

In studying the financial conditions of Cæsar's time, it is Cicero's personality, his career as a citizen of Rome, that affords the greatest insight. He is the only Roman who has left behind nearly a thousand letters, besides an immense number of speeches and other documents. As he successively occupied himself as a lawyer, politician, Senator, Consul, Proconsul, and General in Cilicia, he accumulated much wealth; but he was more deeply interested in gratifying his political ambition and his artistic taste.

Cicero enriched himself in three ways. He was in trade; he was an indefatigable worker at his profession as advocate; and finally he speculated in

finances, the farming out of taxes and customs receipts, as well as the State enterprises in which he was interested. All this business occurred in the Forum. Here Cicero met every day the rich directors of the big stock companies, their shareholders and clients. From this centre, close to the Temple of Janus, radiated intercourse with the whole then known world. Everything considered, neither the New York or London stock exchanges, nor the bourses of Paris and Hamburg, are to be compared with Rome's money-market, since neither of the others at any time has been alone in dictating financial terms to the whole civilized world.

TIGER LEGENDS OF INDO-CHINA

BY FRANÇOIS DE TESSAN

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THE tiger! The Anamites never speak of him but with fear and respect, even when they know they are safely sheltered. They call him 'King of the Mountain,' 'Lord of the Forest,' 'His Eminence.' No terms are too flattering to be used in placating the terrible feline. Dwellers in the provinces of Southern Anam — especially those of Thuathien — hesitate to pronounce the word *cop* (tiger) when they are going into the mountains, for fear of rousing the animal's wrath. They refer to him

by cautious and roundabout expressions, or else they call him simply 'My Lord' (*Ngai*).

But fortunately the tiger does not inspire fear in human beings only, for he is equally terrifying to the Ma-Qui, the evil spirits, the demons, and the other ferocious beasts of the forest. That is why the natives draw tigers on the walls of the temples, on the pagodas, private houses, masonry partitions, even on the cradles of their children. The tiger cult is still more

widely spread in the military schools, for he is regarded as the inventor of strategy (*nghe-ve*), and officers who distinguish themselves by courage are called 'tiger officers' (*Ho-tuong*).

As a general thing, the tiger does not attack man — at least not unless himself attacked and wounded. Man-eating tigers do, nevertheless, exist, and it is easy enough to explain why they select man as their prey. It is a matter of necessity. When the tigers get old and lose half their strength, and when hunting in the forest no longer suffices to feed them, they go in quest of other quarry. They come in close to the villages and begin by picking up pigs, young buffaloes, and sooner or later they attack the first native who crosses their path. Once they have learned that man — whom they have hitherto respected for his strength — is but a poorly armed creature after all, they keep on looking for new victims. Terror spreads among the villages. In the end the man-eaters move about with so much boldness that sometimes the *caïnhas* are abandoned by their inhabitants, who simply flee, leaving goods and property behind them.

When some unfortunate has been devoured by the king of the jungle, his family hasten to change their name to avoid further disasters, and to track down the tiger. The natives say that when a wild animal has eaten a man, he tears a little notch in his ear. So many notches, so many victims. When you bag a tiger, all you have to do is look at his ear in order to know the exact number of natives he has slain. There are others who insist that if the tiger does make a notch in his ear, it is only to remind him that he has not been able to devour his prey completely and must return to finish the body. It is said that the tiger can hear anything said about him at a distance of a thousand leagues. He takes ven-

geance for all the insults that he overhears, but if something happens to fall near him while he is listening, he forgets all he has heard. Another popular superstition has it that a tiger which has eaten a hundred people is capable of transforming itself into man or woman, and of using human speech.

In some villages the people have a mysterious power of surrounding the tiger, among them the natives of Vong-Thanh, who use for this purpose the branches of certain trees, which they scatter around the place where he has taken refuge. The tiger then does not dare to move and sees that he must give up. In the province of Ngho-An, the hunters keep the animal in place by spells and tear away the underbrush until they hold him, dead or alive, at their mercy. Anamite sorcerers know how to pronounce spells to keep the tiger at a distance or to quiet his anger. The woodcutters also have spells to keep from being eaten up. When they go into the forest, they send out orders to the 'lord' so that they can work in safety. The best way, however, is to wear little amulets to preserve yourself from danger. One consists of a little bone with two projections found in the tiger's shoulder, which the dwellers in the higher valleys hang round their necks with a string.

