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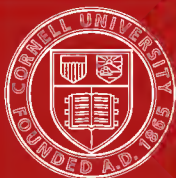
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THE STRANGE SURPRISING
ADVENTURES OF THE VENERABLE
GOOROO SIMPLE.



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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.

Beschi, C. G.



LONDON:

TRÜBNER & CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.

1861.

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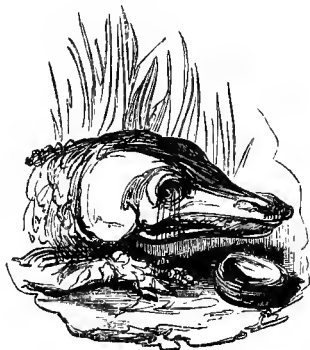
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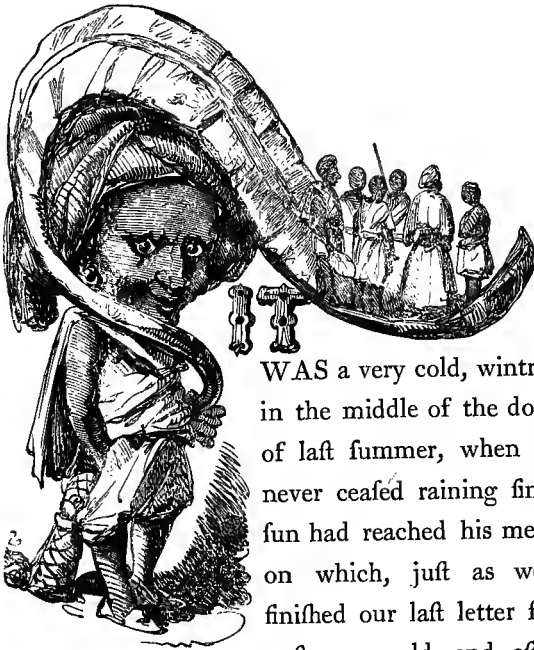


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THE PUBLISHERS' ADVERTISEMENT.



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 flush 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 favoury 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 story-tellers, 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 *Pantshatantra : 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 Befchi, 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 enseignemens 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. Befchi 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 Befchi 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 Teloo-goo; acquiring at the same time also the Hindostanee 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, Befchi fled to the city of Gayal Patinam, then belonging to the Dutch, where he died, in 1742.

To Father Befchi 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 Befchi'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, Wifeacre, 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 Wifeacre, 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 *Murdhâbhishicta*, the sons of Brahman fathers and Kshatriya 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 Vaifya 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 Afangadan, 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 *Khofru 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 Beshchi 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-

kuddha (*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 block-heads 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.

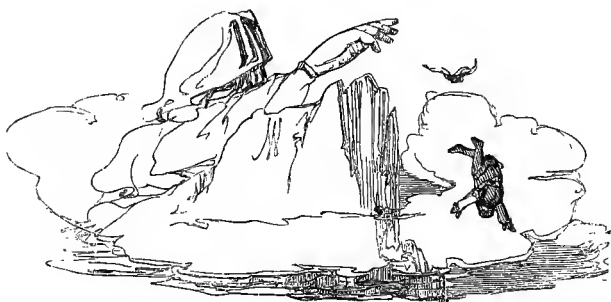
water. Seeing this, one of his companions seized him by the hair of his head, and, exclaiming, 'When a loss of the whole is threatened, a wise man will be content to preserve a part; to lose all is hard indeed,' he cut off the head of the drowning man.


"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.



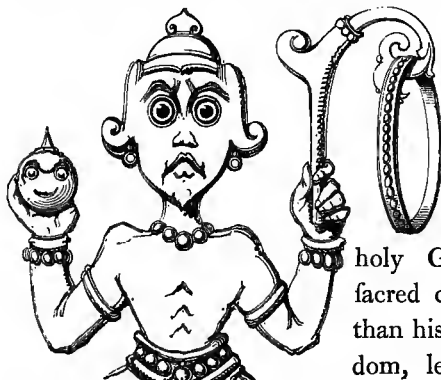
 THE STRANGE SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF THE VENERABLE GOOROO SIMPLE.



THE FIRST STORY.

FORDING THE HISSING COBRA RIVER :

Showing how the Gooroo Simple and his Five Disciples, Noodle, Doodle, Wifeacre, Zany, and Fozzle, 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 Wifeacre, 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 Fozzle 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 Wifeacre, it seldom happened but that, after much and mature consideration, both Fozzle 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 Wifeacre, 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, Wifeacre, 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 Wifeacre, 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, Wifeacre 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 found and good, and to one so wise and learned as the Gooroo it was now particularly so. So, when Wifeacre 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 Wifeacre 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 feated 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 of them leading an ass laden with two bags of salt,

they had to cross the stream somewhere about the very spot where Wifacre 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-

elves 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."

