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TO THE NEW YEAR.

Go, old year, and year;
Risk not repeating!
Come new year, glad year;
Give thee gay greeting!

Blighly bid boldly,
Vain vexings vanish;
Cautiously, coldly,
Banefulness banish.

Moonshines and sunshines
Beams benign borrow;
Dele divers du lines
Inseamed by sorrow;

Brightly best blessing
At thy birth bringing,
Chant sweet caressing
Song of love's singing.

Leave, old year, lightly:
Years fit so fleeting,
Break, new year, brightly!
Here's merry meeting!

V. R.

THE JILTING OF GEORGIE GERARD;
OR A BIT OF CEYLON SOCIETY LIFE.

IN 12 CHAPTERS.

BY C. LEWIS,
Formerly of Ceylon.

(Continued from page 162.)

CHAPTER IV.

"I beg your pardon Miss Gerard! I startled you by coming up so quietly; it was unkind of me to forget that there are such things as nerves."

"Oh, no! Oh, no!" said Miss Gerard hastily, "you did not startle me, I assure you. I was only thinking," and she dropped her cheek on her hand, and leaned on the chair arm in a graceful, pensive attitude.

"Poor, poor little girl—I must be tender to her," he thought, and then said aloud: "And now Miss Gerard, the carriage is ready."

She roused herself—from the castle-building she was pleased to call thinking, and descended the resthouse steps as one in a dream.

"This your carriage?" (waking up) "I thought it was a native cart!"

He laughed; her chagrin sounded so genuine.

"I am so sorry. It is the only carriage I have. I usually drive a bullock in it; today in your honour I've put my horse in the shafts. It is really more comfortable than it looks; it is only the talipot palm leaf cover that gives it a primitive look, but the talipot keeps out the sun better than any other hood would do."

He helped her in, adjusted the cushions, gave her her little hair trunk for a footstool, and off they started at a pleasant pace. The sun was not so intolerably fierce now, and the best part of the day would commence in an hour or two.

"Everything is so funny here," said Miss Gerard. "I am sure things are much grander in India. Mrs. Seymour told me that nearly everyone she knows drives a carriage and pair."

"Then she must have friends with a certain amount of rupees."

"Has my brother-in-law two horses?"

"He has five or six just now; but he never, or rarely ever, drives them in double harness, as your sister is nervous, and the roads are sometimes narrow and dangerous."

"Then I shan't care to drive out." (A pause.) Then she resumed, still on the same string: "Has my brother-in-law mounted orderlies? Mrs. Seymour said they had."

"No—only generals and governors have orderlies."

"Oh,—how I wish I had gone to India,"—Georgie was going to say, but suddenly remembering that she could scarcely now say *that*, she added instead, whilst her eyes filled with tears—"that I had never, never left home!"

He heard the tears in her voice, felt that they were in her eyes, and was profoundly touched.

All tears that fall from women's eyes are caused by sorrow, he thought in his imperfect knowledge of the sex at that date; he had never then heard a woman say that she never shed tears save with rage, or the toothache!

And Georgie's tears were from a mixed source; the heat, fatigue, and a little pique at the frowardness of fate. Thought banished before it began to haunt her mind; an uneasy sense of how she should explain away, or modify certain facts to her sister, troubled her too, a little.

"Dear Miss Gerard," said Mr. Crawford consolingly, "you must not grieve so much. If one person has been unworthy, cruel to you, there is a great deal left to live for, many people to love you, to wish to make you happy. I am sure you will be happy at K——, though it is a dull little place in itself, you will have your sister and brother-in-law there, I know *they* will love you; and then a few weeks hence your sister will go up-country, and that you will find delightful, you will be able to ride and walk and dance as if you were in England!"

"Dance! O how nice! will there be many dances, Mr. Crawford? O, if I could have one ball a week at least I should be quite happy!"

What a change came over the girl! How she brightened up, and how April smiles prevailed over April tears. How delightfully ingenuous she was, to be sure! Deeply wounded, and yet able to be consoled by a weekly ball, a young girl like this was a new experience to Lewis Crawford, and he enjoyed it thoroughly.

"And how many balls at most?" he enquired smiling.

"At most! oh, one or two every night! I dote on dancing. Do you know that I am engaged for ever so many dances?" she asked this with an arch glance.

"Indeed! and to whom, pray, may I ask?"

She laughed and blushed.

"Oh, to several people. To Major Somers, and to Mr. Green, and to Mr. Dobbs, the three officers, you know, in the coach. Major Somers was nice, but the others were stupid boys. I don't like boys except to dance with. Then I am engaged to Dr. Rigby for one quadrille at least!"

"Will you allow me to be one of your future partners?"

"With great pleasure. Now I shan't be a wallflower at my first ball in Ceylon."

"No lady is ever a wallflower here; it's the poor men who are wallflowers, rows and rows of them."

"Really? How amusing! Do they like it? Girls don't."

"Oh, some of them are not dancing men. A few are, and it is rather hard for them to have the third part of a dance given them only."

"Oh, I hope and wish there may be a ball very soon!"

"So do I, for your sake, and for my own as you have promised to dance with me."

The compliment was not such a subtle one after all, but the girl did not see it at first, and when she did, she was charmed. Some girls like chocolate creams better than compliments, some like both equally. Georgie preferred compliments always. Her feelings seemed to have undergone a change with the magic of the word "Dance." She was inclined to talk on her own account now.

"Oh, did you ever see such a gown as Mrs. Rigby's? And why does she talk so funnily?"