On the edge of the mountainous region, before you get into the Anamite chain, you see many little altars, very simple in construction, no more than little niches, in which sticks of incense are burning. They are put there to render the geniuses of the forest favorable, and also to win the favor of the tiger. Not a traveler who passes fails to leave something at these little shrines — be it nothing more than a banana.

When Europeans hunt the tiger and kill him, you should see the scenes that follow and the joy of the natives as

they dispute over what is left of him! The whiskers, the teeth, and the claws are very much sought after. Ground into fine dust and dissolved in water, the whiskers make a violent poison, which you can feed to your enemies, who thereupon will inevitably vanish from this mortal scene. The Anamites, at least, hold that this is an infallible means of getting rid of them. As for the teeth and claws, they are used as good-luck charms, watch charms, or necklaces, and the teeth are still used to cure dog bites. They are filed down, and when the powder thus secured is dissolved in water, it is an infallible remedy. We may note one more remarkable belief. If you make a cigarette holder out of the canine tooth of a tiger that has eaten a man, you can see the image of the victim, its completeness depending upon the degree to which the smoke has colored the tooth.

Last of all, there are the nerves, which the natives carefully clean and macerate in alcohol. The resulting brew is an elixir of long life. If you eat tiger's liver or tiger's heart, your courage in battle will know no bounds. Among the Moï, after a tiger has been cooked, its skull and lower jaw are broken and the pieces buried separately, to keep the Lord of the Jungle's ghost from bringing disturbance and disaster upon the inhabitants of the village.

There are a great many proverbs, sayings, and maxims that relate to the tiger. He fills the thoughts of the Anamites, rousing their admiration, fear, and anger in turn. They say, 'to fear a man like a tiger,' 'to raise a tiger is to invite disaster,' 'to leap like a tiger,' or 'to have wings like a tiger,' for they credit the tiger with imaginary wings to account for his lightning attacks. Another proverb says that 'A

dead man leaves his reputation.' The curiosity that the tiger arouses may be guessed from this proverb: 'The crowd is always thickest at the triennial assembly and around a captive tiger.' When a flock of ravens rise croaking from a corner of the forest, it shows that a tiger has his lair in the vicinity, for in the animal's absence the ravens come to feast upon his leavings. Hence the proverb: 'The hoot of the owl shows the presence of the devil, the croak of the raven that of the tiger.'

Stories in which the tiger is hero are no less common, and indeed he is associated with events of national importance. The story goes that five hundred years ago there lived near the Hoan-Chan — called to-day the Nghe-An or the Vinh — a poor *nha-que* (peasant) who found a young tiger in a thicket, took it home with¹ him, and carefully reared it. He used to take it fishing with him and trained the animal to watch the weirs that he placed in favorable places in the river. But after a while the fish grew scarcer, and the *nha-que* suspected that his guard was allowing marauders to visit the weirs or was not doing his nightly duty with the necessary vigilance. One fine evening he crept out to catch the tiger in his negligence, but as he drew near the place he received a terrible blow from his paw. The tiger, thinking he was catching a thief, had leaped upon his own master. In vain the animal endeavored to bring him back to life, and so the unfortunate fish-guard took the man on his back, carried him to the edge of a wood, and there piously buried him. The people of the household, seeing that neither the man nor the tiger came back, searched the banks of the river, found the blood and the paw marks, and understood what had happened. They found the body of the *nha-que* and exhumed it with proper ceremony, but

a day later when they returned to the new grave, there was nothing but an empty ditch, and the body of the fisherman had disappeared. Further search showed that it had been taken by the faithful tiger and buried again at the edge of the wood. Then they understood that some mysterious cause was at work, and yielded to the desires of the animal, which never afterwards failed to render funeral honors to his old master.

Now, the descendants of the *nha-que* multiplied and prospered to a degree unknown before that. One of the members of this family was the famous Cang-Quoc-Cong, who so gloriously assisted the great Le-Loi, founder of the Lo dynasty, who freed the realm from the Chinese. Cang-Quoc-Cong had among his own descendants seventeen illustrious men, of whom the last, Nguyen-dinh-Dac, followed Quia-Long to Bangkok and became his lieutenant general. The geomancers explained the good fortune of the Cang-Quoc-Cong family by saying that the tiger, to atone for the wrong he had done in slaying their ancestor, the poor *nha-que*, had buried his benefactor on the very vein of the Dragon himself. The tomb which the tiger dug and prepared still stands on the Cua-ho road, not far from the Quan-Hanh station.