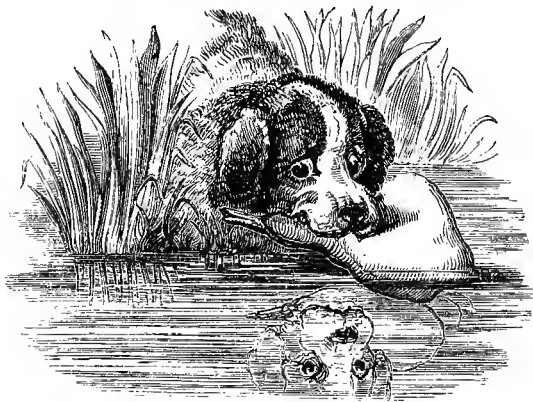
Doodle, who, during the time that Noodle was narrating this singular and surprising adventure of his grandfather and the other merchant, had been lying on his back, with closed eyes, so that nothing should distract his attention from it, now raised himself up, saying: "I, too, have heard many tales of 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, Wifeacre, 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."

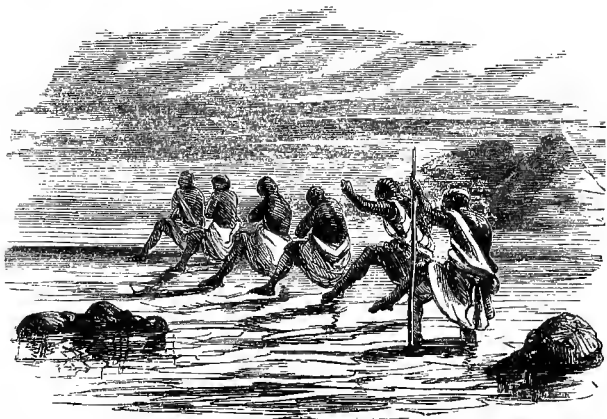
Noodle, taking a leaf out of Wifeacre's book, determined to proceed with great caution. Accordingly, holding the extinguished brand in his right hand, he stretched himself upon all-fours, and crept noiselessly to the margin of the stream, where, at arm's-length, he immersed the same end of the stick which the River had extinguished upon Wifeacre'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, Wifeacre, 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 foldiers, and thus cross the stream.

“Without uttering a single word,” says Viramamooni, “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 sound." 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 Wifeacre 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 Fozzle, 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 Fozzle 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, Wifeacre 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 Wifeacre, he told off each respectively on his fingers: Wifeacre, 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 revered 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?

"Curfed 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, firs! 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 Wife-acre 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 Zadjee, 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 befall 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 responded." No sooner was the line formed, with the Gooroo at one end and Wifeacre 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."

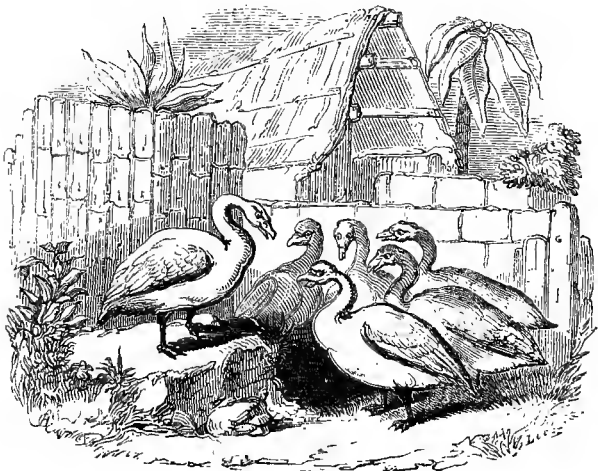
—"Score two," put in the wonderful Zadject, as he let fall a heavy blow on the left shoulder of Doodle, asking, at the same time, "Who is this?"—"Doodle, Doodle, Doo——."—"Score three," said the magician," stopping him short, and bringing his cane down, with a heavy blow, upon the rounded back of Foozle (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 Wifeacre some half-dozen telling licks, both right and left, again

