked one lakh of rupees on the first play. Narrators relate that before half the night was over the Princes had lost 50 lakhs of rupees. The moon retired, and the sun arose. The hostess removed the board. The Princes returned home.

Next day when the sun had set, and the moon like a Queen with her countless array of stars, ascended her chariot, the Princes repaired

again to the house of LUKHEE BESWA. The golden chair was offered again; slave girls as beautiful as *huris* presented themselves, and every sort of dainty was placed upon the hospitable board, served in plates of gold and silver.

When the demands of hunger were satisfied, the backgammon board was sent for again, and ten lakhs of rupees were staked the first time. In short the Princes lost all their property, all their cash, elephants, horses, etc. All that they were possessed of, they lost that night. The hostess then withdrew her hand from play, and removing the board, said, "Young men, you have lost your all, it is time now that you should give up the game, and trace back your way home." The Princes replied, "One trial more; if we gain, we re-take all that you have won; otherwise we four become your slaves voluntarily. Upon this promise, that immodest woman agreed to resume the play, and won the game in the twinkling of an eye. Having secured their goods she sent

the four Princes to prison, where thousands more were placed in the same predicament. Their friends dispersed. TAJ-UL-MULUK then pondered within himself how to try and free them from their captivity, and gain in the world a name, and a rich reward in the next. Determined to do this, he presented himself at the door of an *Amir*, and told the porters, "I am a traveller without a home, and in search of a patron; I have heard much of the amiable qualities and agreeable manners of your master. If he would take me into his service, I would devote life and soul to satisfy him.

One of them informed the *Amir*, of what the Prince had told him. He ordered the applicant to be brought before him. When he saw him he exclaimed, "Good God! is this a sun descended from the fourth Heaven? Or a *huri* come from the bowers of Paradise?"

Upon his forehead polished, fair—
The star of light was shining there!

In short the *Amir* employed him.

CHAPTER III.

TAJ-UL-MULUK remained for several months in the employ of the *Amir*, and collected a small sum of money thereby. One day he informed his master that a friend of his had arrived in that city, and begged his permission to go and see him every day, and to pass some hours in his company. The leave was most readily granted. From that day the Prince had daily recourse to those who had good hands in chess and backgammon. When he had studied all the rules of the game, and when practice had made him so far perfect that he had won several stakes, he thought it was time now to try his fortune with LUKHEE BESWA, and to see if God and his star would befriend him. For this purpose he went towards the mansion of that Lady, and just as he approached it he saw an old woman coming out of the gate. Upon enquiry he was told, that the ancient Dame was the principal housekeeper and chief counselor of LUKHEE BESWA. TAJ-UL-MULUK imme-

diately determined, by some artifice or other, to gain over the favour of that woman, thinking, no doubt, that he would obtain his view through her means. That day he returned ; the next day as soon as his eyes fell upon the Dame, he made her a very low *salám*, and falling down on her feet, wept copiously. The Dame was taken by surprise. “Who are you ?” she asked, “Whence come you? Are you mad? or are you a victim of Tyranny?” Why criest thou ? The Prince replied as follows:—

“Why question’st thou a victim of despair?
Unhappy me! in the whole world, is there
A wretch who equals me in misery?
Life’s short ’tis true, but ’tis a load on me,
Heaven’s direst wrath is flung on me. I see
None but my shadow keeps me company.”

“ Oh mother,” continued the Prince, “ I am a traveller, alone in this foreign city, no friend have I, no helper, except one in Heaven. My native land is in the East, there I had a grandmother ; but she, too, is now no more. The will

of God be done ! I saw you, and in you I could trace a strong resemblance of her. Hence I ran to you with ardent desire and fell on your feet. If you will show compassion to a poor and helpless stranger, he will gladly become your slave, and regard you as occupying the same place in his affection as his grandmother did."

"Those who attract the sons of want, for love
Of Heaven, will place them every want above."

These words had a strong effect upon the heart of that Dame. It melted as wax melts before the fire. She replied, "Young man, I am alone in the world also. Be it so, from this day I am your grandmother, you my grandson." TAJ-UL-MULUK added, "Grandmother, I am from a short time past in the employ of another. It is my duty to obey him also, daily I shall not be able to come and pay my respects to you ; occasionally I shall do it with the greatest pleasure." "Never mind, my son," answered the Dame.

Although the Prince had excused himself from paying daily court to the old Lady, yet he seldom or never allowed a day to pass without visiting and flattering her. Thus by degrees more time passed away ; the Prince had gained the full confidence of his friend. One day he carried a small sum of money to her, and placing it in her hands, said, "Grandmother, keep this amount with you. Should you be in want of expenses, spend them freely." The Dame replied, "What shall I do with thy money? God has given me every thing ; I am in want of nothing. Should you require aught, all that is mine is thine.

Wealth is given to spend, my son !
If not gold and stone are one."

Well, when the Prince had found everything progressing favorably with the old Lady, he observed to her, "Grandmother, how is it that no one is able to win, when playing with LUKHEE BESWA?" She replied, "My son, 'tis a delicate matter ; but I will tell it you. Beware,

however, that you keep the secret in your own breast, and never divulge it to any one. For if it ever comes to the ear of that coquette, it will be the means of ruining me for ever." The Prince returned, "God forbid! I will never mention such a thing." The Dame then said, "LUKHEE BESWA has reared up a cat and a mouse, and has taught them some tricks. She places the lamp on the head of the cat, and the mouse sits under the shade. Whenever the dice falls against her, she (the cat) moves in such a way that the shade is cast upon them, and the mouse immediately overturns them in her favor. Hence whoever plays with her, loses; and the cat wins the game by the aid of the mouse. This secret is not yet known to any player, consequently whoever comes to try his fate, returns with the mark of ignominy on his brow." Upon hearing this TAJ-UL-MULUK went out and bought a young weazle, which he kept in his sleeves, training him up to jump out whenever he heard the snapping of his fingers. When the animal knew his task

perfectly, the Prince told his adopted grandmother, that he felt uneasy with his present employment. He begged of her to lend him a lakh of rupees, wherewith he might begin trade. "My son," said the old woman, leading him to an apartment, "this room is full of money. Take as much as you require." The Prince took the 1,00,000 he had asked. Then going to his master, the *Amir*, he told him that a friend of his was to be married that day, and asked for a suit of garments with which to clothe himself decently before going to the wedding feast. The *Amir* lent him his own robes, and desired him to go to his stables and choose the finest horse to ride on. The Prince did as desired. Riding on a fine steed, he approached the gate of LUKHEE BESWA. He dismounted and entered the house without any ceremony. The Lady changed colour at witnessing his boldness, and came farword to welcome him at once.

"You are generally the friend of travellers and the confidanté of men of pleasure," said the

Prince, opening the conversation ; “ I too am a grandee of the Court of the Governor of this City but I have hitherto failed to attract your attention. At all events, come on now, and treat friends with kindness.” The golden chair was then offered and he had precedence allowed him.

When the chess-player of the skies had bidden the golden die of the sun in the house of the west, and had placed the throne of the Polar stars in the houses of ascension, the Prince remarked, that he heard his hostess had great taste in backgammon playing, and expressed a desire to join her in a game. At first she declined the offer ; but being hard pressed by the Prince, she consented ; and having sent for the board, placed the lamp, as usual, on the head of the cat, and staking one lakh of rupees, threw the dice. The Prince allowed her to win the first play, and she gained it by the aid of her cat and mouse. She played a second time. The dice did not fall in her favor. The cat shook her

head. The mouse was running out to change the position of the dice, when the Prince snapped his fingers. Tiger-like the weazle jumped out of his sleeve. The mouse on seeing this became like camphor (vanished), the cat too was overcome by fear, and throwing down the lamp from her head ran off. The Prince affected to be displeased. "Artful creature !" he exclaimed, "what tricks art thou playing?"

At hearing this she was ashamed ; big drops of perspiration trembled on her brow, she ordered a candlestick to be brought immediately, and both resumed the game. Historians have told us, that the Prince gained seven crores of rupees that night. When morning dawned, he said he had to appear in Court before the breakfast hour of the Governor, and lest he may be brought into trouble for not doing so, begged leave, promising to return in the evening to have a second game with her. In the meantime he left all his gains with her, and returned to his master

The day was past somehow. As soon as the sun had gone down in the west, he dressed himself carefully, and mounting a horse at whose swiftness zephyr even would sigh, reached her house. He was welcomed as usual, and placed on a chair. After dinner they staked one crore of rupees and commenced the play. By the time it was midnight, the Lady lost one hundred crores of rupees, which emptied her treasury. Every mark of confusion then appeared on her countenance (*literal* she commenced playing sixes and fives), but at last she made another effort and staked all her household furniture on the chances of the next throw. This too the Prince gained, and then said, "You have nothing left now. but the night is not yet finished, how shall we amuse ourselves? Come, you have certain Princes of the East and West with you ; stake them now. If you gain, I give you one lakh ; if not, I take away all the Princes and do what I like with them." She agreed, and the Prince won again. "Oh fortunate young man!" she exclaimed.

"Come, one chance more. If I win, I re-take all what I have lost ; if I lose, I become thy slave." The Prince, whose star of good fortune was shining on the Heavens of success, agreed and won again. She rose, and standing with her hand clasped in a supplicating posture before him, "Young man," she said, "you have at last by the help of God, made me your slave. That game which all the Kings of the world had chased throughout their lives in vain, is at last, by the assistance of the star, in thy hand. Now consider this thy house, bind me to thee by the ties of wedlock, and spend here the remaining portion of thy life in affluence and grandeur." TAJUL-MULUK answered, "This I cannot do, I have a grand undertaking before me! If through the blessing of God I will succeed in my endeavours, thou too will reap the fruit of that success. Now it is proper for thee to wait for me twelve years, all the time in the path of virtue, and engaged in offering up prayer to thy Creator. Leave thy evil habits!"

She answered, "Young man, the pleasures of youth are not known to thee as yet ; the bud of thy young days has not expanded, and no storm has blown yet over the parterre of thy life. Is it proper then that you should purposely throw yourself in the furnace of trouble, and burn the mansion of your own happiness? Apprise me of your plans also, and as long as I live, I shall accompany thee until thou succeed in thy undertaking ; for without thee, this house will appear a prison to me.

Fuseehee far away from one,
Who is our life, our love, our all ;
Joyless the house appears and lone ;
Write this upon the doors and wall."

When she urged upon the Prince to disclose the secret to her, he said, " Know, my name is TAJ-UL-MULUK, I am the son of ZEIN-UL-MULUK, who by chance has lost his eye-sight, and the physicians have unanimously declared that unless *Gool-i-Bukawulee* is obtained he cannot be cured ; I am going now in search of that

flower. Four of my brothers had set out on the same undertaking, but they fell in thy power, and were imprisoned by thee. I too, (unknown) accompanied them, and after a thousand artifices came to thee and overcame thee ; now I depart in search of the flower. If I succeed in my views, it is all well ; if not, know that I have already washed my hands of life." Hearing this she replied, " Prince, why indulge in such vain fancies ; can the atom reach the sun, and can the bird fly as swift as the breeze? Hear me, BUKAWULEE is the daughter of the King of the *Jins* and in her garden that flower can be found : but at the same time the eyes of the sun cannot pierce into her recesses, the walls of which are guarded and defended by thousands of Giants. No mortal man durst approach them without their permission. Innumerable Fairies hover about in the air to protect her Palace ; not a bird dares to flap its wings near it. Besides these, dragons and scorpions without number roll upon the ground to defend all passages. Under the earth the King

of the Rats, with an army of mice, guards the entrance night and day, that no creature may come near by undermining even. In truth, it would be impossible for the smallest ant to creep to, and reach that house. Oh Prince ! never place yourself in such dangers. It is written in the *Koran*, ‘Never throw yourself into destruction.’ And SADI says,

‘Although ’tis written, when ’tis doomed we die,
Yet in the Dragon’s mouth, oh wherefore fly ?’

The Prince returned :—“You are correct ; but God in his mercy made burning coals, roses upon the prophet Abraham. If I have faith, I shall gain my end ; (the foe can do nought when the friend is sincere). Don’t be prejudiced, seeing my short stature. The sons of men are inferior to giants in strength ; but they are their superiors in wisdom ; for God himself has said, ‘I have given glory to the children of men.’ You may have heard that a Brahman passing through a forest saw a lion held fast by a tight rope, and

confined in a cage. Upon seeing the Brahman he begged hard ; and humbly exclaimed, ‘Oh god, if you will kindly release me, I shall recompense you some day or other.’ The simple-hearted Brahman was affected with the words of the lion ; but blind as he was to reason, he did not consider that the lion was his enemy, and that no reliance could be placed on his words. Unhesitatingly he opened the door of the cage, unbound the hands and feet of the lion, and set him at liberty. The blood-thirsty beast as soon as he found himself free, knocked the Brahman down, and seizing him by the throat, carried him towards his den. The Brahman cried, ‘Oh lion, I did a good service for you in hopes of getting a fair return, but I see thy intentions are evil.’

‘Repay not Virtue with Vice.’

The lion answered, ‘In my religion the return for good is evil. If you don’t believe me, come with me and refer the matter to some one

else ; whatever he says will decide the matter.' That fool agreed to this. In the forest there grew a tall and umbrageous Banian tree. The Lion and the Brahman went under its branches and referred the matter to him. The Banian replied, 'The lion is in the right. I have always seen that the return for good is evil. Hear, oh Brahman ! I stand on one leg and cast my shade on every traveller that passes this way. But whoever takes shelter in my shadow, is sure, on departing, to pull off my branches, and to make use of it as a walking stick in his hands. Now say, is not the return of good, evil ?' The lion asked, 'Well, my friend, what sayest thou ?' He answered, 'Refer the matter to some one else.' The lion proceeded a few steps further, and questioned the Road about the subject. The Road answered, 'The lion is right. Listen, oh Brahman ! the traveller deviating from his path, searches me with the greatest care ; when he finds me, I lead him to his home ; but in return he defiles me with

polutions.' The Brahman said, "Now for a third judge, and then do with me what thou wilt." The beast proceeded further, and saw a jackal seated on a rising ground. He was about to run away, when the lion called out, 'Oh jackal! don't be afraid, I have come to refer a matter to you.' The jackal returned, 'Say what thou pleasest, but keep thy distance, for if you approach, I am afraid your presence will make me insensible.' The lion said, 'This Brahman has done good to me, and I intend to return evil to him; what sayest thou in this matter?' The jackal observed, 'I cannot directly understand what you say; how can a man who is so insignificant, do any service to a lion, who is styled the Monarch of the Wood? I can never believe it until I see it with my own eyes.' The lion said, 'Come on, I will show it to you.' So he and the Brahman proceeded, and the jackal followed. In a minute they all three came near the cage. The Brahman said, 'Oh jackal! the lion was

encaged in this ; I freed him therefrom, what is your decision now ?' The jackal answered, 'How could such a small cage contain such a big lion? If he would re-enter it before me and lie bound hand and foot as before, and then if you would free him, I shall believe what you say.' The lion entered the cage, and the Brahman commenced tying him. The jackal remarked, 'If you will make the slightest difference in adjusting the knots, by Heaven ! I shall not be able to decide your case.' The Brahman bound the lion strongly, and after having fastened the door of the cage, told the jackal, 'There see, in that state I found him.' 'Fool that you were,' exclaimed the jackal, 'that you expected good from such a powerful beast : 'tis laying the axe to your own foot, to think so ; what need had you to give freedom to such an enemy ? Go your way now, for the foe is overcome.'

"Oh Beloved !" continued the Prince ; "It is true, whoever gives freedom to complaints and impatience, which are like the lion confined in

the cage of the body, and whoever showing kindness to them, removes the string of resignation, always suffers from his own folly. If KHIZAR aids him, he may be saved. Oh BESWA ! I have related this fable to show that the body cannot overcome the mind. It is proper for thee to release the Princes of the East and of the West ; God also will relieve thee from the pains of Hell ; but until I return be very careful of my brothers, and now give me leave to depart."

LUKHEE BESWA answered :—

"Do not leave me sad and lonely,
 Unattended, why depart ?
 Wherefore grieve a heart, that loves thee ?
 Wherefore crush this widow'd heart ?
 As the shell is thirsty for the
 Drops, that make it teem with pearl,
 So my heart is longing for thee,
 While thy sails thou dost unfurl ;
 Lo! the storm blows fierce and furious,
 Leave not thou the joys of home ;
 Stranger to the world ! Oh wherefore
 Joseph wise in exile roam ?
 Long and distant is the journey,—
 Hear my words and stay—oh stay !
 Like the moth I'm fluttering round thee,
 Whilst you wish to pass away !"

“ Beloved ! take a warning from what you have beheld. Thy princely mind was pure and clean ; and when it fell in the world, the world was dazzled with thy brightness, and became blind. Arise now and go after the attainment of thy views, but never allow yourself to be prevailed on to play at hazard with the world, who always keeps her backgammon-board open for all. Beware, lest through the assistance of the cat of deceit, and the mouse of cunning, she turns the dice in her own favour. The treasure of thy faith will be exhausted, and she will keep thee in bonds for ever. If by the help of the weazle of patience you will expose and overcome her wiles, she will then try (she who has subdued kings and mighty sovereigns) to captivate thee by her charms, declaring at the same time, that she will become thy slave. But should you turn away thy gaze from her, it is then sure that you will succeed in your undertaking.”

-

CHAPTER IV.

SHOWING HOW TAJ-UL-MULUK REACHED THE
REALM OF BUKAWULEE BY THE ASSISTANCE
OF A GLANT.

HISTORIANS relate that TAJ-UL-MULUK assumed the garb of a *Darnesh*, rubbed ashes all over his body, and taking the name of God, set out on his journey. After a few days, he reached a forest, which seemed endless before him, and the gloom pervading which, was such that it seemed the reign of night never ended there: white could not be distinguished from black. He encouraged his heart by repeating the following words :—"Be courageous, this is the first wave of trouble which is rolling before thee, the river itself remains to be crossed yet. Gird up the lions of thy spirit, and like the Salamandar throw thyself in the furnace,

Those who fear the dashing main,
Precious pearls can ne'er obtain."

Having said this he entered the forest. Every step that he advanced, was attended with the most excruciating pain, for the ground was thickly covered with prickly shrubs.

Such indeed was the gloom, that even the sun would lose his lustre if he would but peep in it. On every side of it, dragons, hungry and thirsty, were lying with their mouths wide open. Besides their own slough, there was no food for them to devour; nor water even, besides that which filled their blisters. Long did the Prince wander, unsettled where to go; his body all scratched by thorns, every member dripping with blood, so much so that his soft feet were all over pierced with *babul* thorns. After suffering all these calamities, he passed through the forest and offered thousands of thanks to God for the deliverance vouchsafed him. When he advanced further, his eyes fell on a Giant who was sitting before him. He was as lofty as a mountain. The Prince mistook him for a

rock; but when he approached him, the creature rose suddenly, and, raising his head to the skies exclaimed with a voice that resembled the growl of thunder, " Thanks to that Providence who has sent such a delicious morsel to such an humble Giant as myself." Then turning towards the Prince he said, "In this time of youth why dost thou court the bride of death; and leaving all the pleasures of the world, why dost thou wander from the city of life, to the desert of destruction?" The Prince was thunder-struck, and trembled through fear. His colour changed, he became deadly pale, and replied, "Oh Giant, why make any inquiry from me? My life is become a burden. If I had held it dear, I would not have placed myself in the clutches of death, nor would I have thrown myself on the mercy of such a blood-thirsty creature as thou. Relieve me from the pangs of life, and end my sufferings, for let me assure you, that one moment of life is equal to a hundred years of torture to me.

“The life of Khizar passes glad away,
If not 'twas hard to live a single day.”

The Giant's heart was touched with compassion, and he swore by SOLOMON, and said, “O son of Adam ! I will never hurt you; nay, I will not touch a hair of your head. On the contrary, I shall keep you under my protection, and try my best to make you succeed in your undertaking.” From that day the Giant shewed every kindness to the Prince, and encouraged him. TAJ-UL-MULUK also tried, by flattery, to gain his favor, so that his views were mixed with the Giant's as sugar dissolves in milk. He was really beloved by him. One day the Giant inquired of him, what his food was, and volunteered to bring it for him. The Prince said, “Men feed on sugar, butter, flour, meat, &c.” As soon as the Giant heard this, he departed thence, and reaching a place where a caravan of merchants was passing on camels, laden with various articles of trade, he lifted up one of these beasts, and brought it away to the

Prince. "Here take thy food," he said, "and eat something." The Prince unloaded the camel, and then let it graze on the field. From that time he ate the food of men, till one day he took some maunds of flour, and mixing butter and sugar in it, laid it on a large piece of rock, and kneaded it well with both his hands and feet; then kindling a fire, he baked a huge bread, and roasted the camel and placed it before the Giant, who enquired what it was, and why had the Prince undergone such expense. TAJ-UL-MULUK answered, "This is for you, and I wish you will taste the food of man." Upon hearing this the Giant fell to it, and swallowed it down, bread, roast, and all in one morsel. Expressing himself highly pleased with the rich flavour of what he had eaten; and declaring moreover, that he had never tasted such food before. He jumped through joy, commended the Prince, and affirmed that not only he (the Giant) but his father and grandfather even had never partaken of such a delicate morsel before, neither any of the

Giants had done so. "I shall never forget this obligation and kindness," he continued, "till eternity." From that day the Prince prepared a similar dish regularly for him. The Giant was highly delighted, so far so, that he said one day, "Oh son of Adam ! the food thou givest me daily, pleases me much ; if every hair on my body had the expressive power of tongue, it would each and all proclaim the gratitude I feel ; nay, I am afraid even then they would fail entirely. As yet I have done nothing for thee, but if I can be of service in any way, command me freely."

TAJ-UL-MULUK answered, " I have heard Giants are very versatile in their nature, never careful in fulfilling their promises. If you will swear by SOLOMON, that you will aid me, I will then disclose my request to you." He answered, "I fear pronouncing that glorious name, God knows what you will ask me to do. Should I fail, I am sure to be destroyed." Being

pressed hard, he swore at last, and then desired TAJ-UL-MULUK to express his wish. The Prince answered, "From a long time I have an intense desire of visiting the land of BUKAWULEE. Lead me there, and this is my wish." As soon as the Giant heard his words, he sighed deeply, flung stones upon his head, and fainted away. After a moment he came to himself, sighed again, and like one afflicted, exclaimed, "O son of Adam ! God has not placed thy death in my hands ; but the reins of my life are in thine. BUKAWULEE is the daughter of the King of the *Jins*, and eighteen thousand Giants, nay more are the slaves of her father, by whom they are appointed to watch over her realm. I am one of the principal guards on one side of it, but those who are nearer heaven, have never yet seen the walls of her Palace.

"How can a human being enter her dominions, when the wind of Heaven cannot do so without obtaining the permission of the Giants

who guard the land, the care of each extending over a space which cannot be travelled through in a year ? Innumerable Fairies watch night and day, so that no bird can fly over the enclosed domain; and the King of the Rats with a large army of mice, scorpions, and snakes have charge underground, to prevent any mine being laid. How then can I take you there, and if I fail to do so, I fear I shall lose my life, on account of the oath I have just taken. But wait. Prepare the same food to-day, which you always did for me, and I shall see if I can endeavour to do aught for thee.

TAJ-UL-MULUK did as desired. When the Giant saw that it was ready, he screamed aloud, and lo ! another Giant, high as a mountain, came from the North. After kissing each other's hand, they both sat down. The eyes of the second Giant fell upon the Prince, who immediately made a low bow to him ; upon which the Giant was much surprised, and observed to his host, that it was a matter of great

astonishment to him to see a man associating with a Giant, a circumstance perfectly novel in its nature. He then enquired into the cause of the Prince's stay there. The host answered, "I am much obliged to this mortal, and I do not wish that any harm should be done to him. He is well versed in culinary arts, and I have called you that you too may judge of his proficiency." Saying this, the host prepared the treat and laid the dainties before his friend. No sooner had the Giant tasted the delicious morsel then he danced with joy. At last he asked, "Hast thou remunerated this man for all his kindness ?" The host answered, "No, this mortal asks a favor which it is beyond the reach of my endeavours to bestow on him. If thou wouldst kindly aid him, perhaps he would obtain his object." His friend enquired what his wish was. The host answered, "He is desirous of seeing the country of BUKAWULEE." The other Giant returned, that it was folly to make such a request of him. "But," said the

host, "I have sworn by the name of SOLOMON, and hence unless you aid this man in seeing his wish accomplished, I am ruined indeed." In short it happened that the sister of the guest, by name HIMALAH, was the principal guard of the country of BUKAWULEE, and 18,000 Giants, who had charge of that portion of the realm, were her subordinates. To her the Giant addressed a letter, which ran as follows:—"Dear Sister, I am compelled to take a long journey, and it happens that I have reared up a human being whom I have adopted as my son. Now, after my departure, he will have no one to take care of him; and consequently I send him to you, in hopes that you will be so kind as to attend to his comforts." This letter he entrusted to a messenger, and turning to the Prince desired him to accompany the bearer, and try his fortune. The Prince sat on the left hand of the messenger, whose right shaded him from public view. They departed, and reached their destination safely. The messenger made a low bow to HIMALAH,

delivered the letter to her, and the Prince was much gratified to find that she received him with evident marks of pleasure.

