DAMAGE BOOK

TEXT FLY
WITHIN THE
BOOK ONLY

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

OU_156128

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

Heeramma and Venkataswami

OR

Folktales from India



Yours Truly.
Mullerkatawami

Heerámma and Venkataswami

OR

Folktales from India

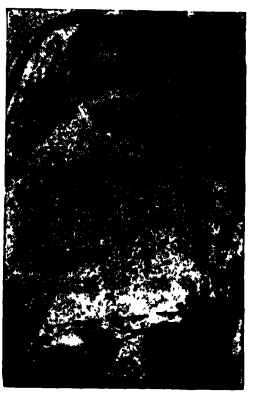
BY

M. N. VENKATASWAMI, M.R.A.S., M.F.L.S.

Author of 'Life of M. Nagloo', 'The Story of Bobbili', 'Tulsemmah and Nagaya, or Folk-stories from India' and a Memoir of Ralph T. H. Griffith, the Translator of Rāmāyana

WITH A PREFARATORY NOTE BY

THE REV. J. C. KNIGHT-ANSTEY OF SURBITON (ENGLAND)



MADRAS

DIOCESAN PRESS [S.P.C.K. DEPOSITORY]

1923

All Rights Reserved

PREFACE

INDIA is without exaggeration the home of the fable. Eminent story-tellers in times of yore flourished in it, and the stories presented in the present volume, after the rejection of several as spurious imitations, may be older than the stories of Vishnu Sharma or Pilpay (Bidpai) nay, older than the Buddhist jatakas—which, by the by, claim the highest possible antiquity—handed down as they are traditionally from father to son for untold generations. These stories were collected at Nagpore, the classical capital of the old Bhonsla kings and the present capital of the Central Provinces, close to

'Where Ramagiri shadowy woods extend
And those pure streams where Sita bathed descend'[1]

and at Secunderabad, the military station in the Deccan. The chivalrous Rajput, the patriotic Bundela, the bold Mahratta, the strict Mahomedan, the high-born Brahmin, the mild Hindu, the faithful Pardeshi, the pleasure-loving Pariah, Aryans, non-Aryans, and aborigines, or to put the matter in another way the astrologer, the purohit, the bazaar master, the clerk, the mechanic, the draughtsman, the schoolboy, the compounder, the chaprassi, the firewood-seller, the punka-puller, the busybody, the gosai, the domestic servant, the faithful Madras sepoy, the thievish tailor and the wheedling-toned shoemaker, have all contributed to my volume.

[1] Translation by Prof. H. H. Wilson from Kalidāsa's *Meghaduta*.

यक्षश्चक्रे जनकतनया स्नानपुण्योदकेषु ।
स्निग्धच्छायातरुषु वसतिं रामगिर्य्याश्रमेषु ॥

The writer's late wife Heeramma, his favourite sister the late P. Huthoolumma, his mother-in-law M. Narayana-amma—mother of Heera, a garrulous old woman possessing a retentive memory and graphic powers of narration—and other relatives, such as my brother-in-law, cousins and nephews, were the narrators of some of the most interesting tales in the collection.

The stories were collected and the work of writing them commenced about the beginning of the year 1895. Of the stories told me in childhood, I remember only one important one—The Loving Sister—and a few minor ones, though one of my two paternal aunts, a much-travelled woman, long since dead, used to tell my sisters stories of considerable length, such as that of one Baki Bhulammoodoo, far into the night; they lay beyond my comprehension for I was only a child then. I used to be sorry that those interesting stories were lost to me. But those fears were groundless. Stories are never lost: Baki Bhulammoodoo lives in the Punjab-hero Raja Rasalu. They migrate or travel and, at times, become suited strangely to the mode of thought of the alien peoples to which they have travelled. One story from Bezwada on the Krishna (218 miles from Secunderabad) and another heard at Nagpore (1048 miles from the latter or 830 miles from the former) resembled each other in general characteristics though with different incidents. Besides, folklorists are on the field. They have gone to the diggings with alacrity to amass as much as possible of the materials of unlettered primitive culture before the steam-engine, electricity, and modern civilization do their work of destruction, reducing the stories to nothing or infusing new ideas or thoughts such as are sure to vitiate them and make them untrue to folklore tradition. Of the 101 stories, the first twelve have

appeared in the 'Indian Antiquary', the editor of the journal (Sir Richard Carnac Temple, second Baronet), evincing special interest from the very outset, and now according permission to me to republish the stories here for which my thanks are due. They are arranged as I wrote them. In some cases I have added a touch to embellish a story or heighten an effect. On the other hand I have omitted what was obscure. Yet I hope that, on the whole, I have been faithful to primitive tradition.

To enhance the utility of this, my humble contribution to folklore study, I have drawn up a very careful classification of the stories on a scientific basis to the best of my ability for the use of the student. I have also given copious notes and appended a glossary of Indian words, occurring in the text, and these words are termed by some grammarians as 'barbarisms,' and they become the more so for lack of diacritical marks which the Press had not in sufficiency ; as also added an analytical index.

My task has been no easy one and I have given much time to it, yet no one is more aware of the shortcomings of this work or of its appendages—the classification, the notes, the glossary and the index—than the writer himself, writing as he does in a foreign tongue and devoid of academic training. Still if it tends with all its defects to bring a moment's pleasure to the gentle reader whoever or wherever he may be (Aryan or non-Aryan on the Albion's Thames or India's Ganges) the writer will deem himself amply repaid for the labours bestowed these four years amidst doing his duties required of him in this work-a-day world.

In the preparation of this book the very best thanks of the author are due to the Rev. John Lendrum, M.A., of the Free Church Mission, and Professor of Philosophy in the Hislop College, Nagpore, who looked through my

papers (text of the stories only) correcting [1] them where necessary. My thanks are also due to Shums-ul-Ulama Syed Ali Bilgrami, the eminent Sanskritist in charge of the Nizam's Public Works portfolio, for lending me out of his library—the best that Hyderabad possesses —Swynnerton's 'Indian Nights Entertainments' and Æsop's Fables, without the former I should not have obtained the necessary aid for the classification of the tales—aid for which the learned folklorist is entitled to my thanks.

One word as regards the title of the book. I have named it after my deceased wife, the late M. Heeramma, that lode star of my life for seven years, that thoughtful girl, that chaste soul, that close, almost Lubbock-like observer of ant's habits and ways, lying with her sweet first-born these five years in the Hindu necropolis at Nagpore, the Naganuddi flowing by. Without dissociating myself from one whose love was like that of a mother I have linked my name with that of my wife and this explanation will, I hope, absolve me from a charge of presumption in naming the book as I have done.

M. N. V.

THE HERMITAGE,
Secunderabad, Deccan,
October, 1898.

[1] The corrections were few, as the reverend gentleman who was a learned man and thoroughly understood the Indian mode of thought, did not think fit to make unnecessary corrections. The last that I have heard of him was from Elgin (Scotland) some time after the war was begun, in which he had lost his grown-up son. He had been the corrector, (so may I term him in the absence of a better word) of my stories without the least show evinced of his wide scholarship, but I believe he is still the corrector of morals of his parish besides being an ardent collector of stamps and coins in the best sense of the term.

PREFARATORY NOTE

MR. M. N. VENKATASWAMI has kindly sent me advance proofs of most of the folktales published in this book. Whilst they interest me as a humble foreign, yet sympathetic, student of the life and thought of the common people of India whom during many years residence in their midst I found it so easy to love, my chief interest is in the friend who sends them to me.

I leave it to others to pass critical judgment upon the matter or style of the book itself. To me its mission is that it recalls the man—and his home.

As one who is convinced that India and England are peculiarly fitted to work together for the world's good, in a great, mutually respecting partnership, I am also convinced that nothing can do more for the establishment of that partnership on an abiding foundation than the cultivation of genuine personal friendship between Indians and Englishmen.

For many reasons, which it would take a whole essay to expound, this is often difficult. If there be the right attitude on both sides, I do not think that it is more difficult than formerly but less. Yet the right attitude is itself a growth which may be enormously developed by seizing every occasion and instrument for its stimulation.

Such occasions and such instruments were generously placed in my path by my friend Mr. M. N. Venkataswami during my residence in Hyderabad, Deccan.

The very frankness and friendliness of their presentation lured me into a response which turned them into ministries of grace to myself, and of sympathetic

understanding of much that lies behind the life of a Hindu home and its intimate relation to the Indian's outlook in matters social, religious and even political.

I recall with intense pleasure the fellowship which transmuted what might have been merely the hospitable entertainment of an unduly honoured guest into the higher privilege of a chat about books and children and religion and the home with a friend of the family. Memories like this do not need much stimulus from the imagination to recreate the impressions of such intercourse, nor to revivify the insight it gave into Indian home life, in which the unobtrusive yet honoured and perpetual ministry of the Hindu wife and mother imparted fragrance and sweetness to the whole.

My friend's services to Literature have been of no mean order. The patient labour, the public spirit, and the enterprise in a realm which denies the lordship of mere commercialism, are worthy of commendation and recognition, but, to me, the greatest thing is his personal friendship with its revelation of the essential nearness of Indian and Englishman and of a divinely constituted brotherhood which has not to be created but only to be realized.

J. C. KNIGHT-ANSTEY.

THE MANSE, SURBITON
ENGLAND
January, 1923

The Author's thanks, in a large measure of course, are due to the Reverend Gentleman, his friend, for the prefaratory note and to Mr. K. Ramaswami, his nephew, for the picture of the cenotaph.

CONTENTS

NO.		PAGE
	Classification	xv
1.	The Thousand-Eyed Mother	1
2.	The Loving Sister	2
3.	The Taming of the Blue-Stocking	6
4.	The Able Minister and the Ungrateful King ...	9
5.	The Self-sacrificing Fairy: A Story of Sirens ..	13
6.	The Charitable Maid-Servant	19
7.	Lalan, Princess of Rubies	21
8.	Jambhu Raja	31
9.	The Disguised Royal Thief	36
10.	The King, the Whelp, and the Minister	39
11.	Kuthuveluku and Poongaveluku	40
12.	The Old Woman of the Sugar-cane Field	45
13.	The Pearl Merchant	46
14.	The Brahmin, the Tiger and the Ass; or The Origin of Wine	49
15.	The Crow and Its Ninety Eggs	51
16.	The Princess and the Ponna Flowers	52
17.	The King, the State Elephant and the Chaste Laundress.	54
18.	The Simpleton, the Thieves and the Clever Mother ...	56
19.	The Two Friends	59
20.	The Sage and the Would-be Mother	62
21.	The Learned Linguist	63
22.	The Foolish Mendicant and the Sensible Lady ...	64
23.	The Haughty Man Humiliated	66
24.	The Shakespeare of India	66
25.	The Imbecile and the Rats	69
26.	The Robber, the Destiny-writer and the King ...	69
27.	The True Recluse	72
28.	The Nangā Dev	74
29.	The Ill-fated Penurious Man	75
30.	The Mosquitoes' Laughter	75
31.	The Bhagatmāya Sādhu	76
32.	The Husband and His Selfish Wife	80
33.	The Mother-in-Law and the Son-in-Law	81

No.		PAGE
34.	The Prince, His Wife and the Fairies	82
35.	The Zamindar and His Two Sons	88
36.	The Two Barbers	89
37.	The Over-confident Marwadi, His Wife, and the Gay Lothaire	91
38.	The Girl of the Woodlands, Her Brothers and the Rakshasa	93
39.	The Fakeer's Daughter and the Wicked Queen ...	96
40.	The King, His Sufferings and Vow	98
41.	The Girl, the Linga and the Wonderful Gift ...	99
42.	Kabeerdass and Kalidass	100
43.	The Prince and the Deceitful Hospice-keeper ...	100
44.	The Brahmin, the Oilman and the Prostitute ...	103
45.	The Impoverished Merchant and the Fickle-minded Wife	107
46.	The Silly Merchant	108
47.	The King and the Three Old Men	109
48.	The King and the Shepherd	111
49.	Ellayi and Mullayi	111
50.	The King and the Dervish	112
51.	The King and the Barber	113
52.	The Crow and Its Young	113
53.	The Young Man, the Police Official and the Ber Tree...	115
54.	The Woman, Her Lawful Husband and Her Paramour.	116
55.	The Melon-Planter and the Jackals	117
56.	The Seven Princes and the Fairies	120
57.	The Man and the Snake	124
58.	The Khadira Tree and the Axe	125
59.	Navlipitta and Piglipitta	125
60.	The Milkman and the Rāmāyana	125
61.	The Deceitful Weaver	126
62.	The King and the Selfish Barber	127
63.	The Man and His Two Wives...	127
64.	The Goddess and the King	128
65.	The Wood-Seller and the Seven Fairies	130
66.	The King's Son and the Prophecy	134
67.	The Young Man and Hazari Lal of Baidar's Daughter.	135
68.	The Fox and the Ferryman	137
69.	The Faulty Brahman	138

No.		PAGE
70.	The Story of Roloo and Mudhdhaila	140
71.	How Englishmen Got the Best Boons Conferred Upon Them	140
72.	How Englishmen Lost Their Caste	141
73.	The Lilliputian and His Field	141
74.	God, the Dog and the Cock	142
75.	God and the Elephant	142
76.	God and the Bull	143
77.	Agni and Varuna	143
78.	The Prince, the Medicinal Leaves and the Muhurta ...	144
79.	The Fly who forgot Her Name	149
80.	The Zamindar's Daughter and the Wonderful Gift ...	150
81.	The Brahmin, the Goldsmith and the Image of Gold ...	152
82.	The Adventures of Ratnalpolchetty	153
83.	The Tiger and the Ass	160
84.	Prabhuddeekoo and Sashiprabha	162
85.	The Seven Princes, Their Only Sister and Her Cruel Sisters-in-Law	165
85.	The Origin of Mushroom	167
87.	Why the Mogli Flower and the Lime discarded in Worship of Deities	167
88.	The Beggar and the Tactless Charitable Lady ...	168
89.	The Woman, the Fowl Curry and Her Husband ...	168
90.	The Man and the Neighbour's Fowl	169
91.	The Story of the Lame Man and the Blind Man ...	169
92.	The Old Woman and the Fop	170
93.	The Family and the Leucoderma	170
94.	The Monkey, the Goat and the Workman	171
95.	The King and the Resourceful Chaste Woman ...	172
96.	The King, the Queen and the Evil Hour	172
97.	The Princess, Her Husband and Their Dead Children...	173
98.	The Guru and the Simple-minded Neatherd ...	175
99.	The Story of the Pishoo and the Bug	176
100.	The Guru, His Disciple, the Juggling-Woman and the Chola King and Queen	176
101.	The Man and His Very Unkind Wife	181
	Notes	183
	Glossary	211
	Index	219

Classification

I. NURSERY TALES SERIES

Ref. No. to whole Story

A. Stories of the Marvellous or Supernatural

1. **Child from the Right Thumb Type.**—The Fakeer's Daughter and the Wicked Queen 39
2. **Crowned by the Elephant Type.**—The Bhagatmaya Sadhu 31
3. **Faithful John Type.**—The Woodseller and the Seven Fairies 65
4. **Horse-Husband Type.**—Jambhu Raja 8
5. **Illusive Deer Type.**—The Seven Princes and the Fairies 56
6. **Inevitable Death Type.**—The King's Son and the Prophecy 66
7. **Jack the Giant Killer Type.**—The Prince, the Medicinal Leaves and the Muhurta 78
8. **Journey to Hell Type**—
   - (*a*) Prabhuddeekoo and Sashiprabha 84
   - (*b*) The Adventures of Ratnalpolchetty. 82
9. **Life from the Dead Type**—
   - (*a*) The Goddess and the King 64
   - (*b*) The Girl of the Woodlands, Her Brothers and the Rakshasa ... 38
   - (*c*) The Two Friends 17
   - (*d*) The Prince, the Medicinal Leaves and the Muhurta 78

Ref. No. to whole Story

10. **Life in the Carcanet of Jewels Type**—
(*a*) The Fakeer's Daughter and the Wicked Queen 39
11. **Naga King Type.**—The Loving Sister 2
12. **Rat-Wife Type.**—The Prince and the Deceitful Hospice-keeper 43

B. STORIES OF ADVENTURE AND ROMANCE

1. **All or None Type**—
(*a*) The Able Minister and the Ungrateful King 4
(*b*) The Pearl Merchant 13
2. **The Ass, Table and Cudgel Type.**—The Adventures of Ratnalpolchetty (part) 82
3. **Beast Bird Fish Type**—
(*a*) Lalan, Princess of Rubies ... 7
(*b*) The Prince, the Medicinal Leaves and the Muhurta (part) 78
4. **Bride Humbled Type**—
(*a*) The Taming of the Blue-Stocking 3
(*b*) The Young Man and Hazari Lal of Baidar's Daughter 67
5. **Bride Wager Type**—
(*a*) The Taming of the Blue-Stocking 3
(*b*) The Prince, the Medicinal Leaves and the Muhurta (part).... 78
(*c*) The Young Man and Hazari Lal of Baidars' Daughter (part) 67
(*d*) The Princess, Her Husband and Their Dead Children (part) 97
6. **Cruel Step-mother Type**—
(*a*) Jambhu Raja 8
(*b*) The Loving Sister 2

Ref. No. to whole Story

(*c*) The Seven Princes, Their Only Sister and Her Cruel Sisters-in-Law (part). 85

7 **Dark Sayings Type.**—The King and the Shepherd 48

8. **Death from Sheer Fright Type.**—The Man and the Snake 57

9. **Faithless Wife Type**—

(*a*) The Two Friends 19

(*b*) The Woman, Her Lawful Husband and Her Paramour 54

10. **Genoveva Type**—

(*a*) Lalan, Princess of Rubies.... ... 7

(*b*) The Seven Princes, Their Only Sister and Her Cruel Sisters-in-Law 85

11. **Gudrun Type.**—Kuthuveluku and Poongaveluku 11

12. **Inevitable Destiny Type**—

(*a*) The Robber, the Destiny-writer and the King 26

(*b*) The King, the Queen and the Evil Hour. 96

(*c*) The Adventures of Ratnalpolchetty. 82

13. **Jealous Queen Type.**—The Fakeer's Daughter and the Wicked Queen 39

14. **Long Life from Stays Type.**—The King and the Three Old Men 47

15. **Master Thief Type.**—The Disguised Roval Thief 9

16. **Punished or Rewarded on One's Deserts Type**—

(*a*) The Impoverished Merchant and the Fickle-minded Wife 45

(*b*) The Charitable Maid-servant 6

(*c*) The Silly Merchant 46

(*d*) The Woodseller and the Seven Fairies. 65

	Ref. No. to whole Story
17. Search of Beautiful Wife Type.—The Prince and the Deceitful Hospice-keeper	43
18. Chaste Seeta (Pativrata) Type—	
(*a*) Jambhu Raja	8
(*b*) The Foolish Mendicant and the Sensible Lady	22
(*c*) The King, the State Elephant and the Chaste Laundress	17
(*d*) The Self-sacrificing Fairy	5
(*e*) The Prince and the Seven Fairies (a variant)	56
(*f*) The Two Friends	19
(*g*) The King and the Resourceful Chaste Woman	95
19. Twin Brothers Type—	
(*a*) The Girl of the Woodlands, Her Brothers and the Rakshasa	38
(*b*) The Loving Sister	2
(*c*) The Self-sacrificing Fairy	5
(*d*) The Seven Princes and the Fairies (a variant of above)	56
(*e*) The Seven Princes, Their Only Sister and Her Cruel Sisters-in-Law (part).	85
20. Two Sisters who envied their Youngest Sister—	
(*a*) The Princess and the Ponna Flowers.	16
(*b*) The Princes, the Medicinal Leaves and the Muhurta	78

II. DROLLS OR COMIC TALES SERIES

A. Stories of the Exploits of Noodles

1. Contest of Fools Type.—The Two Barbers	36

Ref. No. to whole Story

2. **Rogue and Simpleton Type—**
   (*a*) The Brahmin, the Oilman and the Prostitute 44
   (*b*) The Monkey, the Goat and the Workman 94
3. **Valiant Tailor Type—**
   (*a*) The Woodseller and the Seven Fairies 65
   (*b*) The Simpleton, the Thieves and the Clever Mother 18
4. **Wonderful Fool Type.**—The Simpleton, the Thieves and the Clever Mother 18

B. TALES ILLUSTRATIVE OF TRIBAL OR CASTE ECCENTRICITIES

1. **Wise Men of Gotham Type: Ridicule of the neatherd caste–**
   (*a*) The Milkman and the Ramayana 60
   (*b*) The Guru and the Simple-minded Neatherd 98
2. **Wise Men of Gotham Type: Miscellaneous—**
   (*a*) The Imbecile and the Rats 25
   (*b*) The Lame Man and the Blind Man 91

III. NATIONAL OR PROFESSIONAL CHARACTER SERIES

A. STORIES OF TRIBES OR FAMILIES

1. *
   (*a*) *Characteristic Pride of the High Caste Lady—*
   The Beggar and the Tactless Charitable Lady 88

Ref. No. to whole Story

B. STORIES ON THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS

(as also religious Gods and Goddesses)

1. **Middle Ages Type—**
   (*a*) The Fakeer's Daughter and the Wicked Queen 39
   (*b*) The Foolish Mendicant and the Sensible Lady 22
2. **Legends of Saints Type—**
   (*a*) The Bhagatmaya Sadhu 31
   (*b*) Kabeerdass and Kalidass 42
   (*c*) The Guru, His Disciple, the Juggling-woman and the Chola King and Queen 100
   (*d*) The King and the Dervish 50
   (*e*) The Sage and the Would-Be Mother. 20
   (*f*) The True Recluse 27
   (*g*) The Faulty Brahmin 69
   (*h*) The Guru and the Simple-minded Neatherd 98

C. STORIES ABOUT BARBERS

1. **Lucky and Unlucky Type.**—The King and the Barber. 51
2. **Contented and Discontented Type.**—The Two Barbers 36

D. ANECDOTES ABOUT MISERS

1. The Brahmin, the Goldsmith and the Image of Gold 81

Ref. No. to whole Story

E. Anecdotes about Co-Wives

1. * The Man and His Two Wives 63

F. Anecdotes about Trades

1. *
(*a*) The Deceitful Weaver 61
(*b*) The Brahmin, the Goldsmith and the Image of Gold 81

G. Legends of Literary Men

(*a*) The Shakespeare of India 24
(*b*) Kabeerdass and Kalidass 42

H. Legends of Gods and Goddesses

1
(*a*) Brahma, Vishnu and Mahesh (Why the Mogli Flower and the Lime discarded in Worship of Deities) 87
(*b*) Ishvara (The King, the Whelp and the Minister) 10
(*c*) Ishvara (The Haughty Man Humiliated) 23
(*d*) Kali (The Shakespeare of India) 24
(*e*) Kali (The Two Friends) 19
(*f*) Parvati and Parmeshwara (The Prince and the Deceitful Hospice-keeper) 43
(*g*) Pilyarswami (The Melon-Planter and the Jackals) 55
(*h*) The Goddess and the King ... 64

		Ref. No. to whole Story
	(*i*) The Thousand-Eyed Mother	1
	(*j*) The Nanga Dev	28
	(*k*) The Vidatapurusha (The Robber, the Destiny-writer and the King).	26
	(*l*) Ganesha (Kuthuveluku and Poonga-veluku)	11

IV. FOREIGN CHARACTER SERIES

A. STORIES ABOUT EUROPEANS

1.	*	
	(*a*) The Superiority of Englishmen, p. 140	71
	(*b*) The Englishman and His High Origin, p. 141	72

V. 'ÆSOP'S FABLES' SERIES

A. BEAST STORIES AND APOLOGUES

1.	**Boasting Mule Type**—	
	(*a*) Ellayi and Mullayi	49
	(*b*) The Old Woman and the Fop ...	92
	(*c*) The Tiger and the Ass	83
2.	**Borrowed Plumes Type**.—Navlipitta and Piglipitta	59
3.	**The Ass, the Ape and the Mule Type**—	
	(*a*) The Story of Roloo and Mudhdhaila	70
	(*b*) The Man and His Very Unkind Wife	101
4.	**The Country Man and the Snake Type**—	
	(*a*) The Fox and the Ferryman	68
	(*b*) The Old Woman of the Sugar-cane Field	12
5.	**The Traveller and the Bear: Tit for Tat Type**—	
	(*a*) The Lilliputian and His Field	73
	(*b*) The Melon-Planter and the Jackals.	55

Ref. No. to whole Story

6. **The Wind and the Sun Type** —Agni and Varuna. 77
7. **The Wolf and the Lamb Type.**—The Tiger and the Ass 83
8. **The Wolf in Sheep's Clothing Type**—
   (*a*) The Crow and Its Young 52
   (*b*) The Girl of the Woodlands, Her Brothers and the Rakshasa 38
9. **Wood and Clown Type.**—The Man, the Khadira Tree and the Axe 58

B. QUESTION-REPLYING STORIES TYPE

(*a*) The Crow and Her Ninety Eggs 15
(*b*) The Fly who forgot Her Name 79

C. NATURAL PRODUCTS ORIGIN EXPLAINING STORIES TYPE

(*a*) The Brahmin, the Tiger and the Ass (Origin of Wine) 14
(*b*) The Daughter-in-Law, and the Mother-in-Law (Origin of Mushroom) 86

D. WORLD CREATION STORIES TYPE

(*a*) God, the Dog and the Cock 74
(*b*) God and the Elephant 75
(*c*) God and the Bull 76

ERRATA

Page	17	line	28	*for*	princess *read* princesses.
,,	22	,,	4	,,	reproached *read* reproached him.
,,	23	,,	19	,,	whitted *read* whetted.
,,	34	,,	19	,,	taking *read* taken.
,,	34	,,	34	,,	cause *read* instrumental in effecting.
,,	35	lines	10 and 11	*for*	Thus his wife was saved *read* Thus was his wife saved.
,,	47	line	5	*for*	Have *read* (I) have.
,,	56	,,	13	,,	man's that the *Pativrata read* that the man's *Pativrata*.
,,	72	,,	10	,,	sublimary *read* sublunary.
,,	81	,,	3	,,	came the rain down *read* came down the rain.
,,	90	,,	22	,,	Khadawand *read* Khudawand.
,,	92	,,	26	,,	I shall *read* shall I
,,	98	,,	22	,,	woman *read* woman of sweet features.
,,	99	,,	2	,,	to the end *read* for the remaining part of.
,,	115	,,	15	,,	the friendship of *read* friendship with.
,,	118	,,	24	,,	Soon one *read* Soon on.
,,	192	,,	6	*insert*	64 *between* page—for.
,,	206	,,	23	*for*	'*pativiratas*' *read* '*pativratas*'.
,,	206	,,	25	,,	,, ,, ,,
,,	206	,,	26	,,	'*pativirata*' *read* '*pativrata*'.

Heeramma and Venkataswami

OR

Folktales from India

No. 1. THE THOUSAND-EYED MOTHER

ONCE upon a time when *Ammavaru*, the goddess of small-pox, had been making fearful havoc amongst the inhabitants of a certain town, the fond mother of an only son, in whom all her affections and hopes were centred, with a view to escape the wrath of the angry *Mata*, fled across hill and dale, wood and water, not knowing whither she was fleeing—such was her fright—until, in a dense forest, she was met by an old woman, who was no other than the goddess herself in disguise. Said the goddess :

'Daughter, whither are you fleeing ?'

'Mother, I have only this son whom you see here, and I am trying to escape from the wrath of the goddess, who is devastating the whole town,' replied the affrighted mother.

Receiving this answer to her question and seeming not to care more about the woman's flight, the old woman asked her to be kind enough to search for lice in her head, for, she added, she was very much pestered by them. The younger woman good-humouredly began to search for the lice, both the women squatting themselves on the ground for the purpose, in the dishevelled

hair of the old woman, when an extraordinary spectacle presented itself—the old woman's head was full of eyes! Very much surprised, the young woman exclaimed: —'Your head is full of eyes, mother ; may I know who you are ?'

'Daughter,' said the other, 'do you not know who I am ? I am the Thousand-eyed mother, and how can you think of escaping by flight from the vigilant watch of so many eyes ?'

At this the young mother prostrated herself at the feet of the *devi*, and asked what should be done to save her only son, who was the object of her life.

'Return,' said the goddess, 'to the town, and no harm will befall either your son or yourself.'

With these words the *devi* disappeared, and the woman and her son, who had thus ingratiated themselves into her favour, pursued their course back to the town. The goddess, true to her word, preserved them in the midst of the pestilence which raged on all sides, attacking all without any distinction.

No. 2. THE LOVING SISTER

ONCE upon a time there lived a king, who had by way of issue, a son and a daughter by his first wife. The mother of the prince and princess died when they were young; and to add to their grief, the queen, whom their father married after the death of their loving mother, persecuted them with a hatred that rendered their position wellnigh unbearable. The sun could not go down without the lodgment by the stepmother with the King of some report or other against the juveniles for no fault of their own, except their existence on this earth in

general ; and not being satisfied with what she thought were probably minor ccmplaints, the cruel persecutor spoke thus to her husband one day :—

'My Lord, it seems to me that your daughter is a bad character. Look, she has the appearance of pregnancy.'

The king heard the calumny and nodded his head as much as to say 'Yes,' and thus afforded a fresh opportunity for the further persecution of the prince and princess : so immersed was he in his new love and entangled in the wiles of his plotting wife. Far different was the case with the prince when he heard that the character of his sister, notwithstanding her tender years, was calumniated by the stepmother, for this so exasperated him that he, taking his sister with him, left the palace of his father, who had now become a tool in the hands of his queen.

Having left the palace the prince and the princess did not remain long in their father's territory, but repaired to a distant country, being afraid of falling again into the clutches of their obdurate stepmother. There they lived without being persecuted, the prince given to the pleasures of the chase and leading the life of an independent country gentleman. On returning one day from one of his hunting expeditions, the prince saw a snake, after having regaled itself, about to enter the mouth of his sleeping sister. He at once cut short its career by a stroke of the scimitar which hung by his waist-belt, and without awakening his sister and telling her of what had happened, he threw away the dead reptile and thought within himself thus :—

'Ah ! I now understand that this is the reptile that made my little sister appear pregnant and thus furnished a ground to our step-mother for calumniating the innocent girl, notwithstanding her tender years. This is the

reptile that created an inordinate hunger in my sister, as if she was a glutton ; and glutton, I know, she is not.'

It chanced that the remains of the dead snake fell into one of the upper rooms of the mansion, and they grew into beautiful lilies of sweet fragrance. The prince came to where these were one day, and was very much surprised that the plants had grown in such a place spontaneously without being planted by him ; and inferring that some evil might befall him or his sister by reason of his having in his position this unwished for botanical treasure, probably surcharged with mischief, he always kept the room padlocked, keeping the key with him. But one day he left the key at home, and curiosity led the princess to open the door of this very room, where to her extreme joy, she found lilies of the first magnitude blossoming with flowers, with which she thought within herself to decorate the head of her brother one day.

It was the wont of the princess to comb the hair of her brother occasionally, and one day, when the prince was taking his siesta, she combed his hair, oiled it, and thinking that something was wanting to impart beauty to the beautiful glossy jet black hair, the delectable lilies with their sweet-scented flowers stood before her mind's eye. On this without a second thought she stole away, without making any noise or awakening her brother to the room where the plants were, and fetched one flower. Hardly had the beautiful flower been put into the hair of the prince than he turned into a large snake and in this strange form wriggled out of the room. Very much troubled in spirit on account of the strange transformation of her brother due to the lily, the princess began to lament bitterly, and crying, ' Brother ! brother,' followed the snake wherever it went.

The snake very soon entered a dense forest, and thither too, the sister, unmindful of herself, followed. Hard by the forest was a mound of earth, which the reptile entered through one of the holes. The grief of the princess at this juncture was at its height, and her cries were heard for miles around.

It so happened that a neighbouring king was then hunting in the forest, when his ears caught the cries of distress. Without losing a minute he summoned one of his servants and spoke to him thus :—

'I hear the lamentation of a woman in distress in that direction. Go and ascertain the cause of it.'

The servant repaired to the spot whence the lamentation came, approached the distracted fair lady, and respectfully enquired into the cause of her grief ; but eliciting no reply—so much was she under the power of the paroxysms of her grief—he went back to his master and reported the unsuccessful result of his errand.

Thereupon the king himself, who was of a tender heart, went to where the princess was, consoled her, and assuaged her grief to a considerable extent; yet his attempts to ascertain the cause of the grief were as futile as his servant's, owing to the bewildered state of the mind of the princess, caused by extreme anguish at the loss to her of her brother, thus metamorphosed. But he took her to his dominions, where, under his kind treatment and after the lapse of time, her poignant grief subsided to some extent, when the king, finding her to be an accomplished lady and of royal blood, married her. What the grief was she did not disclose, for a considerable time, to her husband, much less to others ; and it was only when she became a mother that she narrated to the king in detail the first misfortune of the loss of her only brother. On this the affectionate husband, who was very much

affected by the recital, resolved within himself to relieve the anxiety of his beloved wife, and repaired, followed by the queen, to the mound in the forest, and had it dug up, reaching the very bowels of the earth, when veritably a snake appeared. On the appearance of this reptile the sister with a significance, and as if by instinct, threw on it the lily, which she had treasured up all the long years since it fell off the head of her transformed brother on that never-to-be-forgotten day. In a moment the prince, her brother, stood before her to her infinite joy, equally shared by her royal husband. Great was the rejoicing in the city when the rumour spread that the queen's brother, who had been metamorphosed into a snake and for whom the queen had been stricken with grief for so long, had again taken human form.

No. 3. THE TAMING OF THE BLUE-STOCKING

ONCE upon a time, in a certain country, there lived a king who had an only daughter. Her he loved passionately, for she was his only hope, as he had no son to continue the royal line. So to make up for the want of a son, the king deviated from the general rule and put his daughter to school as soon as she began to understand, and spared neither labour nor money in getting for her, as she progressed in her studies and her mind expanded with age till she could understand abstruse subjects, teachers from distant countries who were eminent in all the departments of knowledge. In course of time, under the instruction of these teachers, the princess became proficient or seemed to be so in all the departments of knowledge. But in the domain of poetry, she had shown

an aptitude rivalling that of her teachers in versification. By the time her education might be said to be complete, she advanced towards womanhood and, with the consent of her royal father, she issued a proclamation to the effect that she would bestow her affections, irrespective of rank or caste, on any one who would recite one *sloka* composed by himself at each step of the flight of thirty steps leading to the princess' palace, and five *slokas* at the place where the steps came to an end, with the stipulation that the theme of the last five *slokas* should be original, i.e. that the subject of them was not to be met with in the books.

Many were the princes and plebeians who tried their luck in metrical composition in order to obtain the princess in marriage and failed. There was not a single exception, and so there was formed an impression in the mind of the princess that man is a useless being and quite inferior to the fair sex in point of intellectual attainment. To strengthen the impression it chanced that one day, when she was pulling off the skin of a plantain, a poor boy, who was passing by the palace, took up the plantain skin and ate it, evidently with the view of checking the pangs of hunger. At this the princess exclaimed :—

'What ! Is the worth of man, who is said to make a great noise in the world, only such that he will eat the skin of a plantain thrown away by a woman ?'

A bold maid, who had seen life, and had been in the service of the princess for a number of years, said at once in reply to the exclamation :—

'Oh ! Princess, man should not be slightingly spoken of, and, who knows, the very boy you talk so lightly of might become your husband.'

The overbearing princess replied to the servant-maid

that the realization of her hope was impossible, though it might be within the bounds of possibility.

This conversation was overheard by the poor boy, who had been the laughing-stock of the princess, as being in her opinion typical of man as apart from woman.

The boy, who was impressionable and intelligent, notwithstanding his extreme poverty, revolved in his mind the conversation he had heard, and at once made his way to an adjacent hermitage, and narrated the incident to the well-disposed *gosains* living there, who heard it with wrapt attention. In the end, he asked them what should be done to raise himself to such a pitch in intellectual attainment as to recite the stipulated thirty-five stanzas, and to marry the very princess who had despised him, so that he might show the fallacy in the princess' argument that man is inferior to woman.

Being pleased with the boy's simple narrative, and still more so the ambition displayed under his rags and tatters, the *gosains*, to the best of their ability, gave the boy a sound liberal education, in which prominence was given to metrical composition. On the completion of this education, this favoured *protege* of the *gosains* studied the best models of poetry in order to effectually tame the princess' pride by rivalling her in poesy, marriage with her being regarded as of secondary importance.

Fortified thus by knowledge, the lad composed thirty-five stanzas, into the last five of which he skilfully introduced words signifying pepper, aniseed, cumin-seeds, mustard and *durbha* grass (*Agrostis linearis*) to impart originality to them as required in the royal proclamation. So one day, followed by his friends the *gosains*, he went to the royal court, announced his business, recited one stanza at each of the flight of thirty steps, approaching the princess' palace and five on an

original theme at the place where the approaches ended. Thus was won the princess to the great joy of all who regarded her as invincible in her special line.

In accordance with the promise made in the proclamation, the marriage of the princess with the ripe scholar who had won her by his own abilities, was celebrated in due time, and when the princess was about to be led to the nuptial couch the bold maid-servant, who was an advocate of the superiority of man, as we have already seen, pointed out to her mistress that the very boy whom she had despised had now become her husband.

On this the imperious pedant committed suicide by falling on a sword.

No. 4. THE ABLE MINISTER AND THE UNGRATEFUL KING

ONCE upon a time in a certain country there lived a king who had an able minister. The minister managed the affairs of the State so well, and was so just in his dealings as a public man that none dare cast reflections or heap reproaches upon him. Afraid of his popularity, his royal master sought an occasion to find fault with the minister so that he might destroy his reputation and even himself.

Accordingly the king summoned his minister one day and gave him a pearl of great price for safe custody, stipulating that the minister should return the valuable pearl whenever his royal master desired it. In giving the pearl into the minister's keeping, the king entertained the hope of getting it back furtively, and thus gaining the opportunity of finding fault with him that he sought.

The minister took the pearl and gave it to his wife, asking her to keep it carefully, but in the meantime, the king employed every means, false or foul, to become possessed of the pearl. For this purpose he made a serving-woman get herself engaged under the minister's wife. In course of time this serving-woman ingratiated herself into the favour of the minister's wife, and one day asked her mistress to array herself in all her paraphernalia, for she said she was very anxious to see how her mistress looked when thus bedecked.

The minister's wife, though vain, was ignorant of the tricks of the world ; so she dressed herself in her best robes and adorned her person with very valuable trinkets of exquisite workmanship and showed herself to the deceitful servant-woman. The woman, on looking at the minister's wife, at once said :—

'Madam, you look beautiful in the apparel and ornaments you now wear, but an additional beauty would be imparted to you if you would ornament your person with the pearl belonging to the king, which you have now in your keeping.'

Flattered thus, the vain lady at once unlocked a casket and out of it took the pearl that was reposing there, and with it further adorned her already much-adorned person. On this she received a profusion of praise from the serving-woman, and exulting in the promises lavished on her she became unmindful of her personal adornments. This gave the serving-woman the opportunity she wanted to carry off the pearl to the palace.

The Raja, on receiving the pearl, had it thrown into the deep waters of the blue sea, and the next day called upon his minister to return the object of great price entrusted to him for safe keeping. The minister went to his

mansion and asked his wife to bring the pearl which he had given her to keep. She searched amongst the caskets of jewellery, and in the thousand and one folds of her robes, but all to no purpose; for how could she get what had been removed from her without her knowledge and by sheer craft ?

Not blaming his wife, but cursing his own fate, the minister reported the disappearance of the pearl to the king who, expecting as much, gave him a week's time for the production of the pearl, failing which the minister was to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. The minister feeling that it was not possible to find the lost pearl, and that in consequence his end had approached; sold off his vast landed estates, and with the proceeds of these and with the money he had in hand gave grand feasts and magnificent boisterous dances, enjoying himself greatly, though fully knowing that he was soon to die.

On the last of the seven days' time given him, he called his wife and said :—'My love, I am now going to the seashore with fishing-tackle to fish, and you must cook the fish I shall bring. For, before I die to-morrow, I wish to eat a fish dish specially prepared by your loving hands.' With these words the minister went to the seashore and in due time returned with only one fish. This he gave to his wife and went to enjoy the company of his friends for the last time.

His wife, who was heavy at heart for her husband was to die the morrow, ripped open the belly of the fish in order to dress it, when to her amazement, she found a pearl. She recognized it to be the one which her husband had given her, for which the minister was to suffer capital punishment the next day. As soon as the preparation of the dish was over, she dressed herself in

her best garments, decked herself in all her silver and gold ornaments and anxiously awaited her husband.

In due course the minister returned. Struck with the change in his wife—a beaming face and noble attire as contrasted with her rueful countenance and careless dress since her husband's doom—he said in an angry and sarcastic tone (for in a moment of weakness like this the thought of his approaching end rather unmanned him, though he had tried to banish in pleasure the terrors of death):—

'I am to be taken to the gallows to-morrow and you are in jubilant spirit? Your happy countenance, your dress and ornaments are visible signs of it—as if I would remain with you for many a long year and not for a day only.'

'Oh dear lord,' she cried, 'do not be sorrowful. There is now no cause for sorrow, for God has removed it from us. Take your meal and satisfy yourself, and I shall explain all.' So replied the wife, and after ministering to her husband's wants, she told him how she had in a miraculous manner come by the pearl. She showed it to him. He was overjoyed and thanked God.

On the last day for the production of the pearl, the Raja's servants came to the minister's mansion with the message that his presence was required at court. The minister, however, was in no hurry, but about four o'clock in the afternoon, after taking a nap and a light meal, he went to court, and on the King's asking for the pearl, 'Here it is,' said the minister, producing the valuable shell. He then left the court abruptly to the great chagrin of the bad-hearted King, and not only that, he left the kingdom to seek his fortune

No. 5[1]. THE SELF-SACRIFICING FAIRY: A STORY OF SIRENS

ONCE upon a time, in a certain country there lived a king who had seven sons, all advancing or advanced towards manhood. The father loved the princes very tenderly; so, when he learned of their firm determination to see the world, he addressed them thus :—

'My beloved sons, with great reluctance I permit you to see the world in order to gain experience of it, or, to use your own words, to put a finishing touch to your high and manly accomplishments as befitting nobles of the first order. But for your own welfare, I cannot refrain from tendering you a piece of advice, viz., that you should go in the seven directions; but under no circumstances make the slightest acquaintance with the eighth. For in connection with that direction I have heard thrilling accounts that have made my hair to stand on end.'

The princes travelled in the seven directions, and found the countries traversed as uninteresting as they were devoid of adventures—adventures which would at least compensate for their trouble; so, consulting amongst themselves, and setting aside the advice of their father, they resolved to extend their travels in the eighth direction also.

In their travels in the eighth direction the brothers were enchanted with the varied scenery of the pleasant country, the sweet valleys covered with verdure, the distant blue mountains of every imaginable altitude, with the primeval forest abounding in trees—evergreen and decidious—

[1] Though no doubt 'improved' by the English rendering given it by the recorder, this is a remarkable tale, quite out of the ordinary run of Indian folktales.—EDITOR, *Indian Antiquary*.

of thick foliage, resounding with the melodious notes of some of Nature's famous songstresses, with the beautiful sheets and wide expanses of limpid waters, with artistic orchards of luscious fruits and delectable gardens of shrubs and odoriferous plants, carrying through the agency of the wind for miles around sweet fragrance from their chalices, side by side with the charmingly beautiful harmonies of music that emanate from the eighth direction in full volume of sound ; and it was by these charmingly beautiful strains of music, resembling those of the Apsaras of the Indra's heavens above, that the brothers were bewitched. So, with a view to find out whence they came or who shared in them, the intrepid travellers went to the furthermost end of the eighth direction, and to their great surprise discovered there a magnificent abode of fairies, which was responsible for the delicious music, with which our heroes, being friends of that fine art, were so delighted.

The inmates of this solitary magnificent abode, who were seven fairies of great personal beauty, and whom the brothers found to be the participators in the music, received the princes with every mark of kindness, and the latter inferring at once from the outward signs that the former were greatly in love with them, and harbouring no suspicions of danger arising from that quarter, returned the love, and made them their consorts by mutual agreement. For some days the princes lived with the fairies in great amity, enjoying ambrosial viands, delicious drinks—hot and cold—melodious music—vocal and instrumental, scented baths, and wearing the finest, lightest and the most valuable of clothing.

But one day the youngest of the princes observed that his wife—the youngest fairy—had turned her back and was weeping bitterly, while taking her dinner. For

some reason or other he did not ask his wife about the matter, neither did he ascertain the cause of it from other sources. But when this continued for three or four days, the husband asked his brothers in a general sort of way, and at the same time without mistrusting his fairy wife, whether their wives also wept, as his did. On receiving a reply in the negative, he asked the fairy one day as to the cause of her sorrow.

'I am sorry for you,' she replied, 'because I have a great love for you. And the day is approaching when you will be killed along with your brothers, and this will happen on the occasion of a festival amongst us fairies, which is fast approaching.'

The prince narrated what he had heard to his brothers, who, realizing that they had fallen into dangerous hands, advised him, for their common safety, to ask the fairy what should be done to avert this catastrophe.

He accordingly asked, and the fairy, possessing a very kind heart, replied :—

'My lord, I advise you, as also ask you to tell your brothers to show signs of extreme disgust or discontentment (such as, amongst others, of rending your clothes, throwing your turbans to the ground, etc.), to charge the fairies with inattention, to raise complaints on every possible occasion in the matter of viands, drinks, baths and wearing apparel, and most important of all to break the legs of your horses without the knowledge of the fairies. On this the fairies will press to know the reason of your general discontent, and then you should tell them in detail of your being displeased with them in every way and also impress on them the fact, that nothing short of those horses that neigh in the middle of the night will satisfy you by way of compensation for the unrivalled steeds incapacitated by the breaking

of their legs and now in a dying state. It is by possessing these wonderful animals, which have the power of saving those riding on them in an emergency, that you will set yourself free from the calamity that is overhanging you. Thus I advise for your own preservation and for the preservation of my lord's brothers, and in so doing I am endangering myself it is true, but I do not consider it a danger if my first sweet love and his beloved blood relations are saved from destruction by the sacrifice of my frail self.'

The husband was extremely pleased with the advice of his wife, marked by the ring of sincerity, truth and true love, and communicated it to his brothers.

The brothers did as advised to the very letter ; and the fairies, coming to know of the grievances of the princes which made them discontented, promised to remedy them, and also promised to give the horses, distinguished from ordinary animals by neighing in the middle of the night, on the festival day which was approaching.

Though the fairies promised to give the horses, they wondered as to which amongst them could have revealed the secret about these mysterious animals, which they thought they only knew ; and suspicion with justice fell on the youngest fairy, whose kindliness of heart the sisters were aware of, as distinguished from their own relentless ones. This suspicion the six sisters locked in their breasts.

In due time the festival of the fairies came, and on the festival day the seven sisters took luxurious baths, put on the finest garments of rainbow colours, and, providing themselves with the materials of worship, reached the steps of a temple not far off from their abode, when the youngest fairy was asked to hold the

bridles of the wonderful animals which were at the time standing ready in their trappings. The six elder sisters went inside and for some time remained in the place of worship; but as they came out they ate up their youngest sister. The princes at this juncture were ready for any imaginable emergency, warned as they had been of the festival beforehand. They mounted the animals with a heroic spirit, and instantly were the seven brothers divided from the weird land of the fairies by an interval of seven seas.

Thus the seven heroes providentially escaped, through the instrumentality of the steeds that had the power of saving those who were upon them at any cost, from the cannibal fairies and arrived in a certain kingdom.

The king, on hearing from the courtiers of the arrival in his country of miraculous horses in which he had no belief, sent for the owners of them, and in the first instance enquired who they were, and, on receiving a reply that they were common itinerant travellers, questioned them no further as to their horses.

But the king's three daughters of great loveliness and refined accomplishments, with their true feminine discernment, perceived in the young men no ordinary individuals of plebeian blood, but either princes or sons of a royal race travelling *in cognito* in search of adventures, and believed at the same time that their horses were no ordinary animals. And, therefore, from the time the princes set foot in their court, the princess were enamoured of them, and, after the lapse of some time, obtained their parents' consent to wed those three of the brothers, whom they liked most amongst the seven for qualities of head and heart.

But the princes greatly objected to marry, for by the alliance they averred that three of them would lead a

conjugal life, and the rest that of celibates ; and this state of things, they said, would not meet with the approbation of the gods, not to speak of man.

On hearing this, the king replied :—

'My sons, I am pleased with what you say so sensibly, and propose a remedy for the matter. The remedy is, that a neighbouring king has four daughters, accomplished and of unrivalled beauty, whose hands, with the consent of their father, I shall ask and obtain for four of you, and solemnize the marriage simultaneously with the marriage of three of your brothers with my own three daughters.'

In due course, the bridal of the princes had been celebrated with pomp and glory, befitting grand persons. For a considerable time, the princes lived in every luxury, ease and enjoyment with their spouses of unsullied purity, in the kingdom of their respective fathers-in-law. But one day they actually remembered their parents, and quick as thought asked their fathers-in-law concerning such and such a kingdom, admitting for the first time to the extreme satisfaction and bewilderment of the latter that they were the sons of the by no means minor king who dwelt there. The princes then made preparations to go, and, selecting an auspicious day, started amidst the blessings of their new relatives, followed by their wives, their wonderful horses, and their retinue, and reached their fatherland.

