



Digitized for Microsoft Corporation
by the Internet Archive in 2007.

From University of California Libraries.

May be used for non-commercial, personal, research,
or educational purposes, or any fair use.

May not be indexed in a commercial service.

TALES
AND
POPULAR FICTIONS.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



SOHRAB AND GURD-AFREED.

DRAWN BY W. H. BROOKE, F. S. A., ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY G. BAXTER,
PUBLISHED BY WHITTAKER AND CO.

1834.

TALES

AND

POPULAR FICTIONS; -

THEIR RESEMBLANCE, *blue*

AND

TRANSMISSION FROM COUNTRY TO COUNTRY.

BY

THOMAS KEIGHTLEY,

AUTHOR OF 'OUTLINES OF HISTORY,' 'THE CRUSADERS,' ETC.

"'Fore God, they are both in a tale!"

Much Ado about Nothing.



LONDON:

WHITTAKER AND CO., AVE-MARIA LANE.

51665

RELAT K4

POPULAR FICTIONS

GENERAL

109512

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

PRINTED BY RICHARD TAYLOR, RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET.

TO
ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq. LL.D.
POET LAUREATE, ETC.

THE POET,
THE HISTORIAN, THE CRITIC,
AND
THE MAN OF UNBLEMISHED LIFE,

THIS VOLUME
IS INSCRIBED.

109512

TO

ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ. LL.D.

TOY SHOP, 110,

THE WEST,

THE HISTORIAN, THE CRITIC,

AND

THE MAN OF LETTERS AND ART.

THIS VOLUME

IS DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

CHANCE led me to write this work; and 'to print, or not to print,' in days like these, was a question I debated for some time. The die is now cast,—the work is lying before me in sheets; and as I look at them, I cannot refrain from passing mentally in review the various divisions of my future readers.

First then, in fancy, I behold a band of youthful students, aged ten years and upwards, eager to gaze on pretty wood-cuts, to learn how Prince Cleomades carried off the Princess Claremond, and to fathom the mysteries of the Giant-killer, and of Whittington's Cat. My eye next rests on a train of fair and accomplished ladies, whose studies go beyond the mere novel, and who have a taste for the light kind of philosophy here to be found. I lastly view grave philosophers and men of learning, who know that even here there is

philosophy, and that a few hours devoted to Popular Fictions may not prove misspent.

Such, with those who have read and been pleased with my other works, will be my *corps d'armée*: there will, of course, be some stragglers from other quarters, but on these alone I reckon with any confidence. Thus I give up all hopes of the lovers of excitement and breathless interest, my work being rather placid and sedative in its nature; and to the supercilious disciples of Utility I cry with the Sibyl, 'Procul, O procul este, profani.....totoque absistite *libro!*' for here is nothing for you, nothing about rail-ways, corn-laws, circulating medium, or anything that is *useful*."

Without meaning to disparage my other works, I may state that this has had advantages which they have not enjoyed. It was written at perfect leisure, from materials which had gradually collected in my mind, and more than a year before it was sent to press; and I had some most important aid. I am therefore disposed to regard it as my least imperfect work, and feel that I have no right to ask for any indulgence at the hands of the critics. My literary sins are all premeditated; tastes differ, and here it may be seen how *I* think Popu-

lar Fictions should be treated. The manner being therefore somewhat desultory, and the matter various, I would advise those who read for mere amusement to begin at the second and to skip over the eighth chapter. They cannot then complain of my having deceived them.

Be the reception of this volume what it may, I think I can assure my readers that it is the last time we shall meet upon this ground. I have here, and in the Fairy Mythology, contributed my full quota on the subjects of popular fiction and superstition; the days when inquiries respecting them could attract the general ear are departed, perhaps never to return, and graver studies now demand my attention. I have, I believe, made some few discoveries; and my name may, possibly, be mentioned by future critics and commentators. Small, however, in any case, is the portion of fame to which I can aspire.

Nothing to me is more delightful than the acknowledgement of favours and kindness. In the preface to my Fairy Mythology, I had to regret my total want of acquaintance with the learned and the ingenious. My case is widely different now, and I could produce a very creditable list of literary friends. Of these I will venture to mention

two, namely, Francis Douce, Esq. and Sir Frederick Madden, as, from them I have received most valuable aid. To enjoy the advantage of Mr. Douce's conversation, to be permitted to draw *ad libitum* on his stores of knowledge, and to have the command of his noble library, are privileges of no common order.

Nor must I, while speaking of friends and obligations, omit my excellent friend and countryman, W. H. Brooke, Esq., whose elegant and fanciful designs, exhibited to such advantage as they are by the admirable wood-engraving of Mr. Baxter, will, I am inclined to think, form the greatest attraction of my volume. Specimens of art to equal these are not of common occurrence; and I must particularly call attention to the beautiful manner in which Mr. Baxter has printed them. It will give me much and sincere pleasure to see the fame of both artist and engraver widely diffused.

T. K.

London, January 1st, 1834.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

	Page.
INTRODUCTION—Similarity of Arts and Customs— Similarity of Names—Origin of the Work—Imi- tation—Casual coincidence—Milton—Dante ...	1

CHAPTER II.

The Thousand and One Nights—Bedoween Au- dience around a Story-teller—Cleomades and Claremond—Enchanted Horses—Peter of Pro- vence and the Fair Maguelone.....	31
---	----

CHAPTER III.

The Pleasant Nights—The Dancing Water, the Singing Apple, and the Beautiful Green Bird— The Three Little Birds—Lactantius—Ulysses and Sindbad	91
--	----

CHAPTER IV.

The Shah-Nâmeh—Roostem and Sohrâb—Con- loch and Cuchullin—Macpherson's Ossian— Irish Antiquities	129
--	-----

CHAPTER V.

The Pentamerone—Tale of the Serpent—Hindoo Legend	183
--	-----

CHAPTER VI.

	Page.
Jack the Giant-Killer—The Brave Tailorling— Thor's Journey to Utgard—Ameen of Isfahân and the Ghool—The Lion and the Goat—The Lion and the Ass	205

CHAPTER VII.

Whittington and his Cat—Danish Legends—Ita- lian Stories—Persian Legend	241
--	-----

CHAPTER VIII.

The Edda—Sigurd and Brynhilda—Völund—Helgi —Holger Danske—Ogier le Danois—Toko— William Tell	267
--	-----

CHAPTER IX.

Peruonto—Peter the Fool—Emelyan the Fool— Conclusion	303
APPENDIX	337

ENGRAVINGS.

N.B. *The References are to the Pages from which the Subjects are taken.*

	Page.
I. Combat of Sohrâb and Gurd-afreed	142
II. Bedoweens round a Story-teller	34
III. Cleomades and Claremond carried off on the Enchanted Horse	56
IV. Serena taking the Green Bird	106
V. Death of Sohrâb	160
VI. The Serpent embracing the Princess Gran- nonia	190
VII. The Tailorling seeing the Giant	209
VIII. Ansaldo's Cats at the Court of Canary.....	255
IX. Descent of the Valkyrias	275
X. The Princess Vastolla enclosed in the Cask .	311

ENGRAYING

ERRATA.

Page 132, line 18, *for descriptive read deceptive.*

261, - 18, *for Aquilina read Aquileia.*

282, - 23, *for Sorv ... Antöeor read Soröe ... Antvor.*



TALES

AND

POPULAR FICTIONS,

THEIR

RESEMBLANCE AND TRANSMISSION.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION—SIMILARITY OF ARTS AND CUSTOMS—
SIMILARITY OF NAMES—ORIGIN OF THE WORK—IMI-
TATION—CASUAL COINCIDENCE—MILTON—DANTE.

MANY years ago I chanced to read in a news-
paper an interesting account of the loss of a ship;
but in what part of the world it occurred, I am
now unable to recollect. The narrative stated,
that the crew and passengers saved themselves on
two desert islets at some distance from each other.
They remained for some time separate; at length
they joined, and made their way to a friendly port.
To their no small surprise, they found that during
their state of separation they had fallen on pre-
cisely the same expedients for the supply of their

wants. As they had been in a state of nearly total destitution, the vessel having gone down, these expedients were necessarily various and numerous, and many of them were remarkably ingenious.

This little narrative made a strong impression on my mind. I often reflected on it: I compared with it other phænomena as they presented themselves, and insensibly fell into the habit of viewing man as an inventive and independent, rather than a merely imitative being.

Aristotle—and his authority is high with me—asserts, in his *Politics*, that “forms of government, and most other things, have been invented over and over again, or rather an infinite number of times, in the long course of ages; for necessity would of itself teach such as were indispensable, and those relating to comfort and elegance would then follow of course.” Of the truth, to a certain extent, of these words of the philosopher, I am firmly convinced; and I will freely confess, that I see little strength in the arguments for the original unity of mankind, founded on a similarity of manners, customs and social institutions; and am also inclined to reject these arguments, when brought forward in proof of migrations and colonisation. I know no proof of the former but the testimony of Scripture and physical characters; I admit no evidence of the latter but language and a constant and credible tradition¹.

¹ Supposing, what has not been demonstrated, that the ancient inhabitants of Attica were divided into classes re-

Examples are always agreeable, and sometimes convincing; I will therefore give a few of the cases in which I am sceptical.

The similarity of form between the brazen casque of the Hellenic warrior and the feather-helm of the Polynesian chief, is to me no proof of the common origin of the Greeks and the South Sea islanders. A branch of olive might be the symbol of peace among the one people, and a branch of plantain among the other, and nought be proved thereby. The universal employment of the bow, the spear and the shield, affects me not. I see not why every tribe who dwelt on the shores of the sea or of lakes, or on the banks of rivers, may not have discovered the mode of constructing boats. The Egyptians, we are told, were brewers of beer; so also were the ancient Scandinavians; and it follows not that they borrowed from each other, or from a common instructor. Almost every people of the circle of the earth in which the vine is indigenious, appears to have discovered the art of making wine. Mining and the art of smelting metals may have been practised by tribes as remote in origin as in position. Alphabets, I suspect, are an invention to which more than one people may lay claim. The early knowledge of gunpowder in the East is no proof that Schwartz did not discover the mode of manufacturing the castes of Egypt, it does not follow that an Egyptian colony came to that country nearly 1500 years before we have any account of it.

king it¹. The mariner's compass may have been invented at Amalfi, though familiar to the Chinese from the most remote times. Finally, I cannot discern in the pyramidal form of the Pyramids of Egypt, the temple of Belus at Babylon, and the temples at Cholulu and elsewhere in Mexico, a proof of anything but of the common perception of the stability and convenience of that form.

The same is the case with religious and political institutions. Attic laws occur in the institutes of the Hindoo Menoo; and I do not thence infer any communication between Attica and Hindoostan. Ancient Egypt had its Feast of Lamps, and China has its Feast of Lanterns; yet I see no connexion between them. There were Vestals at Rome, and Virgins of the Sun at Cuzco, bound to chastity; yet it does not follow from thence that Peru derived its religion from Asia, or that, as I have seen it asserted, Rome was founded by a colony of gypsies from India². I could cite many more cases, but these may suffice.

A practice, which has been carried to a most ludicrous extent, is that of supposing that where two or more peoples have the same or a similar

¹ I am only supposing possibilities, not making assertions. Were the invention of gunpowder an ancient mythic legend, I would say that the name Schwartz (*Black*) looked a little suspicious; yet Dr. Black was a celebrated chemist,—and a man's name and his occupation have often a most curious coincidence.

² The object of the author was to account for the similarity between the Sanscrit and the Latin languages. ®

name, the one is a colony from the other. The Albanians of Epirus, and the Iberians of Spain, are confidently deduced from Mount Caucasus. Scoti happening to resemble Scythi, and Hiberni Iberi, what is called the ancient history of Ireland favours us with an account of the Scythic and Spanish origin of the Celts of that island, perfectly heedless of their community of language, manners and religion with those of Britain and Gaul

I look upon the following coincidences of name as being purely accidental:—Albani of Caucasus, Albani of Latium, Albanians of Epirus, Albyn or Albion a name of Britain, Albis (Elbe) of Germany, and Alpes;—Iberi of Caucasus and of Spain, Hiberni of Ireland, Ibrim (Hebrews) of Syria;—Veneti of Italy and of Gaul, Venedi (Vends) of Germany, and Heneti of Asia Minor;—Germani of Europe, and Germani (Kermanians) of Persia, and the country of Caramania in Asia Minor;—Lygies of Italy and of Asia.

Those may be questioned: no one, I hope, will deny that the following are accidental:—Britomartis was the Cretan name of Diana, and Britomartis was a king of the Gauls; Pharphar was a river of Damascus, and in Italy there was a stream named Farfarus; Arganthonius was a king of Tartessus in Spain, and there was an Arganthonian Hill near the Euxine Sea. Mazippa was a Moorish chief, who at the head of his light horse gave the Romans some trouble in the time of

Tiberius ; and who knows not Mazeppa the Cossack ? The North American Indians call a fall or rapid, *Coho* ; and such is the popular appellation of a cascade near Spa in Germany.

When chance led me to think of writing the Fairy Mythology, I had to read a great quantity of poems, tales, romances, legends and traditions of various countries and in various languages. I here met such a number of coincidences where there could hardly have been any communication, that I became convinced that the original sameness of the human mind revealed itself as plainly in fiction as in the mechanical arts, or in manners and customs, civil or religious.

Accordingly, in the Preface to that work, I stated how much I had been struck by this similarity, and expressed my dissent from those who supposed nations of common origin to have brought these legends with them at the time of their migration from a common country ; and I reminded the reader of the sameness which runs through the thoughts and the actions of man, which wearies us in history, in fiction, and in common life.

Some legends were, I thought, transmitted ; others, of independent formation. When in a tale of some length a number of circumstances are the same, and follow in the same order, as in another, I should feel disposed to assert that this is a case of transmission. Brief fictitious circumstances, such as shoes of swiftness and coats of darkness, might, I thought, be independent, and be referred

to what I termed the poverty of the human imagination, which, having a limited stock of materials to work on, must of necessity frequently produce similar combinations. A third class of fictions, such as Whittington and his Cat,—a legend to be found (as I shall show,) in more countries than one,—I professed myself unable to dispose of to my own satisfaction: they might be transmitted, they might be independent.

“These,” said I, “are a few hints on a subject, the full discussion of which would demand a volume.” Little, at the time, did I think that I ever should write a volume on it; but ‘thou knowest not what a day may bring forth’: the volume is written, and I have only to request that no one will suppose it intended to be a ‘full discussion’ of the subject. It only claims to be regarded as a development of the principles contained in that Preface, and is designed, by giving a sufficient number of instances of resemblance, to enable the reader to judge for himself on this curious subject. The tales and legends are given at length; for what conviction could I hope to convey to the mind of a reader, by merely telling him that such a tale in the Neapolitan Pentamerone, for instance, resembles a Hindoo legend? or that an episode of the Persian Shah Nameh is founded on the same circumstance with an Irish poem? How many readers would, how many could, examine these different tales and compare them?

I am, certainly, neither so ignorant nor so san-

guine, as to reckon on a very extensive class of readers; and if I 'fit audience find though few,' I shall be very well content. The direction taken by what is usually, but incorrectly, termed the 'march of intellect'¹, is such, that all the lighter and more elegant branches of literature seem likely to fall, ere long, into utter neglect. Wild improbable romance, bit-and-scrap knowledge, or political disquisitions, alone have attractions. Never shall I forget the look of mingled pity and contempt with which I was regarded by a gentleman who has written some things on political economy, when I chanced, in his hearing, to speak on the subject of classical mythology. He seemed altogether amazed at my folly in expecting that such puerile fictions could find readers in this enlightened age.

Yet, though thus despised by the narrow-minded and intolerant disciples of utility, popular fiction has attractions for those whose views are more enlarged, and who love to behold Philosophy extending her dominion over all the regions of the human mind. A writer whom I shall frequently quote in the following pages, and who was no mere man of letters, thus expresses himself on the subject². "Believe me, he who desires to be

¹ I say so, because with us *march* is a military term, whereas the *marche* of the French, from whom we have borrowed the phrase, merely denotes progression. *La marche de l'esprit* can hardly be said to be figurative.

² Sir John Malcolm, *Sketches of Persia*, ii, 92,

well acquainted with a people, will not reject their popular stories or local superstitions. Depend upon it, that man is too far advanced into an artificial state of society who is a stranger to the effect which tales and stories like these have upon the feelings of a nation; and his opinions of its character are never likely to be more erroneous, than when in the pride of reason he despises such means of forming his judgement." Sir Walter Scott¹ says, "A work of great interest might be compiled on the origin of popular fiction, and the transmission of popular tales from age to age and from country to country. The mythology of one period would then appear to pass into the romance of the next century, and that into the nursery tale of the subsequent ages. Such an investigation, while it went greatly to diminish our ideas of the richness of human invention, would also show that these fictions, however wild and childish, possess such charms for the populace, as enable them to penetrate into countries unconnected by manners and language, and having no apparent intercourse to facilitate the means of transmission." And long since the illustrious Luther² said, "I would not for any quantity of gold part with the wonderful tales which I have retained from my earliest childhood, or have met with in my progress through life." Surely then,

¹ Note on the Lady of the Lake.

² Quoted by Grimm, *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, iii. 265.

even though few should be induced to go the same road, I need feel no shame to travel in such society as this, and may let those plod on their weary way, who, knowing but one subject, think it contains all knowledge.

Those words of the great Reformer reveal the true cause of the high degree of pleasure which some minds derive from popular fictions. They bring back the memory of childhood—of those innocent and happy days when, as a Swedish poet most beautifully expresses it, ‘the dew of morning lay upon life’¹: they come surrounded by a thousand delightful associations, whose effect, though powerful, is not to be described; for, mellowed by distance, every event and every scene connected with childhood acquires a charm to the eye of memory. It is, I apprehend, only on those who have passed their early days in the country that this principle operates with its entire force. May I, since such is the case with myself, (and it is not totally alien to the matter in hand,)—may I hope for indulgence while I trace the origin of my own fondness for popular fiction?

It was my lot (no unenviable one,) to be reared in the country, and near the mountains. In Ireland we are less aristocratic, and mingle more familiarly with the lower orders of the people,

¹ “In her early dawn, with the ‘dew of her youth’ so fresh upon her.....”—*Robert Hall, of the Princess Charlotte.* Was the passage of Scripture here quoted in the mind of the Swede also?

than seems to me to be the case here : one cause of this I believe to be nearly the same with that which produces similar affability in the East¹, and which also operates in the South of Europe. Be this as it may, in consequence of this state of manners, a great companion of my younger days was Johnny Stykes, who, like Guse Gibbie of famous memory, first kept the turkeys, and then, as his years advanced, was promoted to the more important office of minding the cows. Johnny, by the way, though called Stykes, and a good Catholic², knew well that his real name was Sykes³, and that he derived his lineage from one of the soldier-saints of the formidable Oliver Cromwell, to whom the lines had fallen in those pleasant places where we dwelt. Often, as memory looks back through the glade of life along which my course has lain, doth her eye rest on the figure of my humble companion, returning in the evening from the stubble with his feathered charge, who go along *yeeping* and leisurely picking their steps, heedless of the *hushing* and bawling of their driver. To any one who should then ask Johnny how many turkeys he had, he would stammer out,

¹ See Sketches of Persia, ii. 185, 186.

² The lower order of the Irish Catholics are quite proud if they can prove that they have what they call good Protestant blood in their veins. They regard the Protestants as a superior caste.

³ It is very amusing to observe the corruption of proper names. Among the peasantry of the place of which I write, Archbold had become Aspal, and Hopkins, Hubbuk.

“Three twenties and a ten” or so,—an answer which was always sure to produce a laugh, either on account of his employing *twenty* for *score*, or it may be from the ‘march of intellect,’ which had taught the peasant to despise his forefathers’ simple mode of counting by dozens and scores.

But it was in Johnny’s bucolic days that he was favoured most with my society ; partly because he was a capital player at *tip-top-castle*, but chiefly because he had not his fellow in the whole country for what is called *shanahas*, or old talk, that is, tales, legends, and traditions, handed down from age to age, and transmitted from mouth to mouth. And let me now fearlessly confess the truth. I have since seen some of Nature’s finest scenery, I have conversed with the learned and the ingenious, and have read the master-works of the human mind ; and yet I am convinced I have never, at most very rarely, felt a degree of pleasure at all comparable to what I enjoyed, when sitting with Johnny, of a summer’s day, beneath a spreading tree, or on the bank of a purling stream, while his cows were feeding around, and the air was filled with the melody of birds, and listening to some wild tale of wonder and enchantment. Much would I give to be able to recollect his tale of The Fair Norah na Vodha and the White Bear of Worroway (Norway), a Beauty-and-Beast kind of story, in which the heroine is pursued by I know not who, and “when he was on the hill she was in the hollow, and when she was

on the hill he was in the hollow;" or another about a princess, (for he had all kinds of high personages at command,) who was confined in some dismal place all full of *sarpints* and toads and *vifers*¹. Johnny, too, had a story answering to the Robber-bridgroom in MM. Grimm's collection, in which the lady at the bridal banquet told, as if relating a dream, all that she had seen when she secretly entered the robbers' den, and as she proceeded in her narrative, the disguised robber would get up and say,

"Dreams are but *feebls*, and *feebls* are but lies;
By your leave, gentlemen, pray let me by."

He also knew the Frog-king², and several others in the same collection; and he had tales of fairies without end. Poor Johnny! he grew up, got married, died young (no uncommon fate with the Irish peasant), and lies buried at the ruined church of Tipper; a place to which, in my serious moods, I was wont to repair, to meditate among the—graves, not tombs, for tombs there were none.

These little details—into which I have ventured to enter, chiefly, I must own, to indulge in the pleasure which I feel in calling back the happy

¹ Animals nearly as unknown to the Irish peasant as kangaroos and opossums.

² This story was also related to me by a woman from Somersetshire. Dr. Leyden heard it in Scotland. My Somerset friend concluded it by saying, "and I came away." She could not tell why; but it is, I should suppose, a *formula* signifying that the narrator knows nothing further.

days of childhood,—will, I know, expose me to the scorn of many, doubtless very sage and very sagacious personages; but there are others (and they are those whose approbation I most covet,) by whom they will, I am confident, be received with indulgence, if not with favour. Begging pardon, therefore, for my digression, I now proceed with my subject.

A great coincidence of thought and expression is often to be observed between writers of the same age and country, or of different ages and different countries; and yet there may have been no imitation whatever. We are, in fact, too apt to make charges of plagiarism. For my part, I am slow to make the charge myself, or to admit it when made by others¹. It must, to convince me, be quite certain that the author had read the work from which he is accused of having borrowed, and that the number of similar ideas and expressions should be so great as to leave no room for doubt².

¹ I have myself been charged with taking the simile of a map of the world, in the Preface to my *Outlines of History*, from the work of a similar title in the *Library of Useful Knowledge*; whereas the truth is, I doubt if I have ever seen that work.

² "There is a pleasure sure in being mad
Which none but madmen know."

Dryden's Spanish Friar.

"There is a pleasure in poetic pains

Which none but poets know."—*Cowper's Task.*

Though I think there is imitation here, I would not positively assert it.

Thus no one can hesitate to believe that Lord Byron took the admired description of a shipwreck in his *Don Juan* from a narrative which was published a short time before at Edinburgh, though his lordship kindly left to the critics or to posterity the pleasure of making the discovery. It has never entered the mind of any one to doubt that Spenser was largely indebted to Tasso for his Bower of Acrasia, or that Virgil frequently did no more than translate Homer. The simile of the reflection of the sunbeams from the water, in the *Æneis*, has surely been taken from the *Argonautics* of that sweet poet Apollonius of Rhodes; and Ariosto¹ and Camoens² have as surely been indebted to Virgil for the use of the same comparison, though the latter poet has altered, in my opinion much improved it, by substituting a mirror in the hand of a boy for the original pot of water. On the other hand, (to give a single and a slight instance,) when Horace says that the Julian star (the young Marcellus) shines among others like the moon among the lesser fires³; and when Bojardo, in one of his most pleasing stanzas, says that all other beauties were to Angelica as the other stars to the moon, or the moon to the sun⁴,

¹ *Orl. Furioso*, c. viii. st. 71.

² *Os. Lusiadas*, c. viii. st. 87.

³ "..... micat inter omnes
Julium sidus, velut inter ignes
Luna minores."

⁴ "Tal sarebbon con lei qual esser suole
L'altre stelle a Diana e lei co 'l sole."

—we might say that he had Horace in view; for the lord of Scandiano was well read in the classics. But when, in an Arabian tale, we meet, “Noor-ed-deen, who shone among his companions like the moon among the inferior luminaries”¹, we see at once that this is a mere coincidence; for what could the Arabian story-teller know of Horace?

These coincidences are much more frequent than people in general seem to suppose. I will give an instance which occurred to myself. Having occasion, in the *Fairy Mythology*, to relate an Irish legend in the character of an old woman, I said, speaking of a field of wheat at sunset, “and it was a pretty sight to see it waving so beautifully with every air of wind that was going over it, dancing like to the music of a thrush that was singing down below in the hedge.” It was not without surprise that some time after I read, in the *Rosenöl* of Jos. von Hammer, the following passage from an Arabian author:—“The sun was just setting, and the glow of rubies was penetrating the emeraldine enamel of the trees, whose boughs were waving to the sound of the melody of the birds².” Though the language and colouring are widely different, the idea, it will be seen, is precisely the same. Here I will observe, for the benefit of writers of fiction, that minds operate in so similar a manner, that one

¹ Noor-ed-deen signifies ‘light of religion’: hence the simile readily presented itself.

² *Fairy Mythology*, ii. p. 184. *Rosenöl*, ii. p. 45.

may venture, without fear of violating nature, to give very poetic and even very philosophic ideas to characters taken from any rank in society, provided the language in which they are clothed be such as these persons are in the habit of employing. An instance may serve to illustrate this assertion.

Coleridge, in a most beautiful poem, when deriding the error of those who call the note of the nightingale melancholy¹, exclaims,

“ A melancholy bird ! Oh ! idle thought !
 In nature there is nothing melancholy :
 But some night-wandering man, whose soul was pierc'd
 With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
 Or slow distemper, or neglected love,
 (And so, poor wretch ! fill'd all things with himself,
 And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
 Of his own sorrow,) he, and such as he,
 First named these notes a melancholy strain,
 And many a poet echoes the conceit².”

¹ The earliest instance, perhaps the source, of this error is the passage of the *Odyssey*, xix. 518 *et seq.*

² See Petrarca, son. 270. In ‘Die Nacht’ of Göthe occurs the following stanza, which contains the whole philosophy of the matter :—

“ Wenn die Nachtigall Geliebten
 Liebevoll ein Liedchen singt
 Das Gefang’nen und Betrübten
 Nur wie Ach und Wehe klingt.”

“ When the nightingale to lovers
 Singeth full of love a lay
 That to captives and th’ afflicted
 Soundeth nought but Wellaway.”

Had Coleridge read this before he wrote the lines above ?

I was one evening in a favourite village of mine, listening with my usual delight to the song of this 'Attic warbler,' and I remarked to the mistress of the house where I was living, how absurd it was to say that the note was melancholy. She readily agreed that it was not so; and observed, that it was probably first regarded as such by some one who was sitting up at night with a sick friend, and heard the nightingale singing. My worthy friend is no great reader, and sure I am she had never read those lines of Coleridge; yet how, except in elegance of thought and expression, does her hypothesis differ from that of the metaphysical poet?

"Deuce take the ancients, they have stolen all my best thoughts!" was a very natural exclamation; and *Nullum est jam dictum quod non dictum sit prius* was said two thousand years ago. How constantly, too, do discoverers find that they have been anticipated¹! In my own *Mythology of Greece*, (to speak from knowledge,) there is ten times more originality than I shall ever get credit for; but I claim no praise, for I should have known what had been done by others, and I must be content to be considered indebted to them, and that, to make matters worse, without having 'whispered whence I stole those balmy

¹ Can anything be more surprising than the anticipation of the theories of Wolf and Niebuhr by Vico, in his *Scienza Nuova*? Neither of them, certainly, knew anything of that work.

spoils' ¹. Again, as my style is tolerably lucid, (for I am never content if I do not make my meaning perfectly clear,) I am, by those who seem to judge of depth by obscurity, frequently represented as deficient in profundity. I will not presume to say that the charge is totally devoid of foundation; but I would entreat such persons to reflect that the utmost perspicuity is compatible with considerable depth²; and I would remind them that the limpid animated Thames flows deeper than the opaque 'sullen' Mole. I will cite an instance which bears on the present subject. A passage was selected from that Mythology as a proof of my want of depth. Now the very same thought happens to occur in Plato, and expressed in so similar a manner that few would believe I had not taken it from him; yet most certainly I had not then read that part of his works.

Though a writer may be indebted for his ideas and expressions to a work which he has read, it does not follow that his imitation is direct, or that the passage was actually present to his mind at the time. I will again, at the risk of being charged

¹ Often have I repeated these words of Neapolis, an old commentator on Ovid: "*Hoc olim me primum vidisse credebam, sed repperi postea ab aliis præoccupatum.*"

² I always thought that Cicero had more depth than he gets credit for; and I am glad to find that the learned A. Böckh is of the same way of thinking. I doubt if Johnson be *very much* more profound than Addison.

with egotism, instance in myself; for I *know* what has occurred in my own case, and could only conjecture in the case of another.

I remember to have written many years ago some very indifferent verses; for I except myself from the number of those to whom it has been given to be poets. If I recollect rightly, the first stanza ran thus:—

As when a storm in vernal skies
 The face of day doth stain,
 And o'er the smiling landscape flies,
 With mist and drizzling rain;
 If chance the sun look through the shower
 O'er hill and flowery dale,
 Reviving nature owns his power
 And softly sighs the gale.

It will be seen at once that the original of this are the following beautiful lines of Milton:—

“As when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds
 Ascending, while the north-wind sleeps, o'erspread
 Heaven's cheerful face, the lowering element
 Scowls o'er the darkened landskip snow or shower:
 If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet
 Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
 The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
 Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.”

Many even of the words are the very same. I was familiar with Milton, and yet it was some time before the similarity struck me. The passage, then, had been secretly lurking in my mind; and I was beguiled with a phantom of originality at the time

that I was an unconscious imitator.—I consider this case worth recording as a psychological fact¹.

As I do not intend to subject myself to the trammels of method, and am resolved to digress when and where I please, I will now make an excursion, and attempt to vindicate the poetic character of our great poet; for he has fallen into the hands of a sad set of literary thief-takers, who are eager to exercise their vocation on even the mere suspicion of a possibility. In fact, every one of those ingenious persons who have undertaken to elucidate the *Paradise Lost*, and his other poems, has shown a most laudable desire to reduce him from his high estate, and bring him down to the condition of a mere centoist, who went sedulously peering into every nook and corner of literature in search of words and ideas. They seem incapable of conceiving the creative and self-sufficient power of original genius; they think that because Milton was a great reader he must needs have been a great plagiarist; and they make him like the daw in the fable, with this difference, that the daw adorned his person with the feathers of finer birds than himself, while the eagle of British poetry pilfered the plumage of

¹ I however think that a man may have met with thoughts, images, expressions, or even theories, in books he had read, which made no impression on him at the time, and which he afterwards produced of himself.

birds of every kind, even of the titmouse and the wren ¹.

Now I opine differently. I regard Milton as being of the Dantean, and not of the Virgilian class of poets; and I view the *Paradise Lost* as one great conception, matured in the maker's mind, and poured, as it were, from the furnace at a cast,—not a mosaic sedulously and painfully put together from pieces collected in various quarters. We have, in fact, no proof that Milton was gifted with any extraordinary powers of memory, (indeed, the errors into which he falls in some plain points of classical mythology prove the contrary ²;) and without such he could hardly have retained all those passages of poets, both great and small, which it is supposed he imitated. It is nowhere said that, like Butler, he kept a commonplace-book; and his daughters and his

¹ It may be said that they meant that unconscious kind of imitation of which I have just given an instance. Whoever reads them, however, will see that they had no such idea, and thought only of plain, palpable, direct imitation.

² We are told by Toland, that Milton had Homer nearly by heart. How then could he say,

“As when Ulysses on the larboard shunn'd
Charybdis, and by the *other whirlpool* steer'd”?

Surely the Homeric Scylla is not a whirlpool!

Again, where did he learn that Hermione (*Paradise Lost*, ix. 506.) was the name of the wife of Cadmus? In what romance did he read that

“Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabbia”?

friends do not seem to have been in the habit of reading to him the divers obscure works to which we are told he was indebted. If I understand him aright, Milton himself intimates that his reading, at least at the time he may be supposed to be meditating his great poem, was *select*: and in the *Paradise Lost* he says,

“But knowledge is as food, and needs no less
Her temperance over appetite, to know
In measure what the mind may well contain;
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind.”

which surely is not the language of a literary glutton.

By far the larger part of these supposed imitations are nothing more than coincidences, and often very slight ones. Johnson, in his *Life of Addison*, tells us that a schoolmaster once said to him, speaking of the simile of the angel in the *Campaign*, that if he were to give the *Battle of Blenheim* as a theme to ten of his boys, it would not surprise him if eight of them brought him that simile. I must confess that it would surprise *me*; and I should strongly suspect them of being all copyists but one. Still it is certain, that when two or more persons write on the same subject, there will often be a marvellous similarity of diction, thought and imagery. This might suffice, methinks, to account for the resemblance between a few passages of the *Paradise Lost* and the *Adamus Exsul* of Grotius, the *Adamo* of Andreini,

and other obscure poems on the same subject. I think I have seen it hinted, that Milton was under some obligation to the Batavian poet Vondel, and to the Anglo-Saxon Cædmon: though he knew not Dutch, and it may be doubted if his editor Junius, much less Milton, understood Cædmon. Were any passages similar to some in the *Paradise Lost* to be found in the *Ramayuna* or *Maha-Bharata*, it would not in the least amaze me to see the course traced out by which Milton had irrigated his genius by rivulets derived from these huge tanks.

Milton, who, as Mr. Rossetti most justly observes, resembled Dante in more points than one, derived, like him, his inspiration from the Bible. This was the fount to which he unceasingly repaired, and whence he 'in his golden urn drew light'; and he who will understand Milton aright, must study the sacred volume, not merely in the translation, but in the original languages¹. The higher poetry of Greece and Latium was also familiar to his mind, and his knowledge of it was kept up by frequent perusal, and ideas thence derived were mingled with his own original conceptions. Very few traces of his obligations to the minor poets are to be found; and it is remarkable how seldom he has adopted the language or ideas of the 'lofty grave tragedians', though Euripides

¹ Dante, on the contrary, drew from the Vulgate, which must be read if we would understand him. Mr. Rossetti has used it to great advantage. Dante borrowed from it and Virgil alone; in this independence, too, resembling Milton.

was one of his greatest favourites, and he had probably the Prometheus of Æschylus in view when he conceived his Satan. I doubt if he read much Italian in his latter years: he very rarely employs the thoughts or language of Dante¹; but some passages of Tasso seem to have adhered to his mind. He was evidently fond of Fairfax's version of the Jerusalem Delivered; and expressions derived from it, the Faerie Queene, and the dramas of Shakspeare, occur in his heroic poems. I feel disposed to doubt the extent of his acquaintance with the old romances of chivalry, as everything relating to it in his works is to be found in the Morte d'Arthur and the Italian romantic poems².

Such are a few of my notions respecting Milton and his poems. His commentators seem to be all of a different way of thinking: to prove him to be the most learned of poets, they have sought to lower him in the poetic scale, placing nearly on a

¹ From the terrestrial Paradise of Dante, and its copy by Ariosto, Milton only took the idea of its being on a hill.

² We are told that Swift showed that—

“..... on a sudden *open fly*,
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
The infernal *doors*, and on their *hinges grate*
Harsh thunder,”—

was suggested by “*Open flew the brazen folding-doors, grating harsh thunder on their turning hinges*,” in Don Bellianis of Greece, Pt. ii. c. 19. See Todd. Another critic (see Newton) sends us for it to the castle of Brandezar in that romance. I have examined three translations of Bellianis, published in the seventeenth century, and could not find it.

line with Virgil and Gray, him whose proper station is with Æschylus and Dante. I will give an instance or two of this lust of tracing imitation.

When the gates of hell opened, the poet says,

“ So wide they stood, and like a furnace-mouth
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.”

His last commentator, in his note, refers us to Dante:—

“ E giammai non si videro in fornace
Vetri o metalli si lucenti e rossi
Come io vidi un che dicea :”—*Purg.*, c. xxiv.

“ Was ne'er in furnace glass or metal seen
So bright and glowing-red as was the shape
I now beheld.” *Cary.*

This is certainly worthy of honest Fluellin: ‘there is a *furnace* in both’—and there ends the parallel.

On

“ up stood the corny reed,
Embattled in her field,”

all the commentators quote Virgil’s

“ quo *cornea* summo
Virgulta et densis hastilibus horrida myrtus,”

regarding it, of course, as at least an illustration. I confess my apprehension is not acute enough to discern the secret tie which links the *cornel-trees* of the one poet with the *corny reed* of the other. This, however, may only prove the obtuseness of my intellect; but I think, on the other hand, that I can prove that they have all misunderstood the ‘corny reed,’ which they assert to be equivalent with ‘horny rush.’ Johnson, for instance, gives

in his Dictionary, 'horny' as a sense of 'corny,' quoting this very passage of Milton as a proof, to which Mr. Todd adds, from Lisle's *Dubartas*,

"(The rain) downward 'gan to rave,
And drowned the *corny* ranks."

I however think, that as, in another place of the poem, 'balmy reed' plainly signifies the reed that bears the balm, so here the most natural sense of 'corny reed' is the reed (*calamus*, not *arundo*,) that produces corn.

I would prove it thus. The angel is describing to Adam the progress of the vegetable creation: the 'bare earth,' he says, 'brought forth the tender grass'; then 'the herb that flowered'; then

"Forth flourished thick the clustering vine, forth crept
The swelling gourd, up stood the corny reed
Embattled in her field, and the humble shrub
And bush with frizzled hair implicit."

The progression is leaf, flower, fruit; and we find the 'corny reed' placed with the last. I will only add, that 'embattled in her field' applies far better to a field of wheat or barley than to rushes growing in a marsh or along a stream. The 'corny ranks' of Lisle will also apply best to a field of corn.

Ere I quit the subject of Milton, I will notice an instance of critical hardihood emulative of Bentley.

Speaking of the infernal artillery, the poet says,

"..... at each behind
A seraph *stood*, and in his hand a reed
Stood waving, tipt with fire, while we suspense
Collected *stood* within our thoughts amused."

In the last edition, the note on 'stood waving' is, "This is certainly an error; 'stood' occurs in the line before and after. Bentley would read 'held'; but wishing to keep as close to the text as I can, I propose 'shone': Mr. Dyce proposes 'shook'."

Now I would crave permission to suggest to these 'learned Thebans,' that Milton must have had the proof-sheets of his poem read out to him, and that such an enormous error could hardly have escaped *his* ear, and be repeated in his second edition. This consideration alone might satisfy us. But in reality, Milton had not the horror of the recurrence of the same word which prevails among us pygmies of these degenerate days: like his admired ancients, he loved, as numerous instances show, to repeat the same word; and his object here was evidently to express the state of pause and anxious expectation which preceded the discharge of the Satanic ordnance. Possibly the second 'stood' was meant to express the Italian *stava*: it was, however, more probably intended to indicate the erect posture in which the reed was held, 'waved' by its own weight, or by the motion of the air.

I have many more arrows in my quiver ready to discharge at the Miltonian commentators, but I must not trespass too much on the patience of the reader. A time may perhaps arrive when I shall be able to devote my pen to the illustrious theme, and possibly clear away some of the clouds

of error and ignorance which still dim the effulgence of this other sun of the British heaven of poetry.

Having mentioned Dante, I cannot refrain from gratifying (as I know it will) his admirable expositor, my friend Rossetti, by declaring thus publicly my conviction of the soundness of his views respecting the true sense of the *Divina Commedia*. His commentary on the *Inferno* commands my assent: the poem is no longer the pilgrimage of a Catholic devotee through the abodes of the departed; it is the keen satire of the ardent Ghibelline: the hell is Guelfic Italy, immersed in vice and misery; the Pope is Lucifer; and Virgil, who conducts the poet, is a personification of the monarchic principle. I have little doubt that Mr. Rossetti's succeeding volumes will, as he promises¹, prove that the *Purgatory* reveals the means of political regeneration, and the *Paradise* pictures forth the reformed world under one sole head—the image of God on earth. I must confess, too, that I am not indisposed to regard the Beatrice of Dante, the Laura² of Petrarca, the Fiammetta of Boc-

¹ In his curious work "*Sullo Spirito Antipapale de' Classici Italiani*."

² In the canzone beginning with

"Una donna più bella assai che 'l sole,"

the lady is evidently a 'donna di mente,' or personification; yet I think it is hinted pretty plainly that she is Laura.

"I should be glad," said an ingenious friend to me, "to see any theory established which would prove that Petrarch was not a fool." There is meaning in this.

caccio, and all those ladies with significant names first met in Passion-week, and who die so strangely, all before their lovers, as having more the air of abstraction than of reality. I also think it by no means unlikely that the Ghibellines were a secret society, and had a *gergo*, or conventional language, understood only by themselves. I have had occasion to make some inquiries into the subject of secret societies; and perhaps things which prove stumbling-blocks to others are plain and easy to me.

Let not, then, my excellent friend despond: truth is great, and will prevail; and if his system of interpretation be founded in truth, as I believe it is, his name will go down to the most remote posterity coupled with that of one of the greatest poets that have ever existed. To few is such glory given!

CHAPTER II.

THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS—BEDOWEEN AUDIENCE
 AROUND A STORY-TELLER—CLEOMADES AND CLARE-
 MOND—ENCHANTED HORSES—PETER OF PROVENCE AND
 THE FAIR MAGUELONE.

IT is now more than a century and a quarter since Europe became, through M. Galland's French translation, acquainted with the Thousand and One Nights¹, the *Elf Leila wa Leila* of the Arabs—that marvellous collection of tales which has afforded more delight to mankind than perhaps any other product of the human imagination. The avidity with which these tales were read almost exceeds belief; they were speedily translated into other European languages; the adventures of Sindbad, Aladdin, Agib, and the other heroes of these brilliant fictions, became as familiar and as attractive in the West as they were in the East; and by a curious casualty, the same tale might be listened to at the same moment in the Syrian or Egyptian coffee-house, the Bedoween circle, and the French or British cottage. We are told that in Paris parties used at night to stop before the house in which

¹ Or Arabian Nights' Entertainments, as the Grub-street worthy who was employed to *do* them into English chose to entitle them.

M. Galland resided, wake him up from his sleep, and insist on his relating to them a story.

It is needless to ask whence the charms of these tales arise: the wonderful will always have attractions, brilliant imagination will always assert its power; and the circumstance of our religion, and the volume in which it is contained, being derived from the East, raises in the youthful mind an early predilection for that part of the world. The East, we are taught, contained the blissful Paradise of man's infancy and innocence, which the genius of Milton has filled with all that can yield delight. It was in the East that Abraham and the succeeding patriarchs led that life of pastoral ease and abundance so dear to the imagination of ingenuous youth.

“ Those pleased the most where by a cunning hand
 Depicted was the patriarchal age;
 What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land
 And pastured on from verdant stage to stage,
 Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.
 Toil was not then: of nothing took they heed
 But with wild beasts the silvan war to wage,
 And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed.
 Blest sons of nature they! true golden age indeed!”

The East was the scene of the sweet tale of Ruth, and of the interesting adventures of David. It was, in fact, the land of miracle and wonder, favoured with the choicest regards of the Deity; and imagination has always invested its front with a *nimbus* of splendour. Such, at least, were my own early impressions of the East; and I should suppose I

am but one of the many. The Thousand and One Nights, and similar collections, come to augment this illusion; the noble Vision of Mirza and other fictions of the same kind lend their aid; and I apprehend there are few persons fond of reading who have not exaggerated ideas of the magnificence and beauty of that part of the world lurking in the recesses of their imagination. Nor is this illusion (as those who have lost it well know,) to be deplored. Many are the dark and cloudy days of life; and most happy is he for whom they are most frequently gilded by the rays of fancy. And the brilliant fictions of the East, and the popular tales which amused our childhood, and still recall its pleasures, have in this the advantage over the modern novel,—they go at once beyond the regions of probability, and cannot therefore injure by exciting romantic expectations of the fortune of the hero or heroine being realised in ourselves¹. This power of yielding innocuous pleasure they share with the higher order of poetry, a taste for which has never, I believe, proved anything but beneficial to any mind whatever.

In Europe we read these tales; in the East, where the printing-press is unknown, they are

¹ Few have a clear conception of the evils produced by indiscriminate novel-reading. Sir Walter Scott, with his usual felicity, compares novels to opiates. These of course should be used with extreme moderation; but, alas! I fear that the number of our opium-eaters is considerable. Was he then totally blameless who supplied so much of the seductive drug, and gave dignity to the use of it?

mostly listened to from the lips of the story-teller. The manner in which the story-teller by profession enacts his narrative to the idle loungers in the coffee-house, or to the crowd in the streets, has often been described¹; but few have an adequate conception of the eager attention and breathless interest with which the unsophisticated children of the desert listen to tales of love, of war, and of wonder. I will therefore, in the words of an eye-witness, place a Bedoween audience and story-teller on the scene.

“When the burning sun,” says M. von Hammer², “has sunk behind the sand-hills, and the thirsty ground is licking up and swallowing the cooling dew, they no less greedily swallow the tales and fables which they have perhaps already heard a hundred times, but which nevertheless—thanks to the mobility of their imagination and the expertness of the narrator—operate on them with all the force of novelty.”

“One should see these children of the desert, how they are moved and agitated, how they melt away in feeling and flame up in rage, how they fall into an agony and then recover their

¹ See Jon. Scott's Introduction to his edition of the Arabian Nights, Hajji Baba, Sketches of Persia, &c.

² In a review of the English translation of Antar in the Vienna *Jahrbücher der Literatur*, vol. vi. Whenever I have to treat of matters concerning the East, I am always deeply indebted to the writings of this distinguished orientalist, with whose friendship and correspondence I am honoured.

TALES
AND
POPULAR FICTIONS.



With eager attention they list to the story
Of love, and of war, and of wonder and glory ;
They rush to the field with the hero, they gaze
With delight on the scenes the narrator displays.

DRAWN BY W. H. BROOKE, F. S. A., ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY G. BAXTER,
PUBLISHED BY WHITTAKER AND CO.

1834.

breath, how they laugh and weep, how they participate with the narrator and with the hero of the tale, in the magic of the descriptions, and the frenzy of the passions. It is a perfect drama, but one in which the audience are at the same time the actors. Is the hero of the story threatened by imminent danger, they shudder, and cry aloud, 'No, no, no, God forbid, it cannot be!' (*La, la, la, istaghferallah!*) Should he be in the midst of the fight, mowing down the hostile squadrons with his sword, they grasp their own, and stand up, as if they would fly to his aid. Does he fall into the snares of treachery and falsehood, their foreheads contract in wrinkles of displeasure, and they cry, 'The curse of God on the traitor!' Does he succumb at last beneath the multitude of his foes, a long and glowing 'Ah!' comes from their breast, accompanied by the blessing of the dead,—'May the mercy of God be upon him! may he rest in peace!' But if he returns from the fight victorious and crowned with fame, the air is filled with loud cries of 'Praise God the Lord of Hosts!' Descriptions of the beauties of nature, and especially of the spring, are received with repeated exclamations of *Taïb, taïb*, i. e. 'Good, good!' and nothing can compare with the satisfaction that sparkles in their eyes when the narrator leisurely and *con amore* draws a picture of female beauty.

"They listen with silent attention; and when he ends his description with the exclamation, 'Praised

be God, who hath created beautiful women !' they all, in the enthusiasm of admiration and gratitude, shout out in full chorus, 'Praised be God, who hath created beautiful women!' Forms of speech of this kind frequently introduced into the course of the narrative, and lengthened out with well-known sayings and circumlocutions, serve, as it were, for resting-places to the narrator, to enable him to take breath, or to continue quietly and easily spinning on with them the thread of the narrative, without any new demand on his memory or imagination. Where the narrator to a European audience would say, 'And now they continued their journey,' the Arabian orator says, 'And now they went on over hills and dales, through woods and plains, over meads and deserts, over fields and pathless wilds, up hill, down dale, from the morning dawn till the evening came.' While uttering these forms of speech, which flow unconsciously from his lips, he collects his attention, and then goes on with his story, till the declining night, or the fatigue of his lungs, enjoins him to break off his narrative, which, with the good-will of his auditors, would never come to a termination. A story-teller, however, never ends his tale the same evening, but breaks off in one of the most interesting parts, promising to give the continuation or the conclusion the next evening : and if it should happen to terminate early in that evening, he immediately begins another, the continuation of which again is put off till the following evening : and thus

evening after evening are woven together in a series of narrations ¹."

It is a general, but I believe an erroneous idea, that the Thousand and One Nights are familiarly known all over the Mohammedan East. Mr. Jonathan Scott says that he never heard any of them in India. I do not recollect that Mr. Morier, or any of our travellers in Persia, makes any mention of them as forming a part of the literary funds of the story-tellers of that country. M. Hammer says, that when he went to Constantinople in the year 1799, he was charged by the Austrian minister for foreign affairs to purchase for him a copy of these tales, at any price; and the result of his inquiries at the book-mart and among the Meddah, or coffee-house narrators, was, that they were totally unknown at Constantinople, and were only to be had in Egypt. And in effect it is only in Syria, Arabia, Egypt, and the north coast of Africa, that is, in the countries where the Arabic language is spoken, that copies of this work can be procured ².

Yet Persia is evidently the original country of the Thousand and One Nights. M. Hammer quotes the following passage from the Golden

¹ This explains the artifice of Shehrzade in the Arabian Nights.

² The Arabic Thousand and One Nights is now made attainable to all orientalist by a very neat edition, published lately in Germany by Dr. Habicht, from a manuscript procured from Tunis.

Meadow of Massoodee, a writer who flourished in the twelfth century. "The historical work of Obeid Ben Sheriyeh is in the hands of all the world; but many persons class his narrations with the tales and stories invented for the amusement of indolent princes, by which people seek to insinuate themselves into their favour. This book, then, is rather one of the same kind with those fabulous works which have been translated out of the Persian, Indian and Greek languages; such, for example, as the book of the Thousand Artifices (*Hezar Efsáneh*), called in Arabic the Thousand Tales (*Elf Kharafa*), and which is usually known under the name of the Thousand Nights (*Elf Leila*). It contains the story of a king, his daughter Shehrzade, and her nurse Dinarzade. A similar work is that of Jelkand and Sheemas, that is, the History of an Indian King and his ten Viziers: such, too, are the Voyages of Sindbad, and other works of the kind." The same writer says in another place, speaking of the Khalif Mansoor, the father of Haroon-er-Rasheed, "He was the first who had books translated out of the Persian, among which was that called *Kolaila wa Dimna*¹." M. Hammer infers from these pas-

¹ That is, the Fables of Bidpai, or Pilpai, the celebrated Kartaka Damnaka, or Hitôpadêsa of the Hindoos. In the Sketches of Persia (vol. i. p. 139 *et seq.*) will be found a very interesting account of the manner in which this work was brought to Persia in the time of Noosheerwân the Just.

sages that the Thousand Nights, as they were originally called, could not have been translated into Arabic before the time of Mansoor; but as the first passage quoted is not to be found in all the manuscripts of Massoodee, and as it has been asserted that the Persian poet Rastee, who lived at the court of Mahmood of Ghizni (a century later than Massoodee,) was the author of the Thousand Tales (*Hezar Efsáneh*), he will not maintain that the passage in question is not an interpolation, an evil to which, he says, manuscripts are so very liable. At all events, it is clear that the work is originally Persian, and some of the tales (particularly the two presently to be noticed,) bear evident marks of their Persian extraction. As, however, Haroon-er-Rasheed, the son of Khalif Mansoor, is the hero of the greater portion of them, M. Hammer is led from this and other circumstances to infer, that it was at the court of the later Mamlook sultans of Egypt that the work received its present form, and the greater part of its present contents were written. The Voyages of Sindbad, we may observe, was originally a separate work. I will further add, that I cannot perceive any traces of a Hindoo original in the tales translated by M. Galland; but some of those translated by M. Hammer certainly came from the land of the Bramins.

