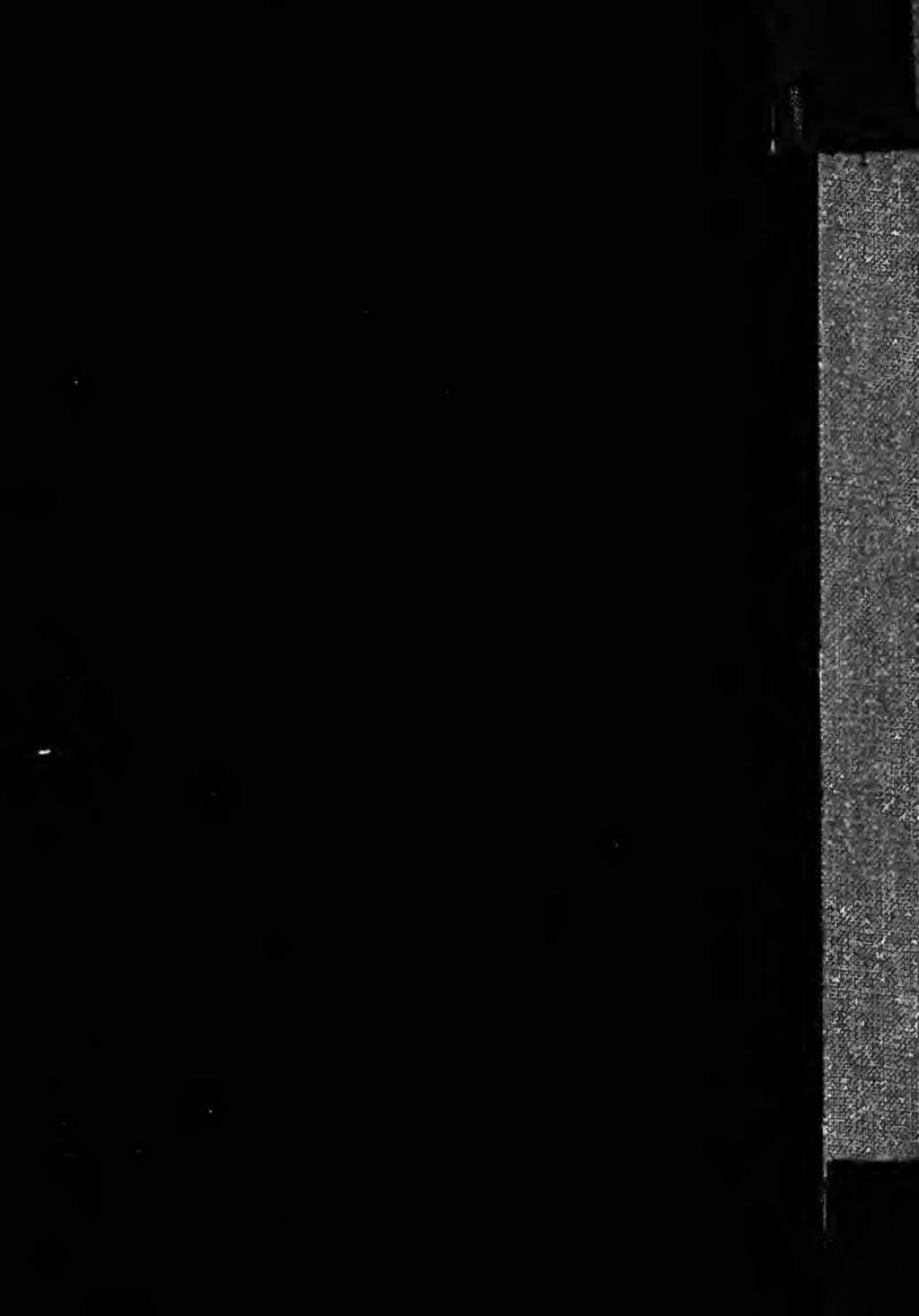
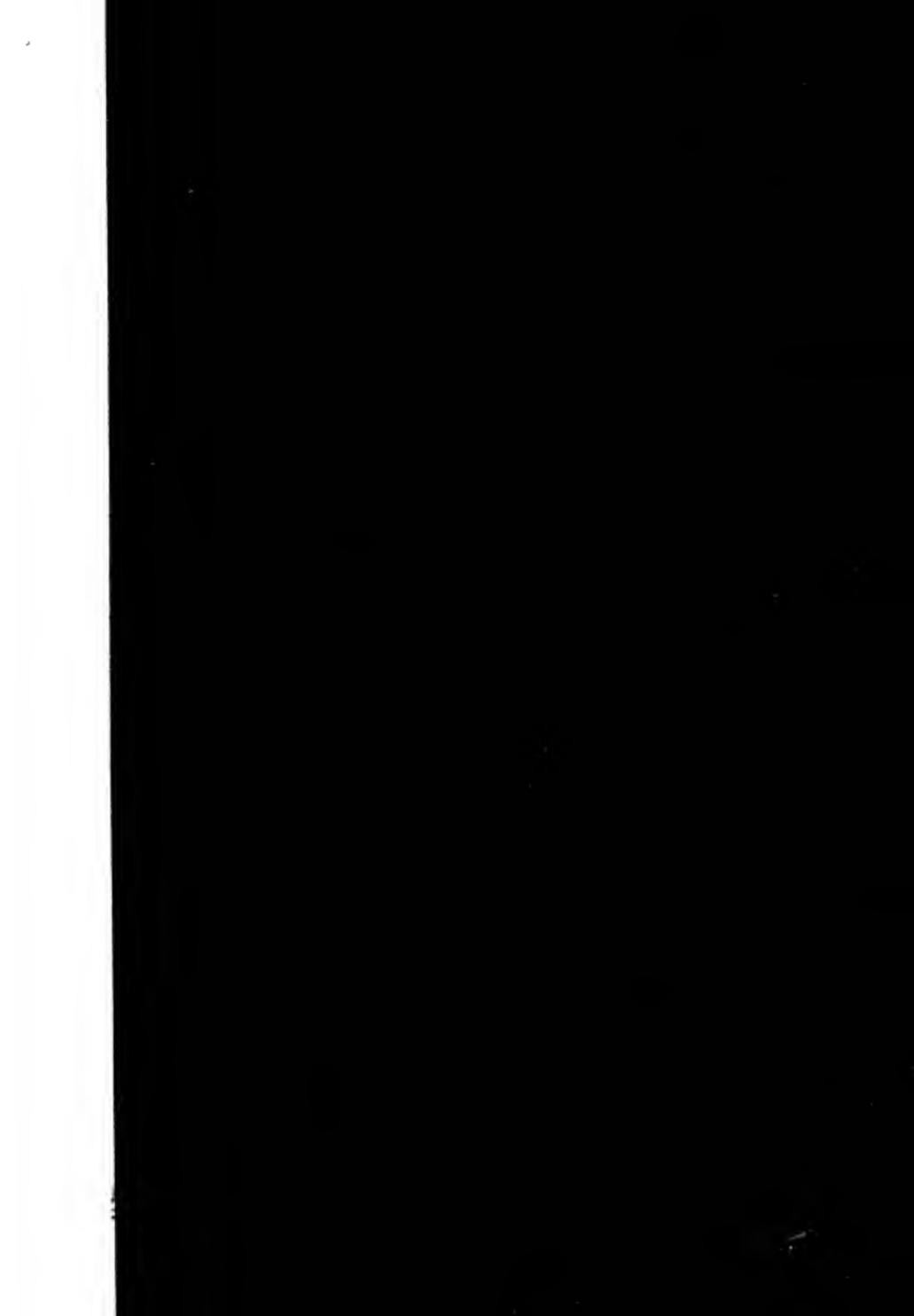


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POPULAR TALES AND FICTIONS



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POPULAR TALES AND FICTIONS

THEIR

MIGRATIONS AND TRANSFORMATIONS

BY

W. A. CLOUSTON

EDITOR OF 'ARABIAN POETRY FOR ENGLISH READERS';
'BAKHTYÁR NÁMA'; 'THE BOOK OF SINDIBÁD,' ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS.....

EDINBURGH AND LONDON

MDCCCLXXXVII

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How many uncles, aunts, brothers, sisters, and cousins of all degrees a little story has, and how few of those we hear can lay any claim to originality!—BARING-GOULD.

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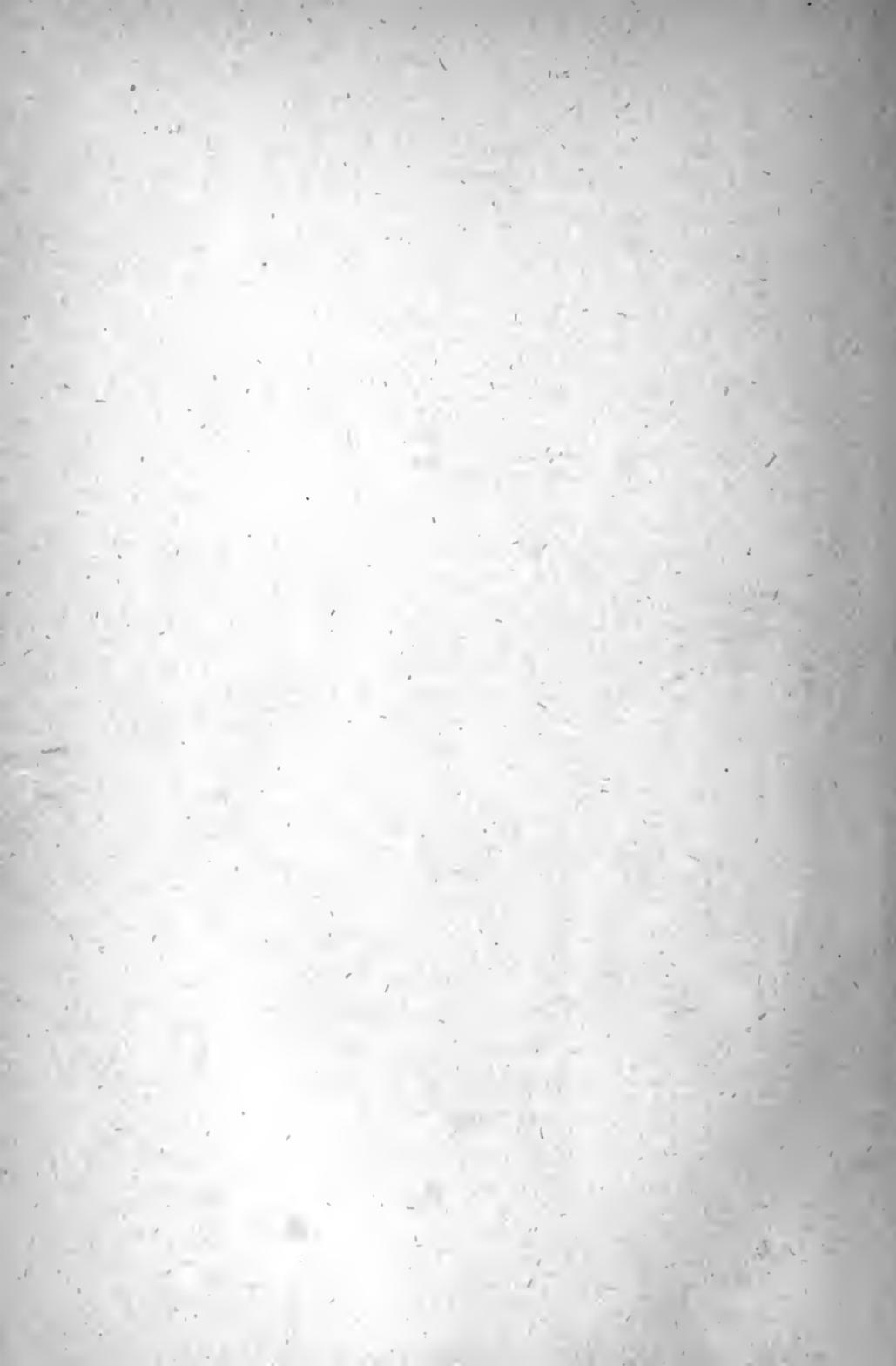
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POPULAR TALES AND FICTIONS.

* * * Having, in the preceding volume, traced through various countries stories which, from their magical or supernatural elements, were the delight of our simple-minded ancestors in remote times, and still enchant wondering childhood, "when Love and all the world *are* young," we now come to treat similarly stories of common life, which have little or nothing improbable in their details, and while all of them may be true, some are certainly "founded in fact."

THE THREE GRAZIERS AND THE ALEWIFE.

THE story of Attorney-General Noy and the Three Graziers is a well-worn "Joe Miller," and furnishes a curious instance of the migrations and modifications of popular fictions and tales. In a foot-note to the article on William Noy (1577-1634) in Chalmers' 'Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Persons' (vol. xxiii. pp. 267, 268), it is cited as follows, from Lloyd's 'State Worthies':

“Three graziers at a fair had left their money with their hostess while they went to market: one of them calls for the money and runs away; the other two come upon the woman and sue her for delivering that which she had received from the three before the three came and demanded it. The cause went against the woman, and judgment was ready to be pronounced, when Mr Noy, being a stranger, wisheth her to give him a fee, because else he could not plead; and then moves, in arrest of judgment, that he was retained by the defendant, and that the case was this: The defendant had received the money of the three together, and confesseth was not to deliver it until the same three demanded it; therefore the money is ready: let the three men come, and it shall be paid; a motion which altered the whole proceedings.”¹

Strange to say, the very same anecdote is also related of Lord Chancellor Egerton (1540-1617) in the same work, vol. xii. pp. 71, 72, note. Noy is, however, invariably connected with it in the popular mind. Yet it is found in an old English jest-book, printed at London half a century before Noy was born and ten years before Egerton. It is thus told in ‘Tales and Quicke Answeres, very Mery and Pleasant to Rede,’ first printed in 1530:

“There were two men on a time, the whiche lefte a great somme of money in keypyng with a maiden on

¹ Lloyd, says honest Anthony Wood, “wrote many books, which, being without quotation or authority, were little esteemed by intelligent men.”

this condition, that she shulde nat delyuer hit agayne, excepte they came bothe to gether for hit. Nat lang after, one of them cam to hir mornyngly arayde, and sayde that his felowe was deed, and so required the money, and she delyuered it to hym. Shortly after came the tother man, and required to haue the moneye that was lefte with her in kepyng. The maiden was than so sorowfull, both for lacke of the money and for one to defende her cause, that she thought to hange her selfe. But Demosthenes, that excellent oratour, spake for her and sayd: Sir, this mayden is redy to quite her fidelite,¹ and to deliuer agayne the money that was lefte with her in kepyng, so that thou wylt brynge thy felowe with the [*i.e.*, thee] to resceyue it. But that he could nat do."

This version has been taken directly from Valerius Maximus, who is said by some authors to have flourished about the middle of the third century of our era, and by others in the early years of the first century. In place of a "maiden," we find it is an old woman whose cause is so *astutely* defended by Demosthenes; but the story of Valerius is probably as baseless as that of Lloyd himself.²

¹ That is, discharge or acquit herself of her trust.

² Demosthenis quoque astutia mirifice cuidam aniculæ succursum est, quæ pecuniam depositi nomine a duobus hospitibus acciperat ea condicione ut illam simul utrique redderet. Quorum alter interjecto tempore tamquam mortuo socio squalore obsitus deceptæ omnis nummos abstulit. Supervenit deinde alter et depositum petere cæpit. Hærebat misera et in maxima pariter et pecuniæ et defensionis penuria jam de laqueo et suspendio cogitabat: sed opportune Demosthenes ei patronis adfulsit. Qui ut in advocacionem venit, "Mulier,"

The story reappears in another old jest-book, entitled 'Jacke of Dover, His Quest of Inquirie, or His Privie Search for the Veriest Foole in England,' printed in 1604, where the woman defends her own case without assistance from a lawyer—not to mention Demosthenes! And again we find it reproduced in the 'Witty and Entertaining Exploits of George Buchanan, commonly called the King's Fool,' where we read that three pretended pedlars left a pack of goods with a "widow woman": two of the rogues return together, and informing her that their other partner had gone to a certain fair, where they were to meet him, request her to deliver up the pack to them, which she does without hesitation. The third fellow brings an action against the poor widow, and George, putting on an attorney's gown, goes to the court and wins her cause.

A somewhat elaboratè variant occurs in the notes to Rogers' poem of 'Italy.' He says it was told him by a cardinal who had heard it when a boy, and "you may not be unwilling to hear it," quoth his eminence, "for it bears some resemblance to the 'Merchant of Venice.'" The outline of this Italian version is as follows: A widow lady, of the family of Lambertini, in the fourteenth century, was reduced to keep an inn at

inquit, "parata est depositi se fide solvere, sed nisi socium adduxeris, id facere non potest, quoniam, ut ipse vociferaris, hæc dicta est lex, ne pecunia alteri sine altero numeraretur."—'Valeri Maximi Factorum et Dictorum Memorabilium Libri Novem. Julii Paridis et Januarii Nepotiani epitomis adjectis recensuit Carolus Halm.' Lipsiæ in ædibus Teubnerianis, MDCCCLXV. Lib. vii. cap. iii. § 5.

the foot of the Apennines. Three cavaliers, who had come to the inn for refreshment, desired her to take charge of a bag of gold until all three returned together, and then rode away; presently one of the cavaliers returned, saying that he had not affixed his seal to the bag as the others had done, and, having received the bag, while pretending to seal it, the lady was called away by some of her guests, and the cavalier decamped with the money. The two others sued the lady for recovery of the bag of gold. She consulted the most eminent lawyers in Bologna, and their unanimous opinion was that she must lose the cause; but a young advocate, her daughter Gianetta's lover, undertakes her defence, and is triumphantly successful; becomes, in consequence, famous and wealthy, and duly marries the lovely Gianetta.

Wright, in his introduction to an old English metrical text of the 'Seven Wise Masters,' printed for the Percy Society, states that he had met with the story among the Latin tales of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, but could not call to mind in what collection: it is found, he adds, a little varied in detail, in the 'Nouveaux Contes à rire,' Amsterdam, 1737, under the title of "Jugement subtil du Duc d'Ossone contre deux Marchands." Apparently Wright was not aware that the story in this form occurs in one of the novels of Le Sage, 'The History of Vanillo Gonzales,' ch. xvi., which was published in 1734. The hero, while a page to the Duke of Ossuna, governor of Sicily, is met on the street one day by a young citizen of Palermo, who,

recognising by his dress that he is in the duke's service, tells him that his old father will be ruined unless the governor's influence is secured in his behalf, and prevails upon Gonzales to go home with him and hear the story from his father's own lips, which the old man relates as follows :

“ About six months ago, Charles Azarini, Peter Scannati, and Jerom Avellino, three merchants, all of them my intimate friends, came to this house, accompanied by a public notary, and bringing with them the sum of ten thousand crowns in gold, informed me that they had agreed to make me the depositary of this money, which they intended to export whenever an advantageous opportunity happened. Delivering it into my possession, they desired me to give them an undertaking in writing that I would not deliver it, or any part of it, to any one of them except in the presence of the other two ; and I accordingly entered into this engagement by executing a document which the notary prepared for this purpose. We carefully preserved the money thus deposited for the parties concerned whenever its delivery should be required. But a few nights ago, Jerom Avellino knocked loudly at my door, and on its being opened, hastily entered my room, in great agitation. ‘ Signor Giannetino,’ said he, ‘ if I break in upon the hours of repose, you must excuse the interruption from the importance of the business which occasions it. Azarini, Scannati, and myself have learnt that a Genoese vessel, richly laden, is just arrived at Messina, from which, if despatch be used,

we have an opportunity of deriving great advantage, and have therefore resolved to employ the ten thousand crowns which are in your hands. Make haste, if you please, and deliver them to me; my horse is waiting at the door, and I burn with impatience to reach Messina.' 'Signor Avellino,' said I, 'you seem to forget that I cannot part with them unless——' 'Oh no, no,' interrupted he; 'I very well recollect that it is expressed in the agreement that you are not to deliver them unless the three parties be present; but Azarini and Scannati are ill, and could not accompany me to your house; they, however, absolve you from that condition, and desire that you will deliver me the money immediately. Every moment is of consequence. Come, you have nothing to fear. You have long known me. I have always maintained the character of an honest man, and I hope you will not, by any unjust suspicion of my integrity, disturb the friendship which has subsisted between us, and be the cause of our losing the present advantageous opportunity. Do, do make haste,' continued he; 'deliver me the money instantly, or I am fearful I shall be too late at Messina.' A secret apprehension of danger, which Heaven no doubt inspired for my safety, made me hesitate a long time; but Avellino, the villain Avellino, supplicated, pressed, and tormented me in such a way that my resistance at length failed, and I foolishly delivered to him the deposit, with which he immediately disappeared."

The old man, as he uttered these words, recollecting

his imprudence, burst into a flood of tears. Gonzales' heart melted at his distress. "Do not afflict yourself," said he, endeavouring to console him; "his excellency the viceroy has much in his power. Avellino will have great difficulty to escape his vengeance." "Avellino, alas!" said the son of the old citizen, "is already at a great distance; and what is more afflicting, no sooner were Azarini and Scannati informed of the trick their associate had played, than they instantly commenced a suit against my father for the money confided to his care. This cause will be heard in the course of two days, and my poor father will in all probability be condemned to restore ten thousand crowns to the complainants." "The cause is not yet decided," exclaimed Gonzales; "and I have no doubt that the viceroy, upon being informed of the facts and circumstances, which he shall be this very day, will choose to try it himself."

Gonzales made a faithful report of this case to his excellency, who, after great attention, said to him, smiling, "I shall give such a judgment in this case as will make some noise in the world." On the following day he summoned the parties to appear before him; and when the plaintiffs had pleaded their cause, he addressed the defendant: "Giannetino," said he, "what answer have you to make to this demand?" "None, sir," replied Giannetino, elevating his shoulders and resting his chin upon his breast.—"He is right, gentlemen," said the viceroy, addressing himself to Azarini and Scannati; "he has no answer to make to your

charge. He acknowledges all that you have said, and is ready to pay you the ten thousand crowns which were deposited in your hands. But as he cannot, by the terms of the agreement, deliver them unless the three parties be actually present, do you bring Avelino into court, and you shall have the money." The numerous auditory which attended this trial no sooner heard the judgment than the court resounded with peals of applause, and it became the subject of conversation throughout Sicily.¹

But the story, so long a favourite throughout Europe, appears to be of Eastern origin, and it was in all likelihood among the earliest to migrate westward along with other Indian tales. It is found in nearly all the Eastern texts, or texts directly derived from Eastern sources, of the Book of Sindibád, of which some account will be found in another paper. The following is a prose rendering of the story from the Persian 'Sindibád Náma':

Once on a time three persons agreed among themselves to enter into partnership, have everything in common, and share one another's secrets. One was a farmer, another a merchant, and another a dealer in grain. When they had amassed a sum of money, they agreed to deposit it with an old woman of approved

¹ The novel of 'Vanillo Gonzales' is said by the editor of Le Sage's works to be of Spanish extraction—"tirée de l'Espagnol"; but this may mean no more than that Le Sage took the general plan of it from a similar Spanish novel, as in the case of his 'Diable Boiteux.'

honesty, but on this condition, that none should ask it back unless all the three were present. One of them was an expert sharper. Being with his companions in the street, he pretended that he was going to ask from the woman some clay and other substances for the bath. He approached her window, and begged her to hand him out, not what he had mentioned, but the purse. She asked, where were his two partners? He said, "They are at hand. Look from the window, and see that they are both witnesses." The woman, seeing them, gave him the purse, while his companions never suspected any mischief. The man immediately on receiving it fled to the desert, and went to another kingdom. The two friends, after waiting some time in the street, and not finding their companion return, began to suspect what had happened, and hastening in alarm to the house of the old woman, demanded the deposit. She replied, that their partner had received the money by their order and in their presence; upon which they took her before the kází, who commanded her to restore the deposit. She begged a delay of three days, which was granted. She departed weeping, and a child five years of age, whom she met in the street, inquired the cause of her distress. Upon her relating it, the child smiled and said, "Tell the kází to-morrow that when he produces the three partners before you, you are ready to restore the money." Next day she did as the child had suggested to her. The kází, in astonishment, asked her "who had pierced this pearl" [*i.e.*, who had solved

this difficult question]? She at first claimed the merit to herself; but as the kází would not believe that a woman could possess such wisdom, she confessed the truth; and whenever in future a difficulty occurred, the kází referred to that child for a solution.”¹

In the Greek text (‘Syntipas’) three merchants put their gold and silver in *three* purses. In a manuscript copy of the ‘Thousand and One Nights,’ preserved in the British Museum, which, though imperfect, contains the ‘Seven Vazírs,’ the number of merchants is *four*; they possess a thousand dínars, which they put into *one* purse, and as they are travelling they enter a garden, in which was a running stream, and having sat down and refreshed themselves, they say one to another, “Come, let us bathe in this river.” So they leave their purse with the woman who was keeper of the garden, and put off their clothes and go into the water. One of the four, who had not yet put off his clothes, said to his friends, “We have no comb; let us ask the woman for one.” The others saying, “Go, then, and ask her for one,” he went to her, and said, “Give me the purse.” But she said, “When thy companions come all together and ask for it, as they gave it me together.” The man then called out to his friends in the river, “Are you willing she should give it me?” They answered, “Yes; give it him,” thinking he meant the comb. So she gives him the purse, and off he goes with it, flying as fast as possible. At length the bathers became impatient, and putting on their clothes,

¹ See Note, “Precocious Children,” at the end of this paper.

they went to the woman and said, "Where is he to whom thou gavest the comb?" She said, "What comb? He asked me for the purse; and I was not willing to give it him till he cried out to you, and you told me to give it to him, and he took it and is gone." The conclusion is the same as that of the Persian version above quoted.—The story is well known in India at the present day: in a Canarese collection of tales it is related of four sharpers who found a purse on the road, and disputing about its possession, they agree to deposit it, in the meantime, with a respectable merchant. It also occurs in Gladwin's 'Persian Moon-shee' (No. 7 of "Pleasing Stories"), where two sharpers leave their money with an old woman; by-and-by one of them returns and gets the money; the other sues the old woman, and the kází is credited with the sagacity which in the 'Sindibád' is ascribed to a child of five years.—And now we may regard the story of Valerius Maximus with suspicion, and that of Lloyd as absolutely untrue, so far as William Noy's alleged share in the "case."

NOTE.

PRECOCIOUS CHILDREN (p. 11).

Absurd as it seems to represent a child of five years as exhibiting such sagacity, yet this occurs in all versions of the Book of Sindibád in which the story is found. It is indeed far from uncommon in Eastern tales to find children credited with solving difficulties which had puzzled grave and reverend

seigniors, and otherwise showing wonderful precocity of intellect. A well-known instance occurs in the story of the pot of olives as related in the 'Arabian Nights,' which finds some curious parallels in the tales of 'Ardshí Bordshí,' the Mongolian form of the Indian romance entitled 'Sinhásana Dwatrinsati,' Thirty-two Tales of a Throne :

A merchant intrusted his friend with a jewel to give to his wife, but the man sold it, and used the proceeds for his own purposes, and afterwards declared that he had duly delivered it. When the merchant brought his case to trial, his false friend produced two witnesses who asserted that they had seen him give the jewel to the merchant's wife, and judgment would at once have been given in his favour but for the interposition of a boy, who advised that all four should be confined in separate rooms, and each be given a piece of clay, out of which they were to make models of the jewel. But when their models were examined, only those of the merchant and his false friend were found to correspond, while those of the two suborned witnesses, who had never seen the jewel, were each different, and neither of them at all like the others. Thus was the twofold crime of the false friend made manifest by the sagacity of a boy.—A similar incident is related in Gladwin's 'Persian Moonshee' (No. 14 of "Pleasing Stories"), where a king is substituted for the boy.

In the same Mongolian collection we read of a youth who went to the wars, and, after two years' absence, he sent his father notice of his approaching return. The father made preparations for his reception, but when he arrived there appeared at the same time a person exactly like himself in form, features, and voice, who declared himself to be the true son, and the other to be an impostor. In vain was he tested regarding his knowledge of family affairs; he knew more than the real son, and there seemed no alternative but to receive him into the family, when a boy undertook to settle the question decisively. A water-jug was brought, and the boy said that the true son should be able to go inside of it. On hearing this, the son, saying that such a thing was impossible, was turning sadly away, when his "double"—who was, as the boy suspected, Shimnu, or the

devil—suddenly compressed himself, and triumphantly entered the jug (like the genie in the Arabian tale), upon which the boy clapped down the lid and imprisoned him ; and the father had no longer any doubt as to the identity of his son.

Another example of juvenile shrewdness is found in the 'Kathá Sarit Ságara,' book ii. chap. xiv. : A child of five years, who was neglected by his stepmother, resolved to punish her, and with this view he said to his father one day, "Papa, I have two papas," which made the man suspect his wife had a lover, and he refrained from visiting her. The lady, surmising that her husband's altered conduct was caused by something that her stepson had said to him against her, deemed it good policy to mollify the clever but spiteful child, so she gave him dainty food, and taking him in her lap, asked him what he had been saying to his father about her. He answered that he would say a great deal worse if she did not treat him as she did her own children, and she promised to do so in future. When his father came home, the child held a mirror before him, and, showing him his reflection, said, "That is my second father." Upon this the man dismissed his suspicions, and was immediately reconciled to his wife, whom he had blamed without cause.

THE SILENT COUPLE.

COULD any one suspect that the popular and highly humorous Scotch song, "The barrin' o' the door," had for its subject an Oriental origin, and that it is only the treatment of the subject—which is indeed admirable—that is peculiarly Scotch? The song informs us that about "Martinmas time" a goodwife was busy making puddings, and the cold wind blowing through the open door, her husband desires her to close it; but she bids him do it himself, as her hands are busily occupied: hereupon they have an altercation, until it is at length agreed that whichever of them first spoke should "get up and bar the door." For some time both remain obstinately silent; by-and-by, two travellers, passing by, see the open door, and enter the house. Having repeatedly addressed the silent couple without receiving any reply, one says to his companion:

"Do you tak' aff the auld man's beard,
While I kiss the gudewife."

Upon this the husband starts up, and indignantly

demands to know whether they would dare to kiss his wife before his face and scald himself with "puddin' bree." The gudewife then "gives three skips o'er the floor," and exultingly exclaims :

"Gudeman, ye've spoke the foremost word,
Rise up and bar the door !"

This song was recovered by Herd in 1776, and included in the second edition of his collection of Scottish Songs and Ballads. It is an improved version of an ancient song entitled "Johnie Blunt," which is found in Johnson's 'Scots Musical Museum,' published in 1790, vol. iv. p. 376, and which thus begins :

There lived a man in yonder glen,
And John Blunt was his name, O ;
He maks gude maut, and he brews gude ale,
And he bears a wondrous fame, O.

The wind blew in the hallan ae nicht,
Fu' snell out o'er the moor, O ;
"Rise up, rise up, auld Luckie," he says,
"Rise up and bar the door, O."

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure, O ;
Whae'er sud speak the foremost word,
Should rise and bar the door, O.

By-and-by *three* travellers, who had lost their way, come in, and begin to use freedoms with the wife, which Johnie resents by an expression "not fit for ears polite," when she cries :

"Aha ! Johnie Blunt, ye hae spoke the first word,
Get up and bar the door, O !"

The date of this song—which is evidently imperfect—does not seem to be known, but it is believed to be of considerable antiquity.

A musical entertainment by Prince Hoare,¹ entitled ‘No Song, no Supper,’ written in 1790, has for its plot the same incident: Crop orders his wife Dorothy to shut the door, which he had left open on coming in, “because his hands were full,” and she flatly refuses: ultimately they agree that “whoever speaks the first word shall shut the door.” So they sit doggedly silent, until a seafaring acquaintance, named Robin, comes in, and finding he cannot get either to utter a word, he tells the husband, “A good ducking at the yard-arm would put your jawing-tackle aboard, and be well employed on you—wouldn’t it, mistress?” To which she replies, “Ay, that it would—oh, I forgot!” Upon this the husband bursts into a guffaw, and says, “Now, Dorothy, go and shut the door.”

If this idea was not derived from some current English jest, it may have been taken from ‘Le Notte Piacevoli’ (the Pleasant Nights) of Straparola, printed at Venice in 1550, where the story forms the eighth Novel of the first Night, in which, as in the English dramatic piece, only one person comes in, and the husband is victorious.—The story is orally current among the Venetians as follows:

¹ Not a “prince” of the blood-royal, but a very respectable gentleman nevertheless, who wrote a considerable number of light comic pieces for the stage, some of which were very successful in their day; and a fine sea-song, ‘The Saucy Arethusa,’ which even Dibdin might have been proud to own. He was born in 1755, and died in 1835.

There was once a husband and wife. The former said to the latter, "Let us have some fritters." She replied, "What shall we do for a frying-pan?" "Go and borrow one from my godmother." "You go and get it; it is only a little way off." "Go yourself. I will take it back when we are done with it." So she went and borrowed the pan, and when she returned she said, "Here is the pan, but you must carry it back." So they cooked the fritters, and after they had eaten, the husband said, "Now let us go to work, both of us, and the one who speaks first shall carry back the pan." Then she began to spin, and he to draw his thread (for the man was a shoemaker), and all the time keeping silence, except that when he drew his thread he said, "Leulerò, leulerò," and she spinning said, "Piccià, piccià," and they said not another word. By-and-by a soldier came in and said to the man, "Cut me a girth for my horse." But he went on working away, saying, "Leulerò, leulerò," and she spinning away, saying, "Piccià, piccià." Then said the soldier, "Cut me a girth for my horse, or I'll cut your head off." But they both paid no heed to him, but went on as before. The soldier, now quite enraged, seized the man and was about to cut off his head, when the wife called out, "Ah, don't, for mercy's sake!" Upon this the man exclaimed, "Good! good! Now do you go and carry the pan back to my godmother, and I will go and cut the horse's girth."—In a Sicilian variant, the husband and wife fry some fish, and then set about their respective work, and the

one who finishes first is to eat the fish. While they are singing and whistling respectively, a friend knocks at the door, and finally walks in; speaks to the silent couple, but gets no answer; so he sits down and eats up all the fish.¹

This droll incident is the subject of several Eastern stories. In the Arabian tale of Sulayman Bey and the Three Story-Tellers, a hashish-eater, having married his pretty cousin, gave the customary feast to their relations and friends. "When the festivities were over," he goes on to relate, "I conducted my relations and guests to the door, but, from absence of mind, I neglected to shut it before returning to my wife. 'Dear cousin,' said my wife to me when we were alone, 'go and shut the street door.' 'It would be strange indeed if I did,' I replied. 'Am I just made a bridegroom, clothed in silk, wearing a shawl and a dagger set with diamonds, and am I to go and shut the door? Why, my dear, you are crazy—go and shut it yourself.' 'Oh, indeed!' she exclaimed, 'am I, young, robed in a satin dress, with lace and precious stones—am I to go and shut the street door? No, indeed; it is you who have become crazy, and not I. Come, let us make a bargain,' she continued, 'and let the first who speaks go and fasten the door.' 'Agreed,' I replied, and straightway I became mute, and she too was silent, while we both sat down, dressed as we were in our nuptial attire, looking

¹ Crane's 'Italian Popular Tales,' pp. 284, 285.

at each other, and seated on opposite sofas. We remained thus for one—two hours. During this time thieves happened to pass by, and, seeing the door open, entered and laid hold of whatever came to their hands. We heard footsteps in the house, but opened not our mouths; the robbers came even into our room, and saw us seated, motionless and indifferent to all that took place. They continued their pillage, therefore, collecting together everything valuable, and even dragging away the carpets from beneath us; they then laid hands on our own persons, which they despoiled of every article worth taking, while we, in fear of losing our wager, said not a word. Having thus cleared the house, the thieves departed quietly, but we remained on our seats, saying not a syllable. Towards morning a police officer came round on his tour of inspection, and, seeing our door open, walked in. Having searched all the rooms and found no one, he entered the apartment where we were seated, and inquired the meaning of what he saw. Neither my wife nor I would condescend to reply. The officer became angry, and ordered our heads to be cut off. The executioner's sword was just about to perform its office, when my wife cried out, 'Sir, he is my husband, spare him!' 'Oh, oh!' I exclaimed, overjoyed and clapping my hands, 'you have lost the wager; go and shut the door.' I then explained the whole affair to the police-officer, who shrugged his shoulders and went away, leaving us in a truly dismal plight."

To the same effect is another Arabian story, in Beloe's 'Oriental Apologues,' translated for him by Dr Russel, from a manuscript collection of tales which the latter had procured at Aleppo: A man comes home one night and asks his wife to prepare his supper. She places before him some dry, stale bread. "Why, my dear," says he, "who on earth can eat such dry, hard bread as this?" "Get up and moisten it, then," replied the wife. "No, you must do it," said he. "I'll do nothing of the sort," rejoined his loving spouse; "I'm tired, and shan't budge an inch." So they went on, growing more and more obstinate. At length they determined, by mutual consent, that whoever should speak the first word should get up and moisten the bread. In this interesting situation they remained for a considerable time, when one of their neighbours accidentally dropped in. "Good evening," said the visitor. They said nothing. "What's the matter?" continued he; "why are you silent?" They said nothing. "You are a man," said he to the husband; "why don't you speak?" He said nothing. He kissed his wife, but the man said nothing. He gave him a blow on the cheek, but the man said nothing. Irritated, he at length went to the kází, and complained that he could not make the man speak: he was committed to prison; still he said nothing. Next morning he was again brought before the kází; still he said nothing. The kází ordered him to be hanged for contumacy. When the sentence was on the point of being exe-

cuted, the wife appeared, and in the most pitiable tone exclaimed, "Alas, my unfortunate husband!" "You devil," said he, "go home and moisten the bread."

There is a Turkish version, in which only men are the principal actors, in the romance of the 'Forty Vazírs';¹ and for the following rendering of it I am indebted to my friend Mr E. J. W. Gibb (author of 'Ottoman Poems,' the 'Story of Jewád,' etc.), who is preparing for publication a complete English translation of that interesting collection :

Some bang-eaters,² while out walking, found a sequin. They said, "Let us go to a cook, and buy food and eat." So they went and entered a cook's shop, and said, "Master, give us a sequin's worth of food." The cook prepared all kinds of food, and loaded a porter with it; and the bang-eaters took him without the city, where there was a ruined tomb, which they entered and sat down in, and the porter deposited the food and went away. The bang-eaters began to partake of the food, when suddenly one of them said, "The door is open—stay, do one of you shut the door, else some other bang-eaters will come and annoy us; even though they be friends, they will do the deeds of foes." One of them replied, "Go thou and shut the door," and they fell a-quarrelling. At length one said, "Come, let us agree that whichever of us first speaks

¹ See Note, "Book of the Forty Vazírs," at the end of this paper.

² Bang is a preparation of hemp and coarse opium. In the East hemp is a soft fibreless plant, of no textile value, saturated with narcotic juice, from which hashish is made.

or laughs, shall rise and fasten the door." They all agreed to this proposal, and left the food and sat quite still. Suddenly a great number of dogs came in: not one of the bang-eaters stirred or spoke, for if one spoke he would have to rise and shut the door, so they spoke not. The dogs made an end of the food, and ate it all up. Just then another dog leapt in from without, but no food remained. Now one of the bang-eaters had partaken of everything, and some of the food remained about his mouth and on his beard. That newly-come dog licked up the particles of food that were on the bang-eater's breast, and while he was licking up those about his mouth, he took his lip for a piece of meat and bit it. The bang-eater did not stir, for he said within himself, "They will tell me to shut the door." But to ease his soul he cried "Ough!" inwardly cursing the dog. When the other bang-eaters heard him make that noise, they said, "Rise, fasten the door." He replied, "'After loss, attention'; now that the food is gone and my lip is wounded, what is the use of shutting that door? Through negligence and folly ye have let this great good slip." And crying, "Woe, alas!" they each went away in a different direction.

Perhaps the germ of the foregoing versions is to be found in the Indian tale of the Four Simple Brāhmanas,¹ in which the noodles dispute with each other

¹ Translated from the Tamil, in the Abbé Dubois' 'Description of the People of India.'

the palm for superior *stupidity*, and, before a duly constituted court, each in his turn gravely relates the most foolish thing he has done in the course of his life. The Third Bráhmaṇ recounts how he one night peevishly told his wife that all women were babblers, to which she retorted that she knew some men who babbled quite as much as women. Taking this remark as meant for himself in particular, he wagered a betel-leaf (an article of no value) that she would speak before he did. To this she agreed, and both went to sleep. Next morning they remained in bed till an advanced hour; and their relations, having knocked at their door and received no response, sent for a carpenter to break it open, fearing that they were both sick—perhaps dead. On the door being broken open, the relatives, discovering them both in good health, inquired the reason of such extraordinary conduct, but they remained silent. So they concluded that both were possessed with demons, and sent for a celebrated magician to exorcise them; but the fee he demanded was so great that one of the relations, suspecting the real state of the affair, undertook himself to cure them both of their dumbness, and thus save all expense. Taking a small bar of gold, and heating it to a very high degree, he applied it successively to the husband's forehead, arms, breast, legs, and the soles of his feet; but all this excruciating torture he heroically endured without even uttering a cry of pain. Proceeding next to the woman, no sooner had the hot bar come in con-

tact with her tender epidermis than she screamed, "Enough! enough!" Then, turning to her husband, "There," said she, "is your leaf of betel." The exulting husband exclaimed, "Did I not tell you that you would be the first to speak, and that you would prove by your own conduct that I was right in saying last evening that women are all babblers?" When the relations were informed of the whole affair, "Never," said they—"never in the whole world was there seen such folly!"

Every popular tale has its history, according to Baring-Gould; but this is not always ascertainable. The story of the Silent Couple was probably introduced into Europe and diffused orally at first, and if so, its Western history must be sunk in the sands of time. Possibly it may be found in one of the immense Latin collections made by monkish writers in mediæval times—when some future enthusiastic story-hunter undertakes the Herculean labour of searching into them!

NOTE.

THE BOOK OF THE FORTY VAZÍRS (p. 22).

This Turkish collection of tales, entitled 'Qırq Vazır'—the frame of which is similar to that of the Book of Sindibád—is said to have been composed, during the reign of Sultan Murád II., by Shaykh Zâda, after an Arabian work entitled 'The Forty Mornings and Evenings.' Shaykh Zâda is not a proper

name ; it signifies, simply, the offspring of a shaykh, and, employed by an author, it must be considered as a *nom de plume*, indicating, however, the quality of his parentage. In the early years of the last century a portion of this collection was translated into French by Petis de la Croix, from which it was rendered into English, and included in Weber's 'Tales of the East.' Of the Arabian original nothing seems to be known. It is thought that the original work was of earlier date than the 14th century. Des Longchamps, in his 'Essai sur les Fables Indiennes,' etc., has pointed out the close resemblance between one of the tales of the 'Forty Vazirs' and the fifth Novel of the tenth Day of Boccaccio's 'Decameron,' and observes that its presence in the latter proves that the Arabian original of the 'Forty Vazirs' was anterior to the 14th century, or that its author had gone to some more ancient collection. The story to which he refers forms one of the 'Twenty-five Tales of a Demon—the tenth of the version incorporated in the 'Kathá Sarit Ságara'—and is probably of Buddhistic origin. The Franklin's Tale of Dorigen, in Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales,' is similar to Boccaccio's novel ; indeed, the story is known all over the world. In a forthcoming publication, for the Chaucer Society, I have given many analogues, from Sanskrit, Burmese, Persian, Hebrew, Turkish, Italian, Gaelic, etc.

THE SHARPERS AND THE SIMPLETON.

ANDREW BORDE, a Carthusian monk before the Reformation in England, afterwards one of the physicians to Henry VIII.—and an eccentric, mirth-loving good fellow he seems to have been from all accounts—is the putative author of a collection of *facetiae* entitled ‘The Jestes of Scogin,’ or Scogan, one of which is the following :

“Scogin and his chamber-fellow, lacking money, Scogin said, ‘If thou wilt be ruled after me, we will go to Thame¹ market, where we shall overtake, going or coming, some that drive sheep: now do as I shall tell thee, and we will get some money.’ And as they went to Thame they did see a man drive sheep. Then said Scogin to his fellow, ‘Go thou before, and make bargain with him that the sheep be no sheep, but hogs; and when that thou hast made a full bargain, ask by whom the matter shall be tried; and then say thou, by him that shall next overtake us.’ The scholar did overtake him that drove the sheep, and said, ‘Well

¹ Thame, in Oxfordshire.

overtaken, my friend; from whence hast thou brought these fine hogs?' 'Hogs!' quoth the fellow, 'they be sheep.' Said the scholar, 'You begin to jest.' 'Nay, sir,' said the fellow, 'I speak in good earnest.' 'Art thou in earnest?' said the scholar. 'Thou wilt lay no wager with me to the contrary?' 'Yes, by the bone of a pudding, I will lay all the money in my purse.' 'How much is that?' said the scholar. The fellow said, 'I have two shillings.' Said the scholar, 'That is nothing. Wilt thou lay half thy hogs and two shillings, and I will lay as much against it? Strike hands, and he that loseth shall pay.' 'Be it so,' said the fellow. 'Now,' said the scholar, 'by whom shall we be tried?' The fellow said, 'We shall be tried in the town of Thame.' 'Nay,' said the scholar, 'Thame is out of my way; let us be tried by him that shall next overtake us.' 'Be it so,' said the fellow. By-and-by Scogin did overtake them, saying, 'Well overtaken, good fellows.' 'Welcome, master,' said the scholar and the fellow. 'Master,' said the fellow, 'here is a scholar of Oxford hath made a bargain with me of two shillings and half of my sheep that they be hogs that I do drive before me.' Scogin did set up a laughing, saying, 'Alack, good fellow, dost thou think these be sheep?' 'Yea, sir,' said the fellow. 'Alack, good fellow, thou hast lost thy bargain,' said Scogin, 'for they be fair hogs.' Then said the scholar, 'Give me my money and divide these hogs, for I must have half of them.' 'Alack,' said the fellow, 'I bought these for sheep, and not

for hogs; I am undone.' 'Nay,' said Scogin, 'I will be indifferent between you both; let the scholar have the two shillings, and take thou the hogs away with thee.' The fellow said, 'Blessed be the time that ever you were born! Hold, scholar, there is two shillings.' The fellow was glad he lost not his hogs, which were sheep."

The story again appears, with some variations, in 'The Sacke-Full of Newes,' probably printed, says Mr W. C. Hazlitt, as early as 1558, where the man is represented as driving *hogs*, and the two sharpers persuade him they are sheep, the first "coney-catcher" wagering his coat against one of the "sheep," and, unlike Scogin and his comrade, he selects the fattest of the hogs. "What became of him [*i.e.*, the hoggard] afterwards I cannot tell; only this much I know, that he was deceived by those two crafty fellows of one of his hogs. But they immediately met one the other again, and sold the hog for money, and rejoiced that they fared so well, not knowing how to have otherwise sustained their wants." And in a manuscript of the time of Charles I., printed by Mr J. Payne Collier in his 'Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company,' the exploit is ascribed to George Peele, the dramatist, and John Singer, the actor. This is in verse, and does not differ materially from the version in the 'Sacke-Full of Newes.'

In a note on the jest of Scogin, Mr Hazlitt says he does not know "whether this tale is to be found in

earlier books, or related of any one before Scogin's time." Variants of the same story, in which the fundamental outline is clearly discoverable, are, in fact, found in the folk-tales of nearly every European country.

One of the tales of the Anglican 'Gesta Romanorum,' edited for the Roxburghe Club by Sir Frederick Madden, is to this effect: A physician named Averoy's is successful in curing the emperor of an obstinate disease, and is rewarded by his royal patient with fair gifts, and retained in the palace as one of the imperial household. Three other doctors, envious of his great good fortune, conspire to ruin Averoy's. They go out of the city, and station themselves on the road along which he usually passed on his visits to patients in the suburbs, a mile or so apart from each other. As Averoy's passes the first doctor, he is told that he is a leper. The second and the third successively make the same observation to him; and Averoy's, now thoroughly frightened, hastens home, and informs the emperor that he is smitten with leprosy. But the emperor, instead of causing him to be thrust from the city, as his enemies anticipated, expresses his concern, and assures him of his continued friendship. Averoy's then takes a bath of goats' blood, and finds that the leprosy was only in his imagination. He informs the emperor of the wicked trick that had been put upon him by the three envious doctors, who are then, by the emperor's orders, dragged to

the gallows at the tails of horses, and hanged—without benefit of clergy.¹

A droll variant occurs in the old English jest-book, 'Merry Tales and Quick Answers,' No. lviii., entitled "Of the fool that thought hym selfe deed"; this is how it goes:

"There was a felowe dwellynge at Florence, called Nigniaca, whiche was nat verye wyse, nor all a foole, but merye and iocunde. A sorte² of yonge men, for to laughe and pastyme, appoynted to gether to make hym beleue that he was sycke. So, whan they were agreed howe they wolde do, one of them mette hym in the mornynge, as he came out of his house, and bade hym good morowe, and than asked him if he were nat yl at ease? No, quod the foole, I ayle nothyng, I thanke God. By my faith, ye haue a sickely pale colour, quod the other, and wente his waye. Anone after, an other of them mette hym, and asked hym if he had nat an ague, for your face and colour (quod he) sheweth that ye be very sycke. Than the foole beganne a lyttel to doubt, whether he were sycke or no, for he halfe beleued that they sayd truth. Whan he had gone a lytel farther, the thyrde man mette hym and sayde: Jesu! manne, what do you out of your bed? Ye loke as ye wold nat lyue an houre to an ende. Nowe he doubted greatly, and

¹ Madden, No. xx. p. 57; Herrtage, p. 67. The story is much abridged in the text translated by Swan.

² Knot or party.

thought verily in his mynde that he had hadde some sharpe ague; wherefore he stode styll and wolde go no further; and, as he stode, the fourth man came and sayde: Jesu! man, what dost thou here, and arte so sycke? Gette the home to thy bedde, for I perceyue thou canst nat lyue an houre to an ende. Than the fole's harte beganne to feynte, and [he] prayde this laste man that came to hym to helpe hym home. Yes, quod he, I wyll do as moche for the as for myn owne brother.

“So home he brought hym, and layde him in his bed, and than he fared with hym selfe, as though he wolde gyue vp the gooste. Forth with came the other felowes, and saide he hadde well done to lay hym in his bedde. Anone after, came one whiche toke on hym to be a phisitian; whiche, touchynge the pulse, sayde the malady was so vehement, that he could nat lyue an houre. So they, standynge aboute the bedde, sayde one to an other, Nowe he gothe his way; for his speche and syght fayle hym; by and by he wyll yelde vp the goste. Therefore, lette vs close his eyes, and laye his hands a crosse, and cary hym forth to be buried. And than they sayde lamentynge one to an other, O! what a losse haue we of this good felowe, our frende!

“The foole laye styll, as one [that] were deade; yea, and thought in his mynde, that he was deade in dede. So they layde hym on a bere, and caryed hym through the cite. And whan any body asked them what they caryed, they sayd, the corps of Nigniaca to his graue. And euer as they went, people drew about them.

Among the prece¹ ther was a tauerners boy, the whiche, whan he herde that it was the cors of Nigniaca, he said to them, O! what a vile beastly knaue, and what a stronge thefe is deed! by the masse, he was well worthy to haue ben hanged longe ago. Whan the fole harde those wordes, he put out his heed and sayd, I wys, horeson, if I were alyue nowe, as I am deed, I wolde proue the a false lyer to thy face. They, that caryed him, began to laugh so hartilye, that they sette downe the bere and wente theyr waye.

“By this tale ye may se, what the perswasion of many doth. Certaynly he is very wyse, that is nat inclined to foly, if he be stered therevnto by a multitude. Yet sapience is founde in fewe persones: and they be lyghtly² olde sobre men.”³

But more akin to the version in the ‘Jests of Scogin’ is one of the tricks of the renowned German rogue, Tyl

¹ Crowd.

² Usually.

³ ‘Mery Tales, Wittie Questions, and Quicke Answeres, very pleasant to be Readdē.’ Imprinted at London by H. Wykes, 1567.—This quaint little work is reprinted, with useful and interesting notes, in the First Series of ‘Shakspeare Jest-Books,’ edited by Mr W. Carew Hazlitt (London: 1864).—The story was probably taken from the *Facetiæ* of Poggius, where it is entitled “*Mortuus Loquens*,” which was reproduced by Grazzini in his collection, which was not printed till after his death. There are many modern variants of the story. In the Turkish jest-book which purports to relate the witless sayings of the Khoja Nasr-ed-Din, he is persuaded that he is dead, and allows himself to be stretched on a bier and carried to the cemetery. On the way, the bearers, coming to a miry place, said, “We will rest here,” and began to talk together, upon which the Khoja, raising his head, remarked, “If I were alive, I would get out of this place as soon as possible”—an incident which is also found in a Hindú story-book.

Eulenspiegel, a work which, according to Görres' 'Folksbücher,' was first published in the Lower Saxon dialect in 1485, and of which an English translation was printed by William Copland at London about the year 1550, under the title of 'A Merrie Jest of a Man that was called Howleglas.' The story referred to is entitled, "How Howleglas, by False Witnesses, obtained a new piece of Cloth." Howleglas goes to a fair, and seeing a peasant purchase a piece of green cloth, begins to consider how he might obtain it for his own use. He presently meets with a priest of his acquaintance, and his companion, "a malicious rogue like himself," and they agree, for a consideration, to bear him out in his proposed assertion to the countryman, in order to induce the poor fellow to make a wager that his piece of cloth was not green, but blue. The arch-rogue then goes up to the peasant and asks him where he bought that fine blue cloth, to which the man replies that the cloth is green, as any one who had eyes might see for himself. To be brief, a wager is laid, and the question is to be decided by the first man who passes. The priest's companion then comes up, and on the question being referred to him, he pronounces the cloth to be blue. Upon this the peasant roundly asserts that "they are both in a tale," but he consents to abide by the judgment of the priest, who now approaches. The churchman, of course, declares for the blue colour, and the poor rustic, though still unconvinced, at length surrenders the cloth, which the rogues cut up into winter garments for themselves.

A similar exploit to this of the German rogue is related in the Spanish work 'El Conde Lucanor'; and, according to Dunlop, in the eighth novel of the Italian Fortini, "a countryman is persuaded at market, by the repeated asseverations of the bystanders, that the kids he had for sale were capons, and disposes of them as such." In a variant current in Mecklenburg, a farmer is induced, in the same way, to believe that the calf he was leading to market is a goose. And there is an Arabian version in the tale of "The First Sharper in the Cave"—vol. vi. of Jonathan Scott's edition of the 'Arabian Nights Entertainments'—in which forty butchers at market combine to persuade a youth that the calf he had brought thither for sale is a she-goat; but he is afterwards amply revenged upon them.¹

¹ A tale in the Turkish jest-book seems imitated from the Arabian version: The Khoja had a lamb, and his friends devised a plan to get a share of it. One of them met him, as if by accident, and said, "What do you intend to do with this lamb, O Khoja? To-morrow is the Last Day; come, let us kill and eat it." The Khoja paid little attention to him. A second companion came up, and said the same; in short, they all came up, and said the same, till at length the Khoja professed to believe them. "Since it is thus," quoth he, "be welcome, my friends; let us go to-day into the fields and kill the lamb, and pass our last moments merrily in a little feast." They all agreed, and took the lamb and went into the fields. "Oh, my friends," said the Khoja, "do you all amuse yourselves while I cook the lamb." So they all took off their cloaks and turbans, laid them beside him, and went away to stroll about the plain. Without delay the Khoja lighted a great fire, threw all the clothes into it, and began to cook the lamb. Shortly afterwards his friends say to one another, "Let us see what the lamb is like, and eat it." They approached, and seeing that the Khoja had thrown all their clothes into the fire, "Art thou mad?" cried they. "Why hast thou destroyed our clothes?" "Oh, sirs," answered the Khoja, "do you not, then, believe your own words, with

Under the title of "Ass or Pig?" in Miss Busk's 'Folk-Lore of Rome,' we seem to have a variant of the Arabian story last cited: A countryman was going along a road driving a pig. "Let's have a bit of fun with that fellow," said the porter of the monastery to the father superior, as they saw him approaching. "I'll call his pig an ass," continued the porter, "and of course he'll say it's a pig; then I shall laugh at him for not knowing better, and he will grow angry. Then I'll say, 'Well, will you have the father superior to settle the dispute? and if he decides I am right, I shall keep the beast for myself.' Then you come and say it is an ass, and we'll keep it." The father superior agreed with a hearty laugh, and as soon as the rustic came up, the porter did all as he had arranged. The countryman was so sure of his case, that he willingly submitted to the arbitration of the father superior, but great was his dismay when that holy man decided against him, and so he had to go home without his pig. But he resolved to have his revenge. So, disguised as a girl, he obtains admittance into the monastery, and is allowed to sleep all night in the superior's chamber. Early in the morning he gives the superior a severe drubbing, crying at each blow, "Don't-I know an ass from a pig?" In the course of the same day he returns to the monastery disguised as a doctor, and undertakes to cure the superior of his wounds and bruises, on the condition that the community all go out in search of a

which you have persuaded me? If to-morrow be the Last Day, what need have you of clothes?"

certain herb; and while they are absent he whacks the superior more soundly than before. On the return of the brethren the superior penitently confesses his fault, and causes the pig to be restored to the countryman.¹

The story is of Eastern origin, and seems to have been brought to Europe by Jacques de Vitry (Jacobus de Vitriaco), who was made Bishop of Accon (Acre) in Palestine, 1217, where he took an active part in the Crusades, and who died at Rome in 1240. From the 'Sermones' of de Vitry it was taken into the 'Liber de Donis' of Etienne de Bourbon, a member of the Dominican order, who died in 1261, from which the story of the envious physicians in the 'Gesta Romanorum' was probably imitated. It reappears in a later collection, 'Dialogus Creaturarum,' by an otherwise unknown author, Nicolaus Pergamenus, which, according to Græsse, cannot be earlier than the middle of the fourteenth century. This work was first printed in Latin,

¹ In a Norse story (Dasent's 'Tales from the Fjeld') an old hunk cheats a poor lad out of his pig, by giving him only fourpence for it, pretending that was all it was worth. The lad, in revenge, puts on a beard, and a stout rope and whip in his pocket, goes to see the old rascal, and offers himself as a builder. As the "builder" requires a big tree, they both go into the forest, where the lad selects a tree, and bids old hunk go to the other side of the tree to see if their hands can meet. When hunk has embraced the tree with both arms, the lad fastens his hands to the tree with the rope, and then gives him a rare thrashing, exclaiming, "This is the lad that sold the pig!" Next day he visits him in the capacity of a doctor, but no one is to be present while he cures hunk: should he cry, his people are not to mind him, for the more he cries the sooner he will be well, and so he thrashes him again, saying, "This is the lad that sold the pig!"

at Gouda, in 1480, and an English translation of it, entitled 'Dialogues of Creatures Moralised,' was printed in 1518. In the latter the story is thus related (the spelling modernised):

"On a time a rioter said to his fellows, when he saw a poor man bear a lamb to the market to sell, 'Will ye have the lamb that he beareth to market?' And they said, 'Yea, with good will.' And he ordained his fellows to stand in divers places as the poor man should come, and each of them should ask if he would sell the dog that he bare. And when the first asked him, he answered and said, 'It is not a dog, but a lamb.' And when they had met with him all, and asked so, the simple man believed that the lamb was a dog, and so let them have it for little or nought."

It also occurs, in a slightly different form, in the selection of mediæval Latin Stories edited by Wright for the Percy Society, No. 27, "De Rustico et Agni," which may be translated as follows:

"A certain countryman brought a lamb to the market. On his entering into the town six crafty hirelings met him, one of whom said to the others, 'We can well have that lamb from the rustic if we wish.' And when they asked the way, he said, 'Let us separate ourselves mutually through six streets, so that none of us may be with another, and let each one of you ask if the countryman wishes to sell his dog.' This was done, and they accosted him in turn. And when the rustic swore that it was a lamb, the other said that it was a dog. At length, compelled by shame,

because it had been said so often, and by so many, that it was a dog, he says to the sixth, 'I don't wish to sell it, but accept it for nothing, and don't envy me any more (in the name of God).'

¹

We must now turn to the Eastern source of this widely diffused tale—namely, the Fables of Bidpaï, or Pilpay. In the oldest Sanskrit collection of these celebrated apologues, the 'Panchatantra,' it is the third fable of the third section; and in its abridged form, the 'Hitopadesa' (ch. iv. fab. 10), it is thus told, according to Professor Johnson's translation:

In the forest of Gautama was a Bráhmán ready for a sacrifice, who, having gone to another village and purchased a goat, laid it upon his shoulder, and as he was returning he was seen by three rogues, who having agreed that, if by any contrivance that goat could be got possession of, it would be the height of cleverness, seated themselves by the foot of three trees, by the wayside, along that Bráhmán's path. Presently the Bráhmán was thus accosted by one rogue, "O Bráhmán, how is it that you carry a dog on your shoulder?" "It is not a dog," replied the Bráhmán; "it is a goat for sacrifice." Soon afterwards the same was repeated by the second rogue, stationed at the

¹ In the 'Liber de Donis,' No. 339, the sharpers are three in number, and the rustic is persuaded by them to believe his lamb is a dog, and gives it to them. The story is reproduced in the 'Nights' of Straparola, N. 1, Nov. 3; in the 'Facétieux devis et plaisant contes, par le Sieur du Moulinet'; and also in Gueulette's Tartar Tales (the "Young Calender"), an interesting story-book, written in imitation of the 'Arabian Nights.'

distance of a *kos*. On hearing that, the Bráhmaṇ laid the goat on the ground, and after looking at it again and again, he replaced it on his shoulder, and walked on with a mind waving like a swing. The Bráhmaṇ, on hearing the address of the third rogue, feeling convinced of his mistake, abandoned the goat, washed himself,¹ and went home. The goat meanwhile was taken and eaten by the rogues.

The Arabic, Hebrew, Greek, Syriac, Persian, and Latin versions of the Fables of Bidpai have also the story; this is how it is related in the later Syriac Arabic text of 'Kalfla wa Dimna':

"It is said that a certain ascetic bought a fat ram to offer as a sacrifice. As he was leading it home, there met him three rogues who lay in wait for him at three different places. The first one said to him, 'What are you going to do with that dog, which you are leading along by a cord?' The next one said to him, 'Do you want to hunt game, O ascetic, with that dog?' And the third one met him and said to him, 'Ascetics and hermits truly do not use dogs; so this man is no ascetic.' When the poor ascetic heard these words from those rogues, he let go the sheep and left it in their hands, saying within himself, 'Perhaps those who sold me this sheep bewitched my eyes, and instead of a sheep gave me a dog.'"

The story is also found in the 'Kathá Sarit Ságara,' Book x. ch. 62, where the Bráhmaṇ is "seen by many

¹ Because he had touched, as he believed, a dog, which is considered, both by Hindús and Muhammedans, as an unclean animal.

rogues": first one comes up to him, next two others, and finally three more—six in all, which is the number of "hirelings" in the second of the Latin versions cited above; the victim is cheated by three rogues in the several versions of Bidpai's Fables, in Tyl Eulenspiegel, and in the 'Gesta' imitation; by only two in our old English jests: the number of "rioters" is not mentioned in the 'Creatures Moralised.' In three versions—namely, Tyl Eulenspiegel, the Arabian, and our second Latin tale—the rustic is not deceived, although he yields up, in one case, his cloth, in the second his calf, and in the third his lamb.

We have thus traced Scogin's jest as far back as the 5th century, the date of the 'Panchatantra,' according to Dr H. H. Wilson; but since Professor Benfey has shown that the outlines of most of these fables are of Buddhistic origin, the story of the Bráhmaṇ and the Sharpers may be older than the present era.

It is curious to find Macaulay giving a very garbled version of the Bráhmaṇ and the Goat (which reappears in our English rendering of the 'Fables of Pilpay,' the sixth edition of which was published in 1789, and is now before me) in his scathing criticism of Robert Montgomery's so-called Poems: He represents one of three sharpers as coming up to a Bráhmaṇ, and *pulling a dog out of a sack*, offering him *this fine sheep* for sale. The second and third rascals come up in

succession, and declare the dog to be a sheep; at length the Bráhmañ, believing that he must be under the influence of an optical delusion, purchases the dog, and discovering on going home that he has been tricked, he is "smitten with a sore disease in all his joints!"—Possibly Macaulay thus perverted the story to render it apposite: the *sharppers* were the venal reviewers; the *dog* was Robert Montgomery's twaddle, which they asserted was true poetry; and the *Bráhmañ* was the public, who were gulled by false knaves!

THE COBBLER AND THE CALF.

IN a fragment of an old magazine—most probably printed about the year 1820—the title of which was wanting, I found the following diverting story, which has its parallels among divers peoples :

A butcher having purchased a calf at the town of Lewes, in Essex, was riding home with it strapped before him, when he stopped at a wayside tavern and called for a draught of ale. A droll cobbler, who happened to be lounging at the door, offered to the landlord to steal the calf from the butcher for sixpenny-worth of grog, which, being agreed to, he set off, and dropped one new shoe in the path, near the middle of a wood, through which the butcher had to pass, and another shoe about a quarter of a mile farther on. When the butcher came to where the first shoe lay, he did not think it worth the trouble of picking up ; but coming upon the other, he thought that he might as well have a pair of new shoes for nothing as any one else, and accordingly dismounted, and, tying his horse to the hedge, went back to pick up the first

shoe. Meanwhile the crafty cobbler unstrapped the calf, took a short cut across the fields to the tavern, and gave it to the landlord, who placed it in his barn. The butcher returned in a state of great excitement, and informed the landlord of the loss he had just sustained. The landlord offered to sell him a calf to replace the one that had been stolen from him, and the butcher unwittingly bought his own calf of the landlord, and rode off with it. The cobbler, having undertaken to steal it again, hastened to the wood, where he hid himself till the butcher approached, when he imitated the cry of a calf so well that the butcher, thinking it to be the one he had lost, got off his horse and began to search the wood: meanwhile the cobbler again unfastened the calf, and had returned to the tavern before the butcher had arrived to tell of his second misfortune, which he ascribed to downright witchcraft. The whole affair was then explained to him, and the good-natured butcher laughed heartily at the joke, and paid for a crown's worth of punch, of which he himself partook with mine host and the clever son of St. Crispin.

In most versions of this tale the hero is a clever young thief, as in the Gaelic story of the Shifty Lad, whose first master, called the Black Rogue, he very soon surpasses in skill and adroitness:

At the end of a few weeks there was to be a wedding in the neighbourhood; and it was the custom of the country, when any who were well off were asked,

that they should send some gift or other to the people of the wedding. There was a rich tenant, and he was asked; and he desired his herd to go to the mountain moor and bring home a wether for the people of the wedding. The herd went up the mountain and he got the wether, and he was going home with it; and he had it on his back when he was going past the house of the Black Rogue. Said the Shifty Lad to his master, "What wager wilt thou lay that I do not steal the wether from the back of that man yet before he reaches the house?" Said the Black Rogue, "I will lay thee a wager of a hundred marks that thou canst not: how shouldst thou steal the thing that is on his back?" "Howsoever I do it, I will try it," said the Shifty Lad. "Well, then, if thou dost it," said the Black Rogue, "I will give thee a hundred marks." "It is a bargain," said the Shifty Lad; and with that he went away after the herd.

The herd had to go through a wood, and the Shifty Lad took the ground that was hidden from him until he got before him; and he put some dirt in his shoe, and he set his shoe on the road before the herd, and he himself went in hiding. And when the herd came forward and saw the shoe, he said, "But thou art dirty, and though thou art, if thy fellow were there I would clean thee;" and he went past. The Shifty Lad lifted the shoe, and ran round about and was before the herd, and he put his other shoe on the road before him. When the herd came forward and saw the other shoe on the road before him, he said to himself,

“But there is the fellow of the dirty shoe.” He set the wether on the ground, and said to himself, “I will return now, and get the dirty shoe, and clean it, and I shall have two good shoes for my trouble;” and he ran swiftly back again. The Shifty Lad ran swiftly and stole the wether, and took with him the two shoes; and he went home to the Black Rogue, and got a hundred marks from him.

The herd went home and told his master how it had befallen him. His master scolded him; and the next day he sent him again up the mountain to seek a kid instead of the wether he had lost. He went away to the hill, and got hold of a kid and tied it; then he put it on his back and went homeward with it. The Shifty Lad saw him, and went into the wood; and he was there before the herd and went in hiding, and began bleating like the wether. The herd thought that it was the wether that was in it; and he put the kid off his back and left it at the side of the road and went to seek the wether. At the time when the herd was seeking the wether, the Shifty Lad went and stole the kid and went home with it to the Black Rogue. When the herd went back to where he had left the kid, it was gone, and when he could not find it, he went home and told his master how it had befallen him. And his master scolded him, but there was no help for it.

On the next day the tenant asked his herd to go up the mountain and bring home a stot, and to be sure that he did not lose it. The herd went up the

mountain and got a good fat stot. And as he was driving it home the Shifty Lad saw him, and said to the Black Rogue, "Come along, and we will try to steal the stot from the herd when he is going through the wood with it." The Black Rogue and the Shifty Lad went away to the wood before the herd. And when the herd was going through the wood with the stot, the Black Rogue was in one place baa-ing, and the Shifty Lad in another place bleating like a goat. The herd heard them, and thought that he would get the wether and the kid again. He tied the stot to a tree, and went all about the wood seeking the wether and the kid; and he sought them till he was tired. While he was seeking the wether and the kid, the Shifty Lad went and stole the stot, and took it home with him to the house of the Black Rogue. When the herd came back to the tree where he had left the stot tied, the stot was not there, and he knew that it had been stolen. He went home and told his master how it had happened, and his master scolded him, but there was no help for it. The next day his master asked him to go up the mountain and bring home a wether, and not let it off his back till he should come home, whatever he might see or hear. So the herd went away and got a wether, and he succeeded in taking it home.¹

Possibly the direct source of the Gaelic story is to be found in the Norse tale of the Master-Thief, in

¹ Campbell's 'Tales of the West Highlands,' vol. i. pp. 324-327.

which a youth, in order to qualify himself as one of a gang of robbers, undertakes to steal an ox from a man as he drives it to market, without the man's knowledge, and without doing him any personal injury. The youth set off, and took with him a pretty shoe, with a silver buckle on it, which lay about the house; and he put the shoe in the road along which the man was going with his ox; and when he had done that, he went into the wood and hid himself under a bush. So when the man came by he saw the shoe at once. "That's a nice shoe," said he; "if I only had the fellow to it I'd take it home with me, and perhaps I'd put my old dame in a good humour for once." (For you must know he had an old wife so cross and snappish, it was not long between each time she boxed his ears.) But then he bethought him that he could do nothing with the odd shoe unless he had the fellow to it; so he went on his way, and let the shoe lie on the road. Then the youth took up the shoe, and made all the haste he could to get before the man by a short cut through the wood, and laid it down before him in the road again. When the man came along with his ox, he got quite angry with himself for being so dull as to leave the fellow to the shoe lying in the road instead of taking it with him; so he tied the ox to the fence, and said to himself, "I may just as well run back and pick up the other, and then I'll have a pair of good shoes for my old dame, and so perhaps I'll get a kind word from her for once." So he set off, and hunted and hunted up and down for the shoe, but no

shoe did he find, and at length he had to go back with the one he had. But meanwhile the youth had taken the ox and gone off with it. The poor man returns home and takes another ox to sell, and this the clever youth contrives by another ingenious trick to steal also. Home again the man goes and takes his third and only remaining ox, which the youth also undertakes to steal; and this he does by means of the same trick as that employed by the cobbler of our English story in his second exploit. The youth conceals himself in the wood until the man approached, when he set up a dreadful bellowing, "just like a great ox." The man, thinking it was the cry of one of his two stolen animals, ties up his third ox by the roadside, and runs off to look for the others in the wood, but meantime the youth goes away with the third ox.¹

These incidents also occur in No. 24 of Legrand's collection of modern Greek popular tales, where a youth is adopted by his uncle, an arrant rogue, in whose thievish tricks he takes part: the youth sees a man carrying a lamb to market, and drops first one slipper in advance of the man, then another still farther on his road; and when the man goes back for the first slipper the uncle seizes the lamb. After a time the man returns with another lamb; the youth

¹ Dasent's 'Popular Tales from the Norse.'—In a Suabian analogue (tale of Clever Martin, No. 55 of Mein's collection) the thief places separately on the road the contents of his luncheon-case; and in another German version (Wolf's 'Hausmärchen,' p. 398) Hans Kùhstock deposits singly a sword and its sheath.

hides himself and imitates the cry of a lamb, and while the man is seeking for the lost one, the second is also stolen. Another time they discover a man with two oxen drawing a cart. The lad goes near him and exclaims, "Wonderful! wonderful!" Thinking a great treasure has been discovered, the man leaves his oxen and goes up to the youth and asks him what he means by his cries. "Is it not a wonder," says the youth, "to see a cart drawn by a single ox?" The man returns and finds one of his oxen is stolen.

Most probably the story is of Asiatic extraction. The Arabs have a proverb, "The boots of Hunayn," which is used in reference to any one who has lost more than he gained by a bargain; and the saying had its origin in the following incident, related by Baron de Slane in the notes to his translation of Ibn Khallikán's great biographical dictionary of the eminent men of Islám:

A desert Arab, mounted on his camel, entered a town, went to the bazaar, and bargained for a pair of boots. Not being able to conclude with the dealer, whose name was Hunayn, he flew into a passion, gave him foul names, and quitted the shop. Having made his other purchases, he got upon his camel, left the town, and took the road leading to the tents of his tribe. The bootmaker was so highly offended at the Arab's insulting language, that he resolved upon being revenged. Taking up the boots, he ran to the road by which the Arab had to pass, and threw one of them on the ground. A mile or two farther on

he threw the other, and hid himself to see the result. The Arab observed the first boot as he was riding along, and said to himself, "There is one of the boots of Hunayn ; if the other were along with it, I should dismount and pick them up." About half an hour after he perceived the other boot, and regretted not having picked up the first. So he got off his camel, not wishing to fatigue it too much ; and having fettered it with a cord, picked up the boot which was lying there, and ran back to take up the other. As soon as he disappeared, Hunayn went off with the camel and the baggage. When the Arab returned, his camel was missing, so he went home on foot. On reaching his tent, he was eagerly asked what he had brought back, and he replied dolefully, "The boots of Hunayn !"

Much farther east than Arabia, however, the same story is known. In a Bengali version, the trick is played by one thief on another, who had decamped with their joint stock of stolen treasure on the back of a cow. The older thief determined to overreach his comrade in his turn. He invested all his money in a costly pair of shoes covered with gold lace ; and walking very fast, avoiding the public road, and making short cuts, he soon discovered the younger thief trudging on slowly with his cow. He went before him in the highway a distance of about 200 yards, and threw down on the road one shoe. Then he walked on another 200 yards and threw the other shoe, at a place near which was a large tree, and amongst

the thick leaves of that tree he hid himself. The younger thief coming along the road saw the first shoe, and said to himself, "What a beautiful shoe is this! It is covered with gold lace, and would have suited me in my present circumstances, now that I have become rich; but what shall I do with one shoe?" So he passed on. Presently he came to the place where the other shoe was lying. The younger thief said within himself, "Ah, here is the other shoe! What a fool I was, that I did not pick up the one I first saw! However, it is not too late. I'll tie the cow to yonder tree and go for the other shoe." So he tied the cow to the tree, and, taking up the second shoe, went for the first, which was lying at a distance of about 200 yards. In the meantime the elder thief got down from the tree, loosened the cow, and drove it towards his native village, carefully avoiding the highway.¹

Surely no one could be so infatuated as to consider the incidents of these several versions of the same story as mere accidental resemblances. The exploit of the Norwegian rogue is performed with but one shoe, which is doubtless a corruption of the original story; but our English version has the advantage of the others, insomuch as the jolly son of St. Crispin plays his clever tricks with no evil intention, while the others are represented as actual thefts—and very heartless ones, besides.

¹ Rev. Lal Behari Day's 'Folk-Tales of Bengal,' pp. 167, 168.

“THE HEIR OF LINNE.”

DUNLOP thought the concluding portion of the fine old ballad of “The Unthrifty Heir of Linne” to have been suggested by one of the Italian novels of Cinthio, who died in 1573: but there is certainly no ground for such a conjecture. According to the ballad, after the Heir of Linne had—like Núr-ed-Dín in the Arabian tale—wasted all his patrimony in riotous living, and having in vain solicited pecuniary assistance from the boon companions who had shared in his prosperity—

One, I wis, was not at home;
 Another had paid his gold away;
 Another called him “thriftless loon,”
 And bade him swiftly hie away—

he resolves, in accordance with his father’s testamentary injunctions, in the event of his being reduced to penury, to go to the “lonely lodge,” where he should find means of release from his misery. There he discovers a rope with a noose at the end, dangling from the roof; and putting it round his

neck, he takes the fatal leap, when suddenly he falls to the ground; and on recovering from the shock, he looks towards the roof, where he perceives a golden key, to which is attached a billet, informing him that his father had feared his conduct would sooner or later lead to this, and that he would find additional treasure in the lodge, which he hoped he would use with more prudence.

A prose version of the story was widely popular in England last century, in the form of a chap-book, the elaborate title of which is as follows: 'The Drunkard's Legacy. In four parts. Giving an account, First, of a Gentleman having a wild Son, and foreseeing he would come to poverty, had a cottage built with one door to it, always kept fast. His father, on his dying bed, charged him not to open it 'till he was poor and slighted, which the young man promised he would perform. Secondly, of this young man's pawning his estate to a Vintner, who, when poor, kicked him out of doors. Thinking it time to see his Legacy, he broke open the door, when, instead of money, he found a Gibbet and Halter, which he put round his Neck, and jumping off the Stool, the Gibbet broke, and a Thousand Pounds came down upon his head, which lay in the Ceiling. Thirdly, of his redeeming the Estate, and fooling the Vintner out of Two Hundred Pounds, who, for being jeered by his neighbours, cut his own throat. And Lastly, of the young man's Reformation.'—There can be little doubt, I think,

that this chap-book version was adapted from the Scotch ballad of "The Heir of Linne."

Cinthio's story, to which Dunlop refers, is the eighth of the ninth decade of his 'Hecatommithi,' and tells how a widow lady concealed a treasure in her house during the siege of Carthage: A daughter of the Roman soldier who had obtained this house being disappointed in love, determined to hang herself; but in tying the rope she removed a beam, which discovered the hidden treasure, and completely consoled her for all misfortunes.¹

And not very remotely allied to this tale of Cinthio's is the following—from an old magazine, the name of which I omitted to "make a note of," thus disregarding the maxim of the immortal Captain Cuttle: An Italian, named Antonio Batistei, having lost five hundred crowns in a ship that was wrecked, resolved to hang himself, and entered an uninhabited house for the purpose; but as he was about to fasten the rope to the beam, he discovered a treasure of one thousand crowns, and very gladly exchanged the halter for the hoard and went away. Shortly after he was gone, the owner came to look at his gold, and finding it to be stolen, he straightway hanged himself with the halter which was left in its place.

In the Persian tales of 'The Thousand and One Days,' however, we have a striking parallel to the ballad:

¹ This story was reproduced in Paynter's 'Palace of Pleasure,' first published in 1556.

Al Talmulk,¹ who was styled the Sorrowful Vazír, relates that when his father, a rich jeweller, was at the point of death, he called him to his bedside and cautioned him to take care of the great wealth which he was to inherit. "If you are so unhappy," he continued, "as to squander it away idly, be sure to have recourse to the tree which is in the middle of the garden ; tie the fatal rope to one of the branches, and by that means prevent the miseries which attend poverty." After his father's death he keeps open house, and in a short time dissipates all his wealth in feasting his companions and sycophants. At length he remembers his father's advice, and goes to the tree, fastens a rope to one of the branches, places the other end in a noose round his neck, and, springing into the air, expects to end his misery ; but the branch gives way, and on his rising from the ground he discovers that the branch was hollow, and filled with diamonds and other precious stones. This was a prudential stratagem of his father, who had suspected that he would misspend his wealth in a life of pleasure.²—The same story is found in the 'Forty Vazírs,' the only variation being that the father directs his son to a wooden ring hanging from the roof of a room, to which he is to attach a rope, when he has become penniless, and hang himself.