Their father and mother, who were almost blinded by constant weeping for their sons whom they thought to be lost, were now very much gratified to see them safe and sound once more in their midst ; but the former, notwithstanding the gratification, had a great mind to inflict condign punishment, and it was only when his wife brought to his notice their extreme dutifulness to

him, excepting this breach, that he excused them half-heartedly. Yet he could not refrain from expressing his regret that they should have set aside his advice, and thus reduced him and their mother to mere skeletons.

No. 6. THE CHARITABLE MAID-SERVANT

ONCE upon a time, in a certain country, there lived a king, who was notorious for his stinginess. Being no friend even to almsgiving in the abstract, he went so far as to tell his wife to see that not a single ear of corn went beyond the threshold ; much less was she ever to give a handful of rice, wheat, or any of the pulses to the poorest human being out of the granary. The king was as niggardly in his own household as he was uncharitable to others ; and the daily rations for himself and his wife were a *sêr* of wheat flour. This the queen, following the instructions of her lord, used to give, after carefully weighing it, to a maid-servant to make cakes with ; and the cakes were weighed after they had been baked, so that it might be known for certain that no flour, not even a grain, had been pilfered.

Now the maid, who used to cook the meals for the king and queen, was of a charitable disposition by nature ; so, notwithstanding the weighment of the flour in the first instance, and then of the cakes when baked, she used to pilfer one-eighth *sêr* of the flour, putting in its place an exactly similar amount of fine firewood ashes. With what she pilfered she used to make a cake, baking it along with the others, and passing it through a drain to a needy beggar, who was the recipient of her charity in this manner for a number of years.

Now a foreign potentate, who had had an eye on the possessions of the king for several years, appeared with great suddenness one day before the gates of the royal castle, and began operations for taking it. His forces were so superior that the castle seemed to be lost, when there arose before the king's vision, standing upright, an innumerable number of *chapâtîs* (cakes), close to one another, which shielded the king, and prevented his small force from being overwhelmed by the enemy. Thus was the kingdom saved, which, had it not been for the protection of his small army in this miraculous manner, would have been lost to the king. The vision of the protecting cakes remained in the king's mind for many a day ; so, one day, he sent for his queen and asked her what the vision meant. She could not explain the matter ; so the king turned to the maid-servant who cooked meals for him, and enquired of her. Before explaining anything, she asked for the liberty of speech, and when this was granted, the maid, preparing herself for either good or evil, made a clean breast of the whole affair—how she used to pilfer the wheat flour, prepare a cake of it, and pass it through a drain to a beggar.

It was 'those cakes,' the agitated damsel added, 'that saved you, O king, from the invaders ; for the charity, though I was the humble instrument of it, was solely and wholly yours, and you have reaped the benefit, not only for yourself, but even more for our sake—for servants, subjects, and all.'

Pleased with the sagacity of the maid-servant, as also with her eloquent address, he made her his queen, making the former queen change places with her. The king did thus for the reason that she should have exercised her faculty of understanding and discriminated

between right and wrong, though he had, in an evil hour, laid upon her the injunction not to be charitable.

It need not be said that the king was ever afterwards charitable. Nay, his name became proverbial, and his newly-made queen found wider scope in her new affluent position as queen for the exercise of her favourite virtue.

No. 7. LALAN, PRINCESS OF RUBIES

ONCE upon a time in a certain country there lived in great amity the son of a carpenter, the son of the *Kotwal*, the son of the minister, and the son of the king. Finding the absence of adventures in their own country irksome they resolved amongst themselves to go in search of them abroad. So in due course they started, reaching an out-of-the-way place on the first evening. Here, for their safety, they agreed amongst themselves to keep watch during the night by turns.

The carpenter's son kept the first watch. But hardly had he begun his watch when there appeared near him a beautiful young woman, making a musical sound by the jingling of silver bells which adorned her ankles. On finding, however, the watcher awake, she retreated a hundred yards in the twinkling of an eye. On this the carpenter's son spoke within himself thus : 'Oh ! what have I done ? By my vigilance I have been the cause at this time of night of driving away one—it may be a sister or a daughter-in-law standing perhaps in need of human help in this unfrequented desert.'

The woman, divining these thoughts, retraced her steps, and taking her seat gracefully on the watcher's knee, carried on a loving conversation ; but as soon as he became sleepy, she ate him up and his steed together with the saddle, bridle and all.

It was now the turn of the *Kotwal's* son to keep the second watch. When he went to his post at the allotted time he did not find the carpenter's son there. He inwardly reproached for having run away and jeopardizing his companions, remarked that the culprit's relatives should be hanged for this breach of faith.

As in the case of the carpenter's son, the woman with the jingling ornaments came near the *Kotwal's* son, and, on finding him awake, quick as thought went back a hundred yards. But when there came into his mind kindly thoughts, the captivating seducer, divining them, retraced her steps, and coming up to the *Kotwal's* son, ṣat on his knee, and began talking pleasantly. Hardly had the watcher began to feel sleepy, when she gulped him down, and also his steed, saddle and bridle, for she was an ogress.

It was now the turn of the minister's son to watch. On commencing his watch, he noticed the absence of both his predecessors and reproached his faithless companions to himself for having deserted the prince, and at the same time uttered a threat that he would get both the culprits' relatives hanged for this breach of faith. But then the same beautiful woman approached, and, on finding the minister's son awake, went back a hundred yards in the twinkling of an eye. When, however, the minister's son began to be sorry for being the cause of driving away a woman at such a time of night in a wild country, the fair creature, retracing her steps, came to him, and gracefully sitting down upon his knee, began to speak the sweet language of love. But the moment the watcher felt sleepy, he was eaten up, his steed sharing the same fate, together with the saddle and the bridle.

The watch of the king's son followed that of the

minister's son. On finding himself alone and deserted as it seemed by his three companions, he exclaimed :—

'I do not know what value my friends have put upon their lives, which are at the best only precarious ; but by deserting me in spite of their profession of love, they have surely held their lives dear.'

Hardly was this exclamation uttered when the king's son espied the beautiful young woman coming towards him, who, as before in the twinkling of an eye, retreated a hundred yards on seeing him awake. 'Men grow by years, but princes grow by days', runs the proverb ; so the prince at once suspected foul play. For he reasoned :—how could a woman cover a hundred yards in the twinkling of an eye, unless she be some *Bala* or evil spirit ? With this in his mind, he troubled by his loneliness at once climbed a tree. The ogress knew that she was discovered, but, taking advantage of the prince's solitary position, approached the tree and began to shake it, having first whitted her appetite on the steed tethered close by to a stake. But the prince, firmly planted on one of the uppermost branches, would not come down ; while the ogress sat at the base of the tree, expecting the climber every moment to come down, or fall a prey to her out of sheer fright.

Now it so happened that at this time a king arrived in that desert country in the course of his travels with a large retinue of followers, some of whom were despatched to various parts in search of water. Some of these, coming to the tree where the prince was, asked him to come down.

'Oh no, I will not come down, for I am sure to be eaten by the woman whom you see sitting below,' was the reply that descended in clear tones from one of the uppermost branches of the tree.

On this the followers turned to the woman for an explanation. She had replied that she was waiting for her insane husband to come down, and then there came from the top of the tree the question—what had become of the climber's three companions—the carpenter's son, the *Kotwal's* son, and the minister's son, besides their steeds and his own steed ? She replied reasonably enough that they must have gone to slake their thirst, and thus the followers of the king believed in the insanity of the prince. Pleased with the beauty of the woman, they asked her whether she would go with them for safety to their king, as she would be helpless in such a wild country with an insane husband. After slightly demurring, not to arouse suspicion, she consented, and so they took her in a palanquin to their master.

In due course, the palanquin was set down in the camp of the king, who was exceedingly glad to behold so fair a person emerge from it. Sympathizing with her, because of her insane husband, and offering her his protection, he conceived a violent passion for the woman ; and it need hardly be said that the ogress, before long, became one of the favourite queens. Her loving husband, on reaching his own country, constructed for her specially a sumptuous palace.

The ogress-queen, exulting in the fact that there was an unlimited number of elephants, camels and horses belonging to the king, to satisfy her instinctive hunger, began swallowing them up night after night. The disappearance of the great beasts was so rapid, that the king was in a quandary as to how to apprehend the robber who was so quickly making away with his property. So he issued a proclamation promising a handsome reward to any one who should give information

that would lead to the detection of the crime, which had for so long a time evaded all vigilance.

The reading of the proclamation in the vicinity of the ogress-queen's palace attracted her attention, and sending for one of the officials concerned, she informed him that she was in a position to give the information required, and hence was anxious to see the king without delay. With great haste came the king, whom the ogress at once took to the chief queen's palace. The unfortunate woman's cot was removed from her sleeping apartment, and men were employed to dig the ground underneath it ; when lo and behold, the bones of elephants, horses and camels were found ! Now through a stratagem of the ogress-queen, the bones had found their way there without the knowledge of any one—either of the chief queen or of her maid-servants—and seemed to prove in the clearest way that the chief queen, though then carrying a babe in her womb, subsisted on huge beasts, as if she were an ogress. The king on this evidence, without feeling the slightest compassion for his queen and her unborn babe, ordered her to be taken to a forest and then and there beheaded.

In due course, the executioners came and took her to the forest, but when they unsheathed their swords to behead so delicate a creature in accordance with the royal mandate, their courage failed them. So putting back the swords into the scabbards, the executioners, whose hearts resembled not the black stony heart of their king, killed a doe and took its eyes to the king, saying that His Majesty's commands had been obeyed, and that these were the signs.

In the forest, where she was left to live as best she could without revealing her identity, the *Rani* built herself a hut, in which she sustained life on the fruit

and berries growing around her, and in course of time gave birth to a male child. The child grew as the years advanced, and the mother used to make for him, out of shreds from her *sari*, slings with which, in his tiny hands, he used to bring down small game, such as birds and sometimes harts and roes. But how could they maintain themselves on berries and fruits and occasional small game ?

So the young prince said to the mother one day :— 'Mother, I hear of a *sadabarth*, and I am anxious to go.' His mother consented, and, at the time of his departure, put a ruby in his *lungoti* or loin-cloth, to see whether this would effect a meeting between herself and her husband the king, or whether the latter would make out the prince from his royal appearance.

While receiving his share at the *sadabarth*, the ruby fell out of the boy's loin-cloth, and a priest stooping down picked it up, and would not restore it, although the youthful owner persisted in demanding it. Seeing the determination of the child to have his lawful property, the priest gave it over to the king, who questioned the child as to how he came by such a gem when the necessaries of life were wanting to him.

But the only answer he received was—'Give me the ruby, give me the ruby.' With a view to test whether the precious stone actually belonged to the boy, the king put it in a tray along with other precious gems, and told the tiny owner to distinguish it from others.'

'You are a king, and hence can distinguish precious stones. I can, too' ! Saying this the boy went to the tray, and picked out his *lal* (ruby), exclaiming a the same time that he would fill a tank with such *lals* in six months, if the king would fill a similar tank with pearls. This wager was accepted by the king.

Having received his dole, the young prince returned to his mother's hut, and, on giving it to her, told of the wager. She was exceedingly sorry, and reproached herself for having, in an evil hour, put the ruby in the boy's loin-cloth. But no persuasion could deter the young man from going in search of *lals* in accordance with the wager laid.

Accordingly he started, and in the first stage of his journey slept underneath a tree having first killed with his sword a huge snake, which, on his arrival, was in the act of running up the tree.

Now on one of the topmost branches of the tree was the nest of a pair of white crows. These birds have lost their offspring from year to year ; and the mother-bird returning home that day with food for the last hatched brood, saw the young man sound asleep underneath the tree, and, taking him to be an enemy who had purloined her progeny year after year, was on the point of killing him, when the young ones, who had been eye-witnesses of the snake incident, prayed to God for speech for one moment. Their prayer was granted, and they told their mother how much they owed to the youth for having snatched them from the jaws of death.

Pleased with the young prince, the hen-bird and her mate, who had also returned in time to hear the story, treated him with every mark of kindness, and lovingly asked him his errand. As soon as they knew that he was in search of *lals*, they promised to take him to *Lalan*, Princess of Rubies, who, though not accessible to man, could alone, they said, give him the precious gems he was in quest of.

As promised, the female bird took the young prince on her wings, and set him down in the palace of *Lalan* in far off land, the male bird shading him from the

rays of the sun with its wings all the way. On taking leave of the saviour of their progeny, the birds gave him a feather and spoke thus :—

'If you are in need of our service at any time, just turn this feather over a fire for a few seconds, having first put a little frankincense into the fire, and then we shall be present, and do your bidding.'

The princess, who was in a cage transformed into a bird, on seeing the prince, the first human being who had ever arrived at the palace, at once exclaimed :— 'Oh, what have you done, young man ? Why did you come here ? You must thank your good fortune in not finding the ogre at this moment, or else he would have made a meal of you.'

Hardly were the words uttered, when the young man was turned into a fly and put on the wall, and immediately appeared the ogre in a great rage exclaiming, 'I smell a man, I smell a man.'

'Do not be disquieted, father. There was no one here in your absence, and you see me as you left me in the cage,' replied the bird from the cage.

On this the *rakhas* was pacified, and made the princess to take her natural form by the waving of his golden magic sword, after which she ministered to his wants.

For six months, short of six days, the princess treated the prince with every mark of kindness, but making him resume human shape only in the absence of the ogre. One day he told her that he had remained long enough, and was, therefore, very anxious to depart, but wished that she should ask the ogre wherein his life lay. She accordingly, on a day when he was extremely pleased with her, thus spoke to her ogre-father :—

'Father, father, will you tell me where your life is ?

For I am afraid of what will become of me when you are dead.'

'Do not be anxious, my child,' replied the ogre, 'for my life is very safe, and not accessible to any human being. It is in the form of a parrot, hung high up to an iron shaft, in the middle of the waters of the seven and seven seas, which no man hath crossed. When the neck of this bird is wrung, then only shall I die, and not till then.'

Having heard these words, the prince summoned his kind friends, the white crows, with the aid of the feather, and, sitting on the wings of the hen while the cock shaded him by its wings from the piercing rays of the sun, crossed the seven seas, and espying the other seven seas, discovered just in the middle of them an iron column to which was suspended a cage with a bird in it. The prince at once climbed the column, took out the parrot, broke its legs, pulled away its wings, and then wrung its neck. This being done, he returned to *Lalan's* palace, which he had left without telling her, and on being informed that her ogre-father was killed, she set up a loud lamentation and began to fill the earth and heaven with her wailing.

The prince consoled the princess in her affliction, and before long threw a little frankincense on the fire and turned over it the magic feather and so summoned his constant friends, the white crows, and, sitting on their wings with *Lalan*, he reached their home, where, after spending a few days with great pleasure amidst their progeny and in their company, he bade a farewell to the friendly birds and started for the hut of his mother who received him and *Lalan*. Here the prince regretted that he should have in his haste forgotten to bring the *lals*, for which purpose he had gone to the very distant

country, and was bent upon going again to fetch them for the wager's sake.

'Do not be sorry,' said the princess, 'and I see no need why you should go back to the far off land. In order to get the object of your desire you have only to twist my neck a little, after transforming me into a bird as my ogre-father used to do by waving in a particular manner his golden sword, which I have luckily brought with me. When I shed tears, from the pain you will give me, I will drop in *lals*.'

Accordingly, changing the princess into a bird, the prince went to the capital of the king with whom he had laid the wager. He placed the bird in a prominent position in the centre of the tank, and after a slight twist of its neck, lo and behold ! the tears it shed were changed into rubies, so many as to fill up the tank quite to the brim and over the masonry banks.

While the tank of *lals* was filled thus to overflowing, the tank of pearls was not half filled, though hundreds of cartful of pearls had emptied their contents into it.

Seeing that his reputation was at stake, and his wager lost, the Raja went to the residence of the young man in the forest privately, and acknowledged him the winner of the wager ; and, in so doing, saw and recognized his old Rani. At her feet he fell, and asked her pardon for the grievous mistake he had made in sending her away to the forest. The falseness of the ogre-queen was duly proved later on, and she was ordered to be burnt in a lime-kiln when only the king came to know to his extreme regret of the swallowing by her of his early friends—the carpenter's son, the *Kotwal's* son and the minister's son who with him formed the quartette and gone abroad in search of adventures.

Taking his wife and son, whom he embraced with great affection, the king reached his home and there reigned with his wife, while his son, united in marriage to *Lalan*, who was no other than the daughter of a king stolen by the ogre when an infant, dwelt with them.

No. 8. JAMBHU RAJA

ONCE upon a time in a certain country there lived a king. One day, while taking his siesta after the discharge of the affairs of State, he dreamt that a horse came into the *gujri*, and that he would purchase it. With a view to testing the truthfulness of the dream, the king entered the market-place that evening, and found a beautiful, spirited horse, standing there. He asked the owner whether he would part with the animal, and, receiving a negative reply, he left the place for his home.

The horse now took to refusing his food, and on seeing this, the owner thought within himself :—'Several kings asked me to part with this animal, and I would not. Yet for all that he never refused his food before. I am sore afraid that I may lose the horse, so I had better part with him to the first buyer.' A few days after this the owner of the horse, who was a merchant, was requested to be present in connection with some commercial transactions in the same market-place where the king had asked whether the animal was for sale.

The king again dreamt that the horse had come, and that he should buy him at any cost. Accordingly, on his way home, he went to the *gujri* and found the animal. Giving the merchant the two lakhs of rupees which he demanded for the animal, he got possession of him.

Still the horse would not touch his fodder, even when it was carried by the king himself or his queen in turns. It was only when the king's daughter took and placed it before the animal that he would eat it. Struck with the affinity which existed between the princess and the horse, the king cast dice, and found out that the beautiful young lady was destined to become the bride of the animal. In due course, therefore, the father married his daughter to the horse and gave them apartments near the palace.

Now the horse was no other than Jambhu Raja changed into this form. At night he used to divest himself of his horse-covering and pass his time in the company of his wife without her knowledge! But this state of things could not last long, for she began to feel suspicious that her husband was not really a horse, so one night she pretended to be asleep, and saw her husband take off his horse-covering. She became possessed of it with great skill, set it on fire, and broke the spell to the immense joy of her parents.

In due course Jambhu Raja had a palace constructed close to the royal residence of his father-in-law. There, in the midst of pleasure and comfort, he lived, loving and loved by his wife, and performing deeds of kindness to mankind. In his absence his two sisters sent by their mother came to the palace disguised, the one as a needle-seller and the other as a bangle-seller. In the midst of their duty they asked the Rani her husband's name, though they knew that she was their brother's wife. As she did not know it, she promised to tell them on another occasion. After the lapse of two or three days they came again. In the course of their conversation, naturally and without arousing any suspicion, they asked the Rani her husband's name. On this she frankly admitted that

she had entirely forgotten to ask about it. Thereupon the sisters gave her a needle telling her to stick it in her towel, so that when she wiped her face with it in the morning, the needle would come in contact with her face and she would be reminded at once. It need hardly be said that the needle pricked the Rani's face the next morning, whereupon she ran to her husband and asked him his name.

'You will repent of it,' said the husband.

'No,' replied the wife.

'Do you really ask my name?' again said the husband.

'Yes' returned the wife.

On hearing this the Raja ran to the brink of the river close by. Hardly had he uttered his name 'Jambhu Raja than he disappeared into the waters below. In due course he returned to his parents' home, but complained of heat like burning-fire throughout his body. Hundreds of water-carriers were employed to pour water over him, but nothing could cool him nor alleviate his acute suffering.

Now, after the Raja's disappearance, the *Rani* raved like a mad woman for a time. Then she became a *gosain*, and started in search of her husband. Perilous and long was the journey she had imposed on herself; and though her courage sank within her at times, and her tender feet, unaccustomed to walking, became swollen, she walked on until she reached the confines of the kingdom of her husband's parents.

Here, on the branches of a tree, a pair of *chakwa chakwi* birds were holding a close conversation.

'Our Raja's son, Jambhu Raja, is suffering greatly from heat in his body,' said the male bird.

'Yes,' dear, said the female bird, 'but there is no cause for anxiety. If any one were to collect our dung,

and reduce it to powder, and apply it to his body, he would be cured instantaneously.'

Saying this the birds flew away up into the high heavens. Our heroine, who was conversant with the language of birds, gratefully gave heed to the speech. Collecting some of the dung she reached the capital sooner than she would otherwise have done, weary and footsore as she was. The people that first met her gaze were a troop of water-carriers whom she interrogated thus :—

'Sisters ! Sisters ! whither are you going with these pots full of water ?'

'Ah ! Don't you know ? Are you new to the country ?' said they. 'Our old Raja's son, Jambhu Raja, is suffering from a malady. We are carrying water to pour over him in order to cool his body.'

'Just so, sister. I am new to this country having only just entered your Raja's capital. Look at my haggard appearance and the dust on my feet. In the course of the day, after I have found a lodging and taking my meals and a little rest, I shall also follow you, carrying a pot of water, if you see no objection.'

Thus saying Jambhu Raja's wife dropped her ring into one of the pots without their knowledge. It fell over the Raja when the contents of the *garha* were emptied over him, and prepared him for his wife's arrival.

A few hours after, the Rani, disguised as a *panniara* (water-carrier), came in the company of the water-carriers. She formally poured the contents of the pot over her husband so as not to arouse suspicion. Making herself known she applied the dung of the *chakwa chakwi* birds to his entire body, and the burning pain left him entirely. The Raja, sending for his mother, told her of his recovery, and desired that the water-carrier, who was the cause of this, should remain with him.

Now the Raja's mother was a bad woman, and she knew who the water-carrier was. Once she had asked her to plaster with cow-dung their dwelling-place which, by the force of her magic, she had made to bristle with sharp needles at every conceivable point. The Raja divining this, wished for their disappearance, and no harm had befallen his wife.

Again the bad woman had wished for scorpions and centipedes in the house, and it was so ; but Jambhu Raja made them disappear before his wife plastered it. Thus his wife was saved from harm for the second time.

Still the bad woman was bent upon treating his daughter-in-law cruelly or doing away with her. She gave her a dirty *sari*, well steeped in oil, and told her to wash it quite clean or she would punish her very severely. Coming to know of this, the Raja asked the cranes to clean the cloth and thus averted the punishment, which would otherwise have been inevitably inflicted on the ill-used young woman.

Chagrined at being thus frustrated in her attempt, the cruel persecutor gave to her *panniara* (daughter-in-law) three *khandis* of grain to winnow. Again the Raja came to the rescue and asked all the ants to clean them without losing one ear. They did so accordingly, but the Raja's mother found one corn missing. Thereupon he said : ' Come all ye ants and tell me who stole the corn,' and a small timid ant threw out of her tiny mouth the missing thing. Then the woman inferred that her son had all along been protecting his wife from harm and persecution, and now took the extreme step of sending the *Rani* to his betrothed wife's home with the following letter to the girl's mother :—

' Your daughter's enemy (because of the would-be position of co-wife) is coming ; poison or kill her at once.'

She came back, however, none the worse, but safe and sound, to the great vexation and astonishment of the mother-in-law. How could she come otherwise, for the words of the note the Raja substituted words as follows :—

'My adopted daughter is coming, treat her very kindly.'

Now Jambhu Raja's mother wanted to celebrate his marriage with the betrothed of her selection, though she knew full well that he had married the disguised water-carrier and loved her extremely. Indeed, the ceremonies began and the marriage procession started. In the procession the wife was converted into a torch-bearer and a torch was put into her hand. All of a sudden she caught fire, at which she cried out : 'Husband, husband, my cloth is on fire.'

'Not only your cloth, but my body and mind,' replied the husband.

Saying thus and taking his wife, the Raja translated himself through the mid air to his former palace.

No. 9[1]. THE DISGUISED ROYAL THIEF

IN a certain country there once lived a king. He had a dutiful son who, on rising from his bed in the morning, used to prostrate himself at his father's feet. The father used to confer a blessing : 'May you prosper, and your prosperity be more than mine, yea, double.' In like manner the son prostrated himself at the feet of his mother, who used to bless him : 'May your intelligence be more than that of thieves.'

[1] This folktale is the most extraordinary conglomeration of stock incidents that I have yet seen.—EDITOR, *Indian Antiquary*.

Now the prince thought of the strangeness of the mother's constant blessing, and made up his mind to test the intelligence of thieves. So, one dark night, setting aside his princely robes and completely disguising himself, he left his home, and had not wandered long in the streets before a thief accosted him : 'Who are you ?'

The prince, who had expected this, in order to establish a friendship, replied : 'Do you not know that I am a brother of the profession ?'

'Well, come on,' said the thief.

They had proceeded but a few paces, when another thief came, and after a while they were joined by a third.

As they were all walking in company, the first asked the second what qualifications he possessed. 'Brother,' replied he, 'I understand the language of beasts. I can tell you the precise meaning of their cries. Will you kindly tell me yours.'

'Yes,' said he, 'If I see a man once in the night, I can recognize him even after twelve years.'

When the third was questioned as to his merits, he answered : 'Brothers, I can tell you what is hidden in the palace, nay, in the bowels of the earth—gold, silver, copper or whatever it may be.'

The disguised prince was in trouble while this discussion was going on, not knowing what he should say in his turn ; but a thought struck him in the nick of time. When at last the question was put to him, he said that he could save his brother-thieves from the gallows, if matters come to such a crisis.

The thieves that night had resolved to plunder the Raja's palace. So the thief who could tell of the hidden wealth was consulted, and they started. On the way a dog barked, and they all at once asked the comrade who was conversant with the language of beasts : 'Brother,

why does the dog bark ?' 'It tells us,' said he, 'that the owner is with us, and that we should be on our guard'. 'How could the owner be with us, you fool ?' angrily retorted they, and proceeding on their course they approached the palace.

Now the prince was sorry that he should be associated with thieves in plundering his own palace. He did not relish the idea, much less the fact. Nor did the mere thought of losing the vast wealth accumulated for seven generations please him. He, therefore deserted the thieves, and hastily reaching the palace informed the guards there of their intentions and of their probable arrival within a short time. The result was that the thieves were caught in the very act of laying their hands on the accumulated treasure.

The day had dawned. The king was informed of the robbery, and in due course he had the thieves brought before the tribunal. He enquired into the grave charges against them, and finding them guilty, he ordered them to be taken instantly to death.

Now the thief, who said that he could recognize a man after the lapse of twelve years, went to the prince who was sitting on the right of his royal father, and, taking him by the hand, he exclaimed that he was one of them. Greatly surprised, the king asked for an explanation, and the son, taking him aside, rehearsed from the beginning, how his mother's blessing had led him to test the intelligence of thieves. He had indeed been surprised—one thief interpreting the barking of a dog, another telling of a state of the palace coffers, and the third recognizing a face seen only in the dark. He also told him how he had promised them to save their lives. 'The time has now come,' said the prince in conclusion, 'for me to fulfil the promise, but the power is with you, sire ; so I beg of you

to kindly grant the thieves their lives.' The king from the kindliness of his heart complied with the request of his ever dutiful son.

No. 10. THE KING, THE WHELP, AND THE MINISTER

ONCE upon a time in a certain country there lived a pious king. One day, having bathed and applied the *tilaka* to his forehead, he started, followed by his minister, to go to a temple to worship. To reach the temple there was a river to be crossed.

Now *Ishvara*, with a view to test the piety of the king, assumed the form of a mangy dog, and appeared at the river precisely at the moment when the king and the minister were about to cross it. In this repulsive disguise the dog approached the king repeatedly with a mute appeal to be taken to the other side of the river; but he kept himself from coming in contact with what appeared to be a low cur. Yet the animal persisted in going up to the king, howling piteously.

The minister, on seeing this, said to his master :—'I see, sir, that this creature wishes to be taken across the river.' So saying, he took the dog into his arms, notwithstanding the mange, and began fording the river after the king.

The river was not easily forded, and so, when the water reached up the armpits of the minister, he put the dog on his shoulders, and when the water reached his shoulders, he put it on his head, the king observing him all the time. And by the time the king and the minister reached the temple, the former found to his great horror that he had been smitten with the mange of the dog, this being the punishment inflicted by God, because,

notwithstanding his reputed piety, he was not, when passed through the crucible of experience, found right in his heart. On the other hand, the minister who had handled the mangy dog from first to last was untouched, for his heart was approved by God.

The moral is that we are not to look down upon the poor for their poverty or external defects, for who knows but they may have hearts that commend themselves to *Parameshwara.*

No. 11. KUTHUVELUKU AND POONGAVELUKU

ONCE upon a time in a certain country there lived a Brahman, who had two very beautiful daughters. The eldest bore the name of Poongaveluku and her sister Kuthuveluku. The father had these girls married at an early age. In due time Poongaveluku, who had been married in her seventh year, advanced towards womanhood, and the *garbavasi* or *garbadhan* ceremony had been performed. Shortly afterwards Kuthuveluku, too, attained to womanhood, but the *sobanum* ceremony could not be performed, for her husband, Deshadi Raja, was travelling in the east and west and north and south of *Aryavarta.*

Not having seen her sister, Poongaveluku for a long time, Kuthuveluku adorning herself in all her ornaments, went to visit her ; Poongaveluku on seeing her appear even more beautiful than when she had last seen her, wept bitterly, for she had heard of the death of Deshadi Raja. The younger sister asked the cause of her weeping, but she would not tell her for a long time. As Kuthuveluku persisted, she yielded, and with tears in her eyes, said : 'My loving and only sister, Kuthuveluku, I wept because I thought of what you will do

with your youth and loveliness, young and lovely as you are, for 'I have heard of the death of your husband in the course of his travels in *Bharathavarsha*.'

Hearing this, Kuthuveluku took leave of her sister and returned to her parents. Informing them of her misfortune with tears, she entreated her father to prepare a funeral pyre, so that she might burn herself in it and rejoin her husband in the next world.

In due course the pyre was prepared. After distributing *puspu*, *kunkuma*, *barnailu*, *santhosa* and *vastra* to the *punyastrees*, and after making *pranams* to the assembled crowd, Kuthuveluku without swerving for one moment from the self-imposed ordeal, and calling upon heaven and earth to witness, notwithstanding the high flames leaping to the skies, jumped into the pyre. But an unusual heavy rain came down from the blue sky and not only extinguished the funeral pile, but burst the banks of the rivers abounding in the country and made them overflow, and caused a general flood. One of these rivers, by the impetuosity of its flow, swept the immaculate victim of the burning fires along with it. On the morning of the next day the chaste young widow of Deshadi Raja, whom the fires refused to touch, carried by the benign current, found herself landed on the bank of a river in a strange country.

A *málákara* in service of the king of the country saw her and was impressed with her extreme beauty. Pitying her forlorn condition, wetted and shivering as she was, he took the young lady home and told his wife to tend her as their child, as they had no children. Now it was the duty of the *málákara* every morning to make ready garlands and *immortelles*, *gujras* and *turas* for the royal family. In this work he was relieved on one occasion by his adopted daughter. The queen observed the change,

and so struck and pleased was she with the artistic talent displayed in the arrangement of various flowers constituting the wreaths, etc., that she sent for the *málákara* and asked him who had made ready the *málás* that day.

'My daughter,' was the reply.

'Bring your daughter to me some day,' said the mistress.

Accordingly the *málákara* took his adopted daughter to the palace one day, and she was at once, much to the regret of the foster-father, taken into the service of the royal family as a suitable companion to the queen's daughter, who was of the same age.

Now, on a certain occasion, the queen gave a *ser* of pearls to one of the maid-servants, telling her to string them. The *málákara's* adopted daughter, who happened to be present, said she would do the work, but her mistress would not trust her with it. However, she insisted, and in an inauspicious moment began the work. While thus occupied, Kuthuveluku was shouted at and called several times for her noon-day meal. So she left the pearls in a temple to *Ganesha* attached to the palace, and went to take her food. But what was her surprise on her return to find that the pearls had completely disappeared.

The loss of the pearls was, in due course, brought to the notice of the queen. She was very wroth, and had the culprit's head at once shaved as a public insult. Besides this punishment the poor widow of Deshadi Raja was made to sweep the verandahs, granaries and stable yards during the day, and at night to act as a lamp-stand at the latter place.

Now, Deshadi Raja was alive, notwithstanding the rumours of his demise, and had arrived in this country from his extensive travels in the land of *Bharata* and of

Kasyapa Muni, embosomed and nestling amidst the *Yamulgiri Parvatam* ; for the queen was no other than his sister. Here, in the palace, he saw poor Kuthuveluku standing alone during the night at the entrance of his chamber, for her position had been shifted to the palace from the stable yard since the Raja's stay in the palace. He was very much displeased with the inhuman treatment meted out to the maid-servant : and was anxious to know the cause of such a harsh treatment, but somehow or other he forgot to ask about it.

During his stay with his brother-in-law and sister, Deshadi Raja asked that a mistress be provided for him. This, of course, could not be done without informing the queen. So she was informed, and said : 'We had better send that girl who lost the *lakh* of rupees worth of pearls ; she is beautiful. By this way at least the loss of pearls will be recompensed.'

Accordingly, Kuthuveluku was ordered to dress herself and go to the newly-arrived brother of the queen in the palace during his stay. She understood the purpose and wept much, but obey she must. So, she fervently praying to *Ishvara* inwardly to preserve her chastity, she, on the first day, heaving deep sighs, approached the entrance of the chamber and stood weeping. On the second day also she approached the entrance of the chamber with a heavy heart and stood weeping. The third day, too, saw her standing and weeping at the entrance. The fourth day also marked the tears of Kuthuveluku, wetting the ground at the entrance to the chamber of the Raja. But on the fifth day, when she had begun weeping after approaching the entrance and taking her stand, the Raja, who had observed her behaviour for the last four days, and taking her to be no prostitute, asked her who she was and why she was weeping. Upon this,

Kuthuveluku, with clasped hands, unfolded her tale of woes. She told how she had been married to the unfortunate Deshadi Raja, who had died while making acquaintance with different countries, and how in consequence she had had a funeral pile prepared and jumped into it to rejoin her husband in the next world, but how an unusually heavy rain at that moment came down from the high heavens, as ill-luck would have it, and extinguished the flames : how one of the several rivers which inundated the country in consequence, instead of accepting her sinful self as a sacrifice when refused by fire, swept her a long only to lay her on the banks of a river of a strange country, where a *málákara*, taking compassion on her, adopted her as his daughter ; how she was torn away from him by the queen to become a companion for her daughter ; how she lost the pearls in the temple of *Ganesha* and had in consequence been punished.

She went on to say : I have been the lamp-post at the entrance to your chamber since your arrival (though I was in the stable yard before), and now I am compelled to lead the life of a prostitute against my will, when, as heaven and earth know it, I have laid the hem of my garment to Deshadi Raja, and to him alone. 'To save me from dishonour and allow me to die pure, when death overtakes me, is now within your power,' said Kuthuveluku, prostrating herself at his feet with tears trickling down the pallid cheeks of her swollen face.

Hearing her sorrowful story, and recognizing from the narration in the poor badly treated servant sent to him, his own wife, Deshadi Raja took her to his side and wept bitterly, exclaiming that he was her husband. But Kuthuveluku would not believe that he was her husband, for had she not learnt from the lips of her sister that he died while travelling in the classic *Aryabumi*, and were not

women always being deceived by men by false persuasion? However, Deshadi Raja sent for his brother-in-law the next day, and in high terms asked the cause of the maltreatment of his wife, and straightway made his way to the temple of *Ganesha* and beat the image in his anger with a ratan, stating that he was the root of the disappearance of the pearls for which his poor wife was so bitterly persecuted. Whereupon the god gave up the pearls.

Deshadi Raja soon afterwards, leaving his cruel sister and brother-in-law, who were at a loss for an explanation of the maltreatment of his wife, reached his father-in-law's country, followed by his patient wife, Kuthuveluku.

Here, to the great joy of Kuthuveluku's father and sister, was very soon celebrated with great pomp and splendour the marriage of Deshadi Raja with Kuthuveluku for the second time, for both had been reported dead and were alive.

It need hardly be said that the pair lived happily afterwards, attaining a good old age and possessing many a grand-child dandling at their knees.

No. 12. THE OLD WOMAN OF THE SUGAR-CANE FIELD

ONCE upon a time in a certain country there lived a king. One day he started on an expedition, and, preceding his army and retinue, he became cut off from them, and found himself in the heart of a dense forest. Feeling very thirsty, and not having a single attendant to fetch for him a *lota* of water, he entered a sugar-cane field hard by. The owner of the field was an old woman.

He addressed her thus :—

'Mother, will you kindly give me to drink? I feel very, very thirsty.'

'Sir,' said the woman, 'I have no water here, but there is a well a mile hence. You can go, mounted as you are, on your horse, and slake your thirst there.'

'But,' said the king, 'I am exhausted and fatigued, and have not the strength to go so far, even on my charger.'

On this the old woman, who was of a compassionate nature, pierced with a thorn one of the sugar-canes and extracted a *lotaful* of juice and offered it to the king. He drank it, and finding it refreshing asked for more. The woman repeated the process, and obtained another. This he drank also and asked for a third draught, so thirsty was he. This request also she complied with. Refreshed thus, the king before leaving the field, asked the owner what rent she paid for the ground. He was informed 'one rupee,' and the ungrateful king thought that the ground-rent levied was too little.

On a future occasion circumstances similar to the above brought the king to the same sugar-cane field in the forest. He asked his old acquaintance for a drink. The obliging woman pierced with thorns ten sugar-canes, but all to no purpose; for not one yielded any juice. The king asked of the cause of this. 'Ah!' exclaimed the old woman, 'do you not know it? This is caused by the perfidy of the king, for his mean heart has made the soil to lose its fertility.'

No. 13. THE PEARL MERCHANT

ONCE upon a time in a certain country there lived a man who was highly intelligent and versed in knowledge

But people looked upon him as a mad man notwithstanding these favourable qualities ; and this because of his constant rounds to every house in the vicinity repeating the formula of his '*Boodhdhi voonnadhi dubboo laidhu.*' (Have sense but no money.)

Now four merchants went to a counting house and were receiving money at the hands of their banker for the purposes of trade ; when came the mad man repeating his formula '*Boodhdhi voonnadhi dubboo laidhu.*' The banker asked him to sit down and enquired what he wanted. 'I want five thousand rupees' said the mad man quickly.

'Well, execute a bond' replied the banker.

Hardly was the bond drawn up when the banker counted out the rupees, put them in bags and threw them on the shoulders of two of his servants and bidding them to carry same enjoined on them to obey the orders of the mad man to the very letter ; he was anxious the more to find out for himself to what good account his money would be turned than afraid of losing it.

Now the mad man laid out the sum in purchasing bullocks and hay, the latter of which he burned and turned to ashes. This he carefully kept in bags. On this a conversation took place between the two servants.

'Brother, brother, what good was there in investing money on bullocks and ashes,' said one.

'There might be good—who knows, brother, but what does it matter ? We get our pay all the same,' replied the other.

The mad man repaired to the seabeach and waited there telling his servants that their encampment had better be some distance away from him ; they were to come to him only to give him his meals and receive instructions. And soon afterwards he made a light craft and went to

sea where he selected a spot close to a sunken rock and scattered the ashes on all sides.

Now this was the place where the sea-dogs used to bring out shells, break them open and eat what was found inside. The majority of these shells veritably contained pearls of every variety of size and of every degree of excellence. They lay scattered on the ashes presenting, on account of their glimmering lustre, a most dazzling appearance. These pearls the mad man used to store every day and put them away secretly and without arousing suspicion in the body of the cow-dung cakes, the making of which with regularity seemed to the servants his ordinary business. In fact, on this account they looked upon their master as more than ever a mad man.

One day he had the cakes put on the bullocks' back and started for his native place. On the way he encamped at a place, where he found the four merchants also encamped and on their homeward journey. At night they were overtaken by a strong gust of wind and their dinner was spoiled ; and running short of fire-wood they ran to the man with the caravan of cow-dung cakes and asked for a few faggots. He gave them a few and accepted their word of honour that they would be returned.

In due course the merchants paid a visit to the banker, settled their accounts and presented him with valuable cloths and ornaments ; and our hero, to the great joy of the trusty banker, settled his account also and gave him a present of five cow-dung cakes. These the banker sent to his wife who, looking at the strange present, thought within herself, ' I always make use of sandalwood, never have I made use of these nasty cakes.' And with these reflections predominant in her mind, she broke one of them and to her extreme surprise found it

filled with beautiful pearls—some of the first water or of the first magnitude, others of middle size as also very tiny ones. Gathering all the pearls from the cakes she sent for her husband and asked whether he had himself sent to her the cow-dung cakes.

'Yes, only to please a mad man,' said the husband.

Then she explained how the cakes contained pearls of inestimable price. On this the banker sent for the mad man, received him with all cordiality and thanked him for the present which, though outwardly cow-dung cakes, yet was really treasure enough to make one a nabob as he facetiously remarked.

After the lapse of some time the four merchants returned to the pearl merchant—we shall so call our hero—five cow-dung cakes, but the latter would not accept them, and how could he ? They were the same in size and appearance, it is true, yet they wanted in their inward contents, namely pearls, and it was only when the banker, whose aid was called in, had explained the trouble of the matter, that the merchants were surprised and begged to be excused for consigning the valuable pearls unknowingly to the flames. Henceforward they looked upon the pearl merchant as a genius, and so did the populace who, observing the further growth of his prosperity and affluence marvelled what their mad man might do by his knowledge, the power of which they now began to clearly understand.

No. 14. THE BRAHMIN, THE TIGER AND THE ASS ; OR THE ORIGIN OF WINE

ONCE upon a time in a certain country there lived a Brahmin. Quite disgusted with himself on account of precarious living he went to a forest greatly wishing

that he might become the prey of wild beasts. In consonance with his inward wish he met the king of tigers who growled and, gnashing his teeth, sprung upon the man, but, surprise of surprises, the beast, instead of engaging itself in the work of destruction, called the Brahmin near and enquired into his case. Sympathising with him in the end it said :—

'Oh, Brahmin, I pity you sincerely and propose as a remedy that I supply the funds and you prepare the meals for yourself and me.'

The Brahmin acquiesced and the beast and the man lived in great amity for a considerable number of years; when one day a skeleton of an old ass came to the forest.

The king of the tigers growled and made a bound upon the animal but, as before, instead of doing any harm, called the latter and asked about itself.

'Oh king of the tigers,' said the ass, 'do not ask about me, for my case is a sad one to relate. When I could hardly totter on my legs I was snatched away from my living mother's side and given into a *dhobi's* family. Here I have been given the drudgery of carrying on my back burdens of more weight than I could bear to and from the distant river-bank, and the provender I was made to subsist upon during the time was barely sufficient to keep body and soul together. Having thus worked hard in the best years of my life, exhausted and old as I have now become and therefore unfit for work, they have sent me adrift upon the world to shift for myself. My only wish is to die, so I implore you to exercise your prerogative and make a mouthful of me.'

Sympathetically viewing the poor ass's case, the king of the tigers asked the Brahmin friend to cook meals for three persons ; and since that time the poor animal stayed with the tiger and the Brahmin.

Thus for a long time the beasts and the man lived in great friendship. One day, however, the king of the tigers paid the debt of nature, and the Brahmin and the ass were overwhelmed with grief because of the loss of their only benefactor on this earth. Nor did their grief show signs of abatement; for on the funeral pyre which they prepared for their tiger-benefactor and whereon they laid the corpse they themselves immolated.

Now there sprang up where the fire consumed the Brahmin, the tiger and the ass, a tree called the *Mohwa* tree (*Bassia latifolia*), the flowers of which yield an intoxicating wine.

The moral is that when a man enters a tavern his attitude is like that of the humble Brahmin of our story; when he drinks to some extent he becomes a tiger; and when he indulges without any restraint he becomes an ass—veritably a *dhobi's* ass.

No. 15. THE CROW AND ITS NINETY EGGS

THERE lived a crow who laid ninety eggs. All of them had dried up except one. The crow asked the egg :

'Oh egg, how is it that all the eggs have dried but you ?'

'The grass obstructed me by its shadow' was the reply.

Hearing this the crow went to the grass and asked :

'Oh grass, why didst thou obstruct ?'

'Because the horse did not browse.'

'Oh horse, why didst thou not browse ?'

'Because the boy did not tether me.'

'Oh boy, why didst thou not tether the horse ?'

'Because the girl did not give me *conjee.*'

'Oh girl, why didst thou not give the boy *conjee ?* '

'Because the ant bit me.'

'Oh ant, why didst thou bite the girl ? '

'How could I keep quiet when one puts his finger in my golden hole ? '

NOTE

This is a distinct nursery tale told to amuse little children, and not a mere ending seemingly like the ending to each folklore as you have in 'Folktales of Bengal.' It may be in the words of the author of that work—the Rev. Lall Behari Day—a pure string of nonsense, if not a tissue of falsehood.

No. 16. THE PRINCESS AND THE PONNA FLOWERS

THERE was a king who had seven daughters. These one day went to a forest to gather *Ponna* flowers.

The sisters had a grudge against their youngest sister because their father and mother loved her more than them, she being the last and hence darling child. So they persuaded her to climb a *Ponna* flower tree telling her that they would thus get fresh flowers and soon be able to fill their baskets and return home ; and then when she was plucking flowers they ran away leaving her alone. Thus the poor thing was left high on the tree.

In the meantime a monkey passed. To it she spoke: 'Oh monkey, monkey, pray set me down or else bite me.'

'I neither know how to set you down nor to bite' replied the monkey.

Then an ape passed to which she said: 'Oh ape, ape, pray set me down or else bite me.'

'I know not how to set you down or how to bite you' replied the ape.

Then a bear passed to which she said: 'Oh bear, bear, pray set me down or else devour me.'

'I neither know how to set you down or how to devour you' said the bear.

Then a tiger passed, to which she said: 'Oh tiger, tiger, pray set me down or else devour me.'

'I neither know how to set you down or how to devour you' said the tiger.

Then a panther passed, to which she addressed thus : Oh panther, panther, pray set me down or else devour me.'

'I do not know how to set you down, but I know how to devour you.' So saying it brought her down and devoured her.

What else ? It is done.

Voka raju ata, rajuku yaiduguru koothoorloo ata, Ponna poovooloo (v) aira bothey. puli raju vachhi bookka buttay, Jangamaya jolay guttai, guru bichay.

[There was a certain king. He had seven daughters. They went to gather *Ponna* flowers when the tiger-king filled his maw and the *jangama* opened his *jholay*, asking charity in the name of his *guru*.]

NOTE

The repetition of the story as succinctly as possible at the end (or the resume of the story in a succinct form in the end) is evidently intended to put an end to *Inca* or further particulars of the story asked by little children. But what connection the Jangamaya has with the story in opening his *jholay* and asking charity in the name of his *guru*, the writer is unable to trace or find out.

No. 17. THE KING, THE STATE ELEPHANT AND THE CHASTE LAUNDRESS

ONCE upon a time in a certain country there lived a king. One morning he wanted to mount his elephant, when lo and behold ! the animal was covered with dark spots all over its body. On this the king at once sent for his astrologer and asked the reason and the remedy ; for the king did not wish that there should be any defect in his favourite elephant. The astrologer said : 'Oh Maharaja, this is responsible for the sinfulness of the woman and I assert that if one *Pativrata* approaches the animal with an *arti* and waves it over three times, all the dark spots will instantaneously disappear.'

Hearing this the king caused a proclamation to be made through the town crier for a *Pativrata*, explaining the object and promising to give half of his kingdom as a reward. Strange to say not one *Pativrata* came forward. The male portion of the people in the palace and in the city from the king to the peasant were asking themselves the question seriously, 'Is my wife not faithful to me and, if so, why should she not come forward ? [and how could she when she has seen the faces of several besides her husband in spite of her rice-oath on the wedding day]. In the meantime, a slave of the king who fully believed in the fidelity of his wife, had the audacity to run to his master and without standing on ceremony, say 'Oh Raja, my wife is going to come forward and do thy bidding.' 'Tell her to do it at once you rascal and you have the promised reward' replied the king immediately.

Now the slave, in the evening, told his wife cheerfully of the promise given to the king, she being a *Pativrata*. But it surprised him greatly when he heard his wife say

that though she seemed a paragon of virtue to him, yet she was not a *Pativrata*, as she had relations with thirty-two other men. That number she said she wanted to complete (making it thirty-three in all) that night soon after her meals.

The next morning the hen-pecked husband who did not dream for a moment that he was a cuckold, ran to the river-bank and there shed tears in profusion till after sun down. This was observed by the *dhobi* women-folk who were engaged in washing clothes there, it being their *ghat*. Of them one possessing the kindliest disposition went to him and asked :—

'Oh *aiya*, *aiya*, what ails you ? What are you weeping for ? Weeping for having no wife or having no children ? What's the cause ? Do tell me. I may relieve your anxiety.'

Touched by the sympathetic words he said : 'Oh, *amma*, *amma*, I am weeping because the raja will kill me, run his dagger through me. For believing in my wife I gave him my word that she would wave lamps over the state elephant, but I find that she cannot, not being a *Pativrata*. This has set me aweeping.'