That youth so good, so kind, so fair,
Much pleased was she to find him *there*.

At last turning to the messenger she said, "If my brother had sent me a whole mine of red sulphur or even the ring of SOLOMON, it would not have given me so much pleasure as what I feel just now." After this she opened the letter, made herself acquainted with its contents, and answered it in the following terms:—

"Brother," she wrote, "I once had occasion to travel through the habitations of men, and thence I brought away a girl matchless in beauty, the daughter of a King. Her I adopted as my own daughter, and called her MAHMUDA. She is now in her fourteenth year, and bright in beauty as the Moon in her fourteenth night; for her it appears God had sent this youth,—thanks be to the Lord."

With this letter the messenger returned.

MAHMUDA was married to TAJ-UL-MULUK.—

Dear Reader! the light of the eyes of superficial observers can pierce through seven screens only; but the lustre of the mercy of God is hidden in seventy thousand. If you wish to penetrate through these, overcome the Giant of thy passions, so that he may carry thee to the country of MAHMUDA; but remember unless thou act with violence with that Gaint, he will never keep his faith with thee.

CHAPTER V.

TAJ-UL-MULUK REACHES THE COUNTRY OF BUKAWULEE AND OBTAINS THE FLOWER FROM HER GARDEN. SHE FALLS IN LOVE WITH HIM.

LONG did the Prince remain with MAHMUDA; but never did his heart feel any pleasure in her company, nor joy in associating with her. One night she asked him, "Oh source of my happi-

ness! are these the ways of men, that they sleep apart from the wife of their bosom, and never think of kissing or embracing her?" The Prince answered: "Man enjoys higher pleasure; but no sweets please me;—even my life, which should be the sweetest, is rendered bitter. For I have undertaken to obtain a certain thing, and until I gain it, I shall never be tempted by the joys of the world." His wife enquired what that was. The Prince answered, "I want to see the country of BUKAWULEE." MAHMUDA returned, "Be satisfied, I shall endeavour to make you succeed in your wish. I shall devise some plan, which will enable you to obtain the object you have in view." In short, that night passed somehow. When morning dawned, HIMALAH led them from their sleeping room, placed them one on her right and the other on her left hand, and showed them every maternal kindness. MAHMUDA expressed her wish to speak something particular with her mother, who kissed her eyes, and desired her to

say on. She answered, " My husband is very anxious to see the country of BUKAWULEE ; devise some means to carry him thither." HIMALAH tried more than once to have herself excused ; but seeing that the girl was resolved to obtain her wish, she was obliged to agree to her proposal, and calling for the King of the Mice, directed him instantly to prepare a subterranean passage, which may lead the Prince to BUKAWULEE's garden. She cautioned him at the same time to take every care of him on the road, and never to put him down from his shoulder. When they reached the Garden, the Prince tried to wander about alone ; but the King of the Mice would not allow him to do so, until he declared that if he would not leave him alone he would destroy himself. Upon this the King feared, that if any harm was done to the Prince, HIMALAH would never let him go unpunished. So he left him alone. When TAJ-UL-MULUK entered the Garden, he perceived that the ground was of gold, the compound walls were of the

same metal, and studded moreover with ruby of *Badakshan* and the cornelian of *Yaman*. Through parterres of emerald flowed streams of rose-water in beds of topaz. Beautiful, indeed, was that grove ; the flowers were so bright that had the sun seen them he would be covered with the perspiration of shame. The clusters of grapes there, vieing in color with the emerald were like the *Pleiades* in Heaven ; and the *Narcissus* was more graceful than the flowing ringlets of the most charming Fair. The Garden !—if a drop of its dew were to fall in the ocean, it would make the fishes exhale the perfume of roses ; and if the skies would hear a single note of its birds, it would forego revolving, and stand still to listen to it. If *Venus* would hear it she would dance with joy, and fall on the earth in company with the Moon. Redder than the fairest face was the color of the fruits growing there, and more graceful than the tallest form, were the *Cypress* that waved therein. If the Sun were to become a mouth round the lamp of its

beauty, it would excite no wonder ; and if the Moon would lose her sense on its charms, it would be right. Surprising, indeed, it was to see clusters of pearls hanging from trees of rubies, even as stars pendant from the vaults of heaven. Emerald-green branches dipped their leaves in streams of rose-water, which in milk-white purity was gliding smoothly on the surface. The Prince beheld at this with pleasure ; on a sudden his eyes fell on an outer Hall, made of ruby and jasper, inlaid with a pond full of the purest rose-water. Its sides were studded with most precious stones, and in the middle of it bloomed a lovely Flower, delicate to view, and most pleasing in fragrance. The Prince shrewdly guessed that this was *Gool-i-Bukawulee*. Undressing himself he jumped into the pond, and obtained the Flower of his fondest wishes. Investing himself again with his garments, he desposited the Flower most carefully in his pocket, and turned his steps towards the Palace of the Princess. A magnificent fabric made of the most

precious ruby came to view. Its doors beamed with the lustre which once shone on mount Sinai. Attracted by its beauty, the Prince walked in. Every hall was made of rubies. The windows were ornamented with screens of the richest embroidery; the work upon which appeared as stars sprinkled on the face of the Heavens. The Prince advanced : but what was his surprise when his view fell on a magnificent bed upon which was lying a slender Beauty, fast locked in the arms of sleep. Her hair was dishevelled. Slight marks of lamp-black were observable round her closed eyes ; her bodice was loosened, her waist-band much removed from its proper place ; her trousers-sleeves pulled up, and its bunch of strings hanging loosely. With her fair hands gracefully laid upon her forehead, she was sleeping the sleep of innocent youth. The ruddiness of her cheeks brightened the world, and cast the sun and moon into the shade. Those black eyes would have shamed the Narcissus even, and the redness of her lips would make the heart of the

tulip bleed. The arch of her eye-brows made the crescent hide its face, and the looks of night, darkened before the shady blackness of her raven hair.

Tall as the Cypress of the lawn was she,
And sweet as Honey were her lips so red ;
If seen in all her native brilliancy.
The Stars would lose the lustre which they shed.
Bright as the Pearl her shining teeth were seen,
Radiant her charms as Pleiades on high,
She was a Rose, the fairest Rose I ween,
For whom a thousand Nightingales would die.

TAJ-UL-MULUK was staggered at the sight of the Beauty ; but regaining some degree of strength he approached her bed, and slowly repeated the following lines :—

“If thy charms thou wouldst discover,
Stars would all their light forget ;
And the Night will grow the darker
Gazing at those locks of jet.
Glorying in the flush of beauty,
Careless of the world art thou ;
What am I ? the mightiest Princes
Will before thy beauty bow !”

In short, the Prince thought within himself that it would be better to leave some marks of his being there. To accomplish which, he gently pulled off a ring from one of her taper fingers, and placed his own upon it ; softly repeating the following verses :

“Like the Tulip, lo! I go, a spot upon my suffering heart,
Dust upon my head, and in my heart, a sharp and rankling
dart.

Like me in this scene of woe, who suffers more from
Fortune’s power ?

In the Garden I have entered, and I go without a flower.’

Whilst she was yet sleeping, the Prince departed and was led by his Mouse-guide to the abode of HIMALAH, who was waiting for him with the most intense anxiety depicted on her face. When she saw him she smiled with the sincerest pleasure, and passed the time in merriment and joy. When the bride of day had hidden her blushing face in the bed of midnight, and when evening had shown her murky locks to the world,

the Prince retired to his mansion, and that night showed every endearment to his wife. Thus several days were passed in pleasure.

CHAPTER VI.

TAJ-UL-MULUK AND MAHMUDA DEPART
FROM HIMALAH AND REACH DILBUR BESWA.

ONE night, TAJ-UL-MULUK sat in the chamber of MAHMUDA and conversed with her to the following effect:—"Oh source of my pleasure! although I enjoy comfort here and every thing is always ready for my convenience, yet how long can I remain far away from my fellow-creatures, and bear the pains of absence from my friends? It would be advisable that we should devise some plan, by means of which we could free ourselves from the clutches of our enemies."

"Friendship is the source of pleasure,
Joys and bliss in friendship lie;
If not, what's the use of living
Even to eternity?"

"Rest contented," said MAHMUDA, "to-morrow I shall ask leave to depart." When night was over and dawn appeared, HIMALAH after preparing two splendid suits of dresses, and two trays of fruits, left her house, and proceeding to the room of her children invested them with the garments, and laid the fruits before them. She then made them sit on her knees, and kissed their eyes with affection. But perceiving no marks of pleasure on their countenance, "My daughter and son-in-law," she said, "If you have aught to speak to me, speak out; if it be a star of Heaven even, that you wish for, I shall get it for you." Upon this MAHMUDA answered, "Your kindness and generosity have satisfied us entirely, and there is nothing left for us to ask. But although the fire of your absence will burn the garden of our joy, and although to bid adieu to you is to bid adieu to the pleasures of life, yet still we must confess, that we suffer much from being far away from our fellow-creatures—men. If you would give us leave, we would

revisit the habitations of our friends for a few days, and thus gain relief from the pangs we suffer."

"Where'er we be, we are thy slaves!"

HIMALAH sighed deeply, when she heard these words. "I brought you up," she observed, "in earnest hope, that morning and evening you would cheer me with your presence. But what can I do? There is justice in your complaints. I know too well that the Prince has contrived to kindle this desire in your bosom." If I knew this before, I would never have made you his wife.

"This is my sin,—no fault of thine."

When HIMALAH saw that they were tired of their stay with her, she summoned a Giant, and ordered him to do what the Prince desired. "If he reaches, safely," she added, "your life is safe." After this, she pulled out two hairs from her head, and giving one to the Prince and another

to her daughter, bade them remember that whenever they encountered any difficulty, they had nothing to do but to burn the hair, and that instant she would appear with eighteen thousand Giants attending her. Then placing the hand of MAHMUDA in his, she said:—

“To thee I give this child so dear,
Her heart with love and kindness cheer.” .

Historians relate, that the Giant, high as a mountain, and swift as the lightning, ran to the Prince and wished to know where he should carry him and his wife. To the city of *Firdous*, to the Garden of LUKHEE BESWA, said TAJ-UL-MULUK. In a moment they were there. The Giant asked for a letter for HIMALAH, intimating to her the news of their safe arrival. The Prince bade him wait. As soon as LUKHEE BESWA heard his voice she ran out, fell on his feet, offered thanks to God, and said, “If every hair of my body would become a tongue, still I could not thank thee sufficiently for thy mercy,

Oh God!" After this the Prince delivered the letter required to the Giant, and bade him return to HIMALAH. He then gave an account of his adventure to LUKHEE BESWA: how the Giant aided him; how HIMALAH was polite to him; how he got married to MAHMUDA, and how at last he obtained *Gool-i-Bukawulee*. LUKHEE BESWA welcomed the Bride of the Prince, and kept both her and her husband for a few days. The Prince then expressed himself willing to depart, for he was wishing most impatiently to try the efficacy of that Flower in restoring the sight of his father. He ordered that all his travelling traps should be made ready, and they were prepared accordingly. When they were on the point of departure, the Steward of the house came and enquired what was to be done with the Princes of the East. The Prince turned to his fair hostess and begged hard of her to liberate them, and thereby gain a name for generosity from the world, and a reward from her Creator. She replied, "Don't you interfere,

I shall not release them until I brand them with a mark of their captivity. The Princes seeing no other means for regaining freedom, agreed to be disgraced even in this way. When they were departing, TAJ-UL-MULUK gave them each a splendid suit of garment, and one lakh of rupees for their expenses. He then sent away DILBUR and MAHMUDA, and assembling his retinue turned his steps towards his native-land. He directed the ladies to await his arrival in a City which he named.

CHAPTER VII.

TAJ-UL-MULUK MEETS HIS BROTHERS, WHO
TAKE AWAY THE FLOWER FROM HIM.

DISGUISED himself in the garb of a *Darvesh*, the Prince followed his brothers, determined to discover their views and intentions. It happened that he reached the same place one

evening where they had put up, and he was a silent listener of all their boastings and gasconnadings.

At last when he could bear no longer, he came forward and cried out, "Why indulge in such falsehoods here? *Gool-i-Bukawulee* is with me." And presently he laid it before them.

"Let us try its virtue first," said the Princes indignantly, "and if it be not the Flower we shall deal with you as we choose." "Truth has nothing to fear," observed the Prince, "I agree to your terms." A blind man was sent for; the Flower was laid upon his sightless eyes, and much to the astonishment of the Princes, the man immediately recovered the power of seeing. TAJ-UL-MULUK's brothers were ashamed; but not content with this, they assaulted the Prince, and deprived him of the Flower. They then turned him out of their company, and departed, happy and joyful, for their native country, whose confines they reached after a

few days' journey. Thence they despatched a messenger to announce their success to their old father ZEIN-UL-MULUK, who immediately came forward to welcome them, repeating the following lines :—

“ The sorrows which I now endure
Will all depart, for here's the cure ;
Hope dawns within my longing breast,
For now my age will be at rest.”

The Princes fell on the feet of their father, who returned their salutation by kissing their foreheads and embracing them. The Flower was then presented to him. He laid it upon his eyes, and he saw ! “ Thanks be to God ! ” he cried, “ That he has restored light to my eyes, and sent back my children to me. Grand were the rejoicings in the City on this happy occasion. The populace, rich and poor, were all desired to indulge in festivities for one whole year.

CHAPTER VIII.

BUKAWULEE AWAKES, MISSES THE FLOWER FROM
HER GARDEN, AND SETS OUT IN SEARCH
OF THE THIEF.

WHEN BUKAWULEE opened her eyes, she first arranged her stays and bodice, enfolded her graceful form in a loose flowing gown, combed her hair, threw on a sheet, and slowly walked in all her charms towards the Garden. Wherever she placed her steps the ground bloomed like a grove; and the dust on which she set her foot became antimony for the eyes of the Nightingale. Gently she dipped her hands in the pond and sprinkled rose-water on her face, which was yet bestained with some marks of lamp-black. She turned her eyes on all sides, when on a sudden she perceived the Flower from the pond had gone! She rubbed her eyes to see plainer; but no,—they had not deceived her. She changed colour. A hue of paleness overspread her face, and as a flower withers by the breath of the sirocco, she

faded away. Looking down, her eyes fell upon her hands: her own ring was not there, but instead of that another's. More and more she was surprised. "Good God!" she exclaimed, "am I awake or dreaming, or in the land of magic? But no, this can't be a dream! It plainly appears that some mortal has done this deed; for none but mortal could have come hither eluding the vigilance of the Giants." Much was she ashamed at the circumstance, and thus lamented her fate: "Oh thief! tell me thy name, and the reasons which induced thee to do such a deed. None is equal to thee in daring, and an ordinary man, I am sure, thou art not. Gold and silver are stolen by thieves; but thou are not a common robber. If I could but see thee I would lay thy hands on my eyes, and kiss them over and over. Thou hast made a mine in my bosom, and stolen away my heart. To thy satisfaction thou hast not seen me; but I doubt not thou hast feasted thy eyes with a sight of these lips, and who knows, but thou mayest

have tasted the honey therefrom. Thou hast stolen away the cash, the casket alone is lying here." In short, she arose and retired to the Hall of Rubies, and summoning all the Fairies, punished them each for their wants of vigilance; but she considered not that the dart of Fate is irresistible.

"Naught can oppose the dart of Fate."

She then desired the Fairies to depart, and try and bring the thief immediately before her. They did as desired, but no trace whatever of the robber was found.

It is true one should lose himself before he can find another who is lost.

BUKAWULEE loved the thief. She wept, she grieved, she suffered, and when she could bear no longer, she broke the bonds of shame, and girding her loins for the adventure, set out in search of the robber, and turned her steps towards the desert. Every

thing was visible to her ; she was invisible to all. At last she reached the land of the East. When she entered the City of ZEIN-UL-MULUK nought but rejoicings and festivities greeted her in every street and thoroughfare. Serenades were heard on every door. Much was she astonished at all these. At last she met a youth of fifteen or sixteen years. From him she enquired the cause of the universal gaiety. " Knowest thou not " said the young man, in reply to her question, " that the blind King of this City has been, by the blessing of God, restored to his sight. Long did he suffer, and it was only through means of *Gool-i-Bukawulee* that he has regained his vision. His sons, after a long and troublesome search, have procured the Flower for him ; and it is his wish that all his subjects should rejoice for a year." Much pleased was BUKAWULEE to hear this news. Now, she thought, I shall catch the robber, for he can't be far from here. She went to the river side, bathed and then assuming the shape of a beautiful young

man, dressed herself in male garments and turned her steps toward the Palace of the King. Slowly she pursued her way. Whoever saw her loved her, and whoever gazed upon the scimitar of her eye-brows fell a victim at once. At sight of her jetty curls many a heart was enchained, and every beholder held his peace in astonishment at her superior beauty. The whole City rang with her praises, and by degrees the King also heard of her. She was invited by the Sovereign, who desired to know her name, the object which brought her thither, and the name of the country whence she had come. The youth answered, "I have come from the West, my name is FURRUKH, and I have wandered hither in search of an employment. I hope I shall be considered as one of your servants." The King acceded to her wishes, and from that moment, she was esteemed as one of the most favourite dependants of the Court. One day the four Princes came to see their father, who received them very kindly, kissed them, and

embraced them, and made them sit on a chair of state. BUKAWULEE, who was a silent spectatress of all these proceedings, enquired from a menial who these four Princes were. She was told that they were the sons of the King. She looked at them closely, and judged by the rules of Physiognomy that none had any intrinsic merit in them. She asked, if the King had another son besides these, who went in search of *Gool-i-Bukawulee*, and the answer was that he had none. Upon this she was much astonished. She blamed her fate, and soliloquised as follows : "Oh Fate, why afflict me thus? I know thy knots are such, that the nails of human endeavour can never untie them. A dream can be interpreted ; but my enigma cannot be solved by any creature on earth. My dream admits of no interpretation. Who was he that took away the Flower from my Garden, and left me in such lasting misery ? The dart of Love is rankling in my heart ; but although I search my love, all my labour is lost, and I cannot find him

even here. Oh ! when will the bud of my heart expand ? I thought I had traced out the thief, but no—the Heavens frown upon me, and my game is lost. Where shall I go now ? To whom shall I complain ? What judge shall render justice to me ? ”

After all BUKAWULEE came to the conclusion that the King must have another son ; for her knowledge of Physiognomy clearly showed to her that the four Princes with him had neither sense nor boldness in them to carry off the Flower from her Garden. She determined any how again to have recourse to patience, and abide by the issues of her fate. How strange it is to find the love following the lover who becomes the object of her search ; but if you consider it properly, it should be so ; for until love is born in the heart of the mistress, all the endeavours of the lover must be in vain. The fire which burn the heart of the lover is kindled by that in the love.

First in the Fair one's heart love should glow bright ;
Moths come where'er the lamp burns pure in light.

Enough. The pen desires me to stop, for it is over-worked ; but what has the pen done ? My hands as well as the pen have worked together, and whatever is written is written by me. Thus words will go on, and one will claim superiority over the other ; but if any one can tell me who is the workman in truth, and who in appearance, then I also shall elucidate the respective merits of the lover and his love.

CHAPTER IX.

HIMALAH ATTENDED WITH 18,000 GIANTS COMES
TO TAJ-UL-MULUK, AND BUILDS A PALACE
FOR HIM EQUAL TO THAT OF BUKAWULEE.

WHEN TAJ-UL-MULUK was deprived of the Flower by his brothers, he really did not know how to act. It is a true saying, "The miseries of the beggar remain with the beggar." He followed the four Princes, and in a few days

found himself in a forest, which bordered on the confines of his father's dominions. He had recourse to his flint to kindle a fire, upon which he placed the hair which HIMALAH had given him! and lo; before a fourth of it was burnt his mother-in-law appeared, attended with 18,000 Giants. Angrily she vewed TAJ-UL-MULUK in the garb of a *Darwesh*. "Prince!" she exclaimed fiercely, "Where is my daughter, and why hast thou disgraced thyself thus?" The Prince answered, "Every one is in safety; but I have an undertaking in hand, which I cannot carry through. Hence I have been obliged to trouble you." "Don't have recourse to artifices, say at once whether thou hast to say." "I wish," replied the Prince, "to build a Mansion, and make a Garden in this desert, which shall bear an exact resemblance to those of BUKAWULEE'S." "It is easy enough, my son," returned the mother; "but I have never seen the Garden of BUKAWULEE; how then can I undertake to comply with thy wishes?" TAJ-UL-MULUK

wished that she would attend to the description he would give her, and follow it accordingly. HIMALAH immediately despatched some hundreds of Giants to fetch rubies from *Badakshan*, and the best cornelian from *Yaman* ; and gold and silver in vast quantities from all the four corners of the globe. In three days' time all the requisite materials were collected in eight heaps, and as the Prince *directed* the work proceeded. First, the ground was dug full two spears deep, and inlaid with purest gold. The Mansion was then raised, and in a few days completed. The Garden bloomed also, and trees of jasper and rubies extended their arms in the wildest luxuriance. A pond was preprred in the middle, and filled with the most fragrant rose-water. In short, of all the precious stones and minerals which the Giants had brought, half was devoted to the preparation of the building, one-fourth was given to the workmen, and the rest was deposited in the treasury. When the erection of the fabric was completed and approved of by

TAJ-UL-MULUK, HIMALAH asked him if he knew what trouble she had encountered for him. "Giants," she continued, "are the enemies of men. I, however, on the contrary, have shewn every kindness to you. Through my means you entered the country of BUKAWULEE, and for all that thou hast done there, I have been punished. Remember all this is for the sake of dear MAHMUDA, whom I hope you will keep in happiness and comfort." She departed, and the Prince attended by all his retinue, started for the place where he had left his wife and DILBUR. He found them there, and placing them in the most magnificent palanqueens, covered with the richest brocade, and followed by slaves, dressed in the richest style of taste, brought them to the place which he had prepared for them, and commenced to live happily in their society,

CHAPTER X.

ZEIN-UL-MULUK HEARS THAT HIS SON HAS
ERECTED A PALACE.

It is related, that as a slave of TAJ-UL-MULUK by name *Said* was walking about in the forest he beheld several woodmen passing that way. He enquired who they were, and where they were bound to. They said they were woodmen of the East, and that their children as well as themselves were supported by their labour. The slave desired them to convey their burdens to the house of his master, and promised that not only the true price of the article would be paid them, but that a magnificent reward would be added, which would keep them rich for the remainder of their lives. The men answered that they had never seen any sign of population in the forest; upon which *Said* told them to advance, and see whether what he said was true or not. The woodmen tempted by the offer of the reward went forward, but no sooner had

they seen the building, than they exclaimed, "God save us from the power of the devil! My good sir, whither are you leading us? We do not want any reward or presents. Excuse us, we cannot go and throw ourselves in the fire." *Said* assured them there was no fire, but the glitter of the rubies only. Upon which they went forward, and treading upon pavements of gold and silver were brought before TAJ-UZ-MULUK. who presented them each with a valuable piece of cloth, and desired them to come daily in the hopes of receiving greater rewards. This was too much for them. They left their native country, and went and settled there. When this was noised about amongst their neighbours, many followed their examples ; but none returned home. The *Kotwal* daily reported to the King, that his subjects were leaving the City by degrees, and at last it was found that in one night, one thousand of the aristocracy had departed therefrom. The Minister enquired whither they went. "I have heard,"

answered the *Kotwal*, "that in a forest a City has been built on foundations of gold, and that a Palace has been erected, which is unequalled on earth. Wherever sees it exclaims :—

"If there's a Paradise on earth,
'Tis this, 'tis this."

The generosity of the Monarch of that City promises to erase the name of HATIM from the minds of the people ; and such is the fame of his justice, that the glory of NOUSHERWAN is really eclipsed ! The Minister asked how can man do aught which is beyond the power of mortals to perform ? " But repeated news have reached me about it, " answered the *Kotwal* ; " how can it be false then ? That powerful God, who transformed a man into a woman, and *metamorphosed* a woman into a man can also give wealth, which is like a good-looking woman, to a human being. Ask not why the vulgar prosper. It is plain there is no reason for it. Have you not heard the story of that Princess who borrowed

virility from a Giant, and married a wife ? ”
“No,” answered the *Vazir*. “Attend then,” said the *Kotwal*: “In ancient times there lived a King, who, notwithstanding that he had a hundred beautiful girls in his Harem, had no issue from any one of them. It happened, however, that one of these fair creatures conceived. When nine months had expired, she brought forth a daughter. After this three children were repeatedly born to her ; but every time a female. When she was pregnant for the fourth time, the King swore, that, if a daughter was born again, he would have both the mother and child destroyed. It happened, however, that a daughter *was* again born ; but lovely and fairy-like was the child. The mother, anxious to preserve the life of her darling, gave out that it was a son, and prevailed upon the astrologers, to counsel the King, not to see the child’s face for ten years, for if he *did*, it would harm him. The father agreed to do as desired. When the girl grew up in years and understanding, and

when the prohibited time was near expiring, the mother explained matters to her, and requested of her to assume the garb of a young man, and thus appear before the King, that in this way her life, and her mother's too, may be preserved. The daughter agreed to the proposition, and acted up to the instructions she had received. At last she was betrothed to the daughter of another Prince. When the wedding day approached, the King enrobed her in rich garments, and, placing her on a golden litter, despatched her to the country of the bride. The girl sometimes wept, and sometimes laughed at the situation in which she was placed. At last when she reached a dense wood, where she had occasion to stay for the night, she could bear her shame no longer, and finding life nothing less than a burden, she left her litter secretly and wandered far away into Indra's garden, *i. e.*, a forest, in hopes that some beast of prey would destroy her. After roaming for some time she found herself under the branches of a tall, umbrage-

ous tree, on which dwelt a Giant who immediately fell in love with her beauty. In the shape of a young man he appeared to her, and enquired into the cause of her distress. The girl gave a faithful version of her story ; upon which the Giant's heart melted, and he agreed to change her to a man and himself to a woman for a short time. She consented to this ; and the transformation was soon made. She departed, light and happy-hearted, and rejoined her attendants unperceived by any. In a few days more she reached the country of her bride: the marriage was consummated, and the old King returned to his country. The false Prince remained there until a child was born to him, and then he set out to follow his father. When passing through the same forest, he sought out the well-known tree, and found the Giant sitting in the shape of an old woman ready to weep. "Oh Giant!" cried the Prince, "through thy favor I have obtained the wish of my heart; take my manhood now, and restore my womanhood to me."