¹ Perhaps for *Áletu-'l-Mulk* : instrument, or insignia, of the kingdom ; or for *'Áliyetu-'l-Mulk* : high purpose, or aim, of the kingdom.

² These Persian Tales are not, as many have supposed, mere French imitations of Eastern fictions. In the preface to *Petis de la Croix*' translation (*'Les Mille et Un Jours'*), which was published after his

There is a singular version in the text of ‘The Thousand and One Nights,’ printed at Breslau,¹ under the editorship of Habicht and Fleischer, from a manuscript procured in Tunis, where it forms one of a series of 28 tales related to Shah Bakht by his vazír, Er-Rahwan²—Nights 875-930: A man on his deathbed counsels his son, should he ever come to want, not to ask relief of any one, since he would find a treasure laid up for him in a chamber, which he indicated, but which he was not to open until he stood in need of a day’s food. After his father’s death, the youth had not patience to wait till he had spent all the great wealth he had inherited, but opened the chamber, and found it empty save that some bricks lay on the floor, and from the

death, it is stated that they were taken by a dervish of Ispahán, named Mukhlis, from a collection of Hindú comedies, a Turkish translation of which, entitled ‘Alfaraja Badal Shidda,’ or Joy after Affliction, is preserved in the Paris Library. Mukhlis transformed these comedies into tales, inserted them in a frame-story, after the plan of the ‘Arabian Nights,’ and entitled his work, ‘Hazár ú Yek Rúz,’ or the Thousand and One Days. In 1675 Mukhlis allowed Petis to take a copy of it, and it is said that in the translation Petis was assisted by Le Sage—which is certainly far from being an additional guarantee of its fidelity to the original—and that “nearly all” of the tales were afterwards transformed into comic operas (!), which were performed at the Théâtre Italien. Early in the last century Ambrose Phillips made an English version from the French, under the title of ‘Persian Tales,’ which is reprinted in Henry Weber’s ‘Tales of the East,’ published, in 3 vols., in 1811. Of the genuineness of these Tales there can be no doubt, since Sir William Ouseley brought from Persia a manuscript which comprised a part of the ‘Hazár ú Yek Rúz’—see his ‘Travels,’ vol. ii. p. 21, *note*; and, in the same place, his interesting remarks on “a thousand and one” being a favourite number in the East.

¹ It occurs in no other printed text of the ‘Nights.’

² See Note at the end of this paper, “Story of King Shah Bakht and his Vazír.”

middle of the ceiling dangled a rope with a noose at the lower end, and there was a scroll which directed him to beg not of any, but to hang himself forthwith. Seeing this, the youth said, "Here in sooth is a goodly legacy!" and went forth and feasted and revelled with his companions till all his wealth was gone. After being two days without food, he sold a handkerchief for two dirhams (about a shilling), with which he bought milk and bread, and leaving some of it on a shelf, went out. During his absence, a dog came and ate up all the bread and milk. When he discovered his loss on returning home, he was distracted, and again going out, he met an old friend to whom he related his misfortune; but his friend would not believe his story, and abused him. Then the youth returned to his house, and opening the fatal chamber, piled the bricks one upon another, put the halter round his neck, and kicked away the bricks, upon which the rope gave way, and he fell to the ground, while a shower of gold fell upon him from the ceiling. And now he understood the lesson his father meant to impart to him. He at once bought back the lands and houses he had sold, and one day invited his former boon companions to a feast, when he entertained them with the following "story": "We had some bread, and locusts ate it all up, so we put in its place a stone, a cubit long and a cubit broad, and the locusts came and ate the stone, because of the smell of the bread that had formerly been there." One of his friends—even he who had refused to credit his story of the dog

eating his bread and milk on a shelf—remarked, “This is no wonder; for locusts do more than that.” Then said the youth in wrath, “Get you back to your own houses. In the days of my poverty, I was called a liar because I said that a dog had climbed up to a shelf and eaten my bread and milk there; but now that I am once more a wealthy man, you pretend to believe me when I tell you that locusts devoured a great stone!”¹

Part of the plot of an ancient Roman comedy, entitled ‘*Thesaurus*,’ by Lucius Lavinius, based upon a Greek play by Menander, bears some analogy to the ballad of the Heir of Linne. It is thus sketched by Dunlop, in his ‘*History of Roman Literature*’: An

¹ Many variants of this last incident are current in Europe. The following is given by Professor Crane, in his ‘*Italian Popular Tales*,’ from Pitre’s Sicilian collection: A peasant one day conversing in the farmhouse with his master and others happened, while speaking of sheep and cheese, to say that he had had a present of a little cheese, but the mice had eaten it all up. Then the master, who was rich, proud, and fat, called him a fool, and said that it was not possible that the mice could have eaten the cheese; and all present said the master was right and the peasant wrong. What more could the poor man say? Talk makes talk. After a while the master said that, having taken the precaution to rub his ploughshares with oil, to keep them from rusting, the mice had eaten off all the points. Then the friend of the cheese broke forth, “But, master, how can it be that the mice cannot eat my cheese if they can eat the points of your ploughshares?” But the others began to cry out, “Be silent, you fool! The master is right, the master is right!”—The original is probably found in the fable of the mice that ate iron, and the hawk that carried off a boy, which occurs in most versions of the Fables of Bidpai, and from which La Fontaine adapted his fable of ‘*Le Dépositaire Infidèle*.’ From the Fables of Bidpai it was doubtless taken into the ‘*Kathá Sarit Ságara*,’—see Tawney’s translation, vol. ii. pp. 41, 42.

old man, by his last will, commanded his son to carry, ten years after his death, libations to the monument under which he was to be buried. The youth, having squandered all his fortune, sold the ground on which the monument stood to an old miser. At the end of the ten years the prodigal sends a servant to the tomb with due offerings, according to the injunctions of his deceased father. The servant applied to the new proprietor to assist him in opening the tomb, in which they discovered a hoard of gold. The miserly owner of the soil seizes the treasure, and retains it on pretence of having deposited it there for safety during a period of commotion. It is claimed, however, by the young man, who goes to law with him; and the remainder of the comedy consists chiefly of the progress of the suit.

It is very evident that the idea of the 'Heir of Linne' was not taken from the plot of this Roman play. But the resemblance between the ballad and the Persian and Turkish tales is so close, that we must conclude all three have been indirectly derived from a common source.¹ In the ballad, however, there are incidents

¹ In our ballad and the Eastern prose versions the "hanging" business was designed—together with the sudden accession to wealth—to induce the prodigal to reform his way of life. In the Græco-Roman play the father seems to have intended the same moral lesson (without any incipient hanging), apparently never dreaming that his spendthrift heir would pour the libations by proxy. The analogy between the play and the ballad is, however, closer than may appear at first sight: for the sacred tomb we have the "lonesome lodge," which the son is on no account to sell. It is curious to observe that in the Arabian version the reading of the scroll in the chamber—

which give the story additional interest. The “unthrifty heir” had sold all his lands—all save the “lonesome lodge”—to his factor, yclept John o’ the Scales, who, as is unfortunately usual in such cases, drove a hard bargain, well knowing he was dealing with a man who was sorely in need of money. When he found, so strangely, the hidden treasure in the lodge, he went to the house of John o’ the Scales—erstwhile, alas! his own paternal home—and, looking in at the “speere,” or hole in the door or window, there he saw—

Three lords upon a row
Were drinking of the wine so free.

And John himself sat at the board’s head,
Because now lord of Linne was he.
I pray thee, he said, good John o’ the Scales,
One forty pence for to lend me.

Away, away, thou thriftless loone,
Away, away, this may not bee;
For Christ’s curse on my head, he sayd,
If ever I trust thee one pennie.

Then bespake the heire of Linne,
To John o’ the Scales his wife spake he :
Madame, some almes on me bestowe,
I pray, for sweet saint Charitie.

Away, away, thou thriftless loone,
I swear thou gettest no almes of mee ;
For if we should hang any losel heere,
The first we wold begin with thee.

unlike his brethren in the other versions, he still has lots of money—does not deter him from his extravagant courses: we may safely regard this as a corrupted version, like many other stories in the text of ‘The Nights’ in which it occurs.

Then bespake a good fellawe,
 Which sat at John o' the Scales his bord :
 Sayd, Turn agayne, thou heire of Linne,
 Sometime thou wast a well good lord ;

Sometime a good fellow thou hast been,
 And sparedst not thy gold or fee ;
 Therefore Ile lend thee forty pence,
 And other forty if need be.

And ever, I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
 To let him sit in thy companie :
 For well I wot thou hadst his land,
 And a good bargain it was to thee.

Up then spake him John o' the Scales,
 All wood [*i.e.*, enraged] he answered him againe :
 Now Christ's curse on my head, he sayd,
 But I did lose by that bargaine.

And here I proffer thee, heir of Linne,
 Before these lords so faire and free,
 Thou shalt have it back againe better cheape,
 By a hundred marks, than I had it of thee.—

I drawe you to record, lords, he said.
 With that he cast him a gods pennie ;
 Now by my fay, sayd the heire of Linne,
 And here, good John, is thy monie.

And he pullèd forth three bagges of gold,
 And layd them down upon the board ;
 All woe begone was John o' the Scales,
 So shent he could say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
 He told it forth with mickle din :
 The gold is thine, the land is mine,
 And now I'm again the lord of Linne.

Sayes, Have thou here, thou good fellòwe,
 Forty pence thou didst lend mee ;
 Now I'm again the lord of Linne,
 And forty pounds I will give thee.

The ballad concludes with the lamentation of Joan, wife of John o' the Scales, at this sudden reverse of fortune, and the Heir of Linne's expression of his resolution to take good care of his gear henceforward. Percy, who gives the ballad in his 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,' says that it is found in his folio MS., and that, "from Scottish phrases here and there discernible, it should seem to have been composed beyond the Tweed"; but he assigns no approximate date.

NOTE.

STORY OF KING SHAH BAKHT AND HIS VAZÍR (p. 57).

Er-Rahwan, prime minister of Shah Bakht, "had many enemies, who envied him his high place, and still sought to do him hurt, but found no way thereunto; and God, in His foreknowledge, decreed that the king dreamt that his vazír Er-Rahwan gave him a fruit from off a tree, and he ate it and died." The king sends for a celebrated astrologer, in order that he should learn what his dream imported. But the vazír's enemies had privately besought the sage to slander him to the king, promising him much wealth therefor; and so the sage told the king that his vazír would slay him within a month from that day, and bade him hasten to put the vazír to death. The king then sends for his vazír Er-Rahwan, and frankly tells him of his dream and the sage's interpretation thereof; and the vazír, seeing it was a wicked device of his enemies to

destroy him, expresses his willingness to be put to death ;—
“But if the king,” he adds, “see fit not to put me to death till to-morrow, and will pass this night with me, and take leave of me, when the morrow cometh, the king shall do what he will.” That same night the vazír related a story to the king, which so pleased him that he respited the vazír for another day ; and in this way he entertained Shah Bakht each night until the fatal month was past, when the wickedness of the vazír’s enemies was made manifest.—This romance, with its twenty-eight subordinate tales, belongs to the sporadic part of the ‘Sindibád’ family.

WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.

THAT Lord Mayor Whittington was the poor ill-used boy he is represented to have been in the popular tale seems quite impossible, since, according to the accurate Stow, he was the son of the Worshipful Sir William Whittington, Knight. The story was current in Europe in the 13th century: In the chronicle of Albert, abbot of the convent of St Mary at Slade, written at that period, it is related that there were two citizens of Venice, one of whom was rich, the other poor. It fortuned that the rich man went abroad to trade, and the poor man gave him as his venture *two* cats, the sale of which, as in our tale of the renowned Dick Whittington, produced him great wealth.

In the *Facetiæ* of Arlotto, a celebrated character in Tuscany in the 15th century, the story is told of a Genoese merchant who presents two cats to the king of a foreign land, who rewards him with rich presents. Arlotto's version was reproduced in the 17th century by a Florentine nobleman, Count Lorenzo

Magalotti, in a letter to his friend Ottavio Falconieri, in which he tells how a merchant named Ansaldo degli Ormanui (*temp.* Amerigo Vespucci), after three successful voyages, on the fourth was driven to an island named Canary. The king received him graciously; but he noticed that all present at the dinner-table had long staves in their hands to drive away the countless numbers of mice which attacked the viands. Ansaldo sends to his ship for two cats, a male and a female, which he presents to the king. On his return home, a friend hearing the story, and thinking, if the king gave much wealth for a pair of cats, he would give still more for precious gems, sailed to the Canaries, and presented his majesty with some valuable jewels, and received in return, what the king supposed to be a gift of the highest value, a *cat*, offspring of Ansaldo's pair.—In a description of Guinea, published in 1665, it is related that Alfonso, a Portuguese, being wrecked on the coast of Guinea, was presented by the king with its weight in gold for a cat to kill their mice, and for an ointment to kill their flies: this he improved within five years to six thousand pounds in the place, and returning to Portugal, after fifteen years' traffic, became not, like Whittington, the second, but the third man in the kingdom.

The story is common to all Europe. In Norway it is thus told: A poor woman's little boy, having wrapped his jacket round a stone which looked wan with the frost, found under it next day a box full of

silver money, which he emptied into the tarn ; but one silver piece floated, which he kept, believing it to be "honest." His mother is angry at his folly, and sends him off to earn his own living. After wandering about for some time, he obtains employment in a merchant's kitchen, carrying wood and water for the cook. It comes to pass that the merchant has to make a voyage to foreign parts, and so he asks his servants what he should bring home for each of them, and when it is the turn of the poor boy, he gives the merchant his silver penny to purchase something for him. So the merchant sailed away, and when he had unloaded his ship and taken in a fresh cargo, he bought what he had promised the servants, and just as he was about to weigh anchor he recollected the poor boy's penny, and bought with it a cat from an old woman. On the voyage home the ship was driven out of her course and arrived at a strange country. The merchant went up into the town, and at the inn he observed that the table was laid with a rod for each man who sat at it, and when the meat was put on the table he soon saw what the rods meant, for out swarmed thousands of mice, and each one who sat at the table had to beat them off with his rod. The merchant in astonishment asked them if they did not keep cats, but they knew not what cats were ; so he sent for the cat he had bought for the poor scullion, and she soon made the mice scamper off into their holes. Then he sold them the cat for a hundred dollars, and soon after sailed off again. But what

was his surprise to see the cat sitting on the main-mast-head! And all at once there came on foul weather, and the ship was driven to another strange port, where the mice were more numerous than at the former place. So he sold the cat to the people for two hundred dollars; but when he got to sea again, there was the cat sitting on the mast as before, and a great storm carried the ship to a third country, where the people suffered from swarms of rats. So he sold them the cat for three hundred dollars; but when the merchant was once more at sea, he began to think how much the poor lad had made out of his penny, and resolved to keep part of the money to himself; but no sooner had he formed this wicked resolution, than there arose such a storm that all on board the ship believed they must perish. So the merchant made a vow that the poor lad should have every penny, and immediately the weather became calm, and the ship soon reached home in safety. And when the merchant got to land he gave the lad the six hundred dollars, and his daughter besides; and after that the lad sent for his mother and treated her kindly, and he lived all his days in mirth and jollity.¹

¹ "The Honest Penny" in Dasent's 'Tales from the Fjeld.'—In a Danish version, a man in Jutland had made much money by unlawful means, and dying, left it to his three sons. The youngest—usually the favourite of Fortune in folk-tales—threw his share into the sea, and only one small copper coin floated, with which he bought a cat, which he sent as a venture on board a ship, like Whittington in our story.

In a Breton popular tale, entitled "Les Trois Frères; ou, le chat, le coq, et l'échelle," which M. F.-M. Luzel has given in 'Mélusine,' 1876, c. 154-8, we find our story of Dick Whittington in another form :

A certain man had three sons, and when their mother died they demanded of him each their share of patrimony, in order that they should go into the world and seek their fortune. The eldest of the brothers, Yvon, gets for his share a cat, and sets off towards the seaside. He comes to a mill, near which is a grand castle, with lofty towers. Yvon enters the mill, carrying his cat on his left arm. There he sees four men in their shirt-sleeves, armed with sticks, and very busy running after mice, which were scampering about on all sides. "How much trouble you are taking for a trifling matter!" says Yvon. "A trifling matter?" echo the men. "Don't you see that, if we allowed them, these accursed beasts would eat both the corn and the meal, and we should starve?" "Well," says Yvon, "here is a little animal," showing his cat, "who, alone, in less than an hour, will do more work than you could do in a year: he will very quickly free you from the mice." Quoth the men, "That little animal!—you are surely joking. He hasn't a wicked look at all. What do you call it?" (In that country they had never seen a cat.) "He is called Monsieur le Chat," says Yvon. "Do you wish to see him working?" "Yes; let us see what he can do." Hereupon Yvon let go his cat, who was very hungry. The mice, never having seen a cat, were

not at all afraid of him, and were in no hurry to run into their holes; so the cat soon made great havoc among them. The four men looked on, quite thunder-struck, and in less than an hour the whole floor of the mill was covered with dead mice.

The miller and his men could not think enough of it, and so one of them runs to the castle, and says to the lord, "Make haste, my lord, and come to the mill, where you will see what you never saw in your life." "What's that?" asks he. "There has arrived a man, we don't know from what country, with a little animal which has a very quiet look, yet in the twinkling of an eye it has killed all the mice against which we have had so much trouble to protect your corn and meal." "I wish that were true," cries the lord, and he runs to the mill, and looking at the work of the cat, remains in admiration, with his mouth and eyes wide open. Then perceiving on the arm of Yvon the author of all this havoc, who sat quietly, with eyes half shut and purring away like a wheel, he asks, "Is that the animal with so mild a look that has done so bravely?" "Yes, my lord, that is he," said the men. "What a treasure is this creature!" then says the lord. "Ah, if I could only possess it! Will you sell it to me?" he asks Yvon. "With pleasure," replies Yvon, stroking his cat. "How much do you want for it?" "Six hundred crowns, with board and lodgings; for my friend the cat will not work well if I don't remain with him." "Agreed," cries the lord; and there and then they strike hands upon it. Yvon is at once installed

in the castle, where he has nothing to do but eat and drink, walk about, and go from time to time to see the cat at the mill. He becomes the friend of the lord of the manor as well as of his daughter, for he was a pretty fellow. With the young lady indeed he is on such good terms, that he gets from her all that he wishes—gold and diamonds galore. At length he gathers his wealth together, secretly mounts the best horse in the stable, and rides back to his father's house.¹

This is how the story is told in Russia: A poor little orphan served a rich man for three years, and received for his wages three copecks (a copeck is

¹ Dr Reinhold Köhler, in a note appended to the Breton story of "Les Trois Frères," compares with it No. 10 of 'Le Grand Parangon des Nouvelles,' composed by Nicolas de Troyes, and published from the original manuscript by E. Mabile, at Paris, 1869; No. 70 of the Brothers Grimm's 'Kinder und Haus Märchen;' and a tale in Waldau, 'Böhmisches Märchenbuch,' Prague, 1880, p. 176 ff.—In the collection of Nicolas de Troyes, the youngest of the three brothers sells his cat to a king who was so much pestered with rats and mice that, whether at dinner or supper, or other repast, he had a great crowd of gendarmes to drive away the vermin. When the lad had gone a little distance on his way home, a messenger is sent after him by the king to ask him what the cat will eat besides rats and mice, and he answers that it will eat anything ("Si luy fut dit qu'elle mengeoit de tout"). The king is affrighted at this, and orders the cat to be killed, but it makes its escape. In the German version, the cat, having destroyed an immense number of mice, becomes thirsty, and cries "mew! mew!" upon which the king, in fear of the cat, bombards his castle, but the cat escapes through a window. In the Bohemian version (translated from the Tchèque), the youth, on being asked what they should give the cat after it has eaten all the mice, replies, "Yourself."—A similar story is told of the Schildbürgers, the Gothamites of Germany: see chap. iii. of my 'Book of Noodles.'

worth about one-third of a penny), with which he bought from some mischievous boys a cat which they were tormenting. He then hired himself to a merchant, whose business at once began to increase wonderfully. By-and-by the merchant prepared to go on a long trading voyage, and he took the poor boy's cat with him, in order that she might keep down the mice on board ship. When the merchant reached his destination in a far-distant country, he took up his lodgings at an inn. The landlord, seeing that he was very wealthy, put him into a bedroom infested with swarms of rats and mice, hoping that the vermin would make an end of him during the night. But when the landlord came into the merchant's room next morning, much to his surprise, he discovered the floor heaped with dead rats and mice, and the cat placidly purring in the merchant's arms. The landlord buys the cat for a sackful of gold; and when the merchant had despatched all his business, he sailed homeward. On the way he thought it would be the height of folly to give the orphan lad so much money, and determined to keep it to himself. Suddenly a great storm arose, and the vessel was in danger of sinking. The merchant, knowing that this was because of his wicked purpose of robbing the poor orphan, prayed to heaven for forgiveness, when the sea immediately was calmed, and the ship duly arrived at port in safety. The merchant faithfully paid over to the orphan all the great wealth he had received for the cat, and the first thing the

lad did afterwards was to buy a large quantity of incense, which he scattered along the shore and burned in honour of God.¹

Such is the outline of the Russian version of "Whittington and his Cat." But it may be maintained by some readers, who firmly believe in the "genuineness" of all our British household tales, that the Italians, Bretons, Norwegians, and Russians all borrowed the story from us, and dressed it up to suit themselves. This is, perhaps, possible, though far from probable. But what will they say when they learn that the story is found in the pages of a grave Persian historian, who wrote at the end of the 13th century, sixty years before Richard Whittington was born? In the history of Persia, by Abdulláh, the son of Fazlulláh, a native of Shiráz, whose poetical name was Wásif, or the Describer, entitled 'Events of Ages and Fates of Cities,' the story is thus related:

Kays, the eldest son of a man named Kayser, having spent the whole of his patrimony at Siráf, and disdaining to seek for service in a place where he had once lived in opulence, passed over to an island (from him called Kays) opposite to the city, with his two brothers, in a small skiff, and left his widowed mother behind, helpless and forlorn. The brothers built a dwelling with the branches and leaves of trees, and supported life with dates and

¹ "The Three Copecks": Ralston's 'Russian Folk-Tales.'

other fruits, the produce of the island. It was customary for the masters and captains of ships to ask the poorest people for some gift when they were setting out on a trading voyage, which they disposed of to the best advantage at the port to which they were bound; and if the trip proved prosperous, and they ever returned, they repaid the amount of the gift or venture, with the profit upon it, and a present besides, proportionate to the good luck with which, in their opinion, the prayers of the poor had blessed their concerns.¹ It so happened that the captain of a vessel bound to India from Siráf applied for a gift to the poor old widow of Kayser, who gave him the only property which the extravagance of her sons had left her—a cat. The captain, a kind-hearted man, received the old lady's present gratefully, although he did not consider it as the best kind of venture for a foreign port. Heaven had ordained otherwise. After the ship had anchored at an Indian port, the captain waited on the sovereign with costly presents, as is usual, who received him graciously, and invited him to dinner in a kind hospitable manner. With some surprise he perceived that every dish at table was guarded by a servant with a rod in his hand; but his curiosity about the cause of this strange

¹ We have an instance of this in the tale of "Muhammed the Lazy" (see Lane's 'Arabian Nights,' vol. ii. p. 366), where the youth's mother gives the captain of a ship that was about to sail five pieces of silver in her son's name. In the Norse version of our story, also (see *ante*, p. 67), the like practice is observed: the poor scullion gives his silver penny to the merchant as his "venture."

appearance was shortly satisfied without asking any questions, for on looking about he perceived hundreds of mice running on all sides, and ready to devour the viands, whenever the vigilance of the domestics ceased for a moment. He immediately thought of the old woman's cat, and on the following day brought it in a cage to the palace. The mice appeared as usual, and the cat played her part amongst them to the astonishment and admiration of the monarch and his courtiers. The slaughter was immense. The captain presented the cat to his Majesty, mentioned the case of the old lady, and the motive for bringing so strange, but, as it turned out, so acceptable a freight with him, on which the king, happy at his delivery from the plague of mice, not only rewarded the captain with splendid presents, but loaded his ship with precious articles of merchandise, the produce of his kingdom, to be given to the mistress of the cat, with male and female slaves, money, and jewels. When the vessel returned to Siráf, the old lady came down to the landing-place to ask about the fate of her cat, when, to her great joy and astonishment, the honest and worthy captain related to her the fortunate result of her venture, and put her in possession of her newly acquired wealth. She immediately sent for her son Kays and his brothers to share her opulence; but as they had collected a large settlement in their island, she was soon persuaded by them to accompany them to it, where, by means of her riches, they formed more extensive con-

nections, purchased more ships, and traded largely with India and Arabia. When Kays and his friends had sufficiently added to their wealth by commerce, they by a signal act of treachery having murdered the crews of twelve ships from Omán and India, then at anchor there, seized the ships and property in them. With this addition to their fleet they commenced a series of outrageous acts as pirates, and successfully resisted every attempt of the neighbouring states to suppress their wicked practices. Every year added to their power and wealth, and at length a king was elected to the chief government of the island of Kays. This monarchy lasted for nearly 200 years, until the reign of Atábeg Abubaker, A.H. 628 (A.D. 1230), when the descendants of Kays were reduced to vassalage to the court of Persia.¹

This "plain, unvarnished" narrative of the Persian historian—the incident, it will be seen from the concluding sentence, is said to have occurred in the 11th century²—reads rather tamely in comparison with our own veracious 'History of Sir Richard Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London, showing how he came up a poor boy to London, and was received as a scullion by a merchant; his sufferings and afflictions under a

¹ 'Biographical Notices of Persian Poets,' etc. By Sir Gore Ouseley.

² Morier, who gives the story in his 'Second Journey to Persia,' as it was told him by the Persian ambassador, says that the date of the occurrence was the 700th year of the Hijra, or about A.D. 1300. He does not appear to have known of its being found in Wásif's History.

cruel cookmaid; how he bought a cat for a penny, and sent her a venture beyond sea, for which he got great riches in exchange; and lastly, how he married his master's daughter, and was made thrice Lord Mayor of London.' How Whittington came to be adopted as the hero of the English version of this romantic tale is not very apparent. Even in the absence of direct evidence regarding its first appearance in England, we should conclude that the story must have been composed long after the parentage of Whittington had passed out of the popular memory. A rather significant circumstance is mentioned by Granger, in his 'Biographical History of England,' with reference to the common print of Sir Richard Whittington. He says that "the cat has been inserted, as the common people do not care to buy the print without it. There was none originally in this plate, but a skull in place of it."

With regard to the Russian version, Mr Ralston thinks there can be little doubt as to its origin—"such a feature as the incense-burning pointing directly to a Buddhistic source"; and he is probably right in this conjecture,¹ notwithstanding the circumstantial and

¹ Another incident in this version seems also to indicate its Buddhist origin, that of the poor boy's purchasing with his three copecks a cat which some mischievous boys were tormenting. Compare with this the Mongolian and Tamil versions of "Aladdin's Lamp," vol. i. pp. 335, 337, 338; and the Bohemian, Albanian, and modern Greek variants, pp. 321, 324, 326.—I cannot but think the Norse version of our story also shows traces of its Buddhist extraction in the incident of the poor boy's covering a "frost-bitten" stone with his jacket, and finding under it next day a box full of silver money, only one

unembellished narrative of the Persian historian, to which, however, he makes no reference. The original Buddhist story—or a variant of it—may well have reached Russia *via* China. Yet nothing at all like our story has hitherto been found in Indian fiction, so far as I am aware, which is strange, since we have seen that it has been so long domiciled in Persia as to become one of the historical traditions of that country. But if the facts be not as the Persian historian relates them—and indeed there is much that is purely fictitious in the historical works of Asiatic writers—whence came the story into Persia? From India, unquestionably; and we may trust that the Buddhist original will yet be discovered. One thing is very clear, however—namely, that this is one of those tales which came to Europe in two different and independent ways: by the Mongolians to the North; through the Ottoman Turks to the south;—and our nursery tale of Dick Whittington — like that of Jack and the Giants—was almost certainly imported from the North.

coin of which he keeps, and with it his master purchases the cat which is the source of the boy's fortune. The reappearance of the cat twice after being sold the first time, and the storm which frightened the greedy merchant into a resolution to be just towards his poor scullion, are incidents which appear to me also essentially Buddhistic.

THE TAILOR'S DREAM.

THE propensity of tailors to appropriate to their own purposes part of their customers' cloth is a frequent subject of satire in the popular literature of Europe. In one of the early volumes of 'Chambers's Edinburgh Journal' (No. 29, January 1837) there is an amusing story, entitled "John Hetherington's Dream," beginning thus: "In a certain small town in the West of Scotland there lived several years ago a decent old tailor." The story goes on to say that he was greatly addicted to "cabbaging," and that one night, after a plentiful supper, he dreamed that he was in the "lower regions," where Satan unrolled before him a long web of patchwork of all colours, consisting of pieces of cloth which he had cabbaged in the course of his business. The poor tailor awakes in great fright, and virtuously resolves to "cabbage no more"; and next morning, telling his foreman of his appalling dream, he requests the man, should he see him at any time inclined to yield to his besetting sin, to remind him of it. For some time after this all goes

well with the reformed tailor, until one day he receives from a customer a piece of fine scarlet cloth to be made into a coat for a fox-hunter; and, unable to resist the temptation of a fine "off-cut," he is about to apply the scissors, "on cabbaging thoughts intent," when his foreman, as requested, reminds him of his terrible dream. "Ay, ay," quoth John, "I mind the dream; but I mind, too, that there was nae clout o' this colour in the wab."¹

This story is simply a modernised and localised version of an old European popular tale, and "John Hetherington" is a mere myth. In order to gird at the English Puritans of his day, Sir John Harrington (1561-1612) made it the subject of the following humorous verses:—

Of a Precise Tailor.

A tailor, known a man of upright dealing
 (True, but for lying, honest, but for stealing),
 Did fall one day extremely sick by chance,
 And on the sudden was in wondrous trance.
 The fiends of hell, mustering in fearful manner,
 Of sundry coloured stuffs displayed a banner,
 Which he had stolen, and wished, as they did tell,
 That he might find it all one day in hell.
 The man, affrighted at this apparition,
 Upon recovery grew a great precisian.
 He bought a Bible of the best translation,
 And in his life he showed great reformation:
 He walkéd mannerly, he talkéd meekly,
 He heard three lectures and two sermons weekly.

¹ The tale so circumstantially related in 'Chambers's Edinburgh Journal' had been told long before in 'Joe Miller.'

He vowed to keep no company unruly,
 And in his speech to use no oath but truly ;
 And, zealously to keep the Sabbath's rest,
 His meat for that day on the eve was drest.
 And lest the custom which he had—to steal—
 Should cause him sometimes to forget his zeal,
 He gives his journeyman a special charge,
 That if the stuff, allowance being large,
 He found his fingers were to filch inclined,
 Bid him to have the Banner in his mind.
 This done (I scant can tell the rest for laughter),
 A captain of a ship came three days after,
 And brought three yards of velvet and three-quarters,
 To make venetians down below the garters.
 He, that precisely knew what was enough,
 Soon slipped aside three quarters of the stuff :
 His man, espying it, said in derision,
 " Master, remember how you saw the vision !"
 " Peace, knave," quoth he, " I did not see one rag
 Of such a coloured stuff in all the flag !"

But the tailor's multi-coloured banner is met with
 in the writings of a Scottish poet of earlier date than
 Sir John Harrington. William Dunbar, a man of re-
 markable genius, who flourished from about 1460 to
 1520, in his humorous description of an imaginary
 tournament between a tailor and a shoemaker, the
 scene of which is also laid in the "lower regions,"
 says of the tailor-knight that

His banner borne was him before,
 Wherein were clouts a hunder score,
 Ilk ane of divers hue ;
 And all stolen out of sundry webs ;—
 For while the sea flood fills and ebbs,
 Tailyors will never be true.

And in a curious 16th-century tract, entitled 'The Wyll of the Deuyll [*i.e.* Devil] and Last Testament' is the following: "Item. I geue to euery Tayler, a Banner, wherein shall be conteyned al the parcelles of cloth and sylkes, etc., as he hath cast them into hell."¹ The late Mr J. Payne Collier thought this was "most likely borrowed from the 'Facetiæ' of Piovano Arlotto, originally printed in 1520, and often afterwards; but it is the first notice of it in English;" and that from the 'Wyll' "it may have found its way into Sir John Harrington's Epigrams, published in 1615, and from thence into later jest-books." Dunbar, however, anticipated, as we have seen, this reference to the infernal "banner" in the 'Wyll'; and while it is likely he got the idea from Arlotto, it is perhaps more probable he had it from some old monkish collection of *exempla*.

The story of the Tailor's Dream appears to be of Asiatic extraction. It is thus told in Cardonne's 'Mélanges de Littérature orientale,' extracted from Arabic, Persian, and Turkish manuscripts:

A tailor, being dangerously ill, had an extraordinary dream. He saw, floating in the air, an ensign of immense extent, composed of all the pieces of different stuffs he had purloined. The angel of death bore this ensign in one hand, and in the other an iron club, with

¹ This tract, with some others, has been reprinted, edited by Dr F. J. Furnivall, as a supplementary fasciculus of the publications of the Ballad Society.—The repository for remnants of cloth is, I understand, called "hell" by journeyman-tailors both in this country and in Germany.

which he chastised the tailor. Starting from his sleep, he made a vow that in case of his recovery he would deal more honestly for the future. His health returned, and, as he distrusted his own memory, he told one of his men to remind him of his dream whenever he was cutting out a garment. For some time the tailor paid regard to this admonition of his servant; but a great man having sent him some costly cloth to be made up, his virtue was not proof against so strong a temptation. In vain did his servant remind him of the ensign in the air. "You tire my patience," said the tailor, "with harping on my dream; there was no such stuff as this in the standard."¹

Apropos of tailors' "cabbage," a unique black-letter history, in verse, of the renowned Robin Goodfellow is given by Mr J. Payne Collier, in his introduction to the prose version, entitled 'Mad Pranks and Merry Jests of Robin Goodfellow' (ed. 1628—Percy Society publications), in which a ludicrous incident is related. Robin is apprenticed to a tailor, and they have a maid's wedding-gown to make:

¹ In almost identical terms, the jest is found in 'Sottisier de Nasred-Din Hodja, Bouffon de Tamerlan, suivi d'autres facéties turques, traduits sur les manuscrits inédits.' By J. A. Decourdemanche. Brussels, 1878.—It is amusing to find this old story reappear in a collection of Scottish anecdotes published about the year 1873, and the compiler gratefully acknowledging his indebtedness to a correspondent, whom he names, for "this *original* anecdote"!

His master then the gown did take,
 And to his work did fall ;
 By that time he had done the same
 The maid did for it call.
 Quoth he to Robin, "Goe thy wayes
 And fetch the remnants hither
 That yesterday we left," said he,
 "We'll break our fasts together."

Then Robin hies him up the staires,
 And brings the remnants downe
 Which he did know his master saved
 Out of the woman's gowne.
 The Taylor he was vext at this—
 He meant remnants of meate,
 That this good woman ere she went
 Might there her breakfast eate.

Quoth she, "This is a breakfast good,
 I tell you, friend, indeed ;
 And, to requite your love, I will
 Send for some drinke with speed ;
 And Robin he must goe for it
 With all the speed he may."
 He takes the pot and money too,
 And runs from thence away.

And readers of 'Don Quixote' will remember, among the various instances of shrewdness exhibited by Sancho during his brief governorship of the island of Barrataria (several of which appear to be of Talmudic origin), how a man brought a tailor—don't suppose, good reader, that I would insinuate a *tailor* is not also a *man*!—before Sancho, complaining that he had given him a piece of cloth to make up into six caps, and that the rascally Snip had sent him half-

a-dozen caps (produced) that fitted the tips of his fingers and kept the rest of the cloth to himself; and how the tailor stoutly asserted that he had made up all the cloth into these caps; finally, Sancho—finding the case “abstruse,” as the priest remarked of Paddy and the stolen chicken—sagaciously decrees that the man shall keep the caps, and the tailor shall have nothing for his labour.


 THE THREE TRAVELLERS AND THE LOAF.

OUR old English jest-books generally represent Welshmen and Frenchmen as arrant simpletons or noodles; for these, in our modern collections of *facetiae*, the raw Highlander and the blundering Irishman are often substituted. Occasionally, however, the Irishman is exhibited as a particularly shrewd fellow—turning the tables on would-be practical jokers, as in the “Joe Miller” of the Englishman, the Scotsman, and the Irishman who were travelling together and had but one loaf, which it was agreed should be eaten by him who had the most wonderful dream during the night. In the morning the Englishman and the Scotsman related their (concocted) dreams, after which the Irishman coolly informed them that he “dreamt he was hungry, and so got up and ate the loaf.” This forms the third novel of the first decade of Cinthio’s ‘Hecatommithi’ (16th century), in which a soldier is travelling with a philosopher and an astrologer, and the wise men mistake him for a simpleton. They had but a single loaf, and resolved to cheat him out of his

share. Accordingly they propose that it should belong to the person who had the most delightful dream during the following night. The soldier, suspecting their design, rose while they were sound asleep, ate the loaf, and in the morning told them with an ingenuous air that he "dreamt" he had eaten the loaf.

Cinthio probably borrowed the story from the 'Gesta Romanorum,' where the first traveller dreams that he ascended to heaven on a golden ladder; the second, that devils with iron implements dragged his soul from his body, and plunged him into flames; the third, that an angel led him to the gate of paradise, where he saw one companion (the first) with abundance of good things to eat and drink, and the other companion he saw in the nether regions, but still with plenty of bread and wine, and so the angel said to him, "Do you rise up and eat the bread, since you will see neither of your comrades again."¹

I am not aware that the story has yet been discovered in any of the great monkish collections of earlier date than the 'Gesta'; but its first appearance, in European literature, was in the 'Disciplina Clericalis' of Petrus Alfonsus, where it is thus related:

Two citizens and a rustic, going to Mecca, shared provisions till they reached that place, and then their food failed, so that nothing remained save so much flour as would make a single loaf, and that a small one.

¹ This is also the subject of a *fabliau*, "Les Deux Bourgeois et le Vilain"—see Le Grand, ed. 1781, tome ii. p. 328.

The citizens, seeing this, said to each other, "We have too little bread, and our companion eats a great deal. Wherefore we ought to have a plan to take away from him part of the loaf, and eat it by ourselves alone." Accordingly a plan of this sort proved acceptable: to make and bake the loaf, and while it was being baked to sleep, and whoever of them saw the most wonderful things in a dream should eat the loaf alone. These words they spake artfully, as they thought the rustic too simple for inventions of the kind. They made the loaf and baked it, and at length lay down to sleep. But the rustic, more crafty than they thought, whilst his companions were asleep took the half-baked loaf, ate it up, and again lay down. One of the citizens, as if terrified out of his sleep, awoke, and called his companion, who inquired, "What is the matter?" He said, "I have seen a wondrous vision, for it seemed to me that two angels opened the gates of Paradise and led me within." Then his companion said to him, "This is a wondrous vision you have seen. But I dreamed that two angels took me, and, cleaving the earth, led me to the lower regions." The rustic heard all this, and pretended to be asleep; but the citizens, being deceived, and wishing to deceive, called on him to awake. But the rustic replied cunningly, as though he was terrified, "Who are they that call me?" Then they said, "We are your companions." But he replied, "Have you returned already?" To this they rejoined, "Where did we go, that we should return?" Then the rustic said, "Now it seemed to me

that two angels took one of you, and opened the gates of heaven and led him within; then two others took the other, and opened the earth and took him to hell: and, seeing this, I thought neither of you would return any more, and I rose and ate the loaf.”¹

¹ A similar tale occurs in the ‘Toldoth Jeſu,’ a scurrilous Jewish “Life” of Christ, the Hebrew text of which, with a Latin translation and elaborate notes, was published at Leyden in 1705: ‘Historia Jeschue Nazareni, à Judæis blasphemè corrupta, ex Manuscripto hactenus inedito nunc demum edita, ac versione et notis (quibus Judæorum nequitæ propius deteguntur, et authoris asserta ineptiæ ac impietatis convicuntur) illustrata à Joh. Jac. Huldrico, Tigurnio.’

In the following Latin rendering of the Jewish version of our story it will be observed that, in place of a loaf, the prize to be “dreamt” for is a little roasted goose:

Venerunt itaque inde in diversorium. Quærit ibi Jesus ex hospite, “Est ne tibi unde hi edant?” Resp. hospes, “Non mihi suppetit nisi anserculus assatus.” Sumit ergo Jesus anserem illisque apponit, aiens, “Anser hic exiguus nimis est, quam ut à tribus comedi debeat. Dormitum eamus, et ille qui somnariat somnium optimum, comedit anserem solus.” Decumbunt igitur. Tempesta vero nocte surgit Jehuda et anserem devorat. Mane itaque illis surgentibus, Petrus ait, “Somnio mihi visus fui assidere solio Filii Dei Shaddai.” Jesus ait, “Ego sum Filius ille Dei Shaddai; et somniavi te proprope me sedere. Ecce ergo me præstantius quid somniasse te; quare meum erit anserem comedere.” Jehuda tandem aiebat, “Ego quidem ipsemet in somnio comedi anserem.” Quærit ergo anserem Jesus, sed frustra, Jehuda enim devorabat illum.

Jehuda, the person who in this version plays the part of the rustic in Alfonsus’ story, was, according to the ‘Toldoth Jeſu,’ a rabbi—a most malignant scoundrel he appears in the narrative—who pretended to be a disciple of Jesus in order the more surely to betray Him, which he did shortly after this adventure at the inn.—If Alfonsus adapted his story from the above—and it is not unlikely he was acquainted with the ‘Toldoth Jeſu’ before he became a convert to Christianity—it must be allowed that he has greatly improved upon his model.

There is a Sicilian variant in Pitrè’s collection, in which a monk, who was an itinerant preacher, is represented as being accompanied on a journey by a very cunning lay-brother. One day the monk re-

Going still farther afield, we find our "Joe Miller" also, though in a somewhat different guise—*alter et idem*—in a fable which occurs in the introduction to a Persian poetical version of the ancient Book of Sindibád ('Sindibád Náma'), the only known copy of which is an illuminated—but unfortunately imperfect—manuscript preserved in the Library of the India Office (No. 3214):

An old wolf and fox, intimate friends, were once travelling together. A short way before them they saw a camel, who joined them, and the three together took the road to the village of camels. Their only provision for the journey consisted of a pumpkin. They travelled on for a long time, up hill and down dale, till, exhausted by the heat of the road, their eyes became black with thirst. At length they reached a pond full of water, and sat down on its brink. The pumpkin was produced, and after some discussion it was agreed that the prize should belong to him who was eldest among them. First the wolf began, "Indian, Tájik, and Turk,¹ know that my mother bore me one week before God created heaven and earth, time and space; consequently I have the best right to the pumpkin." "Yes," said the old and crafty fox, "I

ceived a present of some fish, which he wished to eat himself, and so he proposed to his companion that the one of them who dreamed the best dream should have all the fish: the monk is outwitted by his lay-brother.

¹ The term "Tájik" is used for "Persian"; thus in Mirkhánd's history, "Turk ú Tájik," Turk and Persian. As employed above, the phrase is equivalent to "all the world," or "all civilised men."

have nothing to object on this account; for on the night your mother bore you, I was standing by in attendance. That morning it was I that lit the taper, and I burned beside your pillow like a morning taper." When the camel had heard their speeches to an end, he stalked forward, and bending down his neck, snapped up the pumpkin, observing, "It is impossible to conceal a thing so manifest as this—that, with such a neck and haunches and back as mine, it was neither yesterday nor last night that my mother bore me."

The original form of this fable is probably found in the "Culla Vagga" portion of the 'Vinayapitaka,' one of the oldest parts of the Buddhist sacred books, which Professor E. B. Cowell, who has made the following translation of it, thinks can hardly be later than the third century B.C.:

Long ago, there was a great banyan-tree on the slope of the Himálya mountains, and three friends dwelt near it—a partridge, a monkey, and an elephant. They were disrespectful and discourteous to one another, and did not live harmoniously together. Then it occurred to them: "Oh, if we could know which of us is the eldest, we could honour him, and respect him, and show him duty and reverence, and abide by his exhortations." Then the partridge and the monkey asked the elephant, "What is the oldest thing, friend, that you remember?" "Friends," he replied, "when I was a child I used to walk over this banyan-tree, keeping it between my thighs, and its topmost shoot

touched my belly. This is the oldest thing that I remember." Then the partridge and the elephant asked the monkey, "What is the oldest thing, friend, that you remember?" "Friends, when I was a child I used to sit on the ground and eat the topmost shoot of this banyan. This is the oldest thing that I remember." Then the monkey and the elephant asked the partridge, "What is the oldest thing, friend, that you remember?" "Friends, in yonder place there was once a certain great banyan-tree; I ate a fruit from it, and voided it in this spot, and from it sprang this banyan. Therefore, friends, I am older than either of you." Then the monkey and the elephant thus addressed the partridge, "You, friend, are the oldest of us all; we will honour and respect you, and will show you duty and reverence, and will abide by your exhortations." Then the partridge stirred them up in the five moral duties,¹ and also took those duties upon himself. They were respectful and courteous to one another, and lived harmoniously together, and after the dissolution of their bodies they were reborn happily in heaven.²

¹ The five moral duties, or the Five Precepts of Buddha, are: (1) Not to do murder; (2) not to steal; (3) not to commit adultery; (4) not to drink intoxicating liquors; (5) not to do anything which is evil.

² The partridge, monkey, and elephant are, of course, men reborn in these forms.—A variant of this apologue is known to the Northern Buddhists: "Some Bhikshus asked the Lord what claims an elder person had to the veneration of the younger. The Lord said, During the reign of Brahmadata there lived at Benáres four animals,—a francoline partridge, a hare, a monkey, and an elephant,

The same fable occurs in the 'Avadānas,' translated from the Chinese into French by Stanislas Julien; another version is found in the 'Játakas,' or Buddhist Birth-Stories, recently translated by Dr T. W. Rhys Davids; and a curiously distorted variant occurs in the "Uttara Kanda" of the Sanskrit epic, the 'Rámáyana,' in which an owl and a vulture dispute about the possession of a certain cave, each claiming it to be his by ancient right. They refer the matter to Ráma, who decides in favour of the owl, because the cave had been his ever since the earth was first adorned with trees, while the other had only known it since men first came into being.

A Mongolian version presents a striking analogy to the fable as found in the Persian 'Sindibád Náma,' though, as in the variant last cited, the number of the disputants is but two:

The wolf and the fox found on the road a skin full of fat. "Hand it over; let us eat it," said the wolf. "That won't do here," answered the fox. "Here are people going backwards and forwards; so we must carry it to the top of a mountain and eat it there." "Do thou carry it." So the wolf carried the fat to a great mountain. Then said the fox, "There is not enough fat for us both, and it is not worth dividing; let one of us eat the whole." "Which who all honoured an elderly banyan-tree. On account of the merits of this good work, there was always abundance of rain and plenty of everything."—From 'The Sanskrit Buddhist Literature of Nepal,' by Rájendratála Mitra, LL.D. Calcutta, 1882. Pp. 70, 71.

of us?" asks the wolf. "Let the elder eat it," replied the fox; "pray how old art thou?" The wolf thought a while, and determined to invent a lie, so as to cheat the fox. "When I was a youngster," said he, "the Mount Sumérn was only a clot of earth in a bog, and the ocean only a puddle." The fox lay down and wept. "Why weepest thou?" "I weep," said the fox, "because I once had two cubs, and the youngest was just your age." So the fox cheated the wolf, who was so ashamed that he ran away.¹

Variants of the Buddhist legends of the oldest animals seem to have come to Europe at an early period. "Readers of the 'Mabinogion,'" says Professor Cowell,² "will remember the curious legend which

¹ 'Folk-Lore Journal,' 1886, vol. iv. p. 29.—In Rivière's 'Contes populaires de la Kabylie du Djurdjura' (I. iii. 4), a lion, a jackal, and a boar possess jointly a jar of butter. One day they all go to plant beans. The jackal gets hungry, and pretends he is called away. "Who calls thee?" asks the lion. "My uncle—there's a marriage at his house, and so I'm off to the feast." The jackal goes and eats half the butter. When he comes back, "Have you had a good feed?" the others ask. "Yes, yes—God bless them!" Next day he goes off on a similar pretended errand, and eats the rest of the butter. After some time they invite all their friends to a grand feast, and on discovering the butter-jar empty, the lion and the boar, exclaiming, "You ate it—ah, you scoundrel!" tear the jackal in pieces.—With a different catastrophe, the Icelandic story of the Butter-Tub (in Powell and Magnusson's collection) closely resembles the Kabail fable: An old man and his wife set apart for the winter a tub of butter, and the old woman, pretending on three occasions that she is invited to a christening, goes secretly and eats up all the butter. For the sequel, see vol. i. of the present work, pp. 55, 56.

² In an interesting paper, "The Legend of the Oldest Animals," in 'Y Cymrodor' (Welsh Society's Journal), October 1882.

is found in the story of Kilhwch and Olwen. We read there how Arthur's ambassadors went successively in search of tidings about Mabon the son of Modron, to the ousel of Cilgwri, the stag of Redynvre, the owl of Cwm Cawlwyd, the eagle of Gwern Abwy, and, finally, the salmon of Llyn Llyw, and each of them gave some fresh proof of its greater age than its predecessors, but still referred the question to some animal of still more venerable antiquity than itself.¹ Ap Gwilym, however, alludes to another version of the story, which, I am inclined to think, preserves an older form of this widespread piece of folk-lore. In his poem 'Yr Oed,' where he describes himself as waiting and waiting under the thorn for his faithless mistress, he says:

A thousand persons and more liken me
 To him who dwelt in Gwern Abwy;
 In truth I should not be an eagle at all,
 Except for my waiting for my lady three generations of men;—
 I am exactly like the stag
 In Cilgwri, for my beloved;
 Of the same colour, gray, to my thinking,
 As my bedfellow (the owl) in Cwm Cawlwyd.

Here we have only three animals, instead of the five in the 'Mabinogi'; and, as far as I can trace the story in Eastern literature, three is the usual number given, however the species of the animals themselves may vary."

¹ See Note at the end of this paper, "Sending one to an Older and the Oldest Person."

It would be interesting to ascertain how the Buddhist legend of the oldest animals came to be transformed into the popular jest of the Three Travellers and the Loaf. The fable of the Wolf, Fox, and Camel, in the Persian 'Sindibád Náma,' and the Mongolian variant of the Wolf and the Fox—in both of which the disputants are still animals, but with a pumpkin introduced in the one and a skin of fat in the other, as the objects of contention—may be considered as transition forms, some version of one of which was doubtless known to the author of the 'Toldoth Jeśu,' whence, through Alfonsus, it seems to have spread over Europe in its existing form.

NOTE.

SENDING ONE TO AN OLDER AND THE OLDEST
PERSON (p. 95).

The incident of one aged individual sending an inquirer to another who is older occurs in many fairy tales. To cite a few instances: In the Albanian tale of the Jealous Sisters (No. 2 of Dozon), the hero, in quest of a flower from the Belle of the Earth, meets with a *lamia*, who not only refrains from eating him, but kindly directs him to go to her elder sister, who may tell him where the place is of which he is in search, and she again refers him to the eldest sister, from whom he obtains the wished-for information. In Laura Gonzenbach's Sicilian Tales, a prince is sent by an "Einsiedler" to his brother, who sends him to an older brother, and he again to one older still. In the Swedish tale of the Beautiful Palace East of the Sun and North of the Earth (Thorpe's 'Yule-Tide Stories'), the hero, in quest of the palace, is sent by an old woman to her old sister, who in turn sends her to an older sister, dwelling in a small ruinous cottage

on a mountain. In the 'Kathá Sarit Ságara' (Book v. ch. xxv.) Saktideva, in quest of the Golden City, is sent by a hermit, who had lived 800 years in the same place and had never heard of it, to an elder brother; and most readers will remember a similar instance in the Arabian tale of Hasan of Basra. But in the tenth story of Natésa Sástrí's 'Dravidian Nights' (translation of the Tamil romance, 'Madana Kámarája Kadai'), instead of to older persons, the hero, in quest of the *párijáta* flower for his betrothed, is sent by a devotee, who opened his eyes every watch, to another, who opened his eyes every second watch, and he sends him to a third devotee, who opened his eyes every third watch.

In Thoms' 'Longevity of Man' the following is quoted from Clarkson's 'History and Antiquities of Richmond' (in Yorkshire): "There had been some legal dispute in which the evidence of 'Old Jenkins,' as confessedly the oldest inhabitant, was required, and the agent of Mrs Wastell, one of the parties, went to visit the old man. Previous to Jenkins going to York (says Mr Clarkson), when the agent went to find out what account he could give of the matter in dispute, he saw an old man sitting at the door, to whom he told his business. The old man said he could remember nothing about it, but that he would find his father in the house, who perhaps could satisfy him. When he went in he saw another man sitting over the fire, bowed down with years, to whom he repeated his former question. With some difficulty he made him understand what he had said, and after a little while got the following answer, which surprised him very much: That he knew nothing about it, but that if he would go into the yard he would meet with his father, who perhaps could tell him. The agent, upon this, thought that he had met with a race of antediluvians. However, into the yard he went, and to his no small astonishment found a venerable man with a long beard and a broad leathern belt about him, chopping sticks. To this man he again told his business, and received such information as in the end recovered the royalty in dispute. The fact is," adds Mr Thoms, "that this story of Jenkins' son and grandson is only a Yorkshire version of the story as old or older than Jenkins himself, namely, of the very old man who was seen crying because his father had beaten him for throwing

stones at his grandfather." Mr Thoms does not seem to have been aware, however, of the incident of sending an inquirer to older and oldest persons being both ancient and common to the folk-lore of most countries.—In Dasent's second series of Norse popular tales (entitled 'Tales from the Fjeld'), a traveller comes to a house and asks a night's lodgings; he is referred by son to father successively until he comes to the head of the house, the oldest of seven old men and a five-fold grandfather, who had shrunk to the bulk of a baby, and was literally laid on a shelf! Something like this I remember having met with in an Indian story-book. The idea is probably a survival of some primitive myth, suggested by the physical and mental imbecility of extreme old age—"second childhood."

cf. de's 1st and 2^d T.

THE MERCHANT AND THE FOLK OF FALSETOWN.

IT is probable that few besides special students of Chaucer are acquainted with the old metrical "History of Beryn," which is foisted in a unique manuscript of the 'Canterbury Tales.' Assuredly it is none of Chaucer's,¹ although it is of considerable importance to such as are interested in the genealogy of popular fictions. In the folio edition of the works of Chaucer, by John Urry, London, 1721, "The History of Beryn" is given as the Merchant's Second Tale, the prologue to which is "The mery adventure of the Pardonere and Tapstere at the Inn at Canterbury," and both, it is stated in a prefatory note, "were never before printed, and are taken out of a MS. borrowed from the Honourable Lady Thinn, and not to be met with in any of the other MSS. which Mr Urry had perused." That unique manuscript, which is described

¹ It would seem, from a couplet at the end of the Tale, that it was written by a monk of Canterbury :

Nomen Autoris presentis Cronica Rome
Et translatoris, Filius ecclesie Thome.

in the preface to Urry's edition of Chaucer as imperfect at the beginning and end, is now in the possession of the Duke of Northumberland, and the "Pardoner's Adventure" and the "Tale of Beryn"—re-edited by Dr F. J. Furnivall and Mr Walter G. Stone, with side-notes giving the substance of the narratives—were published for the Chaucer Society in 1876, as a first fasciculus of a volume of Supplementary Canterbury Tales; and an introduction and appendix of analogues are likely to be issued shortly. The following is the outline of the Tale of Beryn:

A Roman knight of great worth and wealth, named Faunus, had a son born to him after many years of wedlock, who was named Beryn. His parents indulged this only son in his every whim, the result being that he grew up idle and dissipated, a dicer and frequenter of ribald assemblages. His mother died when Beryn was still a youth, and some time after his father married again, and doted on his second wife, who set his heart against his spendthrift son, and Faunus one morning, after a colloquy with his wife, refused him further supplies of money. Beryn, after upbraiding his father for being so completely under the influence of his new wife, in despair went out of the house, and wandering without aim, came to the church in which his mother was buried, entered it, and gave vent to his grief—now thoroughly repentant—on his mother's tomb. Meanwhile his step-mother, fearing that she should be blamed by the citizens for causing Beryn to be disinherited, induced his father

to search for him, and he was brought home. Faunus made several proposals to Beryn, but he would be nothing but a merchant, and ultimately his father purchased five ships, and having laden them with rich merchandise, Beryn sailed away to foreign shores. After a dangerous voyage, he arrives with his five ships all safe at a strange city, where he falls into the toils of the knavish inhabitants: (1) He plays at chess with a burgess, who makes it a condition that the loser shall do whatsoever the other may require of him; and Beryn, having lost the game, is required to "drink up all the salt water that is in the sea," and compelled to pledge his ships for his performance of the task. (2) Another induces him to discharge into his store-houses the cargoes of his ships, lest they should be forfeited as well as the ships, promising to reload them with any kind of goods he might choose. (3) A blind man accuses him of having borrowed his eyes many years before, and failed to restore them, according to agreement. (4) A woman accuses him of deserting her, his wife, and their child. (5) Lastly, a knave persuades him to purchase a peculiar knife which he possesses, in order to present it to the judge, who had long desired it, by way of bespeaking his favour on the morrow, when all the charges against him are to be heard; and then accuses Beryn in court of having murdered his (the knave's) father seven years before, when he left for Rome, the knife being then in his possession. On the following day Beryn and his accusers appear before the judge

(“steward”), and by the cleverness of a man who was a native of Rome, and desired to return thither, he comes out of his troubles not only scatheless, but with considerable profit. His first pursuer is required to stop the fresh water from flowing into the sea, and then Beryn will drink all the salt water. But as this is impossible, the burgess is heavily fined because of the trouble and anxiety the accused had suffered through him. The second, having made away with the goods, is required to load the five ships with butterflies. The blind man is challenged to produce Beryn’s eyes, that they should be exchanged for those which Beryn has at present. The woman is asked to accompany Beryn to Rome, but she declines—fearing, perhaps, that she might be drowned on the way thither. Finally, the knave is answered that Beryn found the knife sticking in his own father’s body, and that it was the knave’s father who was his murderer. All, therefore, had to pay large sums of money to Beryn for having brought false accusations against him; and Beryn, having thus doubled his property, returns with his able advocate to his ships in great joy and solace. Presently five damsels come with rich presents to Beryn from the Duke Isope: a cup of gold, a fine sword, a purple mantle, a cloth of gold, and a palm. Next day he visits Isope, by whom he is received most graciously, and the Duke bestows on him the hand of his fair daughter in marriage.

The Tale of Beryn— which is told with spirit

throughout—has evidently been taken from the first part¹ of an old French romance, of which two manuscripts are known to exist, one in the National Library at Paris,² the other in the Imperial Library at Vienna. This romance was printed early in the 16th century;³ and a copious *extrait* of it is found in ‘Mélanges, tirés d’une grande bibliothèque,’ Paris, 1780, tome viii. 225-277. Our English version ends, as we have seen, with the marriage of Beryn to the daughter of Duke Isope, who is called Cleopatra in the French romance, and it goes on to relate: That a chevalier named Logres, who had loved Cleopatra, and had pretensions to the crown of Blandie—the scene of our Beryn’s troubles and triumphs—enraged that a foreigner should have deprived him of the one and his chance of the other, sent a challenge to the “Roman merchant.” They fight; Berinus is victor, and Logres quits the field covered with shame. Esope, the emperor, dies some time after, and Berinus succeeds to the throne of Blandie; but the army give him up at length to his old rival Logres, who generously allows him to return to Rome, with five richly laden ships.

¹ Not the second part, as Dunlop says—‘History of Fiction.’

² This MS. is of the 15th century, Professor Gaston Paris has informed me.

³ With the spelling modernised, the title runs thus: ‘L’Histoire du noble Chevalier Berinus, et du vaillant et très-chevalereux Champion Aigres de l’Aimant, son fils; lequel Livre est tant solacieux qu’il doit être sur tout autre nommé le vrai Sentier d’Honneur, et l’Exemple de toute Chevalerie; nouvellement reduit de langage inconnu au vulgaire langage François.’ À Paris, par Jean Jannot. [? 1521.]

So Berinus sails away from Blandie, with his wife Cleopatra, their son Aigres, and their daughter Romaine. For three days all goes well, but on the fourth the ships are irresistibly drawn towards a huge rock, which the older mariners know to be called the Rock of Adamant, and soon the vessels are all stuck to it—no efforts of the crews avail to free them. To be brief, they learn from an inscription on the rock that if one of their number consent to be left behind, and throw a ring which is there into the sea, the ships should be freed. They draw lots, and Aigres, the son of Berinus, is the allotted one. He goes upon the rock, and throws the ring into the sea, when instantly the vessels are freed and resume their voyage. Aigres gets off the rock after some time, by informing the crew of the next ship attracted to it how to free themselves, and carries with him a fine horse, a sword, and armour which he found in a vessel that had long before been attracted by the fatal rock. Here follow the chivalric adventures of Aigres; and the rest of the romance comprises a version of the ancient legend of the Robbery of the King's Treasury, which must form the subject of a separate paper.

A story similar to that of the adventures of Beryn in Falsetown is found in all the Eastern derivatives of the Book of Sindibád, including versions derived directly from Eastern texts—namely, the Greek ('Syn-tipas'), which was translated from the Syriac, and the old Castilian ('Libro de los Engannos,' etc.), which was

made from an Arabic text now lost. The Arabic version (the 'Seven Vazírs'), which forms a member of the 'Elf Layla wa Layla,' or Thousand and One Nights, is probably not more than 400 years old, if not even of later date in some texts of that famous story-book.

In the Persian metrical version ('Sindibád Náma), a merchant, on arriving in the city of Káshgar, is first victimised by a rogue who induces him to believe that the sandal-wood he has brought for sale was of no value—the fact being that it was worth its weight in gold—and purchases all his stock, promising to give him in return a certain measure of "whatever else he should choose." He plays with a citizen at draughts, the condition being that the loser shall do whatever the winner should require;¹ and being beaten, he is required to "drink up the waters of the sea." He is next accosted by a one-eyed man, who accuses him of having stolen his other eye. Lastly, another rogue produces—for some reason not mentioned in the MS.—a stone, and says to him, "Make me from this piece of marble a pair of trousers and a shirt." The merchant having acquainted the old woman with whom he lodged of all these entanglements, she advises him to disguise himself and go to such a place in the evening, where all the rogues of the city assembled

¹ A favourite practice in the East, especially among the Arabs, is to impose upon the loser of a game, instead of a pecuniary payment, the obligation of doing whatsoever the winner may command him.

to recount their exploits of the day to their chief,¹ a blind old man, who was noted for his sharpness of intellect, and attend carefully to his remarks. He goes thither accordingly, and sits among the numerous cheaters unobserved. To him who had related the bargain for the sandal-wood the blind old man said, "You are a fool; for instead of this merchant asking a measure of silver or gold, he may require you to give him a measure of male fleas, with silken housings and jewelled bridles, and how will you do this?" To the draught-player he said, that his opponent might express his readiness to drink up the waters of the sea, provided the rivers were first stopped from flowing into it. To the one-eyed man he said, "The merchant may propose that one of his eyes and your only eye be taken out and weighed, to prove whether they are the same, and in such a case you would be totally blind, while the other would still have one eye." And to the man who required a pair of trousers and a shirt to be made of a piece of marble, he said, that the other might ask him to first make an iron thread to sew them with. The disguised merchant, having attentively heard the blind old man's remarks, returned to his lodging, and next day, when the parties appeared before the kázi, he made to each of his claimants the reply which their chief had suggested, so that all were confounded—the

¹ "Every Muslim capital," says Sir R. F. Burton, "has a Shaykh of Thieves, who holds regular levées, and will restore stolen goods for a consideration; and this has lasted since the days of Diodorus Siculus."—Notes to his Translation of 'The Nights'; see also his 'Pilgrimage to Meccah and el-Medinah,' vol. i. p. 91.

rogue who had cheated him out of the sandal-wood having to restore it, and pay the merchant several bags of gold by way of compensation.

In the Arabic version the merchant, after disposing of his sandal-wood, is accosted by the one-eyed man, and obtains a day's respite, on finding surety; his shoe having been torn in the scuffle, he takes it to a cobbler, saying, "Repair it, and I will give thee what will content thee"; then he plays at dice with a fourth sharper, and losing the game, is required to drink up the sea, or surrender his wealth. The blind old man tells the cobbler that the merchant might say to him, "The sultan's troops have been victorious, and the number of his children and allies is increased—art thou content?" to which he dared not reply in the negative; and the dice-player might be required to hold the mouth of the sea and hand it to him. In the Greek, Hebrew, and old Castilian versions, the "stopping the rivers" is the old man's suggestion, and the incident of the cobbler does not occur.

It has not, I think, been hitherto noticed that the story, in a somewhat varied form, is orally current in India—whence, indeed, it first set out upon its travels many ages ago. The following is abridged from a version given in a little-known but very entertaining collection of Indian stories and anecdotes:

A merchant, on his deathbed, warns his son not to venture into the region of the Himályas in his trading

journeys, since the people there were very artful and dishonest; but should he neglect this warning and go thither, and fall into trouble, he should go to Gholab Sing, the chief of that place, and mention his (the father's) name, and he would help him out of his difficulties. The young man, after his father's death, resolves, out of curiosity, to visit the prohibited country, and accordingly sets off, with a large stock of valuable goods. Arriving there after two months' tedious journey, instead of firing his gun in the air to notify the fact (as usual), he shot at and killed a heron that was sitting quietly on the bank of a large piece of water. A washerman, engaged in cleansing clothes hard by, seeing this, accused him of having killed his father, who had been re-born in the form of that bird, and demanded that he should restore his father (the heron) to life, or pay him 400 rupís. Presently a man came up who was blind of an eye, and said to the merchant, "Your father (peace be to his spirit!) traded in all kinds of things, took a fancy to my eyes, and bought one of them for 600 rupís, promising to pay me on his next visit hither. I forego the interest due me for many years, but you must pay me the principal, or restore the eye to me." While this man and the merchant were disputing there came up a woman bearing a child in her arms, who said that she was a wife of the young merchant's father, and had borne him that child; and that when he left her, he bade her borrow such sums of money as she should re-

quire for her maintenance during his absence, which he should duly refund on his return: she therefore desired him to pay off the debts she had incurred during the past two years and six months, to save his father's credit. The young merchant, confounded by such strange demands, bethought himself of his father's advice, and desired all three claimants to accompany him to Gholab Sing, their chief, by whose decision he would be bound. To this proposal they willingly agreed; and when the merchant had, in a private audience, stated the several claims made upon him, the chief advised him to repel them in this wise: To the washerman he should say that his own father had been re-born as a fish, which the washerman's father, the heron, had swallowed: "Restore my father to life, and I will then resuscitate your father." To the one-eyed man he should say that it was true his father dealt largely in eyes, but in order to find out which of those in his stock belonged to him, he must take out his remaining eye to have it weighed.¹ And

¹ Among the Kashmīrī traditions regarding Akbar is the following: The emperor went out one night into the outskirts of the city, disguised as a fakīr, and Bīr Bal, his minister, meeting and recognising him, the two went on together, till a one-eyed man came up to them and said to Akbar, "You have taken out my eye. Either pay me 1200 rupis or restore my other eye." Akbar was taken aback by such a demand, but Bīr Bal was equal to the occasion. "Yes," said he, "it is quite true. We have your eye, and if you will come to-morrow we will return it to you." The man agreed, and left. Bīr Bal sent to the butcher's for some sheep's eyes, and put each one separately in a wooden box by itself. When the man came in the morning, Bīr Bal told him that the king had several eyes, but it was impossible to say which was his eye: he must therefore submit to have his other eye

to the woman he should say that he admitted the truth of her statement, his father having often spoken to him of the circumstance, and indeed had on his deathbed desired him to give her one of his sandals, which she was to put on and then mount the funeral pyre.¹ The young merchant acted upon these suggestions, and having thus defeated his claimants, they were sent to prison loaded with chains, and he was afterwards permitted to trade in that place without further molestation.²

We might well suppose that the adventures of Beryn in Falsetown were derived from the Greek 'Syntipas,' and that the variations in the former were made by the author. But the case is altered when we have before us an Indian version of the story which has two incidents in common with the Tale of Beryn, not found in any of the 'Sindibád' versions: (1) the woman and her child; (2) the charge of having murdered a man's father, which in the Hindú story has its representative in the washerman accusing the merchant of having killed his father in shooting a heron. On the other hand, the

taken out and weighed, and the man was blinded for life.—See Knowles' 'Dictionary of Kashmiri Proverbs,' pp. 88, 89.

¹ When a Hindú died away from his family, a messenger was despatched to his house with one of his shoes to intimate his death and cremation; his wives then performed *satti* (or voluntary death by burning), with his shoes in place of his body.

² 'The Hermit of Motee Jhurna; also Indian Tales and Anecdotes.' By C. Vernieux. Calcutta: 1873.

'Sindibád' versions have two incidents in common with the Tale of Beryn, neither of which is found in the Indian story: (1) "the waters of the sea;" (2) the aloes-wood swindle, for which the rogue is required to give a measure of "harnessed fleas," which has its equivalent in Beryn's being cheated out of his cargoes and requiring the cheater to reload his ships with butterflies. But the Indian version has one incident in common with all the others—the one-eyed man: in Beryn he is totally blind. Thus, it appears, the Tale of Beryn—that is to say, his adventures in False-town—was derived neither from any known 'Sindibád' version nor from the only Indian version at present known. We must therefore conclude that a version having the elements of both was the source of the Tale of Beryn. As to the long narrative of Beryn's froward youth, that may have been an invention of the author, or adapted by him from another tale—no unusual thing, whether in the case of written or oral fictions. To conclude this critical inquiry—which may by some, perhaps, be considered as "wasted labour" on a trifling subject: but let that pass—it is observable that in all the 'Sindibád' versions the merchant, by the advice of another, learns from the remarks of the blind old shaykh of the thieves how to answer his opponents: in the Tale of Beryn, he is advised by a pretended cripple called Geoffrey—an incident which does not appear in my brief abstract of the story—to go and listen to what the rogues should say of their cases to Duke Isope, who, like the thieves'

shaykh, is blind but very clever; and when Beryn declines to do so, Geoffrey goes himself: in the Indian story, the advice is obtained directly from a prince, Gholab Singh.

A jest similar to the reply, in the Persian version of our story, to the man with the piece of marble is found in the Talmud—where many wise and witty as well as foolish and absurd things occur—in the story of an Athenian who, walking about the streets of Jerusalem, and seeing a tailor on his shop-board busily at work, picked up a broken mortar and facetiously asked him to be good enough to put a patch upon it. “Willingly,” replied the tailor, taking up a handful of sand and offering it to the witling—“most willingly, if you will first have the kindness to make me a few *threads* of this material.” The “stopping of the rivers” is the reply made by the German rogue, Tyl Eulenspiegel, when asked to state the quantity of water in the sea; and this question also occurs in one of Sacchetti’s novels, though the answer is somewhat different; but in the nineteenth Tale of Madden’s edition of the ‘Gesta Romanorum’ we find, to the question of how many gallons of salt water there be in the sea, the answer: “Let all the passages of fresh water be stopped, and I shall tell thee.” Such “hard questions,” or *posers*, are very common in the early popular literature of Europe. Thus, in the ballad of King John and the Abbot of Canterbury, the latter

is required to answer the king "questions three," and failing to do so, "his head should be smitten from his bodie,"—which is similar in outline to one of Eulenspiegel's exploits and to the novel of Sacchetti already referred to.¹ In a small tract preserved in the British Museum, entitled 'Demands Joyous,' are such *posers* as: "Why doth a dog turn himself about three times before he lieth down? *Ans.* Because he knoweth not his bed's head from its foot." Again: "How many straws go to a goose's nest? *Ans.* None; because they be all carried." Again: "How many calves' tails would it take to reach the moon? *Ans.* But one, if it be long enough." Goldsmith may have had this last jest in mind when, Johnson and he supping on rumps and kidneys one night at the Mitre Tavern, the literary dictator remarked to his friend, "These rumps are very fine things, sir;" to which Goldy replied, "Yes, sir, but it would take a great many of them to reach to the moon." "To the moon!" echoed Johnson; "that, sir, I fear, exceeds your calculation." "I think I could tell," answered Goldy. "Pray, then, sir, how many?" Quoth Goldy—at the same time probably hitching beyond arm's length of the irascible Doctor—"Only one, if it were long enough." For a little, Johnson, saith the veracious Boswell, sate sulky, but at length

¹ The Norse story of "The Priest and his Clerk," in Dasent's 'Tales from the Fjeld'; "The Cook" and the "Thoughtless Abbot," in Crane's 'Italian Popular Tales'; and the "Three Priests and the Khoja," in the Turkish collection of pleasantries ascribed to Khoja Nasr-ed-Din Efendi, also correspond, *mutatis mutandis*, with our fine old English ballad of 'King John and the Abbot.'

recovered his good-humour, and said, "I deserved it, sir."—In another book of facetiæ, entitled 'The Scots Piper's Queries, or John Falkirk's Cariches' (*i.e.*, Catechism): "What time is a scolding wife at her best? *Ans.* When she is fast asleep." "Who was the good-man's muckle cow's calf's mother? *Ans.* The muckle cow herself." "What is the likest thing to a man and a horse? *Ans.* A tailor and a mare." "What is the hardest dinner that ever a tailor could lay his teeth to? *Ans.* His own goose, ever so well boiled or roasted." With such "hard questions" did our simple ancestors exercise their wits, and pleasantly pass the long winter evenings, in the absence of higher intellectual amusements — and of halfpenny newspapers with "piping-hot" tidings from the farthest ends of the earth!

THE ROBBERY OF THE KING'S TREASURY.

WHETHER it be true, as Butler asserts in his 'Hudibras,' that "the pleasure is as great of being cheated as to cheat," there can be no doubt that mankind in all ages have delighted in stories of expert thievery. Indeed, in some Eastern countries at the present day theft is a regular profession, and no disgrace attaches to it—except perhaps upon detection. It often appears in folk-tales that boys and youths are apprenticed to the thieving craft, as in the Norse tale of the Master-Thief, and the Gaelic tale of the Shifty Lad. Even the sons of kings formerly added to the ordinary accomplishments of princes perfect skill in jugglery and theft, if we may credit the Indian romance which recounts the adventures of the princes Somasekhara and Chitrasekhara, who cleverly effected their entrance into the palace of Vikráma, king of Lilavatí, and in spite of every precaution plundered, unknown to them, the king, the queen, and the princess of their jewels, and stripped them and the maids of honour of their garments—leaving a

written paper stating that they would not cease their depredations until the king consented to give his daughter in marriage to one of them, and threatening, if he withheld his consent, to carry off the princess. The exploits of European sharpers in modern times are tame compared with those of their brethren in the East, especially in Egypt, which breeds the cleverest thieves in the world; but all combined are "as nothing, and less than nothing, and vanity," in comparison with the achievements of the hero of a hundred stories (he is one and the same clever youth under all disguises)—stories which are spread through every country, from the shores of Argyleshire to the plains of Mongolia, from Ceylon to the pine-clad hills of Norway—variants (brothers and sisters and cousins) of an ancient Egyptian legend which Herodotus has related (Euterpe, 121):

Rhampsinitus, king of Egypt, to secure his vast treasures, caused a strong room to be built of hewn stone. The architect erected the building in exact accordance with the king's orders, but left a stone loose, yet so nicely adjusted that it could not be discovered by any one who was not aware of the fact; while it could be readily removed and replaced by two persons, or even one, if necessary. When the architect was on his deathbed, he acquainted his two sons of this secret provision he had made for their future maintenance, whereby they could, without fear of detection, supply themselves with gold from the royal

treasury. The elder brother is at length caught in a snare set by the king's orders near his coffers, when he discovered that his treasure was fast growing less, and the younger cuts off his head and carries it home. The king causes the headless body to be suspended from the outer wall of his palace, with a guard of soldiers near. The mother of the dead man induced her surviving son to devise some plan of removing the body, and with this purpose he thus proceeded: Having loaded some asses with skins of wine, he drove them towards the place where the soldiers were on guard; and as he drew near, he contrived to partially unloose the necks of several skins, thus permitting the wine to run out, upon which he began to make loud lamentations over the misfortune. The soldiers, hearing his cries, and seeing so much good wine running to waste, quickly ran with vessels to save some of it for themselves. At this the pretended wine-dealer seemed in a still greater rage; but as they answered him in soothing terms, he affected to become gradually pacified, and having secured the wine that remained, he made them a present of a full skin, which they thankfully accepted, and insisted on his joining in their carouse. At midnight, when the soldiers were all dead drunk, the youth shaved the right side of the guards' beards, then removed his brother's body, and placing it on one of his beasts, returned home. In the sequel the king sends his daughter in the capacity of a courtesan, in hopes of her being able to discover the thief; and on the youth's visiting her, when she had heard from him

an account of his exploit with his brother's body (she had made it the condition of her granting her love to such as related the most extraordinary thing that had happened to them), the lady attempted to lay hold of him, but the youth had, in expectation of this, provided himself with the fresh hand of a dead man, which he put into her hand, and escaped. When this new exploit was reported to the king, he was amazed at the versatility and boldness of the man, and at last caused proclamation to be made in all the cities that he would grant a pardon and add to it a valuable reward if the thief would come into his presence. Trusting to his promise, the thief went before Rhampsinitus, who was much astonished, and gave him his daughter in marriage, as to one who surpassed all men in knowledge; for, as they say, the Egyptians surpass all mankind, while he surpassed the Egyptians.—A similar legend is found in Pausanias, ix. 37, relating to the treasury of Hyrieus, built by Trophonius and Agamedes, architects of the temple of Apollo at Delphi, which corresponds with the story in Herodotus so far as the cutting off of the brother's head, caught in the snare, but, according to Pausanias, the earth opened and received Trophonius—and so the story ends.

This legend seems to have been first introduced into European literature in the 12th century, in the oldest version of the romance of the 'Seven Wise Masters,'—a work written in Latin prose, and en-

titled 'Dolopathos ; sive, de Rege et Septem Sapientibus.' After the king discovers that his treasury has been robbed, he takes counsel of a wise old man, who had formerly been himself a great robber, but, though now deprived of sight, often gave the king excellent advice. The old man suggests that a quantity of green grass should be taken into the treasury and set on fire ; then closing the gate, the king should walk round the building, and observe whether smoke escaped through any part of the walls. This the king does, and perceiving smoke issuing from between stones which had not been cemented, the precise place where the robbers had gained entrance was at once ascertained. The youth's device of stealing his father's body is peculiar : The king, still acting by the old man's advice, causes the corpse to be guarded by twenty horsemen in white armour, and twenty in black. The youth disguises himself, one side in white and the other in black, so that he is mistaken as he rides past the two lines of horsemen by each as belonging to the other party, and thus reaches the body and carries it away.

The story as found in one of our Early English versions of the 'Seven Sages'—probably derived from the French—being put into the mouth of the queen, whose object is solely to prejudice the king against his son, ends with the incident of the father's decapitation :

A certain king's counsellor, having wasted all his

wealth and become reduced to poverty, breaks into the royal treasury, with the assistance of his son, and takes away a great quantity of gold. The king, on discovering the robbery, placed a large vessel filled with pitch close to where the breach had been made in the wall, in order to entrap the robber when he next came there. The counsellor, having again fallen into poverty, went one night with his son to procure a fresh supply of gold, and on entering the treasury as before, fell up to his neck in the pitch. Calling to his son, and informing him of what had happened to him, he warned him not to attempt his release, for it was quite impossible; but desired him to draw his sword and cut off his head and carry it away, so that he should not be recognised and his family disgraced. The son accordingly cuts off his father's head, takes it home, and recounts the whole particulars of the adventure.— In the Latin prose version of the same work, entitled 'Historia Septem Sapientum Romæ,' the robber of the king's treasury is a knight, who had spent all his wealth at tourneys, and similar idle sports. After the son had taken home his father's head, the king is informed of the headless body found in his treasury, and orders it to be drawn at the tails of horses through the principal streets to the gallows, charging his soldiers to bring before him any persons whom they observed affected with excessive grief. As the body was drawn past the knight's house, one of his daughters uttered loud cries of sorrow, upon which the son quickly drew his knife and wounded his hand, caus-

ing the blood to flow freely. The soldiers entered the house, and inquired the cause of the loud cries they had just heard, when the son, showing his wounded hand, said that his sister had been alarmed at seeing his blood, on which the soldiers, satisfied with this explanation, quitted the house.¹

From the version in 'Dolopathos' it is probable Ser Giovanni derived the story as found in his 'Pecorone,'—a work written about 1378, but not printed till 1578,—where it is related of an architect named Bindo, who stole a golden vase from the treasury of the Doge of Venice, who adopts the plan of burning straw in order to discover how the thief had entered. The son of Bindo recovers the headless body, which was guarded by a party of soldiers, in this manner: He hires twelve porters and disguises them in the black habits of monks, and himself in a vizard, and his horse in a black cloth, and proceeding thus at night to where the soldiers were stationed, so frightened them that they made no attempt to resist, and reported next morning that the body had been carried off by demons. Finally the Doge proclaims that he will give his daughter in marriage to the clever robber, and the son of Bindo accordingly reveals himself.