Hearing this sad story, the *dhobun* pitied the slave greatly, addressed him not to lose heart and assured him that she would herself in place of his unchaste wife carry the *arti* on the morrow. Much to his relief and true to his word, she, after getting permission from her husband the *dhobi*, came to him with a tray of lamps on her head ; and ere long followed by him was on her way to the palace when her humble drapery (*koka* or *cheeray*) became a *pitambar*, the earthen tray a gold salver, and the lamps all gold and wonder of wonders ! hardly had the *arti* been waved over the elephant thrice than the animal became immaculate save for one dark spot. On

this the true *Pativrata* reproached herself for having once or for the first time in her life performed the unwifely act of partaking of food before her husband being pressed by hunger, when, surprise of surprises, the one spot also instantly disappeared.

The king from the beginning watched, with as great interest as the populace, the miraculous disappearance of the dark spots from the body of the elephant ; and in the end admired the really true chaste woman who so caused it by virtue of her chastity. And true to his word he gave his kingdom, wealth, army retinue, elephants, camels, horses to the extent of one-half to the slave though he came to know subsequently man's that the *Pativrata* was his adopted sister not wife.

It needs scarcely be said that the slave who now became a great man of the realm by the help of the *dhobu*s generously conferred favours now and then upon his adopted sister, the chaste woman of the land and these favours she used to accept with great diffidence and of course after receiving permission to receive them from her husband. For accepting favours even from a relative without the permission of a husband is not in accord with the character of a true wife.

No. 18. THE SIMPLETON, THE THIEVES AND THE CLEVER MOTHER

ONCE upon a time there lived a mother. She had a son who, though attained to manhood and fit to serve, was lazy, besides being a simpleton.

All of a sudden, one day he called his mother and said : ' Mother, mother, I am going to serve. I wish you to get for me a pair of shoes as light as the tamarind leaves.'

In consonance with the wish expressed, the mother made a pair of shoes of a very light character and gave the same to her son, entertaining no very great hopes that he would serve, much less earn, knowing, as she did, his lazy temperament and the fact of his being a simpleton. But the young man got up, donned his best clothes—putting on, of course, the brand new rattling pair of shoes—and started at a rapid rate whither he knew best. He did not go by the bye-lanes but by one of the roads—tolerably sequestered—where seeing some men wrangling he shouted at the top of his voice 'Who are you?' at which the fellows in utter confusion, ran away taking our man, by the mode of his walking and the style of his dress, not to speak of the yell he gave, for 'some one great' in power.

Now the men who precipitately fled were robbers, and hardly had they divided amongst themselves the spoils of the night—seven bags of silver coins robbed from the royal treasury—at their rendezvous than a difference arose, and our hero, as the reader is aware, by the brave shout he gave, frightened them out of their wits. Nay he did not stop with this procedure, but reconnoitred the whole place and came to the place where the bags were lying. These after surveying them indifferently, he lifted one by one and carried to the bed of a dried up rivulet hard by and, there on a *dhobi's* boulder, tested the coins one by one. Those which rang he condemned and threw away and those which did not ring he kept and there was only one coin he kept. Taking it home and putting it in the hands of his mother, he said: 'Here are my wages, only one coin I found good out of seven bags of silver coins I threw away in the rivulet sands since they were bad.

The mother probed the matter and coming to know

all the particulars, repaired soon after dusk to the spot accompanied by her son and without a third person being aware of it. And bringing home the treasure, the cunning woman hid it in the ground without informing the simpleton. At the same time, with a view to avoid suspicion or ultimate discovery she had recourse to a stratagem—which, it will be seen, worked well. The stratagem was that when our hero was locked in the sweet embraces of sleep she threw over him sweetmeat, copper coins, and *cowries* as if a rain of those objects had descended upon him, upon which he got up and roared, 'Mother, what is it?'

'It is sweetmeat raining, son,' replied the mother.

'So,' said the son, and began collecting the sweetmeat not caring for either the *cowries* or the copper coins.

It soon spread abroad that certain robbers had entered the palace and robbed State money from the treasury to the extent of seven bags of silver. This was the topic of the day in all the circles. Our hero without discussing it with any soul, made his way straight to the royal court and reported that his mother and he had brought the bags of silver to their house. Upon this, the Rajah's palace officers were instantly at the spot making inquiries from the woman of the house and all that they could elicit was 'Neither my son nor I have brought any treasure.'

'Did we not?' asked the son who had been listening all the while in mute silence and now awoke as it were from a reverie.

'No, when did we?' said the mother.

'On the day on which sweetmeat rained,' rejoined he.

'Does sweetmeat ever rain?' asked the crafty woman of the assembled crowd and they nodded their heads. Thereupon her son hung his head in shame.

Taking advantage of this the clever woman impressed on the people assembled by her harangue that the simpleton (referring to her son) was always in a brown study and foolish were his imaginings—one being now in point.

Hearing this, the royal messengers, looking upon the young man as the greatest fool that Nature ever brought forth from her workshop went their way without tracing the robbery or securing reward.

No. 19. THE TWO FRIENDS

ONCE upon a time there lived a king, who had a son. The minister also had a son. The lads ate together, walked together and slept together, and the intimacy of childhood ripened into a friendship as time sped.

In the natural course of events, both the juveniles married, and though the nuptials of the king's son were soon celebrated, still the friendship was ever waxing and never waning ; and the interesting part was that the friends could not live without seeing each other. So with a view not to lose sight of his friend, the married prince had so arranged that the minister's son should sleep underneath a high cot on which the bridegroom and his royal consort were to pass the nuptial night.

The minister's son, on account of the newness of the sleeping place underneath a high cot (comfortable though it was), could not get sleep for a considerable time ; and thoughts one after another revolved in his mind when, after a lapse of some time, he observed the royal bride go out. He also observed her coming back but without her nose.

Now the royal bride had a paramour—a cripple. It was her promise to visit him on the nuptial night arrayed

in her dress and decked in her jewellery before her husband ; but in this she failed and went to him afterwards. This aroused the cripple's jealousy and he bit off her nose and expired because of the bursting of a blood vessel—such was his ire.

Sorrowing for her paramour she mercilessly stabbed her legitimate husband and having arranged for the hasty removal of the remains of the cripple from the palace premises, she raised an alarm that the minister's son had murdered her husband and bit off her nose on her refusal to grant him favours.

For some time the minister's son was in a dilemma, but realizing the dangerous situation he was in, when time lost was life lost, packed the remains of his dear friend in a box and giving it in charge of a servant, left the palace without the knowledge of anybody—before help could reach the treacherous woman on the false alarm—for the country of his bride.

In due course he reached it and found his wife keeping good health and having attained towards womanhood, was awaiting the performance of the *sobanam* ceremony.

Now the minister's son's wife was a very good woman. Her desire (the desire of every true wife) for the safe arrival of her husband being fulfilled and the nuptial ceremony performed, she, on that night, leaving her husband went to the temple of *Badra Kali* hard by and took out her dagger to sacrifice her arm in accordance with her vow to the goddess. On this the goddess appeared in person and exclaimed :—

'Oh daughter, I am very well pleased with you. Ask any boon you like and it shall be granted unto thee.' The woman with great humility asked the boon that whatever she touched which was lifeless or dry might be

instilled with life and become fresh. Need it be said that the boon was granted.

The husband who was pretending to be a sleep when his wife left him, now got up and followed her to see where she would go, and having witnessed everything in the temple returned before his wife and was lying in bed as before.

In due course the wife returned, on which the husband who now feigning to be just aroused from sleep, asked authoritatively,

'Oh, where were you ?'

'Nowhere, Lord of my Soul,' replied his wife meekly.

'Nowhere you say ? I know where you went—to commit adultery,' said the husband.

'I did not go anywhere nor have I committed adultery with any one,' rejoined the wife.

'So if you are pure and chaste touch the box here so that whatever there may be inside may become fresh again,' said the husband.

She acquiesced, when, surprise of surprises, something moved in the box. The box was opened immediately. Behold the prince came to life !

For some time the friends could not speak for emotion, but afterwards long was the conversation, in the course of which the minister's son told how his wife was a votary of *Kali* ; how she propitiated the goddess ; how she wanted to sacrifice her arm in fulfilment of her vow on her husband joining her ; how the goddess being pleased appeared in person and granted the boon that whatever her devotee touched might become fresh or be instilled with life. On this the head of the minister's son was shattered to pieces because of his revealing the hidden mystery of the great *Brahma*.

Sorrowing and summoning up courage, at the same

time not losing a minute, the true wife had a collection made of the fragments of the bones and reverently touched them, when lo and behold her husband came to life ! and amidst tears of joy acknowledged his gratitude to her and repented of his folly in causing anxiety in her breast.

Need it be said that the king's son went to his father's dominions followed by his life-long friend as also by his loving and obedient wife, and narrated to his royal sire in detail how his wife on the nuptial night proving false stabbed him dead ; how his friend had his remains conveyed to his country and recalled to life by the instrumentality of his wife—a saintly woman, and adherent of *Maha Kali*. The king now getting access to true information, had the treacherous false wife of his son executed instantly and lavished praises on the minister's son and his wife, besides conferring benefits upon the couple. He truly declared that the friendship which existed between his son and the minister's son was divinely bestowed and calculated in right earnest to do good, not harm in any shape whatever.

No. 20. THE SAGE AND THE WOULD-BE MOTHER

ONCE upon a time a *Sadhu*, not of very considerable age, went to ask for alms. Seeing a girl in an advanced stage of pregnancy at a house where he stood he said :—

'Daughter, what is the cause of your belly being big ?'

'It has a child,' replied the prudent girl.

Now the breasts which had become big by reason of approaching maternity attracted the Sadhu's attention. So he said,

'What are those breasts ?'

'They are vessels of milk.'

'Have they milk ?'

'Yes, they have.'

'Will you give me some ?'

'Yes,' said the would-be mother and began to draw forth milk from the teats.

On this the *Sadhu* went away in a contemplative mood reflecting in this wise, that if God could make arrangements for nurturing the infant long before it is brought forth, how much more would He nourish him if he could only trust in Him.

No. 21. THE LEARNED LINGUIST

ONCE upon a time there was a king. He had a minister, of whom he was very proud, because of his (minister's) scholarly attainments in the various languages of the *Bharatvarsha*. Calling him one day, the king said :

'Oh minister, I am extremely pleased with your linguistic attainments ; at the same time I grieve that you are ignorant of Telugu and other languages of that group of the Southern country. So go to *Dakshinatya* and learn them.'

In conformity with the royal wish, the linguist went to the *Dakshinadesha*, stayed there for a considerable time and without making the least progress in the languages of those countries returned to his country.

The king with a smiling face asked the minister : 'Oh minister, have you learnt the languages ?'

Without saying a single word, the minister took a *lota* in which he put a large piece of stone and began to shake it violently. The king understood the meaning

and thus coming to know the difficult nature of the Turanian languages by the inability to acquire, much less grasp them, by such an able and ripe a scholar as his minister, he interdicted them from being cultivated in the *patashalas* through the length and breadth of his land.

No. 22. THE FOOLISH MENDICANT AND THE SENSIBLE LADY

A CERTAIN mendicant started on his morning round to ask alms. After going from one house to another taking alms in his *jholi*, he stood long before a house of a well-to-do man. Here, instead of begging, he had the audacity to make unlawful proposals to the mistress of the house.

Now the mistress of the house was a very good woman—a true *pativrata*—besides being a woman whose features *Vishwakarma* chiselled unerringly and on whom nature lavished her charms ungrudgingly. It was clearly proved that the fair exterior was the infallible index of her mind. Hearing the base proposals of the mendicant she did not say anything but asked him to enter a dark solitary cell which he did with great glee being under the impression that the lady had acquiesced. But what was his surprise when he found that he was imprisoned for the insult he had offered. In this prison he was confined for two whole days and the food he was given was only *conjee* and a little salt, and this insufficiently.

On the third day, however, after preparing *luddoos* and giving them every variety of colour—pink, rose, milky-white, snowy-white, yellow—the lady came to the door of the cell, opened it and asked :—

'O mendicant, may I know your wishes, whether you want me or want food ?'

The passion being now subsided for want of *Annum Parabrahmum*, which is the creator of carnal desires, he replied respectfully and sensibly :

'Oh mother, I do not want you, but I want food.'

Being pleased that the man was brought to his senses through her, she all along having had recourse to her native wit alone without informing her jealous and angry husband anything in the least now placed before him a dish of the sweetmeat which she had prepared. While he was doing justice to it heartily and hastily, starving as he was, she addressed him thus :—

'O mendicant, remember there is nothing in beauty.' To be captivated or smitten by beauty is to have the senses rendered obtuse and wealth and time and sometimes life lost. Beauty is like those *luddoos* of many colours. The taste of all of them is one and the same but the difference is in colour. What a beautiful woman has the same a woman of mediocre appearance possesses. In keeping you in durance on *conjee* and a little salt—on no meals so to speak—I have taught you, I think, a lesson for having lusted after me—veritably another man's property according to divine and human laws since the day of the *tying of the knot*—which I hope you will remember to the last day of your life. I now permit you to go without informing my husband of this foolish affair of yours. Had I done so, he would have made short work of you, possessing as he does a jealous and angry temper such as no other man under the sun possesses.

The mendicant did not stay there long for he was now sore afraid of the lady's husband, but hastened to his house a sadder and wiser man.

No. 23. THE HAUGHTY MAN HUMILIATED

ONCE upon a time there lived a man who rolling in wealth would neither recognize, endowed though he was with eyes, his relations, friends or countrymen, nor lend his ears to hear what they had to say ; so haughty was he.

It is said, that *Ishwara* has in his possession five iron pegs for chastisement. Firstly to arrest the pride of this man he had four iron pegs driven into his ears and eyes and the man became poor. Still wondering at his demeanour which underwent no change, *Ishwara* took the extreme step of driving the fifth peg into the most sensitive part of the system and he was overtaken by fresh misfortunes of a severer character in being taken to the *Karagruham*. This was the culmination and his complete humiliation.

Now in the *Karagruham Ishwara*, in His all-abounding kindness, after the season of His anger was over, caused the five pegs to fall off from the man and in that self-same moment he was set at liberty—and ever since that time he had set aside pride and began to recognize people and hear what they had to say ; for he was sore afraid of the five pegs, invisible though they were.

O listener, will you not avoid those five iron pegs by humbling yourself if pride is lurking in your breast ?

No. 24. THE SHAKESPEARE OF INDIA

ONCE upon a time there lived a respectable and well-to-do *dwija*. He had only one darling daughter, as beautiful as the full moon, whom he sent to a *patashala*. There, under the *pundit* of that institution, she acquired all he

could impart in the sixty-four departments of knowledge. Fortified thus by intellectual virtuous feasts her outward behaviour was the reflex of her mind.

In due course she came of age and marriage was discussed ; and strange to say the very *pundit* who had taught her and who stood to her in the relation of a father, in utter callousness or with no sense of shame, asked her hand. The girl refused impressing upon him the fact that according to *Nitishastra* 'He who teaches is a father,' but the blunted sensibilities of the unprincipled *pundit* would not admit the force of this argument, and as nothing could induce her to become his wife he declared that he would do her harm by marrying her to a village swain, not to a learned person like herself.

Now the duties of a *pundit* are so many and as important as those of the court-bard ; and arranging marriages between parties is one of them. So our *pundit* was sent to distant climes to choose husbands for girls and wives for boys ; and true to his word he selected a rustic for our blue-stocking. In due course he returned and before long her marriage was celebrated with great *eclat*, and the *garbadhan* ceremony soon after came to be performed and the pair were given a room. But on the first night the bridegroom had gone to bed. Attributing this to fatigue, the bride waited the second night, but to her astonishment he had gone to bed that night also without even appreciating the artistic arrangement of the room, much less holding such discourse as lovers know of. From this, concluding that she had been duped by her teacher but with a view to make sure of same she had recourse to her native wit and had all the fittings removed from her room and all the walls painted with agricultural scenes.

The painting on the wall had the desired effect. He roused or the infinitesimal intelligence of the bridegroom in recalling the days he spent in the company of village shepherds had dawned on him. Upon which his wife told him to go that very night to the *Kalikadaivy's Mandiram* hard by and shut himself up repeating the words *Boodhee evoo* (i.e. give intelligence). The swain did as was advised only differing in pronunciating the words unintelligibly *buddihie*, illiterate as he was. The goddess some time in the night came to the temple and finding it shut, enquired who was there. Whereupon the rustic trembling with fear, opened the door repeating all the while, *Buddihie, buddihie*. Asking him to put out his tongue, she scrawled some mysterious words on it, and that very moment intelligence came to him as from a running brook.

Full of intelligence he went to his wife and falling at her feet, said :

'O gracious lady, as you have shown me the path by which I received a full measure of intelligence, you are my mother according to the *Nitishastra*, and I shall regard you as such.'

The wife was thunderstruck as she did not relish the idea as it ran contrary to her wishes and, as nothing could make him return to her, husband as he was and approved of by the gods above and *bootulli* below, notwithstanding the fact of boorishness and illiteracy that clung to him first and now happily gone, she cursed him, her curse being that he would die at the hands of prostitutes. The curse, coming as it did from a true *pativrata*, took effect ; and strange to tell it was the prostitutes that sucked Kalidasa's life-blood.

[This is the Telugu version of the story of Kalidasa, the Shakespeare of India].

No. 25. THE IMBECILE AND THE RATS

Boodhdhi voondavadiki yeddhulaidhu
Yeddhu voondavadiki boodhdhilaidhu

బుద్ధివుండావాడికి యెద్దులేదు.
యెద్దువుండావాడికి బుద్ధిలేదు.

so runs the Durji's (tailor's) proverb.

In illustration of this—at any rate of the first part—the following tale is told :—

Once upon a time a man was greatly pestered by rats night and day. For a long time, he was planning how to exterminate them. At last a plan suggested itself to him : he set the house where the rats were on fire ; and hardly hard he done this than the rats went into the adjoining house also belonging to him. He next set that too on fire, and the rats entered the third house. In this manner he had six houses, valued at thousands of rupees, burnt, yet failed to destroy his enemies—the rats. Imbecile and resourceless as he was, he could think of no simpler or more effective measure than the one which involved the loss of thousands of rupees. To what is this all due ? To the want of a grain of sense ; hence the proverb.

'He who has a bullock has not the sense (to yoke it to the plough and till the fields and profit by), and he who has sense has not a bullock (to engage himself in agricultural pursuits).'

No. 26. THE ROBBER, THE DESTINY-WRITER AND THE KING

ONCE upon a time in a certain country there lived a king, and in the same country and about the same time there lived a notorious robber. Bent upon plundering the

palace, the robber one cold night, entered the precincts, but seeing a sentry pacing up and down with more than ordinary vigilance, his courage sank within him. Still not wishing to give up the attempt, he hid himself in a corner as well as he could under the circumstances and waited for an opportunity with ears and eyes wide open.

Well, what did he see and what did he hear ? He heard the sounds of hurry and bustle emanating from the inside of the palace ; and saw people going to and fro, the reason being that the chief queen was in labour, and had given birth to a child.

Hardly had the noise died away and the stir lessened and calmness reigned supreme than there came a woman of commanding personality and demanded entrance.

'Who are you ?' asked the sentry.

'I am the Sutvi.'

'What do you want ?'

'I want to write the destiny of the child.'

'Well, I shan't let you in except on one condition.'

'What condition may that be ?'

'You will declare to me what you will write.'

'Agreed,' said the destiny-writer and got in, and in a very short space of time she returned and disclosed the startling tidings that the child born was destined to be the wife of her own father.

The robber who overheard the conversation all the while, gave up the idea of plundering the palace and thought now of purloining the child instead. For being a loyal subject, notwithstanding his profession, he devoutly wished that his king, the father of the people, should not be thus disgraced or held up to public ridicule through the strange freaks of the relentless destiny-writer.

Purloining the child, the robber in his house situated in a ruined well, had the little thing reared with great care

and tenderness by his wife till the thirteenth year was attained.

Now the king on his return alone from one of his hunting expeditions stopped to see this very well, dilapidated and ruined though it was ; but what was his surprise to find a lovely girl of queenly appearance of about twelve or thirteen years old below ! His heart went out to her and she on her part being allured (for she had not hitherto seen the face of man) invited him to enter. But he was afraid at first to do so. For had he not heard of evil spirits who, taking the form of beautiful young women, inveigled men and caused their destruction ? After a while saying to himself 'Come what may,' the king jumped into the well and was received at its foot by the girl who was a human not a supernatural being.

At this juncture the footsteps of the robber were heard outside, and quick as thought the king was concealed. Still the robber suspected that there was a stranger in his abode and called on his wife and foster-daughter to produce him ; but how could he be forthcoming when there was no remedy for denial from the lips of the one person acquainted with the fact ?

However the king was discovered on a future occasion and the robber, cherishing no hostile spirit invited him to dinner and, as soon as the dinner was over, told him that the girl he had fallen in love with was his own daughter. To make the matter clear, he narrated from the beginning how he went to plunder the palace; how the chief-queen was being delivered of a child ; how after the child was born the *Sutvi* entered the palace after the dialogue with the sentinel mounting guard; how she returned and told what she had written on the forehead of the child ; how in consequence he changed his original resolution

and purloined the child so that the king's name might not be blackened. 'But how can I avert destiny, your majesty,' said he in conclusion, 'for from the king to the humblest slave downwards we are all children of destiny. What is written on the forehead must come to pass. It is the *adhrusta* of ours we must blame and none else.'

The king sharing not the fatalist view, was overwhelmed with grief for having committed, though unknowingly, the grave sin which 'the gods many and lords many' under the sublimary world have not the power to condone, drew his sword and ran it through his breast.

No. 27. THE TRUE RECLUSE

ONCE a son who was in his teens asked his mother: 'Mother dear! What is God? Where is He, and have you seen Him? Do tell me.'

'Son dear!' replied the woman: 'I do not know what God is, where He is, nor have I seen Him; but if you want to see Him go to an impenetrable forest where solitariness reigns supreme, and repeat the name *Ishwara*, *Ishwara* with all-absorbing thought on Him alone for twelve years and there you will realize His presence—what He is, where He is.'

The son accordingly went to a forest and subjected himself to penances for twelve years and, after the expiration of the period, returned home and told his mother dejectedly that he had not seen God. Whereupon the woman questioned:

'How have you subsisted?'

'Whenever I felt the pangs of hunger, I went to this tree and that tree and ate the berries and leaves thereof,' was the reply.

'Then you have not done your penances properly,' returned she, 'for you had *adar*. Go again to an interminable forest where solitude is not broken and repeat the name of *Ishwara* for twelve years if you want to see God.'

As advised, the son went to a forest and practised penances for a further term of twelve years ; and yet he did not see God. So he returned home and said : 'Mother dear, I have not succeeded in seeing God though I have performed penances for a further period of twelve years.'

'How have you subsisted ?' asked the mother.

'I have not subsisted on anything but had recourse to the expedient of fixing a round block of wood to the belly and thus have avoided the cravings of hunger,' replied the son-recluse.

'Again you had *adar*,' said the woman. 'In a penance there ought to be no *adar*. So again do penances for twelve years and then you will assuredly see God.'

The man for the third time went to a forest and began penances there without using the expedient or eating the berries of the wilderness or leaves of the ever-green woods.

Now the twice twelve years' meditation of our recluse stood as a memorial before *Parameshwara* ; but He was always forgetting it. So one evening when He was driving His chariot in the *mégha-mandal*, the ever-kind *Parwati-devi*, His consort, reminded Him of the recluse ; whereupon without any tardiness He revealed Himself to the votary and said :—

'O votary, I am extremely pleased with you. Ask any boon and it shall be granted unto thee.'

Fully realizing the presence of the Creator and emboldened by the words he humbly asked that whatever

he desired might be crowned with success. With the boon thus conferred the recluse retired home and conferred benefits on mankind without distinction of caste or creed. The mother was the first person to be glad of her son's contemplation having borne such beneficial results to man.

No. 28. THE NANGA DEV

IN a certain country there lived a woman who had a son. He was of tender years. One day his mother was grinding corn in the mill, when the boy came to her and said :—

'Mother, I am going to marry.'

'Whom ?' asked the mother.

'You,' replied the child.

'You are of tender years ; when you grow up then you may marry me,' said the mother good-humouredly, knowing the extreme youth of her son.

'I am not, I have already grown big,' retorted the son.

Hardly had she turned after hearing the reply than she saw her son growing tall and big, the *langoti* he had on falling off from him, and he with his face towards his mother going away from her, as if impelled on his course by some unseen force, and then disappearing.

The yearnings of the mother over the transformation and disappearance of her son, notwithstanding his unbecoming conduct, can better be imagined than described.

[This is the legend current amongst Telugus of Nanga Dev or the god of Marwadis (Jainas ?)].

No. 29. THE ILL-FATED PENURIOUS MAN

ONCE upon a time a man was so sorely tried by *daridrium* that he seriously thought of going to a forest to drag out his miserable existence there by subsisting on the wild berries. So putting his stick under his arm and catching hold of his *lota* in one hand and *boroo-gooloo* tied in an handkerchief in the other he left the busy haunts of men. Reaching the forest, he tied the *boroōgooloo* packet to one of the outspreading branches of a banyan tree and rested there.

Now on that very day a princess on her way to her father-in-law's halted in the same forest and missed her very valuable pearl necklace ; so her servants went and searched all about the dense Kir-r-r-r forest, ransacking every nook and corner to trace the thief. Their attempts seemed about to be futile when they espied our *vanavasi*. With suspicions aroused they went to him quickly and seeing a bundle on the branches of a tree they hastened to bring it down and opening it what was their surprise to find the very garland of pearls missed by their royal mistress !

The moral is drawn that when ill-luck or *Sani* pursues one even the bundle of *Boroogooloo* as if by a miracle is turned into a pearl necklace to arraign the possessor of same on a charge of theft innocent though he may be.

No. 30. THE MOSQUITOES' LAUGHTER

IN India mosquitoes buzz in the ears dreadfully or horribly and moreover prove a no ordinary pest by their sharp bites extracting blood. In their connection a story is told—that when a mosquito drums in the tympanum of the ear it thinks of entering the organ

with a fury with the express object of bringing out the man's brain, but, before doing so, the creature laughs in derision and the laughter is the noise made in the ear.

No. 31. THE BHAGATMAYA SADHU

ONCE upon a time there was a *sadhu* residing in a certain country who had but few followers. On one occasion to this very country came another *sadhu* from distant climes. The new *sadhu* used to repeat the formula '*Bhagatmaya*' at the time of getting up, taking his meals, taking his seat, going to bed and on other occasions, such as drinking water, performing ablutions, etc. The *sadhu*, who was settled in this country, used to exclaim *Hari, Hari, Shiva, Shiva*, on such occasions as were mentioned above. The repetition of *Bhagatmaya* only instead of the name of God very much struck the latter ; so with a view to finding out the inward meaning of the thing he invited the religious father to a meal and the invitation was accepted.

As was natural in expectation of his guest the *Hari-Shiva Sadhu* was preparing the meal ; in fact, he had put the last of the *chuppatees* into the pan and was waiting to turn it over when he found that his water had run short. So away he ran to the staircased well hard by to fetch a potful of water, telling his guest who had in the meantime arrived to make himself comfortable by squatting on the mat until his return. The *sadhu* complied with the request to all appearance but, in truth, went after the host without his knowing it.

To the *Hari-Shiva Sadhu*, the still waters of the well appeared to bubble up, foam and rise to the height of a palmyra tree or two and he was carried away by the volume of the overflowing current until he knew no

where he was. Thus for some time he was suspended between life and death ! but thanks to his stars he came across the end of a palm tree which he caught hold of in the manner of *Bangaripittaloo* and was reflecting whether he would be providentially saved from going to *Yama*, when a shoe-maker's girl carrying a basket on her head met his gaze. To her he shouted with all his exhausted energies, 'O *pilla*, *pilla* ; will you rescue me ?' 'Yes,' said, she, 'but on one condition that you will marry me.'

Whereupon the drowning man gave a promise which she made him repeat solemnly, though inaudibly, three times and then ran to her hut close by and bringing her three brothers of powerful build and great animal strength to the scene, the girl bade them rescue the man in the water who had promised to marry her. They threw to him in the current strong mats which he took hold of firmly by the fibrous ropes attached and continued to put underneath his body. Then they dragged him by superhuman strength to the bank with life and limb safe and sound. Thus was he saved from the peril.

In harmony with his promise, the *sadhu* married the shoe-maker's girl, lived with her and had by her two sons. Nine years elapsed and one day, recollecting his previous mode of life with tears in his eyes, he left his home without any one being aware of it.

The next morning having covered a good distance overnight, the *sadhu* found himself on the outskirts of a city. Here hardly had he taken his seat and pensively thought again of his previous life than he saw an elephant approaching him. Being afraid, he turned aside with a view to avoid it ; for had he not read in the *Nitishastra* always to keep fifty paces away from the *Gajendra*. Still the animal made straight towards him

and, instead of doing any harm, poured the contents of the *poojaloo chemboo*, which he was carrying over his head, sprinkled *attar* and *paneeru* over him, threw a garland of flowers round his neck, took him over the *ambari* and walking at a slow and majestic gait, reached the metropolis where the inhabitants with one voice hailed the stranger as their sovereign. Thus as a sovereign the *sadhu* reigned in the land for four years.

Now the two sons of the shoe-maker's girl when they were come to years of understanding one day asked their mother, saying:

'O mother, mother, what has become of our father ?'

'Alas, I do not know what has become of your father, my dear sons,' replied she; 'but I remember vividly to this day that one night when cruel nature lulled me to heavy sleep, he abandoned me without a word; he has not been, I am sorry to say, seen, nor heard of ever since.'

Listening to this with close attention and treasuring up every word of the pathetic little tale, the lads, without telling their mother, instinctively followed the path taken by their father and reached the very metropolis in which he was ! The king recognized them and employed them in his service without revealing himself and before long raised them to the highest offices and made them second to none in the whole realm.

Paralysed by grief at thus being abandoned first by her husband and now by her sons, the woman too left the village and, strange to say, took the path trodden by her husband and her sons and reached the very capital. Here she engaged herself in a menial capacity to a prostitute.

One morning the king, for the first time since his coronation, drove through the prostitutes' quarters; and

the servant-woman, seeing him pass, exclaimed : 'He is my husband, he is my husband,' and ran after the carriage. Whereupon the prostitutes catching hold of her by the hair, brought her away and administered a sound beating with *cheepoorloo* and *chataloo*, telling her at the same time that the king had expressed his displeasure at the misdemeanour.

Again, on the self-same evening the king passed through the prostitutes' quarters and again the servant-woman following the royal carriage cried out, 'He is my husband, he is my husband.' And forsooth would not a woman know him who had lived with her in conjugal happiness ? Again she received a similar castigation and reprimands coupled with warnings at the hands of her mistress in special and the followers of her profession in general. But for all that her object was gained and the king recognized her !

So the next day he sent for his wife and after revealing himself to her and to their two sons he made the former the dowager-queen and the latter—one a king and the other a vazeer ; and was instantly back at the staircased well. After filling his pitcher with water he returned to his hermitage and found the *Bhagatmaya sadhu* squatting on the mat and the *chuppatee* in the pan requiring his immediate attention. Having turned it over he offered *jalam* to the *sadhu* to wash his hands and feet and, having washed himself, placed platters of plantain leaves before the invited guest and asked him to do justice to the meal; and humbly sitting himself by his side asked the *sadhu's* permission to partake of his meal.

The meal being over, the *sadhu*-host was lost in contemplation wondering whether his carrying away by the bubbling waters of the well and the rapid current of the neighbouring river-course ; his plucky rescue from

the element by the shoe-maker girl's brothers ; his marriage with the shoe-maker's girl and for the space of nine years his living with her who bore him two sons ; his becoming king and reigning over the realm for four years ; his abdication of the throne in favour of his sons and the making of his wife the dowager-queen ; and ultimately and all of a sudden his finding himself after returning from the well in his humble residence with the invited *Bhagatmaya sadhu* sitting and the last *chuppatee* wanting to be turned over—wondering whether it was all an idle dream or a stern reality. But for a long time it remained inexplicable to him. So he stood reverentially with folded hands before the *Bhagatmaya sadhu* and begged for an explanation. The *sadhu*, who reached a higher stage of devotion, said : '*Bála*, it is all God's illusion or *Bhagatmaya*,' and he added, 'An untold space of time with mortals is comparable to a few *ghatikas* with the Creator of the Universe of living and dead nature, nay of Time—that fell destroyer itself.' And so the *sadhu* came to understand the inner meaning of the other *sadhu's* formula.

No. 32. THE HUSBAND AND HIS SELFISH WIFE

ONCE upon a time there was a wife who taking advantage of the unenquiring disposition of her husband, used to give him *gunjee* and *kudgu* and retain the rice for making into cakes which she herself ate secretly.

So the husband kindly said one day : 'How is this dear, you do not partake of anything but set all before me ? Will you not take some ? '

'You earn, it does not matter for me,' replied the wife.

Now the husband, on one occasion, after taking his frugal (liquid) fare, left the house for his work in the fields but had hardly left when came the rain down in torrents and drove him back wet and shivering to the fire-place giving sufficient warmth. As the fire was dull he fanned and poked it, when to his surprise he discovered hidden beneath it a large rice cake just baked.

This he ate and the truth dawned upon him that his wife had fed herself by making him starve. Thus found out, the woman's disgust can better be imagined than described. By her surliness the ire of the simple peasant was aroused. So in the evening he fetched a *chintha-barikay* and gave her a sound thrashing, advising her not to treat her husband so badly by looking more to herself than to her husband. A lesson learnt with such bitter experience is apt not to be forgotten, and we may be sure that the selfish woman remembered it all her life.

No. 33. THE MOTHER-IN-LAW AND THE SON-IN-LAW

ONCE a son-in-law went to a mother-in-law's. On seeing him the old woman said : 'O son-in-law you have come. I have not got any grain in the house. I shall go and fetch some.'

Thus saying she left. But the man knew too well the inhospitable and selfish nature of his mother-in-law. So saying to himself, 'I am not to be outwitted at any rate this time' he entered the mother-in-law's house and discovered there a sugarcane, two balls of butter and *passimu*. Some time after, the woman came back saying that she was unsuccessful in getting anything. The son-in-law said : 'O mother-in-law, mother-in-law, in

your absence I had a sweet nap and dreamt a dream in which I saw a snake which was as long as the sugarcane in the house and whose eye-balls were like two balls of butter, and when the reptile's head was crushed, so also I dreamt, it resembled *passimu*.'

The mother-in-law in a moment made out what her son-in-law was driving at and that, at last, she was found out. So she placed before the latter much against her will, the *passimu*, the butter and the sugarcane. Doing justice to them, however, the son-in-law, after saying *Dhandamatta, dhandamatta*, went back to his own house overjoyed in the fact that he had proved more than a match to his mother-in-law this time.

No. 34. THE PRINCE, HIS WIFE AND THE FAIRIES

ONCE upon a time in a certain country there was a king. The king had no son, neither had the minister any. In consequence the grief was great ; and in a moment of extreme grief they promised to each other that if one were to get a son and the other a daughter, or *vice-versa*, they were to be united by ties of love or married to each other.

The grief, however, was destined to be short-lived or proved to be of short duration, for the queen shortly after the solemn declaration became enceinte and in course of time delivered of a son. The minister's wife, too, conceived and brought forth a daughter.

As time went on the children grew. On the one hand the minister's daughter becoming so prudent in conduct, so beautiful in person and endowed by such charms and graces that the people exclaimed : 'We might find fault with the sun and the moon but not with this earthly

Rambha.' On the other hand the king's son, with complete disrespect for *Saraswati*, threw away his books on the house-tops and in well-houses and contracted such vicious habits, that the people said that he was no meet companion for the lovely sensible minister's daughter.

Notwithstanding these disadvantages and frailties in his son, the king determined to get the minister's daughter for him in marriage ; so he sent for the minister and opened negotiations. When grave objections were raised, the indulgent father by plausible answers explained away all of them one by one. Then as a last objection the minister said, ' The prince does not attend *darbars* even.' Upon which the king hanging down his head reminded him of the promise made solemnly. Caught thus, the minister, keeping silent for a few minutes, said that he would give his word on a certain day.

That day, after the performance of her ablutions, the minister's daughter was drying her long ringlets of jet black glossy hair in the rays of the sun from the terrace of her two-storied palace when came her father's carriage making a rumbling noise. Without a second thought she ran hastily (for she remembered at the moment that that was the day on which her case was to be decided in royal court) and asked :—

' Have you given your consent, father dear ? '

' I have not, my darling, ' replied the father ; ' How can I, having your best interest at heart, and knowing fully that the prince is a fool and quite unfit. For this I have incurred the displeasure of His Majesty, it is true, but it cannot be helped.'

' Give it father, dear, ' the daughter said, ' the next time you meet the king. For if it is written on my forehead by *Brahma* that I must be given to that prince *only* I

must be given, fool though he may be and at whatever cost. But let there be a stipulation that I must leave my (would-be) father-in-law's house at 6 p.m. daily and return to his house each morning at 6 o'clock.'

Need it be said that at the next meeting with the king, the minister gave his consent to the match, laying emphasis on her daughter's condition to be fulfilled. This the king agreed to do in spite of its strange and binding nature and the marriage was celebrated with *eclat* and rejoicings throughout the dominions.

In course of time the royal bride advanced towards puberty and the prince also reached to man's estate, and still there seemed to be no relaxation of the weird condition. As before it was in full force ; for hardly had the gong sounded the six o'clock evening hour than the palanquin arrived from the minister's to convey her home. Upon this some of the young friends of the prince naturally made fun of him and spoke sarcastically.

Taking this to heart he resolved within himself to do away with his life. So one night, putting on his *jeri-battalu*, he went to a well near a ruined palace and jumped into it.

Now the well was a very old one and was fast crumbling to decay. Roots of banyan and other powerful trees, by breaking through some of the strata of the antiquated masonry work a few feet above water, by a natural process of intertwining, formed a strong matting; so you see that the prince was landed on nature's network just close to a circular hole cut through to pass a *chemboo* to the waters below.

With the early dawn came the old man in charge of the ruined well to draw water ; but what was his surprise to hear the moaning of a human being in distress emanating from the well below. He called out and

asked who he was and how he had come to be in that situation, and receiving satisfactory replies the old man drew him up. Soon afterwards hearing his story in full and taking compassion of the young man, he gave him some *Katika* telling him that by applying it to the forehead he would be converted into a fly and could thus follow his bride unseen by her when she set out from the palace. Having learnt for himself where she went he might easily gain possession of her if he carried out his stratagem carefully. In conclusion, the old man besought that the secret should not be revealed on any account or else his head would be shattered to one thousand pieces, and then took leave of the prince.

That evening the prince, transforming himself into a fly, followed his wife and saw that, as soon as she left her palace and reached her father's house, she did not remain there, but immediately casting off her clothes and putting on a *cheeray* of the finest white lilies and *ravikay* of the same flowers, she started and walked and walked until she reached a spot in a sequestered glen sheltered from human eyes where a *banyan* and *pipal* locked into each other's embrace. Here on singing a melodious snatch of a song there came from heaven five damsels of queenly beauty mounted on a white elephant. Dismounting, these in company they went to a beautiful *Konairoo* and putting aside their dress on the river-bank stepped into it and in exuberance of their youthful spirits splashed and squirted water on each other's face and thus created great merriment amongst themselves.

While the *Kanyakaloo* had been enjoying thus, the prince cast a look around and saw a number of garlands of pearls. Selecting the largest and exquisitely beautiful of them and imagining the same to be that of the chief *Kanyaka*, he took it and flew home ; and again taking

human form by the removal of the *katika* was soon found asleep in his cosy bed.

When the day dawned and an attendant awoke him he rewarded the man handsomely saying that he had been dreaming a pleasant dream which he began to narrate in the hearing of his wife just arrived :—

'Last night I thought I had followed my wife who, changing her ordinary costume on reaching her father's house, put on a *cheeray* and *ravikay* of lilies, went to a place some distance off and situated in a sequestered glen, and on having given a song, five *Kanyakaloo* of great beauty came from heaven on a white elephant. Accompanied by them, she went to a beautiful *konairoo* and diving into it began to play pranks with each other in the element. Thus they engaged I came away with the largest and most beautiful carcanet of pearls lying along with their dresses on the margin of the *konairoo*.

Soon after hearing this and realizing that that was not a dream but a reality, her husband taking part in it, she ran to him and begged for the necklace.

'I have not got it,' said the husband with suppressed laughter.

'Yes, you have, *pranapathy*.'

'Suppose I got it, what will you give me in exchange for it, *priyay* ?'

'My life, my lord.'

'I do not want your life, but promise only that you will not leave me in the nights.'

'I cannot promise this till the morrow.'

'Neither will I give the necklace till then.'

In the evening when she met her companions, the *Kanyakaloo*, she told them that it was her husband, by some inexplicable phenomenon, made off with the necklace of pearls missed by their eldest sister yesterday

night, which, however, he promised to give on condition she would stay with him at nights. On this, as if a thought struck her, the eldest *Kanyaka* said: 'O sisters, I understand the whole thing now. There is nothing inexplicable. With a view to make his wife stay at home he had recourse to this stratagem. In fact, how could he be without his wife, young as he is, *ayo papum*. But I advise you, sister—pointing to the prince's wife—to tell your husband to come with us in the form of a fly when we go to *Indrasabha* to dance and then after metamorphosing himself to play the drum. Keeping time to the music, we would play with great spirit and being pleased, *Indra* would ask as to who played the drum. The prince is to answer that he played it. Then after explanation of the object of his coming when he would be asked to choose his wife from the *Kanyakaloo*, who would all be dressed in one costume ; he is to select that *kanyaka* alone on whose left knee he would see a fly sitting.'

The next morning the wife beaming with joy repeated word for word the advice tendered by his sisters by following which she said she would become his for all *ghatikas* of the day and night. Greatly delighted the husband carried out the plan to the very letter and his efforts were crowned with success. The king also was very much pleased that he was no longer bound by this peculiar condition now that the daughter-in-law had become matured. Without losing time he solemnized the nuptial ceremony declaring to the world at the same time that his son had now become a sensible man, and had given up all vicious habits. In fact he turned over a new leaf. The prince was thus enabled to enjoy the company of his wife who cast in her lot with him, without the least thought that he is a factor in the regeneration of the world. But what became of the man who gave the

katikay ? He is dead. His head is shattered to one thousand pieces. Was this the return for the good he had done and who is responsible for it ? The wife who persisted in knowing how the husband first followed her. In a moment of extreme joy he told her with what disastrous result we know. But when a woman is bent upon knowing anything she will not rest quiet till she knows it. Pertinacity is her nature, broken reed she may be but man must be careful as not to disclose secrets.

No. 35. THE ZAMINDAR AND HIS TWO SONS

A ZAMINDAR had two sons. One was put to work in the fields, and the other sent to a *Patasala.*

Now the mother loved the one who was given to manual labour and did not care for the other seeking after knowledge. This the father found out one day by the manner in which the former received substantial foods and the latter only humble fare. So, calling out his wife, asked : ' Dear, why do you treat one boy in one way, and the other in another way ? '

' Our eldest boy works in the field and he is given good food to keep up his health. Besides he earns it. But the other boy is only studying, which is not hard work, and is not earning an *errati yaigani* I give him only frugal fare ; so you see why my treatment differs,' replied the wife.

' But you are mistaken,' said the husband, and sending for two balls of butter he put them on the chest of his two sons. The one on the chest of the eldest son remained firm and solid, while the other on the chest of the second son melted away. Drawing his wife's attention to this, he remarked that the boy who was leading the life of an husbandman was certainly not as hard-worked as the

other boy who was pursuing his studies; the butter testified by its melting away almost as soon as it was put on his chest—one of the important parts of the body.

For mental work is greater than physical labour : the one calls forth energies from the seat of the brain while the other calls from all the limbs, as also the former taxes a man's strength, but the latter adds strength to it and leads to prolongation of life. 'So you see, it is the brain that should be recuperated by solid foods, not the limbs, and it should not follow from this that our eldest son should be made to live on humble fare, in which case he would not be better able to bear the brunt of labour in the fields. My only aim in telling you all this is that you will look upon your sons with an uniform kindness, replied the husband in conclusion.

No. 36. THE TWO BARBERS

In a certain country there was only one barber. To noblemen's houses alone he would go and even then only in palanquins sent by the noblemen themselves. So the difficulties of the other classes were very great, so much so that if one were to get himself shaved then it was necessary for him to go to the barber, wait there for a considerable time after payment of fees, and at length have his object accomplished.

Now to this country there came another barber from the Southern country. He settled and began his profession in the manner followed in his own country—going to the residences and shaving there. Finding what a contrast there was between him and the resident barber, people began to patronize the former and he became very wealthy.

The other barber heard of this and his wrath knew no bounds : while the grudge was still fresh in his mind,

he confronted his rival on a public road. Stopping his palanquin, he called him. The barber came and taking his professional brother for some one in high position, saluted him, on which the latter demanded in vehement terms, 'Who gave you authority to go to residences and shave at nominal charges when I have the monopoly of shaving here.' Nonplussed, the other asked pardon deferentially. The resident barber then asked in a subdued tone :

'What qualification do you possess ?'

'I can shave one-half of the face of a Rajah's sentinel while he is asleep. Prithee, what is yours ?'

'I can shave the other half.'

'We will put our qualification to the test.'

'I agree.'

Now the barbers, as agreed, tried their skill one night on a palace guard, one shaving one half of the face and the other the other half when the guard was asleep. When he got up at the sound of the *muezzin* for morning worship, great was his surprise and sorrow to find that his moustaches and beard had completely disappeared. So running to the king, he said :—

'O *Khadawand* somebody has changed heads with me.'

'Well, who may he be ?'

'A mischief-monger to be sure.'

'Find out and bring him.'

The guard sought in vain to find out the man who had imposed on him and had almost given up his search, when he saw a *pandaram* on his way to Benares and took hold of him. 'What injustice is this ? What injustice is this ?' the *pandaram* cried in great dismay. But the guard, not heeding his cries, said : 'Come, come you rascal,' and dragged him before the king and charged him with having stolen his head. The king,

who was another '*Chowpat Raja*,' ordered the *pandaram* to give the Mahomedan his head. 'O Raja, in obedience to the royal mandate, I am willing to give him his head, but you will be pleased to order him to give me mine,' said the *pandaram* having his wits about him.

On this the barbers were sent for. The new barber cut merely the skin of the throat of the guard but would not proceed further for mercy's sake, but the other without the least compunction severed the head from the trunk —the man, however, as if his senses had come back at the last moment, gasped out with his last breath : 'The head is my own; only it is clean shaved.' The case being clear thus, the *pandaram* was released who thanking his stars for so favourable a turn the events had taken, at once left for Benares so as to avoid further mishaps.

The resident barber complimented the new barber for his skill in his profession yet chiding him for non-exercise of cruelty. From that time they pulled on together very well.

No. 37. THE OVER-CONFIDENT MARWADI, HIS WIFE, AND THE GAY LOTHAIRE

ONCE upon a time there lived a *Marwadi* who put up a hut of mud and wattle in a lonely spot of a forest and made it tolerably secure by wooden doors. In it he locked his wife ; and such was his trust in her constancy that when he used to go to the *chowk* to ask for alms he would play on his one-stringed instrument to the accompaniment of a song, *Tukki bikki sub, pativrata aik.*' This was his only theme ; and a young man, who for several weeks heard it but could not understand the meaning, one day followed the beggar stealthily to his house. What was his surprise to find a solitary dwelling in a forest-like locality with a beautiful woman

in durese ; and the meaning of the strain now became clear to pin.

With the sweeping condemnation of chastity rankling in his mind and fascinated as he had been by the charms of the *Marwadi* woman the young man went to her one day in her husband's absence and demanded in a loud tone ' Open your dwelling, or else I would burn it . '

Horrified, the woman opened it and made friends readily, she being of the fourth class ; and the next day the fellow went to the *chowk* and, buying a stringed instrument, began scraping on the strings to the accompaniment of a counter-song, *Tukki bikki aik, sub samsar.* This struck the beggar and he was on the *qui vive* to find out the meaning when one day he saw a pair of sandals outside the house. Asking his wife how they came to be there, he was informed that in his absence a man almost prevailed upon her virtue, unmistakable evidence of which she said was to be found in what the fugitive left behind him. Then she argued there was no use staying alone, cut off from human habitation and questioned what would become of them suppose he were, for instance, to become blind and no neighbours being near at hand unluckily to be helpful to them.

Mistrusting his wife to a certain degree the man replied :

' Where I am there I shall remain and, notwithstanding the disadvantage you speak of, I shall still sing and maintain you as well as myself here without changing my habitation.' Sending for the stringed instrument, he began to play on it and to sing on it with both eyes shut as if he had become blind already. This was what the faithless woman expected ; for in a trice the gay Lothario or the gallant escaped, making the *Marwadi* not a whit wiser for his song and the careful isolation of his wife.

No. 38. THE GIRL OF THE WOODLANDS, HER BROTHERS AND THE RAKSHASA

A GIRL had seven brothers. She had neither father nor mother. Near their house in touch with the forest there grew a sandalwood tree. The brothers after tending the sheep would come to the house and say : 'O sister dear ! Pray open the door. We your seven brothers Lakshmaya, Butchaya, Chittaya, Kautaya, Varadhaya, Mamaya and Pothaya have come.' Whereupon the girl would come out and minister to their wants.