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

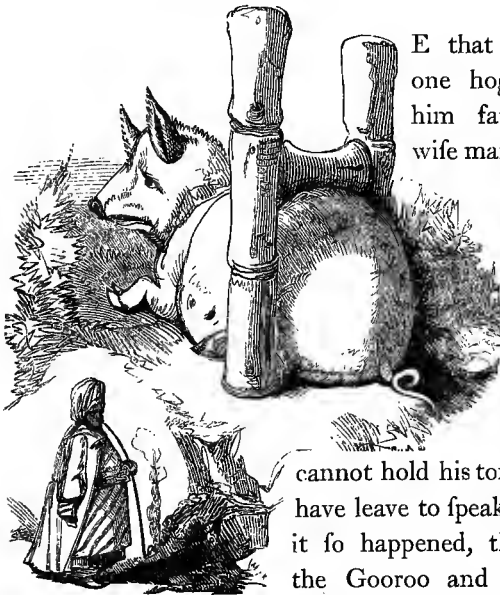
"Wonderful magician!" said the Gooroo. "Wonderful magician!" repeated each disciple, rubbing his back the while; "wonderful magician!" Satisfied that the lost one was found, and that now not one of the fix was missing, the Gooroo handed over his girdle with the forty-five fanams to Zadjcet, the magician, 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, Wifacre, 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.



HE that has but one hog, makes him fat, said a wife 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 Zadject 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 Wifeacre, "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 Wifeacre had said this, Noodle and Doodle, Zany and Foozle, all chimed in, "Indeed, sir, you must buy a horse!" upon which Wifeacre 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 wife 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, Fozzle, 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 Wifeacre, "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 horfesh 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 Wifeacre 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 Fozzle, 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, fir, that Noodle and Wifeacre 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 Wifeacre, 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 familiarity to ash-coloured pumpkins, even I might have mistaken these mares' eggs for some of those gourds. No, no; Wifeacre 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 assafoetida, 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 Wifeacre, 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 Wifeacre 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 Wifeacre 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 Wifeacre 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 wife Gooroo Simple, whose disciples we are."

"How now, young gentlemen!" said the man, mistaking Noodle and Wifeacre, whose appearance was certainly somewhat verdant, for a couple of fappies; "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 Wifeacre 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 Wifeacre 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. Wifeacre 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, Wifeacre 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."



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 Wifeacre 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, Wifeacre 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 Wifeacre, 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 Wifeacre, 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.

Perfpiring 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 Wifeacre 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 puffs had left them in the lurch, and the young foal was nowhere to be seen. The fun 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 Wifeacre. “ 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 Wifeacre, 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 Wifeacre 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, fir, 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 Wifeacre had finished speaking, Zany, Doodle, and Fozzle, 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 Wifeacre 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 feat 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 Wifeacre, have your wounds dressed, and take that repose and nourish-

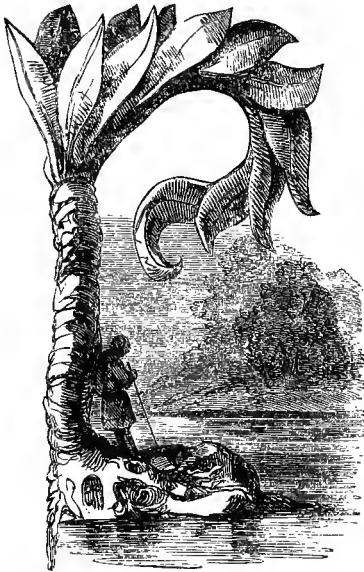
ment of which you stand so much in need. So giving them his blessing, the Gooroo dismissed his disciples for the night.



STORY THE THIRD.

THE GOOROO'S RIDE ON OX-BACK.

A scorching sun and no shade; the Ox ferves for a canopy, and his driver demands payment for its use; the Padeiyachi appointed judge; legal niceties of leave and license; story of a favoury 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 Wifeacre 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-

ciplcs. As it was, feeling 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.

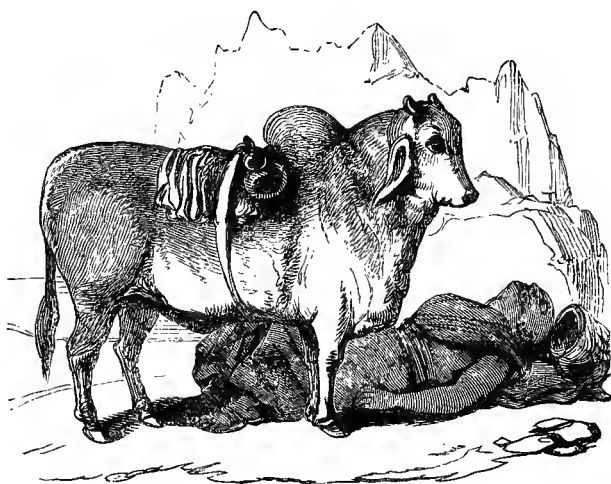
For the first hour the way was a little sheltered from the heat, which was nevertheless very great, as it was just at the hottest season of the year, and the summer was more than usually oppressive ; but after that they entered upon a wide and boundless sandy plain, without a single tree or bush, or 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. Wifacre 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 Wifacre 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 Wifeacre 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 Wifeacre 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, Wifeacre and Fozle, 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, Wife-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 caravanfara; 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 favourable 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 caravanfara there, who refused to allow me to depart till I had paid for the favourable 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 favourable 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 Shashtra, 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.’

