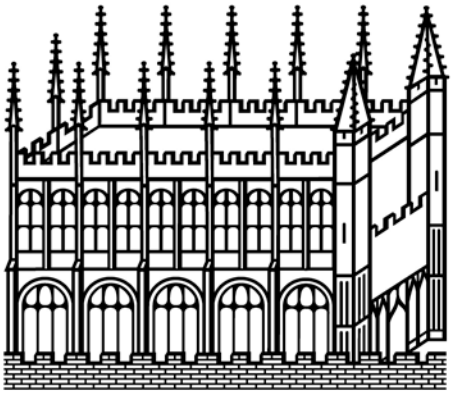

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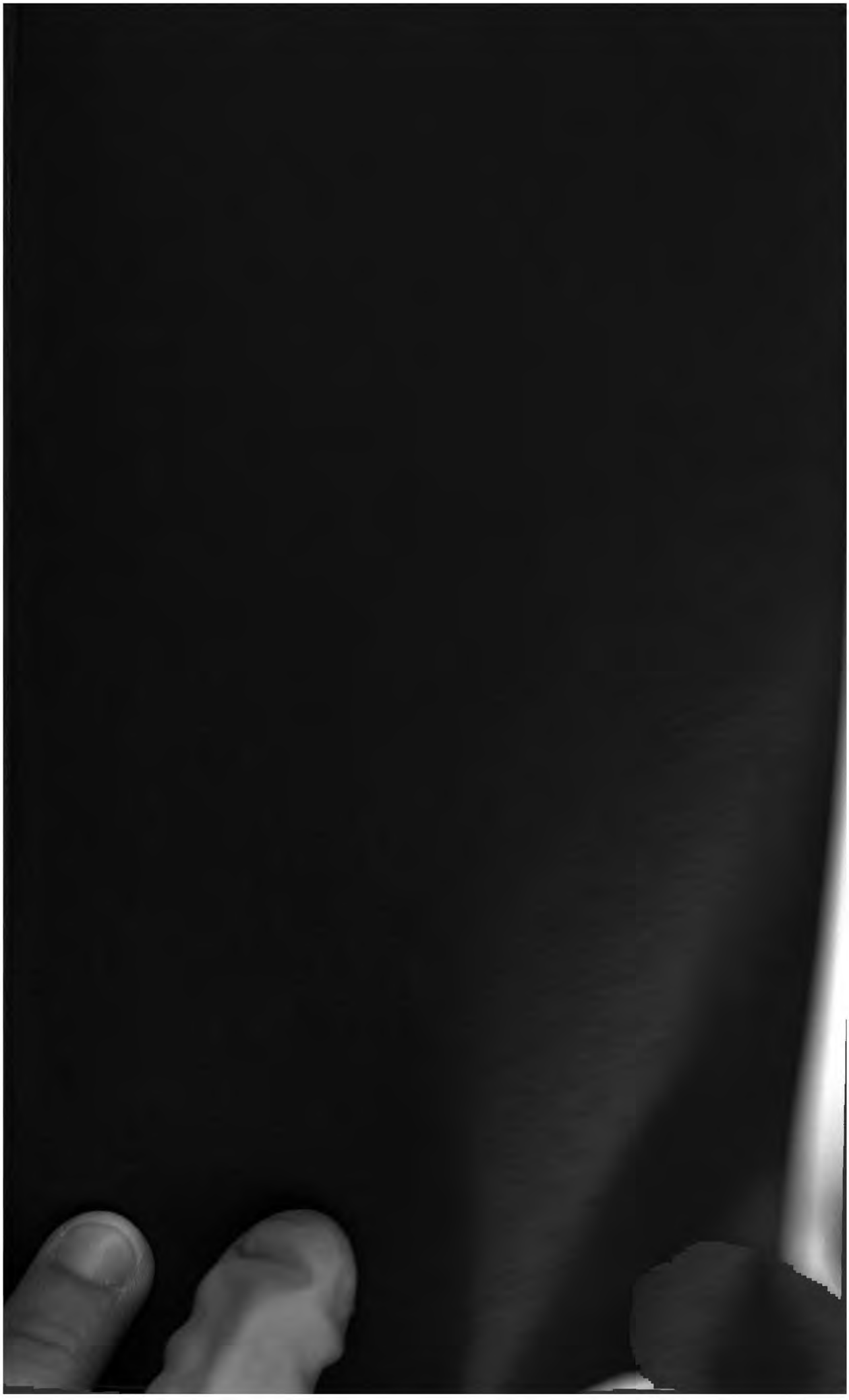

F. 21

THE STRANGE SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF THE VENERABLE GOOROO SIMPLE.

Lee

STRANGE SURPRISING ADVENTURES

OF THE VENERABLE

GOOROO SIMPLE,

AND HIS FIVE DISCIPLES,

NOODLE, DOODLE, WISEACRE, ZANY, AND FOOZLE.

Adorned with Fifty Illuſtrations, drawn on Wood,

By ALFRED CROWQUILL.

250. b. 143.

LONDON:
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1861.

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CONTENTS.

THE PUBLISHERS' ADVERTISEMENT - - - - - - - - - - 11
INTRODUCTION - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 17

STORY THE FIRST.

FORDING THE HISSING COBRA RIVER:

Showing how the Gooroo Simple and his Five Diſciples, Noodle, Doodle, Wiſeacre, Zany, and Foozle, came to a Cruel Stream, which could only be forded when it ſlept; together with the means they adopted to find out when it was aſleep, and how they whiled away the time upon its banks by ſtory-telling; Story of the Salt Merchants and the Two Aſſes; and ſtory of the Greedy Dog and the Mutton bone; fording the River with noiſeleſs ſteps, jala-jala and toonooko; counting heads and miſſing one; and what came of it - - - 37

STORY THE SECOND.

THE EGG IN THE MARE'S NEST.

The old crone of the Mattam teaches them how to count noſes; the neceſſity for horſe-fleſh quite a Parliamentary diſcuſſion; diſcovery of a Mare's Neſt; thoughts on Incubation; the duties of the Mattam; ſelecting the Egg; the Foal and its gambols; loſs of the Foal, and what it led to - 59

STORY THE THIRD.

THE GOOROO'S RIDE ON OX-BACK.

A ſcorching ſun and no ſhade; the Ox ſerves for a canopy, and his driver demands payment for its uſe; the Padeiyachi appointed judge; legal niceties of leave and licenſe; ſtory of a ſavoury reliſh for cold boiled rice, and payment for the treat; judgment of the Padeiyachi: the ſhadow of Money for the ſhadow of the Ox - - - - - - 84

STORY THE FOURTH.

FISHING FOR A HORSE.

Wiſeacre goes to a field, and performs his ablutions; the Temple of Ayinar, and the votive ſteed; Natural Philoſophy and as natural doubts; the horſe in the water, and how to catch it; Anglers never at a loſs; ſubſtitutes for line and hook; the nibble and bite; a long pull and a ſtrong pull, and loſs of the line and hook; the promiſed ſteed - 96

STORY THE FIFTH.

THE GOOROO ON HORSEBACK.

Riches and pleaſure; Don't look a gift-horſe in the mouth; the equeſtrian order; lucky days; the proceſſion; the tax of pride; toll to pay; ſtory of an unſavoury tax and ſweet-money; the horſe in the pound; the pocket teaches humility; the Valloovan turned veterinarian; a Rarey-ſhow - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 108

STORY THE SIXTH.

THE PROPHECY OF POOROHITA, THE BRAHMAN.

The Gooroo's homily on humility; ſtable-building; the example of Kalidaſa, how to lop the branches; the Poorohita and his Shaſter: "Asanam ſhitam jivana naſham—cold in the rear when death is near" - 127

STORY THE SEVENTH.

THE FALL FROM THE HORSE.

"Money, as well as need, makes the old man trot;" the loſs of the turban, and what befell in conſequence; the fall from the horſe, what the Cadjan ſaid, and how it was remedied; the ſymptom, Aſanam ſhitam, cold in the rear - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 143

STORY THE EIGHTH.

THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

The terrors of Aſanam ſhitam; the Gooroo orders his own grave; Mr. Merriman, Aſangadan, the ſon of "Old Fog," Achedanamoorti, brings conſolation; the rice-beater Poojei, a novel ſacrifice to the gods; the ſtory of the Chitty's pretty wife and the Pandarams; a good ſtory better than phyſic, and a good breakfaſt better than a grand funeral; Aſanam ſhitam not to be explained away, jivana naſham follows; lying in ſtate; purification of the dead, and funeral of the Gooroo Simple - 154

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS - - - - - - - - - - - - - 177

GLOSSARY - 217

LIST OF ENGRAVINGS.

No.		Page
1.	Showing the Contents	5
2.	Look out	8
3.	The Gooroo on the March	11
4.	Bye, bye! Buy	15
5.	Engraved Capital	17
6.	The Coming Event caſting its ſhadow	35
7.	Maſk of a Gooroo	37
8.	Wiſeacre turned Spy	40
9.	Greedineſs rewarded	46
10.	Jala jala, Toonookoo	50
11.	Counting Heads	51
12.	Proving the Sum	56
13.	A Speaking Likeneſs	57
14.	Safe at Home	58
15.	The one Tail	59
16.	The old Crone of the Mattam	61
17.	Off ſhe goes	78
18.	A Mare's-neſt	83
19.	A Cool Retreat	84
20.	A Novel Canopy	87
21.	A Reliſh for cold boiled Rice	91
22.	The Padeiyachi	95
23.	Contemplation	96
24.	The Gooroo and his Diſciples	97
25.	The Natural Philoſopher	99
26.	Throwing the Line	103
27.	A Long Pull and a Strong Pull	105

No.		Page
28.	A Friend in Need	107
29.	Coſtume of a Gooroo	108
30.	A Noble Steed	110
31.	The Gooroo on Horſeback	114
32.	A Barrier to Progreſs	116
33.	Sufficient that the Money comes	121
34.	The Nag's Head	122
35.	A Rarey-ſhow	126
36.	Hindoo Caligraphic Ornamentation	127
37.	The Gooroo's Homily	129
38.	Lopping a Branch	134
39.	Namaſcara and Affirvahdam	139
40.	The Poorohita's Shafter	142
41.	Heat and Fire	143
42.	Under the Banian Tree	145
43.	The Loft Turban	146
44.	Aſanam Shitam	150
45.	The Gripe of Dharma	153
46.	The Gooroo Simple	154
47.	Aſangadan, Son of Old Fog	160
48.	Sic Tranſit Gloria Mundi	174
49.	Suum cuique	215
50.	Grey Gooſequill's Pen	217

THE PUBLISHERS' ADVERTISEMENT.

IT WAS a very cold, wintry day, in the middle of the dog-days of laſt ſummer, when it had never ceaſed raining ſince the ſun had reached his meridian, on which, juſt as we had finiſhed our laſt letter for the poſt, our old and eſteemed friend, ALFRED CROWQUILL, entered at the door of Number Sixty. It was evident to us that ſome matter of importance muſt have been the cauſe of our friend's leaving the comforts of his cheerful

tranſpontine fireſide, on ſuch a day, for the ſolemn ſolitude of Southwark Bridge, and the ſluſh and dirt of Cheapſide and Paternoſter Row, in a pelting, pitileſs ſtorm of heavy rain. It was evident, too, from the manner in which he greeted us—with a coldneſs almoſt as chilling as the atmoſphere itſelf on that ſummer's afternoon, and quite foreign to his own genial nature—that he meant to pluck a crow with us before he left Number Sixty to return home.

Reader, do you know ALFRED CROWQUILL? Of courſe you do; everybody does. You have bought our editions of *The Travels of Baron Munchauſen*, and of the *Marvellous Adventures of Maſter Owl-glaſs*, and with theſe two laſting monuments of his fame in your left hand, you could not reſiſt the impulſe to croſs palms with him with your right. He is already an old friend of yours, as well as of ours. All further introduction is therefore unneceſſary; and you know that when he is put out——well, never mind! you know——ſo we at once ſought to make out the why and the wherefore, or, as our friend Mr. Timbs ſays, "the why and becauſe," of the apparent eſtrangement which was evidently ſpreading its upas-like tendrils round the heart of our very dear friend.

A little explanation put everything to rights. We had introduced ALFRED to another old friend of ours, GREY GOOSEQUILL, ſo that the two, laying their heads together, might in due time produce this beautiful volume of *The Strange Surpriſing Adventures of the Venerable Gooroo Simple,* which you are now holding ſo complacently in your hand. GREY GOOSEQUILL had not furniſhed the manuſcript copy with ſufficient rapidity to our friend, and hence his feathers had become a little ruffled, and that was all; and ſo, when all was again calm within, though the rain ſtill pattered unceaſingly againſt the light-reflectors of Number Sixty from without, and his own familiar ſmile told that ALFRED was "himſelf again," he drew out of a myſterious receſs in the breaſt of his great coat a little ſquare parcel, and placed it on the table before us. It was the drawing of the Padeiyachi ſniffing the Kabobs (engraved at page 91). The effect was perfectly irreſiſtible; and as it was juſt our proper hour for dinner, we adjourned through the rain to the ſnug room of *The Cathedral* hard by; and, after a time, in poſt-prandial talk, forgot all the annoyance of want of copy as, faſcinated by his reliſh of the ſavoury ſteam as a condiment to cold boiled rice, so graphically depicted in the face of the Padei-

yachi, we enjoyed all the more the good cheer of our hoſt of *The Cathedral.*

And now, gentle reader, you will probably ask "what has all this to do with me?" Simply this: that if our book pleases you, your thanks are no leſs due to ALFRED CROWQUILL than our own, for having ſedulouſly laboured at the illuſtrations which adorn it, with ſo great aſſiduity that the volume has made its appearance in time to cheer up many a Chriſtmas fireſide on both ſides of the Atlantic, notwithſtanding the lateneſs of the ſeason at which his many other engagements only permitted GREY GOOSEQUILL to forward the copy in a complete ſtate to our friend's transpontine ſtudio.

When the famous folio of 1623 appeared, in which, for the firſt time, "the Comedies, Hiſtories, and Tragedies of Mr. William Shakespeare" were collected together, it was accompanied by an addreſs "To the great Variety of Readers, to the moſt able, and to him that can but ſpell," by the players who gave it to the world. As we hope to number many of both theſe claſſes amongſt our patrons, we cannot do better than remind them, in the words of thoſe

players, that "the fate of every Booke depends upon their capacities, and not of their heads alone, but of their purſes—to read and cenſure it; but to buy it firſt, as that doth beſt commend a Booke, the Stationer ſays. Therefore, whatever you do, buy. Cenſure will not drive a Trade, or make the Jacke go."

And now, in the words of the printers of old, we have only to add, *Vale et nos ama*—which, for the benefit of country cousins, may be interpreted to mean, "Bye! bye! Buy!"

60, PATERNOSTER ROW,
Chriſtmas Eve.

INTRODUCTION.

TELLING ſtories is eſſentially an Oriental accompliſhment; or, rather, if one may uſe the term, an Oriental gift, and hence it need not be wondered at that many of the tales and ſtories found in the *Geſta Romanorum*, and its kindred collections in European literature, are alſo of Oriental origin. We believe that it is now generally admitted that ſuch older tales, in which men are the perſons of the drama, are to be traced to an Eaſtern ſource; but that fables, in which animals perform the incidents and are endowed with ſpeech, properly belong to Weſtern literature. As exceptions but prove a rule, the few original fables met with in the former, and the ſtill fewer original tales of the claſs alluded to, which are found in the latter, are themſelves but evidences of the correctneſs of the theory.

It was to his education amongſt the Greeks at

Athens, and as the contemporary of Solon and Chilo, whoſe friendſhip he enjoyed, that the young Phrygian was indebted for the elegant turn of thought and refinement of his fables, which, though illuſtrating the ſame human paſſions and weakneſſes as the tales of the Eaſt, are remarkably free from the immoral alluſions and coarſeneſs which pervade moſt of the latter. His celebrated anſwer to his friend Chilo, one of the ſeven ſages, is at once a key to his perſonal character, and to the morality of his fables. When aſked by the ſage, "What God was doing?" he replied, "He is depreſſing the proud and exalting the humble," an anſwer which M. Bayle, in his celebrated article on Æſop, calls truly wonderful, as proceeding from a Pagan writer who lived nearly ſix centuries before the birth of Chriſt.

But the elegance and refinement of the Greek fabuliſt were acquired at the coſt of the broad humour and racineſs which form the great charm of Oriental tales, and to that humour and that racineſs was owing the popularity of the latter, which gradually ſpread from Eaſt to Weſt, and which, till thoſe Frankiſh ſtorytellers, Boccaccio and Chaucer, appeared in the fourteenth century, were the ſources from which, with few exceptions, all our many books of ſtories, once ſo popular throughout Europe, had their riſe.

It was owing, perhaps, to the ſpread of Iſlamiſm through the land of the Gentoos that European literature was firſt enriched with theſe ſpoils from the

Eaſt; for it was not till the tenth century that theſe Indian tales were dreſſed up in Persian and Arabic, from which they rapidly found their way into the languages of the Weſt. Then followed, early in the thirteenth century, the empire of the Moguls, ſpreading into Europe with its power alſo the literature of the Arabs, of which theſe Indian tales then formed an eſſential portion, till gradually they at length became ſo engrafted with that of all the nations of the Weſt, changing their ſhape and colour, chameleon-like, to ſuit the taſte of each, that it is frequently difficult to trace the origin of ſome of them, which, like Proteus of old, aſſume many ſhapes and elude our graſp after all our toil, long before we can ſecure the Sanſkrit or Tamul fetters with which to bind them. In the notes ſeveral inſtances of this pliability of the rich ore will be found; but as the object of the publiſhers was rather to furniſh an amuſing volume than a dry antiquarian treatiſe, the reader who delights in ſuch purſuits will meet with a very mine of wealth in the introductory volume to Benfey's German tranſlation of *Pantſha-tantra: five Books of Indian Fables, Tales, and Stories,* publiſhed at Leipzig in 1859.

The ſtory of the Gooroo Paramartan, of which the reader is here preſented with a free Engliſh paraphraſe, is a popular ſatire on the Brahmans, current in its detached portions in ſeveral parts of India, and has one great merit, as a whole, over moſt Hindoo compoſitions, that though by no means void of humour,

and occaſionally ſomewhat coarſe in its alluſions, none of theſe have the leaſt immoral tendency.

M. Dubois, who includes a French paraphraſe of it in his *Fables et Contes Indiens,* ſays that Father Beſchi, who has given us a Tamul text of theſe adventures, has by some been conſidered as the author and inventor of them, his intention being to turn the Brahmans and their cuſtoms into ridicule; but he adds, "Mais d'après les conſeignemens que j'ai été à portée d'obtenir ſur ce ſujet j'ai tout lieu de croire qu'il n'en fut que le compilateur. J'ai reconnu les fonds de ces contes dans des pays où ni le nom, ni les écrits du P. Beſchi n'étaient jamais parvenus, et je ne fais aucun doute qu'ils ne ſoient réellement d'origine Indienne, au moins quant au fond, quoique ce ne ſoit en effet qu'une ſatire fine contre les Brahmes."

Indeed, there is every probability that this ſatire on the dominant caſte dates from as early a period as the ſtruggles for supremacy between the Brahmans and the followers of Guadama, and is rather of Buddhiſt origin than an emanation from the pen of a member of the Society of Jeſus; juſt as when the Pope of Rome, in the Middle Ages, ſent forth his ſpecial police in the ſhape of the mendicant friars throughout the Weſtern Church,—monks and friars, Regulars and Mendicants, waged a fierce war againſt each other, the principal weapon of which was ſatire, traces of which we find in the roof-knots and groteſque faces, and in the carvings beneath the prieſts' ſtools in ſo many of

our eccleſiaſtical edifices, and in miſſal borderings and illuminations, till it found its embodiment in the poems of the followers of Wycliff, in the *Viſions of Pierce Plowman,* of Robert Langeland, and the *Canterbury Tales* of Geoffrey Chaucer.

The miſſionary Beſchi reſided for thirty years in the South of India, and during ſo long a ſojourn he became thoroughly acquainted with the literature of the country, and compoſed ſeveral Tamul works of conſiderable celebrity, becoming indeed ſo popular with the natives as to have received the name of *Viramamooni,* or Great Champion Devotee. He was a native of Italy, and belonged to the Propaganda Order of the Society of Jeſus; was appointed by the Pope to the Eaſt India Miſſion, and arrived at Goa in 1700; and being ſupported both by Clement XI. and Gregory XIII. he became one of the moſt active miſſionaries of his order, changing from time to time the field of his activity, and making himſelf maſter of the original languages and dialects of India. During a reſidence at Avor, in the diſtrict of Trichinopoly, he ſtudied the Tamul in both its dialects,—the Koden Tamul, the ordinary dialect, and the Shen Tamul, the elegant dialect; as well as the Sanſkrit and the Teloogoo; acquiring at the ſame time alſo the Hindoſtannee and Perſian.

"From the moment of his arrival in India," ſays Mr. Babington, "he, in conformity with Hindoo cuſtom, abandoned the uſe of animal food, and em-

ployed Brahmans to prepare his meals. He adopted the habit of a religious devotee, and on his viſitations to his flock aſſumed all the pomp and pageantry with which Hindoo Gooroos uſually travel." He founded ſeveral churches, and wrote an epic upon the Madonna and Holy Family, under the title of *Tembavani*, which conſiſts of no leſs than 3615 tetraſticks, and is ſaid to poſſeſs conſiderable merit; and dreading apparently the kindly intentions of future critics, on the plan of the Delphin editions of the Greek and Latin claſſics he added a proſe interpretation to each tetraſtick to convey its true meaning to poſterity. He compoſed ſeveral other works in verſe, beſides religious treatiſes of doctrine and practice, intended for the uſe of his converts to Chriſtianity; and for the aid of future miſſionaries a Tamul and Latin Dictionary, a ſecond in Tamul and French, and a third in Tamul and Portugueſe, beſides ſeveral grammars of the Koden, Tamul, and Shen Tamul, and other ſimilar grammatical and philological works.

"M. Beſchi," adds Mr. Babington, "was as much diſtinguiſhed for his piety and benevolence as for his learning. To the converſion of idolaters his principal efforts were of courſe directed, and they are ſaid to have been uncommonly ſucceſsful. Perfect maſter of Hindoo ſcience, opinions, and prejudices, he was eminently qualified to expoſe the fallacies of their doctrine, and the abſurdities of their religious practices; and accordingly he is much extolled for the triumphs

which he obtained in thoſe controverſial diſputations which are ſo frequent among the learned in India, and for the almoſt miraculous ſkill which he diſplayed in ſolving various enigmatical queſtions which his adverſaries propounded for his embarraſſment."

He appears gradually to have ingratiated himſelf with the native princes, riſing to the appointment of Divan, which he held under the celebrated Chunda Sahib, during his rule as Nabob of Trichinopoly, on the death of the Rajah in 1736. When the city was beſieged by the Mahratta army under Morary Rao, in 1740, and Chunda Sahib taken priſoner, Beſchi fled to the city of Gayal Patinam, then belonging to the Dutch, where he died, in 1742.

To Father Beſchi we owe, no doubt, the collecting into one form and into the ſame language the ſeveral tales which are here preſented to the reader; but whether he intended them to render the prieſthood of the people, amongſt whom he lived, ridiculous is a point upon which we feel inclined to join iſſue with Mr. Babington, to whom we are indebted for the printed Tamul text, and an excellent literal tranſlation of Beſchi's compilation. On the contrary, conſidering how perſeveringly the learned Jeſuit laboured in the preparation of dictionaries and grammars of the Tamul language and dialects, we are inclined to ſee in his verſion of theſe tales into Tamul little elſe than the production of a ſuitable leſſon-book for pupils of the Propaganda at Rome and miſſionaries in India; the

more ſo, indeed, becauſe of the great variety of words, idiomatical expreſſions and conſtructions, habits and cuſtoms, which he has brought together into ſo ſmall a compaſs evidently for ſuch a purpoſe.

It is this latter peculiarity which makes it neceſſary to preſent "The Adventures of the Gooroo Simple" to the merely Engliſh reader in a free, rather than in a literal verſion, becauſe, from the great diſſimilarity in the conſtruction of the two languages, in the former the force and ſpirit of the original would be ſacrificed to the mechanical rendering of the words, thus evidently employed ſolely for the purpoſe juſt ſtated. This neceſſity will at once be admitted, when it is known that in Tamul there is no relative pronoun, that adjectives and adverbs are moſtly the ſame word, and that there is alſo a conjugated derivative. The Tamul is not derived from any language that is known to us, and is probably the offspring of one now long loſt, which may have ſerved for the common parent of it and Teloogoo, Malayatam, and Canareſe, and date from the earlieſt antiquity.

Satire is defined by Dryden to be a compoſition "in which the vices and follies of mankind are inveighed againſt, expoſed, and held up to ridicule and contempt." It bears a near affinity to raillery, and is frequently little more than a lampoon, but always oppoſed to panegyric. It muſt have truth for its baſis, and however diſtorted, its truthfulneſs muſt ever be apparent. The narrative of the Gooroo's troubles

and misfortunes is a latent attack upon the diviſion into caſtes of the Hindoos, the office of Gooroo being one of the higheſt dignities of the higheſt caſte, the members of which, from their ſuppoſed deſcent from the mouth of Brahma, are the hereditary lights of the world, and ſole expounders of the doctrines contained in the Vedas, the moſt ſacred of Hindoo books. His five pupils, Noodle, Doodle, Wiſeacre, Zany, and Foozle, may be ſaid to repreſent the regenerated Brahmans, receiving inſtruction from the Vedas, a Brahman youth of eight to ſixteen being admitted, as the caſe may be, to wear the girdle of the ſecond birth, and receive that inſtruction, earlier than thoſe of the caſtes of *Kſhatriya* and *Vaiſya*, warriors and merchants, whilſt the girdle is altogether denied to the *Sudra* caſte of labourers. Noodle and Doodle are both repreſented as qualifying themſelves for the higheſt dignities of the Brahman caſte, denoting their pure deſcent from Brahman father and mother; whilſt Wiſeacre, as the angler for the horſe's ſhadow, may be accounted a type of the mixed caſte *Paraſcara*, the ſons of Brahman fathers and Sudra mothers, whoſe occupation is catching fiſh. Zany, in like manner, may denote a ſecond mixed caſte of Brahmans, the *Mûrdhâbhiſhicta*, the ſons of Brahman fathers and Kſhatryia mothers, whoſe duty it is to teach martial exerciſes; and hence, on the preſent to the Gooroo of the old worn-out horſe in the fourth ſtory, he at once aſſumes the leaderſhip and marſhals the pro-

ceſſion. So, too, in Foozle, perhaps, we are to trace a third mixed caſte of Brahmans, the *Vaidya*, the ſons of Brahman fathers and Vaiſya mothers, who practiſe the healing art and the cognate ſcience of cookery, the latter qualification in Foozle being fully ſet forth in the ſecond ſtory. Thus we have in the *dramatis perſonæ* all the chief ſubdiviſions of the Brahmanical claſs repreſented and ridiculed.

The literature of the Hindoos owes but little to the hereditary claimants to the ſole poſſeſſion of divine light and knowledge. On the contrary, with the many things which the Brahmans are forbidden to touch, if left to them alone, all ſcience would ſtagnate, and clever men, whoſe genius cannot be held in trammels, therefore, ſoon become outcaſts, and ſwell the number of *Pariars* in conſequence of their very purſuit of knowledge. Thus Aſangadan, the Mr. Merriman of our tale, tells the Gooroo, in the eighth ſtory, that the deſcription of the Ricebeater's Poojei, which was evidently an emanation of his own brain, to amuſe the poor hypochondriac, will not be found in the writings of the *Poorrachchameigans*, becauſe to that odious ſect of Pariars in the eyes of a Brahman, the Tamuls owe the greater part of works on ſcience. Then, too, we have a *Vallooran* introduced in the fifth ſtory, one of a ſect of Pariars particularly ſhunned by the Brahmans, becauſe to them Hindoo literature is indebted almoſt excluſively for the many moral poems and books of aphoriſms which are its chief

pride, ridiculing and making fun of the Gooroo and his pupils, all the time that he is duping them by a very patent impoſture. Indeed, we are inclined to believe, if the conjecture ſtarted with is thought untenable that theſe lampoons on the Brahmanical caſte may have emanated from the followers of Buddhism, that, rather than to the Jeſuit Father Beſchi, we ſhould ſeek to trace them to the Vallooran Pariars, whoſe contempt for the arrogant and ſtiff-necked ignorance of the Brahmans is thus covertly conveyed in popular ſtories to the maſſes of the people.

On the whole, this conjecture would appear to be ſomewhat near the truth. It has already been ſhown that this claſs of literature emanated chiefly from thoſe deſpiſed outcaſts, the Pariars, the very men who, uſing keener ſpectacles than Dr. Robertſon, our historian of Ancient India, did (who ſingularly became the panegyriſt of Gentoo ſubdiviſions), ſaw that to bind human intellect and human energy within the wire-fences of Hindoo caſtes is as impoſſible as to ſhut up the winds of heaven in a temple built by man's hand, and, throwing off their allegiance to a ſyſtem which ſhut out all progreſs, boldly thought for themſelves. What ſo likely, then, as that theſe men ſhould level their ſatire againſt a ſyſtem ſo fraught with miſchief to the cultivation of the intellect in its healthy connection with the world's progreſs? Accordingly, we find in the *Pantſhatantra* the ſame bold attacks upon the Brahmanical caſte as thoſe

which have been collected together by Father Beſchi, under the title of "The Story of the Gooroo Paramartan."

The date of the *Pantſhatantra* is not eaſily aſcertained. Like all collections of Oriental fables and ſtories, in its ſeparate parts it may have exiſted many centuries before it aſſumed its preſent ſhape and form as a whole; or it may have gradually grown up in its details through as many centuries, till the idea ſtruck its compiler to arrange it as we now have it. This is ſomewhat evident from the fact that the ſeparate portions of the work do not form ſuch a cloſe and connected illuſtration of an original idea as would have been the caſe had all the ſtories belonged to one period, or owed their origin to one mind. For our purpoſe, however, there is abundant evidence of its exiſtence prior to *Khoſru Anuſhirvan*, and conſequently, at the cloſe of the fifth or beginning of the ſixth century of the Chriſtian era. *Pantſhatantra* was made known to Europe by means of Hebrew, Latin, and German tranſlations towards the end of the fifteenth century; ſo that Beſchi, living, as he did, in the eighteenth, even if he had not been the elegant Oriental ſcholar that he was, might have been acquainted through the Latin with ſome of the materials he made uſe of in the ſtory of Paramartan, before his appointment to the Eaſt India Miſſion. The original text of *Pantſhatantra* is even doubtful, as different compilations of the ſtories of which it is

compoſed, under kindred titles, exiſt in Sanſkrit, Tamul, Canareſe, and Teloogoo; and this evidence of its great popularity in India muſt abſolve Beſchi from the charge of originating ſo keen a ſatire upon the Brahmans as are theſe "Strange Surpriſing Adventures," at a time when he was eating their ſalt, and outwardly conforming to their habits and predilections.

By way of illuſtrating the poſition we have aſſumed we will give two tales, taken almoſt haphazard out of the fifth Tantra, pages 332—336 of the ſecond volume.

"*Common ſenſe is far better than book-knowledge. He who lacks common ſenſe is ſure to periſh, juſt as it happened to the Lion-makers.*" "Pray how was that?" aſked the man with the wheel. Upon which the goldmaker told the following ſtory:—

The more Learned, the more Conceited and Perverse; or, the Lion-makers.

"In a certain town there once lived four Brahmans, who had the greateſt affection for one another. Of theſe three had acquired all knowledge which books can impart, but poſſeſſed not a grain of common ſenſe. The fourth had not learnt anything from books; indeed, he only had common ſenſe, and nothing more. It ſo happened that once they all met together to deliberate upon 'the worth of knowledge, and whether by means of it a fortune cannot be

obtained by going into foreign lands and winning thereby the favour of princes?' 'At all events,' ſaid they, 'let us all go into foreign lands.' Accordingly, as they were journeying together, after a while, the eldeſt of them ſaid: 'Hem! by the bye, one of us has not learnt any ſcience, and only poſſeſſes common ſenſe. Now, as princes never make gifts to the poſſeſſors of common ſenſe without it is alſo allied to knowledge acquired from books, he muſt not expect to partake of that which we ſhall receive, and ſo may as well at once turn back and go home again.' Upon which the ſecond Brahman added: 'So ho, Maſter Common-ſenſe, as you have learnt nothing, make yourſelf ſcarce, and go home again!' 'No, no,' put in the third, 'to act ſo would not be right and proper on our part. From childhood we have always played together, and therefore pray let him be one of us. He is a very worthy fellow, too, and as ſuch ſhould partake of the wealth we may acquire.' This point ſettled, the four travelled on again together. By and by they came to a wood, in which were the bones of a dead lion. 'Now, then,' ſaid the eldeſt, 'here is a fine opportunity for us to prove that knowledge is power, by bringing the dead animal again to life by means of the ſciences we have acquired by deep ſtudy.' Upon this one of them ſaid, 'I know how to put the ſkeleton together;' another, 'I can produce ſkin, fleſh, and blood;' and the third, 'I can animate the maſs.' So the firſt put the bones together into form;

the ſecond added fleſh, blood, and ſkin; and the third was juſt upon the point of animating the maſs, when he who only had common ſenſe reproved him, ſaying, 'Why, it is a lion; if you bring him to life he will deſtroy us all!' 'Fie, fie! Out upon ſuch ignorance,' replied the other; 'in my hands knowledge ſhall never lie idle;' upon which the other said, 'Then wait till I firſt climb up yonder tree.' When he had done this, the lion, being brought to life, ſprang upon the other three and killed them; whilſt he who only had common ſenſe waited till the lion had departed into the jungle, when he deſcended from the tree and went home unhurt."

"That is why I ſaid, 'Common ſenſe is far better than book-knowledge; he who lacks common ſenſe is ſure to periſh, juſt as it happened to the lion-makers.' Beſides, it is alſo ſaid, '*They who ſeek wiſdom only from books, without a knowledge of the ways of the world, are but learned fools, and reap the world's contempt.*'" "How is that?" aſked the man with the wheel, upon which his companion told the ſtory of

The Book-Learned.