I trust the reader will not deem this inquiry into the origin and history of these celebrated tales superfluous. It follows from it, that at least the

Persian portion of them was in existence before the Decamerone, or any other European collection of tales, was written. I will now proceed to show that some of these very Persian tales made their way to Europe centuries before the appearance of M. Galland's translation.

The most distinguished French poet of the thirteenth century was Adans, or Adenès, surnamed *Le Roi*, either on account of his superior poetic talent, or, as M. Paris with more probability thinks, because he held the post of Roi des Ménestrels, or master of the band of jongleurs, at the court of France. Adenès was a native of Brabant; and when the Princess Mary of Brabant became queen of France, she took him with her to Paris. Here, to gratify his patroness and her sister-in-law Blanche of France, he composed a long romance in verse, named Cléomadès, of which the date may be thus determined. Mary of Brabant was married to Philip the Bold in 1274, and Blanche, who had been married in 1269 to Fernando de la Cerda, infant of Castille, returned on his death in 1275 to the court of her brother. King Philip died in the year 1283, so that the romance was probably composed in the interval between 1275 and that year.

This romance, of which several copies exist in France, but not one I believe in this country, contains about 19,000 octosyllabic verses. The scene is laid in the time of the Emperor Diocletian; and the narrative is frequently interrupted by episodes,

one of the most remarkable of which is the account of the marvels performed by the poet Virgil, the greatest magician of his time in Rome. *Le Cheval de Fust*, or the Wooden Horse, is another title of this poem, as a steed of that kind is an important actor in it¹.

An *Extrait* of this story, under the title of 'Cléomadès et Claremonde', was given by Count Tressan in the *Bibliothèque des Romans*. His account of it is, that it was originally composed in Spanish verse, and then translated into prose, both in French and Spanish. From a copy of the former version in the library of the Marquis of Paulmy, he made his *Extrait*. Having perhaps an unjust suspicion of Count Tressan's literary integrity, and not being able to go and personally examine the poem, I applied to M. Paulin Paris, of the Royal Library at Paris, who most kindly gave me all the information I required. The following is a part of his letter.

"Tressan's imitation, though it gives but a very imperfect idea of the merit of the romance on which it is founded, is nevertheless exact as to the succession and connexion of the events. The romance imitated by Tressan is not, however, that of the Roi Adenès, but an imitation in prose, made at the end of the fifteenth century by an unknown author after the romance in verse of Cléomadès,

¹ For the preceding details I am indebted to the letter prefixed by M. Paulin Paris to his edition of Adenès' poem of *Li Romans de Berte aux grans Piés*, Paris, 1832.

to travel for his improvement. He visited Greece, Germany and France, and was proceeding to Italy, when he was summoned home by the king and queen to give his presence at the nuptials of his sisters, whose hands were sought by three great princes, who were now arrived in Seville, whither their fame had preceded them. For they were not only powerful monarchs, but were deeply versed in astronomy, and well skilled in the art of magic. The one was Melicandus, king of Barbary; the second was Bardigans, king of Armenia; the third, whose name was Croppart, was king of Hungary. This last was ugly and hump-backed; his soul was as deformed as his body, and his tongue was pregnant with falsehood.

These three kings had met together before they set out for Seville, and had agreed that each should give such a present to the king and queen as would entitle him to ask a gift in return. On their arrival they were received with all becoming honours; and King Melicandus presented the royal pair with a man of gold, who held in his right hand a trumpet formed of the same metal, made with so much art, that if treason lurked within even a considerable distance of him, he put the trumpet to his mouth and blew a loud and piercing blast.

Bardigans presented a hen and six chickens of gold, so skilfully formed that they seemed to be alive. He placed them on the ground, and they instantly began to run about, to peck, and to clap

their wings. The hen flew up on the queen's knee, cackled, and laid a fine pearl in her lap. "She will do the same every third day," said Bardi-gans.

All present were lost in admiration of these wonderful gifts. King Croppart now came forward with a large wooden horse, magnificently caparisoned, with pins of steel on his head and shoulders. "Sire," said he in a harsh and discordant voice, "with the horse which I offer you one may mount in the air, cross the seas, and travel at the rate of fifty leagues an hour."

The king and queen, who yielded to none in generosity, offered the strangers in return anything that was in their power to bestow. At once they craved as a boon the hands of the three fair princesses of Seville; and Marchabias and Ectriva seeing no sufficient reason to justify a refusal, accorded them their demand. The two elder princesses and the whole court were pleased with the kings of Barbary and Armenia, who were handsome and agreeable in their persons. But the Princess Maxima, when she saw that she was the choice of King Croppart, burst into tears, and running to her brother, implored him to deliver her from such a hideous monster, or to put her to death with his own hand. Cleomades, who loved his sister tenderly, and could not endure the idea of her being thus sacrificed, arose and declared to his father that he had bound himself by oath to defend the liberty of his younger sister, and that

he could not consent to such a union. On the other hand, Croppart insisted on the promise of the king. The prince, darting at him a look of indignation, said, "The two other kings have merited by the value of their gifts the performance of the king's promise; but what claims do this paltry wooden horse, and the fable you have ventured to tell us, give *you*?" "My lord," said Croppart, gladly seizing the opportunity presented of getting rid of the prince, "be judge yourself of the merits of my horse. There is nothing I will not submit to if I deceive you." "Yes," cried the prince, "I will make the trial of him this very instant." So saying, he had the horse brought out into the garden: the golden man gave a loud blast on his trumpet, but his warning was unheeded, all being so occupied about Prince Cleomades. The prince mounted the horse, but he remained immovable: he began to menace Croppart: "Turn the steel pin in his forehead," cried the latter:—the golden man blew his trumpet more fiercely than before. The king heard it, and called to his son to dismount; but it was now too late, the prince had turned the pin, and was aloft in the air, carried along with such velocity that he was speedily out of sight.

The king and queen, full of grief and indignation, instantly had Croppart seized, menacing him with the most cruel death in case any evil should befall their son. But he replied with the greatest calmness, "The fault is not mine; he

should have waited till I had told him how to manage the horse." There appeared so much reason in what he said, that they did not feel justified in having recourse to any measures of extreme rigour against him. He was therefore only confined in an apartment in the palace, but in other respects honourably treated. To the two other kings they made an apology for deferring the nuptials till they should have had tidings of the safety of their son, at the same time assuring them that they had no idea whatever of not fulfilling their engagements.

Meantime Prince Cleomades was carried along with great rapidity. He lost neither his courage nor his self-possession. At first he expected that the horse would bring him back to where he had set out from; but when he saw the appearance of the country continually changing beneath him, and at last found that he was passing over the sea, he perceived to his grief that he was quitting Spain. Night was now spread over the earth, but still the speed at which he was proceeding remained unchanged. Recollecting, at length, that there were pins on the horses shoulders similar to that on his forehead, he took advantage of the first rays of light to make trial of them. He found that by turning one of them to the right or the left, the horse went in that direction; and that when the one on the other shoulder was turned, he slackened his pace and descended towards the earth. This discovery cheered the prince, and he even

began to conceive hopes of some fortunate adventure. The rays of the sun, now reflected from glittering domes and spires, informed him that he was passing over some great and magnificent city; so, skilfully managing the pins on the shoulders of his horse, he descended on the leads of a lofty tower, which stood in the midst of the gardens of a great palace.

The prince, who was both fatigued and hungry after so long a journey through the air, dismounted, and leaving his horse on the roof of the tower, opened a trap-door, and went down a flight of steps, which led him to a hall, where stood a table still covered with the remains of a feast. He sat down and regaled himself, and having drunk some delicious wine, ventured to enter a chamber, the door of which was half open. The first object that met his view was a huge giant, lying stretched on the ground, and fast asleep. The prince softly drew from his hand a key which he saw in it, and coming to a richly ornamented door, tried the key, and opened it. He there beheld three beds, on each of which was reposing a young and beautiful maiden. The prince gazed for a moment on their charms, and then passed on to a door which was standing open, and which gave him a view of a chamber still more magnificent than that which he was in. He entered, and found a bed with rich hangings, and occupied by a maiden in the flower of youth, whose beauty far surpassed that of her companions. She was in a profound sleep.

Cleomades stood lost in rapture, and then for the first time felt the influence of love. As he gazed on her a bee flew into the apartment, and was going to settle on her bosom: fearing to awaken her, the prince blew at the bee with his breath: the insect turned and stung him in the cheek. Just at that instant the maiden awoke, and seeing a man in the chamber gave a loud cry. "Rash man," said she, "how have you presumed to enter this apartment? Are you King Liopatris, whose bride I am destined by my father to be? If you are not, nothing can save you from death." "Yes, Princess," instantly replied Cleomades, "I am. By my address, and under cover of the night, I have penetrated into this chamber. I wished to see and do homage to the beauty destined for me, before I offered her my hand. Haply my respect had led me to retire without awaking you, had not this cruel bee menaced your bosom; and I could only avert the stroke by receiving it myself." He took her lovely hand; the princess was moved, and said, "I pardon you this indiscretion: retire to the garden, while I summon my attendants to aid me to rise."

The prince obeyed without hesitation, and the three attendants coming at the call of their mistress, prepared to attire her. She related to them with a blush her adventure, and did not conceal the impression which the appearance and manners of her future husband had made on her mind. When dressed, the fair princess, followed by her

maids of honour, went down to the garden, where she found Cleomades expecting her. They entered an arbour, and in the course of the conversation which ensued, he learned, by what fell from the attendants, that the princess's name was Claremond, and that she was daughter of Cornuant king of Tuscany, who had engaged her to Liopatris king of Astrachan.

Cleomades could not avoid secretly reproaching himself for the deception he had practised; but he was too deeply in love to run the risk of losing his present bliss. Under his assumed character he proffered vows of everlasting attachment; and taking advantage of the momentary absence of the princess's maidens, who had risen to gather flowers, he fell on his knees before her, and drew from the fair Claremond a confession of corresponding affection, and a vow of eternal fidelity. Just at this moment a loud noise was heard, the doors of the garden flew open, and King Cornuant entered, followed by his courtiers and a troop of armed men.

The giant on awaking had gone to look after his fair charge. Not finding her in her apartment he became uneasy; but hearing the voices of her maids in the garden, he looked out at a window, and beholding a young knight at the feet of the princess in the arbour, he went with all speed and gave information to the king.

Cornuant in a rage demanded of his daughter, how it happened that he thus found a stranger at her feet. "Surely," replied the princess, "it must

be with your own consent that he is come hither, for he is no other than the prince to whom you had engaged me."

"Traitor," cried the king in a fury, turning to Cleomades, "what madness has induced you to intrude on the retirement of my daughter, and to call yourself Liopatris?"

"Ah, Sire," replied Cleomades respectfully, "have pity on a young and helpless knight, who is persecuted by the vengeance of the fairies. My father, one of the sovereigns of Europe, having given them some offence, they condemned me at the moment of my birth to be exposed for three days in each year to the greatest perils, and the moment in which these perils excite fear in my soul, is to be the last of my life.

"From the time I was knighted they have every year caused me to be carried off by a wooden horse, that flies through the air, and takes me all over the world, exposing me to the most appalling dangers; but as yet my courage has never given way. Deign now, Sire, to send up to the leads of this tower, and the horse will be found, who of himself descended in that place. Overcome with hunger and fatigue, I went down in search of relief. Entering the chamber of your daughter, I heard her cry out, 'Rash man, if you are any other than Prince Liopatris, I will call for aid, and your head will be cut off.' I must confess, Sire, that the natural love of life made me have recourse to a stratagem, which I now strongly con-

demn, and I submit to whatever you may please to determine respecting me."

Cornuant was amazed at this relation, to which he did not, however, give full credit. He sent some persons to the roof of the tower, and contrary to his expectations, saw them return, bearing with some difficulty a large ill-formed wooden horse.

He assembled his council, and their unanimous opinion was, that the stranger was deserving of death, for having dared to deceive the Princess Claremond, and assume the name of King Liopatriis. King Cornuant then directed him to prepare for death, as he had not many moments to live.

"I expected nothing else," replied the prince with calmness; then turning to Claremond, who seemed overwhelmed with affliction, "Pardon, divine Princess, the artifice to which I had recourse. Impute it to love, and believe that the most devoted of lovers will expire before your eyes."

The princess sighed, wept, and unable to speak covered her head with her veil. The executioners approached.

"King Cornuant," cried the prince, "I am a knight, and of noble blood; let me die according to the fashion of my own country, where a knight always receives death mounted on his war-horse. Let me mount this instrument of the malignity of the fairies; it may suffice to save my honour and that of my country."

Cornuant, who felt a secret pity for the prince, readily granted his request. Cleomades mounted the wooden horse, turned the pin in his forehead, and was in an instant high in the air, and beyond all danger. He hovered about for some time, to the utter terror and amazement of the beholders; then crying aloud, "Charming Princess, I shall ever remain faithful," directed his course homewards. As he now perfectly understood the management of the horse, he speedily reached Seville. He dismounted, and left the horse at a small country palace, not far from the city, and hastened to console his anxious parents.

The nuptials of the two elder princesses with the kings Melicandus and Bardigans were no longer delayed. But as the Princess Maxima persisted in her aversion to King Croppart, and the golden man blew his trumpet every time he renewed his proposal, and Prince Cleomades moreover still declared himself the champion of his sister, King Marchabias gave him a positive refusal, accompanied with orders to quit the court immediately.

Croppart having been obliged to quit his own kingdom, and stay away for the space of a year, on account of some crimes which he had committed, resolved to remain in the neighbourhood of Seville. He disguised himself, and passed for an Indian physician¹, and taking up his abode in

¹ In the old French romances *physicien* has the sense of

one of the villages near the city, watched the movements of the royal family. He soon learned that Prince Cleomades had set out on another expedition. For this young man, unable to control the violence of his passion for the fair Claremond, had made a confidant of his mother, who, feeling that it would be useless to seek to detain him, had consented to his returning, by means of the wooden horse, to the abode of that princess, only enjoining him prudence and caution.

Cleomades arranged the time of his departure so as to arrive by night at the tower of his beloved Claremond. Instead of alighting on the leads, he directed his horse to a little garden, whose only entrance was from the apartments of the princess, and concealed him in an arbour. Full of hope, of fear, and love, he then drew nigh to the door. It was open,—he entered, and advanced towards the chamber of Claremond. He found her lying in a gentle slumber: a single lamp gave light in the apartment. Having gazed for some moments with rapture on her charms, he gently waked her. “Ah! rash youth,” said she, in a tender and affectionate tone, “why will you again venture on certain death! What do you propose, since you are not King Liopatris?” “To adore you while I live,” returned he, “and give you a station worthy

our word *physician*. M. Tressan has perhaps added this trait from the eastern tale, in which the owner of the horse is an Indian. They knew nothing of Indian physicians in the thirteenth century in Europe.

of you. I am Cleomades, son of the king of Spain. My parents know of my love, and will press you to their bosom, and make you mistress of one of the most splendid thrones in the world." "What!" cried the princess, "are you that Cleomades whom fame proclaims to be the most gallant and accomplished of knights?" The prince replied by presenting her with a splendid bracelet, containing his mother's portrait and his own. The princess avowed her love; she told him that Liopatris was to arrive that very day, attended by all the knights of his court, and that nothing would induce her father to break his word. Cleomades then informed her of his plan, and she consented to mount the enchanted horse, and suffer him to conduct her to Spain.

Day was now approaching: she summoned her three attendants to her presence, who were greatly surprised to see there again the young man who had already run such a risk. Their surprise was augmented when their mistress informed them that he was the celebrated Prince Cleomades. They made no needless remonstrances, but attired the princess in her most costly dress. One packed up her jewels in a small writing-case; another made ready a basket of provisions for her to take with her. The third, more cautious, begged of Cleomades to defer his departure till the sun was risen, and to carry off the princess in the sight of King Cornuant, who every morning walked in the

gardens adjoining those of the princess; by which means, she said, she and her companions would escape all blame. Cleomades consented; the maids retired to their beds, and leading the princess out into the garden, he placed her behind him on the magic horse.

The sun was now spreading his beams over the earth. Cleomades turned the pin in the forehead of his horse, and the steed rose into the air. When he had ascended as high as the tops of the palace towers, he beheld the king and his court in the gardens beneath: "Sire," cried he, "know that I am Cleomades, prince of Spain. Be not uneasy about the princess, my father and mother will receive her with all respect and affection. If King Liopatris, who has never beheld her, should feel offended, I will give him satisfaction; or if he will, I will bestow on him the hand of my sister." So saying, he made an inclination to the king; the princess stretched forth her arms to her father, but the rapidity of the motion soon made her clasp her lover round the waist.

The aërial travellers did not arrive at Seville till early the next morning. The prince descended as before, at the small summer palace, and leaving the princess there to take some repose and recover from the fatigues of her journey, he proceeded to the city to announce her arrival to his father and mother. Marchabias and Ectriva were charmed at his success; they ordered their most

TALES
AND
POPULAR FICTIONS.



Swift as the shaft flies from the string,
Swift as the bird is on the wing,
The enchanted steed bears through the air
Cleomades and Claremond fair.

DRAWN BY W. H. BROOKE, F. S. A., ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY G. BAXTER,
PUBLISHED BY WHITTAKER AND CO.

1834.

splendid equipages to be prepared, and in a few hours the whole court set forth to conduct the fair stranger to the city.

Claremond meantime having taken some repose and refreshment, went forth into the garden, where she amused herself with gathering flowers and weaving them into a chaplet, singing the while some extemporaneous verses. As ill-luck would have it, the malignant Croppart was at one end of the garden culling simples, in his assumed character of a physician. Hearing a melodious voice, he drew near unperceived, and the first object that met his view was his own wooden horse. He then looked on the princess, and he thought her still more beautiful than Maxima. Just then Claremond gave a sigh, and began to weep. "Cleomades, beloved Cleomades, where are you? Could you have deceived me when you said you were going in quest of those who would receive me with honour? Haste, haste, delay no longer!"

Croppart instantly formed his plan; he approached the princess. "Fair and noble lady," said he, "dry up your tears. The prince on arriving at the palace, finding himself unwell in consequence of fatigue, said to me, who am in his most secret confidence, 'Mount the enchanted horse, fly to her whom I adore, and bring her hither with all speed.' He then taught me how to manage him. So, lady, mount, and I will with speed conduct you to the prince."

The unsuspecting Claremond mounted the horse

without hesitation. Croppart turned the pin, and they ascended into the air with such velocity, that the princess was obliged to shut her eyes to avoid becoming dizzy. But when she at length ventured to look below, and saw no signs of a city, but on the contrary forests, lakes and mountains, she became aware of the extent of her misfortune. Croppart, heedless of her reproaches, grasped her fair hands, and turning the head of his horse from the direction of Hungary, whither he was at first proceeding, urged his course over Italy towards Africa. Suddenly the princess gave a piercing cry, and Croppart found that she had swooned away.

He immediately made the horse descend in a mead, watered by a fountain. He took her down, and sprinkled her with water till she revived. He then began to make proposals of love to her, declaring that he had been so captivated by her charms, that he had considered every stratagem lawful, but that it was to raise her to the rank of queen of Hungary that he had carried her off.

The princess, who did not want for talent and quickness, instantly replied, "Ah! Sir, what are you thinking of? Would you make a queen of a poor peasant girl, whom Prince Cleomades purchased of her parents for his pleasure?" "No matter," said Croppart, "your beauty makes you worthy of the first throne in the universe."

His respect, however, now in a great measure vanished, and he urged his suit to the princess in such a manner that she began to grow terrified.

She had again recourse to art. "Stop," said she, "or I shall expire before your eyes. I consent to marry you, if you will only wait till we come to some town where we may be legally united."

Croppart, who, bad as he was, did not wish to be needlessly lowered in her opinion, assented to this moderate request; and being nearly overcome by the heat and fatigue, he went and plunged his arms into the fountain: he also drank of the water to quench his thirst, and the cold of it was so great, that he fell nearly senseless on the ground. Claremond also sat down at a little distance, and exhausted by grief and fatigue, fell fast asleep.

In this state they were found by the falconers of the king of Salerno, who were in pursuit of one of their hawks which had flown away, and had seen him alight at the fountain to drink. They were not a little amazed at finding in this lonesome place an ugly little hunchback, who was breathing as if struggling against death, and near him a lady of surpassing beauty lying fast asleep. They immediately dispatched one of their number with the strange tidings to the king of Salerno, whose name was Mendulus.

This prince, who was of a voluptuous character, instantly mounted his horse and flew to the mead, where he found Croppart and Claremond in the same state in which the falconer had left them. The beauty of Claremond astonished him, and for the first time in his life perhaps he experienced love mingled with sentiment and with respect.

On their awaking he interrogated them. Crop-part asserted that he was a free man, that he had fallen asleep at the fountain, and that the young woman was his wife. Claremond, being asked if this was true, positively denied it, and implored the king to protect her against him. Mendulus had them both brought to the palace; the horse, of which he knew not the use, was not left behind. The fair Claremond was assigned an apartment in the palace: Crop-part was placed in confinement; but the disorder which he had caught at the fountain was so severe, that he expired during the night.

Next morning Mendulus, all impatience, waited on Claremond with the offer of his hand and crown. But she pretended to believe that he was only mocking her. She told him that she was nothing but a foundling, picked up by some persons, who gave her the name of *Trouvée* (*Foundling*), and had afterwards married her to a gentleman; but that the hunchback, who was a great clerk and physician, had carried her off, and brought her with him from country to country, where he made a great deal of money by his philtres and tricks of sleight of hand; so that he had always kept her well clothed and fed until the evening before, when he had beaten and abused her without reason.

Mendulus, who was a good sort of man, and not troubled with too much delicacy, was not at all repelled from the alliance which he proposed by this frank confession. Having for form-sake

held a council, composed of the companions of his pleasure, and gotten their approval of his design, he returned and announced it to the princess. Claremond now saw no other means of retarding the marriage, which she dreaded, than to feign that joy had turned her brain. She committed acts of the greatest folly and extravagance, and at length became so violent, that the king found it necessary to take measures for her cure, and he put her under the care of ten of the most sensible and strongest women he could find.

The court of Spain was meantime in the utmost affliction. When the king and queen arrived with Cleomades at the summer palace, they sought in vain for the Princess Claremond. Cleomades picked up one of her gloves, but no other trace of her or of the enchanted horse could be discovered. His parents brought him back to the palace in a condition which caused apprehensions to be entertained for his life.

In the course of a few days came ambassadors from the court of Tuscany, and the royal family were filled with shame at being obliged to declare that they knew not what was become of the princess. The chief of the embassy, however, who was a prudent sensible man, saw that reproaches would be cruel, and he set about giving consolation to the prince. At the same time he could not refrain from upbraiding him for thus giving himself up to despair, instead of setting out and

searching the whole world for a princess so deserving of regret.

Cleomades felt his strength and courage revive at this reproof; and as soon as he was able to bear the weight of his arms, he mounted a gallant steed, and directed his course towards the kingdom of Tuscany, in the hope of there hearing some tidings of his adored princess. He reached the lofty mountains which surround it, passed through them, and it was far in the night when he came to a castle which stood alone, where he resolved to demand hospitality. As the drawbridge was raised, he called aloud, and a man answered him from the battlements, and told him that it was the custom of this castle, that any knight who was entertained in it should next morning leave his arms and his horse, unless he was willing singly to engage two valiant knights in arms. "The custom is a discourteous one," replied Cleomades. "It was established," said the other, "in consequence of a traitor who was entertained here having assassinated the lord of the castle during the night. When his two nephews found him next morning weltering in his blood, he made them swear, ere he expired, to maintain this custom."

Cleomades was not to be daunted by the proposed terms of hospitality: the drawbridge was lowered, he entered, was well received and entertained, and then retired to repose. In the morn-

ing, the knight who had done the honours of the house required him to surrender his arms, or to fight. The prince forthwith mounted his horse, grasped his lance, and rode forth to where two armed knights awaited his arrival. Immediately the two charge him together; their lances are shivered against his shield, but he remains firm in his seat, while one of the knights is unhorsed, and his shoulder put out of joint by the stroke of the prince's lance. The other then drew his sword, and a long and dubious conflict ensued. At length Cleomades proves victorious, and disarms his opponent, whom he now finds to be a most valiant knight whom he had met when on his travels. They both go to the aid of the wounded knight, who, on being informed of the name of his illustrious adversary, assured him that it was against his will he had aided to maintain that iniquitous custom; adding, that he only regretted his wound because it would prevent his undertaking the defence of a damsel wrongfully accused of treason.

They convey the wounded knight to the castle, and then Cleomades learns that the damsel is one of the princess Claremond's maids of honour. For on the arrival of Liopatris at the court of Tuscany, three knights of his train had forthwith accused the three maids of honour of being accomplices in the carrying off of their mistress.

The two knights confess to Cleomades that they are enamoured of two of the accused damsels, and the wounded man again bemoans his inability to

defend the life and innocence of his mistress. "Ah, sir," replied Cleomades, "cease to afflict yourself; no one is more bound than I to defend the fair Lyriade. I will depart with your comrade, and trust speedily to restore her to you."

Cleomades having selected a suit of plain armour, that he might not be known, set out with his comrade for the court of King Cornuant. On their arrival, he halted in the suburbs, while the knight of the castle went forward to announce that two knights were come to undertake the defence of the accused damsels against the three accusers. Next morning the combatants appear in the lists; the word of onset is given, the knights dart forth and encounter. The strongest of the champions of Liopatris singly engages Cleomades, whose lance penetrates his shield and corselet, and enters his heart. He then flies to the aid of his companion, whom the other two had unhorsed. Ere long they cry for mercy, and deliver up their swords. According to the law of combat, the accused damsels are now pronounced innocent, and delivered to their defenders; and mounting their palfreys, they set forth with them, and accompanied by their relatives, for the castle whence the victor-knights had come.

When Cleomades disarmed himself, the damsels, to their great surprise and joy, recognised in him the lover of the Princess Claremond. Their gratitude to him knew no bounds; but their inquiries after their mistress awoke his grief, and they

mingled their tears with his. All now began to consult on the means of getting tidings of her; but none of the proposed plans seemed to offer a likelihood of success. At length an old knight said he knew at Salerno an astronomer "who saw the most secret things quite clear." Cleomades instantly resolved to go and consult this sage; and accordingly, next morning, after taking leave of the lovers, and making them promise to come to Spain to him if he should find his Claremond, he set out for Salerno.

On his arrival in that city, Cleomades put up at an inn in the suburbs. His first care was to inquire of the host after the sage of whom he was come in quest. "Alas! sir," said the host, "it is now a year since we lost him; and never did we regret him more; for were he now alive, he might be of the most essential service to our prince, by restoring to reason the most beautiful creature that ever lived; of whom, though she is of low origin, he is so enamoured, that he is resolved to marry her."

Cleomades was filled with melancholy at hearing of the death of the sage; and the host, to divert him, related the tale of the hunchback, and how the king had met with that lovely creature, and how her head had turned with joy at the idea of being married to a king. He ended his narrative by what he deemed the least interesting part of it, namely, by telling of the wooden horse which had been found near where the rascally

hunchback was lying. When he mentioned the horse, Cleomades threw his arms about his neck : “ Ah ! my dear friend,” said he, “ both your fortune and mine are made ; for I possess infallible cures for madness. Lead me at once to your prince : but stay,—as my arms might excite some suspicion, get me a false beard, and the dress of a physician. Depend upon my success, and on a full half of the reward.”

The host quickly supplied him with all that he required, and then going to the court, announced the arrival at his house of a most renowned physician, who would undertake the cure of the mad lady. The king ordered him to be brought to court without a moment’s delay.

Cleomades, taking with him the glove of Claremond, which he had filled with some common herbs and flowers, repaired to the palace. King Mendulus himself conducted him to the apartment of the fair patient, who, as soon as she saw him approaching, redoubled her demonstrations of frenzy. “ Sire,” said Cleomades, “ be under no apprehension, I will soon make her calm.” He drew nigh to her, and put her glove near her face, as if to make her smell to it. Surprised at seeing her own glove, she looked sharply at the physician, and at once recognised Cleomades. Instantly she became quite calm : she took his hand, and he felt the pressure of love and of recognition. “ Doctor,” said she, “ your glove is skilful, for it has done me some good ; but as for yourself, poor

creature, I believe you are just as mad as I am. With all your airs of importance, I bet that my wooden horse knows more than you do. But, by the way, I am afraid they will let him die of hunger. I wish they would bring him here to dispute with you. Oh! how he would argue if he could get some Seville oats to eat!"—and she raised her eyes to heaven.

Her lovely countenance had now resumed all its beauty. Mendulus, enraptured, but at the same time grieved to hear her, as he thought, talking more irrationally than ever, implored the physician to employ all his skill for her recovery. "I will," replied he; "but we must begin by giving way to her little caprices and fancies.—Fair Trouvée," then continued he, "I have not the slightest objection to argue with your horse. I have often before now disputed with these animals. It is, to be sure, no easy matter to convince them; but by proper management one may succeed in taming them, and making them useful. Let them lead in your horse then, and——" "Ha! ha! ha! you poor fool!" cried Claremond in a fit of laughter, "my horse is of another sort from those you are used to hold your arguments with. Lead him in! He will not let himself be led; he likes to be carried by asses like yourself. So go fetch him, and then, if you dare, dispute with him in my presence." Cleomades pretended not to understand her. "Sire," said he to Mendulus, "she has got

some fancy about a horse into her head: let one be brought out of your stables." Mendulus, who thought himself now wondrous wise, replied, "I see how it is; I know better than you what she wants:" and he ordered the wooden horse to be brought out into the garden.

"Fair Trouvée," said he then with a smile, "you know the horse might dirty your chamber: come down to the garden, and he shall be there for you." "Ah!" said she, "*you* talk sense, not like this prig of a physician. Come, give me your arm and let us go down." She then caught Cleomades by the ear, as if to pull him after her; and all the court followed, laughing at her acts of folly. When she saw the horse, she ran up and embraced him. "Ah!" said she, "how lean you are: they have half starved you:" and she instantly began to gather grass and flowers to feed him.

Cleomades, showing the king a little phial, said, "We must lose no time in making her swallow this." Claremond instantly changed her tone, and affected to feel great confidence in the physician and his remedies. "O thou great man," cried she, "mount the horse with me, and take me away from this rabble, who are tormenting me. You will find my cure in the horse's ear." Cleomades shrugged his shoulders, as if he now doubted of her cure; but Mendulus pressed him to comply with her whim, and he himself placed her behind him on the horse. The prince, with the

phial in his hand, affected to search the ear of the horse; and watching his opportunity, turned the pin. The horse rose, like an arrow from a bow, into the air, and all present uttered a cry of amazement. "Mendulus," said he, as they went off, "I am Cleomades prince of Spain, and this is the fair Claremond, daughter of the king of Tuscany:" and they soon were out of view.

Next morning the happy pair arrived at Seville. The nuptials were immediately performed; and shortly afterwards King Cornuant came, with a part of his court, to visit his daughter. King Liopatriis, who also came in disguise, was so smitten with the charms of the Princess Maxima, that he forthwith asked and obtained her in marriage. Claremond's maids of honour, and their lovers also, made their appearance at the court of Seville, and all respired joy and happiness.

Before I offer any remarks on this tale, I will give some proof that it is a genuine *Extrait* of the old story. In the delectable history of Reynart the Foixe,—translated into 'rude and symple Englyssche' by William Caxton, and imprinted by him 'in thabbey of Westmestre' in the year 1481,—and in the 32nd chapter, Reynart, when enumerating the jewels he had lost, thus speaks of the wood in which his wonderful glass was set¹.

¹ Mr. Douce first directed my attention to this passage.

“The tree¹ in which this glas stode was lyght and faste, and was named cetyne, hit sholde endure ever er it wold rote, or wormes shold hurte it, and therefore kyng Salamon seelyd (*cieled*) his temple wyth the same, and withynforth men prysed it derrer than fyn gold, hit is like to tree of hebenus (*ebony*), of whyche wode kyng Crompart made his hors of tree for the love of kyng Morardigas daughter that was so fayr, whom he had wende for to have wonne, that hors was so made within that wo somever rode on hit if he wolde he shold be within lesse than on hour an hundred myle thens and that was wel preved ffor Cleomedes the kynges sone wolde not byleve that that hors of tree had suche myght and vertue, he was yonge lusty and hardy and desired to do grete dedes of prys for to be renomed in this world, and leep on this hors of tree, Crompart torned a pynne that stode on his brest, and anon the horse lyfte him up and went out of the halle by the wyndowe and ere one myght say his pater noster he was goon more ten myle waye, Cleomedes was sore aferd and supposed never to have torned agayn as thystorye therof telleth more playnly but how grete drede he had and how ferre that he rood upon that horse made of the tree of hebenus er he coude knowe the arte and crafte how he shold torne hym and how joyeful he was when he knewe it and how men sorowed for hym and how

¹ In the northern languages, *træ* is ‘wood.’ With us, *roof-tree*, *boot-tree*, *cross-tree*, *swingle-tree*, &c. are still in use.

he knewe all this and the joye thereof when he came agayn al this I passe over for losyng of tyme."

Here, then, we have some of the most important circumstances of the romance in the 15th century; and I think we may place the usual degree of faith in Count Tressan's honesty.

The story, as every one must see, is that of the Enchanted Horse in the *Thousand and One Nights*; and it is a very remarkable instance of the transmission of fictitious narratives, little altered, from distant regions. It is undoubtedly inferior to the oriental tale; but that is a matter of no importance in our present inquiry. We have here, then, an eastern tale known in Europe in the 13th century: let us see how it came thither.

The Enchanted Horse is in my opinion an ancient Persian tale, from the time of the Shahpoors and Yezdejirds; and is in all probability one of those which moved the choler of the Arabian prophet, and against which a *Sûra* of the *Korân* came down from heaven. It is purely Persian, free from all allusion to Islam, and its tenets and practices. It is, we may observe, at the ancient Persian festival of the *Noo Rooz* (*New Day*),—by which Persia has, according to tradition, from the time of the renowned *Jemsheed*, celebrated the return of the vernal equinox,—that the Indian appears with his wonderful horse before the monarch of *Irân*: the king is named *Khoosrou Shah*, and his son *Firooz Shah*, both genuine Persian names;

and the only countries mentioned in the tale, besides Persia itself, are the neighbouring realms of India and Cashmeer. The description too of Persia given in it perhaps accords best with the state of the country in the time of the Sassanian dynasty. I cannot take on me to say that the Sassanian monarchs held their court at Sheeraz, as they are made to do in this tale; but the substitution of a well-known name for an obsolete one could have been no great liberty in the Arabian translator. Observe the difference between this tale and that of Beder and Giauhara (*Jouhara*)! The scene of this last is also in Persia, and in the time of the Sassanians; but the personages are all good Moslems, their names are Arabic, and the king's palace is in an island, and close to the sea! Yet this is possibly an ancient Persian tale also, though the Arabian narrator may have taken greater liberties with it. As a further proof of the Arabs' ignorance or negligence of the ancient Persian history, I will just notice that the Bluebeard-sultan, to whom all these tales of the Khalif Haroon-er-Rasheed and others are related, is called a Sassanian, and is made a good Mussulman before the days of Mohammed! ¹

¹ I cannot, however, help suspecting that the Arabs retained, to a certain extent, the original frame of these tales, and that it was to a Sassanian Shah, and not a Moslem Sultan, that Shehrzadeh (*City-born*), when awaked by her nurse Dinarzadeh (*Dinar-born*)—a good name for a slave—related tales of the ancient Kyanean princes of Irân. The names in this frame are all Persian. See above, p. 38.

“No law,” justly observes M. Hammer, “be it even given in the name of heaven, can long stand on earth, if it be in direct opposition to the manners and character of the people to whom it is given.” The Persians always loved wine, and heedless of the Prophet they still drink it; the Arabs loved tales of wonder, and the Korân condemned them in vain. The ancient tales of Persia soon spread along the shores of the Mediterranean; the Moors of Spain, who kept up a constant intercourse with all the Moslems who spoke the tongue of Arabia, must have had their share in the possession of these treasures of the imagination; the Franks, who occupied Syria with their colonies during two centuries, must have learned many a tale from their Moslem subjects and neighbours; and the Venetians, who possessed exclusively the trade of Syria and Egypt down to the sixteenth century, may have imported tales as well as spices in their argosies. Why then should we wonder to find an ancient Persian tale in France in the thirteenth century?

I might be content with merely reminding the reader of the celebrated steed *Clavileño Aligero* (*Wooden-pin Wing-bearer*), which enabled Don Quixote and his faithful squire to achieve the deliverance from their beads of the *Dolorida Dueña* and her companions in misfortune. But Cervantes, whose memory frequently played him false, has

made a mistake here, which none of his commentators has discovered.

The Dolorida informs the knight that the enchanter Malambruno had told her, that when she had found her deliverer he would send him a conveyance, which would be "that very wooden horse on which the valiant Peter carried off the fair Magalona, which horse is guided by a pin that he has in his forehead, which serves him for a bridle; and he flies through the air with such speed that it seems as if the devils themselves were carrying him. This same horse, according to ancient tradition, was framed by the sage Merlin. He lent him to Peter, who was his friend, with which he made long journeys, and carried off, as has been said, the fair Magalona, taking her behind him through the air, leaving in amazement all who beheld them from the earth."

Again, when they are mounted on the wooden steed, and Sancho in his terror implores the prayers of the bystanders, the knight says to him in great choler, "Art thou not, heartless and cowardly creature, in the very same place which the fair Magalona occupied, and from which she descended, not to her grave, but to be queen of France, if the histories lie not?"

Bowle, in his note, points out the resemblance between Clavileño and the horse of brass in Chaucer's Squier's Tale, and hints that Chaucer and Cervantes may have drunk at the same fount, and

have found the fiction in some Arabian story. He refers to the Seville edition of the romance, printed in 4to in the year 1533. Pellicer says, that however it may be with the horse of the English poet, Cervantes assuredly took his from the *Historia de la Linda Magalona, hija del Rey de Napoles, y de Pierres, hijo del Conde de Provenza*, printed at Seville in the year 1533, in 4to. Now, after all this positiveness of assertion and exactness of reference, it may surprise the reader unversed in these matters to learn that, as will presently appear, there is not one word about a wooden horse in that romance. The truth is, Cervantes, who was poor, had probably but few books, and therefore was often obliged to depend on his memory. He recollected to have read somewhere how a prince carried off a princess on a wooden horse; he knew that Peter of Provence had run away with the fair Magalona; and he confounded the two stories. I think that Tressan was right in saying that Cleomades had been translated into Spanish; and, in my opinion, this was the very story which Cervantes had read. It is evident that neither Bowle nor Pellicer had ever examined the romance to which they so confidently refer. Bowle took its title from some catalogue, and Pellicer copied it from him.

I think it not unlikely that

“..... the wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartar king did ride,”

in the Squier's Tale, may also have been derived

from Cleomades. This horse was sent, with the 'vertuous ring and glass', as a present to 'Cambuscan bold', by the king of Arabie and Inde. To set him in motion it was only necessary to 'trill' a pin that was in his ear, and to tell him whither to go : at the voice of his rider, and the turning of another pin, he descended ; and when a third pin was trilled, he vanished, but came again when called in a particular manner. This is not unlike the horse of King Croppart.

But who was 'Cambuscan bold' ? and where did Chaucer get the tale ? On these points the commentators give us no information ; but I think I can make a guess myself. The Squier's Tale begins thus :—

“ At Sarra in the lond of Tartarie
 Ther dwelt a king that werreied Russie,
 Through which ther died many a doughty man :
 This noble king was cleped Cambuscan,
 Which in his time was of so great renown
 That ther n'as no wher in no regioun
 So excellent a lord in alle thing.”

And so it goes on enumerating the excellent qualities of this 'noble king'. A little further on we are told, that on the last Idus of March he held the feast of his nativity with great pomp and splendour, at which time the bearer of the presents of the king of Arabie and Inde entered his hall of state.

Now in looking into the Travels of Marco Polo, we find, in the very first page, that Barcha, the

monarch of Western Tartary (Kipchak), "one of the most liberal and courteous lords that had ever been among the Tartars," had two cities, named Bolgora and Assara; the former his summer, the latter his winter, residence. The proper name of Assara is Sarai; but Marco Polo seems to have given it with the Arabic article prefixed.

Again, when describing the Court of the Great Can at Cambalù, (also a winter residence,) the traveller says, "All the Tartars, and those who are subject to the Great Can, keep holiday on the birthday of this lord;" and "On this day all the Tartars in the world, and all the provinces and kingdoms subject to him, send him very great gifts, according to the usage and custom."

I think, then, that it is not unlikely that Chaucer had seen the Travels of Marco Polo, and that Cambuscàn, or Cambu's Can, is a contraction of Cambalù Can. We may observe that the name of one of his sons is Camballò¹. Of Algarsif, the other son, I can give no account. The name of his daughter Canace is Greek. Chaucer himself probably invented the story, which he has 'left half told'.

The age and the author of Valentine and Orson are unknown; but it probably, like so many others, belongs to the fifteenth century. The copy which I have used was evidently printed early in the sixteenth century. It is there said,—

¹ Spenser has *Cambéllò*, and Milton *Cambúscan*; both wrongly accented.

“That same dwarf was named Pacollet: he was full of great sense and subtle ingenuity, who, at the school of Toledo, had learned so much of the art of necromancy, that he was, beyond all others, the most perfect; and in such sort, that by his enchantment he made and composed a little horse made of wood; and it had in its head, artificially, a pin, which was so set that every time that he mounted the horse to go anywhere, he turned the said pin to the place whither he wished to go, and he soon found himself in the place, and without danger; for the horse was of such fashion that he went through the air as quickly and more lightly than any bird could fly.”

Have we not here, again, the horse of Cleomades? I say this because that is the oldest of the European stories, and was evidently exceedingly popular. We know how unceremoniously the romancers borrowed from one another.

I have not yet exhibited the whole of my enchanted stud. I have still a horse to produce, hitherto unknown to fame.

“The common fame,” says Leland¹, “is in Ruthelandshire, that there was one Rutter, a man of great favour with his prince, that desired to have of rewarde of hym as much land as he could ryde over in a day upon a horse of woodde, and that he ridde over as much as now is in Ruthelandshire by arte magike, and that he was

after swallowed into the yerthe ¹." "This," sagaciously adds my author, "is very like a lye."

I will not say that this horse came from Cleomades ; but I pray the reader to observe how the name gave origin to the legend. Rutland, *i. e.* Red-land, is so named from the colour of its soil ². The same principle which in Greece made kings and heroes out of the names of towns and countries, gave being to Rutter ; and the resemblance between Rutter and *rider* produced the horse, which, to increase the wonder, was made of wood.

I have been all my life fond of horses, so I feel loth to quit the subject, and will therefore say a few words of the enchanted horses of flesh and blood, or water-steeds as I may call them, from their connexion with that element.

Every one knows the classic steeds Pegasus and Arion, both the offspring of the god of the sea ; the latter by Mother Earth. I need therefore only allude to them.

It was foretold ³ to Yezdejird king of Persia, father of Bahram Gûr, hereafter to be mentioned, that he would come to the spring of Soo, and

¹ Falstaff calls one of Prince Henry's companions *Yedward* (Ang.-Sax. Eadward). *Earl* is by the vulgar still pronounced *yerl*. The Anglo-Saxon *e* would therefore seem to answer to the Icelandic *j*, and *Jarl* and *Earl* to have been nearly the same in sound.

² "And little Rutlandshire is termed Raddleman."

Drayton, Polyolb., Song xxiii.

³ See the Shah Nameh.

there find his death. He resolved that he would never approach that fount, and so live for ever. But a disorder seized him, and by the advice of a priest he had himself carried to that fount; where, on praying to God, and sprinkling a few drops of its water on his head, he was cured of his disease. But his pride returned when he found himself restored to health and vigour. Then suddenly rose out of the spring a black horse, strong and wild as a lion. Yezdejird commanded his nobles to take the noose and catch the horse. They tried, but in vain: the Shah, full of anger, pursued the horse himself; but when he came up with him, the water-steed smote him with his hoof on the breast, so that he fell down and died. The horse then plunged into the spring and vanished.

When King Gradasso¹ had cut down the tree in the enchanted wood, there issued from it a stately horse. The undaunted hero mounts him, and the steed rises into the air, and then plunges with his burden into the River of Laughter (*Fiume del Riso*). This may remind one of the horse in the tale of Prince Agib, or the Third Calendar, who carries the prince away from the castle, where he had lived in such 'great joy and solace' with the fifty fair princesses, and leaves him, wanting an eye, on the roof of the Castle of Repentance;—a tale, by the way, not without its moral. To

¹ Bojardo, *Orl. Innam.*, III., vii., 24—28.

these may be added the horse which Sindbad saw come out of the sea to King Mihrage's mares¹.

According to Gervase of Tilbury², a Catalonian nobleman of his time, whom he calls Giraldu de Cabreriis, had a very extraordinary horse, by whose advice he was always guided. Gervase cannot say in what manner the steed conveyed his sentiments to his master, but he knew that he ate wheaten bread out of a silver dish or trough (*concha*), and lay on a feather-bed instead of straw; and further, that when, after his master's death, he was seduced to solace himself with some young females, he dashed out his brains with vexation. The good marshal is sadly puzzled what to make of him. "If he was an ordinary horse," says he, "whence did he get sense and reason? If he was enchanted, (*fadus*,) why did he eat?" Whence we may learn that enchanted horses eat not. Don Quixote, however, learned the same respecting enchanted folk in general, when he was in the cavern of Montesinos.

I cannot expect every one to take the same in-

¹ Nothing is more curious than this wide-spread notion of a connexion between horses and the water. See Fairy Mythology, *passim*. I have in various places vainly attempted to account for it. Perhaps my first attempt was the best. See Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland, vol. i. *ad finem*.

It is singular that the Greeks should have named the large quadruped which they saw in the Nile (the Behemoth of Scripture) Hippopotamus, *i. e.* River-horse, though he has not the slightest resemblance to a horse.

² Leibnitz, *Scriptores Rerum Brunsvicarum*, i. 991.

terest in horses that I do myself; I must therefore conclude, passing over that very suspicious steed who carried our great Robert Grosthed (who was afterwards bishop of Lincoln) through the air and among the planets, from England to Rome and back again, in less than a day¹. This however, and steeds of the sort, I suspect were not real horses, but dæmons, who had taken that form for the nonce.

To what a digression has Cleomades given rise!

In that pleasing old French romance of Peter of Provence and the fair Maguelone, mentioned above, there is a circumstance so like one in the Arabian Nights, that it may have come from the East. I know not the age of the romance, but it is certainly posterior to the establishment of the Angevin dynasty at Naples. As it does not appear to have ever existed in verse, I would refer it to the fifteenth century.

Peter, son to the Count of Provence, hearing of the beauty of Maguelone, daughter of the king of Naples, determined to go thither in person, and view the peerless maiden. He accordingly went in disguise to the Neapolitan court, and there, as an unknown knight, so distinguished himself in

¹ See Ricardus Badeniensis de Vita Roberti Grosthed *apud* Wharton, *Anglia Sacra*, ii. 331. For this reference I am indebted to Mr. Douce. Digitized by Microsoft®

the tournaments, that he won the favour of the king, and the heart of the lovely Maguelone. After some time, being desirous to return to Provence, he persuaded the princess to fly with him. She yielded her assent, and they secretly left the palace and departed on horseback, taking a third horse laden with provisions. On the second day they came to a dense wood on a mountain near the sea, and being fatigued and overcome with the heat, they alighted from their horses to rest them ; and the princess, laying her head on the lap of Peter, fell fast asleep and ¹—

“ While Magalona, as has been said, was sleeping on the lap of her dear friend Peter, the said Peter delighted his whole heart by gazing on the sovereign beauty of his lady ; and when he had to his pleasure contemplated her beautiful countenance, and had well admired and kissed that sweet and agreeable, small and beautiful mouth, he could not satiate himself with looking at it more and more : then he could not refrain from uncovering her a little, and gazing on her most beautiful and white bosom, that was whiter than the crystal ; and he touched her sweet bosom, and when he did so he was so penetrated with love that it seemed to him that he was in paradise, and that nothing could ever cause him any affliction. But that pleasure did not last long ; for he suffered

¹ I translate from a Spanish translation of the romance in the King's Library, printed at Seville in 1519 ; possibly the very edition that Cervantes had read.

the most inestimable pain and ill-fortune, as you shall hear, that man could ever think of. And the noble Magalona suffered not less, for she afterwards passed through many great afflictions.

“ For while Peter thus admired and touched the sweet Magalona, he found in her bosom a coloured piece of silk, which was folded up, and he had a very great desire to know what was in it. And he began to unfold it, and he found in it three of his mother’s rings, which he had given to Magalona, and she had kept them out of good love. And when Peter had seen them, he folded them up again, and placed them near him on a stone; and he turned his eyes to the noble Magalona, and regarded her with good love, and he almost fainted away with love and with pleasure, so that it seemed to him that he was in paradise. But our Lord showed that in this world there is not pleasure without pain, nor perfect happiness. For a bird of prey, thinking that that coloured silk was a piece of flesh, came flying, and took that silk, and went away with it, and flew to the mountain, and seated itself on a very lofty tree.

“ When Peter saw this he was greatly grieved, and he thought that Magalona would be grieved at it, whom he wished to please more than any person in the world. He put his cloak under the head of Magalona, and then got up very quietly, without her perceiving anything. And he began to follow that bird, and to pelt it with stones, to make it drop the silk it was carrying. And there

was there a little rock near the land. Yet between the rock and the land there was a great quantity of water, and no one could pass to that rock without swimming. And this bird went flying from tree to tree to settle on that perilous rock, and Peter flung a stone at it, so that that bird went from thence, and let that silk fall into the sea; and the said Peter could not pass thither, because he knew not how to swim. Nevertheless, as the distance was not great, he began to search on one side and the other if he could find anything in which he could pass to the rock to go to look for it. Then said Peter, 'Would to God that I had not taken the rings or the silk from where I took them, and that I had not meddled with them, for they will cost me dear, and Magalona still more; for if I delay much longer Magalona will go look for me.' And as Peter was thus searching along the shore of the sea, he found an old boat, which the fishers had abandoned because it was worth nothing; and Peter went into it, and was greatly joyed, but his joy lasted not long. And he took some sticks that he had picked up to row with, and went off for the rock. But God, who does all things at his pleasure, caused to rise a great wind, cold and strong, from the land side, which carried Peter and his bark, against his will, very far out to sea, and all his rowing availed him nought; for the sea was very high and very deep, and he could not get to land, and the wind carried him along in despite of himself."

I need not tell how Peter was taken up by a ship and brought to Egypt, where he became a great favourite with the Sultan, and how Maguelone went to Provence, and was made directress of an hospital, whither Peter was brought as a pauper, and how she recognised him, and made herself known to him, and how they were united, and passed their days in uninterrupted felicity.

The Arabian tale, in which the corresponding circumstance occurs, is that long tale of tales, 'The Story of the Amours¹ of Camaralzaman prince of the Isles of the Children of Khaledan and of Badoura princess of China,' the main story of which (for the episodic ones certainly are not) is possibly of Persian origin. In this tale, the hero and heroine, as they and their suite were journeying from China to the dominions of the prince's father, came one sultry day to a delicious mead, planted with trees. Camaralzaman ordered the tents to be pitched; and as soon as her tent was

¹ In this and the preceding story, the ignorant translator finding *amours* in the French, instead of rendering it by *loves*, as he should have done, retained a word which bears quite a different sense in English.