Things went on pleasantly and smoothly for a considerable time ; sister and brothers lived happily together. But one day the stock of firewood ran out in the house and the girl went briskly to the forest to find firewood. Having succeeded, she returned but was watched by a wicked *Rakshasa* who told her husband on his return. 'O dear, dear, there was a very beautiful girl here. If you could get hold of her and eat her, I am sure, you will become possessed of beauty such as hers.' Highly pleased at the bait the *Rakshasa* without losing time traced the house by the *godhamooloo* (thrown along the track by the girl so as not to lose her way) and learning how the house opened to the brothers, went to the place smacking his lips one day and spoke thus : 'O sister dear ! Pray open the door, open the door. We your seven brothers have come.' But the girl thought within herself 'One of my brothers gives out their name (which the ogre forgot) always and I do not know the reason of their departure from the rule this time. Further, the voice of the person asking me to open the door on behalf of my brothers was like that of one of my brothers it is true, but the persons might not be my brothers. May be enemies, who knows ?' And hardly had these thoughts

crossed the mind of the girl than the sandalwood tree spoke : ' Do not open the door, O *Siromani*. It is not your brothers but an enemy.' Confirmed in her suspicions, the girl did not open the door.

The *Rakshasa* cut down the tree and again spoke: ' O sister dear ! Pray open the door. We your seven brothers have come. Open the door.'

This time the root spoke : ' Do not open the door, O *Siromani*. It is not your brothers but an enemy,' and the girl did not open the door.

Thus frustrated in his attempt, the *Rakshasa* covering the root with mud placed a nail on the door step in great anger and went on his way.

Shortly afterwards came the real brothers and addressed their sister, ' O sister dear ! Pray open the door. We your seven brothers Lakshmaya, Butchaya, Chittaya, Kautaya, Varadhaya, Mamaya and Pothaya have come. Open the door.' To this the root of the sandalwood tree also seconded: ' They are your brothers. Do open the door.' The girl came and opened and put her right foot on the doorstep, and in that instant the nail imbedded itself in her foot and she became so ill that nothing could bring her round.

When she was expiring, she requested her brothers not to cremate or bury her body but to put it in a glass case and suspend it to a tree. The brothers acceded to her wishes. Their grief for their deceased sister was so poignant that they broke up their home ; followed different professions ; and left for foreign countries in their broken-heartedness.

Now to the forest there came a king to hunt and, accidentally seeing the glass case, had it brought down and opened and what was his surprise to find the corpse of a lovely girl in her teens, still fresh and showing no

signs whatever of corruption. He carried it to his palace and admired the beauty of the girl's form for a number of days and one day, seeing something in one of her tiny soft feet, the king drew it out and wonder of wonders ! the girl came to life.

In course of time the king, allured by the graces of the sylvan beauty, married her amidst the rejoicings of his subjects in the sumptuous feasts he provided, the grand *nautches* he arranged and the splendid fireworks side by side with illuminations resembling day, he got up for them on the verge of beautiful sheets of crystal water close to his highly charming summer-house. He was enjoying conjugal happiness, when one day came the queen's brother who had become a bangle-seller. Taking one of her hands he began putting bangles on to her wristlets, when the tears began to flow down his cheeks. The queen asked the cause of this and he replied : 'O sovereign lady ! Your hand is exactly like the hand of my deceased sister. ' So I could not restrain myself from weeping.' Upon which the queen made him tell his life's story. He did so, and she finding it her own, embraced this long-lost brother whom and the others she thought to be dead and wept for joy. Soon afterwards, the other six brothers also were found because of the diligent enquiries caused to be made in countries far and near by the king at the renewed entreaties of his loving wife, whose mind was now set at rest and her joy complete. Here there is the acme of connubial bliss—the *Rani* with her loving husband and her sweet newly-born babe together with her seven brothers holding lucrative posts in the State under their royal brother-in-law and I am here. The queen gave me a silk *sari* and *khuncholi* when I went to her and I have just returned.

No. 39. THE FAKEER'S DAUGHTER AND THE WICKED QUEEN

A POOR *fakeer* had a daughter. To their house a *fakeer* poorer still would come and beg and receive alms occasionally. One day the girl was preparing *keer* and this *fakeer* came and rending earth and heavens by his cries for alms at length concluded thus :—

'This is the first place this day in which I have asked alms. I must get here or I shall not get anywhere. Besides I have to go to four or five houses more. Don't keep me waiting.' Upon this the girl's temper became uncontrollable and she, taking a ladleful of the burning hot *keer* from the pan, poured it on the head of the beggar saying: 'Here, take it, you thankless wretch;' and the result was a blister of monstrous size on the *fakeer's* hand.

This blister the angels from heaven warned the *fakeer* in a dream not to interfere with in any way whatsoever. And wonder of wonders ! at the end of nine months it burst and out of it popped a sweet-complexioned infant who first of all asked for nourishment. In course of time she grew and became so beautiful a maiden that none excelled her in beauty in the whole realm.

Now one day the *Rani* of the place saw her and greatly struck by her transcendent beauty reasoned with herself thus : 'I am indeed not beautiful. The beauty of my face is not to be compared with that of the girl's left foot. I am sure the *Raja* would discard me or I shall fall from his estimation if he comes across her some day. So I must do away with her.' With this resolution she sent some of her servants who interrogated the girl :

'Who are you ?'



. . . . THE CORPSE, FRESH AND BLOOMING, OF A GIRL OF HIGH VIRGINAL BEAUTY

To face p. 97

'I am the motherless daughter of a poor *fakeer*' was the reply.

'Give us that carcanet of jewels glittering on your neck.'

'O sirs, I would not part with it; it is so dear to me.'

But they took it by force in accordance with their mistress' instructions and gave it to her. She exulted for already she knew that in it was bound up the life of the poor girl who died the instant it was hung up in the queen's room.

Again the *fakeer* was warned in a dream not to bury her but to lay her in an adjoining forest under a sandalwood tree with the blue vault of heaven for a covering. He accordingly did so; and where she was laid there grew in profusion flower trees of many kinds, of varied hues and rich odours all in full bloom: mere nature could not have beautified a place in such a manner. The perfumes were felt for miles around and the Raja of the place, who came to hunt in the forest on this side on one occasion, attracted by the very strong and most sweetly agreeable perfumes that ever were, came to the spot where the sandalwood tree was. He was surprised beyond measure and could not help exclaiming, 'O what a place! nature so luxurious and delectable,' and seeing a number of attractive *beedas* lying by the side of what he found to be the corpse fresh and blooming of a girl of high virginal beauty, said to himself, 'What, if I take a *beeda* and chew it?' Hardly had he taken it and wondered at the queen of beauty than there appeared before him four invisible *paris* guarding the enclosure. They took hold of the *Raja* by the hand and asked:—

'O *Raja*, you really mean to eat the *beeda*, you?'

'Yes,' said he.

'Then go and fetch that carcanet of jewels hung up

in your wife's room.' He brought it ; and the dead girl came to life and herself offered the *beeda* to the *Raja* and the couple were united together by the *paris* chanting the bridal song.

The new queen is there with her royal husband, the old queen having paid the extreme penalty of the law for her crime ; we are here. Now go and come again ; my story is at an end.

No. 40. THE KING, HIS SUFFERINGS AND VOW

ONCE upon a time there was a despotic king. On one occasion he sent forth a decree that each and every one of his subjects should send in their daughters to the palace on their reaching the twelfth year. Need it be said that the words of the decree were complied with of course with all seeming gladness ; for the arbitrary nature of the bestial man had passed into a proverb. But all the same the people looked with horror and indignation upon this wholesale disregard for the virtue of their daughters' honour. When they could endure it no longer, they summoned all their courage and not afraid of their lives had recourse to a stratagem. The stratagem was that they selected a sprightly and middle-aged woman from the courtesan class suffering from bubo, syphilis and gonorrhœa and what not, and passing her off for a virgin daughter of theirs sent her into the palace.

The result was, that the king found himself the unenviable possessor of the cruel venereal diseases. Aware of this but with a view to taunt, the minister came and said: 'O king! will you be pleased to hold a *darbar* ?' 'There is a regular *darbar* here ' replied the king. Such was the excruciating pains he suffered that, without losing a minute, he sent for his mother and made a vow that

henceforth he would look upon other men's daughters as his own sisters. That vow he had kept to the end of his life, sensuous though he had been. The people also congratulated themselves that their stratagem had borne such good fruit.

No. 41. THE GIRL, THE LINGA AND THE WONDERFUL GIFT

In a certain city there was a Hindu temple of great architectural beauty but there was no deity in it. This mattered not to the king's daughter who used to go and make her circumambulations of the edifice perhaps with no seriousness or piety. Following in her footsteps, a common girl would go and make *pradakshina* reverentially three times. This done she would fall to her work of pounding rice, for which purpose she used to take with her *rolloo rokali* from her mother-in-law's house.

This had continued for some time when one day there came a *Linga*—we do not know whence it came—and caught hold of the *Athintee-Kodaloo's* feet and said :

'I am extremely pleased with you, girl, ask any boon and it shall be granted unto you.'

The bewildered girl summoned all her courage and reverentially asked : 'O *Swaminada*, if it pleases You, grant that I may see the passing away of the soul of man.'

Soon after the boon was conferred, an opulent man, who had enjoyed the eight pleasures, died. The girl saw his soul hanging on to a tree after leaving the body with great reluctance and shed tears, profusely thinking within herself 'It is because of the sweets enjoyed in life that the soul is so unwilling to go away completely from the body.'

Now this shedding of tears was observed by the girl's brother-in-law and reported to her husband. The man at once suspected her of infidelity and little knowing her sympathetic nature or remembering her little experience of the world, called his wife and roared out :

'Why did you shed tears ?'

'For nothing' was the reply.

'You call this nothing. Explain yourself or worse will befall you.'

'You will repent of it.'

'I do not care.'

The girl explained herself fully for fear of receiving bad treatment at the hands of her husband. And then (would you believe it ?) her head was shattered into thousand pieces. This was because of her revealing God's *maya* or illusion.

No. 42. KABEERDASS AND KALIDASS

KABEERDASS was very anxious to see Kalidass and Kalidass in turn was anxious to see Kabeerdass, but for some reason or other they could not for a long time come to a meeting. However, Kabeerdas, one day, started on his way and so tired was he, the way being so long, that he asked an ass to take him. Simultaneously Kalidass also started and he too getting tired asked a wall to take him. The one on an ass and the other on a wall, Kabeerdass and Kalidass, met each other and, having asked their respective *vahanas* to retire, they fell to talking together for hours on things spiritual and on things material.

No. 43. THE PRINCE AND THE DECEITFUL HOSPICE-KEEPER

A CERTAIN king had seven sons. All of them had married except the youngest. This last son said one day,

'Father, father, I would like to go to distant countries and select a girl for myself, the most beautiful I can find, and then marry her.' So, taking with him as much money as would be sufficient, he started. In course of time, reaching a strange country he passed the night at a *Paidharalloo Peddammah's* paying a *vara* for the lodging.

'Whence come you, my son ?' said the *Paidharalloo Peddammah.*

'I come from a distant country.'

'May I know the object of your coming ?'

'I want to select a most beautiful girl (to wed) as red as *guriginja*, as straight as a *Koodhuru*, possessing a waist like that of a wasp, and with no defect either in the hands or feet.'

'I have a daughter such as you describe. Do not be anxious,' said the woman.

Easily taken in by the bait, the prince made over all the money he had to the *Paidharalloo Peddammah* who, on receiving it, brought a covered cage into which she had put previously a rat, and said : 'Here is your bride. Do not open the cage till you reach your home and are in your room.'

He laid up her injunctions in his mind, took the cage and in due course reached his home and what was his surprise on opening it to find a rat come out and ran up a wall ! This becoming known to his parents and relations he was covered with shame and confusion and his sisters-in-law found occasion to taunt him by addressing their mother-in-law thus :

'O *utta*, *utta*, why should we sweep your son's room ? Why should we plaster it now your son's wife has come ? Why don't you tell her to do it ?'

The Deepavali festival has now come when the houses require a thorough whitewashing ; and the prince was

sorrowfully meditating when with the onomatopoetic sound of *kich, kich*, down came the rat and said :

'O Prince, do not be sorry. Let the *chunam* be brought and I will whitewash your room.' Saying so, the rat humbly entreated the assistance of its community which was promptly given. The rats dipped themselves in the *chunam*-pots duly brought and ran up the walls in all directions. Thus was the room whitewashed.

Some time after this, the sisters-in-law again clamoured teasing the young bride, 'Mother-in-law, why don't you send your youngest daughter-in-law to fetch water ? Our necks have become quite sore.' Again the prince was filled with sorrow. Again the rat came and said : 'O Prince, do not be sorry but send for a brass vessel.'

With the help of its race the rat had the vessel which was brought in duly carried to the adjoining well. The vessel was filled but to what purpose. It could not be brought up even by the united exertions of the whole rat-tribe. Upon which our rat set up a wailing : 'O Prince, I really pity you. It is I who am the cause of your being in this trouble, not you.'

Now this weeping and wailing fell on the sympathetic ears of *Parvati* in the *Kalkigandhari rathri* or middle of the night, who at once said to *Parameshwara* who sat beside her : 'O Lord, do get up, get up. I hear cries of distress. Let us go and enquire.' So they went and enquired and the rat unfolded the complete tale of woe, saying '*O Aya, O Amma*, for the sake of getting a partner the poor prince spent all the money he had and I was given unto him. That *Paidharalloo Peddammah* deceived him out and out. His melancholy has no bounds. When I could not relieve his distress even a little of it with all the efforts of my race in order to avoid the sisters-in-law's

jeering to which the prince is subjected I set up a loud lamentation.'

Hearing this sad tale, *Parameshwara* at once turned the rodent into a girl of twelve summers with *andhailoo*, *moorwooloo*, *pavadaloo* and other female paraphernalia and gay clothes on. Beautified thus, she entered the house with a brass vessel on her head; the husband in an ecstasy of delight fell into a swoon.

In due course, the prince's wedding was celebrated with great splendour and rejoicing and ere long he ascended the throne of his father because of his deserts which now began to shine forth more than those of his six brothers. In his country now he is prosperous and enjoying every comfort coupled with happiness with his wife, his aged parents, his brothers and his sisters-in-law who by the by now gave up taunting him because of his having brought a really charming woman for wife ; and we are drinking here *conjee* water. Now go ; the night has far advanced.

No. 44. THE BRAHMIN, THE OILMAN AND THE PROSTITUTE

In a certain country there lived a Brahmin who used to go on his begging rounds and get uncooked rice more than his wants. Whatever was required he would keep and convert the rest into cash. In this manner he made much money and laid it by.

One day he confronted a prostitute to whom he put the query : ' Has any one employed you or will you allow yourself to be employed by any one? ' Being told in reply that she was open to an engagement, he instantly paid her fifty rupees and went into the bazaar.

Here at an oilman's, he purchased two pice worth of oil but hardly had he left the shop when he stumbled

against a slab spilling the oil. Looking at this the oil-man humourously observed, 'O oil has become cheap!' and the Brahmin, seriously thinking that oil really had become cheap, broke the 500 pots of oil arranged in the shop, spilling the contents. Whereupon the oil-man filed a suit against him with the *Kotwal* for damage, but for some reason or other the case was dismissed. Again, at another shop the Brahmin purchased two pice worth of oil and reaching home took a good *nulgu* bath and wearing a silk-bordered *pancha* or *dhoti* and gold laced *angavasthram* went to the prostitute's.

The prostitute received him with open arms. Nevertheless it took her two hours to bathe, two hours to dress and it was five o'clock in the morning before she sat beautified and dressed on the cot beside the Brahmin.

Said the prostitute throwing her arms round the Brahmin's neck, 'O Lover, do tell me a story.'

'What story may I tell you, dear? from Bhagavatam, Bharadhum or Ramayanam.'

'Tell a story from the Ramayanam.'

'There are seven *Kandas* (cantos) in Ramayanam. Balakanda, Ayodhyakanda, Sundarakanda, Yudhakanda, Aranyakanda and Utharakanda. From what kanda may I tell?'

'From the Yudhakanda.'

'What part?'

'That part relating to the burning of Lanka by Anjanayulu.'

'May I narrate that part or show it in realism or give a realistic picture of it?'

'Show it in realism or give a realistic picture as you think best.'

Hearing this, the Brahmin took a valuable *koka* or *sari* and igniting or burning a portion of it applied to the

prostitute's house. It was the month of Vaisakh when everything is dry and easily takes fire ; and the house, costing many hundreds of rupees, was burnt to ashes in the twinkling of an eye together with the valuable property in jewellery and clothes, etc., which it contained.

Filliping his fingers, singing the song of the burning of Lanka by Hanuman, he went on his way ; and the prostitute without losing time preferred a suit with the magistrate against him, and the suit like the previous one was dismissed and the Brahmin got off this time too (without burning his body).

Evidently the oilman and the prostitute were not satisfied with the decisions arrived at in the courts which were said to have been regularly constituted and, unanimously agreeing that their cases would be favourably settled in a State Court, they went to the Brahmin and said :

'O Brahmin, will you come to the Native State thirty stages hence so that we may have our cases resettled ; for certainly we have been wronged.'

'*Ganga nainu ranoo*' replied he at once and, considering a little, said : 'If you pay me five rupees per stage and you, prostitute, allow me to spend my time in your company, then I may make up my mind to go with you.'

The oilman and the prostitute consenting to the terms, the Brahmin started with them taking with him his *vankara kurra*, *panchapatra*, *chemboo* and *vootharaini*. In course of time they reached the Native State and losing no time started for the royal court. As they neared it, the Brahmin said : 'I am not going to move a step further until I am given the oilman's silk-bordered *dhoti*.' This was given ; for both the prostitute and the oilman knew what kind of man he would turn out to be if refused. Stylishly wearing it, our hero went to the first mounted guard

followed by the prostitute and the oilman, and the sentry taking them for a troupe or company of strolling Bhagavatam players or minstrels, the Brahmin being the manager, the prostitute the dancer and singer and the oilman the *sanaykadu*, asked the manager what remuneration he would give for letting them in. 'Half of what I get' was the ready reply ; and with similar promises to the seven rows of sentinels they got access to the royal court.

Erelong the king came. The complaint was lodged. The hearing was fixed and the oilman called on a certain day when the Brahmin beckoned to the king pointing two fingers, and the king suspecting that two thousand rupees were offered dismissed the suit. When the prostitute was called, again the Brahmin made a sign pointing three fingers and the king suspecting that three thousand rupees were now offered, dismissed the suit also.

Now the Brahmin exculpated from all the charges, the king asked him of the promised sum, Rs. 5,000. 'I have not even a *torri gavva* (broken shell) with me replied he. I only meant that the oilman be fined Rs. 200 and the prostitute Rs. 300.'

Accepting this as an empty excuse and frowning his brow, the king sentenced the Brahmin to receive fifty lashes till the back was lacerated and bled.

Coolly accepting this, His Majesty's pleasure, the delinquent Brahmin said:

'If it pleases Your Majesty, I have a very humble request to make.'

'What is it ? Say on,' rejoined the king.

The request is, Your Majesty, that I gave my *vaku dathem* or solemn promise to the first guard that I shall give him half of what I get here ; in the same manner

half of what I get to the second ; half of what I get to the third ; half of what I get to the fourth ; half of what I get to the fifth ; half of what I get to the sixth and half of what I get to the seventh. As the three *dathams* —*manodatham*, *dhanna datham* and *vaku datham*—are sacred, not to say binding, and these cannot be violated or retracted, I earnestly entreat of Your Majesty to divide the reward evenly between the guards and myself.

Laughing in his sleeves the king admired the man for the cunning tricks displayed and sent him away with presents revoking his order of punishment.

Thus was our hero a gainer. Besides these presents he had, as already stated, amassed Rs. 150 for travelling 300 miles ; *achhapatra* or doles of rice in the villages or towns visited and favours gratis at the hands of the prostitute who, being not 'righted,' now took three handfuls of earth and putting on the *Suryanarayana*, cursed the Brahmin, the magistrate and the king. As for the oilman he kept quiet feeling the loss in his mind. Now go (and come) your house is distant. The clouds are gathering in the high heavens (rain expected of course) and your food might be getting cool.

No. 45. THE IMPOVERISHED MERCHANT AND THE FICKLE-MINDED WIFE

THERE was once a certain merchant who suffered a reverse of fortune and became so poor that it was with great difficulty he maintained his wife and himself. One day, however, he was so unsuccessful that he could not get anything even to buy a morsel of bread and he told this to his wife. Perfectly chaste as she had been the woman did not know what to do as hunger was getting the better of her, but being possessed of great beauty and personal attraction she, as if she lost her head at the

moment, went to where young gallants congregate with a view to attract their attention, but they did not care a bit for her. Completely humiliated at the frustration of her object though she had stooped so low, she was returning dejectedly wholly absorbed in her thoughts when some one pulled her *sari* aside and disappeared. She did not understand the meaning and this so worked in her mind that the woman made a clean breast of the whole affair to her husband.

'O dear, dear,' he said, 'I understand the whole thing now. It is because of my not having lusted after women that strange men did not lust after you. I remember vividly having pulled aside the *sari* of a woman. So you see that your *sari* was pulled aside, your chastity remaining untouched even though you offered yourself.'

Before long God favoured the ex-merchant and he became as rich as *Kubera*. His wife shared his prosperity but she always blamed herself for her weakness.

No. 46. THE SILLY MERCHANT

A MERCHANT finishing his business in the shop one day went home and found his wife in an ocean of grief. He asked her the cause. She would not tell him. Again he asked her the cause and then with tears in her eyes she said, 'O dear ! dear ! when you were out, a man pulled aside my *sari*.' The merchant was stunned when he himself, it is strange to relate, pulled aside another man's wife's *sari* at that very hour and reflected on the wise 'it is because of my having pulled the *sari* of another man's wife my wife's *sari* was pulled.' And he told so to his wife when she grieved the more saying, 'I would to God you have not committed that piece of indiscretion and allowed the undue blemish to be attached to me even when I am dead and turned to dust.'

No. 47. THE KING AND THE THREE OLD MEN

IN a certain country there was a king. Like all other ordinary mortals, he had gone the way of all flesh ; and funeral ceremonies were performed over him by the son who now ascended the throne.

The young king naturally opened the treasury with a view to know what it contained and, side by side with silver, gold and precious stones, he came across massive lumps of something resembling gold but *not* gold. These piqued his curiosity and sending for the *mantri* said :—

'*O mantri, mantri,* will you kindly tell me what these lumps are ?'

'I do not know, your Majesty' replied the *mantri*, 'but there is an old man here who might tell you what they are.'

The old man (his age was 100 years) was summoned and he came in a palanquin sent for the purpose. To him the king put the question :—

'O old man, do you know anything about this lump ?' showing him one of the lumps.

'I do not know myself,' replied the old man, 'but my father might tell.'

The old man's father (his age was 200 years) was summoned and he came riding on a horse that had been sent out for the purpose; and the king asked him showing him one of the lumps.

'O old man, do you know anything in the matter ?'

'I do not know,' replied the second old man, 'but perhaps my father will explain.'

The second old man's father was summoned and he came on foot without making use of the State carriage sent for him. In the same manner the king questioned

him showing him all the lumps ' O old man, do you know what these lumps are.'

' Yes, Sir, I know,' replied he. ' In your great-grandfather's time a heavy famine fell on the land carrying off thousands of men. This adversity was followed by an extraordinary and very rich harvest, a single grain of wheat weighing three quarters of a seer, and this sufficient to feed three or four persons, and these lumps are single grain apiece of that time.

' I see,' said the king; but struck by the extreme age of the old man, he asked :

' What is your age, Sir?'

' My age is 300 years, Your Majesty.'

' How did you come to such an old age, keeping still splendid health when all other inhabitants of earth are locked in the eternal sleep of death.'

' Because of my having indulged in pleasure once in two years ' replied the old man.

Turning to the old man's son, the king put the question:

' O old man, what is your age ? '

' My age is 200 years, Your Majesty.'

' How did you attain to that age when all the others are lying in the grave.'

' Because of my having indulged in pleasure once a year ' replied the old man.

Turning now to the second old man's son, the king put the question.

' O old man, what is your age ? '

' My age is 100 years, Your Majesty ' replied the old man.

' How did you come to that age ? '

' Because of my having indulged in pleasure once a week ' replied the old man.

This set the king athinking, but we do not know whether he shaped his course so as to prolong his life as these old men (whom he dismissed with presents mightily pleased) have done, surrounded as he was by pleasures and temptations of the court.

No. 48. THE KING AND THE SHEPHERD

THERE was once a pretty well off shepherd tending his sheep. A certain Mahomedan king on his way to the verdant grazing ground one pleasant summer morning espying him, held up one of his fingers inasmuch as to say that there is only one God. But the shepherd, thinking this to mean that one sheep was required by the man, held up two fingers, declaring in his magnanimity that he would present not one but two sheep ; but the king inferring from the sign that there is one God and one Prophet, Mahomed, sent for the shepherd through the Vazeer and gave him a liberal *largesse*.

Such is the world : one understanding one thing and the other another thing ; and there are always two interpretations of one thing—one a good and the other a bad one.

No. 49. ELLAYI AND MULLAYI

THERE used to meet at a tavern every evening two individuals of the names of Ellayi and Mullayi. Under the influence of wine Ellayi would say : 'I shall build a house and take contracts,' and Mullayi would say 'I shall open a shop and amass money' and so forth. But hardly had the day dawned than they would go to their respective callings, forgetting everything they had talked about over their glasses. When they met again the next evening and

intoxicated themselves they would carry on their conversation in the same tenor.

'Oon' (ಊ) says the listener.

What oon (ಊ)? Neither the one ever built a house nor the other ever opened a shop or did anything of the kind they boasted to do.

The moral of this story is: People say: 'We promise to do this thing and that' but like Ellayi and Mullayi they do not do anything. They follow some calling: humble or otherwise and pass away just as they had come leaving no trace whatever behind them.

No. 50. THE KING AND THE DERVISH

ONCE a dervish went to a king and said: 'O king, what would you give if you were dying from extreme thirst in a waste sandy desert where oases real and unreal are few and far between, any one offered you a glass of water.'

'Half of my kingdom, to be sure' replied the king.

'Well, then, what would you give if when you are obstructed from passing eurine any one by virtue of his drugs makes you to ease yourself even by one drop' asked the dervish again.

'Half of my kingdom' said the king.

'So, if your kingdom,' concluded the dervish, 'is worth only a cup of water to allay your thirst and a bit of drug making you to relieve yourself, then that kingdom is quite worthless. Come away and turn a dervish and give your nights and days to your Creator who is more than your kingdom and you and yours on this sinful earth.'

Need it be said that the thoughtful king renounced his kingdom and became a dervish, a dervish of the true type.

No. 51. THE KING AND THE BARBER

In a certain country there was a king who was never known to suffer from ailments or send for a physician. This fact had reached the adjoining countries and a barber, well versed in all the tricks belonging to his race, said within himself : 'O I shall make the king unwell and afterwards make him better and reap a harvest of reward.' He said this nor did he stop here, but went to the king's metropolis in due time and cried: 'Lo ! here a barber come from a distant country. Never was a barber who could shave so smoothly and painlessly and beautifully well.' This excited the king's surprise and he called the man to shave him, but greater was his wonderment when he found that the barber dilly-dallied, shaving here and shampooing there, paring finger-nails at one moment, paring toe-nails at another moment and trimming moustaches at the third. But when the breakfast hour came, the king took some pounded *nulgoo*, put it in his mouth and drank a little water ; and this was not calculated upon by the barber. For it was by the breach of regularity in meals, that he strongly thought of making the king unwell. Foiled and frustrated in his attempts however, he came home blaming his destiny.

The lesson is that if we are regular and punctual and abstemious in regard to food we shall never become ill.

No. 52. THE CROW AND ITS YOUNG

There was a crow. She had four young ones. Every day she was accustomed to go out to gather insects and,

standing before the nest, would say calling the names of the young birds :

'O Dwiya Gambeera, do open the door.
O Lachanna Raghurama, do open the door.
O Pekkev Sundari, do open the door.
O Pairay Ramannah, do open the door.'

On this the birdies would open the door and receive their mother who would then minister to their wants, young and half-fledged as they were. This had continued for some time and things went on well.

Now one day, another bird, a strong adversary of the crow, went in the absence of the mother-bird to the nest and in a feigned voice said :—

'O Dwiya Gambeera, do open the door.
O Lachanna Raghurama, do open the door.
O Pekkev Sundari, do open the door.
O Pairay Ramannah, do open the door.'

The birdies hearing the voice and inferring that their mother had come, opened the door ; and at once they were pounced upon and eaten. Soon after the mother-bird returned and knocked at the door, but to no purpose ; the evidence that her offspring fell a prey was before her eyes in the tiny feathers strewn here and there on the ground. Her grief was inconsolable ; so that she went straight to an adjoining well and there branded herself on the right of the neck exclaiming 'Dwiya Gambeera, branded on the left, exclaiming Lachanna Raghurama; again branding herself on the right exclaimed Pekkev Sundari, branding on the left exclaimed Pairay Ramannah. This done she threw herself into the well and was no more.

No. 53. THE YOUNG MAN, THE POLICE OFFICIAL AND THE BER TREE

A CERTAIN well-to-do man knowing that his end had drawn nigh sent for his son and said : 'My son, I shall now leave you for the bourne from which I came ; but, before doing so, I want to lay two injunctions on you. The one is, that you will not under any circumstances plant a bèr tree in front of the house; the other is that you will not cultivate friendship with a police man.' So saying, the man died and funeral ceremonies were performed over him by the son.

Believing in the wisdom and vast worldly experience of his father, the son laid his father's advice to his heart and observed it scrupulously for a time; but as time further sped, the young man became sceptical and set aside the last words of his parent and planted a Bèr tree and cultivated the friendship of a police man.

About this time a robbery took place in the town and suspicion, strange to say, fell on the young man; and the person deputed to trace the crime was the very police man, the friend of the young man, who abruptedly entered the suspected house, examined it in and out and found nothing. Still he had the young man dragged along to the tribunal without evincing even the least friendly feelings for him, friend though he was; and while he was being so dragged along, his turban came in contact with the thorny branches of the Bèr tree and came down to the ground to his great shame before an assembled crowd.

In due course the case was called and, despite the concoctions of the police official to bring home the charge to the young man, the young man was acquitted. All the same his reputation was gone, his father's injunctions passing through the crucible and showing their truthfulness.

Henceforward the young man had nothing to do with police functionaries and, as regards the thistle tree, it was chopped down and used as firewood.

No. 54. THE WOMAN, HER LAWFUL HUSBAND AND HER PARAMOUR

'Kathalunni yatha layai
Kapuram rendoo ayai
Ninna sachhina koondhailoo
Nâitiki koora ayai.'

'WHAT is it? Tell me,' said a narrator repeating the above lines when asked to tell a tale. Inability being expressed to solve the riddle, the narrator explained :—

There was a man and wife. The woman was unchaste or inconstant and was carrying on. When she was with her paramour one night, the lawful husband unexpectedly knocked at the door, and quick as thought, the woman got up and hid the former and, receiving the latter, ministered to his wants and went to sleep by his side as if nothing had happened. This was not so coolly taken by her lover ; so coming up from the hiding place he killed her lawful husband on the spot.

This dead man, he took to the place of execution without making the least stir and, casting a noose round his neck, left him dangling from the gallows as if he had hanged himself ; and taking the deceased man's wife he lived with her as her married husband, the woman, of course, was privy to all this mischief.

Now to this hanging-place, some time after, came the woman to collect fuel or gather firewood, but what was her surprise to find a hare killed underneath the corpse of her real husband which had got loose from the dangling position and coming down, as it did, evidently crushed the

hare attracted to the spot to browse on the green grass growing there in profusion. Suppressing her surprise, she took home the hare with all possible haste so as to avoid suspicion and made curry of ; and when her newly-made husband and herself had partaken of it she repeated the words :—

' Kathalunni yatha layai
Kapuram rendoo ayai
Ninna sachhina koondhailoo
Nâitiki koora ayai
Kundhailuni champinavadu sachhi
Nâitiki aru nailaloo ayai '

in exemplification of her own case.

' Do you now understand the riddle ? ' asked the narrator of the listener. Now go for the present.

Translation

Stories all have become sorrowful matters.
Two had been (my) married lives.
The hare that died yesterday
Has this day become (our) curry.
The man who killed the hare
Died six months ago.

No. 55. THE MELON-PLANTER AND THE JACKALS

On the sands of a river-bank a man reared up water melons. At nights, nay in open daylight, packs of jackals used to make depredations and destroy the fruits wholesale. Becoming quite disgusted, the poor man did not know what to do for a time but at last resolved to send his daughter of tender years to watch in the daytime

at least. The cunning jackals, on the first day however, inveigled the little girl by saying that they would search for lice on her head; and when some were pretending to do this, others were digging a hole saying that that was to put the lice in; and in this very hole they buried the girl and went their way, of course, after making depredations.

In due time the father (or melon-planter) came and missing the girl shouted :

'O daughter, where are you?'

'Underneath your feet' was the reply.

Looking in all directions about him and not finding his daughter, the man again shouted :—

'O daughter, where are you?'

'Underneath your feet' again came the reply.

Whereupon he scraped underneath his feet and found his daughter alive.

Reclaimed and recovered in this miraculous manner, the girl again regularly kept watch and the jackals were greatly checked in their depredations, but at the same time were thinking of ways and means to be at liberty as before.

The melon-planter also on his part was not idle : he was maturing plans to torture the jackals or destroy them altogether. Soon one occasion he muffled himself up in a blanket and sat under a lonely bush without making the least stir. The jackals, took him for a beehive and one of them put his tail into the hive. The melon-planter took hold of it and pulled it off. In like manner all the jackals put in their tails and to their chagrin and shame lost them.

Feeling the loss of their tails keenly, the jackals made their way to the *Pillaiyar Swami's* temple and prayed : 'O God, if you be so gracious as to cause the death of the melon-planter, we will kill a sheep and offer it to

you as a sacrifice.' This prayer was continued for some days and the melon-planter observed the jackals go to the temple daily and was curious to know what they went for. So one day he went to the temple secretly, remained hidden behind the *Vigraha*, and watched, when the jackals came and, to his surprise, ejaculated: 'O God, if you would be so gracious as to cause the death of the melon-planter, we shall kill a fat sheep and offer it to you as a sacrifice.' The melon-planter, without being excited, answered: 'Your prayer is heard and granted.' Whereupon the jackals went away rejoicing, and when actually the melon-planter had not made his appearance in the field, they considered him dead and killed a fat sheep and offered *naiwaidhya* and laid platters for themselves. All of a sudden they thought themselves unclean and at once ran to the river bank to bathe.

Now at this juncture the melon-planter came and removed the greater portion of the food which the platters in a row contained; and putting dirt in every one of the platter, and covering it with small quantity of food, remained behind the *Vigraha*. Meanwhile, the jackals returned after their ablutions and one of them went to the platter and smelling dirt, remarked: 'I smell dirt, I smell dirt,' when all the jackals said: 'Hush! don't say that, don't say that. Eat, eat.' Another went to his platter and in the same way said: 'O, I smell dirt, I smell dirt,' when again in one voice all the jackals exclaimed: 'Hush! O don't say that, don't say that. Irreverence. Eat, eat.' On this all the jackals without raising any complaint began doing justice to the dirty meal before them, when, from the back of the *Vigraha*, came the melon-planter with a stout cudgel and mercilessly belaboured the jackals. They escaped, however, with their lives through the door left ajar.

Though escaped, their desire for revenge became the greater ; and their depredations were so bad that the poor melon-planter was at a loss as how to get rid of the pest for a long time. But at last he hit upon a plan. He spread a net on the precise melon-growing spot and the jackals on their first visit were caught in its folds. The melon-planter now took them to the sea and drowned them one by one and thus rid himself of the pest. Ever since he has flourished.

No. 56. THE SEVEN PRINCES AND THE FAIRIES

In a certain country there was a king. He had seven sons. One day they expressed a wish to go on an hunting excursion and the royal father gave his consent saying : 'My dear sons, I would advise you to go to three directions but at the same time exhort you not to familiarize yourself with the fourth direction even to the extent of one square *angula* of ground. It is so surcharged with perils.' The young men at the time promised to follow the advice and after preparation set out—where do you think ?—for the very direction which had been forbidden. Their confabulation came to this only ; for youth is such. It minds not perils nor sets value on parental counsel.

It was not long before they came across a deer in the forbidden country, and to it they gave chase with unparalleled ardour all the day long but could not brought to bay ; and the night began to throw its mantle of darkness on the landscape around and still the sportsmen, who had not tasted of such sweet pleasure before, pursued the animal and when they saw it enter a river they also entered it on their chargers unmindful of the waters, when in place of the illusive deer lo and behold seven *Kanyakaloo!*

Their beauty was such that even the heavenly *apsaras* bowed their heads in inferiority and *Brahma* expressed his inability to create so fair forms emitting the sweetest of perfumes from their braided soft jet-black hair covered tastefully in circlets with the immaculate *mullai pushpamulu* typical of their inward virgin chastity.

These princes the sweet imps took to their palatial mansions abounding in luxuries and saw to their comforts besides delighting them in every conceivable way. Young and susceptible to influences of love and finding all that was good in their charming hostesses, the princes married them *a la Gandharva*.

Surrounded by every pleasure and comfort the princes stayed with their wives for a considerable time. During the period the youngest prince ever and anon observed his wife weeping irrepressively on every occasion, such as the bringing in of meals, offering water to wash hands and feet, but did not understand nor did he ask his wife the reason of it. Simultaneously, one day the princes all asked permission of their wives to see their brother's faces which, they said, they had not seen since the marriage immersed as they were in pleasure and happiness, and when this was accorded the youngest brother naturally spoke:

'O brothers, your sister-in-law now and then weeps bitterly. Do my sisters-in-law also weep as she does?'

'No, no,' replied the brothers, 'they do not weep. It is very strange. Her sisters might be upbraiding her for some cause or other. Or there might be other reasons. Do enquire and let us know whether good or bad.'

Accordingly the prince when he found his wife again weeping asked:—

'O dear wife, my short-statured wife, why do you weep? What are you afraid of? Do tell me, your

husband as I am and sworn to be such before the goddess in the temple, and you will have no cause to rue it.'

'O my dear lord,' replied the wife, 'I am not anxious for myself—a woman who might as well have been born a tree in the forest—but for yourself and your brothers. Spell-bound as I am by your love, I am veritably your slave. For the true love I bear you, I do not wish that harm to the extent of a mustard seed should befall my husband or my brothers-in-law. My reputed father, the *rakshasha*, went on a foraging expedition two months ago and he is expected to return this month. When he comes he will make a meal of you and your brothers. So I am sorry and weep. But you will escape from the imminent peril if you follow my advice. The advice is that you should take half-an-hour's leave some day, let this day be the latest, gradually increasing day by day upto twelve hours and then on the twenty-fourth day you will reach a river. When you cross this river you will be safe.'

When the brothers next met, the youngest explained to them the cause of his wife's weeping and they said: 'Assuredly! Yes! your wife is tender-hearted; she must have been born in *Devatagana* and so advised you for you and your brothers' escape from the *rakshasha*. The suggestion is good. It may be the only one. Let us begin taking half-an-hour's holiday to-day.' What they resolved they did and on the twenty-fourth day, when they got a twelve hours holiday, they rode and rode, their horses and themselves perspiring freely till they reached the river and this, all the brothers crossed except the last. When he was in the act of crossing, with great hurry and flurry came the *Kanyakaloo* and took hold of the prince's horse's tail and would not leave him so that he did not know how to extricate himself. Then came the



THE CENOTAPH

To face p. 123

modest and tender voice of his wife—an unwilling worker in the *rakshasha's* interests—Hulloa! cut off the tail and cross the river.

No sooner said than done and the prince landed safely on the other bank and joined his brothers ; but the poor princess for all the true love she bore towards her husband fell a victim to the ire of her *rakshasha* sisters : they turned her to ashes. In the meantime the *rakshasha* returned, and when the matter was related to him he, smacking his lips, said :

'O children dear, why did you turn her to ashes ? I would have made a meal of her. She was not my daughter as you are. She had only come from a king's nursery. So she naturally showed her racial qualities in not assisting *rakshashas*, but preserving her own species from coming to grief even at the cost of her life.'

Now to the princes, they returned to the capital safe it was true, but when their royal sire came to know that his advice had been despised and the forbidden direction taken, his wrath knew no bounds and it was some time before it cooled down. Again, the princes started on an hunting expedition and unwittingly found themselves on the confines of their previous perilous hunting ground. Suddenly came the soul of the burnt princess whispering to her husband slowly in the howling wind 'Go hence or evil will befall you and your brothers, dear.' The prince accordingly with his brothers left the forbidden ground and followed the chase elsewhere; and when he returned to the metropolis he erected a cenotaph to keep green the memory of his wife who saved him and his brothers from destruction at the cost of her life, her spirit the second time saving them from a similar fate. The inscription on the tombstone bore—

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
MY DEAR WIFE
WHO THOUGH DEAD IS STILL LIVING BY
THE REMEMBRANCE OF HER SIGNAL
KINDNESSES CARVED ON THE
TABLET OF MY HEART
IN OUR SHORT CONJUGAL LIFE WE SAW
EACH OTHER AND OUR SOULS MET
I SEE NO PORTRAIT* OF HERS
YET THE PORTRAIT IS EVER AND ANON
BEFORE THE MIND'S EYE
AND IS NOT LIKELY TO FADE OR CORRODE
TO THE END OF MY DAYS HERE
WHETHER THAT BE SHORT OR LONG.

No. 57. THE MAN AND THE SNAKE

ONCE upon a time a man was bitten by a snake which India possesses in great numbers and varieties and of venomous type or otherwise ; and the fright he got was such, that he began to foam at the mouth and gave himself up for lost. Opportunely, a medicine man came and, knowing that the snake was not of a poisonous kind but a mere *Neeroo Kuttay* or *Neella pamoo*, administered to him drugs perhaps more to cure his fright than anything else ; and brought him round so that he became as if nothing happened to him.

Now some time after, the man who was 'touched' (i.e. bitten) by the snake ascended a tree and a friend of his from below jokingly said, 'Look up! Overhead look! there is a snake of monstrous size and highly venomous.'

* She was not painted nor photographed in her life time.

Taking this to be true and imagining that the reptile had come down and bitten him, he foamed at the mouth, turned green like a leaf, and breathed his last. Such is fright !

No. 58. THE KHADIRA TREE AND THE AXE

ONCE upon a time a man went into a forest with an axe and, seeing a *khadira* tree, gave it an initial blow with a view eventually to bring it down.

Then said the tree :

'O ! Why do you strike me ?'

'A bit of you is in me. What can I do ?' replied the axe.

No. 59. NAVLIPITTA AND PIGLIPITTA

ONCE upon a time a Piglipitta saw a Navlipitta and, envying it greatly, said :—

'What ! Could I not be a peacock ?'

So saying it puffed itself out and strutting about in pride, called forth all the energies of which it was capable and began uttering cries such as that sacred bird is accustomed to make ; and the result was that the haughty bird burst itself and died.

No. 60. THE MILKMAN AND THE RAMAYANA

ONCE a *Gollavadu* went to hear the *Ramayanam* read. Resting his chin on his staff he was listening intently when a mischievous man came and sat down on his back ; and strange enough the *Gollavadu* bore the burden evidently without complaint all the time the epic or rather a portion of it was being read and explained.

Morning came and some of his neighbours asked him : 'Did you hear the *Ramayanam* ?' 'Yes,' said the *Gollavadu*; 'but it is no ordinary affair. It is about as heavy as a bullock-load.' (*Ramayanam samayanam yeddhu baruwu motha*).

'How,' said they, and the simpleton explained how something heavy sat on his back while the *Ramayanam* was going on. Hearing this they all laughed and remarked : 'Verily, verily, the *Gollavandlu* are great fools.'

No. 61. THE DECEITFUL WEAVER

ONCE upon a time a weaver leaving his own village came to another village.

Now in this village there were no weavers, so the people took a great liking for him and encouraged him in every way. This encouragement the fellow did not deserve. For, telling the people that he was to make *pooja* to *Pilli-umma* before setting up his spindle shanks for weaving, the weaver borrowed *jhoomkaloo* from one, *todaloo* from another, a gold ornament from a third and a silver ornament from the fourth. Taking all these he walked off no one knew where, and the poor simple villagers who were completely duped did not understand the weaver's saying with double meaning attached.

* *Sookkurawarum ikkararum.*
Saniwarum paniwarum.
Adiwarum poyaiwarum.
Somawarum vachhi choochookondi.

* Friday—staying day of mine here with ornaments, of course.
Saturday—working day in connection with *poojah* or packing up.
Sunday—departure day (of mine with ornaments, of course).
Monday—on which day you can come and see for yourself the setting up of spindle shanks and all, or weaving going on, otherwise meaning you shall see nothing for my back shall have turned upon your village.

No. 62. THE KING AND SELFISH BARBER

A KING had a barber whom he would ask occasionally : 'How wags the world ? How are my subjects ? And what about grain ? '

The barber, who possessed and closely guarded always a bit of gold as large as an hen's egg and looked on the world from the standpoint of his own prosperous circumstances, would reply :

'The world is all right, O king. The subjects are happy and contented. Grain is very cheap.'

Now one day the barber lost his gold and felt the loss keenly. The next time the king was having a shave, he naturally asked the barber : 'How is the world, O barber ? How are my subjects ? And what about grain ? '

Upon which the barber feeling the loss of his gold exclaimed : 'O king, the world is in sore straits ; the people are dying of starvation, the prices of grain have gone very high.'

[Persons in comfortable circumstances never consider the distresses of the poor until they themselves fall into trouble.]

No. 63. THE MAN AND HIS TWO WIVES

A MAN had two wives. One wife used to shampoo one leg and the other, the other.

Once the first wife went to her mother's house. The husband returned home in the evening from his work, and feeling fatigued and his legs aching, asked his other wife to shampoo them.

'Why should I shampoo both legs ? ' said she, 'I shall shampoo the one that is apportioned to me.'

On this the husband took her to task and she in wrath threw a curry-stuff pounder (of stone) on the leg not apportioned to her and broke it.

In course of time the other wife returned and, finding the leg apportioned to her for shampooing broken, took a curry stuff pounder and broke the other one.

Thus the man lost both his legs.

The moral is : Do not marry two wives.

No. 64. THE GODDESS AND THE KING

ONCE the Goddess of Cholera (*Ammavaru* in the original) was making great havoc in a city, cutting down old and young without distinction. Bewildered and hard pressed, the people knew not what to do in order to induce the Goddess to go away, for they were forbidden by the king to offer any living sacrifice.

Divine as she was, the Goddess knew that the hearts of the people were well affected towards her, so, burning with rage, she appeared in her own terrible form to the king by night in a dream and made this demand, 'Give me a human sacrifice and accept a boon, or I shall make a dead man of you.'

Awakening in the dead of night in great fear, the king ran hither and thither searching for a man whom he might sacrifice ; but did not come upon any save the family priest locked in the sweet embraces of sleep. Him, without the least scruple for his sacred character, he wanted to sacrifice. So arousing him he said : 'What do you say ? I want to give you at once as an offering to the Goddess.'

In his amazement the priest was unable for a few minutes to make reply, but at length collecting his thoughts he said, 'Yes, you may ; but what have I done

to deserve this treatment at your hands, which were ever strangers to sacrifice even of the lower animals, not to speak of higher beings. To tell you the truth, I am not afraid to die but I have a wife and children to whom I must bid a tender farewell. So for this purpose will it please Your Majesty to allow me a respite ? I shall appear before you to be sacrificed at this hour to-morrow night.'

'So be it,' said the king, and with much reluctance entered his bed chamber.

Now the priest, burning with rage, ran to the Goddess' temple and said in vehement terms—

'Oh Goddess, you are certainly kind. For worshipping you with zeal and piety all these years of my life you now demand me as a sacrifice. A fine Goddess and a fine reward indeed ! Was a priest ever treated in this manner before ? '

'It cannot be helped,' replied the Goddess. 'What is fated must come to pass. We cannot avert destiny.'

Resigning himself calmly to his cruel fate, the priest went home, passed the time of respite with his wife and children with seeming cheerfulness. When the midnight hour approached he aroused them gently from sleep and told them of his doom and, speaking a few touching parting words, ran to the king, true to his word.

The king immediately sacrificed him. The Goddess was mightily pleased and asked the king to name the boon.

'I ask no other boon at your hands,' said the king, 'but that of bringing to life the poor priest sacrificed '.

Biting her lips the Goddess granted the boon, but exacted a promise that he would not stand in the way of her devotées in his kingdom offering mere animal

sacrifices to her. And that is why nowadays animal, not human, sacrifices are offered to the Goddess of Cholera when she attacks a city.

No. 65. THE WOOD-SELLER AND THE SEVEN FAIRIES

THERE was once a poor old woman. She had a lazy son whom she maintained by cutting and selling wood. One day the boy said : 'Mother, mother, I will go to the forest and bring fuel. Will you have an axe made for me.'

Complying with her son's request, the woman readily got an axe made for him and from that day the boy would, in right earnest, go to the forest, hatchet and string in hand, and bring back fuel. This he would sell on entering the village, give half of the proceeds to his mother, reserving the other half to himself.