"It ſo happened that there lived in a certain town four Brahmans, who were great friends. 'Hem!' ſaid one, 'let us go into foreign lands and acquire all ſcience.' Such their determination, theſe four Brahmans ſet out one day on their journey to Kanja-

kuddſha (*Kanodſha*) to become perfect maſters of ſcience. Arrived at their deſtination, they entered a mattam under a celebrated Gooroo, and ſtudied diligently. Here they remained for twelve years, during which time, as they only occupied their minds with their books, they acquired all knowledge which books can impart. Upon this, they all four met together and ſaid, 'We have ſucceſsfully croſſed the ſtream of knowledge; now, therefore, let us aſk permiſſion of the wiſe Gooroo to depart and return again to our homes.' When all had repeated, 'So let it be,' they begged of the Gooroo to allow them to depart, and having obtained his permiſſion, they packed up their books and ſtarted for home. After a while they came to a part of the road where it divaricated to the right and to the left; ſo having ſeated themſelves by the wayſide, 'Now,' aſked one, 'which way are we to go?'

* * * * * *

"Some time after, as theſe learned Brahmans were purſuing their way in the company of a pilgrim journeying to a meeting of pious devotees, they came to a grave-yard, in which there was a donkey cropping the rank herbage from the graves. So they all at once began to aſk, 'What is that?' and one of them opening his book,* as is their wont, and applying the firſt

* Theſe *Sortes* are of very early origin, and were no doubt adopted from the Eaſt by the Greeks, and Sir Richard Paul Jodrell, in his "Illuſtrations of Euripides" (vol. i., p. 174), informs us that a ſimilar practice prevailed amongſt the Hebrews, by whom it was called *Bath-*

paſſage which meets the eye to the exigences of the caſe, read aloud, 'He who ſtands is of thy kindred,' upon which he ſaid, 'This, then, is one of us;' whereupon they all came around the aſs, one kiſſing him, and another ſhaking him by the fore foot. Whilſt ſo engaged, they alſo eſpied a camel. 'What, then, is that?' aſked they. So the third opened his book and read, 'Swift is the courſe of Dharma.'* 'Surely, then,' ſaid he, 'that is Dharma;' upon which the ſecond added, 'Love ſhould lead to Dharma;' ſaying which he took the aſs and tied it to the neck of the camel. This was ſeen by a paſſer-by, who went and told the Valkeer who owned the donkey, and who ſet off immediately, intending to give the learned blockheads a ſound thraſhing; but they, ſeeing him running towards them, made off as faſt as their legs would carry them.

After a while they came up to a river, which they had to croſs, when one of them, ſeeing a palm leaf floating down the ſtream, ſaid, 'That which floats will carry us over,' and immediately jumping upon it, went down and only ſhowed his head above the

kol. Every one will recollect the alluſion made by Gibbon to it (vol. vi. p. 333) where the meſſengers of Clovis are repreſented as liſtening to the words of the pſalm being chanted as they enter the ſhrine of St. Martin, and alſo the prophecy of evil to Charles the Firſt from an application of the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, when he opened upon *Æneidos*, lib. iv. vers. 615, &c. The early Chriſtians uſed the Bible for the ſame purpoſe till it was put down by the authority of the Church.

* Juſtice; alſo the God of Juſtice and of Death.

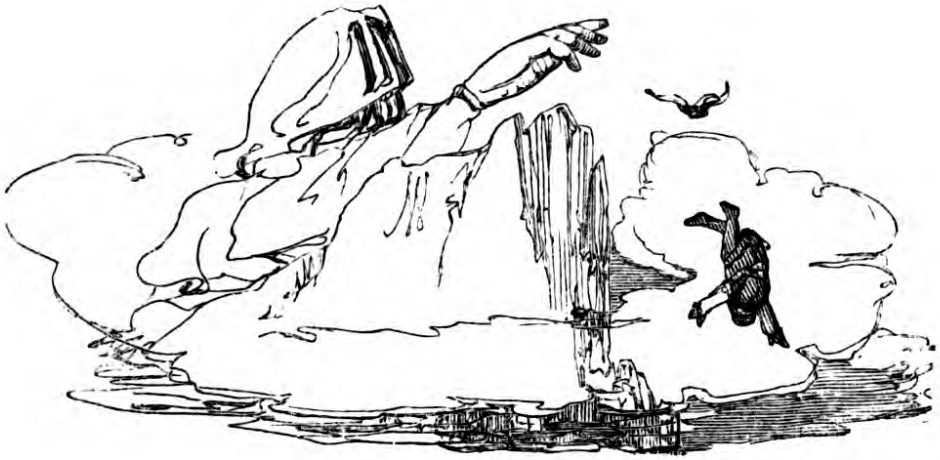
water. Seeing this, one of his companions ſeized him by the hair of his head, and, exclaiming, 'When a loſs of the whole is threatened, a wiſe man will be content to preſerve a part; to loſe all is hard indeed,' he cut off the head of the drowning man.

"The three others proceeded on their journey, and came, about the firſt watch of the night, to a village, three inhabitants of which aſked each one of the Brahmans to be his gueſt, and took him to his houſe, ſo that theſe learned men were ſeparated for the time in three different dwellings. By way of refreſhment, before one was placed ſome vermicelli, prepared with ſugar and butter; ſo, opening his book, he read,—'He who takes long threads comes to an end,' upon which he turned on his heel, and left the food untaſted. The hoſt of the ſecond placed paſtry with whipped cream before him; but remembering the ſaying,—'What is too thin and too big will not live long,' he too departed without touching the food prepared for him. The third, to whom ſome buttered crumpets were preſented, turned to his book, and read,—'Where there are holes, there evil lurks,' ſo he, too, went his way. In this manner, then, did theſe three book-learned blockheads travel on, weary, hungry, and thirſty, to their home, laughed at by the villagers, and deſpiſed for their want of common ſenſe, and it was this which made me ſay,—'*They who ſeek wiſdom only from books, without a knowledge*

of the ways of the world, are but learned fools, and reap the world's contempt.' "

The only trait of Brahman cleverneſs which the tale of the Gooroo portrays is the cunning way in which, in the ſixth ſtory, the *Poorahita* gets out of a dilemma by the aſſumption of a knowledge which he did not poſſeſs, ſimply by uttering the myſtical jargon :—

ASANAM · SHITAM · JIVANA · NASHAM.

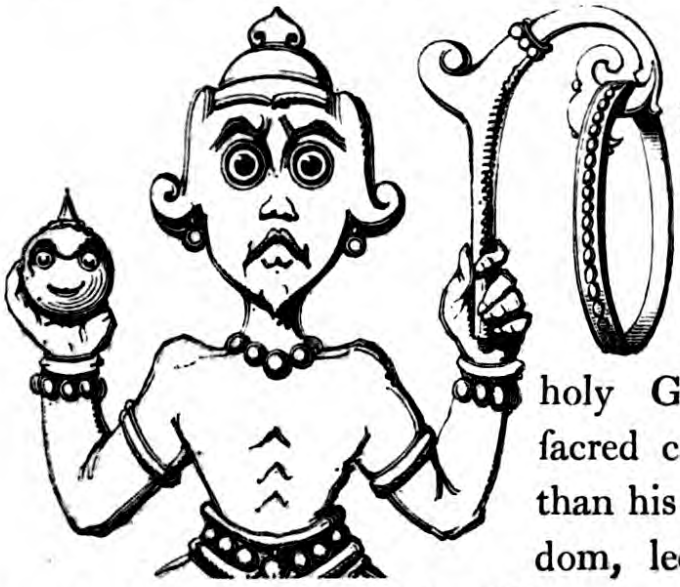


THE STRANGE SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF THE VENERABLE *GOOROO SIMPLE.*

THE FIRST STORY.

FORDING THE HISSING COBRA RIVER:

Showing how the Gooroo Simple and his Five Diſciples, Noodle, Doodle, Wiſeacre, Zany, and Foozle, came to a Cruel Stream, which could only be forded when it ſlept; together with the means they adopted to find out when it was aſleep, and how they whiled away the time upon its banks by ſtory-telling; Story of the Salt Merchants and the Two Aſſes; and ſtory of the Greedy Dog and the Mutton bone; fording the River with noiſeleſs ſteps; jala-jala and toonooko; counting heads and miſſing one; and what came of it.



ONCE upon a time, there lived in the land of the Hindoos a holy Gooroo, whoſe ſacred calling, no leſs than his wondrous wiſdom, led all men to reverence him. He had five followers, or diſciples, who attended his ſteps, aiding him in his duties, and ho-

nouring and ſerving him; ſharing his boiled rice as their daily food, and picking up the golden words of wiſdom which fell from his lips, as pearls beyond all price, to be treaſured up for ever. The chief of theſe diſciples was named Noodle, and came from a very long line of anceſtors, his pedigree being only loſt in the Flood. Then came Doodle, a wiſe youth, who loved to lie under the ſhade of the trees, which ſurrounded the mattam of the Gooroo, in which they all lived, and with cloſed eyes, to watch the motion of the clouds in order to ſtudy the theory and cauſe of rain. Next was Wiſeacre, the good Gooroo's right-hand man, whom he delighted to honour, and to employ upon all important occaſions, even to the purchaſe of a horſe. After him came Foozle and Zany, two youths of very different characters, but both of great promiſe; and though neither of them had the aptitude of Noodle, the deep thought of Doodle, nor the promptitude of Wiſeacre, it ſeldom happened but that, after much and mature conſideration, both Foozle and Zany became of the ſame mind in all things with the Gooroo and his three more promiſing diſciples.

One day the Gooroo and his five pupils had made the viſitation of his diſtrict, teaching the people as they went along, and increaſing the number of his diſciples, when, all at once, about midday, juſt at the third watch, the whole ſix found themſelves on the bank of a ſtream, which they had to ford on their way home to the mattam, the white pinnacles of which they

could ſee ſtanding out in the ſunlight from amongſt the far diſtant trees. After a little ſearch to diſcover where this could beſt be managed, they came to a ſhelving ſlope in the bank, and juſt as Zany and Noodle, Doodle, Foozle, and Wiſeacre, were about to ſtep into the water, the thoughtful Gooroo ſtayed them in theſe words :—

"My children, let us act with caution. This River is, at beſt, an ill-conditioned and ſpiteful one, and not a few are the tales told of its treachery and cunning, of the heavy diſaſters which have befallen travellers who truſted to its good faith, and the deſolation it has ſpread over many a happy home. Now, I have heard that it is never ſafe to intruſt one's ſelf to it while it is awake, but only when it is aſleep; ſo that it is always wiſe, before venturing to put one's foot in it, firſt to aſcertain whether it is awake or not. Therefore, Wiſeacre, my ſon, do thou approach noiſeleſſly on tiptoe to its margin, and find out whether it has yet turned in for its noonday reſt, and has gone to ſleep. That done, we ſhall be able to act with prudence, and decide whether to croſs at once, or wait for a more auſpicious moment."

All admired the wiſdom and forethought of their maſter, and Wiſeacre, by way of preparation for ſo important a duty, lighted a cheroot, and approached daintily and gingerly on tiptoe, as he had been told, the margin of the treacherous River, carrying with him the burning brand, which had ſerved him to light

his "weed," though he now could ſcarcely hold the cheroot between his teeth, ſo anxious had he become. When he had got within arm's-length of the ſtream, he ſtretched out his hand as he bent forward to the utmoſt, and touched the water with the lighted brand, when the River immediately ſent forth a hiſſing noiſe, like a ſerpent about to encompaſs its prey. In his fright, Wiſeacre ſcarcely made two bounds ere he

reached the top of the bank, where the Gooroo and his fellow pupils were ſeated. "O, Maſter, Maſter!" ſaid he, when he had recovered his breath, "the perfidious River is wide awake! This is, indeed, no time for fording it; for no ſooner had I touched it, than it flew into a rage, and, hiſſing like a ſnake, would have worried and ſwallowed me up, if I had not ruſhed

away; and, of a truth, I ſcarcely know how I got here; for, in its anger at my intruſion, it ſputtered and ſmoked, and leaped, and ruſhed at me as I bounded up the bank. Indeed, indeed, Maſter! your wiſdom and caution have ſaved us; for, had we ventured to croſs the River without firſt aſcertaining if it were aſleep or no, not one of us would have been left to tell the tale, ſo angry and fierce was its wrath."

It is pleaſant to all men to feel that the advice we give to one another has been ſound and good, and to one ſo wiſe and learned as the Gooroo it was now particularly ſo. So, when Wiſeacre had finiſhed the report of his eſcape from his incenſed enemy, to which all had liſtened with painful attention and aſtoniſhment, the Gooroo looked down benignly upon the aſſembled group of pupils, ſaying—"No *wiſe* man counſels another to act at variance with the will of the gods." He had pronounced theſe words in the ſolemn tone in which he was in the habit of addreſſing the flock of his dioceſe, and had ſkilfully put the emphaſis on the word *wiſe*. It had its effect; for, from long experience Noodle, Doodle, and Wiſeacre well knew that now would follow words of true wiſdom, ſuch as few other men could utter. After a ſhort pauſe he continued—"My children, may the will of the gods and our deſtiny be propitious! To the firſt we muſt bow; to the ſecond we muſt ſubmit! What is ordained for him will fall to the lot of man. Even the gods cannot hinder it. Therefore, do not let us repine at fate, but wonder; for that which is ours belongs to none other.

If contradictions and calamities beſet our path in life, by patience and reſignation we muſt ſtrive to reconcile the one and to bear the other. Follow me, therefore, to the ſhade of yonder palms, and there patiently, and with proper ſubmiſſion to our fate, let us abide for a while and watch for a more favourable opportunity."

Having ſeated themſelves around their honoured maſter, in order that the time might not hang heavily upon his hands, and to divert him from thinking inwardly with cloſed eyes, abſtracted for the time from this paſſing world and its troubles, as in ſuch moments of leiſure he was often wont, his diſciples ſought to intereſt him by repeating to him ſuch tales reſpecting the River, then the great object of their anxiety, as had come to the knowledge of any one of them. Noodle, as the eldeſt of them, thus began :—

"When my grandfather was ſtill alive, and I was yet but a little child, he would ſet me on his knee, and, as from the window of the houſeplace we could ſee this River reflecting the light of the ſky amongſt the palm trees, which grow upon its banks, he would often tell me inſtances of its deceit and cruelty. One in particular I well recollect; for many a time and oft did he repeat it, as he himſelf was the ſufferer by the dodges of the ſwindling ſtream. You are aware that my grandfather was a merchant well known in this country, and that the chief article which he dealt in was ſalt. One day, accompanied by a fellow-trader, each them leading an aſs laden with two bags of ſalt,

they had to croſs the ſtream ſomewhere about the very ſpot where Wiſeacre met with his adventure but now. There had been a heavy fall of rain on the previous night, and the River was much ſwollen, ſo that the bags of ſalt reached down into the water; but, mark you, there was no hole in the bags, which were each ſecurely faſtened at the mouth with a ſtrong leather thong, ſo that the ſalt could not drop out of itſelf.

"The day was very hot, and the coolneſs of the water was pleaſant to the travellers and their beaſts; ſo that they were in no hurry to croſs the River, but loitered for a long while on the paſſage, whilſt the water ſcarcely roſe up to their middle even in the deepeſt places. The aſſes, too, enjoyed the refreſhing bath as much as their maſters; and, as there was a long journey before them, my grandfather thought it would greatly refreſh the beaſts if they were allowed the ſame indulgence as himſelf and companion. At length, however, it was neceſſary to quit the ſtream and purſue their journey.

"Upon arriving at the oppoſite bank, judge of their aſtoniſhment to find, that though the leather thongs had certainly never been tampered with, the four bags, which they themſelves had filled to the brim with ſalt, and even preſſed down with heavy weights to make them hold the more, were now quite empty, not a ſingle grain of ſalt being left in either of them! And, more wonderful ſtill, this had all happened ſo noiſeleſſly, that neither my grandfather nor the other merchant had heard the leaſt ſound, whilſt the River was ſtealing the ſalt, so they ſoon convinced them-

ſelves that it had been done by magic; elſe, how, without making a rent in the bags, or untying the leather thongs which faſtened their mouths, had the ſalt been all ſo cleverly filched away? Therefore, ſeeing that they and their beaſts had eſcaped with their lives out of the clutches of ſuch a great and powerful enemy, they were thankful to the gods that, in its greedy haſte to ſpoil them of their merchandiſe, the River had given them ſufficient time to make their own eſcape with no greater loſs than the whole of their ſtock in trade."

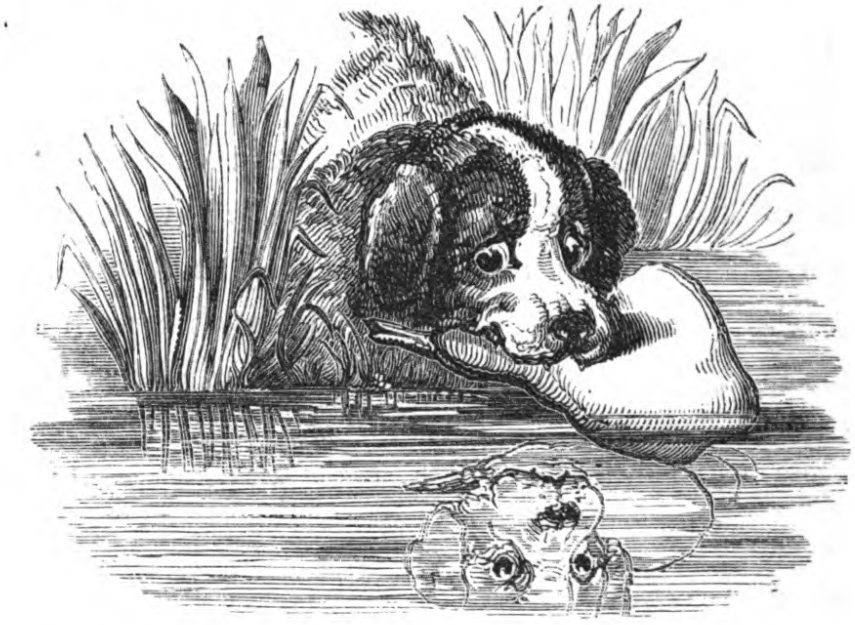
Doodle, who, during the time that Noodle was narrating this ſingular and ſurpriſing adventure of his grandfather and the other merchant, had been lying on his back, with cloſed eyes, ſo that nothing ſhould diſtract his attention from it, now raiſed himſelf up, ſaying: "I, too, have heard many tales of the cheats and dodges of this River. Indeed, they are in everybody's mouth in this part of the country, ſo many and various have been its wiles; but one that has been the ſubject of much diſcuſſion, both at home and abroad, is that which, with our dear maſter's permiſſion, I will now narrate.

"I forget when it happened; but as I myſelf have ſeen it in a very old book, I may as well ſay, a long time ago a farmer, having killed a ſheep and jointed it, hung the joints up in an outhouſe, leaving the windows open to allow a current of air to paſs through the building to keep the meat from turning bad, as the weather was then very hot. About the

farm, amongſt others, was a cunning old dog, who, though well enough fed and cared for by the farmer and his ſons, was not often indulged with a feaſt off the beſt joints brought to his maſter's table; and, if he had a weakneſs, it was certainly a love of good living. Dogs, as well as men, are luxurious animals, and, like their maſters, they have their moments of temptation. There was the open window; there, too, was the mutton beyond. The long and the ſhort of it is, the temptation was too great; and, in leſs time than it takes me to tell it, the dog was ſeen ſtealthily approaching the River with as pretty a ſhoulder of mutton in his mouth as ever graced the table of that great monarch of the Weſt, whoſe favourite diſh was a cold ſhoulder in its virgin ſtate from the ſpit of the previous day, with which cold ſhoulder, since that day, many people delight to entertain their viſitors.

"Effectually to hide his theft, the cunning old dog knew it would be both wiſe and prudent to croſs the River and enjoy his meal on the oppoſite bank, where, too, he could bury the bone more ſecurely from the many dogs which were kept on the farm. 'Stolen pleaſures are ſweeteſt,' said he to himſelf, as he entered the water. Was it the echo of his muttered thought that ſeemed to come from the bottom of the ſtream? He could not help looking down to ſee from whence the ſound came. Sure enough, there he ſaw another dog, and with ſuch a dainty

ſhoulder of mutton in his mouth, the fat ſo white, and the lean ſo red, and, better than all, ſo much larger than his own! Now, the farmer's dog, though old and cunning, had ſtill plenty of pluck, and did not fear to match himſelf with any dog of his own ſize and ſtrength. Beſides, he would have his adverſary at an advantage; for the latter could not bite as long as he held the mutton in his mouth, and if he dropped it, as it was the mutton he cared for and



not the dog, he could eaſily ſnap it up, and carry it off as the ſpoil of the fight. He uttered a growl and ſhowed his teeth, plunging at the ſame time down into the water to ſeize the tempting prey; but there was neither dog nor ſhoulder of mutton there; and, whilſt ſo engaged, the River had carried that away which, but a moment before, he had held in his own

mouth; ſo the dog loſt his dinner, and the cheat of a River it muſt have been that had muttered, 'Stolen pleaſures are ſweeteſt,' to make the dog loſe his ſubſtance for the ſhadow."

As Doodle uttered theſe words, Zany and Foozle, who had not paid much attention to what he was ſaying, had been watching a horſeman in the diſtance, who now advanced rapidly from the oppoſite bank, and as he ſaw that the water was little more than a foot deep, he daſhed into it, and without heſitation croſſed the ſtream with rapidity and eaſe. "Would that our dear maſter had a horſe," ſaid Foozle, "for then both he and we might, all in turn, croſs the River without any fear, as quickly and pleaſantly as did yonder horſeman." "Would that our dear maſter had a horſe," repeated Zany, and "would that our dear maſter had a horſe," re-echoed Doodle, Wiſeacre, and Noodle; ſaying which the whole five ſurrounded the Gooroo, entreating him to buy a horſe as ſoon as he had an opportunity, and to never mind the damages.

The Gooroo approved of their advice; but as the ſhades of evening were already cloſing around them, and he had no inclination to ſpend the night ſupperleſs where they then were, he thus addreſſed them: "Thanks, my children, for this expreſſion of your loving care for my comfort; but as the purchaſe of a horſe is a matter which demands much and ſerious conſideration, we will talk it over upon ſome future

occaſion. At preſent our firſt care muſt be to croſs the River, or we ſhall not reach the mattam to-night, and to camp out till morning will not be over pleaſant; ſo Noodle had better go at once and aſcertain whether the River is gone to ſleep at laſt."

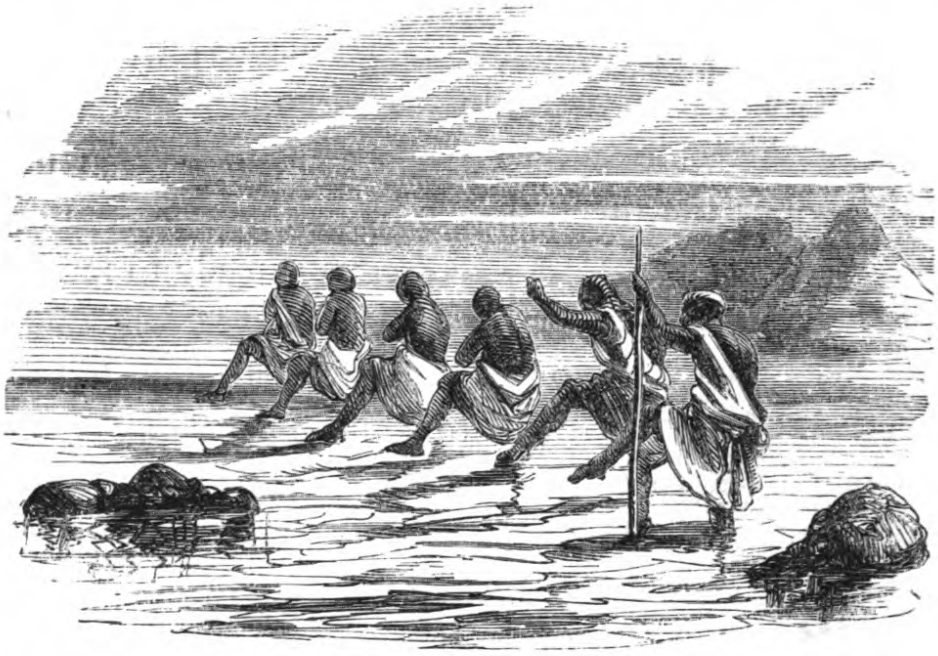
Noodle, taking a leaf out of Wiſeacre's book, determined to proceed with great caution. Accordingly, holding the extinguiſhed brand in his right hand, he ſtretched himſelf upon all-fours, and crept noiſeleſſly to the margin of the ſtream, where, at arm's-length, he immerſed the ſame end of the ſtick which the River had extinguiſhed upon Wiſeacre's firſt viſit, and watched the reſult with trembling anxiety. This time there was no hiſſing nor ſputtering, no ſmoke nor noiſe, ſave only the ſound of a gentle ripple as the ſtick broke the current of the ſtream, like the ſoft breathing of a ſleeping beauty. Noodle ſilently withdrew the brand; but knowing full well, from his grandfather's experience with the bags of ſalt, that the River's quiet might only be a ſham, more ſecurely to entrap its prey, he again immerſed the ſtick till it ſtruck the bed of the ſtream. All was quiet as before; and now, certain that the River was really faſt aſleep, he raiſed himſelf noiſeleſſly up, and walking with a ſtealthy ſtep towards the Gooroo, with a face radiant with joy he exclaimed, "Maſter, dear maſter! Now is the time to croſs the River; there is no longer need of fear or alarm. The time of its deep ſlumber is come; let us then paſs over to the other ſide quickly

and noiſeleſſly, not uttering a ſingle word till we are ſafely out of its clutches."

The Gooroo, and Foozle, and Doodle, Wiſeacre, and Zany, no ſooner heard the good news than they one and all roſe to their feet at once, in order to ſteal a march upon the ſleeping ſtream; but even under the excitement of ſuch a moment his pupils did not fail to remember the reſpect due to their maſter, whoſe followers they were, and would inſiſt that he ſhould have the poſt of honour and precedence; whilſt the Gooroo, on the contrary, in his great love and affection for his children, would have willingly been the laſt to enter the River, that ſo he might have been on dry land till the others had done ſo, ready to render aſſiſtance ſhould either of them unexpectedly cauſe the enemy ſuddenly to waken up and aſſume a hoſtile poſition. This point had to be diſcuſſed by ſigns, for no one dared to utter a ſingle word; and whether it was ſo intended, or whether the Gooroo only wiſhed to indicate his deſire that Zany, who was the youngeſt, ſhould be the firſt to enter, the old chronicler has omitted to relate, and his erudite editor, the great Champion-devotee, Viramamooni, is equally ſilent on the ſubject. All we know is, that, taking the extinguiſhed brand out of the hand of Noodle, he pointed with it towards Zany, and that, in doing ſo, as Zany ſtood the furtheſt off in the line of pupils preparing for their deſcent into the River, the action ſeemed to indicate his wiſh that all ſhould proceed in

a ſtraight line, keeping ſtep like ſoldiers, and thus croſs the ſtream.

"Without uttering a ſingle word," ſays Virama-mooni, "all ſix of them cautiouſly deſcended into the water, which reached up to their knees, whilſt their hearts beat time audibly as they placed firſt the right and then the left foot, *jala-jala*, alternately ſo ſtealthily in the ſtream, that in preſſing each down to the



River's bed, they touched it, *toonookoo*, ſo noiſeleſſly that the ſleeper was not diſturbed, and even the coverlid, which the water formed, made no rippling ound." Caution and prudence were qualities pre-eminently marked by large bumps in the ſkull of the Gooroo, and never was there an occaſion more fitted for their display than the preſent, though the ſhort ſteps thus neceſſitated made the paſſage long.

But, notwithſtanding all this caution, a miſchance happened which no one could have calculated upon. Arrived on the oppoſite bank, they began to ſhout and cut the moſt fantaſtic capers for very joy, till, all of a ſudden it occurred to Wiſeacre to count and ſee if all had reached land ſafely; but, count as he would, he could only make out five inſtead of the ſix, who had entered the River. There was the Gooroo; and Noodle, and Doodle, and Zany, and Foozle, were alſo

there; but where was the ſixth? To make himſelf the more ſure that one was miſſing, he begged that they would all ſtand apart in a ſtraight line, and, beginning with Foozle and Zany, then on to Doodle and Noodle, he came at laſt to the Gooroo, but always with the ſame reſult—one out of the ſix was miſſing. Full of his diſcovery, Wiſeacre then ſaid: "Hem, and alack-a-day! Woe is me! Woe is me!

We went ſix into the ſtream, and five only have come out! The cruel, treacherous River has ſwallowed up one of us! Behold, Maſter! count yourſelf: there are but five of us here!" Again the Gooroo ranged them all in a row, and beginning with Wiſeacre, he told off each reſpectively on his fingers: Wiſeacre, Noodle, Doodle, Zany, and Foozle: and though he counted them thus ſome half-dozen times, he could only make the number five inſtead of ſix. With a like reſult Noodle, Doodle, Zany, and Foozle attempted to count the number. Certain it was, ſix went in, and five came out; for none of them could make the number more, and one, therefore, was unqueſtionably drowned. Satisfied that ſuch was the caſe, they rent the air with their lamentations, and, embracing one another, they one and all exclaimed, "Heaven be praiſed that we five, who ſtand here, have eſcaped! O, cruel, cruel River! Perfidious wretch that thou art, more ſanguinary than a bear, a wolf, or a tiger, who haſt dared to ſwallow up one of the diſciples of the great and good Gooroo Simple! Would nothing leſs ſatisfy thee, than to make a ſupper off one of the pupils of that great and venerated ſaint, whoſe name is reverenced throughout the land? Who will henceforth venture to touch thy treacherous billows with the ſole of his foot, now that thou haſt conſummated ſuch an act of perfidy towards one whom all the world delights to honour?

"Curſed be thou in thy generation! May thy

ſource be dried up and periſh! thy bed become arid, and thy waves be conſumed by fire! Without moiſture, without coolneſs, without a record of the ſpot of thy preſent exiſtence, mayſt thou vaniſh from the face of the earth, and thy very aſhes be ſcattered to the winds!"

Thus venting their rage, and interlacing the fingers of their hands in order to produce the ſound of cracking of the joints as they projected them forwards, to add ſolemnity to their maledictions, they wound up the whole by ſhowering down upon the River handfuls of duſt till the clear ſtream became a muddy puddle, becauſe, in ſo doing, they knew that their imprecations were ſtrengthened in the ſight of the gods.

In all their lamentations and imprecations, no one of them mentioned the name of him that was miſſing; for, as each had omitted to count himſelf when telling off the others on his fingers, no one could name the one whoſe death they were lamenting, ſeeing that each had miſſed himſelf alone, and every one was thus grieving for his own loſs and not for the loſs of a companion, without knowing it.

Juſt as they were caſting the laſt volley of duſt into the ſtream, and ſcreaming out a final curſe, a traveller approached the ſpot upon which they were ſtanding, and addreſſed himſelf to them in theſe words: "How now, ſirs! What's the row? Who's dead? and what's to pay?"

"Who's dead?" reiterated the Gooroo; "who's

dead? who can tell? who can know? Careful and cautious as we have been, knowing its wiles and miſtruſting appearances, the accurſed River has ſwallowed up one of us; for ſix of us walked down into the ſtream, and ſee, count as you will, there are only five of us now on dry land!" Then Noodle related how they had watched for the River's going to bed for many long hours on the oppoſite bank; how Wiſeacre had nearly become a ſacrifice to its perfidy in the morning; and how he himſelf had been cheated into the belief that it was abed and aſleep, of which the artful creature only put on the ſemblance to lull ſuſpicion, and the more ſecurely to rob the good Gooroo of one of his diſciples. Then he told the traveller how his grandfather had been robbed of his ſalt, and called upon Doodle to repeat how the ſhoulder of mutton had been filched by the big cheat of a River, even out of the very mouth of the dog, who was croſſing; but the traveller ſtopped him ſhort, by ſaying, 'Enough! enough! I have heard that ſtory long ago, when I was a boy; and I believe every boy can ſay the ſame thing. The fact is, no one ſhould croſs this wicked ſtream without firſt ſecuring ſuch a magic ſtaff as that which I now hold in my hand, by means of which he would then paſs over ſafely, and never allow himſelf to be drawn down out of his depth into the bed of the River. However, what's done is done, and can't be undone. The longer the ſaw of grief is drawn, the hotter it grows! It's no uſe ſitting ſtill

under a calamity, for the gods help only thoſe who help themſelves, and it ſeems as if they have sent you the means, if you employ them properly. I am well verſed in magic arts, have read the ſtars, and am intimate with all the planets. People call me Zadjeet, becauſe of the wonderful things I have foretold, and the wonderful things I have done; but I cannot rule the planets, nor conſult the ſtars, unleſs my palm is croſſed with the precious metals, becauſe, you muſt know, the lines of my hands form the magic ſentence, '*Fo ol ſand the irm one ya reſo onpar ted,*' by which, under ſuch circumſtances, I am forced to act. Now, I can reſtore him whom ye mourn; but if I do ſo, what ſhall be my recompenſe?"

To this the Gooroo replied, unfaſtening the belt which he wore round his waiſt, "In this girdle are forty and five fanams, all that remain of the ſum ſet apart for our journey, of which this has been but the firſt day."

"*Fo ol ſand the irm one ya reſo onpar ted,*" ſaid the magician. "'Tis but a ſcurvy ſum for the reſtoration to you of one whoſe death you are mourning; but becauſe all the world honours the Gooroo Simple, I, too, will ſhow my veneration and reſpect for ſuch profound wiſdom as his, and cauſe all ſix perſons to ſtand here and reſpond to my call. This magic ſtaff," he continued, holding up his walking-cane in front of the Gooroo, "is the agency by which this will be brought about. Stand, all of you, in a line, and cloſe

your eyes, leſt evil ſhould befal any one as puniſhment for peeping. When you hear each one alternately give his name, in reply to my queſtion, count off the number on your fingers till the whole ſix have re-ſponded." No ſooner was the line formed, with the Gooroo at one end and Wiſeacre at the other, than the magician, raiſing his cane, let it fall with a heavy thwack upon the ſhoulders of the Gooroo, crying out, at the ſame time, "Who is this? who is this?"