It is, I believe, a rule of the Semitic languages to express the magnitude or quantity of an object by using the plural number; if so, may not *Loves* be intended to express the greatness of their affection? I do not recollect to have seen explained anywhere why Behemoth (a fem. plur.) should be the Hebrew name of the River-horse; yet the reason I think is simple. Behema (sing.) is *pecus*; therefore Behemoth is the huge graminivorous animal.

ready, the princess went into it, and taking off her girdle, lay down to sleep. The prince shortly afterwards entered the tent, and seeing that she was asleep, sat down, and taking up her girdle, began to admire the precious stones which adorned it. Perceiving a little purse attached to it, and containing something solid, he opened it, and found in it the princess's talisman, a cornelian, on which some unknown characters were engraven. Being curious to examine it, he went out into the light; and as he was holding it in his hand, a bird made a dart at it, and snatched and carried it off. The prince pursued the bird in vain during ten days, and at last lost sight of it. The princess meantime assumed his dress and character, and, arriving at the island of Ebene, married the daughter of the king. Camaralzaman is afterwards, when she by accident learns where he is, brought by her orders to the isle of Ebene, and becomes the husband of the two princesses.

We may perceive at once the similarity of the circumstance of the bird carrying away the talisman, and the silk with the rings. But there is also another incident equally similar in the two stories.

When Camaralzaman had found the treasure in the garden, the old gardener with whom he lived advised him to distribute it in pots, and fill the upper part of them with olives. He did so; but the ship sailed without him, and went to the isle of Ebene, where the Princess Badoura bought the

olives, and in them found her talisman. Just so Peter of Provence, when leaving Egypt, put his valuables into barrels, which he filled with salt; and having fallen asleep in the isle of Sagona, the ship sailed away, leaving him behind. On arriving at the place where Maguelone dwelt, the captain gave her the barrels of salt for the use of the hospital, and in them she found the treasure.

It is therefore, I think, by no means unlikely that some part at least of the oriental tale travelled westwards.

Every one who has read Ariosto or La Fontaine must recollect the very amusing, if not very decorous, tale of Giocondo. Making due allowance for the difference between Asiatic and European taste and manners, we may see at once that it is the very same story as the introductory tale of the Thousand and One Nights; and I think we may venture to say, that at some time or other it also came from the East.

The mountain of loadstone in the tale of Prince Agib, or the Third Calendar, is plainly the same with the *chastel d'aymant* in the old French romance of Ogier le Dannoys¹. I do not think, however, that we should be justified in asserting a transmission of it from Syria to France; yet,

¹ Fairy Mythology, vol. i. p. 75. Both the Grub-street hero and Mr. Dunlop render *aimant* by *adamant*. They never reflected that *adamant* does not attract iron.

as the following lines of Petrarca prove, there was in the middle ages a notion that a mountain of loadstone existed somewhere in the East.

“ Una pietra è sì ardità
 Là per l'Indico mare, che da natura
 Tragge a se il ferro, e il fura
 Dal legno in guisa che i navigj affonde.”
 Canzone xxxi.

* * Since the last sheet went to press, I have been informed by Sir Frederick Madden that a copy of the poem of Cleomades was purchased by Sir Thomas Phillips at Mr. Lang's sale in 1828. The *Histoire Plaisante et Récréative du noble et excellent chevalier Clamades et de la belle Clermonde* was printed at Troyes. It has no date. *Les Aventures de Clamades et Clarmonde* appeared at Paris in 1733.

CHAPTER III.

THE PLEASANT NIGHTS—THE DANCING WATER, THE SINGING APPLE AND THE BEAUTIFUL GREEN BIRD—THE THREE LITTLE BIRDS—LACTANTIUS—ULYSSES AND SINDBAD.

HAVING shown, then, that a tale of the Thousand and One Nights was known in Europe in the thirteenth century, I might consider my theory established. To make, however, assurance doubly sure, I will show that one of them was printed in the sixteenth century.

In the year 1550 appeared at Venice, under the title of the Pleasant Nights (*Le Notti Piacevoli*), a collection of tales written by a person named Straparola. They are divided into thirteen Nights, and are seventy-four in number. Though some of them are very indelicate, the author assures us that they are not his, but that he heard them from the lips of ten young ladies. It is probable, however, that this is merely a literary artifice, and that he picked up the tales wherever he found them. At all events, they seem not to be any of them his own invention.

The following is the third story of the Fourth Night:—

THE DANCING WATER, THE SINGING APPLE
AND THE BEAUTIFUL GREEN BIRD.

In Provino, a famous and royal city, dwelt in times past three sisters, fair of face, polished in manners, and correct in conduct, but of low extraction; for they were the daughters of one Master Rigo, a baker, who baked other people's bread in his oven. One of them was called Brunora, the other Lionella, and the third Chiaretta.

As these three maidens were one day all together in their garden, in which they took great delight, Ancilotto, the king, passed by with much company, on his way to amuse himself at the chase. Brunora, who was the eldest, seeing such a fine and honourable company, said to her sisters, "If I had the king's major-domo for a husband, I would undertake to satisfy the whole court with a single glass of wine." "And I will make this boast," said Lionella,—“if I had the king's privy chamberlain for a husband, I would with a rock of my thread make so much linen, that I should supply the whole court with the finest and most beautiful shirts.” “And I will declare,” said Chiaretta, “that if I had the king for my husband, I would bear him three children, two boys and a girl, at a birth, and each of them would have its hair hanging down on its shoulders, mixed with the finest gold, and a collar round its neck, and a star in its forehead.”

These words were overheard by one of the

courtiers, who immediately rode up to the king and informed him exactly of all that the girls had been saying. The king had them brought before him, and asked them one after the other what it was they had said when they were together in the garden. They all three, with the utmost respect, repeated in order what they had been saying. King Ancilotto was greatly pleased with them, and he did not leave the spot till the major-domo had taken Brunora, the chamberlain Lionella, and himself Chiaretta to wife: and giving up all idea of going to the chase, they all returned home, when the nuptials were celebrated with great pomp.

The king's mother was greatly displeased at his marriage; for although the maiden was of a beautiful and agreeable countenance, of a handsome person, and expressed herself with the utmost sweetness, yet as she was of a mean and low origin, she was not suited to the greatness and power of the king: neither could his mother in any way endure that a major-domo and a chamberlain should be called the brothers-in-law of her son. Her hatred to her daughter-in-law became, therefore, so intense, that she could not hear of her, much less see her. However, not to grieve her son, she kept her hatred concealed in her own bosom.

It came to pass, according to the pleasure of Him who ruleth all, that the queen proved with child. This caused the greatest joy to the king,

who was now in the utmost raptures, expecting to see the beautiful progeny which she had promised him. Having, however, to journey to another country, and to stay there a few days, he most earnestly commended to his mother the queen, and the children which she should bear. And though she did not love her daughter-in-law, or even wish to see her, still she made lavish promises to her son that she would take good care of them.

Soon after the king had taken leave and set out on his journey, the queen lay-in of three children, two males and one female, and all three, exactly as she had promised the king before marriage, had their hair hanging down in ringlets on their shoulders, with handsome chains round their necks, and stars on their foreheads. The cruel and malignant mother of the king, devoid of all pity, and inflamed with mortal and destructive hatred, as soon as the three dear infants were born, resolved, without ever changing her perfidious design, to put them all to death, so that they should never more be heard of, and the queen should fall into disgrace with the king. Besides this, ever since Chietta had been queen and ruled over all, her two sisters had conceived the greatest possible envy of her, and with their arts and practices continually laboured to increase the hatred of the foolish queen-mother against her. Now it happened just at the time that the queen lay-in, a shepherd's bitch had had three whelps in the

court-yard, two male and one female, with stars on their faces, and a sort of ring round their necks. The two envious sisters, moved by a diabolical spirit, took the three puppies from the dugs of their mother, and brought them to the cruel mother-in-law, and having made the due reverence, said to her, "We know, madam, that your highness has little love and affection for our sister, and justly so, for she is of low origin; and a woman of such mean blood as she is of, is not suited to your son and our king. We, therefore, knowing your desire, are come hither, and have brought three puppies, that have stars in their foreheads, in order that we may have your opinion."

The queen-mother was greatly delighted at this, and she resolved to present them to her daughter-in-law, who did not as yet know what she had brought forth, and to tell her that these were the children she had borne. And that there might be no discovery, the wicked old woman desired the nurse to tell the queen that the children she had lain-in of were three little puppies. The mother-in-law, then, and the queen's sisters, and the nurse, went all together to the queen, and said, "Behold! O queen! the result of your fine lying-in. Keep it, that the king when he comes may see the beautiful fruit you have produced." And having said these words, the nurse put the little dogs beside her, comforting her withal, and telling her not to despair, for that things of this kind were wont now and then to befall great personages.

The wicked women had now accomplished their vile and odious design, and one thing only remained,—to give a cruel death to the innocent children. But it was not the will of God that they should defile their hands with their own blood, so having made a coffer, and covered it well with pitch, and put the infants into it, and closed it up, they flung it into the neighbouring river, and let it go down the stream. The righteous God, who permits not that innocent blood should suffer, sent to the bank of the river a miller named Marmiato, who, seeing the coffer, took it and opened it, and found within it three infants that smiled on him. As they were so beautiful, he thought that they must be the children of some great lady, who had committed such a heinous deed through fear of the world. So closing the coffer, and putting it on his shoulder, he went home and said to his wife, whose name was Gordiana, “See, wife, what I found on the banks of the river. I will make thee a present of it.” Gordiana, when she saw the children, received them kindly, and reared them as affectionately as if they were her own offspring. To one of them she gave the name of Acquirino, to the other that of Fluvio, because they had been found in the river; and the little girl she called Serena.

Meantime King Ancilotto was quite happy, always thinking that on his return he should find three beautiful children. But matters did not turn out as he expected; for his crafty mother, as soon

as she perceived him coming to the palace, went forth to meet him, and told him that his dear wife had brought forth, instead of three children, three shepherd's curs. She then led him into the chamber where his afflicted wife was lying, and showed him her, and the three little dogs beside her; and though the queen, weeping piteously, most positively averred that she had never brought them forth, nevertheless the envious sisters confirmed everything that the old mother had said. The king was greatly agitated, and nearly fell to the ground with grief. When he was somewhat recovered, he stood a long time in suspense, but at last gave implicit credit to what his mother had told him. But as the wretched queen had been most patient, and suffered with magnanimity the envy of the courtiers, he felt too much pity for her to put her to death, but ordered that she should be set under the place where they washed the pots and dishes, and that her food should be the filth and offal that fell down from it.

While the poor queen was thus dwelling in this odious place, Gordiana, the wife of Marmiato the miller, lay-in of a son, whom she named Borghino, and brought up in affection with the other three. It was her practice every month to cut the long curling locks of the three children, from which there used to fall many precious jewels and large white pearls; the consequence of which was that Marmiato gave up his paltry trade of milling, as he speedily grew extremely rich; for Gordiana and

the three children and Borghino lived in great harmony and comfort.

When the three children were somewhat grown up, they learned that they were not the offspring of Gordiana and Marmiato, but that they had been found in a little coffer floating down the river. This caused them great uneasiness; and being desirous to try their fortune, they asked permission to depart,—a thing which gave little satisfaction to Marmiato and Gordiana, who thus saw themselves deprived of the treasure which came from their fair ringlets and their starred foreheads.

The two brothers, then, and the sister, having quitted Marmiato and Gordiana, made many long journeys, till at length they chanced to arrive at Provino, the city of Ancilotto their father; where, having hired a house, they all lived together, supporting themselves by the sale of the jewels and precious stones that fell from their heads.

It happened one day that as the king was going through the town with some of his courtiers, he passed by where the sister and the two brothers lived; and as they had never seen or known the king, they came down stairs and out at the door, where they took off their caps, and bending the knee and bowing, respectfully saluted him. The king, who had the eye of a falcon, looked them steadily in the face, and saw that they had both of them a golden star in their forehead, and he immediately felt in his bosom a vehement persuasion that they were his sons. So he stopped,

and said to them, "Who are you, and whence do you come?" They humbly replied, "We are poor strangers who are come to live in this city." The king said, "It pleases me much; and what are your names?" The one then said, "Acquirino"; the other said, "My name is Fluvio." "And I," said the sister, "am named Serena." The king then said, "We invite you all three to dine with us tomorrow." The young persons blushed a little, and as they could not refuse so courteous an invitation, they promised compliance.

The king on returning to the palace, said to his mother: "Madam, as I was going out today to take an airing, I saw by chance two handsome youths and a beautiful maiden, all of whom had a golden star in their forehead; so that, if I err not, they seem to be the very children that were promised to me by the queen Chiaretta."

When the wicked old woman heard this, she smiled a little at it, though it was like the stab of a knife in her heart; and calling for the nurse to whom the children had been given, she said to her, "Do you not know, good nurse, that the king's children are alive, and are handsomer than ever?" "How is that possible?" replied the nurse, "were they not drowned in the river? And how do you know it?" "As far," said the old queen, "as I can understand by the words of the king, they are alive, and we have now more need than ever of your assistance, otherwise we are all in peril of death." "Do not be uneasy,

madam," answered the nurse, "for I expect to be able to manage so that they shall all come to their death."

The nurse then departed, and went immediately to the house of Acquirino, Fluvio and Serena; and finding Serena alone, she saluted her, and entered into a long conversation with her; and after she had talked a great while she said, "Do you happen, my child, to have any of the Dancing Water?" Serena replied that she had not. "Ah! my dear child," said she, "what fine things you would see if you had some of it, for you would only have to wash your face in it to become far more beautiful than you are." "But how, then," said Serena, "could I manage to get it?" "Send your two brothers to look for it," said the old woman; "they will find it, for it is not far from this country."

So saying she took her leave; and when Acquirino and Fluvio came home, Serena went to meet them, and besought them out of regard for her to search with all solicitude till she should have some of the precious dancing water. Fluvio and Acquirino laughed at her folly, and refused to go, because they did not know where such a thing was to be found. At length, however, overcome by her entreaties, they took a phial and departed. They had ridden several miles along the road, when they arrived at a clear living fountain, where a white dove was refreshing herself. The dove, casting away all timidity, said to them, "O youths!

what is it you are looking for?" Fluvio replied, "We are looking for that precious water which they say dances." O wretched youths!" said the dove, "and who has sent you to get such water?" "It is our sister," said Fluvio. Then said the dove, "For certain you are going to your death, for there are many venomous animals there, who, as soon as they see you, will devour you. But leave the burden of this to me, and I will surely bring you some of it." So taking the vial which the youths had with them, and tying it under her right wing, she rose into the air, and going to where that delicate water was, she filled the vial with it, and returned to the youths, who were waiting for her with the greatest anxiety. The young men having gotten the water, and expressed their gratitude to the dove, returned home and presented it to Serena, giving her a strict charge not to impose any more such tasks upon them, as they had been in danger of losing their lives.

Some days after, the king saw them again, and said, "Why, after you had accepted our invitation, did you not come to dine with us?" They replied with the utmost respect, "Please your sacred majesty, the most urgent affairs have been the principal cause." "Then," said the king, "we shall expect you tomorrow at dinner, without fail." The young men made their excuses.

The king, on his return to the palace, told his mother that he had again seen the youths with the

stars on their foreheads, which when she heard, she was greatly disturbed in her mind; and she again sent for the nurse, and told her the whole in private, praying her to see and provide against the imminent danger. The nurse reassured her, and told her not to be afraid, for she would take care that they should not be seen any more. And leaving the palace, she went straight to the house of Serena, and finding her alone, asked her if she had yet had the dancing water. She replied that she had, but not without the greatest peril of the lives of her brothers. "Ah! but, my daughter," said the nurse, "I should wish you to have the Singing Apple, for you never saw a finer, and never tasted a sweeter and more delicious song." "I know not," said Serena, "how I can get it, for my brothers will not go in search of it, since they have already had more peril of death than hope of life." "They brought you the dancing water," said the old woman, "and they are not dead, and they will bring you the apple in the same way." She then took her leave and departed.

The nurse was scarcely gone, when Acquirino and Fluvio came in, and Serena said to them, "Ah, brothers! I long so to see and taste the apple that sings so sweetly; and if you do not contrive to get it for me, you may reckon on soon seeing me without life." When they heard this, they reproved her sharply, telling her that they would not expose their lives for her as they had done already. Still such was the effect of her

reiterated and urgent prayers, joined with the copious tears that flowed warm from her heart, that, come what might, Acquirino and Fluvio resolved to do everything to content her.

They accordingly mounted their horses and departed; and they rode till they came to an inn, which they entered, and calling for the host, asked him if he could give them any information respecting the place where the apple might be found that sung so sweetly. The host replied that he could, but that they could not go to it, for the apple was in a charming and delightful garden, under the care of a deadly animal, who, with his expanded wings, killed all who went near it. "But what are we to do?" said the young men, "for we have determined to have it at all events." The host replied, "If you do what I tell you, you will have the apple, and you will not be afraid of the venomous beast, and still less of death. You have only to take this vest, all covered with mirrors, and one of you to put it on him, and thus clad to enter the garden alone, of which you will find the door open; and the other to remain outside, and not let himself be seen on any account. And as soon as he shall have entered the garden, the animal will come towards him, and seeing himself in the mirrors, he will straightways fall dead on the ground¹: and then let him go up to the tree that bears the

¹ In Hatim Taï (p. 47.) a monster is destroyed in a similar manner. There is something of the same kind in the Orlando Innamorato, lib. 1. c. xii. st. 38, 39.

singing apple, pluck it gently, and go out of the garden without looking behind him."

The young men gave many thanks to the host, and departed. They did exactly as he had desired them, and having gotten the apple, brought it to their sister, at the same time requesting her not to send them any more on such dangerous expeditions.

A few days after, the king saw the young men, and calling them to him, said, "What is the reason that you did not come to dine with us as we had agreed?" Fluvio replied, "No other reason, sire, has prevented our coming than the divers occupations which have detained us." The king said, "We shall expect you then tomorrow, and take care not to fail on any account." Acquirino made answer, that if they could get free from some family affairs, they would go most willingly.

On his return to the palace, the king told his mother that he had seen the young men again, and that they were deeply impressed on his heart, as he was always thinking of those that Chiaretta had promised him, and that he could have no peace of mind till they came to dine with him. The old queen hearing these words was in greater trouble than ever, fearing that she had been discovered; and in great grief and affliction she sent for the nurse, and said to her, "I thought, nurse, that those children were dead by this time, and that we should hear nothing more of them; but they are alive, and we are in danger of death.

Look, then, to our case, or else we shall all be destroyed." "Noble madam," said the nurse, "be of good cheer, and do not disturb yourself, for I will manage in such a way that you will praise me, and never more hear tell of them." And she departed full of rage, and going to Serena, gave her the good day, and asked her if she had gotten the singing apple. Serena replied that she had. The crafty old jade then said, "Do not think, daughter, that you have gotten anything, if you have not a thing that is far more beautiful and far finer than those two." "And what is that, mother, that you tell me is so beautiful and so fine?" said Serena. "'Tis," said the old woman, "the Beautiful Green Bird that talks night and day, and says wonderful things. If you had him in your possession, you might call yourself fortunate and happy indeed."

So saying she went away; and as soon as her brothers came home, Serena went to meet them, and begged them not to refuse her one single favour. They asked her what that favour was, and she replied the beautiful green bird. Fluvio, who had encountered the venomous beast, and recollected the danger he had there incurred, positively refused to go; but Acquirino, though he also refused several times, was at length moved by fraternal love, and by the copious tears that Serena shed; and he prevailed on his brother, and they both resolved to satisfy her. So mounting their horses, they rode for several days, till they

came to a verdant flowery mead, in the midst of which was a lofty tree of thick foliage, surrounded by various marble figures that appeared to be alive; and by it ran a little brook, that watered the whole mead. On this tree was the beautiful green bird, amusing himself with jumping from bough to bough, uttering words that seemed not human but divine. The young men got down from their horses, and turning them to graze in the mead, approached the marble figures; but scarcely had they touched them, when they became marble statues themselves.

Serena, having for several months anxiously expected her beloved brothers Acquirino and Fluvio, at length became persuaded that they were lost, and that she should never see them again. Having long grieved and deplored their untimely fate, she at last resolved to try her own fortune: so mounting a stout horse, she set out, and rode on till she came to the place where the beautiful green bird dwelt, sweetly talking on the branch of a leafy tree. When she came into the verdant mead, she instantly recognised the horses of her brothers, which were feeding on the herbage; and casting her eyes hither and thither, she saw her brothers turned into two statues, which retained their likeness, at which she was utterly astonished. She got down off her horse, and approaching the tree, stretched forth her hand and put it on the green bird, who, when he saw himself deprived of liberty, prayed her to let him go, and not to keep him, for

TALES
AND
POPULAR FICTIONS



Full many a year, at liberty,
The Green Bird hopped on yonder tree,
While all who came to take him
Were turned to stone; but now the day
Is come, in which a lady gay
Her captive was to make him.

DRAWN BY W. H. BROOKE, F. S. A., ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY G. BAXTER,
PUBLISHED BY WHITTAKER AND CO.

1834.

in due time and place he would remember her. Serena replied that she would not on any account comply with his desire, if her brothers were not first restored to their former state. "Then," said the bird, "look under my left wing, and you will find a feather much greener than the rest, with some yellow marks inside of it. Take it, and go to the statues, and touch them with it; for as soon as you have touched them, they will become alive, and return to their former state."

Serena raised his left wing and found the feather as the bird had told her; and going to the marble figures, touched them one after the other with it, and instantly they became men instead of statues. When she saw her brothers restored to their original form, she kissed and embraced them with the utmost joy. As she had now accomplished what she had desired, the beautiful green bird again besought her to give him his liberty; promising her, if she granted him that favour, to aid her much if at any time she should have need of his succour. Serena, not satisfied with this, replied that she would never release him until they had found out who were their parents; adding, that he must support that calamity patiently. A great dispute now arose among them for the possession of the bird, but after much contest it was by common consent left with Serena, who kept it with no little care, and held it very dear. Having thus gotten the beautiful green bird, Serena and her

brothers mounted their horses, and returned home happy and contented.

The king, who often passed by the house of the young men, was greatly surprised at not seeing them; and on his inquiring of the neighbours what was become of them, they replied that they knew not anything of them, and that it was a long time since they had seen them. But two days did not pass after their return, till they were seen by the king, who asked them what was the reason that they had not let themselves be seen for so long a time. Acquirino replied, that some strange accidents which had occurred were the cause; and that if they had not waited on his majesty as he wished, and as was their desire, they asked pardon, and would make amends for their fault.

The king, hearing of their misfortune, and feeling great compassion for them, would not stir from the spot till they all three agreed to go to the palace to dine with him. Acquirino secretly took with him the dancing water, Fluvio the singing apple, and Serena the beautiful green bird; and they joyfully entered the palace with the king, and sat down at the table. The malignant mother and the envious sisters, seeing such a beautiful maiden, and such handsome and elegant youths, whose eyes shone like lovely stars, had great misgivings, and felt no little anxiety in their hearts.

When dinner was over, Acquirino said to the king, "Before the table is taken away, we will

show Your Majesty some things that will please you much:" and taking a silver cup, he put into it the Dancing Water, and set it on the table. His brother Fluvio then thrust his hand into his bosom and drew out the singing apple, and set it near the water. Serena, who had the beautiful green bird in her lap, lost no time in putting him on the table. The apple then began a most delightful tune, and the water danced wonderfully to its melody. The king and all present felt so much pleasure at this, that they could not refrain from laughing. But the grief and apprehension of the iniquitous queen-mother, and of the sisters, increased not a little, for they were in great doubt of their lives.

When the song and dance were ended, the beautiful green bird began to speak, and said, "O! sacred king! what would that person deserve who had caused the death of two brothers and a sister?" The crafty queen-mother instantly replied, "Nothing less than the fire:" and all present said the same. Then the dancing water and the singing apple raised their voice, and said, "Ah! false mother! full of iniquity, thy own tongue condemns thee: and you, ye wicked and envious sisters, shall be condemned to the same punishment along with the nurse."

The king hearing this, was quite astonished; but the beautiful green bird went on and said, "Sacred Majesty! these are the three children that you so much longed for; these are your children who have a star in their forehead; and

it is their most innocent mother who has been to this hour, and is still, in that filthy place."

The unhappy queen was then brought forth and honourably clad; and as soon as she was dressed, she came into the presence of the king; and although she had been a long time a prisoner and ill-treated, she had nevertheless been preserved in all her original beauty. The beautiful green bird then, in the presence of all, related the whole story from beginning to end; and the king, learning how matters had really been, with many tears and sighs embraced his wife and his beloved children. The dancing water, the singing apple, and the beautiful green bird, as no one was minding them, all vanished in an instant. Next day the king commanded that a large fire should be kindled in the great square, and ordered that his mother and the two sisters, and the nurse, should be burnt without any mercy in presence of all the people. He then lived a long time with his dear wife and his amiable children; and having married his daughter honourably, left his sons sole heirs of his kingdom.

This is, as every one will perceive, 'The Story of the Sisters who envied their younger Sister,' and beyond question it has been transmitted from the East. This assertion will find more ready acceptance, when we consider that it was at Venice that the work in which it appears was published;

and Venice was, if I may so express it, the most Oriental city in Europe¹. The Venetians had commercial establishments in Syria and Egypt, and in a great measure monopolized the commerce of these countries, before they fell under the power of the Ottomans; and these, as has been already observed, are the countries in which the Thousand and One Nights are best known. Venice is therefore the very spot in which we might expect to meet with these tales.

I look upon the tale in the Arabian Nights as being genuine old Persian. In the first place, the names in it are all pure Persian; and this is a circumstance of some weight; for just as Homer gives Greek names to his Egyptians, Phæacians, and other distant nations, and makes them all of the same religion and same manners with the Greeks, so the Arab gives Arabic names to the Chinese, for example, and makes them good Moslems². And though the circumstance of the proper names in a tale being Arabic, and Islam being the religious system which appears in it, is no proof

¹ It is curious enough that the host who tells the story of Giocondo in Ariosto (see above, p. 88.), says he was told it by a Venetian.

² Thus in the tale of the Wonderful Lamp (in my opinion a story of Persian origin also), the proper names which occur in it are all Arabic. They are but four in number; Mustafa, Fatima, Aladdin (Ala-ed-deen, *Exaltation of Religion*), and Badroulboudour (Bedr-ul-bûdur, *Full-moon of Full-moons*). All the personages in the tale are followers of Islam.

of its not being an old Persian tale, any more than, in the present case, the Italian names of the personages in the Italian version are an argument against its Eastern origin; yet the retention of the original names is, when well considered, nearly a convincing proof of its belonging to the country in whose language these names are to be found. The Sultan of this tale is Khoosrou Shah (*King Khoosrou*), the Cyrus of the Greeks; the two brothers are called Bahman and Perveez, well-known names of the Sassanian kings; and their sister is named Parizade (*Pari-* or *Peri-born*¹), the Parysatis of Grecian history. In the second place, I regard the manners in it as perhaps according better with those of ancient than of modern Persia. Parizade, "when the princes were learning to ride, would not permit them to have that advantage over her, but went through all exercises with them, learning to ride, bend the bow, and dart the reed or javelin (i. e. the *Jereed*), and oftentimes outstrip them in the race." I do not recollect that the Moslem fair, except among the Eelyâts or nomadic tribes, acquire these accomplishments²; but in an episode shortly to be given from the Shah Nameh of Ferdousee, in

¹ For the Peris, see the Fairy Mythology.

² The abbot Guibert, one of the original historians of the First Crusade, says that in the Persian (i. e. Turkish) army of Kerboga, which came to the relief of Antioch, *pharetrata cum arcubus advenere virgines*. As the abbot was not an eye-witness, I am strongly disposed to doubt the fact.

which the manners of Old Persia are so well preserved, we shall find a Persian heroine, like a Marfisa or Bradamante, encountering the formidable Soohrâb in the battle-field. I think some other proofs of a Persian origin might be given, but these must suffice for the present.

The inferiority of the European tale to the original must be apparent to every one; and I know not whether the introduction of the stars, collars, and precious stones and pearls, should be called an improvement. The tale in Straparola has the appearance of one written from an oral, and perhaps altered, narrative of the oriental story. It is curious, however, to observe how some minute and unimportant circumstances of the original have been preserved. Thus, Bahman and Perveez twice disappoint the Sultan, when he invited them to his palace; and the young men in the Italian tale do just the same. In this last, the character of Serena is far less amiable than that of Parizade in the original; for she shows considerable selfishness and disregard for the lives of her brothers. The circumstance of the knife and string of pearls, which were to inform Parizade of the fate of her brothers, is not to be found in the tale in Straparola; but we meet something like it in one of those in the Neapolitan Pentamerone¹.

¹ In the tale of the Enchanted Hind. When Cannelora is departing, his friend Fonzo asks him for a token of his love. He sticks his dagger in the ground, and a fountain rises from the place, which, he tells him, by the state of its

The Pleasant Nights of Straparola were translated into French; and Madame D'Aulnoy took from the present tale her Princess Fair-star (*La Princesse Belle Etoile*). She has made considerable alterations in it, especially by introducing a Prince Beloved (*Chéri*¹), a cousin of Fair-star and her brothers, and consequently, to suit the French taste, a love-story. This ingenious lady could not possibly have known anything of the Thousand and One Nights at the time her Fairy Tales were written, as Galland's translation did not appear till 1704, only the year before her death.

But this tale is also a popular one in Germany. There is a mountain called the Keuterberg, or Teuterberg, about nine English miles west of Corvei, on whose summit the boundaries of Corvei, Lippe and Hanover meet. Its sides are covered with wood: its top is bare, affording a scanty pasturage for sheep; large stones lie scattered upon it, and many a legend is connected with it. Six villages lie at its feet, in one of which MM. Grimm heard the following tale, which they have given in the original dialect in which it was narrated to them².

water, will always indicate the condition of his life: and plunging his sword into the ground, he causes a myrtle to shoot up, which will always do the same by the appearance of its branches and foliage.

¹ Of which the English translator made his Prince Cherry.

² Kinder- und Haus-märchen, ii. 63. iii. 180.

THE THREE LITTLE BIRDS.

It is a thousand years and more ago, when there were only little kings in the land here, that one of them lived on the Keuterberg, who was very fond of going a-hunting. One time, as he was riding out with his hunters from his castle, there were three girls keeping their cows under the hill; and when they saw the king with all his train, the eldest called out to the other two girls, and pointed to the king, "Hilloa! hilloa; if I do not get him, I will have nobody."¹ Then answered the second, from the other side of the hill, and pointed to him who was on the right hand of the king, "Hilloa! hilloa! if I do not get him, I will have nobody." Then cried the youngest, and pointed to him who was on the left hand, "Hilloa! hilloa! if I do not get him, I will have nobody." Now these were the two ministers. The king heard all this; and when he was come home from the hunt, he had the three girls brought to him, and he asked them what it was they had said the day before on the hill. They would not tell him; but the king asked the eldest if she would not have

¹ In illustration of this, MM. Grimm say, that when the children who are keeping cattle on the different sides of the Keuterberg want to say anything to each other, one calls out "Hilloa!" or "Hilloa! hilloa! harkye:" then answers the other from above, "Hilloa! hilloa! what do you want?"—"Hilloa! hilloa! come over to me."—"Hilloa! hilloa! I will come bye and bye." It is curious to observe how by these means tales are localised.

him for her husband. She said "Yes." And her two sisters married the two ministers; for they were all of them fair and handsome, especially the queen, who had hair like flax.

Now the two sisters had no children; and when the king one time had to take a journey, he let them come to the queen, to keep up her spirits, as she was with child at the time. She brought forth a little boy, that had a rich red star on its forehead. Then the two sisters said one to the other, they would throw the pretty babe into the water. When they had thrown it in, (I believe it was into the Weser,) up flew a little bird into the air, and sang,

"Ready to die,
For judgement hie
To the lily-bough:
Brave boy, is it thou? ¹

When the two heard this, they grew quite uneasy, and hurried away from the place. When the king came home, they told him that the queen had had a little dog. Then said the king, "What God does is well done!"

¹ "Tom Daude bereit,
Up wieter Bescheid,
Tom Lilien-Strus:
Wacker Junge, bist du's?"

which MM. Grimm say, means "the child was ready for death (*i. e.* dead), but has been saved for a further decision (that of God): the lily lives still, for the lily is also the immortal spirit." I am inclined to think that "to the lily-tuft" is an allusion to the old German custom of holding courts under trees.

But there lived a fisherman on the river, who fished up the little boy while he was still alive; and as his wife had no children, they reared him. A year after, the king went to travel again; and the queen had another little boy, which the two false sisters took, and threw him also into the water. That little bird then flew again up in the air, and sang,

“ Ready to die,
For judgement hie
To the lily-bough :
Brave boy, is it thou ? ”

And when the king came back, they said to him that the queen had again had a little dog; and he said again, “ What God does is well done ! ” But the fisherman drew this one out of the water also, and reared him.

The king then went to travel again; and the queen had a little girl, which the false sisters threw also into the water: the bird then flew again up into the air, and sang,

“ Ready to die,
For judgement hie
To the lily-bough :
Brave girl, is it thou ? ”

And when the king came home, they said to him the queen had had a cat. The king then grew angry, and he threw his wife into prison, where she remained many years.

The children had in the mean time grown up; and the eldest of them went out one time with

other boys to fish ; but the other boys would not let him be among them, and said, " Go your ways, you foundling ! " He was then greatly troubled, and he asked the old fisherman if that was true. He told him that he was fishing one time, and had drawn him out of the water. He then said, that he would go away and look for his father. The fisherman and his wife besought him to stay where he was, but he would not be kept, and at last they gave their consent. He then set out, and went along the road for several days ; and at last he came to a huge great river, by which an old woman was standing and fishing. " Good day, mother ! " said the youth.—" Many thanks."—" Thou wilt be a long time fishing there before thou catchest any fish."—" And thou wilt be a long time seeking, before thou findest thy parents. How then wilt thou get over the river ?"—" Aye, God only knows that." The old woman then took him on her back, and carried him over, and he sought for a long time, and could not find his parents.

When a whole year had passed, the second went away too, to seek his brother. He came to the river, and the same thing happened to him as had happened to his brother. The daughter alone was now in the house, and she mourned so about her brothers, that she too at last prayed the fisherman and his wife to let her go and seek her brothers. She came then to the great river, and said to the old woman, " Good day, mother ! "—" Many

thanks."—"God help you in your fishing!" When the old woman heard this, she became very friendly, and carried her over the river, and gave her a rod, and said to her, "Now go, my daughter, all along this way; and when you come to a great black dog, you must go by him boldly and silently, and without laughing, and without looking at him. You will then come to a great open castle, and you must let the rod fall upon the threshold, and go straight through the castle, and out at the other side: there is there an old well, out of which grows a great tree, from which hangs a bird in a cage: take him down, then take a glass of water out of the well, and come the same way back again with them; take the rod up again off the threshold, and when you are passing again by the dog, strike him in the face, and be sure that you hit him, and then come back again to me."

She found all exactly as the old woman had said; and as she was coming back, she found her two brothers, who had sought through half the world. They went together, till they came to where the black dog lay in the way; she struck him on the face, and he became a handsome prince, and went with them to the river. The old woman was still standing there, and she was greatly rejoiced at their being all there again, and she carried them all over the river, and then she went away too; for she was now released.

But the others all went to the old fisherman and his wife, and they were all joyful at having all come together again ; but they hung the bird up against the wall.

But the second son could not stay quietly at home, and he took his bow and went out to hunt. When he was tired, he took out his flute and played a tune. But the king was out hunting too ; and when he heard it, he went towards it ; and when he met the young man, he said, " Who has given you leave to hunt here ? "—" Oh ! no one. "—" Who are you, then ? "—" I am the fisherman's son. "—" He has no children. "—" If you will not believe me, come with me. " The king did so, and he inquired of the fisherman and his wife : they told him all, and the bird on the wall began to sing,

" The mother sits alone,
And doth in prison moan,
O king, O noble blood !
These are thy children good.
The wicked sisters two
The pretty babies threw
Into the rapid stream,
Where the fisherman found them."

Then all weré astonished ; and the king took the bird, the fisherman, and his wife, and the three children with him to the castle, and had the prison opened, and took his wife out again ; but she was quite sick and miserable. Then her daughter gave her some of the water of the well to drink,

and she became fresh and healthy ; but the two false sisters were burnt, and the daughter married the prince.

It will be seen that this homely German version of the tale agrees in some points with the Eastern, in some with the Italian story¹. This MM. Grimm regard as the surest proof of its independence ; “ though,” they add, “ any one who is acquainted with the country where it was taken down, must be convinced that those foreign tales never could have reached it.” I must confess I am not at all convinced of this. The Keuterberg is not, I apprehend, so completely separated from the world that strangers do not visit its villages, and some of their inhabitants resort in search of employment, or go as soldiers, to other parts of Germany ; and how easily might one of them bring back in his memory a tale he had heard read, if he had not read it himself, out of the Thousand and One Nights, or Madame D’Aulnoy’s Fairy Tales, or one of the many popular story-books in which tales taken from these and other collections of the kind are to be found ! MM. Grimm do not give us the age of the tale ; they cannot prove that it was in existence in the seventeenth century : and I know that tales from the Arabian Nights, altered and localised as much

¹ The difference of the details from those in the Italian tale need not surprise us. See below, ch. ix., the Russian tale of Emelyan and its original, as appears to me, in Straparola.

as I conceive it has been, are now popular stories in Ireland. Why might not the same be the case in Germany?

On the whole, I feel quite satisfied that the Persian tale is the original, and that all the others have been derived from it mediately or immediately.

There is another tale in Straparola, and also a popular story in Germany, which have some resemblance to one of those in the Thousand and One Nights, though probably only an accidental one.

In the story of the Second Calendar, when the Lady of Beauty is going to restore to his proper form the prince whom the genie had turned into an ape, she performs her magic rites, and the genie appears in the shape of a huge lion. She then turns herself into a sharp sword, and cuts the lion in two. The genie then becomes a scorpion, and the princess a serpent. Overcome under this form, he flies away as an eagle, and she pursues as a larger eagle. A black cat then comes out of the ground, followed by a black wolf: the worsted cat changes herself into a worm, and pierces a pomegranate, which swells and bursts: the wolf becomes a cock, and picks up the seeds: one seed rolls into a canal, and becomes a little fish: the cock jumps into the water, and is turned into a pike: presently the genie and princess appear all in flames, and are reduced to two heaps of ashes.

The substance of the tale in the Pleasant Nights is this:—A magician, named Lactantius, followed the trade of a tailor: he took an apprentice, who, happening to overhear his incantations, loses all relish for tailoring, and his father takes him home. Lactantius, however, receives him again, and sets him now only to common work, and the father takes him away again. As they were very poor, the son said to the father, “Father, I will turn myself into a fine horse: do you then sell me, but be sure to keep the bridle, and not to let it go with me, or else I cannot come back.” Lactantius seeing the horse, knows who it is: he buys him, and persuades the father to let him have the bridle with him. Having got the horse into his possession, he ties him up, beats him, and abuses him. One day the daughters of the magician led the horse to water, when suddenly he turned himself into a little fish, and dived down. Lactantius hastened to the spot, and, becoming a large fish, pursued the little one, who jumped, in the form of a ruby set in a gold ring, into the basket of the king’s daughter, who was gathering pebbles at that place. She takes him away with her, and he shows himself to her in his true form, of a handsome youth. She loves him, and keeps him with her as a ring. The king falling sick, Lactantius comes as a physician, and cures him, and for his fee demands a ruby-ring which his daughter has, and with which he is well acquainted. The princess refuses to give it up; but when at

last she is compelled to surrender it, the youth tells her to throw it against the wall before the magician. She obeys; and as soon as the ring falls to the ground, it is turned into a pomegranate, which bursts, and scatters its seeds about. The magician converts himself into a cock, and picks them up; but one hides itself from him, and, becoming a fox, catches him by the neck, and bites his head off. The king then gives the young man his daughter in marriage.

In the German tale of the Gaudeif (*thief*) and his Master, as MM. Grimm heard it in the dialect of Münster, the pupil is sold in the same manner, as a horse, and the father likewise gives the bridle with him. When he gets it off he turns himself into a sparrow; the master pursues him in the shape of a sparrow also: they then become fishes: the master finally is a cock, and the pupil, as a fox, bites his head off.

In an Austrian version, the last change is that of the master into a grain of oats, which is swallowed by the pupil in the shape of a cock; and the magician is thus annihilated.

There are, it will be seen, some points of resemblance in these different tales, but perhaps hardly sufficient to justify an assertion of one being borrowed from the other. Yet possibly the Arabian story had reached Venice.

The selling of the horse with the bridle reminds us of a circumstance in another Arabian tale—

that of Prince Beder. When Beder was instructed by old Abdallah how to turn the tables on the magic queen Labe, and to transform her into a mare, he was strictly charged by him, if ever he parted with her, to be sure not to give up the bridle. Neglecting this admonition, he sold the mare to an old woman, who happened to be Labe's mother, and he was turned by them into an owl¹.

This is also a curious coincidence; and I cannot help thinking that the trait may have been transmitted from the East.

Queen Labe, with her lovers turned into various animals, reminds one strongly of the Homeric Circe; and I think it not at all impossible that Grecian fable may have penetrated into Persia. The escape of Sindbad from the cavern in which he had been buried alive with his wife, by following an animal which used to come in to feed on the dead bodies, is exactly the same with that of Aristomenes, the Messenian hero, from the cavern into which he had been thrown by the Lacedæmonians². But the closest parallel is between the

¹ There is nothing said about the bridle in the account of the sale; but I am sure that, in the original tale, Beder's misfortune must have been owing to his having parted with it. In Chaucer's Squier's Tale, the bridle would also appear to have been of some importance.

² Pausanias, iv. 18.

adventure of Ulysses with the Cyclops, and that of Sindbad with the black giant.

This giant dwelt in an island: he had but one eye, and he was as tall as a palm-tree. When he saw Sindbad and his companions, who had entered his palace, he selected the fattest of them, roasted him, ate him for supper, and then fell asleep. They were obliged to pass the next night in his palace, when he killed and ate another of them. But when he was asleep, ten of the boldest of them made ten of his spits red-hot, and bored out the eye of the monster. He roared aloud with the pain, and groped about, but to no purpose, for those who had caused it, and then went howling through the island. Next morning they saw him coming, led by two of his brethren, and followed by several others. They lost no time in getting on the rafts they had constructed the day before; but the giants flung great stones with so exact an aim, that they sunk them all except the one which carried Sindbad and two of his comrades.

These circumstances are nearly the same with those in the *Odyssey*. The feat of sinking the rafts by flinging rocks on them was performed, we must observe, not by Polyphemus, but by the Læstrigions. The Cyclops missed the ship, when, guided by the sound of Ulysses' voice, he hurled pieces of rock at it ¹.

¹ For the story of Ulysses and the Cyclops, see the Ninth Book of Homer's *Odyssey*, or my *Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy*,

I think it, then, not unlikely that the story of the Odyssey travelled, one time or other, eastwards. In proof of the migration of Grecian fable, it may be mentioned that the Persian story of Sicander, or Alexander the Great, was derived from Byzantium.

Adieu to these splendid Oriental fictions, which delight youth and beguile age! The task of tracing them in their progress from Asia to Europe has been to me a source of much pleasure. I have proved, I think, that some of them reached the West centuries before the appearance of M. Galland's translation, and have so far established my theory respecting the transmission of fiction. I will now proceed to show, that tales may be very similar, and yet be quite independent of each other.

I think it then, not unlikely that the story of the Odyssey travelled one time or other eastward. In proof of the migration of Greek legends it may be mentioned that the Persian story of Sisander or Alexander the Great, was derived from Bysantium, toward the latter end of the 5th century, and that the story of the Odyssey was derived from Bysantium, toward the latter end of the 10th century.

Added to these splendid Oriental legends, which delight youth and beguile age! The task of tracing them in their progress from Asia to Europe has been to me a source of much pleasure. I have proved, I think, that some of them reached the West centuries before the appearance of St. Galland's translation, and have so far established my theory respecting the transmission of fiction. I will now proceed to show, that tales may be very similar, and yet be quite independent of each other.

It is not necessary to say that the Odyssey is a poem of the 8th century, and that the Iliad is a poem of the 12th century. The fact is, that the Odyssey is a poem of the 8th century, and the Iliad is a poem of the 12th century. The fact is, that the Odyssey is a poem of the 8th century, and the Iliad is a poem of the 12th century. The fact is, that the Odyssey is a poem of the 8th century, and the Iliad is a poem of the 12th century.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SHAH-NAMEH—ROOSTEM AND SOOHRAB—CONLOCH
AND CUCHULLIN—MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN—IRISH ANTI-
QUITIES.

“It must be owned,” says an elegant and philosophic historian, when speaking of the British Arthur ¹, “that the traditions of our heroic age have not the same historical value as those of other nations. The fables of Greece, for example, besides their singular beauty, have the merit of being the native produce of the soil. As pictures of manners, and indications of character, they are therefore true to nature. They may occasionally approach the inferior truth of time and place, of names and particulars, by a faint and rude outline of real occurrences.”

As this is the very view which I have taken of the Grecian mythology in my Work on that agreeable subject, I feel both pleasure and confidence

¹ Sir James Mackintosh, in his History of England, vol. i. p. 27. Should there be any among my readers—I hope they will not be few—who love to contemplate the exercise of a mild, charitable, and enlightened philosophy, and who would imbibe true political wisdom, and learn to view the institutions of their country with love and veneration, I would advise them to devote their hours to this valuable work. It is for this effect, and not for the narrative, that it should be read; and not merely read, but studied.

at finding this coincidence of sentiment between myself and so distinguished a man as the late Sir James Mackintosh.

By 'other nations,' in the above passage, I apprehend could only be meant the Greeks, the Persians, and the Scandinavians; for I believe these are the only nations that have a mythic history the true growth of their own soil, unmingled with exotic productions. Of that of Scandinavia I shall by and by have occasion to say a few words; my present business is with that of Persia, and the book in which alone it is to be found—the noble Shah-Nâmeh¹, or *King-book*.

When the Arabian deluge poured in over Persia under the first Khalifs, it extinguished alike the literature and the religion of the conquered people. The traditions of ancient Persian renown, which had been cherished by the House of Sassan, were despised by the new lords of Irân: the original worshipers of Ormuzd, who had voluntarily or compulsively embraced the law of the Arabian prophet, gradually became negligent of the tales which narrated the deeds of their fathers; and the faithful remnant who still clung to the religion of Light, either sought a refuge in India, or led a life of obscurity in remote districts of their own country. A people whose spirit is broken are generally negligent of the fame of their ancestors,

¹ These letters, *â, î, û*, are equivalent to *aw, ee, oo*. I shall employ them indifferently; *ou* is to be sounded as in *our*.

which is, as it were, a reproach to themselves; and the legends of Persian glory seem to have been on the brink of perishing, when patriotism or poetic feeling urged a man of rank in Irân to seek to rescue them from oblivion. From the books and from the lips of the Moobeds (*Magi*), he collected the old traditions, and he wrote them out in the Pehlvi language. This book, which was named the Bostân Nâmeh (*Old Book*), became the consolation and the delight of all who loved to dwell on the glories of the olden time; and one of the monarchs of the Turkish house of the Samanee directed a poet to versify these tales of the ancient wars of Irân and Toorân. The poet commenced his task, but he shortly afterwards perished by the hand of an assassin. At length the renowned Mahmood of Ghizni imposed the task on Aboo-'l-Kasîm, the son of Ishak Sheriff Shah, a native of Toos in Khorassân, surnamed Ferdousee (*Paradise*) from the beauty of his verses, or from his own or his father's occupation being gardening¹. At the mandate of the mighty Mahmood, Ferdousee celebrated the deeds of the ancient monarchs and heroes of Irân.

The poem, when completed, was named the Shah-Nâmeh, or *King-book*; and it is at the present day, and is likely ever to continue to be, the pride and glory of Persian literature. It consists

¹ Paradise, originally signifying *park*, (a word perhaps connected with it,) is of Persian origin, and was adopted by the Greeks.

of sixty thousand rimed couplets : its measure is rapid and animated ; it is everywhere embellished by the flowers of a luxuriant and beautiful imagination. It is the only source from which the Persians can derive any knowledge of the history of their country previous to the Arabian conquest ; and the sentiment of veneration with which they regard it, almost exceeds that felt by the Greeks for the Homeric poems.

It is impossible to assign the date of the mythic legends of a people : they spring up, one knows not how or when ; they receive accessions imperceptibly ; they pass from mouth to mouth for centuries before they are fixed by writing ; they form a part of the life and being of the people. The labours of the early logographers of Greece, and of the Alexandrian critics, have given a descriptive chronological air to the legends of Grecian mythology : not merely the year, for instance, but the very day of the month, on which Troy was taken, was fixed ; though all must confess that this event occurred before the Greeks began to write : and it may very fairly be doubted if ever Troy and its ten-year siege had an existence. All such events lie far beyond the limits of chronology.

In like manner we can assign no date to the early legends of the Shah-Nâmeh, the proper mythic history of Persia. Ferdousee asserts that he invented none of them, but gave them as he found them in the Bostân Nâmeh, or *Old Book*. Now we know from Moses of Chorene, the Armenian

historian, who wrote in the middle of the fifth century, that at that time the legend of Zohâk and Feridoon was well known. It, and consequently its fellow legends, could therefore hardly have been invented in the time of the Sassanians; still less can we assign them to the period of Parthian or Grecian dominion, when Persian nationality was no more. We thus find ourselves in the days of the Kyanians (the Achæmenides of the Greeks); and I see no reason for denying that Jemsheed, Zohâk, Feridoon, Zâl, and Roostem, were the heroes of popular lays, and the wars of the Iranian Shahs against Afrâsiâb and his Turanians, sung by the bards of Irân centuries before Xerxes led his host to Greece, or Cyrus conquered Lesser Asia. One of the very few passages of the Persian poem which correspond with the history of Persia, as given by the Greeks, is that of the early days of Ky Khoosrou, which is like what Herodotus tells of Cyrus; yet even that may have been an ancient poetic fiction, and be no truer in the case of Cyrus than in that of Romulus, Paris, or Habis; of all of whom nearly the same thing is told. Herodotus, who lived not more than a century after that prince, says that there were no less than three different accounts of him, of which he selected that which appeared the most probable. He adds, that the narrators of these histories were more solicitous to exalt their heroes than to ascertain the truth.

At all events, we possess in the Shah-Nâmeh

the genuine mythic history of Persia, as pure, perhaps, as we have that of Greece in Grecian poetry. The manners, too, are faithfully preserved: the heroes are those of old, and not of Mohammedan Persia; they are potent, for instance, at the wine-cup, and enjoy the banquet; and we may recollect that one strong reason given by the younger Cyrus to prove himself more worthy of the throne than his brother Artaxerxes, was, that he was able to drink more wine. Many other traits of Persian manners will present themselves to the reader of the poem.

I will now give an epitome of the tale of Sooh-râb, robbed of all the charms of verse, and of much of the splendour of imagination. I regret much that I can do no more¹.

ROOSTEM AND SOOHRÂB.

‘Now let us hearken to the story of the combat of Roostem with Soohrâb, a tale full of pity

¹ Mr. Atkinson has translated it into English verse. It will also be found in his epitome of the *Shah-Nâmeh*. I follow Görres’ epitome of it in his *Heldenbuch von Iran*. My knowledge of Persian being extremely slight, I always refer in cases of difficulty to my friends MM. Forbes and Arnot, of the London Oriental Institution.

A fine edition of the original poem, edited by Mr. Turner Macan, from a comparison of several of the best MSS., has been printed at Calcutta. It is curious to observe that the reflections with which the following episode opens, are different in it from those in the MS. used by Atkinson, and that Görres’ MS. differs from both.

and melancholy, and water of the eyes. The mild heart of Roostem was thereby filled with affliction.

‘O youth! who hearest, turn not away thy face from joy and love, for joy and love are suitable unto youth. There will be time enough after us, when the rose will glow and the spring be renewed, many clouds will pass along, many flowers will bloom, thy body will dissolve and be mingled with the black earth. No one knoweth what will befall tomorrow; all abideth and goeth as seemeth fit unto heaven. When the storm bursts forth from the narrow ravine, and tears up the young tree by the roots, wilt thou call this a violent act of God? O fool! acknowledge him to be all-wise. If death is unjust, what is just? and why complain we of that which is just? Thy soul knoweth not this secret, that young and old come to the same goal. Therefore, so shouldest thou live upon earth, that thou shouldest win thy salvation at the end.’

