



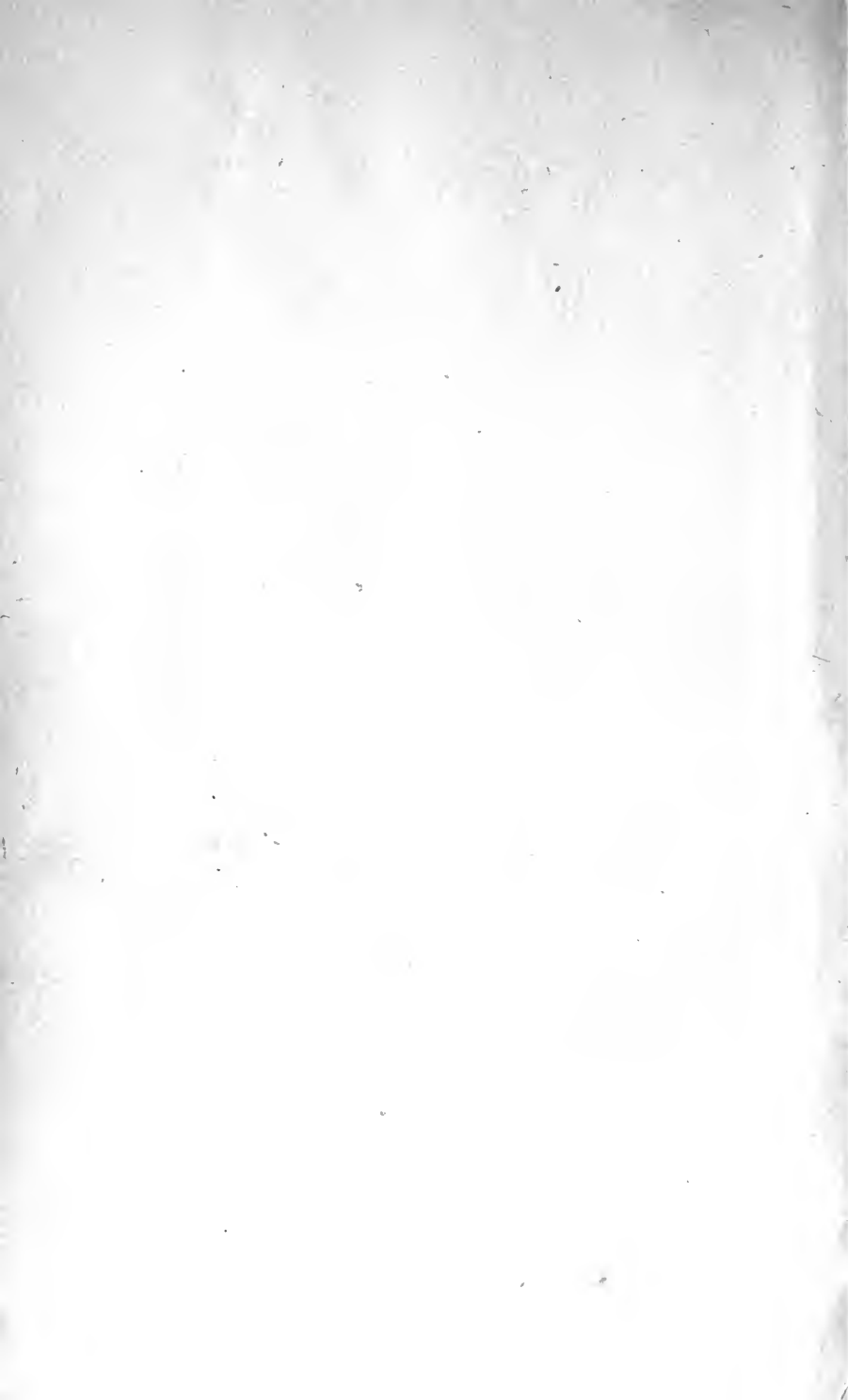
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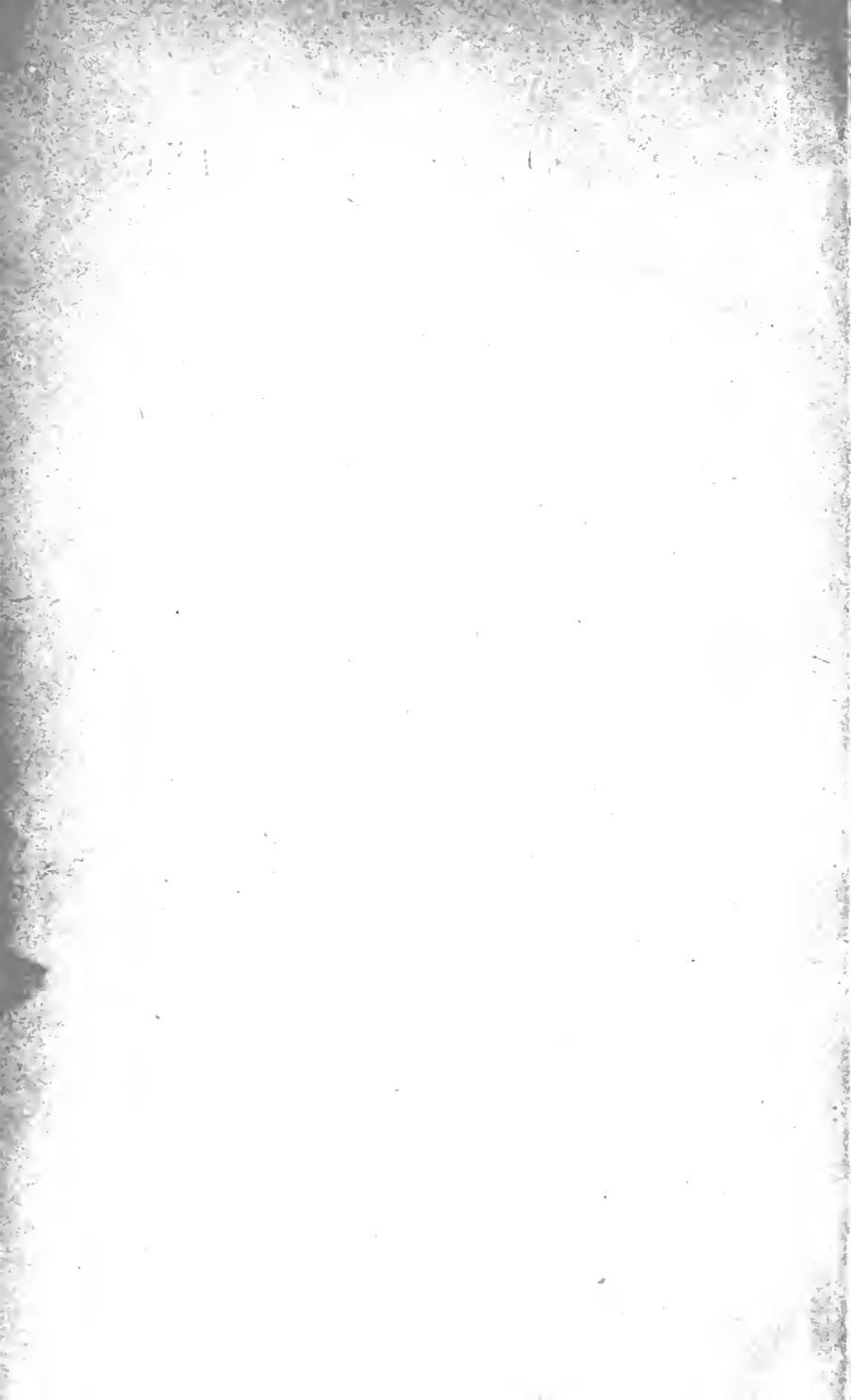
Series -

nos. 21 and 22

2 pts. in 1.

cloth

13/6



Originals and Analogues

of some of

Chaucer's Canterbury Tales.

EDITED BY

F. J. FURNIVALL, EDMUND BROCK,

AND

W. A. CLOUSTON.

"The larger works of fiction resemble those productions of a country which are consumed within itself; while Tales, like the more delicate and precious articles of traffic, which are exported from their native soil, have gladdened and delighted every land."—DUNLAP'S *History of Fiction*.

PUBLISHED FOR THE CHAUCER SOCIETY

BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 57 & 59, LUDGATE HILL,
LONDON.

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RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED, LONDON & BUNGAY.

FOREWORDS.

THE purpose of this volume was to get together all the known sources of Chaucer's *Tales*, so that the student of the Poet might see what in them was borrowd, and what original. The Analogs were added in order to show how the stories that Chaucer used were modified by other minds in other lands. But few of these would have been given, had not Mr. W. A. Clouston, the well-known authority on the subject, most kindly volunteerd his help. He has treated, as fully as he can, the *Franklin's Tale*, the *Merchant's Tale*, the *Man of Law's Tale*, the *Pardoner's Tale*, the *Manciple's Tale*, the *Wife of Bath's Tale*, and the *Clerk's Tale*. A like illustration of the other Tales—almost all of which admit it—would have sweld this volume to such unwieldy size, that Mr. Clouston advised its closing now, leaving him at liberty to take up the subject again when he can find time for it, either thro' a publisher or for the Society.

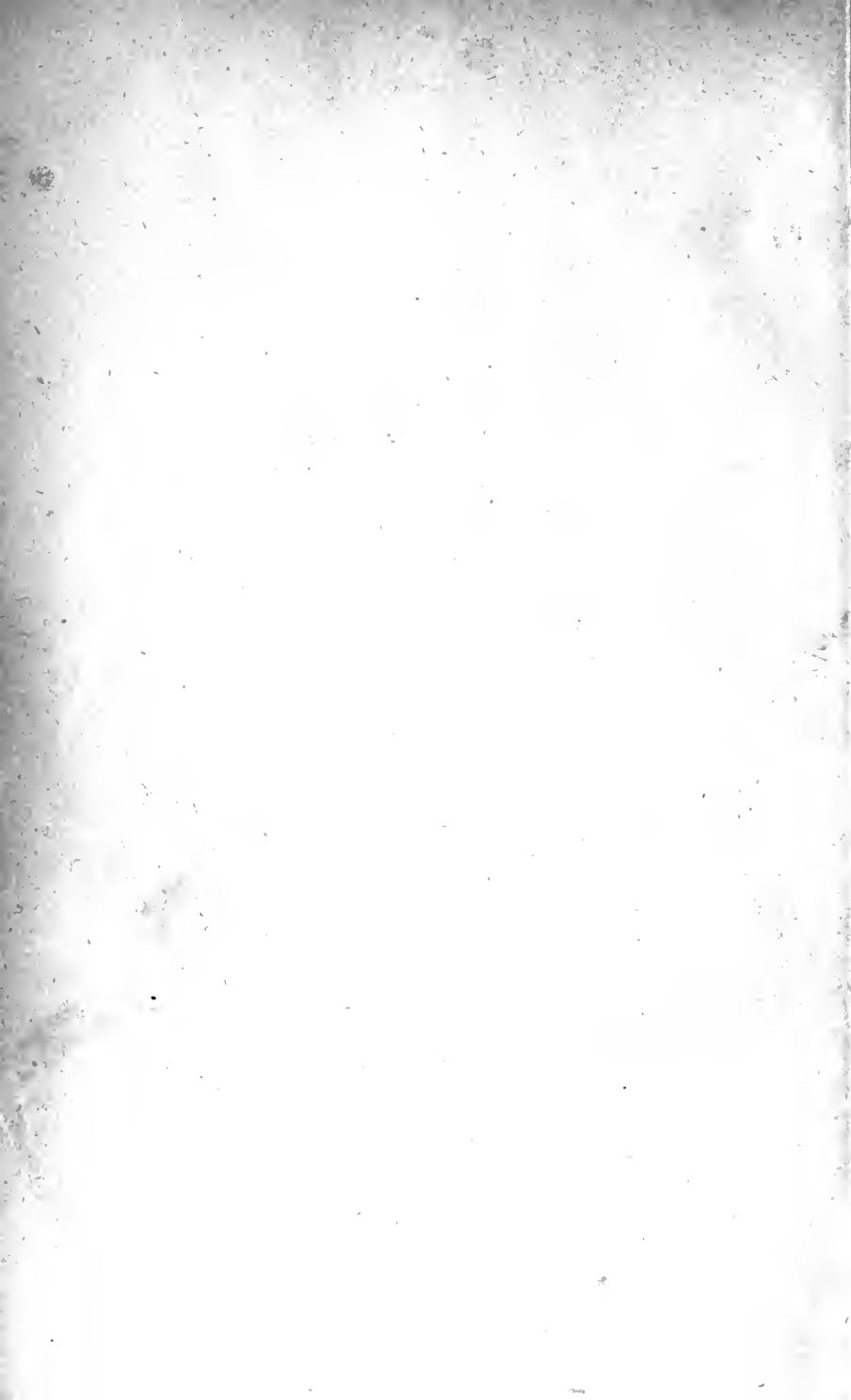
Mr. Clouston has also been good enough to revise Mr. W. M. Wood's Index to this volume, and to draw up the Contents, adding a List of the Tales illustrated by analogs, variants, &c. This was necessary, because the latter were printed as they came to hand. I never thought of waiting to get everything available for any Tale before anything about it was put forth. I still hope to arrange with Mr. Hy. Ward and some second Editor for the issue of the original of the *Knight's Tale*.

The Original of *Troilus and Cressida* has been edited for us by our kind helper, Mr. W. M. Rossetti. If Analogs or Originals can be found for any of Chaucer's Minor Poems, they will appear in a separate volume.

The thanks of all our Members are specially due to Mr. Clouston for the very interesting set of Eastern Analogs which he has contributed to this volume. I am responsible for pages 55-288 below.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

Westfield Terrace, Bakewell, Derbyshire,
12 August, 1888.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PREFACE TO TRIVET'S LIFE OF CONSTANCE	iii
X 1. NICHOLAS TRIVET'S FRENCH LIFE OF CONSTANCE. Edited by Edmund Brock. For the <i>Man of Law's Tale</i>	1
X 2. THE TALE OF THE WIFE OF MERELAUS THE EMPEROR. From Shirley's MS. of the Early-English version of the 'Gesta Romanorum,' Harl. 7333. For the <i>Man of Law's Tale</i>	55
X 3. KING OFFA'S INTERCEPTED LETTERS AND BANISHT QUEEN. From Matthew Paris's 'Life of Offa the First.' For the <i>Man of Law's Tale</i>	71
4. TWO FRENCH FABLIAUX, like the <i>Reeve's Tale</i>	85
5. TWO LATIN STORIES, like the <i>Friar's Tale</i>	103
6. ALPHONSUS OF LINCOLN. For the <i>Prioress's Tale</i>	107
7. HOW REYNARD CAUGHT CHANTICLEER. From the French of Marie de France and the 'Roman du Renart.' For the <i>Nun's Priest's Tale</i>	111
8. TWO ITALIAN STORIES AND A LATIN ONE: Christ and his Dis- ciples; the Hermit, Death, and the Robbers; the Treasure in the Tiber. For the <i>Pardoner's Tale</i>	129
9. THE TALE OF THE PRIEST'S BLADDER: being 'Li dis de le Vescie a Prestre,' by Jakes de Basiw. For the <i>Summoner's Tale</i>	135
10. PETRARCH'S LATIN TALE OF GRISELDIS, WITH BOCCACCIO'S STORY from which it was re-told. For the <i>Clerk's Tale</i>	149
11. FIVE VERSIONS OF A PEAR-TREE STORY. For the <i>Merchant's Tale</i>	177
12. THE LEGEND OF ST. CECILIA, in four versions. For the <i>Second Nun's Tale</i>	189
X 13. THE STORY OF CONSTANCE. For the <i>Man of Law's Tale</i>	221
14. THE BOY KILLD BY A JEW FOR SINGING 'GAUDE MARIA!' Analogue of the <i>Prioress's Tale</i>	251

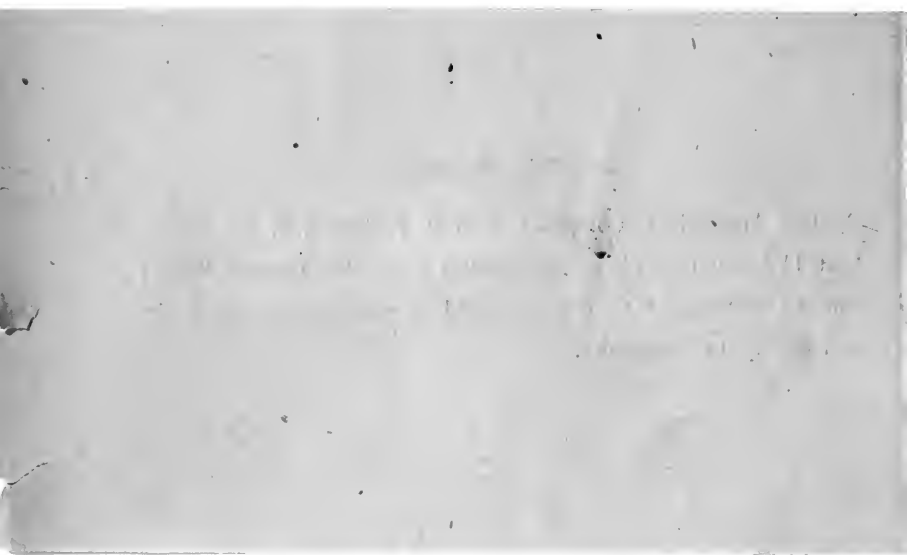
	PAGE
15. THE PARIS BEGGAR-BOY MURDERD BY A JEW FOR SINGING 'ALMA REDEMPTORIS MATER!' Analogue of the <i>Prioress's Tale</i> ; with a POEM by LYDGATE	277
16. THE DAMSEL'S RASH PROMISE: Indian Original and Asiatic and European Versions of the <i>Franklin's Tale</i> . By W. A. Clouston	289
17. THE ENCHANTED TREE. Asiatic Versions and Analogues of the <i>Merchant's Tale</i> . By W. A. Clouston	341
18. THE INNOCENT PERSECUTED WIFE: Asiatic and European Versions of the <i>Man of Law's Tale</i> . By W. A. Clouston ...	365
19. THE ROBBERS AND THE TREASURE-TROVE: Buddhist Original and Asiatic and European Versions of the <i>Pardoner's Tale</i> . By W. A. Clouston	415
20. THE TELL-TALE BIRD: Latin Source, other European Versions, and Asiatic Analogues of the <i>Manciple's Tale</i> . By W. A. Clouston	437
21. THE KNIGHT AND THE LOATHLY LADY: Variants and Ana- logues of the <i>Wife of Bath's Tale</i> . By W. A. Clouston ...	481
22. THE PATIENT GRISELDA: English Abstract of an Early French Version of the <i>Clerk's Tale</i> . By W. A. Clouston	525
ADDITIONAL NOTES. By W. A. Clouston	541
APPENDIX: A Complaint against Fortune. From Shirley's Vellum MS. Harl. 7333	it
GENERAL INDEX. By W. Morris Wood	551

TALES ILLUSTRATED BY ORIGINALS, VARIANTS,
AND ANALOGUES.

- MAN OF LAW'S TALE, pp. iii, 1, 55, 71, 221, 365.
REEVE'S TALE, p. 85.
FRIAR'S TALE, p. 103.
PRIORESS'S TALE, pp. 107, 251, 277.
NUN'S PRIEST'S TALE, p. 111.
PARDONER'S TALE, pp. 129, 415, 544.
SUMMONER'S TALE, p. 135.
CLERK'S TALE, pp. 149, 525, 549.
MERCHANT'S TALE, pp. 177, 341, 544.
SECOND NUN'S TALE, p. 189.
FRANKLIN'S TALE, p. 289.
MANCIPL'S TALE, pp. 437, 545.
WIFE OF BATH'S TALE, pp. 481, 546.

TO THE BINDER.

The Appendix ("Complaint Against Fortune") at the end of Part IV. should be placed immediately *before* the General Index; and the Title-page with Part I. should be cancelled, or put at the end as a kind of Appendix.



The Chaucer Society.

Nov. 10, 1888.

WITH this, go out the three Texts of the Second Series for 1887, and the one Text of the First Series for 1888.

The three Second-Series '87 Texts are :

22. *Originals and Analogs of the Canterbury Tales*, Part V (completing the volume): Eastern Analogs, II, by W. A. Clouston.
23. John Lane's *Continuation of Chaucer's Squire's Tale*, edited by F. J. Furnivall from the 2 MSS in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, A.D. 1616, 1630. Part I, the Text and Forewords.
24. *Supplementary Canterbury Tales*: 2, The Tale of *Beryn*, Part II. Forewords by F. J. Furnivall, Notes by F. Vipan, M.A. &c., and Glossary by W. G. Stone; with an Essay on Analogs of the Tale, by W. A. Clouston.

The one First-Series Text for 1888 is :

- LXXIX. A One-Text Print of Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde* from the Campsall MS. of Mr. Bacon Frank, copied for Henry V when Prince of Wales; put forth by F. J. Furnivall, M.A., Ph.D.

The Text for the First Series for 1886,

- LXXVII. A *Ryme-Index to Chaucer's Minor Poems*, by Miss Isabel Marshall and Miss Lela Porter, in Royal 4to for the *Parallel-Text* ;

and for 1887,

- LXXVIII. A *Ryme-Index to Chaucer's Minor Poems*, by Miss Isabel Marshall and Miss Lela Porter, in 8vo for the One-Text print of the *Minor Poems*,

is nearly all in type, and will be finished as soon as the other engagements of Miss Marshall and Miss Lela Porter allow.

For the Second Series of 1888, Dr. Axel Erdmann of Upsala has the second *Supplementary Canterbury Tale*, Lydgate's

Siege of Thebes all in type from the best MS, an Arundel in the British Museum, and will soon collate it, completely with a few of the other best MSS, and partially with the whole sixteen. Mr. Alexander J. Ellis will have ready in May, 1889, Part V of his great work on *Early English Pronunciation*, dealing with our modern Dialects. Mr. W. A. Clouston has prepared nearly all the material for his Essay on the Magic Horse, Ring and Glass, which, with the Index to Lane (now in hand), will form Part II of the *Continuation of Chaucer's Squire's Tale*.

For 1889, Dr. Max Kaluza is preparing an edition of the *Romaunt of the Rose* (not Chaucer's) from the unique MS in the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow, with an Introduction on its dialect, its rymes, its comparison with Jean de Meun's original, &c. Mr. Walford D. Selby has also in type upwards of a hundred pages of the *Life-Records of Chaucer*—Chaucer documents, with comments—which he and Dr. Furnivall have collected, and will edit: Part I in 1889. Arrangements will be made with Mr. Henry Ward or his substitute, to complete his comparison of the *Knight's Tale* with Boccaccio's *Teseide* in 1889; and Dr. John Koch hopes to be able to write in the same year his Trial-Forewords to Chaucer's Minor Poems.

A student and friend of Prof. Child has nearly completed a full study of the grammatical and other peculiarities of the MSS of *Troilus and Cressida*. He hopes to get it to press in 1889.

Seven years ago Prof. Corson, of Cornell University, undertook to finish *The Chaucer Concordance*; but he was never able to touch it, and it has now been taken in hand by Mr. W. Graham, of 64 Mount Pleasant Road, Southampton, to whom much fresh help has been given in the work. Mr. Graham is anxious for much more aid, and will be glad to receive offers from any lovers of Chaucer willing to work. The following Tales and Poems have been lately undertaken:

Nun's Priest's Tale.
Second Nun's Tale.
Clerk's Tale.
Monk's Tale.
Melibe.
Manciple's Tale.
Reeve. Cook.
Wife's Tale.
Friar's Tale.
Miller's Tale.
Parson's Tale (part).

Parliament of Foules.
Complaint of Mars.
Venus. Truth. Scogan.
Marriage. Gentleness.
Stedfastness. Purse.
Proverbs. Fortune.
A B C. Anelida.
Troilus, Books I, II, III.
House of Fame, Bks. I, II.
Lucrece and Phyllis, of The
Legend of Good Women.

Concordancers are wanted for part of The Parson's Tale, for Books IV and V of Troilus and Cressida, for Book III of the House of Fame, for the rest of The Legend of Good Women, for Boece, &c.

The Director has long desired the compilation of a volume of *The Praise of Chaucer*, allusions to him by all the writers of his own day, by others down to Tyrwhitt, and by at least the chief critics of our own time. The work needs some editor who has access to a large collection of Elizabethan books.¹ An offer has been made by a resident in a small town in Scotland; but a British-Museum or Bodleian man is the one wanted.

Dr. Furnivall and Mr. A. W. Pollard of the British Museum have undertaken a 6-volume edition of Chaucer's Works for Macmillan & Co., and this, when in progress, will be gradually sent out to Members as part of the Society's issues.

The Director regrets much that the Texts for 1884 for the First Series are still in arrear; but he has had so much in hand for the last few years, that he has not been able to clear off the final Parts of the Six Texts of the *Canterbury Tales*. He hopes to do so in 1889.

With the *Chaucer Concordance*—in which it is hoped that the Clarendon Press will share—the Society's work will end.

The Treasurer's Cash-Accounts for 1881-7 are appended.

¹ The 2 collections of Allusions to Shakspeare publishd by the New Shakspeare Soc. contain many Chaucer Allusions. Dart has more in Ürry's *Chaucer*. Are Mr. Hales's fresh ones, in his reprinted *Essays*?

CHAUCER SOCIETY.

Abstract of Income and Expenditure for the year 1881.

RECEIPTS.		PAYMENTS.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Balance at Bank, 1st January, 1881	13 11 7	Printing:—	
Cash in hand	3 1	LX. Minor Poems, Part II. (balance)	26 18 0
Members' Subscriptions:—		LXI. do. Part II.	39 10 3
For back years	18 8 0	Reprints, xiv. 1st Series	
For 1881	173 12 11	do. xv. do.	
For 1882	2 2 0	do. xxiv. do.	47 7 0
		do. xxix. do.	
		Cuts, Electros, Paper, &c. (1880)	19 17 0
		On account of Printing for 1881	40 0 0
		Colouring, Collating, and Copying	6 16 6
		Clerk	5 0 0
		Packing	5 11 10
		Binding	4 8 6
		Carriage, Postage, Insurance, &c.	5 3 3
		Balance at Bank, 31st December, 1881	6 3 2
		Cash in hand	1 2 1
			<u>£207 17 7</u>
			<u>£207 17 7</u>

Examined and found correct.

KENNETH GRAHAM, Auditor.

W. A. DALZIEL, Hon. Sec.

CHAUCER SOCIETY.

Abstract of Income and Expenditure for the year 1882.

RECEIPTS.		PAYMENTS.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Balance at Bank, 1st January, 1882	6 3 2	Printing:—	
Cash in hand	1 2 1	Balance due for 1881	33 19 0
Members' Subscriptions:—		LXIII. Troilus and Criseyde, Part I	84 2 9
For back years	44 2 0	LXIV. Troilus and Criseyde, Part II	
For 1882	180 9 2	(on account)	75 17 3
For future years	6 6 0	Autotypes	193 19 0
	230 17 2	Payment to Early Engl. Text Soc.	4 17 0
Less Agent's Commission	1 1 2	Warehousing Stock, 1881	4 0 0
	229 16 0	Clerk	5 0 0
		Copying and Editor's Journeys	5 0 0
		Packing, Binding, Insurance, and Postage	2 18 0
		Balance at Bank, 31st December, 1882	5 11 2
			15 16 1
	<u>£237 1 3</u>		<u>£237 1 3</u>

Examined and found correct.

KENNETH GRAHAME, Auditor.

W. A. DALZIEL, Hon. Sec.

CHAUCER SOCIETY.

Abstract of Income and Expenditure for the year 1883.

RECEIPTS.		PAYMENTS.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Balance at Bank, 1st January, 1883	... 15 16 1	Printing:—	
Members' Subscriptions:—		LXIV. Troilus and Criseyde, Part II (balance)	... 73 8 6
For back years	... 77 14 6	LXV. Troilus and Criseyde, Part II	... 156 5 0
For 1883	... 186 19 1	General Account:—	... 229 13 6
For 1884	... 2 2 0	Warehousing Stock, 1882	... 5 0 0
	<u>266 15 7</u>	Insurance of Stock	... 2 0 6
Less Agent's Commission	... 2 12 4	Clerk	... 5 0 0
	<u>264 3 3</u>	Binding	... 6 19 6
		Packing	... 4 5 6
		Postage, &c.	... 5 5 4
		Carriage	... 5 3 7
		Balance at Bank, 31st December, 1883	... 15 15 5
		Cash in hand	... 0 16 0
			<u>£279 19 4</u>

Examined and found correct.

KENNETH GRAHAME, Auditor.

W. A. DALZIEL, Hon. Sec.

CHAUCER SOCIETY.

Abstract of Income and Expenditure for the year 1884.

Treasurer's Cash Account, 1884.

7

RECEIPTS.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Balance at Bank, 1st January, 1884 ...	15	15	5			
Cash in hand ...	0	16	0	16	11	5

Members' Subscriptions:—

For back years ...	70	7	0			
For 1884 ...	145	1	1			
	215	8	1			
Less Agent's commission ...	2	0	10	213	7	3

Donation from P. Q. Karkeek, Esq. ...

...	5	0	0			
	£234	18	8			

PAYMENTS.

Printing:—

No. 19. Essays on Chaucer, Pt. V. ...	70	14	6			
On account ...	82	15	6	153	10	0

Warehousing Stock, 1883-84 ...

...	10	0	0			
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Clerk ...

...	5	0	0			
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For Facsimiles [on account] ...

...	20	0	0			
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Insurance of Stock ...

...	1	17	6			
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Postage, &c. ...

...	1	7	6			
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Packing and carriage ...

...	4	19	0			
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Balance at Bank, 31st December, 1884 ...

...	38	4	8			
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	£234	18	8			
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Examined with the vouchers and found correct.

KENNETH GRAHAME, Auditor.

W. A. DALZIEL, Hon. Sec.

CHAUCER SOCIETY.

Abstract of Income and Expenditure for the year 1885.

RECEIPTS.		PAYMENTS.	
£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Balance at Bank, 1st January, 1885 ...	38 4 8	Printing:—	
Members' Subscriptions:—		Harleian MS. 7334 (balance) ...	131 2 6
For back years ...	104 12 2	Sundries ...	4 8 2
For 1885 ...	151 4 10	On account ...	9 3 0
	<u>255 17 0</u>	Warehousing Stock, 1885 ...	5 0 0
		Insurance of Stock ...	1 17 6
		Clerk ...	5 0 0
		Postages, &c. ...	1 9 10
		Facsimiles of Ellesmere MS. [balance]	55 0 0
		Typographic Etching Co. ...	14 0 0
		Balance at Bank, 31st December, 1885	66 0 2
		Cash in hand ...	1 0 6
	<u>£294 1 8</u>		<u>67 0 8</u>
			<u>£294 1 8</u>

Examined with the vouchers and found correct.

KENNETH GRAHAME, Auditor.

W. A. DALZIEL, Hon. Sec.

CHAUCER SOCIETY.

Abstract of Income and Expenditure for the year 1886.

RECEIPTS.

	£	s.	d.
Balance at Bank, 1st January, 1886	66	0	2
Cash in hand	1	0	6
<hr/>			
Members' Subscriptions:—			
For back years	144	0	0
For 1886	186	11	6
	<hr/>		
	330	11	6

PAYMENTS.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Printing:—No. 20. Second Series	51	2	0			
" 21. Do.	15	6	6			
" LXXVI. First Series	22	9	9			
Sundries	7	18	10			
On account	3	2	11			
	<hr/>			100	0	0
23 Copies of E. E. Pronunciation				5	15	0
For making Index to Boece				4	4	0
For copying				1	10	0
Clerk				5	0	0
Insurance of Stock				1	17	6
Postages, &c.				1	9	0
Balance at Bank, 31st December, 1886	277	1	2			
Cash in hand				15	6	
	<hr/>			277	16	8
	<hr/>			£397	12	2

£397 12 2

Examined with the vouchers and found correct.

KENNETH GRAHAME, Auditor.

W. A. DALZIEL, Hon. Sec.

CHAUCER SOCIETY.

Abstract of Income and Expenditure for the year 1887.

RECEIPTS.		PAYMENTS.	
£	s. d.	£	s. d.
Balance at Bank, 1st January, 1887	277 1 2		
Cash in hand	15 6	71 17 9	
Members' Subscriptions:—			
For back years	77 1 0	62 2 1	
For 1887	153 15 9	1 18 0	
		181 18 5	317 16 3
Printing:—			
Reprints of Nos. 7, 14, 15. 2nd Series.			
XXI, XVIII, XIX,			
XXII, XXV, XXVI,			
XXVII, XLIV. 1st			
Series.			
No. LXXV. 1st Series, (balance)			
Miscellaneous			
Messrs. R. Clay & Sons, on account			
General Account:—			
Copying		23 0 6	
Clerk		5 0 0	
Insurance of Stock		1 17 6	
Maps of Eng. Dialects		1 16 0	
Postage, carriage, slips, etc., 1886-7		6 7 7	
Warehousing Stock, 1886 and 1887		10 0 0	48 1 7
Balance at Bank, 31st December, 1887		140 5 5	
Cash in hand		2 10 2	142 15 7
			<u>£508 13 5</u>

Examined with the vouchers and found correct.

KENNETH GRAHAME, Auditor.

W. A. DALZIEL, Hon. Sec.

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1888.

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 DOGGETT, Hugh G., 31, Richmond Ter., Clifton, Bristol.
 DURHAM CATHEDRAL LIBRARY, Durham.
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 FREIBURG UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, BADEN.
 FURNIVALL, Dr. F. J., 3, St George's Square, Primrose Hill, N.W. (*Director*).
 GEROLD & Co., Vienna (by Asher & Co.).
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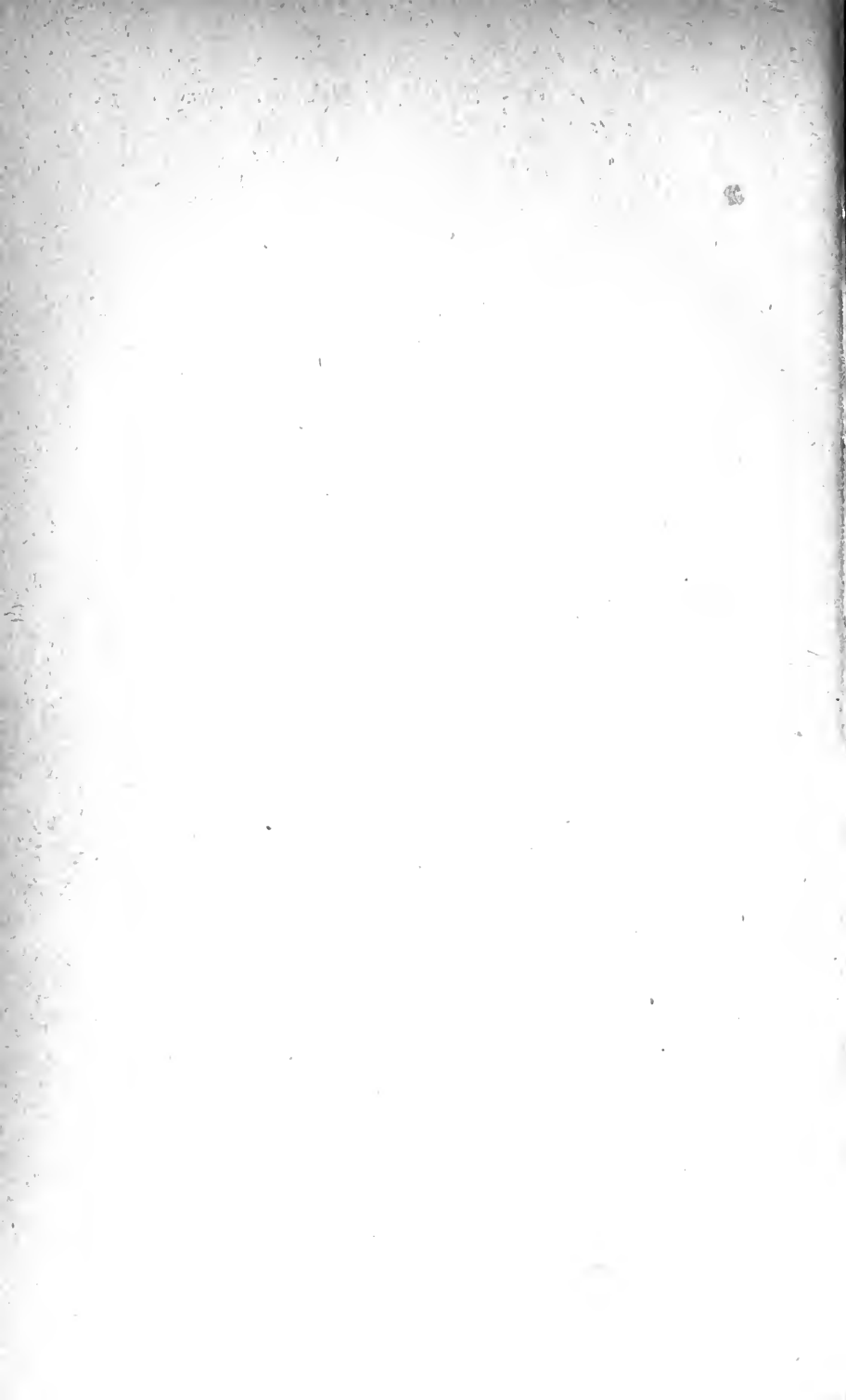
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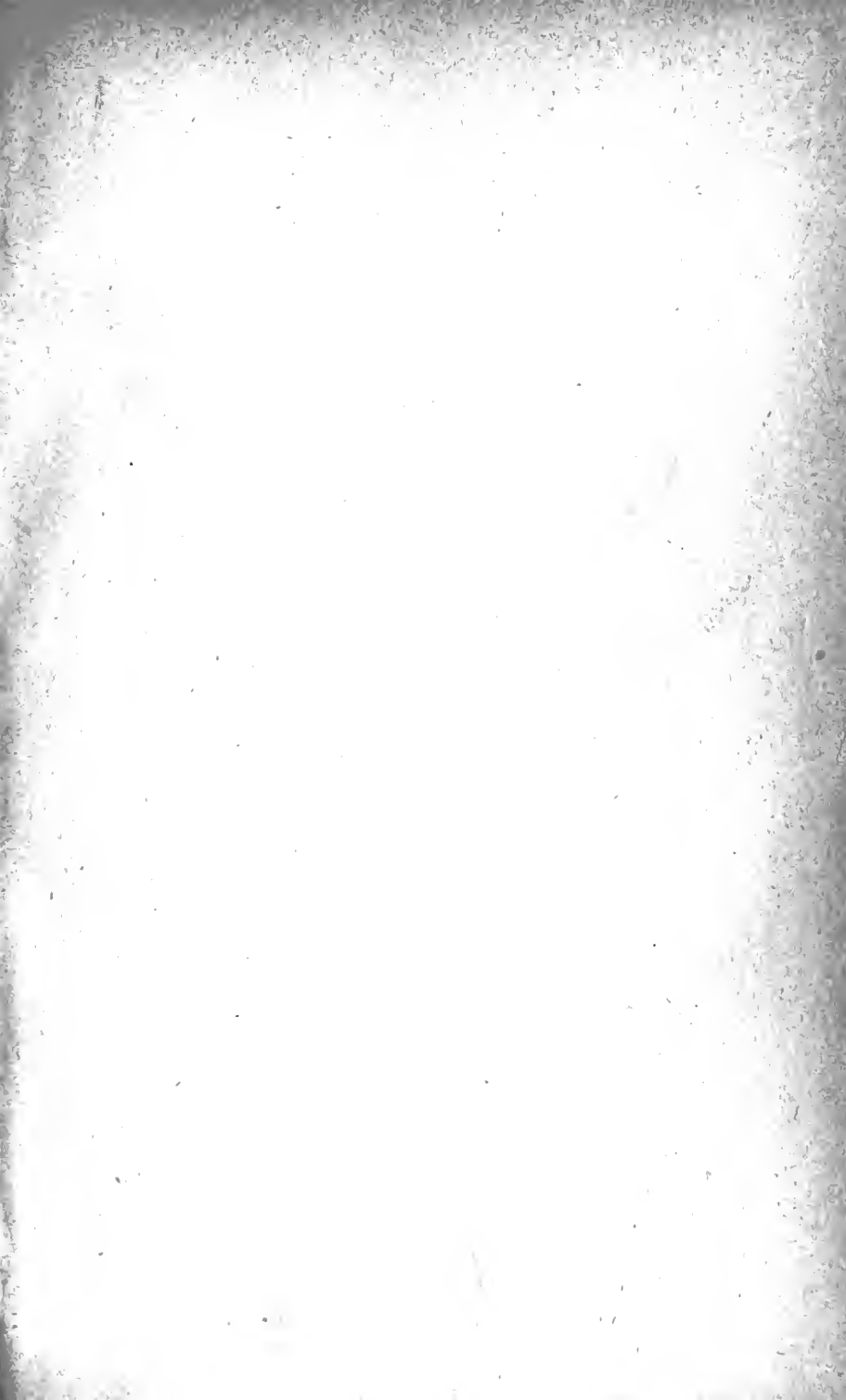
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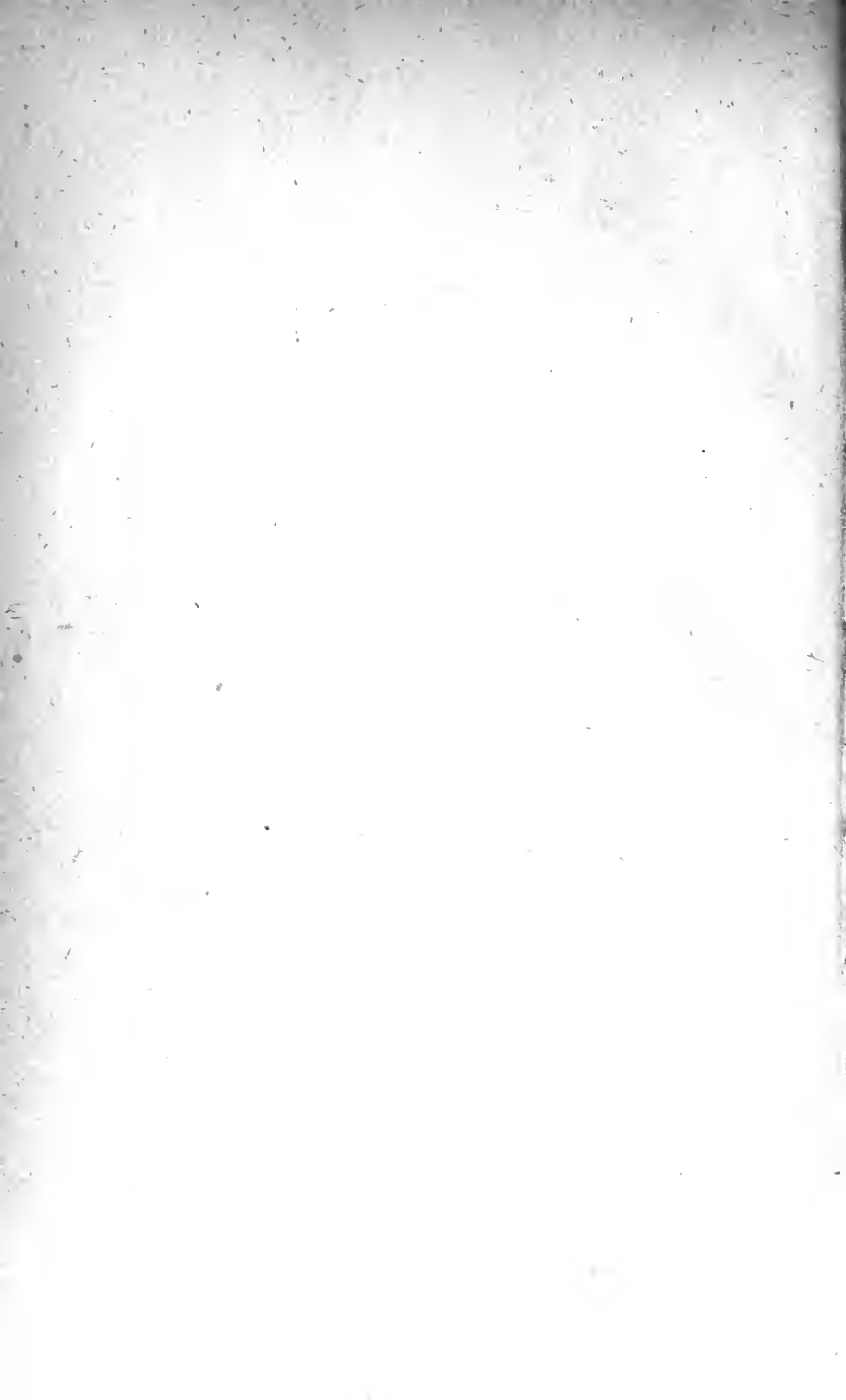
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The *Shakspeare Quarto Facsimiles*, superintended by Dr. Furnivall, are publisht by B. Quaritch, 15, Piccadilly, London, W., at 6s. each for the set of 43, or 10s. 6d. separately.







Originals and Analogues

of some of

Chaucer's Canterbury Tales.



Chaucer Society.

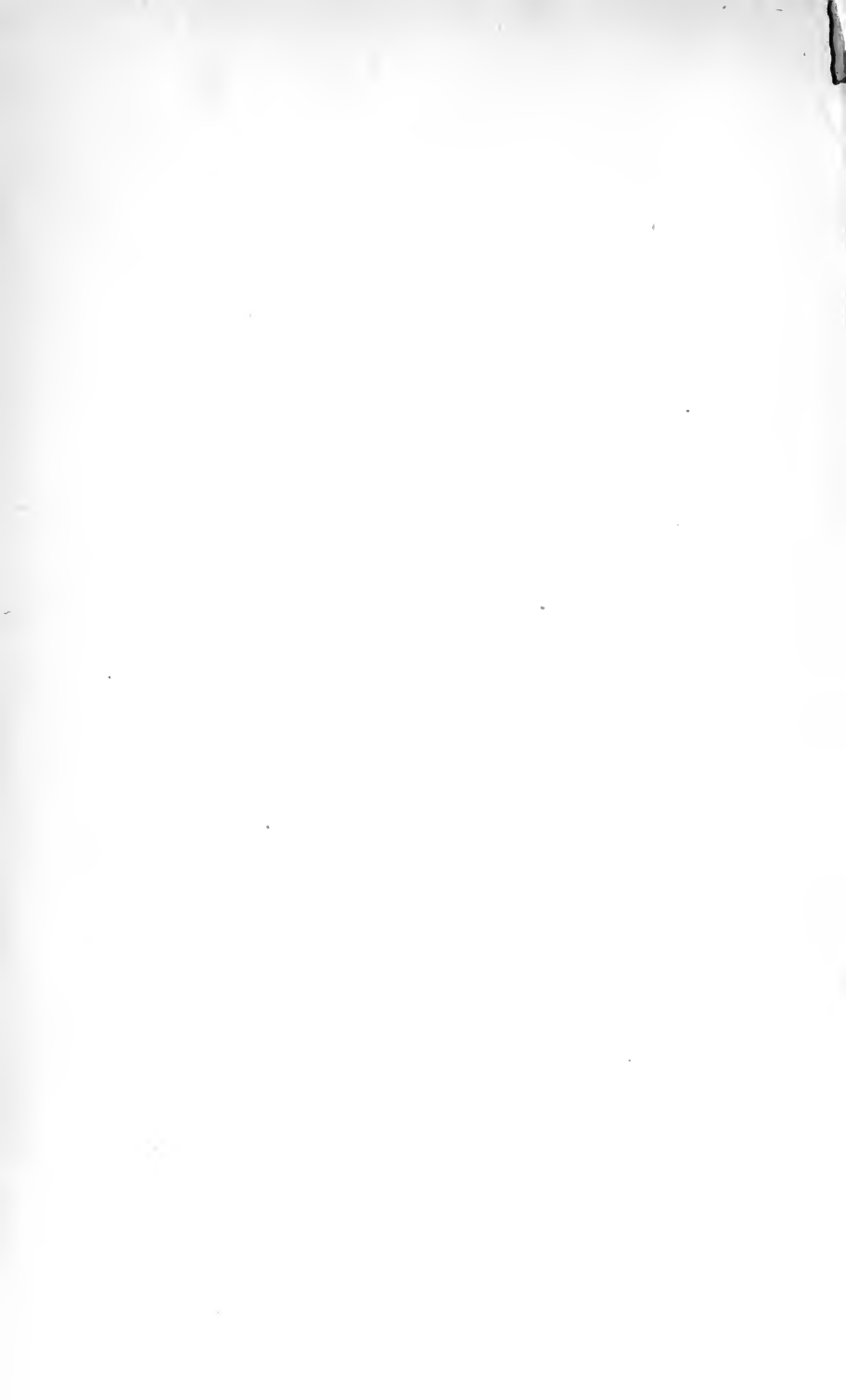
STATEMENT FOR THE YEARS 1886-8.

PART V. of the Chaucer Analogues (to be issued shortly) will include Papers by Mr. W. A. Clouston on the Analogues of the Manciple's Tale and the Wife of Bath's Tale, and probably some other versions of Griseldis. It will also contain a Title-page, Contents-table, and Index for the five Parts, so that they may be bound together.

Mr. Clouston will, in 1887 or 1888, edit for the Chaucer Society John Lane's continuation of Chaucer's Squire's Tale from its two MSS. in the Bodleian.

The Second Part of the *Trial-Forewords to Chaucer's Minor Poems* will be written by Dr. John Koch of Berlin, the Editor and Translator of several of these Poems. It will probably be issued during 1887.

The issue for 1884, now in arrear, will be made in 1887.



16.

The Damsel's Rash Promise:

INDIAN ORIGINAL
AND SOME ASIATIC AND EUROPEAN VARIANTS

OF

Chaucer's Franklin's Tale.

By W. A. CLOUSTON.

INDIAN (SANSKRIT) ORIGINAL	Page 291
BURMESE VERSION	„ 298
PERSIAN VERSION	„ 306
ANOTHER PERSIAN VERSION	„ 310
INDO-PERSIAN VERSION	„ 313
HEBREW VERSION	„ 315
GERMANO-JEWISH VERSION	„ 317
SIBERIAN VERSION	„ 320
TURKISH VERSION	„ 322
GAELIC VERSION	„ 326
BOCCACCIO'S ITALIAN VERSION	„ 328
BOIARDO'S ITALIAN VERSION	„ 334
TWO ENGLISH PLAYS	„ 338

THE DAMSEL'S RASH PROMISE :

INDIAN ORIGINAL AND SOME ASIATIC AND EUROPEAN
VARIANTS OF *THE FRANKLIN'S TALE*.

By W. A. CLOUSTON.

THE oldest known form of Chaucer's well-told tale of the chaste Dorigen is probably found in a group of Indian fictions entitled, *Vetála Panchavinsati*, 'Twenty-five Tales of a Vetála,' or Vampire, which are incorporated with the great Sanskrit collection, *Kathá Sarit Ságara*, 'Ocean of the Rivers of Story' (of which some particulars hereafter), but they still exist as a separate and distinct work, though considerably abridged, in most of the vernacular languages of India : in Tamil, *Vedála Kadai* ; in Hindí, *Bytál Pachísí*, etc. The Tamil version has been done into English by B. G. Babington, and the Hindí version by Capt. W. Hollings. This is the Vetála story, from Professor C. H. Tawney's translation of the *Kathá Sarit Ságara*, published at Calcutta, Vol. ii. p. 278 :

Indian Original.

THERE was an excellent king of the name of Vírabáhu, who imposed his orders on the heads of all kings : he had a splendid city named Anangapura, and in it there lived a rich merchant, named Arthadatta ; that merchant prince had for elder child a son called Dhanadatta, and his younger child was a pearl of maidens, named Madanasená.

One day, as she was playing with her companions in her own garden, a young merchant, named Dharmadatta, a friend of her brother, saw her. When he saw that maiden, who, with the full streams of her beauty, her breasts like pitchers half-revealed, and three wrinkles like waves, resembled a lake for the elephant of youth to plunge in, in sport, he was at once robbed of his senses by the

arrows of love, that fell upon him in showers. He thought to himself: "Alas, this maiden, illuminated with this excessive beauty, has been framed by Mára, as a keen arrow to cleave asunder my heart." While, engaged in such reflections, he watched her long, the day passed away for him, as if he were a *chakraváka*.¹ Then Madanasená entered her house, and grief at no longer beholding her entered the breast of Dharmadatta. And the sun sank red into the western main, as if inflamed with the fire of grief at seeing her no more. And the moon, that was surpassed by the lotus of her countenance, knowing that that fair-faced one had gone in for the night, slowly mounted upward.

In the mean while Dharmadatta went home, and thinking upon that fair one, he remained tossing to and fro on his bed, smitten by the rays of the moon. And though his friends and relations eagerly questioned him, he gave them no answer, being bewildered by the demon of love. And in the course of the night he at length fell asleep, though with difficulty, and still he seemed to behold and court that loved one in a dream; to such lengths did his longing carry him. And in the morning he woke up, and went and saw her once more in that very garden, alone and in privacy, waiting for her attendant. So he went up to her, longing to embrace her, and falling at her feet, he tried to coax her with words tender from affection. But she said to him, with great earnestness: "I am a maiden, betrothed to another; I cannot now be yours, for my father has bestowed me on the merchant Samudradatta, and I am to be married in a few days. So depart quietly: let not any one see you; it might cause mischief." But Dharmadatta said to her: "Happen what may, I cannot live without you." When the merchant's daughter heard this, she was afraid that he would use force to her, so she said to him: "Let my marriage first be celebrated here; let my father reap the long-desired fruit of bestowing a daughter in marriage; then I will certainly visit you, for your love has gained my heart." When he heard this, he said: "I love not a woman that has been embraced by another man;—does the bee delight in a lotus on which another

¹ *Anas casarca*, commonly called the Bráhmny duck. According to the Hindú poets, the male has to pass the night apart from its female.—C.

bee has settled?" When he said this to her, she replied: "Then I will visit you as soon as I am married, and afterwards I will go to my husband." But though she made this promise, he would not let her go without further assurance; so the merchant's daughter confirmed the truth of her promise with an oath. Then he let her go, and she entered her house in low spirits.

And when the lucky day had arrived,¹ and the auspicious ceremony of marriage had taken place, she went to her husband's house and spent that day in merriment, and then retired with him. But she repelled her husband's caresses with indifference, and when he began to coax her she burst into tears. He thought to himself: "Of a truth she cares not for me," and said to her: "Fair one, if you do not love me, I do not want you: go to your darling, whoever he may be." When she heard this, she said slowly, with downcast face: "I love you more than my life; but hear what I have to say. Rise up cheerfully, and promise me immunity from punishment; take an oath to that effect, my husband, in order that I may tell you."

When she said this, her husband reluctantly consented, and then she went on to say, with shame, despondency, and fear: "A young man of the name of Dharmadatta, a friend of my brother, saw me once alone in our garden, and, smitten with love, he detained me; and when he was preparing to use force, I, being anxious to secure for my father the merit of giving a daughter in marriage, and to avoid all scandal, made this agreement with him: 'When I am married, I will pay you a visit, before I go to my husband;' so I must now keep my word, permit me, my husband; I will pay him a visit first, and then return to you, for I cannot transgress the law of

¹ Asiatics have a profound faith in lucky and unlucky days, and the professors of the pseudo-science of astrology are highly respected by all classes. Before setting out on a journey, or performing the marriage-ceremony, or indeed commencing any important matter, the almanac and the astrologer are consulted to ascertain the precise lucky moment. In one of the Buddhist Birth-Stories, a man having missed making a good match for his son, because he had been told by a spiteful astrologer, whom he consulted, that the day proposed for the nuptials was inauspicious, a wise old fellow remarked: "What is the use of luck in the stars? Surely, getting the girl is the luck!" and recited this stanza:

"While the star-gazing fool is waiting for luck, the luck goes by;—
The star of luck is luck, and not any star in the sky."—C.

truth, which I have observed from my childhood." When Samudradatta had been thus suddenly smitten by this speech of hers, as by a down-lighting thunderbolt, being bound by the necessity of keeping his word, he reflected for a moment as follows : " Alas, she is in love with another man ; she must certainly go ; why should I make her break her word ? Let her depart ! Why should I be so eager to have her for a wife ? " After he had gone through this train of thought, he gave her leave to go where she would ; and she rose up, and left her husband's house.

In the mean while the cold-rayed moon ascended the great eastern mountain, as it were the roof of a palace, and the nymph of the eastern quarter smiled, touched by his finger.¹ Then, though the darkness was still embracing his beloved herbs in the mountain caves, and the bees were settling on another cluster of *kumudas*, a certain thief saw Madanasená, as she was going along alone at night, and rushing upon her, seized her by the hem of her garment. He said to her : " Who are you, and where are you going ? " When he said this, she, being afraid, said : " What does that matter to you ? Let me go ; I have business here. " Then the thief said : " How can I, who am a thief, let you go ? " Hearing that, she replied : " Take my ornaments. " The thief answered her : " What do I care for these gems, fair one ? I will not surrender you, the ornament of the world, with your face like the moonstone, your hair black like jet, your waist like a diamond, your limbs like gold, fascinating beholders with your ruby-coloured feet. "

When the thief said this, the helpless merchant's daughter told him her story, and entreated him as follows : " Excuse me for a moment, that I may keep my word, and as soon as I have done that, I will quickly return to you, if you remain here. Believe me, my good man, I will never break this true promise of mine. " When the thief heard that, he let her go, believing that she was a woman who would keep her word, and he remained in that very spot, waiting for her return.

She, for her part, went to the merchant Dharmadatta. And when he saw that she had come to that wood, he asked how it

¹ In Sanskrit the moon is feminine, and the sun masculine.—C.

happened, and then, though he had longed for her, he said to her, after reflecting a moment: "I am delighted at your faithfulness to your promise: what have I to do with you, the wife of another? So go back, as you came, before any one sees you." When he had thus let her go, she said: "So be it," and leaving that place, she went to the thief, who was waiting for her in the road. He said to her: "Tell me what befell you when you arrived at the trysting-place." So she told him how the merchant let her go. Then the thief said: "Since this is so, then I also will let you go, being pleased with your truthfulness: return home with your ornaments."

So he, too, let her go, and went with her to guard her, and she returned to the house of her husband, delighted at having preserved her honour. There the chaste woman entered secretly, and went delighted to her husband; and he, when he saw her, questioned her; so she told him the whole story. And Samudradatta, perceiving that his good wife had kept her word without losing her honour, assumed a bright and cheerful expression, and welcomed her as a pure-minded woman, who had not disgraced her family, and lived happily with her ever afterwards.

When the Vetála had told this story in the cemetery to King Trivikramasena, he went on to say to him: "So tell me, King, which was the really generous man of those three—the two merchants and the thief? And if you know and do not tell, your head shall split into a hundred pieces." When the Vetála said this, the king broke silence, and said to him: "Of those three the thief was the only really generous man, and not either of the two merchants. For of course her husband let her go, though she was so lovely, and he had married her; how could a gentleman desire to keep a wife that was attached to another? And the other resigned her because his passion was dulled by time, and he was afraid that her husband, knowing the facts, would tell the king the next day. But the thief, a reckless evil-doer, working in the dark, was really generous to let go a lovely woman, ornaments and all."

The grand story-book, *Kathá Sarit Ságara*—which is not only a perfect storehouse of Indian folk-lore, but contains the prototypes of

many of the tales in the *Thousand and One Nights*, and the probable originals of a very considerable number of European popular fictions—was composed, in Sanskrit verse, by Somadeva, towards the end of the eleventh century, after a similar work, entitled *Vrihat Kathá*, the 'Great Story,' written by Gunadhya, in the sixth century, according to Dr. Albrecht Weber. It is not to be supposed that Gunadhya was the actual inventor of the tales in his collection; many of them bear internal evidence of Buddhist extraction, and some have been conclusively traced to such sources. Apart from this, the circumstance that his work, as represented by that of Somadeva—for no copy of the original *Vrihat Kathá* is known to exist; but Somadeva is careful to inform his readers that his book "is precisely on the model from which it was taken; there is not the slightest deviation, only such language is selected as tends to abridge the prolixity of the work"—the circumstance that the collection contains one entire section, or chapter, of the celebrated Indian apologues, commonly known in Europe as the 'Fables of Bidpai,' or Pilpay (first translated out of the Sanskrit into the Pahlavi, under the title of *Kalilag and Damrag*, during the reign of Núshírván, king of Persia, sixth century), is sufficient to show that Gunadhya, like the compilers of the *Arabian Nights*, selected from earlier works such stories and fables as suited his purpose, and wove them into a frame-story. And although no copy of the *Vetála Tales* in Sanskrit has, I believe, yet been discovered in separate form, there can be no doubt that it was originally a distinct work, by some ascribed to *Sivadasa*, by others to *Jambaladatta*; and in the opinion of the learned and acute Benfey, the materials of the stories are of Buddhist origin, and they may therefore date as far back as the second century before Christ. In the Mongolian form of the *Vetála tales*, the *Relations of Siddhí Kúr*, which constitute the first part of *Sagas from the Far East*, by Miss M. H. Busk, derived mainly, if not wholly, from Jülg's German translation, little more than the general plan has been preserved; it is, moreover, a comparatively recent work.

Benfey's opinion, that the Tales of a Vetála are of Buddhist extraction, seems partly confirmed by the existence of a Burmese version of the foregoing one, in a small collection which was rendered into English thirty-five years ago, by Captain T. P. Sparks, under the title of *The Decisions of Princess Thoo-dhamma Tsari*, Maulmain, 1851. This work, like most of the Burmese books, was translated from the Páli, and the tales comprised in it are therefore of Buddhist adaptation, if not invention; yet they may have assumed their present forms in the Burmese language at a period subsequent to the composition of Somadeva's *Kathá Sarit Ságara*. In many instances where the same stories are found in the writings of the Bráhmans, the Buddhists, and the Jains, it does not follow that one sect copied from another; but it is most probable that they were derived from common sources, and more or less modified to adapt them to the doctrines peculiar to each sect. However this may be, in the absence of any Buddhist version of our story the date of which is positively ascertained to be earlier than the sixth century—when the *Vrihat Kathá* was originally composed—the Vetála tale, as above, must be considered as the oldest, notwithstanding the unquestionable antiquity of the Buddhist fictions generally. In the following Burmese version, from Captain Sparks' translation of the *Decisions of Princess Thoo-dhamma Tsari*,¹ the tale, it will be observed, is interwoven with another, to which it may be said to be subordinate, being related for the purpose of discovering among four persons the one who had stolen a part of their joint property; a form which differs from the Vetála story, but has been reproduced in several Asiatic derivatives, and in at least one European variant:²

¹ "It is not very clear," says the Translator, "why this title should have been given to the book, for the name of the Princess does not occur before the close of the fourteenth story. One explanation given me is, that it is so called from the Princess having collected the various decisions, and published them together with a few of her own. Another, that the book originally contained the decisions of the Princess only, but that in process of time others were added by different hands, whilst some of her own were lost. I am inclined to favour the latter opinion."

² The notes to the story, excepting a few which are placed within square brackets, are by the Translator.

Burmese Version.

DURING the era of Thoomana,¹ four Bráhmans—named Mahá Bráhmána, Meedze Bráhmána, Khoddiha Bráhmána, and Tsoola Bráhmána²—resided in the country of Thinga-thanago. Each of them possessed one hundred gold pieces. As they were going to bathe they agreed to put their money together, and accordingly three of them did so; but the youngest, entertaining a fraudulent design, concealed his in a separate spot, and expecting that from so doing the three others would divide their portion with him, made as if he had placed his money with theirs, and went with them to bathe. When they had all four come up out of the water, they found the property of three of the Bráhmans, but that of the youngest was missing. “How is this?” said he. “My money is gone, but yours is still here: will you give me part of yours?” They demurred against this, saying: “No one has been here; if your money has disappeared from the place where we all deposited ours, why should we make it good?” So they went to the judge of a neighbouring village for a decision. He gave judgment as follows: “It is not right that the money of one should be missing out of the stock deposited by all four; therefore let that which remains be divided equally between you.” The three Bráhmans, being still exceedingly averse from a division, went before the governor of the district, who referred them to the chief nobleman. He sent them before the king of the country, who confirmed the decree of the village judge. The three Bráhmans, being still not contented, said that they were dissatisfied. Then the king made the chief nobleman undertake the case, saying: “Hey, my lord noble, completely dispose of this case within seven days, or I will deprive you of your rank, and confiscate your property.” The nobleman, in great alarm, called the four Bráhmans, and diligently inquired into the affair; but being unable to make anything of it, he became exceedingly sorrowful and distressed. His daughter Tsanda Kommárf, observing the dejected condition of her father, asked him, saying: “My good lord and father, why are you so sad?” He said: “Ah, my dear daughter, I am

¹ The thirteenth Buddha.² Great, Middle, Small, Tiny.]

compelled to undertake the case of the four Bráhmans, and if I fail to dispose of it within seven days, I shall be degraded from my high estate; for this cause am I sorrowful." Tsanda Kommárf replied: "Fear not, my father; I will manage to detect the thief;—do you only build a large pavilion." The noble did as she desired, and having placed each of the Bráhmans in one of the four corners, Tsanda Kommárf stood in the centre. When the evening was past, she asked the Bráhmans to let her hear them discourse upon any subject with which they were acquainted, selected from the wisdom contained in the eighteen branches of knowledge, the hundred and one different books of the Lauka Nídf, the Lauka Widú-wiekza, the Lauka Bátha, the Lauka Yatrá, the Lenga Thohtika, the Wiennau Treatise on Medicine, and the Píntsapoh Yauga Nidan. The Bráhmans replied: "Lady, we are unable to perform what you ask, forasmuch as one amongst us bears a deceitful heart, and none of us can say which of the four it is; we can no longer, therefore, to our shame and confusion, exercise the Bráhmanical functions. But you, being brought up at the feet of your noble father, are well versed in knowledge, and having all the questions that arrive at the court from the four quarters of the globe, deign now to speak to us for our instruction." Said she: "O teachers, I know nothing; but, if you wish it, I will relate a tale:

"In the olden time, a prince, a young nobleman, a poor man's son, and a rich man's daughter were being educated together in the country of Tekkatho.¹ As the rich man's daughter was noting down the lesson of her teacher, she dropped her style,² and, seeing the prince below, she said: 'Just give me my style.' He replied: 'I will give it you; but you must make me a promise, that soon after you return to your parents you will let me pluck your virgin flower.' She made him the required promise, whereupon the young prince handed her the style, and she said: 'I will certainly come to you.'

¹ The Páli name of Tekkatho is Tekkathela, or Tekkasela; and we know that *Kha* corresponds to the Sanscrit *Ksha*, so the Sanscrit name is Teksheela, which is the famous Taxila of Ptolemy, in the time of Alexander the Great, "the largest and wealthiest city between the Indus and the Hydaspes."—*Notes on the Ancient History of Burmah*, by Rev. F. Mason.

² Used for writing on the palm leaf.

“On the completion of her studies, the rich man's daughter returned to her parents and the prince to his own country, and, his father dying, he ascended the throne. When the rich man's daughter had attained the age of sixteen, her parents married her to the man of her choice. Then she said to her husband: ‘My lord, I am now your wife, but suffer me to go for a short time to get absolved from a certain promise which I have made.’ Her husband inquiring why she asked for permission to leave him, she replied: ‘When I was at school in Tekkatho, I made a promise to a young prince, that after I returned to my parents I would speedily visit him.’ Her husband, reflecting that, although she had been given to him in marriage by her parents, still the power of a promise is extremely great both upon priests and laymen, granted her leave to go. Then she wiped her husband's feet with her hair, and, after decking herself in handsome clothes and ornaments, departed on her journey.

“As she was travelling along, she fell in with a thief, who, on seeing her, grasped her hand, saying: ‘Where are you going? What business has a woman to be travelling alone? My young lady's life, as well as her fine clothes and jewels, is my property now. But where do you want to go?’ The rich man's daughter replied: ‘True, they are your property. As to where I am going, when I was at school in Tekkatho I made a promise to a young prince, that I would visit him soon after my return home; and as, if I break my promise, I shall fall into the four states of punishment and never arrive at the abode of the just, I asked leave of my husband to whom my parents had given me in marriage, and have come so far on my way.’ The thief, on hearing this answer, bound her by a promise, such as she had given to the prince, to present herself before him on her return, and when she had done as he required, he let her go.

“After escaping from the thief, as she was travelling onwards, she came to a banyan-tree, the guardian Nat of which¹ asked her

¹ [In Burmese mythology, *Nats* correspond to the *ogres* of our nursery tales, the *trolls* of the Scandinavians, the *jinn* and *ifrits* (genii and afreetes) of the Arabs, the *divs* of the Persians, the *rákshasas*, *vetálas*, and *pisachas* of the Hindús.] The following extract from the sixth chapter of the first volume of the *Damathat*, the Burmese version of the Laws of Manú, elucidates this

whither she was going. She replied: 'My lord Nat, I have come into thy presence for no other cause than this.' Then she related to him her story as before. The Nat bound her by a solemn promise, such as she had made to the prince, to appear before him on her way back, and then let her depart.

"When she arrived at the palace, the guardian Nat, as a mark of respect for her fidelity to her engagement, threw wide the gates for her to enter, and she appeared in the presence of the king, who asked her wherefore she had come. 'O king,' she replied, 'I am the rich man's daughter, who made you a promise when we were being educated in Tekkatho. On my returning home, my parents bestowed me in marriage, and, with the permission of my husband and lord, I am come to you.' 'Wonderful!' cried the king; 'you are true to your word, indeed!' Then, after highly commending her, he took magnificent presents and gave them to her, saying: 'I make an offering of these in homage to your truth,' and allowed her to go.

"The rich man's daughter, laden with wealth, arrived in time at the banyan-tree, when she cried out, with a voice like a *karawick*:¹ 'O lord Nat, guardian of the banyan-tree, sleepest thou or wakest thou? I have discharged my promise to the prince, and am now on my own way back. My life is in thy hands; behold, I have not departed from my word, and here I am.' The Nat, on hearing her voice, said: 'Damsel, it is a hard thing for one who has just escaped with life from the hands of an enemy to place himself again in the power of his foe—to die.' She replied: 'If, through over-fondness for life, I were to break my promise, and pass on without coming to you, I should fall into the four states of punishment, and never attain the mansions of the just.' Then the Nat made her an offering of a jar of gold, in homage to her fidelity, and telling her to enjoy it to the end of her life, suffered her to depart.