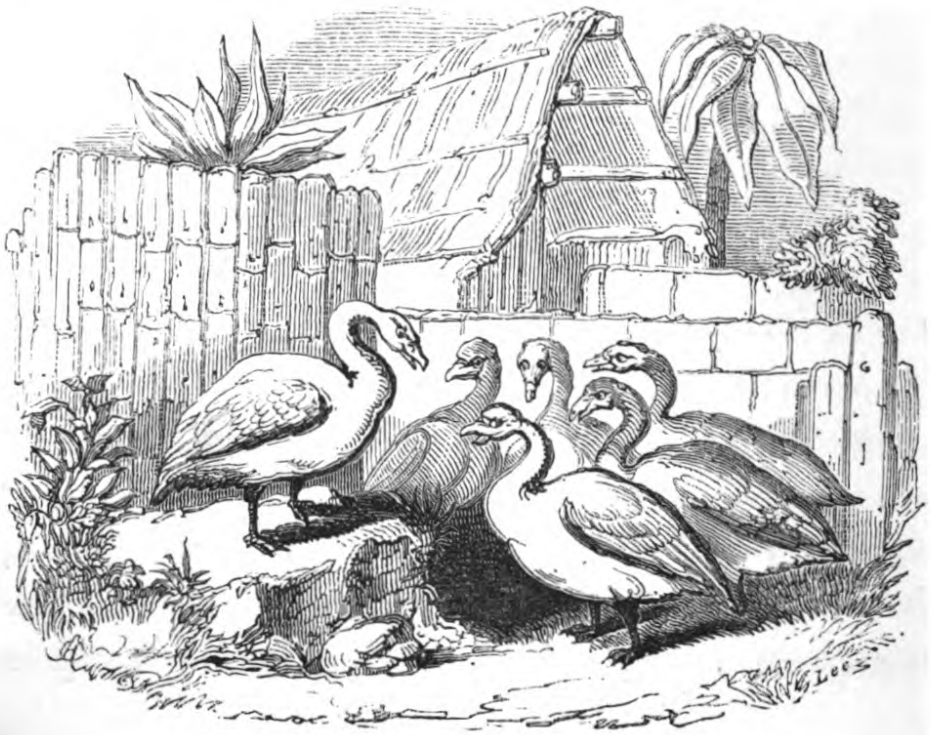
"Enough! enough!" replied the Gooroo. "It is I myſelf, the Gooroo Simple."—"Score one," ſaid the magician; and bringing his cane to bear, with a ſharp cut, acroſs the ſhoulders of Noodle, "Who is this?" he aſked.—"Mercy, mercy! 'tis I, Noodle."

—"Score two," put in the wonderful Zadjeet, as he let fall a heavy blow on the left ſhoulder of Doodle, aſking, at the ſame time, "Who is this?"—"Doodle, Doodle, Doo——."—"Score three," ſaid the magician," ſtopping him ſhort, and bringing his cane down, with a heavy blow, upon the rounded back of Foozle (who had bent his head downwards when he cloſed his eyes), repeating, at the ſame time, his queſtion of "Who is this?"—"Oh, oh! Foozle,

Foozle!"—"Score four," was the curt rejoinder, as the cane fell upon the ſhoulders of Zany with a hearty thwack, and the queſtion of "Who is this?" was repeated.—"Don't, don't! Oh, oh! Zany, Zany!" was the reply.—"Score five; one, two, three, four, five," ſaid the magician, as he gave Wiſeacre ſome half-dozen telling hits, both right and left, again

repeating, for the laſt time, "Who is this?"—"Oh, me! oh, me! 'tis I, Wiſeacre, the diſciple of the wiſe Gooro Simple."—"Score ſix," was Zadjeet's reply. "He is the loſt one reſtored to you; and now I may fairly claim my reward."

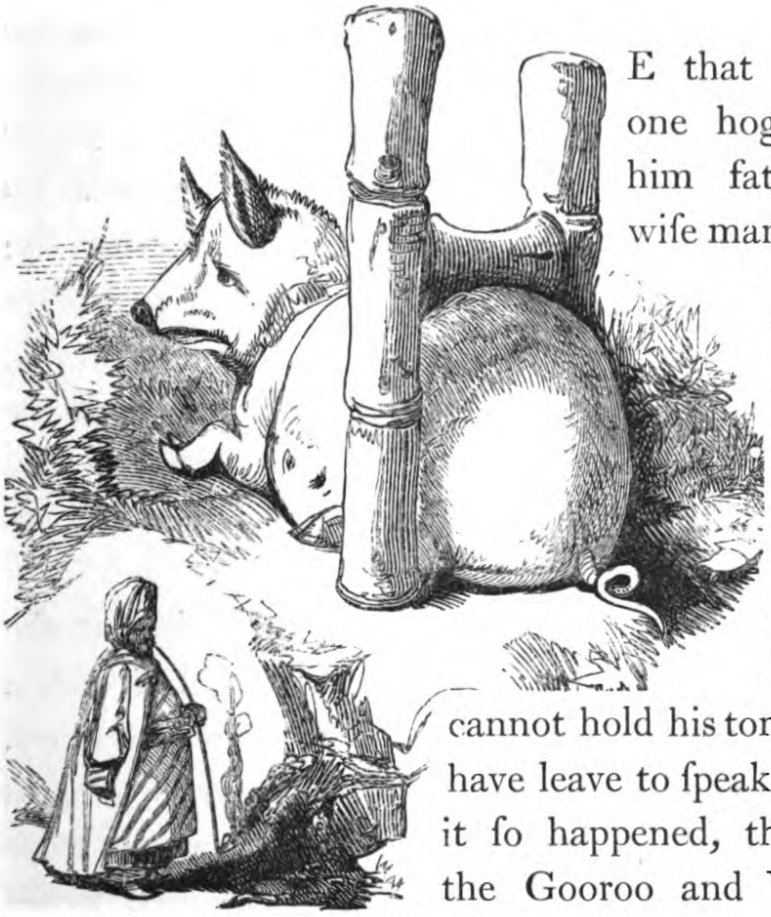
"Wonderful magician!" ſaid the Gooroo. "Wonderful magician!" repeated each diſciple, rubbing his back the while; "wonderful magician!" Satisfied that the loſt one was found, and that now not one of the ſix was miſſing, the Gooroo handed over his girdle with the forty-five fanams to Zadjeet, the magician, whoſe eyes twinkled as, chuckling, he went away, humming to himſelf, "*Fo ol ſand the irm one ya reſo onpar ted,*" whilſt the Gooro Simple, Noodle, Doodle, Wiſeacre, Zany, and Foozle, continued their homeward journey to the mattam.



STORY THE SECOND.

THE EGG IN THE MARE'S NEST.

The old crone of the Mattam teaches them how to count noſes; the neceſſity for horſe-fleſh quite a Parliamentary diſcuſſion; diſcovery of a Mare's Neſt; thoughts on Incubation; the duties of the Mattam; ſelecting the Egg; the Foal and its gambols; loſs of the Foal, and what it led to.



E that has but one hog, makes him fat, ſaid a wiſe man; and he that has but one tale to tell never comes to the end of it; for he that cannot hold his tongue muſt have leave to ſpeak. Now, it ſo happened, that when the Gooroo and Wiſeacre, Noodle, Doodle, Zany, and Foozle had got all ſafely within the walls of the mattam, they firſt began to

compare notes amongſt themſelves of the day's adventures, and the dangers overcome in the paſſage of the River; and it was not until this had been done over and over again, that each became more fully aware how great had been thoſe dangers, and with what heroic fortitude they had been met and overcome. Each felt himſelf to be a hero, and in the Eaſt, no leſs than in the Weſt, it has long been the faſhion for heroes to tell their own tales, and to tell them in their own way, with ſmall fear of contradiction from their liſteners. The Gooroo, as was his wont, improved the occaſion, and as it is written, "like lips like lettuce," ſo did each of his pupils alſo. One heard of nothing but the River and his dodges; of Zadjeet and the recovery of number ſix; till at laſt, as the ſtomach will not reliſh partridges every day for dinner, and the ear loves variety no leſs, the River began to ſtink in men's noſtrils, as if the drainage of ſome dirty city had been its enforced daily diet, without ſtint or limit, ever ſince the good Gooroo had put his foot in it.

Now it ſo happened that there was living at the mattam an old crone, blind of one eye, but with a tongue that made ample amends for that deficiency. It was her office to clean out the mattam, and to waſh the ſacred precincts with a fluid rendered more precious by the addition of that which had paſſed through the cow's ſtomach, and which it was her daily duty to collect for the purpoſe, as the fragrant

odour which it imparted was typical of the ſanctity of the place. So when this old woman heard ſo much about the wonderful eſcape of her maſter and his diſciples, and about nothing elſe, ſhe determined to pay them in their own coin, and ſo take them down a peg.

"To be plain with you," ſaid ſhe, one morning, whilſt engaged in her important duty, when the whole group were ſtanding by, to inhale the rich perfume, "I cannot help thinking your method of counting heads would never have yielded the right ſum; for it

appears to me that each, in taking ſtock of the whole, did what very few other people do—loſt ſight of number one. However, if ſuch an occaſion ſhould again occur, I will tell you of a ſurer method to arrive at the truth, and one which, fifty years ago, proved moſt ſatisfactory to thoſe who adopted it. You muſt know there was a great feſtival and merry-making going on in one of the neighbouring villages at the time, and, in company with a lot of other girls of our own age, my ſiſter and I had journeyed thither. As girls will do, we had been up to all kinds of Mag's-diverſions by the way, running here and there, and playing at hide-and-ſeek; ſo ſhe who was leader—and a right merry and wiſe creature ſhe was too—ſaid, 'Let us count noſes, and ſee that we are all here, before we enter the village; and the beſt way, and the ſureſt, to do that is, to kneel down in a ring, and each dip her noſe into the circlet which the cow has juſt dropped here, when I can readily ſee if any are wanting, by counting up the impreſſions ſo made.' We were ſome *ten* or ſo when we ſtarted, ſo we did as ſhe bid us, and when we roſe to our feet again, ſhe counted over the impreſſions, and finding them juſt as many again as half, ſhe knew that we were all there and none miſſing, as ſure as the two halves always make the whole."

The Gooroo and his diſciples, who did not perceive that the old crone was poking fun at them by giving a definite idea to an indefinite number, could not but

admire the advice ſhe gave, and promiſed to follow it, if there ſhould be again a neceſſity for counting noſes. "It is a pity," ſaid Wiſeacre, "that we did not know of it before, becauſe it coſts neither money nor ſtripes to ſolve the problem; and the loſs of the one is often more hard to bear than the ſmart of the other. Still, all things conſidered, it will be beſt to buy a horſe. Indeed, ſir, you muſt get a horſe!" When Wiſeacre had ſaid this, Noodle and Doodle, Zany and Foozle, all chimed in, "Indeed, ſir, you muſt buy a horſe!" upon which Wiſeacre proceeded, "It is the only ſure way to avert ſuch calamities for the future, as we ourſelves have experienced by the River; ſo never mind the coſt, ſir, but get a horſe."

Like many a wiſe man in other ſtations of life, the Gooroo could no longer withſtand the preſſure from without, and ſo, if only to gain time, if not to ſhelve the ſubject altogether, he appeared to give in to their wiſhes, deſiring, however, as a preliminary ſtep, to know what a horſe would coſt? None could tell, and ſo ſeveral days were gained by the Gooroo, in the time it took to make the neceſſary inquiries, draw up the report, and diſcuſs it after a day had been ſet apart for the purpoſe at a previous meeting; becauſe ſo grave a matter as the purchaſe of a horſe did not admit of the omiſſion of any of the forms which the Gooroo and his diſciples adopted when they had to make rules for the guidance of the diſtrict over which he preſided, and of which the mattam, in which he

dwelt, formed the council-houſe. At length the important day arrived; the report was read and diſcuſſed by the five diſciples in the outer court, and approved; ſo Wiſeacre was deputed to take it into the room in which the Gooroo ſat in ſtate to tranſact buſineſs, where he placed it on the table and retired, bowing reverently to his maſter as he left his preſence. The Gooroo would willingly have let it lie on the table, whence, in due courſe, it would have been claimed as a perquiſite by the old crone who ſwept out the mattam; but he could not treat with ſo marked a diſreſpect a document which had been unanimouſly approved of by all his diſciples, ſo he pleaded many and more preſſing engagements at firſt, then the neceſſity of keeping it a week for deliberation; and when, at laſt, he could find no more excuſes, he put on a bold face, and ſent for Noodle, Wiſeacre, Doodle, Foozle, and Zany, and bidding them ſit down, he read the report aloud, till he came to the words, "A good horſe will coſt at the leaſt fifty to one hundred pagodas;" ſaying which, he flung the report upon the floor, and, trampling upon it with both his feet, he exclaimed, "A hundred pagodas! Do you dare to paſs your jokes upon me? Where's the money to come from, I ſhould like to know? And, if I had it, I would not buy a horſe at that price. No, no; my legs have carried me hitherto, and will do ſo ſtill. Begone; and let no one dare again to talk to me about buying a horſe for a hundred

pagodas!" So the matter dropped; for after he had ſnubbed them ſo, who would dare to mention it again?

Now Wiſeacre had many commiſſions to execute for his maſter, and did not at all like the idea of giving up the purchaſe of the horſe, as he knew very well when he had to go to diſtant villages, as was often the caſe, the horſe would be as much his as his maſter's, if he only could get the latter to pay for it. And chance now ſeemed to come to his aid. One evening the cow which ſupplied them with milk did not return to the mattam from its paſturage, ſo all five diſciples went out in the village to make diligent ſearch for her; but meeting with no ſucceſs, it was determined that Wiſeacre ſhould make the tour of the ſurrounding villages for a like purpoſe. After three days' ineffectual ſearch he returned to the mattam, and any one who knew his ways, ſaw at once that Wiſeacre had ſomething important to communicate. The Gooroo, who had miſſed the delicious milk of the cow for three days, immediately reverted to her loſs as the ſubject uppermoſt in his mind, and aſked, before Wiſeacre had time to open his mouth, "Where's the cow? have you found her, and brought her back?"

"The cow, ſir? Never mind the cow, ſir! I could gain no tidings of her, ſearch as I would; but, what is far better than the cow, ſir, I have met with a thorough-bred horſe dog-cheap, and ſuch a bargain

as may never occur again." All drew eagerly round the ſpeaker, and the Gooroo, evidently delighted at getting a horſe at the price of a dog, ſaid, "How is that, my ſon? Where has this piece of good fortune turned up? Give us all the particulars, that we may loſe no time in ſecuring the good the gods have ſent us."

"You muſt know," ſaid Wiſeacre, "that, footſore and weary with ſearching for the cow from village to village, from wilderneſs to wilderneſs, from encloſure to encloſure, and from common to common, without ſucceſs, I was bending my ſteps homeward, hot and thirſty, when I eſpied, at a ſhort diſtance, a reſervoir of water under the ſhade of ſome palm-trees. As I approached it I ſaw ſeveral beautiful mares and young foals ſporting and grazing in a meadow on its margin, and on a ſloping bank hard by a mare's neſt, in which were ſeveral eggs, ſo large that even the ſmalleſt could not be encompaſſed by one's two arms. As luck would have it, juſt at that moment a labourer, whoſe hut was cloſe by the reſervoir, came up; ſo, aſſuming ignorance, I inquired with apparent indifference, what thoſe large green oval-ſhaped things were, which were in the mare's-neſt? 'Can it be poſſible,' ſaid he, 'that any one in this part of the world, where we breed the beſt horſes, does not know a mare's egg when he ſees it? Thoſe are mares' eggs, and the foals you ſee yonder are of the ſame breed, and were only hatched yeſterday. This is juſt

the cheapeſt and beſt ſeaſon to buy them, and if you want any, now's the time. I do not own them; I wiſh I did; but I know the man that does, and juſt now he is in want of money to make up his rent, ſo that I think I could obtain you even the largeſt of them for five pagodas.' I told the man I was not going home at once, but ſhould probably take an opportunity to viſit the ſpot again before I did, when I would avail myſelf of his offer; for ſuch beautiful brood-mares as thoſe which had laid the eggs would be ſure to induce ſuch a judge of horſefleſh as I was to come again. Now, ſir, this is indeed a fine opportunity to get a thorough-bred horſe, which, in my opinion, ſhould not be loſt. Beſides, it ſeems to me, that it is wiſer and better to buy a horſe in the egg than after it has been hatched; for, with horſes as with men, all depends upon the training, and if we hatch it ourſelves, and train it ourſelves, it will be both docile and tractable; whereas, if we buy a horſe ready hatched, it may turn out a kicker, or a roarer, or a vicious brute, which the owner may only be too glad to get rid of. Then, too, it is difficult to know a horſe-chanter from a gentleman, the make up is ſo very perfect now-a-days, and even the moſt knowing are daily taken in."

The Gooroo and his diſciples were not long in making up their minds as to the purchaſe; indeed, they ſcarcely gave themſelves time for thought, but one and all declared that no time ſhould be loſt, and

as two heads are much better than one, that Noodle ſhould be joined to Wiſeacre in the commiſſion to chooſe and purchaſe the egg. So the five pagodas were placed in their hands, and they departed on their errand at once.

When the Gooroo and Doodle, Zany and Foozle, were left to themſelves, they began, each in his own way, to fancy what kind of a horſe was to come out of the egg. "Bleſſed be the memory of him who invented ſleep," ſaid a wiſe man. No leſs bleſſed ſhould be the memory of him who invented day-dreams. Doodle's imagination had greater ſcope than that of the other three, from his habit of always looking into the clouds with cloſed eyes when deep in contemplation. He had already ſettled in his mind's eye the ſhape, ſize, colour, and bearing of the ſteed to his perfect satisfaction, when ſuddenly the thought ſtruck him that he was ſomewhat in the dilemma of the old lady who ſold her chickens before the eggs were hatched; for though the egg ſhould come home all right, how was it to be incubated? Full of this thought, he turned to the Gooroo, ſaying, "Granted, ſir, that Noodle and Wiſeacre ſelect the egg of a thorough-bred mare, how are we to get at the foal without ſitting upon it to hatch it? and who, I ſhould like to know, is to do that, ſeeing that it cannot be encompaſſed by one's two arms? ſo that if you were to have ten hens for the purpoſe, even if you could manage to keep them on it, they

would not ſuffice. So what is to be done I don't know."

This ſpeech of Doodle's took them quite by ſurpriſe, and it was ſome time before they got over it; ſo there they ſat ſtaring at each other, holding their tongues and never ſaying a word, till at length the Gooroo, unable to ſee his way out of the difficulty, which had come like a blight upon them, aroſe and retired into privacy, to think inwardly, as was his wont when matters of ſerious import required much thought and deliberation. At length, after he had been abſent for more than three hours, he returned to the room where Doodle, Foozle, and Zany were, and ſaid: "I have devoted much and ſerious conſideration to ſolve the difficulty which Doodle has raiſed, and it appears to me that there is no alternative but that one of us ſhould ſit upon the mare's egg for the purpoſe of hatching it."

Upon hearing this the three diſciples began each to make excuſe. Zany ſaid, "It is quite impoſſible that I can undertake to hatch the egg. See what I have to do. Firſt, I have to go down to the river and fetch all the water that is wanted for daily uſe, as well for the purification of the mattam, as for ablution, and for cooking; then I have to go to the jungle to make faggots of fire-wood out of dried canes, and ſo fully does this occupy my time, that often I can ſcarcely find leiſure to eat my dinner. No, no; I must not be aſked to ſit on the egg."

"Nor I either," put in Foozle. "Have I not to cater for you all? There is the food to buy and to cook. Night and day no reſt, no ceſſation from toil. Now rice to boil, and that requires no ſmall care, if the nutritious *congèe*, the gluten and ſtrength of the grain, is to be preſerved; then curries to make, and pillaus to ſtew; water all day long to be kept boiling, and cakes to prepare and bake for everybody, and all the world beſides, when viſitors come to the mattam, ſo that I ſcarcely ever leave the kitchen, but paſs my days killing myſelf by inches, at the hot ſtoves, whilſt others take their ſieſta at the third watch of the day, or enjoy the cool breeze in the firſt watch of the night. No, no; I cannot be called upon to hatch the egg."

"As to hatching the egg," ſaid Doodle, "how is it poſſible that I can find time to do it? Look at my daily duties. Firſt, even before daybreak, I have to go down to the river and cleanſe my teeth, rinſe my mouth, waſh my face, purify my hands and feet, ſhave away all hairs proſcribed by our holy laws, ornament my brow with ſandal-paſte, and obſerve every ceremony to qualify me hereafter to fill the ſacred office of a gooroo; and then no ſooner have I completed my toilet than I muſt off to the garden to cull the choiceſt opening buds of the flowers, bring them to the mattam with all reverence, weave them into long garlands, and ſuſpend them about our houſehold gods. Added to this I have to aſſiſt at the Poojei, the ſacrifices and offerings, which you, ſir, make frequently in

the courſe of each day, after anointing and decorating our deities. Such then being my office I have no time to devote to hatching mares' eggs. No, no; I cannot be made the incubator of the mare's egg."

To all theſe excuſes, ſo plauſibly urged, what could the Gooroo object? The water muſt be fetched and the firewood provided; Zany could not be ſpared. Foozle was too good a cook to be taken away from the kitchen; and Doodle's ſolemnity of manner was neceſſary to uphold the ſanctity of the mattam. His very ſtep indicated the man of deep thought, and the ſlow utterance and monotony of his words, the wiſdom of his ſpeech. For ſeveral minutes the laſt words of Doodle were ſucceeded by a profound ſilence. At length the Gooroo ſaid: "Of a truth what you all ſay is very juſt. Then, too, Noodle cannot find time to hatch the egg; he has already more buſineſs on his hands than he ever gets through. What with receiving ſtrangers and viſitors, who are pouring into the mattam all day long, ſome for one purpoſe, ſome for another—now to ſeek advice, then to get diſputes arranged and ſettled—he would only addle the egg, even if he were diſpoſed to undertake the hatching it. As for Wiſeacre, the whole buſineſs of the mattam would be at a ſtandſtill without his active and ready aid. Whatever has to be done out of the village he does; he goes to diſtant merchants and buys clothing for our bodies, and turns into money what we have to ſell; attends the markets and fairs, and even now, but

for his care and forethought, we ſhould not have heard of the mare's egg, which he and Noodle are gone to buy. He can always find a mare's neſt where another would paſs it by; and from their great ſimilarity to aſh-coloured pumpkins, even I might have miſtaken these mares' eggs for ſome of thoſe gourds. No, no; Wiſeacre muſt not be ſet to hatch the egg!

"Now it is quite clear that all of you, my children, have ample work upon your hands, whilſt I alone have little or nothing to do but to ſit ſtill the livelong day. I will therefore undertake to ſupply a mother's place to the egg, by placing it in my lap, and embracing it with both arms, covering up its more expoſed ſurface with the ſkirt of my robe and guarding it with tenderneſs, hugging it to my boſom and nouriſhing it with the warmth of my life's breath. But we all know that the duties of a nurſe require great care as to diet, that nouriſhment is neceſſary to produce heat, and that heat is the one great means of hatching eggs. Do thou, therefore, my ſon Foozle, lay in a good ſtock of ſpices, of peppers and ginger, of cinnamon and cloves, of garlic, and of that ſpicieſt of all ſpices, which our merchants bring from Perſia, pure aſſafœtida, which will do more than all the others to increaſe the natural heat of the body, and the circulation of its fluids. I will eat nothing but ſuch things as will aid me to add warmth to my limbs, and in doing this I will ſtrive to make light of all my extra pains and trouble, becauſe of the proſpect of ſpeedily producing a foal

from out of its ſhell, and enjoy the delight of its gambols by anticipation, as a mother does thoſe of her child, as the firſt reward of my preſent endurance."

Whilſt the ſubject of the egg's incubation was thus under diſcuſſion within the walls of the mattam, Noodle and Wiſeacre, who had ſtarted on their miſſion in the third watch, juſt as the moon roſe, with a walk of ſome twenty-five miles before them—for the mare's neſt which Wiſeacre had ſeen was juſt two kadams and a half from that dwelling—had arrived at the margin of the reſervoir, on the embankment of which were cluſters of aſh-coloured pumpkins, as ſome people might have thought, but which Wiſeacre had already ſatisfied his companion were eggs in a mare's neſt. Both were delighted to find that no one had been before them to ſecure the prize, and, juſt as luck would have it, there was the identical labourer cloſe to the eggs, as he had been the day before, when Wiſeacre had made the diſcovery. Greetings paſſed between them, and the labourer, who had ſomething the matter with the ſide of his noſe, which made it neceſſary for him to continually rub the cartilage with his fore-finger, and which action had a curious effect upon his right eye, as the lid kept riſing and falling every time he did ſo, called out to another man, at a ſhort diſtance, that "the two young gentlemen had come to buy a mare's egg," adding, that he hoped he would uſe them well, as he had recommended them. To this Noodle

eagerly added, "Maſter, we have come a great way, knowing what a famous brood of horſes you have, and we earneſtly entreat you to give us one of theſe eggs, that we may get a horſe out of it for the great and wiſe Gooroo Simple, whoſe diſciples we are."

"How now, young gentlemen!" ſaid the man, miſtaking Noodle and Wiſeacre, whoſe appearance was certainly ſomewhat verdant, for a couple of ſappies; "what money have you got, for ſuch a mare's neſt as this is not to be met with every day, and eggs like theſe coſt more than a few weeks' pocket-money. You muſt go to a cheaper market for a pony. My eggs are all thoroughbred ones, and I cannot part with them for leſs than a good round ſum."

"Come, come," ſaid Noodle, "let's have no chaffing, my man; this is not the firſt mare's neſt we have ſeen, and we know very well that five pagodas will buy the beſt egg in the lot; ſo take your money, and let us have a ripe good one, inſtead of waſting our time any longer in idle talk."

"No offence, I hope, gentlemen," replied the man. "True, five pagodas is money; but who ever expects to get a thoroughbred horſe for five pagodas? But as you ſeem ſuch nice gentlemen, and I really have a deſire to oblige you, upon one condition I will let you ſelect one of theſe eggs at the price; but you muſt promiſe me not to breathe a word of my having done ſo to any living ſoul, becauſe I have no inten-

tion of ſupplying other folks with horſes at ſuch a tremendous ſacrifice."

It was ſome time before Wiſeacre and Noodle could both agree upon which of the gourds their choice ſhould fall. At length, however, they eſpied one which, by lying on the hot, damp ground, had attained a browniſh, aſh-coloured tint on the part not expoſed to the ſun, and hoping thus to ſecure a valuable bay mare, they handed the five pagodas to the man, who immediately removed the one ſelected, which happened to be the largeſt of the lot, and placed it on the ground by the ſide of Wiſeacre and Noodle. As it was now already in the fourth watch of the night, and no longer moonlight, they determined to delay their return to the mattam till the morning.

They were ſo elated with the ſucceſsful iſſue of their miſſion, that neither could ſleep, ſo that even before daybreak they were up and ſtirring, and, with the firſt bluſh of morning, ſtarted on their way. Wiſeacre carried the egg upon his head, and as his doing ſo prevented him from looking ſtraight before him, and their route lay acroſs many fields and rice plantations, Noodle walked in front of him to guide his way; and as they thus journeyed, they beguiled the time with pleaſant talk. Full of the ſubject then uppermoſt in his thoughts, Wiſeacre began the converſation by ſaying, "Of a truth there is wiſdom in what was ſaid of old, that 'they who

perform penance are forwarding their own affairs,' and we have now a proof of it before our eyes. There is our dear maſter, the good Gooroo, always doing penance for his own ſins and thoſe of others, and ſee how his affairs proſper, even when they ſeem to be all going the other way. He loſt the cow, and here, for five pagodas, have we ſecured for him a thoroughbred bay mare, which, at the very leaſt, cannot be worth leſs than one hundred and fifty. Let the cow go; at beſt ſhe was an old one; and what is a cow compared to a horſe?"

"Nobody can doubt what you ſay," replied Noodle. "'Virtue brings its own reward,' and, 'pious actions alone afford delight; all elſe is but vanity.' From virtue not only pleaſure but profit proceeds, and without virtue there is nothing but miſery and diſgrace. Did not my honoured father for a long time practiſe many virtues, and did he not meet his reward in the end, and derive profit and delight in having me born to him? So, too, our bleſſed maſter; is he not noted for his virtue and piety throughout the land? and, as his reward, have we not been led hither to ſecure for him the great wiſh of his heart, a thoroughbred horſe, of great value, at leſs than the coſt of a dog?"

"Can this be doubted?" ſaid Wiſeacre. "From good actions good will ariſe; from evil actions, evil. 'If you ſow a caſtor-oil tree, can you hope to produce ebony?' As we ſow, we muſt expect to reap; wiſdom produces wiſdom; folly, folly."

Lee

Thus counting their gains before the egg was hatched, and ſtringing together many of the pearls of wiſdom which had fallen, from time to time, from the lips of the Gooroo, Noodle and Wiſeacre beguiled the way, till about the ſecond watch of the morning, when they reached a wood through which they had to paſs. Full of the bright viſion of the beautiful bay mare his fancy had conjured up, Wiſeacre forgot for the moment the ripe gourd which he carried on his head, and, in paſſing under the low branches of a tree, it was daſhed out of his hands, which were merely held up to keep it in its poſition, and fell with ſuch force upon the ground as to be daſhed into pieces, whilſt he, in attempting to ſtay its fall, overbalanced himſelf, and fell into the middle of a thorn buſh, lacerating his fleſh and tearing his clothes, and ſtarting, at the ſame time, a hare, which had been ſitting on her haunches cloſe by the ſpot where the gourd had tumbled to pieces.

All this had occurred ſo ſuddenly that Noodle, who was a few ſteps in advance, could render no aſſiſtance till the miſchief had been fairly done; but ſeeing the hare ſtart out of the buſhes he called out to Wiſeacre, juſt as the latter had picked himſelf up, "I ſay, I ſay; look there, look there! There goes the foal out of the egg, and there's not a moment to be loſt, or it will get away;" saying which, off he ſcampered, followed by Wiſeacre, through the buſhes and underwood, the murderous thorns tearing the clothes and

fleſh of both, whilſt the hare, upon the approach of her purſuers, bounded forward over hill and dale, acroſs fields, through woods, and only reſting every now and then, as if, in the enjoyment of the fun, ſhe did it to lure them on.

Perſpiring at every pore, with beating hearts, deaf from excitement, and faint from the loſs of blood; puffing and blowing, regularly done up, and with uneaſy rumbling ſtomachs, they at length flung themſelves at full length upon the ground, worn out and haraſſed with fatigue, and dead beat; whilſt the hare, finding the fun done, looked back quietly once or twice, and then betaking herſelf to cover, was loſt to view. Shortly after, regardleſs of their great fatigue, Noodle and Wiſeacre roſe up again to renew the ſearch; but their only reward was freſh wounds from the relentleſs thorns, as they went limping in every direction over ſtones and ſtumps, for the wicked puſs had left them in the lurch, and the young foal was nowhere to be ſeen. The ſun had already ſet, and it was not till the firſt watch of the night that, footſore and bleeding from numberleſs wounds, and weak and famiſhed, having taſted no food for the whole day, they at length reached the mattam.

Once more ſafe within its gates they gave way to loud lamentations, caſting themſelves on the ground, ſmiting their breaſts and mouths, tearing the hair off their heads, and manifeſting in every way the depths of their miſery and deſpair. "Hem! Hem! Woe is

is me! Woe is me!" cried Wiſeacre. "Oh, that I never was born!" put in Noodle. "Evils come by twelve fingers'-length, and only go away by the breadth of one! What will become of us! Was ever miſery like ours! Who can help us! Who can ſave us!"

Their noiſy lamentations ſoon brought the Gooroo and their fellow diſciples, Doodle and Foozle and Zany, to their aid; but it was ſome time before they could render them any aſſiſtance; for they looked at their ſwollen limbs and features, at their tattered clothes, and bleeding feet and hands, without being able to unriddle the myſtery, and in perfect bewilderment they all ſtood by as if bereft of their ſenſes. At length Foozle and Zany raiſed up Wiſeacre, and the Gooroo and Doodle helped to place Noodle upon his feet. They preſſed the ſufferers to their boſoms, dried up their tears, and ſtaunched their wounds, bidding them to be comforted now, to calm their grief, and to tell them what had happened. Upon this Wiſeacre took courage, and, with Noodle's aid, narrated in detail every circumſtance that had befallen them ſince they had left the mattam on the previous day, not even omitting the converſation which preceded their great diſaſter. Warming with his ſubject as he drew near its cloſe, he broke out with, "Hem, ſir, had you but ſeen the beautiful foal which we have loſt, you would not wonder at the depth of our grief. Never in my whole life have I beheld ſo beautiful a creature! Swift as the wind, of an aſh colour mixed

with black, clean limbed, and graceful in all its movements! In form and ſize it ſomewhat reſembled a hare, and as it ſprang out of its ſhell, it was full a cubit in length. And then, only a foal juſt burſt into life, it pricked up its two ears ſo daintily, and cocking up its tail, which was two fingers' breadth in length, it extended and ſtretched out its four beautiful little legs to the ground, and daſhed off at full ſpeed with ſuch ſwiftneſs and impetuoſity, that no words can do juſtice to its paces, nor can any one conceive their velocity but thoſe who have witneſſed them. So rapid were they that the beautiful creature ſeemed to fly inſtead of to run, and indeed I do not heſitate to ſay that ſuch another foal has never been ſeen in the world."