¹ An Armenian version of the 'Seven Wise Masters,' written at Ispahán in 1687, of which a Russian translation appeared at Moscow in 1847, has the story in much the same terms, with the addition that the father's corpse was hung on a tree.

In a Sicilian popular version, given in Pitri's collection, the youth steals the body, after drugging the guards, but it is recovered; and he next borrows a flock of goats, sticks lighted candles in pots between their horns, which terrify the soldiers, who run away, and the youth steals the body once more. Next day proclamation is made, fixing a high price for meat, and ordering all old women to come to the palace. A hundred come: they are to find out who was cooking meat—the king thinks only the thief could afford to buy meat at the price. The thief does buy meat. An old woman comes begging, and gets from his mother a piece of meat;—she is met by the thief, who suspects the trick and throws her into the well. On the following day, when the old women assemble at the palace, one is missing. The king ascertains that only one person had purchased meat, so he at last issues proclamation that the man who had done such wonders should have his daughter.

A modern Greek popular version (No. 24 of Legend's collection) is, I think, singular in preserving the incident in the Egyptian legend of the dead man's hand:

The "Thief by Nature" goes, with his rascally uncle, to break open the king's treasury: taking a sack, some ropes, and two grappling-irons, he climbs on to the roof, then helps his uncle to ascend, removes a plate, and thus gains access to the treasury, and having filled the sacks with gold, the two rogues get home in safety.

In this manner they rob the royal treasury on thirteen different nights. At length the king, discovering that his store of gold was becoming rapidly less, consulted an old and expert thief who was in prison, and was advised by him to close all doors and other openings, in order to find where any light comes in, and thus the loose plate is discovered. The prisoner then directs that a cauldron of boiling pitch be placed immediately below the loose plate; and next time the uncle and nephew visit the treasury for a further supply of gold, the youth smells the pitch, and will not go down, but the uncle goes and falls into the pitch; his nephew cuts off his head, and taking it home, tells his aunt not to betray herself by excessive grief. The man in prison next advises that the headless body be exposed in the market-place, and men concealed to watch if any persons weep at the sight of it. The youth bids his aunt take some glasses of sour milk to market, and, if she must see her husband's corpse and give vent to her feelings, to let the glasses drop on the ground, and then sit down and cry ostensibly for the loss of her glasses and milk: this she does accordingly, and is not suspected, but the old thief says she ought to have been detained. He next counsels the king to put some gold coins under the dead body—the confederate is sure to come for them; but the youngster gets a boy to play with him at horses, and each time he passes the body he clutches some of the coins, and in the evening the soldiers in charge are censured for their carelessness. After this

another expedient is adopted to detect the dead robber's accomplice: A camel laden with precious stones is driven through the city, in hopes of attracting the thief; but the youth goes to a cheap wine-seller, and procures a quantity of wine, with which he makes the guards drunk, then shaves off half their hair and beards, takes away the jewels, kills the camel, from which his mother obtains two pots of grease. Then an old woman is sent through the city to procure camel's grease, gets some at the old woman's house, and marks the door, but the young thief similarly marks all the doors in the city. At last the experienced thief in prison tells the king that the dead robber's associate is much more clever than himself, and he can advise nothing further. The king offers, by public proclamation, the hand of his daughter in marriage to the man who had so cleverly escaped detection, and the youth comes boldly forward; but when the king called to his soldiers to arrest him, he leaps amongst them, as if trying to arrest some one, like the others, and thus escapes once more. In the sequel the king again makes public offer of his daughter to the clever man, and the young thief, providing himself with a dead man's hand, presents himself before the princess, and when she has heard his story and calls for help to arrest him, he runs off, leaving her holding the dead man's hand; and the king, seeing that he can make nothing of the youth with all his devices, gives him the princess in marriage.

In the collection of Albanian Tales by M. Dozon (No. 13) we find a most extraordinary version: The youngest of three brothers joins a party of twelve robbers, and they all set off to rob the king. Having broken a hole in the stable-wall, the twelve robbers go inside; but the youth remains outside to watch, and resolving to have no part in the robbery, but on the contrary, to kill them, he calls out, "Save yourselves—you are discovered," and as they come out, one by one, he cuts off their heads, then sticks his knife in the ground, and goes away. In the morning the king is astonished to see the twelve dead bodies and the knife; and in order to discover the person who had thus saved him from being robbed, he causes an inn to be erected at cross roads, at which all travellers are to be lodged and fed free of charge, on condition of their relating all, good and bad, they had done in their lives. The hero, among others, comes to the inn, where he tells of the intended robbery of the royal stables, which being communicated to the king, he gives him his daughter in marriage.¹

¹ This seems a distorted reflection of the device of Rhamsinitus in exposing his daughter to public hire on the like condition. It reappears in a Hungarian tale, cited by Miss Busk in her 'Folk-Lore of Rome' (pp. 167-169): The hero, István, comes to a castle which is besieged by three giants to obtain possession of the king's three beautiful daughters. István kills them by stratagem, takes three tokens of his having been there, and returns to his two brothers. They continue their wanderings till they come to an inn where the three princesses and the king their father have established themselves in disguise, and make all who pass that way to tell the story of their lives, in order to discover who it was that delivered them from the

The story as related in the old French romance 'L'Histoire du Chevalier Berinus'—the first part of which, his adventures in Falsetown, is the subject of the preceding paper¹—is indebted but little to Herodotus: When Berinus arrived at Rome, he found that all his father's property had been seized by the emperor, and it was not long till the wealth he brought with him from Blandie was all spent, and he was in sore straits for the means of subsistence. And now a man called Silvain, whom he had taken off the Rock of Adamant, when his own son Aigres was left there in order to free the ships from its influence (see *ante*, p. 104), informed Berinus that his father was the architect who built the tower where the emperor kept his treasure, and had taken care in the course of its construction to make a secret entrance for his own use. "It is marked with a stone, which is not cemented like the others, but which joins itself to them so perfectly that one could not suspect it is loose. I know this entrance," he added, "and have been more than once into the tower before I quitted Rome. I will go there again on your account, and will restore to you, without knowledge of the emperor, a portion of what he has taken from you." Berinus hesitated a long time before acquiescing in Silvain's

giants. They make themselves known, and the king bestows his daughters on them.

¹ The romance is really composed of three parts, which have very slight connection one with another: (1) Berinus at Falsetown; (2) his son the Chevalier Aigres l'Aimant's knightly adventures; (3) Berinus at Rome: robbing the treasury of Philip.

proposal, and scarcely had he given his consent than shame and remorse took firm hold of him. But without any means in the midst of Rome, even obliged to conceal his name, he saw Cleopatra his wife and Romaine his daughter, the one the offspring of a sovereign, the other born whilst he was himself one,—he saw them both condemned to die of hunger; and he could not endure the prospect. “Take me there,” said he to Silvain—“I agree to everything.” He lodged in an isolated house not far from the treasury of Philip, to which Silvain made several visits, so that Berinus was enabled to live in a state of comfort, but he was prudent enough to have no one in the secret. Cleopatra and Romaine, knowing that they had been formerly rich, were not astonished that he should find in Rome some means of subsistence. They asked him no questions of this matter, because his absolute silence announced that he did not wish that they should do so.

The emperor Philip, intending to give his barons rich presents on their departure from court after the Feast of Pentecost, went into his treasury, and perceiving his wealth considerably diminished, he accused the ten treasurers who guarded it of the robbery, and threw them into prison. One of them offered to the emperor to discover the thief, if he would keep the matter of the robbery a profound secret, to which Philip consented, and both repaired to the tower. The treasurer lighted a great fire in it, and closed all the windows and the door, and when the smoke

issued from the sides of the loose stone they discovered how the robbery had been effected, finding it could be displaced and replaced easily. In order to capture the robber, they placed close to the stone a vessel filled with a glutinous composition. Silvain was now dead. Berinus determines to visit the treasury once more, and never return to it again. He goes, and is caught in the trap laid for him. Just then his son Aigres, surnamed L'Aimant, from his adventure on the Rock (who had come to Rome some time before), is returning from a visit to the palace, and passing the tower observes the aperture left by the removal of the stone, and is proceeding to seize the robber, when he hears a voice exclaiming, "Alas, I have lost my own honour, and have disgraced my family!" "Who are you, unhappy one?" cried Aigres. "Approach, my son," responded the same voice. "Come and save the honour of your father!" Aigres entered, and found it impossible to extricate his wretched parent. In short, after much entreaty, Aigres cuts off his father's head, and, carrying it away, buried it in a neighbouring wood. Next day the headless corpse was exposed in the city, and guarded by forty horsemen and a great number of foot-soldiers. Aigres, resolved to save his father's corpse from such degradation, attacks the guards, and having routed them, carries off the body and buries it. In fighting, he had shouted the name of Nullie, the emperor's daughter, of whom he was deeply enamoured. When this was made known to the emperor's

Seven Sages, they advised that all the barons should be ordered to sleep in beds round the hall, with the Princess Nullie in the midst. This is done accordingly. During the night, when all the rest are sound asleep, Aigres kisses Nullie's hand. She marks his forehead with a black preparation, and on his speaking she recognises her lover, and tells him in a broken voice that she has signed his death-warrant, whereupon Aigres marks all the other barons on the forehead.¹ In the morning the Seven Sages are perplexed; but Geoffrey, the old advocate of Berinus at Falseltown, who has just returned to Rome, says that the man with the small thumb-mark is the culprit, even Aigres. Geoffrey, however, having been promised a boon by the emperor on his finding out the guilty man, demands the pardon of Aigres, who is then banished from Rome. On the death of Philip, Aigres returns, becomes emperor of Rome, and re-establishes his mother Cleopatra as queen of Blandie.

Under the title of "Le Voleur Avisé," M. F.-M. Luzel gives, in "Mélusine," 1876, c. 17 ff., a Breton version, as related by a workman of Morlaix, in which are interpolated several incidents from other popular tales; and it is unique, inasmuch as the thief performs his exploits, not by his own skill, but by magical means:

There was once a poor man who had a son named

¹ See the Note, "Marking a Culprit," at the end of the present paper.

Efflam, and a daughter named Hénori. The father sent Efflam to seek his fortune in Paris; and he walked and walked, always setting one foot before the other, till, in passing through a forest, he was overtaken by night, and climbed into a tree, to secure himself from wild beasts and to await daylight. Presently three robbers, laden with booty, arrived at the tree, and raising a stone, deposited their spoil in a cavern, the entrance of which it covered. Then they sat down under the tree to eat and drink, and to talk over their exploits. Efflam listened attentively to what they said to each other. Quoth one of the robbers, "I have a wonderful mantle which can carry me through the air wherever I wish to be." Said another, "And I possess a hat which renders me invisible, and when I put it on my head I can do anything I please without being seen." Then said the third robber, "And I have gaiters with which I can march as fast as the wind when I have them on my legs." Efflam, thinking it would be fine if he had these magical things, quickly devised a plan by which he might obtain them. Dropping down, by means of a long branch of the tree, into the midst of them, and roaring out, "Ah, robbers!" they were seized with fright, believing that the devil or the gendarmes had come after them, and ran away, leaving behind the mantle, the hat, and the gaiters.¹ Efflam took possession of these talismans, and putting on the gaiters was

¹ This device occurs again and again in folk-tales, as we shall see in a subsequent paper.

instantly in Paris, where, by the aid of his hat of invisibility, he contrived to plunder several shopkeepers, and lived merrily on the proceeds of the stolen goods.

It happened one day, while he was walking through the city, he overheard three men talking about the king's treasury, and lamenting that it was so well guarded, upon which he resolved that thick walls and watchful soldiers should be no obstacles to himself. So when night came on, Eflam went to the foot of the tower, and having spread his mantle on the ground and seated himself upon it, and putting on his magic hat, he said, "Mantle, do your duty, and take me immediately into the royal treasury;" and he was there in an instant, without the guards or any other person being aware of it. He returned in the same manner with his pockets filled with gold and silver. The next night and several nights following he went again to the treasury, and always with the like success. Having now become very wealthy, Eflam bought a fine palace, and sent for his father and sister to come to him. The day on which they were to arrive, he went to meet them in a fine carriage drawn by two horses. When he reached the outskirts of the city he discovered his father and sister on the road, on foot, and poorly clad. So he bade his coachman return on one of the horses to his house, and bring him a box which he had left on the table in his private chamber. Eflam then retired to a house on the roadside with his father and sister, and gave them rich vestments which he had brought with him in the carriage, and to

each a purse full of gold, so that the coachman should not recognise the poor peasants. When the coachman returned and told his master that he could not find the box, "No," replied Efflam, "I had it in the carriage all the time, and was not aware of it."

One day the father asked Efflam how he had become rich so soon. "It is by robbing the king's treasury," replied he. "If you please," then said the old man, "I will go with you, and we two can carry away a great sum." To this Efflam consented, and the next night they both seated themselves on the mantle, placed their heads under the hat, and were at once transported inside the royal treasury, where, having taken much gold and silver, they returned in the same manner. But the king now began to perceive that his treasury was being robbed, at which he was greatly astonished, since he never confided the key to any one, and could see no trace of an opening having been made in the walls. In order to catch the robber, he placed traps close to the vessels containing his gold and silver, and on the following night the father was caught by one of the traps. "Cut off my head," said he to his son, "and carry it away, with my clothes, so that no one may recognise me." Efflam accordingly cut off his father's head, and carrying it away, buried it in his garden.¹

In the morning, when the king visited his treasury, he was pleased to see the dead body, but on examining

¹ This is the only version, I think, in which the father directs his clothes to be carried off as well as his head.

it, was astonished to find it headless. He caused proclamation to be made that the robber was taken at last, and ordered the body to be drawn through each quarter of the city. Four soldiers, two in front and two behind, accompanied the corpse, with instructions to observe if any one wept or lamented in the course of their passage through the streets. Eflam cautioned his sister not to weep or lament when their father's body was drawn past, else both he and herself should lose their lives. She does cry, however, and Eflam, drawing his poignard, wounds her in the hand. So when the soldiers come in and ask the cause of the outcry, he tells them that his sister, playing with his dagger, had wounded herself, and they went away quite satisfied.

This stratagem of the king having failed, he caused the robber's body to be suspended from a hook in the palace-wall, and placed guards near it, persuaded that the parents or the friends of the robber would come at night to remove the corpse. When Eflam saw this, he disguised himself as a wine-merchant, loaded an ass with wine in which he had put a narcotic, and, accompanied by his sister, came to the place where his father's body was exposed. He artfully tumbled one of the casks off the ass, and the soldiers coming to assist him, he gave it to them, still half-full, for their trouble, and drinking the drugged wine they soon fell asleep. Then Eflam takes the body down, and going to an abbey in his assumed capacity of wine-merchant, he there obtains lodging for the night. The abbot and

all the monks drink freely of Efflam's wine, and when they were sound asleep, Efflam and his sister buried their father's body in consecrated ground. He then strips the garments off the sleeping monks, and does likewise with the soldiers, clothing the monks in the soldiers' dresses and the soldiers in the robes of the monks.

"This is certainly a very clever robber," said the king, when he heard of this exploit; "but nevertheless I shall yet find him out." Then he published that he would expose in a public place a beautiful white kid, which should be the property of him who should steal it away. The king himself sat in his balcony, with his queen and courtiers, and soldiers guarded the white kid. Efflam put on his magic hat, and stole the kid without being seen by any one. The king now thought the robber must be a great magician. Efflam took the kid to his house, and gave it to his sister to cook, charging her not to bestow any of it in charity on a mendicant or any other person. "We shall eat the kid between our two selves alone," said he. The king employed a blind man to go through the city begging, and should he get flesh of a kid at any house, he must mark the door with chalk. The beggar gets some of the kid's flesh from Efflam's sister, and marks the door. The king then despatched his guards to arrest all that were in the house; but Efflam having observed the mark on his door, questioned his sister, and learning of the blind beggar's visit, goes at once and marks all the doors in the street, thus foiling the

soldiers. "What a man this is, to be sure!" said the king. He next exposes his royal crown, which Eflam steals by the aid of his invisible hat. And now the king reflected that it would be wise for him to attach the clever man to his own interests, so he exposed his daughter in a public place, and proclaimed that whoever should take her away, in spite of his guards, should marry her. Eflam's magic hat enabled him to carry off the princess, after which he took her to the king's palace, and confessed that he was the son of the treasury thief. The marriage of Eflam and the princess was celebrated with great pomp, and the old king at the same time made Eflam's sister Hénori his queen.

A Gaelic variant is found in the story of the Shifty Lad, in Campbell's 'Popular Tales of the West Highlands': The shifty lad remarks to his master the wright, that he might get plenty from the king's storehouse, which was near at hand, if only he would break into it. The two eventually rob it together. But the king's people missed the butter and cheese and the other things that had been taken out of the storehouse, and they told the king how it had happened. The king took the advice of the Seanagal about the best way of catching the thieves, and the counsel that he gave them was, that they should set a hogshead of soft pitch under the hole where they were coming in. This was done, and the next day the shifty lad and his master went to break into the king's storehouse. The

consequence was that the wright was caught in the pitch. Thereupon the lad cut off his head, which he carried home and buried in the garden. When the king's people came into the storehouse, they found a body without a head, and they could not make out whose it was. By the advice of the Seanagal, the king had the trunk carried about from town to town by soldiers on the points of spears. They were directed to observe if any one cried out on seeing it. When they were going past the house of the wright, the wright's wife made a tortured scream, and swift the shifty lad cut himself with an adze, and he kept saying to the wright's wife, "It is not as bad as thou thinkest." He then told the soldiers that she was afraid of blood, and therefore the soldiers supposed that he was the wright and she his wife. The king had the body hung up in an open place, and set soldiers to watch if any person should attempt to take it away, or show pity or grief for it. The shifty lad drives a horse past with a keg of whisky on each side, and pretends to be hiding it from the soldiers. They pursue him, capture the whisky, get dead drunk, and the shifty lad carries off and buries the wright's body. The king now lets loose a pig to dig up the body. The soldiers follow the pig, but the wright's widow entertains them. Meanwhile the shifty lad kills the pig and buries it. The soldiers are then ordered to live at free quarters among the people, and wherever they get pig's flesh, unless the people could explain how they came by it, to make a report to the king. But the shifty lad kills the soldiers

who visit the widow, and persuades the people to kill all the others in their sleep. The Seanagal next advises the king to give a feast to all the people. Whoever dared to dance with the king's daughter would be the culprit. The shifty lad asks her to dance; she makes a black mark on him, but he puts a similar black mark on twenty others. The king now proclaims that if the author of these clever tricks will reveal himself, he shall marry his daughter. All the men with marks on them contend for the honour. It is agreed that to whomsoever a child shall give an apple, the king is to give his daughter. The shifty lad goes into the room where they are all assembled, with a shaving and a drone, and the child gives him the apple. He marries the princess, but is killed by accident.

Dr Reinhold Köhler, in his review of Campbell's Gaelic Tales in 'Orient und Occident,' bd. ii., cites a considerable number of versions, mostly German, which present no very important variations from those given above. Thus in an old Dutch poem entitled 'Der Dieb von Brügge' (the Thief of Bruges), we are told that two great thieves, of Paris and Bruges, rob the king of France's treasury. By the advice of an aged knight the opening made by them is discovered, as in 'Dolopathos' and other versions, by means of a fire of straw, and a kettle of pitch is set under it. The Paris thief falls into it, and has his head cut off by the thief of Bruges. When the corpse is dragged round, and the wife of the deceased breaks into lamen-

tation, the thief of Bruges hacks his hand, and on the servants of the king informing him and the knight of this, the latter is convinced that that must be the culprit, and sends the servants back again to that house, but they find it empty. Now the king, by the advice of the knight, has the corpse hung on the gallows and watched by twelve warders. The thief loads a cart with provisions, a cask of wine drugged, and a dozen monks' cowls, and drives at night to the gallows. The warders take his meat and drink and fall asleep, whereupon he puts on them the cowls and steals away the body. After this follows the incident of the princess sleeping in a general room, her marking the thief, and his marking all the others in the room, and the marriage of the princess and the thief.

In a Tyrolese variant (Zingerle's 'Kinder und Hausmärchen aus Süddeutschland,' p. 300), two thieves, of Prussia and Poland, rob the treasury of a lord, by digging a subterranean passage. As in 'Dolopathos,' a blind old thief is the lord's mentor, and suggests the placing of an iron trap on the hole. The Prussian thief is caught in it, and his head is cut off by his companion, who recovers the body from the gallows in the same manner as did the Bruges thief. After this a stag with gilded horns is driven through the streets: the thief contrives to steal it. A beggar is sent about and gets venison-broth at the thief's house, and marks the door; the thief on discovering this rubs it out, and marks the lord's house. And now the lord

offers a reward to the person who has performed these tricks, upon which the thief declares himself.

In Denmark (Etlar's 'Eventyr og Folkesagen fra Jylland,' p. 165) the tale is told of Klaus, a school-master, who must really have lived in the 14th century, when Count Geert governed Jutland. He broke into the count's treasury. The mason who had built the treasury discovers through the issuing smoke of a straw-fire the place through which Klaus broke in. A tar barrel is set under the place, and at the next entry Klaus' son falls into it. Klaus cuts off his head. Next day the body is dragged through the streets, and Klaus' wife would have betrayed the matter by her cries had not Klaus quickly cut her hand with the knife with which she had just been cutting bread. The tale then runs into another which has no special connection with it.¹

A Russian version is cited by M. Leger, in 'Mélusine,' 1878, from a paper by Professor Vesselovsky, of the University of St Petersburg, in the 'Revue Russe,' 1877. The robber is called Chibarca.

¹ It is nothing unusual to find popular tales, especially oral versions, comprising incidents which properly belong to other tales, as in the Breton version of our story which begins with an adventure of the Hat of Fortunatus class of stories. And in this Danish version the process is reversed; with the story of the Treasury is fused a quite different one. So far as it goes, it seems to have been orally recited by one who had a confused recollection of the story: instead of the mason who built the treasury being the thief, he is the detective; and it is the thief's son, not himself, who falls into the trap!

After having drugged the guards he steals his uncle's body. The king sets precious stones in the horns of an ox, which he causes to be led through the streets of Moscow, directing his soldiers to arrest whoever should regard it with astonishment (the king's idea being, of course, that the thief would thus betray himself). Chibarca puts some fine birds in a cage, which he offers for sale as rare foreign birds. The soldiers insist upon seeing them; he refuses; they break open the cage, and the birds fly away. While they are pursuing the birds, Chibarca leads off the ox; prepares the flesh at home; kills an old beggar-woman who comes to his house (presumably sent to get some of the flesh); takes her body during the night to the palace gates, and placing the horns (without the gems, we may suppose) on her breast, leaves it there. In the morning the guards report that an old woman who had brought the horns had been found dead near the palace. The next stratagem of the king is to supply wine and beer *ad libitum* at the taverns, in front of which silver is scattered abundantly, and his soldiers are to arrest any one who should stoop to pick up the money. But Chibarca puts adhesive matter on the soles of his boots, to which as he walks along the pieces of money stick, after which he goes into a tavern and gets drunk. The soldiers, to identify him, shave off half his beard. Chibarca, on waking, does likewise to all in the tavern while they in their turn are asleep.

Among the Kabail of Northern Africa a rather curious version is current: An expert thief dies, leaving two sons, who prove themselves true "chips of the old block." They seek out their father's old comrade in thieving, who had "retired from business," but consents to accompany them in their adventures. They come upon a hawk's nest, and the old man shows his dexterity by taking away the sleeping bird without waking it, and putting it into his sack—an incident which resembles the exploit of one of the Four Clever Brothers in stealing the eggs from beneath a sitting-bird, in the German story: see vol. i. p. 277. The elder brother contrives to steal the still sleeping bird from the old man without his knowledge, and the younger in his turn performs the same exploit with his brother. They resolve to rob the king's house; and scaling the wall, one of the youths breaks through the roof and "conveys" from the house a quantity of valuables. The king misses his property, consults an old man, who advises him—as in the 'Dolopathos' version—to discover the place by which the thieves had gained entrance by burning faggots and observing whence the smoke issued. This being successful, he fixes a trap; one of the youths is caught by it on their next visit (their father's comrade is now dead); his brother cuts off his head and takes it home. The king finds the headless body, and consults his mentor again—to be brief, he does nothing in the case without his advice. The body, with nails stuck into it, is publicly exposed; and the youth bids his mother take a vessel of oil, on

going to view the body, and spill it before beginning to cry, which she does accordingly. When the king observes her crying, he asks the reason; she points to her spilt oil, and the king, pitying her case, gives her gold and tells her to go home. At night the youth disguises himself; mixes among the soldiers guarding the body; they take him for the angel of death, Azrael, and flee in dismay, when he carries the body away. Next day the king scatters gold on the road, expecting the thief would come to pick it up; but the clever youth hires some camels, smears their feet with a sticky substance, and drives them past the place, so the gold pieces stuck to their feet, and once more the craft of the old expert was baffled. Then a gazelle is let loose, and runs into the youth's house unobserved by the watchers. The king offers a large sum for gazelle's flesh, and an old woman goes through the town in search of some, and procures a small quantity from the youth's mother; but just as she is quitting the house in secret triumph, the youth himself comes up, and learning from her that she had just got some gazelle's flesh, "which was good for a fever," he invites her to return and he would give her some more. The busybody re-entered the house, and the youth at once slew her. Next the king gives a general feast, and, as his mentor told him, the man who selected certain dishes would be the thief. The youth goes, selects the dishes, and is immediately pounced upon by a soldier, who cuts off half his moustache; but he contrives to do likewise to the other guests, and

once more escapes. After this the king proclaims that if the clever man would declare himself, he should marry his daughter and have the kingdom—the king undertaking to act as his prime minister. The youth now goes boldly before the king, who faithfully implements his promises.¹

Turning to the Far East, we find an almost unique form of the story current in Mongolia, in which, however, the fundamental outline of the original is still traceable:

A simple-minded khán had among his subjects a man renowned for the acuteness of his intellect. He sent for him one day to try whether his name of "Bright Intellect" (Gegéu Uchátu) became him: "To this end let us see if thou hast the wit to steal the khán's talisman, defying the jealous care of the khán with all his guards. If thou succeedest, I will recompense thee with presents, making glad thy heart; but if not, I will pronounce thee unworthily named, and in consequence will lay waste thy dwelling, and put out both thine eyes." Now the khán bound the talisman to the marble pillar of his bed-chamber, against which he lay, leaving the door open, the better to hear the approach of the thief, and the palace was surrounded by a strong guard of soldiers. Bright Intellect takes store of rice and brandy, and after chatting freely with the guards, gives them abundance

¹ 'Recueil de Contes populaires de la Kabylie du Djurdjura,' recueillis et traduits par J. Rivière. Paris, 1882.

and goes away. An hour later he returns, and finding the guards before the gate fast asleep on their horses, sets them astride a ruined wall and carries off the horses.¹ He then goes into the kitchen, where the cooks are about to light the fire: he draws over the head of one a cap woven of grass; into the sleeve of another he puts three stones. After this he proceeds to the khán's chamber, and draws over his head and face a dried bladder, hard as a stone; and then, having tied the guards together by their hair, he takes down the talisman from the pillar to which it was bound and makes off with it. The khán calls out, "Hey! a thief has been here!" But the guards can't move, and their exclamations of "Don't pull my hair," one to another, drowned the khán's cry of "Stop the thief!" "Hey!" roars the khán, "bring me a light. Not only is my talisman stolen, but my head is enclosed in a wall of stone!" One of the cooks, in a hurry, begins to blow the fire—his cap blazes up and burns his hair off; the other, trying to put out the fire, the stones fall from his sleeve and hit him on the head—too much engrossed with his own concerns to go after the thief. The khán, out of breath with his shouting, now calls to the outer guards, who should have been on horseback at the gates. Waking up at his voice, they begin spurring at the old wall; and thus Bright Intellect makes

¹ This absurd incident reappears in Berni's 'Orlando Innamorato'; and in 'Don Quixote' by a similar device Sancho's ass Dapple is stolen from him.

good his escape. Next day he presents himself before the khán, who is seated on his throne full of wrath. "Be not angry," says the clever man; "here is your talisman. I only took it according to the word of the khán." Quoth the khán, "I will not take back the talisman. But for drawing the stone-like bladder on my face last night, you shall have your head cut off." Hearing this, Bright Intellect, thinking to himself, "This is not just," dashed the talisman against a stone, and lo! blood poured out of the khán's nose, and he died.¹

The Tibetan story of the Clever Thief (which was derived from India) bears a closer resemblance to the legend of Herodotus: An orphan and his uncle, a weaver, betook themselves to housebreaking. Once, when they had made a hole into a house and the weaver was going to pass his head through the opening, the youth said, "Uncle, although you are a thief, yet you do not understand your business. The legs should be put in first, not the head. For if the head should be cut off, its owner would be recognised, and his whole family plunged into ruin. Therefore put your feet first."² When the weaver had done so, at-

¹ The khán proved himself an arrant noodle by refusing to take back his talisman, on the preservation of which his life depended. In another of the Tales of Siddhí Khúr a similar life-charm figures prominently; and these may be added to those I have mentioned in the Note on Life depending on an extraneous object.—See vol. i. pp. 347-351.

² It is not only customary at the present day in India and other Asiatic countries for thieves to gain access to a house by digging

tention was called to the fact, and a cry was raised of "Thieves! thieves!" At that cry a great number of people assembled, who seized the weaver by his legs and began to pull him in. The youth all by himself could not succeed in pulling him out, but he cut off the weaver's head, and got away with it. The king hears of this, and orders the trunk to be exposed at the crossing of the main street, and sets a party of soldiers to guard it. The youth assumes the appearance of a madman, goes up to the headless body and embraces it, unmolested by the guards. He then disguises himself as a carter, and drives a cart laden with wood past the body, where he contrives to upset it, and having unyoked the bullock from the cart, he set the wood and the cart on fire and went away; so the body of his uncle was consumed. Next he went disguised as a Bráhmaṇ from house to house collecting food; made five oblation cakes and left them at the place where he had burned the body. Then having assumed the appearance of a Kápálīka (skull-carrying Siva worshipper), he went back to the place, smeared

through the clay walls and beneath the floor, but it was their *modus operandi* in the time of the patriarch Job, who says (chap. xxiv. 16), "In the dark days they dig through houses." As an illustration of this practice, the following amusing Chinese anecdote may be cited: A literary man, while reading during the night, perceived that a thief was digging under the wall of his house. He happened to have before the fire a teapot full of boiling water. He took it, put it beside the wall, and awaited the thief. The opening made, the thief first put in his feet; the literary man caught them and watered them well with the scalding contents of his teapot. The thief uttered a piercing cry, and asked pardon. But he answered him in a grave tone, "Wait till I have emptied the teapot."

his body with ashes, filled a skull with the bones and ashes of his uncle and flung it into the Ganges. Now the king had a garden at a spot where the Ganges formed a bay, and he set men in it to watch its shores, and his daughter also, who was to cry out should any one touch her, and the watchmen were to hasten to the spot as soon as they heard her voice calling for help. The thief went thither with an empty pitcher and began to draw water, when the watchmen struck him and broke the pitcher; the like happens to him a second time, and the watchmen conclude he is not a thief but a water-carrier, and take no more notice of him. After this he covered his head with a pot, swam down the river, and came ashore. He went up to the king's daughter and threatened her that if she called out he would instantly kill her. The consequence of this meeting was that the princess had a son. The thief would not but be present at his son's birth-feast, so he goes to the palace as a courtier, and tells the king's servants to plunder the merchant's quarter—by order of the king—which they do accordingly, supposing it to be in honour of the birth of the king's grandson, and there was a great outcry. Then the king orders public proclamation to be made that all men in the kingdom assemble within an enclosure he had caused to be formed, under pain of death. All assemble, and the king gives his grandson a wreath of flowers which he is to present to the man who is his father, and watchmen are instructed to lay hands on him when

thus discovered. "As the boy walked with the wreath through the assembled crowds and closely observed them, he caught sight of the thief, and in accordance with the incomprehensible sequence of human affairs, handed him the wreath." The watchmen at once seized the thief, and brought him before the king, who gave his daughter to him as his wife, and half of the kingdom.¹

Several of the incidents in the Gaelic, Breton, Sicilian, Kabail, and Russian versions reappear in the following Bengali popular tale, which also has a close affinity with the Norse tale of the Master-Thief, and other European stories of the same class:

There was a past master in thievery who had a son that bade fair to rival himself, and in order to test the lad's skill he told him to steal the queen's gold chain and bring it to him. The youth contrives, by a series of clever stratagems, to pass unnoticed through four doors, each of which was guarded by a number of soldiers, and enter the royal bed-chamber, where a maid-servant was drowsily reciting a story, and the king and queen were apparently asleep. He went stealthily behind the girl and seated himself. The queen was lying down on a richly furnished bed of gold beside the king. The massive chain of gold round the neck of the queen was gleaming in the

¹ 'Tibetan Tales, derived from Indian Sources.' Translated from the Tibetan of the 'Kah-Gyur,' by F. Anton von Schiefner. Done into English from the German by W. R. S. Ralston, M.A.

candle-light. The thief quietly listened to the story of the drowsy girl, who was becoming more and more sleepy. She stopped for a second, nodded her head, and again resumed her story; it was evident she was under the influence of sleep. In a moment the thief cut off the head of the girl with his sword, and then himself went on reciting for some minutes the story she had been telling. The king and queen were unconscious of any change of the story-teller, for they were both sound asleep. He stripped off the girl's clothes, put them on himself, tied his own clothes in a bundle, and, walking softly, very gently took off the chain from the queen's neck. He then went through the rooms down-stairs, ordered the inner guard to open the door, as 'she' was obliged to go out of the palace on urgent business. The guards, seeing it was the queen's maid-servant, readily allowed her to go out. In the same manner he got through the other doors, and at last out into the street. When he put into his father's hand the gold chain of the queen, the old thief's joy knew no bounds. "Well done, my son," said he; "you are not only as clever as your father, but you have beaten me hollow. The gods give you long life, my son!"

Great was the astonishment of the king and the queen to discover in the morning that the gold chain of the queen had been stolen and the poor maid-servant murdered. The king learned from his guards that a person calling herself the queen's maid-servant had gone out of the palace some hours before daybreak.

All sorts of inquiries were made, but in vain. At last the king ordered a camel to be brought to him. On the back of the animal he caused to be placed two large bags filled with gold mohurs. The man taking charge of the bags upon the camel was ordered to go through every part of the city making this challenge: "As the thief was daring enough to steal a gold chain from the neck of the queen, let him further show his daring by stealing the gold mohurs from the back of this camel." Two days and nights the camel paraded through the city, but nothing happened. On the third night, as the camel-driver was going his rounds, he was accosted by a religious mendicant (*sannyasi*), who sat on a tiger's skin before a fire, and near him was a huge pair of tongs. This individual was none other than the thief in disguise. He said to the camel-driver, "Brother, why are you going through the city in this manner? Who is there so daring as to steal from the back of the king's camel? Come down, friend, and smoke with me." The camel-driver alighted, tied the camel to a tree, and began smoking. The thief not only supplied him with tobacco, but also with *ganja* and other narcotics, so that in a short time he became quite intoxicated, and fell asleep. Then the young thief led away the camel with the treasure on its back in the dead of night, through narrow lanes and by-paths, to his own house. That very night the camel was killed, and its carcase buried in deep pits in the earth. And the thing was so managed that no one could discover any trace of it.

Next morning, when the king heard that the camel-driver was lying drunk in the street, and that the camel had been stolen, together with the treasure, he was almost beside himself with rage. Proclamation was made in the city, that whoever caught the thief should get a reward of a lakh of rupees. The son of another thief now came forward and said he would apprehend the thief. In the evening of the following day he disguised himself as a woman, and coming to that part of the town where the young thief lived, began to weep very much, and went from door to door, saying, "Oh sirs, can any of you give me a bit of camel's flesh? For my son is dying, and the doctors say nothing but eating camel's flesh can save his life." At last he came to the house of the young thief, who happened to be out, and begged of his wife to tell him where he could get some camel's flesh in order to save his son's life. The woman, saying, "Wait, and I will try to get you some," went secretly to the spot where the carcase of the camel was buried, cut off a piece, and gave it to the pretended mother. He then went and told the king that he had traced the thief, and would be ready to deliver him up at night if the king would send some constables with him. At night the old thief and his son were captured, the body of the camel was disinterred, and all the treasure in the house seized. Next morning the king sat in judgment. The son of the old thief confessed that he had stolen the queen's gold chain, killed the girl, and taken away the camel; but he added that the person

who had detected him and his father were also thieves and murderers, of which he gave proofs. As the king had promised to give a lakh of rupees to the person who discovered the camel-thief, he placed that sum before the youth. But soon after he ordered four pits to be dug in the earth, in which were buried alive, with all sorts of thistles and thorns, the two young thieves and their fathers.¹

The first part of the foregoing Bengali story closely resembles a tale in the 'Bahár-i Dánush,' which may be termed an Indo-Persian version. A king possesses a great golden fish encrusted with the most precious jewels, and this coming to the knowledge of a bold and expert thief, he determines to steal it, and one night he contrives to escape the vigilance of the royal guards who surrounded the palace, and, by means of a rope and a hook, climbs to the parapet. Entering the chamber of the king, he found him asleep. A lamp burned on the floor, and the fish lay under his pillow. A beautiful slave-girl was rubbing the king's feet with her hand.² The thief, advancing lightly,

¹ Abridged from "Adventures of Two Thieves and their Sons," in Rev. Lal Behari Day's 'Folk-Tales of Bengal,' pp. 174-181.

² "The Arabs," says Lane—and, he might have added, Persians and Indians—"are very fond of having their feet, and especially the soles, slowly rubbed with the hand; and this operation, which is one of the services commonly required of a wife or a female slave, is a usual mode of waking a person, as it is also of lulling a person to sleep." Thus in the story of Maarooft (Lane's 'Arabian Nights,' vol. iii. p. 271), "the damsel then proceeded to rub and press gently the soles of his feet till sleep overcame him." Sometimes young boys are

concealed himself behind a curtain till sleep overpowered the girl, when he removed the veil from her head, and covering himself with it, began to perform her office on the king's feet (lest he should awake upon the sudden cessation of the rubbing); and when the king happened to turn himself on his side, he drew the fish from under his pillow, and quitting the palace in the same manner as he had entered, escaped unobserved by the drowsy guards. Reflecting that the king would cause a thorough search to be made for the golden fish, and that the city gates would be kept carefully closed, he devised a plan for effectually concealing it till the search was abandoned. Wrapping the fish with the veil which he had taken from the sleeping slave-girl in the form of a shroud over a dead infant, and covering it with wreaths of white flowers to which he had helped himself from a neighbouring garden, the thief proceeded like one afflicted by sore calamity to the city gates. Telling the guards that his infant having died of an infectious disease, he wished to bury it at once, he prevailed upon them to let him go out of the city. Another thief, who had heard his pretended complaints as he went past his house, and readily suspected the true object, resolving to watch his movements, presently went up to the guards and begged them to open the gates for him

employed in this office. Thus in the story of Abú Temám (Persian Romance of Bakhtyár) we read: "When it was night the boys were engaged as usual in their office of rubbing the king's feet; and when they perceived his eyes to be closed," and so on.

also, in order that he should accompany his bereaved brother, and they did so.

The first thief went directly to the place of execution, where he saw three robbers impaled upon stakes, and a fourth stake vacant, close by. From this last, having counted a few paces, he buried the fish in the ground, and taking a stone clotted with blood from beneath one of the pales, placed it as a talisman upon his treasure, that he might readily know the spot. The thief who had followed, while the first was employed in digging the hole and burying the fish, climbed up the vacant stake and seated himself upon it. The first thief, when he had finished his business, by way of making sure, again came to the stakes, where he now saw also a man upon the fourth. Astonished at this, he thought at first that his eyesight must have deceived him, but on reflection becoming alarmed, he "exercised his wits to obtain certainty and cut the knot of such a mystery. First he felt the breast and temples of each criminal, that he might distinguish if they breathed, and find out the living from the dead. But they proved alike to his feeling, without the least difference. Overcome with surprise, he considered a while; then advancing to the suspicious stake, and holding for a full quarter of an hour the thief's nose, tried his breath. But the artful rogue so held his breath that it would have been impossible even for the finger of Afflatún (Plato) to perceive the motion of his veins. The first thief, after he had used all this trial and caution, according

to the axiom, that the sword is the last resource, drawing a short sabre, struck it with all his force at the cheek of the second, who shrank not a hair's breadth or moved the least, though he received a severe wound. The first thief, now dismissing suspicion from his mind, became eased of apprehension, and, self-secure from mischief, went his way. Then the second thief descended from the stake, and going to the spot where the golden fish was buried, dug it up, and having deposited it in another place, bound up his wound and returned home." Next day it was proclaimed through the city: "A thief last night stole the king's fish set with jewels. Whosoever will recover it shall be distinguished by the royal favour, and may take the phoenix of riches in the snare of attainment." The first thief, having already discovered the trick that had been played upon him by some equally clever thief, went to the palace, and on condition of pardon, told everything, adding that the wound which he had inflicted on the face of the man on the stake would be the means of his detection. The king commanded the chief of police to afford him every assistance, and he set out to examine all the streets, and whenever he saw a surgeon visiting patients he insisted upon accompanying him in his rounds. At length he followed the right person into the house of the thief, whose wound was fast healing, and caused him to be brought before the king, who had him instantly executed.¹

¹ Scott's translation of the 'Bahár-i Dánush,' vol. ii. pp. 225-248.

A different form of the legend is found in the 'Kathá Sarit Ságará': Two thieves, Ghata and Karpara, one night break into the king's palace to plunder his treasure-chamber; and while Ghata watches without, the other enters the inner apartments, where he is seen by the king's daughter, who falls in love with him. She bestows on him much wealth in jewels and gold, which he passes out to his companion, and returns to the princess, where he is surprised by the guards, and by the king's order led off to execution. On the way, Ghata, who was alarmed at his friend's absence, and had returned to look for him, sees him led to the gibbet. Karpara, by secret signs, commends the princess to his care, and he, in like manner, answers that he should effect her rescue. Accordingly at night Ghata enters the palace, and releasing the princess from the fetters with which she was bound, carries her off. When the king heard of this, he concluded that it must have been the work of some accomplice of his daughter's paramour. So he set a party of soldiers to watch the body of Karpara, with orders to arrest any one that came thither lamenting, in order to burn the corpse and perform other rites. Ghata, as the king had anticipated, resolved to obtain the body of his friend, and so, disguising himself as a drunken villager, with one of his servants dressed as a bride, and another carrying a pot of sweetmeats, in which the narcotic juice of the *dhatúra* had been infused, he came reeling along past the guards, entered into familiar conversation with them, and

invited them to partake of his sweetmeats, of which they all ate, and were speedily stupefied. He then took the body of Karpara and burnt it. When the king was informed of this new exploit, he placed other guards to watch that no one carried away the ashes; but Ghata by another device contrived this also, and the king at length caused it to be proclaimed that he would give his daughter and his kingdom to the man who had performed these clever deeds. Ghata is persuaded, however, by the princess that no confidence is to be placed in the king's word, and he departs with her and a religious mendicant, by both of whom he is afterwards murdered.

An interesting variant is current in Ceylon: A father and son are both very expert thieves. The son proposes to his father that they should steal the king's jewel-box, which was always kept, for safety, at the foot of his bed. There was a tunnel leading to the royal palace from a certain part of the town. It was only large enough for a man of ordinary size to creep through: when, by whom, and for what purpose this tunnel had been constructed, were facts quite unknown. At dead of night the father and son got into the tunnel, the former leading the way. Having entered the palace, the father's first care was to eat as much as his stomach could contain, after which he takes the casket, and, handing it to his son, whispers him to recede—the king and queen being still fast asleep. Then he began himself to creep back through the tunnel,

but had not gone more than two or three cubits when he stuck fast—his stomach being so distended with food that he could neither get back nor forward ; upon which he told his son to cut off his head, for if caught, he and his wife and the youth would be impaled alive. The son accordingly cuts off his father's head, and on his way home ties a heavy stone to it and throws it into the river. He acquaints his mother of the catastrophe; and the treasure is concealed. In the morning the headless body is discovered in the tunnel by the king's servants, and the casket is also missing. An old counsellor advises the king to cause the body to be drawn through the town, and to order every one, on pain of death, to be outside their houses when it passes; and on being seen by the wife, mother, or other relatives of the dead thief, they would give way to grief, and thus betray themselves. This was done accordingly, and the son planned with his mother that he should climb a tree, and just as the body came past, drop down, as if he fell by accident, when she should rush up to him, and her weeping would be mistaken for concern at his supposed injury by falling from the tree. The plan succeeded, and the king did not recover his jewels.¹

The general likeness which these versions of the Robbery of the King's Treasury bear one to another is very striking, and some resemble others still more remarkably in the incidents. Thus, the king acts by

¹ 'The Orientalist,' vol. i. pp. 56-61 (March, 1884).

the advice of a wise old man in 'Dolopathos,' the modern Greek, the Gaelic, Dutch, Tyrolese, Kabaïl, and Sinhalese; and the device of burning a straw-fire in the treasury occurs in 'Dolopathos,' Giovanni, the modern Greek, Dutch, and Kabaïl. The self-wounding of the hand occurs in the 'Seven Wise Masters,' the Breton, the Gaelic, and the Dutch. The stolen animal and the quest for some of its flesh is found in the Sicilian, the modern Greek,¹ Breton, Gaelic, Tyrolese, Kabaïl, and Bengalí. For the wine in Herodotus and several versions, we have whisky in the Gaelic, *ganj* in the Bengalí, and *dhatúra* in the Sanskrit. There seems a close affinity between the modern Greek and the Kabaïl versions; for example, in one the woman, in viewing her husband's body, spills some glasses of sour milk to account for her lamentation, and in the other she spills oil; while in the Sinhalese version, the lad pretends to fall from a tree with the same purpose, when the body of his father is drawn past. For the child and the wreath in the Tibetan version we have more naturally the child and the apple in the Gaelic.² Many other points of resem-

¹ The fact of the animal being a camel in the modern Greek version indicates its Asiatic origin.

² It is a common notion in the East that a child instinctively knows its parents; hence in the Tibetan story the thief is readily recognised by his own offspring! The incident is much better related (according to European ideas) in the Gaelic version, where the child is to give the thief an apple, and the thief having provided himself with two things which amuse children, a carpenter's shaving and a musical instrument, the child naturally came up to him with its apple.

blance are readily observable on a comparative analysis of the several versions.

The well-known Arabian tale of Ali Baba and the Forty Robbers also presents some analogy to our story: For the loose stone in the latter we have the magical "open sesame" and "shut sesame" in the former, which enable the poor woodcutter to enter the robber's cave and carry off ass-loads of gold: and the stealing of the avaricious brother's quartered body; the discovery, through the man who sewed the parts together, of Ali Baba's house; the marking of the door,—all bear some analogy to the exploits of the clever young treasury-thief, who foiled every attempt to entrap him.

Sir George Cox, in his 'Mythology of the Aryan Nations,' includes among parallels to, or variants of, the Robbery of the King's Treasury, the Adventure of the Poor Mason in Washington Irving's 'Tales of the Alhambra.' It seems to me the resemblance is very remote; but however this may be, Irving's story has its analogue in a Persian legend related by J. Baillie Fraser in his interesting 'Narrative of a Journey into Khorassam' (pp. 458, 459), regarding the founder of a medressa called Paen Pah. "There is a tradition," he says, "that the founder of this college, having, like other adventurers, gone to India [from Persia] in the hope of bettering his fortune, continued for a long time

so unlucky that he was forced to solicit charity in the public streets. One day he was accosted by an old Hindú, who told him that, if he would submit to be blindfolded and led to his house, he would have work and good pay. The poor man, reflecting that his condition could not well be made worse, but might be improved, consented to the terms; and after a very circuitous course, his eyes being uncovered he found himself in a place surrounded by lofty walls, where he was ordered to dig a large hole, in which the Hindú buried a great quantity of gold mohurs and other money. This operation occupied several days, during which time he bethought himself of an expedient by which he might discover whither he had been conveyed. A cat came into the place, which he caught and killed; and stuffing the skin with gold, he took an opportunity, when not observed, to throw it over what he believed to be the boundary wall of the premises. He listened to the sound, and judged that it fell upon clay, or some moist substance. When his work was done, he received a present of a few rupís, was again blindfolded, and led to the place whence he had been brought. He immediately began to search for his cat, which, after some time, he found lying in a dirty pond beside a high wall, which he recognised for the enclosure of the Hindú's dwelling. The gold he thus obtained enabled him at the old man's death, which took place some time after, to purchase the house from his heir, and he thus became possessed of the wealth which the Hindoo had

buried. With this he returned to Persia, and with a portion of it he built this college."

Irving's tale is to this effect: There was once in Grenada a mason who, in spite of his piety, grew poorer and poorer, and could hardly earn bread for his family. One night he was roused from sleep by a knocking at the door, and on opening it beheld a lean, cadaverous-looking priest, who asked him if he would undertake a job, for which he would be well paid, but he must submit to be blindfolded. The mason willingly consented to this proposal, and after being hoodwinked, was led through many tortuous passages to the portal of a house, which the priest opened with a key, and when they had entered, again locked and bolted. When the bandage was taken from his eyes, the mason found himself in a spacious hall, in the centre of which was the dry basin of a Moorish fountain, beneath which the priest desired him to form a small vault, bricks and mortar being at hand for the purpose. The mason worked all night, and being again blindfolded was conducted back to his own house, promising to return next night and complete the job, which having done, the priest asked him to help him to bury some dead bodies in the vault. Trembling with terror, the mason followed the priest, but was relieved to find, instead of ghastly corpses, a number of jars in a corner, which, from their weight, were evidently filled with money. The jars were conveyed into the vault, which was then closed, and all traces of

the work removed: the priest gave the mason two pieces of gold, and having blindfolded him again, he conducted him out of the house. Years passed on, and still the mason continued poor. One day a man, who was known to be the owner of many houses in Grenada, came to him, saying he wanted to repair an old house that was fallen into decay. On entering the house, the mason recognised the Moorish fountain in the hall, and inquired of the landlord who had formerly lived there. "An old miserly priest," quoth he, "who died suddenly; and when the friars came to take away his wealth, they found only a few ducats in his purse. The people say that his ghost haunts the house, and that they often hear him clinking his gold: whether this be true or false, no tenant will remain here." The mason offered to keep the house in repair, if allowed to live in it rent-free, to which the landlord gladly consented. So the mason removed to it with his family, and soon increased in wealth, of which he gave largely to the church, and on his deathbed revealed the secret of the vault to his son.

The only points of resemblance which I can discover between this tale and that of Rhampsinitus' Treasury, as related by Herodotus, are, the vault in the former, and the loose stone in the latter,—but the Spanish mason had no clue to the vault; and in both, the father's revealing the secret to his son on his deathbed. I am disposed to consider Irving's

story as a Spanish survival of some Moorish legend, of which the tradition related by Baillie Fraser seems a variant.

NOTE.

MARKING A CULPRIT (p. 129).

This device is often met with in popular stories. In Nov. 2, Day III, of the 'Decameron,' King Agiluf, having ascertained that one of his household had been with the queen, goes into the gallery where they all slept, and discovering the guilty person by the palpitation of his heart, in order to distinguish him in the morning, cuts off a lock of his hair above the ear; but the groom escapes punishment by clipping off a corresponding lock from the heads of all his companions.

Boccaccio probably derived this idea from some Eastern story; at all events, a similar incident is found in a collection of Canarese tales, entitled 'Kathá Manjarí,' which was published, with an English translation, at Bangalore, in 1841: A merchant, who was travelling on business, put up one night at a lodging-house. While he slept, some one stole from him a jewel which he had tied up in his cloth. He awoke in the night, and missing the jewel, thought he might ascertain who had stolen it, by feeling at every one's breast, and seeing whose heart palpitated the hardest. He did so, and finding one man amongst them whose heart beat rapidly, he cut off the knot of his hair, that he might know him next day, and again went to sleep. The fellow whose hair he had cut awoke also, and discovering what had been done to him, cut off the knot of hair from every one in the place, that all should be alike. The merchant was, of course, ignorant of this, and arose early in the morning, and desired the landlord to search for the thief, and apprehend the man whose knot of hair was cut off, as he was the person who had stolen the jewel. Accordingly he roused all who were asleep, and on looking at their heads found that all had been deprived of their knots of hair, consequently the thief

was unknown. He then took them before the magistrate, to whom the affair was related. The magistrate suspected that the thief must be a tailor, as the hair had been cut off with much exactness ; so he asked each man what his business was, and apprehended and punished the man who said he was a tailor, who gave up the jewel, and the merchant was dismissed.

The marking of the door of Ali Baba's house by the leader of the Forty Thieves, in the well-known Arabian story, and Ali's clever servant Morgiana's marking similarly all the other houses in the street, has been already referred to as a parallel to the incident in versions of the 'Treasury' legend ; and the same device is adopted in the Albanian tale of the Wonderful Box, No. 13 of M. Dozon's collection ; and in the German story of the Blue Light, an attempt made to discover the house of the hero by scattering peas all the way thither is frustrated by the "slave" of the Blue Light scattering peas in all the other streets of the city.

LLEWELLYN AND HIS DOG GELLERT,
OR KILLHART.

IN his 'Curious Myths of the Middle Ages,' Mr Baring-Gould has conclusively shown that the tradition of Llewellyn and his faithful hound—so glibly related to credulous tourists in North Wales by the officious guides, who show, moreover, the very grave of the dog Gellert, or Killhart—has no more foundation in fact than the story of William Tell's shooting at an apple on his son's head. I purpose, in the present paper, going somewhat more fully into the literary history of this widely-diffused tale, tracing it, if not to its original, at least to an older form than is referred to in Mr Baring-Gould's useful and interesting work.

The Dog Gellert.

"There is a general tradition in North Wales," says Edward Jones, in his 'Musical Relics of the Welsh Bards,' vol. i., "that a wolf had entered the house of Prince Llewellyn. Soon after, the prince returned

home, and going into the nursery, he met his dog Killhart all bloody and wagging his tail at him. Prince Llewellyn, on entering the room, found the cradle where his child lay overturned and the floor strewed with blood. Imagining that the greyhound had killed the child, he immediately drew his sword and stabbed it; then turning up the cradle, found under it the child alive, and the wolf dead. This so grieved the prince that he erected a tomb over the faithful dog's grave, where afterwards the parish church was built, and goes by the name *Bedd Gelhart* (the Grave of Killhart), in Caernarvonshire. From this incident is derived a very common Welsh proverb, 'I repent as much as the man who slew his greyhound.' Prince Llewellyn ab Jowerth," adds our author, "married Joan, a daughter of King John, by Agatha, daughter of Robert Ferrers, Earl of Derby, and this dog was a present to the prince from his father-in-law, about the year 1205."¹

¹ The legend of Gellert has been finely versified by Mr Spencer: when Llewellyn had slain the faithful dog and immediately after discovered his child unhurt—

Ah, what was then Llewellyn's pain!
 For now the truth was clear:
 The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
 To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe:
 "Best of thy kind, adieu!
 The frantic deed which laid thee low
 This heart shall ever rue."

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
 With costly sculpture decked;
 And marbles storied with his praise
 Poor Gellert's bones protect.

Such is the Welsh tradition; but the story was current in Europe, with a snake instead of a wolf, before Prince Llewellyn was presented with his faithful hound. It is the first tale in the oldest Latin prose version of 'The Seven Wise Masters,' entitled 'Dolopathos; sive, de Rege et Septem Sapientibus,' written by Johannes, a monk of the Abbey of Alta Silva (Dan Jehans of Haute Seille), in France, about the year 1184. Nearly a century previous to that date—*circa* 1090—it had existed in 'Syntipas,' a Greek version of the Book of Sindibád, the Eastern prototype of 'The Seven Wise Masters'; and it is probable that it was current orally at a much earlier period. From the Latin 'Dolopathos,' or from oral tradition, the story was taken into subsequent versions of the Wise Masters, and also into the 'Gesta Romanorum.'¹ It reappears in the 'Historia Septem

Here never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved;
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And here he flung his horn and spear,
And oft as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
Poor Gellert's dying yell.

¹ The story also occurs in the 'Liber de Donis' of Etienne de Bourbon (No. 370). "After giving a version of this story, which has become in several places a local legend, Etienne proceeds to say that the dog was considered as a martyr, and its grave was visited by the sick, just like the shrines of wonder-working saints. Sick children especially were brought to the place, and made to pass nine times through an aperture formed in the trunks of two trees growing over the hound's grave, while various pagan rites were performed, and the child was finally left naked at the foot of the tree until two candles an inch long were consumed. Etienne, by virtue of his office as inquisitor

Sapientum Romæ,' from which was derived our English version of the 'History of the Seven Wise Masters of Rome,' first printed by Wynkyn de Worde, about 1505, and reprinted by W. Copland, about 1550. And here I may remark that Sir G. Dasent, following Des Longchamps and others, is in error when he states, in the introduction to his 'Popular Tales from the Norse,' pp. lxi, lxii, that the 'Historia Septem Sapientum Romæ' was derived from the work of Dan Jehans, that is, the Latin 'Dolopathos.' These two works are very different: In 'Dolopathos' there are eight subordinate stories, seven of which are related by the Wise Masters, and the eighth by the prince's tutor; in the 'Historia' there are fifteen stories, seven by the Wise Men, seven by the queen, and one by the prince, and only three of these—the Snake, the King's Treasury, and the Husband Shut Out—are found in 'Dolopathos.' Moreover, the 'Historia' was not composed till after the invention of printing (say, in the latter years of the fifteenth century), while the French 'Roman des Sept Sages,' written about 1284, has all the tales save one which are found in the 'Historia,' and *that* one does not occur in 'Dolopathos.'

The story of the Dog and the Snake is thus related in a black-letter copy of the 'Seven Wise Masters,' preserved in the Glasgow University Library:

[of heresy in the south of France], had the dog exhumed, its bones burnt, and the grove cut down."—Professor T. F. Crane: 'Mediæval Sermon-Books and Stories.'

The Knight and the Greyhound.

There was a certain valiant knight which had only one son, the which he loved so much, that he ordained for his keepers three nourishers (*i.e.*, nurses). The first should give him suck, and feed him; the second should wash him, and keep him clean; and the third should bring him to his sleep and rest. The knight had also a greyhound and a falcon, which he also loved right well. The greyhound was so good that he never run at any game, but he took it and held it till his master came. And if his master disposed him to go into any battel, if he should not speed therein, anone as he should mount upon his horse, the greyhound would take the horse-tail in his mouth, and draw backward, and would also howl and cry marvellouslie loud. By these signs, and the due observation thereof, the knight did always understand that his journey should have very ill success. The falcon was so gentle and hardy, that he was never cast off to his prey but he took it. The same knight had much pleasure in justing and tourney, so that upon a time under his castle he proclaimed a tournament, to the which came many great lords and knights. The knight entered into the tourney, and his ladie went with her maidens to see it: and as they went out, after went the nourishers, and left the child lying alone there in the cradle in the hall, where the greyhound lay near the wall, and the hawk or falcon standing upon a perch. In this hall there was a serpent lurking, or hid in a hole,

to all of them in the castle unknown, the which when he perceived that they were all absent, he put his head out of the hole, and when he saw none but the child lying in the cradle, he went out of his hole towards the cradle, for to have slain the child. The noble falcon perceiving that, made such a noise and rustling with her wings presently, that the greyhound awoke and rose up: and when he saw the serpent nigh the child, anone against him he leapt, and they both fought so long together, until that the serpent had grievously hurt and wounded the greyhound, that he bled so sore, that the earth about the cradle was all bloody. The greyhound, when that he felt himself grievously hurt and wounded, starts fiercely upon the serpent, and fought so sore together, and so eagerly, that between them the cradle was overcast with the child, the bottome upward. And because that the cradle had four pomels like feet falling towards the earth, they saved the child's life and his visage from any hurt. What can be more exprest to make good the wonder in the preservation of the child? Incontinently thereafter, with great pain the greyhound overcame and slew the serpent, and laid him down again in his place and licked his wounds. And anon after the justs and turney was done, the nowrishers came first into the castle, and as they saw the cradle turned upside down upon the earth, compassed round about with blood, and that the greyhound was also bloody, they thought and said among themselves that the greyhound had slain the child, and were not so wise

as to turn up the cradle again with the child, for to have seen what was thereof befallen; but they said, Let us run away, lest that our master should put or lay any blame upon us, and so slay us. As they were thus running away, they met the knight's wife, and she said unto them, Wherefore make ye this sorrow, and whither will ye run? Then said they, O lady, wo and sorrow be to us, and to you. Why, said she, what is there happened? show me. The greyhound, they said, that our lord and master loved so well, hath devoured and slain your son, and lyeth by the wall all full of blood. As the lady heard this she presently fell to the earth, and began to weep and cry piteously, and said, Alace, O my dear son, are ye slain and dead? What shall I now do, that I have mine only son thus lost? Wherewithal came in the knight from the tourney, and beholding his lady thus crying and making sorrow, he demanded of her wherefore she made so great sorrow and lamentation. She answered him, O my lord, that greyhound that you have loved so much hath slain your only son, and lyeth by the wall, satiated with the blood of the child. The knight, very exceeding angry, went into the hall, and the greyhound went to meet him, and did fawn upon him, as he was wont to do, and the knight drew out his sword, and with one stroke smote off the greyhound's head, and then went to the cradle where the child lay and found his son all whole, and by the cradle the serpent slain; and then by diverse signs he perceived that the greyhound had killed the serpent for the defence of

the child. Then with great sorrow and weeping he tare his hair, and said, Wo be to me, that for the words of my wife I have slain my good and best greyhound, the which hath saved my child's life, and hath slain the serpent, therefore I will put myself to penance. And so he brake his sword in three pieces, and went towards the Holy Land, and abode all the days of his life.

How many generations, "gentle and simple," old and young, have pored over, or listened to, this story of the Knight and his Greyhound! In the pedlar's pack, among his stock of ballads and chap-books, the 'History of the Seven Wise Masters of Rome' was never wanting; and the reading of it aloud by the "farmer's ingle" has cheered many a winter's night. Görres, in his 'Folksbucher,' bestows extraordinary praise on this Book of the Seven Sages. "It sprang originally," says he, "from the Indian mountains, whence from primeval days it took its course as a little rivulet, and flowed in a westerly direction through Asia's wide field, and, while it proceeded for thousands of years through space and time, always spreading more and more in reaching us. Out of it whole generations and many nations have drank; and, having passed to Europe with the great tide of population, is now also in our day and generation supplied to such a considerable portion of the public, that in regard to its celebrity and the magnitude of its sphere of influence, it reaches the Holy Book, and surpasses all classical

works." But there is much exaggeration in all these fine phrases. It is utterly absurd to assert that the tales of the Seven Sages are as old as the Aryans in Europe. There are no grounds for supposing the original Indian work to date much farther back than two thousand years.

The story of the Dog and the Snake occurs in all the Western group of the Book of Sindibád, known commonly as the Seven Wise Masters; and of Eastern texts, or versions directly derived from Eastern texts, it is found in the Syriac, Persian, Greek, Hebrew, Latin (the 'Directorium Humanæ Vitæ' of John of Capua), and the Old Spanish, translated from an Arabic version, now lost. It does not occur in the modern Arabic version (the Seven Vazírs) which is incorporated with the 'Book of the Thousand and One Nights.' In the Persian metrical version, 'Sindibád Náma,' written in 1374, but representing probably a much earlier text, of which a unique, but unfortunately imperfect, MS. copy is preserved in the library of the India Office, a cat is substituted for a dog, and the following is an abstract of the story as related in this text:

The Snake and the Cat.

In a city of Cathay there dwelt a good and blameless woman and her husband, who was an officer of the king. By-and-by she bore him a son, and thereupon died, and the officer procured a nurse to bring up the

child. Now he had a cat, of which he was very fond, and to which his wife had also been very much attached. One day he went out on some business, and the nurse also had left the house, no one remaining but the infant and the cat. Presently a frightful snake came in and made for the cradle to devour the child. The cat sprang upon it, and after a desperate fight succeeded in killing it. When the man returned, he was horrified at seeing a mangled mass lying on the floor. The snake had vomited so much blood and poison that its form was hidden, and the man, thinking that the cat, which came up to him, rubbing against his legs, had killed his son, struck it a blow, and slew it on the spot. But immediately after he discovered the truth of the matter, how the poor cat had killed the snake in defence of the boy, and his grief knew no bounds.

But we have a much older form of the story in the Sanskrit collection of tales and apologues entitled 'Panchatantra' (five sections), which, according to Dr H. H. Wilson, bears internal evidence of having been composed not later than the fifth century, as follows (sect. v. fab. 2):

The Snake and the Ichneumon.

There was a Bráhmaṇ, named Déva Sarmá, whose wife had one son; she had also a favourite ichneumon that she brought up with the infant, and cherished

like another child. At the same time she was afraid that the animal would, some time or other, do the child a mischief, knowing its treacherous nature, as it is said, "A son, though ill-tempered, ugly, stupid, and wicked, is still the source of delight to a father's heart." One day the mother, going forth to fetch water, placed the child in the bed, and desired her husband to guard the infant, especially from the ichneumon. She then departed, and after a while the Bráhmañ himself was obliged to go forth to collect alms. When the house was thus deserted, a black snake came out of a hole, and crawled towards the bed where the infant lay: the ichneumon, who saw him, impelled by his natural animosity, and by regard for his foster-brother, instantly attacked him, and after a furious encounter, tore him to pieces. Pleased with his prowess and the service he had rendered, he ran to meet his mistress on her return home, his jaws and face besmeared with blood. As soon as the Bráhmañ's wife beheld him, she was convinced that he had killed her child, and in her rage and agitation she threw the water-jar at the ichneumon with all her force, and killed him on the spot. She then rushed into the house, where she found the child still asleep, and the body of a venomous snake torn in pieces at the foot of the bed. She then perceived the error she had committed, and beat her breast and face with grief for the unmerited fate of her faithful little favourite. In this state her husband found her on his return. When he had told her the cause of his absenting himself, she

reproached him bitterly for that greedy desire of profit which had caused all the mischief.¹

In this Sanskrit version, it will be observed, the mother is represented as avenging the supposed death of her child;² and instead of reproaching her husband for his "greedy desire of gain," she should rather have blamed her own precipitation. In the 'Seven Wise

¹ Near akin to the story of the Bráhmaṇ and the Ichneumon is that of the King and his Falcon, which is found in the 'Anvár-i-Suhaylí;' or Lights of Canopus, a Persian version of the Fables of Bidpai, composed by Husain Vaiz. In this tale a king, while hawking, chanced to ride ahead of his followers, and feeling thirsty, he sought about for water. Coming to the foot of a mountain, he discovered water slowly trickling from a rock, and taking a little cup from his quiver, he held it to catch the drops as they fell. When the cup was full, and the king was about to drink, his hawk flapped his wings so as to spill the water, and this occurring a second time, the king in a rage dashed the bird to the ground, and it instantly expired. It was afterwards found that a monstrous serpent lay dead at the fountain-head, and his poisonous foam was mingling with the water. The king then reflected on the evils of precipitancy and thoughtlessness, and during the remainder of his life the arrow of regret was continually ranking in his breast.—A variant of this is interwoven in No. 9 of Lal Behari Day's 'Folk-Tales of Bengal,' p. 154, in which a king, hunting in a dense forest and becoming very thirsty, looks about for water, and at last saw something dripping from the top of a tree. Thinking it to be rain-water which had fallen into a cavity of the tree, he stood up on the back of his horse and caught the drops in a small cup. But it was not rain-water. His horse knew better. A huge cobra on the top of the tree was dashing its faugs against it, and its poison was falling in drops. And when the king was about to drink from the cup, the horse, to save his master, so moved about that the cup fell from his hand to the ground. The king with his sword struck the horse on the neck, and killed his faithful steed.

² In a Sinhalese variant, it is a widowed mother who leaves her child alone in the house, while she pounds rice for her wealthy neighbours.

Masters,' the man bitterly blames himself for having listened to the words of his wife. In the 'Hitopadesa' (Friendly Advice), an abridgment of the 'Panchatantra'—though it has a number of tales peculiar to itself—the woman leaves the house to make her ablutions, and during her absence the rájá sends for her husband to perform for him some religious rite. The Persian 'Sindibád' Náma is the only version in which the mother is represented as having died in giving birth to her child. It is a *dog* that kills the snake in the Syriac, Greek, Hebrew, and Old Castilian versions, and also in the 'Seven Wise Masters.' In the 'Panchatantra' it is a *mongoose*, or *ichneumon*; and in the 'Hitopadesa' it is a *weasel*, of which the *ichneumon* is a species. "The fierce hostility of the mongoose to snakes," says Dr H. H. Wilson, "and its singular power of killing them, are in India so well known as to have become proverbial, and are verifiable by daily observation. It is doubtful," he adds, "if a dog has either any instinctive enmity to snakes, or any characteristic dexterity in destroying them."

A very curious example of the modifications which a written story sometimes undergoes after it has once more passed into oral tradition, is furnished in the following version of the Snake and Mongoose story, current among the natives of the North-West Provinces, from 'Past Days in India':

Current Indian Version.

In a certain village there lived a poor family, consisting of the man and his wife and several children. One day, when her husband and elder children had gone out to work and the younger ones to play, the mother put her infant son on the ground, and by his side she placed a *thálee* (a metal plate of different sizes, having a deep rim of half an inch, or an inch) of water to amuse himself with, while she went about some necessary household duties. Before setting about cleaning the rice and so forth in the adjoining room, as they had a tame mongoose about the house, she caught and tied it up not far from the child, thinking that if loose it might hurt the boy. When the mother had left the room, a cobra-snake, hearing the splashing of the water, came out of its hole to have a drink. The little child, not knowing what it was, stopped playing with the water, intently watching the snake as it came up and began to drink. Having satisfied its thirst, the reptile was gliding back to its hole, when the little innocent put out its hands and caught it, thinking to amuse himself with the pretty new toy. The snake made no resistance, and in turn amused itself with twining in and out of the boy's arms and legs, until somehow the child accidentally hurt the snake, when it turned round and bit him in the neck. On feeling the bite, the child let go of the snake, and very soon became motionless, the snake gliding off to its hole. The mun-

goose, directly the snake (which is its natural enemy) came out of its hole, began making fruitless efforts to break the string with which it was tied, and failing in that, succeeded in biting the string through, just as the snake had slipped into its hole. Having seen what the snake did to the child, the mongoose ran off quickly into the jungle to get some snake-root.

Meanwhile the mother, alarmed at his unusual silence, coming into the room at that moment, and seeing the child motionless, ran and took him up and tried her best to restore animation, crying heartily all the time. Having found the antidote, the mongoose ran back quickly with it in his mouth into the room, and the mother, turning her head in that direction, seeing the mongoose loose, and having remarked a wound on the child's neck, immediately concluded that the mongoose had bitten and killed her little son. Without reflecting a moment, she seized the mongoose, and in a rage dashed it on the ground with all her strength. After one or two convulsive motions the pet mongoose died, and then, too late, the mother discovered something in the animal's mouth, and, examining it closer, recognised the snake-root. Intuitively divining all the circumstances, she instantly reduced the root to powder, and administering it to the child at once, had the happiness of seeing her darling returning to consciousness. The mongoose having been a great pet with all the children, the news of its death caused general grief, to no one more than the

mother, who resolved never to let her anger master her again.¹

Thus far we have traced the Welsh tradition of the Dog Gellert to an ancient Sanskrit source, and we can even go a step farther, and show that the story is of Buddhist origin, dating from before Christ. But first I shall take leave to correct some errors which Mr Baring-Gould has unaccountably fallen into, in the following passage, referring to this story:

“It occurs in the ‘Seven Wise Masters’ and in the ‘Calumnia Novercalis’ as well, so that it must have been popular throughout medieval Europe. Now the tales of the Seven Wise Masters are translations from a Hebrew work, the ‘Kalilah and Dimnah’ of Rabbi Joel, composed about 1250, or from Simeon Seth’s Greek ‘Kylile and Dimne,’ written in 1080. These Greek and Hebrew works were derived from kindred sources. That of Rabbi Joel was a translation from an Arabic version made by Nasr-Allah in the twelfth century, whilst Simeon Seth’s was a translation of the Persian ‘Kalilah and Dimnah.’ But the ‘Kalilah and Dimnah’ was not either an

¹ “The natives of India,” adds the author, “have an idea that when the mungoose, in its encounter with a snake, happens to be bitten by it, it immediately runs off in search of an antidote to counteract the virulent poison of the snake. This supposed antidote, the root of a plant, hence called snake-root, is regarded by all classes of the natives as a certain specific against snake-bite. That it is a foolish belief is proved by continual failure.”—This version is also given in Vermieux’ collection of Indian Tales appended to his story of ‘The Hermit of Motee Jhurna’ (second edition, pp. 101, 102).

original work; it was in turn a translation from the Sanskrit 'Panchatantra,' made about 540."¹

These statements are very misleading. The 'Calumnia Novercalis' is a Latin version of the 'Seven Wise Masters.' But to say that the tales of the Seven Wise Masters are translations from a Hebrew work, the 'Kalilah and Dimna' of Rabbi Joel, or from Simeon Seth's Greek 'Kylile and Dimne,' is absolutely incorrect. 'Kalfla and Dimna' is the title of the Arabic version of the Fables of Bidpai, or Pilpay. The history of this remarkable work is briefly as follows: About the year 531 a Sanskrit collection of tales and fables was translated into Pahlavi, the ancient language of Persia, under the title of 'Kalflag and Damnag,' the names of two jackals that play leading parts in the first section. From Pahlavi, the work was translated into Syriac, about 570, and into Arabic, under the title of 'Kalfla and Dimna,' by Ibn-Almukaffa, about the year 754. From the Arabic a Greek translation, entitled 'Ichnelates and Stephanites,' was made by Simeon the son of Seth, in 1080. Two Hebrew translations were made from the Arabic or Syriac, both in the thirteenth century, one of which is anonymous, the other is by Rabbi Joel. And here we come to another gross inaccuracy: Rabbi Joel's version was *not* "a translation from an Arabic version made by Nasr-Allah in the twelfth century." The work of Nasr-'ulláh was a *Persian* translation from the Arabic, made in 1168. But in the concluding sentence of the

¹ 'Curious Myths of the Middle Ages,' p. 138.

above-cited passage Mr Baring-Gould has contrived to reach a climax of confusion: "Simeon Seth's [Greek version] was a translation of the Persian 'Kalilah and Dimnah.' But the 'Kalilah and Dimnah' was not either an original work; it was in turn a translation from the Sanskrit 'Panchatantra,' made about 540." The 'Panchatantra' was *not* the Sanskrit work translated into Pahlavi (called Persian by Mr Baring-Gould), although it is the oldest extant Sanskrit form of the Fables as a separate work; and the Pahlavi text, which was translated into Arabic, is now lost.¹ How Mr Baring-Gould could derive the tales of the 'Seven Wise Masters' from any version of the Fables of Bidpai is matter for profound wonder: with exception of the story of the Snake and another, the Fables of Bidpai are quite different from the Tales of the Wise Masters. I have thought it advisable to correct such misleading statements, since the work in which they are found ('Myths of the Middle Ages') is so generally read and esteemed as reliable for the information it affords regarding the popular legends and fictions of which it treats.

The learned Benfey has pointed out the Buddhist origin of the tales and apologues in the 'Panchatantra,' and in the case of the story of the Snake and the Ichneumon, the proof seems conclusive. Dr S. Beal, of

¹ See Professor Max Müller's 'Chips from a German Workshop,' vol. iv. pp. 145-209; and the introduction to the Hon. Keith Falconer's English translation of the later Syriac text of 'Kalila and Dimna.'

the British Museum, published in 'The Academy' for Nov. 4, 1882, the following translation of a version from the 'Vinaya Pitaka' of the Chinese Buddhist collection of books:

The Bráhmaṇ and the Nakula.

In years gone by there was a certain Bráhmaṇ who, being very poor, had to beg daily for food enough to keep him alive. This Bráhmaṇ's wife had borne him no child, but there was a young Na-ku-lo (Nakula, or mungoose) in the house, of which the master had made a pet, as if it was his own son. After this, it came to pass that the wife of the Bráhmaṇ bore him a son, on which he thought thus: "Certainly it was lucky for me when I took this mungoose as my child, for, in consequence of this, my wife has borne me a child." Now on one occasion, the Bráhmaṇ wishing to leave home to beg some food, enjoined on his wife, if she went out, to be sure to take the child with her, and not to loiter about, but return home quickly. It happened, however, that, having fed the child, she went to grind at the mill,¹ and forgot to take the baby. In her absence a snake, attracted by the smell of the cream which the child had eaten, came towards the spot, and was about to kill it with its fang, when the mungoose, seeing the danger, thought thus with itself: "My father has gone out and my mother, and now

¹ See p. 177, note 2.

this poisonous snake would kill my little brother ;”
and so it is said :

The poisonous snake and the nakula,
The little (flying) bird and the hawk,
The Shaman and the Bráhmán,
The step-mother and the child of a former wife—
All these are mutually opposed and at enmity,
And desire, as with poison, to destroy one another.

At this time the mongoose attacked the poisonous snake and killed it, and tore it into seven pieces. Then the mongoose thus thought : “I have killed the snake, and preserved the child. I ought to acquaint my father and mother of this, and rejoice their hearts.” So he went out of the door and stood there, with his mouth covered with blood. At this time the Bráhmán, coming home, saw his wife in the outside house [where the mill was] without the child. On this he was angry, and expostulated with her. And now, as he entered the door, he saw the mongoose there with his mouth covered with blood. On this he thought : “Alas, this creature, being hungry, has slain and eaten the child !” Whereupon, taking up a stick, he beat the mongoose to death. On entering his house, he saw the little child sitting upright in his cradle and playing with his fingers, while the dead snake in seven pieces lay by his side. Beholding this, he was filled with sorrow, and said : “Alas, for my folly ! This faithful creature has preserved the life of my child, and I have hastily, and without consideration, killed it !”

Dr Beal considers this as probably the oldest form of the 'Panchatantra' story. The Chinese book from which it is rendered dates, he says, from the time of Fa-hien (A.D. 412), who translated it from an Indian original, which he had procured at Patáliputra, where it was supposed to date from the time of Asoka's Council, say, B.C. 230.—And now we may leave the Welsh guides to continue to recite their veritable story of Prince Llewellyn and his Faithful Hound!

THE LOVER'S HEART.

THE ninth novel of the fourth Day of Boccaccio's 'Decameron' is a ghastly story of a jealous husband's revenge: Two noble gentlemen, who were intimate friends, lived in neighbouring estates in Provence. The name of one was Gulielmo Rossillione, that of the other Gulielmo Guardastagno. At length the former, suspecting that a criminal intercourse subsisted between his wife and his friend, invited him to his residence, but waylaid and murdered him in a wood, through which the road between the two castles passed. He then opened the breast of his victim, drew out his heart, and carried it home, wrapped in the pennon of his lance. When he alighted from his horse, he gave it to his cook as the heart of a wild boar, commanding him to dress it with his utmost skill, and serve it up for supper. At table the husband pretended want of appetite, and the lady ate the whole of the monstrous repast. When not a fragment was left, he informed her that she had feasted on the heart of Guardastagno. The lady, declaring that

no other food should profane the relics of so noble a knight, threw herself from a casement which was behind her, and was dashed to pieces in the fall.