“Alas! I cannot do so,” said the Giant, “fate willed it other wise.” The Prince enquired into the cause of it. “I was sitting,” said the Giant, “like a woman waiting for thee when all on a sudden another Giant appeared. On seeing him my passions were roused; I could not for bear. He too ran, and locking me fast in his embraces, accomplished the object we both had in view. Now if I restore thy manhood to thee, at the time of my travail, I must despair of my life. Besides this, I have found * * * * Go now, retain thy manhood, I am content to remain a woman.” The *Vazir* remarked, “God is great and powerful. I do not doubt this; but how can a man act so miraculously I cannot comprehend. Perhaps you have not heard the story of the Bird and the Beggar. I will tell it to you. “In the time of King SOLOMON a pair of Birds were feeding on the streets, when all on a sudden they beheld a Beggar approaching them. The female cried out. “There is the enemy coming! Take care of him!” The male remarked, that the

man seemed a godly person, and that he apprehended no danger from him. Whilst they were yet speaking, the Beggar came near and flung a rod upon them with such force, that one of the arms of the male Bird broke. Flying somehow from the tyrant, the Bird repaired to King SOLOMON, and after blessing the Monarch, brought his complaint against the *Darwesh*. The King summoned the Beggar, and asked why he had wantonly harmed the Bird. The *Darwesh* urged in reply, that Birds were made for the food of man, and hence there was no tyranny in flinging a stick at any one of them. The Bird returned that, although he was a small creature, he had yet sense enough to distinguish friends from foes; flying from the latter, and courting the favour of the former. He had thought that the *Darwesh* was a godly man; but now it plainly appeared to him that *Satan* was his guide, and that he was a hypocrite, and by no means fit to wear the garb of sanctity. This pleased SOLOMON, and he cursed the *Dar-*

wesh and turned him out. After a few days this very Bird, whilst picking food, was entrapped by another *Darwesh*, who immediately placed him in a cage. The Bird despaired of life, but yet he took courage to address him as follows:—
“Oh man of God! if you sell me, you will profit little or nothing; and by eating me up your appetite will scarcely be satiated. But if you will promise to release me, I on my part promise to relate a story, the words of which will be as pearls strung together.” The *Darwesh* pulled him out from the cage, and holding him in his hand, desired him to proceed. “The world say,” commenced the Bird, “that if God wills, he can take out a caravan of seventy-two camels from the eye of a needle. This is true. Nothing is impossible before the power of God, although man may not believe it. The second point is. Man should never be sorry for aught that happens to him without his own fault. Oh *Darwesh*! leave me, and I shall speak more to you.” Accordingly he was released, and sitting

upon a tree, addressed the *Darwesh* as follows: "What a foot thou art ! Where was the sense when thou settest me free ? You knew not what a prey you were losing ; know then, there was a valuable ruby in my stomach ! If you had killed me, you would have gained that precious stone." The *Darwesh* commenced rubbing his hands at hearing this, and said, " Well, I have lost the ruby, now let me hear thy speech." " Thy mind," said the Bird, " is like a slippery surface. No word can hold its place on it. Why, then, should I waste them ? It is a true saying, ' to cry before a blind man is to lose your own sight.' Just now I advised thee never to be sorry for that which is lost without thy own fault. Fool that thou art, to forget these words, and not to consider that it would have been impossible for me to swallow the ruby." Saying this he flew away, and the *Darwesh* returned disappointed. " I have related this story," added the *Vazir*, still addressing the *Kotwal*, " to show that God is All-powerful :

but man should always judge from the testimony of his own eye, before he speaks aught to his King."

CHAPTER XI.

ZEIN-UL-MULUK IS INVITED BY TAJ-UL-MULUK
AND ACCEPTS THE INVITATION.

THE *Kotwal* being desired by his master went to inspect the palace of TAJ-UL-MULUK. Before he had advanced far into the forest he exclaimed, "Heavens ! how the wood is burning ! Its flames reach the skies !" Going further he perceived the floor of gold, and then the Palace stood in view, showing that no conflagration was raging there. TAJ-UL-MULUK hearing of the arrival of the *Kotwal* ordered the ponds to be filled, and the fountains to be set at a playing. The *Kotwal* was then desired to sit in the hall and witness the admirable arrangements made in the Garden. On whatever side he turned his eyes, he was

dazzled by the glitter of the show. When TAJ-UL-MULUK graced the throne with his presence the *Kotwal* arose, made his obeisance to him, and added, that his King had heard the intelligence of the building of the Palace, and sent him (the *Kotwal*) for inspection and report. "If you have any desire," he continued, "to measure your strength with my sovereign, you may be sure that he is more than a match for you. Excuse the freedom of my speech; but I am led to these remarks by the consideration, that one scabbard cannot hold two swords, nor one country be governed by two Kings." TAJ-UL-MULUK answered, "In this desert I have built a mansion in which I intend to pass my days in devotion. Sovereignty I covet not, but wish to be considered as a well-wisher of your King. On hearing these words, the *Kotwal* departed, much pleased, and reported all the facts to the *Vazir* who had sent him, and he in his turn informed the King of all the particulars. Amongst those present, many believed the report, and many

did not; but BUKAWULEE, who was one of the hearers, praised God in her heart, and hoped that the knot of her difficulties would now be untied, and the dawn of comfort appear after the dissipation of the night of despair.

Rejoice my eyes, the truth is clear,
Thy love is nigh, that friend so dear.

The King was lost in amazement, and expressed his fear lest some day or other the new Prince would become a source of annoyance to him. The *Vazir* remarked, that Philosophers have declared, that it is better to conciliate an enemy than to content with him. Never have recourse to violence, so long as peace is possible. "Now," continued the *Vazir*, "it is necessary for you to be on terms of friendship with this Prince. "The King said, "You can manage the matter best. Be you the negotiator; go to him and try to gain him over; but act in such a way, that the serpent may be killed and the stick not broken." The *Vazir* departed as ordered. TAJ-UL-MU-

LUK received him kindly. Carpets were spread ; fresh rose-water poured in the ponds ; the fountains resumed their play ; and the Hall of Rubies arranged for the reception of the Minister. The Prince presented himself, upon which the visitor arose and made a low bow and expressed himself to the effect, that the *Kotwal*, who had lately visited the Prince, had given a very favorable report of the regard which the Prince bore to the Sovereign of the East who was thereupon appeased, and now entertained a great desire of seeing him. "Nothing," added the Minister, "is better than to see two streams of justice and generosity making a confluence." The Prince expressed himself highly gratified with the message, and declared that he also had an intense desire of seeing the King. The *Vazir* said, "Please Heaven ! in a week the King will be here." After this he was treated to a sumptuous feast. Dinner was served in plates of gold and silver, which were placed on a table-cloth made of the richest brocade. The

observed that this was very strange, for there was nothing but a dense forest a few days ago in that very spot, but it appears that God had given such extraordinary powers to a mortal, that it exceeded the comprehension of man to understand its nature. "The true Palace," he observed, "is far off." The *Vazir* was yet talking, when a domestic of the Prince came running and declared that it was the wish of his master that as soon as the King had departed from one stage, the house furnitures, &c., provided for his reception, were to be given away to the poor. It was requested, also, that the King should refresh himself in any stage where he chose to stay. In short, the further the King advanced, the more grand did he see these preparations awaiting his arrival. The Prince came in advance two miles, to greet the Sovereign, and receive him with every mark of gratification and pleasure. The ponds were filled, and fountains played again; the King was perfectly astonished at what he saw, and the glare and

glitter of the show bewildered him. BUKAWULEE also gazed upon the countenance of the Prince and lost her sense entirely,

Those brows were fraught with deadly darts,
To wound and captivate all hearts.

Wherever she turned her eyes, she found every thing arranged as they were in her own house. She thought that the host was a powerful magician, who had removed her Palace hither, and placed the forest under a *talismanic* influence. She beckoned to a Fairy, who attended her in human shape, and desired her to look well into the matter. The Fairy, after deep consideration, said, that her own Palace was safe enough, but that this was a complete and perfect copy of that. She, moreover, added, that the Prince appeared to be a clever person, and that every praise was due to his ingenuity. BUKAWULEE rejoiced in her heart to hear this ; for, thought she, I have at last discovered the thief, and there is every hope of my recovering the

property I have lost. At that moment she was inclined to disclose the secret, but modesty forbade. Nothing was left her but to have recourse to patience. In the meantime, the board was spread, and every sort of dainty laid upon it. It is perfectly impossible for the writer to give a full description of all the delicacies exposed to view there.

The King, together with the Princes and the Nobles, were highly delighted with the manners of the host, and enjoyed the feast with every mark of gratification. In the meantime, bards and singers were called in, and music and song diffused their charms over all. When every amusement was over, the King and TAJ-UL-MULUK joined in conversation. The Prince enquired how many sons he had. The King pointed to the four Princes, and answered these alone were his four children. "I had one more," he added, "by gazing on whose countenance I lost my eyesight. Thanks be to God, that I have regained

it now; but there is no knowing where that child has gone." TAJ-UL-MULUK asked, how it was that the Prince had turned away his face from duty, and left his father's house? He also enquired if any one in the company could recognise him or not. Upon this, ZEIN-UL-MULUK gave a detailed account of the birth of the lost Prince, as well as a full history of his own blindness. He then pointed to a *Vazir*, who was his private Minister, and said, that he alone could make him out. The Prince turned towards him, and enquired if in the whole company he saw any one who bore any resemblance to TAJ-UL-MULUK. The old and experienced man, after gazing steadfastly on the countenance of the speaker, replied that no one but the Prince himself bore any resemblance to the person enquired after; and the tone of his conversation also was similar to his. On hearing this, TAJ-UL-MULUK arose and fell on the feet of his father, and declared that he was that unhappy son who had thus been doomed by his adverse

fate to wander away from him. He thanked God, that this eyes were now blessed with a sight of him. ZEIN-UL-MULUK was highly delighted. He pressed his son to his heart, kissed his eyes, and praised God for the blessing thus conferred on him ; and added, My son ! I am highly delighted to find that grandeur and magnificence have attended you. I knew all this from your horoscope, and praise be to the Creator, that I have lived to witness this myself. It is fortunate, my eyes are re-enlightened, that I can see you happy ; but tell me where have you been all this time, and is your heart independent or in the possession of another ? The Prince answered, that he had two wives, who would, with his father's permission, be very glad to pay their duty to him. The King assenting to the proposal, the Prince retired to the inner apartments of the Palace, and came out attended by DILBUR and MAHMUDA. These fair creatures stopped at the very threshold of the Hall, and would not advance

until ZEIN-UL-MULUK impatiently exclaimed, "Why do they not come near me, that my eyes may be illumined and my heart delighted by beholding them ! "

The Prince answered, " My Sovereign, it is shame that restrains your slaves. The four Princes, your sons, were once their slaves, and they bear the marks of bondage on their back. If you have any doubt of this you can easily satisfy yourself." On hearing this, the colour vanished from the countenance of the four Princes, who immediately retired, fearing to be disgraced in public. Then did the two wives of the Prince come forward, and fall on the feet of his Majesty, who now expressed a desire of hearing a faithful account of the travels of the Prince, together with the history of his two wives. His son recounted all; how he suffered a thousand inconveniences in his peregrinations; how his brothers were made the slaves of DILBUR; how HIMALAH was kind to him; how he

gained MAHMUDA in marriage; how he bore away the flower from BUKAWULEE's Garden; how he saw that lovely Princess in unconscious sleep; how his brothers had deprived him of the Flower, and how he had made a Palace in that forest,—all, all he recounted fully and faithfully. ZEIN-UL-MULUK immediately thought of the mother of his son, “You,” he said, speaking to the Prince, “have restored my eyesight and opened the gates of joy to me; it is now incumbent on me to communicate these happy tidings to your mother, and relieve her from the pains of absence, by restoring her long-lost child to her.” He arose to depart. That very day he paid a visit to TAJ-UL-MULUK's mother, begged a thousand pardons for all that he had done to her, and then informed her of the return of her son.

My friend, as thy works are, so shall thy reward be. If like the Prince, thou wilt attend to thy duty, the King will admire thy diligence

and will meet and embrace thee. If thou goest not to him, he will come to thee. Hence, never do a deed, which will bring infamy on thee, as it did on the other four Princes.

CHAPTER XII.

BUKAWULEE DEPARTS FROM THE COUNTRY OF
ZEIN-UL-MULUK: SHE ADDRESSES
A LETTER TO TAJ-UL-MULUK.

When ZEIN-UL-MULUK returned to his capital, BUKAWULEE departed from him, and reached her own Garden, whence she addressed a letter to TAJ-UL-MULUK. In it she enclosed the ring of the Prince, and entrusted the packet to the Fairy SUMMUN ROO, who was her *confidante*. Her she desired to deliver the missive to the Prince, when she found him free from all the concerns of life. The Fairy immediately departed, riding on a female dragon, and in an instant alighted in the Palace of the Prince.

When TAJ-UL-MULUK was sitting alone, thinking of BUKAWULEE, she suddenly appeared to him, and delivered the charge entrusted to her. The Prince recognized his ring, and opening the letter read as follows :—

“ I begin in the name of God, who has no equal in the universe. He it is who has placed the stars in Heaven, and has created both Genii and men. To the Fairy he has given beauty; but, still for all that, for Fairies even are struck by the darts of human love. Cast but thy sight on the countenance of LEILA, and she will become MAJNUN for thee; and if the reflex of thy beauty shine on SHIRIN, she will become her own FARHAD. The sun, as well as the atoms that dance in his beams, are equally enamoured of thee. The light of love thou hast lightened, and reason like a moth is burned in flame. After my compliments to thee, Oh King of Beauty and Grace! let me tell thee that the arrows which sprung from the bows of thy eyebrows have wounded my heart to its core ; and

thy raven locks descending luxuriantly, have enchained and en fettered me. Love has triumphed over me ; he is my master both externally and internally. It is wrong to think that one heart is apprised of the feelings of another ; but here am I burning, suffering, and no impression is made on thee. Without thee my house is a scene of woe, and even Heaven is Hell. I am panting for the life-bestowing elixir of thy kisses. Thy love has deprived me of my heart ; I should not wonder if I find no portion of it within my breast. Do thou accept my virgin love. Thou art the river, and I am dying of thirst ; come at once and slake it. If you come not, I will die of a broken heart ; but when I shall rise at the day of resurrection, I shall call thee to account. What wilt thou answer me then, when I will ask thee why didst thou kill me ? But this is enough. My feelings will be apparent from this."

TAJ-UL-MULUK carefully studied every word of this document, and found that the whole letter

was inspired by feelings of genuine affection. That moment all the suppressed emotion of his heart awoke ; he had no other means left but to have recourse to patience. He took the pen in his hand, and thus replied to the letter which he had received :—

“ Oh thou, who knowest well how to burn the heart of thy lover, the whole style of thy letter shows that thou art fully inclined to oppress my suffering bosom. Thou art beautiful ; thou art, indeed, the robber that waits for the prey, in the path of love ; thy eye-brows are like swords, and in thine eyes lodge hidden enchantments and lightnings to captivate and burn the soul. The rose-bud is ashamed before thy countenance, and the ruby colourless before thy lips. I am an atom : thou art the sun indeed. Oh thou charming *Venus*, and lovelier than the Idols of China ! every word of thy letter has made a lasting impression on my heart ; I have passed my nights in sighs and groans. The impress of thy coun-

tenance will never be erased from the tablet of my memory. As long as the moon will retain her light, so long will my heart retain thy love. Never think that I shall forget thee, nay, not for a moment shall my heart lose the idea of thy enchanting charms. Thy name fills me with impatience. When first I heard it, I undertook to endure every trouble ; I made friendship with the Genii to induce them to convey me to thy fairy-land : I saw thee, and the wound in my heart was terribly enlarged. Is it that a spark from my heart has fallen on thine, or has the lightning of desire struck thee ?

When Love attracts two hearts ; 'tis plain
Its influence will in both remain.

I am nothing, but the honor comes from thee.

What can the lover do until
His beauteous love is to his will ?

Enough now.

What the hand writes, the pen should not know,
What lovers write, their pens should never know.

He then signed the letter, sealed it, and delivered it to the Fairy SUMMUN ROO, requesting her at the same time to desire his most affectionate regard to BUKAWULEE. The Fairy departed, reached her destination safely, and did all what she was desired to do.

CHAPTER XIII.

TAJ-UL-MULUK GOES TO BUKAWULEE.—BUKAWULEE IS IMPRISONED.

WHEN BUKAWULEE found that she loved TAJ-UL-MULUK too well, and that patience was failing her, she desired SUMMUN ROO to summon HIMALAH at once. In a moment that Fairy reached her destination obedient to the command she had received. HIMALAH enquired into the cause of her embarrassment, and asked if all were right. The Fairy answered, that the Princess had called her, and that the least delay was unadvisable. HIMALAH was confused. The

hour was unseasonable, and she trembled as she proceeded. She found BUKAWULEE struck with the dart of Love. She saw her weeping and groaning bitterly. Bowing low before her, "O Beauty," she exclaimed, "whence is the countenance changed, and why is thy heart sad? Why are the rose-buds of thy cheeks moistened with the drops of thy tears? Share thy grief with me—smile, and for God's sake disclose thy secret to me." "Stubborn creature," answered BUKAWULEE, "why dost thou deviate from the path of thy duty? Thou hast set fire, now try to extinguish it. Thy son-in-law is in fault, and through thy means he reached my country. He has cast a stigma on my pure character, and has seen me half-naked. If thou valuest thy own life, proceed immediately and bring him to me." HIMALAH smiled. "For such an insignificant matter," she said, "you have troubled yourself so much. Arise now, suppress your tears, wash your face, smile, and speak. In a moment I can go and bring him by

the ears before your presence." Swift fled HIMALAH, and in the twinkling of the eye reached the Prince. Smilingly she said, " Arise thou moth thy candle invites thee." On hearing this the Prince fell on her feet. HIMALAH raised him, pressed him in her arms, and placing him on her shoulders, carried him to the realm of BUKAWULEE. In the meantime JAMILAH KHATUN, the mother of BUKAWULEE, was apprised of all these proceedings. She was told that her daughter had deviated from the path of duty. It was evident that she was in love with a mortal. On this account she had come to her daughter, and perceiving that such *was* the case, she could not repress her rage. Striking her forehead, she said, " O thou contemptible creature ! I wish to Heaven thou wert not born ; whence hast thou disinterested thyself, and wherefore proceed in thy reckless career ? The character of all the Fairies is lost, and the reputation of thy own family ruined." On hearing this she laid her hands on her ears, and swore by all the powers, (falling

at the same time on the feet of her mother), that she knew not what love meant, and that she had never seen the face of a man even in her dreams. Her only surprise was, how any one could venture to stigmatize her. She begged of her mother to tell her the name of her defamer, and she declared that unless the information was given she would much rather part with her life. The heart of a mother always feels what no other does, and no doubt, hers melted at once. With assumed harshness she replied, "Be silent, don't have recourse to artifice, and shed no more tears." Whilst the conversation was still going on, HIMALAH and TAJ-UL-MULUK reached. The Fairy SUMMUN ROO, who was the *confidante* of the Princess gave timely notice of their arrival. The Princess too expressed her desire that the visitors may be safely conducted to one of her private apartments. For three hours BUKAWULEE was compelled to keep the company of her mother, whom, when sleep had overpowered, she rose, softly placed

her footsteps on the floor, trembling with fear and warmed with love. In short, she gained access to the Prince. The moment he gazed on that enchanting countenance, his sense failed him, and fainting he fell on the ground. BUKAWULEE ran to aid him. She placed his head on her lap, kissed him on his mouth and cheeks ; she who was, indeed, the rose of his affection. The moment he inhaled her breath, the strength of his spirit returned to him, and he opened his eyes, and finding his head placed on the lap of one whose forehead was as bright as *Venus*, he thanked his stars and rose immediately in all happiness. The eyes of each were fixed on and close rivetted to those of the other. At last the wine of love circulated freely, and desire seizing and removing the veil of modesty, remained predominant. Shame gave way, and each was blessed with the sweetness which love successful always experiences. The fire of absence was quenched, and pleasure spread a delightful coolness on the heart of both. Alas !

alas ! that this world should always separate loving hearts (*lit.* keep off the Moon from Mercury). Wherever two friends have sat long together, she is always sure to throw the stone of absence between them. For one day of bliss she will entail years and years of misery;—nay, nay, this is too good even; there is nothing but deceit and malice in all her doings! It happened that JAMILAH KHATUN awoke at midnight: the moon had cast her brightest lustre on the Garden. She arose, determined to enjoy the scene. Accidentally she was led to the very spot where the too lovers slept, each fondly embraced by the other. The fire of her wrath was kindled on beholding this. Not being able to suppress her rage, she flung the Prince, as if he were a stone, to the regions of magic, and slapped BUKAWULEE, until the hue of her cheeks was equal to that of the reddest tulip. After this she conveyed her to the Garden of *Iram*, which was in the possession of her father, to whom she disclosed all she had witnessed.

FIROZ SHAH, for such was the name of her father, appointed a thousand Fairies to divert her attention from human love. Night and day did they persuade her, by all their eloquence, to turn her attention from the Prince; but to no purpose : the more they spoke, the more she loved; the more they tried to extinguish her flame, the more it blazed; and continually would she devote her time in *thinking* of her lost love, and repeating the following lines:—

“ God! let no one suffer the pains of absence as I do :—pains which are more trying than all other woes of the world put together. My days and nights are passed in sighs and one loved idea continually haunts me. My eyes weep tears of blood,—far away from thee! Oh heaven! if any mercy is to be shown to me, dost thou shorten the days of absence. To whom shall I complain?—Whither go?—and claim justice from whom?—Oh, absence, absence ! Is there no one to punish thee ?—True it is—borrowing the

words of HAFIZ of SHIRAZ—my groans are the groans of sufferings, and like the bird of morning I mourn the absence of my mate.”

The Fairies saw plainly that Love had made a home in her heart. They told I'IROZ SHAH at last, that, notwithstanding all their exertions, they had not been able to accomplish aught. Upon this the King easily perceived that his daughter was entirely lost. He had no other means left, but to throw a talismanic influence on her, and that Fairy found herself confined with golden fetters round her feet.

CHAPTER XIV.

TAJ-UL-MULUK FALLS INTO A RIVER; THENCE
COMES OUT SAFELY AND CHANGES HIS REAL
SHAPE.