With the other half he would purchase *levdees*, and, having taken his seat on a ruined fountain, call the village urchins and say : 'Call me king So-and-so and I shall give you a rupee each.' Good-humouredly they would call him a king and he, as promised, would give them one of the rupee-shaped sweets (*levdees*) apiece. This went on for some time.

Once when he was on his way to cut and bring firewood, he saw a bag of coins on the wayside, and was wondering whether to take it or leave it where it was, when a merchant came along, to whom he at once said : 'Take that bag of coins lying there.'

'I do not want it: it is not mine.'

Then you can present it to the king with the message that Harishchandra Raju (for so he called himself) sends it to him.

The merchant did as advised. The king was extremely pleased and sent twelve *luddoos* as a return present to the young wood-seller. Evincing no desire to have the sweetmeats he asked the merchant : ' Where are you going now—to your own country or some other ? '

' I am going to such and such a country,' replied he.

' Then will you take these *luddoos* to the king of that country with my greetings ? '

The merchant agreed this time also and gave the *luddoos* which were filled with precious gems, such as Heeras, Lals, etc. to the king and received from him for the wood-seller, as return present, some very fine black steeds.

Poor wood-seller, what would he do with such a present ? Where would he find the wherewithal to feed the animals ? So he again asked his kind merchant : ' Where are you going this time ? '

' I am going to the country of a certain queen.'

Will you kindly take the present to the queen with the best regards of Harishchandra Raju ?

' Yes, ' said the merchant, and he fulfilled his promise as he had done on the previous occasions.

The queen on receiving the present was extremely pleased. For, at a game of chess with a neighbouring queen where the wager laid was horses, she had lost the game and, for a long time, was in perplexity as to how to settle the debt, when most opportunely the present came. Furthermore, the queen, instead of sending a return present, was burning to see Harishchandra Raju and expressed her desire. But he would not comply with her request ; only when the point was again pressed later on he consented to receive her on a certain day.

Revolving in his mind how to receive so august a

personage as a queen he made for a well, when half returned from the forest, to put down on its brink his faggots of wood and rest for a while. But what was his surprise on coming to the well to find there several beautiful suits of female attire ! Taking these he hid himself.

Now these dresses belonged to the seven fairies who were bathing in the well. Their bath over, they came out and their consternation can better be imagined than described at the sudden and mysterious disappearance of their clothes.

' Sister dear, I have lost my *sari*,' said one.

' So have I,' said another.

' Sister dear, I have lost my *chaddar*, ' said the third.

' I also : my *choli* is missing,' said the fourth.

Thus were they talking amongst themselves when they espied a man behind a tree peeping at them. They at once beckoned to him and asked him to return the clothes, for which favour, they said, they would help him whenever he stood in need of aid whether, human or superhuman. As a guarantee of good faith the fairies gave him one hair, each, instructing him on this wise : ' Whenever you want our presence for anything, you have only to throw a little bdellium over fire and put the hair in the smoke and at that moment we shall be, wherever you are, ready, irrespective of distance or time, to do your bidding.'

Thus assured he gave back the fairies their clothes and wended his way homewards with his faggot of wood ; and hardly had he reached his home when he was informed of the coming of the queen. Instantly he summoned his fairies and asked them to call into existence a superb palace with luxuriant furniture, rich viands, nectarlike drinks and countless other things besides, with debonair damsels to wait upon the royal

guest. This was done in a trice and the queen meantime arriving was greatly pleased with all she saw in the romantic abode of Harishchandra Raju he himself not present though she was naturally curious to see the personage who so hospitably entertained her and had made a present of some of the finest black steeds that were ever bred in any stud. But the desire could not be gratified, our hero sending word that he would return the visit three days hence.

In truth, our hero, with the aid of his fairy friends who again supplied him with all his wants from wearing apparel of the first kind to a retinue of magnificence, returned the visit in grand state and the queen was in raptures of delight. Young and unmarried as she was (besides a queen in her own right) she fell in love with him and married him amidst great rejoicings and splendour. The pyrotechnic display called the *Lanka* was greatly admired by the populace and lingered in the minds of the mirth-loving young children for many a day. It comprised crackers exceeding the noise of cannon and guns, Catherine wheels, rockets going up into the air with mathematical precision, *Tarajole* or *Taramandal* ascending with meteoric speed and shooting out tiny stars of many colours, *Sursurbuttees*, little balloons sent one after another in numbers to the cloudland, not to speak of *mahtabs*—green, red and white lights, *Chhichboodloo* (flower-pots), *Nagmodis* or Pharoah's serpents, Roman candles and quibs.

Need it be said that ever since that memorable occasion our Harishchandra Raju bade adieu to poverty, for his rescue from which he was ever grateful to his fairy friends ; and in company with his wife the queen enjoyed the sweets of life. The old mother also was not forgotten amidst his prosperity.

No. 66. THE KING'S SON AND THE PROPHECY

ONCE upon a time there was a king. For a long time he had no issue and therefore was in great anxiety as to how to perpetuate his race. Various and hard were the austerities he had gone through, and bitter and nasty were the medicines he had administered to himself. At last the gods favoured him and a son was born.

Precisely noting the hour of the child's birth he consulted the astrologers and passing strange was what they revealed to him. They said that the infant which had just come into existence would, on attaining manhood and marriageable age, fall a victim to a tiger.

As time sped the love of the father for his son increased because of his gentle disposition and good behaviour as a student. Side by side with his love, piercing grief found a lodgment in the father's breast because of what the astrologers said from the *Panchang* ; but brooding over it he had a palace of glass erected, rendered safe from tigers, where, amidst numerous sentinels and bodyguards, he kept his son and hoped for the best.

Seeing the prince attain to man's estate the queen asked her royal husband to arrange for their son's marriage. The king arranged it and celebrated it on an auspicious day with great rejoicings amidst a great concourse of people from kings and princelings to courtiers and peasants. In the midst of the celebration there suddenly appeared a tiger who carried off the bridegroom in his saffron robes. And great was the grief of the parents, great the surprise of the crowd.

On the morrow enquiry was made as to how the tiger had come since the jungle haunted by tigers was so many

miles off, the country had enjoyed an immunity from the ravages of tigers from time immemorial, and the palace was made tigerproof so to speak. The only answer forthcoming was that the tiger drawn on one of the walls of the palace became a veritably living one and with a spring carried off the prince in the midst of marriage and from the very side of the bride. Thus was fulfilled the prediction of the astrologers.

No. 67. THE YOUNG MAN AND HAZARI LAL OF BAIDARS' DAUGHTER

THERE was once a very rich man of the name of Hazari Lal in the country of Baidars. He had an only daughter who, through being excessively petted by her parents and brought up in the lap of luxury, became very overbearing and imperious. Though of marriageable age her proud resolve was, that she should marry that man only who would receive five smacks with a shoe every day at her hands. Need it be said that because of this resolution of hers none deigned, essayed or condescended to ask the hand of the proud and rich girl for a long time. At last, however, a dauntless young man of humble circumstances appeared as a suitor on the scene, willing to become her husband on the condition required, and was accepted.

The morning after the celebration of the marriage the proud newly wedded wife came and said to her husband : 'O come, let me have the stipulated opportunity of giving you five smacks with my shoe this day.'

'O yes, you are at perfect liberty to have it, dear,' said the young man, 'and I am also ready, but will you be pleased to excuse me for this day ?'

'Good, I will excuse you this day, but you had better not expect this indulgence in future,' said the proud girl.

'So be it,' replied the husband.

Glad to escape the degradation of being beaten with a shoe by his wife for a day even, the young man made his way to the bazaar and purchasing a cat and a dog there returned to his father-in-law's mansion. He reached it when the lamps were lit and the cows were returning from pasture in the uplands and called out to his wife :

'Have you my meals ready ?'

'Yes.'

'Well, bring them.'

Hardly had she placed them before him when the cat mewed.

'Ah ! ungrateful wretch that you are. You mean to say that I would not give you a morsel of food ?'

So saying, he sprang forward and catching hold of the creature twisted its neck and threw it away.

The fright of the young wife had better be imagined than described : she perspired from head to foot.

Some time after, the dog came and put its mouth into one of the dishes. Immediately the choleric young man drawing his sword from the scabbard cut him in two, saying : 'Wretch ! You too ungrateful ! I did not dream of that. Hitherto I had a high opinion of your canine race. You think that I am so greedy a man as not to give you a bone to pick ?'

Seeing these things with her own eyes the proud wife was thoroughly frightened and easing herself in her garments in consequence never asked for the fulfilment of the condition.

And the young man was pleased that his stratagem had been so far successful in humbling the girl's pride but was bent upon taming the pride the more. So on one occasion he brought his carriage and called his wife to come with him saying that he wanted to go to his parental home. But she would not. The father too came and said, 'Go, do not be afraid. Not the slightest harm will befall you. You are the daughter of Hazari Lal and by virtue of your affluence, not to speak of your ancestry, you have a right to enforce the condition if you so will it and need not be afraid of any one.'

'Let the daughter of Hazari Lal be mingled with the dust and let the condition go to perdition' replied the daughter.

Persuading the girl however the father made her go along with her husband, who took her to his humble cottage and put her on bread and water for full fifteen days. Having passed through the ordeal the girl, wonderful to relate, came out a woman of meek spirit laying aside her haughty behaviour and taking her rightful place as a *pativrata*. This may sound passing strange but are not the daughters of India meek spirits and *pativratas* even without an ordeal ?

No. 68. THE FOX AND THE FERRYMAN

Yairu dhátina varaku Ellaya
Yairu dhátina taruwatha Pullaya.*

* *Translation.*

Till we cross the river or till our object is accomplished, we say Ellaya sir, Ellaya sir, that is we flatter him. After we have crossed the river or gained our end, we say 'Go away, sir,' that is we make as if we had nothing to do with the man whom we had begged for a favour.

The following story is narrated in exemplification of the above saying:—

There was once a fox who wanted to cross a river but could not owing to the river being full. Espying a ferryman he at once ran up to him and said :

'O Ellaya sir, Ellaya sir, will you take me to the other side ?'

The man, taking compassion on the creature, ferried him across the river, but the fox, instead of thanking his benefactor, said only 'Go away, sir' and of course fled as if he had not had anything to do with the master of the boat.

No. 69. THE FAULTY BRAHMAN

In a certain city there was once a Brahman of the name of Venkatabhatloo versed in all the *Shastras*, *Vedas* and *Mimamsas*, and who was virtuous and good ; but he had one moral shortcoming. Though a married man he was in love with a washerwoman.

To that washerwoman's house the Brahman would go every night at eight o'clock and return home at day-break or in the early morning of the next day after cleansing himself in the river Ganges.

Now in the city of Kashi there was another Brahman who was holy and of unblemished character who was wont to take a bath in the holy waters of the Ganges. The Brahman would go early in the mornings to the river-bank; and concurrently with his arrival, strange to say, a *Rajahansa*, with the dirtiest coat imaginable, would put in his appearance there, and entering the element come out spotless and clean. This was observed for a considerable time by the holy man who reflected

and wondered what it meant, when one morning the *Rajahansa*, as usual, plunged into the river and emerging as a sweet girl of twelve years, spoke to the Brahman thus :—

'O holy man, in a certain place, there is a brother Brahman. He, I regret to say, contaminates the Ganges. He keeps company with a laundress in the nights, and in the mornings he dips himself in the river and pollutes the element. Do you now understand the meaning of the vision ? Would it not be possible for you to reform the man, who, to tell you the truth, is reported well in other respects ? '

Hearing these words the Brahman set out in search of Venkatabhatloo and on the third day at sun-down or so he came upon his house. But the Brahman was absent and the Brahmani (Venkatabhatloo's wife), a true *pativrata*, offered the holy Brahman water to wash his hands and feet and an *asana* to sit upon, after which informed him that her lord had gone out. Whereupon the newly arrived Brahman at once repaired to the holy bank.

In the morning the two Brahmans met each other on the river-bank and after exchanging salutations the Brahman from Kashi said :—

'I have undertaken the journey from Kashi merely to see you.'

'You have done me a great favour,' replied the bad Brahman, 'and I will do anything for you that lies in my power.'

'Will you really ?' said the Kashi Brahman.

'Yes,' replied the other.

Then take up *Ganga-jul* in your hand.'

He took some ; when the Kashi Brahman said :—

'Give up the company of the washerwoman.'

At this startling revelation the Brahman was dumbfounded ; and need it be said gave up committing the sin hereafter which he swore in the name of sacred Ganga that he would not commit again.

No. 70. THE STORY OF ROLOO AND MUDHDHAILA

ONCE a *roloo* went to a *mudhdhaila* and said sorrowfully, 'O *mudhdhaila*, *mudhdhaila*, I am pounded daily from dawn of day till *sandhya* lamps are lit.'

Hearing which, the *mudhdhaila* exclaimed in surprise, 'What, *roloo*, you complain to me of your being pounded ? You are pounded on one side only but I am pounded on both sides.'

When one man tells his grievances to another, the latter, if more aggrieved than the former, narrates the story as much as to say that his case is a very sad one compared with that of the other.

No. 71. HOW ENGLISHMEN GOT THE BEST BOONS CONFERRED UPON THEM

GOD was conferring boons. The Englishman was answering call of nature then, but hearing of it made himself clean at once with a piece of paper that lay by, and running speedily presented himself first. So God conferred upon him the boons of greatness, wealth, superiority, etc.

The Indian also was answering call of nature then, but though he heard of the bestowal of boons made himself thoroughly clean with water and went. The result was that he was late and lesser benefits in consequence were bestowed upon him.

This is the reason why the Englishmen are superior in power and everything, and the Indians inferior.

No. 72. HOW ENGLISHMEN LOST THEIR CASTE

WHEN Englishmen first landed in India they enquired who the high caste people were. Certain persons who were, it seemed, of high caste pointed at the dwellings of the *dhers*, *chamars* and *mehtars* beyond the village limits, saying : 'The people staying yonder there are the high castes.'

Believing this to be true, the Englishmen sought hospitality at the hands of those hereditary outcastes, and the consequence was that they lost their caste. Otherwise the Englishmen would have certainly come to be regarded as of high caste by virtue of their descent from the same high born forefathers—the Aryans—and provided they gave up eating beef.

73. THE LILLIPUTIAN AND HIS FIELD

THERE was once a fellow as short as a betel-nut. He planted a field as large as a *chata* and the doves came and ate up the crops. For a long time he did not know what to do, but at last he hit upon a plan. He struck thorns in the field and when the birds next came their sensitive bodies came in contact with them ; and ever since that day they have not alighted on the field. And the resourceful Lilliputian was mightily glad of it.

GENERAL NOTE

This is a nursery tale without, properly speaking, any plot and is narrated perhaps to arouse the interest more than amuse the young folks or children. It has humour also.—*Pokuntha pottiwādu châtantha sainoo vaisinādoo.* Meaning a man as short as a betel-nut, who planted a field not larger than a winnower (drawing comparison of the man with reference to his smallness in stature).

No. 74. GOD, THE DOG AND THE COCK

THE world was being created and God sent out a dog from the heavens ordering him to ascertain how much of the world had been created. The dog went and found that half of the world was created ; but, attracted by the lust of taste, he did not go back to report the result of his errand.

Then God sent a cock to enquire what had become of the dog and to inform Him how much of the world was made. The cock came but like the dog did not go back, but cried with all his might and main *kookroo koo, kookka radhu* 'The dog is not coming.' Then the second half of the world was completed and the day dawned. So you see how the dog and the cock are left with us and what is meant by the 'cock a doodle do'[1] of the domestic fowl.

No. 75. GOD AND THE ELEPHANT

IT is further related that God also sent an elephant down to the earth to ascertain what has become of the dog and the cock and to come back. It also did not obey His commands but exclaiming 'What would the span-in-length-man do to me?' the huge beast remained on earth without going back, attracted by the worldly pleasures only to repent of its conduct. For when it throws mud over its head it rues how it disregarded God's advice and came to be badly treated by that very man whom it first slighted, because of his small size and dimensions as compared with its own, little thinking of his intelligence which went to subdue him with humiliation.

[1] The Hindu explanation of the early morning or four o'clock cock-crowing is, that God takes a bath at that hour and while so doing let falls a drop of water on the bird and wakes him to declare to the world the birth of another day.

No. 76. GOD AND THE BULL

Now after the dog and the cock, God sent down a bull to declare to mankind that, in the world just created, there should be three daily baths and one meal a week for human beings ; but the bull, by mistake, reversed the order and stated that there should be three daily meals and one weekly bath. So you see at the present day we take meals thrice and bathe over the head (and this bathing termed a oil-bath) once a week, the daily automatic washing of the body not to be taken into consideration.

No. 77. AGNI AND VARUṆA

In the court of *Indra* there was once waged an animated discussion between *Agni*, the God of Fire, and *Varuna*, the God of Rain, as to who was the greater.

Varuna contended with great plausibility of reasoning that he was greater.

'No, no, you are not,' said *Agni*.

'I am greater.'

Seeing the fruitlessness of the discussion the God of Rain said: 'We will never come to a decision in this way. You show your greatness and I will show mine. And then it will be manifest who has the superiority.'

The God of Fire consented to the proposal and began, from the east, burning villages and everything that came in his way and *Varuna* extinguishing them by heavy downpour of rain. *Agni* seeing that the day was being lost, invaded as a last resource a black rocky cavern in the Meru mountains, but there too the Rain-God was upon him and *Agni* mysteriously disappeared.

This is the reason why, when we strike a bit of black-rock with steel, fire is produced.

No. 78.[1] THE PRINCE, THE MEDICINAL LEAVES AND THE MUHURTA

THERE was a king. He had two wives. The first wife had two sons and the second wife, one. The king's sight was failing him and he called his two sons by his first wife and said :

'My dear sons, my eye-sight is failing me, and it is with great difficulty I see. Do get the leaves of a certain tree which will restore my sight.'

'We will get the leaves, father dear,' said the sons, and next day started for the place where the medicinal leaves were said to abound. In the course of their journey they came to a country where there was a very rich and high-class courtesan. With her they played a game of *pacheese*, hoping to win the beautiful courtesan ; but they lost the game and in accordance with the stipulation made beforehand, became her servants like the rest of the kings and princes who had played and lost. Their work was to water the plants in her garden.

Some time after, the only son of the king's second wife, obtaining unwilling permission from his loving mother also started in search of the medicinal leaves and in the course of his journey came to the very country where his brothers were serving their time in the courtesan's garden as water-carriers. It was dark when he arrived and so the prince at once sought shelter with the usual hospice-keeper *Paidaraisi Peddhamma*. After taking his meals he asked :—

'What is the news of the place, mother ?'

'What news may I give you son?' said the old woman. 'What news shall I tell ? There is a courtesan

[1] A good story.—The Rev. John Lendrum.

here under whom are several kings and princes, watering trees in her garden. They all lost their game of *pacheese* with her and came to be such. However expert a player may be, he is sure not to win. For the courtesan has a cat, upon the head of which is kept a lamp ; and when the woman is losing she gives a sign to the cat who forthwith upsets the lamp; and in the confusion the courtesan changes the places of the chessmen to her own advantage and wins the game.

Hearing this with breathless attention he made up his mind to play a game with the courtesan and, in fact, went to her mansion the next night and commenced playing. When the play was at its height the prince let loose two rats with which he had provided himself previously and without anyone's knowledge; and immediately the cat pounced upon and pursued its natural enemies upsetting the lamp which it supported and creating great confusion. Turning to good account the confusion produced by his stratagem the prince changed the place of the chessmen to his own advantage and easily won the game.

The courtesan now becoming the servant and slave of the prince, the prince set at liberty the kings and princes employed as water-carriers in the garden who all thanked their deliverer with one voice. Among the princes set free were the prince's two brothers. Telling them to wait till he returned he started with all haste in quest of the medicinal leaves.

The way was beset with dangers and hardly had he gone one hundred yards than he was confronted by a formidable ogress, the terror of the country round. To her he gave battle with might and main and proved victor in the combat. Extremely pleased with his valour, the ogress married her only adopted daughter to the

prince with great *eclat* and splendour. And besides promising to be at his immediate service whenever he stood in need of her help, the ogress gave the prince three stone-pebbles accompanying them with the following advice :—

'My son, when you approach the trees in quest of which, I understand, you have come so far risking your life for your father's sake, throw the stones at them. At that moment the serpents, the scorpions, and centipedes with which the trees so teem that the leaves can hardly be distinguished from the living creatures, will all come down. You will then ascend one of the trees, and, taking as many leaves as you wish, return.' With tears in his eyes the prince thanked the ogress for the stone-pebbles and the advice and immediately started for the place where the trees were and, as advised, threw the stones at one of them when, wonder of wonders! the whole reptilian order which occupied every accessible spot on the trees descended. Immediately the prince took as many leaves as he wanted and returned to the ogress and taking his wife and receiving the blessings of his ogress mother-in-law started homewards.

On the way, as we know, lay the country of the courtesan where his brothers were waiting. Taking them and the courtesan he proceeded—of course the ogress' adopted daughter being with him—and ere long on the way he came across his old long-lost faithful dog, whom he took in his laps and tenderly caressed.

Now evil took possession of the prince's brothers by reason of their younger brother's success in getting the leaves. They thought he would rise in the estimation of their royal father in consequence, and so resolved to do away with him. Embracing a favourable opportunity they killed him and placing the corpse on the ground,

arranged over it cow-dung cakes in profusion and, setting fire to it, started in advance of the others who were left far behind.

On his master's death the dog, long lost and found, who was present when the tragedy took place, shed tears and with tears fresh in its eyes, ran to where the ogress' adopted daughter and the courtesan were. They observed the tears and, suspecting foul play, followed the dog wherever it went. It went to a newly lighted funeral pile, and walked round it. Upon this the unfortunate women set up a wailing for the dog's action made it clear to them that the prince was killed and under the blazing fires.

After a while the ogress' adopted daughter, as if a thought had suddenly struck her, collected the ashes of her husband and, with the admixture of a little water, made it into an image and infused life into it. Lo and behold! the self-same prince in flesh and blood, back from the regions of death, looking intently on his wife and the courtesan for an explanation of the circumstances under which he came to lie there.

Now what of the two treacherous princes ? Having killed their brother they started for their father's kingdom and in due course reached it with the medicinal leaves which they gave out they had got. The father was overjoyed to see them, the more so because of the leaves which restored his sight. In consequence they rose greatly in his favour so much that it seemed that nothing would part them from him. But this was not to be.

For the revivified prince, by slow marches, reached at length his father's metropolis accompanied by his wife and the courtesan and at once went into his mother's apartments where the son and the mother wept upon each other's necks for a long time. Wiping his eyes the

prince detailed to his mother the whole story from the beginning : how on the way he won a courtesan in a game of *pacheese* and set at liberty a number of kings and princes—amongst the number his two brothers employed by the courtesan in her garden; how he fought successfully with an ogress, the scourge of the country round ; how the ogress being pleased with his prowess gave him her adopted daughter and learning his purpose and desire gave him three pebbles ; how with the aid of the pebbles he ascended a tree close to which lay immense danger and plucked a few leaves for the restoration of his father's sight ; how his brothers not only envied him but killed him ; how his faithful dog long-lost and happily met conveyed this information to his wife and the courtesan ; and how the wife called him back to life though reduced to ashes.

The queen heard this and wept and wept and then sent for her husband. She told him how her son, though not loved by him, had courted dangers for his father's sake and had got the medicinal leaves ; how his other sons to whom he did a good turn in liberating them from abject slavery in the courtesan's garden, not only deprived him of the leaves but also of his life. On hearing this, the king's anger knew no bounds ; he at once sent for those murderous fellows and ordered them into exile and, calling his other son, embraced him and addressed him thus : 'It was you who gave me back my sight. Your love towards me was truly filial. In return for this love, so spontaneously manifested, I give you my throne.'

True to his word, he abdicated his throne in favour of the prince. He is now reigning there surrounded by his parents—the loving mother and the father—his life-giver, the ogress' adopted daughter, and the sympathetic

courtesan and we are narrating his story leaving out no elements, tragical or otherwise.

Yesternight I went to that king and he gave me large heartedly a present of a gold ring worth five *tolas*. Here it is.

No. 79. THE FLY WHO FORGOT HER NAME

A FLY having plastered her house with cow-dung forgot her name. Seeing a wood-cutter pass with an axe in his hand she addressed him thus :—

'O wood-cutter, wood-cutter, what is my name ?'

'I do not know your name. Ask the axe which is in my hand.'

'O axe, axe, what is my name ?'

'I do not know your name. Ask the tree which comes to be felled down by the axe.'

'O tree, tree, what is my name ?'

'I do not know your name. Ask the bird which perches on the tree.'

'O bird, bird, what is my name ?'

'I do not know your name. Ask the water which the bird drinks.'

'O water, water, what is my name ?'

'I do not know your name. Ask the moss which is in the water.'

'O moss, moss, what is my name ?'

'I do not know your name. Ask the fish which eats the moss.'

'O fish, fish, what is my name ?'

'I do not know your name. Ask the fisherman who catches the fish.'

'O fisherman, fisherman, what is my name ?'

'I do not know your name. Ask the fishwoman.'

'O fishwoman, fishwoman, what is my name ?'

'I do not know your name. Ask the cook who buys the fish.'

'O cook, cook, what is my name ?'

'I do not know your name. Ask the maid who prepares the dishes.'

'O maid, maid, what is my name ?'

'I do not know your name. Ask the master who eats the dishes.'

'O master, master, what is my name ?'

'I do not know your name. Ask the mare which I ride.'

'O mare, mare, what is my name ?'

'I do not know your name. Ask the foal which is in my belly.'

'O foal, foal, what is my name ?'

'Is not your name a fly ?' said the foal in the mare's belly.

In surprise the fly put her finger on her nose and went her way.

No. 80. THE ZAMINDAR'S DAUGHTER AND THE WONDERFUL GIFT

ONCE upon a time there was a Zamindar. He was so niggardly in his habits that he would eat the coarsest food and wear the roughest clothing. Then one day he died leaving the immense wealth he had accumulated by such economical measures ; and when he breathed his last the youngest daughter-in-law laughed lustily. This was observed by the other daughters-in-law who made up their minds to report the unbecoming conduct to their husbands and their youngest brother-in-law whenever an opportunity offered.

It was the custom of the daughters-in-law in the mornings to go in company to the river-bank and fetch water. One morning while going they saw a washerman in the last pangs of death; and when the life departed the youngest daughter-in-law wept bitterly. This was also observed by the other daughters-in-law and in their return they duly reported the matter to their husbands and their youngest brother-in-law.

The brothers and the woman's husband demanded the reason why she laughed lustily when her father-in-law died and wept bitterly when the *dhobi* died thinking that she must have disliked the one and loved the other.

'Pray do not ask me the reason,' said the girl. 'I have laughed and wept for the best of reasons—not that I had any aversion to my father-in-law or had anything to do with the *dhobi*.'

Hearing this and suspecting her character from the very outset they took the girl to the *Tahsildar's* court, preferring a complaint of faithlessness.

The *Tahsildar* called the girl and ordered to say what she has to say.

'O sir, I laughed,' said the girl, 'because when the soul of my father-in-law was passing away it spat on his face, saying: "Why should I stay in you? Have you eaten the daintiest food or worn the gaudiest clothing?"'

I wept because when the *dhobi* died, his soul would not leave him. It hovered about him, hovered about the house-eaves and showed a great reluctance to leave repeating all the time, 'How can I leave you? You have eaten the food that was pleasing to the tongue and worn the clothing pleasing to the eyes.'

'However I believe this, on your own evidence,' said the *Tahsildar*.

'To prove my truthfulness, I prophesy,' said the girl, 'What I know about you. 'To-night you will take your meals, light a cigar, and before going to bed will want to chew a piece of areca nut which, while in the act of putting into the mouth after driving air thereupon (so as to cause dust and little insects that may be sticking to it to go off) will come in contact with your forehead and you will die.'

The next morning, strange to say, the prophecy was fulfilled to the very letter and it was noised abroad. The girl's story was believed and she was taken into favour without any blame being attached to her character.

No. 81. THE BRAHMIN, THE GOLDSMITH AND THE IMAGE OF GOLD

THERE was once a Brahmin who had a gold image worth ten lakhs of rupees. Though very poor he would not part with the image nor miss worshipping it with flowers and *patris* even for a single day.

The image was seen by a goldsmith in well-off circumstances who invited the Brahmin to stay in his newly constructed house, adding that it was lying vacant. The Brahmin consented and stayed.

Now the goldsmith had an eye on the gold from the very outset and his invitation of the Brahmin was actuated more by the gold than by anything else. He now began removing very cunningly thin layers of the precious metal. The Brahmin thought the image felt light at the time of worship, yet suspecting nothing called the goldsmith and said : 'O goldsmith, goldsmith, I am proving troublesome to you by my stay. Do let me go.'

'Oh! no, not in the least,' replied the goldsmith. 'God gives you good things. He gives me also.' The Brahmin

yielded the point and stayed, and the goldsmith, the more audaciously, began removing more gold.

On the next time of worship the Brahmin found out the shabby trick of the goldsmith and at once moved off to his humble dwelling cursing the goldsmith for his deceit and want of respect even for God.

No. 82. THE ADVENTURES OF RATNALPOL-CHETTY

In a certain country there was a king. He had a son who, having completed his studies and attained to manhood, spoke thus to his father one day : 'Father, I am very anxious to go *boosanchar* in order to give a finishing touch to my education. Will you kindly accord to me permission to go ?' The king accorded permission and the prince, taking as much money as he wanted, started on his travels.

In due course he reached a certain country. The night was pretty well advanced when he arrived and seeing a *pyal*—it was the *pyal* of the king's palace—he slept on it so soundly till next morning that the king, when he came out, saw him and spoke 'Who are you ? Whence are you come ? Your appearance betrays you to be a king's son or prince.'

'I am a stranger in the country,' said the prince without acknowledging that he was a king's son or prince. 'I have come from a distant country. I am no king's son. My father is only a peasant.' Notwithstanding this reply the king, taking a fancy to the young man, employed him as *Palkalputti* to his son who was attending a *Patshala*.

Among the duties of *Palkalputti*, one was that of going on small errands. One day the king's daughter

gave him a note to be delivered to the minister's son with whom she had fallen in love. It ran as follows :—

'Dear Love, my father does not permit me to go to the *Patshala* any more because of my having advanced in years, and so our meetings must come to an end. However, be ready with a charger at such and such a temple when the gong strikes the midnight hour. I shall be there and we will flee.'

Instead of delivering the letter, *Palkalputti* read the contents and tore it up. Then running to the minister reported falsely, that his son of late had become very lazy in his studies. Upon which the father confined him in a room, at the same time ordering him with threats to go on with the lessons which he had failed to repeat to his teacher in school. *Palkalputti*, in the meantime, made himself ready and was present at the temple in the guise of the minister's son. Exactly at the midnight hour the princess came bringing sufficient money and jewels by the hand of a maid-servant.

Now began the flight. *Palkalputti* rode first, the princess followed in hot haste without acquainting herself with her lover or exchanging a word, and it was only the dawn of day that disclosed to the princess the mistake she had made. She became very sorry but the maid who followed her mistress repeatedly said by way of consolation : 'What is ordained by fate must come to pass' and at the same time tried to direct the course of her mistress' love towards *Palkalputti* but the mistress would have none of it.

Still the fugitives rode and rode and in course of time reached a dense forest. It was summer. The day was burning with heat. The whole of languid nature slept save a few restless sweet warblers perched on high trees with newly sprouted leaves, giving out their plaintive

notes. Our princess was parched with extreme thirst and as there was no water near at hand, the maid asked *Palkalputti* to fetch some.

Palkalputti started in quest of water and very soon came upon a stream, the waters of which were red and laved the base of a palace, which resembled a fine scene like unto a '*tamasha*' [*tamashaga voondainoo* Telugu idiom] Curious to know the cause of the waters being red, he dipped his hand into the stream and to his great amazement found two rattans. Taking these he entered the palace through a marble corridor and was infinitely surprised to see in the hall a most beautiful young woman lying at full length in a pool of blood with her head severed from the trunk. Recollecting the magic he had read in his books, *Palkalputti* waved one of the rattans three times and instantly the trunk and body joined together and the most beautiful woman on earth, sitting up spoke in soft pleasing accents ' O ! brave young man why did you come ? The *rakshasa* would eat you up. Go away, please. If you rescue me at any time promise to marry me.'

Palkalputti promised and soon waving the other rattan three times and by this means seeing the head of the fair lady sever itself from the trunk as before he returned taking water with him. Their thirst quenched, the princess and party started onwards and in course of time came to a certain country.

When they arrived, there was an assemblage of people in the king's palace ; the king being on the throne, and a merchant standing in the midst demanding a fabulous high price for a fish he had with him. Seeing it *Palkalputti* at once said :

' The fish is not worth the price demanded. It is three-fourths scales and one-fourth water.'

'How do you know?' asked the merchant.

'I know it,' replied *Palkalputti*.

The merchant said unconvincingly that it was not. Upon which the king asked the merchant to lay a wager of his mansion, lands, and all his property. The wager was laid. The fish was weighed and found in weight, exactly three-fourths scales and one-fourth water and *Palkalputti* in consequence became master of the merchant's mansion, lands and property. Into this mansion already furnished he brought his princess but still she would not like him, much less love him.

To be liked and loved by her he left to time, and in the meantime *Palkalputti* was, in the discharge of his duties, satisfying his master, the king of the country, who took him into his service as one of his palace-guards.

Now, while digging in his mansion-lands, *Palkalputti* found an emerald. Taking this he went to the king and presented it. The king in turn gave it to his daughter. The princess put it on her *ravikay* and on the right shoulder and went to her favourite parrot and said: 'O how do I look, pet? Am I not pretty? Do I not look beautiful?'

'You look grand,' replied the parrot. 'You are pretty. You look beautiful. But you would be prettier and look more beautiful, your beauty would be enhanced a thousand times, were you to have another gem like that and adorning the *ravikay* on the left shoulder.'

Whereupon the princess became extremely sad, and running to her father, implored him to give her another emerald like the first. The king was at a loss how to comply with her request, but sending for *Palkalputti* ordered him to get a gem like the one he had presented. *Palkalputti* was nonplussed at this strange request. He

did not know where to get one. The one he gave was a chance find. But all of a sudden, he remembered the *Rakshasa's* daughter lying in a pool of blood in her palace adorned in great profusion with emeralds, sapphires, rubies, carnations, cornelians, amethysts, pearls and corals and all kinds of valuable gems, stones and shells that Nature produces. So he went to that palace without losing time and joining the head and trunk of the *Rakshasa's* daughter by the spell of the rattan, asked the lovely woman for an emerald. She advised him to go to her five sisters close by a certain tank, where he would get it. Placing her in her original position, he started and reached the place where the five sisters were. They received him with all cordiality, enquired after their youngest sister, gave him the gem he required and moreover married one of their younger sisters, fair in form and faultless in symmetry, whom they turned into a paddy-sheaf and sent him back with greetings.

Soon after *Palkalputti* reached the metropolis and gave the king the gem. The king was greatly pleased with the young man and declared that he should be called Ratnalpolchetty from that day.

The emerald he gave to his daughter. Pleased with it and adorning her person with it the princess ran to the parrot and said: 'How do I look? Am I not pretty now? Do I not look beautiful?'

'Yes, you do,' replied the parrot, 'You are a vision of beauty. You are a paragon of loveliness but you have no *Parijataka* flower.'

Hearing this, the princess again became sad and, running to her father, begged for a *Parijataka* flower, and the king, though feeling the impossibility of the request, sent for Ratnalpolchetty and bade him get the flower. Ratnalpolchetty was in a quandary for a time and then

bethought him of his wife, and that night, turning to human form the paddy-sheaf, consulted with his fair partner as to where the *Parijataka* flower existed, and how to come by it. She told him that the flower grew in her youngest sister's garden attached to the palace and it could be had only with great peril to life. To guard against possible perils, she initiated him in certain mysterious incantations.

When the consultation was held between Ratnalpolchetty and his beautiful wife, the maid-servant looked through a crevice in the wall and, bringing her mistress, made her also look through it and remarked :

'Do you see now ? Ratnalpolchetty is no other than a prince. I have known this from the beginning and so have tried to turn the course of your love towards him from the very outset. Are you satisfied ? Now when Ratnalpolchetty pays you a visit next time, receive him with great cheerfulness and taking him in your arms, pledge him to make you his chief queen.'

We have left Ratnalpolchetty in consultation with his wife—the second wife who was in the shape of the paddy-sheaf. The consultation over, he made straight for the palace resplendent with gems and jewels and picking the *Parijataka* flower from the garden started on the homeward course, nay was in the middle of the stream—which divides the *Rakshasa's* country from that of men where the magic or talismanic rattans were found—when the *Rakshasa* saw him and foaming at the mouth in great anger, was upon him. Quick as thought, Ratnalpolchetty by virtue of incantations, formed myriads of serpents and centipedes in the waters, and when these were taking hold of the *Rakshasa's* hands and feet, he shot an arrow which struck him in the forehead and forthwith killed him.

Danger over and peril surmounted, thanks to the incantations taught by his second wife, Ratnalpolchetty came back from the stream and now entering the palace fearlessly, joined the head and trunk of the fair form and, in keeping with his promise, married her in accordance with the rites of *Gandharva* marriage.

This done, he started for his royal master's country, of course, taking with him his wife and, in due course, reached it. He at once gave the flower to the king. The king was delighted and, calling his daughter, gave it to her. She was delighted above measure with the present and running to her parrot exclaimed, 'Here is your *Parijataka* flower.' The parrot now approvingly said : 'You must now marry the man who brought the flower.' Hearing these words, the princess swiftly went to her father and said imploringly 'Marry me to that man who brought the flower.' 'That is not so difficult a matter as the others were,' said the king. 'It is feasible.' Indeed a pandal was erected the next day as high as the sky and a platform of earth was set up as large as the earth, and in it was celebrated the marriage of the princess with Ratnalpolchetty with great splendour and pomp.

Staying for a considerable time with his father-in-law he asked permission to see his first father-in-law. This was granted and Ratnalpolchetty, accompanied by his four wives, set out and duly reached the country. But when our hero wanted to see the king, his wife—the king's daughter—for a long while objected to go with him, saying 'How can I see him having run away from the parental roof ?'

'Don't mind that. Fall at his feet,' replied the husband, 'He will pardon you.' She did as was advised and was received again into favour by the kind father

who, after the lapse of a few days, solemnized the wedding of his run-away and wayward girl with Ratnalpolchetty with many a binding rite.

Staying here also for a considerable time he now got permission of his father-in-law to go to his father whom he longed to see and, without losing time, started for his mother-country. In course of time, Ratnalpolchetty reached it, and the instant the father heard of his arrival he came and hugging his long-absent son, whom he thought to be lost, wept for joy, and, calling his heaven-born daughters-in-law close to him kissed them. Soon after he performed the marriage of his son with the daughters-in-law with great solemnity and on a scale that had no regard for cost or expenditure and many were the guests, both high and low, invited, and among them were observed the *Parentalloo*, whose marriage song for the brides and bridegroom was so marked for harmony and melody.

The king is there. The son is there, the father would not allow him to go abroad any more. His four wives—the first wife who discarded the prince at first, now raised to be the chief by cajoling or tricks which females from Kaikeyi downwards know to perfection—are there and we are here.

The night is far advanced. Now go and come back (some time after).

No. 83. THE TIGER AND THE ASS

ONCE upon a time there was an ass. It went to a streamlet one day to quench its thirst. There a tiger also came and looking fiercely on the ass's face, demanded : 'Who are you ? Who are you ? '

'Who are you ? ' retorted the ass by way of reply.

'I am *sèr*,' said the tiger.

'Well, I am *sawa sèr*,' replied the ass.

'Ah ! You are *sawa sèr*,' again said the tiger. 'We shall fix a day to determine who is *sèr* and who is *sawa sèr*.' (In other words, who is greater of the two.)

The day was fixed. In the meantime the ass would wallow in the mud so much that large layers of mud formed themselves on its body.

The day came. The tiger began the combat by striking the ass with one of its paws with the result that a large layer of mud fell off. Then it again struck the ass and another layer came off. Thus five strokes were administered and five layers of mud came off successively without hurting the ass in the least.

Now came the turn of the ass. It began the combat by going nearer the tiger and giving it a hard kick with one of its hind legs on the face. On receiving it the tiger was sorely afraid and immediately ran off and hid himself in a blanket telling the shepherd, to whom the blanket belonged, that, if *sawa sèr* were to come there and ask for *sèr*, he was to say that it had not passed that way. A moment afterwards the ass really came and enquired after *sèr* and was informed as was advised, upon which the ass exultingly returned.

The shepherd on returning home in the evening told his people how greatly a tiger had been afraid of an ass. This was overheard by the tiger from the back of the house and not liking it, he resolved on avenging himself upon the shepherd. So when he was asleep it took him together with his *charpoy* and on nearing the forest asked very roughly : 'Why did you tell that to the people ? I am going to eat you up.'

'Ah ! you. You are going to eat me up are you ?' replied the bold shepherd. 'Well, I shall report the matter to *sawa sèr* who is hard by.' Hearing this, the

tiger dropped the cot and fled precipitately into the wilds.

No. 84. PRABHUDDEEKOO AND SASHIPRABHA

ONCE upon a time there was a king reigning in a certain country. He had a son of the name of Prabhuddeekoo, who was highly adventurous by nature ; and feeling the lack of adventures in his own country, the young man left the palace one night in quest of them in foreign lands. The father sent his messengers after him in all directions but the prince was nowhere to be found.

In another country there was a king. He had a daughter of the name of Sashiprabha. One day or rather evening she was passing on her *ambari* elephant, when there came a *Rakshasa* from the skies and dispersing the attendants, carried off the princess heavenward for a while and then descended to carry her into his cave-dwelling.

At this juncture came Prabhuddeekoo from the other country and, taking in at a glance the whole situation, killed the *Rakshasa* and rescued the princess. Exulting in his first successful adventure he started taking with him the princess and in course of time came to a certain country. Here he lodged at a *Paidharaloo Peddhammah's* or the traditional hospice-keeper's, paying a *vara* a day ; everything went well and it seemed that things would so continue.

But it was not to be ; for the *Rakshasa* had a sister who vowed that she would avenge the death of her brother upon Sashiprabha's deliverer and true to herself followed by a dozen *Rakshasas*, all assuming human shapes, she came to the place where the prince and princess were and told the following fabricated story :

'We have all come from Sashiprabha's father, commissioned to bring the princess wherever she may be, as also to bring her deliverer.' Believing the story, Prabhuddeekoo allowed Sashiprabha to mount a palanquin and to be carried in it, and himself mounting a caparisoned horse also started. But when the human habitations and confines of the country were passed, the palanquin bearers, who were no other than *Rakshasas*, began to run with such rapidity, that the prince told them not to be in such a hurry. They would not listen ; and the more he told them to stop the faster their speed became. His suspicions now aroused, Prabhuddeekoo killed the ogress and the other *Rakshasas*. But the princess was nowhere to be found ; they had hid her already during the confusion that followed in a cave-dwelling. This was their object. The prince's cries 'Sashiprabha, Sashiprabha' were answered only by echoes from the hills and trees of those wilds, and no princess was forthcoming.

Disappointed in his attempts to trace where Sashiprabha was concealed, he started back and very soon came upon a princess sitting near a jasper fountain, sobbing. Taking her to be the princess he looked at the face scrutinizingly, and finding it to be different from that of Sashiprabha, enquired who she was, whence she came and why she was sobbing. Whereupon she unfolded her story. She was a princess coming from such and such a country ; her attendants, for reasons they knew best, had left her in the jungle to perish. Pitying her pathetic case, Prabhuddeekoo with a heavy heart set out on his journey taking the princess with him.

In the meantime on the way he came across a well-dressed young man and ascertaining that he was a prince like himself, Prabhuddeekoo fell to talking with

him. Various were the topics discussed ; and when there was a lull in the talk the new prince said :

'I have come in search of my sister's deliverer.'

'Who is your sister ?' asked Prabhuddeekoo with a start or in surprise.

'Sashiprabha' replied the other.

Hearing the name the prince fainted and asked incoherently 'Where is she ?' To which question the new young man, who now inferring without any suspicion that that prince was no other than his sister's deliverer, narrated to Prabhuddeekoo, now recovering from his faint, that he, as advised by his father, wended his way from forest to forest and at length discovered his sister in a solitary cave shut up from the view by high hills and thick jungle. 'She is at home now,' added he, 'and in good health, but ever and anon thinks of her deliverer from the *Rakshasas*. Indeed it was she who sent me here to seek you out and bring you.'

This piece of news gladdened his heart for now all anxiety for Sashiprabha's safety were removed. Prabhuddeekoo, along with the princess found at the jasper fountain and Sashiprabha's brother, set out for Sashiprabha's country ; where the king received his daughter's deliverer with every mark of kindness and, by way of recompense, married Sashiprabha to him very soon with universal rejoicings. The other princess also was married to Prabhuddeekoo at the same time.

After spending a considerable time in his father-in-law's country, Prabhuddeekoo set out for his own country accompanied by his two wives and followed by his retinue and duly reached it. The king, his father, received him with thankfulness to God and in course of time celebrated his marriage with the two daughters-in-law resplendent as the full moon. Further to check

the adventurous spirit of his son which had led him away for so many months, he made him king and thus had the responsibility of the kingdom set on his shoulders.

Though I was not present in the installation ceremony I was present at the wedding and received a gold-laced cap as *bahumanam*. Here you see it.

The night has far advanced. Now good-night and come again.

No. 85. THE SEVEN PRINCES, THEIR ONLY SISTER AND HER CRUEL SISTERS-IN-LAW

A KING had seven sons. With these brothers there was a sister. Their royal father died soon after the birth of the princess and the mother followed him. The princes treated their youngest sister with kindness and love in such a manner, that they would not allow her even to come down from her golden cradle.

Now on one occasion these seven princes went on a long and distant excursion and their wives—excepting that of the seventh—in the meantime had the girl brought down from her golden cradle and gave her the dirtiest clothes to wear and made her eat clay in such quantities that her belly became as big as that of a woman advanced in pregnancy. Besides this they taunted her with these words: 'We shall see when you serve *ghi* on our platters (leaf-plates) with a ladle.'

And when their husbands returned from the hunting expedition, the wives with the exception of the youngest prince's wife, who was the only person who loved the unfortunate sister-in-law, told their husbands of the misconduct of their sister, pointing to her belly as visible evidence or proof of what they said, and the princes believing their story to be true, had the princess sent into a dense forest.

Here the princess' grief knew no limits : it found vent freely and her shrill and heart-rending cries resounded on all sides. A king, who was hunting hard by, hearing it, came to where the princess was. To him she unfolded her story—how her brothers, believing their wives, had misgiving about her conduct and sent her into the jungle though she had no dealings with men, God being her only witness and yet her belly, by some strange phenomenon, appeared like that of a woman in the family way. The king with rapt attention and great thoughtfulness listened to the narration ringing with candour and truth and, believing in the princess' innocence, took her home. The first thing he did was to get some dried tamarinds. These he dipped in castor oil and gave the princess, who ate and had motions and, surprise of surprises, the belly, which was abnormally big, reduced to its normal level. In course of time the king married the princess and the union was a pleasant and happy one.

Now the seven brothers of the princess, whom we now call a queen, lost their throne and became very poor, and leaving their country they unknowingly came to where their sister was, with loads of grass on their heads. One day, when the queen was drying her long locks of hair on the terrace of her palace, she espied them and recognizing in them her merciless brothers, had them sent for. They came. Buying the grass from them immediately and ascertaining this particular and that without revealing herself that she was their sister, the queen dismissed them saying in conclusion, 'You can bring your wives when you next come.' The seven wives came the next time. The queen placed leaf-plates before them and, after serving vegetable and other viands on them, she began serving *ghi* with a ladle beginning from

the first brother's wife, and when she came to the seventh her hand agitated and refused its office and she, embracing her dearest and youngest sister-in-law, cried for a long while. They recognized each other of course. Upon which the other sisters-in-law who also now recognized their persecuted relation, were covered with confusion, shame and chagrin owing to their augury haying becom untrue. Their husbands repented of their folly of reposing trust in them to an undue extent without seeing things for themselves.

No. 86. THE ORIGIN OF MUSHROOM

ONCE a daughter-in-law, in the absence of her mother-in-law, killed a fatted hen and dressing it, put it on the fire-place to be cooked. In the meantime the mother-in-law came and she, being greatly afraid of her, took the curry-pot to the back of the house and emptied the contents in a snake-hole.

It was found on the morning that, on the snake-hole, a mushroom grew.

This is the reason why *pootta kokooloo* (mushrooms) taste like fowl or flesh.

No. 87. WHY THE MOGLI FLOWER AND THE LIME DISCARDED IN WORSHIP OF DEITIES

ONCE upon a time Brahma, Vishnu and Mahesha (*Adimoorthooloo*) wanted to see Ishwara. So Brahma taking the form of a crab, Vishnu the form of a boar and Mahesha that of a bandicoot, they began to dig down to the *Pâtâla*. Brahma pushed forward and outstripped the other two deities and was very much tired in consequence, but seeing the *Mogli* flower and the lime return

after due worship of the deity, told them to say to the deities left behind, that he had seen God and turned back.

Soon after, the two deities came and asked the *Mogli* flower and the lime whether Brahma had seen Ishwara. They said 'Yes'. But the gods by second sight knew it to be false and cursed Brahma for the lie he had invented saying, that he should have no temples dedicated to his worship. They also cursed the *Mogli* flower and the lime saying, that they would not be used in the worship of gods.