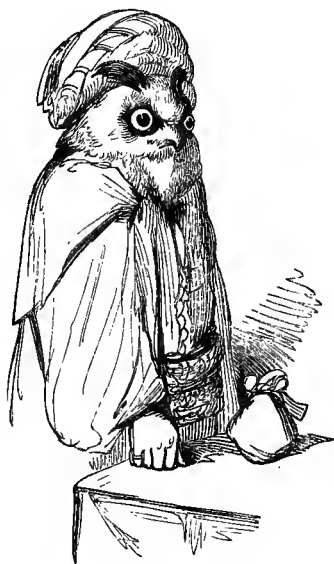
“Whereupon, calling the master of the caravanfara to him, he placed a bag of copper fanams on the table before him, and stretching his hand across the back of the head of my obdurate creditor, he paid him in his own coin, by rubbing and scrubbing his nose for several minutes amongst the contents of the 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 caravanfara 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 wife Shaftri 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 fun 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 unfeemly 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-

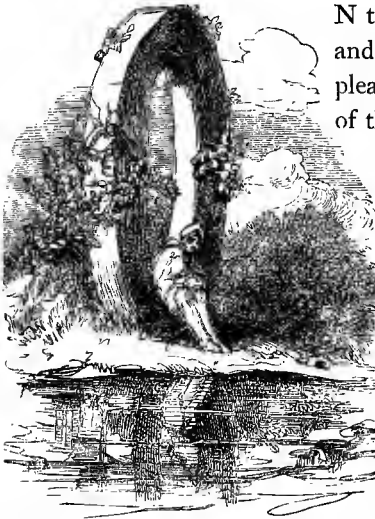
roo turned to the Padeiyachi, and thanking him for the equitable way in which he had delivered judgment in a case so furrounded with difficulties, he gave him his blessing and dismissed him.



STORY THE FOURTH.

FISHING FOR A HORSE.

Wifeacre goes to a field, and performs his ablutions; the Temple of Ayinar, and the votive feed; 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 feed.



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's march. 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

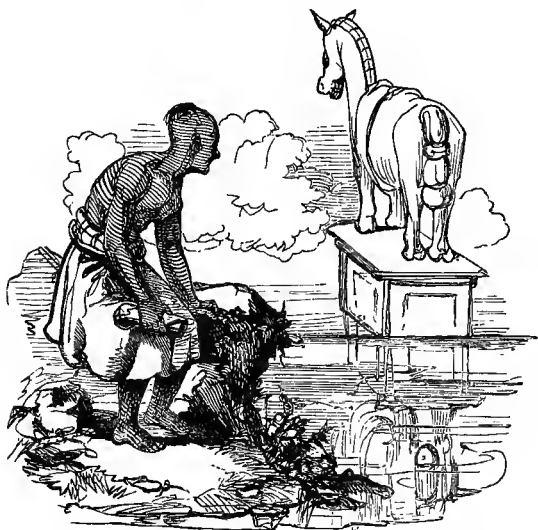
to turn out of the road, and seek the shade of some trees, at a little distance from their direct route, which grew near a reservoir, intending, in this cool grove, to await the afternoon's breeze.



Here they reposed for some time in delicious silence, till after a while Wifeacre, 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. Wifeacre 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 Wifeacre 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 Wifeacre 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 caresses into an answering smile or ripple, and the wind increasing, the pool

became much agitated, whilst at the same moment the supposed shadow horse stirred itself, and seemed restless. Wiseacre remarked the change, but seeing that the statue remained immovable, 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 reflex animal in the water must be different from that which stands passive and immovable 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 fickle 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 fickle 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 fickle'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.

Wifeacre alone retained his presence of mind. He continued at his post, and firmly holding the untwisted turban, to the end of which the fickle 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 appetizing way under the poor creature's very nose.

Prefently 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 Wife-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 fickle, 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

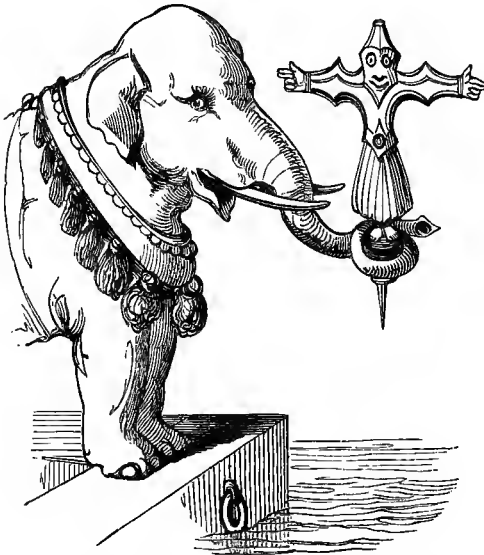
tried friend. When all others fail him, let him place his trust in him, and he will ride securely through a sea of trouble.