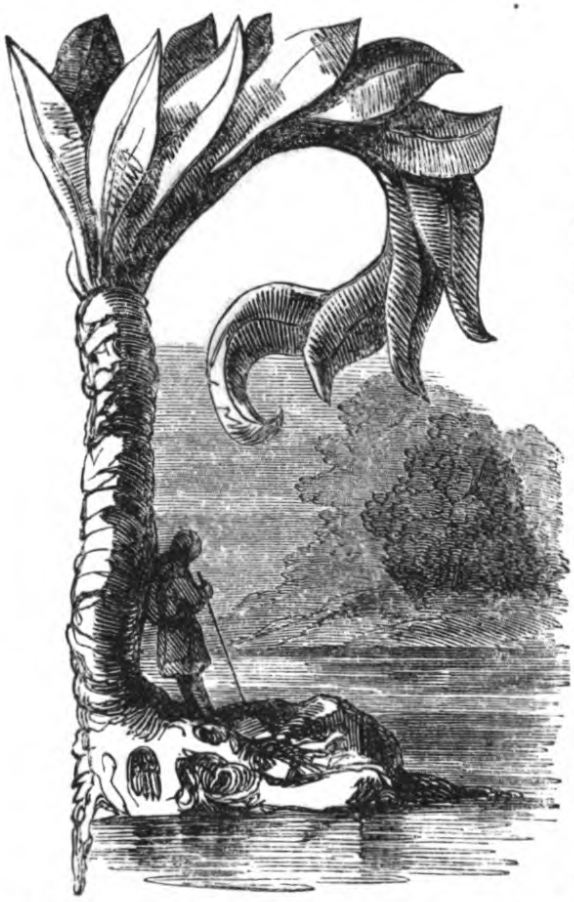
When Wiſeacre had finiſhed ſpeaking, Zany, Doodle, and Foozle, joined him and Noodle in bewailing the loſs of ſuch a paragon of a ſteed; but the Gooroo, aſſuming an air of indifference, as the fox did when he declared the grapes to be ſour, ſaid, "Do not grieve thus, my children. It is true my five pagodas are gone; but after what Wiſeacre has told us of the foal, it is quite as well that that is gone too. If as a little foal it could run in that manner, who would be able to keep his ſeat upon its back when full grown? I am now old, and ſuch a ſteed would not ſuit me. Indeed, if any one were to offer me one like it for nothing, I would not accept it. So let us ſay no more about it; but do you, Noodle and Wiſeacre, have your wounds dreſſed, and take that repoſe and nouriſh-

ment of which you ſtand ſo much in need. So giving them his bleſſing, the Gooroo diſmiſſed his diſciples for the night.

STORY THE THIRD.

THE GOOROO'S RIDE ON OX-BACK.

A ſcorching ſun and no ſhade; the Ox ſerves for a canopy, and his driver demands payment for its uſe; the Padeiyachi appointed judge; legal niceties of leave and licenſe; ſtory of a ſavoury reliſh for cold boiled rice, and payment for the treat; judgment of the Padeiyachi: the ſhadow of Money for the ſhadow of the Ox.



ITY it was that the egg from the mare's neſt did not furniſh the good Gooroo with the bay mare which Wiſeacre had already beſtridden ſo many times in imagination on the eventful morning of its purchaſe; for, not long after that unfortunate adventure, a neceſſity aroſe for making a long and tedious journey, when ſhe would have been of the greateſt ſervice to him and his diſ-

ciples. As it was, ſeeing that without ſome beaſt of burden upon which the Gooroo and his five followers might ride by turns, the journey could not be accompliſhed, it was deemed prudent to hire a ſteady old ox, whoſe horns had been ſeared to prevent their growth when he was yet but a calf, for the hire of which they agreed to give three fanams a day; and having devoted the firſt watch of the morning to the home duties of the mattam, they ſet out juſt as the ſun was ſhining forth in full radiance as he roſe towards the meridian.

For the firſt hour the way was a little ſheltered from the heat, which was nevertheleſs very great, as it was juſt at the hotteſt ſeaſon of the year, and the ſummer was more than uſually oppreſſive; but after that they entered upon a wide and boundleſs ſandy plain, without a ſingle tree or buſh, or any other ſhelter from the scorching rays of the ſun, which fell perpendicularly upon them. The venerable Gooroo, but little accuſtomed to miſs the cool ſhade of the mattam, ſoon ſuccumbed to the heat, and bending like an ear of ripening corn as they ſlowly jogged along, or rather reſembling the death-like *paſſoun-kirey* with its dried-up, drooping, and withered ſtalk, would have fallen off the back of the ox, had not his diſciples perceived his woeful plight and lifted him gently to the ground. As it was, when they placed him carefully on the ſandy plain, he was ſo overcome that he lay ſtretched out without power to move, more like one dead than a living being. In this ſtrait they were

at a loſs what to do, for they all feared he would die by the way; as, though they fanned him with their clothes, the heat of the ſun's rays, and the burning ſand upon which they fell, made all their efforts of no avail.

Zany, who was ſtanding by the ox, perceived that under the animal's body, as he ſtood on his four legs, there were a few inches of ſhade; ſo he went up to Noodle and Doodle, who were deep in conſultation of what was beſt to be done, and told them of the diſcovery he had made. Wiſeacre and Foozle, hearing this, led the ox carefully up to the ſpot upon which the poor old Gooroo lay ſtretched, and whilſt Zany held the animal's head, Noodle and Doodle each took hold of one of the fore legs of the old beaſt, and Wiſeacre and Foozle each of one of its hind legs, fixing its tail in poſition by preſſing againſt it with their heads, and in this manner they proceeded to guide it till it fairly ſtood over the proſtrate Gooroo, and ſerved as a canopy to ſhield him from the ſun's ſcorching rays. Having placed their beloved maſter thus in comparative comfort, they redoubled their efforts to cool the air by fanning him with their clothes, in which they were greatly aided by a cool breeze which ſprang up. Gradually the Gooroo revived and, feeling refreſhed, remounted the ox, when the party proceeded on their journey, and juſt as the ſhades of evening were falling, reached a little village, where they halted for the night.

Now, it will be remembered, that the ox-driver had

taken no part in placing his animal over the proſtrate body of the Gooroo. Indeed, he had purpoſely left the ſpot the moment that Wiſeacre had taken hold of the halter by which he had led it; for out of that act of ownerſhip exerciſed by a ſervant of the Gooroo he intended to make an extra profit, as we ſhall now ſee. Accordingly, when our travellers had taken poſſeſſion of their quarters in the village choultry, which by day

ſerved for a temple and a court of juſtice, but by night offered its ſhelter to the wayfarer, Noodle, who, as ſenior diſciple, carried the money bag, tendered the three fanams, as agreed, to the ox-driver for the day's hire.

"What is this for?" ſaid the driver; "that is by no means enough."

"Not enough?" aſked Noodle; "why, is it not the full ſum agreed upon? What more would you have?"

"What more would I have," put in the man; "what more would I have? Why, what's my due, and no miſtake. Quite true, I was to have three fanams for the uſe of my ox as a beaſt of burden, and for that I will take them in full ſatisfaction for the day's ride. I ſcorn to impoſe upon any man, and I am not going to let any man impoſe on me. What's right, is right. Without ſaying by your leave, or making any bones about the matter, did not Maſter Wiſeacre take the ox away from where he ſtood, and turn him into a canopy againſt the ſcorching rays of the ſun? And did you not all five aſſiſt and place him over the old Gooroo, who would have periſhed miſerably but for the ſhadow of my ox? Now what belonged to my ox belonged to me, ſo that his ſhadow was my property, of the enjoyment of which that act of yours deprived me. Am I not to be reimburſed for the loſs I thus ſuſtained? I muſt be paid for that too; and as without it the poor old gentleman would have died, I am not going to be put off with a trifle."

Whilſt the driver was thus diſputing his fare, Wiſeacre and Foozle, Doodle and Zany had come out of the choultry to ſee what the row was about, and no ſooner had the man ſet up his claim for compenſation for the loſs of the ſhadow of the ox, which they had

wrongfully converted to their own uſe, than they one and all began to cry out ſhame, and charge him with attempting to impoſe upon them. But he was not to be put down, and ſtood upon his rights; for no one could ſay that there was not a ſhadow for him to found a claim upon, and he knew enough of law to be ſatisfied with even that for its foundation. The diſpute at length became ſo loud and furious that gradually the villagers came flocking to the ſpot; firſt the women, as was natural, to ſatisfy their curioſity: then the men, as was no leſs natural, to ſee what the women were about, till at length a noiſy mob ſtood around the choultry, ſome ſiding with the diſciples of the Gooroo, and ſome with the ox-driver; but all vociferating and ſhouting, and thoſe, who knew leaſt of the merits of the caſe, the loudeſt and moſt boiſterous of the partiſans of the ſide they had ſeverally eſpouſed.

When the row was at its height, the chief of the village came forth to quell it. He was a Padeiyachi, and though only a ſuperior kind of farm labourer, a man of ready wit, who knew how to make his authority reſpected. By way of appeaſing the fray, he at once adjourned the meeting into the Court of the choultry, and having ſeated himſelf upon the bench from whence he daily diſpenſed juſtice, he aſked the litigants whether they would be content to place the matter in diſpute in his hands, and abide by his deciſion. This having been agreed to, the ox-driver ſtated his caſe, cleverly importing into it many circum-

ſtances which, though quite irrelevant to the matter in diſpute, he thought might throw duſt in the eyes of the judge; and which led Noodle and Doodle, Wiſe-acre, Foozle and Zany, ever and anon to interrupt him, and brought down upon them a "Silence in the Court!" from the dignitary who occupied the judgment ſeat.

Having heard both ſides, Noodle, on the part of the Gooroo, having argued that the ox-driver had given leave and licenſe, had ſtood by, allowed, and permitted the ox to be uſed for the purpoſe, and therefore had no ſtanding in Court, the Padeiyachi thus proceeded to addreſs them:

"I myſelf, ſome years ago, when returning home from a diſtant journey, came in the evening to a very large choultry, or rather a caravanſara; for, beſides lodging, they ſupplied for money to thoſe that came to it every thing they might require in the way of refreſhment. Now, it ſo happened that I had ſcarcely money enough with me to defray my travelling expenſes; ſo when they aſked me if I required anything, I replied in the negative; for though it is bad enough to be poor, it is always a great deal worſe to appear ſo. At the end of the room, over a briſk fire, was a pot of cabobs, and cloſe by a ſpit, reſting upon two ſupports, was laden with a large and delicious leg of mutton, which, as the fat browned and frizzled, ſent forth a moſt tantalizing odour to the ſenſitive perceptions of a hungry man. Now, I had

not omitted to bring with me a cloth full of boiled rice, as is cuſtomary when one goes on a journey; but of lime-juice or pepper-water I had none; for I had been obliged to huſband my means in order that they might laſt out till I ſhould reach home, and ſo to content myſelf with the bareſt neceſſaries, luxuries being

quite out of the queſtion. The ſavory ſmell of the mutton made me feel quite a gnawing at my ſtomach, and though I would fain have kept the cold boiled rice for my breakfaſt, I could not withſtand the craving appe-

tite it produced, and ſo aſking permiſſion to ſit by the fire and turn the ſpit for a while, I took out my bundle of rice, and whilſt I gratified the cravings of nature by eating the rice, I no leſs enjoyed the ſavoury odour which proceeded from the cabobs and the mutton, as I conſumed my frugal ſupper.

"I had a long day's travel before me, ſo I got up betimes, intending to depart with the firſt watch of the morning. Judge of my aſtoniſhment when I reached the door to find the maſter of the caravanſara there, who refuſed to allow me to depart till I had paid for the ſavoury odour of the mutton, with which I had tickled my palate by the agency of my noſe.

"At firſt I thought the man was chaffing me on account of my poverty; but ſoon found that he was in earneſt; ſo, growing very angry, I aſked him if he took me for a fool, and one that he could ſo eaſily impoſe upon, as to demand payment for having merely ſniffed the ſavoury odour of a diſh he was cooking. In ſhort, we both got warm, and to put an end to the quarrel, agreed to go before the chief man of the village.

"He was fortunately a man who could not be bought over by bribes, was courteous to all, and never forgot that he who diſpenſes the laws muſt be a gentleman both by habit and thought, muſt weigh well both ſides of the matter ſubmitted to him, and only give judgment after mature deliberation. Then, too, he was well read in the Darma Shaſtra, that great and

glorious monument of our laws, which are the perfection of human intellect. He was indeed a great and learned Shaſtri, a lawyer ſuch as one can ſeldom hope to meet with.

"Now, liſten to his judgment, which he did not deliver till he had conſulted a great many books, all of which lay open before him, as he ſpoke in the following terms:—

"'It is for him who ate of the mutton to pay for the mutton in money; but for him who ſniffed of the odour of the mutton to pay for it by the ſniff of money. That is my judgment.'

"Whereupon, calling the maſter of the caravanſara to him, he placed a bag of copper fanams on the table before him, and ſtretching his hand acroſs the back of the head of my obdurate creditor, he paid him in his own coin, by rubbing and ſcrubbing his noſe for ſeveral minutes amongſt the contents of the bag, ſaying all the while, 'Now, my good friend, pay yourſelf liberally, there is no ſtint; ſniff away and enjoy the rich odour to your heart's content.' Then, when the maſter of the caravanſara at length found breath to ſay, 'Enough, enough! I am quite ſatisfied; my poor noſe! my poor noſe! it is coming off; ſtay, I pray you!' down went the head again and again, each time it was raiſed up, till, overcome by the exertion, the learned Shaſtri at length deſired the ſatisfaction of the debt to be placed on the records of the Court.

"You have heard this. Was it not juſtice? Was it not law? This deciſion of the wiſe Shaſtri is the precedent upon which I have founded the judgment of the Court in the caſe now before it. For the journeying hither upon the ox the three fanams, already paid, are payment in full; for the uſe of the ſhadow of the ox, the ſhadow of money muſt ſuffice. But as the ſun has already gone down, and in ſuch caſes ſpeedy execution ſhould follow as a matter of courſe, the Court in its diſcretion will ſubſtitute the chink of money for its ſhadow." So, taking hold of a heavy bag of fanams, which, whilſt delivering judgment he had placed before him, he held it up and made the contents chink; and, having ſuddenly ſeized on the ox-driver, he repeatedly and ſharply ſtruck the money-bag againſt his ear, ſhouting out each time, "Doſt hear? doſt hear? Chink, chink; doſt hear?"

"Oh my head! oh my ear! Enough, enough!" cried the ox-driver. "I am fully paid for the ſhadow of my ox. Deſiſt! pray deſiſt!"

The claim raiſed by the ox-driver having been thus fully ſatisfied, the Gooroo ſaid: "I am a man of peace, and care not to be mixed up again in ſuch unſeemly quarrels. I cannot endure this vexation. Take away thy ox, I have no more occaſion for him; and as the remainder of the journey is ſhort, in the morning I will proceed on foot, reſting from time to time when fatigued." Saying which the good Goo-

roo turned to the Padeiyachi, and thanking him for the equitable way in which he had delivered judgment in a caſe ſo ſurrounded with difficulties, he gave him his bleſſing and diſmiſſed him.

STORY THE FOURTH.

FISHING FOR A HORSE.

Wiſeacre goes to a field, and performs his ablutions; the Temple of Ayinar, and the votive ſteed; Natural Philoſophy and as natural doubts; the horſe in the water, and how to catch it; Anglers never at a loſs; ſubſtitutes for line and hook; the nibble and bite; a long pull and a ſtrong pull, and loſs of the line and hook; the promiſed ſteed.

IN the whole, the Gooroo and his diſciples were well pleaſed to have got rid of the ox and his maſter, and, dreading the heat, while anxious to continue their journey, they were ready, at early cock crow, to begin the day'smarch. Nevertheleſs, as the venerable man was unable to make a rapid progreſs, they had to travel at a ſlow pace, and had not yet completed the firſt kadam, when the heat became ſo intenſe, that, to eſcape the ſcorching rays of the ſun, they were glad

to turn out of the road, and ſeek the ſhade of ſome trees, at a little diſtance from their direct route, which grew near a reſervoir, intending, in this cool grove, to await the afternoon's breeze.

Here they repoſed for ſome time in delicious ſilence, till after a while Wiſeacre, having firſt ſought the privacy of the fields, haſtened to make his ablutions in the cool water. On the margin of the reſervoir ſtood a temple dedicated to *Ayinar*, the ſon of Viſhnoo, and cloſe to it was placed the life-ſize figure of a horſe of newly-baked clay, a votive offering of ſome pious ſoul for recovery from a ſevere and dangerous illneſs. The reſervoir was full up to the brim with the moſt limpid and tranſlucent water, lying calm and ſtill in the

noon-day heat, and upon its ſurface the ſtatue was mirrored with ſtartling clearneſs. Wiſeacre gazed long and earneſtly in ſilent aſtoniſhment at the phenomenon before him. He could not divine the cauſe of the myſtery. Water was not the natural element of a horſe; how could it ſtand there in apparent eaſe and comfort, entirely ſubmerged? Abſorbed in profound meditation (for Wiſeacre was already famed at the mattam as moſt learned and deep in the philoſophy of cauſe and effect), the thought ſuddenly ſtruck him that external objects are reflected by water, and that the object which he ſaw was, after all, but the ſhadow or repreſentation of the terra-cotta horſe ſtanding upon the bank of the reſervoir. He compared the ſtatue on land with the animal ſeen in the water; he ſaw that in colour and ſize both were the ſame. He examined each figure with careful judgment and painſtaking diſcrimination, until he arrived at a ſatisfactory ſolution of the difficulty, and became firmly convinced that what he had firſt taken for a live horſe was in reality nothing more than an image or ſhadow caſt upon the poliſhed ſurface of the water by the intercepted rays of light. It was indeed a great diſcovery, worthy of a pupil of the wiſe Gooroo Simple. As Wiſeacre was contemplating the beſt way of turning it to account by communicating it to other equally learned perſons, a gentle breeze aroſe, fanning the water with its ſoft careſs into an anſwering ſmile or ripple, and the wind increaſing, the pool

became much agitated, whilſt at the ſame moment the ſuppoſed ſhadow horſe beſtirred itſelf, and ſeemed reſtleſs. Wiſeacre remarked the change, but ſeeing that the ſtatue remained immoveable, whilſt the animal which he had believed to be its reflection con-

tinued to move, he changed his former opinion, and was perſuaded that he had deceived himſelf in his previous deductions. "If the horſe that one ſees at the bottom of the reſervoir," ſaid he to himſelf, "were only the reflection of that which is placed upon the edge of the pool, it would not ſtir nor move as it does; for the reflection ought to be as ſtationary

as the real object! It follows, then, of courſe, that the reſtleſs animal in the water muſt be different from that which ſtands paſſive and immoveable on the bank." Nevertheleſs, he wiſhed to be more certain of the fact, haſty concluſions being too often erroneous; ſo he picked up a large ſtone, and threw it with all his might into the pool, at the exact ſpot where the horſe was gently curvetting beneath its ſurface, uttering, at the ſame time, loud cries, and making energetic paſſes with his hands, in order to frighten it, and make it change its poſition. The ſtone, daſhed with ſuch violence into the water, conſiderably increaſed the action of the ripple, and the horſe below became in conſequence fearfully excited. It ſtruggled, ſtamped, leaped, kicked, reared, and plunged with ſuch fierce impetuoſity, as only an angry animal could diſplay. Seeing this, Wiſeacre no longer doubted for a moment that the horſe at the bottom of the reſervoir was actually a living one. Tranſported with joy, he ran back to tell this good news to the Gooroo, and to concert with Noodle and Doodle, Zany and Foozle, the means by which they might render themſelves maſters of ſuch a high-ſpirited creature. Amazed and delighted, they all aroſe at once, and hurried off to the ſpot, and ſeeing themſelves the furious efforts of the horſe to regain the land, they entered at once into deep conſultation upon the matter, firſt liſtening with deference to Wiſeacre's minute detail of what he had obſerved, and following with profound atten-

tion his line of argument, they arrived at a clear and unanimous conviction of the truth and cleverneſs of his reaſoning. This was no haſty reſolve; and in their conſultation, the five circumſtances ſo eſſential to a formal conference had all been duly conſidered. *Firſtly.* The tangible means demanded attention. *Secondly.* The fruits to be expected had to be brought under view in their four admitted aſpects of good works, wealth, pleaſure, and paradiſe, wealth being again ſubdivided into riches, money, or goods and chattels. *Thirdly.* The choice of time and opportunity for commencing the work called forth many remarks; and *Fourthly.* Every objection which could be urged againſt it had to be ſatisfactorily answered. All theſe points ſettled, there ſtill remained, *fifthly,* to determine whether the matter under conſideration was worth the trouble, and whether it ought to be done. The Gooroo and his followers never entered lightly upon any undertaking; and as they diſcuſſed theſe weighty points with their cuſtomary ability and perſpicuity, the good man was touched by the affectionate anxiety they evinced for his comfort and relief from the fatigues of travel. Diſcuſſion ended, action muſt follow. The queſtions to be decided were the means of capture, and the manner of doing it. But they could not agree. Zany adviſed that one of them ſhould jump into the pool, bind the horſe with cords, and compel it to come out by the reſt dragging it aſhore. This plan, though the moſt ſure and prompt,

was too perilous, as no one poſſeſſed ſufficient courage to attempt to put it into practice. Foozle thought the horſe might be decoyed or coaxed by a ſieve of corn ſhaken in its ſight, but there was this inſurmountable objection, that they had neither corn nor ſieve to ſhake. Nothing daunted, Wiſeacre, whoſe turn it was now to ſpeak, drew forth a ſickle from their ſtores, and propoſed that they ſhould uſe it as a fiſh-hook, tie a line to it, and bait it with the boiled rice they, like other travellers, carried with them to eat on the way. Doodle and Noodle coincided, and general approval having been given to this propoſition, they ſtraightway ſet to work to put it into practice. Like all clever anglers, their reſources were inexhauſtible. For a line they uſed part of the Gooroo's turban, and triumphantly forced the ſickle into the maſs of rice; but by ſome fatality it came out again with not a grain upon it. Rich in contrivance, Doodle tore off part of an ancient garment that he wore about his perſon, and directing Wiſeacre to tie the rice up in it, he buried the ſickle's point deep within the bundle. Loud applauſe rewarded this ſucceſsful feat. All being ready, they approached the pool, and caſt the line as anglers do, into the water, which, as it received the bait, became more diſturbed than ever, and the horſe began to leap, to kick, and plunge in ſuch a wild and frantic manner that the anxious group upon the bank, ſeized with alarm and overpowering terror leſt he ſhould ruſh out upon them,

let go their hold of the line, and fled for the bare life of them.

Wiſeacre alone retained his preſence of mind. He continued at his poſt, and firmly holding the untwiſted turban, to the end of which the ſickle was attached, as the ripple ſubſided, ſoftly drew nearer

to the pool, and ſeeing the horſe leſs excited, to keep him quiet "So-ho'd" him, uſing all the many gentle and endearing epithets with which it is the way of the world to cajole and gammon a ruſtic horſe into ſubjection, trolling the bundle of rice all the while in the moſt appetiſing way under the poor creature's very noſe.

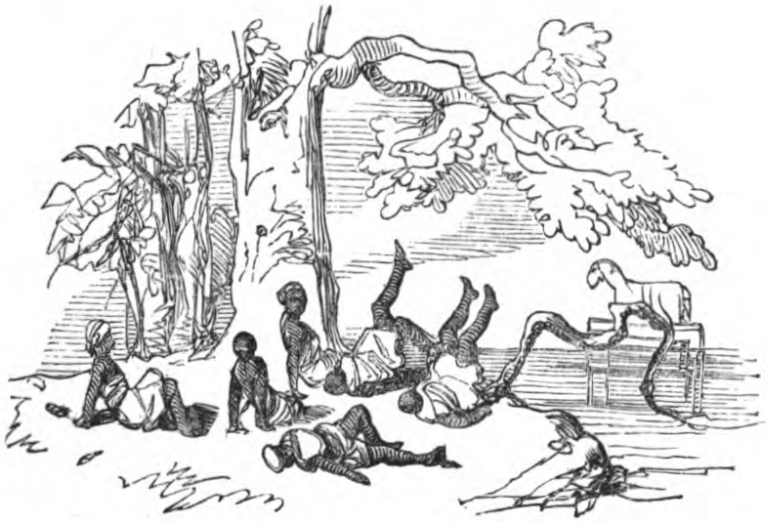
Preſently he felt a nibble, then a tug at his line,

but not ſeeing the dark heads of ſome large fiſh, which were ſnapping at the cloth to get at the rice, he ſhouted, "Help! help! the horſe has ſwallowed the bait! Come back! come back! there's nothing to fear!"

Peeping from behind the trees, Doodle and Noodle, Foozle and Zany, perceived the ſigns made by Wiſe-acre, and hearing his ſhouts of triumph, they took courage and emerged from their hiding-place. Warily approaching, and ſtepping daintily, once more they laid hold of the line, hauling it carefully in, when ſuddenly, the cloth and rice being gone, a ſtrong reſiſtance enſued, ariſing, as they one and all declared, from the horſe having gorged the bait. "Bravo!" they cried, laughing loudly, "the horſe is our own! Pull away! pull away! A long pull, a ſtrong pull, and a pull altogether;" and, uniting the whole of their ſtrength, they graſped the poor old turban, which, having ſeen much ſervice, gave way like burnt thread, and down toppled all five on their backs, with their heels aloft in the air, while the ſickle, now fixed in a ſtout branch that had fallen from a tree above, repoſed with the turban and the horſe at peace in the water.

A traveller who was paſſing by, and had watched their proceedings for ſome time in ſilence, without comprehending in the leaſt what they were about, after their fall approached and inquired what new game they were playing. His good-humoured face and

honeſt greeting aſſured them of his ſympathy; ſo they poured into his ears the tale of their angling to catch the horſe, and how their line had unfortunately broken at the very moment they believed they had got poſſeſſion of him. The ſtranger, perceiving the kind of cuſtomers he had to deal with, yet wiſhing to undeceive them kindly, as one does thoſe whoſe acts, although not of the wiſeſt, ſtill proceed from good motives, ſaid, "Do you not ſee that the horſe in the



water is but the ſhadow of the ſtatue on the bank? If you ſtill doubt it, I will convince you in ſpite of yourſelves."

So taking the cloth from his ſhoulders, he threw it like a veil over the terra-cotta horſe, and immediately the horſe was inviſible in the pool. The diſciples of the Gooroo, now fully convinced of their miſtake, ſought to make excuſes for the falſe ſtep into which they had been betrayed, by acquainting the

traveller with their anxiety to procure a horſe at a small coſt, on which their beloved but worn-out maſter could ride. They then told him all the particulars of their diſaſtrous adventures, not only as fiſhers, but as finders of mares' neſts, and the cruel impoſition of the previous day, by which the Gooroo had nearly loſt his life, ſuffocated by the heat, and the troubles conſequent upon the roguiſh conduct of the ox-driver.

The ſtranger ſoon gathered from this recital of their misfortunes that theſe poor fellows were of a claſs ſo common in the world, more fools than knaves, that it would be a hopeleſs taſk to enlighten their ignorance; but pitying their condition, he ſaid kindly, "I have an old lame horſe which may be ſerviceable to you for the journeys you make. Fanam or kaſhoo I do not require, but preſent it to you as a gift. Follow me to the neighbouring village, and reſt beneath my roof this night."

So ſaying, he took them away with him, their whole party congratulating each other upon having met with ſuch a noble and generous protector, no leſs than upon the proſpect of at length poſſeſſing a horſe.

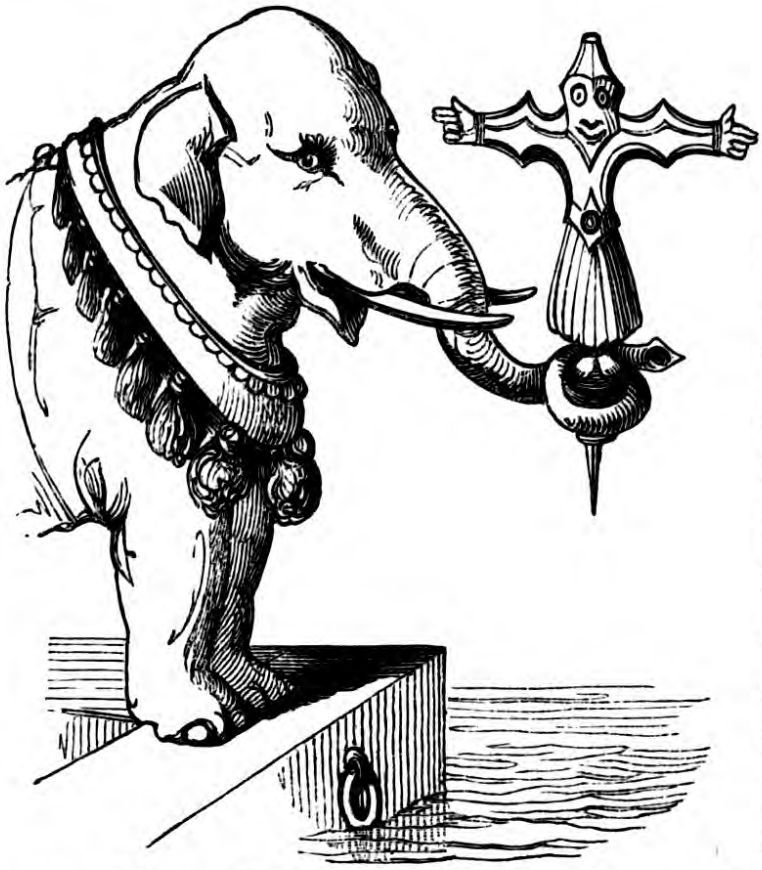
And ſo it is written: "A prudent man truſts to a true friend in the day of trouble, for no one overcomes adverſity without a friend." No; not upon mother or wife, brother, or even upon one's own ſon, can a man ſo firmly repoſe as upon the boſom of a

tried friend. When all others fail him, let him place his truſt in him, and he will ride ſecurely through a ſea of trouble.

STORY THE FIFTH.

THE GOOROO ON HORSEBACK.

Riches and pleaſure; Don't look a gift-horſe in the mouth; the equeſtrian order; lucky days; the proceſſion; the tax of pride; toll to pay; ſtory of an unſavoury tax and ſweet-money; the horſe in the pound; the pocket teaches humility; the Valloovan turned veterinarian; a Rarey-ſhow.

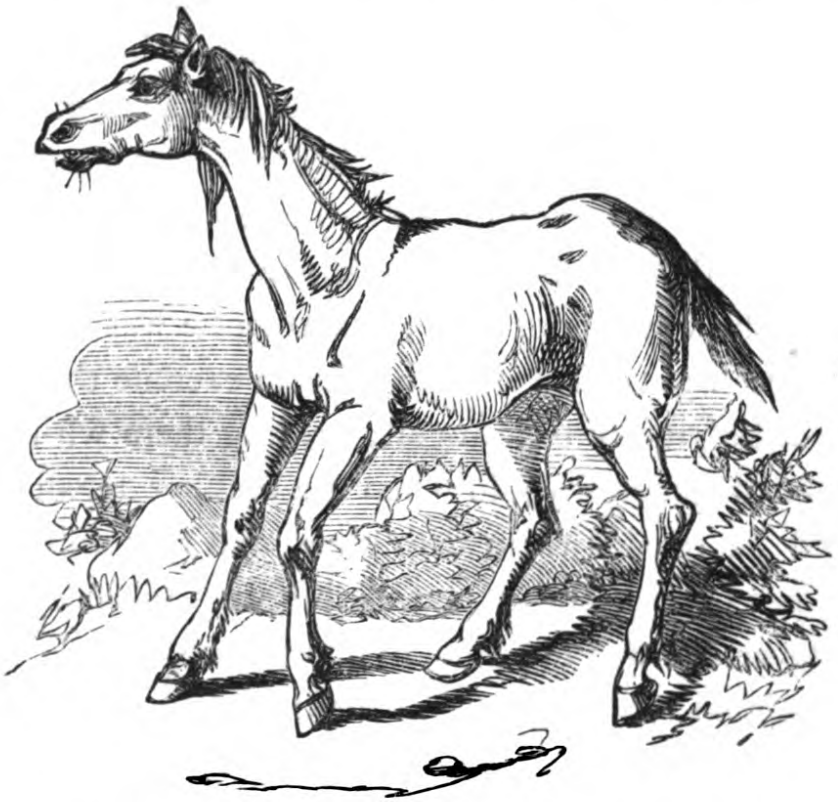


HE Gooroo Simple and his five attendants, Noodle, and Doodle, Wiſeacre, Zany, and Foozle, accompanied the ſtranger to his houſe, and having bid them welcome, their hoſt aſked them to reſt themſelves after their fatigues

until the hour of ſupper arrived. He was far from being a rich man; for to conſtitute wealth there muſt be eight gifts:—money, the principal of all; corn or land, crops or rents; children—for what are riches without heirs? and the lute is only ſweet muſic to them that know not the ſound of their children's prattle; chattels and perſonal property; relations; friends; and ſlaves to do one's bidding. Without theſe how can a man obtain the eight pleaſures of life: good living, fine clothing, delicious perfumes, flowers and fruits; betel and areka; a beloved wife, gifted muſicians, and a bed of roſes—a couch of flowers to reſt upon? As their new friend did not poſſeſs all theſe bleſſings, he could not be called rich; indeed, he was a poor man; but then he was benevolent and right-minded, and loved to exerciſe the holy rite of hoſpitality to ſtrangers, treating them with diſintereſted generoſity; ſo when the evening repaſt was ſerved he regaled them with ghee, and tyer milk and rice, betel leaves and nuts, together with tobacco, and whatever elſe was requiſite, in abundance.

The next morning he ſent for the horſe, which was out at graſs, either on the common or by the road ſide, as the caſe might be, and ſtepping it out before the Gooroo, prayed him to accept it as a free giſt, and a mark of his great friendſhip and conſideration. The horſe was twenty years old, it was true; blind of one eye, and ſhorn of one ear; lame in his fore leg, and with one of his hind legs a little ſhort and contracted;

nevertheleſs he could "go," and was for that reaſon a moſt valuable gift to their venerable maſter; ſo the Gooroo and his diſciples were overjoyed thus to obtain poſſeſſion of the object of their ardent deſires, and made light of defects which were as nothing in their eyes compared to the diſtinction a horſe conferred upon their miſſion. Gathering round it, they examined the animal in ſilent admiration for a time, until Zany, to



whoſe charge it was to be confided, began to pat its head; Foozle to ſtroke its back and other parts of its body; Wiſeacre, as a judge of horſefleſh, to liſt up firſt one foot and then another, ſcraping the hoof of each; Doodle, with an eye to the general effect,

ſeparated the hairs of the tail, ſmoothing them out carefully, ſo as to give it a flowing appearance; Noodle fed it with graſs, which he plucked up by the roots, that none of its nouriſhment might be loſt, wiping the poor old beaſt's eyes at the ſame time, and rubbing the ſore place where the ear was not. After laviſhing theſe tender cares upon the horſe, the next thing was to have it ſaddled and bridled for the Gooroo to ride; but how could they, in ſuch an out-of-the-way place, obtain harneſs ſuitable to the dignity of their maſter? Plunged into this freſh dilemma, their hoſt again came to their aid by finding ſome of the old trappings. But the ſaddle was torn, and was minus a crupper, without which it would ſlip over the animal's ears on the firſt hill he ſhould deſcend; ſo they cut ſome *pālie-kodi*,* and plaiting the bines into a cord, made a loop for his tail. Then the old ruſty bit was without head-gear or bridle; but this they ſupplied with twiſted hay-bands which were lying in the field. Then, too, the ſtirrups were without leathers, and there was no belly-band to fix the whole. Wiſeacre in haſte ran off to a village hard by, from whence he brought ſome cart harneſs, and converting it into the miſſing articles, he faſhioned what was left into a martingale befitting the rank of his maſter.