The curse stands to this day. Brahma has no temple[1] and the *Mogli* flower and the lime are not regarded sacred in the worship of deities.

No. 88. THE BEGGAR AND THE TACTLESS CHARITABLE LADY

ONCE upon a time a beggar went to a house and asked for victuals. The house-owner's wife came out on the door-stone and told him to bring a *ginnai*. He brought it after getting loan of the same with difficulty from another beggar who had it, and received the food and ate it. The lady, however, lost the merit of charity by coercing the beggar into doing a bit of work before she gave charity. She could have served the food on a leaf-plate.

No. 89. THE WOMAN, THE FOWL CURRY AND HER HUSBAND

ONCE a woman had stolen a neighbour's fowl. Killing it and making curry of it, she told her husband to partake of it.

[1] *Note.*—There is a temple, however—the only temple in all India-dedicated to his memory—at Poskara, termed the Brahma Poskara, in Central India visited by the French Traveller, Louis Rousselet, and described by him as a beautiful piece of architecture.

'I shall be no abettor in this sinful transaction. I shall not eat the curry' said he.

When the meal was served, his wife brought him the curry. 'I won't have it, I won't have it,' roared he.

'Do take some of the gravy, some of the gravy at least,' said his wife in a wheedling tone. He consented and she began to pour some from a ladle. On the ladle there came a large piece of flesh, on seeing which the man said :

'I do not want that piece of flesh—that piece of flesh, don't put it, I say, don't put it.'

'I do not put it but it wants to be put, what to do ?' said his wife.

No. 90. THE MAN AND THE NEIGHBOUR'S FOWL

THERE was a certain man. He stole a neighbour's fowl, and, making curry of it, ate it.

With a view to find out the thief, the owner when he saw his neighbours (assembled) together, said :

'If he ate the fowl it is alright, but why should he have the grease sticking about him ?'

Being pricked, the thief began to feel about his beard and the man caught him. But the fellow made amends and the matter was amicably settled.

No. 91. THE STORY OF THE LAME MAN AND THE BLIND MAN

THERE was a lame man and a blind man. On one occasion the river overflowed its banks and began flooding the country, so that all the inhabitants ran up a hill pell-mell to save their lives, leaving the beggars behind.

Now life is dear to all. The beggars took counsel together and hit upon a plan. The blind man took upon his back the lame man and ran, the lame man guiding him from above. The result was that they arrived at their destination before many of the inhabitants did. Thus the poor beggars saved their lives by their ingenuity.

No. 92. THE OLD WOMAN AND THE FOP

An old woman with her slow gait was going to town. A foppish young man riding a horse overtook her on the way and enquired :

'Where are you going, grandma ?'

'To town, grandson.'

'When will you reach the town, you walk so slowly ?'

'I shall, if God wills, in the evening.'

The fop, after talking with this man and that man on the way, and adjusting his laced turban on the head and his clothes about him several times, at length reached the town ; and at the same time this old woman reached the place. Seeing her he was very much abashed but the old woman could not help remarking :

'The time you took with your horse, O young man, to reach the town, I have taken also with my feeble legs.'

No. 93. THE FAMILY AND THE LEUCODERMA

Once upon a time leucoderma attacked a certain family, attacking one after another and in course of time exterminated all the members of that large family with a single exception. This was a girl given away in marriage to

another family and living in her mother-in-law's house in the distant land separated by a river. This girl the disease now thought of making a victim and with that end in view, got inside a cucumber and started on its course.

When it was travelling on the waters with great rapidity a man observed it and, greatly wondering, asked 'O cucumber, cucumber, where are you bound for at such a rate of speed, and what for?'

'To such and such a place in order to attack the sole surviving member of a family which I annihilated.'

The man heard this with greater wonder than ever and, being of a philosophic bent of mind, went to the girl's place before the cucumber and told the house to put away the first and the second morsels of food that evening under a basket. This was done.

Next morning it was found that in the food were teeming innumerable insects, veritable germs of the disease.

Such is leucoderma, the horrible disease: it blinds the eye and makes the skin assume the colour of a morbid white and makes its appearance in families for generations.

No. 94. THE MONKEY, THE GOAT AND THE WORKMAN

A MONKEY having done for a workman's rice and *dhall* in his absence, with a view to escape detection, applied some of the former to an innocent goat grazing hard by. In due course the poor workman returned from his duty at midday and to his great chagrin found his meal gone. Seeing the goat with parched rice sticking about its beard, he took it to be the thief and

thrashed the animal mercilessly, the tricky monkey escaping however.

No. 95. THE KING AND THE RESOURCEFUL CHASTE WOMAN

THERE was once a sensuous king, who desperately fell in love with a certain man's wife. The man was in a dire fix as to how to escape from the infamy that would, for generations, rest on his family, because of the king whose word was law. The wife, however, was a resourceful woman. Before the appointed hour of the royal visit she put on her gay clothes and fashionable trinkets, taking care, however, to eat a large quantity of dried gram ; so that when the king came and talked with the woman for a few minutes, a bad smell emanated with her breath and the result was that the king went back as he came. Thus the desire of a woman to remain chaste succeeded by a simple stratagem.

No. 96. THE KING, THE QUEEN AND THE EVIL HOUR

A KING had in his palace a married sister of his who gave birth to a girl. When the royal astrologers were consulted as to the fortune of the new-born infant, they said that it was born under an unlucky star and on the *thalambraloo* ceremony, would run away with a shoemaker. The king was thunderstruck and planning to prevent, if possible, the good name of his illustrious family from being tarnished, married the girl himself when she came of age.

In due course, by the marriage, he had a daughter and two sons. The daughter attained to womanhood and proposals for her wedding were a-foot, in fact, it was

being celebrated ; but when the hour arrived, when the shoe-maker should bring a pair of shoes in accordance with the traditional custom, the king, always mindful of the astrologers' prophecy (he had shut out the shoe-maker from the palace precincts in consequence from the very outset), disguised himself as a shoe-maker and himself brought the shoes for the bride and bridegroom. His wife taking him for a real shoe-maker and, true to the prophecy, whispered in his ear, ' O let us run away, O let us run away '. He consented and ran away with her there and then. The next morning, after they had covered a good deal of ground in travelling, the woman said : ' Why delay, let us advance.' The king asked ' Where ? ' and then the queen with dismay recognized her husband's voice. Thus passed the evil hour predicted.

No. 97. THE PRINCESS, HER HUSBAND AND THEIR DEAD CHILDREN

THERE was once a king. He had a favourite daughter who, taking her father's unwilling permission, issued a proclamation that she would marry that man only who would do her bidding under the most trying circumstances.

No one asked her in marriage for a long time and it seemed, as if the princess would have to lead a life of single blessedness. One morning, however, a young man came to the court and expressed his willingness to become the husband of the princess unmindful of the condition. The anxious father, who saw his daughter's youthful bloom fading away, embraced the opportunity and at once celebrated the princess's marriage before any change should come over his weird girl.

The bride and bridegroom were happy in each other's company and many days passed without the former asking the latter to do things in any way trying. But in due course the princess gave birth to a son who only lived for three days. On his death the wife ordered her husband to dig a grave and bury the child. It was a painful task to the father but he had to do it. True to the proverb, *goonta pilla yenta kadupu*, the princess again was in the family way and in due time was delivered of a son who lived for a month and then died. Again the princess ordered the young man to carry out the child, dig a grave and bury it. The father had to do it. Again, the princess gave birth to a son who had lived for five months and then died. For the third time the father was ordered to perform the painful duty of digging a grave and burying the child himself. Some time after the princess again brought forth a son. This one lived for a year and then died, and the father had again the unpleasant task much against his will of digging a grave and burying the child himself.

On the fifth day ceremony of the last child, the princess ordered her husband to pass the night at the tombs and give particulars of what he saw and heard. He did so and at midnight he heard his last child from the grave speak to the first.

'O how long did you live ?'

'For five days. I was indebted but a little to my father and mother. Till that debt was settled I stayed with them and then came away.

Then the second broke in and said, 'I owe my parents a bigger debt. So I stayed with them three months and then came away.'

Now the third spoke 'My debt was bigger than the

debt of both of you, so you see I stopped with my parents for one year and then came away.'

'But my debt was the biggest of all,' said the last. 'I had to remain for one year and then came away. Here now I lie with you.'

The next morning the Princess heard the strange revelation, and thanking her husband for doing her bidding under trying conditions, sent him away with presents. Thenceforth she had nothing to do with the world but retired from it altogether.

No. 98. THE GURU AND THE SIMPLE-MINDED NEATHERD

ONCE a *Guru* was passing in his palanquin by a forest when a simple-minded neatherd, seeing him pass, ran as fast as his legs could carry him and begged as a boon that he should not be required to work—ostensibly for his daily bread. 'The boon is granted,' said the Guru in derison. 'You will just stand where you are with your hands up and you will not be required to work.' Taking this in earnest, the simpleton stood with his hands up and his attention rivetted on the sky in contemplation. The rains came and fell in showers over him, the storms came and swept by him; still he stood there. Thus twelve years passed and the Guru came again on his circuit and, passing by the self-same or very forest, caught sight of the neatherd and was wondering within himself whether he was not the same man whom he had told to stand since he asked to be relieved from work; when lo! the neatherd began to ascend to heaven—chanting a strain as he went 'I see Kothandapani. I see Ishwara.' Without a second thought the Guru caught hold of his feet and so went up to heaven with him.

No. 99. THE STORY OF THE PISHOO AND THE BUG

THERE was once a *pishoo*. For a long time it thought of tasting the king's blood, but no opportunity seemed to afford itself ; so it cultivated friendship with a bug to whom it spoke out its mind one day.

'O bug dear, O bug dear, I am anxious to know what king's blood is like. Will you permit me to go in your company ?'

'Oh no, no,' said the bug. 'You are a hasty creature, I might be killed in your company who knows.'

However after much importunity the *pishoo* got permission and hid itself under the fourth coverlet, the bug occupying the one next it. In the night the king sat on his bed and had hardly gone to sleep when the *pishoo* began to suck his blood ravenously. The king immediately raised an alarm 'O I am bitten, I am bitten,' and the attendants running in made a thorough search and found a bug and a *pishoo* in the bed. These they instantly despatched.

No. 100. THE GURU, HIS DISCIPLE, THE JUGGLING-WOMAN AND THE CHOLA KING AND QUEEN

THERE was once a *Guru* of the *Ramanuja* sect—in fact the song *Hari Hari Ramanuja* of the *Sathanees* of which this folklore makes the celebrated reformer and founder of the sect to play the role or become the subject of the song after the invocation of Hari (God). A firm believer in that faith (*Ramanuja Matham*) was a disciple, rather a servant of Hari (God), attached to the *guru* ; who, renouncing the world, gave himself up to the *guru*

living with him in great openness and submissiveness ministering to his wants, doing whatever he wished and travelling with him in all countries with the sole object of learning the chief *manthram* and the way of obtaining absolution or *mukhti*.

Now once in the forest the *guru* felt thirsty and said to his disciple : 'I feel so thirsty that I am likely to die for very thirst. Get some water.' The disciple was in a fix as to where to get water in those places of hermits where look where you will you will see forest, forest and nothing else, but looking up he saw a flight of birds whom he thus addressed :—

'O birds, who are flying, tell me the place where water is.'

'O sir, come with us without losing your way. We shall show you the place of water,' said the birds.

He went and brought water, but in the meantime the *guru* had died—writing however the *manthram* for his disciple on the ground with his ebbing strength. Just when the *guru* died there had passed a wandering band of jugglers. Amongst them was a juggling-woman who, seeing writing on the ground, took out her ear-leaf from the bored ear-hole and transcribing it rubbed it out from the ground.

The disciple when he came taking the *guru* to be asleep said : 'O sir, take some water. I have brought it. Do take some, after which you can protect me. Moreover, O sleeping *Samoodoo* it is not decorous that in our way here we should sleep.' But the *guru* did not get up, much less pay heed to the entreaty, so once more the disciple besought him, 'O what ! Are you angry with me for delay. Do take some, after which you can find fault with the *Haridass* (referring to himself as the

servant of Hari).' Even then the *guru* did not get up ; so putting his hand on his breast and taking the cloth off his face, the disciple gently shook him so as to arouse him ; but it was of no avail—the *guru* was dead. And now at last the fact dawned upon him.

Shaking off his grief, the disciple, after composing his mind, cremated the *sadhu* and duly performed the last rites over him ; then seeing some vestiges of undecipherable writing on the ground, he wondered saying pensively to himself : ' The *guru* may have written the *manthram*, but it is difficult to trace and I had never asked it separated as I was from the *guru* ' (on an errand when he was passing away). As he thus pondered his attention was attracted to a number of large broad foot-prints like those of women all over the ground. Seeing a shepherd tending his flocks near, the disciple said to him : ' O young shepherd, will you kindly inform me how many women have passed by this way.' The boy replied ' Hear, O Haridass, that by this way passed a strolling company of jugglers. Of that company, a woman-juggler took down the writing on the ground (yonder) on her ear-leaf and, after blotting out the writing on the ground, stealthily moved on.'

Whereupon the disciple with great anguish of heart exclaimed : ' O to think that the holy *manthram* should be published in the streets by a dancing-girl, should be disseminated throughout the world by a ballet-dancer '; and at once started in search of the woman-juggler following in the tracks of the juggler-party and, reaching the city of Chola king, made a thorough search in the grass-built huts there and finding her in one of them addressed thus: ' O mother, do protect me. O dancing-mother, do take me into your service. I shall do whatever work you bid me do.'

To which the juggling-woman hard-heartedly replied: 'What is the use of your work to us, sir? We have many servants already and there is no vacancy.' Whereupon the disciple burst into tears saying: 'It is not fair to treat harshly the refugee and one who is bewildered in his mind.' The dancer, now a little softened, replied: 'Be calm, sir, do not weep,' adding mysteriously, 'you are certainly a gem, fit person to keep the holy *manthram*, only the mind is not willing (to part with the treasure).' Thus saying she engaged him to look after asses.

Now in the city—wonder of wonders! all the twenty-four bells in the temples had sounded the *surva ganta* or victory bell and had begun to ring together of their own accord when the young *sadhu* set foot on the soil of the Chola kingdom. The king surprised at this, came to his wife and said: 'O *Rajendri*, my spoiled darling. Who are tolling the bells? What is this wonder? Let us go to the servants' hall and enquire.' But the servants could give no information, so some of them were despatched to ascertain the cause and they brought the news that the bells had begun to ring of themselves simultaneously from such and such an hour.

Now the wife of the Chola king was a great *pativirata*, so she attributed this to the arrival of some *mahatma* or great soul; so with the consent of her husband she issued a proclamation that every one in the kingdom, man, woman, child and new-born babe, without any exception, should be present at the state banquet to be given in the evening. Her object in issuing this was to find out the holy man. In obedience to the order all came and the queen enquired whether every one was present. 'Yes, your majesty,' said the minister; 'all have come but one—a new servant employed by the

recently arrived strolling company of jugglers who is tending asses some miles away from the city. 'He is the *Mahatma*' said the queen by second sight. 'I shall go and fetch him.' Thus saying she got ready a palanquin green unto auspiciousness and set out for the outskirts of the city and seeing the ass-boy embraced him tenderly and said: 'My father, do come. You are missed. I have come specially for you. You shall have whatever you want.'

'I am an ordinary ass-boy mother. Why are you so solicitous for me ? I do not want anything. What is this greenish palanquin for an ass-boy ? '

Scarcely had he alighted from the palanquin in the city than all the bells in the temples began to send forth peel after peel of triumphal music.

At this moment the strolling company of jugglers, pursuant to a previous engagement, were performing feats of legerdemain, the chief dancer, in virtue of the esoteric *manthram*, was suspended between heaven and earth to the great astonishment and wonder of the assembled people. Seeing her, the disciple ran to the queen and said that he had a very humble request to make.

'What is it my father ? ' said the queen.

'Only I wish for the ear-leaf of the dancer, mother, replied the *sadhu*.

His request was granted and, hardly had he read with deep religious fervour the holy writing on the palm-leaf, than he began his ascent to heaven. Taking hold of him the virtuous queen began to go also, the king followed suit taking hold of the folds of his wife's drapery and the juggling-woman also taking in the situation at a glance caught hold of the king's feet and was also translated to heaven to be absorbed in the Great Soul.

No. 101. THE MAN AND HIS VERY UNKIND WIFE

ONCE upon a time a man complained to his neighbour that his wife does not give him a bath over the head even once a week.

The other man hearing it said: 'Sirrah! You complain that you don't get a bath even once a week, but my wife gives me a bath only once a year at the time of *Dewali* festival. Isn't that exemplary?'

These stories are now concluded and as they are named, as elsewhere explained, after my departed consort and myself, I do not see the propriety of dedicating them in this collective form to any one outside of the family circle and the dedicatory sheet appearing at the beginning of the book. Hence the work is dedicated to a relation of mine—the only surviving son of a favourite sister of mine, and the usual order of dedication is reversed, following the precedent set by the author of 'Waverley' and the dedicatory sheet attached at the end.

DEDICATED

IN ALL LOVE

TO

MY NEPHEW

P. M. VENKATASWAMI, Esq.

ACTING HEAD OF THE SUR PANCH ('MAHANADU')

AND

DEPUTY AUDITOR, OFFICE OF THE
DEPUTY ACCOUNTANT-GENERAL OF POSTS AND
TELEGRAPHS, NAGPORE, C. P.

NOTES

No. 1. THE THOUSAND-EYED MOTHER

General Note

WHEN any one says that small-pox is contagious to a high degree and that such and such persons—adults and children—would not have died had they not touched or come in contact with their small-pox stricken relatives, the old people at once narrate the above story. The moral being that, if we are to be attacked by small-pox, we must be attacked, no matter how or where, and if destined to die by it, or from its effects, we cannot escape, as we are under the observation of the Thousand-eyed Mother.

No. 4. THE ABLE MINISTER AND THE UNGRATEFUL KING

Rung is the vernacular expression for the 'boisterous dances' of the text (page 11, line 16). It refers to the red colour used at the Holi, which is also called Wassant Panchami. ***To give rung,*** then means to give a boisterous feast, one at which the colour used at Holi is used. To give a nautch or dance implies a much more decorous entertainment than the other.

No. 7. LALAN, PRINCESS OF RUBIES

Sadabarth means a free distribution of rice, *dhall* and *ghi*, and also the place where it is doled out. There are many institutions of this sort called choultries in the Madras Presidency. (Page 26.)

Manus goon, manus goon is the vernacular expression for 'I smell a man, I smell a man' in the text (page 28, line 18) similar to what we have in an expanded form in the Bengali folktales

Woung, moung, khoung
Monisshee gondo paung
Dhoreh, dhoreh khaung

[meaning, Hurrah! we scent human flesh and we will eat it]. Bradley-Birt's 'Fairy Tales of Bengal'.

No. 8. JAMBHU RAJA

It is said that when a person casts his eye on a thing and asks it, we should part with it at once or it will be lost or injury will be done to the same. (Evil Eye.—EDITOR, *Indian Antiquary.*) (Page 31, line 14.)

Because of relationship in the previous birth Hindus are firm believers in the law of metempsychosis. (Page 31, line 17.)

It is said that there are fires under the sea. Vadavanala, a mythological person, is in charge of them. (Page 33, line 18.)

No. 11. KUTHUVELUKU AND POONGAVELUKU

(*a*) *Kunkuma.*—A powdered substance, vermilion in colour, applied in the form of a circle to the forehead by Hindu women; *barnailu*—small caskets to hold *kunkuma*, often made of wood. (Page 41.)

(*b*) *Punyastrees.*—Lit. meritorious ladies, or those ladies whose husbands are alive as distinguished from widows. They are allowed to wear the *kunkuma* mark on the forehead and to apply turmeric-paste to their face, hands and feet. (Page 41.)

(*c*) *Málákara.*—Lit. maker of málás or wreaths of flowers, usually called a *mali* (gardener). (Page 41.)

(*d*) *Gujras.*—Small garlands of flowers for the hands; *turas*—small garlands of flowers for the head, rather for the head-dress. (Page 41.)

(*e*) Shaving of the head, lopping of the ears, and cutting of the noses of women and parading them in streets after making them sit on donkeys with their faces pointing to the tail of the animal were old punishments inflicted on women for their misconduct or infidelity to their husbands or other heinous offences. (Page 42, line 27.)

(*f*) *Kasyapa Muni.*—The Saint Kasyapa, one of the Saptharishis (The Great Bear) who first settled at Kashmir. (Page 43.)

(*g*) *Yamulgiri Parvatam.*—The famous Himalaya mountain, the highest mountain in the world. Mount Everest, *Chomo Lungmo* ['Goddess Mother of the Country'] 29,002 feet. Height ascended by Major Bruce and Captain Finch, 27,300 feet. (Page 43.)

(*h*) *Konguvaisinānu* [Telugu]—meaning laid the hem or that portion of the *sari* (Bengali *achal*) which gracefully comes over the head on the ground with a view to secure. (Page 44, line 22.)

No. 16. THE PRINCESS AND THE PONNA FLOWERS

(*a*) Tiger-king or *Puli-raja* (in the original) though ambiguous is evidently meant for *Chirtha puli*, for it is that beast, viz. panther or leopard, that killed the heroine of the story. The ambiguity arises from the fact that the Telugus apply the same term both for tiger and panther or leopard. When we say *Puli vochhinadhi* (tiger came) we do not know whether a *pedda puli* (Bengal tiger) or a *Chirtha puli* (leopard or panther) is meant. (Page 53.)

(*b*) *Jangamaya* or *Jangama*.—A Lingayath or Shivite beggar of the Jangama sect who always wears the emblem of phallic linga and *rudraksha mālā* (a garland of holy seeds, *oleocarpus ganitas*) on his neck and has the wide-mouthed *Jholay*. (Page 53.)

(*c*) *Jholay* or bag hung to the shoulder. In it is kept the *vibudi* (ashes) and in which the alms given in kind, such as rice, Indian millet, are received. (Page 53.)

Basava is the *Guru* of the Jangamas as narrated in the Vishnu Purana.

No. 17. THE KING, THE STATE ELEPHANT AND THE CHASTE LAUNDRESS

(*a*) *Astrologer*.—In former times in native courts it was the astrologers that the kings turned to for advice on every conceivable subject—important or trivial, superstitious or otherwise. In fact, the astrologers were the prime ministers. This is not the case at the present day and it is a good sign of the times. (Page 54.)

(*b*) *Pativirata* is one who vowed to take one husband; in other words, her love is centred on one no matter whether he proves good or bad in the long run. (Page 54.)

(*c*) *Arti*.—Lamps on a tray waved over a god, goddess, king, bridegroom, or bride for a certain number of times. The epithalamium begins with *ārtigo mangalārtigo* (here goes the *arti*, goes the good *arti*). (Page 54.)

(*d*) *Rice-oath*.—In Telugu marriages the bride has to take an oath on rice that she will not desert her husband till she dies; in the same manner the bridegroom pledges himself. (Page 54.)

(*e*) *Raja.*—Amongst Telugus, Raja or Raju is a term for Maharaja or great king, e.g. *Voka raju voonday*, meaning there was a king, i.e. a great king or Maharaja. (Page 54.)

(*f*) *Areh Rascal* in the original. *Areh* is used in a contemptuous sense by an oriental king having before his mind's eye the humble position of the man he addresses. In every-day slang *areh* (*ekkada ra pothavoo*) expresses oh ! or exclamation of surprise. (Page 54.)

(*g*) *Ghat* is the place with the boulders here and there where the *dhobies* go to do their washing. It is usually near a flowing rivulet or running brook or in some cases close to a river. (Page 55.)

(*h*) *Oh aiya, aiya.*—Oh brother, brother. *Aiya* is a term in a special sense used for one's father by the rustic children of a poor or illiterate individual of a village, e.g. *Ma aiya rālaidhu*, meaning 'our father did not come', while the children of a prosperous or polished man of a city term their father *nāyana*, e.g. *Ma nāyana rālaidhu*, giving the same sense 'Our father did not come'. It is used in a general sense by the males and females for a man well-stricken in years. *O aiya ekkada vellootoonnavu*, O father (not the real father) where are you going ? and it is used in a special sense to a middle-aged man, and to a young man as in the present case. *O aiya, aiya,* when it means a brother, an uterine brother. Some say *aiya* is a corruption for *arya.* I leave this point for philologists to decide as it is not within my province. (Page 55.)

(*i*) *Amma* or *Umma* is a term for mother in a special sense ; it is used in a general sense for sister—no uterine sister—or elderly woman, as in this case, a woman well-stricken in years is also called a mother. Will philologists also decide whether *umma* is derived from *Uma*, the wife of Shiva ? *Umma* is a term added after the name of every married woman amongst the Telugus, e.g. Tulsi-umma, Heera-umma, Chinna-umma. (Page 55.)

(*j*) *Pitambar* is a valuable *sari* with gold lace or embroidery, greater portion of which is displayed on the hem or *kongoo* (*achal*, Bengali) that comes gracefully over the head of the wearer. (Page 55.)

(*k*) *Dhoban* or *Bharetan* is the wife of a *dhobi* or *Bhareta* or washerman. Bhareta was the first washerman in the service of Rama of Valmiki's epic (probably the first, bearing that name which now become general to apply to every washerman) and assuredly not the wife-beating rascal in that fraternity who was

the cause of Seetadevi or Seetammoroo (Dravidian for goddess Seeta) being exiled soon after her rescue from Lanka. (Page 55.)

(*l*) Hindu females do not take their meals in advance or before their husbands take theirs; if they do, it is regarded as a sort of breach and the transgressors are looked down upon by the elderly women. (Page 56, line 3.)

No. 18. THE SIMPLETON, THE THIEVES AND THE CLEVER MOTHER

(*a*) *Rattling pair of shoes* in the original. Rattling is caused by placing a piece of broken cocoanut in the making of the shoe. This is done by a shoemaker at one's request at the time of making of the shoes. An Indian fop always likes *kirku cheppooloo* (Telugu), meaning a rattling pair of shoes. (Page 56, para. 2.)

(*b*) *Dhobi's boulder*.—A large piece of stone in a river-bank or on the margin of a rivulet or *nullah* over which the washerman strikes the doffed off clothes mercilessly: this being a part of cleaning process from time immemorial: a process to be deprecated, but in the absence of a steam laundry it must continue. (Page 57.)

No. 19. THE TWO FRIENDS

(*a*) Biting of nose by a jealous husband is a common crime in India. Of all the Indian ornaments the nose-ring looks graceful on the Indian woman's face which Crawford takes note of. Now picture to yourself the sorrow and chagrin of a woman who loses her nose or the chief beauty of her life. At the present day she would have been provided with an *ala* in substitution for the nose bit off were she to apply to Dr. Hendley of Jaipur without sending even the excised nasal organ. In fact, there would have been no dramatic irony as was disclosed in the story nor the present folktale with that incident taken shape. (Page 60, line 4.)

(*b*) *Kāli*, *Durgā*, *Bhadrakāli*, *Bhavāni* and *Mahākāl* are the names of the goddess Kāli. There is a famous temple of *Mahākāl* or the Great Time at Avantinagari (the present Oojein). It was in existence when *Panchatantra* was composed in the 6th century, for there are references to it in that old Sanskrit work of Vishnusharma. (Page 60.)

No. 20. THE SAGE AND THE WOULD-BE MOTHER

In India girls attain puberty at twelve nay at eleven years of age and become mothers very early; in some cases when they

are barely twelve years old. We have justly called our heroine a girl, not woman : in fact, she was not more than that though she was to become a mother. This state of things only reveals what is responsible for the bad physique of the Indian races—early marriages, of course, which reformers should take note. (Page 62, line 25.)

(*a*) 'Consider the lilies of the field, they toil not, they spin not, yet 'Solomon in all his days of glory was not arrayed like one of these. 'Take no thought for the morrow what ye should eat or drink or 'wherewith ye should be clothed for your heavenly Father provides 'these '—occur in Bible with reference to trust on God by man. (Page 63, line 12.)

No. 21. THE LEARNED LINGUIST

General Note

The acquisition of Telugu, one of the sweetest languages of India (it is called the 'Italian of the East'), abounding in numerous words of Sanskritic origin, is not so difficult as this folktale inculcates. In connection with the Telugu language the name of the late Mr. C. P. Brown, Collector of Masulipatam, must endure so long as the language endures for his *magnum opus*—the Dictionary English-Telugu and Telugu-English.

No. 22. THE FOOLISH MENDICANT AND THE SENSIBLE LADY

(*a*) Alms in India are given mostly in kind or grain and very little in money. (Page 64, line 10.)

(*b*) *Luddoos*.—An Indian sweetmeat, circular balls of sugar with other ingredients therewith. It is palatable to the taste. In India sweetmeats are not made for children only, but they are made for grown-up people also. (Page 64.)

(*c*) *Annum parabrahmum*.—Food is the chief god—a Telugu saying. (Page 64.)

(*d*) Tying of the knot is the tying of the *tali* by which the marriage treaty becomes ratified. (Page 65, line 26.)

No. 24. THE SHAKESPEARE OF INDIA

So long as the Sanskrit language endures the works of the poet *must* live and it is his immortal masterpiece 'Sakuntala' that

throws a veil over the character of the predominant jewel of the Court of Bhoj of Oojein in the manner that the famous work 'Wars of the Catiline' covers the wickedness of the Latin historian (poet ?) Sallust. In either case the blemishes marred not the beauty of intellect of the oriental and occidental geniuses shadowed forth in their respective works which must endure all *Kalpās*.

No. 25. THE IMBECILE AND THE RATS

Be it understood that our imbecile was not dealing with the question of extermination of pests like the Australian pest of rodents but an ordinary one.

No. 26. THE ROBBER, THE DESTINY-WRITER AND THE KING

(*a*) *Sutvi* is the appellation for the woman who, the *Durjis* (tailors) say, writes the decrees of fate on the forehead of new-born babes. (Page 70.)

(*b*) It is said that *grahas* (constellations) are all powerful till persons attain to the age of twelve years when they lose their force and no more *bālagrahās* and *Suthka* propitiations in consequence are dreamt of by the anxious father on the uneasiness of the child becoming apparent. That there is truth in *bālagrahās* is open to doubt or question ; it is however certain that the mortality amongst infants is greater than the mortality among adults which seems to point out that children are really exempted from the evil effects of the constellation soon after they attain to the age of thirteen years which is the turning-point in their life to become adults without any further trouble or anxiety to parents. (Page 71, line 1.)

(*c*) In India wells have regular accommodation below for persons to stay. Dada Hari's well in Ahmedabad is an instance of the kind on a grand and magnificent scale. *Chorboodi*.—The Robbers' well is another in the Seoni district of the Central Provinces. (Page 76, line 34.)

No. 27. THE TRUE RECLUSE

Taking the name of God (in vain) is a breach of the Christian *Dasasila* (Ten Commandments), but it is not so amongst the Hindus. They take the name of God (Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Haribol, Haribol) while eating, drinking or sleeping in every emergency and on every conceivable occasion. (Page 72, line 20.)

That the pangs of hunger are not felt by having had recourse to this expedient (Page 73, lines 14–15) which is far-fetched may be questioned, but the other expedient practised (*on dit*) by the ill-treated daughter-in-law and the poor in general by tightening the waist for taking less food or no food (for some days) may be possible.

No. 31. THE BHAGATMAYA SADHU

(*a*) 'Thou shalt not take the name of God (in vain)' is a Christian Commandment, but when the Hindus take the name of god or gods they do so with respect not with levity and this may be termed listless respect. (Page 76, line 13.)

(*b*) *Bangaripittaloo.*—Golden birds. Grosbeaks, perhaps, are meant. Their intelligence is to be admired in the compartments in the nests they make or build separately for the male members, the female members, and the young ones. (Page 77.)

(*c*) Made him repeat three times so as to bind him in order that he may not swerve from his promise. (Page 77, line 12.)

(*d*) *Nitishastra.*—A Work on Ethics in the Telugu language. It is in the form of 'Anthology'. (Page 77.)

(*e*) Characteristics of a coronation ceremony of a king selected from the people when the royal line becomes extinct. (Page 78, lines 1–5.)

(*f*) *Cheepurloo*—brooms; and *Chataloo*—wicker-work contrivances utilized by the Telugu females in driving away bran from the rice (raw) and picking out gravel stones. (Page 79.)

(*g*) *Jalam*—water. The first thing given to a guest before he sits down to meals, rather when the guest steps in the court-yard of a house. (Page 79.)

No. 32. THE HUSBAND AND HIS SELFISH WIFE

(*a*) *Gunjee* and *kudgu.*—Gravel and water of washed rice. (Page 80.)

(*b*) *Chinthabarikay.*—A branch of a tamarind tree with which strokes are administered. (Page 81, line 13)

No. 33. THE MOTHER-IN-LAW AND THE SON-IN-LAW

General Note

This is a story of the *atta-alludu* (mother-in-law—son-in-law) *kathalu* (stories). The series of such stories is a pretty good one

and each of the story is of a laughable nature. Amongst the Hindus or in Hindu families, the mother-in-law is looked down upon as a person to be made fun of at every conceivable opportunity, hence her appearance before her son-in-law with a closed or veiled face just like a *pardanashin* lady. But some mothers-in-law do not mind this for they say in naked truth that the relation they stand to their sons-in-law is like that of a mother and the relation which their sons-in-law stand to them is like that of a son, as the two English words mother-in-law and son-in-law appropriately mean.

(*a*) *Passimu.*—Rice cooked with milk to which, after preparation, a little jaggery or sugar is added. (Page 81, para. 4.)

No. 34. THE PRINCE, HIS WIFE AND THE FAIRIES

(*a*) Rumbha and Urwasi are dancers in the court of Indra. They are famed for their beauty. (Page 83.)

(*b*) *Saraswati.*—Goddess or Patroness of Learning. (Page 83.)

(*c*) Jet-black hair is considered to be a beauty by the Hindus as the Europeans consider of auburn hair amongst themselves. (Page 83, lines 19–20.)

(*d*) *Brahma.*—The writer of destinies. In folklore the position is assigned to others also such as Vishwakarma, Vidātapurusha, Sutwi, and so on. (Page 83, line 34.)

(*e*) *Jerubattalu.*—Laced clothes for the head and other parts of the body. Lace, thin or thick, is greatly used for cloths worn by Hindus. (Page 84.)

(*f*) *Kātika.*—Collyrium—which is here quite different from the other, by applying which to the eye, it is said, you will discern the wealth hidden in the matrix of the earth. (Page 85.)

(*g*) *Kunyakaloo, Kunnailoo* also.—There might not be very great difference between the two, if there is then those who are in the celestial abodes are *Deva Kunyaloo*—celestial daughters, and those who frequent waters are *Kunnaikaloo* (nymphs). But when the former descend on this earth to bathe in its tanks, are they not joined by the latter? The latter also might go to the celestial abodes with the former. There is a superstition that *Kunnaikaloo* select from human beings beautiful virgins or newly-married women of great personal attraction to keep company with them. I remember

my wife, who is now no more, telling me of her having seen five water nymphs of unheard-of beauty in a *konairoo*, where she went to bathe some time after her marriage and that they had attracted her, one exhibiting her beautiful hands. We hear of such and such a girl favoured of *Kunnaikaloo*. *Vide* Kincaid's *The Anchorite* page—for the phenomenon. (Page 85.)

No. 35. THE ZAMINDAR AND HIS TWO SONS

(*a*) *Errati yaigāni.*—A red burnishing copper coin of the value of three pies, or say an English penny. (Page 88, line 23.)

No. 36. THE TWO BARBERS

(*a*) A great insult to a Mahomedan for which a member of the Covenanted Civil Service has been dismissed by the Secretary of State for India quite recently. (Page 90, line 17.)

(*b*) *Muezzin.*—The crier who, from the terrace or elevated spot of a mosque, calls the faithful to prayer. (Page 90, line 18.)

(*c*) *Pandāram.*—A religious beggar in loose red ochre colour clothes of Malayalam or Tamil nationality. They rear beards and moustaches and have on their necks hanging a wreath of *rudraksha* or holy seeds (*eleocarpus ganitas*). (Page 90, line 29.)

(*d*) *Chowpat Raja.*—A foolish king of that name reigning in *Andhair Nageri* or city where justice prevails not in which it is difficult for upright people to dwell. (Page 91.)

No. 37. THE OVER-CONFIDENT MARWADI, HIS WIFE, AND THE GAY LOTHAIRE

General Note

The story inculcates that however much we may guard our women they will not give up their infidelity if they are bent upon doing so, despite they be kept in forests or places inaccessible to man. The story is one of the class of *Hamsa-Vimsa* or *Sukasaptati* literature charging women with infidelity.

(*a*) All is confusion, that is all women are, with one honourable exception, wanting in chastity. (Page 91, line 28.)

(*b*) One is in confusion or wanting in chastity; the rest are leading the life of householders in the best sense of the term. (Page 92, line 12.)

(*c*) The Telugus divide women into four classes—*Padmini*, *Hastini*, *Shankini*, *Chithini*. The woman of the first class is

a *Pativirata* or ideal chaste woman, while the woman of the fourth class is one fit to lead the life of a whore though married. The other two classes of women are middling, neither very good nor very bad.

No. 38. THE GIRL OF THE WOODLANDS, HER BROTHERS AND THE RAKSHASA

Putting of bangles on a woman's wrist. This is a very interesting process to watch. The bangle-seller first of all takes the hand of a woman in his, closes it together with the jutting out thumb, takes out the suitable bangles chosen by the wearer and puts them on softening the hand now and then by pressing and making the 'knuckles' to break for the purpose. The bangles that break while made to fit on the wrists are not charged for. (Page 95, lines 14–16.)

The folktale is narrated by a woman, hence the *Rani* in conclusion was shown by way of humour as having given to the story-teller a *sari* and a *choli*.

No. 39. THE FAKEER'S DAUGHTER AND THE WICKED QUEEN

'I must get here or I shall not get anywhere.'

This is a superstition. Further no one in India will give you in the mornings anything on credit though you may be an approved customer before a transaction, small or large, was made in cash first by others. But if you give a copper coin even, to serve as handsel, you will get whatever you require. The contention is, that if you are given anything on credit first, others also are sure to ask for credit during the whole of that day and there will be no cash transaction at all. (Page 96, line 6.)

Beedas.—Pepper leaves, arecanut, nutmeg, cloves, catechu, and lime in very small quantities folded in neat small triangular packets and presented to a visitor. This is a sort of introduction. It is very pleasant to hear 'Pan choyi, Pan choyi' from boys of tender age offering for a copper pan-packets in the Star Theatre and other theatres in Calcutta on theatrical nights. (Page 97.)

'Offered the beeda'—with a view to become his wife. Rather this is a sign of her having selected the Raja for her husband. This sort of marriage may be considered as or likened unto

a *Gandharva* marriage or marriage *a la Gandharva*, or this may be a sort of marriage said to obtain amongst Mohomedans. (Page 98, line 2.)

We do not say 'Now go,' but 'Now go and come back' when we come to the conclusion of a story. For it is said, that if we say 'Now go', the person addressed might, who knows, go away for good, i.e. die, so we say 'Now you go and come (*poyee ra.*) Although this is the Telugu ending of the story and Telugu ideas occur here and there in the course of the story, the story itself does not appear to be of Telugu origin but of Mahomedan origin, for we have Urdu words such as *keer*, *fakeer*, *paris*, besides Moslem thought and a custom of marriage which may be Mahomedan. (Page 98, line 7.)

No. 40. THE KING, HIS SUFFERINGS AND VOW

Strange though the king's decree in the folklore may seem, it must have been issued by more than one despotic oriental king. The sins of Eastern kings were veritably great, but the Western kings also were no exceptions; for Reynolds, I hear, though I have not read him, has much to say against them in his 'Mysteries'.

No. 41. THE GIRL, THE LINGA AND THE WONDERFUL GIFT

(*a*) *Pradakshina.*—Circumambulation, sometimes with wet clothes on, which depends on the vow one makes. Females are specially punctilious in going round a temple before visiting the god at once. Do they drive away spirits from them by this procedure before entering the sacred precincts? (Page 99).

(*b*) *Linga.*—The phallic Linga and the Yoni are both worshipped as emblems of God Mahadev and his Consort by the Shivites. (Page 99).

(*c*) *Athinti-kodaloo.*—The daughter-in-law of the mother-in-law's house. This term is used out of pity for the daughter-in-law because of her having no power in her mother-in-law's house, e.g. 'She is *athinti-kodaloo*. What can she do?' goes the saying. (Page 99).

(*d*) Eight pleasures or *Asta bogamuloo.* They are—

(1) *Snayhabogam.*—The Pleasure of Friendship—cultivating friendship and deriving pleasure therefrom.

(2) *Vastrabogam.*—The Pleasure of Dress—wearing the best clothes, golden laced, of fine texture and of gaudy colours.

(3) *Rajabogam.*—The Pleasure of being with the Raja—taking meals with him, driving out with him, etc.

(4) *Dhanabogam.*—The Pleasure of Wealth—having wealth in profusion to do what one pleases and no way in want of el Dorado.

(5) *Dhanabogam.*—The Pleasure of Charity—dispensing charity of various kinds—money, cloth, grain, performing charitable marriages, thread-ceremonies, etc.

(6) *Annabogam.*—The Pleasure of Food—partaking of the best food, civil or military, depending on the temperament.

(7) *Streebogam.*—The Pleasure of Women—deriving pleasure in company of women—carnal pleasures including

(8) *Snanabogam.*—The Pleasure of Bath—derived from ablutions. (Page 99, line 27.)

No. 42. KABEERDASS AND KALIDASS

General Note

The folktale has been narrated to the writer by a shoemaker of the name of Shevaram living in Lascar Line, Nagpur, Central Provinces. The author of *Sakuntala* and the Mahomedan disciple of Ramanand were not contemporaries, for the one flourished in the sixth century and the other lived, as history has it, preaching the Ramanji Matham (Ramanuja's Faith) about A.D. 1420. So our folklore fabric must fall to the ground because of clashing in of time (century); or Kabeer, whose date is not disputed as Kalidass's is, might have another contemporary bearing that illustrious name. For in history this name of distinction Kalidass's occurs anterior to sixth century: in other words more than one man must have borne this honoured name with honour further added in 57 B.C. and after under the illustrious Vikramaditya, but not at any rate in the early Christian era. Or somehow or other the tale must have been mixed up about the sage and poet irrespective of time because of their universal renown.

(*a*) *Vahanas.*—Every god or goddess has his or her carrier. Shiva has his bull; Durga has her tiger; Ganesa has his rat; Sarasvati has her peacock and so on. (Page 100.)

No. 43. THE PRINCE AND THE DECEITFUL HOSPICE-KEEPER

(*a*) *Paidharālloo Peddhammah.*—Folktale heroes are made to pass their nights or days when they first arrive in a country at a *Paidharālloo* or *Paidharaisi Peddhammah* (poor elderly mother), whose house may be regarded as an hospice, she herself being the proprietress. She is in folklore an old simple dame and chatterbox, at times a deceptive woman notwithstanding her good name and position as a private boarding house-keeper. *Peddhammah* literally means father's elder brother's wife. (Page 101, para. 1.)

(*b*) *Vara.*—A Madras coin valued at Rs. 3-8. (Page 101.)

(*c*) *Deepavali.*—A festival during which houses are beautifully illuminated and the Goddess of Wealth, Lakshmi, is worshipped. (Page 101.)

(*d*) *Kich, kich.*—Figure of Onomatopœia—that rats make such noise, say the Telugus (Page 102, line 2.)

(*e*) The bridegroom or bride is subject to five minutes' swoon, called flower-swoon, on the bridal procession night, and this is attributed to the emanation of scent of flowers. (Page 103, line 8.)

(*f*) *Andhaeloo*, etc.—The ornaments worn on the feet of women should always be of silver, unless one is a queen, who alone can put on gold ornaments on these parts of the body. (Page 103, line 5.)

No. 44. THE BRAHMIN, THE OILMAN AND THE PROSTITUTE

(*a*) *Nulghu* is the paste made of *moongkādāl* by pounding process. Oil is mixed in it and the paste applied to the body and rubbed vigorously so as to remove dirt and impart beauty and strength. Bath taken after the application of this paste is called *nulghusnānam* or *nulgu* bath. (Page 104, line 9.)

(*b*) *Angavasthram.*—Cloth or scarf thrown loosely over or across the shoulders. It is generally of white cloth with gold lace. (Page 104.)

(*c*) *Bharadhum.*—Contraction for Vyasa's *Mahabharatham* translated into English by P. C. Roy, C.I.E. (Page 104.)

(*d*) Kānda is the term employed here, not its English equivalent 'Canto'. It, for example, conveys more sense or meaning because of its *samas* than the vague meaning conveyed by the word Canto. Such is the Sanskrit language, the mother of all

languages, so easily bends itself to mould into verse because of its *samas* or other forms of nicety.

(*e*) *Anjanayuloo*—another popular name for *Hanuman*, the monkey god, derived from the name of his old mother Anjanādevi. (Page 104.)

(*f*) *Volloo kalchookokoonda*, Telugu for 'without burning his body' rather finger according to the English idiom. (Page 105.)

(*g*) *Ganga nainoo ranoo.*—I swear by the Ganges I won't come. (Page 105.)

(*h*) *Vankara kurra.*—A walking stick neither very straight nor very crooked—a cross between a straight and a crooked stick considered to be a beauty amongst the Telugus. (Page 105.)

(*i*) *Chemboo* and *Vootharani.*—Both are brass vessels, the one is intended for drinking water, while the other is for keeping doles received in kind. (Page 105.)

(*j*) *Bhagavatam* players.—These strolling companies perform plays from the *Bhagavatam* or Diversions of Sri Krishna. They have a head called *puntuloo* (pedagogue), or what we termed in the story as manager being equivalent to *Sutrādar* of Mahratti plays; a dancer, a courtesan, who also represents the histrionic talents; and a drummer called the *Sānaykādu*. (Page 106.)

(*k*) *Torri gavva.*—Broken cowrie. Broken shell (*cypra moneta*) pass for some monetary value in India. Eighty go to make a copper coin of the value of about an English penny. (Page 106.)

(*l*) *Achhapatra.*—Doles of rice or doles received in kind. (Page 107.)

(*m*) *Dhathams—manodatham, dhannadatham, and vakkudatham.*—Solemn promises—Promise to self; Promise to give charity; Promise by word of mouth. (Page 107.)

(*n*) A female curse.—Taking three handfuls of earth, the wronged woman empties the same in entirety before the sun-god calling him to witness the injustice and then curses her enemy. (Page 107.)

(*o*) Conclusion of the story by the narrator taking into consideration the external circumstances. (Page 107, para. 2.)

No. 45. THE IMPOVERISHED MERCHANT AND THE FICKLE-MINDED WIFE

General Note

This story exhibits deplorable state of things but a chaste Hindu wife would not do anything of the sort. Rather she would prefer to

take rat's bane or powdered glass or *dhatura* or opium and oil mixed to put an end to her existence than prostitute herself to satisfy the cravings of hunger. But the purpose of the story is to teach a lesson that, if we ravish any one's wife, our wife would be ravished by others in turn.

No. 46. THE SILLY MERCHANT

General Note

The lesson inculcated by the foregoing story is, that if we take advantage of other men's wives even by so little as pulling aside of *sari* or winking or ogling, etc., or by so great as committing improprieties with them, other men also will deal out with the same measure to our wives. Pulling aside of *sari* is a piece of disrespect. That privilege is enjoyed by the husband alone and this say twice in six months. As a matter of fact there arises no occasion for him to make use of the privilege except when he would smilingly ask his wife with the words 'Behold here or look there' to rivet her attention on a non-existing thing when he would jokingly pull aside the *sari*.

No. 47. THE KING AND THE THREE OLD MEN

General Note

The story inculcates the benefit arising from keeping aloof as much as possible even from legitimate pleasure, or the value of staying power leading to prolongation of life, strengthening the force of the Mahomedan proverb '*Ratanku jatankaro vakt par karch karo*' (Take care of the virile power and spend it in proper season).

We doubt persons attaining to the age of 300 years or more, but sages in the Himalayan mountains, it is said, live to greater age than this, which is corroborated by Christian evidence afforded by Metheseula and others living for thousands of years. The average span of man's life on this earth is forty-four years, now reduced to thirty-three owing to deterioration of species in physique, but we have on record persons living to the limit of 150 to 200 years of age, the centenarians here and there are not to be taken into consideration. As regards sages, in the course of this note, I may say from what I have heard that when the Warangal Railway—evidently

the Nizam's Guaranteed State Railway—was being constructed or the construction reached the point at the old capital of Pratap Rudra, some of the engineers came across some *Sadhus* underneath the ground or in *samadhi* state who enquired whether Rama had punished Ravana, brought back Sita from Lanka and gone to his country of Ayodhya. They were informed that *Kaliyuga* had already dawned when they expressed a wish to be convinced where they were. From this, it may be imagined, of the age of the sages who sat in contemplation these 3,000 years or since the time that Rama went to punish Ravana at Lanka.

No. 48. THE KING AND THE SHEPHERD

Shepherds are considered to be mad-caps or fools and they are said to possess no intellect.

