ALI AND HASSAN.

FROM THE ALF LAYLAH WA LAYLAH.

All bade Hassan to his house to sup. They ate, passed round the full forbidden cup, Till, in an interval of dance and song, Hassan forgot his manners—loud and long. Struck with confusion, forth he fares, takes ship To utmost Ind and far-off Serendip. Full forty years he there abides: at last, Rich and respected, he contemns the past:— "If I declare myself, there's hope, I wot, Hassan's remembered, and his fault forgot!—" Determines to revisit home. Sweet airs Accomplishing the voyage, he repairs Unto the barber. "Tell me of the state! Haroun still holds the royal Caliphate?" "Nay," said the barber, "long ago he passed Where all delights are 'stinguished at the last, And all good things forgotten, wallahy! He died—aha now!—no—ves—let me see! Ten years, three months, four days, as I'm a sinner, Since Hassan let the—shame—at Ali's dinner."