It has been related by the ancients, from the Moobeds the tradition has been handed down, that one morning Roostem arose and prepared himself for the chase. He filled his quiver with arrows, he mounted Raksh¹ (*Lightning*), and turned his face to the marches of Toorân. As he drew nigh to them, he saw the plain far and wide covered with wild asses (*Goorân*). The cheek of the hero lighted up like the rose; he smiled, and urged on Raksh. With bow and arrow, mace and

¹ The name of Roostem's famous steed.

noose, he brought to the ground many a swift ass of the wilds. He gathered leaves and branches, and kindled a fire; then taking a tree, which in his grasp weighed not a feather, he spitted on it one of the wild asses. When it was roasted, he ate it, and sucked the marrow of its bones; he then sought the water, and drank, and lay down to sleep: his horse meantime grazed about. While he slept, came seven-and-thirty times eight Turks to the plain, and seeing a horse roaming alone in the wood, they hastened to catch him. Raksh roared like a lion; one he killed with his teeth, another with his hoof,—but in vain; they caught him in the noose, and brought him to the city of Samengân. When Roostem awoke, he was filled with grief at the loss of his faithful steed; but seeing no remedy, he put the bridle and saddle on his shoulder, saying, “Such is the way of the world; now the back on the saddle, and again the saddle on the back;” and he moved on towards the town.

As he drew nigh unto the town, the great men advanced to meet him; and when they saw that he was clad in iron, they all said, “This is Roostem.” The Shah himself came forth and welcomed him to his city. Roostem replied, that the traces of his horse were thitherward, and menaced vengeance if he were not restored. The Shah desired him to be pacified, promised that he should be sought after and restored, and pressed him meantime to come and pass the night over the

wine. Roostem accepted the invitation with joy: the night passed away in festivity, and it was late when the hero was conducted to a bed in the royal palace. Overcome by wine and fatigue, he fell asleep; but when the night was nearly gone, and the morning-star was gleaming, he heard a light whispering by his bed. There stood Temeenah, the daughter of the Shah, the moon-cheeked maid, glittering like the sun, with a light in her hand at the bedside of the drunken hero. 'She came full of fragrance and colour; her eyebrows, two bent bows; her ringlets, nooses; two rose-leaves flown on the cypress, her cheeks; her lilies shedding wine, and diffusing amber out of Paradise; two rubies beaming in the concealed place, pierced through the middle with fire-hued diamond; rings in her glittering ear-lobes; lips and neck formed of sugar; prudent and pure of soul, as if earth had no share in her; so was she formed in chastity and beauty.' Roostem in amaze called out to know who she was, and what she sought in the dusky night. She told him she was the daughter of the Shah. "I am," said she, "the tamer of lions and tigers; among the fair-ones of the earth there is not my equal; there is none so great as I under the heaven. No one hath seen me behind my veil, nor heard me speak." She then proceeded to tell how tales had come to her ears of the prowess of Roostem; how he never had feared either Deevs, or lions, or crocodiles; how he came alone in the night to Toorân, and slept

there, and roasted and ate a wild ass. "Thou makest the air to weep with thy sword; in dread of thee the eagle ventures not to fly; thou drawest the sea-snake out of the deep; the hawk, when he beholds thy sword, ceases to hunt; the lion bears the mark of thy noose. When I heard all these tales of thy prowess and thy might, I bit my lips in grief, and I longed for thy arms, and shoulders, and breast. Then God brought thee hither to me, and now I come to ask thee if thou wilt have me: neither bird nor fish has ever seen me."

The enamoured princess further promised that she would procure him again his good steed Raksh, and lay all Samengân at his feet; and Roostem saw that the prospect was good, and he desired a Moobed to ask her for him from her father. The Shah consented with joy, and sent his daughter to the Pahluwân¹. That very night the princess conceived, and Roostem felt thereby love for her more strongly impressed on his heart. With day-break he drew from his arm a costly ring, set with a blue stone, and giving it to her, directed her if the child should be a female, to plait it into her locks; if a boy, to put it on his arm, assuring her that the offspring of Roostem must be renowned, and his virtue never could be concealed.

When the sun was rising, Roostem took leave of the moon-cheeked princess: again and again he

¹ *Pahluwân* signifies *champion* or *hero*. It is akin to the Greek *παλαίμων*. Wrestlers are called Pahluwâns at the present day in Persia.

kissed her eyes and head, and the hearts of both were filled with sadness. And when the sun had mounted his ivory car, with the crown of rubies on his head, the Shah came to Roostem, and asking "how he had found his chamber and his sleep," told him that Raksh was at hand awaiting him. The exulting hero placed the saddle on his gallant steed, bade farewell to the Shah of Samengân, sprang to horse, and soon beheld again Sabool and Seistân¹. But he told no one what had befallen him.

Nine moons had passed, and Temeenah became the mother of a son, bright as the refulgent moon, the image of the mighty Roostem, like unto Sâm and Nareemân², and with joy she named him Sohrâb. And the child throve and grew apace: in the first month he was as a child of a year old; when three years old he began to wrestle; at ten years no one could stand before him in the combat. 'An elephant in body, his countenance like blood, his arms powerful as those of a camel, high in stature, narrow in the waist, strong of fist,—thus was he formed. The chase of the lion was his delight, and with hawks he hunted the valiant beast³.'

One day he came to his mother and demanded to know who was his sire, that he might have wherewithal to answer those who asked him, me-

¹ The countries over which he ruled.

² Ancestors of Roostem.

³ See in the Sketches of Persia the mode of hunting antelopes at the present day with hawks.

nacing her with death in case of refusal. She bade him rejoice, for that his sire was the noble Roostem, the greatest hero whom earth had ever seen. She showed him a letter from his father, with three rubies and ten wedges of ruddy gold, which Roostem had sent her out of Irân. But she told him not, that, fearing to be deprived of him, she had sent word to Roostem that her offspring was a female; and she prayed him to keep all this a secret, lest it should reach the ears of Afrâsiâb, the foe of Roostem and of Irân. The soul of the youth took fire; he vowed he would never conceal so noble an extraction; he would collect an army of valiant warriors, he would invade Irân, dethrone the unworthy Ky Kâoos, and give the crown to Roostem; then return, and hurl Afrâsiâb also from his royal seat, and Roostem should be the lord of the whole earth.

Forthwith Sohrâb began to assemble an army. For himself he sought a horse whose iron hoof would crush the stones, who should be strong as an elephant, swift as a bird in flight, as a fish in the water, as a lion on the land. At the word of his mother the whole herd was brought before him; he laid his hand on the back of each steed, and the belly of each touched the ground beneath his pressure. The youth was displeased. Then came one, and told of a foal which Raksh had gotten when in Samengân, whose body was like a mountain, in speed a roe, an arrow in the wilderness; his talisman was the sun, and the wild bull dreaded

the stroke of his hoof. The foal was brought : firm as a rock, he bent not beneath the pressure of the hero's hand¹. Soohrâb grasped a lance like a pillar, and cried, "Now that I have such a horse, the day will darken before Kâoos." His grandfather gave him horses, mules, arms and treasure for the war against Irân, and joyful thereat was the young Lion-heart.

Afrâsiâb, hearing of the warlike preparations of Soohrâb, sent two of his warriors, named Hoomân and Bârmân, with 12,000 men to his aid, in hopes that Roostem would fall by the hand of Soohrâb, or Soohrâb by that of Roostem, so that in either case the advantage would be his : he therefore directed his generals to prevent by all means the mutual recognition of the father and the son. The unsuspecting Soohrâb hailed with joy the arrival of the royal troops, and the march began for Irân.

Mounted on their wind-footed steeds, the warriors of Soohrâb swept the country, wasting and burning till they came before a fortress named Zebeed. Hejeer, the governor, rode forth and engaged in single combat with Soohrâb, but he was vanquished, and sent a prisoner to Hoomân. Gûsdehem, who then took the command of the fortress, had with him his sister, named Gurd-

¹ This was the manner in which Roostem himself had selected his steed Raksh. It is curious as an instance either of original similarity of manners, or of the transmission of poetic fictions, to find the same mode of selecting a hero's steed in the Russian Popular Tales shortly to be noticed.

afreed, a maiden valiant as a Pahluwân, the combatant of lions, unequalled in battle. When she heard the cry of grief raised by men and women at the capture of Hejeer, the tulip of her complexion became dark as pitch; she clad herself in arms, concealed her hair beneath the helmet, and rode forth, bearing a huge steel-headed lance. With a voice of thunder she called out, "Who are ye who come hither to war?" Sohrâb, smiling, bit his lips, and sprang forth to meet her. The maiden grasped her bow and showered arrows on him, 'that no bird could fly by.' Sohrâb's wrath was kindled. They fought eye to eye; the blood flowed in streams. She flung away the bow and seized the spear, but Sohrâb came on like devouring flame, and his lance tore her mail, and cast her to the ground. Instantly she was on foot, and drawing her sword, struck off the head of the lance; then springing to horse fled away. The Sipehbâd¹ pursued, shouting aloud. The maid with a smile took off her helmet, and her hair descended glittering like the sun, and Sohrâb saw that he had been fighting with a maiden. He bound her, and told her that she was not to look for freedom, for a wild ass like her had never fallen into his toils. The maiden saw that her only resource was craft. She threw on him the full blaze of her charms: when her veil was with-

¹ Sipehbâd and Sipehdâr mean *warrior* or *commander*. Sipahi, from which we have made *Seapoy*, is in Persian a *soldier*. Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft®

drawn, a garden like that of Paradise smiled on him; harts, her eyes; bows, her eyebrows: the soul of Soohrâb was captured, and he allowed her to enter the fort to procure its surrender. But she laughed at him from the walls, telling him the Iranians matched not with Turks; and that brave though he was, he would be unable to stand before the Shah and Roostem. Soohrâb was enraged at being thus outwitted; but night was at hand, and he returned to his camp.

Gûsdehem then wrote to the Shah, describing the might and the prowess of Soohrâb; and that very night he and the garrison retired from the fortress by a secret way. When Soohrâb in the morning prepared to give the assault, he found none to resist him. He entered, and the defenceless people implored his clemency: he sought everywhere for Gurd-afreed, but found her not: his heart was full of love, and he said, "Alas, that the bright moon should thus be hidden among the clouds!"

The hopes of Irân lay in Roostem; and the Shah sent the Pahluwân Geev to tell him of the letter of Gûsdehem, and summon him to the aid of the kingdom. And Roostem marvelled who the Turkish hero might be. "A son," said he to Geev, "had I by the daughter of the Shah of Samengân, but he is young, and knoweth nought as yet of war. His mother tells me he is strong and bold, and drinks wine like a lion, and one day he will surely be renowned. But come, let us pass

today in joy, and moisten the parched lip with wine: tomorrow we haste to the field." The feast was spread, they grasped their cups, and became drunken. Each succeeding day was the same. At last Geev reminded his host of the hasty temper of the Shah, and on the sixth day the Pahluwân set his troops in motion.

When Geev and Roostem came into the royal presence, Ky Kâoos ordered Toos to seize them both, and hang them on a gallows. But Roostem, kindling in anger, recounted all he had done for the royal line of Irân, and for Ky Kâoos in particular, and then set out homewards, declaring he would have nothing more to do with Irân, and that with him sense and courage would depart from the land. And all the men of renown were dismayed, for he was the shepherd, they the flock; and they sent Gûders to remind the Shah of all that Roostem had done for him, and how without him they could not resist Soohrâb. The Shah listened to the words of Gûders, and he saw that they were true: he repented him of his folly, and bade them to follow after Roostem, and persuade him to return. Gûders and his companions, when they came up with Roostem, told him of the Shah's repentance; but he said, "What is this Kâoos to me? I need him not. My throne is my saddle, my crown my helm, my robe my shirt-of-mail." But they represented the disgrace it would be to him should Irân be conquered by the Turks. He paused awhile, and then consented to go back

with them. The Shah made excuses for what he had done, and Roostem replied in the terms of duty. "Today, then," said Kâoos, "we will enjoy the banquet, tomorrow we march to the field."

In the morning, when the sun had torn the black veil (of night), Kâoos issued pay to his army: 100,000 men came with shield and corselet; the land was covered with horses and elephants, and orders were given to march for Zebbed. When they approached the fortress, Soohrâb mounted the wall to view them. He sighed as he beheld the plain filled with warriors, and he said to Hoomân, "This countless host makes me uneasy. Seest thou not in the midst of it a warrior of lofty stature with a mighty mace?" But he gave not way to melancholy; and he came down and called for wine. Then the Iranians came, and pitched their tents before the fortress.

With night Roostem came before the Shah, and craved permission to lay aside his helm and corselet, and go to discover who the stranger-chief and his commanders were. Having obtained the consent of Ky Kâoos, he disguised himself as a Turk, and entered the castle 'like a lion among roes.' Following the sound of merriment, he came to where Soohrâb sat at the banquet with Zende Resm at his right, Hoomân and Bârmân at his left: a hundred Turks stood around, and every voice was raised in praise of the noble Soohrâb. Roostem stood long at a distance, looking on the

Pahluwâns. Struck with his appearance, Zendeh Resm arose, and coming to him, asked who he was, and desired him to let his face be seen. The hero struck him with his fist, and Zendeh Resm fell dead to the ground, for God had determined that Roostem should be the slayer of his own son. For when Soohrâb was setting forth on his way to Irân, his mother called her brother Zendeh Resm to her, who had seen and known Roostem when he was at Samengân; and she said to him, "Go, thou man of prudence, with the youth, and should the host be in straits on the day of battle, point out the father to the son:" and now there was no one with Soohrâb who knew Roostem.

Roostem fled away, and Zendeh Resm remained lying on the earth; no one knew that he was dead, they thought he was reposing. Night advanced, and he came not back; then Soohrâb missed him. They found him dead; and Soohrâb arose, and came forth with lights and servants. He said, "Let no one sleep today; a wolf has gotten among the herd; he has deceived both the dogs and the keepers." He then went back, and ordered them to drown their sorrow in wine.

The morn came forth in brightness; the sun shook out his glittering hair, and flame ran down the sides of the mountains. Soohrâb mounted his stone-coloured horse: he ordered Hejeer to be brought before him, and said, "Answer truly to the questions I shall put to thee, if thou hope to

obtain liberty. If so, a costly gift shall also be thine: if not, bonds and a prison shall be thy reward." "Ask what thou wilt of Irân," said Hejeer, "and with truth will I tell thee what I know." "I would know of that council of the proud and the valiant yonder below, of the Shah of the herd, of Toos, of Gûders, of Roostem, and of all the others. Answer with truth, and give me the ensign of each." From the height of the castle he looked over the host of Irân, as it stretched far and wide on the plain, countless banners and pavilions glittering in the beams of the sun¹.

"First then," said he, "yon many-hued tent, with a hundred elephants before it, a stately retinue about it, in the midst of the camp,—whose may it be?" Hejeer said, "That is the Shah of Irân." "And yonder black tent to the left, where are assembled numerous Pahluwâns and elephants, with many other tents around it,—whose sayest thou it to be?" "That is Toos, the son of Nevder, of the blood of the Padishah², a mighty Sipehdâr." "Yon yellow tent, a lion before it glittering in ruddy gold, a costly stone in the centre, before and behind a numerous host in array,—how shall I name the chief?" "Name him Gûders, the son

¹ M. Hammer has given a fine versified translation of this dialogue of Sohrâb and Hejeer in his "Schöne Redekunst Persiens." Let any one compare it with that of Mr. Atkinson, and he will see the great advantage of adhering to the original measure of the verse.

² That is, *emperor*.

of Keshwâd; he himself has forty sons, like lions." "And yonder green tent, in the midst of which is a throne, and before it raised the banner of the empire,—whom may it contain? Here and there sit Pahluwâns in groups: one overtops them all; beside him is a horse, whose fellow I have ne'er beheld; his neighing is like the roaring of the sea. Many harnessed elephants stand around; when he rises, and moves, none in Irân can compare with him in stature; like a dragon, he strides in his strength:—how namest thou the hero?" Then said Hejeer to himself, "If I tell the ensign of the Pure One¹ to this lion-hearted youth, he will remove his luck from Roostem. Better then is it that I tell him not the name of the Proud One." Then said he, "Kerjeen came to the Shah while I was in this castle: the Sipehdâr may be he." The soul of Sohrâb was troubled when he saw not the ensign of Roostem, of which his mother had told him. He resumed: "Who are yonder Pahluwâns assembled around the ensign of the Wild Wolf, where I hear the sound of martial pipes? and whose is the ensign?" "It is that of Geev, the son of Gûders, a chief over two parts of the host of Irân, the brother-in-law of Roostem. Few in Irân are like unto him." "Yonder," said the youth, "I see a tent gleaming like the sun; before it are many Pahluwâns in ranks; the Sipehbâd is on a golden throne, the tent is adorned with

¹ A title of Roostem.

rich silk and satin ; many attendants are at the entrance. Who is the chief?" "That," said he, "is Ferbers, the son of the Shah, the crown of the nobles of Irân." "I see a yellow tent behind the figure of a wild boar ; its head a golden moon?" "It is Kooras, of the race of Kiukans." Soohrâb was dejected ; he sought the ensign of his father, and Hejeer concealed it, for so had destiny decreed. "Why cleave, O mortal ! to this world ? its drink is poison, its pleasure is evil."

Again he asked after him for whom his heart yearned, after the green tent and the illustrious man. But Hejeer still maintained that he knew not the owner of the green tent. "But where is Roostem," cried Soohrâb, "he cannot be away in the day of battle?" "Haply," said Hejeer, "the lion is gone to Caubûl ; it is now the season of the banquet in Gulistân (*Rose-land*)." "Nay," said the youth, "he goeth to the battle, he sitteth not idle at the feast. Go to, now ! Show me the Pahluwân, and I will exalt thee above all, and open to thee the hidden treasures ; else will I smite thy head from thy body. Choose now between the two." Hejeer pondered. The wise Moobed saith, thought he, a word unspoken is like a precious stone untouched in its cover ; if let free, it darteth forth fire like a sun. Then said he to Soohrâb, "Who can do like the Pure One in battle ? his head reaches to the clouds ; an elephant is not so large as he ; he has the strength of thousands ; his understanding reaches above

the heavens. When he rages in the day of battle, what are lions and warriors to him? A solid rock cannot stand before him. Thou hast never seen such warriors as Afrâsiâb and his men; with his sword he has rained fire on their heads." But Soohrâb, in the pride of his strength, declares that Roostem will tremble before him like the sea before the wind. "This tiger," says he, "will sink in sleep when the sun draws his flaming sword." Hejeer fearing for Roostem, and for the empire in case of his fall, resolved not to reveal his ensign. "If I lose my life," thought he, "Gûders has still six-and-seventy sons lion-hearted as I, and my death will inflame my friends with revenge." "Then turning to Soohrâb, he said, "What needeth this anger? from me thou shalt never know of Roostem. Strike off my head then, if thou wilt." Soohrâb turned round and smote him with his fist, that he fell from his seat; he hid his face from him in silence¹.

Soohrâb rode forth in arms, and approaching the camp of Shah Kâoos, summoned the Pahluwâns to the combat, but none ventured to reply. He came close to the tents, and then the Shah sent Toos to carry the tidings to Roostem. "The day of battle is my day of work," said the Pure

¹ This dialogue reminds one of that of Balak and Balaam in the Book of Numbers. The whole passage resembles that in the Ilias where Helena describes the Grecian warriors to Priam, which has been imitated by Euripides, Statius and Tasso. *Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft®*

One; and he commanded them to saddle Raksh: he then mounted and rode forth, and called to Soohrâb with a pealing shout. The valiant youth hastened to meet him; and Roostem, in reply to his threats, calmly noticing the feats of arms he had himself performed, warned him of the danger of the conflict. The heart of Soohrâb inclined to him, and he said, "I ask thee but one word, answer me truly. I believe thee to be Roostem, of the race of Nirm: tell me thy family, and delight me with fair speech." The hero replied, "I am not Roostem, nor is mine the race of Nirm; he is a Pahluwân, and I am one of no note, without throne or crown."

Then hope departed from Soohrâb; the face of the bright day darkened before his eyes: he grasped his arms, and the combat began. In the first career their lances broke; they laid hold on their swords, the blades sprang in pieces; they seized their maces, and the horses staggered as they struck; their shirts-of-mail were torn: exhausted and bathed in sweat, stood both horses and riders. Father and son stood apart; love and understanding were far from both. 'Horses know their young, and the fishes in the sea; man doth not, when passion and cupidity blind him.' Roostem said in secret, "The fight with the Deev Seffeed¹ was but a blast of wind compared with this."

¹ That is, the *White Deev*, or *demon*. This occurred in Mazenderan, when Roostem went to the relief of Ky Kâoos.

Having rested them awhile, they bent their bows, and showered arrows like lightning, but neither could injure the other. Roostem then flung a stone like a mountain, but the youth withstood the blow. Now dismounted the two lions, and began again to rage. Soohrâb called on Roostem to give over, and own himself overcome. Roostem bade him not to boast, for his end was in the hands of God. He then flung his noose¹, and caught Soohrâb; but the youth strained his strength, and burst it. Roostem in amaze called on God, and Soohrâb smote him on the shoulder with his mace, and laughed, and cried, "O valiant Pahluwân! abide no longer the wounds of the Strong One." He sprang into the host of the Iranians like a wolf. Roostem sighing, rushed among the Turanians. Again he and Soohrâb met. "Early tomorrow," said Roostem, "we fight with the swords of vengeance. Come what God wills!"

Each returned to his camp. Soohrâb asked Hoomân of the deeds of the unknown warrior, and

¹ Here is an instance of the retention of ancient manners; for the *kamund*, or noose, as far as I can learn, is not used by the modern Persians; but Herodotus (vii. 85.) describes the Sagartii, a Persian tribe, as serving on horseback, using chains of plaited thongs, with a noose on the end of them. According to Mela (i. 19.), the women of some of the tribes about the Euxine made use of the noose in battle. Sir J. Malcolm says that the noose is employed for catching unwary passers-by, by some predatory hordes in India. It is the *lazo* used by the Spaniards of South America for catching wild cattle. Was it from the Moors that they learned the use of it? *Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft®*

highly extolled his strength and valour: "And now," said he, "let us haste to the banquet, to-morrow is a day of severe conflict." Roostem, on his part, asked of the exploits of Soohrâb, and learned that none of the warriors of Irân had been able to stand before him. He came to the Shah, who made him sit by him on his royal seat; and then he highly praised the might and the valour of Soohrâb, avowing that he could not say what might be the event of the combat on the morrow. "Tonight," said the Shah, "will I pray to the Highest, and I trust in my salvation that he will give thee victory."

Roostem entered his tent, and called for wine. He charged his brother Sewâreh to have his best arms and armour ready before the tent at sunrise. He desired him, in case of his fall, to lead his troops without delay back to Sabûl, and to comfort Zâl his father, and his mother Roodâbeh. "Tell her not to grieve overmuch on my account, for no one lives for ever upon earth. Jemsheed and Hûshenk, and Feridoon¹, had never their equals, and yet they are all gone into the dark earth. Sâm and Nareemân, too, are dead. Many Deevs and warriors, and monsters, have I slain; many walls have I broken; and were my years a thousand, still is the way and the work the same." One half of the night he talked of Soohrâb, the remainder he passed in repose.

¹ Ancient monarchs of Persia.

Sohrâb sat at the banquet, and spake with Hoomân. "That warrior," said he, "is as large as I; I see on him the tokens given me by my mother; I believe he is Roostem, and unseemly were it for the son to fight with the father." "Oft have I seen Roostem face to face," said Hoomân, "and I have heard of his deeds in Mazenderân. I know him; none can withstand his might and his star." Sohrâb retired, and rested till sunrise.

In the morning Roostem arose, and rode to the field. He called aloud to the Turanians to come forth to the fight. Sohrâb mounted, and advanced to meet him. "Why," said the youth, "art thou armed for the combat? Let us rather sit down to the wine, and make a compact in the sight of Him who rules the world; and let our hearts deplore our hatred. Let us make ready a banquet, for my heart feels love to thee; shame will drive the water from my eyes. As thou art descended from the great, make thy lineage known to me. I have already asked thy name, do not still conceal it. I see thy ensign, the name is still to me unknown. Art thou not of the lineage of the noble Dustân¹?" But Roostem said he was come to fight, and not to parley, and refused all satisfaction. "Then," said Sohrâb, "let us dismount, and wrestle with each other."

They tied their horses, they stood on the ground;

¹ A name of Zâl, the father of Roostem.

like lions they struggled; the blood ran down in streams. Soohrâb grasped Roostem by the girdle; as he dragged it he cried like a lion tearing a wild ass: the Pure One staggered, and fell to the ground. Soohrâb drew his sword to strike off his head as he lay. Then, thought he, I must employ artifice. He said, "O warrior! this was never my way. No one strikes off the head of his foe the first time he falls. The second time he justly smites it off, and gains a lion-name. Such was always my custom." The words pleased Soohrâb, for his heart was moved with love to him. He said, "It is just, since such is thy custom;" and he let him go.

Soohrâb went to hunt, and thought no more of Roostem¹. When he came to his camp, Hoomân asked him of the event of the combat; and when he heard how he had given his life to his foe, he cried, "Alas! alas! O youth! thy magnanimity has destroyed thee; thou hast let the lion go out of thy net." He told Bârmân what had befallen; and he said, "Never despise thy foe; strong as thou mayest be, count thine enemies; even the elephant must count the ants." "Cometh he to the fight tomorrow," said Soohrâb, "thou shalt place thy foot on his neck." Roostem meantime went to the river, drank, and washed his head; he then prostrated himself before God, and prayed for strength and victory. And the prayer of the

¹ See my *Crusaders*, vol. i. p. 303.

Pure One was heard, and God increased his strength. He then went in before the Shah; all sat troubled and full of thought; and all prayed, both old and young, unto God for victory to Irân.

Soon as the trumpet sounded in the morning, Roostem returned to the field. Soohrâb, now enraged with him, rushed down like a drunken elephant, bearing mace and noose. "Why comest thou again to the fight? has honour departed from thy soul? Twice have I let thee leave the field; out of love to thee I will let thee now go the third time. If thou tarry, with a blow of my fist I will drive thy soul from thy body." "Thou speakest as a youth, not as a manly warrior," said Roostem: "come forward, and show what thou canst do." They dismounted; each grasped the girdle of the other. From the early morning until the sun again cast shadows, lasted the conflict. Well saith the pure-hearted Moobed, when speaking of ancient writings, 'When evil destiny is wrath, the hard stone becometh soft as wax.' It was as if heaven had bound the combatants in bands. At length Soohrâb fell to the ground; and Roostem, fearing he might free himself from his grasp, drew his dagger and plunged it into his bosom. The youth gave a groan, and his thoughts of both good and evil were enfeebled. He said, "I have brought it on myself; I have put the key of my life into thy hand. My mother gave me the token of my father; love brings my days to their close. I sought him with eagerness, and dreamed not that

death should find me in the field, or that my hopes should become dust. But swammest thou like a fish in the water, couldest thou move through the gloom of the night, or fly like a bird, thou wilt not escape destruction; and wentest thou like a star in the sky, my father will yet exact vengeance of thee, when he learns that I came from Toorân hither out of love to Roostem, and have fallen by the hand of a crafty old man." When Roostem heard these words, the world grew dark before his eyes, and he fainted away. On coming to himself, he cried in accents of anguish, "O youth! say what token hast thou of Roostem, for I am he." "Art thou Roostem?" said Soohrâb; "then was the lot of my combat every way dark. Open the band of my mail, and on my arm thou wilt find thy ring, all that the son has ever seen of the father. When the trumpets sounded before me, the cheeks of my mother were filled with blood, and she placed this ring on my arm, saying, 'Keep this as a memorial of thy father.' She also sent with me her brother Zendehe Resm, that he might show me my father; but the chief was slain, for my star was darkened." When Roostem beheld the ring, he rent his clothes; blood burst from his eyes; he tore his hair, he covered his head with earth; water ran down his face as he mourned over his son. Soohrâb spake to console him. "Thine was this head; weep not thus: this self-destruction bringeth no good. So it was fated to be."

Meantime the sun drew nigh to setting; and when the Iranians saw that Roostem did not return, they became uneasy. They looked over the plain, but could see nothing but the horses of the two warriors, and they deemed that Roostem was slain. They told Kâoos thereof, and he ordered the trumpets to sound, and bade Toos to go and examine the field; "for," said he, "if Roostem is slain, we must stay no longer here; the host must disperse over mountain and mead."

Meantime Sohrâb said unto Roostem, "Since my days are come to their close, for my sake let not the Shah lead his host against the Turks. On my account they came to Irân; I gave them lofty hopes, for I little deemed that I should fall by the hand of my father; and it were not seemly that they should suffer injury. There is also a man in that castle of whom I often asked after thine ensign: all he described to me accurately; of thee he would give but a confused account. See to him, that he suffer no evil from the Turks. So was it written in the stars, that I should die by the hand of my father. Like lightning I came, like wind I go." Again Roostem groaned in agony; his heart full of fire, and his eyes full of water, he said, "I will do all as thou hast said, though for thy sake I will no longer remain among the assembled chiefs." Then mounting his horse, he rode to the camp. The Iranians thanked God for his escape; but when they saw dust on his head, and his garments rent, they marvelled, and asked what had

befallen. He told them all the mournful tale, and they mixed their tears with his. He enjoined a cessation of war with the Turks, and sent his brother Sewâreh to Hoomân, to say that they might depart in peace. He menaced Hoomân, whose artifices, he said, had caused the death of Soohrâb; but the Turk threw all the blame on Hejeer, whom Roostem would have slain, but for the surrounding chiefs.

Roostem returned to his dying son, attended by the chiefs of the Iranian host. They all strove in vain to console him: he drew his sword, and would have slain himself, but the chiefs caught hold of him, and the words of Gûders brought him to composure. He then prayed Gûders to go to the Shah, and ask him to send some of his precious balsam, so efficacious in the cure of wounds, and with it a cup of wine. Gûders hastened to the Shah; but Kâoos said, "If the youth recover, he will slay Roostem; and then who is there to defend me, against whom all his vengeance is directed? Thou heardest how he shouted out, 'Who is this Kâoos?' and how he swore, 'With this lance will I slay him.' He doth evil who sustaineth his foe. I will never do aught to benefit him." Gûders brought the words of the Shah to Roostem; and the hero himself was on the way to him, when a messenger overtook him, with tidings that his son had expired. "A coffin, not a throne, he now asks of thee: he sought his father, gave a deep sigh, and closed his eyelids."

When the Pure One heard these words, he tore his cheeks and hair, he flung himself from his horse, and cast dust on his head. He lamented for his son, and deplored his own hard fate, who had done a deed unheard of on earth,—a deed to cover his name with infamy, and draw on him the reproaches of his parents, the noble Zâl and the prudent Roodâbeh.

Roostem returned, and clad his son in a royal robe: he ordered the ivory car to be brought, and a coffin to be prepared: he then returned to the camp. They kindled a fire, and burned the tent, the throne, and the saddle of Soohrâb, and all the host cast dust on their heads, and uttered loud cries of grief. The Pahluwâns sat by Roostem, and mingled their tears with his: their cheeks were pallid with mourning: they assayed to console the Pure One in his affliction. They said, "How long wilt thou consume thyself? It is the will of Heaven: in one hand the crown, in the other the noose; settest thou that on thy head, this quickly snatches thee away. War is like the sea; now it yields pearls, now stones and sand. Destiny never gives an account of the how and the wherefore." The Shah, when he heard of the death of Soohrâb, came and beheld Roostem lying on the ground, with his garments rent. He said, "From Mount Elburz unto the ocean, all befalls as Destiny has decreed: one endeth sooner, another later; in the end, we all are Death's. And wert thou to draw the heaven down to earth, and

TALES
AND
POPULAR FICTIONS.



Ah gallant Sohrab! in ill hour from Tooran
Thou camest, in quest of thy sire, to Iran;
Love and Hope led thee to him, but Destiny dire
Had doomed thee to fall, by the hand of that sire.

DRAWN BY W. H. BROOKE, F. S. A., ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY G. BAXTER,
PUBLISHED BY WHITTAKER AND CO.

1834.

cast fire into the world, still thou wouldst never bring back the departed : his immortal part is in yonder world. Alas! for these arms and this breast! from afar I beheld them, and was amazed that such a warrior should be among the Turks. Long did he fight against our host : at length he fell before thee. The evil is come by the decree of Fate : how long wilt thou weep for the departed ?”

At the desire of Roostem, the Shah drew off the host of Irân, and suffered the Turks to retire unmolested, and the Pure One set forth for Sâbulistân with the corse of his son. When Zâl beheld the coffin from afar, he dismounted from his horse, and shed tears for the untimely fate of the youth. Roostem placed the coffin in his palace ; he raised the lid, and displayed to Zâl and Roodâbeh the beauty and the size of Soohrâb ; and they wept, and all their attendants with them, and the palace was filled with mourning, as if the noble Zâl lay on his bier. Roostem said, “I will raise him a golden monument :” and he made a vault under the ground, and placed him in it, and again they lamented the renowned youth, and closed over him the tomb. ‘ Thus is it decreed for this world ; the riddle will never be solved ; never wilt thou find the key, for no one may open that which is closed.’

Hoomân led back his host to Toorân, and the mother of Soohrâb heard of the fate of her son. She wrang her hands, she tore her hair, she burned

her dark tresses in the fire; blood burst from her cheeks like water, and the voice of her grief ascended unto heaven. "O soul of thy mother!" cried she, "whither art thou gone? A stranger and helpless, thou art captured, alas! captured in the ground. My eyes looked forth on the way. I said, 'It may be that tidings come of my son and of Roostem; he is now in the battle; he sought his father, and he has found him; now will he hasten to come.' O how could I know what an affliction was before me, or dream that thy own father should plunge the dagger into thy side? Came there not over him pity of thy face, thy form, and thy hair, that he thus slew thee with the sword? I had reared thee, fed thee at my bosom in the day and in the long night; and now is the garment rent on thy pure body. Whom shall I now take by the hands? whom shall I embrace? who is the affliction of my heart? whom call I to me? for whom am I in this exceeding grief? Woe to this head! woe to this soul! woe to these eyes! Despair is grown out of hope: thou sleepest in the dark earth! Why, when thy father went to pierce thy silver breast, didst thou not show the token of thy mother? Thou soughtest thy father, and hast found thy grave. Thy mother now remaineth solitary without thee, consumed with grief, struggling with affliction beyond endurance. O gallant youth! what now shall I do? Life must depart from my breast, it cannot otherwise be!" - *Digitized by Microsoft®*

She smote herself with her hands, and fell senseless to the ground. Again she revived, and she renewed her lamentation. She took the head-attire of Soohrâb, and wept over the crown. She called for the horse that had borne him to the field, she pressed his hoof to her bosom : the horse stood amazed. She kissed his head and eyes, and a stream of blood ran down on his feet. She laid the arms of her son, his corselet and mail, his bow, his sword, his mace, and lance, before her ; she smote her head with his heavy mace ; she took his saddle, bridle, and shield, and pressed them to her cheek. She stretched his noose out eighty ells before her on the ground. She wept and mourned over them without ceasing. She drew the sword of Soohrâb, and cut with it the halter of his horse, and gave him his liberty. She gave to the poor one half of his riches, great wealth in gold, in silver, and in horses. She clad herself in blue : day and night she wept and mourned without ceasing. She died, and her soul went to her beloved Soohrâb !

Justly has the poet called this 'a tale full of waters of the eye': even in this epitome it must assert its claims over the human heart; and what must be its effect in its full proportions, invested in the majesty of a rich, harmonious, and varied versification? Let us cast away classic prejudice, and acknowledge that the Muse of ancient Greece or Latium has produced nothing that

will stand a parallel with the Persian tale. What may be the age of the legend, it is beyond our power to determine : it may go back to the most distant ages, and be more ancient than even ' the tale of Troy divine.' Neither can we ascertain how much belongs to the early legend, how much is to be ascribed to the genius of Ferdousee. Probably the *Bostân-Nâme* contained no more than the mere story ; and the details, such as Soohrâb's survey of the Iranian camp and warriors, and the description of the grief and lamentation of *Te-meelah*, are the rightful property of the bard of *Toos*.

Whither am I to go in search of a parallel for this tale of woe ? The pathos of a son slain by his father escaped the Muses of Hellas ; the *Camenæ* of Latium, who depend on their Grecian sisters, know it not. It presented not itself to the Scalds of Scandinavia. I have sought it in vain in the ponderous tomes of chivalric romance. Truth and history, to which he so rigidly adhered, offered it not to the powerful genius of him who has told, with unrivalled pathos, the sad tale of *Francesca da Rimini*, and the horrid fate of *Ugolino*. Had genius suggested it, or tradition brought it, to the mind of *Boccaccio*, what a noble pendant would it have formed to the tale of *Ghismonda of Salerno* ! To the various muse of *Ariosto*, and to the soft deep-feeling muse who in-

spired Tasso, it was alike unknown¹. Shakspeare, who invented no stories, never heard of this: there is nothing resembling it among the poetic treasures of the British Parnassus.

But there is a muse whose literary productions, few and in general of no exalted merit, are little known to fame, while her musical melodies, simple, gay, and deeply pathetic, command the admiration of all who possess taste or feeling of musical delight. This is the Celtic muse of Erin, the Isle of the West; and her the pathos of a son falling by the hand of his own father has *not* escaped.

In the Reliques of Ancient Irish Poetry, published by Miss Brooke², we find the tale of Conloch slain by his father Cuchullin. The original poem is printed in Miss Brooke's volume; but I am not sufficiently versed in Ibero-Celtic to translate it; and that lady's version, though very creditable to her poetic talents, is too long and too paraphrastic for admission into these pages;

¹ There is something very near it in the old Italian poem *La Regina Ancroja*, where Rinaldo's son Guidone Selvaggio, coming in quest of his father, defies and defeats all Charlemagne's knights. At length he engages and is overcome by Rinaldo, to whom he then makes himself known. This last particular, though not so tragic, is like what occurs in the Irish poem I am about to notice.

² Miss Brooke was daughter to Henry Brooke, the author of the *Fool of Quality*, *Gustavus Vasa*, and other works of merit. As the worthy artist who embellishes this, as he has done all my other volumes, is a near relative of Miss Brooke's, I must take care and treat her with all fitting respect and courtesy.

so I must e'en content myself, and try to content my readers, with the simple unembellished story.

One of the most distinguished of the mythic heroes of Ireland was Cuchullin, whom the Irish historians make to have lived in the reign of Conor Mac Nessa, a little before the Christian æra. Ireland, we are assured, was at that time distinguished for its civilisation: the sun of chivalry there shone in its meridian splendour, and the Knights of Erin were renowned all over Europe under the name of the Heroes of the Western Isle. Like the long posterior Knights of Arthur's Round Table, and the Paladins of Charlemagne, they did not confine their valour within the narrow limits of their own isle; they loved to let their light shine so that all men might see it; and not unfrequently their adventurous spirit led them over to the continent.

It was on his return from one of these continental expeditions, that the gallant Cuchullin, taking his way through Albany (Scotland), arrived at Dun Sgathach, in the Isle of Sky, where he was hospitably entertained by Airdgenny, the lord of the place. He became enamoured of Aisé, the beautiful daughter of his host: he demanded her in marriage, and met no refusal. Urgent affairs, some time after, calling him home, he quitted his bride, whose altering form now announced that she was to be a mother. When taking leave, he directed her, if her offspring

should be a boy, to have him carefully brought up to arms in the academy of Dun-Sgathach; and giving her a chain of gold, desired her to put that round his neck when his education was completed, and send him over to Ulster, when his father would recognise the golden chain, and acknowledge him as his son. She was, moreover, to impress upon his mind the following precepts:—Never to reveal his name to a foe; to give the way to no man who seemed to demand it as a right; to decline the single combat with no knight under the sun.

When the youth, who was named Conloch, was perfect in his martial exercises, his mother sent him over to Ireland; but moved, as it would appear, by jealousy, or by revenge for Cuchullin's having so totally neglected her, she gave her son a false character or description of his father, hoping, probably, that the old warrior might engage the youth, and fall by his hand. Conloch, perhaps unacquainted with the usages of Irish chivalry, landed clad in armour; whence it was to be inferred that he came 'bearing war'. He advanced into the country till he drew near to Emania, the residence of the Ulster monarchs, and the preceptory of the Knights of the Red Branch (*Croabh-ruadh*). King Conor sent a herald to demand who he was, and wherefore he was come, and requiring him to pay an *eric*, or fine. To yield this last would have been an acknowledgement of the superiority of the Red Branch Knights; chivalry and the injunction of

his father forbade compliance with the former. Conloch proudly defied to the Knights of Ulster. A champion advanced to engage him, and was overthrown; a second shared his fate. Cuchullin is now summoned in haste to sustain the honour of the Ulster chivalry. He entreats the stranger to reveal to him his name; and Conloch, in whose bosom nature secretly operated at the sight of his father, declares that he would most willingly do so, were it not that the laws of chivalry forbade. Cuchullin knew these laws too well to urge their infraction, and the combat began. Long it continued: at length Cuchullin threw a spear with such fatal aim as mortally to wound the youth. Conloch, who, it would almost seem from the poem, had known his father all along, reveals to him who he is. The old hero, in his grief, apostrophizes Aisé; but his son assures him that she is a treacherous woman, who, by deceiving him, has caused his death. Conloch dies, and his father mourns over him¹.

The tale of Conloch resembles that of Soohrâb in the circumstance of the father in each case having quitted the mother of the unborn babe, and never having returned; and in that of his having left behind him a token of recognition, to be borne by his son (if it should be such) when

¹ Very few of the foregoing particulars occur in the poem. They are contained in the prose Introduction prefixed to it by Mr. O'Halloran.

grown up ;—circumstances in which they both agree with the Grecian legend of Theseus. There is a further coincidence in the refusal to tell the name ; but in the Persian tale it is the father, in the Irish one the son, who will not reveal himself. The character of Aisé is infinitely less amiable than that of the tender daughter of the Shah of Samengân, and in poetic merit the Irish poem falls immeasurably short of that inspired by the Muse of Irân ; yet the coincidence between them is curious, and I think we have here a decided instance of resemblance without imitation.

I believe the whole annals of literature do not furnish an instance of so audacious and so successful a forgery as the Poems of Ossian, the son of Fingal. The poems of Rowley, though by no means devoid of merit, have fallen into oblivion, while those of Ossian are still read, still admired, and (though the forgery has been actually demonstrated by the late Malcolm Laing,) still believed to be genuine by a large portion of the Scottish nation, and by many of the Continental scholars ¹. The phænomenon, however, has nothing in it to surprise us : the antiquated orthography adopted by Chatterton repels at once, (How many are there who really read Chaucer?) while the measured prose of Ossian offers no difficulty whatever. The bard of Morven and his heroes, moreover,

¹ F. A. Wolf and Niebuhr are not of the number.

possess great sensibility and gentleness of manners, and his compositions are pervaded by a pensive melancholy, which is both pleasing and soothing: they present noble mountain scenery, and undoubtedly contain much genuine and beautiful poetry¹. Should we, then, wonder that they continue to give pleasure? As to the Scots, their well-known extreme nationality sufficiently explains why they thus fondly cling to the last hope of preserving an ancient national poet; yet surely the country which has produced a Thomson, a Burns, and a Scott,—to say nothing of her living bards,—might very well give up maintaining the genuineness of the pseudo-Ossian. I doubt if any one south of the Tweed, who has read Laing's edition of the poems, believes in their genuineness; and I must strongly suspect the soundness of the critical acumen of such Continental scholars as place the Poems of Ossian in the same class with the Songs of the Edda, the Shah-Nâmeh, and the Homeric Rhapsodies².

I must confess I have not always thought of these poems as I do now. I doubt if even the

¹ To deny genius to Macpherson is nothing but contemptible prejudice.

² Finn Magnussen, the learned expounder of the Eddas, has written an essay, showing that the knowledge of the Scandinavian religion evinced in the poems of Ossian was unattainable in the days of Macpherson, and that consequently the poems are genuine. As this essay is in the Transactions of a foreign literary society, I have vainly sought for it. I should like much to see it.

Arabian Nights fascinated my young imagination more than they did. I regarded them as the genuine heroic lays of my country; for, though of Saxon blood, I was a native of the land which, tradition said, had been the abode of the Fingalian cycle of heroes: the mountains, the valleys, and the plains which I trod, had been trodden by them; the sea on which I gazed, had been ploughed by their keels, or by those of Lochlin; the melodies to which I delighted to listen, had possibly sounded on the harps of their bards. Often, in the days of autumn, when the wind flew over the hill side, bending the tall thin grass, and scattering the thistle's beard, and the shadows of the clouds swiftly flitted along,—or in spring, when, after the shower, the evening sun shone mildly in the vale,—have the forms of the hunters and the deer, the venerable bards and the white-bosomed maids, become to me almost actual objects of vision,—so strongly did imagination body them forth. Many a happy hour did these poems give me; but, alas! as reason matured, doubt stole in, and began to disturb my blissful visions. It is true I had always thought that Macpherson, or rather the Highland bards, had presumed to take some liberties with the original poems: such, for example, as transferring the heroes from Ireland to the Western Highlands. For how could I, with the hill of Allen¹ before my eyes, and Killashee (Kill-Oisin,

¹ Of which Macpherson has made Albyn.

Grave of Ossian,) within three miles of me; who knew the very spot where Finn Mac Comhal (Fingal) had, as a babe in the cradle, bitten off the finger of the Greek *joiant* (giant), who had bitten a piece out of the iron griddle when it was baked in the cake for him, and who flung the rock over the house, and, attempting to catch it on the other side, as Goll (Gaul) told him Finn and his heroes used to do, was struck in the breast, and knocked down by it ¹; and all the rest of the story; and had seen rocks and stones which had been cleft by their swords, or flung by the vigour of their arms; and had heard legends of them without number;—how could I believe that they were not Irish heroes? Does not Keating's most veracious history assert it? Did any genuine son of Milesius ever doubt it?

At length I met with Laing's edition of the Poems, and all my illusions vanished; and I said with a sigh,

“ Pol me occidisti amice
Non servasti cui sic extorta voluptas
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.”

For some years I could not endure even to look on these poems, which so strongly offended my moral sense; but that feeling passed away with time, and I read them now with pleasure, as a picture of ideal manners and sentiments, and of an

¹ His Giantship was not so clever as the Nis who flung the boy over the house. See *Fairy Mythology*, i. 233.

ideal state of society,—all as remote from anything that the real world has ever presented, as are those in the *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sidney.

One of the most beautiful poems of the Ossian of the eighteenth century is that named *Carthon*, founded on the Irish tale which we have just been considering. A comparison of it with the original tale will, I think, give a very favourable idea of Macpherson's genius, who could raise so noble a structure on so slight a foundation. The imitations of the Bible, the Classics, and the English poets, which it contains, have been pointed out by Laing, and are not now to be denied¹. It is a striking instance of the power of confident assertion to observe, that though, as I have remarked, the usual tendency of the human mind is to infer imitation where it finds similarity, when Macpherson had the hardihood to give at times in his *Notes* the very passages he was imitating, as mere coincidences, he was believed, and his numerous tacit imitations were allowed to pass without examination.

It is quite certain that Macpherson could not have had any knowledge of the story of *Sohrâb*, as no part of the *Shah-Nâmeh* had been translated anterior to 1762, the year in which his *Carthon* first appeared². It is therefore curious to find

¹ I do not of course go to the same extreme as Laing in tracing imitation; but Macpherson was a most notorious thief.

² It is strange that the resemblance between the tale of *Sohrâb* and that of *Carthon* has, at least as far as I know,

that in one or two of the places in which he departs from his original, he chances to coincide with Ferdousee. Thus in the Irish poem it is the son who refuses to tell his name; in the Shah-Nâmeh it is the father; and it is the father also in Ossian. Again, in the Irish poem, Cuchullin kills his son with his *spear* in fair and open combat; in Ossian, Clessammor, when vanquished, plunges his *dagger* into the side of his son; in the Shah-Nâmeh, Roostem and his son fall to the ground together, and the former rather unfairly draws his dagger, and pierces the bosom of his antagonist. The recognition, too, in Ossian is much more like that in the Shah-Nâmeh than that in Conloch. Here surely we again have resemblance without imitation!

To ascertain the age of the Irish legend of Conloch is beyond our power. The poem which contains it cannot, I should think, claim a date earlier than the sixteenth, or at most the fifteenth, century; but the legend itself may have been the theme of bards from times the most remote, and may vie in antiquity with its Persian parallel. Strong feeling, united with imagination, seems to be the characteristic of the Celtic race. This is strikingly exemplified in their music, with which,

never been observed. Yet Goerres is an admirer of Ossian, and Atkinson has actually quoted from one of his poems in his version of Soohrâb. *Digitized by Microsoft®*

in variety and depth of feeling, no *national* music whatever can compare ¹. Their mythic tales and traditions present the same appearance. As we have just seen, it was only in Ireland that the tale of Soohrâb could find its parallel: and Darthula, another of Ossian's most beautiful and affecting poems, is also founded on an Irish original. Such being the character of the Celtic mind, one might expect to find the Celts the most poetic race on earth; yet, strange as it may appear, they have neither in Ireland, the Highlands, Wales, nor Brittany, produced a poet! I mean, of course, a poet of the higher order. Whenever a man of genius appears among them, we are almost sure to find that he is of the Gotho-Germanic blood. Nor is this phænomenon difficult of solution. To form a great poet, judgement must be equal to imagination; and in the former quality the Celts have been at all times notoriously deficient. Add to this the want of perseverance, which Cæsar long since noticed as a part of their character; and it is plain why they have produced no epic or dramatic poetry: a short flight wearies the Celtic muse. It is almost needless to mention that there is no such thing as a Celtic historian ².

As to Celtic antiquities and early history, they are the wildest and most improbable figments and deductions that have ever come to my knowledge; and one is apt to be amazed how rational men

¹ Unless we except the Lowland Scotch.

² Is Sir James Mackintosh to be called a Celt?

could ever have arrived at the belief of such incredibilities. But, in fact, almost every one who has entered this enchanted maze seems to have flung off all the restraints of common sense and reason. His faith almost exceeds that of Tertullian; he becomes a kind of literary ostrich, for whose digestion nothing is too difficult. Surely if historic criticism was generally known and cultivated in Celtic lands, we should not find men, calling themselves scholars, with the plain testimony of history before them as to the barbarism of the Irish in the time of Henry II., dreaming of the ancient civilisation and ancient renown of the 'Western Isle'¹. Even in the worst case of foreign conquest, history presents no instance of decline and degradation similar to what this theory must suppose.

Take a specimen of Celtic credulity.—In the poem called the Lament of Cuchullin, which follows that of Conloch in Miss Brooke's collection, the hero, when bewailing his son, talks of India, Persia, Greece, Spain, and the Picts. Any one but a Celtic antiquary would, from this, at once

¹ All Irish antiquaries are, of course, not included in this censure. Sir James Ware, for example, forms an honourable exception: See the Preface to his work. Ware, however, was no Celt.

There is no greater *desideratum* than a philosophic and impartial history of Ireland; and he who writes it will confer a benefit on the world. From the pen of Mr. Moore, such is not to be expected; he is a poet, a Catholic, an Irishman, and the author of Captain Rock, and the Travels of an Irish Gentleman. Can he, then, hope that the adventure is reserved for him?

infer the late age of the poem. Not so Mr. O'Halloran, the Celtic Mentor of that accomplished lady. The ancient Irish, according to him, had knowledge far transcending this. In a note, Miss Brooke says:

“Our early writers, says Mr. O'Halloran, tell us, and Archbishop Usher affirms the same, that the celebrated champion Conall Cearnach, Master of the Ulster Knights, was actually at Jerusalem at the time of the crucifixion of our Saviour, and related the story to the king of Ulster on his return. He also adds, that one of our great poets in the fifth century traversed the East, and dedicated a book to the Emperor Theodosius. Many similar instances and proofs,” continues the fair lady, “could be here subjoined.”

It would not, I apprehend, be easy to produce an instance of credulity to exceed or even equal this. I should feel ashamed were I to set seriously about pointing out all the improbabilities which it involves; but I will briefly state my opinion of what the Irish were anterior to the introduction of Christianity in the fifth century. They were then, as far as I can learn, nothing but rude ferocious barbarians (and Christianity does not seem to have made them much better¹); they were

¹ In the *Scriptores Rerum Hibernicarum*, published by the late Dr. O'Connor, I find assassination and every other crime just as frequent after as before the fifth century.