"After leaving the banyan-tree, she came to the abode of the part of the story: "It has been the invariable custom, in every successive world, when the young leaves of a tree first appear above ground, for a Nat to apply to the king of his order for permission to inhabit it. After the tree has been allotted to the Nat, it is a law, that if any person heedlessly comes to take shelter under it, or breaks, or injures it, and neglects to make an offering to the hamadryad, the latter has a right to devour the offender."

¹ A fabulous bird, supposed to have a remarkably melodious voice.

thief, whom she found fast asleep; but, although it would have been easy for her to take advantage of this and make her escape, she awoke him, saying, 'My lord thief, my life is yours, and the wealth I have brought with me is yours also. I am here according to my promise, and have not disobeyed your will.' The thief exclaimed: 'This is wonderful, indeed! You have kept the hardest promise in the world. If I were to do any injury to such a person as you, some grievous misfortune would be sure to happen to me. Speed you on your way.' So he let her go, and she returned in safety to her husband, to whom she related all that had happened to her. Her husband, when he had heard her narrative, gave her praise for all that she had done."

When the story was finished, Tsanda Kommárf asked the four Bráhmans which of the persons mentioned in it they each thought most worthy of praise. The eldest Bráhman said: "I approve of the prince, because his conduct was wonderfully in accordance with the ten laws,¹ which it is the duty of kings to observe, inasmuch as he refrained from plucking his promised flower." The next Bráhman gave his opinion in favour of the guardian Nat of the banyan-tree, saying: "I laud him, because he presented to the rich man's daughter a jar of gold; and where any man would have found it difficult to keep his passions under control, he, a Nat, was able to restrain them." The third Bráhman said: "I praise the husband, because, being like water in which an exceedingly pure ruby has been washed, he curbed his desires, and when his wife asked his permission to depart he allowed her to go."² That man's mind must have been an

¹ These are: (1) To make religious offerings; (2) to keep the commandments; (3) to be charitable; (4) to be upright; (5) to be mild and gentle; (6) not to give way to anger; (7) to be strict in the performance of all the prescribed religious ceremonies; (8) not to oppress; (9) to exercise self-control; (10) not to be familiar with inferiors. [The second of the above is, to observe the Five Precepts of Buddha, which 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 meaning of this I conceive to be, that as water would contract no impurity from a bright gem being immersed in it, so the husband's heart, into which the beauty of the bride had sunk, imbibed therefrom no stain of sensual passion.

extraordinary one indeed!" The youngest Bráhmán said: "I think most of the thief, because it is the nature of robbers to risk even their lives to gain a livelihood. For such a man not to covet clothes and jewels, gold and silver, and to allow them to pass through his hands without retaining them, shows his excellence; therefore I bestow my meed of praise on the thief."

A young lady, who was Tsanda Kommári's attendant, when she had heard these opinions, said [privately]: "O daughter of our lord, three of the Bráhmans, and I also with them, applaud the prince, the Nat, and the husband, but the youngest Bráhmán gives the honour to the thief." The nobleman's daughter, on hearing this, replied to her attendant: "The disposition of the youngest of the four Bráhmans prompting him to consider the thief as the most to be commended, because he gave up, without coveting, the wealth which had actually come into his hands, shows that the missing money is in his possession. Therefore, my sister, do you disguise yourself so as to resemble me, and go to the youngest Bráhmán and say to him: 'The reason of my coming to you is this: The words which the three other Bráhmans have spoken are nought but folly, while your wisdom is great. You are a young man and have no wife; therefore I have come to marry you. How, then, can we contrive to live together? I am in dread of my father; your property is lost, and I come to you empty-handed; so, if we remove together to another place, we shall be without the means of subsistence.'"

Her attendant, on being dismissed with these instructions, on meeting the young Bráhmán, addressed him as she had been taught. The Bráhmán was greatly rejoiced at her words, and said: "Dismiss your anxiety. I have not lost my property; it is still in my hands. I only pretended it was gone in order to obtain a share from the others. There is enough for our support, even if we should go to another part of the country." She reported the words of the Bráhmán to her mistress, who went to her father and told him that she had ascertained that the lost money was in the young Bráhmán's hand, and if he would give her a sum equal to that which was missing she would recover it. The nobleman gave her what she asked for, and she placed it in the hands of her attendant, desiring her to

go to the young Bráhmaṇ and show him the money, and speak to him according to the instructions which she then gave her.

The attendant went to the young Bráhmaṇ, and, showing him the money, said as she had been taught : "Let me see how much you have got. Mine is but a small sum, therefore add yours to it, and then, if we elope together, we shall at least have enough to eat and drink." The Bráhmaṇ gave her his money, which, on receiving, she conveyed to her mistress, who, rejoicing greatly, said to her : "Now go, my sister, to the three other Bráhmaṇs, and ask them to give you their money, telling them that you will put it by, and all four of them shall obtain full satisfaction. She went to the Bráhmaṇs and asked them for their money, as she had been told, to which they consented, and gave it to her.

The nobleman's daughter then reported to her father that she had in her hands the money of all the Bráhmaṇs. He went to the king and said : "O king, I have recovered the money which was the cause of disgrace to the four Bráhmaṇs ;" and on the king inquiring by what means he had succeeded, he stated that it was his daughter who had contrived to find it out. The king sent for the nobleman's daughter and the four Bráhmaṇs, and asked them for an explanation. Then the nobleman's daughter said : "This is a deceitful and a fearful business ! These four Bráhmaṇs are gifted with wisdom, and as the nature of us unregenerate mortals is the slave of covetousness, anger, and folly, I will recite this apothegm : First, the ear hears, and this tempts the eye to look ; the lust of the eye, being indulged, excites the lust of the heart, and thus the soul becomes wedded to this world ; then it loses its wisdom, and without consideration falls into the commission of evil deeds, as a consequence of which, it suffers for ages in subsequent transmigrations." Having thus spoken, she laid down the four shares of money before the king, who ordered the owners to take what belonged to them. Each of the Bráhmaṇs took his share ; but when three of the shares were gone and the youngest took the one which remained, "What !" cried the king, "the young Bráhmaṇ said that he had lost his money, and yet here it is back again !" The nobleman's daughter answered : "At first he himself hid his money, but now he has himself brought it to

light; therefore the four Bráhmans have each their own again."—The Nat's daughter, who was the guardian of the royal umbrella,¹ cried aloud: "Well done!" and the king, struck with admiration at the wisdom displayed by the nobleman's daughter, and considering that she was well qualified to examine and settle the various matters of importance brought by the royal ambassadors from all parts of the world, made her his queen. Therefore judges should take this story as an example, and exercise wisdom in examining and deciding the causes before them.²

It is not uncommon to find incidents of what are separate tales in some countries, and even two or more entire tales, fused into one in other places; and we have an instance of this in the highly-diverting story of Ahmed the Cobbler, in Sir John Malcolm's *Sketches of Persia*, chap. xx., as related to "the Elchee" by the Shah's own story-teller, the latter part of which is a variant of our story; the preceding part comprising incidents similar to those in the well-known German tale of 'Doctor Allwissend,' in Grimm's collection. Ahmed the cobbler, in consequence of a series of lucky chances, by which he gets a reputation for supernatural sagacity, is married to the king's beautiful and clever daughter, with whom he lives happily, till an untoward thing happens, which is the subject of the following

¹ [The umbrella is in most Asiatic countries the symbol of sovereignty.]

² Lady Verney, in an interesting paper, entitled "Bits from Burmah," in *Good Words*, for March 1886 (pp. 180-2), gives a somewhat different and much shorter version, as related by "a young Burmese, come to England for his education," who appears to have altered the story to render it in accordance with his conception of our double-distilled English morality, representing the princess as obtaining her *parents'* leave to set off and take back her promise before her marriage with the man to whom they had engaged her; and when the young Bráhman tells the damsel, who professes love for him, that he had his own share of money hidden in the forest—"thus was the whole matter made clear; the thief was punished, and *the lady was made a judge.*" Lady Verney adds: "The story is interesting, as showing an honourable feeling for a given word, and for the light it throws on the position and respect shown to women." But the same story is well known, as we shall see presently, in countries where "respect for women" is at a sad discount.

Persian Version.

THE king of Sístán had sent an emerald of extraordinary size and brilliancy as a present to the king of Irák. It was carefully enclosed in a box, to which there were three keys, and one of them was given in charge to each of the three confidential servants employed to convey it. When they reached Ispahán the box was opened, but the emerald was gone. Nothing could exceed their consternation; each accused the others; as the lock was not broken it was evident one of them must be the thief. They consulted as to what was to be done; to conceal what had happened was impossible—the very attempt would have brought death on them all. It was resolved therefore to lay the whole matter before the king, and beg that by his wisdom he would detect the culprit, and that he would show mercy to the other two. . . . [At length the king summons Ahmed into his presence, in whose skill in astrology his Majesty had great faith—albeit it was “as nothing, and less than nothing, and vanity”—and commands him to discover within twenty days who stole the emerald: should he succeed, he should receive the highest state honours; by failure his life should be forfeited. Ahmed is in despair; for how could he expect to escape by another lucky chance? He confides the matter to the princess, his wife, who undertakes the task for him; and this is how she performed it:]

The princess invited the messengers from the king of Sístán to her palace. They were surprised at the invitation, and still more at their reception. “You are strangers,” she said to them, “and come from a powerful king: it is my wish to show you every attention. As to the lost emerald, think no more of it; it is a mere trifle. I will intercede with the king, my father, to give himself no farther concern on the subject, being convinced that it has been lost by one of those strange accidents for which it is impossible to account.” The princess entertained the strangers for several days, and during that time the emerald seemed to be forgotten. She conversed with them freely, inquiring particularly of Sístán, and the countries they had seen on their travels. Flattered by her condescension, they became confident of their safety, and were delighted with their royal

patroness. Seeing them completely off their guard, the princess turned the conversation one evening on wonderful occurrences, and, after each had related his story, said : " I will now recount to you some events of my own life, which you will, I think, deem more extraordinary than any you have ever heard :

" I am my father's only child, and have therefore been a favourite from my birth. I was brought up in the belief that I could command whatever the world can afford ; and was taught that unbounded liberality is the first and most princely of virtues. I early resolved to surpass every former example of generosity. I thought my power of doing good, and making everybody happy, was as unlimited as my wish to do so ; and I could not conceive the existence of misery beyond my power to relieve. When I was eighteen I was betrothed to my cousin, a young prince, who excelled all others in beauty of person and nobleness of mind ; and I fancied myself at the summit of happiness. It chanced, however, that on the morning of my nuptials I went to walk in a garden near the palace, where I had been accustomed to spend some hours daily from my childhood. The old gardener, with whose cheerfulness I had often been amused, met me. Seeing him look very miserable, I asked him what was the matter. He evaded a direct answer ; but I insisted upon his disclosing the cause of his grief, declaring at the same time my determination to remove it. ' You cannot relieve me,' said the old man, with a deep sigh ; ' it is out of your power, my beloved princess, to heal the wound of which I am dying.' My pride was roused, and I exclaimed : ' I swear !'—' Do not swear,' said the gardener, seizing my hand. ' I do swear,' I repeated, irritated by the opposition ;—' I will stop at nothing to make you happy ; and I farther swear, that I will not leave this spot until you reveal the grief which preys upon you.' The old man, seeing my resolution, spake with tremulous emotion as follows : ' Princess, you know not what you have done ! Behold a man who has dared for these two years to look upon you with an eye of admiration : his love has at length reached this pitch, that without you he must be wretched for ever ; and unless you consent to meet him in the garden to-night, and become his bride instead of that of the prince, he must die.' Shocked by this unforeseen

declaration, and trembling at the thought of my oath, I tried to reason with the old gardener, and offered him all the wealth I possessed. 'I told you,' he replied, 'beautiful princess, that you could not make me happy: I endeavoured to prevent your rash vow; and nothing but that should have drawn from me the secret of my heart. Death, I know, is my fate; for I cannot live and see you the wife of another. Leave me to die. Go to your husband; go to the enjoyment of your pomp and riches; but never again pretend to the exercise of a power which depends upon a thousand circumstances that no human being can regulate or control.' This speech conveyed a bitter reproach. I would have sacrificed my life a hundred times, sooner than stain my honour by marrying this man; but I had made a vow in the face of Heaven, and to break it seemed sacrilege. Besides, I earnestly wished to die undeceived in my favourite notion, that I could make all who came near me happy. Under the struggle of these different feelings, I told the gardener his desire should be granted, and that I should be in the garden an hour before midnight. After this assurance I went away, resolved in my own mind not to outlive the disgrace to which I had doomed myself.

"I passed the day in deepest melancholy. A little before midnight I contrived to dismiss my attendants, and, arrayed in my bridal apparel, which was covered with the richest jewels, I went towards the garden. I had not proceeded many yards, when I was met by a thief, who, seizing me, said: 'Let me strip you, madam, of these unnecessary ornaments: if you make the least noise, instant death awaits you.' In my state of mind, such threats frightened me little. I wished to die, but I wished, before I died, to fulfil my vow. I told my story to the thief, beseeching him to let me pass, and pledging my word to return, that he might not be disappointed of his booty. After some hesitation he allowed me to proceed.

"I had not gone many steps when I encountered a furious lion, which had broken loose from my father's menagerie. Knowing the merciful nature of this animal towards the weak and defenceless, I dropped on my knees, repeated my story, and assured him, if he would let me fulfil my vow, I would come back to him as ready to

be destroyed as he could be to make me his prey. The lion stepped aside, and I went into the garden.

“I found the old gardener all impatience for my arrival. He flew to meet me, exclaiming I was an angel. I told him I was resigned to my engagement, but had not long to live. He started, and asked what I meant. I gave him an account of my meeting with the thief and the lion. ‘Wretch that I am,’ cried the gardener; ‘how much misery have I caused! But, bad as I am, I am not worse than a thief, or a beast of prey; which I should be, did I not absolve you from your vow, and assure you the only way in which you can now make me happy, is by forgiving my wicked presumption.’

“I was completely relieved by these words, and granted the forgiveness desired; but having determined, notwithstanding the gardener’s remonstrances, to keep my word to the thief and the lion, I refused to accept his protection. On leaving the garden the lion met me. ‘Noble lion,’ I said, ‘I am come, as I promised you.’ I then related to him how the gardener had absolved me from my vow, and I expressed a hope that the king of beasts would not belie his renown for generosity. The lion again stepped aside, and I proceeded to the thief, who was still standing where I left him. I told him I was now in his power, but that before he stripped me, I must relate to him what had happened since our last meeting. Having heard me, he turned away, saying: ‘I am not meaner than a poor gardener, nor more cruel than a hungry lion: I will not injure what they have respected.’

“Delighted with my escapes, I returned to my father’s palace, where I was united to my cousin, with whom I lived happily till his death; persuaded, however, that the power of human beings to do good is very limited, and that when they leave the narrow path marked out for them by their Maker, they not only lose their object, but often wander far into error and guilt, by attempting more than it is possible to perform.”

The princess paused, and was glad to see her guests so enchanted with her story that it had banished every other thought from their minds. After a few moments she turned to one of them, and asked :

“Now which, think you, showed the greatest virtue in his forbearance—the gardener, the thief, or the lion?”—“The gardener, assuredly,” was his answer, “to abandon so lovely a prize, so nearly his own.” “And what is your opinion?” said the princess to his neighbour. “I think the lion was the most generous,” he replied: “he must have been very hungry; and in such a state it was great forbearance to abstain from devouring so delicate a morsel.” “You both seem to me quite wrong,” said the third, impatiently. “The thief had by far the most merit. Gracious heavens! to have within his grasp such wealth, and to refrain from taking it! I could not have believed it possible, unless the princess herself had assured us of the fact!”

The princess, now assuming an air of dignity, said to the first who spoke: “You, I perceive, are an admirer of the ladies;” to the second: “You are an epicure;” and then turning to the third, who was already pale with fright: “*You*, my friend, have the emerald in your possession. You have betrayed yourself, and nothing but an immediate confession can save your life.” The guilty man’s countenance removed all doubt; and when the princess renewed her assurances of safety, he threw himself at her feet, acknowledged his offence, and gave her the emerald, which he carried concealed about him.

THE story also occurs in the celebrated Persian collection, entitled *Tútí Náma* (Parrot-Book), composed by Nakhshabí about the year 1306, after a similar old Persian story-book, now lost, which was derived from a Sanskrit work, of which the *Suka Saptatí* (Seventy Tales of a Parrot) is the modern representative. In this work a parrot relates stories, night after night, to prevent a merchant’s wife from carrying on an amorous intrigue during her husband’s absence. According to an India Office MS. text of Nakhshabí’s *Tútí Náma*, the twelfth story is to this effect:

Another Persian Version.

ONE day a poor street-sweeper finds among a dust-heap a very valuable gem, in lustre equal to that of the sun. He resolves to present it to Raja Bhoja, in the expectation of being suitably

rewarded. On his way he associates with four men who happen to be travelling in the same direction. At noontide they all repose beneath a tree, and while the poor man is sound asleep his companions steal the gem out of his purse. When he awakes and discovers his loss, he says nothing about it to them, and they resume their journey. Arriving at the capital, the poor man obtains an audience of the rájá, to whom he recounts the whole affair. The rájá sends for the four travellers, and questions them concerning the gem, but they stoutly deny all knowledge of it, at which the rájá is much perplexed. But his clever daughter undertakes to ascertain whether they really stole the gem, and with this object invites them to her private apartment, and gives them many rich presents; and after chatting pleasantly with them on various subjects, she relates the following story:

“In Mázandarán there formerly dwelt a rich merchant who had a very beautiful daughter. One day during the vernal season she went to a garden, accompanied by her female slaves, and sauntering by a plot of roses, observed with admiration one flower of pre-eminent beauty and odour, which, like the rose of her own face, was thornless. Then she said to the gardener: ‘Bring down that rose and give it to me.’ Quoth the gardener: ‘Fair lady, this charming rose does not come into your hand without a recompense.’ The lady demanding to know its price, the gardener replied: ‘Its price is this, that you promise to meet me in this garden on the night of your nuptials.’ Having set her heart upon possessing the beautiful rose, the lady gave her solemn promise, and, receiving the flower, retired from the garden with her attendants. Some time after this, the merchant married his daughter to a young man of his own choice, and when the wedding guests were gone, and she was left alone with her husband, she told him of her promise to the gardener, at which he was not a little astonished, but gave her leave to keep her promise. So she went forth in her wedding garments, adorned with priceless jewels, and as she proceeded she was met by a wolf, which would have devoured her, but she told her story, how she had obtained her husband’s leave to keep her promise to the gardener, and Allah softened the wolf’s heart, and he allowed her to pass on un-

injured. She next met a robber, to whom she also told her story, and the robber, albeit she was covered with gems of price, and completely in his power, bade her proceed on her way. When she entered the garden, there was the gardener pacing to and fro, but on her telling him how her husband had freely consented to her request to be permitted to keep her appointment, and how the wolf and the robber had let her pass on untouched, the gardener at once freed her from her promise, and respectfully conducted her back to the dwelling of her husband, with whom she lived in peace and happiness ever after."

The rájá's daughter, having finished her story, then says to the four travellers: "What puzzles me is to say which of those four individuals exhibited most generosity." One replies, that the husband must have been a fool to give his wife liberty to meet another man on her wedding-night; another, that it was folly on the part of the wolf to let slip such a prey; the third, that the robber was a mere blockhead to refrain from taking her jewels; and the fourth, that the gardener was an idiot to relinquish so tempting a prize. The princess, having heard the men express such sentiments, concluded that they must have stolen the gem, and when she communicated this opinion to her father the rájá, he caused all four to be bastinadoed until they confessed their guilt and delivered up the jewel. Then the rájá gave rich gifts to the poor man, and hanged the four rascals.¹

¹ In the Turkish version of the *Túti Náma* the story is told with a few variations from its Persian original. The precious stone is found by a peasant while ploughing his field. He is advised by friends to offer it to the Padishah of Rúm (Room: Asia Minor, or the Western Empire); for should the sultan come to know of his "find," he might take it from him, and charge him with having stolen it. He joins three travellers on the road. In the story of the damsel's rash promise, the scene is laid in Damascus; her name is Dil-Furúz, *i. e.* "inflaming the heart with love"; her attendants attempt to pluck the rose, but it is beyond their reach. The gardener gallantly plucks it, and presents it to the young lady, who then asks him what he should wish in return. When she meets him in the garden on the night of her nuptials, and tells him of the generosity of her husband, the wolf, and the robber, he says that his sole object was to try her: "I am thy slave," he adds, "and the gardener of this place, and the gardener protects the flowers," implying, of course, that she was "herself the fairest flower!"

There is a somewhat different version in the *Bahár-i-Dánush*, or Spring of Knowledge, a work written in the Persian language, by 'Ináyatu-'lláh of Delhi, A.H. 1061 (A.D. 1650), the materials of which are avowedly derived from old Indian sources, to which indeed they are easily traceable. Dr. Jonathan Scott, who published a translation of this entertaining romance in 1799, seems to have had rather hazy notions of what kind of stories were fit to be presented to the English readers of his time, since he has given several very "free" tales in full, while he only gives in the Appendix a meagre abstract of our story, without a word of explanation. This is Scott's outline of what may be called an

Indo-Persian Version.

KÁMGÁR, the son of a powerful sultan, having excited the jealousy of his father's vazír, the latter procured his banishment, by accusing him of rebellious designs. The prince, accompanied by his friend, the vazír's son, a young merchant, and a jeweller, departs for a foreign country. On the road, the jeweller is prompted by avarice to steal four valuable rubies, which the vazír's son had brought with him as a resource against distress. On finding that he was robbed, he complains to a court of justice; but the judges are unable to fix on the thief. The vazír's son is then recommended to have recourse to a learned lady, who was celebrated for unravelling the most knotty cases.

She first calls the prince to her, and tells him a story of a person who, on discovering his friend was in love with his wife, and not being aware that she was also in love with his friend, prevails on her to go to his house and gratify his passion. On the way she is stopped by thieves, who seize her jewels, but upon her informing them of her uncommon errand, and promising to return, if they would but delay their plunder till she has visited her lover, they let her go. When she reaches the house, she discovers to her husband's friend who she is, and the lover, resolved not to be outdone in generosity, conquers his passion. She returns to the thieves, who are so impressed by her performance of her promise that, instead of robbing her, they make her a present and conduct her home in safety.

The prince, at the conclusion of this story, bursts into applause of the extraordinary friendship of the husband, the virtue of the wife, the forbearance of the lover, and the generosity of the thieves. Then the lady relates the same story separately to the vazír's son, the merchant, and the jeweller. The latter exclaims involuntarily, that the thieves were very foolish in letting such a rich prey escape from their hands. Upon this the lady accuses him of the robbery, but promises not to expose him if he will give up the rubies, which he does, and she returns them to the vazír's son without disclosing who had stolen them. The rubies are then offered for sale in the city, when their costliness exciting suspicions against the honesty of the prince and his friends, who were disguised as pilgrims, they are taken up and carried before the sultan of the country. The vazír's son now discloses the rank of his master, upon which the king marries him to his daughter, and appoints him successor to his kingdom.¹

¹ It is unfortunate that Scott has not given this story more fully. So far as can be seen from his abstract, as above—and I greatly doubt its accuracy—there does not appear to have been any promise made to the lover by the lady. The husband, on learning that his friend is enamoured of his wife, "prevails" upon her to visit him—a circumstance which seems reflected (as my friend Dr. David Ross, Principal of the E. C. Training College, Glasgow, has pointed out to me) in a Senegambian popular tale :

There once lived two shepherds who had been close friends from boyhood. One of them married, and the other built his hut adjoining that of the wedded couple. One day the bachelor, looking through a chink in the party wall, discovered the young wife making her ablutions (as David the Hebrew king beheld the beautiful wife of Uriah), and instantly fell in love with her. Such was the force of his passion that he became seriously ill, and took to his bed. Marabouts, old wives, doctors—all failed to discover his disease. At length he confesses to his friend that he is deeply in love with his wife. The husband is at first horror-struck, but soon conquers his marital feelings, and arranges a plan whereby his friend should gratify his desire, and yet his wife be no wiser, when all was done. He will rise from bed to look after the fire kept burning all night in the courtyard ; meanwhile his friend will go into the house, and the wife won't know but he is her husband. The husband accordingly goes out during the night, and the wife presently receives the friend with kindly embrace, ignorant of the subterfuge ; but he immediately repents of his design, repulses her, and runs out—friendship thus triumphing over lust. When the husband re-enters the house, he is secretly rejoiced to hear his wife reproach him for his recent coldness and disdain. His friend after this soon recovers his health and takes a wife to himself.¹

The husband's generosity in placing his wife at the service of his friend

¹ *Recueil de Contes populaires de la Sénégambie.* Recueilles par L. J. B. Béranger-Féraud. Paris, 1885.

As might be expected, the story is known to the Jews, and in more than one version. No doubt, many of the fine apologues, parables, and tales contained in the Talmud are genuine inventions of the rabbins, but it is also certain that they drew freely from popular fictions of Indian origin, for striking illustrations of their apothegms and maxims of morality. The learned M. Israel Levi has given two Jewish versions of our story in *Mélusine*¹ (1885), tome ii., c. 542-6; one of them is from a commentary on the Decalogue (Eighth Commandment), an anonymous work of the 10th century, and the substance of it is as follows :

Hebrew Version.

IN the time of Solomon three men travelling in company were surprised by Friday evening, so they deposited their money together in a secret place.² In the middle of the night one of them rose up, stole the money, and hid it elsewhere. When the Sabbath was ended they all went to unearth their money, but found it had disappeared. They then began to accuse each other of the theft, but at length agreed to lay their dispute before Solomon for his judgment. The king told them that he would give them a decision on the morrow. This affair troubled the king not a little, for he thought to himself: "If I do not clear up this case, they will say, 'Where, then, is the wisdom of Solomon?'" So he meditated in what manner he might surprise the thief by his own words. When the three men

recalls the old Greek story of Stratonice, daughter of Demetrius Poliorcetes, who at the age of 17 (in B.C. 300) was married to Seleucus, king of Syria, and her step-son Antiochus becoming deeply enamoured of her, Seleucus, in order to save the life of his son, gave up Stratonice in marriage to the young prince. A precisely similar tale is related by Arabian historians of a nephew of the sultan of Jorjun, whose love for one of his uncle's women was discovered by the celebrated Avicenna (Abú Sína) feeling his pulse while describing the rarities in the palace, and perceiving an uncommon emotion in his patient when he mentioned the apartment of the lady;—the sultan made his nephew happy.

¹ *Mélusine: revue de mythologie, littérature populaire, traditions, et usages.* Dirigée par H. Gaidoz et E. Rolland.—A bi-monthly journal, published at Paris.

² It is said the Jews are prohibited by their laws from carrying money on the Sabbath, which commences at nightfall on Friday, and ends at the appearance of the stars on Saturday.

appeared again before him next day, he said to them : "You are skilful and intelligent merchants ; give me, therefore, your advice on a matter which the king of Edessa has submitted to me, desiring my opinion thereon :

"There lived in Edessa a young man and a young woman who loved each other, and the youth said to the damsel : 'If you please, we shall agree by oath that should I engage myself to thee, after such a time thou wilt marry me, and that if during that period another should wish to espouse thee, thou wilt not marry him without my permission ;' and the damsel swore accordingly. At the end of that period she was betrothed to another man. And when the husband would use his rights, she refused, and told him that she must first obtain the permission of her former *fiancé*. Then they both went together to that young man, carrying gold and silver ; and the damsel said to him : 'I have kept my oath ;—if you wish, here is money : free me from my engagement to you.' The youth replied : 'I release you from your oath, and you are free to marry your *fiancé*. As for myself, I will take nothing ; go in peace.' On their way home, an old robber threw himself upon them, and bore off the damsel, with her jewels and the money she carried, and he would have violated her, but she said : 'I pray you, allow me first to relate my story,' which having concluded, she added : 'Now if that young man, whose years might have been some excuse for him, subdued his passion, how much more incumbent is it on you, an old man, to do likewise—master your feelings, in obedience to the laws of God, and sin not !' The old robber was moved by her words, and allowed her to depart with her *fiancé* ; moreover, he restored to them all their property.

"Now," said Solomon, "this is what I ask of you : which of those three was most worthy of praise—the young woman who kept her word ; the young man, who gave her permission to marry, without accepting anything in return ; or the old robber, who, having the power to take all they had, and to violate the damsel, yet conquered his passion, and took nothing from them ? Tell me your opinion, and I will afterwards decide on the subject of your dispute." One of the men replied : "I praise the youth who gave permission

to the girl, for he had long loved her." The second said, in his turn: "I praise the damsel; for women do not usually keep their word even to their husbands when they sleep together, and the mind of woman is fickle. But she kept her word." The third said: "I praise the old man, who took their property, and could have violated her without any one being able to prevent him. Nevertheless he refrained from all sin, and restored the money he had taken from them. So I consider him as a pattern of a just man." Solomon then said: "Thou hast judged well, wherefore cleanse thou thy soul, and deliver the treasure to thy companions, for it is thou who didst steal it; and if thou dost not, I will cause thee to be cast into prison, where thou shalt remain all thy life." The man immediately went and took the treasure from its hiding-place, and restored it to his companions, who thanked the king for his judgment. And this is why it is said that Solomon was the wisest of men.

The other Jewish version given by M. Lévi—placed first in his article in *Mélusine*—differs very considerably in the principal details from all those already cited, while preserving the fundamental outline of the original story:

Germano-Jewish Version.

A CERTAIN pious man left his three sons a locked coffer of gold, desiring them not to open it except in case of necessity. One of them in turn took charge of the coffer, and another of the key. The three young men swore in presence of the community that they would conform to their father's instructions. After his death they divided their heritage, without touching the contents of the coffer. The youngest son, having soon dissipated his share, came to his brothers and demanded that the casket should be opened in order that he should receive his portion of the treasure; but the eldest preferred lending him 5000 florins to violating their father's orders. At the end of another year the youngest brother was again without money, and the second lent him 5000 florins. During the third year he had spent everything, but it was now his turn to take

charge of the casket, while the key was kept by the second brother ; so he made a key, opened the casket, took out all the gold, and put a large stone in its place. The following year it was the eldest who kept the coffer, and the youngest, having once more dissipated all his means, went and said to his two brothers : " You see I am always unlucky in business, therefore you must now consent to open the casket, for my condition is truly necessitous." The casket was then opened in presence of the people, and only a great stone was found within it. Quoth the youngest with effrontery : " Friends, you are now witnesses of the manner in which I have been treated by my brothers. They have stolen the money, and that is why they would never open the casket. It is no wonder they have become rich." Those who were present said : " We cannot decide this matter ; but be persuaded by us : go and lay your case before the rabbi." Accordingly the three brothers went to the rabbi, who, after hearing the arguments of each at length, said to them :¹ " My friends, you must stay here a while, for I cannot give you an off-hand decision. In the mean time, as I see you are very learned, I wish to consult you upon a case regarding which they have asked my advice from Egypt :

" In that country there were two rich men, who had each a child. These were betrothed from the cradle. At last the parents died, leaving each of the children 3000 pieces of money. Very soon the young man, being a gambler, had spent all his fortune, so that not a coin was left him. On the other hand, the damsel possessed every virtue and was most beautiful. The date fixed for the marriage arrived, and the damsel sent to ask her betrothed to prepare. The youth answered that he declined the marriage ; that she should be better with some other man, who pleased her, for a husband ; and that it was enough for him to remain poor, without making her share his misery. Finally, the damsel sent for a poor student and said to him : ' I wish to marry thee ; but first I desire to see my former *fiancé*, and ask him if he is willing to obey the advice of his

¹ I purposely omit an incident which precedes the rabbi's hearing of the brothers' dispute, and which belongs to a distinct cycle of fictions—that of 'The Lost Camel,' familiar to every school-boy.

father and marry me. Should he decline, you will be my true betrothed, and we shall marry.' The poor student was overjoyed, and readily pledged himself as required.

"The damsel, attired in velvet and silk, sought out her former betrothed. 'Dear *fiancé*,' she said, 'I entreat you, do not persist in your design; have no fear—I have money enough for us both.' He replied: 'I cannot break off my bad habits, and I do not wish to squander thy fortune, so that thou also shouldst become unhappy.' Eight days after she returned, dressed in gold and silver; and the same conversation again took place. Still eight days later she went once more, covered with pearls and diamonds, and accosted him with the same entreaty. The youth replied: 'May God grant thee His blessing and prosperity! Choose whom thou wilt. I will not be guilty of the sin of dragging thee to ruin.' This time the damsel returned and married the student. The hour of going to bed arrived, and they were walking in the street. Now in those days there were in Egypt many robbers, who were wont to carry off married people without anybody knowing what had become of them. The chief of the robbers offered violence to the bride, but she said to him: 'Will you, for so small a matter, forfeit your portion in the future world?' The robber was moved with pity, and sent her away in peace and safety.

"Now," continued the rabbi, "I am asked which of the three acted best—the first betrothed, the bride, or the robber? I cannot reply to the question, and as you are very intelligent, give me your opinion, so that I may solve this problem." The first replied: "The betrothed acted best in not wishing to spend his wife's money." The second said: "It is the bride, who was unwilling to disobey the paternal will." The youngest said in his turn: "It is the brigand, who subdued his passion, sent them away without injury, and did not keep their money, for he might have rightly done so." Then the rabbi exclaimed: "Praised be God, who allows nothing to be concealed! Young man, you are covetous of the money which you have not seen—how much more of that which you have seen!" And the young man confessed that he had fabricated a false key.

RADLOFF, in his great collection, *Proben der Volksliteratur der türkischen Stämme des Süd-Siberiens*, vol. iii. s. 389, gives a version, from the Kirghis dialect, which may have been transmitted through the Persian or the Jagataï ; or, more probably, through a Mongolian (Buddhist) medium :

Siberian Version.

ONCE on a time there was a rich man who had three sons, and when he died they inherited 300 roubles. Their cattle having perished, they buried the money and took service in a foreign country. At the end of three years they returned home, and when they went to dig up their money it was not to be found ; and they said one to another : “ Who could have taken it ? No person but ourselves knew of our burying the 300 roubles.” After mutual accusations they at length agreed to seek the prince and submit their dispute for his decision. And when they had stated their case to the prince, he said to them :¹ “ Listen ; I will tell you something, after which I will decide your affair :

“ There were two men, one of whom had a son, the other a daughter. The two children were sent to the same school and studied together. And one day the boy said to the girl : ‘ If we were betrothed to each other it would be a good thing.’ By-and-by their parents betrothed them. In course of time the father of the young man died, and the damsel said to him : ‘ If my father does not give me to you, I will reserve my virginity.’ When she went home she was betrothed to another young man ; and the bridal couch being prepared, her sister-in-law conducted her in to her husband, whom she thus addressed : ‘ Master, I have somewhat to ask of you ; will you grant it to me ?’ He replied : ‘ Ask, and it shall be given.’ Then said she : ‘ With your leave, I speak. When I was at school there was with me a young lad, and we studied together. We entered into a mutual engagement, that if I did not keep my promise,

¹ Previous to this, the incident of ‘ The Lost Camel ’ occurs, as in the Germano-Jewish version, and it is followed by another interpolated story, also a member of a distinct cycle of popular tales, with which we need not here concern ourselves.

he would complain of me to God ; and if he did not keep his promise I would complain.' The husband answered : ' Go, and keep the marriage-night.'

" Then the damsel put on man's clothes, and, mounting a horse, proceeded to the dwelling of her first betrothed. ' Are you in?' said she. ' Who is there?' he answered from within. ' I made you a promise,' said she, ' and have come to keep it. My father would marry me to another ; and when I said to my husband, " I have a lover ; let me seek him," he gave me leave. I make thee a present of my virginity ; for that purpose have I come hither.' The young man replied : ' What advantage would that be to me? Your husband has shown a great spirit in sending you to me, and I shall also be magnanimous. He would suppose that I had all along been intimate with you. Return to your husband. Farewell.' On her way home the damsel was met by forty robbers, to whom she related her story. The robbers having consulted together, one of them said : ' Let us forty enjoy her turn about.' But the youngest said : ' Let her alone ; why should we embarrass ourselves with her? The intentions of this young woman are pure, with those of her husband and her first betrothed. Shall we act as beasts? Let her go.' Then the robbers exclaimed with one accord : ' She may return to her husband's house.' And when she had reached home her husband took her to his own country."

The prince then asked the eldest of the brothers : " Which, think you, was the best of the three?" He replied : " It was the husband." " You are right," said the prince. " And you," addressing the second—" which did well and which did ill?" Said he : " The best was the young man who studied with her." Lastly the prince asked the same question of the youngest, who answered : " Sire, the husband was wrong, and the first *fiancé* was wrong ; the forty robbers were right, and had I been one of them I should have enjoyed her forty times." Thereupon the prince said : " It is thou who hast stolen the money, so give it up ; for thy opinion is the worst." " Sire," then said the two others, " we are much obliged to you." After this they returned home, and the youngest brother produced the money he had stolen.

In the same form our story is found in the Turkish collection, *Qırq Vezir*, the 'Forty Vazirs,' a work said to have been composed in the 15th century by Shaykh Zâda, after an Arabian story-book of unknown authorship and date, which seems no longer extant. The frame, or leading-story, of this collection, with which eighty tales are interwoven, is similar to that of the Book of Sindibád, and its European imitations, commonly known as the *History of the Seven Wise Masters*—of which the oldest version is a Latin prose work entitled *Dolopathos ; sive, de Rege et Septem Sapientibus*, by a monk named Johannes, of the abbey of Alta Silva, in the diocese of Nancy, about A.D. 1180, which was rendered into French verse, a century or so later, by a Trouvère named Herbers : A young prince having repelled the amorous advances of his step-mother—or, in the Eastern versions, of one of his father's women—she, like Potiphar's wife with Joseph, accuses him to the king his father of an attempt upon her virtue. The king at once orders his son for execution, but alternately reprieves and condemns him, in consequence of his counsellors, or vazirs, day after day, and the lady, night after night, relating to him tales of the wickedness of women and of men, until at length the innocence of the Prince is made manifest, and the lustful lady is fitly punished.¹ Our story is thus related in the Book of the Forty Vazirs, according to Mr. Gibb's complete translation recently published, the first that has been made in English :

Turkish Version.

IN the palace of the world there was a king, and he had three sons. One day this king laid his head on the pillow of death, and called those sons to his side, and spake privately with them. He said : " In such a corner of the palace I have hidden a vase full of pearls and jewels and diverse gems ; when I am dead, do ye wash and bury me, then go and take that vase from its place and divide

¹ An account of the several Eastern and Western versions is given in the Introduction to my edition of the *Book of Sindibád*. The author of the *Forty Vezirs* has taken little besides the idea of the leading story from its prototype ; it is not only a most entertaining story-book, but is also of great value in illustrating the genealogy of popular fictions.

its contents." The king lay for three days, and on the fourth day he drained the wine of death and set forth for the Abiding Home. When the princes had buried their father according to his injunctions, they came together, and went and beheld that in the place of those jewels the winds blew. Now the princes began to dispute, and they said : " Our father told this to us three in private ; this trick has been played by one of us." And the three of them went to the *cadi*¹ and told their complaint. The *cadi* listened, and then said to them : " Come, I will tell you a story, and after that I will settle the dispute :

" Once, in a certain city, a youth and a girl loved each other, and that girl was betrothed to another youth. When the lover was alone with that girl, he said : ' O my life, now thou comest to me, and I am happy with thee ; to-morrow, when thou art the bride of thy betrothed, how will be my plight ? ' The girl said : ' My master, do not grieve ; that night when I am bride, until I have come to thee and seen thee, I will not give the bridegroom his desire.' And they made a pact to that end. Brief, when the bridal night arrived, the girl and the youth went apart ; and when all the people were dispersed, and the place was clear of others, the girl told the bridegroom of the pact between her and the stricken lover, and besought leave to fulfil it. When the bridegroom heard these words from the bride, he said : ' Go, fulfil thy plight, and come again in safety.'

" So the bride went forth, but while on the road she met a robber. The robber looked at her attentively, and saw that she was a beautiful girl like the moon of fourteen nights : never in his life had he seen such a girl, and she was covered with diverse jewels such as cannot be described. Thereupon the bridle of choice slipped from the robber's hands ; and as the hungry wolf springs upon the sheep, so did the robber spring upon that girl. Straightway the girl began to sigh, and the robber felt pity and questioned her. So the bride related to the robber her story from its beginning to its end ;

¹ The judge and magistrate in Muslim cities, who performs the rites of marriage, settles disputes, and decides civil and criminal cases, according to the Kurán.

whereupon the robber exclaimed: 'That is no common generosity! nor shall I do any hurt or evil thing to her.' Then said he to the girl: 'Come, I will take thee to thy lover.' And he took her and led her to her lover's door, and said: 'Now go in and be with thy lover.'

"Then the girl knocked at the door, and that youth, who lay sighing, heard the knocking, and went with haste, and said: 'Who is that?' The girl answered: 'Open the door; lo, I have kept my plight, nor have I broken it: I am come to thee.' The youth opened the door and came to the girl, and said: 'O my life, my mistress, welcome, and fair welcome! how hast thou done it?' She replied: 'The folk assembled and gave me to the bridegroom; then all dispersed, and each went his way. And I explained my case to the bridegroom, and he gave me leave. While on the road I met a robber, and that robber wished to stretch forth his hand to me, but I wept, and told him of my plight with thee, and he had pity, and brought me to the door and left me, and has gone away.' When the youth heard these things from the girl, he said: 'Since the bridegroom is thus generous, and has given thee leave to fulfil thy plight with me, and sent thee to me, there were no generosity in me did I stretch forth my hand to thee and deal treacherously;—from this day be thou my sister: go, return to thy husband.' And he sent her off.

"When the girl went out, she saw that robber standing by the door; and he walked in front of her, and conducted her to the bridegroom's door. And the girl went in, and the robber departed to his own affairs. While the bridegroom was marvelling, the bride entered, and the bridegroom leaped up and took the bride's hands in his, and they sat upon the bed. And the bridegroom turned and asked the bride her news; and she told all her adventures from their beginning to their end. And the bridegroom was pleased, and they both attained their desire. God grant to all of us our desire. Amen."

Then quoth the cadi: "O my sons, which of those showed manliness and generosity in this matter?" The eldest youth said: "The bridegroom, who, while she was his lawful bride, and when he had spent thus much upon her, and was about to gain his desire, gave the girl leave. What excellent generosity did he display!"

The middle youth said: "The generosity was that lover's, who, while there was so much love between them, had patience when they were alone in the night, and she so fair of form and in such splendid dress, and sent her back. What excellent generosity: can there be greater than this?" Then asked he of the youngest boy: "O you, what say you?" Quoth he: "O ye, what say ye? when one hunting in the night met thus fair a beauty, a torment of the world, a fresh rose; above all, laden with many jewels; and yet coveted her not, but took her to her place—what excellent patience! what excellent generosity!" When the *cadi* heard these words of the youngest boy, he said: "O prince, the jewels are with thee; for the lover praised the lover; and the trustful the trustful; and the robber the robber." The prince was unable to deny it, and so took the jewels from his breast and laid them before the *cadi*.¹

It is very curious, to say the least, to find this Turkish version current in much the same terms among the peasantry of the West Highlands of Scotland. How did it get there? I have not met with any similar story in Norwegian or Icelandic collections, yet I suspect that it is not unknown in the Far North, and if so, it was probably introduced into the West Highlands by the Norsemen:

¹ *The History of the Forty Vezirs; or, the Forty Morns and Eves.* Translated from the Turkish, by E. J. W. Gibb, M.R.A.S. London: G. Redway, 1886. (The Lady's Eighth Story. p. 105.)—In the German translation of the *Arabian Nights*, made by Dr. Habicht and others, from a manuscript procured at Tunis, and published, in 15 small vols., at Breslau in 1825 (*Tausend und eine Nacht, arabische Erzählungen, zum erstenmal aus einer tunesischen Handschrift, &c.*), a number of tales from the *Forty Vezirs* are inserted—vol. ii., 173-186—one of which, entitled the History of the Sultan Akshid, is similar to the above; but the leading story is greatly expanded: The Sultan causes his funeral obsequies to be performed while he is yet alive, in order that he should profit by the lesson which such a ceremony was calculated to impress on his mind—the vanity of earthly grandeur; soon after which he dies, and so on. This story, however, as also the others taken from the *Forty Vezirs*, does not properly form a member of the *Arabian Nights*; and that they were re-translated into Arabic from the Turkish is evident from the fact of their exact agreement with those rendered into French from a Turkish MS. by P. de la Croix. Moreover, they do not appear in the printed Arabic text, commonly known as the Breslau Text, which had not been edited when the German translation of it was published.

Gaelic Version.

THERE was once a farmer, and he was well off. He had three sons. When he was on the bed of death he called them to him, and he said : " My sons, I am going to leave you : let there be no disputing when I am gone. In a certain drawer, in a dresser in the inner chamber, you will find a sum of gold ; divide it fairly and honestly amongst you, work the farm, and live together as you have done with me ;" and shortly after the old man went away. The sons buried him ; and when all was over, they went to the drawer, and when they drew it out there was nothing in it.

They stood for a while without speaking a word. Then the youngest spoke, and he said : " There is no knowing if there ever was any money at all." The second said : " There was money surely, wherever it is now." And the eldest said : " Our father never told a lie. There was money certainly, though I cannot understand the matter."—" Come," said the eldest, " let us go to such an old man ; he was our father's friend ; he knew him well ; he was at school with him ; and no man knew so much of his affairs. Let us go to consult him."

So the brothers went to the house of the old man, and they told him all that had happened. " Stay with me," said the old man, " and I will think over this matter. I cannot understand it ; but, as you know, your father and I were very great with each other. When he had children I had sponsorship, and when I had children he had *gostje*.¹ I know that your father never told a lie." And he kept them there, and he gave them meat and drink for ten days. Then he sent for the three young lads, and he made them sit down beside him, and he said :

" There was once a young lad, and he was poor ; and he took love for the daughter of a rich neighbour, and she took love for him ; but because he was so poor there could be no wedding. So at last they pledged themselves to each other, and the young man went away, and stayed in his own house. After a time there came another suitor, and because he was well off, the girl's father made

¹ *Goistidheachd*, or *goisteachd* : office, or duty, of godfather.—*Gaelic Dict.*

her promise to marry him, and after a time they were married. But when the bridegroom came to her, he found her weeping and bewailing; and he said: 'What ails thee?' The bride would say nothing for a long time; but at last she told him all about it, and how she was pledged to another man. 'Dress thyself,' said the man, 'and follow me.' So she dressed herself in the wedding-clothes, and he took the horse, and put her behind him, and rode to the house of the other man; and when he got there, he struck in the door, and called out: 'Is there man within?' And when the other answered, he left the bride there within the door, and he said nothing, but he returned home. Then the man got up, and got a light, and who was there but the bride in her wedding-dress. 'What brought thee here?' said he. 'Such a man,' said the bride: 'I was married to him to-day, and when I told him of the promise we had made, he brought me here himself, and left me.' 'Sit thou there,' said the man; 'art thou not married?' So he took the horse, and he rode to the priest, and he brought him to the house, and before the priest he loosed the woman from the pledge she had given, and he gave her a line of writing that she was free, and he set her on the horse, and said: 'Now return to thy husband.' So the bride rode away in the darkness in her wedding-dress. She had not gone far when she came to a thick wood, where three robbers stopped and seized her. 'Aha!' said one, 'we have waited long, and we have got nothing, but now we have got the bride herself.' 'Oh,' said she, 'let me go: let me go to my husband; the man that I was pledged to has let me go. Here are ten pounds in gold—take them, and let me go on my journey.' And so she begged and prayed for a long time, and told what had happened to her. At last one of the robbers, who was of a better nature than the rest, said: 'Come, as the others have done this, I will take you home myself.' 'Take thou the money,' said she. 'I will not take a penny,' said the robber; but the other two said: 'Give us the money,' and they took the ten pounds. The woman rode home, and the robber left her at her husband's door, and she went in, and showed him the line—the writing that the other had given her before the priest, and they were well pleased.

“Now,” said the old man, “which of all these do you think did best?” So the eldest son said: “I think the man that sent the woman to him to whom she was pledged was the honest, generous man: he did well.” The second said: “Yes; but the man to whom she was pledged did still better, when he sent her to her husband.” Then said the youngest: “I don’t know myself; but perhaps the wisest of all were the robbers who got the money.” Then the old man rose up, and he said: “Thou hast thy father’s gold and silver. I have kept you here for ten days; I have watched you well. I know your father never told a lie, and thou hast stolen the money.” And so the youngest son had to confess the fact, and the money was got and divided.¹

We now come to European versions more closely resembling the Franklin’s Tale of Dorigen, which the poet represents that worthy as professing to have derived from a “Breton lai,” and which, notwithstanding, some “annotators” of Chaucer still assert to have been borrowed from Boccaccio. The illustrious Florentine first introduced it in his prose tale of *Filocolo*, which recounts the adventures of Florio and Biancofiore, a favourite subject with the courtly minstrels of Europe in mediæval times. He reproduced it in his *Decameron*, Gior. x., Nov. 5, as follows, according to the translation revised by W. K. Kelly (Bohn’s edition):

Boccaccio’s Italian Version.

IN the country of Frioli, which, though very cold, is yet beautified with many pleasant mountains, fine rivers, and crystal springs, is a place called Udine, where lived a worthy lady, named Dianora, the wife of a very agreeable man, and one of great wealth, called Gilberto. Now she had taken the fancy of a great and noble lord, called Ansaldo, one of extraordinary generosity and prowess, and known all over the country, who used frequently to solicit her with messages and offers of love, but in vain. At length, being quite wearied with his importunities, and seeing that he still persisted, notwithstanding her

¹ Campbell’s *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, vol. ii. pp. 16-18: ‘The Inheritance.’

repeated denials, she resolved to rid herself of him by a novel and, as she thought, impossible demand. So she said to his emissary one day: "Good woman, you have often told me that Ansaldo loves me beyond all the world, and have offered me great presents on his part, which he may keep to himself, for I shall never be prevailed upon to a compliance in that manner. Could I be assured, indeed, that his love is really such as you say, then I should certainly be brought to return it. Therefore, if he will convince me of that by a proof which I shall require, I shall instantly be at his service." "What is it, then?" quoth the good woman, "that you desire him to do?" "It is this," she replied; "I would have a garden in the month of January, which is now coming on, as full of green herbs, flowers, and trees laden with fruit, as though it were the month of May. Unless he does this for me, charge him to trouble me no more, for I will instantly complain to my husband and all my friends."

Ansaldo, being made acquainted with this demand, which seemed an impossibility, and knowing that it was contrived on purpose to deprive him of all hopes of success, resolved yet to try all possible means in such a case, sending to every part of the world to find out a person able to assist him. At length he met with a magician, who would undertake it for a large sum of money; and having agreed upon a price, he waited impatiently for the time of its being done. On the night of the first of January, therefore, the cold being extreme, and everything covered with snow, this wise man so employed his art in a meadow near to the city that in the morning there appeared there one of the finest gardens that ever was seen, filled with all kinds of herbs, flowers, trees, and fruits. Ansaldo beheld this marvellous creation with infinite pleasure, and, picking some of the fairest fruit and flowers, he sent them privately to the lady, inviting her to come and see the garden which she had required, that she might be convinced of his love, and fulfil the promise she had made, as became a woman of her word. The lady, seeing the flowers and fruit present, and having already heard from many people of this wonderful garden, began to repent of what she had done. But with all this repentance, being still desirous of

seeing strange sights, she went thither with many more ladies, and, having highly commended it, returned home very sorrowful, thinking of her engagement. Her trouble was too great to be concealed or dissembled, so that her husband at last perceived it, and demanded the reason. For some time she was ashamed to speak, but being constrained at last, she related the whole thing. Gilberto was greatly incensed about it, till, considering the upright intention of his lady in the affair, he began to be somewhat pacified, and said: "Dianora, it is not the act of a wise and virtuous lady to receive any messages, or make any conditions with regard to her chastity. Words have a more ready admittance to the heart than many people imagine, and with lovers nothing is impossible. You were highly to blame, first to listen, and afterwards to consent; but, as I know the purity of your intention, and to free you from your engagement, I will grant what nobody else would do in such a case. For fear of this necromancer, who, by Ansaldo's instigation, may do us some mischief if you disappoint him, I consent that you go to Ansaldo, and, if you can by any means get quit of that tie with safety to your honour, that you endeavour to do so; otherwise, that you comply in deed, though your will be chaste and pure."

The poor lady wept bitterly, and showed great reluctance, but he insisted upon her doing as he said. So, early in the morning, without any great care to make herself fine, she went with her woman and two men-servants to Ansaldo's house. He was greatly surprised at hearing the lady was there, and said to the wise man, "You shall now see the effect of your skill." So he went to meet her, and showed her into a handsome room, where there was a great fire, and after they had sat down, "Madam," he said, "I beg, if the long regard I have had for you merit any reward, that you will please to tell me why you come here at this time, and thus attended." She blushed, and replied, with eyes full of tears: "Sir, it is neither from love nor from regard to my promise, but merely by my husband's order, who, showing more respect to the labours of your inordinate love than to his honour and mine, has forced me to come hither; therefore, as it is his command, I submit to your pleasure." If Ansaldo was surprised at the sight of the lady, he was now much

more so at hearing her talk thus ; and, being moved with Gilberto's generosity, his love was changed into compassion. "Madam," he said, "Heaven forbid that I should ever take away the honour of a person who has showed such pity for my love. Therefore, you are as safe with me as if you were my sister, and you may depart when it seems good to you, upon condition that you tender your husband, in my name, those thanks which you think are due to his great generosity, requesting him, for the time to come, to esteem me always as his brother and faithful servant." The lady, overjoyed with this, replied, "All the world, sir, could never make me believe, when I consider your character, that anything could have happened on my coming hither, otherwise than it has now done ; for which I shall always be profoundly grateful to you." She then took her leave, returned to her husband, and told him what had happened, and this proved the occasion of a strict friendship between him and Ansaldo.

The necromancer now being about to receive his reward, and, having observed Gilberto's generosity to Ansaldo, and that of Ansaldo to the lady, said, "As Gilberto has been so liberal of his honour, and you of your love, you shall give me leave to be the same with regard to my pay : knowing it then to be worthily employed, I desire it shall be yours." Ansaldo was ashamed, and pressed him to take all or part, but in vain. On the third day the necromancer, having made the garden vanish, and being ready to depart, Ansaldo thankfully dismissed him, having extinguished his inordinate desires purely from a principle of honour.

"What say you now, ladies ?" [demands Emilia, the story-teller ;] "shall we prefer the dead lady and the love of Gentil, grown cold, as destitute of all hope, to the liberality of Ansaldo, who loved more than ever, and who was fired with the greater expectation, since the prey so long pursued was then in his power ? It seems to me mere folly to compare the generosity of Gentil with that of Ansaldo."¹

¹ Dr. Reinhold Köhler, in *Orient und Occident*, ii., 318, has pointed out that a similar tale, evidently taken from Boccaccio, is found in an anonymous work, *Johann Valentin Andreae's Chymische Hochzeit Christiani Rosencreutz*, anno 1459 ; Strassburg, 1616. It occurs among other riddles, or stories to

There seems to me no good reason to believe that Chaucer adapted his tale of Dorigen from Boccaccio. Chaucer was not the man to ascribe the materials of any of his charming tales to other than the real source, or to lay claim to "originality" of their invention; on the contrary, he declares, in the opening of his *Assemble of Foules*, that

Out of olde fieldis, as men saieth,
Comith all this newe corne, fro yere to yere;
And out of olde bookis, in gode faieth,
Comith all this newe science, that men lere.

The tale of Griseldon he emphatically says (through the Clerk) he heard Petrarch relate at Padua, and his version agrees closely with Petrarch's Latin variant of Boccaccio's novel. Had he taken Boccaccio's tale of Dianara and Ansaldo for his model, he would most probably have acknowledged the fact. But he tells us (through the Franklin) that it is one of the old Breton lays; the scene is

"In Armorik, that clepid is Bretaigne;"

which are appended questions to be solved. A lady of rank is wooed by a young nobleman. "Sie gab ihm endlich den Bescheid: werde er sie im kalten Winter in einen schönen grünen Rosengarten führen, so solte er gewert sein, wo nicht, solle er sich nimmer finden lassen." He travels far and wide to find some one who would effect this for him, and at last chances upon a little old man, who engages to do so for the half of his goods, and so on, as in Boccaccio. "Nun weiss ich nit, liebe Herren," says the story-teller, "wer doch unter diesen Personen die gröste Trew möchte bewiesen haben."

In Chaucer, the Franklin, having ended his story, thus addresses his fellow-pilgrims:

"Lordynges, this questioun wolde I axe now,
Which was the moste free, as thinketh yow?
Now telleth me, or that I ferther wende,
I can no more, my tale is at an ende."

So, too, in the conclusion of the version in Boccaccio's *Filocolo*: "Dubitasi oro qual di costoro fusse maggior liberalità," &c. And in the Sanskrit story the Vetāla asks the king: "Now tell me, which was the really generous person of those four?" Indeed, the same question occurs in all the versions cited in the present paper, and it reminds one of the "nice cases" said to have been decided in the Provençal Courts of Love—though, according to Mr. Hueffer, such courts never existed.

Manni, in his *Ist. del Decam.*, ii. 97, cites an anonymous MS. where it is said that Boccaccio's story is found in a collection much older than his time, and adds that Giovanni Tritemio relates how a Jewish physician, in the year 876, caused by enchantment a splendid garden to appear, with trees and flowers in full bloom, in mid-winter. A similar exploit is credited to Albertus Magnus, in the 13th century. The notion seems to have been brought to Europe from the East, where stories of saints, dervishes, or jogis performing such wonders have been common time out of mind.

all the names in the poem are Breton;¹ and instead of the task imposed by the lady on her lover being to produce a blooming garden in January, it is to remove the dangerous rocks from the coast of Brittany. Chaucer's treatment of the story is immeasurably superior to that of Boccaccio, which is throughout very artificial, exhibiting none of those fine touches which render the old English poet's tale so pleasing from beginning to end.² This is precisely the sort of story which Marie de France would have selected for versification; and in my mind there is no doubt that Chaucer's source was a Breton lay or a *fabliau*.

Another gratuitous assertion of one of Chaucer's critics is that Boccaccio's novel "is unquestionably the origin of a story which occupies the whole of the twelfth canto of *Orlando Innamorato*, and is related by a lady to Rinaldo, while he escorts her on a journey." That Boiardo was familiar with Boccaccio's story is likely enough;

¹ "Penmark," says Mr. Robert Bell in one of the notes to his edition of the *Canterbury Tales*, "is to be found in the modern maps of Brittany, between Brest and Port l'Orient. Penmark is from *Pen*, caput, and *mark*, limes, regio; the first element of the word enters into many Welsh names, as *Penman Mawr*, the great headland. Cairrud means the red city: *Cair*, a city, is found in Carnarvon, Carlisle, and Carhaix in Brittany. Droguen, or Dorguen [Chaucer's Dorigen], was the name of the wife of Alain I. Aurelius is a Breton name, derived from the Roman colonists. Arviragus is apparently a Breton name latinized, as Caractacus from Caradoc, and is found in Juvenal, *Sat.* iv. 127."

² The poem of Chaucer abounds in striking passages; for example:

"Love will nouht ben constreynd by maistre.
Whan maistre commeth, the god of love anone
Beteth his winges, and fare wel, he is gon."

Observe Spenser's audacious plagiarism of these lines, as follows (*F. Q.* B. iii. c. i., st. 25):

"Ne may love ben compel'd by maistry;
For soone as maistry comes, sweet love anone
Taketith his nimble winges, and farewel, away is gone."

And Pope's (by no means his only plagiarism):

"Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies."

Butler, in his *Hudibras*, has thus expanded Chaucer's sentiment:

"Love, that's too generous t' abide
To be against its nature tied;
For where 'tis of itself inclined,
It breaks loose when it is confined;
And like the soul, its harbourer,
Debarred the freedom of the air,
Disdains against its will to stay,
But struggles out and flies away."

but he may also have known another version current in his day, of which he made use. Be this as it may, his tale is very different, in all the important details, from that of Boccaccio, and much more interesting, as may be seen even from the following abstract of it :

Boiardo's Italian Version.

A KNIGHT named Iroldo had a lady-love called Tisbina, and was beloved of her as was Tristan of Iseult the queen : he loved her so that morn and even, from break of day to nightfall, he thought of her alone, and had no other care. Hard by dwelt a baron, accounted the greatest in Babylon ; rich, and generous, full of courtesy and valour ; a gallant lover and a frank-hearted knight. His name was Prasildo. And one day he was invited to a garden where Tisbina with others was playing a strange kind of game : one held his head bowed in her lap, and over his shoulders she waved a palm-bough, and he had to guess whom it was she chanced to strike. Prasildo stood and looked at the game. Tisbina invited him to take part in the beating, and finally he took that place, for he was quickly guessed. With his head in her lap, he felt so great a flame in his heart as he would never have thought ; he took great care not to guess right, for fear of having to rise from thence. Nor after the game and festival departed the flame from his head. All day and all night long it tormented him, drove sleep from his pillow, and the blood from his cheek. Love banished every other thought from his heart : only those who have felt this passion can understand the description. The hunting-horses and hounds he delighted in are all gone from his thoughts. Now he delights in festive company ; gives many banquets ; makes verses and sings ; and jousts and tourneys often with great steeds and costly trappings. If he was courteous before, he is a hundred-fold so now ; for the virtue that is found in a man in love is ever increasing ; and in life I have never found a good man turn out bad through love. So was it with Prasildo, who loved much. For his go-between he found a lady who was a close friend of Tisbina, and she beset her morning and evening, nor was she disconcerted at a repulse. But, in brief, the haughty one bent neither

to prayers nor pity ; for in sooth it always happens that pride is joined to beauty. How many times she urged Tisbina to accept her good fortune, which might not happen again :

“ Delight thee, while thy leaf as yet is green,
For pleasure had is never lost again.

Youth, which is but a point of time, should be spent in delight ; for as the sun dissolves the white snow, and as the vermeil rose loses all too soon her lovely hue, so flies our age, incurable as a lightning-flash.” But in vain was Tisbina assailed with these and other words. And the sovran baron fell away as fresh meadow-violets pale in wintry weather—like glittering ice in the living sun. He feasted no longer as was his wont, hated all pleasure, and had no other diversion than often sallying forth and walking alone in a bosky wood, bewailing his ruthless love.

A morning fell when Iroldo went a hunting in that wood, and with him the fair Tisbina ; and as they went each heard a woful voice and breaking tears. Prasildo mourned so gently, and with so sweet a speech as would have subdued a rock to pity. He called upon heaven and earth to witness his love, and resolved to die for her. He bared his sword, and called continually upon his dear delight, wishing to die on Tisbina's name ; for by naming her often he thought to go with that fair name to Paradise. But she and her lover well understood the baron's lament. Iroldo was so kindled to pity that his whole visage showed it ; and he now concerted with the lady how to mend his woful case. Iroldo remaining concealed, Tisbina feigns to have come there by chance. She appears not to have heard his plaints ; but seeing him reclined among the green boughs, she stops awhile as if alarmed. Then she said to him : “ Prasildo, if you are my friend, as you have already shown that you love me, abandon me not in so great need, for else I may not escape. And if I were not at the last extremity, both of life and honour, I would not have made you such a request. For there is no greater shame than to refuse the deserving. Hitherto you have borne me love, and I was ever dispiteous ; but in time I will yet be gracious to you. I promise this on my faith, and assure you of my love, if what I ask be done. Hear, now, and let not the deed seem hard to thee :

Beyond the forest of Barbary is a fair garden, which has an iron wall. Herein entrance can be had by four gates: one Life keeps, Death another, another Poverty, another Riches. Whoso goes therein must depart by the opposite gate. In the midst is a tree of vast height, far as an arrow may mount aloft; that tree is of marvellous price, for whenever it blossoms it puts forth pearls, and it is called the Treasure-Tree, for it has apples of emerald and boughs of gold.¹ A branch of this tree I must have, otherwise I am in heavy case. Now you can make it clear if you love me as you have declared: if I obtain this pleasure by your means I will love you more than you love me, and give myself to you as reward of this service—count it for certain.”

When Prasildo understood the hope held out to him of such a love, fuller of ardour and desire than before, he fearlessly promised all. Undoubtedly would he have promised every star, the heaven and its splendour, all air, and earth, and sea. Without delay, in a habit strange to him, he set out on his journey.—Now know that Iroldo and his lady had sent him to that garden, which yet is called the garden of Medusa, so that the long time and travel might efface Tisbina from his mind. Besides that, when he got there, that

¹ This is a very ancient and wide-spread myth. In the *Kathá Sarit Sāgara* we read of trees with golden trunks, branches of jewels, the clear white flowers of which were clusters of pearls; golden lotuses, &c. Aladdin, it will be remembered, found in the cave where was deposited the magic lamp, trees bearing “fruit” of emeralds and other gems of great price, with which he took care to stuff his pockets. In the mediæval romance of Alexander we are told how the world-conqueror jousted with Porus for his kingdom, and having overthrown him, he found in the palace of the vanquished monarch innumerable treasures, and amongst others a vine of which the branches were gold, the leaves emerald, and the fruit of other precious stones—a fiction, says Dunlop, which seems to have been suggested by the golden vine which Pompey carried away from Jerusalem. The garden of King Isope, as described by Geoffrey, in the *Tale of Beryn* (Supplementary Canterbury Tales, Ch. Soc., p. 84) had a similar tree:

“In mydward of this gardyn stant a feire tre,
Of alle maner levis that under sky [there] be,
I-forgit and I-fourmyd, eche in his degre,
Of sylver, and of golde fyne, that lusty been to see.”

As the treasures coveted by the Arimaspians were guarded by griffias, and the golden apples of the Hesperides by a dragon, so this garden of Isope was kept by eight “tregetours,” or magicians, who looked like “abominabill wormys,” enough to frighten the bravest man on earth.

Medusa was a damsel who kept the Treasure-Tree ;—whoever first saw her fair face forgot the cause of his journey ; but whoever saluted, or spoke to, or touched, or sat beside her, forgot all past time.—Away he rode, alone, or rather, accompanied by love. He crossed in a ship the arm of the Red Sea, passed through all Egypt, and got among the hills of Barca, where he met a hoary palmer, and talking with the old man he told him the occasion of his journey. The old man reassures him, and tells him how to enter by the gate of Poverty (for those of Life and Death are unused). He informs him of the nature of Medusa ; bids him have a mirror with him, wherein she may see her beauty and so be chased from the garden ; to go without armour and with all his limbs bare, because he must enter by Poverty's gate. He must go out by the gate of Riches, by whom sits Avarice. Here he must proffer a portion of the branch. Prasildo thanks the palmer, and departs. In thirty days he reaches the garden, and covering his eyes with the mirror, so as to avoid seeing Medusa, he enters. Coming by chance upon her as she leans against the trunk of the Treasure-Tree, she looks at herself in the mirror, and terrified at seeing her cheeks of white and red transformed into a fierce and horrible serpent, she flies through the air away. He breaks off a lofty branch, descends, and issues by the gate of Riches.

Hastening home, Prasildo sends word to Tisbina that he has fulfilled her behest, and begs to see her, that he may show her the branch. She is overwhelmed at the news of his return. Iroldo, coming to see her earlier than usual, overhears her lamentation, and they embrace in despair. He bids her keep to her promise, which he induced her to make, but to wait until his death, which will be this very morning. He will not outlive his shame. Tisbina reproaches him, and declares that she will not survive him. They agree to take a painless poison and die together ; a few hours being allowed for the fulfilment of her promise to Prasildo. An ancient physician supplies the poison, of which Iroldo drinks half, and Tisbina drains the cup. She then goes to redeem her word. Alone with Prasildo, he marvels at her wretched looks, and she tells him the whole truth. He is overcome with sorrow, and reproaches her

for not having trusted to his generosity. However, he will not survive her; and so there will be the strange thing, unbecoming before, of three lovers at once "in inferno." Tisbina replies that she is so vanquished by his courtesy that she would gladly die for him. During the short time she has got to live, she would go through fire for him. In great grief, and having resolved for death, Prasildo gives her one kiss and lets her depart, after which he casts himself, in tears, on his bed.

Tisbina recounts the interview to Iroldo, who lifts his hands to heaven in thanksgiving for such virtue, and while thus engaged Tisbina falls, for the poison works sooner in delicate veins. A chill seizes him to see her dying; he cries out against God and heaven, Fortune and Love, that they do not kill him out of his misery. Meanwhile Prasildo is moaning in his chamber, and an old physician comes and insists upon seeing him. His chamberlain (for none else would venture to disturb him) persuades Prasildo to admit him. Then the leech tells him that he had been asked for poison by a maid-servant of Tisbina's, and has learned all. But it was simply a mild sleeping-draught he had given. Prasildo, reviving like blossoms in sunshine after storm, hastens to Tisbina, finds Iroldo there, and tells him the grateful news. Iroldo relinquishes all claim to Tisbina, and will not be gainsaid; so he departs, leaving her to Prasildo. When Tisbina comes to herself, she at first swoons with grief to hear that Iroldo is gone; but in the end she is content to take Prasildo.

"We are all alike," adds the fair story-teller; "we yield at the first assault, like rime beneath the heat of the sun."

Two English Plays.

BEAUMONT and Fletcher adapted our story for the stage, under the title of 'The Triumph of Honour,' a member of *Four Plays in One*, written probably about the year 1610. Henry Weber, the editor of the works of these dramatists, says that the idea of the plot of this play was taken, "as Langbaine observes," from Boccaccio's novel of Dianora and Ansaldo; but both he and Langbaine seem to have overlooked a more likely source, namely, Chaucer's

tale of Dorigen.¹ In the 'Triumph of Honour,' Martius, a Roman general, is deeply enamoured of Dorigen, the chaste wife of Sophocles, Duke of Athens, and desires her love-favours, when she exclaims indignantly (pointing to "a rocky view before the city of Athens")—

"Here I vow unto the gods, these rocks,
These rocks we see so fixed, shall be removed,
Made champain field, ere I so impious prove
To stain my lord's bed with adulterous love."

Martius consults his brother Valerius, who undertakes, should Dorigen still continue obstinate in her resolution—

"By my skill,
Learned from an old Chaldean was my tutor,
Who trained me in the mathematics, I will
So dazzle and delude her sight, that she
Shall think this great impossibility
Effected by some supernatural means."