It is related, that when JAMILAH KEATUN had flung off the Prince in the air, he dropped into a fathomless abyss. The waves tost him

to and fro. Now like a pearl he would sink to the bottom, and now like a bubble rise to the surface. After a few days of suffering, he at last reached the shore. It is true, even Death cannot extend his hand on the life of a true Lover. Struggling he emerged from the waters, and set his foot on dry ground. The heat of the sun reanimated and restored him to strength. He arose and advanced a little, until a green island came in view. He turned towards it, and found that every sort of fruit tree was standing therein. He walked on, until he reached the garden, every tree of which was laden with fruits bearing a direct resemblance to human skulls. The moment that these beheld the Prince, they laughed loud, and dropped before him. In a moment the branches were again laden with fruits of the same appearance. The Prince on beholding this was a good deal astonished, nay a little afraid; he started thence immediately and reached a garden full of pomegranate trees, each of which having the shape of a huge water-

pot. TAJ-UL-MULUK pulled down one of these fruits and broke it, when lo! innumerable small and beautiful birds flew out of it. This doubly surprised him. In short, wherever he wandered, he met the strangest novelties. No relief appeared in view. Tired at last, he collected a large quantity of wood, tied it together and pronouncing the name of God, cast it on the water and placed himself on it. After a few days he reached a shore which led to one of the wildest forests. When evening advanced, he climbed a tree, fearing lest wild beasts should attack him. Three-fourths of the night were passed on it, when all on a sudden a rumbling noise was heard from the south. The Prince looked to the east and to the west, but he could discern no object. At last a gigantic dragon came slowly under that very tree on which he sat. TAJ-UL-MULUK was perfectly alarmed on seeing the creature, and were it not for the branches which he firmly clasped he would have dropped down senseless. After a moment, the dragon brought

forth a serpent from his mouth, which vomitted a gem, bright as the sun, which he placed under the tree. The light that was cast from it extended over an expanse of eight hundred miles, brightening every mountain and *Jungle*. Before it danced innumerable birds and beasts, every one of which was pulled up and devoured by the dragon. At last he was overgorged and re-swallowing the serpent returned whence he had come. The Prince wished he could gain the gem; for which purpose he long remained in thought devising a plan; but morning dawned before he came to any firm determination. He then walked towards the river side, and brought away a heavy piece of clay from there. In the evening he again climbed the tree and sat patiently. At the usual hour the dragon returned, emitted the serpent again, and as soon as the gem was placed under the tree, the Prince cast the piece of clay directly on it. Darkness was immediately spread over the face of the earth, and both the dragon and the

serpent beat their heads and died. The Prince descended, possessed himself of the jewel, and departed thence. Three days he passed in travelling, and his nights in resting on trees. Thus after a long journey he reached a forest, and as evening was fast setting in climbed up a tree on which was built a nest inhabited by a martin, who could speak the human language. The Bird was explaining several matters of importance to her young ones, and laying open every stratagem to them; for she knew too well that words once heard are seldom forgotten. That night her young ones desired her to give them some stories about that forest in particular. The martin answered: "This Forest is full of the richest treasures, and besides all those, there is a pond towards the south on the banks of which grows a tree of amazing height. Any one placing its bark on his head will become invisible to all, whilst every thing will be visible to him; but the only difficulty is that no one can go to that tree, because it is guarded

by a dragon who is invulnerable both by swords and arrows." The young ones enquired, "How then could any one reach there?" The mother answered, "If any brave man would go up boldly, and as soon as the dragon would rush upon him, if he would jump down into the pond he would be metamorphosed into a crow. He should not fear then, but immediately fly and place himself on one of the western branches of the tree, which bends with a load of innumerable red and green fruits. Should he eat one of the red fruits, he will regain his original shape ; and if a green one, no arms will have effect upon him ; should he tie one round his waist, he could travel on the air. Its leaves have a perfect balsamic influence, and if a lock of a hundred maunds of iron be touched with its wood, it would fly open instantly."

TAJ-UL-MULUK was highly delighted at hearing these secrets revealed, and early in the morning started in quest of that wonderful tree.

He reached it. The dragon rushed on him, but he jumped boldly into the pond. He flew like a bird towards the tree, and gained the very branch pointed out to him. He ate a red fruit and immediately regained his original shape; he then tied a green fruit round his waist, took a branch in his hand, placed a small piece of its bark on his head, and flew thence. After a few days he left the *jungle* and arrived at a place where human abode was to be found. He had also taken a good many leaves of the tree. He cut open a part in his thigh, placed the gem in it, and by aid of the leaves cured the wound in a moment. He then walked on towards the populous part of the country.

CHAPTER XV.

TAJ-UL-MULUK ARRIVES ON THE BANK OF A POND,
ON DIVING IN WHICH HE CHANGES HIS
ORIGINAL SHAPE.

TAJ-UL-MULUK arrived on the banks of a pond made of marble and surrounded with the

most blooming flowers. The scene was lovely, the breeze was cool, and the Prince, fatigued as he was, soon fell asleep. When he awoke he looked on the transparent water, and tempted by its crystalline beauty, undressed himself and descended into the pond forthwith. He dived once ; but on emerging therefrom, *he found no trace of the pond*, he perceived that it had entirely disappeared. He found himself near the suburbs of a city. What was stranger still, he felt that he was no longer a man, but metamorphosed into a woman at once. The glory of his manhood dropped from his lips and chin, and his cheeks became as pale as the jasmine flower. His breast rose, and he was a woman perfectly and entirely. Much was he confused; but he knew too well that in such cases there was no cure but patience, which he adopted, and much ashamed of himself took a seat in a corner. After a few minutes a young man arrived there, and perceived that a young woman, bright as a *huri*, and lovely as a fairy, was sitting there.

In short, the heart of the youth was enfeathered by her love. "Fair creature," he enquired, "wherefore sittest thou alone in the forest?" The Prince answered, "My father was a merchant; when setting out on his journey, he took me with him. Last evening he entered this forest, and during the night was robbed of all his goods, and what was worse, he with all his caravan was killed. Some escaped and fled, and I was left alone without a place to shelter my head." The young man replied, "Come with me, and I will make you the mistress of my house." The Prince too (now a female) felt the flame of love on seeing the young man, whom he accompanied. Often he would laugh and often weep at these change of circumstances. At last the sign of pregnancy appeared, and when nine months expired he was made the mother of a child. After forty days he went to bathe in a pond; but the moment that he emerged from his dive, he found himself transformed into the shape of the blackest Negro.

“ Thank God ! ” he exclaimed, “ although my color is changed, yet I am no longer a woman.” Whilst he was yet thinking about these matters, a Negress appeared in sight. Her upper lips touched her nose, and her lower doubled round her chin. Her ears hung as far as her shoulders, and her breasts a little below her thighs. Her head was uncovered, and she was licking her lips with the greatest relish. She ran to him, and holding him by the loins, “ Oh cruel,” she screamed, “ for three days thy children are dying of hunger and thirst ; and I myself have suffered a world of inconvenience in searching for thee. Where didst thou hide thyself ? But never mind, whatever is done is done. Come now where is the wood which you have collected ? Give it to me, and I shall sell it to provide for the wants of thy suffering *babies*.” “ Oh God ! ” exclaimed TAJ-UL-MULUK, looking towards Heaven, “ how long wilt thou keep me in this state of affliction ? This moment I have been freed from the clutches of a giant, when lo ?

I am entrapped in another snare." In short, that impure woman pulled him *nolens volens* to her house. As soon as he reached there, a whole host of children came crowding round him anxiously enquiring, " Father, father ! what hast thou brought for us?" The Prince gazed and stared at each of them. In the meantime that demon of a woman placed an axe in his hand, and desired him to go to the forest and cut and fetch food for them. The Prince tried to make the best of his opportunity ; but he found that the influence of magic was too strong on him. He thought that he had twice suffered by diving in the pond, and he *resolved* to try the same experiment for a third time. He descended, dived, and on coming out, found himself restored to his original shape, and on the banks of the same pond in which he had alighted first. He bent his knees to return thanks to God, and determined never to bathe in any pond after that. He placed the cap on his head, and took the stick in his hand and departed thence.

My friends, in this world, God has placed the cap of glory on the head of man, and the stick of assistance in his hand. He has then sent him to the regions of talisman. It is necessary, that man should be careful of thorns, and water, and wind. He should never enjoy the fragrance of every flower, nor cool himself in the transparent flow of every stream ; for the thorns are sometimes more tempting than roses, and the mirage proves as attractive as a cool rivulet. If you would dive in the fountain to gain any pearl, it is known to all that those who search for the joys of this world are famine-stricken ; and those who look after the glories of Heaven are truly blessed. If you deviate from this path, your sense will be weakened, and then to patience only can you have recourse. Dive, then, in the streams of prayer and meditation, and when you emerge from it you will gain all the glories you once lost.

CHAPTER XVI.

TAJ-UL-MULUK ARRIVES AT THE RESIDENCE OF THE GIANT SYAH PYKER.—HE MEETS RUH AFZAH, THE COUSIN OF BUKAWULEE.

TAJ-UL-MULUK, after suffering every inconvenience, determined at last to leave the earth altogether, and by the aid of the green fruit which he had with him, to travel about in the air. One day he alighted on a mountain, before which even the *Kaff* Chain appeared insignificant. On it he perceived a building, which he entered. He looked around, but found no living creature in it. He walked through every room, when all on a sudden he heard a wailing sound issuing from one of the apartments. He proceeded thither, and found a most lovely and beautiful Female extended on a bed, weeping most bitterly. The Prince pulled off his hat, and bowing low before her, "Comforter of life," he asked, "whilst thy lover in his youth is pining far from thee, why dost thou waste thy

life in grief?" The Lady blushed at hearing these words, and at last pulled a sheet over her face to hide her rising shame. "Who art thou," she asked, "and what has brought thee hither? Art thou in search of *Izrael*, Angel of Death? Fly young man, fly from this place, lest thy life be sacrificed." TAJ-UL-MULUK answered, "I am tired of my life, and would even willingly part with it in your service. If you frighten me, remember I fear no living enemy. But by all means favor me with a full history of your griefs." The Fair-one raised her head and replied, "I am a Fairy, my name is RUH AFZAH, and my father MOZAFFAR SHAH is the King of the Island of *Firdous*. Once I went in company of my cousin, BUKAWULEE, to the Garden of *Iram*. Whilst returning a black Giant caught me, and brought me here. He wishes to make me his wife, which I will never be, since I hate the monster from my heart. Hence he persecutes me, and tries by all means to increase my sufferings." TAJ-UL-MULUK asked, what was the matter

with her cousin ? The Fairy answered, “ She has fallen in love with a mortal ; once she met him ; but as ill-luck would have it, she was obliged soon to part from him, and from that time that creature, lovelier than LIELA, wanders about as distracted as MUJNUN, and applies the axe of FARHAD to her life, so sweet as SHIRIN’S. As no investigation can be made of this matter, my uncle has kept her in close confinement, and unwilling though he is to do so, still he is obliged to entail a world of suffering on her.” As soon as the Prince heard these words, his color changed, his eyes moistened, and his heart struggled with sighs ? RUH AFZAH asked, wherefore he sighed ? “ I,” answered the Prince, “ I am the cause of thy cousin’s sufferings. While she is groaning there, my own heart is oppressed with a load of woe.” After this the Prince gave a full account of his adventures to RUH AFZAH, who was quite astonished at the boldness of their loves, and showered a thousand commendations on both of them. “ If I could be freed from the

clutches of this Giant," she added, "I would try to cure the wound of thy heart." "Be not afraid," said the Prince, "no one can prevent your going. Come with me, and if the Giant will appear, I will settle matters with him. The only difficulty is, I have no weapons with me." The Fairy directed him to the armoury of the Giant, whence he brought away a sword of the purest water. He then touched her feet with his wand, and the irons forthwith dropped therefrom. They took their way towards *Firdous*. They had not advanced far, when a horrible noise was heard behind them, and the Fairy immediately cautioned the Prince to be on his guard, as the enemy was at hand. The Prince placed the crown on the head of the Fairy, and turning towards the Giant, "Cursed creature," said he, "advance not a step further, otherwise in one blow I shall cut you in two." The Giant grinned and observed it was strange, that the Ant should have courage to fight with the *Elephant*, and a common Bird with the *Ostrich*. "I am

ashamed to stain my hand with the blood of a fly. When I can turn aside the mountain of Kaff in one blow, what art thou, a handful of dust before me? Well, never mind, restore my mistress to me, and take thy way. The flame of her love is burning in my heart, and I would fain give my life before the light of her countenance." "Wretch," replied the Prince, "dare not call RUH AEZAH thy mistress, or this moment I will cut off thy tongue for thy presumption." The Giant burnt with anger at hearing the insolent words of TAJ-UL-MULUK. He bent, and lifting up a stone of a hundred maunds in weight, flung it towards him. The Prince, by virtue of the green fruit with him, escaped on the air, and returned such a blow on the shoulders of the Giant that his whole body trembled. "Villain," he said, "this time I have had compassion on thee, but the next blow will lay thee prostrate on the ground." When the Giant found that his enemy was too brave for him, he set up such a noise, that from every side thousands of Giants cow-

headed and elephant-bodied, arrived in a moment, and surrounded the Prince; but provided as TAJ-UL-MULUK was with the weapons of offence and defence, he gained a complete victory over all. He wielded his sword in such a way, that the earth shook, and the heavens trembled. Wherever he turned his hand, he carried destruction and cleared a thousand foes. Man as he was, he fought so bravely that even *Mirr:kh** (the planet who rules the fate of battles) commended his courage. The whole field was full of struggling heroes, and the ground was red with blood, nay, the stream of gore rose so high, that it coloured the mountains even. Those who survived, fled, and the Prince remained the victor of the field. But he was tired and fatigued with all the exertions he had made, and when the contention was over, he fell fainting on the ground. RUH AFZAH ran to his assistance, placed his head on her lap, extended her rosy hands over his breast, and breathing her fragrant

* Mars.

breath over him, restored him to life. She then returned the cap to him, and after commending his bravery rose to proceed on their journey. When they had nearly reached the city, she conveyed him to a garden also called *Ruh Afzah*, and leaving him there departed to meet her parents, who were delighted to see her, and kissed her forehead and eyes with the fondest affection. Being asked where she was, she gave a faithful account of the woes she had suffered, in the clutches of the Giant, and then finished with a glowing description of the bravery of TAJ-UL-MULUK. She took care, however, not to say that he was the lover of BUKAWULEE. The king, her father, immediately repaired to the garden, and finding the Prince, loaded him with thousands of thanks for the valuable service which he had done for his daughter. He appointed several Fairies to wait on TAJ-UL-MULUK and attend to his comforts. He then returned home.

CHAPTER XVII.

MOZAFFAR SHAH WRITES A LETTER TO FIROZ SHAH, INFORMING HIM OF THE ARRIVAL OF RUH AFZAH,—BUKAWULEE COMES WITH HER MOTHER TO MEET HER.

IT is said that the moment FIROZ SHAH received MOZAFFAR SHAH's letter, apprising him of the safe return of RUH AFZAH, he was mightily pleased, and desired JAMILAH KHATUN to proceed immediately to greet the daughter of her friend. BUKAWULEE begged her mother's permission to accompany her to see her sister. The mother, always anxious to divert the thoughts of her daughter from her sorrows, readily acceded to her wishes. They both departed for the Island of *Firdows*. When MOZAFFAR SHAH heard that both JAMILAH KHATUN and BUKAWULEE were coming, he desired RUH AFZAH to go forward and welcome them. When RUH AFZAH met her aunt, she greeted her most heartily, kissed her forehead, em-

braced her, fell on her feet, and then exchanged congratulations fit for the occasion. She then softly whispered to BUKAWULEE. "Be you glad also, for I have brought a Physician who will cure your disease, by prescribing the *sharbat* of love for you. "BUKAWULEE dared not open her mouth before her mother. Her heart struggled with joy and grief. In short, RUH AFZAH brought them both home and placed them in the company of HUSN ARAH. MOZAFFAR SHAH received them with every mark of hospitality, and politeness. The door of conversation was then opened, and RUH AFZAH gave a history of her deliverance ; but it is to be remembered, that she furnished her own version of the story. JAMILAH KHATUN stopped for the night, and departed the next morning for the Garden of *Iram*, leaving BUKAWULEE for one week to remain with her sister. This was done at the request of RUH AFZAH, who declared that a week's change for her would do her a great deal of good. When the mother had gone, RUH

AFZAH took BUKAWULEE apart, and commenced speaking to her. The topic of her discourse was love, nothing but love. She went a little further, and made a direct allusion to TAJ-UL-MULUK. BUKAWULEE blushed, felt shame overpowering her, and turning her face away from her sister, "I," she exclaimed, "I don't approve of such conduct. What has happened to you, you ascribe to me. I think *you* have fallen in love with the Giant, and the proverb is applicable to you. Coloured as you are with myrtle hues, all for the purpose of love, you impute your own failings to others. Don't talk wantonly any longer, otherwise I swear by Solomon I shall go back home this moment, and never return to your house again. Consider, if you please, what cares the lamp for the moth, and what the rose-bud for the nightingale? How vast the difference between men and fairies? It appears plainly that you are dreaming." When RUH AFZAH saw that she was by no means to be brought round, she answered, "Sister, I

don't say you love any one, nor (God for bid !) that you suffer on any account. You are the brilliant candle, if moths come and burn themselves, what do you care ? If a thousand sun-flowers drown themselves, what cares the sun ?" She spoke more in the same style, till at last she appeased the wrath of BUKAWULEE. She then caught hold of her arms, and conveyed her to the brilliantly lighted room in which resided TAJ-UL-MULUK. As soon as they drew near the chamber, a doleful sound was heard from within. BUKAWULEE asked, "Who is this groaning ?" She answered, it is a new-made prey. Come if you wish, and I will show him to you. At last she prevailed upon BUKAWULEE to enter the chamber, and succeeded in placing her, face to face, with TAJ-UL-MULUK. The moment that the eyes of the lovers fell on each other, patience was lost, sense remained dormant, the reins of discretion dropped from their hands, love triumphed over all, and in a moment they ran forward and embraced each other with all

the warmth which genuine passion can alone inspire. BUKAWULEE also, losing every sense of modesty, threw her arms, passionately round the neck of the Prince, and long as they had suffered the pains of absence, they opened their hearts freely to each other and wept copiously. RUH AFZAH laughed heartily at witnessing this scene and observed, "Sister, you know nothing of the pleasures of the world. Nay, in fact, I should think you have never as yet seen the face of a strange man. How is it then that you could embrace a being of an opposite sex ? Why weepest thou, and wherefore dost thou lose thy heart on his account ? Thou hast ruined the reputation of my uncle, and the honour of thy family." BUKAWULEE answered, "RUH AFZAH, you applied the balm of consolation to my heart, why scratch it with the nail of sarcasm ? And when you have already administered the *sharbat* of love, why embitter the cup of my joy by mixing the poison of reproof in it ? You know all my secrets, and it is now your duty to befriend

me as much as lies in your power." In short, the *Bulbul* and the Rose remained together, and enjoyed the raptures of an affectionate meeting. The days were passed in kisses and embraces, and brightened with smiles and mirth and the night in all the raptures of *youthful* love. At last the day of separation drew nigh. TAJ-UL-MULUK again woke to sorrows, and struggled like a fish out of water. BUKAWULEE too, at witnessing his distress, was half willing to depart from the path of honour, and share the sorrows of the Prince. RUH AFZAH strongly dissuaded her from such a course. "Sister," she observed, "consider what you are doing. The world will laugh at us. If you will have recourse to patience but for a few days more, you may depend on it, I shall try my best to make you succeed in the fondest wish of your *heart*. Then your nights will be nights of uninterrupted joy. Short is the day of absence, and the time of meeting approaches fast. Be untroubled, obey your parents, pray daily and nightly to your

God, then see what develops itself from His grace. Trust also my best exertions in your favour," BUKAWULEE was compelled at last to depart for the Garden of *Iram*.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RUH AFZAH DISCLOSES THE SECRET OF THE LOVES OF TAJ-UL-MULUK AND BUKAWULEE, TO HER MOTHER, WHO DEPARTS TO SEE JAMILAH KHATUN, AND PROPOSES THE MARRIAGE OF THESE TWO LOVERS.



WHEN BUKAWULEE left RUH AFZAH and returned home, the latter disclosed to her mother all the secret particulars of the loves of her sister and TAJ-UL-MULUK. HUSN ARAH considered long about this matter, and then observed, "Although it is difficult to unite a human being with a fairy, yet for all that, the Prince has freed my daughter from the clutches of a powerful Giant, and I am bound in duty to deliver him from the pangs of grief." She immediately sent for a

painter and had the Prince's portrait drawn, and then took her way to the Garden of *Iram*. She met FIROZ SHAH and JAMILAH KHATUN, with whom she put up for a few days. Once in the course of conversation, she remarked to JAMILAH KATUN:—"Sister, if a rose-bud blooms and no *bulbul* comes near to greet it, what's the use of that flower ! And if any one gains a pearl and makes no use of it, is he not a fool ? How long will you keep BUKAWULEE *unmarried* ? It is far better to give away that fair creature to one who would be as fair as ~~she~~, and it is perfectly advisable to make that new-blown Rose a friend of the Zephyr that *woos* her."

"Perhaps," answerd JAMILAH KHATUN, "you may have heard that my daughter has already placed her affections on a human being. Night and day she is pining for her lover, and hates every one of her own race. I am powerless in the matter. How can I break the custom of my forefathers ? How can I marry her to a

mortal, when no fairy has ever disgraced herself by such an alliance ?" HUSN ARAH answered, "True, it is unwise to place a precious jewel in the hands of an inferior ; but if you knew all the merits of man, you would never have entertained such thoughts as these. Hear me, *Man* is a representation of the image of the DEITY, is glorified by all and is considered the lord of the creation. His sway extends over the elements, and clothed in the garments of virtue he is more than a Sovereign on earth. The light of his God beams in him. Every attribute of the Deity has its corresponding representation on earth ; but in Man alone we can find all the several virtues bound, as it were, in a single volume. Each leaf that trembles to the gale, is a leaf of the works of the Creator, Virtue, and her majesty, are both appreciated by Men. Oh, JAMILAH KHATUN, Man is a superior creature, and we, but his servants. What an honour it is, then, to be allied to a superior." By such words, HUSN ARAH allied the passion of BU-

KAWULEE'S mother, who still feigned anger and returned, "Well, that will do—to a mortal my daughter will never be given." At this moment HUSN ARAH placed TAJ-UL-MULUK'S portrait in her hands, saying, "Behold!—here is the picture of one, who is unrivalled in beauty and grace. It befits thee to place that flower of loveliness—thy daughter—in the Garden of Love. This Venus beaming with beauty deserves to be allied to the Moon herself."

JAMILAH KHATUN, assenting at last, enquired where the Prince was to be found? HUSN ARAH returned, "Rest contented, I shall look to that matter myself. On an appointed date I shall bring him, a Bridegroom, here with all the state and preparations of a wedding." She departed thence, reached *Firdous*, and gave a faithful version of all what she had said and done to the expecting Prince.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MARRIAGE OF TAJ-UL-MULUK WITH
BUKAWULEE.

JAMILAH KHATUN, on the departure of HUSN ARAH, gave a full and faithful version of her conversation to her husband, and showed to him the portrait of TAJ-UL-MULUK. This picture was sent through SUMMUN ROO to BUKAWULEE. The messenger was, moreover, desired to add, that the portrait was the image of a young Prince of the East, a Prince who was unequalled in accomplishments, and perfectly unrivalled in grace. She was moreover requested to declare to BUKAWULEE, that her mother expected that she would no longer pine with the love of a mortal ; but make up her mind to express her willingness or unwillingness to marry the Prince, who was certainly the first man of his age, not only amongst mortals, but amongst Fairies also. SUMMUN ROO gladly proceeded on her errand, and faithfully discharged

her commission. Long did BUKAWULEE gaze upon the picture, and her soul exulted when she found, that it was an exact prototype of the one which was impressed on her own heart. She guessed at once that all this was accomplished by the machinations of her sister RUH AFZAH. She smiled and replied, "This portrait represents the author of all my sufferings." SUMMUN ROO was glad to hear this circumstance, and congratulated BUKAWULEE on her good fortune. "Smile and laugh," she added, "and rejoice, for God has crowned thy wishes with success." She then returned to the king, and said, "Children, may it please your Majesty, should be always obedient to their parents, and their chief merit consists in showing dutiful compliance with their wishes. Should the parent chose a Giant for her, the daughter should consider him to be a *Ghilman*. Should a negro be preferred, the child must regard him as fairer than the moon of Canaan." * FIROZ SHAH was much pleased

* i. e. Joseph the son of Jacob.

with her observations, and ordered that every preparation for the wedding should be made. Each shop of *Iram* was to be studded with gold ; carpets of the richest hue were spread in every room of the mansion, dancing and singing were the order of the day. The whole city resounded with the exhilarating sounds of mirth. Letters of invitation were despatched to all, and crowds of Fairies came to swell the company of pleasure. The wine-cup circulated rapidly. The board groaned under the most sumptuous treat, and the guests freely partook of the dainties offered them. FIROZ SHAH treated all with the most princely hospitality ; and hundreds of menials were appointed to attend to the comforts of the friends assembled there. As the preparation began well, so it ended. In the Island of *Firdous* the same arrangements were made by MOZAFFAR SHAH, and the same ceremonies were performed. On the day appointed, the authorities were ordered to array themselves in the most brilliant suits of dress. The army

was directed to be drawn out. HUSN ARAH also adorned herself with the most precious jewels, and her maids and attendants were as gaudy as she. At last when the auspicious moment arrived, they brought the Prince, arrayed in kingly robes, and placed him on a throne of state. A gorgeous turban adorned his head, whence descended long folds of flowing cloth, richly embroidered with pearls and flowers. His neck was surrounded with wreaths of valuable pearls, and his arms encircled with precious *nouratans*. He was then placed on a fairy-like horse, caparisoned in the richest fashion. MOZAFFAR SHAH, with several other Sovereigns, rode in the train. The procession began in the following order:—First were heard the princely drums, merrily beating on the occasion ; then came elephants, with seats of silver and gold on their backs. Camels next proceeded. Whole companies of horsemen and foot soldiers advanced next. Songstresses were also present to enliven the company. Hosts of mace-bearers

moved in style, and covered carriages, in which the ladies were seated, closed the rear. Let us now turn to BUKAWULEE. We must go back to *Iram*.