When all this had been done, it was already the evening of the tenth day of the moon's age, and the next was Monday the eleventh, itſelf a day of ill-luck,

* Asclepias volubilis, a paraſitical plant.

rendered thus more unlucky ſtill; ſo Wiſeacre was told to ſtudy the true rules of aſtrology, which he had got from a learned Poorahita at the village feſtival of laſt year, and thus make himſelf maſter of Fate; for the Gooroo never commenced an important undertaking on an unlucky day, and theſe, every one knows, are the 4th, the 6th, the 8th, the 9th, the 11th, the 12th, the 14th, and the 15th of the moon's age, unleſs they are made otherwiſe by falling on the lucky days of the week; and are theſe not thus ſet forth by the rules of aſtrology? "If the 8th day of the moon's age falls on a Sunday, the 9th on a Monday, the 6th on a Tueſday, the 3rd on a Wedneſday, the 9th on a Thurſday, the 13th on a Friday, and the 14th on a Saturday, then theſe lucky days ſerve to counteract the ill-luck of the week in which they fall; but if the 12th day of the moon's age falls on a Sunday, the 11th on a Monday, the 5th on a Tueſday, the 2nd on a Wedneſday, the 6th on a Thurſday, the 8th on a Friday, and the 9th on a Saturday, then not only are thoſe days themſelves unlucky, but they alſo influence the luck of the week, even rendering the 2nd and 5th days of the moon's age unlucky, though the 2nd, the 5th, the 7th, the 10th, and the 13th are otherwiſe its lucky days."

So the unlucky days were paſſed over by the Gooroo and his followers in taking their reſt and in making preparations for their journey; and when the fortunate period arrived, the people of the village,

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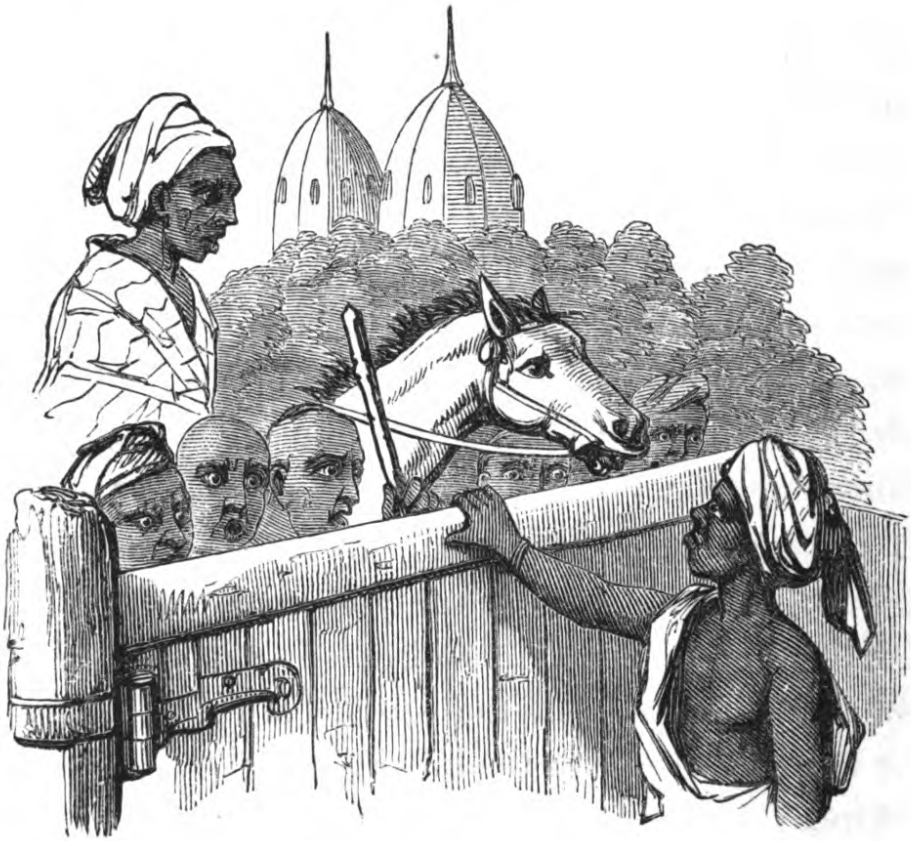
men, women, and children, crowded round the diſciples of the Gooroo, as with much ſolemnity they raiſed their maſter in their arms and placed him on the back of their brave old ſteed, the ſpectators the while cheering and clapping their hands, and making the air ring with their acclamations.

Foozle, as Groom of the Stole, walked on one ſide, and adjuſted the garments of the Gooroo; Wiſeacre, now Maſter of the Horſe, gave his maſter the requiſite inſtructions by which he could hold on and keep his proper balance; Zany, in right of his new office of equerry, walked in front with the ſtraw bridle in his hand, and pulled the horſe forward to keep him going; Doodle, the whipper-in, went behind and forced the animal to advance by puſhing him with the left hand, the right hand dealing out at the ſame time enlivening blows with a heavy ſtick; whilſt Noodle, as chief miniſter, walked on the other ſide of the Gooroo, with raiſed arms ready to uphold him if he ſhould totter. The Gooroo himſelf held on bravely, graſping with one hand the pommel of the ſaddle, and the horſe's mane with the other.

Once fairly ſtarted, Zany preceded the cortège, and ſhouted with a loud voice, warning the people to get out of the way, and leave the road clear for the paſſage of the great Gooroo Simple; calling upon them to do homage to ſo illuſtrious a perſonage, whoſe praiſes he proclaimed; and repeating from time to time, in a voice that was heard afar off: "Look out!

look out! take care! take care! clear the way!" led on the cavalcade in triumph.

At length they arrived at a toll-gate, and were paſſing through as became their high eſtate and dignity, when the gate-keeper ſtopped them and demanded the toll for the horſe, which he ſaid was five fanams.



"What do you ſay?" exclaimed Wiſeacre, ſtupified and thrown all of a heap, as it were, by the extravagant demand of the man; "You are chaffing us! Demand toll for a horſe ridden by a Gooroo!" "We are not Vaiſyas and merchants," put in Doodle,

"mere grovellers in the dirt; nor does the horſe carry a bale of goods, that we ſhould be called upon to pay toll like a Chitty packman. Our horſe has been preſented as a gift by a generous friend, who, ſeeing that our venerable maſter could not walk without great trouble, had compaſſion on his weakneſs, and gave him this ſteed. By what authority do you claim toll? It is a groſs fraud, an act of cruel injuſtice! Have you leſs pity than he who gave the horſe?"

But all his clever pleadings, arguments, and complaints were of no avail. The heart of the toll-gate keeper was not open to pity, and as he ſaw no fanams forthcoming, he puſhed Zany on one ſide, and ſeized the bridle, ſaying, he "would not let the horſe go until they had rendered tribute to the ſtate;" adding with an angry and reſolute air, "Come, pay the toll; here is no exemption for volunteers: Gooroo or groom, Pariar or prieſt, it's all the ſame to me. The toll I demand, and the toll I will have, whether from Brahman, Vaiſya, or Chitty!"

Doodle and Wiſeacre ſtill continued their entreaties and threats by turn, but at laſt were obliged to yield and pay the toll; whereupon the Gooroo, who was very fond of money, as moſt old gentlemen are, pulled ſuch a long face that the collector, adding inſult to injury, burſt into a rude horſe-laugh when the five fanams had to be diſburſed. Indignant, but helpleſs, yet groaning heavily, the Gooroo exclaimed

bitterly, "What do I want with a horſe? If I travel as I did before I ſhall not be expoſed to theſe painful trials, nor to ſuch frightful expenſes." Noodle, and Doodle, Wiſeacre, Foozle, and Zany all tried to comfort him, inveighing againſt the vexations and dead robbery which they had juſt experienced; and then they once more continued their route in ſilence, as men do who have juſt been ſubjected to a ſevere mortification, till they arrived at a choultry ſituated at ſome diſtance from the toll-gate, where the Gooroo diſmounted to reſt for a while.

Here he met a traveller, with whom he entered into converſation, and related to him the crying injuſtice of which he had been the victim, under the pretext of exacting a toll.

"I never mounted a horſe before from the day that I was born! Now to-day I have been riding for the firſt time, and ſhamefully have I been made to pay for it. The people hitherto have teſtified no ſympathy with us, or thought of interfering in our behalf when we wanted help; but to-day they even uſed violence to plunder quiet inoffenſive travellers of their money! Money obtained in ſuch a way, how ſhall it profit them! May the vital fires its loſs deprives me of, through want of the neceſſary ſuſtenance and nouriſhment I muſt in conſequence forego, and which thoſe five fanams would have furniſhed abundantly, conſume them as burning coals! Shall he who but taſtes of *amoordam*, the pure drink of the gods, all but periſh;

whilſt he who drinks deep of the poiſon of the world, and revels in the plunder of his fellows, prosper! Does not the poet ſay, 'They who reach the feet of Him who nouriſheth the opening flower ſhall flouriſh!' What! am I then to be thus treated! Am I not a Gooroo; and is no reſpect due to my calling, or to my office of inſtructor and comforter!"

After the Gooroo had diſcharged his bile in theſe bitter complaints, the traveller replied in his turn, and ſtrove to conſole him by the precepts of philoſophy.

"Ah! moſt honoured Gooroo," he ſaid, "what high morality you preach! One ſees by your diſcourſe how the diſcharge of your pious duties and deep ſtudies have eſtranged you from the world, its vices, and its vanities. You were not born to live in this age of iron, this *Kali-yoogam* of the world, in which might overcomes right, and all things have degenerated. Vice ſtalks about triumphant on the earth; honeſty and virtue are but recollections of the paſt; money is both the honeſty and virtue of our age! Get money, honeſtly if you can; but anyhow, get money, is the teaching of the ſchools. Money is men's Gooroo; money their caſte and their family; money is their god! Of old it was ſaid, 'Name but money, and a corpſe will open its mouth and ſay: "Money! money! Give it to me."'

"This age of Iron, honoured ſir, is an age of gold; and men honour the god whom they worſhip ſo much, that nothing is done, nothing is ſaid, but what

money commands. 'Without money,' it is written, 'even the brighteſt intellect will be abſorbed and deſtroyed by carking care for butter and ſalt, for oil and rice, for raiment and wood.'"

"True, true," put in the Gooro; "your words are words of wiſdom. Men will do anything for gold; and, even if buried in the filthieſt of mire, dainty fingers will not be found wanting to pluck it out; aye, even, too, if no other way remained, the prettieſt of lips would think it no ſhame or degradation to ſtoop to do the act bodily with their mouths. Men and women too will eat dirt for money!"

"No doubt of it," ſaid the traveller, "as I can ſhow from a tale which was told me in the far Weſt, which I will now repeat if you, honoured ſir, will liſten.

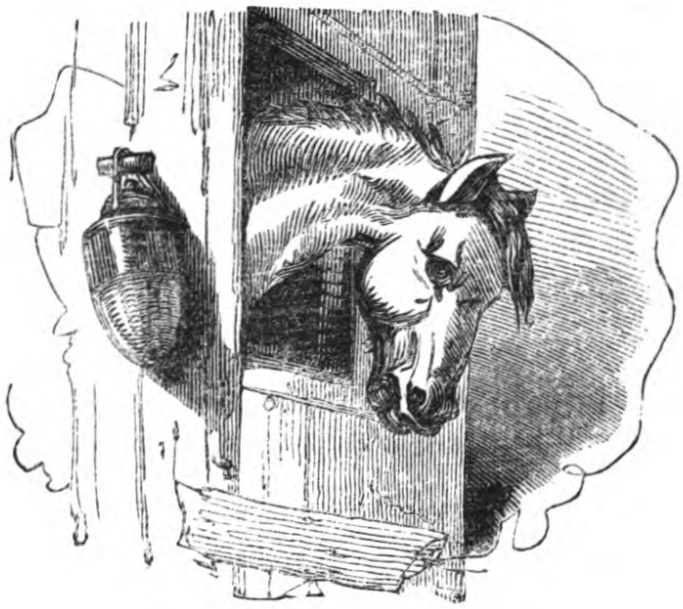
"Once upon a time there was a great and mighty monarch, whoſe rule extended over the whole of the Weſt like that of the great Zingis over the whole of the Eaſt. He loved money beyond all things, and having taxed all his nations to the utmoſt, yet ſtill craving for more money, there was nothing elſe left for him to tax, but what the neceſſity of our nature ſhould have kept exempt from ſuch an impoſt. His ſon expoſtulated in vain, urging that ſuch money would ſtink in men's noſtrils; but the great and mighty ruler of one half of the world was not to be put aſide from his purpoſe, and the tax was levied. A few days after, he ſent for his ſon, and, whilſt they were diſ-

cuſſing the affairs of ſtate, drew forth a bag of ſhining golden coin, which he handed to him, ſaying, 'Smell it, my ſon; is there not an ill flavour about that money?'—'None,' replied the ſon, 'that I can detect; it is but freſh minted, and very pure.'—'Yet,' added

that mighty ruler, 'it is the produce of the tax, and what you ſaid would ſtink in men's noſtrils. Be ſure, my ſon, it is ſufficient that the money comes; trouble not yourſelf how or whence.'"

The Gooroo and the traveller went on chatting together for ſome time, until the former, perceiving that it was getting late, and wiſhing to profit by the coolneſs of the evening to continue his route, remounted his horſe, and ſet out, accompanied, as

before, by his five diſciples. They arrived in the firſt watch of the night, by ſunſet, at a village where they wiſhed to paſs the night, and forgetting to tether the horſe, left him to roam and graze at will in the ſurrounding lanes; but in the morning, when they were ready to reſume their journey, he was nowhere to be found. Wiſeacre went out in ſearch of him, but after being abſent ſome time, returned alone. Diſmayed and frightened at this new trouble, Noodle and Doodle, Zany and Foozle, at once declared their willingneſs to aſſiſt Wiſeacre in looking for the run-away, and they hurried out looking on all ſides, but could find no trace of him. At laſt they heard that



a ſtray horſe had been found grazing in a farmer's meadow, and that the owner of the field, in a rage, had

locked him up, and declared that he ſhould not be given up without a good round ranſom. The Gooroo and his diſciples haſtened to claim their property, but the farmer obſtinately refuſed to liſten to them, ſaying that the horſe had ranged about all the thirty half-hours of the night watches in his fields, trampling down his young growing grain, and that the damage done to his crops was more than the beaſt was worth; ſo if they would not make good the injury, he ſhould keep the horſe as a poor compenſation for the loſſes he had ſuſtained. Much vexed and annoyed the Gooroo went to the chief of the village, and having told him of the farmer's conduct, partly by entreaties and partly by threats, the latter conſented to adjuſt the matter by allowing proper perſons to eſtimate the damage done at a fair and reaſonable rate, and when that had been aſcertained and paid, to give up the horſe. The arbitrators, having examined the fields, declared that what with breaking down, trampling down, and grazing, the loſs amounted in money to ſome *ten** fanams; but out of reſpect for the rank of the Gooroo, and conſidering the loſs and expenſes to which he had already been ſubjected becauſe of the horſe, they would lay the damage at *four* fanams, which they ordered him to pay then and there.

When the horſe was reſtored to him, the Gooroo

* See note on the number *ten*, as uſed in the ſecond ſtory. *Four* is uſed in the ſame way to indicate an indefinite number.

was ſtill much put out, and, turning to his diſciples, ſaid moodily, "Since I have had this unlucky horſe, my children, I am purſued by all ſorts of degradation, ſorrow, and expenſe, ill-befitting my dignity. I will ride no more, but will travel, as I did before, on foot."

With one voice Noodle and Doodle, and the other pupils, as well as the villagers, all exclaimed againſt such a reſolve, and prayed him not to think of it. "To travel on foot," they said, "was not conſiſtent with his high dignity. Beſides, he was too much advanced in years to ſuſtain the fatigues of a long journey, and it was abſolutely neceſſary that he ſhould keep the horſe."

It ſo happened that whilſt all this was paſſing a certain Valloovan, who had been liſtening all the while, approached the Gooroo, and having impoſed ſilence upon everybody addreſſed him, ſaying, "If you will honour me with your confidence, ſir, I can relieve you from all annoyance, and remove the cauſe of your misfortunes. After what I have heard, I have no doubt but that your horſe has been bewitched by one of your ſecret enemies. His wicked ſpell is the ſole cauſe of all the miſhaps that have followed your poſſeſſion of the animal; and if the demon is not quickly diſpelled, he will become ſtill more ſpiteful; but if you like to give me five fanams, the laſt and only expenſe you will have, I will for that moderate ſum undertake to deliver your horſe from the ſpell, and you will have nothing more to fear."

The Gooroo, though ill-inclined to incur freſh expenſes, yielded to the advice of Noodle, Doodle, and Wiſeacre, who, reflecting that "if one fears expenſe, buſineſs cannot be done," urged him to give the money, and told the magician to overcome the ſpell. The Valloovan, having gravely pocketed the caſh, took a ſight of the horſe, walking round it ſeveral times, making all the while dreadful contortions and grimaces. Then with wild cries he performed his ceremonies, plucked green leaves, and ſprinkled them over the back of the animal, ſcreaming out, "*Moona! Moona! ah! oh! om!*" and other ſtrange cabaliſtic words. At laſt, after having exhauſted himſelf in a kind of paſſionate frenzy, he suddenly ſtopped, and regarded the horſe with a penſive air. Then he patted and ſtroked the poor creature, and having gently rubbed its remaining ear ſeveral times, he turned quickly to the ſpectators, who had obſerved a reſpectful ſilence, and exclaimed in a tranſport of joy: "I have diſcovered the ſpell! It is ſeated in this orifice, and to charm it away we muſt cut off the ear quite cloſe to the head." Then giving orders for a deep hole to be dug at ſome diſtance to bury the member with the evil ſpell, he took a ſickle, and making it very ſharp, approached the horſe, bound it, and cutting off the ear as if with a razor, inſtantly picked it up, and running with all his ſpeed, he threw it into the hole, and covered it well up with earth, ſo that the evil ſpell ſhould not eſcape, and attach itſelf to any other object.

The next morning the Gooroo remounted his poor mutilated ſteed; but fatigued and put out by ſo many trials, inſtead of continuing his journey, he retraced his ſteps to the mattam, where he arrived in due time without any further accident.

STORY THE SIXTH.

THE PROPHECY OF POORAHITA, THE BRAHMAN.

The Gooroo's homily on humility; ſtable-building; the example of Kalidaſa, how to lop the branches; the Poorahita and his Shaſter: "Asanam ſhitam jivana naſham—cold in the rear when death is near."

ARRIVED at the mattam, the Gooroo was quite out of ſorts with the world in general, and with himſelf and his diſciples, and with the horſe in particular. Nothing ſeemed to go right, and the misfortunes and accidents of his recent journey on horſeback haunted him day and night. He could get no reſt. "Ah!" ſaid he to himſelf, "was I not at the height of happineſs in this world before the gift of that unlucky ſteed! How rejoiced I was when it was preſented to me! It seemed the fruition of all my long-cheriſhed hopes; the greateſt boon that could then add to my felicity! But how fleeting and vain! In it

I now ſee only a ſource of annoyance and vexation, of ſorrow and trouble, and never have I ſuffered ſuch miſery as has ſince then fallen to my lot. Hope is the waking man's dream; it is a good breakfaſt, but a bad ſupper!"

Do what he would, the phantom was always preſent to his mind; and harping and harping upon his woes, he loſt his appetite with his ſleep, till his diſciples ſaw him fading away like ſnow in the ſummer's ſun; when one day he aſſembled them all together in the outer court of the mattam, and thus addreſſed them, mournfully, but with ſage and wiſe counſels, as was his wont; for the good Gooroo Simple never loſt the opportunity of improving an occaſion, and great was conſequently the privilege of thoſe who enjoyed his ſociety. The ſubject he had at heart was, how to diſpoſe of the horſe, and that was, as it were, to form the text of his diſcourſe; but, like many other texts, it was but a peg to hang notes upon. So he began:—

"My beloved children, as I advance in life, day by day am I more and more convinced that the pleaſures of this world are all vanity, and vanity will prove but vexation in the end. The world's pleaſures are falſe pleaſures. Good unmixed with evil, ſweets unmixed with bitters, or joy unmixed with ſorrow, are each here not attainable. The ſun ſhines but to cauſe the rain to fall; happineſs is the ſure forerunner of tears. Yet we muſt be content, for is it not written, 'The world is within him who underſtands the way of

ſive things: of taſte, of light, of touch, of ſound, of ſmell.' "

The gift horſe, it is true, was a very miſerable and unſound beaſt; ſo the Gooroo reflected with ſomething like ſatisfaction that it had coſt him nothing, and that as no fanam nor kaſhoo had been paid for it, he could part with it without the leaſt regret; ſo he continued his diſcourſe, ſaying :—

" This very day I am more fully aware than ever I was before, how futile a thing it is to hope to find a roſe without a thorn; to ſet one's affections upon that

which may fade; to be ſure of the enjoyment of any anticipated pleaſure. Hem! Alas! does not our own experience prove this? When the horſe was preſented to me by the civility of a ſtranger, without fee or reward, what joy could equal mine! What anticipation of pleaſure ſurpaſs that which roſe up within me! I imagined that I had little more to deſire in this world; yet how vain my hopes! You yourſelves were witneſſes of the ſad misfortunes which followed in ſuch quick ſucceſſion, even on the very day when the piece of good fortune fell to my lot. Muſt we then ſwallow ſo much bitterneſs with every ſingle drop of honey! Alas, that it ſhould be ſo! but there is no grain of rice without its huſk, no plum without a ſtone, no fruit without a taſteleſs ſkin, and in two cabs of dates there is one cab of ſtones and more. There is much evil mingled with the good which is found in the world! All this is indeed true; yet the evils which I endured within the ſpace of that one day were great in the extreme. I have thought long and carefully as to what cauſe to attribute them, and I can find no other than the gift of the horſe, which I received with ſo much joy. I was not born to ride about in ſuch ſtate and dignity. 'Be humble, be courteous,' ſays the poet; for without theſe of what avail are other qualities?' Why, then, did I ſtep out of the path I was to tread? The gods have puniſhed my vanity by the gift of a horſe, which has occaſioned all my troubles. Shall I then place my will in oppo-

ſition to my deſtiny? I, who up to this time have led a retired and unobtruſive life; what, at its cloſe, have I to do with the world's pomps and vanities? No, no, let me be humble, as befits my calling. Is not virtue the greateſt gain, and its neglect the greateſt loſs? Let me part with the horſe; let it be ſent back to its former owner."

Noodle and Doodle, who had liſtened with breathleſs and devoted attention, as had alſo Wiſeacre, Foozle, and Zany, to the eloquent and touching diſcourſe of their honoured maſter, both broke out at once with the words, "No, no, ſir; indeed, indeed, this muſt not be!" "Conſider," added Wiſeacre, "whoſe gift the horſe was, and how it was ſent to you in the hour of great need. The ſtranger who ſo kindly entertained us in his houſe was but the inſtrument; the gift was from the gods. Is it a horſe which you yourſelf ſelected, a horſe which you yourſelf paid for? No, you had no idea of doing either the one or the other; and the ſhadow of the terra-cotta horſe was caſt upon the ſurface of the reſervoir as a type of the living one, which the traveller was at hand to preſent you with. Do not talk, then, of parting with the good the gods have ſent you. The horſe came of itſelf, without ſeeking on our part. Who can fail to trace the hand that gave it? To ſend it back will, then, be in direct oppoſition to the will of the gods; will be an act of impiety and diſobedience; will be a great and crying ſin; and cannot

fail to bring misfortune for the future upon your head and upon ours. Is not ingratitude the greateſt of all ſin? Are we not told that 'life may yet be his who has obliterated all other virtues; but that from him who blots out the remembrance of benefits received, life has ſurely departed?'

"No, ſir; indeed, indeed, this muſt not be. Beſides, ſir, what has happened, has happened, and what ſhall be, will be! Then, too, has not the Valloovan caſt out the ſpirit of miſchief which dwelt in the horſe's ear; and have we not buried it, along with the ear itſelf, afar off from hence, ſo as to keep it from doing us further harm?"

"Indeed, indeed, ſir," chimed in Zany and Foozle, "this muſt not be; the horſe muſt not be ſent back again to its former owner. There muſt be a beginning, even as A is the firſt letter of the alphabet."

"In my own city my name, in a ſtrange city my clothes, procure me reſpect," ſaid a ſage of old. So when the Gooroo had liſtened attentively to the reaſoning of Wiſeacre, he ſaid to himſelf, "If a man keeps a horſe, his neighbours know full well what kind of a horſe it is; but away from them one horſe is as good as another; and the world merely ſays he keeps his horſe." Other like thoughts, too, roſe in his mind at the ſame time, and after a little while he turned round to his diſciples and ſaid:—

"Be it then according as you deſire; for I would not act in any way contrary to what you have proved

to be ſo manifeſtly the will of the gods. However, in order that the ſame misfortune which happened the other day may not occur again, and cauſe us freſh trouble and expenſe, it will not do to turn the horſe out at night, but he muſt be kept tied up in the mattam, but where I do not know; ſo take counſel together, and arrange where his ſtable ſhall be, where he can remain in comfort, ſcreened from the cold winds at night and from the ſcorching rays of the ſun by day."

"Sir," ſaid Wiſeacre, "if that is all that is required, there is but little need of taking counſel together. If Noodle and Doodle, Zany and Foozle, will but each lend a hand, it ſhall be done in a trice; and in yonder corner of the mattam as pretty a ſtable as you can wiſh, ſhall be erected before the firſt watch of the night." So ſaying, without more ado he girded himſelf with a rope round the loins, and ſnatching up a hatchet and a bill-hook, ſtarted off to the roadſide, where there ſtood a large banian-tree, about a hundred yards from the mattam. Arrived there, he ſoon climbed half-way up the tree, and ſelecting a large branch, which hung horizontally over the road, he sat himſelf aſtride it, with his face turned to the ſtem of the tree, and began to chop luſtily away with his hatchet at that part of the branch that was between his own trunk and that of the tree, not aware that when it ſhould fall, he, too, muſt of neceſſity fall with it.

Whilſt he was ſo engaged, it chanced that a Brahman, a learned pundit, a *Poorahita* well-ſkilled in aſtrology and the reading of the ſtars, was on his

way to preſide over a village feſtival not far from the mattam of the Gooroo Simple, and to tell the people

their fortunes. Seeing the perilous poſition of Wiſeacre, and being of a kind and charitable nature, he called out to him: "Hallo, brother! What, in the name of common ſenſe, are you doing there? Pray change your poſition, or when the branch breaks away from the ſtem, it will bring you to the ground with it, and you may chance to break your neck."

"Bird of ill-omen," replied Wiſeacre, "why do you come here prophecying evil to me? Begone with your evil bodings, and take that for remembrance;" ſaying which he unſheathed the long pointed knife which he carried at his waiſt, and aiming at the Brahman's face, ſent it towards him with great force; but the latter, thinking the young man either mad or a fool, ducked his head, and let the knife fly over it, ſaying, "Why ſhould I interfere? If he is fool enough to break his neck, let him; I'm not reſponſible for it."

This little epiſode only made Wiſeacre chop away more vigorouſly. His blood boiled at what he looked upon as an inſult. Whack went the hatchet—whack, whack! When he had got half through the wood, crack, crack, crack, and ſnap—down came the branch, and, as the *Poorahita* had predicted, down came Wiſeacre with it, emitting a ſound from his head much like that of a water-caſk, when there is no water in it. It was fortunate that he fell upon his head, or he might have broken a limb. As it was, though a little ſtunned, he ſoon recovered himſelf, and picking

himſelf up, and rubbing his head, he exclaimed: "*Am! am! ma!* Lackaday! that Brahman is a great *Shaſtri*, a wiſe *Poorahita*, a wonderful prophet! Juſt as he predicted, ſo it has happened unto me!" So ſaying, he ſtarted upon his legs, and commenced running in the direction the aſtrologer had taken; for the latter was already at a conſiderable diſtance from the ſpot upon which Wiſeacre had fallen.

Seeing him thus rapidly gaining ground upon him, the *Poorahita* was ſomewhat terrified, and ſaid to himſelf, "What can that wild beaſt want with me? He has already tried to do me an injury by throwing his knife at my head; perhaps he may now ſtrive to murder me outright." But his fears abated, for as Wiſeacre approached him, within ſpeaking diſtance, he joined both hands together, and raiſing them up to his forehead, bowed his head reſpectfully as he made the cuſtomary *namaſcara*, or obeiſance to a Brahman.

"Accept, I pray you," ſaid Wiſeacre, "my moſt ample apologies for the neglect of the counſel you gave me, and for the very ill return I made to your very great kindneſs. He who can prophecy ſo correctly and ſo truly as you did but now, muſt indeed be able to read the ſtars, and to foretel the future. You are a great *Shaſtri*, a highly-gifted *Poorahita*. I therefore beſeech you to grant me one boon; for, by my own experience, I am certain you can tell me what ſhall happen, what come to paſs. Do not deny my

requeſt; I am your ſervant. I am a diſciple of the wiſe and famous Gooroo Simple, who lives at the mattam down yonder, beyond the banian-tree, from which I was ſevering a limb when you foretold my fall to earth with the branch upon which I then ſat aſtride. My name is Wiſeacre, and Noodle and Doodle, and Zany and Foozle, are my fellow-diſciples. We all love our honoured maſter with the moſt heartfelt affection; for he is a man of great wiſdom and piety, and of the moſt profound virtue and beneficence. No child can love his father as I love him; and as he is now very aged and infirm, I am fearful that he will die when we leaſt expect it, and that his end is even already near at hand. I therefore appeal to you, to whom the future is open and known as the events of yeſterday, to ſoothe my anxiety and to ſatisfy my longing deſire by revealing to me the length of time my honoured maſter has yet to live, the exact time of his departure, and the ſymptoms by which I may tell the near approach of his death. Do not refuſe my prayer; do not think my requeſt too trivial to be attended to. You who could ſo truly foretel my fall from the tree, can, with eaſe to yourſelf, comply with my wiſhes. I am your ſervant."

So urged, what could the Brahman do? He did not want to throw away the opportunity he ſaw, of having his fame as a prophet ſpread over the land by Wiſeacre and his fellow diſciples; yet he did not like to riſk his reputation upon a random anſwer; ſo in

the hope of effecting his eſcape, if an opportunity ſhould occur, he kept giving evaſive anſwers, till at length, finding that Wiſeacre was not to be put off with them, and to rid himself of the dilemma in which the perſiſtency of his petitioner had placed him, he turned round to him at length, and ſaid:—

"Liſten attentively to what I read in language of the ſtars," and then added, in ſlow and ſolemn cadence: "'*Aſanam ſhitam, jivana naſham;*' when that ſentence is fulfilled, then you may look for the period when Dharma ſhall take your honoured Gooroo from you."

"'Tis an unknown tongue to me," ſaid Wiſeacre. "*Aſanam ſhitam* is euphonious, and ſo is *jivana naſham;* but the ſound conveys to me no ſenſe; I pray you therefore interpret to me this unknown tongue, this language of the fringes of eternity, of the ſpheres whence ſpirits ſpeak to mortals in the world below."

"It is," replied the Brahman, "the myſtic language of the initiated, which none others may comprehend; but it implies here, "*cold in the rear, when death is near,*" becauſe the heat of the body being longeſt retained about the heart, the lower extremities firſt become cold and paralyſed, and conſequently theſe words indicate the ſucceſs of Dharma's flank movement upon the rear, prior to his final attack upon the citadel of life."

"*Aſanam ſhitam, jivana naſham*—cold in the rear,

when death is near," repeated Wiſeacre; and making again a moſt profound *namaſcara* to the *Poorahita*, he received his *aſſirvahdam*, his bow of diſmiſſal, and

left the preſence of the great aſtrologer, well ſatisfied with the reception he had received, no leſs than with the information he had gained. Arrived at the banian-tree, repeating all the way, leſt he ſhould forget them, the myſtic words, *Aſanam ſhitam, jivana naſham*, he ſelected as much of the wood as would ſerve his purpoſe; and having uncoiled the rope from his loins, and attached it to the looſe branches, he dragged them along the road to the mattam, pondering upon the wiſdom and ſound ſenſe of the *Poorahita*, and muttering half unconſciouſly to himſelf, *cold in the rear, when death is near.*

Arrived at the mattam, he found Noodle and Doodle, Zany and Foozle, all buſily employed in

erecting the ſtable for the horſe; ſo having relieved himſelf of his burden, and pointed out to Noodle how the branches were to be placed to form the roof of the building upon which they were engaged, he proceeded to report himſelf to the Gooroo, and to relate to him what had befallen him ſince he had left the mattam.

Bowing reſpectfully, with his hands raiſed to his forehead, as he entered the preſence of the Gooroo, he ſaid, in a ſolemn tone, *Aſanam ſhitam, jivana naſham,* and again bowing reverently, held his tongue.

It ſeemed to the aged Gooroo as if a voice had ſpoken to him from the grave, and for a time neither broke the ſolemn ſilence. At length the Gooroo repeated the myſtic phraſe, *Aſanam ſhitam, jivana naſham,* ſaying, "My ſon, what words are theſe, and whence the myſterious chill they impart?"

"Dear and honoured maſter," replied Wiſeacre, "they are words of wiſdom and counſel for our guidance; and if you will liſten to me, I will tell you how I came to learn them, and why I treaſure them." Hereupon he proceeded to give the Gooroo a full account of the fulfilment of the *Poorahita's* prophecy of his fall from the tree, and of the manner in which he had obtained the cabaliſtic words which he had juſt pronounced.