The virtuous Dorigen is not to be moved by the passionate appeals of Martius; she again assures him—

"My vow is fixed,
And stands as constant as these stones do, still;"

upon which Martius exclaims :

"Then pity me, ye gods, you only may
Move her by tearing these firm stones away!"

Instantly, by means of the "grammarie" of Valerius, the rocks disappear. Dorigen declares she will no longer serve the gods, if they are capable of such iniquity, and, going home, acquaints her husband of the whole affair. The duke consoles her—it is a bad business, but she must not be forsworn; let her keep her word, but don't let Martius know that he consents. Dorigen, disgusted at her husband's want of proper spirit in such circumstances, then pretends that she had all along loved Martius, and, on quitting her husband, gives vent to these mordacious words :

"I must
Attend him now. My lord, when you have need
To use your own wife, pray, send for me;
Till then, make use of your philosophy!"

¹ Dunlop also considers that Boccaccio's story gave rise to Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Triumph of Honour,' as well as to Chaucer's 'Franklin's Tale' and the 12th canto of Boiardo. He must have read them all very superficially.

She goes to meet Martius, and declares to him her purpose to kill herself rather than yield to his desire, and Martius, struck with such a proof of her virtue, releases her from her promise.—The play is not happily conceived, and abounds in bombast.

Part of the plot of a comedy, printed in 1620, entitled *The Two Merry Milkmaids, or the best words wear the Garland* ("as it was acted with great applause by the Company of the Revels"), namely, the promise given by Dorigena to Dorillus, of his enjoying her, when he should bring her in January a garland composed of all kinds of flowers, seems founded on Boccaccio's novel, yet the heroine's name is that of the lady in Chaucer's version.

There are doubtless other European variants, derivatives, or imitations of the ancient Indian story of Madanasená's Rash Promise yet to be discovered; meanwhile I must content myself with the foregoing contribution to the literary history of the Franklin's Tale. We have seen that in all the Asiatic variants the original has been inserted in a leading story of stolen treasure, and that this form reappears in the Gaelic version; but it was probably also brought to Europe at an early period as a separate story, which I consider is represented best in Chaucer's Franklin's Tale, and it may have become current in Italy through imitations of a *fabliau* or a Breton *lai*.

GLASGOW, *September, 1886.*

17.

The Enchanted Tree:

ASIATIC VERSIONS AND ANALOGUES

OF

Chaucer's Merchant's Tale.

By W. A. CLOUSTON.

INTRODUCTORY—THE BRAHMAN WHO LEARNED THE FIFTH VEDA	Page 343
INDO-PERSIAN VERSION OF THE PEAR-TREE STORY ...	„ 348
TURKISH VERSION	„ 351
ARABIAN VERSION	„ 353
THE OFFICIOUS FATHER-IN-LAW	„ 355
SINHALESE STORY OF WOMAN'S WILES	„ 358
LA SAINERESSE	„ 359
QUEEN YSOUDE AND SIR TRISTREM	„ 363
THE PEASANT IN THE TREE	„ 364

THE ENCHANTED TREE :

ASIATIC ANALOGUES OF *THE MERCHANT'S TALE*.

BY W. A. CLOUSTON.

Introductory—The Brahman who learned the Fifth Veda.

CHAUCER'S diverting tale of "old January that weddid was to freshè May" belongs to the Woman's Wiles cycle of fictions, which were so popular throughout Europe during mediæval times, and seem to have had their origin in the East, where sentiments unfavourable to the dignity of womanhood have been always entertained. A very considerable proportion of Asiatic fictions turn upon the luxury, profligacy, and craft of women: ever fertile in expedients, they are commonly represented as perfect adepts in the arts of deceiving and outwitting their lords and masters when bent upon gratifying their passions. It is probable that this class of tales became popular in Europe in consequence of the Crusades, through which the westward stream of Asiatic tales and apologues was largely swelled. Stories of female depravity and craft, which are traceable to Persian and Indian sources, often occur in the earliest collections of *exempla*, designed for the use of preachers; yet it is curious to observe that in many of the tales abusive of women current in mediæval Europe—whether in the form of *fabliaux* or *novelle*—a churchman is the paramour who escapes through the woman's artifices.

The Indo-Persian analogue of the Merchant's Tale, referred to by M. Edéstand du Meril (see *ante*, p. 183, note 2) as occurring in the *Bahâr-i Dânuşh*, forms a subordinate member of the eighth of the "strange tales and surprising anecdotes in debasement of women, and of the inconstancy of that fickle sex," related to Sultan Jehângîr by his courtiers in order to cure him of a passion which he entertained

for a princess whose personal charms had been described to him by a wise parrot. The story commences in this florid style, according to Dr. Jonathan Scott's translation : " In the city of Banáres, which is the principal place of adoration to the Hindú idols, there lived a young Bráhmaṇ, the tablet of whose mind was void of the impressions of knowledge, and the sleeve of his existence unadorned by the embroidery of art. He had a wife eloquent of speech, who exalted the standard of professorship in the arcana of intrigue. In the school of deceit she could have instructed the devil in the science of stratagem. Accidentally, her eyes meeting those of a comely youth, the bird of her heart took its flight in pursuit of his love." But her noodle-husband is too often in their way, so she devises an artful plan for getting quit of him for a time. One night she turns away from his proffered endearments with well-affected discontent, and on his asking the cause of her altered demeanour towards him, she replies that her female neighbours had been chaffing her about his gross ignorance, and that she is in consequence ashamed to meet with them again. The simple fellow, hearing this, at once girded up his skirts, and set out in quest of knowledge, and long and far did he travel. In every city and town where he heard of a Bráhmaṇ eminent for his learning, he obtained leave to wait on him, and at length his mind became enriched by the comprehension of the four Vedas.¹ Returning home, his wife greets him with much apparent joy and affection, and begins at once to bathe his feet. Meanwhile her lover is expecting her to visit him as usual, and, becoming impatient, sends a trusty messenger urging her to hasten to his loving arms. The woman, now resolving to get rid of her husband once more, after expressing her thanks to the gods that he has returned in health and safety, says to him : " Doubtless thou hast

¹ Veda : root, *ved*, "know" : divine knowledge. The Vedas are the holy books which are the foundation of the Hindú religion. They consist of hymns written in an old form of Sanskrit, and, according to the most generally received opinion, they were composed between 1500 and 1000 B.C. But there is no direct evidence as to their age, and opinions about it vary considerably. Some scholars have thought that the oldest of the hymns may be carried back a thousand years farther. They are four in number : Rig-veda, Yajur-veda, Sama-veda, and Atharva-veda ; the last being of comparatively modern origin. —Dowson's *Hindú Classical Dictionary*.

attained an ample portion of all sciences, and acquired a rich share of accomplishments, but I request that thou wilt relate to me the particulars of thy learning, that a doubt which I have in my mind, in respect of one science, may be done away, and from this apprehension my heart gain perfect satisfaction. I trust that thou hast a perfect knowledge of this science, though others may be wanting." The Bráhmaṇ, with all exultation and vanity, said: "O my fellow-self and sharer of my griefs, sorrow not now, for I have learnt the four Vedas, and am chief of learned professors." The wife exclaimed: "Woe is me if thou hast not learned the Fifth Veda!"¹ Quoth the Bráhmaṇ: "Why, woman, it has been ascertained by the most learned masters and pandits that the Vedas are four; wherefore, then, sayest thou there are five?" The woman instantly, on hearing this speech, beating the hands of mortification against each other, cried out: "What an unlucky fate is mine! Surely in the volume of decree happiness was not affixed to my name, but in the divine records the impression of disappointment stamped on the pages of my lot!" Greatly distressed by these words, the husband asked what was the cause of her despair. She replied that the rájá had then a difficult case before him, the solution of which depended upon the Fifth Veda, and that day had summoned all the Bráhmaṇs to his court. As they were ignorant of the Fifth Veda they had been imprisoned by order of the rájá, and it was decreed that if during the night they could not solve the problem, they should on the morrow be dragged through the streets to execution. Assuredly word of his arrival would soon reach the rájá, and he should become another victim, unless he at once escaped, while his presence in the city was unknown to any but herself, and went forth to acquire the Fifth Veda. The poor fellow lost not a moment in setting out on a second pilgrimage, and reaching the outskirts of a city, he sat down to rest beside a draw-well, to which presently came up five ladies. Observing his toil-worn and woe-begone appearance, they began to question him as to whence he had come and whither he was going, upon which he disclosed all the circumstances; "and as they possessed perfect skill in the Fifth Veda, on hearing his story

¹ Or the Tirrea Bede, as in Scott.

they expanded their mouths with laughter, for they guessed that his wife was an able professor, and, in order to follow her own pleasures, had committed the simple man to the desert of pilgrimage. Taking pity on his forlorn condition and ignorance, they said : ‘ Ah, distracted youth and poor wanderer from the path of knowledge, although the Fifth Veda is as a stormy sea, nay, even a boundless deep which no philosopher can fathom by the aid of his profound wisdom, yet comfort thy soul, for we will solve thy difficulty, and expound to thee the mysteries of this science.’” The Bráhma expressed his joy and gratitude at meeting with such learned ladies, and they thereupon agreed that each day one of them should engage to disclose to him a section of the Fifth Veda.

Next day one of the ladies conducts the simpleton to her house, and introduces him to her husband and mother-in-law as her sister’s son. Then she gets ready a variety of food and liquors for his entertainment ; and at night, having left her husband on some pretext, she comes to the young Bráhma, and makes him an offer of her love-favours, which he rejects with expressions of horror and indignation. She then assumes a frowning look, and calls out in a loud voice, as if she was about to be violated. Her female neighbours crowd into the apartment, and the lady, having at the same moment upset and spilt a dish of rice and milk, said to them : “ O my sisters, this youth is my nephew, and he was drinking some rice and milk, when all at once a chill struck his heart, and he fainted—that is why I called for assistance.” Her friends, having comforted her, took their leave, when she addressed the Bráhma : “ O thou inexperienced man, see what a calamity hung over thee ! Quick, now, and do my desire.” Remediless, he complied, after which she dismissed him, saying : “ Ah, thou dead-hearted creature, this is one section of the Fifth Veda, in which I have instructed thee. Be cautious that thou errest not again.”¹

¹ In some texts of the Book of Sindibád—the Syriac, *Sindban* ; the Greek, *Syntipas* ; the Hispano-Arabic, *Libro de los Engannos et los Asayamientos de las Mugerres* : ‘ Book of the Deceits and Tricks of Women ’ ; the Persian, *Sindibád Nāma*, etc.—this story is told of a philosopher who had compiled a book of Woman’s Wiles. When the lady’s friends have retired, she asks him : “ Hast thou written down all this in thy book ? ” and on his replying that he had not, she exclaims : “ In vain, O man, have you laboured, for you have

On the second day another of the learned dames took him to her house, and said to her husband that a certain greengrocer's wife had bragged of his varied accomplishments, but chiefly of his being able to milk a cow with his eyes blindfolded, and not spill a drop from the vessel, and that she herself had laid a wager with the woman that he (her own husband) could do the like feat, wherefore she had brought this young man to act as an impartial witness. The husband very willingly consented to have his eyes blindfolded, and while he was engaged milking the cow, the lady beckoned to the young Bráhmaṇ, who quickly advanced, and studied the second section of the Fifth Veda. When she had finished her instructions, she untied the band from her husband's eyes, and congratulated him on his success, and he, simple man, was equally rejoiced that he had accomplished so difficult a task as milking a cow with his eyes blindfolded.

On the third day another of the ladies, "who by her wiles could have drawn the devil's claws," took the Bráhmaṇ under her charge, and having placed him in a lodging, went to her own house, where she pretended to have a most severe pain in her stomach, and declared that she was dying. Her husband was much concerned, and proposed going off at once to fetch a physician, but she said: "Don't go away; but place a curtain between us, that I may send for a female friend who is skilled in the cure of this complaint." The curtain was soon fixed, and the husband seating himself respectfully outside it, employed himself in prayers for the recovery of his wife, who sent word to the Bráhmaṇ to cover himself with a long veil and enter as a woman. He comes without delay, and in due form prescribes for her complaint, which having relieved, he then retires to his lodging with the blessings of the husband.

We have now reached the fourth section of the Fifth Veda, which is an

accomplished nothing, and have never fathomed the machinations of women!" Then the sage burnt his book, returned home, and took a wife. The story is somewhat differently told in the Persian text—see my *Book of Sindibád*, from the Arabic and Persian, pp. 83—87, and pp. 255—263 where analogous stories are cited.

Indo-Persian Version of the Pear-Tree Story.

THE fourth lady, through dread of the arrow of whose cunning the warrior of the fifth heaven¹ trembled in the sky like a reed, having bestowed her attention on the pilgrim Bráhmán, despatched him to an orchard, and, having gone home, said to her husband : “ I have heard that in the orchard of a certain husbandman there is a date-tree, the fruit of which is of remarkably fine flavour ; but what is yet stranger, whoever ascends it sees many wonderful objects. If to-day, going to visit this orchard, we gather dates from the tree, and also see the wonders of it, it will not be unproductive of amusement.” In short, she so worked upon her husband with flattering speeches and caresses, that he went to the orchard, and, at the instigation of his wife, ascended the tree. At this instant she beckoned to the Bráhmán, who was previously seated expectantly in a corner of the garden. The husband, from the top of the tree, beholding what was not fit to be seen, exclaimed in extreme rage : “ Ah, thou shameless Russian-born wretch !² what abominable action is this ? ” The wife making not the least answer, the flames of anger seized the mind of the man, and he began to descend from the tree, when the Bráhmán, with alacrity and speed, having hurried over the Fourth Section of the Tirrea Bede, went his way :

The road to repose is that of activity and quickness.

The wife, having arranged her plan during her husband's descent from the tree, said : “ Surely, man, frenzy must have deprived thy brain of the fumes of sense, that, having foolishly set up such a cry, and not reflecting upon thy own disgrace—for, excepting thyself, what man is here present ?—thou wouldst fix upon me the charge of infidelity.” The husband, when he saw no person near, was astonished, and said to himself : “ Certainly this vision must have been miraculous.” The completely artful wife from the hesitation of her husband guessed the cause, and impudently began to abuse him. Then, instantly tying her vest round her waist, she ascended the

¹ That is, the planet Mars.

² The Asiatics have a very contemptible opinion of the Russians, especially of the females, whom they believe to be void of common modesty. Our early European voyagers have expressed the same idea.—*Note by the Translator.*

tree, and when she had reached the topmost branch she suddenly cried out: "O thou shameless man! what abomination is this? If thy evil star hath led thee from the path of virtue, surely thou mightest have in secret ventured upon it. Doubtless to pull down the curtain of modesty from thine eyes, and with such impudence to commit such a wicked deed, is the very extreme of debauchery!" The husband replied: "Woman, do not thus ridiculously cry out, but be silent; for such is the property of this tree, that whoever ascends it sees man or woman below in such situations." The cunning wife now came down, and said to her husband: "What a charming garden and amusing spot is this, where one can gather fruit, and at the same time behold the wonders of the world." The husband replied: "Destruction seize the wonders which falsely accuse a man of abomination!" In short, the devilish wife, notwithstanding the impudence of such an action, escaped safely to her house; and next day, according to custom, attending at the well, introduced the Bráhmaṇ to the ladies, and informed them of her worthy contrivance.¹

The fifth lady—from whose cunning, quoth our author, the devil would own there was no escaping—takes the young Bráhmaṇ to her dwelling, where she feigns madness. Acting on her previous instructions, he plays the part of a physician, and declares that the lady is possessed of an evil spirit. He causes the house to be swept and cleansed, and perfumes to be burnt. Finally he has her placed in a close litter, which he also enters, and while four men carry the litter four times round the court of the house, to the strains of musical instruments, he learns the last section of the Fifth Veda, and is dismissed with the compliments of all the friends of the family on having so skilfully caused the evil spirit to depart out of the lady.

"On the following day the artful lady conducted the Bráhmaṇ to the well, and related to her companions the wonderful adventure; on which they applauded, and allowed her superiority in the mysteries

¹ Although the original of this story has not hitherto been discovered, so far as I am aware, yet there can be no question of its being of Hindú extraction, and I think it very probable it may be found in the *Suka Saptati*, whence other tales have been taken into the *Bahár-i Dánush*.

of the Fifth Veda over themselves. The five ladies, who might be considered as the five senses of cunning, now dismissed the Bráhmán, saying : 'Thou hast now attained a full knowledge of the Fifth Veda, its depth and its difficulties ; also, how well instructed thy chaste wife is in the science, and for what she has made thee a wanderer in the road of pilgrimage.' "

The Bráhmán now hastened home in a great rage, twisting his whiskers. On his arrival, his wife readily guessed from his manner towards her that his eyes had been opened to her conduct, but behaved herself with meekness. At night, unable to resist the importunities of her lover, when her husband was asleep she left a female friend to supply her place by his side,¹ and after putting out the lamp went to her paramour. The Bráhmán, waking soon after, in a rage at the woman's not replying to his addresses (for she was afraid to speak lest he should discover the deceit), rose up, and taking a sharp knife cut off her nose, believing she was his wife, and then lay down to sleep again. The wife, returning from her lover, learns from her friend what had happened to her, and having sent her away, retired into a corner, and prayed to the gods that if she was free from vice her nose might be restored. The Bráhmán, hearing this extraordinary petition, at once arose, and lighted a lamp that he might see whether her nose proved the truth of her words. Finding it unhurt he was overwhelmed with shame, humbly begged her pardon, and now regarding her as the most virtuous of women, lived contentedly with her the rest of his days.²

¹ A similar device, it will be remembered, occurs in *Gil Blas*, B. II. ch. vii., in the story of the young barber of whom the fair Mergellina, the languishing spouse of old Doctor Oloroso, is deeply enamoured. Her duenna, Melancia, has contrived to introduce the youth into the house at night, and the eager dame, after telling him of her stratagem, laughingly adds : "But the most pleasant part of this adventure is, that Melancia, understanding from me that my husband commonly sleeps soundly, has gone to bed to him, and this very minute supplies my place." "So much the worse, madam," says the timorous youth ; "I cannot approve of this invention : your husband may awake and perceive the cheat." "*He cannot perceive it,*" answers she with precipitation ; "do not be uneasy on that score."

² The incident of the woman's confidante losing her nose occurs in the Sanskrit form of the Fables of Pilpay (or Bidpai), entitled *Hitopadesa*, or Friendly Counsel, ch. ii. fab. 6. Guerin's *fabliau* of "Les Cheveux Coupés" (Le Grand, ed. 1781, tome ii. p. 280) is somewhat similar, and seems to be

As a notable example of the craft and depravity of women, the story of the Enchanted Tree is related to the sultan by one of his sage ministers in the Turkish romance of *The Forty Vazirs*, some account of which is given in my preceding paper, p. 322.

Turkish Version.

THERE was in the palace of the world a grocer, and he had a wife, a beauty of the age; and that woman had a leman. One day this woman's leman said: "If thy husband found us out he would not leave either of us sound." The woman said: "I am able to manage that I shall make merry with thee before my husband's eyes." The youth said: "Such a thing cannot be." The woman replied: "In such and such a place there is a great tree; to-morrow I will go a-pleasuring with my husband to the foot of that tree; do thou hide thyself in a secret place near that tree, and when I make a sign to thee, come." As her leman went off her husband came. The woman said: "Fellow, my soul wishes to go a-pleasuring with thee to-morrow to such and such a tree." The fellow replied: "So be it." When it was morning the woman and her husband went to that tree. The woman said: "They say that he who eats this sweet-meat sees single things as though they were double." And she ate some, and gave her husband some to eat. Half-an-hour afterward the woman climbed up the tree, and turned and looked down, and began: "May thou be blind! may thou get the like from God! Fellow, what deed is this thou doest? Is there any one who has ever done this deed? Thou makest merry with a strange woman under the eyes of thy wife;—quick, divorce me." And she cried out. Her husband said: "Out on thee, woman, hast thou turned mad? There is no one by me." Quoth the woman: "Be silent,

imitated in one of the Tales of the Men of Gotham.—Dr. Jonathan Scott says this story of the Tirrea Bede (Fifth Veda) "was probably originally written by a Hindú of inferior caste," and he had been told that "the asking of one of those privileged and sacred personages whether he had studied the Fifth Veda is often done by wags when they find him ignorant and insolently proud of his high descent." There is, however, no special reason for supposing the story was not composed by a Bráhmán: many tales in the *Kathá Sarit Ságara* are about foolish and ignorant Bráhmans, and that work was not written by "a Hindú of inferior caste."

unblushing, shameless fellow ! Lo, the woman is with thee, and thou deniest." Her husband said : "Come down." She replied : "I will not come down so long as that woman is with thee." Her husband began to swear, protesting, and the woman came down and said to him : "Where is that harlot?—quick, show her me, else thou shalt know." Again the fellow swore, and the woman said : "Can it be the work of the sweetmeat?" The fellow said : "May be !" Quoth the woman : "Do thou go up and look down on me, and let us see." Her husband clutched the tree, and while he was climbing the woman signed to her leman. The fellow looked down, and saw the woman making merry with a youth. This time the fellow cried out : "Away with thee ! Out on thee, shameless youth !" The woman said : "Thou liest." But the fellow could not endure it, and began to come down, and the youth ran off.¹

OUR story of the Enchanted Tree is also found in the Breslau printed text of the *Arabian Nights*, edited by Habicht and Fleischer from a Tunisian MS., and published in 12 vols., 1825-43. It forms one of a series of tales enclosed within a frame-story, which seems imitated from that of the Book of Sindibád (or the Seven Vazírs) : Er-Rahwan, the prime minister of King Shah Bakht, had many enemies who were eager for his ruin, being envious of the great confidence which the king reposed in him. It chanced one night that the king dreamt that his vazír had given him a fruit which he ate and died therefrom. The king sent for a famed astrologer to interpret this dream, and he, having been bribed by the enemies of Er-Rahwan, told him that it signified his favourite minister would slay him within the ensuing twenty-eight days. Shah Bakht then summoned the vazír to his private chamber, and disclosed to him his dream and the astrologer's interpretation thereof ; and Er-Rahwan, perceiving that this was a stratagem of his enemies, at once devised

¹ From Mr. Gibb's complete translation of the *Qirg Vezír Tárikhi*, or 'History of the Forty Vezírs.'—Regarding this interesting story-book, Sir Richard F. Burton writes to me as follows : "I think that the original was Persian, not Arabic, and that from Persian it was translated into Turkish ;—the general tone of the work suggests this to me. When Easterns speak of Arabic texts, it is usually to show that they are of the Ulema."

a plan whereby he should save his life and defeat their machinations. Professing himself ready to submit to death, he begged as a last favour that he should be permitted to spend the evening with the king, and on the morrow his majesty should do with him as he thought fit. Shah Bakht, who still loved the good vazír, gave his consent, and that night Er-Rahwan told him a story which so pleased him that he respited the vazír for a day, in order that he should hear another story which Er-Rahwan offered to relate. In this way he entertained Shah Bakht each night until the fatal twenty-eight days were past, when the malice of his enemies was made manifest.¹ On the ninth night Er-Rahwan related the following story (according to Mr. Payne's translation):²

Arabian Version.

THERE was once of old time a foolish, ignorant man who had wealth galore, and his wife was a fair woman who loved a handsome youth. The latter used to watch for her husband's absence, and come to her, and on this wise he abode a long while. One day as the woman was private with her lover, he said to her: "O my lady and my beloved, if thou desire me and love me, give me possession of thyself and accomplish my need in thy husband's presence, else I will never again come to thee nor draw near thee what while I abide on life." Now she loved him with an exceeding love, and could not brook his separation an hour, nor could endure to vex him; so when she heard his words, she said to him: "[So be it] in God's name! O my beloved and solace of mine eyes, may he not live who would vex thee." Quoth he: "To-day?" And

¹ Similar to this is the frame of an Indian romance, *Alakesvara Kathá*, in which four ministers of state are falsely accused of entering the royal harem, and they relate stories to the king which disarm his wrath, after which their innocence is established; and that of the *Bakhtyár Náma*, a Persian romance, in which ten vazírs seek the death of the king's favourite, Prince Bakhtyár, who saves himself for ten days by recounting to the king notable instances of the fatal effects of precipitate judgments, when he is discovered to be the king's own son, and the wicked vazírs are all put to death.

² The Breslau printed text of the *Arabian Nights* is so very corrupt that Mr. Payne, in such of the tales as he has translated, attempts to "make sense" by occasionally inserting some words within square brackets.

she said : " Yes, by thy life," and appointed him of this. When her husband came home, she said to him : " I desire to go a-pleasuring." And he said : " With all my heart." So he went till he came to a goodly place abounding in vines and water, whither he carried her, and pitched her a tent beside a great tree ; and she betook herself to a place beside the tent, and made her there an underground hiding-place [in which she hid her lover]. Then said she to her husband : " I desire to mount this tree." And he said : " Do so." So she climbed up, and when she came to the top of the tree she cried out and buffeted her face, saying : " Lewd fellow that thou art ! Are these thy usages ? Thou swore [fidelity to me], and liedst." And she repeated her speech twice or thrice. Then she came down from the tree, and rent her clothes, and said : " O villain ! if these be thy dealings with me before my eyes, how dost thou when thou art absent from me ?" Quoth he : " What aileth thee ?" And she said : " I saw thee swive the woman before my very eyes." " Not so, by Allah," cried he. " But hold thy peace till I go up and see." So he climbed the tree, and no sooner did he begin to do so, than up came the lover [from his hiding-place], and taking the woman by the legs [fell to swiving her]. When the husband came to the top of the tree, he looked and beheld a man swiving his wife. So he said : " O strumpet ! what doings are these ?" And he made haste to come down from the tree to the ground [but meanwhile the lover had returned to his hiding-place], and his wife said to him : " What sawest thou ?" " I saw a man swive thee," answered he. And she said : " Thou liest ; thou sawest nought, and sayest this but of conjecture." On this wise they did three times, and every time [he climbed the tree] the lover came up out of the underground place and bestrode her, whilst her husband looked on, and she still said : " O liar ! seest thou aught ?" " Yes," he would answer, and came down in haste, but saw no one ; and she said to him : " By my life, look and say nought but the truth." Then said he to her : " Arise, let us depart this place, for it is full of Jinn and Marids."¹ [So they returned to their house] and passed the night [there] ; and the man

¹ For a full account of the jinn (genii), marids, ifrits, and other kinds of beings, see Lane's *Arabian Nights*, vol. i. pp. 26—33.

arose in the morning assured that this was all but imagination and illusion. And so the lover accomplished his desire.¹

It is obvious, I think, that there is a close connection between this last version and that from the *Forty Vazirs*, as seems also the case of many other stories peculiar to the Tunisian (Breslau) text of the *Arabian Nights*, of which variants are found in collections of the early Italian novelists—a circumstance which may perhaps serve to throw some light on the introduction of Eastern fictions into the south of Europe.—In the Turkish story of the Enchanted Tree, it will be observed, the lover expresses to his paramour his fear lest her husband discover their secret on-goings, upon which she undertakes to sport with him in presence of her spouse, and no harm should come of it; while in the Arabic version it is the lover who makes this proposal to the woman, which is doubtless a corruption of the original, as represented in the *Forty Vazirs*.—A bulky, if not very edifying, volume might easily be compiled of analogous stories, both Western and Eastern; but it will be sufficient in the present paper to cite only a few of the more remarkable “examples” of Woman’s Wiles, one of which is the story of the meddling father-in-law, occurring in the Persian *Sindibád Náma*,² the *Túti Náma*,³ and the Sanskrit *Suka Saptati*⁴:

The Officious Father-in-Law.

ONE day as a shopkeeper’s wife was sitting on the terrace of her house a young man saw her, and was enamoured. The woman perceived that the youth had fallen in love with her, so she called him to her and said: “Come to me after midnight, and seat yourself under a tree that is in my courtyard.” After midnight the youth repaired to her house, and the woman got out of bed and went to

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: Printed for the Villon Society, 1884. In Three Volumes. Vol. i. pp. 270-2.

² Second tale of the Fifth Vazír.

³ Eighth Night: story of the Fifth Vazír.

⁴ Fifteenth Night.

him, and slept with him under the tree. It happened that the shopkeeper's father, having occasion to go out of the house, discovered his son's wife asleep beside a strange man, and he took the rings from off the woman's ankles, saying to himself: "In the morning I will have her punished." But the woman, soon after awaking, discovered what had occurred, and she sent away the youth, and going to her husband awoke him, and said: "The house is very hot; come, let us sleep under the tree." In short, she slept with her husband in that very spot where she and the young man had sported together. And when her husband was fast asleep, she roused him again, saying: "Your father came here just now, and taking the rings from off my ankles carried them away. That old man, whom I consider as my father, how could he approach me at the time I was sleeping with my husband, and take away my ankle-rings?" In the morning the husband was wroth with his father when he came showing the ankle-rings and disclosed how he had seen his wife with a strange man. The son spake harshly to his father, saying: "In the night, when, on account of the heat, my wife and I were sleeping under the tree, you came, and taking the rings from my wife's legs, carried them away—at that very time she awoke me and informed me of the circumstance."¹

¹ However this story may have come to Europe, it occurs, in a slightly modified form, in the *Heptameron*—a work ascribed to Margaret, Queen of Navarre, but it is believed that Bonaventure des Periers, who succeeded the celebrated Clement Marot as her valet de chambre, had a principal hand in its composition: An officious neighbour, looking out of his window, discovers a lady and her gallant in the garden. When the lady finds that she is thus watched, she sends the lover away, and going into the house, persuades her husband to spend what remains of the night in the same spot. In the morning the neighbour meets the husband, and acquaints him of his wife's misconduct, but is answered: "It was I, gossip, it was I," not a little to the gossip's chagrin.

It is perhaps not generally known that a highly "moral" operetta based on this tale was performed at Covent Garden Theatre in 1825, entitled *'Twas I*, which is thus outlined in the *Lady's Magazine*, vol. vi., p. 755: Georgette Clairville, a pretty *paysanne*, belongs to the household of a farmer named Delorme. It is the custom of the village to give a marriage portion and a chaplet annually to the most innocent and virtuous maiden, so declared by the unanimous voice of the inhabitants. Georgette is announced as entitled to the prize, to the great indignation of one Madame Mag, an envious old maid, whose window overlooks the farmer's garden. In one of her ill humours she detects the light-hearted farmer snatching a kiss from his servant, and exclaiming aloud, shuts the casement. Conscious of having been seen,

Thus far, according to Káderi's abridgment of the *Títí Náma*, but in the original work of Nakhshabí, as well as in the *Suka Saptati*, the father-in-law is by no means satisfied with his son's assurance of the woman's innocence. He cites her to the Tank of Trial at Agra, the water in which had the property of testing whether a person spoke truth or falsehood: if the former, the person when thrown into it floated, and if the latter, he sank to the bottom.¹ Now the woman well knew what her fate would be if she swore falsely, so she requested her lover to feign madness, and to grasp her at the moment she was to undergo the trial, which he did accordingly, and was quickly beaten back by the assembled multitude. Then the woman, advancing to the edge of the tank, cried: "I swear that I have never touched any man except my husband and that insane fellow who assaulted me a moment since. Let this water be my punishment if I have not spoken the truth." Thereupon she boldly leaped into the tank, and the water bore her on its surface. So she was unanimously declared innocent, and returned home with her husband, who had never questioned her fidelity.²

THE artful device of the woman in the Persian tale, of getting rid of her simple husband by despatching him to learn the Fifth Veda, finds an analogue in a story current in Ceylon, which is thus translated in *The Orientalist*, vol. ii. (1885), p. 148:

Delorme brings his wife into the same situation, and contrives to be as gallant to her as to Georgette. Of course, when the old lady makes her accusation the wife exclaims "'Twas I," and Madame Mag is drummed out of the village as a slanderer. A male servant of the same farmer, the lover of Georgette, is also made unconsciously serviceable in the same exclamatory way, and he is rewarded with her fair hand.—The chronicler adds, that in the performance of this dainty operetta Madame Vestris played the part of the village heroine, and some pretty airs were sung by her in an agreeable manner.

¹ It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that suspected witches were also "tested" in this manner in England and other European countries in the bad old times.

² This incident reappears in the mediæval "Life" of Virgilius, and in the ancient romance of Sir Tristrem (or Tristan). For analogous tests of chastity I take the liberty of referring the "curious" reader to my forthcoming work, *Popular Tales and Fictions: their Migrations and Transformations* (Blackwood), vol. i., p. 172 ff.

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128

Sinhalese Story of Woman's Wiles.

ONCE upon a time there lived in a certain country a husband-man. The paddy-crop of his field being ripe, he built a small watch-hut near it, and lived in it for four months, on the look-out for trespassers. At the end of that time he reaped and threshed his crop, and returned home. Towards evening, on the day of his return, his wife called to him, and said : " Did you hear of the order that was proclaimed this day in the village by beat of tom-tom ? " He answered in the negative. So she went on to say : " An order was made that every field-owner should instantly repair to his watch-hut, and, though there be no crop to take care of, he should remain in it for full six months. " He believed this story, and very reluctantly returned to his watch-hut, and remained there. It chanced that a sportsman called at his hut, and asked him : " Why are you staying here at such an unusual season ? " The simple fellow replied : " Do you not know that an order was proclaimed throughout the village that every field-owner should remain in his watch-hut for full six months, even though there should be no crop to watch over ? " Quoth the sportsman : " No such order has been made ; but it seems that your wife has taken advantage of your credulity, and imposed on you. The fact is, she is carrying on an intrigue, and this is only a trick of hers to keep you out of the way. " The peasant then began to swear to the fidelity of his wife ; and after the sportsman had long argued with him in vain, he said : " If you would ascertain the truth of what I say, go *slowly* some day and see whom you will find in the house, and make yourself sure about the matter. " He consented to this, and went as directed ; but, as he walked very *slowly*, day dawned before he reached his house. When the sportsman called again, and inquired what he had seen at his house, the noodle told him how he was surprised by the dawn. " How so ? " " Because I walked slowly. " The sportsman explained that he meant he should walk fast when he started, and go slowly when he neared the house : he should try again. This time the blockhead started to run at the top of his speed, and when about a mile from his house he walked very slowly, so that once more it was

daylight before he reached home. Again the sportsman called, and learned of this fresh failure. "You are certainly a queer fellow," he said. "I've sent you twice. Now try a third time. Listen, and do exactly what I tell you. Run from this place as fast as you can, and when you get to the fence near your garden, halt a while, walk with measured steps, then call to the inmates of the house, and see whom you find there." Reaching the fence, the poor fellow's garment got caught by one of the palings; he suspected that it was his wife's paramour who had come behind and seized him. So he bawled out: "Let me alone! let me alone! I assure you I did not come here as a spy." Hearing these words, the wife and her paramour got out of the house; the latter concealed himself, and the wife, having loosed her simple husband, at once began to scold him for coming at such an unusual hour; warned him of his danger if the king were to know; and then extolled her own virtuous conduct. Thereupon the wittol went back to his watch-hut, and spent the rest of the six months, in season and out of season.

A UNIQUE example of the wiles of women is found in the *fabliau* entitled *La Saineresse*, of which Le Grand has furnished a very modest and very unintelligible abstract. Barbazan gives it in its original form, as follows:

La Saineresse.

D'UN borgois vous acont la vie,
 Qui se vanta de grant folie,
 Que fame nel' poroit bouler.
 Sa fame en a oï parler,
 Si en parla priveement,
 Et en jura un serement
 Qu'ele le fera mençongier,
 Jà tant ne s'i saura gueter.
 Un jor erent en lor meson
 La gentil Dame et le preudon,
 En un banc sistrent lez à lez;
 N'i furent gueres demorez,

I'll tell you of a
 citizen,
 who bragged that
 woman couldn't
 cuckold him.

His wife hears
 of it, and swears
 she'd do it, and
 tell him of it
 without offence.

10 One day, as they
 were both sitting
 on a bench,

a smooth rascal enters, in woman's dress (in a loose smock, with a wimple of saffron hue),

with a show of wares and cupping gear, and salutes the citizen :

" God be with you, good man, you and your companon."
" God keep you, fair friend ; come and sit beside me."
" I'm not tired, thanks."

" Lady, you've sent for me :

now tell me your pleasure."

She bids her (him) go up-stairs, and she'll settle with him ; and tells her husband they'll return soon.
She has pains in the back, and must be blooded.

Then she mounts after the rascal, and they shnt the door.
The rascal seizes her merrily, lays her on the bed, and swives her three times.

When they have had enough of it, they go down-stairs, and into the house.

Esvos un pautonier à l'uis
Moult cointe et noble et sambloit plus
Fame que home sa moitié,
Vestu d'un chainsse deslié,
D'une guimple bien safrenée,
Et vint menant moult grant posnée ;
Ventouses porte à ventouser,
Et vait le bourgeois saluer
En mi l'aire de sa meson.
Diex soit o vous, sire preudon,
Et vous et vostre compaignie.
Diex vous gart, dist cil, bele amie :
Venez seoir lez moi icy.
Sire, dist-il, vostre merci,
Je ne sui mie trop lassée.
Dame, vous m'avez ci mandée,
Et m'avez ci fete venir,
Or me dites vostre plesir.
Cele ne fu pas esbahie,
Vous dites voir, ma douce amie,
Montez là sus en cel solier,
Il m'estuet de vostre mestier.
Ne vous poist, dist-ele au bourgeois,
Quar nous revendrons demanois ;
J'ai goute és rains moult merveillouse,
Et por ce que sui si goutouse
Mestuet-il fere un poi sainier.
Lors monte après le pautonier,
Les huis clostrent de maintenant.
Le pautonier le prent esrant,
En un lit l'avoit estendue,
Tant que il l'a trois fois foutue.
Quant il orent assez joué,
Foutue, besié et acolé,
Si se descendent del perrin,
Contreval les degrez enfin,

20.

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Vindrent esrant en la meson ;
 Cil ne fut pas fol ne briçon,
 Ainz le salua demanois.
 Sire, adieu, dist-il au bourgeois.
 Diex vous saut, dist-il, bele amie ;
 Dame, se Diex vous beneie,
 Paiez cele fame moult bien,
 Ne retenez de son droit rien
 De ce que vous sert en manaie.
 Sire, que vous chaut de mà paie ?
 Dist la borgoise à son Seigneur.
 Je vous oi parler de folor,
 Quar nous deus bien en convendra,
 Cil s'en va, plus n'i demora,
 La poche aux ventouses a prise.
 Le borgoise se r'est assise
 Lez son Seigneur bien aboufée.
 Dame, moult estes afouée,
 Et si avez trop demoré.
 Sire, merci por amor Dé,
 Jà ai-je esté trop traveillie,
 Si ne pooie estre saine,
 Et m'a plus de cent cops ferue,
 Tant que je sui toute molue ;
 N'onques tant cop n'i sot ferir
 C'onques sanc en péust issir ;
 Par trois rebinées me prist,
 Et à chascune fois m'assist
 Sor mes rains deux de ses pecons,
 Et me feroit uns cops si lons,
 Toute me sui fet martirier,
 Et si ne poi onques sainier.
 Granz cops me feroit et sovent,
 Morte fussent mon escient,
 S'un trop bon oingnement ne fust.
 Qui de tel oingnement éust,

50

The rascal salutes
 the citizen,
 "Good-bye," and
 "Lady, God bless
 you."

Quoth the cuck-
 old, "Wife, see
 that you pay this
 woman well."

"Don't fear, but I
 shall."

60

The rascal goes
 off, with his
 cupping gear.

The citizen's wife
 sits down, all out
 of breath.

"Wife, you're
 fatigued; you
 stayed too long."

"Sir, I thank
 you; I have been
 too hard worked,
 as I couldn't be
 70 blooded, and got
 more than 100
 strokes, so I'm
 beaten all over.
 For all that not a
 drop of blood
 would come.

For 3 punctures
 I got, and each
 time two of her
 (his) stings (?),
 and got such long
 strokes I'm sore
 all over,

80

and yet I couldn't
 be bled.
 Great strokes I
 had, and deadly
 they'd have been
 but for a good
 ointment.

Whoso has such

ointment can
have no pain.
And when she
(he) had hammer-
ed me, she salved
my wounds—
great and ugly
ones, so that I'm
quite cured.

I like such oint-
ment ;

it issued from a
gutter, and so
descended into an
orifice."

Quoth the citizen,
"My fair friend,
for once you've
had good oint-
ment."

He didn't see the
joke, and she
wasn't ashamed
to tell of the
lechery ;

for all the trick
she'd played him,
she must also tell
it him.

He's a fool, then,
who swears by his
head and neck
that woman can't
cuckold him,
and that he
knows how to
prevent it.
But there's not
in this country
a man who's so
clever woman
won't outwit him,
when she who
was bad in the
back cuckolded
her lord at once.

Jà ne fust més de mal grevée,
Et quant m'ot tant demartelée,
Si m'a après ointes mes plaies
Qui moult par erent granz et laies,
Tant que je sui toute guerrie :
Tel oingnement ne haz-je mie,
Et il ne fet pas à hair,
Et si ne vous en quier mentir.
L'oingnement issoit d'un tuiel,
Et si descendoit d'un forel
D'une pel moult noire et hideuse,
Mais moult par estoit savoreuse.
Dist li borgois, ma bele amie,
A poi ne fustes mal baillie,
Bon oingnement avez éu.
Cil ne s'est pas apercéu
De la borde qu'ele conta,
Et cele nule honte n'a
De la lecherie essaucier.
Por tant le veut bien essaier,
Jà n'en fust païé à garant,
Se ne li contast maintenant.
Por ce tieng-je celui à fol
Qui jure son chief et son col
Que fame nel' poroit bouler,
Et que bien s'en sauroit garder.
Mais il n'est pas en cest païs
Cil qui tant soit de sens espris
Que mie se péüst guetier
Que fame nel' puist engingnier,
Quant cele qui ot mal es rains
Boula son Seignor preimerains.

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116

*Explicit de la Saineresse.*¹

¹ *Fabliaux et Contes des poètes françois des XI., XII., XIII., XIV., et XV^e siècles.* Tirés des meilleurs auteurs. Publiés par Barbazan. Nouvelle Édition, augmentée, etc., par M. Meon. Paris, 1808. Tome iii. p. 451-4.

KELLER, in the elaborate *einleitung* to his edition of the French metrical version of the *Romans des Sept Sages*, written in the 13th century, refers to a number of variants of "The Enchanted Tree," some of which have but a remote resemblance to the story, such as an incident in the romance of Tristan (or Tristrem), which occurs in Fytte Second, stanzas 86 to 93 of Scott's edition of the version in the Auchinleck MS. (Advocates' Library, Edinburgh):

Queen Ysoude and Sir Tristrem.

The interviews between Tristrem and Ysoude are discovered by a dwarf, called Meriadok, concealed in a tree. The dwarf advises King Mark to proclaim a great hunting match, and, instead of going to the forest, to conceal himself in the dwarf's hiding-place. Meriadok is sent to Tristrem with a pretended message from Ysoude, appointing a meeting. Tristrem, suspecting the deceit, returns a cold answer. The dwarf tells the king to put no confidence in his message, for Tristrem will certainly meet Ysoude that night. Mark having climbed into the tree, the two lovers meet beneath it, but, being aware of the king's presence from his shadow, they assume the tone of quarrel and recrimination. Tristrem charges Ysoude with having alienated from him the affections of his uncle, the king, so that he was nearly compelled to fly into Wales. Ysoude avows her hatred of Tristrem, alleging as the cause her husband's unjust suspicions of their criminal intercourse. The dialogue is continued in the same strain; Tristrem beseeching Ysoude to procure him a dismissal ^{from} in the court, and she engaging, on condition of his departure, to supplicate Mark to endow him with suitable means of support. The good-natured monarch is overwhelmed with joy and tenderness at the supposed discovery of the innocence of his wife and nephew. Far from assenting to Tristrem's departure, he creates him high constable, and the grateful knight carries on his intrigue with Ysoude without farther suspicion for the space of three years.

THE twelfth tale in *Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*, entitled "Le Veau," is also included by Keller among analogues of our story, as to which the reader may judge from the following abstract and extract:

The Peasant in the Tree.

“**L**A douziesme nouvelle parle d’un Hollandois, qui, nuyt et jour, à toute heure, ne cessoit d’assailir sa femme au jeu d’amours ; et comment d’aventure il la rua par terre, en passant par ung bois, soubz ung grant arbre sur lequel estoit ung laboureur qui avoit perdu son veau. Et, en faisant inventoire des beaux membres de sa femme, dist qu’il veoit tant de belles choses et quasi tout le monde ; à qui le laboureur demanda s’il veoit pas son veau qu’il cherchoit, duquel il disoit qu’il luy sembloit en veoir la queue.” . . . “Et comme il estoit en ceste parfonde estude, il disoit : ‘Maintenant, je voy cecy ! je voy cela ! Encores cecy ! encores cela !’ Et qui l’oyoit il veoit tout le monde et beaucoup plus. Et, après une grande et longue pose, estant en ceste gracieuse contemplacion, dist de rechief : ‘Sainte Marie, que je voy de choses !’ ‘Helas !’ dist lors le laboureur sur l’arbre, ‘bonnes gens, ne veez-vous point mon veau ? Sire, il me semble que j’en voy la queue.’ L’autre, ja soit qu’il fust bien esbahy, subitement fist la response et dist : ‘Cette queue n’est par de ce veau.’”

The model of both Boccaccio’s and Chaucer’s tales seems to have been the version found in the *Comedia Lydiae*, or one similar to it. The story may, perhaps, exist in some of the great mediæval monkish collections of sermons, or of *exempla* designed for the use of preachers, such as the *Sermones* of Jacques de Vitry ; the *Liber de Donis* of Etienne de Bourbon ; the *Promptuarium Exemplorum* of John Herolt ; the *Summa Praedicatorum* of John Bromyard. In the absence of any Eastern version representing the cuckolded husband as being blind and having his sight miraculously restored to discover himself dishonoured, we must conclude that this form of the story is of European invention. It is needless to add that Chaucer’s tale of January and May is incomparably the best-told of all the versions, whether Asiatic or European.

GLASGOW, October, 1886.

18.

The Innocent Persecuted Wife:

ASIATIC AND EUROPEAN VERSIONS

OF

Chaucer's Man of Law's Tale.

By W. A. CLOUSTON.

FIRST ARABIAN VERSION	Page 368
SECOND ARABIAN VERSION	„ 371
THIRD ARABIAN VERSION	„ 379
PERSIAN VERSION	„ 388
PERSIAN ANALOGUE: THE VAZIR'S PIOUS DAUGHTER	...				„ 390
EARLY FRENCH VERSION	„ 397
VINCENT OF BEAUVAIS' LATIN VERSION			„ 400
SER GIOVANNI'S ITALIAN VERSION	„ 402
ITALIAN MIRACLE-PLAY OF SANTA GUGLIELMA				...	„ 403
ITALIAN MIRACLE-PLAY OF THE DUCHESS OF ANJOU				...	„ 404
SPANISH VERSION	„ 406
GERMAN VERSIONS	„ 406
OTHER ITALIAN VERSIONS	„ 407
SUMMARY	„ 412

THE INNOCENT PERSECUTED WIFE: X

ASIATIC AND EUROPEAN VERSIONS OF THE *MAN OF LAW'S TALE*.¹

BY W. A. CLOUSTON.

IN my last paper, stories are cited of the profligacy and craft of women; this is devoted to "the other side"—to stories of the depravity of men, and the patience and long-suffering of virtuous women, as typified by Constance, the noble heroine of Chaucer's *Man of Law's Tale*. The story of Joseph and the wife of Potiphar (whom Muslims call Zulaykhá), which forms the subject of several beautiful Persian and Turkish poems, has its prototype in an Egyptian romance of two brothers, Satú and Anapú, written 3000 years ago, of which a copy on papyrus is preserved in the British Museum; and the ancient Greek classical legends as well as Indian and other Asiatic fictions furnish many parallels: *e. g.* Phædra and Hippolytus, Antea and Bellerophon, Sarangdhara and his step-mother Chitrángí, Gunasarman and the wife of King Mahásena. "Alas!" exclaims Somadeva, "women whose love is slighted are worse than poison!" But numerous as are the analogues of the story of Potiphar's Wife, there exist also some tales in which men are represented as playing the like shameful part against women, the most remarkable and wide-spread of which is that of the *Innocent Persecuted Wife*—the pious Constance of most European versions. The story is related with variations of details in at least three different texts of the *Book of the Thousand and One Nights*; and this is how it goes in the Calcutta and Búlák printed Arabic editions, according to Sir R. F. Burton's rendering:

¹ See also, *ante*, pp. iii—xii, 1—84, and 221—250.

X) vgl. *Ni Wotta*; *London* 1354

First Arabian Version.

AMONG the children of Israel, one of the kázis had a wife of surpassing beauty, constant in fasting and abounding in patience and long-suffering ; and he, being minded to make the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, appointed his own brother kází in his stead, during his absence, and commended his wife to his charge. Now this brother had heard of her beauty and loveliness, and had taken a fancy to her. So no sooner was his brother gone, than he went to her and sought her love-favours ; but she denied him, and held fast to her chastity. The more she repelled him, the more he pressed his suit upon her ; till, despairing of her, and fearing lest she should acquaint his brother with his misconduct whenas he should return, he suborned false witnesses to testify against her of adultery ; and cited her and carried her before the king of the time, who adjudged her to be stoned. So they dug a pit, and seating her therein stoned her, till she was covered with stones, and the man said : “ Be this hole her grave ! ” But when it was dark, a passer-by, making for a neighbouring hamlet, heard her groaning in sore pain ; and, pulling her out of the pit, carried her home to his wife, whom he bade dress her wounds. The peasant-woman tended her till she recovered, and presently gave her her child to be nursed ; and she used to lodge with the child in another house by night.

Now a certain thief saw her and lusted after her. So he sent to her, seeking her love-favours, but she denied herself to him ; wherefore he resolved to slay her, and, making his way into her lodging by night (and she sleeping), thought to strike at her with a knife ; but it smote the little one, and killed it. Now when he knew his misdeed, fear overtook him, and he went forth the house, and Allah preserved from him her chastity. But as she awoke in the morning, she found the child by her side with throat cut ; and presently the mother came, and, seeing her boy dead, said to the nurse : “ ’Twas thou didst murder him. ” Therewith she beat her a grievous beating, and purposed to put her to death ; but her husband interposed, and delivered the woman, saying : “ By Allah, thou shalt not do on this wise. ” So the woman, who had somewhat of money with her, fled

forth for her life, knowing not whither she should wend. Presently she came to a village, where she saw a crowd of people about a man crucified to a tree-stump, but still in the chains of life. "What hath he done?" she asked, and they answered: "He hath committed a crime which nothing can expiate but death or the payment of such a fine by way of alms." So she said to them: "Take the money and let him go;" and, when they did so, he repented at her hands and vowed to serve her, for the love of Almighty Allah, till death should release him. Then he built her a cell, and lodged her therein; after which he betook himself to woodcutting, and brought her daily her bread. As for her, she was constant in worship, so that there came no sick man or demoniac to her, but she prayed for him and he was straightway healed. When the woman's cell was visited by folk (and she constant in worship), it befell by decree of the Almighty that He sent down upon her husband's brother (the same who had caused her to be stoned) a cancer in the face, and smote the villager's wife (the same who had beaten her) with leprosy, and afflicted the thief (the same who had murdered the child) with palsy. Now when the kází returned from his pilgrimage, he asked his brother of his wife, and he told him that she was dead, whereat he mourned sore, and accounted her with her Maker.

After a while very many folk heard of the pious recluse, and flocked to her cell from all parts of the length and breadth of the earth; whereupon said the kází to his brother: "O my brother, wilt thou not seek out yonder pious woman? Haply Allah shall decree thee healing at her hands." And he replied: "O my brother, carry me to her." Moreover, the husband of the leprous woman heard of the pious devotee, and carried his wife to her, as did also the people of the paralytic thief; and they all met at the door of the hermitage. Now she had a place wherefrom she could look out upon those who came to her, without their seeing her; and they waited till her servant came, when they begged admittance and obtained permission. Presently she saw them all and recognized them; so she veiled and cloaked face and body, and went out and stood in the door, looking at her husband and his brother and the thief and the peasant-woman; but they did not recognize her.

Then said she to them : “ Ho, folk, ye shall not be relieved of what is with you till ye confess your sins ; for when the creature confesseth his sins, the Creator relenteth towards him and granteth him that wherefore he resorteth to him.” Quoth the kází to his brother : “ O my brother, repent to Allah and persist not in thy frowardness, for it will be more helpful to thy relief.” And the tongue of the kází spake this speech :

This day oppressor and oppressèd meet,
 And Allah showeth secrets we secrete :
 This is a place where sinners low are brought ;
 And Allah raiseth saint to highest seat.
 Our Lord and Master shows the truth right clear,
 Though sinner froward be, or own defeat :
 Alas, for those who rouse the Lord to wrath,
 As though of Allah's wrath they nothing meet !
 O whoso seeketh honours, know they are
 From Allah, and His fear with love entreat.

(Saith the relator,) Then quoth the brother : “ Now I will tell the truth : I did thus and thus with thy wife ;” and he confessed the whole matter, adding, “ and this is my offence.” Quoth the leprous woman : “ As for me, I had a woman with me, and imputed to her that of which I knew her to be guiltless, and beat her grievously ; and this is my offence.” And quoth the paralytic : “ And I went in to a woman to kill her, after I had tempted her to commit adultery and she had refused ; and I slew a child that lay by her side ; and this is my offence.” Then said the pious woman : “ O my God, even as thou hast made them feel the misery of revolt, so show them now the excellence of submission, for thou over all things art omnipotent !” And Allah (to whom belong Majesty and Might !) made them whole. Then the kází fell to looking on her and considering her straitly, till she asked him why he looked so hard, and he said : “ I had a wife, and were she not dead, I had said thou art she.” Hereupon she made herself known to him, and both began praising Allah (to whom belong Majesty and Might !) for that which He had vouchsafed them of the reunion of their loves ; but the brother and the thief and the villager's wife joined in imploring her forgiveness. So she forgave them one and all, and they worshipped

Allah in that place, and rendered her due service, till Death parted them.¹

In the Breslau printed edition we find the story told at much greater length, and with additional incidents which this version has exclusively, though they have their equivalents in other Asiatic and in most European variants. It forms one of the tales related by the Vazir Er-Rahwan to King Shah Bakht (18th Night of the Month)²:

Second Arabian Version.

THERE was once a man of Nishábúr, who, having a wife of the uttermost beauty and piety, yet was minded to set out on the pilgrimage.³ So before leaving home he commended her to the care of his brother, and besought him to aid her in her affairs and further her wishes till he should return, for the brothers were on the most intimate terms. Then he took ship and departed, and his absence was prolonged. Meanwhile, the brother went to visit his brother's wife at all times and seasons, and questioned her of her circumstances, and went about her wants; and when his calls were prolonged, and he heard her speech and saw her face, the love of her gat hold upon his heart, and he became passionately fond of her, and his soul prompted him to evil. So he besought her to lie with him, but she refused, and showed him how foul was his deed, and he found him no way to win what he wished; wherefore he wooed her with soft speech and gentle ways. Now she was righteous in all her doings, and never swerved from one saying;⁴ so when he saw that she consented not to him he had no doubts but that she would tell his brother when he returned from his journey, and quoth he to her:

¹ *A plain and literal translation of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, now entitled The Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night, with Introduction, Explanatory Notes on the Manners and Customs of Moslem Men, and a Terminal Essay upon the History of The Nights.* By (Sir) Richard F. Burton (K.C.M.G.). Benares: MDCCCLXXXV: Printed by the Kamashastra Society, for Private Subscribers only. Vol. v. pp. 256—259.

² For an account of this series of stories, see *ante*, pp. 352, 353.

³ To Mecca and Medina.

⁴ She meant "yes" when she said "yes," and "no" when she said "no."

“An thou consent not to whatso I require of thee, I will cause a scandal to befall thee, and thou wilt perish.” Quoth she: “Allah (extolled and exalted be He!) judge betwixt me and thee, and know that, shouldst thou hew me limb from limb, I would not consent to that thou biddest me to do.” His ignorance¹ of womankind persuaded him that she would tell her spouse; so he betook himself of his exceeding despite to a company of people in the mosque, and informed them that he had seen a man commit adultery with his brother’s wife. They believed his word, and documented his charge, and assembled to stone her. Then they dug her a pit outside the city, and seating her therein, stoned her till they deemed her dead, when they left her.

Presently a shaykh of a village passed by the pit, and finding her alive, carried her to his house and cured her of her wounds. Now he had a youthful son, who as soon as he saw her loved her, and besought her of her person; but she refused, and consented not to him, whereupon he redoubled in love and longing, and his case prompted him to suborn a youth of the people of his village and agree with him that he should come by night and take somewhat from his father’s house, and that when he was seized and discovered, he should say that she was his accomplice in this, and avouch that she was his mistress, and had been stoned on his account in the city. Accordingly he did this, and coming by night to the villager’s house stole therefrom goods and clothes; whereupon the owner awoke, and seizing the thief, pinioned him straitly, and beat him to make him confess; and he confessed against the woman that she was a partner in the crime, and that he was her lover from the city. The news was bruited abroad, and the people assembled to put her to death; but the shaykh with whom she was forbade them, and said: “I brought this woman hither, coveting the recompense of Allah, and I know not the truth of that which is said of her, and will not empower any one to hurt or harm her.” Then he gave her a thousand dirhams² by way of alms, and put her forth of the village. As for the thief, he was imprisoned for some days; after which the folk

¹ “Ignorance” (*jahl*) may here mean wickedness, folly, vicious folly.—B.

² About twenty-five pounds.

interceded for him with the old man; saying: "This is a youth, and indeed he erred;" and he released him from his bonds.

Meanwhile the woman went out at hap-hazard, and, donning a devotee's dress, fared on without ceasing till she came to a city, and found the king's deputies dunning the townfolk for the tribute out of season. Presently she saw a man whom they were pressing for the tribute; so she asked of his case, and being acquainted with it, paid down the thousand dirhams for him and delivered him from the bastinado; whereupon he thanked her and those who were present. When he was set free he walked with her, and besought her to go with him to his dwelling. Accordingly, she accompanied him thither and supped with him, and passed the night. When the dark hours gloomed on him, his soul prompted him to evil, for that which he saw of her beauty and loveliness, and he lusted after her and required her of her person; but she rejected him, and threatened him with Allah the Most High, and reminded him of that which she had done with him of kindness, and how she had delivered him from the stick and its disgrace. However, he would not be denied, and when he saw her persistent refusal of herself to him, he feared lest she should tell the folk of him. So when he arose in the morning, he wrote on a paper what he would of forgery and falsehood, and going up to the sultan's palace, said: "I have an avisement for the king." So he bade admit him, and he delivered him the writ he had forged, saying: "I found this letter with the woman, the devotee, the ascetic, and indeed she is a spy, a secret informer against the sovrain to his foe; and I deem the king's due more incumbent on me than any other claim, and warning him the first duty, for that he uniteth in himself all the subjects, and but for the king's existence the lieges would perish; wherefore I have brought thee good counsel." The king gave credit to his words, and sent with him those who should lay hands upon the devotee and do her to death; but they found her not.

As for the woman, when the man went out from her, she resolved to depart; so she fared forth, saying to herself, "There is no way-faring for me in woman's habit." Then she donned men's dress,

such as is worn of the pious, and set out and wandered over the earth ; nor did she cease wandering till she entered a certain city. Now the king of that city had an only daughter, in whom he gloried and whom he loved, and she saw the devotee, and deeming her a pilgrim youth, said to her father : “ I would fain have this youth take up his lodging with me, so I may learn of him here and piety and religion.” Her father rejoiced in this, and commanded the pilgrim to take up his abode with his daughter in his palace. So they were in one place, and the princess was strenuous to the uttermost in continence and chastity and nobility of mind, and magnanimity and devotion ; but the ignorant tattled ament her, and the folk of the realm said : “ The king’s daughter loveth the pilgrim and he loveth her.” Now the king was a very old man, and destiny decreed the ending of his life-term ; so he died, and when he was buried, the lieges assembled, and many were the sayings of the people and of the king’s kinsfolk and officers, and they counselled together to slay the princess and the young pilgrim, saying : “ This fellow dishonoureth us with yonder whore, and none accepteth shame save the base.” So they fell upon them and slew the king’s daughter in her mosque without asking her of aught ; whereupon the pious woman, whom they deemed a youth, said to them : “ Woe to you, O miscreants ! Ye have slain the pious lady.” Quoth they : “ O thou fulsome fellow, dost thou bespeak us thus ? Thou lovedst her and she loved thee, and we will assuredly slay thee.” And quoth she : “ Allah forbid ! Indeed the affair is clear the reverse of this.” They asked : “ What proof hast thou of that ? ” and she answered : “ Bring me women.” They did so, and when the matrons looked on her they found her a woman. When the townfolk saw this, they repented of that they had done, and the affair was grievous to them ; so they sought pardon of Allah, and said to her : “ By the virtue of Him whom thou servest, do thou crave pardon for us.” Said she : “ As for me, I may no longer tarry with you, and I am about to depart from you.” Then they humbled themselves before her and shed tears, and said to her : “ We conjure thee, by the might of Allah the Most High, that thou take upon thyself the rule of the realm and of the lieges.” But she refused and drew her back ; whereupon they

came up to her and wept, and ceased not supplicating her till she consented and undertook the kingship.

Her first commandment was that they should bury the princess and build over her a dome, and she abode in that palace, worshipping the Almighty and dealing judgment between the people with justice, and Allah (extolled and exalted be He!) vouchsafed her, for the excellence of her piety, the patience of her renunciation, and the acceptance of her prayers, so that she sought not aught of Him to whom belong Majesty and Might but He granted her petition; and her fame was bruited abroad in all lands. Accordingly, the folk resorted to her from all parts, and she used to pray Allah (to whom belong Might and Majesty) for the oppressed, and the Lord granted him relief, and against his oppressor, and He brake him asunder; and she prayed for the sick, and they were made sound; and in this goodly way she tarried a great space of time.

So fared it with the wife; but as for the husband, when he returned from the pilgrimage, his brother and his neighbours acquainted him with the affair of his spouse, whereat he was sore concerned, and suspected their story, for that which he knew of her chastity and prayerfulness; and he shed tears for the loss of her. Meanwhile, she prayed to Almighty Allah that He would stablish her innocence in the eyes of her spouse and the folk, and He sent down upon her husband's brother a sickness so sore that none knew a cure for him. Wherefore he said to his brother: "In such a city is a devotee, a worshipful woman and a recluse, whose prayers are accepted; so do thou carry me to her that she may pray for my healing, and Allah (to whom belong Might and Majesty) may give me ease of this disease." Accordingly, he took him up and journeyed with him till they came to the village where dwelt the shaykh, the old man who had rescued the devout woman from the pit and carried her to his dwelling and healed her in his home. Here they halted and lodged with the old man, who questioned the husband of his case and that of his brother, and the cause of their journey, and he said: "I purpose to go with my brother, this sick man, to the holy woman, her whose petitions are answered, so she may pray for him, and Allah may heal him by the blessing of her orisons." Quoth

the villager : " By Allah, my son is in parlous plight for sickness, and we have heard that this devotee prayeth for the sick and they are made sound. Indeed, the folk counsel me to carry him to her, and behold, I will go in company with you." And they said : "'Tis well." So they all nighted in that intent, and on the morrow they set out for the dwelling of the devotee, this one carrying his son, and that one bearing his brother. Now the man who had stolen the clothes and forged against the pious woman a lie, to wit, that he was her lover, sickened of a sore sickness, and his people took him up and set out with him to visit the devotee and crave her prayers, and Destiny brought them all together by the way. So they fared forward in a body, till they came to the city wherein the man dwelt for whom she had paid the thousand dirhams to deliver him from torture, and found him about to travel to her, by reason of a malady which had betided him.

Accordingly, they all journeyed on together, unknowing that the holy woman was she whom they had so foully wronged, and ceased not going till they came to her city, and fore-gathered at the gates of her palace, that wherein was the tomb of the princess. Now the folk used to go in to her and salute her with the salaam, and crave her orisons ; and it was her custom to pray for none till he had confessed to her his sins, when she would ask pardon for him and pray for him that he might be healed, and he was straightway made whole of sickness, by permission of Almighty Allah. When the four sick men were brought in to her, she knew them forthright, though they knew her not, and said to them : " Let each of you confess and specify his sins, so I may crave pardon for him and pray for him." And the brother said : " As for me, I required my brother's wife of her person and she refused ; whereupon despite and ignorance prompted me, and I lied against her, and accused her to the townfolk of adultery ; so they stoned her and slew her wrongously and unrighteously ; and this my complaint is the issue of unright and falsehood, and of the slaying of the innocent soul, whose slaughter Allah hath made unlawful to man." Then said the youth, the old villager's son : " And I, O holy woman, my father brought us a woman who had been stoned, and my people nursed her till she

recovered. Now she was rare of beauty and loveliness ; so I required her of her person, but she refused, and clave in chastity to Allah (to whom belong Might and Majesty), wherefore ignorance prompted me, so that I agreed with one of the youths that he should steal clothes and coin from my father's house. Then I laid hands on him and carried him to my sire and made him confess. He declared that the woman was his mistress from the city, and had been stoned on his account, and that she was his accomplice in the theft, and had opened the doors to him ; and this was a lie against her, for that she had not yielded to me in that which I sought of her. So there befell me what ye see of requital." And the young man, the thief, said : "I am he with whom thou agreedst concerning the theft, and to whom thou openedst the door, and I am he who accused her falsely and calumniously, and Allah (extolled be He !) well knoweth that I never did evil with her ; no, nor knew her in any way before that time." Then said he whom she had delivered from torture by paying down a thousand dirhams, and who had required her of her person in his house, for that her beauty pleased him, and when she refused had forged a letter against her, and treacherously denounced her to the sultan, and requited her bounty with ingratitude : "I am he who wronged her and lied against her, and this is the issue of the oppressor's affair."

When she heard their words, in the presence of the folk, she cried : "Praise be to Allah, the King who over all things is omnipotent, and blessing upon His prophets and apostles !" Then quoth she to the assembly : "Bear testimony, O ye here present, to these men's speech, and know ye that I am that woman whom they confess to having wronged." And she turned to her husband's brother and said to him : "I am thy brother's wife, and Allah (extolled and exalted be He !) delivered me from that whereunto thou castedst me of calunny and suspicion, and from the folly and frowardness whereof thou hast spoken, and now hath He shown forth my innocence of His bounty and generosity. Go, for thou art quit of the wrong thou didst me." Then she prayed for him, and he was made sound of his sickness. Thereupon she said to the son of the village shaykh : "Know that I am the woman whom thy father delivered

from straint and stress, and whom there betided from thee of calumny and ignorance that which thou hast named." And she sued pardon for him, and he was made sound of his sickness. Then said she to the thief: "I am the woman against whom thou liedst, avouching that I was thy leman, who had been stoned on thine account, and that I was thine accomplice in robbing the house of the village shaykh, and had opened the doors to thee." And she prayed for him, and he was made whole of his malady. Then said she to the townsman, him of the tribute: "I am the woman who gave thee the thousand dirhams, and thou didst with me what thou didst." And she asked pardon for him, and prayed for him, and he was made whole; whereupon the folk marvelled at her enemies, who had all been afflicted alike, so Allah (extolled and exalted be He!) might show forth her innocence upon the heads of witnesses.

Then she turned to the old man who had delivered her from the pit, and prayed for him, and gave him presents manifold, and among them a myriad, a Budrah;¹ and the sick made whole departed from her. When she was alone with her husband, she made him draw near unto her, and rejoiced in his arrival, and gave him the choice of abiding with her. Presently, she assembled the citizens and notified them his virtue and worth, and counselled them to invest him with management of their rule, and besought them to make him king over them. They consented to her on this, and he became king, and made his home amongst them, whilst she gave herself up to her orisons, and co-habited with her husband, as she was with him aforetime.²

The story as found in the Wortley Montague MS. text of *The Nights*, preserved in the Bodleian Library (vol. vii. N. 900—911), a translation of which forms one of the Additional Tales in Jonathan Scott's edition of our common version of the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, published at London in 1811 (vol. vi., p. 376 ff.), differs materially from the foregoing, especially in the conclusion :

¹ A myriad: ten thousand dinars; about £5000.

² *Supplemental Nights to the 'Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night,' with Notes Anthropological and Explanatory.* By (Sir) Richard F. Burton (K.C.M.G.). Benares: MDCCCLXXXVI. Printed by the Kama-shastra Society for Private Subscribers only. Vol. I., pp. 270-8.

Third Arabian Version.

IN the capital of Bagdád there was formerly a kází, who filled the seat of justice with the purest integrity, and who by his example in private life gave force to the strictness of his public decrees. After some years spent in this honourable post, he became anxious to make the pilgrimage to Mecca; and having obtained permission of the khalif, departed on his pious journey, leaving his wife, a beautiful woman, under the protection of his brother, who promised to respect her as his daughter. The kází had not long left home, however, when the brother, instigated by passion, made immodest proposals to his sister-in-law, which she rejected with scorn; but, being unwilling to expose so near a relative to her husband, she endeavoured to divert him from his purpose by argument on the heinousness of his intended crime, but in vain. The abominable wretch, instead of repenting, again and again offered his incestuous love, and at last threatened, if she would not comply with his wicked desires, to accuse her of adultery, and bring upon her the punishment of the law. This threat having no effect, the atrocious villain suborned witnesses to swear that they had seen her in the act of infidelity, and she was sentenced to receive one hundred strokes with a knotted whip, and be banished from the city. Having endured this disgraceful punishment, the unhappy lady was led through Bagdád by the public executioner, amid the taunts and jeers of the populace; after which she was thrust out of the gates to shift for herself.

She found shelter in the hut of a camel-breeder, whose wife owed her great obligations, and who received her with true hospitality and kindness; consoling her in her misfortunes, dressing her wounds, and insisting on her staying till she was fully recovered of the painful effects of her unjust and disgraceful punishment; and in this she was seconded by her honest husband. With this humble couple, who had an infant son, she remained some time, and was recovering her spirits and beauty, when a young driver of camels arrived on a visit to her host; and, being struck with her beauty, made indecent proposals, which she mildly but firmly rejected,

informing him that she was a married woman. Blinded by passion, the wretch pressed his addresses repeatedly, but in vain, till at length, irritated by her refusal, he changed his love into furious anger, and resolved to revenge his disappointed lust by her death. With this view, he armed himself with a dagger, and about midnight, when the family were asleep, stole into the chamber where she reposed, and close by her the infant son of her generous host. The villain, being in the dark, made a random stroke, not knowing of the infant, and instead of stabbing the object of his revenge, plunged his weapon into the bosom of the child, who uttered loud screams ; upon which the assassin, fearful of detection, ran away, and escaped from the house. The kázi's wife, awaking in a fright, alarmed her host and hostess, who, taking a light, came to her assistance ; but how can we describe their agonizing affliction when they beheld their beloved child expiring, and their unfortunate guest, who had swooned, bathed in the infant's blood. From such a scene we turn away, as the pen is incapable of description. The unhappy lady at length revived, but their darling boy was gone for ever.