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 unfavourable tax and sweet-money; the horse in the pound; the pocket teaches humility; the Valloovan turned veterinarian; a Rarey-show.



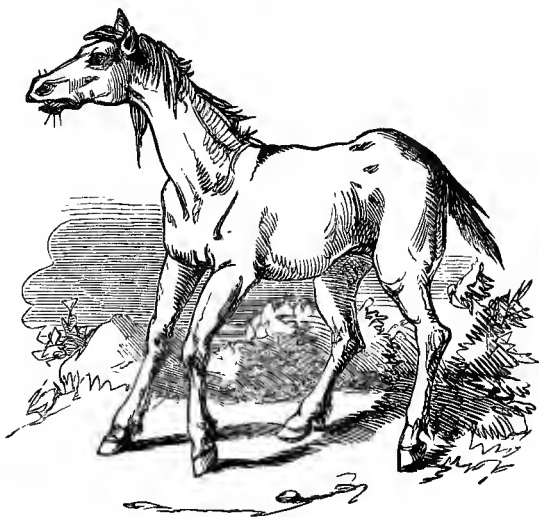
HE Goo-roo Simple and his five attendants, Noodle, and Doodle, Wifeacre, Zanny, and Fozzle, accompanied the stranger

to his house, and having bid them welcome, their host asked them to rest themselves after their fatigues

until the hour of fupper arrived. He was far from being a rich man ; for to conftitute wealth there muft 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 fweet mufic to them that know not the found of their children’s prattle ; chattels and perfonal property ; relations ; friends ; and flaves to do one’s bidding. Without thefe 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 muficians, and a bed of rofes—a couch of flowers to reft upon ? As their new friend did not poffefs all thefe bleffings, he could not be called rich ; indeed, he was a poor man ; but then he was benevolent and right-minded, and loved to exercife the holy rite of hofpitality to ftrangers, treating them with dif-interefted generofity ; fo when the evening repaft was ferved he regaled them with ghee, and tyer milk and rice, betel leaves and nuts, together with tobacco, and whatever elfe was requifite, in abundance.

The next morning he fent for the horfe, which was out at grafs, either on the common or by the road fide, as the cafe might be, and stepping it out before the Gooroo, prayed him to accept it as a free gift, and a mark of his great friendship and confideration. The horfe was twenty years old, it was true ; blind of one eye, and fhorn of one ear ; lame in his fore leg, and with one of his hind legs a little fhort 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; Fozzle to stroke its back and other parts of its body; Wiseacre, as a judge of horfesh, to lift 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 fore 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,



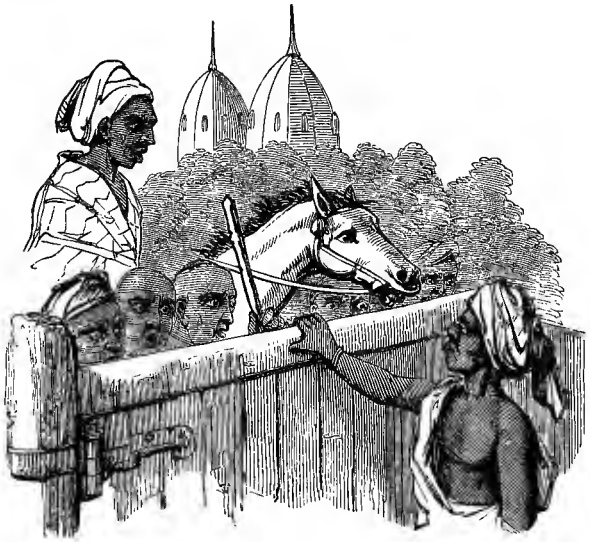
men, women, and children, crowded round the disciples of the Gooroo, as with much solemnity they raised their master in their arms and placed him on the back of their brave old steed, the spectators the while cheering and clapping their hands; and making the air ring with their acclamations.

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 Wifeacre, stupefied 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, Vaifya, or Chitty!”