ADORNED in Beauty's richest glow,
 She seemed a *lurn* here below;
 Upon her forehead polished, fair,
 In graceful ringlets curled her hair;
 The scent of which diffused far,
 Would shame the musk of famed Tatar:
 Angels beheld her sore amazed,
 And human hearts broke as they gazed.
 The pearls that glittered on her forehead gay,
 Were whiter far than Heaven's own milky way;
 And e'en the moles that graced her brow of light,
 Appear'd as spots upon the Queen of night,
 Array'd with smiles, she moved majestic, bright,
 And seem'd surrounded with the rays of light,
 Her arching eye-brows dark as fate to see,
 Her eyes the seat of virgin modesty.
 The Pleiades were lost in envious fear,
 To see the glittering jewels in her ear;
 And when she rose in all her beauty drest,
 A moon on earth she stood to all confest.
 From *massi* stains her teeth were shining bright,
 Like stars which glitter on the brow of night:
 But when on them the betel's hue of red
 In ruddy blushing beauty was o'erspread,
 It seemed a novelty, for all't admire.
 Van smoke was struggling 'neath a weight of fire.
 Upon her dumpling chin a mole was placed,
 By which her fairy face was doubly graced ;

Higher than Shirin e'en in beauty's worth
Was she,—the fairest of the fair on earth.
With loveliest gems her arms encircled were.
And diamonds glitter'd on her neck so fair;
And every charm was there, that art could trace,
To enhance the native lustre of her grace ?
With myrtle hue, her lovely fingers tipt,
Appear'd as if in lover's heart-blood dipt.

Clad in scarlet garments, a thousand hearts bled at sight of her : the braiding of her dress were thinner than the nerves running through the visual organs. Every hair of her eye-lashes pointed as they were, would have proved spears for a *Rustum* even. Through her thin gauze-like dress, the loveliness of her limbs were quite visible. Whoever gazed on her, exclaimed,—"Behold the moon rising above the horizon." Her trousers—but what shall we say about it, when description fails us here ? Every living creature paused to view her, and whoever did see remained motionless as a statue. When the marriage procession reached near, FIROZ SHAH sent several of his ministers to welcome and receive his guests with becoming respect. They

joined the company shortly and witnessed a grand pyrotechnic display. HUSN ARAH treated JAMILAH KHATUN with all friendliness. Dancing was kept up till a late hour in the night. When the auspicious moment arrived, the Prince and Princess were tied together in the bonds of wedlock. Congratulations resounded throughout the hall. *Sharbats* were distributed, and cardamom, betel-nuts, and fragrant otto of roses offered to the guests. The Bridegroom was next conducted to the inner apartments of the house, and placed on a magnificent throne; the Bride, in all her loveliness, bearing him company. Whilst the richest odours were breathing round them, loud rose the notes of song, invoking blessings on the heads of the new married couple, and calling on God to shower his benedictions on them, and prolong their lives and loves. A mirror and the *Koran* were then laid before them, and the Bridegroom was asked to go out, so that he may be able, as custom required, to meet and welcome his Bride again. The dowry

was presented, and FIROZ SHAH busied himself in furnishing a splendid building, designed for the reception of his daughter and son-in-law for that night. The marriage procession was now ready to depart. A covered palankeen waited at the door. The Bridgroom was recalled, and with a heart throbbing with transports, assisted the Princess, now his own, into the conveyance. He next mounted his own swift-footed steed, and the company moved on. Drums were beating in advance ; the serenaders proceeded next ; elephants and camels, pedestrians and equestrians, dancers and singers, completed the rear. Gold and silver flowers were showered round the conveyance of the Bride. At last they reached home, the couple alighted. The guests departed, and the Prince burning with impatience, received his Bride.

*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*

CHAPTER XX.

TAJ-UL-MULUK AND BUKAWULEE DEPART FROM
FIROZ SHAH AND JAMILAH KHATUN.

TAJ-UL-MULUK consulted with BUKAWULEE, and asked permission from FIROZ SHAH and JAMILAH KHATUN to depart for their country. Leave was immediately given, and they set out attended by numerous slaves of both sexes. Besides the princely dowry, several other articles of use and ornament were given, a bare catalogue of the names of which would fill a volume. In short, attended with every pomp and magnificence, the Prince brought home BUKAWULEE. DILBAR and MAHMUDA were restored to joy, and the dry field of their hope was again refreshed with the shower of gladness. It would seem that their return had the same restoring effect on them, as * * * But the sight of the beauty, grace, and opulence of BUKAWULEE filled them with confusion. Sense lately restored, departed again, (*lit.* the Parrot in hand flew away). The

Fairy, however, embraced them all, encouraged them, and bade them be of good cheer, and fear nothing, for she would never in any way interfere with their domestic happiness, but use all her endeavours to promote their views. They passed their days in peace and mutual love, and never had the least jealousy or rivalry between themselves. The Prince too spent his time with these rosy-lipped beauties, immersed in uninterrupted bliss.

CHAPTER XXI.

BUKAWULEE GOES TO THE COURT OF INDRA,
WHERE SHE DANCES AND SINGS.—HER SEPARA-
TION FROM TAJ-UL-MULUK.

INDIAN writers say, that there was a city named Amarnagar, whose inhabitants were immortal, and whose King was called RAJAH INDRA. Nights and days were passed in joyful festivities : this alone was his occupation, and the food of his soul were song and dancing. His

sway extended over all the world of the Genii. His court was attended by all the Fairies, who did nothing but sing and dance. One night it happened that the RAJAH remembered that BUKAWULEE, the daughter of FIROZ SHAH, had never frequented his Court from a long time. He expressed himself anxious to know the reason of this. "Who," he added, "prevents her coming?" One of the Fairies answered:—"She has been entrapped in the love of a mortal. She wails like a disconsolate nightingale, is ever intoxicated with his love, and shuns both friends and foes. Only his company is delightful to her. The pleasures of life she shares only with him. He and he alone is her life." Upon hearing this the RAJAH became angry, and the flame of his wrath enkindled more and more. He directed several Fairies to fetch her instantly. They descended, with a travelling throne in the Garden of *Taj-ul-Muluk*, where they awoke BUKAWULEE and apprised her of the circumstances of the anger

of the RAJAH. Willing or not willing she was obliged to accompany them to Amarnagar, and trembling came before the King to pay her obeisance to him. With hands folded, she stood before him. The Sovereign cast a glance of anger on her. He reproved her sharply and ordered her to be cast into the fire, that she may be purged from all human pollution, and be fit for intercourse with immortals. The obedient Fairies immediately removed that fair Jessamine of grace, and with the most delicate care cast her into the oven. She was reduced to ashes.

“ The lover’s burnt. What then ? his tearful eyes,
Like Abram, sees a dear-loved form arise ! ”

After this they repeated a charm over a basin of water, and sprinkling it on the ashes restored her to life. Regaining her former features, she came to grace the dancing party. With her first move, she trod upon the hearts of the spectators, and in one turn threw the beholders out of themselves. Whatever the rules of dancing required she performed, and made all

the guests assembled forgetful of their best concerns. Every mouth applauded her, every tongue commended her. BUKAWULEE then bowed and departed, and returned on the same throne to her Garden. She washed herself in a bath of roses, and returned to rest in the arms of the Prince. She rose as usual in the morning, and adorned herself with great care. Other people also were engaged in their respective duties. In short, she would nightly go to Amarnagar, be burnt, then be revived, dance in the court of the King, return when a portion of the night remained, and after bathing, join her lord.

“Tho’ daily burnt, she’d never prove
Forgetful of her life and love ;
And nightly burnt and tortured there,
Her lips complaining open’d ne’er ;
From him she parted never more,
Nor absence for her love she bore ;
When death each night she did prefer,
The fiery flood was cool for her,
Fires can be borne ; but absence still,
Its fires are unendurable !
When patience from our griefs we learn.
What joy—what bliss there is to burn !”

But the Prince knew nothing of these particulars. It happened one night that his eyes opened, and missing BUKAWULEE, he rose and looked for her both on the terrace, and in the garden. But she was nowhere to be found. He retired to his chamber, and there sat waiting for the Fairy until his eyes lost their sight and motion. At last he fell asleep, and BUKAWULEE, according to her custom, returned and retired to rest. In the morning when TAJ-UL-MULUK, saw her sleeping by his side, his wonder increased; but he kept his secret, and never disclosed it. Next night he determined to solve this mystery; he cut his finger and filled it with salt, to keep away the influence of sleep. Midnight arrived again. BUKAWULEE arose and commenced adorning herself. The prince too went quietly and secured a seat in one of the corners of the throne. BUKAWULEE came next. The Fairies set the throne in motion and TAJ-UL-MULUK could perceive thence, that the earth was left at such a distance

as it prevented its being seen. Another instant, and they were at the gate of Rajah INDRA. BUKAWULEE alighted, and the Prince standing apart, gazed on and admired the glories of creation. On whatever direction he turned his eyes, crowds of Fairies met his view, and the most ravishing sounds struck his ear. In short, he witnessed such scenes there, as he had never beheld, and heard such sounds, as had never blessed his ear formerly. He was confounded. In the meantime the Fairies had cast BUKAWULEE in the fire, and she was reduced to ashes. Seeing this, the Prince forgot all and commenced striking his head with both his hands, exclaiming inwardly, "Alas ! I have no power just now to cast myself in the fire, as a moth, with that fair creature, I would have willingly mixed my ashes with hers ; but what can I do ? Complain I may ; but justice I cannot demand." Whilst these thoughts were passing through his mind, another Fairy advanced and sprinkled water on the ashes of BUKAWULEE. An instant, and she rose

to life and entered the Court of Raja INDRA. The Prince followed her. The place was so crowded, that no one had any opportunity of recognizing each other, nor to ask who each other were. It happened that the musician attending BUKAWULEE was very old, and could not, on account of his infirmity, perform his duties properly. This retarded the movements of the dancer, and made her frown often at the awkwardness of the performer. The Prince could no longer contain himself. Approaching the musician, he softly whispered in his ear, "My good sir, I have an excellent hand at music; if you please let me try for a time." His offer was readily accepted, and the old musician immediately made over the drum to him. The Prince, who was an adept in his art, and who was moreover in love with the fair dancer, commenced his performance to the entire satisfaction of the Princess. The dance and the music went on so excellently, that the whole house rang with applause. The *Rajah* too was so delighted

that he pulled off a necklace valued at nine hundred thousand rupees, and cast it before the dancer. She, in her retrograde move, delivered it into the charge of the musician. When the festivities were over, BUKAWULEE returned home and went as usual to bathe in the pond of roses. The Prince in the meantime gained his bed, and feigned to be fast asleep. When morning dawned, he rose with a smile on his face. The Fairy enquired into the reason of his smiling. He replied, that he had a curious dream last night, at the recollection of which he could not help laughing. "May it prove auspicious." said the Fairy, "but can I not be made acquainted with the particulars of this vision?" "Yes, you will," said the Prince, "but first tell me, do you go out anywhere at midnight without informing me?" BUKAWULEE heard this enquiry with surprise, and feared lest her husband might have gone with her to fairy-land. She insisted upon knowing all, and then asked, "Did you see any thing more?" The Prince answered, "I dream-

ed last night, the Fairies brought a throne for you, and I succeeded in hiding myself in one of its corners. But dreams are always false, what's the use of recounting more ! They are not worthy of belief, it is useless to tire one's mouth with talking." BUKAWULEE replied, " But do give me all the particulars of your vision, I conjure you by my head." In this way TAJ-UL-MULUK went on repeating his story, and she entreating and persuading him until she heard all what she desired to know. The Prince gave a true account of his adventures, and then to confirm the truth of his assertions pulled out the necklace of Rajah INDRA, and showed it to her. BUKAWULEE was stunned at the recital. After a few minutes, " Prince," she said, " what hast thou done? thou hast become thine own enemy. See, on thy account what troubles I have borne at the hands of my parents, and what taunts from friends and strangers. So far so, that I have consented to be burnt every night. But still for all that, I never left thee,

I never turned aside my face from the path of duty which I owed thee; but what's the use of repetition? You are a witness of all yourself. How happy it would be if you had never gone with me, for the end of this will be far from any thing desirable. Now I am thoughtful what to do. If I do not take you again it cannot be managed; and if I take you, how long can I keep you concealed? Well, whatever fortune ordains, will be done: to-day. I will try my fate again, and take you with me and do what can be done. What God wishes will be accomplished." Hence when the usual hour arrived, the Prince and BUKAWULEE departed. On reaching the Court of Rajah INDRA, the Fairy presented herself before him, and informed him that she had brought a very expert musician with her. She begged the King's permission to allow him to play before his Majesty. The Monarch signified his ready assent to her proposal. The concert began. The Fairy danced. Such was the nature of the music, and such the harmony of the song, that

the whole company fell into transports of joy. The King himself was enraptured and exclaimed, "Ask what thou wantest, and thou shalt not go without it." BUKAWULEE bowed low and submitted, "Please your Majesty, your slave—thanks to your bounty—is in want of nothing, nor has she any wish in her heart ; but if it be your royal will, give me that musician and I want no more." The moment that the King heard these words, rage kindled in his bosom ; and turning towards the Prince, "Son of a mortal," he exclaimed, "art thou in love with this Fairy ? and does she dote on thee ? Very good, enjoy the pleasures while thou canst ; thou wishest without labour or trouble to gain a Fairy like BUKAWULEE ! and warm thy arm with her embrace—this will be never do !" Then turning towards the Fairy, "Impostor !" he continued, and what am I to do with thee ? My word is given already, and I must abide by it. Go, I have given him to thee ; but for twelve years to come the lower half of thy body shall remain petrified."

No sooner were these words uttered than the metamorphosis was completed.

“Fate, alas ! ordaineth still,
Grief and joy are twine born here ;
Now 'tis spring with laughing flowers ;
Now 'tis autumn bleak and sear !
A crown adorns the head to-day,
In the grave it lies to-morrow ;
Now like flowers the heart expands,
Now 'tis spotted all with sorrow !
Pleasures vanish fast away,
Short lived is its sunny day ! ”

CHAPTER XXII.

TAJ-UL-MULUK ARRIVES AT CEYLON AND MEETS
BUKAWULEE. THE DAUGHTER OF RAJAH
CHITR SAIN FALLS IN LOVE WITH HIM.

THEY say, that BUKAWULEE, immediately after her transformation, vanished from sight, and the Prince rolled on the ground through excess of grief. The Fairies, pitying his condition, took him up and cast him in a forest on earth. For three days he remained there without sense or

motion. On the fourth he opened his eyes, and found instead of his Beloved nothing but thorns in his arms. He wandered every side, calling upon the name of BUKAWULEE, and asking every tree to direct him where she was. One day he arrived on the banks of a pond. Beautifully made stairs were seen on every side. Trees loaded with fruits were planted everywhere. The Prince waited for a moment, then bathed and laid himself down under the shade of a tree and in thoughts of his Beloved fell asleep. It happened that several Fairies who were not at all acquainted with this history, alighted there, and after bathing in the very pond sat down to dry their hair. The eyes of one falling on the Prince, she observed to her companions, "There is the musician of BUKAWULEE." The moment that these words were heard by TAJ-UL-MULUK, he opened his eyes, arose, came before the Fairies, and weeping, enquired if they knew where BUKAWULEE was. Their hearts melted within them. They said they had not seen her, but

heard that BUKAWULEE was in the temple of Ceylon, the gates of which remained closed during the day and opened in the night. They moreover added, that BUKAWULEE's body up to her navel, had changed to stone. The Prince enquired in what direction her present abode was, and how far it was from the place where they were standing. They answered, "Leaving out the inconvenience of travel, if a person would journey all his life, he would never reach it." TAJ-UL-MULUK despaired at hearing this, and then bidding adieu to life commenced dashing his head against the stones. The Fairies compassionating his case, consulted amongst themselves, with a view of devising such measures as would enable them to carry him to the desired quarter, and there leave him to the fate that may befall him. They removed him instantly, and in the saying of a word, placed him in the land of Ceylon. After a moment his despair was somehow cheered with hope. He gazed upon a City which rivalled Paradise in loveliness, sur-

rounded as it was with every surprising object. Not one of the men or women appeared to be ugly there. Nay, the very trees were so symmetrical in their shapes, as to strike the beholder with sensations of wonder. Rambling about he at last found himself in the public thoroughfare, where he met a Brahman *Devotee*. From him he enquired, "In what shrines do you offer up your prayers?" The Brahman answered, "Of Rajah CHITR SAIN, who governs this country." The Prince next asked, "How many temples are in this city?" The Brahman satisfied his enquiries, and then added that lately a new temple was discovered in the south. Its doors are never opened in the day, and no one knows what it contains. The Prince was delighted at this intelligence, and took his way as pointed out, until he reached the building and sat down patiently. In the night one of its doors opened on a sudden. He entered and found BUKAWULEE half in her original shape, and half petrified, sitting with her legs stretched out and reclining

against the wall. On beholding him she was much astonished, and enquired how he had come thither. The Prince gave a faithful account of his adventure. The night then was passed in conversation. When morning was about to dawn, BUKAWULEE bade him depart. "For," said she, "if the sunbeams find you here you will be changed into a shape like mine." She then pulled out a pearl from her earring and gave it to the Prince, and desired him to sell it and use the proceeds for his own comforts for some days. The Prince carried it to the city and sold it for some thousands of rupees. He then bought a house, provided himself with all the necessary utensils, and engaged a few servants to wait upon him. It was usual with him to pass his nights with BUKAWULEE, and return home in the morning. Thus several years rolled away. In the meantime he had become acquainted with many of the inhabitants, who generally undertook to escort him through the city. In one of his rambles he came across a

party of naked creatures, on whom every mark of poverty was visible. The Prince observed that these men, although in the garb of beggars, had still some signs of nobility depicted on their features. Heaven knows what may be the cause of this. His friends answered, that some of the individuals in question were actually Princes, and some the sons of Nobles; but that they were all the victims of love. Their tale is as follows:—

“Rajah CHITR SAIN has a daughter, who is as bright as the moon; nay more, she is a star on the heavens of loveliness. Amongst women she is perfectly unrivalled. Grace is visible in her steps, and magic in her eyes. Thousands die before her arching eyebrows, and hundreds of thousands are entrapped in her raven tresses—those tresses that are blacker than night—nay, darker than the fate of her lovers. Her eyes teem with nectar and poison. In a moment they can kill, in another restore to life. In her love there is nothing but sufferings, sorrow and loss of reputation. In short, she is really a

Fairy, whose charms enslave both Gabrs and Moslems. But what is worse—she has two other companions with her, whose charms have wrecked the faith of many. The one is the daughter of a betel-seller, and is named *Nirmala*; the other is the child of a gardener, and is called *Chapla*. All these three are sincerely attached to each other. Sitting or rising in all the concerns of life, they are always together. What is more, each has got her own free will to exercise in making choice of a husband, and no one's interference is needed. But as yet none has proved fortunate enough to be honored with their favor." The Prince held his peace. It happened once on a time that he found himself under the balcony of that fair one, and beheld thousands of spectators gazing longingly on the bright features of the Princess, in exactly the same way, as the *bulbul* regards the blushing beauties of the rose. Like maniacs they were blubbering amongst themselves, whilst she, the proud Beauty, sat on her balcony exulting at

the view of their sufferings. It was at this moment that the Prince appeared. Their eyes met. The shaft of Love passed at once through her heart. She was wounded. Her patience was lost, and sense forsook her for the time. Down she fell, when her two attendants ran and lifted her up. They sprinkled rose-water on her face, put a scent bottle near her nose, and then after a moment she revived. She was still motionless and speechless, and although several enquired into the cause of her indisposition, she returned not a word in answer, but continued gazing steadfastly in the same direction. Then it was that *Nirmala* looked down from the window and beheld the Prince; and after hearing all the circumstances of the case from *Chitrawat*, comforted her friend thus: "Oh Princess, your sufferings distract me, and make me lose my equanimity. Why are you anxious? Your father has already made you mistress of your own hand, and it depends upon your choice to marry any one you love. Be comforted; the

youth on the black charger will be thine, though he should be an angel even. Depend on me, I will entrap him in such a way, that escape will be altogether impossible." She then deputed a female go-between to undertake the work. Boldly did this woman come forward, and holding the reins of the Prince's horse, "Knowest thou not," she asked, "that the poor are sacrificed, and lovers empaled and staked here? The fair creature of this Palace can bind the hearts of all in her glossy tresses, and at one glance cast them dead upon the earth. Whence is thy boldness, that thou wanderest about and castest thy gaze on the mansions of Kings? Art thou a spark able to melt the hearts of fair ones, and to dissolve their stony nature? When ceart thou? What country dost thou inhabit? Where is thy native land? And what thy family?" TAJ-UL-MULUK at once divined that she was sent by some one, and said, "Silence ! don't spin out a long yarn, and re-open my wounds : my native land is brighter than the sun, and the

name of it can be enquired from Emperors. Tell the person who has deputed you, not to cast a glance on such a distressed traveller as myself, nor harbour any thoughts in her heart that may have the slightest reference to love.

Go to him who will approve thee,
Love him only who can love thee."

The dame at once found out that he was a Prince of the East, that his name was TAJ-UL-MULUK, and that his connections were high. These particulars she communicated to CHITRAWAT. The Prince made it usual with him to pass from the same road always, so that he might have an opportunity of looking up to the balcony. Even as the moon wanes from her fourteenth night, so did the health and spirits of the Princess, who pined inwardly for him. She tried long to keep the secret to herself, but her attempt was fruitless. In a few days her parents even came to know of her sufferings. Her father, the King, employed an accomplished dame to repair to the Prince, and try all her

art to propose marriage between him and his daughter, or at any rate to endeavour by all means to gain his heart. The woman faithfully performed her mission, and dwelt long on commendations of the charms of the Princess. The Prince returned his dutiful respects to his Sovereign, and added that he was a wanderer from his country, that he had exchanged the robes of royalty for the troubles of travelling, and that he had alienated himself from friends and relatives, and consequently proposing an alliance with him was equal to tracing figures on the face of the water and tying the wind in a handkerchief. When this message was delivered to the RAJAH, it made him sadly thoughtful, and drove him to the resort of asking for the counsel of his Minister who assured him, that it was not a difficult matter for the King to bring a houseless stranger into subjection. He even went further, and promised to undertake the adoption of such measures as would ultimately entrap him. He therefore determined to bring a charge

of theft against him, and this way to gain his end. It is true, whoever observes the work of the Creator, finds that no good is free from evil, and that every thing evil is succeeded by some good. Remember, that the Creator has joined a spirit with every body, so that, whatever is to all appearance done by the body, is really achieved by the spirit; hence in this world of mischief, whatever is done is in reality done by the spirit, and consequently is not evil in its nature, because no evil can taint the spirit. In short, TAJ-UL-MULUK's expenses failed, but as he was thinking of applying to BUKAWULEE, he remembered the jewel, which he had taken from the serpent and deposited in his thigh. He sent for a surgeon and had the jewel taken out, curing the wound afterwards by aid of his famous ointment. When he had fully recovered, he took the gem to the *Bazaar*; but every jeweller was struck with surprise, and expressed himself unable to pay the price. They informed the *Vazir* that a stranger had come into the city,

wishing to dispose of a jewel which no one but the King could purchase. The Minister on hearing this sent several young men to arrest the poor innocent stranger, and when he perceived who he was, he lost no time in bringing a charge of robbery against him, and following it up by sending him to prison. He then communicated this joyful tidings to the King, and said the bird that had flown away from the cage was ensnared again, and would doubtless show obedience to the order of the Sovereign.

CHAPTER XXIII.

TAJ-UL-MULUK'S MARRIAGE WITH CHITRAWAT.

BUKAWULEE'S TEMPLE IS DUG UP.

CHITR SAIN used all his endeavours to make TAJ-UL-MULUK suffer the woes of imprisonment, to compel him to marry CHITRAWAT ; but what caused the greatest pang to the heart of the Prince was his absence from BUKAWULEE. Night and day he wailed and dashed

his head against the walls and doors. At last the *Darogha* informed the King, that the new prisoner was suffering much, and unless released soon, would die, and his blood will be on the head of the Monarch. The King answered not a word ; but sending for his daughter desired her to go to the prison and cast the shadow of her bright face on the Prince. "Perhaps," he continued, "it may be that he, like the moth, may flutter in the lustre of your beauty, and his pride be reduced to ashes."

CHITRAWAT received these instructions with delight. She then adorned herself with all care, and thus heightened the effect of all her natural charms. Then, attended by NIRMALA and CHAPLA, went as the Moon, with Venus and Mercury in her train. On entering the prison, this *Zulekha* encountered her lover, whose beauty was still equal to that of Joseph. In all her lustre she stood before him. Her teeth glittered like pearls of the purest water

and the redness of her lips would shame the blushing ruby. Her neck shone with silvery whiteness. As she moved, the richest odours were diffused from her garments, and *it* breathed wherever she was. Her almond-eyes were enchanting to view, and her amber locks spread fragrance far and near. The dimples on her chin attracted the hearts of all beholders ; but virgin modesty forbade her to expose to view the pomegranates of her breasts. Nothing, however, would attract the notice of the Prince. In truth, if the charms of CHITRAWAT did not prove effectual, all her exertions would go as labor lost. When the Prophet found that his devotions did not prove a suitable offering to God, he humbly said, that he was incompetent for the task. Who then after him can boast of his own success? It is best then to place one's self in the crucible of His love, and there melt until we gain the quality of the Philosopher's stone, and then be appreciated by Kings and Princes as superior to gold even.