Relying on Providence, the kázi's wife resolved to travel to Mecca, in hopes of meeting her husband, and clearing her defamed character to him, whose opinion alone she valued. When advanced some days on her journey, she entered a city, and perceived a great crowd of people following the executioner, who led a young man by a rope tied about his neck. Enquiring the crime of the culprit, she was informed that he owed a hundred dínars, which, being unable to pay, he was sentenced to be hung, such being the punishment of insolvent debtors in that city. The kázi's wife, moved with compassion, immediately tendered the sum, being nearly all she had, when the young man was released, and falling upon his knees before her, vowed to dedicate his life to her service. She related to him her intention of making the pilgrimage to Mecca, upon which the youth requested leave to accompany and protect her, to which she consented. They set out on their journey, but had not proceeded many days when the youth forgot his obligations, and giving way to the impulse of a vicious passion, insulted his benefactress by addresses of the worst nature. The unfortunate lady reasoned with him on the

ingratitude of his conduct, and the youth seemed to be convinced and repentant, but revenge rankled in his heart. Some days after this they reached the sea-shore, where the young man perceiving a ship, made a signal to speak with the master, who sent a boat to the land, upon which the youth, going on board the vessel, told the master that he had for sale a handsome female slave, for whom he asked a thousand dínars. The master, who had been used to purchase slaves upon that coast, went on shore, and looking at the kázi's wife, paid the money to the wicked young man, who went his way, and the lady was carried on board the ship, supposing that her companion had taken the opportunity of easing her fatigue by procuring her a passage to some sea-port near Mecca: but her persecution was not to end here. In the evening she was insulted by the coarse offers of the master of the vessel, who, being surprised at her refusal, informed her that he had purchased her as a slave for a thousand dínars. The lady told him that she was a free woman; but this had no effect upon the master, who, finding tenderness ineffectual, proceeded to force and blows, in order to reduce her to submit to his desires. Her strength was almost exhausted, when suddenly the ship struck upon a rock, and in a few moments went to pieces. The kázi's wife, laying hold of a plank, was washed ashore, after being for several hours buffeted by the waves.

Having recovered her senses, she walked inland, and found a pleasant country, abounding in fruits and clear streams, which satisfied her hunger and thirst. On the second day she arrived at a magnificent city, and on entering it was conducted to the sultan, who inquiring her story, she informed him that she was a woman devoted to a religious life, and was proceeding on the pilgrimage to Mecca when her vessel was wrecked on the coast, and whether any of the crew had escaped she knew not, as she had seen none of them since her being cast ashore on a plank; but as now the hopes of her reaching the sacred house were cut off, if the sultan would grant her a small hut and a trifling pittance for her support, she would spend the remainder of her days in prayers for the prosperity of himself and his subjects. The sultan, who was truly devout and pitied the misfortune of the lady, gladly acceded to her request, and allotted

her a pleasant garden-house near his palace for her residence, at which he often visited her, and conversed with her on religious subjects, to his great edification and comfort, for she was really pious. Not long after her arrival, several refractory vassals, who had for years withheld their usual tribute, and against whom the good sultan, unwilling to shed blood, though his treasury much felt the defalcation, had not sent a force to compel payment, unexpectedly sent in their arrears, submissively begged pardon for their late disobedience, and promised in future to be loyal in their duty. The sultan, who attributed this fortunate event to the prayers of his pious guest, mentioned his opinion to his courtiers in full divan, and they to their dependants. In consequence of this, all ranks of people on every emergency flocked to beg the prayers of the devotee, and such was their efficacy that her petitioners every day became more numerous; nor were they ungrateful, for in a short time the offerings made to her amounted to an incalculable sum. Her reputation was not confined to the kingdom of her protector, but spread abroad through all the countries in the possession of the true believers, who came from all quarters to solicit her prayers. Her residence was enlarged to a vast extent, in which she supported great numbers of destitute persons, as well as entertained the crowds of poor people who came in pilgrimage to so holy a personage as she was now esteemed. But we must now return to her husband.

The good kází, having finished the ceremonies at Mecca, where he resided a year, visiting all the holy places around, returned to Bagdád; but dreadful was his agony and grief when informed that his wife had played the harlot, and that his brother, unable to bear the disgrace of his family, had left the city, and had not been heard of since. This sad intelligence had such effect upon his mind that he resolved to give up worldly concerns, and, adopting the life of a dervish, wander from place to place, from country to country, and visit the devotees celebrated for their sanctity. For two years he travelled through various kingdoms, and, at length hearing of his wife's fame, though he little supposed the much-talked-of female saint stood in that relation to himself, he resolved to pay his respects to so holy a personage. With this view he journeyed towards the

capital of the sultan, her protector, hoping to receive benefit from her pious conversation and prayers. On his way he overtook his treacherous brother, who, repenting of his wicked life, had become a dervish, and was going to confess his sins and ask the prayers for absolution of the far-famed religious woman. Time and alteration of dress—both being habited as dervishes—caused the brothers not to know each other. As travellers, they entered into conversation, and, finding they were bound on the same business, they agreed to journey together. They had not proceeded many days when they came up with a driver of camels, who informed them that he had been guilty of a great crime, the reflection upon which so tormented his conscience as to make his life miserable; and that he was going to confess his sins to the pious devotee, and consult her on whatever penance could atone for his villany, of which he had heartily repented, and hoped to obtain the mercy of Heaven by a sincere reformation of life. Soon after this the three pilgrims overtook a young man, who saluted them, and inquired their business; of which being informed, he begged to join their company, saying that he also was going to pay his respects to the pious lady, in hopes that through her prayers he might obtain pardon of God for his most flagitious ingratitude, the remorse for which had rendered him a burden to himself ever since the commission of the crime. Continuing their journey, they were joined in a few days by the master of a vessel, who told them he had been some time back shipwrecked, and since then he had suffered the severest distress, and was now going to solicit the aid of the far-famed devotee, whose charities and miraculous prayers had been noised abroad through all countries.

The five pilgrims accordingly journeyed together, till at length they reached the capital of the good sultan who protected the kázi's wife. Having entered the city, they at once proceeded to the abode of the female devotee, the courts of which were crowded with petitioners from all quarters, so that they could with difficulty obtain admission. Some of her domestics, seeing they were strangers newly arrived, and seemingly fatigued, kindly invited them into an apartment, to repose themselves while they informed their mistress of their arrival; which having done, they brought word that she would

see them when the crowd was dispersed, and hear their petitions at her leisure. Refreshments were then brought in, of which they were desired to partake ; and the pilgrims, having made their ablutions, sat down to eat, all the while admiring and praising the hospitality of their pious hostess, who, unperceived by them, was examining their persons and features through the lattice of a balcony at one end of the hall. Her heart beat with joyful rapture when she beheld her long-lost husband, whose absence she had never ceased to deplore, but scarcely expected ever to meet him again ; and great was her surprise to find him in company with his treacherous brother, her infamous intending assassin, her ungrateful betrayer the young man, and the master of the vessel to whom he had sold her as a slave. It was with difficulty she restrained her feelings ; but not choosing to discover herself till she should hear their adventures, she withdrew into her chamber, and, being relieved by tears, prostrated herself on the ground, and offered up thanksgivings to the Protector of the just, who had rewarded her patience under affliction by succeeding blessings, and at length restored to her the partner of her heart.

Having finished her devotions, she sent to the sultan requesting him to send her a confidential officer, who might witness the relations of five visitors whom she was about to examine. On his arrival she placed him where he could listen unseen, and, covering herself with a veil, sat down on her masnad to receive the pilgrims, who, being admitted, bowed their foreheads to the ground, when, requesting them to rise, she addressed them as follows : “ You are welcome, brethren, to my humble abode, to my counsel and my prayers, which, by God’s mercy, have sometimes relieved the repentant sinner ; but as it is impossible I can give advice without hearing a case, or pray without knowing the wants of him who solicits me, you must relate your histories with the strictest truth, for equivocation, evasion, or concealment will prevent my being of any service : and this you may depend upon, that the prayers of a liar tend only to his own destruction.” She then ordered the kází to remain, and the four others to withdraw, as she should, to spare their shame before each other, hear their cases separately.

The good kázi, having no sins to confess, related his pilgrimage to Mecca, the supposed infidelity of his wife, and his subsequent resolve to spend his days in visiting sacred places and pious personages, among whom she stood so famous; that to hear her edifying conversation and entreat the benefit of her prayers, was the object of his having travelled to her abode. When he had finished his narrative, the lady dismissed him to another chamber, and then heard one by one the confessions of his companions, who, not daring to conceal anything, related their cruel conduct to herself, as above-mentioned, little suspecting that they were acknowledging their guilt to the victim of their evil passions. After this, the kázi's wife commanded the officer to conduct all five to the sultan, and inform him of what he had heard them confess. The sultan, enraged at the wicked behaviour of the kázi's brother, the camel-driver, the young man, and the shipmaster, condemned them to death; and the executioner was about to give effect to the sentence, when the lady, arriving at the palace, requested their pardon, and, to his unspeakable joy, discovered herself to her husband. The sultan complied with her request, and dismissed the criminals; but prevailed upon the kázi to remain at his court, where for the rest of his life this upright judge filled the high office of chief magistrate, with honour to himself and satisfaction to all who had causes tried before him; while he and his wife continued striking examples of virtue and conjugal fidelity. The sultan himself was unbounded in his favour towards them, and would often pass whole evenings in their company in friendly conversation, which generally turned upon the vicissitudes of life, and the goodness of Providence in relieving the sufferings of the faithful, by divine interposition, at the very instant when ready to sink under them and overwhelmed with calamity.

Closely resembling this third Arabian version is the Story of Repsima in the French translation of the Persian Tales of the *Thousand and One Days*, made by Petis de la Croix, and published after his death.¹ It is stated in the preface that these tales were

¹ An English translation, from the French, by Ambrose Phillips, was published early last century, and reprinted in vol. ii. of Weber's *Tales of the East*, 1812.

adapted by a dervish named Mukhlis (Mocles, according to the French transliteration of the name), who was famed in his day for piety and learning, from a collection of Indian comedies, of which a Turkish translation, entitled *Al-Faraja Badal Schidda*, or Joy after Affliction, is preserved in the Paris Library; and that Mukhlis, having converted some of these comedies into tales, inserted them in a frame-story, and entitled his work *Hazár ú Yek Rúz*, or the Thousand and One Days. In the year 1675 Mukhlis permitted Petis to make a transcript of his book, and it is said that in his translation he was assisted by Le Sage, the celebrated novelist—which sufficiently accounts for the Frenchified style of the narratives—and that “nearly all the tales were afterwards turned into comic operas, which were performed at the Théâtre Italien.” That these tales are not, as many have supposed, mere French imitations of Oriental fictions is evident from the fact that a Persian manuscript in Sir William Ouseley’s possession contained a portion of the *Hazár ú Yek Rúz* (see his *Travels*, ii., p. 21, note). But the statement that they were taken from Indian comedies, of which a Turkish translation exists, is utterly absurd, since these tales are not generally of a “comic” or humorous character; and my learned friend Mr. E. J. W. Gibb informs me that he does not know of any comedies in Turkish, and that there are no Turkish works which have been translated direct from any of the Indian languages, though it is quite likely that there is a Turkish version of the Persian Tales of the *Thousand and One Days*. The frame, or leading story, of this collection is as follows: Farruknaz, daughter of the king of Kashmír, was renowned far and wide for her extraordinary beauty, and many great and wealthy princes were suitors for her hand in marriage, but she steadily refused every one, having an insuperable aversion from men, in consequence of a dream, in which she saw a stag taken in a snare, and disentangled by his mate; and the doe soon after falling into the same snare, instead of being delivered from it, was abandoned by the stag. The princess concluded from this dream that all men were selfish, and repaid the tenderness of women with ingratitude. Her father the king was vexed to find Farruknaz day after day refuse the most eligible suitors, and her nurse, Sutlumeme, having

informed him of the cause, undertook to conquer this unnatural prejudice of the princess, by relating to her stories which should not only divert her, but show her that there have been constant lovers among men, and induce her to believe that such still exist. To this proposal the king most willingly consented, and the nurse at once began to recite to the princess tales of true and faithful lovers, with the most gratifying result.¹ The idea of this frame-story seems to have been taken from a tale in Nakhshabî's *Túttí Náma*,² in which an emperor of China dreams of a beautiful damsel, whom he had never seen, and despatches his prime minister in search of her—even should he have to travel to the world's end—who, after much toil and trouble, at length discovers the beauty in the person of a princess, who has a great aversion from men, ever since she beheld in her garden a peacock basely desert his mate and their young ones, when the tree in which their nest was built had been struck by lightning: she considered this as typical of the selfishness of men, and was resolved never to marry. The crafty *vázir*, having ascertained this from a hermit whom he met on his way, prepares a series of pictures, and obtaining an interview with the princess, shows her, first, the portrait of his imperial master, and then a picture of a deer, regarding which he tells her a story to the effect that the emperor, sitting one day in his summer-house, saw this deer, his doe, and their fawn on a bank of the river, when suddenly the waters overflowed the banks, and the doe ran off in terror for her life, while the deer bravely remained with the fawn and was drowned. This feigned story, so like her own dream, struck the princess with wonder, and she at once gave her consent to be married to the emperor of China.

¹ It is to be observed, that while the Sultan of the Indies, in the *Arabian Nights*, entertains a deadly hatred of women, yet Shahrazád relates her stories with no other design than that of prolonging her own life from day to day—she makes no attempt to combat her lord's prejudice by telling him stories of woman's fidelity; on the contrary, many of her tales one should suppose rather calculated to confirm the sultan in the bad opinion he had formed of "the sex." In this respect the Persian collection is more consistent than its celebrated prototype, since Sutlumeme's recitals all more or less set forth the pains and toils and dangers which men undergo for the sake of the damsels by whose charms they have been ensnared.

² For some account of the *Túttí Náma* see *ante*, p. 310.

Persian Version.¹

IN days of yore a merchant of Basra, named Tamím, had a virtuous wife whose name was Repsima, whom he loved fondly, and by whom he was beloved. Having to go on a trading voyage to the coast of India, he left his brother in charge of his house during his absence. This brother soon falls in love with the chaste and pious Repsima, but his incestuous suit is rejected. In revenge, he causes her to be convicted of adultery, by means of four suborned witnesses, and she is condemned to be buried alive, which is done accordingly. A robber coming past, she entreats to be released, and he takes her to his own house, where a negro slave becomes enamoured of her great beauty, declares his passion to her one day when the Arab and his wife happened to be gone abroad, and is indignantly repulsed. In order to cause her destruction, he cuts off the head of the Arab's child one night, and places the knife beneath Repsima's couch. Next morning he accuses her of the murder, but neither the Arab nor his wife could believe her capable of such a horrid deed. They send her away, with a gift of a hundred sequins. She comes to a certain town, where she lodges with an old woman. One day going to the baths, she sees a man being led to execution; pays sixty sequins and obtains his pardon. This man follows her—for she leaves the town, wishing to avoid the admiration of the people for her generosity—at first out of gratitude, but he soon falls in love with her, and she rejects him. There happened to be a ship ready to sail; the captain was still on shore; and this ungrateful scoundrel sells Repsima to the captain for three hundred sequins. The captain takes her on board his vessel, notwithstanding her protestations that she is a free Muslim woman; he solicits her love-favours, and at last attempts to force her, when a great tempest arises suddenly; the vessel goes to pieces, and only Repsima and the captain are saved, but are landed at different parts of the coast. Repsima relates her adventures to the people of the island on which

¹ As Petis' French translation has divested the original of most of its Oriental colouring, and the English version made from it is certainly no improvement, I content myself with an abstract of the story, including all the principal incidents.

she lands, who give her a place of abode, where she lives retired, spending several years in prayer. The folk venerate her for her great sanctity.

In course of time the queen of the island died and left the throne to Repsima. In this capacity she also did well and wisely; fasting frequently; sick folk had recourse to her; she prayed and they were healed. Queen Repsima built hospitals for the poor, richly endowing them, and their fame was noised abroad, wherefore the sick came thither from all quarters. One day it was told her that there were six strangers who wished to speak with her; one was blind, another was dropsical, another was paralytic. Repsima consents to receive them, seated on her throne, with her face concealed by a thick veil. Her husband Tamím comes forward, leading his blind brother, and relates how, on his return from his trading voyage, his brother had informed him of his wife's crime and punishment, and that he had brought him to her majesty in order that he should be cured of his blindness. Repsima asks: "Is it true that the woman who was buried alive did betray thee? What dost thou think of it?" Tamím replies: "I cannot believe it, when I bring her virtue to my remembrance." Then the Arab with his paralytic negro slave makes obeisance; the ship-captain, who is dropsical, and confesses his crime of buying a free Muslim woman and attempting to force her to yield to his lust; and the young man whom she had rescued from death, and who had sold her to the captain, states that he is haunted day and night with furies. Next day the merchant's brother and the negro confess their wickedness, and Repsima having fervently prayed to Heaven, all the afflicted ones are immediately cured of their maladies. After this Repsima causes Tamím to sit in a chair of gold, and offers him one of her fairest female slaves in marriage, and that he should live at her court. Tamím at this bursts into tears, and says he can think of no other wife than his beloved Repsima;—he will spend the rest of his days in mourning over the place where she was buried alive. Repsima now lifts her veil, and Tamím recognises his own wife, who embraces him and relates her adventures in presence of the assembled courtiers. Then she gives rich gifts to those persons who had used her so ill, and whom she

had healed of their diseases and ailments. The laws of that kingdom would not permit Repsima to resign the throne in favour of her husband, she tells him, but in future he will dwell with her and share all her good fortune.

It seems to have hitherto escaped notice that to this group also belongs one of the tales in the Persian romance entitled *Bakhtyár Náma* (see *ante*, p. 353, note 1), the date of which is not precisely ascertained, but it was probably composed before the 15th century, since there exists in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, a unique manuscript of a Turkí version, written, in the Uygur language and characters, in the year 1434, an account of which, together with a French translation of the story in question, is furnished by M. Jaubert in the *Journal Asiatique*, tome x., 1827. An Arabian version of the romance is found in the Breslau-printed text of the *Thousand and One Nights*. In 1800 Sir William Ouseley published the Persian text with an English translation, under the title of *The Bakhtyar Nameh, or Story of Prince Bakhtyar and the Ten Viziers*;¹ and in 1805 M. Lescallier printed a French rendering, *Bakhtiar Nameh, ou Le Favori de la Fortune: conte traduit du Persan*. Farther particulars regarding the different versions are given in the Introduction to my (privately printed) edition of Ouseley's translation, from which the following story is taken, with some explanatory notes from the Appendix: it may be entitled

The Vizir's Pious Daughter :

A PERSIAN ANALOGUE.

THERE was a certain king named Dádín, who had two vizírs, Kárdár and Kámgar; and the daughter of Kámgar was the most lovely creature of the age. It happened that the king, proceeding on a hunting excursion, took along with him the father of this beautiful damsel, and left the charge of government in the hands of Kárdár. One day, during the warm season, Kárdár, passing near the palace of Kámgar, beheld this lady walking in the garden and

¹ By a droll typo. blunder, in the article on Sir Wm. Ouseley in Allibone the title is given as "Prince Bakhtyar and the *Ten Virgins*!"

became enamoured of her beauty ; but having reason to believe that her father would not consent to bestow her on him,¹ he resolved to devise some stratagem whereby he should obtain the object of his desires. "At the king's return from the chase," said he to himself, "I will represent the charms of this damsel in such glowing colours that he will not fail to demand her in marriage ; and I shall then contrive to excite his anger against her, in consequence of which he will deliver her to me for punishment ; and thus my designs shall be accomplished."

Returning from the chase, the king desired Kárdár to inform him of the principal events which had occurred during his absence. Kárdár replied that his majesty's subjects had all been solicitous for his prosperity ; but that he had himself seen one of the most astonishing objects of the universe. The king's curiosity being thus excited, he ordered Kárdár to describe what he had seen ; and Kárdár dwelt with such praises on the fascinating beauty of Kám-gár's daughter, that the king became enamoured of her, and said : "But how is this damsel to be obtained ?" Kárdár replied : "There is no difficulty in this business. It is not necessary to employ either money or messengers ; your majesty has only to acquaint her father with your wishes."

The king approved of this counsel, and having sent for Kám-gár, mentioned the affair to him accordingly. Kám-gár, with due submission, declared that if he possessed a hundred daughters they should all be at his majesty's command ; but begged permission to retire and inform the damsel of the honour designed for her.² Having obtained leave, he hastened to his daughter, and related to her all that had passed between the king and himself. The damsel expressed her dislike to the proposed connection ;³ and her father,

¹ The lithographed Persian text, published at Paris in 1839, reads : "He said to himself, 'Kám-gár is an ascetic (*záhid*) and a religious man (*pársá*), and would not give me his daughter.'"

² The lith. text adds, "and, in conformity with the law of Muhammed (*shari'at*), obtain her consent"—a proof that the lady had attained marriageable age, since the consent of a girl not arrived at the age of puberty is not required.

³ The lith. text : "The daughter said, 'I am not worthy of the king ; besides, once in the king's service, I cannot [devote myself to the] worship [of] God the Most High ; and for the least fault the king would punish

dreading the king's anger in case of a refusal, knew not how to act. "Contrive some delay," said she: "solicit leave of absence for a few days, and let us fly from this country." Kámgar approved of this advice; and, having waited on the king, obtained liberty to absent himself from court for ten days, under pretence of making the preparations necessary for a damsel on the eve of marriage; and when night came on he fled from the city with his daughter. Next day the king was informed of their flight, in consequence of which he sent off two hundred servants to seek them in various directions, and the officious Kárdár set out also in pursuit of them. After ten days they were surprised by the side of a well, taken and bound, and brought before the king, who in his anger dashed out the brains of Kámgar; then looking on the daughter of the unfortunate man, her beauty so much affected him that he sent her to his palace, and appointed servants to attend her, besides a cook, who, at her own request, was added to her establishment.¹ After some time Kárdár became impatient and enraged at the failure of his project; but he resolved to try the result of another scheme.

It happened that the encroachments of a powerful enemy rendered the king's presence necessary among the troops; and on setting out to join the army, he committed the management of affairs and the government of the city to Kárdár, whose mind was wholly filled with plans for getting the daughter of Kámgar into his power. One

me.'" The Turkí version says: "Kerdár was the father of a maiden of beauty so perfect that one could not find in the whole world anything to vie with it; and she was so pious that not only did she recite the Kurán all day, but she passed the nights in prayer. Impressed by the greatness of her devotion, King Dádín became enamoured of this maiden without having seen her, and he demanded her of her father in marriage, and he promised to advise her. He did so, but she replied; 'Passing my life in prayer, I cannot agree to become a great lady, and my ambition is limited to the service of God.'"

¹ According to the litho. text, in place of a cook, "in the service [of the late vazír Kámgar] there was a good man (*Khayyír*) who had acted as a spiritual guide (*buzurg*), whom the king did not admit in his harem. This holy person, who had been constantly at the side of the daughter, wrote a letter [to this effect]: 'Do thou confirm the reward of service, and speak to the king about my wish, in order that he may admit me into thy service, seeing that I should perish from disappointment.' . . . [The king gave his consent.] . . . and the daughter continued her devotions in peace and tranquillity." In M. Lescaillier's version the individual in question is described as a *bouffon*, or jester—scarcely the sort of person suitable for the companion of such a devout young lady.

day he was passing near the palace, and discovered her sitting alone in the balcony;¹ to attract her attention, he threw up a piece of brick, and on her looking down to see from whence it had come, she beheld Kárdár. He addressed her with the usual salutation, which she returned. He then began to declare his admiration of her beauty, and the violence of his love, which deprived him of repose both day and night; and concluded by urging her to elope with him, saying that he would take as much money as they could possibly want; or, if she would consent, he would destroy the king by poison, and seize upon the throne himself. The daughter of Kámgar replied to this proposal by upbraiding Kárdár for his baseness and perfidy. When he asked her how she could ever fix her affections on a man who had killed her father, she answered that such had been the will of God, and she was resolved to submit accordingly. Having spoken thus, she retired.

Kárdár, fearing lest she should relate to the king what had passed between them, hastened to meet him as he returned in triumph after conquering his enemies; and, whilst walking along by the side of the king, began to inform his majesty of all that had happened in his absence. Having mentioned several occurrences, he added that one circumstance was of such a nature that he could not prevail upon himself to relate it, for it was such as the king would be very much displeased at hearing. The king's curiosity being thus excited, he ordered Kárdár to relate this occurrence; and he, declaring it was a most ungrateful task, informed the king that it was a maxim of the wise men, "When you have killed the serpent, you should also kill its young."² He then proceeded to relate that one day during the warm season, being seated near the door of the harem, he overheard some voices, and his suspicions being excited, he concealed himself behind the hangings, and listened attentively, when he heard the daughter of Kámgar express her affection for the cook, who, in return, declared his attachment for her; and they

¹ *Bálkhána*, a latticed window in the upper storey of the harem—whence our word "balcony."

² Thus Sa'di in his *Gulistán* (Rose-Garden), i. 4: "To extinguish a fire and leave the embers, or to kill a viper and preserve its young, is not the act of wise men."

spoke of poisoning the king in revenge for his having killed her father. "I had not patience," added Kárdár, "to listen any longer." At this intelligence the king changed colour with rage and indignation, and on arriving at the palace ordered the unfortunate cook to be instantly cut in two.¹ He then sent for the daughter of Kámgar, and reproached her for her design of destroying him by poison. She immediately perceived that this accusation proceeded from the malevolence of Kárdár, and was going to speak in vindication of herself, when the king ordered her to be put to death; but being dissuaded by an attendant from killing a woman,² he revoked the sentence, and she was tied hands and feet, and placed upon a camel, which was turned into a dreary wilderness, where there was neither water nor abode, nor any trace of cultivation. Here she suffered from the intense heat, and from thirst, to such a degree that, expecting every moment to be her last, she resigned herself to the will of Providence, conscious of her own innocence. Just then the camel lay down, and on that spot where they were a fountain of delicious water sprang forth; the cords which bound her hands and feet dropped off; she refreshed herself with a hearty draught of the water, and fervently returned thanks to Heaven for this blessing and her wonderful preservation.³ On this, the most verdant and fragrant herbage appeared around the borders of the fountain; it became a blooming and delightful spot, and the camel placed himself so as to afford the lady a shade and shelter from the sunbeams.

At this time it chanced that one of the king's camel-keepers was in search of some camels which had wandered into the desert, and without which he dared not return to the city. He had sought them

¹ A horrible mode of putting a culprit to death, and peculiar, it is said, to the criminal code of Persia.

² The Persians seldom put women to death, as the shedding of their blood is supposed to bring misfortune on the country. But when found guilty and condemned, the injunction prescribed by the law, of another man's wife being never seen unveiled, is strictly observed, by conducting the culprit, enveloped in the veil habitually worn by her, to the summit of a lofty tower, and throwing her thence headlong.

³ This two-fold miracle does not occur either in the Turkí (Uyгур) or the Arabian versions: in the former an old woman mounts the damsel on a camel, takes her to the desert, and leaves her there; in the latter this is done by one of the king's eunuchs.

for several days amidst hills and forests without any success. At length coming to this spot he beheld the daughter of Kámgar and the camel, which at first he thought was one of those he sought, and the clear fountain with its verdant banks, where neither grass nor water had ever been seen before. Astonished at this discovery, he resolved not to interrupt the lady, who was then engaged in prayer; but when she had finished, he addressed her, and was so charmed by her gentleness and piety, that he offered to adopt her as his child, and expressed his belief that, through the efficacy of her prayers, he should recover the strayed camels. This good man's offer she thankfully accepted; and having partaken of a fowl and some bread which he had with him, at his request she prayed for the recovery of the camels. As soon as she had concluded her prayer the camels appeared on the skirts of the wilderness, and of their own accord approached their keeper. He then represented to the daughter of Kámgar the danger of remaining all night in the wilderness, which was the haunt of many wild beasts; and proposed that she should return with him to the city and dwell with him in his house, where he would provide for her a retired apartment, in which she might perform her devotions without interruption.¹ To this proposal she consented, and, being mounted on her camel, returned to the city, and arrived at the house of her companion at the time of evening prayer. Here she resided for some time, employing herself in the exercises of piety and devotion.

One day the camel-keeper, being desired by the king to relate his past adventures, mentioned, among other circumstances, the losing of his camels, the finding of them through the efficacy of the young woman's prayers, the appearance of a spring of water where none had been before, and his adopting the damsel as his daughter. He concluded by informing the king that she was now at his house,

¹ The litho. text reads: "I will prepare an oratory (*savma'a*), and make ready for thy sake the means (*asbáb*: furniture) for devotion (*asbáb-i-ibáda*)"—such as a prayer-carpet (*sajjáda*), having a mark upon it pointing towards Mecca, the *kibla* of the Muslims, or point to which they direct their faces in saying their prayers, as Jerusalem is that of the Jews and Christians: within the mosque it is shown by a niche, and is called *el-mihráb*. There should also be a fountain of running water (for ceremonial ablution) and a copy of the Kurán.

engaged day and night in acts of devotion. The king on hearing this expressed an earnest wish that he might be allowed to see the young woman, and prevail with her to intercede with Heaven in his behalf. The camel-keeper, having consented, returned at once to his house, accompanied by the king, who waited at the door of the apartment where the daughter of Kámgar was employed in prayer. When she had concluded, he approached, and with astonishment recognized her. Having tenderly embraced her, he wept, and entreated her forgiveness. This she readily granted, but begged that he would conceal himself in the apartment, whilst she should converse with Kárdár, whom she sent for. When he arrived and beheld her with a thousand expressions of fondness, he inquired in what manner she had contrived to escape death, and told her that on the day when the king had banished her into the wilderness he had sent people to seek her and bring her to him. "How much better would it have been," added he, "had you followed my advice and agreed to my proposal of poisoning the king, who, I said, would endeavour to destroy you as he had killed your father! But you rejected my advice, and declared yourself ready to submit to whatsoever Providence should decree. Hereafter," continued he, "you will pay more attention to my words. But now let us not think of what is past: I am your slave, and you are dearer to me than my own eyes!" So saying, he attempted to clasp the daughter of Kámgar in his arms, when the king, who was concealed behind the hangings, rushed furiously on him and put him to death.¹ After this he conducted the damsel to his palace, and constantly lamented his precipitancy in having killed her father.²

¹ This, it seems to me, is quite after the manner of a modern European play or novel—when in the catastrophe the "villain" is made to unmask himself by a pious *ruse* of "injured innocence." I cannot call to mind a similar scene in any other Eastern tale.

² In the Turkí and Arabian versions King Dádín (or Dádbín) deservedly meets with a very different fate. It is the cameleer of the King of Persia who is looking for his strayed beasts, when he discovers the fair devotee. He tells the king on his return how he had recovered the camels at the intercession of a pious maiden in the wilderness. The king visits her—even causes a tent for his own use to be erected beside hers; and having heard her story, he sets out with a great army and takes prisoner King Dádín and the wicked vazír Kárdán—as he is called in those texts. After confession of his crimes the vazír is taken to the same desert where the maiden had been left, and there

The oldest written form of the story seems to be found in the *Contes Dévots*, a collection of miracles of the Virgin Mary, first composed in Latin, in the 12th century, by Hugues Farsi, a monk of St. Jean de Vignes, from which selections were rendered into French verse by Coinsi, a monk (afterwards prior) of St. Médard de Soissons, who died in 1236. Coinsi's version is reproduced in Méon's *Nouveau rec. de fabliaux*, etc., tome ii. pp. 1—128. Under the title "De la bonne Impératrice qui garda loyalement la foi du mariage; *alïàs*, de l'Empereur de Rome qui fit le voyage d'outre mer," Le Grand has given an *excerpt* of it, which is substantially as follows:¹

Early French Version.

AN emperor of Rome was going on a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre to fulfil a vow that he had made during sickness. Before setting out, he left the administration of his kingdom to his brother, but in such a manner that the empress his wife should have a general control, and that nothing of importance should be done without her consent. This brother, during the absence of the emperor, becomes enamoured of the empress. He declares his passion to her, which she rejects with indignation; but he is so insolent that at last she causes him to be arrested and shut up in a tower. Some time after this the emperor returns, and the lady, in order to spare him the grief he must have suffered at seeing his brother in prison, and not being herself able to reveal the cause to him, sets the brother at liberty. Instead of being grateful for this leniency, the brother, resolved to be revenged on the empress, accuses her to the emperor in her presence of gross misconduct, adding that she had caused him to be shut up in the tower because he opposed her improper desires. The too-credulous husband at once condemns his wife to death, and delivers her into the hands of three knights, ordering them to go and throw her into the sea. But when they are about to obey his command, they hesitate from respect and compassion. They content

dies of hunger and thirst. King Dáín is beheaded for the murder he had committed, and his kingdom is given to the faithful servant who urged that the maiden should not be put to death.

¹ Le Grand's *Fabliaux et Contes*, etc., Ed. 1781. Vol. v. pp. 164—169.

themselves by exposing the empress upon a barren rock in the midst of the waters, at the same time stripping off her upper garments, in order to be able to assure the emperor that they had put her to death. In this plight she has recourse to God, and especially to the Virgin, whom she had always faithfully served. The Virgin appears before her, assures her of her protection, and shows her an herb, the virtue of which was such that any leprous person who should drink [an infusion] of it should be infallibly cured, provided that he confessed without reservation and repented of his sins. Just then a galley, driven by the winds and freighted with passengers who were going on a pilgrimage, approached the rock. They were surprised to find there a beautiful woman *en chemise*, and questioning her as to the cause of her being in such a forlorn condition, she answered as she thought fit. Then they provided her with clothes, and took her into the vessel. When the pilgrims arrived at their destination, the lady went on shore, and lodged in the house of an old female devotee, where she worked for her livelihood. The sovereign of the country was leprous, and she healed him by means of the herb. All who had the same disease came to her and were likewise cured.

At length these wonders multiplied to such an extent that the noise of them reached Rome. Since the calumny against the empress, the brother-in-law who had aspersed her fair fame had suffered from a frightful leprosy which consumed his flesh and caused his skin to shrivel up. All the remedies employed for his cure had produced no good effect; and when the emperor heard of the wonders performed by the foreign lady he despatched an ambassador to the king of the country to request him to send her to his court. The lady arrives, covered with a large veil, and announces to the sick man that if he wishes to be cured he must make to her a full confession of all his sins. He feigns to consent to this, but keeps silent regarding the calumny by which he had injured his sister-in-law, and therefore the herb has no effect. The lady then reproaches him for wishing to deceive Heaven, and warns him that he cannot be healed so long as his conscience remains sullied. The love of life at last overcomes him; he confesses with a loud voice that not

only was the empress innocent of the crime of which he accused her, but that it was he himself who was guilty of incestuous love for her. At this avowal all the courtiers burst into tears, lamenting the loss of the virtuous empress. Her husband, who had rashly condemned her and wished her dead, is horror-struck. Without making herself known, the lady attempts to console him, but he answers that he can never be consoled for his loss, moreover, he will be doubly unfortunate, since henceforth his subjects will hate him. "But this wife," says she, "whom you have lost, you loved her then very much?" Then the emperor broke forth into eulogiums of her goodness, her sweetness of disposition, and the many other virtues of the empress. Suddenly she raises her veil and shows herself. They throw themselves into each other's arms. The lady then relates her strange adventures, and how she had been protected by the Virgin. The three knights who had saved her life receive each for reward a thousand marks of silver. The brother, at the moment of his confession having been healed of his leprosy, is pardoned by the emperor, but ordered to depart out of the kingdom. At the same time, in compliance with the precept of the evangelist, to return good for evil, he gave him much money. As to the two spouses, they loved one another the rest of their lives: they both devoutly served our Lady, and merited at their death that she should open Paradise to them.¹

Contemporary, or nearly so, with Coinsi was Vincent de Beauvais, who was born in 1190 and died in 1264, and who gives the story in two parts (*Speculum Historiale*): cap. xc., "De Imperatrice ejus castitatem à violentia servorum eripuit," and cap. xci., "De alio casu consimili circa eandem Imperatricem," which are joined together in the following translation:

¹ A French "mystery," of the end of 14th or beginning of 15th century, generally agrees with this; but the knights simply affirm their obedience, and produce no proof.—See Momnerque and Michel: *Théâtre Français au moyen âge*, p. 365.

Vincent of Beauvais' Latin Version.

A ROMAN emperor lived in loving union with his legal spouse, celebrated for her noble bearing, beauty, and chastity. He sets out, with her consent, on an extended tour of the world, including visits to the sacred places. He commends her in his absence to his younger brother ; but the latter falls violently in love with her, and so wearies her with his importunity, that at last she pretends she will consent. Meanwhile she causes a tower to be prepared, in which she places two young men and two girls to act as servants, and attaches ropes by which supplies may be drawn up. She invites the youth to go with her to this tower. He is overjoyed, but just as he enters she shuts him in and leaves him there with the attendants, and thus she is once more at peace. Five years after the emperor's return is announced : she is very glad, and orders the towns on the route to be decorated, sets free the youth, and prepares to receive her husband. But the youth hastens on, and first meets the emperor. When asked why he is so worn, pale, and broken-down, he replies that the empress is an abandoned woman, whose embraces are open to all, and whose attempts upon himself he had resisted, so as to draw on him the dire punishment of imprisonment in a tower. The emperor falls down in astonishment, and does not recover for an hour. Next morning the emperor arrives at his capital. The empress, advancing towards her husband, receives a blow in the face from him, and he straightway orders two slaves to take her away into a dark wood and put her to death. They accordingly lead her off, but, considering that a fairer woman could not be found in the world, they resolve to enjoy her before fulfilling their orders. As they attempt to violate her, she looks to heaven and begs aid from God and the Holy Virgin Mary. Her cries are heard by a nobleman and his retinue on their way to visit Rome and the apostolic shrines, and are at first supposed to be those of some wild beast caught in a net ; but on discovering the true cause, the two lustful slaves are slain and the empress saved.

On being asked who she is and why the two slaves should have made such an attempt upon her, the empress conceals her dignity,

and in a humble tone asks the nobleman to take her with him as a servant. He does so; she is well received by his wife, and their only son is committed to her care for his education. She attends to him with greater solicitude than if he had been her own; she avoids all gaiety and frequents the church, but not even there does the evil spirit cease to tempt, yet in vain. A certain captain of the court sought to obtain favours of her by fair words and many promises. But she assured him, by the love of their lord, whose brother he was, that she declined to have anything to do with him. Whereupon the wretch considered how he might kill or drive away a woman who held him so lightly in esteem. He goes, led by the devil, in the dead of night, to the room where she slept, with the child in her bosom, quietly cuts the child's throat, and having placed the knife in her hand, steals off. The blood flows down the bed and over the woman, causing her to awake, and with wild cries she summons the mother and father of the child, who rush in along with the whole household. The wicked homicide comes also, with feigned tears, and, addressing his brother, says she is an abandoned wretch, who had been adjudged to death in another country, and urges that she should be at once committed to the flames. But the "noble hero and his wife" will not consent. They commit her to some seamen at the nearest port, with instructions to carry her beyond the seas to another country. The sailors are taken with her beauty, and in the course of the voyage make unchaste proposals to her. She repels them, upon which they offer her the choice of granting their wishes or of being drowned in the sea. She accepts the latter. They, however, leave her on a lonely rock in mid ocean. Three days are spent by her on that spot, without sleep or food. At last she sinks into a brief slumber, when the Holy Virgin Mary appears to her, commends her constancy, which she says has been perfect under every trial. As a reward she is told to gather the herbs under her head, and whatever leper she gives to drink of a decoction thereof shall be healed in the name of the Lord.¹

¹ We are not informed how the lady got away from the rock; and the subsequent incidents of her curing her penitent persecutors and her re-union with her husband are omitted. It is evident that Vincent did not take his materials from the slightly older French story, in which the murder of the

Dunlop—who does not appear to have known of Trivet's *Life of Constance*—says, in his *History of Fiction*, that Chaucer's *Man of Law's Tale* is taken from Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, *Il Pecorone*, Day I., nov. 10, of which he gives the outline as follows :

Ser Giovanni's Italian Version.

THE Princess Denise, of France, to avoid a disagreeable marriage with an old German prince, escapes into England, and is there received in a convent. The king, passing that way, falls in love with and espouses her. Afterwards, while he is engaged in a war in Scotland, his wife brings forth twins. The queen-mother sends to acquaint her son that his spouse has given birth to two monsters. In place of the king's answer, ordering them to be nevertheless brought up with the utmost care, she substitutes a mandate for their destruction and also for that of the queen. The person to whom the execution of this command is entrusted allows the queen to depart with her twin children to Genoa. At the end of some years, she discovers her husband at Rome on his way to a crusade; she there presents him with his children and is brought back with him in triumph to England.

There can be little doubt that this novel was adapted from Nicolas Trivet's *Life of Constance*, whose Chronicles were written at least 40 years before Ser Giovanni began to compose his work, in 1378 (it was not printed till 1558), while the *Canterbury Tales* were probably written very soon after, if not some of them before, that date.—A number of later Italian versions seem to have been directly or indirectly derived from the French. Of these, two miracle-plays, cited by D'Ancona in his *Sacre Rapp.*, vol. iii.,¹ are peculiarly interesting; one is the *Rappresentazione di Santa Gugli-*

child does not occur.—John Herolt reproduces the story in his *Sermones Discipuli de Tempore et de Sanctis, cum promptuarium exemplorum, et de B. Virgine*, of which an edition, now extremely rare, was printed in 1476; there is a copy dated Basil, 1486, in the Euing Collection, Glasgow University Library, and one in the British Museum, printed at London, 1510.

¹ *Sacre Rappresentazione dei secoli XIV., XV., e XVI. Raccolte e illustrate per cura di Alessandro D'Ancona*, 3 vols. Firenze, 1472.

elma, written by Antonia, wife of Bernardo Pulci, at the end of the 15th century :

Italian Miracle-Play of Santa Guglielma.

THE King of Hungary, newly converted to Christianity, determines to marry, and having heard of the beauty and worth of Guglielma, daughter of the king of England, sends an embassy, consisting of his brother and some noblemen, to demand her hand. She objects, having resolved to dedicate her virginity to Christ, but ultimately is persuaded by her parents to consent. Guglielma induces her husband to go on a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, and desires to accompany him, but he refuses to take her, and leaves her to rule the kingdom in his absence, commending her as queen to the obedience of his brother and the nobles. The king's brother makes an attempt upon Guglielma's virtue, but is repulsed, and he resolves to be avenged. On the king's return, his brother goes to meet him, and answers his inquiries after Guglielma by accusing her of disgraceful conduct. The king, plunged into grief, directs him to do justice upon her. His brother accordingly gives orders to burn her ; but she is released by the executioner at the stake, and only her clothes are burnt, on the condition that she quits the realm forthwith, so that the executioner's disobedience may not be discovered. In the desert the Virgin Mary appears to her and comforts her, promising that all her torments shall, by her constancy, be turned into joy. Two angels procure her a guide (*padrone*) and escort, and provide her with a ring as a means of paying them for their services. She heals one of her escort of a disease. The guide leads her to a nunnery, in which she is received as a sister, calling herself simply by the name of "Sinner," and praying the abbess to inquire no farther after her name, origin, and history. She is made a door-keeper, and heals many blind and sick. The king of Hungary's brother is stricken with leprosy by the judgment of God, and the king sends for his physicians. They declare that the disease cannot be cured speedily or without great expense. A servant advises the king to send away the doctors, and take his brother to be healed by Guglielma at the nunnery ; so he commits the realm to his nobles,

and taking his brother to Guglielma, prays her to heal him. She recognizes them, but they do not know her. She consents to pray for the sick man's restoration to health, but says that he must first declare in the king's presence whether he ever in his life injured him, at the same time requesting the king to forgive him any offences which he might confess, which the king promises to do. His brother then confesses his double crime of tempting Guglielma and afterwards falsely accusing her to the king and causing her to be burnt to death. The king forgives him, upon which he is healed at Guglielma's prayer, and he vows himself to the service of God. Guglielma takes off her veil and discovers herself to the king, and tells him how she had escaped death, and of her subsequent adventures. She returns home with the king and his brother, and the king, giving up his kingdom, retires with his wife and brother to the desert, where they become hermits.¹

D'Ancona also notices an obscure play, or poem, of the 16th century, entitled "Del duca d'Angio e de Costanza so mojer," from an account of it by Adolfo Mussafia, contained in the *Atti dell' Accademia di Vienna*, 1866 :

Italian Miracle-Play of the Duchess of Anjou.

LOUIS Duke of Anjou, while being hospitably entertained by the Doge of Venice, falls in love with and marries his daughter Constance. Going to the Holy Land, he commits her to the care of his nephew Glifet, who tempts her, but she resists and flees. Glifet, however, gets her again into his power, and, unable to effect his wishes, gives her in charge to four ruffians to put her to death. Arrived in a wood, they release her, taking her shift and dipping it in the blood of a wild beast which they slew on purpose, and produce it to Glifet as proof of their obedience. Constance obtains shelter with a washerwoman, and is afterwards taken into the service of a

¹ For this and the following abstracts and notes from D'Ancona I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. E. Sidney Hartland, who has an able and almost exhaustive paper on a cognate cycle of tales, which he aptly entitles "The Outcast Child," in the *Folk-Lore Journal* for October, 1886.

countess, whose clothes she had washed. The countess commits her only son to her care. The count's nephew, Girardetto, falls in love with Constance, and after tempting her ineffectually, to revenge himself, he gains access by night to her room and strangles the count's little son, sleeping by her side, and in the morning accuses her of the murder. He advises the count to burn her to death, and scatter her ashes to the winds; but at the countess's intercession her life is spared, and she is abandoned in her shift on a desert isle. There an angel appears before her, and gives her a pot of ointment, informing her that she should leave the island on the following day. She is taken off by a pirate, who conducts her to Spain, to the monastery of the Madonna del Poggio, where she is admitted as a servant, and obtains a great reputation for sanctity. She begins to heal all manner of diseases by means of the ointment, and her fame spreads far and wide. Meanwhile, her husband returns from the Holy Land, and Glifet makes him believe that she had fled without leaving a trace. On hearing of this, the duke falls sick, and Glifet is presently stricken with leprosy. They are advised to go to Spain, to the monastery of the Madonna del Poggio, in order to be cured. Accordingly they go thither, and after confession of all their sins are cured by Constance, who then makes herself known to the duke, and she pardons the count for the evil he had done her.

In discussing the obscure Italian poem of which the foregoing is an abstract, D'Ancona divides the plot into three heads:

I. A prince confides his wife to his brother, who seeks to seduce her; and she, by the traitor's wickedness, is brought into great peril of her life.

II. The innocent lady is saved by a gentleman, who receives her into his house and places his son in her care; but one of the family, enamoured of her and repulsed, slays the child and accuses her of his death, in consequence of which she is again exposed to apparently certain death.

III. The lady is once more saved, and endowed with power of curing the sick. They who have injured her are attacked by disease, and having made confession of their crimes are healed by her.

Spanish Version.

AFTER citing as belonging to this group the "Rappresentazione di Santa Guglielma," D'Ancona, referring to a number of MSS. and editions, mentions "La Peregrina Doctora" of Juan Miguel de Fuego, 18th century (*Romancero general*, ed. Duran, Madrid, 1849-51, and the 10th and 16th vols. of the *Biblioteca de autores españoles*, Nos. 1269-70). The scene is laid at Lisbon. The cut-throats employed by the husband to put Ines de Hortocarrero to death come to a fight among themselves for the possession of her, and the chief is killed. After an apparition of the Virgin Mary, Ines flies, and a lion conducts her to a cave. The ruffians cut out the eyes and heart of their dead chief and carry them to the husband in proof of having executed his commands, but recount the truth to his brother Frederic, the calumniator of the lady, who goes to the cave, but is repulsed by the lion, who wounds him in five places. The Virgin appears again to Ines, and gives her the ointment as usual. Ines returns to Lisbon, and cures many sick persons, among them Frederic, now repentant, and is finally recognised.

German Versions.

THE legend of Ildegarde (Grimm : *Deutsche Sagen*, ii. 102 ; Bäckström, ii. 266) preserves the simplest form of the story. Even the supernatural is wanting in it. In the wood is a gentleman who saves the lady from the hands of the ruffians, and the medical art which she afterwards so happily practises she had learned long before.

D'Ancona refers to three German versions : (1) a poem of the 12th century (*Kaiserchronik* : ed. Massmann, v. 11,367, ed. O. Schade, Berlin, 1853) ; (2) a prose version taken from a MS. of the 15th century (Haupt : *Altd. Bll.*, i. 300 ; Wackernagel : *Lesebuch*, i. 987) ; and (3) an old print of the 16th century, preserved in the Imperial Library at Vienna ; which tell the story thus : Narcissus, king of Rome, and Elizabeth, his wife, have two sons, both called Theodoric. Their parents having died, the pope orders that he shall reign who first takes a wife. Crescenza, daughter of the king of Africa (or, as

in the 3rd version, of Octavian the emperor), is demanded by both the brothers in marriage. She chooses Theodoric, the ugly but virtuous brother. Setting out on an expedition, the ugly husband confides his wife to his brother, who, having sought to seduce her, is imprisoned in a tower, but afterwards set free. Hence he calumniates Crescenza to her husband on his return, and the latter causes her to be flung into the Tiber, whence she is drawn by a fisherman in his nets and taken to his own house. Reproved for not having caught any fish during the day, the fisherman relates what has happened, and Crescenza goes then to the court of a certain duke. (In version 3 it is the Virgin who conducts Crescenza to the fisherman's cottage, where she is to change her clothes, and the duchess, having seen her, takes her away.) The duke's minister falls in love with Crescenza, and on being repulsed ill-treats her. She suffers all with patience, but the minister, to revenge himself, kills one of the duke's sons, aged three years. The duke delivers Crescenza into the minister's hands, who causes her to find a miraculous herb. Crescenza offers to cure the duke and his minister on their confessing their sins. They are cured, but the duke causes the minister to be thrown into the water. (In version 3 the Virgin saves Crescenza and gives her the herb, and the duke pardons his minister at the desire of Crescenza.) She then returns to Rome and heals her husband at once and his brother after confession, and is recognised. Soon after this Theodoric and Crescenza separate and end their lives in the cloister.

Other Italian Versions.

THERE is another Italian narrative of the 14th century, found in *Novelle d'incerti autori del sec. XIV.*, Bologna, Romagnoli, 1861, p. 31, in which are combined the two principal events: the brother-in-law's treachery and the murder of the child. It also contains the apparitions of the Virgin, the lion which shows the deserted lady the way, and the miraculous cure of the brother-in-law. After the reconciliation the lady builds two convents, one for monks and the other for nuns, to which she and her husband respectively retire.—The story of the Duchess of Anjou (D'Ancona remarks) agrees fully with

none of these versions. It is a new version, which is distinguished from all others by the intelligent selection of the events, and their clear and simple connection. There Glifet is not brother but nephew of the husband. Apparently the intention is to excuse in a certain measure the crime by the greater youth of the culprit. This is the more evident in those places in which the struggles which Glifet sustains are recounted. In short, a more regular and truthlike development is here found than in the other versions. Is the merit (asks D'Ancona) of this to be awarded to the Italian versifier, whose power of expression is so small, and whose introduction is out of harmony with the design of the poem? The names of persons and places point to France, and he conjectures that the poem was derived mediately or immediately from the French.

The foregoing observations appear to be in substance those of Mussafia in publishing the Italian poem "Del duca d'Angio et de Costanza so mojer." D'Ancona farther contributes the following: It is stated in the *Illustrazione storico-monumentale-epigrafica dell'abbazia di Chiaravalle* of Michael Caffi (Milan: Gnocchi, 1842), p. 110): "Four centuries before our Guglielma (the Bohemian), another of the same name and with similar vicissitudes rendered famous the land of Brunate in the territory of Como. She also called herself a king's daughter, she also led a religious and beneficent life, and died with the fame of sanctity and miracles. More fortunate than the Bohemian, or more circumspect in her behaviour, she aroused no suspicions of her teachings, and no sentence came to disturb the peace of her ashes. At Brunate her memory is ever held in veneration. Childing and suckling women, who have her as their advocate with the Dispenser of Mercies, go thither to make or to perform their vows." A note to this says: "After 795 Teodo, king of Hungary, married Guglielma, daughter of the king of England, but having gone very soon to Palestine, he left the kingdom and his wife in the care of his brother. The latter tempted in vain his sister-in-law's honour, and to revenge himself of the repulse accused her to his brother of infidelity. She was condemned to death, but succeeded in eluding the vigilance of her guards, flying in disguise. She was found by the

huntsmen of the king of France, who took her before their prince. He received her at his court, where a steward fell in love with her, and finding her intractable to his desires, accused her of infanticide, and she was again condemned to death. She is liberated, and goes to Italy, to shut herself in a nunnery, where by means of an exemplary and austere life she acquires a reputation for sanctity and wonder-working. Moved by this her great fame, the king of Hungary, having come to ask her forgiveness, takes her back to his own country, and there she piously ceased to live. At Morbegno and at Brunate she is venerated with special devotion." An account of her life, written by one Padre Andrea Ferrari, is in the Vatican. Pietro Monti, the present incumbent of Brunate, writes me concerning this Guglielma as follows (Oct. 11, 1842): "There still is at Brunate a tradition that a lady from beyond the mountains, by name Guglielma, came in former times and lived here for many years, having been compelled to leave home by domestic misfortune, and that her husband, having heard of her, came and led her back to her own country. In this parish church is a fresco of her, venerated by pious persons, who come hither in certain months of the year, which appears to me to be of date of 1450, or thereabouts. In 1826 the wall in the church adjoining the picture was demolished, and there I saw many other figures (previously covered with a layer of mortar) which formed a retinue to the picture still existing. They related the story of Guglielma—that is, how she left her husband's house, came to Brunate, and there lived a solitary life, clad in sackcloth, and usually with only one little maid-servant, in company with a crucifix and an image of Our Lady. There were some lines of Latin in Gothic characters, few words of which, however, I could put together and read. It was a sin that a hundred years ago the builders covered with mortar these old pictures of the 15th century, and partly ruined them by the fresh mortar. In 1826 it was believed that in that state [in which they then were] they could not be preserved. The convent of Brunate was founded by certain sisters Pedraglio, of Como, about the year 1350, as appears by memorials in my possession, and by the brief of Pope Martin V. of the 6th April, 1448. Guglielma, however, came here some centuries before the foundation

of the convent, and certainly before the 10th century ; but according to tradition, where the nunnery was afterwards erected she passed part of her life in a private and obscure condition. The tradition here concerning Guglielma is very ancient, and so much as I have heard of it from the 'oldest inhabitants' agrees with a document sufficiently authentic, old, and in print, in my possession, and very rare, which makes Guglielma to have lived long before [the year] 1000. In this are noted her country, husband, her saintly and heroic Christian virtues, and the vicissitudes of her life, afflicted by private calamities. More I will not say of her, because when I have time I intend to publish a life of her."¹

D'Ancona, referring to the foregoing communication from the priest of Brunate, goes on to say, that he had written to Como to ascertain whether the incumbent had ever carried his intention into

¹ The simplicity of this worthy ecclesiastic's account of the saintly, wonder-working lady is very refreshing. He claims a high antiquity for the local tradition, but one should like to know something definite regarding the "document, sufficiently authentic, very old and rare," which represents the pious Guglielma to have lived (at Brunate) long before the year 1000, and with which the narratives of the "oldest inhabitants" agreed. Not even the fresco of the lady-saint on the wall of the parish church—not even the whole series of mural pictures which the masons ruined by covering with mortar—is to be received as evidence that the "tradition," so far as concerns Brunate, is founded in fact. That a story of universal popularity such as that of Guglielma should be pictured on a church-wall is not at all surprising ; and through the pictures it would in course of time naturally become identified with the locality.

Nothing indeed is more common than to find world-wide stories localised in different countries, from Iceland to Ceylon, from Portugal to Japan. Thus, for example, the "legend" of the Pedlar of Swaffam—who had a dream of buried treasure which was realised, and whose picture, with his wife and three children, was, quoth Sir Roger Twysden, "on every window of the aisle" of Swaffam church, in memorial of his benefactions to that edifice—this story, which Blomefield has reproduced in his *History of Norfolk*, is not only known in Holland and Germany, but is found in the works of Arabian and Persian writers who were gathered to their fathers centuries before Swaffam church was erected. The Welsh "tradition" of Gellert the faithful hound, whose tomb "with stately sculpture decked" is shown even unto this day, was known in India thirteen hundred years ago, and has been domiciled in the south of France for many centuries. Our nursery tale of Whittington and his Cat was related by Wasif the Persian historian, and moreover was current in different countries of Europe long before that Worshipful Lord Mayor of London town was born. The *fabliau* of 'Le Sacristan de Cluni' is reproduced by Heywood in his *History of Women*, under the title of 'The Faire Ladie of Norwich,' and again in Blomefield's *History of Norfolk*, where the murderer of the amorous monk is, strangely, represented to have been Sir Thomas Erpingham. So much for local "traditions" !

effect, or if anything could be found among his papers; and he obtained the following information, extracted from the papers of Pietro Monti: A life of St. Guglielma was printed at Como by Niccolo Caprani, episcopal printer, 1642, collected by M. R. Padre Frate Andrea Ferrari of S. Donato, and incumbent of the church of S. Andrea at Brunate. Frate Andrea says at the beginning of this life that he was induced to write it by having a little book accidentally fall into his hands, which treated of the life of the saint, and adds that he made search in the library of the Vatican, where the same life was found described substantially in the way in which he had printed it, little different from that described in the above-mentioned book. There it is related that Teodo, king of Hungary, in the year 795, took to wife Guglielma, daughter of the king of England. A short time after his marriage he went to the Holy Land, having left Guglielma and his brother in charge of the kingdom. The brother, having in vain attempted his sister-in-law's honour, accused her to the king of adultery. She was therefore condemned to be burnt, but the executioners only burnt her clothes and an animal, and permitted her to flee from Hungary. Having reached a desert, she was there first tempted by the huntsmen of the king of France, and afterwards conducted by them before the king, who gave his first-begotten son to her charge. The seneschal, having in vain asked her in marriage, to revenge himself strangled the king's son, attributing the crime to Guglielma. She is condemned to the flames. Two angels miraculously deliver her, lead her to a certain river, and consign her to a pilot. While she sails she has a vision of the Virgin Mary. She heals by blessing divers sick persons who are in the vessel. She makes known to the captain of the ship her desire to live in a convent, and he, who is nephew of the abbess of a nunnery in his own country, complies with her wish. Thither, through the fame of her miracles, the sick flocked from various parts of the world. Afflicted by leprosy, the brother of the king of Hungary and the seneschal of France come, and are set free from their disease. At this news the king of Hungary and the king of France hasten to the nunnery, and there the saint makes herself known to her husband, with whom she returns to her kingdom, where in life and after death

she works many miracles, chiefly curing headache (!). Frate Andrea, however, at the beginning of her life, says that there are few who esteem Guglielma among the saints, but her picture in the church of S. Andrea is held in great veneration, that women who want milk are persuaded that they obtain daily favours by means of her intercession, and that her pictures are seen in divers churches painted with a crown on her head.

FROM a comparative analysis of the numerous versions and variants of the ancient and wide-spread story of the Innocent Persecuted Wife it will be very evident that, while the fundamental outline is the same in all, Trivet's tale, with its direct derivatives by Gower and Chaucer, is a considerably elaborated form, and that the versions in the *Contes Dévots* and the *Gesta Romanorum* most closely preserve the Asiatic story in the principal details. In Trivet, and in the romance of Emare, however, there is introduced an incident which properly belongs to another but cognate cycle of tales, that, namely, of the malignant mother-in-law telling her son that his wife is a demon and her child a monster. In the group I refer to, envious sisters, co-wives, or mothers-in-law send the heroine's newly-born babes away to be killed, substitute puppies, cats, stones, or bits of wood, and make the husband believe she has given birth to such objects—as in the beautiful tale of the 'Swan Children' (afterwards expanded into the romance of 'Helyas; or, the Knight with the Swan') in *Dolopathos*, the oldest European form of the History of the Seven Wise Masters; in the Pleasant Nights (*Le Notti Piacevoli*) of Straparola, iv. 3; in the German tale (Grimm) of the 'Three Little Birds'; in the Norse Tale (Dasent) of 'Snow White and Rosy Red'; in the French tale of 'Les Trois Filles du Boulanger' (*Mélusine*, i. 206); in the tale of 'The Envious Sisters,' with which our common version of the *Arabian Nights* concludes; in the Indian tale of 'Truth's Triumph,' Miss Frere's *Old Deccan Days*, and that of 'The Boy with a moon on his forehead,' Bahari Day's *Folk Tales of Bengal*; in the third tale of the Tamil romance *Mudana Kámarájá Katalai*, etc.

The story as found in the *Contes Dévots* corresponds so closely with the *Gesta* version that we might conclude it was the source of the latter, but for one or two important differences, which render it probable that both were independently adapted from oral tradition. In the *Gesta* the lady is entrapped into a ship under pretence of showing her some clothes for sale; the master threatens to force her to comply with his desires; she prays to Heaven; a tempest rises, and all on board are drowned excepting the lady and the shipmaster. This does not occur in the *Contes Dévots*, but exact parallels to it are found in the third Arabian version and the Persian tale of Repsima, the sole difference being that the lady is sold as a slave to the shipmaster. In Trivet's tale the lady sails away with a seneschal and pushes him into the sea to save her chastity.—The murder of the child does not occur in the *Contes Dévots*, but is found in Vincent of Beauvais, the *Gesta*, the Italian poem of Santa Guglielma, the German versions, the Persian tale of Repsima, and in the first and third Arabian versions (where the child is killed accidentally in the attempt to murder the lady); in Trivet and its derivatives, it is Hermingild, the wife of Elda, who is slain; and in the second Arabian version theft is substituted for murder.—The imprisonment of the brother-in-law occurs in the *Contes Dévots*, Vincent of Beauvais, the *Gesta*, and the German versions.—For the miraculous cures performed in the persons of her evil-doers in nearly all the variants, we find in Trivet the restoring of his sight to a blind Briton by Hermingild, at the desire of Constance, making the sign of the cross on his eyes.—The German versions seem to have exclusively the incident of the lady being cast into the Tiber, and drawn out by a fisherman in his net.—The *Gesta* story is the only European version which agrees with the Eastern forms in the incident of the lady saving the man from the gallows—from the bastinado in the second Arabian, where the man, instead of inveigling the lady on board a vessel, makes a false charge against her to the sultan; but in the first Arabian the man builds the lady a cell, then betakes himself to wood-cutting, and brings her food daily. The lady's disguising herself as a dervish, her associating with the princess as her spiritual director, and the murder of the latter are details peculiar to the second Arabian

version ; while the third Arabian is singular in representing the evil-doers as afflicted with remorse, not with diseases, for their crimes. To conclude : I am disposed to consider the Innocent Persecuted Wife as of Hindú, if not of Buddhist, extraction ; and the Persian tale of Repsima, though found in a work of much later composition than most of the European versions, may perhaps best represent the original form of the tale.

GLASGOW, *November, 1886.*

NOTE.

IN the first Arabian version, p. 368, last line, the lady, on quitting the house of her rescuer, is represented as having "some-what of money with her," but we are not told how she came by it : evidently the copyist has omitted to state, as in the second version, that the shaykh gave her a thousand dirhams ; and this is also left out of the third version.—The incident, which occurs in the third Arabian and the Persian versions, of the lady being put on board a vessel as a slave, and solicited by the master bears some resemblance to that which happened to the wife of Placidus, as related in ch. 110 of Swan's *Gesta Romanorum*, and the Legend of St. Eustache, in the Greek martyr acts, to which the story of the Innocent Persecuted Wife is near akin.

19.

The Robbers and the Treasure-
Trove:

BUDDHIST ORIGINAL AND ASIATIC AND EUROPEAN
VERSIONS

OF

Chaucer's Pardoner's Tale.

By W. A. CLOUSTON.

BUDDHIST ORIGINAL	PAGE 418
PERSIAN VERSION	„ 423
FIRST ARABIAN VERSION	„ 426
SECOND ARABIAN VERSION	„ 428
THIRD ARABIAN VERSION	„ 429
KASHMIRI VERSION	„ 430
TIBETAN VERSION	„ 431
ITALIAN MIRACLE-PLAY	„ 433
GERMAN, FRENCH, AND PORTUGUESE VERSIONS	„ 434

THE ROBBERS AND THE TREASURE-TROVE :

BUDDHIST ORIGINAL AND ASIATIC AND EUROPEAN VERSIONS
OF THE *PARDONER'S TALE*.

By W. A. CLOUSTON.

FEW stories were more widely diffused over Europe during mediæval times than that which Chaucer represents the Pardoner as relating to his fellow-pilgrims on the way to the shrine of Thomas à Becket, of the three "riottours" who found a treasure, and perished through their own cupidity. How this simple but impressive tale was brought to Europe—for it is of Asiatic extraction unquestionably—has not been and may never be ascertained. We have already seen (*ante*, p. 131) that it forms one of the *Cento Novelle Antiche*, the first Italian collection of apologues and short stories, compiled, it is supposed, in the 13th century. Wright conjectures that Chaucer drew the materials of his Pardoner's Tale from a *fabliau*, and it is probable that such was also the source of the Italian *novella*. We should have expected to find the story occurring frequently in the voluminous monkish collections of *exempla*, but my friend Professor T. F. Crane, of Cornell University, Ithaca, U.S., who has been long engaged upon a work on Mediæval Sermons and Story-Books, informs me that he has not hitherto met with it in any of them, which is passing strange, since it is well adapted for popular recital, its moral being so obvious.

The original form of the story seems to be one of the Buddhist Birth-Stories, entitled "Vedabbha Jātaka," the 48th of Fausböll's edition of the Pāli text of the *Jātaka*-book. The meaning of "Birth-Story" has been thus explained: "According to 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 goatherd—an animal, goblin, or

deity, as the case may be. For the mass of men, those previous lives have left no trace on memory, but a Buddha remembers them all, and not his own merely, but the previous births of other men. And Gautama, so the tradition runs, was in the habit of explaining facts of the present in the lives of those about him by what they had done in other births, and of illustrating his own teaching by what he had done himself in earlier births. Of the stories which he thus told of his own previous existences, 550 are supposed to have been collected immediately after his decease."—The first to point out the identity of the Pardoner's Tale with one of those Buddhist Birth-Stories was the Rev. Dr. Richard Morris, in the *Contemporary Review*, May, 1881, vol. xxxix. p. 738, and afterwards two other scholars each made the same "discovery" independently: Mr. H. H. Francis in *The Academy*, Dec. 22, 1883, and Professor C. H. Tawney, in the *Journal of Philology*, 1883, vol. xii. pp. 203—8. The Bishop of Colombo, in the *Journal of the Ceylon Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society*, 1884, published translations of the first fifty *Játakas*, the 48th of which, as already stated, is the "Vedabbha," but he does not seem to have recognized it as the original of the Pardoner's Tale. The following is Professor Tawney's rendering of the "Vedabbha Játaka":

Buddhist Original.

"He who desires advantage unseasonably, he is afflicted ;
The men of Chedi slew Vedabbha, and they all themselves perished."

This the Master, while sojourning in Jetavana, spake concerning that obstinate friar. For the Master said to that friar: "Friar, not only now art thou obstinate, but formerly also wast thou obstinate, and owing to thy obstinacy thou didst disregard the counsel of the wise, and wast cut asunder with a sharp sword, and didst fall dead in the way, and owing to thee alone did a thousand men perish." When he had said this he told the following tale :

LONG ago, when Bráhmadata was reigning in Benáres, a certain Bráhman in a certain village knew a spell, Vedabbha by name. That spell was indeed of great, of priceless efficacy. When the

moon was in conjunction with a certain lunar mansion, he would repeat that spell, and look up to heaven, and then a rain of the seven kinds of precious things¹ would fall from heaven. At that time the Bodhisattva² was studying science under that Bráhmaṇ. One day the Bráhmaṇ left his village, and, taking the Bodhisattva with him, set out for the kingdom of Chedi for some purpose or other. In the way lay a certain forest, where five hundred Sending Thieves way-laid travellers. They took captive the Bodhisattva and the Vedabbha Bráhmaṇ. And the reason wherefore they were called Sending Thieves was this: Whenever they took captive two men, they sent one to fetch wealth; therefore they were called the Sending Thieves. And so, if they captured a father and a son, they said to the father: "Go and bring us wealth, and then receive back thy son and depart." And in like manner, if they captured a mother and her daughter, they sent the mother; and if they captured an elder and a younger brother, they sent the elder brother; and if they captured a teacher and his pupil, they sent the pupil. Accordingly on this occasion they kept the Vedabbha Bráhmaṇ and sent away the Bodhisattva. The Bodhisattva respectfully took leave of his teacher, and said: "I will return after one or two days; do not be afraid; and moreover, do this that I advise you. To-night there will be a conjunction of the moon with a lunar mansion that will enable you to call down a rain of wealth; now do not you, fretting under your affliction, repeat the spell, and make a rain of wealth descend; otherwise, you yourself will meet destruction, and these five hundred thieves also." Having given his teacher this advice, he went to fetch wealth.

The thieves, for their part, when the sun set, bound the Bráhmaṇ and made him lie down. At that moment the full round orb of the moon rose above the western horizon. The Bráhmaṇ, considering

¹ The seven kinds of precious things are variously enumerated by Buddhist authors. Burnouf, in his translation of the *Saddharma Pundarika*, gives two lists. The first is from the *Saddharma* itself, a Northern Buddhist work, and runs as follows: (1) gold; (2) silver; (3) lapis-lazuli; (4) crystal; (5) red pearls; (6) diamonds; (7) coral. The second is from a Southern Buddhist source: (1) gold; (2) silver; (3) pearls; (4) all kinds of precious stones; (5) lapis-lazuli; (6) diamonds; (7) coral.