Doodle and Wifeacre 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, Wifeacre, 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 Gooroo; "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 sink 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-

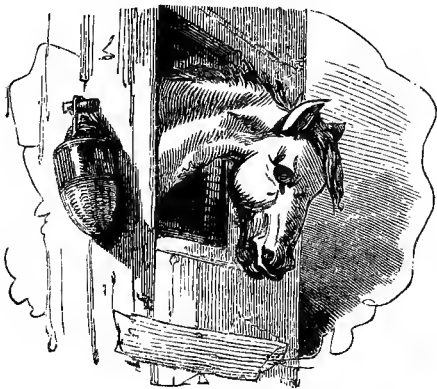
cuffing the affairs of state, drew forth a bag of shining golden coin, which he handed to him, saying, 'Smell it, my son; is there not an ill flavour about that money?'—'None,' replied the son, 'that I can detect; it is but fresh minted, and very pure.'—'Yet,' added



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. Wifeacre 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 Fozzle, at once declared their willingness to assist Wifeacre in looking for the runaway, 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 Wifeacre, 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 fight 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 fickle, 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.

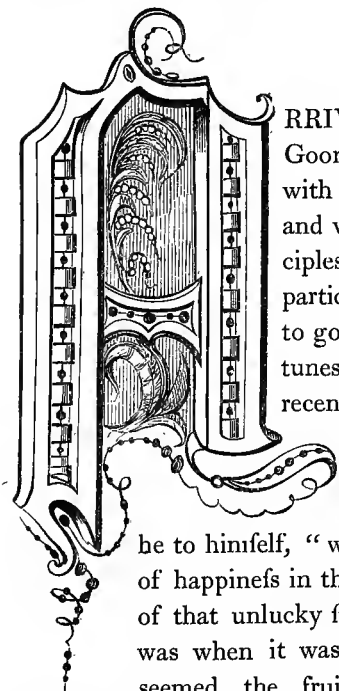
The next morning the Gooroo remounted his poor mutilated steed ; but fatigued and put out by so many trials, instead of continuing his journey, he retraced his steps to the mattam, where he arrived in due time without any further accident.



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 Shafter:
 "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 bitter, 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

five 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 surpasses 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-

fition 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 Wifeacre, 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 Wifeacre, "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 terracotta 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 Fozzle, "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 Wifeacre, "if that is all that is required, there is but little need of taking counsel together. If Noodle and Doodle, Zany and Fozzle, 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 Wifeacre, 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 Wifeacre, "why do you come here prophesying evil to me? Begone with your evil bodings, and take that for remembrance;" saying which he unheathed 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 Wifeacre 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 Wifeacre 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 wife *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 Wifecre 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 Wifecre 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 Wifecre, “ 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 wife 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 Wifeacre, 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 foretell 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 Wifeacre 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 Wifeacre 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: “‘*Afanam 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 Wifeacre. “*Afanam 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.”

“*Afanam shitam, jivana nasham*—cold in the rear,

when death is near," repeated Wifeacre; and making again a most profound *namascara* to the *Poorahita*, he received his *affirvahdam*, 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, *Afanam 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, *Afanam 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, *Afanam Shitam, jivana nasham*, saying, "My son, what words are these, and whence the mysterious chill they impart?"

"Dear and honoured master," replied Wifeacre, "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 Wifeacre had concluded, the Gooroo Simple desired him to call in Noodle and Doodle, Zany and Fozzle, and when all were assembled together, and he

had repeated to them the narrative of Wifeacre'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 fits down with us in the day, and is ever in the midst of us in the night.

“ *Aśanam śhitam, jivana naśham*, 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 Wifeacre is a great and wise Shastrī, and that the shastrer 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

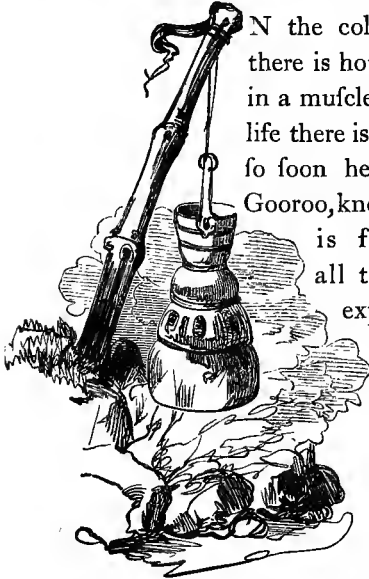
by our law, but which may bring on the evil, must be in abeyance. Yet I cannot wrestle with destiny. What shall be will be; as fate has decreed, so let it be; for when all is said, at bottom it is wise to be content!"



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, *Afanam 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 affaœtida, he contrived to keep his

body tolerably warm; whilst to impress the importance of the words *Afanam 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 grafs 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, Wifeacre, Zany, and Fozzle, 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 Fozzle, Wifeacre 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.”