In a word, when CHITRAWAT found that the magic of her eyes and the fascination of her brow had no effect upon the heart of the Prince, she fell before him and struggled with her sufferings. Then it was that the Prince felt pity and drew her to his arms, and agreed to marry her, for he perceived that unless he did so there was no chance of his release. NIRMALA communicated this happy intelligence to the King, and informed him that CHITRAWAT had returned home successful in the object she had in view. CHITR SAIN immediately ordered the liberation of the Prince, had him washed in a princely bath, arrayed him in kingly garments, and fixed a mansion for his abode. In an auspicious moment, he joined him and his daughter in wedlock according to the rites and ceremonies of his family. When TAJ-UL-MULUK entered the chamber of CHITRAWAT, he found NIRMALA and CHAPLA at the post of their duty. They received him with great warmth, which was unreturned by the Prince. When a quar-

ter of the night was over, he rose from his bed, and took his way towards BUKAWULEE's temple, where that Fairy, not having seen him for some time, was longing for his return.

As soon as her eyes fell on the Prince her heart rejoiced, and she sat up to receive him; but the moment that she saw his hands and feet tinged with the hue of myrtle, her jassamine-like face reddened with rage. Jealousy touched her heart. She could not hold her peace any longer. "Well Prince," she said in a taunting manner, "you have come at last, but what a fashion you have adopted. You have drowned the name of a lover, and shamed the character of faith on earth. Henceforward never dare to love, nor proclaim yourself ever as such. Cruel, what hast thou done? Is this thy justice whilst I am changed to a stone here, thy fingers boast the redness of the myrtle? Whilst I pine here in loneliness, you repose on the couch of luxury; and while my

heart is breaking for thee, thou enjoyest pleasures with some other rosy-coloured damsel? Dreadful it is to think, that while the love withers in a prison, the lover should recreate himself with music and mirth. Never speak again of affection; perish such love, if this be love! While I die here for thee, how canst thou be happy TAJ-UL-MULUK?" When the Prince heard these words, he expressed the sincerest regret, and answered, "Beloved, where are your ideas wandering? Although I am a famous Prince, yet still for all that I regard myself your slave: although a King, I am still your subject; all that is mine is thine too. From the time that I have seen you, nothing pleases me but the sight of your charms. Friends, luxuries, mirth, music,—my mind disowns them all alike, being constantly fixed on you. And when I am entirely your own, how then can I be attracted by the beauty of others? How can I forget one who is unrivalled on earth? Do not mistrust me, my

love is too sincere to be changed, and the allegiance I owe you can never be turned aside. I can never have any concern with others when I have placed life and death in your hands. But what could I do! I was powerless and in prison. I had no intention whatever of marrying another; but unless I did so, there was no hope of release. If I had not complied with the wish of another, how could I have seen you again? I would have died in confinement and you would have remained pining in this temple. You would have known nothing of my death, nor I aught of your sufferings. Yet if I regarded my own distresses only, I would not have consented to this alliance—no, by no means—but I couldn't persuade myself to allow your confinement to be protracted, when it was in my power to free you. I was sure if I died you could not have survived me. Hence I married." Angrily the Fairy returned :—"Why have recourse to such falsehoods? Can any one be married by compulsion? It

is sufficient ; I have examined your faith and love. May you be happy with your happiness I will remain content with my misery, knowing too well that in the day of distress, none but God is our friend." With a breaking heart did the Prince hear these words. He heaved a deep sigh and wept. BUKAWULEE could not bear this : she joined him in tears, and both remained sobbing for some time. At last the impatient Lover fell on her feet, and the Fairy not wishing to see him in this position raised and embraced him. " I am not seriously angry with you," she said, " all that I have spoken was but to try your fidelity. I am happy in your happiness, and will be the last person on earth to be indignant with you, I approve of your proceedings, woman as I am, and deficient in prudence and judgment. Be not sorry at what I have said, I am not dissatisfied with you, confident as I am, that wherever you are, you are mine, as I am entirely yours, and our hearts must always respond to the love we bear each other."

In short, in this way they went on. She was all petulance, he all humility. The Prince then informed her, how he was compelled to marry CHITRAWAT, till at last he succeeded in dispelling all suspicions from her mind. When morning dawned he returned home, and gained his place on CHITRAWAT's bed. Thus night after night he passed with BUKAWULEE, and the day in conversation with CHITRAWAT, who was of course very much out of temper with such conduct.

She wondered how it was that her own fires had no effect on the heart of her husband. It was singular, she thought, that the lover and the love should remain in the same house, and yet their affections should be so far from each other as the East is from the West.

Reader, as long as thy eyes are set on a stranger, they shall be blind to the perfections of THE FRIEND, although they may be exposed to thy view. First root out the thorn of desire from

thy heart, and then thou shalt find the reflection of the rosy countenance of thy friend cast on the mirror of thy heart. Nought but color and fragrance are desirable in the garden of life.

CHITRAWAT complained to her father about the ungracious manner in which she was treated by the Prince. Several spies were appointed by the King to watch over the nocturnal movements of TAJ-UK-MULUK. Whilst they were yet exercising their work of vigilance, they found the Prince wending his way towards the temple of BUKAWULEE, where the night was passed, and whence he returned home in the morning. The same moment the King was informed that he had been found returning from such a temple. Several sculptors were forthwith appointed by the RAJAH to dig up the temple from its very foundation. This order was faithfully executed, and the temple demolished and cast into an adjoining stream. When TAJ-UL-MULUK, as usual with him,

went the next day, he found no trace of the building. He rolled himself on the ground, and cried:

“If a trace of thee I’d find,
To that spot I would willing go;
But I am powerless; if the earth
Would ope wide, I’d sink below.

At last, overpowered by despair he gave a free vent to his tears, and as a last resort returned home. For a few days hopelessness and sorrow were his inseparable companions; but when he found that another meeting was out of the question, and that grief had failed to be effectual, he turned his attention to the enchanting converse of CHITRAWAT, and then it was that the buds of her hopes expanded, touched by the zephyr of his love, and the shell of her desire was made pregnant with the pearls of his affection.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BUKAWULEE IS RE-BORN IN THE HOUSE OF A FARMER. CHITRAWAT AND TAJ-UL-MULUK MEET HER AND GO TO THE COUNTRY OF NIGARIN.

THEY say that the ground on which the temple of BUKAWULEE once stood, was tilled by a farmer, in which he sowed mustard seed. TAJ-UL-MULUK too, often repaired thither to while away his hours in witnessing the fields overspread with carpets of the richest verdure. When the plants emerged from the ground and blossomed, the Prince repeated his visit both morning and evening, and addressed them thus:

“ Flowers of the field ! how fare ye here ?
Love’s fragrance in your bloom I find ;
From earth emerging ye appear,
Say wher’s the Charmer of my mind ? ”

In due time the corn ripened. The farmer reaped it and put it to the oil-press. Peasants are generally accustomed to try the first fruit of

their fields themselves. Hence it happened that his wife, partaking of a dish prepared with the oil thus produced, conceived, although she was considered barren for a long time. When nine months expired, she brought forth a fairy-faced daughter, whose presence illuminated the hitherto dark abode of the farmer. It was noised about on all sides that a barren woman had brought forth a fair daughter through the efficacy of some mustard oil. In respect of the girl herself, the neighbours declared that while yet in her infancy the splendour of her countenance eclipses the moon ; when she will reach her fourteenth year, it was to be feared that she will over-rival the sun also. By degrees this rumour came to the ears of TAJ-UL-MULUK. He guessed at once that this must have been the effect of the mustard seed. He summoned the farmer together with his daughter. The moment that his eyes fell upon the girl, he recognized the features of his Beloved, and with his heart full of gladness came to the conclusion, that BUKAWULEE must

have been born again in the farmer's house. He delivered a large sum of money to her father, and desired him to rear her up with every possible care. When she was seven years of age, innumerable were the applications made for her hand; but the farmer remembering that the Prince had already shewn a deep interest in her welfare, known not how to decide, not knowing what future views he had regarding her, and fearing to incur the displeasure of his patron if he acted wrong. To all he returned one answer. He said when the girl came to be of age she would have free permission to choose whomsoever she liked for her husband. When she trod on the verge of her tenth year, TAJ-UL-MULUK sent a message to her father, demanding the hand of his daughter in marriage. The farmer trembled when he heard this. How can, he said, a poor farmer dare to make the King's son-in-law the husband of his own daughter. If I do even, the end will be, that the position of my daughter with him would be that of a slave ;

and it would be a pity to victimise a creature so lovely as my child. The moment that BUKAWULEE heard these words, "Father," she said "hear me, my name is BUKAWULEE, and I am a Fairy ; don't be anxious on my account—the rose is always destined to grace the head, and the pearl to adorn princely diadems. Desire the Prince in answer to wait for a few days more." The poor Peasant held his peace, but TAJ-UL-MULUK's messenger returned, and gave him a faithful version of all what he had heard. The Prince was highly delighted, his sorrows vanished. He rewarded the messenger and bade him depart. When the dark days of BUKAWULEE had passed away, hundreds of Fairies came thither, and with them SUMMUN ROO, enrobed with richly embroidered garments and glittering with jewels, seated on a golden throne. The Princess changed her clothes, put on her ornaments, and when all was ready, she addressed her father and said, "Hitherto I have been your guest, now I am about to depart." She then

led him behind the house, and pointed out a spot which contained hidden treasures, underground. She then left him, and ascending the throne guided by her attendant fairies, alighted in the house where TAJ-UL-MULUK was sitting in the company of CHITRAWAT, NIRMALA and CHAPLA. BUKAWULEE entered the chamber alone. On approaching CHITRAWAT, she embraced her with sisterly affection. She on her part was struck with the beauty of BUKAWULEE, and sunk on her sofa perfectly exhausted. She then recounted her adventures to TAJ-UL-MULUK, and heard his in return. She asked CHITRAWAT if her heart still glowed with love for the Prince. "In that case," she continued, "In God's name come on, my house is yours." CHITRAWAT answered, "I live in the Prince; and when he departs, how can I keep my body devoid of life? Come on, I am ready to go with you." At that instant BUKAWULEE beckoned to her Fairies to make themselves visible. It is related that when they appeared, Ceylon was so densely fill-

ed, that no space of four fingers' length even was left unoccupied: confusion reigned throughout the City. Even the RAJAH was dismayed, and precipitately sought the shelter of his Palace. The moment he entered, the Prince rose to greet him. He went a few steps in advance, and led his father-in-law to a seat on his own throne. He then gave him a detailed history of his love for BUKAWULEE. The RAJAH appeared to be distressed for some time; but at last the trace of joys were visible on his countenance, and rising from his seat he placed the hands of CHITRAWAT in those of BUKAWULEE's,—“I entrust,” he said, “my only child to you, not indeed as a rival, but as a slave. All that I hope is that you will not withhold your kindness from one who is bound to regard you as her superior.” He then gave them leave to depart. TAJ-UL-MULUK ascended the throne, CHITRAWAT and BUKAWULEE sat on either side of him, and *Nirmala* and *Chapla* stood respectfully before them. The throne in a moment reached

its destination. It alighted on the threshold of TAJ-UL-MULUK's Palace, CHITRAWAT and BUKAWALEE entered; *Bahram* the son of the Minister of ZAIN-UL-MULUK who had been left in charge of the house and the gardens of the Prince, came forth to welcome his master and mistress home. TAJ-UL-MULUK received him graciously, accepted his presents, and rewarded him with a princely suit of garments. He then set his feet in the palace, and was received with the warmest delight by MAHMUDA and DILBUR, with whom as well as with CHITRAWAT and BUKAWULEE the stream of his life glided through peace and tranquility.

CHAPTER XXV.

TAJ-UL-MULUK SENDS LETTERS OF INVITATION TO FIROZ SHAH, MOZAFFAR SHAH, AND HIS FATHER, WHO COME TO MEET HIM.—BAHRAM FALLS IN LOVE WITH RUH AFZAH.

HISTORIANS relate that TAJ-UL-MULUK addressed letters to FIROZ SHAH, MOZAFFAR SHAH,

and his father, communicating to them the happy intelligence of his safe return. The perusal of these epistles afforded great gratification to the readers, who forthwith set out to meet him. **FIROZ SHAH** and! **JAMILAH KHATUN** set out for the East, attended by splendid equipages. **MOZAFFAR SHAH** and **HUSN ARAH** followed their example. **ZAIN-UL-MULUK**, with his lawful wife for his companion, and his army preceding him, went after the other Princes to the country of Nigarin. Thither they reached in a few days. They observed that its vicinity was so overcrowded with men and fairies, that there was not sufficient space left to put a seed of the sesamum even. **TAJ-UL-MULUK** and **BUKAWULEE** were highly delighted to receive their guests. Sorrow departed from the heart of each. The sounds of revelry echoed for full three days. Nought was heard but songs and music,—nought was seen save dancing and mirth. With the fourth the feast ended, and the Princes departed highly pleased with the hospitality

they received. But BUKAWULEE prevailed upon RUH AFZAH to remain with her for a few days longer. A cornelian room was set apart for her sleeping chamber. Long did they pass their time in conversation that evening, after which RUH AFZAH retired to her own apartment. It happened one night, as she was sleeping near the window, that her flowing locks descended therefrom, and a bright gem was glittering in one of the ribbands that tied her tresses. Just at the time BAHRAM was roving about enjoying the moonlight scene. As he approached the window, his eyes fell on the gem glittering there. He thought that a dragon was holding his jewel in his mouth. But gazing more attentively, he perceived that it was a ruby glittering there, in a lock of hair which had escaped from the window. He then fancied that the room must belong to BUKAWULEE, and that lock of hair was hers. That whole night his heart knew no rest. When morning dawned, he could contain himself no longer. He asked SUMMUN

Roo whose that chamber was; and was told in return, that it was the bed-room of RUH AFZAH. The moment that he heard this, the fire of love blazed in his heart, and maniac-like he wandered about. The next midnight he watched for an opportunity, applied a scaling ladder to the window, and entered the chamber unopposed by any. He saw that rival of VENUS sleeping gracefully on a golden bed. Beholding this he became senseless like one intoxicated, and as he was yet a stranger to the pleasure which was now thrilling through his veins he could not hold himself, but falling on the bed, embraced the Fairy, and kissed her ardently. That instant RUH AFZAH started up and found that the intruder was BAHRAM. Although she loved the youth in her heart, still for all that, she was by no means pleased with this breach of the rule of decency. She expressed herself highly offended, and slapped him till he was fairly pushed out of the window. Weeping he retired to his own apartment. Next morning

RUH AFZAH begged permission of BUKAWULEE to depart; and although the latter persuaded her much to defer carrying her wish into execution for a short time, she was immovable, for she knew well that if BUKAWULEE came to know the incident of last night, she would laugh at her and tease her with her sarcastic remarks. At length she bade adieu to her fair hostess, and set out for the Island of *Firdous*. But *love* followed her. Her thoughts were but of BAH-RAM. No comfort came to her by day and no rest through the live-long night. Her eyes were always moist with tears, and the simoon of grief withered the bloom of her cheeks. True it is, if we devote attention to the matter, we shall always find that the *beloved* suffers the restlessness of *love* in a greater degree. It is characteristic with them, to attract lovers to their presence by the powerful agency of their charms; while there are others who employ the sling of absence to cast them far away.

CHAPTER XXVI.

BAHRAM REACHES THE ISLAND OF FIRDOUS
THROUGH THE ASSISTANCE OF SUMMUN ROO.
HE MEETS RUH AFZAH THROUGH THE KIND-
NESS OF BANAFSHAH.

IN the absence of RUH AFZAH, sorrows and woes were the lot of BAHRAM. His eyes sank, he became pale and emaciated, and excited sympathy in the heart of SUMMUN ROO. Often she advised him to forget his love. "BAHRAM," she would say, "give up the vain ideas that have entered your head. You are a human being, she is a Fairy ; it cannot be expected that your love will be productive of any good fruit; curse on such friendships which entail sufferings on you. It is useless to bear such affliction for one who has not the least regard for your love. Let alone the case of TAJ-UL-MULUK. It was a chance only which, induced BUKAWULEE to love him, if not it is too difficult to find a Fairy

ally herself with a mortal." **BAHRAM** heard these words in silence. He answered—

Advice is useless—for 'tis true

You cannot change the Ethiop's hue.

When **SUMMUN ROO** found that the thorn of love could not be extracted from his heart, she said, "All that I can do is to assist you in reaching the country of *Firdous*." **BAHRAM** willingly accepted her offer of aid, upon which the Fairy arrayed him in the garb of a female adorned him with jewels, so that the youth exactly resembled a young woman. She then took him by the hand and placed him instantaneously in the Island of *Firdous*. She carried him to the house of her nominal sister named **BANAFSAH**, who was the dressing maid of **RUH AFZAH**. By her she was welcomed cordially, and asked, who the young lady, her companion, was? She said, "she was a God-sister of hers, who was very much desirous from a long time to visit her country. I have therefore," she continued, "brought her

here, that she may be able to rove about in your clime. BANAFSHAH willingly agreed to treat her intended guest with every attention. SAMMUN ROO then departed, and BAHRAM remained with his fair friend, who made it a point to feed him with the richest delicacies on earth, to show every kindness to him, and to take him to all the gardens and groves of the city. In the evening they would return home, when BANAFSHAH would depart to attend RUH AFZAH. In this manner several days passed away. Once when BANAFSHAH was absent, and BAHRAM found that no one was in the house, he pulled out a looking glass which his hostess, in the capacity of a dressing maid, was in the habit of taking to RUH AFZAH, and wrote the following lines on the back of it :

“PLAIN and inglorious is the hue which always stains
the Looking Glass ;

’Tis from the lustre of thy looks that bright remains
the Looking Glass.

When placed upon the toilette's height, confronting
thy fair lovely face.

A sense of deep humility afflicts and pains the Looking
Glass.

And Envy still declareth that the mirror should be dash'd
on earth.

"Why loveliest, hast thou look'd towards," (she thus com-
plains) "the Looking Glass?"

If thou wouldst cease to cast on it the radiance of thy looks
benign.

Vain is the mirror's purity and doubly vain the Looking
Glass.

Not for an instant would the glass abide before those
charms of thine.

Know 'tis the reflex of thy looks that thus enchains the
Looking Glass."

At the hour appointed, BANAFSHAH carried
all the materials of the toilette to RUH AFZAH.
After combing and arranging her hair, she deliv-
ered the Looking Glass to her. It chanced
that the eyes of the Fairy fell on the inscription
on its back; she read and immediately knew that

BAHRAM was the writer. She determined to sift the matter properly, so that she may be sure of the fact of his coming. With this view she addressed her maid thus : " BANAFSHAH, what is that which lasts eternally, and what object is that which is always the companion of grief ? " Although the dressing maid mused long, she was not able to solve the enigma ; she therefore begged of her mistress to excuse her for the present, promising to reply to her queries on the morrow. When she reached home, she bothered her head as much as possible, but to no purpose. BAHRAM perceived that she was more than ordinarily thoughtful, and asked what was the reason. BANAFSHAH repeated the questions of RUH AFZAH to him, saying that in her opinion the changes of nature were eternal, and that gladness was the companion of grief. BAHRAM, however, observed that the solutions were not right. He said, " That the happiness of the lover who had been slapped by his mistress was eternal ; and that *he* is the companion of grief,

whose beloved is concealed from his view, and who expects her in every object he meets. It is related of *Majnun* that when he was asked who was entitled to succeed to the *Khalifat* after the Prophet, he replied, *Leila*." The next morning BANAFSHAH gave the solution of her enigmas to RUH AFZAH in the words of BAH-RAM. As soon as she heard this, she felt assured that her lover had actually come, and questioned the maid whether or not she was assisted in solving the riddles by some one else. Although she protested that no aid whatever was given her by any living soul, yet RUH AFZAH refused to believe her words. When compelled, BANAFSHAH was obliged to confess, that the fairy SUMMUN ROO had left a sister of hers in her house, and that it was she who explained the mystery. RUH AFZAH expressed an intense desire of seeing her, and appointed that very day for the meeting; the dressing maid agreed. In the evening BAHRAM, dressed magnificently, was carried to the palace of the Princess. The mo-

ment that her eyes encountered his, she instantly recognized him, although she feigned not to know him. BAHRAM fancied that the Fairy had failed to make him out, and that the inscription on the back of the Looking Glass was still unread. When BANAFSHAH had finished combing and arranging the hair of the Princess, she required the Glass, which was immediately placed in her hands by BAHRAM, but with its position so inverted that the eyes of the Princess fell at once on the lines inscribed on the other side of it. The moment that RUH AFZAH perused the writing she laughed heartily, and observed to BANAFSHAH that her sister was too foolish not to know the right from the wrong side of the Looking Glass. "Let her remain for the night," she continued, "so that we may be able to devote this evening to gaiety and mirth." The dressing maid gave her ready assent to the proposal, adding that it would be an honor for her guest to remain in her (RUH AFZAH's) company : she departed shortly after this.

Reader, remember, that if BAHRAM had not exchanged his own garments for those of a female, he could never have succeeded in meeting RUH AFZAH. In truth, whenever the lover adopts the habit of his mistress, he is sure to make her his own lover. In corroboration of this the Prophet has said, "*Imitate the nature of God, until you be united with him.*" When solemn night made her appearance, and the exhalation of the moon had tinged every object with its silvery hue, RUH AFZAH quitted the company of the Fairies and entered her own chamber; where BAHRAM was expecting her. She opened the conversation by enquiring after her name. He answered that it was a long time that he had bade adieu to modesty and shame, and that he remembered no other name but hers. She then asked, "Why have you come hither?" He answered, "The taper knows too well why the moth comes to it." In a word, the speech of BAHRAM had a powerful effect on her but still she continued frowning, and said, "I

kn ow too wel deceiver! that thou art not a woman but a man, and that thou hast adopted this habit only to get entrance here. Thou hast ruined my reputation, but wait a moment, and you will see how thy boldness will be punished. BAHRAM, who was still a novice, not knowing the difference between pain and pleasure, who understood not the coquetries of females, and who moreover, had a vivid recollection of the slapping he had received, was afraid that he was about to get a second beating and be turned out. He trembled through fear, and repeated the following lines :

“ Kill me;—far better 'tis to die before
Thy sight, than live and suffer more and more.”

The Fairy feared, lest the youth may die, and she be reckoned as a tyrant in love; she ran to him, placed his head on her lap, and by the efficacy of her kisses restored him to sensibility.

Reader, until thy understanding is not enlightened by the beams of civilization, thou wilt

gain no advantage from the light of the Creator ; and until thou turnest not away thy attention from this world of dream s, thou wilt never succeed in acquiring everlasting life. He who treads not the path of love himself, never reaches the destination. When BAHRAM opened his eyes, he found himself in the position of a rose, and his mistress in that of a nightingale. His heart overflowed with rapture ; forgetting all, he kissed her mouth, which vied with the bud of the jassamine. All then was pleasure. The Fairy also, who was drunk with desire, could not restrain herself. They then gave a free vent to the warmth of their hearths, and each was drowned in a transport of bliss. After this, RUH AFZAH was so much in love with BAHRAM, that a moment's absence from him was more than she could bear—she determined therefore to keep him with her without any possibility of discovery. For this purpose she changed him into a dove, and placed him in a golden cage.

Every night she restored him to his original shape, and devoted the time till morning to the joys of love: in this way several days passed away: but how long can *musk* or *love* be concealed? HUSN ARAH somehow or other was informed of their amours. Early in the morning she came on a sudden to enquire into the matter. When she saw RUH AFZAH, she perceived that her hair was deranged, her pale cheek tinged with rosy hues, her eyes languid, the bodice of her gown loosened, and her stays out of its proper place; she had no doubt felt that some bold lover had deprived her of the jewel of virginity. She advanced suddenly, beat her with both her hands, and said, "Unfortunate girl! you have drowned the reputation of your family. What hast thou done? Whilst yet a virgin, thou hast set thy eyes on a strange person. Hadst thou no shame to approach a man? a thousand pities on thee! Better it were, if you drowned yourself. The notoritey of your shame is ringing throughout the city. Thy fame and charac-

ter are lost ; say even now, what all this means, otherwise I shall strangle you this moment.” RUH AFZAH trembled and answered, “Mother, I swear by your head, that I have never seen the face of a strange man ; may I be deprived of my eyes if I have beheld any one from a long distance even. . This is a pure calumny, and I only wonder how you, who profess to be my mother, can defame and vilify the character of your daughter thus ?” But say whatever she liked, and swear as much as she may, her mother would by no means believe her. On the contrary, she endeavoured as much as possible to try and detect the thief, and punish him, as much as his crime deserved. She appointed a thousand spies who travelled the world through, but could not discover the secret of the bird in the cage.

Reader, before thou triest to span the heaven in search of thy Creator, first try to know thyself ! It is folly to seek the one, without knowing the other.

“ First see who’s he that liveth here,
Then search him through the fields of air !”

When HUSN ARAH found that her spies could accomplish nothing, she next had recourse to the servants of her daughter. She threatened them, if they were not explicit with her, she would subject them to the displeasure of MOZAF-FAR SHAH. At last a domestic, by name GUL RUKH, approached her and said, “ My mistress, how can I know the secret of the bed-chamber, when we are never allowed to enter it ?