² Or Bodisat: a potential Buddha—in the present case, Gautama himself in a former birth.

the heavenly bodies, said to himself : " To-night there will take place a conjunction of the moon with a lunar mansion that will enable me to produce a rain of wealth ;—why should I any longer endure affliction ? I will repeat the spell and cause a rain of precious things to descend, and bestow wealth on the thieves, and then go where I like." Having thus reflected, he said to the thieves : " Ye thieves, why did ye take me prisoner ?" They answered : " In order to get wealth, reverend sir." He continued : " Then, if you desire wealth, quickly release me from my bonds, and have my head washed, and have me clothed in new garments, and anointed with unguents, and adorned with flowers." The thieves, hearing his speech, did so. The Bráhmaṇ observed the exact moment of the moon's conjunction with the lunar mansion, and repeated the spell and looked up to heaven. Immediately precious things fell from heaven. The thieves collected that wealth, and tied it up in bundles in their upper garments and started off. The Bráhmaṇ followed them.

Then another five hundred thieves made those thieves prisoners. The first five hundred said : " Why do you take us captive ?" The second five hundred answered : " To get wealth." Then the first five hundred said : " If you desire wealth, take captive this Bráhmaṇ ; he looked up to heaven, and made a rain of wealth fall ; it was he that gave us what we have here." Then the thieves let those other thieves go, and seized the Bráhmaṇ, exclaiming : " Give us also wealth." The Bráhmaṇ replied : " I could give you wealth ; but that conjunction of the moon with the lunar mansion that enables us to call down a rain of wealth will not take place for a year from this time. If you need wealth, wait, and then I will cause a rain of wealth to descend." The thieves were angry, and said : " What ! villain of a Bráhmaṇ, after causing a rain of wealth to descend for others, do you bid us wait for another year ?" Then they cut the Bráhmaṇ in two with a sharp sword, and left him in the road, and quickly pursuing those other thieves, fought with them, and slew them all. Then they divided themselves into two bands, and fought until two hundred and fifty were slain ; and in this way they slew one another until only two remained.

Thus those thousand men perished all but two. But those two

men deftly carried off that wealth, and hid it in a thicket near a village, and one remained guarding it, sword in hand, while the other took some rice and went off to the village to get it cooked. Truly this passion of avarice is the root of destruction,¹ for the one who was guarding the wealth said to himself: "When my fellow returns, this wealth will have to be divided into two portions, so I had better kill him with a sword-cut as soon as he arrives." So he made ready his sword, and remained watching for his return. The other said to himself: "This wealth will have to be divided into two portions, so I had better put poison in the rice, and give it to my fellow to eat, and so kill him, and take all the wealth for myself." Accordingly, as soon as the rice was cooked, he ate all he wanted, and put poison in the rest, and set out with it in his hand. No sooner had he put the rice down than the other cut him in two with his sword, and threw his body into a tangled thicket. Then he ate the rice, and fell dead on the spot. Thus, owing to the treasure, all these men perished.

As for the Bodhisattva, he returned in one or two days with the wealth that he was sent to fetch. When he did not see his teacher where he left him, but saw wealth scattered about, he said to himself: "In spite of my advice, the teacher must have caused a rain of wealth to descend, and no doubt they will all have perished." So he went on along the highway. As he was going along, he saw on the highway his teacher cut in two; and he said to himself: "He has lost his life through disregarding my advice." Then he gathered wood and made a pyre, and burnt his teacher's body, and offered flowers to it. And, going on, he saw five hundred men lying dead, and then two hundred and fifty, and so on, until at last he saw only two corpses, and then he said to himself: "Behold! here are a thousand men slain, save only two; there must be two thieves left

¹ Mr. Francis, in his paper on this story in *The Academy*, already referred to, has pointed out that nearly the same reflection occurs in the Latin story—meaning the singularly corrupted version found in Morlini: "*radice malorum cupiditate affecti*" (see *ante*, p. 134, l. 8);—but he was strangely mistaken in supposing the reflection to be made by the robber: under this mistake, however, he makes right merry, remarking that "it would seem as if the Devil could quote Scripture in Páli as well as in other languages," and calling the robber "a veritable Oriental Pecksniff!"

alive ; they will not be able to control themselves. I wonder where they are gone." So, going on, he saw their tracks, where they had entered a thicket with the treasure, and further on he saw a heap of treasure made up in bundles, and a man lying dead upon a plate of rice. Then he understood exactly all the doings of those men, and said to himself : " I wonder where the other is," but, after searching, he found him cast away in a thicket, and exclaimed : " Disregarding my advice, my teacher not only lost his own life by his obstinacy, but caused also the death of those thousand men. Truly, those who unseasonably and wantonly pursue their own advantage meet, like my teacher, with utter ruin." And having said this, he repeated the following stanza :

" He who desires advantage unseasonably, he is afflicted ;
The men of Chedi slew Vedabbha,¹ and they all themselves perished."

Then the Bodhisattva made the wood resound with this utterance : " Even as my teacher, unseasonably and improperly exerting power, caused a rain of treasure to fall, and thus himself met his death, and became to others the cause of destruction—even so, whosoever, unseasonably desiring his own advantage, shall make strenuous effort, shall himself perish utterly, and shall cause ruin to others." And the sylvan deities applauded him, while he thus set forth the moral lesson contained in the above stanza. Then he deftly removed the wealth to his own house, and continued the rest of his life giving alms, and doing other righteous acts, and when he died, he attained heaven.

When the Master had given this instruction in righteousness, saying, " Friar, not only now art thou obstinate, but formerly also wast thou obstinate, and didst meet with utter ruin," he summed up the *Játaka* in the following words : " On that occasion this obstinate friar was the Vedabbha Bráhmaṇ and I was his pupil."

From India the story, in all likelihood, passed into Persia, where it assumed a form consistent with the Muhammedan belief in the sacred (but not divine) character of Jesus the son of Mary. In the

¹ The commentator tells us that the Bráhmaṇ was called Vedabbha because he knew a spell named Vedabbha—*Vedabbhamanta-rasena Vedabbho ti lad-dhanámam bráhmaṇam*.

12th century Ferīdu-'d-Dīn 'Attār, the celebrated Sūfī philosopher and poet, made it the subject of a poem in his *Kitāb-i Masībat Nāma*, or Book of Calamities, from a manuscript copy of which, preserved in the Gotha Library, Dr. F. Rückert published the Persian text, accompanied by a German metrical translation, in the *Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft* (Journal of the German Oriental Society) for 1860, Bd. xiv. s. 280—7, and this is how 'Attār tells the story :¹

Persian Version.

JESUS, from whom beamed light, came into a village, and an evil man was his path-fellow. At that time Jesus had three loaves of bread, one of which he ate, one he gave to his companion, and one remained out of the three. Now Jesus went forward to

¹ The Sūfīs are the mystics of Islām.—Mr. F. F. Arbuthnot, in his recently-published work, *Persian Portraits: a Sketch of Persian History, Literature, and Politics*, gives the following particulars regarding this illustrious poet :

Shaikh Farid-ud-Din Attar, surnamed Muhammed Ibrahim, was a druggist and dealer in perfumes, from which he took his poetical name ['Attār], and only abandoned his shop on becoming a Sufi philosopher. This he did under the following circumstances, as related by Sir Gore Ouseley : Attar was one day sitting at his door with a friend, when a religious mendicant approached, and looking anxiously and earnestly into the well-furnished warehouse, heaved a deep sigh, and shed tears, meditating on the transitory state of all earthly property, and on the instability of human life to enjoy the goods of this world. Mistaking the sentiment uppermost in the fakīr's mind, and annoyed by his scrutinizing looks, Attar desired him to be gone, to which the other replied : "Yes, I have nothing to prevent me from leaving your door, or indeed from abandoning the world at once, as my sole possession is this worn-out garment ; but, O Attar, I grieve for thee, for how canst thou ever bring thyself to think of death, leaving all these worldly goods behind thee?" Attar was so profoundly touched by the words of the dervish, that he gave up his shop without a pang, renounced all worldly concerns for ever, and commenced the study of Sūfism under the celebrated Shaikh Reken-ud-Dīn. He continued his studies in the mystic doctrines with such assiduity, that although he was known to be an inimitable poet, he was more famous as the most perfect Sūfī, living as a recluse, and absorbed in the contemplation of the Divine Essence.

Attar was born at a place called Shadyakh, appertaining to Naishapur, in the reign of Sultan Sanjar, and is said to have lived to the age of one hundred and fourteen years, of which eighty-five were spent at Shadyakh and in pilgrimages, and twenty-nine in Naishapur. In A.D. 1230, at the siege of Naishapur, the son-in-law of Changez Khan the Tartar was killed, and a general massacre of the inhabitants of that place was made by the Mughals, and Attar was among the number that were slain.

procure water. His companion ate that bread during his absence. Jesus, son of Mary, when he returned, perceived not the bread by the man's side, and said : "What is become of the bread, my son?" The other replied : "I know nothing at all thereof." And then they both proceeded on their way till they came to a sea, and Jesus took the man by the hand and walked with him over the sea. Now when he had brought him across the sea, he said : "O companion ! by the might of the Lord—that Lord who has done such a marvel, which marvel no one could do of himself : tell me now, in this place, who is it that ate the bread yonder?" But the man said : "I have no knowledge thereof ; why dost thou question me when I know it not?" Jesus now resumed his journey, until there came forth a roe from afar, and he called the little roe near to him, and made the dust and stones red with its blood. He roasted it then, and thereof ate a little ; but the other filled himself up to the neck. Thereafter, Jesus, son of Mary, gathered the roe's bones together, and breathed into them with his breath ; and the roe came to life immediately, and having adored him, bounded back into the desert.¹ The Saviour-Guide said to the man : "O companion, by the power of the supreme Lord, who has offered thee this proof of His omnipotence, give me now an account of that bread." But he said : "I have never seen the bread ; why wilt thou trouble me so long?" Then Jesus led the man on with him as before, until they came to

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 Darveshes*, a very skilful physician is named 'Isa (Jesus) in allusion to this notion. And in the Persian *Sindibád Nāma* we read : "Sweet, too, is the air of Ja'farábád [a suburb of Shíráz], whose breezes perform the work of the Messiah." The resuscitation of the roe from its bones will recall to storiologists similar incidents in European, and especially Norwegian and Icelandic, folk-lore. A noteworthy analogue occurs in the Older Edda. In one recension of the scurrilous Jewish "Life" of Jesus (*Toldoth Jesu*)—not that published, with a Latin translation and *castigation*, by Ulrico, at Leyden, in 1705, but the version at the end of the second volume of Wagenseil's *Tela ignea Satanae*, 1681—among the first wonders which Jesus is represented as publicly performing, by means of the Ineffable Name (which he is said to have abstracted from the Temple and concealed in the flesh of his thigh) is the raising of a man to life from bones taken out of a charnel-house. And in the Buddhist *Jātakas* we read of a youth who, by his skill in magic, resuscitated a tiger from its skeleton, an incident which has been adapted in the Persian story-book *Tūti Nāma*, or *Tales of a Parrot*.

three mounds of earth, and Jesus said a pure and sweet prayer, so that the heaps of earth became pure gold.¹ And he said: "One part, companion, is thine; another is mine; and the third part belongs to him who has secretly eaten that bread." When the man now perceived the gold, it was wonderful what a change came over him. Quickly he exclaimed: "'Twas *I* who ate that bread; I was an hungered, and ate it secretly in my need." When Jesus heard this confession, he said: "For myself I desire nothing; the three are thine. Thou art of no use to me as a travelling companion; though thou shouldst desire me, yet do I not desire thee." Thus he spake; dejected was he thereat; and so he left the man, and betook himself thence.

A little while passed by, and then there came two men, who, seeing the gold, at once became at enmity with him whom they found on the spot, and who exclaimed: "All this gold is mine." But the two others said: "This gold shall be ours." Between them contentión and discord arose, until tongue and hand grew weary thereof. At length the three men agreed that the gold should be shared in three [equal] parts. All three were by this time very hungry, and they could no longer breathe for very weariness. One said: "Life goes before gold. Now I will go to the town, and there procure bread." The other two said: "If thou bringest us bread, verily in death thou bringest us new life. Go, get bread; and when

¹ This power of turning earth into gold is often ascribed to holy men in Eastern fictions. Take for example the following lines from the current volume of Captain R. C. Temple's *Legends of the Panjáb* (vol. iii. pp. 214, 215: "A Miracle of the Holy Sayyid Kabír, of Jálándhar"):

"After a while a disciple came to the saint,
 And found him living in the same poor way as before.
 He said: 'Sir saint, I have a question:
 Why dost thou dwell poorly now, and art not happy?'
 Said the saint: 'Pick me up a clod from the fields,
 And behold my power, granted by the God of Mercy.'
 When the saint put his hand upon the clod it became golden!
 Said he: 'God hath granted me all things, but it behoves me still to be
 dependent on Him.'
 And again he said: 'The *bil*¹ is placed there;
 It is of no use—throw it away.'
 When the disciple looked at it, he found it as he had left it;
 Then he saw his fault and craved pardon for his presumption."

¹ Captain Temple explains that "the *bil* is a kind of receptacle used by fakirs, and consists of the hard rind of the *bû* (*agile marmelos*) fruit, the pulp being scooped out so as to form a cup."

thou returnest hither, we will share the gold in three parts as we before agreed." Straightway the man left the gold to his companions, arose quickly, and began his business. He came to the town, and there bought bread, and for a time ate of it; then he cunningly put poison in the rest of the bread, so that those two might die, and he remain alive, and all the gold be his only. But the two made a covenant on the spot that they would despatch that one, and then out of those three parts make two. As they were agreed, the man came up. The two instantly smote him dead, and then themselves died as soon as they ate the bread.

Jesus, son of Mary, returning to the spot, saw the slaughtered one and the two dead men lying there, and said: "If this gold remain here, untold numbers will perish therefore." And out of his pure soul he spake a prayer, when, lo! the gold became dust and stones again. Then if gold is indeed better than stone and dust, yet better is gold that is covered with dust.¹

In Mr. M. Cassim Siddi Lebbe's "Account of the Virgin Mary and Jesus according to Arabian Writers," contributed to *The Orientalist*, vol. i. pp. 46-7 (Kandy, 1884), we have a version which appears to be derived from the same source as that of 'Attár, if not indeed directly from it, although varying in some of the details, and especially in the catastrophe: had Mr. Lebbe stated his authority, the question might perhaps have been easily decided:

First Arabian Version.²

IT is related that Jesus was once journeying in company with a Jew, and the Lord proposed that they should put their stock of

¹ The Persian text, with a Latin translation, of a different version, is given by Warner, but without stating the source, in his *Proverbiorum et Sententiarum Persicarum Centuria* (Leyden, 1644, p. 31): Three travellers find a treasure. One goes to procure food, and so on. Jesus comes past with his disciples, and, seeing the three dead bodies, says: "Hæc est conditio mundi! Videte quomodo ternos hosce tractaverit, et ipse tamen post eos in statu suo perseveret. Væ illi qui petit mandum ex mundo!"—This story may be considered as a link between European versions and the Buddhist original.

² I have considerably abridged the first part of this version, as it does not materially differ from that of the Persian poem.

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 carry off 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, however, 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 to kill 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.

As the foregoing Arabian story was perhaps adapted from the Persian poem of Feridu'd-Dîn 'Attâr, so the second Persian version cited, in note, p. 426, may have been the source of the following, which is found in the Breslau edition of *The Book of the Thousand and One Nights* (Burton's 'Supp. Nights,' vol. i. p. 250) :

Second Arabian Version.

THREE men once went out questing treasure, and came upon a block of gold weighing a hundred pounds. When they saw it they took it upon their shoulders and carried it till they drew near a certain city, when one of them said : " Let us sit in the mosque 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 false his two fellows, and get the gold to himself alone. Accordingly he bought food and poisoned it ; but when he returned to his comrades, they sprang upon him and slew him, in order that they might enjoy the gold without him. Then they ate of the poisoned food and died, and the gold lay cast down over against them. Presently Jesus, son of Mary (on whom be the Peace !), passed by, and seeing this, besought Allah Almighty for tidings of their case ; so He told him what had betided them, wherewith great was his surprise ; and he

related to his disciples what he had seen.¹ Then quoth Jesus (on whom be the Peace!): "Had these done prudently, they had taken thought for themselves; but they unheeded the issues of events; for that whoso neglecteth precaution is lost, and repenteth."²

In the Arabic texts of *The Nights* printed at Calcutta and Búlák the story is presented in such a corrupted form that nearly all the features of the original have disappeared, as will be seen from the following rendering (Burton's "Nights", vol. ii. p. 158):

Third Arabian Version.

IN a city called Sindah there was once a very wealthy merchant, who made ready his camel-loads, 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

¹ Here one of the disciples relates a short story, which has no particular bearing on the incident.—As Muslims do not believe in the divinity of Christ, though they revere him as the Spirit of God, breathed into the Virgin Mary by the angel Gabriel, he is here represented as applying to Allah for an explanation of the affair. Yet it is curious to observe that in the last version he had foreknowledge that the lumps of gold would cause the death of three men.

² With reference to the Persian and the two Arabian versions cited above, it should be observed that very possibly a Hindú form of the Buddhist story may have passed into Pahlaví, the ancient language of Persia, and thence into Arabic, after the Muhammedan conquest of that country, from which, as in the case of many other Indian tales, it would return to Persia.

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.

The happy (?) dwellers in the "Vale of Cashmere"—the delights of which have been chanted by Tommy Moore,

In verses smooth and soft as cream,

albeit he was never there—have a version exclusively their own, apparently, and one which also varies considerably from the Buddhist story. Mr. Knowles, in his *Dictionary of Kashmiri Proverbs and Sayings* (Bombay, 1885), gives the legend (p. 45) as an illustration of a Kashmiri proverb; but I suspect that in not a few instances the story has been made to suit the proverb, instead of the proverb having its origin in the tale or fable, as, for example, in the case of the sayings, "To bell the cat," "Don't count your chickens until they are hatched," etc., the sources of which are well known. In the following I have condensed a few lines at the beginning, as they refer only to the Kashmiri proverb :

Kashmiri Version.

ONCE upon a time four men quitted their native land together in order 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

¹ See note on treasure-trees, *ante*, p. 336.

that, when they ate thereof, they would 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 down the tree, and soon cut up the branches and made them into convenient bundles; 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.

Along with Buddhism, when it spread eastwards and northwards, the story reached the plains of Tibet, but—probably in consequence of its having been long transmitted orally from one generation to another before being again reduced to writing—it has now become, in a shadowy form, mixed up with other tales, the product being “admired disorder”:

Tibetan Version.

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 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 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 drank as much water as they wanted, poisoned what was left. 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.¹

One of the *Avadánas*, or Indian tales and apologues, translated from the Chinese into French by Stanislas Julien, and published, in 3 vols., at Paris, 1859, is sufficiently analogous to be also cited, as a farther illustration of the maxim that "covetousness is the root of destruction:"

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 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 recognized too late the truth of the words of Buddha.²

¹ *Tibetan Tales 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. London: Trübner & Co. Pp. 286, 287.

² *Avadánas*, tome ii. p. 89: the same story, with little variation, also occurs in tome i. p. 60.

These are all the Asiatic versions and variants known to me, and we may now return to European forms of the story, which do not very materially differ one from another. The tale of the Hermit, Death, and the Robber, in the 1572 edition of the *Cento Novelle Antiche*, cited, *ante*, p. 132, closely resembles the Pardoner's Tale, and it has also a parallel in the old Italian miracle-play of St. Antonio,¹ published in D'Ancona's *Rappresentazione Sacre*, vol. ii. p. 33ff., part of the plot of which is as follows :

Italian Miracle-Play.

THE Spirit of Avarice places a silver dish in the way of St. Antonio, to corrupt his virtue, "for such a springe 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: the latter asks the news. Trade is so bad that Tagliagambe 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

¹ I suppose the holy hero of this play is the Saint Anthony who preached so fervently that the very fish in the sea popped up their heads above water to listen to him. He was born at Lisbon in 1195, and died at Padua in 1231.

² Leg-slasher and Skirmisher.

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.

German, French, and Portuguese Versions.

IN one German version three robbers murder a merchant for his money; in another three men of Balkh find a treasure; in yet another (Kuhn's *Westfälische Sagen, Gebrauche, und Märchen*) three Jews commit a robbery, and so on. Hans Sachs in a "Meisterlied," written in 1547, and again in a "Spiel," written in 1555, has the story in a form similar to that of the second Italian version (*ante*, p. 132), the only variations being that the hermit discovers the treasure in the hollow trunk of a tree, and the robbers, when he has conducted them to the place and warns them that the treasure is Death, thinking he is mocking them, instantly kill him.

M. Paulin Paris, in *Les Manuscrits français*, tome iv. p. 83, cites a version from a treatise on the Holy Scripture, "blaming the vices and praising the virtues" therein, of the 15th century, in which four rascals find a golden stone, and agree to share it when they have breakfasted. Two of them 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 Theophilus Braga's *Contos tradicionais do povo portuguez*, No. 143, a version is reproduced from the *Orto do Sposo* of Frei Hermenegildo, 14th century, in which, as in the old French story, the number of the robbers is four: they open a grave near 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 golden cup, and so on.¹

On comparing the several versions, it will be found that while the principal details of the original reappear in all of them without exception, one of its features has dropped out of the greater number, namely, the Bodisat's warning to the Bráhma that his own death and that of others would result from his reciting the treasure-producing *mantra*. This is represented in the first Arabian version, in which Jesus counsels the sordid Jew to leave the gold; in the first Italian (*ante*, p. 131), in which Christ tells his disciples that the treasure they had discovered was the destroyer of souls; in the second Italian (p. 132) and Hans Sachs, in both of which a hermit warns the robbers that Death (the treasure) is in a certain place; and in Chaucer also, where, however, the "old chorle" does not exactly warn, but rather directs, the three youths where they "may findin deth." In the other versions the evil-doers have no such warning, but the result is precisely the same—they perish through their own cupidity.

¹ I may state that I have in this paper reproduced and re-arranged some of the variants cited in my work on Popular Tales and Fictions.

The writer of a critical paper on the works of Chaucer in the *Retrospective Review*, 1826, vol. xiv., Part II., p. 341, says that "the Pardoner gives first a description of his preachings and his traffic, in such a style as sufficiently to show that it would have required no 'thinking time' to prepare him for 'japes and ribaudry,' and then a story, not unfit to have formed a part of one of his sermons of vulgar cajollery, which he has described himself as ranting to his customers." What there is at all approaching "vulgar cajollery" in the Pardoner's Tale no one but this writer, I will venture to assert, has ever discovered. The tale is, on the contrary, not only in itself striking, but is told by Chaucer in a manner that is superior to any other version in prose or verse. Take for example those incidents which are apparently of our poet's own invention, and which render the catastrophe still more impressive: A pestilence is raging in a certain city, and three young men, dicing in a tavern, learning that the church-bell is constantly tolling because a "privie theefe" has come and is taking away the lives of the folk, start up and swear they will seek out this traitor called Death, and slay him without fail. They meet an old man, and jeer at him because of his great age and decrepitude. He tells them that though he should walk into India, yet neither in city nor in village should he find any one willing to exchange his youth for his own old age, and so he must continue "as long time as it is Goddes will," for Death will not have him, wherefore he walks about like a restless caitiff, vainly knocking with his staff on the ground (which is his mother's gate), saying, "Dear mother, let me in!" Then the old man directs the three "riottours" to an oak-tree, at the foot of which they would find Death, who would certainly not be afraid of them. The charge, or insinuation, made by the "retrospective" reviewer, that the Pardoner's Tale is flippant, is of course utterly absurd. True to his character, the Pardoner represents himself as indulging in japes and ribaldry in the course of his trade; but he goes on to say that though he is a sinful man, yet he can tell a moral tale, and then follow a long series of just reflections upon various vices and sins, in which there is assuredly nothing of the nature of "vulgar cajollery."

GLASGOW, *December, 1886.*

20.

The Tell-Tale Bird:

LATIN SOURCE, OTHER EUROPEAN VERSIONS, AND
ASIATIC ANALOGUES

OF

Chaucer's Manciple's Tale.

By W. A. CLOUSTON.

THE TELL-TALE BIRD :

LATIN SOURCE, OTHER EUROPEAN VERSIONS, AND ASIATIC
ANALOGUES OF THE *MANCIPLE'S TALE*.

BY W. A. CLOUSTON.

THE Manciple's Tale, simple though it be in construction, is of peculiar interest to students of the history of popular fictions. In its more elaborate form—which is of purely Eastern origin—it belongs to the Woman's Wiles Cycle of tales, as will be shown in the course of this paper. Chaucer adapted his story from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book II, Feb. 9, where it is thus told :

Latin Source.

“ **A**N, quæ per totam res est notissima Lesbon, 591 “ Haven't you
Non audita tibi est, patrium temerâsse cubile heard how Nic-
Nyctimenen? avis illa quidem; sed conscia culpæ, temene became a
Conspectum lucemque fugit, tenebrisque pudorem bird, for incest? ”
Celat: et a cunctis expellitur æthere toto.”
Talia dicenti; “ Tibi,” ait, “ revocamina,” corvus,
“ Sint, precor, ista malo: nos vanum spernimus omen.”
Nec cœptum dimittit iter; dominoque jacentem
Cum juvene Hæmonio vidisse Coronida narrat.
Laurea delapsa est, audito crimine, amanti; 600 The god in wrath
Et pariter vultusque Deo, plectrumque, colorque bent his bow,
Excidit: utque animus tumida fervebat ab ira; and sped the shaft.
Arma adsueta rapit; flexumque a cornibus arcum
Tendit; et illa suo toties cum pectore juncta
Indevitato trajecit pectora telo.
Icta dedit gemitum, tractoque a vulnere ferro
Candida pœniceo perfudit membra cruore;
Et dixit, “ Potui pœnas tibi, Phæbe, dedisse; ”
She drew it forth:
“ I might have
first brought
forth, Phœbus.”

	Sed peperisse prius : duo nunc moriemur in una."	
Her life-blood flows; she dies.	Haectenus ; et pariter vitam cum sanguine fudit :	610
	Corpus inane animæ frigus letale sequutum est.	
Too late he la- ments his cruelty ; hates bird, bow and arrows ;	Pœnitet heu ! sero pœnæ crudelis amantem ; Seque, quod audierit, quod sic exarserit, odit :	
	Odit avem, per quam crimen causamque dolendi Scire coactus erat ; nervumque, arcumque, manumque Odit, cumque manu, temeraria tela, sagittas :	
	Collapsamque fovet ; seraque ope vincere fata Nititur ; et medicas exeret inaniter artes.	
tries to revive her in vain. He groans to see her on the pyre ;	Quæ postquam frustra tentata, rogumque parari Vidit, et arsuros supremis ignibus artus ;	620
	Tum vero gemitus, neque enim cœlestia tingui Ora licet lacrimis, alto de corde petitos Edidit : haud aliter, quam quum, spectante juvenca, Lactentis vituli, dextra libratus ab aure, Tempora discussit claro cava malleus ictu. Ut tamen ingratos in pectora fudit odores, Et dedit amplexus, injustaque justa peregit ;	
snatches the child from the flames ;	Non tulit in cineres labi sua Phœbus eosdem Semina : sed natum flammis uteroque parentis Eripuit ; geminique tulit Chironis in antrum :	
and changes the raven to black.	Sperantemque sibi non falsæ præmia linguæ, Inter aves albas vetuit considerare corvum.	632

Gower has, also, and avowedly, taken this fable into his *Confessio Amantis*, Book III, as follows, according to Harl. MS. 3869, ff. 101 :

Gower's Version.

Phebus had a lover	Phebus,* which makþ þe daies lihte, A loue he hadde, which þo ¹ hihte
-----------------------	---

* Quia litigantes ova sua cohibere nequiunt hic ponit Confessor *Exemplum contra illos qui in amoris causa alterius consilium reuelare presumunt. Et narrat qualiter quedam auis tunc albissima, nomine Coruus, consilium domine sue Coruide phebo denudauit ; Vnde contigit non solum ipsam Coruidem interfici : set et coruum, qui antea tanquam nix albus fuit, in piceum colorem pro perpetuo transmutari.* [Sidenote, in red, in the MS.]

¹ Then.

Cornide, whom a-bouen ¹ alle		called Cornide,
He plesep · bot what schal befallē	4	but love is pre- carious.
Of loue, þer is noman knowep.		
Bot as fortune hire happes þrowep,		
So it befell vpon a chance,		
A 3ong knyht tok hire aqueintance,	8	She loved a young knight
And hadde of hire al þat he wolde.		
Bot a fals bridd, which sche haþ holde		but a pet bird,
And kept in chambre of pure 3owþe,		
Discoeuereþ al þat euere he cowþe. ²	12	
This briddes name was as þo		a crow, white as a swan,
Corvus, þe which was þaune also		
Wel more whyt þan eny Swan ;		
And he þat shoot, ³ al þat he can	16	told all to Phœbus,
Of his ladi, to phebus seide.		
And he for wrappe his swerde outbreide, ⁴		and he slew Cor- nide.
Wiþ which Cornide anon he slowh ; ⁵		
Bot after him was wo ynowh,	20	Then he repented the deed, and, as
And tok a full gret repentance ;		a warning to slanderers,
Wherof, in tokne and remembrance		
Of hem which vsen wicke ⁶ speche,		
Vpon þis bridd he tok þis wreche : ⁷	24	
That þer he was snow-whyht tofore, ⁸		changed the crow from white to black.
Euere afterward colblak þerfore		
He was transformed, as it schewep.		
And many a man 3it him beschreweþ, ⁹	28	So the raven's cry is ominous of evil.
And clepen ¹⁰ him into þis day		
A Raven, be whom 3it men mai		
Take euidence, whan he criep,		
That som mishapp it signefieþ.	32	
Be war, þerfore, and sei þe beste,		Tell no tales, therefore, my son.
If þou wolt be þiself in reste,		
Mi goode Sone, as .I. þe rede. ¹¹	35	

¹ Above. ² Knew. ³ "Shoot": imp or progeny of the devil.

⁴ Drew out. ⁵ Slew. ⁶ Wicked ; false. ⁷ Revenge.

⁸ Before ; up to that time. ⁹ Curseth. ¹⁰ Call. ¹¹ Advice ; counsel.

Gower, it will be observed, gives the story, not only as a warning to his "son" to be circumspect in his speech—to avoid tale-telling, if he would live in peace—but also to account for the croak of the raven being considered as ominous of approaching misfortune to him who hears it. Chaucer follows his original more closely by simply telling the fable to explain why "crowes be alle blacke," and he has a serio-comic reflection on restraining the freedom of women, employing the illustrations of the caged bird and the pet cat.

But long before the time of Chaucer and Gower the fable of the Tell-Tale Bird had come into Europe in a different form and from another source, namely, an oral version of one of the tales in the Book of Sindibád, brought from the East probably during the later crusades, and included in the Western form of that celebrated work, known generally in Europe as the 'History of the Seven Sages of Rome.' It does not occur in the earliest version, the Latin work entitled *Dolopathos* (see *ante*, p. 322), which, indeed, may be regarded as unique; but it is found in the oldest French metrical version, *Li Romans des Sept Sages*, written probably towards the end of the 13th century, which Dr. Adelbert Keller published, at Tübingen, with a most learned and elaborate *Einleitung*, in 1836. The story begins with line 3150 of the MS. preserved in the National Library, Paris, and on p. 121 of Dr. Keller's edition :

THE HUSBAND AND HIS MAGPIE.

Oldest French Version.

A rich man had
a pie,

that could talk
like a woman.

It was kept in an
iron cage,

CHIL riches hom ot vne pie,
De lui est bien drois, que vous die ;

El parloit si apertement,
Et si tres entendablement,
Autressi comme che fust fame ;
Grant parole en fu par le regne.

Eu vne gayole molt biele
De fier, ki fu faite nouuiele,
Fu enserree ecle pie,
Ki tant fu sage et ensaignie ;

5

10

A vne chaine ert fremee
 La gayole de fier doublee ;
 Vers le toit lauoit on pendue,
 Si estoit en biele veue ;
 Il ne valsist pour nul chatal,
 Que nule riens li feist mal.

fastened with a
 chain,

hanging from the
 roof.

15

En lostel ot mestier molt grant,
 Tuit le haoient li serghant ;
 Il ni eust riens mescheue,
 Que tout ne fust par li conte,
 Ne fait, ne dit chose en trestor,
 Que tout ne deist au signor.

Hated by the
 servants for tell-
 ing tales,

20

La dame ne fu tant hardie,
 Kele issist hors sans compaignie,
 Sel neust deus hommes ou trois,

so that the wife
 dared not go
 abroad alone,

25

Et sen reuenoit de manois,
 La pie le gardoit si fort,
 De son dru li tolt le deport.
 Molt le haoient li serghant
 Communalment petit et grant,
 Et la dame molt le haoit,
 Mais mal faire ne li osoit.

for the pie told all.

30

Un ior ni fu pas le signor,
 Ne de ses hommes li pluisor ;

One day the man
 goes from home,

La dame remest et la pie
 A sa maisnie a escherie.

35 so she'll punish
 the pie.

Ele se sist et pourpensa,
 Confaitement sen vengera.

Ele en apiela un serghant,
 Et cil en uint ali errant :

Calls a servant.

40

Puis mege point fier en toi ?

Oil, ma dama, par ma foi.

Astu veu, de cele pie

Ne me lait mener druerie,

" You see how
 the pie won't let
 me play with my
 friend.

	Ne puis a mon ami parler,	45
	Baisier, ioir, ne acoler ;	
	Sestu ore, que te feras ?	
At night go on the roof,	Sempres par nuit ten monteras	
	Pardedesus cele maison,	
	Et si le me descueure enson,	50
	Puis ten descen sor le planchier,	
	Menuement le fai perchier,	
throw gravel through the cracks, so the pie may have a bad time ;	Cue et grauiele porteras,	
	Par les pertruis les jeteras,	
	Si que la pie soit moillie,	55
	Et quil traie male nuitie ;	
take a mallet and make a noise,	Et un maillet desus ferras,	
	Plain poing de candailles tenras,	
flash candles, as it were a storm."	Ki seront molt bien alumees,	
	Par le pertruis seront mostrees,	60
	Quele cuide, che soit ores	
	Et merueilleuse tempestes.	
All this is done,	Chil en fist son commandement,	
	Sor la maison monta errant,	
	Et a tout auoec lui porte,	65
	Chou que la dame a deuise ;	
and the pie has a sad night.	Onques ne fina toute nuit,	
	Or ot la pie mal deduit.	
At dawn he comes down,	Quant la gaitte corna le iour,	
	Et li serghans tout sans trestour	70
	De la maison sen descendi,	
	Et maintenant le racouuri,	
and she bids the lover put on his clothes and be off.	Et la dame refist leuer	
	Isnielement saus demorer	
	Son ami, ki od lui gisoit.	75
	La dame molt bien li disoit,	
	Kil se hastast dapparillier.	
Saying "good- bye,"	Lors se leua le cheualier,	
	Et se vesti hastiement,	

- Puis semparti isnielement, 80
 Congie demande, si senua,
 Mais la pie li escria :
- Sire gerart, li fils tierri,
 Maluais plait nous aues basti.
 Pour coi natendes mon signor, 85
 Quant vus gisies auoec soisor ?
 Honte grant uous en auenra ;
 Je li dirai, quant il venra.
 Cil semparti, il remanoit.
 Es vus le signor, ki venoit ; 90
 De son palefroi descendi,
 La dame auoit lestrier saisi,
 Entor le col li mist ses bras,
 Et dist, kele amoit son solas,
 Molt se gaboit bien del baron, 95
 Quele nel prisoit un bouton.
- Li cheualiers sesmeruilla,
 Que sa pie alui ne parla ;
 Droit a la gaiole en venoit,
 Sa femme iouste lui estoit. 100
 Li sires apiela sa pie :
- Que faites vous, mehaut amie ?
 Comment vous est ? niestes vous sainne ?
 Dites le moi por sainte helainne !
 Vous solijes amoi parler, 105
 Et molt grant ioie demener ;
 Or vous voi si coie et si mue,
 Et si pensiuie et esperdue.
 Sire, lochoisons est honeste,
 Tant sui batue de tempeste,
 Conques toute nuit ne fina ;
 Ne que liaue, caumolin va,
 Ne de plouuoir, ne de venter,
 Ne desloldir, ne de tonner ;
- the pie cries,
 "Sir Gerard, son
 of Thierry, has
 served up an evil
 dish : I'll tell the
 master."
- The master
 comes ;
 his wife holds
 his stirrup and
 embraces him.
- He wonders at the
 pie's silence.
- "What's the
 matter, sweet-
 heart ?
- You used to amuse
 me, and now
 you are coy and
 mute."
- "I've got cause :
 all night I've been
 beat with rain,
 wind, thunder
 and lightning ;

and your wife lay with Gerard, son of Thierry."	Et vostre femme se coucha Dedens che lit, ke vees la, Auoec gerart le fil tierri. Dist la dame : sire, merchi !	115
Says the Dame, "Don't believe it !	Ensi le deues vous bien croire, Plus a dun moys ne fist tonnoire.	120
See if it has rained !	Esgardes en cele palu, Sil la ne tant ne quant pleu. Ainsi auint or la fortune,	
The moon shone all night,	Que chelui soir raia la lune, Trestout nuit luisant et biele, De cors estoit non pas nouiele ; Que la ou li sires estoit, En la maison, ou il gisoit,	125
so much so that the knights com- plained of it."	Raia la lune desour lui ; Ki molt li faisoit grant anui ; A ses cheualiers se plaignoit De la lune, ki si luisoit.	130
He thinks the pie has been false ;	Lors cuida il bien, que sa pie Li ait par tout dit trecherie ; La iaiole auoit desfremee,	135
opens the cage, takes the pie and kills it.	Sa main auoit dedens boutee, Au maltalent, kil ot honeste, Li auoit rompue la teste ; Pui le tua de maintenant.	
"Fly to the devil ! for thou'st often made me wroth with my wife."	Vastu au dyable volant ! Car maintes fois ma fait irier, Et ma femme corechier.	140
Presently he sees the roofing removed ;	Atant en son lit est assis, Molt corechous et molt pensis ; Contremont auoit regarde, Si vit le feste remue,	145
calls for a ladder,	Et laisil, qui fu enuiron, Et la liue de la maison, Que pendre molt en i soloit, Mais ore point nen sauoit.	150

Un sien serghant lues apiela :

Une eschiele maporte cha !

Que par ihesu, qui ne menti,
Je cuic, ma femme ma trai.

“ For, by Jesus,
my wife is false !”

Et cil a leschiele aportee,
Droit au feste si la leuee.

155 He climbs to the
roof,

Li sires est amont montes,
Que plus ne si est arestes.

Vne palu auoit veue,
Ki de leue fu expandue,

160

Et le maillet i regarda,
Et la cire, kil degouta

sees the mallet
and the wax from
the candles.

Des candoiles, com le seriant
Les aloit desus bauiloiant.

Or seit il bien sans trecherie,
Qua tort auoit occis sa pie.

165 Now he knows
he has killed the
innocent pie,

De maintenant atrait lespee,
Si a sa femme decolee ;

and cuts off the
wife's head.

Or a il fait comme li leus,
Pour un damage en a fait deus.

170 For one wrong he
has done three.

In the 14th century an English metrical version was made from the French under the title of *The Proces of the Seuyn Sages*, the only copy of which exists in the Auchinleck MS., preserved in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, and it is printed in the third volume of Henry Weber's *Metrical Romances of the 13th, 14th, and 15th Centuries*.¹ As Weber's editions of the old romances are not always accurate, the story of the Burgess and his Magpie, which follows, has been collated with the original in the Auchinleck MS. by Mr. J. T. Clark, of the Advocates' Library, for whose kind services I take this opportunity of gratefully acknowledging my indebtedness :

¹ Ellis, in his *Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances*, gives an epitome of another version, from the Cotton MS. folio in the British Museum ; and Wright edited, for the Percy Society (vol. xvi.), a different MS. preserved in the University Library of Cambridge. Our prose version, first printed by Wynkyn de Worde (c. 1505), and afterwards by William Copeland (c. 1550), was made from a French translation of the Latin prose work entitled *Historia Septem Sapientum Romæ*, composed soon after the introduction of printing.

Oldest English Version.¹

There was a rich burgess in Rome,	A burgeis was in Rome toun, A richeman, of gret renoun ; Marchaunt he was, of gret auoir, ² And had a wif was queint ³ and fair ; But sche was fikel under hir lok,	5
who had a fair but fickle wife.	And hadde a parti of eue smok : And manie ben ȝit of hire kinne, ȝat ben al bilapped ȝer inne ! ȝe burgeis hadde a pie in his halle, ȝat coupe telle tales alle	10
He had a pie that could talk in French,	Apertlich ⁴ , in French langage, And heng ⁵ in a fair cage, And seȝ ⁶ lemmans comen and gon, And teld hire louerd ⁷ sone anon ; And, for ȝat ȝe pie hadde i-said,	15
and told her lord of his wife's in- trigues.	ȝe wif was ofte iuel i-paid. ⁸ And ȝe burgeis louede his pie, For he wiste he coupe nowt lie. So hit bifil vpon a dai, ȝe burgeis fram home tok his wai,	20
One day when the burgess was from home,	And wente aboute his marchaundise : ȝe wif waited ancn hire prise, ⁹ And sente hire copiner ¹⁰ fore ; And whanne he com to the halle dore,	25
the wife sent for her lover,	He ne dorste nowt in hie, ¹¹ For ȝe wreiiing ¹² of the pie. ȝe wif him bi the hond hent, And into chaumbre anon thai went.	30
who came privily for fear of the pie.	ȝe pie bigan to grede ¹³ anon : “ Ya ! now mi louerd is out i-gon, ȝou comest hider for no gode ! I schal ȝou wraie, bi ȝe rode ! ”	30
The pie cries out	ȝe pie bigan to grede ¹³ anon :	30
“ You're here for no good ; I'll tell.”	ȝou comest hider for no gode ! I schal ȝou wraie, bi ȝe rode ! ”	30

¹ Auchinleck MS. fol. 60, c, line 6 from foot. ² Possessions. ³ Neat.⁴ Openly ; plainly. ⁵ Hung. ⁶ Sees. ⁷ Lord ; master.⁸ Ill-pleased. ⁹ Opportunity. ¹⁰ Lover. ¹¹ Rashly.¹² Discovering ; betraying. ¹³ Cry.

- þe wif þouȝte schent¹ 3e was ;
 A wrenche² 3he þouȝte napelas,³
 And clepede a maide to make here bed,
 And after, bi hir boȝer⁴ red,⁵
 A laddre þai sette þe halle to,
 And vndede a tile or two ;
 Ouer þe pie þai gan handel
 A cler bacyn⁶ and a candel ;
 A pot ful of water cler
 þai schadde upon þe pies swer.⁷
 With bacyn beting and kandel liȝt
 þai bobbed⁸ the pie bi niȝt,
 And water on him gan schenche :⁹
 þis was on of wommannes wrenche.
 þo¹⁰ the dai dawen gan,
 Awai stal the yonge man.
 Men vnlek dore and windowe ;
 The pie hir schok with mochel howe,¹¹
 For sche was fain that hit was dai :
 þe copiner was went his wai.
 þe gode burgeis was hom i-come ;
 In to þe halle þe wai he nome.¹²
 þe pie saide : “ In God Almiȝt !
 þe copiner was her to-niȝt,
 And haȝ i-don thè mochel schame ;
 I-mad an hore of oure dame !
 And ȝit hit had ben to-niȝt
 Gret rain and þonder briȝt ;
 Sehchen¹³ ich was brid in mi nest,
 I ne had neuere so iuel rest.”
 þe wif haȝ þe tale i-herd,
 And þouȝte wel to ben amered ;¹⁴
- The wife devises
a trick.
- 35 Calls a maid
to her.
- By means of a
ladder they undid
a tile or two,
- 40 flashed a basin
and candle over
the pie,
and shed a pot
of water on her
neck.
- 45
- At dawn the lover
stole away.
- 50
- The burgess
comes home.
- 55 The pie tells him
of the lover,
- 60 and how it had
thundered all
night.
- The wife, hearing
this, says:

¹ Shamed. ² Stratagem ; trick ; wile. ³ Nevertheless.

⁴ Bother = of both. ⁵ By their joint counsel.

⁶ A clear basin—polished so as to reflect the light.

⁷ Neck. ⁸ Deceived. ⁹ Same as *shenke*, to pour out.

¹⁰ Then. ¹¹ Much care. ¹² Took : nime = take. ¹³ Since.

¹⁴ Examined ; proved innocent : *ameriau*, Sax.

"Sir, you should not believe a pie.	And saide : " Sire, thou hast outrage To leue a pie in a kage !	65
The night was clear, and she says it thundered.	To-niȝt was þe weder fair and cler, And þe firmament wel fair ; And sche saip hit haþ ben thonder ;	
Many a lie she's told, but I'll be revenged of her."	She haþ i-lowe ¹ mani a wonder ; But ich be ² awreke of here swiþe, Ne schal I neuer ben womman bliþe !"	70
He learns from his neighbours that it had been a fine night.	The godeman askede his neȝebours Of þat niȝt and of þe ours. And þai saide þat al þat niȝt	75
So he said the pie should lie no more, and broke her neck.	þe burgeis saide þe pie Ne scholde him namore lie. Namo wordes he þar spak, But, also swiþe, his nekke to-brak.	80
But he is soon sorry, and suspects foul play.	And whanne he sez his pie ded, For sorewe coude he no red : He sezgh ³ hir and his cage, He þouȝte ⁴ of gile and of outrage.	
He goes out ; sees the ladder ; climbs up to the roof ; finds the pot with the water, and the other things.	He wente him out, þe ladder he segg, ⁵ And up to þe halle rof he stegg ; ⁶ þe pot wiȝ þe water he fond (þat he brak wiȝ his hond) ; And mani oþer trecherie þat was i-don to his pie.	85
He goes down in a great rage, and with a staff beats his wife out of doors, and bids her go to the Devil.	He went him doun, wiȝouten oþ, In his herte grim and wroþ ; And wiȝ a gode staf, ful sket, His wife ate dore he bet, And bade hire go, þat ilche day, ⁷ On alder ⁸ twenti deuel wai ! ⁹	90

¹ Laid.² But = except, unless.³ Beheld.⁴ Suspected.⁵ Seeth.⁶ Mounteth. *Sax.* stigan.⁷ That very day : that very instant : there and then. ⁸ Alder = of all.⁹ On the way of all the twenty devils, to hell.—Here the injured husband contents himself with driving his wife out of doors, but in the French version he cuts off her head.

About a century before the monk of Alta Silva composed his *Dolopathos*, a Greek version of the Book of Sindibád, entitled *Syntipas*, was made from the Syriac by one Andreopulos, regarding whom nothing is known; but there is no evidence that the French monk was acquainted with this or any other written Eastern version of the work. With a parrot in place of a magpie our story occurs in all the Asiatic texts of the Book of Sindibád, and this is how it goes in the Greek text as edited by Dr. Eberhard:

Greek Version.

THERE was a man of the tribe of Agarenes [*i. e.* Arabs] who, being officiously and curiously inquisitive into what was done in his house, purchased a bird which spoke articulately, that which in common parlance is called "parrot." And putting the bird in a cage, he brought and kept it in his house, and charged the bird to watch his wife closely, [saying], "and if, when I am away from home, the woman do aught amiss, take care to tell me." So the man, having charged the parrot in this manner, departed on a journey. But then a certain man entered the house and committed adultery with the woman, her handmaid also being aware of this. Now when the man came back from his journey, he asked the parrot what he had seen the woman doing. The parrot declared to his lord all the licentious conduct of the wife; and the man was sorely grieved, and lay no longer with her. And the wife suspected her own handmaid of having reported her affairs to the man, and calling her, said wrathfully and bitterly: "Hast thou of a truth reported to my husband all that I have done?" And the handmaid swore a great oath that she had not told her master a word about her. "But know, mistress, it is the parrot that has told all about thee to the master." When the woman heard of the bird's accusation, she had recourse to an artifice to prove to her husband that the bird was false. The next night, taking the parrot with his cage where she lay, she set near it an upper millstone and turned it, wherefrom a noise as of thunder was heard; and before the bird's eyes she moved a mirror about, so that it seemed to shoot forth lightnings; moreover, suspending a wetted sponge above the parrot,

she made water to stream upon it. Now the parrot, while all this was going on, hid itself in a corner of its cage, and to the bird it seemed all the night through to rain, and roar, and lighten, and thunder. In the morning the woman's husband went to the parrot, and said to it: "What hast thou seen this night?" And the parrot made answer: "The rain and thunder and lightnings of the night have not suffered me to see what happened this night." Then the man, hearing these words of the bird, said within himself: "Indeed there was nothing true in all that the bird reported to me, but all he told me was false and deceiving, as is plain from what he has just now told me. For nothing has happened this night, nor did rain come down, nor thunders roar, nor lightnings flash; whence also all that the parrot told me about my yokefellow was verily falsehood and deceit."¹

The Book of Sindibád is generally allowed to have originated in India, and there is strong evidence that it is of Buddhist invention: if this be so, the classical fable of Phoebus and the Crow must be considered as an adaptation of the tale of the Merchant and his Parrot. It is probable that this idea of a man having a talking bird to watch over his wife's conduct during his absence suggested the plan of the Sanskrit collection entitled *Suka Saptati*, or Seventy Tales of a Parrot, in which a parrot detains its mistress from an illicit amour on which she was bent, night after night, while her husband is on a journey. This work is a comparatively modern version of a much older book, now lost, which was translated into Persian, under the title of *Túti Náma*, Parrot-Book, or Tales of a Parrot, also no longer extant, but it was re-written, as is stated in some verses at the end, in A.H. 730 (A.D. 1329²), by Ziyá ed-Dín Nakhshabí, at the command of a great personage, whom he does not name. Ziyá ed-Dín assumed Nakhshabí as his *takhlallus*, or poetical

¹ Here the man neither kills the parrot nor punishes his wife; and in another MS. text of *Syntipas* (Codex Dresdensis, D 33), also reproduced by Eberhard, we are told that "henceforth he loved his wife better than before, and they dwelt still in concord.—In such wise wrought that all-wicked woman against her husband."—The story also occurs near the beginning of the *Arabian Nights*, and in the Turkish *History of the Forty Vezirs* (Gibb).

² Not 1306, as stated, *ante*, p. 310.

name, from Nakhshab, or Nasaf, the modern Karshí, a town situated between Samarkand and the river Oxus—probably his birthplace.¹ The *Túti Náma* comprises fifty-two tales, and the work has not yet, I understand, been wholly translated into any European language. The twelve first stories were rendered into English “by a Teacher of Persic”—that is, the Rev. B. Gerrans—and published, at London, in 1792, and the translator did not complete his work—perhaps for lack of sufficient public encouragement.² An abridgment of the Persian text, reducing the number of the tales to thirty-five, made by Muhammed Kádírí in the last century (through which Nakhshabí’s work is now mainly known in India), was translated into English and published at Calcutta and London, 1800-1, and into German by G. J. L. Iken, Stuttgart, 1837.³—In most of the Indian versions (Telúgú, &c.) the parrot is a man who has assumed the form of that bird from some cause—in consequence of a curse or otherwise—but this disappears, of course, from the Persian book. As Gerrans’ book is now rarely met with outside of great libraries, I here reproduce the introduction and opening tale :

Frame of the Persian “Parrot-Book.”

IN the joyful days of peace and plenty, when every peasant ate two dates at a mouthful and each camel filled two pails at a milking,⁴ there flourished in one of the cities of Hind⁵ a merchant, whose name was Mubarak.⁶ His warehouses were filled with merchandise, his coffers overflowed with gold, and he counted his

¹ Dr. Rieu’s *Catalogue of Persian MSS. in the British Museum*, vol. ii., p. 753.

² Dr. Rieu does not seem to be aware that Gerrans’ translation is not complete.

³ A Turkish version of the *Túti Náma* (Dr. Rieu terms it an “imitation,” but I am informed by a competent Turkish scholar that it is a fair abridgment of the Persian work) has been translated into German by Georg Rosen, Leipsig, 1858.

⁴ In other words, in the fabulous golden age, when, saith a Persian poet, “the world was free from the ills of strife, and the eye of the arrow saw not the face of the bow.” In Hindú tales the cow and the tiger are often represented as living together in amity, and the earth as yielding its fruits in abundance during the reign of a just rájá.

⁵ India.

⁶ *i. e.* Fortunate.

diamonds by sacks. His house was magnificent and convenient, his attendants numerous and splendid, and his clients as the sands of the shore. But the bowl of his auspicious fortune was embittered by the sherbet of anxiety, and the sunshine of his felicity blasted by the mildew of grief; for though the choicest mirabolans of beauty ornamented his gilded haram, yet to transmit his name to posterity the pearl-string of succession was wanting. To obtain the blessing of offspring, lowly on the dust of humility he prostrated the brow of obedience, and daily offered to the Father of Clemency the grateful incense of prayer. The odour of his supplication gained admission to the durbar of benevolence, and the sterile cloud which had long overshadowed the horizon of opulence disappeared. After nine moons had completely filled their orbs, a son was born in his house, who, in a two-fold degree of perfection, eclipsed the beauty of Yusuf.¹

¹ That is, Joseph the son of the Hebrew patriarch Jacob, whose personal comeliness is celebrated by many Muslim poets and prose writers. According to the legend, the lady friends of Zulaykha, the wife of Potiphar (who was a eunuch, it is said), having reproached her for being in love with the young slave, she invited them to afternoon tea (or its ancient Egyptian equivalent), and, after causing a fruit and a knife to be put in the hands of each lady, she secretly summoned Joseph, at the sight of whose beauteous countenance the ladies in their excitement cut their hands with the knives. Then quoth Zulaykha to them: "Do you now marvel at my love for this Hebrew youth?"

This is how Kádiri's version begins: "One of the princes of former times, whose name was Ahmad Sultan, possessed much riches and effects, with a numerous army, so that one hundred thousand horses, fifteen hundred chains of elephants, and nine hundred strings of camels of burthen stood ready at his gate. But he had no children, neither son nor daughter. He therefore continually visited the worshippers of God [*i. e.* devotees, or darveshes], to engage their intercession in his favour; and day and night, morning and evening, was himself offering up prayers for a son. After some time the Creator of heaven and earth bestowed on the aforesaid king a son, of beautiful form, his countenance resplendent as the sun, and his forehead resembling the moon. From the delight occasioned by this event, the heart of Ahmad Sultan expanded like a new-blown rose. He bestowed many thousand rupis and pagodas on darveshes and fakirs. For three months the omras, vazirs, sages, learned men, and teachers in the city were feasted, and he gave away costly dresses." Here we have—quite unnecessarily, and indeed inconsistently—the merchant Mubarak transformed into a powerful monarch.—The want of children is considered by Asiatics as a great disgrace; and by far the greater number of Eastern tales begin by describing the unhappiness of a prince, vazir, or rich merchant, because he had not a son. This is perhaps imitated in the *Tale of Beryn* (Chaucer Society Publications, Second Series, xx., p. 28, l. 845 ff.), where Fawnus and Agea, in answer to their prayers to Heaven, obtain the "blessing" of an heir after twelve years of wedlock. It does

To this decorator of the mansion of joy Mubarak gave the name of Maymún;¹ and when the season of life had put the down of his cheek to flight, he obtained for him a virgin bride, whose name was Khujasta.² The mutual joys of this happy pair were manifested by a thousand marks of delight, and no greater portion of happiness did the Predestinator at any period decree to a lover and a beloved object than that which existed between Maymún the rich and Khujasta the happy. The demon of perfidy never assailed the skirts of their fancy, and the breeze of mistrust ruffled not the surface of their minds; but, equally worthy of each other, they long reposed on the sofa of ease, and quaffed the wine of enjoyment.

One day, as Maymún passed through the bazár, the common crier, by order of the clerk of the market, was offering a parrot for

seem rather strange to find Asiatics lay the want of offspring so much to heart, but their prophets and lawgivers have from very remote times reiterated the imperative duty of "replenishing and multiplying"; and in order to enforce this, the sacred books of the Hindús denounce dreadful *punishments* in the next world on all who have died without leaving issue. For example, in the Introduction Book (*Adi Parva*) of the ancient Hindú epic, *Mahábhárata*, sect. xiii, we are told of a sage who "once undertook a journey over the world, equipped with spiritual energy. And he visited divers holy spots, and rested where night overtook him. And he practised religious austerities, hard to be practised by men of undeveloped minds. And he lived upon air, and renounced sleep for ever. Thus going about like flaming fire, one day he happened to see his ancestors, hanging head foremost in a great hole, their feet pointing to the sky. On seeing them Jaratkaru (the sage) addressed them thus: 'Who are ye thus hanging head foremost in this hole, by a rope of *virana* fibres that is secretly eaten into by rats living here?' The ancestors said: 'We are vow-observing *rishis* [holy men] of the Yayavara sect. We have come by this low state in consequence of want of descendants. We have a son named Jaratkaru. Woe is us! that wretch hath entered upon a life of austerities, and the fool doth not think of raising offspring by marriage. It is for that reason that we have met with this fate.'" The sage (or "fool," as his suffering ancestors termed Jaratkaru) at once sets about the task of begetting a son.—In the same Book, sect. cxxi, a *rishi* is thus addressed by celestials: "Without doubt, it is for religious rites, study according to the ordinance, and progeny that men are born debtors. These debts are all discharged by sacrifices, asceticism, and offspring. Thou art an ascetic, and hast also performed sacrifices; but thou hast no offspring. These [celestial] regions are shut against thee only for want of children. Beget thee children, therefore! Then shalt thou enjoy multifarious regions of felicity. The *Vedas* have declared that the son rescueth the father from a hell called *Put*. Then, O best of Bráhmanas, strive thou to beget offspring!"—and so he *did*, and succeeded. One should not have supposed any such commands and threats at all necessary, as human nature is constituted!

¹ *i. e.* Auspicious.

² *i. e.* Prosperous, fortunate, &c.

sale. Approaching the vender, he demanded the price, and was answered a thousand dinárs,¹ to which Maymún replied indignantly : "He must surely be bound with the rope of ignorance who would expend so much money for a bird!" The parrot exclaimed : "O master, before you are acquainted with my qualifications, you have no reason to find fault with my price. If my body is not full of delicate flesh, yet do I possess many accomplishments. The learned are confounded by my eloquence, the illustrious charmed on beholding me, the populace delighted by my loquacity, while my wit is the salt of assemblies. I am neither angel nor apostle, but like them my mantle is green. I am neither húrî nor hermit, but my beauties resemble the one, and my virtues surpass the other. I am neither fakír nor Muslim, but a flying chief and rapid companion. I am no king of mortals; but the verdant earth is my carpet, the summit of the air my throne, and my dominions are the boundless regions which separate the earth from heaven. The concealed actions of good or evil fortune, which are hidden in the womb of futurity from mortals, have been explored by my enlightened eye, and the decrees of the table of destiny are engraved on my retentive memory. To furnish a proof of my prescience, know that before three days shall elapse there will be so great a demand for sandal-wood,² by the sale of which, if you listen to my advice, you may pay the sum demanded for me, and gain considerably besides. Purchase me therefore on this condition, that, if after the period I have mentioned, you choose to

¹ About five hundred pounds.

² In Kadiri's abridgment spikenard is substituted for sandal-wood. "The sandal-tree," says Forbes, "is indigenous on the rocky hills of the Onore districts, and if permitted would grow to a tolerable size; but the wood is so valuable that the tree is cut down at an early stage, and we seldom meet with any more than a foot broad. The wood is either red, yellow, or whitish brown; and, from its colour and size, is called the first, second, and third sorts of sandal-wood, each varying in price, the best from 150 to 200 rupis the *caury*, of 560 pounds' weight. The wood of the brightest colour and strongest scent is most esteemed, having a fine grain, and an aromatic smell which it communicates to everything near it; it is therefore used in small cabinets, eseritoires, and similar articles, and no insect can exist nor iron rust within its influence. From the dust and shavings is extracted an aromatic oil; the oil and the wood are used by the Hindús and Parsís in their religious ceremonies, but the greatest part of the wood is reserved for the China markets, where it sells to great advantage."—*Oriental Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 308.

retain me in your service, you make good your payment for me with part of your profits, and if not, you may return me to my present master." This marvellous relation of the green-mantled prattler found access to the auditory of Maymún's approbation, and he bought him on the conditions proposed; after which he purchased all the sandal-wood in the city, and before three days were expired he paid the thousand dinárs with an inconsiderable part of the profit, and added the remainder to his capital.¹

Some days after, as the merchant passed by the same bazár, the clerk of the market was in like manner offering for sale a sharyk,² which he purchased and placed by the side of the parrot, hoping that an agreeable companion would mollify the rigour of servitude, and reconcile him to the confinement of a cage.

When the parrot had given the most surprising proofs of his wisdom and ingenuity, Maymún exhibited him as a prodigy before crowded assemblies, consulted him in all his affairs, and entrusted him with the most important commissions. One day as he sat by his cage, after discoursing on a variety of subjects, the conversation accidentally changed to the advantages of travel, which the green-mantled secretary so clearly proved that his master, though he had never beheld the sea, began instantly to draw on his boots, and make preparations for a voyage.

Then he repaired to Khujasta, and thus addressed her: "Amiable essence of my soul! beloved rennet of my existence! a young man is a slave to the revolutions of time. Autumn robs the rose-tree of

¹ A sagacious parrot often figures in Hindú stories, where it is generally represented as a human being re-born in the form of that bird. In the *Bahár-i Dánish* (see *ante*, p. 313) Jehandar Shah, having learned the magical art of transferring his own soul into any dead body, reanimates a deer, when his treacherous tutor in the art immediately transfers his spirit into the king's body, returns to the palace, and personates Jehandar. The king afterwards enters the dead body of a parrot, allows himself to be captured by a fowler, and bids him ask in the market a large sum of money for him, which he should certainly obtain. A merchant is induced to purchase the parrot by the sagacious observations which he makes, and the bird soon becomes famous for his shrewd decisions in difficult cases.—The idea of this story was probably borrowed from the Prakrit poetical romance of Vikramaditya, king of Ujjain; and it also occurs in the *Kátha Sarit Ságará*, the Turkish *Forty Vizirs*, and other Eastern story-books.

² A kind of nightingale that can be taught to imitate the human voice with wonderful precision.

bloom, and the chilling blasts of winter scatter her verdant honours around ; yet at the gay return of spring the vital sap re-ascends. But when the autumn of manhood is past, and the winter of old age crowns the heads of mortals with snow, the spring of youth returns no more. While the season of life permits, therefore, I am determined on a foreign expedition, in order to collect the bread of industry from the ocean of immensity ; each wave of which rolls wealth to the shore, and the bark of the merchant is surrounded with treasure. A man without riches is fatherless, and a house without money is deserted. He that is void of cash may be considered as a nonentity, and he wanders in the crowd unknown. It is therefore every man's duty to procure money : gold is the delight of our lives ; it is the bright live-coal of our hearts—the yellow links which fasten the coat of mail—the gentle stimulative of the world—the complete coining-die of the globe—the traveller who speaks all languages, and is welcome in every city—the splendid bride unveiled, and the defender, register, and mirror of the kings of the earth !”

Nakhshabí, the man who has dirhams¹ is handsome ;
 A hundred worms gnaw the bowels of the poor ;
 Gold will be the resuscitation of a people.
 The sun ever shines inauspicious on the man without money.²

¹ That is, money ; *Scottice*, “siller” ; Fr. “l'argent.” A dirham is a silver coin, about equal in value to sixpence.

² This eulogium of riches may be compared with the following maxims from the *Hitopadesa*, in which there is, I think, veiled sarcasm :

“With wealth every one is powerful ; through wealth one becomes learned.”

“He who has riches has friends ; he who has riches has relations ; he who has riches is a man of consequence in the world ; he who has riches is even a sage.”

The Hindú poet Bhartrihari says (*Niti Sataka*, 41) : “If a man be wealthy, he is of good family, he is wise, he is learned in the Scriptures, he is virtuous, eloquent, beautiful. All the virtues attach themselves to gold.”

In the Burmese story-book, *Decisions of Thoo-dhamma-tsari*, we read that “a man without substance is base and contemptible.”

The Arabian poet El-Hariri (*ob.* 1121 A.D.) thus addresses a gold dínár, in his *Makamat*, as translated by Preston :

Hail, noble coin ! of saffron colour clear,
 O'er regions wide who *passt* far and near !
 Thy worth, thy titles, *current* still remain ;
 Thy lines the secret pledge of wealth contain ;
 Successful industry thy steps attend ;
 Thy aspect bright all welcome as a friend ;
 Eudeared to all, as though thy precious ore
 Had e'en been molten from their own heart's core.

"Allowing the advantages of a sea-voyage to be great," replied Khujasta, "and that every surge rolls wealth to the shore, yet the accidents and misfortunes are greater. The merchant of blest independence can never be considered wise, who through a sordid love of gold should leave the port of security, hoist to the gale of accident, and expose himself to a thousand dangers on the ocean of ruin. What is gold, but the manacle of the abject—the chain of the contemptible—the blinder of the covetous—the fetter of lovers—the source of insincere friendship—the gaudy idol of the insensate multitude—the wild plum which ripens with the barley of the hypocrite, and the coined image of the enslavers of mankind? But," continued the lady, "if you are determined upon this expedition, permit me to accompany you; for the sages affirm that the presence of a wife in a voyage will fill the sails with delight and smooth the brow of suspicion."

Maymún rejoined: "O Khujasta, the sages also compare a wife to a threshold: as that is at all times immovable, so a wife should be always at home. Imitate, then, the threshold's constancy, and

Whose purse thou filest boldness may display,
 Though kindred be remiss or far away;
 With thee the great their influence maintain;
 Without thee pleasure's sons of want complain.
 What heroes thy collected might hath quelled!
 What host of cares one stroke of thine dispelled!
 How oft an angry churl whose fury burned,
 Thy whispered mention bath to mildness turned!
 Through thee the captive, by his kin forgot,
 Is ransomed back to joy's unmingled lot.
 Such power is thine, that if I feared not blame,
 I e'en would say, "Almighty is thy name!"

But the same ingenious poet also considered the fascinating piece of metal from a different point of view, saying that it benefits its possessor only when it takes flight, and concluding that—

Wise is he who spurns without delay
 Thy proffered aid, and flings thee far away;
 Who, deaf to all thy soft enticing tones,
 With scorn unfeigned thy sordid love disowns,
 And sternly bids thy glittering form begone,
 How bright soe'er its false allurements shone."

And William Rowley, in his *Search for Money* (1609), says that "its best part is but earth, and its too much worshipped greatness, in my poor judgment, is but a bare-legged passage through many acres of briars for a handful of rushes on the other side, being found not worth half the toil." Nevertheless, as learning is never despised by a learned man, so wealth is always appreciated by a wealthy man—the ignorant and the poverty-stricken are of no account!

during my absence communicate all your affairs to the parrot and the sharyk : ask their advice, and transact no concern of moment which exceeds the boundaries of your comprehension without the joint concurrence of these two sagacious birds. Virtue is the child of prudence, and prosperity and safety will be the progeny of attention."

Here the merchant concluded his lecture, and bade adieu to the sweet paste of his affections, who punctually observed all his commands for a considerable time after his departure.

When Maymún had prolonged the moons of his absence, it chanced that as Khujasta was one morning standing on the roof of her house, to inhale the breeze of health, the son of the rájá of the city was passing by with his train, whom she no sooner beheld, but the subtle poison entered at her eyes and pervaded her enamoured frame. The battle-axe of prudence dropped from her feeble hand ; the vessel of continence became a sport to the waves of confusion ; and while the avenues leading to the fortress of reason remained unguarded, the sugar-cane of incontinence triumphantly raised its head above the rose-tree of patience. The sirdar of the vanguard of tranquillity was overpowered by the hurrawal of passion ; and the sultan of inconstancy placed his victorious standard on the citadel of her bleeding heart. If some remaining sparks of honour and duty at first laid the reins of prohibition on the courser of desire, they were finally extinguished by the torrent of inclination, and, resigned to her infamy, she said : "Day is the veil of lovers, and night the season of stratagem to those who long to see an absent favourite. This day, when the extensive carpet of splendour shall be folded up, and the obscure curtain of night let down, I will hasten to the abode of my prince."¹

¹ This incident is related differently in Kádír's version : "At the end of six months, one day Khujasta, after having bathed herself and adorned her person, was looking out of a window at the top of the house into the street, when a prince of another country, who had travelled into this city, having beheld the glowing cheeks of Khujasta, was distracted with love, and Khujasta also was fascinated at the sight of the prince. The same hour the prince sent a procuress to Khujasta privately, with a message that, provided she would only take the trouble to visit his house any night for four hours, he, in return for this condescension, would present her with a ring estimated at a lakh of pagodas. At first, however, she did not agree to his proposal, but at length

Accordingly, when the season of evening had arrived, and the sun was retired behind the veil of the west, Khujasta removed the veil of modesty from her countenance, and, imagining that her feathered counsellors would, through friendship and complaisance to a lady, commend her resolution and facilitate her departure, she thus addressed the sharyk: "O bird of a thousand songs, a serious accident has befallen me, and powerful obstacles impede the execution of a most important business. This night I am determined to go secretly to the mansion of a lover, and moisten my thirsty soul with the wine of society. What approbation do you show to my purpose, and what indulgence do you give to my expedition?"

The sharyk, with the key of zeal, unlocked the gates of sincerity; expanded the doors of eloquence; and in the most affectionate manner began to exhibit the chapters of precaution. But the manna of his salutary counsel was wasted on an ungrateful soil; for, inflamed with rage, and distracted with impure desire, the daughter of infamy drew forth the unfortunate songster from the cage, and with the rude hand of violence dashed him upon the pavement of death.

After this, glowing with indignation and stained with cruelty, she repaired to the parrot's cage, and said: "Secretary of the verdant mantle, what advice have you to offer, and what indulgence do you give to my passion?" The bird of sagacity, after clawing his head, ruffling up his feathers, and rubbing his beak on his perch, drew from the treatment of his comrade this conclusion: "If, in the beaten path of sincerity, I unlock the springs of exhortation, I shall experience the sharyk's fate; and if, by unbounded indulgence and ill-timed connivance, I encourage her in her idleness and infamy, we shall both fall from the battlements of honour into the bottomless abyss of ruin. Some plan must therefore be concerted to rescue me from the precipice of danger, extricate her from the labyrinth of incontinence, and secure my master's honour."

the instigations of the procuress prevailed, and she returned him for answer, that as day reveals and night casts a veil over our actions, she would wait upon the prince after midnight."—Gerrans probably omitted the business of the go-between as being "improper"; but by so doing he represented the lady as more depraved than she really was.