Dunlop, who gives the foregoing outline of the story in his 'History of Fiction,' remarks that some of the commentators on Boccaccio have supposed it to be taken from the well-known story of Raoul de Couci; "but as Boccaccio himself informs us that his tale is given according to the relation of the Provençals ('secondo de che raconti i Provenzals'), it seems probable that it was taken from the story of the Provençal poet Cabestan, which is told by Nostradamus in his 'Lives of the Troubadours.' Besides, the story of Cabestan possesses a much closer resemblance to the novel of Boccaccio than the fiction concerning Raoul de Couci and the lady of Du Fayel. Indeed it precisely corresponds with the 'Decameron,' except in the names, and in the circumstance that the lady starves herself instead of leaping from the window." It will be seen from the following version of the story of De Couci, from Bougier's 'Historical Memoirs of Champagne,' that it varies considerably from Boccaccio's tale:

The Lord de Couci, vassal to the Count de Champagne, was one of the most accomplished youths of his time. He loved with an excess of passion the lady of the Lord du Fayel, who felt a reciprocal affection. With the most poignant grief, his lady heard from her lover that he had resolved to accompany the king and the Count de Champagne

to the wars in the Holy Land; but she would not oppose his wishes, because she hoped that his absence might dissipate the jealousy of her husband. The time of departure having come, these two lovers parted with sorrows of the most lively tenderness. The lady, in quitting her lover, presented him with some rings and diamonds, and with a string of her own hair, intermixed with silk and buttons of large pearls, to serve him, according to the fashion of those days, to tie a magnificent hood which covered his helmet. In Palestine, at the siege of Acre, in 1191, De Couci, in gloriously ascending the ramparts, received a wound which was declared mortal. He employed the few moments he had to live in writing to the Lady du Fayel; and he poured forth the fervour of his soul. He ordered his squire to embalm his heart after his death, and to convey it to his beloved mistress, with the presents he had received from her hands on quitting her. The squire, faithful to the dying injunction of his master, returned to France, to present the heart and gifts to the Lady du Fayel. But when he approached the castle of the lady, he concealed himself in the neighbouring wood, watching some favourable moment to complete his promise. He had the misfortune to be seen by the husband of the lady, who recognised him, and immediately suspected he came in search of his wife with some message from his master. He threatened to deprive him of his life if he did not divulge the occasion of his return. The squire assured him that his master was dead; but

Du Fayel, not believing it, drew his sword on him. The squire, frightened at the peril in which he found himself, confessed everything, and put into his hands the heart and the letter of his master. Du Fayel was maddened by the fellest passions, and he took a wild and horrid revenge. He ordered his cook to mince the heart, and having mixed it with meat, he caused a ragout, which he knew pleased the taste of his wife, to be made, and had it served to her. The lady ate heartily of the dish. After the repast, Du Fayel inquired if she had found the ragout according to her taste, and she answered that she had found it excellent. "It is for that reason that I caused it to be served to you, for it is a kind of meat which you very much liked. You have, madam," continued the savage Du Fayel, "eaten the heart of the Lord de Couci." But this the lady would not believe till he showed her the letter of her lover, with the string of her hair and the diamonds she had given him. Shuddering in the anguish of her sensations, and urged by the utmost despair, she said to him, "It is true that I loved that heart; for never could it find its superior. And since I have eaten of so noble a meat, and my stomach is the tomb of so precious a heart, I will take care that nothing of inferior worth shall ever be mixed with it." Grief and passion choked her utterance. She retired to her chamber; she closed the door for ever; and refusing to accept of consolation or food, the amiable victim expired on the fourth day.¹

¹ Cited in D'Israeli's 'Curiosities of Literature.'

The story was the subject of an English chap-book in the last century: "The Constant but Unhappy Lovers; being a full and true Relation of one Madam Butler, a young Gentlewoman, and a great Heiress, at Hackney Boarding School, who, being forced by her father to marry Mr Harvey, a Rich Merchant's Son, near Fanchurch Street, against her Will, one Perpoint, a young Gentleman of Considerable Estate, who had courted her above two years, grew so Discontented that he went a Volunteer to the Wars in Spain, where being Mortally Wounded, at the Battle of Almanza, he writ a Letter with his own Blood, therein putting a Bracelet of Madam Butler's Hair, and then ordering his Servant to bake his Heart to powder, after his death, he charged him to deliver them in a Box to the above-said Gentlewoman. His man came to England, and went on the 6th June to deliver the Present to Madame Butler, but it was took away by her Husband, who gave her the Powder in a Dish of Tea; which when she knew what she had Drank, and saw the bloody Letter and Bracelet, she said it was the last she would ever Eat and Drink, and accordingly going to Bed, she was found dead in the Morning, with a copy of verses lying by her on a Table, written with her own Blood (London: Printed by E. B., near Ludgate, 1707)."

It is probable the story was brought to Europe by the Crusaders, or by pilgrims returned from the Holy Land, whither it may have migrated from India, through Persia, since it is a very old and favourite legend in the Panjáb, where it is still recited by the Bháts, or

minstrels, of Rasálú, son of Rájá Sálbúhan, *circa* A.D. '78. Rájá Rasálú is to the Panjáb what Antar is to Arabia, Rústam to Persia, and Arthur to England. The following version is from a little work by General James Abbott, printed, for private circulation, at Calcutta, in 1851 :

Rasálú educated the young Rání Kokilán,¹ apart from her father, and at an early age married her. The rájá, however, proposed to himself a life of rigorous self-denial and hardihood, without reflecting upon the claims a young wife possesses on the tenderness and attention of her husband. Left alone in his palace of Múrut (since so-called), whilst he followed the chase at Dumtúr, and little cherished or fondled on his return, a dangerous void was left in her young and inexperienced heart. The Rájá Hodí—who seems to have resided in Sohat, Peshawar, and the Yúsúfzaie, and whose castle is still shown on the hill opposite Attuk, Trans-Indus—whether allured by her reputation for beauty, or accidentally led thither, came to Múrut to hunt or hawk. He saw the Rání Kokilán looking from the window of her palace, and was violently enamoured of her. She saw him, and he took the place which Rasálú had left vacant in her heart. Rasálú was hunting at Dumtúr; but he had left behind him two guardians of his honour, a hill *maina* (or starling) and a parrot, both of which could talk. Hodí approached

¹ Queen Cooing-Dove. Kokilán (Kokla is her name in some versions) may be interpreted as cuckoo, cooing-dove, or simply darling, according to Captain R. C. Temple, in an interesting paper on Legends of Rájá Rasálú in the 'Calcutta Review' for 1884.

the window of the palace, looked around, and saw no one in the court. But the beautiful Rání Kokilán sat at the window looking northward, and there was no approach to her chamber excepting through the hall, where were the menials of the palace. So she threw him down a rope, which she tied firmly to the balcony, and Rájá Hodí climbed up by it and entered her chamber. The *maina*, in great indignation, exclaimed, "What wickedness is this?" and Hodí went to the cage and wrung the bird's neck. Then the parrot, taking warning, said: "The steed of Rasálú is swift; what if he should surprise you? Let me out of my cage, and I will fly over the palace, and will inform you the instant he appears in sight." The Rání Kokilán said, "O excellent bird! do even as thou hast said;" and she released the parrot from its cage. And the parrot flew swift as an arrow to Dumtúr, alighted upon Rasálú's shoulder as he hunted the stag, and exclaimed: "O Rájá, may your shadow never be less! A cat is at your cream." So Rasálú wheeled round his wonderful horse and galloped back to Múrut, seventy miles, without drawing rein, and the clang of his horse's hoofs in the court was the first notice of his approach. Rájá Hodí in dismay retreated down the rope into the court, where he met Rasálú, who made him follow into the wilderness, and there slew him after a brief combat, and cut out his heart and liver,¹ and had them fricas-

¹ "His heart and liver."—Asiatics, like the old Greeks and Romans, place the seat of love in the liver. Thus the Arabian poet-hero Antar exclaims: "Ask my burning sighs that mount on high; they will tell

seed and set before the Rání that day at dinner.¹ The Rání ate the fricassee with great relish, and when she had finished, Rasálú said, "Do you know whose heart and liver you have eaten?" The Rání replied, "Doubtless they belonged to some dear little pet of a calf." Then said Rasálú, "True, O Kokilán, that heart was beating two hours ago in the breast of that pet-calf Rájá Hodí." This was said as they stood in the balcony; and Rání Kokilán clapped her hands and shrieked, "Then will I die with him;" and leaping from the balcony, she fell into the paved court, and was taken up, apparently lifeless. And Rasálú bound the bodies of Rájá Hodí and Rání Kokilán together by a strap, flung them over Hodí's steed, so that one body hung on one side and one body on the other side; then he cropped the ears, mane, and tail of the horse, and drove him forth into the jungle. It so happened that the horse took the route towards Ghayb, a district on the left bank of the Indus, far below Atuk. The prince of that country was a Chandala, and the horse

thee of the flaming passion in my liver." Theocritus says of Hercules (13th Idyll), "In his liver love had fixed a wound." Anacreon tells how the god of Love drew his bow, and "the dart pierced through my liver and my heart." An epigram in the 'Anthologia' is to the same effect:

Cease, love, to wound my liver and my heart;
If I must suffer, choose some other part.

And Horace: "Burning love . . . doth in thy liver rage." Our own Shakspeare seems to have had the same notion:

Alas, then, love may be called appetite,
No motion of the liver, but the palate.

¹ According to tradition, Rasálú himself never tasted flesh-meat, being a Jallú Rájá.

was brought to him with his strange burthen. He ordered the bodies to be unbound, and perceiving that life was still left in the body of Rání Kokilán, with care she revived. The prince was struck with her beauty and married her; and the Ghayb race are descendants of this pair. But remorse fell upon Rasálú: probably he reflected that he had needlessly exposed his young and inexperienced wife to temptation; and he caused her form to be carved in stone, and set it up over that fountain at which they had so often sat together to enjoy the evening breeze.¹

General Abbott adds that he saw this statue of the Rání Kokilán in 1848; but it had fallen under the ban of a bigoted Moolah, who had defaced the features. The place is called Múrut (the statue), after the effigy of Kokilán. "The tale is on the lips of every bard of the Panjáb; and the ascent of Rájá Hodí to the balcony is one of the favourite subjects for painters, and may be seen in fresco on the panels of palaces and temples."

¹ See also 'Legends of the Panjáb,' by Captain R. C. Temple, published at Bombay, 1884—London: Trübner & Co.—where this story may be found, with other traditions of Rájá Rasálú.

THE MERCHANT, HIS WIFE, AND HIS PARROT.

A PARALLEL to the device of the Rájá Rasálú, of leaving behind him two talking birds to watch over, and report to him on his return home, the conduct of his young wife during his absence (cited in the last paper), is found in the frame, or leading story, of the Persian 'Túti Náma,' Tales of a Parrot: A merchant, before setting out on a long journey, purchased, for a large sum of money, a wonderful parrot that could discourse eloquently, and a *sharyk*, a species of nightingale, says Gerrans, "which imitates the human voice in so surprising a manner, that if you do not see the bird you cannot help being deceived," and put both in the same cage. In taking leave of his young and beautiful wife, he charged her, whenever she had any affair of importance to transact, to first obtain the advice and consent of the two birds. Some time after his departure, she was one day on the terrace of her house when a handsome young prince with his attendants passed, and having observed her beauty, he sent an old go-between to the lady, soliciting an interview

with her at his palace. The *sharyk* forbade her to go, upon which the lady flew into a rage, seized the virtuous bird, and dashed it on the ground, so that it died. She then represented her case to the parrot, who, having witnessed the fate of his companion, prudently resolved to temporise with the amorous dame, “quenched the fire of her indignation with the water of flattery, and began a tale conformable to her temperament, which he took care to protract till the morning.” In this way the parrot prevents the lady’s intended intrigue by relating, night after night, until her husband returns, one or more fascinating tales, which he does not bring to an end till it is too late for the assignation.¹

This plan of the ‘Tútí Náma’ is faintly reflected in the Mongolian tales of “Ardshi Bordshi” (the second part of ‘Sagas from the Far East’), where a merchant buys a parrot for a hundred ounces of silver, and leaves it to watch over his wife during his absence. The

¹ The ‘Tútí Náma,’ or Parrot-Book, was written by Nakhshabí about A.D. 1320, according to Pertsch, after an older Persian work, now lost, which was made from a Sanskrit book, also no longer extant, of which the ‘Suka Saptati,’ Seventy (Tales) of a Parrot, is a representative. A similar Indian work is the ‘Hamsa-Vinsati,’ written in Telegu: twenty tales related by a hamsa, or goose, to prevent the wife of Vishnudás from carrying on a criminal intrigue during his absence; by Agala Rájá Narayana, son of Suráppá. Nakhshabí is the pen-name (*takhallus*) of Ziyá-ed-Dín, the author of the ‘Tútí Náma,’ from his birthplace, Nakhshab, a city in Turkestan, where they say there is a well named Cháhí Nakhshab, from which an appearance of the moon, called Mahi Nakhshab, was produced by a notorious impostor named Mukanna—the “Veiled Prophet of Khorassan” of Moore’s ‘Lalla Rookh.’

wife resolves to go out and visit her acquaintances, and indulge in pleasures from which she had hitherto been debarred. But the parrot detains her all night by telling her the story of the wife of a king who swore falsely, and yet spoke the truth, to which reference has already been made in vol. i. p. 178, note.

The story seems to have found its way to the south of Europe in the fourteenth century, and it may perhaps have been diffused among the people of Italy through some Oriental collection which is now lost, since versions have long been current in Piedmont and Tuscany, and also in Sicily. In a very interesting and valuable paper on Italian Popular Tales, in the 'North American Review' for July 1876, Professor T. F. Crane gives abstracts of three of the versions, as follows:

The most simple version is from Pisa (Professor Comparetti's collection), under the title of "Il Pappagallo," and is to this effect: There was once a merchant who had a beautiful daughter, with whom the king and the viceroy were both in love. The former knew that the merchant would soon have to depart on business, and he would then have a chance to speak with the girl. The viceroy knew it too, and considered how he could prevent the king from succeeding in his design. He was acquainted with a witch, and promised her immunity and a large sum of money if she would teach him how to change himself into a parrot. This she does, and the merchant buys him for his

daughter, and then departs. When the parrot thought it was about time for the king to come, he said to the girl, "Now to amuse you, I will tell you a story; but you must attend to me, and not see any one while I am telling it." Then he began his story, and after he had gone a little way in it, a servant entered and told her mistress that there was a letter for her. "Tell her to bring it later," said the parrot; "and now listen to me." The mistress replied, "I do not receive letters while my father is away," and the parrot continued. After a while there was another interruption—a servant announced the visit of an aunt of her mistress: it was not an aunt, however, but an old woman who came from the king. The parrot said, "Do not receive her—we are in the finest part of the story;" and the young girl sent word that she did not receive any visits while her father was absent; so the parrot went on. When his story was ended, the girl was so pleased that she would listen to no one else until her father returned. Then the parrot disappeared, and the viceroy visited the merchant, and asked his daughter's hand. He consented, and the marriage took place that very day. The wedding was scarcely over when a gentleman came to ask the girl's hand for the king, but it was too late. And the poor king, who was much in love with her, died of a broken heart, and the girl remained the wife of the viceroy, who had been more cunning than the king.

Another version from Piedmont (*De Gubernatis*' 'Zoological Mythology,' vol. ii. p. 322—*Comparetti*'s

collection, No. 2), differs materially from the one just given: A king is obliged to go to war, and leave behind him his wife, with whom another king is in love. Before departing, he forbids his wife to leave the palace during his absence, and presents her with a parrot. No sooner had the king left than the other king attempted to obtain an interview with the queen, by giving a feast and inviting her to it. The parrot prevents her from going, by relating the same story which is contained in the first version. They are interrupted in the same manner by an old woman, sent by the royal lover, but to no purpose. When the story is finished the husband returns, and the parrot becomes a young man, whom the king had engaged to watch over his wife's fidelity.—The story told by the parrot is of no special interest, except that it is in the main also the one given in the Sicilian version, and has some resemblance to a story in the 'Pentamerone,' vol. ii. p. 22—"Verdo Prato."

The Sicilian version is the most interesting as well as the most complete; the single story in the Italian versions has here been expanded into three, and the frame is more artistic. It is the second in the collection of Pitriè: A merchant is obliged to leave his wife, of whom he is insanely jealous. She advises him to shut her up in the house with plenty to eat. One day, to amuse herself, she looks out of the single window which has been left open. At this moment a gentleman and a notary happen to pass, and see her. They immediately make a bet of a hundred ounces as to

which of them will speak to her first. The notary summons an evil spirit, and sells him his soul, on condition that he wins the bet. The devil then changes him into a parrot, who plays the same *rôle* as in the Italian versions, but relates, as we have said, three stories. When the merchant returns, the parrot is placed on the table at dinner, and splashes some of the soup into the husband's eyes, flies at his throat and strangles him, and then escapes through the window. The parrot, of course, resumes his human form, obtains the widow's hand and his hundred ounces from the *cavalari*; and afterwards tells his wife the whole story, her only comment being, "I am astonished!" (*Io restu allucuta*).¹

The well-known story, in the 'Arabian Nights,' of the Merchant, his Wife, and his Parrot, which properly belongs to the Book of Sindibád, may have been adapted either from the legend of Rájá Rasálú and his fair young wife, or from the frame of the original Indian Parrot-Book. It occurs in the Breslau printed text of the 'Thousand Nights and One Night,' and also in the text of the first Two Hundred Nights, edited by Shaykh Ahmed bin Muhammad Shirwáné el-Yemení, printed at Calcutta, 1814-18. But in the text printed at Bulák, and in that edited by Sir W. Macnaughton and printed at Calcutta, 1839-42, in place of it is the story of the King and his Falcon, which will be found

¹ See also Crane's 'Italian Popular Tales' (London: 1885), pp. 167-183, where the stories related by the parrots are given in full.

in a former paper—see note on page 177. Lane, in his translation of a portion of the Bulák text of the ‘Nights,’ has substituted the story of the Parrot, although it occurs also in its proper place in his work, namely, the romance of the ‘King and his Seven Vazírs.’

With a magpie instead of a parrot, the story forms one of the tales of the ‘Seven Wise Masters.’ According to the oldest extant English version of that famous work (in the Auchinleck MS., and printed in Weber’s ‘Metrical Romances’), a merchant had a clever magpie: in his absence his wanton wife had an intrigue with a young man, and the magpie, on seeing him enter the house, cried out that he would tell of this to his master on his return. The wife, with a ladder, removed a tile or two from the roof, placed a basin of water so that it should drop on the bird, and make a clear light dazzle its eyes. The youth goes away in the morning, and when the merchant comes home the magpie tells him of the lover, and how it rained and lightened during the night. His wife bids him not credit the magpie’s story, but ask the neighbours what sort of a night it had been. He learns that the night was fair, upon which he wrings the magpie’s neck. But soon after he finds the ladder against the wall of his house, and the basin, etc.; and thus discovering how the bird had been tricked, he drove his wife out of doors.

An analogous legend is told by Ovid in his ‘Metamorphoses,’ which has been adapted by Chaucer for

his Manciple's Tale, and has also been taken by Gower into the third book of his 'Confessio Amantis.' In the latter, after relating, out of Ovid, the story of the dispute between Jupiter and Juno, which began "as it were in borde (jest)," which of the two is the more amorous, man or woman, and they referred the question to Tiresias, who gave his decision in favour of man, at which Juno was so incensed that she deprived him of his eyesight; to compensate him, Jupiter bestowed on him the gift of prophecy: but though he was ever after a soothsayer, he had much rather have had his eyesight;—the Confessor warns his "son" to guard his speech, and to keep to himself whatever he might hear or see against other men, and relates this tale:

Phebus, which maketh daies light,
 A love he hadde, which tho hight¹
 Cornide, whom aboven alle
 He pleseth. But what shall befalle
 Of love, there is no man knoweth.
 But as fortune her happes throweth,
 So it befell upon a chaunce
 A yonge knight toke her acquaintance
 And had of her all that he wolde.
 But a fals bird, which she hath holde
 And kept in chambre of pure youthe,
 Discovereth all that ever he couthe.²
 The briddes name was as tho
 Corvus, the which was than also
 Well more white than any swan,
 And he the shrewe³ all that he can
 Of his lady to Phebus saide.
 And he for wrath his swerd out-braide,⁴

¹ Then called.² Knew.³ Calumniated.⁴ Drew out.

With which Cornide anone he slough,¹
 But after him was wo inough
 And toke a full great repentaunce,
 Wherof in token and remembraunce
 Of hem,² whiche usen wicke³ speche,
 Upon this bird he toke his wreche,⁴
 That there he was snow-white to-fore⁵
 Ever afterward cole-black therefore.
 He was transformed, as it sheweth.
 And many a man yet him beshreweth
 And clepen⁶ him unto this day
 A Raven, by whom yet men may
 Take evidence, whan he crieth,
 That some mishap it signifieth.
 Beware therefore and say the best,
 If thou wolt be thy self in rest,
 My gode sone, as I the rede.⁷

The story as told in all the versions, Eastern as well as Western, of the 'Seven Wise Masters,' was certainly not derived from any Greek or Roman source, and it is probable that the classical legend is of Indian extraction. This is how it is related in the Persian 'Sindibád Náma':

There once lived in Egypt a confectioner, who had a very beautiful wife, and a parrot that performed, as occasion required, the office of watchman, guard, policeman, bell, or spy, and flapped his wings did he hear a fly buzzing about the sugar. This parrot was a great annoyance to the wife, always telling the suspicious husband what took place in his absence. One evening, before going out to visit a friend, the confectioner gave

¹ Slew.² Them.³ Wicked.⁴ Revenge.⁵ Before ; hitherto.⁶ Called ; named.⁷ I thee advise.

the parrot strict injunctions to watch all night, and desired his wife to make all fast, as he should not return till morning. No sooner had he left than the woman went for her lover, who returned with her, and they passed the night together in mirth and feasting, while the parrot observed all. In the morning the lover departed, and the husband, returning, was informed by the parrot of what had taken place; upon which he hastened to his wife's apartment and beat her soundly. She thought to herself, who could have informed against her, and asked a woman who was in her confidence whether she had done so. The woman protested, "by what is hidden and what is open," that she had not betrayed her; but informed her that in the morning her husband, on his return, stood some time before the cage, and listened to the talking of the parrot. When the wife heard this, she resolved to plot the destruction of the bird. Some days after, the husband was again invited to the house of a friend, where he was to pass the night. Before departing, he gave the parrot the same injunctions as before. His heart was free from care, for he had his spy at home. She and her confidante then planned how they might destroy the credit of the parrot with its master. For this purpose they resolved to counterfeit a storm, which they effected by means of a hand-mill placed over the parrot's head, which the lover worked — by a rush of water, by blowing a bellows, and by suddenly uncovering a taper hid under a dish. Thus did they raise such a [sham] tempest of rain and lightning that the parrot

was drenched and immersed in a deluge. Now rolled the thunder, now flashed the lightning—the one from the noise of the hand-mill, the other from the reflection of the taper. “Surely,” thought the parrot to itself, “the deluge has come on, and such a one as perhaps Noah never witnessed.” So saying, he buried his head under his wing, a prey to terror. The husband, on his return, hastened to the parrot to inquire what had happened during his absence. The bird replied that he found it impossible to convey an idea of the deluge and tempest of last night; it would take years to describe the uproar of the hurricane and storm. When the shopkeeper heard the bird talk of last night’s deluge, he said, “Surely, O bird, you are gone mad. Where was there—even in a dream—rain or lightning last night? You have utterly ruined my house and ancient family. My wife is the most virtuous woman of the age, and all your accusations of her are false.” In anger he dashed the cage upon the ground, tore off the parrot’s head, and threw it from the window. Presently his friend, coming to call upon him, saw the parrot in this condition, with head torn off, and without wings or plumage. Being informed of the circumstances, he suspected some trick on the part of the wife, so he said to the husband, “When your wife leaves home to go to the bath, compel her confidante to disclose the secret.” As soon, therefore, as his wife went out, the husband entered his harem, and insisted on the woman telling him the truth. She detailed the whole story, and the husband now bitterly

repented having killed the parrot, of whose innocence he had proof.

In the Hebrew version of the Book of Sindibád ('Mishlé Sandabar') the husband "slew the parrot, and sent to bring his wife, and gave her presents"; in the Arabic, he kills the parrot, and afterwards discovering the bird's innocence and his wife's guilt, according to one text he divorces her, but in the others he kills both the woman and her paramour. In the Syriac ('Sindban') and the old Spanish ('Libro de los Enganos et los Asayamientos de las Mugerés,' Book of the Deceits and Tricks of Women), as in the Hebrew text, he kills the parrot, and is reconciled to his wife. The story also occurs in the Turkish romance of the Forty Vazírs ('Qırq Vezír'), with some variations: A piece of bullock's hide is beat from time to time to imitate thunder; water is sprinkled on the bird through a sieve; and a looking-glass is flashed now and again: in this version the husband does not kill the parrot, which is also the conclusion of the Greek text of the Book of Sindibád ('Syntipas').—The story was very popular in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, forming one of the tales and fables in John of Capua's 'Directorum Humanæ Vitæ,' a Latin version of the Fables of Bidpāi; and it is also found in the 'Discorsi degli Animalí' and the 'Giorni' of Sansovini.

The story related by the parrot on the first night in some texts of the Persian 'Túti Náma' is a variant of the tale of the Merchant and his Parrot: Once on a

time, in days of yore, a merchant having occasion to travel, left his goods and chattels and his wife in charge of a cockatoo. While he is absent, his wife entertains a young man every evening; but when he returns home, the discreet bird, in giving him an account of all other transactions, says not a word about the lady's merry pranks. The merchant, however, soon hears of them from a "good-natured friend," and reproaches and punishes his wife. Suspecting the cockatoo to have blabbed, the lady goes at night to the cage, takes out the bird, plucks off all its feathers, and throws it into the street. In the morning, when her husband misses his favourite bird, she tells him that a cat had carried it off; but he discredits her story, and thrusts her out of doors. Meantime the cockatoo has taken up its abode in the burying-ground, to which the poor woman also retires; and the cockatoo advises her to shave her head and remain there fasting during forty days, after which she should be reconciled to her husband. This she does, and at the end of the prescribed period the cockatoo goes to his old master and upbraids him for his cruel treatment of his innocent wife, who had been fasting forty days in the burying-ground. The husband hastens to seek his wife, asks her forgiveness, and they live together afterwards in perfect harmony. "In like manner," adds the story-telling parrot, "shall I conceal your secret from your husband, or make your peace with him if he should find it out."¹

¹ The 68th chapter of the Continental 'Gesta Romanorum' seems

Whether the leading story of the Parrot-Book suggested the incident of the two birds left by Rasálú to watch his wife's conduct, is a question which cannot well be decided in the absence of any knowledge of the approximate date of the original Sanskrit work. The resemblance is certainly too close to be merely fortuitous; and the legend of Rájá Rasálú and Rání Kokilán has been current in the Panjáb time out of mind. It is the opinion of some scholars that the 'Sindibád' story of the Merchant and his Parrot was adapted from the frame of the 'Suka Saptatí,' and that the other (*second*) tales of the Vazírs in the several existing representatives of the Book of Sindibád were also taken from that work. Others, again, contend that these tales were taken into the Parrot-Book from the Book of Sindibád.

In Indian tales and fables the parrot is a favourite

near akin to the story of the Woman and the Parrot: A certain noble had a fair but vicious wife. It happened that her husband, having occasion to travel, was from home, and the lady sent for her gallant, and rioted in every excess of wickedness. Now one of her handmaids, it seems, was skilful in interpreting the song of birds; and in the court of the castle were three cocks. During the night, while the gallant was with his mistress, the first cock began to crow. The lady heard it, and said to her servant, "Dear friend, what says yonder cock?" She replied, "That you are grossly injuring your husband." Then said the lady, "Kill that cock without delay." They did so; but soon after the second cock crew, and the lady repeated the question. "Madam," said the handmaid, "he says, 'My companion died for revealing the truth, and for the same cause I am prepared to die.'" "Kill him," said the lady, which they did. After this the third cock crew. "What says he?" cried the lady again. "'Hear, see, and say nothing, if you would live in peace.'" "Oh," said the lady, "*don't* kill him."

character, probably from the remarkable facility with which that bird imitates the human voice, as also from the belief in metempsychosis, or transmigration of human souls after death into other animal forms. Stories of wise parrots frequently occur in the 'Kathá Sarit Ságara'; sometimes they are merely birds, but often they are men or women who have been re-born in that form. The third of the Twenty-five Tales of a Vetála, or vampyre ('Vetála Panchavinsatí'), relates how a king had a parrot that was "possessed of a god-like knowledge, versed in all the 'Sastras,' having been born in that condition owing to a curse"; and his queen had a hen-maina "remarkable for knowledge." They are put into the same cage, and "one day the parrot became enamoured of the maina, and said to her, "Marry me, fair one, as we sleep, perch, and feed in the same cage." But the maina answered him, "I do not desire intimate union with a male, for all males are wicked and ungrateful." The parrot answered, "It is not true that males are wicked, but females are wicked and cruel-hearted." So a dispute arose between them, until at length they agreed each should relate a story, the one to show that men are all wicked and ungrateful, the other that women are wicked and cruel-hearted; and if the maina won, the parrot should be her slave, but if the parrot won, then he should have the maina for his wife. In a Gujeratí metrical version of the 'Sinhásana Dwatrinsatí' (Thirty-two Tales of a Throne), by Samala Bhata, this story reappears in an extended form, and with two parrots

in place of a parrot and a maina—tale of the Twenty-second Statue. In the Bahár-i Dánush (Spring of Knowledge), composed by 'Inayatu-'lláh of Delhi, a wise parrot inflames the hero with love for a princess whose beauty it describes eloquently, and accompanies him as guide on his travels in quest of the lady. And in the story of 'Nala and Damayanti,' a swan incites love between the hero and heroine by praising to each the personal charms and good qualities of the other. This beautiful tale—which is an episode of the 'Mahá-bhárata—was translated from the Tamil by Kindersley in the end of last century; and the Sanskrit original has been rendered into graceful English verse by Dean Milman.

THE ELOPEMENT.

ALTHOUGH the frame, or leading story, of the romance of the 'Seven Wise Masters,' in its European versions—Latin, French, Spanish, German, Italian, English, etc.—generally corresponds with that of its Indian prototype, the Book of Sindibád, as represented by several Eastern texts, yet the subordinate tales for the most part belong exclusively to this Western group. One of these, the Robbery of the King's Treasury, has been traced in a former paper through a great variety of versions (*ante*, p. 115 ff.), and in the present paper I shall endeavour to throw some new light on the history of another, which is commonly known as "The Two Dreams," or "The Elopement," of which the outline is as follows:¹

A certain noble knight of Hungary dreamt of seeing a very beautiful lady, but knew her not; and it so happened that the lady whom he saw in his dream

¹ English metrical MS. text of 'The Seven Sages'—composed probably about the end of the fourteenth century—edited by Wright, and printed in vol. xvi. of the Percy Society's publications.

that same night dreamt also of him.¹ Next day the knight of Hungary took horse and arms, and proceeded in quest of the lady. Three weeks and more did he ride, sorely sighing for his lady-love, till he came to a town where was a fair castle, strongly fortified. He took up his abode at the inn, and on questioning the landlord regarding the castle and its owner, learned that it belonged to a lord who had a fair jewel of a wife, of whom he was so jealous that two years ago he built a strong tower at one end of the castle, in which he confined her, with one maiden as her companion; and he always carried the key of the tower, which was never opened save when he himself visited her. Now the knight had already seen the lady looking out of the tower window, and recognised her as the object of his dream. The following day he went to the castle and offered his services to the old lord, who heartily bade him welcome; and the knight, being a good and valiant warrior, conquered all his enemies for him, so that the old lord loved him fondly, and made him steward of his lands.

One day, when the knight chanced to be under the tower, the lady perceived and recognised him as the same she had seen in her dream, and contrived to communicate with him by means of a rope of rushes let down from the window. The knight now planned a crafty device, by which he should enjoy the society of his lady-love unknown to the old lord. He built a

¹ See note at the end of this paper: "Falling in love through a Dream."

tower at some distance from the castle, and caused an underground passage to be made, leading direct from it to the lady's chamber. When all was completed, he visited the lady, who gave him a ring as a keepsake, telling him, should her husband see it and appear suspicious, to bring it back to her at once. The old lord does one day recognise his wife's ring on the knight's finger, "as he sat at meat," and after examining it, hastens to the tower; but the knight having reached the lady's chamber by the private way, and restored the ring, on the husband demanding to see it she at once produces the ring, to his great satisfaction.¹

At length the lovers resolve to elope, and the lady counsels the knight to tell the old lord that, having slain a great man in his own country, he had been banished, and that his lady-love was coming to him with tidings of his heritage. The old lord would, of course, ask to see the lady, and she herself would play her part. The knight accordingly tells his lord this story, and invites him to a banquet at his house. Before he arrives, his wife, dressed in the costume of the knight's country, has reached the banqueting-hall

¹ The husband is a king in the 'Historia Septem Sapientum Romæ' (a later prose version), and he and the knight, while hunting, having dismounted in order to repose during the heat of noontide, the king recognises the ring on the knight's finger while the latter is asleep. On awaking, the knight suspects from the king's countenance that the ring has betrayed him, and, feigning illness, obtains leave to return home. This incident may be compared with the first part of the legend of St Kentigern—see vol. i. p. 400—in which the queen's gift to her paramour is discovered by her jealous husband under similar circumstances.

by the secret passage, prepared to enact the part of the knight's leman. The old lord, on seeing her, thinks she is remarkably like his own wife; but then he recollects the affair of the ring, and there might also be two women exactly alike. At this juncture the lady pretends to swoon, is taken out, and returns with all speed by the private way to her chamber, where, having changed her dress, she is found by her husband, whom she embraces with every token of affection. He was "blythe as bird on bough," says our author, and remained with her all night.

On the day following the knight sends all his property on board a ship, and goes to take leave of the old lord, as he is to return at once, with his lady-love, to his own country. The knight and the old lord's wife—who had now resumed the character of the supposititious lady of Hungary—are accompanied by the deceived husband "into the sea a mile or two, with minstrelsy and many manner of melody," and then bids them farewell. On his return home, he proceeds, as usual, to the tower, and finds his bird has flown :

Then sayed he, walaway !
 That ever was he man boren !
 Than was all his myrthè lorne.
 He lepe out of the tour anon,
 And than brake hys neke boon.¹

¹ From the Appendix to my (privately printed) versions of the 'Book of Sindibád,' from the Persian and Arabic: 1884.—This story is related by the Seventh Wise Master in two old English metrical versions, and in the French metrical text, 'Roman des Sept Sages' (about 1284); but by the queen on the seventh night in our prose English version, derived (through the French probably) from the 'Historia Septem Sapientum.'

Dunlop has pointed out the resemblance which this story bears to the "Miles Gloriosus" of Plautus; he also states that it coincides with "Le Chevalier à la Trappe," one of the 'Fabliaux' (Le Grand, vol. iii. p. 157); with a tale in the fourth part of the 'Novellino' of Massuccio Salernitano; and with the adventures of the Old Calender in Gueulette's 'Contes Tartares.'¹ But he does not notice the version in Berni's 'Orlando Innamorato':

Folderico, who had won the damsel,² carried her to a tower which he possessed upon the sea-shore, called Altamura, where he kept her, together with his treasure, under lock and key, and utterly secluded from the sight of man. But what will not love? Ordauro, who was also rich, though not so wealthy as Folderico, purchased a sumptuous palace in the immediate neighbourhood of Altamura, and at an immense cost made a subterraneous passage from his palace to the damsel's prison, by which he visited her and enjoyed her society without danger. At last, however, the lovers, tired of the restraint under which they carried on their intercourse, and emboldened by success, determined to make a desperate effort to escape.

With this view Ordauro communicates to Folderico news of his approaching nuptials with another daughter of Monodontes—for so was called the king

¹ Dunlop's 'History of Fiction.'

² Namely, the Daughter of the King of the Distant Isles, having distanced her in a foot-race in the same manner as was Atalanta by Hippomenes, the son of Macareus.

of the Distant Isles—and invites him, as his brother-in-law, to the marriage feast. Folderico having carefully secured the gates of his tower, goes thither, and finding his wife installed as bride, becomes ferocious at the sight. Ordauro, however, with great difficulty, succeeds in appeasing him, by the assurance that she was a twin-sister of his own wife, to whom she bore a perfect resemblance; and by bidding him return to his tower and satisfy himself of the fact. The means of proof appeared decisive, and accordingly Folderico accepts them. He finds his locks as they were left, and his wife (who had returned by the subterraneous passage and changed her dress) alone and overcome with melancholy. He again takes the way, which was somewhat circuitous, to the palace of Ordauro, and again finds her there, shining in all the festivity of a bride. He can no longer resist the conviction that the two persons whom he had seen were different women, lays aside his distrust, and even offers to convoy the bridegroom and his bride on a part of their journey toward's Ordauro's natural home, to which he was returning.

A certain advantage was thus gained, since Folderico never left his tower, though locked, for above an hour, and consequently would have soon discovered his loss if the lovers had eloped in secret. The party set out together; and at the end of the first day's journey, Folderico turns back and gallops to his tower. He is now first assured of his disgrace. Full of rage, he pursues his rival, but does not dare make any

attempt to recover his wife till he has separated Ordauro from his adherents. Having effected this by a stratagem, he attacks his retainers and repossesses himself of the lady. He is destined to a short possession of the prize; for he is, on his return, beset by giants, who seize her and all his treasure, which the lady was carrying off as a dowry to her new lord. He himself escapes.¹

A version current among the common people of Rome furnishes an interesting example of the curious transformations which stories undergo in being transmitted by oral tradition:

There once lived in a small cottage a poor woman and her daughter, a very pretty girl. At the death of her mother the girl was rendered homeless, and was wandering aimlessly about when an ugly hunchbacked tailor chanced to see her, and being struck with her beauty, he asked her name. "They call me," said she, 'La Buona Grazia' " (the Good Grace). "Come," said the hunchbacked tailor, "and be my wife." The girl consents, and so he takes her to his house. Thinking to himself, "She's too young and pretty to care for me," he keeps her carefully locked up in a room up-stairs,

¹ 'The Orlando Innamorato.' Translated into prose from the Italian of Francesco Berni, and interspersed with extracts in the same stanza as the original. By William Stewart Rose. Edinburgh and London: 1823. Pp. 125-128.—This story, of the Daughter of the King of the Distant Isles and her lover and husband, she herself relates to the brave knights Orlando and Brandimart, who had rescued her from the giants. The princess is afterwards reunited to her lover Ordauro, and they pursue their journey to his home.

and whitened all the windows, so that she should not be seen by any passers-by in the street. But there was a small window in a dirty lumber closet that had not been thus obscured, and she was looking out of it one day when a stranger happened to pass and discovered her. He enters into conversation with the lovely girl, and learning from her that there was a large picture on the wall adjoining his room in the next house, he arranges that he should break through the wall on his side, and she on hers, which being done, they meet. The gentleman asks her if she would like to marry him, and she very readily consents, upon which he tells her that he will have a dress made for her, even by the hunchbacked tailor himself. So he takes her to the tailor, who, on seeing her, thinks she is very like La Buona Grazia. After he had taken her measure, the gentleman gives him some money to get himself breakfast, in order that the girl might get back and replace the picture. Soon after, the tailor comes into the girl's room, and tells her that she has got to work hard to make a travelling dress for the wife of a gentleman staying at the inn, who is exactly like herself. "Going to travel?" asks La Buona Grazia with an air of innocence. "Yes," says the hunchback; "they said they should start as soon as the dress was ready." "Oh, let me see them drive off!" "Nonsense; get on with your work." So she went on, but teased him till he consented for that day to take the whitening off one of the windows. The dress was duly finished, and taken to the inn, and while the tailor was absent on

this errand, the girl got out by the hole behind the picture, and joined her lover. She had previously dressed a great doll to look like herself, and placed it at the window. The tailor stood below to see the couple drive off; looked up and saw the doll, which, supposing to be La Buona Grazia, he made signs to her not to stay there too long. Presently the gentleman and his lady came out of the inn. The hunchbacked tailor was standing at the door of the carriage, and near him were two of the inn-stablemen. "You give me your good grace?" said the gentleman to the tailor. "Yes, yes!" "You say it sincerely and with all your heart." "Yes, with all my heart." And the hunchback, more than delighted with the gentleman's condescension, put out his hand, and the two stablemen were looking on all the time. As soon as the carriage had driven off, the tailor looked up at the window to see if the girl had gone in, but the doll was still there. "Go in, go in," cries he, waving his hand. He then goes into the girl's room, and discovers how he had been tricked. He complains to the judge, and demands that soldiers should be sent after the fugitives. But the stablemen had had their orders, and were there before him, and deponed that they were witnesses to his having given his *Good Grace* up to the gentleman with all his heart, and his hand upon the bargain. So the hunchbacked tailor got no redress.¹

The story is also found in Pitriè's Sicilian collection,

¹ "The Good Grace and the Hunchback:" Miss M. H. Busk's 'Folk-Lore of Rome,' p. 399.

“where it is told of a tailor who lived next to the king’s palace (*sic*), with which his house communicated by a secret door, known only to the king and the tailor’s wife. The tailor, while at work in the palace, imagines he sees his wife there, and pretending that he has forgotten his shears, etc., rushes home, to find his wife there. She finally elopes with the king, leaving at her window an image that deceives her husband until she is beyond pursuit.”¹

The principal part of the intrigue in the “Miles Gloriosus” of Plautus, which properly commences with the second act, is thus sketched by Dunlop :

While residing at Athens, the captain had purchased from her mother a young girl—whose lover was at that time absent on an embassy—and had brought her with him to his house at Ephesus. The lover’s slave entered into the captain’s service, and seeing the girl in his possession, wrote to his former master, who, on learning the fate of his mistress, repaired to Ephesus, and there went to reside with Periplectomenes, a merry old bachelor, who had been a friend of his father, and who now agreed to assist him in recovering the object of his affections. The house of Periplectomenes being immediately adjacent to that of the captain, the ingenious slave dug an opening between them, and the keeper, who had been entrusted by the captain with charge of the damsel, was thus easily persuaded, by her

¹ Crane’s ‘Italian Popular Tales,’ p. 167.—This Sicilian variant is ludicrously garbled, judging from the above outline.

rapid, and to him unaccountable, transition from one building to the other, that it was a twin-sister who had arrived at the house of Periplectomenes, and who possessed an extraordinary resemblance to her. Afterwards, by a new contrivance, a courtesan is employed to personate the wife of Periplectomenes, and to persuade the captain that she is in love with him. To facilitate this amour, he allows the girl whom he had purchased at Athens to depart with her "twin-sister"—her lover having assumed the character of the master of the vessel in which she sailed. The captain afterwards goes to the house of Periplectomenes to a supposed assignation, where he is seized and beat, but does not discover how completely he has been duped till the Athenian girl had got clear off with her lover.¹

While Dunlop did not, apparently, know of the existence of the story in Berni's 'Orlando Innamorato,' Rose, on the other hand, seems to have been ignorant of its forming the main part of the plot of the "Miles Gloriosus"; since, in a note to his outline of Berni's version of the story, he says that, "as the author was indebted to Greek fable for the beginning,² so was he indebted to Norman story for the subsequent adventure;" adding, "the story would seem to be of Eastern origin." What reason he had to conjecture that the

¹ 'History of Roman Literature. From its Earliest Period to the Augustan Age.' In Two Volumes. By John Dunlop, author of 'The History of Fiction.' London: 1823. Vol. i. pp. 212, 213.

² That is, the foot-race—à la Atalanta—between Folderico and the princess—see *ante*, p. 216, note 2.

story is of Asiatic extraction does not appear: it is certain he could not have known of any Eastern form of it; and indeed but one is known even at the present time, namely, an Arabian version, which is found in the Breslau-printed text of the 'Thousand and One Nights,' and of which the following is a translation:

There was once in a certain city a woman fair of favour, who had to lover a trooper. Her husband was a fuller, and when he went out to his business, the trooper used to come to her and abide with her till the time of the fuller's return, when he would go away. On this wise they abode awhile, until one day the trooper said to his mistress, "I mean to take me a house near unto thine, and dig an underground passage from my house to thy house, and do thou say to thy husband, 'My sister hath been absent with her husband, and now they have returned from their travels; and I have made her take up her sojourn in my neighbourhood, so as I may foregather with her at all times. So go thou to her husband the trooper and offer him thy wares [for sale], and thou wilt see my sister with him, and wilt see that she is I and I am she, without doubt. So, Allah! Allah! go to my sister's husband and give ear to that which he shall say to thee.'" Accordingly the trooper bought him a house near at hand, and made therein an underground passage communicating with his mistress' house.

When he had accomplished this affair, the wife bespoke her husband as her lover had lessoned her, and he went out to go to the trooper's house, but turned

back by the way, whereupon quoth she to him, "By Allah, go forthright, for that my sister asketh of thee." So the dolt of a fuller went out, and made for the trooper's house, whilst his wife forewent him thither by the secret passage, and going up, sat down by her lover. Presently the fuller entered and saluted the trooper and his [supposed] wife, and was confounded at the coincidence of the case. Then doubt betided him, and he returned in haste to his dwelling; but she forewent him by the underground passage to her chamber, and, donning her wonted clothes, sat [waiting] for him, and said to him, "Did I not bid thee go to my sister and salute her husband, and make friends with them?" Quoth he, "I did this, but I misdoubted the affair, when I saw his wife." And she said, "Did I not tell thee that she resembleth me and I her, and there is nought to distinguish between us but our clothes? Go back to her." So, of the heaviness of his wit, he believed her, and turning back, went in to the trooper; but she had foregone him, and when he saw her beside her lover, he fell to looking on her and pondering. Then he saluted her, and she returned him the salutation; and when she spoke he was bewildered. So the trooper said to him, "What ails thee to be thus?" And he answered, "This woman is my wife, and the voice is her voice." Then he rose in haste, and returning to his own house, saw his wife, who had foregone him by the secret passage. So he went back to the trooper's house and saw her sitting as before; whereupon he was abashed before her, and

sitting down in the trooper's sitting-chamber, ate and drank with him, and became drunken, and abode without sense all that day till nightfall, when the trooper arose, and, shaving off some of the fuller's hair [which was long and flowing], after the fashion of the Turks, clipped the rest short, and clapped a tarbosh on his head. Then he thrust his feet into boots, and girt him with a sword and a girdle, and bound about his middle a quiver and a bow and arrows. Moreover, he put money in his pocket, and thrust into his sleeve letters-patent addressed to the governor of Ispahán, bidding him assign to Rustam Khemartekeni a monthly allowance of a hundred dirhams¹ and ten pounds of bread and five pounds of meat, and enrol him among the Turks under his commandment. Then he took him up, and carrying him forth, left him in one of the mosques.

The fuller gave not over sleeping till sunrise, when he awoke, and finding himself in this plight, mis-doubted of his affair, and imagined that he was a Turk, and abode putting one foot forward and drawing the other back. Then said he in himself, "I will go to my dwelling, and if my wife know me, then am I Ahmed the Fuller, but if she know me not, I am a Turk."² So he betook himself to his house; but when

¹ About fifty shillings.

² This recalls the favourite nursery rhyme of the little old woman who "went to market her eggs to sell," and falling asleep on the road, a naughty pedlar cut her petticoats "up to the knees":

When the little woman first did wake,
She began to shiver and she began to shake;

the artful baggage, his wife, saw him, she cried out in his face, saying, "Whither away, O trooper? Wilt thou break into the house of Ahmed the Fuller, and he a man of repute, having a brother-in-law a Turk, a man of high standing with the sultan? An thou depart not, I will acquaint my husband, and he will requite thee thy deed." When he heard her words, the dregs of the drunkenness wrought in him, and he imagined that he was indeed a Turk. So he went out from her, and putting his hand to his sleeve found therein a scroll, and gave it to one who read it to him. When he heard that which was written in the scroll, his mind was confirmed in the false supposition; but he said in himself, "May be my wife seeketh to put a cheat on me; so I will go to my fellows the fullers, and if they know me not, then am I for sure Khemar-tekeni the Turk." So he betook himself to the fullers, and when they espied him afar off, they thought that he was one of the Turks who used to wash their clothes with them without payment, and gave them nothing. Now they had complained of this aforetime to the sultan, and he said, "If any of the Turks come to you, pelt them with stones." So when they saw the fuller, they fell upon him with sticks and stones, and pelted him; whereupon quoth he [in himself], "Verily, I am a Turk and knew it not!" Then he took of the money

She began to wonder, she began to cry—
"Lawk-a-mercy on me, this is none of I!

"But if this be I, as I do hope it be,
I've a little dog at home, and he'll know me;
If it be I, he'll wag his little tail,
And if it be not I, he'll loudly bark and wail."

in his pocket and bought him victual [for the journey], and hired a stout hackney, and set out for Ispahán, leaving his wife to the trooper.¹

In a prologue to the second act of the "Miles Gloriosus," the plot of the drama is said to have been taken from the Greek play *'Αλαζών*, but whether the Greek dramatist was the inventor of the intrigue, or borrowed it from some popular tale of Eastern extraction, is not known. Whatever may have been the source whence the Arabian version was derived—and the circumstance that it is found only in a text of the "Nights" which is said to have been made in Tunis would seem to point to a Turkish one—it is very unlikely that it was adapted from the comedy of Plautus. True, in Berni and the Arabian version, as in Plautus, the damsel is represented to the husband as a twin-sister of his wife; but, on the other hand, the Arabian story corresponds with the version in the 'Seven Wise Masters' in at least one particular, namely, in the lover's house being situated at some distance from the house of his mistress. The Italian and Sicilian versions seem to be distorted reflections of Plautus; at all events, in all three the house of the damsel adjoins

¹ 'Tales from the Arabic of the Breslau and Calcutta (1814-18) editions of the "Book of the Thousand Nights and One Night," not occurring in the other printed texts of the work. Now first done into English by John Payne.' London (privately printed), 1884. Vol. i. p. 261.—This version of The Elopement forms one of twenty-eight tales related to Shah Bakht by his vazír Er-Rahwan, a romance found only in the Breslau-printed text of "The Nights;"—see an account of this romance, pages 63 and 64 of the present volume.

that of her lover. It is probable, on the whole, that the original story is best preserved in the 'Seven Wise Masters': the incident of the two dreams with which the version in that work commences is essentially Oriental; and many parallels to it are known to exist in the fictions of India and Persia.

NOTE.

FALLING IN LOVE THROUGH A DREAM (p. 212).

In the Hindú romance entitled 'Vásavadattá,' by Subhandu (7th century), as analysed by Colebrooke in vol. x. of 'Asiatic Researches,' Candaspascétu, a young and valiant prince, saw in a dream a beautiful maiden, of whom he became enamoured. Impressed with the belief that a person such as he had seen in his dream had a real existence, he resolves to travel in search of her, and departs, attended only by his confidant Macaranda. While reposing under a tree in a forest at the foot of the Vindhya mountains, where they halted, Macaranda overhears two birds conversing,¹ and from their discourse learns that the princess Vásavadattá, having rejected all the suitors who had been assembled by the king her father for her to make choice of a husband, had seen Candaspascétu in a dream, in which she had even learned his name. Her confidante, Samálika, sent by her in search of the prince, has arrived in the same forest, and is discovered there by Macaranda. She delivers the prince a letter from the princess, and conducts him to the king's palace. He obtains from the princess the avowal of her love, and her confidante reveals to him the violence of her passion.

¹ This may be added to the other examples of secrets learned from birds, adduced in vol. i. p. 242 ff.

LITTLE FAIRLY.

THIS is the title of an Irish legend, related with much humour by Samuel Lover, which is even as widespread as the story of the Robbery of the King's Treasury, to which indeed it is closely allied :

Once upon a time there was a farmer who had two wives—for in those days a man could have more than one wife at a time—by one of whom he had a son, who was very sharp-witted, and was called, from his diminutive size, Little Fairly ; by the other he had a son of huge dimensions, and as stupid as his half-brother was clever. The old man left all his possessions to his big son, with the exception of one poor cow, which he bequeathed to Little Fairly, desiring his favourite son to allow it to graze on his land. The big brother, however, grudging even this small concession, contrives to cause the death of Little Fairly's cow, for he bore him a bitter hatred. Then Little Fairly takes off the skin of the wretched animal, and splitting it in a few places puts into them some shillings, and goes away to market, where he demands a hundred guineas for it, which

soon brings a jeering crowd about him. But he tells the people that the skin has the wonderful property of producing any quantity of shillings whenever it is beat with a stick; and in proof of this he thrashes the skin at a place where he had slipped in a coin, when, sure enough, out drops a shilling, to the admiration of the onlookers, and he repeats the process several times, until a greedy old farmer calls out to him to stop, and handing him a hundred guineas, folds up the magical skin and hastens home with his prize. Next day Little Fairly sends to his big brother to borrow his scales, and he is engaged ostensibly in weighing his gold, when the brother pops in, and seeing what he is about, asks him where he got so much money. Little Fairly tells him that he had got a hundred guineas for the old cow's hide at the market, and he at once goes home and slaughters all his kine and calves, and takes their skins to market, where he demands a hundred and *ten* guineas for each. But by this time the folks had heard of Little Fairly's trick, and conceiving this to be another attempt to impose on them, they set upon him with their sticks, and left him with aching bones.

When he got home he went to Little Fairly's hut with a big stick, and while attempting to fell him, he accidentally struck his old mother and killed her on the spot. But Little Fairly determines to make profit even out of this misfortune. His old mother had been a nurse in the squire's family, and the children were still fond of her, for she often visited at the mansion, and brought them gingerbread. So he carried the body

to the squire's, and having propped it close by the well in the garden, went into the house, and told the squire's children that "old mammy nurse" was in the garden with gingerbread for them. Hearing this, they all scampered out, and in their race to be first they came bump against the body, which tumbled into the well. Little Fairly sets up a great cry at this *fatal* accident, and the squire gives him fifty guineas, and undertakes to bury the old woman "dacently." Returning home, he again borrows his brother's scales, telling him that he had got a "thrifle" of fifty guineas for the corpse of the old woman. So the big brother kills his old mother, and takes her body to the same doctor who had bought the other, as Little Fairly pretended. The doctor, however, was horror-struck at the offer, and bade him be off, or he would give him into custody as a murderer.

Enraged at being again tricked by the little "spalpeen," he vows that he will throw him into the deepest hole in the Bog of Allen; and so he stuffs Little Fairly into a sack, and rides off with him. On the way he alights at a public-house, and sets the sack against the wall outside. While he is drinking his whisky, a farmer comes up with a great drove of cattle, and hearing groans from something in the sack, he asks who is there, when Little Fairly calls out that he is going straight to Paradise in this holy sack. The farmer offers his horse, his drove of cattle, and five hundred guineas, if Little Fairly will allow him to get into the sack in his place, to which he agrees; and after the blockhead has set him at liberty and is himself secured

in the sack, Little Fairly mounts his horse and drives the cattle away. At length the big brother comes out of the tavern, and taking up the sack, which he found much heavier than before, but without suspecting its changed contents, he proceeds to the Bog of Allen, into the deepest hole of which he throws the unlucky farmer. On his way home he sees Little Fairly on horseback and driving a fine lot of cattle. Inquiring where he had got the beeves, Little Fairly tells him that he took them from amongst many thousands that grazed in the meadows at the bottom of the big hole into which he had been thrown, adding that there was an easy way from the place to upper-earth. Upon this the big brother gallops off and casts himself into the hole—and he never came back to persecute clever Little Fairly.

There is another Irish version, in which a poor fellow called Darby Daly puts some coins in his grey horse's dung, and pretends that he thus produces money. Mr Purcell buys the horse of him; and when he comes to revenge himself for the cheat, and have the rascal hung, Darby pretends that he has come to contention with his wife, and, having previously fastened a sheep's stomach full of blood round her neck (concealed by her dress), he stabs her, and she falls apparently dead. Then he reanimates her by blowing in her ear with a ram's horn. Purcell is appeased, and buys the horn. He goes home and stabs his wife, and in vain attempts to resuscitate

her. Purcell then stuffs Darby in a sack, intending to drown him; but while the persons he has engaged to do this piece of business turn into a tavern, a pedlar passes by, and changes places with Darby, who makes him believe he has to marry Purcell's daughter and doesn't like her. So the pedlar is drowned. Darby goes round with his wares, and after some time he comes to Purcell, who is much frightened at seeing him. Darby pretends that he is a blest spirit, and brings greeting from Purcell's wife in purgatory, and in her name asks for money, which Purcell readily gives him.¹

The Norse tale of "Big Peter and Little Peter" is own brother to the Irish legend of Little Fairly, but varies somewhat in the earlier details. Little Peter's sole possession is a calf, which his big brother kills, because it grazed in his field. Having taken off the skin and dried it, Little Peter goes away to sell it, but no one would buy such a tattered thing. Coming at night to a farm-house, he asks for lodgings, but the farmer's wife refuses him, saying that she is quite alone, and could not admit any one in the absence

¹ This last incident is the subject of a quite different story, which is widely spread. For instance: in the Norse tale (Dasent) entitled "Not a Pin to choose between them," an old fellow sets out in quest of three greater fools than his own wife, and, among other curious adventures, persuades a simple-minded woman that he has come from Paradise, where one of her husbands (for she had been thrice married) is in rather sad case as to clothes and food, and gets from her good store of both to take back to him.—This tale is also current in Brittany, and similar stories are found in Miss Busk's 'Folk-Lore of Rome' and Natésa Sástri's 'Folk-Lore in Southern India.' Moreover, the story is well known in Ceylon—see my 'Book of Noodles.'

of her husband. But Little Peter, peeping in at the window, sees the dame and the parish priest at supper together, regaling themselves on a great bowl of custard, and having plenty of ale and brandy besides. Presently the farmer is heard approaching, upon which the good dame locks the priest in a great chest, and hides the bowl of custard in the oven and the liquors in the cellar. The farmer being admitted, Peter again knocks at the door, and is heartily welcomed by the good man. Sitting down with his calf's skin at his feet, he thus addresses it, "What are you saying now?" The farmer asks him who he is talking with. "It is a spae-maiden I've got in my calf's skin," he replies. "And what does she spae?" "She says there's a bowl of custard in the oven." The farmer, on searching, discovers it, and also, by the directions of the "spae-maiden," the ale and brandy hidden in the cellar.¹ Amazed at this, the farmer offers to buy the calf's skin, and Peter says he will sell it for the great chest [in

¹ Although this incident does not occur in the story of Little Fairly, a variant of it is found in another Irish popular tale, current in the county of Kerry, which the Hon. J. Abercrombie has published in the 'Folk-Lore Journal' for 1885. A poor lad enters the service of a farmer, and he is not at liberty to leave until (among other stipulations) the cat can speak. The farmer's wife is in love with the landlord, and had one day concealed in her bedroom a dish of fowls which she designed for him. In the evening the lad takes up the cat and pretends to converse with her. His master asks what the cat is saying. "She says, there's a dish of fowls in the bedroom," quoth the lad. So the farmer goes thither, and finds "the cat" has told nothing but the truth. In the sequel, both the wicked landlord and the farmer's wife come to well-merited punishment through the poor lad's clever devices.

which the priest is locked], to which the farmer readily agrees. The dame, secretly alarmed, declares she has lost the key, but Peter will take it notwithstanding; and so, shouldering his bargain, he trudges off. When he comes to a bridge he sets down his burden on the parapet, exclaiming, "This is too heavy for me to carry farther; I will throw it into the river." On hearing this the priest implores him not to do so, but to set him free, and he should have for his reward 800 dollars and his gold watch. So Peter takes a stone and breaks the lock, and the priest got out and went home, *minus* his watch and money. When Peter reached home, he said to his big brother, "There was a good sale for calf-skins in the market to-day. I got 800 dollars for my tattered one, but bigger and stouter ones fetch twice as much," and shows his dollars. "'Twas well you told me this," answered Big Peter, who went and slaughtered all his kine and calves, and set off on the road to town with their skins. So when he got to the market, and the tanners asked what he wanted for his hides, Big Peter said he must have 800 dollars for the small ones, and so on, more and more for the big ones. But all the folk laughed and made game of him—he'd better turn into a mad-house for a better bargain; and so he found out how things had gone, and that Little Peter had played him a trick.

After this he determined to make short work of Little Peter; but the latter, suspecting as much, got

his mother to exchange places with him in bed, and Big Peter with his axe cut off her head, thinking he had done for his brother. But next morning Little Peter shows him what he had done, and gets 800 dollars from him as hush-money. Then he set his mother's head on her body again, put her on a hand-sledge, and so drew her to market. There he set her up with an apple-basket on each arm and an apple in each hand. By-and-by came a skipper, walking along; he thought she was an apple-woman, and asked if she had apples to sell, and how many he might have for a penny. But the old woman made no answer. So the skipper asked again. No! she hadn't a word to say for herself. "How many may I have for a penny?" he bawled the third time, but the old dame sat bolt upright, as though she neither saw him nor heard what he said. Then the skipper flew into such a rage that he gave her one under the ear, and so away rolled her head across the market-place. At that moment up came Little Peter with a bound; he fell a-weeping and bewailing, and threatened to make the skipper smart for it for dealing the old woman her death-blow. "Dear friend, only hold your tongue about what you know," said the skipper, "and you shall have 800 dollars." And so they made it up.

Big Peter, having learned that Little Peter had got 800 dollars for the body of his old mother, went and killed his mother-in-law, then tried to sell the body, and narrowly escaped being handed over to the sheriff.

Then he threatens to strike Little Peter dead, but Little Peter suggests that he should rather put him in a sack and throw him in the river. On the way Big Peter found that he had forgotten something, so he set down the sack by the road-side, and went back for it. Just then came by a man driving a flock of fat sheep, and Little Peter roars out lustily—

“To kingdom-come, to Paradise !
To kingdom-come, to Paradise !”

The shepherd asks leave to go with him, and Little Peter bids him untie the sack, and he can creep into it in his stead—for his own part, another time will do as well. Big Peter throws the man in the sack into the river, and returning home overtakes Little Peter with the flock of sheep ; and being told that he had got them at the bottom of the river, where they were in thousands, Big Peter gets his wife to tie him in a sack and throw him in ;—should he not return soon, it would be because the flock was bigger than he could manage, so she must jump after him, which she does. And so Little Peter got rid of them both.¹

A considerably amplified version of the droll incident of Little Peter and the priest in the chest is found in the once-popular ‘History of Friar Rush,’ as follows :

“Rush got up earely in the morning and went to the field, and about his worke ; so soone as his master was ready, he tooke his man’s breakfast and came to

¹ Dasent’s ‘Popular Tales from the Norse,’ second ed., p. 387 ff.

the field, thinking to helpe Rush. (But he was no sooner come from his house but the priest came to see his wife, and presently she made ready some good meate for them to be merry withall, and whyle it was a dressing, they sate sporting together—who had beene there should have seene many loving touches.) And when the goodman came to the field, he found that Rush had done all that which he appointed, whereof he had great marvaile; then they sate downe to breakfast, and as they sate together, Rush beheld his master's shoone, and perceived that for fault of greasing they were very hard: then said Rush to his master, Why are not your shooes better greased? I marvaile that you can goe in them, they be so hard. Have you no more at home? Yes, said his master, I have another payre lying under a great chest at home in my chamber. Then said Rush, I will goe home and grease them, that you may put them on to-morrow; and so he walked homeward merrily and sung by the way. And when he approached neare the house he sung out very loude; with that his dame looked out at the window, and perceiving that it was her servant, shee said unto the priest, Alas, what shall we doe? Our servant is come home, and my husband will not be long after; and with that she thrust the meate into the oven, and all that was upon the table. Where shall I hyde me? said the priest. Goe into the chamber, and creepe under the great chest, among the olde shoone, and I shall cover you: and so she did. And when Rush was come into the house, his dame

asked him why he came home so soone? Rush answered and said, I have done all my busines, and my master commaunded me to come home and grease his shoone. Then he went into the chamber and looked under the chest, and there he found the priest, and tooke him by the heeles and drew him out, and said, Thou whoreson priest, what doest thou here? With that, the priest held up his hands and cryed him mercy, and desired him to save his honesty, and hee would never more come there; and so Rush let him goe for that once."

The priest broke his word, however, returned, and was again surprised by Rush, who found him hidden under some straw in the stable. A second time he was permitted to escape, though not till after he had received "three or four good dry stripes," and had solemnly promised never to return. Yet the priest ventured to break his word again, and in a visit to the farmer's wife their merriment was a third time interrupted by the familiar song of Rush, who was returning from his labours.

"Then wringing her hands she said unto the priest, Goe hyde you, or else you be but dead. Where shall I hyde me? said the priest. Goe up into the chamber and leape into the basket that hangeth out at the window, and I shall call you when he is gone againe. Then anon in came Rush, and she asked him why he came home so soone? Then said Rush, I have done all my busines in the field, and my master hath sent me home to wash your cheese-basket; and so he went

into the chamber, and with his knife he cut the rope that the basket hung by, and downe fell the priest and all into a great poole of water that was under the window: then went he into the stable for a horse and rode into the poole, and tooke the rope that hung at the basket, and tying it to the horse's taylor, rode through the poole three or four tymes. Then he rode through the towne to cause the people to wonder at him, and so came home againe. And all this while he made as though he had known nothing, but looking behinde him, espyed the priest. Then he alighted downe, and said unto him: Thou shalt never more escape me; thy life is lost. With that the priest held up his hands and said, Heere is a hundred peeces of gold, take them and let me goe. So Rush tooke the golde and let the priest goe. And when his master came home, he gave him the half of his money, and bad him farewell, for he would goe see the world." ¹

¹ 'The Historie of Frier Rush: How he came to a House of Religion to seeke service, and being entertained by the Priour, was first made Under-Cooke. Being full of Pleasant Mirthe and Delight for Young People. Imprinted at London, by Edw. All-de, dwelling neere Christ-churche, 1620.'—This work seems to have had a common origin with an old Danish poem of 'Brother Rus; how he did service as a cook and monk in the monastery of Esserom.' The tricky friar was known to Reginald Scot before the history of his pranks was published in this country.

"Friar Rush," says the writer of an interesting article on the Popular Mythology of the Middle Ages in the 'Quarterly Review,' No. XLIV., "is Puck under another name. Puck is also found under the character of Robin Goodfellow, or Robin Hood—the outlaw acquired his by-name from his resemblance to the unquiet wandering spirit. The Robin Hood of England is also the Scottish Red Cap

In a Danish variant of our story, entitled "Great Claus and Little Claus," the hero and his enemy are not brothers, merely neighbours. Little Claus has but one horse, and Great Claus has four horses. All the week Little Claus ploughed for Great Claus, and on Sunday he had leave to plough his own land with all the five. But he was wont to call out, "Gee up! *my* five horses!" at which Great Claus was so enraged that he killed his only horse. Instead of a priest it is a sexton who is locked in the chest; Claus gets a bushel of money from the sexton to let him free, and goes home. Then he sent a boy to Great Claus to borrow a bushel measure. "What can *he* want that for?" thought Great Claus; so he smeared the bottom of the measure with tar, that some of whatever was put into it might stick there and remain. And so it happened; for when the measure was returned, three

and the Saxon spirit Hudken or Hodeken, so called from the hoodiken, or little hood or hat, which he wore, and which also covers his head when he appears in the shape of the Nisse of Sweden. Hoodiken was ever ready to aid his friends and acquaintances, whether clerks or laymen: A native of Hildesheim, who distrusted the fidelity of his wife, said to him, when he was about to depart on a journey, 'I pray thee have an eye upon my wife whilst I am abroad: I commend my honour to thy care.' Hoodiken accepted the trust without anticipating the nature of his labours. Paramour succeeded paramour. Hoodiken broke the shins of the first, led the second into the horse-pond, and thrust the third into the muck-heap; and yet the dame had wellnigh evaded his vigilance. 'Friend,' exclaimed the merry devil to the husband when he returned to Hildesheim, 'take thy wife back: as thou leftest her even so thou findest her; but never set me such a task again: sooner would I tend all the swine in the woods of Westphalia than undertake to keep one woman constant against her will.'"

new silver florins were sticking to it.¹ Great Claus, having killed his four horses, offered their skins for sale, asking a bushel of money a-piece, but only got his own skin well marked by the people, so he resolved to kill Little Claus. Now it happened at this time that the old grandmother of Little Claus died, and he laid the body on his bed, and seated himself in a chair for the night. Great Claus comes in, and groping his way to the bed, strikes the corpse with his hatchet, supposing he had done for Little Claus. In the morning Little Claus dresses his dead grandmother in her best clothes, borrows a horse, which he harnesses to a cart, and drives off to town. Stopping at a wayside inn, he tells the landlord to take a glass of mead to his grandmother in the cart. The landlord offers the mead repeatedly, but the old lady makes no sign; at last in a rage he flings the glass at her, and she falls back into the cart. "Oh!" says Little Claus, "you've killed my old grandmother! Look at the big hole in her forehead!" The landlord gives him a bushel of money, and promises to bury her respectably. As in the other versions, Great Claus kills *his* grandmother, and offers, without success, to sell the body to an apothecary. The rest of the story exactly agrees with the conclusion of the Norse variant, excepting only that Great Claus on his

¹ The reader will here be reminded of the similar device adopted by the sister-in-law of Ali Baba in the Arabian tale. This incident occurs in other variants of our story which follow the present one; also in the Norse tale of the Magic Quern—see vol. i. p. 120.

way to drown Little Claus comes to a church, and thinks he "may as well go in and hear a psalm," and while thus engaged, an old cattle-driver comes up, and so on.

In a second Norwegian version, the king one day asks the hero ("Peik") to show him some of his tricks, but he says he has left his "fooling-rods" at home. The king lends him his horse to go and fetch them, and the trickster rides off to the next town and sells the horse and the saddle. He afterwards persuades the king to buy a boiler that could boil porridge without a fire; and when the king discovers he has been again tricked and goes to punish him, he induces him to buy the chopping-block to set the boiler on in place of a fire. After this the king vows he will have the rogue's life, but he fills a bladder with sheep's blood and hangs it round his sister's neck, and, having instructed her what to do when the king comes, lies down in his bed. On the arrival of the justly incensed king, he asks the girl where her brother is, and she replies that he is ill and confined to his bed, and she dare not disturb him; but the king insisting upon her awaking her brother at once, she does so, upon which he stabs the bladder suspended from her neck and she falls down as if dead. The king is horror-struck at this, but the rogue blows a horn, and immediately the girl rises up as well as ever. For a large sum the king purchases this wonderful horn, and returning to his palace picks a

quarrel with the queen and his daughter, and having slain them both, blows his horn in vain to restore them to life—dead they were, and dead they continued to be, in spite of all the horn-blowing. The story concludes like the preceding version, with a cask substituted for the sack.¹

As might be expected, the story is also current among the people of Iceland, but in a form so different from any of the versions already cited, that a pretty full abstract of it is necessary for comparison with variants that are to follow. The hero of the Icelandic legend is a young smith named Sigurdr, who had in his early youth been a playmate of the king's two sons, but when the princes grew up they treated him harshly, for which he paid them off with clever tricks. They burned down his smithy one night, and next day Sigurdr filled two sacks with the ashes, and hanging one on each side of his horse, went off into the forest. Coming to a farm belonging to the king, he asked and obtained leave to stop there for the night, and consigned to the manager's care his two sacks of ashes, saying they contained rare and costly things. Now the housekeeper, overhearing this conversation, became curious to see the contents of the two sacks; so at night she took one of them and emptied it outside the house, and the wind blew all the ashes away, and she was no wiser than before; then she emptied the other sack, with the like result. Thinking that this might be a hanging matter for her, she secretly

¹ Dasent's 'Tales from the Fjeld,' pp. 94-104.

filled the two sacks with the king's gold, and put them in their former place. In the morning, Sigurdr takes his new load home, and pretends to the king's sons that he got all the money by the sale of the ashes of his old smithy. So they burned down the forge of their father's goldsmith, and gathering the ashes, went about offering them for sale, but they only got laughed at for their trouble. Then they swore to be revenged on Sigurdr, but he suspected they meant him no good, and going to the stable, he scattered a lot of gold about his mare, and was busy picking it up when the king's sons came. They asked him if it was the mare that had produced all that money, and when he said it was, they bought the mare for a great sum; and Sigurdr told them to put her in a stable by herself, give her no meat for a fortnight, then go to the mare—and they should see what they should see. But at the end of a week they went to the stable, and found the mare stone-dead, with a heap round her of something different from gold coins. Sigurdr next takes a big lump of butter, and spreads it over a hillock with his cudgel, when up came the king's sons and scolded him for the mare-business; but he told them all had happened because they did not wait the fortnight out. When they discover the butter on the hillock, they ask him how that was, and he says that his cudgel has the magic power of turning hillocks that were beaten with it into butter. So they buy his cudgel for an unheard-of price, and on the way home they begin turning the hillocks into butter, but only knocked the clods

and stones about their own ears. After this they induce the king to promise he will put Sigurdr to death. But he is not to be taken unawares, so he says to his mother, "The king is coming here. Dress as well as you can, and sit down in the middle of the floor, and I will cover you over with a heap of rags; and when the king comes to the window and looks in, I shall tell you that I am going to make you shed your age-shape.¹ I will take a bag full of wind and thump you with it, and at the blow I will tell you to get up and shake yourself. Then you will stand up at once, and the rags will fall off you, so that you will look younger than before in the king's eyes." So when the king comes to the window, he hears some one inside saying, "Now I will have you shed your age-shape, my mother"; and then walking into the cottage, he says to Sigurdr, "If you show me how it is done, I will spare your life." And Sigurdr did all with his old mother that he had before arranged. So the king tries the plan on his son's foster-mother, but as he put stones in the sack, he broke her skull. "Get up, old woman, and shake yourself," says the king; but she moved neither leg nor limb, and then he saw that he had been duped by Sigurdr. After this the king was having one of his oxen slaughtered, and Sigurdr came to beg some of the entrails, when the king roundly abused him for his trick, but Sigurdr explained, the king should not have put stones in the sack; and then the king asked what

¹ In Norse folk-lore, certain men, after living a hundred years, shed their "age-shape," and became young and vigorous again.

he meant to do with the entrails of the ox, so Sigurdr replied he should drink the liquor from them through a reed, and then he should have knowledge of future events. The king gave him a part but kept the remainder for his own use, and the result of the experiment he made was that he died. The king's sons had now his death to avenge, so they went to Sigurdr's cottage, and broke his mother's neck because she would not tell them where Sigurdr was to be found. When Sigurdr comes home and discovered his dead mother, he dressed her up in fine clothes, saddled a horse, and fastening the body to it, led it into the forest, where he met with a man who had charge of the king's oxen; and the oxen surrounded the horse and made it shy, and the body of the old woman fell to the ground. "Oh, oh," cries Sigurdr, "you're the cause of my poor mother's death—you'd better cut and run, if you'd save your own life." So the man ran off, and Sigurdr drove the oxen to his own place. Next day he tells the king's sons that he had exchanged the old woman's body for these oxen, so they drown their old mother in the bath, and go to the king, who, Sigurdr pretended, had bought the other body, and offered him the corpse for sale; but he bade them be off for a brace of villains. Meanwhile Sigurdr had visited their sister, who asked his advice as to how she might get her rights from her two brothers; so he told her to keep an easy mind, for he did not think her brothers would live long. When they come home, they seize Sigurdr, put him in a sack, and hang him over a rock that stretched up from the sea, say-

ing that there he should hang till he died, and went away. It happened that Sigurdr had his harp with him, and he was playing on it for amusement, when up comes a herdsman and asks him that was in the sack what he was doing. "Let me alone," cries Sigurdr; "I'm drawing money out of the rock." Then the herdsman hauled him up, drove him out of the sack, jumped into it himself, and set to work with the harp to draw money from the rock, while Sigurdr took the herdsman's sheep and drove them home. But the king's sons had gone to the rock and tossed the herdsman in the sack into the sea, thinking they had done for Sigurdr, and were returning home when they overtook Sigurdr himself with his flock of sheep. "It was well done, your throwing me over a rock, for I've got all these sheep in a cave under the sea, and there are many more." On hearing this, they went to the rock, cast themselves into the sea expecting to find lots of sheep, and were both drowned. Then Sigurdr wooed and married the king's daughter, and was made king over the whole kingdom—and here ends the story.¹

A great many versions are known in Germany, some of which are rather important. In Valentin Schumann's 'Nachtbüchlein,' No 6, a peasant, called Einhirn, has made himself detested through his knavery. His neighbours destroy his oven. He pounds the red clay small, puts it into a sack, and

¹ Powell and Magnusson's 'Legends of Iceland,' second series, p. 581-595.

goes to Augsburg. The hostess of an inn believes there is gold in the sack, and substitutes a sack-full of pence. Einhirn relates at home that he obtained money for the earth of the oven. His neighbours then smash all their own ovens and try to sell the earth in Augsburg. Finding how they had been tricked, they kill Einhirn's cow. He takes off the hide and sells it in Augsburg. From the tanner's wife, with whose amorous desires he had complied, but whom he threatened to betray to her husband, he extorts 100 florins, and pretends at home that he received them for the cow's hide. Then his neighbours slaughter their cows and carry the hides to Augsburg. Once more deceived, in revenge they kill his mother. He lays the corpse in the highway, where a wagoner drives over it, whom he accuses of the murder, and who in his fear gives up to him his wagon and horses. Finally, the peasants put him in a sack to drown him; but before they do this they hear a mass. Einhirn screams in the sack, "I won't learn it," and palms off upon a passing swineherd that his father wants him to learn the goldsmith's craft. The herd allows himself to be put in the sack, and is drowned. In the evening Einhirn appears in the village with the swine. The peasants now determine to throw one of themselves also into the water, and if he sees swine at the bottom, he must throw up his hands. The drowning man does this, and they all spring in after him.

In 'Volkssagen, Märchen, und Legenden,' edited by

J. G. Büsching, p. 296 ff., the hero is a peasant named Kibitz (Lapwing). As he at his ploughing one day heard a lapwing crying continually "kibitz," he thinks the bird is mocking his own name, and throws a stone at him, but the stone hits one of his yoke of oxen and kills it. Then he strikes the other ox also, for he can't do anything with it alone, kills it, and carries the hides to the town for sale. He has an opportunity to observe how a tanner's wife conceals her lover in an old chest; buys the chest of her husband for the hide, and then extorts from its occupant a large sum of money. To the peasants of his village he says he has got the money for the hides, whereupon they all kill their oxen and drive off to the tanners with the hides, and finding the cheat that had been put upon them, they try to kill Kibitz, but instead of him they kill his wife, with whom he had exchanged clothes. Kibitz now sets the body with a basketful of fruit against a paling in the town, where the servant of a noble house, who wants to buy fruit, and whom she does not answer, pushes her, so that she falls into the water. Kibitz hastens up, crying, and the servant's master gives him a carriage and horses by way of compensation, with which he returns to the village. The envious peasants now put him in a barrel, and so on. He cries in the barrel, "I won't be burgomaster!" and exchanges places with a shepherd, and so on. Afterwards he says to the peasants that only the white bubbles in the water will turn out to be sheep. The bailiff springs in first, and when the peasants

begin to be afraid he will take too many, they all jump in and are drowned.