When Wiſeacre had concluded, the Gooroo Simple deſired him to call in Noodle and Doodle, Zany and Foozle, and when all were aſſembled together, and he

had repeated to them the narrative of Wiſeacre's adventure, he thus addreſſed them :—

" My children, the world has changed much ſince it was firſt created, and mankind not leſs ſo. In the *Sooti-yoogam* man lived for a hundred thouſand years, and his ſtature was three times its preſent size. Then came the *Tirtah-yoogam,* when one-third of mankind lapſed into ſin, and life was but a tenth as long as it was before, and men died at ten thouſand years. Next followed the *Dwapaar-yoogam,* and half the human race became depraved, when the gods ſhortened the life of man to a thouſand years. Now, in this age of iron, this *Kali-yoogam,* life ſeldom reaches one hundred years, and certainty has paſſed away. Dharma ſits down with us in the day, and is ever in the midſt of us in the night.

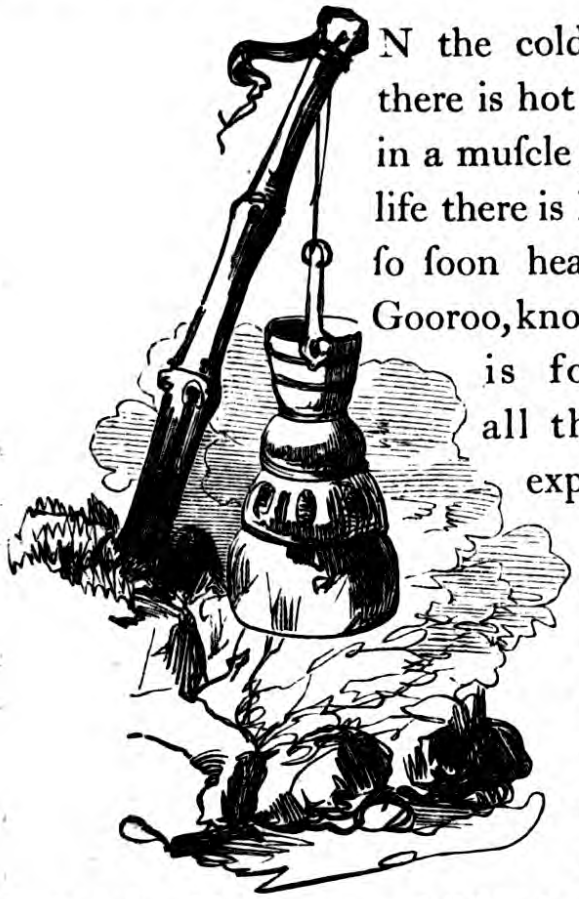
"*Aſanam ſhitam, jivana naſham,* are words of wiſdom, words of caution; therefore, let each of us copy them down, and always carry them about with us. It is well that all ſhould think of their latter end;" and, oblivious for the moment, he muttered to himſelf, " Cold in the rear when death is near." " Well, indeed, is it to contemplate one's latter end without diſmay. Now I cannot doubt that the Brahman who ſo accurately foretold the fate of Wiſeacre is a great and wiſe Shaſtri, and that the ſhaſter he has ſent to me will alſo be verified. 'Cold in the rear when death is near,' is a true ſaying; ſo for the future all my feet-waſhing and ablutions, which are preſcribed

by our law, but which may bring on the evil, muſt be in abeyance. Yet I cannot wreſtle with deſtiny. What ſhall be will be; as fate has decreed, ſo let it be; for when all is ſaid, at bottom it is wiſe to be content!"

STORY THE SEVENTH.

THE FALL FROM THE HORSE.

"Money, as well as need, makes the old man trot;" the loſs of the turban, and what befell in conſequence; the fall from the horſe, what the Cadjan ſaid, and how it was remedied; the ſymptom, Aſanam ſhitam, cold in the rear.



IN the coldeſt flint, it is ſaid, there is hot fire, and there is life in a muſcle; and while there is life there is hope. A man is not ſo ſoon healed as hurt; ſo the Gooroo, knowing that forewarned is forearmed, avoided all things which could expedite the fulfilment of the prophecy, and, by a liberal uſe of hot ſpiced diſhes, curries and pillaus, peppers, ginger, and aſſafœtida, he contrived to keep his body tolerably warm; whilſt to impreſs the importance of the words *Aſanam ſhitam, jivana naſham,* more ſtrongly upon his diſciples, he from that time never

addreſſed them unleſs ſtanding with his back to the ſtove, with his hands behind him, hoping thereby to put off the evil day predicted by the great Shaſtri, the learned *Poorahita.*

For a time all went on well; but, unhappily, other conſiderations began to preſs upon him, and he who had but erſt railed ſo eloquently againſt money, had now to feel what a neceſſary evil it had become. Money muſt be had, ſo he ſoon ſaw that it was needful that he and his diſciples ſhould travel round the diſtrict, from village to village, to collect their dues; for it was quite clear that by ſtaying in the mattam, no income could be realized. Under theſe circumſtances, the Gooroo, ever forward in the path of duty, aſſembled his five followers, and mounted his horſe, having to perform a journey that would take ſome days to accompliſh. Unfortunately, inſtead of taking the direct road, and wiſhing to avoid the toll, they proceeded acroſs country, and as they were all ignorant of the croſs-roads, on the following morning they had wandered ſo far out of the way, that they were obliged to go back towards the mattam. The cool ſhade of the banian-trees, their wide-ſpreading boughs, covered with thick foliage, the largeſt and loweſt of which were horizontal, and from which ſuckers or roots of various length depended until they reached the ground and became new trunks, formed a bewildering grove for the travellers to traverſe, excepting when the track was well defined.

Abſorbed in thought, the Gooroo paſſed on among theſe downward hanging boughs, one of which caught

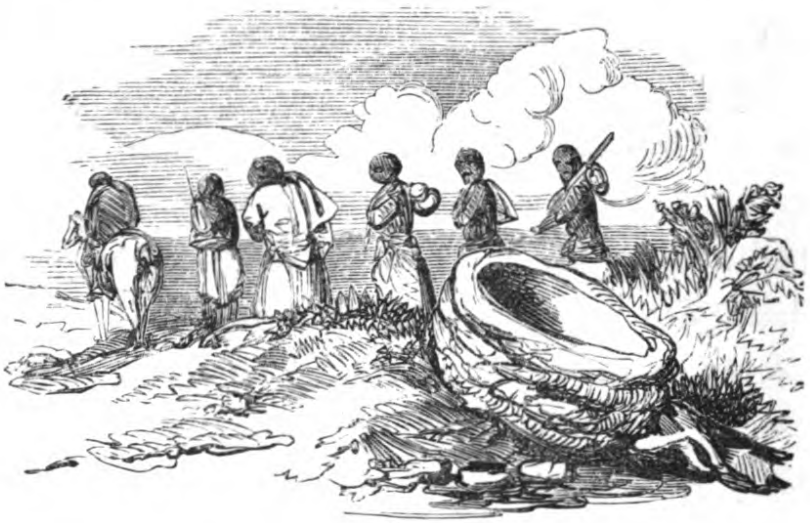
his turban from his head, when it fell to the ground. Without ſtopping, thinking that his diſciples would pick it up as a matter of courſe, he travelled on in ſilence for a conſiderable diſtance, not deeming it neceſſary to remind either of them of ſuch a plain duty; while they, not having received any orders from their maſter on the ſubject, left it on the ſpot where it had fallen. Rouſing himſelf from his reverie, the Gooroo ſuddenly aſked for his turban.

"Your turban," Doodle replied, "lies where you let it fall. We did not pick it up, becauſe you gave us no orders to do ſo."

Juſtly diſpleaſed, the Gooroo reproved them ſeverely for their thoughtleſs conduct and want of attention.

"Go quickly, and find my turban," he ſaid, in an angry voice; "and henceforth I order you to pick up everything that falls from the horſe."

Foozle, whoſe duty as groom of the ſtole it was to look after the body linen, ran ſwiftly to the place where the turban lay, and taking it from the ground, returned without delay to his companions; but as he approached them, he perceived that the horſe was uneaſy, probably from having fed upon the commons, where the coarſe rank graſs had been freſhened by



recent rains, ſo that the poor animal was ſuffering from diarrhœa. The ſymptoms could not be miſtaken, and remembering the order juſt before given, he ruſhed forward with the turban extended in his hands, intending to ſecure "everything that fell from the horſe." The turban was ſoon filled, ſo Foozle called

to his maſter, ſaying, "Sir! ſir! I pray you to ſtop. Here is ſomething which has fallen from the horſe, and I bring it to you conformably to your orders."

The Gooroo, thus appealed to, graciouſly drew up, and turned to receive that which Foozle brought to him; but when he ſaw his turban thus defiled, he was in great paſſion.

"Tchy! tchy! Fie! for ſhame!" he cried, angrily, and with intenſe diſguſt. "What have you picked up? Why have you not more ſenſe? Throw it away. Begone! and waſh and purify my turban inſtantly."

His diſciples, aſtoniſhed to hear Foozle thus reproved for having but duly obeyed his maſter's orders, replied in a tone of ill humour, "Why, ſir, what has he done to diſpleaſe you? You were angry with us, but a moment ago, for having omitted to obey a command you had not given, and here you rebuke us through him, for having followed your orders to the letter! Did you not bid us to pick up everything that fell from the horſe?"

"Not ſo," replied the Gooroo, with a ſtately air; "there are ſome things which it is proper to pick up, and, again, there are others which it is not proper to pick up. You ſhould exerciſe your wits, and act like men, and not like a parcel of children."

"We are not clever enough," returned Wiſeacre, "to comprehend ſuch nice diſtinctions. We are plain, practical people, making no pretence to wit or wiſdom, and cannot underſtand from ſuch general

terms what your preciſe meaning is. Such miſtakes are very diſagreeable to us, and no leſs ſo your anger; and in order not to be ſubject to either in future, be pleaſed to give us a liſt of ſuch things as it is proper to pick up, ſhould they happen to drop whilſt you are riding, that we may be under no doubt as to what we ought to do."

This requeſt was too ſenſible for the Gooroo to diſpute; ſo, on the ſpur of the moment, he called for a *cadjan*, or palm leaf, and a ſtyle, and wrote upon it a liſt of ſuch things as it was proper for them to pick up if they fell. He then gave this liſt to Noodle, ordering him to read it aloud, from time to time, ſo that all might underſtand exactly what it ſpecified. When this had been done, they promiſed ſtrictly to abide by the directions there ſet forth, and then reſumed their way in peace for ſome time, glad of a little quiet after ſuch unuſual anger and ſquabbling. Beguiling the time with inſtructive remarks upon the varied objects around them, they came at length to a ditch, filled with mud and water, which they were obliged to jump over. For a horſe in ordinary condition it was not a difficult place to croſs; but for one ſo lame and worn out as that on which the Gooroo rode, it was too great an effort; beſides, the ground was wet and ſlippery; and as he went tottering down the bank his foot ſank in the mud, from which he could not extricate it, ſo that he ſtumbled and fell on his ſide, and caſt his rider headlong into the mire.

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There the poor Gooroo lay extended at full length on his back, but ſo embedded in the mud, that with every effort he made to raiſe himſelf, he only ſank deeper into it. Noodle and Doodle, Wiſeacre, Zany, and Foozle, ſeeing the horſe ſtruggle violently to extricate itſelf, while their maſter lay perfectly ſtill, concluded that the horſe was ſuffering the moſt, and ought therefore to be the firſt ſuccoured; ſo they ſet to work, and having drawn him out of the ditch, they returned to the Gooroo. Impatient, and angry at being left ſo long in the mire, he called loudly for their aſſiſtance, and deſired them to lift him out quickly. But with grave looks they ſtood around him, and Noodle, opening a ſmall travelling-bag which he carried, took out of it the *cadjan* leaf, with the liſt of things to be picked up ſhould they fall from the horſe, and ſhaking his head ſorrowfully, cautioned Doodle and Foozle, Wiſeacre and Zany, one after another, as to the different objects expreſſly ſtated, reading, as he did ſo, aloud to them from the order:

"You muſt pick up my turban if it falls; ſo, too, my waiſt cloth, or the cloth which covers my head and ſhoulders;—in a word, if any other veſtment, or any other object which I carry on my perſon, falls, you muſt pick it up."

The five diſciples, complying literally with the tenor of the document, all ſhaking their heads ſolemnly, proceeded to ſtrip the Gooroo, piece by piece, of each of his garments, leaving him like a new-

born babe, entirely deſtitute of clothing. The poor old man ſaw them depart in amazement, and hurriedly calling them back, told them to raiſe him, as he was too weak to help himſelf; but his diſciples poſitively refuſed to do ſo, ſaying that his name was not to be found in the liſt, and, having his written inſtructions, they were pledged to obey them, and them only. The Gooroo, thus ſorely tried, uſed prayers and threats to vanquiſh their obſtinacy, but all in vain; they refuſed to liſten to his entreaties, and to juſtify their refuſal, produced the document again, ſaying, "Behold your orders; read this liſt of articles, to which we have ſtrictly conformed. If you had deſired to be picked up yourſelf, ſhould you fall from the horſe, it ſhould have been written down with the reſt; not appearing on the cadjan, we ſhould be acting contrary to your expreſs commands, and ſhould be liable to your diſpleaſure and fierce rebukes, if we raiſed you up out of the ditch. You have already been angry with us twice to-day under circumſtances wherein we erred ignorantly; but we will not a third time run the riſk of offending you upon a ſubject where, having your full written inſtructions what to do, the blame would reſt wholly on ourſelves if we varied from them."

The Gooro, aware that his pupils would not liſten to reaſon, and that they would leave him fixed in the mud, from which he tried in vain to extricate himſelf, deſired them to give him the cadjan and ſtyle, and added at the end of the liſt, in large letters: "*And if*

the Gooroo Simple, your maſter, happens to fall, it is moſt proper that you pick him up firſt of all."

Of courſe, after that, not a word could be ſaid in objection, and no more difficulty exiſted. They took their poor old maſter into their arms, and carried him away from the ditch; and as the rear of his perſon from head to foot was covered with mud, they took him to a pond that was near, and having waſhed him, as well as his clothes, in the cold water, they dreſſed him again, without giving the latter time to dry. Once more he mounted his horſe, and finding the road, they all returned to the mattam, where they arrived worn out with their march acroſs fields and uncultivated waſtes, and the Gooroo fell ſeriouſly ill from his fall and the events which followed it.

STORY THE EIGHTH.

THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

The terrors of Aſanam ſhitam; the Gooroo orders his own grave; Mr. Merriman, Aſangadan, the ſon of "Old Fog," Achedanamoorti, brings conſolation; the rice-beater Poojei, a novel ſacrifice to the gods; the ſtory of the Chitty's pretty wife and the Pandarams; a good ſtory better than phyſic, and a good breakfaſt better than a grand funeral; Aſanam ſhitam not to be explained away; jivana naſham follows; lying in ſtate; purification of the dead, and funeral of the Gooroo Simple.

ALL indeed was the poor old man when Foozle waited upon him the next morning with the change of linen his enforced bath of yeſterday had neceſſitated. Strange, though each of his disciples always carried about with him, ſince the day it had been received, the myſterious ſhaſter of the Brahman, whilſt the Gooroo ſat in the cold water of the pond, not one of them recol-

lected the words, *Aſanam ſhitam, jivana naſham!* Indeed, it was only after he had again mounted his horſe, and the wet garments intercepted the warmth of the ſaddle-cloth, that the old man himſelf ſuddenly called to mind the evident import of them, as he ſat ſhivering in the cold. He could not miſtake the rapidity of the ſpread of the chill which pervaded him upwards from his feet, till it ſeemed to fix itſelf, as it were, between him and the ſaddle upon which he rode. As the cold increaſed, he at firſt ſought comfort in the recollection of the warmth of the mattam, ſaying to himſelf, "Is it not written, 'If thou haſt increaſed thy water, thou muſt alſo increaſe thy meal;' I will have ſomething to comfort me and warm me when I get home." But "there is no medicine againſt death," and as his thoughts wandered imperceptibly towards the mattam and its comforts, there ſuddenly came upon him the ſame unearthly chill, which he had experienced when Wiſeacre firſt repeated to him the cabaliſtic prophecy of the *Poorahita.* The Gooroo grew ſad and ſorrowful, nevertheleſs he kept his thoughts to himſelf; but the proceſſion ſeemed to him like that of his own funeral.

Arrived at the mattam, he felt ſick and unwell from the effects of the cold and his fall, but attributing his ſufferings only to the near approach of the fulfilment of the prophecy, he retired faſting to bed, only to become colder and colder, toſſing reſtleſſly about all night without obtaining a ſingle wink of ſleep, ſo that

when day broke, though "the ſun roſe, the diſeaſe did not abate," as the words of wiſdom have often foretold; for in his caſe they were not to be fulfilled.

When Foozle approached the bed upon which his beloved maſter lay, he was greatly alarmed to perceive that his countenance was changed, his eyes ſunk in their ſockets, whilſt a raging fire ſeemed to light up the ſunken orbs; that his face, withered and ſhrivelled, had an unearthly hue, a browniſh tint in places making the ghaſtly paleneſs more defined; and that his mouth was parched, his lips colourleſs, and his words confuſed and indiſtinct; whilſt he ſtared at him as it were upon vacancy, ſcarcely conſcious of his preſence.

It was the cuſtom of the mattam that after the morning ablutions, Noodle and Doodle, Zany, Foozle and Wiſeacre ſhould all aſſemble round the Gooroo, and partake together of the boiled rice and tyer which ſerved for the frugal breakfaſt of the venerable man and his diſciples. When Foozle had ſummoned his four companions, they were equally alarmed at the change which a ſingle night had brought about in the appearance of the Gooroo. How different from the calm dignified countenance which they were wont to behold; from the gentle and kindly greeting which met each as he approached; from the cheerful ſmile which made them all feel welcome!

Calling them all around his bed, the old man roſe up, and ſpeaking in a ſepulchral tone, as he ſtretched forth his withered arms and bleſſed them, added, "My

beloved children, the hour of my death is at hand. Prepare, therefore, that which is neceſſary, that my body may ſpeedily have its ſepulture, for I have not many minutes to live."

With tears in their eyes, they all beſought him to tell them how in a ſingle night ſuch misfortune had come upon them. "Tell us, we pray thee," ſaid Noodle, ſobbing, whilſt the tears fell faſt down his face, "tell us, we pray thee, what has happened, and how we may avert ſo great an evil;" and the ſobs and tears of his diſciples told that the ſorrow they expreſſed was heartfelt, and that there was not a trace in any one of them of the angry feeling of yeſterday.

The good old man was ſenſibly touched, and it was ſome moments before he could give utterance to the words:—

"My children, have you ſo ſoon forgotten the words, *Aſanam ſhitam, jivana naſham?* That time is now come; 'Cold in the rear, when death is near.' In the ditch into which I was caſt when the horſe fell, there was much mud and water, and as I ſat up ſtriving to extricate myſelf a chill pervaded the whole portion of my body from the hips downwards. In my extremity, and anxious only to get out of the ditch, I was not ſtruck by the verification of the *ſhaſter*, nor did it occur to me when you placed me upon my back in the cold water of the pond; but when I had again mounted the horſe I could no longer conceal from myſelf how cold, how icy cold, was that

part of the body which the prophecy ſo clearly indicated ſhould, by its chill, announce to me the approach of Dharma. I, therefore, would not ſtruggle with fate, but retired at once to my bed to contemplate my latter end; and during the night the bodily pains and uneaſineſs I have experienced, and the continued chill which affected the part I have named, and which even now has not a ſingle particle of warmth in it, has made me fully ſenſible that my hour is come; and that my laſt moment is at hand. It is needleſs to deliberate; to doubt is waſte of time; the prophecy is fulfilled! Go, therefore, and prepare all things that are neceſſary for my interment."

The Gooroo was a long while in delivering theſe words to his pupils. He was in much pain from the fall and bruiſes of yeſterday, and his ſpirit groaned in bitterneſs within him. At times he ſtopped and moaned; at times, too, he muttered to himſelf, half unconſciouſly, "Cold in the rear, when death is near." When he had finiſhed, his diſciples, as was their wont, were for ſome time loſt in contemplation, and no one broke the ſilence. At length Noodle, who, like the other four, could not but ſee how cloſely the ſtate of the Gooroo's body coincided with the words of the ſhaſter, and was greatly terrified, endeavoured by a ſtrong effort to overcome his own fears, that he might tranquillize the mind of his beloved maſter by words of conſolation which imparted none to himſelf, and ſaid:—

"'My honoured maſter, you are exhauſted for want of food. We have here both tyer and rice prepared for the morning's meal, and freſh milk and pepper water. 'A cheerful mind, peace, and ſimple diet,' are the beſt and trueſt medicines. Diſmiſs the thought of death, and ſtrive to overcome the evil forebodings which the accident of yeſterday has conjured up. 'Who goes to bed ſupperleſs, ſhall tumble and toſs.' Partake with us of the morning's meal, and all will yet be well;" and much more to the ſame purport was uttered by Wiſeacre, Doodle, Zany, and Foozle, but all to no purpoſe; for ſo imbued was the Gooroo with the words of the ſhaſter, the fulfilment of which he looked upon as near at hand, that he did not appear to hear thoſe they addreſſed to him, but continued to moan and groan, uttering to himſelf in an under tone, *Aſanam ſhitam, jivana naſham.*

Finding all their efforts of no avail, Wiſeacre conſulted his couſin Merriman, whom the people in the village called *Aſangadan,* becauſe of his love of chaffing and buffoonery. He was the ſon of old Fog, as the villagers had nicknamed *Achedanamoorti,* the late chief of the village, for ſhort, and was a man much beloved by them, no leſs than an old friend of the Gooroo Simple. Indeed, it was through him, who was many years his ſenior, that Wiſeacre was firſt introduced to the latter. Go where he would, Merriman was a favourite. He was full of quips and quiddities, wiſe ſaws and wondrous ſentences, and could elicit a joke

out of the dulleſt materials. Knowing how great an influence Merriman could exerciſe over the Gooroo, Wiſeacre had been aſked by his fellow-diſciples to prevail upon his couſin to come and ſee their beloved maſter, as, beſides his jovial diſpoſition, he was famous for caſting out megrims and evil ſpirits, blue devils and the mumps. In fact, he was the ſorcerer of the village, its augur and prophet.

Now, when he had heard all that Wiſeacre had to tell about the ſtrange malady of his old friend, he haſtened with him to the mattam, and putting on a half-ſerious and half-comic expreſſion of countenance, as he entered, he exclaimed, "How now, old boy!

what ails you? what has come over the ſpirit of your dream?" but ſeeing that the Gooroo was not then inclined to jeſt, he added, in a more ſerious tone, "Tell me, my father, my honoured friend, my Gooroo, what is this ſorrow, what this grief, that I may find means to comfort and uphold you?"

But to all his advances, the Gooroo merely groaned out the words, "*Aſanam ſhitam, jivana naſham*,—cold in the rear, when death is near!" Seeing that neither banter nor ſerious talk was of any avail, Merriman gave into the vein of the ſick man's thoughts, and ſaid:—

"True, the prophecy of the Poorahita muſt come to paſs; but I can avert it from you, and caſt it back upon himſelf. I can turn cold into heat by performing the rice-beater *Poojei;* drive the cold out of you, and make it deſcend upon him rearward as heat, ſo that he ſhall not be able to ſleep by night or by day, nor to ſit down to reſt his weary limbs, for the very heat in his rear. Tell me his name. Tell me who he is, and where to find him, that I may at once remove this malady from you, and conſume him with heat from the rice-beater *Poojei.*"

The Gooroo had liſtened attentively to the words of Merriman. "Tell me," ſaid he, in a ſlow, ſepulchral tone, "what is this *Poojei*, this ſacrifice, of which you ſpeak? I am deſirous of knowledge, and even now, when I feel life flitting away, I cannot reſt till I learn what this is; for I, who have joined in all the many

Poojeis of the temple, never heard of this rice-beater *Poojei.*"

"It is not to be wondered at," replied Merriman, "that you, my dear Gooroo, ſhould never have heard of the rice-beater *Poojei.* It is but ſeldom that it can be properly performed; for it requires a combination no leſs of inner than of outer qualities in the ſame perſon, which the great ſhaſtri, Buddha, himſelf but rarely met with; and, indeed, it is a *Poojei,* which needs neither muſicians nor dancing-girls to ſtir up the paſſions of thoſe who take part in it, and ſo is but little heard of amongſt the inner *Oodſameiyams* and outer *Poorrachchameiyans,* whoſe *Poojei* ſervice, like the myſteries of the wiſeſt people of the Weſt, whom men called *Athenaioi,* may not be told to any but the initiated. Still, as far as I may tell what kind of *Poojei* this is of which you would know, if you will liſten attentively, you may learn from the following tale:—

"There was once a certain *chitty,* a merchant, a follower of the goddeſs Shivan, whom he worſhipped as the protector of commerce, and the propitiator of his own particular ſucceſs in trade. As the goddeſs had ſmiled upon him, he delighted to feed at his table the *Pandarams,* the mendicant penitent prieſts of Shivan, aſking them to his houſe whenever he met them in his way to or from the bazaar; for he recollected the words of the poet, "Home and its comforts are ours, but in truſt to exerciſe hoſpitality?"

Now this rich *chitty* had a young and pretty wife, whom he had taken to himſelf in his old age, and having no children, ſhe ruled her huſband pretty well in all other matters excepting in this, which he called "pious hoſpitality." He had a great deſire to hear himſelf called father by a merry group of joyous boys and girls, and, by thus propitiating the goddeſs and her prieſts, he hoped, in ſome meaſure, by the ſanctity and prayers of the latter, that this wiſh of his heart might yet be gratified. The *Pandarams*, ſingularly enough, by ſome accident or other, ſeemed to congregate right in the path of the *chitty*, juſt at the hours of his going to, or returning from, the bazaar; and as he never paſſed by any one of them without aſking him to his table, you may be ſure that he ſeldom had any unoccupied ſeats to ſpare. However, many or few, he treated them always with hoſpitality, and never diſmiſſed them without a more ſubſtantial evidence of his reſpect and goodwill. Once in the way this might have been pleaſant enough, but when it occurred every day, the *chitty's* young and pretty wife began to tire of the extra labour which fell to her ſhare in conſequence; for what with preparing the rice, dreſſing curries and pillaus, and making cakes and paſtry, all the days of her life were ſpent over the hot ſtoves in the kitchen. Being young and pretty, you will perhaps ſay what could have been eaſier than aſſerting her authority, and forbidding her huſband to invite any more of theſe unwelcome gueſts? Softly;

ſhe had not been married quite long enough for that; beſides, ſhe had well ſtudied her huſband's peculiarities, and knew for certain that if ſhe openly oppoſed his wiſhes, he would only the more ſtrenuouſly inſiſt upon having them complied with. But who ever knew her mother wit fail her, when a woman has a point to carry!

What ſhe could not do openly, ſhe could manage by ſtratagem; beſides, though ſhe could have told ſome pretty tales, had ſhe been ſo difpoſed, of the chaſtity and ſanctity of these holy *Pandarams*, ſhe was but a ſingle woman againſt a whole hoſt of long-viſaged, cadaverous-looking, ſanctimonious, and hungry prieſts, who would not be lightly driven from the fleſh-pots of the credulous old *chitty*, any more than flies from a newly-opened jar of honey. So to put an end to her drudgery, ſhe hit upon a moſt ingenious ſtratagem, as you will find.

"The next morning her huſband had ſcarcely left his own door, when he was accoſted by a *Pandaram*, who requeſted alms.

"'At this moment,' ſaid the *chitty*, 'I am too buſy to attend ſuitably to your requeſt; but when I have tranſacted the buſineſs which preſſes, at the bazaar, I will return home, and give it my beſt attention. In the meantime, go to my houſe, and tell my wife that I have aſked you to await my return there, and to partake of tiffin with me. She will know what I mean, and will do everything in conformity to

my wiſhes. Our humble home is often honoured by ſuch viſits of holy men.'

"The *Pandaram*, nothing loth, betook himſelf at once to the houſe of the merchant, where the lady met him with honeyed words and ſmiles, luring him into the toils ſhe was already preparing in her mind, through means of which, for the future, he ſhould ſerve as a warning to the whole ſanctimonious fraternity which infeſted her houſe. Seeing at once that he was a perfect ſtranger, and had never been her huſband's gueſt before, ſhe ſaid:—

"'I am delighted with this kind viſit;' and ſpreading a mat on the houſe-bench, ſhe added, "Pray be ſeated, ſir; it will not be long before my huſband returns from the bazaar." No ſooner was the *Pandaram* ſeated, than ſhe quickly proceeded to ſweep out the court thoroughly; which having done, ſhe removed all further defilements by ſprinkling the ground with water with which the freſh and fragrant depoſit from the cow had been well mixed, the rich perfume of which was grateful to the noſtrils of the holy man. When theſe arrangements were completed, ſhe purified her hands and feet, waſhed her face, put ſandal-paſte on her forehead, and powdered her arms and ſhoulders with ſaffron. The *Pandaram* looked curiouſly on to ſee what all this was to lead to, and was loſt in aſtoniſhment when he ſaw her bring one of the two rice-beaters from the end of the court with much ſolemnity, rub firſt it, and then herſelf with aſhes, till the black

ebony appeared white, and her hands and arms cadaverous; and placing it in the middle of the court, proſtrate herſelf three times in front of it, chanting:

'Home and its comforts are both, in reality,
Given in truſt, that we uſe hoſpitality;'

having ſung which, ſhe wiped the long peſtle, and placed it again where it had been before, and cleaned off the aſhes from her head and arms.

" No longer able to refrain from aſking the meaning of ſuch a ſingular act of devotion, the *Pandaram* ſaid, 'Never have I beheld ſuch a marvellous *Poojei* as this. The rice-peſtle is to ſeparate the huſks from the grain; and I have heard two women, when ſtanding oppoſite each other handling their rice-beaters, and preſſing them down upon the *paddi* in front of them, ſing as they proceeded with their work; but you, madam, have performed a *Poojei*, and what kind of worſhip this is I ſhould much like to know.'

"'It is a *Poojei*,' replied the merchant's wife, 'which is peculiar to the deity of our caſte, and is only performed by women when they meet with a ſtranger;' then, in an undertone, intended for him to hear, though uttered as if ſpeaking to herſelf, ſhe added, 'All in good time, my good *Pandaram;* you will find out faſt enough what kind of a ſacrifice this is when you enter the houſe and it is completed on the crown of your head.' Then, reſuming her former bland tone of welcome, ſhe ſaid, 'Had you not better walk into the houſe, ſir? The hour of tiffin draws

nigh, and my huſband will be here in a trice. Pray follow me;' and taking up the rice-beater in both her arms, ſhe led the way into the houſe.

"But the *Pandaram,* imagining nothing leſs than that he was to be made a ſacrifice to the deity of the caſte to which the *chitty* belonged, no ſooner ſaw her enter, than, looking upon diſcretion as the better part of valour, he took to his heels, and ruſhing at all ſpeed through the gate of the court, never looked behind him till he found himſelf ſafely enſconced in a little alley leading out of the ſtreet.

"In the meantime the merchant had reached home, and not finding the *Pandaram* as he expected, 'What now, huſſey!' ſaid he; 'where is the gueſt whom I ſent home to abide my return from the bazaar?' 'A pretty ſort of gueſt, forſooth,' ſhe replied; 'ſurely he was not himſelf, or he muſt have been mad. No ſooner had he entered, and I had ſpread the mat on the bench for him, than, ſpying the rice-peſtles, he deſired me to give him one of them; and upon my ſaying that you would ſoon be home, when he could make the requeſt to you, as without your authority I could not give it to him, he took himſelf off in a huff, muttering ſome ſtrange words to himſelf, which I could in no way underſtand.'

"'Woman,' rejoined the *chitty,* 'would you bring ruin upon me and upon my houſe? Once for all, let it be clearly underſtood, that whatever any holy *Pandaram* may aſk, you have my full and per-

fect permiſſion to give to him. Quick, give me the rice-beater, that I may follow him, and thus, even by the tardy gift, avert, if poſſible, the evil which may otherwiſe befall us;' ſaying which, he took up the rice-peſtle, which ſhe handed to him, and ruſhing into the ſtreet, ſpied the *Pandaram* crouched up the alley on the oppoſite ſide of the ſtreet in which he had taken refuge.

"'*Pandaram! Pandaram!*' ſhouted the *chitty;* when the holy man, ſeeing the merchant approach him with the rice-beater in his arms, took again to his heels, ſaying to himſelf, 'Surely, ſurely, he is about to complete the *Poojei* on my head;' and the thought made him redouble his ſpeed, till he had completely diſtanced the good *chitty,* who, ſtanding high in the eſtimation of his fellow-citizens, and feaſting daily upon all the good things of this life, as rich citizens are wont to do, was fat and purſy, and ſoon had to give up the chaſe for want of breath. The ſtory of the rice-beater *Poojei* ſoon got bruited about amongſt the holy brotherhood, and the merchant, do what he would, after that could never perſuade a *Pandaram* again to darken his doors. So his young and pretty wife obtained the object ſhe had in view; and even if the merchant did not obtain his by the means he had intended, it was not long before he deſerved a cuſhion, and liſtened fondly to the prattle of a ſon and heir.

"Now, ſir, this is rice-beater *Poojei;* and if you

will let me perform it on the rear of that ſniggering *Poorahita*, it will transfer the fulfilment of his prophecy from your perſon to his, turning the chill of which you complain into heat, and giving you a freſh and firm hold on life for many years to come."

Upon this the Gooroo Simple could not help burſting into a loud laugh. "Of a truth," ſaid he, "it is not without cauſe that men call you *Aſangadan* and Merriman; for however ſerious may be the ſubject which engroſſes the attention, you have always a joke to crack or a tale to tell."