“The learning of Ireland in the ninth and tenth centuries was an exotic of unstable growth. It belonged not to the people, but to the monasteries; and as soon as these were

ignorant of arts and letters, utterly unacquainted with any country but their own and the neighbouring Britain, with no vessel beyond the *curragh*, or wicker-boat covered with raw hides. All their commerce consisted in the exchange of their raw materials with the foreign traders who visited their coasts. The History of Ireland, by Jeffrey Keating, is not one whit more true than that of Britain by his namesake of Monmouth. The triennial convocations at Tara, the chivalry of the Red Branch, all the pomp and splendour of Emania, are nothing but the fictions of monks¹ and Senachies, to console a proud and ignorant people under oppression, and rouse them to resistance, but copied from nothing that ever really existed in Ireland².

With respect to Cuchullin, Finn Mac Comhal

destroyed by the Danes, every symptom of cultivation immediately vanished, and Ireland was again barbarous." (Cooley, *Hist. of Marit. and Inland Discov.*, i. 144.)—For 'barbarous,' I would read 'totally barbarous.'

¹ It need not surprise us to find in Keating the story of Midas and his barber told of an Irish king. Some monk had read Ovid.

² "Notandum quidem descriptiones fere omnium quæ de illis temporibus (antiquioribus dico) extant, opera esse posteriorum seculorum."—*Waræus de Antiq.*, Præf. p. 1.

I know not whether it is to be regarded as a proof of the palpable falsehood of early Irish history, or merely of my tendency to historic scepticism, but I recollect to have rejected it with as full conviction before I was fifteen years of age, as I do at this present moment.

(Cool) or Fingal, Oisin, Oscar, Goll Mac Morni, and the other heroes of the Irish mythic cycle, it is difficult to say positively whether they ever had a real existence or not. They stand on precisely the same footing with the heroes of the cycles of Greece, Persia, and Scandinavia; and mythologists are, with regard to these, divided; some maintaining that all such personages had a real and actual existence as common mortals, but were subsequently elevated to the region of the marvellous; others viewing them as pure poetic creations. On this, as on many other grave and dubious points, I have never been able to muster sufficient conviction to take a very decided part, and

“ Quo me cunque rapit tempestas deferor hospes.”

My leaning at present is certainly towards the latter hypothesis, which, it cannot be denied, offers most range to the imagination; and I love to ramble, free and unimpeded, through the regions of fancy, to chase the rainbow-forms that come and go along their plains, to view the combats and feats of arms in their Boreal Lights, and gaze on the pinnacles, battlements, and towers, piled up by the masses of their summer clouds.

I cannot quit Ireland without saying a word or two of its Fairy Legends and Traditions. It is

well known that I had a share in the composition of the work which contains them; but it is not equally known that, besides myself and the reputed author, no less than eight or ten other persons contributed portions of fairy lore. My share was a fair proportion of the tales¹, and a very large proportion of the Notes in the first and second volumes. With the third, which was apparently intended to rival my Fairy Mythology, I, of course, had nothing to do. It cannot be supposed that I should expect any literary fame from a share in a work of so trifling a character; but there has been so much of the *sic vos non vobis* in the affair, and I have experienced so much hostility on account of it, that I think it best to put an end to all doubt on the subject. I have often, also, been amused at seeing myself quoted by those who intended to praise another person.

Enough of the Fairy Legends!—it was intended to be nothing more than a work of mere amusement, and little is to be learned from it respecting the Irish people. Other works of fiction have since appeared, from which much more informa-

¹ Namely, 'The Young Piper', 'Seeing is Believing', 'Field of Boliauns', 'Soul-Cages', 'Harvest Dinner', 'Scath-a-Le-gaune', and 'Barry of Cairn Thierna'; besides greater or smaller pieces of some others. My only verses are, Father Cuddy's Latin Song and its translation. Some of those tales have received a few additions from another hand. The nonsense-verses in the Soul-Cages, for instance, are an extraneous beauty.

tion may be derived. At the head of these, without meaning disparagement to any ¹, I must place Mr. Carleton's Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry. Here the English reader will find the actual Irish peasant, with all his good and evil propensities and habits about him : no straining after effect mars the due proportions of the figure ; no unnatural unions of vices and virtues call up an *incredulus odi*. I pledge myself for the correctness of Mr. Carleton's delineations, and most strongly recommend his work to all who would become acquainted with Ireland,—a country the most difficult to be known, without actual residence, of perhaps any on the globe.

¹ How very pleasing are Mrs. S. C. Hall's Idyllic sketches of Irish life ! I know nothing of the kind to exceed her ' We'll see about it'.

The oldest edition of the *Peasantry* bears the date of 1837, the year of the author's death. It is a collection of fifty tales, of the kind we call Fairy Tales, purporting to be related in five days by ten women, for the amusement of a prince and his wife. The tales are narrated in the Neapolitan dialect ; and in the opinion of Dr. Giambruno, with whom I fully concur, they are by many degrees the best and most genuine collection of the

The Neapolitan title is *Le Contes delle Contesse*, or *Le Tradizioni di Napoli*, &c. The Tale of Tales, or *Contes*, is the English title. I have not seen the original, but I have seen the translation, and it is in my opinion the best.

... At the head of these articles
 out meaningly to say, I have chosen
 Mr. Carleton's Taste and Stories of the Irish
 story. Here the English reader will find
 the Irish peasant, with all his good and evil pro-
 penities and habits about him; no straining after
 effect more the due proportions of the figure; and
 natural shades of vice and virtue call on us to
 exclaim, oh, I pledge myself for the correctness
 of Mr. Carleton's delineations, and trust strongly
 recommend his work to all who would become ac-
 quainted with Ireland; a country the most diffi-
 cult to be known, without actual residence, with
 perhaps any on the globe.

... How very pleasing are Mrs. G. Hall's letters
 of this kind! I know nothing of the kind so extendive
 - Western Journal, Boston, 1811

... I have not seen a man who
 would not be learned by the Irish people. They
 would not be known to know their own
 history and their own people.

... The University of California
 has been established by the
 Legislature of the State of California
 in the year 1868. The main
 purpose of the University is to
 advance the education of the
 people of California.

CHAPTER V.

THE PENTAMERONE—TALE OF THE SERPENT—HINDOO

LEGEND.

GIAMBATTISTA Basile, the author of the amusing work named the *Pentamerone*, or *Five Days' Entertainment*¹, was a Neapolitan by birth. He spent his youth in the Isle of Candia, then possessed by the Venetians. He became a member of the Venetian *Accademia degli Stravaganti*, accompanied his sister, a celebrated singer, to Mantua, and entered the service of the Duke. After rambling a good deal through Italy, he returned to Naples, where he died in the year 1637.

The oldest edition of the *Pentamerone* bears the date of 1637, the year of the author's death. It is a collection of fifty tales, of the kind we call *Fairy Tales*, purporting to be related in five days by ten women, for the amusement of a prince and his wife. The tales are narrated in the Neapolitan dialect; and in the opinion of Dr. Grimm, with whom I fully concur, they are by many degrees the best and most amusing collection of the

¹ The Neapolitan title is *Lo Conto delli Conti, overo lo Trattenimento de Peccerille*, i. e. The Tale of Tales, or Entertainment for the Little Ones. I know not whence the title *Pentamerone* came: it is in no edition that I have seen.

kind in any language. A great number of the popular tales of other countries are to be found among them, but narrated in so peculiar a manner, as to become altogether original¹. There is a great exuberance of fancy displayed in them; they contain several allusions to ancient history and mythology, and have many marks of Orientalism; but they do not always keep within the strict limits of decorum and propriety. Yet the indelicacies which we meet in the *Pentamerone*, are innocuous rather than injurious; they are the pranks of a luxuriant imagination, and are more apt to excite laughter than any improper feeling.

It is not easy to ascertain how Basile came by his tales. We have no grounds for asserting that they are all Neapolitan; and I am rather inclined to think that he picked them up in various places, and then gave them to his countrymen in their own dialect. His residence in Candia and Venice will perhaps best explain the Oriental traits which they present. It is rather curious, that though he has four tales in common with Straparola, he does not appear to have taken them from the *Pleasant Nights*, or even to have known that work.

In the *Fairy Mythology* will be found translations of three of the tales of the *Pentamerone*. The present volume shall contain two; and these

¹ Of the ten stories in the *Mother Goose's Fairy Tales* of Perrault, seven are to be found in the *Pentamerone*. Let the reader compare *Puss in Boots* (*Le Chat Botté*) with the tale of Gagliuso given in the *Fairy Mythology*, ii. 262.

five are, I believe, the only translations into any language but Italian¹.

THE SERPENT.

There was one time a gardener's wife who longed for children more than the suitor longs for a sentence of the judge in his favour, a sick person for cold water, or an innkeeper for the passing away of the dull season. But, gardener as her husband was, she never was able to see the produce she desired.

It chanced one day, that the poor man went to the mountain to get a faggot for firing; and when he came home with it, and opened it, he found a pretty little serpent among the twigs. Sapatella (that was the name of the gardener's wife), when she saw it, gave a great sigh, and said, "Ah! even the serpents have their little serpents; but I came into this world so unfortunate, and have such a noody of a husband, that for all his being a gardener, he cannot make a graft." At these words the little serpent spoke, and said, "Well, then, since you cannot have children, take me for a child, and you will make a good bargain, for I shall love you better than if you were my own mother." Sapatella, hearing a serpent thus speak,

¹ MM. Grimm justly take credit to themselves for having been the first to give an analysis of the Pentamerone. I may do the same for having been the first to venture on a translation from it.

had like to have fainted ; but plucking up courage, she said, " If it were for nothing else than for this affection which you offer, I am content to take you, and treat you as if you were really the fruit of my womb."

So saying, she assigned him a corner of the house for a nursery, and gave him for food a share of what she had, with all the affection in the world ; and he increased in size every day. So at length when he was grown pretty big, he said one day to Cola¹ Matteo, the gardener, whom he looked upon as his foster-father, " Daddy, I want to get married." " With all my heart," said Cola Matteo ; " we must look out, then, for another serpent like yourself, and try to make up the match between you." " What serpent are you talking of?" said the little serpent. I suppose, forsooth, we are all the same with the vipers and the adders! It is easy to see you are nothing but an Antony, and make a nosegay of every plant. It is the king's daughter I want : so go this very instant, and ask the king for his daughter, and tell him it is a serpent that demands her."

¹ Cola, answering to our Nick, is the abbreviation of Nicola. The Italians dock the head, we the tail. Thus Mas (from Tommaso) is Tom ; and the celebrated Masaniello is nothing more than Tom Lamb, not Tom Ring, as I have seen it rendered. Renzo, the hero of Count Manzoni's beautiful novel, would in Ireland be simply Larry, as it comes from Lorenzo. The Italian Tonio and our Tony correspond.—Why have we not a readable translation of Manzoni's novel?

Cola Matteo, who was a plain straight-forward sort of man, and knew nothing about this kind of wares, went quite innocently to the king, and delivered his message, saying, "The ambassador is not to blame if the embassy should not please. Know, then, that a serpent wants your daughter for his wife. I am come therefore to try, as I am a gardener, if I can make a graft of a serpent on a young dove." The king, who saw at a glance that he was a blockhead, to get him off his hands said, "Go and tell your serpent that I will give him my daughter if he turns all the fruit of this orchard into gold:" and then he burst out a-laughing, and dismissed him.

When Cola Matteo went home, and delivered the answer to the serpent, he said, "Go tomorrow morning and gather up all the fruit-stones you can find in the city, and sow them in the orchard, and you will see pearls strung on rushes." Cola Matteo, who was no wizard, neither knew how to comply or refuse; so next morning, as soon as the Sun with his golden broom had swept away the dirt of the Night from the fields watered by the Dawn, he put a basket on his arm, and went from street to street picking up all the stones of peaches, plums, nectarines, apricots and cherries, that he could find. He then went to the orchard of the palace, and sowed them as the serpent had desired him. In an instant the trees shot up, and stems and branches, leaves, flowers and fruit, were all of glistening gold; and the king, at the sight of

such a wonderful thing, gave a loud cry of amazement, and went leaping about for joy.

But when Cola Matteo came again from the serpent to the king, to demand the performance of his promise, "Fair and easy," said the king, "I must first have something else, if he would have my daughter; and what I require is this,—let him make all the walls, and all the walks of the orchard, to be of precious stones."

When the gardener told this to the serpent, he made answer, "Go tomorrow morning and gather up all the bits of broken crockery-ware you can find, and throw them on the walks, and along by the wall of the orchard, for we will not let this difficulty stand in our way." So Cola Matteo, when the Night, having stood by and backed the robbers, gets aid and goes about collecting off the sky the faggots of twilight, took a basket under his arm, and went about collecting bits of tiles, lids and bottoms of pipkins, pieces of plates and dishes, handles of jugs, spouts of pitchers; picking up all the spoilt, broken, flawed, cracked lamps, and all the fragments of pottery of every sort he could find in his way: and when he had done all that the serpent desired him, there was to be seen the whole orchard mantled with emeralds and chalcedonies, and coated with rubies and carbuncles, in such sort, that the lustre sequestered the sight in the warehouses of the eyes, and planted admiration in the fields of the heart. The king was struck all of a heap at the sight, and

knew not what had befallen him. But when the serpent sent to let him know that he was expecting the performance of his promise, he made answer, "Oh! all that has been done is nothing, if he does not turn my palace into gold for me."

When Cola Matteo had told the serpent this new fancy of the king, he said, "Go get a parcel of herbs of different kinds, and make a bundle of them, and rub the bottom of the palace-walls with them. We shall see if we cannot satisfy this whim of his also." That very moment Cola Matteo made a great broom of soft herbs, such as the tops of turnips and carrots, and of honeysuckle, and such like; and when he had rubbed the lower part of the palace with it, you might see it shining like a gilded pill to purge melancholy from a hundred houses that were ill-treated by fortune. And when the gardener came again in the name of the serpent to urge the conclusion of the marriage¹, the king, finding his retreat cut off, called for his daughter, and said to her: "My dear Grannonia, I am going to give you a husband. It is one who has asked for you, and I imposed such conditions as I thought were impossible to be complied with; but seeing myself foiled, and obliged to consent, I still scarcely know how to ask you, as you are a dutiful daughter, to enable me to keep my word, and to be content with what Heaven wills and I

¹ The reader will recollect Aladdin's demand of the princess of China to wife, and his mother's repeated visits to the Sultan.

am obliged to do." "Do as you please, papa," said Grannonia, "for I am not the one to oppose a single jot of your will." The king hearing this, bid Cola Matteo tell the serpent to come.

The serpent, on receiving the invitation, set out for the palace mounted on a car all of gold, and drawn by four golden elephants. But wherever he came the people fled away in terror, at seeing such a large and frightful serpent thus making his progress through the city: and when he arrived at the palace, the courtiers all turned pale, and trembled like rushes; and even the very scullions did not venture to stay in the place. The king and the queen, too, shut themselves up in a room, and Grannonia alone stood her ground; and though her father and her mother kept crying out to her, "Fly, fly, Grannonia! save yourself, Rienzo!" she

¹ This apparently alludes to the fate of Cola Rienzo (Nicola di Lorenzo), the Roman patriot, which it would appear was become proverbial. In Ireland (and I suppose in Scotland) it is usual to say to a person who has met with misfortune, "You unfortunate Argyle!" evidently alluding to the fate of the Marquesses of Argyle in the seventeenth century. It is curious how popular sayings and rimes will keep up the memory of political events. Blackstone has been praised by Niebuhr for discerning the usages of feudalism in the plays of children; and justly, for nothing is beneath the attention of the true philosopher. I will give an instance of what may be found in nursery rimes. They say to children in Ireland,

"I'll tell you a story,
Of Johnny Macgory,
He went to the wood,
And he killed a tory."

These will appear unmeaning to most readers; but perhaps

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF
CALIFORNIA

TALES
AND
POPULAR FICTIONS



In sooth it was a fearful sight
That serpent huge to see,
How he wound his long, long tail about
The waist o' the fair ladie.

DRAWN BY W. H. BROOKE, F. S. A., ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY G. BAXTER,
PUBLISHED BY WHITTAKER AND CO.

1834.

would not show any signs of fear, but said, "Why do you want me to fly from the husband whom you have given me?" And when the serpent came into the room, he took Grannonia by the waist in his tail, and gave her such a shower of kisses, that the king writhed for all the world like a worm; and I warrant if you had bled him, you would not have got a single drop of blood out of him. The serpent then carried her into another room, and made her fasten the door; and then he shook off his skin on the ground, and became a most beautiful youth, with a head all covered with ringlets of gold, and with eyes that would enchant you; and then embracing the maiden, he gathered the first fruits of his love.

The king, when he saw the serpent going into the room with his daughter, and shutting the door after him, said to his wife, "Heaven be merciful to that poor soul our daughter! for she has become food for that cursed serpent. Beyond doubt he has swallowed her up like the yolk of

they are not so. They refer, in my opinion, to the period after the Scottish colony had been planted in the North of Ireland; and the Irish, being driven from the open country, took refuge in the woods, whence they issued to rob the settlers. *Tory* is in Irish a *robber*, probably from the verb *to-ram*, 'to give,' a word of course frequent in the mouth of a plunderer. We have thus in these verses a state of society placed before our eyes; the original native lurking in the woods, and the Scottish colonist, like the Spaniard in America, going out armed a tory-hunting, and killing the miserable aborigine as he would a wolf.

an egg!" He then put his eye to the keyhole, to see what had become of her; but when he saw the exceeding beauty of the youth, and the skin of the serpent that he had left lying on the ground, he gave the door a kick; and they rushed in, and took the skin, and flung it into the fire, and burned it.

When the youth saw this, he cried out, "Ah! you renegade dogs! you have done for me," and instantly turned himself into a dove, to fly away; but finding that the panes of the window prevented his escape, he butted at them with his head till he broke them, but he cut himself in such a manner that there did not remain a whole spot on his pate.

Grannonia, who thus saw herself at the same moment happy and unhappy, joyful and miserable, rich and poor, tore her face and bewailed her fate, accusing her father and mother of this interruption of pleasure, this poisoning of sweets, this overthrow of good-fortune; and they excused themselves by declaring that they had not intended any evil. She then kept herself quiet till Night came forth to illuminate the catafalque of the skies for the funeral pomp of the Sun; and when she saw all in bed, she took her jewels, which were in a writing-desk, and went out by a back-door, intending to search everywhere till she had found the treasure she had lost.

When she was gone out of the city, and was proceeding, guided by the light of the moon, she

met a fox, who asked her if she wished for company. "Yes," said Grannonia, "you would oblige me very much, for I am not overwell acquainted with the country." So they went travelling along together till they came to a wood, where the trees, at play like children, were making baby-houses for the shadows to lie in; and being now rather wearied with their journey, and wishing for repose, they retired to the covert of the leaves, where a fountain was playing carnival pranks with the green grass, flinging the water on it by dishfuls; and stretching themselves on a mattress of tender soft grass, they paid the duty of repose which they owed to Nature for the merchandise of life.

They did not awake till the Sun, with his usual fire, gave the signal to sailors and carriers to set out on their road; and after they awoke, they still stayed a good while to listen to the singing of the various birds. Grannonia expressed the great pleasure she felt in listening to the warbling they made; and the fox seeing this, said to her, "You would feel twice as much pleasure if you understood, like me, what they are saying." At these words Grannonia—for women are by nature as curious as they are talkative—besought the fox to tell her what it was he had heard the birds saying in their own language. So after having let her entreat him for a long time, in order to excite the greater curiosity about what he was going to tell, he said that those birds were talking

to one another of what had lately befallen the son of the king of the country, who, being as beautiful as a Fay (*no Fato*), because he would not comply with the unlawful desires of a cursed Ogress (*Hu-orca*), had been sentenced by her magic power to pass seven years in the form of a serpent; and that he had just accomplished the term of his transformation, when having fallen in love with the daughter of a king, and being in a chamber with the maiden, and having cast his skin on the ground, her father and mother, out of their excessive curiosity, rushed in and burned his skin; and that as he was flying away in the shape of a dove, and had broken a pane in the window to get out at, he had broken in his skull in such a manner that he was given over by the doctors.

Grannonia, who thus heard her own onions spoken of, first of all asked whose son this prince was, and then if there was any hope of cure for his accident. The fox replied, that those birds had said his father was the king of Big Valley (*Vallone Gruosso*), and that there was no other secret for stopping the holes in his skull, that his soul might not get out at them, than to anoint his wounds with the blood of those very birds who had been telling the story. When Grannonia heard these words, she fell down on her knees to the fox, entreating of him to oblige and gratify her by catching those birds for her, that she might get their blood; adding, that then, like honest comrades, they would share the gain. "Fair

and softly," said the fox, "let us wait till night, and when the birds are gone to bed,—let your mammy alone, for I will climb up the trees and weasen them one after the other."

They then passed away the entire day, talking one time of the beauty of the young prince, another time of the mistake made by the father of the maiden; again, of the mishap that had befallen the prince, chatting, chatting away till Day was gone, and Earth began to spread out her great large black piece of pasteboard, to collect the wax that might drop from the tapers of Night. The fox, as soon as he saw all the birds fast asleep on the branches, stole up quite softly, and, one after another, he throttled all the linnets, larks, goldfinches, bullfinches, chaffinches, redbreasts and nightingales that were on the trees; and when he had killed them all he came down, and they put their blood into a little bottle that the fox carried with him to refresh himself on the road. Grannonia was so overjoyed, that she hardly touched the ground; but the fox said to her, "What fine joy in a dream is this! But, daughter of mine, you have done nothing if you have not my blood also to make a mess of along with that of the birds;" and so saying, he began to run away. Grannonia, who saw all her hopes thrown down, had recourse to the usual art of women, that is, cunning and flattery; and she said to him, "Gossip fox, there would be some reason for your saving your hide if I were not under so many obligations to you,

and if there were no more foxes in the world than yourself; but as you know how much I owe you, and also know that there is no scarcity of the like of you in these plains, you may rely on my good faith. So do not act like the cow that kicks down the pail when she has filled it with milk. You have done and have done, and now you fail at the best. Do now stop; believe me, and come with me to the city of this king, where you may sell me for a slave if you will."

The fox, who never dreamed that the quintessence of foxery was to be met with, found himself out-foxed by a woman. So he agreed to travel on with Grannonia; but they had hardly gone fifty paces, when she lifted up the stick she carried, and gave him with it such a neat rap, that he forthwith stretched his legs. She then cut his throat, and immediately took his blood and poured it into the little bottle, and never stopped till she came to Big Valley, where she went straightway to the royal palace, and sent in to inform the king that she was come to cure the prince.

The king made her come into his presence, and he was astonished at seeing a girl undertake to do what the best physicians in the kingdom had failed in. However, as 'tis no harm to try, he said he wished greatly to see the experiment made. But Grannonia said, "If I make you see the effect that you desire, you must promise to give him to me for a husband." The king, who looked upon his son to be all as one as dead, made answer,

“If you give him to me safe and sound, I will give him to you safe and sound; for it is no great matter to give a husband to her who gives me a son.”

So they went to the chamber of the prince, and scarcely had she anointed him with the blood, when he found himself just as if nothing had ever ailed him. Grannonia, when she saw the prince stout and hearty, told the king he must keep his word; and the king turned round to his son, and said, “Son, just now you saw yourself dead, and now I see you alive, and can hardly believe it. So, as I have promised this maiden that if she cured you she should have you for a husband, now that Heaven has shown you favour, enable me to perform my promise by all the love you bear me, since it is necessary to pay this debt cheerfully.”

To these words the prince replied, “Sir, I wish I had such freedom in my inclinations as to prove to you the love I have for you. But as I find myself pledged to another woman, you would not consent that I should break my faith, nor would this maiden advise me to do this injury to her whom I love; nor indeed is it in my power to change my sentiments.”

Grannonia hearing this, felt a secret pleasure not to be described at finding herself still fresh in the memory of the prince; her whole face became crimson, and she said, “If I should get this maiden whom you love to resign her claims to me, would it be agreeable to you?” “It is im-

possible," said the prince, "for me ever to drive from my bosom the lovely image of her whom I love; and whether she makes for me a conserve of her love, or gives me a dose of cassia, I shall ever be of the one mind, of the one way of thinking. I would sooner see myself in danger of losing my place at the table of life, than play this trick, or make this exchange."

Grannonia could retain her disguise no longer. She discovered to him who she was; for as the chamber was darkened on account of the wounds in his head, and as he saw her disguised, he had not known her; and the prince, when he recognised her, embraced her with a joy that would amaze you, telling his father who she was, and what he had done and suffered for her. They then sent to invite her parents, the king and queen of Starza Longa, and they celebrated the wedding with wonderful festivity, making great sport of the ninny of a fox, and concluding at the last of the last, that

"Pain doth always a seasoning prove
Unto the joys of constant love."

Such is the mode in which Basile narrated his tales for the entertainment of the little ones of Naples. The reader has possibly seen some points of resemblance between this tale and some French and German ones,—such as the Blue Bird of Madame D'Aulnoy, and the Singing and Springing Lark in the collection of MM. Grimm. But the

reason for which I have introduced it here, is to point out a most remarkable coincidence or agreement between it and a legend contained in the sacred books of the Hindoos.

Lieutenant Wilford, in his *Essay on Vicramá-ditya and Sativahana in the Asiatic Researches*¹, writes thus:—

“The third Vicramá-ditya was the son of Gard-dabharupa, or the man with the countenance of an ass. There is a fulsome account of the birth of this Vicrama in the first section of the *Sinhásana Dwá-rinsáli*, called *Vicrama Upái' hyána*.

“In Gurjjara Mandalam are the Sabharamatí and Mahí rivers; between them is a forest, in which resided Tamra-lipta-Reshi, whose daughter married King Tamra-sena. They had six male children, and one daughter called Madana-Rec'há. The king had two young lads called Deva-Sarmá and Hari-Sarmá, whose duty chiefly was to wash every day the clothes of their master in the waters of the nearest river. One day as Deva-Sarmá went by himself for that purpose, he heard a voice saying, ‘Tell King Tamra-sena to give me his daughter: should he refuse me, he will repent it.’ The lad, on his return, mentioned the whole to his master, who would not believe it, and next day sent Hari-Sarmá to the river, who heard the same voice also, with the threats in case of a re-

¹ Vol. ix. p. 147. Calcutta edition.

fusal. The king was astonished, and going himself, heard the voice also. On his return he assembled his council, and after consulting together, it was agreed that the king should go again, and ask him who he was. The supposed spirit being questioned, answered, 'I am a Gand'harva (*i. e.* heavenly chorister), who, having incurred Indra's displeasure, was doomed to assume the shape of an ass. I was born in that shape in the house of a Cumbhacára (*i. e.* potter), in your capital city, and I am daily roving about in quest of food.' The king said that he was very willing to give him his daughter, but that he conceived that such an union was altogether impossible while he remained in that shape. The Gand'harva said, 'Trouble not yourself about that; comply with my request, and it will be well with you.' 'If,' said the king, 'you are so powerful, turn the walls of my city, and those of the houses, into brass, and let it be done before sunrise tomorrow.' The Gand'harva agreed to it, and the whole was completed by the appointed time, and the king of course gave him his daughter.

"Several learned Pundits," continues Mr. Wilford, "inform me that this Gand'harva's name was Jayanta, the son of Brahma. When cursed by Indra, he humbled himself; and Indra, relenting, allowed him to resume his human shape in the night-time, telling him that the curse should not be done away till somebody had burned his ass-like form.

“ It is said in the Vicrama Upái' hyána, that the mother of the damsel spied them once in the night, and to her great joy found that the Gand'harva dallied with her daughter in a human shape. Rejoiced at this discovery, she looked for his ass-like form, and burned it. Early in the morning the Gand'harva looked for this body of his, and found that it had been destroyed. He returned immediately to his wife, informing her of what had happened; and that his curse being at an end, he was obliged to return to heaven and leave her. He informed her also that she was with child by him, and that the name of the child should be Vicramáditya; that her maid was with child also, and that the name of the child should be Bhartri-Hari. He then left his wife, who resolved to die; and ripping up her own belly, she took out the child, and entrusted it to the care of a Máliné (*i. e.* gardener's wife, or flower-woman). ‘Go,’ said she, ‘to some distant place, and there remain concealed, because my father will attempt to destroy the child.’ The Máliné went to Ujjayiné with the maid, and from the signal preservation of the child in that city, it was called also Avanti¹.”

The country over which the grandfather of Vicramáditya ruled, is by the author of the work quoted by Mr. Wilford, said to have been the present Gujjerat, and the adjacent districts in the

¹ From *ava*, Sanscrit, ‘to preserve’.

west of India; and as the year in which Vicramāditya is said to have ascended the throne corresponds with the year 441 of the Christian æra, Mr. Wilford is positive that he must have been Yezdejird, king of Persia, the son of Bahram, surnamed Gûr, or The Wild Ass, whose amours with an Indian princess are famous, he says, all over Persia, as well as India.

“Jayanta,” says Mr. Wilford, “the son of Brahma, incurred the displeasure of Indra, king of the elevated grounds of Merû, or Tûrkestân, and was doomed by him to assume the shape of an ass in the lower regions. Bahram Gûr, or The Ass, likewise incurred the displeasure of the Kha-can, or mortal king of Merû. He ascended the throne of Persia, and after having overcome his enemies, he went to India in disguise to the Court of a powerful prince of that country, who took particular notice of him, on account of his valour and personal merits. The Indian prince loaded him with caresses and honours, and gave him his daughter with an immense fortune, when he was recognised by some noblemen who had carried the usual tribute to Persia. Being thus discovered, he returned to his own country, after an absence of two years. The Hindoos assert that he refused to take his wife along with him, and that in consequence she killed herself. They show to this day the place where he lived, about one day’s march to the north of Baroach, with the ruins of

his palace. In old records this place is called Gad'hendra Pûri, that is, 'The town of the lord of Asses'."

This is what I term *pragmatising*, or endeavouring to extract historic truth out of mythic legends,—as bootless an alchemy as ever was practised! The history of Bahram Gûr¹, as delivered by Ferdousee, the sole authority, has little resemblance with the Hindoo legend; and I am yet to learn that the heaven of Indra, the god of thunder, was Tûrkestân. I do not think that Hindoo any more than Grecian mythology, transferred earth to heaven; and I could as soon believe that Jupiter was only king of Crete, as that Indra was no more than Khacan of Tûrkestân². In short, I regard the legend of the transformed Gand'harva as being a pure fiction, with nothing in it whatever of reality.

The following legend, related by Mr. Wilford³ in another place, tends to prove that transformation into the form of some animal of earth, was a

¹ In Ferdousee he is called the Khacan of Cheen. The Cheen of the Shah-Nâmeh does not seem to be China: it is rather some place between it and Persia. I should be inclined to assign a Persian origin to the tales of the Thousand and One Nights, in which the scene is in China, i. e. Cheen.

² Gûr is *the Wild Ass*, not *the Ass*. Bahram, says Ferdousee, was so named, because one day at the chase he shot a wild ass and her foal through with the one arrow.

³ Essay on Egypt and the Nile. Asiatic Researches, iii. 403. See Fairy Mythology, i. pp. 65. 77.

usual mode of punishment among the denizens of the Hindoo heaven.

“ Visvadhanva, the son of Cama the god of Love, and Reti the goddess of Pleasure, was with his youthful companions hunting one day on the skirts of Himálaya, when he saw a white elephant of an amazing size, with four tusks, who was desporting himself with his females. The prince imagined him to be Airávata, the great elephant of Indra, and ordered a circle to be formed round him; but the noble beast broke through the toils, and the hunters pursued him from country to country till they came to the burning sands of Barbara, where his course was so much impeded, that he assumed his true shape of a Râcshasa (*i. e.* giant), and began to bellow with the sound of the large drum called Dunda. The son of Cama, undismayed, attacked the giant, and after an obstinate combat, slew him, but was astonished on seeing a beautiful youth rise from the bleeding body, with the countenance and form of a Gand’harva, who told him, before he vanished, that he had been expelled for a time from the heavenly mansions, and as a punishment for a great offence, had been condemned to pass through a mortal state in the shape of a giant, with a power to take other forms: that his crime was expiated by death, but that the prince deserved and would receive chastisement for molesting an elephant who was enjoying innocent pleasures. The place

where the elephant took the shape of a Rácshasa, and that where he was killed, are holy; and a pilgrimage performed to them, with the performance of certain holy rites, will ever secure the pilgrims from the dread of giants and evil spirits."

I consider, then, the Gand'harva story to be a genuine Hindoo production; and the resemblance is so strong between it and the Neapolitan tale, and extends to such a number of circumstances—even the gardener's wife being a character in both—that I am almost inclined to assert that, one time or other, it made its way to Europe.

CHAPTER VI.

JACK THE GIANT-KILLER—THE BRAVE TAILORLING—
 THOR'S JOURNEY TO UTGARD—AMEEN OF ISFAHAN
 AND THE GHOOL—THE LION AND THE GOAT—THE
 LION AND THE ASS.

I PRESUME that few of my readers are unacquaint-
 ed with the great and perilous adventures of that

“valiant Cornishman,
 Who slew the giant Cormoran,”—

the redoubtable Jack the Giant-killer, as he was
 justly named from his achievements. I need there-
 fore only call to memory the adventure of this
 doughty champion with the crafty two-headed
 Welsh giant, who thought to rob him of life and
 fame by deceit and guile.

It was night when the Giant-killer arrived at
 the habitation of this monster, who, affecting great
 courtesy, welcomed him, and gave him a good bed
 to lie on. Unable to sleep from fatigue, our hero
 lay awake; and he heard his host walking back-
 wards and forwards in the next room, and saying
 to himself,

“Though here you lodge with me this night,
 You shall not see the morning light,
 My club shall dash your brains out quite.”

He got up, searched about the room, and finding

a large billet of wood, put it in his place in the bed, and hid himself in a corner. In the middle of the night the giant came in, struck the billet several blows with his club, and then retired, thinking he had dispatched his guest.

Great was his surprise next morning when Jack came forth and thanked him for his hospitality. "How did you sleep? Did you hear or see anything in the night?" he stammered out. "Oh! nothing," said Jack quite carelessly; "a rat, I believe, gave me three or four slaps with his tail, and disturbed me a little, but I soon went to sleep again."

It is needless to tell how Jack again outwitted this Cambrian giant, and made him rip open his own belly. My purpose is to show that the artifice related above is not peculiar to our own Giant-killer, but has been put in practice by the legendary heroes of other countries also. The first witness whom I shall call up and examine is the Brave Tailorling¹ (*Das tapfere Schneiderlein*) of our neighbours the Germans, who, it will appear, had recourse to it in his dealings with giants.

¹ Grimm, *Kinder- und Haus-Märchen*, i. 104. The English diminutives *ling* and *kin* answer to the *lein* and *chen* of the Germans. Instances of the former, which is the more common, are *duckling*, *gosling* (gooseling), *troutling*, *youngling*, &c. See a good article on the subject in the *Cambridge Philological Museum*, i. p. 679.

ATP

TALES
AND
POPULAR FICTIONS



The little man he then set out,
And he travelled on until
He came to where he a giant saw
Sitting upon a hill.

DRAWN BY W. H. BROOKE, P. S. A., ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY G. BAXTER,
PUBLISHED BY WHITTAKER AND CO.

1834.

THE BRAVE TAILORLING.

A little tailor chanced one day to kill at a blow seven flies that were on his bread. In amaze at his own prowess, he determined that the whole town should know of it; so he made himself a belt, and put on it in large letters, "Seven at a blow." "Tut, tut," then said he, "what is the town,—the whole world shall know it!" and taking a cheese and a live bird in a bag with him, he set out on his travels.

He had not gone far when he came to where a giant was sitting on the top of a mountain. "Ho, comrade!" cried he, "you are sitting up there looking abroad into the world, I am going into it,—have you a mind to come with me?" The giant looked at him, and said, "You are a paltry fellow." "That may be," said the tailor; and opening his coat, and letting the giant see his belt, "There you have it in writing, what sort of a man I am." The giant, reading "Seven at a blow," thought at once that they must be men whom he had slain, so he began to feel some respect for him. He resolved, however, to make a trial of him; so taking a stone in his hand, and squeezing it till the water began to trickle from it, "Do that like me," said he to him, "if you are as strong as you say." "Is that all?" said the tailor; and putting his hand into his pocket, he pulled out his cheese, and squeezed it till the whey ran out of it. "Ha!" said he, "that was a taste better."

The giant did not know what to say to this feat, but he resolved to try him again; so taking up a stone, and flinging it into the air so high that it went out of sight, "There, do that, you brat!" cried he. "'T was a good cast," said the tailor, "but the stone will fall to the ground; I will fling one that will never come back." So taking out his bird, he pitched it up into the air, and the bird flew off gladly, and soon got out of sight. "Well, comrade, what think you of that?" "You can throw well," said the giant; "let us now see what you can do in the way of carrying a burden."

He led him into the wood, and pointing out a huge oak-tree that had been felled, said, "Come, we will carry this out of the wood." "Do you, then, take the thick end on your shoulder," said the little man, "and I will carry the boughs and branches, and that is the heavier end." The giant took up the trunk; and the tailor, seating himself on one of the branches, left him the whole tree to carry, and himself into the bargain, and kept whistling away, as if carrying a tree was mere child's play to him. At last the giant got tired, and cried out, "Hallo! I must let the tree go." The tailor then jumped down, laid hold on the branches as if he was carrying, and said, "You are a pretty fellow that can't carry a tree!"

They went on till they came to a cherry-tree, and the giant catching a hold of the top, where the best fruit was, pulled it down, and gave the tailor a hold of it that he might eat too. But the

strength of the little man could not contend with that of the tree, and he was hoisted aloft into the air. "Hallo!" shouted the giant, "can you not hold down a twig?" "Bah!" said the tailor, "what is that to one who has killed seven at a blow? Don't you see the sportsmen are shooting in the underwood? and I have jumped over the tree out of the way: do you now do the same." The giant tried to leap over the tree, but all in vain; he still fell into the branches, and victory remained once more with the tailor.

"Come now home to our cave," said the giant, "and spend the night with us." The tailorling consented, and followed him. The giant showed him his bed; but the cunning wight took care not to go into it, but crept into a corner; and when it was midnight, the giant came with a huge iron club, and gave the bed a blow, which went through it. "I've settled the grasshopper now," thought he; "we shall see no more of him." In the morning the giants went out to the wood, thinking no more of the tailor; when, to their great consternation, they saw him coming forth alive and hearty. They ran away as hard as ever they could, afraid lest he should kill them all.

But this stratagem is to be found in a far more venerable monument than our nursery-tale books. Among the adventures of the prose Edda of Scandinavia is Thor's Journey to Utgard; and in it

the god is illuded in a similar manner. I will relate the story at length, for the edification of my readers, as it is a portion of the mythology and theology of the ancient North. The language is my own, but I have faithfully adhered to the original tale¹.

I must previously inform the reader, that in the Scandinavian theology Thor is the god of the lower heaven, answering to the Jupiter Tonans of the Latins, and the Indra of India. He is married to Siff, that is, the summer-earth, clad with herbage and plants, which in the Edda are called the hair of Siff; for summer, we know, is the season of thunder. Thor drives in a chariot drawn by buck-goats; his weapon is a short-handled hammer, called Miölner² (*crusher*), which he unceasingly employs against the frost-giants and other noxious beings. He has also a belt, which, when on him, doubles his strength; and a pair of iron gloves, which are of great use to him, as Miölner is generally red-hot.—Now to our tale.

THOR'S JOURNEY TO UTGARD.

Thor and Loki³ once set out in the chariot drawn by buck-goats for Yötunheim, or Giant-

¹ I extract this from an article of mine on Scandinavian mythology in No. VII. of the Foreign Quarterly Review.

² Miölner is the thunderbolt.

³ Loki was originally the fire-god: he became a sort of Eddaic Satan.

land. Towards evening they arrived at the house of a farmer (*bonda*), where they took up their quarters for the night. Thor took and killed his goats, broiled their flesh, and invited his host and his children to partake of the feast. When it was ended, Thor spread the goat-skins on the ground, and desired the children to throw the bones into them¹. The farmer's son Thialfi had broken one of the bones, to get out the marrow. In the morning Thor got up and dressed himself, and then, laying hold of Miölner, swung it over the skins. Immediately the goats stood up, but one of them limped on the hind leg. The god exclaimed that the farmer and his family had not dealt fairly with the bones, for the goat's leg was broken. The farmer was terrified to death when he saw Thor draw down his eyebrows, and grasp the handle of Miölner till his knuckles grew white. He and his children sued for grace, offering any terms; and Thor, laying aside his anger, accepted Thialfi and his sister Rosko for his servants, and left his goats there behind them.

Thor now journeyed on towards Utgard², or Yötunheim, with Loki, Thialfi, and Rosko. They came to the sea, swam across it, and arrived on the shore of that country. They then entered a large wood,

¹ Something like this is told of a Saint in a clever story which I have seen in an Irish newspaper.

² Utgard, *i. e.* Out-yard, is the region beyond the stream which was supposed to encompass the earth. It was the abode of giants,—hence named Yötunheim, *i. e.* Giant-land.

through which they travelled the whole day long; Thialfi, who was the swiftest, carrying Thor's wallet. At the approach of evening they looked about for a place to sleep in; and in the dark they found a great house, the door of which was as wide as the house itself. They entered it, and went to rest; but about midnight there was a great earthquake, the ground rocked, and the house shook. Thor called up his companions, and finding a chamber on the right-hand side, they went into it; and Thor, grasping his hammer, sat in the door, while the others terrified crept in. They heard another great crash, but they remained quiet till morning; when on going out of the house they saw a man, 'who was not little,' sleeping in the wood close by, and snoring at a prodigious rate. Thor, now seeing what the noise was which had terrified them so much during the night, put on his belt, and was preparing to dash out the sleeper's brains, when the latter awoke, and on Thor's asking his name, replied, that it was Skrymir; adding, that he knew very well who Thor was; and then inquiring if they had taken his glove, stretched out his hand and picked it up. Thor now saw where it was he had lodged, and that the house he had been in was the thumb of the glove. Skrymir proposes that they should join company, and also join stock; which being agreed on, he puts all into one wallet, which he slings over his shoulder, and sets forward at a huge pace. In the evening he lays himself down under an oak to sleep, desiring them to

open the wallet and make their supper. He began to snore : Thor tried to open the wallet, but in vain ; not a single knot could he loosen. In a rage he caught up his hammer, and hit Skrymir a blow on the head ; who, waking, asked, was it a leaf, or what else, had fallen on him, and why they were not gone to rest. Thor laid himself under another oak ; and at midnight, hearing Skrymir snoring, got up and drove his hammer into his brain ; Skrymir complained that an acorn must have fallen. A third time Thor struck him on the cheek, and buried the hammer in it up to the handle ; Skrymir rubbed his cheek, and inquired if there were any birds sitting in the tree, as a feather had fallen.

It being now near morning, Skrymir informs them that they are not far from the city of Utgard ; and that, big as they thought him, they will meet with people there with whom he was not to be compared ; advising them to behave themselves modestly when there, but rather recommending them to return. Utgard, he tells them, is to the east ; his way lies north, to the mountains. They part, and at mid-day the travellers arrive within sight of Utgard, built in a great plain, so high, that to see the top of it they must 'lay their necks on their back.' The wicket was so great that Thor could not open it ; and they crept in through the bars. They approached the palace, and drawing near the throne, saluted Utgard-Loki, who, after some time, smiled and said, "T is late

to ask true tidings of a long journey since Öku-Thor is become a little boy. But thou mayest be greater than it appears to me. So what arts do you possess, my lads? No one can stay here who is not expert at some art." Loki said that at eating he would turn his back on no one. Utgard-Loki replied, that was an art if he could make good what he said: then calling to a man named Logi, who was sitting on the bench, he desired him to come forward and try his strength with Loki. A large trough full of meat was brought in, and set on the floor: the champions sat down, one at each end of it, and ate till they met in the middle; but it was found that Loki had picked the bones, whereas Logi had eaten up his part, bones and all; and it was consequently given against Loki.

Thialfi was now asked in what he excelled: and when he had replied in running, a lad named Hugin was matched with him. In the first heat, Hugin, after going round the post, passed Thialfi on his way to it. Utgard-Loki complimented Thialfi on his swiftness, but told him he must do better if he would win. In the second heat, Hugin won by the length of a bow-shot. According to modern practice, the race was now at an end; but in Giant-land they manage these matters differently, and a third heat was run, which was won hollow by Hugin; for he reached the goal before Thialfi had gone over half the course.

Utgard-Loki now inquires of Thor what he

could do to justify the fame that went abroad of him. The Thunderer replied, that he would undertake to drink against any of his people. A servant was ordered to fetch a drinking-horn, which Utgard-Loki handed to Thor, observing, that some of his people could empty it at one draught, many of them at two, but that no one took more than three to drain it. The horn was long, but did not look very large: Thor was thirsty after his journey, and he thought that one good pull would be sufficient. He drank till his breath was gone, when, on looking at the horn, he found, to his vexation, that the liquor had only sunk a little below the edge. A second and a third attempt were equally unsuccessful, and he gave up. "It is easy to see that your strength is not great," said Utgard-Loki; "but will you try any other game?" Thor doggedly assented, leaving the choice to the proposer.—"My young people here frequently amuse themselves with lifting my cat off the ground. I should not, indeed, think of proposing such a thing to Asa-Thor, were it not that I saw that he is less of a man than I thought." Just as he spoke, a big grey tom-cat leaped out on the floor. Thor put his hand under him, to raise him up; but the cat curved his back, and with all Thor's efforts he could only raise one of his feet off the ground. "Ah! it's just as I expected," said Utgard-Loki; "the cat is large, and you are short and little." "Little as I am," said Thor, "let any of you come wrestle with

me now I am vexed." Utgard-Loki looked round him, and said, "I see no one here who would think he should gain any reputation by wrestling with you. Call hither the old woman that nursed me : you may wrestle with her. She has thrown down many young men, who were, as I think, not inferior to you." The old dame was tough: Thor struggled with might and main: the more he tugged, the firmer she stood. Thor, in a violent effort, fell on one knee; and, as night was coming on, Utgard-Loki put an end to the contest.

Next morning the Aser (gods) set out homewards, Utgard-Loki accompanying them out of the town. On Thor's expressing his fears that they would think disparagingly of him, his host spake as follows:—"Now that you are out of the town, I may tell you the truth; for if I had known that your strength was so prodigious as it is, you never should have gone into it. I began to practice illusions on you in the wood, where I first met you. When you went to open the wallet, it was fastened with a strong iron bar, and you could not therefore loosen it." He then informed him that it was a rock he had struck in place of his head, in which he had made three great dints, one of which was exceedingly deep; that it was a devouring flame, in the shape of a man, that ate against Loki; and that it was Hugin (*Thought*) that ran against Thialfi; that the smaller end of the horn had been set in the sea, and when he arrived there he would see how much its depths were diminished;

(and this, says the Edda, is the cause of bays and shoals;) that the cat was Midgard's snake¹, and that they were all terrified when they saw him raise a part of him off the earth; finally, the old woman with whom he wrestled was *Old Age*, whom no one ever yet overthrew. Utgard-Loki prayed Thor never to visit him again. The god, enraged at those deceptions, raised his hammer to crush Utgard-Loki, but the illuder was not to be seen; the city, too, had vanished like a mist, and they found themselves alone in an open extensive plain, and returned to Thrudvang, Thor's abode, without encountering any further adventures.

Of the antiquity and genuineness of this legend there can be no doubt; for in the poem of the elder Edda, called *Ægir's Banquet*, where Loki is casting in the teeth of the gods and goddesses their various discreditable adventures, he reminds Thor of his having sat gathered up in the thumb of a glove, and not being able to undo the thong of Skrymir's wallet. It is alluded to in the poem of Harbard's Song; and appears also to lie at the foundation of the narrative given by Saxo in his eighth book of the Voyage of Thorkild Adilfar in search of Ugarthilok, undertaken at the desire of Gorm king of Denmark. Thorlacius, who quotes it at length in his celebrated essay entitled

¹ The Snake that lies in the stream which encompasses the Earth.—See the Edda. Digitized by Microsoft®

“Something about Thor and his Hammer,” sees in it a strong confirmation of his opinion of there having been a set of nature-gods worshiped in Scandinavia before the arrival of the Asiatics, who usurped their honours and their names, but who were unable to eradicate the reverence for them, so deeply was it implanted in the public mind. He regards it as the composition of a free-thinker—a species that could not be wanting in the Old North—who, though outwardly complying with the Odinian religion, secretly adored the powers of Nature, and composed this legend to show how feeble the reigning celestial dynasty was in comparison with Nature and her powers. There certainly can be little doubt that ancient Scandinavia had her *esprits forts*; and the author of the poem of Ægir’s Banquet, just mentioned, has not inappropriately been styled the Northern Lucian: but I cannot by any means be induced to look upon the framer of this legend as a depreciator of Asa-Thor. On the contrary, all through it his strength is represented as enormous; and the only refuge of Utgard-Loki against it lay in deception and illusion.

According to Finn Magnussen, this legend denotes the struggle between Thor, the hurler of the thunder, and the Demon of the cold of winter. In the old Northern calendars, he says, the glove is the symbol of the commencement of winter, in which, as thunder is rare in that season, Thor may be said to go to sleep; the snoring of Skrymir

is the storm and tempest of winter, on which the blows of the Thunderer can produce no effect. The insoluble knots of the wallet are the cold which closes up the earth, the great bag of food. Loki and Logi, whose names are nearly the same, both signifying *flame*, he would regard with respect to their effects; taking the former for flame properly so called, the other for the cold which 'performs the effect of fire.' Thialfi is the wind of summer; the *Thought* of Utgard-Loki that of winter. The disappearance of this latter and his city, is the departure of winter with its storms, its fields of snow and fantastic piles of ice, leaving the grassy verdant plains free and unincumbered. This explication is tolerably ingenious, and it may be true; but I fear it is only an instance of M. Magnussen's usual habit of attempting to explain every thing on the physical theory; and I much suspect, that if the Scald who framed the legend were to return to life, he would declare that these subtle allegories never entered his conception; and that he only meant to entertain his auditors, and exalt the mighty Thor.

Such, then, is the venerable mythe of the Edda, and thus has it been explained. Shall we now say that our Anglo-Saxon or Danish ancestors brought it with them to England, and that the incident common to it and the tale of the Giant-killer was preserved by tradition, and adopted by the author of that story? Such an assertion would be too hardy,

yet it might be true: legends of the Edda are living in the popular tradition of Scandinavia at this very day; and from the tone and circumstances of the history of the Giant-killer, I think it by no means unlikely that its date may be anterior to that of the conquest of Wales by Edward I. It is certainly older than the time of Elizabeth; for in King Lear, Edgar, as Mad Tom, says,

“Child Rowland to the dark tower came;
His words were still ‘Fee, faw, and fum!
I smell the blood of a British man!’”

which evidently alludes to this renowned history.

The device, however, is, as we shall see, to be found in the legendary lore of more distant countries.

In Sir John Malcolm's most agreeable and instructive Sketches of Persia, we meet the following highly amusing story, which Sir John says was related to him by his friend Hajee Hoosein, at a dreary spot in Persia, named the Valley of the Angel of Death.

The Hajee informed his companion, that this was one of the most favourite terrestrial abodes of Azrael (the Angel of Death), and that here he was surrounded by Ghools, who are a species of monsters that feed on the carcasses of all the beings which he deprives of life. “The Ghools,” he added, “are of a hideous form, but they can assume any shape they please, in order to lure men to their

destruction; they can alter their voices for the same laudable purpose." "The frightful screams and yells," said the Hajee, "which are often heard amid these dreaded ravines, are changed for the softest and most melodious notes: unwary travelers, deluded by the appearance of friends, or captivated by the forms and charmed by the music of these demons, are allured from their path, and after feasting for a few hours on every luxury are consigned to destruction."