A Westphalian variant more closely resembles the Norse story (Stahl, 'Westphälische Sagen und Geschichten,' s. 34): A poor peasant named Hick through necessity kills his only cow. He carries the hide to Cologne. Caught in a thunderstorm on the way, he wraps himself up in the hide, and by this means catches a raven, which settles upon him. In Cologne he spies a hostess entertain a monk and eat with him. When her husband arrives unexpectedly, she conceals the food and drink and the monk. Hick says to the husband that his raven can divine, and discovers to him the hidden articles and the monk, whereupon the husband purchases the bird of him.¹ At home Hick tells his neighbours that he has got all his money for the cow's hide, and so on. After the disappointment of

¹ Here, again, we have Little Peter's adventure at the farmhouse, which indeed occurs in many European versions of this story. It is the subject of the poetical tale entitled "The Friars of Berwick," ascribed to William Dunbar, the eminent Scottish poet, who died about the year 1525, which was imitated by Allan Ramsay, under the title of "The Monk and the Miller's Wife." Between the time of Dunbar and Ramsay, the story of the concealed lover was produced in the third part of a curious work by Francis Kirkman, a voluminous scribbler, "The English Rogue," published in 1674, pp. 182-188, where a soldier is billeted in the house of an old mercer, lately married to a pretty young woman, who scrupled to admit him in the absence of her husband. The soldier spies, through a crack in the floor of the garret, the virtuous young wife about to sit down to a sumptuous supper with her lover, a young lawyer, when the husband returns unexpectedly, and there is barely time to conceal the lover and the food before he comes into the room. When the soldier introduces himself, he pretends to be a magician, and causes the hidden supper to be produced, as in the case of the little trickster of our tale.

the peasants with their cow-hides, immediately follows the incident of the tun (or sack), the turning of the peasants into the tavern, the exchange with the passing shepherd, and lastly, the leap of the peasants into the Rhine. Hick sings in the tun, as it were but to ease his misery, the commencement of a popular song, "I must be Bishop of Cologne, and have little joy." The shepherd takes this seriously, and thus Hick succeeds in his device. Subsequently Hick drives his sheep to the Rhine, and their reflections in the water are taken by the peasants for real sheep at the bottom.¹ The first who leaps in has to stretch his arms upward if he sees the sheep.

In a Tyrolese version (*Zingerle*, vol. ii. p. 414), an old blind butcher has a cow he had bought replaced by other neighbouring butchers by a goat. For this he has his revenge when, in concert with some innkeepers, he makes them believe he has an old hat which always pays the score, and sells it to them for a large sum of money. When he hears the victims of his deception afterwards crowding into his house, he concerts with his wife and pretends to be dead, but the wife revives him by a thrice-repeated touch with a stick. The butchers at sight of this marvel forget their wrath, buy the stick, and endeavour to revive the king's dead daughter with it. Then the story runs as usual: sack, tavern, pig-driver — "I won't have the king's daughter," and so on.²

¹ In a Hessian version found in Grimm, No. 61, the reflections of the fleecy clouds in the water are taken for lambs.

² These form but a small selection from the German and other vari-

An interesting version, taken, it is said, from a manuscript of the eleventh century, is found in Grimm and Schmeller's collection of mediæval Latin poetry, published, at Göttingen, in 1838, from which the German story of *The Little Farmer* (Grimm's 'Kinder und Haus Märchen') was perhaps derived: The hero, Unibos, who was so named because he constantly lost all his cattle but one, had enemies in the provost, mayor, and priest of the town. At length his last bullock dying, he took the hide to a neighbouring fair and sold it, and on his way home accidentally discovered a treasure. He thereupon sent to the provost to borrow a pint measure. The provost, curious to know the use to which this is to be applied, watches through the door, sees the gold, and accuses Unibos of robbery. The latter, aware of the provost's malice, determines to play a trick upon him, which leads him into farther scrapes than he expected, though they all turn out in the end to his advantage. He tells the provost that at the fair which he had visited, bullocks' hides were in great request, and that he had sold his own for the gold which he saw there. The provost consults with the mayor and the priest, and they kill all their cattle and carry the hides to the fair, where they ask an enormous price for them. At first they are only laughed at, but in the end they become involved in a quarrel with the shoemakers of the town, are carried before the magistrates, and obliged to

ants, cited by Dr Reinhold Köhler, in a valuable review of Campbell's Gaelic tales in 'Orient und Occident,' vol. ii. p. 488 ff.

abandon their hides to pay the fine for a breach of the peace.

The three enemies of Unibos return in great wrath, to escape the effects of which he is obliged to have recourse to another trick. He smears his wife with bullock's blood, and makes her lie down, to all appearance dead. The provost and his companions arrive, and are horror-struck at the spectacle offered to their eyes; but Unibos takes the matter coolly, and tells them that, if they will forgive him the trick he had played upon them, he will undertake to restore his wife to life, and make her younger and more handsome than she had been before. To this they immediately agree, and Unibos, taking a small trumpet out of a wooden box, blows on it three times over the body of his wife, with strange ceremonies, and when the trumpet sounds the third time, she jumps upon her feet. She then washes and dresses herself, and appears so much more handsome than before, that the three officials, who had each a wife that was getting old and ill-favoured, give a great sum of money to possess the instrument, and each of them goes immediately and kills his wife; but they find that the virtue of the trumpet has departed.

Again they repair to the hut of Unibos, who averts their vengeance by another trick, and extorts a large sum of money as the price of his mare. In this they find themselves equally cheated, and seize upon Unibos, whose tricks appear to be exhausted, and give him only the choice of the manner of his death. He

requests to be confined in a barrel and thrown into the sea. On their way to the coast, his three enemies enter a public-house to drink, and leave the barrel at the door. A herdsman passes at this moment with a drove of pigs, and hearing a person in the barrel, asks him how he came there. Unibos answers that he is subjected to this punishment because he refused to be made provost of a large town. The herdsman, ambitious of the honour, agrees to change places with him, and Unibos proceeds home with the pigs. The three officials continue their journey, and in spite of the exclamations of the prisoner in the barrel that he is willing to be provost, they throw him into the sea; but what was their astonishment on their return at meeting their old enemy, whom they supposed drowned, driving before him a fine drove of pigs. He tells them that at the bottom of the sea he had found a pleasant country where were innumerable pigs, of which he had only brought with him a few. The greedy officials are seduced by his tale, and throw themselves from a rock into the sea, and Unibos is thus delivered of his enemies.¹

In Burgundy (Beauvois' 'Contes populaires de la Norvège, de la Finlande, et de la Bourgogne') the story is told of one called Jean Bête, who, on the way to

¹ From an article on Mediæval Stories in the 'Foreign Quarterly Review,' No. LXX., July 1845, pp. 434-436.—The hero's trick with his mare, so obscurely referred to by the modest reviewer, was doubtless similar to that employed by Sigurdr the Sack-knocker in the Icelandic version.

market with his cow-hide, was overtaken by a thunder-storm, and climbed a tree under which a gang of thieves presently came and seated themselves to divide their booty. Jean Bête lets his hide fall, and the thieves run away in great fright, leaving the money lying there, which Jean appropriates. Returning home, he borrows of his lord a bushel to measure the money with, and leaves some pieces sticking to it, for the lord had put a little pitch inside of it. Being told that the money was obtained by the sale of the skin, the lord kills all his cows and carries the hides to market with the usual result. Then follows the incident of the sack: Jean cries out in the sack that he won't be a bishop, and changes places with a passing cattle-dealer.

In Gascony the story (according to Cenac Moncaut's 'Contes populaires de la Gascogne') is thus told: A youth called Capdarmère is sent by his mother to sell her only pair of oxen, and get as much as possible for them. Two merchants give him a little tobacco and a bean. When he comes home with these articles his mother scolds him, and says he will never "catch the wolf by the tail." Capdarmère goes into the forest, catches a sleeping wolf with a noose, and leads him to his mother. Then he puts the fleece of a sheep round the wolf, and sells it to the two merchants who had cheated him out of the oxen, in whose stalls the wolf soon makes great havoc. When the merchants hasten in a rage to Capdarmère, who

sees them coming, they find him just as he has apparently stabbed his dog with a knife, and then reanimated him with certain words. He pretends that refractory animals pierced with this knife, and revived with the words, become tame. The merchants buy the knife of him, and when they have found out the trick, they pounce upon him, and stuff him in a sack, and so on. Capdarmère tells a passing pig-dealer that he has to marry a princess. The swine are to rise from the bottom of the lake. For the rest, neither the pig-dealer nor the two merchants are drowned in this Gascon version, but are saved by Capdarmère, which may, perhaps, as Dr Köhler has remarked, be an alteration of the collector. The introduction, which is quite peculiar to the Gascon tale, probably belongs to a different one; while the knife which tames refractory animals is certainly no improvement on the reanimating or rejuvenating horn in other versions.

One of the four Gaelic versions given by Campbell in his 'Popular Tales of the West Highlands' (vol. ii. p. 218) is rather inaptly entitled "The Three Widows," since they are only mentioned in the opening sentence: "There were three widows, and every one of them had a son apiece. Dòmhnall was the name of the son of one of them." He had four stots, and the others had but two each. They kill his animals, and he takes the skin of one of them to sell in "the big town." At night he goes into a wood, and puts the hide about

his head; and a flock of birds come and light on the hide, and he put out his hand and caught one of them. At daybreak he resumed his journey, and arrived at the house of a gentleman, "who came to the door himself." Dòmhnall tells him that his bird is a soothsayer, and that it says he has a wish to buy it, and would give two hundred pounds Saxon for it. So the gentleman buys the bird and pays the money, and Dòmhnall went home, "but never a pinch of divination did the bird do after." The two envious neighbours of Dòmhnall believing that he had got his money by the sale of a stot's skin, killed their stots, with the same result as is related in the preceding versions, and returning home, they kill his mother on her way to the well. Dòmhnall adopts a similar device to that of Little Fairly to make profit out of the misfortune, only in place of a squire it is the king's house that he visits. The conclusion corresponds with that of the versions already cited.

In the second Gaelic variant, "Ribin, Robin, and Levi the Dun" (vol. ii. p. 229), we find Little Fairly's trick of slitting the cow's hide and putting pieces of money inside. Levi the Dun takes his cow's hide to market, and meeting with a man who made him an offer, he invited him to go into the inn and "have a dram." When the liquor was brought, Levi the Dun struck the hide with his stick and said, "Pay this, hide," whereupon the required sum fell on the floor. So the gentleman bought the hide. When his mother is killed by the two others, Ribin and Robin, Levi the

Dun takes the body to the town and props it against a well; a boy, the son of the provost, topples it into the well, and the father gives him 500 marks by way of compensation, and promises to see her "decently buried." After getting home, his two envious neighbours observe him counting his money, and learning from him that "there is a high price given for dead old women, to make powder of their bones," they will try the same thing. And "he who had no mother had a mother-in-law; so they killed an old woman each," but without producing the expected result. Levi the Dun, suspecting they meant to do him an injury, invited them to a grand feast, and before they came, "he filled a portion of a sheep's gut with blood, and tied it round his wife's neck. 'Now,' said he, 'when they come, I will call you to place more upon the table, and when you don't lay down enough, I will rise and take my knife, and stick it into the piece of gut that is around your neck, and I will let you fall gently to the ground. Afterwards I will sound a horn, and you will then rise and wash yourself, and be as you were—living and well.'" All this took place at the feast, and when Ribin and Robin saw the strange things that Levi the Dun could do, they went away, saying to each other, "Our own wives might very well provide us with such a feast as we had from Levi the Dun; and if they do not, we will treat them just as he did his wife." When they had returned home, "they told their wives that they must prepare them a feast, and a better one than Levi the

Dun had given them. 'Oh,' said the women, 'Levi the Dun has sent you home drunk, and you don't know what you are saying.' Both of the men rose and cut the throats of their wives at once. They fell down and were shedding their blood. The men then rose and sounded a horn to raise them again. Though they should sound the horn till this very hour, the wives wouldn't rise. When they saw that their wives would not rise, they resolved to pursue Levi the Dun. When he saw them coming, he took to his heels and ran away. They looked at nothing else; but after him they ran, determined to have his life. He hadn't run far on his way when he met with a man having a flock of sheep. He said to the man, 'Put off your plaid and put on what I am wearing; there are two men coming who are resolved to have your life. Run as fast as you can, or you will be a dead man immediately.' The man ran away as he was bidden, and they ran hard after him. They didn't halt until they had pushed him into the deep pool of Ty-an leòban. The man fell in, and he was never seen afterwards. They returned home. Next day, what did they see on looking out but Levi the Dun herding a fine flock of sheep. They came to the place where he was. 'Levi the Dun,' said they, 'the whole world won't satisfy you; didn't we think that we had pitched you last night into the pool of Ty-an leòban?' 'Don't you see the sheep I found there?' said he. 'Would we find the same if we went in?' said they. 'Yes, if I were to put you in,' said he. Off Ribin and Robin

set, and off Levi the Dun set after them. When they were got to the hole they stood still. Levi the Dun came behind them, and pushed them both into the pool. 'Fish for sheep there,' he said, 'if you choose.' Levi the Dun came home, and got everything in the place for himself."

The third of the Gaelic versions is entitled "Brian Briagach," Bragging Brian (vol. ii. p. 233). The hero is visited by a merchant, and pretends to him that he has a mare that coined gold and silver. Brian secretly "gave the mare money among her food, and the merchant found it when he looked for it, and he gave thousands for the mare, and when he got her she was coining money. He took her with him, and he had her for a week, but a penny of money she did not coin. He let her alone till the end of a month, but money she did not make." Then he went to talk to Brian "for the lie," and to send the mare back again. Brian adopts the same device as Levi the Dun in the preceding version, of tying a gut full of blood to his wife's neck, and in presence of the merchant begins to scold her, and ultimately knocks her down for dead, and the blood ran about the floor. Then he takes *two* horns and blew into his wife's throat, and brought her alive again. "The merchant got the horns, and promised to say no more about the mare, and went home and killed his wife, and his sister, and his mother, and he began to blow into their throats with the horns; but though he were blowing for ever, he had not brought them alive. Then he went where Lying

Brian was, to kill him. He got him into a sack, and was to beat him to death with flails, but Brian asked a little delay, and got out [it is not said how], and put in two little dogs. The men threw the sack into the sea when they were tired of beating it.—What was more wonderful for the merchant at the end of a fortnight than to see Brian and a lot of cattle with him! ‘Oh my reason!’ said the merchant, ‘hast thou come back, O Brian?’ ‘I came,’ said Brian. ‘It was you that did the good to me: when you put me into the sea, I saw thy mother, and thy wife, and thy sister, since I went away, and they asked thee to go out on the sea in the place where thou didst put me out, and said that thou thyself shouldst get a lot of cattle like this.’ The merchant went and cut a caper on the spot where he had put out Brian, and he was drowned, and Brian got his house for himself.”

Something is evidently omitted in this version, which leaves Brian’s escape from the sack and his herd of cattle unexplained. The fourth Gaelic version given by Campbell (vol. ii. p. 235) comprises incidents in the second and third, and may be passed over, as it has nothing peculiar to itself.

In his notes to the Gaelic variants Campbell points out that the story occurs in the ‘Pleasant Nights’ (Piacevoli Notti) of the Italian novelist Straparola, first published, at Venice, in 1550. In this version three rogues outwit a priest, who is very profitably revenged on them in his turn: First, they persuade him that a

mule which he has bought is an ass, and get it (an incident adapted from the story, in the Fables of Bidpai, of the Bráhmaṇ and the Goat); then he sells them, as a bargain, a goat which is good for nothing. He next pretends to kill his housekeeper by sticking a knife into a bladder filled with blood, as in the third and fourth Gaelic versions, and brings her alive again by something which he sells to them for two hundred gold florins, and they kill their wives in earnest. They are enraged, catch the priest, and put him into a sack, intending to drown him in the river. They set him down, and a shepherd comes, who hears a lamentable voice in a sack saying, "They wish to give her to me, and I don't want her." The priest explains that the lord of that city wants to marry him to his daughter, and thus entices the shepherd to exchange places with him, and he is drowned. The priest takes the sheep, and the rogues, when they find that he had got them (according to his own account) in the river, beg also to be put into sacks. They get in, and are thrown into the river, after which the priest, rich in money and flocks, returns home and lives very happily.

Mr Campbell remarks that "it seems worthy of inquiry by what process the story got from Italian into Gaelic, or who *first* invented it." But the story did not come to the West Highlands from Italy, but through the Norsemen; moreover, there is reason to believe that it was also carried to the south of Europe by

the same hardy and adventurous race, since there is a Sicilian popular version, in Pittrè's collection, which presents some points of resemblance to incidents in the second Norse variant (cited on page 243), not found in any other version, the substance of which is as follows:

There was a crafty old fellow called Uncle Capriano, who had a wife and a daughter, and lived on his own property near a certain town. One day thirteen robbers happened to pass his house; they dismounted, made friends with him, and often afterwards came to see him, and even do work for him. Uncle Capriano at length says to his wife that he has devised a plan for getting money out of the simple-minded robbers, and instructs his daughter how she is to act when they next come to the house. So one day Uncle Capriano brings the thieves home with him, and his daughter, as she had been previously instructed, bathes a rabbit privately, and bringing it into the room wet from its bath, exclaims to her father, "Is this the way you load the poor little thing, that it comes home tired to death, and all covered with sweat?" The robbers, believing that the rabbit had been taught to fetch and carry, buy it of Uncle Capriano for a large sum of money, and take it away. "Let us," said one, "send a bag to each of our houses. First carry a bag to mine;" and giving the rabbit a stroke, it ran off and was seen no more.¹ So they went to Uncle

¹ In the "Merry Tales of the Mad Men of Gotham," one of the exploits of those wittols is to put their rents into a purse, which they fasten to a hare's neck, and send her off with it to their landlord.

Capriano and complained of the trick he had played them. "Did you beat it?" "Of course we did." "Oh, where?" "On the left side." "That's why it ran away. You should have beat it on the right." And so they became good friends as before. Another day Uncle Capriano said to his wife, "To-morrow you must buy a new pot, and then cook some meat in an old pot somewhere in the house; and at Ave Maria, just before I come home, you must empty the contents of the old pot into the new one, and I will tell them that I have a pot that cooks without fire." When the thieves see this new wonder they buy the pot, to find they have been duped once more; and they broke the pot in their rage. Going to Uncle Capriano with their fresh complaint, "What kind of a hearth did you set it on?" he asks—"high or low?" "It was rather high." "Ah, you should have set it on a low hearth," says Uncle Capriano; and the thieves go off, satisfied that it was all their own mistake. Some days after this, Uncle Capriano fastens a bladder of blood under his wife's dress, and when the thieves come to dine with him, he stabs his wife, who falls down, apparently weltering in her life's blood. Uncle Capriano then blows a whistle three times, upon which she starts up, to the astonishment of the simpletons, who, having purchased the whistle, go home and kill their wives, and find the whistle's blasts powerless to restore them to life. They now resolve to put Uncle Capriano to death for his repeated villainies; so they stuff him in

a sack, and set off to throw him into the sea. On their way they stop at a country house to eat, leaving him in the sack outside. A herdsman comes past, and Uncle Capriano begins to cry, "They want to marry me to the king's daughter, and I won't, for I'm married already." The herdsman says, "I'll take her myself—I'm single." So he readily exchanges places with Uncle Capriano, who drives off the herdsman's sheep and oxen. The thieves having thrown the sack containing the unlucky herdsman into the sea, they overtake Uncle Capriano driving his flocks and herds, and when they learn that he found them at the bottom of the sea, they all entreated to be thrown in also. They returned to the sea, and Uncle Capriano began to throw them in, and each cried out, "Quick, Uncle Capriano, throw me in before my comrades get them all!"¹

In M. Legrand's collection of modern Greek popular tales we find a rather unsatisfactory version, which must be taken for what it is worth :

Three brothers, Spazio, Antonuccio, and Trianniscia, inherit from their father, the two first, each a fine ox, and the youngest, who was thought a little silly, a lean cow. Trianniscia, the youngest, kills his cow, flays it, and stretches the skin to dry on a wild pear-tree. When it is very dry he binds it round him with a cord and goes off, beating on it like a drum. He frightens some thieves, while they are dividing their spoil, who,

¹ Crane's 'Italian Popular Tales,' pp. 303-308.

thinking the soldiers are coming, run away, and Trianniscia takes all the money they leave behind them, and returning home, tells his brothers he got it for the dried skin. They kill their oxen, dry the skins, and go to market, crying, "Who wants skins for 100 ducats each?" The police put them in prison, and on their being set at liberty, they determine to kill their brother. Trianniscia next takes a basket and goes away again. Coming to a village, he enters the inn, where he leaves it, saying, "Let no one touch this basket. I'm going to hear mass." On his return, the basket could not be found, so he begins to scold the folk of the inn, and the landlord pacifies him with a present of 100 ducats and he goes home. Another time he conceals himself in the confessional of the church: an old lady is being buried there; after the people are all gone, he takes up the body, puts it on his horse, and brings it to Lecce. He enters the inn there, and having laid the body in a bed, goes to mass, leaving orders not to disturb the lady. When he comes back, he makes a great outcry at her death, and the innkeeper offers him one of his three pretty daughters for his wife. He chooses one, and takes her home with him. The brothers are envious of his good fortune, and exclaim, "What trick have you played us? One and one, *two*, and one, *three*: let us take him, bind him in a sack, and throw him into the sea." Accordingly they put him in a sack, carry him to a wall, throw him over, and leave him till their return from mass. Meantime a shepherd playing the flute comes by, and Trianniscia persuades

him to open the sack and exchange places with him. When the brothers return they take up the sack and throw it into the sea, saying, "We have got rid of him now!" But they soon see Trianniscia sitting on a wall playing the flute, and say to each other, "What a miserable lot is ours! This Trianniscia is a demon who plays us tricks!"¹

The story of the Young Calender in Gueulette's so-called 'Contes Tartares' may have been partly adapted from Straparola: The hero, having been cheated by three sharpers in a manner similar to the story of the Sharpers and the Simpleton—see *ante*, p. 27 ff.—is eager to be revenged, and having two white goats resembling each other, he goes with one of them to the market where he had been cheated. The three men, who are there seeking opportunities of depredation, immediately enter into conversation with him, and in their presence he buys various articles of provision, and placing them in a basket on the goat's back, orders the animal to inform his servant that he had invited some friends to dinner, and to give her directions how each of the different

¹ Had M. Legrand known the story in a number of forms, it is possible that, by jogging the memory of his story-teller, he might have obtained a much better version. As it is, the brothers say that the hero had played them *three* tricks, yet only one is mentioned—the cows' hides. The youth must have pretended that his basket contained something valuable, to induce the host to give him 100 ducats as compensation. The incident of the sack is also very obscurely told.

articles is to be cooked, and then he turns it loose. The sharpers laugh at him; but in order to convince them he was in earnest, he asks them to accompany him home. There, to their astonishment, they find the dinner prepared exactly according to the Calender's directions; and, in their presence, the mother of the Calender, who was in the secret and acted the servant, tells her son that his friends had sent to excuse themselves, and that the goat had delivered his orders and was now feeding in the garden, where, in fact, the other white goat was browsing on the plants. The Calender invites the sharpers to join in his dinner, and ends by cheating them of a large sum of money in exchange for the supposed miraculous goat.

Finding the animal endowed with none of the properties they expected, they return to take revenge on the Calender. He receives their reproaches with surprise, calls in his pretended servant, and asks why she neglected to give them a particular direction relating to the goat which he had forgotten, and she makes an excuse. In a feigned passion he stabs her, and she falls down covered with blood, and apparently dead. The three men are horrified at this catastrophe; but the Calender tells them not to be alarmed. He takes a horn out of a little casket, blows it over the body, and his mother, who only pretended to be dead, arises and leaves the room unhurt. Seeing this, the three sharpers buy the horn for a great sum of money, and returning home, sup with their wives.

After supper, anxious to try the virtue of the horn, they pick a quarrel with the ladies and cut their throats. The horn proves as great a failure as the goat; and the police, who had been attracted by the noise, force their way in and seize two of the sharpers, who are hanged for the murders, while the third escapes.

The surviving sharper, some time afterwards, meets with the Calender, puts him in a sack, and carries him off with the intention of throwing him into a deep river. But on his way he hears the approach of horsemen, and, fearing to be discovered, throws the sack into a hole beside the road, and rides off to a distance. A butcher arrives with a flock of sheep, and discovering the Calender in the sack, proceeds to question him. The Calender says he is confined there because he will not marry the kázi's daughter, a beautiful damsel, but who has been guilty of an indiscretion. The butcher, allured by the prospect of advancement, agrees to take his place in the sack, and the Calender marches off with the sheep. The sharper returns, and, in spite of the promises of the butcher to marry the kázi's daughter, throws him into the river. But on his way back he is astonished to meet the Calender with the sheep. The latter tells him that when he reached the bottom of the river he found a good genie, who gave him these sheep, and told him that if he had been thrown farther into the river he would have obtained a much larger flock. The sharper, allured by the love of gain, allows

himself to be confined in a sack and thrown into the river.¹

The Kabail, or wandering tribes of Algeria, have a very curious version of the story, which they probably obtained from some Muslim (Arabian) source :

An orphan boy tends a calf of his own and two oxen belonging to his uncle. He puts the calf to feed in the meadow, and fastens up the oxen so that they cannot feed. At the end of a month the oxen are lean and the calf is bursting with fatness; and when the uncle asks the reason of this, the boy professes ignorance, but the old man secretly discovers the trick. One day he asks the lad to come out to hunt, and gives him a gun. He contrives to cover the calf with dust, in order to alter its appearance, and drives it towards his nephew, who shoots it by mistake; but he says nothing, and makes a grand feast with the flesh. The skin of the calf he keeps till it is sour, and then sells it at market for one pierced coin. Meeting two men who had sold goods for 100 francs, the youth slyly puts his coin among theirs, and then shouts that they have robbed him, upon which they are apprehended. The youth states to the judge that they took 100 francs and a pierced coin from him. The men are searched, and this sum is found in their possession. In vain they disown the pierced coin;

¹ Gueulette's 'Contes Tartares' are imitations of Eastern fictions, though the incidents are for the most part traceable to Asiatic sources.

the judge decrees that the money belongs to the youth, so home he goes with the 100 francs, which he gives to his uncle. The nephew then advises him to kill his oxen, keep the skins till they have become sour, and then take them to market, which he does, but finds no purchasers. Seeing how he has been tricked, the old man takes his nephew out one day to cut wood, gets him up an ash-tree, and leaves him hanging there. By-and-by an aged man and his daughter-in-law come riding past on a mule, and the youth, seeing them, exclaims, "Oh, oh, an old man once I was; now I'm a youth again!" So the old man wishes a similar change in his own person, liberates the boy, puts the rope round his own neck, and is speedily strangled. The boy goes home with the young woman and the mule, and replying to his uncle's expressions of astonishment, he says, "Had you hung me on the very top of the tree, I should have been luckier still." So the uncle takes one of his own sons and hangs him to the tree-top; awaits his return in vain; then goes and finds him dead. More than ever bent on revenge, the uncle next invites the youth to go and fish with him. On the way the youth persuades a shepherd to take his place, pretending that his uncle is going to be married. He takes the shepherd's flock of 100 sheep home to his uncle's house. Now the uncle had in the dusk thrown the shepherd into the sea, supposing him to be his nephew, saying to himself, "This time he is drowned, and won't come back any more." When he reaches

home, he is surprised to see his nephew alive and well. "You threw me," says the lad, "into the sea near the shore, and I have got only 100 sheep for you; if you had thrown me farther out I should have been more lucky." The uncle, with this hope, throws his only remaining child into the sea—and he never returned. After this the uncle, his wife, and the nephew set out on a journey, and coming to a precipice, "Let us sleep here," says the uncle. The youth arranges a cord, carefully covered with earth; he is placed nearest the precipice, then the uncle, and his wife farthest from it. At night the uncle says he must have more room; the youth replies there is plenty, and slips aside. The old man feels after him, and the youth pulls the cord and sends his uncle and aunt to the bottom of the precipice. He then returns home and inherits his uncle's property.

The original source of this favourite story of the cunning fellow who always contrived to profit by his misfortunes has not yet been ascertained. It belongs obviously to the same class of tales as those of the Cobbler and the Calf and the Robbery of the King's Treasury, and may, perhaps, like the latter, be of Egyptian extraction. The story is known popularly in India in several forms, each of which presents some points of resemblance to European versions. Under the title of "The Farmer who outwitted the Six Men," Mr C. H. Damant published, in the 'Indian Antiquary,' vol. iii., the following legend of Dinajpur (Bengal):

There was once a farmer's wife who had a tame paddy-bird, and when the farmer went to plough, his wife used to fasten a hookah, cleaning stick, tobacco, chillum, flint and steel to the body of the bird, and it would fly with them to the field where the farmer was working, and he unfastened all the things and smoked his hookah. One day six men, who were passing that way on their road to the cutcherry, saw the bird thus act, and offered the farmer 300 rupees for it, and he agreed to sell it. And the six men took it and tied 300 rupees to its body, and said, "You, paddy-bird, take these 300 rupees to the cutcherry." But the bird, instead of going to the cutcherry, went to the farmer's house, and he took all the money, and made a cow eat 100 rupees of it. In the meantime the men went to the cutcherry, and not finding the paddy-bird, returned to the farmer's house, where they saw the cow relieving herself of the rupees she had eaten, and forgot all about the paddy-bird.¹ Seeing the extraordinary virtue the cow possessed, they offered the farmer 5000 rupees for her; and he agreed, and they took her away. The farmer came a little way after them, and called out, "Feed her well, and she will give you plenty of rupees." So they fed her well,

¹ In the 'Kathá Sarit Ságara' an ape is trained to bring up from his stomach as many pieces of money as might be asked for, the ape having been made previously to swallow a quantity. And in the Albanian tale of the Cock and the Hen (No 23 of Dozon's French collection) the cock, being found in the king's garden, is taken and locked up in the royal treasury, where it ate as many gold pieces as it could contain, and afterwards making its escape, deceived the old woman who owned the hen by voiding the money.

but not a rupee, nor even a pice, did they get from her; so they determined to take her back to the farmer's house and to return her.

When they arrived, they told the farmer about the cow, and he said, "Very well; have something to eat first." So they consented, and all sat down to eat, and the farmer took the stick with which he drove his plough-bullocks in his hand and began to eat, and when his wife went out to bring more food he struck her with the stick and said, "Be changed into a girl, and bring in the curry," and so it came to pass; and this happened several times. When the men saw this wonderful thing, they forgot all about the cow; but the truth of it was that the farmer had a little daughter, and she had been sent in with the food. The men offered 150 rupees for the stick, and he sold it them, and told them that when their wives came to bring their food they must beat them well, and they would recover their former youth and beauty.

When they were near home, they all began to quarrel as to which should first test the stick. At last one of them took it home, and when his wife was bringing his food he struck her so violently with it that she died; but he told no one about it. And this happened to them all, so they all lost their wives. After that they all went in a body and burnt down the farmer's house, and he collected a large quantity of ashes and put them in bags and placed them on a bullock's back and went away. On his road he met a

number of men driving bullocks laden with rupees, and asked them where they were going, saying he wished to go with them; they said they were going to the house of a certain banker at Rangpur, and he said he was taking his bullock to the same place. So they went together for some distance, and then cooked their food under a tree and went to sleep. But the farmer put two bags of rupees on the back of his bullock, leaving the two bags of ashes in their place, and took to flight.

After that he sent the first of the six men with the bags to take home to his wife, and he put some gum underneath one of the bags, so that some of the rupees stuck to it, and so he found out the contents. The six men then went to the farmer's house, and asked him how he had obtained the money; he said he had got it by selling ashes, and that, if they wished for money, they had better burn down their houses and fill bags with the ashes, and open a shop in the bazaar, and every one would buy them. So they went home and burned down their houses, but the only result was that a great number of people seized them and kicked them and beat them with shoes. They were extremely enraged at this, and went to the farmer's house and tied him hand and foot, and put him into a sack, and threw him into the river Ghoradhuba, and then ran away, thinking he would surely die this time. But he went floating down-stream till he struck against a post. Now a man happened to pass by on horseback, and he called out to him, "If you

come and open the mouth of this sack, I will cut grass for your horse without pay." So the man came and opened the mouth of the sack, and the farmer, stepping out on the clear, said, "If you will give me your horse, I will take him for an airing." The man gave him the horse, and went home, but when the farmer had gone a little way he mounted the horse and rode past the houses of the six men, so that they could see him. They were exceedingly surprised at the sight, and asked him where he had found the horse. He said he had found it in the river Ghoradhupa, and added, "I was alone, and could only catch this small one, as I could not run very fast; there are a great many fine horses there, and if you were to go you could catch them."

When they heard this they asked what they must take with them, and he said they must each bring a sack and some strong rope; but when they had brought them, he said he was going home. However, they persuaded him to stop, and he told them all to go into the sacks, and he threw them one after the other into the river, but took care to avoid the place where the post was. When the other five heard the bubbling of the water they asked what it was, and he said it was only the other man catching a horse. Directly they heard that they all entreated him, and began to quarrel, saying, "Throw me in first—throw me in first!" So he threw them all in, and in this way they all perished, and the farmer ever after that spent his time in happiness.

Another Indian version, entitled "The Six Brothers," is found in the little collection of tales translated from Urdú, Hindí, and Bengalí by Mr C. Vernieux,¹ of which this is an abstract :

Once upon a time there were six brothers, the youngest of whom had very defective eyesight, in consequence of which the other five cast him off, giving him a half-ruined hut and a wretched bullock as his portion. Near his hut was a large tree, and beneath it a gang of robbers were used to assemble to divide their spoil. The youth overheard them one night saying to each other, "He who does not make a just division, God's thunder will descend on his head." In order to work upon their superstitious minds to his own advantage, he slaughters his poor bullock, dries the skin in the sun, and next night climbs with it into the tree, and awaited their coming. When they were all assembled under the tree, and had repeated their formula about the thunder, he dropped the dried skin, which fell on them with a dreadful noise. Appalled at this, they all leapt up and ran off in different directions, leaving their ill-gotten wealth behind them, which the youth gathered up and took into his hut. In the morning he desired his mother to go to his brothers and borrow their *coonkee* (or measuring basket), that he might ascertain the amount of money he had got by his trick on the robbers; and

¹ 'The Hermit of Motee Jhurna, or Pearl Spring; also Indian Tales and Anecdotes, Moral and Instructive.' By C. Vernieux. Second Edition. Calcutta: 1872.

before returning it he slipped a few rupees between the rattan ties. When his brothers saw the coins they hastened to him, and inquired how he had procured so much money as to require to measure instead of count it. So he told them it was by the sale of the hide of his poor bullock; but had he as many cows as they possessed, he could make ten times as much money. On this the brothers went home, killed all their cows, dressed their skins, and went to market to dispose of them. But they found they could get only four annas for each hide, and seeing they had been fooled by their despised half-blind brother, when they came home they set fire to his house. Next morning he gathered all the ashes into sacks, and, hiring a bullock, went ostensibly to sell them. On his road he fell in with a party of merchants near sunset, who had oxen laden with bags of gold and silver. He obtained permission to remain under their protection all night, and to place his bags of ashes—which he pretended to contain the same precious metals—along with their goods. Early in the morning he crept stealthily from his place, and putting his bags of ashes among their sacks, he dragged two of them near his bullock, and when all were awake and preparing to resume their journey, he got them to help him to lift the sacks on his animal, saying that he had a long way to go, and must be off at once; so they helped him to load his bullock with their own property, and he went away. When he reaches home he tells his brothers he had got all his new wealth by

the sale of the ashes of his house, upon which they burn down their houses, to find themselves once more deceived. They now determine to put him to death; so, tying his hands and feet, they stuff him in a sack and throw him into a tank, and to elude detection decamp in hot haste. Some cowherds, who were watching their cattle close by, having seen this, ran quickly to the tank and drew him out, after which they all went off to get some food. Meanwhile the half-drowned brother, having recovered from his stupor, drove the herds to his own house, on seeing which his brothers were astonished, and inquired where he had got such fine cattle. At the bottom of the tank, he tells them; and, anxious to obtain some for themselves, they allow him to tie their hands and feet, put them in sacks, and throw them all into the tank.

In the second part of the Santálí story of the brothers Kanran and Guja, translated by the Rev. F. T. Cole in the 'Indian Antiquary,' vol. iv. pp. 257-259, of which the first part has been already cited—see vol. i. pp. 148, 149—is found a rather singular version, which, however, in the catastrophe is similar to several European variants :

After the stupid tiger has been killed, Kanran takes for his share the best portions of the flesh, and Guja takes simply the entrails. Then they resumed their journey, and as it drew near nightfall, they found a suitable tree on which to rest. It so chanced that a king's son was just passing on the way to his father-

in-law's house, in order to fetch home his wife, and he lay down to repose under the same tree. All this time Guja had been holding the entrails of the tiger in his hands. At last he said to his brother, "I can't keep this any longer." Kanran replied, "What shall we do, then? If you let it fall we shall be discovered, and shall certainly be killed." But Guja, unable to hold it any longer, let it fall on the king's son, who was lying fast asleep at the foot of the tree. Awakened by the blow, he arose, greatly dismayed at seeing blood, etc., upon his body, and imagined that some accident must have happened to himself; he therefore hastened from the spot. His servants, seeing him run at a mad pace, immediately followed. The two brothers quickly came down from the tree and began to plunder the baggage which had been left behind in the fright. Kanran seized upon the finest garments, while Guja selected a large drum. Being upbraided by his brother for thus losing such a splendid opportunity of enriching himself, he replied, "Brother, this will suit my purpose." They now proceeded on their journey. Guja was so much pleased with his drum that he kept on beating it all day long, till the drum-head split, and it was rendered useless. But Guja, instead of throwing it away, carried it about with him. They found a bee's nest, and Guja refreshed himself with the honey, and filled his drum with bees. Continuing their journey, they arrived at a river ghát. When the villagers came out at eventide to draw water, Guja let fly some of the bees amongst them.

The people, being much stung, ran home and told how two strangers had arrived, and had greatly annoyed them by allowing bees to sting them. The villagers, headed by their chief and armed with bows, advanced to the attack, determined to be avenged upon the strangers. They commenced shooting, but the brothers, hidden behind their drum, remained unharmed. After all the arrows had been shot, Guja opened the hole of his drum, and the bees streamed out like a cart-rope. The villagers now prayed to be released from this plague of bees, and their chief promised to give one of them his daughter in marriage, also a yoke of oxen and a piece of land. Guja then calling his bees forced them into the drum. The chief performed his promise. Kanran was married to his daughter, and he cultivated the land which his father-in-law gave him.

One day, for some reason, Kanran was obliged to leave home for a short time, and upon his departure gave Guja this injunction: "If," said he, "the plough becomes at any time entangled in the ground, and the ox be unable to get along, strike it with your axe." Guja imagined that his brother was speaking of the ox; so when the plough became entangled he struck the ox with his hatchet and killed him, instead of cutting away the obstacle as his brother had intended. Kanran, returning home about this time, was informed by his wife of what had happened. Upon hearing it he became greatly enraged, and ran to the spot intending to kill his brother. Guja, however, becoming aware of his brother's intentions, immediately snatched up

the entrails of the ox and fled. Seeing a tree having a large hole in the trunk, he got inside, having first covered himself with the entrails. Kanran, arriving at the spot, thrust his spear into the hole repeatedly, and when he drew it out, perceived that it was smeared with blood. He exclaimed, "I have speared him to death, and now he won't kill any more of my oxen," and returned home. Guja, however, was not at all hurt, the spear not having touched him—the blood was not his, but that of the ox. Having satisfied himself that no one was near, he came out of the hole, crept secretly into his brother's house, and climbing to the top, he sat there perched upon one of the beams. A little while after Kanran entered, bringing with him portions of the slain ox, and also some rice. After closing the door, he commenced to offer a sacrifice to his brother Guja's memory. The usual ceremony being performed, he addressed the soul of his departed brother in the following manner: "O Guja, receive these offerings. I killed you indeed, but don't be angry with me for doing so. Condescend to accept this meat and rice." Guja, from his hiding-place, replied, "Very well; lay them down." Kanran, hearing the voice, was greatly astonished, but was afraid to look in the direction from which the sound proceeded. Going out, he inquired of the villagers whether it was possible for a dead man to speak. They told him that such was sometimes the case. While Kanran was talking to the neighbours, Guja escaped secretly by a back door, taking with him the meat and rice. He

had not gone far before he encountered some men who, he afterwards learned, were professional thieves. He divided his meat and rice with them, and they were at once great friends. Guja became their companion in their plundering expeditions. However, afterwards coming to words, they beat him severely, tied his hands and feet, and were carrying him off to the river with the intention of drowning him, when they were compelled by hunger to go in search of food, and not wishing to be burdened with him, they set him down bound under a tree. A cowherd passing that way was attracted by his crying, and asked who he was, and why he was lamenting. Guja answered, "I am a king's son, and am being taken against my will to be married to a king's daughter, for whom I have not the slightest affection." The cowherd said, "I am indeed sorry for you; but let me go instead of you. I will gladly marry her." So the cowherd quickly released Guja, and allowed himself to be bound in his place. The thieves returning soon afterwards, took up the supposed Guja, and, in spite of the cowherd's protestations that he was not Guja, threw him into the river. In the meanwhile Guja drove away the cowherd's cattle. The thieves afterwards meeting him again, and seeing the cows, inquired of him whence he had procured them. Guja answered, "Don't you remember you threw me into the river? There it was I got all these. Let me throw you in too, and you will get as many cows as you wish." This proposition meeting with general approbation, they

suffered themselves to be bound and thrown into the river, where, as a natural consequence, all were drowned.

From a comparative analysis of the foregoing versions, I am disposed to consider them as representing, more or less closely, two distinct variants of a common original—that the story was brought to Europe in two different forms. In the Indian tale of the Farmer who outwitted the Six Simpletons the first incident is that of the carrying paddy-bird, for which we have the hare in the Sicilian popular version (Uncle Capriano), and the goat in Straparola and Gueulette. (2) For the cow that was supposed to produce rupí there is the horse in the second Irish, the Icelandic, the Latin, and the third Gaelic variants; while the cow's skin plays a similar part in all the others. (3) The incident of the farmer's wife being (apparently) changed into a young girl has its equivalents in the Icelandic story, where the hero pretends to make his old mother throw off her "age-shape," in the second Irish, the second and third Gaelic, in Straparola, the Sicilian, and in Gueulette, where the hero makes believe that he restores the woman to life by blowing a horn or a whistle; in the Kabail, the lad suspended from a tree persuades an aged passer-by that he has been changed from an old man to a young lad. The trick with the ashes of the burned house occurs in the Icelandic as well as in two of the Indian stories; but the Icelandic has, exclusively, the incidents of the

hillock of butter and the cow's entrails. The stove (or boiler) that required no fire to cook meat is found in the second Norse and the Sicilian variants. Only in European versions does the adventure with the dead body occur—first Irish, first Norse, Danish, Icelandic, first and second German, and the first and second Gaelic. The device of the hero in the second Indian tale, of letting his cow's hide fall upon a party of thieves dividing their booty under a tree, has its parallel in the Burgundian version, and others which are not cited in this paper.¹ The borrowing of the *coonkee* and the sacks of ashes changed for sacks of money reappear in European variants. Not less interesting is the Indian story of the brothers Kanran and Guja, since in it we find the incident of killing the plough-ox, which also occurs in a modified form in the second German version (p. 250), and the trick of the hero in order to get out of the sack, his saying that they want to marry him to a great lady whom he doesn't like, which occurs in many of the Western versions.

The different tricks with the skin may perhaps be considered as characteristic of the localities where the story is domiciled; that of the Kabaïl hero seems to be so especially, for the wandering tribes of Algeria do not regard theft as dishonourable, and are noted for being expert thieves; while the device of Little Fairly, of putting coins between the cow's skin, reappears in the second of the Gaelic variants. Finally, in the

¹ In the third Indian tale, Guja drops the tiger's entrails on a sleeping prince.

Irish, first Norse, Danish, old Latin, three Gaelic, the Kabail and second Indian stories the hero contrives that his enemies should slaughter their cattle, in the vain expectation of obtaining a great price for their hides, a device which seems adapted in the following story from the Talmud :

An Athenian while on a visit to Jerusalem openly ridiculed the citizens, some of whom devised a plan for punishing his impertinence. They despatched one of their number to Athens in order to induce him to revisit Jerusalem. Arriving there, he soon found out the man's house and bought of him a new shoe-string (for the man was a shoemaker), and paid for it a greater sum than the value of a pair of shoes. Next day he went to him again, and bought a second shoe-string, paying for it a similar sum. "Why," cried the Athenian, in amazement, "shoes must be very dear in Jerusalem, when you give so much for a mere shoe-string!" "You are right," quoth the Hebrew, "they *are* rather dear: they generally cost ten ducats a pair, and the cheapest sort cost seven or eight ducats." "In that case," said the Athenian, "it would be more profitable for me to sell my stock of shoes in your city." The stranger replied that he would doubtless make a much greater profit, and find a ready market for his goods; after which he took his leave, returned to Jerusalem, and acquainted his complotters of the probable success of his mission. Soon after this the Athenian, with a large stock of shoes, entered the Holy City, and was accosted by a number of respectable

citizens, who desired to know his business. Suspecting nothing sinister on the part of a people whom he so much depised, he informed them that, understanding that shoes were very dear in Jerusalem, he had brought with him a considerable quantity, in hopes of profitably disposing of them. The citizens pretended to warmly approve of his object, assuring him that he would readily find purchasers for his whole stock ; but being a foreigner, it was absolutely necessary, in order to qualify himself to offer his goods for sale in the Holy City, that he should shave his head and blacken his face, after which he would be entitled to take his stand among the merchants in the great square. The greedy Athenian (“covetousness sews up the eyes of cunning !”) willingly consented to this initiatory ceremony, which being completed to the satisfaction of the plotters, he then, with blackened face and shaven head, took up his stock-in-trade, and proceeded to “the place where merchants most do congregate.” The loungers soon observed the strange-looking merchant, and flocking round him, inquired the price of his shoes. “They are ten ducats a pair,” said he, “and certainly not less than seven or eight ducats.” On hearing this preposterous demand, the people laughed at him ; and at length discovering that he had been cleverly hoaxed, he was glad to make his way out of the city with all speed ; but he was accompanied to the gate by a great crowd, jeering and hooting him, until he escaped through the gateway, and set off for Athens, “a sadder and a wiser man.”

THE LADY AND HER SUITORS.

THERE is a widespread class of tales, in which a virtuous wife is beset by importunate suitors, and cleverly entraps and exposes them to ridicule, or gets rid of them by imposing unpleasant or dangerous tasks as the condition of her love. The *fabliau* of 'Constant du Hamel' is probably the earliest European version: A lady is violently solicited by a priest, a provost, and a forester, who, on her refusal, persecute her husband. To stop their attacks, she gives them a meeting at her house immediately after one another, so that when one is there and stripped for the bath, another comes, and, pretending it is her husband, she conceals them successively in a large tub full of feathers. Finally, they are turned out into the street, well feathered, with all the curs of the town barking and snapping at their heels.

In the 69th tale of the Continental 'Gesta Romanorum' a carpenter receives from his mother-in-law a shirt, having the wonderful quality of remaining

unsoiled so long as he and his wife were faithful to each other. The emperor, who had employed him in the erection of a palace, is astonished to observe his shirt always spotless, and asks him the cause of it; to which he replies, that it is a proof of his wife's unsullied virtue. A soldier, having overheard this, sets off to attempt the wife's chastity, but she contrives to lock him in a room, where she keeps him on bread and water. Two other soldiers successively visit her on the same errand, and share their comrade's fate. When the carpenter has finished his job, he returns home and shows the unsullied shirt to his wife, who in her turn exhibits to him the three soldiers, whom he sets free on their promising to reform their ways.

We have a much better version than that of the 'Gesta,' in which there is also a test of chastity, but of a more dignified nature than a shirt, in the old English metrical tale of 'The Wright's Chaste Wife,' written about the year 1462, by Adam of Cobsam, which was published for the Early English Text Society in 1865, under the editorship of Dr F. J. Furnivall. The story runs thus:

A wright marries the daughter of a poor widow, whose sole dower is a rose-garland that will remain fresh and blooming as long as she continues chaste, but will wither the moment she becomes unfaithful. He is delighted with his garland and his wife, and takes her home. After a time, thinking that men would likely come to tempt his wife when he was

absent, he constructs in his house a lower room, the walls of which he makes as smooth as a mirror, and in the floor above a trap-door, which would give way when a man put his foot upon it, and precipitate him into the room below, out of which it was impossible to escape. Just at that time, the lord of the town sent for him to build him a hall—a two or three months' job. The lord observes the wright's garland, and learning that it is a token of his wife's chastity, he determines to visit her. So off he goes, and offers her forty marks. She asks him to lay the money down, and then conducts him to the place with the cunningly contrived trap-door, on which having stepped, down he tumbles into the lower room. The lord begs and prays the dame to have pity on him, but she says, "Nay, you must wait till my husband comes home." Next day he asks for food, but she says he must first earn it. "Spin me some flax," she says. The lord consents; so she throws him the tools and the flax, and he works away for his meat. The steward next sees the wright's garland, and he too must visit the goodwife, whom he offers twenty marks, which she pockets, and then leads him into the same trap, where, after suffering hunger for several days, he also spins flax for his food. Then the proctor, seeing the garland, asks the wright all about it, and, in his turn, having given the dame other twenty marks, he joins the lord and the steward in the trap which the wright had so craftily constructed for men of their sort. There the three spin and spin away, as if for their very lives, until at length the wright has

finished his three months' job and comes home. His wife tells him of her prisoners, and then sends for their wives, each of whom takes away her shamefaced husband.¹

It is possible that 'The Wright's Chaste Wife' suggested to Massinger the idea of the plot of his comedy of 'The Picture' (printed in 1630), which is as follows: Mathias, a Bohemian knight, about to go to the wars, expresses to his confidant Baptista, a great scholar, his fears lest his wife Sophia, on whom he doted fondly, should prove unfaithful during his absence. Baptista gives him a picture of his wife, saying,

"Carry it still about you, and as oft
As you desire to know how she's affected,
With curious eyes peruse it. While it keeps
The figure it has now entire and perfect,
She is not only innocent in fact
But unattempted; but if once it vary
From the true form, and what's now white and red
Incline to yellow, rest most confident
She's with all violence courted, but unconquered;
But if it turn all black, 'tis an assurance
The fort by composition or surprise
Is forced, or with her free consent surrendered."

On the return of Mathias from the wars, he is loaded

¹ With 'The Wright's Chaste Wife' may be compared the old ballad of "The Fryer well-fitted; or,

A pretty jest that once befel,
How a maid put a Fryer to cool in the well,"

which is found in 'Wit and Mirth, an Antidote to Melancholy,' 1682, and has been reprinted in the Bagford and other collections of ballads.

with rich gifts by Honoria, the wife of his master Ferdinand, king of Hungary; and when he expresses his desire to return to his fair and virtuous wife, Honoria asks him if his wife is as fair as she, upon which he shows her the picture. The queen resolves to win his love—merely to gratify her own vanity—and persuades him to remain a month at court. She then despatches two libertine courtiers to attempt the virtue of Mathias' wife. They tell her Mathias is given to the society of courtesans—moreover, not young, but old and ugly ones; so poor Sophia begins to waver. Meanwhile the queen makes advances to Mathias, which at first he repels; but afterwards, seeing a change in his wife's picture, he consents, when the queen says she will think over it and let him know her decision. Sophia, at first disposed to entertain her suitors' proposals, on reflection determines to punish their wickedness; and pretending to listen favourably to one of them, she causes him to be stripped to his shirt and locked in a room, where he is compelled to spin flax (like the suitors in 'The Wright's Chaste Wife'), or go without food. The other fares no better, and the play concludes with the exposure of the libertines to the king and queen, their attendants, and the lady's husband.

The identity of the 'Gesta' story with that of 'The Wright's Chaste Wife' is very evident, and they have a close parallel in the fourth story of Nakhshab's 'Tútí Náma.' The following is a translation of the

tale, according to Káderi's abridgment of that entertaining work:¹

In a certain city dwelt a military man who had a very beautiful wife, on whose account he was always under apprehension. The man being indigent, his wife asked him why he had quitted his profession and occupation. He answered, "I have not confidence in you, and therefore do not go anywhere in quest of employment." The wife said, "This is a perverse conceit, for no one can seduce a virtuous woman; and if a woman is vicious, no husband can guard her. It is most eligible for you to travel, and to get into some service. I will give you a fresh nosegay, and as long as it shall continue in this state, be assured that I have not committed any evil action; but if it should wither, you will then know that I have done something wrong." The soldier listened to these words, and resolved on making a journey. On his departure his wife presented him with a nosegay. When he arrived in a certain city he engaged in the service of a nobleman of the place. The soldier always took the nosegay along with him. When the winter season arrived the nobleman said to his attendants, "At this time of the year a fresh flower is not to be seen in any garden, neither is such a thing procurable by persons of rank. It is wonderful from whence this stranger, the soldier, brings a fresh nosegay every day." They said that they

¹ Although an abstract of this tale has been given in the first vol., in connection with Tests of Chastity, it is necessary to present it here more fully, for the purpose of comparison.

also were astonished at this circumstance. Then the nobleman asked the soldier, "What kind of nosegay is this?" He answered, "My wife gave me this nosegay as a token of her chastity, saying, 'As long as it continues fresh and blooming, know you of a truth that my virtue is unsullied.'" The nobleman laughingly remarked that his wife must be a conjuror or a sorcerer.

Now the nobleman had two cooks, remarkable for their cunning and adroitness. To one of these he said, "Repair to the soldier's country, where, through artifice and deceit, contrive to form an intimacy with his wife, and return quickly with a particular account of her; when it will be seen whether his nosegay will continue fresh or not." The cook, having accordingly gone to the soldier's city, sent a procuress to the wife, who, through treachery and deceit, waited on her, and delivered the message. The wife did not give any direct assent to the procuress, but said, "Send the man to me, in order that I may see whether he will be agreeable to me or not." The procuress introduced the cook to the soldier's wife, who said in his ear, "Go away for the present, and tell the procuress that you will have nothing to say to such a woman as I am; then come along to my house without apprising the procuress, for persons of her sort cannot keep a secret." The cook approved of her plan and acted accordingly. The soldier's wife had in her house a dry well, over which she placed a bedstead, very slightly laced, and covered it with a sheet. When the cook returned, she

desired him to sit down on that bed ; and he, having placed himself thereon, fell through, and began to bawl out. The woman then said, "Tell me truly who you are, and from whence you came." Thereupon the forlorn cook related all the circumstances about her husband and the nobleman ; but she kept him confined in the dry well. And when some time had passed and the cook did not return, the nobleman gave the other cook a large sum of money, with abundance of goods, and sent him to the soldier's wife in the character of a merchant. He pursued the like course with the other, and was caught in the same whirlpool. The nobleman, astonished that neither of the two cooks came back, began to suspect that some evil had befallen them, so he at length resolved to go himself.

One day, under pretence of hunting, he set out, attended by the soldier. When they arrived at the soldier's city, he went to his own house, and presented his wife with the nosegay, still fresh and blooming, and she informed him of all that had occurred. Next day the soldier conducted the nobleman to his dwelling, and prepared for him a hospitable entertainment. He took the two cooks out of the well and said to them, "Guests are come to my house ; do you both put on women's clothes, place the victuals before them, and wait upon them ; after which I will set you at liberty." The cooks accordingly put on women's apparel, and served up the victuals to the nobleman. From their sufferings in the well and their poor food, the hair had fallen from off their heads, and their complexion

was very much changed. Quoth the nobleman to the soldier, "What crimes have these girls been guilty of, that their heads have been shaved?" The soldier answered, "They have committed a great fault—ask themselves." And having examined them more attentively, the nobleman recognised them as his own cooks, while they, having, in their turn, recognised their master, began to weep grievously, fell at his feet, and testified to the woman's virtue. The wife then called out from behind a curtain, "I am she whom you, my lord, suspected to be a sorceress, and sent these men to put me to the proof, and laughed at my husband. Now you have learned my character." Hearing this, the nobleman was abashed, and asked forgiveness for his offences.

Such is the Persian form of the story; and although the 'Tútí Náma' of Nakhshabí is probably not of earlier date than the 'Gesta Romanorum,' yet it represents a very much older work, now lost. Moreover, in the 'Kathá Sarit Ságara' we have a version of the story which dates as far back as the 6th century of our era:

A merchant named Guhasena is compelled to leave his wife, Devasmitá, for a season, on important business matters. The separation is very painful to both, and the pain is aggravated by fears on the wife's part of her husband's inconstancy. To make assurance doubly sure, Siva was pleased to appear to them in a dream, and giving them two red lotuses, the god

said to them, "Take each of you one of these lotuses in your hand; and if either of you shall be unfaithful during your separation, the lotus in the hand of the other shall fade, but not otherwise." The husband set out on his journey, and, arriving in the country of Katáha, he began to buy and sell jewels there. Four young merchants, learning the purport of his lotus and the virtue of his wife, set off to put it to the proof. On reaching the city where the chaste Devasmitá resided, they bribe a female ascetic to corrupt the lady; so she goes to her house, and adopting the device of the little she-dog—see chap. xxviii. of Swan's 'Gesta Romanorum'¹—which she pretends is her own co-wife in a former birth, re-born in that degraded form, because she had been over-chaste, and warns Devasmitá that such should also be her fate if she did not take her pleasure in her husband's absence. The wise Devasmitá said to herself, "This is a novel conception of duty; no doubt this woman has laid a treacherous snare for me," and so she said to the ascetic, "Reverend lady, for this long time I have been ignorant of this duty, so procure me an interview with some agreeable man." Then the ascetic said, "There are residing here some young merchants who have come from a distant country, so I will bring them to you." The crafty old hag returns home delighted with the success of her stratagem.

¹ Taken into the 'Gesta,' probably, from the 'Disciplina Clericalis' of P. Alfonsus. The incident is also the subject of a *fabliau*, and occurs in all the Eastern versions of the Book of Sindibád.

In the meantime Devasmitá resolves to punish the four young merchants. So calling her maids, she instructs them to prepare some wine mixed with *datura* (a stupefying drug), and to have a dog's foot of iron made as soon as possible. Then she causes one of her maids to dress so as to resemble herself. The ascetic introduces one of the young libertines into the lady's house in the evening, and then returns home. The maid, disguised as her mistress, receives the young merchant with great courtesy, and, having persuaded him to drink freely of the drugged wine till he becomes senseless, the other women strip off his clothes, and, after branding him on the forehead with the dog's foot, during the night push him into a filthy ditch. On recovering consciousness he returns to his companions, and tells them, in order that they should share his fate, that he had been robbed on his way home. The three other merchants in turn visit the house of Devasmitá, and receive the same treatment. Soon afterwards the pretended devotee, ignorant of the result of her device, visits the lady, is drugged, her ears and nose are cut off, and she is flung into a foul pond. In the sequel, Devasmitá, disguised in man's apparel, proceeds to the country of the young libertines, where her husband had been residing for some time, and going before the king, petitions him to assemble all his subjects, alleging that there are among the citizens four of her slaves who had run away. Then she seizes upon the four young mer-

chants, and claims them as her slaves. The other merchants indignantly cried out that these were reputable men, and she answered that if their foreheads were examined they would be found marked with a dog's foot. On seeing the four young men thus branded the king was astonished, and Devasmitá thereupon related the whole story, and all the people burst out laughing, and the king said to the lady, "They are your slaves by the best of titles." The other merchants paid a large sum of money to the chaste wife to redeem them from slavery, and a fine to the king's treasury. And Devasmitá received the money, and recovered her husband; was honoured by all men, returned to her own city, and was never afterwards separated from her beloved.

We now come to versions in which, as in the *fabliau*, there is no magical test. In the Arabian text of the Book of Sindibád, commonly known as the 'Seven Vazírs,' the story is to this effect:

A lady, whose lover has been arrested and carried to prison, earnestly solicits his release, first, of the chief of police; next, of the kází, or magistrate; then, of the chief vazír; and, lastly, of the governor of the city; each of whom promises to grant her request on condition that she permit him to visit her at her own house. She professes willingness, and appoints a different hour for each to wait upon her the same evening. As they arrive in turn, she shuts them up unknown to each other in a large cabinet, with separ-

ate compartments, on the pretence that her husband is at the door. By-and-by her lover, having been released from prison, comes to the house, and she decamps with him, leaving the amorous officials locked up, safe enough. In the morning the owner of the house, finding the gate open, enters, and hearing the voices of the imprisoned dignitaries clamouring to be released, causes the cabinet to be carried to the sultan's palace, where it is opened in his presence; and the shame-faced officials come forth amidst the derision of the whole court.

The story is told very differently in Jonathan Scott's edition of the 'Arabian Nights,' vol. vi., where the lady is represented as virtuous. Her suitors are the judge, the collector-general of port-duties, the chief of the butchers, and a wealthy merchant. She informs her husband of her plan to punish them, and at the same time reap some profit. The judge comes first, and presents her with a rosary of pearls. She makes him undress and put on a robe of yellow muslin, and a parti-coloured cap—her husband all the while looking at them through an opening in the door of a closet. Presently there is heard a loud knock at the street-door, upon which she affects to think it is her husband, and the judge is pushed into an adjoining room. The three other suitors, as they successively arrive, bring each also a valuable present, and are treated in like manner. The husband now enters, and his wife tells him—to the consternation of the suitors—that in

returning from the bazaar that day she had met four antic fellows, whom she had a great mind to bring home with her for his amusement. He pretends to be vexed that she had not done so, since he must go from home on the morrow. The lady then says that they are, after all, in the next room, upon which her husband insists on their being brought before him, one after another. So the judge is dragged forth in his ludicrous attire and compelled to dance and caper like a buffoon, after which he is made to tell a story, and is then dismissed. The three other suitors go through the same performance in succession, each making himself ridiculous to please the lady's husband, and prevent scandal.

In the Persian tales of the 'Thousand and One Days,' by the Dervish Mukhlis of Ispahán, Arúya, the virtuous wife of a merchant, in like manner entraps, also with her husband's consent, a kází, a doctor, and the city governor; but they do not relate stories. And in the 'Bahár-i Dánush,' or Spring of Knowledge, by 'Ináyatu-'lláh of Delhi, a lady named Gohera, whose husband is in the hands of the police, makes assignations with the kutwal (police magistrate) and the kází, one of whom is entrapped in a large jar, the other in a chest, which next morning she causes porters to carry into the presence of the sultan, who punishes the suitors and sets her husband at liberty.

In Miss Stokes' charming little work, 'Indian Fairy Tales,' the wife of a merchant, during his absence on a

journey, having spun a quantity of beautiful thread, takes four hanks to market. There she is accosted successively by the kutwal, the vazír, the kází, and, lastly, by the king himself, to each of whom she grants an interview at her own house at different hours, and, as they arrive, shuts them in separate chests. In the morning she hires four stout coolies, who take the chests on their shoulders. She first goes to the kutwal's son, and asks him to give her 1000 rupís for one of the chests, which, she says, contains something he would value far beyond that sum ; he gives the required sum, opens the chest when it has been taken into the house, and finds his father crouching in it, full of shame ; in like manner from the vazír's son she receives 2000 rupís, from the kází's son 3000, and from the king's son 5000. With the money thus cleverly acquired she builds a fine well, to the admiration of her husband on his return home.

In a legend of Dinajpúr, by G. A. Damant ("Folk-Lore of Bengal"—'Indian Antiquary,' 1873), a woman plays somewhat similar tricks upon four admirers : A king having promised that he would give every one whatever he wished during the space of two hours, when the family priest had distributed all the king's possessions, he asked a present for himself, and said he should like to have a touchstone. The king was grieved at being quite unable to comply with this request ; but his son undertook to bring him a touchstone, in order that he might keep his word. After a

long and toilsome journey, the prince receives a touchstone from a pair of birds, who inform him that they had brought it from over the sea, because the shells of their eggs would not burst until they were rubbed with a touchstone. On his way homeward he falls in with a party of robbers, whose practice it was to decoy their victims into an inner room by means of the blandishments of the chief's daughter. But the girl falls in love with the prince, and they both escape from the robbers' den. When the prince arrived at his father's capital he first placed his bride in the care of a garland-maker, and then went to his father's palace, where he gave his wife the touchstone to keep in the meantime. She, however, was in love with the kutwal of the city, and gave him the touchstone. The prince became distracted on learning that it had been "stolen"; but the robber-chief's daughter found by magical arts that it had fallen into the hands of the kutwal, and formed a plan to recover it. She went on the roof of the house, where the kutwal passing by saw her, and spoke to the garland-maker about her beauty, saying that he would visit her that night. The man (having been prompted by the damsel) said that his "sister" had made a vow to receive no one unless he presented her with a touchstone. To this the kutwal consented, and an hour was appointed for his visit. Shortly after this the king's counsellor in passing saw the girl on the house-top, and the garland-maker arranged that he should come to converse with her at the second watch of the night.

Next comes the king's prime minister, and the garland-maker appoints the third watch of the night for his visit. Lastly, the king himself, happening to observe the damsel, is to come at the last watch. At the due time the kutwal comes, delivers up the touchstone, and sups with the damsel. When the king's counsellor comes, the kutwal, on being informed of it, urgently requests to be concealed somewhere. She smears him over with molasses, pours water on him, covers his whole body with cotton-wool, and fastens him in a window. On the minister's knocking at the door, the counsellor is concealed beneath a seat. The minister, when the king comes, is placed near the kutwal, behind a bamboo screen. The king, having observed the frightful figure of the kutwal, inquires what was fastened in the window. She answers that it is a rákshasa (a species of demon), whereupon the king, counsellor, and prime minister flee from the house in mortal fear of the monster, after which the kutwal is allowed to make the best of his way home, in his strange garb of molasses and cotton-wool. Next morning the damsel gives the touchstone to the prince, who recovers his wits, presents the treasure to his father, puts to death his wife and the wicked kutwal, and takes the clever damsel for his wife. The king abdicates in favour of his son, and retires to the forest as a hermit.

One of the exploits of the Indian jester, Temal Ramakistnan (the Tyl Eulenspiegel, or the Scogin, of

Madras), is akin to the various stories already cited; Temal Ramakistnan, fearing that the rájá and his priest, who were angry with him on account of his frequently ridiculing them, would one day deprive him of his head, thought his only safety lay in obtaining an oath of protection from them. For this purpose he went first to the rájá's priest, and, after speaking a while, informed him that a certain man was come from a distant country to his house, accompanied by his wife, who was as bright as the moon, but he was unable to tell him her quality, adding that he did not think such another beautiful woman could be found throughout the whole fifty-six kingdoms of India. The priest desired him to make him acquainted with this beautiful lady; but Ramakistnan said that her husband was so jealous that he seldom allowed her out of his sight, and advised the priest to disguise himself in woman's garb, and come to his house at ten o'clock that night, when he would comply with his request. Having made this arrangement with the priest, the jester then went to the rájá, gave him a similar account of the lady's charms, and agreed to introduce him to her at one o'clock that night, disguised as a woman. Ramakistnan then returned home and prepared a room for their reception. The priest and the rájá arrived each at the hour appointed, and were conducted one after the other into the room, and the door was locked on them. They soon discovered each other, and being heartily ashamed, softly requested to be let out; on which Ramakistnan demanded, as a condition, that they should first swear

to him by a solemn oath that they would pardon him one hundred offences every day. The rájá and his priest, fearing that if they refused he would publish their disgrace to the world, had no alternative but to comply, and Ramakistnan then sent them home with all possible marks of respect.

The original of all the foregoing versions in which there is no magical test is probably found in the story of the virtuous and wise Upakosa in the 'Kathá Sarit Ságara,' which has been thus translated by Dr H. H. Wilson :

Whilst I [Vararuchi] was absent, my wife, who performed with pious exactitude her ablutions in the Ganges, attracted the notice and desires of several suitors, especially of the king's domestic priest, the commander of the guard, and the young prince's preceptor, who annoyed her by their importunities, till at last she determined to expose and punish their depravity. Having fixed upon the plan, she made an appointment for the same evening with her three lovers, each being to come to her house an hour later than the other. Being desirous of propitiating the gods, she sent for our banker to obtain money to distribute in alms; and when he arrived he expressed the same passion as the rest, on her compliance with which he promised to make over to her the money that I had placed in his hands, or on her refusal he would retain it to his own use. Apprehending the loss of our property, therefore, she made a similar assignation with him, and desired

him to come to her house that evening, at an hour when she calculated on having disposed of the first comers, for whose reception, as well as his, she arranged with her attendants the necessary preparations.

At the expiration of the first watch of the night the preceptor of the prince arrived. Upakosa affected to receive him with great delight, and after some conversation desired him to take a bath, which her attendants had prepared for him.¹ The preceptor made not the slightest objection, on which he was conducted into a retired and dark chamber, where his bath was ready. On undressing, his own clothes and ornaments were removed, and in their place a small wrapper given to him, which was a piece of cloth smeared with a mixture of oil, lamp-black, and perfumes. Similar cloths were employed to rub him after bathing, so that he was of a perfect ebon colour from top to toe. The rubbing occupied the time till the second lover (the priest) arrived, on which the women exclaimed, "Here is our master's most particular friend—in, in here, or all will be discovered"; and hurrying their victim away, they thrust him into a long and stout wicker basket,² fastened well by a bolt outside, in which they left him to meditate upon his mistress.

The priest and the commander of the guard were secured, as they arrived, in a similar manner, and it

¹ It is curious that the *fabliau* alone agrees with this Hindú story in disrobing the suitors by the plea of the bath.

² This will probably remind the reader of the buck-basket in which Sir John Falstaff was thrust by Mrs Ford and her gossip Mrs Page.

only remained to dispose of the banker. When he made his appearance, Upakosa, leading him near the baskets, said aloud, "You promise to deliver me my husband's property?" And he replied, "The wealth your husband entrusted to me shall be yours." On which she turned towards the baskets and said, "Let the gods hear the promise of Hiranyugupta!" The bath was then proposed to the banker. Before the ceremony was completed the day began to dawn, on which the servants desired him to make the best of his way home, lest the neighbours should notice his departure; and with this recommendation they forced him, naked as he was, into the street. Having no alternative, the banker hastened to conceal himself in his own house, being chased all the way by the dogs of the town.¹

So soon as it was day, Upakosa repaired to the palace of Nanda, and presented a petition to the king against the banker, for seeking to appropriate the property entrusted to him by her husband. The banker was summoned. He denied ever having received any money from me. Upakosa then said, "When my husband went away he placed our household gods in three baskets; they have heard this man acknowledge

¹ The *fabliau* has also this incident, the only difference being that *all* the lady's suitors are turned naked, or rather, well-feathered, into the street, are hunted by the townfolk and the dogs, and reach their homes "well beaten and bitten."—So, too, in the Dinajpúrí story (p. 305), the kutwal is sent away, covered from head to feet with molasses and cotton-wool, and such a figure must have maddened all the dogs of the quarter, though nothing is said about them.

his holding a deposit of my husband's, and let them bear witness for me." The king, with some feeling of surprise and incredulity, ordered the baskets to be sent for, and they were accordingly produced in the open court. Upakosa then addressed them, "Speak, gods, and declare what you overheard this banker say in our dwelling. If you are silent I will unhouse you in this presence." Afraid of this menaced exposure, the tenants of the baskets immediately exclaimed, "Verily in our presence the banker acknowledged possession of your wealth." On hearing these words the whole court was filled with surprise, and the banker, terrified out of his senses, acknowledged the debt and promised restitution.

This business being adjusted, the king expressed his curiosity to see the household divinities of Upakosa, and she very readily complied with his wish. The baskets being opened, the culprits were dragged forth by the attendants, like so many lumps of darkness. Being presently recognised, they were overwhelmed with the laughter and derision of all the assembly. As soon as the merriment had subsided, Nanda begged Upakosa to explain what it all meant, and she acquainted him with what had occurred. Nanda was highly incensed, and, as the punishment of their offence, banished the criminals from the kingdom. He was equally pleased with the virtue and ingenuity of my wife, and loaded her with wealth and honour. Her family were likewise highly gratified by her conduct, and she obtained the admiration and esteem of the whole city.

Part of the Norse story of the "Mastermaid" (Dasent) presents some analogy to the several tales of the Lady and her Suitors :

The heroine takes shelter in the hut of an old cross-grained hag, who presently meets with her death by an accident. Next morning a constable, passing the hut and seeing a beautiful maiden there, instantly falls over head in love with her, and asks her to become his wife. She requires him to state how much money he possesses, and he at once goes away and returns with a half-bushel sack full of gold and silver. So she consents to marry him ; but they have scarcely retired to their nuptial couch when she says that she must get up again, as she has forgotten to make up the fire. The loving constable, however, would not hear of her getting out of bed, so he jumped up and stood on the hearth. Says the lady, "When you have got hold of the shovel, let me know." "Well," says he, "I'm holding it now." Then the damsel said, "God grant that you may hold the shovel, and the shovel hold you ; and may you heap hot burning coals over yourself till morning breaks." So there stood the constable all that night, heaping hot coals upon himself till dawn, when he was released from the spell and sped home, dancing with pain, to the amusement of all who saw him on the way. Next day the attorney passed by the hut, and fell in love with the damsel. In answer to the question, had he much money, he went off and brought a whole bushel-sack full of gold and silver. Just as they had

got into bed, she said she must rise and fasten the door of the porch. The attorney would not allow her, but gets up himself; and when she learns from him that he has grasped the handle of the porch-door, she expresses the wish that the handle might hold him, and he the handle, till morning. Such a dance the attorney had in struggling to free himself from the door-handle till dawn, when he, too, runs home, leaving his money behind him. On the third day the sheriff passes, and falls in love with the damsel; he goes and brings a bushel and a half of money. When they have got into bed, she says that she has forgot to bring home the calf from the meadow; so the sheriff gets up, and she utters a spell, by which he holds the calf's tail, and the calf's tail holds him, until daybreak, when the breathless sheriff is released, and returns home in a sorry plight.¹

Closely allied to the tales in which a lady entraps objectionable suitors are those which represent the lady as appointing them disagreeable tasks in order to be rid of them:

The first novel of the Ninth Day in Boccaccio's 'Decameron' tells of a widow lady who had two lovers, one called Rinuccio, the other Alexander, neither of

¹ In an Icelandic variant, entitled "Story of Geirlaug and Groedari," two pages and a prince, who come as suitors to two daughters of a farmer and the heroine, are tricked by means of the calf's tail only.—Powell & Magnusson (Second Series).

whom was acceptable to her. It happened that while she was pestered by their solicitations, a man named Scannadio, of reprobate life and hideous aspect, died and was buried. His death suggested to the lady a mode of getting rid of her lovers, by asking them to perform a service which she felt sure they would not undertake. She informed Alexander that the body of Scannadio was to be brought to her dwelling by one of her kinsmen, for a purpose which she would afterwards explain, and feeling a horror at such an inmate, she would grant him her love if, attired in the dead garments of Scannadio, he would occupy his place in the coffin, and allow himself to be conveyed to her house instead of the corpse. She then sent a request to Rinuccio that he would bring the body of Scannadio at midnight to her house. Contrary to her expectations, both lovers agree to comply with her desires. During the night she watches the event, and soon perceives Rinuccio coming along bearing Alexander, who was equipped in the shroud of Scannadio. On the approach of some watchmen with a light, Rinuccio throws down his burden and runs off, while Alexander returns home in the dead man's shroud. Next day he demands the love of his mistress, which she refuses, pretending to believe that no attempt had been made to execute her commands.—*Dunlop.*

The old English metrical tale of 'The Lady Prior-ess and her Three Wooers,' ascribed to John Lydgate,

a monk of Bury (*circa* 1430),¹ bears a strong resemblance to the great Florentine's novel :

The suitors are a knight, a parish priest, and a merchant. As the condition of her love, the lady prioress imposes on the young cavalier the task of lying all night in a chapel as a dead body, wrapped in a sheet. She next sends for the churchman, and, telling him a feigned story, induces him to go to the chapel and secretly bury the body. Then beguiling the merchant with another fictitious tale about the body, she persuades him to array himself as the devil and prevent the burial. The priest on seeing, as he imagines, the arch-fiend, throws down his book and leaps through the chapel window ; the knight rises and takes to his heels ; the merchant, equally affrighted, seeing the dead come back to life, flies from the chapel in a different direction from the others ; and the fugitives spend a terrible night in hiding from each other. Next day the priest comes to tell the lady prioress how, just as he was about to bury the body, the devil appeared, and the dead man came to life again. "I never," quoth the lady, "had a lover that died a good death." "Then," says Mass John, "that will serve for ale and meat ; thou wilt never be wooed by me." The cavalier is dismissed because he did not remain all night in the chapel, according to the condition she had imposed. When the merchant comes to tell her of his misadventures,

¹ Ritson, in his 'Biographia Literaria,' unjustly calls honest Lydgate "a voluminous, prosaic, drivelling monk."

she threatens to disclose his wicked designs to his wife and to all the country; and he purchases her silence by giving twenty marks a year to the convent. Thus the good lady prioress punished her three profligate suitors, and freed herself from their importunities.¹

Lastly, under the title of "The Wicked Lady of Antwerp," in Thorpe's 'Northern Mythology,' we find a very singular variant of the two preceding stories, in which the catastrophe is tragical:

A rich lady in Antwerp led a very licentious life, and had four lovers, all of whom visited her in the evenings, but at different hours, so that no one knew anything of the others. The Long Wapper² one night assumed the form of the lady. At ten o'clock came the first lover, and the Wapper said to him, "What dost thou desire?" "I desire you for a wife," said the gallant. "Thou shalt have me," replied the Wapper, "if thou wilt go at once to the Churchyard of Our Lady, and there sit for two hours on the transverse of the great cross." "Good," said he, "that shall be done"; and he went and did accordingly. At half-past ten came the second lover. "What dost thou want?" asked the Wapper. "I wish to marry you," answered the suitor. "Thou shalt have me,"

¹ If this most diverting tale was imitated from Boccaccio's novel (which I doubt), the author deserves credit for his invention, since it is a great improvement on his model.

² A Flemish sprite, whose knavish exploits resemble those of our Robin Goodfellow, or of Friar Rush.

replied the Wapper, "if thou wilt go previously to the Churchyard of Our Lady, there take a coffin, drag it to the foot of the great cross, and lay thyself in it till midnight." "Good," said the lover, "that shall be done at once"; and he went and did so. About eleven o'clock came the third. Him the Long Wapper commissioned to go to the coffin at the foot of the cross in Our Lady's Churchyard, knock thrice on the lid, and wait there till midnight. At half-past eleven came the fourth gallant, and Wapper asked him to take an iron chain from the kitchen and drag it after him, while he ran three times round the cross in the Churchyard of Our Lady. The first had set himself on the cross, but had fallen dead with fright on seeing the second place the coffin at his feet. The second died with fright when the third struck thrice on the coffin. The third fell down dead when the fourth came along rattling his chain. The fourth knew not what to think, when he found the three others lying stiff and cold around the cross. With all speed he ran from the churchyard to the lady, to tell her what had happened, and to hold her to her word. But she, of course, knew nothing of the matter. When, however, on the following day she was informed of the miserable death of her three lovers, she put an end to her own life.

HOW A KING'S LIFE WAS SAVED BY A MAXIM.

IN the 'Gesta Romanorum' we read of a king who bought of a merchant three maxims, the first of which was, "Whatever you do, do wisely, and think of the consequences"; and it saved his life on one occasion, when his barber had been hired by the prime minister to cut the king's throat while engaged in shaving him, but observing these words engraved on the bottom of the basin he was about to use, the razor dropped from his hand, and he fell on his knees and confessed his guilty design.—This story was probably taken into the 'Gesta' from No. 81 of the 'Liber de Donis' of Etienne de Bourbon, where a prince buys for a large sum of money the advice, "In omnibus factis tuis considera antequam facias, ad quem finem inde venire valeas," which he causes to be written on all the royal linen, etc.; and it was the means of saving his life, as above related.

An Arabian version is given in Beloe's 'Oriental

Apologues': A king obtains from a dervish, seated by the wayside, the maxim, "Let him who begins a thing consider its end." This he had engraved on all the dishes of the royal household, and painted on the walls of the palace. One day he sends for his surgeon to bleed him. The prime vazír gives the surgeon a handsome lancet to use in place of his own, but on reading the maxim engraved on the basin, he substitutes his old lancet. After the operation the king inquires why he had changed lancets, to which the surgeon replies so as to awaken the king's suspicions, and he commands the grand vazír to approach and submit to be bled with the lancet he had given the surgeon, which being poisoned, the vazír dies on the first puncture.

In the Turkish romance of the 'Forty Vazírs,' where the same story also occurs, instead of the chief vazír plotting against the king's life, it is another king, his mortal enemy, who disguises himself, goes to the king's barber, presents him with much gold, and gives him a poisoned lancet to be used when he is next called to bleed the king. The conclusion is the same as that of the version in the 'Gesta Romanorum.'—The story is also found in several collections of Italian tales, and in the 'Sicilianische Märchen' of Laura Gonzenbach.