Some few human beings are so endowed by nature with eloquent looks that their merest phrases give you pleasure; you feel the better if they even say "good morning" to you, and this was somewhat the case with Lewis Crawford. When he said, "As if they could help being kind to you!" Georgie felt a positive thrill of pleasure. She forgot some of her fatigue, she wished the drive were longer, instead of half through. Mr. Le Marchant's carriage was in waiting for them at the given spot by the side of the road, and its showy appearance, bright harness, well-groomed horse, and smart horsekeeper, all gratified Miss Gerard's eye, for when young we would like all our surroundings to be fine; in age we would like them to be comfortable first of all.

And so the young couple drove on and on, till the afternoon began to wane, and slanting sun rays and long shadows glorified the palm trees by the way-side, giving the tropical landscape that breadth and background which it usually lacks in the glaring sunshine.

Yet, Nature gives pictures everywhere to those who can see them; to those who cannot she gives maps only, or a background for figures.

Lewis Crawford loved Nature for her own sake, then; in latter years, alas! she repelled him. And in those days too, all was dense forest or jungle which is now comparatively open country.

One road then existed, where many roads now exist; the wayside huts were few, and the sight of an European lady very strange. So strange, that the little brown children were almost too startled to run out to gaze, or call "Nona! Nona!" after the carriage. A few did run out here and there. "Look at the children, Miss Gerard! 'Living bronzes' as Sir Emerson Tennent calls them"

"Ugly, dirty little things!" said the girl, averting her gaze.

"Dirty! Oh no, Miss Gerard, there I must contradict you; they have more cold water on their

skins than any poor child at home; every native bathes at least once a day; and 'ugly' no one could be with the lustrous eyes those children have! Their brown skins are in perfect keeping with the climate and surroundings, the vivid green of the trees, the redness of the soil. I am great friends with all the children in the province. I get them all round me sometimes in some out-of-the-way village, and give them sweets and try to make them talk to me. They are far more gentle and less brutal than the ordinary English child, just as the Sinhalese villager is superior to the English ploughman in many ways. His manners are comparatively perfect; but then he lives in a refining climate."

"You like Ceylon then, Mr. Crawford?"

"Very much. I love my work,—I like K——, the natives, my chief."

"Your chief? Who's that?"

"Mr. Le Marchant, your brother-in-law. I am under him you know. He's on the top of the ladder, I have my foot on one of the lowest rungs. But I mean to rise to the top of the tree! It is only a question of time."

"Tell me all about yourself" said the girl.

"On condition that you do the same. Ladies first, you know, so that you must begin."

And Georgie prattled away of Cheltenham and its gaieties; of her gowns, her dances, and, by implication, of her admirers; the crossness of her aunt in the present, the severity of her school-mistress in the past. Her talk was not in the least clever, but its very simplicity—some might have said its stupidity—made it amusing.

(To be continued.)

DOES TRUTH YET LIVE!

"There is no Truth" the scoffer saith,
"We love gold's heartless glitter;
And make, with many a heedless word,
The poor man's lot more bitter.

"I'm sure to reach some long'd for goal,
Perchance a bauble worthless;
We seek in dance, and feast, and song,
A wraith of mirth, that's mirthless.

"We wreath our lips, from day to day,
In smiles the world deceiving;
To hide the void within our hearts,
More sad than open grieving.

"We greet a friend with joyous looks
All o'er our faces playing;
Then turn aside, with careless sneer,
His reputation slaying.

"We even seek the House of God,
To win men's approbation;
Whilst harb'ring doubts within our hearts,
And secret reprobation."

But Truth, when all's been said, yet lives,
It's on the earth, that's certain;
Come, let us shift these scenes aside,
And glance behind the curtain.

There, on a bed, half-cloth'd and weak,
In some poor chamber lying,
Thro' sweet self-abnegation—see,
A wife and mother dying.

Like "Arria," tender, fond and true,
Her husband's fears beguiling;
"It does not hurt, dear love," she says,
And dies, while still she's smiling.

And there, a father bow'd with care,
Who toils from earliest dawning;
Nor finds a sadly needed rest,
Until the grave is yawning.

There Pain with bent and haggard form,
And pallid lips, nigh breathless;
Is tended with unceasing care,
By faithful "Live, the deathless."

No, Truth and Faith are living yet,
In spite of the fierce straining
To reach some madly long'd-for goal
That scarce is worth the gaining.

MARY F. A. TENCH.

SOME ASIATIC JESTS DOMICILED IN EUROPE.

It is almost a trite saying among students of folk-tales that an unfamiliar jest is very rarely met with in what may be called the lower strata of European popular fiction. Most of the jests which have been current in England since the thirteenth century (some of which re-appeared in the venerable "Joe Miller") are also known throughout Europe—from Norway to Sicily, from Russia to Portugal. Not a few of those of the "noodle" class are found in the *facetiae* of Hierokles, the Alexandrian philosopher. But it is not, I think, very generally known to what an extent European *facetiae* are indebted to the East—even the Far East to China and Japan. The vitality of a good jest is truly astonishing. We laugh now at jokes that shook the sides and wagged the beards of men who were contemporary with Socrates. Who made them at first is a question which will never find a satisfactory answer. All that we are certain of, is, that they are very old, some of them, possibly, several thousands of years old. In a literary form, many can be traced back, at latest, to the 2nd century B.C., in Buddhist and Hindú story-books, and then they were doubtless of very respectable antiquity. But it may be said that a good jest, like Truth herself, is always young, though I dare say it would somewhat damp the ardour of a racy story-teller to be informed that his best anecdotes about blundering Irishmen were told in the East about Bráhmans ages upon ages since. The well-known "Joe Miller" of the impudent Irishman in a coffee-house looking over a gentleman's shoulder while he was writing a letter, and when he read, "I have much more to say to you, but a fellow is looking over my shoulder and reading all I write," he cried out, "Pon my soul, sorr, I haven't read a word,"—this is found in the *Baháristán* ("Abode of Spring") of Jami, the last of the galaxy of great Persian poets (15th century). The story, in the *Wit and Mirth* of John Taylor, the Water-Poet, of the countryman in London who tried to take up a stone to throw at a savage dog, and finding them all rammed hard in the ground, declared that these were strange folks, who fastened the stones and let loose their dogs—this was told in the 13th century by the illustrious Persian poet Sa'di, in his *Gulistán*, or Rose-Garden. But instead of tracing a European jest through its various forms to an Asiatic original, or at least, older Asiatic version, let us reverse the process, and begin with a tale from that fine old Hindú collection, *Kathá Sarit Ságará*,* as follows:

* "Ocean of the Rivers of Narrative," composed by Somadeva, in the 11th century, after a similar work, apparently lost, entitled *Vrihat Kathá*, or "Great Story," by Gunadhya, in the 5th century. In this work are found the prototypes of many familiar tales in the *Arabian Nights*. A complete English prose translation, by Professor C. H. Tawney, was published at Calcutta, in two large volumes, a few years ago.

A musician once gave great pleasure to a rich man by singing and playing before him. He thereupon called his treasurer and said, in the hearing of the musician, "Give this man two thousand *panas*." The treasurer said, "I will do so," and went out. The minstrel went and asked him for those *panas*, but the treasurer, who had an understanding with his master, refused to give them. Then the musician came and asked the rich man for the *panas*, but he said, "What did you give me that I should make a return? You gave a short-lived pleasure to my ears by playing on the lyre, and I gave a short-lived pleasure to your ears by promising you money."

In the "Pleasing Stories" in Gladwin's *Persian Moonshee* this jest is slightly varied; there it is a poor poet who recites verses in praise of a rich man, who tells him to come back on the morrow and he will give him a large quantity of grain. Next day the rich man says to the poor poet, "You are a blockhead: you delighted me with words, and I pleased you in like manner; why, then, should I give you grain?" There is a similar story in M. Stanislas Julien's French translation of the *Avadánas* (No. 25); but as these Chinese Buddhist tales are of much later date than those in the *Kathá Sarit Ságará*, it was probably borrowed from some Hindú source.

Lucian, who has preserved so many of the good sayings of antiquity for us, tells the same story, *mutatis mutandis*, in his "Hermetimus," to the effect that a philosopher complained to his pupil because his fees were eleven days in arrear. The youth's uncle, a rough and ignorant fellow, who happened to be standing by, thus addressed the philosopher: "Pray, let us hear no more complaints of the injustice you suppose you have had at our hands, since it simply amounts to this—we have bought words from you, and up till now we have paid you in the same coin."

But observe how closely the following version (from *Jacke of Dover his Quest of Inquirie for the Foole of all Fooles*, one of our early English jest-books)* agrees with the Indian story with which we started:

Upon a time, there was a certain petty-cannon [minor canon] dwelling in Coventrie, to whose house, upon a high feastival day, there came an expeart and curious musition, but very poore (as commonly men of the finest qualities be), and in hope of a reward offered to shew him the rarest musicke that ever he heard. Wilt thou? quoth the petty-cannon; well, shew thy best, and the more cunningly thet thou playest, the greater reward thou shalt have. Hereupon the poore musition cheered up his spirits and with his instrument paide in a most stately manner before him a long season; whereunto the petty-cannon gave good care and on a sodaine startes up, and gets him into his study, where he remained some three or foure houres, not regading the poore musition that all this while stood playing in the hall, hoping for some reward or other. Afterwardes, when it grew towards supper time, downe came the petty-cannon againe, and walkes two or three times one after another by the musition, but sayes never a word; at which the musition began to marvell; and having nothing all this while given him for all his labour, he boldly asked his reward. Why, quoth the petty-cannon, the reward I promised thee, I have already payde. As how? quoth the musition; as yet was nothing given me. Yes, quoth the petty-cannon, I have given thee pleasure for pleasure, for I have as much delighted thee with hope as thou hast done me with musick.

* This very amusing little book is of the latter part of the 16th century. No copy of the first impression seems to be extant, but the second edition is dated 1601, and the second part was licensed to be printed in 1604. It has been reprinted in Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt's *Shakespeare Jest-Books*.

Let us now take a Japanese tale, which, though not precisely akin to the foregoing, yet presents a general resemblance to the "words in payment for words." It is cited by Dr. F. Liebrecht, in the "Nachträge" to his *Zur Volkskunde*, as from the "*Pariser Temps* (nach der *Flandre Libérale* vom 19 October 1878)," and is to the following effect:

Kisaburo was a person of an economical spirit, who gave up his old abode to take lodgings on the side of a market for eels. The appetizing odour of the fried eels was diffused into the dining-room of Kisaburo, who ate his bowl of rice seasoned therewith, thus saving him the cost of the usual seasonings. The man with the eels soon perceived the manoeuvre, and presented his bill for the odour of his fish. Kisaburo, looking at him with malice, drew from his purse the sum asked, laid it down on the bill and began to chat with him. When the man was about to take his leave, Kisaburo quietly put the money back into his pocket. "What!" said the other, "are you taking back your money?" "Not at all," replied Kisaburo, "you ask me for payment for the smell of your [fried] fish; I do the same for the sight of my money."

This droll story was known in Europe in the 14th century, and is thus amplified in the *Cento Novelle Antiche* (No. 9), the earliest Italian collection of tales:

In Alexandria, which is in the parts of Roumania, because there are twelve Alexandrias, which Alexander founded the March before he died; in that Alexandria is the street where live the Saracens who make viands to sell, and that street is sought for the most delicate and nicest food, just as among us one seeks for clothes. One Monday a Saracen cook, whose name was Fabrac, being in his kitchen, a poor Saracen came there with a loaf in his hand. He had no money to buy from the cook, so he held his bread about the kettle, and received the steam that came from it, and the bread soaked with the steam that came from the food he bit, and so ate it all. This Fabrac did not sell much that morning, and took it as a bad omen and annoyance, and seized the poor Saracen, and said to him, "Pay me for what you have taken of mine." The poor man replied, "I have not taken anything from your kitchen but steam." Said Fabrac, "Pay me for what you have taken of mine."