Rumna is the original Hindi expression for a verdant grazing ground of our text. It is usually an extensive lawn carpetted with grass always by the side of a hill on which the cattle and sheep browse to their heart's content. This is the *nistar* granted to the people as laid down in the Wajib-ul-Arz of a district.

No. 49. ELLAYI AND MULLAYI

(*a*) Ellayi and Mullayi are corrupted forms of the Telugu men's names of Ellaya and Mullaya.

(*b*) When narrating a story the narrator asks some one of the listeners to say ॐ meaning (yes or well) as he proceeds, his idea being that one man at least should give him a hearing for the trouble he takes of narrating, let all the others be listlessly lying in bed, more or less asleep or awake. But when the ॐ is not forthcoming even from the one listener the narrator himself quietly goes to bed.

The season for narration of stories is summer of moonlit nights and in the open air when, on account of heat or sultry character of the season, people are driven out of doors.

No. 50. THE KING AND THE DERVISH

Dervishes.—Hermits and other religious men are fearless and outspoken. They are not afraid to speak out their mind even to kings, e.g., Shumshirrag of Delhi, *vide* Swynmerton, 'Romantic Tales from the Punjab'

No. 52. THE CROW AND ITS YOUNG

This is a nursery story. The birdies' names have meanings. Dwiya Gambeera—'Splendid Majesty'; Lachanna Raghurama—Name after Lakshmana, brother of Rama, and after Rama himself of the race of Raghu. (We have a poem in the Sanskrit language called Raghuvamsa by Kalidass giving a genealogical account of Rama and his ancestors); Pairay Ramannah—Name of Rama itself; Pekkev Sundari—The beautiful. It is not known what is meant by Pekkev. This is probably a she-bird's name.

No. 56. THE SEVEN PRINCES AND THE FAIRIES

(*a*) *Mullaypushpamulu.*—Lilies of white colour, jessamines. They emit the sweetest of smells felt for some distance. Cartloads of these and other kinds of flowers come by rail into Secunderabad and Hyderabad (Deccan) from the flower-producing district of Warangal. (Page 121, line 5.)

(*b*) Married *a la Gandharva*—According to Gandharva laws of marriage. In the absence of a priest, both the parties swore themselves before a deity to be faithful to each other and garland themselves and thus become man and wife. This is the Gandharva form of marriage. (Page 121, line 12.)

(*c*) 'See their brothers' faces.'—The Telugu original is *mokákloo choodadam*, meaning seeing faces, i.e. visiting or meeting. Face is the principal part of the body, while the hands and feet are not as they are immaterial and hence the idiom 'seeing faces'. (Page 121, line 20.)

(*d*) *Na potty pendlama* is the original expression of the text for 'my short-statured wife'. It is a term of endearment. Shortness is considered by Telugus a beauty amongst women. The Telugu would not say 'My wife,' etc. to a relation when referring to his better-half, but always state the term of relationship with which the woman his wife stands to the man or woman he is talking to. (Page 121, line 33.)

(*e*) *Devata gana* as opposed to *Rākshasa gana*.—This is an astrological term meaning that those who take their birth in the former *gana* or class are like gods or goddesses in their temperament, while those who take their birth in the latter are like *Rākshasas* in their temperament. (Page 122).

No. 57. THE MAN AND THE SNAKE

Neeru Kuttay or *Neela pāmoo.*—Water stick or water snake. (Page 124.)

No. 58. THE KHADIRA TREE AND THE AXE

Khadira tree is the *Acacia* catechu.

Nee vadoo ndlo vuntai.—Original Telugu literally meaning 'Yours in me,' referring to the piece of wood inserted in the hole of the axe or eyeletted in the axe and the same allowed to remain lengthwise with a view to give it strength and make powerful. (Page 125, line 11.)

No. 59. NAVLIPITTA AND PIGLIPITTA

Navlipitta or *namili* is a peacock (*pavo crestatus*) called a gallinaceous fowl in ornithology. It is considered sacred by the Hindus and is the carrier (*vahana*) of Saraswati, the Goddess of Learning. *Piglipitta* is the common Madras Bulbul (*molpastes hæmorrhons*).

No. 60. THE MILKMAN AND THE RĀMĀYANA

(*a*) The intellect of the *Gollavāru*—milkmen—is very very inferior or of small calibre. The Rev. M. A. Sherring of Benares says the lower the caste the lesser the intellectual power. He is too true, of course; there are exceptions however—one in ten thousand. (Page 125.)

(*b*) The *Rāmāyana* is no ordinary thing: it is as weighty as that of a pack on a bullock's back. *Rāmāyana*, that immortal epic by the great Valmiki, claims a long antiquity of 3,000 years. It is read in the evenings in large cities of India by a distinguished pandit of great eloquence or oratorical power. First of all the *Sanskrit* text is read, then follow the *prakrit* explanation with illustrations from every-day life. There is not a man who does not know the exploits of the high-souled Rāma or his faithful servant, Hanuman, and there is not a dame or village lassie who is not acquainted with the high moral character and sufferings of that model of chastity—Seeta. (Page 125.)

No. 62. THE KING AND SELFISH BARBER

General Note

The barbers are familiar with kings because they come in contact with them in the course of their profession. Further they

are a garrulous folk, full of bazaar gossip. For a laughable sketch of Tom the Barber, please see 'Behind the Bungalow' by Eha (E. H. Aitken, B.A.).

When a traveller goes from one country to another one of the principal questions asked is about the grain, whether cheap or dear. In India if the grain or rice, which is the staple food of the Indians, is cheap, the people are said to be content, fully illustrating Goldsmith's lines 'Man wants but little here below and that not long.' Poor unfortunates. They know of no luxuries.

No. 63. THE MAN AND HIS TWO WIVES

General Note

This story is narrated to discourage or discountenance polygamy or man's marrying two wives which, they say, is a cause of constant quarrel in a family or house. It is true that co-wives fall out now and then and cause the husband's life to be miserable; it is equally true that they live friendly like sisters without coming to loggerheads and asking the husband shamefacedly to interfere in their trivial matters of petty jealousy. The old law-giver Manu distinctly lays down that a man can marry a second wife in addition to the first, if the latter, firstly, is a minor or under age; secondly, is suffering from incurable disease; thirdly, is barren or incapable to produce an offspring to perpetuate the race.

So the fabric of the story falls to the ground by reason of the sanctioned law as laid down in the *Dharmashāstra* of old.

(*a*) Shampooing is an usual thing at the homes of some poor people (also at the homes of rich people or nawabs). When a labourer returns from his work he asks his wife to shampoo his legs. This is part of massage treatment finding favour in England and many European invalids are benefited by having recourse to it at the seaside watering places. Pure shampooing must be condemned but not the massage treatment especially in the case of invalids. It is with pleasure the writer recollects as he writes of the luxurious Turkish Baths he had at the Hamām, Delhi, perhaps one of the old Hamāms of the Moghul Emperors, during his visits to that place in 1889 and 1893 where massage treatment formed an invariable course. This would be considered fashionable; but after the tickling sensation caused by shampooing by the specialist was over, it becomes a great factor in driving

out the fatigue of a traveller after his hard wanderings in the ruins of the old Hastinapura. (Page 127, line 24.)

(*b*) Her mother's house, not father's, either because of the estimation in which a daughter holds her mother, or because of the countenance the mother gives to her daughter to run away from her husband's as often as she pleases. (Page 127, line 26.)

No. 64. THE GODDESS AND THE KING

(*a*) *Sāganampadam.*—'Sending away' in the original or, the free rendering, 'induce to go away'. The custom is, that when people come to know that cholera has established itself in a certain locality they collect subscriptions and make a grand *pooja* to propitiate and send off the goddess good-humouredly before she thinks of making a longer stay. This is *sāganampadam.* Some days before the *pooja* is performed, women—old, middle-aged, and young—go to the temple of the *devi* with potfuls of water over their heads and throw the contents thereof before the goddess. This is *sākapoyadam* and the reason for so doing is to lessen the wrath of the goddess preparatory to the performance of the *pooja* which, as a rule, takes some time after, as subscriptions have to be collected. (Page 128, lines 13–14.)

(*b*) *Nippooloo bogooloo mringookoonta* in the original Telugu for the English rendering 'burning with rage'; literally meaning, swallowing or devouring fires, charcoal, i.e. venting forth rage and anger. (Page 128, line 18.)

No. 65. THE WOOD-SELLER AND THE SEVEN FAIRIES

(*a*) *Levdees.*—A confection of the Hindus made of jaggery in small circular shapes resembling half-rupee pieces and covered over with gingelly seeds. The comparison can be said to have been finely drawn, at any rate in the place where the folktale was narrated, viz. Hyderabad (Deccan), where Halli Sicca coins (118 of which go to 100 Gt. Rs.) are in use. *Levdees* resemble these State coins. (Page 130.)

(*b*) *Sooka Houz* in the original for a 'ruined fountain' as it were. The writer is in doubt as to the precise meaning of the term. *Houz* in Hindustani means a fountain or a cistern but why the adjective *sooka* or dry. The supreme beauty of a fountain is water; but we have ruined fountains where water ran dry or

water communication stopped and thus gave asylum to the repulsive reptiles, the frog, the toad, the lizard and the bloodsucker. (Page 130.)

(*c*) *Lanka* or pyrotechnic display as a whole so called because Ravana's Lanka (the modern Ceylon) likened to be such (a display) amidst the greatest conflagration that the world has ever seen, Hanuman being the cause. A fine comparison assuredly if we have before our mind's eye the scene as portrayed for us by the master pen of Valmiki in his immortal work rendered into exquisite English poetry by Ralph T. H. Griffith and into chaste English prose by Manmatha Nath Datta. (Page 133.)

(*d*) *Tārājole* or *Tārāmandal*.—A group of starlike appearance resembling a constellation of the heavenly bodies. (Page 133.)

(*e*) *Soorsoorbuttees*.—Lights sending out tiny sparks of fire soon after making the sound *sursur*. (Page 133.)

(*f*) *Chhichboodloo*.—Flower pots. Small circular earthen pots filled with powder and closed except at the igniting face or orifice. They send out flowers when fired. English hunters make use of them in their hunting expeditions in making tigers to come out of their lairs or lurking-places. (Page 133.)

No. 66. THE KING'S SON AND THE PROPHECY

(*a*) *Panchāng* or *Panchāngam*.—Hindu almanac of the Zadkiel type and perhaps more. Horoscopes are drawn up from information inferred from this astronomical publication and strange that what made mention of in these horoscopes comes to be true in the majority of cases. (Page 134.)

(*b*) *Puspubattaloo* is the original Telugu for saffron or turmeric robes. A bridegroom is not allowed to move out from the marriage pandal so long as he has these robes on or wears the *Kankan* (bracelet) on the arm. Women folk express great grief when a bridegroom dies in his marriage robes or any misfortune happens unto him during that period—*vide* Daisingh Raja Charitra. (Page 134, line 28.)

No. 67. THE YOUNG MAN AND HAZARI LAL OF BAIDAR'S DAUGHTER

Colonel Meadows Taylor in his 'Noble Queen' gives a very beautiful and graphic account of the warlike race of Baiders (meaning the fearless) of Shorapore, a confiscated Native State of His Exalted Highness the Nizam's Dominions.

No. 69. THE FAULTY BRAHMAN

(*a*) *Kāshi* or *Vāranāshi*.—The modern Benares. A very very old city and picturesque with its temples and ghats, amongst others the famous Dasasamedha and Manikramanika ghats. The scene of king Harischandra's play is laid in this ancient city.

(*b*) *Ganga*.—The river Ganges. It is regarded sacred. To take an oath on it is solemn and binding on a true Hindu.

No. 70. THE STORY OF ROLOO AND MUDHDHAILA

(*a*) *Roloo*.—A wooden mortar in which rice is pounded with a pestle called a *rokali* in Telugu and *mosul* in Hindustani, a long cylindrical wooden thing with a metallic ring at the pounding-end.

(*b*) *Mudhdhaila*.—Tubla (Hindustani) is an Indian musical instrument or drum. Both hands, rather the forefingers of each hand, are made use while beating it to produce sound. It keeps time with instrumental music or the musical instrument called the *sitar* or *guitar*.

No. 81. THE BRAHMIN, THE GOLDSMITH AND THE IMAGE OF GOLD

General Note

The story is narrated to illustrate the greediness for gold of the Brahmin and the cunning nature of the goldsmith. The greed of the Brahmin and the cunning of the goldsmith are both proverbial throughout India.

No. 82. THE ADVENTURES OF RATNALPOLCHETTY

(*a*) *Boosanchar*.—To travel on earth literally. In other words, to travel in countries. (Page 153.)

(*b*) *Pyal*.—*Chaboothra* in the Hindustani language. Raised seats of earth before a house or Indian dwelling, yet attached to the same to the right and left of the principal entrance door. They greatly serve the purpose of chairs outside. (Page 153.)

(*c*) *Palkalputti*.—The exact meaning of the term is not known. Perhaps it may mean literally slate-bearer or carrier. (Page 153.)

(*d*) *Ratnalpolchetty*.—A dealer in precious stones and gems. (Page 157.)

(*e*) *Parijata*.—Amaranth—One of the trees in Paradise. The coral tree *Erythrina fulgens*. (Page 157.)

(*f*) *Ravikay.*—*Choli* in Hindustani. A piece of drapery covering the back and the chest of the Hindu lady. Both the ends gracefully meet at the hollow of the chest where they are tied with a knot. (Page 157.)

(*g*) *Gandharvavivaha.*—A sort of civil marriage. The contracting parties go before a god or goddess in a temple and vow they will be faithful to each other unto death; after which they garland themselves with immortelles and the ceremony is said to be complete. *Gandharva* marriages are celebrated in the absence of priests or in countries where there are no priests. (Page 159.)

(*h*) *Argoo* in the original for a platform of earth. A platform of mud not at all high but square in form raised exactly in the centre of a marriage pandal where, the bridegroom pressing the left foot of the bride with his right, ties the gold *tali* or *shatamānam* round her neck; after which rains the turmeric-coloured rice on the heads of the happy couple from the hands of the assembled people, and the marriage proper is said to be over. (Page 159, line 20.)

(*i*) *Pārentalloo.*—Married ladies (ladies whose husbands are alive) who have the right to take part in a marriage ceremony. Adjusting of ornaments on the person of the bride as also applying turmeric to her are amongst their other duties. They are given the *Kunkuma* (vermilion powder) and turmeric (this is denied to the widows). *Pārentalloo* are expected to be *pativiratas* (note on which please see), but some of them though breakers in secret of the commandment are still *pativiratas* to the external unknowing world and revered as such after death. A *pativirata* differs from the *pārentalloo* in this respect, that the former is chaste or acts up to her vow conscientiously or is born as such, while the latter might not be and still none would point their finger at her because of the umbrella she has over her head (i.e., because of her husband being alive). (Page 160.)

(*j*) *Kaikeyi.*—The favourite wife of Dasharatha, the father of the hero Rāma of Valmiki's epic. The reference is that when the chariot was travelling in space or in the *meghamandala* or firmament with great velocity, Kaikeyi, the favourite wife of Dasharatha, had had a bolt of the car surreptitiously removed and, inserting her finger in the hole, called the attention of her husband in the words: 'Just look. Had it not been for me your chariot ere long would have gone to *Pātāla* (earth below) and turned to atoms.' The unsuspicious or simple king believed her statement and,

applauding her action, bade Kaikeyi to name any boon and it would be granted unto her. 'Grant', said the cunning queen, 'that one of my sons be crowned king in preference to others'. Need it be said that the boon was granted with what result we know: for this the obedient and humble Rāma, though the first born of the chief queen, had to go into exile for fourteen long years. (Page 160.)

No. 83. THE TIGER AND THE ASS

There is a fun on the words *Sèr* and *Savāsèr*. *Sèr* means a tiger and *Savāsèr* more than a tiger. *Sèr* is a weight of 2 lbs. and *Savāsèr* $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

No. 86. THE ORIGIN OF MUSHROOM

Poottakokooloo is the Indian fungus grown on hills and hillocks but not to an appreciable extent. It is inferior to the English mushroom. There is another kind of fungus, yellowish in colour and smaller in size, growing about the houses or on dung-hills but it is not eaten by the people. They say that this is not the true fungus, being born of the urine made by dogs. (Page 167.)

No. 87. WHY THE MOGLI FLOWER AND THE LIME DISCARDED IN WORSHIP OF DEITIES

Brahma, Vishnu and Mahesha form the Hindu triad. Brahma being the Creator, Vishnu the Reproducer and Mahesha the Destroyer. (Page 167, line 26.)

No. 88. THE BEGGAR AND THE TACTLESS CHARITABLE LADY

Ginnai.—A vessel made of bell-metal and resembling an earthen plate to eat out of, say, a poringer. (Page 168.)

No 89. THE WOMAN, THE FOWL CURRY AND HER HUSBAND

General Note

What is ham and turkey to the Englishmen so is fowl curry to the poor Hindu Sudra of the Madras Presidency. When a relative or friend comes to a Hindu's house the domestic fowl (*kodi*) is killed to entertain him.

No. 93. THE FAMILY AND THE LEUCODERMA

General Note

The story is narrated with the application that girls from a family that is attacked by leucoderma should never be asked in marriage.

No. 96. THE KING, THE QUEEN, AND THE EVIL HOUR

General Note

Providentially in most cases and by extreme precaution in some cases the evil or dangerous hour is averted, but when the last moment arrives nothing can turn aside the mortal danger. Zadkiel some years back cast an horoscope of Alexander II of Russia in connection with which he spoke in his almanac that, had the evil hour arrived at by the help of the heavenly bodies been averted by caution, the Czar would not have been assassinated. Though astrology gave birth to astronomy and strangely enough lost its value, nevertheless it is true when handled by experts. The predictions of the Bengal prophet have, in most cases, been fulfilled. Colonel Meadows Taylor in his 'Story of My Life' tells us how the life of the young inquisitive Shorepore Raja—the last of the Beydar Rajas—was terminated as mentioned in his *Janma-patrika*. Sir Edwin Arnold narrates the death of Dr. Howard, the Director of Public Instruction, as foretold by the *Joshi*.

No. 97. THE PRINCESS, HER HUSBAND AND THEIR DEAD CHILDREN

General Note

The story is narrated to teach those who lose their children in infancy that children are our creditors of the previous birth. They come into the present birth to repay. When the debt is big they stay long, if small they tarry for a little or short while and then go away.

(*a*) *Goontāpilla yenta kadupu.*—The sooner a child is laid in the grave the quicker the conception takes place. (Page 174, line 8.)

(*b*) The fifth day ceremony is the ceremony performed on the fifth day of the demise of an infant or child, dispensing with the

third and the tenth day or chief day [*peddadinum* or big day ceremony] ceremonies which must take place in the case of a deceased adult. The ceremony at the graveyard consists in making a small hole on the top of the cowdung plastered tomb and putting into it, after purification, milk, fruits, sweets, etc. which the infant or child liked during its life-time on this earth, the priest sitting over the tomb and, under cover of a cloth, partaking of *pindapradān* or what is offered to the spirit. Other ceremonies follow at the house of the deceased. (Page 174, line 22.)

No. 99. THE STORY OF THE PISHOO (FLEA) AND THE BUG

General Note

In some districts of the Central Provinces, e.g. Seoni and Jubbulpore, there is a regular pest of Pishoo—Hindustani, a very small flea—black in appearance and probably of the class of lice, taking possession of hair-growth in the man's body. In this connection a story is told: Once a gosai while passing through one of these districts, asked for alms. The inmate of a house thereof, who was taking meals then, replied '*Kāthāvoo*' (meaning, 'I am taking food'). *Kāthairaho Khujāthairaho* (Hindustani meaning, 'may you be eating and scratching') said the gosai and moved on. Since then the curse is said to rest on these districts and the people are in consequence annoyed to vexation point by the bite of these terrible fleas.

No. 100. THE GURU, HIS DISCIPLE, THE JUGGLING WOMAN AND THE CHOLA KING AND QUEEN

(*a*) *Sāthānees—Dasariwāndlu*—Telugu religious beggars of the sect of Ramanuja, the Reformer. (Page 176.)

(*b*) *Chevvaku* (Telugu, Ear-leaf)—A bit of palm-leaf rolled and inserted as an ornament by the Tamil ladies and women of the Madras Presidency in the large and broad hole bored for the purpose in the lobe of the ear. I remember while travelling in the Madras Presidency the happy idea of a fellow-passenger of mine of inserting small ivory paintings (I brought from Northern India and which I have shown him) in the ears—the bored ears: the Tamil name of which is *Tollakādhu*—of his wife. This by the by is an instance of Deformity in Fashion. (Page 180, line 24.)

(*c*) *Dommaridhi*—Telugu, a female juggler.
Dommarawādu—Telugu, a male juggler.
Dommarawāndlu—Telugu, jugglers collectively for both male and female.—A general term for jugglers of all sorts, whether tight-rope dancers or walkers on the rope in Blondin fashion or those who perform feats of legerdemain.

(*d*) *Chola*—A famous dynasty of kings reigned in Trichinopoly. Chola and Pandya are dynasties famous in history. (Page 178.)

(*e*) No vacancy—Enter any office in India and find the uninteresting notice to the humble office-seeker on the notice-board in the words 'No vacancy' in broad bold letters. Strange is the ambition of almost every one here to become a clerk in a Government office and forsake other professions, lucrative or otherwise. (Page 179, line 3.)

(*f*) *Green palanquin*—A palanquin decorated with green leaves and shoots of plants. We also speak of green pandal or pandal erected for the celebration therein of a marriage in which green leaves, etc., are employed in profusion. Green means auspiciousness. (Page 180, line 4.)

(*g*) *Pativrata*—See note in Story No. 17. (Page 54.)

No. 101. THE MAN AND HIS VERY UNKIND WIFE

What you term Diwali in the Bombay Presidency, Central Provinces and other parts, is termed Deepāwali in Southern India. It is a Hindu festival, when all the houses are illuminated and the Goddess of Wealth worshipped; when the *Marwadis* or the banker class whose new year begins from Diwali, close the accounts of the past year and open new ones, and gamble besides on a large scale. Diwali is derived from *Div* (Mahratti) a light; *āli*, a row of lights, i.e. a line of lights. Deepawali (Telugu) is derived from *deepa*, a light; *wali*, a cluster or row; i.e. a cluster or row of lights.

GLOSSARY

A

Achāryuloo, T. ... Spiritual preceptor.
Ādhār, H. ... Nourishment.
Ādimoorthooloo, T. ... The Hindu Triad.
Adhrushta, T. ... Fate, destiny.
Alludu, T. ... Son-in-law.
Ambāri, T. ... Royal seat on an elephant.
Amma, T. ... Mother.
Ammavāru, T. ... The Goddess of Small-pox.
Andhailoo, T. ... Silver ornaments for women's feet.
Angula, S. ... A span in length.
Anjanayuloo, T. ... Hanuman the servant of Rama the Epic hero.
Apsaras, T. ... Heavenly dancers.
Aryabumi, T. ... India.
Āryavārta, T. ... India.
Āsana, H. ... Seat.
Āttar, H. ... Otto.
Aiya, T. ... Father.

B

Balá, Hin. ... Evil spirit.
Bála, S. ... A child.
Bahumānam, T. ... Present.
Bania, H. ... A grocer.
Banyan (Anglicised) ... The Indian fig tree *Bengalensis. Ficus Indica.*
Bèr, Hin. ... The jujube tree. (*Zizyphus jujuba.*)
Boroogooloo, T. ... Fried Indian millet.
Bootulli, T. ... Mother Earth.
Boodevi, T. ... The Goddess of Earth.
Bhārata, M. ... A famous Indian king [son of Dushyanta and Sakuntala].
Bharathavarsha, H. ... India.
Bharathabhumi, M. ... India.

Bhareta, H. ... Washerman, the first washerman of Rama.
Bharetan, H. ... His wife.
Bindai, T. ... A brass pot for water.
Brahma, S. ... One of the Gods of the Hindu Triad.

C

Chaddar, H. ... Cloth thrown across the body of a woman.
Chakwa Chakwi, H. ... The *Chakcr* birds.
Chamar, Hin. ... A member of the shoemaker caste.
Chapātis, H. ... Wheaten cakes.
Chārpoy, H. ... An Indian country cot.
Chātaloo, T. ... Winnowers.
Cheepurloo, T. ... Brooms.
Cheeray, T. ... A *sari*.
Chemboo, T. ... A drinking vessel of brass.
Chinta, T. ... Tamarind.
Chintabarikay, T. ... A shoot of a Tamarind tree.
Choli, M. ... An Indian woman's bodice.
Chowk, Hin. ... Main street, a boulevard.
Chunām (Anglicised) ... Lime or stucco.
Conjee, Tam. ... Gruel.
Cowry, Hin. ... Cypra moneta.

D

Dakshinadèsha, S.
Dākshinātya, S. } The southern country or the Deccan.
Darbar, H. ... Levee or drawing-room.
Dāridrium, T. ... Adversity.
Devi, H. ... Goddess.
Dhall, H. ... A kind of vetch.
Dhandamatta, T. ... Salutation unto thee, mother-in-law.
Dher, H. ... A low caste of Hindustan.
Dhobi, H. ... A washerman.
Dhobun, H. ... A washerwoman.
Dhoti, H. ... A Hindu male dress.
Durba, S. ... A kind of grass (*Agrostis linearis*.)
Durji, Hin. ... A tailor.
Dwija, S. ... A twice-born (Brahmin).

F

Fakeer, Hin. ... A religious beggar.

G

Gajendra, T. ... An elephant.
Ganesha, S. ... Hindu God of Learning.
Ganga or Ganges, T. and Anglicised. Name of a famous river in India.
Garbadān, H. / *Garbavāsi*, T. } Consummation of marriage.
Garha, Hin. ... An earthen pot for water.
Ghatika, S. ... Hour.
Ghi, Hin. ... Clarified butter.
Ginnai, T. ... A porringer.
Godhamuloo, T. ... Wheat.
Gollawâdu, T. ... A milkman.
Gollawāndlu, T. ... Milkmen.
Gosai or gosain, H. ... A sage or recluse.
Gujri, H. ... A market-place.
Gunjee, T. ... Gruel.
Guriginja or Gulivendha, T. *Abrus precatorius seed.*
Guru, S. ... A teacher.

H

Hamsa, T. ... A bird of the flamingo species.
Hanuman, H. ... Servant of Rama, the Epic hero.
Haridas, M. ... A servant or slave of Hari.
Heera, H. ... An emerald.

I

Indra Sabha, H. ... Court of Indra.
Ishwara, S. ... God. lit. Lord of the earth.

J

Jalam, S. ... Water.
Jangama, T. ... A Shaivite religious beggar.
Janmapatrika, M. ... An horoscope.
Jaribattaloo, T. ... Laced cloths.

Jholay, T. (*Jholi*, H.) ... A sack to receive doles.
Jhoomkāloo, T. ... Women's ornaments (gold) for the ears.
Joshi, M. ... An astrologer.

K

Kalpa, S. ... A cycle of years.
Kānda, T. ... Canto.
Kārāgruham, T. ... Prison-house.
Kathaloo, T. ... Stories.
Keer, H. ... An Indian sweet dish.
Kismath, H. ... Fate.
Khandi, M. ... An Indian measure of 840 lbs.
Khudawundh, Hin. ... Lord-protector.
Khuncholi, M. ... Choli with a silk border.
Koka, T. ... A *Sari*.
Konairoo, T. ... A cistern, square or circular.
Koodooroo, T. ... Spindle shanks.
Kothandapāny, T. ... A Hindu God or Krishna.
Kotwal, H. ... Prefect of police.
Kubera, S. ... The Hindu God of Wealth.
Kudgu, T. ... Water of washed rice.

L

Lakh, H. ... One hundred thousand.
Lāl, H. ... A ruby.
Lālan, H. ... Possessor of rubies.
Lankā, H. ... Island of Ceylon.
Lota, H. ... A brass drinking vessel.
Luddoos, H. ... A kind of Indian sweetmeat.
Lungoti, H. ... Loin-cloth.

M

Mahathma, T. ... A great soul.
Mahesh, S. ... One of the Gods of the Hindu Triad.
Mainaka, S. ... One of the celestial dancers.
Māla ... Wreath
Mālākara, S. ... A florist.
Mandhiram, T. ... An Hindu temple.
Mārwādi, H. ... An inhabitant of Marwar, usually a banker.

Mārwādan, H. ... Wife of a Marwadi.
Mātā, H. ... The Goddess of Small-pox.
Manthram, T. ... A sacred text, a charm.
Manthri, T. ... A minister.
Māya, T. ... An illusion.
Meghamandal, M. ... Firmament.
Mehtar, Hin. ... A member of the sweeper caste.
Meru, T. ... Paradise of Hindus.
Mimamsa, S. ... Vedic exegetics.
Mogili, T. ... Kevda flower. (*Pandanus odoratissimus*).
Mohwa, Hin. ... *Bassia latifolia*.
Moorwooloo, T. ... Silver ornaments for women's feet.
Muhurta, M. ... Moment.
Mukhti, T. ... Absolution.
Mullay pushpamuloo, T. Lily flowers, jessamines.

N

Naiwedhya, M. ... Oblation.
Nautches, Hin. ... Musical entertainments.
Nitishāstra, T. ... A work on ethics.

P

Pacheesi, H. ... The Indian Chess.
Pancha, T. ... An ordinary *dhoti* or Hindu male dress.
Pandaram, T. ... A religious beggar of Southern country.
Pandit, H. ... A learned man, a teacher.
Panneeru, T. ... Scent.
Panniara, H. ... Water-carrier.
Pardhanashin, Hin. ... A *purdha* lady.
Pari, H. ... A fairy.
Parmeshwar, S. ... God.
Pārwati, S. ... The Consort of Parameshvara.
Pātāla, M. ... The nether regions.
Pātashāla, S. ... School.
Pathri, T. ... Sacred leaves of trees.
Pāvadālu, T. ... Silver ornaments for women's feet.
Pilla, T. ... A girl.
Pillendlu, T. ... Ornaments (silver) for women's toes.
Pilliamma, T. ... Some Hindu village goddess.

Pipal, H. ... A Fig tree. (*Ficus religiosa*).
Pishoo, T. ... A flea.
Ponna, T. ... A tree called the Alexandrian laurel (*Calophyllum inophyllum*).
Pooja, H. ... Worship.
Pradakshina, H. ... Circumlocution.
Pradhāni, T. ... A minister.
Pranām, S. ... Salutation.
Prānapathy, T. ... Lord of Life, a term for husband.
Priyay, T. ... O Dear.
Pullyarswami, Tam. ... Ganesha, the God of Learning.
Pushpa, T. ... A flower.
Puspu, T. ... Turmeric.
Pyal, Hin. ... Chabuthra—Raised seats before a Hindu house.

R

Raja, H. ... A king.
Rajahansa, S. ... A swan.
Rajendri, S. ... Indrani or a chief queen among women.
Rākhas or *Rākshas*, H. and S. An ogre.
Rakshasha, S. ... Do.
Rakshashi, S. ... An ogress.
Rambha, S. ... A celestial dancer.
Rani, H. ... A queen.
Ravikay, T. ... Bodice of a Hindu woman.
Rupee (*Rupia*, S.) Anglicized. ... An Indian coin worth 1*s.* 4*d.* in value.

S

Sadhu, H. ... A sage.
Sāmoodoo, T. ... A *guru*.
Sānaykādu, T. ... A drummer.
Sandhya, T. ... Evening.
Sani, T. ... The Saturn or the God of Misfortunes.
Santhosa, S. ... Ornament.
Saraswati, S. ... The [Hindu] Goddess or Patroness of Learning.
Sāri, H. ... A Hindu woman's dress.

Sava ser ... An Indian weight of $2\frac{1}{8}$ lbs.
Sĕr, H. ... An Indian weight of 2 lbs.
Shastra, S. ... Science.
Siromani, M. ... Chief.
Sloka, T. ... Stanza.
Sobanam, T. ... Nuptial ceremony.
Surwa, T. ... Brass pot for water.
Surwaganta, T. ... Chief or victory bell in a temple.
Suryanārāyaṇa, T. ... The Sun God.
Swaminādhā, T. ... The Lord God.

T

Tahsildar, T. ... Holder of a Tahsil. An officer in charge of a Tahsil.
Talāriwalu, T. ... A petty officer in a village.
Tamāsha, H. ... Fun.
Thalambraloo, T. ... Chief ceremony in a Hindu marriage.
Tilaka, M. ... Caste or sectarian mark on the forehead.
Tillottama, T. ... One of the celestial dancers.
Todāloo, T. ... Silver ornaments for women's feet.
Tola, H. ... An Indian weight (one eightieth of a sér)

U

Urwasi, S. ... One of the celestial dancers.
Uththa, T. ... Mother-in-law.

V

Vāhanās, S. ... Carriers.
Vaisakh S. ... Summer. Second Hindu month corresponding to English May.
Vākudatham, T. ... A pledge or promise by the mouth.
Vānaprastha, S. ... A dweller in a forest.
Vara, T. ... A silver coin worth Rs. $3\frac{1}{2}$ in value.
Vāranāshi, S. ... Kashi or Benares, the sacred city of the Hindus.
Vastra, S. ... Cloth.
Vedas, S. ... Hindu religious books.

Vigrāha, S. ... Image.
Vishnu, S. ... One of the Gods of the Hindu Triad.
Vishwakarma, S. ... The Architect of the Gods.

Y

Yama, S. ... The God of Death. The Indian Pluto.

Z

Zamindar, H. ... A landlord.

H. stands for Hindi; Hin. for Hindustani; M. for Maratti; S. for Sanskrit; T. for Telugu; Tam. for Tamil.

NOTE.—Words for which fuller explanations are required, or words not found in the Glossary please refer to Notes.

INDEX

A

Accomplishments—Horse-riding by a prince and princess, 154
Æsop's Fables, reference to, Preface, viii
Affinity, (existing from the previous birth) between a horse and a princess, 32 ; note, page 184
Agni and Varuna (Story of), 143
Alms asked of a morning in the first house, if not obtained, would not be obtained anywhere that day, a superstition, 96
Ammavāru, the goddess of small-pox, 1
Animals, referred to, bullocks, 47 ; sea-dogs, 47 ; ass, 50 ; horse, 51, 54 ; ape, 53 ; monkey, 52, 172 ; tiger, 53 ; ape, 53 ; bear, 53 ; panther, 53 ; State elephant, 54 ; camel, 56 ; ass, a *vahana* (carrier) of Kabeerdass, 100 ; hare, 116 ; jackals, 117 ; dog, 142 ; elephant, 142 ; bull, 143 ; rats, 145 ; cats, 145 ; dog, faithful, 146 ; contention among (tiger and ass) as to who is greater, 160 ; goat, 171.
Animal sacrifices, a goddess exacting a promise not to stand in the way of devotees offering, 129
Anjanāyuloo, the monkey god, note, page 197
Ape, 52
Arms—axe, 125 ; arrows, 158
Arti, the waving of lamps, 54 ; note, page 185
Aryavarta, the land of, referred to, 40
Ashes, mixed with flour, 17
Ass, a *vahana* (carrier) of Kabeerdass, 100 ; the tiger and the (Story of), 160
Astrologer, referred to, 172
Auspicious numbers, seven 13, 29, 38, 52, 57, 93, three, 120
Auspiciousness, greenness, a sign of, 180
Austerities, practice of, for obtaining progeny, 154
Axe, the Khadira Tree and the (Story of), 125

B

Baidars, the country of, referred to, 135
Baki Bhulamoodo, a Telugu hero, identified with Rājā Rasāloo, vi
Bangle seller, 95 ; note, page 193
Banquet, all must be present in a man, woman, and child, and new born babe, so as to find out whether any one was missed, 195
Barbers, two (Story of), 89 ; qualifications of, 89 ; cruelty of, 90 ; tricky, 113 ; the King and the Selfish, (Story of), 127 ; the King and the (Story of), 133
Bath, a man to have a weekly, reversed, 143 ; *nulghu* 104 ; note, page 196
Bear, 53,
Beasts, language of, to understand, a qualification, 37 ; language of (jackals), 118
Beauty obtained by eating one who is beautiful, a Rakshashi idea, 93
Beedas, 97 ; note, page 193
Beggar and the Tactless Charitable Lady (Story of), 168
Benares (Varanashi, Kashi), the sacred city of the Hindus, 138 ; note, page 205
Ber (the jujube) Tree, The Young Man, the Police Official and the (Story of), 115 ; not to be planted in front of a house, 115
Bhagavatam players, 106 ; note, page 196
Bharatvarsha (Bharatbhumi, Aryavārta), India, 41
Bidpai (Pilpay), fable writer, referred to, v
Bilgrami Shums-ul Ulama Syed Ali, the eminent Sanskritist, referred to, viii
Birds—white crows, 27 ; as carriers kind 29 ; Chakwa chakwi, 33 ; cranes 35 ; crows, 51, 113 ; *Bungaripittaloo*, 76 ; peacocks, (*Navlipitta*), bulbul (*Piglipitta*), 123 ; *Rajahansa*, 138 ; doves, 141 ; cocks, 142 ; parrots, 186

Blessing, a mother's strange, 36
Bluestocking, The Taming of the (Story of), 6
Body dead, not to be cremated or buried but put in a glass case, 94
Boon, 60, 99, 129, 140
Brahma, one of the *Adimoorthooloo*, takes the form of a crab, 167; not to have temples, footnote on page 167
Brahmin, the Tiger and the Ass (Story of), 49; Oilman and the (Story of), 103; The Faulty (Story of), 138; The Goldsmith the Image of Gold and the, 153
Branding (a sort of punishment), self-inflicted, 114
Brother, nobility of, 3; love of a, for his sister, 95; extreme enmity of, 146
Bug, Story of the Pishoo (flea) and the, 176; note, page 209
Bulbul, Madras (*Molpastes hæmorhons*), *Piglipitta*, 125; note, page 201
Bull, God sent out a, to make certain declarations, 143.
Bullocks, referred to, 47
Bungaripittaloo or golden birds, 76; note, page 190
Burial, a dead body not to be given a, but put in a glass case, 94

C

Camels, 56
Calumniated princess a, 3
Caste, How Englishmen lost their, 141
Cat, an agent of a courtesan for aiding her in winning on pacheesee board, 145
Cenotaph with inscription thereon to a devoted wife, 123, 124
Centipedes, 146
Ceremonies—*garbadhān*, *garbavāsi*, 40; nuptial or *sobanam*, 40; coronating a king by an elephant, 77-8
Chamars, a section of the depressed classes, 141
Charity, a kingdom saved from being invaded by, 20; a maid-servant made a queen on account of her, 20; uncooked rice in, 103; loss of merit of, an instance, 168; The Tactless Charitable Lady and the Beggar, (Story of), 168
Chastity, prayer to *Ishwara* for preservation of, 43; a woman's stratagem to preserve her, 172
Chess, reference to, 13; horses as wager in a game of, 131
Children, Dead, The Princess, Her Husband and their (Story of), 173
Chola queen and king, reference to, 179-80; note, page 210
Circumambulation about a temple, 99
Clay-eating, 165
Clothes, rending of, a sign of extreme disgust or discontent, 5
Cock, 142
Companion, suitable to princess, 42
Computation, of height of water (Indian), 76; of time by God and man contrasted, 80; gold as large as a hen's egg a, 127
Consanguinity—marriage with one's sister's daughter among the Dravidian Telugus, 172
Contention between Agni and Varuna as to who is greater, 143;
Contention among animals (tiger and ass) as to who is greater, 160
Contrivance to put in mind of a thing—Needle stuck in a towel a, 32
Conveyance—Palanquin, 180
Coronation of a king by an elephant, 77-8
Cot, sleeping underneath a high, an expedient to be ever near a friend, 59
Counterfeit coins, 57
Courageous young man, a (The Young Man and Hazāri Lal of Baidars' Daughter), 135
Court, regularly constituted 105; State, 105
Courtesan, faithful, a, 147
Cranes, 35
Cremation, a dead body not to be given a, but put in a glass case, 94
Cries for alms, 96
Crop, bumper, of wheat, 110
Crow, The, and Its Ninety Eggs, (Story of), 51; white, grateful and kind, 87; brands itself and commits suicide, 114; names of the young ones of a, 114
Cumulative rhymes, 149
Curses—Kalidass to die at the hands of prostitutes, 68; a prostitute's throwing of three handfuls of earth before the sun, 104; Brahma not to have temples, page 168 and footnote thereon; Mogli flower and lime to be discarded in worship, 168; note, page 197

D

Dathams, the three, 107; note, page 197
Daughters, dishonour of, 98
Daughter-in-law, bad treatment of, by a mother-in-law, 35; boon conferred on a, 99; duty of, to fetch water from the river-bank in the mornings, 151; afraid of mother-in-law, 167
Day, the Rev. Lall Behari, author of *Folktales of Bengal*: *Bengal Peasant Life*, foot note, on page 52
Dead body to be put in a glass case and suspended to a tree, 94
Death, from sheer fright, 124; cannot be averted, 134
Decree, strange, of a king, 98
Deception in pacheese, 145
Decision, queer, on a woman for a thing lost, 43
Degradation by being beaten with a shoe, 135
Deities—The thousand-eyed mother, 1; Pilli-ummah, 126; Agni and Varuna, 143; Ishwara, Kothandapany, 175
Depredation of a melon field by jackals, 117
Depressed classes, the, 114
Derwish, a king renounces a kingdom and becomes a, 112
Despotism of a king, 98
Destiny, writer of, 70; cannot be averted, 71; Brahma's writing of, on the forehead, 88
Devatāgana, 122; note, page 200
Devices, a short-man's, to get jackals drowned, 120
Dharma Shastra, breaches of, 67
Dhers, a section of the depressed classes, 141
Dhobi's Ghat, 54; note, page 186
Direction, forbidden, 13
Diseases, venereal, 98; Leucoderma, 170
Disguises—of a *rani* as a *gosain*, 33; of a prince as a thief, 36
Dishonour, marks of, 108, 115
Distance, retreating a long, in the twinkling of an eye, a characteristic of the ogres, 21
Distinguishing a human being from a celestial being, 87
Dog, faithful, 146
Doves, referred to, 141
Dreams, truthfulness of, 31
Dress—Female's: a *sari* and *ravikay* of white lilies, 86; male's: *pancha* or *dhoti*; silk-bordered dhoti, 105; *jeribattalu*, 84
Drink, talks under the influence of, 112
Drunkard, the attitude of a, 51
Dung, of *chakwa chakwi* birds, as medicine, 34
Duties, heart-rending, to be performed by an husband, 174

E

Elephant, a state, covered with spots, an indirect result of the sinfulness of women, 54; coronating a king, 77-8; white, from heaven, 86, 144
Emerald, referred to, 156
Emotions—anger, 60; indignation, 98, 116; fright, fear, 136
Englishmen—(1) How they got the best boons conferred on them, 140; (2) How they were deluded and lost their caste, 141
Ethnology—Dhobi, 56; the shoemaker's girl, 77
Etiquette, Indian: the offer of water and a wooden seat to a guest on arrival, 139
Evil-eye, 31; note page 184
Evil hour averted by the wise precaution of a king, 173
Evil spirits, going away from men to a distance of fifty yards 22; taking the form of beautiful women and inveighling men and causing their destruction, an opinion held of, 71
Evil for good, an instance of, 84
Exclamations—*aiya aiya*, 55; *amma amma*, 55; Bhagatmāya, 76; Hari-Shiva, 76; note, page 186
Executioners, kind, 25
Expedients—sleeping underneath a high cot so as not to lose sight of a married friend, 59; ears of corn thrown on the track to find way back, 93; banquet given to all, man, woman, and child (including new-born infant) thereby compelling their presence to find out a soul whose presence was highly desired, 179
Eyes, doe's, passed off for human eyes, 25; restoration of, by medicinal leaves, 148

F

Fable, India the home of the, v
Fairy, The Self-sacrificing, (Story of) 13; the youngest self-sacrificing and sympathetic, the elders of vicious intents, 14; (Story of) the Seven Princes and the (Fairies), 120; saves life losing her own, 122; (Story of) the Woodseller and the Seven (Fairies), 130
Faith of a simpleton rewarded, an instance of, 175
Fakeer's Daughter and the Wicked Queen (Story of the), 96
Famine, referred to, 110
Fashions—a rattling pair of shoes, 56; *vankarakurra*, 105; note, page 197
Fate, the writing of, on the forehead cannot be averted, 71; submission to, 83; belief in, 154
Fear, shown by a psychological effect of easing in garment, 136; a cat and a dog killed with the intent to strike, 136
Fingers, filliping of, a sign of joy, 105
Fire, origin of, in black rocks, 143
Fireworks, referred to, 95, 133
Flood, 41, 169
Flowers—Ponna(Alexandrian laurel) (*calophyllum inophyllum*), 52; the parijataka (*Erythrina fulgeus*), 157; the Mogli (*Pandanus odoratissimus*), 168; note, page 206
Fly, The, Who Forgot Her Name (Story of), 149
Food, partaking of, before her husband took, an unwifely act, 56; note, page 187; the first and second morsels of, to be put away, 171
Foot, right, placing of, on the doorstep, boding ill, 94
Fop, The Old Woman and the, (Story of), 170
Forbidden direction, 13
Fowl, The Man and the Neighbour's, (Story of), 169
Fowl Curry, the Woman, and Her Husband (Story of), 168
Friends, the Two (Story of), 59
Friendship, of a carpenter's son, a kotwal's son, a minister's son and a king's son, 21; of a minister's son and a king's son, 59; with a policeman interdicted, 115
Fright causing death, an instance of, 125
Fruits—melon, 117; lemon discarded in worship, 168
Funereal pyre, jumping into the, 41

G

Games—chess, 133; *pacheesee*, 144
Ganesha, a factor in the disappearance of pearls in a temple, 42, 45
Ganges, the river, a cleansing agency, 138; oath taken on, or on its water or with its water in the hand, binding, 139
Garbadhān or *Garbavāsi* ceremony, 40, 121, 159
Gems, precious—rubies, 26; emerald, 154–6
Gift wonderful, of a girl, 99; of the Zemindar's daughter, 150
Girl, The, of the Woodlands, Her Brothers and the Rakshasa (Story of), 93
Girl, The, Linga and the Wonderful Gift (Story of), 99
Goat, the Monkey and the Work man (Story of the), 171
God, takes the form of a dog, 39; Ganesa, 42, 44; Yama or Indian Pluto, 77; Brahma, 83; Suryanarayana or Sun-god, 107; Pillaiyar Swami (Ganesa), 118; Varuna, 123; Agni, 123; confers boon, 140; takes a bath early in the morning, footnote, page 141; sent a dog and a cock to find out how much of the world was created, 142; sends an elephant to find out what has become of the dog and the cock, 142; sends a bull to make certain declarations, 143; Vishnu, 167; Ishwara, 175; Kothandapany (Krishna), 175
Goddess—The Thousand-eyed Mother, 1; Saraswati, 83; Story of the King and the, 128
Gold, salver of, 55; a bit of, as large as a hen's egg, 127; image of, 152
Goldsmith, the Brahmin and the Image of Gold (Story of the), 152; cunning and crafty, 152
Goodness pays: an instance of, 108
Gosain, a godsend to a poor boy, 8
Grain, massive lumps of wheat, 110; reference to, 127; dried gram, 172
Gram, dried, a factor in the preservation of chastity, 172

Groundrent, 46
Guru, The, and the Simple-minded Neatherd (Story of), 175

H

Habits, Indian—looking for lice in the head, 115
Head shattered to one thousand pieces for revealing a mystery or secret, 61, 88
Heat, in the system of a prince, 33; note, page 184
Heaven, translation to, of a Neathered and *guru*, 175; translation to, of a *guru's* disciple, a queen and a king, 180
Heerammah, M., the author's wife, one of the narrators of a story in the collection, Preface, vi
Hen, fatted, curry of, 167
Himalaya Mountains, the, see "*Yamulgiri Parvatam*," 43; note, page 184
Horse, that neighs in the night, 15
Horse, that neighs in the middle of the night, 16; spirited, 31; referred to, 51, 56; black, 131
Hospice-keeper, 144; see under "*Paidaraisi Peddammah*" also.
Human sacrifice, a goddess asks for, 128
Hunger, an, expedient to avoid, 73
Husband, and his Selfish Wife (Story of), 80; kind, 79
Huthoolummah, P., the author's sister, one of the narrators of a story in the collection, Preface, vi

I

Illusion (*māya*), 76, 100
Illumination, referred to, 95
Inanimate object (a wall) as a *vahana* or carrier, 100
Incantation—formation of myriads of serpents and centipedes, 158
Incense—frankincense, 28; bdellium, 132
Incest, 71
India, the home of the fable, referred to, v
Indian Antiquary, a journal devoted to folklore, numismatics, archæology, geography, etc., published at Bombay, referred to, vii
Indian ceremonies—Garbadhān or Garbavāsi, 40, 59, 60, 121, 159
Indignity of people on their daughters' dishonourment, 98
Indra, court of, referred to, 142
Injunction, a father's, on his son, 115
Insects—ants, 35; mosquito, 75; lice, 118; centipedes, 146; *pishoo*, (flea), 176; bugs, 176
Interpretation of things being always two, one a good one, and the other a bad one, a story illustrating the world's, 111
Intimidation, 99
Ishwara, 167, 175
Isolation, a remedy for the preservation of woman's virtue, refuted, 91