In conclusion said the Hajee, "These creatures are the very lowest of the supernatural world; and besides being timid, are extremely stupid, and consequently often imposed upon by artful men¹. I will recount you a story that is well authenticated, to prove that what I say is just."

AMEEN OF ISFAHÂN AND THE GHOOL.

"You know," said he, "that the natives of Isfahân, though not brave, are the most crafty and acute people upon earth, and often supply the want of courage by their address. An inhabitant of that

¹ The Ghool is plainly the same kind of being as the Orco of the Italian, the Ogre of the French popular tales. In the fifteenth of the Thousand and One Nights, Galland rendered *Ghool* by *Ogre*. I believe I may take the merit of having been the first to show that the Orco of Bojardo and Ariosto is an Ogre (Fairy Mythology, ii. p. 237.). Mr. Douce, however, has shown me that he also had perceived it. The description of Charlemagne's porter L'Orco, in the *Morgante Maggiore* (C. xxvii. St. 262—264.), strongly tends to confirm the identity of the French and the Italian monster.

city was once compelled to travel alone and at night through this dreadful valley. He was a man of ready wit, and fond of adventures, and, though no lion, had great confidence in his cunning, which had brought him through a hundred scrapes and perils, that would have embarrassed or destroyed your simple man of valour.

“ This man, whose name was Ameen Beg, had heard many stories of Ghools of the Valley of the Angel of Death, and thought it likely he might meet one: he prepared, accordingly, by putting an egg and a lump of salt in his pocket. He had not gone far amid the rocks we have just passed, when he heard a voice crying, ‘ Holloa, Ameen Beg Is-fahânee! you are going the wrong road; you will lose yourself: come this way: I am your friend Kerreem Beg: I know your father, old Kerbela Beg, and the street in which you were born.’ Ameen knew well the power the Ghools had of assuming the shape of any person they chose; and he also knew their skill as genealogists, and their knowledge of towns as well as families: he had, therefore, little doubt that this was one of those creatures alluring him to destruction. He however determined to encounter him, and trust to his art for his escape.

“ ‘ Stop, my friend, till I come near you,’ was his reply. When Ameen came close to the Ghool, he said, ‘ You are not my friend Kerreem, you are a lying demon; but you are just the being I desired to meet. I have tried my strength against

all the men and all the beasts which exist in the natural world, and I can find nothing that is a match for me. I came, therefore, to this valley, in the hope of encountering a Ghool, that I might prove my prowess upon him.'

"The Ghool, astonished at being addressed in this manner, looked keenly at him, and said, 'Son of Adam, you do not appear so strong.' 'Appearances are deceitful,' replied Ameen; 'but I will give you proof of my strength.—There,' said he, picking up a stone from a rivulet, 'this contains a fluid; try if you can so squeeze it that it will flow out.' The Ghool took the stone, but after a short attempt returned it, saying, 'The thing is impossible.' 'Quite easy,' said the Isfahânee, taking the stone, and placing it in the hand in which he had before put the egg: 'look there!' and the astonished Ghool, while he heard what he took for the breaking of the stone, saw the liquid run from between Ameen's fingers,—and this apparently without any effort.

"Ameen, aided by the darkness, placed the stone upon the ground while he picked up another of a darker hue. 'This,' said he, 'I can see, contains salt, as you will find if you can crumble it between your fingers.' But the Ghool, looking at it, confessed he had neither knowledge to discover the qualities, nor strength to break it. 'Give it me,' said his companion impatiently; and having put it into the same hand with the piece of salt, he instantly gave the latter, all crushed, to the

Ghool, who, seeing it reduced to powder, tasted it, and remained in stupid astonishment at the skill and strength of this wonderful man. Neither was he without alarm lest his strength should be exerted against himself; and he saw no safety in resorting to the shape of a beast, for Ameen had warned him that if he commenced any such unfair dealing he would instantly slay him; for Ghools, though long-lived, are not immortal.

“Under such circumstances he thought his best plan was to conciliate the friendship of his new companion till he found an opportunity of destroying him.

“‘Most wonderful man!’ he said, ‘will you honour my abode with your presence? it is quite at hand: there you will find every refreshment; and after a comfortable night’s rest you can resume your journey.’

“‘I have no objection, friend Ghool, to accept your offer: but mark me,—I am, in the first place, very passionate, and must not be provoked by any expressions which are in the least disrespectful; and in the second, I am full of penetration, and can see through your designs as clearly as I saw into that hard stone in which I discovered salt: so take care you entertain none that are wicked, or you shall suffer.’

“The Ghool declared that the ear of his guest should be pained by no expression to which it did not befit his dignity to listen; and he swore by the head of his liege lord, the Angel of Death,

that he would faithfully respect the rights of hospitality and friendship.

“ Thus satisfied, Ameen followed the Ghool through a number of crooked paths, rugged cliffs, and deep ravines, till they came to a large cave, which was dimly lighted. ‘ Here,’ said the Ghool, ‘ I dwell; and here my friend will find all he can want for refreshment and repose.’ So saying, he led him to various apartments, in which was hoarded every species of grain, and all kinds of merchandize, plundered from travellers who had been deluded to this den, and of whose fate Ameen was too well informed by the bones over which he now and then stumbled, and by the putrid smell produced by some half-consumed carcases.

“ ‘ This will be sufficient for your supper, I hope,’ said the Ghool, taking up a large bag of rice; ‘ a man of your prowess must have a tolerable appetite.’ ‘ True,’ said Ameen; ‘ but I ate a sheep, and as much rice as you have there, before I proceeded on my journey. I am, consequently, not hungry; but will take a little, lest I offend your hospitality.’ ‘ I must boil it for you,’ said the demon; you do not eat grain and meat raw, as we do. Here is a kettle,’ said he, taking up one lying amongst the plundered property: ‘ I will go and get wood for a fire, while you fetch water with that,’ pointing to a bag made of the hides of six oxen.

“ Ameen waited till he saw his host leave the

cave for the wood ; and then, with great difficulty, he dragged the enormous bag to the bank of a dark stream which issued from the rocks at the other end of the cavern, and after being visible for a few yards, disappeared underground.

“How shall I, thought Ameen, prevent my weakness being discovered: this bag I could hardly manage when empty ; when full it would require twenty strong men to carry it:—what shall I do? I shall certainly be eaten up by this cannibal Ghool, who is now only kept in order by the impression of my great strength. After some minutes’ reflection, the Isfahânee thought of a scheme, and began digging a small channel from the stream towards the place where his supper was preparing.

“‘What are you doing?’ vociferated the Ghool, as he advanced towards him; ‘I sent you for water to boil a little rice, and you have been an hour about it. Cannot you fill the bag, and bring it away?’ ‘Certainly I can,’ said Ameen: ‘if I were content, after all your kindness, to show my gratitude merely by feats of brute strength, I could lift your stream, if you had a bag large enough to hold it ; but here,’ said he, pointing to the channel he had begun, ‘here is the commencement of a work in which the mind of man is employed to lessen the labour of his body. This canal, small as it may appear, will carry a stream to the other end of the cave, in which I will construct a dam that you can open and shut at plea-

sure, and thereby save yourself infinite trouble in fetching water. But pray let me alone till it is finished :’—and he began to dig. ‘Nonsense!’ said the Ghool, seizing the bag and filling it; ‘I will carry the water myself; and I advise you to leave off your canal, as you call it, and follow me, that you may eat your supper and go to sleep; you may finish this fine work, if you like it, to-morrow morning.’

“Ameen congratulated himself on this escape, and was not slow in taking the advice of his host. After having eaten heartily of the supper that was prepared, he went to repose on a bed made of the richest coverlets and pillows, which were taken from the store-rooms of plundered goods. The Ghool, whose bed was also in the cave, had no sooner laid down than he fell into a sound sleep. The anxiety of Ameen’s mind prevented him from following his example: he rose gently, and having stuffed a long pillow into the middle of his bed, to make it appear as if he were still there, he retired to a concealed place in the cavern to watch the proceedings of the Ghool. The latter awoke a short time before daylight, and rising went, without making any noise, towards Ameen’s bed, where not observing the least stir, he was satisfied his guest was in a deep sleep; so he took up one of his walking-sticks, which was in size like the trunk of a tree, and struck a terrible blow at what he supposed to be Ameen’s head. He smiled, not to hear a groan, thinking he had deprived him of

life; but to make sure of his work, he repeated the blow seven times. He then returned to rest, but had hardly settled himself to sleep, when Ameen, who had crept into the bed, raised his head above the clothes and exclaimed, 'Friend Ghool, what insect could it be that has disturbed me by its tapping? I counted the flap of its little wings seven times on the coverlet. These vermin are very annoying, for though they cannot hurt a man, they disturb his rest!'

"The Ghool's dismay, on hearing Ameen speak at all, was great; but that was increased to perfect fright when he heard him describe seven blows, any one of which would have felled an elephant, as seven flaps of an insect's wing. There was no safety, he thought, near so wonderful a man; and he soon afterwards arose, and fled from the cave, leaving Isfahânee its sole master.

"When Ameen found his host gone, he was at no loss to conjecture the cause, and immediately began to survey the treasure with which he was surrounded, and to contrive means for removing them to his own home.

"After examining the contents of the cave, and arming himself with a match-lock, which had belonged to some victim of the Ghool, he proceeded to survey the road. He had, however, only gone a short distance, when he saw the Ghool returning with a large club in his hand, and accompanied by a fox. Ameen's knowledge of the cunning animal instantly led him to suspect that it had undeceived

his enemy, but his presence of mind did not forsake him. 'Take that,' said he to the fox, aiming a ball at him from his match-lock, and shooting him through the head; 'take that for your not performing my orders. That brute,' said he, 'promised to bring me seven ghools, that I might chain them and bring them to Isfahân; and here he has only brought you, who are already my slave.' So saying, he advanced towards the Ghool; but the latter had already taken to flight, and by the aid of his club bounded so rapidly over rocks and precipices, that he was soon out of sight.

"Ameen having marked well the path from the cavern to the road, went to the nearest town, and hired camels and mules to remove the property he had acquired. After making restitution to all who remained alive to prove their goods, he became, from what was unclaimed, a man of wealth; all of which was owing to that wit and art which ever overcome brute strength and courage."

As a parallel to the latter part of this tale, and as a proof of his theory of most Persian tales having been borrowed from the Hindoos, Sir J. Malcolm relates the following story from the Pancha Tantra of that people.

THE GOAT AND THE LION.

"The goat took shelter during a storm in the den of a lion. When he saw no chance of escape,

he terrified the king of the beasts by boasting of a celestial origin, and telling him he had been condemned, before he could return to Heaven, to eat ten elephants, ten tigers, and ten lions. He had, he said, eaten every kind of animal but the lion; and saying this, he marched up to the astonished monster, who fled by a back way from his den. The lion in his flight met a fox, and described to him the appearance of the goat (an animal he had never seen before), his horns, his strange beard, and, above all, his boasting language. The fox laughed, and told his majesty how he had been tricked. They went back together, and met the goat at the entrance of the den. The latter at once saw his danger, but his wits did not forsake him. 'What conduct is this, you scoundrel?' said he to the fox; 'I commanded you to get me ten lions, and here you have only brought me one.' So saying, he advanced boldly, and the lion, again frightened by his words and actions, fled in terror, allowing the goat to return quietly to his home."

I am very willing to concede that this Hindoo fable may have been the original of the latter part of the Persian story. But how, unless by supposing similar incidents to have been invented in different countries, can we account for the resemblance between this last and the Brave Tailoring? But it is curious enough, that most of the circumstances of all three are to be found in

one of the stories of the Pleasant Nights! It is really very amusing to observe these various likenesses.

THE LION AND THE ASS¹.

There was once upon a time a miller in Arcadia, a brutal ill-tempered fellow, and he gave his ass such cruel treatment, that the poor animal could bear it no longer. So one morning he ran away from him, with the pack-saddle on his back, and never stopped till he came to the foot of a green flowery hill, where he resolved to take up his quarters for life. He looked round on all sides, and seeing no danger, mounted the hill boldly, and began to feed, returning God thanks for his goodness. But just then a fierce lion came out of a dark cave, who, beholding the ass, marvelled at his audacity in coming up on his hill; nevertheless, not having before seen any such animal, he was not without apprehension, and he resolved to proceed cautiously. As for the ass, his hair stood on end with fear, and he could not stir from the spot. The lion plucked up courage, and came up, and civilly asked him who he was, and what brought him there. The ass boldly asked him who *he* was. "I am the king of all the beasts," said the lion, somewhat daunted. "And what is

¹ As there is no peculiar merit in the style of Straparola, I have abridged the story, and related it in my own words.

your name?" said the ass. "They call me Lion. But what is *your* name?" "Those who know me call me Brancalion¹," replied the donkey. The lion became now quite convinced that the ass was his superior, and he said, "Brancalion, your name and your words prove you to be stronger and bolder than I am; nevertheless, let us give some proof of what we can do." The ass, stoutly, turned round to him, and said, "See you this pack-saddle and cross-bow? if I were to shoot, you would die with fear." So saying, he made two or three curvets, and kicked up his heels in such fashion, breaking the pebbles therewith, that the lion hardly thought himself safe. However, as evening was at hand, he asked him home to his cave, telling him that in the morning he would set three things before him, and whoever did them best should be lord of the mountain.

Next morning they set out, and went on till they came to a broad deep ditch, and the lion challenged the ass to jump over it. The lion cleared it with ease; but the poor donkey made so awkward an attempt, that he landed with his belly on a great beam that was in it, and was in danger of breaking his neck. The lion, having vainly called to him, came down and helped him off; but when the ass found himself safe, he turned to and began to abuse the lion for depriving him of so much pleasure. "What pleasure?" said

¹ Brancaleone (from *brancare*, to seize with the paw, and *leone*, lion,) is difficult to translate.

the astonished lion. "I got across the beam on purpose," said the ass; "and I was balancing myself to see which was the heavier, my head or my tail." "In good truth," said the lion, "you have a subtle wit. I will molest you no more, for I see plainly that you are to be lord of the mountain."

They came next to a deep rapid river. "Now," said the lion, "friend Brancalion, "let us swim across." "Content!" said the ass, "but you must go first." The lion, who could swim well, was soon at the other side. He then called to the ass to follow, and seeing there was no remedy, he plunged in and swam to the middle of the river; but here the current was too strong for him, and it whirled him about at such a rate, that he lost all his strength and courage. The kind lion was in great perplexity how to act; he was afraid that if he did not go to his aid, he would be drowned; and that if he did go, he would kill him for his interference. At last, however, he plunged in, caught him by the tail, and dragged him to the shore. But the donkey, when he found himself safe, got into a towering rage, and lamented his misfortune in losing such delight. The lion, in an agony of fear, sought to excuse himself, and timidly asked what the pleasure was. The ass then shook himself, and with the water there fell from him some small fishes and reptiles which had stuck to him. "See, you great booby," said he then, "what you have done. If I had gone to the bottom, I should

have caught as many fish as would have amazed you. If you value my friendship, never touch me again, even if you see me dead, for when I seem to be dead I am only enjoying myself."

As the sun was now doubling the shadows, they retired to the cave to rest; and next morning, at break of day, the lion proposed that they should go hunt on different sides, and meet at a certain time and place, and then he who had killed most game should be lord of the mountain. This being agreed on, the lion went into a wood and killed plenty of animals; the ass finding the gate of a farm-yard open, went in, and meeting with a great heap of oats, fell to, and ate till he was ready to burst; and then made his way to the appointed place, where he lay down on the ground quite unable to move from the spot. A crow happening to come to the place, he contrived to catch and kill her; and when the lion came back laden with game, and at his desire gave him an account of his hunting, the ass mocked him to scorn, telling him how *he*, without stirring from the spot, had gorged himself with game, and had kept that fat crow for him as a specimen, which he begged he would take as a mark of his affection.

The lion, having taken the crow and thanked the ass, went away to hunt again, firmly resolved never to come back. On his way he met the wolf in full gallop. "Whither so fast, Gossip Wolf?" said he. "I am going on affairs of the greatest importance, so pray do not stop me," replied the

wolf. The lion, knowing the danger into which he was running, did all in his power to stay him. "Close at hand," said he, "is Brancalion, a most cruel animal, who has a cross-bow that makes such a noise, that it is terrific to hear it; and he has, moreover, on his back a strange thing made of leather, that I fancy serves him for a cuirass; his hair is grey, and he does such wonderful things, as amaze all who come near him." The wolf by this description knew at once what he was talking about, and he said, "My lord, be not afraid; it is only an ass, the vilest creature Nature has made, only fit to carry burdens and be cudgelled. I have eaten many a hundred of them in my time; and though I am grey, I am not very old yet. Come, Sir, and I will let you see the proof of it." "Go yourself, if you like," said the lion; "for my part, I am quite satisfied with what I have seen already."

The wolf, however, persuaded him; and the lion agreed to go back, on condition that they should tie their two tails together, "that we may not separate," said he, "and one of us be at his mercy." So they knotted their tails and set forth.

When the ass saw them coming, he was ready to die with terror, and was just preparing to run away, when the lion seeing him said, "Gossip! he is coming, let us fly, or he will put us to death: I know how furious he is." The wolf, who was mad to attack him, said, "Wait, I pray you, my lord, and do not fear, he is only an ass!" But the

lion, more terrified than ever, scampered away over hedge and ditch, and brake and thicket; and as he was jumping a thick hedge, a strong thorn put out his left eye; and thinking that this was caused by Brancalion's cross-bow, he kept crying to the wolf, "Did I not tell you so, Gossip? let us run, in the devil's name; he has already shot out my eye with his cross-bow." And away he went, dragging the poor wolf over hill and dale, through woods and rocks, and briars and brambles. At length, when he had reached, as he thought, a place of safety, he said to the wolf, "Gossip! it is now time for us to untie our tails. What say you?" But getting no answer, and finding on examination that the poor wolf was lifeless, he cried, "Ah, Gossip! did I not tell you he would kill you. See what you have got! You have lost your life, and I my left eye. But patience! it is better to lose a part than the whole." So, having untied his tail, he left the dead wolf, and went and took up his abode in the wild woods and caverns, leaving the ass in possession of the hill, where he lived a long time. And hence it is that the asses inhabit cultivated places, and the lions the wild and solitary deserts.

We may ask, Did this fable wander from the banks of the Indus to those of the Po? And who can take on him to assert either the positive or the negative dogmatically? The fables of India certainly made their way very early to Europe,

and the Lion and the Goat may have furnished some circumstances to the Lion and the Ass; but Italian genius might have fallen on the same traits with that of India. Like so many legends of other countries, we may observe, that the object of the Italian fable is to account for the different habits of different animals.

I have not yet done with the stratagem (a very simple one, by the way, it is,) of putting an impassible substitute into one's bed. In Perrault's tale of the Discreet Princess (*L'Adroite Princesse*), Finetta makes a figure of straw, into which she puts a bladder of blood, and places it in her bed; and the prince, taking it to be her, plunges his sword into it. In the similar but far better story of Sapia Liccarda in the *Pentamerone*, the heroine forms an image of 'sugar and spice and all that's nice,' and in like manner lays it in her bed. The prince comes into the chamber determined to pay her, now that she is in his power, for all her tricks (she had one time, for instance, put a big stone into his bed):—he draws his dagger, and with it pierces, as he thought, the bosom of Sapia Liccarda. Not content with this abundant vengeance, he would even taste her blood. He put his tongue to the blade of the dagger, and getting the taste of the sugar and spice, he repented, and began bitterly to lament his having slain so *sweet* a girl. In his despair he was about to bury the dagger in

his own heart, when Sapia (who, like Finetta, was concealed in the chamber,) ran to him and stopped his hand, telling him that she had only done it to try him.

So much, then, for tricks upon giants, gods, ghoools, lions, and naughty princes! Now for one of the ways to grow rich.

CHAPTER VII.

WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT—DANISH LEGENDS—ITALIAN
STORIES—PERSIAN LEGEND.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON was born in the year 1360. He followed the business of a mercer in the City of London, and acquired great opulence. Having served the office of Sheriff with credit in the year 1394, he was chosen Lord Mayor, and filled that office not less than three times¹, namely, in the years 1398, 1407, and 1420. He was knighted, it is said, by King Henry V., to whom he lent large sums of money for his wars in France; and he died full of honours, if not of years, in the year 1425.

“This year,” (1406,) says Grafton, “a worthy citizen of London named Richard Whittington, mercer, and alderman, was elected mayor of the said city, and bore that office three times. This worshipful man so bestowed his goods and substance to the honour of God, to the relief of the poor, and to the benefit of the common-weal, that he hath right well deserved to be registered in the book of fame. First, he erected one house, or

¹ Stow says four times. I find by the table of mayors and sheriffs in Grafton, that Whittington was both sheriff and mayor in 1420; and this may have caused Stow's mistake.

church, in London, to be a house of prayer, and named the same after his own name, Whittington College, and so it remaineth to this day: and in the said church, beside certain priests and clerks, he placed a number of poor aged men and women, and builded for them houses and lodgings, and allowed unto them wood, coal, cloth, and weekly money, to their great relief and comfort. This man also, at his own cost, builded the gate of London called Newgate¹, in the year of our Lord 1422, which before was a most ugly and loathsome prison. He also builded more than half of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in West Smithfield in London. Also he builded, of hard stone, the beautiful library in the Grey Friars in London, now called Christ's Hospital, standing in the north part of the cloister thereof, where in the wall his arms is graven in stone. He also builded, for the ease of the mayor of London and his brethren, and of the worshipful citizens at the solemn days of their assembly, a chapel adjoining to the Guildhall; to the intent they should ever, before they entered into any of their affairs, first to go into the chapel, and by prayer to call upon God for his assistance. And in the end, joining on the south side of the said chapel, he builded for the City a library of stone, for the custody of their

¹ The figure of Whittington, with his cat in his arms, carved in stone, was over the archway of the old prison that went across Newgate Street. It was taken down in the year 1780.

records and other books. He also builded a great part of the east end of Guildhall, beside many other good works that I know not. But among all other I will show unto you one very notable, which I received credibly by a writing of his own hand, which also he willed to be fixed as a scedule to his last will and testament; the contents whereof was, that he willed and commanded his executors, as they would answer before God at the day of the resurrection of all flesh, that if they found any debtor of his that ought to him any money, that if he were not in their consciences well worth three times as much, and also out of the debt of other men, and well able to pay, that then they should never demand it, for he clearly forgave it, and that they should put no man in suit for any debt due to him. Look upon this, ye aldermen, for it is a glorious glass¹!”

Stow² informs us, that Richard Whittington rebuilt the parish church of St. Michael in the Royal, and made a college of St. Spirit and St. Mary, with an almshouse called God's House or Hospital for thirteen poor men, who were to pray for the good estate of Richard Whittington, and of Alice his wife, their founders; and for Sir William Whittington, Knt., and Dame Joan his wife; and for Hugh Fitzwarren and Dame Malde his wife, the

¹ Alas, good Master Grafton! I fear it is a glass in which but few aldermen have ever dressed themselves.

² History of London.

fathers and mothers of the said Richard Whittington and Alice his wife ; for King Richard II., and Thomas of Woodstock, special lords and promoters of the said Whittington, &c.

From this, I think, it very clearly follows that Sir Richard Whittington never could have been a poor bare-legged boy¹ ; for it is here plainly asserted that his father was a *knight* ; and honours, we know, were not so lavishly and indiscriminately bestowed in those days as they are in our own,—no great proof, by the way, of the ‘march of intellect.’ Yet in every account of Whittington that I have seen, he is said to have been born in very humble circumstances. This erroneous idea has evidently been owing to the popular legend of him and his cat ; and it shows how fiction will occasionally drive truth out of her domain.

Such, then, is the real history of this renowned Lord Mayor ; but tradition, we know, tells a very different tale : of this I must now notice a few circumstances.

I need not tell, what every one knows, or should know, how Dick Whittington, a poor orphan boy, came up to London from the country, and how a rich merchant named Fitzwarren took compassion on him, and put him in the kitchen under his cook ; or of the cook’s ill-treatment of him ; or of how Miss Alice, his master’s daughter, showed him

¹ Yet Sir W. Whittington, or whoever was the founder of the family, may have been such.

much kindness; or of the miserable life the rats and mice that swarmed in the garret where he slept led him, till with a penny he had gotten he purchased a cat. This is all beside our present purpose. But Dick's master, Mr. Fitzwarren, was shortly afterwards sending a ship to sea, and he gave all his servants permission to send out a venture in her. Poor Dick had no property on earth but his cat, and by his master's orders he fetched her down from his garret, and committed her to the captain with tears in his eyes; for he said he should now be kept awake all night by the rats and the mice. All laughed at Dick's venture, but Miss Alice kindly gave him money to purchase another cat.

The ship was driven to the coast of Barbary; and the captain having sent specimens of his cargo to the king of the country, he and his chief mate were invited to court, where they were royally entertained; but the moment the dishes were set on the table, rats and mice ran from all sides and devoured what was on them. The captain was told that the king would give half his wealth to be delivered of this torment; and instantly recollecting poor Dick's cat, he told the king that he could destroy them. He went down to the ship and fetched up puss under his arm. The tables were covered once more, and the usual havoc began; when the cat, jumping among the depredators, made a carnage of them, which amazed all present. The king, out of gratitude, purchased

the whole ship's cargo, and gave, over and above, a great quantity of gold for the cat, and the captain set sail for England.

To whom is the subsequent history of Richard Whittington unknown? Who knows not how, during the absence of the ship, he ran away from the ill-treatment of the cook, and had gotten as far as Holloway, when he sat down on the stone which at this very day is called Whittington's Stone, and heard Bow bells ring out

“Turn again, Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London town!”

And how he married good Miss Alice, and became in reality Lord Mayor of this even then great city?

In the whole of this legendary history there is, as we may see, not one single word of truth further than this—that the maiden name of Lady Whittington was Fitzwarren. It is really deserving of attention, as an instance of the manner in which tradition will falsify history¹; and it would be extremely interesting to ascertain the exact

¹ Sir James Mackintosh (History of England, i. 56.), when speaking of the story of King Edgar and the fair Elfrida, says, “William of Malmsbury relates the incident on the authority (not to be despised) of a Saxon song.” I am loth to dissent from such high authority; but my historic experience assures me that in the great majority of cases the evidence of the popular tale or ballad *is to be despised*, at least to be received with very great caution.

age of the legend. Neither Grafton, nor Holingshed who copies him, says anything of the legendary history of Sir Richard Whittington; but it must have been current in the reign of Elizabeth, for in the first scene of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle* (about A.D. 1613), the Citizen says to the Prologue, "Why could not you be contented as well as others with the Legend of Whittington? or the Life and Death of Sir Thomas Gresham, with the Building of the Royal Exchange? or the story of Queen Eleanor, with the Rearing of London Bridge upon Wool-sacks?" The word *legend* in this place would seem to indicate the story of the Cat¹; and we cannot therefore well assign it a later date than the sixteenth century.

Cats, we know, fetched a high price in America when it was first colonised by the Spaniards. Two cats, we are told, were taken out on speculation to Cuyaba, where there was a plague of rats, and they were sold for a pound of gold. Their first kittens fetched each thirty pieces of eight, the next generation not more than twenty, and the price gradually fell as the colony became stocked with them. The elder Almagro is also said to have given 600 pieces of eight to the person who

² Indeed the following note of Weber's seems to prove it. "This play was probably never printed, but entered on the Stationers' books Feb. 8, 1604, with the following title: 'The History of Richard Whittington, of his lowe Byrthe, his great Fortune, as it was plaied by the Prynce's Servants'."

presented him with the first cat which was brought to South America¹.

On reading this, one might feel disposed to assign a historical foundation to the legend of Whittington's Cat; but, as I shall presently show, a story of the kind was current in Europe long before the discovery of the New World, which may, after the usual fashion, have been transferred to the Lord Mayor of London, though indeed I see no reason for denying his legend to be an independent British fiction.

It is strange what a propensity the vulgar have for assigning some other cause than industry, frugality and skill, seconded by good fortune (the usual and surest road, I believe, to wealth), to the acquisition of riches. I hardly ever knew, in my own country, an instance of the attainment to opulence by a man who, as the phrase goes, had risen from nothing, that there was not some extraordinary mode of accounting for it circulating among the vulgar. The simplest and most usual explanation of the phænomenon, was to assert that he had gotten a treasure in some way or other. Thus, for example, I once knew a man whose original name had been Halfpenny (when he rose in the world he refined it to Halpen), and who had grown rich from the humblest means. I was one day, when a boy, speaking of him and his success in the world to our gardener: "Sure, then, you are

¹ See the *Olio*, vol. x. p. 208.

not such a *gomaril* (fool), Sir," said he, smiling at my simplicity, "as to believe it was by honest industry he made all his money? I'll tell you, Sir, how it *raley* was. You see, he sent one time to the Castle for a keg of halfpence, and, by the laws! what did they send him in mistake but a keg full of *goulden* guineas! And Jemmy, you see, was 'cute, and he kept his own secret, and by degrees he *thruv*, as it might be, in the world, and *become* the man he is. That's the *rale* truth of it, for you!" Here then, *en passant*, we have an instance of the name giving occasion to the legend. I have assigned this as one of the principal sources of legends in my Mythology of Greece and Italy, and abundant instances of it may be found in every country. Another, given on the same good authority, may not prove devoid of interest.

There was a family of the name of Wolfe living in our neighbourhood, and I was often assured that originally they had had long tails that reached the ground, but that with each generation they had shortened. "The present man," said the sage horticultor, "has no tail, at least that I ever could see; and I've *hard* my father say that the *ould* man had only a little short stump, that you'd hardly notice as he was walking; and when he was riding, it used to go through a hole in the back of the saddle into a little case that he had made to *hould* it in."

People in general have also a wonderful inclination to discover a *substratum* of historical truth

in popular legends; hence so many tasteless unpoetic systems of mythology. Whittington's Cat has not escaped the *rationalisers*, for I find that in some popular History of England the story has been *explained*, as it is called; and I have chanced to take up two or three country newspapers, into which the explanation had been copied with evident delight. Sir Richard Whittington was, it seems, the owner of a ship named the Cat, by his traffic in which he acquired the greater part of his wealth. This is just like the old solution of the tale of Europa and the Bull:—the Bull was, forsooth, a ship, whose sign was a bull! I am not, however, quite sure that our worthy mercer was directly engaged in foreign traffic; and the above explanation seems to me to be connected with that given by Sir Matthew Mite in his Address to the Society of Antiquaries¹, the profundity of which amazed that learned body: it perhaps may have been derived from that of the sapient knight.

“That Whittington lived,” said the knight, “no doubt can be made; that he was Lord Mayor of London, is equally true; but as to his Cat, that, gentlemen, is the Gordian knot to untie. And here, gentlemen, be it permitted me to define what a cat is. A cat is a domestic whiskered four-footed animal, whose employment is catching of mice: but let puss have been ever so subtle,

¹ See Foote's comedy of *The Nabob*.

let puss have been ever so successful, to what could puss's captures amount? No tanner can curry the skin of a mouse, no family make a meal of the meat, consequently no cat could give Whittington his wealth.

“From whence, then, does this error proceed? Be that my care to point out. The commerce this worthy merchant carried on was confined to our coasts: for this purpose he constructed a vessel, which from its agility and lightness he christened a Cat. Now to this our day, Gentlemen, all our coals from Newcastle are imported in nothing but cats; from hence it appears, that it was not the whiskered, four-footed, mouse-killing cat that was the source of the magistrate's wealth, but the coasting, sailing, coal-carrying cat,—that, gentlemen, was Whittington's Cat.”

M. Thiele, in his *Danish Popular Traditions*,—a work from which I derived such valuable assistance in the composition of the *Fairy Mythology*,—relates as follows:—

“The house of Katholm (*Cat-isle*) near Grenaae in Jutland, got its name from the following circumstance. There was a man in Jutland who had made a good deal of money by improper means. When he died, he left his property equally among his three sons. The youngest, when he got his share, thought to himself, ‘What comes with sin, goes with sorrow;’ and he resolved to submit

his money to the water-ordeal, thinking that the ill-got money would sink to the bottom, and what was honestly acquired swim to the top. He accordingly cast all his money into the water, and only one solitary halfpenny¹ swam. With this he bought a cat; and he went to sea, and visited foreign parts. At last he chanced to come to a place where the people were sadly plagued by an enormous number of rats and mice; and as his cat had had kittens by this time, he acquired great wealth by selling them; and he came home to Jutland, and built himself a house, which he called Katholm."

Again, M. Thiele tells this legend respecting the Cathedral of Ribe in Jutland.

"There was one time a poor sailor out of Ribe, who came to a foreign island, whose inhabitants were grievously plagued with mice. By good luck he had a cat of his own on board, and the people of the island gave him so much gold for it, that he went home as fast as he could to fetch more cats; and by this traffic he in a short time grew so rich, that he had no need of any more. Some time after, when he was on his death-bed, he bequeathed a large sum of money for the building of Ribe Cathedral; and a proof of this is still to be seen in a carving over the east door of the church, representing a cat and four mice. The door is called Cat-head Door (*Kathoved Dor*)."

¹ *Halvskilling*,—more correctly a farthing, for the skilling is of the size of our halfpenny.

In both these cases we may see that it was the name that gave occasion to the legend. In the first case, some one wanted to explain why the place was called Cat-isle. The second was an attempt to account for the carving of the cat and mice over the church-door, which was probably nothing more than a whim of the architect¹.

Count Lorenzo Magalotti, a Florentine nobleman, who flourished in the latter half of the seventeenth century, and was equally distinguished for his acquirements in science and in literature, wrote one time as follows to his friend Ottavio Falconieri².

“ You must know, that at the time our Amerigo Vespucci discovered the New World, there was in our city a merchant whose name was Messer Ansaldo degli Ormanni, who, though he was very rich, being perhaps desirous of doubling his wealth, freighted a large ship, and began to sell his merchandize in the newly-discovered parts of the West. And having made two or three good voyages thither, and gained immensely in his dealings,

¹ In the moulding of one of the old churches at Glendaloch, in the county of Wicklow in Ireland, are to be discerned the figures of a man and a serpent. The tourist is therefore told a legend of a huge *sarpint* that used to come out of the lake and annoy the workmen, till the Saint abated the nuisance.

² The original will be found in the *Lettere Familiari*, edited by Nardini.

he determined to return there for the fourth time. But scarcely had he departed from Cadiz, when a most furious tempest arose, and he ran for several days without knowing whither he should go. Fortune however was so kind to him, that she brought him to an island named Canary. He had scarcely anchored, when the king of the island hearing of the arrival of a vessel, came down to the port with all his barons; and having given Messer Ansaldo a most gracious reception, to let him see how agreeable his arrival was to him, insisted on taking him with him to the royal residence. Here, the tables being spread in the most sumptuous manner, he sat down along with Messer Ansaldo, who seeing several of the young men who waited on the king holding in their hands great long rods, like those carried by the Penitents, wondered very much; but as soon as the dishes were brought up, he saw at once what was the cause of this mode of attendance; for

‘ Xerxes to Greece so many men ne’er led,
Nor were the Myrmidons so numerous,
As those that on them were discovered :’

and, in fact, the mice that came from all sides, and attacked those delicate meats, were so large and so numerous, that it was quite wonderful. The young men then bestirred themselves, and used their rods vigorously to defend from them the dish off which the king and Messer Ansaldo were eating.

“ Ansaldo, when he had heard, and in some sort

TALES
AND
POPULAR FICTIONS.



Again the feast is spread, the king
And queen sit in the hall,
From every side forth rush the mice,
And on the viands fall:
But the cats jump among them suddenly,
And a glorious slaughter is there to see.

DRAWN BY W. H. BROOKE, F. S. A., ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY G. BAXTER,
PUBLISHED BY WHITTAKER AND CO.

1834.

also seen, that the multitude of these nasty animals was numberless in that island, and that no way had ever been discovered of destroying them, endeavoured, by signs, to let the king know that he would give him a remedy which would clear the country completely of such animals. So he ran down to his vessel, took two remarkably fine cats, a male and a female, and bringing them to the king, made the tables be covered once more. Scarcely had the odour of the victuals begun to diffuse itself, when the usual procession made its appearance; which when the cats saw, they began to skirmish away so nobly, that in a very short time they had made a glorious slaughter among them. The king rejoiced beyond measure at what he saw; and wishing to recompense the courtesy of Messer Ansaldo, ordered several nets of pearls, and abundance of gold and silver and other precious stones, to be brought to him, and he presented them to Messer Ansaldo; who, thinking that he had now made sufficient profit of his merchandize, without going to dispose of it in the West, spread his sails to the wind, and returned home as rich as he need be.

“ He frequently related to his friends his adventure with the king of Canary, which made one of them, named Giocondo de' Fisanti, resolve to sail to Canary, and try his fortune there too. In order to do so, he sold a property that he had in Val d' Elsa, and, with the money it brought him, purchased several jewels, rings, and girdles of great

value ; and giving out that he was going to the Holy Land, lest some blame might come on him for his project, he went to Cadiz, where he embarked ; and on his arrival at Canary, he presented his valuables to the king, making his account by the rule of ' So much gives so much '. ' If he gave Messer Ansaldo such enormous presents for a pair of cats, what will not be the gift that will be a suitable return for mine ? ' But the poor man deceived himself ; for the King of Canary, highly estimating the present made him by Giocondo, thought he could in no way make so adequate a return as by the gift of a cat ; so having had a very fine one brought him, the progeny of those of Messer Ansaldo, he made him a present of it. Giocondo, thinking it was done out of mockery, departed, and returned to Florence in great poverty, cursing the King of Canary, the mice, and Messer Ansaldo and his cats ; but he was wrong in doing so, for that worthy king, when he gave him the cat, presented him with what was most highly prized in the island.

“ But this is quite enough of the present tale. I send you a little basket with about twenty lemons in it, the best that my garden has produced this year. I know that you will laugh at the smallness of the gift, so little suited to the greatness of my mind and of your merit ; but if you recollect Giocondo's cat, you will not have a word to say ; for in giving you a single lemon, I would have you to know that I give you that which I esteem above all

other things ; and this is that delicious fruit which I go seeking with such care on every branch : and know, that I would sooner in the middle of July drink without ice, than miss for one single day in the year a lemon to squeeze over my wine." &c. &c.

Count Magalotti loved, like Horace, to tell a pleasant story on a proper occasion ; and no one can say that the present story is not well told. It is, however, no invention of his own, neither is it a transfer of our English tale, but an old legend, many years current in Italy, and printed long before in his own town of Florence.

There was a celebrated character in Tuscany, in the fifteenth century, who was called Parson (*Il Piovano*) Arlotto, distinguished for the excellence of his life and the richness of his humour. After his death, a collection of his witty sayings was made and printed¹. Among them is the following.

“ A priest, who was somewhat akin to the parson, having gone in the Florentine galleys, and finding in Flanders tennis-balls at a low price, bought three great casks full of them, without consulting the parson or any one else. He laid out all the money he had ; and thinking he had made a capital hit, told it with great glee to the

¹ Facezie, Motti, Buffonerie et Burle del Piovano Arlotto. In Firenze appresso, i Giunti, 1565.

parson, who, being a prudent man, would not blame the thing, since it was done, but told him, that when they should be returned to Florence, he would tell him the story of the cats of the Genoese merchant. When the galleys returned to the port of Pisa, the priest began to sell his balls there; and then he sold them at Florence, and with less than half a cask he supplied all the shops for several years; and having no hope of getting them off in five-and-twenty years, even though he should sell them ever so cheap, he went to the parson Arlotto, lamenting that he had not acted by his advice. The parson then said to him, 'I will tell you the story of the cats.'

"There was a lucky Genoese merchant, who, as he was at sea, was carried by fortune to a very distant island, where there had never been any Christian; and a great king reigned there, who, when he heard of the ship, wondered much, and having spoken with the owner one morning, invited him to dinner: and when they sat down to table, a wand was put into the hands of each, and of the merchant among the rest, at which he wondered greatly; and when the bread and the other meats were set on the table, more than a thousand mice presented themselves with great noise, so that if they would defend the victuals, it was necessary to employ the wands.

"The Genoese was astonished at all this, and he asked whence this great multitude of mice came. He was told that the whole island was full of

them, and that if it were not for that curse, there would not be a happier realm than it; for all the precious things of the world grew there, and were found there, such as gold, silver, metals of every kind, wheat, wine, corn of every sort, fruits, wax, silk, and every good thing that the earth produces; but that these animals destroyed everything; and it was necessary to keep the bread, the clothes, and all other things, hung in the air, from those hooks in the roofs. Then said the merchant, 'Your Majesty has had me to dine with you this morning, and I will take the liberty to return of myself tomorrow.' And going back to the ship, he put next morning a cat in his sleeve, and returned to the city: and when they sat down at the table with those same wands in their hands, and the bread and victuals came, the mice ran in hundreds as usual; and then the captain opened his sleeve, and the cat in an instant jumped among the mice with such dexterity and ferocity, that in a little time she killed more than a hundred of them, and all the rest fled away in terror. The agility and ferocity of so small an animal appeared a wonderful thing to the king and all the bystanders; and he asked particularly where she was bred, what she fed on, and how long she lived. The captain told him all, and added, 'Sire, I will present Your Majesty with two pair of these cats, which, if they are taken proper care of, will fill the whole kingdom with cats in a few years.' He sent for them to the ship, and gave them to the king, who thought

this a gift which could not be compensated. So having consulted with his barons, and reckoning that he had brought the salvation of the whole kingdom, he gave him, between gold, silver, and jewels, the value of more than 200,000 ducats.

“The merchant, thus grown rich, returned to Genoa, where in a few days the fame of his good-fortune spread, and several thought of trying their luck by going to that country, though it was such a way off and the voyage dangerous, and taking thither the same kind of animals. There was among them one of a lofty mind, who resolved to take thither other merchandize than cats, though he was advised against it by the first; and he brought with him to present to the king garments of brocade, of gold, of silver, furniture for beds, for horses, and other things, and various sweetmeats, and presents of great value, to the amount of more than 10,000 crowns.

“The king joyfully accepted the rich present; and after several banquets and caresses, he consulted with his wise men what he should give the merchant in return. One said one thing, and one another. The king thought everything else of little worth; and being liberal and great-minded, he resolved to give him part of the most valuable things he had; and he presented him with one of those cats, as a thing most precious. The unlucky merchant returned to Genoa in very ill-humour. And so I say to you, that as you would not act by my advice, you bought, out of thirst of

gain, what you did not understand, and you never will get back one half of your money."

We thus have the story of the cat in Italy about the time of Whittington; for Arlotto was born in 1396, and died in 1483; and as it is not likely that he invented it, it was probably a common story before Whittington was born. In fact, a story of the kind is to be found a current legend in the thirteenth century.

In the Chronicle of Albert, abbot of the convent of St. Mary at Stade, written in that century, and extending from the Creation to the year 1256, we read as follows under the year 1175¹.

"At this time the Venetians had a dispute with the Emperor. Now Venice is a city in the Adriatic Sea,—an island, not indeed by nature, but made by art; and it thus began. King Attila, besieging Aquilina, put its inhabitants to flight, who coming to the place where Venice now is, heaped up there an island, and named it Venice, *à venalitate vel venatione*. There dwelt there in the beginning two fellow-citizens, the one rich, the other poor. The rich man went to trade, and he asked his comrade for merchandize. 'I have nothing,' said the poor man, 'but two cats.' The rich man took them with him, and he came by chance to a land where the whole place was de-

¹ Chronicon Alberti Abbatis Stadensis à condito orbe usque ad auctoris ætatem, &c. Helmæstadii, 1687. This was the first, and I believe the only impression.

vastated by mice. He sold the cats for a great deal of money, and having purchased very many things for his comrade, he brought them to him."

Thus we see that the story was apparently an old one in Italy in the thirteenth century, and connected with the tradition of the origin of Venice. Further back I cannot trace it ¹.

The story however is, as we shall see, not peculiar to Europe. It occupies a place in Persian history and topography.

"This island, called Kais by the natives, makes a considerable figure in Persian history, and is particularly mentioned in the *Tarikh al Wasaf*, a book highly esteemed by the Persians. Its history, as related to me by the Persian ambassador, is founded on a tale which perhaps may remind us of Whittington and his Cat; for it is stated, that in the 700th year of the Hejira (A.D. 1300), in the town of Siraf lived an old woman with her three sons, who, turning out profligates, spent their own patrimony and their mother's fortune, abandoned her, and went to live at Kais. A little while after,

¹ Were it not for the assistance which I have received from Mr. Douce, this chapter would be far more imperfect than it is. He furnished me with the references which enabled me to obtain the two last legends; and it was he who directed my attention to the Knight of the Burning Pestle. See above, p. 247.

a Siraf merchant undertook a trading voyage to India, and freighted a ship. It was the custom of those days, that when a man undertook a voyage to a distant land, each of his friends entrusted to his care some article of their property, and received its produce on his return. The old woman, who was a friend of the merchant, complained that her sons had left her so destitute, that, except a cat, she had nothing to send as an adventure, which yet she requested him to take.

“On arriving in India, he waited upon the king of the country, who, having granted him permission to trade with his subjects, also invited him to dine. The merchant was surprised to see the beards of the king and his courtiers encased in golden tubes, and the more so when he observed that every man had a stick in his hand. His surprise still increased, when, upon the serving up of the dishes, he saw swarms of mice sally out from the wall, and make such an attack upon the victuals as to require the greatest vigilance of the guests in keeping them off with their sticks. This extraordinary scene brought the cat of the old woman of Siraf into the merchant's mind. When he dined a second time with the king, he put the cat under his arm; and no sooner did the mice appear, than he let it go; and to the delight of the king and his courtiers, hundreds of mice were laid dead about the floor. The king, of course, longed to possess so valuable an animal, and the merchant agreed to give it up, provided an ade-

quate compensation were made to its real owner. When the merchant was about his departure, he was shown a ship finely equipped, laden with all sorts of merchandize, and which he was told was to be given to the old woman for her cat. She, of course, could scarcely yield credit to his tale; but when she found that he was in earnest, and that she was possessed of such vast wealth, she imparted her good fortune to her sons, who came over to her, and after having made merry with the ready money, embarked with their mother and the rest of the property, and established themselves at Kais. Here they traded with great success, until their name became so famous, that twelve ships, all at one time, were consigned to them. They managed, by stratagem, to make away with the owners of these ships, seized their property, and commenced pirates. In this new character they were again successful, and became so powerful that they braved the king of the country, who was too weak to destroy them. In the course of time, indeed, their descendants became the kings of Kais, and are known in Persian history under the name of the Beni Kaiser. At length their power was destroyed by Atta Beg, then king of Fars; and since then, their possessions have been annexed to the Persian dominions¹."

This legend is also briefly narrated from the

¹ Morier, *Second Journey through Persia, &c.*, p. 31.

Tarikh al Wasaf, by Sir William Ouseley¹. According to him, one Keis², the son of a poor widow at Sirâf, embarked for India with his sole property—a cat; and having, by means of her, acquired great riches, as is above related, he went, with his mother and his brothers, and settled on the island which he called after his own name.

There are some further discrepancies between these two accounts. Sir W. Ouseley, for instance, says that the event occurred in the tenth, Mr. Morier, in the fourteenth century; and according to the former, the Tarikh al Wasaf was composed at the end of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century. I will further observe, that if, as Mr. Morier states, the power of the Beni Kaiser was destroyed by the Atta-beg³ of Fars, the year of the Hejira 700 cannot be that in which the cat was taken to India; for the power of all the Atta-begs of Persia was destroyed by Hûlagû Khan about the middle of the preceding century.

These, however, are matters of little consequence: what is of importance is, that we have the legend in Persia before Whittington was born; and, as we have seen, its European date in one

¹ Travels in various Countries of the East, &c., i. p. 170.

² Kais and Keis are to be pronounced alike. They are both attempts at expressing the long diphthongal sound of our letter *i*. The usual and proper sound of these two diphthongs is as in *rain*, *rein*; and it can be only conventionally that they have the sound of *i* in *mine*.

³ Atta-beg is a title, not a proper name. See my Outlines of History, p. 252.

instance goes further back than even that of the Persian legend. What, then, are we to say? Did the fiction come from the East? or did it go to the East? or was it invented in both the East and the West? Let every one judge for himself; my own opinion is in favour of the last supposition.

I have now brought together more stories of fortune-making cats than ever were, I believe, collected before: whether they are of any value, or not, is another question, and one into which I will not enter. There are, however, persons who think that time is not absolutely thrown away though spent in tracing popular fictions to their source. For such chiefly has this chapter been written.— I will now proceed to treat of higher matters.

“Per correr miglior acqua alza le vele
Omai la navicella del mio ingegno.”

CHAPTER VIII.

THE EDDA—SIGURD AND BRYNHILDA—VÖLUND—HELGI—
 HOLGER DANSKE—OGIER LE DANOIS—TOKO—WILLIAM
 TELL.

IN the Tunga Norræna (*Northern Tongue*), or ancient language of the North of Europe, are still existing two collections of mythological narratives of the actions of the gods and heroes of the Gothic tribes. These collections are named the Elder and the Younger Edda. The former, which is in verse, consists of poems collected in the latter half of the eleventh century by a man named Sæmund, who was a Christian minister in Iceland, and was named the Learned (*Hin Frode*), on account of his great knowledge,—knowledge which among his contemporaries and posterity brought him under the suspicion of being at the least a white wizard. The purity of his life and manners preserved him from a worse appellation.

These poems, of whose genuineness there cannot be the slightest reasonable suspicion, contain the ideas and opinions of the Pagan Northmen, for it was only in the beginning of the eleventh century that Christianity was established by law in Iceland. Sæmund, who was born in 1054–57 and who died at the age of seventy-seven, probably

made his Collection towards the end of the century, when many were living who knew the poems by heart; perhaps some had been already written out, or the wooden tables on which the ancient Northmen used to inscribe their poems in their Runic characters were still in existence. At all events, Sæmund's Edda must be regarded as one of the most curious monuments we possess, and invaluable for the aid it affords us in ascertaining the opinions and manners of our forefathers.

The principal personages in the heroic poems of the Edda are Sigurd and Brynhilda, the artist Völund, and the two heroes named Helgi. All of these I am disposed to regard as belonging to the original fabulous cycle of the North, and as being to it what the Heroes of Greece and the Pahluwâns of Persia are to those of these countries.

In the case of Sigurd it is said, that as he is so renowned in the romance of Germany under the name of Siegfried¹, the probability is that he has been transferred from German to Scandinavian fable. That such may be the case I am far from denying; but on the other hand, when I consider the general independence of the Northern mythology, and the decidedly Northern aspect of several of the circumstances in the history of the hero,—such as his killing of Fafner under the form of a dragon, and getting possession of his treasure,

¹ Perhaps it is also the Anglo-Saxon Siward, the modern Seward.

and his first meeting with Brynhilda in the castle surrounded by fire, where she lay buried in slumber, Odin having pierced her with his sleep-thorn—I am inclined to assert that the legend sprang up on the soil of Scandinavia¹. Possibly we might go further, and, giving it a most remote antiquity, pronounce it to be common to the whole Gotho-Germanic race!

I am led to believe it to be a most ancient legend from the following circumstance. The name Brynhilda is evidently the same with that of Brunichilda, or Brunehault, the queen so celebrated in the history of the Merovingian race in France. Now it is remarkable enough, that Brunehault was daughter to Athanagild, king of the West-Goths in Spain; and it is quite consonant to the general usage to suppose that she may have been named after a heroine of popular tradition. This would make the story of Sigurd and Brynhilda to have been familiarly known in the sixth century, or rather to have been brought with them from their Scandinavian abodes by the Goths at the time of their migration southwards, and would thus tend very much to confirm the opinion of its Northern origin. It may certainly be said that the heroine was named after the queen, or was given a name

¹ Lachman, in an essay on the Lay of the Nibelungs, in a late number of the *Rhenisches Museum*, gives an opinion the same as that in the text. It has pleased me to find my own opinion thus confirmed. Others may have expressed themselves to the same effect, but I am not aware of it.

which was in common use, and that the legend may thus be a late fiction; but to any one versed in tradition and mythology, the preceding supposition will, I think, appear far more probable.