The dispute was so great, that on account of the novel and rude discussion, and one that had never arisen before, the news came to the Sultan. The Sultan, for the very curious matter, collected his wise men and sent for the disputants. The question was stated. The Saracen sages began to argue, and one thought the steam did not belong to the cook, giving many reasons. "The steam cannot be taken, for it returns to the element [*i. e.* the air], and has no property or substance that is useful. He ought not to pay." Others said, "The steam was conjoined with the food, was in its power, and was generated from its property, and the man is on the point of selling it in the course of his trade; and he who takes of it is wont to pay." There were many other arguments. At last it was resolved, "Since he sells his wares, and you and others buy, just Lord, have him paid for his wares according to their value. If he sells his cooking, giving the useful property of it, he is wont to take the useful money. Now that he has sold the steam, which is the subtle part of cooking, have, Lord, some money jingled, and decide that the payment shall be understood as made by the sound that proceeds from it." And so judged the Sultan that it should be observed.

Rabelais tells the same story at still greater length and in his own inimitable manner. It may be found in Book iii., ch. 37, as related by Pantagruel to Panurge. But here the disputants argue the case themselves on the spot. The porter, in answer to the cook's demand for payment for

the smoke of his roast meat, argues that "he had sustained no loss at all; that by what he had done there was no diminution made of the flesh; that he had taken nothing of his, and that therefore he was not indebted to him in anything. As for the smoke in question, although he had not been there, it would have been evaporated; besides, before that time it had never been seen or heard of that roast meat smoke was sold on the streets of Paris." The cook replied, that "he was not bound to feed and nourish a porter, whom he had never seen before, with the smoke of his roast meat, and thereupon swore that if he would not forthwith content and satisfy him with present payment for the repast which he had thereby got, he would take the cooked staves from off his back, which should serve for fuel to his kitchen fires. When he was about to do so, the sturdy porter got out of his gripe, drew forth a knotty cudgel, and stood on his defence." The noise of the disputants soon brought a crowd to the shop, and among the "gaping hoydens of sottish Parisians" was a well-known fool, to whom they agreed to submit the case and abide by his decision. To be brief, the fool decreed, like the "Saracen sages" in the Italian version, that as the porter had flavoured his crust with the smoke of the cook's roast meat, so the cook must be satisfied with the sound of the porter's money."

A short and slightly different version is given in J. Pauli's *Schimpf und Ernst* (No. 48). The dispute is brought before the court of justice and postponed till another court-day. "One of the judges had a fool at home, and at table the matter was talked of. Then spoke the fool: 'He shall pay the host with the sound of the money, as the poor man was satisfied with the flavour of the roast.' When the court-day came, they kept to the judgment which the fool had pronounced."*

The story also occurs in the *Gurū Paramartan*, a collection written in the Tamil language by Father Beschi, a Jesuit missionary in India for many years, which has been translated into English by Babington; but though many of the tales in the work are known to exist in Hindū books, this jest has not as yet been found in any of them, so one hesitates to claim for it an Indian parentage.

Cousin-german (or rather "own brother") to these tales of the poor man and the cook is a story in the *Bahār-i-Dānish* ("Spring of Knowledge"), a most entertaining Persian collection, by 'Ināyatullah, avowedly derived from Indian sources. This is the story, according to Jonathan Scott's translation, vol. iii., p. 211:

One day, as the dervish was passing on some business through the city, he beheld a great crowd assembled to behold a young man whom the officers of justice were conducting to the divan. On inquiring the cause, he was told that the youth was sitting under the wall of the Vazir's palace and looking at his face in a mirror, when the minister's daughter, passing on the terrace, the reflection of her person appeared in the glass, and the young man in the ardour of admiration had kissed the mirror several times, for which crime he was going to be punished. The sharak,† who happened to be with the dervish, cried out: "Let them put the young man in the sun, and inflict a hundred stripes upon his shadow." At this judgment from the mouth of a bird the people were all filled with astonishment, and the report of the circumstance spread quickly over the whole city, from the beggar to the prince.

* Oesterley, in his edition of Pauli, refers to a number of other versions, variants, and analogues.

† The sharak is a kind of nightingale, and can be taught to imitate the human voice with more facility and accuracy than even the parrot.

A variant of this occurs in the Indian romance which purports to recount the marvellous exploits of Vikramā, Raja of Ujjayin, where a dancing-girl sues a merchant in consequence of her having dreamt that he had violated her chastity. A wise parrot, overhearing this singular demand, suggests that the money should be placed before a mirror, and that she must be content with grasping the reflection, the offence being only imaginary.

In these two tales the sharak is Jehandar Sháh, who had, by magical art, transferred his soul into the dead body of a bird of that species, and the parrot is Vikramā in like circumstances. Many Eastern tales turn on the possession of this kind of magical power.

According to Plutarch, when a courtesan named Thonis demanded of a young man the price of her favours, which he had enjoyed only in imagination, Bcechoris adjudged that her payment should be the jingle of the youth's money.

Walter Mapes, in his *Nugæ Curiarum* (which seems to be the first Latin collection of stories made in mediæval times, prior to any of the monkish collections of *exempla*, for the use of preachers), has a variant of this, which differs in the conclusion. As it has not hitherto appeared in English, and the Camden Society's edition of this work is somewhat scarce, a translation may be here presented, for the purpose of comparison with the previous versions:

Llewellyn, king of Wales, a treacherous man-like almost all his predecessors and successors, had a most beautiful wife, whom he loved more intensely than he was beloved by her. Hence he was constantly guarding against attempts on her chastity, quite consumed by the most suspicious jealousy, and planned nothing but preserving her from the touch of another. There chanced to come to him a youth most distinguished in fame, nobility of manner, race, and address, well-to-do, of elegant person; and he dreamed that he had converse with the queen. The king declared that he had been deceived, raged as if the thing had really taken place, seized the unoffending youth by artifice, and, but for respect to his parents and the fear of revenge, would have put him to death by torture.