J

Jackals, The Melon-Planter and the (Story of), 117
Jangamaya or Jangama—A Lingāyath or Shaivite beggar, 53; note, page 185
Jatakas—Buddhist birth-stories, referred to, Preface, v
Jholai—A bag hung to the shoulder of the *jangama*, 53; note, page 185
Joke, cutting a, a cause of death, 124

K

Kabeerdass, (Story of), and Kalidass, 100; ass, a carrier (*vahana*) of, 100
Kaikeyi, the wily wife of King Dasaratha, referred to, 106; note, page 206
Kalidass, (the Shakespeare of India) (Story of), 67; (Story of), and Kabeerdass, 100
Kālikadevi or Kāli grants a boon or confers a gift, 61, 68
Kāshi (Benares or Varanashi), the sacred city of the Hindus, referred to, 138
Kashmir, *Kasyapabumi*, the sweet vale, referred to, 43
Kashyapa, the Land of (Kashmir) referred to, 43
Keer, a sweet Indian dish, 96
King, uncharitable, 19; makes a servant-maid his queen, 20; uxorious and ungrateful, 40; the State Elephant, the, and the Chaste Laundress (Story of), 54; repentance of a, for incest, 72;

the sensuous, 98 ; promise of, not to be sensuous as in the first part of his life, 99 ; the, and the Three Old Men (Story of), 109 ; the, and the Shepherd (Story of), 111 ; the, and the Dervish, (Story of), 112 ; renounces a kingdom, 112 ; more than a match for the barber, 113 ; the, and the Selfish Barber (Story of), 127 ; the, and The Resourceful Chaste Woman, 172 ; the, the Queen and the Evil Hour (Story of), 172
King's son's friendship with the minister's son, 59
Kingdom, promise of half a, to a *Pativrata*, 54 ; worth a trifle, 112
Knowledge, the 64 Departments of (Chatushastakala), referred to, 6
Kothandapani (Krishna, the God), 175
Kubera, the God of Wealth, 108

L

Lady, The Sensible, and the Foolish Mendicant (Story of), 64
Lame Man and the Blind Man (Story of), 169
Lamps, the waving of, 54 ; see note under *arti*, page 185
Language, the, of birds, referred to, 33 ; of beasts, referred to, 37 ; the difficult nature of the Turanian, and its interdiction in the king's pātashalas 64
Lanka, burning of, referred to, 104 ; or pyrotechnic display, 133 ; note, page 204
Learning, the gift of, to Kalidass by the goddess Kāli, 68
Leaves, medicinal, for restoration of sight, 144 (*Bel æglemarmelos*)
Legerdemain, feats of, referred to 180
Lendrum, the Rev. John, of the F. C. Mission, Professor of Philosophy, Hislop College, Nagpore, C. P., referred to, v
Leucoderma, The Family and the (Story of), 170
Levdees, An Indian sweetmeat, 130 ; note, page 203
Lice, looking for, in a woman's head, a habit, 115
Life is dear : how a lame man and a blind man saved their lives during a flood, 170
Life-tokens in a parrot, 29 ; in a carcanet of jewels, 97
Life, resuscitation of, 95, 147 ; duration of, in the case of children attributable to debt they owe their parents in their past life, 174 ; general note, page 208
Lilliputian, the, and His Field (Story of), 141
Lily plant grown on a snake's remains, 3
Lime discarded in worship for playing the role of a liar, 168
Linga, the phallic, 99
Linguist, the Learned (Story of), 63
Lives, the ingenuity of a lame man and a blind man to save their, (The Story of the Lame Man and the Blind Man), 170
Longevity, instances of, 110, 111
Loss to be recompensed in a shameful manner, a queen's queer idea, 43
Lover, an irate, 116
Loyalty, strange, of a robber, 70
Luddoo, an Indian sweetmeat, 130 ; note, page 203
Lying, the result of—Brahma not to have temples, the Mogli flower and lime to be discarded in worship, 168

M

Mahābhārata, referred to, 104
Mahesh, one of the *Adimoorthooloos*, 167 ; takes the form of a bandicoot, 167
Magic feathers, 28 ; -sword, 85 ; -*katika* or collyrium, 85 ; -hair, 132 ; -pebbles, 145 ; -rattans, 153
Maid-servant, saves a kingdom (indirectly) from being invaded, 20 ; becomes a queen for her charity, 21 ; a far seeing, 158
Makeshift—Avoiding a day's irregularity in meals, 113
Mālākara, a kind samaritan, 41 ; duties of a, 41
Man, contempt of, by a woman, 7 ; the, and the neighbours fowl, 169 ; the, and the Snake (Story of), 124
Marriage, strange objections to, 17 ; second time, 41 ; arranging of, being the duty of a teacher or pundit, 67 ; Gandharwa, 121 ; note, page 200 [marriage customs] —rice-oath on the day of, 54; note, page 155 ; a shoemaker to bring a pair of shoes for the bride and bridegroom on the day of, 173

Marks of dishonour, 108
Marvādis (Jains?), The Legend of the Nanga Dev or the God of, 74; the Marwadi, His Wife and Gay Lothaire (Story of), 91
Massage-treatment, referred to, 127
Mātā, the goddess of small-pox, 1
Māyā or illusion, referred to, 100
Meal, man to have a weekly, reversed [Story of God and the Bull], 143
Medicine, dung of *Chakwa-Chakwi* birds, for reducing heat in the system, 33; taking, for getting off-spring, 134; dried tamarinds dipped in castor oil as purgative, 166
Meditations for thirty-six years, 72-3
Mehtars, a section of the Depressed Classes, 141
Melons, 117; The Planter of, and the Jackals (Story of), 117
Men, grow by years, but princes grow by days, (proverb) 23; the King and the Three Old (Story of), 109
Mendicant, The Foolish, and the Sensible Lady (Story of), 64
Mendicant, The Foolish, 64
Mental labour and physical labour: a comparison made as to which is greater, 89
Merchant, an honest and obliging, 130-1
Meru, the mountain, referred to, 21
Metal—gold, a bit of (as large as a hen's egg), 127; gold image, 152
Metamorphoses, 85
Milkman, the, and the Rāmāyana, (Story of), 125; a Simpleton, 125
Minister, the able, and the Ungrateful King (Story of), 9
Minister's son, friendship of the, with the king's son, 59; wife of the, a chaste lady, 60
Miracle—Bells in a temple ringing of themselves simultaneously, 179
Mogli flower *Pandanus Odoratissimus* discarded in worship, 168
Mohwa tree (*Bassia latifolia*), 51
Monkey, 52; Goat and the Workman (Story of), 71; tricky, 171
Morsels of food, the first and second, to be put away, 171
Mosquito's laughter or the very buzz it makes in the ear, 75
Mother, the Thousand-Eyed (goddess of small-pox), 1; old, not forgotten and does not drop out from the story, 133
Mother-in-law, cruel treatment of a daughter-in-law by the, 35-6; outwitted, 81; and the Son-in-Law (Story of), 81
Mountain, Meru, (probably the Himalaya mountain is meant), 143
Murder, a man's resourcefulness to avoid suspicion of, 116
Mushroom, the Origin of (Story of), 167; why tastes like flesh or fowl explained, 167

N

Nāgnadi or the serpentine river after which Nagpore takes its name, referred to, viii
Nagpore, the classic capital of the Bhonsla kings and the present capital of the Central Provinces, referred to, v
Naiwedhya or food offered to the gods, 19
Names (of Indians)—Lakshmaya, Butchaya, Chittaya, Kautaya, Varadhaya, Māmaya, Pothaya, 93
Narayanammah, M., the author's mother-in-law, one of the narrators of stories in the collection, referred to, v
Natural scenery, referred to, 14
Nautches, an Indian dancing and singing entertainment, referred to, 95
Navlipitta, peacock (*Pavo cristatus*), 125; note, page 201
Nitishastra (the Ethical Code), referred to, 67; to keep fifty paces away from an elephant, a precept in, 77
Nosebiting, a cripple's revenge on a princess, 60
Nuptial ceremony, 40, 59, 60

O

Oath—Taking water in the hand, a ratification of an, 139
Oblation of food offered to the gods see *Naiwedhya*, 119
Offspring, the practising of austerities and taking medicines for obtaining, 134
Ogress, retreats a long distance in the twinkling of an eye, 21; divines human thought, 23

becomes wife to a king, 24 ; steals a princess, 31 ; punishment to, for imposition, 31 ; an, personating a beautiful young woman, 121 ; a prince gives battle to an, 145 ; pleased with him gives her adopted daughter in marriage, 145
Old man, a good, 85
Old men, The Three, and the King, 109
Old woman, walking of an, and that of a fop contrasted, 170
Ornaments—*Joomkāloo* (g o l d), *Todāloo* (silver), referred to, 126 ; *Chevvāku* or ear-leaf (a bit of rolled palm-leaf), 180; note, page 209

P

Pacheese, an Indian game, 144
Paidarāloo or Paidaraisi Peddhamma, 144, 163
Palace of glass : a contrivance to be safe from tigers, 134
Palmyra tree, the, 76
Pandit, one of the duties of a, is to arrange for marriages, 67 ; aspires to the hand of one whom he taught, a breach of Dharmashastra, 67
Panther, 53
Pārijātā (*Erythrina fulgens*), 157 ; note, page 205
Paris (fairies), 97
Parrot, as a life-token, 29 ; advice of a, 156
Pārwatidevi, the consort of Parameshwar, 73
Pativrata, offer of a kingdom to a, 54, 147 ; note, page 185
Peacock, vide *Navlipitta*, 125 ; note, page 201
Pearl, in the belly of a fish, 9 ; non-production of, to suffer the extreme penalty of the law, 11
Pearls, the stringing of, 42, 48 ; a garland of, 83
Pearl Merchant (Story of the), 46
Penalty, to suffer the extreme, of the law, for non-production of a thing, 11
Penances, 72
Penurious Man, the Ill-fated (Story of), 75
Persecution by a step-mother, 2 ; of a sister-in-law, 165
Phenomena, a *Rajahansa* emerges out of water as a girl, 139
Piglipitta (the Madras bulbul), the Navlipitta and, (Story of), 123 ; note, page 201
Pillayār Swami (Ganesa), 118
Pilli-ummah, a local deity (*Grāma devata*), 126
Pilpai (Bidpai), the fable writer, referred to, v
Pipal tree, the, 85
Pishoo, the, and the Bug, (Story of), 176
Pitambar, a valuable *sari*, 55, note, page 186
Pleasure, (carnal) indulgence in, sparingly, leads to longevity, 110
Pleasures, the eight, 99 ; note, page 195
Poetry, recitation of original : a reward of a princess' hand for, 7 .
Police official, friendship with a, interdicted, 115
Ponna flowers, Alexandrian laurel *Calophyllum inophyllum*, 52
Prayer for speech, 27 ; prayer for preservation of chastity, 43
Prediction of astrologers fulfilled, 134
Presents from outsiders to be accepted by a wife after due permission from husband, 56
Prevarication, a prince's, and committing mischief for no good, 154
Price, fabulous, for a fish, 155
Pride, the five iron pegs to arrest, 66
Prince, transformed into a snake and *vice versa*, 6 ; with a horse-covering, 32 ; in the disguise of a thief, 37 ; as water-carrier in a courtesan's garden, 144 ; the, Medicinal Leaves and the Muhurta (Story of), 144 ; high daring of a, 163
Princes, the Seven, and the Fairies (Story of), 120
Princess, resolution of a, to wed the man who composes original verses, 7 ; commits suicide, 7 ; married to a horse, 32 ; resolution of a, to wed the man who would do her bidding under the most trying circumstances, 173
Proclamation of a princess to marry one who composes original verses, 7 ; proclamation of a king to offer half of his kingdom to a *Pativrata*, 54 ; proclamation of a princess to marry one who does

her bidding under the most trying circumstances, 173
Promises, solemn, to give children in marriage 82 ; *dathams* not to be violated, 107 ; note, page 197
Prophecy, the king's son, and the fulfilment of a, 134.
Prostitute, the, boisterous, 79 ; The Brahmin, the Oilman and the (Story of), 103 ; tricky and faithful, 144, 147
Prostration at feet, 30, 36
Proverbs—(1) Men grow by years but princes grow by days, 23 ; (2) *Boodhdhi voonnavādiki yeddhulaidhu, Yeddhu voonnavādiki booddhilaidhu*, 69; (3) *Goontā pilla yentā kadupu*, 174 ; note, page 208
Public insult, shaving of the head as a, 42 ; branding as a, 114
Punishment, for the non-production of a thing, 11 ; for imposition, 33 ; of mange, 38 ; shaving of the head of a woman and placing a lamp on the head, as if it is a lamp-stand, being forms of, 42 ; head shattered to pieces, a, 61 ; for having lusteth after a woman, 64 ; beating with *cheepoorloo* and *chātaloo*, and looking down upon, a, 79
Pyrotechnic display (Lanka), 95 ; *Tarajole* or *Taramandal, Sursurbuttees, mahtabs* (red, green and white lights), *Chhichhoodloo* (flower-pots), *Nagmodis* (Pharoah's serpents), Catherine wheels, Roman candles, rockets, little balloons and quibs, 133 ; note, page 204

Q

Qualification of thieves, 37 ; qualification of a barber, 90
Queen, inhumane treatment by a, 42-3 ; The Fakeer's Daughter and the Wicked, (Story of), 96 ; the jealousy of a, 96 ; pays the extreme penalty of the law for her crime, 96-8 ; the King, the, and the Evil Hour (Story of), 172 the,
Queen, the chief, ordered to be beheaded on a false charge of subsisting on beasts, 25
Queer decision, 43
Quest, in, of an emerald, 156 ; in, of a *Pārijāta* flower, 157

R

Racial qualities not deficient in a princess brought up by a *râkshasha*, 123
Râkshasha, The Girl of the Woodlands, Her Brothers and the (Story of), 93
Râkshasha gana or class opposed to Devata gana, 122 ; note, page 200
Ramagiri, the present Rāmtek, a place of pilgrimage twenty miles from Nagpore, C. P., referred to, v
Rāmāyana, the epic story referred to, 104 ; reference to certain cantos of, 104 ; the Milkman and the, (Story of) 125
Rambha, a dancer at the court of Indra, 83
Rāmtek, the old Ramagiri or Ramtinci taken note of in *Meghadutha*, referred to, v
Rasāloo, Raja, the Punjaub hero identified with Bâki Bulāmoodoo of Telugu stories, vi
Rat, the nuisance of, 69 ; a factor for a prince to win a game in *Pacheese*, 145
Recluse, the True (Story of), 72
Recognition after twelve years, a qualification, 37
Renunciation, a king's, of kingdom, 112 ; a princess', of the world, 175
Reptiles—Scorpions, serpents, and centipedes, 146
Responsibility of a kingdom, saddling with the, a panacea for checking the adventurous spirit of a prince, 165
Resuscitation of life, 95, 147
Retreating a tolerably long distance in the twinkling of an eye, a characteristic of the ogress, 21
Rhymes, cumulative, 149
Rice, uncooked or husked in charity, 103 ; doles of, 107 ; note, page 197
Rice-oath on the Hindu wedding day, 54 ; note, page 185
Riddles—*Kathalunni yatha lāyai*, 116
Riding, a fop's and an old woman's walk, contrasted, 170
Ring as a recognizing agency, 34
Robbers, qualifications of, 37 ; loyalty of, 70
Robes, saffron, 134 ; note, page 204

S

Sacrifice, self-, of a fairy, 14; human, 128-9; why only animal is now offered as, 130
Sadabarth, 26; note, page 183
Sādhu, The Bhagatmaya (Story of), 76
Sage, the, and, the Would-be Mother (Story of), 62
Sandalwood, 48; tree, 93, 97
Sani—The God of Ill-luck (Saturn), 75
Saraswati—The Goddess of Learning, referred to, 83
Sari—woman's dress, 108; pulling aside of, a mark of dishonour, 108
Sāthānees, 176; note, page 209
Sati ceremonies, 41
Scorpion, 146
Secret not to be revealed, 85, 88, 100
Sect, Rāmānuja, referred to, 176; note, under '*Sathanees*', page 209
Secunderabad, the military station in the Deccan, referred to, v
Serpents, 146; *vide* snakes 3, 5, 124
Servants, faithless, 163
Servant-maid becomes a queen, 20
Shakespeare of India (Kalidass), Telugu version of the story of the, 67
Shepherd, The King and the (Story of), 111
Shoes, a rattling pair of, wearing of, a fashion, 52
Shoemaker's girl, becomes the wife of a Sadhu and queen, her son a Vizier, 79
Simpleton, *gollavādu* (milkman) a, 123; the neatherd a, 175
Sinfulness of women, a State elephant covered over with spots, an indirect result of the, 54
Sister, ardent love of a, for her brother, 5
Sister-in-law, persecution of a, 165
Sleeping underneath a high cot, an expedient, 59
Slings, reference to, 26
Snake, a lily plant grows on the remains of a, 3; a, re-transformed into a prince, 5; the Man and the (Story of), 124; the number and varieties of Indian snakes referred to, 124
Sobanam ceremony, 40
Society, low state of, 43
Son-in-law a, outwits his mother-in-law, 81
Songs, dulcet, of *parentaloo* in chorus (bridal songs), 160
Soul, hanging to a tree, 94; passing of the, 94, 151; of a sympathetic fairy (princess) speaks, 121; hovers about the house-eaves, 151
Speech, prayer to God for, 27
Spots, elephant covered over with, an indication that the sinfulness of women is rampant, 54
States, Native, referred to, 105
Stipulation—of a princess that she would confer her hand on one who composes original verses, 35; of a rich man's daughter to marry the man who receives five smacks, with a shoe every day, 135: of a courtesan to become the wife of one who wins her in *pacheesee*, 144; of a princess who would do her bidding under the most trying circumstances, 173; of a minister's daughter to leave her father-in-law's house at 6 p.m. and return at 6 a.m., 184
Story, the end of a—the narrators getting of a present in imagination, 95, 165; reference to external circumstances at the end of a, 203
Stories, the migration or travel of, without being lost and their becoming suited to the mode of thought of the alien people to which they have travelled or migrated, vi
Stratagem, of an old woman to avoid suspicion or detection, 58; of subjects to avoid dishonour of their daughters, 98; of a woman to preserve her chastity, 172
Submission, abject—falling at feet, 159
Suicide, a crow commits, 114
Superiority, a discussion between Agni and Varuna with reference to, 143
Superstition—What is asked must be parted with or else it would be lost or destroyed, 31
Sutwi (Destiny-writer), 70
Sweetmeat Indian—*leydees*, 130; *luddoos*, 131; note, page 203
Swynnerton's Indian Nights Entertainments, referred tq, viii
Sympathy, extreme, of a fairy, 123

T

Taboo—*Mogli* flower and lime discarded in worship, 168
Tahsildar—a small revenue officer of a sub-district (tahsili), referred to, 151
Tailor, proverbs of—*Buddhi vunnadi yeddhu laidhu* 69
Taming, of the Blue-Stocking (Story of the), 6 ; of a wife, 136-7
Tasks, 35
Teacher, aspiring to the hand of a scholar he taught : a breach of Dharmashāstra, 67 ; one of the duties of a, is to arrange marriages of parties, 67
Temple, Sir Richard Carnac, Editor of the *Indian Antiquary*, referred to, viii
Test for catching a thief (The Man and the Neighbour's Fowl), 169
Theft of a prince from the nursery of a palace, 123
Ticks—lice, 1
Tiger, 53 ; and the Ass (Story of the), 160
Time, a computation of, by God and man explained, 80
Tit for tat or payment in one's coin illustrated, 108
Torri gavva (*Cypra moneta*), 106 ; note, page 196
Trades—*mālākara*, 41 ; shoemaker, 77 ; prostitute, 79 ; bangleseller, 95 ; woman juggler, 178
Transformation, into a snake and *vice versa*, 3, 6 ; man into a bird, 28 ; man into a fly, 85 ; deer into a *kanyaka*, 120 ; woman into a paddy sheaf, 157
Translation to heaven, of a neatherd and a guru 175 ; of a queen and others, 180
Treatment, inhumane, 42, 43
Trees—Mohwa (*Bassia latifolia*), 51 ; palmyra, 76 ; sandalwood, 93, 97 ; *Ber* (the Indian jujube), 115 ; Khadira (*Acacia catechu*), 125 ; note, page 201
Trick, shabby, to get rid of doves, 141
Truthfulness of a dream, 31
Turban, throwing of, on the ground, a sign of extreme disgust and discontent, 14 ; coming to the ground, a dishonour, 115 ; laced, referred to, 170

U

Unchaste woman, the, 116
Understanding of matters by the world different, one man understanding one thing, another, another thing, 111
Unwifely act—partaking of food before her husband partook an, 56

V

Vadavānala, a mythological person, *vide* note, page 184
Vaisakh, the hottest month of the Hindu year corresponding to the English month of May, referred to, 105
Varuna, Agni and (Story of), 143
Venereal diseases, a king's suffering from, referred to, 98
Vishnu, one of the *Adimoorthooloo* (primal Gods) in the form of a boar, 167
Vishnu Sharma, the author of *Panchatantra*, referred to, Preface, v
Visions—a pile of cakes shields a king, 20 ; a *Rajahansa* swan emerges from water as a girl, 139
Vows—of a minister's son's wife to sacrifice an arm, 61 ; of a king not to be sensuous as in the first part of his life, 99

W

Wager, filling a tank with rubies, filling a tank with pearls, 26 ; with reference to fish, 156
Walking of an old woman and riding of a fop contrasted, 170
Washerman, a satisfied, who ate food pleasant to the taste and wore clothing pleasant to the eye, 151
Washerwoman, chaste, 55 ; a Brahmin in love with a, 138 ; note, page 185
Watch by turns during nights for safety, 21
Water, offering of, to wash hands and feet with : an Hindu etiquette to one who comes to a house, 139
Weaver, the Deceitful (Story of), 126

What is asked must be parted with as otherwise it would be lost or destroyed : a superstition, 31 · note, page 184
Wheat, ears of, thrown along the track, an expedient to find way back, 93 ; massive lumps of, 110
White elephant from heaven, 86
Wife, love of, centred on the husband after the birth of the first born, 5 ; faithful, 33 ; as torch-bearer, 36 ; treacherous and false, 62 ; discarding of, by Kalidass on consideration of her having become a mother because of the gift of learning had come to him through her device, 68 ; selfish, 80; strange conditions of a would be, 85, 135, 174 ; unchaste, 116 ; cenotaph with inscription thereon to a devoted, 123-24 ; taming of a, 135-7 ; the youngest, of the prince the best, brave and kind, 148 ; influence of, to make her husband a party to her guilt, 169.
Wife-beating with a tamarind shoot, 81
Wine, the origin of, *vide* The Story of the Brahmin, the Tiger and the Ass, 49
Wives, duality of, a nuisance, 127
Woman, pertinacity. the nature of, 33, 83 ; to serve as a lamp-stand, 42 ; to become a mistress for a thing lost, 43 ; the old, of the sugar cane fields (Story of), 45 ; sinfulness of, 54 ; deceived by false persuasion, referred to, 54 ; unchaste, 116 ; bemoaning of, to have been born a tree, 122 ; chaste, faithful, resuscitates her husband, 144 ; cajoling tricks of, referred to, 160 ; the Old, and the Fop, Story of, 170 ; stratagem of a, to preserve her chastity, 172
Women's garment—*sari*, reference to, 108
Wonder and surprise, finger placed on the nose, an expression of, 150
Woodseller, the, and the Seven Faires (Story of), 130
Words, mysterious, the potency of, 68
Workman, the Monkey, the Goat, and the (Story of), 171

Y

Yama, the Indian Pluto, referred to, 77
Yamulgiri Parvatam (Himalaya mountains), 43 ; note, page 184
Young Man, the Police Official and the Bér Tree, Story of the, 115 ; the, and Hazari Lal of Baidars' Daughter, (Story of), 135
Younger sister, the sisters grudge against their, 52
Youngest daughter-in-law, the possessor of a wonderful gift that of knowing the passing of souls of men, 150
Youngest sister-in-law of a prince always kind to her sister-in-law (her husband's sister), 165

Z

Zone, danger—fifty paces from the elephant, a, to be avoided, 77

WORKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR

Life of M. Nagloo. (Maidara Nagaya) The Father of Hotel Enterprise in the Central Provinces, pp. 3 + 200, G. Kushaldoss, Printers, Hyderabad, Deccan, 1908. 100 copies (47 lost in the Moosi flood).

The Story of Bobbili [as handed down traditionally through ministrels]. With a foreword by Prof. Jadunath Sarkar, M.A. (Premchand Roychand Student) of the Patna College, pp. xxxv + 128, Cheekoti Veerannah & Sons, Government Printers, Secunderabad, Deccan 1912. 100 copies (lost).

Tulsemmah and Nagaya ; or Folk-stories from India. With a foreword by Prof. James Bremner, M.A. of the Hislop College, Nagpur, C.P., pp. xix + 167, Methodist Publishing House, Madras, 1918, 125 copies (burnt).

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS AND HIGH DIGNITARIES

LIFE OF M. NAGLOO

BENGAL GOVERNMENT CAMP
INDIA,
2nd July, 1908.

MY DEAR SIR,

I desire to thank you for your courtesy in sending me a copy of the Life of your Father. It could not fail to recall many news and scenes of much interest to me.

I am,
Yours truly,
A. H. L. FRASER.

M. N. VENKATASWAMY, ESQ.

'GLENHAM HOUSE,'
SAXEMUNDHAM, SUFFOLK,
17th July, 1908.

DEAR SIR,

I must thank you very much for the copy of your father's life that you have sent me. I shall read it with the greatest interest for I knew him before he had the hotel at the Nagpur Railway Station and took charge of the first Nagpur Club. I knew him as the ever-ready handy man, always willing and capable of helping in any entertainment that might be started. My interest in the book is all the greater in that I was intimately connected with Nagpur and the Central Provinces from 1864 to 1891. Even before that my Regiment, the Royal Scots (then Royal Regiment), was stationed at Kamptee.

A history of the Central Provinces from the time Mr. Temple became Chief Commissioner is much wanted.

Valuable information could be collected from the few old inhabitants in all districts that remember that time. Copies of the contemporary local newspapers contain much of interest. You are evidently just the man to write it.

Thanking you again,

I am,
Yours sincerely,
A. BLOOMFIELD.

'SCHOOL HOUSE,'
BURGHEAD, SCOTLAND,
31st August, 1908.

MR. M. N. VENKATASWAMI,
'THE RETREAT,' HYDERABAD,
DECCAN.

MY DEAR SIR,

It was with the greatest pleasure that I received to-day your *Life of M. Nagloo*, chiefly on account of old association with you yourself when both of us were young. It was very good of you to remember me and to show that you remember me by honouring me with this product of your pen.

I had not the advantage of your father's acquaintance though I knew him full well by sight and passed by his hotel every day to and from my work. Strange to say, your father is the only native of India whose name I had mentioned to me casually by a stranger here after my return to this country. You may remember, perhaps, that a photograph of the Hislop College students was taken in your time—I think it was the Morris College—a photograph containing the Rev. Cooper; you yourself are standing at one side. Well, after my return to Scotland, I was showing this photo to a gentleman, whose name I forget, a stranger to me, when he said quietly, 'Nagpur, you have been there, have you? Do you know Nagloo?' I said: 'Yes. I know who Nagloo is; he keeps the station hotel. This (said I pointing to your likeness) is Nagloo's son. The gentleman took up the photo and examined it with much interest. It turned out that this gentleman had stayed in your father's hotel for many months or years (I cannot tell how long). He was engaged in superintending the erection of telegraph poles. This incident may interest you, and you can make what use of it you like, if you are reprinting the book.

I see that you are engaged in the service of His Highness the Nizam and I hope that you are healthy, comfortable, and happy—all of which blessings, I am thankful to say, are mine.

I am,
Yours sincerely,
JAS. BREMNER.

SOUTH MANSE,
ELGIN,
9-IX-1908.

MY DEAR VENKATASWAMI,

I have to acknowledge with many thanks the gift of your book, and congratulate you on taking a place among the ranks of authors. It is a pity that the revision was not done more carefully for though you wrote English well, you could not be expected to attain perfection, and a little care would have made the book more presentable. It must have taken you a great deal of time and labour. You have been very frank in telling the story of your father's life—perhaps too frank for English

readers. But I congratulate you on the completion of what to you was an act of filial piety.

Mrs. Lendrum and the four children are all well, I am glad to say, and though I shall never be so strong as I was before I went to India I am very well and manage to do a good deal of work. I see your old friend, Mr. James Bremner, occasionally; he lives about eight miles from here in a small town called Burghead. We always talk about India when we meet.

With kind regards and best wishes,

I am,
Yours very truly,
JOHN LENDRUM.

C/o THE CAPITAL AND COUNTIES BANK,
GREAT MALVERN,
ENGLAND,
September 25, 1908.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have to thank you very much for your very kind letter of the 30th July and for the book which you so kindly sent me, and which I shall peruse in the spirit of the beautiful motto on the Title page which I thus interpret—Gentleness, Kindness, Generosity, Truthfulness, Gratitude, Harmlessness (or Consideration for Others). By such qualities as these True Nobility shines forth Conspicuous.

I am at present engaged myself on an Author's work and am able to appreciate all the more the loving labour you have devoted to the life of your much-respected Father. I hope to let you have my opinion on it, if it be considered worth having, and it will, I hope, be given in that spirit that an author owes to another Author's work.

I am in England and have been availing myself of a well-earned furlough (though I say it) to write a series of four volumes of sketches of *Rulers of India*.

With kind regards,

Believe me,
Yours very truly,
G. D. OSWELL.

HYDERABAD,
DECCAN,
23rd March, 1911.

DEAR MR. NAGLOO,

It was very kind of you to have given me an opportunity of dipping into the biography of your father. It carried me back to the days when I began my official life in Nagpur and put up at your father's hotel. I am sure that anybody that reads it will find much to amuse and interest him in his moments of leisure.

Yours truly,
A. HYDARI.

ACCOUNTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
P. W. BRANCH AUDIT OFFICE,
Dated 25 May, 1911.

DEAR MR. VENKATASWAMY,

I am very much amused to read the Life of your worthy father written by you. The style is quite entertaining, and your story is frank and reminiscent of the good old days.

Yours sincerely,
JAGAT PRASAD.

DELHI,
PUNJAUB.

MY DEAR SIR,

Thank you very much for so kindly sending me a copy of your book (*The Story of Bobbili*) and also lending me the very interesting book which I now return. I have read it with the greatest interest and it gives a vivid picture of the days now gone by.

Yours very truly,
C. F. ANDREWS.

I was away in England last or should have returned the book before.

Mr. M. N. Venkataswamy, M.R.A.S., M.F.L.S., has brought out a neat *Life of M. Nagloo* (Mardara Nagaya), the Pioneer of Hotel Enterprise, in the Central Provinces.—The *Hindu*, August 6, 1908.

Reviews of the book *in extenso* have appeared in the *Modern Review* (Professor Jadunath Sarkar, M.A., Premchand Roychand student) and *Hindustan Review* (Mr. S. Z. Ali, B.A.).

THE STORY OF BOBBILI

The Story of Bobbili by Mr. M. N. Venkataswamy, M.R.A.S., is a rendering in English of a Telugu tale as narrated to the writer while he was yet a boy by a wandering minstrel who had sought the hospital roof of his father. The main interest of the story is centred in the siege of Bobbili in the early part of the eighteenth century and the events that led to it. Rivalry between the rulers of Bobbili and Pooseepad, two neighbouring principalities, to stand high in the estimation of their Lord Paramount the Nizam, resulted in the cutting off water supply to the former. An affray consequent upon this led to open hostilities and Bobbili was laid siege to when the ruler was absent from the capital. The description of the valour with which the besieged held out to the very end, the courage and strength with which the heroes of Bobbili fought, the utter annihilation of the aggressors' forces by the ruler of Bobbili who came to the rescue, though at a late stage, are told in the characteristic style of Indian folklore, and the writer is to be congratulated of the retentive memory which has enabled him to reproduce what he had received in his early boyhood. The book contains a vivid picture of feuds and friendships between rival chieftains in the period prior to the advent of the British in India. The Folklore of Southern India has not received the attention it deserves, and Mr. Venkataswamy has taken a step in the right direction in having chosen to tread the very rich but often-neglected field of study. The book opens with a frontispiece containing the photographs of King George V., His Highness the Nizam, and the present Maharaja of Bobbili. It is printed

by Messrs. C. Veeranna & Sons, Government Printers, Hyderabad, Deccan.—The *Madras Mail* (Madras).

Mr. M. N. Venkataswamy's *Story of Bobbili* is a reproduction of the story of the foundation and sack of the place as related to him by a wandering Telugu minstrel about forty years ago. The author is already known to the reading Indian world as the writer of a biography of his father and by means of his notes which he calls commentaries he has brought in authentic history and modern topography so as to do away with the cavilling of the critical historian. Every lover of the folklore of the Telugu country will do well to go through it.—The *Hindu* (Madras).

Bobbili is now a well known name even outside the Madras Presidency as its Maharaja was the first Indian Member of the Madras Executive Council. The appointment came in for deservedly severe criticism, but the Maharaja, during the brief year of his membership, is supposed to have done better than people had reason to anticipate. However this might be, there is no question that he is an excellent Zemindar who had administered the affairs of his State in such a manner as to make it prosperous as well as—and this naturally is more important—to bring contentment to his tenantry. Bobbili, as is well known in the South, had an almost romantic part; it is of historic importance; its story is sung in towns and villages by the townsmen as well as the rustic in a highly pitched tone and Bobbili was the great foe of Vizianagram and the battle that was fought by them, the latter with the assistance of Bussy, is the subject of the ballad. The story was lately published in English by Messrs. C. Veeranna & Sons of Secunderabad. Its author is Mr. M. N. Venkataswami, M.R.A.S., and Professor Jadunath Sarkar has supplied an interest foreword. Professor Sarkar says:—'Our story-teller's character-painting is done in bold, if primitive touches, and with dramatic appropriateness of speech. Each of the personages leaves his own peculiar impress on our mind; we feel that none of them is a shadowy creation of a racked

literary imagination or a colourless production of one type. Mr. Venkataswami has scrupulously preserved the old phraseology, the crude oaths and threats, the pious ejaculations amidst speeches—so vividly suggestive of the dramatic narrator under the tamarind tree—the frequent repetitions, the quaint imagery, the pithy sayings which clinch a paragraph, as he heard them from his minstrels. These features will distinctly enhance the value of the story to students of Indian thought. They may repel the general reader ; but, if so, that lazy person will have lost a good treat. To one who is not deterred by the mere externals of a piece, *The Story of Bobbili* does not lack charm and pathos of its own, quite apart from its value as a picture of ancient manners. It is a very interesting 'human document'. The author himself supplies an informing preface, a summary of the story, and comments and glossary.—The *Leader* (Allahabad).

The story of the foundation and sack of Bobbili in the Madras Presidency, as narrated to the author by a wandering Telugu minstrel more than forty years ago, with an historical introduction. The story itself relates to the year 1757, and gives a vivid picture of the life and manners of the period.—The *Athæneum* (London).

The following passage reproduced from the Foreword by Prof. Jadunath Sarkar, M.A., will explain the scope and character of the book :—

'Mr. M. N. Venkataswami has here reproduced the story of the foundation and sack of Bobbili as narrated by a wandering ministrel more than forty years ago. In preserving this tale Mr. Venkataswami has done us a distinct service. The story, though relating to 1757, is a vivid picture of ancient manners and its characters truly belong to the Epic age. It is a very interesting human document.—The *Modern Review* (Calcutta).

A very interesting account of Bobbili with an Introduction by Prof. Jadunath Sarkar. The author shows originality in this work.—*Modern World* (Madras).

WESLEYAN MISSION,
March 10, 1913.

FROM

REV. J. C. KNIGHT-ANSTEY,
NIZAMABAD,
HYDERABAD (DECCAN),
INDIA.

DEAR MR. VENKATASWAMI,

I thank you very much for the copy of '*The Story of Bobbili.*' I think you have done a very valuable service to Indian Literature in your patient investigation and skilful presentation of the Story. I have not been able to read it all yet, but I have read some and shall carefully read it more.

In my efforts to acquire the Telugu language and to get to know the Telugu people I have myself often listened to the tale of the wandering bard. You are perfectly right when you say that the villager who has few amusements will sit for hours listening to such tales. The wandering bard is pushed out of existence, as is natural, by the spread of education and the multiplication of literature, but the service he had rendered in the past should not be forgotten. I myself should like to see some of his stories preserved in *Telugu*, much of the pith and acquaintness of the narrator is lost even in the best translation.

* * * * * *

I trust you will continue your literary labours and that God's blessing may rest upon you and yours.

With many thanks and kind regards,

Believe me,
Yours faithfully,
J. C. KNIGHT-ANSTEY.

INDORE, C. I.,
5th May, 1913.

DEAR SIR,

Thank you for your letter. I am very sorry not to have acknowledged your book on Bobbili sooner. It must have been

a great interest to you to write this history of your native place and I am very pleased to have the book to which I have given an honourable place on my shelves.

Yours truly,
E. J. D. COLVIN.

BURGHEAD,
SCOTLAND,
8th July, 1913.

MY DEAR VENKATASWAMI,

I must thank you heartily for your kindness in sending me a copy of your book, *The Story of Bobbili*. You have, indeed, rendered the prophecy of non-effect. Your book shows that you have a keen interest not only in historic tradition, but also in human life. Without the latter quality, the former is apt to degenerate into Dry-as-Dust chronicling. I have read *The Story of Bobbili* with appreciation of the humour and gusto of the narrative. I only wish that the redoubtable Paupa Rao of the fierce moustaches had come off a little more successful in the end. The doughty deeds of the Bobbilians recalled to my memory the Homeric blows of Diomede and Ajax; their appetites too were as good as that of Polyphemus.

You never thought of writing a book in your own native language, I suppose. I understand quite well that the fit audience is among those who understand English. At the same time I have little doubt that the true literature of India (modern I mean) will be not an English but a vernacular literature. Some one who will take infinite pains to turn beautiful phrases and express living and frequent thought in the real language of the people will create a public for himself. Russian literature to-day is considered by some the most vital in Europe. Well, it is not more than fifty or sixty years since the writers of Russia began to use their own language. They wrote French before, but with no power. Since they used their own language, they produced masterpieces, so that foreigners now learn Russian to get at them. The same is true of German literature, only

that it is a century older than Russian ; in the eighteenth century German writers despised their vernacular, they wrote in French, but again to little purpose. But it needed a genius to take the first step—a Tolstoi in Russia, a Goethe in Germany, a Dante in Italy, a Venkataswami in India ?

With kindest regards,

I am, Yours,
JAMES BREMNER.

78, RAJPUR ROAD,
DELHI,
16th January, 1914.

DEAR MR. VENKATASWAMI,

I have been unusually long in replying to your letter of the 28th ultimo for which I must beg your pardon . . . Your '*The Story of Bobbili*' was delightful reading. Being an ignoramus in antiquarian topics, I cannot give an opinion about the merits of the book from that point of view.

JAGAT PRASAD.

MADRAS GOVERNOR'S CAMP,
INDIA,
9th August, 1915.

606-1

PRIVATE SECRETARY,
MADRAS.

Referring to your letter of 7th July 1915, I am desired by His Excellency Lord Pentland to inform you that your book '*The Story of Bobbili*', is very interesting.

Yours truly,
H. C. STEPHEN.

M.R.Rv. M. N. VENKATASWAMI, Avl., M.R.A.S.,
THE RETREAT,
HYDERABAD (DECCAN).

SOUTH MANSE, ELGIN,
SCOTLAND,
7th September, 1915.

MY DEAR VENKATASWAMI,

It is very careless of me to be so long in acknowledging your kindness in writing to me and sending me a copy of your latest book. I have to congratulate you on the good bit of work you have done. It is a pity that the list of 'Errata' should be so long, but very careful reading is needed to prevent such blemishes. Before you publish next time, you might get some one to read the proofs for you. It is a tedious business, but some interested friend would do it for you. The story itself I am scarcely fit to criticize. It was certainly worth preserving and in these days of war it takes on a new interest. Some of us thought the days of war were wearing over, but we were wrong, and war is to-day almost the only thing we can think of

* * *

With all good wishes,

I am, yours very truly,
JOHN LENDRUM.

No. 1718

WESLEYAN MISSION HOUSE,
SECUNDERABAD,
INDIA,
November 16th 1915.

DEAR MR. VENKATASWAMI,

It is so long since I read *The Story of Bobbili* that I have not a very clear remembrance of the impression it made on me. So far as I do recollect, however, it was a story of great interest and well worth telling. I only wish that others who have a command of Telugu and are interested in the past story of their race would do as good a bit of work.

With congratulations and kind regards,

Believe me.
Yours sincerely,
F. LAMB.

HYDERABAD,
DECCAN,
27th February, 1916.

DEAR MR. VENKATASWAMI,

Many thanks for your having kindly given me a copy of '*The Story of Bobbili*'. I was very much impressed by your industry in devoting yourself to historical and literary pursuits notwithstanding the busy time you must have in office. I have read many portions of the book with great interest. I hope you will get sufficient encouragement especially from a rich and enlightened nobleman like the Maharaja of Bobbili for the way in which you have told the story of his State.

Yours sincerely,
A. HYDARI.

JUDGE'S HOUSE,
NASIK,
31st March, 1917.

DEAR MR. VENKATASWAMI,

I acknowledged your book *The Story of Bobbili* shortly after its receipt in England. But my letter seems to have gone astray. * * * I am afraid I cannot say more about the book than that it amused and interested me at the time.

Yours very truly,
C. A. KINCAID.

REV. F. T. SHIPHAM,
WESLEYAN HIGH SCHOOL,
SECUNDERABAD (DECCAN).

Present Address:
24, BISHOPSGATE,
LONDON, E.C.,
January 23rd, 1921.

* * * * * *

DEAR MR. VENKATASWAMI,

I am returning your book by this mail, under a separate cover. I trust it will reach you safely. I have found it very

interesting and must congratulate you on achieving your ends so successfully. I have not tampered with it: it would have been presumption on my part to have attempted to amend your style. There are, of course, frequent printer's errors, and it is a shame that your printer should have been guilty of so many. You seem to have noted those that matter.

It is a very interesting story, written in a style that breathes of the original, and I sincerely hope that your efforts with it will meet with highest success.

* * * * * *

Believe me,
Yours very sincerely,
F. T. SHIPHAM.

TULSEMMAH AND NAGAYA; OR FOLK STORIES FROM INDIA

The folktales of every country, which are handed down from generation to generation by word of mouth, oftentimes give an astonishing insight into the habits, manners and customs of by-gone times, though they may strike the superficial and unobservant reader only as a bundle of primitive ideas and superstitions. It is on this account that the collection of folk-tales has occupied the attention of several diligent students of anthropology, and has always been welcomed. Mr. M. N. Venkataswamy, of Hyderabad, Deccan, has collected a few of such Indian stories into a book of nearly 120 pages (Methodist Publishing House, Madras). Mr. J. Bremner, Professor, Hislop College, Nagpur, has written a short foreword to the work in which he pays a compliment to the author's ability in story-telling.—*The Madras Mail*, August 30, 1918.

Mr. Venkataswami has already written several books on Indian subjects, but he has never written so interesting as this his latest volume. Somewhere or other he has collected a remarkable number of folkstories that might with advantage be

made available for English children. The best in our opinion is the first. It tells how a certain Indian queen incurred the anger of the king by always presenting him with sons when he wanted a daughter. At last she did give birth to a daughter, but her sons, fearing their father's anger if another son was born, had already fled into the forest. Their mother killed herself with grief and the king married again a lady who persecuted the baby-daughter. When the latter grew up she ran into the woods and looked for her brothers. She found them and lived happily with them until a wicked *rakshashi* turned them into wild beasts. Then the princess married a raja, but the *rakshashi* pursued her and turned her into a bird and passed herself off as the king's wife. However, all came right in the end. The princess and her brothers recovered their former shapes. The raja killed the *rakshashi* and had her body pounded up into small pieces and then fed the crows with them.—*Times of India* (Bombay), September 18, 1918.

It is a well written, well printed and well got up little volume of the indigenous people of India. Mr. Venkataswamy has written fine readable books like the *Life of M. Nagloo* (reviewed by us), *The Story of Bobbili*, besides the present neat volume of *Folk Stories from India*. Some of them undoubtedly enable us to understand the mental outlook of the original inhabitants of India before any Aryan set his foot on the soil. Mr. Venkataswami lives in Southern India, where the pre-Aryan background has not yet been so completely effaced as in Aryavarta. He has used his opportunities well in this 'Folklorists' paradise' and has arranged his collections in groups headed 'Stories of the Marvellous or Supernatural, Stories of Adventure and Romance, Comic Exploits of Noodles, Stories illustrative of Tribal or Caste Eccentricities, National Gods, Beast Stories, etc.' We have only one suggestion to make; he should have mentioned the district where and tribe (or caste) among whom each story is current.—*Modern Review* (Jadunath Sarkar), October, 1918.

I am very pleased to see another little book by my old friend Mr. Venkataswami. '*Folk Stories from India*' can be read

superficially and little be gathered from them but amusement; but they can also be studied and a great deal learned from them of the people to whom they still appeal.

I have out pointed to the author the desirability of adopting the recognized method of transliterating Indian words, but the book bears the marks of so much care and industry that one is loath to criticize it too harshly.

I trust that Mr. Venkataswamy will continue his researches in the by-ways of Indian Literature and give us the benefit of them in some future work.

The affectionate dedication of the book throws important sidelights on some of the best features of Indian family life.

J. C. KNIGHT-ANSTEY.

RAMKOT, HYDERABAD,
14th September, 1918.

HYDERABAD (DECCAN),
EDUCATION OFFICES,
4th April, 1919.

I have read with pleasure and profit Mr. M. N. Venkataswamy's '*Folks Stories from India*'. The author is doing an important service to the Indian renaissance which we are witnessing by thus giving literary expression to the life and thought of the people. Every lover of things Indian must welcome this attempt to give literary form to the tradition handed down among the simple folk of India from father to son. The author writes in a simple, readable style, and the get-up of the book is attractive. I sincerely hope his endeavours will receive the encouragement and appreciation they so well deserve.

N. G. WELINKAR, M.A., LL.B.,
Chief Inspector of Secondary Schools,
H. E. H. The Nizam's Government,
Hyderabad, Deccan.

OFFICE OF THE BISHOP OF MADRAS,
TEYNAMPET, MADRAS, S. W.
(ON TOUR),
BANGALORE,
25 May, 1919.

BISHOPRIC OF
MADRAS.

DEAR SIR,

In reply to your letter of the 22nd instant the Bishop desires me to say that he has read your book of *Folk Stories from India* with interest and thinks such works are a valuable contribution to the anthropological study of the country.

Yours faithfully,
GAN. WRIGHT,
Bishop's Chaplain.

Office of the Bishop of Madras,
Wellington.
October 4, 1919.

BISHOPRIC OF
MADRAS.

DEAR MR. VENKATASWAMI,

Forgive my not having answered your letter of September 6 last before this. I read your book on *Folk Stories from India* of which you kindly gave me a copy with great interest. It gives, I think, a very good idea of Folk stories that are current among the masses of the Indian people and play so large a part in their lives.

Believe me,
Yours sincerely,
HENRY MADRAS.

M. N. VENKATASWAMI, ESQ., M.R.A.S.,
THE RETREAT,
HYDERABAD (DECCAN).

FROM

REV. G. E. BROWN, M.A.,
Chaplain.

CHURCH HOUSE,
HYDERABAD (DECCAN),
6th November, 1919.

* * * * * *

Mr. Venkataswamy is a diligent student of Indian folklore. I have too little knowledge of that subject to review his book but feel sure that Mr. Venkataswamy ought to make further contributions to so interesting a subject.

G. E. BROWN.

107-1 MACHUA BAZAAR STREET,
CALCUTTA,
17th August, 1920.

DR. GAURANGANATH BANERJEA, M.A., PH.D., F.R.S.A.,
University Lecturer on Ancient History.

TO

M. N. VENKATASWAMY, ESQ., M.R.A.S., M.F.L.S., ETC.,
THE RETREAT,
HYDERABAD.

DEAR MR. VENKATASWAMY,

Many thanks for your kind letter of the 31st July, 1920, and for your book on Folklore. I have gone through the book and find the Stories interesting and well arranged. I only would have liked that you might have included some folktales from Hindustan proper—I mean the folklore current in the Gangetic plain and in Bengal. That would have lent an additional charm to your very readable book.

* * * * * *

I am,
Yours sincerely,
GAURANGANATH BANERJEA.

Biographical Memoir of R. T. H. Griffith, M.A., C.I.E., attached to the large type edition of the translation of his Ramayana.

NAGPUR, C. P.
10th November, 1915.

To

MR. M. N. VENKATASWAMI, M.R.A.S.,
THE RETREAT,
HYDERABAD.

DEAR SIR,

* * * It was extremely kind and mindful of you to send me the volume of the Ramayana and I read your own brief biography of R. T. H. Griffith with much interest. The perusal of the Ramayana itself is a pleasure yet in store * * *

I am, with kind regards,
Yours sincerely,
JAS. BREMNER.

PRINTED IN INDIA BY GEORGE KENNETH
AT THE DIOCESAN PRESS, MADRAS—1923. C17117