In a Kashmírí variant, a holy man sells to a king, for a hundred rupís, certain words, which he is to repeat three times every night. One of the ministers

resolved to bring about the king's death, and to this end had caused an underground passage to be made between his house and the king's palace. It happened one night that the minister had gone into the passage to remove the foot of earth that yet remained, when he heard the king mutter the holy man's charm, and saying to himself, "I am discovered," he hastened back.¹

It has not hitherto been pointed out—to English readers, at least—that this story is of Buddhist extraction. The incident of the king and his barber occurs in 'Buddhaghosha's Parables,' under the title of the "Story of Kulla Panthaka":

This youth, on quitting his teacher to return home, received from him a charm, consisting of these words: *Ghatesi ghatesi kim kārana? tava karman aham gānāmi*, "Why are you busy? why are you busy? I know what you are about!" His teacher advised him to repeat these words frequently, so that he should not forget them. "It will," he added, "always provide you with a living, wherever you may be—you have only to mutter the charm." The young man duly arrived at the house of his parents in Benáres. It happened that the king went out one night in disguise,² "to discover whether the actions of his subjects

¹ Knowles' 'Dictionary of Kashmiri Proverbs and Sayings.'

² Like the renowned Khalif Harún-er-Rashid and King James the Fifth of Scotland, both of whom, according to tradition, were wont to go about disguised among their subjects.

were good or evil." As he was passing the house where the youth resided, he overheard him repeat the words of the charm; and it so chanced that a party of thieves, who had burrowed under the walls of a neighbouring house,¹ and were about to enter it, also heard the words, and saying one to another, "We are discovered," they made off in all haste. The king saw them as they fled away, and knowing that it was in consequence of the charm, noted the place very carefully and returned to his palace. Next morning he despatched a messenger to bring the youth into his presence; and when he stood before him, the king desired him to impart to him the charm he had repeated on the previous evening. The youth willingly did so, and the king rewarded him with a thousand pieces of gold.

"At this time," the narrative proceeds, "the prime minister, having formed the design of taking the king's life, went to the king's barber and said to him, 'When you shave the king's beard, take a very sharp razor and cut his throat. When I am king I will give you the post of prime minister.' He made the barber a present worth a thousand [pieces of gold], and the man agreed to do it. Accordingly, after he had soaked the king's beard with perfumed water, and was just going to cut his throat; at that moment the king, thinking of the charm, began to recite it. The barber no sooner heard this than he said, 'The king has discovered my intention!' Then he dropped the razor

¹ See *ante*, p. 145, note 2.

and fell trembling at the king's feet. The king exclaimed, 'O you, barber! do you not know that I am the king?' 'Your majesty,' said the barber, 'it was no plot of mine: the prime-minister gave me a present worth a thousand [pieces of gold] to cut your majesty's throat while I was shaving you. It was he indeed who induced me to attempt it.' The king said to himself, 'It is owing to this young man who taught me the charm that my life has been saved.' Then he sent for the prime minister, and banished him from the country, saying, 'Since you have plotted against my life, you can no longer live within my territory.' After this, he called the young man who had given him the charm, and making him a very handsome present as an acknowledgment for his services, conferred on him the post of prime minister."

Here we have another example of the influence of Buddhism on the literature of Europe during the Middle Ages. The story had evidently assumed the form in which it is found in the Arabic long before it was brought to Europe, with many others that occur in the monkish collections of *exempla*.

IRRATIONAL EXCESS OF SORROW.

THE celebrated Dr Isaac Barrow, in a sermon on Contentment, has the following anecdote: "When once a king did excessively and obstinately grieve for the death of his wife, whom he tenderly loved, a philosopher, observing it, told him that he was ready to comfort him by restoring her to life, supposing only that he would supply what was needful towards the performing it. The king said he was ready to furnish him with anything. The philosopher answered that he was provided with all things necessary except one thing. What that was, the king demanded. He replied that if he would, on his wife's tomb, inscribe the names of three persons who never mourned, she presently would revive. The king, after inquiry, told the philosopher that he could not find one such man. 'Why then,' said the philosopher, smiling, 'O absurdest of all men, art thou not ashamed to moan as if thou hadst alone fallen into so grievous a case, whereas thou canst not find one person that ever was free from such domestic affliction?'"

The editor of Barrow's Sermons conjectures that this was derived from the Epitome of Julianus. However this may be, it occurs in Lucian's 'Demonax': Herod was grieving for the death of his son Pollux, and the philosopher Demonax offered to raise up his shade, provided Herod produced three men who had never grieved for anything.

To the same purpose is the tale related in the collection of Ser Giovanni: A son, on his deathbed, writes to his mother to send him a shirt made by the most happy woman in the city where she resided. The mother finds that the person whom she selects is utterly wretched, and is thus consoled for her own loss, as her son intended. Dunlop remarks that Giovanni's tale has given rise to 'The Fruitless Enquiry, or Search after Happiness,' by Mrs Heywood, one of the earliest of our English novelists. And an analogous story is related of Iskandar, or Alexander the Great, by the Arabian historian Abu-'l-Faraj: Alexander's last words to his mother had been to request that a banquet should be set out on the occasion of his death, and that proclamation should be made, at the beginning of the feast, that none should partake of it but those whose lives had been uniformly prosperous. When this was announced, every hand was drawn back, all sat silent, and the unhappy mother saw, in this tacit and affecting confession of the troubled lot of humanity, a melancholy consolation for her own individual loss.

A much more beautiful version—if it be not indeed the original form—occurs in ‘Buddhaghosha’s Parables’ (Mr Edwin Arnold has reproduced it in his grand poem, ‘The Light of Asia,’ being an account of the life and teachings of Gautama, the illustrious founder of Buddhism) :

A wealthy man of the Savatthi country married a young girl, whose name was Kiságotamí. In course of time she gave birth to a son. When the boy was able to walk by himself he died. The young girl, in her love for it, carried the dead child clasped to her bosom, and went about from house to house asking if any one would give her some medicine for it. When the neighbours saw this, they said, “Is the girl mad, that she carries about on her breast the dead body of her son?” But a wise man, thinking to himself, “Alas, this Kiságotamí does not understand the law of death; I must comfort her,” said to her, “My good girl, I cannot myself give medicine for it, but I know of a doctor who can attend to it.” “If so, tell me where he is.” The wise man continued, “Pará Taken¹ can give medicine; you must go to him.” Kiságotamí went to Pará Taken, and doing homage to him, said, “Lord and Master, do you know any medicine that will be good for my boy?” Pará Taken replied, “I know of some.” She asked, “What medicine do you require?” He said, “I want a handful of mustard-seed.” The girl promised to procure it for him, but Pará Taken continued, “I require some mustard-seed

¹ Pará Taken : Lord, or Master, *i. e.*, Gautama (Buddha) himself.

taken from a house where no son, husband, parent, or slave has died." The girl said, "Very good," and went to ask for some at the different houses, carrying the dead body of her child upon her hip.¹ The people said, "Here is some mustard-seed, take it." Then she asked, "In my friend's house has there died a son, a husband, a parent, or a slave?" They replied, "Lady, what is this you say? The living are few, but the dead are many." Then she went to other houses; but one said, "I have lost a son;" another, "I have lost my parents;" another, "I have lost my slave." At last, not being able to find a single house where no one had died, from which to procure the mustard-seed, she began to think, "This is a heavy task that I am engaged in. I am not the only one whose son is dead. In the whole of the Savatthi country everywhere children are dying, parents are dying." Thinking thus, she acquired the law of fear, and putting away her affection for her child, she summoned up resolution and left the dead body in the forest. Then she went to Pará Taken and paid homage to him. He said to her, "Have you procured the handful of mustard-seed?" "I have not," she replied. "The people of the village told me, 'The living are few, but the dead are many.'" Pará Taken said to her, "You thought that you alone had lost a son;—the law of death is, that among all living creatures there is no permanence."

¹ Still a common mode of carrying young children in India.

Buddhist teaching had begun to spread westward before the time of Lucian. It is possible that the story of his friend Demonax and the sorrowing Herod had foundation in fact; on the other hand, Lucian was not the man to be scrupulous about appropriating to his own purposes any tales or legends he chanced to hear, and he may have heard some modified form of the Buddhist story of Kiságotamí.

THE INTENDED DIVORCE.

IN one of Mr Ralston's 'Russian Folk Tales,' Semiletka is chosen for his wife by a civil governor (Voyvode), with the stipulation that if she ever meddled with the affairs of the law-court, she should be sent back to her father, but allowed to take with her whatever thing belonging to her which she most prized. One day she tells him that he had decided a certain case unfairly. The governor, enraged at her interference, demands a divorce. "After dinner, Semiletka was obliged to go back to her father's house. But during dinner she made the Voyvode drink till he was intoxicated. He drank his fill, and went to sleep. While he was sleeping, she had him placed in a carriage, and then she drove away with him to her father's. When they arrived there, the Voyvode awoke, and said, 'Who brought me here?' 'I brought you,' said Semiletka. 'There was an agreement between us that I might take away whatever I prized most, and so I have taken you.' The Voyvode marvelled at her wisdom, and made peace with her. He and she returned home, and went on living prosperously."

This beautiful little story has perhaps been derived (indirectly, of course) from a similar one in the Talmud, which is somewhat as follows :

A certain man brought his wife before Rabbi Simon the son of Jochoe, stating his desire to be divorced from her, since he had been married over ten years without being blessed with children.¹ The rabbi at first endeavoured to dissuade the man from his purpose, but finding him resolute, he gravely addressed the pair thus: "My children, when you were married, did ye not make a feast and entertain your friends? Well, since you are determined to be divorced, do likewise; go home, make a feast, entertain your friends, and on the following day come to me and I will comply with your wishes." They returned home, and, in accordance with the reverend father's advice, the husband caused a splendid feast to be prepared, to which were invited their friends and relations. In the course of the entertainment, the husband, being gladdened with wine, said to his wife, "My beloved, we have lived many happy years together, it is only the want of children that makes me wish for a separation. To convince thee, however, that I still love thee, I

¹ According to Jewish law, the want of children is sufficient to justify the dissolution of the marriage tie, though the Rabbins, it is said, are not generally in favour of divorces, unless on very grave grounds. Throughout the East the want of offspring is considered as a great disgrace. Readers of the 'Arabian Nights' must be familiar with the numerous instances which occur in that most fascinating work of khalifs, sultans, vazirs, etc. being childless, and of the pious and often magical means they adopted to obtain the blessing of a son and heir. An Asiatic considers his sons as the light of his house.

give thee leave to take with thee out of my house whatever thou likest best." "Be it so," said his wife. The wine-cup was freely plied among the guests, and all became merry, until at length many had fallen asleep, and amongst these was the master of the feast, which his wife perceiving, she caused him to be carried to her father's house and put to bed. Having slept off the effects of his carouse, he awoke, and, finding himself in a strange house, he exclaimed, "Where am I? How came I here?" His wife, who had placed herself behind a curtain to await the issue of her little stratagem, came up to him, and told him that he had no cause for alarm, since he was in her father's house. "In thy father's house!" echoed the astonished husband. "How should I come hither?" "I will soon explain, my dear husband," said she. "Didst thou not tell me last night that I might take out of thy house whatever I most valued? Now, my beloved, believe me, amongst all thy treasures there is none I value so much as I do thyself." The sequel may be easily imagined: overcome by such devotion, the man affectionately embraced his wife, was reconciled to her, and they lived happily together ever afterwards.¹

¹ A variant of this is found in Crane's 'Italian Popular Tales: 'The Clever Girl,' p. 311. In the same story is another incident which also occurs in the Talmud: A youth, who is the guest of a householder, is given at supper a capon to carve; to the master he gave the head, because (as he afterwards explained) he was head of the house; to the mistress, the inward part, as typical of her fruitfulness; to the two daughters, who were marriageable, each a wing, to indicate that they should soon fly abroad; to the two sons, who were the pillars of the house, the legs, which are the supporters of the animal; and to

It is curious to find a historical anecdote which presents a close resemblance to these stories of devoted wives: In the year 1141, during the civil war in Germany between the Ghibellines and the Guelphs, it happened that the Emperor Conrad besieged the Guelph count of Bavaria in the castle of Weinsberg. After a long and obstinate defence, the garrison was obliged at length to surrender, when the emperor, annoyed that they had held out so long and defied him, vowed that he would destroy the place with fire, and put all to the sword except the women, whom he gallantly promised to let go free, and pass out unmolested. The Guelph countess, when she heard of this, begged as a farther favour that the women might be allowed to bear forth as much of their valuables as they could severally manage to carry. The emperor having pledged his word and honour that he would grant this request, on the morrow at daybreak, as the castle gates were opened, he saw, to his amazement, the women file out one by one, every married woman carrying her husband with their young ones upon her back, and the others each the friend or relation nearest and dearest to her.¹ At sight of this the emperor was tenderly moved, and could not help according to the action the homage

himself, he took that part of the capon which most resembles a boat, in which he had come thither, and in which he intended to return. This is also the subject of a story in Boccaccio's 'Decameron.'

¹ The women of Weinsberg must have been stronger than London draymen, when each could carry "her husband with their young ones upon her back"!

of his admiration. The result was, that not only were life and liberty extended to the Guelphs, but the place itself was spared and restored in perpetuity to its heroic defenders. The count and his countess were henceforth treated by the emperor with honour and affection, and the town itself was long after popularly known by the name of "Weibertreue," *i.e.*, the Abode of Womanly Fidelity.—Heywood, in the Third Book of his 'History of Women,' reproduces this anecdote; he says that the emperor "not only suffered them [*i.e.*, the women] to depart with their first burdens, but granted every one a second, to make choice of what best pleased them amongst all the treasure and wealth of the city," but he does not state that the place was spared.

THE THREE KNIGHTS AND THE LADY:
THE THREE HUNCHBACKS, ETC.

IN the old English prose version of the 'Seven Wise Masters' we have a kind of tragi-comical story—related by the sixth sage—such as our mediæval ancestors seem to have keenly relished:

An old knight had a young and beautiful wife, who sang so melodiously that many persons were attracted to her house, several of whom came as lovers. Among the latter were three young and gallant knights, great favourites of the emperor. She promised each of them an interview, unknown to one another, for which she was to receive twenty florins. Having received the money, she causes her husband to murder them, one by one, as they come into the house; and then sends for her brother, who was a city sentinel, and, telling him that her husband had killed a man in a quarrel, prevails upon him to take the body of one of the murdered knights and throw it into the sea. When the brother returns, she proceeds to the cellar (where the bodies had been temporarily concealed), on the pretence of drawing some wine, and suddenly cries

out for help. The sentinel hastens to the cellar, when she tells him that the body has come back again, at which he is naturally much astonished; but stuffing the second body into his sack, and tying a stone round the neck, he plunges it into the sea. The same trick is played upon him with the third body, which he takes away, believing it to be the one that he had first thrown into the sea, and burns it in a great fire which he had kindled in the middle of a wood, to make sure that it should not again return. Presently a knight on horseback, who was going to a tournament, approached the fire to warm himself, and the sentinel, supposing him to be the dead man, throws him and his horse into the midst of the fire, and remains until they are reduced to ashes. He then goes back to his sister and obtains the promised reward. Some time after this the woman, in a fit of rage, accuses her husband of the triple murder, and both are put to death.¹

Precisely the same story is found in the 'Gesta Romanorum,' into which it was taken immediately from the 'Seven Wise Masters,' according to Douce, the eminent literary antiquary; but in this conjecture he was mistaken, as also in believing the 'Gesta' to have been first composed in Germany, and another version made from it in England some time afterwards. Oesterley has shown, on the contrary, that the 'Gesta'

¹ See Note at the end of this paper: "Women betraying their Husbands."

was originally written in England, towards the end of the thirteenth century, and that what is now distinguished as the Continental 'Gesta' was composed after it. As the 'Historia Septem Sapientum Romæ,' from which was derived our prose version of the 'Seven Wise Masters,' was not written till near the end of the fifteenth century, it follows that the story in question was taken from that work into the 'Gesta.' It does not occur in any earlier version of the Wise Masters, such as the French 'Roman des Sept Sages,' thirteenth century; the 'Liber de Septem Sapientibus' (in the 'Scala Cœli' of Johannes Junior, a Dominican monk who lived in the middle of the fourteenth century), and our Early English metrical texts of the 'Seven Sages.' In the 'Historia' two stories which are separate in these earlier texts are fused together in order to make room for this tale of the Three Knights and the Lady.

The *fabliau* of 'Estourmi,' by Hugues Piaucelle, of which Le Grand gives only an *extrait*, is probably the source of the 'Gesta' story. The outline of it is as follows :

Three canons enamoured of Yfame, wife of Jean, offer her each a considerable sum of money for her love-favours. She feigns to consent, and assigns to each of them a different hour. As they successively arrive, Jean, her husband, whom she has forewarned, kills them, and takes the money they had brought, but he is presently much perplexed about the disposal of the bodies. He goes to his brother-in-law, Estourmi,

a sort of bandit and frequenter of low taverns, confesses to him that he has killed a priest, and asks him if he has enough courage to take away the body and bury it somewhere. Estourmi, with many horrid oaths, answers that he wishes he was the last of the priests, in order to have the pleasure of freeing the world from them; and he goes to inter this one in a field. But when he returns, and Jean shows him the second body, he appears to be astonished at seeing the dead man come back, and swears dreadfully; nevertheless he carries it away and buries it in another place. The same thing happens in the case of the third. As Estourmi is returning, he meets a good priest on the way to church, to sing matins, and, with the idea that it is always the same man, kills him on the spot.¹

There are no fewer than five of the *fabliaux* in Le Grand and Barbasan that recount droll adventures with dead bodies, of which the most amusing is that of the Three Hunchbacks ('Les Trois Bossus'), by Durant, which Dunlop has thus rendered:

Gentlemen (says the author), if you choose to listen, I will recount to you an adventure which once happened in a castle that stood on the bank of a river, near a bridge, and at a short distance from a town, of which I forget the name, but which we may suppose to be Douai. The master of this castle was humpbacked. Nature had exhausted her ingenuity

¹ Le Grand's 'Fabliaux,' ed. 1781, tome iv. pp. 250, 251; Barbasan (Méon's ed. 1808), t. iii. p. 245 ff.

in the formation of his whimsical figure. In place of understanding, she had given him an immense head, which, nevertheless, was lost between his two shoulders; he had thick hair, a short neck, and a horrible visage. Spite of his deformity, this bugbear bethought himself of falling in love with a beautiful young woman, the daughter of a poor but respectable burghess of Douai. He sought her in marriage, and, as he was the richest person in the district, the poor girl was delivered up to him. After the nuptials, he was as much to pity as she, for, being devoured by jealousy, he had no tranquillity night or day, but went prying and rambling everywhere, and suffered no stranger to enter his castle.

One day during the Christmas festival, while standing sentinel at his gate, he was accosted by three hump-backed minstrels. They saluted him as a brother, as such asked him for refreshments, and at the same time to establish the fraternity, they ostentatiously displayed their humps. Contrary to expectation, he conducted them to his kitchen, gave them a capon with some peas, and to each a piece of money over and above. Before their departure, however, he warned them never to return, on pain of being thrown into the river. At this threat of the chatelain the minstrels laughed heartily, and took the road to the town, singing in full chorus, and dancing in a grotesque manner in derision. He, on his part, without paying any farther attention to them, went to walk in the fields.

The lady, who saw her husband cross the bridge, and had heard the minstrels, called them back to amuse her. They had not been long returned to the castle when her husband knocked at the gate, by which she and the minstrels were equally alarmed. Fortunately the lady perceived, on a bedstead in a neighbouring room, three empty coffers. Into each of these she stuffed, a minstrel, shut the covers and then opened the gate to her husband. He had only come back to spy the conduct of his wife, as usual, and after a short stay went out anew, at which you may believe his wife was not dissatisfied. She instantly ran to the coffers to release the minstrels, for night was approaching, and her husband would not probably be long absent. But what was her dismay when she found them all three suffocated! Lamentation, however, was useless. The main object now was to get rid of the dead bodies, and she had not a moment to lose. She ran then to the gate, and seeing a peasant go by, offered him a reward of 30 livres, and leading him into the castle, she took him to one of the coffers, and showing him its contents, told him he must throw the dead body into the river. He asked for a sack, put the carcase into it, pitched it over the bridge into the stream, and then returned quite out of breath to claim the promised reward. "I certainly intended to satisfy you," said the lady, "but you ought first to fulfil the conditions of your bargain; you have agreed to rid me of the dead body, have you not? There, however, it is still"; saying this, she showed him the other coffer, in

which the second hunchback had expired. At this sight the clown was perfectly confounded, saying, "How the devil! come back! a sorcerer!" He then stuffed the body into the sack, and threw it, like the other, over the bridge, taking care to put the head down, and to observe that it sank.

Meanwhile the lady had again changed the position of the coffers, so that the third was now in the place which had been successively occupied by the two others. When the peasant returned she showed him the remaining body. "You are right, friend," said she, "he must be a magician, for there he is again." The rustic gnashed his teeth with rage: "What the devil! am I to do nothing but carry about this accursed hunchback?" He then lifted him up, with dreadful imprecations, and having tied a stone round the neck, threw him into the middle of the current, threatening, if he came out a third time, to despatch him with a cudgel. The first object that presented itself to the clown on his way back for the reward was the hunchbacked master of the castle returning from his evening walk, and making towards the gate. At this sight the peasant could no longer restrain his fury: "Dog of a hunchback, are you there again?" So saying, he sprang on the chatelain, stuffed him into a sack, and threw him headlong into the river after the minstrels. "I'll venture a wager you have not seen him this last time," said the peasant, entering the room where the lady was seated. She answered that she had not. "Yet you were not far from it," replied he. "The

sorcerer was already at the gate, but I have taken care of him—be at your ease, he will not come back now.” The lady instantly comprehended what had occurred, and recompensed the peasant with much satisfaction.¹

The second tale of the seventh sage in the ‘Mishlé Sandabar’—the Hebrew version of the Book of Sindibád—written about the middle of the thirteenth century, seems to have been derived from the same source as Durant’s *fabliau*:

There was a young and beautiful woman married to an old man, who [was so jealous of her that he] would not allow her to walk in the street, and she submitted to this only with impatience. One day she said to her maid, “Go outside; perhaps thou wilt meet some one who will be able to amuse us.” The maid went out and met a hunchback, who had a tambourine and a flute in his hand, and was dancing and beating the tambourine, so that the people might give him some reward. The maid brought this man to her mistress, who gave him to eat and to drink, which caused him great pleasure. He then rose and danced and leaped about, at which the young woman was much pleased, and having dressed him in fine clothes, and given him a present, she sent him away. The friends and comrades of the hunchback saw him, and asked him where he had met with such good luck, and he told them of the beautiful wife of the old man.

¹ Le Grand’s ‘*Fabliaux*’ (ed. 1781), tome iv. p. 241; Barbasan (Méon’s ed. 1808): “*Du Trois Boçus*,” tome iii. p. 245.

They then said to him, "If thou dost not take us with thee, we will make the whole affair public." Now the young woman sent [her maid] again to the hunchback, that he might come to her. He said to her, "My companions also wish to come and amuse thee;" and she replied, "Let them come." The lady offered them all sorts of things; so they set to eating and drinking, and got drunk, and fell from their seats. Presently the master of the house came back, and the lady immediately rose with her maid and carried the men into another part of the house. There they quarrelled and fought, and strangled each other, and died. Meantime the husband, having taken some food, went out again, and then the lady ordered her maid to bring the hunchbacks out, but they were all dead. Then said she, "Go out quickly, and find some simple-minded porter," and she put the dead bodies into sacks. The maid-servant chanced to meet a black man, and brought him to her mistress, who said to him: "Take this first sack and throw it into the river; then come back to me and I will take care to give thee all thou mayest require." The black did so, then he returned and took the second sack; and in that way he took them all, one after the other, and threw them into the river.

Wright, in his introduction to an early English metrical version of the 'Seven Sages,' printed for the Percy Society, gives a somewhat confused abstract of the Hebrew story: he says that the lady, hearing her

husband at the door, "hurriedly concealed the hunchbacks in a place full of holes and traps, into which they fell and were strangled," as if it had been her purpose thus to get rid of them; yet no sooner is her husband gone than "she opens the door to release them, and is horrified to find them all dead." It does not appear from the Hebrew text that the number of the minstrels was only three, or indeed that all were hunchbacks; but it is very probable that the version as we now possess it is imperfect, and that it originally concluded in the same manner as the *fabliau* of 'Estourmi.' It is not to be imagined, surely, that the lady could have the hardihood to exhibit, even to a black, all the bodies at once and ask him to dispose of them.

The 'Mishlé Sandabar' is the only Eastern text of the Book of Sindibád that has the story of the Hunchbacks, a circumstance which may have led Wright to make the very erroneous statement that from it was derived the 'Historia Septem Sapientum Romæ,' which "served as the groundwork of all other mediæval versions." This is not the case: with the exception of the story of the Three Knights and the Lady, which was almost certainly derived from the 'Gesta,' the 'Historia' possesses no more in common with the Hebrew than with any other Eastern version.

That Durant's *fabliau* of 'Les Trois Bossus' and its Hebrew analogue are both of Indian extraction seems probable from a circumstance which has, I believe,

hitherto escaped notice. In the appendix to Scott's translation of the 'Bahár-i-Dánush,' vol. iii. p. 293, there is the following outline of one of the tales which he omitted from the text for reasons of his own: A princess, having fallen in love with a young man, had him brought into her palace disguised as a female. While she was enjoying his society the king came to pay her a visit, and she had barely time to put her gallant into a narrow dark closet to prevent his discovery. The king stayed long, and on his departure the princess found her lover dead from suffocation. In order to have the body conveyed away, she applies to an ugly negro, her domestic, who refuses, and threatens to disclose her abandoned conduct unless she will receive his addresses, and she is forced to submit. Wearied with his brutality, she, with the assistance of her nurse, one night hurls him headlong from the battlements, and he is dashed to pieces by the fall.—As the rest of the story belongs to another cycle, we may suppose the incidents of the disguised youth, the unexpected visit of the lady's father, the hurried concealment of the lover, and his suffocation, together with the negro's stipulation before removing the body (which occurs in the Hebrew tale), to have been adapted from an Indian story from which the *fabliau* of 'Les Trois Bossus' was indirectly derived. Through Persia the story would reach Syria, where doubtless the author of the 'Mishlé Sandabar' heard it, and whence some *trouvère* or pilgrim brought it to Europe.

Douce thought that the original of the Three Knights and the Lady, and the different *fabliaux* which resemble it, is the story of the Little Hunchback in the 'Arabian Nights.'¹ I consider this as very far from being probable—indeed as almost impossible. In the tale of the Three Knights and the Lady, and in the *fabliau* which is most likely its model, the bodies are represented to the watchman as being one and the same body, having returned to the place whence it had been taken; while in the Arabian tale, the body of the hunchbacked buffoon is moved about from one place to another—first, by the Tailor to the house of the Jewish Physician, who, having stumbled against it in the dark and believing he had accidentally killed his patient, to save himself, carries it to the store-room of the Sultan's Purveyor, who, mistaking it for a thief, beats it till he thought he had slain him, takes it to a shop and props it against the front wall, after which the Sultan's Broker, returning home from an orgie, staggers against it, and is accused of having murdered the hunchback.

Lane was of opinion that, while very many of the tales in the 'Arabian Nights' are of Indian origin, those of a humorous character are distinctly of Arab invention, and perhaps such is the case. But that celebrated collection, according to Baron de Sacy and

¹ 'Illustrations of Shakespeare,' vol. ii. pp. 378, 379.—"Little Hunchbacked Tailor" Douce calls him; but he was the Sultan's buffoon, and it was while supping with the Tailor and his pretty wife that he was choked with a fish-bone.

other competent judges, was not composed before the middle of the 15th century, and consequently could not have furnished the trouvères with materials for those *fabliaux* which are similar to Arabian tales—both must have been derived independently, and, in the case of the *fabliaux*, probably from oral sources. The story of the Little Hunchback finds a parallel in a *fabliau* by Jean le Chapelain, entitled ‘Le Sacristan de Cluni,’ the substance of which is as follows :

Hugues, a citizen of Cluni, was a money-changer and merchant. One day as he was returning from a fair with different kinds of goods, and amongst other things, with cloth from Amiens, he was attacked in a forest by robbers, who took from him his wagons. Obligated, in order to satisfy his creditors, to sell the little property which he possessed, he found himself thus entirely ruined. Then his wife Idoine proposed that they should withdraw into France,¹ where they had some friends, and they fixed their departure on the third day. But the sacristan of the monastery, who loved Idoine, wished to profit by the circumstance in order to obtain one of those nice little agreeable favours which he had hitherto solicited in vain. He offered Idoine 100 livres, a sum which he could very readily give, since he was treasurer of the abbey. The wife,

¹ It is to be observed that this manner of speaking distinguishes France from Burgundy. The author understands by the first country the provinces which were domains of the king, as distinct from those which were only suzerain, and which, like Burgundy, had their particular sovereign. The people say even to-day, “St Denis en France.”—*Note by Le Grand.*

tempted by so considerable a sum, which in a moment would have repaired the embarrassments of the family, feigned to yield, and, by concert with her husband, made an assignation with the monk for the evening. The monk secretly escaped by the door of the church, of which he had the keys. He hands over to the lady the stipulated money, and claims her fulfilment of the other half of the bargain, when suddenly the husband appears armed with a stick. Hugues, intending to strike the monk in order to frighten him and cause him to fly away, unfortunately dealt him a blow on the head that killed him on the spot. Upon this Hugues and his wife were in despair. "What shall we do," say they, "when day appears, and this is discovered?" They were so much alarmed, that if the gate of the town had been open they would have saved themselves by flight at once. Presently, necessity reanimating their courage, Idoine proposes to carry back the body into the abbey, which they could enter by means of the sacristan's keys. Hugues accordingly takes the body upon his shoulders and sets off, followed by his wife to open the door of the church, and deposits it in an appendage to the monastery. During the night the prior visited this place, and pushing the door open hastily, overturned the dead sacristan, who fell to the ground with a heavy thud. The prior believed he had killed the sacristan, and this misfortune was augmented by the fact that he had quarrelled the evening before with him, and so it would be universally concluded that he had murdered him out of re-

venge. What he conceived the best he could do in the circumstances was to carry the body outside of the abbey and place it at the door of some beautiful lady, in order to cause suspicion to be thrown upon her husband. The house of Idoine being nearest, he went thither, placed the body near the door, and then retired. The prior's purpose would undoubtedly have been accomplished had Hugues and his wife been asleep, but anxiety kept them both awake, and Idoine having heard a noise at the door, caused her husband to rise. When the body is discovered they believe themselves lost, and that the devil had carried it to their house to bring about their death. In order to foil this purpose of the evil spirit, the lady gave her husband a billet in which was written the name of God. Armed with the sacred talisman, Hugues recovered his courage, and lifted the body of the sacristan a second time, with the design of depositing it elsewhere. In passing before the house of Thebaut, the farmer of the convent, he perceived a heap of dung, and the idea occurred to him that here he might conceal the monk, since the sacristan was in the habit of frequently visiting Thebaut, and so they would suspect him of the murder. He was preparing a place among the straw, when he felt a sack which seemed to contain a body. "Oh, oh," he exclaimed, "is it possible that this fellow has also killed a monk? Ah, well, they will keep one another company, and he will have the honour of both." Then Hugues untied the sack, and was very much astonished to find therein a pig. Thebaut, in fact, as

Christmas was approaching, had killed one of his pigs, but two thieves had come in the evening to carry it off, and while waiting till night should enable them to take it away without risk, they had concealed it in the fireplace, and gone to drink at the tavern. Hugues, without troubling himself as to whom the pig belonged, drew it out of the sack, and having substituted the monk, went off with his booty. The two thieves had found at the tavern other men of their own kidney, with whom they drank. One of the company, in order to improve the flavour of the wine, said he wished to have a rasher or two of fresh pork, upon which one of the thieves offered to treat them all to rashers, and immediately went to fetch the pig. At the appearance of the sack they all expressed their pleasure—it was evidently a large pig; and while one thief goes for firewood the other goes for a gridiron. Meantime the servant-girl unties the sack, and raises up the other end in order to drop the pig on the floor. Suddenly the monk appears, and the girl utters a fearful scream. All present are stupefied. The host enters, and asks where is the murderer. “I have killed no one,” said one of the thieves. “I had only stolen a pig, and the devil, to play me a trick, has made a monk of it. For the rest, it belongs to Thebaut. I wish the villain had it again.” The thief then returns with the body to Thebaut’s house, and hangs it from the same cord that had been used to suspend the pig before it was stolen. All this could not be done without some noise. Thebaut awoke and rose up in order to go and feel if his pig

was still in its place. But the cord, too weak for its new weight, suddenly breaks, and the monk's body falls on the farmer, whom it overturns. The farmer cries for help; his wife and servants come with a light, and find him caught under the robe of the sacristan. Thebaut was not long before recognising the dead body, and fearing that if they found it at his house they would accuse him of the murder, he sought means for getting rid of it, for it was already day. In his stable there was a young colt which had not yet been broken in, and was therefore very wild. He causes it to be led out, places on its back the sacristan's body, which he ties to the saddle to prevent it from falling off, and after having put in the right hand an old lance, and suspended a shield from his neck, as if it was a knight, he struck the horse with his whip, when it at once rushed madly through the town, followed by Thebaut and his men, calling out, "Stop the monk!" Their cries, joined to those of the townsfolk, frightened the horse still more. It ran till out of breath, and rushed into the garden of the convent, the gate of which was open. The prior, who happened to be there, and had not time to get out of the way, was struck with the lance and thrown down. The monks save themselves and shout, "Take care! take care! the sacristan has become mad!" Twenty times the frightened horse runs through the garden and cloister. He even penetrates into the kitchen, where he breaks everything, striking lance and shield against the walls. At last he comes to a large hole which they had dug

for a well and falls headlong into it, with the cavalier-monk. As no one knew his adventure, the sacristan's death was ascribed to the fall. As to Hugues, he gained by it a fine pig and 100 livres. Thebaut alone was a loser, but he caused the monks to compensate him for the loss of his colt, and it was they who paid everything.¹

Under the title of "The Fair Lady of Norwich," Heywood, in his 'History of Women,' gives a variant of the *fabliau* of the Sacristan of Cluni: In the time of Henry the Fifth there resided at Norwich a worthy knight and his lady, whose beauty was such that "she attracted the eyes of all beholders with no common admiration." This brave knight, "for the good of his soul," erected near his own house a church, and between them a religious house capable of accommodating twelve friars and an abbot. Two of the friars, John and Richard, were at continual enmity, and nothing could reconcile them. It was the custom of the knight and his lady to attend matins in the church, and Friar John, becoming enamoured of the lady, had the audacity to write her a letter, in which he declared his passion. The lady showed her husband this letter, at which he was naturally enraged, and caused her to write a reply to the monk, stating that,

¹ Le Grand (ed. 1781), t. iv. pp. 252-260; Barbasan (Méon's ed. 1808): "Du Segretaine Moine," t. i. p. 242 ff.—The poet Longfellow, in his 'Outre Mer; or, a Pilgrimage Beyond Sea,' has turned this *fabliau* into an excellent prose tale, entitled "Martin Franc; or, the Monk of St Anthony."

her husband being about to ride to London, she would receive and entertain him. Friar John is punctual to the appointment; the lady conducts him into a private chamber, where the knight and his man strangle him. After this the man takes up the body, and by means of a ladder scales the convent wall and deposits the body in an outhouse. Friar Richard gets up during the night and perceiving his enemy in that place, addresses him, and receiving no answer, in a rage picks up a brick-bat and throws it at him, whereupon Friar John falls to the ground. Believing that he had slain him, and aware that their enmity was well known, Friar Richard takes the body, climbs over the wall and leaves it at the door of the knight, of whose lady he had heard it whispered Friar John was enamoured. The knight's conscience so pricked him that he could not sleep, and he sent his man out to listen about the convent walls and ascertain whether there was any uproar about the murder. When the man opens the door, he is terror-struck to discover Friar John sitting in the porch, and returns to inform his master, who, when he has recovered from his astonishment, quickly devises another plan to get rid of the body. He causes his man to bring out an old stallion he had used in the French wars; to put an old suit of armour on the monk and a rusty lance in his hand; then to bind him on the horse, seated like a cavalier; which being done, the horse is turned out into the highway. Meantime Friar Richard is ill at ease, and at length resolves to escape from the monastery. With this object he

wakes up the man who had charge of the mare that was employed to carry corn to the mill, bids him saddle her, and he would himself go and bring back their meal. The man, glad to be saved the trouble, brings out the mare, which Friar Richard mounts and rides out of the convent gate, just at the time when the knight and his man had turned out Friar John upon the horse. To be brief, the horse scents the mare and rushes after her. Friar Richard looking back, and perceiving the horse and its armed rider, is in mortal terror. The citizens awake at the noise and come out of their houses. Friar Richard, finding himself still pursued, cries out that he is guilty of murder, and is arrested and thrown into prison. The runaway horse is caught; Friar John is dismounted and buried. Friar Richard is tried for the murder, and condemned on his own confession. But the knight, knowing him to be innocent, posts to the king, confesses his guilt, and, on account of his former services, is pardoned, and Friar Richard is released.¹

In this version, it will be observed, a knight is substituted for the broken merchant of the *fabliau*, and the incident of the carcase of the pig is omitted. Kirkman, however, who lived about the same time

¹ This story has somehow got into Blomfield's 'History of Norfolk,' with the addition of the name of the murderer, which is strangely said to be Sir Thomas Erpingham. From Blomfield's version it is probable George Coleman the Younger derived the materials of the metrical tale of "The Knight and the Friar," which is found in his 'Broad Grins.'

as Heywood, has introduced the story with all the details of the *fabliau* and some additional incidents, and with a "little lawyer" in place of a monk in his translation of the French rendering of 'Erasto,' an Italian version of the 'Seven Wise Masters.' It is fused with the story of the Three Knights and the Lady, which does not occur either in the original Italian text or the French translation, but which Kirkman gives, as being "to the same purpose" as the story, told by the sage Agathus, of the lady who killed her husband out of love for a young man. In this curious variant, the lady having got rid of the bodies of her three murdered lovers, as related in the 'Seven Wise Masters' (*ante*, pp. 332, 333), the tale goes on to say that "after this manner she served several wooers, and among the rest came a little lawyer." He is knocked on the head by the husband, who carries the body and deposits it in an outhouse, where it is discovered by the little lawyer's bedfellow, who, thinking him asleep, pulls him by the sleeve, when down drops the lawyer on the floor. The lawyer's friend, suspecting who was his murderer (he does not believe himself to have killed him), takes the body and leaves it at the knight's house. It is discovered by the knight, who carries it off, intending to throw it into the river, but on his way, he sees some thieves hide a sack full of stolen goods under a stall, and then retire to a tavern to drink, so he opens the sack and finding it contains two fitches of bacon, he takes them out and puts the body in their stead. The

thieves offer to sell the host of the tavern some bacon, to which he consents, and one of them fetches the sack. When its contents are discovered, they resolve to carry it to the chandler's back-shed, whence they had stolen the bacon, and they do so. The chandler sends his man to drop the body in the mill-dam, and on coming to the mill he sees a cart loaded with sacks of meal ready for the market, and, it being dark, he lays the sack with the lawyer on the cart, and, taking one of the sacks of meal on his horse, returns home. At daybreak the miller's cart is driven to market, whither come the knight and his lady to buy meal. The lady desires a sack to be opened in order to judge of the quality of the meal. It chanced that the one containing the body was opened, and the lawyer's head appearing, the lady cried out, "O Lord, husband, the lawyer you killed is come again!" They were taken before a magistrate, and, confessing the murders, were duly executed.¹

Both Heywood and Kirkman may have derived their stories from an old English metrical version, a unique copy of which is preserved in the Bodleian Library, at Oxford, entitled 'Here beginneth a mery Jest of Dane Hew,² Munk of Leicestre, and how he was foure times

¹ From Kirkman's 'Erastus' was evidently taken the version of the Three Knights and the Lady which is found in an edition of the 'Seven Wise Masters' printed at Glasgow in 1772, since it has this addition of the Little Lawyer in almost the identical words.

² Dan (Master) Hugh. Dominus: monkish Latin, Domnus; abbreviated in Fr., Dom; Sp., Don; English, Dan.

slain and once hanged': printed at London by John Allde; no date. Dibdin, who has reprinted it in vol. ii. of the 'British Bibliographer,' edited by Sir Egerton Brydges, says the first notice of Allde as a printer is in 1554, but from the rudeness of the language it is probably a century earlier. In this version we are told that Dan Hew, a young and lusty monk of the abbey of Leicester, was deeply in love with the fair wife of a tailor. At length, by concert with her husband, she feigns to consent. The tailor is locked in a chest, and when the monk arrives and presents her with 20 nobles, she opens the chest to put them in it: out leaps the tailor, and

He hit Dane Hew upon the head.
Thus was he first slain indeed.

When it is dark, the tailor takes the monk's body and places it near the abbey-wall. The abbot sends his man to look for Dan Hew; he discovers and addresses him; then goes back and tells his master that Dan Hew will not answer him. So the abbot goes himself, and finding he will not speak, gives him a rap on the sconce, when down he tumbles. Thus was Dan Hew a second time slain. The abbot gives his man forty shillings to get rid of the body. He takes it to the tailor's house. The tailor tells his wife that he dreamt Dan Hew had come back again. She laughs at him, saying dead men don't. He gets up, and, armed with a pole-axe, goes and opens the door, where he sees Dan Hew, sure enough. He cleaves the monk through the

head; and thus was Dan Hew a third time slain. The wife advises him to put the monk in a sack and throw it in the mill-dam. Near the mill he perceives two thieves with a sack; they take him for the miller, and throwing down the sack, run away. The tailor opens the sack, and substitutes Dan Hew for the bacon he found it contained. After a time the thieves return to seek their bacon, and finding a dead man instead of it, they hang the body in the place from which they had taken the bacon.

The Miller's wife rose on the morning erly,
 And lightly made herself redy,
 To fetch some Bacon at the last,
 But when she looked vp she was agast,
 That she saw the Munk hang there;
 She cryed out, and put them all in fere;
 And said, Heer is a chauce for the nones,
 For heer hangeth the false Munk, by cocks bones.

“It must have been the devil,” she thinks, “that has thus requited him. But our bacon is stolen; this is a scurvy trick;—I wonder what we shall eat this winter?” Quoth the miller, “Don't fret yourself about that, but advise me as to how we shall get quit of the monk.” She details a plan.

When the Miller this vnderstood,
 He thought his wiues counsail was good,
 And held him wel therwith content,
 And ran for the horse verament.
 And when he the horse had fet at the last,
 Dane Hew vpon his back he cast;
 And bound him to the horse ful sure,
 That he might the better indure,

To ride as fast as they might ren ;
 Now shall ye knowe how the Miller did then.
 He tooke the horse by the brydle anon,
 And Dane Hew sitting thereon ;
 And brought him that of the mare he had a sight,
 Then the horse ran ful right.
 The Abbot looked a little him beside,
 And saw that Dane Hew towarde him gan ride ;
 And was almoste out of his mind for feare,
 When he saw Dane Hew come so neere,
 He cryed, Help, for the loone of the trinitie,
 For I see wel that Dane Hew auenged wil be.
 Alas I am but a dead man !
 And with that from his mare he ran ;
 The Abbots men run on Dane Hew quickly,
 And gave him many strokes lightly,
 With clubs and staues many one,
 They cast him to the earth anone ;
 So they killed him once again.
 Thus was he once hanged and foure times slaine ;
 And buried at the last as it was best,
 I pray God send vs al good rest.
 Amen.

Such is the "merry jest of Dan Hew," which must, I think, have been directly derived from Jean le Chapelain's *fabliau* of 'Le Sacristan de Cluni,' which is also the original of the first novel of Massuccio de Salerno (*circa* 1470), as Dunlop has pointed out. The early Italian novelists, it is well known, drew largely on the compositions of the *trouvères* for their materials; but how came this *fabliau* to Norway? For in that country it is popularly known; the story of "Our Parish Clerk" in Sir G. Dasent's 'Tales from

the Fjeld' having been evidently adapted from the Sacristan of Cluni.

NOTE.

WOMEN BETRAYING THEIR HUSBANDS (p. 333).

Churchmen of mediæval times had seldom a good word to say about women. In their writings, at least, they appear to have been arrant misogynists; albeit, if we may credit contemporary lay authors, they were the very reverse, constantly intriguing with honest men's wives under cover of their religious profession. No follower of Muhammed could speak with more contempt of women than the monks in their sermons; and they commonly illustrated their unjust remarks with some story representing women as naturally vindictive and cruel. The lady denouncing her husband at the end of the tale of the Three Knights (by which, however, she was herself also a sufferer) has many parallels in mediæval tales. Thus in one text of the 'Gesta Romanorum' it is related that a noble having offended his king, he is to be pardoned on condition that he bring to court his best friend, his best comfort, and his worst enemy. At this time a pilgrim comes to his castle to claim his hospitality, and after he has retired to his chamber the noble says to his wife that pilgrims often carry much gold, and proposes to rob and murder their guest, of which she approves. But the knight, rising early in the morning, dismisses the pilgrim, then kills a calf, and cutting it into pieces, he puts them in a sack, which he gives his wife, telling her that it contains only the head, legs, and arms of the pilgrim—the rest he had buried in the stable. On the appointed day he appears before the king, accompanied by his dog, his little son, and his wife. The dog, he tells the king, is his most faithful friend; his little son is his greatest solace, for he amuses him with his mimicry; and his wife is his worst enemy. Hearing this, the lady exclaims,

"Dost thou forget that thou didst slay a pilgrim in thy house, and that I know where I placed the sack containing parts of the murdered man, and that the rest lies in the stable?" But when messengers are despatched to search the places she indicated, and return with the bones and flesh of the calf, the king bestows rich gifts on the knight, and ever afterwards held him in great esteem.¹

An earlier version of this story is found in 'Dolopathos,' from which it was taken into the 'Cento Novelle Antiche': A king, during a protracted siege, orders all the old men and women to be killed, as they consumed food, and were useless for the defence of the city. One wise old man was concealed in a cave by his son, whose wife was aware of the fact, but swore to keep it secret. The enemies of the young man suspected that his father was still alive, but dared not openly to say so. Thinking to entrap him, they induced the king to appoint a time for feasts and games, and to require every one to bring forward (1) his best friend; (2) his most faithful servant; (3) his best mimic; (4) his worst enemy. The youth presents his dog, his ass, his little son, and his wife. The woman, in a rage, cried out, "Oh, most ungrateful of men, have I not shown kindness to your father, whom you saved, and have for years kept concealed in a cave?" The youth then asked the king whether he was not right in calling his wife his worst enemy, since for a single word she had both betrayed his concealed father, and brought himself under sentence of death? The king, admiring his wisdom and filial piety, told him that the lives of himself and his father were safe.

Akin to these stories is an anecdote of Hajáj, a great captain, and harsh Arabian governor, in the 7th century, which is told in a Persian work entitled 'Akhlák-i Jelali' (15th century), in illustration of the truly Muslim maxim that "a man should not consult his wife on matters of paramount importance :

¹ Hans Sachs has made this story into a *Spiel*; the woman says :

"Thou murderer and villain,
Broken on the wheel thou'rt bound to be :
Art thou going to murder me too,
As thou murderedst the man yesterday?"

let him not make her acquainted with his secrets, or their weakness of judgment will infallibly set them wrong”:

We are told in history that Hajáj had a chamberlain with whom, having been long acquainted, he was on very familiar terms. In the course of conversation, he happened one day to remark that no secrets should be communicated and no confidence given to a woman. The chamberlain observed that he had a very prudent and affectionate wife, in whom he placed the utmost confidence, because, by repeated experiment, he had assured himself of her conduct, and now considered her the treasurer of all his fortunes. “The thing is repugnant to reason,” said Hajáj, “and I will show you that it is.” On this he bade them bring him a thousand dínars in a bag, which he sealed up with his own signet, and delivered to the chamberlain, telling him the money was his, but he was to keep it under seal, take it home, and tell his wife he had stolen it for her from the royal treasury. Soon afterwards Hajáj made him a farther present of a handsome maiden, whom he likewise brought home with him. “Pray oblige me,” said his wife, “by selling this handsome maiden.” The chamberlain asked how it was possible for him to sell what the king had given. At this the wife grew angry, and coming in the middle of the night to the door of the palace where Hajáj resided, desired it might be told him that the wife of the chamberlain such-a-one requested an audience. On obtaining access to Hajáj, and after going through the preliminary compliments and protestations, she represented that, long as her husband had been attached to the royal household, he had yet been perfidious enough to peculate upon the privy purse, an offence which her own sense of gratitude would not allow her to conceal. With this she produced the bag of money, saying it was the same her husband had stolen, and there was the prince’s seal to prove it. The chamberlain was summoned, and soon made his appearance. “This prudent, affectionate wife of yours,” said Hajáj, “has brought me your hidden deposit; and were I not privy to the fact, your head would fly from your shoulders, for the boys to play with and the horses to trample under foot.”

THE ADVANTAGES OF SPEAKING TO A KING.

I DARESAY our worthy ancestors had many a laugh over this oft-told tale in the 'Jests of Scogin,' and greatly admired the cleverness of the imaginary jester:

"On a certain time Scogin went to the King's Grace, and did desire that he might come to him divers times and sound [query—'round,' that is, 'whisper,'] in his ears '*Ave Maria gratia plena Dominus tecum.*' The king was content he should do so, except he were in great business. Nay, said Scogin, I will mark my time. I pray your Grace that I may do thus this twelvemonth. I am pleased, said the king. Many men were suitors to Scogin to be good to them, and did give him many gifts and rewards of gold and silver, and other gifts, so that within the year Scogin was a great, rich man. So when the year was out, Scogin desired the king to break his fast with him. The king said, I will come. Scogin had prepared a table for the king to break his fast, and made a goodly cupboard of plate of gold and silver, and he cast over all his beds and tables and corners of his chamber full of gold and

silver. When the king did come thither and saw so much plate and gold and silver, he asked of Scogin where he had it, and how he did get all his treasure. Scogin said, By saying *Ave Maria* in your ear; and seeing I have got so much by it, what do they get that be about your Grace daily, and be of your counsel, when that I with six words have gotten so much? He must needs swim that is held up by the chin."

A similar story occurs in the Italian novels of Morlini (the 4th), in which a merchant, who is deeply in debt, gives a considerable sum of money to the king for the privilege of riding by his side through the city; and his creditors, believing him to be on the high road to fortune, henceforth cease from importuning him.—It is not unlikely, however, that the tale was taken into Scogin from one of the mediæval Latin collections.

The following variant is from an old French collection of anecdotes: A gentleman who had been long attached to Cardinal Mazarin, reminded him of his many promises and his dilatory performance. Mazarin, who had a great regard for him, and was unwilling to lose his friendship, took his hand, and explained the many demands made upon a person in his situation as minister, which it would be politic to satisfy previous to other requests, as they were founded on services done to the state. The cardinal's adherent, not very confident in his veracity, replied, "My lord, all the

favour I now ask of you is, that whenever we meet in public, you shall do me the honour to tap me on the shoulder in a familiar manner." The cardinal smiled, and in the course of two or three years his friend became a wealthy man on the credit of these attentions to him.

The story is of Eastern extraction. In a Kashmíri version, a poor woodcutter is observed by the king from a window of his palace, half-clad and shivering from cold, for it was winter-time, and pointing him out to his queen, he remarks that it was a pity to see such a wretched creature. The queen replies that the poor man had not got a wise minister; and her royal consort, supposing that this remark was a reflection upon himself and his prime minister, in a rage orders her to quit the palace and become a servant to the woodcutter. She at once obeys his command, and, in the humblest of humble capacities of servant to the woodcutter, manages his household affairs admirably, is friendly with his wife, and induces him to practise economy even with his scanty income. When the woodcutter had saved some money, and was able to wear respectable clothes, the queen advised him one day to go with bread and water into the jungle when the king was likely to be done with the chase; offer them to him, and he would be so grateful for the timely and unexpected refreshment that he would ask what the woodcutter wished in requital. He should answer that he simply wished the king to grant him a few

private interviews at the palace. The man follows this advice, and the king grants his request. "Frequently did this man visit the king privately, and the king appeared to welcome his visits. When the nobles and courtiers saw this they were very jealous, and afraid that this man would impeach them. So they began to give him handsome presents by way of bribes to check his tongue concerning themselves. The woodcutter had now become the king's intimate companion, and having amassed much wealth, the queen thought it would not be amiss if he made a great feast and invited the king and many of the nobles to grace it by their presence. The king readily accepted the invitation. The dinner was served on a most magnificent scale, and everybody seemed pleased. Before the company retired, the queen went up, unperceived, to the king, and told him that his host was the poor woodcutter of former years, and that she was his 'wise minister.' Admiring her astuteness, the king was there and then reconciled to his queen." ¹

The original form of the story is perhaps found in the 'Kathá Sarit Ságara,' Book x. chapter 66, where it is thus related, according to Professor C. H. Tawney's translation (vol. ii. pp. 121, 122):

There was a certain king in a city in the Dekkan. In that city there was a rogue who lived by imposing upon others. And one day he said to him-

¹ Knowles' 'Dictionary of Kashmíri Proverbs and Sayings,' pp. 210-212.

self, being too ambitious to be satisfied with small gains, "Of what use to me is this petty rascality, which only provides me with subsistence? Why should I not do a stroke of business which would bring me great prosperity?" Having thus reflected, he dressed himself splendidly as a merchant, and went to the palace-gate and accosted the warder. And he introduced him into the king's presence, and he offered a complimentary gift, and said to the king, "I wish to speak with your majesty in private." The king was imposed upon by his dress, and much influenced in his favour by the present, so he granted him a private interview, and then the rogue said to him, "Will your majesty have the goodness every day, in the hall of assembly, to take me aside for a moment in the sight of all, and speak to me in private? And as an acknowledgment of that favour I will give your majesty every day five hundred dínars, and I do not ask for any gift in return." When the king heard that, he thought to himself, "What harm can it do? What does he take away from me? On the contrary, he is to give me dínars every day. What disgrace is there in carrying on a conversation with a great merchant?" So the king consented, and did as he requested, and the rogue gave the king the dínars as he had promised, and the people thought he had obtained the position of a cabinet minister. Now one day the rogue, while he was talking with the king, kept looking again and again at the face of one official with a significant expression. And after he came out, that official asked

him why he had looked in his face so, and the rogue was ready with this fiction : " The king is angry, because he supposes that you have been plundering his realm. This is why I looked at your face, but I will appease his anger." When the sham minister said this, the official went home in a state of anxiety, and sent him a thousand gold pieces. And the next day the rogue talked in the same way with the king, and then came out and said to the official, who came towards him, " I appeased the king's anger against you with judicious words. Cheer up; I will now stand by you in all emergencies." Thus he artfully made him his friend, and then dismissed him; and then the official waited upon him with all kinds of presents. Thus gradually this dexterous rogue, by means of continual conversation with the king, and by many artifices, extracted from the officials, the subordinate monarchs, rajputs, and the servants so much wealth, that he amassed together fifty millions of gold pieces. Then the scoundrelly-sham minister said in secret to the king, " Though I have given you every day five hundred *dinars*, nevertheless, by the favour of your highness, I have amassed fifty millions of gold pieces. So have the goodness to accept of this gold—what have I to do with it?" Then he told the king his whole stratagem. But it was with difficulty that the king could be induced to take half the money. Then he gave him the post of a cabinet minister, and the rogue, having obtained riches and position, kept complimenting the people with entertainments.

“Thus,” adds the story-teller, “a wise man obtains great wealth without committing a very great crime, and when he has gained the advantage, he atones for his fault in the same way as a man who digs a well.”

If we may judge from popular tales, Oriental potentates frequently select sharpers, thieves, and highway robbers for their vazírs and treasurers; in the present case, however, since the king’s ministers were all corrupt, perhaps he acted wisely in thus “setting a thief to catch thieves.” Yet this clever man’s conduct, after all, was not quite such as to justify his being called a scoundrel by the story-teller. When he had amassed an immense sum, by practising on the fears of the ministers, he certainly showed himself an honest fellow by explaining all to the king, and offering to restore the whole of the money to him. Few Eastern monarchs would refuse such an offer; the general practice of an Asiatic potentate being to allow his ministers and provincial governors to amass wealth for a few years, and then, on some frivolous pretext—or without any at all—cut off their heads and transfer their riches into his own treasury. As it was, this king received from the rogue 500 dínars every day, and in the end, one half of his gains!

THE LOST PURSE.

A VERY common story in our old English jest-books is that of a merchant who, having lost his purse, caused it to be proclaimed, stating the sum it contained, and offering a reward, which he afterwards refused when the purse was found, alleging that it contained more money than was advertised, in consequence of which he loses it all. The following version (spelling modernised) is from 'Tales and Quick Answers': A certain merchant, between Ware and London, lost his budget and £100 therein, wherefore he caused to proclaim, in divers market towns, that whosoever found the said budget, and would bring it again, should have £20 for his labour. An honest husbandman that chanced to find the said budget, brought it to the bailie of Ware, according to the cry, and required his £20 for his labour, as it was proclaimed. The covetous merchant, when he understood this, and that he must needs pay £20 for the finding, he said that there was £120 in his budget, and so would have had his own money and £20 over. So long they

strove, that the matter was brought before Master Vavasour, the good judge. When he understood by the bailie that the cry was made for a budget with £100 therein, he demanded where it was. "Here," quoth the bailie, and took it unto him. "Is it just £100?" said the judge. "Yea, truly," quoth the bailie. "Hold," said the judge, to him that found the budget; "take thou this money into thine own use, and if thou hap to find a budget with £120 therein, bring it to this honest merchantman." "It is mine; I lost no more but £100," quoth the merchant. "Ye speak now too late," quoth the judge. By this ye may understand that they that go about to deceive others be oftentimes deceived themselves; and some time one falleth in the ditch that he himself made.¹

There are innumerable variants of the story in French and Italian collections of tales and facetiæ. Cinthio, one of the Italian imitators of Boccaccio, who flourished in the sixteenth century, relates it in his 'Hecatommithi' (ninth of the First Decade): A merchant loses a bag containing 400 crowns. He advertises it, with a reward to any one who finds it; but when brought to him by a poor woman, he attempts to defraud her of the promised recompense, by alleging that besides the 400 crowns it contained some ducats, which he had neglected to specify in

¹ In 'Pasquil's Jests and Mother Bunch's Merriments,' 1604, the tale is reproduced, with the variation that the greedy merchant lost his purse between Waltham and London.

the advertisement, and which she must have purloined. The Marquis of Mantua, to whom the matter is referred, decides that, as it wanted the ducats, it could not be the merchant's, advises him again to proclaim his loss, and bestows on the poor woman the whole of the contents of the purse.

The tale is also domiciled in Turkey. Prince Cantemir, in his 'History of the Othman Empire,' gravely relates it as a case that was decided by the celebrated Chorluli Ali Pasha.¹ A merchant of Constantinople went to a bath before morning prayers, and on his way to the mosque lost in the street his purse out of his bosom. On coming out of the mosque he for the first time became aware of his loss, and at once got the crier to proclaim a reward of one half its contents, or one hundred pieces of gold, as a reward to the finder on his restoring the purse with the two hundred gold pieces intact. It happened that a marine found the purse, and took it to the crier, who sent for the merchant, who, finding the money complete, tried to back out of his bargain, and pretending there were also in the purse emerald ear-rings, demanded these of the marine. The man stoutly denied this; but the merchant brought him before the kází, and accused him of theft. The magistrate, probably having been bribed, acquitted the man of the charge of theft, but dismissed him without a reward, because of his

¹ Chorluli Ali Pasha, *temp.* Ahmed III., the 24th Sultan, early in the last century.

carelessness in losing such valuable articles. The poor marine presented his case in a petition to Chorluli Ali Pasha, who summoned the merchant, with the money in dispute and the crier, to appear before him. After hearing the case, the pasha first asked the crier what it was the merchant had requested him to make inquiry after; and he replied that it was for two hundred pieces of gold. The merchant thereupon said that he had caused no mention to be made of the emerald ear-rings, fearing that if the purse had fallen into the hands of some person who knew not the value of the gems, when he should discover what a great treasure he had found, it might be a temptation to him to keep it all. The marine, on the other hand, making oath that he had found nothing in the purse but the money, Ali Pasha passed the following judgment: "Since the merchant, besides two hundred pieces of gold, has lost also emerald ear-rings in the same purse, and since the marine has deposed upon oath that he found nothing but the money, it is plain that the purse and money which the marine found were not lost by the merchant, but by some one else. Let the merchant, therefore, have his things cried till some God-fearing person, having found them, restore them to him; and let the marine keep the money he found for the space of forty days, and if no one comes and claims it within that period, then let it be his own."

When the reader learns that the story is found in

the 'Disciplina Clericalis' of Peter Alfonsus, he will readily perceive that neither "Mayster Vavasour, the good judge," nor the Marquis of Mantua, nor the Chorluli Ali Pasha ever had the "case" to decide, any more than Attorney-General Noy defended the Alewife in the case of the Three Graziers. It is the sixteenth tale of Alfonsus: A man loses a purse of gold, and a golden serpent with eyes of hyacinth, and endeavours to defraud a poor man who had found it of the promised reward, by asserting that the purse contained *two* serpents. The dispute being referred to a philosopher, the purse is adjudged to the finder. As the tales of Peter Alfonsus were avowedly derived from the Arabian fabulists, the Turkish version was doubtless adapted from the same source.

THE UNGRATEFUL SON.

THE story of a man who neglected and even ill-used his old father, and was brought to a sense of his iniquity by his own little child, has long been "familiar in our mouths as household words." It was from Bernier's *fabliau* of 'La Housse Partie,' according to Dunlop, that the Italian novelist Ortensis Lando, who flourished in the sixteenth century, derived his 13th tale:

A Florentine merchant, who had been extremely rich, becoming sickly and feeble, and being no longer of service to his family, in spite of his intercessions, was sent by his son to the hospital. The cruelty of this conduct made a great noise in the city, and the son, more from shame than affection, despatched one of his children, who was about six years of age, with a couple of shirts to his grandfather. On his return he was asked by his parent if he had executed the commission. "I have taken only one shirt," replied he. "Why so?" asked the father. "I have kept the other," said the child, "for the time when I shall send

you to the hospital." This answer had the effect of despatching the unnatural son to beg his father's pardon, and to conduct him home from his wretched habitation.

Etienne de Bourbon, in No. 161 of his 'Liber de Donis,' cites a version of the story from a sermon by Nicolas de Flavini, Archbishop of Byzantium (who occupied the See of Besançon from 1227 till 1235):

A certain man, who had married his son well and made over to him all his great wealth, when he became old and decrepit, at the instigation of his wife, was put into a wretched place, and with difficulty obtained from his son two ells of borel¹ in order that he might cover himself in the winter. The son's child, a little boy, observing this, wept bitterly, and said he would not cease unless his father would give him also two ells of borel as he had given his grandfather. After it had been given to him, the boy carefully folded it together and laid it aside, saying that he himself would do the same to his father when he became old as he had done to his grandfather, giving him two ells of borel to cover him.

The following is quoted in Cobbett's 'Advice to Young Men': "In Heron's collection of 'God's Judgments on Wicked Acts,' it is related of an unnatural

¹ In the original, "de burello": *borel* (Fr. *bureau*), coarse cloth of a brown colour—see Du Cange, *s.v.* Burellus. Chaucer employs the word *borell*, or *burel*, to denote an ignorant, rude, clownish person.

son, who fed his father upon oats and offal, lodged him in a filthy and crazy garret, and clothed him in sackcloth, while he and his wife and children lived in luxury, that sackcloth enough for two dresses for his father having been bought, his children took away the part not made up and hid it, and on being asked what they could do this for, they told him they meant to keep it for him when he should become old and walk with a stick."

With slight modifications, this touching little tale is popular throughout Europe. In the following Albanian version; from M. Dozon's French collection, it is considerably amplified, and, as I think, improved :

There was in a certain town a very honourable merchant, who had commercial relations with many friends in the same city. Being afraid that his partners would waste the capital which he had acquired, he withdrew from them, and took the wise step of leaving that town and setting up his business in another. He took his wife and son with him. After having chosen a suitable position, he commenced a small business, which prospered by degrees and gave him the means of living comfortably. When he had been twenty years in the new establishment, and was intending to retire from business, his wife died suddenly. They had lived together for thirty years, and neither of them had ever given the other the least cause of reproach. It is easy to conceive how sad a loss was her death to the merchant. However, seeing

that his son was also afflicted, he tried to overcome his own grief in order to console him. "Thy mother is no more," he said; "the loss is irreparable. All we can do is to pray to God for her soul, for our tears will not restore her to life. Here I have no one but thee to love me, for my friends remain in the city where we formerly dwelt. If thou dost wish to be wise and to conduct thyself well, labour, and I will try to marry thee to some girl of our rank." And indeed the old man set about seeking a wife for his son.

In their neighbourhood lived three brothers, the eldest of whom had a daughter. Formerly rich, they were at that time living in a condition bordering on poverty; and the old man had often thought of their daughter. One day he made up his mind, put on his new clothes, and went to ask her in marriage for his son. He thought that, being poor, she must be honest. The first question of the three brothers was this: "What does your son possess?" He replied, "All my wealth, goods and money may amount to a thousand pounds; I give now the half of it to the young couple, and the rest will be theirs after my death." They came to an agreement, and the marriage took place. After some time a child was born to the couple, who showed himself intelligent, and endowed with many good qualities.

But, unhappily for the old man, his daughter-in-law did not love him. At first she had still some regard for him, but soon she lost all respect: she spared no outrage, and even went so far as to refuse him

bread.¹ The unfortunate one concealed his grief, and dared not speak of it to any one. At last he once heard his daughter-in-law say to her husband, "I can no longer endure to live under the same roof with that man"; and one day his own son desired him to look out for another abode, saying that he should support himself at his own charge. At these words the poor man changed colour, and his whole body trembled. "What, my son," said he, "is it you who speak thus to me? From whom have you received all that you possess? Nevertheless, do not drive me away—no, no, leave me a shelter till I die; reflect, my dear son, on what I have suffered in order to bring you up!" This address of the old man deeply moved his son, but his daughter-in-law would no longer bear the sight of him. Then he said to the former: "Where do you wish me to go? How can I approach strangers when my son drives me away?" And as he spoke the tears ran down his face. He ended, however, by taking his staff, and rising, prayed to God to pardon the ungrateful son; and then he said: "Winter approaches, if God does not pity me, but leaves me in life till that time, I shall have nothing to cover me. I conjure you, give me some old garments—something you no longer wear." The daughter-in-law, who heard him make this request, replied that she had no clothes to spare. Then he prayed that they would give him one

¹ Something seems omitted just before this—probably that the old man had been induced to surrender to his son the remainder of his property, else how should he be without bread?

of the horse-rugs, and the son made a sign to his little boy to bring one of them. The child, who had lost none of the conversation, went to the stable, and having taken the best of the rugs, he cut it in two, and brought one half to his grandfather. "Everybody, it seems, desires my death," he cried, "since even this young child wishes it!" The son growled at the boy for not executing the order as he had given it. "I was wrong, father," said the child; "but I had something in my mind: I wish to keep the other half for you, when you will become old in your turn." This reproach made him see himself; he understood all the extent of his crime, sent away his wife, and falling at the old man's feet, he begged him still to stay with him.

The story would appear to be of Indian extraction; at all events, it is found in a form closely resembling the version sometimes given in English school-books, in the Canarese collection of tales entitled 'Kathá Manjarí,' as follows:

A rich man used to feed his father with *congt* from an old broken dish. His son saw this, and hid the dish. Afterwards the rich man, having asked his father where it was, beat him [because he could not tell]. The boy exclaimed, "Don't beat grandfather! I hid the dish, because when I become a man I may be unable to buy another one for you." When the rich man heard this he was ashamed, and afterwards treated his father kindly.

Quite a different story is No. 145 of the Brothers Grimm's collection, "Der Undankbare Sohn:"

Once upon a time a man and his wife were sitting before their house-door, with a roast fowl on a table between them, which they were going to eat together. Presently the man saw his old father coming, and he quickly snatched up the fowl and concealed it, because he grudged sharing it, even with his own parent. The old man came, had a draught of water, and then went away again. As soon as he was gone, his son went to fetch the roast fowl again; but when he touched it he saw that it was changed into a toad, which sprang upon his face and squatted there, and would not go away. When any one tried to take it off, it spat out poison and seemed about to spring in his face, so that at length nobody dared to meddle with it. Now this toad the ungrateful son was compelled to feed, lest it should feed on his flesh; and with this companion he moved wearily about from place to place, and had no rest anywhere in this world.

Professor T. F. Crane, in his paper on 'Mediæval Sermons and Story-Books,' states that this story is found in Etienne de Bourbon, No. 163; Bromyard's 'Summa Prædicantium,' F 22; Pelbartus, 'Serm. de Temp. Hiem.,' B 22; and in other works of the same class referred to by Oesterley in his notes to Pauli, 'Schimpf und Ernst,' and by Douhet, 'Dictionnaire des Légendes,' col. 305, n. 158. He adds that there are probably other versions which have not yet been collected.

CHAUCER'S "PARDONER'S TALE."

READERS of the "well of English undefiled," as Spenser styles the writings of Chaucer, must be familiar with the striking story which he represents the Pardoner as relating to his fellow-pilgrims on the way to the shrine of Thomas à Becket :

A pestilence was raging in a certain city, and people were dying in great numbers every day. Three youths, drinking and dicing in a tavern, inquired of the host the reason why the church bell was tolling so constantly, to which he replied that a "privie thefe" had come amongst them, and was busy taking away the folk's lives. Hearing this, they resolved to seek out this "false traitour," and slay him without fail. They meet an "old chorle," and after mocking his grey beard and bent form,¹ demand

¹ The "old chorle" says :

"Thus walke I like a restlesse caitiffe,
And on the ground, which is my mother's gate,
I knocke with my staffe both erliche and late,
And sayin thus, Leve mother, let me in !"

In the Bedouin romance of Antár, the hero and his half-brother Shibúb, traversing the wilds and deserts by secret paths, one day

to know of him where they should find Death. The old man replies :

“ Now sirs, if that it be to you so lefe
 To findin Deth, tourne up this crokid waie,
 For in that grove I left him, by my faie,
 Undir a tre, and there he woll abide,
 Ne for your boste he n'll him nothing hide :
 Se ye that oke, right there ye shal him finde ;
 And God you save that bought ayen mankinde,
 And you amende,” thus sayid this olde man.

The three “riottours” set off as directed, and find a great treasure at the foot of a tree, and, resolving to wait on the spot till darkness should enable them to carry it off unseen by any, they draw lots, and the youngest, on whom the lot falls, is sent to the town for some wine. During his absence the two others plot his death when he returns, in order that they should have his share of the treasure. The youth, on his way to the town, determines to poison his companions, and so have all the treasure for himself. He goes first to an apothecary and buys strong

came upon a single tent pitched beside a spring, and near it was an aged shaykh, bent with years :

An old man was walking along the ground,
 And his beard almost swept his knees.
 So I said to him, “ Why art thou thus stooping ? ”
 He said, as he waved his hands towards me,
 “ My youth is lost somewhere in the dust,
 And I am stooping in search of it.”

In a Talmudic variant of the Seven Stages of Man's Life, the final stage is thus described : “ He now begins to hang down his head towards the ground, as if surveying the place where all his schemes must terminate, and where ambition and vanity are finally humbled to the dust.”

poison, then to a wine-shop where he purchases three bottles of wine, and having put the poison into two of them, returns to his comrades :

What needith it thereof to sermon more ?
 For right as thei had cast his deth before,
 Right so thei han him slain, and that anone.
 And whan that this was doen, than spake that one,
 Now let us sit and drinke and make us mery,
 And aftirward thei wolne his body bury.
 And aftir that it happid one, per caus,
 To take the bottle there the poison was,
 And dronke, and yave his fellowe drinke also,
 Through whiche anon thei stervin ¹ bothè two.

This fine story was very popular in Europe during mediæval times, and while it has not been ascertained whence Chaucer derived it, I think we can now guess pretty approximately. In the oldest Italian collection of short stories, 'Cento Novelle Antiche,' which is generally believed to have been made in the 13th century, and was first printed, according to Panizzi, at Bologna in 1525, the 73rd tale is as follows:

Christ was one day walking with his disciples through a desert place, when they who were following him, saw shining there on the wayside a quantity of gold piastres; whereupon they, calling to Christ and wondering why he did not stop, said to him, "Lord, let us take this gold, for it will make amends to us for many labours." And Christ turned and rebuked them, and said, "Ye desire such things as rob our kingdom of the greater part of souls. And that is

¹ *Stervin*, died ; were killed ; perished.

true; on our return, ye shall perceive an example thereof," and passed on. A little after, two intimate companions found it, whereat they were joyous, and agreed [one should go] to the nearest village to get a mule, and the other remain on guard. But hearken how evil deeds followed on evil thoughts, for the enemy gave them. The one returned with the mule, and said to his companion, "I have eaten at the village, and thou must also be hungry; eat these two fair loaves, and then we will load [our mule]." Replied the other, "I have no great mind to eat now, so we will do our loading first." Then they set to loading. And when they had nearly done, he who had gone for the mule bent down to make the burden fast, and the other fell upon him treacherously from behind with a sharp knife and killed him. Then he took one of the loaves and gave it to the mule. The other he ate himself. The bread was poisoned; he fell down dead, and the mule also, before they could move from the spot; and the gold remained free as at first. Later in the same day our Lord passed with his disciples, and pointed out to them the example of which he had spoken.

Here we have but two men, and the other details vary considerably; but in a later edition of the 'Novelle Antiche,' printed at Florence in 1572, a different version is substituted—it is No. LXII. of this edition, which is entitled 'Libro di Novelle, et di bel Parlar Gentile,' Book of Stories, and of fine Courtly Speaking

—and one which much more closely resembles the Pardoner's Tale :

A hermit, walking one day in a desert place, found a very large cave, which was much hidden from view, and retiring thither for sleep (for he was very weary), saw, as soon as he entered the cave, something shining in a certain place very brightly ; for much gold was there. And no sooner had he perceived it than he incontinently departed and began to run through the desert as fast as he could go. Thus running, the hermit met with three great ruffians, who haunted that wild place (*foresta*), to rob whoever passed thereby. Nor were they ever aware this gold was there. Now seeing, as they lay hid, this man flee without a soul behind to chase him, they were somewhat afraid, but yet stopped him, to know what he was fleeing for, because at this they marvelled much. And he replied and said, " My brothers, I am fleeing from Death, who comes after me in chase." They, seeing neither man nor beast that chased him, said, " Show us what is chasing thee, and lead us unto where it is." Then said the hermit to them, " Come with me and I will show it to you " ; beseeching them all the time not to go to it, for he himself was fleeing for that reason. And they, desiring to find it, to see what manner of thing it was, demanded of him nothing else. The hermit seeing that he could do no more, and fearing them, led them to the cave, whence he had departed, and said to them, " Here is Death, which was chasing me " ; and showed them the gold that was

there; and they began to mightily congratulate themselves, and to have great fun together. Then they dismissed that good man, and he went away about his own affairs; and they began to say one to the other, how simple a person that was.

These three ruffians remained all three together, to guard this wealth, and began to consider what they must do. Replied one and said, "Meseems that God has given us this so high fortune, that we should not depart from here until we carry away all this property." And another said, "Let us not do so. Let one of us take somewhat thereof and go to the city and sell it, and buy bread and wine, and whatsoever we need; and in that let him do his best, so that we be furnished." To this they all agree. The Devil, who is crafty and bad enough to contrive to do whatever evil he can, put in this one's heart to go to the city for supplies. "When I am in the city," said he to himself, "I will eat and drink what I want, and then provide me with certain things whereof I have need at the present time; and then I will poison what I bring to my comrades, so that when the pair of them are dead I shall then be lord of all this property; and, as it seems to me, it is so much that I shall be the richest man of all this country for possessions." And as it came into his thought, so he did. He took for himself as much victual as he needed, and then poisoned the rest, and so he brought it to those his companions. But while he went to the city, as we have said, if he thought and contrived ill, to slay his companions, that

every thing should remain for him, they, on their part, thought no better of him than he of them, and said one to the other, "As soon as this our comrade shall return with the bread and the wine and the other things we need, we will kill him, and then eat as much as we desire, and then all this great wealth shall be between us two. And the less in number we are the more shall each of us have." Now came he who had gone to the city to buy the things they needed. The moment his companions saw he had returned, they were upon him with lances and knives and killed him. When they had made a dead man of him, they ate of what he had brought; and so soon as they were satisfied both fell dead. And so died all three; for the one slew the other, as ye have heard, and had not the wealth. And thus may the Lord God requite traitors; for they went seeking death, and in this manner they found it, and in a way which they deserved. And the sage wisely fled it, and the gold abode free as at first.¹

Tyrwhitt was the first to point out the likeness between this version and that of Chaucer; and Wright,

¹ Hans Sachs made this story the subject of a 'Meisterlied' and also of a 'Spiel,' the first of which was written in 1547, the second in 1555; the only variations being that the hermit discovers the treasure in the hollow trunk of a tree, and that the robbers, when he tells them he has seen Death in the trunk of a tree, thinking he is mocking them, slay him on the spot.—In another German version, three robbers murder a merchant for his money; and in yet another, three men of Balkh find a treasure, and so on. And Professor Adalbert Kuhn, in his 'Westfälische Sagen, Gebräuche, und Märchen,' cites the same story, of three Jews who commit a robbery.

in his edition of the 'Canterbury Tales,' says that the Pardoner's Tale appears to have been taken from a *fabliau*, now lost, but of which the outline is preserved in No. 72 of the 'Novelle Antiche.' That the story was the subject of a *fabliau* is likely enough, and certainly a number of the tales in the 'Novelle Antiche' are also among the *fabliaux* of the trouvères. From the 'Novelle Antiche' perhaps the tale of the Hermit who found a Treasure was taken into one of the old Italian miracle-plays, that of St Antonio,¹ published in D'Ancona's 'Rappresentazione Sacre,' vol. ii. p. 33, of which the following is the outline of the part referring to our story:

The Spirit of Avarice places a silver dish in the way of St Antonio, to corrupt his virtue, "for such a springle will snare the wisest bird." Antonio walks in the desert and finds the basin. He at once perceives the trick and its origin. Avarice, finding his device unavailing, then sets forth a great pile of gold (*monte d'oro*), resolved, should this attempt fail, to give up the game. Antonio finds the gold, and roundly rails at the enemy, whose cunning has in this instance again been foiled.

Two robbers, Tagliagambe and Scaramuccia,² meet;

¹ "Antonio (San), of Padua, a relative of Godfrey of Bouillon, was born in Lisbon in 1195; preached with such fervour that even the fishes rose to the surface of the sea to listen to him; and died in Padua, 1231. The splendid basilica in which his ashes rest was not completed until two centuries later. His chapel, with its *alti relievi* by Lombardi, Sansovino, and others, still attracts the student of art." —From Bayard Taylor's Notes to his 'Faust,' ed. 1871, vol. i. p. 319.

² Legslasher and Skirmisher.

the latter asks the news. Trade is so bad that Tagliamambe has not a groat in his purse. Scaramuccia has been robbed of a thousand ducats at Reggio fair. He proposes that they join hands and take to the road. At this juncture Carapello, an old acquaintance, comes on the scene; they welcome him, and it is agreed that the three shall share equally all that they "convey."

The Devil (Satanasso) is introduced, ordering his fiends to soundly cudgel Antonio, whom pain, if not pleasure, may move. They do his bidding. Antonio is comforted by the appearance of Jesus, who promises him world-wide fame and an eternal reward. Healed of his wounds, Antonio walks into the desert, and meets with the robbers, whom he counsels to turn back from the death in their way. They take him for a madman, and go on. Finding the pile of gold, they laugh at the hermit's simplicity, who had called it Death.

The three robbers agree to draw lots for one of them to go to Damascus for food and flasks of wine, and a pair of balances to weigh the gold. The lot falls on Scaramuccia, who sets off, but on the way reflects on his folly in leaving the others in possession of the gold, and resolves to have it all for himself. He changes his lump for two and twenty ducats, purchases ratsbane of an apothecary, and plenty of victuals and wine; and having poisoned the viands, he returns. Meanwhile the two others have concerted his death, and as soon as he appears they pick a quarrel with him and despatch him. They then sit

down to their meal and dine heartily, particularly commending their late comrade's taste in wine; and while they are considering how they shall extract the most enjoyment from their treasure, the poison begins to work, and speedily makes an end of them.