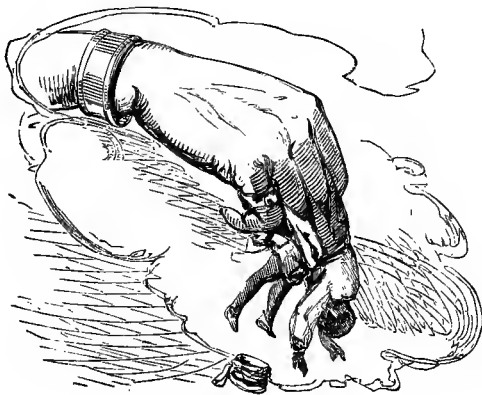
The five disciples, complying literally with the tenor of the document, all shaking their heads solemnly, proceeded to strip the Gooroo, piece by piece, of each of his garments, leaving him like a new-

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 Gooroo, 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 Afanam shitam; the Gooroo orders his own grave; Mr. Merriman, Afangadan, the son of "Old Fog," Achedanamoori, 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; Afanam shitam not to be explained away; jivana nasham follows; lying in state; purification of the dead, and funeral of the Gooroo Simple.



LL indeed was the poor old man when Fozzle 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, *Afanam 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 Wifeacre 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 Wifeacre 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, fobbing, 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 fobs 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, *Afanam 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 tofs.’ Partake with us of the morning’s meal, and all will yet be well ;” and much more to the same purport was uttered by Wifeacre, 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, *Afanam shitam, jivana nasham.*

Finding all their efforts of no avail, Wifeacre consulted his cousin Merriman, whom the people in the village called *Afangadan*, because of his love of chaffing and buffoonery. He was the son of old Fog, as the villagers had nicknamed *Achedanamooti*, 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 Wifeacre was first introduced to the latter. Go where he would, Merriman was a favourite. He was full of quips and quiddities, wife 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, Wifeacre 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 forcerer of the village, its augur and prophet.



Now, when he had heard all that Wifeacre 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, "*Afanam 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 goddesses 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 peculiari- ties, 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 diſpoſed, 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 pebble, 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-pebble 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, huffey!’ 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-pebble, 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 purfy, 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 frigging *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 *Afangadan* 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 *Oodfameiyams* with their inner light, and the *Poor-rachchameiyans* 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, *afanam 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 *afanam 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 *afanam 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 unfavourable bath of the day before, he found a gnawing in his inside, which fully convinced him that his friend was right, and that the *afanam 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 Fozzle 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 *afanam 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 Fozzle went and filled the trough up to the brim with water, Wifeacre 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 immersed him into it, Wifeacre and Noodle holding him down with might and main by the hands and feet, whilst Doodle, Zany, and Fozzle, 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 Wifeacre 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 fitting 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, Wifeacre 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 *Mῦθος*, 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 *fight*), 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 Kural 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 Linguae 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 Cananda.”

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. Graeffé's "Trésor des Livres rares et précieux," under Bidpay, is a list of editions of the Pantshatantra, and of the portion known as the Hito-padesa, which figured in the infancy of printing under the Latin title of *Directorium Humanæ Vitæ*, a copy of which was sold for £31 10s. 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.—Kajakuddha (Kanodha) 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 Kural and from the Pantshatantra, already noticed, the Hebrew proverb, תרי קבי ותמרי הר קבא וקשי"תא 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, Vaifyas, 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 troisieme aujourd'hui fort odieuse (c'est de cette secte que sont sortis la plupart des livres de Sciences), la quatrieme aussi peu connue, la cinquieme, secte de la cinquieme nuit, parceque, lors qu'il y a cinq vendredis à un mois, ils celebrent la nuit du cinquieme avec de grandes abominations, et la sixieme, secte des phantastiques qui n'admettent rien de reel, excepté peut-être Dieu." The *Oodsameiyams* he calls "Secte interieure, c'est a dire qui place dans le corps humain les lettres mystereuses, *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, *Wife-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 Brahmins under his charge. The Brahmins 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 Brahmins 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 Brahmin, whether learned or ignorant, is a powerful divinity.” His curse could even consign the gods to misery, instances of which are given in the *Mahábhárata*, 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 bientôt que cette fable était originairement indienne, et généralement connue dans le pays." However, the curious reader is further referred to Benfey's *Pantfchatantra*, 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 Poffinus'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-

glafs 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: *εννήμαρ μεν ἀνὰ στρατον ᾤκετο 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 *Hindustan 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

facrifices. 21. Caufing to make facrifices. 22. Giving garments. 23. Furnifhing provifions for a journey. 24. Furnifhing Brahmans with the means of bearing the expenfe of affuming the facred thread. 25. Pouring milk into the facrificial fire. 26. Making gifts, more efpecially of money. 27. Giving quick lime, to be eaten with betel leaf. 28. Paying for the barber employed in fhaving another. 29. Furnifhing remedies for difeafes. 30. Giving drink to cows. 31. Furnifhing a looking-glafs. 32. Burning corpfes." For an explanation of the nature and value of thefe various good works, the reader is referred to Rhode's *Religiöfe Bildung, Mythologie und Philofophie der Hindus*.