The history of Völund, the Dædalus of Northern mythology, loses itself in a similar manner in the uncertainty of antiquity. In a dissertation on this subject which has lately appeared¹, it is shown that not only is he the hero of one of the songs of Sæmund's Edda, and a distinguished character in the Vilkina Saga, and that his memory still lives in the North, but that his name and story are to be found in Anglo-Saxon poetry, and that his skill as an artist is celebrated in the German and French romance of the Middle Ages². If the date assigned in this work to the Latin poem on Walter Prince of Aquitaine be correct, the name of Völund was famous in France in the sixth century; King Alfred certainly spoke of him in the ninth, in such a man-

¹ Véland le Forgeron, par G. B. Depping et F. Michel. Paris, 1833. M. Michel, whom I have the pleasure of knowing, though a very young man, has a surprisingly extensive acquaintance with the French MSS. of the Middle Ages. His future labours will, I am convinced, be of the utmost importance. The chapter of the "Traditions Françaises" by him in the present work is of great value, and it proves the wide range of his reading in this department.

² His French name is Galans, Galant, or Galland; his German one, Wieland. It is curious enough that both of these should be proper names at the present day. Perhaps the English Wayland, Weyland and Welland, come from the Weland of the Anglo-Saxons.

ner as shows that his name must have been long familiar in England¹. The legend therefore, if peculiar to the North, must have left it as early as that of Sigurd and Brynhilda; but perhaps, as I have hinted above, these tales were common to the whole Gotho-Germanic race. The Germans may not have been in quite so low a degree of culture as Tacitus represents them; but even supposing they were, we have testimony to prove that the people of the Scanic peninsula were much further advanced in knowledge than we usually imagine. Indeed their historian Jornandes asserts, that the philosophy of the Goths fell little short of that of the Greeks. He means, I think, their mythic legends, which are perhaps more philosophical than those of Greece. And here I must protest against the assertion of Depping, that Vulcan and Dædalus have been the originals of Völund.

¹ Alfred, in his translation of Boethius' Consolation of Philosophy, gives for the *Ubi nunc fidelis ossa Fabricii jacent* of the original, the following paraphrase:—

Hwær sint nu thæs wisan

Welandes ban,

Thæs goldsmithes

The wæs geo mærest.

That is: 'Where are now the wise Weland's bones, the goldsmith's who was the greatest?' Weland is also spoken of in *Beowulf*, which is placed in the seventh or eighth century. We find him again in the metrical romance of 'Horn childe and maiden Rimnildt.' See Ritson's *Ancient English Metrical Romances*, iii. p. 295. The legend of Wayland Smith in White Horse Vale in Berkshire, is familiar to every reader of *Kenilworth*.

There is certainly a resemblance between him and Dædalus, particularly in the circumstance of their both escaping from the kings who detained them by flying through the air, and I think the Völund of the Vilkina Saga may have gotten some traits of Dædalus, for that Saga, which was probably written in the fifteenth, is by none placed higher than the thirteenth century. In this Völund, like Dædalus, makes himself wings, but in the song of the Edda he, as being an Alf, seems to have possessed the power of departing whenever he pleased, and only to have staid to accomplish his revenge. But I regard the resemblance between the artists of Grecian and Scandinavian mythology as one of those casual ones of which I have given so many instances¹. If any legend is decidedly Gotho-Germanic, I would say it is that of Völund.

In the French romance called *La Fleur des Ba-*

¹ The only resemblance which Mr. Depping points out between Vulcan and Völund (why did not the similarity of name strike him?) is, that they were both artists, and both lame. He should have noticed what Pytheas of Marseilles, the earliest voyager to the North, tells us of Lipara and Strongyla. "Hephæstus," he says, "seems to dwell here, for the roaring of fire is heard, and it was said of old that whoever brought thither a price of unwrought iron, would, on coming next day and laying down the price, get a sword, or whatever else he wanted." Scholl. Apoll. Rhod. iv. 761. Compare the legend of Wayland Smith in Berkshire. Those who see transmission everywhere, should say that Pytheas brought this from Thule, or that it came from Lipara to Berks.

tailles, Doolin de Mayence, the following circumstance occurs, which looks as if the knowledge of Völund's superior nature had been preserved by tradition. In the Edda, Völund is an Alf, and he is married to a Valkyria: in the romance, we are told of the hero's sword *Merveilleuse*, that it "had been made in the forge of Galant, and a Fay sharpened it without falsehood; but Galant did not make it, for it was one of his apprentices. And now it behoves us to speak of it: when Doolin's sword was made and ground, and that Galant's mother had said her prayers over it, she blessed and charmed it, as being one who was a worker of enchantment¹." Ogier's sword *Cortain*, or *Cortana*, by the way, was made by Galant; as also were, according to the romances, *Joiouse* the sword of Charlemagne, *Durendal* that of Roland, and *Floberge*² (the *Frusberta* of the Italians,) that of Renaud. Several other renowned weapons came also from his workshop.

¹ "... laquelle avoit esté faicte en la forge de Galant, et l'afila une fée sans mentir; mais Galant ne la fit pas, car ce fut ung sien aprentis. Et ores maintenant en convient à parler. Quant l'espée à Doolin fut forgée et esmoulue, et que la mère à Galant eut dit ses oraisons dessus elle, la seigna et conjura comme celle qui estoit ouvrière de faer."

² It is remarkable enough, that the Fay tries the edge of this sword pretty much in the same manner as Völund does his in the *Vilkina Saga*. Völund held a sword in a stream, and let a large piece of wood float down against it, which it cut asunder; the Fay placed the sword, edge downwards, on a large tripod (*trépied*), and next morning she found the tripod cut through.

All that is to the present purpose in the history of the first Helgi is, that his wife Svava was a Valkyria, and that both he and she were born again after their death. The story of the second, named Hundingsbana, (*Hunding's Slayer*), after a king of that name whom he slew in battle, runs thus:—

Helgi was the son of King Sigmund and the fair Borghilda. The night he was born the eagles screamed, the waters of heaven descended, and the thunder roared around his father's castle. The Norns¹ came to appoint his future destiny. Amid the pealing of the storm they span with vigour the thread of fate, and bade him be the first among princes, the best among kings. They unrolled the golden band, and fastened it in the midst of the Moon's hall (the sky); they stretched the ends to the east and the west, to mark the bounds of the king's dominion. One Norn cast a clue towards the north, and bade him evermore to hold thereby. Raven screamed to raven, as they sat hungry on the lofty tree, exulting that the friend of bird and beast of prey was born: the people rejoiced at the prospect of happy times; the king himself left his wars, to bestow gifts on his son: he named him Helgi, and gave him many lands, and a sword richly adorned.

¹ The Norns answer to the Mœræ, Parcæ or Destinies of Classic mythology.

TALES
AND
POPULAR FICTIONS.



Mid the tumult of the fight
Bursts from heaven a sudden light,
And descending from the sky
Come the maids of Valhall high,
Through the air their coursers dashing,
Beams of light around them flashing.

DRAWN BY W. H. BROOKE, F. S. A., ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY G. BAXTER,
PUBLISHED BY WHITTAKER AND CO.

1834.

When Helgi had attained his fifteenth year, he became the leader of hosts. One of his earliest actions was the slaying of King Hunding, whose four sons, when they came to seek vengeance for the death of their father, also fell by the hand of the young hero, and the race of Hunding became extinct. During the engagement, a splendid light came over the field of battle, and amidst it a troop of maidens (Valkyrias¹) appeared, riding through the air, their heads covered with helmets, their corslets besprinkled with blood, and beams of light streaming from the heads of their lances. The undaunted hero asked the goddesses to accompany the warriors home; but one of them, (a mortal maiden named Sigrun, daughter of King Högni,) made answer and said, that they had other things to employ them than drinking with the breakers of armour. "My father," said she, "has promised his maiden to Hödbrodd, the grim son of Granmar; but I have answered the proud king as he deserved. The chief will come in a few nights, and he will take away the maid, unless you look to arms."

Helgi sent forthwith his messengers everywhere to collect forces. Having assembled a fleet,

¹ There is much obscurity about these beings: they waited at table on the dwellers of Valhall, and it was also a part of their office to conduct the souls of those who fell in battle to that place of bliss. They are sometimes confounded with the Norns; just as the Grecian Keres, whom they resemble, are with the Erinnyes.

he set sail to engage the men of Hödbrodd; but on the voyage, Ran, the wife of Ægir the sea-god, and her daughters, assailed his ships, and attempted to upset them; but a light burst over the ships amid the storm,—his protecting Valkyria appeared coming to his aid, and Sigrun delivered the vessels from the hands of the sea-maidens. In the engagement which ensues at Frekastein, Hödbrodd and his brothers are slain. The helm-adorned Valkyrias again descend from heaven, and Sigrun, the high-flying maid, says—

“Happily shalt thou, O king!	Well beseem
Over the people rule!	Gold-red wings
Branch of Yngva’s stem!	And the wealthy maid.
And in life be glad,	Happy thou
Since thou hast felled	Shalt possess
The flight-shunning	Högni’s daughter
Prince, who desired	And Ringsteda,
The warrior’s death.	Victory and lands.
And thee, O king!	Now the strife is over!”

Among the slain at Frekastein were Högni, the father of Sigrun, and her brother Braga: her other brother Dag was dismissed, on his oath to maintain peace in future with the Ylfings. Helgi dried the tears of Sigrun, by reminding her that none could escape his fate; and he made her his bride. She became the mother of sons, but the days of Helgi were not many. Dag longed to avenge the death of his father, and he offered a sacrifice to Odin, who lent him his lance; and the first time he met his brother-in-law, he ran him through with it. He then came to Seva-hill, the abode of Helgi,

and informed his sister of her husband's death. Sigrun, in her grief and despair, reproached him with his perjury, and gave him her malediction; but Dag cast all the blame upon Odin, who had set strife between kinsmen, and offered her one half of the lands for herself and her sons.

A stately mound was raised over Helgi; and when he came to Valhall, Odin desired him to rule over all like himself.

As Sigrun's maid was passing one evening by Helgi's mound, she saw him riding to it with a number of men in his company. In surprise she cried out,—

“ Is it an illusion	Whither your horses
I chance to see,	Urge ye with spurs?
Or the twilight of the gods?	Or have the heroes got
Do dead men ride?	Leave to come home?”

Helgi's ghost replies,—

“ 'T is not an illusion	Though we our horses
Thou chancest to see,	Urge on with spurs.
Or the twilight of the gods;	Nor have the heroes got
Though us thou behold,	Leave to come home.”

The maid then went home, and told Sigrun to go forth if she would see the leader of the people, for that his mound was open, and he was come with his wounds all bleeding, and calling for her to stop the blood. Sigrun instantly set out, and entered Helgi's mound. She said,—

“ Now am I as glad	When for them they know
At meeting thee	Prepared is warm prey,
As the spoil-greedy	Or dew-besprinkled
Hawks of Odin;	Day's brows (dawn) they behold.

The lifeless king
 Kiss I will,
 Ere thou cast off
 Thy bloody corslet.
 Helgi! thy hair is
 Full of rime frost.

The hero's whole body
 Dew of battle has bathed.
 Högni's friend hath
 His hands water-cold—
 How shall I, king!
 Free thee from this?"

Helgi's ghost replies,—

“Alone thou'rt cause, Sigrun!	Well should we enjoy
From Seva-hill,	Noblest drink ² ,
That Helgi's bathed	Although life and land
In sorrow's dew.	We have lost.
Thou weapest, Gold-decked!	Let no man sing
Cruel tears,	Songs of sorrow,
Sun-bright South's daughter!	Although on my breast
Ere thou goest to sleep.	Wounds he behold.—
Each bloody tear	Now are concealed
Falls on the king's breast,	Women in the mound,
Ice-cold, piercing,	Sisters of kings,
Swoln with grief ¹ .	With us the dead.”

Sigrun then makes a bed in the mound, and says that she will sleep in the arms of her hero, as she had done when he was alive. The ghost replies,—

“Now say I nothing	Arms thou sleepest,
Will incredible be,	White in the mound,
Early or late	Högni's daughter!
At Seva-hill!	Though thyself art alive,
Since in the dead man's	Thou king-begotten!”

The ghost continues,—

“'T is time now to ride	To let my pale steed
To the reddening road,	Tread the air-path.

¹ It was—perhaps is—the belief in the North, that the tears of their relations caused in this manner pain to the departed.

² That is, in Valhall.

O'er the bridges of heaven¹ Ere the cock of the hall
The sky must I reach, Wake the heroes up.

The hero and his train rode away, and Sigrun and her maid returned home. Next evening Sigrun directed her maid to watch at the mound. At the last glimmer of day-light she repaired thither herself. Full of impatience, she said,—

“ Sure now were come,	Hope is decaying ;
If come he would,	Since the eagles sit
Sigmund's son	On the boughs of the ash,
From Odin's hall ;	And to dreams' invitation
Of the hero's coming	All the people assent.”

The maid said,—

“ Be not so senseless	All ghosts are
Alone to go,	In the night-time
Skiolding's sister!	Stronger, O woman!
To the abode of the dead.	Than in bright day.”

Sigrun died soon after of care and grief. It is said, adds our author, that she and Helgi were born over again, such being the belief of the old times ; and that he was called Helgi Haddingsbana, and she Kara, the daughter of Haldan, and that she was a Valkyria.

The Danish peasantry of the present day relate many wonderful things of an ancient hero whom they name Holger Danske, *i. e.* Danish Holger, and to whom they ascribe wonderful strength and

¹ *i. e.* Bifröst, the Rainbow.

dimensions, just as the Greeks described their Hercules, the Persians their Roostem, the Irish their Finn Mac Cool, as far exceeding their fellow inhabitants of earth in these qualities. If, however, we except the classic Orion, no hero of popular tradition could vie in size with him of Denmark, as the following anecdote will prove¹.

Holger Danske came one time to a town named Bagsvær in the isle of Zealand, where being in want of a new suit of clothes, he sent for twelve tailors to make them. He was so tall that they were obliged to set ladders to his back and shoulders to take his measure². They measured and measured away, but unluckily the man who was on the top of one of the ladders happened, as he was cutting a mark in the measure, to give Holger's ear a clip with the scissors. Holger, without reflecting, thinking it was one of those little 'beasts familiar to man' that was biting him, put up his hand, and crushed the unlucky tailor to death between his fingers.

It is also said that a witch one time gave him a pair of spectacles which would enable him to see through the ground. He lay down at a place not far from Copenhagen to make a trial of their powers; and as he put his face close to the ground, he left in it the mark of his spectacles, which mark is to

¹ For everything respecting Holger I am indebted to the work of M. Thiele mentioned at p. 251.

This is plainly the well-known incident in the history of Gulliver applied to Holger Danske.

be seen at this very day; and the size of it proves what a goodly pair they must have been.

Tradition, I believe, does not say at what time it was that this mighty hero honoured the isles of the Baltic with his actual presence; but in return, it informs us that Holger, like so many other heroes of renown, 'is not dead, but sleepeth.' The clang of arms, we are told, was frequently heard under the castle of Cronberg; but in all Denmark no one could be found hardy enough to penetrate the subterranean recesses and ascertain the cause. At length a slave, who had been condemned to death, was offered his life and a pardon if he would go down, proceed through the subterranean passage as far as it went, and bring an account of what he should meet there. He accordingly descended, and went along till he came to a great iron door, which opened of itself the instant he knocked at it, and he beheld before him a deep vault. From the roof in the centre hung a lamp, whose flame was nearly extinct; and beneath was a huge great stone table, around which sat steel-clad warriors, bowed down over it, each with his head on his crossed arms. He who was seated at the head of the board then raised himself up. This was Holger Danske. And when he had lifted his head up from off his arms, the stone table split throughout, for his beard was grown into it. "Give me thy hand!" said he to the intruder. But the slave feared to trust his hand in the grasp of the ancient warrior, and he

reached him the end of an iron bar which he had brought with him. Holger squeezed it so hard, that the mark of his hand remained in it. He let it go at last, saying, "Well! I am glad to find that there are still men in Denmark."

According to another account, Holger said, "Salute thy lord and king, and tell him that when it is time we will come of ourselves." Others again say that his words were, "Tell thy lord that we shall come when there are no more men in Denmark than can stand round the hoop of a barrel." These, however, are nothing more than the variations which every popular legend necessarily undergoes, and will give no surprise to any one acquainted with the nature of tradition. Such a person, too, would expect more places than one to be regarded as the resting-place of Holger and his warriors; and accordingly we find that another tradition assigns a hill called the Havrebjerg, about half a mile from the town of Slagelse in the same island, for his abode; while a third places him in a subterranean passage leading from Sorv to the wood of Antöeor:—all, however, are in the isle of Zealand, to which Holger Danske seems exclusively to belong.

Who then, it may now be asked, is Holger Danske? In my opinion he is no other than the Helgi of the Edda. The names hardly differ, and the Scandinavians are conspicuous above all people for retaining in the popular tradition the

legends of their forefathers. In fact, there are, or were, tales of gods and heroes preserved by tradition in the North, whose origin goes back to a time which we should vainly attempt to assign. For my part, I see not the impossibility of the Eddaic and traditional tales of Odin and Thor, and Frey, and of the heroes and heroines Helgi, Sigurd, Völund, Brynhilda, and others, being to the full as ancient as the legends of Grecian mythology. But the latter, as I have already observed, were fixed in their present form nearly 2000 years ago; while the former remained subject to all the influence of the variation of religious faith, and of manners and ideas. And, indeed, the changes which some of them have undergone are amusing enough¹.

But there is another renowned hero besides the Danish Holger, whom I fancy I can identify with the Helgi of the Northmen. This is the celebrated Ogier le Danois of French and Italian romance. His name, we see at once, corresponds with that of the Danish champion²; and if any one will main-

¹ See the story of Thor going as a bride to the Giant instead of Freya, given in the article on Scandinavian Mythology in the Foreign Quarterly Review.

² We should recollect how apt the French are to reject the *l*; thus of *fol* they make *fou*; *Montalbano* is *Montauban*, *Malagigi* is *Maugis*: from the German *Alberich*, or *Elberich*, they made *Oberon*. *Helgi* might thus easily become *Ogier*. In the Spanish ballad *El Marques de Mantua*, *Ogier* is called *Danes Urgel*,—a name not far from *Helgi* and *Holger*, when

tain that the hero of romance has been appropriated to themselves by the people of the country of which he was made a native, I am not prepared to say him nay in very decided terms, for there are perhaps examples of such a process. Still, I think, that if I can make it probable that the Northmen brought with them to their new seats in Neustria the legends of their ancient hero Helgi, and that he was adopted into the Carolian cycle of fable, it will remain at least possible that Holger Danske and Ogier le Danois are the result of the same tradition differently modified, and are to a certain extent independent of each other.

On opening the old French romance of Ogier le Dannois¹, we read,—

“And that night that the child was born, the damsels of the castle put him in a chamber apart; and at the hour of midnight came to the said chamber where the child was, six fair ladies richly dressed, which are called Fays; and they stripped the child, and one of them, named Glorianda, took him in her arms; and when she saw him so large and so well formed in his limbs, she kissed him out of great love, saying, ‘My child, I give thee a gift in the name of God, to wit, that as long as

we call to mind how *l* and *r* take one another’s place. I however lay no stress on this resemblance.

¹ Adenez (see above, p. 40.) wrote a poem called *Les Enfances d’Ogier*; it is in the Harleian Library, No. 4404: the following circumstances are not in it. There is a longer poem on Ogier by an older poet, which I have not seen.

thou livest thou shalt be the most hardy knight of thy time.' 'Dame," said another named Palestina, 'the gift thou hast given him is not little; and I give him, that as long as he is in life, war or battle shall fail him not.' Then answered another named Pharamonda, 'Dame, this gift that thou hast given him is very perilous; wherefore I give him, that he shall never be vanquished in battle.' 'And I give him,' said another named Melior, 'that as long as he lives, he shall be fair, mild and gracious, beyond any other.' The fifth, named Presina, said, 'I give him, that he shall be always loved of the ladies, and that he shall be always happy in love.' And the sixth, named Morgue (Morgana), said, 'I have heard well the gifts that ye have given to this child, and I will that he shall never die till he hath been my friend *par amours*, and till I keep him at the castle of Avallon, which is the fairest castle in the world.' And then the lady kissed him out of great love; and then they left the child, and went away; no one knew what became of them, and the child remained crying with a loud voice.

The subsequent adventures of Ogier, which are mostly all military achievements, are not to our present purpose; but towards the close of the romance we are told¹, that Morgue la Faye resolved to remove him to the joys of Avallon, which was not far from the terrestrial paradise

¹ The reader will find this part of the romance given at length in the Fairy Mythology, vol. i. p. 75. *et seq.*

to which Enoch and Elias were carried. Accordingly, as he is returning from Jerusalem, a storm drives his ship towards the castle of Avallon, which was of loadstone, and consequently caused all the vessels which approached it to be wrecked. Ogier's bark shares the general fate. The hero himself however escapes, and, directed by an angel, enters the castle, where he finds Morgue la Faye, who tells him who she is, places a ring on his finger, which restores the hero, who was now a centenarian, to the beauty and vigour of thirty; and, leading him into the castle, introduces him to its lord, her brother Arthur. She moreover sets on his head a crown, which causes him to forget his former life; and his days roll away in endless bliss, amid the songs and dances of the Fay ladies. To oblige Arthur, Ogier undertakes to engage Capalus, king of the Luitons (*lutins*, mischievous spirits), who constantly annoys the inmates of Avallon.

Two hundred years had passed away, when France being endangered by the Paynims, Morgue resolved to send Ogier to the defence of the Faith. She took the Lethæan crown off his head, and he instantly felt a longing to return home. Morgue gave him a brand ¹, which he was to preserve with care, for his life should last as long as it remained

¹ This brand is not, I believe, mentioned any more. The author of the prose romance had evidently the classic story of Meleager in his mind, which the coming of the Fay ladies in the beginning probably suggested to him.

unconsumed by fire. She added to her gift a companion for him, named Benoist, and the celebrated steed of Faërie named Papillon. A cloud then enveloped Ogier and Benoist, and raising them, carried them away, and set them down at a fountain near Montpellier¹.

Here, then, we have parallels to all the circumstances of the Eddaic poems noticed above. The Norns are at the birth of Helgi, the Fays at that of Ogier; Sigrun was a Valkyria, Morgue a Fay; Helgi was honoured by Odin, Ogier by Arthur; Helgi returned to this world, Ogier did the same. To this we may add, that Helgi came from Valhall on horseback, attended by a train of warriors, and that Ogier came through the air from Faërie on the steed Papillon (*Butterfly*), accompanied by Benoist. There are martial exercises in Valhall; and Ogier has to take the field in Avallon against Capalus: and finally, the Fay ladies of Avallon are not unlike the Valkyrias of Valhall.

Am I not, then, justified in asserting the possibility of the Normans having brought the story of

¹ According to the romance, Morgue took Ogier back to Avallon. In the *Morgante Maggiore* (c. xxviii. st. 36.) another account seems to be alluded to:—

“E del Danese, che ancor vivo sia,
Perchè tutto può far chi fe' Natura,
Dicono alcun, ma non l'istoria mia;
E che si truova in certa grotta oscura,
E spesso armato a caval par che stia,
Sicchè chi il vede, gli mette paura.”

Helgi with them to France in the tenth century, and of its having been incorporated into the Carolian cycle of romance, with such alterations as a change of faith and a change of country made requisite? And does not this open a very curious field of speculation?

In the learned and ingenious essay which Mr. Panizzi has prefixed to his beautiful edition of Bojardo's *Orlando Innamorato*¹, will be found some interesting speculations relative to the Carolian cycle of heroes. Of Ogier Mr. Panizzi tells us, that he was called *Le Dannoys*, according to some, because he was a native of Denmark; according to others, because he conquered that country; while a third party said that he was a Saracen who turned Christian; and as his family wrote to him saying *Tu es damné*, for his change of faith, the French barons called him in jest Ogier *Damné*; and he himself, to prove his sincerity, insisted on being named so at his baptism. From the monk of St. Gall² he informs us that Oggerus,

¹ Every lover of Italian literature must feel obliged to Mr. Panizzi for this re-publication of the actual poem which Ariosto read and continued. It must sooner or later form a part of every Italian library. When I add that it is published by Pickering, every one will know that its external form must be elegant.

² The monk of St. Gall (who tells us himself that he had never been in France,) wrote his work "*De Rebus Bellicis Caroli Magni*," in the latter end of the ninth century. His authority was an old soldier named Adalbert, who, as he says, *forced*, his information on him when a child.—Panizzi, *ut supra*, p. 123. *Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft* ®

one of the chiefs at the court of Charlemagne, having incurred that monarch's heavy displeasure, fled to Desiderius king of Lombardy; and in the romance we certainly find that the hero did seek refuge with that prince, who gave him a castle named Chasteaufort, in which he singly defended himself for seven long years against the Emperor and his powers. Finally, we are told that the Northmen, who in the years 851—852 ravaged France, were commanded by Oger le Danois. From all this Mr. Panizzi concludes, that "there were two Ogiers, or that the name of the Norman Ogier, who filled France with terror, was given to one of those lords who retired into Lombardy, and were declared rebels by Charlemagne." This is perhaps not very far from the truth. I think that we have no reason for doubting the narrative of the monk of St. Gall, that a nobleman named Oggerus fled to Lombardy, though we may not assent to the truth of the assertion, that the invaders of France were actually commanded by Oger le Danois. We thus have two heroes, one a real historic character, the other a mythic personage, whose names nearly correspond, united to form a hero of romance. I think it not unlikely that the name Oggerus, *i. e.* Oger, may have been derived from Helgi, whose legend, like that of Brynhilda, may have been brought into France by the Goths or some other of the Gotho-Germanic tribes.

I am inclined to think that the same has been the case with another of the Paladins,—no less a

person than the famous Roland, or Orlando, the nephew of Charlemagne. Eginhart¹ tells us, that at the defeat of the rear guard of this monarch's army by the Gascons at Roncesvalles, A.D. 778, "there were slain, Eghart the seneschal, Anshelm count of the palace, and Rutlandus² warden of the British march³." In Charlemagne's *Præceptum Evindicarium* of the year 776, he reckons Rothlandus among his counts. The inscription on the tomb of Roland at Blaye, in Saintonge, it is said, styled him Count Palatine. The lying history of Archbishop Turpin is not to be brought in evidence; and the celebrated Brèche de Roland, in the Pyrenees, is only an instance of the principle of ascribing the works of nature to the superhuman vigour of ancient heroes. On the whole, however, I think we have little reason to doubt, that in the time of Charles the Great there was a person of some note whose latinised name was Rutlandus or Rothlandus⁴.

On the other side I would observe, that in the time of Harald Fair-hair, king of Norway, a chief named Rognavald was Yarl (*earl*) of the Orkneys,

¹ De Vita Caroli Magni. *Ultraject*. 1711. edit. Schminck.

² Rotlandus and Hrodlandus are various readings.

³ *Limitis* is the reading of the best MSS.; the common reading is *littoris*.

⁴ Orderic Vitalis, as quoted by Panizzi, p. 114, tells us that a Rotlandus fell in battle against the Normans in the time of Charles the Bald. The leader of the Dacians (Normans) was Rollo, according to this historian. Orderic wrote in the latter half of the eleventh century.

and that from his name was formed Ronald, a name still used in the Western Isles. On the death of this Rognavald, one of his sons named Hrolf, having gotten no share of his father's possessions, turned pirate; and it was to this Hrolf, Rollo or Rou, as he is variously called, that Charles the Bald ceded, in the year 912, the province of Neustria. It is by no means unlikely that the Normans formed from Rognavald, Roland; and, uniting the actions of him and his son, made one hero of the two, on whom, according to the custom of their country, they composed popular ballads, one of which it may have been that Taillefer chanted at the battle of Hastings¹. I must, at the same time, confess, that Eginhart's placing his Rutlandus in the very country occupied by the Normans, looks a little suspicious; and I could almost fancy an interpolation to give some sanction

¹ William of Malmsbury, Alberic Trium Fontium, and Ralph Higden, when speaking of the battle, merely say, *Cantilena Rollandi inchoata*. M. Michel thinks that Wace, who had read Turpin's romance, added of himself in his Rou the well-known lines—

“De Karlemaine e de Rollant
Et d'Oliver e des vassals
Ki moururent en Renchevals.”

He adds: “There would be a want of common sense, methinks, in singing, to excite the courage of an army going into battle, the defeat of such a hero as Charlemagne.”—*Examen critique du Roman de Berte aux grands pieds*. Paris 1832. Mr. Douce has long been of opinion that it was a song of Rollo that was sung. This last objection had occurred to him also.

to the narrative of Turpin, and to flatter the vanity of the Norman princes. On the whole, I am disposed to consider Rutlandus to owe his fame, like Oggerus, to the resemblance between his name and that of a hero of the victorious Normans. His name may also have originally come from Rognavald.

But we have this very name Rognavald again as Rainaldus, Reginald, Regnault, Renaud, Rinaldo; a name which occurs in French history long before the Normans settled in France. This, however, presents no difficulty; Rognavald, or some name like it, may have been brought in by one of the ante-Norman tribes, and retained in nearly an unaltered form. It would be curious enough if Orlando and Rinaldo were but two forms of the same name.

I think, by the way, that Mr. Panizzi is wrong in supposing the present Montauban, situated near the confluence of the Tarn and the Garonne, to be the Montauban or Montalbano of the romances, the abode of Renaud and his family. In the *Quatre Filz Aymon*¹ we are told that Regnault and his brothers built their castle on a hill or rock, close to the Gironde; and I *know* that the ruins of a castle at the confluence of the Garonne and Dordogne² are, by the tradition of the country, said

¹ That is, the prose romance. The metrical one was written in the thirteenth century by Huon de Villeneuve.

² In the romance, Aymon is called Duke of Dordogne, which is evidently regarded as a town or territory.

to be those of their strong-hold. Their suzerain and great friend, we may observe, was Yon king of Bordeaux, and it is a long way thence to the present Montauban.

Ere I take my leave of the North, I will notice what I regard as an instance of the transference of a real or fictitious incident from the history of one country to that of another.

In the tenth book of the History of Denmark, by Saxo Grammaticus, written in the twelfth century, we meet the following narrative, under the reign of King Harald Bluetooth (*Blaaland*), at the end of the tenth century.

“Nor should what follows be enveloped in silence. Toko, who had been for some time in the service of the king, had, by the deeds in which he surpassed his fellow-soldiers, made several enemies of his virtues. One day, when he had drunk rather much, he boasted to those who were at table with him, that his skill in archery was such that he could hit, with the first shot of an arrow, ever so small an apple set on the top of a wand at a considerable distance. His detractors hearing these words, lost no time in conveying them to the

calls Bradamante *la Donna di Dordona*. His Montalbano (See Orland. Fur. c. xxxii. st. 50.) is the present Montauban. Chiaramonte is Clermont.

ears of the king. But the wickedness of the prince speedily transferred the confidence of the father to the peril of the son, ordering the sweetest pledge of his life to stand instead of the wand, from whom, if the utterer of the boast did not strike down the apple which was placed on him at the first shot of his arrow, he should with his own head pay the penalty of his idle boast. The command of the king urged the soldier to do more than he had promised, the detracting artifices of others taking advantage of the words he had uttered when hardly sober.

When the youth was led forth, Toko carefully admonished him to receive the whiz of the coming arrow as steadily as possible, with attentive ears, and without moving his head, lest by a slight motion of his body he should frustrate the experience of his well-tryed skill. He made him also, as a means of diminishing his apprehension, stand with his back to him, lest he should be terrified at the sight of the arrow. He then drew three arrows from his quiver, and the first he shot struck the proposed mark.

Toko then being asked by the king why he had taken so many arrows out of his quiver, when he was to make but one trial with the bow, "That I might avenge on thee," said he, "the error of the first by the points of the others, lest my innocence might hap to be afflicted and thy injustice to go unpunished!" By which bold expression, he showed that the praise of fortitude was due

to himself, and that the command of the king was deserving of punishment¹."

The historian further informs us, that when Harald's son Sveno rebelled against him, Toko joined the prince; and that one day when Harald, during the negotiations for peace, had gone on some private business into a wood, he was shot with an arrow by Toko, who was lying in ambush for him, and he died of the wound.

In the year 1307, among the mountains of Helvetia, an action similar to this of Toko is said to have been performed; and it has given immortality to the name of William Tell.

Gessler, the insolent Vogt (bailiff or governor) of the Emperor Albert, of Habsburg in Switzerland, set a hat up on a pole, as the symbol of the Imperial power, and every one who passed was commanded to uncover his head before it. A peasant named William Tell dared to leave the hat unsaluted. By Gessler's command, he was seized and brought before him; and as Tell was known to be a celebrated archer, he was, by way of punishment, ordered to shoot an apple on the head of his own son. Finding remonstrance vain, he submitted; the apple was placed on the head of the child, Tell bent his bow, the arrow flew, and apple and arrow fell together to the ground.

¹ The shooting of an apple on the head of his son is also told of Egill, the brother of Völund, in the *Vilkiná Saga*. It was probably taken from Saxo.

But the Vogt had observed that Tell, ere he shot, had stuck an arrow in his belt, and he asked the reason. Tell replied, that such was the custom of archers. This did not content the Vogt; he urged him further, still assuring him of his life in any case: "Know then," said Tell, "that it was for *thee*, in case I had shot my child, and of a surety I had not missed my mark a second time."

Gessler, terrified and enraged, resolved to confine him in a distant prison. He entered a boat with Tell and his guards, and embarked on the lake of the Forest Cantons (*Waldstätten*). They had just passed the celebrated mead of Rütli, (the Runnymede, may we term it, of Helvetia?) when the furious wind named the Föhn rushed, howling, down the ravines of Mount Gothard, and falling on the lake, tossed its waters up from the very bottom. The Vogt, in this imminent danger, ordered them to take off the fetters of Tell, whose skill was well known, and commit the helm to his hand. Tell guided the boat 'till they came close to the mountain named Axenberg: here, grasping his bow, he sprang on a ledge of rock, since called Tell's Ledge, (*Tellens Blatten*), and clambered up the mountain, leaving the Vogt to his fate. Gessler, however, escaped the storm, and he landed at Küsnach; but as he was going through a narrow pass, Tell, who was lying in wait in the thicket, shot him dead with an arrow.

There is, as every one may see, a very strong

resemblance in the two narratives. The celebrated historian J. von Müller, whom I have chiefly followed in what precedes¹, says, "It shows little experience in history to deny one of two events, because there was another like it in another land and century. The Danish Toko was unknown to the Swiss. If ever they came to the Alps, it was long before his time—the second half of the tenth century. There is no trace of any knowledge of Northern history: Saxo was first printed at Paris in 1480." He then proceeds to prove that such a man as William Tell really lived at that time and place, and concludes triumphantly, "Of a surety this hero lived in the year 1307, and performed at the places where God is thanked for the success of his deeds, those exploits against the oppressors of the Forest Cantons, through which advantage accrued to his native land, so that he has merited the grateful remembrance of posterity."

That William Tell really lived, is what I would hardly venture to deny: he was probably active in the cause of liberty, and Gessler may have fallen by his hand. It is the shooting of the apple of which I doubt. We have no contemporary evidence of this exploit; the oldest testimony with respect to Tell's very existence, are the 114 persons who in the Diet at Uri, in the year 1388, testified that they had known him. It does not appear

¹ He says nothing, however, of Tell's sticking the arrow in his belt, or of his answer to the Vogt. Meyer von Knonau omits the whole tale: Zschokke of course relates it.

that they knew anything of his shooting the apple. On the other hand, though reading was far more rare in the Middle Ages than it is now, those who *did* read, read more than we generally imagine; and I see no reason why some Swiss monk, for example, may not have read the story of Toko in Saxo Grammaticus, and have transferred it to William Tell, just as the Romans did with the legends in Herodotus. He knows little of simple uneducated patriots who supposes that they would minutely examine into the truth of a legend which tended to cast glory on the memory of a national hero.

I am therefore inclined to regard the Danish legend, be it true or false, as the original. I observe that in it, the action is *motivé*, as the French term it. Toko boasted that he could hit with an arrow an apple on the top of a wand, and the king then ordered him to hit it on the head of his son: but what was to put it into Gessler's thoughts to make Tell perform the same feat? Perhaps it may be said, there was an apple-tree before him laden with fruit. It would, however, appear that the affair occurred in the winter. It was on the night of the Wednesday before Martinmas, in the November of 1307, that the three-and-thirty brave men (one of whom William Tell is said to have been,) met on the mead of Rütli, and swore to maintain the liberty transmitted to them by their fathers. According to the historian, Tell's exploit was performed before the end of that year,

so that the Vogt must have sent to a storehouse for an apple; and I think even this little circumstance militates somewhat against the truth of the legend¹. At all events, the just fame of Tell, as an intrepid patriot, need fear no decay, and is independent of the apple; and I am not the one to condemn the man who, in the absence of positive law, appealed to that of nature against the tyrant, and sent from his bow

“the arrow sure as fate

That ascertained the sacred rights of man.”

Day after day the critical and enquiring spirit of the present times is depriving History of her heroes and their exploits. Those of the early or mythic ages of Greece are gradually losing their substance, and dwindling to shadows: the Romulus and Numa of Rome have melted into thin air at the touch of the potent wand of Niebuhr, and the same magician has dispelled many a romantic tale in the early annals of the Eternal City. Nor have the heroes of later times come off quite scatheless; a writer, for example, of no common learn-

¹ It is curious enough that both Tell and Toko are become heroes of the drama. His ‘Wilhelm Tell’ is one of the happiest efforts of the greatest dramatic poet of Germany; and the Palna-Toke of the Danish poet Oelenschläger is a piece of no ordinary merit. I know not that Tell’s spirit is ever seen chamois-hunting among the Alps; but Toko, under the name of Palne-Jäger, is the Wild Huntsman of popular tradition in the Isle of Funen, his former abode.—See Thiele, i. p. 110. Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland, ii. p. 111.

ing, sagacity and judgement¹, has lately deprived of fame, and nearly of existence, the renowned Cid Ruy Diaz El Campeador of Spain. Even our own history has had to surrender much of its romance. The tale of Richard I. and the minstrel Blondel, though so firmly rooted that even Sir James Mackintosh relates it for truth, is, I fear, a baseless fiction; and the tragic fate of the fair Rosamond Clifford, and some other traditions, seem to rest on no securer foundation. What havoc might not sceptical criticism make among the deeds of the Wallace and the Bruce of 'auld Scotland!'

Is this effect then, which cannot be prevented, to be deplored? I say no. History ceases to be useful, and becomes merely entertaining, when it presents itself in such a romantic form. While we believe, for instance, that Rome arose in the manner described by Livy, we can derive no instruction, for it is out of the ordinary course of things: but let us view its origin as deduced by Niebuhr, from analogy and its institutions and monuments, and we receive at once an accession to our knowledge of ancient times, and, what is always the result of enquiries of this nature, a further proof that man is at all times and places

¹ The author of the excellent History of Spain and Portugal, which forms a part of the Cabinet Cyclopædia. We had previously, I may say, no history of the Peninsula in our language; we now possess, if not the very best, one of the best in Europe.

the same being, actuated by the same passions, wants, and motives.

Far, however, be from me the wish to see these national legends banished from history! I would not write the history of Rome and leave out the combat of the Horatii and Curiatii, the valour of Cocles, the flight of Clœlia, and the romantic generosity of Porsenna: and were I to be the historian of Helvetia, Tell still should shoot the apple in my pages. But I would impress on them the stamp of *legendary*, and state the degree of credit to which they are entitled.

the same being intended by the same position,
 rights and motives, and to show that such
 For, however, he does not wish to see these
 national legends passed from history; I would
 not write the history of Rome and leave out the
 constant of the Roman and Carthaginian, the valor of
 Gaius the fight of Clodius and the romantic year
 necessity of Romanism; and were I to be the histo-
 rian of Helvetia, I should not should the apple
 in my pages. What would impinge on them these
 steps of legendage, and state the degree of truth
 to which they are entitled, rather than to state all
 as facts.

It is difficult to know how such things
 be to common people, on the I should be
 which, and maintain a mere common law, and
 and of course a kind of historical form. While
 but in some cases, that Rome were to be
 manner described by Livy, we can derive an
 in an event we can by Livy by historical means
 to know exactly what it is, or of the ordinary course of
 things; but let us view its origin as deduced
 by history, and not as given by tradition, and
 but in relation to the ordinary course of
 things, we can see it better and more
 as to the ordinary course of things, and what
 a better but it is not possible to know the
 thing, but I do not think it is a man that
 could do such things.

The article is published in the *Wilsonville* and
 which is a part of the *Wilsonville*. My
 I am sure, I am sure, I am sure, I am sure,
 and I am sure, I am sure, I am sure, I am sure,
 and I am sure, I am sure, I am sure, I am sure,

CHAPTER IX.

PERUONTO—PETER THE FOOL—EMELYAN THE FOOL.—

CONCLUSION.

IT is interesting to observe the different forms which the same story will take in different countries; how it will be affected by national character and institutions, and modes of thinking, and those various circumstances which cause one people to differ from another. We have already had an opportunity of observing something of this kind in the case of Oriental tales transmitted to Europe; but to exhibit the contrast more strongly, I will relate a tale from the Pentamerone of the lively and witty Neapolitans, and then give the same story in the garb in which it has been attired by the duller and more homely genius of the slaves, who crouch beneath the sway of the Northern Autocrat and his subordinate despots.

PERUONTO.

A poor woman at Fasoria¹ named Ceccarella (*Fanny*) had a son called Peruonto, who was the

¹ Mr. Rossetti thinks it should be Casoria, as there is a village of that name near Naples.

When, as I have told in the *Fairy Mythology*, (ii. p. 244.) I had in some measure mastered the difficulties of the dialect,

most hideous figure, the greatest fool and the most doltish idiot that Nature had ever created. So that the heart of his unhappy mother was blacker than a dish-clout; and a thousand times a day did she give her hearty curse to all who had a hand in bringing into the world such a dunderhead, who was not worth a dog's mess. For the poor woman might scream at him till she burst her throat, and yet the moon-calf would not stir to do the slightest hand's turn for her¹.

At last, after a thousand dinnings at his brain, and a thousand splittings of his head, and a thousand 'I tell you' and 'I told you', bawling today and yelling tomorrow, she got him to go to the wood for a faggot, saying, "Come now, it is time for us to get a morsel to eat; run away for some sticks, don't lose yourself on the way, and come back as quick as you can, and we will boil ourselves some cabbage to keep the life in us."

Away went Peruonto, the blockhead, and he went just like one that was going to the gallows²:

I had an idea of translating the work, and did in fact translate a few of the stories,—among the rest, *The Serpent*. I found Peruonto too difficult; but, luckily, Mr. Rossetti is well acquainted with the Neapolitan dialect, and he has most kindly given me all the aid I required. The notes which follow are to be regarded as his.

¹ *No marditto servitio*,—literally, 'a cursed service'. The vulgar Irish have a similar way of speaking; they would say, 'Bad luck to the pin's worth he 'd do for her!'

² *Comme va chillo che sta mezzo a li confrati*: that is, 'among the friars who attend criminals to the gallows'.

away he went, and he moved as if he was treading on eggs, with the gait of a jackdaw, and counting his steps, going fair and softly, at a snail's gallop, and making all sorts of zig-zags and circumbendibuses on his way to the wood, to come there after the fashion of the raven. And when he got to the middle of a plain, through which a river ran growling and murmuring at the want of manners in the stones that were stopping his way, he came upon three lasses, who had made themselves a bed of the grass, and a pillow of a flint stone, and were lying dead-asleep under the blaze of the Sun, who was shooting his rays down point blank. When Peruonto saw these poor creatures, who were made a fountain of water in the midst of a furnace of fire, he felt pity for them, and with the axe which he had in his hand he cut some oak-branches, and made a handsome arbour over them. In the mean time, the young persons, who were the daughters of a fairy, awoke, and seeing the kindness and courtesy of Peruonto, they gave him a charm, that everything he asked for should be done.

Peruonto, having performed this good action, went his ways towards the wood, where he made up such an enormous faggot that it would require an engine to drag it; and seeing that it was all nonsense for him to think of carrying it on his back, he got astride on it, and cried, "Oh! what a lucky fellow I should be if this faggot would carry me riding a horseback!" and the word was hardly

out of his mouth, when the faggot began to trot and to gallop like a Bisignanian horse¹; and when it came in front of the king's palace, it pranced and capered and curveted in a way that would amaze you. The ladies, who were standing at one of the windows, on seeing such a wonderful sight, ran to call Vastolla, the daughter of the king; who, going to the window and observing the caracoles of a faggot and the bounds of a bundle of wood, burst out a-laughing,—a thing, owing to a natural melancholy, she never remembered to have done before. Peruonto raised his head, and seeing that it was at him they were laughing, said, “O Vastolla! I wish you were with child!” and so saying, he struck his heels into the flanks of his faggot, and in a dashing faggotty gallop he was at home before many minutes, with such a train of little boys at his heels, bawling and shouting after him, that if his mother had not been quick to shut the door, they would have killed him with rotten fruit and vegetables.

Meanwhile Vastolla began to feel qualms of the stomach and a palpitation of the heart, and other

¹ The prince of Bisignano (in Apulia, I believe) had a famous breed of horses. The Poileis or Apulian horses were celebrated in the Middle Ages. Of the ‘hors of brass’ Chaucer says,

“Therewith so horsly and so quik of eye,
As it a gentil Poileis courser were;
For certes fro his tayl unto his ere
Nature ne art ne coud him not amend
In no degree, as all the peple wend.”

symptoms which convinced her that she was in the family way. She did all in her power to keep her condition concealed; but at length the matter could no longer be a secret. The king, when he discovered it, was like a bedlamite¹; and he summoned his council, and said, "Ye know by this time that the moon of my honour has got horns: ye know by this time that my daughter has provided me with matter for having chronicles, or rather *cornicles*, of my shame written; so now speak, and advise me. My own opinion would be, to make her bring forth her soul before she brought forth an ill breed. I should be disposed to make her feel the pangs of death before she felt the pains of labour; it would be my humour to put her out of the world before she sowed any seed."

The councillors, who had in their time consumed more oil than wine², said, "Of a truth she deserves to be severely punished; and the haft of the knife which should take away her life ought to be made of the horns that she has placed on your brows. Nevertheless, if we put her to death now that she is with child, that audacious scoundrel who, to put you into a battle of annoyances, has armed both your left and your right wing³; who, to teach you

¹ *Facenno cosa dell' autro munno*,—'doing things of the other world.'

² That is, had studied much and drunk little.

³ *Lo cuorno diritto e lo manco*. In the military language of the Romans, as is well known, the wings were called *cornua*.

the policy of Tiberius¹, has set a Cornelius Tacitus before you; who, to represent to you a true dream of infamy, has made you come out through the gate of horn²;—he, we say, will escape through the broken meshes of the net. Let us wait, then, till it comes to light, and we learn what was the root of this disgrace, and then we will think over it, and resolve with a grain of salt³ what were best to be done." This counsel pleased the king; for he saw that they spoke like sensible prudent men: so he held his hand, and said, "Let us wait and see the end of this business."

But, as Heaven would have it, the hour of the birth came; and with two or three slight twitches of pain, that she hardly felt, she brought into the world two little boys, like two golden apples. The king, who was also full of pains, summoned his councillors to advise with him; and he said, "Well, now my daughter is brought to bed, it is time for us now to follow up the business by knocking out her brains." "No," said those wise old men, (and it was all to give Time time,) let us wait till the little ones grow big enough to enable us to discover the features of the father." The king, as he never wrote without having the ruled-lines of his council, to keep him from writing crooked, shrugged up his shoulders, but had pa-

¹ That is, 'to teach you cruelty.' Observe the allusion to horns in *Cornelius*.

² Alluding to the conclusion of the sixth book of the *Æneis*.

³ That is, with judgement.

tience, and waited till the children were seven years old. He then urged his councillors anew to make an end of the business; and one of them said, "Since you have not been able to sift your daughter, and find out who the false coiner is that has altered the crown on your image, we will now hunt out the stain. Order, then, a great banquet to be prepared, and let every titled man and every gentleman in this city come to it, and let us be on the watch, and, with our eyes on the pantry, see¹ to whom the little children shall turn most willingly, moved thereto by nature; for beyond doubt that will be the father, and we will instantly lay hold on him and secure him."

The king was pleased with this counsel, and he ordered the banquet to be got ready; and he invited all the people of rank, and of note, and of consideration in the place. He made them all be placed in a row, and pass before the children; but they took no more notice of them than Alexander's bull-dog did of the rabbits; so that the king was outrageous, and bit his lips, and though he did not want for shoes, yet this pump of grief was so tight for him, that he stamped with his feet on the ground. But his councillors said to him, "Softly, softly, Your Majesty! correct this mistake. Let us make another banquet tomorrow, but not for people of condition, but an inferior sort; maybe,

¹ *All' erta e coll' uocchie sopra lo tagliero.* The *tagliero* is the chopping-block; to keep one's eyes upon it, is to watch the cats, that they run away with nothing.

as a woman always attaches herself to the worst, we shall find among the cutlers, and bead-makers, and comb-sellers, the seed of your anger, which we have not discovered among the cavaliers."

This reasoning jumped with the humour of the king, and he ordered a second banquet to be prepared; to which, on proclamation being made, came all the riffraff and tag-rag-and-bobtail of the city, such as scavengers, tinkers, pedlars, penny-boys, sweeps, beggars, and such-like rabble, who were all in high glee; and taking their seats, like noblemen, at a great long table, they began to gobble away. Now when Ceccarella heard this proclamation, she began to urge Peruonto to go there too, and she at last got him to set out for the feeding-place; and scarcely had he arrived there, when those pretty little children got round him, and began to caress him, and to fawn upon him beyond the beyonds. The king, who saw this, tore his beard, seeing that the bean of this cake¹, the prize in this lottery, had fallen to an ugly beast, the very sight of whom was enough to turn one's stomach; who, besides having a velvet head², owls' eyes, a parrot's nose, a deer's mouth, was bandy- and bare-legged; so that, without reading Fioravanti³, you might see at once what he was. So giving a

¹ It is the custom in Italy to make a cake on the Epiphany, in which a bean is put; the cake is broken and divided, and the person who gets the bean is king for the evening. This is something like our custom of putting the ring in pancakes.

² Like a blackamoor.

³ A writer on physiognomy.



TALES
AND
POPULAR FICTIONS.



Ah, cruel king! how could'st thou in
A cask shut up thy daughter,
And her two pretty babes, and cast
Them out upon the water!

DRAWN BY W. H. BROOKE, F. S. A., ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY G. BAXTER,
PUBLISHED BY WHITTAKER AND CO.

1834.

deep sigh, he said, "What can that dirty jade of a daughter of mine have seen to make her take a fancy to this sea-ogre? What can she have seen to make her kick up a dance with this hairy-foot? Ah, vile false creature! what metamorphosis is this? to make yourself a cow, that you might make a ram of me? But what do I wait for? Is it till she repents? Let her suffer what she deserves: let her undergo the penalty that will be decreed by you; and take her from before my eyes, for I cannot endure the sight of her."

The councillors then consulted together, and they resolved that she, as well as the malefactor and the children, should be shut up in a cask, and thrown into the sea, so that, without the king's dirtying his hands with his own blood, they might all come to an end. They had scarcely given their sentence, when the cask was brought, and all four were put into it; but before they coopered it up, some of Vastolla's ladies, crying ready to break their hearts, put into it a parcel of raisins and dried figs, that she might have wherewithal to live on for some little time; and the cask was then closed up, and carried and flung into the open sea, along which it went floating as the wind drove it.