Avarice, delighted at his success, returns to Satan, full of confidence, and makes his report. He is promised a crown as his reward for having brought three souls below instead of one. An angel closes the show, and dismisses the spectators with a solemn injunction to take warning by the catastrophe, and to direct their eyes upward, seeking God, who is the true riches.

An ancient Portuguese version is given by Theophilus Braga ('Contos tradicionaes do povo portuguez,' No. 143) from the 'Orto do Sposo' of Frei Hermenegildo de Tancos, 14th century: Four robbers open a grave in Rome, and find in it gold and silver, precious stones, and vessels and cups of gold. One of them goes to the town to procure food, for which he gives the largest and finest gold cup, and so on, as in Chaucer.

Four is also the number of the rascals in a version cited by M. Paulin Paris, in his 'Les Manuscrits franais,' vol. iv. p. 83, from a treatise on the Holy Scripture, "blaming the vices and praising the virtues" therein, of the 15th century: They find a golden stone, and agree that when they have breakfasted they will share it. Two keep watch over the treasure while the other two go to buy bread, and so on. "Thus may we

understand how things of earth are death to those who know not how to use them well: for a hundred men may damn themselves for an inheritance, and the inheritance remain in its place to this day. It is the golden stone which does not die."

In the novels of Morlini a singular version occurs—Nov. XLII. "De illis qui in Tiberi reperto thesauro, ad invicem conspirantes, veneno et ferro periere": A magician learns from the spirits that a great treasure lies hid in the Tiber. On its being found, some of his companions go to a neighbouring town to fetch food and liquor, and they resolve to buy poison to kill the others. Those who remain meanwhile conspire to kill them, which they do on their return, and then eating of the poisoned food themselves perish. "This story teaches that evil should not be thought of; for he who sows, reaps."

We now proceed towards the very ancient original of this oft-told tale. In a form which is already familiar to us, it is found in the Breslau-printed Arabic text of the 'Thousand and One Nights,' where it forms one of the twenty-eight tales related to King Shah Bakht by his Vazir Er-Rahwan.¹

Three men once went out in quest of riches, and came upon a block of gold weighing a hundred pounds. When they saw it, they took it up on their shoulders and fared on with it till they drew near a certain city, when one of them said, "Let us sit in the mosque

¹ See *ante*, p. 63.

whilst one of us goes and buys us what we may eat." So they sat down in the mosque, and one of them arose and entered the city. When he came therein, his soul prompted him to play his fellows false, and get the gold for himself alone. So he bought food and poisoned it; but when he returned to his comrades they fell upon him and slew him, so they might enjoy the gold without him. Then they ate of the [poisoned] food and died, and the gold abode cast down over against them.

Presently Jesus, son of Mary (on whom be peace!), passed by, and seeing this, besought God the Most High for tidings of the case. So He told him what had betided them, whereat great was his wonderment, and he related to his disciples what he had seen.¹

Very different from all the preceding versions, and possibly composed from memory, is the story as found in the Calcutta and Búlák printed texts of the 'Arabian Nights,' which Sir R. F. Burton has thus rendered (in vol. ii. p. 158, of his complete translation):

In a city called Sindah there was once a very wealthy merchant, who made ready his camel-loads

¹ 'Tales from the Arabic,' &c. Now first done into English by John Payne. London (Privately Printed), 1884. Vol. i. p. 282.—Muslims, while denying the divinity of Christ, being essentially Unitarians, yet regard Him with great reverence, as the "Spirit" or "Breath" of God, as they are taught by the Kurán and by their traditions.

and equipped himself with goods, and set out with his outfit for such a city. Now he was followed by two sharpers, who had made up into bales what merchandise they could get; and, giving out to the merchant that they also were merchants, wended with him by the way. So, halting at the first halting-place, they agreed to play him false and take all he had; but at the same time each inwardly plotted foul play to the other, saying in his mind, "If I can cheat my comrade, times will go well with me, and I shall have all these goods to myself." So after planning this perfidy, one of them took food, and putting therein poison, brought it to his fellow; the other did the same: and they both ate of the poisoned mess, and they both died. Now they had been sitting with the merchant; so when they left him, and were long absent from him, he sought for tidings of them, and found the twain lying dead, whereby he knew that they were sharpers who had plotted to play him foul, but their foul play had recoiled upon themselves. So the merchant was preserved, and took what they had.

Peculiarly interesting and suggestive is a version given by Muhammad Casim Siddi Lebbe, in his "Account of the Virgin Mary and Jesus, according to Arabian Writers," published in the first volume of 'The Orientalist':

Jesus was once journeying in company with a Jew, and the Lord proposed that they should put their

stock of food together and make common property of it. Jesus had but one loaf and the Jew had two loaves. In the absence of Jesus (to perform his devotions), the Jew ate one of the loaves, and afterwards persistently denied that he had done so. After Jesus had performed several miracles, each time conjuring the Jew to declare who had ate the loaf, and the Jew persisting there were originally but two loaves, the narrative thus proceeds: They came to a lonely place, where Jesus made three heaps of earth, and by his word turned them into three massive blocks of gold. Then addressing the Jew, he said, "Of these three blocks, one is for me, one for you, and the other for the man who ate the loaf." The Jew immediately exclaimed, "It was I that ate the loaf, and therefore I claim the two blocks." Jesus gently rebuked him for obstinately adhering to a falsehood, and making over to him all three blocks, left him and went away. The Jew then endeavoured to take away the blocks of gold, but found them too heavy to be moved. While he was thus wasting his strength in trying to move the blocks, Jesus returned to the spot and said to the Jew, "Have nothing to do with these heaps of gold. They will cause the death of three men; leave them and follow me." The man obeyed, and leaving the gold where it lay, went away with Jesus.

Three travellers happened soon afterward to pass that way, and were delighted to find the gold. They agreed that each should take one. Finding it, how-

ever, a matter of impossibility to carry them, they resolved that one of them should go to the city for carts and food for them to eat, whilst the other two should watch the treasure. So one of the travellers set out for the city, leaving the other two to guard the gold. During his absence the thoughts of his companions were engrossed in devising some means whereby they should become the sole sharers of the treasure, to the exclusion of the one who had gone to the city. They finally came to the diabolical resolution of killing him on his return. The same murderous design had entered into the mind of him who had gone to the city in reference to his companions. He bought food and mixed poison with it, and then returned to the spot to offer it to them. No sooner had he arrived than, without a word of warning, his companions fell upon him and belaboured him to death. They then began to eat the food which was in its turn to destroy them; and so, as they were partaking of the poisoned repast, they fell down and expired. A little after, Jesus and the Jew were returning from their journey along that road, and seeing the three men lying dead amidst the gold, Jesus exclaimed, "This will be the end of the covetous who love gold!" He then raised the three men to life, upon which they confessed their guilt, repented themselves, and thenceforward became disciples of Jesus. Nothing, however, could make the Jew overcome his avarice. He persisted in his desire to become the possessor of the gold; but whilst he was struggling to carry away the

blocks, the earth opened and swallowed him up, and the gold with him.

It is much to be regretted that Mr Siddi Lebbe did not give the names of the Arabian writers from whom he compiled his narrative, or afford some other clue to its date. But, thanks to the learned Dr F. Rückert, a similar Persian version, though differing in some important details, is known to European scholars, regarding the authorship and date of which there need be no doubt. From a Persian manuscript in the Library at Gotha, entitled 'Kitáb-i Masbat-náma,' or Book of Misfortunes, by the celebrated Súfí poet Shaykh Farídu-'d-Dín 'Attár, who died in 1229 (a century old, it is said, on good authority), Dr Rückert published the text of a version of our tale, together with a translation in German verse, in the 'Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft' (Journal of the German Oriental Society) for 1860, Bd. xiv. s. 280-7. My esteemed friend Mr Chas. J. Pickering has favoured me with the following translation of the same Persian poem, in which he has preserved the original form of verse, called *masnaví*, or rhymed couplets:

Upon a road fared 'Isá, bathed in light ;
 The fellow of his far way a caitiff wight.
 Three wheaten loaves alone were 'Isá's cheer ;
 One loaf he ate, another gave his fere ;
 So one of those three loaves whereof they ate
 Remained between the two uneaten yet.

For water 'Ísá walked a space before ;
 His fellow ate the loaf in that same hour.
 When to him 'Ísá, Marím's child, returned,
 No wheaten loaf beside him he discerned.
 Said he, "Where is that wheaten loaf, my son ?"
 Replied he, "Never have I heard of one."
 Thence fared the two still onward, side by side,
 Till on their path appeared a river-tide :
 Straightway his hand caught 'Ísá, as he stood,
 And walked with him across the running flood.
 When o'er that stream at last he'd passage given,
 "Ah, fere," said he, "by the just Judge in heaven,
 That Sovereign Lord who has this wonder shown,
 Such wonder as man had never wrought alone—
 This moment tell me true, O traveller,
 Who yonder ate the wheaten loaf to spare ?"
 "Thereof I've not an inkling," answered he.
 "When I know not, why dost thou question me ?"

So onward, inly loathing, 'Ísá fared,
 Till from afar a little fawn appeared.
 To him did 'Ísa call that nimble roe,
 Then with its life-blood made earth rosy grow.
 The flesh he broiled, thereof a little ate ;
 Full to the throat that sinner feasted yet.
 Then 'Ísá, Marím's child, the several bones
 Gathered, and breathed into their midst but once ;
 New life the fawn snatched from that breath's impress,
 Worshipped, and sprang into the wilderness.¹

¹ Muslims believe that the breath of the Messiah had the virtue of restoring the dead to life. In the Persian romance of the 'Four Darweshes' a very skilful physician is called 'Ísá in allusion to this notion. And in the Persian 'Sindibád Náma' we read : "Sweet is the air of Ja'farabád [a suburb of Shiráz], whose breezes perform the work of the Messiah"—that is, are health-giving, like his breath. For parallels to the above incident of the resuscitation of the roe from its bones, see Note at the end of this paper : "On Resuscitation in Folk-Lore."

That hour Messiah, guide in ways untrod,
Spake, "O companion, by the truth of God,
Who of His power hath shown thee such a proof,
Let me but know of that one wheaten loaf."

"I never set my eyes on it," said he.

"How long wilt thou object this thing to me?"

Yet all the same that man with him he bore,
Until three mounds of earth appeared before ;
When a pure prayer by 'Ísá's lips was told,
And the three heaps of earth were yellow gold.
"Man of good faith," said he, "one heap is thine ;
This other heap thou seest here is mine ;
And that third heap is at this moment his
Who ate in secret that one loaf we miss."
The man, soon as he heard the name of gold
(Strange, that mutation should so swiftly hold),
Cried, "That one loaf of bread I've eaten—I,
A-hungered, I devoured it secretly."
When 'Ísá heard him so confess the sin,
He said, "I care not ; all the three are thine.
My fellow-traveller thou'rt not fit to be ;
I'll none of thee, although thou wished for me."
So spake he, and, in sorrow for his sake,
Forsook him, far away his path to take.

A brief time fled, and two men passed thereby ;
Both see the gold, and burn with enmity.
The one said, "Mark you, all this gold's mine own."
"Not so," the two replied ; "'tis ours alone."
Much babble and contention thence arose,
Till tongue and hand were tired of words and blows.
The quarrelling trio came to terms at last,
That all the gold should in three lots be cast.
By this time all the three were hungering sore ;
They were so beaten they could breathe no more.
The one said, "Life is more to me than gold :
I'll go to the city and buy where bread is sold."

Quoth the other two, "If thou but bring us bread,
 To failing bodies bring'st thou life indeed.
 Go thou for bread : when thou return'st in glee,
 We will that moment share that gold in three."

Now to his friends the man his gold resigned,
 Set out, and to his business gave his mind.
 To the city he came, bought bread, and ate awhile ;
 Then mid the rest put poison in his guile,
 So the other two might eat and die, and he
 Survive, and all the gold be his in fee.
 But those two made a compact in their stay
 That they would put that one out of the way,
 Then into two divide those portions three ;
 As this was settled came the man in glee.
 Incontinent the couple struck him dead,
 And ere long perished as they ate his bread.

When 'Ísá, Marím's child, came there again,
 He saw the dead men there, he saw the slain.
 Said he, "If here unmoved this treasure stay,
 Uncounted throngs of creatures will it slay."
 A prayer that pure soul offered up once more ;
 The gold became the earth it was before.
 Though gold be better than the earth we tread,
 Gold is the best when earth lies overhead.¹

¹ Dr Reinhold Köhler has informed me that Fabricius, in his 'Codex Apocryphus Novi Testamenti,' ed. 1739, iii. 395, cites a brief prose version from 'Proverbiorum et Sententiarum Persicarum Centuria, collecta, et versione notisque adornata, à L. Warner,' Leyden, 1644, p. 31. (It is not in the first edition of Fabricius.) Warner, he says, gives also the Persian original, but without stating the source : Three travellers find a treasure. One goes to procure food, and so on. Jesus comes by with his disciples, and seeing the three dead bodies, he says, "Hæc est conditio mundi ! Videte quomodo ternos hosce tractaverit, et ipse tamen post eos in statu suo perseveret. Vae illi qui petit mandum ex mundo !" — This is evidently a different version from the above.

From the "Happy Valley" of Kashmír we have yet another version, which differs materially from those already cited: Four men left their country together to seek their fortune. As they journeyed on, it came to pass that Allah, according to His power and wisdom, caused a large golden tree to spring up suddenly, which was loaded with rich clusters of golden fruit.¹ Seeing this miracle, the travellers were astonished, and at once resolved to proceed no farther, but to take the tree home with them, and be glad for ever. In order to fell the tree, and cut it up into pieces of convenient size, it was arranged that two of the party should go to the nearest village and procure saws and axes, while the two others should remain to guard the precious treasure; and they went accordingly. The two who were left to watch the tree began to consult together how they might kill their partners, and they resolved to mix poison with their bread, so that, when they ate thereof, they should die, and they themselves should have a double share of the treasure. But the other two, who were going for the tools, had also plotted that they might get rid of their partners left behind by the tree, and they resolved to slay them with one stroke of the axe, and thus have a double share of the treasure. And when they returned from the village they immediately slew them with one stroke of the axe. Then they began to hew

¹ In the 'Kathá Sarit Ságara' we read of trees with golden trunks, branches of jewels, the clear white flowers of which were clusters of pearls—a very old and very wide-spread myth.

down the tree, and soon cut up the branches and made them into bundles convenient for carrying away; after which they sat down to eat and sleep. They ate of the poisoned bread, and slept the fatal sleep of death. Some time afterward, a party of travellers chanced to pass that way, and found the four bodies lying cold and stiff beneath the golden tree, with the bundles of golden branches ready for carrying away.¹

In Mr Ralston's 'Tibetan Tales from Indian Sources,' pp. 286, 287, we find our story assume a form which is unique, while curiously reflecting the source whence it was derived:

In long past times a hunter wounded an elephant with a poisoned arrow. Perceiving that he had hit it, he followed after the arrow and killed the elephant. Five hundred robbers, who had plundered a hill-town, were led by an evil star to that spot, where they perceived the elephant. As it was just then a time of hunger with them, they said, "Now that we have found this meat, let 250 of us cut the flesh off the elephant and roast it, while 250 go to fetch water." Then those among them who had cut the flesh off the elephant and cooked it said among themselves, "Honoured sirs, now that we have accomplished such a task and collected so much stolen property, wherefore should we give away part of it

¹ 'Dictionary of Kashmiri Proverbs and Sayings. Explained and illustrated from the rich and interesting folk-lore of the Valley.' By J. Hinton Knowles. Bombay, 1885. Pp. 45, 46.

to others? Let us eat as much of the meat as we please, and then poison the rest. The others will eat the poisoned meat and die, and then the stolen goods will be ours." So after they had eaten their fill of the meat, they poisoned what remained over. Those who had gone to fetch water, likewise, when they had drunk as much as they wanted, poisoned what they were to take with them. So when they came back, and those who had eaten the flesh drank the water, and those who drank the water ate the flesh, they all of them died.

And now we have reached the original source of all the foregoing stories. It is the 'Vedabbha Játaka'—the 48th of Fausböll's edition of the Páli text of the 'Játakas,' or (Buddhist) Birth-Stories.¹ The first to point out—in this country, at all events—the identity of Chaucer's Pardoner's Tale with one of the Buddhist Birth-Stories was the Rev. Dr Richard Morris, in a

¹ "According to the Buddhist belief, every man living has entered on his present life in succession to a vast number of previous lives, in any one of which he may have been a man—king, monk, or goat-herd—an animal, goblin, or deity, as the case might be. For the mass of men, these previous lives have left no trace on memory, but a Buddha remembers them all, and not his own only, but the previous births also of other men. And Gotama, so the tradition runs, was in the habit of explaining the facts of the present in the lives of those about him, by what they had been or done in other births, and of illustrating his own teaching by what he had done himself in earlier births. Of the stories which he has thus told of his own previous existences, 550 are supposed to have been collected immediately after his decease."—The Bishop of Colombo, in the 'Journal of the Ceylon Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society,' 1884, vol. viii. part 2, p. 100.

paper in the 'Contemporary Review' for April 1881. Mr Francis, of Cambridge University Library, published an abstract of the story in 'The Academy' for 1882. A year later Professor C. H. Tawney contributed a full translation to the 'Journal of Philology,' 1883, vol. xii. pp. 202-208. In 1884 the Bishop of Colombo published, in the 'Journal of the Ceylon Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society,' a translation of the first fifty 'Játakas,' one of which is our original. Another rendering—slightly abridged—appeared in 'The Orientalist,' published at Kandy, Ceylon, 1884, which is as follows:

In times gone by, when King Bráhmadata reigned in the city of Benáres, there lived a Bráhman who was skilled in alchemy and knew a certain charm (*mantra*) called "Vedabbha." When this charm was repeated at a lucky hour, with the eyes of the reciter turned up to the sky, it had the effect of bringing down showers of treasure from the heavens. This Bráhman set out once for the Cetiyan country with the Bódhisat,¹ his pupil, and on their way they fell into the hands of a band of robbers, called "sending thieves," from a practice they had of sending one of their captives for a ransom, while they detained the rest as hostages till its arrival. Of father and son, they were wont to detain the son; of mother and daughter, the daughter; of two brothers, the younger; of teacher and pupil, the teacher. In conformity with

¹ A potential Buddha; in the present case, Gautama himself before attaining Buddhahood (see last note).

this practice they detained the Bráhmaṇ, and sent the Bódhisat to fetch the ransom. On taking leave of his teacher, the Bódhisat entreated him not to avail himself of the charm, although there was to be a lucky hour that very day, at which the *mantra* might be repeated with effect, warning him at the same time that a disregard of this advice would result in the death both of himself and of the five hundred robbers. So saying, he went away, promising to return in a day or two with the ransom. The Bráhmaṇ, however, unable on the one hand to bear his confinement, and on the other to resist the temptation which the approach of the lucky hour presented, gave way to his weakness, and informed the robbers of his resolution. Thereupon he performed the ablutions enjoined preparatory to the recital of the *mantra*, bedecked himself with flowers, and at the advent of the lucky hour muttered the *mantra*, when, to the amazement and gratification of the robbers, a shower of gems fell from the heavens. The robbers helped themselves to as much of the treasure as they could carry, and, releasing the Bráhmaṇ, set out thence. Whilst they were on their march another band of robbers more powerful than they met them and made them captives. The captives informed their captors how they got the wealth, whereupon they were released, and the Bráhmaṇ was seized. On being told by the Bráhmaṇ that they must wait for a lucky hour, the robbers were so much incensed that they cut the Bráhmaṇ into two, and throwing the two pieces on the way,

pursued the five hundred robbers whom they had just released, killed them all, and took possession of the treasure. After this they divided themselves into two factions, not being able to agree in the division of the spoil. Each faction attacked the other, and all were killed except two.¹

Now these two surviving robbers carried the treasure and buried it in a woody place near a village, and one sat with a sword guarding it while the other went into the village to get rice and other food cooked. Covetousness is indeed the root of destruction! The man who was sitting by the treasure thought, "When he comes, the treasure will be divided into two parts. Suppose I strike him a blow with the sword just as he comes, and kill him." And he drew the sword and sat watching for his arrival. And the other thought, "That treasure will have to be divided into two parts. Suppose I put poison into the food, and give it to that man to eat, and so kill him, and take all the treasure for myself." And so, as soon as the food was prepared, he ate of it, and then put poison in the rest and took it to the place. He had hardly set down the food and stood still, when the other cleft him in two with the sword, and threw him in a covered place. Then he ate the food, and himself died on the spot.

¹ In the Tibetan version we have a curious reflection of this absurdity, in the five hundred robbers, one half of whom went to fetch water and poisoned it, while the other half remained to cook the elephant's flesh, and poisoned what they did not eat themselves.

In the meantime the Bódhisat collected some money for ransoming his tutor the Bráhmaṇ, and entering the forest to offer it to the robbers, found the corpse of his teacher cut into two pieces. He at once knew that his teacher must have disregarded his advice, and caused a shower of treasure to descend. Advancing farther, he saw the mangled corpses of the thousand but two robbers lying scattered on the ground, and he finally discovered the corpses of the two who were the last possessors of the ill-fated treasure. The Bódhisat then, reflecting upon the consequences of covetousness, removed the treasure and spent it in charitable purposes.¹

¹ The story assumes a very different form in the 'Avadánas,' Indian tales and apologues, translated from the Chinese into French by M. Stanislas Julien (3 vols., Paris, 1859), in which it occurs twice, No. xi. tome i. p. 60, and No. ci. tome ii. p. 89. In this Chinese-Buddhist form we have no longer three travellers or robbers slaying each other; but still the leading idea, that "covetousness is the root of destruction." The two 'Avadánas' are so nearly alike that it will suffice to cite No. ci. as follows:

The ambition of riches exposes us to a danger as formidable as a venomous serpent. We should neither look at them nor attach ourselves to them. One day Buddha, journeying in the province of Prasirajit, saw a place where a treasure had been deposited by some one, which was composed of a quantity of precious things. Buddha said to Ananda, "Do you not see that venomous serpent?" "I see it," replied Ananda. At this moment there was a man walking behind Buddha. On hearing these words, he resolved to go and see the serpent. Having observed precious and beautiful objects, he bitterly blamed the words of Buddha, and considered them vain and foolish. "These are very precious things," said he, "and yet he said that it was a venomous serpent!" Straightway he brought all the people of his house to the spot, and by their assistance conveyed away that treasure, so that his wealth became immense. But there was a man who presented himself before the king, and told him that that person had lately found a great treasure, and had not brought it

"Thus far, and no farther," in the case of Chaucer's well-told tale of the three "riottours" and their treasure-trove? Perhaps not. Then in what quarter should we expect to find an earlier form of this world-wide story? In the Egyptian papyri? Possibly. Or, failing these, in the 'Mahábhárata'? The great Hindú epic has not, I think, been thoroughly examined by special students of the genealogy of fiction. It is as yet only known to such from episodes of it which have been translated into English and other European languages—Nala and Damáyanti, Dushwanta and Sakúntala, the Bráhman's Lament, etc. There is, however, a complete English translation of the 'Mahábhárata' now in course of publication at Calcutta,¹ a considerable portion of which has already appeared—would that the paper and typography were more worthy of the noble work!—and it should be searched for this and other ancient stories. We ought to be cautious in giving Buddhism all credit for the invention of tales which are traceable to Páli writings. There can be no doubt that the early Buddhists adopted for their purposes many fictions of Hindú origin, as well as tales and apologues which, even in their time, were the common property of the world.

to the judge. So the king immediately caused him to be cast into prison, and demanded from him the treasure which he had found. He declared that he had spent it all. But the king would not believe him; he caused him to be stunned with blows, and put him to the most cruel tortures. This man recognised too late the truth of the words of Buddha.

¹ 'The Mahábhárata of Krishna Dwaipayana Vyasa. Translated into English Prose by Protap Chundra Roy.'

The version which most closely resembles Chaucer's tale is the second of those cited from the 'Novelle Antiche.' True, there is nothing in the Italian story about a pestilence—which renders the old English poet's narrative the more impressive—but the "olde chorle" who tells the "riottours" where they may find Death is the counterpart of the Hermit, and of Saint Anthony in the Italian miracle-play. If Chaucer, like Shakspeare after him, used materials which he found ready to his hand, it must be allowed that he has in every instance used them as the statuary does a block of marble; and of all the variants of the Robbers and their Treasure-trove there is none, I think, to compare with the Pardoner's Tale.

Regarding the other versions, it is observable that three is the usual number of the robbers or travellers who perish through their own cupidity and treachery; although in the original it is but two, which, curiously enough, is also the number in our second Arabic version. With a few insignificant exceptions, the several versions all run in the same groove: a treasure is found, or stolen, by three men, one of whom goes away to fetch food; the other two plan to murder him on his return; and he puts poison in the food he is bringing to them. The Persian poem points to an Indian source. There must, it seems to me, have been a Hindú version in which the number of the men was three. From India the story would get to Persia, thence to the Arabs, from some of whose possessions on the Mediterranean it would get to Italy, and from

Italy spread throughout Europe ; or, "another way," to employ the formula of the immortal Mrs Glasse, let us say that it was brought by some minstrel or palmer from Syria, and through a *fabliau* became current from England to Italy.

NOTE.

ON RESUSCITATION IN FOLK-LORE (p. 395).

Legends similar to the incident, in the Persian tale, of the resuscitation of an animal from its bones have been popular time out of mind in Europe as well as in Asia. A very curious analogue of it is found in the Older Edda (the compilation of which is ascribed to Sæmund Sigfusson, a learned Icelander, who was born A.D. 1056), in the narrative of Thor's journey to Utgard :

Thor and Loki once set out, in chariots drawn by buck-goats, for Yötenheim, or giant-land. Towards evening they arrived at the house of a farmer, where they took up their quarters for the night. Thor took and killed his goats, broiled their flesh, and invited his host and his children to partake of the feast. When it was ended Thor spread the goat-skins on the ground, and desired the children to throw the bones into them. The farmer's son Thialfi had broken one of the bones to get out the marrow. In the morning Thor got up and dressed himself, and then laying hold of Miölner (his wonder-working hammer) swung it over the skins. Immediately the goats stood up, but one of them limped on the hind leg. The god exclaimed that the farmer and his family had not dealt fairly with the bones, for the goat's leg was broken. The farmer was terrified to death when he saw Thor draw down his eyebrows and grasp the handle of Miölner till his knuckles grew white. He and his children sued for grace, offering any terms, and Thor, laying aside his anger, accepted Thialfi and his sister Rosko for his servants, and left his goats there behind him.

I shall not, I trust, be charged with irreverence by any reader, in referring to mediæval Christian and Muhammedan legends of miracles ascribed to Christ: it is necessary that I should do so, in order to illustrate an interesting and curious feature of folk-lore. Legends of the miracles of 'Ísá, son of Maryam,¹ found in the works of Muslim writers seem to have been derived from the Kurán and also from early Christian, or rather quasi-Christian traditions, such as those in the apocryphal gospels, which are now for the most part traceable to Buddhist sources. Thus the Muslim legend which relates that when 'Ísá was seven years old, he and his companions made images in clay of birds and beasts, and 'Ísá, to show his superiority, caused his images to fly and walk at his command—this is also found in the gospel of Pseudo-Matthew and in that of the Infancy.

Another Muslim legend of 'Ísá, son of Maryam, is of his healing the sick by laying his staff on them. A man, thinking the virtue lay in the staff, begged and obtained it of him,

¹ Maryam (Mary) is regarded with much reverence by Muslims. Muhammed himself has said, that although many men had attained moral excellence, yet among *women* only four had arrived at that dignity, namely, 'Áshiyáh, wife [query—daughter?] of Pharaoh; Maryam (Mary), the daughter of Imrán [mother of Jesus]; Khadíja, the first wife of Muhammed; and Fátima, Muhammed's daughter — *M. Cassim Siddi Lebbe*, in 'The Orientalist,' 1884.

El-Mas'údí, the Arabian traveller and historian, in his 'Meadows of Gold and Mines of Gems' has the following: "When Maryam was seventeen years of age, God sent the angel Gabriel to her, and he breathed the Spirit into her. She was pregnant with the Masih [Messiah], Jesus the son of Maryam, and she gave him birth in a country town called Beit Lehm [Bethlehem: the House of God], which is some miles from Jerusalem. His history is related in the Kurán [3d sura and *passim*], and the Christians believe that Jesus observed the old religion of his nation. He lectured on the Pentateuch and other ancient books twenty-nine or thirty years in the province of the Jordan, in a synagogue called el-Madras [the college]. A certain day he was reading the Book of the prophet Esaias, and he saw in it the passage, "Thou art my prophet and my elect; I have chosen thee for me." He closed the book, gave it to the minister of the synagogue, and went out, saying, 'The word of God is now fulfilled in the Son of Man.' Some say Christ lived in a town called Názarah [Nazareth], in the district of el-Lajjún, in the province of the Jordan; hence the Christians have [in Arabic] the name of Nazarániya."

and hearing of a king who was sick unto death, he undertook to heal him. Being admitted to the king, he laid such a stroke upon him that he immediately expired. In his distress he applied to 'Ísá, who came and restored the king to life.¹

A parallel to this is found in the tale of the Master-smith, which is equally current in Sicily and Italy, and in Germany, Norway, and Russia: There was a blacksmith who boasted that he was without an equal in his craft. One day Christ appeared in his smithy and transformed the smith's aged and bedridden mother into a young woman, by burning her in the furnace. The smith attempted to do likewise with an old beggar-woman, and burned her to a cinder. But the Lord, coming back, restores her to life—thus rebuking the pride of the boastful smith.

This legend appears to have been formerly popular in England, since it is the subject of an old black-letter tract (in verse), entitled, 'Of the Smyth that burnt his Wyfe, and after forged her againe by the helpe of our blessed Lord,' printed by William Copland, probably about 1550, and privately reprinted in 1849, by Mr Halliwell-Phillipps, in his 'Contributions to Early English Literature.'

The indecent Jewish author of the 'Toldoth Jeśu,'² while admitting that Christ performed many wonders, ascribes them to his having abstracted from the Temple the Ineffable Name³ and concealed it in his thigh—an idea which is evidently of Indian origin, and which had doubtless found its way, with other magical nonsense, into Syria long before the time of this most scurrilous writer. In the first story of the Tamil romance 'Madana Kámárajá Kadai,' the son of Lókádhipa, king of Udaya-

¹ This seems reflected in those versions of 'Little Fairly' (*ante*, p. 229 ff.) in which the hero pretends to make his wife young by striking her with a cudgel, or to reanimate her by sounding a horn over her.

² Not the recension published, with a Latin translation and *castigation*, by Ulrico, 1705—see *ante*, p. 89—but the version, also with a Latin translation, at the end of the second volume of Wagenseil's 'Tela Ignea Satanae,' 1681.

³ In the Arabian tale of Hasan of Basra, it is said of a shaykh of the seed of 'Azáf bin Barkhiyá (vazír of Solomon), "he knoweth the most Great Name of Allah."

giri, longs to obtain the daughter of Indra for his wife. In the course of his wanderings he comes to a cottage, where he takes up his abode with an old woman, and herds her cattle. One day he observes the beautiful daughter of Indra bathing in a tank, and having stolen her garment takes it home. The old woman cuts open his thigh, puts the celestial garment in the opening, and then sews it together. The daughter of Indra—like others of the Bird-Maiden class—had no alternative but to follow him and become his wife. In the 'Toldoth Jesu,' we have an incident similar to that related in the Persian tale, of the resuscitation of the roe: When Jesus was challenged to give public proof of his divinity (according to the recension in Wagenseil), he said, "Bring hither to me a dead man, and I will restore him to life." The people hasten to a certain sepulchre, and finding there nothing but bones, they return and report this, whereupon Jesus said, "Bring them hither in our midst." And when the bones were brought, he put them together, and lo! there rose up a living man.

This legend was probably current in Syria during the time of Muhammed, since he apparently alludes to it in the Kurán, "See how I restored the carcass after it was separated;" and he may have obtained it from the Christian who is said to have had a hand in the composition of the Kurán, for many tales of the same kind were known among the different so-called Christian sects in Egypt and Syria, in the earlier centuries of our era.

Stories of the resuscitation of animals from their bones are common in Indian fiction, one of which occurs in the 'Vetála Panchavinsati' (Twenty-five Tales of a Demon): Four brothers, after agreeing to go into the world in order to acquire magic knowledge, and fixing upon a trysting-place at which to meet, separate, each going in a different direction. In course of time they met again at the appointed spot, and asked one another what each had learned. Then one of them said, "I have learned this magic secret: if I find a bit of a bone of any animal, I can instantly produce on it the flesh of that animal." The second said, "When the flesh of any animal has been superinduced upon a piece of bone, I know how to produce the skin upon it."

Then the third said, "And I am able to create the limbs of the animal." And the fourth said, "When the animal has its limbs properly developed, I know how to endow it with life." Then the four brothers went into the forest to find a piece of bone on which to display their skill. There it happened that they found a piece of a lion's bone, and they took it up, without knowing to what animal it belonged. And when the four brothers had successfully exercised their magical arts on the piece of bone, it rose up a very terrible lion, and rushing upon them, it slew them on the spot.—The story is somewhat differently told in the 'Panchatantra' (Book v. fab. 14): Of the four brothers, three possess knowledge, and one possesses only common sense. The first joins the bones of the lion; the second covers them with flesh and skin; and the third is about to give the animal life, when the man of common sense says, "If you raise it to life it will kill us all." Seeing the third brother will not desist from his purpose, he climbs up a tree, and thus saves his life, while the others are torn to pieces.—In the 'Túti Náma,' four friends, journeying through a desert, discover the bones of a monstrous serpent. One of them, being a magician, takes out a book from which he reads certain words, when the bones are joined and covered with skin. He then proposes to his friends that he should endow the carcase with life, but they advise him not to do so, and when they see he is obstinate, they run away. The magician then takes out another book, and on reading therefrom the serpent becomes alive, and instantly devours him.—In No. 20 of Lal Behari Day's 'Folk-Tales of Bengal' four friends learn their several arts by overhearing a hermit recite the magical formulæ, but all escape up a tree, and the tiger, having devoured their horses, rushes into the jungle.—In a Burmese version (No. 10 of 'Decisions of the Princess Thoo-dhamma Tsari') the friends are three, and having resuscitated a tiger from its bones, which they find in a forest, the tiger follows them, ostensibly to furnish them with food, but in three nights he eats up the three learned but foolish friends. This last version would seem to indicate that the story is of Buddhist extraction.—In the 'Bahár-i Dánush' (vol. ii. p. 290 of Scott's translation) a hermit put together the bones of a cow, then

sprinkled water on the skeleton, and at once it was covered with flesh and skin, stood up, and began to low.

All these stories cannot fail to remind the reader of the sublime parable in the Book of Ezekiel, chap. xxxvii. 1-10 :

“The hand of the Lord was upon me, and carried me out in the Spirit of the Lord, and set me down in the midst of the valley which was full of bones, and caused me to pass by them round about : and, behold, there were very many in the open valley ; and, lo, they were very dry. And He said unto me, Son of man, can these bones live ? And I answered, O Lord God ; thou knowest. Again He said unto me, prophesy upon these bones, and say unto them, O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord. Thus saith the Lord God unto these bones : Behold, I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live ; and I will lay sinews upon you, and will bring up flesh upon you, and cover you with skin, and put breath in you, and ye shall live ; and ye shall know that I am the Lord. So I prophesied as I was commanded : and as I prophesied, there was a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone. And when I beheld, lo, the sinews and the flesh came up upon them, and the skin covered them above : but there was no breath in them. Then said He unto me, Prophesy unto the wind, prophesy, son of man, and say to the wind, Thus saith the Lord God, Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live. So I prophesied, as He commanded me, and the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army.”

THE LUCKY IMPOSTOR.

THE story of the Charcoal-Burner is certainly not one of the least entertaining of Dr Dasent's 'Tales from the Fjeld': A bibulous charcoal-burner, on returning from the market-town where he had been to sell a few loads of his charcoal, is asked by his friends what he had seen there, and replies that all he had observed was, that the people paid great deference to the priests, but took no notice whatever of him. They advise him to go to the sale of their dead priest's effects, buy his gown and cape, and set up for a priest himself. He does so, and is upbraided by his wife for his folly. Next day he sees a party of priests go past his house, so, putting on his gown and cape, he joins them, and they all proceed to the palace, where the king informs them that his ring having been stolen lately, he had sent for them to see whether they could find out the thief, and whoever did so should be suitably rewarded: if a rector, he should be made a dean; if a dean, he should be made a bishop; if a bishop, he should be made the first man in the kingdom. He

went round them all, without success, till he came to the charcoal-burner, of whom he demanded, "Who are you?" Our impostor boldly answered, "I am the wise priest, and the true prophet." "Then," said the king, "can you tell me who has stolen my ring?" He replied that he must have time and some paper, for it required a good deal of calculation in order to track the thief through many lands. With paper, pen, and ink he was accordingly locked up in a room of the palace, and having spent many days in merely making pot-hooks on the paper (for he could not write), at length the king told him that if he did not discover the thief within three days he should be put to death. This was certainly a sore dilemma, but his good luck saved him. For it happened that his meals were served to him successively by three of the king's servants, who had jointly stolen the ring; and in the evening, when the man who waited on him took away his supper dishes, the poor charcoal-burner, thinking only of the lapse of one of his three days of life, sighed and exclaimed, "This is the *first* of them!" and the fellow believing himself detected, reported this to his comrades. Next day, when another of the trio performed the same service, the sham priest said, "This is the *second* of them!" When the other rogue, on the following day, heard him say, "This is the *third* of them!" he hastened to the others, and consulted with them what they had best do to save themselves. In short, they offered him each a hundred dollars if he would not denounce them to the king.

Surprised but glad at this, the charcoal-burner consented, provided they brought him the ring and a great bowl of brose, which they did very willingly, at the same time giving him three hundred dollars. He stuffed the ring in the brose, and bade them give it to the biggest of the king's pigs: and when the king came to see whether he had discovered the thief, or the whereabouts of his ring, the charcoal-burner told him that the thief was not a man, but one of his own pigs—the biggest and fattest of them. The king, albeit thinking this a mere subterfuge, caused the pig to be killed and cut open, and, behold, the ring was found in its inside, upon which the sham priest was presented with a living. In his capacity of rector he performed some queer antics, which, however, were explained by his superiors to have a mysterious spiritual meaning, and he was extolled as a wise priest. But farther trials awaited him. The king's consort having been pronounced to be in "an interesting condition," he sent for his priests to ascertain from them whether she should present him with an heir to the crown; but they all confessed their ignorance, and suggested the wise priest as the most likely person to afford him the desired information. The king, by way of preliminary test of the wise priest's gift of prophecy, takes a big silver tankard, and goes to the sea-shore, where he picks a crab, which he puts in it, closing down the lid. Then he calls for the wise priest, and asks him to declare what is in the tankard. Believing his last hour was come, the poor

man, addressing himself aloud, said, "Oh you most wretched crab and cripple on earth! this is all your backslidings and sidelong tracks have brought on you!" Admiring his sagacity, the king lifted the lid of the tankard and showed that it contained a crab. Then he commanded him to go into the queen's presence, and declare whether she was to present him with a son or a daughter. In a state of mortal agitation, the wise priest paced the chamber to and fro, exclaiming, "Whenever I come near the queen I think it will be a girl, and whenever I go at some distance from her I am sure it will be a boy." As the queen was shortly after this safely delivered of *twins*, a boy and a girl, the sagacity of the whilom charcoal-burner was placed beyond farther question.

There is a well-known German version of this story in Grimm's collection: A poor peasant, named Krebs, sets up as a doctor who knows everything (*Allwissend*), and a great robbery having taken place in the house of a nobleman, Dr Know-all is requested to assist in the recovery of the stolen property. He consents to visit the nobleman, on condition that his wife be allowed to accompany him. When they are seated at the nobleman's table, the first servant brings a dish, upon which the Doctor says to his wife, "Grethel, that is the *first*," meaning the first dish; and he makes similar remarks when the second and third servants come in; but when the fourth enters, the nobleman, to test the Doctor's skill, desires him

to say what is under the cover. Now it happened to be a crab, which the Doctor, of course, did not know; so he looked at the covered dish, and felt that he was in a great dilemma, from which he could not escape; and so he said in a low tone to himself, "O Krebs, Krebs, what will you do?" The nobleman said, "Yes, it is a *crab*; I see you know everything, and will be able to tell me where my money is, and who has stolen it." The servants, alarmed, winked at the Doctor to come out to their offices. They there confessed that they had stolen the money, and offered him wealth to any amount if he would not betray them. He promised, on condition that they would show him where they had hidden the money; so they took him to the spot at once. On returning to the table, he said he would consult his book, and ultimately conducted the nobleman to the place where the money was concealed.

In a popular version current in Mantua, after the pretended astrologer—whose name, as in the German story, is Crab—has been shut up in a room for a month, his wife comes to visit him, and he makes her hide under the bed and cry out when a servant enters, "That is one," and so on. The servants confess they stole the king's ring, and Crab says to them, "Take the ring and make the turkey-cock swallow it; leave the rest to me." At the impostor's suggestion, the king has the turkey killed and the ring, of course, is found in its inside, and the "astrologer" is

richly rewarded. Then follows the test of the crabs in a covered dish.¹—It is evident that this version was not derived from the German story of Dr Know-all, in which the servants reveal to the impostor the spot where they had concealed the stolen money; while in the Italian story, as in the Norse tale of the Charcoal-Burner, an animal is made to swallow the lost article, which is not merely fortuitous, but rather an instance of the influence of the Norsemen in the south of Europe.

The story is current in Persia, and was related to Sir John Malcolm by the Shah's own story-teller. In this version a poor but contented cobbler named Ahmed is induced by his vain and ambitious wife to set up as an astrologer, who knew the past, the present, and the future. By chance he discovers a fine ruby that had been stolen from the king's jeweller, and a valuable necklace, which a lady had lost in the public baths. After this it happened that the royal treasury was robbed of forty chests of gold and jewels, and the king's astrologer having failed to discover either the robbers or the treasure, his majesty threatened him with death if he did not find out the thieves within the next day. Ahmed is sent for by the king's astrologer, who conducts

¹ Crane's 'Italian Popular Tales,' p. 314.—Mr W. J. Thoms, in the notes to his 'Lays and Legends of Tartary,' refers to an English story of "The Conjuror and the Turkey-Cock" which is probably similar to this Italian version.

him before the king. On being desired to discover the robbers of the treasury, Ahmed declares there were forty robbers concerned in the affair, and that he should require forty days to discover them all; intending to escape to another country before the expiry of that period. When he returns home and acquaints his wife of his having but forty days more to live, unless he made good his escape out of the land, she threatens to inform the king at once of his meditated flight if he does not set to work to find out the robbers. "Well," says the unhappy cobbler, "so be it. All I desire is to pass the few remaining days of my life as comfortably as I can. You know that I am no scholar; so there are forty dates, give me one of these every night after I have said my prayers, in order that I may put them in a jar, and by counting them, may always see how many of the days I have to live are gone." The wife, pleased at carrying her point, took the dates and promised to be punctual in doing what he desired. Meanwhile the thieves who had stolen the king's treasure, having been kept from leaving the city by fear of detection and pursuit, had received information of every measure taken to discover them. One of their number was among the crowd before the palace on the day the king sent for Ahmed, and hearing the cobbler had immediately declared there were forty robbers concerned in the affair, he ran in a fright to his comrades and exclaimed, "We are all found out! Ahmed, the new

astrologer, has told the king there are forty of us." The captain of the band replied, "It needed no astrologer to tell that: this Ahmed, with all his simple good-nature, is a shrewd fellow;—forty chests having been stolen, he naturally guessed that there must have been forty thieves, and he has made a good hit, that is all. Still, it is prudent to watch him, for he certainly has made some strange discoveries. One of us must go to-night and listen to his conversation with his handsome wife, for he is said to be very fond of her, and will, no doubt, tell her what success he has had in his endeavours to detect us." Every one approved of this proposal; and soon after night-fall one of the thieves repaired to the terrace of Ahmed's house. He arrived there just as the cobbler had finished his evening prayers, and his wife was giving him the first date. "Ah," said Ahmed, as he took it, "there, my dear, is one of the forty." The thief, supposing Ahmed was aware of his presence, hastened back to his comrades, and told them what he had heard. Next night two men went to Ahmed's house, and heard him say to his wife, as he received the second date, "Now there are two of them, my dear." Three men went the next night, and so on, till the fortieth night, when the whole gang went, and heard Ahmed exclaim, "The number is complete, my dear; to-night the whole forty are here," upon which the robbers knocked at the door, and when Ahmed opened it, expecting to see the king's guards come to lead him off to execution, to his surprise

and relief, the robbers confessed their guilt, and conducted him to the place where they had concealed the king's treasure, he having promised not to betray them to the king. In the morning he appeared before the king, who asked him if he had succeeded in discovering the robbers, and also the whereabouts of the treasure they had stolen. Ahmed replied that he could either direct him to the robbers or the treasure, but not to both. The king thought hanging the thieves would do no good to himself if he lost his treasure, so he chose to have the chests recovered, even though the rogues should get off scot-free. Then Ahmed made his calculations, and finally led the way to the place where the treasure was hidden, after which the king gave him his own daughter in marriage; and his vain and foolish wife was no gainer, but a loser, by her having urged the honest cobbler to set up as an astrologer.¹

A Mongolian variant occurs in the 'Relations of Siddhí Kúr,' under the title of the Magician with the Sow's Head, in which, in place of stolen treasure, the pretended soothsayer recovers a lost talisman on which the welfare of the country depended, and cures a khán who was bewitched by evil spirits. His folly is shown by the paltry reward he asks for his services; but his wife afterwards goes to the khán, and obtains costly gifts.²

¹ Sir John Malcolm's 'Sketches of Persia,' chap. xx.

² 'Sagas from the Far East': Tale iv. of Siddhí Kúr.

The oldest and best form of the story is found in the 'Kathá Sarit Ságara,' Book vi. chapter 30, and it is here given in full, from Professor C. H. Tawney's translation of that work :

There was a certain Bráhmaṇ in a certain village, named Harisarman [*i.e.*, says Benfey, "Blockhead"]. He was poor and foolish, and in evil case for want of employment, and he had very many children, that he might reap the fruits of his misdeeds in a former life. He wandered about begging with his family, and at last he reached a certain city, and entered the service of a rich householder called Sthúladatta. He made his sons keepers of this householder's cows and other possessions, and his wife a servant to him, and he himself lived near his house, performing the duty of an attendant. One day there was a great feast on account of the marriage of the daughter of Sthúladatta, largely attended by many friends of the bridegroom and merrymakers. And then Harisarman entertained a hope that he would be able to fill himself up to the throat with *ghí* and flesh and other dainties, together with his family, in the house of his patron. While he was anxiously expecting that occasion, no one thought of him. Then he was distressed at getting nothing to eat, and he said to his wife at night, "It is owing to my poverty and stupidity that I am treated with such disrespect here; so I will display, by means of an artifice, an assumed knowledge, in order that I may become an object of respect to this Sthúladatta, and when you get an opportunity,

tell him that I possess supernatural knowledge." He said this to her, and after turning the matter over in his mind, while people were asleep he took away from the house of Sthúladatta a horse on which his son-in-law rode, and placed it in concealment. And in the morning the friends of the bridegroom could not find the horse, though they searched for it in every direction. Then, while Sthúladatta was distressed at the evil omen, and searching for the thieves who had carried off the horse, the wife of Harisarman came and said to him, "My husband is a wise man, skilled in astrology and sciences of that kind, and he will procure for you the horse; why do you not ask him?" When Sthúladatta heard that, he called Harisarman, who said, "Yesterday I was forgotten; now the horse is stolen I am called to mind." And Sthúladatta then propitiated the Bráhmaṇ with these words, "I forgot you; forgive me," and asked him to tell him who had taken away the horse. Then Harisarman drew all kinds of pretended diagrams, and said, "The horse has been placed by thieves on the boundary-line south from this place. It is concealed there; and before it is carried off to a distance, as it will be at close of day, quickly go and bring it." When they heard that, many men ran and brought the horse quickly, praising the discernment of Harisarman, who was honoured by all men as a sage, and dwelt there in happiness, honoured by Sthúladatta.

Then, as days went on, much wealth, consisting of gold and jewels, was carried off by a thief from the

palace of the king. As the thief was not known, the king quickly summoned Harisarman on account of his reputation for supernatural knowledge. And he, when summoned, tried to gain time, and said, "I will tell you to-morrow"; and then he was placed in a chamber by the king, and carefully guarded. And he was despondent about his pretended knowledge. Now in that palace there was a maid named Jihvá,¹ who, with the assistance of her brother, had carried off that wealth from the interior of the palace. She, being alarmed at Harisarman's knowledge, went at night and applied her ear to the door of his chamber, in order to find out what he was about. And Harisarman, who was alone inside, was at that very moment blaming his own tongue, that had made a vain assumption of knowledge. He said, "O Tongue, what is this you have done through desire of enjoyment? Ill-conducted one, endure now punishment in this place." When Jihvá heard this, she thought in her terror that she had been discovered by this wise man, and by an artifice she managed to get in to where he was, and falling at his feet, she said to that supposed sage, "Bráhmaṇ, here I am, that Jihvá [*i.e.*, Tongue] whom you have discovered to be the thief of the wealth; and after I took it I buried it in the earth in a garden behind the palace, under a pomegranate tree. So spare me, and receive the small quantity of gold that is in my possession." When Harisarman heard that, he said to her proudly, "De-

¹ The name, or word, means "tongue."

part! I know the past, the present, and the future. But I will not denounce you, being a miserable creature that has implored my protection; but whatever gold is in your possession you must give up to me." When he said this to the maid she consented, and departed quickly. But Harisarman reflected, in his astonishment, "Fate, if propitious, brings about, as if in sport, a thing that cannot be accomplished; for in this matter, when calamity was near, success has been unexpectedly attained by me. While I was blaming my tongue [*jihvá*] the thief *Jihvá* suddenly flung herself at my feet. Secret crimes, I see, manifest themselves by means of fear." In these reflections he passed the night happily in his chamber, and in the morning he brought the king, by some skilful parade of pretended knowledge, into the garden, and led him up to the treasure which was buried there; and he said that the thief had escaped with a part of it. Then the king was pleased, and proceeded to give him villages.

But the minister, *Devájnanin*, whispered in the king's ear, "How can a man possess such knowledge unattainable by man, without having studied treatises? So you may be certain that this is a specimen of the way he makes a dishonest livelihood, by having a secret intelligence with thieves; therefore it will be better to test him by some new artifice." Then the king, of his own accord, brought a new covered pitcher, into which he had thrown a frog, and said to *Hari-sarman*, "*Bráhma*n, if you can guess what is in this

pitcher, I will do you great honour to-day." When the Bráhmaṇ heard that, he thought his last hour had come, and he called to mind the pet name of Frog which his father had given him in sport; and, impelled by the deity, he apostrophised himself by it, lamenting his hard fate, and exclaimed, "This is a fine pitcher for you, Frog, since suddenly it has become the swift destroyer of your helpless self in this place." The people there, when they heard that, made a tumult of applause, because his speech chimed in so well with the object presented to him, and murmured, "Ah, a great sage! He knows even about the frog!" Then the king, thinking that this was all due to knowledge of divination, was highly delighted, and gave Harisarman villages, with gold, umbrella, and vehicles of all kinds. And immediately Harisarman became like a feudal chief.

This Sanskrit version is for us the oldest form of the story, and, as Tawney has pointed out, the German version of Grimm is nearest to it, in the exclamation of Doctor Know-all—whose name is Krebs—when the covered dish with a crab inside is set before him, "O crab, crab! what will you do?" The name of the sham-priest in the Norse version was evidently also Krebs, else there would be no appositeness in his exclamation, "O you most wretched crab!" And this version corresponds with the Sanskrit in the locking-up of the pretended priest. The story is also found, says Tawney, in the 'Facetiæ' of Henri-

cus Bebelius, 1506. Here a poor charcoal-burner, as in the Norse version, represents the Bráhman. He asks three days to consider. The king gives him a good dinner, and while the first thief is standing at the window, he exclaims, "*Jam unus accessit*," meaning, "one day is at an end." The next day the second thief comes to listen. The charcoal-burner exclaims, "*Secundus accessit*," and so with the third; whereupon all confess. This seems to have been derived from the same source as the Norse story. Benfey conceives the incident of the horse to be found in the 'Facetiæ' of Poggius, where a doctor boasts a wonder-working pill. A man who has lost his ass takes one of these pills, and it conducts him to a bed of reeds, where he finds his ass! The version of the story in 'Siddhí Kúr' differs greatly from all the others. Benfey considers that collection as a comparatively late work, and thinks that the Mongols brought the Indian story to Europe in a form more nearly resembling that in the 'Kathá Sarit Ságara' than does the tale in the 'Siddhí Kúr.'¹

¹ The Mongolian form of the story is so different from the European versions and their Indian original that I have thought it needless to give an abstract of it. The hero does not, as in all other versions, at first pretend that he is a soothsayer or astrologer; it is only after he has by chance seen where the talisman is deposited that he undertakes to recover it; and in the case of the sick khán, he overhears two demons—one, in the shape of a buffalo, the other in that of a woman who had become the khán's wife, and had caused his sickness—conversing together about the means by which they might be destroyed, and next day, acting upon the information thus obtained, the khán is cured, honours and wealth are bestowed upon himself and his relations, and he is ever after regarded as a most skilful magician.

Incidents similar to that of the chance-discovery of the thieves in the several versions of the story above cited are found in other tales. In the 'Pleasant Nights' of Straparola, xiii. 6, a mother sends her booby-son to find "good day." The lad lies down by the roadside near the city gate, where he could see all that went in or out of the city. It so happened that three men had gone into the fields to take away a treasure they had found, and on their return, when one of them greeted the booby with "good day," he exclaimed, "I have one of them," meaning that he had met one of the good days; and so on with the second and third. Believing they were discovered, the men shared the treasure with the booby in order to secure his silence.

In Pitre's Sicilian collection, among the stories of Giufà, the typical noodle of Sicily, it is related that he went out one day to gather herbs, and it was night before he returned. On his way home the moon rose through the clouds, and Giufà sat down on a stone and watched the moon appear and disappear behind the clouds, and he exclaimed alternately, "It appears! it appears!" "It sets! it sets!" Now there were near by some thieves, who were skinning a calf which they had stolen, and when they heard, "It appears! it sets!" they feared that the officers of justice were coming, so they ran away and left the meat. When Giufà saw the thieves running away, he went to see what it was they had left behind, and found the calf skinned; so he took

his knife and cut off flesh enough to fill his sack, and went home.¹

An elaborate variant of the incident is known among the Sinhalese, of which a translation is given by Mr W. Goonetilleke in 'The Orientalist' for February 1884, to this effect: A blockhead said to his wife that he wished to receive *sil*,² so she bade him go to the priest and repeat after him the words he should pronounce. Before break of day next morning he set out for the priest's house, and arriving there, knocked at the door. The priest called out, "Kavuda?" (Who's there?) The noodle, following literally the instructions of his wife as to repetition, replied, "Kavuda?" The priest could not understand how any one should be in the mood for jesting at such a time and place, and drawing near the door, said, "Mokada?" (What's the matter?) "Mokada?" repeated the blockhead. The priest was bewildered: he could not for the life of him understand the meaning of so strange a proceeding, so he called out, "Allapiya!" (Lay hold!) And "Allapiya!" was quickly echoed. Upon this the priest went into one of the rooms to wake up his servant, and in the meantime the simpleton, hearing nothing more, concluded that the ceremony was over, and returning home, told his wife that the words he must repeat were, "Kavuda? Mokada? Allapiya!" His wife replied that if he

¹ Crane's 'Italian Popular Tales,' p. 293.

² *Sil* is a religious observance: vowing to follow the Five Precepts of Buddha—see *ante*, p. 92, note 1.

had not already lost his small wits he was pretty near it. The man, however, paid no attention to her remarks, believing her to be in jest, but kept repeating the words all night long at frequent intervals, to the serious disturbance of his wife's rest. This went on for several nights, and nothing that the wife could think of had the effect of convincing the man of his mistake. About this time three thieves broke into the king's treasury at night, and stole from it much wealth, consisting of gold, silver, and jewels of price. Carrying off their booty, they came to the back part of the simpleton's house and began to divide it, when they were startled by the words, "Who's there? What's the matter? Lay hold!" uttered in a loud tone from within the house. "We are undone!" said one of the thieves. "Discovered most certainly we are," said another. "Hush, hush!" said the third; "the words may have been addressed to somebody else." So they made up their minds to go on with the division, but had scarcely recommenced before the same words fell on their ears, "Who's there? What's the matter? Lay hold!" Then they took to their heels, leaving the treasure behind. The man, hearing the clatter outside, went to the back part of the house with a light, and saw, to his amazement, three heaps of treasure. He immediately awoke his wife and took her to the spot. Her eyes beamed as she beheld the unexpected wealth: husband and wife together conveyed the heaps into the house, and all was secure before day dawned.

“Now,” said the wittol to his wife triumphantly, “was it not my observance of *sil* that brought us this luck?”

“Yes,” said she; “I am glad you have been so earnest in its practice.”

These three stories are not only closely allied to the chief incident of the story of the Lucky Impostor, but may be farther considered as having near affinity with the cycle of tales (see *ante*, p. 317 ff.) in which a certain maxim saves a king's life. “Thus conscience does make cowards of us all!”

"DON'T COUNT YOUR CHICKENS UNTIL THEY
ARE HATCHED!"

THIS proverb, or maxim, had its origin in the favourite tale of the Milkmaid and her Pail of Milk, which, in her day-dream, was to form the basis of her fortune: With the profit obtained from her milk she would purchase a hundred eggs, the eggs would produce chickens, which, when grown up, she would sell, and then buy a pig, and finally a cow and a calf; then she would have many suitors for her hand in marriage, but she would scorn them every one; hereupon she tossed her head, and her pail fell, and all the milk was spilled on the ground.—In this form it was adapted from La Fontaine's fable of "La Latière et le Pot au Lait," but it was well known throughout Europe long before the great French fabulist's collection of apologues and tales was published—in 1678. In the 'Contes et Nouvelles' of Bonaventure des Periers (sixteenth century) it is thus related:

A good woman carried a pot of milk to market, making her reckoning thus: she would sell it for two

liards; with these two liards she would buy a dozen of eggs; she would hatch them, and obtain a dozen chickens; these chickens would grow up and become fat fowls, selling at five sols apiece, which would make a crown or more; with which she would buy two little pigs, male and female; which would grow up, and produce a dozen others; which she would sell for twenty sols apiece, which would be twelve francs; with which she would buy a mare, which would bring a beautiful colt, which would grow up and become quite gentle: it would leap and cry *hin!* And in saying *hin!* the good woman, with the joy she had attained from her reckoning, made a kick as the colt would do, and so doing the pot of milk was kicked over, and the milk flowed away. And there were her eggs, her chickens, her fat fowls, her pigs, her mare, and her colt—all on the ground!

The story seems to have been familiar in France in the 15th century, with a shoemaker, however, in place of the milkmaid, since it is thus referred to by Rabelais, in his ‘Gargantua,’ “I have great fear (said Eche-phron) that all this enterprise will be like the farce of the *pot of milk*, with which the shoemaker made himself rich in his day-dream, and then broke the pot, and had not wherewithal to dine”—a version which does not seem to have survived.

The Infante Don Manuel, who died in 1347, gives it as follows, in cap. 29 of ‘El Conde Lucanor’:

There was a woman called Dona Truhana [*i.e.*, Gertrude], rather poor than rich. One day she went to the market, carrying a pot of *honey* on her head. On her way she began to think that she would sell the pot of honey and buy a quantity of eggs; that from those eggs she would have chickens; that she would sell them and buy sheep; that the sheep would give her lambs; and thus calculating all her gains, she began to think herself much richer than her neighbours. With the riches which she imagined she possessed, she thought how she would marry her sons and daughters, and how she would walk in the street surrounded by her sons and daughters-in-law, and how people would consider her very happy from having amassed so large a fortune, though she had been so poor. While she was thinking over all this, she began to laugh for joy, and struck her head and brow with her hand. The pot of honey fell down, and was broken, and she shed hot tears because she had lost all that she would have possessed if the pot of honey had not been broken.

In the 14th century it was also related in 'Dialogus Creaturarum optime Moralizatus,' by Nicolaus Pergamenus, which was rendered into English under the title of 'Dialogues of Creatures Moralised,' where it thus appears:

"For as it is but madnesse to trust to moche in svrete, so it is but foly to hope to moche of vanyteys, for vayne be all erthly thinges longynge to men, as

sayth Davyd, Psal. xciiii: Wher of it is tolde in fablys that a lady uppon a tyme delyvered to her mayden a galon of mylke to sell at a cite, and by the way, as she sate and restid her by a dyche syde, she began to thinke that with the money of the mylke she wold bye an henne, the which shulde bringe forth checkyns, and when they were growyn to hennys she wolde sell them and by piggis, and exchaunge them in to shepe, and the shepe in to oxen, and so whan she was come to richesse she sholde be maried right worshipfully unto some worthy man, and thus she rejoycid. And whan she was thus mervelously comfortid and ravissed inwardly in her secrete solace, thinkynge with howe greate ioye she shuld be ledde towarde the chirche with her husbond on horsebacke, she sayde to her selfe, ‘Goo we, goo we.’ Sodaynlye she smote the ground with her fote, myndynge to spurre the horse, but her fote slyppid, and she fell into the dyche, and there lay all her mylke, and so she was farre from her purpose, and never had that she hopid to have.”

But the same form of the story is found in the ‘Liber de Donis’ of Etienne de Bourbon, which was written a century before the ‘Dialogus Creaturarum,’ and, still earlier, in the ‘Sermones’ of Jacques de Vitry, who seems to have been its originator, or rather, he was the first thus to adapt the ancient Eastern original,¹ which is one of the celebrated Fables of Bidpai,

¹ In Jacques de Vitry’s version it is “a certain little old fellow” who is carrying milk to the market in an earthen pitcher; but in

the Arabian version of which, entitled 'Kalfla wa Dimna' (8th century), derived from the Pahlavi, is probably the closest representative of the Sanskrit original. This is how the story is told in the Arabic version, according to Knatchbull's translation :

A religious man was in the habit of receiving every day from the house of a merchant a certain quantity of butter and honey, of which having eaten as much as he wanted, he put the rest into a jar, which he hung on a nail in a corner of the room, hoping that the jar would in time be filled. Now as he was leaning back one day on his couch, with a stick in his hand, and the jar suspended over his head, he thought of the high price of butter and honey, and said to himself, "I will sell what is in the jar, and buy with the money which I obtain for it ten goats, which, producing each of them a young one every five months in addition to the produce of the kids, as soon as they begin to bear, it will not be long before there is a large flock." He continued to make his calculations, and found that he should, at this rate, in the course of two years have more than 400 goats. "At the expiration of this term, I will buy," said he, "a hundred black cattle, in the proportion of a bull or a cow to every four goats. I will then purchase land, and hire workmen to plough it with the beasts, and put it into

Etienne de Bourbon it is a maid-servant who has received as a gift a quantity of milk which she carries on her head to sell in the city. The story of the shoemaker referred to by Rabelais was doubtless taken from Jacques de Vitry.

tillage, so that before five years are over I shall no doubt have realised a great fortune by the sale of the milk which the cows will give, and of the produce of my land. My next business will be to build a magnificent house, and engage a number of servants, both male and female, and when my establishment is completed, I will marry the handsomest woman I can find, who, in due time becoming a mother, will present me with an heir to my possessions, who, as he advances in age, shall have the best masters that can be procured, and if the progress which he makes in learning is equal to my reasonable expectations, I shall be amply repaid for the pains and expense which I have bestowed upon him; but if, on the other hand, he disappoints my hopes, the rod which I have here shall be the instrument with which I will make him feel the displeasure of a justly-offended parent.” At these words, he suddenly raised the hand which held the stick towards the jar, and broke it, and the contents ran down upon his head and face.¹

¹ This tale is somewhat altered in the conclusion of the following version, which occurs in a manuscript text of the Turkish romance of the ‘Forty Vazirs,’ preserved in the India Office Library: They relate that there was a devotee in the province of Fars, and that this devotee had a friend who loved him exceedingly. And that man was by trade a grocer, and sold oil and honey; and every day he gave the devotee a sufficient quantity of oil and honey. The devotee ate a little of it, and put the rest into a jar, and kept that jar in a corner of his house. One day the jar became full, and the devotee said in himself, “Now shall I take this oil and honey and sell it; and I shall buy five head of sheep with the money; and these sheep with their lambs will in time become a flock; and I shall grow very rich, and wear new clothes, and marry a virgin; and I shall have a son and

Here we see, in what is perhaps the oldest form of the tale, instead of a maiden and her pail of milk, it is a religious man and a pot of oil and honey, and thus it is also in the Greek version, made from the Arabic, in 1080, by a Jew named Symeon, the son of Seth.¹ In the oldest extant Sanskrit form of the Fables of Bidpai, the 'Panchatantra,'² the story is told somewhat differently, and has been translated as follows, by Dr H. H. Wilson (Book v. fab. 9):

There was an avaricious Bráhmaṇ, named Soma Sarmá, who had collected during the day as much meal in alms as filled an earthen jar. This jar he suspended to a peg immediately at the foot of his bed, that he might not lose sight of it. During the night he lay awake some time, and reflected thus: "That jar is full of meal. If a scarcity should take place I shall sell it for a hundred pieces at least. With that sum I will buy a pair of goats. They will bear young, and I shall get enough for their sale to purchase a pair of cows.

heir by her, and I shall teach him all things polite." Then he took the staff in his hand, and put the jar on his head, and went to the bazaar; but as he was leaning his staff against the wall, he forgot the jar, and it struck against the wall, so that it was broken, and all that oil and honey ran down his beard.—From Mr Gibb's translation of the 'Forty Vazirs,' recently published (London: Redway). Appendix, p. 393.

¹ It is also a pot of honey in 'El Conde Lucanor,' from which we might suppose that this version was adapted from the Arabic or the Greek, did we not find a woman in place of the religious man, which, as we shall presently see, occurs in no Eastern version of the tale.

² The oldest extant *Sanskrit* form; but it was not from the 'Panchatantra' that the Pahlavi translation was made, from which was derived the Arabic 'Kalila wa Dimna' (see *ante*, pp. 182, 183).

I shall sell their calves, and will purchase buffaloes; and with the produce of my herd I shall be able to buy horses and mares. By the sale of their colts I shall realise an immense sum; and with my money I will build a stately mansion. As I shall then be a man of consequence, some wealthy person will solicit my acceptance of his daughter, with a suitable dower. I shall have a son by her, whom I will call by my own name Soma Sarmá. When he is able to crawl, I shall take him with me on my horse, seating him before me. Accordingly, when Soma Sarmá sees me he will leave his mother's lap, and come creeping along, and some day or other he will approach the horses too near, when I shall be very angry, and shall desire his mother to take him away. She will be busy with her household duties, and will not hear my orders, on which I shall give her a kick with my foot.” Thus saying, he put forth one of his feet with such violence as to break the jar. The meal accordingly fell to the ground, where, mingling with the dust and dirt, it was completely spoiled; and so ended Soma Sarmá's hopes.

In the ‘Hitopadesa,’ which is commonly considered as an abridgment of the ‘Panchatantra,’ although it has some tales not found in the latter, we find other variations (Professor Johnson's translation; Book iv. fab. 8):

In the city of Devakotta lived a Bráhmaṇ, whose name was Deva Sarman. At the entrance of the sun

into the equinoctial line, he obtained a dish of flour, which when he had taken, he laid himself down overpowered with heat in a potter's shed filled with pots. And as he held a staff in his hand to protect the flour, he thus thought within himself: "If by selling this pot of flour I gain ten cowries, then with those cowries having presently purchased a stock of pots, pans, etc., I will dispose of them at a profit. With the money thus greatly increased, having repeatedly purchased betel-nuts, cloth, and the like, and having sold them again, and in this manner carried on traffic, until I have realised a fortune amounting to a lack of rupís, I will contract four marriages. Among those wives there will be one young and beautiful, and on her I shall bestow my affection. Afterwards, when those rival wives, grown jealous, shall be bickering among themselves, then, being inflamed with anger, I will thrash them all with a stick"—saying which, he flung his stick, whereby the dish of flour was dashed in pieces, and many pots were broken. He was consequently seized by the throat and turned out of the shed by the potter, who came out on hearing the pots broken.

The tale of Alnaschar (properly, En-Nashshár) must be familiar to all readers from our common version of the 'Arabian Nights,' which was derived from Galland's French translation, 'Les Mille et une Nuits':

With a hundred pieces of silver, it will be remembered, he purchased all kinds of articles of glass, and

having put his stock in a large tray, he sat upon an elevated place to sell it, leaning his back against a wall. “And as he sat he meditated, and said within himself, ‘Verily, my whole stock consisteth of glass. I will sell it for two hundred pieces of silver; and with the two hundred I will buy other glass, which I will sell for four hundred; and thus I will continue buying and selling until I have acquired great wealth. Then with this I will purchase all kinds of merchandise and essences and jewels, and so obtain vast gain. After that I will buy a handsome house, and mamlúks, and horses, and gilded saddles; and I will eat and drink; and I will not leave in the city a single female singer, but I will have her brought to my house that I may hear her songs.’ All this he calculated with the tray of glass lying before him.” He then proposes to demand as his wife the daughter of the chief vazír, and the marriage is to be a very grand affair. But he will treat his wife with disdain: refuse to take the proffered cup of wine from her hand, albeit she humbly kneels before him in presenting it. Her mother will order her to put the cup to his mouth, but he will shake his hand in her face and spurn her with his foot, and do thus—so saying, he kicked the tray of glass, which fell to the ground, and all that was in it broke—there escaped nothing.¹

¹ Sir Richard F. Burton, in a note to this story (The Barber's Fifth Brother), in his excellent unabridged translation of the ‘Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night,’ would “distinctly derive it from Æsop's market-woman who kicked over her eggs, whence the Latin proverb,

Yet another variant is found in Miss Stokes' 'Indian Fairy Tales'—a charming collection. The Foolish Sachal is promised four pice to carry a jar of *ghí* for a sepoy. As he goes along he says to himself, "With these four pice I will buy a hen; and I will sell the hen and her eggs, and with the money I get for them I will buy a goat; and then I will sell the goat and her milk and her hide, and buy a cow, and then I will sell her milk. And then I will marry a wife; and then I shall have some children, and they will say to me, 'Father, will you have some rice,' and I will say, 'No, I won't have any rice.'" At this he shook his head, when down came the jar and was smashed, and the *ghí* was all spilled.

On comparing these different Eastern versions, it is curious to find that the day-dreamer purposes punishing his potential son in the Arabian 'Kalíla wa Dimna,' and his wife in the 'Panchatantra,' 'Hitopadesa,' and the tale of Alnaschar. "It seems a startling case of longevity," remarks Professor Max Müller, "that while languages have changed, while works of art have perished, while empires have risen and vanished again, this simple children's tale should have lived on and maintained its place of honour and its undisputed

Ante victoriam canere triumphum: to sell the skin before you have caught the bear." But it is probable this proverb had a very different origin, like our "don't halloo till you are out of the wood." Moreover, what proof is there that Æsop composed that fable—or any others that are ascribed to him?—Tyrwhitt compares Malvolio, in Shakspeare's 'Twelfth Night,' act ii. scene 5, to Alnaschar.

sway in every schoolroom of the East and every nursery of the West.”

Some passages in Lucian's tract of 'The Wishes' present a resemblance to these versions of a day-dream of opulence. For example: Adimittus tells his friends that, having learned that the annual profit earned by a large vessel, then lying in the harbour of Athens, could not be less than twelve Attic talents (over £2000), he thought to himself, "If some god now should put me in possession of this ship, what a happy life I should lead, and how well could I serve my friends; sometimes going to sea myself, and sometimes sending my servants." I then, with my twelve talents, began at once to build a house in a good situation, bought slaves, fine clothes, horses, and chariots. I then set sail, and was considered the happiest of men by the passengers, dreaded by the sailors, and respected like a little king by every one of them—when, behold! just as I was settling my naval affairs, and looking out at a distance for the haven, whilst my ship moved on with a propitious gale, you came in, and sank all my treasures to the bottom!" This may very possibly be a mere coincidence; but the Indian fictions had already begun their westward travels in the time of Lucian, who was a diligent collector as well as a skilful adapter of current tales, regardless of their origin.

THE FAVOURITE WHO WAS ENVIED.

SCARCELY any story of Eastern origin has attracted more admiration, if we may judge from the number of versions which exist, than that of the favourite of a king whose death was plotted by an envious courtier who fell into his own snare. This is the well-known tale of Fulgentius, in the 98th chapter of the Anglican 'Gesta Romanorum.' Its first appearance in Europe, according to Dunlop, was in the 'Contes Dévots,' under the title of "D'un Roi qui voulut faire brûler le fils de son Seneschal," from which it was adapted in the earliest Italian collection of tales, 'Cento Novelle Antiche,' No. 68, where an envious knight is jealous of the favour a young man enjoys with the king. As a friend, he bids the youth hold back his head while serving this prince, who, he says, was disgusted with his foul breath, and then acquaints his master that the page did so from being offended with his Majesty's breath. The irascible monarch forthwith orders his kilnman to throw the first messenger he sends to him into the furnace, and the young man is accordingly

despatched on some pretended errand, but, happily passing near a monastery on his way, tarries for some time to hear mass. Meanwhile the contriver of the fraud, impatient to learn the success of his stratagem, sets out for the house of the kilnman, and arrives before his intended victim. On inquiring if the commands of his master have been fulfilled, he is answered that they will be immediately executed, and, as the first messenger on the part of the king, is forthwith thrown into the furnace.¹

The story reappears in the 'Liber de Donis' of Etienne de Bourbon, 13th century; John of Bromyard's 'Summa Prædicantium,' 14th century; and the 'Dialogus Creaturarum' of Nicolaus Pergamenus; and, under the title of "Les deux Pages," it is also found in 'Anecdotes Chrétiennes de l'Abbé Reyre.' Schiller has made it the subject of a fine ballad, "Der gang nach dem Eisenhammer," which must be generally

¹ Walter Mapes, one of the most remarkable of the literary men at the court of Henry II. (latter part of the 12th century—he is lost sight of after 1196), has this story in his 'Nugæ Curialium,' which exists in only one manuscript, preserved in the Bodleian Library, and that a very incorrect one. The 'Nugæ Curialium' was printed for the Camden Society, in 1850, edited, with an introduction and notes, by Mr Thomas Wright, the well-known literary antiquary, and the story will be found on pages 124-131 of the work. The 'Contes Dévots' were first composed in Latin, in the 12th century, by Hugues Farsi, a monk of St Jean des Vignes, from which selections were rendered into French verse, by Coinsi, or Comsi, a monk (afterwards prior) of St Médard de Soissons, who died in 1236, including some tales of his own invention or adaptation. It is impossible to say whether Walter de Mapes derived his story from the 'Contes Dévots'; most probably it was orally current in his time—or he may have heard it related by some monkish preacher in the course of a sermon.

known to English readers from Mr Bowring's translation, entitled "Fridolin; or the Walk to the Iron Foundry." Schiller's ballad differs in some of its details from other versions: Robert the huntsman, having long cherished in vain a guilty passion for the wife of his master the Count Savern, in revenge falsely accuses the page Fridolin of the very crime which he had himself designed:

Then two workmen beckons he,
And speaks thus in his ire:
"The first who's hither sent by me,
Thus of ye to inquire—
'Have ye obeyed my lord's will well?'
Him cast ye into yonder hell,
That into ashes he may fly,
And ne'er again torment mine eye."

The catastrophe is identical with that of the Italian version.—Mr J. Payne Collier states, on the authority of M. Boettiger, that Schiller founded his ballad upon an Alsatian tradition which he had heard at Mannheim.

In the Turkish romance of the 'Forty Vazirs' (the Lady's 22d tale), the favourite companion of a king is envied by the other courtiers, one of whom tells the monarch that his favourite said he had leprosy. The envious courtier cooks a Tartar pie strongly seasoned with garlic, and invites the favourite to his house. They eat together, and afterwards go to the king. On their way the favourite is warned by his "friend" not to go near the king, because of his garlic-tainted

breath; so he holds his sleeve to his mouth, and stands a little way off. The king, believing this conduct confirmed the report, gives him a letter to take to the chief magistrate, telling him to keep whatever he is offered. The envious man persuades the favourite to give him the letter, for the sake of the present, since he would always be in the king's favour. So he gave him the letter, which ordered the magistrate to seize the bearer, "flay him alive, stuff his skin with grass, and set it upon the road that I may see it there when I pass." When the king recognises the stuffed skin of the envious courtier, he sends for his favourite, who explains why he had held his sleeve to his mouth in his presence.

Through the Ottoman Turks this incident may have reached Northern Africa; at all events, it occurs in the Kabail story of the Good Man and the Bad Man (Rivière's French collection), the first part of which is a variant of the German tale of the Three Crows—see vol. i. p. 249. The good man, who had married the king's daughter, feeling unwell one day, his false friend advises him to eat an onion as medicine, but he must take care that the king does not smell his tainted breath. Then the wicked man tells the king that his son-in-law despises him; and when he comes into his presence the king observes that he keeps his face turned away from him. So he gives him a letter to the sultan, and on the way the good man meets his false friend, who offers to do his errand,

which he does, and is burnt to death in place of the king's son-in-law.

The story is also found, but in a different form, in the Arabian romance of the 'Seven Vazírs,' but in no other version of the Book of Sindibád:¹

A sultan adopts a male infant whom he saw exposed on the highway, and when he is grown up appoints him keeper of the royal treasury. It happened one day that Ahmed (such was the foundling's name), having occasion to pass through the chamber of the king's favourite concubine, he discovered her with a male slave, but did not tell of this misconduct to his master. The woman, convinced that she had been seen by Ahmed with her paramour, and that he would not long keep the matter a secret, resolved to anticipate him by complaining to the king that his base-born treasurer had made improper proposals to her. The king told her to conceal the affair, and in an hour he should bring her Ahmed's head. Then sending for one of his slaves, he privately instructed him to go to a certain house and remain there: "When any one shall say to thee, 'Thus saith the sultan, Do that which thou wast commanded to execute,' strike off his head, place it in this basket, and fasten over it the cover. When

¹ And, so far as I am aware, only in two Arabic texts of the 'Seven Vazírs,' viz., that translated by Dr Jonathan Scott (see vol. i. p. 378, note 1), and that in the imperfect manuscript of the 'Thousand and One Nights' preserved in the British Museum: Rich. MSS. Nos. 7404, 7405, and 7406—the story of the 'Seven Vazírs' is in the third volume.

I shall send to thee a messenger, who will say, 'Hast thou performed the business?' commit to him the basket." When the slave had retired, the king called to Ahmed, and said, "Hasten to such a house, and say unto such a slave, 'Execute the commands of the sultan.'" On the way Ahmed saw the woman's paramour sitting with some of his fellow-slaves feasting and drinking. The guilty slave, thinking that by detaining Ahmed from the king's business he might procure his death, invited him to join them. Ahmed replied that he had been sent by the king with a message to a certain house, and the slave offered to carry the message in his stead, if he would remain with his companions till he returned. Then Ahmed said, "Be it so, and say to the slave whom thou wilt find there that he must execute the orders of the sultan." When the wicked slave arrived at the house, he said to the person there, "Thus saith the sultan, 'Complete thy orders.'" "Most willingly," he replied, and drawing his sword, struck off his head, and then placing it in the basket, he tied the cover on it, and sat down. Ahmed, having waited some time for the messenger's return, proceeded to the house, and inquired of the man, "Hast thou performed thy orders?" He answered that he had, and committed the basket to him. Ahmed, ignorant of the ghastly contents, took the basket to the sultan, who was greatly astonished to see him, and lifting the lid, discovered the head of the slave. The sultan then inquired into the whole affair,

and being convinced of the guilt of his concubine, caused her to be put to death.

