

Crowds of people in boats were gathered on the canal. The sails were of all bright colours, the people carried parasols of silk, and the boats themselves were gorgeously painted. They skirmished with one another, and pelted each other with oranges and lemons. In the evening we went back to pass the night at the Amír's palace, where the musicians came again and sang very fine songs.

That same night a juggler, who was one of the Kán's slaves, made his appearance, and the Amír said to him, "Come and show us some of your marvels." Upon this he took a wooden ball, with several holes in it through which long thongs were passed, and (laying hold of one of these) slung it into the air. It went so high that we lost sight of it altogether. (It was the hottest season of the year, and we were outside in the middle of the palace court.) There now remained only a little of the end of a thong in the conjuror's hand, and he desired one of the boys who assisted him to lay hold of it and mount. He did so, climbing by the thong, and we lost sight of him also! The conjuror then called to him three times, but getting no answer he snatched up a knife, as if in a great rage, laid hold of the thong, and disappeared also! Bye and bye he threw down one of the boy's hands, then a foot, then the other hand and the other foot, then the trunk, and last of all the head! Then he came down himself, all puffing and panting, and with his clothes all bloody, kissed the ground before the Amír, and said something to him in Chinese. The Amír gave some order in reply, and our friend then took the lad's limbs, laid them together in their places, and gave a kick, when, presto!

We wont go home till morning,  
Till daylight doth appear!"

It may be somewhat freely rendered—

"My heart given up to emotions,  
Was o'erwhelmed in waves like the ocean's;  
But betaking me to my devotions,  
My troubles were gone from me!"