According to custom, all his relations offered themselves as surety for the youth, and tried to stop proceedings. But he declined, and sought to be put on trial at once. They complained of his refusal, and while they were quarrelling he was kept in chains. Many often came to the tribunal, as well by order of the prince as of the other side, but in every settlement many withdrew and called upon the sages. At length they consulted one to whom fame had given the highest position, and wealth not less. He said to them: "The decrees of our country must be followed, and whatever our fathers have resolved, and long usage confirmed, we cannot reasonably overthrow. Let us follow them, and, until new legislation decrees the contrary, let us advance nothing new. The most ancient laws declare that whosoever shall have defiled the Queen of Wales by adultery shall go free after paying 1000 cows to the king, and so likewise for the wives of princes and grandees, according to the rank of each, the fine is fixed at a definite number. This fellow is accused of dreaming of connection with the queen. It is certain that 1000 cows must be given. Concerning the dream, we give judgment that this young man place 1000 cows in order at sunrise in the sight of the king on the bank of the lake Behthenio, so that the shadow of each may appear in the water. The shadow shall be the king's, but not the cows, for a dream is but a shadow of a truth." The decision was approved by all, and execution ordered, Llewellyn protesting.

To the same class belongs the story referred to by Lucian in his *Hermotimus*, where he declares that "all the philosophers in the world are fighting,

so to say, for the shadow of the ass." Dr. Thomas Francklin, the translator of Lucian, explains the allusion thus: Demosthenes was one day haranguing the senate, who would not suffer him to go on, when he told them the following story: "Two men were travelling together; one purchased of the other an ass. They jogged on; the heat of the weather was intense. The body of the ass threw a shade on the ground; they both wanted to lie down under it. On this a quarrel ensued; the man who had sold the beast said that he did not sell its shadow; the other insisted that he had purchased everything that the ass could give, and consequently the shadow of it." Here Demosthenes stopped short. The hearers desired to know the issue of the dispute, and how it was determined. "You are very eager," said he, "to hear anything about the shadow of an ass, yet will not listen to me when I speak on the important concerns of the commonwealth."

This story is told of the Abderites, who, like our Men of Gotham, and the Schildburgers in Germany, had the reputation of being arrant noodles. It occurs in some versions of the so-called Fables of Æsop, where it is said that while the two men were disputing about the shadow of the ass, the sagacious animal took the opportunity of showing them a clean pair of heels.—The author of *Hudibras*, who was as learned as he was witty, was evidently familiar with the story, since, in his *Remains*, he says: "A herald is wiser than the man who sold his ass and kept the shadow for his own use, for he sells the shadow (that is, the picture) and keeps the ass himself."

Father Beschi, in his Tamil story-book, relates how an ox was hired to carry the Simple Gurú (Gurú Paramartan), the owner accompanying him and his disciples—noodles, like their spiritual instructor—to the next halting-place. On the road the Gurú was so oppressed by the heat of the sun that he dismounted and lay down under the ample shadow of the ox. When they had completed that day's journey, the owner of the ox demanded to be paid also for the use of its shadow, since he had not lent his ox as an umbrella. The dispute was referred to the chief man of the village, who, after relating the story of the poor man and the cook (already referred to), representing himself as having been the poor man to whom the incident occurred, gave his decision, following that precedent: "For journeying hither on the ox, the proper hire is money, and for remaining in the shadow of the ox, the shadow of money is sufficient." It would be interesting to ascertain whether the story occurs in any native Tamil collection.

In the Turkish collection of the *sottises* of the Khoja Nasr-ed-Din Efendi we read that he one day presented the emperor Timúr (Tamerlane) with ten early cucumbers, for which he was rewarded with the same number of gold pieces. Shortly after, when cucumbers were become more plentiful by the advance of the season, the Khoja filled a cart with them, and drove it to Timúr's palace. There the porter refused to admit him unless he would promise to "go halves" with him in whatever he should receive from the emperor, remembering the former present for the ten cucumbers. On being introduced to Timúr, the Khoja stated that he had now brought his majesty a much larger quantity of cucumbers than before; whereupon, in place of giving gold in return for the gift, Timúr ordered him to receive a hundred strokes with a rod. When the unlucky Khoja had borne half his punishment very patiently, he cried out that he had now got his full share, and hoped the emperor would do justice to his own porter. Timúr asked what he meant. Said the Khoja: "I agreed with thy porter that he should receive half of my expected

present for introducing me to thee." The porter was at once called, and, confessing to the arrangement, was forced to receive the remainder of the Khoja's unwelcome "present."

An Arabian variant is told of Ibn-el-Karibí, a favourite public story-teller and jester, and Mesrúr, the celebrated personal attendant of the Khalif Harún-er-Rashíd. Mesrúr bargains with El-Karibí, before introducing him into Harún's presence, that he should receive three-fourths of the expected gift. El-Karibí offers him the half, but he will not accept so little, and at length he agrees to give Mesrúr two-thirds and keep the other third for himself. The Khalif tells the jester that if he does not make him laugh, he will beat him three times with a leathern bag (which had four pebbles inside). The poor jester's witticisms fail to excite even a smile on the Khalif's face, so he deals El-Karibí a blow with the bag, when the jester informs him of the compact he had made with Mesrúr, who receives the two other blows, and Harún now laughs heartily, and gives each of them a thousand pieces of gold.—Lane's *Arabian Nights*, vol. ii., p. 533.