Seeing that his tale had had the deſired effect upon his old friend, Merriman, caſting aſide all banter, and ſpeaking ſeriouſly, replied, "My dear Gooroo, the words of the *Poorahita* are no doubt words of truth, and cold is in the rear when death is near; and the *Oodſameiyams* with their inner light, and the *Poorrachchameiyans* with their outer, can both explain why death is not near when there is cold in the rear, though there muſt be cold in the rear when death is near. Let us analyze carefully the cabaliſtic words, and ſo obtain their true meaning, which can have no reference to the chill occaſioned by extraneous cauſes. You fell into the ditch, and, ſitting in the cold water, *aſanam ſhitam* followed as a natural conſequence, which common ſenſe and friction, without even the application of the rice-beater *Poojei*, ſhould have changed into heat; for what is there wonderful in the rear of a man becoming chilled who ſits up to his middle

ſhivering in cold water? The wonder would be all the other way; and the *jivana naſham* need not trouble you, who can ſo readily account for the *aſanam ſhitam* of yeſterday. Teſt what I ſay by applying the warmth of the fire or the heat of the ſun to the place affected. Be of good cheer, and baniſh from your mind all fear and dread, and in future only then believe the *jivana naſham* at hand when, without ſitting down in the mire, or falling into the water, or without any other extraneous cauſe, you find the *aſanam ſhitam* already there. Believe me, ſir, any other view of the caſe is abſurd; all nonſenſe, and worthy only of the father* of Somasarman, the moon's own; ſo true it is that "they who ſeek wiſdom only from books, without a knowledge of the ways of the world, are but learned fools, and reap the world's contempt.' "

When a man can laugh, Dharma's ſpell is already broken; and the Gooroo's laugh had been both loud and hearty, when Merriman had concluded his ſtory of the rice-beater *Poojei;* ſo he continued to liſten attentively to the deductions the latter had juſt made clear, and having eaten nothing ſince his unſavoury bath of the day before, he found a gnawing in his inſide, which fully convinced him that his friend was right, and that the *aſanam ſhitam* he had experienced had nothing to do with the *jivana naſham* he had dreaded, ſo he ordered the preparations for his

* Sfabhafakripana (one miſerable through his own folly).

ſepulture to be put aſide, and breakfaſt to be ſerved inſtead. In a few days he went about as uſual, viſiting his flock as formerly, and edifying the people by obſerving all the rites and *poojeis* of the caſte to which he belonged, as heretofore, in the moſt exemplary manner.

So things went on pleaſantly till the rainy ſeason had ſet in; when one night, after he had retired to his bed, a perfect hurricane of wind and rain broke over the mattam, and as that part of the roof under which the Gooroo ſlept was ſomewhat dilapidated, the rain came pouring in upon the old man; but ſo ſoundly did he ſleep, that neither wet nor cold ſufficed to break his ſlumbers. Towards morning he turned from one ſide to the other, reſting with his back upon that part of the mat upon which he ſlept, which had become fully ſaturated by the wet. Suddenly waking up, and feeling the chill at his rear, he lay for ſome time conſidering whence it could have its riſe, ſaying to himſelf, "I have not been ſitting down in the mire, neither have I fallen into the water, and here, within the mattam, there cannot be any extraneous cauſe for this damp chill which has ſeized upon my rear. Of a truth,"—it was his favourite expreſſion—"now is the fulfilment of the prophecy of the Brahman at hand. This damp chill is the cold perſpiration of death. It is needleſs, then, to wreſtle with Dharma."

Hereupon, when Noodle, Doodle, Wiſeacre, Zany, and Foozle came in with the breakfaſt, he told them

that now the time was come when he would have to depart from them; "that as the *aſanam ſhitam* was cauſed by no extraneous circumſtance, the *jivana naſham* muſt follow as a matter of courſe." Unfortunately, Merriman was not in the village at the time, to have diſabuſed his mind of this new folly, and his diſciples were no leſs perſuaded than himſelf as to the abſence of all extraneous cauſe for the chill that had ſo ſuddenly ſeized upon the part, and therefore readily coincided in the view which he had taken, that what the *Poorahita* had foretold was now about to come to paſs. The people of his caſte, too, who came to viſit him, being poſſeſſed of no more ſenſe than his diſciples, ſaw much wiſdom in the deductions he had drawn, and all coincided with the words he groaned out in his diſtreſs of mind, that "now beyond all doubt the fulfilment of the prophecy was at hand."

He continued in this deſponding ſtate for ſeveral days, refuſing all food, and not allowing any converſation to divert his mind from the one abſorbing thought of death and the grave, till excitement and want of ſleep and ſuſtenance brought on delirium, in which he lay for three days, uttering without ceaſing, "Cold in the rear when death is near." Completely exhauſted, he at length fell into a ſwoon, upon which his diſciples, believing him dead, rent the air with their lamentations, placing their hands upon their heads, howling, weeping, and crying out, "He is dead! the great and good Gooroo Simple is dead!

Our beloved maſter is dead! He is dead!" And thus they continued to ſhout as they performed all the preliminary ceremonies of preparing the dead for ſepulture, which, being completed, they next proceeded to the purification of the body by immerſing it entirely in water.

Now for this purpoſe it was neceſſary that it ſhould be carried to a large trough, which ſtood in the outer court of the mattam; ſo whilſt Foozle went and filled the trough up to the brim with water, Wiſeacre and Noodle, Zany and Doodle, raiſed up the Gooroo from the mat upon which they had laid him out, and carried him to it, each crying all the way, with a loud voice, "He is dead! he is dead!" and immerged him into it, Wiſeacre and Noodle holding him down with might and main by the hands and feet, whilſt Doodle, Zany, and Foozle, rubbed and ſcrubbed with all their might, to purify the corpſe for ſepulture.

This rubbing and ſcrubbing brought the lethargic blood of the old man again into circulation; but being under water, he could not open his mouth to ſpeak, and when he tried to free his hands and feet from the graſp of Wiſeacre and Noodle, they, believing that ſome demon had taken poſſeſſion of the body of their beloved maſter, only held him down firmer in the water, till, overcome in the ſtruggle, nature gave way, and the Gooroo periſhed thus miſerably from the ignorance of his diſciples.

This ſtruggle over, the body remained cold and

paſſive in their hands. Having dried it and perfumed it, they placed it in a ſitting poſture on a litter, adorned with flowers, and threw open the gates of the mattam, when the villagers came thronging in from all the places belonging to his circuit, to do honour to the dead. Then his diſciples lifted up the body, Noodle and Doodle, Wiſeacre and Zany ſupporting it on either ſide, whilſt Foozle preceded it in front, and the villagers followed in the rear, and as they placed him in the grave and buried him, they chanted ſolemnly the myſtic words:

ASANAM · SHITAM · JIVANA · NASHAM .

NOTES,

ILLUSTRATIONS,

AND

GLOSSARY.

A · PENNYWORTH · OF · MIRTH · IS · WORTH
A · POUND · OF · SORROW .

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

INTRODUCTION.

PAGE 17.—The fables which with the Engliſh reader paſs as the productions of Æſop are of various periods and of various countries; but as epic poetry was a perfect inſpiration when it ſtarted into being in the Iliad and Odyſſey, no leſs so was the *Μῦθος*, or Fable, of the Phrygian; and later mythologiſts have only approached, but never equalled, the great original. The Wolf and the Lamb, the Mountain in Labour, the Belly and the Limbs, the Fox and the Stork, the Boys and the Frogs, all belonging to the earlieſt period, are ſtill unſurpaſſed. If we compare theſe fables with thoſe which are attributed to Pilpay or Bidpay, including thoſe found in the two Pantſhatantra, the texts of which have been made acceſſible to us, that of the South in the French paraphraſe of M. Dubois, publiſhed at Paris in 1826, and by means of Engliſh tranſlations of the Hitopadeſa, and the other in the German verſion of Prof. Benfey, which appeared at Leipzig in 1859, we cannot fail to recogniſe the truth of this remark.

It is cuſtomary to place ſome three hundred years between the productions of Æſop and Pilpay, aſſigning to the former the date of 550 B.C. as the period when he flouriſhed, and to the latter 250 B.C.; but theſe

dates are at beſt uncertain. Indeed, as with Homer, ſeveral countries conteſt the honour of the birth of the former; Lydia, the Iſland of Samos, Thrace, and Phrygia, being all mentioned as his native land by authors entitled to our conſideration, though, on the authority of Phædrus, Lucian, Aulus Gellius, and Stobæus, it has become general to aſcribe that honour to the laſt. Following Diogenes Laertius, in his Life of Chilo, the date of Æſop's Fables has been fixed at the period juſt ſtated.

It may not be out of place to mention that the great fabuliſt was not the deformed being he is repreſented. That deformity was firſt attributed to him by a Greek monk in the fourteenth century. Planudes, as is well known, confounded the Phrygian ſage with the early oriental fabuliſt Lokman, who is deſcribed as "deformed, of a black complexion, with thick lips and ſplay feet." Indeed, Planudes, not content with diſtorting the perſon of Æſop, palmed off many of his own crude compoſitions as the fables of the latter; but theſe are eaſily detected, as he makes uſe of words and ſentiments after the ſtyle of Scripture, rather than following that of pagan writers, and introduces manners, and quotations from authors, of much more recent times. Prof. Benfey, in ſpeaking of the fables in the Pantſhatantra, ſays that moſt of them, more or leſs, are reproductions of thoſe of the Weſt, particularly of thoſe which belong to the period of Æſop, though, as ſome of them are unmiſtakably of Eaſtern origin, he inclines to the belief that this claſs of literature may have been cultivated in India even

prior to the introduction of Æſop's Fables, and marks this diſtinction between them, that the Greek fabuliſt embodies the natural inſtincts of the animal in the words placed in its mouth, whilſt the Oriental writer merely clothes the human ſoul with the animal's form, originating in the Indian belief in the tranſmigration of ſouls.

PAGE 20.—Prof. Benfey traces the origin of the Pantſhatantra to Buddhiſm, and, as ſhown at pp. 29—35 of our Introduction, the ſatire in that work is levelled equally unſparingly againſt the Brahmans, as is that in theſe Adventures of the Gooroo Paramartan.

PAGE 26.—Tamul literature conſiſts chiefly of medical works, written by theſe Poorrachchameiyans; of works on philology; grammar being, according to Prof. Benfey, an early creation of the Buddhiſts; of hiſtories of the Chola, Pandya, and Chera kingdoms; and of dramatic, didactic, and moral poems, the latter, almoſt excluſively, the productions of Valloovan Pariars. In the ſeventh volume of the *Aſiatic Reſearches*, Dr. John gave a life of Avyar, a female writer, with translations of ſeveral of her poems, and Mr. Ellis commenced printing at Madras the text of the celebrated *Kurral*, or *Cooral*, of Tiroovalloovan, the Divine Valloovan, whoſe name is ſtill unknown, the moſt celebrated of theſe moral poets, the following aphoriſms from which have been introduced into our text:—1. "Home and its comforts are ours, but in truſt to exerciſe hoſpitality;" page 162. 2. "Is not virtue the greateſt gain, and its neglect the greateſt loſs?" page 131. 3. "There muſt be a beginning; even as A is the firſt

letter of the alphabet, ſo is God the beginning of the Univerſe;" page 132. 4. "The world is within him who underſtands the way of five things—of taſte, of light (*i. e.* of *ſight*), of touch, of ſound, of ſmell;" page 128. 5. "Sweet is the lute to them, who know not the ſound of their children's prattle;" page 109. 6. "They who reach the feet of Him, who nouriſheth the opening flower, ſhall flouriſh;" page 114. 7. "Be humble, be courteous. Without theſe of what avail are other qualities?" page 130. And 8. "Life may yet be his who has obliterated all other virtues, but from him who has blotted out the remembrance of benefits received, life has ſurely departed;" page 132. Of Mr. Ellis's edition, which is accompanied by a tranſlation, and an analyſis of each diſtich, 777 pages have been printed, embracing the beſt portion of the firſt twelve chapters, and it is mentioned with much commendation by Mr. Anderſon, in the preface to his *Tamul Grammar*, publiſhed in 1821, and no leſs ſo by Mr. Babington, in his edition of *The Adventures of the Gooroo Paramartan.* Unfortunately, this book is not acceſſible; but extracts from the Kurral will be found in Kindersley's *Specimens of Hindoo Literature*, and in Wilſon's *Deſcriptive Catalogue of the Library of Colonel Mackenzie*, vol. i. page 233.

The grammatical treatiſes are, no doubt, the ground work of the Shen and Koden Tamul Grammars of Father Beſchi, the latter of which was publiſhed in 1738, under the title of *Grammatica Latino-Tamulica de Vulgari Tamulicæ Linguæ Idiomate.* The former ſtill exiſts in Latin, only in manuſcript, but a tranſlation

of it was publiſhed by Mr. Babington, at Madras, in 1822, as *A Grammar of the High Dialect of the Tamil Language, termed Shen-Tamil. To which is added an Introduction to Tamil Poetry.*

Many of the hiſtorical treatiſes in Tamul were collected and printed at Madras, in 1835, by Mr. Taylor, in two volumes quarto, under the title of *Oriental Hiſtorical Manuſcripts in the Tamul Language.* Beſides theſe original works, Tamul literature has been much enriched by tranſlations and imitations from the Sanskrit, including a verſion of the Pantſhatantra. The title runs thus:—*Pancha Tantra Katha: Stories translated into the Tamul Language by Tandaviga Mudaliyar.* It was printed at Calcutta in 1826. Manuſcripts of the Pantſhatantra of early date exiſt in Tamul, and M. Dubois, ſpeaking of the ſources of his French paraphrase, ſays, "Le choix que nous publions a été extrait ſur trois copies différentes, écrites, l'une en Tamul, l'autre en Telougou, et la troiſième en Cannada."

Page 28.—In the text of our paraphraſe the following aphoriſms from the Pantſhatantra, ſimilar to that printed in Italics, have been introduced:—1. "What is ordained for him will fall to the lot of man. Even the gods cannot hinder it. Therefore, do not let us repine at fate, but wonder; for that which is ours belongs to none other;" page 41. 2. "A prudent man truſts to a true friend in the day of trouble, for no one overcomes adverſity without a friend;" page 106. 3. "No, not upon mother or wife, brother, or even upon one's own ſon, can a man ſo firmly repoſe

as upon the boſom of a tried friend;" page 106. 4. "Without money even the brighteſt intellect will be absorbed and deſtroyed by carking care for butter and ſalt, for oil and rice, for raiment and wood;" page 120. 5. "They who ſeek wiſdom only from books, without a knowledge of the ways of the world, are but learned fools, and reap the world's contempt;" page 170.

The reader who is curious in the Pantſhatantra literature will find an admirable *Analytical Account of the Pancha Tantra,* by Mr. H. H. Wilson, in the *Tranſactions of the Royal Aſiatic Society,* vol. i. p. 155, etc. In Dr. Graeſſe's "Tréſor des Livres rares et précieux," under Bidpay, is a liſt of editions of the Pantſhatantra, and of the portion known as the Hitopadeſa, which figured in the infancy of printing under the Latin title of *Directorium Humanæ Vitæ,* a copy of which was ſold for £31 10*s.* at Sir Mark Sykes's ſale. But the ſtudent ſhould not omit to conſult Prof. Benfey's admirable eſſay on the ſubject, to which he has already been referred, if he wiſhes fully to maſter the ſubject in all its bearings.

Page 31.—Kajakuddſha (Kanodſha) is the Kanoje of our maps, the Kanyacubja of the Hindoos. According to Feriſhta it was formerly the capital of a kingdom, and from the mention of it in the text of the Pantſhatantra as a place of education, it was probably alſo a college, ſimilar to that of Madura, which was eſtabliſhed by the native princes. It is ſuppoſed to be the Calinpaxa of Pliny, and Hindoo ruins extend round it for ſeveral miles, but its chief public buildings

at preſent only conſiſt of the citadel, tombs, mosques, and other Mohammedan edifices.

PAGE 35.—Beſides the aphoriſms from the Kurral and from the Pantſhatantra, already noticed, the Hebrew proverb, חרי קבי רחמרי חד קבא דקשייתא וסריח, has been put into the mouth of the Gooroo at page 130; and from our own vernacular ſayings the following will be found in the text:—1. "The longer the ſaw of grief is drawn the hotter it grows;" page 54. 2. "Fools and their money are ſoon parted;" page 55. 3. "He that has but one hog makes him fat; and he that has but one tale to tell never comes to the end of it; for he that cannot hold his tongue muſt have leave to ſpeak;" page 59. 4. "Like lips, like lettuce;" page 60. 5. "Bleſſed be the memory of him who invented ſleep;" page 68. 6. The Roman ſatiriſt's "Rem, recte ſi poſſis, ſi non, quocunque modo rem;" page 119. 7. "Hope is the waking man's dream; it is a good breakfaſt, but a bad ſupper;" page 128. 8. In my own city my name, in a ſtrange city my clothes, procure me reſpect;" page 132. 9. "In the coldeſt flint there is hot fire, and there is life in a muſcle; and while there is life there is hope;" page 143. 10. "If thou haſt increaſed thy water, thou muſt alſo increaſe thy meal;" page 155. 11. "A cheerful mind, peace, and ſimple diet are the beſt medicines;" page 159. 12. "Who goes to bed ſupperleſs ſhall tumble and toſs;" page 159. The other aphoriſms are all part of the Tamul text.

The manners and cuſtoms of the Tamuls, which are incidentally illuſtrated in the preceding page, are

not the leaſt attractive portion of the work, which, confining itſelf chiefly to ſatire on the Brahmans, nevertheleſs gives us a glimpſe of various other ſects, more particularly by bringing the Gooroo and his diſciples into immediate contact with Pariars, or Outcaſts from the four orthodox caſtes of Brahmans, Kſhatriyas, Vaiſyas, and Sudras, mentioning the literary Valloovans, and the scientific Poorrachchameiyans and Oodsameiyams. Of the former of theſe laſt-mentioned Father Beſchi records in his MS. Dictionary, quoted by Mr. Babington, that they form "Six ſectes exterieures, dont la premiere eſt peu connue, la ſeconde eſt ſecte de Buddha, la troisième aujourd'hui fort odieuſe (c'eſt de cette ſecte que ſont ſortis la plupart des livres de Sciences), la quatrième auſſi peu connue, la cinquième, ſecte de la cinquième nuit, parceque, lors qu'il y a cinq vendredis à un mois, ils celebrent la nuit du cinquième avec de grandes abominations, et la ſixième, ſecte des phantaſtiques qui n'admettent rien de réel, excepté peut-être Dieu." The *Oodſameiyams* he calls "Secte interieure, c'eſt a dire qui place dans le corps humain les lettres miſterieuſes, *na, ma, ka, va,* et *ya.*" There are ſix ſects of *Oodsameiyams,* as well as of *Poorrachchameiyans.*

We have alſo the Tamul computation of time:— 1. The four ages of the world, as mentioned at pages 119, 141, 206. 2. The diviſion of the year, at page 188. 3. The diviſion of the day, at page 187. 4. Lucky and unlucky days, at page 111; and 5. The periods of woman's life, at page 211. Then, too, we are introduced to the interior and duties of the mattam at

pages 38, 60, 64, 69, and 72; and its Poojeis and worſhip, at pages 70 and 209; its kitchen and cookery at page 70 and 72; its cleanlineſs at page 60; and the perſonal ablutions and clothing of its inmates at pages 70, 97, 192, and 207.

We are alſo ſhown the uſes of the village choultry (temple, court of juſtice, and inn all in one) at pages 87—95, and at page 118; and get an inſight into the functions of the native rural magiſtracy at pages 89—95, and page 123, with judgments, if not rivalling thoſe of the great governor of Barataria, at leaſt only ſecond to them; of ſuperſtitions and belief in magic arts at pages 39, 55, 124, and 160; of exhibitions of ſpite and ill-will at pages 53, 147, and 152; of grief and lamentation at pages 53 and 172; of notions of riches and pleaſure at page 109; of piety and good works, at pages 97 and 193; and of reaſoning and forethought at page 101; all of which are as graphically portrayed as if they had been ſketched by the Barber of the Arabian Tales himſelf.

THE FIRST STORY.

Page 37. The proper duty of a *Brahman* is to teach the *Vedas*, to perform ſacrifices to the gods, and to meditate upon divine and holy objects. At an early age he is placed under the inſtruction of a Brahman called a *Gooroo*, whoſe commands he is bound to obey, and whom he muſt reverence as a ſpiritual teacher. For an account of the office of Gooroo, ſee *Dubois's Moeurs, Inſtitutions, et Cérémonies des Peuples de l'Inde.* Theſe prieſts hold

the firſt rank amongſt the Brahmans. In the Deccan many of them poſſeſs an authority which bears ſome reſemblance to that of a ſuffragan or dioceſan biſhop in the Chriſtian Church, being placed over a diſtrict, and having juriſdiction in everything relating to religion and caſte. They travel in great ſtate, a ſatire upon which is furniſhed in the fifth ſtory in the preſent volume, where the Gooroo Simple ſets out on horſeback from the houſe of the peaſant who gave him the old worn-out horſe; and they receive large contributions from their diſciples. See the article "Hinduſtan," in the *Penny Cyclopædia*, in which, quoting from *Buchanan's Journey in the Myſore*, it is ſtated that "the Rajah of Tanjore is ſaid to give his Gooroo daily two hundred and fifty pagodas (about £92) when that perſonage honours him with a viſit." According to the ſtrict letter of the law, a Brahman ought to be ſupported by the rich, and not to be obliged to gain his ſubſiſtence by any laborious or uſeful occupation. Failing this, the *Inſtitutes of Menu* (x. 81, 82) permit him to become a ſoldier, to follow trade, to till the land, or to breed cattle. Many of the Sepoys in the late Anglo-Indian army belonged to this caſte.

In the original Tamul the name of our Gooroo is *Paramartan*, "ſimple, without guile." It ſeemed a pity to adopt the name given to him in Mr. Babington's literal tranſlation of the text, particularly as *Noodle* is the Engliſh equivalent to *Pedei*, the name of one of the young Brahmans, which he has rendered Simpleton; ſo we have rendered it

Simple. *Matti* (blockhead), *Madeiyam* (idiot), *Pedei* (ſimpleton), *Mileichan* (dunce), and *Moodan* (fool), are exactly repreſented by our Engliſh words, *Wiſe-acre, Zany, Noodle, Doodle,* and *Foozle.*

Page 38.—The *Mattam* is the cell of the *Gooroo,* in importance ſimilar to one of our ſmall religious houſes before the period of their ſuppreſſion under Henry the Eighth, in which that ſpiritual inſtructor exerciſes all the functions of his calling as prieſt and teacher, and in which are contained the temple, refectory, dormitories, audience-chamber, &c., the whole forming the reſidence of the Gooroo and the young Brahmans under his charge. The Brahmans poſſeſs the excluſive privilege of teaching the *Vedas,* and were in former times the ſole depoſitaries of all knowledge. According to *Bohlen's Altes Indien,* though the rulers were choſen from the caſte of *Kſhatriya,* or Warriors, the Brahmans poſſeſſed the real power, and were, as we find by the *Inſtitutes of Menu* (viii. 1, 9, 11), the royal councillors, the judges, and magiſtrates of the country. They were treated by ſovereigns with the greateſt reſpect; for, according to the ſame authority (ix. 313—317), "a Brahman, whether learned or ignorant, is a powerful divinity." His curſe could even conſign the gods to miſery, inſtances of which are given in the *Mahâbhârata,* the great epic poem of the Hindoos.

The Tamuls divide the twenty-four hours into eight watches, each conſiſting of three hours, four for the day, and four for the night, ſo that the third watch is mid-day.

PAGE 39.—According to old Tavernier, the brand carried by Tamul travellers is "un ligne entortillé et trempé dans l'huile que l'on met dans une manière de rechaud au bout d'un baton," a hint from which our ſmokers may profit.

PAGE 43.—The year is divided into ſix parts, each conſiſting of two months, and the Tamul month begins about the middle of our own. The firſt period is the *rainy ſeaſon*, Auguſt and September; the ſecond, the *cold ſeaſon*, October and November; the third, *the firſt dew*, and the fourth, the *latter dew* (expreſſions which recal the words in *Deuteronomy* xi. 14), embracing reſpectively December and January, February and March; the fifth, *the hot ſeaſon*, April and May; and the ſixth, *the hotteſt ſeaſon*, June and July. The year conſiſts of twelve lunar months, and to make up for the extra days, the Tamuls add every three years an intercalary month of thirty days. The firſt day of their new year anſwers to our twelfth of Auguſt. The month of the vernal equinox, from the earlieſt ages of antiquity, from the uſages of Babylon and Aſſyria, is ſtill preſerved throughout the Eaſt. See the two volumes publiſhed by the Society for the Diffuſion of Uſeful Knowledge, under the title of "*Hindoos.*"

PAGE 44.—The fable of the Dog and the Shadow is due, perhaps, to Æſop or Socrates, to the latter of whom we probably owe the collection which now paſſes under the name of the Phrygian. Its type, however, is found in ſome of the earlier collections of the Eaſt, and in Benfey's *Pantſchatantra, fünf*

Bücher Indiſcher Fabeln, aus dem Sanſkrit überſetzt (vol. i. p. 79), the queſtion as to its oriental origin is fully diſcuſſed. M. Dubois was at firſt inclined to believe it to have been introduced by Father Beſchi, but he changed his opinion, and adds, "mais je n'ai pas tardé à changer de ſentiment, et j'ai connu bientot que cette fable était originairement indienne, et génèralement connue dans le pays." However, the curious reader is further referred to Benfey's *Pantſchatantra*, vol. i. *Einleitung*, pp. 468, 9, where the fable of the Jackal and the Fiſh is given as the probable ſource of the more beautiful Greek embodiment of graſping greed. In our text, as in the Æſopian fable, deceived by the magnifying power of the water, the dog miſtakes the ſhadow for a larger joint, which makes it not improbable that Beſchi may have inſerted it, probably borrowing it from Poſſinus's Latin text of the fable.

Page 50.—In the Tamul text the noiſeleſs ſtep into the water is repreſented "as if it were *jala-jala*," and the preſſing the foot downwards, "as if it were *too-nookoo*," giving this ſound of the water by the expreſſions uſed, both natural words, coined for the occaſion.

Page 51.—The reader may probably recollect a ſimilar circumſtance, as narrated in the tenth of the *Merry Tales of the Wiſe Men of Gotham*. Mr. Babington ſuggeſts that Beſchi may have borrowed it from that tale; but as it is not very likely that he had acceſs to the book, it ſeems, on the contrary, more probable that, being of oriental origin, it ſhould, like many ſimilar tales in the *Geſta Romanorum*, the *Owl-*

glaſs and other collections, have found its way gradually from the Eaſt to us in the Weſt. The Engliſh tale runs thus:—

"On a certain time there were twelve men of Gotham that went to fiſh, and ſome ſtood on dry land; and in going home one ſaid to the other, 'We have ventured wonderfully in wading; I pray God that none of us come home to be drowned.' 'Nay, marry,' ſaid one to the other, 'let us ſee that, for there did twelve of us come out.' Then they told themſelves, and every one told eleven; ſaid the one to the other, 'there is one of us drowned.' They went back to the brook where they had been fiſhing, and ſought up and down for him that was wanting, making great lamentation. A courtier coming by, aſked what it was they ſought for, and why they were ſorrowful? 'O,' ſaid they, 'this day we went to fiſh in the brook; twelve of us came out together, and one is drowned.' Said the courtier, 'Tell how many there be of you.' One of them ſaid 'eleven,' and he did not tell himſelf. 'Well,' ſaid the courtier, 'what will you give me, and I will find the twelfth man?' 'Sir,' ſaid they, 'all the money we have got.' 'Give me the money,' ſaid the courtier, and began with the firſt, and gave him a ſtroke over the ſhoulders with his whip, which made him groan, ſaying, 'Here is one,' and ſo ſerved them all, and they all groaned at the matter. When he came to the laſt, he paid him well, ſaying, 'Here is the twelfth man.' 'God's bleſſing on thy heart,' ſaid they, 'for thus finding our dear brother.'"

PAGE 53.—"The Hindoos," ſays Mr. Babington, "in uttering a malediction, unite their hands by interlacing the fingers, and then, projecting them forwards, produce the ſound commonly called cracking the joints. Their imprecations are ſtill further ſtrengthened, as they think, by caſting duſt at the object of them."

STORY THE SECOND.

PAGE 60.—"C'eſt de cette manière que les maiſons des Indiens ſont purifiées des ſouillures qui peuvent y avoir été imprimées par les allons et les venans." See Dubois' *Moeurs de l'Inde,* vol. i. page 208. The cow is held ſacred by the Hindoos; and even the Sikhs, who reject the authority of the *Vedas, Puranas,* and other religious books of the Hindoos, and eat all kinds of fleſh except that of the cow, hold that animal in great veneration. Penances of a ſingular and ſevere nature were formerly enjoined for killing cows without malice, and if this crime was maliciouſly committed, it admitted of no expiation whatever.

PAGE 62.—The original gives the number of women as *ten;* but the numerals *ten* and *four,* in Tamul, are employed to give a definite idea of an indefinite number, the ſame as in Homer *nine* is applied in regard to time: *εννῆμαρ μεν ἀνὰ στρατον ὤκετο κῆλα Θεοιο.*

PAGE 70.—"Toutes ces pratiques," remarks M. Dubois on this paſſage, "et un grand nombre d'autres encore, ſont uſitées et font partie de la bonne éducation

parmi les Indiens." According to Mr. Babington, the ablutions and cleanlineſs enjoined by the law, in conformity to Hindoo practice, conſiſt in four particulars: 1. Shaving, which is performed on every part of the body, excepting the top of the head, the upper lip, the arm from the elbow to the wriſt, and the leg from the knee to the ankle (the Brahmans, however, ſhave the upper lip). 2. Anointment, or, according to others, the bathing of the whole body, as oppoſed to a bathing or waſhing of the head as far as the neck. 3. Care and cleanſing of the teeth. And 4. Clean raiment. The author of *Hindoſtan in Miniature*, ſpeaking of Malabar barbers, obſerves, "They commonly ſet up ſhop under a tree, the foliage of which ſcreens them from the ſun. Their baſin is the half of a cocoa-nut ſhell, and their razors have very broad blades, the edge of which is convex;" vol. v. 35.

Poojei, worſhip, ſee note at page 210.

PAGE 72.—*Cucurbita Hiſpida*, aſh-coloured pumpkin.

PAGE 73.—The *kadam*, ſomething like our word mile, is a meaſure of diſtance varying in different parts of India. At Madras and in Tamul countries it equals ten Engliſh miles.

PAGE 74.—The following is ſuggeſted as the origin of the phraſe to chaff a perſon, our ſlang term for making game of any one. Apollo received from a painſtaking critic a volume filled with the errors of the great poets. By way of reward for ſuch bootleſs labour, the god of poetry gave him a buſhel of wheat to ſort, bidding him to ſelect the corn from the chaff.

When this was done, Apollo preſented the critic with the chaff, but retained the wheat, thus *chaffing* him, and making game of him. See *Boccalini's Advertiſements from Parnaſſus*, a favourite book with Addiſon.

PAGE 75.—Two Tamul aphoriſms: *They who perform penance are forwarding their own affairs;* and *From pious actions alone proceeds delight; all elſe is irrelevant and unworthy of praiſe.* "The Tamul," ſays Mr. Babington, "reckon thirty-two kinds of pious actions, ſome of which are ſufficiently fanciful; theſe comprehend, however, if not all the poſſible varieties of charitable works, at leaſt more than moſt people perform. Their enumeration is as follows:— 1. The building hoſpitals for the poor. 2. Giving food to thoſe whoſe employment is devotion. 3. Giving food to thoſe who follow any of the ſix ſects. 4. Supplying calendars or almanacks. 5. Furniſhing remedies for the eyes. 6. Giving oil for the anointment of the head. 7. Aſſociating with the female ſex. 8. Marriage. 9. Sobriety. 10. Preſerving the good works of another. 11. Raiſing a ſhed where water may be furniſhed gratis to travellers. 12. Building a houſe either of reſt for travellers, or for ſome religious devotee. 13. Building tanks and repairing roads. 14. Planting trees. 15. Planting groves for the convenience of travellers. 16. Giving food to animals. 17. Giving money to preſerve the life of any living thing whatſoever. 18. Erecting poſts for cows to rub themſelves againſt. 19. Giving food to priſoners or ſlaves. 20. Giving boiled rice for

ſacrifices. 21. Cauſing to make ſacrifices. 22. Giving garments. 23. Furniſhing proviſions for a journey. 24. Furniſhing Brahmans with the means of bearing the expenſe of aſſuming the ſacred thread. 25. Pouring milk into the ſacrificial fire. 26. Making gifts, more eſpecially of money. 27. Giving quick lime, to be eaten with betel leaf. 28. Paying for the barber employed in ſhaving another. 29. Furniſhing remedies for diſeaſes. 30. Giving drink to cows. 31. Furniſhing a looking-glaſs. 32. Burning corpſes." For an explanation of the nature and value of theſe various good works, the reader is referred to Rhode's *Religiöſe Bildung, Mythologie und Philoſophie der Hindus.*

If you ſow a caſter-oil tree, will an ebony tree be produced? is an old Tamul aphoriſm which cannot fail to remind the reader of the words in the Sermon on the Mount, *Matthew* vii. 16.

PAGE 79.—This "Counting the chickens before they are hatched" is to be met with in the folk's lore of every language, in ſome ſhape or another, the well-known ſtory of the Day-dreamer in the *Arabian Nights* being of courſe familiar to every one, no leſs than the old adage, "*Ante victoriam, ne canas triumphum.*" Dreamland, if geographers would but be honeſt, would be found to cover a far larger portion of the globe than we like to admit, and not confine itſelf to Spain and its caſtles; but, perhaps, rather, as in the caſe of the Schildbürgers, the natives having, in their folly, deſtroyed their own city, have, like the Jews, become a ſcattered race, and are met with in every inhabited country. The mention of the Schildbürgers

recalls a tale from the *Lalenbuch,* edited by Von der Hagen in 1811, from which the ſaying of "Counting the chickens before they are hatched" may have had its riſe; as the date of the *Schildbürger,* the original type of our *Wiſe Men of Gotham,* is placed at the beginning of the thirteenth century, the period at which the ſpread of the Mogul Empire into the Weſt brought with it the Mooriſh verſions of many Eaſtern tales, to be ſpeedily engrafted into the literature of the Weſt. It forms the thirty-third ſtory in the *Lalenbuch,* and runs thus:—

"*How a Woman of Schilda went to Market with Eggs, and made much Account of what Good would come of the Produce; and what really did come of it.*

"There is an old proverb and a true, which ſays, 'Sell not the bear's ſkin before you have caught him;' and another, no leſs ſo, tells us that 'Covetouſneſs brings nothing home;' whilſt a third adds:

'To hope, when hope is long deferred,
Makes many a fool, it is averred;
Before the hoſt to name the ſcore
But ſeldom adds to one's own ſtore.'