Another legend relative to the tiger's generosity comes from the region of Lang-son. In this province there dwelt a tiger which, after eating up a good many men, became a phantom — *con tinh* — and could become a man or resume his tigrish appearance at will. He had a certain number of victims marked down and among these prospective dinners was a certain Diouvan-Khaï of the village of Loc-Binh. The tiger took his stand outside Khaï's house, waiting for him to come out, but while he was mounting guard there a delicious odor set his nostrils tingling.

It was opium smoke. 'My Lord' liked it so well that he came back every evening to the same place to enjoy it, and through undergoing this delight repeatedly, became intoxicated. Khaï, who had perceived it, and seeing that he was under the spell of opium, politely invited him one day to come and smoke with him on the camp bed, and the tiger and the smoker became friends; but as such a friendly act ought to be reciprocated, the animal set off into the forest and brought back several pieces of game to his companion.

In the course of a later visit, however, the tiger bluntly said to Khaï, 'Of course, I'm very fond of you, but to my great regret, the day is drawing near when I shall have to eat you' — and he read off a list on which appeared the name of Khaï with the fatal date set down opposite. Khaï, much dismayed, asked in terror, 'Is n't there any chance for me?'

'Yes,' said the tiger, 'we might be able to fix things up. Give me a lock of your hair and a drop of your blood. On the fatal day I shall eat your hair and strike your name off the list with your own blood, just as if you had been properly devoured in the normal manner.'

By this stratagem Khaï escaped the death that the Heavenly Emperor wished him to meet with from the tiger, and so — thanks to the tiger's friendship — he had several years of leisure for the sage enjoyment of numerous pipes of opium.

There is another story about a tiger that was making ready to devour a cow, but the cow begged him to allow her to go just once more to suckle her calf. The calf, learning that he saw his mother for the last time, since she was to become the tiger's victim, ran to the Master of the Jungle. 'My mother is getting old,' said he, 'and I regret to say her meat is already a bit tough; but here I am — young, tender, appe-

tizing. Take me, Mr. Tiger, and let my mother live.' The mother, however, insisted that she should be the victim, and before the assault of this maternal and filial love, the tiger was so moved that he sent them both away without doing any harm to either of them.

Not always, however, do the stories show the tiger in such a favorable light. Sometimes the Anamites ridicule his stupidity, as, for example, in the story where the tiger is caught by a peasant, who, to give him a lesson, burns straw under his belly. Ever since that time, it would appear, the tigers have been striped with black. And to conclude, here is a résumé of the story in which the cunning of the fox and the credulity of the tiger are contrasted.

A fox, happening to meet a tiger, thought his last hour had come, but luckily for himself, he had the presence of mind to address the Lord of the Jungle in the following terms: 'Please

don't start to eat me, because I am sent from Heaven to administer the jungle and govern all the animals. If you don't believe it, I can give you proof. Let me ride on your neck, and see whether I don't spread terror wherever I go.' The tiger was willing to try the experiment. The fox got up on his neck and they started into the forest. Of course there was a terrified flight on the part of all the dwellers there who had wings or feet, as soon as the Lord Tiger showed himself.

'Well,' said the fox, 'didn't I tell you everybody was afraid of me?'

The naïf Lord of the Jungle agreed that was so, and the fox congratulated himself ever after on such a good stroke.

These are only a few of the stories that I have gathered among the natives. There is many another — the subject is inexhaustible, for the tiger is the one animal that grips the imagination of the Anamites.

'RUIN': A WORD AND A HISTORY

BY OWEN BARFIELD

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'*Les mots ont une âme*,' said Maupassant. '*La plupart des lecteurs, et même des écrivains, ne leur demandent qu'un sens. Il faut trouver cette âme qui apparaît au contact d'autres mots. . . .*'

'*Il faut trouver cette âme.*'

Schoolboys are taught to translate the Latin verb *ruo* by one of two words, 'rush' or 'fall.' It does in a sense mean both these things; yet to the imagination neither rendering alone is an adequate equivalent. There is, indeed, no

equivalent, and it is only possible, from some familiarity with native contexts, to feel the word's full significance. Nearly always it carries a large sense of swift, disastrous movement — *ruit arduus æther* of a deluge of rain, and again, *Fiat Justitia, ruat cælum*. The Greek *ῥέω*, 'to flow,' and cognate words in other European languages, suggest that the old rumbling, guttural 'r,' which modern palates have so thinned and refined, may have been mouthed for