The story was early domiciled in Italy and England, and probably also in most other European countries. In Sacchetti's *Novelle* it is said that Philip of Valois offered a reward of two hundred francs for the recovery of a favourite hawk which he had lost. The bird was found by a poor man, who, recognising it as belonging to the prince, from the *fleurs de lis* engraved on the bells, carried it to the palace, and was admitted to present it to his royal highness by the usher of the chamber, who had bargained to receive from the man half of what the prince should give him. The peasant informed the prince of this arrangement, and requested as his reward fifty strokes with the *báton*. He accordingly received twenty-five blows, and the usher had the remainder of the gratification, well laid on, we may be sure; but the poor man afterwards privately obtained ample pecuniary compensation from the prince.

Here the story differs from the two Eastern forms, in which the blows are not given at the victim's own request; and the old English ballad of *Sir Clerges* (14th century), which dates much earlier than the time of Sacchetti, is somewhat similar to the Italian tale: A knight, called Sir Clerges, who wished to make an offering to King Utter, is admitted into the palace by the poor porter, and introduced to the royal steward on the condition that each should have a third of the recompense the king should bestow on him. The knight, on being desired by the king to name his reward, chose twelve bastinadoes, eight of which he had the satisfaction of distributing with his own hand between the steward and the porter.

Another ancient jest of Asiatic origin, of the Lamb without a Heart, was popular throughout Europe in mediæval times. This is how it is told of an ass in the famous Indian collection of apologues and tales, entitled the *Panchatantra*, or Five Chapters:

In a certain spot in a forest there lived a lion, named Karala-Kisra. He had a servant, a jackal, named Dhusaraka, a constant follower. When fighting once with an elephant, he received very severe blows on his body, whereby he was not able to move a foot; and he not stirring, Dhusaraka became weak, with his throat parched up by hunger. And on another day he told him: "My lord, I am pained with hunger; I am not able to stir a foot. Then how can I serve you?" The lion said: "Go and look for some animal, that I may kill him, though reduced to this state." On hearing this, the jackal set out, and discovered an ass, named Lambakarna, on the margin of a tank, grazing on the scanty tufts of herbage, and thus addressed him: "Uncle! Pray accept this my salutation to you. It is

long since I last saw you. Tell me, why have you become so weak?" He said: "O sister's son, what shall I say? The merciless washerman harasses me with heavy burdens, and does not give me even a handful of grass. I eat merely the shoots of grass mingled with dust. How then can I grow fat in body?" The jackal answered: "Uncle, if this be so, there is a very pleasant spot, thick with grass of emerald green, beside which a river flows. Come there and remain, enjoying the happiness of good conversation and companionship with me." Lambakarna said: "O sister's son, you have spoken aright! But we are domestic animals, and liable to be destroyed by those that walk the forest. What is the good of that beautiful spot?" The jackal responded: "Uncle, do not say so. That spot is protected within the cage of my arms. There is no entrance whatever for another there. Moreover, there are three she-asses there, ill-treated by washermen as you are, and without a husband; and they, grown fat in youthful wildness, said to me: 'If you are our true uncle, then go to another village and bring us some proper husband.' For their sake I would take you thither." Then, hearing the words of the jackal, and his body overcome by lust, the ass said: "Friend, if so, go thou first, that I may follow." And it is well said: "Besides a fair-formed woman, by companionship with whom one lives, and by separation from whom one dies, there is no nectar or poison." And again: "Where is not love excited at the sight of those whose names themselves excite passion, without presence or contact?"

When the ass drew near the lion, conducted by the jackal, the lion, distressed with pain, no sooner arose on seeing him than the ass began to run, but not before he had received a stroke from the lion's paw, and that, like the endeavours of an unfortunate man, proved futile. Meanwhile, the jackal, overcome with rage, said to the lion: "Is this the manner of your blow, that even an ass can escape from you? Then how will you fight with an elephant? Oh, I have seen your strength!" The lion, with shamefaced smile, answered: "What could I do? I did not keep myself ready for a spring, otherwise even an elephant, sprung upon by me, cannot escape." The jackal said: "Even yet will I bring him near to you, but you must be ready for a spring." Said the lion: "How will he, who saw me and went away, come here again? Therefore look for some other beast." The jackal replied: "What matters it to you? You had better remain prepared for a spring? Then the jackal went after the ass, and coming up to him, the ass said: "O son of my sister! I was taken by him to a fine place! Certainly I was in the hands of death; therefore tell me what is that animal, from the blows of whose fearful arms I have escaped?" The jackal answered, laughing: "Friend, the she-ass, seeing you approaching, got up with affection to embrace you, and you, out of fear, ran away. But she is not able to live without you; and she stretched out her hand to hold you as you were going off, and for no other reason. Therefore come back. On your account she sits, vowing to yield up her life, saying: 'If Lambakarna does not become my husband, I shall fall into the fire or water, for I am unable to bear this separation.' Therefore now show your kindness and come. If not, woman murder will fall upon you." It is said: "Those ill-minded fools, who are engaged in false pursuits after abandoning Káma's womanly symbol of victory, which secures the happiness of all things, they are beaten most cruelly by him and made *nagnas* (i.e., naked men), and *mundis* (men with their heads completely shaved), some red cloth wearers, some of matted hair, and the rest *kápálikas* (men who carry human skulls)."

Then the ass, taking his word as trustworthy, started again with the jackal; for it is well said: "A man knowingly commits a despised act by fate." And Lambakarna was killed by the lion, who was prepared for the spring. Then, after killing him and appointing the jackal to watch, he went to the river to bathe. And the jackal, overcome by desire, ate up the ears and the heart of the ass. When the lion returned, after having bathed and performed his worship to the gods and his rites to the manes, he discovered the ass!

devoid of ears and heart, and, filled with rage, said to the jackal, "Thou wicked one! Why have you done this unbecoming action, and rendered the ass refuse by eating his ears and his heart?" The jackal responded: "Lord, do not—do not say so! This ass was devoid of ears and heart, and therefore he came again, after having seen you here." Then the lion, believing his words, divided it equally with him, having no suspicion in his mind.