This was the caſe with the woman of Schilda, who went to market with her eggs, as you ſhall ſee. Now this poor woman had but a ſingle hen, which laid an egg every day; ſo ſhe gathered them up till ſhe ſaid to herſelf, 'Now I have enough to bring me

three groſchens!' when, putting them into a baſket, ſhe ſet off to market with them. As ſhe had no companion to talk to as ſhe trudged along, all kinds of thoughts got into her head, and, amongſt others, ſhe naturally reverted to her little ſtock-in-trade, which ſhe carried jauntily upon it, thus turning it to a profitable account:—'See now,' ſaid ſhe, to herſelf, 'you will get three groſchens at the market. What will will you do with them? Do with them? Why, buy two more hens, to be ſure. Theſe two, with the one you have at home, in ſo many days will lay ſo many eggs, which, when ſold, will enable you to buy three more hens, and leave a lot of profit beſides. Therefore, now, as you have ſix hens, they will lay ſo many eggs every month. Theſe you will ſell—now and then, however, you may eat one yourſelf—and you may put all the money by. Then, too, you will derive profit from theſe hens in various ways. The old ones, when they have done laying, you will turn into money; the young ones will lay eggs, and hatch ſome of them into chickens, and ſo you will increaſe your ſtock at the ſame time that you have alſo chickens to ſell; then you can pluck their feathers, like people do geeſe. Out of the money you have put by you will buy ſome geeſe, and theſe will bring you much profit by the ſale of their eggs, their young, and their feathers. Now, as you have both hens and geeſe, your profits will amount weekly to ſo and ſo. Then you will purchaſe a ſhe-goat; ſhe will give you milk, and little kids. Thus you have already old and young hens, old and young geeſe, eggs, feathers,

milk, kids, and wool—of courſe you will ſee to have the goat ſheared. Then you will purchaſe a ſow, and, to your former profits, you will thus add ſucking pigs, pork, hams, and ſauſages. All this will enable you to buy a cow out of the money you are always laying by. She will produce milk, calves, and manure. What is the good of the manure to you, ſeeing that you have got no land to till? To be ſure, you will purchaſe a field, and that will yield you corn, ſo that you need not buy any more. Then you will buy ſome horſes, and hire farm-labourers to look after them, to milk the cows, and till the land. Next, you will buy a flock of ſheep, when you will want to enlarge your houſe, and to furniſh it out of the money you have laid by. After which you will purchaſe more land. Now, this cannot fail to come about. So, then, you will derive profit from young and old poultry and hens; from eggs, from goat's milk, wool, and young kids; from lambs and ſucking pigs; from cows, whoſe horns you may alſo have ſawed off, and ſell to the cutler for knife-handles; from calves, from corn-fields, and many other things beſides. And, laſt of all, you will marry a young and handſome man, and be a fine lady, as happy as the day is long. Oh, ſo grand! and not have a good word for any one! "A taſte of the ſalt, but not of the malt," is the peaſant's motto, and their coat of arms, three fingers in the ſalt-cellar; but that ſhall not be ours, forſooth.'

"'Whilſt theſe thoughts ran in her head, ſhe forgot that ſhe was only then trudging to market with the

baſket upon it; ſo, drawing one leg behind the other, ſhe bent her head gracefully forward, as if a fine lady, greeting another ſhe had met, when, lo! down went the baſket, and ſmaſh went the eggs, and, with them, 'My lady!' and 'My lord!' into the mire; and there they remain to this day; and if any one is ſo inclined, he may pick her up, and become a lord with ſuch a lady; for 'it is a long time before you can count your chickens from unlaid eggs.' "

The tale of *The Broken Jar*, in the fifth book of the Pantſhatantra, is no doubt the ſource of this ſtory of the Woman of Schilda.

"The man with the wheel ſaid, 'Every man who is influenced by a futile hope, as by an evil ſpirit, is an object of ridicule.' Therefore it is wiſely written:— '*He who indulges in ſilly projects for the future, deſerves to fare as did the father of Somaſarman, who was ſmothered in rice till he became white.*'

"The alchemiſt aſked, 'How was that?' Then the man with the wheel told the ſtory of

The Broken Jar.

"In a certain town there lived a Brahman, whoſe name was Svabhavakripana,* who filled a jar with what remained of the boiled rice he had collected during the day, after he had ſatisfied his hunger, and hung it up by a ſtring low down on a nail in the wall. This done, he placed the mat upon which he ſlept beneath it, and all night long he kept his eyes fixed upon

* One miſerable through his own folly.

the jar, thus thinking within himſelf: 'That jar is brimful of boiled rice; now, if a famine ſhould come, it will bring me a hundred fanams. With them I will buy a couple of goats; and, as theſe multiply every ſix months, I ſhall ſoon have many kids and a whole herd of goats. Theſe I will exchange for beeves. Then I ſhall have many calves in due time, which I ſhall ſell; and after a while I will exchange the increaſed herd of beeves for buffaloes. After they have brought forth their increaſe, I will part with them for brood-mares; and when the foals have become horſes I ſhall ſell them, and ſo become poſſeſſed of much money. With this money I will purchaſe a houſe, the four ſides of which are built round an inner court. Then a Brahman will come and give me a fair damſel with great dower for a wife. She will bring me a ſon, to whom I will give the name of Somaſarman;* and when he is old enough to climb up my knees, I will take a book and ſit down in the ſtables and ſtudy. When Somaſarman ſpies me out, he will tear himſelf away from his mother's lap, and ruſh in amongſt the horſes' hoofs in his hurry to come and climb up my knees. Then, full of anger, I ſhall call out to his mother, 'Take the child away! Take the child away!' She, being fully occupied with her houſework, does not hear me; upon which I ſpring forward and ſtrike out my foot at her.' Forgetful, at the moment, that he was lying down on his mat, he ſtruck out with his foot with ſuch force that he broke

* Cared for by the Moon, or the Moon's own.

the jar into ſhivers, and the rice came running down upon him till it completely covered him and made him white. That is why I ſaid, 'He who indulges in ſilly projects for the future deſerves to fare as did the father of Somaſarman, who was ſmothered in rice till he became white.'"

Reſpecting the origin of all oriental tantra or tales themſelves, we are probably on the eve of a great diſcovery. Dr. David Chwolſon, who is profeſſor of Hebrew in the Univerſity of St. Peterſburg, has recently iſſued a very curious and intereſting volume* on the remains of ancient Babylonian literature in Arabic tranſlations. According to it, a perſon named Kuthami compiled a well-planned and ably-executed work on general literature fourteen centuries before the Chriſtian era, giving us glimpſes of a previous civilization of ſome three thouſand years. We are promiſed the Arabic texts, accompanied by a tranſlation. When theſe appear we ſhall have more certain data than mere conjectural criticiſm for fixing dates. Kuthami, it ſeems, ſpeaks of "the ancients," the writers of periods then long paſſed away, as we do of the authors of claſſical antiquity.

Page 82.—A finger's breadth is the common meaſure, equivalent to our inch.

* Ueber die Ueberreſte der Alt-Babyloniſchen Literatur en Arabiſchen Ueberſetzungen. Von D. Chwolſon. St. Peterſburg, 1859.

STORY THE THIRD.

PAGE 85.—*Paſſoun-kirey*, a plant, of which the ſtalk, always pendant and dry, gives it the appearance of being dead.

PAGE 91.—A bundle or clothful of boiled rice is the uſual viaticum of an Indian journey. Moderate in his appetites, the Hindoo is ſatisfied if he can impart a reliſh to it by a little pepper-water, or the juice of a lime, or any other ſimple condiment. In many inſtances ſuch is alſo the home breakfaſt; for rice is uſed in great profuſion by the Hindoos, who moſtly ſit croſs-legged on a cuſhion, mat, or carpet at meals, helping themſelves from the diſh in the moſt primitive form with their hands, having neither knives nor forks, and diſpenſing generally with the uſe of a table-cloth. The univerſal dinner diſh is curry, conſiſting of meat or fiſh, and dreſſed in various ways.

PAGE 90.—The *Choultry* in villages ſerves many purpoſes; it is the temple, the hall of juſtice, the place of meeting, the lodging for travellers, and, in ſome places, alſo the tavern, where ready-dreſſed proviſions may be obtained. The kitchen in the latter caſe is alſo the refectory. See Dubois's *Moeurs de l'Inde*, vol. i. p. 458.

PAGE 92.—The *Darma-Saſtra*, or *Dharma-Saſtra*, is a celebrated body of Ethics, Law, and Ritual Obſervances.

The Franciſcan, Thomas Murner, has appropriated

both incidents of this ſtory in the ſeventy-eighth adventure of Eulenſpiegel, or Owl-glaſs, as given in our recent edition of Mr. Mackenzie's Engliſh verſion. See *The Marvellous Adventures and Rare Conceits of Maſter Tyll Owl-glaſs*, p. 180.

STORY THE FOURTH.

PAGE 97.—The Tamuls are very delicate in all references to ſuch matters: "To ſeek the privacy of the fields, to go for a purpoſe, to go for two purpoſes, to go to the bath, to go to the river, to go out," &c., are the uſual expreſſions. In the original the paſſage reads: "*Whilſt they were refreſhing themſelves there, Wiſeacre retired to the fields, and then went to waſh his feet in the neighbouring tank,*" the "waſhing of the feet" implying the preſcribed ablution of the body, in conſequence of his previous "private viſit to the fields."

Ayinar, the ſon of Viſhnoo, carries a club, and rides upon a white elephant, his banner diſplaying a cock.

PAGE 102.—This ſtory is ſomewhat ſimilar to that told of the Wiſe Men of Gotham, who raked in a pond for the moon, which the reader will find in the *Merrie Tales*.

PAGE 106.—*Kaſoo* is the Tamul word, but it is moſtly pronounced *caſhoo*, or ſimply *caſh* by Europeans, and though only the eightieth part of a *fanam* it is alſo uſed as we do the word *caſh*. *Fanam*, as well as being the deſignation of a coin, is equivalent to the word money, juſt as *peny* is uſed by our tranſlators of the Bible. It is a ſilver coin, of which forty-five go to

a ſtar pagoda. There are alſo gold *fanams* in ſome parts of India; but Beſchi uſes the word in all caſes without diſtinguiſhing whether gold or ſilver, leaving the reader to judge from the article to be paid for—whether a horſe, the toll on the road, or the pounding of the worn-out animal upon which the Gooroo journeyed—which coin is meant.

STORY THE FIFTH.

PAGE 109.—*Ghee* is equivalent to our word *meſs*, a meſs of pottage, of meat, &c.; and like the Latin *ferculum*, means the principal diſh of the meal. *Tyer* is a ſolid curd, ſuch as is eaten in Germany with boiled fruit, &c., and is produced by the addition of a ſmall quantity of milk already curdled to the milk intended to be changed to *tyer*. In India it is uſually eaten with rice.

PAGE 120.—In the beginning of the thirteenth century Zingis, or Gengis Khan, founded the immenſe empire of the Moguls, comprehending almoſt the whole of Aſia, and a great part of the Eaſt of Europe. The tenth map in Spruner's Hiſtorico-Geographical Atlas ſhows this empire in its entierty, before it was ſeparated into different kingdoms.

We have here the well-known ſtory of Veſpaſian and Titus. When the latter remonſtrated with Veſpaſian upon the meanneſs of laying a tax on urine, that emperor, taking a piece of money, demanded if the ſmell offended him? adding, that this very money was the produce of the tax on urine. It is, no doubt, an in-

terpolation of Beſchi, and, as ſuch, has been omitted by M. Dubois. However, it was thought better to retain it in the Engliſh paraphraſe, as it forms part of the printed Tamul text. The reader will recollect the alluſion to it by Juvenal: "*Lucri bonus eſt odor ex re qualibet.*"

PAGE 124.—The *Valloovan* is a prieſt of the *Pariars*, and conſequently conſidered vile by the orthodox caſtes. Theſe prieſts have gradations of rank amongſt themſelves, and many of them follow conjuring and fortune-telling. See Dubois's *Moeurs de l'Inde*, vol. I. page 68. Almoſt all the moral poems in Tamul are written by the *Pariars*, the moſt celebrated of which is the Kurral of *Tiroo-Valloovan*, or the Divine Valloovan, as already ſtated.

The outcaſts are called either *Pariars*, or *Chandalas*, and in diſtricts where both words are employed, the *Chandala* is the loweſt of all *Pariars*, and is only employed to carry out corpſes, execute criminals, and in all the moſt abject offices to which a human being can be condemned. The *Pariars* conſiſt of all who have loſt caſte, or by their miſconduct have forfeited all the privileges of it. Their condition is the loweſt degradation of human nature, and hence it is not to be wondered at, that the Hindoos ſo reſolutely adhere to the inſtitutions of their tribe, becauſe the loſs of caſte is to them the loſs of all human comfort and reſpectability. If a *Pariar* approached a *Nayr*, a warrior of high caſte, he might put him to death with impunity; and water and milk, according to *Ayeen Akberry* (vol. III. p. 243), are conſidered defiled even

by the ſhadow of a *Pariar* paſſing over them, and cannot be uſed till they are purified.

STORY THE SIXTH.

PAGE 130.—In the original text the paſſage runs: "Ah! even the grain of fine rice is within its huſk, and to fruits of every kind there are a ſkin and a ſtone." The Tamuls no not include nuts, plantains, and ſhell-fruit, under the general denomination of fruit, as we do, which would render the more literal tranſlation a little obſcure in Engliſh.

PAGE 133.—In one of the plates of Hogarth's *Conteſted Election*, there is a man ſeated at the extremity of the ſign-poſt of the Crown Inn, ſawing off the portion on which he reſts. No one will charge our pictorial ſatiriſt with plagiariſm, and the circumſtance is only mentioned to ſhow how certain ludicrous ideas are common all over the world. The ſame idea occurs in various early Sanſkrit authors, and is contained in an anecdote related of *Kalidaſa*.

PAGE 134.—*Poorahita*, or more properly *Poorohita*, is the name given to Brahmans who devote themſelves to the ſtudy of aſtrology, and who preſide at feſtivals and other ceremonies. See Dubois's *Moeurs de l'Inde*, vol. I. p. 180.

PAGE 136.—*Shaſter*, *Shaſtah*, or *Saſtra*, is the name of a ſacred book of the Hindoos, containing all the dogmas of the religion of the Brahmans, and all the ceremonies of their worſhip, and ſerving as a commentary on the Vedas. This name is alſo applied to

any book of great wiſdom, as in the third ſtory we find mention of the *Dharma-Shaſtra.* It likewiſe ſignifies wiſdom, or a wiſe man, whence *Buddha* is alſo called pre-eminently *Shaſtri,* in the ſenſe that Wiſeacre applies the word to the *Poorohita.* Indeed, it is a title often aſſumed by the Brahmans, ſometimes with the ſuffix of *Sahib, Shaſtri-Sahib,* Mr. Shaſtri. The word *Shaſter* is uſed in the eighth ſtory by the Gooroo, as tantamount to "a true or wiſe ſaying."

Am! am! ma! Dear, dear me! Prodigious! wonderful! the common exclamation of great wonder and admiration throughout India, perhaps derived from the myſtic ſyllable uſed previous to prayer, *Oum!*

Namaſcara: "C'eſt ainſi qu'on appelle le ſalut adreſſi aux Brahmes: ce ſalut ſe fait en joignant les mains, les portant au front, et inclinant en même temps la tête."—*Dubois.*

PAGE 139. *Aſſirvahdam,* congé, diſmiſſal.

Baron Munchauſen may have borrowed this idea. See page 139 of our edition of his *Surpriſing Adventures,* where the lunar language of Central Africa is found to be "identical with that of the inhabitants of the Moon."

PAGE 141.—YOOGAM in Tamul, *Jogue* in Hindoſtannee, is an age of the world, of which there are four, according to Hindoo reckoning. 1. The *Sooti-yoogam,* which laſted 3,200,000 years, during which the life of man was 100,000 years, and his ſtature twenty-one cubits. 2. The *Tirtah-yoogam,* which conſiſted of 2,400,000 years, during which man's life was 10,000 years, and in which one-third of the

human race lapſed into ſin. 3. The *Dwapaar-yoogam,* which endured 600,000 years, during which human life was reduced to 1000 years, and half the race became depraved. And 4. *Kali-yoogam,* in which ſin is univerſal, human life diminiſhed to 100 years, and which is to laſt 400,000 years, of which ſome 5000 are already paſt.

STORY THE SEVENTH.

PAGE 144.—The roads in India are not unfrequently lined with banian trees, each one of itſelf a grove, forming natural ſhady bowers, impervious even to an Indian ſun, as from the horizontal branches pendant roots hang downwards, which, upon reaching the ground, become new trunks.

PAGE 147.—*Tchy! tchy!* Fie! fie! a common exclamation of extreme diſguſt. "Ceux qui ſavant vivre, ne diſent jamais ce mot devant les perſonnes de diſtinction, ni hors du diſcours familier."—Beſchi's *MS. Dictionary,* quoted by Mr. Babington.

PAGE 148.—*Cadjan,* a prepared leaf of the palm tree, upon which the Tamuls cut in the letters with a ſtile. In the Britiſh Muſeum, and at the Eaſt India Muſeum, are many of theſe manuſcripts, both Tamul and Pali, which of late years have become comparatively common in the ſhops of European bookſellers who deal in oriental literature.

PAGE 151.—Mr. Babington furniſhes the following intereſting particulars reſpecting the dreſs of the Tamuls, both male and female:—"The articles of

clothing among the Tamuls are few and ſimple, though their names, ſome of which are ſynonymous, and others expreſſive of differences in manufacture, colour, and other circumſtances, are extremely numerous. It ſeems probable that anciently they wore no ſewn garments, and that the jackets now ſo much in uſe among the higher claſſes of citizens, and the bodices worn by dancing women as well as by females of the higher orders, were introduced by the Muſſulmans on their conqueſt of the country. To this day, thoſe who, reſiding far from towns, and following rural occupations, are leſs diſturbed in their obſervance of the cuſtoms of their anceſtors, wear none but long, unſewn cloths, in the preciſe ſtate in which they come from the loom; and in none of the ancient ſculptures of Southern India are either jackets or bodices to be found, the men or gods being repreſented naked, and the women being furniſhed with a broad ornamented belt, which paſſes horizontally acroſs the breaſts and under the arms. The turban is likewiſe of modern introduction and partial uſe. The Brahmans, with the exception of thoſe who hold official ſituations, ſeldom wear it; and many other claſſes, more eſpecially in the country, go bare-headed, even in the hotteſt weather. The genuine dreſs of the men, therefore, conſiſts of—1. a cloth round the loins, which delicacy abſolutely demands, and which is the only covering worn by the labouring claſſes; 2. a cloth of 8 cubits in length, which is paſſed ſeveral times around the waiſt and between the legs, thus entirely covering the lower half of the

perſon; 3. a cloth of four cubits' length, which is uſually carried over one of the ſhoulders, and is occaſionally uſed to cover the head; and 4. a cloth of from 19 to 20 cubits, which envelopes the upper part of the perſon. Perhaps the ſhort trowſers, reaching half way down the thighs, and worn by ſoldiers and athletes, may be alſo of ancient origin. To theſe we may annex the modern additions of the turban, of 30 cubits' length; the linen veſt, which fits the body in the upper part, and has a full ſkirt; and the trowſers worn by dancers."

The true dreſs of the women is a ſingle cloth of 14 cubits in length. By dexterity in the art of wrapping this around the waiſt, and bringing the end over the ſhoulder, the females of India form as elegant and modeſt a dreſs as that made with ſo much labour, and adjuſted with ſo much art, by the fair ſex in Europe.

The uſe of the needle and ſciſſors, therefore, which ſome ſeem ſo anxious at the preſent time to teach them, would prove at beſt but a needleſs art. It might even be morally hurtful, becauſe thoſe additional articles of clothing which require to be made up are principally used by courteſans and thoſe whoſe ſubſiſtence depends on decoration of perſon. There were, beſides, an under bodice, and looſe drawers or trowſers."

STORY THE EIGHTH.

PAGE 161.—*Poojei,* worſhip, act of devotion, penance; Anglo-Indians often ſpell the word *pooja.* At page 70 Doodle gives an inſight into the ceremonial of Hindoo worſhip, which conſiſts in decorating, anointing, and making offerings to the idol. Sacred muſic accompanies this ceremony, the officiating Brahmans chanting hymns to the deity, whilſt dancing girls propitiate his favour by a ſolemn dance.

PAGE 162.—*Chitty,* a merchant. The Brahmans hold that of the four caſtes, *Brahmana,* Brahmans; *Kſhatriya,* Warriors; *Vaiſya,* Merchants, and *Sudra,* Cultivators, only the firſt and laſt remain in the preſent *Kaliyoogam,* or laſt age of the world. Thoſe, however, who hereditarily follow commerce maintain that ſuch is not the fact, and that they are true and genuine merchants. There are three diſtinct occupations allotted to this general caſte: trade, agricultural labour, and rearing of cattle; all of which a Brahman may alſo follow.

Pandarams, religious mendicants of the ſect of Siva, the third perſon in the Hindoo *trimurti,* or triad of deity. The *Saivas,* or worſhippers of *Siva,* are more numerous than any other ſect. Reſpecting Hindoo mythology conſult Coleman's *Mythology of the Hindoos;* and Rhode's *Religiöſe Bildung, Mythologie, und Philoſophie der Hindus.*

PAGE 163.—In the original it is "a young wife

whom he had bought." Moſt Hindoo marriages are contracted by the parents when the parties are in childhood, and the wedding is ſolemnized with great pomp when the children reach maturity. A woman brings no other fortune than her clothes and ornaments, and two or three female ſlaves, and the father of the bridegroom frequently pays a ſum of money to the bride's friends. Hence the terms, "He has married a wife," and "He has purchaſed a wife," are uſed quite as ſynonymes.

The females are noted for delicacy, regularity of features, and extreme modeſty; they are marriageable at the age of eleven years, and are accounted old at forty-one. The Tamuls divide the natural life of woman into ſeven ages, ſix of which are prior to forty-one, at which age ſhe receives a title ſomewhat reſembling our "old crone."

Charity and hoſpitality are not idle words amongſt the Hindoos. "Hoſpitality," according to the Inſtitutes of Menu, "is to be exerciſed even towards an enemy when he cometh into thy houſe; for the tree doth not withdraw its ſhade even from the woodman, nor the moon withhold her light from the outcaſt *Chandala*."* The latter paſſage cannot fail to recall the words of the Sermon on the Mount (*Matthew* v. 45.) "Les riches idolâtres," ſays the old traveller Tavernier, "s'eſtiment heureux et croyent

* The word *Chandala* is here uſed to denote the vileſt of the *Pariars*. It is alſo applied to children of mixed marriages, where the mother is of the Brahmana, and the father of the Sudra caſte.

que leur maiſons ſont remplies des benedictions du Ciel, lorſqu'ils ont pour hôtes quelques-uns de ces Faquirs, qu'ils honorent d'autant plus qu'ils font plus d'auſteritez."

PAGE 165.—"On each ſide of the door towards the ſtreet is a narrow gallery covered by the ſlope of the roof which projects over it, and which, as far as the gallery extends, is ſupported by pillars of brick or wood. This entrance leads into a court, which is alſo ſurrounded by a gallery like the former. On one side of the court is a large room, on a level with the floor of the gallery, open in front, and ſpread with mats and carpets covered with white cotton cloth, where the maſter of the houſe receives viſitors and tranſacts buſineſs. From this court there are entrances by very ſmall doors to the private apartments."—*Hindoſtan in Miniature,* vol. viii. p. 518.

PAGE 165.—The rice-beater is uſed by the Tamul women to deprive the rice of its huſk, and is a kind of peſtle, or long ſtaff, made of ſome hard wood, moſtly ebony, and ſhod with metal. The *Paddi,* as the rice is called whilſt in the huſk, is collected into a heap upon a hard floor, or ſometimes into an excavation in the ground.

"Two women uſually work together," ſays Mr. Babington, "oppoſite to one another, with the heap between them, and each receives and raiſes the inſtrument with the left hand, and then forces it down again violently with the right, giving it a ſlight inclination forwards, ſo that it may eaſily be

caught by the left hand of the oppoſite party. As the rice becomes diſperſed, it is puſhed back into the centre with the left foot, cauſing a graceful ſide movement; whence reſults a conſtant though ſlow revolution around the heap. This work, as indeed every other kind in India, which is performed by more than one perſon, and admits of adaptation to muſical meaſure, is accompanied by a ſong."

Mr. Babington ſuggeſts this rice-beating proceſs as an illuſtration of *Proverbs* xxvii. 22. The hand-mills of India are ſtill ſuch as thoſe deſcribed in the Bible, at which two women may frequently be ſeen grinding, as mentioned in *Matthew* xxiv. 41. The *Saivas*, of whom the chitty's wife was one, place three horizontal lines on the forehead with aſhes, obtained, if poſſible, from the hearth on which a conſecrated fire is perpetually kept.

PAGE 167.—The word *huſſey* muſt be here taken in its better ſenſe of wife or houſewife. The pet name for a woman is *Am*, literally the baſe or foot of a thing, but uſed alſo to expreſs admiration (ſee Note at page 206). However, it is only uſed, lovingly, by a huſband to his wife, by a father to his daughter, or by a ſon to his mother, or by women amongſt themſelves, and is conſidered indecorous when coming from an indifferent perſon.

PAGE 172.—This placing of the hands upon the head to denote great grief and affliction is the cuſtom alluded to in 2 *Samuel* xiii. 19, and in *Jeremiah* ii. 37.

"Cette pratique de laver les cadavres avant de les enterrer ou de les brûler, eſt univerſellement ſuivie par les Indiens de toutes les caſtes."—*Dubois.* In ſome parts of India, after theſe ablutions have taken place, the body of a prieſt is embalmed with the coſtlieſt ſpices procurable, and placed in a cheſt filled with honey, when it is put away for the day of public ſepulture, or the funeral pyre, generally months afterwards.

Arrived at the place, attended by immenſe numbers of people who form the proceſſion, and met by others from all the ſurrounding diſtricts, two parties ſeize upon the car, one at either ſide, and commence the ceremony of "caring," by tugging at it with all their might, the one repreſenting thoſe who deſire to inter the body, and the other thoſe who would commit it to the flames. Whichever is ſucceſſful carries the point, and the body is either buried or burned accordingly. A ſcene of wilder tumult and excitement cannot well be conceived than what takes place at one of theſe funerals, at which all kinds of revelry and vice prevail, and which tend only to bring together the people for their own demoralization.

The *Poojei* over, the honey, which has been carefully put by when the body was removed from the cheſt, is bottled, and finds its way into the Calcutta market, and hence, with the delicacies of European cookery and Indian preſerves, to the tables of our epicures.

After all, it is with manners and cuſtoms as with everything elſe; ſo let everybody join in the ſtrain:—

ASINUS · ASINO · SUS · SUI · PULCHER ·

ET · SUUM · CUIQUE · PULCHRUM ·

ERRATA • SIC • CORRIGE.

P. 20. Gaudama *pro* Guadama.

P. 24. Malayalam *pro* Malayatam.

P. 35. *et ſemper lege:* Poorohita.

P. 170. Svabhavakripana, v. *pro* f.

A.

ACHEDANAMOORTI, irrational, 159.

AM, foot, baſe of a thing, pet name for a woman, dear, 206.

AM-AM-MA, dear, dear me, wonderful, prodigious, 136, 206, 213.

AMOORDAM, the drink of the gods, 118.

ASANGADAN, a mocker, merriman, 26, 159, 169.

ASSIRVAHDAM, congé, diſmiſſal, 139.

AVOOR, a town in Trichinopoly, 21.

AVYAR, a Tamul poeteſs, 179.

AYINAR, the ſon of Viſhnoo, 97, 202.

B.

BANIAN TREE, *Ficus Indica*, 133, deſcribed, 144, 207.
BATHKOL, the Jewiſh *Sortes Biblicæ*, 32.
BRAHMA, the firſt perſon in the Hindoo triad of deity, 25.
BRAHMANA, the Brahman caſte, 25, 27, 29, 31, 117, 184, 185, 187, 210.
BUDDHA, called *Shaſtri*, or ſupremely wiſe man, 162, 206.

C.

CADJAN, prepared palm leaf for writing, 148, 151, 152, 207.
CARAVANSARA, inn, etc., 90.
CHAFF, to make game of, 74, 92, 159, 192.
CHANDALA, loweſt of *Pariars*, or outcaſts; ſon of a *Brahmana* mother and *Sudra* father, 204, 211.
CHITTY, a merchant, 117, 162, 167, 210.
CHOULTRY, caravanſara, village court and inn, 87, 88, 90, 118, 185, 201.
CHUNDA SAHIB, Nabob of Trichinopoly, 23.
COORAL, ſee *Kurral*.

D.

DARMA, or Dharma, juſtice, death, 33, 138, 141, 171.
DARMA-SASTRA, or *Dharma-Saſtra*, a celebrated book of ethics, laws, and ritual obſervances, 92, 201.
DWAPAAR-YOOGAM, the third age of the world, 141, 206.

F.

FANAM, a gold or ſilver coin, money, 55, 58, 87, 93, 94, 118, 124, 202.

FAQUIR, a religious mendicant, 211.

Fo ol ſand the irm one ya reſo onpar ted, a mere tranſpoſition of the Engliſh adage, Fools and their money are ſoon parted, 55.

G.

GAUDAMA, the apoſtle of Buddhiſm, 20.

GHEE, meſs, diſh, ſimilar to the Latin *ferculum*, 109, 203.

GOOROO, firſt rank of Brahmans, ſpiritual guide, teacher, 22, 32, 36, 70, 115, 185, 187.

H.

HEM, ſo, an exclamation, 30, 31, 51, 80, 130.

HINDOO, or Gentoo, 18, 19, 25, 26, 27, 37.

J.

JALA-JALA, plop-plop, 50.

K.

KADAM, mile, equal to ten Engliſh miles, 73, 192.

KALIYOOGAM, the fourth and laſt age of the world, 114, 141, 207.

KANJAKUDDSHA, the town of *Kanoje*, 32, 182.
KASOO, or Kaſhoo, a ſmall coin, caſh, 129, 202.
KSHATRIYA, the warrior caſte, 25, 184, 187, 210.
KURRAL, a celebrated poem, conſiſting of above thirteen hundred moral diſtichs, by the Tiroovalloovan, 179, 180.
KUTHAMI, an ancient Babylonian author, 200.

M.

MADEIYAM, idiot, 187.
MADURA, a college eſtabliſhed by the Tamul princes, 182.
MAHABHARATA, the celebrated Hindoo Epic, 187.
MATTAM, the Gooroo's cell or convent, 38, 58, 60, 65, 71, 156, 171, 184, 187.
MATTI, blockhead, 187.
MENU, the compiler of Inſtitutes of Hindoo Law, 187.
MILEICHAN, dunce, 187.
MOGUL, foreigner, the Tartar ruler of India, 19.
MOODAN, fool, 187.
MURDHABHISHICTA, a Brahmanical ſect, 25.

N.

NAMASCARA, mode of ſaluting a Brahman, 136, 139, 206.
NAYR, a ſoldier of high caſte, 204.

O.

OODSAMEIYAMS, name of ſix ſects, 162, 169; deſcribed, 184.

P.

PADDI, rice in the huſk, 166, 212.
PADEIYACHI, a ſuperior kind of farm-labourer, 89, 95.
PAGODA, a gold or ſilver coin, 64, 65, 61, 74, 82.
PALEI-KODI, a paraſitical plant, the *Aſclepias volubilis*, 111.
PANDARAM, a religious mendicant of the ſect of *Siva*, 162, 164, 210.
PANTSHATANTRA, a Sanſkrit collection of Indian Fables and Tales, in five books, 19, 27, 28, 178, 181, 182, 188.
PARAMARTAN, ſimple, without guile, 19, 28, 179, 186.
PARASCARA, a Brahmanical ſect, 25.
PARIAR, an outcaſt, 26, 204.
PASSOUN-KIREY, name of a plant, 85.
PEDEI, ſimpleton, 186, 187.
POOJEI, or POOJA, act of devotion, worſhip, penance, 26, 70, 161, 162, 166, 209.
POORRACHCHAMEIYANS, name of ſix ſects, 26, 162, 169, 179; deſcribed, 184.
POOROHITA, or Poorahita, a ſect of Brahmans, 35, 134, 136, 161, 169, 205.
PURANAS, ſacred books of the Hindoos, 191.

R.

RAJAH, ruler, ſovereign, prince, 23.

S.

SAHIB, Mr., 205.
SAIVAS, worſhippers of *Siva*, 210, 213.

SASTRA, SHASTRI, SHASTER, a ſacred book of the Hindoos; wiſdom; any book of great authority; a wiſe man, a prophet, a true and wiſe ſaying, 93, 94, 136, 141, 157, 205.

SIKHS, a warlike people of India, who reject the authority of the *Vedas*, *Puranas*, and other books of the Hindoos, 191.

SIVA, or Shivan, the third perſon in the Hindoo triad of deity, 162, 210.

SOMA, the Moon, 170.

SOMASARMAN, in the care of the Moon, 170, 198.

SOOTI-YOOGAM, the firſt age of the world, 141, 206.

SUDRA, the caſte of cultivators, 25, 184, 210.

SVABHAVAKRIPANA, through one's own folly miſerable, 170, 198.

T.

TAMUL, a primitive language, ſpoken by the inhabitants of Southern India, etc., 21, 22, 24, 180. Literature, 179—182.

TCHY, ſie, 147, 207.

TEMBAVANI, a Tamul poem, by Beſchi, 22.

TIROO, divine, 179.

TIRTAH-YOOGAM, the ſecond age of the world, 141, 206.

TOONOOKOO, plaſh-plaſh, 50.

TYER, curds, 109, 159.

V.

VAIDYA, a Brahmanical ſect, 26.

VAISYA, the merchant caſte, 25, 116, 184, 210.
VALKEER, a breeder of cattle, 33.
VALLOOVAN, a prieſt of the *Pariars*, 26, 27, 124, 132, 179, 184.
VEDAS, the moſt ſacred books of the Hindoos, 25, 185, 187, 191.
VIRAMAMOONI, the Jeſuit Beſchi, 21, 49, 50.
VISHNOO, the ſecond perſon in the Hindoo triad of deity, 97, 202.

Y.

YOOGAM, a period of the world's age, 141.

Z.

ZINGIS, Gengis Khan, 120, 203.

THE END.

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