Meanwhile Vastolla, weeping and making two rivers of her eyes, said to Peruonto, "What a sad misfortune is this of ours, to have the cradle of Bacchus for our coffin! Oh, if I but knew who it was that changed my body, to have me caged

in this dungeon! Alas, alas! to find myself a mother without knowing how! Tell me, tell me, O cruel man, what incantation was it you made, and what wand did you employ, to enclose me thus within the circle of this cask?" Peruonto, who had been for some time lending her a chapman's ear, at last said, "If you want me to tell you, do you give me some figs and raisins." Vastolla, to draw something out of him, put into him a handful both of the one and the other; and as soon as he had his gullet full, he told her accurately all that had befallen him with the three maidens, and then with the faggot, and then with herself at the window; which when the poor lady heard, she took heart, and said to Peruonto, "Brother of mine! shall we then let our lives run out in this cask? Why don't you make this vessel become a fine ship, and go to some good port to escape this danger?" Peruonto replied, "Give me raisins and figs if you want me to say it for you." And Vastolla, to make him open his throat like a Cornacala gurnet, instantly filled his throat with figs and raisins, so that at last she fished the words out of him; and, lo! as soon as Peruonto had said what she desired, the cask was turned into a ship, with all the rigging necessary for sailing, and with all the sailors required for working the vessel; and then you might see one pulling at a sheet, another mending the rigging; one taking the helm, another setting the sails, another mounting to the round-top; one crying 'Lar-

board!' and another 'Starboard!' one sounding the trumpet, another firing the guns; one doing one thing, and one another; so that Vastolla was in the ship, and was swimming in a sea of delight.

It being now the hour when the Moon would play at see-saw with the Sun¹, Vastolla said to Peruonto, "My fine lad, now make the ship become an elegant palace, for we shall then be more secure. You know it is a common saying, 'Praise the sea, but keep to the land'." Peruonto replied, "If you want me to say it for you, do you give me figs and raisins:" and Vastolla instantly repeated the operation; and Peruonto, swallowing them down, asked what was her pleasure; and the ship immediately came to the land, and became a most beautiful palace, fitted up in the most complete manner, and so full of furniture, and curtains, and hangings, that there was nothing to desire; so that Vastolla, who a little before would have given her life for a farthing², would not change now with the greatest lady in the world, seeing herself served and treated like a queen. She then, to put the seal to all her good fortune, besought

¹ *A histe e veniste e lo luoco te perdisse.* This is the name of a popular game at Naples. It is played by two, one of whom goes up, and the other down, alternately. Another name for it is *Scarica a barile*.

² *Pe tre cavalle*,—literally 'for three horses'. The Horse is the arms of Naples, and is impressed on a small piece of money, worth about one thirtieth of an English penny. The lowest coin now used at Naples is the piece of *sei cavalli*; but Mr. Rossetti says, that in his youth there were pieces of *tre cavalli*.

Peruonto to obtain grace to become handsome and elegant in his manners, that they might live happy together; for though the proverb says, 'Better is a swinish husband than a royal keeper,' still, if his countenance was changed, she would consider it the most fortunate thing in the world. Peruonto replied as usual, "Give me figs and raisins if you want me to say it." Vastolla quickly removed the stoppage of his speech; and scarcely had he spoken the word, when from a dunce he became a man of sense; from an ogre, a Narcissus; from a hideous caricature of humanity, an elegant gentleman. Vastolla, seeing such a transformation, was near going wild with joy; and clasping him in her arms, and kissing him, she sucked the juice of happiness.

Meantime, the king, who from the day that this calamity befell him had been full up to the very throat with 'Let-me-alone', was, for amusement, brought out to hunt by his courtiers; and night overtaking them, and seeing a light in the window of that palace, he sent a servant to see if they would entertain him; and he was answered, that he might not merely break a glass, but even smash a jug there. So the king went there; and going up the stairs, and running through the chambers, he saw no living being but two little children, who came about him, crying, "Grandpapa! grandpapa!" The king, amazed, surprised, and astonished, stood like one that was enchanted; and sitting down to rest himself near a table, to his amazement he saw

invisibly spread on it a Flanders table-cloth, with various dishes full of roast and boiled meats; so that he ate and he drank in reality like a king, waited on by those beautiful children: and while he sat at table, a concert of lutes and tambourins never ceased, the harmony of which penetrated to the very tips of his fingers and toes. When he had done eating, a bed appeared, all adorned with gold; and having his boots taken off, he went to rest in it, and all his courtiers did the same, after having eaten heartily at a hundred other tables, which were laid out in the other rooms.

When morning came, and the king was about to depart, he wished to take with him the two little children. But Vastolla now made her appearance with her husband, and casting herself at his feet, asked his pardon, and told him her whole story. The king, seeing that he had gotten two grandsons that were two jewels, and a son-in-law that was a fay¹, embraced both the one and the other, and most joyfully carried them with him to the city; and he made a great feast, that lasted for many days, on account of this good luck, confessing, at the top of his voice, that

“Man proposes,
But God disposes.”

This story is also to be found in Straparola. The following is an abridgement of his narrative.

¹ *No fato*. See above, p. 194. Fairy Mythology, ii, 237, note.

PETER THE FOOL.

In the isle of Caprara, in the Ligurian Sea, there was a poor woman who had a son that was a fool, and who was named Peter. She lived opposite the king's palace, and every day Peter went to fish, and though he never caught anything, he used to cry, as he came back to his mother, that he was laden with fish. The king's daughter Luciana, who was only ten years old, used to look out of the window, and laugh at him till she was tired, and the fool would then curse and abuse her. At length, one day Peter was so lucky as to catch a tunny-fish, and he was in great rapture, thinking of the good meal he should have; but the fish begged and prayed of him to let him go. He long besought in vain: at last he promised him as much fish as he could carry, and also to grant him anything he asked. The fool's heart was melted, and he let him go, and the tunny then bade him get into his boat, and incline it to one side, that the water might run in. Peter did so; and with the water came in so many fishes, that the boat was near sinking. He took as many as he could carry, and went home shouting as before.

Luciana laughed at him as usual, and Peter in a rage ran down to the sea, and called the tunny. The fish came, and asked what he wanted: he said that the king's daughter should be with child. It was done as he desired; and nothing could equal

the amazement of the queen when she found her young daughter in that state. The king, when he heard it, was going to have her secretly put to death; but the queen turned him from it, at least till the child should be born. The child proved to be a fine boy, and the king had not the heart to injure either him or his mother. When the child was a year old, the king summoned all above fourteen years of age to the palace. Peter came with the rest, and was discovered like Peruonto; and by the advice of the queen, he and the princess and the child were put into a barrel, with some bread, wine and figs, and thrown into the sea.

The poor princess, when she could see neither sun nor moon, was in great affliction; the child was crying, and, as she had no milk, she fed it with the figs. As for Peter, he was laughing, and eating the bread and wine. When she remonstrated with him for his indifference, he told her of the tunny, and at her desire called him, and bade him do all she wished. She then desired him to cast the barrel on one of the most agreeable and safest rocks in her father's kingdom; to make Peter the handsomest and wisest man in the world; and, finally, to build a most splendid palace on the rock. All was done to her wish. The king and queen happening to come there shortly afterwards, as they were going on a voyage of pleasure to divert their melancholy, Peter and Luciana received them as they landed; but the king and queen did not know them, they were so altered.

They were taken into the garden, where there were three golden apples growing on one of the trees, and one of these was secretly put into the king's bosom. The keeper of the garden missing the apple, informed Luciana, who directed that every one should be searched. Still the apple was not found; and she then required the king to let himself be examined also; and as soon as he opened his bosom the apple fell out. Luciana began to reproach him for his conduct; but at length she told him who she was, and all ended happily; for the king brought them home with him, and in due time Peter became his successor on the throne.

A small volume of Russian Popular Tales has lately appeared in Germany¹. The translator says that he has rendered them faithfully from the broad-sheets and other forms in which they are to be found on sale in Moscow for the use of the people. Dr. Jacob Grimm, who (after the German custom of *chaperoning* a young author,) has written a preface to the volume, describes it, I think justly, as being in every point of view a valuable addition to the department of literature to which it belongs.

What chiefly gives value to these tales is, in my opinion, their genuine Slavonic air and manner. Modes of thought and expression which seem pe-

¹ *Russische Volksmärchen*, Leipzig, 1831.

cular to that portion of the human family continually occur; and some remarkable coincidences with the ancient legends of Persia may be observed. Whether these last were derived from that country, or only indicate a similarity of thought and idiom between the two neighbouring peoples, it is not easy to say. Many of the tales appear to be derived from foreign sources; but they are as completely naturalised as those in the *Pentameron*. The following one, which I regard as being Italian in its origin, will serve as an example. None is more thoroughly Russian than that of the *Golden Egg*, which Dr. Grimm regards as one of the best in the collection, and yet it strongly resembles some German stories, and is to be found entire in Count Caylus's *Fairy Tales*. The most curious instance is that of *Bova Korolevitch* and the *Fair Drushnevna*, our own *Bevis of Hampton*, the *Beuves de Hantone* of the French, the *Buovo d'Antona* of the Italian romance named '*I Reali (Kings) di Francia*'¹; from which last I am very certain it was taken: and very curious indeed are the changes which it has undergone at the hands of its Muscovite re-maker!

The following is the Russian mode of narrating the tale of a fool grown wise and rich.

¹ It is rather strange that Mr. Ellis should not have known that *Bevis of Hampton* and *Buovo d'Antona* were the same. According to G. Villani (*Panizzi*, i. p. 156.), the story of *Buovo* was a popular one in Italy in the fourteenth century. It continues to be so still; for the '*Reali di Francia*' has, I find, been reprinted in the present century.

EMELYAN THE FOOL.

In a certain village lived one time a peasant who had three sons, of whom two were sensible, but the third was a fool, and his name was Emelyan. And when the peasant had lived for a long time, and was grown very old, he called his three sons to him, and said to them, "My dear children, I feel that I have not very long to live, so I give you the house and cattle, which you will divide, share and share alike, among you. I also leave you in money a hundred roubles a-piece." Soon after the old man died, and the sons, after they had buried him, lived on happy and contented.

Some time after, Emelyan's brothers took it into their heads to remove to the city, and carry on trade with the three hundred roubles which their father had left them. So they said to Emelyan, "Hark ye, fool! we are going to the city, and we will take your hundred roubles with us, and if we prosper in trade we will buy you a red coat, red boots, and a red cap. But do you stay at home here, and when your sisters-in-law (for they were married) desire you to do anything, do as they bid you." The fool, who had a great longing for a red coat, a red cap, and red boots, answered at once that he would do whatever his sisters-in-law bid him. So his brothers went off to the city, and Emelyan stayed at home with his two sisters-in-law.

One day, when the winter was come, and the

cold was great, his sisters-in-law told him to go out and fetch in water; but Emelyan remained lying on the stove, and said, "Aye, and who then are you?" The sisters-in-law began to scold him, and said, "How now, fool! We are what you see. You see how cold it is, and that it is a man's business to go." But he said, "I am lazy." They again cried out, "How! you are lazy? You will want to eat, and if we have no water we cannot cook." They then added, "Very well, we will only tell our husbands not to give him anything, when they have bought the fine red coat and all for him!" The fool heard what they said; and as he was very desirous to get the red coat and cap, he saw that he must go: so he got down from off the stove, and began to put on his shoes and stockings, and to dress himself. When he was drest, he took the buckets and the axe, and went down to the river, for their village was by a river. When he came to the river, he began to cut a hole in the ice, and he cut a huge large one. He then drew water in the buckets, and setting them on the ice, he stood by the hole, looking into the water. And as he was looking, he saw a large pike swimming about in the open water. Great a fool as Emelyan was, he felt a wish to catch this pike: so he stole on cautiously and softly to the edge of the hole, and making a sudden grasp at the pike, he caught him, and pulled him out of the water; then putting him in his bosom, he was hurrying home with him, when the

pike cried out, "Ho, fool! why have you caught me?" He made answer, "To bring you home, and get my sisters-in-law to dress you." "No, fool! do not bring me home, but let me go again into the water, and I will make a rich man of you." But the fool would not consent, and was going on towards home. When the pike saw that the fool was not for letting him go, he said to him, "Hark ye, fool! let me go, and I will do for you everything that you do not like to do yourself; you will only have to wish, and it shall be done." When the fool heard this, he was rejoiced beyond measure; for as he was uncommonly lazy, he thought to himself, "If the pike does everything that I have no mind to do, all will be done without my having any occasion to work." So he said to the pike, "I will let you go in the water if you do all you promise." The pike said, "Let me go first, and then I will keep my promise." But the fool answered, that he must first perform his promise, and then he would let him go. When the pike saw that he would not put him into the water, he said, "If you wish, as I told you, that I should do all you desire, you must tell me now what your desire is." "I wish," said the fool, "that my buckets should go of themselves from the river up the hill, (for the village was on a hill,) and that without spilling any of the water." Then said the pike, "Remember the words which I now say unto you, and listen to what they are:—At the pike's command, and at my request, go, buckets!

of yourselves up the hill." The fool repeated after him, "At the pike's command, and at my request, go, buckets! of yourselves up the hill." And instantly, with the speed of thought, the buckets ran up the hill. When Emelyan saw this, he was amazed beyond expression; and he said to the pike, "But will it always be so?" "Everything you desire will be done," replied the pike; "but forget not, forget not I say, the words I have taught you." Emelyan then put the pike into the water, and followed his buckets home.

The neighbours were all amazed, and said to one another, "This fool makes the buckets come of themselves up from the river, and he follows them himself at his leisure." But Emelyan took no notice of them, and went on home. The buckets were by this time in the house, and standing in their place on the foot-bench, and Emelyan himself got up and lay on the stove.

After some time his sisters-in-law said to him again, "Emelyan, what are you loitering there for? Get up, and go cut wood." But the fool said, "Aye! and you, who are you then?" "You see," cried they, "it is now winter, and if you do not go cut wood you will be frozen." "I am lazy," said the fool. "What! you are lazy?" said the sisters-in-law. "If you do not go and cleave wood, we will tell our husbands not to give you the red coat, or the red cap, or the fine red boots!" The fool, who longed for the red cap, coat, and boots, saw that he must cleave the wood; but as it was bitter

cold, and he did not like to come down from off the stove, he repeated under his breath, as he lay, the words, "At the pike's command, and at my request, up, axe! and hew wood; and do you, logs! come of yourselves into the house, and lay yourselves in the stove." The axe instantly jumped up, ran out into the yard, and began to cut up the wood; and the wood came of itself into the house, and went and laid itself in the stove. When the sisters-in-law saw this, they wondered exceedingly at the ingenuity of the fool; and as the axe did of itself the work whenever Emelyan was wanted to cut up wood, he lived for some time in great tranquillity with them. At length the wood was out, and they said to him, "Emelyan, we have no more wood; so you must go to the forest and cut some." The fool said, "Aye! and you, who are you then?" The sisters-in-law said, "The wood is far off, and it is winter, and too cold for us to go." But the fool said, "I am lazy." "How! you are lazy?" said they: "you will be frozen then; and besides, we will make our husbands, when they come home, not give you the red coat, cap, and boots!" As the fool longed for the red clothes, he found that he must go and cut the wood; so he got up off the stove, began to put on his shoes and stockings, and to dress himself; and when he was drest, he went out into the yard, pulled the sledge out of the shed, took a rope and the axe with him, mounted the sledge, and called out to his sisters-in-law, "Open the gate!"

When the sisters-in-law saw that he was for going off in the sledge without any horses, (for the fool had not put the horses to it,) they cried out, "Why, Emelyan! you have got on the sledge without yoking the horses!" But he answered, that he did not want any horses, only for them to open the gate. The sisters-in-law threw open the gate, and the fool, as he sat in the sledge, said, "At the pike's command, and at my request, away, sledge!—go to the wood." At these words the sledge galloped out of the yard at such a rate that the people of the village, when they saw it, were filled with amazement at Emelyan's riding in the sledge without horses; and that with such speed, that if a pair of horses had been yoked to it, it would be impossible for them to draw it at anything like the same rate. And as it was necessary for the fool to go through the town in his way to the wood, he came at full speed to the town; but not knowing that he should cry out "Make way!" in order that he might not run over any one, he gave no notice, but rode on. So he ran over a great number of people; and though they ran after him, no one was able to overtake him and bring him back. Emelyan, having got clear of the town, came to the wood, and stopped his sledge. He then got down from the sledge, and said, "At the pike's command, and at my request, up, axe! hew wood; and you, logs! lay yourselves on the sledge, and tie yourselves together." The fool had scarcely uttered these words, when

the axe began to cut wood, the logs to lay themselves in the sledge, and the rope to tie them down. When the axe had cut wood enough, he desired it to cut him a good cudgel; and when the axe had done this, he mounted the sledge, and said, "Up, and away! At the pike's command, and at my request, go home, sledge!" Away, then, went the sledge at the top of its speed; and when he came to the town, where he had hurt so many people, he found a crowd waiting to catch him; and as soon as he got into the town, they laid hold on him, and began to drag him off his sledge, and to beat him. When the fool saw how they were treating him, he said under his breath, "At the pike's command, and at my request, up, cudgel! and break their legs and arms." Instantly the cudgel began to lay about it in all directions; and when the people were all driven away, he made his escape, and came to his own village. The cudgel, having thrashed them all soundly, rolled to the house after him; and Emelyan, as usual, when he got home, mounted up and lay on the stove.

After Emelyan had left the town, the people began everywhere to talk, not so much of the number of persons whom he had injured, as to express their amazement at his riding in the sledge without horses; and from one to another the news spread till it reached the court, and came even to the ears of the king. And when the king heard of it, he felt an extreme desire to see him. So

he despatched an officer with a party of soldiers in search of him. The officer whom the king sent lost no time in leaving the town, and he took the road that the fool had taken; and when he came to the village where Emelyan lived, he summoned before him the Starosta (*i. e.* Head-man) of the village, and said to him, "I am sent by the king to take a certain fool, and bring him before his majesty." The Starosta instantly showed him the house where Emelyan lived, and the officer went into it, and asked where the fool was. Emelyan, who was lying on the stove, made answer and said, "What is it you want with me?" "How! What do I want with you? Get up this instant and dress yourself: I must take you to the king." But Emelyan said, "What to do?" The officer became so enraged at the rudeness of his replies, that he gave him a blow on the cheek. "At the pike's command, and at my request," said the fool under his breath, "up, cudgel! and thrash their legs and arms." At the word, up sprang the cudgel, and began to lay about it on all sides, on officer and men alike. The officer was forced to go back to the town as fast as he could; and when he came before the king, and told him how the fool had cudgelled them all round, the king marvelled greatly, and would not believe that he had been able to cudgel them all.

The king then selected a wise man, whom he directed to bring him the fool by craft, if nothing else would do; and the envoy left the king,

and went to the village where Emelyan dwelt. He called the Starosta before him, and said, "I am sent by the king to take your fool. So do you send for those with whom he lives." The Starosta then ran and fetched the sisters-in-law. The king's messenger asked them what it was the fool liked, and they answered, "Noble sir, if any one entreats our fool earnestly to do anything, he flatly refuses the first and the second time; but the third time he does not refuse, but does what one wants; for he does not like to be roughly handled." The king's messenger then dismissed them, charging them not to tell Emelyan that he had summoned them before him. He then bought raisins, baked plums, and grapes, and went to the fool. When he came into the room, he went up to the stove, and said, "Emelyan, why are you lying on the stove?" and with that he gave him the raisins, the baked plums, and the grapes, and said, "Emelyan, we will go together to the king: I will take you with me." But the fool replied, "I am very warm here;" for there was nothing he was so fond of as heat. The messenger then began to entreat him. "Be so good, Emelyan! let us go, you will like the court vastly." "Aye," said the fool, "I am lazy."—The messenger began once more to entreat him. "Be so good, come with me, and the king will get you made a fine red coat, a red cap, and a pair of red boots." When the fool heard talk of the red coat, he said, "Go on before, I will follow you." The mes-

senger then pressed him no further, but went out and asked the sisters-in-law if there was any danger of the fool's deceiving him. They assured him that there was not, and he went away. The fool, who still remained lying on the stove, then said to himself, "How I hate this going to the king!" Then, after a few minutes' thought, "At the pike's command, and at my request," said he, "up, stove! and away to the town." Instantly the wall of the room opened, and the stove moved out; and when it had got clear of the yard, it went at such a rate that there was no overtaking it; and it came up with the king's messenger, and went after him and entered the palace along with him. When the king saw that the fool was come, he went forth with all his ministers to see him; and when he saw that Emelyan was come, riding on the stove, he was greatly amazed. But Emelyan still lay where he was, and said nothing. Then the king asked him why he had killed so many people when he was going to the wood. "It was their own fault," said the fool, "why did they not get out of the way?"

Just at that moment the king's daughter came to the window, and looked at the fool; and Emelyan happening suddenly to look up at the window where she stood observing him, and seeing that she was very handsome, he said quite softly to himself, "At the pike's command, and at my request, away! let this lovely maiden fall in love with me!" And scarcely had he spoken the words,

when the king's daughter was desperately in love with him. He then said, "At the pike's command, and at my request, up, and away, stove!—go home!" Immediately the stove left the palace, went through the town, got home, and set itself in its old place. And Emelyan lived there for some time, comfortable and happy.

But it was quite different in the town; for, at the word of Emelyan, the king's daughter had fallen in love; and she began to implore her father to give her the fool for a husband. The king was in a great rage, both with her and the fool; but he knew not how he could lay hold on him. His minister however suggested, that he should, by way of punishment, for not having succeeded on the former occasion, send the officer whom he had sent before, to take him. This advice pleased the king well, and he had the officer called to him; and when he came, the king said, "Hark ye, friend! I sent you before for the fool, and you came without him. To punish you, I now send you for him a second time. If you bring him, you shall be rewarded; if you do not bring him, you shall be punished."

When the officer heard this, he left the king, and lost no time in going in quest of the fool; and when he came to the village, he called for the Starosta, and said to him, "Here is money for you; buy everything necessary for a good dinner tomorrow. Invite Emelyan, and when he comes, make him drink till he falls fast asleep." The

Starosta, knowing that he came from the king, felt obliged to obey him ; so he bought everything that was required, and invited the fool. When Emelyan said he would come, the officer was greatly rejoiced. So next day the fool came to dinner, and the Starosta plied him so well with liquor that he fell fast asleep. As soon as the officer saw that he was asleep, he laid hold on him, and ordered the kibitke (a sort of carriage) to be brought up ; and when it came, they put the fool into it, and the officer, getting in himself, drove off to the town, and so to the palace. The minister informed the king that the officer was come ; and as soon as he heard it, he ordered a large cask to be provided without delay, and to be hooped with strong iron hoops. When the cask was brought to the king, and he saw that everything was done as he desired, he ordered his daughter and the fool to be put into it, and the cask to be well pitched. When all this was done, the king ordered the cask to be thrown into the sea, and left to the mercy of the waves. The king then returned to his palace, and the cask floated along for some time on the sea. All this time the fool was fast asleep ; and when he awoke, and saw that it was quite dark, he said to himself, "Where am I?" for he thought he was all alone. But the princess said, "You are in a cask, Emelyan ! and I am shut up with you in it." "But who are you?" said the clown. "I am the king's daughter," said she. And then she told him why she had been

shut up there with him. She then besought him to deliver himself and her out of the cask ; but the fool said, "I am very warm here, too." "Grant me the favour, said the princess ; have pity on my tears, and deliver me out of this cask." Why not?" said Emelyan, "I am lazy." The princess began once more to entreat him ; "Grant me the favour, Emelyan ! deliver me out of this cask, and let me not die!" The fool was moved by her tears and her entreaties, and he said, "Well, I will do this for you." He then said, softly, "At the pike's command, and at my request, cast us, O sea ! on the shore, where we may dwell on a dry place, only let us be near our own country ; and do thou, cask ! fall to pieces of thyself on the dry place."

Scarcely had the fool spoken the words, when the waves began to roll, and the cask was thrown up on a dry place and fell to pieces of itself. Emelyan got up, and went with the princess about the place where they were cast. And the fool saw that they were in a very handsome island, where there was a great abundance of trees, with all kinds of fruit upon them. When the princess saw all this, she was greatly rejoiced at their being on such an island, and she said, "But, Emelyan ! where shall we live ? There is not even a nook here." "You want too much," said the fool. "Grant me the favour," said the princess, "let there be, if nothing more, a little cottage, in which we may shelter us from the rain ;" for the princess

knew he could do everything he wished. But the fool said, "I am lazy." She began again to urge him, and Emelyan overcome by her entreaties was obliged to do as she desired.

He went away from her, and said, "At the pike's command, and at my request, let me have, in the middle of this island, a finer castle than the king's, and let a crystal bridge lead from my castle to the royal palace; and let there be people of all conditions in the court!" The words were scarcely spoken, when there appeared a splendid castle, with a crystal bridge. The fool went with the princess into the castle, and saw that the apartments were all magnificently furnished, and that there was a number of men there, such as footmen, and all kinds of officers, who waited for the fool's commands. When he saw that all these men were like men, and that he alone was ugly and stupid, he wished to be better. So he said, "At the pike's command, and at my request, away! let me become such a youth that I shall have no equal, and let me be extremely wise!" He scarce had spoken, when he became so handsome and so wise that all were amazed.

Emelyan then sent one of his servants to the king, to invite him and all his ministers. The servant went along the crystal bridge which the fool had made; and when he came to the court, the ministers brought him before the king, and Emelyan's messenger said, "Please your majesty, I am sent by my master to ask you to dinner."

The king asked him who his master was; but he answered, "Please your majesty, I can tell you nothing about my master, (for the fool had ordered him not to tell who he was), but if you come to dine with him he will inform you himself." The king, who was curious to know who it was that had sent to invite him, told the messenger that he would go without fail.

The servant went away; and when he got home, the king and his ministers set out along the crystal bridge to visit the fool; and when they arrived at the castle, Emelyan came forth to meet the king, took him by the white hands, kissed him on the sugar-mouth¹, led him into his castle, and made him sit behind the oak-tables with fine diapered table-cloths, at sugar-meats and honey-drinks. The king and his ministers ate and drank and made themselves merry. When they got up from table and retired, the fool said to the king, "Does your majesty know who I am?" As Emelyan was now drest in fine clothes, and was very handsome in the face, it was not possible to recognise him. So the king said that he did not know him. Then, said the fool, "Does not your majesty recollect how a fool came on a stove to your court, and how you fastened him up in a pitched cask with your daughter, and cast them into the sea? Know me then now, for I am that Emelyan." When the king saw him thus before him, he was greatly terrified, and knew not what

¹ These expressions are peculiar to the Slavonic dialects.

to do. But the fool went to the king's daughter and brought her out to him; and when the king saw his daughter, he was greatly rejoiced, and said, "I have been very unjust towards you; so I give you my daughter to wife." The fool hearing this, humbly thanked the king; and when Emelyan had prepared everything for the wedding, it was celebrated with great magnificence, and the following day the fool gave a feast to the ministers and the common people. There were barrels of wine set forth; and when all these festivities were at an end, the king wanted to give up his kingdom to him, but he had no mind to take it. So the king went back to his kingdom, and the fool remained in his castle and lived happily.

I leave to the reader the task of comparing these three forms of the very same tale, and of observing the resemblances and the differences which they present. My labours have now reached the limit assigned them, else I might go on pointing out likenesses, either accidental or copied, to be found in the literature and legends of various countries. Thus, for example, I could show that the amusing Taming-of-the-Shrew story of Sâdek Beg, so well told in the Sketches of Persia, is to be found in *El Conde Lucanor*, a Spanish work written early in the fourteenth century; and, curious enough, the actors in this last are Moors! I might then proceed to inquire whether this story came originally from the East to Spain, or was in-

vented in the West, and then conveyed *via* Syria to Persia. But I must stop, lest weariness should creep over my readers, and they should begin to think my prattle tedious.

Courteous reader! We are now about to part: after having been companions for some time, along the same road. To beguile the tediousness of the way, I have been giving you, as it were, a Personal Narrative of a voyage which I once made to the land of Fiction, and of the discoveries I chanced to make while there. I have, therefore, had occasion to speak now and then of my own impressions and adventures, and if they have not amused, I hope they have not displeased you. We are arrived, I find, at the point where my road separates from yours: you will, probably, continue on the present one, and I trust will soon fall in with some more agreeable companion than I have been: that to the right, which I own looks rather thorny and rugged, is mine. Adieu! I wish you a most pleasant journey.

APPENDIX.

The popular legends of Germany, and some other countries, having been collected and published within the present century, a rich harvest of legendary lore lay ready. I had my good fortune to be the first to gather it; and my Fairy Mythology will therefore probably remain for some time a kind of text-book on the subject. As the present may be the last time that I venture here to make some additions to it, I put them in such a form as to be independent.

APPENDIX.

It was only by degrees that I arrived at what I believe to be the true origin of the word Fairy, and my notions of it are scattered through the Fairy Mythology. I will, therefore, now give my perfect theory.

There can be no doubt that our word Fairy is the French *Fée*, which originally signified the devil, and is derived from *fa*. I therefore reject

A volume of stories from the Kinder- und Hausmärchen of M. Grimm, with illustrations, colored, and engraved, was published in 1812 under the title of German Popular Stories. The compiler was, I believe, Mr. Edgar Taylor. Since its first appearance, I and others have repeatedly copied, and under the former are believed of a real value. The latter are only regarded as copies of an original.

APPENDIX.

THE popular legends of Germany, and some other countries, having been collected and published within the present century, a rich harvest of legendary lore lay ready. I had the good fortune to be the first to gather it¹; and my *Fairy Mythology* will therefore probably remain for some time a kind of text-book on the subject. As the present may be said to be a companion to that Work, I venture here to make some additions to it; but I put them in such a form as to be independent.

It was only by degrees that I arrived at what I believe to be the true origin of the word *Fairy*; and my notions of it are scattered through the *Fairy Mythology*. I will, therefore, now give my perfect theory.

There can be no doubt that our word *Fairy* is the French *féerie*, which originally signified *illusion*, and is derived from *fée*. I therefore reject,

¹ A selection of stories from the *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* of MM. Grimm, with illustrative, critical, and antiquarian notes, appeared in 1825, under the title of *German Popular Stories*. The translator was, I believe, Mr. Edgar Taylor. There is a wide difference, I must observe, between popular legends, and stories; the former are objects of actual belief, the latter are only regarded as sources of amusement.

with full conviction, all the etymons (such as that from *Peri*) which go on the supposition of *fairy* being the original name. The Italian *fata*, Provençal *fada*, French *faé*, *faée*, *fée*, are, beyond question, the words first used to designate the being whom we call *Fairy*. Of these words, I regard the Latin *fatum* as the root. In a coin of Diocletian the Destinies are, I know, named *Fatæ*, and this might seem to give a ready origin of the Italian and Provençal names; but there is so little resemblance between the *Parcæ* and the *Fairies* of romance, that I cannot adopt it. My opinion is, that, as from the Latin *gratus* came the Italian verb *aggradare*, and the French *agréer*, so from *fatum* came *affatare*, *fatare*, (Ital.) and *faer*, *féer*, (Fr.), signifying *to enchant*; and that *fato*, *fata*, *faé*, *faée*, *fée*, are participles of these verbs. I believe there is not a single passage in the old French romances, in which these last words occur, where they may not be taken participially; such are, *les chevaliers faés*, *les dames faées*, and the continually recurring phrase *elle sembloit* (or *ressembloit*) *fée*. *La fée* is, therefore, *la femme fée*, and *une fée* is *une femme fée*.

The Italian *fata* is, in the romantic poems, always employed as a substantive; but it is well known that a number of substantives in all languages are in reality adjectives or participles, and in the *Pentamerone* *fata* and *fatata* are evidently employed as equivalents. I therefore regard *fata* as nothing more than *fatata*, contracted after the

usual rule of the Italian language¹, and esteem *una fata* to signify merely *una donna fatata*. I will now show what was understood by *une femme fée* and *una donna fatata*.

In the romance of Lancelot du Lac we are told, that "all those (women) were called Fays (*fées*) who had to do with enchantments and charms, and knew the power and the virtue of words, of stones, and of herbs; by which they were kept in youth and in beauty, and in great riches." This definition will, I think, include all the *Fées*, without exception, that we meet in the old French romances. It will also, I apprehend, apply to the Italian *Fata*. In the Pentamerone, *Fata* and *Maga* are synonymous, and *fata* is also equivalent to

¹ I cannot help suspecting that this rule of the Italian language, (*i. e.* throwing the syllable *at* out of participles of verbs in *-are*; *e. g.* from *adornato* making *adorno*, from *guastato*, *guasto*) has been derived from the Latin. I think the following words have the appearance of having lost *at* or simple *a*. In the verb *poto -are* the participle is *potus* (*potatus?*); *aptus* is rather, I think, a contraction of *aptatus* than the participle of *apo*, obs. We have *paratus* and *partus*, *juvatus* and *jutus*, *fricatus* and *frictus*, *secatus* and *sectus*, *inseratus* and *insertus* (Virg. *Æn.* iii. 152.), *necatus* and *nectus*, *crematus* and *cremus*, *creatus* and *cretus*, *truncatus* and *truncus*, *pulsatus* and *pulsus*, *quassatus* and *quassus*, *lavatus lautus* and *lotus*, *viduatus* and *viduus*, *orbatus* and *orbis*; to which perhaps may be added, *cavatus* and *cavus*, *nudatus* and *nudus*. Some of these may be explained on other principles, but I think my theory (and I have not met it anywhere else) is not altogether devoid of some show of *vraisemblance*.

fatata; in Ariosto we cannot easily distinguish between the Fata Alcina and the Maga Melissa. This poet says of Medea¹,—

E perchè per virtù d'erbe e d'incanti
Delle Fate una, ed immortal fatt' era;

which exactly agrees with the above definition of a *Fée*. She renewed her youth, he says, by means of a bath, which she had made by enchantment; and every eighth day she was turned into a serpent,—a transformation to which, according to the same poet, all the *Fatè* were subject. In another place² he makes a Fata say,—

Nascemmo ad un punto che d'ogn' altro male
Siamo capaci fuor che della morte:

which looks as if he regarded them as a distinct species, like the *Peris* of the East; and he elsewhere³ says,—

Queste ch'or Fate, e dagli antichi foro
Già dette Ninfe, e Dee con più bel nome.

Bojardo⁴ also calls the *Naïdes* *Fatè*. From all this, however, I would only infer, that the ideas of these poets on the subject were a little confused. I am inclined to think that the Italians

¹ I Cinque Canti, c. ii. st. 106.

² Orl. Fur. c. xliii. st. 98.

³ I Cinque Canti, c. i. st. 9.

⁴ Orl. Innam. lib. iii. c. vii. st. 7. Under the word *Fata*, in the Vocabolario della Crusca, I find the following passage from an Italian translation of Guido dalle Colonne's History of the Trojan War, which was probably made in the fifteenth century:—*Costei fu Iddea, o figliola di Dea, ovvero una di quelle che la gente chiama fate.*

derived their knowledge of these beings from the French romances, and that therefore the description given in these romances is the true one, and the *fata* or *fée* was only a woman skilled in magic.

There is some difficulty about the Provençal Fada. I am not sufficiently versed in this dialect to be able to say, whether it contracts its participles like the Italian, or not; and Gervase of Tilbury would seem to make the Fadas a distinct species¹. He classes them with Pans and Silvans, *i. e.* wood-spirits, and calls them phantoms or evil spirits (*larvæ*). He says, that those who enjoyed their love, died if they married other women, or even if they withdrew themselves from their embraces or revealed the secret. This is like what is told of the classic Nymphs; but nearly the same ill effects were the result of desertion of the *Fées*. I therefore leave my readers to think as they please of the Fada.

The following account of the Fay Oriande, in the romance of 'Maugis d'Aygremon et de Vivian son Frère,' may be added to those in the Fairy Mythology, and will also serve to confirm the preceding hypothesis respecting the *Fées*.

When, in this romance, Tapinel and the female slave had stolen the two children of Duke Bevis of Aygremon, the former sold the child which he had taken to the wife of Sorgalant, whose name

¹ *Apud Leibnitz, Scriptores Rerum Brunsvicarum, i. 989.*

was Esclarmonde, and who was about fifteen years of age, and was *plus belle et plus blanche qu'une fée*¹. The slave having laid herself to rest under a white-thorn (*aubespine*), was devoured by a lion and a leopard, who killed one another in their dispute for the infant. "And the babe lay under the thorn, and cried loudly, during which it came it came to pass that Oriande la Fée, who abode at Rosefleur with four other fays, came straight to this thorn; for every time she passed by there she used to repose under that white-thorn. She got down . . . and hearing the child cry, she came that way and looked at him, and said, 'By the God in whom we believe, this child here is lying badly (*mal gist*), and this shall be his name'; and from that time he was always called Maugis."

Oriande la Fée brought the child home with her and her damsels; and having examined him, and found, by a precious ring that was in his ear, that he was of noble lineage, "she prayed our Lord that he would be pleased of his grace to make known his origin (*nation*)." When she had finished her prayer, she sent for her nephew Espiet, "who was a dwarf, and was not more than three feet high, and had his hair yellow as fine gold, and looked like a child of seven years; but he was more than a hundred; and he was one of the falsest knaves in the world, and knew every kind of enchantment." Espiet informed her whose child he was; and Oriande, having prayed to our

¹ That is, than *une femme fée*. See above, p. 340.

Lord to preserve the child, took him with her to her castle of Rosefleur, where she had him baptized and named Maugis. She and her damsels reared him with great tenderness; and when he was old enough she put him under the care of her brother Baudris, "who knew all the arts of magic and necromancy, and was of the age of a hundred years;" and he taught what he knew to Maugis.

When Maugis was grown a man, the Fay Oriande clad him in arms, and he became her *ami*; and she loved him *de si grand amour qu'elle doute fort qu'il ne se departe d'avecques elle*.

Maugis shortly afterwards achieved the adventure of gaining the enchanted horse Bayard, in the isle of Boucaut. Of Bayard it is said, when Maugis spoke to him, *Bayard estoit feyé, si entendoit aussi bien Maugis comme s'il (Bayard) eust parlé*. On his return from the island, Maugis conquers and slays the Saracen Admiral Anthenor, who had come to win the lands and castle of Oriande, and gains the sword Flamberge, (Floberge) which, together with Bayard, he afterwards gave to his cousin Renaud.

Everything here, we may perceive, tends strongly to confirm my theory. Oriande is only a woman; her brother and nephew are enchanters, and she may therefore be fairly regarded as such herself.

No character is more prominent in Fairy lore

than the little king Oberon, who figures so in the romance of Huon de Bordeaux. I think I have proved Oberon to be the Elberich of German romance: I have now a word or two to say of Sir Huon himself.

There are two romances, both said to be written by Huon de Villeneuve, in the thirteenth century; the one is the well-known 'Quatre Filz Aymon', the other, 'Hullin de Bordeaux.' The hero of this last is, in the poetic romance, also called Hue and Huon, and he is duke or prince of Bordeaux or Guienne. In the former, we meet with Yon, king of Bordeaux; and it appears to me that they may both be only forms of the same name: at all events, I feel quite sure that one or other of them is one of the heroes of Bojardo and Ariosto. His Italian name is Ivone¹, and he makes no great figure in their poems.

In the metrical romance of Sir Launfal, it is said of Dame Tryamour, that she was "the kinges daughter of Oliroun," (Olyron,) and that

" Her father was king of Faërie,
Of occient far and nigh,
A man of mickle might."

I have supposed 'occient' to be equivalent to 'occident,' and to denote the West. When I was in

¹ That Ivone was duke of Guienne is clear, from I Cinque Canti, c. v. st. 42. Bojardo (lib. i. canto iv. st. 46.) calls him 'Lo Re Ivone', which is precisely the 'Roi Yon' of the Quatre Filz Aymon.

the neighbourhood of Bayonne, in the year 1831, a woman, pointing to the Bay of Biscay, told me it was called *la Mer d'Occient*; but whether *occient* be *occident* or *océan*, I could not ascertain. It is worthy of notice, that an English poet should use a Gascon appellation, which did not occur in the French poems he was imitating.

The examples of the identification of the Fairies with the Nymphs, given in the Fairy Mythology, are not quite conclusive: the following, however, will be found to be so.

Ovid (Met. iv. 304.) says of Salmacis,—

“Solaque Nāiadum celeri non nota Dianæ:”

which Golding (in 1567) renders thus,—

“Of all the *water-fairies* she alonely was unknown
To swift Diana.”

Again (Met. ix. 337.), he says of Dryope, that she came to the lake

“Nymphis latura coronas.”

“The cause of coming there
Was to the *fairies* of the lake fresh garlands for to bear.”

It thus is clear that in the sixteenth century *Fairy* and *Nymph* were equivalent.

Golding also employs *Elfe* for Nymph. Thus Ovid (Met. iii. 364.) says of the nymph Echo,—

“Illa deam longo prudens sermone tenebat.”

This is rendered by,—

“This *elfe* would with her tattling talk detain her by the way.”

Of Envy, (ii. 772.) Golding says, "Anon the *elfe* arose."

The definition of a Fay, given above from Lancelot du Lac, belongs to the Lady of the Lake. Drayton makes *her* also an *elfe*, and a denizen of Faërie; for, speaking of Merlin, (Poly-Olbion, song iv.) he says,—

"For while it was in hand, by loving of an elf,
 For all his wondrous skill was cozened of himself:
 For walking with his Fay, her to the rock he brought,
 In which he oft before his nigromancy wrought,
 And going in thereat, his magics to have shown,
 She stopt the cavern's mouth with an enchanted stone,
 Whose cunning strongly crossed, amazed while he did
 stand,
 She captive him conveyed unto the Fairy-land."

A few lines before he had said of Arthur,—

"The feasts that underground the Faëry did him make,
 And there how he enjoyed the Lady of the Lake."

Sufficient instances have, I think, now been given of the confusion of the Elves and Fays in the sixteenth century.

In the derivation which I have given of the Persian *Peri*, from *Feroher*, I find I have been anticipated by some Continental scholars. I am, however, not by any means certain of its correctness; for the name Parysatis, *i. e.* Parizade, (*Pari-born*), was in use at the time that the worship of Ormuzd

was in full vigour ; and there are, I believe, some reasons for supposing, that in the Light religion the Peris were distinct from the Ferothers.

The Peris are very rarely spoken of in the Shah-Nâmeh ; they merely occur with the birds and beasts among the subjects of the first Iranian monarchs. The fullest account of them and the Deevs will be found in that wildest of all romances, *The Adventures of Hatim Tai*, translated from the Persian by Mr. Duncan Forbes. I regret that the translator should have employed the terms *Fairies* and *Demons*, instead of *Peris* and *Deevs*, as it is productive of some little confusion. This, however, is a mere trifle ; and the inquirer after the opinions of the modern Persians respecting *Deevs* and *Peris* will here meet all he can desire.

Mr. Forbes gives, in a note, the proper idea of the Mountain *Kâf*, the fabulous abode of these beings. The Persians, like the Greeks and Scandinavians, believed the earth to be flat and circular, and surrounded by water. Round the edge of the disk, answering, we may say, to the bulwarks of a ship, ran a mountainous circle—2000 English miles high, according to one authority ;—and this is *Kâf*, the abode of *Deevs* and *Peris*. Its base is washed by the sea, and some say that it is formed of emeralds. As *Hatim* made more than one visit to *Kâf*, a very accurate knowledge of it may be derived from the narrative of his adventures.

The following are curious instances of English superstition in the twelfth century.

“Another wonderful thing,” says Ralph of Coggeshall¹, “happened in Suffolk, at St. Mary’s of the Wolf-pits. A boy and his sister were found by the inhabitants of that place near the mouth of a pit which is there, who had the form of all their limbs like to those of other men, but they differed in the colour of their skin from all the people of our habitable world; for the whole surface of their skin was tinged of a green colour. No one could understand their speech. When they were brought as curiosities to the house of a certain knight, Sir Richard de Calne, at Wikes, they wept bitterly. Bread and other victuals were set before them, but they would touch none of them, though they were tormented by great hunger, as the girl afterwards acknowledged. At length, when some beans just cut, with their stalks, were brought into the house, they made signs, with great avidity, that they should be given to them. When they were brought, they opened the stalks instead of the pods, thinking the beans were in the hollow of them. But not finding them there, they began to weep anew. When those who were present saw this, they opened the pods, and showed

¹ As quoted by Picart in his Notes on William of Newbury. I could not find it in the Collection of Histories, &c. by Martène and Durand,—the only place where, to my knowledge, this chronicler’s works are printed.

them the naked beans. They fed on these with great delight, and for a long time tasted no other food. The boy, however, was always languid and depressed, and he died within a short time. The girl enjoyed continual good health; and becoming accustomed to various kinds of food, lost completely that green colour, and gradually recovered the sanguine habit of her entire body. She was afterwards regenerated by the laver of holy baptism, and lived for many years in the service of that knight, (as I have frequently heard from him and his family,) and was rather loose and wanton in her conduct. Being frequently asked about the people of her country, she asserted that the inhabitants, and all they had in that country, were of a green colour; and that they saw no sun, but enjoyed a degree of light like what is after sun-set. Being asked how she came into this country with the aforesaid boy, she replied, that as they were following their flocks, they came to a certain cavern, on entering which they heard a delightful sound of bells; ravished by whose sweetness, they went for a long time wandering on through the cavern, until they came to its mouth. When they came out of it, they were struck senseless by the excessive light of the sun, and the unusual temperature of the air; and they thus lay for a long time. Being terrified by the noise of those who came on them, they wished to fly, but they could not find the entrance of the cavern before they were caught."

This story is also told by William of Newbury¹, who places it in the reign of King Stephen. He says he long hesitated to believe it, but was at length overcome by the weight of evidence. According to him, the place where the children appeared was about four or five miles from Bury St. Edmund's; they came in harvest-time out of the Wolf-pits; they both lost their green hue, and were baptized, and learned English. The boy, who was the younger, died; but the girl married a man at Lenna, and lived many years. They said their country was called St. Martin's land, as that Saint was chiefly worshiped there; that the people were Christians, and had churches; that the sun did not rise there, but that there was a bright country which could be seen from theirs, being divided from it by a very broad river.

In the next chapter of his history, William of Newbury relates as follows:—

“In the province of the Deiri (Yorkshire), not far from my birth-place, a wonderful thing occurred, which I have known from my boyhood. There is a town a few miles distant from the Eastern Sea, near which are those celebrated waters commonly called Gipse A peasant of this town went once to see a friend who lived in the next town, and it was late at night when he was coming back, not very sober; when lo! from the adjoining barrow,

¹ *Guilielmi Neubrigensis Historia sive Chronica Rerum Anglicarum*. Oxon. 1719, lib. i. c. 27.

which I have often seen, and which is not much over a quarter of a mile from the town, he heard the voices of people singing, and, as it were, joyfully feasting. He wondered who they could be that were breaking in that place, by their merriment, the silence of the dead night, and he wished to examine into the matter more closely. Seeing a door open in the side of the barrow, he went up to it, and looked in; and there he beheld a large and luminous house, full of people, women as well as men, who were reclining as at a solemn banquet. One of the attendants, seeing him standing at the door, offered him a cup. He took it, but would not drink; and pouring out the contents, kept the vessel. A great tumult arose at the banquet on account of his taking away the cup, and all the guests pursued him; but he escaped by the fleetness of the beast he rode, and got into the town with his booty. Finally, this vessel of unknown material, of unusual colour, and of extraordinary form, was presented to Henry the Elder¹, king of the English, as a valuable gift, and was then given to the queen's brother David, king of the Scots, and was kept for several years in the treasury of Scotland; and a few years ago (as I have heard from good authority) it was given by William king of the Scots to Henry II., who wished to see it."

¹ A cup obtained in a similar way was, according to Ger-vase of Tilbury, presented to this prince by the Earl of Gloucester. See *Fairy Mythology*, vol. ii. p. 106.

The scene of this legend is the very country in which the Danes settled; and it is exactly the same as some of the legends current at the present day among the Danish peasantry. It is really extraordinary to observe the manner in which popular traditions and superstitions will thus exist for centuries.



THE END.

WORKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

*In Two Volumes Foolscap Octavo, with 12 Plates and 32 Wood-Cuts
by W. H. Brooke, F.A.S., Price 15s. handsomely half-bound,*

THE FAIRY MYTHOLOGY,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE ROMANCE AND SUPERSTITION OF VARIOUS
COUNTRIES.



“Ample justice is here done to the fairies of every age and country; and the learning and research which are brought to bear on and illustrate the subject in all its amusing varieties, are as remarkable as the spirit and fancy of the tales themselves. We have the Fairy Romance of the Persians and Arabians; of the Middle Ages; of Scandinavia and the Northern Islands; of Germany, Switzerland, and Great Britain; of Greece, Italy, France, and Spain; of the Finns and Slaves; and of the Africans and Jews; with all which the author, with incredible labour and extent of investigation, has made himself familiar. We are of opinion that this work will take its place as a text-book for fairy lore. The illustrations from the pencil of Mr. W. H. Brooke are worthy of the subject, and present us with scenes of the most grotesque and playful and fanciful kind.”—*New Monthly Magazine*.

“A book which can no more be summed up, or represented by specimen, than the towers, palaces, and fairy islands of ideal romance can be represented by the detached exhibition of the gorgeous pieces of their brilliant cloudwork.”—*Dublin University Review*.

“This is certainly one of the most delightful as well as curious books that we have for many a day had the pleasure of perusing.....It must form part of the library of every lover of poetical antiquities and every general scholar,—we had almost said, of every reader for mere amusement.”—*Athenæum*.

WORKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

In One large Volume Octavo, with 12 Plates from the Antique, etched on Steel by W. H. Brooke, F.A.S., Price 18s. in cloth,

THE MYTHOLOGY OF ANCIENT GREECE AND ITALY,

INTENDED CHIEFLY FOR THE USE OF STUDENTS AT THE UNIVERSITIES AND THE HIGHER CLASSES IN SCHOOLS.

“ Mr. Keightley has rendered most important services to the cause of literature. His larger work on Classical Mythology is one of the most original and valuable works of the day; and his Abridgment of it for the use of young persons, freed as it is from all that can defile and degrade the youthful mind, ought already to have superseded every one of those foul and feeble volumes which have too long been a pest in schools. His work on ‘ Fairy Mythology ’ displays a most remarkable knowledge of the mythology of our European ancestors, and explains to us the origin of a thousand fables which amused our infancy, and still beguile our attention.”—*British Magazine*.

“ Not content with selecting the mere mythological details of gods and demigods, our author has gone deeply into what may be called the philosophy of ancient fable, and has rendered the investigation of its origin a source of pleasing and instructive study. The easy and elegant language in which the *Mythi* are related, leads the reader on from chapter to chapter, with all the interest that a well-told tale is accustomed to create; and the volume only requires to be known, in order to become a stock-book in every respectable seminary in the country.—*Christian Remembrancer*.

“ The same view (of Ogyges) is adopted by Mr. Keightley in his Mythology. If the plan of his excellent work had required or permitted him to dwell on this subject, he would have discussed it in a manner which would have rendered the following remarks superfluous.—*Cambridge Philological Museum*.

“ Delicacy has been scrupulously preserved, without any violation of fact. We recommend it as a work of a most meritorious and useful character, compiled with great care, clearly arranged, and very far superior to anything of the kind in our language, equally adapted for the student, the scholar, and the general reader.”—*Metropolitan Magazine*.

*In 18mo, with a Plate and Wood-Cuts by W. H. Brooke, F.A.S.,
Price 4s. bound,*

THE MYTHOLOGY OF ANCIENT GREECE AND ITALY,

ABRIDGED FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.

“ This is precisely the volume which has long been wanted in schools. As an introductory manual, it contains all needful information relative to the gods and heroes of antiquity; and not an expression occurs which could offend the delicacy of the most scrupulous female.”—*Christian Remembrancer*.

“ This Abridgement presents the information of the large work to the young mind, without its learning or its disquisitions; and we can cordially recommend it as being free from anything that can offend, and as giving to the youthful student a clue to much that is valuable in the stores of ancient and modern poetic literature.”—*Christian Examiner*.

“ A very delightful little volume, and well calculated for its purpose. The young scholar may here acquire a general and accurate knowledge of the Classical creed, without any of the usual drawbacks.”—*Literary Gazette*.

14 DAY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED
LOAN DEPT.

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or
on the date to which renewed.

Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

10 Nov 60

ICLF (N)

REC'D LD

MAR 18 '66 - 10 AM

MAY 1 1968

APR 30 '68 - 8 AM

LOAN DEPT.

MAY 15 1971 7 1

REC'D LD MAY 15 71 - 9 AM 54

REC. CIR. JAN 5 1979

MAY 14 1979

JUN 28 1990

OCT 08 1997

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft®

YA 03435

U.C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES



C022673714

109.512

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