In such a case, who hopeth to be wise
Where none have time allowed to use their eyes ?

But still for all that, I have observed of late, that your daughter is much occupied in tending and nourishing the dove which hangs in the golden cage. In fact, she cannot part with it for a moment even. Externally the creature is but a bird ; but who knows what it really is ? Beyond this limit my imagination even cannot take her flight. True, but HUSN ARAH’s imagination could fly a little further. Believe us, reader, so

long as the spirit is confined in the cage of this body, every object will appear to it but as handful of dust. The moment, however, that the talismanic influence is removed, its eyes will be opened, and it will find out the difference between the real truth, and the illusive phantoms of the world. The Prophet himself has observed, that God is like a boundless stream, and every living object like a bubble floating upon it. The moment they burst, nought remains but the river before them. Hence consider, that the river has its original first and its dignity also is higher, for none will consider a bubble equal to the river, and *vice versâ*. Every object must be designated properly—the temple in Mecca must be termed glorious, and idolators' shrine treated with contempt. Heaven must be called Heaven, and Hell, Hell; the order of nature must be arranged properly, and he who remembers not this classification, is an atheist.

*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*

. HUSN ARAH entered the chamber of RUH AFZAH, took down the cage and tried to go off with it. The moment that the daughter saw that her favourite bird was in the unmerciful talons of the hawk, she held her heart, but could speak nothing to her mother. Her own spirit struggled to be released from her body ; but the hands of Fate could not open the door of the cage. In the meantime HUSN ARAH, possessed of the bird, made her flight through heaven, and alighting in the palace of MOZAFFAR SHAH placed the cage before him. The King took out the bird, felt him all over, and detected as it were by chance, found that an amulet was tied round his neck. The moment that it was removed, the bird was a bird no longer, but BAH-RAM stood confessed before him, in his astonished Court. Rage inflamed the heart of the King. "Wretch," he exclaimed, "hadst thou no fear of my kingly displeasure ? Declare through whose assistance wert thou brought in the monarchical palace ? Remember that the fruit of thy boldness

will be death and destruction, nothing less.” BAHRAM answered, “Lovers are guided by their passions only, and hence, they should be considered as above punishment. No one places voluntarily the chains of Love on his feet. But lovers are powerless, and what care they? He who has washed his hands of life cares not a pin for death. But if I die now, I shall still retain a desire of seeing my mistress once more, and should such be the case, I am sure my eyes will stream with a perpetual flow of tears even when they are closed in the grave.

“ I care not for death : but 'tis painful to die
When the glow of thy charms would not beam
on my eye.”

The rage of MOZAFFAR SHAH was excited to its highest pitch when he heard these words of BAHRAM. He ordered him to be taken beyond the precincts of the city, and to be burnt to ashes. At that very instant TAJ-UL-MULUK and BUKAWULEE were passing that way, and beheld BAHRAM in this pitiable plight. The pyre which was prepared for him first attracted

their attention. **BAHRAM** was sitting on it, and the fire was already set. **BUKAWULEE** approached the crowd, and enquired why and wherefore the preparations were made? One of them replied, that the lover of **RUH AFZAH** is going to be burnt. Scarce had she heard this, when she descended from the throne, and approaching the pyre ordered the fire to be extinguished, saying that if a single hair of **BAHRAM**'s head were injured, she would burn a thousand heads in return, and demolish the houses of all those who may be concerned in the business. The people were frightened. They put out the fire, pulled **BAHRAM** from the pyre, and delivered him over to **BUKAWULEE**. They both departed thence and arrived at a garden where she left **TAJ-UL-MULUK** and **BAHRAM** and went forward to meet **HUSN ARAH** and **MOZAFFAR SHAH**.

Then she greeted reverently, and was received with the kindest cordiality. She was asked what had induced her to come, **BUKAWULEE**

answered, she had an intense desire of seeing her uncle and aunt, but whilst on the way she had seen a strange sight. A crowd of people was busily engaged in burning the son of her father-in-law's Minister, and if she had delayed a moment, the poor young man would have been reduced to ashes. "Death," she said, "was pleasant to no one, and more particularly to a young man like BAHRAM. Although his crime deserved such a punishment, yet it was useless to inflict it now, for whatever was to be done was already accomplished. "Granting even, that you killed him," she went on, "can this stain of infamy be ever washed out? On the contrary, only hundreds know it at present, after a short time it will pass from mouth to mouth, till it will become the subject of discussion among thousands. It is the best plan after all to pardon his fault, and to bestow RUH AFZAH in marriage on him. He is a graceful and deserving youth, and this is not the first instance when a daughter of a King was wedded to the

son of a Minister. If you regard Man as below the dignity of Fairies," she added, "why did you sanction my marriage with TAJ-UL-MULUK when there was a slight difference between a daughter and a niece?" MOZAFFAR SHAH bent his head and answered, "Very good, do whatever you like. BUKAWULEE lost no time in proceeding to RUH AFZAH, whom she found weeping, and sitting with her hair in confusion. She smiled and said, "Really how deep you have laid your mine. Heaven preserve us from your wiles, and teach us to avoid the treachery of your eyes. Come, get up, speak and smile as usual, for I have brought back your lover in safety. After a few days more you can open your heart and taste the pleasures of love to its full extent." RUH AFZAH, much pleased with the conversation of her sister, rose and embraced her affectionately. BUKAWULEE stayed for the night, and conveyed her to MOZAFFAR SHAH and HUSN ARAH next morning. There the offenders were pardoned, and thence she proceeded

to the Garden of IRAM, accompanied by TAJ-UL-MULUK and BAHRAM. She gave a minute version of the circumstances to her parents, and requested of them to make the same grand and magnificent arrangements for the marriage of BAHRAM, as they did for that of TAJ-UL-MULUK. They agreed, and attended with a strong retinue, and a host of guests, with BAHRAM dressed in princely robes, and adorned with the costliest jewels, a floral chaplet placed on his forehead, they departed for the Island of *Firdous*. MOZAFFAR SHAH too, had made such preparations in his own country that the pen fails in doing justice to them. BAHRAM and his attendants were received with the highest marks of honor, and his friends treated in the most sumptuous way. The females met the same reception from HUSN ARAH. Songs, music, mirth, dancing, and revelry continued throught the city.

Fire-works illumined the scene, and rockets touched the clouds in their upward course.

After all, the Fairy was tied by the bands of wedlock according to the rites and ceremonies of the country. Garlands and betels were distributed among the attendant guests, and the Bridegroom was conveyed to the inner apartments of the palace ; BUKAWULEE as a sister went with him, and joined in the hymeneals chanted there. At last the mirror was shown, and the Bridegroom made to drink the *sharbat* which had been formerly tasted by the Bride. After this MOZAFFAR SHAH and HUSN ARAH endowed their daughter with all the dowry they could bestow upon her, including a large amount of cash, together with slaves of both sexes. The procession departed with the same state with which it had come. FIROZ SHAH and TAJUL-MULUK stayed for a few days in *Iram*, and then the latter, with his wife, BAHRAM and RUH AFZAH, proceeded together with the same pomp to the country of *Nigarin*. When arrived there, the parents of BAHRAM were made acquainted with his adventures. Highly were

they delighted to welcome home their son and daughter-in-law, and great was the obligation they owed to BUKAWULEE for all that she had done for their child. It was now the turn of the *Vazir* to give a second feast on the occasion of the wedding of his son, and he went even so far as to invite his Sovereign to the entertainment. Rich and poor were freely admitted. For a good many days he treated all with princely hospitality, and amused them with music and dancing. Hundreds of trays, groaning under the weight of jewels, were placed before the King and the Princess. Magnificent presents were bestowed on the rich and poor, and each was satisfied to his heart's content. When his majesty departed, the guests went with him. BUKAWULEE sent word to HIMALAH, to remove her house and gardens from their proper place and to bring them to her. In a few days her orders were obeyed. The Palace and the Garden were established adjoining her own mansion, and appointed for the abode of RUH AFZAH and

BAHRAM. Thanks be to the mercy of God,
that each departed with joy and happiness
reigning glorious in his heart.

As they departed in felicity, we see,
Heaven may grant the vows ! that we've made to thee !

THE END.

VOCABULARY.

—:o:—

باب ألف

أبجو s. A stream, a rivulet.

أبد s. Eternity, without end.

أبر نيسان s. The rain which falls while the moon
is in mension of *Swati*.

أبشار s. A waterfall, cascade, cataract.

أبهرنا v. n. To overflow.

أتاليق s. A private tutor.

أشباذ s. A maker of fireworks.

أشكده s. A chimney ; the temple of fire-wor-
shippers.

أشكيلي s. Wantonness, an affected (also a grace-
ful) pace or mode of walking.

أثاث البيت s. Household furniture.

أجو s. Reward, retribution, hire.

اُچھاں *s.* Coquetry.

احتشام *s.* Retinue, pomp.

احمد *con.* Praise-worthy, the name of Mohammad

اتسافاً *adv.* Sometimes, from time to time, in case.

اختلاط *s.* Act of mixing, intercourse, friendship.

ادا *s.* Performance, discharge, coquetry, blandishment.

آرسی *s.* A mirror.

ارغوان *s.* A plant whose flowers and fruit are of a beautiful red ; a red color.

ازدحام *s.* A crowd, a rushing together of people.

استراحت *s.* Repose, sleep, tranquility.

استغفراله *s.* I entreat forgiveness of God (an expression signifying negation).

استفسار *s.* Enquiry ; interrogation.

استقبال *s.* The ceremony of meeting and receiving a visitor ; futurity.

اسلوب *s.* Manner, mode.

اسم با مسمی *s.* Name coinciding with the named, or whose name fitly denotes the qualities of the named.

استیقامت *s.* A letter of friendship or love.

اشرف البلاد *s.* The finest of regions.

آشفتنه حال *α.* Distressed in condition.

آشفتنه خاطر *α.* Afflicted in mind.

اشکال مختلفه *s.* Different sorts of propositions in
Logic, and different sorts of
figures in Mathematics.

اعتراض *s.* Objections ; discussion, criticism.

اغراز *s.* Respect, attention.

اغلب *α.* Superior. *adv.* For the most part.

اغماض *s.* Connivance ; coquetry ; supercilious-
ness.

آغوش *s.* Embrace, bosom.

افسون *s.* Verses used in spells or enchantment,
sorcery, incantation.

افشان *s.* Scattering gems : materials used to
beautify the face after the use of
cosmetics.

افواه *s.* (plural of فاه, Mouths ; doubtful news.

اکبریا *v. n.* To writhe, to ache, to strut affectedly.

اکسیر *s.* Alchemy, chemistry ; the philosopher's
stone.

أُكُنَّا *v. n.* To rise (as the moon) ; to grow.

أُكْمِهْنَا *v. n.* To be enraged.

الحال *adv.* At present, just now.

الحمد لله *int.* God be praised !

الغرض *adv.* In short, finally.

الف وصل *s.* In the letter *alif* used in combining two nouns, as دوشا دوش *dosh—a—dosh* ; the *a* in the middle stands for الف وصل

القصه *adv.* In short, in a word.

الماس *s.* Diamond.

امانت *s.* Any thing given in a trust, deposit ; faith.

امرت *s.* The water of life ; nectar ; any thing sweet.

امرد *s.* Beardless, handsome (youth).

أمنى سامنى *adv.* Opposit, face to face.

آن بان *s.* Spirit ; proper pride.

انبساط *s.* Gladness, delight, mirth, joy.

آنچ *s. Lit :* heat, figure one.

آنچل *s.* The hem of a cloak or veil ; the border of a veil or shawl.

اندر *prop.* The king of the Devatas ; the thunderer.

اندها مادر زاد *ad.* Born blind.

انشاء الله تعالى *s.* If God the Most High willeth ;
Deo volente.

آنکھ سفید کرنا *v. n.* To wait with anxiety.

انگیا *s.* Bodice, stays.

اوجھل *s.* Privacy, retirement.

ادل حرفہ *s.* Artificer, artisan.

آیت *s.* A sentence of the *Koran*.

ایذا *s.* Pain, vexation, affliction.

ایک پل مین *s.* In a moment.

اکلوٹا or اکلوتا *ad.* only.

داب البائی تلزی

بار یاب *ad.* Admitted at the court or into company

باغ باغ ہونا *v. n.* To be delighted.

بالفعل *ad.* Now, in short ; in the meantime ; in fact.

بانجہہ *s.* Barren.

باوجود *s. adv.* Notwithstanding.

باور *s.* Belief, credit, truth, faith.

باهم *adv.* Together.

بنکده بتخانه *s.* An idol-temple, pagoda.

بجنس *s.* In kind, in some sort.

بجراگ *s.* Separation, separate.

بحکم ضرورت *s.* As necessity may call for.

بخیه *s.* A kind of stitch.

بدخشان *s. prop.* Name of a region near the source of the Oxus, famous for its rubies.

بذنا *v. n.* To wager, to agree.

بدهی *s.* An ornament worn round the neck, hanging down to the waist and crossing behind and before ; a belt, a sash

برات *s.* The company and attendants at a marriage feast ; the marriage procession, a warrant.

براق *s.* The horse or Pegassus on which Mohamad went in one night from Jerusalem to Heaven, and thence returned to Mecca.

برحق *adv.* For a certainty, rightful.

بروک *s.* Separation, absence.

برهم هونا *v.* To be angry.

بسط *s.* Bedding, chess-board.

بسم الله In the name of God or الرحيم
In the name of Most Merciful
God (an invocation used by Musal-
mans at the beginning of every
work or action).

بسمل *adj.* Sacrificed. *s.* An animal sacrificed.

بشاش *adj.* *Superl.* In good spirits ; pleased,
cheerful.

بصر *s.* Sight, vision.

بغایت *adv.* Extremely.

بکاول *s.* A superintendent of the kitchen, head-
cook ; a cup-bearer.

بکھیرا *adj.* Dishevelled.

بلا *s.* Calamity, misfortune, vengeance.

بلانفہ *adv.* Without fail, forthwith.

بلبلانا *v. n.* To be restless, to be tormented with
pain, to lament.

بنات الذئش s. The constellation of the Great Bear ;
four of the stars are conceived to
represent a bear (*nash*) and the
remaining three to be the daugh-
ter (*banat*) preceding it.

بن adv. Without, unless, except.

بن پرتا v. n. To succeed, to answer, suit.

بن تهن a. Adorned in fine dress and with shin-
ing ornaments.

بنفشه s. A violet.

بوا s. Sister ; an aunt by the father's side.

بود باش s. Residence, abode.

بول چال s. Conversation.

بهار s. Fagot ; weight.

بوس و کنار s. Kissing and toying, dalliance.

بهلنا v. α. To see.

بها v. n. To suit, to fit, to be approved of.

بهر پانا v. n. To be paid, to receive the full amount ;
(Met.) to be disappointed.

بهر کتا v. n. To shrink ; to be blown up into a
flame, to blaze forth.

بهروسا s. Hope, dependence.

بمئل *s.* Affectation, hypocrisy, trick, deception.

بهیس *s.* Appearance, assumed likeness.

بهینت *s.* Interview, visit, present.

بهنانه *s. adv.* Restlessly ; faintly.

بی تحاشا *adv.* Rashly, without fear.

بی تکلف *adj.* Without ceremony, unceremonious.

بیتنا *v. n.* or بتنا *v. n.* To pass, to elapse.

بی خانمان *adj.* Ruined.

بید *s.* The willow ; a sort of cane, a ratan. (*Calamus rantany.*)

بی دهرک *adj.* Fearless.

بی سروپا *adj.* Impotent, destitute, very wretched.

باب البانی فارسی

پاېرسي *s.* Worship, adoration, reverence.

پايجامه *s.* Drawers, trowsers.

پتنک *s.* A moth.

پچتانا *v. n.* To regret, to repent.

پنهانا *v. n.* To be petrified, to become hard.

پر تو *s.* Light beams of the sun, or moon-rays.

پرستار *s.* An adorer ; a slave.

پرزه پرزه *adj.* Piecemeal.

پروانہ s. Moth.

پستہ s. A pistachio nut.

پشتارہ s. A load borne on the back.

پکھاجی s. One who beats the پکھاج (a timbrel.)

پلک مارنے میں s. In the twinkling of an eye.

پوجارے s. An adorer, a worshipper.

پہب s. Embellishment, ornament, dress.

پھرت پھرت v. n. To weep excessively.

پہکی or پھکا adj. Weak, insipid.

پہیلی s. A riddle, an engima.

پیچتاب کھانا v. n. To suffer distress or anxiety, to be vexed.

باب التاء فرتانیہ

تارا s. A star.

تازنا s. Punishment, admonition.

تازنا v. To understand, comprehend, to guess.

تازہ وارد s. New comer.

تامل s. Meditation, reflection, hesitation.

تجرید s. Separation, solitude, celibacy.

تجمل s. Dignity, pomp, retinue. [sition.

تحریر s. Writing correctly ; description ; compo-

روان تخت s. A travelling throne.

فرد تخت s. Backgammon-board.

ترانه s. Song, harmony.

ترپنا v. n. To flutter, to palpitate ; to be very desirous about any thing ; to jump.

لانا تشریف v. n. To come, (i. e. to honor with one's presence).

تصدیع s. Headache ; affliction, trouble.

تصدیق s. Acknowledging as true, verifying.

تعبیر s. Explanation, interpretation (particularly of dreams).

تغیر s. Alteration, change.

تفتیش s. Investigation, enquiry.

تفول s. Presaging happily, taking a good omen from a name.

تقدیر s. Fate, destination,

تقریر s. Confession, relation.

تکمید s. Completion, perfection, excellence.

تل s. The seed of the *Sesamum orientalis*, or the plant itself.

تلاطم s. Collision, dashing, buffeting (particularly of waves.)

- تملق *s.* Cajoling, flattery.
 تَوَرّ جَوَرّ *s.* Arranging a speech.
 تھیکارنا *α. v.* To drive away scornfully.
 تھوری چرھانا *v.* To frown.
 تیون جیون *adv.* So.
-

باب لے ہندی

- تھا *s.* A charm, a superstitious remedy.
 تھوتا *s.* Enchantment, fascination.
 تھات *s.* Arrangement, adjustment; the frame of
 a roof for thatching on which the
 straw is laid.
 تھاتھ *s.* State, dignity; equipage, pomp.
 تھاننا *v. n.* To determine, to resolve, to fix.
 تھانو *s.* Residence, place.
 تھنا مارنا *v. n.* To make a joke.
 تھنک رہنا *v. n.* To stop, to stand amazed.
 تھکانا *s.* Residence, place.
 تھکانے لانا *v. n.* To be killed, to die, to be terminated.
-

باب الثانی مثلثہ

ثالث *s.* The third ; umpire, mediator.

ثریا *s.* The pleides.

ثنا *s.* Praise, applause.

باب الجیم تازے

جادو *s.* Enchantment, juggling.

جاروب *s.* A broom, or sweeper who uses it.

جاسوس *s.* Spy.

جانچنا *v. α.* To examine, to try,

جانکاہ *adj.* Heart-rending, pathetic.

جاء *s.* Dignity, grandeur, rank.

جائے ضرور *s.* Necessary place, privy.

جبروت *adv.* Oppressively, by violence.

جبهہ *s.* A kind of long vest resembling a shirt.

حذیہ *s.* Passion, violent desire.

جرات *s.* Courage, bravery, audacity.

جرے *adj.* Valiant, intrepid.

جراد *adj.* Set or studded with jewels.

جشن *s.* A feast, (applied chiefly to the royal celebration of festivals).

جمد *s.* A ringlet, a lock of hair.

جگمگاہت *s.* Glitter, splendour.

جلنا *s.* Burning; passion, vexation,

جمال *s.* Beauty, elegant.

جمیلہ *adj.* Beautiful, [woman].

جنت *s.* Paradise.

جنس *s.* Genius; goods.

لینا جنم *v. p.* To be born.

جوان بخت *adj.* Of blooming prospects.

جوبن *s.* Youth; breast or bubbly.

جود *s.* Liberality, munificence.

جہار جہنگاز *s.* Brambles, bushes, large dry bushes.

جہارے *s.* Brambles, underwood.

جہاں تہاں *a.* Here and there, every where.

جہجک *s.* Start.

جہمکا *s.* The bell-shaped pendant of an earring,
name of a flower.

جہنیان *s. s.* Travelling throne for females.

جہنچلانا *v. n.* To be peevish, fretful.

جیرزا *s.* Souls, life ; sweetheart, beloved.

جھرنکا *s.* A shove or push.

جہیز *s.* A bride's portion. [hazard.

چی پر کھلنا *v. n.* To risk one's self, to run a

جیسا تیسا *v. a.* Precisely, the same as before.

جیغہ *s.* An ornament or jewel worn in the turban.

جیونکا تیون *adv.* Precisely the same.

باب الحیم فارسی

چاپلوسی *s.* Flattering.

چار دیوار *s.* Enclosure.

چار و ناچار *adv.* *Nolens volens* ; by force.

چاشنی *s.* Relish ; specimen.

چٹکی بجانا *v. n.* To snap the fingers.

چڑیل *s.* The ghost of a woman who died while pregnant,

چک *s.* A kind of screen used to keep out the glare.

چکا چونده *s.* The state of being dazzled, radiance.

چکزی *s.* A kind of betel-nut, prepared by boiling.

چیزے *adj.* Smooth and slippery.

چکور *s.* The Bartavelle or Greek partridge (*Tetrao rufus* or *perdix rufa*) said to be enamoured of the moon, and to eat fire at the full moon.

چمن *s.* A bed in a garden.

چنانچہ *adv.* So that, in such a manner that.

چن دینا *v. α.* To ruffle; also to place on the table.

چنگہازنا *v. n.* To scream, to screech.

چولہا *s.* A fire-place.

چون وچرا (Lit. When or how and wherefore)
wrangling.

چھاتی سے لگا *v. n.* To fondle.

چھتیسسی *adj.* (One who knows all thirty-six
postures, and pretends to be in-
nocent) prudish.

چھڑا *s.* An ornament made of pearls, and worn
in the ears.

چھڑ چھڑ *s.* Stricture ; the act of vexing.

باب الحاء حطی

حاتم *s. prop.* The name of an Arab Chief of the
tribe of *Tai* (طی) famed for his
boundless liberality; hence means
Liberal.

حادثہ *s.* A novelty, a misfortune.

حاملہ *adj.* Pregnant.

حېشى s. A Negro.

حجره s. A cell, closet, chamber.

حسام s. A sharp sword.

حسب نسب s. Pedigree.

حسب المدعا s. According to request.

حشاش s. The remains of life.

حشمت s. Equipage, retinue.

حمام s. A bath, a bagnio.

حمده adj. Laudable, glorious.

حنا s. *Lausonia inermis, myrtalis Indica*.

حرر s. A virgin of paradise; a black-eyed nymph.

باب الخاي معجمه

خاتون s. A lady, a matron.

خاطر جمع adj. Collected, tranquil, at ease.

خائين adj. A deceiver, a traitor.

خجسته adj. Auspicious, happy.

خديگ s. A bow.

خرفه s. A religious habit.

خزان s. Autumn.

خس و خاشاک s. Litter of things, rubbish, stuffs.

خضر *s. prop.* A companion of Moses; Phineas,
the prophet Elias.

خط عمود *s.* A perpendicular line.

خط و خال *s.* Lines and moles on the face.

خفيه *adv.* Secretly.

خلعت *s.* A robe of honor ; dress.

خلف *s.* A favourite son, posterity.

خلیفاء *s. Plural of* خلیفہ Caliphs.

خلوت *s.* Retirement, solitude.

خواس *s.* A page.

خونبہا *s.* Retaliation for murder.

خون چکر کھانا *v.* To wore one's self to death.

خیال *s.* Imagination ; phantom.

خیانت *s.* Perfidy.

باب الدال معصلہ

داد بیداد کرنا *v. n.* To demand justice.

دارالسلطنت *s.* The seat of empire (lit.) metro-
polis.

دار مدار *s.* Agreement, stipulation.

دار گیر *s.* Tumult, conflict.

دارین *s.* (Dual of) دار The two abodes ; namely,
this world and the next.

داغ کھانا *n.* To be slightly burnt.

دایم الحبس *s.* Perpetual imprisonment.

دری *In* pursuit of, intent upon.

د، ناشفته *s.* Unstrung pearl.

درود *s.* Salutation, blessing, congratulation,

درهم درهم *adj.* Confused.

دست بسته *adj.* With closed hands. (A token of
respect).

دسترس *s.* Ability, assistance.

دغل دغل *s.* Treachery, depravity.

دف *s.* A small tambourine.

دفعاً *adv.* Often, all at once.

دلاله *s.* A procuress ; an old go-between.

دلچسپ *adj.* Beloved, pleasant.

دم بخورد هونا *v. n.* To remain silent, to be quiet.

دم مارا *v. n.* To speak ; to boast.

دمساز *adj.* Concordant, harmonious.

دم سرود *s.* Sigh.

دمکنا *v. n.* To shine.

دنگ هونا *v. p.* To be astonished.

دواب s. Beasts.

دو بدو *adv.* Face-to-face, *tete-a-tete*.

دوچار هونا *v. n.* To have an interview.

دولتخانه s. (House of fortune.) A palace (your) house.

دولها s. A bridegroom.

دولهن s. A bride.