The parrot accordingly commiserated her situation, quenched the fire of indignation with the water of flattery, in these words : “ Immaculate governess ! since the table of destiny has decreed that the eyes of your affection should be transferred from your consort to a lover, and the bird of disloyalty has built his inflammable nest in your bosom, pluck the thorn of care from your heart, bind yourself with the zone of hilarity, and by my powerful mediation you shall arrive at the tent of delight, and enjoy the musky presence of your beloved. Should Maymún return during your absence, and the particulars of your secret connections be whispered by the breath of envy, or transmitted on the leaves of explanation, I have an antidote ready to counteract the poison of malevolence ; for the son of Mubarak will listen to me, like the merchant Purúbal, who believed his cockatoo, and was reconciled to his wife.” Khujasta inquired what sort of a story that was, and her ingenious secretary proceeded to gratify her curiosity by relating the tale of

THE PRUDENT COCKATOO.¹

IN one of the principal cities of Hindústán there lived a merchant, whose name was Purúbal, who had a cockatoo of such marvellous accomplishments that he committed to his care the management of all his affairs, and made him steward of his household ; which important trust the bird discharged with honour and integrity, and gave an exact account to his master of everything that passed. It happened on one occasion that the merchant was obliged to go abroad on some business, and before leaving home he commanded his wife to form no connection or transact any business of importance without the advice and approbation of the bird of instruction. The lady promised faithfully to follow his injunctions, though indeed nothing was farther from her purpose, for the day after his departure she became so deeply enamoured of a youth in her neighbourhood that she entertained him in her house every night, and converted the nuptial sofa into the couch of adultery. The cockatoo, through fear, pretended not to observe what was going on, saying to himself,

¹ In Kádírí the story is told of the Parrot of Farukh Beg.

in the words of Shafei,¹ "May the blessings of Allah rest on the extremity of my pretended ignorance!"

When the merchant returned, the parti-coloured steward gave a faithful and circumstantial account of all that had occurred in his absence, except the intrigue, which he plunged into the gulf of oblivion and impressed with the signet of silence, charitably concluding that a disclosure of the affair would strip the bark from the tree of union. But in spite of the bird's reticence, his master was soon acquainted with the whole matter from another quarter, for love and musk cannot remain long concealed, as the wise have said. The merchant's wife sorely lamented that the tale of her infamy was thus manifested on the carpet of scandal, and, believing that her husband had been informed of her intrigue by the cockatoo, became inimically disposed towards the bird of intelligence, permitted the seed of rancour to be sown in her heart, which by diligent cultivation ripened into the fruit of vengeance.

One night, seizing the opportunity, she cruelly extracted one of the longest feathers of his wing; another night she spoiled his food; and on a third she plucked him from his cage. The hapless bird, crying aloud for help, brought some of the household to his cage; but seeing it empty concluded that he had been carried off by a cat.² But fresh disasters awaited him; for the lady, thinking it too much indulgence to kill him at once, disguised herself in a variegated robe, placed a diadem on her head, and drawing her gaudy train like a bird of paradise, ascended a canopy of state, then commanded a slave to tie a string about the foot of the harmless feathered secretary, by which he was suspended, from the ceiling, turning round like a darwesh;³ and to augment the horrors of his situation, the one while made a noise like a lapwing, at another counterfeited the crowing of a cock, the cry of a woman in labour, or

¹ The founder of one of the four "orthodox" sects of Muslims.

² In Kádír's version it is said that the lady "took an opportunity at midnight of plucking off the bird's feathers, and, flinging him out of doors, called out to the male and female slaves of the family that a cat had carried away the bird."

³ One of the "dancing," or twirling, Muslim devotees, whose extraordinary performances are described in Lane's *Modern Egyptians*, ch. xi., and Lady Isabel Burton's *Inner Life of Syria*, vol. i. ch. xiii.

the monthly lamentations made for the dead. As when the baleful hail-storm copiously descends on the peaceful flower-garden, the tender shoots languish, the branch is stripped of verdure, the root withers and internally decays; the fragrant volume of the full-blown rose, in fragments torn, becomes the sport of adverse winds, the distressed rose-bud alters, and his green robe is changed into a deadly blue colour; the jasmine, the snow-drop, and the lily that decorates the vale become livid, and the tulip, variegated with white and red, droops like an expiring lover.

Nakhshabí, lament with the people who mourn :
 The clamour of a woman is like the sound of a bell ;
 The lamentations of the populace are sweet to exalted souls.

If the sorrows for the dead and this lady's behaviour to the cockatoo have any analogy, they differ in this particular : for the sages affirm that the departed spirit is insensible of their prayers and complaints, because in the flowery bowers of Paradise, where pleasures are uninterrupted and eternal, no crevice can possibly remain open to admit the voice of affliction ; whereas the poor bird was so deeply affected by the lady's behaviour that it nearly cost him his life. In the neighbourhood was a cemetery,¹ to which the mutilated bird repaired, limping, and made choice of a solitary corner from which he never issued but in the night time to procure himself a scanty meal.

While affairs were in this condition, the infamous behaviour of the lady spread the gloom of melancholy on her husband's brow, and rent the caul of his heart with the briars of distraction. For the loss of his cockatoo he exhibited the energy of woe, and the daughter of adultery he drove from his house ; and though conciliating friends poured the wine of peace and the oil of concord into the wounds of jealousy, he departed not from the basis of his determination.

Nakhshabí, attempt not to move by persuasion the heart afflicted with grief.
 The heart that is overwhelmed with the billows of sorrow will, by slow degrees, return to itself.

When the lady saw that the mediation of friends was vain to bind her husband with the zone of reconciliation, she execrated her wretched existence, and, void of hope, departed to the cemetery,

¹ According to Gerrans' version, a mosque, but this is evidently an error. and I have substituted cemetery, as in Kádírí.

where she determined to pass the remainder of her days in devotion.

One night, as she rolled on the pavement of sorrow, tormented with the thorn of remorse, the cockatoo exclaimed from a hole in a monument: "Contaminated daughter of lewdness, overwhelmed with the waves of despair, to obliterate thy enormous crimes, and reconcile thee to thy injured husband, the table of destiny decrees that thou, with thine own hand, pluck every hair from thy head, and spend forty days of penance on the dust of contrition." The penitent instantly complied, voluntarily inflicting on herself this ignominious punishment, upon which the bird, coming forth from its concealment, thus addressed her: "The garment with which you clothed me you yourself shall wear. The ground you have cultivated shall yield its increase, and the seed which you have sown you shall reap. I am that innocent bird whom you so unjustly dishonoured and abused. May this oracular monument bear witness, that the punishment I received from your hand you shall, in due measure, receive from me, and the balance of justice shall no longer be suspended in vain. While I conducted your affairs with rectitude, and carefully guarded your bread and salt, and impressed your misconduct with the seal of silence, and disclosed not to your husband the history of your enormities, you treated me as a perfidious accuser, and made the corners of the public bazar and the roofs of the bathing-houses echo my imaginary crimes. How shall I mark the packet of your cruelty with the signet of oblivion or forgiveness? How can I attempt to clothe you with the white robe of innocence, or with the tongue of hypocrisy impose on my master's credulity?"

The next morning, when the imperial golden-winged cockatoo of day appeared on his oriental perch, and the serene sharyk of the night had retired to his occidental cage, the bird of loquacity, resolving to excel himself in generosity, returned to the merchant's house, and with the tongue of congratulation bestowed on him the salam of health. The merchant asked in surprise: "What art thou?" The bird of ingenuity, unlocking the springs of invention, answered: "I am thine ancient secretary, who was torn from my

cage by the fangs of cruelty, and deposited in the voracious belly of a cat." The merchant, struck with wonder, doubted the testimony of his senses, and questioned the bird on the manner of his resurrection, and was answered: "Your innocent and immaculate wife, whom, in the effervescence of your jealous indignation, you turned out of doors, and branded with the name of adulteress, with no other testimony of her guilt than the letter of a calumniator unknown, has now taken up her residence in the neighbouring cemetery. To the virtue of her supplication I owe my restoration to life, and I am now sent to you to be a witness of her chastity, and to testify to the world that whatever has been reported of her lewdness has no foundation in truth." The merchant, full of admiration, exclaimed: "Into what a fatal labyrinth of error has the green-eyed monster of jealousy conducted me! What an unpardonable crime I have committed! My chaste and virtuous wife, whose prayers are so powerful as to raise the dead, has been by me accused of incontinence!" He then hastened to the mosque, prostrated the forehead of obsequiousness on the threshold of contrition; humbly implored pardon for the injuries he had inflicted; imprinted on her face and cheek the salutation of peace; and brought her back to his house with all honour.

The parrot goes on thus every night relating stories to the amorous dame, taking care to prolong his recital until it was too late for the assignation, and on her husband's return—according to Kádiri's version—when the "green-mantled secretary" has informed him of all that had transpired in his absence: the lady's intended intrigue; her slaying the sharyk; and his own clever device to preserve her chastity—of *body*; that of her mind being, as we have seen, already soiled—he immediately put her to death. Gerrans, in his Prolegomena, says that "all ends well," from which we may suppose that in his text the husband was reconciled to his wife. In one Telúgú version (*Totí náma cat'halú*) the lady kills the bird after hearing its recitals; and in another the husband, on learning what had occurred, cuts off his wife's head and becomes an ascetic—the cruel and foolish man!

This device of a parrot relating diverting stories to keep a wanton wife at home is reflected in one of the Kalmuk tales of *Ardshi Bordshi* (Sanskrit, Raja Bhoja), where a merchant having purchased a wonderfully clever parrot, for a very large sum of money, leaves it to keep watch over the doings of his spouse while he is abroad; and when the lady purposes going out on the pretence of visiting her female friends, the parrot detains her all night by telling her the story of the woman who swore falsely that she had not dishonoured her husband, and yet spoke the truth in so doing, which will be found, *ante*, p. 357.

In Professor T. F. Crane's *Italian Popular Tales*, pp. 167-183, there are no fewer than three stories of a similar kind, which must have been derived—indirectly, of course—from some Eastern, probably Syriac, version of the 'Parrot-Book.' One of these is from Sicily: A merchant who is very jealous of his wife is obliged to go on a journey, and at her own suggestion he shuts her up in the house, with an abundant supply of food. One day she looks out of a window which the husband had inadvertently left open, and just at the moment a gentleman and a notary happen to pass and see her. They lay a wager as to which of them should first speak to the lady. The notary (very naturally?) summons an evil spirit, to whom he sells his soul on the condition that he win the bet. The devil changes him into a parrot, who gains access to the lady's presence, and to entertain her relates three stories. On the merchant's return the parrot is placed on the table at dinner, splashes some of the soup into the husband's eyes, flies at his breast and strangles him, and then escapes through the window. After this the notary assumes his proper form, marries the merchant's widow, and wins his wager with the gentleman.—In a version from Pisa the story is told very differently: A merchant had a beautiful daughter, of whom both the king and the viceroy were deeply enamoured. The king knew that the merchant would soon have to go abroad on business, and he would then have a chance of speaking with the damsel. The viceroy was also aware of this, and considered how he could prevent the king from succeeding in his design. He goes to a witch, and gives her a great sum of money for teaching him how to transform himself

into a parrot. The merchant buys him for his daughter and departs. When the parrot thinks it about time for the king to come, he says to the young lady: "I will amuse you with a story; but you must listen to me, and not see any one while I am telling it." Then he begins, and after he has got a little way in it, a servant enters and tells his mistress that there is a letter for her. "Tell her to bring it later," says the parrot, "and now listen to me." The mistress said to the servant: "I do not receive letters while my father is away," and the parrot continued. After a while, another interruption; a servant announced the visit of an aunt of her mistress: it was not her aunt, however, but an old woman who came from the king. Quoth the parrot: "Don't receive her—we are in the best bit of the story," and the lady sent word that she did not receive any visits while her father was absent; so the parrot went on. When the story was ended, the lady 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 lady'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 so the merchant's daughter remained the wife of the viceroy, who had proved himself to be more cunning than the king.

It is curious to observe the transformations which the Parrot-story has undergone after having been brought to Italy, as in all likelihood it was, by Venetian merchants trading to the Levant in the 14th and 15th centuries, and it is not less strange that the story has not found a place among the popular fictions of other European countries.

A very remarkable form of the Parrot-story is found in one of the numerous legends of the Panjábí hero Rájá Rasálú recited by the Bhats or minstrels, a class rapidly disappearing, and therefore a deep debt of gratitude is owing by all who are interested in the genealogy of folk-tales to Captain R. C. Temple for the valuable collection he is publishing, under the title of *Legends of the Panjáb*,

of which two, if not three, volumes have already been completed (London agents, Messrs. Trübner & Co.). The following version of the Parrot-story is from Captain Temple's first volume: for the notes which have not the letter T appended I must be held responsible:

Panjabi Legend.

RÁJÁ RASÁLÚ having played at *Chaupur* with Rájá Sarkap for their heads and won, he spared his opponent's life on condition that he should never more play for such a stake, and give him his new-born daughter Kokilán¹ to wife, the legend thus proceeds:

Then Rájá Rasálú went to the Múrtí hills and there planted a mango branch. There he had the Rání Kokilán placed in an underground palace, and said: "When the mango branch blossoms then will Rání Kokilán arrive at her full youth." After twelve years the mango tree began to blossom and give forth fruit, and the Rání Kokilán became a woman. One day she said to Rájá Rasálú: "What is it that people say happens when you shoot an animal in the *jangals*?" He replied: "When I shoot an animal with an arrow it falls down in a faint, after running seven paces towards me." "This is a very wonderful thing," said the Rání, "and I shall not believe it till I see it with my own eyes." So next morning the Rájá made Kokilán ride on a pillion behind him, and he wore some coarse clothes over his own, so that her perspiration should not injure him. In this way he went forth into the *jangals* to shoot. Presently he shot a deer, and the deer as soon as it was wounded ran seven paces away from him and fell down. "Last night," said the Rání Kokilán, "you told me that when you hit an animal it would fall seven paces towards you, but this has fallen seven paces away from you. Your words have not come true." "My virtue has left me," said the rájá, "because you have been riding on the same horse with me." "I will catch the deer with my hands," said she, "and will bring them to you." And so she opened out seven locks of her scented hair, and sat on a tower of the palace, and the sweet scent filled the

¹ *i. e.* Cooing-dove.

air. Two deer, called Hírá and Nílá, came to where she was sitting, attracted by the scent of her hair, and stood by her. Then Rájá Rasálú determined to try the power of attraction of Rání Kokilán's hair, and frightened the deer with his bow. As soon as the deer Nílá heard the twang of the bow he ran for his life, but the deer Hírá was so attracted by the scent of Rání Kokilán's hair that he remained where he was. "It would be a pity to kill this deer that is so fond of my wife," thought the rájá, "but I will mark him well." He cut off the tail and ears to mark him, and then the deer said to the rájá: "I have not injured thy fields, nor have I broken thy hedge: why hast thou cut my tail? what damage have I done? I am but a deer of the thick *jungal*; I will bring a thief into thy palace." Saying this the deer Hírá went off to join his fellows, but they cast him out of their herd, because he had no ears or tail. So he became very sorrowful and went into the kingdom of Rájá Hodí, son of Rájá Atkí Mall, where he joined a herd of deer. After a while he brought the whole herd into Rájá Hodí's garden and destroyed it. As soon as Rájá Hodí heard of this destruction he sent in men to catch the deer, and they all ran away except the deer Hírá, who remained hidden in the garden. Presently Rájá Hodí came himself into the garden, and then the deer ran off, followed by the rájá on a horse. The deer led Rájá Hodí to the palace of Rájá Rasálú, in the Múrtí hills, and then said to him: "Why have you followed me so far?" "Why did you destroy my garden?" said the rájá. "I have followed you to kill you." "I destroyed your garden because Rání Kokilán ordered it," said the deer. "Who is she?" asked the rájá. "She is sitting in that little latticed window above in the palace."

When he heard this the rájá looked up and saw the Rání Kokilán, and they began to talk; meanwhile the deer Hírá hid himself in a bush. Said the rání: "O rájá, wandering beneath the palace, art thou a true man or a thief? Art thou an enemy to my rájá? or does an animal stand there?" Hodí replied: "Thieves wear dirty clothes, rání, true men, clean. Nor am I Rasálú's enemy, nor does an animal stand here. I came afar after my quarry; I stand here of necessity." Then he said: "The black rain-clouds

fall from the clouds,¹ what jeweller made thee? O thou of the nose-ornament! O lips red with the betel-leaves! What king's daughter art thou? what king's wife? Leaving thee in the palace, where has the fool gone?" The rání answered: "I fell from no rain-cloud, rájá; no jeweller made me. My nose is a sword-point;² betel-leaves are on my lips. I am Rájá Sarkap's daughter; I am Rájá Rasálú's wife: leaving me in the palace, he has gone to hunt in the river-side swamps." And then she asked: "Where is thy city, rájá? Where is thy home? What king's son art thou? What is thy name?" The rájá replied: "Sindh is my city, rání; Atak is my home. I am Rájá Atkí Mall's son; Rájá Hodí is my name." Said the rání: "The green grapes are ripe; the pomegranate drips: none such as thou can have a footing in the rájá's house." Then said Hodí to her: "Show me how to get to you"; and she pointed out where the steps were, saying: "There is a large stone at the entrance of the staircase; you have only to remove that and come up." The rájá did as he was bidden, but could by no means remove the stone, so he said: "I am a pedlar of Sindh; I sell black camphor: take into thy presence what merchandise thy heart doth desire." Then the Rání Kokilán pointed out another flight of three steps, but Hodí said when he saw the steps: "I am not a bird that I can fly. If you really want me, let down a rope for me to climb up."³ So Rání Kokilán let down a rope, and Hodí climbed up it. He found in the palace two cages, in one of which was a *mainá*⁴ and in the other a parrot.

As soon as the parrot saw Rájá Hodí he hid his head under his wing and told the *mainá* to do the same. And the *mainá* did so, while Rájá Hodí climbed up the rope and got on to the first step. Then she said to the parrot: "Listen, O beloved parrot, loved best of all—listen to my words: stay not here, parrot, where is nor friend

¹ Apparent reference to the dark complexion of Kokilán.—T.

² *I. e.* I am very fascinating.—T.

³ In the *Shah Náma* (Book of Kings), by Firdausí, the Homer of Persia, when Zál visits the beauteous Rúdába, she lets down her long hair, by which he climbs up to her balcony—but their interview is innocent, for the hero's "intentions" are perfectly virtuous.

⁴ A hill starling.

nor relative. I have seen a wondrous thing, a crow eating the rájá's grapes." "What have you to do with it, *mainá*?" said the parrot. "Be quiet and hide your head under your wing." Meanwhile Rájá Hodí had climbed on to the second step, and the *mainá* said to the parrot: "Listen, O beloved parrot, loved best of all—listen to my words: I have seen a wondrous thing, a dog eating the rice." But the parrot frightened the *mainá* again, and meanwhile Rájá Hodí reached the third step and called out. Then the *mainá* said again: "Listen, O beloved parrot, loved best of all—listen to my words: I have seen a wondrous thing, an ass braying in the rájá's palace." Then the parrot said to the *mainá* again: "I have often told you to be quiet, but you pay no attention." But the *mainá* said: "This thief comes into the house and shouts. This is what makes me angry and prevents me from being quiet." In the meantime the rájá had got in, and being very thirsty asked the rání for water. But the water could not be easily got, and they both began to break away the stones at the brim of Rájá Rasálú's well to get at the water. After a while Rání Kokilán got up some water in a pitcher and gave it to Hodí to drink. The rájá stopped two or three hours with Rání Kokilán and then began to inquire about going away again. "Stay all night," said the rání, but he was afraid and would not stay. So the rání began to weep bitterly, and when Hodí saw her tears he said he would be back in four or five days, and he wiped away her tears with his own hands. Her eyes were covered with *kájal*,¹ and as he wiped them his hands got black from

¹ *Kájal*, or *káyala*, is a pigment applied to increase the beauty of the eyes. An Indian poet tells his lady-love that her eyes have completely eclipsed those of the deer—"then why add *káyala*? Is it not enough that thou destroy thy victim, unless thou do it with poisoned arrows?" The Arab poet Ibn Hamdis as-Sakali (*ob.* 1132 A. D.) says: "To increase the blackness of her eyes, she has applied antimony around them, thus adding poison to the dart which was already sufficient to give death." And our English poet Sir John Suckling has thus expressed the same idea:

"Th' adorning thee with so much art
Is but a barbarous skill:
'Tis like the poisoning of the dart,
Too apt before to kill."

Thomson's "beauty unadorned" would find no admirers among Asiatics: "Beauty," says a Persian poet, "decorated with ornaments, portends disastrous

it. "I will be back in three days," said the rájá as he got ready to go. "You made me a promise before and broke it,"¹ said the rání, "and when you get among the women of your palace you will forget me and never return at all." "There are no women in my house," said the rájá. "I will not wash my hands of this *kájál*, nor will I eat again, till I come to eat with you here."

That night Rájá Hodí started for Atak and reached the bank of the river Sindh. Being very thirsty, he lay down on the bank and drank water with his mouth like an animal, for he was afraid of washing the *kájál* from his hands if he used them. A *dhobí* was washing on the opposite bank, and seeing the rájá drinking like a wild beast, he said to his wife: "Listen, O wife beloved, loved best of all—listen to my words: On the far side has come a prince; nor friend nor company with him. He drinks water like a deer: what is the matter with his hands?" Said the *dhoban*: "If you will give me golden ornaments to wear, I will tell you the real truth of the matter." "I will give you the golden ornaments when I go home, if you will tell me the real truth." Then said the *dhoban*: "Listen, O beloved husband, best loved of all—listen to my words: On the far side has come a prince, nor friend nor company with him. A woman pleased him at night. She wept and he wiped the lamp-black from her eyes with his hands." When the *dhoban* said this the *dhobí* gave her a great beating, and she began to weep bitterly. When Rájá Hodí heard the sound of her weeping he loosed the martingale of his horse and swam across the river. When he got across he spoke angrily to the *dhobí*: "You foolish washerman, you are a brave man to go beating your wife in my presence." "Lord of the world," answered the *dhobí*, "she said such unworthy things of you that I cannot repeat them." Then the rájá suspected that the *dhoban* had knowledge of things that are hidden, and said to her: "I know thee for a washerwoman; I know thou hast been beaten.

events to our hearts. An amiable form, ornamented with diamonds and gold, is like a melodious voice accompanied by the *rabáb*!"

¹ Other versions of the legend state that Hodí frequently visited the young wife of Rasálú after he was first conducted to her by the vengeful deer, and it was evidently to one of those visits that Kokilán alludes when she says, "You made me a promise before and broke it."

How is she passing the time, *dhoban*, who is separated from her lover?" Answered the *dhoban*: "She is making fair her arms, *rájá*: wash thou thy hands. How many husbands has the swan, *rájá*? Young women are in thousands." So *Rájá Hodí* washed his hands, as the *dhoban* said, and entered into his palace.

Meanwhile *Rájá Rasálú* had come home from hunting, and *Rání Kokilán* said to him: "O gray-horsed *rájá*! thy quiver full of pearls! thy bow studded with rubies! thy shield studded with diamonds and fastened by a muslin kerchief! riding a prancing horse!—tell me, am I thy wife or sister?" He answered: "I won the stake with care, leaving four *ránis* behind. I gave thee a garden to thy desire, peaches, mangoes, pomegranates—thou hast fattened on the fruit, *rání*; thou art fair and well-liking. I, *Rájá Rasálú*, am thy bridegroom; thou, *Rání Kokilán*, art my wife. For this reason I kept thee unread: thus I know thy character." Saying this, he dismounted and went up to her; and seeing that the brim of the well was broken in, and that there were human footprints about, he said to her: "Who has thrown down the well-brim, *rání*? Who has broken the platform? Who has taken out the water in pitchers? Who has thrown down the stones? Who has broken into my palace? Footmarks are in the palace-halls! Who has lain on my bed?—the *nivár*¹ is loose!" The *rání* answered: "I broke down the well! I destroyed the platform! I took out the water in pitchers! I threw down the stones! The *mainá* loosened my hair, and the parrot broke my necklace. Releasing myself, *rájá*, I ran away: my footmarks are in the palace. My enemy lay on the bed and loosened the *nivár*." When the *rání* said this the *rájá* beat the parrot, and the *mainá* said to the parrot: "It is well that the *rájá* has beaten you, because you prevented me from telling him in the beginning the evil deeds of the *rání*." After this the *rájá* went to sleep, and next morning before the sun was risen he started off for the hunt again, and the parrot said to him: "If we happen into any trouble while you are away, where shall we find you?" He answered: "If anything happens within the next three or four days, I shall be found by the river-side swamps. If anything happens within the next two or

¹ Cotton tape stretching across the bedstead.—T.

three months, I shall be found hunting in the Kashmír mountains," and then he went away to the river-side swamps.

After two or three days Rájá Hodí came to the palace, and dismounting from his horse to see Rání Kokilán, the pair laughed together for joy. Then said the *mainá* to Rání Kokilán: "The first time you spoke evil of me and the parrot to Rájá Rasálú—what will you say to him now? Believe in God, and leave off playing and laughing with a stranger."¹ But the rání became very angry and said: "I give thee minced cakes, *mainá*; thou sittest in thy cage and eatest. What hast thou to do with this matter? Be silent! This foreigner will go off to his distant home." The *mainá* replied: "Eat thy minced cakes thyself, rání. I put my faith in God. My rájá will come, rání: I will be true to my salt."² When the *mainá* had said this the rání exclaimed: "You faithless bird, you have eaten from *my* hand always. Will you be untrue to *my* salt? The rájá wanders about in the *jangals*, and will you rather be true to *him*?" So she took the *mainá* out of the cage and cut off her head, and taking the cage she broke it into pieces and threw them away.³ Then she went up to the parrot's cage to kill him as well. But the parrot spoke caressingly in order to save his life, and said: "Thou didst well to kill the *mainá*, rání, that was such a backbiter! Female minds are vexed by such things; our masculine minds are above them. Let me out of the cage, rání; I wish to see the king's

¹ In another version, which I have before me, the virtuous bird is represented as exclaiming: "What wickedness is this?"

² Salt is a sacred pledge of hospitality in most Asiatic countries. We have in the well-known Arabian tale of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, a singular example of the effect of eating salt, even in the mind of a robber. When Morgiana, the faithful slave of Ali Baba, had in the character of a dancer struck a dagger into the heart of a merchant, his guest, and excited the horror of her master for such an act, she threw off her disguise and told Ali Baba that in the pretended merchant Khoja Hussain she had destroyed his cruel enemy, the captain of the robbers, to convince him of the truth of her assertion, she discovered under his robe the murderous poignard, and asked her master the simple question which caused her suspicion of his guest: "Do you not recollect that he refused to eat salt with you? Can you require a stronger proof of his malicious intention?"

³ In the other version it is Rájá Hodí who takes the *mainá* out of the cage and wrings her neck.

country.”¹ The rání thought to herself that after all he had never said anything against her, and moreover had always corrected the *mainá* when she had spoken roughly ; so considering him faithful she let him out of the cage, and then the parrot said : “ Let me go, and I will give the *mainá* two or three kicks and revenge myself of the annoyance she has given me.” So the rání, being very pleased, let him loose, and then the parrot, to please the rání more, gave the dead *mainá* two or three kicks and then asked the rání for a bath, “ for,” said he, “ I am a good Híndú and I have touched a dead body.” The rání, who had now become very fond of him, threw some water over him and wetted him, and then the parrot asked for some food. So the rání mixed flour and sugar and ghí² and made cakes of it, which she gave to the parrot to eat. When the parrot had eaten his fill he flew away to the top of the palace and began to weep, and the rání asked him why he wept. “ Rání, live for ever,” said the parrot ; “ but you have killed my friend the *mainá*, and have made me very miserable.” Said the rání : “ Friendly parrot, go not incontinently away. For the one *mainá* I killed I will give you ten others. For thy God’s sake come back to me. I will take away thy grief ; speak not harsh words.”

But though the Rání coaxed and comforted him much he would not remain, and flew off to Rájá Rasálú, who was sleeping under a tree in the hills by the river-side swamps. When he found the rájá the parrot went into a pool, and after making his feathers all wet and draggled, he sat on a branch of the tree just over Rasálú. As he sat there he shook himself to dry his feathers, and the water from them was sprinkled over the rájá, who, thinking it was rain, got up, and then the parrot said to him : “ O rájá, sleeping beneath the *kíkar* tree, take thy sheet from off thy face. The rání has opened her shop and is selling as a trader. A prince who came has fastened her bundle tight.”³ Answered Rájá Rasálú : “ Eight *mainás*, ten *mainás*,

¹ In Mr. Swynnerton’s version (*Folk Lore Journal*, 1883, p. 143) the parrot says to the rání : “ O queen, the king my master may return unexpectedly. If you will loose me, I will sit on the mango-tree and keep watch.”

² Clarified butter.

³ In Mr. Swynnerton’s version the parrot says to Rasálú : “ Come home at once, and you will catch the thief before he departs.”

a peacock at every window. So many witnesses, parrot: why has the thief entered the palace?" Then the parrot said: "O rájá, the rání has killed the *mainá* and I only escaped after many devices and stratagems."¹

When he heard this Rájá Rasálú fastened his cooking-spit to his girdle and mounted his horse, for when he went shooting he always took two spits with him; on one he cooked his own food which he had killed, and on the other the rání cooked hers. As he was journeying home, he passed Mǎrgalá and neared Sang Jáne, and then his horse got so tired that he could hardly crawl. So the rájá said to his horse: "O Bhaum 'Irákí, you used to fly along like a bird, and now when my enemy has come you have turned lazy and crawl along." And the horse replied: "Thy spurring breaks my heart, rájá. Injure not my body. The day thou wast born my mother Lakhí brought me forth. When thou wast brought up in the cellar I was fastened there; when thou didst come outside I stood at the door; when thou didst mount me the stakes were never lost. They have broken their oaths, and some day I shall lose my head."² Then the horse Bhaum 'Irákí, thinking his

¹ In my other version the parrot, on seeing the fate of the *mainá*, says to Kokilán: "O rání, the steed of Rasálú is very swift; let me out, and I will give thee timely notice of his approach;" and the rání having opened the cage, away the parrot flew to where Rasálú was hunting, and, alighting on his shoulder, said to him: "O rájá, a cat is at your cream!"

² "One powerful mark to know heroes by is their possessing intelligent horses and conversing with them The touching conversation of Achilles with his Xanthos and Balios (*Il.* 19,400-421) finds a complete parallel in the beautiful Karling legend of Bayard. Cf. also Wilhelm's dialogue with Puzát (58, 21-59, 8) in the French original with Baucent (*Garin*, 2, 230-1), and Begars with the same Baucent (p. 230). In the Edda we have Skrimr talking with his horse (*Saem.* 28 b.) and Goðrân, after Sigurd's murder, with Gram."—Grimm's *Teutonic Mythology*; vol. i. p. 392.

Raksh, the famous steed of Rustam, the Persian Hercules, who figures so prominently in the *Sháh Náma*, although he could not speak, was very intelligent, and understood what his master said to him. In the course of the hero's "Haft-Khan," or Seven Labours, while Rustam is asleep a monstrous dragon approaches to devour him. The watchful Raksh neighs and beats the ground so furiously that Rustam soon awakes, but the dragon has vanished, and Rustam upbraids his faithful steed for disturbing his slumbers without cause, and goes to sleep again. Once more the dragon appears, with the same result; yet Raksh was resolved not to move a step from his side, for his heart was grieved and

master to be really in need of him, went cheerfully, and Rájá Rasálú reached his palace in the Murtí hills. There too he found Rájá Hodí.

A flight of sixty steps led down from the palace, and Rájá Hodí had descended thirty of them when Rájá Rasálú cried out to him from below : " O mine enemy, strike me first, and I will see what I can do afterwards." But Hodí replied : " It is not right that I strike you first." Then said Rasálú : " Shoot at me first with your arrow, and I will shoot afterwards, and we will thus shoot alternately." So Rájá Hodí shot an arrow at Rájá Rasálú, but he parried it and cut it in two with his sword. Then Hodí got ready another arrow, upon which Rasálú cried out : " I said you were to shoot the first arrow, and now you are preparing another. Very well, shoot on, and no farther desire can remain to you." And Rájá Hodí shot another arrow, but Rájá Rasálú put it aside with his shield, and then took an arrow from his quiver to aim at Hodí, while the latter got ready a third arrow. So Rasálú said : " Thou didst shoot the first arrow, rájá, and God saved me ; thou didst shoot a second, and I was vexed ; thou hast got ready a third, and my good luck has come." As he spoke Rájá Hodí's bow broke in two, and he said to Rájá Rasálú : " My standard is at home, rájá ; my sword too is at home. I am head of a hundred clans ; we are four brothers. Forgive me to-day, and I will come to thy doors no more." Then said Rasálú : " You wretch, have you come on such an evil errand, and have brought nothing to fight with ? I will only shoot at you with

afflicted by the harsh words that had been addressed to him. The dragon appeared a third time, and Raksh almost tore up the earth with his heels to rouse his sleeping master. Rustam again awoke and sprang to his feet, but there was now sufficient light for him to see the prodigious cause of alarm, and drawing his sword he attacked the dragon, and with the assistance of Raksh, who bit and tore its scaly side, severed the monster's head.

Kyrat, the charger of Kurroglú, the celebrated Persian robber-poet, was another intelligent horse : " Whenever my enemy sets out from any place against me, Kyrat neighs ; when the foe has made half the distance, he grows restless and sneezes ; and when at last the enemy is on the point of showing himself, Kyrat digs the ground with his hoof and foams at the mouth." Kyrat dies one hour before his master, and Kurroglú's mourning song for the loss of his favourite steed is considered as amongst the most beautiful elegies in Oriental literature.

this little arrow—be careful that it does not hurt you! And then you can be master of the arrow and everything else for that matter, for I will leave this place for ever.”

And Rájá Rasálú shot the arrow at Rájá Hodí, who fell senseless, and he tore out his heart with his hands and stuck it on the spit which had no meat on it; for his own spit had meat on it, but the rání's had none. He took both spits into the palace, and Rání Kokilán asked him: “What makes my lord so pleased to-day?” He said: “Let us have a great feast. We have hitherto roasted each our own food on our own spits, but to-day I will roast your food and you must roast mine.” And saying this he gave the rání the spit with venison on it, and the rájá's heart he had put on the spit he had kept for himself. When the roasting was over they exchanged meat and began to eat, and before the rání had finished her food, she said: “How very good the meat is to-day!” And the rájá replied: “Living, thou didst enjoy him, rání; dead, thou hast eaten his flesh. Why shouldst thou not relish his flesh who did enjoy thee?” The rání quickly threw down the remainder of the meat, and asked: “What are you saying?” Then the rájá took her by the hand to the corpse of Hodí, and when the rání saw it she at first denied all knowledge of it, but at last she said: “Rájá, sitting, he will reproach me; standing, he will abuse me: I too must die with him who is my reproach.” So saying, Rání Kokilán leapt down from the palace wall and was sorely wounded.¹ The rájá lifted her up and tied her on to one side of Rájá Hodí's horse, and the corpse of the rájá he tied on the other side, and sent it away to Atak, Hodí's country. After this Rájá Rasálú set out from Múrat to Siálkot, and here it was that a Jhínwar² took the Rání Kokilán to wife and cured her wounds. And here too after a while she bore

¹ This tale of a husband's savage revenge seems to have been brought to Europe by minstrels who accompanied the armies of the Crusades. It forms the subject of Nov. 9, Day iv. of Boccaccio's *Decameron*, into which it was avowedly taken from a Provençal source.—See a somewhat different version from Boccaccio's in Isaac D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, under the title of “The Lover's Heart.”

² The carrying caste; especially the “bheestie” (*bahisht*) or water-carrying class.—T.

him three sons, from whom are sprung the three Jhínwar Gots who dwell there to the present day, namely, Sabír, Gabír, and Sír.¹

Such is the ghastly tale of Rájá Rasálú and his beautiful but frail young wife, as chanted by the minstrels of the Panjáb. Rasálú is no imaginary hero, and it is probable that the main incidents of the legend are historically true; and in later times the two speaking birds, the *mainá* and the parrot, have been introduced into it from the *Túti Náma* for the sake of dramatic effect. It is said that Rasálú lamented the loss of his young bride—reflecting, doubtless, when too late, that he had needlessly exposed her to temptation by leaving her solitary during his frequent hunting excursions—and caused a magnificent fountain to be erected in her memory, in front of his palace. The ascent of Rájá Hodí to the ráni's chamber has been a favourite subject of native artists for mural pictures.

¹ The tragedy according to Mr. Swynnerton's version concludes differently. It is not the heart but some of the flesh of Hodí that Rasálú cuts off and causes to be cooked for his wife. When she asks what food it is, as she thought she had never tasted any so good, he replies :

“What food is this so dainty and sweet?
 Alive he languished at your feet.
 Now dead and gone, he pleases still—
 You eat his flesh, nay, eat your fill!
 But O may she whose heart is proved untrue,
 Ascend the funeral pile and perish too.”

On hearing this, the ráni leaps from the battlements, and falling on the rocks is killed. Rasálú throws her body and that of Hodí into the river.—There can be no doubt that these deviations from the generally accepted legend are of quite recent date, as is also the introduction of a Muslim washerman and his wife towards the end.

GLASGOW, *September, 1887.*

21.

The Knight and the Loathly Lady:

VARIANTS AND ANALOGUES

OF

Chaucer's Wife of Bath's Tale.

By W. A. CLOUSTON.

	PAGE
GOWER'S TALE OF FLORENT	483
WEDDING OF SIR GAWAINE AND DAME RAGNELL	498
MARRIAGE OF SIR GAWAINE	502
BORDER BALLAD OF KING HENRIE	509
ICELANDIC VERSION	513
ANOTHER ICELANDIC VERSION	514
GAELIC VERSION	516
ANALOGUE FROM MANDEVILLE	518
TURKISH ANALOGUE	520
SANSKRIT ANALOGUE	521
TWO KAFFIR ANALOGUES	522
<i>Note</i> : "Women desire Sovereignty"	523

THE KNIGHT AND THE LOATHLY LADY :

VARIANTS AND ANALOGUES OF THE *WIFE OF BATH'S TALE*.

BY W. A. CLOUSTON.

GOWER anticipated the Wife of Bath's characteristic Tale by a few years in his *Confessio Amantis*, but there seems no good reason to suppose Chaucer to have borrowed from his friend, the two versions differing so very considerably in details, and it is probable that both poets drew their materials independently from a French source, or sources. This is Gower's story, from the First Book of the *Confessio Amantis*, Harl. MS. 3869, beginning on leaf 34 :

Gower's Tale of Florent.

T HER* whas wylom be daies olde	[leaf 34]	
A worpi knyht, and as men tolde,		
He was Neuo ^e u ¹ to themperour,		Florent, nephew
And of his Court a Courteour.	4	to the emperor,
Wifes he was, Florent he hihte ;		
He was a man pat mochel myhte ;		a worthy and
Of armes he was desirous,		brave knight,
Chiualerous and amorous ;	8	
And, for þe fame of worldes speche,	[fol. 34b.]	in quest of ad-
Strange auentures for to seche,		ventures,

* The marginal note, in red, is as follows :

Hic *contra* amori inobedientes, ad commendacionem Obediencie Confessor super eodem exemplum ponit, vbi dicit, quod cum quidam Regis Cizilie filia in sue inuentutis floribus pulcherima, ex eius Nouerce incantacionibus in vetulam turpissimam transformata extitit: Florencius, tunc Imperatoris Claudii Nepos, miles in armis strenuissimus, amorosisque legibus intendens, ipsam ex sua obediencia in pulcritudinem pristinam mirabiliter reformauit.

¹ Nephew.

	He rode þe Marches al aboute ;	
	And fell a time as he was oute,	12
	Fortune, whiche may euery þred	
	To-breke ¹ and knette of mannes sped,	
	Schop, ² as þis knyght rod in a pas,	
	That he be strengþe take was,	16
came to a castle,	And to a Castell þei him ladde,	
	Wher þat he fewe frendes hadde.	
the heir of which,	For so it fell þat ilke stounde, ³	
Branchus, he had	That he haþ wiþ a dedly wounde,	20
slain.	Feihtende ⁴ his oghne hondes, slain	
	Branchus, which to þe Capitain	
	Was sone and heir ; wherof ben wroþe	
	The fader and þe moder boþe ;	24
	(That knyght Branchus was of his hond	
	The worþiest of al his lond ;))	
They would be	And fain þei wolden do vengeance	
avenged,	Vpon Florent ; bot remembrance	28
	That þei toke of his worþinesse,	
	Of knythode and of gentilesse,	
but feared the	And how he stod of cousinage	
anger of the	To themperour, made hem assuage,	32
emperor.	And dorsten ⁵ noght slen him for fere.	
	In gret desputeison ⁶ þei were	
	Among hemself ⁷ what was þe best.	
The grandmother	Ther was a lady, þe slyheste	36
of Branchus, a sly	Of alle þat men knewe þo,	
woman, devised a	So old, sche myhte vneþes go, ⁸	
plan for causing	And was grantdame vnto þe dede ; ⁹	
his death without	And sche wiþ þat began to rede, ¹⁰	40
blame to them.	And seid how sche wol bringe him inne,	
	That sche schal him to deþe winne,	

¹ To break in pieces. ² Shaped. ³ Same time.

⁴ Fighting with. ⁵ Durst, dared. ⁶ Dispute ; discussion.

⁷ Themselves. ⁸ Scarcely walk.

⁹ Grandmother to the dead Branchus. ¹⁰ Advise.

Al only of his oghne grant,
 Thurgh strengþe of verray couenant, 44
 Wipoute blame of eny wiht.
 Anon sche sende for þis kniht,
 And of hire sone sche alleide¹ She sends for
Florent,
 The deþ; and þus to him sche seide : 48
 " Florent, how so þou be to wyte²
 Of Branchus deþ, men schal respite
 As now to take vengeance,
 Be so þou stonde in iuggement, 52 and says he'll be
 Vpon certain condicion, quit if he answer
 That þou vnto a question a question,
 Which I schal axe, schalt ansuere ; [fol. 35.]
 And ouer³ þis, þou schalt ek swere, 56 but failing, he
 That if þou of þe soþe faile, shall be killed.
 Ther schal non oþer þing auaille,
 That þou ne schalt þy deþ receiue.
 And for men schal þee nocht deceiue, 60
 That þou þerof myht ben auised,
 Thou schalt haue day and time assised⁴ He'll be allowed
to depart, and
time for inquiry.
 And leue sauffy for to wende,
 Be so þat, at þi daies ende, 64
 Thov come aȝein wip þin auys.⁵

THIS knyht, which worþi was and wys, The agreement is
sealed.
 This lady preiþ þat he may wite,⁶
 And haue it vnder Seales write, 68
 What question it scholde be,
 For which he schal in þat degre
 Stonde of his lif in ieupertie.
 Wip þat sche feignep compaignie, 72
 And seiþ : " Florent, on loue it hongeþ,
 Al þat to myn axinge longep,

¹ Alleged ; charged against him. ² Blame. ³ Besides.

⁴ Fixed.

⁵ Opinion ; answer to the question.

⁶ Prays that he may know.

She asks, "What do women most desire?"	' What alle wommen most desire' ; This wole I axe, and in thempire Wher as þou hast most knowlechinge, Take conseil vpon þis axinge."	76
Florent returns to his uncle's court, and tells him of his pact.	F Lorent þis þing hap vndertake ; The day was set, þe time take ; Vnder his seale he wrot his oþ In such a wise, and forþ he goþ Hom to his Emes ¹ Court azein, To whom his auenture plein He tolde, of þat ² him is befallē.	80
The wisest men are sent for,	And vpon þat, þei weren alle, The wiseste of þe lond, asent, ³ Bot natheles of on ⁴ assent	88
but can't agree, each having a different opinion as to women's chief desire.	Thei myht[e] noght a-corde plat : ⁵ On seide þis, anopre þat, After þe disposicioun Of naturel complexioun :	92
So Florent must needs go forth to inquire,	To som womman it is plesance, That to an opre is greuance ; Bot such a þing in special, Which to hem alle in general Is most plesant, and most desired Aboue alle opre, and most conspired, ⁶ Such o ⁷ þing coune þei noght fynde	96
for he would rather die than break his word.	Be constellacion ne kynde. ⁸ And þus Florent, wiþoute cure, Most stonde vpon his auenture, And is al schape vnto þe lere ; ⁹ As in defalte of his answeare.	100
	This knyht hath leuere ¹⁰ for to dye Than breke his trowþe, And for to lye In place þer as he was swore,	104

[fol. 35b.]

¹ Uncle's (the Emperor's). ² Thing which. ³ Sent for.
⁴ One. ⁵ Agree fully. ⁶ Longed for. ⁷ One.
⁸ Star-gazing or nature. ⁹ Loss. ¹⁰ Rather ; sooner.

- And schapp¹ him gon aȝein perfore. 108
 Whan time cam, he tok his leue,
 That lengere wold he noght beleue,²
 And preiþ his Em³ he be noght wroþ,
 For þat is a point of his oþ; 112
 He seiþ, þat noman schal him wreke,
 Thogh afterward men hiere speke
 That he *par* auenture deie.
 And þus he wente forþ his weie 116 Alone he goes,
 Alone, as knyht auenturous;
 And in hys þoght was curious
 To wite⁴ what was best to do. wondering what
 to do.
 And as he rod al-one so, 120
 And cam nyh þer he wolde be,
 In a forest, vnder a tre,
 He sih⁵ wher sat a creature,
 A loþly, wommannysch figure, 124
 That for to speke of fleisch and bon,
 So foul ȝit syh he neuere non. so foul as never
 was seen before.
 This knyht behield hir redely,
 And as he wolde haue passed by, 128
 Sche cleped⁶ him, and bad abide;
 And he his horse heued a side
 Tho⁷ torneþ, and to hire he rod;
 And þere he houeþ,⁸ and abod 132
 To wite what sche wolde mene.
 And sche began him to bemene,
 And seide: "Florent, be þi name,
 Thov hast on honde such a game 136
 That, bot þou be þe betre auised,
 Thi deþ is schapen and diuised,
 That al þe world ne mai þe saue,
 Bot if þat þou my conseil haue." 140

¹ Shapes; purposes.² Remain.³ Uncle (the Emperor).⁴ Know.⁵ Saw.⁶ Called.⁷ Then.⁸ Halts.

Florent begs her counsel.

FLORENT, whan he þis tale herde,
 Vn-to þis olde wyht answerde,
 And of hir conseil he hir preide ;
 And sche azein to him þus seide : 144

“What will you give me if I save you ?”

“Florent, yf I for þe so schape [fol. 36.]
 That þou þurgh me þi deþ ascape,
 And take worschipe of þi dede,
 What schal I haue to my mede ?” 148

“Anything.”

“What þing,” quod he, “þat þou wolt axe.”
 “I bidde neuere a betre taxe.”

“Good; but first you must promise to marry me.”

Quod sche ; “bot ferst, er þou be sped,
 Thou schalt me leue such a wedd¹ 152
 That I wol haue þi trowþe in honde,
 That þou schalt be myn housebonde.”

“That I can't do.”

“Nay,” seiþ Florent, “þat may noght be.”

“Away, then, to thy fate.”

“Ryd, þanne, forþ þi wey,” quod sche ; 156
 “And if þou go wiþoute rede,
 Thou schalt be sekerliche² dede.”

He promises much goods and lands, but she refuses them.

Florent behihte hire good ynowh,³
 Of lond, of rente, of park, of plowh ; 160
 Bot al þat comþeþ sche at noght.

He ponders the matter,

Tho fell þis knyht in mochel þoght ;
 Now goþ he forþ, now comþ azein ;
 He wot noght what is best to sein ; 164

and resolves to wed her, or forfeit his life ;

And þoghte, as he rod to and fro,
 That chese he mot⁴ on of þe tuo :
 Or for to take hire to his wif,
 Or elles for to lese his lif. 168

thinking she couldn't live long,

And þanne he caste his auantage,
 That sche was of so gret an age
 That sche mai liue bot a while,

and he'd hilde her out of men's sight.

And þoghte put hire in an Ile, 172
 Wher þat noman hire scholde knowe,
 Til sche wiþ deþ were ouerþrowe.⁵

¹ Pledge.

² Surely ; certainly.

³ Promised her property enough.

⁴ Choose he must.

⁵ Overthrown ; killed.

- And þus þis ȝonge lusti knyht,
 Vnto þis olde lopyly wiht 176
 Tho seide : " If þat non oper chaunce
 Mai make my deliuerance,
 Bot only þilke same speche,
 Which, as þou seist, þou schalt me teche, 180
 Haue hier myn hond, I schal þee wedde !"
 And þus his trowþe he leiþ to wedde.¹
 Wiþ þat sche frounceþ² vp þe browe :
 " This couenant I wol allowe," 184
 Sche seiþ, " if eny oper þing
 Bot þat þou hast of my techyng,
 Fro deþ þi body mai respite,
 I woll þe of þi trowþe acquite, 188
 And elles be non oper weie.
 Now herkene me what I schal seie :
 Whan þou art come into þe place [fol. 30b.]
 Wher now þei maken gret manace, 192
 And vpon þi comynge abide,
 Thei wole anon þe same tide
 Oppose³ þee of thin answeie :
 I wot þou wolt noþyng for-bere 196
 Of þat þou wenest be þi best ;
 And if þou myht so fynde rest,
 Wel is, for þanne is þer nomore ;
 And elles, þis schal be my lore, 200
 That þou schalt seie vpon þis Molde⁴
 ' That alle wommen lieuest wolde⁵
 Be souerein of mannes loue :
 For what womman is so a-boue, 204
 Sche hap (as who seiþ)⁶ al hire wille ;
 And elles may sche noght fulfille
 What þing hire were lieuest haue.'

So he says, " If only the answer to the question can save me,

I'll wed thee."

" Agreed ; for there is no other way."

Listen : Return and make this answer without fear :

* Woman would be sovereign of man's love, and

have her own will.'

¹ Lays to pledge. ² Wrinkles. ³ Question ; demand from.

⁴ Mould ; earth.

⁵ Would most dearly, longingly.

⁶ As folk say.

	Wiþ þis answeze þou schalt saue Thiself, and oþer wise noghit.	208
Then come back to me, without fail."	And whan þou hast þin ende wroghit, Com hier azein ; þou schalt me fynde ; And let noþing out of þi mynde."	212
Florent rides back sad at heart, to think of such an ugly bride,	H E goþ him forþ wiþ heuy cliere, As he þat not ¹ in what manere He may þis worldes ioie atteigne ; For if he deie, he haþ a peine, And if he liue, he mot him binde To such on, wich ² of alle kynde Of wommen is þunsemylieste. Thus wot he noght what is þe best ; Bot, be him lief, or be him loþ, Vnto þe Castel forþ he goþ, His full answeze for to ȝiue, Or for to deie, or for to liue.	216
and comes to the castle, to live or die.	Forþ, wiþ his conseil, cam þe lord ; The þinges stoden of record. He sende vp for þe lady sone, And forþ sche cam, þat olde Mone. ³	224
The lord comes with his council, sends for the old dame,	In þe presence of þe remanant, The strengþe of al þe couenant Tho was reherced openly, And to florent sche bad forþi, ⁴ That he schal tellen his avis, ⁵ As he þat woot what is þe pris.	232
and the covenant is read in presence of all there.	Florent seiþ al þat euere he couþe ; Bot such word cam þer non to mowþe That he, for ȝifte or for beheste, Myte eny wise his deþ arest. And þus he tariþ longe and late, Til þat þis lady bad algate	236 [fol. 37.] 240
Florent tries other answers,		

¹ Ne wot : knew not. ² One, who.³ M. L. German, *mōne* : aunt ; mother ; matron. See line 251.⁴ On this account. ⁵ Opinion ; answer.

- That he schal, for þe dom final,
 3if¹ his answer in special
 Of þat sche hadde him ferst opposed.
 And þanne he haþ trewly supposed
 That he him may of noþing zelpe,
 Bot if so be þo wordes helpe
 Which as þe womman hath him tawht,
 Wherof he hath an hope cawht,
 That he schal ben excused so,
 And tolde out plein his wille þo.
 And whan þat þis Matrone herde
 The manere how þis knyht answerde,
 Sche seide: "Ha, treson! wo þee be
 That hast þus told þe priuite
 Which alle women most desire!
 I wolde þat þou were afire!"
 Bot natheles, in such a plit,
 Florent of his answer is quit;
 And þo began his sorwe newe,
 For he mot gon, or ben vntrewe
 To hire wich his trowthe hadde.
 Bot he, which alle shame dradde,
 Gop forþ in stede of his penaunce,
 And takþ þe fortune of his chaunce,
 As he þat was wiþ trowþe affaited.²
- T**His olde wyht him haþ awaited
 In place wher as he hire lefte.
 Florent his wofull heued³ vplefte,
 And syh þis vecke⁴ wher sche sat,
 Which was þe lopliet what
 That euere man cast on his yhe:
 Hire Nase bass⁵; hire browes hihe;

bnt the old dame
 presses him, so
 there's no help
 for it,

244 and he says as
 the loathly lady
 had taught him.

248

252 "Ha!" says the
 old dame, "thou
 hast told truly—
 would thou wert
 burnt!"

256

But Florent is
 safe;

260

and now he
 grieves anew, for
 he must keep his
 word with the
 loathly lady.

264

268 He finds the old
 witch in the same
 place;

never saw man
 such a monster.

272

¹ Give. ² Tamed. ³ Head.

⁴ Witch; hag: "A rympled vekke, ferre rounne in age,
 Frownyng and yelowe in hir visage."

Romaunt of the Rose, l. 4495; see l. 4285.

⁵ Low, flat.

	Hire yhen smale, and depe set ;	
	Hire chekes ben with teres wet,	
	And riuelen as an emty skyn,	
	Hangende doun vnto þe chin ;	276
	Hire lippes schrunken ben for age ;	
	Ther was no grace in þe visage ;	
	Hir front was nargh ; ¹ hir lockes hore ; ²	
	Sche lokeþ forþ as doþ a More ; ³	280
	Here Necke is schort ; hir schuldres courbe, ⁴	
	That myhte a mannes lust destourbe ;	
	Hire body grete, and nothing smale ;	[fol. 37b.]
	And, schor[t]ly to descriue hire al,	284
	Sche haþ nou lip ⁵ wipoute a lack,	
	Bot lich vnto þe wollesak,	
	Sche proferþ hire vnto þis knyht,	
	And bad him, as he haþ behyht,	288
	So as sche haþ ben his warant, ⁶	
	That he hire holde couenant ;	
	And be þe bridel sche him seseþ :	
	Bot godd wot ⁷ how þat sche him pleseþ	292
	Of suche wordes as sche spekeþ ;	
	Him þenkþ welnyh his herte brekþ	
	For sorwe þat he may noyght fle,	
	Bot if he wolde vntrew be.	296
	L OKE how a seke man for his hele	
	Takþ baldemoine wip Canele, ⁸	
	And wip þe Mirre taketh þe sucre ;	
	Ryht vpon such a maner lucre	300
	Stant florent as in þis diete :	
	He drinkþ þe bitre wip þe swete ;	
	He medleþ sorwe wip likyng,	
	And liueþ as who seiþ deynge.	304

She seizes his
bridle and de-
mands his part
of the bargain,

and he would fain
flee if he could.

As a sick man
takes bitter drugs
with spice and
sugar, Florent
drinks this
draught.

¹ Her forehead was narrow. ² Hoar, gray.

³ Moor ; root ; or mulberry (?). ⁴ Curved ; bent. ⁵ Limbs.

⁶ Guarantee ; protection ; saver. ⁷ Knows.

⁸ Gentian with spice.

- His zoupe schal be cast a-weie
 Vpon such on, which, as þe weie,
 Is olde, and lonly oueral.
- Bot nede he mot, þat nede schal ;¹ 308 But as a true
 He wolde Algate his trowþe holde, knight he must
 As euery knyht þer-to is holde, keep his troth,
 What happ so euere him is befallē ; for the honour of
 Thoh sche he þe fouleste of alle, 312 womanhood ;
- 3it to þonour of wommanhiede
 Him þoghte he scholde taken hiede ;
- So þat for pure gentillesse,
 As he hire coupe [he] best adresce, 316 and so he speaks
 In ragges as sche was totore,² to her as gently
 He sett hir on his hors tofore, as he can, and
 And forþ he takþ his weie softe ; sets her before
 No wonder þogh he sikeþ³ ofte. 320 him on his horse,
 Bot as an oule fleþ⁴ be nyhte, sighing as he rode
 Out of alle opre briddes syhte, along.
- Riht so þis knyht on daies brode⁵
 In clos him hield, and schop his rode⁶ 324 Like an owl, he
 On nyhtes time, til þe tide hides during the
 That he cam þere he wolde abide ; day,
 And priuely wiþoute noise [fol. 38.] and journeys at
 He bringþ þis foule grete Coise⁷ 328 night, till he
 To his Castell, in such a wise comes to his own
 That noman myhte hire schappe auise, castle, and
 Til sche into þe chambre cam, smuggles in the
 Wher he his priue conseil nam⁸ 332 loathly lady.
- Of suche men as he most troste,
 And tolde hem þat he nedes moste
 This best wedde to his wif ;
 For elles hadde he lost his lif. 336

¹ "Needs must when the Devil drives." ² Tattered.

³ Sighs. ⁴ Flieth. ⁵ In broad day. ⁶ Shaped his riding.

⁷ ? Thing. *Coise* : chief ; master (!)—*Hallivell*.

⁸ Took.

The tire-women
take off her rags,
bathe and clothe
her ;

THE priue wommen were asent¹
That scholden ben of his assent.

Hire ragges þei anon of drawe,²
And, as it was þat time lawe, 340

Sche hadde baþ, sche hadde rest,
And was arraied to þe best.

but she wouldn't
let them comb or
cut her hair.

Bot wiþ no craft of combes brode
Thei myhte hire hore lockes schode,³ 344

And sche ne wolde nogh be schore⁴

For no conseil ; and þei þefore

(Wiþ suche atyr as þo was vsed)

Ordeinen þat it was excused, 348

And hid so crafteliche a-boute

That noman myhte sen hem oute.

She looked more
foul in her fine
clothes.

Bot when sche was fullliche arraied,

And hire atir was al assaied,⁵ 352

Tho was sche foulere on to se ;

Bot 3it it may non oþer be.

They were wedded
that night.

Thei were wedded in þe nyht ;

So wo-begon was neuere knyht 356

As he was þanne of mariage.

She begins to
fondle him,

And sche began to pleie and rage,

As who seiþ : " I am wel ynowh."

Bot he þerof noþing ne lowh ;⁶ 360

For sche tok þanne chiere on honde,⁷

calls him her hus-
band, invites him
to bed,

And clepeþ⁸ him hir housebonde,

And seiþ : " my lord, go we to bedde !

For I to þat entente wedde, 364

That þou schalt be my worldes blisse,"

and offers him a
kiss.

And profreþ him wiþ þat to kisse,

As sche a lusti ladi were.

His body myhte wel be þere, 368

Bot, as of þoght and of memoire,

¹ Sent for. ² Drawn off. ³ Shed ; part ; divide.

⁴ Shorn ; hang her hair cut. ⁵ Attire was tried on.

⁶ Laughed. ⁷ Began to be gamesome. ⁸ Calls.

- His herte was in purgatoire.
 Bot ȝit for strengþe of matrimonie
 He myhte make non essonie,¹ 372
 That he ne mot algates plie [fol. 386.]
 To gon to bedde of compaignie.
 And whan þei were a bedde naked,²
 Wipoute slepe he was a-waked ; 376
 He torneþ on þat oþer side,
 For þat he wolde his eyhen hyde
 Fro lokynge on þat foule wyht.
 The Chambre was al full of lyht ; 380
 The Courtins were of cendal pinne.³
 This newe bryd which lay wipinne,
 Thogh̄ it be noght wip his acord,
 In armes sche beclipte hire lord, 384
 And preide, as he was torned fro,
 He wolde him torne aȝeinward þo ;⁴
 "For now," sche seiþ, "we ben boþe on ;"⁵
 And he lay stille as eny ston. 388
 Bot euere in on⁶ sche spak and preid,
 And bad him þenke on þat he seide,
 Whan þat he tok hire be þe honde.
 He herde, and vnderstod þe bonde,
 How he was set to his penaunce ;
 And, as it were a man in traunce,
HE torneþ him al sodeinly,
 And syh a lady lay hym by 396
 Of Eyhtetiene wynter age,
 Which was þe fairest of visage
 That euere in al þis world he syh.
 And as he wolde haue take hire nyh, 400
 Sche put hire hand, and be his leue
 Besoghte him þat he wolde leue,⁷

He was in tor-
ment,
but must bed
with her.

He lies awake,
turning his face
from the foul
sight.

She clips him and
prays him to turn
towards her,

At last he takes
her hand,

and looking on
her sees a damsel
of 18, the fairest
in the world.

¹ Plea in excuse. L. *essonia*, *exonia* ; Fr. *exonie*.

² In those days nightshirts were not. ³ Sendal, fine silk.

⁴ Back again to her. ⁵ One. ⁶ Incessantly. ⁷ Stop.

- She bids him
choose whether
he would have
her so at night
or by day.
- And seiþ, þat for to wynne or lese,
He mot on of tuo þinges chese : 404
Wher¹ he wol haue hire such on nyht,
Or elles vpon daies lyht ;
For he schal noght haue boþe tuo.
- He is at a loss to
decide,
- And he began to sorwe þō 408
In many a wise, and cast his þoght ;
Bot for al þat, 3it cowþe he noght
Deuse himself whiche was þe beste.
- and leaves it with
herself.
- And sche þat wolde his hertes reste, 412
Preiþ þat he scholde chese algate ;
Til ate laste, longe and late,
He seide : “ O 3e, my loues hele,²
Sey what 3ou list in my querele ; 416
I not³ what answeere I schal 3iue ;
Bot euere whil þat .I. may liue,
I wol þat 3e be my Maistresse, [fol. 39.]
For I can noght mi selue gesse 420
Which is þe best vnto my chois.
Thus grante .I. 3ow myn hole vois :
Ches for ous boþen,⁴ .I. 3ou preie ;
And what as euer þat 3e seie, 424
Riht as 3e wole, so wol .I.”
- Quoth she, “ Since
you give me
sovereignty,
- “ **M**I lord,” sche seid, “ grant mercy !
For of þis word þat 3e now sein,
That 3e haue made me souerein, 428
Mi destine is ouerpassed,
That neuere hierafter schal be lassed⁵
My beaute which þat I now haue,
Til I be take into my graue. 432
Boþe nyht and day, as .I. am now,
I schal alwey be such to 3ow.
- I shall night and
day be as you now
see me.
- The kynges dowhter of Cizile⁶
I am ; and fell bot sippe a while,⁷ 436
- I'm the king of
Sicily's daughter,

¹ Whether. ² Health ; salvation. ³ *Ne not* ; know not.

⁴ Us both. ⁵ Lessened. ⁶ Sicily. ⁷ But a while since ; a time ago.

- (As .I. was wij my fader late)
 That my Stepmoder, for an hate
 Which toward me sche haf begonne,
 Forschop¹ me til .I. hadde wonne
 The loue and souereinete
 Of what knyht þat, in his degre,
 Alle opir passeþ of good name ;
 And as men sein 3e ben þe same,
 The dede proeueþ it is so.
 Thus am .I. 3oures euermo.”
 Tho was plesance and ioie ynowh ;
 Echon wij oþer pleide and lowh ;²
 Thei liue longe, and wel þei ferde.³
 And clerkes þat þis chaunce herde,
 Thei writen it in euidence,
 To teche how þat obedience
 Mai wel fortune a man to loue,
 And sette him in his lust a-boue,
 As it be-fell vn to þis knyht.
- F**OR-þi,⁴ my sone, if þou do ryht,
 Thou shalt vnto þi loue obeie,
 And folwe her will, be alle weie.

and was changed
 into a foul shape
 by my stepmother,

440 until a good
 knight should
 give me his love
 and the mastery.”

444

448 Now all was joy,
 and they lived
 long and happily.

452 And clerks teach
 from this tale how
 obedience in love
 may lead to good
 fortune.

456

The chief points of difference between the foregoing and the Wife of Bath's Tale are as follows: In Gower a knight has slain the son and heir of a great lord, whose castle he afterwards happens to come to in the course of his adventures. They dare not openly put him to death, fearing his uncle, the emperor; but the slain man's grandmother induces him to sign a bond, by which he agrees to forfeit his life should he fail to give the answer to a certain question. In Chaucer a bachelor of the royal household is condemned to death for rape. The queen having interceded for him, the king leaves his life at her disposal, who tells him that he shall be pardoned if he answer the question, "What do women most desire?" In Gower the loathly

¹ Mis-shaped. ² Laughed. ³ Fared; prospered.

⁴ For this · therefore.

lady who gives the knight the information of which he is in quest had been bewitched by her stepmother, and resumes her proper form when she is married to the knight ; while in Chaucer she is a benevolent fairy, who assumed a hideous form to test the knight's fidelity to his word and save his life.

Judging from the number of versions still extant, this curious tale must have been a great favourite during the middle ages, when it was so much the fashion to decry women and example-books of their profligacy and trickery were rife. The story is the subject of two long ballads in the Percy folio MS., of one of which Prof. Child gives the outline in his *English and Scottish Ballads*, Boston (U.S.), 1884, Part ii., pp. 289, 290 :

The Wedding of Sir Gawain and Dame Ragnell.

ARTHUR, while hunting in Ingleswood, stalked and finally shot a great hart, which fell in a fern-brake. While the king, alone and far from his men, was engaged in making the assay, there appeared a groom, bearing the quaint name of Gromer Somer Joure,¹ who grimly told him that he meant now to requite him for having taken away his lands. Arthur represented that it would be a shame to knighthood for an armed man to kill a man in green, and offered him any satisfaction. The only terms Gromer would graut were that Arthur should come back alone to that place that day twelvemonth, and then tell him what women love best ; not bringing the right answer, he was to lose his head. The king gave his oath, and they parted. The knights, summoned by the king's bugle, found him in heavy cheer, and the reason he would at first tell no man, but after a while he took Gawain into confidence. Gawain advised that they two should ride into strange country in different directions, put the question to every man and woman they met, and write the answers in a book. This they did, and each made a large collection. Gawain thought they could not fail, but the king was anxious, and considered that it would be prudent to spend the only

¹ Sir Gromer occurs in "The Turke and Gowin," Percy MS., Hales and Furnivall, i., 102 ; Sir Grummore Grummorsum, "a good knight of Scotland," in *Morte d'Arthur* ed. Wright, i., 286, and elsewhere.—Madden.

month that was left in prosecuting the inquiry in the region of Ingleswood. Gawain agreed that it was good to be speering, and bade the king doubt not that some of his saws should help at need.

Arthur rode to Ingleswood, and met a lady riding on a richly-caparisoned palfrey, but herself of a hideousness which beggars words; nevertheless the items are not spared. She came up to Arthur, and told him that she knew his counsel; none of his answers would help. If he would grant her one thing, she would warrant his life; otherwise, he must lose his head. This one thing was that she should be Gawain's wife. The king said this lay with Gawain; he would do what he could, but it were a pity to make Gawain wed so foul a lady. "No matter," she rejoined, "though I be foul, choice for a mate hath an owl. When thou comest to thine answer, I shall meet thee; else art thou lost."

The king returned to Carlisle with a heart no lighter, and the first man he saw was Gawain, who asked him how he had sped. Never so ill; he had met a lady who had offered to save his life, but she was the foulest he had ever seen, and the condition was that Gawain should be her husband. "Is that all?" said Gawain. "I will wed her once and again, though she were the devil; else were I no friend." Well might the king exclaim, "Of all knights thou bearest the flower!"

After five or six days more the time came for the answer. The king had hardly ridden a mile into the forest when he met the lady, by name Dame Ragnell. He told her Gawain should wed her, and demanded *her* answer. "Some say this, and some say that, but above all things women desire to have the sovereignty;¹ tell this to the knight; he will curse her that told thee, for his labour is lost." Arthur, thus equipped, rode on as fast as he could go, through mire and fen. Gromer was waiting, and sternly demanded the answer. Arthur offered his two books, for Dame Ragnell had told him to save himself by any of those answers if he could. "Nay, nay, king," said Gromer, "thou art but a dead man." "Abide, Sir Gromer, I have an answer shall make all sure. Women desire sovereignty."

¹ See Note at the end of this paper: "Women desire Sovereignty."

"She that told thee that was my sister, Dame Ragnell. I pray I may see her burn on a fire." And so they parted.

Dame Ragnell was also waiting for Arthur, and would hear of nothing but immediate fulfilment of her bargain. She followed the king to his court, and required him to produce Gawain instantly, who came and plighted his troth. The queen begged her to be married privately, and early in the morning. Dame Ragnell would consent to no such arrangement. She would not go to church till high-mass time, and she would dine in the open hall. At her wedding she was dressed more splendidly than the queen, and she sat at the head of the table at the dinner afterwards. There her appetite was all but as horrible as her person : she ate three capons, three curlews, and great bake meats—all that was set before her, less and more.

A leaf is wanting now, but what followed is easily imagined. She chided Gawain for his offishness, and begged him to kiss her, at least. "I will do more," said Gawain, and, turning, beheld the fairest creature he ever saw. But the transformed lady told him that her beauty would not hold : he must choose whether she should be fair by night and foul by day, or fair by day and foul by night.¹ Gawain said the choice was hard, and left all to her. "Gramercy," said the lady, "thou shalt have me fair both day and night." Then she told him that her step-dame had turned her into that monstrous shape by necromancy, not to recover her own till the best knight in England had wedded her and given her sovereignty in all points.

¹ In the Gaelic tale of "The Hoodie" (Campbell's *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, i., 63) we find a similar choice. The hoodie, a kind of crow, having married the youngest of a farmer's three daughters, says to her: "Whether would'st thou rather that I should be a hoodie by day and a man at night, or be a hoodie at night and a man by day?" The woman does not leave the decision to him: "I would rather that thou wert a man by day and a hoodie at night," she replies. After this he was a splendid fellow by day and a hoodie at night.—It is a common occurrence in popular tales for the hero to have one shape at night and another by day. Thus in the Norse tale, "East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon" (Dasent), a girl is married to a white bear, who becomes a man every night, and before daybreak changes back into a bear and goes off for the day. And in Indian fictions we often read of a girl being married to a serpent who casts aside his skin at night and assumes the form of a man. When this is discovered by his wife she burns the skin while he is asleep, and henceforth he appears only as a man.