If you fow a cafter-oil tree, will an ebony tree be produced? is an old Tamul aphorifm 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 fome fhape or another, the well-known ftory of the Day-dreamer in the *Arabian Nights* being of courfe familiar to every one, no lefs than the old adage, "*Ante victoriam, ne canas triumphum.*" Dreamland, if geographers would but be honeft, would be found to cover a far larger portion of the globe than we like to admit, and not confine itfelf to Spain and its caftles; but, perhaps, rather, as in the cafe of the Schildbürgers, the natives having, in their folly, deftroyed their own city, have, like the Jews, become a fcattered 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 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 fucking 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 fucking 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.'

“ ‘ Whilft 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 Somasarma, 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 Somafarman;* 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 Somafarman 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 Somafarman, 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 in Arabischen Uebersetzungen. Von D. Chwolson. St. Petersburg, 1859.

STORY THE THIRD.

PAGE 85.—*Paffoun-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 tablecloth. 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 Wife 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 Befchi 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 *mefs*, a *mefs* 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 entirety, 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 *Kural* 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 do 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 Wife-acre 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 adressé aux Brahmes: ce salut se fait en joignant les mains, les portant au front, et inclinant en même temps la tête."—*Dubois*.

PAGE 139. *Affirvahdam*, 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 Hindostanee, 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 banyan 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 savent 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 file. 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 bookfellers 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

perfon; 3. a cloth of four cubits' length, which is ufually carried over one of the fhoulders, and is occasionally ufed to cover the head; and 4. a cloth of from 19 to 20 cubits, which envelopes the upper part of the perfon. Perhaps the fhort trowfers, reaching half way down the thighs, and worn by foldiers and athletes, may be alfo of ancient origin. To thefe we may annex the modern additions of the turban, of 30 cubits' length; the linen veft, which fits the body in the upper part, and has a full skirt; and the trowfers worn by dancers."

The true drefs of the women is a fingle cloth of 14 cubits in length. By dexterity in the art of wrapping this around the waift, and bringing the end over the fhoulder, the females of India form as elegant and modeft a drefs as that made with fo much labour, and adjusted with fo much art, by the fair sex in Europe.

The ufe of the needle and fciffors, therefore, which fome feem fo anxious at the prefent time to teach them, would prove at beft but a needlefs art. It might even be morally hurtful, becaufe thofe additional articles of clothing which require to be made up are principally ufed by courtefans and thofe whose fubfiftence depends on decoration of perfon. There were, befides; an under bodice, and loofe drawers or trowfers."

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 synonyms.

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 *Pariahs*. 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 maifons font 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'aufferitez."

PAGE 165.—“ On each fide of the door towards the freet is a narrow gallery covered by the flope of the roof which projects over it, and which, as far as the gallery extends, is fupported by pillars of brick or wood. This entrance leads into a court, which is alfo furrounded by a gallery like the former. On one fide of the court is a large room, on a level with the floor of the gallery, open in front, and fpread with mats and carpets covered with white cotton cloth, where the mafter of the houfe receives vifitors and tranfacts bufinefs. From this court there are entrances by very fmall doors to the private apartments.”—*Hindoftan in Miniature*, vol. viii. p. 518.

PAGE 165.—The rice-beater is ufed by the Tamul women to deprive the rice of its hufk, and is a kind of peffle, or long ffaff, made of fome hard wood, moftly ebony, and fhod with metal. The *Paddi*, as the rice is called whilst in the hufk, is collected into a heap upon a hard floor, or fometimes into an excavation in the ground.

“Two women ufually work together,” fays Mr. Babington, “oppofite to one another, with the heap between them, and each receives and raifes the inftrument with the left hand, and then forces it down again violently with the right, giving it a flight inclination forwards, fo that it may eafily 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 *huffey* 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 univérſellement 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 coſtlyeſt 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. Svabhavakripāna, 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, caravanfara, 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 fand the irm one ya refo 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, mels, dish, similar to the Latin *fericulum*, 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 *Tirooval-*
loovan, 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.
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O.

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 scribed, 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*,
III.

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.

POOJEL, or POOJA, act of devotion, worship, penance,
26, 70, 161, 162, 166, 209.

POORACHCHAMEIYANS, 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.

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- TAMUL, a primitive language, spoken by the inhabitants of Southern India, etc., 21, 22, 24, 180. Literature, 179—182.
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- TEMBAVANI, a Tamul poem, by Befchi, 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 *Pariahs*, 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.

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- ZINGIS, Gengis Khan, 120, 203.

THE END.

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