دوهنډ or دوهنډر A blow or slap with both hands.

دودهکی s. Anxiety ; an ornament worn on the breast.

دیده و دانسته Knowingly, purposely.

دیو s. A demon, a spirit.

دیول s. A nagoda.

باب الدال هندی

دآرّه مارنا or دآرّه مارنا *v. n.* To gnash or grind the teeth in wrath, to anguish.

دلی s. A lump (of sugar, meat, &c.)

دورے s. A string, cord, thread.

ددهورا s. Tom-tom.

دهیتنه s. Impudent, familiar.

ذقن *s.* The chin, the beard.

ذی الحجه or ذی حجه *The name of the 1st month of the Muhamedan year.*

باب الراء محمله

راشد *adj.* Pious, orthodox.

راوى *s.* An historian.

راهزن *s.* A high-way man.

رباعى *A quatrain, a stanza of four lines.*

ربط دينا *To attend, to concord.*

رتهه *s.* Four-wheeled carriage, a coach.

رزاق *s.* Provider of daily bread. (An epithet of the Deity).

رسالت *s.* Mission, apostleship.

رسته *s. prop.* A man's name, he was one of the twelve champions of Persia. He was the son of *Zal*, who was son of *Sam*, son of *Nariman*.

رسم *s.* Custom, laws.

رعب *s.* Fear, trembling with fear.

عشه, *adj.* The shaking, palsy.

عنائی, *s.* Graceful gait ; beauty.

گتر, *s.* Rubbing, attrition.

رکھائی, *s.* Dryness ; unkind.

رند, *s.* A drunkard, a debauchee.

رنگ دھنگ, *s.* Conduct, demeanour.

رنگ رلیان, *s.* Merriment, pleasure, mirth.

روشن چوکی, *s.* A kind of serenade with pipes and
small tabours.

رولا, *s.* Noise, tumult, alarm.

رونق, *s.* Splendour, elegance.

ریاض, *s.* (Plural of روضه) Gardens.

باب انزال معجمہ

زحیر, *adj.* Lean.

زربفت, *s.* Brocade, cloth of gold.

زردوزے, *s.* Embroidery.

زنخدان, *s.* The chin, the point of the chin.

زمرد, *s.* An emerald.

زمزمہ, *s.* Song, a concert.

زنہار, *s.* Care, caution.

زهرة *s.* The planet Venus.

زير زير *adj.* Up and down ; also overthrow.

باب السمين محمله

ساده لوح *adj.* Artless, simple, stupid.

ساده *adj.* Simple ; white.

ساعد *s.* The forearm.

سافي *s.* Cup-bearer.

سبحان الله *interj.* O God ! O holy God !

سبيه *adj.* Good, agreeable.

سجا سجايا *Well arranged.*

سدا *adv.* Always, perpetually.

سراج القوطب *s.* A garden mentioned in this work only.

سراغ *s.* Inquiry ; spying.

سرخ روئي *s.* Honor, character, fame.

سوسون *s.* A kind of mustard seed or plant.

سرگذشت *s.* Circumstances.

سرمه *s.* Collyrium, antimony.

سرمو *s.* The least.

سورنگ *s.* Mine.

سروقه *ad.* Of cypress stature, graceful and majestic.

سفر *Hell.*

سكنه *s.* or سكته *s.* An apoplexy, a pause.

سلسله *s.* Chain, series.

سلطاني بذات *s.* A kind of broadcloth.

سليمان *s. prop.* Solomon, the son of David.

سمدهي *s.* Child's father-in-law.

سمند *s.* A horse of noble breed.

سمندر *s.* Salamander.

سنا *s.* Silent.

سنبل *s.* Spikenard.

سنبهل يتيهنا *v. n.* To sit decently.

سنگار داني *s.* Toilette-box.

سنگار كرنا *v. n.* To embellish, dress.

سنگ تراش *s.* A stone-cutter.

شن كن *s.* Signs, rumour.

سنگه *a.* Opposite, confronting.

سونيالي *s.* Belonging or relating to rival and contemporary wives.

سواي دينا *v.* To impale.

سپانا *v. n.* To be agreeable, to please, to be approved.

سہاؤں *adj.* Charming, refreshing.

سیاح *s.* A traveller, pilgrim.

سوی کا ناکا *s.* The eye of a needle.

سیہاب *s.* Quicksilver.

سیمبر *adj.* With a bosom like, silver.

باب الشین معجمہ

شاطر *s.* A chess-player, *adj.* Wanton ; sly.

شان شوکت *s.* Pomp and dignity.

شایمتہ *adj.* Polite ; suitable,

شب بدلا *s.* A long and dreary night.

شتاب *s.* Haste, quickness.

شفاہ or شطاح *adj.* Lascivious, obscene.

شیر *s.* Wickedness, malignancy.

شش و پنج (Lit. six and five) fix : in a dilemma.

ششدر *s.* A cube, a die.

شعور *s.* Knowledge, wisdom.

شفق *s.* Evening twilight.

شق *s.* Dawn of day ; crack ; rent.

شملہ *s.* A narrow kind of shawl for tying round
the waist or head.

شوریده *adj.* Mad, desperately in love.

شهرت *s.* Lust, appetite,

شیدا *adj.* Mad, deeply in love.

شیرازه *s.* The stitching of the back of a book.

شیرین *s.* (Irene) The daughter of Manria, Emperor of Greece, married to Khusro.—
vide Nizami's *Love of Shirin & Khusro*. When used as an adjective, it also means sweet.

باب الصاد مهمله

صادق *adj.* True ; sincere.

صدمه *s.* A blow, stroke of fortune.

سر صر *s.* A cold bositerous wind.

صعوبت *s.* Difficulty, trouble.

صف شکن *adj.* Rank-breaking.

صندل *s.* Sandal-wood.

صنعت *e.* Art ; miracle.

صیغه مختلفه *s.* Different tenses.

باب الضاد معجمه

ضرر *s.* Injury, loss, damage ; affliction.

ضروب *s.* Modes of speech, &c.
ضيافات *s.* Banquet ; hospitality.

ب الطاء منجمله

طاري *adj.* Happening ; evident.
طالق *v. n.* To be unrivalled.
طبع *s.* Temperature ; constitution, health.
طراوت *s.* Freshness, verdure.
طرفه *adj.* Wonderful, strange.
طرفة العين *s.* The twinkling of an eye.
طشت از بام هونا *v. p.* To be divulged.
طلا *s.* Gold ; gold-fringe,
طلمسم *e.* Talisman ; wonder, novel.
طلعت *s.* Countenance, appearance.
طمطراق *s.* Magnificence, grandeur.
طوطي *s.* Parrot, paroquet.
طوطيه *s.* Idea.
طوق *s.* Collar ; necklace, chain.
طياري *s.* or تياے *s.* Readiness, &c.
طيش *s.* Folly, anger, passion,
طيور *s.* (*plural of طائر*) Birds.

باب الطاع منجمله

ظالم *s.* Tyrant.

ظهور *s.* Apparency, arising.

باب العين منجمله

عاقبت اندیش *ad.* Reflecting on the end, prescient.

علم *s.* The world, universe ; time, state.

عالم *s.* Sage, learned.

عالي *ad.* High, grand.

عبارت *s.* Style, speech ; phrase.

عرش *s.* The ninth Heaven, where the throne of
God is.

عروس *s.* A bride, a spouse in general.

عزرائيل *s.* The angel of death.

عشرة *s.* The name of the first ten days of Mu-
hurrum.

عصا *s.* A club.

عطا *s.* Gift, favour.

عقيق *s.* A cornelian.

عكس *s.* Reflection.

علاج *s.* Remedy.

علامت *s.* Sign.

علامه *s.* Wise, learned.

عليه السلام *int.* On him be peace ! May he rest in peace !

على هذا القياس *adv.* So on.

عمارت *e.* Public edifice, fortification.

عمدا *adj.* Purposely, deliberately.

عن *p.* From.

عناب *s.* The jujube tree and fruit.

عندليب *s.* A nightingale.

عيار *adj.* Cunning, slay, shrewd ; a knave.

عيارني *s.* A female knave or deceiver.

باب الغين مجمله

غرائب *s. (plural of)* غريب Strange things, rare and wonderful-events.

غرة *s.* The first day of the moon.

كفانا *v. n.* To faint.

غفار *adj.* Forgiving.

غلمان *(plural of)* غلام Boys, who attend the virtuous in Paradise.

غمخوار *s.* Condoling ; an intimate friend.

غمکده *s.* House of woe.

غواص *s.* A diver (for pearls, &c.,)

باب الفاء

فاحشه *s.* A harlot, any thing abominable.

فاسد *s.* Vicious, depraved.

فاعل *s.* An agent ; the nominative.

فانوس *s.* A lantern, a shade.

فانی *adj.* Transitory, perishable.

فتنه *s.* Calamity ; perfidy ; seduction.

فتنه انگیز *s.* A fomentor of disturbance.

فتور *s.* Infirmary, quarrelling.

فتیله سوز *s.* A candlestick.

فراست *s.* Penetration.

فراوان *s.* Abundant, copious.

فرحت *s.* Delight, pleasure.

فرهاد *s. prop.* Name of a celebrated Persian
Statuary.

فصل *s.* Chapter : season.

فلاخن *s.* A sling.

فنا s. Mortality, frailty, death.

فندق s. A filbert-nut, a ball or bullet.

فهو المراد That is the wish.

فواره چهورنا v. To burst forth a *jet d'eau*.

في الجملة Upon the whole.

في الحقيقة In fact, really,

فيض s. Bounty.

باب القاف

قاف s. *prop.* The mountain of *Kaf*, supposed to surround the world, and bound the extreme horizon; it rest on the stone *Sakhrat*, an entire emerald, the reflection from which occasions the azure color of the sky, according to the poets; the *Koh-i-Kaf* is the abode of the *Deos* and *Jinns* (or *genii*), and also of *Paris* or fairies; the famous *Simurgh*, or great griffin, is also an inhabitant of the same interesting region.

قافلة s. A body of travellers, a caravan.

قائم s. A fine kind of ermine.

قالب *s.* Mould, form, figure, body.

قباحت *s.* Evil, ill.

قبضه *s.* A handle, the gripe of sword.

قبله عالم *s.* (*Kibla* of the world), a title applied to
Oriental Monarchs.

قبه *s.* A vault, an arch, a dome.

قبيل *s.* Species, tribe, kindred.

قدرت كامله *s.* Omnipotence.

قرار واقعی *adv.* In fact, truly, really.

قصر *s.* An edifice, and elegant villa, a building.

قصه کوتاه *s.* In short, in one word, to cut short a
long story.

قضا و قدر *s.* Fate, predestination.

قضیه مرجحیه *s.* An affirmative proposition.

قطعه *s.* Division, a strophe.

قلندر *s.* A kind of monk who deserts the world,
wife, friends, &c., and travels about
with shaven head and beard; the fly
of a tent.

قوت *s.* Food.

قهر *s.* Severity, rage.

قهقهه *s.* Laughing loudly and indecently.

ظہافہ s. Appearance ; representation.

قیس s. *prop.* Name of a celebrated Arabian lover,
also named *Majnun*.

قال و قيل s. Conversation, altercation.

باب الکاف

کاجل s. Lamp-black, (with which the eyelids are
painted.)

کافر هونا v. To run away ; to disappear ; to scam-
per off.

کالا s. Name of a snake.

کامل ad. Perfect, complete, learned, entire.

کان دھرنا v. To hear, to attend, to be attentive.

کانی s. Wounded, bruised and کنورے A person
having ascendancy over another.

کایات s. All things existing, the world, universe.

کباب s. A roast, meat roasted or fried.

کتر ad. Inclined or addicted to bite (a horse); cruel.

کتنی s. A bawd, a procuress, a female go-between.

کتورے s. (Lit.) A little bowl ; those parts of the
bodice or stays which are intended
to cover the breast.

کټهړا *s.* A wooden cage ; a railing, a palisade.

کڼيف *ad.* Thick, dense, opaque, dirty.

کچ *s.* Bosom, breast, bubbies.

کدخدائي *s.* Establishing a family, marriage.

کدورت *s.* Foulness, impurity.

کړنوت *s.* Action, business.

کرشمه *s.* Ogling, an amorous look or gesture.

کړنی *s.* Action, business, a trowel.

کړوفر *s.* Pomp and pride.

کسفا *s.* To try, to prove, to examine.

کسان *s.* Husbandman, ploughman.

کشان کشان *s.* Dragged along.

کلغي *s.* An ornament on the turban.

کلف *s.* A pimple or spot on the face.

کلنک'مانا *a.* To stigmatize.

کلهازي *a.* An axe.

کماحقه *adv.* As it ought, in a proper manner.

کماينبغي *adv.* As it suits.

کناره کرنا *v.* To abstain, to refrain.

کنايه *s.* Sign, hint, metaphor, allusion, a wing.

کنبه *s.* Tribe, caste, family, brotherhood.

کنه *s.* Substance of a thing.

کوٹوال s. The cheif officer of the police, for a city or town.

کون و فساد s. Contention.

کون و مکان s. The whole creation.

کہانی s. A tale ; story, fable.

کہنچورے s. To weave and tie the hair like date leaves.

کہرا s. Pure.

کہکشان s. The milky way, galaxy.

کہکھلاسا v. To laugh heartily, to giggle, to titter.

کہونتا ad. Deficient, adulterated, bad (as a coin).

کہرچتائی s. A rite observed amongst the Mahomedans. کہر is a dish prepared with rice and milk—a part of this the bride is to eat—the remainder falls to the share of the bridegroom.

باب الکاف عجمی

گیر A fire-worshipper, a follower of Zoroaser, an infidel, one who does not believe in the Mahomedan faith.

گت s. Air—Motion.

گتّی *s.* Tobacco-stopper.

گذر *s.* Ferry, ford, passage.

گتر گزان *v.* To beseech, to implore earnestly and humbly.

گل بو *s.* Flower, particularly worked on cloth, or painted on paper.

گلزار *ad.* Rosy-cheeked.

گنکاجمنی *s.* A kind of earring, or anything made of gold and silver.

گوار *s.* Agreeable, pleasant.

گوبر گنیش *s. ad.* Fat, sleek, corpulent.

گوشواره *a.* An earring.

گونددنا *v.* To knead, to plait, to braid, to weave.

گهات *s.* Aim, snare, ambuscade, killing.

گهرا دینا *v.* To deceive, to outwit.

گهنوت دالنا *v.* To throttle, to choke.

گهونگهت *s.* A veil.

باب اللام

لاحل *ad.* Difficult, not to be solved.

لاکها *s.* Carmine.

لا بالي *s.* (Lit.) I care not.

و لپت *s.* Odour ; warmth, glow.

لچہن *s.* Sign, mark, symptom, feature.

لخت جگر *s.* A piece of one's liver, (generally applied as an expression of endearment to a child).

لدے لدائے *ad.* Well laden.

لطیف *ad.* Kind, courteous, benevolent, elegant.

لعت ملامت کرنا *v.* To curse.

لعین *ad.* Cursed, execrable, detested.

لٹا *s.* The face, countenance.

لگن *s.* Appointing the day of marriage.

لگن کڈلی *s.* Horoscope.

لن نرائی *v.* (Lit.) Thou shall never see the like of me ; boasting, gasconading.

لوازمہ *s.* Necessary thing, requisite.

لو بہانا *v.* To be enamoured, to attach.

لوند *s.* A lump of clay, clod.

لہلہانا *v.* To bloom, to be verdant, to flourish.

لیلا *s. prop.* Name of the celebrated Mistress of *Majnun* ; a mistress or beloved women in general,

باب الميم

ماتم *ad.* A mourner, melancholy.

ماتها *s.* Head.

ماديات *pl.* of مادة *s.* Material, relating to matter.

مالا *s.* Hindu rosary ; a necklace, a garland.

مال و متال *s.* Property, riches, wealth.

مامور *ad.* Ordered, determined.

ماند *s.* The den of a wild beast.

مانگ *s.* A line on the top of the head where hair is parted.

ملا كنعان *s. prop.* Joseph, the son of Jacob.

مايوس *ad.* Desperate, hopeless.

مايه *s.* Wealth ; root ; value.

مبادا *adv.* By no means, God forbid ! let it not happen so.

مباشرت *s.* Commencement or undertaking of any affair ; coition.

متاع *s.* Furnitures.

متلذذ *ad.* One who relishes or takes delight (in a thing).

مثالث *ad.* Triangular. *s.* A triangle.

مجرد *ad.* Single, unmarried ; solitary.

مچرے *s.* Allowance ; obeisance ; visit, respect.

مچنون *s prop.* The name of a celebrated Lover,
whose amours with لیلی are the sub-
jects of poems by several eminent
hands, such as جامی و امیر خسرو و نظامی

مچپیان *s. pl.* of مچپی A kiss.

مخافه *s.* A kind of litter in which women travel.

مخفوظ *ad.* Glad, cheerful, contented.

محق *s.* Touchstone, test.

متحکم *ad.* Firm, strong, fortified.

محل سرا *s.* Seraglio.

محموده *s. (and) prop.* Worthy of laudable wo-
man, a woman's name.

محو *ad.* Effaced, forgotten, erased.

مخلبالطبع *ad.* Unceremonious.

مدارات *s.* Politeness, courtesy ; deceit.

مدارالمهام *s.* (The center of affairs). The minister.

مدح *s.* Praise, eulogy.

مدهست *s.* Umpire.

موهم *s.* Middling.

مرنضی *ad.* Chosen, approved, one of the titles of علی

مرجهانا *v.* To swoon, to faint, to wither.

مرحبا *inter.* Hail ! welcome ! God bless you ! Bravo
 مرحله *s.* Day's Journey, stage, in the place of
 journey.

مردوا *s.* A manikin.

مرمع *ad.* Covered with gold, set with jewels.

موت *s.* Manliness, virility.

مزوع آخرت (Lit.) Field of the last day : deeds
 that will reward or condemn us on
 the day of judgment.

مزید *s.* Increase, augmentation.

مساوے *ad.* Equal ; impartial.

مستمند *s.* Poverty, wretched.

مستوی *ad.* Equal, direct.

مسلح *ad.* Armed for war, in armour.

مسئله *s.* Questions, a precept of Mohammad.

مسی *s.* A powder made of vitriol, with which
 the teeth are tinged black.

مشاطہ *s.* A waiting-maid, a bride-dresser.

مشاق *ad.* A practiser, one well practised.

مشتري *s.* A purchaser ; the planet Jupiter.

مشتعل *s ad.* Flaming ; inflamed.

مصاحب *s.* Companion ship.

مصحف *s.* The Korân.

مصدر *s.* Source, spring ; the infinitive or noun of action.

مصطفى *s.* Chosen, One of the titles of Mohammad.

مضايقة *s.* Penury, difficulty.

مضطرب *ad.* Agitated, disturbed, chagrined.

مطالع *s.* Contemplation, consideration, study.

مطلع *s.* The place of rising, the opening of a poem.

مطيع *ad.* Subject.

مظلوم *ad.* Injured ; mild.

معزوت *s.* Apology, excuse.

معرفت *s.* Knowledge.

معما *s.* An enigma, a verse of mysterious meaning.

معدود *ad.* Fixed, appointed

مغرق *ad.* Gilded, covered with or immersed in gold.

مفصل *ad.* Distinct, detailed. [sive.

مفعول *ad.* Accusative case ; the participle pas-

مقابله *s.* A dressing-box or case.

مقطع The last verse of a poem ; cutting.

مكرر *ad.* Repeated.

مكروهائي *ad.* Deceitful, trickish.

مكلف *ad.* Exquisitely wrought ; done with great pains and care.

مكهورا s. Tho mouth, the face.

ملاحت s. Being saltish, beauty ; elegance.

ملبوس ad. Clothed or clad. s. Clothes.

ملتمس d. Begging, supplicating.

ملي جاي Mixed—on friendly terms.

ممالك s. pl. of مملكة Kingdoms, provinces, states.

مناذري s. Proclamation.

منيع s. A fountain, a *jei d' au*.

منتشر هونا v. To publish, to divulge, to disperse.

منزل s. Storey or floor of a house : day's journey.

منقبت s. Praise.

منقش ad. Embroidered.

منور ad. Illustrated, illuminated.

من و عن prep. From.

مواصلت s. Conjunction, adhesion.

مرباف s. A hair-riband.

مونس s. A companion ; soliciting.

موشوم ad. Imaginary.

مهاسندر ad. Most beautiful.

مهم s. Urgent, important.

مهندي s. *Lawsonia Inermis*, a tree with which the
Indians stain their hands and feet
Myrtalis Indica.

مہیا *ad.* Prepared, arranged.

میدے *s.* Knot, an ornament placed on the top-knots of ladies.

باب الذرن

ناچار *ad.* Helpless.

ناحق *ad.* Unjust, improper, illegal.

نازل ہونا *v.* To descend, to alight.

ناسخ *s. prop.* The poetical name of Imam Bakhsh
امام بخش a celebrated Urdu poet
born and educated in Lucknow.

ناظرین *s. pl.* of ناظر An inspector, observer.

ناموس *s.* Reputation, renown.

ناوک *s.* An arrow.

نتھہ *s.* A large ring, worn in the nose.

نتیجہ *s.* Result, consequence.

نثار *s.* Money which is thrown among the people
upon festive occasions, sacrifice.

نکوست *s.* A bad pressage, misfortune.

نحیف *ad.* Lean, meagre, weak, slender.

نخوت *s.* Pride, haughtiness, pomp.

ندان *adv.* At least, lastly, after all ; (diagnosis).

نذر *s.* A vow, gift (offered to a superior), anything dedicated.

نولي *adv.* Apart, aside ; strange ; pure.

نسب *s.* Genealogy, family, caste.

نسبت *s.* Relation, regarding, reference.

نسرین *s.* A wild rose.

نسیم *s.* Gentle Zephyr, fragrant air, breeze.

نشاط *s.* Gladness, joy, pleasure.

نظر بدلنا *v.* Change of view.

نعت *s.* Praise (especially of Mohammad).

نعوذ بالله من الشيطان الرجيم Let us fly to God from
detested Satan.

نکارچی *s.* One who beats the kettle-drum.

نقد *s.* Cash, ready-money.

نقطه *s.* A point, a dot, a geometrical point.

نکاح *s.* Marriage.

انکار کرنا *b.* To refuse, to deny.

نکارین *ad.* Embellished.

نوبات *s.* A rite among the Mahomedans. When
the bridegroom enters the bridal
apartments he is obliged to take up
betel, &c., from every plate that is
placed before him.

نوبه *ad.* First fruit. Any thing new or curious.

نوبت *s.* Drums beating at the gates of a great
man at certain intervals.

نوحہ s. Lamentation, mourning.

نودہ-نودہ ad. New-blown.

نورچشم s. (Lit.) The light of the eye, a son.

نور کے تیر کے s. Before sunrise, at dawn.

نوش چان فرمانا v. To eat or drink (applied to a nobleman or king)

نوعہ s. A species, sort.

نیرنگے s. Magic, deception.

نیلاوفر s. Lotus : (*Nymphaea lotus*.)

نیول s. A weasel, a ferret.

باب الاول

واقعہ s. Event, intelligence, news.

واقعی adv. Really, truly, in fact.

والدین s. pl. of والد Both parents.

وبال s. An unhealthy climate or atmosphere, pest ruin.

وجد s. Ecstasy, rapture, excessive love.

مقررہ وجہہ s. Appointed pension.

وحوش s. pl. of وحشی or حس Wild, savage.

وسواس s. Doubt, distraction.

وصل s. Also وصلي Meeting, a union. Two pieces of paper pasted together for the purpose of practising writing on.

وضع s. Manner, mode.

باب الہائے ہوز .

آنا *v.* To come into one's possession or power.

ملنا *v.* To regret, to repent, to lament.

لینا *v.* To indulge in hiccupping.

حذف *s.* A mark, a butt.

ہلاکت *s.* Death, destruction.

هل من مزيد *s.* Asabic exp.—Meaning “Whether there is any thing more or not ?”

هم قدم *Companion.*

ہوائی *s. pl.* of *Change of colour.*

ہو بہو *adv.* Quite, perfectly.

ہودہ *s.* A litter (used on elephant or camel).

ہوک *s.* Pain stitch.

ہولناک *ad.* Frightful.

ہر نہو *adv.* May, may not be.

باب الیل

یاسمن *s.* Jasmine.

یاقوت *s.* Ruby, sapphire.

یزدان *s.* God.

یساول *s.* An officer of parade, a pursuivant.

یکتا *ad.* Single ; unrivalled.

लाल बहादुर शास्त्री राष्ट्रीय प्रशासन अकादमी, पुस्तकालय
Lal Bahadur Shastri National Academy of Administration Library

मसूरी

MUSSOORIE

यह पुस्तक निम्नांकित तारीख तक वापिस करनी है ।

This book is to be returned on the date last stamped.

[illegible]

लाल बहादुर शास्त्री राष्ट्रीय प्रशासन अकादमी

L. B. S. National Academy of Administration

मसूरी

MUSSOORIE

पुस्तकालय

LIBRARY

अवधि सङ्ख्या

Accession No.

वर्ग सङ्ख्या

Class No.

पुस्तक सङ्ख्या

Book No.

~~17697~~

398.2

G100