A charming little scene follows, in which Arthur visits Gawain in the morning, fearing lest the fiend may have slain him.¹

On this ballad, Sir F. Madden suggests, was founded that of the "Marriage of Sir Gawaine," which Percy printed, supplying from conjecture the *lacunæ*, in the first edition of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, 1765, and the two subsequent editions. It is thus given in the *Percy Folio MS.*, edited by Drs. Hales and Furnivall, vol. i., and reproduced by Prof. Child :

¹ This is the scene in the bridal chamber next morning :

- 715 I telle you, in certeyne,
 Withe joye & myrthe they wakyde tyll daye,
 And thane wolde rise that fayre maye,¹
 'Ye shalle nott,' *sir* Gawene sayde ;
 'We wolle lye, & slepe tyll pryde,
- 720 And thene lett the kyng calle vs to dyne.
 'I ame greed,' then sayde the mayde.
 Thus itt passyde forth tyll mid-daye.
 'Syr,'² quode the kyng, 'lett vs go ande asaye,
 Yf *sir* Gawene be one lyve.
- 725 I ame fulle ferde of *sir* Gawene
 Nowe, lest the fende haue hyme slayne ;
 Nowe wolde I fayne preve.
 Go we nowe,' sayde Arthoure the kyng,
 'We wolle go se theyr vprysing,
- 730 How welle that he hathe spede.'
 They came to the chambre, alle in certeyne ;
 'Aryse,' sayde the kyng to *sir* Gawene,
 'Why slepyst thou so long in bede ?'
 'Mary,' quode Gawene, '*sir* kyng, sicurly,
- 735 I wolde be glade ande ye wolde lett me be,
 For I am fulle welle att eas ;
 Abyde, ye shalle se the dore vndone,
 I trowe that ye wolle say I am welle goone,
 I ame fulle lothe to ryse.'
- 740 *Sir* Gawene rose, ande in his hande he toke
 His fayr lady, ande to the dore he shoke,
 Ande opynyde the dore fulle fayre ;
 She stode in her smoke alle by that syre,
 Her her³ was to her knees as rede as golde wyre,—
- 745 'Lo ! this is my repayre.
 Lo !' sayde Gawene Arthoure vntille,
 'Syr, this is my wife, dame Ragnelle,
 That sauys onys your lyfe.'
 He tolde the kyng and the queene heme beforne,
- 750 Howe sodenly frome her shap she dyde torne,
 'My lorde, nowe be your leve.'
 Ande whate was the cause she forshapene was,
 Syr Gawene told the kyng, bothe more ande lesse.

¹ mayd, MS.

² Syr, MS.

³ hed, MS.

The Marriage of Sir Gawaine.

King Arthur is at
Carlisle,

1 **K**INGE ARTHUR liues in merry Carleile,
And seemely is to see,
And there he hath with him Queene Genever,
That bride soe bright of blee.

2 And there he hath with [him] Queene Genever,
That bride soe bright in bower,
And all his barons about him stooede,
That were both stiffe and stowre.

keeping a merry
Christmas.

3 The *king* kept a royall Christmasse,
Of mirth and great honor,

And when

.

* * * * *

'And for ransom
bring me word
what is the great
desire of women.'

4 'And bring me word what thing it is
That a woman [doth] most desire ;
This shalbe thy ransome, Arthur,' he sayes,
'For Ile haue noe other hier.'

Arthur agrees to
these terms,

5 *King* Arthur then held vp his hand,
According thene as was the law ;
He tooke his leaue of the baron there,
And homward can¹ he draw.

and goes back to
Carlisle,
moaning.

6 And when he came to merry Carlile,
To his chamber he is gone,
And ther came to him his cozen Sir Gawaine,
As he did make his mone.

7 And there came to him his cozen Sir Gawaine,
That was a curteous knight ;
'Why sigh you soe sore, vncler Arthur,' he said,
'Or who hath done thee vnright ?'

Arthur tells
Gawain

8 'O peace, O peace, thou gentle Gawaine,
That faire may thee befall !

For if thou knew my sighing soe deepe,
Thou wold not meruaile att all.

¹ 'gan, began.

- 9 ' Ffor when I came to Tearne Wadling,¹
 A bold barron there I fand,
 With a great club vpon his backe,
 Standing stiffe and strong.
- 10 ' And he asked me wether I wold fight
 Or from him I shold begone,
 O[r] else I must him a ransome pay,
 And soe depart him from.
- 11 ' To fight with him I saw noe cause ;
 Methought it was not meet ;
 For he was stiffe and strong with-all,
 His strokes were nothing sweete.
- 12 ' Therefor this is my ransome, Gawaine,
 I ought to him to pay ;
 I must come againe, as I am sworne,
 Vpon the New Yeers day ;
- 13 ' And I must bring him word what thing it is
 [That a woman doth most desire.]

 * * * * *
- 14 Then king Arthur drest him for to ryde,
 In one soe rich array,
 Toward the fore-said Tearne Wadling,
That he might keepe his day.
- 15 And as he rode over a more,
 Hee see a lady where shiee sate
 Betwixt an oke and a greene hollen ;
 She was cladd in red scarlett.²

of his encounter
with the Baron at
Tearne Wadling,

and that to get off
fighting him,

he must find out,

by New Year's
Day,

what a woman
most desires.

Arthur sets forth
to fulfil his en-
gagement.

Crossing a moor,
he sees a very
hideous lady,

¹ A town in Inglewood Forest, near Hesketh, in Cumberland ; sometimes written Tearne Wathelyne.

² This was a common phrase in our old writers ; so Chaucer, in his Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, says of the Wife of Bath :

" Her hosen were of fyne scarlet red."—*Percy*.

with one eye
instead of her
mouth,

16 Then there as shold haue stood her mouth,
Then there was sett her eye ;
The other was in her forehead fast,
The way that she might see.

and a crooked
nose.

17 Her nose was crooked and turnd outward,
Her mouth stood foule a-wry ;
A worse formed lady than shee was,
Neuer man saw with his eye.

18 To halch vpon him, *King* Arthur,
This lady was full faine,
But *King* Arthur had forgott his lesson
What he shold say againe.

She asks, 'Who
are you ?
Fear not me.

19 'What knight art thou,' the lady sayd,
'That will not speak to me ?
Of me be thou nothing dismayd,
Tho I be vgly to see.

Perhaps I may
succour you.'

20 For I haue halched you curteouslye,
And you will not me againe ;
Yett I may happen, *Sir* Knight,' shee said,
'To ease thee of thy paine.'

'Succour me,
and Gawain shall
marry you.'

21 'Giue thou ease me, lady,' he said,
'Or helpe me in any thing,
Thou shalt haue gentle Gawaine, my cozen,
And marry him with a ring.'

22 'Why, if I help thee not, thou noble *King* Arthur,
Of thy owne hearts desiringe,
Of gentle Gawaine

.
* * * * *

At the tarn he
finds the Baron,

23 And when he came to the Tearne Wadling,
The baron there cold he finde,
With a great weapon on his backe,
Standing stiffe and stronge.

- 24 And then he tooke *King* Arthur's letters in his hands,
 And away he cold them fling,
 And then he puld out a good browne sword,
 And cryd himselfe a *king*.
- 25 And he sayd, 'I have thee and thy land, Arthur,
 To doe as it pleaseth me,
 For this is not thy ransome sure,
 Therefore yeeld thee to me.'
- 26 And then bespoke him noble Arthur,
 And bad him hold his hand :
 'And giue me leauē to speake my mind
 In defence of all my land.'
- 27 He said, 'As I came over a more,
 I see a lady where shee sate
 Betweene an oke and a green hollen ;
 Shee was clad in red scarlett.
- 28 'And shee says a woman will haue her will,
 And this is all her cheef desire :
 Doe me right, as thou art a baron of skill,
 This is thy ransome and all thy hyer.'
- 29 He sayes, 'An early vengeance light on her !
 Shee walkes on yonder more ;
 It was my sister that told thee this,
 And shee is a misshappen hore.
- 30 'But heer Ile make mine avow to God
 To doe her an euill turne,
 For an euer I may thate fowle theefe get,
 In a fyer I will her burne.'
- * * * * *
- 31 *Sir* Lancelott and *Sir* Steven bold,¹
 They rode with them that day,
 And the formost of the company
 There rode the steward Kay.

who thinks
 Arthur cannot
 produce the ran-
 som or answer,

and claims him
 and his land.

Arthur bids him
 wait a bit,

then gives the
 answer: 'A
 woman will have
 her will.'

The Baron curses
 the lady (his
 sister, it turns
 out).

A company of
 knights, riding
 out with the King
 and *Sir* Gawain,

¹ *Sir* Steven does not occur (says Madden) in the Round Table romances.

- 32 Soe did Sir Banier and Sir Bore,
 Sir Garrett¹ with them soe gay,
 Soe did Sir Tristeram, *that gentle knight*,
 To the forrest fresh and gay.
- meet the hag. 33 And when he came to the greene forrest,
 Vnderneath a greene holly tree,
 Their sate that lady in red scarlet
That vnseemly was to see.
- Sir Kay does not fancy her to kiss. 34 Sir Kay beheld this ladys face,
 And looked vpon her swire ;
 ‘Whosoever kisses this lady,’ he sayes,
 ‘Of his kisse he stands in feare.’
- 35 Sir Kay beheld the lady againe,
 And looked vpon her snout ;
 ‘Whosoever kisses this lady,’ he sayes,
 ‘Of his kisse he stands in doubt.’
- Sir Gawain bids him be quiet, for one of them must have her to wife. 36 ‘Peace, cozen Kay,’ then said Sir Gawaine,
 ‘Amend thee of thy life ;
 For there is a knight amongst vs all,
That must marry her to his wife.’
- Sir Kay says he had rather perish than it should be he. 37 ‘What! wedd her to wiffe!’ then said Sir Kay,
 ‘In the diuells name anon !
 Gett me a wiffe where-ere I may,
 For I had rather be slaine!’
- The others are of the same mind. 38 Then some tooke vp their hawkes in hast,
 And some tooke vp their hounds,
 And some sware they wold not marry her
 For city nor for towne.

¹ Banier, probably, according to the same authority, a mistake for Bediuer, the King’s Constable—Tennyson’s Bedivere. Bore is Bors de Gaunes (or Gannes), brother of Lionel. Garrett is Gareth, or Gaheriet, Sir Gawaine’s younger brother.—*Percy MS., Hales and Furnivall.*

- 39 And then be-spake him noble King Arthur,
 And sware there by this day,
 'For a litle foule sight and misliking

 * * * * *
- 40 Then shee said, 'Choose thee, gentle Gawaine,
 Truth as I doe say,
 Wether thou wilt haue me in this liknesse
 In the night or else in the day.'
- 41 And then bespake him gentle Gawaine,
 Was one soe mild of moode,
 Sayes, 'Well I know what I wold say,
 God grant it may be good !
- 42 'To haue thee fowle in the night
 When I with thee shold play—
 Yet I had rather, if I might,
 Haue thee fowle in the day.'
- 43 'What ! when lords goe with ther feires,' shee said
 'Both to the ale and wine,
 Alas ! then I must hyde my selfe,
 I must not goe withinne.'
- 44 And then bespake him gentle Gawaine,
 Said, 'Lady, that's but skill ;
 And because thou art my owne lady
 Thou shalt haue all thy will.'
- 45 Then she said, 'Blessed be thou, gentle Gawaine,
 This day *that* I thee see,
 For as thou seest me att this time,
 From hencforth I wilbe.
- 46 'My father was an old knight,
 And yet it chanced soe
 That he marryed a younge lady
That brought me to this woe.

Arthur reproves
his knights.

Gawain's bride
asks whether he
will have her foul
by day or night.

Gawain

answers,

By day.'

'Then I must hide
from your com-
panions.'

'No; do as you
like.'

'Bless you,
Gawain,

you have cured
me.

I was witched
into the likeness
of a fiend.'

47 'Shee witched me, being a faire young lady,
To the greene forrest to dwell,
And there I must walke in womans liknesse,
Most like a feend of hell.

48 'She witch my brother to a carlish b . . .

.
.
.
* * * * *

49

That looked soe foule, and that was wont
On the wild more to goe.'

'Kiss her, brother
Kay,' says
Gawain,
'and regret your
rudeness.'

50 'Come kisse her, brother Kay,' then said Sir Gawaine,
'And amend thé of thy liffe ;
I swear this is the same lady
That I married to my wiffe.'

Kay kisses her,

51 'Sir [Kay he] kissed that lady bright,
Standing vpon his ffeete ;
He swore, as he was trew knight,
The spice was neuer soe sweete.

and congratulates
Gawain.

52 'Well, *cozen* Gawaine,' says Sir Kay,
'Thy chance is fallen arright,
For thou hast gotten one of the fairest maids
I euer saw with my sight.'

53 'It is my fortune,' said Sir Gawaine ;
'For my vnclé Arthurs sake
I am glad as grasse wold be of raine,
Great ioy that I may take.'

He and Kay take
the lady between
them,

and lead her to
King Arthur,

54 Sir Gawaine tooke the lady by the one arme,
Sir Kay tooke her by the tother,
They led her straight to King Arthur,
As they were brother and brother.

- 55 *King* Arthur welcomed them there all,
 And soe did Lady Geneuer his queene,
 With all the knights of the Round Table,
 Most seemly to be seene.
- 56 *King* Arthur beheld that lady faire
 That was soe faire and bright,
 He thanked Christ in Trinity
 For Sir Gawaine, that gentle knight.
- 57 Soe did the knights, both more and lesse,
 Reioyced all that day
 For the good chance *that* happened was
 To Sir Gawaine and his lady gay.

who thanks God
 for Gawain's
 bliss.

All the knights
 rejoice.

The ballad of King Henry, which Scott gives in his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, "from the MS. of Mrs. Brown, corrected by a recent fragment," may represent an older version than either of the two foregoing. Mr. Child says that this MS. was William Tytler's, "in which, as we learn from Anderson's communication to Percy, this ballad was No. 11. Anderson states that it extended to 22 stanzas, the number in Scott's copy. No account is given of the recited fragment. As published by Jamieson, ii., 194, the ballad is increased by interpolation to 34 stanzas. 'The interpolation will be found enclosed in brackets;' but a painful contrast of its style of itself distinguishes them. They were entered by Jamieson in his manuscript as well." The following is Scott's copy :

Border Ballad of King Henric.

LET never man a wooing wend
 That lacketh thingis three :
 A rowth o' gold, an open heart,
 And fu' o' courtesey.

4

And this was seen o' king Henric,
 For he lay burd alane ;
 And he has ta'en him to a haunted hunt's ha',
 Was seven miles frae a toun.

8

21. THE KNIGHT AND THE LOATHLY LADY:

He chased the dun deer thro' the wood,
 And the roe down by the den,
 Till the fattest buck in a' the herd
 King Henrie he has slain. 12

He's ta'en him to his hunting ha',
 For to make burly cheir;
 When loud the wind was heard to sound,
 And an earthquake rocked the floor. 16

And darkness covered a' the hall
 Where they sat at their meat;
 The gray dogs, youling, left their food,
 And crept to Henrie's feet. 20

And louder houled the rising wind,
 And burst the fast'ned door;
 And in there came a griesly ghost,
 Stood stamping on the floor. 24

Her head touched the roof-tree of the house;
 Her middle ye weel mot span;
 Each frightened huntsman fled the ha',
 And left the king alone. 28

Her teeth were a' like tether stakes,
 Her nose like a club or mell;
 And I ken naething she appeared to be
 But the fiend that wons in hell. 32

'Sum meat, sum meat, ye king Henrie!
 Sum meat ye gie to me!'
 "And what meat's in this house, ladye,
 That ye're na wellcum tee?"¹ 36
 "O ye'se gae kill your berry-brown steed,
 And serve him up to me."

¹ *Tee* for *to* is the Buchanshire and Gallovidian pronunciation.—S.

- O when he killed his berry-brown steed,
 Wow, gin his heart was sair! 40
 She eat him a' up, skin and bane,
 Left naething but hide and hair.
- “Mair meat, mair meat, ye king Henrie!
 Mair meat ye gie to me!” 44
 “And what meat's i' this house, ladye,
 That ye're na wellcum tee?”
 “O ye do slay your gude gray houndes,
 And bring them a' to me.” 48
- O when he slew his gude grayhoundes,
 Wow, but his heart was sair!
 She's ate them a' up, ane by ane,
 Left naething but hide and hair. 52
- “Mair meat, mair meat, ye king Henrie!
 Mair meat ye gie to me!”
 “And what meat's i' this house, ladye,
 That I hae left to gie?” 56
 “O ye do fell your gay goss-hawks,
 And bring them a' to me.”
- O when he felled his gay goss-hawks,
 Wow, but his heart was sair! 60
 She's ate them a' up, bane by bane,
 Left naething but feathers bare.
- “Sum drink, some drink, ye king Henrie!
 Sum drink ye gie to me!” 64
 “And what drink's in this house, ladye,
 That ye're na wellcum tee?”
 “O ye sew up your horse's hide,
 And bring in a drink to me.” 68
- O he has sewed up the bluidy hide,
 And put in a pipe of wine;
 She drank it a' up at ae draught,
 Left na a drap therein. 72

- "A bed, a bed, ye king Henrie!
 A bed ye mak to me!"
- "And what's the bed i' this house, ladye,
 That ye're na wellcum tee?" 76
- "O ye maun pu' the green heather,
 And mak a bed to me."
- O pu'd has he the heather green,
 And made to her a bed; 80
 And up he has ta'en his gay mantle,
 And o'er it he has spread.
- "Now swear, now swear, ye king Henrie,
 To take me for your bride!" 84
- "O God forbid!" king Henrie said,
 "That ever the like betide!
 That e'er the fiend, that wons in hell,
 Should streak down by my side!" 88

- When day was come, and night was gane,
 And the sun shone through the ha',
 The fairest ladye that e'er was seen
 Lay atween him and the wa'. 92
- "O weel is me!" King Henrie said,
 "How long will this last wi' me?"
 And out and spak that ladye fair:
 "E'en till the day ye dee." 96
- "For I was witched to a ghastry shape,
 All by my stepdame's skill,
 Till I should meet wi' a courteous knight
 Wad gie me a' my will." 100

William Tytler's version of this ballad was adapted by Lewis for his *Tales of Wonder*, under the title of "Courteous King Jamie," ii., 453. A similar ballad, "Of a Knight and a Fair Virgin," is found in Johnson's *Crown Garland of Golden Roses*, printed about the year

1600. And Voltaire has followed Chaucer in his tale "Ce qui plaît aux Dames."

Scott, in his prefatory note to the ballad of "King Henrie," after referring to its resemblance to that of the "Marriage of Sir Gawaine" and the Wife of Bath's Tale, cites what he considers as the "original," as follows, from Torfœus (*Hrolfi Krakii, Hist.*, Hafn. 1715, p. 49):

Scandinavian Version.

HELGIUS, Rex Daniæ, mærore ob omisam conjugem vexatus, solus agebat, et subducens se hominum commercio, segregem domum, omnis famulitii impatiens, incolebat. Accidit autem, ut, nocte concubia, lamentabilis cujusdam ante fores ejulantis sonus auribus ejus obreperet. Expergefactus igitur, recluso ostio, informe quoddam mulieris simulacrum, habitu corporis fædum, veste squalore obsita, pallore, macie frigorisque tyrannide prope modum peremptum, deprehendit; quod precibus obsecratus, ut qui jam miserorum ærumnas ex propria calamitate pensare didicisset, in domum intromisit; ipse lectum petit. At mulier, ne hac quidem benignitate contenta, thori consortium obnixè flagitabat, addens id tante referre, ut nisi impetraret, omnino sibi moriendum esset. Quod, ea lege, ne ipsum attingeret, concessum est. Ideo nec complexu eam dignatus Rex, avertit sese. Cum autem prima luce forte oculos ultro citroque converteret, eximiæ formæ virginem lecto receptam animadvertit; quæ statim ipsi placere cæpit: causam igitur tam repentinae mutationis curiosius indaganti, respondit Virgo, se unam e subterraneorum hominum genere diris novercalibus devotam, tam tetra et execrabili specie, quali primo comparuit, damnatum, quondam thori cujusdam principis socia fieret, multos reges hac de re sollicitasse. Jam actis pro præstito beneficio gratiis, discessum maturans, a rege formæ ejus illecebris capto comprimitur. Deinde petit, si prolem

K. Helgi, grieved for his wife's death, lived in a solitary house.

One night he hears a cry outside; opens the door, and sees a hideous-looking woman, whom he lets in.

She begs to share his bed, else she'll die.

He consents, but she must not touch him.

At dawn he finds by his side a lovely virgin, who tells him she is of the

race of gnomes, condemned to so foul a form till she lay with a prince.

Helgi embraces her, and she exacts his promise to receive their offspring, if any, or danger should follow.

From this he departs, when an infant is laid at his door. She comes and upbraids him, but will turn the danger on his son.

From this union Skulda, a woman, who did wonders, was born.

ex hoc congressu progigni contigerit, sequente hyeme, eodem anni tempore, ante fores positam in ædes reciperet, seque ejus patrem profiteri non gravaretur, secus non leve infortunium insecuturum prædixit: A quo præcepto cum rex postea exorbitasset, nec præforibus jacentem infantem pro suo agnoscere voluisset, ad eam iterum, sed corrugata fronte, accessit, obque violatam fidem acrius objurgatum ab imminente periculo, præstiti olim beneficii gratia, exempturam pollebatur, ita tamen ut tota ultionis rabies in filium ejus effusa graves aliquando levitatis illius pœnas oxigeret. Ex hac tam dissimilium naturarum commixione, Skulda, versuti et versatilis animi mulier, nata fuisse memoratur; quæ utramque naturam participans prodigiosorum operum effectrix perhibetur.

This Norse tale more closely resembles the ballad of King Henrie than those of Sir Gawaine: in both a king is living in a solitary house when the loathly lady comes knocking at the door, and being admitted gets leave to lie in his bed; on the other hand, in Gawaine's Wedding with Dame Ragnell, as in King Henrie, she has a most voracious appetite, eating and drinking all that is set before her. The story is differently told from any of the preceding in another Icelandic version, of which Prof. Child gives the following abstract:

Another Icelandic Version.

GRIMR was on the verge of marriage with Lopthæna, but a week before the appointed day the bride was gone, and nobody knew what had become of her. Her father had given her a step-mother five years before, and the step-mother had been far from kind; but what then? Grímr was restless and unhappy, and got no tidings. A year of scarcity coming, he left home with two of his people. After an adventure with four trolls, he had a fight with twelve men, in which, though they were all slain, he lost his comrades, and was very badly wounded. As he lay on the ground, looking only for death, a woman passed, if so she might be called;

for she was not taller than a child of seven years, so stout that Grímr's arms would not go round her, mis-shapen, bald, black, ugly, and disgusting in every particular. She came up to Grímr, and asked him if he would accept his life from her. "Hardly," said he; "you are so loathsome." But life was precious, and he presently consented. She took him up and ran with him, as if he were a babe, till she came to a large cave; there she set him down, and it seemed to Grímr that she was uglier than before. "Now pay me for saving your life," she said, "and kiss me." "I cannot," said Grímr, "you look so diabolical." "Expect no help, then, from me," said she; "and I see that it will soon be all over with you." "Since it must be, loth as I am," said Grímr, and went and kissed her; she seemed not so bad to kiss as to look at. When night came she made up a bed, and asked Grímr whether he would lie alone, or with her. "Alone," he answered. "Then," said she, "I shall take no pains about healing your wounds." Grímr said he would rather lie with her, if he had no other chance, and she bound up his wounds, so that he seemed to feel no more of them. No sooner was Grímr abed than he fell asleep, and when he woke, he saw lying by him almost the fairest woman he had ever laid eyes on, and marvellously like his true-love Lophæna. At the bedside he saw lying the troll-casing which she had worn; he jumped up and burned this.¹ The woman was very faint; he sprinkled her with water, and she came to, and said, "It is well for both of us; I saved thy life first, and thou hast freed me from bondage." It was indeed Lophæna, whom the step-mother had transformed into a horrible shape, odious to men and trolls, which she should never come out of till a man should consent to three things—which no man ever would—to accept his life at her hands, to kiss her, and to share her bed.²

The first part of the story of "The Daughter of King Under-Waves" in Campbell's *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, vol. iii., p. 403 f., was probably derived from the same source as that of

¹ See end of note, p. 500.

² Gríms saga loðinkinna, Rafn, Fornaldar Sögur, ii. 143-152.

the Icelandic tale of King Helgi, the father of Hrolfr Kraki, though some of the details and the conclusion are very different :

Gaelic Version.

ONE dark and stormy night, when the Finn were together, a creature of uncouth aspect, whose hair reached to her heels, knocked at the door of Fionn and besought shelter, but on his looking out and seeing such a hideous being, he refused to admit her, and she went away screaming. Then she went to Oiscan, who also refused to let her in ; but when she next applied to Diarmaid, he said to her : "Thou art a strange, hideous creature ; thy hair is down to thy heels ; but come in." When she had entered she said : "O Diarmaid, I have spent seven years in travelling over ocean and sea, and during all that time till now I have not passed a night beneath a roof. Let me come near the fire." "Come up," said Diarmaid ; and when she drew near the fire the people of Finn began to flee, she was so hideous. "Go to the farther side," said Diarmaid to them, "and let the creature come to the warmth of the fire." So they went to the other side, but she had not been long at the fire when she sought to be under the blanket beside Diarmaid himself. "Thou art growing bold," said he : "first thou didst ask me to let thee in, then thou didst seek to come to the fire, and now thou askest leave to come under the blanket with me ; but come." She went under the blanket, and he turned a fold of it between them. She was not long thus when he started and gazed at her, and saw by his side the finest drop of blood that ever was, from the beginning of the universe till the end of the world. He called to the others to come and see the most beautiful woman that man ever saw, and they were astonished and covered her up. When she awoke, she said : "Art thou awake, Diarmaid?" and he answered : "I am awake." Then said she : "Where wouldst thou rather that the very finest castle thou hast ever seen should be built?" "Up above Beinn Eudainn, if I had my choice," and Diarmaid slept, and she said no more to him.

There went out one early, before the day, riding, and he saw a castle built upon a hill. He cleared his sight, to see if it was really

there; then he saw it, and went home, and did not say a word. Another went out and also saw it, and said nothing. Then the day was brightened, and the two came in, telling that the castle was most surely there. She sat up and said: "Arise, Diarmaid, go up to thy castle, and be not stretched there any longer." "If there were a castle to which I might go," said Diarmaid. "Look out," said she, "and see if there be a castle there." He looked out and saw a castle, and came in, saying to her: "I will go up to the castle, if thou wilt go with me." "I will do that, Diarmaid; but say not to me thrice how thou didst find me." "I will never say how I found thee," replied Diarmaid. So they went to the castle together. That was a beautiful castle! There was not the shadow of a thing that was of use for a castle that was not in it, even to a herd for the geese. The meat was on the board, and there were maidservants and men-servants about it. They spent three days in the castle together, and then she said to him: "Thou art turning sorrowful, because thou art not with thy people; and thou hadst best go to the Finn, and thy meat and drink will be no worse than they are." "Who will take care of the greyhound bitch and her three pups?" said Diarmaid. "What fear is there for them?" said she, and then Diarmaid went away and reached the people of Finn.

The rest of the story is a curious variant of the Cupid and Psyche group of legends. Fionn, Oisean, and another of the Finn, envious of Diarmaid's good luck, which might have been that of any of them had they not refused the woman admittance, visit her one after the other and each obtains of her one of the greyhound's pups. When Diarmaid returns after each of the two first visits, he says to the dog that if his bride had borne in mind how he had found her, with her hair down to her heels, she would not have given away the pup. She asks what he had said, and he begs her pardon; but when he comes back after the third pup had been given away and repeats the same remark, he finds himself without wife or castle, and lying in a moss-hole. He sets out in quest of her, and after much trouble discovers her in a palace under the sea, but his love for her is now suddenly changed into dislike—a curious departure from the usual conclusion of tales of this class.

The old traveller Sir John Mandeville, like Herodotus, is doubtless to be credited, as a rule, when he tells us of what he himself saw, but when he begins a narrative with "men seyn" we may be sure he is simply about to repeat some fabulous account of "antres vast and deserts idle; of men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," and other monsters. In the following tale of a damsel transformed into a frightful dragon, he takes care to let us know that it is only from hearsay :

Analogue from Mandeville.

"Some Men seyn, that in the Ile of Lango is 3it the Doughtre of Ypocras,¹ in forme and lykenesse of a gret Dragoun, that is an hundred Fadme of lengthe,² as Men seyn : For I have not seen hire. And thei of the Iles callen hire, Lady of the Lond. And sche lyethe in an olde Castelle, in a Cave, and schewethe twyes or thryes in the Zeer. And sche dothe non harm to no Man, but 3if Men don hire harm. And sche was thus chaunged and transformed, from a fair Damysele, in to lyknesse of a Dragoun, be a Goddesse, that was clept Deane.³ And Men seyn, that sche schalle so endure in that forme of a Dragoun, unto the tyme that a Knyghte come, that is so hardy, that dar come to hire and kiss hire on the Mouthe : And then schalle sche turne a3en to hire owne Kynde, and ben a Woman a3en : But afre that sche schalle not liven longe. And it is not long siththen, that a Knighte of the Rodes, that was hardy and doughty in Armes, seyde that he wolde kyssen hire. And whan he was upon his Coursere, and wente to the Castelle, and entred into the Cave, the Dragoun lifte up hire Hed a3enst him. And whan the Knyghte saw hire in that Forme so hidous and so horrible, he fleyghe away. And the Dragoun bare the Knyghte upon a Roche,⁴ mawgre his Hede ; and from that Roche, sche caste him in to the See : and so was lost bothe Hors and Man. And also a 3onge Man, that wiste not of the Dragoun, wente out of a Schipp, and wente thorghe the Ile, til that he come to the Castelle, and cam in to the Cave ; and wente so longe,

¹ Hippocrates.

² A hundred fathoms long—something like a monster !

³ Diana.

⁴ Rock.

til that he fond a Chambre, and there he saughe a Damysele, that kembed hire Hede, and lokede in a Myroure; and sche hadde meche Tresoure abouten hire:¹ and he trowed, that sche hadde ben a comoun Woman, that dwelled there to receyve Men to Folye. And he abode, till the Damysele saughe the Schadewe of him in the Myroure. And sche turned hire toward him, and asked hym, what he wolde. And he seyde, he wolde ben hire Limman or Paramour. And sche asked him, 3if that he were a Knyghte. And he seyde, nay. And than sche seyde, that he myghte not ben hire Lemman: But sche bad him gon azen unto his Felowes, and make him Knyghte, and come azen upon the Morwe, and sche scholde come out of the Cave before him; and thanne come and kysse hire on the Mowthe, and have no Drede; for I schalle do the no maner harm, alle be it that thou see me in Lyknesse of a Dragoun. For thoughe thou see me hidouse and horrible to loken onne, I do the to wytene,² that it is made be Enchauntement. For withouten doute, I am non other than thou seest now, a Woman; and therfore drede the noughte. And 3if thou kysse me, thou schalt have alle this Tresoure, and be my Lord, and Lord also of alle that Ile. And he departed fro hire and wente to his Felowes to Schippe, and leet make him Knyghte, and cam azen upon the Morwe, for to kysse this Damysele. And whan he saughe hire comen out of the Cave, in forme of a Dragoun, so hidouse and so horrible, he hadde so grete drede, that he fleyghe azen to the Schippe; and sche folewed him. And whan sche saughe, that he turned not azen, sche began to crye, as a thing that hadde meche Sorwe: and thanne sche turned azen, in to hire Cave; and anon the Knyghte dyede. And siththen hidewards, myghte no Knyghte se hire, but that he dyede anon. But whan a Knyghte comethe, that is so hardy to kisse hire, he schalle not dye; but he schalle turne the Damysele in to hire righte Forme and kyndely Schapp, and he schal be Lord of alle the Contreyes and Iles aboveseyd.”³

¹ From the most ancient times serpents and dragons were believed to be the guardians of hidden treasure.

² I give thee to know.

³ *The Voiage and Travaile of Sir John Maundeville, Kt.*, etc. Reprinted from the edition of A.D. 1725; with an Introduction, Additional Notes, and Glossary, by J. O. Halliwell. London, 1839. Chap. iv., pp. 23—26.

Mandeville's wonderful tale is quite unique. In all other stories or legends of the kind the enchanted person is not apparently permitted to reveal the means by which the spell may be done away ; but here the "dragoun" young lady tells all about it to every one who visits her ; and it is passing strange that no fortune-hunter could be found bold enough to imprint a kiss on her monstrous mouth, when assured that she should be thereby instantly changed back into her original form of a super-eminently beautiful damsel, willing to reward him with her hand in marriage, and "wealth beyond the dreams of avarice"! Sir John does not give us to understand that this unhappy lady was immortal, so it were useless for any enterprising youth, with an eye on the "main chance," to think of setting forth in quest of her at this time of day.

There is an interesting analogue of the chief feature of the Wife of Bath's Tale in a Turkish story-book of a mystical cast, entitled, "Phantasms from the Presence of God," written, in 1796-7, by 'Ali 'Aziz Efendi, the Cretan,¹ which is to this effect :

Turkish Analogue.

A beautiful young orphan girl, exceedingly poor, returning home with water one day, is accosted by a very ugly old man, who asks her to marry him. She consents, for she thinks her condition could hardly be worse. After being married they sail for Abyssinia, where they reside for some little time. One day the old man was gone to the bazaar, and the girl began to long for his return, saying to herself : "Would that my husband were come, that I might talk with him." When the old man came, she ran to meet him with as much joy as if the world had become her own, and when he beheld her longing in her face, and her countenance glowing with delight, he suddenly shook himself and became a young man of seventeen years, a sun of the world—a darling of the age ; and he clasped her round

¹ *Mukhayyalât-i Ledun-i illâhî-i Giridli 'Ali 'Aziz Efendi.* My friend Mr. E. J. W. Gibb has favoured me with a reading of part of his translation of this curious work, which he is preparing for publication, and from which I have made the abstract of the story that follows.

the neck and blessed her, saying : "O my lady, my Emína, like as thou hast delivered me from this plight, may God help thee in the Hereafter from the torment of hell!"¹ Then he took her by the hand, and they entered the inner room, and the youth addressed her thus : "My lady, I am not of the sons of Adam. I am Retím Shah, king of the fairies of the land of Jábulsá. With us a parent's curse against a child forthwith comes to pass. One day while jesting with my aged mother, I said to her : 'Thou dost not love me.' These words were grievous to her, and she said : 'If God will, my son, may thou assume a vile form of seventy years old, and until a fair girl of the children of Adam desire thy beauty, may thou not return to thy first estate.' No sooner had she uttered this speech than, lo ! I assumed that form which thou sawest, and it is full forty years that I have wandered the world in that shape, seeking a cure for my woe. I saw that thy poverty was exceeding great, and as the indications of truth and chastity were visible in thy face, I fancied that I might, with much kindness, in some way win and reconcile thee to myself. And lo ! thou hast yearned for me, and, praise be to God most high, my beauty has returned to its old estate. Now am I thy husband, and thy freed slave ; henceforth grieve not, nor sorrow for anything. Accept me again as husband, if thou desire ; send me away, if thou desire : my loins are girt in thy service till the Resurrection Day." Needless to add that Sitt Emína was more than charmed with her rejuvenated husband, who supplied her with wealth galore, and came all the way from his fairy dominions once every week to enjoy her society.

Sanskrit Analogue.

I do not remember any exact parallel to the Wife of Bath's Tale in Indian fiction, though the step-dame's transforming the damsel into a hideous hag, so to remain until a knight should consent to marry her, which occurs in other versions, has many analogues in such story-books as the *Kathá Sarit Ságará*, where a celestial being having incurred the wrath of a deity is condemned to be re-born on

¹ How very absurd is the popular notion that Muslims deny the existence of the soul in woman !

the earth in human form, or as a snake or other animal, the "curse," or punishment, to cease when certain things should occur. This power of "cursing" is also acquired by holy men—*rishis*—through the virtue of their austerities, and they often transform an offender into some kind of beast. Thus in section the eleventh of the Introductory Book of the *Mahábhárata* we are told of a rishi who was engaged in the *Agni-hotra*, or fire-sacrifice, when a friend in sport made a sham snake of blades of grass, and attempted to frighten him with it. The rishi, burning with wrath on discovering the deceit, exclaimed: "Since thou hast made a powerless snake to frighten me, thou shalt be turned even into a venomless snake thyself by my curse." The culprit, well knowing the power of the ascetic, thus addressed him, lowly bending, and with joined hands: "O friend, I have done this by way of jest, to excite thy laughter. It behoveth thee to forgive me, and to revoke thy curse." But this, it would appear, was impossible: the curse itself was irrevocable, and such being the case, rishis should certainly be careful not to "let their angry passions rise," as they do so often—in story-books. But the duration of the curse could be limited, and so the rishi, perceiving the culprit's terror, said: "What I have spoken must come to pass. But when Ruru, the pure son of Pramati, shall appear thou shalt be delivered from the curse the moment thou seest him," and this takes place in the fulness of time.

Legends similar to the tale of the Knight and the Loathly Lady seem to be of universal currency and of very ancient date. Have we not all listened to them in the nursery, and been especially charmed with the tale of "The Frog Prince"? And there are several parallels to it among the natives of South Africa. To cite two examples only, in conclusion:

Two Kaffir Analogues.

In Theal's *Kaffir Folk-Lore* a youth refrains from killing a crocodile, and in return it gives him many cattle and a great quantity of millet. Then the crocodile said to him: "You must send your sister for the purpose of being married to me." The

crocodile gave one of his daughters to the young man, and his sister went to the village of the crocodile to be a bride. They said to her: "Whom do you choose to be your husband?" The girl replied: "I choose Crocodile." Her husband said to her: "Lick my face." She did so, and the crocodile cast off his skin and arose a man of great strength and fine appearance, and told her that he had been so transformed by the enemies of his father's house (ed. 1882, p. 37).—In another story (p. 53) a girl goes to be the bride of the snake with five heads, who had devoured her sister because she was afraid of him; and having baked and served him with bread to his satisfaction, he became a man, and she was ever afterwards the wife he loved best.

NOTE.

"WOMEN DESIRE SOVEREIGNTY."

THE "self-willed" disposition of women is harped upon by many of our old English authors. In a curious 16th century tract entitled *The Wyll of the Devyll* (Ballad Society Publications) occurs the following bequest: "*Item.* I give to all women sovereignty, which they most desire, and that they never lack excuse." And, in his *Breviary of Health*, Andrew Borde says of woman: "She is subject to man, except it be there where the *white mare is the better horse*; therefore, *ut homo non cantet cum cuculo*, let every man please his wife in all matters, and displease her not, but let her have her own wyll, for that she wyll have, who so ever say nay;"—according to the proverbial lines—

"The man's a fool who thinks by force of skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will;
For if she will, she *will*, you may depend on't,
And if she won't, she *won't*, and there's an end on't."

It would appear from the above passage from Borde that the wife who ruled her husband was then called the "*white mare*"—in modern times she is termed the "*gray mare*," and the origin of the expression is thus accounted for:

A gentleman, who had "seen the world," one day gave his son a pair of horses, and a basket of eggs, saying, "Do you travel upon the high-road until you come to the first house in which there is a married couple. If you find that the husband is master there, give him one of the horses. If, on the other hand, the wife is ruler, give her an egg. Return at once if you part with a horse, but do not come back so long as you keep both horses, and there is an egg remaining in your basket." Off went the youth, full of his mission, and called at so many houses without finding the husband really master that all his eggs save one were gone, and riding onward he came to a house where he must make his final trial. He alighted and knocked at the door. The good wife opened it for him and curtsied. "Is your husband at home?" "No," but she would call him from the hay-field. In he came, wiping his brows. The

young man told them his errand. "Why," said the good wife, simpering and twiddling a corner of her apron, "I always do as John wants me to do; he is my master—aren't you, John?" To which John replied, "Yes." "Then," said the youth, "I am to give you a horse; which will you take?" Quoth John, "I think we'll have the bay gelding." "If we have a choice, husband," said the wife, "I think the gray mare will suit us better." "No," replied John; "the bay for me; he is more square in the front, and has much better legs." "Now," said the wife, "I don't think so;—the gray mare is the better horse, and I shall never be contented unless I get that one." "You must take an egg," cried the youth, giving her the only one he had left, and he then returned home, with both horses, to inform his father how he had sped in his mission.

There is a similar Arabian story told of the Khalif Harún er-Rashíd, who figures so often in the *Arabian Nights*: how he gave one of his favourite companions a great number of donkeys, one of which he was to present to each man whom he found not to be under "petticoat government"—for it is a mistake to suppose that, although women of a certain class are bought and sold for the harems of Muslims, the actual wife may not sometimes rule her lord very despotically; but on this subject see Lane's *Modern Egyptians*. The favourite returned without having disposed of a single ass, at which Harún made merry, declaring himself to be the only man in his dominions who was master of his harem, including even his chief wife, Zubaydé. Their conversation happened to take place in a room where they might be overheard by that pious but exceedingly jealous lady, and the favourite saw his opportunity of turning the laugh against the Khalif himself. So he began to describe in glowing terms the personal charms of a girl he pretended to have seen in the course of his journeyings, upon which Harún, in alarm lest Zubaydé should hear this account of the strange beauty, whispered: "Don't talk quite so loud." This was what the companion expected, so he exclaimed in great glee: "O Commander of the Faithful, it is *you* who must take a donkey!"

GLASGOW, *January, 1888.*

22.

The Patient Griselda:

ENGLISH ABSTRACT OF AN EARLY FRENCH VERSION

OF

Chaucer's Clerk's Tale.

By W. A. CLOUSTON.

A noble Marquesse,
 As he did ride a hunting
 hard by a forrest side,
 A faire and comely maiden,
 As she did sit a spinning,
 his gentle eye espide.
 Most faire and comely,
 And of comely grace was she,
 although in simple attire:
 She sung full sweetly,
 With pleasant voyce melodiously,
 which set the lords heart on fire.
 The more he lookt, the more he might;
 Beauty bread his hearts delight,
 And to this comely damsell
 then he went;
 God speed (quoth he), thou famous flower,
 Faire mistresse of this homely bower,
 Where love and vertue
 dwel with sweet content.

HISTORY OF PATIENT GRISSELL.

THE PATIENT GRISELDA :

ENGLISH ABSTRACT OF AN EARLY FRENCH VERSION OF THE
CLERK'S TALE.

BY W. A. CLOUSTON.

IN striking contrast to the *motif* of the Wife of Bath's Tale is that of the Clerk's Tale of the Patient Griselda—such a wife as “ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be!”¹ The admirable note, by Professor Hales, on the characters of Griselda and the Marquis, appended to the Latin and Italian versions (p. 173 ff.), leaves little to be added by subsequent commentators. The tale may indeed be considered as a protest against the abuse of women so common in mediæval literature. But as it stands almost alone, it could have had little influence in causing a reaction in men's minds. It may be that the *motif* of the tale was rendered abortive from the characters of Griselda and the Marquis being so very much exaggerated, or overdrawn—so much out of keeping with human nature; and one can easily conceive that the Patient Griselda would be often held up by men to their wives in mockery of their sex in general, just as they were frequently twitted by their gross-minded lords with stories of female artifice and profligacy taken from example-books, such as that which caused a “row” between the Wife of Bath and Jenkins her husband—in which, as usual, he came off second-best. My only object in presenting the following translation of Le Grand's prose version of the *fabliau* of Griselda is to show its close resemblance to Petrarch's Latin story—the details of each run so exactly parallel that either they must have been derived from a common source or one has been taken from the other.

¹ According to Le Grand, in his prefatory remarks on the *fabliau* of Griselda, Noguier asserts that Griselda is not an imaginary person, but that this Phoenix of women actually lived about the year 1003; and Philippe Foresti, the Italian historiographer, also gives her story as true;—it is just as true as the Italian legend of Santa Gugiema—see *ante*, pp. 409, 410.

The Fabliau of Griselda.

IN Lombardy, on the confines of Piedmont, is a noble country, called the country of Saluces, whose lords have borne from all time the title of Marquis. Of all those lords the most illustrious and powerful was Walter. He was handsome, well made, and endowed with all the gifts of nature ; but he had one fault, that of loving too much the liberty of celibacy, and displeased when marriage was hinted to him, which sorely grieved his barons and vassals. They assembled to confer on the subject, and appointed certain deputies to speak to Walter in their name, as follows : “ Marquis, our only master and sovereign lord, the love which we bear you has inspired us with boldness to come and speak with you ; for everything which you possess is pleasing to us, and we think ourselves happy in having such a master. But, dear sire, you know that years roll and pass by, and never return. Although you are in the flower of your manhood, nevertheless old age and death, from which no one is free, happen every day. Your vassals, who will never refuse to obey you, request you to allow them to seek for you a lady of noble birth, beautiful and virtuous, who would be worthy of becoming your wife. Grant, sire, this favour to your loyal subjects, in order that, in the event of any misfortune befalling your high and noble person, they should not be without a master.” To this address Walter, much affected, answered kindly : “ My friends, it is true I please myself in enjoying that liberty which one feels in my situation, and which is lost in marriage, if I may believe those who have tried it. Another inconvenience of that union is that we are not sure the children we so much desire are really our own. Yet, my friends, I promise you to marry ; and I hope that the good God will give me one with whom I shall be able to live a happy life. But I wish also that you first promise me one thing, namely, that her whom I choose, whoever she may be, daughter of rich or poor man, you will respect and honour as your lady, and that there will be no one amongst you who will dare to blame or murmur at my choice.” The barons and subjects promised faithfully to observe what the Marquis their lord demanded of them. They thanked him for having

deferred to their request, and were informed by him of the day for his marriage, which caused great joy throughout the country of Saluces.

Now at a short distance from the castle there was a village in which the labourers dwelt, and through which the Marquis passed when he went to the chase. Amongst the villagers was an old man called Janicola, poor, bowed down by infirmities, and quite unable to walk. Often in a miserable cottage dwells the blessing of Heaven; and of this that good old man was a proof, for there remained to him from his marriage a daughter, named Griselda, with a perfectly-formed person, but a soul still more beautiful, who kindly supported and comforted his old age. During the day she watched the sheep which belonged to them; in the evening, when she had brought them home, she prepared their frugal meal, raised and laid her father; in short, all those services which a daughter should do for a father the virtuous Griselda performed for poor Janicola. For a long time the Marquis had known by common report of the virtue and modest conduct of this poor girl. Often in going to the chase he stopped and looked at her; and in his heart he had already decided that if he ever did marry, it would only be Griselda.

Meanwhile the day which he had fixed for his marriage came round, and the palace was crowded with dames, knights, citizens, and people of every condition. All were making inquiries of each other regarding the wife of their lord, but no one could answer. The Marquis set out from his palace, as if with the intention of meeting his bride, and all the ladies and knights followed him. He wended his way to the village, and entered the cottage of Janicola, to whom he said: "Janicola, I know you have always loved me; to-day I exact a proof of it: grant me your daughter in marriage." The poor man, astonished at this request, humbly replied: "Sire, you are my master and lord, and I should wish whatever you wish." The maiden all this time was standing near her old father, quite abashed, for she was not accustomed to receive such a guest. Then the Marquis thus addressed her: "Griselda, I wish you to become my wife. Your father consents, and I venture to think that you will not refuse; but first answer me one question which I will ask

of you before him : I desire a wife who will be submissive to me in everything, who will only wish what I wish, and, whatever my caprices may be, will always be ready to fulfil them. If you become mine, will you consent to observe these conditions?" Griselda replied : " My lord, I shall be ever willing to do whatever you may please to command. Should you order my death, I promise you to suffer it without complaining." " Enough," said the Marquis ; at the same time taking her hand and leading her out of the house, he presented her to his barons and people, saying : " My friends, here is my wife—here is your lady, whom I request you to love and honour as you do myself." After these words he conducted her to the palace, where the matrons took off her rustic garments in order to deck her in a rich dress and nuptial ornaments. Griselda blushed, and trembled all over ; and you yourself, after having been seen a moment before in your village, should you suddenly appear with a crown on your head, I am quite sure would not be able to check the same kind of astonishment. The marriage was celebrated the same day. The palace resounded with all kinds of musical instruments ; there was everywhere nothing but shouts of joy ; subjects as well as their lord appeared to be enchanted. Hitherto Griselda had been much admired for her virtuous conduct, but now, mild, affable, and obliging, she was more loved than she had been esteemed ; and, both among those who had known her before her elevation and those who knew her afterwards, there was not one who envied her good fortune.

In due course Griselda gave birth to a daughter, who promised to be one day as beautiful as herself. Although the Marquis and his subjects would have more heartily welcomed the advent of a son, there was great rejoicing throughout Saluces. The infant was nursed in the palace by its mother ; but as soon as it was weaned, Walter, who had devised a plan for testing his wife's obedience, although, charmed day after day by her virtues, he loved her more and more, entered her chamber, and, with the air of a man troubled about something, spoke to her as follows : " Griselda, you have not perhaps forgotten what was your condition before becoming my wife. I had, however, almost forgot it myself, and my tender love for thee, of which thou hast received many proofs, might assure thee of

it. But for some time, and especially since our child was born, my vassals murmur, and even haughtily complain of being destined one day to become the vassals of a grand-daughter of Janicola, and I, whose interest it is to preserve their friendship, am now compelled to make to them a sacrifice which pains me grievously. I would not act, however, until I had forewarned you; and I come to ask your permission, and exhort you to exercise that patience which you promised me before becoming my spouse." Griselda humbly replied, without showing any tokens of grief: "My beloved lord, you are my lord and master; my daughter and myself belong to you; and you may command me in anything, for I shall never forget the obedience and submission which I promised and owe you." Such moderation and gentleness astonished the Marquis. He retired with a look of the utmost pain, while in his heart full of love and admiration for his wife. When he was alone he called an old servant, attached to him for thirty years, to whom he explained his plan, and sent him at once to Griselda. "Madame," said he, "deign to pardon the sad commission which I have undertaken, but my lord requests your daughter." At these words Griselda, recalling the conversation which she had recently had with Walter, concluded that he had sent the man to take away her child and put it to death. She stifled her grief, nevertheless, restrained her tears, and without making the least complaint or uttering a sigh, took the infant out of its cradle, looked at it tenderly for a long time, then making the sign of the cross on its forehead, and kissing it for the last time, she handed it to the servant. When Walter learned from his servant of his wife's courage and submission, he was full of admiration of her virtue; but when he took the infant in his arms, and saw it cry, his heart was so moved that he was on the point of relinquishing his cruel trial. Recovering himself, however, he commanded his trusty servitor to carry the infant secretly to his sister, the Countess d'Empêche, at Boulogne, and desire her, in his name, to bring it up under her own care, but so that nobody—not even the count, her husband—should have knowledge of the secret. The servant accordingly delivered the child to the countess, who caused it to be privately educated, as her brother had desired.

The Marquis continued to live with Griselda as before, and often did he look on her face to discover whether she nourished either grief or resentment, but she always showed him the same love and respect, never betraying any symptoms of sadness, and neither in his presence nor absence referred to her daughter. Four years had thus passed, when Griselda gave birth to a son, which completed the happiness of the Marquis, and the joy of all his people. Griselda nursed this infant as she had done the other; but when it was two years old Gautier resolved to make another trial of his wife's patience, and came to tell her of his barons' dissatisfaction, in almost the same words he had formerly ascribed to them regarding her daughter. O what agony must that incomparable woman have felt at that moment, when reflecting that she had already lost her daughter, and now saw that her little son was about to be also taken from her! What it must have been I need not tell the tender mother—not even the stranger could at such a sentence have refrained from tears! Queens, princesses, marchionesses, women of all degrees, hearken to the answer of Griselda to her lord, and profit by the example: "My dear lord," said she, "I formerly swore to you, and still swear, never to wish anything that you do not wish. When, on entering your palace, I threw off my poor garments, at the same time I resolved to know no will except your own. If it were possible for me to guess at anything before it was expressed, you would see your slightest desires foreseen and fulfilled. Command me now in whatever you please. If you wish my death, I agree to it; for death is nothing in comparison to the unhappiness of displeasing you." Walter was more and more astonished. Any one who had not known Griselda so well would have concluded that such firmness of soul was merely want of feeling; but he, who was frequently a witness of her tenderness while she was nursing her children, could ascribe it only to the love which she had for himself. The Marquis sent his old servitor again to Boulogne with his son, where he was brought up along with his little sister.

After two such cruel proofs Walter ought to have felt certain of his wife's submissiveness to his will, and refrained from afflicting her farther. But his was one of those jealous hearts which nothing can

cure, for whom the grief of others is a source of pleasure. As for Griselda, she not only appeared to have forgotten her double bereavement, but showed herself more than ever tender and affectionate towards her husband, nevertheless he purposed to make a still more severe experiment of her obedience. His daughter was now twelve years of age, and his son eight, and he sent a message to his sister the countess, desiring her to bring them to him; at the same time he caused it to be noised abroad that he was about to divorce his wife in order to take another. This news soon reached Griselda. She was told that a young person of high birth, and beautiful as a fairy, was coming to be wedded to the Marquis of Saluces. Whether she was astounded at this, I leave you to decide. Meanwhile she continued to wait on him whom she was bound to obey in everything which he imposed upon her. Walter sent for her, and in the presence of his barons thus addressed her: "Griselda, during the past twelve years I have been pleased with you as my wife, because I have looked at your virtue instead of your birth. But I must have an heir—my subjects demand it; and Rome permits me to take a wife worthy of me. She will arrive here in the course of a few days, therefore prepare to give up thy present position. Take thy dowry with thee, and summon up all thy fortitude." Griselda replied: "My lord, I am not ignorant that the daughter of Janicola was not suited for your wife; and in this palace, of which you made me the lady, I take God to witness, that every day, whilst thanking him for that honour, I felt myself unworthy of it. I leave, without regret, since such is your will, the place where I have been so happy, and I return to die in the cottage where I was born, and where I shall still be able to render my father those services which I was forced to delegate to a stranger. As for the dowry of which you speak, you well know, my lord, that with a pure heart I could only bring you poverty, respect, and love. All the dresses which I have worn here belong to you. Allow me to leave them, and take my own, which I have preserved. Here is the ring with which you wedded me. I came away poor from my father's house, and poor shall I return thither; only wishing to carry with me the honour of having been the irreproachable wife of such a husband." The

Marquis was so moved by these words that he could not keep back his tears, and was forced to go out to conceal his emotion. Griselda left all her beautiful dresses, her jewels, and head-ornaments, and putting on her rustic clothes returned to her own village, accompanied by many barons, knights, and ladies, who were bathed in tears and regretted so much virtue. She alone wept not, but walked on in silence with head bent down. They arrived at the cottage of Janicola, who did not appear astonished at the event. From the first the marriage had caused him to fear that sooner or later the Marquis would grow weary of his daughter and send her back to him. The old man tenderly embraced Griselda, and, without exhibiting anger or grief, thanked the ladies and gentlemen for their condescension in having accompanied his daughter, exhorting them to love their lord sincerely and to serve him loyally. But imagine the sorrow which the good Janicola must have felt when he reflected that his daughter after such a long period of pleasure and luxury should be in want during the rest of her life ; this, however, gave Griselda no concern, and she cheered her father's spirits.

In the mean time the Count and Countess d'Empêche, with Walter's two children, and attended by a great company of knights and ladies, were drawing near Saluces. The Marquis, to complete this last trial, sent for Griselda, who immediately came on foot and in the dress of a peasant. " Daughter of Janicola," said Walter to her, " to-morrow my wife arrives, and as no one in my palace knows so well as you what can please me, and I wish to receive her with all honour, as well as my brother, my sister, and the others who accompany her, I desire you to superintend all arrangements, and especially to attend upon my new wife." " Sire," replied Griselda, " I have received such favours from you that as long as God permits me to live I will consider it a duty to do whatever may give you pleasure." She then went and gave the necessary orders to the officers and servants of the palace, and herself made ready the bridal bed for her whose approaching arrival had caused her own expulsion. When the young lady appeared, Griselda, instead of showing any signs of emotion, as one might have expected, went out to meet her, saluted her respectfully, and conducted her into the nuptial

room. By a secret instinct,¹ for which she could not account, she was delighted with the company of the young people, and never grew weary of looking at them and admiring their beauty.

The hour of feasting arrived, and when all were assembled at table the Marquis sent for Griselda, and showing her his bride—who to her natural brilliancy added a dazzling dress—asked her what she thought of the lady. “My lord,” replied she, “you could not choose one more beautiful and virtuous; and if God hear the prayers which I offer up for you every day, you will be happy with her. But in mercy, my lord, spare this one the painful anguish which another has endured. Younger and more tenderly brought up, her heart would not have the strength to sustain such trials, and she might die of them.” At these words tears fell from the eyes of the Marquis. He could dissemble no more; and admiring that unalterable gentleness and that virtue which nothing could weary out, he exclaimed: “Griselda, my dearly beloved Griselda! this is too much! To try your love, I have done more than any other man under heaven has dared even to imagine, and I have only found in you obedience, tenderness, and devotion.” Then drawing near to Griselda, who suddenly lowered her head at these encomiums, he clasped her in his arms, and bedewing her with his tears, he added in presence of the numerous assembly: “Incomparable woman! you only are worthy of being my wife, and such you alone shall ever be! You, as well as my subjects, believed me the executioner of your children. But they were simply removed some distance from you. My sister, in whose hands I entrusted them, has just brought them hither. Behold, there they are! And you, my daughter and son, come and throw yourselves at the knees of your honourable mother.” Griselda could not bear with so much joy coming upon her suddenly; she swooned, but when the assistance which was lavished upon her brought her back to consciousness, she took the two children, covered them with kisses and tears, and held them long pressed to her bosom. Every one of the assembled guests was

¹ This absurd notion of “blood speaking to blood” frequently occurs in Asiatic fictions; it has no more foundation in fact than the other superstition that a dog will recognize his old master after many years’ absence—as to which, see Byron!

affected even to weeping. At length cries of joy resounded, and that festival which had been prepared in honour of Walter's new wife became a triumph for the patient Griselda. The Marquis caused old Janicola to be brought to the palace of Saluces: Walter had only appeared to neglect him till he had made trial of his daughter, and he honoured the good man during the rest of his life. Walter and Griselda lived for twenty years longer in the most perfect concord. They saw their children married and their offspring; and after Walter died his son succeeded to the estate, to the great satisfaction of all his subjects.¹

The differences between the French and Latin versions, it will be seen on comparison, are few and immaterial: for the Countess d'Empêche, at Boulogne, Petrarch has the Countess of Pavia; and while in the *fabliau* Griselda is represented as putting on her old peasant dress before leaving the palace, in the Latin story she returns to her father's cottage in her shift only, and her father had kept her old gown, expecting she should be sent back some day. In other respects both stories tally. As Petrarch plainly states that he was familiar with the tale long before he had read it in the *Decameron*, we may, I think, safely conclude that he knew it from a *fabliau*, which was probably also the source of Boccaccio's novel. Le Grand remarks, that Boccaccio has omitted the affecting and ingenuous address of the vassals to their lord, in order to induce him to marry, and the touching picture of Griselda's attentions to her bedridden father; and it seems to me that the existence of these incidents in the Latin story is alone sufficient evidence that it was not adapted from the version in the *Decameron*. Boccaccio is credited by Le Grand with "some taste" in rejecting the "improbable" statement that old Janicola, who required to be helped in and out of bed daily, lived twelve years "after being abandoned"; but Janicola was not altogether abandoned to his fate, since Griselda, when about to quit the palace, speaks of him as having been cared for, though not by one of his own kin.

¹ Le Grand's *Fabliaux, ou Contes, du XIII^e et du XIII^e siècle*. Ed. 1781, tome ii., pp. 232—252.

Whether the tale of Griselda was originally composed in France, it seems certain that it was first dramatized in that country under the title of *Mistere de Grisélidis*, of which a copy in MS. is preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris. In England it formed the subject of a drama, entitled *Patient Grissil*, written towards the end of the 16th century, by Thos. Dekker, Hy. Chettle, and W. Haughton, which was reprinted in 1841 for the (old) Shakspeare Society. As a puppet-play it was a popular favourite so late as the year 1770, according to Thos. Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*. Under date, August 30, 1667, Pepys enters in his *Diary*: "To Bartholomew fayre, to walk up and down; and there, among other things, find my Lady Castlemaine at a puppet-play (Patient Grizell), and the street full of people expecting her coming out. I confess I did wonder at her courage to come abroad, thinking the people would abuse her; but they, silly people, do not know the work she makes, and therefore suffered her with great respect to take a coach, and she away without any trouble at all." One cannot help also "wondering" whether my Lady Castlemaine, while seeing the puppet-play performed, thought of *another* Griselda, who had left her country to become the neglected and insulted consort of the heartless and sensual Second Charles—probably not! In Pepys' day the name of Griselda, or Grissel, seems to have been as proverbial for patience as that of the Man of Uz. Butler in his *Hudibras*—the wit and humour of which, by the way, had no charm for Pepys, since he tells us "it hath not a good liking in me, though I tried by twice or three times' reading to bring myself to think it witty"—speaks of

"—— words, far bitterer than wormwood,
That would in Job or Grizel stir mood."¹

¹ Before the Restoration the Diarist was a Presbyterian, or an Independent; and it is said that he suggested as a text for a sermon on the execution of King Charles, "The memory of the wicked shall rot"—a circumstance which, in after years, when he was "making his pile," gave him no little concern, lest it should come to be known by "old Rowley." He was all his life a Dissenter at heart, as is evident from many passages in his *Diary*, and hence Butler's incomparable satire of the Presbyter Knight who "went a colonelling" wooed his smiles in vain.

Examples of patient, dutiful wives, like Griselda, are almost as rare in Asiatic as in European popular tales, though we have seen something of the kind in versions of "The innocent, persecuted Wife" (*ante*, p. 368 ff.); and in the earlier literature of India—before it could be affected by baleful Muslim notions regarding women—there occur several notable tales of faithful, virtuous, obedient wives. A queen who figures in the *Kathá Sarit Ságará* (Tawney's translation, vol. i., p. 355 ff.) presents some resemblance to Griselda. The wives of King Virabhujá, envious of his favourite, queen Gunavará, conspire to cause her destruction. They tell the king that she carries on a criminal intrigue with Surakshita, the superintendent of the women's apartments in the palace—it is the gossip of the whole haram. The king thinks this impossible, but resolves to test them both. He sends for the young man, and with assumed anger, accuses him of having killed a Bráhmán;¹ so he must at once go to the holy places, and not return until he has cleansed his soul of the sin. The young man, with every token of astonishment in his countenance and protesting his innocence, quits the royal judgment-hall and sets out on his pilgrimage. "Then the king went into the presence of that queen Gunavará, full of love, and anger, and sober reflection. Then she, seeing that his mind was troubled, asked him anxiously: 'My husband, why are you seized to-day with a sudden fit of despondency?' When the king heard that, he gave her this feigned answer: 'To-day, my queen, a great astrologer came to me and said: "King, you must place the queen Gunavará for some time in a dungeon, and you must yourself live a life of chastity, otherwise your kingdom will certainly be overthrown, and she will surely die." Having said this, the astrologer departed; hence my present despondency.' When the king said this, the queen Gunavará, who was devoted to her husband, distracted with fear and love, said to him: 'Why do you not cast me this very day into a dungeon, my husband? I am highly favoured if I can benefit you, even at the sacrifice of my life. Let me die; but let

¹ The most heinous crime that can be committed by a Hindú. The Bráhmans have interpolated the *Mahábhárata* with numerous passages exalting their own caste: priestcraft is the same everywhere!

not my lord have misfortune. For a husband is the chief refuge of wives in this world and the next.' Having heard this speech, the king said to himself, with tears in his eyes, 'I think there is no guilt in her, nor in that Sarakshita; for I saw that the colour in his face did not change, and he seemed without fear. Alas, nevertheless I must ascertain the truth of that rumour.' After reflecting thus, the king in his grief said to the queen: 'Then it is best that a dungeon should be made here, queen.' She replied: 'Very good.' So the king had a dungeon, easy of access, made in the women's apartments, and placed the queen in it. And he comforted her son by telling him exactly what he had told the queen. And she for her part thought the dungeon heaven, because it was all for the king's good. For good women have no pleasure of their own; to them their husband's pleasure is pleasure."—Needless to add that the innocence of the devoted queen and of the young man is made manifest in the end.

We have a noble example of a faithful wife in Sitá, the spouse of Ráma, as portrayed in the great Hindú epic, *Rámáyana*. She thus pleads with her husband for leave to accompany him into banishment, according to Sir Monier Williams' rendering of the passage:

"A wife must share her husband's fate. My duty is to follow thee
Where'er thou goest. Apart from thee, I would not dwell in heaven itself,
Deserted by her lord, a wife is like a miserable corpse.
Close as thy shadow would I cleave to thee in this life and hereafter.
Thou art my king, my guide, my only refuge, my divinity.
It is my fixed resolve to follow thee. If thou must wander forth
Through thorny, trackless forests, I will go before thee, treading down
The prickly brambles to make smooth thy path. Walking before thee, I
Shall feel no weariness: the forest-thorns will seem like silken robes;
The bed of leaves a couch of down. To me the shelter of thy presence
Is better far than stately palaces, and paradise itself.
Protected by thy arm, gods, demons, men shall have no power to haunt me.
With thee I'll live contentedly on roots and fruits. Sweet or not sweet,
If given by thy hand, they will to me be like the food of life.
Roaming with thee in desert wastes, a thousand years will be a day;
Dwelling with thee, e'en hell itself would be to me a heaven of bliss."¹

¹ In similar language Adam, after learning that Eve had plucked the forbidden fruit, says to her:

"If Death
Cousort with thee, Death is to me as Life."—*Paradise Lost*.

So, too, in the beautiful episode of the *Mahábhárata*, the tale of Nala and Damayanti, when Nala proposes that his wife should leave him to his fate in the forest, and return to her parents, Damayanti replies (Dean Milman's graceful translation) :

“Truly all my heart is breaking, and my sinking members fail,
 When, O King, thy desperate counsel once I think on, once again.
 Robbed of kingdom, robbed of riches, naked, worn with thirst and hunger,
 Shall I leave thee in a forest, shall I wander from thee far?
 When thou, sad and famine-stricken, thinkest of thy former bliss,
 In the wild wood, O my husband, I will soothe thy weariness.
 Like a wife is no physician ; in a state so sad as thine,
 Medicine none is like her kindness—Nala, speak I not the truth ?”

And in the tale of Dushmanta and Sakuntala, which is the subject of a fine drama by Kalidasa, who has been styled the Shakespeare of India (another episode in the *Mahábhárata*), we are told that “she is a true wife whose heart is devoted to her lord. The wife is man's half. The wife is the first of friends. They that have wives have the means of being cheerful. They that have wives can achieve good fortune. Sweet-speeched wives are as friends on occasions of joy. They are as mothers in hours of sickness and woe.”—Sentiments such as these are very seldom found in the writings of Muslims.

NOTE.

TWO English versions of the Tale of Griselda will be found reprinted in vol. iii. of the Percy Society publications. One is a prose tract entitled : “The Ancient, True, and Admirable History of Patient Grisel, a Poore Mans Daughter in France : shewing how Maides by her Example, in their Good Behaviour, may marrie Rich Husbandes ; and likewise Wives by their Patience and Obedience may gain much Glorie. Written first in French” &c. London, 1619 ; the other is in ballad form and entitled : “The Pleasant and Sweet History of Patient Grissell, shewing how she, from a Poore Mans Daughter, came to be a great Lady in France, being a Patterne to all Vertuous Women. Translated out of Italian.” London, n. d. The editor considers that both are at least as old as 1590, and they “are in truth vernacular productions, the incidents only being derived either from one language or from the other.” But I think the prose version bears unmistakable evidence of having been to a considerable extent translated from the French version of which an abstract is given in the foregoing paper.

GLASGOW, *March*, 1888.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

“*Les Mille et un Jours: Contes Persans*,” pp. 385-387.—M. Galland was accused by scholars of having himself invented a number of the tales in his *Mille et une Nuits*, because they were not to be found in any of the known Arabic texts of the *Elf Layla wa Layla*, or *Thousand and one Nights*; but M. Hermann Zotenberg has lately shown that the substance of them was communicated to the illustrious Frenchman by a Maronite of Aleppo, while on a visit to Paris. Another eminent French orientalist, M. Petis de la Croix (1645-1713), is commonly believed to have translated his *Mille et un Jours: Contes Persans* direct from a Turkish story-book entitled *Al-Faraj ba'd al-Shidda*,¹ or *Joy after Distress*; and I am confident that his integrity in this respect will yet be as clearly vindicated. To Chaucer students this question can possess little interest, except such as may attach to the version of “*The Innocent Persecuted Wife*” found in that work of P. de la Croix, of which an abstract is given, *ante*, in pp. 388-390; but pending the results of an investigation, now in progress, as to the source whence the tales in *Les Mille et un Jours* were derived, I take this opportunity of placing on record all that has been as yet ascertained.

(1) The work entitled *Les Mille et un Jours: Contes Persans* was first published, as a translation, by Petis de la Croix, at Paris, in five small vols., 1710-1712. It was reprinted in the *Cabinet des Fées*, tomes xiv. and xv., Geneva and Paris, 1786. The following is from the “*Avertissement*” prefixed to the 14th vol. of the *Cabinet des Fées*: “*Nous devons ces Contes au célèbre Dervis Moclès [i. e. Mukhlis], que la Perse met au nombre de ses grands personnages. Il étoit chef des Sofis d’Ispahan, et il avoit douze disciples, qui portoient de longues robes de laine blanche. Les grands et le peuple avoient pour lui une vénération singulière, à cause qu’il étoit de la race de Mahomet; et ils le craignoient, parce qu’il passoit pour un savant cabaliste. Le roi Schah-Soliman même le respectoit à un point, que si par hasard il le rencontroit sur son passage, ce prince descendoit aussitôt de cheval, et lui alloit baiser les étrières.² Moclès étant encore fort jeune, s’avisa de traduire en Persan des comédies Indiennes, qui ont été traduites en toutes les langues orientales, et dont on voit à la bibliothèque du roi une traduction Turque, sous le titre de *Alfaraga Badal-Schidda*, ce qui signifie la joie après l’affliction. Mais*

¹ This Turkish story-book is wholly different from the Persian work, derived from an Arabic collection bearing the same title, of which a brief description is given in Dr. Rieu’s *Catalogue of Persian MSS. in the British Museum*, vol. ii., p. 750, and which comprises nearly 300 short stories and anecdotes, mostly of the times of the early Khalifs.