This fable has been adapted in the *Gesta Romanorum*, the great collection, of tales, made probably in the fourteenth century, for the use of preachers. The eighty-third chapter of the Continental *Gesta* (so called to distinguish it from what is known as the English, and, in all likelihood, the original work) is to the following effect: A boar devastates a garden belonging to the emperor Trajan; it is wounded on three different occasions, and finally killed. When the cook was preparing it for the table, he preserved the heart for his own eating. This annoyed the emperor, and he sent to inquire for the heart. The cook declared that the boar had no heart, and when called upon to justify his assertion he defended it thus: "The boar in the first instance entered the garden and committed much injury. I, seeing it, cut off its left ear. Now, if he possessed a heart, he would have recollected the loss of so important a member. But he did not, for he entered a second time; therefore he had no heart. Besides, if he had a heart, when I had cut off his right ear, he would have meditated upon the matter, which he did not, but came again, and lost his tail. Moreover, having lost his ears and tail, had he possessed a particle of heart, he would have thought; but he did not, for he entered a fourth time and was killed. For these several reasons I am confident he had no heart." The emperor, satisfied with what he had heard, applauded the man's judgment.

This was probably taken into the *Gesta* from Babrius, 95, and there is a similar tale in Grimm's *Kinder und Haus Märchen*, where an old soldier, called Brother Merry, and his companion, Brother (St.) Peter, received from a peasant the gift of a lamb. Brother Merry cooks the lamb, and eats the heart during Brother Peter's absence, and when Peter returns and asks only the heart for his share, Merry insists that a lamb has no heart.

But there is a very singular Croatian version to which is tagged on a very different story, possessing great interest to story comparers. It is given, as follows, in the *Dublin University Magazine*, vol. lxx., Aug. 1867, pp. 139, 140: Odin and his son Thor take a man called Daniel as their guide. A lamb is to be roasted entire by Daniel while they sleep. He steals and eats the liver, and denies it, and so forth. Thor took from his pocket several gold pieces and carefully reckoned and made four divisions of them. This strongly excited Daniel's curiosity. He drew near Thor eagerly, and asked him why he was dividing his money into four parts. "We are now nearly at the end of our journey," says Thor; "so I wish to give to every one the sum to which he is entitled." "To whom does this belong?" said the guide, pointing to one heap. "To Odin." "And this?" "To myself." "And this?" "That is your own property." "But this fourth heap?" "That is the portion of the man who ate the lamb's liver." Then up sprang Daniel, and cried with all his force: "My lord, that heap is mine; it is I who ate it; I swear by all that is dear to me. No other man tasted a bit of it. I swallowed it all while you two were asleep."

Strange as it may appear to readers who are not acquainted with the migrations and transformations to popular fictions, this last version finds its parallel

in one of the Eastern forms of Chaucer's "Pardoner's Tale," namely, a fine poem by the celebrated Persian Faridú-d'-Din Attár (twelfth century), in which it is related that Jesus (Isa) and a Jew were journeying together, and of the three wheaten loaves which Jesus had in his budget he ate one and gave another to his companion to eat, and the third for him to take charge of while he went for some water. During his absence the Jew ate also the remaining loaf, and when asked what was become of it he flatly denied all knowledge as to its disappearance. The Messiah, seeing three heaps of earth before him, breathed a prayer, and they were changed to three lumps of pure gold, and he said to the Jew: "One heap is thine, another is mine, and the third belongs to the man who ate the third loaf." Thereupon the Jew cried out that he alone had eaten the third loaf; and Jesus replied: "Thou art not fit to be my fellow-traveller, so I now leave thee; but thou mayest have all three heaps of gold." In the sequel, as in the "Pardoner's Tale," the greedy Jew and two others with whom he was to share the gold perish miserably. See my *Popular Tales and Fictions* (1887), vol. ii., p. 379 ff.; or my *Analogues of some of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales*, pp. 415-436 (Chaucer Society's publications).—There can be no doubt whatever of the Buddhist origin of the *Panchatantra* tale of the Lion, Jackal, and Credulous Ass. It is not found in the fables of Pilpay, or Bidpai, the European form of the famous Indian work.

W. A. CLOUSTON.

—*Asiatic Quarterly Review* for October 1890.

ICH BIN DEIN.

(This ingenious poem, written in five languages—English, French, German, Greek and Latin—is one of the best specimens of Macaronic verse in existence and worthy of preservation by all collectors. Its author is unknown to us.)

In tempus old a hero lived,
Qui loved puellas deux:
He no pouvait pas quite to say,
Which one amabat mieux.

Dit-il lui-même un beau matin,
"Non possum both avoir,
Sed si address Amanda Ann,
Then Kate and I have war.

Amanda habet argent coin,
Sed Kate has aureas curls:
Et both sunt very agathæ
Et quite formosæ girls."

Enfin the you'ful anthropos,
Philoun the duo maids,
Resolved preponere ad Kate,
Devant cet evening's shades.

Procedens then to Kate's domo,
Il trouve Amanda there,
Kai quite forgot his late resolves,
Both sunt so goodly fair.

Sed smiling on the new tapis,
Between puellas twain,
Coepit to tell his love à Kate
Dans un poetique strain.

Mais, glancing ever et anon
At fair Amanda's eyes,
Illa non possunt dicere
Pro which he meant his sighs.

Each virgo heard the demi-vow,
With cheeks as rouge as wine,
And off'ring each a milk-white hand,
Both whispered, "Ich bin dein."