Several versions of this widespread story are current in different Indian countries. Mr Vernieux gives two in his collection of Indian tales and anecdotes (Calcutta, 1873). In one of these, a prince who had spent all his wealth resolves to leave his country, with his wife, and before departing he receives from a fakir four maxims: (1) Act according to circumstances; (2) Never forsake ready food; (3) Clothe the naked; (4) Never proceed without premeditation. Coming to a foreign country, he acts upon the first maxim, and takes service as a field-labourer, continuing in that capacity for some months. One day he saw the body of a devotee floating on the river, and drew it to land in order to bury it, as was the custom of the place, when he found a ball of gold entwined in the long knotted hair of the corpse. With part of this wealth he procured better clothes, and then applied to the rájá for employment, who, seeing him to be a person of refinement, kept him about his own person for a time, and finally appointed him prime minister. Now it was the rájá's custom to go out very early in the morning to the river for ablution, and the new prime minister observed that no sooner had he quitted the palace than the queen also went out, but whither he did not know. One morning he saw, by chance, the queen in the apartment of the gate-keeper and entirely nude; and recalling to mind the second maxim of the

fakír, he threw his upper garment over her with averted face, and then went away. The faithless queen, dreading the disclosure of her crime, accused the prime minister to the rájá of having attempted her dishonour, showing his garment as evidence. The rájá, full of rage, despatched the minister with a letter to his brother, in which he was desired to put the bearer to death.

As he was about to depart on his fatal errand, his wife suggested that he should take the food prepared for him; and so, acting on the third maxim of the fakír, he postponed his journey till he had breakfasted. Meanwhile the profligate paramour of the queen came in about some business, when the minister informed him of the letter he had to deliver to the king's brother, which the gate-keeper undertook to do, as he was going in that direction. When the brother of the king had read the letter, the bearer was immediately beheaded. The minister arriving soon after this, and learning the fate of the gate-keeper, he thought of the fourth maxim, and related the whole affair to the prince, who, being convinced that it was a clear case of retributive justice, gave him a letter to the king, disclosing the queen's guilt. The king, on reading the letter, banished his wicked queen, and, having resigned the throne in favour of his faithful minister, spent the remainder of his days in pious meditation.

The second version translated by Vernieux relates

how a fakír obtained from a pious rájá an allowance of two rupís daily, but, living at a distance, he came only every third or fourth day to receive his money. He had thus enjoyed the rájá's bounty for some time when the rájá's gúrú, or chaplain, becoming envious of the fakír's good fortune, resolved to bring about his destruction. With this object, he said to the fakír one day, after he had received his allowance, "Why do you bring your face so near the king? It is very disrespectful. Next time you come, take care to turn away your face from the king." The gúrú then went to the king and said to him privately, "O Mahárája, you are too easily imposed upon by any rascal who tells you a plausible story of his distress. That fakír who was here to-day is a great drunkard. I saw him go into one of the drinking-houses after leaving here, and spend all the money you gave him. Observe whether he turns his face from you when next he comes to receive your bounty." On hearing this the king felt much grieved to think that he should have bestowed money on such an unworthy person.

When the fakír came again, he spoke to the rájá with his face averted from him, which convinced the rájá that the gúrú's account of his drunken habits was true; and to punish him for his roguery, he gave the fakír a letter to his (the rájá's) brother, ordering the bearer to be soundly scourged. The gúrú, learning that the fakír had received a letter from the king for his brother, and supposing his stratagem to have failed, and that the king designed him still farther favours,

said to him, "The rájá has written to his brother to pay you the sum due to you for the last three days; here are the six rupís, give me the letter and I will deliver it myself." The gúru, on taking the letter to the rájá's brother, was treated kindly, received water to wash his hands and feet, got a bath, and then some refreshments. But when he had opened and read the letter, he had no alternative but to execute the rájá's order. So he caused one of the gúru's cheeks to be marked with *chunan*, and the other with lamp-black, and, with a string of old shoes suspended from his neck, he was paraded through the streets of the city and the market-place, with beat of drum. It happened that while he was thus being made the object of public ridicule the queen saw him and informed the rájá of the treatment to which his gúru was subjected. The gúru and the fakír were both brought to the palace, and the facts of the case being ascertained, the rájá dismissed the gúru from his service, and appointed the fakír a residence in the royal garden.

In a Bengali folk-tale, entitled "The Minister and the Fool," translated by Damant in vol. iii. of the 'Indian Antiquary,' the rájá, having heard three birds conversing, desired his prime minister to interpret to him what they had said to each other. A young man in the minister's service, who was thought to be little better than crazy, knowing the language of birds, gave his master the required information, which he at once communicated to the rájá. Afraid lest it should

transpire that the fool had solved the question for him, the minister determined to have him put to death, and accordingly gave him a letter to the executioner. In passing through the garden, on the way to deliver his own death-warrant, he encountered the minister's son, who desired him to pick a nosegay of flowers for him, which he promised to do after he had delivered his letter; but the minister's son would brook no such delay, and told the fool to remain and pick the flowers, while he himself delivered the missive. The fool, therefore, remained in safety, while the minister's son was put to death in his stead.

To the same effect is the story of Phalabhúti in the 'Kathá Sarit Ságara' (Tawney's translation, vol. i. pp. 162, 163). A king is persuaded by his wife, in order that he should acquire magic power, to consent to practise the horrid rite of eating human flesh, and the story goes on thus: Having made him enter the circle, previously consecrated, she said to the king, after he had taken an oath, "I attempted to draw hither, as a victim, that Bráhma named Phalabhúti, who is so intimate with you; but the drawing him hither is a difficult task; so it is the best way to initiate some cook in our rites, that he may himself slay and cook him. And you must not feel any compunction about it, because by eating a sacrificial offering of his flesh, after the ceremonies are complete, the enchantment will be perfect, for he is a Bráhma of the highest caste." When his beloved said this to him, the king,

though afraid of the sin, consented—alas! terrible is compliance with women! Then that royal couple had the cook summoned, and after encouraging him and initiating him, they both said to him, “Whoever comes to you to-morrow morning and says, ‘The king and queen will eat together to-day, so get some flesh ready quickly,’ him you must slay, and make for us secretly a savoury dish of his flesh.” The cook consented, and went to his own house.

Next morning, when Phalabhúti arrived, the king said to him, “Go and tell the cook in the kitchen, ‘The king, together with the queen, will eat to-day a savoury mess, therefore prepare as soon as possible a splendid dish.’” Phalabhúti said, “I will do so,” and went out. When he was outside, the king’s son, whose name was Chandraprabhá, came to him and said, “Have made for me this very day, with this gold, a pair of earrings like those you had made before for my noble father.” Phalabhúti, in order to please the prince, immediately proceeded, as he was ordered, to get the earrings made, and the prince went readily with the king’s message, which Phalabhúti told him, alone to the kitchen; and when he delivered the king’s message, the cook, true to his agreement, at once put him to death with a knife, and made a dish of his flesh, which the king and queen ate, after performing the ceremonies, not knowing the truth. After spending the night in remorse, the king saw Phalabhúti arrive with the earrings in his hand. So, being bewildered, he questioned him about the earrings immediately; and when Phala-

bhúti had told him his story, the king fell on the earth and cried out, "Alas, my son!" blaming the queen and himself; and when the ministers questioned him, he told them the whole story, and repeated what Phalahúti had said every day, "The doer of good will obtain good, and the doer of evil, evil."

Though the details are more or less varied in each of these versions, yet the catastrophe is identical in them all, except the two last: he who plotted the death of an innocent man falls into his own snare; or the innocent is saved from death by the cupidity of the guilty, who justly suffers in his stead. The story, we have seen, was known in Europe in the 12th century, or three hundred years before the Turkish romance of the 'Forty Vazírs' was composed; yet it is curious to find that in the Ottoman version, as in the 'Contes Dévots,' the 'Gesta,' and the 'Novelle Antiche,' the envious man pretends to the king that his favourite says he has a foul breath: in the second Indian version from Vernieux the envious gúrú tells the king that the fakír turns his face away in order that his majesty should not discover from his breath that he is a drunkard. On the other hand, Schiller's "Fridolin," in which the huntsman falsely accuses the page of criminal intimacy with the countess, seems a reflection of the Arabian story, where the king's favourite damsel accuses Ahmed of having attempted her chastity—an incident which finds a parallel in the first of the Indian versions from Vernieux' collection. The Turk-

ish and second Indian versions agree in the incident of the envious man falling a victim to his own cupidity by undertaking to deliver the letter, in hopes of obtaining a present; and doubtless the lady's paramour in the first Indian version was actuated by a similar motive. The catastrophe of the Bengali version resembles that of the story of Phalabhúti, which is probably of Buddhist extraction.

THE MILLER'S SON ; OR, DESTINY.

IT would be a hard task to find among the folk-tales of any country one more pleasing than that of "Rich Peter the Pedlar," in Dasent's 'Popular Tales from the Norse,' a story which, besides being admirably suited to the minds of the young, illustrates a peculiar article of ancient popular belief—that it is vain to attempt to oppose the decrees of destiny, as they are foretold by the aspect of the heavenly bodies :

Rich Peter the Pedlar hears from the "star-gazers" that the miller's son is to marry his daughter. In order to prevent such a disgrace, he buys the lad from his parents, puts him in a box, and throws it into the river. But the boy is found and adopted by a miller who lives lower down the river. Peter discovers this by the skill of the "star-gazers," and procures the youth as his apprentice by giving the second miller 600 dollars. "Then the two travelled about far and wide with their packs and wares till they came to an inn, which lay by the edge of a great wood. From this the pedlar sent the lad home with a letter to his

wife, for the way was not so long if you take the short cut across the wood, and told him to tell her she was to be sure to do what was written in the letter as quickly as she could. But it was written in the letter that she was to have a great pile made then and there, fire it, and cast the miller's son into it. If she didn't do that, he'd burn her alive when he came back. So the lad set off with the letter across the wood, and when evening came on, he reached a house far, far away in the wood, into which he went; but inside he found no one. In one of the rooms was a bed ready made, so he flung himself across it, and fell asleep. The letter he had stuck into his hat-band, and the hat he pulled over his face. So when the robbers came back—for in that house twelve robbers had their abode—and saw the lad lying on the bed, they began to wonder who he could be, and one of them took the letter and broke it open and read it. 'Ho! ho!' said he, 'this comes from Peter the Pedlar, does it? Now will we play him a trick. It would be a pity if the old niggard made an end of such a pretty lad.' So the robbers wrote another letter to Peter the Pedlar's wife, and fastened it under his hat-band while he slept; and in that they wrote that as soon as ever she got it she was to make a wedding for her daughter and the miller's son, and give them horses and cattle and household stuff, and set them up for themselves in the farm which he had under the hill, and if he didn't find all this done when he came back she should smart for it. Next day the robbers let the lad go; and when he

came home and delivered the letter, he said he was to greet her kindly from Peter the Pedlar, and to say that she was to carry out what was written in the letter as soon as ever she could." This was accordingly done, to the great chagrin of Peter the Pedlar.¹

The 20th chapter of Swan's 'Gesta Romanorum' presents a striking analogy to the Norse tale: A king, belated while hunting, takes shelter for the night in the hut of a disgraced courtier, whom he does not recognise. During the night the courtier's wife gives birth to a fine boy, upon which the king hears a voice telling him that the child just born should be his son-in-law. In the morning the king orders his squires to take the infant from his mother and destroy it; but, moved to compassion, they place it upon the branches of a tree, to secure it from wild beasts, and then kill a hare, and convey its heart, as that of the infant, to the king. A duke, passing through the forest, hears the cries of the child, and discovering it, wraps it in the folds of his cloak, and takes it to his wife to bring up. In course of time, when the child is grown a handsome youth, the king suspects him to be the same who was predicted to be his son-in-law, and despatches him with a letter to the queen, commanding her to put the bearer to death. On his way he goes into a chapel, and there having fallen asleep, a priest, seeing the letter suspended from his girdle, has the curiosity to open it; and after learning the intended wickedness,

¹ See also Thorpe's 'Yule-Tide Stories,' p. 315 of Bohn's edition.

he alters its purport thus: "Give the youth our daughter in marriage"; which the queen does accordingly.

But the thirteenth of M. Dozon's Albanian Tales comprises the principal incidents which occur in our series of stories of 'The Favourite who was Envied' and in the foregoing: A couple who had long been childless had at length a son born to them; and on the third night after, three women came to declare his destiny. It so happened that a pasha had that night taken refuge in the cottage from a fearful storm, and lay in a corner, but awake, for he had thousands in money with him; and he overheard the first woman declare, "The child will be short-lived, and die soon"; the second woman said, "The child will live for years, and then perish by the hand of his father"; and the third woman predicted, "This child will live to kill this pasha, deprive him of his authority, and marry his daughter." Next day the terrified pasha persuaded the parents to give him the child for 9000 piastres. In journeying he threw the child and cradle into a river, and they were stranded lower down. Hearing the child's cries, one of a flock of goats, which were brought down to drink, went and suckled the child, and the same occurring next day while the goatherd was watching, he took the infant home. He soon found out to whom it belonged, and gave it to the old man, to be returned to him when it grew up. The boy showed great intelligence, and was sent to the

man who had rescued him. The pasha came to the village, and, lodging in the goatherd's house, took a fancy to the boy, but was terrified on learning his history. He sends the boy to his wife with a letter, ordering his death, which was to be announced to him by a volley of cannon. On the way the youth becoming tired, goes to a spring, drinks, and falls asleep. A negro comes, takes the letter and reads it, then writes another, requiring the pasha's wife to receive the youth with all honour, provide a feast, and marry him to their daughter, announcing the completion by a volley of cannon; and substitutes this for the pasha's letter. The youth delivers the forged letter, and all comes off as it directed. When the pasha returns and finds how matters stand, he once more determines to have the youth put to death. He sends for a blacksmith, and tells him that a youth whom he will send to him next day he is to kill with his big hammer, and to send him his head in a handkerchief. On the following day the youth, having been requested by the pasha to go to the smith's shop, was about to rise at an early hour, but his wife persuaded him to rest a little longer. By-and-by the pasha sent his own son to see whether his son-in-law had started on his fatal errand, who, finding him still at home, went himself, and was killed by the smith, his head being sent to the pasha by his son-in-law when he arrived and learned the fate that he had so narrowly escaped. Next day the pasha orders his groom to take a spiked-club, allow the horses to fight in the stable, and when his son-in-law

comes out to separate them, to kill him on the spot. When night comes the pasha calls to his son-in-law to go and quell the disturbance in the stable, but his wife detains him, and soon the horses become quiet. Thinking his son-in-law now dead, the pasha goes out to see, and is killed by the groom with his club. The son-in-law becomes pasha, and thus is the prophecy of the third woman fulfilled.

M. Dozon, in his "rapprochements," gives the opening of a similar tale in Hahn's modern Greek stories: A rich man had no children. It was foretold that the youngest son of a poor man would spend his fortune. He finds the man, and offers to buy his son, is refused, but allowed to adopt him. He throws the child from a bridge into the river; a shepherd finds him on the sands, and so on. The negro is replaced by a priest. The boy grows up, and encounters only one danger, when the merchant is killed instead of himself, by a shot from a vineyard guard, who had been ordered to shoot one who should come to eat raisins.¹

A very close Indian parallel to the Norse tale of

¹ Hahn cites another parallel from Grimm, in which the prophecy threatens a king.—This inevitable destiny recalls the story of the Second Calender, in the 'Arabian Nights'; the story of the Second Dervish, in the Persian romance of the Four Dervishes ('Kissá-i Chehar Darwesh'); the "Fulfilled Prophecy," in Ralston's translation of 'Tibetan Tales from Indian Sources'; the Netherlandish legend of Julian the Ferryman, in Thorpe's 'Northern Mythology'; and the story of the King and his Son, in the Persian romance, 'Bakht-yár Náma.'

Peter the Pedlar is found in the 'Kathá Kosa,' a Jaina collection, the conclusion of which, like that of the Albanian variant, is similar to the catastrophe of the "Favourite who was envied":

There was formerly, in the town of Rájagriha, a merchant named Ságarapota, who was told by an astrologer that a young beggar named Damannaka—he was, however, the son of a merchant who had died of the plague—would inherit all his property. He made over the youth to a Chandála (outcast) to be killed. But the Chandála, instead of killing him, cut off his little finger; and Damannaka, having thus escaped death, was adopted by the merchant's cowherd. In course of time the merchant recognised the youth, and, to ensure his being put out of the way, he sent him with a letter to his son Samudradatta. But when he reached the outskirts of the town of Rájagriha he felt fatigued, and fell asleep in the temple. Meanwhile the daughter of the merchant came to that temple to worship the divinity. "She beheld Damannaka with the large eyes and the broad chest." Her father's handwriting then caught her eye, and she proceeded to read the letter, in which was the following distich:

"Before this man has washed his feet, do thou with speed
Give him poison [*visham*], and free my heart from anxiety."

The damsel concluded that she herself (Visha) was to be given to the handsome youth, and that her father in his hurry had made a slight mistake in ortho-

graphy. She therefore made the necessary correction and replaced the letter. The merchant's son carries out his father's order—"as amended"—and Ságara-pota returns home to find Damannaka married to his daughter Visha. The implacable merchant once more attempts the life of the young man. Knowing that the bride and bridegroom must perform the customary worship at the temple, he despatched a man to lie in wait for him there. But his own son met them and insisted upon performing the worship in their stead. "Having taken the articles for offering, he went off, and as he was entering the temple of the goddess he was slain by Khadjala, who had gone there before." Thus was the proud merchant justly punished for his impious efforts to thwart the decrees of Heaven.

Sending a person with a letter containing his own death-warrant is a very common incident in popular tales. The letter which David king of Israel gave to Uriah to deliver to Joab is the prototype of that carried by Bellerophon in the classical legend. An instance in ancient Arabian tradition is found in the story of the letters which Tarafa and Mutalammis, two celebrated pre-Islamite poets, received from the king of Híra, whom they had offended by their lampoons, addressed to the governor of Bahrayn, commanding him to put the bearers to death. It seems neither of the poets could read, since we are told that Mutalammis, suspecting the design of the king, broke open

his letter and showed it to a friend, who read it to him, and on learning the fatal contents, Mutalammis destroyed it and advised his companion to turn back with him. But Tarafa, perhaps thinking that his friend had been deceived by the reader of the letter, declined his advice and continued his journey. On delivering his letter, the governor of Bahrayn, carrying out the order of the king, cut off Tarafa's hands and feet, and then caused him to be buried alive.

“LUCKILY, THEY ARE NOT PEACHES.”

MANY proverbs and sayings, it is well known, are derived from popular tales and apologues, although the latter may not be themselves “original.” Thus we have seen that the saying “Don’t count your chickens until they are hatched” originated in the tale of the Maid and the Pot of Milk, which is of Indian extraction. The Arabian saying, “The Boots of Hunayn,” when a person has lost more than he has gained by a transaction, had its origin in a tale (see *ante*, p. 50) which has its parallels in Europe and in India.

Isaac D’Israeli, in a paper on the Philosophy of Proverbs, gives the following story as being the origin of the Italian popular saying, “Luckily, they are not peaches,” employed in reference to any person who has received a beating quietly :

The community of Castle Poggibonsi, probably from some jocular tenure observed on St Bernard’s Day, pay a tribute of peaches to the court of Tuscany, which are usually shared among the ladies-in-waiting and the

pages of the court. It happened one season, in a great scarcity of peaches, that the good people of Poggibonsi, finding them rather dear, sent, instead of the customary tribute, a quantity of fine juicy figs, which were so much disapproved of by the pages that as soon as they got hold of them they began in a rage to empty the baskets on the heads of the ambassadors of the Poggibonsi, who, attempting to fly as well as they could from the pulpy shower, half-blinded, and recollecting that peaches would have had stones in them, cried out, "Luckily, they are not peaches!"¹

Whether there ever was such a "tribute" paid to the court of Tuscany (and it is, to say the least, very doubtful), the story is evidently, like that of the Pot of Milk, a mere localised variant of an Asiatic tale. As an example of the folly of following a woman's advice—a favourite subject of Oriental jests—it is related in the Turkish collection of blunders and jokes ascribed to the Khoja Nasr-ed-Dín Efendi, that the citizens of Yenisheher (where the Khoja lived) prepared to defend their city when they heard that Tímúr (Tamerlane) was coming against it. The Khoja earnestly dissuaded them, and offered to go himself as ambassador to the emperor. As he was about to leave his house, he had some doubts regarding the kind of present best calculated to appease Tímúr and render him benevolent towards

¹ 'Curiosities of Literature,' second series, ed. 1823, vol. i. pp. 461, 462.

both himself and his fellow-citizens.¹ At last he resolved on fruit; but reflecting that advice is good in times of difficulty, he went to his wife and asked her, “What should be more grateful to Tímúr—figs or quinces?” She replied, “Oh, quinces, of course; being more beautiful as well as larger, they are, in my opinion, more likely to prove acceptable.” But the Khoja thought within himself, “However good advice may be in general, a woman’s advice is never good,² and therefore I will present figs, not quinces.” So, having gathered a quantity of figs in a basket, he hastened to Tímúr. When the emperor was apprised of the Khoja’s arrival at his camp, he ordered him to be brought before him bareheaded, and his figs to be thrown at his bald pate. The servants obeyed the order with great alacrity, and the Khoja, at every blow he received, exclaimed very composedly, “Praised be Allah!” On the emperor demanding to know the reason of this exclamation, the Khoja replied, “I thank Allah that I followed not my wife’s advice; for had I, as she counselled me, brought quinces instead of figs, my head must have been broken.”

The same incident forms the second part of the rab-

¹ All great men in the East expect a present from a visitor, and look upon themselves as affronted, and even defrauded, when the compliment is omitted. See 1 Samuel ix. 7 and Isaiah lvii. 9.

² “Bear in mind,” says Thorkel to Bork, in the Icelandic saga of Gislí the Outlaw—“bear in mind that a woman’s counsel is always unlucky.”—And see vol. i. p. 181 for the Muslim estimate of women’s advice.

binical tale of the Emperor and the Old Man, as related in the Talmud :

The emperor Hadrian, passing through the streets of Tiberias one day, observed a very aged man planting a fig-tree, and thus addressed him, "Why are you thus engaged? If you had laboured in your youth, you should now have had ample store for your old age; and surely you cannot hope to eat of the fruit of that tree?" "In my youth I laboured," replied the old man, "and I still labour. With God's pleasure, I may even partake of the fruit of this tree which I plant: I am in His hands." "What is thine age?" asked the emperor. "I have lived a hundred years." "A hundred years old, and yet expect to eat of the fruit of this tree!" exclaimed Hadrian. "If such be God's good pleasure," answered the old man; "if not, I will leave it for my son, as my father left the fruit of his labour for me." "Well," said the emperor, "if thou dost live until the figs of this tree are ripe, I pray thee let me know of it." The aged man actually lived to partake of the fruit, and, remembering the emperor's words, he resolved to visit him. So, taking a small basket, he filled it with the choicest figs from the tree, and proceeded on his errand. Telling the palace-guard his purpose, he was admitted into the presence of the emperor. "Well," said Hadrian, "what is thy wish?" "I am the old man to whom thou didst say on the day thou sawest him planting a fig-tree, 'If thou live to eat of the fruit, let me know;' and behold, I have brought thee of the fruit, that thou mayest also par-

take of it.” The emperor was greatly pleased, and, emptying the basket of the figs, he ordered it to be filled with gold coins. When the old man had departed with his treasure, the courtiers asked Hadrian why he had thus signally honoured the old Hebrew. “The Lord has honoured him,” answered he; “and why should not I?” Now, next door to this old man there lived an envious and foolish woman, who, when she heard of her neighbour’s good fortune, desired her husband to try his luck in the same quarter. She filled for him an immense basket with figs, and, bidding him put it on his shoulder, said, “Carry this to the emperor; he loves figs, and will fill thy basket with gold coins.” When her husband reached the gates of the palace, he told his errand to the guard, saying, “I have brought these figs for the emperor; empty my basket, I pray, and fill it up again with gold.” On this being told to the emperor, he ordered the man to be placed in the balcony of the palace, and all who passed pelted him with figs. Returning home crestfallen, his wife eagerly asked him what good luck he had. “Have patience, wretched woman,” he replied, “have patience, and I will tell thee. I have had both *great* and *good* luck: my great luck was that I took the emperor figs instead of peaches, else I should have been stoned to death; and my good luck was that the figs were ripe, for had they been unripe, I must have left my brains behind me.”¹

¹ ‘Hebrew Tales,’ etc. By Hyman Hurwitz. London: 1826, Pp. 5-100.

It is not at all likely, I think, that the Ottomans derived the story ascribed to their typical noodle, Nasr-ed-Dín, from a Jewish source. But the Italian version may have come through the Ottomans. The incident of the old man and the emperor is of common occurrence in Asiatic story-books, and the sequel is also a separate popular jest in the East: the two seem to have been fused into one story by the talmudist.

* * * Here, for the present, end my examples of the migrations and transformations of popular tales and fictions—not that materials have “run short,” for they are practically inexhaustible. Many other interesting features of folk-lore—many other popular stories—have I carefully traced through different countries, and the results may assume form at no very distant date, though probably not *book*-form in the first instance. Meanwhile perhaps my good friend—the friend of all authors—the “intelligent reader” will condescend to “ponder and inwardly digest” what is set down in these two volumes. For my own part, I can truly say, modifying the words of Spenser—

The ways through which my wearie steps I guyde,
 In this reseauche of olde antiquitie,
 Are so exceeding spacious and wyde,
 And sprinkled with such sweet variety
 Of all which pleasant is to eare or eye,
 That I, nigh ravisht with rare thoughts delight,
 My tedious travail doe forget thereby.

A P P E N D I X.

I.

“ASS OR PIG ?”—p. 36.

THIS Roman popular story, together with the Norse variant, “This is the Lad who sold the Pig” (p. 37, note), finds a modern Egyptian analogue in J. A. St John’s ‘Tales of the Ramad’han,’ vol. iii. pp. 33-47 :—

A youth in the city of Cairo, named Mansúr, having captured two nightingales and placed them in a wicker cage, which he suspended outside of the window, their sweet warbling one day attracted the attention of an officer of the khalif’s guard, who offered two or three dirhams for them, and on being told that the birds were not for sale, rose gradually in his offer to two gold dinars, for which the lad consented to part with them. “Take the cage,” said the officer, “and follow me; I am now going home, and will be your guide.” On arriving at his house the officer knocked at the door, and, taking the cage from Mansúr, stepped in, bidding him tarry a moment for the money. He waited a long time, and at last knocked, upon which a soldier came out and demanded his business. The youth told him that he had sold the officer two nightingales and waited for payment. “You had better be contented with your loss,” said the soldier, “and make the best of your way home, for you may otherwise deliver up the camel to him who has stolen the saddle.”—“What is your master’s name?” asked Mansúr.

“Abú Seff,” replied the soldier; “but he is more commonly known by the appellation of Ibn Shaytan” [the Son of the Devil]. “Well,” said Mansúr, “were he the Devil’s father, he should pay me for my birds. Tell him this from me; but add, at the same time, that I am willing to take them back if he does not consider them worth what he offered me.”—“Be advised, friend,” answered the soldier, “and push this business no farther. It is better to lose ten ardebs of dhourra than set fire to the granary. You know not Ibn Shaytan: he is dreaded throughout Cairo as a blood-drinker, whom no man can offend with impunity. There is, in fact, not a merchant in the bazar who would not prefer taking a lion by the mane to beholding the moustachios of Ibn Shaytan stiffening, like a cat’s tail, with indignation against him.”—“Yet,” said Mansúr, “I am determined to have my birds, or the price agreed upon between us. Tell him this, and I will remain here in the meantime.” Surprised at the lad’s resolute air, the soldier proceeded towards the apartment of his master, followed by Mansúr, who had slipped into the house unperceived. On hearing the importunate demands of the youth, Ibn Shaytan grew angry, or pretended to be so, and in a harsh, intimidating manner exclaimed, “Where is the impertinent fellow? Bring him hither that I may chastise him.”—“Here I am, bimbashi,” said Mansúr, springing out from behind the soldier, who started at the sharp sound of his voice—“here I am, to receive two gold dínars for the nightingales you purchased of me about an hour ago.” For a moment Ibn Shaytan himself was disconcerted by the youth’s intrepidity, but recovering his self-possession, told him that he chose to owe him nothing, and if he did not be off, the soles of his feet should be quickly made acquainted with the bastinado. The youth, seeing there was no remedy, left the house, resolved to revenge the injury he had suffered.

Near the residence of the officer there was a deep well, to which the young women of the neighbourhood daily resorted to draw water. Disguising himself as a girl, Mansúr proceeded one day with a neat wooden vessel in his hand towards this well, and waiting patiently until Ibn Shaytan appeared, purposely dropped his vessel into the water, and then wringing his

hands, and affecting extreme grief, as if he had suffered a great loss, attracted the notice of his enemy, who, being an unprincipled man, came up and offered his services, in the hope of deriving some advantage from the gratitude of the supposed young woman. "Ah," exclaimed Mansúr, in a soft feminine voice, "I am undone! Having lost an antique carved vessel in the well, I shall be scourged to death." The officer pretended to compassionate the young slave, and then leaned over the parapet, bent down his head, and hung so nicely balanced that the slightest touch would have sufficed to precipitate him into the well. Drawing near on tiptoe, Mansúr caught him by the feet, and bidding him remember the widow's son whom he had so cruelly wronged, hurled him down headlong, and immediately making his escape, removed with his mother to another quarter of the city. Contrary to all probability, Ibn Shaytan, though much bruised and lacerated, was not killed by the fall; and, the water being shallow, likewise escaped drowning. After long shouting in vain, he at length heard the voices of women above, and his heart began to entertain hopes of effecting his escape; so mustering all his strength, he vociferated as loud as he could, and entreated them to draw him up. Hearing an indistinct and broken murmur arising out of the bowels of the earth, the women started back with terror, imagining they had arrived by mistake at the mouth of Jehennam, and that the father of devils, with a legion at his back, would presently be amongst them. Observing, however, that the voice, to whatever it might belong, still continued at a respectful depth, one of the women, more adventurous than the rest, plucking up her courage and approaching the well, inquired, in the name of Allah, whether it was Shaytan or the son of Shaytan who made so fearful a clamour below. Abú Sefi, supposing she alluded to the *sobriquet* he had acquired, and not caring by what name they called him, provided he could effect his escape, replied that he was Ibn Shaytan [the Devil's son], begging, at the same time, that they would lower the bucket and draw him up. "God forbid!" exclaimed the woman; "we have devils enough on earth already. If the Prophet, therefore, hath condemned thee to cool thyself in this situation, remain where thou art until

the day of judgment. The water, however, can be none of the most savoury where so foul an imp is confined ; and for this reason we must warn our neighbours no more to draw from this well—curses light on thee !” It was in vain that the officer, perceiving the blunder he had committed, sought to convince her that he had not the honour of belonging to the family of Iblis, and was a simple officer of the khalif’s guards. The only answer he obtained was a large stone, which, being thrown at random, fortunately missed him ; after which all the women took to their heels, looking back apprehensively over their shoulders to see whether the fiend was following them. The news of Ibn Shaytan’s being in the well quickly spread ; and at length some Arabs, more acute than the rest, proceeded to investigate the mystery, on the clearing up of which Abú Sefi was released from his uncomfortable situation, and carried home more dead than alive.

Mansúr, who thought he had killed him outright, was greatly vexed on learning of his escape, and at once began to cast about him for some means of completing the work he had commenced ; being convinced that should Ibn Shaytan recover, he would leave no stone unturned to avenge himself on his youthful enemy. For the present, however, there was little danger. The officer, though attended by many doctors, lay groaning on his couch, suffering the most excruciating pains, and unable to enjoy a moment’s sleep night or day. Nevertheless, instead of regarding the present affliction as the just chastisement of Heaven and learning mercy from the lessons of calamity, he only grew more implacable ; his sole consolation being derived from the projects of revenge which his imagination was employed in devising. One morning, as he lay awake on his couch anticipating the satisfaction he should derive from hanging Mansúr upon his mother’s door-post, a soldier entered the apartment to inform him that a remarkable little hunchbacked physician, with a long white beard, was at that moment passing by, inviting all persons who were suffering from any disorder to have recourse to his art, and he would heal them. Persons in Ibn Shaytan’s situation are always open to delusion. Conceiving a sudden confidence in the unknown doctor, chiefly on ac-

count of the deformity of his person—as if Heaven must necessarily disguise wisdom and genius in an uncouth exterior—he ordered him to be called in, and, even before he appeared, began to amuse himself with hopes of the most flattering kind. Presently the physician, preceded by the soldier, entered, and, drawing near the patient’s bed, inquired in a cheerful voice the nature of his case. Ibn Shaytan related what had befallen him, dwelling particularly on the frightful dreams which disturbed the short imperfect slumbers procured by *datura*; at which the doctor smiled, and when he had made an end replied, that if he would place himself entirely under his care, and take without reluctance whatever medicines he should prescribe, he might reasonably expect a speedy recovery. Greatly rejoiced at these consolatory expressions, Ibn Shaytan promised to do whatever was enjoined him; and so complete was the confidence inspired by the hunchbacked doctor, that even before any medicines had been administered, much of the cure appeared to be already effected.

Having thus enlisted the imagination of the patient on his side, the doctor despatched his attendants in different directions for various medicines; and when they were all out of doors, approaching the bed with flashing eyes, he said, “Ibn Shaytan, I have with me two potions, both very bitter, but productive of very different effects. Thou sayest that Mansúr, the son of Esmé, is thine enemy, and even now, while on the brink of the grave, the rancour of revenge curdles round thy heart. Know, however, that the unforgiving are abandoned by Allah, and that, while their souls are thus diseased, no mortal mixture can heal their bodies. Forgive, therefore, and it shall be well with thee. Say thou wilt not prosecute thy feud with the young man, and I will answer for thy recovery. The first potion I offer thee is Repentance. Wilt thou drink it?”—“Nay, hakim,” replied the patient, alarmed at the manner of the old man, but resolved not to listen to his advice—“nay, presume not beyond thy art. I will never forgive him, by Allah! or cease to pursue my just revenge until both he and the beldam who bore him shall be trampled beneath my feet. Indeed, it is chiefly this consideration that renders me desirous of life.”—“Slave! dog!

infidel!" exclaimed Mansúr, tearing off his disguise, and seizing him by the throat—"hadst thou been capable of mercy, I would have spared thee; but since thy savage revenge meditates not only my destruction, but also that of my parent, who never injured thee or thine, take the second potion I have provided for thee!" So saying, he smote him with a dagger in the breast, and, having slain him, made his escape from the house.

II.

THE TALE OF BERYN (p. 100).

Mr Thomas Wright, in a note to this poem, which he reprints from Urry's Chaucer in his edition of the Canterbury Tales published for the Percy Society, says: "From the manner in which the Seven Sages are introduced at the beginning of the Tale of Beryn, it is evident there must have been some version of that romance [the 'Seven Sages'] in Europe differing from the usual one, which does not contain this story." (Vol. xxvi. p. 243, of the Society's publications, vol. iii. of the Canterbury Tales.) I do not think such a conjecture—Wright even considers it an "evident" fact—has much foundation. The Tale begins by stating that once upon a time the city of Rome was the most honoured in the world; but, like all other cities, it has gone down, for all things get worse, and man's life grows short. So Rome has lost its honour. After Romulus, Julius Cæsar ruled Rome [a long time after!], and subdued all lands. After him the Douzepairs held sway. Then came Constantine; then his son Philippus Augustinus:

In whose tyme sikerlich¹ the vii. sagis were
 In Rome dwelling dassently; and if ye lust to lere²
 How they were y-clepid,³ or I ferther goon,
 I woll tell you the names of hem every choon.⁴

¹ Surely, certainly.

³ Named, called.

² If you please to learn.

⁴ Every one of them.

After the names and qualities of the Seven Sages of Rome (the two last, Scipio and Cicero, being skilful astrologers) follow these lines :

But now to othir purpose : for here I woll departe
As lightly as I can, and draw to my matere ;

and then the author proceeds to relate that during the time of those seven sages there dwelt in the suburbs of Rome a rich senator, "Faunus was his name," and so on.

Now the Seven Sages figure but once in the subsequent narrative, namely, after Faunus has lost his wife and is plunged in grief, the emperor consults with them and the senators how he might console Faunus. Wright seems to have overlooked (for he could hardly be ignorant of) the fact that this Tale of Beryn is taken from the first part of the old French romance 'L'Histtoire du Chevalier Berinus ;' the second part of which, as I have before mentioned—p. 126, note 1, of the present volume—recounts the adventures of his son Aigres ; and the third part the robbery, by Berinus, of Philip's treasury ; and in this last part the Seven Sages appear but once again—see p. 129—when they are consulted about the barons being all similarly marked. There is not the faintest indication either in the old English Tale of Beryn or in the French romance from which it was taken that the Seven Sages related stories to the emperor, which they do, and nothing else, in the romance of the Seven Sages, or Wise Masters. The fact is, in medieval romances kings and emperors are often represented as having seven counsellors—a notion borrowed, doubtless, from the story-book which was then so popular throughout Europe. Moreover, the 'Historia Septem Sapientum Romæ' itself has two stories, in each of which seven sages figure prominently: in one they are evil-minded men, who by their magical arts render the king blind whenever he goes out of the palace, in order that they might increase their own wealth by defrauding him and the people ; in the other, Rome being besieged by three Saracen knights, its defence is undertaken by seven wise men, one of whom, by a device with a mirror, causes the Saracens to decamp in mortal terror. The circumstance that a story like that of Beryn's adventures in

Falsetown is found in the Greek, Hebrew, and other Eastern versions of the Book of Sindibád, and that the Robbery of the Treasury occurs in all the versions of the 'Seven Wise Masters,' goes for nothing: both are not found in either of the two groups.

III.

ROBBERY OF THE KING'S TREASURY (p. 117).

A very curious modern Egyptian adaptation of this world-wide story is found in J. A. St John's 'Tales of the Ramad'han,' vol. iii. p. 67 ff., in which, "amidst all the multiplications of masquerade," we can still discern the fundamental outline of the original:

Mansúr having slain the vindictive and unprincipled officer of the khalif's guards, rather for the preservation of his own life than in revenge, as related *ante*, p. 478, and foreseeing the danger he stood in, placed his mother in an obscure but safe retreat, and leaving in her hands nearly all the money he possessed, took refuge among the *harami*, or robbers, a formidable body of men who inhabited a particular quarter of Cairo, and under command of a shaykh elected by themselves, maintained a species of independence, often setting the government at defiance, and spreading terror through the whole community. He was heartily received by the chief of the robbers, and next day commissioned to set out with a band of fifty picked men to waylay the guards escorting the camels coming to the city laden with revenue from the provinces. A dozen of the more youthful of the band, whose beards were not yet grown, disguised their persons as almé; two, putting on a ragged brown blanket, provided themselves with a pipe and drum, like the Dancing Dervishes; while the remainder, armed at all points, took their station in the hollows of the rocks commanding the entrance to the ravine through which the camel-train must pass. About two hours after sunset Mansúr was informed by his scouts that their expected booty was approaching. Upon this a large fire was kindled near the tents, and the piper and drummer, blowing

and thumping with all their might, set the twelve almé in motion. Still more surely to reach the ears of the Bedouins, they all began to sing ; and so agreeably did they acquit themselves in their new calling and so musical were their voices, that even their own companions, forgetting the purpose of their merriment, listened with pleasure to the songs. The snare was not set in vain, for as soon as the Arabs arrived opposite the mouth of the ravine, and saw the red reflection of the fire gleaming upon the rocks, they gave orders to halt, resolving to enjoy themselves at the expense of the strangers. Fatigued with their long marches across the desert, they, moreover, heard with delight the sound of the pipe and drum, and the intermingling voices of the singers ; little suspecting that those notes might be the prelude to their own death-shriek, and scatter mourning over the land of their forefathers.

Immediately the camels, kneeling under their light burdens, which are never taken off on such occasions, were ranged in a circle, and the horses, in their saddles and bridles, picketed round them on the sand ; and while a part of the escort performed these duties, the others, impatient for pleasure, hastened up the valley, directed by the fire and merriment of the robbers. They were received with extraordinary glee by the almé, who laughed, clapped their hands, sang, and danced for their amusement ; but, to avoid exciting suspicion, they pretended to be too poor to entertain so great a number of people. It was therefore agreed that the Bedouins should provide the entertainment ; and being so near Cairo, in their own deserts, where they considered all danger at an end, they brought two or three of their sumpter camels up the valley with their utensils and provisions, in order to enjoy the performances of the dancers, at the same time they superintended their cooking. As a show of precaution, eight or ten men were left with the revenue camels and horses ; but, influenced by the same motives as their comrades, and considering their situation perfectly safe, they soon deserted their post and joined the revellers in the glen.

This was more fortunate than could possibly have been anticipated. Mansúr, therefore, without a moment's delay, descended from the rocks, roused the camels, and delivering them to a part

of his followers, directed them to push forward with all speed, while he remained to secure the horses and extricate their companions in arms. To prevent pursuit, the beasts of the enemy were tied together in long strings, and despatched after the sumpter animals ; which being done, they led forth their own horses out of the valley, and stationing them at a convenient spot, crept up the rocks overlooking the fire, to observe what was going forward, that they might regulate their own movements accordingly. Part of the Bedouins, having collected a quantity of camel's dung and kindled several large fires, were engaged in preparing their evening meal ; others amused themselves with the performances of the dancers, whose effrontery somewhat surprised them ; but, in the entire absence of suspicion, all appeared intent on the enjoyment of the present hour. They were crouching on their heels in a large circle, and the glare of the flames falling on their swarthy visages, exhibited many a double row of white teeth grinning with delight. Having advanced to within a short distance of them without being discovered, Mansúr and his party suddenly raised a loud shout, and discharged several arrows, but without hitting any one. The pretended almé, affecting extreme terror, ran off with loud shrieks, and disappeared among the small glens and fissures of the cliffs ; the musicians followed, and the Bedouins, rushing down the valley towards their encampment, allowed them ample time to join their comrades and effect their escape. No words can express the amazement and fury of the outwitted escort on discovering the trick that had been put upon them. They stamped on the ground, tore their beards, and cast dust upon their heads ; but at length, perceiving that these manifestations of rage brought back neither horse nor camel, they exclaimed, as all wise people do on such occasions, "Allah kerím !" (God is merciful) and proceeded on foot towards Cairo, inventing by the way a fearful account of their combat with fifteen hundred robbers, who ultimately overpowered them.

Mansúr effected his return with the same spirit and success, and was congratulated on his boldness and ingenuity by the chief of the robbers ; who, however, observed that his exploit could not fail to arouse the anger of the khalif, and great pains

would be taken to trace it home to them. He therefore advised Mansúr to take up his abode in an uninhabited house close to a certain mosque, where he should easily discover the steps taken by government to detect the authors of the achievement in the desert. Mansúr accordingly proceeded to the residence indicated to him, and, taking his mother to manage his household affairs, began to live in the style of a private gentleman. Meanwhile the authorities were indefatigably employed in pursuing every trace, real or imaginary, of the robbery committed on the royal treasury, but without success. At length the khalif, Biamrillah, who has been celebrated by historians for the extravagance of his fancies and the recklessness with which he set aside the established usages of the people, conceived a means of fathoming the mystery, that never could have presented itself to any other mind than his own. Learning that among the camels captured by the robbers there was one beautiful animal, marked in an extraordinary manner with black and white stripes, he informed the kázis and learned men that he would give the aga of police a lesson in his business, and make the very triumph of the robbers the means of betraying them into the hands of justice.

In order to carry this sagacious plan into execution, he commanded thirty of his courtiers to send him each one of the ladies of his family; and when they had arrived at the palace, they were seated on so many handsome mules, and directed to traverse the various streets of the city, with a crier going before them, proclaiming their intention of becoming the harem guests of the person who would entertain them with the flesh of a striped camel. It was in vain that they expressed their reluctance to execute the disgraceful commission; the khalif was inexorable—indeed, considering the idea wholly new, as it really was, the scruples they exhibited surprised and provoked him, not being able to comprehend how any person should value the preservation of honour above the satisfaction of fulfilling his commands. The cavalcade set out, therefore, each lady attended by two slaves; but the crier, amused at his whimsical employment, could scarcely perform his duty for laughter. Though, on regarding the ladies, who were all unveiled, there

was many an honest man that, not knowing what he prayed for, besought the Prophet to bestow on him a striped camel, it seemed probable that the wisdom of the prince would no more prove efficacious than the vigilance of the chief of the police; for the fair ensnarers had already paraded in vain the greater part of the city, and no person invited them to alight. At length, having passed the mosque of Shaykh Hussayn, they saw Mansúr seated before his house. The crier, wishing to divert the young man, immediately repeated the khalíf's proclamation, dwelling with malicious emphasis on the happiness proffered to the possessor of a striped camel. He even caused the mules to stand still, to allow the beauty of his charges to be seen; but, having been hitherto unsuccessful, was not a little surprised to perceive the young man advance towards the ladies with a profound obeisance, and express the joy he felt at being able to entertain them as they desired.

It should have been before observed that Mansúr was extremely handsome, and possessed of manners in the highest degree engaging. "Ladies," said he, "I am your slave. You may enter my house with safety; for while you honour it with the light of your presence, I swear by the Prophet that your will shall be the will of the khalíf. Pray suffer your slave to aid you in alighting." Somewhat reassured by the suavity of his demeanour, the ladies descended from their mules, and were conducted with becoming ceremony into a saloon of spacious dimensions, spread with Persian carpets, and furnished with divans of crimson cloth, fringed with gold. The mild, rich light of sunset, streaming through the numerous windows of painted gypsum, cast a flood of purple and deep orange colour over the fretted roof, luxuriant arabesques, and pillared recesses; and its effect, blending with that of the most costly perfumes, cast a soft spell over the imagination, which Mansúr was careful to maintain by a language and behaviour in keeping with the place, now bestowing his attention on one, and now on another, with as scrupulous a politeness as if each had been a princess, and he the meanest of her slaves. A number of the thieves, disguised as merchants, performed all the household offices—killed the camel, and bringing in its striped skin,

according to their desire, spread it before them on the carpet, and waited on Mansúr's mother, who undertook to superintend the preparations for the banquet.

When the ladies had alighted from their beasts, and were about to enter the house, part of the attendants, under pretence of not incommoding the host by their numbers, endeavoured to make their escape, for the purpose of informing the khalif of the success of his stratagem, and to guide thither the troops for the apprehension of Mansúr. But, perceiving the drift of the whole scheme, he affected to take offence at the supposition which the movement implied, that he was too poor to entertain the whole company, and took particular care that not a single individual, not even the crier, should absent himself from the feast he had provided for all. The slaves, therefore, being secured in the apartments appropriated to persons of their class, and their beasts provendered in the stables, nothing remained but to enjoy the passing hour. Several of the superior robbers, happening to be that evening on business with Mansúr, were invited to be of the party; and being men of prudent and discreet manners, their company greatly contributed to the amusement of the guests. Finding themselves treated with extraordinary respect, the ladies began gradually to dismiss their fears, and to say within themselves that, after all, it might not be absolutely necessary to their happiness to live secluded in the recesses of the harem. The supper, which, in addition to the camel's flesh, consisted of every delicacy that could be procured, tended to strengthen this persuasion. And presently when, under the name of sherbet, the most exquisite wines were brought in, every vestige of reserve disappeared; and forgetting their strange position, they talked and laughed with their host and his friends as familiarly as if they had been among their brothers and cousins. But, being wholly unaccustomed to wine, it was not long before they imagined themselves in Paradise. Everything floated around them in pleasing disorder. Now they were the húrís of the Prophet's heaven; and the thieves seemed, by the ministry of fancy, to be converted into beautiful youths, with whom they could be content to pass an eternity. To give fresh force to this delusion, a company of almé, with

several musicians, were introduced into the apartment; and their performances, with the music, the songs, and the rapturous applause of the spectators, and their own bewildered imaginations, completing what the wine had begun, at length plunged them into absolute intoxication, which ended in a profound sleep. When Mansúr perceived they were no longer conscious of what was going on around them, he ordered his companions to take each a lady in his arms and follow him into the street, where, selecting a large recess in front of the house of a pious man, sufficiently out of the track of passengers to secure them from being trodden on by mules or asses, he laid the whole sleeping bevy side by side, and then returned to dispose of their attendants, who had likewise been reduced to the same condition.

Next morning, at peep of day, as Mustapha the cake-seller was going his usual rounds, bawling, as he trudged along, "Mashallah! cakes! nicely-buttered, fresh, hot cakes!—who will buy my cakes?" he discovered a number of white bundles packed close against the wall. "Aha!" thought he to himself, "here hath fortune been at work for thee, Mustapha, before thy own mustachios were awake! Wallah! a whole caravan of muslin! Let me see: I hope none of my neighbours are stirring. No, not a soul. Well, I will take the first bale that comes to hand and run home with it. Who knows? perhaps no one may pass before I can return; and then, if I secure a second, my fortune is made." So saying, he threw down the baking apparatus, spilling in his hurry a quantity of the liquid paste that constituted the whole of his property, and springing forward in the imperfect light, caught hold of something extremely heavy, which moved as he endeavoured to lift it. Horror-stricken and trembling in every limb, he started back, exclaiming, "May the devil singe my beard, but I have stumbled on the warehouse of some magician! Allah kerím! See, the bales begin to move! Imps of Jehennam, as I am a cake-seller!" The lady, who had been roused by his seizing her rudely round the waist, now raised her head, still confused with the fumes of wine, and perceiving, instead of her curtained chamber and female slaves, the dark outline of a suite of ruinous houses,

and the ragged cake-seller snatching up his baking apparatus and preparing to run away, she rubbed her eyes, supposing she was still in a dream. But, on making a second trial with the same result, a sudden fear and faint recollection of what had taken place came over her, and she started on her feet with an exclamation of distress. Upon this, her morning visitor, apprehending it was all over with him, took to his heels and plunged headlong down the street, shrieking like an ogre, his pan of liquid paste splashing over his back and descending in streams to his travel-stained babúshes, so that he appeared an overgrown baboon which some mischievous barber had covered with soap ready to be shaved. It was in vain that the lady, who really stood in need of some assistance, conjured him to come back. The louder she called the more he ran; and it was not until he had proceeded the length of five streets that he considered it safe to pause a moment for breath. An aged fakír, supporting his tottering steps with a staff, now approached, and made as if he would pass on; but the lady, emboldened by his age and the sacredness of his character, besought him to have pity on her and her companions, and guide them to the palace. "Daughter," said the holy man, "what dost thou here?"—"Be my guide to the palace," replied the lady, "and I will satisfy thy curiosity." She then awakened her companions, while the fakír, who seemed to have compassion on them without knowing who they were, called a number of ass-drivers, and assisting them into the saddles, led the way in the direction she desired. After traversing a large portion of the city, just as the gates of the royal residence appeared in sight, the fakír, who had attentively listened to her relation, stopped at the entrance into a dark alley, and stepping up close to her beast, whispered softly in her ear, "Speak favourably of me to the khalíf, and, above all, commend the flavour of my striped camel and my wine"; and gliding down the obscure winding alley, vanished in a moment.

The khalíf, enraged at being thus foiled, vows vengeance on the young robber, but is prevented from executing any other scheme for entrapping Mansúr by his negro guards breaking into insurrection, and clamouring for the khalíf's head. By the advice of an Arab shaykh, who chanced to be the guest of

the khalif, the aid of Mansúr and his followers (for he had now become chief of the robbers) is requested to chastise the rebels, who are effectually subdued; after which Mansúr obtains the khalif's daughter in marriage, and is declared heir-apparent to the khalifate.

In this sprightly story (much of which I have had to omit for want of space) we find two incidents reappear which occur in most versions of the Robbery of the Treasury, though in very different forms: the quest of camel's flesh; making the ladies and their attendants all intoxicated; and placing the former in a ridiculous situation, which in Herodotus and other versions is done to the soldiers who guarded the headless body; while we may consider the khalif's offering the ladies as harem guests to the person who should give them flesh of a striped camel, as derived from Rhampsinitus' device of sending his daughter abroad in the capacity of a kuttiní.

IV.

FALLING IN LOVE THROUGH A DREAM (p. 228).

In the 'Túti Náma' the Emperor of China becomes violently enamoured of a beautiful damsel whom he saw in a dream, and his prime minister undertakes to go in quest of the creature of his dreaming fancy. After much toilsome journeying he at length discovers her in the person of the Princess of Rúm (the Western Empire), and ascertains that she is averse from marriage in consequence of having seen in her garden a peacock basely desert his mate and their young when the tree on which their nest was built had been struck with lightning, which incident she considered as typical of the inherent selfishness of all men. The vazír provides himself with a number of paintings of animals, and among these was a picture of a male deer sacrificing his life to save his mate and their fawn, which on being shown to the princess fills her with astonishment. Then the vazír shows the portrait of his master, the emperor, who, he tells her,

has an aversion from women on account of having witnessed the incident depicted in the painting. This conquers the dislike of the princess, and the emperor is made happy. The frame of the Persian story-book, 'Hazár ú Yek Rúz' (the Thousand and One Days—see p. 56), seems to have been adapted from this tale; and Mr J. A. St John gives a story which has also some resemblance to it, in his 'Tales of the Ramad'han,' vol. ii. p. 164 ff., under the title of "The Princess who was changed into a Gazelle." The tales comprised in Mr St John's entertaining volumes he professes to have heard related in Egypt by a ghawazi (singing and dancing girl) and by minstrels and story-tellers in the evenings of the great Muhammedan Fast.

V.

LITTLE FAIRLY (p. 229).

In a paper on Aberdeenshire Folk-Lore, contributed to the 'Folk-Lore Journal,' vol. ii. (1884), pp. 70, 71, by the Rev. Walter Gregor, there is a story, entitled "Mally Whuppie," communicated to him by Mr James Moir, rector of the Grammar School, Aberdeen, who heard it told by his mother, which presents points of resemblance to versions of the Robbery of the King's Treasury, and in the conclusion bears some analogy to the incident of the sack in the variants of Little Fairly:

The heroine, Mally Whuppie, first steals a giant's sword from the back of his bed, next, his purse from below his pillow, and each time escapes; but in stealing the ring from off his finger the giant awakes and grasps her by the hand. "Now," says the giant, "I hae catcht you, Mally Whuppie; and if I had deen as muckle ill to you as ye hae deen to me, what wad ye dae to me?" Mally considered what plan she would fall upon to escape, and she said, "I wad pit you into a pyock (poke),¹ and I wad pit the cat inside wi' you, and the dog aside you, and a needle and thread and a sheers, and I wad hang you upon the

¹ The *y* in this word is pronounced as in "yoke," "yard," etc.

wa', and I wad gang to the wood and wile (choose) the thickest stick I could get, and I wad come hame and tak you down and lay upon you till ye were dead." "Well, Mally," says the giant, "I'll just do that to you." So he gets a pyock and puts Mally into it, and the cat and the dog beside her, and a needle and thread, and shears, and hings her up upon the wa', and goes to the wood to choose a stick. Mally sings, "O gin ye saw faht (what) I see!" "O faht div ye see, Mally?" says the giant's wife. But Mally never said a word but "O gin ye saw faht I see!" The giant's wife pleaded that Mally would take her up into the pyock till she would see what Mally saw. So Mally took the shears and cut a hole in the pyock and took out the needle and thread with her, and jumpt down, and helpit the giant's wife up into the pyock, and sewed up the hole. The giant's wife saw nothing, and began to ask to get down again, but Mally never minded, but hid herself at the back of the door. Home came the giant, and a great big tree in his hand, and he took down the pyock and began to lay upon it. His wife cried, "It's me, man"; but the dog barkit, and the cat mewt, and he did not know his wife's voice. But Mally did not want her to be killed, so she came out from the back of the door, and the giant saw her and he after her; and he ran and she ran, till she came to the "Brig o' the ae hair," and she wan (got) ower, but he coudna (couldn't), and he said, "Wae worth you, Mally Whuppie! let you never come again!" "Never mair, carle," quo' she, "will I come again to Spain." So Mally took the ring to the king, and she was married to his youngest son, and never saw the giant again.

Another analogue of the sack-trick of Little Fairly is found in the Norwegian tale of the Master-Smith (Thorpe's 'Yule-Tide Stories,' p. 272), in which the hero, personating an angel, persuades the priest that he will take him to heaven in a holy sack: "On Monday the Master-Smith appeared again as an angel, and the priest fell on his knees and returned thanks previous to being put in the sack; and when he was well in, the Master-Smith pulled and hauled him over stock and stone. 'Oh, oh,' cried the priest in the sack, 'where are you taking me

to?' 'This is the narrow way that leads to the kingdom of heaven,' said the Master-Smith, dragging him on till he had almost killed him. At length he threw him into the Amtman's goose-house, and the geese began to hiss and peck at him so that he was more dead than alive. 'Oh, oh, where am I now?' said the priest. 'Now you are in purgatory for the purpose of being purged and purified for everlasting life,' said the Master-Smith, and went his way, taking all the gold, silver, and valuables which the priest had collected together in his large parlour. Next morning, when the maid came into the goose-house to let out the geese, she heard the priest in the sack wailing and lamenting bitterly. 'In the name of Jesus, who are you and what do you want?' said she. 'Oh,' cried the priest, 'if thou art an angel from heaven, let me out and allow me to go back to earth again, for here it is worse than hell itself; little devils are pinching me with their tongues.' 'God mend us,' said the girl, helping the priest out of the sack, 'I am no angel; I tend the Amtman's geese, and they are the little devils that have been pecking at you, father.' 'Oh,' cried the priest, 'this is the work of the Master-Smith! Oh my gold and silver and all my fine clothes!' and he ran home lamenting so woefully that the girl thought he had lost his senses."

VI.

THE MAXIM THAT SAVED A KING'S LIFE (p. 317).

From the story of Kulla Panthaka in 'Buddhaghosha's Parables,' the version orally current among the Sinhalese was probably derived: The favourite minister of a king was foolish, timid, and illiterate, and the other ministers, out of envy of the favour he enjoyed, devised a plan for exposing his ignorance. They proposed to the king that each of them should compose a stanza in his honour and present it to his majesty on a certain day. The stupid minister went home, and taking a style and a palm leaf, sat down on the floor to the task of verse-making. His children, wondering at their father's novel occupation,

crowded round him and began shouting out their childish rhymes. The poor man fearing the anger of the king, and finding himself unable to write anything in the presence of his noisy children, left the house, perched on a rock in a neighbouring field, and began to meditate very deeply. At last, when he despaired of writing anything fit to offer to the king, a buffalo came up and began rubbing his neck against the rock, a circumstance which inspired the minister with a brilliant idea. Starting up and seizing his style he wrote the following line: "Do I not know the reason why you are coming rubbing your neck against the rock?"¹ Now this line in the original means also, "Do I not know the reason why you are whetting your razor?" After writing this down the minister spent the whole of the night in attempting to get up three more lines to complete the stanza. He tried very hard, but in vain; and when the time came for him to present himself before the king, he at length wrote down the same line four times over in imitation of a stanza, and with this he went to the palace. After all the other ministers had presented each his stanza to the king, it came to the turn of the stupid man, who tremblingly handed it to his majesty. The stanza was expressed in such simple language, one line four times repeated, that the king at once committed it to memory, in spite of its forming the subject of general laughter among the jealous courtiers. The simplicity of the piece made the king keep repeating it when at leisure, so much was he taken up with it. This stirred the jealousy of the ministers afresh, and the king also incurred their displeasure to such an extent that they entered into a conspiracy and planned to take away his life. To this end, they bribed the king's barber, who promised to cut his majesty's throat when he went to shave him. Early in the morning of the day fixed for this wicked act, the barber went up with his razors and other things to the king. It so happened that the king was as usual repeating the foolish minister's line, on hearing which the barber at once thought his design on the king was alluded to in the stanza, and that the plot had been discovered; so prostrating himself on the ground

¹ Karagalagá enavá, mama nodanindá.

before the king, he made a full confession of the conspiracy. The king was shocked, and on inquiry ascertained the fact. Then he caused the conspirators to be executed ; and the stupid minister, whose simple line had saved his life, he raised to the position of his chief adviser.¹

VII.

THE CAPON-CARVER (p. 329, note).

In M. Legrand's 'Contes Albanais,' No. 4, as in the Italian version, a prince is the guest of a poor man. A cock, having been killed and dressed, is placed on the table, and the host's clever daughter carved it, giving the head to her father, the body to her mother, the wings to the prince, and the flesh to herself and the young children. The old man seeing his daughter share the food in this manner, turned and looked at his wife, for he was ashamed to speak of it before the stranger. But when they were going to bed, he said to his daughter, "My child, why did you cut up the fowl so badly? Our guest has gone supperless to bed." She replied, "Ah, my father, let me explain it. The head I gave to you, because you are the head of this house ; to my mother I gave the body, because, like the body of a ship, she has borne us in her sides ; the wings I gave to the stranger, because to-morrow he will take flight and leave us ; and lastly, the flesh to us the children, because we are the true flesh of the house." The prince having overheard this explanation greatly admired the girl's cleverness, and ultimately married her.

¹ J. P. Panabokke in 'The Orientalist,' 1885, pp. 174, 175.

VIII.

NORSE VERSION OF 'THE SACRISTAN OF CLUNI' (p. 344).

An abstract of "Our Parish-Clerk," as given in Dasent's 'Tales from the Fjeld,' referred to in p. 356 as a variant of the *fabliau* 'Le Sacristan de Cluni,' may find a place here, although I did not consider the analogy between them sufficiently close to require its insertion among the other versions :

There was once a parish-clerk of whom all the folks said that his brains were in his belly ; for while he was fond of pretty girls and buxom wives, he liked good meat and drink still better. It so happened that his next-door neighbour married a rich young lass, and the parish-clerk made friends with him, and something more than friends with his wife. Whenever the husband was from home on business—at the mill, in the wood, or floating timber—she would send for the clerk, and they spent the day in mirth and jollity. By-and-by the plough-boy discovers their on-goings, and one day he tells his master how his wife and the parish-clerk, in his absence, lived as if there was a bridal in the house every day, while his master and himself scarce got the leavings of their good cheer. The master wouldn't credit this story, and the boy offered to wager ten dollars that he would soon prove it to him. "Done!" said the master. So when they got home he told his wife that he must be off to the river and land timber—and off he and his boy went ; but when they had gone about half a mile they returned to the house, and found the door locked. By means of a trap-door they got from the cellar into the kitchen, and striking a light, there they saw the clerk and the goodwife both sound asleep, and the clerk lay snoring with his mouth wide open. The boy got some lead bullets from his master and melted them in a saucepan. Then they poured the molten lead down the clerk's throat, after which they went out by the way they got in, and began to thunder at the front door. The wife, waking up, and perceiving that her paramour was as dead as a door-nail, dragged him by the legs and hid him among the heap of

wood behind the stove, and then opened the door to her husband. While he and his boy were at supper, he got up and went to the wood-pile for a few faggots, and there he saw the clerk lying stark and stiff. "Who's this?" asks the man. "Only a beggar-man who came here and asked for a night's lodging." "A fine beggar," said the husband, "with his silver buckles in his shoes, and silver buttons at his knees! I see what you've been about; and by rights I should hand you over to the sheriff. As it is, get rid of the body the best way you can." So the goodwife promised to reward the boy handsomely if he would but get the clerk buried; and the boy, taking the body on his back, went away. Seeing some horses in a meadow, he caught one of them and bound the clerk fast to his back, and off he trotted, till he came near a barn where two men were watching for thieves who came to steal the hay. One of them called out, "Who's there?" but there came no reply, of course, and after calling again, he fired his gun, at which the horse gave a sudden jump, and off tumbled the clerk to the ground. When the two men found the supposed thief was killed outright, they were in a great fright, but at length resolved to bury him in the meantime among the hay, which they did accordingly. Presently up came a man bearing a heavy load on his back, all out of breath, and he sat down to rest on the door-step. He had been killing pigs at a farm a few days before, and thinking he was but poorly paid for his work, had stolen the biggest and fattest of them, which he had then with him in a sack. Suddenly recollecting that he had forgotten his gloves, and knowing that if they were found at the farm he would be at once detected, he rose up hastily to get them. The two men in the barn thought this a capital opportunity of getting rid of the dead man, so they drew out the porker and put the clerk in the sack. The man came back with his gloves, and taking up the sack, carried it home. What was the surprise of his wife on opening the sack to find, instead of the fat porker her man had bragged so much about, the body of the parish priest! However, they must get rid of the body, and that without a moment's delay. So Mary, their daughter, a stout, strapping wench, undertakes to carry it off and bury it in some out-of-the-way place, where

nobody would ever find it. As she was tramping along she came near a house where

The sound of flute and fiddle
Gave signal sweet in that old hall
Of hands across and down the middle ;

for there was a dance going on ; and so she quietly set the clerk down on the back-stairs of the house, with his hat in his hand, as if he was asking charity, and then hid herself. Not long after this a girl comes out, and seeing what she supposed to be a beggar-man, she dropped twopence in his hat, but never a "Thank you" said he in return. So she went into the house and told this to the guests, and the young sheriff's officer goes out and bawls in the dead man's ear, "Why are you sitting here, sir?" But not a word did he get in reply ; so at last, in a rage, he fetched the parish-clerk one under the ear, when down he fell across the staircase. Out jumps Mary from her hiding-place, and makes a great outcry over the murder of her poor father. So the sheriff's officer gave her ten dollars to say no more about the accident, and Mary once more shoulders the parish-clerk and jogs off, till she came to another farm, and there she placed him on the brink of the well, as if he was looking down into the water. At daybreak the ploughboy comes to the well, and calls to the dead man, "Get out of this ; I want to draw some water. What are you looking at?" Receiving no reply, the lad gave him a stroke that sent him plump into the well. When the body was drawn out and recognised, the farmer sent for the sheriff, and when he came and inquired into the affair it was found that the parish-clerk had been killed three times before : first with boiling lead, then with a bullet through his forehead, and lastly his neck was broken.

The affinity of this story with the *fabliau* and its English derivatives is very evident, notwithstanding the variations in the earlier incidents : that of the horse comes first, yet it is curious to find the tumbling of the body into the well the final incident, as in the case of the dead sacristan ; while in both the dead man is substituted for the porker in the sack.

IX.

WOMEN BETRAYING THEIR HUSBANDS (p. 357).

As another example of the stories related by the mediæval ecclesiastics at the expense of women, the following tale of the "Physician in spite of himself" may be cited from Jacques de Vitry's 'Sermones':

I have heard (says he) of a certain woman who always contradicted her husband. When she and her husband were coming from the market, a hare crossed the road before them and escaped. Then the husband said, "How sleek and fat it is! If we had caught it, we should have eaten it roasted with onions and stuffing." But the wife said, "I would relish it more heartily with pepper." "Nay," said the husband, "it is better when prepared with onions and stuffing." "It is not," said the wife, wishing in no way to humour her husband. The latter, very angry, beat her severely. And she began to reflect and consider in what manner she could avenge herself on her husband. Having heard that the king was in very delicate health, she went to the servants of the king and said, "I have a husband who is an excellent physician, but conceals his skill, and will not assist any one unless moved by terror and blows." And when her husband was brought before the king, he was commanded to diligently apply his skill on the king and cure him of his infirmity. But he refused, saying, "I am not a doctor." The servants of the king told him the words of his wife, and the king ordered him to be smartly whipped; and when he could not be persuaded he was beaten again and again, and cast out from the presence of the king. And so the wicked wife caused her husband to be beaten.

X.

RESUSCITATION IN FOLK-LORE (p. 407).

According to the ancient and wide-spread myth, the Water of Life had not only the virtue of endowing whosoever drank

of it with immortality, but also of reviving the dead. In No. 18 of Prym and Socin's 'Syrische Märchen,' the bones of a man who had been killed ten years ago are collected and the water of life poured over them, upon which the man rose up alive as he was before. In the second of the Twenty-five Tales of a Demon, an ascetic entered as a guest the house of a Bráhmaṇ, who received him courteously, and he sat down to rest. Meanwhile a child there began to cry. When, in spite of all efforts, it would not stop, the mistress of the house fell into a passion, and taking it up in her arms, threw it into the blazing fire. The moment the child was thrown in, as its body was soft, it was reduced to ashes. When the ascetic saw this his hair stood on end, and he exclaimed, "Alas, alas! I have entered the house of a Bráhmaṇ-demon. So I will not eat food here now, for such food would be sin in a visible and material shape." But the Bráhmaṇ said to him, "See the power of raising the dead to life inherent in a charm of mine, which is effectual as soon as it is recited." Then he took a book containing the charm and read it, and threw on to the ashes some dust, over which the charm had been recited, whereupon the child rose up alive and well. When the Bráhmaṇ was asleep the ascetic got up quietly, took the book, and quitted the house. By means of the charm, he raised to life from her ashes his beloved Mandárvatí.

In the 47th tale of the 'Pentamerone' of Basile, one of the five sons raises the princess to life and then demands her in marriage. Satú, in the ancient Egyptian romance—see vol. i. p. 350—is revived by means of a certain liquid. And in the 'Rámáyana, Hanuman, the monkey-deity, procures four different kinds of herbs in order to resuscitate his dead subjects: the first kind restores the dead to life; the second drives away all pain; the third joins broken parts; the fourth cures all wounds. Mr Ralston, in a note to his 'Russian Folk-Tales,' p. 232, says that in a Kirghis (Siberian) story a golden-haired hero finds, after long search, the maiden to whom he had in very early life been betrothed. Her father has him murdered. She persuades the murderer to show her the body of her dead lover, and weeps over it bitterly. A spirit appears, and tells her to sprinkle it with water from a neighbouring well. It is very deep, but she

induces the murderer to allow her to lower him into it by means of her remarkably long hair. He descends and hands up to her a cup of the water. Having received it, she severs her hair, and the murderer drops and is drowned. Then she sprinkles her lover's corpse with the water, and he revives, but lives only three days. She resolves not to survive him, and is buried by his side. From the graves of the lovers spring two willows, which intertwine their boughs as if in an embrace.¹

In the 'Kathá Sarit Ságara,' ch. 59, a husband and wife, who are re-born as swans, and reunited, after the rainy season take up their abode on the top of a mountain. There the female is shot by a fowler, on which her mate flies away, distracted with grief. The fowler takes up the dead female swan and goes off. On the way seeing many armed men at a distance coming towards him, and thinking they might take the bird from him, he cuts some grass with his knife, and covering up the bird with it, leaves her on the ground. After the men had gone, the fowler returns for the bird. But it happened that among the grass he had cut was an herb which possessed the power of raising the dead to life, and by means of its juice the female swan was resuscitated, and before his eyes she flung off the grass, flew up into the sky, and disappeared.— Readers who desire farther instances will find many in Grimm's 'Teutonic Mythology,' p. 185, note, where, among other parallels, he refers to the myth of Zeus and Tantalus.

XI.

WOMEN WHOSE LOVE IS SLIGHTED :

Analogue of the Incident of Joseph and Potiphar's Wife.

(Vol. i. pp. 9, 67; ii. 448, 451.)

Near akin to stories of women betraying their husbands are those in which an amorous dame, having found her advances repulsed by the object of her passion, avenges herself by ac-

¹ Readers familiar with our old ballad poetry will remember more than one love-ditty which concludes in this manner.

cusing him of having attempted to violate her chastity. The oldest recorded instance is found in the Egyptian romance of the brothers Anapú and Satú, to which reference is made in vol. i., pp. 67, 68, and again in pp. 350, 351. On a similar incident is based the frame, or leading story, of the 'Seven Wise Masters,' and of the several versions of the 'Book of Sindibád'—see vol. i. p. 9, note; and it is not only found in the tales and legends of many lands, but doubtless has often occurred in real life. Among classical tales it forms the old story of Hyppolyte, the wife of Acastus, and Peleus; that of Antea and Bellerophon; and that of Phædra and Hyppolytus; while in European traditions it reappears in the story of Fausta and Crispus. There is scarcely a single Asiatic story-book of any note which does not contain an analogous tale: it occurs in the 'Tútí Náma,' in the 'Forty Vazírs,' and in the Persian romance which purports to recount the adventures of Hatim Tai.

In the 'Kathá Sarit Ságara' it is found again in the story of King Mahásena and his virtuous minister Gunasarman, as related to King Súryaprabha, one night when he was sleepless,¹ by his minister Vítabhíti. Queen Asokavatí is desperately enamoured of Gunasarman, the faithful minister of Mahásena, king of Ujjayiní, who had saved his royal master's life on five occasions, one of which was when the cook had put poison in the king's food. The king desired Gunasarman to teach his queen to play on the lute; and while he was instructing her, the queen indulged in perpetual coquetry, laughter, and mirth. One day, wounded with the arrow of love, she said to the chaste Gunasarman, "It was yourself that I asked for, handsome man, under the pretext of learning to play the lute, for I am deeply in love with you, so consent to my wishes." Gunasarman replied, "Do not talk so, for you are my master's wife, and such a

¹ It is still a common practice of Asiatic monarchs, when they cannot sleep o' nights, to cause a story-teller to recite some entertaining narratives. In the case of Ahasuerus, as related in the Book of Esther, that potentate preferred more solid stuff, and well was it for the captive Israelites that he did so: "On that night could not the king sleep; and he commanded to bring the book of records of the Chronicles; and they were read before the king,"—ch. vi. 1.

one as I am should not commit such treason ; desist, therefore, from this reckless conduct."¹ The queen continued, "Why do you possess in vain this beauty and skill in accomplishments? How can you look with a passionless eye on me who love you so much?" Gunasarman answered sarcastically, "You are right. What is the use of that beauty and skill which is not tarnished with infamy by seducing the wife of another, and which does not in this world and the next cause one to fall into the ocean of hell?" Then the queen, pretending to be angry, said, "I am determined to die, if you do not do what I say ; so, being despised by you, I will slay you before I die." Gunasarman replied, "By all means do so. For it is better to live for one moment bound by the bonds of righteousness than to live unrighteously for hundreds of crores of *kalpas*.² And it is far preferable to die without reproach, having done no wrong, than for me to have done wrong and to be put to death by the king, with reproach attaching to my name." In short, Queen Asokavati did not cease from importunately soliciting Gunasarman day and night ; but he would never consent to that crime : good men prefer death to immodest conduct. Then Asokavati, finding that he was resolved, one day, out of enmity to him, affected to be unhappy, and remained with tearful countenance. And

¹ The young Hebrew slave gave a more pious reason to the wife of Potiphar : "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?"—Gen. xxxix. 9.

² So, too, in the 'Dhammapada,' or (Buddha's) Path of Virtue : "He who lives a hundred years vicious and unreflecting, a life of one day is better if a man is virtuous and reflecting." And in Addison's 'Cato' we read—

A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity of bondage.

And Bishop Heber—

Swell, swell the bugle, sound the fife ;
To all the sensual world proclaim—
One crowded hour of glorious strife
Is worth an age without a name.

"Our happiness," said Speroni to Francis Maria II., Duke of Rovere, "is to be measured by its quality, not by its duration ; and I prefer to live for one day like a man, than for a hundred years like a brute, a stock, or a stone."

Mahásena, coming in and seeing her in that condition, said, "What is this, my beloved? Who has offended you? Tell me the name of the man whose life and property I am to take by way of punishment." Then the revengeful queen said, with affected reluctance, "You have not the power to punish the man who has injured me; so what is the good of revealing the injury?" But when the king pressed her, she said, deceitfully, "My husband, if you are very anxious to know, listen, and I will tell you. Gunasarman came into my presence to-day, and said, 'Queen, I am consumed with passion for you, so consent to my wishes, otherwise I cannot live; bestow on me life as a Bráhmaṇ's fee.' When he had said this, as the room was empty, he fell at my feet. Then I drew away my foot and rose up in bewilderment, and he, rising up, embraced me, a weak woman, by force. And my maid Pallaviká came in at that very moment. The instant he saw her he fled out alarmed. If Pallaviká had not come in, the villain would certainly have outraged me. This is the injury he has done me to-day." When the queen had told this false tale, she stopped and wept. For in the beginning wicked women sprang from Lying Speech. And the moment the king heard it he was all on fire with anger, for reliance upon the words of women destroys the discrimination even of the great. And he said to his dear wife, "Be comforted, fair one; I will certainly punish that traitor with death."—In the sequel, the king and his other ministers attempt to kill Gunasarman, but he wards off their sword-cuts by his cunning of fence, makes his way out of the palace by force, and putting on his eyes an ointment which rendered him invisible, leaves the country and proceeds towards the Dekkan, reflecting on the way, "Surely that foolish king was set on by Asokavati. Alas! women whose love is slighted are worse than poison!"

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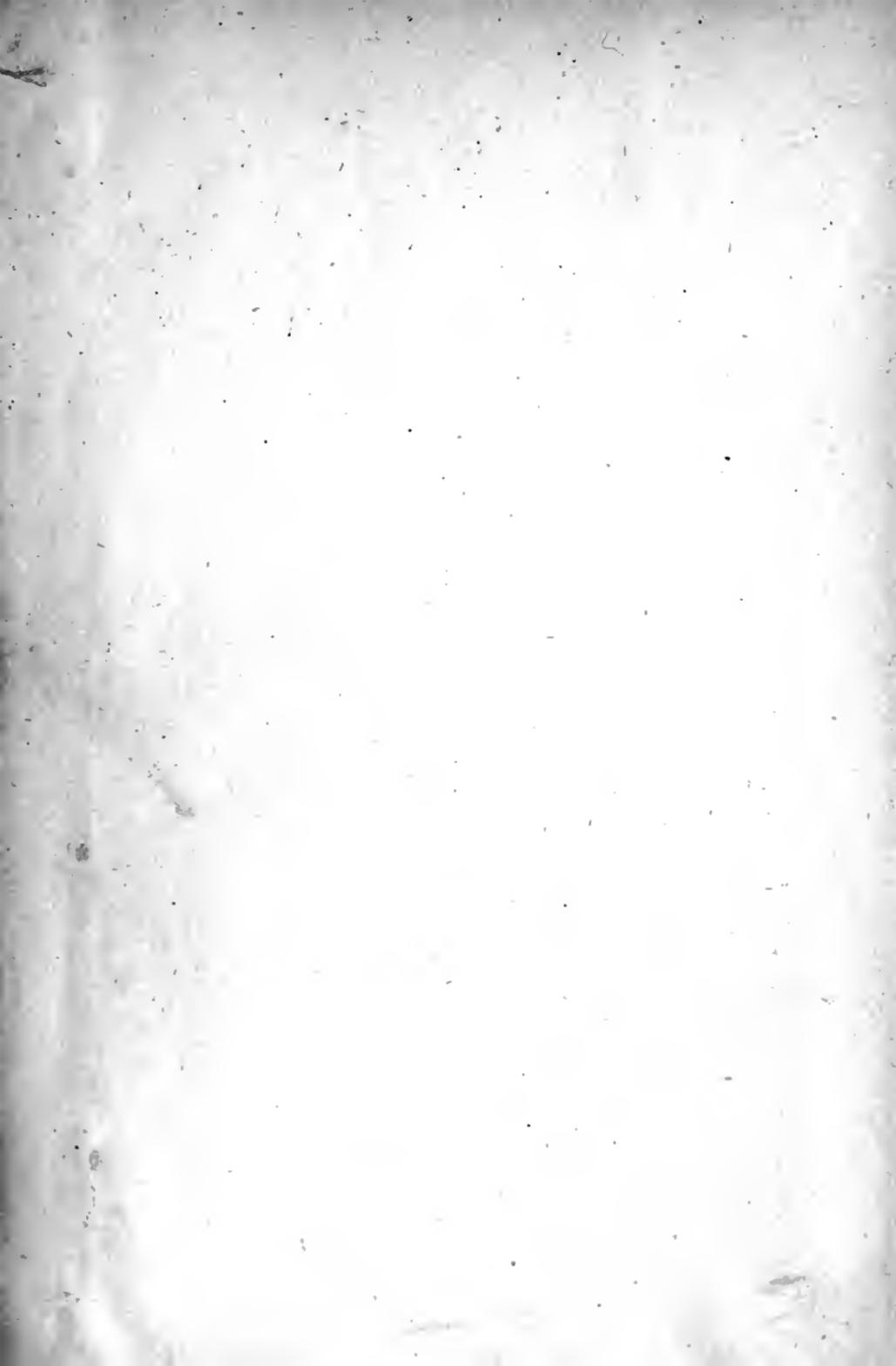
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