² European monarchs used to assist church dignitaries to mount and alight from their horses or mules, the poor priest-ridden creatures!—not the mules and horses, but the monarchs, I mean.

le traducteur Persan, pour donner à son ouvrage un air original, mit ces comédies en Contes, qu'il appela *Hezaryek-Rouz*, c'est-à-dire, Mille et un Jour [*sic*]. Il confia son manuscrit au sieur Pétis de la Croix, qui étoit en liaison d'amitié avec lui à Ispahan en 1675, et même il lui permit d'en prendre une copie."

The passage, in the foregoing extract, in which Mukhlis the darvesh is said to have adapted the tales from "comédies Indiennes, qui ont été traduites en toutes les langues orientales," including the Turkish, under the title of *Al-Faraj ba'd al-Shidda*, is rather ambiguous. Probably the meaning is, not that the so-called Indian comedies, but the Persian Tales of Mukhlis, have been translated into several Eastern languages. The statement of the Ispahání darvesh to Petis de la Croix, that he took his tales from Indian sources, may be fairly considered as a pure fiction. Persian authors often pretend that they have obtained their materials from learned Bráhmans, when they actually took them out of the Arabic; though several Persian works of fiction have certainly been translated direct from the Sanskrit, such as the romance of Kamálata and Kámarupa.

In the "Avertissement du Traducteur" prefixed to the second vol. of *Les Mille et un Jours* as reprinted in the *Cabinet des Fées*, t. xv., we find the Persian author and his work referred to as follows: "Comme Dervis Moclès s'est sans doute proposé de rendre son Ouvrage aussi utile qu'agréable aux Musulmans, il a rempli la plupart de ses Contes de faux Miracles de Mahomet, ainsi qu'on le peut voir dans quelques-uns de ce Volume; mais je n'ai pas voulu traduire les autres, de peur d'ennuyer le Lecteur. Il y a des Contes encore qui sont si licencieux, que la bienséance ne m'a pas permis d'en donner la traduction. Si les Mœurs des Orientaux peuvent les souffrir, la pureté des nôtres ne sauroit s'en accommoder." He adds: "J'ai donc été obligé de faire quelque dérangement pour l'Original, pour suivre toujours la même liaison des Contes. On passe tout d'un coup du 203^e Jour au 960^e. Mais ce passage se fait de manière qu'il ne sera senti que de ceux qui s'amuseront à compter les Jours. Pour les autres Lecteurs, ils ne s'en appercevront pas, et ils liront le Livre entier sans faire réflexion que les Mille et un Jour [*sic*] n'y sont pas tous employés."

(2) There are, I understand, seven MS. copies of the Turkish collection, *Al-Faraj ba'd al-Shidda*, preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris. M. E. Fagnan, lately of that Library and now professor in the École des Lettres, Algiers, has kindly furnished me with the titles of the 42 tales contained in one of these—No. 377, *anc. fonds*—which he thinks was written about the end of the 9th century of the Hijra (say, A.D. 1480), of which at least one-fourth are also found in *Les Mille et un Jours*; the 30th tale being similar to the story of Repsima, of which I have given an epitome, *ante*, p. 388 ff.; and that Petis de la Croix did not take this story from the Turkish book seems evident from the circumstance that in the latter the name of the heroine is not Repsima but Aruiya, which is also her name in the same story found in a collection, without a title, written probably about the beginning of the 17th century, described in Dr. Rieu's *Catalogue of Persian MSS. in the British Museum*, vol. ii. p. 759, second col. (Or. 237), and p. 760, where it is entitled "The Arab, his wife Aruiya, and his brother."¹

¹ Possibly this MS., which has several of the tales in Petis' work, is similar to that referred to by Sir William Ouseley in his *Travels*, vol. ii. p. 21, note: "On the

(3) The only ground, apparently, for supposing Petis de la Croix to have taken the tales of the *Mille et un Jours* from the Turkish story-book *Al-Faraj ba'd al-Shidda* are: (1) That the transcript which he is said to have made of the Persian text while in Ispahán has never been discovered; and (2) that they are found in the Turkish collection. And the charge of imposition on the part of the learned Frenchman would seem to be strongly supported by the existence of a copy of the Turkish book dating more than two hundred years before the time when he is said to have obtained the *Hazár ú Yek Rúz* from the author himself. But it would be utterly absurd to suppose for a moment that the Persian work was derived from the Turkish: all the story-books in the Turkish language are translations from the Arabic or Persian. The tales in *Al Faraj*, &c., like those in the Persian MS. without title, by Hubbí, above referred to, are not connected by a leading or frame-story, as is the case of those in the *Mille et un Jours*, while the sequence of the tales is different in all the three. It is possible that the Ispahání darvesh adapted his tales from some Arabic or an older Persian collection, and inserted them in a frame-story, after the plan of the *Arabian Nights*, the title of which he also imitated.¹

Whatever may have become of Petis de la Croix' transcript of the *Hezár ú Yek Rúz*, several of his tales are found in Persian; his work did not appear till some years after the publication of his *Contes Turcs* (1708), a portion of the *Qirq Vezír Tárikhi* (History of the Forty Vazirs), so what possible object could he have had in issuing a translation of another Turkish collection as "Persian Tales"?

Galland informs us in the "Avertissement" to the 9th vol. of his *Mille et une Nuits*, that the tales of "Prince Zayn al-Asnám and the King of the Genii" and "Codadad (Khudádád) and his Brothers" were inserted in the preceding vol. without his knowledge; and M. Zotenberg, in his interesting essay, "Sur quelques Manuscrits des Mille et une Nuits et de la traduction de Galland," prefixed to an Arabic text of the well-known tale of "Aladdin; or, the Wonderful Lamp" (Paris, 1888), says that these two stories were translated by Petis de la Croix from the Turkish, and were intended to appear in his *Mille et un Jours*. They are certainly found in the Turkish *Al-Faraj*, &c. But M. Zotenberg is apparently not aware that the story of Zayn al-Asnám also occurs in the Persian collection without a title, by Hubbí, described in Dr. Rieu's

same plan as these Tales [*i. e.* the *Arabian Nights*] a Persian author composed the *Hazár ú Yek Rúz*, or Thousand and one Days, a collection of entertaining stories, of which Petis de la Croix published a French translation, sufficiently accurate, though differing in some proper names from my manuscript containing part of the original work. Thus the fair Repsima of *Les Mille et un Jours* (jour 95³) is styled Aruiah in my copy, and her husband goes to Misr, or Egypt, not to the 'côte des Indes,' as in the printed translation.—In the work of Petis de la Croix, however, the name of Aruiya is that of the heroine of another tale ("Histoire de la belle Arouya"), in which she cleverly entraps three city dignitaries who wooed her to unholy love.

¹ I have before remarked (p. 386) that a tale somewhat similar to the frame of the *Mille et un Jours* is found in the Persian *Túti Náma*, which may have been imitated by Mukhlis. There is a Telúgú collection, written on palm-leaves, entitled *Kayúrabahu Charitra*, now in the Government Library, Madras, which seems formed on the same plan. It is thus described by Dr. H. H. Wilson in his Catalogue of the Mackenzie MSS., vol. i., p. 328: "Story of the marriage of Kayúrabahu with Mrigínkavati, daughter of the king of Líta, or L'ér. In order to induce the prince to seek her hand, the minister, Bháguráyana, repeats a number of apologues and tales, which constitute the composition."

Catalogue, where it is the 12th tale, and is entitled "Zayd al-Ihtishám, the King of the Jinns, and the slave Mubarak"; and it may be assumed that both the tales in question were in the Persian text translated by P. de la Croix. But M. Fagnan will probably ere long clear up all this mystery, and, as I believe, at the same time show that the learned French orientalist, like Galland, has been most unjustly accused of literary fraud.

The Enchanted Tree, p. 348, 351, 353.—There is a characteristic version of this story in the *Masnaví*—of which great work Mr. E. H. Whinfield has recently published a very useful epitome—by Jelál ad-Din Rúmí, the celebrated Súfi, or Muslim mystic, and founder of the sect known as the Dancing Darveshes, who was born, in Balkh, A.D. 1207, and died, at Qonya (the ancient Iconium), A.D. 1273. As in all the European versions, it is a pear-tree which the woman climbs up, and when at the top she pretends that she sees her husband act the part of a catamite with a vile sodomite. He replies: "Come down at once! Your head is dizzy—you are stark mad!" When she has come down, her husband climbs the tree, and she at once clasps her gallant to her breast. The husband cries out: "O vile harlot!" and so on. Quoth the woman: "No one is here but myself. You are mad—why do you talk so foolishly?" He continues upbraiding her, and she answers: "It is all owing to this pear-tree. When I was at the top of it I was deluded just as you are. Come down at once, and see for yourself that no one is here."—In his notice of this story, Mr. Whinfield has modestly omitted the woman's accusing her husband of pederasty, the unnatural vice to which Persians and Turks, and indeed Asiatics generally, are said to be much addicted.

A tale somewhat resembling that of the Third "Veda"—*ante*, p. 347—occurs in an Urdú book of stories turning on the deceits of women, entitled *Nauratan*, or the Nine Jewels, described by Captain R. C. Temple in a valuable paper on the Bibliography of Indian Folklore, in the *Folklore Journal* for 1886, p. 285: A man had a chaste wife, over whom he kept strict watch, despite her remonstrances, so she played a trick on him by way of retaliation. She pretended to be very ill, and declared that no one could prescribe for her complaint but her old nurse, who was sent for at once, and between the two a plan was concocted to "pay off" the husband for his causeless jealousy. Nothing could cure her, they said, but a jar of magic (*jádi ká matká*), which the husband must bring overnight and take away next morning to a place which the nurse would point out. The man paid 500 rupís for the jar of magic, and brought it home as ordered, though it was very heavy—and no wonder, for it contained a young man, who remained with the lady all night. In the morning, while it was still dark, the husband carried off the jar of "magic," but on the road he stumbled and tipped the young man out, breaking the jar, whereupon he got a good thrashing. Returning home, he was delighted to find his wife perfectly cured, and afterwards left her in peace, and never did he know what had happened to him.—This is just the sort of tale which the old Italian novelists would have delighted to recount, had it been known to them.

The Robbers and the Treasure-Trove, p. 418 ff.—Through the Arabs this story was doubtless introduced into Barbary. Under the

title of "Les Trois Voleurs" M. René Basset gives it in his *Contes Populaires Berbères* (Paris, 1887), the only variation from the Arabian version being that instead of three men finding a lump of gold, three robbers kill a traveller and take his money, as in the version from Westfalia, cited in p. 434.

Changing Earth into Gold, p. 425, l. 2, and *note*.—In an Indian story-book, described by Dr. H. H. Wilson in his Catalogue of the Mackenzie Oriental MSS., "a poor Jangam having solicited alms of Kinnarajá, one of Bāsava's chief disciples, the latter touched the stones about him with his staff, and converting them into gold, bade the Jangam help himself." And in Dr. R. Mitra's *Sanskrit Buddhist Literature of Nepál*, p. 100, we have another instance: "When Dharmasrí was very young, Dípankura, who was passing by, asked to be given what he could afford with good will. He gave a handful of dust, which was instantly changed into gold."—The spittle of St. Helena is said to have possessed the virtue of turning earth into the same precious metal: Christian as well as Muslim hagiology owes much to Buddhist legends.

The Tell-Tale Bird, p. 442 ff.—A different form of this story was also current in Europe during mediæval times. It is thus told in ch. xvi. of *The Book of the Knight de La Tour Landry*, compiled for the instruction of his daughters; one of the publications of the Early English Text Society:

"There was a woman that had a pie in a cage, that spake and wolde telle talsys that she saw do. And so it happed that her husbonde made keepe a gret ele in a litelle ponde in his gardin, to that entent to yeue¹ it [to] sum of his frendes that wolde come to see hym; but the wyff, whanever her husbonde was oute, saide to her maide, 'Late us ete the gret ele, and y wille saie to my husband that the otour hathe eten hym;' and so it was done. And whan the good man was come, the pye began to telle hym how her maistresse had eten the ele. And he yode² to the ponde, and fonde not the ele. And he asked his wiff wher the ele was become. And she wende³ to haue excused her, but he said her, 'Excuse you not, for y wote welle ye haue eten yt, for the pye hathe told me.' And so ther was gret noyse betwene the man and his wiff for etinge of the ele. But whanne the good man was gone, the maistress and the maide come to the pie, and plucked of alle the fedres on the pyes hede, saieing, 'Thou hast discovered us of the ele'; and thus was the pore pye plucked. But euer after, whanne the pie sawe a balled or a pilled man, or a woman with an highe forhede, the pie saide to him, 'Ye spake of the ele.'—And therfor here is an ensauple that no woman shulde ete no lycorous morcelles in the absens and without weting⁴ of her husband, but yef⁵ it so were that it be with folk of worshippe, to make hem⁶ chere; for this woman was afterwards mocked for the pye and the ele."

In the *Masnavi* of Jelál ad-Dín, Book First, we are told that a parrot kept by a grocer chanced to overturn a jar full of oil, and the man, enraged at the loss of so much of his valuable stock-in-trade, struck the unlucky bird and knocked out all its head-feathers. For a long time after this the parrot sulked on its perch, and the oil-man regretted his severity towards it, sorely missing the bird's prattle, which had amused

¹ *Yeue*, Give. ² *Yode*, Went. ³ *Wende* = ? hoped.

⁴ *Weting*, knowledge; cognisance. ⁵ *But yef*, unless. ⁶ *Hem*, them.

both himself and his customers. One day, however, the parrot began to speak again. Seeing an old bald-headed darvesh stop at the shop and ask alms, the bird called out to him: "Have you also upset an oil-jar?"—This story found its way into Italy in the 15th century, when it assumed this form: A parrot belonging to Count Fiesco was discovered one day stealing some roast meat from the kitchen. The cook, full of rage, ran after the bird with a kettle of boiling water, which he threw at it, completely scalding off all the feathers from its head. Some time afterwards, while Count Fiesco was engaged in conversation with an abbot, the parrot, observing the shaven crown of his reverence, hopped up to him and asked: "What! do *you* like roast meat too?"¹—A parallel to the old English version in the Knight's "Book" is found in the Rev. J. Hinton Knowles' *Folk-Tales of Kashmir*, a recent addition to Messrs. Trübner's "Oriental Series."

The Knight and the Loathly Lady, p. 483 ff.—The inventive power of dramatists seems to be very limited. Even at the present day a French play has been based upon the Wife of Bath's Tale, as will be seen from the following paragraph which appeared in a recent issue of the *St. James's Gazette*:

"M. Claretie (a Paris correspondent says) has had a really happy thought in asking M. Theodore de Banville to read his one-act piece, 'Le Baiser,' to the committee of the Comedie Francaise. A few weeks ago the correspondent gave an account of a company of amateurs who devote their talents exclusively to the interpretation of hitherto unperformed dramatic works. 'Le Baiser' was the chief attraction of the last of the soirees given by M. Antoine, the chief actor and director of the troupe: Pierrot is about to enjoy his mid-day meal in solitude when there appears an old woman, on whom he takes pity, and she requites him for his kindness by asking him for a kiss. Her appearance is not tempting, but Pierrot accedes to her request, whereupon the old crone straightway regains her lost youth and beauty. She had been condemned to grow old on earth until the kiss of a young man should restore her to her place among her sister-spirits. Pierrot, Pygmalion-like, of course falls in love with the beauty which he has evoked into new life, but the fairy turns a deaf ear to his supplications; and when she hears the voices of her companions calling to her in the clouds she spreads her wings and is lost to view."

"O most lame and impotent conclusion!" Why did M. Claretie not make the fairy bestow some reward on the gallant youth who had the hardihood to kiss her shrivelled lips, and thereby restore her to her original form? In a folk-tale she would assuredly have bestowed on her deliverer a supernatural gift, or gifts—for the fairies of popular fictions are never ungrateful for services rendered them, but repay their benefactors most liberally. The dramatic effect of the fairy's ascent to the clouds is doubtless very fine—but I cannot help sympathising with poor Pierrot!

The nursery tale of "The Frog Prince" has been already mentioned as analogous to the Wife of Bath's Tale (p. 522), and I may as well reproduce here a curious Scotch version, partly in recitative and partly

¹ For an English variant, see Memoir of Rev. R. H. Barham, prefixed to 3rd Series of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, 1855, pp. 131—133.

in verse, given by Robert Chambers in his collection of Scottish Songs; an old Annandale nurse being the story-teller :

“A poor widow, you see, was once baking bannocks; and she sent her daughter to the well at the world's end, with a wooden dish, to bring water. When the lassie cam to the well, she fand it dry; but there was a padda [*i. e.* a frog] that cam loup-loup-loupin, and loupit into her dish. Says the padda to the lassie, ‘I'll gie ye plenty o' water, if ye'll be my wife.’ The lassie didna like the padda, but she was fain to say she wad tak him, just to get the water; and, ye ken, she never thought that the puir brute wad be serious, or wad ever say ony mair about it. Sae she got the water, and took it hame to her mother; and she heard nae mair o' the padda till that night, when, as she and her mother were sitting by the fireside, what do they hear but the puir padda at the outside o' the door, singing wi' a' his micht :

‘O open the door, my hinnie, my heart,
O open the door, my ain true love;
Remember the promise that you and I made,
Doun i' the meadow, where we twa met.’

Says the mother, ‘What noise is that at the door, daughter?’—‘Hout!’ says the lassie, ‘it's naething but a filthy padda.’—‘Open the door,’ says the mother, ‘to the puir padda.’ Sae the lassie opened the door, and the padda cam loup-loup-loupin in, and sat down by the ingle-side. Then out sings he :

‘O gie me my supper, my hinnie, my heart,
O gie me my supper, my ain true love;
Remember the promise that you and I made,
Doun i' the meadow, where we twa met.’

‘Hout!’ quo' the daughter, ‘wad I gie a supper to a filthy padda?’—‘Ou, ay,’ quo' the mother, ‘gie the puir padda his supper.’ Sae the padda got his supper. After that out he sings again :

‘O put me to bed, my hinnie, my heart,
O put me to bed, my ain true love;
Remember the promise that you and I made,
Doun i' the meadow, where we twa met.’

‘Hout!’ quo' the daughter, ‘wad I put a filthy padda to bed?’—‘Ou, ay,’ says the mother, ‘put the puir padda to his bed.’ And sae she put the padda to his bed. Then out he sang again (for the padda hadna got a' he wanted yet):

‘O come to your bed, my hinnie, my heart,
O come to your bed, my ain true love;
Remember the promise that you and I made,
Doun i' the meadow, where we twa met.’

‘Hout!’ quo' the dochter, ‘wad I gang to bed wi' a filthy padda?’—‘Gae'wa, lassie,’ says the mother; ‘e'en gang to bed wi' the puir padda.’ And sae the lassie *did* gang to bed wi' the padda. Weel, what wad ye think? He's no content yet; but out he sings again :

‘Come, tak me to your bosom, my hinnie, my heart,
Come, tak me to your bosom, my ain true love;
Remember the promise that you and I made,
Doun i' the meadow, where we twa met.’

‘Lord have a care o' us!’ says the lassie, ‘wad I tak a filthy padda to my bosom, dae ye think?’ ‘Ou, ay,’ quo' the mother, ‘just be doing

your gudeman's biddin, and tak him to your bosom.' Sae the lassie *did* tak the padda to her bosom. After that he sings out:

'Now fetch me an aix, my hinnie, my heart,
Now fetch me an aix, my ain true love;
Remember the promise that you and I made,
Doun i' the meadow, where we twa met.'

She brought the axe in a minute, and he sang again:

'Now chap aff my head, my hinnie, my heart,
Now chap aff my head, my ain true love;
Remember the promise that you and I made,
Doun i' the meadow, where we twa met.'

I'se warrant she wasna lang o' obeying him in this request! For, ye ken, what kind o' a gudeman was a bit padda likely to be? But, lock-an-daisie, what d' ye think? She hadna weel chappit aff his head, as he askt her to do, before he starts up, the bonniest prince that ever was seen. And, of course, they lived happy a' the rest o' their days."

In the German version (Grimm's collection) a princess accidentally drops her golden ball into a well, and a frog puts up his head and offers to restore it to her on condition that she'll love him, let him live with her, eat off a golden plate, and sleep on her couch. She promises to do all the frog requires, in order to get back her golden ball. At night the frog comes to her door and chants:

'Open the door, my princess dear,
Open the door, to thy owu true love here!
And mind the words that you and I said
By the fountain cool in the greensward shade!'

She opens the door, and after the frog has supped off a golden dish, he sleeps on her couch till morning, when he goes away. This happens three nights in succession, but when the princess awakes on the third morning, she is astonished to see, instead of the frog, a handsome young prince, gazing on her with the most beautiful eyes she had ever seen, and standing at the head of her bed. He then explains how he had been enchanted by a spiteful fairy, and so on.

The close affinity which these Scotch and German tales bear to that of the Wife of Bath, and more especially to our first Icelandic and the Gaelic versions, to the Wedding of Sir Gawain and Dame Ragnall, and to the ballad of King Henrie, is very evident; and the nursery form of the story may have been adapted from a more complex version, in which the grand question of "What do women most desire?" is not quite suitable for the little ones.

In another of Grimm's *Kinder und Hausmärchen*, entitled "Der Goldene Vogel," and called in one of our English translations "The Fox's Brush," three brothers set out, in succession, in quest of a golden bird for their father. The two elder ill-use an old fox they meet on their way, and are consequently unsuccessful; but the youngest (usually the favourite of Fortune in fairy tales) is kind towards the fox, who, in reward, carries him to the place and instructs him how to obtain the object of his search; and the adventurous youth not only brings home the Golden Bird, but a beauteous princess as his bride. "After the marriage, he went one day to walk in the wood, and there the old fox met him once more, and besought him, with tears in his eyes, to be so kind as to cut off his head and his brush. At last he did so, though sorely against his will; and in the same moment the fox was changed

into a prince, and the princess knew him to be her own brother, who had been lost a great many years, for a spiteful fairy had enchanted him with a spell that could only be broken by some one getting the Golden Bird and some one cutting off his head and brush."—The same story, under the title of "The Golden Bird," is found in the second series of Sir G. W. Dasent's Norse tales, called, not very aptly, *Tales from the Fjeld*. And there is one very similar in the Wortley Montagu MS. Arabic text of the *Thousand and One Nights*, preserved in the Bodleian Library—I think it is told of the Sultan of Yemen's Three Sons.—Not farther to multiply instances, I may mention that in the mediæval romance of *Cleriadus*, the hero, among other exploits, subdues a lion that had ravaged all England, but turns out to be a gallant knight, metamorphosed by the malevolence of a fairy.

The Patient Griselda, p. 528 ff.—Dutiful, obedient, submissive *husbands* are not usually held up, either in fiction or in real life, as models for imitation: on the contrary, they are the subjects of ridicule and infinite jest. Whether it be true, according to the old saw, that "he who has a wife has a *master*," I cannot say, for—

"I'm a plain man, and in a single station!"

But I strongly suspect that there exist—and have always existed—at least amongst ourselves, far more "gray mares" than Griseldas. And in these double-distilled days, when we hear so much about "Woman's Rights," I can readily conceive the utterly contemptuous feelings of one of the "Shrieking Sisterhood" (not to put too fine a point upon it) while reading the tale of the peasant girl who became the lawful wife of a prince, and submitted to the removal of her children—their very destruction, as she believed—and to be degraded from her high estate, without a murmur of remonstrance—"the poor, spiritless creature!" methinks I hear some "strong-minded female" exclaim: "Why, she did not deserve to have her children restored to her and to be reinstated in the palace!"

In fairy romances there are many instances of *male* Griseldas; for it is common, when a man is to be united to a supernatural being of the other sex, for the latter to impose upon him, as the condition of their union, unquestioning submission to whatsoever she may please to do or say. One example will suffice, especially as it presents some resemblance to the Tale of Griselda, as regards her children. It is the second tale of *Les Mille et un Jours* (concerning which work I have told all I know in a preceding note), and is entitled "Histoire du Roi Ruzvânschâd et de la Princess Cheheristâni"; and it is also found in the Turkish story-book, *Al-Faraj*, &c., No. 4, under the title of the "Story of Ridzvánshâd, the Chinaman, and the Sheristâni Lady"; and also in the Persian collection, without title, written by Hubbí, preserved in the Brit. Mus., No. 15, "Ruzvânshâh and the Daughter of the Peris." In this tale, King Ruzvânshâd, of China, falls deeply in love with a surpassingly beautiful damsel, who proves to be Sheheristâni, daughter of the King of the Genii; and after numerous adventures he is finally married to the charmer—"the torment of the world," to employ the regulation Eastern phrase—on this condition: He must blindly comply with her in all things. Should she do aught that may seem strange or be displeasing to him, he must be careful not to blame or reprove her for it. Quoth he:

“So far from blaming any of your actions, my beloved, I swear to approve of them all”; and so they settled down to the duties of wedded life. In the fulness of time the lady gives birth to a son, beautiful as, &c. &c. &c. Ruzvánshád was engaged in the chase when the joyful news was brought to him, and “he returned with all speed to the palace to see the child, which at the time the mother held in her arms near a great fire. He took the little prince, and after having kissed him very gently, for fear of hurting him, he returned him to the queen, and she immediately cast him into the fire; when on the instant the fire and the new-born infant disappeared. This wonderful occurrence troubled the king not a little. But how great soever his grief might be for the loss of his son, he bore in mind the promise he had given to the queen. He indulged his sorrows in silence and retired to his closet, where he wept, saying: ‘Am I not very wretched? Heaven grants me a son. I see him thrown into the flames?’” and so on, and so on. Within the following year a daughter is born (whose beauty, of course, neither tongue nor pen could describe), and the queen delivers it to the tender mercies of a great white she-dog, who vanished with the royal baby. Still poor King Ruzvánshád said nothing—he suffered in silence. In course of time his territories were invaded by the Moguls, and he bravely went forth at the head of his army to repel the insolent foe. Sheheristání appears unexpectedly, accompanied by her fairy attendants, whom she causes to destroy all the food which has been brought to the camp. *This* proved more than her hitherto submissive spouse could endure, and he demanded to know why she had thus exposed his entire army to certain starvation. And now the beauteous Sheheristání condescends to explain her former conduct with regard to the children. “The great fire,” said she, “was really a wise salamander, to whom I entrusted the education of the young prince. The white she-dog was a fairy who has instructed the princess in all accomplishments.” Then she ordered the children to be brought to her, and the king on beholding their grace and beauty was quite ravished. He presently finds, however, that the most severe affliction is in store for him. The queen proceeds to explain that she caused the food to be destroyed because it had been poisoned by the chief of the commissariat, who had been bribed to do so by the enemy. “And now,” says she, “I must take away our children and leave you for ever; since you have broken our compact by questioning one of my actions”; and before the poor king could say “Jack Robinson,” the charming Sheheristání and the children vanished! After some time, however, they were all reunited, and lived long and happily.—And may such also be the lot of all who read this *true story!*

W. A. C.

GLASGOW, *May, 1888.**
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*

CHAUCER'S "SQUIRE'S TALE."

I may here mention that I am engaged in collecting materials for an Essay on the 'Squire's Tale,' as an Introduction to John Lane's 'Continuation,' which has already been issued to Members.

W. A. C.

APPENDIX.

A COMPLAINT AGAINST FORTUNE.¹

[*Shirley's vellum MS. Harl. 7333, leaf 30, back.*]

¶ Here next folowith a LiteH Tretys by Wey of
compleint Ageins Fortune.

F ortune alas · alas what haue I gylt	The playntif	1
In prison thus to lye here desolate		
Art thou the better to haue thus yspylt.		
Nay nay god wote . but for þou wilt debate		4
With euery wight . eiper erly or late		
And art chaungeable eke as is the mone		
From wele to woo thou bringest a man ful . sone.		7
For like a whele that turnyth ay aboute		8
Now vp now down . now est west north & south		
So farist thou now . þou drivest ynne & oute		
As don the wedris oute of the wyndis mouth		11
In the no trust is secher ² / thou art so selcouth	[² or en]	
And canst neuer stiH where abide.		
When men wene sekir to be . þou makest hem slide		14

¹ This was sent by accident to the printer, and set. So it's just put here to get rid of it, as more or less an illustration of Chaucer's *Fortune*.

¶ I wote ful wele both lordis prince and kyng 15
 Thou hast or this welewors I-ouerthrowe.
 Thi condicion is euer so varying
 That now þou laughist . & now þou makist a mowe 18
 Alas fortune who may the trust or trowe
 But yit I pray . that in somme manere wise
 So turne thi whele . þat I may yit arise. 21

¶ Why nad I rather died an Innocent/
 Or seke in bed ful ofte whan I haue laynð
 Than had my name be paired not ne shent
 Better hit had be so . þan thus to haue me slaynð 25
 But what to stryve with the it may not geynð
 And yit thou wotest/ I suffre and shame.
 For þat / that I god wote am not to blame. 28

¶ But whō a long hit were . wolð I wete 29
 That wrongfully I lye thus in prisonð
 Saturnus or Mars . I trow I may hit wyte
 Or some infortunate constellacionð 32
 But this I wote as for conclusionð
 Be it by destyny or fortunece chaunce
 In prisonð here I suffre moche myschaunce. 35

Peas of thi wordis þat are both lewid & nyce Fortune 36
 Wenest thou . þat god chastith þe for nougħt
 Though þou be giltles I graunt wele of thi vyce
 Hit is for synnes þat thou hast forwrougħt 39
 ¶ That now perauntre fuħ liteħ are in thi thought [col. 2]
 Therefore be glad . for hit is writenð thus
 Maxima etemin morum semper paciencia virtus 42

- ¶ Thow wotest wele eke god chastiseth whom he lovith 43
 That of his grace þe graunt be oon of thoo
 Eke who þat wilþ be saued hym behovith
 Suffre in this world aduersite or he go. 46
 Thus fortune grace wynne for present woo.
 The best conceyt eke I can yeve the.
 Esto forti Animo cum sis dampnatus unquam. 49
- ¶ Fare wele fortune þan & do right as þe liste 50
 Complayne wilþ I now . to the Sustres thre.
 That whan I crope oute of my modirs cheste
 Forthwith anon thei shope my desteney 53
 Cloto come forth . what seist thou let se
 Wilt thou no lenger þe stace of my lif holde
 Or be my yeris come vp . dey I shulde 56
- ¶ If it be so the nombre of my daies 57
 Be comen vp . that I may not hem pace
 Why nadde I than by othir maner weyes
 Ordeyned me to dye . in othir place 60
 And not in prison / is there non othir grace
 Wille . lachesis my threde no lenger twyne
 Be-ster the than & all my sorow fyne. 63
- ¶ And Antrapos þat makis an ende of all 64
 Cut of the threde . wherto wilt þou tarye
 And help me hens sith I nedis. shall
 That men to Chirch my corps myght carye 67
 And my soule to god & seint mary
 I now be-take / and pray hem yeve me space
 My rightes . All to receiue or I pace. 70

- ¶ The worste of' AH / that grevith me so sore 71
 Is that my fame is lost & aH my good los
 And spredith wyde euer lengere the more
 As wele amonge my frendis as my foos 74
 For wykked sclaudre . wiH in no wise be close.
 But *with* the wenges of' envy fleth a lofte
 There as good los slepith fuH stiH and softe. 77
- ¶ Whan I was fre . and in bounchief at ese 78
 In company ouer aH where I went
 No man seid þan . þat I did hem displese
 Ne worthie was no thing to be shent' 81
 And thus *with* faire wordis was I blent
 And he þat seid wold' me neuer faile.
 I myght for him synke or saile. 84
- ¶ Thei wold' me onys not yeve a draught of' drynke 85
 Ne say ffrend . Wilt þou aught *with* me.
 The soth is said . such' frendship sone dotH synke
 That from his frend fleeth in aduersite 88
 And wiH not bid / but in prosperite
 Suche fayned frendis lord þere be fuH many
 Fy on her flaterieng / þai are not worth a peny. 91
- ¶ I haue no ffrende þat wilt me now visite 92
 In prison here to comfort me . of' care
 Of sorow y-now I haue . of' ioy but lite.
 Fare wele my blys . & aH my welfare 95
 To telle my sorowe / my wittes be aH bare.
 There is no man can' teH my heynesse.
 Saue oonly · Ekko / that can bere me witnesse. 98

- ¶ Now & oure lord / þe kyng of blis Ihesus 99
 Shuld with his fynger here on erth write.
 Amonges hem that me accusen thus [leaf 31, col. 1]
 I trow thei wold on me haue liteH dispite 102
 And with her mouthis say but right alite
 Nomore þan ded þe men . þat soughten wreche
 Vpon the woman . þat take was in spouce breche. 105
- ¶ Fy on this world it is but fantesye 106
 Seurete is non . in no degre ne state
 Aswele a kyng as a knafe shal dye
 Not wetyng where ne whan erly or late 109
 When men be meriest . alday deth seith chek mate
 There is no man shal here alway abide
 The richest man eke / from his good shal slide. 112
- ¶ Then best is þus / þe world to set at nought 113
 And mekely suffre aH aduersite.
 That may vs vaile of synnes we haue wrought
 In mede encresyng or relesyng parde. 116
 Of peynes which in purgatory be
 And so wille I be glad . so god me save
 To suffre men me wrongfully deprave 119
- ¶ Ther is nomore I se now at eize 120
 þes fayned goddis & goddesse . vaile right nought
 Fortune & eke thi Sustresse I defie
 For I wil go to him . þat me hath bought 123
 To whom I pray and euer haue be-sought
 My synnes aH / þat he wold relese.
 And furthermore yit pray I or I cesse. 126

¶ AH holy Chirche þat is þi veray spouse Benigne lorde kepe from aH damage And make thi people to be vertuouse. The for to <i>serue</i> in <i>euery</i> maner age With fervent loue & hertes hool corage And alle þat erre ; oo lord in any side Or þou do right/ let mercy be her guyde	127 130 133
¶ And stedfastly þou make vs to perceyver In veray feith & hooly Chirche beleve And vs to blys bryng þat lastith euer And mary vs help . both morow and eve And of this world when we take oure leve. Or þat the fende oure soulys þan betrappe Helpe blisfull quene. & couer vs with thi lappe.	134 137 140
¶ Lette not be spilt . þat thi sone dere bought Vpon þe crosse with deth and woundis smert/. And namely hym þat his synnes forthought Here in þis lyf . with meke & contrite hert/. And þe of grace . to aske ay vpstert/. Now lady swete I can nomore now say But rew on me . and helpe me when I dey	141 144 147

¶ Explicit le compleint Agein Fortune./

GENERAL INDEX.

By W. MORRIS WOOD.

- ACLAND-HOOD, Sir Alexander, his Early English MS. containing the Story of Constance, 222.
- Adolphus's fable of "The Blind Man and his Fair Wife" (like the Merchant's Tale), 179. [In Latin.]
- "Advocatio (de) et Diabolo," 106.
- Æsop's fable, "De Cæco et ejus Uxore," 180. [In Latin.]
- "Al-Faraja ba'd al-Shidda," Turkish story-book, 386; 541; 549.
- Alfred, King, credited as the first translator of Æsop's fable of the Cock and Fox, 115.
- "Alphonsus of Lincoln," a story like Chaucer's Prioress's Tale, 108—110. [In Latin.]
- Anjou, Italian miracle-play of the Duchess of, 404 *et seq.*
- Anthony, St., 433.
- "Arabian Nights," 352; 353; 368; 371; 379; 549.
- Arabian version of the Merchant's Tale, 353; versions of the Man of Law's Tale, 368—385; versions of the Pardoner's Tale, 426—430.
- Arbuthnot, F. F., his notice of Shaikh Farid-ud-din Attar, 423.
- Attar, Shaikh Farid-ud-din, notice of, 423.
- "Atti dell' Accademia di Vienna," 404.
- "Avadânas," Indian tales and apoloques, 432.
- "Bahâr-i Dânish," a Persian romance, 313, 457.
- "Bakhtyâr Nâma," 352; 390.
- Banville, T. de, 546.
- Barbary version of the Pardoner's Tale, 544.
- Barbazan's "Fabliaux et Contes," 87; 359.
- Basiw (Baisieux), Jakes or Jacques de, his story of "The Priest's Bladder," 135—144.
- Basset, René, his "Contes populaires Berbères," 545.
- Beaumont and Fletcher's play, "The Triumph of Honour," adapted from the Franklin's Tale, 338.
- "Beauty unadorned," 472.
- Bell, Robert, mistaken in attributing to a French original the Second Nun's Tale, 190; his note on Breton and Welsh names, 333.
- Benfey's opinion that many popular stories are traceable to a Buddhist origin, 296.
- Béranger-Féraud, English translation of his French version of a Senegambian popular tale, 314.
- Bercheur, Pierre, author of the "Gesta Romanorum," 56.
- "Beryn, Tale of," 336; 454.
- Boccaccio's story of Griseldis, 153—170 [in Italian]; Pear-tree Story, 186—188 [in Italian]; Italian version of the Franklin's Tale, 328—331; story of the Lover's Heart, referred to, 479.
- Boiardo's Italian version of the Franklin's Tale, 334—338.
- "Book of Sindibad" and its derivatives, 322; 452.
- Border Ballad of "King Henrie," 509.
- Borde's "Breviary of Health," 523.
- "Boy (The) killed by a Jew for singing *Gaude Maria!*" 251—276.

- Braga, Theophilus, his Portuguese version of a story like the Pardoner's Tale, 435.
- “Bráhmán (The) who learned the Fifth Veda,” 343 *et seq.*
- Bráhmány duck, note on the, 292.
- Brock, Edmund, translator and editor of Nicholas Trivet's French “Life of Constance,” iii, 1—53. [Old-French text and English translation.]
- Brunate, the tradition of Guglielma at, 409, 410.
- Buddha's Ten Laws and Five Precepts, 302.
- Buddhist “Birth-Stories,” 417.
- Buddhist origin of many Asiatic and European popular fictions, considered, 296; original of the Pardoner's Tale, 418.
- Burmese version of the Franklin's Tale, 298—305.
- Burton, Lady Isabel, 463.
- Burton, Sir R. F., 352; his translation of the “Arabian Nights” quoted, 352; 368—378; 428—430.
- Butler's “Hudibras,” 333; 537.
- Campbell's “Popular Tales of the West Highlands,” quoted, 326; 500; 516.
- Caxton, W., his English version of Æsop's fable of “A blind Man and his Wife,” 181, 182; his “Life of St. Cecilia,” 207—219.
- Chabaille's “Supplement au Roman de Renart,” 113.
- Chambers's “Scottish Songs,” 546.
- Chanticleer and Pertelote, Chaucer's tale of, remarks on by Dr. Furnivall, 112, 113.
- Chastity, Tests of, 357.
- Chaucer, his version of the story of Constance, vii—x; Dr. Furnivall's note on the likelihood of his being in Milan, 150; reason for considering that his Franklin's Tale was not adapted from Boccaccio, 322.
- Child, Prof., 498.
- Children, Want of, a reproach among Asiatics, 454.
- “Christ and his Disciples,” a story like the Pardoner's Tale, 131. [In Italian.]
- “Ciento Nouvelle Antike,” extract from, 131.
- Claretie, M., 546.
- Clark, J. T., 447.
- “Cleridus,” Romance of, 549.
- Clerk's Tale, Petrarch's Latin version, and Boccaccio's Italian version of the story from which it was retold by Chaucer, 149—172; English abstract of an Early French version, 525; additional note, 549.
- Clouston, W. A., his analogues and variants of the Franklin's Tale (“The Damsel's Rash Promise”), 289—340; of the Merchant's Tale (“The Enchanted Tree”), 341—364; of the Man of Law's Tale (“The Innocent, Persecuted Wife”), 365—414; of the Pardoner's Tale (“The Robbers and the Treasure-Trove”), 415—436; of the Manciple's Tale (“The Tell-Tale Bird”), 437—480; of the Wife of Bath's Tale (“The Knight and the Loathly Lady”), 481—524; of the Clerk's Tale (“The Patient Griselda”), 525—540; Additional Notes, 541 ff; his “Book of Sindibád,” referred to, 322; his “Baklytyár Náma,” quoted, 390; his “Popular Tales and Fictions,” referred to, 357.
- Cluny, legend of the Sacristan of, referred to, 410.
- Cockatoo, Tale of the Prudent, 462.
- “Comedia Lydiæ,” Boccaccio's and Chaucer's stories of the Pear-tree, apparently taken from the, 364.
- Constance, The Life of, by Nicholas Trivet, edited and translated by Edm. Brock, iii; 1—53; an Early-English version of, 221—250; Asiatic and other European versions of, 365—414.
- “Contes Devots,” 397.
- Crane, Prof. T. F., 417; his “Italian Popular Tales,” 467.
- Crescenza, the story of. 406.

- "Damsel's (The) Rash Promise," the Indian original and Asiatic and European variants of the Franklin's Tale, 291—340.
- D'Ancona, A., his "Sacre Rappresentazione" referred to and quoted, 402 *et seq.*
- Dante's "Paradiso" quoted, to show which lines Chaucer translated, in the preamble to the Second Nun's Tale, 191.
- Dasent's, Sir G. W., Norse Tales, 549.
- D'Aussy, Legrand, his remarks on Basiw's "Story of a Priest's Bladder," 144. See also Le Grand.
- De Beauvais, Vincent, translation of his version of the Man of Law's Tale, 400.
- De Coincy, Gautier, his tale of "The Boy killed by a Jew for singing *Gaude Maria!*" 251—272. [In French.]
- De Fuego, J. M., his "Peregrina Doctora," 406.
- De la Croix, Petis, his translation of the Persian "Thousand and One Days," 385; 541.
- De Vendôme, Matthieu, his version of a Pear-tree story, 183—185. [In Latin.]
- De Vignay, Jehan de, his French translation of the "Legenda Aurea," quoted, 190; 193—205.
- Des Periers, Bonaventure, probably the chief compiler of "The Heptameron," 356.
- "Devil, Wyll of the," 523.
- Discipulus, the appellation of John Herolt, 104.
- D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature," 479.
- "Dolopathos," Latin version of the "Seven Wise Masters," 322; 442; 451.
- Dowson, J., his note on the four Vedas, 344.
- Du Ménil, Edélestand, his note on the Eastern origin of Chaucer's Merchant's Tale, 178; 183.
- Dunlop's "History of Fiction," quoted, 402.
- Dushmanta and Sakúntala, story of, 540.
- Early-English "Life of St. Cecilia," in rhyme, 208—218; version of the Story of Constance, 221—250.
- Early-French version of "The Innocent Persecuted Wife," 397.
- Eberhard, Dr., 451.
- Ellis' "Early English Metrical Romances," 447.
- Emare, outline of the tale of (Cott. MS. Calig. A. ii.), x—xi.
- "Enchanted Tree (The)," Asiatic analogues of Chaucer's Merchant's Tale, 343—364; 544.
- English origin suggested for Chaucer's tale of Chanticleer, 115.
- English (two) plays like the Franklin's Tale, 338—340.
- "Fables of Bidpai," referred to, 296.
- Fagnan, E., 542.
- Farsi, Hugues, author of "Contes Devots," 397.
- Fausböll, Prof., editor of the Pali Játaka-book, 417.
- Ferrari, Padre A., 409.
- Ferrari's Life of S. Guglielmo, 411.
- Fifth Veda, the Brahman who learned the, 343 *et seq.*
- "Florence of Rome, Le bone," 56.
- Forbes' "Oriental Memoirs," quoted, 456.
- "Fortalitiu Fidei," 108.
- "Fortune, A Complaint against," from Shirley's MS. Harl. 7333, App. 1+—vi (*following* p. 550).
- "Forty Vazirs," a Turkish story-book, 322; 325; 351; 452; 520; 543.
- Francis, H. H., his "discovery" of the original of Chaucer's Pardoner's Tale, 418; his mistaken "merriment," 421.
- Franklin's Tale, analogues of Chaucer's, 289—340.
- French versions of the Reve's Tale, 85—102; of the Nun's Priest's Tale, 111—128; of the Pardoner's Tale, 435; of the Manciple's Tale, 442; of the Clerk's Tale, 525.
- Friar's Tale, two Latin stories like Chaucer's, 103—106.

- Frog Prince, story of the, 522; 546—548.
- Furnivall, Dr. F. J., Forewords, 3*; editorial remarks, side-notes, and foot-notes by, 56—250.
- Gaelic version of the Franklin's Tale, 326—328; of the Wife of Bath's Tale, 516.
- Galland's "Mille et une Nuits," 541.
- "Gawain (Sir) and Dame Ragnell, Wedding of," 498; "Marriage of Sir Gawain," 501.
- Gellert, the legend of, ref. to, 410.
- German versions of the Man of Law's Tale, 406; of the Pardoner's Tale, 434.
- Germano-Jewish version of the Franklin's Tale, 317—319.
- Gerrans' translation of the "Túti Náma" (Parrot-Book), 453.
- "Gesta Romanorum," quoted, 55.
- Gibb, E. J. W., his translation of "The Forty Vazirs" quoted, 322; 351; of another Turkish story-book, 520.
- "Gil Blas," quoted, 350.
- Giovanni's Italian version of the Man of Law's Tale, 56; 402.
- Glichezære (or Glichezaere), Heinrich der, author of "Reinhart Fuchs," 113.
- Gold, Turning earth into, 425; 545.
- Golden Age, 453.
- "Golden Legend," Caxton's Life of St. Cecilia quoted from the, 207—219.
- "Gombert (de) et des deux Cler," French *fabliau* of, 87—92.
- Gower's versification of the story of Constance, v—vi; his version of "The Tell-Tale Bird," 440; his "Tale of Florent," 483.
- "Gray Mare the Better Horse," 523.
- Greek version of the Manciple's Tale, 451.
- Grimm's "Deutsche Sagen," 406; German Popular Tales, 548; "Teutonic Mythology," 477.
- Griseldis (or Griselda), Tale of, 149—176; 525; 549.
- "Guglielma, Santa," Italian miracle-play of, 403.
- Gunadhya, author of "Vrihat Kathá," 296.
- Habicht, Dr., note on his German translation of the "Arabian Nights," 325.
- Hales, Prof. J. W., on the Tale of Griselda, 173.
- Hariri, El, quoted, 458.
- Harún er-Rashíd and the Donkeys, 524.
- Hartland, E. S., translations by, of Italian miracle-plays, 403 *et seq.*
- Hebrew version of the Franklin's Tale, 315—317.
- "Heptameron," the, 356.
- Hermenegildo, Frei, his Portuguese version of the Pardoner's Tale, 435.
- "Hermit (The), Death, and the Robbers," a story like the Pardoner's Tale, 132, 133. [In Italian.]
- Herolt, John, better known as "Discipulus," 104; his Latin stories like the Friar's Tale, 105, 106.
- "Hitopadesa," a Sanscrit book of Fables, 350; 458.
- Horses, Intelligent and Talking, 477.
- Horstmann, Dr. Carl, his edition of "The Paris Beggar-Boy murdered by a Jew for singing *Alma redemptoris Mater!*" 277—285, and of "The Monk who honoured the Virgin," 286—288.
- Horwood, A. J., 222.
- "Husband and Magpie," Old-French and Old-English versions of the Manciple's Tale, 442—450.
- Icelandic versions of the Wife of Bath's Tale, 513—516.
- Ildegarde, the legend of, 406.
- Indian original of the Franklin's Tale, 291—295.
- Indian queen like Griselda, story of, 538.
- Indo-Persian version of the Franklin's Tale, 313, 314; of the Merchant's Tale, 348 *et seq.*
- "Ingoldsby Legends," 546.

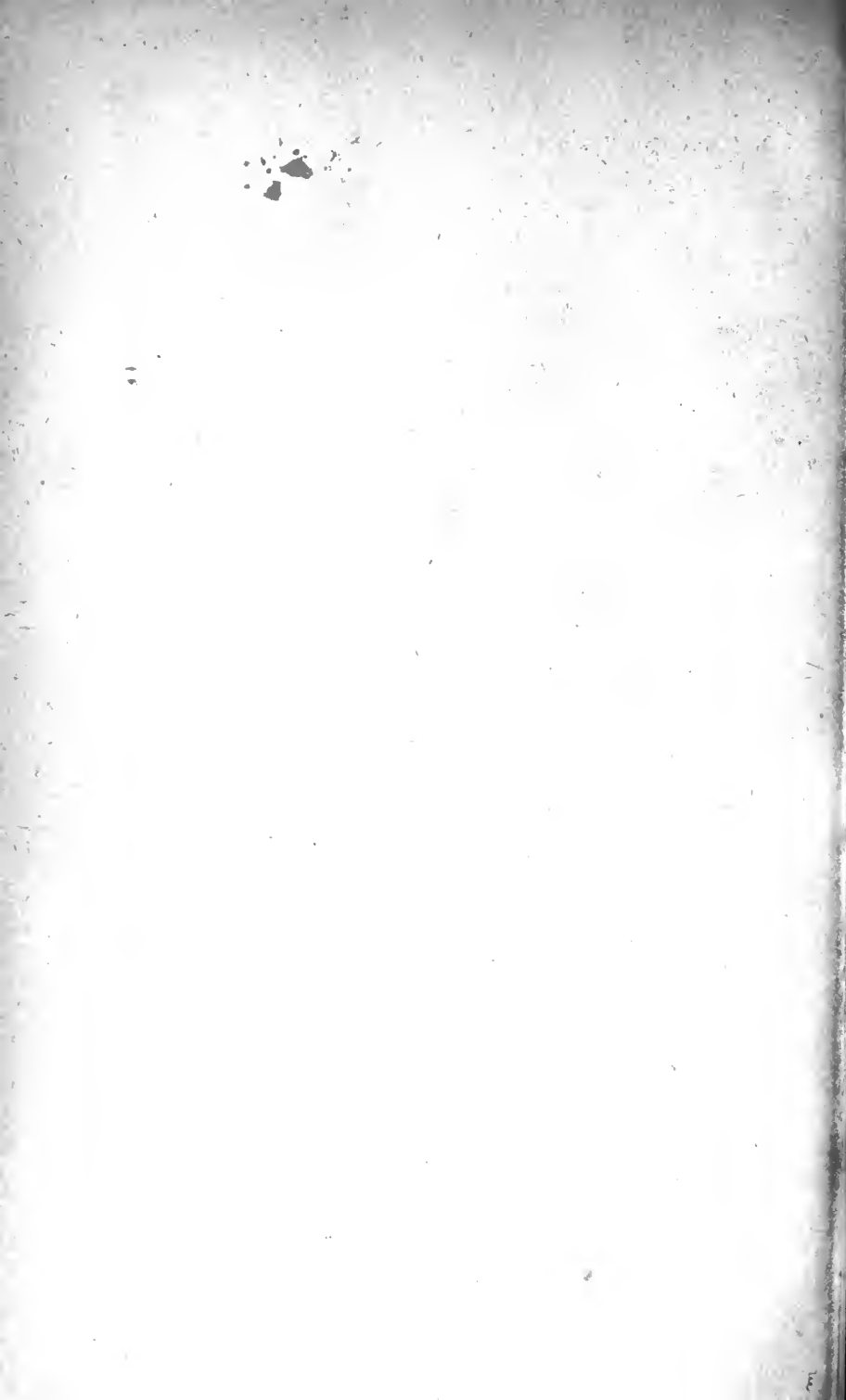
- "Innocent Persecuted Wife (The)," Asiatic and European analogues of the Man of Law's Tale, 365—414.
- "Isengrimus," an early story-book, 113.
- Italian and Latin versions of the tale of Patient Grissell, 149—172.
- Italian miracle-play of St. Antonio, 433.
- Italian versions of the Man of Law's Tale, 403—405; 407—412.
- Januensis, Jacobus (or Jacobus à Voragine), compiler of the "Legenda Aurea," 190; quoted, 192—204.
- "Jataka," or Birth-Story, explanation of the term, 417.
- Jelál ad-din Rúmí, 544, 545.
- Jephson, Mr., his French origin of Chaucer's tale of St. Cecilia disproved, 190.
- Jesus, note on the Muslim belief in his capability of working miracles, 424.
- "Johann Valentin Andreae Chymische Hochzeit Christiani Rosenkreutz," a story quoted from this anonymous book, 331.
- Jorjun, story of the Sultan of, 315.
- Joseph and Potiphar's Wife, numerous analogues of the story of, 367.
- Joseph the son of Jacob, his beauty proverbial among Muslims, 454.
- Julien, Stanislas, his translation of a Chinese Buddhist legend, 432.
- Kabír, Sayyid, the miracle of, 425.
- Kádirí's abridgment of the Parrot-Book, 453.
- Kaffir analogues of the Wife of Bath's Tale, 522.
- Kalmuk Tales quoted, 467.
- Kashmírí version of the Pardoner's Tale, 430.
- "Kathá Sarit Ságara," remarks on the, 295—297; quoted, 538.
- "Kayúrahahu Charitra," Indian story-book, 543.
- Keller's "Romans des Sept Sages," 363; 364; 442.
- Kelly, W. K., his translation of Boccaccio's version of the Franklin's Tale quoted, 328 *et seq.*
- "Knight and Loathly Lady," variants and analogues of the Wife of Bath's Tale, 481—524; 546.
- "Knight de La Tour Landry, Book of the," 545.
- Knowles, Rev. J. Hinton, his Kashmírí version of the Pardoner's Tale, 430; "Folk Tales of Kashmír," 546.
- Köhler, Dr. R., mentioned, 331.
- Kuhn's "Westfälische Sagen," &c., 434.
- Kurroglú, the Persian bandit-poet, 478.
- Latin and Italian versions of the tale of Patient Grissell, 149—172.
- Le Grand's "Fabliaux," quoted, 350; 397.
- Le Sage, the French novelist, 386.
- Lebbe, M. C. S., his Arabic version of the Pardoner's Tale, 426.
- Leclerc, Victor, his summary of Basiw's "Story of a Priest's Bladder," 136.
- "Legenda Aurea," by Jacobi a Voragine, the life of St. Cecilia quoted from the, 192—204. [In Latin.]
- "Legende Dorée," translated by Jehan de Vignay, the life of St. Cecilia quoted from the, 193—205. [In French.]
- Levi, Israel, 315.
- "Libro di Novelle," extract from, 132.
- "Lincoln, Alphonsus of," 108 *et seq.*
- Lover's Heart, Story of the, 469; 479.
- Lucky and unlucky days, note on, 293.
- Lydgate, John, probably the author of "The Monk who honoured the Virgin," 278.
- Madden, Sir F., 56.
- Mahábhárata," the great Indian epic, 455; 538; 540.
- Malcolm, Sir J., quotation from his "Sketches of Persia," 306—310.
- Manciple's Tale, Latin source and other European versions and analogues, 437—480; 545.

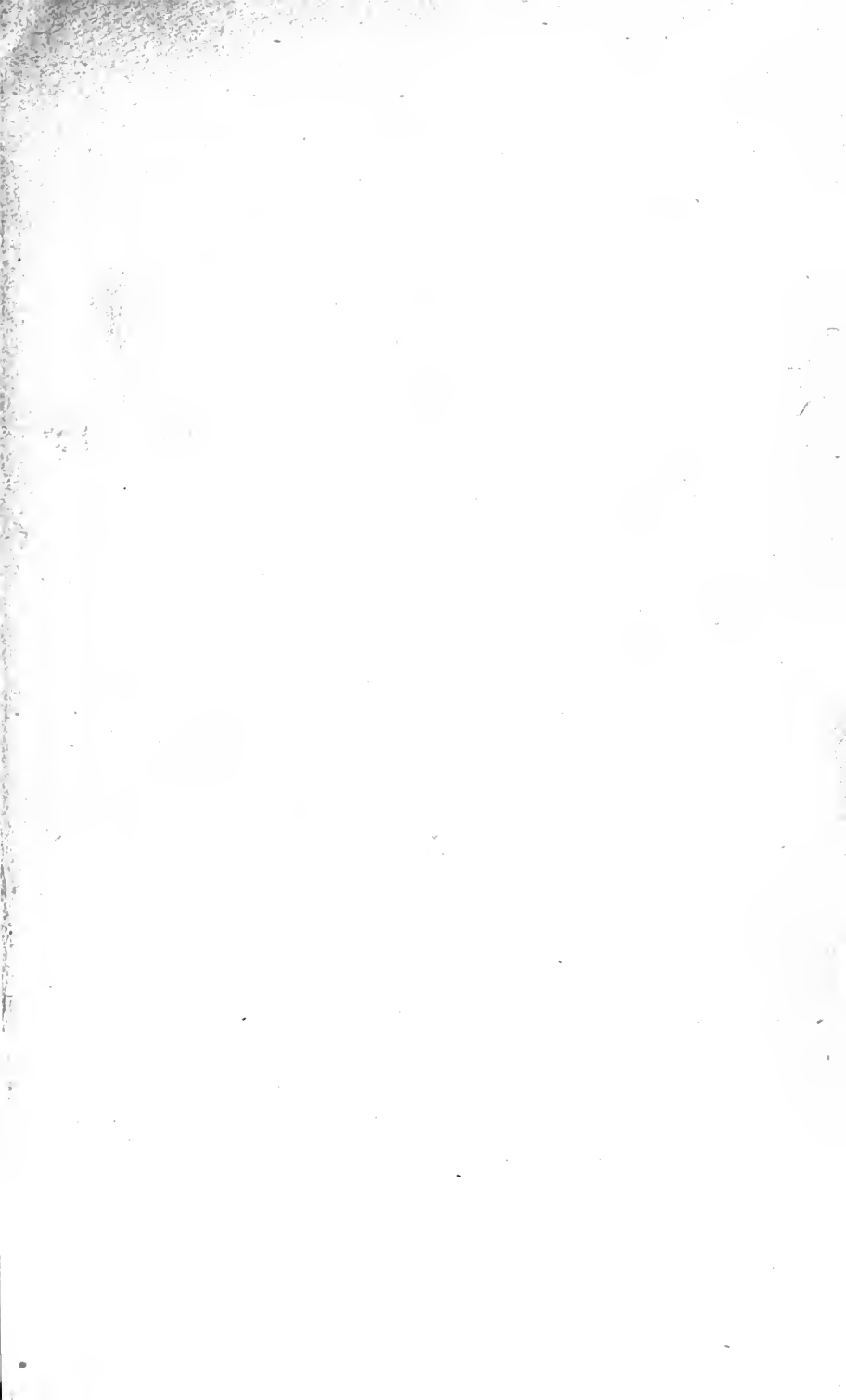
- Mandeville's "Travels" quoted, 518.
- Man-of-Law's Tale, analogues of, iii; 1—84; 221—250; Asiatic and European versions of, 365—414.
- Manni, a Boccaccio commentator, 332.
- Margaret, Queen of Navarre, the "Heptameron" attributed to, 356.
- Marie de France, her fable of the Cock and Fox, one of the sources of the Nun's Priest's Tale, 112; text of, 116—126.
- "Marriage of Sir Gawain." 501.
- "Masnavi" of Jelâl-ed Dîn, quoted, 544; 545.
- Méon's unscientific editing of the "Roman du Renart" reprehended, 112—113.
- Merchant's Tale, five versions of a Pear-tree story like the, 177—188; analogues of the, 343—364; 544.
- Merelaus the Emperor, the story of the wife of, 57—70. [In Old-English.]
- Messiah, Breath of the, 424.
- Michel, F., his "Hugues de Lincoln," 109.
- "Mille et un Jours," Persian Tales, 385—387; 541—544; 549.
- "Miller (The) and the two Clerks," French *fabliau* of, 93—100.
- Milton, quoted, 539.
- Miracle-plays similar to the Man of Law's Tale, 403; to the Pardoner's Tale, 433.
- Mitra's "Sanskrit Buddhist Literature of Nepál," 545.
- Money, In praise and dispraise of, 458, 459.
- Monier-Williams, Sir M., 539.
- "Monk (The) who honoured the Virgin," an analogue of the Prioress's Tale, 286—288.
- Monti, Pietro, note by, concerning the legendary Guglielmo, 409.
- "Morlini Novellae," extract from, 134.
- Morris, Rev. Dr. R., the first to point out the resemblance of the Pardoner's Tale to one of the Buddhist Birth-Stories, 418.
- Mukhlis, a dervish, compiler of the "Hazâr ú Yek Rûz," 386; 541.
- Mussafia, A., 404.
- Naishapur, the siege of, by Changez Khan, 423.
- Nakhshabî, compiler of the "Tûti Nâma," 310; 452.
- Nala and Damayanti, story of, 540.
- "Narration de quodam Senescallo Sceleroso," 105.
- Nats, ogres, and their various congeners, note on, 300.
- "Nauratan," an Urdú story-book, 544.
- Nicol, Henry, notes by, on two French *fabliaux*, 101—102; his notes to "How Reynard caught Chanticleer," 127, 128; his notes to the "Tale of the Priest's Bladder," 145—147; he edits Gautier de Coincy's story, "The Boy killed by a Jew for singing Gande Maria!" 251—272.
- Nicolas, Sir Harris, his note on the time when Petrarch translated Boccaccio's story of Griseldis, 150.
- Nun's Priest's Tale, the source of Chaucer's, 111—128.
- Occeleve's version of the tale of "Merelaus," 56.
- Offa, King, Matthew Paris's Life of, 73—84.
- "Officious Father-in-Law (The)," story of the, 355.
- "Orientalist (The)," 357.
- Ouseley, Sir W., his Persian MS. of the "Hazâr ú Yek Rûz," 386; 542.
- Ovid's tale of Phœbus and the Crow, the source of the Manciple's Tale, 439. [In Latin.]
- Panjábî Legend, like the Manciple's Tale, 469.
- Pardoner's Tale, two Italian stories and one Latin story like the, 129—134; Buddhist original and Asiatic and European versions of, 415—436; 544.
- Paris, Matthew, his story of "King Offa's intercepted letters and banisht Queen," 73—84. [In Latin.]
- Paris, Paulin, his account of a French story like the Pardoner's Tale, 435.

- "Paris (The) Beggar-Boy murdered by a Jew for singing *Alma redemptoris Mater!*" an analogue of the Prioress's Tale, 277—285.
- Parrot-Book—see "Túti Náma."
- Payne, J., his translation of the Arabic version of the Merchant's Tale, 353.
- Pear-tree Story, five versions of a, 177—188; various versions of the, 348 *et seq.*
- "Peasant (The) in the Tree," story of, 364.
- Pepys' "Diary" quoted, 537.
- Persian versions of the Franklin's Tale, 306—312; of the Man of Law's Tale, 388—396; of the Pardoner's Tale, 423; of the Manciple's Tale, 453—466.
- Petrarch's letter to Boccaccio, 151, 152 [in Latin]; tale of Griseldis, 153—172. [In Latin.]
- Pope's plagiarism of Chaucer, 333.
- Poquet, the Abbé, his edition of Gautier de Coincy's "Miracles de la Sainte Vierge," 252.
- Portuguese version of the Pardoner's Tale, 435.
- Potiphar's wife and Joseph, numerous analogues of the story of, 367.
- "Priest's Bladder, The Tale of the," a story like the Summoner's Tale, 135—144. [In Old-French.]
- Prioress's Tale, a Latin story like the, 107—110; "The Boy killed by a Jew for singing *Gaude Maria!*" an analogue of the, 251—273; "The Paris Beggar-Boy murdered by a Jew for singing *Alma redemptoris Mater!*" another analogue, 277—285; "The Monk who honoured the Virgin," a third analogue, 286—288.
- Pulci, Antonia, English outline of her miracle-play of Santa Guglielma, 403.
- "Qirq Vezír Táríkhí"—see "Forty Vazírs."
- Radloff's South-Siberian Tales, 320.
- "Ragnell (Dame) and Sir Gawain, Wedding of," 498.
- Raksh, the famous steed of Rustam, 477.
- Ralston's Tibetan Tales, 431.
- "Rámayana," the great Indian epic, quoted, 539.
- Rasálú, Rájá, Legend of, 469.
- Reeve's Tale, two French *fabliaux* like the, 85—100. [In Old-French.]
- "Reinardus Vulpes," an early story-book, 113.
- "Reinhart Fuchs," the German original of the French "Roman du Renart."
- "Retrospective Review," an inappreciative critique of Chaucer's Pardoner's Tale in the, 436.
- "Reynard (How) caught Chanticleer," the source of the Nun's Priest's Tale, 111—126. [In Old-French.]
- Rieu, Dr. Charles, his Catalogue of Persian MSS. in British Museum, 453; 541; 542.
- Ritson's "Metrical Romances," 56.
- "Robbers (The) and the Treasure-trove," Buddhistic original and Asiatic and European versions, of the Pardoner's Tale, 415—436; 544.
- "Roman du Renart," one of the sources of the Nun's Priest's Tale, 112.
- Ross, Dr. David, 314.
- Rowley's "Search for Money," quoted, 459.
- Rückert, Dr. F., his text and translation of Farid-ud-dín's version of the Pardoner's Tale, 423.
- Russians, contempt of the Asiatics for, 348.
- Rustam, the Persian Hercules, 477.
- Ruzvanshád and his Fairy Bride, 549.
- Sachs, Hans, his stories like the Pardoner's Tale, 434.
- "Sacre Representazione," 402.
- Sa'dí's "Gulistán," quoted, 393.
- "Saineresse (La)," *fabliau* of, 359.
- Salt, a pledge of hospitality in the East, 475.
- Sandal-wood, its varieties and uses, 456.

- Sandras, M., a Chaucer critic, 135, 136.
- Sanskrit version of the Franklin's Tale, 291—295; analogue of the Wife of Bath's Tale, 521.
- Scott, Dr. Jonathan, his translation of the "Bahâr-i-Dânish," quoted, 313, 314; 344.
- Second Nun's Tale, four versions of the, 189—219.
- Senegambian popular tale, quoted, 314.
- "Shah Nâma" (Book of Kings), 471; 477.
- Siberian version of the Franklin's Tale, 320.
- "Sindibâd, Book of," 322; 452.
- Sinhalese story of Woman's Wiles, 358.
- Sita's devotion to her husband Râma, 539.
- Smith, Miss L. Toulmin, 56.
- Somadeva, author of the "Kathâ Sarit Sâgara," 296.
- Spanish version of the Man of Law's Tale, 406.
- Sparks, Capt. T. P., his translation of the "Princess Thoo-dhamma Tsari" quoted, 297 *et seq.*
- Spenser's plagiarism of Chaucer, 333.
- Spina, Alphonsus a, the compiler of "Fortalitiu Fidei," 108.
- St. Cecilia, remarks on the original of Chaucer's story of, 190, 191; four versions of the legend of, 192—219; the Latin and French versions from the "Golden Legend" printed on opposite pages, 192—205; an Early-English rhymed version and Caxton's Life of, printed on opposite pages, 207—219.
- St. Cloud, Pierre de, compiler of the "Roman du Renart," 113.
- Stratonice, the old Greek story of, 315.
- Suckling, Sir John, quoted, 472.
- Sûfiism, note on, 423.
- "Suka Saptatî," an Indian story-book, 310; 452.
- Summoner's Tale, an Old-French story like the, 135—144.
- Swaffam, legend of the Pedlar of, referred to, 410.
- Swynnerton's Panjâbî Legends, 476; 480.
- "Syntipas," a Greek version of the Book of Sindibâd, quoted, 451.
- Tawney, Prof. C. H., 291; 418; 538.
- "Tell-Tale Bird," Latin source, and other European and Asiatic analogues of the Manciple's Tale, 437—480; 545.
- Temple, Capt. R. C., 425; 468; 544.
- Ten Brink, Prof. B., on the source of the Nun's Priest's Tale, 113.
- "Thousand and One Days"—*see* "Mille et un Jours."
- Tibetan version of the Pardoner's Tale, 431.
- Tirrea Bede = Fifth Veda, 351.
- Transmutation of earth into gold, the power of, often ascribed to holy men, in Eastern fictions, 425.
- "Treasure (The) in the Tiber," a story like the Pardoner's Tale, 134. [In Latin.]
- Treasure-Tree, note on the ancient myth of the, 336.
- "Treasure-Trove, The Robbers and the," 415; 544.
- Trial of chastity, illustration of, 357.
- Trivet, Nicholas, the author of the "Life of Constance," short account of him and his works, iii—v.
- Turkish Version of the Franklin's Tale, 322—325; of the Man of Law's Tale, 351; analogue of the Wife of Bath's Tale, 520 *et seq.*
- "Tutî Nâma," or Parrot-Book, 310; 312; 452; 453—466.
- "'Twas I," outline of the operetta of (Covent Garden, 1825), 356.
- "Two Merry Milkmaids," a comedy apparently founded on Boccaccio's tale of Dianora, 340.
- Tyrwhitt's notes on the origin of "Chanticleer," 112, 115; on the original of Chaucer's Clerk's Tale, 150; on the origin of Chaucer's Merchant's Tale, 178; on the origin of the Second Nun's Tale, 190.

- Ulric, an ancient Viennese professor, 178.
- "Vazír's Pious Daughter (The)," 390.
- "Vedabbha Játaka," the original of Chaucer's Pardoner's Tale, 417.
- Verney, Lady, her Burmese version of the Franklin's Tale, 305.
- "Vescie à Prestre," Jakes de Basiw's story of the (like Chaucer's Summoner's Tale), 135—144.
- Vestris, Madame, 357.
- Vignay, Jehan de, his French version of the Second Nun's Tale, 193.
- Vincent of Beauvais' Latin version of the Man of Law's Tale, 400.
- "Violette, Roman de la," 56.
- Von Schiefner, F. A., his translation of the Tibetan version of "The Robbers and the Treasure-trove," 432.
- Voragine, Jacobus a—*see* Januensis.
- Warner's version of the story of "The Robbers and the Treasure-trove," 426.
- Warton's note on John Herolt, 104.
- Weber's "Metrical Romances," 447.
- "Wedding of Sir Gawain and Ragnell," 498.
- Whinfield, E. H., 544.
- Whittington and his Cat, the legend of, 410.
- Wife of Bath's Tale, variants and analogues of, 481—524; 546.
- Wilson, Dr. H. H., his "Catalogue of the Mackenzie Oriental MSS.," 543; 545.
- Woman's Wiles, stories of, 343 *et seq.*; Sinhalese story of, 358.
- "Women Desire Sovereignty," 523.
- Wright, Thomas, his note on Chaucer's "Constance," 56; his "Anecdota Literaria," 93; his "Archæologia," 105; a fable reproduced from his "Latin Stories," 180. [In Latin.]
- "Ysoude (Queen) and Sir Tristrem," 363.
- Zotenberg, Hermann, 541; 543.





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