—*New-York News-Letter*.

KANGAN'S "ENGLISH AS SHE IS"
WROTE."

[Enclosed is a letter I found hunting up some old papers, and I think it would may be look well in print. I send it.—*Cor.*]

Labugama Tea Estate,
Esqr.

Most Respect and Honerd Dear Affection Sir,—

I beg to write to you I came to your Estate 1st Febuvary 1884. I begining the work to your Estate 4th Febuvary 1884. I am dint take Rice I Brote the Rice from Cherty, and Gave it To My coolies, But When you came to Estate. For to one Kangany you gave the advance To him. In that Advance If you gave to me Can I Brote the pleanty coolies to your Estate For this Estate I am not waiting to your Estate In the Begiing. First of all. I have very Soffered to your Estate. But you think out please well little so But. I am dug out the contrator also not now to me. Why? for Master, does not write this things not good to our God like it you thinke out please. So But, we all to be here about your kindly and mercyfullness. One Tamil man blive the gentle-man No (spoilit) spoilt. I have no hear in the world. I Bel, Bliving write this petition not even a Bit off go not use. I am so blive (AMEN) Sir now I am my coolies keep the Master's a/c. as you told Master's coolies frome Singara wattie Superintendent sent out the coolies agin you please give the that contractor work. We all the coolies and cangany's waiting to your answer.

Altogether I writing to you, you gave first The contractor working how ever you Must give the contractor work.

Dear master you dont give not another cangany's a/c., you must give the contractor work myself.

At last I am writing very thankfulness to you, First off all. I and my coolies before we all (living) was the line. I left out came. I will been in very cool near the river But very soon made line make it saying also master.

Master I have writing this petition not in vaine I think so.

Thus (your)

Thus. I beg to Rmaine Your Most obdient servant
Loden Cangany.

Master:—you please teling for to this petition saying answered. To me please soon.

RICE AND SLIPPERS.

Rice and slippers, slippers and rice!
Quaint old symbols of all that's nice
In a world made up of sugar and spice,

With a honeymoon always shining;
A world where the birds keep house by twos,
And the ring-dove calls and the stock-dove coos,
And maids are many, and men may choose;
And never shall love go pining.

For the rice shall be shed and the shoes be thrown
When the bridegroom makes the bride his own,
He and she in the world alone,

Though many a man came wooing;
He and she, and no other beside,
Though the ways are long and the world is wide,
The proudest groom and the prettiest bride
That ever went biling and cooing.

Slippers and rice for an omen meet,
Fling them out, in the open street,
High over heads and low under feet,
Precious beyond all posies;
Glad as the song that greets the day
When wedded lovers are whirled away
For an everlasting month of May
Or a whole round year of roses.

Say, is she fair, the wife of an hour?
Then fairer was never the fairest flower;
Lily or rose, in a maiden's bower,
Blush-white on a summer morning;
Or say, is she dark? Then never yet
Was southern beauty with eyes of jet,

Or dusk-pale siren, or dark brunette,
So lovely beyond adorning.

Is she rich? does she bring a dower of gold?
Then good is the treasure to have and to hold;
Her lover will learn to be twice as bold
With fortune at hand to aid him:
Is she poor, in all but her own fair worth?
Then that is the richest dower on earth,
And her lover will laugh at wealth and birth
When he owns it was she who made him.

It is well, all well, whatever she be,
A queen to her lord and to none but he—
But the sweetest sight in the world to see
Is a bride in her bridal beauty;
And he, he too, is a noble sight,
The groom, as gallant as belted knight
Who wins a prize in the world's despit.
By his vows of love and duty.

—*Argosy.*

GEORGE COTTERELL.

CURIOSITIES OF MISNOMER.

Black lead is not lead at all, but a compound of carbon and a small quantity of iron. Brazilian grass is not grass, and never saw Brazil—it is nothing but strips of palm leaf. Burgundy pitch is not pitch, and does not come from Burgundy; the greater part of it is resin and palm-oil. Catgut is made from the entrails of sheep. Cuttle-bone is not bone, but a kind of chalk once enclosed in the fossil remains of extinct specimens of cuttlefish. German silver was not invented in Germany, and does not contain a particle of silver. Cleopatra's Needle (the obelisk now in Central Park) was not erected by the Egyptian Queen who "lost Mark Antony the world," nor in her honor: nor has that other Egyptian monument, known as Pompey's Pillar, any historical, connection with Pompey in any way—being erected by or in honor of a very different Roman, Diocletian, and it ought to be known by his name.

Sealing-wax contains no wax at all, but is composed of Venice turpentine, shellac and cinnabar (or red lead). Turkish baths did not orginate in Turkey, and are not baths, properly so-called, but rather heated chambers. Whalebone is not bone, although it does come from the leviathan for which Nantucket, New Bedford and Sag Harbor used to make those three-year voyages; moreover, it is said not to possess a single property of bone.

Truly, it seems that the nomenclature of common things is not unlike that celebrated definition which the French Academy of Sciences once made of a crab—"a small red fish which swims backward"—and of which Cuvier remarked that "the crab was not a fish, it was not red, and it did not swim backward—but that otherwise the definition was admirable!"—*Providence Journal.*

SCATTERED.

Scattered to East and West and North,
Some with the faint heart, some the stout;
Each to the battle of life went forth,
And all alone wemust fight it out.

We had been gathered from cot and grange,
From the moorland farm and terraced street,
Brought together by chances strange,
And knit together by friendship sweet.

Not in the sunshine, not in the rain,
Not in the night with the stars untold,
Shall we ever all meet together again,
Or be as we were in the days of old.

But as ships cross and more cheerily go,
Having changed tidings on the sea,
So I am richer by them I know,
And they are not poorer I trust by me.

Dr. W. C. SMITH (of Edinburgh).

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